



AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
OF  
AN ITALIAN REBEL.



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AN ITALIAN REBEL.

BY  
G. RICCIARDI.

"SEMPER IDEM."

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

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## PREFACE BY THE AUTHOR.

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NOT from an exaggerated opinion of my own powers, nor from the desire of fame, nor from foolish vanity, have I been led to publish these pages; but solely from the hope that some good may arise from the account of the life of one who has thought much, seen much, and suffered much. Should any one ask why the title of "Rebel" is chosen, I answer, I have adopted it for this very simple reason: that my whole life has been a continual struggle against what the vulgar denominate *Authority*, and which I call *Oppression*. To me the word "Rebel" means *the brave defender of justice and of truth*. Woe to the human race were there no *rebels* in the world! Who would prevent governors from committing the greatest acts of oppression? And who would oblige them occasionally to ameliorate in some slight degree the condition of the people, to whom no voluntary concessions are ever made? If humanity progresses—if liberty, instead of yielding, still makes some advance amongst nations

—it is principally owing to the magnanimous efforts of the *Rebels*; and therefore ours is a sacred phalanx, and well does each of us, who perishes in the glorious struggle, deserve the noble name of *martyr*. Therefore can I almost rejoice over my twenty years of exile, and all the suffering I have endured for this the most holy of causes. And so I prepare, with a serene mind, to lay before the public my actions and my fate; which, sad though it be, I prefer a thousand times to that of my tyrannical enemies, splendid as that may appear.

G. RICCIARDI.

TOURS,  
1st February, 1857.

## PREFACE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

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THE Translator of this work, in presenting it to the public in an English form, would not have it supposed that she at all identifies herself with the opinions, political or religious, of the author. But at the present time, when public interest and attention are so fixed on the events now passing in Italy, the autobiography of one who has been continually engaged in the various revolutions of that country may not be without attraction, especially as the author is a native of the State which has felt most severely the iron rule of Despotism. It may be also interesting to observe the effect produced on one brought up under a government and religion which would keep both body and soul in bondage, but whose mind revolted from their authority. In accordance with the maxim, that extremes produce extremes, the author having suffered from the tyranny of a despotic monarchy, believes that *all* monarchies must necessarily be the same; and, overlooking the advantages of a well-established Constitutional Government (for

even in England he sees around him nothing but aristocratical oppression), he imagines there can be no happiness but in that El Dorado, a Republic pure and unmixed, a delusion that has so often proved the rock on which Revolutions have been wrecked. And as he has been acquainted with Christianity only as it appears debased by the greatest superstition, so he entirely rejects it without examining into what are its effects, under a more enlightened form, and proposes, instead of it, a visionary scheme of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, that can exist nowhere but in Utopia. How continually do we see that those who hold these opinions when seeking liberty, lose the substance while trying to catch the shadow.

May the time not be far off when, not only Italians but all other nations may clearly comprehend in what real freedom consists, and when true liberty, fraternity, and equality shall be established all over the world!

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PART I.

I.

IN the village of Capodimonte, which stands on a lovely hill two miles from Naples, is a beautiful house, once the property of a celebrated physician. Here I, the son of Francesco Ricciardi and Luisa Granito, was born, the 19th July, 1808, during the short interregnum between the departure of Joseph Bonaparte from Naples, and the arrival of Joachim Murat. I was named after the former, Joseph Napoleon, certainly an inappropriate name for a rebel. I was so weak when born that my parents and the surgeon despaired of my life; and it was long before I became healthy. Before I was a year old I had an abscess in my throat, of which I nearly died; and my life was only preserved by an operation. But from that time I improved; and no sooner did I begin to put my little feet to the ground, than I became a little devil incarnate. Thin and very slight, I ran jumped,

and scrambled about in such a manner, that it was no small toil to the servants to watch me; and often did they complain to my mother of what they called my intolerably unruly temper. This often brought me into situations disagreeable to myself and others. As an instance, my father being at that time Minister of Grace and Justice, was invited with my mother to the court entertainments, which sometimes began with children's dances, to which my brother, my two sisters, and myself were brought by my parents. Now, notwithstanding all the admonitions of my mother, and reproofs of my father, I did not put my naturally vivacious, not to say insolent, spirit under control at these balls. And once I gave a serious proof of how little I regarded time or place. We had been invited by King Joachim to dine at the Villa Portici; having broken I know not how many plates and glasses during dinner, I wandered out on a terrace, where some magnificent arm-chairs had been placed for the royal family's convenience. I settled myself very comfortably in the one intended for the queen, and neither threats nor bribes could dislodge me. The republican spirit, perhaps, was beginning to glow in my breast. I was then not more than five years old. One or two years after, when driving with my family on the magnificent road to Posilipo, we met the queen, Caroline Murat, who, while stopping to speak to my mother, laughingly reminded her of the usurped seat, and jested with me on my audacity.

My early childhood was very happy. I generally

lived in the country, and a country life has always suited me. From the Villa Capodimonte we removed to Moretta, then to Portici, all in the environs of Naples. The pure air and constant exertion contributed not a little to strengthen my weak frame.

The recollections of these my early years cause both joy and sorrow, partly because the image of my mother is interwoven with them, the best, dearest, and most tenderly beloved of mothers; and also, because those years were the only really happy period of my life. So deep is the impression I still retain of them, that I could relate in succession every little event of that early stage of my life. I shall, however, confine myself to those which more or less influenced my character.

In the Villa Lauro, our house at Portici, I commenced my studies, under the direction of an excellent Tuscan, named Louis Bandelloni, for whom I have always retained great esteem and affection. Though only five or six years old, I not only learned soon to read, but Bandelloni introduced me to Roman History, and taught me geography; and also inflicted on me the torture of grammar, and the conjugation of Latin verbs. For my education was conducted according to the fashion of the day; that is to say, in the highest degree wearisome. I soon took such a hatred to study, that I never worked except when obliged. I remember amongst the various books I held in aversion, the grammar of Port Royal was the chief, principally on account of the ridiculous verses by which the rules of the Latin idioms were imparted to the minds of



children. The only means by which Bandelloni could induce me to pay the least attention to my studies, was by using books adorned with prints representing historical events, especially battles. I was taught Roman history in this way; nor can I express the interest my young mind took in the images of so many great deeds. Of two pictures I preserve a most vivid remembrance; the Sacrifice of Curtius, and the Defence of the Bridge by Cocles. But other books ornamented with prints were put into my hands besides Roman history. These were books of devotion—generally ascetic—such as the lives of St. Filippo Neri, St. Catherine of Sienna, St. Louis Gonzaga, &c. They were given me by my mother, who, being exceedingly pious, wished to instil into my heart from infancy, a love of religion. Yet, even at that time, so great was my repugnance to everything that savoured of superstition and priests, that whenever there was a question of opening books, those dear pictures of the Roman history always had the preference; and from the love I bore when a child to the tales of ancient Rome, there arose, perhaps, the two strongest affections of my soul, love of liberty and love of country. First impressions, as is well known, are of the greatest importance in life; education may weaken, but can never entirely eradicate them.

At this time, that is, while we were residing at the Villa Lauro, my parents erected a theatre in one of the saloons, where my brother, my sisters, and myself often performed on this domestic stage. I have said

performed, but like the boastful fly ; for being such a child, I only *appeared* on the stage. Once only I had to utter two words—*Compagno, aita !*\* and it was with no small difficulty I was persuaded to pronounce them. I, who some years after, found it so easy to untie the string of my tongue.

So flowed on the tranquil stream of my early life, in the ease (I will not say, grandeur) which the eminent rank my father held till 1815, enabled him to maintain. But in that year, the hated Bourbons succeeded King Joachim. On the departure of Caroline Murat, my father resigned the public offices he had held, and remained calmly watching the direction events would take. My mother, remembering the terrible occurrences of 1799, feared lest the same things might happen, or, at least, lest there might be disturbances ; she therefore wished that my two sisters, my brother and myself, should take refuge for some days in a convent, called *The Temple of St. Paul*, in which an aunt of ours had lived for several years. But as entrance within those holy walls was forbidden to the masculine gender, however young they might be, my mother dressed my brother and me like girls. My brother willingly yielded to her wishes, and I think I see him now, beautiful as he looked then in his feminine costume,—his hair rather light than dark, flowing in soft ringlets, shading his face, which was delicately fair. Not so I, with my complexion dark as a Moor's, and

\* “Comrade, help !”

my wilful temper. Long lectures, and even fair promises could scarcely overcome my opposition to the desired transformation. And often did I scandalise the nuns, by my conduct, proving how little claim I had to the feminine character.

In the spring of 1816, my family moved to Vomero, a little village in the neighbourhood of Naples, placed on one of the hills that overlook the bay. There my father built a house close to the village, which, from being situated in an enchanting spot, and surrounded by a beautiful garden, is still visited by strangers coming to Naples. During the time the house was being built, we lived at Murolo, close by; and here occurred an incident which I will mention, because it had great influence on my moral life.

Going out walking one day with my parents, we went to the cottage of a gardener, one Adam Santelli, not far from the Fort St. Erasmus, in which, by the way, about eighteen years after, I was confined for eight months. The gardener having gathered some flowers, and given them to my mother, my father, on leaving the cottage gave me two *carlinas* to give him. I know not what evil spirit invited me to covet that miserable sum; but this I know, that instead of giving it to the gardener, I secretly put it into my own pocket, and several people entering just as we were going out, my parents never perceived the theft I had committed, for such I must call it; and they would have never known it, perhaps, but that some days after I showed my brother the un-

lucky coins, and was obliged to tell him how I came by them. As soon as my mother heard of it, kind and indulgent as she was, she gave me a severe scolding, and neither kissed nor caressed me for several days; and, in addition, ordered me, which was the severest punishment of all, to go to Santelli's cottage, with my tutor, and return to the gardener thrice the sum I had deprived him of. This humiliation, more terrible to me than any punishment, was perhaps sufficient of itself to make me what I am. So true it is, that a feeling of honour should be cultivated in children, above all if they are naturally of a noble and generous disposition, which I venture to assert my mother discerned in me.

Another great obligation I owe to this best of mothers, is, a detestation of falsehood. I can declare I never uttered a lie from my earliest infancy, not excepting what are called *white lies*.

## II.

We were just settled in our new house, when, one evening, returning from the theatre of San Carlo, I was seized with such terrible pain in the left groin, that when we reached home, I could not walk upstairs.

Mingled with the remembrance of the long and severe suffering I endured at this period of my life, a fondly-cherished memory is impressed on my mind, and not only on my mind, but deep in my heart—

that of my loving mother ; to whose tender, constant, and unwearying care, I owe, almost my life ! My mother left a written diary of my illness, which I shall ever preserve most jealously, for the lines dictated by her heart, were often bathed by her tears. This diary extends from November 23rd, 1817, the day of my seizure, to October 13th, 1823, and closes with these words, "The boy walks now without a stick."

I will not attempt to describe all I suffered during that painful illness, it would be far too tiresome to my readers. During six years it lasted, all kinds of remedies were tried, and though I recovered at last, I still retain its effects in a lameness that will always remain. For about two years I kept my bed ; for two more I moved about the house in a wheeled chair, which I managed myself, and for nearly three years more I dragged myself about, first on crutches, then on two sticks, and finally on one, till this was at last joyfully discarded, and I attained the free, and nearly the full use of my limbs. My parents spared nothing that might conduce to my recovery. I was visited by the most celebrated physicians and surgeons, one of whom, the famous surgeon Scarpa, who had come on a visit to Naples, having examined me, declared the diseased leg was much shortened, and ordered that, after having tried another year, a visit to the baths of Gurgitello \* (I had been there the previous summer), they should try an issue. This was in July, 1820.

\* Famous mineral waters in the island of Ischia, by which I was much benefited.

I remember a little incident that took place on this occasion. Scarpa having gone into the garden with me, seeing with what difficulty I got along on my crutches, said, to encourage me, "My boy, in two or three years we will have a race together!" This prophecy was partly fulfilled, and I reminded him of it, when I saw him at Pavia, in 1827, where I visited him with my family, during a tour in Italy we made that year.

I derived two advantages from my six years' suffering; in the first place, my moral and physical constitution became more vigorous, as though purified by those sufferings. And from that time I have never had any illness of importance, though previously of a weak, sickly constitution. The second advantage was the taste I acquired for literature and study. My mind naturally active and energetic, had need of some occupation in that forced state of inaction. The first book that was put into my hands at that time was one which for nearly two hundred years has been read by thousands of children, I mean "Robinson Crusoe." Of poets, the first I read was Tasso; I knew nearly the whole of the "Jerusalem Delivered," from its having been often repeated to me at night by a friend Giuseppe Cua, afterwards Professor of Agriculture in the College of Naples. He was at that time a student, and had been brought to our house by a surgeon attending me, to rub me—the use of mercury having been considered necessary for my cure; and Cua, for whom from his first appearance I had con-

ceived a great affection, besides rubbing my feet for an hour every day, often watched at night by my bed, and endeavoured to amuse me with some interesting tale. Having observed my taste for the wonderful in poetry, he related, in regular order, the principal incidents of the "Jerusalem Delivered," of which he knew many stanzas by heart: and while listening to him, I often forgot my pains and suffering. During the continuance of my illness, feeling I could interest myself in some occupation, I resumed the study of history, and also of the Latin and French languages; and, as practice in this latter, I translated an insipid romance of Florian, "Numa Pompilius;" at which I worked the more readily as my labour was quite voluntary. I had naturally an excessive dislike to restraint, and my mother, whose acute mind quickly perceived this characteristic, instead of employing threats and punishments with me, made use of gentleness and persuasion, and in this way influenced me as she wished. Not so my father, who though essentially as kind as my mother, yet by his harsh frown and continual reproofs, instead of gaining docility and obedience, inclined me to rebellion and anger. Great was the contrast in this respect between my father and mother, and I shall never forget the zealous affection with which the latter defended and excused me. And woe to me, had she not been there to defend and excuse! For my rebellious temper instead of softening with years, had become more determined, and perhaps the painful illness from

which I suffered, making my kind mother too indulgent, contributed to make me most unmanageable. Still my father's manner was unwise, and failed in producing the desired effect; for the more severely he punished me, the more did my rebel will strengthen itself in opposition. One of his punishments was forbidding me to appear at table, and I still remember with pain the bitter tears I shed, and the rage I felt, at being sent from the dining-room before the servants, and even before guests. Nor would I cease my tears, or eat my dinner till my mother, the constant consoler of all my woes, came into my room, and with her gentle words soothed my grief.

In June, 1818, I first tried the baths of Ischia, whose truly miraculous virtue (*I say so, who never believed in miracles*) did me so much good, that I returned the following year, and again in 1820, the year of the well known revolution, which to the great misfortune of Italy and the Two Sicilies, had for its chief Guglielmo Pepe. Here begins, I may so say, my political life. I was not twelve years old, but my intellect was much in advance of my years; and all I saw and heard during those unhappy nine months is deeply engraved on my memory. I say *unhappy* in reference to the miserable ending of the revolution; but Naples was never so gay as during that time.

One night, the 6th or 7th of July, I believe, a boat arrived at Lacco, a village on the island of Ischia, where we were then residing, and a sailor presented a letter to my father, from Ferdinand I. The king



requested him to hasten to Naples, and go directly to Court. My father set off and arrived the next day at the capital, and immediately presented himself to the king. He was asked to assume the office of Minister of Justice and Religion. Two months after, my mother and the rest of the family returned to Naples, which, having made itself free with the shadow of the Spanish Constitution, had entirely changed its appearance.

## III.

One day two advocates, one of whom, Gaëtano Badolisani, afterwards became one of my most intimate friends, calling on my father on business, were shown into the hall of audience, where I chanced to be. To pass away the time while they waited, they began talking to me, and finding me prompt and ready in my replies, asked me what I thought of the new state of affairs.

*"Do you like the Constitution, my boy?"* said Badolisani.

*"No,"* said I, resolutely.

*"How?"* exclaimed the advocate, knitting his brows.

*"So it is, sir."*

*"What do you like then, child?"*

*"A Republic!"*

Great was the astonishment of Badolisani and his companion at hearing such words uttered by one who

was only a child. And perhaps they require a little explanation. I mentioned before how much interest I took as a child in the prints of the Roman history ; this gave my first bias in favour of a democratic government. During my illness I translated "Cornelius Nepos," and I had also been reading about this time "Plutarch's Lives." These had impressed me with the idea, that a Republic was the only good and proper government. But these early impressions would, perhaps, have been effaced had they not been deepened and cherished by the animated and earnest recitals my mother gave us, almost every evening, of what she had seen, suffered, and done during the terrible days of 1799, when the strength and nobleness of her character had been fully proved. It is well known how she succeeded in saving from the punishment of death her intimate friend, Maria Antonia Caraffa, Duchess of Popoli, and her Confessor Bernardo della Torre. Dragged before the tribunal called the *Junto of State*, the good priest was defended by my father. During that terrible year he had saved many other lives, not without danger to his own, and he was encouraged by my mother in this noble conduct. She had become acquainted with him at the house of the Duchess of St. Clement, conceived an attachment for him, and became his wife soon after ; but not till there was a cessation of executions in the unhappy city of Naples. It required no little firmness on my mother's part to bring about this marriage. Born of one of the noblest

families of Naples, I cannot describe the indignation of her relations—above all, of her brothers—on hearing her intention of renouncing their name, by marrying, as they said, a simple lawyer. Though good people enough, the pride of aristocracy was so strong in them, that they did everything in their power to persuade my mother to give up the connection; but their efforts proving vain, they declared her an outcast from the family. Poor simpletons! if you could have drawn aside the veil from the future, and have seen the different lot assigned to the two families!

My father, *that wretched advocate*, upon whom you looked down with so much arrogance, soon rose to fame, and became the head of the Neapolitan bar, afterwards in 1806 Councillor of State, and in three years from that period, Minister of Grace and Justice. It was one of his chief glories, and for which he deserved highly of his country, and indeed of humanity, that he effaced from the Code of Napoleon, introduced into Naples by Joseph Bonaparte, 1806, the barbarous penalties which were not set aside in *civilised* France till 1832! Of my mother's family the Graniti, on the contrary, not only are they without true renown; but of a numerous family,—for my mother's father, the Marquis Granito, had twenty children,—there only remains a single branch, with which perhaps the illustrious house will become extinct. But to return. My mother, though of a noble family, yet from her naturally generous disposition and enlightened mind,

and perhaps also from having been so deeply wounded by the aristocratic prejudices of her family, was decidedly inclined to popular ideas, which, almost without perceiving it, she instilled into her children's minds, especially mine, which had a natural tendency to them. The anecdotes I alluded to were also calculated to strengthen the bias, and well do I remember them. How often in the twilight, before the lamps were lighted, did my mother with sighs, almost sobs, relate the heroic death of Antonio Toscani, and his noble Calabrians, defenders of Viviena, and the fight on the bridge of Maddelena, where Louis Serio fell so nobly with General Wirtz; and the irruption into Naples of the ferocious bands of Cardinal Ruffi, with the horrible massacre of the Republicans, so worthily concluded by that infamous rabble, with the murder of old men and women, and men noted for intellect, learning, and virtue! And how sweet from your lips, my dearest mother, sounded the praises of and regret for those noble martyrs who reddened with their glorious blood our miserable land! And what noble anger flashed from her eyes when recalling the infamy of Nelson, the cruelty of Ferdinand and Maria Caroline of Austria of execrated memory? My childish mind received with the greatest avidity those melancholy stories.

The description of the horrible death of Francisco Caracciolo especially, made a profound impression on me. To my mother's accounts were added the reflections of my father and of friends who happened to be

with us. But none knew more of these events than my father, whose profession brought him in contact with all kinds of people; besides which he was intimately connected by friendship with many of the martyrs, but especially with the unfortunate Eleanora Pimentel; and most touchingly did he relate their sufferings. All these things strengthened my early impressions, and confirmed my hatred to kings in general, and to the Bourbons in particular; and thus the idea of a Republic being the best form of government, became, if I may so say, incorporated in my very being, and incorporated for ever!

Amidst the many recollections of the celebrated nine months, I particularly remember the evenings that I passed with my family at the *Theatre of the Florentines*. At this theatre were often acted plays by Neapolitan authors, on patriotic subjects. Two actors of great talents were at that time at Naples, who appeared together in these pieces, and contributed in no slight degree to their favourable reception; one especially, who infused into the hearts of his audience the generous ardour with which he himself was animated, when at certain passages these exclamations broke from him in a voice like thunder:—*“To the frontier! Death to the Germans! Liberty for ever!”* Ah, that was the first cruel dream of my poor life!

#### IV.

I shall never forget what I suffered the 23rd of March, 1821, a day to be reckoned among the most

fatal in the miserable history of Italy, for it was the day the Austrian troops entered Naples. Young as I was, I was overwhelmed to hear, first, of the defeat of Rieti's army and the miserable dispersion of our troops ; and then to see those hated foreign soldiers passing in triumph through our squares and streets. I still see in memory those atrocious, and at the same time ridiculous, branches of myrtle with which the Germans decorated their helmets, as though they had gained a victory similar to those of Novi or Lipsia. My rage at seeing the officers taking up their abode in any house they chose, not excepting our own, was more than I can express. My parents, who were also greatly distressed by these proceedings, and by the increasing severities and daily iniquities of the restored Government, anticipated our usual time of visiting the country by a month or two, and we went to Vomero, where we remained all the summer and a great part of the autumn of 1821. My father only once visited the city during that time, and this was to attend the reassembling of the Academy of Science of which he was president.

In the meantime Canosa, a worthy minister of Ferdinand I., was letting vengeance have full sway. Among other enormities perpetrated by that monster, was one execution pre-eminently atrocious—I mean the public flogging inflicted in the Toledo, on an unfortunate man named Angeletti, who was accused by the Government with being Grand Master of the Carbonari.

It would be too tedious to mention all the atrocities committed by the Bourbon Government, but one other I will mention, as it called forth another proof of my dear mother's generous spirit.

It is well known that thirty Neapolitan officers had been condemned to death in 1822, notwithstanding the general amnesty proclaimed by the king immediately after the Revolution of 1820, and renewed on his return, the 30th of May, the following year. Two only were beheaded, Michel Morelli and Giuseppe Silvati, the principal authors of the Revolution. For the other twenty-eight the capital punishment was commuted for perpetual imprisonment in the common prison, a captivity far more terrible than that suffered at Spielberg. My mother, seconded with generous earnestness by an excellent English lady (Lady Compton, afterwards Marchioness of Northampton), used every effort to save these two unfortunate men; and that at a time when she herself was living in fear for her own family. She went from magistrate to minister, interceding with earnestness and energy; and it is certainly owing in a great degree to her efforts that only two instead of thirty noble heads fell by the executioner.

My father was intensely indignant against the Austrians on one side, and our own soldiers on the other; that is to say, with the conquerors who were so shamefully insolent, and the conquered, so little worthy of compassion. I even suffered from his indignation, and in the following way: My great

amusement was to dress myself as a soldier, armed with a small sword and musket; and, not satisfied with this, I assembled several other children, and with my pocket-money procured similar arms and accoutrements for them. We were about a dozen, and full of energy and mischief as I was, I had taken care to select the most active and mischievous amongst my contemporaries. Though I was their captain, I was never overbearing nor insolent to them, so that they liked me, and showed me a certain degree of respect that rather flattered my vanity. But when the Germans entered the capital, my father forbade me to let him see anything that could recall to him arms or soldiers; which prohibition, added to the sad spectacle of the 23rd of March, contributed not a little to increase the hatred I had conceived against the German race, and which is still so strong that, though I feel affection for all nations, and though I have visited Germany, and am aware of the virtues and many excellent qualities of that nation, I never hear the language, so inharmonious in comparison to the Italian, without an indescribable sensation of dislike.

## V.

Finding myself deprived of my warlike pastime, I took to reading histories of battles and campaigns. Those of Napoleon were my favourites. My father had a French servant, who had served under the Republic and the Empire, and had been in several



engagements, especially Marengo and Austerlitz. A true type of a Frenchman, he had the virtues without the vices of that capricious people. He was a most excellent man, and truly attached to us all. My mother, who valued him as he deserved, had committed to him the care of attending me in my country excursions, and I listened with the greatest delight for hours to the stories of the old soldier. He had such grand things to relate; and then his tales were always new and varied, and never exaggerated or self-boasting. And, as we always talked French, I acquired great facility in that language. When I returned home from my excursions, I gave free scope to my pen, and scribbled military romances, and covered quires of paper with the description of battles fought and won in the fields of my own imagination. And such was my military ardour, that I should certainly have become a soldier notwithstanding the opposition of my friends, had it not been for my lameness. This was fortunate for me, as it was a profession opposed to all my moral tendencies, and to my natural impatience of constraint.

Whilst I was acting the soldier with my companions, my brother was acting the priest, and pretending to celebrate mass before a little altar he had erected with great care. Such was the difference in our two characters, opinions, and tastes even at that early age. My mother was grieved to see so little harmony between us, and used every effort to unite us, but with little success; and she was obliged to

content herself by not allowing either to think himself more the object of her affection than the other: though, perhaps, I was her favourite, and indeed my father's also, who, notwithstanding his harsh manner, and severe frown, loved me much; and while my mother from my rebellious temper used to call me the *Rebel*, he called me the *Chinese*, from my olive complexion; and he never smiled on me but when, instead of *Peppino*, he called me the *Chinese*. That name still sounds sweet to me; but sweeter still that of the *Rebel*!

And now I am come to the time in which occurred one of the most serious *escapades* of my youth. During my illness, whilst I had been confined to bed or to my chair, and afterwards during my convalescence, my father had left me entirely my own master, as regarded my studies; but now, seeing my health re-established, he thought it right that my education should be regularly resumed, and that I should make up for lost time. Now I knew that, so far from having lost time, I had never read nor learnt so much as during those years; simply, because I had applied myself to study of my own free will. I therefore received his commands with a very bad grace, opposed as they were to my late habits, and to that impatience of control which neither increasing years nor reason, nor even my mother's gentleness and kindness had been able to overcome. I obeyed nevertheless, though unwillingly, and with the greatest reluctance set myself to those methodical, almost mechanical studies, to

which youth is condemned, and which, sooner or later, make them hate learning. This was my case, and the opposition I made to the new paternal law was soon carried to such lengths that severe punishment was necessary. This, instead of subduing my obstinacy, only rendered me more proud and stubborn, which naturally caused an increase of my father's displeasure and severity. Things were in this state when my famous *escapade* took place.

One evening, nine o'clock having scarcely struck, my father, in a more peremptory manner than usual, desired me to go to bed. Now, to be sent to bed so early I considered one of the greatest punishments. I flew into a passion ; my father became very angry, threatened and stormed, and I became still more obstinate. As some strangers were spending the evening with us, he would not come to extremities, but ordered two of the servants to take me up to my room. This was accordingly done. I will not attempt to describe my rage or efforts to escape from them, or the kicks and blows I gave them. Nor will I speak of the stormy night I passed. In the morning I arose with the firm determination to leave the house the first opportunity. This offered itself sooner than I could have expected ; it so happening that I was left alone in the afternoon of that day. I seized the opportunity, wrote a hasty letter to my father, ran down-stairs, called a large dog of St. Bernard that I was very fond of, and went out with him into the garden as though to play. It was the beginning of

autumn, and the wind was rather cold. I was, however, in a summer dress ; but foreseeing I should have to pass the night in the open air, I took my warm great coat lined with red cloth, which accorded well with an immense cudgel I carried on my shoulder, and the brigand-like aspect of my physiognomy. Having left the house and garden without attracting notice, I took the most unfrequented paths across the fields, as quickly as my lame leg would allow me, and walked so well, that in less than two hours I was at the top of Camaldoli, a lovely hill about five or six miles from Naples, and three or four from our house at Vomero. It was from it, if I mistake not, that the king Joachim Murat, in 1810, wished my father to take the title of Count, in reward for the services he had rendered him. A wood covered the top of the hill, except at its highest point where rose a church and around it a garden, in which were the cells of about thirty Camaldolian friars. It is perhaps one of the most lovely spots under the sun. I had often visited it, and have since celebrated it in verse.

The whole of the hill, with the exception of the part occupied by the monks, belonged to my father, as well as the intermediate country between it and Vomero, so that on my way to Camaldoli I had been obliged to pass through places where I was well known. As it happened, I met nothing on the way to oppose my progress. In fact, the first obstacle I encountered was after having left my father's fields and vineyards for the high road to gain a shelter for the

night. Having arrived about twilight at a small village called Nazarette, thirst induced me to enter a cottage where the mistress was gossiping with an acquaintance who happened to be the wife of my father's wood-ranger. She of course recognised me directly.

"You here, young gentleman, and at this hour," said she, staring at me.

"I am here," I replied, "and am going still farther."

"And your father and your mother, what will they say on finding you from home at such an hour? In the name of the holy Virgin, return home at once, my little gentleman; Niccolo and Bastiano will accompany you to Vomero."

"Thanks, thanks, good woman, I have no need of company, and I know where I am going."

And here I told a lie, for I had formed no plan when I determined on my flight. I simply desired to get from under my father's stern control, certain that my disappearance would cause a great sensation, and, as I in my childish simplicity imagined, would render my father less severe. On this wonderful idea all my cogitations were founded before I left home, but it entirely vanished in a few hours when I was captured.

My poor mother's tears and agony may be easily imagined, as well as my father's anger. The whole house was in commotion; in this at least I was not mistaken; and five or six servants,—some on horse-back, some on foot, with the labourers who were

working in the garden,—went hither and thither in search of the fugitive, whilst my parents were deliberating on the punishment to be inflicted on me, even before they had me in their power. But to return to Nazarette.

Fortune had decreed that the lost or rather strayed sheep should be restored to the fold; and whilst I was disputing with the woman, and becoming more and more angry, declaring, amongst other foolish things, that I would never, no never put my foot again across my father's threshold, and that no one could force me to do so against my will, there unexpectedly appeared the very Niccolo and Bastiano, of whom the wood-ranger's wife had spoken. Now the good woman, who was determined at all risks to put a stop to my extraordinary pilgrimage, considered their arrival a piece of great good luck. Niccolo and Bastiano being members of the Local Militia, and that day on guard or patrol, both carried muskets, which was an additional cause, as the woman thought, for rejoicing. As soon as they were within hearing, she beckoned them to her, and signing towards me, in a moment I was a prisoner between them. Being thus cleverly captured, the woman at once changed her tone, and told me Niccolo and Bastiano should not leave me, or let me stir from that place; and she herself immediately took the road to my father's.

My two guards, though exceedingly polite and obsequious, and with the words *young gentleman*, and *your excellency*, continually in their mouths, soon made

me aware the woodman's wife had spoken sooth, and that stay I must. But I must say in honour to my courage, that my increasing cold and hunger had more influence in keeping me quiet than they and their muskets. After some time I inquired for an inn, which highly pleased my bodyguards, as it enabled them to keep me safe in a civil way till the woman returned; it also gave them the prospect of a supper. But they represented to me it did not become *a personage of my rank* to go and eat at a way-side pothouse, and it would be more respectable if I went with one of them to a shepherd's hut at no great distance, while the other should go for the provisions. And they also gave me to understand that I must open my purse. But what was the disappointment and surprise of the men when they found, that in the purse they had figured heavy and well lined, there were only twenty-three *soldi*! For I had brought with me only what I had about me.

## VI.

I had just finished the scanty supper that had been procured, when there was a great knocking at the door of the hut where we were shut up with the dogs. I rose with my guards, and before I would open the door, demanded, "Who is there?"

"Friends," was the reply.

"But what friends?" I inquired.

“Peppantonio,” was the answer. This was my father’s gardener, a little old man, who, being fond of me, would be consequently more welcome; and so my mother had chosen him, as the one to whom I should less unwillingly surrender.

