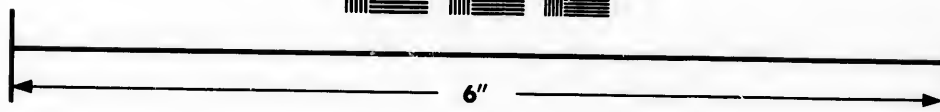
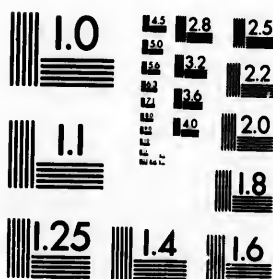


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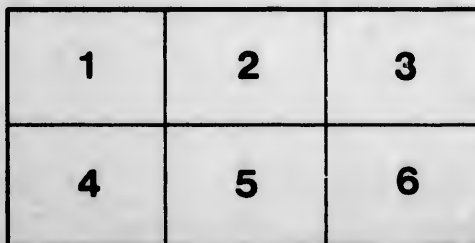
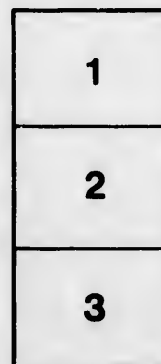
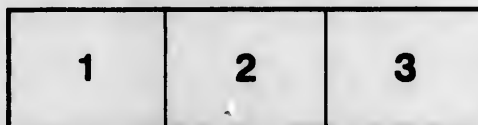
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HERE AND THERE THROUGH THE  
HISTORY OF ITALY.

A LECTURE

BY

A. A. NOBILE, B. A.,

*Teacher of French and Italian.*

FOLLOWED BY

MANZONI AND RATTAZZI,

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I remain,

Yours obediently,

A. A. NOBILE.

## HERE AND THERE THROUGH THE HISTORY OF ITALY.

---

Yet, Italy ! through every other land  
Thy wrongs should wring, and shall, from side to side ;  
Mother of arts ! as once of arms ; thy hand  
Was then our guardian, and is still our guide,  
Parent of our religion, whom the wide  
Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven !  
Europe, repentant of her parricide,  
Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward driven  
Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven.

*Byron Child's Harold, Canto IV, Stanza 47.*

**W**AS there ever a human being who, lifting up his eyes to the skies of Italy, could deny that there is the purest serene which God's smile has brightened ? These, ladies and gentlemen, are the words of one of our greatest contemporary writers, the late F. D. Guerrazzi, and for my part I do not believe they were presumptuous words. No, all those who have travelled through this country agree in saying that it is a paradise on earth. Lying between the blue waves of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, backed by the sovereign Alps with their dark forests and ice-covered peaks, Italy is certainly majestic and great, but her predominant aspect is that

of serene beauty. With a sky of the sweetest azure, with the mildest atmosphere, with a fertile soil, with a mantle of verdure, always fresh, covered with vineyards and olives, myrtles and aloes, all the Italian territory presents a rich and varied beauty. This scenery of Italy has been sung by the poets of every nation. Let me say in passing that I do not claim this sweet climate, and this blue heaven as an Italian virtue, but only as a gift given by the Almighty, for which we Italians ought to be grateful. It is this evening my intention and my duty to speak of something more worthy of our pride, I mean our history.

I will divide this my discourse into three parts. The first, beginning with the birth of Rome, will end with the establishment of Christianity, when Italy, under the name of Rome, was the world. The second, beginning at the fall of the Roman empire will end with the treaties of 1815. This is the epoch in which the Italian, like the *Israelitish people*, were the slaves of domestic or foreign tyrants. The third part will describe the struggle of Italy to obtain her independence. Allow me your kind attention, and excuse my bad pronunciation.

Very little I will tell you about the first epoch, with which you are all familiar. Every educated man could not have done less than read and study the history of the Roman republic and empire. The culture of Egypt and Greece was inherited by Rome. The Roman eagles conquered the world, and everywhere brought civilization. Travel if you like over all the old world, from the high mountains of Scotland to the burn-

ing sands of Africa, from Spain to the Euphrates, you will see the remains of the Roman power. Thinking of, or going to Rome, the mind of every civilized man cannot but think of the famous names of Cammillus and Cincinnatus, of the Scipios and Caesars. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, when Britain, Gaul, Germany, and Spain were yet sleeping in darkness and ignorance, the Roman Capitol resounded with the shouts of the triumphant legions, the forum resounded with the noble words of the tribunes and the Gracchi, and the senate, silent and attentive, listened to the orations of Cicero and Cato. The same Rome that had destroyed her rival Carthage, that had outlived the conquests of the great Alexander, that in culture and learning had surpassed ancient Egypt, arrived at the acme of her greatness, swaying her sceptre over a population of 120,000,000, by degrees lost her strength. Her conquered provinces not only rebelled themselves, but in their turn became conquerors, and with the disappearance of the Roman empire begins