After some discussion, or more properly opposition on my side, and prayers and persuasion on his, I capitulated, and left the hut. I was mounted on a horse, which had brought my dear friend Giuseppe Cua, he of the “Jerusalem Delivered,” and to whom my mother had confided the care of my capture. We then took the road homewards. I fully expected a terrible lecture from my father, the thought of which, made me, I confess, very uncomfortable, though there appeared to my imagination, by the side of that threatening form, another all love and gentleness, the figure of my dear mother; and then fear yielded to hope. It was midnight when we arrived, and instead of the crowd whom I expected to find waiting my appearance, behold! in the court and on the first flight of stairs all was silent and solitary. Arrived on the first landing, on which my own little room opened beside my mother’s, a servant presented himself, opposed my entrance, and in my father’s name desired me to go to a room above. I was obliged to obey. In vain I asked to see my mother; to all my entreaties I either received no answer, or a stern and brief denial. I was then silent and went to bed; but as may be easily imagined, I did not sleep much. The next day I renewed my entreaties, and again met



only refusals, or short contemptuous speeches from the two servants who were placed in guard over me, with injunctions that I was not to leave my room, or converse with any one whatsoever. I perfectly comprehended that this solitary confinement, and the silence of the servants, were intended to bring me to submission and a formal demand for pardon; in fact to a confession of my fault. I remained unmoved for several days, but finding affairs continued in the same state, and moreover pining for my mother's caresses, as well as weary of the tiresome monotony of my solitary life, I, at last, though with much reluctance, determined to write, not to my father, but my mother. I do not remember what I wrote, I only recollect that though not humble (humility was never reckoned amongst my virtues) it was full of affection to my mother, and of reverence to my father; and I also asked them both, though indirectly, for that much desired pardon, which alone could put an end to my seclusion.

Some hours after, I received a long letter from my mother, from which I shall give a few extracts.

"My dear son, *dear* even after the great error you have committed, if, as you say in your letter, you acknowledge and repent of it. If such is the case, the pardon you ask is granted most willingly, and with all the tenderness a mother feels who sees an erring son restored and penitent. But it is not sufficient to *say* so, you must prove it by your actions."

Here, after a rather long lecture, but tempered by

much affection, she describes the agony she had suffered on my account.

“I shudder at the dangers to which you exposed yourself; you might have been ill-treated, robbed, left naked in the midst of the fields, and have died of cold, if not murdered by some miscreant. Thank God on your knees for his mercy towards you. He led you to those who were kind to you, took care of you, and enabled your parents to save you from the edge of the abyss on which your own fault and wilful folly had placed you. You ask me to intercede for you with your father—yes, I will do everything that will be for your good; but do not suppose I shall endeavour to let you escape with impunity. This would not be true kindness, nor a proof of the love which I feel for you. The earnest desire I feel for your real well-being will give me courage to inflict present pain and mortification upon you. Our affection would lead us to excuse you, but our reason and duty demand we should punish you. Most anxiously do we await the moment when seeing you sincerely grieved, and truly repentant, we may receive you again in our arms and press you to our hearts. Continually, and with tears, I pray God to pardon and bless you.

“P.S.—Remember that the aid and comfort you found in the lonely fields, you owe under God’s mercy, to the name of him whose son you have the happiness to be, and of whose harshness you so unjustly complain.”

One or two evenings after I received this dear letter, I slipped out of the apartment in which I had been kept prisoner, and by a secret stair, which contrary to custom I found open, I rushed down, and unintentionally and unpremeditatedly found myself at the door of a room where my mother was accustomed every evening to retire for prayer. The door being half open, I was able to glance round it before I entered. I shall never forget that moment. Leaning against a chair, my poor mother was praying earnestly, tears in her eyes, and an expression of grief and depression on her countenance. I rushed in, and in a moment was hanging round her neck. I cannot describe the joy, the tears, with which that angel mother pressed me in her arms, nor what I myself felt at those oft-repeated kisses and embraces, with which neither she nor I could satisfy ourselves.

I will not repeat what she said, after the first emotions had subsided, nor the promises of better conduct, and professions of sincere repentance, which I made while drowned in tears. At the end of an hour, I, by her advice, returned to my quarters, just as one of the servants who had charge of me, perceiving I had disappeared, was going in search of me. Full of joy, I went to bed, and after so many painful nights went to sleep at once, and slept soundly till eight in the morning. My mother, convinced of my sincere repentance, had promised to propitiate my father, and prepare him to see me. We met the next day at breakfast time, and the conclusion was, that after a

severe paternal lecture, intermixed with great kindness, I at last obtained the much wished-for pardon.

About two years after, having become a poet, or rather a versifier, I composed a comic-heroic poem in commemoration of my adventure, in which I laughed at myself, calling myself the "New Don Quixote," entitling my flight, "The first Expedition into the Country."

## VII.

During my imprisonment, it had been my father's will that I should be allowed no book but the history of the Knight of La Mancha, which, by the way, instead of being a punishment, was the sole alleviation of my twenty days' captivity. I afterwards wrote a play in which Don Quixote figured as the principal character, and as may be easily imagined, made a fine mess of it. I also tried my hand in the same way on the episode of the "Curious Impertinent," as well as on some other subjects; but finding I had no genius for comedy, I tried classic tragedy. One of my sisters, however, who really wrote good poetry, laughed at my attempts, and declared she did not know any verse that could stand upright on eleven syllables. Any other boy would have been discouraged; not so I. I only was angry with myself for not being able to seize the right measure, and read and recited morning, noon, and night, to accustom my ear to the rhythm, and worked so hard, that at last I composed a hundred

stanzas that did not halt; the first canto of a poem on the expedition of Xerxes. But this, like my former attempts, was nipped in the bud, by the frost of my father's criticism, still more severe than my sister's. Still I would not give up my efforts (phrenologists tell me I have the bump of perseverance very large); but I did not make them public, at least not for some months, when on the occasion of my father's fête day, I presented him with some verses that had cost me no small expenditure of time and paper. Scarcely had my father read the first lines of my unfortunate composition, than, shrugging his shoulders, he said, "My son, renounce the Muses; Heaven has not made you a poet." Yet this sentence, even, could not daunt my courage; whether it be my good or evil stars, I cannot determine, but one or the other have decreed that I should be, I will not presume to say a poet, but at least *given* to poetry; and I formed the fixed determination that I would write poetry which should yet win praises from the very lips that had ridiculed me. Nor was it long before I fully attained my desire.

Amongst the many books I read at this period, "Le Notti Romane" was my favourite, especially the chapter entitled "Il Parricida." I was also reading with intense interest the "Divina Commedia," of which the "Inferno" was my great favourite; and I took a fancy to write a modern "Inferno," but as it was necessary to begin with some grand scene, I translated into *terza rima* as an experiment, the

chapter of "*Le Notte Romane*," where the crime and horrible murder of Lucio Ostio is related. This met with better success than my former attempts, and when my father heard it he retracted his former sentence. One of our friends, to whom I showed a translation of an ode of Horace, praised my verses, and encouraged me to continue; but instead of translating or imitating others, to try and fly on wings of my own;—advice I was not slow in following, for the famous astronomer, Giuseppe Piazzi, the discoverer of the planet Ceres, dying at the time, I wrote an elegy on him, in which he was represented as taken up to Heaven and received in great pomp by Conon, Hipparchus, Ptolemy, Tycho Brahe, Copernicus, and Galileo. This latter welcomed him in the name of the others, and then led him to Urania, who encircled his brows with an immortal crown. There were some tolerable verses in it in spite of its being an imitation of Monti, whose works I had been reading.

Soon after this, my tutor Ragazzini died; an excellent man, whom I regretted when dead, though I tormented him while living. I may say, the little I know I taught myself, for I never learnt anything of a master; the very idea of being obliged to follow any one's direction was enough to make me abhor study, especially if my tutor was a priest: and such was Ragazzini, though a good sort of fellow, and free from the defects of his caste, except a little egotism, and a magpie propensity to conceal in odd places whatever he could lay his hands on. I wrote an

elegy on him, which, when read to my father and some friends, did not incline them to confirm the favourable sentence lately passed on my compositions.

## VIII.

The death of Ragazzini freed me for ever from tutors. Henceforth I was allowed to be my own master; which produced an effect contrary to what my father had anticipated, for I applied myself to my studies with indefatigable perseverance; and he, seeing I was more industrious the less I was coerced, and being convinced my natural disposition was to be impatient of restraint, never again inflicted a master upon me. I was then about seventeen, and my mind was sufficiently matured to be able to guide itself in the search after knowledge. Hitherto I had devoured all the books that came in my way without order or connection, and my ideas were naturally crude, obscure, and confused. I now determined to learn thoroughly, and to arrange my knowledge, and I meditated seriously on the best way of doing so; and the following sketch is the result of my meditations.

THE KNOWLEDGE NECESSARY FOR EVERY WELL-  
EDUCATED MAN.

- 1st. Geography, ancient and modern, especially of his own country.

- 2nd. Universal history ; above all, that of his own nation.
- 3rd. Native language ; so as to be able to speak and write it not only correctly, but with elegance.
- 4th. The French language, if not a Frenchman.  
If an Italian, the language of his ancestors, Latin.
- 5th. Universal literature, at least an abstract of it ; but that of his own country fully, ancient and modern, including the present time.
- 6th. The elements of general legislation.
- 7th. The legislation of his own country ; not only the history of it.
- 8th. His own duties and rights ; not only as a man, but as a citizen.
- 9th. The elements of the most useful and necessary sciences, applied to the arts and necessities of civilised life ; especially mathematics, physics, political economy, and agriculture.
- 10th. The general principles of the art of health, such as medicine and anatomy.

Having put these rules on paper, I set myself seriously to put them in practice. I read over again, books I had formerly gone through carelessly, I read new ones, and continually made notes or abstracts ; scrupulously following the rules I had laid down for myself. I knew nothing thoroughly,—a little Latin, a little French, still less English, a little natural history, and from my last tutor a slight smattering



of science. Now I set seriously to work. I wrote essays on some given subject or book, seeking all the information on it I could gain, and often coming to an opposite conclusion to that of the book which I was examining. For instance, my mother once gave me a religious book to read. Though there were three large volumes, yet to please her, I read them all through; but, as at every argument, or sophism of the writer, a counter reason rose in my mind, I began to make a comment on every chapter, and proceeding in this way to the end of the work, I found I had myself written a book, very anti-Catholic certainly, for I then thought of religion as I do now, though not to distress my mother I never expressed my opinions. But I shall speak of this more fully hereafter.

Amongst my papers I have some that contain notes and reflections made during many years. I do not exactly know when I began to write them down, but I believe when I was between eighteen and twenty. I shall give a few of them.

“It is the greatest comfort to think we can only be dishonoured by *our own* acts, not by those of another. Therefore it seems very absurd to me to say, such a one has injured my honour, since such a person, by his bad action, could only dishonour himself.”

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“It is my firm opinion that in countries that are under the impious government of one person, every

one who has any nobility of soul should do his best to instil into all around him a hatred to tyranny, and an ardent desire for liberty; for if all virtuous people would do this in an effectual, steady, and constant manner, those noble feelings spreading from one to the other throughout a nation, the desired political changes would be peacefully effected as through common consent."

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"Whenever I consider the machinery of the Universe, and try to penetrate the cause of all I see, a thousand thoughts arise in my mind. An unknown hand moves the great whole, and presides over the laws that govern it; laws established perhaps *ab eterno* and eternal in duration, which so act that the planets and all the stars scattered over the immense firmament move on in an invariable course, and the globe that we inhabit is transformed and renewed everlastingly.

"To discuss the essence of the great moving power, and the final end of all we see in the Universe in general, and our own poor world in particular, appears to me a vain fancy; I would therefore prefer putting aside an argument on which we may dispute for ever in vain. Let us attain the positive, which is virtue; virtue, without which there can be no happiness for us on earth; that is to say, that supreme good, to which we constantly and universally tended, are tending, and shall always tend with all the efforts of our minds."

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"I smile whenever I hear the *wonderful harmony* of the Universe spoken of. Setting aside the crimes, evils, terrible sufferings of all kinds that man causes to himself or his fellow-men, and which fill the history of the human species—it is sufficient to observe the dreadful disorder to which physical nature is liable, such as pestilence, earthquakes, tempests, inundations, and such trifles. But here I hear theologians exclaiming, If there were no disorder, how should we learn to prize order? But of what good, I would answer, is the existence of an order that costs so much misery. I should like to know, O theologian, what you would say if you felt a tumor under your arm, or if your house were thrown down by a sudden earthquake, or if you and your generation were destroyed by an unexpected revolution of our planet. The well-fed philosopher is always on the side of God."

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"If my antipathy to Roman Catholicism is great, my dislike to Protestantism is not little, as it seems to me more illogical. The orthodox forbid all reasoning, and require blind faith in what the Church teaches; whereas the Protestants while they boast and desire free examination, believe many things incredible to good sense; so that at the same time they trust to reason, which is the true means of discovering truth, and avoiding error, and shrink from employing it. Those who freely used it would soon reject all superstition."

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“While observing nature, I perfectly comprehend the transformations she undergoes. I comprehend that children become men, that mature men become old, and old men die. To remain eternally on earth would be too wearisome. But what I cannot explain is the existence of sorrow. I know it is said that without it we could not appreciate pleasure, but would not the necessity we are under, to labour constantly in order to provide for the mere wants of life, be sufficient to render us sensible to it? If I were the Supreme Power that rules nature, I would entirely abolish suffering. Death would then be considered repose after labour, and instead of dreading it men would look upon it almost as a blessing.\* These thoughts continually recur to my mind, and contribute not a little to make me strongly opposed to the Catholic dogma, founded on this principle, that the more we suffer the more merit we have in the sight of God.”

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“It appears to me that all taxation is unjust, which falls on the poor instead of the rich. Now, almost all taxes that exist at present, even in the freest countries, in general weigh most heavily on the more laborious, that is to say, on the more suffering classes of society. In my opinion, landed proprietors alone should pay taxes. Then, instead of

\* Do not these observations tend to prove that something more is requisite than the mere light of reason, to explain the laws by which the world is governed?—*Note by Translator.*

letting them press on human activity as they do now, they would only press on those who enjoyed the product of their labour. Add to this, two important considerations — first, that every thing comes from the earth, secondly, that every man, proprietor or not, inhabits a house ; you will easily see that by putting the tax on immoveable property, every one would pay his part directly or indirectly, with three immense advantages : the reduction of expense in collecting the tax ; commerce and industry would be freed from shackles ; and there being but *one* tax, it would be equally shared amongst the population, and with the strictest *equity*.”

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“I can never read without the greatest indignation some parts of the ‘Divina Commedia,’ especially one in the 34th Canto of the ‘Inferno,’ where Brutus and Cassius are spoken of, whom Dante is pleased to place among the traitors ; or that in the 12th of the ‘Paradiso,’ in which the poet puts into the mouth of St. Bonaventura praises of the atrocious St. Dominic, which are unsuited, not to say disgraceful.”

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I shall also make a few extracts from a dissertation on Machiavelli. The last being almost a contradiction of the former, showing it was written later.

“Every time I open the history of the Florentine Secretary, I am more surprised at the sentence proclaimed against him by the Court of Rome ; and I am indignant at the way in which he speaks of every

thing respecting religion. For example, in that part where he alludes to the way of life of the Duke of Milan, Galeazzo Sforza, at Florence, he appears angry with him, because he and his court eat meat in Lent."

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"My indignation against Machiavelli continually increases, on observing the way in which he speaks of the abominable race of the Medici, especially Cosmo the elder; and still more, Lorenzo and Giuliano. In writing of them he is not far behind what Politiano says in his book, 'De Pactiana Conjurazione,' in which the better the Latin, the more disgusting the adulation."

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"Italy, so rich in original genius, cannot perhaps boast one more truly original than Machiavelli, and certainly no other nation can match the Florentine Secretary, with one really worthy of being compared to him. Yet few writers have been judged and interpreted more variously than he. Some have praised him to the skies; some have depreciated him to the very dust; some defend him *à l'outrance*, others represent him as the worst of men. His defenders assert he intended to speak in favour of freedom for all, where he seemed to speak in favour of the tyrant. This is peculiarly brought forward in defence of 'Il Principe,' and of many parts of the 'Discourses on Titus Livius.' As for me, I think, to judge correctly of a political writer, it is above all

necessary to transport ourselves into the times in which he lived, and to impute more to the times than to him, no small part of the evil which may be found in his writings. It is difficult for any author, however excellent he may be, to divest himself entirely of the opinions of his age. Taking into consideration then the times in which Machiavelli lived, and attentively examining his writings, I think I may truly affirm he has most wonderfully avoided much that would have been in keeping with the age in which he was placed; an age in which political crimes were condemned, only when it was useless to commit them! Nevertheless, in certain passages of the best writings of Machiavelli, not excepting 'The Prince,' there are noble opinions; and he who looks well to the *mind* of that great writer, and to the ultimate consequences to be deduced from his writings, will soon perceive his fundamental maxim in politics was this: '*Act uprightly if you would not be injured.*' In these few words, are contained the duties of him who governs, and the rights of the governed. As to the parts in which Machiavelli appears sceptical or immoral, they may be, I think, interpreted thus: Machiavelli coolly examined every fact, and with his marvellous logic drew the legitimate consequences. These often happened to be scandalous yet true. I think also his works may be looked on as great political receipts for all Governments. To each he points out the way and means, not only of main-

taining themselves, but of prospering; yet we may clearly see, notwithstanding the coldness with which he discusses history, his heart inclines towards a republican government; and at every step we discover in his mind, the fixed desire for the liberty and independence of his native country. In support of this assertion, I could quote many portions of his works, that would prove he was always actuated by that holy principle; but it is needless. The soul of the Florentine Secretary was the opposite of vile and base, as some have dared to call him. On the contrary he unites, like all truly great men, a wonderful intellect and a noble heart. As a proof, it is sufficient to remember the warmth, the high enthusiasm, with which he exalts the Roman glory. I repeat, through all he clearly shows his fervent love of liberty. I will add, whenever he mentions iniquitous actions, he almost invariably begins by calling them *detestable*. In the chapter of his 'Discourses' entitled, '*How glorious a thing it is to use fraud in war,*' he begins, '*Yet to use fraud in any action is detestable.*' And the same in a hundred other passages that would be too long to quote."

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This opinion I pronounced on the Florentine Secretary, fascinated with his wonderful writings, especially with his immortal "Discourses," which I have often read. I somewhat modified my opinion of him afterwards, when I had read his familiar letters, where the



whole man is laid open to view. And certainly he does not appear in them as I could wish, either for his own glory or that of Italy. To prove this I will cite one among many similar passages. "I much desire these Signori Medici would begin to employ me. They ought to begin to let me do something, for if I do not gain anything by them I shall complain. And they ought not to doubt my faith, because, having always kept good faith, I am not likely now to learn to break it." This disgraceful paragraph is in the twenty-sixth letter, written to Francesco Vettori, 10th December, 1513, after Machiavelli had been supported and patronised by command of the Medici. I know well some will say, the times were evil, and that Machiavelli paid his tribute to his age. I would reply; the virtue of Ferruccio shone with a more resplendent light, and he certainly did not possess the great talents of Machiavelli,—talents that enabled him better than others to know the infamous wickedness of the Medici, and also to foresee how their success would ruin the liberty of their country. Greater then was his guilt in having flattered, and even vilely courted, that atrocious race; but this should not obscure the glory his writings have gained for him.

## IX.

If Dante's idea is true :

“Nessun maggior dolore  
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice  
Nella miseria,”

most sad to me is the recollection of the days I passed at the Villa Vomero, or in our own house in Naples until the death of my dearest mother. My own master, I wandered about with a book in my hand, while in the country, which was the greatest part of the year, sometimes in a large garden that surrounded our house, sometimes amongst the lovely hills of Camaldoli or Posilipo. There in the most retired spots, I read, or built castles in the air ; chiefly political, as politics have always been my passion, or, as my eldest sister would say, my disease ; or I composed poetry, which I committed to paper on returning home, and afterwards either polished or burnt it. To these solitary walks often succeeded two amusements—hunting, or looking after a small flock of sheep my father had given me. Ah, where are you vanished, blessed, peaceful hours, during which I read, wrote or planned, seated under a tree, my flock peacefully feeding around me, at my side, my faithful *Soricello*, the dog of St. Bernard, that had been my companion in my flight ?

In my pastoral and hunting expeditions I was often accompanied by Giuseppe Jacob, as well as my dog, and then we talked of nothing but Napoleon and

war ; sometimes the steward came with me, who, born a peasant, aspired to the rank of a literary man, having, as he said, read more than forty volumes. He looked upon all of his own rank as ignoramuses, though now and then I ventured very politely to hint, that though they might be less learned than he, they might at least boast a far greater portion of common sense. But the finest thing was to hear him talk politics. He would close his eyes, as though by shutting out the outward world he could the better collect and arrange his thoughts, and with wonderful gesticulation he would propound the greatest absurdities regarding the affairs of Europe, with which I, who was a diligent reader of the journals, kept him always informed ; or he would descant on the best mode of governing kingdoms.

I was also learning fencing, swimming, and riding, in which I became a tolerable proficient, and which tended much to strengthen my weak limb. My mother wished me to take lessons in music and drawing, but I had no taste for the fine arts ; nor had my brother either, whilst my sisters made great progress in them, especially the elder.

I was greatly interested at this period in the Greek Revolution, and wrote many poems on the events that occurred during the war, especially on the heroic death of Marco Botzaris. I also wrote an ode on the welcome departure of the Austrians from Naples in the end of 1826. Acting was one of our great amusements ; and we had a theatre in the hall of our villa

at Vomero. These and other pursuits filled up my time ; but these occupations were soon to be interrupted.

For some time my family had been under the eye of the police, which was then directed by a man worthy of the office formerly held by Canosa ; I mean Niccolo Intonti. This man, though formerly a dependant of my father, having heard, I know not how, of some expressions of contempt applied to him by this latter, and most justly deserved, became his bitterest enemy, and did all he could to injure him. Every one knows what the hatred of a minister of police can do. The village of Vomero was soon filled with spies, who, to ingratiate themselves the more with his excellency, whose disposition they knew, sent long and minute accounts of the slightest events. The vile gold of the police corrupted one amongst our servants, so that none of our acts or words could remain unknown ; and often, if not always, the most innocent were so misrepresented as to appear criminal. One day, for example, two friends came to visit my father, and remained about two hours. Well, these visitors were represented as secret emissaries from I know not what political society. Another day some friends dined with us, and stayed later than the police considered proper. In their eyes the house was a conventicle of conspirators. My mother proposed a toast at dinner, and it was affirmed to have been a pretext for drinking to the success of liberty and Italian independence. Unfortunately Francis I. then reigned

over the two Sicilies, whose conduct in 1821 as Regent of Naples is but too well known. Every effort was made to have my father banished. He having heard of it, at once demanded an audience of the king, and on its being granted went to the palace with my mother. They spoke together as the just speak to those who know nothing of Justice; and Francis, moved by those energetic words, stammered forth some excuses, but at the same time urged my father to leave Naples for some months. Accordingly we directly departed for Rome, a forced absence in fact, but to those who did not know the real state of things, appearing like a voluntary journey.

## PART II.

FROM APRIL 1827, TO MAY 1832.

## I.

ON the morning of the 8th April, 1827 (it was Sunday), having reached Capua, we remained two hours to hear mass, and to breakfast. This reminds me of another mass, which I wish to record.

On the eve of our departure, my mother had implored me with her usual affectionate gentleness to go to confession ; and I, who loved her for her dear love, consented without much opposition, revolting though as it had always been to me to kneel before a priest. And this Sunday I again knelt before another, to receive the miraculous host ! But it was the last time I ever did so. I was not then nineteen ; and this may plead my excuse for consenting to do what was repugnant to my reason. I may also plead my earnest desire to do nothing that would pain my mother. I rarely after entered a church except in Rome ; Rome, which produced in me a totally opposite effect to that produced on the Jew of Boccaccio. But of that I shall speak more particularly hereafter ; I now turn to describe the pleasure of my first journey, especially my feelings on first seeing the great city, that wonder of the world, which so well

deserved the name our ancestors gave it, of *Urbs*. In describing what I saw both there and elsewhere, I shall borrow from my memorandum-book, where I registered what the French call *mes impressions*. It would be impossible to mention all the interesting things in Rome. My young heart beat with delight at every wonderful novelty in that astonishing city.

“What most impressed me was the sight of Rome from the column of Antoninus and of Trajan, from St. Peter in Montorio, from the Cupola of the Cathedral of St. Peter’s; from Monte Mario, and St. Onofrio. In each of these places I passed more than an hour in a state of ecstasy impossible to describe; but I went most frequently to St. Onofrio, St. Onofrio, where every time I reverently bowed to the tomb of Tasso; a tomb modest as the poet whose ashes it covers. In that very earth where rise the pompous tombs of so many pontiffs, whom the great Astigian justly characterised as the

‘Turba di morti che non per mai vivi,’

in that earth where a splendid tomb contains the bones of the infamous Pope Borgia; in that earth where are immortal monuments sculptured by Canova, to Rezzonico and Ganganelli; a small stone covers thy remains, O Torquato! —I saw his figure in wood, which is considered a good likeness. In the garden of the cloister is a very old elm, surrounded with stone seats. Here, tradition says, that the most unhappy amongst our greatest, was accustomed to repose his

limbs, wearied by so many woes, when wishing to contemplate the greatest of cities."

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"Amongst the statues I saw in Rome, I admired above all the 'Moses' of Michael Angelo; a most wonderful work. As to the paintings, I prefer the 'Communion of St. Jerome' to the 'Transfiguration,' perhaps because the true impresses more than the marvellous."

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These are all the notes I think worth extracting of my first visit to Rome. From Rome we went towards Bologna, through Umbria and the Furlo (*mons pertusus* of the Latins). I shall give a few of my memoranda respecting those places.

"Forni, Spoleto, and Fuligno are small villages; but Italian villages, and therefore merit observation. From Terni we diverged some miles to visit the famous Cascade, which

'La bella Nera, e il limpido Velino,'

form between Terni and Rieti.

"We slept at Fuligno, and the next day took our route towards the Furlo. A mile from Cagli, a small place between Cantiano and Acqualagna, the postilions of the carriage in which were my father, mother, two sisters, and two servants, either drunk or anxious to gain large drink-money by their quick driving, urged on the horses at such a pace, that the carriage was overturned. My brother and I were a little before in



another carriage ; but on hearing the sudden whipping and galloping, we stopped and turned to order the men to keep in their horses, so that we had a full view of the unfortunate accident. My first thought was for my mother and father. To spring out, to rush to the fallen vehicle and look in, was the work of a moment. My parents were safe, except that my mother had received a slight blow on her head ; my sisters also were unhurt. Not so the servants. One had her wrist dislocated, the other his thigh fractured.

“It is with pleasure I give my tribute of praise to the people of the district. It was a fair-day at Cagli, and numbers of pedlars, carriers, peasants, peoples of the lowest class, and rogues by profession, were on the road. Much money and property were in our carriages. It would have been easy at that moment to have robbed us without our perceiving it ; but not a thing was taken. On the contrary, many of the passers-by stopped to help to raise the carriage, and do everything they could to assist us ; and when my father offered them money they unanimously refused it. I am glad to be able to record this fact, and set it against so many and such strange calumnies narrated with such wonderful complacency by foreign writers, especially French.”

## II.

“The Romans alone could undertake such a work as that of the Furlo, which finds no equal but in the

route of the Simplon, both works of those who have made a greater noise in the world than any others have or ever will be able to do. We remained a week at Fano, where, though we knew no one, we were received with the greatest kindness and attention both by the public authorities and private individuals. The news of the accident that had taken place at Cagli had preceded our arrival at Fano; and this, with my father's fame, which had penetrated even to this corner of the peninsula, was the cause of the hospitable reception we experienced."

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From Fano we went to Bologna, passing through the cities of the Romagna more rapidly than I liked. I was anxious to see and enjoy to the utmost every thing interesting in that beautiful country. But my vexation changed into sorrow, when my father, who was anxious to arrive quickly at Bologna, would not allow us to wait to give even a hasty glance to Rimini, or to pay our respects to the little republic of St. Marino, which I had heard spoken of with such interest from my childhood, and whose history by Melchior Delfico I had read with such avidity when older.

"At Ferrara, I preferred, to seeing the ducal palace and the many wonders contained in that magnificent city, visiting the hospital of St. Anne. I saw (I will not attempt to describe my feelings) the prison where Tasso was confined as mad; and where he miserably languished for seven years! The cell is scarcely

five feet high, and the miserable occupant, tall, as it is well known he was, must have been obliged to remain, not only bent, but curled up. The mere sight of that wretched hole would be enough, I think, to make one curse the whole race of princely patrons of literature. Some years after this visit, I read the life of Tasso by the Abbé Serassi, and I cannot express my indignation at the manner in which the author made a jest of the persecution and imprisonment so unjustly suffered by the great poet. The biographer, instead of blaming the infamous tyranny exercised by Alphonso, speaks of it as quite natural, and pities the great man, not so much for his long sufferings, as for having lost the favour of the prince."

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"Ferrara, like Venice, is a city to make one sad. The silence of its solitary streets, the mournful memories of Tasso, the ducal palace on which the middle age has stamped so strongly its hateful impress, in a word, all around, induce an indescribable melancholy."

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The women of Rovigo appeared to me very beautiful, as indeed they did throughout the Romagna. To be sure I was only nineteen, and at that glad age every woman seems a divinity.

"The luxuriance of the countries bordering on the Po is wonderful, though the presence of the Austrian troops spoils and poisons everything."

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“Padua again, is a melancholy but not ugly city ; indeed, in Italy there are none ugly. We visited the library, where among other riches we saw some autographs of Petrarch. I was sorry not to be able to give a cursory glance at Arqua, in order to visit the humble dwelling of the sweetest and gentlest of the world’s poets.”

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It is difficult for one who has not seen it, to imagine what Venice really is ; nor is it easy for one who has, to give a worthy description of it, therefore I will not attempt it, but only mention a few of the incidents that occurred during my stay there in 1827.

“I went with my mother to the Church of the Frari, to see the inauguration of Canova’s monument, raised to his memory by seven Venetian sculptors. The design of the cenotaph was from the hand of Canova himself, he having modelled it with the intention of devoting it to Titian. I regretted not being able to visit Passagno, the native place of the great sculptor, in which he wished to assemble in a *Temple to God* (I quote his own words in his will) all his works not yet sold. Passagno, from a miserable hamlet, is become a large village, and amongst many other new buildings reckons seven inns, and perhaps before long the village will become a little town. Such is the power of the fine arts, and of an immortal name !”

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“The gondolier whom we employed during our

residence in Venice, was an old man of sense and manners superior to those of his class, who are however in Venice good, kind, and civil. He told me he had fled to the Continent as soon as the Republic had fallen into the hands of the French. I cannot describe the gestures, the tears of the old man while describing his grief at seeing the flag of St. Mark taken down. He put all he had into his poor gondola, and remained seven years, either at Fusina or Mestre, as waiter at an inn. There are numbers amongst the Venetians who think and speak like this poor gondolier, and there is generally amongst them, a greater longing for the departed Republic (a strange kind of republic it was with its *pozzi* and its *piombi*) than there is indignation and sorrow at seeing their country in the claws of the detestable imperial griffin."\*

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"From Venice we returned to Padua. The church of St. Antonio is very beautiful, but that is not surprising in Italy, where, even in villages, churches may be found able to bear comparison with the finest in the second cities of France, or any other country. But this is but a miserable boast, for it is a great pity our ancestors should have wasted so much money in raising monuments to superstition, instead of strengthening, with all the aid gold could give, the

\* These observations have been most nobly disproved by the glorious deeds of 1848 and 1849.

independence and liberty of their native country against foreign nations !”

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“Along the road from Vincenza to Verona, are the villages of Montebello and Caldiero. Not far from the latter, the French and Austrians had several battles. Having stopped at Villanova, a small place not far from Caldiero, I discovered on the walls of many of the houses the vestiges of the French and Austrian balls. The trees in the neighbourhood also are all young, as the old ones were destroyed by those foreign armies, who *à l'envie de l'un et l'autre* called themselves, in their proclamations, *our liberators*. These sad thoughts recall to me the Chorus of Manzoni. In that wonderful poem are assembled, if we may so say, more than ten centuries of the miserable history of Italy. Ah ! may those fine verses never be equally applicable to her future state !”

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I omit my observations on Peschiera,

“Bello e forte arnese,  
Da frontiggiar Bresciani e Bergamaschi,”

which, after having been taken in vain by our armies in 1848, serves henceforth only better to establish foreign dominion in Italy. Nor shall I pause on Lake Garda, most beautiful amongst the greatest beauties of the world ; nor on Brescia, eminently noted for the character of its inhabitants, the noble beauty of the women, and still more, for its heroic deeds and

sufferings in 1849. With the same silence I pass over Monza, where, according to the custom of foolish travellers, I spent half an hour in seeing the iron crown, and the relics of Queen Theolinda. These and many other things I omit; their description may be found in other books, and I proceed to Milan.

### III.

“Amongst the many beautiful paintings in the gallery of the Brera Palace, I especially noted the ‘Hagar’ of Guercino. What truth in the sorrow of the poor abandoned one! And what truth, what beauty of form, in the other three figures of the picture! What in comparison to such as this are modern paintings? Little and badly done is all we have added to the deeds of our ancestors in this line.”

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“We visited the astronomical observatory in the Brera palace, where we met Oriani and Carlini. Amongst other men of note with whom we then became acquainted was Manzoni. I saw him for the first time in Milan, June, 1827. He was in the midst of his fine and numerous family, and a group of noble friends, amongst the principal of whom were Visconti, Grossi, and Torti, that is to say, almost all the so-called romantic school. ‘I Promessi Sposi’ had just been published, and I had been reading it with intense pleasure, so much the greater, as the places spoken of in that wonderful book were before my

eyes. I was exceedingly desirous of visiting the patriarch of the living Italian poets, Vincenzo Monti. We therefore went to Monza, where he resided. We found the poor old man reclining in his easy chair; his spectacles on his nose, and reading one of Goldoni's comedies. A copy of 'I Promessi Sposi' was open on a little table beside him, and my father asked the good old man what he thought of it. He said he had found the first chapter rather tiresome, but still he wished to go on to the second. He showed us a beautiful letter Manzoni had written to him, on sending the book. I cannot express the grief I felt at seeing Monti in such a sad state. He had been twice attacked with apoplexy, which had so severely afflicted him, that he spoke with great difficulty; he was also very deaf. While looking at him I forgot his political apostacy, and thought of nothing but the benevolent heart of this illustrious man, to the weakness of which, perhaps, that apostacy was owing."

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"The Milanese behave in the right way towards the hateful Austrians. Not a family will receive them within their houses. The officers are obliged to keep to themselves in the military cafés, and I never saw any of the people join in any amusement, or even talk with the non-commissioned officers or soldiers. These latter never walked about the city alone, always two or three together; and they will never be likely to leave off the habit, so well aware are they of the feelings entertained towards them by the Italians. In



the cities, towns, villages, and even the smallest hamlets in Lombardy and Venetia, soldiers and cannon are everywhere to be seen, and often beside the cannon stand the artillerymen with their naked swords and lighted matches. Kind indeed, truly paternal must be the government that requires such support to uphold it. But enough of this."

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"In the studio of Longhi, a most excellent man, and a true type of the educated Lombard, I saw the famous engraving of the 'Spozalizza' of Raffaello, and that of the 'Last Judgment' of Michael Angelo, just then begun."

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I shall say nothing of Turin, where we remained only three days, but will at once pass on to the magnificent Genoa—magnificent, I should say, as seen from the sea, but entered by land, the city of the Dorias and Caffaris certainly has not a grand appearance.

I find the following note written at Genoa, the 19th July, 1827:

"To-day I have completed my nineteenth year. How have I spent the beginning of my youth? What useful work have I hitherto attempted; or to speak more correctly, how have I prepared my mind to perform some work worthy the honoured name I bear, and the noble land in which I was born? And what advantage have I gained from what I have

lately read and seen? Have the sight, the voices, the examples, of the illustrious men in whose company I have been, kindled in my breast the sincere desire of emulating their fame? Indeed, I scarcely know how to answer these questions; this I know, I have not lately slept the sound quiet sleep that once I slept, and idleness is now insupportable to me."

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And to fly from this dreaded idleness I began a vigorous course of reading, and a great consumption of paper and ink. But the produce of my labours was soon consigned to the flames.

We left Genoa to go towards Tuscany; but I shall say nothing of the journey to Leghorn, where we again met Manzoni; or of Massa, or Carrara, nor Lucca, nor Pisa, as it would be too tedious to note all we saw and enjoyed. I will therefore proceed to Florence.

#### IV.

My mania for writing, which had increased during the journey, became a perfect fever at Florence; arising perhaps in a great measure from my again meeting Manzoni, who with his family had come to reside in that city. I became such a constant visitor to his house, that it was a disappointment if a day passed without my going there. I spent whole evenings in the delightful society of his wife, daughter, and mother. I met many eminent men there, sometimes more than I desired, so anxious, nay jealous

was I, to be the sole recipient of all Manzoni's words, few and rare as they were. One evening I met Lamartine, then Secretary to the French Legation at Florence, and who, not long before, had fought his famous duel with Gabriele Pepe. With this latter, I need scarcely say, I became acquainted as soon as I arrived in Florence; and I would propose him as an example to all political exiles. His sole income consisted of twelve crowns a month, from the editor of the "*Antologia*," and the reader may imagine how he lived, dressed, and lodged. King Francis, when passing through Florence in 1825, heard to what extremity Pepe was reduced, and, a strange thing in such a prince, was so touched by it, that he sent the illustrious exile three hundred ducats! But what was the amazement of the bearer of the present (the too famous Michael Angelo Viglia) on hearing the following words from the generous exile: "I demanded from the government of Naples, not an eleemosynary present, but the pension which the law allows for military service; the reward for fatigues endured, and blood shed for our country!"

What a sad contrast to this conduct of Pepe's is that of many of our exiles, formerly, as well as at present!

I became acquainted also during my residence at Florence with many other exiles, amongst whom was Giuseppe Poerio and his family, with whom I afterwards formed a very intimate acquaintance. I say afterwards, because at this time I saw but little of

them, except Alexander,—Alexander who died gloriously at Mestre, the 27th October, 1848.

I must not forget, while recording the incidents that occurred during my visit to Florence, to mention the meetings that took place every Monday evening at the house of the excellent Vieusseux. There were assembled the élite of the literary men who might be at Florence, Italians as well as foreigners. There is no doubt that my intercourse with such men had a great influence in awakening my young mind to noble thoughts, and increasing my love of study, and desire for fame.

“After having remained two months at Florence, we returned to Rome through Sienna and Viterbo. We only remained a few hours in the former city, scarcely sufficient time to be able to see its beautiful cathedral.

“What a sensation of sadness oppresses the mind on seeing those ruined walls of Sienna, and the solitude of her streets. And how is it increased when we recall the sad memory of her intestine divisions, and her fatal wars with Florence, and the melancholy destruction of her liberty. Most true it is, that at every step in Italy, he who truly loves his native land, grieves over similar events, and discovers in her past sins the origin of her present misery.”

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“I saw Rome again with joy. What I had seen during my previous visit, had made me desirous to examine the wonders of this the greatest of cities,

at my leisure. This I was able to do during the first half of the winter of 1827-28."

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"I became acquainted with many of the artists in Rome, amongst others, with Thorwaldsen. I visited the house and studio of the great Canova, who had died a few years before. There I saw amongst the relics of the great artist a painting representing God; a work admirable in conception but poor in execution. Canova, whom nature had endowed with gifts necessary for handling the chisel to admiration, aspired after the fame of a painter, and delighted in the exercise of an art for which he was never intended; in this resembling many other great men, who place their ambition in the very things to which their talents are least suited. Thus Machiavelli believed himself as great a poet as he was a politician; and in one of his letters to Francesco Vettori, blames Ariosto for not having placed him amongst his collection of the poets his contemporaries in a passage in the 'Orlando Furioso,' I forget in what part."

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Rome appeared to me very poor in literary men. I do not think the smallest town of the most retired corner of Italy would show such a dearth. If any one doubts this, I only beg them to attend a meeting of the *Tiberina* or of the *Accademia degli Arcade*. Twice I suffered the infliction, and had the courage to endure a recital of, I know not how many, solemn *Octaves* and *Tersine*, about the infant Jesus, or on the

passion of our Lord, and sought in vain for a spark of the ancient Italian fire.

## V.

We returned to Naples, January 15th, 1828, after having gone through the whole peninsula. I gained great advantage from this journey, and consider it the greatest good fortune that I should have visited the principal towns of Italy at an age when impressions are strongest, affections warmest, and the mind most disposed to admire what is beautiful and great. And perhaps it is to this journey I owe the small portion of poetical fervour I possess, which still warms my heart to comfort me in my weary life. But the greatest good was this; the hatred I had always felt against the wicked oppressors of the Italian nation, and the desire of seeing her freed from the unworthy yoke, were so fixed that they became the ruling motives of my actions.

But quite another kind of aliment to this hatred and desire was afforded in June, 1828. I allude to the political executions in Naples, and the province of Salerno; of which I have spoken elsewhere. In that most fatal year many perished obscurely, but bravely; and their bones were either denied the rites of sepulture, or lie mixed with those of criminals. But the day shall surely come when justice will be done even to the dead!

My mother, trembling for me on account of my

opinions, endeavoured to divert my mind from those indignant thoughts, and I, to calm her anxiety, somewhat restrained my feelings, and tried to render myself deaf to the voice in my heart, that already urged me to venture everything against the cruel oppressors of my country. My mother proposed a renewal of our theatrical amusements. I eagerly seized the opportunity thus offered of expending in an agreeable pursuit my superabundant energies, which sometimes were not a little troublesome to me. We acted some of Goldoni's comedies, besides some by other authors; and some little pieces by Scribe, occasionally translated into Italian, but more frequently in French. I took the part of *Paolo*, in Silvio Pellico's *Francesca da Rimini*, the first and last poetical flower of the prisoner of Spielberg, who would, in my opinion, have been happy had he closed his literary career with this tragedy, and his political life with his liberation from his *carcere duro*.

I will not describe the anxiety, the agitation, the impatient desire I used to feel before the day of performance; nor the zeal with which I studied my part, nor the joy produced by the frequent plaudits with which I was greeted. Happy days were those to me; perhaps the only happy ones of my life. For several years my sisters and I celebrated the birthdays of our parents with theatrical performances. But the amusement of acting soon became an ardent passion, which is not surprising considering I was only twenty, and delighted in violent emotions; and

there are few that are comparable to those an actor feels when he receives public applause; the actor whose voice and gesture is able to agitate and hold in suspense so many hearts, when at his will he raises, now wonder or terror, now pity or disdain.

I maintain that two professions especially are natural to man, that of arms, and this, so unworthily called "histrionic;" which I consider *most* noble, whenever it is not separated from nobility of mind and a virtuous life. But the profession of poet, some will cry, that profession which you embraced from your childhood, is that then to be forgotten? Or did you only adopt it by accident, not *invitâ Minerva*? Indeed, I should scarcely know how to answer such a question, except that I remember my mother used often to say to me, fondly patting my head; "*My son, you have indeed a very low forehead!*" Now, I have always heard poets have very fine foreheads.—But, I shall be asked, why so obstinate in versifying? From a certain bad habit, I reply, contracted in my childhood, and which will perhaps last all my life.

## VI.

In 1829, being attacked with great weakness in my left leg, which, as I have said, was never strong, I was again ordered to try the mineral waters of Ischia. I therefore went to the ancient Inarime, about the middle of summer, and remained there a month. I speak of this visit because it recalls new and most



tender proofs of my mother's affection. It was the first time we had been separated, indeed the first time I had not slept in a room next to hers. Our distress at this separation was very great. I carefully preserve the thirty-five letters written during the month we were apart. Not a day passed in which I did not receive at least one, and all full of intense affection, and beautiful from their simplicity, as well as their style; so true it is, that to write eloquently, only requires inspiration from the heart! I could give some extracts, but it seems to me like profanation. I preserve these letters as my most precious treasures, and, dying, shall bequeath them to my daughters. Oh, how often have I read, and re-read them; and with what tears of earnest longing and tenderness, and sometimes even with joy! In hours of depression, in hours when the present appeared intolerable and the future offered nothing but despair, I turned to my mother's memory as my last refuge, and, for the thousandth time, again read those letters; and a comfort, a peace I cannot describe, succeeded to distrust and misery! Ah! blessed be thou, my beloved mother! Thou constant guide, friend, and consoler of my unfortunate life! Not a day passes that I do not bow before thy sacred memory!

Nothing of importance occurred, after my return, till the 10th February, 1830, when my brother married the daughter of the Prince of Carioti. In the beginning of August, the announcement of the French Revolution came suddenly upon us, and

stirred up every heart. I will let my joy be imagined. Had I been older or known more of the character of that capricious nation, which dwells between the Pyrenees and the Jura, the Mediterranean and the Ocean, instead of rejoicing I should have laughed at those of my fellow-countrymen who, on first hearing of the event, imagined the salvation not of Italy only, but of the world, was approaching. Young as I then was, and perfectly ignorant of the French character, I saw things under the colour of the enthusiasm which that sudden event had everywhere awakened, and full of all that the journals related, my poetic muse again roused herself after two years' silence.

And at the same time that welcome news from France awakened in my heart more ardently than ever, the desire to devote my powers to the redemption of my country. Yet my wish was not realised, partly perhaps that I was too young to inspire sufficient confidence in the conspirators to whom I had imparted my desire; and also, that my mother did everything to restrain me, and spared neither persuasion nor entreaties to prevent my wishes becoming acts. And I, though reluctantly, obeyed her; and to occupy my mind with something connected with these events, plunged into political speculations on forms of government and laws best calculated to preserve liberty, with my attention particularly fixed on Italy. The French journals, which I constantly read with the greatest interest, often inspired my pen.

For instance, after reading in one of them the law on the National Guard, promulgated soon after the Revolution of 1830, I drew up a law for a National Guard for the Two Sicilies, which, by the way, with many other papers, fell into the hands of the police, when they came to arrest me in 1834. I wrote much on reforms to be carried out in the social order of the world; and I was particularly fond of inquiring into the causes of human misery, and suggesting remedies for it. I carefully studied the doctrine of the *Socialists*. St. Simon, Babœuf, Owen, and Charles Fourier, furnished me with ample materials for meditation and writing. I preferred the doctrines of Babœuf, for they appeared to me to be founded on the eternal principles of justice and reason. And is not this the holiest principle—that *every one on earth should have his share of labour as well as property*? But the means proposed by this new Gracchus to realise so excellent a theory, instead of leading men to the desired end, would have deteriorated their condition by diminishing the greatest good they can aspire to — their liberty. And the same may be said of the doctrines of St. Simon, Owen, and Charles Fourier, as well as of Louis Blanc, Cabet, and Proudhon, in all which there is some good certainly, but it would be much better if philanthropists, instead of spending time and labour in endeavouring to establish their plans in their full extent, would select those parts of them of which the success would be possible. In this consists political talent; not in embracing or rejecting *a priori*, the

whole of any scheme. Select some fundamental principle, such as eternal justice, that must not be violated in any case, or at any time ; the statesman should be *eclectic*, that is, he should borrow from every age and every people, whatever would suit his own times and his own people. But enough of digression.

In Europe events were moving at such a pace as to keep every mind in suspense, and to claim every thought. Every new incident increased my hope of seeing Italy rouse herself. The Revolution in Poland especially excited me, the more, as my mother, generous as she was, kindled with enthusiasm on hearing the noble deeds of the Polish war, and prayed for victory to the arms of that brave nation. How often did I think of leaving my paternal home, and overcoming every obstacle, encountering every risk and difficulty to get to Warsaw. But Central Italy was rising also. I will not attempt to describe my joy on hearing of the sudden movements in Modena, Bologna, and Parma. Ah ! ill did I foresee the unfortunate end of those revolutions, if indeed those brief, partial efforts are worthy of the name of Revolution ! I lived at that time in continual anxiety. Every morning I awoke certain I should hear Rome was in the hands of the liberals, or that the Abruzzi were invaded by Serrognani. Every day I believed a rising was approaching, which, deluded as I was, I imagined would be like that of Paris ; I was continually cleaning and preparing my fowling-piece and my pistols, and continually turning

over in my mind, the how and the when of the hoped-for struggle. One short hour quickly destroyed these fair illusions. To try and smother the anger and grief that overwhelmed me, I threw myself back with redoubled ardour into my studies, and as

*“La lingua batte dove il dente duole,”*

I wrote an ode to Liberty.

The winter of 1830 we passed in Naples, after having resided three whole years at Vomero, a home most dear to my parents and me, though not so much so to the rest of the family, who preferred the city.

## VII.

As I am writing memoirs, not history, I pass over in silence the events of 1831, except one which I must mention.

Ferdinand the Second, having ascended the throne the 8th November, 1830, when the hopes of the liberals were highest, and therefore a time of danger to the government, became much more uneasy when he heard of the movements in Central Italy. To calm the ever increasing ferment of the kingdom, a ferment which sooner or later must end in revolution, he loosened the reins of despotism a little, and artfully gave it to be understood that great concessions were in contemplation. His minister of police was still Intonti, the same who, during the late reign, followed carefully in the footsteps of Canosa. Now,

either hoping to gain pardon for his iniquities, or to avoid the dangers of the political changes he saw inevitable, by himself taking the initiative, certain it is that he endeavoured to persuade the young king to grant a shadow of a constitution, and, above all, to assemble around him new men, amongst whom was to be my father, a rather strange choice considering the hatred Intonti had shown him.

General Filangieri and the Chevalier Fortunato, afterwards willing instruments of the tyranny of Ferdinand, were acting at that time in concert with Intonti; and were continually at our house endeavouring to induce my father to take office in the *constitutional* ministry. It was resolved that Intonti should be sent into exile, and his office as head of police be filled by General Delcarretto. The king showed the greatest craftiness in the whole affair, though he was scarcely twenty-one. It was a worthy beginning of his cruel and treacherous reign.

#### VIII.

And now, reader, we have reached the middle of the second part of these memoirs, and I have referred to no love affairs. I know not if any one feels curiosity on the subject, but this I know, neither now nor afterwards shall I allude to them, for this simple reason, that a gentleman should never speak of his love affairs in print. To justify this opinion I will propose the following dilemma. Was the love

of which I may be expected to speak, honourable or dishonourable? If the former, would it not be profanation to speak of it? If the latter, would it not be disgraceful to mention it? This granted, it is sufficient to state the following facts:—

1st. I can recall the past without remorse, having disgraced or injured no one.

2nd. I have learnt much from women, especially feelings of delicacy.

3rd. Except the benefit just mentioned, love has been to me a continual source of anguish.

4th. That from all I have discovered in others, or experienced myself, I derive this conviction—love is not the least among human infirmities.

5th. That an active life, one constantly active, is able to remove, or lessen at least the dangers of such an evil.

Women and romantic people may not be satisfied with this statement, which certainly is not poetical; but I am not writing poetry, nor do I wish to make an impression on the imagination of my readers of either sex, but on their good sense and their hearts. Therefore I shall conclude these few words on love, by transcribing eight beautiful lines by a rather obscure French poet, named Latour, who, however, merits fame better than many who are more talked of. The lines are from an ode on a sleeping child:

“ Une Mère vois-tu, c'est là l'unique femme  
Qu'il faut aimer toujours,  
À qui le Ciel ait mis assez amour dans l'âme  
Pour chacun de nos jours.

*"Aux suaves accords de sa voix douce et tendre  
Endormi mollement,  
Enfant aime ta mère, aime-la sans apprendre  
Que l'on aime autrement."*

## IX.

After having passed the summer amongst the lovely hills of Vomero, we went into the city towards the end of the autumn, intending to remain there till after Easter. I had long wished to occupy myself in some way that might be of real use to my country; and at last I determined to establish a literary and scientific journal, the times not permitting politics. Accordingly in 1832, after having overcome the obstacles that presented themselves, I commenced the "Progress of Science, Literature, and Arts," which soon took the place of the "Antologia" of Florence, which had been put an end to during that year at a signal from the true lord of Tuscany, Metternich, at the suggestion of the Emperor of Russia. The "Progress" was the first periodical of any value that had been published in Naples, and it tended not a little to increase in that capital the number of periodical publications, which, in four or five years after, between literary, scientific, artistic and industrial, amounted to about forty! One of my greatest difficulties was the little energy shown by those whom I had chosen to assist me; though they were men of noble minds, and not of mean intellects. Some hesitated on account of their suspicions of the



government, the bitter, implacable enemy of every undertaking intended to awaken the country from the profound lethargy into which it had sunk. Others held back from knowing my impetuous hasty disposition, and my principles, already so sufficiently expressed, and inflexible as to destroy any hope of change on certain vital points. It is needless to enter into details, it is enough to say that I was left nearly alone, yet I commenced the undertaking, and the first number appeared the 5th March, 1832.

It had been my intention to give a sketch of the progress of literature, science, and the fine arts, in Italy, rather than a description of their present state. It was on this account I had applied for aid to those who had acquired fame in these various branches, and wished each to give a summary at once historical and technical of his profession. Had my design been carried out, every science, every art, every branch of literature would have had its summary and its history; but this was prevented by a terrible misfortune of which I shall soon speak, that destroyed my strength, put an end to my studies, obliged me to tear myself from my country, and almost entirely changed the course of the rest of my life. I had hoped the "Progress" would have opened to my contemporaries, especially the young, an arena where they might have found exercise for their minds, and also a point of union for men of science and literature, who had hitherto been, as I may say, scattered here and there. I therefore tried to collect around me

all the clever men who came to Naples, and above all to seek for those who had withdrawn themselves from the public eye, and induce them to come forth and co-operate with me in working for our country's good. It is needless to say this second part of my plan had even less success than the other. Yet it succeeded to a certain point.

When the "Progress" first appeared, there were only three or four wretched journals besides that of the government, the worst of all, and the only one allowed to speak of politics, or rather to register some of the passing political events, and to laud to the skies the most trivial act of the king or his worthy ministers. I have said *some* of the passing political events; because the compilers of that wretched journal were obliged to alter or be silent on what was contrary to the wishes of despotism. For instance, during the civil wars of Portugal or Spain, between the Michaelists, and Pedroists, and Carlists, and Christinos, the *Journal of the Two Sicilies* either never mentioned the defeats of *His Majesty Don Michael* or of *His Majesty Don Carlos*, or changed them into so many victories. I allude to this journal, and the way the press was then restricted (and it is not much better at the time in which I now write), to show the difficulties to be encountered by those who tried to publish anything worth reading. I overcame the difficulty, however, in the following way :

Since, said I to myself, it is not allowable to speak of the government and on what depends on it, except

to praise, we will be entirely silent on those subjects. And this contemptuous silence supplied the place of continual warm discussions on what ought to be done, but was not, by those who oppressed and trampled on the country. In order to avoid censure, therefore, or rather to set it at defiance, my journal treated at first more of the natural and exact than of the moral sciences ; more of literature than of the philosophy of literature ; more of the fine arts considered in themselves, than of their moral aspect ; the relation of facts rather than observations on them ; writing in such a way that the reader might deduce for himself the consequences which the writer dared not place before him : I was obliged to keep a careful watch that none of my fellow-writers infringed these rules ; and I can truly affirm that till the autumn of 1834, that is to say, as long as the journal bore my initials, there was nothing in it that could offend the government.

## X.

Five days after the publication of the first number of my journal, that is to say, 11th March, 1832, my poor mother became ill. Attacked by influenza while nursing my two sisters who had the same complaint, she would not go to bed as long as it was possible for her to keep about. At length, obliged to give up, she ordered that the door of her room, which opened into that of my sisters, should be left open, that she might at least give them the comfort of hearing her sweet

voice. And this at a time when she herself had need of the most tender care. Six days after she became alarmingly worse, and at 5 P.M. of the 17th. March, I had no longer a mother. Her death might be called almost sudden, so that, to my great grief, I did not receive her last sigh. Deceived by the physicians, who were themselves deceived by their intense ignorance, I did not suppose her so near her end. Till then I had never seen a dying person, and I imagined the intense paleness of my dearest mother the natural effect of her illness, not the sign of death. At a sign from my father, I was forced to leave the sad room, and a few minutes after I fainted. I will not describe my feelings or the bitter sorrow that for so long a time darkened my life.

I was myself attacked with influenza, and seriously ill for a week, but these physical sufferings were nothing in comparison to the mental, and with the hope that change of scene would produce some alleviation, I determined to leave home, and on the 1st of May I left Naples. That beautiful sky had become insufferable, I felt I must see new objects, new countries; but I could not depart without first visiting my mother's grave, and I went late the night before my departure to the vault of the church of *Santa Maria degli Angeli*. There in a coffin at the foot of an altar lay the remains of that beloved one. Sending the sacristan away, I knelt down with my hands on the coffin. I did not pray, for I did not believe in prayer, but I recalled all the virtues of the

dear lost one ; the happy days I owed to her ; my infancy ; my boyhood ; my youth, which she had so carefully trained. I remained prostrate for more than half an hour ; these thoughts filling my heart ; but not a tear could I shed. Then I understood the grandeur of Dante's idea, the perfect truth of the *Si dentro impietrai* of Ugolino !

## PART III.

FROM MAY, 1832, TO AUGUST, 1833.



## I.

A SECOND time I am on my travels, but with feelings how different from those with which I left Naples in the April of 1827. And my heavy load of grief seemed to increase, instead of diminishing, as I advanced; for as I passed through those places once visited with my dear mother, her memory awoke still more vividly in my heart. It was pain to revisit Rome, Florence, Bologna, Milan; and, ingenious in self-torture, I increased my suffering, by studiously seeking every place that could recall any act, any word, of her whom I so bitterly lamented.

I shall say little of my residence in different parts of Italy, the object of this journey being to see foreign countries; so I shall give few extracts from my diary before I crossed the Alps.

“PERUGIA, 7th May, 1832.

“An amusing little incident occurred a few days ago at Storta, the first post from Rome, on the road to Tuscany and Umbria. There was in the diligence a French ruffian, by name Damotte. Whilst they were changing horses he asked one of the postilions to get him a little water, who gave him some in a bottle.

The Frenchman when he had taken what he wanted, gave him a few bajocchi, I do not know how many, but the postilion not thinking it enough, turned to the donor, saying in his Roman dialect, with a slight tone of anger, '*Eh sor Francezi, la mi dia quarcos 'artro.*'\* And immediately the Frenchman threw in his face the water that remained in the bottle. At this contemptuous proceeding the Roman came to the door of the diligence in an inexpressible rage, abusing the Ultramontane. He, not knowing a syllable of Italian, turned to me, to ask an explanation of what the man was saying. This latter, in the meantime, his clenched fist raised, his face inflamed with rage, continued to vent his anger in the coarsest abuse and curses, amongst which the following words recurred like a chorus: '*Sti Franzesi ce credono pecoce addirittura!*'† And the other postilions and the dragoons deputed to escort the diligence were highly entertained with this angry oration."

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"I have become acquainted with Mezzanotte, the translator of Pindar—an excellent man, like most of the Italian literati. He was very attentive to me, and we visited together all that was worth seeing in Perugia.

"I saw a battalion of the papal troops reviewed in the courtyard of the fort, and I was not a little angry at hearing the officers ridiculing the way the poor

\* "Come, Mr. Frenchman, give me something more."

† "These Frenchmen believe us just sheep!"

men went through their exercise. Yet they seemed to me to be good soldiers, taken generally from the same race that furnished so many brave men to Napoleon's armies. I do not doubt that some of these men fought well at Rimini against the imperial troops last year."

"FLORENCE, 10th May.

"As soon as I arrived in Florence, the day before yesterday, I visited several friends, amongst whom was Gabriel Pepe. I had known him poor in 1827, and poor I found him in 1832; but strong and tranquil in his poverty as before."

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To these words from my diary I will add the following. Pepe, after about fifteen years' exile, at last returned home,—about the beginning of 1836, I think,—without having, like so many others, bowed to the oppressors of his country. He was received by noble minds in the way that men of eminent virtue deserve, especially in countries where not the best but the vilest have power. Amongst these latter, one of the very, not to say the most powerful, Delcarretto, supreme head of the police, received Pepe with smiles and attentions, such as he was not accustomed to lavish on men of worth. Pepe met this bad man on some business, I do not remember what: the conversation turning on the retiring pension which the brave colonel had been long applying for in vain from the government, Delcarretto said to him, "To put an end to the affair at once, my dear colonel, let us settle it



in this way. Instead of spending your time in demands which perhaps will prove fruitless in the end, be pleased to receive from my office the provision which my colleague at the head of military affairs has hitherto denied you." To these words my friend made no direct reply, but saluting the minister, took his leave. When he returned home he wrote to his excellency a letter of thanks, which I am sure gave no less pleasure to Delcarretto, than one I addressed to him in Sept., 1836.

Before taking leave of Pepe, I will relate two other anecdotes regarding him, which will serve, the one as a warning, the other as consolation to the good.

My father being Minister of Grace and Justice in 1820, subscribed with his colleagues the famous message to the parliament, in which was proposed the reform of the constitution, and the departure of King Ferdinand for the Congress of Laybach. Pepe, who was a deputy in the National Assembly, warmly opposed the message, and also proposed bringing the ministers to justice, however certain he might be of the upright intentions of most of them, especially my father, whose unshaken probity was well known to him. But judging the proceeding would be fatal to the country, and perceiving my father's signature amongst those of the other ministers (the reason of it I have explained elsewhere), he thought it right to accuse all or none. I was well aware of this act of Pepe's, and yet both in 1827 and 1832 I was rejoiced to see him, and not only to see

him, but to offer him my warmest friendship. He, on his side, was touched by my conduct, and responded to my advances ; and one day, when dining together in Florence, during my second visit, other friends being present, he could not refrain from recalling these circumstances, at the same time commending my conduct.

The other anecdote is as follows. When Pepe returned to Naples, he paid a short visit to his native place, Civitacampomarano. Hearing of his approach, the whole population went out to meet him, and attended him in procession to the village. Nor was this the end of his ovation, for on the morrow, every inhabitant of Civitacampomarano, rich or poor, townsman or labourer, friend or enemy of the Bourbons,—in a word, every inhabitant—assembled together, and went to Pepe's house, each with a present. Some carried a lamb on their shoulders, others a ham, one a pair of fowls, another a dozen of eggs, so that in less than an hour, that humble abode was perfectly filled with provisions, and became, if we may so say, a well-stocked larder. To what reflections does such a fact give rise ; not so much in reference to the man who was honoured by the grateful affection of those good people, as to the excellent hearts of our Italian people. Not without emotion did I hear this incident related, and I am happy to register it in these pages.

“FLORENCE, 16th May.

“To-day I have fulfilled a debt of gratitude, in

visiting the ex-queen of Naples, Caroline Murat. Yes, staunch republican as I am, I thought it right to call on that excellent lady: to assure her that my father, and the whole family of the Ricciardis, gratefully remembered the proofs of esteem and honour which in former times they had so freely received from her and her generous husband. I, who during the reign of the sister of Napoleon, would never voluntarily have put my foot across the threshold of the palace of Caroline Murat, willingly visited her when an exile! Her reception of me was not only courteous, but affectionate. We talked much of Naples and of numerous people known to both of us; especially of my family, above all of my dear mother. And oh, how sweet, and yet how sad, it was to recall the thousand memories of my childhood!"

"PARMA, 22nd May.

"At Modena, having entered a café, I found the 'Gazette de France,' and in it an article against the Duke Francesco IV. This cheered me a little, for I had felt very melancholy on entering this unfortunate city.

"I passed the house of Ciro Menotti, and I cannot express my feelings on contemplating those windows, from which a few brave men defended themselves several hours against the assault of nearly a thousand soldiers. But I hope in another place to speak of that brave deed more fully and more worthily.

"I have seen the Panaro, the place where Carlo di

Gaetano Filangieri was seriously wounded in 1815, while reconnoitering with a small band of Italian soldiers, the movements of the Austrian army. Oh, why did he afterwards dim the splendour of his name, and the fame of his valour, by bowing to the oppressors of his country?

"On leaving Modena I saw the Tower of the Ghirlandina, in which was always preserved,

" 'Quella infelice e vil secchia di legno  
Che tolsero ai Petroni, i Geminagni.'

And I could have laughed while thinking on the Count di Culagna, Titta and Potta, if in the Duchy of Modena it were allowable to laugh.

"The country of Modena is very beautiful and fertile, and this beauty and fertility makes the poverty and squalor of the inhabitants appear still greater from the contrast.

"I arrived here in the evening, and immediately went to deliver a letter of introduction that had been given me. After dinner I made a tour of the city, which may certainly be reckoned amongst the most beautiful and interesting in Italy."

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"MILAN, 25th May.

"I arrived at Milan on the 23rd, passing rapidly through Piacenza and Lodi. At Melegnano, a small place not far from the capital of Lombardy, I found a large battalion of Austrian infantry, and not only infantry, but cavalry and artillery; these latter were beside their cannon, with lighted matches by them.

There were numbers of Austrians in many other villages. Such is the affection the Lombard-Venetian kingdom bears to his royal and imperial majesty!

“I had again the pleasure of seeing Manzoni and his excellent family. I found the two Julias, that is to say, the mother and daughter of Alexander, well; the one as lively and agreeable as I left her in Florence, in 1827; the other more lovely than ever, and betrothed to Massimo d’Azeglio. I was grieved to find the wife of the author of ‘*I Promessi Sposi*,’ the good, the angelic Blondel, in a very infirm state of health.”

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And that was the last time I saw those three dear friends, for in the space of a few years they were all three dead!

## II.

On the 28th of May I crossed the Alps for the first time, taking the magnificent pass of the Simplon. I then went through the Valais, one of the most picturesque countries I have seen, and in twenty-four hours I arrived at Geneva.

To visit Switzerland had long been one of my most ardent wishes. Switzerland, which I regarded as the only country in Europe really free; and of which from my childhood I had read stories with incredible interest and pleasure. What was my disappointment on a near view of that which had appeared so charming at a distance. Not, indeed,

that the institutions of the country appeared bad, but that the moral state of the nation did not appear to me to correspond with the political constitution of the country; and this latter appeared to me to be wanting in the primitive condition of freedom,—the strength that arises from unity. What, indeed, is Switzerland? An anomalous aggregate of heterogeneous parts. A curious mixture of every nation, if the principle is true that nations are formed rather by similarity of conformation and resemblance of manners, than by the natural boundaries of seas and mountains. What similarity is there between the French Lausanne, the German Zurich, or the Italian Lugano? And what between Protestant Berne, and the most orthodox Lucerne? What between the cultivated wealthy Geneva and the ignorant and almost mendicant Appenzell? At the first sound of an European war; I mean one that should definitively settle the constitutions of the different nations; poor Switzerland would perhaps fall to pieces, or rather be divided into three portions, which would become incorporated in the three great families —German, French, and Italian.

Geneva is a rather dull city, in spite of the civilisation spread over almost every class, and the many remarkable men who reside there. Amongst them I saw De Candolle, Sismondi, and Rossi, several times. In Geneva I came to the conclusion that it was my vocation to fight for the liberty of my country; a liberty which hitherto I had looked upon rather in a

theoretical point of view than as what I was myself to work for.

I had received letters from friends in Florence for De Candolle and Sismondi. I saw both frequently, but I was particularly intimate with the author of the "History of the Italian Republics," in whom there was great sweetness of manner, and uncommon modesty, and it was great pleasure to hear him talk of my beloved Italy.

I visited Geneva on other occasions, and always enjoyed a visit to *Chêne*, the name of a small estate where Sismondi resided, not far from Geneva. In the house of Pellegrino Rossi, then Professor of Penal Law, in the Academy of Geneva, I was introduced to his son-in-law Pescara, my fellow-countryman, who was a great friend of mine, though we differed much both in political and religious opinions. Pescara, formerly ambassador of King Ferdinand I. in 1820-21, to Turin and Switzerland; afterwards exiled, like so many others, on the return of the Bourbon to Naples with Austrian troops, had settled in Geneva, and there lived tranquilly in a charming cottage near the village of Châtelaine, where I was often a welcome guest.

I find in my diary of this year a description of all I saw during an excursion into Savoy, and to the famous valley of *Chamounix*, from whence I ascended Mont Blanc. As I do not intend writing a guide-book for the convenience of travellers, who may find the same in a hundred others, I shall only observe I

greatly enjoyed my visit to these wonderful places, and that the sight of them tended not a little to re-awaken my poetic vein.

After having remained about four months at Geneva, I departed for Paris, where I arrived the 3rd of October. I shall again transcribe portions of my journal.

## III.

“PARIS, 5th October.

“On arriving at the French frontier at Bellegarde my person was searched by the French Custom House officers, and some hours after, at Morey, my passport, which I had brought from Naples, was taken from me and a French one given instead, for which I had to pay two francs. ‘This is a bad beginning,’ said I to myself. An Englishman, my fellow-traveller, could not help exclaiming, in his own language, ‘*This is the boasted French liberty!*’ And I thought, when will everybody and everything, be allowed to go everywhere, without hindrance. And how can a nation be called free when the freedom of locomotion for things and persons is not one of the fundamental maxims of political rights?”

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“Amongst the passengers who got into the diligence at Dôle, or more properly the *coupé*, that being the most aristocratic part of the vehicle, because the dearest, was a Jesuit, in the dress of an Abbé, a true type of the successors of Ignatius. An



English Protestant priest, who had been my companion from Geneva, soon entered into conversation with the Jesuit, and this latter, whose talking powers almost exceeded that of Frenchmen in general, going on from one subject to another, at last entered into a theological discussion with the Englishman that greatly amused me. But the best of it was, that the combatants, finding they could not come to an understanding, turned to me to make me their arbiter. 'You have made a bad choice,' I replied, 'as my opinion of the creeds you profess is this: I consider the Catholics blind in both eyes, and the Protestants in one.' The two priests were greatly amazed and scandalised at these words; they quitted their own discussion and turned against me, as is the usual custom when a third party interferes between two enemies, and is opposed to both.

"At Dijon, whilst we were dining at the hotel, a couple of poor wandering Italian singers came into the room. The woman was very beautiful, and a shade of deep melancholy spread over her features, together with a pallidness, arising perhaps from want, gave an additional charm to her extraordinary loveliness. Having finished dinner, I went to the door of the hotel, and there I met a Roman exile going to Chaumont. 'Poor Italy!' I exclaimed, 'most of thy sons are wandering over foreign countries, either obtaining a miserable subsistence by the exercise of a wretched occupation, or living the hard life of an exile!'"

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“PARIS, 9th October.

“I have lived for six days in this immense capital, and I have seen multitudes of persons and things. My mind has certainly not been idle a moment, and amongst the persons and things I have seen, not a few have been worthy of note. Nevertheless, I return home every evening sad at heart, and find life a heavy burden. From whence comes this sadness, from whence this weariness of life? Perhaps from the state of my mind, still full of sorrow; or perhaps from the want of heart I find in these Frenchmen. I believe the latter cause has as much influence as the former, and, having discussed the question a short time ago with an Italian who lives a little way out of Paris, I find my sensations are shared by all who enter this great French Babylon; with the exception of those who only care for material pleasures.”

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“11th October.

“Change of ministry; Broglie, Thiers, and Guizot, at the helm of the state. These three, especially the two last, are sufficient to show what there is to hope from the new ministry of Louis Philippe, and therefore I will turn to something else. Yesterday evening I went to the theatre of the *Vaudevilles*, and this evening to the *Gymnase*, to admire two actors of great talent, Arnel, and Bouffé. We must speak of things as they are, my Italy. With regard to the style of acting in comedy, we must bow our banner before the French. I do not say this in reference to

the two actors I have just named, but the French comic actors in general are far beyond ours. What nature! what ease! what grace! We do not seem to be at a representation of other times, but amongst scenes and actions which we see and hear every day of our lives. I cannot give the same praise to the tragic actors, who, on the contrary, appear to me all like mad dogs, not excepting the most renowned."

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"I find amongst the French the greatest ignorance respecting everything Italian. An advocate did not hesitate to ask me if the name of Montesquieu was known amongst us! Another was astonished to hear me speak of Racine. A lady, who by the way considers herself literary, asked me if we had a Chamber of Deputies in Italy; and so with all."

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"I am living in the house of an apothecary, who is certainly the greatest simpleton I ever knew. As a proof, he asked me yesterday if the money of the Two Sicilies was the same as that of France; and when I told him it was not, he opened his mouth as wide as he could, and exclaimed, '*Oh! then they are not civilised in those parts!*' Yet the good man is an officer of the National Guard, and his name is registered as one of the electors; whilst I, who, I flatter myself, have a little more sense than he has, am in my dear country, politically speaking, no one. To how many reflections does such a fact lead?"

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"18th October.

"Woe to him who leaves a madhouse untouched by melancholy! This morning I went to the Bicêtre, to visit the asylum for lunatics there, and I cannot express the horror that miserable spectacle excited in my mind; the greater, as it does not appear to me that efforts have been made to lessen the misery of the inmates. The maniacs are treated like wild beasts. The idiots are crawling about in the most horrid filth, almost naked. Epileptic patients often dash their heads on the pavement of the court where they walk: all have the aspect of beggars. The lunatics I have seen in Italy are far better off, and in general the benevolent institutions of my native country are far superior to those of most others.

"One of those unfortunate maniacs who knew a little Latin, and whose mania consisted in believing himself a Jesuit, seeing me, uttered the words, '*Figura Hispanica*,' which were certainly not inappropriate, as I have much of a Spanish countenance. Another of these madmen, a bitter enemy to Louis Philippe, asked my '*heart's hand*.' One amongst the incurables, very tall, with eyes like hot coals, and a beard untrimmed and thick enough to frighten one, exclaimed, in a fierce voice, on seeing me, '*He is a foreigner, like my woe!*' On asking what these words meant he replied in a solemn manner: '*I was speaking to the Most High.*' Another of the patients was an old soldier of Napoleon, who, at the moment, was talking very rationally. Having asked

him, if he would willingly bear arms again in case of war; he replied, with the greatest eagerness, '*I only desire one thing, to fight and die for France!*' The keeper told me in his most violent fits, the words that recurred most frequently in his furious exclamations, were, '*War! France! Die!*'"

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"19th October.

"To-day I visited the Cathedral of St. Denis; the vaults of which contain, as is well known, the tombs, or rather cenotaphs of the kings of France; their bones and ashes having been scattered to the winds by the populace in 1793. On entering you see the name of Chilperic, next to him that of Fredegonda: Chilperic the fool, Fredegonda the most abandoned of women, in honour of whom splendid monuments rise in that very land where, as I know, Montaigne, L'Hôpital, and Coligny, have not yet received the public honours of sepulture!"

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"4th November.

"This morning I saw Lafayette for the first time, and this evening—guess whom?—Guizot! I had a letter for him from the Duchess di Canzano (a great friend of our family); this letter I delivered two days after my arrival in Paris, as I was anxious to become acquainted with one of the principal literary men in France. Finding him absent, I left the letter with a card. Having arrived just as Guizot was made minister, I did not expect I should see anything

of him, supposing he would have entirely forgotten my existence ; but on the contrary, I received an invitation to dinner. After hesitating a little, I determined to accept it, principally because I felt, as a foreigner who wished to form an opinion of the various political parties in France, I ought to take advantage of every opportunity of seeing men of all parties. Besides, Guizot is not only the minister and faithful instrument of Louis Philippe, but also a professor of the Sorbonne, and a man of no little fame as regards literature. So I dined this evening with the leader of the *Doctrinaires*. I was very much amused with some of the observations I heard ; for instance :—The Congress which was at that time assembled in London, was pronounced to be as venerable and admirable as the Council of Amphictyons in Greece.—Talleyrand, the promoter of it, the greatest man of his age. It was altogether a new world in which I found myself. During dinner, having related some instance, I forget what, of the folly of one of the Bourbons of Naples, and some of the guests having declared him mad, Guizot said, between jest and earnest, ‘ *You forget, Sir, that in the house of a minister a prince is never mad.*’ Which words were addressed more to me than to the one who had made the remark, Guizot perhaps taking this way of letting me understand such subjects were not agreeable to him. After dinner, Guizot was talking of Italian affairs, and encouraged me to express my opinion with regard to them, though at my reply,

and also on hearing me express my sentiments on the conduct of the French Government with respect to Central Italy in 1831, the brow of the minister became clouded, and I would lay a hundred to one, I shall never again receive an invitation from Guizot."

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And so it was; Guizot never took notice of me again. Apropos to that evening—Giuseppe Poerio, who was then in Paris, was also dining with Guizot. The minister asked him if the Italian youth generally held such extreme opinions as I did. Poerio, as though he intended to laugh at the querist, answered with the greatest seriousness, that, on the contrary, I was one of the most moderate of the young Italian liberals. Poerio and I often laughed at this reply, and also at Guizot's gesture when he heard it.

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"6th November.

"This evening I again found myself in a new world, the only one not a merchant amongst many merchants, at the table of a banker. I shall say nothing of their conversation, except that the words *Republic* and *War*, seemed to make those sordid men shudder. Let any one imagine the figure I cut in such company, and how they looked upon me."

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"9th November.

"I am just returned from La Grange, a place not far from Paris, where Lafayette has his house, or more properly his castle. I say castle rather than

house, because the friend of Washington, the Republican soldier of America, the leader of the French Republicans, inhabits the ancient castle of his ancestors in a direct line, but whom, this their descendant resembles in nothing but the most exquisitely courteous manners. The mixture of aristocracy and democracy that one meets with in the château of Lafayette is exceedingly curious. First appear two battlemented towers, entirely feudal, and many remains of the architecture of the middle ages; but to the unpleasant memorials of a detested age, other memorials, totally different, immediately succeed. Two cannon taken by the people of Paris in 1830, at the assault on the Hôtel de Ville, and given by the city to Lafayette, are placed over the first gate. On the staircase are various standards, some American, some French, and in the first antechamber is the flag of the frigate of the United States, called the *Brandywine*, in which the American Congress sent Lafayette back to Europe in 1825. And on one side of the château to the left, by a gate into the park, the son of the General, the excellent amiable George, pointed out to me the small skiff which the same Congress gave to his father, in 1825, a skiff dear to the Americans, as that which had gained the victory in a race between the Americans and English, off New York.

“The inhabitants of the château are numerous, for Lafayette lives at La Grange with almost all his descendants around him. His son, two daughters,



his grandchildren, and the descendants of his grandchildren; four generations, amounting to sixteen persons, to whom must be added occasional guests, amongst whom, at that time, were Andryani, lately liberated from Spielberg, and San Martino, a Piedmontese exile of 1821. The day after my arrival, my courteous host himself showed me over his château and farm, which is near; and great was the pleasure of the excellent old man in displaying to me his sheep of Spanish breed, his cows, his pigs, his poultry, his dogs, and his horses. Amongst them I saw the famous white horse Lafayette rode when reviewing the National Guards, which not long since he commanded as commander-in-chief.

“I will not repeat the political discussions I had with Lafayette, nor how the poor old man confessed himself guilty of, and at the same time repentant for, having been the cause of the failure of the revolution of 1830. The same language is also attributed to the excellent Lafitte; and this honourable confession of two men, who, though of mediocre talents, were yet most upright in their principles, render them worthy of the highest reverence.

“In going the day before yesterday to La Grange, I met an old man, almost a contemporary of Lafayette, who had had the great happiness of assisting in the destruction of the Bastille, in 1789. In returning this morning to Paris, I met in the diligence a partizan of Charles X., and also one of the combatants of the three days of July. One of the other travellers

having commenced a conversation, the two opponents, in consequence of some casual observation, began to talk together, and very soon entered into a political discussion. Two Italians of opposite opinions would have attacked each other furiously, and perhaps would have come to blows. The two Frenchmen, on the contrary, carried on their argument with the greatest calmness. There appears to me both good and evil in this ; good, as being a sign of great civilisation ; evil, as proceeding from worn-out feeling, and want of deep conviction."

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"18th November.

"This evening I was introduced to old Destutt de Tracy, who, suffering from the infirmities incident to his age, which is very great, is half blind, deaf, and deprived of smell and taste, so that of his five senses he only retains that of touch. Yet, notwithstanding, he is gay and lively, and most courteous. Indeed, I must say, that in France it is only amongst the old men I have found this charming quality, which is so fascinating, and with which every man of education ought to be endowed. The manners of the present generation are quite the reverse. They are proud or rude, and the higher the rank, the greater, it appears to me, is their haughtiness and rudeness. Oh, where are the simple, frank, affectionate manners of my own beloved country ! But to return to De Tracy. The old philosopher has no longer power for anything but to converse, and relates in a most charming manner a

thousand facts and anecdotes, of which he was either witness or actor during his long life. Seated beside the illustrious philosopher, was that dear old man Lafayette, who also has no small store of incidents to relate, though of a different kind, and whose conversation is not at all inferior to that of his contemporary and friend; and it was exceedingly interesting to me to hear events of the past age related by those who had been actors in them, and of which I was ignorant or only imperfectly acquainted with. And I have thus been set right as to many facts greatly misrepresented by writers, or rather scribblers, of the history of those times."

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*"19th November.*

"To-day I went to see Louis Philippe open the parliament. On the Pont Royal he was fired at but missed. Scarcely any sensation was excited in Paris by this attempt, in comparison with what had been formerly felt. The attempt of Ravagliac, for instance, and of Damiens, raised a tumult not only in Paris, but in all France; but in those times the name of king had a far greater influence than now, when only a small proportion of the nation are really attached to the monarchical rule. The rising generation would not risk a hair for the house of Orleans, and the succeeding one will wish to know as much of it as we Italians of Austria and the Pope."

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*"1st December.*

"I have been to the Chamber of Deputies to hear

the discussion on the answer to be given to the speech from the throne. I had indeed expected more dignity, more firmness, in the pseudo-representatives of the nation. In spite of the efforts of a few good and eloquent men, a great majority have rejected every word of reprobation of the ordinance, in virtue of which Louis Philippe placed Paris in a state of siege, in June, 1832.

“This evening, having been at Lafitte’s, I heard from him the following words, which he uttered to a group of Deputies, amongst whom was Mauguin. ‘*S’il y eut une Chambre appelée l’introuvable, il y en aura une qu’on appellera la Chambre de l’état de siège, et ce sera celle d’aujourd’hui.*’ And after a pause he added, ‘*Nous aurons une autre révolution, Messieurs, en expiation peut-être de nos péchés de 1830.*’”

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“18th December.

“I have paid three visits this evening, one to an *ex-minister*, Decazes; the second to an *actual minister*, the Duke de Broglie; the third to a *Doctrinaire*, Duvergier de Hauranne. This latter I knew at Naples some years ago, when he was something very different to a *Doctrinaire*; but in France opinions are quickly changed. Poerio presented me to the Duke de Broglie; Mirbel, the director of the *Jardin des Plantes*, introduced me to Decazes. But, perhaps I shall be asked *why* I went to Decazes’, and if I knew who he is, and the fine things he did during the reign of Louis XVIII. I knew all; but that was exactly

why I wished to be acquainted with him, for a foreigner, I repeat, a foreigner, who wishes to know the country he visits thoroughly, should see all sorts of people.”

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So I thought and acted in 1832. I think differently, and should have acted differently in 1842, when I am now writing; such an aversion have I to men, I will not say like Decazes, but such as diverge at all from certain moral laws. Which clearly proves to me, that if *the world* is growing worse as it grows older, I on the contrary, while growing older am growing better.”

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“In the three houses of which I was speaking, the company was entirely different; and very different, too, the conversation and manners. It would be tedious to describe either. I will only say that in the midst of that strange race, I appeared like a strange beast, to say no worse; but I was greatly amused, especially in the saloons of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, thinking of the enormous distance that separated me in thought and affections from so many excellent diplomatists; Appony, for example, and Pozzo di Borgo, and other similar emissaries of high affairs, decorated with badges and crosses of every sort.

“At the house of Duvergier de Hauranne, I met young *Doctrinaires*, amongst whom Salvandy and Joubert occupied the first rank. In the saloons of Decazes I met several legitimists, but a good many

Orleanists also, for Decazes is one of those who always like the hand that holds the power. Therefore, from having been a faithful servant of the elder branch of the Bourbons, he is become a most faithful one to Louis Philippe."

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"22nd December.

"I have been to a lecture by Lermnier, at the so-called College of France. He appears to me to be rather a good speaker than a learned and profound thinker; but in this he is like most of his colleagues and fellow countrymen, who speak on every subject with wonderful audacity, whether they are well acquainted with it or not. Amongst the various inanities I heard him utter, I remember this: '*Cicero était un homme de génie, mais son âme parfois était vulgaire.*' Now I do not know where genius can have its seat except in the soul, nor can I see how a soul that is sometimes *vulgar* can be the seat of *genius*."

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I will observe here, apropos of the Italian exiles at that time residing in Paris, that I knew most of them. They were forming various plans then, as they did before and since, and cherishing great hopes as usual—hopes betrayed soon after they arose; to which others still succeeded, again to be disappointed, to be again replaced by new ones—so true in respect to exiles is the adage contained in this line:

"L'ultima che si perde è la speranza;" \*

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\* "The last thing we lose is hope."

Which recalls another I heard in Naples, and runs thus :

“Che campa di speranza disperato more.” \*

An Italian journal was printed in Paris at that time, called “The Exile,” with a French translation, but like all the others published in Paris, then and afterwards, it did not last more than eight or ten months.

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“8th January, 1833.

“This morning I breakfasted with a milliner, who, though according to her own confession born in the lowest class, appeared to me, both in dress and manners, to approach the lady. This indeed is so common in France, that one need not wonder at it; in France, where one of the ruling passions being vanity, every one wishes to appear better than they are. The artisan wishes now and then to go to the theatre; his wife and daughter like it also, but they are not satisfied to go in their own modest attire, but must have, instead of the plain simple white cap, and the calico gown, a gay bonnet, a handsome shawl, a silk gown, earrings and necklace. Add to this the wish of parents, right enough in itself, to give their children a good education, but spoiled by the foolish desire to raise them above their own rank. Hence arise pecuniary difficulties, and what is worse, recourse to means more or less immoral to get out of them. The husband cheats his customers, while the mother

\* “He who lives with hope, dies in despair.”

and daughter go out on excursions with or without the knowledge of the father and husband. These things happen but too frequently in the lower classes in Paris, where, I do not fear to affirm, few women of the people (by the people I mean the working classes), know how to resist the dishonourable addresses of the rich. Now, if from France we go to Italy, we shall find a great difference in the habits, and in general in the manner of living amongst the people. Contented with their position, however humble, or even mean it may be, they live according to their means, and therefore more honestly than in any other country. This, in my opinion, is a great blessing, and must facilitate the new laws which, sooner or later, a revolution will establish."

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"Where can we find a stranger nation than the French? I will give a few instances of their anomalies. The Frenchman is kind and affable, but in his courtesy there is always some affectation. He is active and enterprising in the highest degree, but he is accustomed to stop in the midst of his undertakings, and be turned aside by the first obstacle that presents itself. Considered individually, he is more impudent than brave, but capable of heroic deeds as soon as he finds himself one of a mass. Besides, the French are the only people who are boastful, and yet brave in battle, and this contradictory character has always belonged to them, for we find it the same in the time of Cæsar, who, in his



Commentaries, describes the Gauls in almost the same terms as Machiavelli, fifteen centuries after, uses in his well-known essay, ‘*Della Natura dei Francesi.*’ ”

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“11th January.

“To-day I dined with an old colleague of my father’s, Agar Count de Mosbourg, formerly Minister of Finance to Joachim Murat. Amongst the guests were General Sourd, who lost an arm at Waterloo, and General Excelmans, from whom I was pleased to hear an eulogium on the Lazzaroni of Naples, when speaking of the heroic resistance they offered thirty-four years ago to the troops of General Championnet. Excelmans was not only a witness but an actor in that terrible drama; and this commendation is so much the more precious as his countrymen are far more ready to depreciate other nations than to praise them.”

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“The environs of Paris are not wanting in beauty, picturesquely speaking, but they want the best of things—they want what alone is sufficient to embellish everything—the dear light of the sun! Praise be to the Persians and Peruvians, adorers—

“ ‘*Del ministro maggior della natura.*’ ”

This is, in my opinion, the only reasonable worship, the only one that does not excite the indignation of those who read the history of the many errors of the human species. And therefore I excuse the madness

of Dupuis, who saw in the sun the supreme object of the religious adoration of all people.”

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*“8th February.*

“I have been to the theatre of the Porte St. Martin, where they were acting the *Lucrezia Borgia* of Victor Hugo. The actors were excellent, the play very poor. I observe the author has been clever enough to add new horrors to times and personages amongst the most wicked. But this is the custom of the present French dramatists, and it is only dramas of this stamp that please the Parisian public. The drama of Hugo, besides containing incidents totally false, or strangely perverted, is founded on a very extraordinary plot, on a secret *Lucrezia* keeps from her son *Gennaro*. Why does she never explain herself to him? From modesty? This cannot be supposed of the daughter of *Alexander VI*. I am quite aware that if *Lucrezia* told *Gennaro* in the first act she was his mother, the play would be ended; but it seems to me that a writer of great talent would not have raised a work on such a poor foundation. Many will say, but is not Victor Hugo a writer of great talent? I think not; for not only in *Lucrezia Borgia*, but in other works, I think there is more of eccentricity of thought and form than true greatness of intellect. And this strikes me also in modern French literature generally, which is rather brilliant than solid, and has more tinsel than gold.”

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“24th February.

“I have had this evening an opportunity of admiring the great politeness of this nation, at a subscription ball, given for the Poles of the Tenth Legion of the National Guard of Paris, in the Palace of the sister of Louis Philippe. To be pushed hither and thither, that was nothing. Every now and then servants with refreshments came into the salons, which were crammed with people; instantly more than a hundred hands fell furiously on the things, sometimes throwing down the glasses, much to the injury of the waistcoats and cravats of more than one *gentleman*, and to the dresses and coiffures of more than one lady. These things I have seen this evening in the metropolis of the civilised world, and I am glad to notice it in return for the outrageous things French travellers have written on the customs of Italy.”

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“Yesterday I was at St. Leu Taverney, a village not far from Montmorency, on a visit to the excellent Camillo Ugoni, a Lombard exile of 1821, and the author of the ‘Continuation of the History of Italian Literature by Corniani.’ He gave me to read a book just published in Piedmont, ‘Le mie Prigioni, Memorie di Silvio Pellico.’ I devoured it partly this morning on my way from St. Leu to Paris, and finished it at home. Though his too great asceticism offends me, though in my opinion Pellico goes down on his knees too often, and though a little generous indignation would not have been misplaced, while

relating such cruel oppression, I think the book will make a great noise in Italy and elsewhere ; of such importance are the subjects of which it treats ; and perhaps the great simplicity, and almost too great resignation, with which the author relates them, will add not a little to render it universally popular, especially with women. Certainly not with the Emperor of Austria and Metternich.” \*

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To these words, written in 1833, I add the following in 1842 :—That it was a serious, almost unpardonable fault of Silvio Pellico, to have in a manner contradicted, and almost made a jest of himself, in the beginning of his celebrated memoirs, where he speaks of Italian independence as a sick man’s dream. It is certainly true that poor Silvio had fallen into the hands of the Jesuits when he wrote in such a way.

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“I have been to the exhibition of paintings at the Louvre, of which the French make such a boast every year. The colouring is wretched ; there is generally little or no nature in the attitudes, or correctness in the drawing ; and there is the greatest poverty of invention. Yet yesterday evening, a very learned lady, in reply to a sketch I had given her of the present Italian painters, said, ‘ *Je ne connais que Horace Vernet.*’

“I found an immense number of portraits, which

\* It is known that the Emperor Francis made the following observation respecting Pellico : “ He speaks well of every one except me.”

confirmed me in my idea that vanity is the predominant quality in the mind of a Frenchman. And certainly no small quantity of vanity must be necessary to have oneself not only painted, but hung up in effigy to the criticising eyes, and sometimes the jests of the public.

“In more than a thousand paintings which were exhibited in that enormous hall, I have discovered two that are really beautiful, the one by Cottereau, the other by Smargiassi; the first, French only by birth, as he was educated and lived a long time in Italy; the other a Neapolitan. Both are painters in *genre*, and of no small merit. The painting by Cottereau represents a Neapolitan funeral; that by Smargiassi, a modern wonder, the blue cave of the Island of Capri.

“I heard most extraordinary opinions pronounced on the various paintings, by the numerous visitors. I do not allude to those that came from the lower classes, where good sense often stood instead of cultivation and genius; but of the opinions of the men of literature, of the amateurs of the fine arts, which were often certainly the most absurd, ridiculous pomposities that I ever heard.”

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“I think I have spent my last evening in Paris to great advantage. I laid aside all my insignia of gentleman, and instead I put on one of those blue shirts called *blouses*, and making myself as much as possible like one of the *people*, I went to dine in the quarter

of St. Jacques (one of the most populous in the city, and which is principally inhabited by the lowest class) with the intention of getting a near view of the plebeians, and becoming acquainted with them, as I have with the other classes. Accordingly I went into one of the cafés in the above-mentioned quarter, and sat down at a large table where five or six persons were dining. Having called for dinner, in spite of the danger of being taken for a spy by these good people, I began to talk to them. One of the party, who had finished his humble meal, began reading a journal aloud, and the others listened attentively. The article being finished, reader and hearers began a discussion upon it. I wished to give my opinion also, and it was so much to the taste of the company that I soon became the principal orator; but as my wish was rather to hear others talk than talk myself, instead of holding forth like a lecturer, I questioned them on numerous subjects, pretending to be seeking information to enlighten my ignorance. And their replies have confirmed me in the good opinion I have always entertained of the great good sense of the mass of the people, who only require upright and efficient leaders to do great things. But unfortunately the men of honesty and intellect, instead of possessing power, as logic and the advantage of the civil community would demand, lie obscure and neglected; while the falsely wise and wicked are seated at the helm of State."

## IV.

I left Paris for England on the 5th March, 1833, and arrived in the metropolis of the British empire on the 8th. I kept a record of what I saw in London and the other parts of Great Britain that I visited, as I had done on the Continent, and from this I shall give some extracts:—

“LONDON, 8th March, 1833.

“I arrived this morning in one of the most beautiful parts of London, Hyde Park, and the first object that struck my eye was the statue of the Duke of Wellington; an exceedingly droll one, as the sculptor has been pleased to represent the hero of Waterloo entirely naked, in the character of Achilles. But the oddest part of the affair is this, in spite of the great and much-vaunted modesty of the fair sex in this country, where you must not talk of a pair of trousers to a lady, or even of a shirt, this monument was erected by a number of English ladies, as the inscription on the pedestal records: ‘*To the Duke of Wellington, conqueror at Waterloo, his countrywomen have raised this statue.*’ In compensation perhaps for having seen this statue of Wellington,\* I met in the evening my illustrious countryman, Gabriele Rossetti.”

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“10th March.

“I have had a very gratifying visit this morning

\* I have always nourished a great antipathy to this personage.

from Achilles Murat, the eldest son of the brave and unfortunate King Joachim. I say gratifying, because I consider it as paid, not to me, but to my father, of whom we had a great deal of conversation, as also of Naples, recalling the remembrances of childhood—remembrances still vivid in the minds of both, and to both, at once sad and sweet.

“I dined to-day with the Countess of Blessington, a famous *blue stocking*, as every one knows; but neither tiresome nor disagreeable, as so many are. True it is, that being still handsome, though verging on the trying age of forty, the charms with which she is endowed make one forget the distrust one is apt to feel towards female philosophers. Amongst the company was a Frenchman, D’Haussez, formerly minister of Charles X., and one of those who had the folly, to use no harsher term, to sign the edicts of the 25th July, 1830. And I, who did not know who he was, began talking to him on French affairs, and very soon with my accustomed frankness made a profession of my political creed, especially of my opinion of the Bourbons, both of the elder and younger branch. D’Haussez, at certain parts of my harangue, twisted himself on his chair, and knitted his brows, but did not speak a word, either persuaded his words would be wasted, or, knowing himself guilty of the famous ordinances, he may have undertaken in expiation of that serious crime, to swallow any bitter pill administered to him.”

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“15th March.

“This evening, returning home, I was accosted by one of those unfortunate creatures, of whom there are so many in London. I had some difficulty in getting rid of her; at last she said to me in a plaintive tone, ‘*I am starving sir, I am almost fainting.*’ How many sad thoughts crowded on my mind at these words. There are numbers of these women in London, some say eighty thousand!—eighty thousand human creatures! many of them beautiful; who, on another soil, in a society differently organised, would have led very different lives, and would possibly have been honoured wives and mothers, but are obliged in this England, so much vaunted for her institutions and civilisation, to sell their honour to preserve themselves from dying of hunger. This one fact should, in my opinion, be sufficient to bring about a radical revolution. And I have only noticed one out of the many evils of this unfortunate country, one only of the fatal consequences of the aristocratic basis on which English society is founded. Yet there is a numerous party, both rich and powerful—that of the Tories—who obstinately oppose all reform. The Whigs make a pretence of desiring reform, and endeavouring to promote it, but dislike it in their hearts; a third party, called the Radicals, either do not know, or do not dare to follow the only course that could save the country—that of a revolution—which, answering fully to the epithet they assume, should *radically*

tear up the aristocratic plant, the chief, if not the only source of every misery in the country, as from it proceeds the accumulation of landed property in a few hands, and the excessive and therefore infamous riches of the clergy, who are adverse to every reform, and, consequently, enemies to the people; and the most iniquitous corn laws,—laws favouring the producer, and so for his sake the poor man pays three or four times what he ought for his little bit of bread. Considering these enormities, I almost rejoice while thinking of my own poor country, where, though it wants political liberty, yet, generally speaking, the social order is as democratic as in the freest country.\*

“In my opinion, to repair the horrible evils of this country, as wonderful as it is unhappy, the four following provisions would perhaps be sufficient.

“1st. To open the ports of the British empire to the commodities of all other nations, which could never injure England, since she is the richest and most commercial nation in the world.

\* English readers may perhaps doubt if the above paragraph really refers to England, and is written by a subject of the most oppressive and despotic government in Europe. It is, however, a close translation of the author's words. Notwithstanding his denunciations of woe to *wretched and unfortunate England*, she still stands firm and prosperous, though nearly thirty years have passed since they were uttered; and while almost every country in Europe has been shaken to its very foundations, she alone has enjoyed peace and tranquillity, and her people are as ready to defend their government and institutions as though *no aristocratic plant still existed to be rooted out.*—Note by Translator.

“2nd. To, introduce the French law of inheritance, at once declaring property now entailed to be alienable; and abolishing the law of primogeniture.

“3rd. To confiscate the immense wealth of the clergy. The maintenance of the bishops and curates not to be paid by the State, as in France; but by those who go to Church, as in the United States. Of the proceeds of the sale of this property, half should be employed to pay off the national debt, the other to do away with the terrible plague of pauperism.

“4th. To abolish every tax that weighs on the mass of the population, and to substitute for them a rate of ten per cent. on every species of income.

“But can such reforms be worked out peacefully instead of proceeding from a revolution like that of France in 1789,—a revolution abhorred by every party in Great Britain, not excepting the miscalled *Radicals*?”

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“I dined with Joseph Buonaparte, formerly king of Naples and Spain, and what is better, an honest man; to which, I add with pleasure, that he has a high esteem for my father. Amongst the guests were Achilles Murat, the younger Buonaparte,\* second son of Louis, former king of Holland, the daughter of Joseph, widow of the eldest son of Louis, General Demcester, one of the best of the Italian exiles of 1821, and Dr. O'Meara, the author of the well-known *Memoirs of St. Helena*. Dinner over,

\* The present Emperor of the French.

the conversation turned on politics, and though very young (I am not yet twenty-five), my opinion was asked on several subjects, especially respecting the disposition of the people in France, and on the probability of seeing the house of Buonaparte replaced on the throne. I replied, *I did not believe any new French Revolution could have any other aim than that of establishing a Republican in the place of a Monarchical Government.*"\* -

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"17th March.

"This is a fatal day for me. It is a year to-day since I lost my mother. Oh! how different is my present life, to that I lived until the 17th of March of last year! All happiness till that fatal hour, all bitterness now!"

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"19th March.

"I have visited one of the greatest wonders of our times, the road made under the Thames, and called the Thames Tunnel. A work truly worthy of the Romans, that is to say, of the people who have left behind them the greatest traces in history. Yet wonder is soon mixed with a painful thought, the thought that such a wonderful work, and so many splendid things should be met with in a country full of injustice and misery. Of what use

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\* Do not the above words appear like a prophecy, reader? It is true the French republic did not last long, and was succeeded by the line of Napoleon; but

"Intendami chi può, chè m'intend'io."

are the magnificent roads that intersect Great Britain in every direction, the regular buildings and wonderful cleanliness of her great cities, her manufactures, where machinery appears to have usurped the intellectual powers of man, the riches of every kind and of every region accumulated in the docks; the thousand ships anchored in the port of London, or sailing over every sea on the face of the globe,—of what use, I repeat, are such riches, such wonderful greatness, in a country where the greatest proportion of her population are dying of hunger, or worse, are obliged to extend the hand like a mendicant to the State? Oh, when will the time come that the poor of Great Britain, the most miserable of any in Europe, will at last rise terrible in its wrath, against the aristocracy, the cause of all these woes, while it boasts of having destroyed regal tyranny, and founded the liberty of the country! Oh, woe to you, aristocracy of Great Britain, on the day when the people shall rise up in vengeance against you! If you had, oh wretched men, a spark of foresight, and good sense, oh, how you would hasten spontaneously to renounce that which sooner or later you will be forced to relinquish!\* Revolving these thoughts, I went from the Tunnel to Greenwich. The sailors'

\* Thus I wrote in 1833. Now I should write rather differently, as the English aristocracy, far wiser than that of all other nations, agrees, though unwillingly, to give up all that justice and good sense demand; and we shall perhaps see it voluntarily dispossess itself of all its other privileges, to avoid the terrible destruction of which France was the theatre.

hospital is a majestic monument, and I felt greatly interested while looking at several hundred brave men, though broken down by years and wounds, still preserving some signs of their ancient valour. The building, divided into two parts, opposite one another, overlooks the Thames; and it is a beautiful sight to watch the thousand ships that make their way along the river, that washes the walls of the hospital; and the invalids seated on the shore, contemplating those sails, some with a smile, some with an expression of melancholy, but all with the memory of perils past and triumphs gained."

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"20th March.

"I have visited the 'Times' office, and seen the steam press, by which in one minute are printed sixty-eight sheets of the largest newspaper in the world. An Italian who was with me exclaimed, with great emphasis, '*Oh, why have we not a machine like this in Italy?*' To which I replied, '*Oh, why have we not rather all the liberty enjoyed in England?*' And indeed of what use would such a machine be to us, except to develope more fully the stupidity and falsehood of our official journals?"

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"21st March.

"I went to see the Panorama of London, in the Regent's Park, and afterwards ascended to the top of the building in which it is exhibited, and admired for a long time the immense metropolis of the British

Empire. There are certainly few sights to be compared with it ; but I cannot describe how sad it made me. Indeed, I am always oppressed with sadness when I contemplate any city—be it Naples, Rome, Venice, Milan, or Paris—I can never help thinking of all the misery they contain. But what comfort can equal that of feeling oneself pure and virtuous, in the midst of corruption and wickedness ? ”

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“ 27th March.

“ To-day I went into one of the many churches of London, during the service. Aristocratic vanity mingles with everything in this unfortunate country, even in the churches. I allude to the different seats that individual families possess as their own property, and on which they place great importance. This does not appear to me consistent with the equality and brotherly charity that Christians talk so much about. In Italy things are very different ; there a duchess or a marchioness kneels by the side of a poor person, and the baron or count sits on the same bench with the tradesman or artisan, and sometimes receives the water priests call holy, from the dirty hand of the beggar. I will add that hypocrisy with regard to religion is very rare amongst us, especially the lower classes, where the religious feeling is general and sincere.”\*

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\* In this opinion, as well as in many others that I entertained at that time, I was mistaken ; but the reader must remember I was very young then.

“5th April.

“To-day I became acquainted with two men, who, in different times and countries have been much talked of—General Ramorino and General Mina. I was introduced to the latter by Achilles Murat. He confessed to us with the greatest *naïveté*, that he had never learnt to read or write till he was grown up; his occupation until his nineteenth year being the spade and mattock, and afterwards he led a soldier’s life. He appears to me a man of heavy intellect, but rich in that precious good sense that abounds amongst the lower classes.”

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“7th April.

“This morning I went with Achilles Murat to return the visit the young Buonaparte had paid me. After having spoken on French affairs, and still more on Italian, for which he had borne arms against the Pope in 1831, the son of the former king of Holland presented me with a small book he had just printed, in which he enumerates the reforms which will be brought about by the Napoleon dynasty when it re-ascends the throne of France. The pamphlet ends with these words :

“ ‘La garde impériale est rétablie.’ ”

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“8th April.

“I visited to-day the Milbank Penitentiary, just opposite Vauxhall. This latter is a place of amuse-



ment—a strange contrast to the prison ; but there are many such in the world.

“At every step I take in foreign countries, my mind invariably turns back to my own land, especially to its institutions, so sadly contrasted with others. And oh, with what grief I this morning recalled the sufferings which those endure who have the misfortune to be imprisoned in Italy, particularly in the Two Sicilies, especially if it be for political offences ! What a difference between this Milbank Penitentiary, so clean, so healthy, so well arranged, where everything is done to improve the prisoner, and those horrid dungeons of the Modenese, the Roman States, or Naples ! In Milbank the prisoner endures only one privation, that of liberty : in the dungeons of Italy, on the contrary, the deprivation of liberty is perhaps the least evil they have to endure. In fact the sufferings described by Silvio Pellico when speaking of Spielberg, are little in comparison to those endured in the prisons of Modena, of the Inquisition in Rome, and in the fearful dens of the islands of Ponza, St. Stephano, Pantellaria, and Favignana.”

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“2nd May.

“I dined yesterday and spent the night at a *cottage*, that is to say, at one of the thousand country houses which surround London, and in which I should like so much to live, if the sun in this country were less niggardly of his beams, and if I might choose a wife from amongst these beautiful daughters of Albion. The

family where I was a guest are exceedingly handsome and healthy ; their whole appearance breathes an air of sweet and tranquil happiness, that at first raised my spirits, but afterwards, made me sad by recalling all the bitterness of my present life."

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"PORTSMOUTH, 5th May.

"I left London yesterday in the middle of the day, and arrived at the beautiful town of Brighton about five ; and from five till midnight, and to-day during the whole morning, I have been exploring every corner of that lovely place, where I would willingly pitch my tent, if, I repeat, I had as a companion for life one of those charming beings, in whom outward beauty is almost always accompanied by the inward beauty of kindness and generosity. But, I know not why, an internal voice tells me I shall not marry an Englishwoman."

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I shall not transcribe my description of Portsmouth, it may be all found in a guide book.

"CHELTENHAM, 8th May.

"To prove the wonderful rapidity with which people travel in this country, I need only say, I have seen seven towns in thirty hours and-a-half ! I left Portsmouth yesterday for Southampton at three o'clock ; and arrived here this evening at half-past nine, after having seen Salisbury, Bath, Bristol, and Gloucester. And remember this journey was not by posting, but

in the stage-coach. Think what will be the facility for travelling in twenty or thirty years, when steam performs the office of horses."

"OXFORD, 10th May.

"Oxford is a very curious city, both from the Gothic buildings of its twenty-four colleges, and its two thousand scholars and numerous long-robed professors. If the modern houses that rise amongst the colleges should be pulled down, and if the inhabitants not connected with the university were to disappear, it would be like a city of the middle ages. After this I need not say that I was oppressed with melancholy, as soon as I set my foot in it. I would add to it the want of affability in the men of this country, and the plague of aristocracy which taints it everywhere, and in everything. The students, who are sons of the nobility, for example, have the privilege of wearing golden tassels on their caps. The inferior class, who, nevertheless, have the fullest liberty of speech, are silent on the subject; and the middle class, who send far more students to Oxford and Cambridge than the patrician, see this atrocious distinction without indignation. True it is, that the middle and lower classes in this country suffer quietly many other inequalities and injuries.

"I have become acquainted with Professor Buckland, the famous geologist, to whom I had a letter from Monticelli, and who showed me over the colleges."

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“BIRMINGHAM, 11th May.

“What a difference between this town and Oxford! There, everything led the mind back to the middle ages, here we find the movement and active life of the present day. It is a great misfortune that the state of the mass of the people is not much better than that of ours.

“I have been over several factories, and admired the recent progress of science, especially in chemistry and mechanics; but the thin pallid faces of the artisans, who form two-thirds of the population of Birmingham, distress me.”

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“LIVERPOOL, 12th May.

“Here also I have found a monument consecrated to the memory of the illustrious, and, at the same time, execrable Nelson. The idea is bad, so also is the execution. The famous admiral is represented in the act of trampling on a fallen enemy. The artist, probably without intending it, has raised to him whom he meant to honour, a monument worthy the assassin of Francesco Caracciolo. But as evil in this world is always mingled with a little good, so shines forth on the pedestal that beautiful inscription, in the spirit of which the navy of Great Britain fights: ‘*England expects every man to do his duty!*’ What simplicity, and at the same time what grandeur, in the thought! It is not the king who commands his subjects, but the country her sons, who are prepared to make every, even the greatest sacrifice for her, not

excepting that of their free-will. I cannot understand how the same men who could find so beautiful a watch-word, can bear to sing that abominable song of '*God save the King!*' Why not rather *God save the nation?* But England, as every one knows, is the land of contradictions."

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From Liverpool I took an excursion to Manchester, by the railway. I afterwards went into Wales and the Isle of Anglesea. At Holyhead I embarked for Ireland, of which I saw a good deal. From thence I crossed over to Scotland, saw the Lowlands; visited Glasgow and Edinburgh, where I remained some days, then returned rapidly to London, by Newcastle, York, Stamford, and Cambridge. After having remained a week in the immense capital of Great Britain, I crossed over to Belgium, landing at Ostend the 2nd of June.

## V.

"BRUSSELS, 26th June.

"I visited the field of Waterloo, and by means of a military map, and the description of an ocular witness, who was also an actor on that fatal day, I could bring before my imagination the circumstances of the battle. The political results have been variously judged; some declaring the fall of Napoleon the

\* Or of well-balanced institutions, which the inhabitants of the Continent cannot yet comprehend. We will hope the time is not very far distant when they may be able, not only to appreciate, but to enjoy them.—*Note by Translator.*

greatest misfortune, others the greatest blessing for\* liberty, to which that great leader was always an enemy. As to me, notwithstanding the great good that Buonaparte could have done and did not do, for my poor country, by uniting the separate members into one body, it is my opinion his fall before Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia, was the greatest injury to France and the world; for, though he was averse to every government that was not military, he would infallibly, as soon as his implacable enemies had left him at peace, have conceded to France and the conquered nations, the institutions demanded by the times, whose tendencies and necessities his vast mind could not but perceive. But in whatever way things would have proceeded, if he had been conqueror they certainly could not have been worse than they are now that he was conquered."

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My opinion regarding the battle of Waterloo and Napoleon is very different now to what it was when the above was written, for I believe everything that has happened since the 15th of June, 1815, has conduced to the advance of Republican opinions, and the liberty of the world. And will not the experiments made in constitutional governments during the reigns of Louis XVIII., Charles X., and Louis Philippe, be of the greatest use? And has not the example of the Revolution of 1830 been useful also? And what a lesson may be drawn from the melancholy end of Napoleon, so severely punished by his imprisonment

in St. Helena, for having fought against the liberty of Europe? And lastly, not small will be the fruit that our most holy cause will gain, and indeed *has* gained, from the many political martyrs, whose noble blood has, during the last twenty years (I write in 1842), dyed the soil of France, Spain, Italy, and glorious Poland. We will all then rather thank Fate, instead of cursing her, and from the sad events of these later times derive hope for a brighter future.

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“ANTWERP, 4th July.

“I saw this morning the remains of the citadel of Antwerp, and feel much pity for those poor Belgians, whom the French army has come twice to assist against Holland, as to a people unable to defend themselves. This is a great misfortune for a nation; but ought this Belgium to call herself a nation, and not rather an appendage on France, in the same way as Savoy, and the Cantons of Geneva, Vaud, and Neuchâtel? And will not the Belgians become an integral part of the French nation on the first appearance of war? In the meantime it is laughable to see the gravity of these Belgian ministers, senators, and deputies, as though they were ministers, senators, and deputies of a great and important kingdom.”

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“AIX LA CHAPELLE, 4th July.

“At Neupen, a small place on the frontier of the kingdom of Prussia, the Commissary of Police asked me, amongst other things, if Naples was in Spain. I

am certain, that if a similar inquiry had been made of a Frenchman, he, having registered it in his '*Impressions de Voyage*,' would have drawn this inference, '*great, very great, indeed wonderful, is the ignorance of the Prussians.*' And so judgments are formed in this poor world of ours, where general rules are deduced from particular cases.

"Alfieri truly said, when speaking of Prussia, 'Nothing was to be heard in this country but drums and trumpets.' I meet soldiers at every turn; I do not indeed look on the Prussian soldier with the same evil eye as the splenetic poet, because, conformable to the military orders of this country, the army is composed no longer of mercenaries, as in so many other countries in Europe, but of citizens,—indeed of the whole mass of citizens, as every Prussian subject must serve for one or two years. When the term is expired, they return to their own homes and property, with this great advantage to the country, that in case of war, it is not a raw militia that can be called out, but skilful soldiers, practised in the use of arms and discipline. Would that Italy had military regulations like Prussia!

"In the Cathedral of Aix la Chapelle, Charlemagne, as every one knows, was crowned, and they show the chair on which the son of Pepin then sat. And strangers are never wanting foolish enough to open eyes and mouth at the wonder, while no one thinks of honoring the memory of Witikind, the leader of the brave and unfortunate Saxons, who,



ought to be looked upon as a far greater hero, as, with far inferior forces, he long and gloriously resisted the ferocious and implacable enemy of his miserable country. While the fortunate and powerful emperor has a pompous monument raised to his memory before the Hôtel de Ville of the city, neither statue nor tomb is erected to the conquered, but *great Witikind!*”

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“COLOGNE, 13th July.

“This large city appears to me very ugly and melancholy, and I believe the only cause of its fame, with the exception of its celebrated cathedral, is the famous scented water that is made here. The Rhine, whose banks are so admired, does not, in my opinion, deserve the admiration it has called forth; at least not in this part of its course.”

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“COBLENTZ, 14th July.

“During the passage of the steamer from Cologne to this city, I have seen several feudal castles, which are highly praised in the guide book, and at which travellers gaze with astonishment, especially if a German poet has fabricated a legend for any of them.

“As for me, I heartily detest everything connected with the middle ages, and turn my mind towards the future, in which I see, I will not by any means say every good, but certainly a better era than the past or present; and I mentally laugh at the religious

attention with which my fellow-travellers contemplate those ill-omened ruins."

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"MENTZ, 15th July.

"A great pleasure was in store for me at Mentz, the sight of the much-loved Austrians; I therefore only remained long enough to await the departure of the steamer to Manheim."

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"CARLSRUHE, 17th July.

"I do not think there can be a more beautiful, or a more regular city than this, nor a more dull or melancholy one. From a magnificent square, in which is the ducal palace, nine streets diverge, which divide the city into ten parts, not equal, but corresponding with one another, and which are subdivided into so many other parts in the same way corresponding one to the other. The city was built about a century ago, I forget by whom, and the idea of the builder was this, that the *head of the State*, might, from the windows of his palace, placed as I have said at the entrance of the city, have the whole capital under his eye, overlooking it as from a watch-tower. It is a great pity the architect was not a subject of the worthy lord of Modena."

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"KEHL, 19th July.

"To-day I completed my twenty-fifth year—and how have I hitherto spent my life? In impotent regret at seeing my native country trampled upon,

and myself powerless to release her from her ignominious slavery! But this is the fate of all my fellow-countrymen, whose blood boils like mine at the very name of liberty! And such was thy fate, O noble one! who in this little Kehl, for the first time, gave to the public thy sublime tragedies!"

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“CONSTANCE, 22nd July.

“Five states share the shore of this beautiful lake; Switzerland, the Duchy of Baden, the Austrian Empire, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg. Yet these people all speak the same language, and are of the same race. Oh! when will the day of ethnological associations arise, when nations shall be formed according to their race and language?”

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“LUCERNE, 25th July.

“I arrived at Lucerne this morning, from the country of Gessner and Lavater, the picturesque and lovely Zurich. Many travellers have assembled here to visit the smaller Cantons, and to ascend the Righi. My first visit was paid to the monument lately raised to the memory of the Swiss who were massacred in Paris, the 10th August, 1792. The following letters in gold are inscribed on it: ‘*Helvetiorum fidei ac virtuti.*’ I cannot understand how, in a free country like Switzerland, no one thought of adding to these four words, some of blame to these men for having with so little discretion pledged their faith, and so miserably wasted their lives. Certainly at the

present day, the Swiss neither curse nor repudiate those five thousand of her sons, who, clothed in the dress of slaves, not to say of executioners, are in the pay of the King of Naples, or those who serve under the vile standard of Gregory XVI."

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"BERNE, 27th July.

"Yesterday I visited all the interesting places of the Cantons of Uri, Schwitz, and Unterwalden, the cradle of Swiss liberty, where at every step we meet places rich in memories of the glorious past; the meadow of Grütli where the famous oath was sworn, the shore to which Tell leapt from Gessler's boat, the pass where the tyrannical governor was killed, and the market-place at Altorf, where Tell suffered the terrible trial of the apple. I know some writers have cast doubts on the truth of these events; some even have denied the existence of Tell; but however this may be, I do not believe it possible to efface from the minds of the Swiss, the popular traditions regarding the origin of their freedom. Schiller's famous drama is the best guide to these places, for there the minutest historical incident or tradition relating to Tell is most skilfully introduced.

"The night of the 25th and 26th of July, I passed on the top of the Righi, with about seventy travellers from all countries. Yesterday morning I was awakened by the sound of a hunting-horn, and called to enjoy the sublime spectacle of the sunrise,

whose rays were reflected from eleven lakes, and gilded the tops of mountains crowned with eternal snow. In order better to enjoy this wonderful sight, the spectators ascend a scaffolding of wood erected close to the little inn of the Righi, on the highest peak of the mountain. I remained there more than two hours in an ecstasy ever increasing, and which would have lasted much longer, if a chattering Frenchman had not come up to me. According to the abominable custom of his nation, to talk everywhere, of everything, and to everybody, he addressed himself to me, and though I returned monosyllables to his wordy speeches, he went on so far as to confide to me his political creed. '*I am a legitimist,*' said he. '*And I a republican,*' I replied. These words were sufficient to rid me of the chatterer, as they were uttered in such a way as to show him that any discussion between us would be hopeless. I have often thought since on that mutual confession of faith thus exchanged on one of the highest peaks of Europe, between two strangers, who, perhaps, would never meet again."

## VI.

I became acquainted with Mazzini early in August, 1833, at Geneva, where he was living under a feigned name. He informed me of an intended rising in Naples, I therefore departed without loss of time for Marseilles, and from thence hurried on towards

Naples, for I was determined to share the perils of those who were working for the regeneration of their country.

“ON BOARD THE STEAMER HENRY IV.

“CIVITA VECCHIA, 15th August.

“We had on board a French bishop who was going to Rome. It would be vain to try to describe the number of bows, or the obsequious attention lavished on him this morning, when disembarking, by the Custom House officers and the papal police; one of them even went so far as to kiss his hand. I felt I was indeed returned to the land of priests. I was so much the more disgusted as for six months I had been living in France, England, Switzerland, and Belgium!”

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“NAPLES, VILLA VOMERO, 17th August.

“Again, I have returned to my little room, after having travelled many hundred leagues, and seen an infinite variety of things and persons. What advantage have I derived from my journey? In my opinion an inestimable one; that of finding more reason than ever to love and prize Italy. For, notwithstanding the miserable state of slavery in which she is kept, and all the evils and vices of which this is the source, she appears to me superior to every country I have visited, not only in civilisation, industry, and commerce, but in what is of more importance, morality. It is my opinion also, that amongst the Italians are to be found the good

qualities of other nations, without their defects. We have the aptitude for grave and serious studies of the Germans, without their slowness and tendency to mysticism and fancifulness, which is so often met with in their poets and philosophers. We have the dignity and firmness of the English, without their excessive gravity and haughty discourtesy. We have much of the clearness and vivacity of the French, without their presumption and fickleness, or their insolent and contemptuous manners. From the Portuguese and Spaniards we have patience and courage, without their indolence and rudeness. And so on with all other nations. I think the Italians have none of their defects, but only their good qualities. Perhaps it will be said that love of my country blinds me, but all I have seen and read confirms me in this opinion.\*

“ Oh ! with what sadness did I this morning revisit the Villa Vomero, where I passed so many happy years with my beloved mother. And what bitter tears I shed while embracing the dear ones still left, thinking that she alone was gone ; she who would have felt such joy in welcoming me back to my

\* Perhaps it *will* be thought that love of country has made the author form an exaggerated idea of the perfection of the Italian character ; and perhaps it may be asked, how it is that in a country possessing all the virtues and none of the vices of others, there should be found the worst government and greatest oppression, and the greatest ignorance and superstition ? We will, however, hope the time will soon arrive when it will be no longer so, and that Italy will shine out in all her brightness.—*Note by Translator.*

country. To this was added the grief of a most severe disappointment."

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Here ends my diary. To explain the last words, it is necessary to go back a little, and recall the information given me by Mazzini, at Geneva, of the revolutionary movements that were expected to take place in the kingdom of Naples, especially in the Abruzzi, on the 11th August, 1833. The information transmitted to Mazzini was correct, nor were the leaders of the conspiracy wanting to themselves, but the same thing happened which has so often occurred under similar circumstances; some of the conspirators betrayed the plot, and the Government, warned of the impending danger, immediately provided the remedy. And therefore, instead of the Italian tricolor, which I hoped to have seen floating on the four castles of the capital, I had again the delight of seeing the one I had left, the glorious Bourbon standard I loved so dearly.

Scarcely had I disembarked, than I met in the Custom House one who knew me well, and who, I afterwards learnt, had been one of the conspirators. Being appointed to examine the luggage of the passengers, he was obliged, though with reluctance, to order my trunks to be opened. The poor fellow feared he might find some prohibited book, or dangerous papers. I perceived his anxiety, and by a glance tranquillised him. The sight of the Bourbon flag, and the pale face of the Custom House officer,



was sufficient to assure me of the unfortunate ending of the conspiracy. Wishing however to be perfectly satisfied, I went, before going home, to the house of Geremio Mazza, one of the leaders. Instead of himself, I found his wife and brother, who were in a state of dreadful anxiety. From them I learnt the particulars of the failure of the attempt, and the imprisonment or flight of many of my acquaintance; but instead of feeling disheartened by these events, my ardour was increased, and my desire of waging perpetual war against the enemies of my country confirmed. In fact, that very evening I attended a meeting of the conspirators, and took upon me the dangerous office of Secretary of the Central Committee. Mazza and several others were driven into exile some time after, not by a decree of the tribunal, but by the command of him who was all-powerful in the kingdom.

I met him again when I was an exile myself in France: he died afterwards in Naples, after having suffered a thousand fresh injuries and misfortunes.

Besides the one I have just mentioned, two other attempts were made and failed during this year; one called *the Monk's*, because originating with a friar, but which was reduced to a ridiculous demonstration in the territory of Nola; and one headed by the young Rossarolls, sons of the general of that name, who was leader in the insurrection of Messina in 1821, and who afterwards died in Greece, in the War of Independence. Numerous arrests had been made when I arrived in

Naples. The trial of the friar and his companions was going on. He and another were condemned to death, but through great exertions the sentence was commuted for imprisonment. Amongst other accused persons, was a venerable old man, named Domenico Morice, who had been a deputy in the parliament of 1820. He was, I believe, condemned to perpetual imprisonment in irons, though he had had little or nothing to do with the conspiracy, and had had no connection at all with the attempt at Nola.

The plot of the Rossarolls was more serious, and had nearly succeeded. Ten among the officers of the 2nd cavalry of the Royal Guards were to have discharged their pistols at the king during a review. The plot was discovered, and the plotters arrested. Cæsar Rossaroll (who afterwards died gloriously in Venice, 1849), and another sub-officer, shot themselves, the latter only died. Recovering wonderfully from his wound (for the ball had passed through him), Cæsar Rossaroll was condemned to death, but the king changed his sentence into perpetual imprisonment; though, in order that he might taste all the bitterness that precedes execution, the favour was not announced till he was on the scaffold, and the executioner preparing for his horrid office.

I will not relate the infamous arts employed by Delcarretto during the trial to compel the accused to confess or rather betray. Torture was not spared. One instance I will relate. A serjeant was kept in a dungeon on bread and water thirty-five days, nor was

that sufficient, for he was kept naked, with a collar of iron round his neck, and every morning cold water was poured over him, so that he nearly lost his sight from the effects, and on the thirty-sixth day, having become almost a skeleton, he declared to the procurator he was willing to tell everything, and told, not only what he knew, but everything they asked him. Such were the acts of the Neapolitan government in 1833. Nor should any one wonder that I devoted all my efforts to overthrow such a government.

## PART IV.

FROM THE 17<sup>TH</sup> AUGUST, 1833, TO 15<sup>TH</sup> OCTOBER, 1836.

## I.

How different was my return to my father's house this time to the former one. What sadness oppressed me when I compared the melancholy present with the past; a past, brightened by the sweet pleasures of childhood and early youth, but above all by the precious affection of my beloved mother.

Our house was still the resort of the most cultivated and agreeable of the society of Naples, and no stranger of note arrived in the city, who did not wish to visit it, either for my father's sake, or on account of the great beauty of the place. The most celebrated characters in Europe dined at my father's table; Herschel, Babbage, Hallam, Davy, Ancillon, Casimir Delavigne, Dumas, and a hundred others, too many to mention. I do not speak of princes, more than one of whom visited us, amongst them the present King of Denmark, who came, while a young man to Naples, with letters from his father, who had himself been my father's guest in 1820—21. This Christian of Denmark, father of the present king, and at that time hereditary prince, arrived at Naples during the constitutional government, professed himself a liberal,

and was so enthusiastic for a mixed government, that he declared to every one with whom he conversed on the subject, that when he ascended the throne, he should rejoice his people by granting them a similar constitution. Now it is well known in what way Christian the king kept faith with Christian the hereditary prince, and how he acted with regard to the constitution (if such a name may be given to so vain a shadow of free institutions) which his predecessor had granted to his subjects, in exchange for their charter of far greater privileges, which they had spontaneously renounced in 1700. As to the son of King Christian, who now replaces him on the throne, when he was at Naples, he was nothing but a wild young fellow, neither handsome nor clever, whom his excellent governor, Count de Rantzau, had great difficulty in keeping within bounds.

## II.

It is needless to say I returned home with my mind filled with a thousand plans, and anxious to procure for my beloved country some of those many good things I had seen in the various countries I had visited, such as savings' banks, infant schools, insurance companies, journals and encyclopædias for the use of the people. And as a preparation, I drew up prospectuses of "A Journal for All," and of a "Popular Encyclopædia." But both these works, and every other plan I had formed, remained only plans, in consequence of the

obstacles placed in the way of every useful enterprise, by a government stupidly tyrannical, and, I must also add, partly from the indifference of those of my fellow-countrymen from whom I had hoped for assistance, and so after having nourished so many fond hopes, nothing was left for me but to carry on the "Progresso." I therefore at once resumed the direction of it, which I had confided during my absence to some of my friends. And to improve as much as possible this unfortunate periodical (I call it unfortunate from the way in which it was clipped by the censor of the press), I exerted myself in every way to procure contributors and correspondents, to spread the journal as much as possible over Italy. These two ends I did in a great degree accomplish, and the "Progresso" may be cited in spite of the obstacles opposed by the censorship, as the best among the Italian periodicals of that period. I shall not speak of my own articles of 1834, for they were few and of little consequence. In the end of 1833 I published some articles on the theatre, and intended also to have put in some critiques on the dramatic authors of different nations, but circumstances prevented it.

I was indeed so fond of the drama, that I should have devoted myself to it, if politics had not pre-occupied my mind, to the exclusion of everything else. But before continuing this subject I will devote a few words to my private life.

I rose early, and directly applied myself to reading the articles for the "Progresso," and writing others,

or letters to my various correspondents. After breakfast I rode or visited some of my coadjutors in the journal. My evenings were usually spent with some of my friends or acquaintances. The winter of 1833—34 we spent in the city, and revived our old favourite amusement of acting, assisted by some of our friends. I also enjoyed much pleasant intercourse with the literary men at that time in Naples, and many delightful evenings I passed in their society at the houses of friends, amongst whom I may mention the Baron Poerio, who had then returned from exile. Their names would be too numerous to mention. All were friends of liberty, and most of them took a part in the events of 1848. To many of them I was then bound by the ties of friendship, but they have now entirely forgotten me, whilst I always retain an affectionate remembrance of them, faithful as I was, am, and ever shall be, in all things, especially friendship, to the motto, *semper idem*.

Many foreigners arrived that winter in Naples, with whom we became acquainted, particularly a Genevese family, with whom my sister and I ascended Mount Vesuvius, and whom I met a few years after in Switzerland. The only other event I remember as occurring this winter was the birth of my nephew Alfred. Compared to my present life, I might call those happy days, as besides the bright dreams of youth, and the many friends who were around me, I was living a very active life (and activity has always been with me an essential condition of happiness), my

mind being divided between the management of the "Progresso" and conspiracies, of which latter it is now time to speak.

### III.

And first of all I must say the "Progresso" was of no little use to our conspiracies, and in the following manner: On account of the journal, I was necessarily obliged to write and receive numerous letters, and have correspondents in all parts of Italy. Now this correspondence became of no small assistance to the political plots, which had for their aim the independence, unity, and liberty of Italy. And what we conspirators principally aimed at was the binding into one the efforts of the Liberals, and reuniting the thread so carefully woven by the Carbonari, from 1815 to 1820, which was then broken by the ferocious persecutions of 1821—28—31—33. And in this we partly succeeded; as either by messages or letters, which I, as secretary of the committee at Naples, wrote, the revolutionary proceedings of the kingdom were soon united with those of the Roman States, and these again placed in immediate relation with those of Tuscany. To this was afterwards added the necessity of extending the thread of the great work to the States of Upper Italy. This went on for many months without the police discovering it, though, knowing my intense hatred to the government, they had long had their spies about me. But a letter, which I had



principally written in sympathetic ink, and rather carelessly directed to some one in Florence, was detained at the Post-office. I never found out how the government got scent of the affair; this I know, that the letter having been submitted to chemical tests, the concealed writing was easily discovered. The minister Delcarretto, having the letter in his hands, sent one of his police-agents immediately to Florence, to seek, with the aid of the Tuscan police, the person to whom the letter was addressed, and the clue to the conspiracy. But the journey was fruitless, as I had directed the letter in a feigned name, and the Tuscan police were not clever enough to discover the real name of my correspondent. This did not at all discourage Delcarretto, who gave this letter of mine to four decypherers, with others I had written, not political, which had also been detained at the Post-office, in order to have the writings compared; they declared there was sufficient resemblance between the writing of the suspected letter and the others to render it probable it came from the same hand. This was sufficient for Delcarretto to demand the king's consent to my arrest, which accordingly took place 13th Sept., 1834. But before alluding to it more particularly, I will explain its origin.

I have mentioned the central committee of Naples. There was a local one established in every province of the kingdom, in correspondence with that of the capital, and more or less dependent on it. Now, in the beginning of the summer of 1834 one of our asso-

ciates in Calabria, who was also one of the principal chiefs of the conspiracy, arrived in Naples to announce that that extremity of the kingdom was ready to rise, and to demand that Naples, the Abruzzi, and Apuglia, should prepare to second the Calabrian insurrection; while the other States of Italy should be invited to join their efforts with those of the southern provinces of the peninsula. The majority of the Neapolitan Committee considered the attempt ill-timed; but, at my proposal, they determined to inform Rome, Spoleto, and Florence, of the wishes of the Calabrians, in order that, being informed of the opinions of the various committees, they might either restrain or urge on the bold intentions of the Calabrians. I accordingly wrote three letters. The fate of the one to Florence I have mentioned. The other two also fell into the claws of the police three months afterwards, towards the commencement of my imprisonment in the Castle of St. Erasmus.

I leave to my readers' imagination the tenor of those letters, and the disturbance they created in the minds of the members of the government. Amongst other expressions, there were the following words: "Our brethren in Calabria are thinking of rising in October next at latest. This movement will be seconded by the rest of the kingdom. What do you think of it? Shall you be ready or not, to imitate them?" The government had known for some time that an extensive conspiracy was organised, and that sooner or later something would be

attempted, but until now they had not been able to gain any proofs. These letters were therefore considered great prizes, and Delcarretto's agents were endeavouring by every means in their power, to discover the heads and ramifications of the plots, and were hoping for a rich harvest of prisoners and victims. But vain was their trouble, vain their wicked hopes. The three letters had been written carelessly as regarded my own safety, but most carefully as respected the safety of the cause and my coadjutors. On this account Delcarretto was only able to lay hold of me.

I was in my study one evening at Vomero, when a servant came to the door and said: "The Signor Morbilli wishes to speak to you." This was the worst among the satellites of Delcarretto, but the rogue having, when giving his name, omitted the word "Commissario," I never thought it was he who was come to visit me, but that it was one of his brothers, an excellent young man and a great friend of mine. Therefore, at once leaving my writing, just as I was, that is, in my dressing gown, I went into the hall. There, instead of my good friend Giuseppe Morbilli, I found the wretch Louis, and with him four other agents of the police. A glance was sufficient to tell me the object of their visit. I told Morbilli and Marchese, another commissary, the right hand of Delcarretto, and by him called "the pearl of commissaries," to come into another room; and when they were seated, I asked them the purpose of their visit.

They appeared to hesitate,—I may almost say, they seemed afraid; I therefore encouraged them to speak freely, saying, “I well know the government of which you are the agents. I know also the way they look on people of my opinions; I am therefore prepared for any event.” At these words, so new to them, the rascals sat with their mouths open; at last, after many circumlocutions, they told me with the greatest possible politeness, that the minister of police had directed them to search my papers. I rose immediately, and invited the two commissaries to follow me, first into my bedroom, then into my study, and gave them up every paper I possessed. I need scarcely say there were none among them that could implicate any one but myself, and therefore almost braving the villains, when I put into their hands about three thousand letters, most of them referring to the “Progresso,” thickly written, and nearly all political, I said to them: “I do not know if you should be congratulated on having to read through all these sheets which I have given you. This I know, that you will find in them full confirmation of what you have long known—my ardent affection for despotism in general, and for the noble government you serve in particular.”

Having made the papers up in a large bundle, and sealed it with my seal, the notary who accompanied them, drew up a *procès verbal*, which was signed by him, the two commissioners, and by me. This being done, observing them looking

irresolutely at one another, as uncertain how to intimate to me the ultimate aim of their visit, I smiled, and said, "I am sure your orders go a little further than you have yet made known to me. Speak freely, gentlemen, am I to follow you to the Prefecture of Police or not?" Marchese stammered out, "His Excellency the Minister desires to speak with you." "He does me but too much honour," I replied; "I will dress myself, and then we will go." No sooner said, than done. But now Morbilli, who hitherto had said little or nothing, let me know he wished to speak to me in private. I took him into my room. "Do you wish to ruin yourself?" he said, in the softest voice imaginable; "why, will you speak in that way of the government? I shall certainly never repeat what you have said to His Excellency the Minister, but the notary and my colleagues?" And he would have gone on in the same strain, had not I, thanking him for his extraordinary anxiety on my account, begged him to perform his duty, and leave the care of my safety to myself. In a few minutes after we departed.

I will not attempt to describe the astonishment and grief of my poor father; from whom I had endeavoured to conceal the arrival of those rascals; but my sister-in-law having seen them, suspected who they were, and had hastened in terror to tell him what had happened. Morbilli had been entrusted by Delcarretto with the commission of informing my father, *of the grief His Majesty felt at*

*being obliged to order my arrest.* And Morbilli discharged it bowing to the ground, and with the same mellifluous voice in which he had spoken to me. All this to me, who knew him well, was anything but pleasing.

I was kept at the Prefecture of Police thirteen days, during which I was examined three times by a commission composed of a lawyer, a soldier, and a commissary of police: these were, the Judge Ricca, General Alvarez y Lobo, and the Commissary Marchese. With respect to Ricca, I will only say, that in 1822, he was one of the eight judges in the famous affair of Monteforte, and did not fear, with four other executioners in long robes, to pronounce sentence of death against thirty accused!

#### IV.

It would be too tiresome to my readers, as well as to myself, to go over all the insidious and frivolous questions that were put to me, both with respect to the papers found in my possession, and with regard to the much-dreaded conspiracy. Amongst the immense number of letters seized, fifteen especially awakened suspicion, particularly one from Achilles Murat, then in America. These letters were not restored to me, nor my other papers, till 1848, during the short residence I then made in Naples, after twelve years' exile. One of the papers seized was, "An Essay on the National Guard of the Kingdom

of Naples," a speculative affair, I might almost call it an exercise on political and military legislation, which I had written in consequence of the ideas suggested by reading in the newspapers the debates in the French Chambers of Deputies, on the means of organising the National Guard of France. But to my examiners it appeared no slight proof of the intended rising. Hence arose a perfect storm of questions, to which in general I returned jesting answers.

There were also found various fragments of a long work I had contemplated from a very early age, in which, looking forward to the future of my country, to console myself under the present miseries that weighed upon her, I represented Italy in a prosperous and happy state. It so happened that the part that fell into the hands of my inquisitors, was exceedingly strong against absolute governments, and the last words were a clear and solemn profession of my Republican faith. On being asked what was my motive in writing these pages, I replied, "To put into writing my most dearly cherished thoughts." These words conducing not a little to make known to them the disposition of the examined, contributed perhaps to shortening the examinations. At last they came to the fatal letter to Florence. The Commissary Marchese gave it to me, looking fixedly at me, and I, glancing it over, gave it back to him, at the same time steadily eyeing him, and said, "It is not my writing." It was the first and only lie of my life, but it was just, and even a duty to lie; just, because

my life being threatened by a most iniquitous government, it was right I should provide for my safety ; it was a duty, because secrecy being the first law of a conspiracy, to break it, besides being dishonourable in him who violates it, may be fatal to others, and, what is worse, to the cause he has bound himself to aid !\* I therefore denied everything relative to the conspiracy ; on the other hand, acknowledging everything that indicated my own personal opinions. “ I am averse to your government ;” I said several times to the commissioners ; “ and if the code of laws registers among crimes such an aversion, all I ask is, to be judged and punished according to the law !” But law was a vain name for those rascals, who only wished for one—the will of the prince. A notary wrote down word for word the questions addressed to me, and my answers ; then, when the examination was over, the *procès verbal* was shown to me, and I, after a careful examination, signed it. It was then sent at once to the Minister of Police, who, incensed at my replies, from that time forth looked on me with an evil eye, and not being able at that period to do worse, he commanded that no one should be allowed to enter my room except my relations. He also dared, noble vengeance that it was ! to signify to me that I was to cut off my whiskers, and when he was told I had returned a decided refusal to the cowardly

\* The author appears to forget in this justification of himself, that he is using an argument he would certainly condemn in others as jesuitical—*doing evil, that good may come.*—*Note by Translator.*



intimation, he ordered that every hair should be shaved off by a barber.

I was forbidden to see my friends after the first week of my imprisonment. During that time I had been frequently visited, not only by my friends but by mere acquaintance. This was very gratifying to me, not so much from the demonstration of esteem and affection that such visits afforded, as from the civil courage shown by my countrymen in honouring a man so obnoxious to the government. And to such as lived in Italy during that miserable period, these expressions in praise of my visitors will not appear extraordinary. Nor will the fears and anxieties of my family seem strange, for the charge against me was serious, the government infamous, most iniquitous the tribunal, the accusations numerous, and any one of them would have been sufficient to condemn me to death. Yet notwithstanding all this, I may say in honour of my courage, I never slept better than while I was in the power of the *mis*-government of Naples. It is true that to a fearless heart there was added a pure conscience.

V.

On the 26th Sept., 1834, I was removed from the Prefecture of the Police to the Castle of St. Erasmus. Delcarretto would have liked to have put me into one of the common prisons, and every one knows what they were at that time, all over Italy, especially

in the Two Sicilies. But the king, at the entreaty of my father, commanded I should be confined in the above-named fort. It was the greatest comfort; for, instead of being under the control of a low officer of police, I was in the hands of one of the kindest, best, and most generous men in the world, General Ruberti, to whom I shall owe a debt of gratitude as long as I live, and who, though a friend of the Bourbons, always treated the liberals committed to his care with the greatest kindness. To me it was so great that twice he was reprimanded by Delcarretto, who had commissioned the officer who took me to the Castle of St. Erasmus to put into the hands of the commander of the fort the following instructions respecting me:—

“To keep me locked up, with a sentinel at the door.

“Not to allow any but my very nearest relations and a servant to enter my room.

“Entirely to prevent my writing.

“Not to allow me letters, papers, journals, or books of any sort that had not first been read and carefully examined.”

This was the intention of Delcarretto, but General Ruberti, instead of seconding it, set no guard; gave me free use of pen and ink, granted me full liberty as to letters, books, and even journals; and not only gave my friends permission to visit me, but my acquaintance also. And when reprimanded by the Minister of Police, who was informed of everything through his spies, he answered with firmness, “The

uniform I wear is that of a soldier, not of a police officer. If the king is dissatisfied with my conduct, let him choose another to fill my place." At which Delcarretto bit his lip, but was silent, and Ruberti continued to show me the greatest courtesy and kindness; sometimes inviting me to dinner; sometimes coming into my room to talk to me, and being convinced of our mutual uprightness, we opened our hearts to each other, and he, convinced by my earnest and sincere arguments, opened his eyes to the light of truth, and from a Bourbonist became a Liberal.\*

My room was just under the telegraph, and therefore in the highest part of the fort, overlooking Naples and the bay,—a wonderfully beautiful scene, on which I was never tired of gazing, and which occasionally inspired my muse.

The garrison of the fort was composed of Swiss, the sight of whom gave me the greatest annoyance. Yet one evening (there is never any evil without its accompanying good) they gave me a few moments of great pleasure. It happened that I was walking with General Ruberti on the esplanade of the fort, when some soldiers coming out of the tavern of the castle, a little excited by the wine they had drunk, began to sing the glorious song of *Rouget de l'Isle*.

"Allons, enfants de la patrie,  
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!"

What a strange contrast between those words, and

\* The honorable conduct of General Ruberti on the 29th January and the 15th May, 1848, is well known.

the place where they were sung! What a strange contrast between that immortal hymn, and the lips by which it was uttered! Ruberti looked at me and smiled, nor did he say anything to the soldiers. My conversations were already working in his mind.

I was not idle during my imprisonment. I rose with the sun, and spent my whole day in reading and writing; so that I can say I never read or wrote so much as during the eight months I lived in the Castle of St. Erasmus. Amongst the few things I have preserved of the many I then wrote, I shall select some of the thoughts I committed to paper between the autumn of 1834 and the spring of 1835. During this period, I wrote a drama on the Neapolitan Revolution of 1647, and as an exercise in the language, I wrote it in French. The subject is one of the most beautiful in the history of the country, and it was particularly suggested to me by reading a manuscript opera, by Michele Baldacchini, on that wonderful revolution.\*

#### THOUGHTS.

Sometimes when reading the history of the Roman Emperors, or recalling the memory of so many and such horrible monsters, who successively filled the throne of the Cæsars, I can scarcely help cursing human nature. It seems to me the only way of excusing these—men we cannot call them, but wild

\* The revolution of Massaniello.

beasts in human form—is to suppose them to have been affected by monomania. It is true this would excuse humanity, but not the mysterious power that directs its destiny, and permits beings so mad to come into the world, and to remain there in such positions as to make such horrid slaughter of mankind. I should like to hear the opinions of theologians on the subject.

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For what end are we come into the world? For what end is the world covered with about a billion of inhabitants, who, for so many centuries, have been continually renewed? And, lastly, for what end do so many spheres shine in the sky? Since the world began, man has continually revolved these questions, without being able to answer them plausibly. Are we then such poor things? To us, kings of the earth, to us, who imagine it is we who have done all that we see around us, to us the end of all is dark; and darkest of all, the reason *why* we are in the world! In this we resemble the vilest insect, the animalcula, whose life begins and ends the same day! What do I say? We are inferior to it, as it has at least no knowledge of its nothingness, while man who has a little intelligence, lives constantly in doubt on this point.

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I think the Italians are wrong in boasting too much of the past, whilst they live in so miserable a present. But allowing the consolation they derive

from this innocent boasting, I think no nation has more just reason for being proud of the past, than the Italians, who alone amongst the nations of the earth can glory in four epochs of splendid civilisation,—the Etruscan, the Italio-Grecian, the Latin, and the Modern Italian,—which is certainly a proof of the rare mental power of our nation; a power which neither the revolution of ages, nor the great and continual misfortunes endured for so long a period, nor the miserable effects of tyranny, foreign and domestic, have been able, I will not say to extinguish, but to lessen!

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In politics and philosophy good books bear a hundred times better fruit than the most eloquent speeches; for this simple reason, that the self-love of those who read is not implicated, as is the case in discussions. No one will allow he is vanquished by the arguments of his opponent, however strong they may be; whereas, many may be led to agree with the opinions of a clever writer, though on a different side. Would that this truth were recognised by those who are so fond of discussion, either on politics or philosophy. How many superfluous words, how many angry passions would be avoided!

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Liberty requires a long course of time to come to perfection. On one side I look at it in France, Spain, Germany, and the Republics of South America,—countries where freedom has been but lately esta-

blished, and where there are continual commotions, or where from time to time the ancient servitude is re-established, though under a form of freedom. On the other side I observe the tranquil course of affairs in Great Britain, where liberty has been long established, and on the broadest basis, in spite of the aristocracy which has taken so deep a root there; and the quiet prosperous state of Switzerland and the United States of America. What respect there is to the rights of others, and to the laws in these countries! a respect without which there can be no true liberty, and therefore no real prosperity. But can such respect be ever firmly established except by time? Besides which, in a democracy, where the citizens have all a share in the government directly or indirectly, through the election of the magistrates, is not a universal education demanded which a course of years can alone give? Therefore, I repeat, liberty, to bring forth good fruit, ought to be of ancient growth, and youthful liberty cannot be free from the danger of some disorders.

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One of the greatest scourges of the political world is the mania for law making. Oh, when will men understand there cannot be true freedom where there exists the slightest obstacle to any work which may be of use either to the rights of the single citizen, or to the good of the whole population? And to secure those rights and that good should be the aim of the legislator; and that by means of as few laws as

possible ; for laws have little authority in a country where they make them to suit every slight occasion, as is the case in France, where that occurs which Dante reprehends in Florence in the following lines :

“ Atene o Lacedemona, che fenno  
L'antiche leggi, e furon si Civili,  
Fecero al viver bene un piccol cenno  
Verso di te, che fai tanto sottili  
Provvedimenti, che a mezzo Novembre  
Non giunge quel che tu d'Ottobre fili.” \*

The three principal, if not the only sources of all evils in the world, are certainly idleness, poverty, and ignorance. This is too self-evident to require proof. And indeed who does not see that the industrious, easy, and well educated man, is but rarely led into evil? This is the case in every civilised country, where the largest proportion of crime is perpetrated by those who live in idleness, misery, and ignorance. Therefore all rulers should direct their greatest efforts to banish these three scourges. No citizen should live in idleness, none should want sufficient means to live comfortably, none should be without the mental culture necessary to make him acquainted with his own rights and duties. Under these circumstances the sum of evil committed by men would certainly sink to its minimum.

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\* “ Athens and Lacedemon, who made ancient laws and were so well governed, will give a little hint in the art of well-being to you, who make so many subtle laws that what you make in October do not last to the middle of November.”



The chief question in political economy is that which refers to food and wages, as in order to improve as much as possible the condition of the mass of the people, the former should be as cheap as possible, the latter as high as can be. Now there is but one way of solving this problem—full liberty in all things, but especially free commercial intercourse between nations, as then all the good things that men derive from nature or create by human art, being freely distributed everywhere, all would easily enjoy them; and labourers of all kinds, being wonderfully stimulated by the immense increase of manufactures and traffic, an increase caused by free commerce, would gain very high profits.

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The way to avoid revolutions, or even the slightest tumults, is, that the state should be so governed that its interests would coincide with those of every individual citizen; but this can only be attained by fully bringing into action the principle of national sovereignty; which is only found in the *self-government* of the United States of America, where nation and government are, if we may so say, the same thing, and where no citizen thinks of rising against the state, for this simple reason—it would be rising against himself.

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I here give in a few words the basis on which the constitution of Italy should be founded when she is free and united.

The supreme power being in the hands of the

nation, and therefore every authority being derived from it, in the national assembly elected by all the citizens, it would be the sole source of the governing, as well as the legislative power. The former being instituted by the sovereign assembly, would be, not only responsible to it, but reversible by it, this being the only way by which that political unity could exist without which no state can govern itself with stability. But within what limits should the governing power be contained, and what should be its special attributes? Guardian of the general interests of the nation, it should have, in her name, the supreme direction of the army, the navy, the national exchequer, the post-office, public works, such as bridges, highroads, railroads, canals, monuments, and public edifices; the administration of justice, the telegraph, foreign affairs, and general police. And except what would be necessary for the due execution of these things, the government would have no right to meddle with the affairs of the *commune*; as every commune of the republic, from that of the metropolis to the most insignificant in the Peninsula, would have absolute control over its own internal affairs, and the government would be distinguished as national or central, and communal or local. The names of provinces would then be abolished, and there would be no other territorial division in the republic but the *commune*, except the electoral, the judicial, and the military. Thus, in a wonderful manner, would the strength of the state and the sovereignty of the commune be reconciled, without

which there can be no true liberty, and therefore no true republic.

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Women are too essential a part of the human species, and too important an element in social society to be ignored in political arrangements, as is the case at present even in the most civilised states. I would therefore wish Constitutions would sanction their right to participate, if not in all offices, at least in some, and in the right of voting. The law respecting it should be thus worded: "Women, who wish to take part in elections, shall have admission into the Committees." Very few women, I imagine, would use the privilege; the affections and the cares of wives and mothers being sufficient for them in general; but I am sure they would be greatly flattered by possessing it, and it would greatly raise their dignity in their own eyes. In my opinion, this would be no slight advantage, as women are the first instructors of men, and should be able to instil into their minds the noblest affections from early infancy; whereas now they too frequently infuse the most sordid ideas and most unworthy opinions. Let us reflect on this point. I repeat, women are too essential an element in the world, too important in civil society, to be neglected in politics.

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If it be true that the early education of man is of the greatest importance, it is also of the first importance, especially in a Republic, that the primary

schools should be well regulated ; and, as is the custom in some parts of Germany, it should be obligatory on the fathers to send their sons there during some years. And the education should consist in the first place in instilling into the children's minds an ardent feeling of patriotism, by placing before them the glory of their nation, and the maxims upon which republican government is founded ; then respect for the laws, which ought to be so much the greater, as they spring from the free votes of the citizens. Woe to that Republic which does not properly provide for that most important object, the early education of its children,—an education which, if properly directed, may be the cause of preventing revolutions, or even the agitations which are not unfrequent in Republics. And, indeed, what revolutions, what agitations could there be where citizens were all persuaded, thanks to the early education they had received, of certain sacred principles, especially that of the sovereignty of the nation, which alone can secure the inviolability of the laws.

## VI.

In this way I occupied myself with my pen during my solitary imprisonment in the Castle of St. Erasmus. Works of greater importance were not suitable either to the time, the little learning I possessed, or to the uncertainty in which I was, in regard to my own fate ; for days, weeks, and months passed away without the government coming to any decision respecting

me, notwithstanding the representations of my father, who continually reiterated to king and minister, "If my son is guilty, let his sentence be passed at once; if, on the contrary, he is innocent, put an end to his imprisonment." The alternative was clear, and yet both king and minister only returned evasive and ambiguous answers. The report of the trial was not finished: they were expecting more important information from the Roman and Tuscan States; and a hundred other excuses of the same kind: while the only real cause of the delay was, that not having any legal proof of the acts of which I was accused, the government had not sufficient confidence in the villainy of the judges to be certain of a condemnation. On the other side, being satisfied of the truth of the accusations, and fully aware of the hatred I bore to whatever savoured of Absolutism, it was very hard for them to let me go free.

I have before said that the tribunal deputed to try cases of treason was the so-called *Junta of State*, composed of four lawyers and two military men. The selection of the judges depending on the worst of the ministers, any one may easily imagine upon whom amongst the magistrates and officers it would fall. Yet, notwithstanding, this assembly of rogues, on being asked their opinion of my case, replied, they had not sufficient evidence on which to proceed. One only among them, Camerano, said, that if his opinion were asked, he should condemn me to death. Now it should be known that Camerano owed his rank of magistrate to

my father, who, when Minister of Grace and Justice, had made him a judge, during the reign of Joachim Murat. • This circumstance is the more worthy of remark, as amongst those who were more mercifully inclined was De Girolamo, the one who had acted so iniquitously in the affair of Monteforte; and towards whom my father, being then chief judge, had been exceedingly severe. But, notwithstanding the opinion of the Junta of State, and reason, and justice, the doors of my prison remained closed, and Delcarretto used every effort in his power to have sentence passed upon me, though none among my accomplices uttered a word against me; and in vain were examiners sent to the Castle of St. Erasmus to question me again on a hundred points, especially respecting the two letters I had sent to Rome and Spoleto, which had fallen into the hands of the police two or three months after my arrest.

I shall say nothing concerning this fourth and last examination, except to observe that, having taken that opportunity again to protest against the violence of which I was the victim, I spoke very warmly to the examiners. This language irritating the government still more, had no effect but that of retarding my liberation. And I, seeing how useless it was to hope I should be set at liberty, turned my mind still more to my studies, and especially to the study of Spanish, which I taught myself, while at the same time I meditated on the possibility of escaping.

To effect this, there was but one way possible, that

is, over the walls, which were very high, and guarded by a dozen sentinels. To elude them it would be necessary to choose a very dark, rainy night; and to get over the walls I should require a very long cord, knotted at regular distances, and firmly fastened to a cannon, to serve as a ladder, by which I might descend into the ditch. But there was a still greater obstacle to overcome. General Ruberti had been and was so very kind and friendly to me, and had given me so much liberty, that it would have been dishonourable to have escaped without giving him warning. Besides this, another reflection made me hesitate; if I escaped, exile would necessarily follow, exile which, though I longed for it at moments when my confinement appeared unbearable, yet at other times appeared the greatest of misfortunes. My kind sisters were unwearied consolers of my solitude. Less frequently, in order not to give suspicion to the police, who had their spies even in the Castle of St. Erasmus, my dearest friend, Gianbattista Gallotti, would pay me a visit. Other friends also occasionally came to see me, amongst them some of the conspirators, through whom I heard that two emissaries from the society of *Young Italy*, had been sent to me, and had arrived in Naples soon after my imprisonment. Several other things I heard in relation to the conspiracy, which was still active and full of energy, in spite of all the threats, severity, and even barbarity of the police. I had also some lady visitors besides my sisters. Delcarretto, on being informed of all these

visits, was infuriated, but knowing the calm firmness of General Ruberti dared not say anything. His pretexts for keeping me in prison became fewer, and the alternative my father presented to him less easy to avoid. Yet I should have remained much longer in confinement, if the king, setting aside Delcarretto's opposition, had not ordered my liberation. This took place in obedience to his own formal mandate the 28th May, 1835.

## VII.

Those only who have been in prison can realise what I felt when I left the Castle of St. Erasmus, after more than eight months' confinement. Having thanked General Ruberti for his generous conduct and kind treatment, I went, with two of my friends who came to meet me, to embrace my father at the Villa Vomero, where several friends, as well as my family, were assembled to dine with me, and celebrate my liberation. Other friends wished also to welcome me, and I, anxious to see them all, especially Carlo Poerio, who was then in the little village of Santo Jorio, went there with two of my friends. Accordingly at Santo Jorio, at the residence of the excellent Carlo Poerio, my liberation from prison was again celebrated, with some valued friends, though the police, who had their eyes upon me, and followed my every step, wrote down that dinner in their black book, which having heard we became a little more cautious.



Immediately after my arrest, the government had deprived me of the direction of the "Progresso;" which passed immediately into the hands of Lodovico Bianchini. When I was set at liberty it would have been but justice to have restored to me my property; the more so as no sentence having been passed upon me, my detention should have been regarded as entirely arbitrary, and the imputation of treason upon which I was arrested, false. This, I repeat, justice would have demanded, and reason also; but alas! justice and reason are excluded by a government founded on brute force alone. Therefore not only did the "Progresso" remain in the hands of the new editor, but every way of being useful, I do not say in politics, but in the improvement of my country, was closed to me. This, added to the constant and open surveillance of the police, which followed me everywhere, soon made my residence in Naples so irksome that I longed to leave it under any conditions. And indeed I would have gone to Greece a few weeks after my liberation, had I not fallen in love, which made me forget every other care, every pursuit, even myself. At last, however, that terrible fever lessened in violence, and I resumed, with diminished ardour, my studious life. Bellini, the composer, having died in France the end of 1835, there was a wonderful scribbling on his death throughout Italy, especially in Naples, and I also wrote an ode on the subject.

In the month of February or March 1836, I

recited at the house of Giuseppe dei Medici, Duke of Miranda, an ode on the death of Francesco della Valle, who was carried off by a very sudden illness. These verses appeared so violent, that the audience, though in general liberals, refused me the applause they had freely bestowed on the other compositions. The Austrian ambassador was of the party, and listened to me very attentively; when the party broke up, he came to me smiling, and praised my verses highly; if he had understood them, or if his praises were sincere, I shall leave to the judgment of my readers.

At this time I was again able to indulge my passion for theatricals; and this amusement helped me to bear the annoyance I suffered from the suspicions of the government. To give vent to the feelings that were boiling within me, I wrote a tragedy on the sublime revolution of Palermo in 1282.

#### VIII.

Many reasons,—amongst which, seeing my brother assume more and more the character of master of the house, and head of the family, was not the least,—made me, in the summer of 1836, exceedingly anxious to leave Naples. I, therefore, demanded a passport; but to have obtained one for France, or indeed for any other country in the West, would have been very difficult for me, suspected, and obnoxious

to the government as I was ; so I asked for one to Constantinople. The king was in France at that time, and the Minister Delcarretto dared not take upon himself the authority of allowing me to leave Naples, foreseeing perhaps—and he did not deceive himself—that if I were out of the country I should not be long in avenging with my pen the injuries I had received ; but not having courage enough to give me a direct refusal, he replied to my demand sometimes by formal promises, sometimes by evasive answers, or by silence : and in this way about two months passed away. The king having by that time returned to Naples, I hoped that at last the long-desired passport would be granted. But my hopes were vain. At the end of a week I wrote. I received no reply. I then begged my father to interpose, and see if he could have any influence on the minister ; and to him no reply was vouchsafed. I then lost patience, and wrote the following letter :—

“ TO THE MARQUIS DELCARRETTO,

*“ General Commander-in-Chief of the Gendarmerie  
of the two Sicilies, and Minister of Police.*

“ As you did not deign to reply to the letter of an ex-minister like my father, I need not expect you will take any notice of mine of last Sunday. The cause of your silence can only be that you are ashamed of saying *no*, after having so often said *yes*. It is indeed a strange thing that a man who has at his command so many thousand bayonets, has

not sufficient courage to speak clearly to one who has nothing on his side but reason and right,—poor arms certainly against force; but more noble than those that force supplies, and which are well to use, though it may be in vain. Have the goodness then, Signor General, to listen for a few minutes to what reason can say to force, and give a little attention to my words; you may do so the more willingly, as it does not often happen that such are heard in this unfortunate country, where few dare to raise their heads to look the government in the face. This letter will remain unanswered like the last, or will have no other reply than exile or a prison. But it is of no consequence. Exile I would gladly welcome, and imprisonment would be no new thing to me, as you well know. Do then on your side all that force may enable you; and I, on my side, will do all that reason and justice demand of me. Using the power the laws grant to every citizen, of travelling in a foreign country, permission being asked of the government, I, in the usual way, demanded a passport for Constantinople. You would not give it me. I shall not wait to prove the injustice of such a refusal, being satisfied you are as well aware of it as I, *for you once professed the same principles as I do*. Therefore I will only say this: denying me what every citizen has a right to demand and *obtain*, you authorise me to make use of the means that are open to every man, who would shelter himself from unheard-of oppression. Had it not been for the sake of my

father, whose old age I should have overwhelmed with grief, I should have used those means long ago. A powerful resource still remained to me ; to address myself to the king, and become the accuser of his minister of police ; and I am certain the king in his justice would receive the accusation ; but for reasons needless to detail, I shall not use these means. I shall then remain in Naples, I will remain even in prison, but solely on my father's account, not because the passport was refused to me, and while remaining I shall loudly protest against the violence done to me, and shall derive the greatest comfort from the thought, that, though alone and defenceless, I have not been afraid to speak the truth to one who would willingly see only one kind of truth in the world, —force !

“VILLA VOMERO, 8th September, 1836.”

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In this style I wrote to King Ferdinand's minister of police. Two days after, about noon, Giovanni Morbilli, inspector of the police, brother to the commissary who had arrested me in September, 1834, called upon me, and *informed me of his excellency's desire to have some conversation with me.* Such were the words of the inspector ; and I replied, I was quite ready to attend him, though very sure of the minister's intentions. Accordingly, having dressed in haste, I accompanied Morbilli to the minister's, where a strange scene took place. And here I will transcribe

from my notes sufficient to make the reader aware of what happened.

“The rage of Delcarretto on receiving my terrible letter, may be easily imagined. He spent two days in meditating on the way in which he should avenge the mortal offence, which being directed not so much to the minister as to the individual, he should have avenged personally, especially as he was a soldier ; but it seems he had not courage enough. He put aside therefore the tremendous words addressed to the *marquis*, and pretended to have read those only which were applied to the minister. Having summoned me, with the basest artifice, to a public audience (I believe to make his cowardice more evident), he addressed me in the words of a madman, which, translated into a rather more moderate style than his excellency made use of, were nearly as follows : ‘ *Who are you ?* ’ he demanded. ‘ *Giuseppe Ricciardi,* ’ I replied.—‘ *Do you know who I am ?* ’ he resumed. I was on the point of answering, ‘ *But too well !* ’ but his excellency, who had sworn I should not be allowed to speak, raised his fist, and foaming with rage, began to speak as loud as he could, and changed the dialogue into a monologue : *I ought to thank my good fortune for having addressed myself to the minister and not to the Marquis Delcarretto, as the marquis would have given me such a lesson as I should have remembered all my life.* Delcarretto not content with uttering these words at a public audience, repeated them in a letter he wrote to

my father a few hours after my arrest. Perhaps he intended an allusion to a duel, to which he could not provoke me, or even to assassination. To those who are acquainted with the character and politico-military acts of Delcarretto, the second interpretation will appear the most natural. *A minister*, he continued, *is not obliged to tell any one whether he will or will not grant a passport. I had acted like a madman, and as a madman I should be treated.* He then turned to the officers who were near him, and continued, storming, *Let him be taken to the hospital of Miano (this is a madhouse two miles from Naples), there two physicians shall see him every day to examine his mental faculties. If he be really insane, he shall remain with the insane; if not, we will employ against him those laws about which he talks so much.* It was useless to oppose such eloquence, and therefore I remained perfectly quiet during this grand harangue, except that I constantly kept my eyes fixed on the sublime orator. The contrast between him and me—between the oppressor and the oppressed was perfect; the first all passion, even fury, the second all tranquillity and serenity. But let us bring the pleasant tale to an end. From the hall of audience I was taken before the vice-prefect of the police, a beggar dressed in the clothes of a gentleman, who was pleased to add to the minister's abuse some of his own, about on a par with that of his excellency, and in another hour I was shut up amongst lunatics."

As soon as I arrived at Miano, I wrote the following

letter to my father, enclosing a copy of the one I had sent to Delcarretto.

“MY DEAREST FATHER,

“I shall say the same I said the former time I was put in prison, *I have only one regret, the thought that I have caused you sorrow!* Let me know, then, that you are at least tranquil if not happy, and then I shall not only be tranquil but gay.

“I shall not waste words in justifying the act for which I am shut up amongst madmen. I do not think I have done wrong, but if I have, it is useless to trouble myself about reproaches. Instead of this let us think of a remedy, which seems to me not very difficult to find. You will find inclosed a copy of the letter I sent to the minister of police. Read it attentively, then consult the law, and find out if there is any punishment that can reach me. I am quite sure your search will be in vain. But should you find any penalty applicable to my case, would it be difficult to have it commuted into exile? I tell you for the hundredth time, *the air of Naples is not good for me; my peace and yours demand that I should live far from these skies, at least as long as the present condition of our miserable country continues.* It will be a great trial to tear myself away from you, my family, my friends, from Naples; but it must be done. We must, my dearest father, consider my exile as a fatal necessity. I implore you, then, I conjure you, to let me go as soon as possible. It would ill become your



grey hairs to supplicate either the king or the minister. Therefore request Poerio or Troyse to undertake this office. The former, as he spoke to Delcarretto respecting my passport, would be the best at present to advocate my cause. He does not need my suggestions as to what he should say to the king on the subject, but it seems to me he might speak as follows: '*If Giuseppe Ricciardi be not guilty, justice demands he should be at once liberated. If, on the contrary, he be criminal, let him be brought to trial, and be punished by the appointed judges according to the law: but you may anticipate a sentence by granting to Ricciardi the passport he has so long demanded, and which he now desires, not for a journey only, but to go into exile.*' I do not know what your opinion may be, but this I know, that I have the greatest wish to be exiled! This, I repeat, is a fatal necessity; but perhaps a lesser evil than what may overtake me. Will my wish be granted? or will it again prove vain, as when I was before arrested! Whatever may be the consequence, help me in again making it known. Whatever may happen, I only ask of you one thing; keep up your spirits, and let me know you are in a state of tranquillity, which I myself should be if I were not tormented with the thought of your distress.

"LUNATIC ASYLUM OF MIANO, 10th September, 1836."

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Such was my letter to my father, who at the same time received one from Delcarretto, in which the villain endeavoured to justify the trick he had played

me. I shall not try to describe the indignation, the contempt, the grief, of my poor father ; or of all my family, my friends, of the public—yes, of the public ; for if some base ones (I will not use stronger terms), incapable of civil courage, and therefore vexed at my boldness, might applaud the infamous tyranny, the majority felt, what every heart that is not debased must feel, at seeing justice overthrown and trodden under foot. This general impression became much stronger when my detention in that horrid prison continued more than four-and-twenty hours. My father, notwithstanding my earnest entreaties, went, accompanied by Baron Poerio, not only to the king, but to the detestable villain of whom I was the victim, much to my regret. True it is, the noble old man maintained both towards the king and Delcarretto, the language which conscious uprightness, advanced age, and the high services he had rendered his country, entitled him to hold with such people.

During the first days of my imprisonment, many of my friends and acquaintances came to see me ; but when Delcarretto was informed of these visits, he was exceedingly angry at such demonstrations of affection ; demonstrations which were the greatest consolations to me in that horrible place ; and he commanded that entrance into the madhouse should be denied to every one. In that sad solitude, though I had been forbidden books and the use of the pen, I read many volumes, and wrote many pages ; for the director of the asylum, more humane than Delcarretto, notwith-

standing the strict prohibition he had received, furnished me with books and the means of writing; so true it is that the perverse wishes of tyrants do not always find ready and willing instruments.

As soon as I rose in the morning, I went into the garden, for I did not there hear so distinctly the screams of the nine lunatics shut up in the house; but still I heard them, and very often when I was within doors, to be able to remain in my room, I was obliged to sit with both my elbows on the table, stopping my ears. But the nights were the most dreadful, when the silence was often interrupted by melancholy groans or desperate howlings. Oh, I shall never forget those nights! The room next to mine was occupied by a miserable old man, who was formerly furious, and whose delusion was, that he imagined he had offended Queen Isabella, mother of Ferdinand II., and the only words he uttered day and night were these, "Pardon, Isabella, oh, pardon me!" Chance could scarcely have brought me into a vicinity more suitable to my own case.

My father's interview with the king prevented the infamous oppression which I was now enduring, being followed by as bad if not a worse act. The Council of State being asked their opinion as to the punishment to be inflicted on me (imprisonment in the madhouse of Miano not being considered such), had proposed several, either arbitrary or violent; but most of them concurred in the following: That a ship of war should take me to Trieste, and there give

me in charge to the Austrians, who should send me to America with some of the prisoners from Spielberg, just then liberated from their *carcere duro*. King Ferdinand, in spite of the persuasions of Delcarretto and the other ministers, whose ill-will towards me was great, because I had, as they said, offended the *ministerial dignity* in the person of their colleague—followed the better counsel of a second time breaking my chains, and at the same time granting me the passport so earnestly desired. I was liberated the 4th October, 1836, my dear father's birthday. Delcarretto, continuing his gracious attentions to me, ordered I should be accompanied to the Villa Vomero by that same Commissary Morbilli, with whose vile name I have so often defiled these pages.

Eleven days after, the 15th of the same month, I sailed for France in the steamer *Maria Christina*, just when the cholera was creeping into wretched Naples. I leave it to be imagined with what feelings I parted from my aged father, whom I was almost certain of never seeing again; from the rest of my family, and from so many friends; whom I was obliged to abandon at a moment when so great and so new a danger was hanging over them!

## PART V.

FROM THE 15<sup>TH</sup> OCTOBER, 1836, TO THE 2<sup>ND</sup> JANUARY, 1837.

## I.

WITH exile I began a new life. And if hitherto I had willingly plotted against the enemies of my country, with far more intense ardour did I re-enter the noble arena; for added to my old causes of hatred was a new one, the recent shameful treatment I had received. Besides, my pen, which the censorship of the press had so miserably obstructed, now acquired full liberty, and therefore I was at once able to fulfil all the obligations of a writer who presents to himself a high object for his labours. "Now only," said I to myself, "now only, can I really aid the holy cause to which I dedicated my life; now only can I call myself the free possessor of all my faculties. Woe is me if I spend them on vain objects! woe is me, if I do not render my exile useful to Italy! that exile which I have voluntarily imposed on myself, the better to aid her!" So spoke I to myself when turning my back on my country; and these thoughts lessened in some degree the bitterness of exile. At the moment I determined to tear myself from every beloved object; I had also determined to go into Spain to join in the war then carrying on between the

Christinos and Carlists, for I thought I ought to commence the noble life of expatriation by some brave deeds. This resolution I had kept a secret from all but Carlo Poerio, and my dearest friend Gianbattista Gallotti, who on the very moment of my departure had thus spoken to me: "If hitherto I have counselled moderation and prudence, henceforth bold deeds can alone give you consolation." To give an account of my journey in Spain, I shall transcribe what I wrote every evening in my diary, from the 15th October, 1836, to the 2nd January, 1837, that is, from the time I left Naples till I arrived in Paris.

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## DIARY.

*"Evening of 15th October, 1836.*

*"ON BOARD THE STEAMER MARIA CHRISTINA.*

"I left Naples about six o'clock this evening. It is the third time I have quitted my beloved country, and each time with very different feelings. The first time I was little more than eighteen, gay, as is usual at that happy age; all my family were with me,—my father—my mother!—my much loved mother, from whom I should never have had courage to separate. At that time my heart was alive to the slightest impressions, my mind gilded every object, and my dreams were happy! I then saw the whole of Italy from Garigliano to the Alps, Italy which I already loved with a fervent affection. But those happy days are gone for ever. The second time I left

Naples I parted from it with a broken heart—my mother was no longer amongst the living! No words could tell my state of mind the 1st May, 1832. Yet the age of bright illusions still lasted—but now, one alone remains, one hope alone supports me in my loneliness—that I may rise to lasting fame, by aiding with my best efforts the sacred cause of justice and truth. Never shall I forget what I have suffered these last few days, especially the four-and-twenty hours that preceded my departure. I will not allude to the moment when I took leave of my aged father, perhaps for ever! of my afflicted sisters; of my brother (though until this moment we had not been on good terms); of friends, of one, most beloved! The sun was just setting, the sky cloudless, the weather such as Naples often sees—all smiled around me. What a contrast between the gay outward scene and the state of my mind! There are several very pleasant people of various nations on board the vessel which is taking me to Marseilles. From all of them I have received the greatest courtesy, I may say the kindest sympathy, when they knew my story, and being inclined to talk they remained with me. How pleasant it is to discover such dispositions in foreigners and strangers!

“16th Oct. Nothing new, except that I passed a wretched night, and the returning day has not mitigated my grief.

“17th. We arrived at Leghorn about eight A.M. After waiting a long time the quarantine officers

came on board. Many of the passengers disembarked at the Lazzaretto. I have been obliged to remain on board, and look at the coasts of beautiful Tuscany without touching them. And it will be the same at Genoa, as the cholera is there; so that I shall be obliged to leave Italy without landing even for a moment during the voyage, without setting my foot on the shores of the Peninsula, or touching Italian ground!

“18th, 10 P.M. The vessel has remained all day off Leghorn until half-past six P.M., when we moved on towards Genoa.

“19th. We entered the port of Genoa at five in the morning. I went on the quarter-deck to enjoy the view of the city, once a queen, now a servant, and which appears wonderfully beautiful and grand when seen from the sea. The sky is clear, and the sun powerful. The absurd sanitary law, that forbids passengers to land who come from Naples, where the cholera has scarcely appeared, while it is raging in Genoa, prevented our going on shore. I should have been so glad to have seen Italian faces once again, to hear our language, to press the hands of many dear friends who are there, and who profess my principles, and nourish the hopes I nourish! It is the third time I have been at Genoa. The first I remained there about six weeks with my family. My mother was then alive, and I was quite happy! The second time I was returning from beyond the Alps after a long journey, and bright hopes filled my heart. With



what different thoughts and feelings do I again see the city of Doria. But such is life, especially in its early years, when the greatest joys and the deepest sorrows follow each other so rapidly. Now sorrow alone seems to be my future portion! What a lovely evening, what a clear sky, how bright a moon! Poor Genoa, how silent she is! The horrid plague has desolated, and still desolates her! Amongst the misfortunes that have so long afflicted Italy, the cholera alone was wanting. Genoa, Leghorn, Venice, Ancona, have hitherto been the greatest sufferers. And soon Naples will be decimated by the awful scourge: Naples, where I have left several friends attacked by it. Alas! my heart is oppressed when thinking of all the dear ones whom I have quitted while exposed to so much danger; and hard it is to be obliged to wait, I know not how long, before letters can reach me—and they may be but the bearers of evil tidings!

“20th. Here we are at last, started for Marseilles. The weather is lovely, the sea like glass. How I regretted leaving Genoa; Genoa, the best perhaps amongst the cities of Italy, and singular in this, that though devoted to commerce, she cherishes noble feelings, and, what is more, does not shrink from political sacrifices! In proof of which we may recal her deeds in 1821 and 1833. Now ask such miraculous deeds of Amsterdam, Liverpool, or Hamburgh! The vessel kept along the Italian shores, and I could never satisfy my eyes with gazing on it. Yet the Riviera is not the most beautiful of the coasts of Italy.

"21st. A little before dawn, the vessel, through the carelessness of the captain ran aground, and stuck fast in spite of all the efforts of the crew. We are in the chanel of the Hières, near the beautiful little islands of that name, whose climate is so mild. We can see them scattered over with pretty villas. This untoward accident will make us lose almost a day. A French steamer that our captain asked to take the *Maria Christina* in tow, could not move her. Here we are then prisoners, with no hope of freedom, except from the efforts of our crew, with the help of the passengers. There is a great fatality attending me. I have been obliged to drag out no small part of my life in prison. I will make a list of the various imprisonments I have undergone since 1815.

"First. The fortnight I passed in the *Temple of St. Paul*, in Naples, when I was seven years old; and as the reader perhaps remembers, dressed like a girl.

"Second. A week in the monastery of the *Virgins*, to keep my brother company, sent there for punishment for having written an improper letter to a Commissary of Police.

"Third. The thirteen days at the Prefecture of Police.

"Fourth. The two hundred and forty-four days in the Castle of St. Erasmus.

"Fifth. The twenty-five days in the mad-house at Miano.

“In all, three hundred and fifty, besides those fate may yet have in store for me.

“At 5 P.M., after the greatest exertions of crew and passengers, among whom I was not the least active, the vessel was at last got off.

“22nd. We left the Isles of Hières at half-past ten A.M. The sea is rather rough, but the wind favourable, and they have put up the sails in addition to steam. The crew have gone through incredible fatigues. These countrymen of mine, who are reproached with indolence by other nations, have worked with the greatest alacrity and perseverance for more than seven hours without complaint, and with such discipline, that the captain had no need, I will not say to find fault, but even to urge them. I am more than ever confirmed in my opinion of the excellent natural disposition of our men, and that they only want opportunity to show what they are worth; and one day, I firmly believe, these men, with their brethren of all the Italian shores, will be seen traversing the seas under one flag, the glorious flag of the freest and happiest of nations! But now these very men are amongst the most miserable under the sun, and in addition, the most calumniated in the world; for it is but too much the custom to abuse the victim rather than the executioner. For me, who am going to abandon my beloved Italy for a long time, if not for ever, I shall feel great sorrow when I leave the vessel. They are Italian countenances I still see around me, and an Italian dialect

sounds in my ears. I shall not feel I have quite left Italy as long as I remain on board. But this will not be much longer, as we shall land this day. We have passed Toulon, with its vast harbour and great military memorials, and Cannes and Fréjus also famous.

“In the night of the 22nd and 23rd, we came to anchor in the port of Marseilles, at half-past four P.M., and scarcely were we arrived, before our ears were saluted with the disagreeable intelligence, that we should have five days’ quarantine. We found the steamer *Sully*, also anchored in the port, with passengers on board her, amongst whom were some of my friends. He who has never left his own country, can but little understand the intense pleasure of meeting a fellow-countryman in a foreign land.

“23rd. A bow-shot from our steamer are two Italian vessels. The nearest belongs to Leghorn, and comes from Egypt. The captain is a Ligurian, and a sensible man. We have had some conversations respecting his voyages, and the state of commerce in the Peninsula, but especially on the numerous extortions to which trade is everywhere subject. The good man thinks as I do on the subject of misgovernment; and here I must observe, that in my travels, I never met with any Italian whatever, who did not curse the unhappy fate of Italy. Would that it were the same with all the Italians who remain at home. Blessings then on travelling; and may our travellers become more and more numerous,

and may their steps turn towards the countries that enjoy free institutions, rather than elsewhere! Living in quarantine is excessively tiresome. One sees the land—what do I say—we are not three steps from it, and yet we cannot touch it. And why? From human ignorance and fear. Is cholera considered as an infectious disorder? as vain against it are sanitary cordons, as against such as arise from atmospheric influences.

“24th. It is astonishing the number of vessels of all nations with which this small port is crowded. Every language is ringing around me; it is a perfect Babel. Now how much greater would be the traffic, if it were entirely free and not restrained by so many obstacles. Sanitary laws, custom-house laws, police laws, every thing in the so-called civilised world, tends to restrain human action, to restrict the human faculties, to render inconvenient the constant intercourse which would take place between nations, rather than unite them, and enable them to acquire advantageously and easily the productions of all countries. And how long will mankind continue in a path so contrary to the laws of nature, justice, and reason?—laws which would have men freely use their faculties, and fully avail themselves of the benefits the wide world offers them.

“25th. At five o'clock P.M., a boat came to take us all, we were forty-three on board, to the Health Office, to be examined by the physician; which examination lasted only ten minutes! We all passed

before him without his doing anything but looking at us, and then we were taken back to the vessel.

“HÔTEL OF THE MOUTHS OF THE RHONE, MARSEILLES.

“26th October.

“Our imprisonment finally ceased at half-past six a.m. One of the Health officers having come on board repeated the ridiculous scene of yesterday, subjected us to a fumigation, which by the way, gave us a cough and headache, and then allowed us to land.

“27th. This is the second time I have been at Marseilles, and I feel the same now as when I was here before—an intense desire to get away. Entirely commercial, there is nothing in it that does not conduce to money-making. Not a single expression of generosity is to be seen lighting up the Marseillaise features. Nor is there, I repeat, except Genoa, a single city in the world, at once commercial and noble-minded. I have met several Italians here; two of them deputies of the Neapolitan Parliament of 1820-21. They have now been fifteen years in exile. Men of the highest excellence, they have endured and still endure with firmness, every trial, rather than bend to the Bourbon government, as has been the case with but too many. One of these exiles, Colonel De Concilj, suffered a sad misfortune three years ago, in the sudden death of his beloved wife. Since then he has not known an hour's happiness. Every day with his little dog, the sole

companion henceforth of his miserable life, he goes to the cemetery where his wife is buried, and remains long on his knees at the grave, which he calls *his sole possession !* ”

“MONTPELLIER, 29th October.

“Yesterday I left Marseilles in the afternoon, with that wretched wind, the Mistral, blowing, and I saw it blow down a large tree in one of the streets. From Marseilles to Aix is about eight leagues ; and I therefore arrived the same night in the capital of the ancient Counts, afterwards Kings, of Provence, which does not preserve a vestige of its ancient poetic glory,—that which it possessed when it was the land of the Troubadours, and the theatre of the Courts of Love. The diligence reached Tarascona at dawn, and Beaucaire some minutes after. These two cities, or rather towns, are only separated by the breadth of the river. At Tarascona there are barracks for infantry and cavalry. Beaucaire is only noted for its annual fair, which increases the population of that small place to more than one hundred thousand souls ! Before reaching Tarascona we passed by the little village of St. Remy, renowned for the ancient remains scattered about in its vicinity. Not far from Nismes we had a snow-storm, which made it intensely cold. Arriving at Nismes an hour before noon, I immediately began to visit what was worth seeing in the town. The town itself I thought rather beautiful, notwithstanding the wretched weather and my own

disinclination to be pleased, which were both sufficient to make the finest place appear ugly. I remained at Nismes about four hours, walking about in the snow; and at three p.m. set out for Montpellier where we arrived, half frozen, at nine.

“30th. I have been all over Montpellier. It is a melancholy city, and ugly, with the exception of the public Promenade, called the *Peyrou*, and the Champ de Mars. The cathedral is of most whimsical Gothic,—I speak of the outside; as to the inside, I have not seen it, as I feel no pleasure in visiting churches. This disinclination I have rarely overcome in my travels, except to admire St. Peter’s at Rome, the Duomo at Milan, and St. Paul’s in London, and a few others of the most famous. Amongst the Italians who live here, I have become acquainted with one who attends the school of medicine and botany; particularly the latter, of which he has much knowledge. And here I may observe that many of the exiles devote themselves assiduously to all kinds of pursuits; so that there are many among them who would have done little or nothing, had they remained at home, to whom exile has been the means of their doing good to their country; and this is another proof of the truth of the maxim, *that there is no evil without its attendant good*. I spent this evening at the theatre, where I saw a drama of Rougemont’s, *La Duchesse de la Vaubalière*, which has been very popular in Paris. It is very good, especially its aim—to expose the abuses and evils of



the horrible feudal age. The cold continues very severe, and I cannot describe its effects on my poor nerves, or how my whole being is affected by it. I could almost say my intellect is frozen. And this with a good fire and warm clothing. What does become of the greatest proportion of the exiles, who have scarcely enough to support life, without a cloak, and only an old coat, and this often obtained through the charity of less poor brethren, or, which is still more painful, of strangers.

“1st Nov. I have been fencing, and learning to shoot at a mark, and received such excellent instructions from a mulatto, Jean Louis, that out of ten shots I only missed once. This art will perhaps be of use to me some of these days, against a tyrant like Delcarretto, if not against himself. *Et Amen.*

“2nd. The consul of Spain, not being willing to *visé* my passport for Barcelona, I have written to Paris to General Guglielmo Pepe, to get one for me from the ambassador. How many obstacles I must conquer to accomplish getting into Navarre, that is, in order perhaps to receive an ounce of lead in my breast ! I have visited the library of Alfieri, left by the painter Fabre, unworthy heir of such a legacy, to the town of Montpellier. The favourite of the Countess of Albany, —that is, of the woman whom the great poet loved so fervently,—became on her death possessor of all the works of Alfieri, revised and corrected by himself, and some other precious books. Fabre is now seventy. I saw him this morning walking with difficulty across

the Champ de Mars. I spent the rest of the day in shooting or writing. Besides the pistol, I have practised with the carbine, and under the instructions of Jean Louis, I have always struck the mark. It is good exercise, and will be of great use to me in the Spanish wars. It might be very useful to me in Italy against the Germans !

“BEZIÈRES, *5th November.*

“I left Montpellier yesterday afternoon, and reached this place about midnight.”

“ON BOARD THE PASSENGER-BOAT BETWEEN BEZIÈRES AND TOULOUSE,  
*6th November.*

“From Montpellier to Mèze, I had a travelling companion, a notary ; and from Mèze to Bezières a student of law ; very pleasant people, both of them, and I had a great deal of conversation with them, as is my custom when travelling, for I can always in this way gain some information. From the notary, I acquired some idea of the way contracts were made in France. From the student I learnt many particulars respecting the universities and colleges of this country. At Bezières I went on board the mail boat which goes to Toulouse by the Canal du Midi, one of the finest works of the kind in France. We left Bezières soon after mid-day. This travelling by water is very convenient, but very tedious, as the boat is often obliged to wait on account of the locks, which are constantly occurring. At almost every station new

travellers take the places of those who leave. It is a true magic lanthorn.

“TOULOUSE, 7th November.

“During the night we passed close to Carcasson, the capital of the department of the Aube. There are no places of importance before reaching Toulouse, except Castelnaudry and Villafranca, though all are more or less famous for historical deeds, more or less horrible; as for example, those of the atrocious war against the Albigenses, directed by the *good St. Dominic*. At Castelnaudry, where the boat stopped for about half-an-hour, while I was drinking coffee with the other passengers at a little inn near the bank, a person entered whose manners indicated him to be a man of education, and sat down by my side. Some hours after I was told that my neighbour was the executioner of the province! He came on board during the night at Carcasson, and continued with us till near Toulouse. In Italy he would have been stoned; but in France, it appears, they look on the executioner with the same eyes as they do on other men. I leave it to the good sense of my readers to decide between the comparative merits of the two opinions. I had the happiness to be the bearer of good news to two exiles, my countrymen, living at Toulouse. Permission was given them to return to their country after long exile. It is needless to say I went in search of them the moment I arrived.

“8th. I went with my two friends all over Toulouse.

It is a large and beautiful town. In the evening we went to the theatre, one of the finest in France; but I was so overcome with fatigue, that I went home at the end of the second act. Indeed everything tires me now, except intellectual work.

"10th. I have wandered quietly about during the day, and in the evening went to what is called the *Bastringue*, one of those strange affairs to be found nowhere but in France. There is a poor and badly lighted hall, where they dance the most disorderly dances, to the music of a wretched orchestra. The admittance is fifteen sous, and the company is in general composed of students, military, and artisans. As to the fair sex, they are of the worst description. But why go to such a place? some precise reader may ask. For this simple reason, that he who would travel as a man and not as a bale of goods, should try to become acquainted with the countries he visits, and therefore he should see everything.

"HÔTEL DE FRANCE, PAU, 12th November.

"I left Toulouse yesterday at eight in the morning, and arrived here at noon. The wretched weather, the fatigue from the journey, the cold, and more than all, the very ill humour that has been my companion for a very long time, has made this town appear disagreeable and melancholy to the last degree. I will therefore wait for fine weather before I form an opinion of it. I have found Italian exiles even here.

"13th. At last we have a little sun, but Pau does

not appear to me more beautiful than yesterday. Everywhere you ascend or descend, and the pavement is the worst I have ever seen. Every here and there you have some beautiful views, especially where you overlook the Gave, a little river that runs through the town. I should also mention the beautiful park, which is the public promenade. It is a fair-day, and Sunday, and consequently a great number of people in the streets. The women of Pau are rather handsome, and have very large beautiful eyes. The head-dress of the female peasants is very curious. Everywhere I perceive the influence of the neighbourhood of Spain, as even this province has more of Spanish in it than French.

“14th. I have had both good and bad news from Naples, after sixteen days’ anxiety. Two of my letters have been seized by the police, who, not being able to do me any other harm, have deprived me of the greatest comfort I could hope for in exile, that of having intelligence of the many dear friends whom I had left in the midst of the cholera !

“15th. I was saying to myself this morning,—to-day I shall have nothing to record in my diary. But it has not been so. At half-past six, on leaving the dinner-table, I was *invited* in the name of the préfet, to visit him immediately; and having entered his presence, he told me he must send me to Bayonne in the company of a gendarme, there to be examined by the Spanish consul. By what I can find out, he has mistaken me for some grand personage, either Carlist

or Miguelist, I do not know which, if not the famous Don Miguel himself *in propria personâ*. I was highly amused at the strange mistake, but at the same time energetically protested against this forced journey to Bayonne, and the company of the gendarme. But notwithstanding, I have been given into the custody of one this evening, and he has received strict charge not to lose sight of me a moment; however, he is a sensible good sort of a man, and we are on excellent terms. As a proof of it, he could not help saying, when speaking of the affair, '*M. le Préfet est un imbécile.*' I have given him plenty to smoke and drink, and whilst he drinks and smokes, I go on as though I were alone. I meet with pleasant adventures, certainly, and the present deserves to figure in my diary.

"16th. Yesterday evening, about ten, when I was already in bed, and just going to sleep, behold! a second gendarme makes his appearance, despatched by M. le Préfet, the better to secure me,—that is to say, one who, according to appearances, it would greatly injure the political world to be allowed to escape. We all three slept soundly, and when breakfast came, I and my body-guard took it together. They are excellent fellows, and, for gendarmes, very well behaved. An Italian, for whom I had a letter of introduction, is gone to the Marquis Lagrua, sent by the government of Naples to the court of Spain, but who, for having conspired with the Pope's nuncio and the Austrian ambassador in favour of Don Carlos,

was dismissed from Madrid with his confederates. No sooner did he hear of my pleasant situation, than he came to see me, and having ascertained my identity through the means of a minute account I gave him of an incident that happened in Rome to my family, in 1827, when he was there as secretary to the Neapolitan embassy, he went at once to the Préfet, and certified that I was really the Ricciardi whose name was on the passport. In a few minutes the Préfet again sent for me, to announce that the suspicions that had been entertained regarding me, were entirely removed, but, a most strange contradiction, I must still for some time endure the company of the gendarmes. These were changed every four hours, and during the time I became acquainted with seven, good sort of devils, with a great deal of good sense, and wonderfully well educated for men of their class. Each of them had a hundred anecdotes to tell, and I could write a long chapter if I recorded all they told me in the last forty-eight hours. To pass away the morning I sent for some books, and skimmed over amongst others, a bad novel, by Jules-Janin, called, 'Le Chemin de Traverse.'

"17th. At last I am at liberty. Having been summoned the third and last time before the Préfet, he informed me I had been the victim of a mistake, and begged me to excuse what had happened.

"18th. It is six days since I came to Pau, and only to-day I remembered it was the birthplace of Henry IV., whose cradle is carefully kept in the

castle, where the over-estimated Bearnais was born. I say *over-estimated*, because this king, who is famous, not so much for his warlike deeds as for his speech relative to the Sunday hen,\* a speech that has made him to be considered as caring for the lower classes, really scorned and despised them; so much so, that one day, when hunting, accidentally coming to an inn where some labourers were sitting drinking, he flew into a passion because they remained at the table, not knowing who he was, and he fell upon them with his whip, and drove them out. And this was the good, yes, the best of the Bourbons!

"I accidentally met some subaltern officers of the foreign Legion fighting in Spain, who had leave of absence for some months; some anxious to see their families, others wishing to rest a little after the fatigues they had undergone. All agreed in drawing a dreadful picture of the state of the Legion, and of the hardships a soldier in Spain has to endure. Having learnt my resolution to go into Navarre and enter the Legion, they did all they could to dissuade me, but I was firm.

## II.

"OLERON, 21st November.

"Having resolved to wait no longer for the Spanish passport I had asked for through General Pepe, I left Pau in the afternoon, and reached this place in the

\* His wish that every good wife in France should have a fowl to put in her pot on Sundays.



evening. I went at once to the Spanish Consul to have the passport I had brought from Naples *viséd*. He gave me a direct refusal; and I, having wasted my breath in trying to convince him of its injustice, took my leave with these words: '*I will go into Spain in spite of you.*' And I certainly will keep my word. Those passports are a great evil; and great has been the annoyance these cursed bits of paper have been to me since I left Naples. And yet without one, a gentleman can travel nowhere in this world.

"ST. JEAN, PIED DE PORT, 22nd November.

"I came here at eight o'clock at night, and went at once to the military intendant, for whom I had a letter, in order to find some way of getting into Spain. He has given me a little hope, and I am to return to him to-morrow.

"VALCARLOS, IN NAVARRE, 23rd November.

"Here I am at last actually in Spain, in spite of all opposition. Having obtained the signature of the commissary of police at St. Jean, Pied de Port, I mounted my horse without losing a moment, and, after having overcome, not without difficulty, other obstacles at the frontier, first from the French authorities, then from the Spanish, I at last entered this new land of promise! The most miserable weather attended me from St. Jean to this place, and therefore I cannot say I have made my entrance into Spain under the fairest auspices. The road from St. Jean to Valcarlos

crosses the first range of the Pyrenees, and is exceedingly picturesque ; but to me, what between the bad weather and the bad temper that has taken possession of me, it seemed very uninteresting. The first habitation met with in Spain is a fortified house, which the Spaniards, according to their usual habit of magnifying everything that belongs to them, dignify with the name of *fort*. There were seventeen men in it, with a sergeant at their head, who gave himself the title of *Commander*. They are poor people taken from the plough, or their flocks, and with the air of brigands rather than soldiers, as they call themselves. At the time I arrived at the *fort* the garrison was assembled round a large fire, eating, with all the gravity of Castilians, slices of the blackest bread, dipped in rancid oil, which delicious food is perhaps the only kind the Spanish soldier can get at this moment. I had a letter for the captain of the militia of this village, an excellent man, who received me most kindly, and took me to the inn, or, more correctly speaking, the principal tavern of the place. I will not attempt to describe it, but will instead refer my reader to the accounts of Spanish *ventas* in 'Don Quixote' and 'Gil Blas.'

"BORGHETTA, IN NAVARRE, 24th November.

"I set out at ten this morning, and came here in the evening. To get here I had to pass by Roncesvalles, a place celebrated in the chronicle of Turpin, and in our chivalric romances. It now consists of a

miserable hamlet of about eight houses, in the very heart of the Pyrenees, fitter for wolves than men. This indeed I may say of all the villages I have yet seen in Spain, to which the Spaniards with their love of exaggeration apply the name of *Pueblos*. The appearance of these mountains covered in snow, in which the horrible predominates, would be wonderfully charming to a writer of romance, who could fill several pages with their description; but I, blind to their beauty, felt nothing but the cold that penetrated to my very bones, and a wish for a milder climate and season. Between Valcarlos and Roncesvalles is three leagues and a-half, and in half an hour a foot-passenger can get from Roncesvalles to Borghetta, a little village not less poor and miserable than the other two, and where a new adventure awaited me. A German sub-lieutenant in the Foreign Legion having arrived at Borghetta with a convoy of wounded who were going to Pau, looking attentively at me whilst we were at dinner, declared I was a Spaniard, and a Carlist agent. The good man being half drunk, and obliged to depart early in the morning, I gave him my name in writing, and put his down in my pocket-book. I then took leave of him in the following manner:—‘On the 8th of December you shall either retract the insolent words you have uttered, or shall expiate the offence in blood.’ And he replied that, in a fortnight he should be at Pampeluna without fail. We shall see if he keeps his word.

“HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE FOREIGN LEGION, LARRASUEÑA,  
20th November.

“At six in the morning I again set out, with no companion but an old man, whose horse I rode, and my faithful pistols. At Espinal and Viscarrete, little places as wretched as those I had previously passed through, I found a great many Christinos soldiers; and at Zubiri (an Arabic name, like so many others in Spain), the first companies of the Foreign Legion, the 5th battalion, commanded by the Major Montallegri, for whom I had a letter from General Guglielmo Pepe. He is one of our best officers. He received me very cordially, and tried to persuade me to dine with him, but being anxious to reach the head-quarters of the Legion, I refused his kind invitation, and set off again directly. And now I am at Larrasueña, under the same roof with the Lieutenant-Colonel Ferrari, who has received me in the most friendly manner, and wishes me to remain with him until he can go to Pampeluna, that he may present me himself to General Conrad, the Commander-in-chief of the Legion. I cannot express the delight I feel on finding myself with my brave countryman, and in Navarre, the theatre of the war, which is so much talked of at present in Europe. I have now attained the summit of my wishes. I see with my own eyes those things which before I only read of in the journals; nor will it be long, I hope, before I myself become an actor in the warlike drama. Ferrari, to whom I was warmly recommended by Concilj and Pepe, has from

the first advised me not to take service in the Legion, but seeing me determined not to retrace the way already trodden, before I have heard the sound of the muskets, he has promised to use his influence to obtain for me shortly the rank of corporal, if not of sergeant. The sole obstacle to be overcome is that of my poor leg, though, as the question refers to cavalry, they will perhaps admit a cavalier who is a little lame. I have talked a great deal to Ferrari about our country, which constantly occupies his thoughts as it does mine; and which he will perhaps some day aid with his courage, and experience, of which he has gained no small portion in this difficult war. Whilst we were dining, information arrived that six Carlist battalions had advanced on the van-guard of the Legion. Ferrari immediately sent word to Montalegri to double both guards and vigilance, and he himself increased the number of the sentinels around the little town of Larrasucña. The misery of the soldiers is incredible, considering the services they have rendered and still render to Spain. All that is said of it in the journals is nothing in comparison to what I see daily before my eyes. It is very certain the Spanish troops are in no better condition, but the Spaniards are of a more patient temperament, more accustomed than any other nation to live poorly, and to endure the greatest hardships and privations.

“26th. I slept during nine hours the most refreshing sleep I ever enjoyed; and I should have

slept still longer if the drum had not suddenly awakened me. After having spent the whole day in going about the mountains, I passed the evening in talking of Naples with Ferrari, who has told me his own history, of which I shall record a few incidents. Born in Parma, of Neapolitan parents, he entered the *Guard of Honour* in Naples, in 1807, during the reign of Joseph Buonaparte. When he went to Spain, Ferrari followed him, and left the *Guard of Honour* to enter into a French regiment with the rank of sou-lieutenant. He conducted himself in a very gallant manner whilst in the French army from 1808 to 1813. First lieutenant in 1814, he took part in the celebrated campaign in the heart of France during that year, and being wounded in the battle of Provins, he was there decorated with the order of the Legion of Honour by Napoleon himself. In 1820, he gave new proofs of courage under the walls of revolted Palermo. The old tyranny being re-established in the Two Sicilies, Ferrari was imprisoned like so many others of the Constitutional officers, and remained under sentence of death. Having recovered his liberty in 1822, he lived in Naples, much annoyed by the police, till 1831, when he succeeded in obtaining a passport for France, and went straight to Paris. Here, in reward for his ancient services, he was attached as first lieutenant to the 34th Regiment of Infantry, from which he passed into the Foreign Legion in Africa. From Africa he went to Spain, and soon rose from the rank of captain

to that of major, and then to be lieutenant-colonel, which rank he now holds; nor will it be long before he becomes colonel. Great is the reputation he enjoys, both with French and Spaniards, though they are both, especially the latter, very jealous of strangers. The terror which his very name inspires in the Carlists is such, that it is quite sufficient for him to show himself at the head of his battalion to put them to flight. I am delighted to write such things of an Italian, and I am also pleased to know that the three hundred Italians who bear arms in the legion, are not the least brave amongst those brave soldiers.

"27th. I have just been witness to a most extraordinary scene, and which deserves a better pen than mine to describe. Ferrari had ordered thirty *alcaldes* to appear before him, to give them a reprimand for the dilatoriness and want of exactness with which the Communes of Navarre furnished the necessaries for the soldiers. The physiognomy of these *alcaldes*, who are principally peasants, is exceedingly characteristic. Ferrari made them a short but terribly severe speech, in their own language, which he speaks perfectly. "Be more attentive for the future," was the sense of what he said; "otherwise I will have you shot." He then dismissed them all, except three, whom, as being the most restive, he sent to prison. Harsh measures certainly, but necessary in time of war; and therefore those who cause the war should be blamed for them, not those who are forced to make

use of them. Walking with Ferrari on the banks of the little river that flows by the village, we saw a very beautiful girl, who was spreading out some clothes to dry in the sun. On Ferrari asking her if she had not a lover, and where he was, she answered firmly, '*A la faction, yesta valiente;*' that is, *he is amongst the Carlists, and he is very brave.* Such a reply from a peasant girl, is of itself enough to show the natural courage of the Navarrese. In allusion to this incident, Ferrari told me anecdotes that would astonish those who heard them. Amongst others the following, which he knew to be a fact. Of four brothers, two died fighting for Don Carlos. The mother, instead of weeping for them, pointed to her two surviving sons, then children, and said, 'As soon as they can bear arms, they shall go and fight for their king also!'—Language worthy of a Spartan mother! It is a pity such strength of mind should be so badly directed. Oh! that we could see the same spirit in Italy exercised against the Austrians. Oh! that we could see our youth of the Apennines show against them, the same courage as the Navarrese and Biscayans amongst their mountains, and for so bad a cause!

"28th. This morning the enemy showed itself above the heights that overlook this village, and even fired some shots at our advanced posts; but the legion perfectly certain it would not have the boldness to attack head-quarters, did not stir. Towards the middle of the day, I went to Aquerreta, a little



village by the river and occupied by fifty men of the legion. The place is deserted like all the others in Navarre and Biscay which the Christinos have occupied—such is the hatred borne them by the townspeople; besides, as nearly all the male population are fighting in the army of Don Carlos, the women, children, and old men, take refuge in that part of the country where the Carlists are masters.

“29th. To-day two companies of grenadiers are gone to escort a convoy of shoes and ammunition, sent from France to Pampeluna. These poor soldiers have not a moment’s repose, and are often obliged to travel with an empty stomach. Yet they rarely complain, especially the Italians, a race far less effeminate than is generally supposed. I have been to Urdaniz, a small place not far from Larrasueña, armed as usual, for the roads are very insecure, particularly for foreigners, who, if they are taken prisoners, are at once shot. I met three soldiers, Piedmontese, and I soon entered into conversation with them. Poor fellows! They are exiles, whom hunger obliged to join the standard of the legion, itself often in want of necessaries! The aspect of these soldiers is truly pitiable, which makes the ardour with which they march against the enemy, appear grander, even wonderful. Oh! that we had in our mountains some hundreds of these brave men. What a war we could then carry on against our oppressors, and what destruction we should make in our enemy’s lines. And how willingly—what do I

say?—with what joy would those brave men respond to the call that should summon them to Italy. Oh! why am not I permitted for a few short hours to dispose of this legion? Oh, how I would lead it into Catalonia, and from Catalonia into Italy!

“30th. I must say a few words on the struggle of which Spain is at present the theatre.

“This is indeed a strange war, both as regards the country in which it is carried on, the men who are fighting, and the manner in which it is conducted. Here are battalions fighting in divisions; there, regiments carrying on regular operations; here, the boldness and blind courage of fanaticism; there, valour aided by skill and hatred of tyranny. But the followers of Don Carlos are only formidable amongst the mountains. General Gomez, who moves freely beyond the Ebro with twelve thousand infantry and four hundred cavalry, in order that they may not be dispersed, can never remain more than an hour in the same place, though the Christinos generals, to whom is committed the office of following him, are the most stupid in Spain. The true strength of the Carlists is then only in the mountains of the rebellious provinces, and therefore the only way of conquering them would be the following: to occupy all the inhabited places in Navarre, Biscay, Guipuscoa, and Alava; to blockade the coast from Fontarabia to Santander; and to entirely close every pass from the French frontier. Hunger would then soon vanquish those on whom iron has hitherto done nothing.

But to execute such a plan would require a much larger army than poor Spain can bring into the field; therefore I say, in conclusion, that if the Christinos do not ask help from France, Don Carlos will at last be the victor.

## III.

“VILLAVA, 1st December.

“Some Spanish battalions, amongst which were two of the Royal Guard, having come to relieve the legion, this latter began their march about mid-day towards Pampeluna. I left Larrasueña with Ferrari, and have stopped here with him. We are rather more than a league from Pampeluna, which we shall enter to-morrow. Between Larrasueña and Villava we met an Italian officer of the name of Ricciotti, formerly leader of the volunteers of Ancona, in 1832, and who is now lieutenant of *tiradores* (riflemen), and has fought valiantly against Don Carlos. I became acquainted with him some years after in Paris, and lamented his fate in 1844, when he perished in Calabria, with the brothers Bandiera. Blessed be thy memory, martyr of liberty! and blessed be the memory of the eight other magnanimous men who fell so gloriously at thy side!

“1st Dec. I rose at the first beat of the drum, and went out to explore the surrounding mountains. There is scarcely any trace of a road amongst them, but only some goat tracks, which the recent rains have almost obliterated. After having visited some

fortifications lately raised by the legion, that is, two redoubts, and a temporary little fort with two cannon, I went on to a half-ruined village, entirely deserted by its inhabitants. Long live the war, but above all those in whose royal name they fight,—a child of five years old, and an old man, half savage, half fool! Having returned to head-quarters at eleven, Ferrari, who was standing with me at the window, looking at the Spanish troops, who were arriving one after the other, spoke to me in the following manner: ‘These men, whom you see so ill appointed and so badly armed, are excellent soldiers, for besides being brave, they are sober, indefatigable, and most obedient to their officers; but their officers are in general most unfit to command, and that is sufficient to render the good qualities of any soldiers useless; and is the cause why the Spanish army is thought so little of.’ Observations these, which I have found confirmed constantly by the incidents of the present war. And with what constancy and patience these soldiers endure the severe hardships they have to suffer! And how bravely they fight! But of what use are their efforts? What is the fruit of the blood they have shed? On the contrary, the forces and audacity of the Carlists are constantly increasing, and they will soon be seen breaking from their mountains, and taking the road to Madrid.\*

\* I may call these words prophetic; for, in 1837, the Carlists advanced to the walls of Madrid, which they would certainly have occupied if France and England had not interfered.

“The road from Larrasueña to Villava is studded with forts, and every house is fortified in such a way that it could be held several hours against an enemy. Villava is a large village, but poor and depopulated, as are almost all in Navarre. Major Montallegri joined us here with his battalion, and dined with us.

“PAMPELUNA, 2nd December.

“I set off this morning, on foot and alone, for Pampeluna. Soon after, the battalion of Montallegri began its march, with Ferrari at its head. Both flattered themselves they should remain at least a week at Pampeluna; but it was a delusive hope, for just after they arrived there, they were ordered to move on towards Puente la Reyna. It is useless to say how vexed I was at this, and still more at not finding General Conrad at Pampeluna, as upon him my admittance into the legion depended.

“3rd. Ferrari and Montallegri set off this morning for Puente la Reyna. The latter will soon return, as he is going into France. I have become acquainted with several other Italian officers here. One of them, Bettini, a lieutenant, entered the legion last year as a common soldier, and now he is an officer, and much valued on account of the courage he has displayed in several engagements. How many Italians would have imitated the brave Bettini! But most of our young men, with great regret I say it, prefer idleness and luxurious pleasures, to the hardships of service, which, however, might some day be of such advantage

to our poor Italy. There are fifteen Italian officers in the legion. Some have died during the last few years, both in Africa and Spain.

"4th. I have had letters and good news from my family and friend Gallotti, who envied me my journey into Spain; but his aged mother would not allow him to go. I spent the evening in the theatre, which is very poor, and the actors middling. I did not lose a syllable of the play. Not so of the *saynete*, a little piece in one act, similar to what we call *farse* in Italy. Between the play and the *saynete*, they danced the *bolero*, the most graceful certainly of all dances. The habits of the Spanish theatre are rather extraordinary. Cigars are allowed. The women sit separately from the men, in what is called the *casuela*, which may be considered a proof, either of the great jealousy of the stronger sex, or the wonderful submission of the weaker (or of both?). I need scarcely say that as so many women are assembled in one place, the male part of the audience are often obliged to turn towards the *casuela* with gestures that implore silence.

"5th. I see much comfort amongst the inhabitants of this city, and not a single beggar; which last circumstance, I am told, is the same from one end of Spain to the other, notwithstanding the war which devastates it, and the great poverty of the people; this proves there is great dignity in the Spanish character, as the people prefer suffering the greatest privations to begging.

"6th. The situation of this city is picturesque; but

the city itself is rather melancholy. There is a promenade called the *Taconera*, where I walk when no one is about, for I have need of solitude and silence. I dined this evening with the officers of the legion, and from all that was said during dinner, I deduce two things; first, that military men consider their profession not as a service imposed by certain necessities of the civil community, but as a trade to flatter vanity and fill the purse; the second, that the elements of which armies in general are composed, are worth nothing, morally speaking. These things arise not so much indeed from human wickedness or baseness, as from the idle life military men lead, and from their intense ignorance.

"7th. The boldness of the Carlists has reached such a pitch, that their bands come up even under the walls of Pampeluna. To-day the courier coming from Madrid was attacked and made prisoner with seven cavalry soldiers who were escorting him.

"8th. The 8th of December is come, and I have heard nothing of the German of Borghetta. I had a long conversation this evening with a Spanish captain, a man of frank manners. I like the character of these people, especially their natural manners. There is nothing studied in Spain. There is an expression of consciousness of their own dignity in the countenance of the men of every class. They are a brave people, capable of doing great things if they were better led.

"9th. Every morning I go to breakfast at a café, where many officers of the legion, principally conva-

lescents, assemble, and remain for many hours of the day. They are almost all exceedingly ignorant, yet they pronounce an opinion on everything, especially politics. Now I leave the reader to imagine what nonsense I am obliged to listen to, and particularly the absurd ideas they express with regard to government or morals. I very much fear that my visits to this café will make me take a dislike to the profession of arms before I enter it.

“10th. At length Ferrari and Montallegri are returned. Both have again endeavoured to dissuade me from entering the legion. Montallegri advises me to return to France, where he himself is going for a few months. It seems to me very hard to renounce such long cherished hopes, but I believe I shall be obliged to leave Spain without having attained the double aim which I had proposed to myself in coming here!”

#### IV.

The above words require a little explanation. Besides my avowed motive of fighting against Don Carlos, I had a secret one, that of withdrawing the Italian part of the legion, and bringing it into Italy. But to succeed in this attempt, a large sum of money would be necessary. This I did not possess, and all my efforts to obtain it from those who at that time had plenty, were vain. Therefore my design may be called entirely chimerical, but then my mind fed on illusions, when the present was so dark around me.



And what I now see was impossible, I then thought easy. Having spoken on the subject to Ferrari, he said exactly what I should now say in a similar case, and his opinion had great influence in deciding me to leave Spain. Added to this was the obstacle my lame leg offered to my being received into the legion, an obstacle I was never allowed to overcome, though I would have engaged to fight on horseback, and without pay. It was a great trial to be obliged to renounce the idea of embracing a profession for which I had always had a predilection, and in which I should perhaps have succeeded better than in literature or politics; or I might have met a glorious death, instead of draining to the last drop the cup of sorrow—sorrow of every kind!

## V.

"11th Dec. I breakfasted and dined with my excellent countrymen Ferrari, Montallegri, and Gnone. Certainly these military men are strange beings, and strange maxims pass through their brains on all that respects politics, legislation, and morals. Society would indeed be new modelled if the reins were in their hands. With the best intentions in the world, they would turn everything topsy-turvy.

"12th. The sergeant-major gave me this morning a letter from Pau, brought by *him* of the inn of Borghetta. The German arrived yesterday at Pampeluna, and went off in a few hours, forgetting, or

perhaps not caring to remember the promise he made me the 24th November; which proves he cares more for his life than his honour. But enough of him.

"13th. Ferrari, who is not allowed a moment's repose, so great is the estimation in which he is held by the Spaniards, set off this morning for Larraga. Montallegri remains at Pampeluna, whence we shall soon depart together for the French frontier.

"14th. The Navarrese women are more pleasing than beautiful, but I greatly admire their dress, especially the headdress. Instead of straw or silk bonnets, they use the *mantilla*, which has much resemblance to the *zendado* and *mesero*, worn not long ago by the fair sex in Venice and Genoa.

"15th. Again annoyance on account of passports. I have had an odd conversation this morning in Spanish with the *subdelegao de policia*. Seeing Constantinople at the top of my passport, the Commissary turned up his nose at it. I will conquer this difficulty as I have so many others.

"16th. Plague upon all governments. For me tyranny speaks every language, Italian, French, or Spanish—takes every form, and travels every road. Who will believe it, that for two days I have demanded my passport in vain; the atrocious bit of paper, without which, I repeat, an honest man cannot travel. I say an *honest man*, because rogues can wander where they will, with or without passports. They have at last said *mañana sin falta* (to-morrow,

without fail,) they will give it me. We shall see. That word *mañana* raises doubts, as in the mouth of Spaniards, who, naturally rather indolent, are very fond of procrastination in everything, it means *the latest possible*.

"17th. I have at last the abominable bit of paper, which has given me so much trouble for some months, and to-morrow I shall leave Pampeluna. It is a great distress to me to be obliged to return to France as I left it. I who so lately crossed the Pyrenees, my head filled with such fine dreams! To see myself so miserably deprived of a glorious future, or at least of honourable toils! I might have sunk under them like so many brave men of the legion; but to die on the field, and for a cause so closely united to that of Italy, would it not have been a thousand times better than a listless, useless life, which will certainly be my fate!

"VISCARRETE, 18th December.

"I left Pampeluna on horseback at eight in the morning, with Major Montallegri and two other officers of the legion. At Villava we found thirty men of the legion ready to escort us to Larrasueña. Here we have changed them for a company of the Royal Guard and one of *tiradores* (riflemen). These latter are Light Infantry, and all volunteers; they are therefore hated by the Carlists, who shoot them at once when they take them prisoners. They have no uniform, but every one dresses according to his own

taste; and they have rather the appearance of banditti than soldiers: this, indeed, does not prevent their being most useful in a war, which, besides courage, demands patience and wonderful promptness.

“Now no one can say how far the patience and promptness of these wonderful *tiradores* will reach. They will traverse the mountains like goats for twenty-four hours without eating or drinking, and travel ten leagues almost without resting! They are an extraordinary people, these mountaineers, and worthy descendants of the Cantabrians. At Zubiri another company of the Royal Guard replaced the former. A little distance from Erro, a village that lies a little to the right of the road, in a valley, our ears were saluted by the sound of musketry, or, to speak more correctly, with the whistling of some bullets that came from a small band of Carlists, hidden in the woods, which are frequent on the road from Pampeluna to Valcarlos. Our soldiers, instead of returning the fire (it would have been mere waste of powder and ball), at a signal from Montallegri closed their files, and hastened their steps towards the village, where, having arrived at five P.M., we had some difficulty in finding a lodging; a wretched supper, even, was hard to get.

“ARNEGUY, 19th December.

“We left Viscarrete this morning at eight, and arrived here in the evening, famished, weary, and drenched with rain, for the most infernal weather has

accompanied us the whole way. In addition, we were visited by French Custom House officers, to whom we were obliged to show everything we had, which has delayed for an hour our much wished-for dinner.

“ST. JEAN PIED DE PORT, 20th *December*.

“New annoyances awaited me here on account of that atrocious passport. Having entered Spain in spite of the Spanish consul of Oleron, the préfet of Pau, who was immediately informed of my proceedings, wrote that very day to the commissary of police at this place, commanding him to prevent my leaving France on any account; but such had been the celerity of my movements, that the dispatch did not arrive in time. The commissary therefore could do nothing but give my name and description to the gendarmes, with orders to bring me before him in case I again appeared at St. Jean. And so it happened, and it is only with great difficulty, and after long disputing, I have been able to rid myself of the pleasant company of the gendarmes and get back my passport.

“MAULEON, 21st *December*.

“Montallegri and the other officers have taken the road to Bayonne, and I, having mounted on horseback at St. Jean, at daylight, arrived here late at night, half frozen, and nearly starved, which made me unable to enjoy the beauties of the road (which is indeed most picturesque), but well able to appreciate those of a good fire, good dinner, and excellent bed

provided for me by the people of the inn for the small sum of two francs, which makes me look upon them as people of rare, almost unparalleled honesty, at least according to my experience, accustomed as I am to be fleeced by this detestable race.

“BORDEAUX, 23rd December.

“I left Mauleon yesterday at six A.M. At Tardets and at Aramis, villages on the road to Oleron, I was again visited by the gendarmes, but they do nothing now but write my respectable name in their pocket books. I reached Oleron at half-past twelve, and left again at two in the *malle poste* for Pau and Mont de Marsan. At Pau, where I remained two hours, I had an adventure of another kind, such as only happens to me. It would be tedious to describe it particularly; it is enough to say that the banker of Pau, on whom I had a letter of credit, and whom, *par parenthèse*, must be a great rogue, has obliged me to carry as far as Bordeaux the enormous weight of a thousand crowns in five franc pieces! There are things that smack of the marvellous, and, I repeat, only happen to me. Bordeaux is one of the most beautiful cities in France. The country I passed through was tolerably populous, but the nearer we approach Bordeaux the more numerous are the villages and houses, not unlike those along the Brenta, between Padua and Mestre, and which must render the environs of the city very gay during the summer and autumn. I went to the theatre, which they call

the *Great Theatre*, the French, like the Spaniards, magnifying everything. To-day, for example, under the sign of a farrier, I saw the word *vétérinaire*, and *chirurgien dentiste* under the sign of a tooth-drawer.

“25th. What a melancholy Christmas-day! The third I have passed away from home. It is dreadfully cold, which, in consequence of the close connection between the moral and physical state, greatly increases my usual ill-humour. I have seen a great part of the city, which is really magnificent, and deserves better inhabitants than it contains. While walking on the beautiful quays, I met Montallegri, who is just arrived from Bayonne. We dined and passed the evening together.”

“CARBON-BLANC, 26th December.

“When I awoke this morning at Bordeaux I found a deep snow, and the cold greater than that of yesterday. And when I think I shall be obliged to pass, I know not how many winters, in this blessed country where the sun’s rays are so rare and fleeting! —I left Bordeaux at two P.M. with Montallegri, and at a bow-shot from this post station, one of the shafts of the carriage broke, and we were obliged to wait here till they sent for another carriage from Bordeaux.”

“TOURS, 28th December.

“We left Carbon-blanc the day before yesterday about seven in the evening, and about day-break

passed through Angoulême. It is a tolerably sized city, but with no pretensions to beauty. We then went to Ruffec, famous for its exquisite pastry; dined yesterday at Poitiers, and arrived at Tours about day-break this morning. Montallegri left a line with me for a countryman of mine who lives here, La Cecilia, and continued his journey to Paris; whilst I, when I had breakfasted, strolled about this pleasant town. In the evening I went to call upon La Cecilia, one of the most marked of the exiles, as being accused, with Mazzini, of having incited a wretch named Gavioli, living at Rodez, to murder two spies. For this he was sent from Marsilles, obliged to leave his wife who was nearly dying, and was confined at Loches, at the same time that his father in Naples was the victim of an infamous act of arbitrary oppression of Delcarretto's. He kept the poor old man in prison nine months, to punish the younger La Cecilia for having published at Marseilles in the journal of 'Young Italy,' an article against the government of Naples! La Cecilia has introduced me to the advocate Brizard, who, though young, enjoys a high reputation as a lawyer and an orator, and is one of the most cultivated and intellectual Frenchmen I have ever known. Letters from Paris bring an account of a new attempt on the life of Louis Philippe, by a young man named Meunier. I admired the indifference with which such news is received in this city, so unpopular is the *citizen king* become in France."



“ORLEANS, 31st December.

“I left Tours yesterday afternoon ; the cold was so intense that I spent the night at Amboise. Starting a little before dawn I reached Blois about eleven A.M., almost frozen ; so I gave up seeing the city and castle where the Duke of Guise was murdered, and set out for Orleans two hours after, where I arrived almost benumbed with cold.

“1st January, 1837. Great gaiety everywhere on account of New Year’s Day, one of the most important days in France, and which I have celebrated by eating exquisite maccaroni with a fellow-countryman. Dinner finished, we went to an hotel where ten Italian exiles were sitting together. Being a new exile, I was received in the most fraternal manner, and when we separated my hand was pressed with warm affection.”

“PARIS, 2nd January.

“Here I am again in Paris, where I arrived this morning, with very different feelings to those of my first visit. Then I came as a traveller, now, as a banished man ! And here I terminate the diary of my third journey, as I have spoken fully of Paris elsewhere, and I hope I shall spend the time of my residence here more usefully than in registering the trivial events of my obscure life.”

## VI.

And, indeed, I had a noble aim before me to occupy my life of exile;—that of using in behalf of the cause of Italy, a pen henceforth free from restraint, until the great day comes when I may help my country by my deeds. This gave me spirit to write both in Italian and French, while at the same time I was closely watching everything that related to politics in general, and to Italy in particular. But of that, reader, I may perhaps speak hereafter. That is, if you regard with a favourable eye these pages, which then should be followed by a work of more importance, which I should call, “Twenty Years of Exile.” I say twenty, notwithstanding the time I was in Italy in 1848 (between the 25th of March, when I arrived in Naples, to the 7th September, when the Tuscan Government sent me to Corsica, after having proved their hospitality by giving me into the custody of the police), those few months having been as bitter as exile! And indeed what else does that time recall to me, but the slaughter of the fifteenth of May, the flames of my brother’s palace, and the blood that flowed in vain during the rising in Calabria, a rising which caused the confiscation of my property, and the honour of condemnation to death, with *the third grade of public example*.\* Alas!

\* Those condemned to that punishment were conducted to the scaffold bare-footed, dressed in black, and the head veiled, as in the case of parricides.

what tale is more wretched or more dreadful than that in which I was both witness and actor? And what romance can equal the strange events of my sad life! My only comfort is that I have always walked in the path of honour, and that I can always claim as mine the beautiful motto of SEMPER IDEM.

THE END.

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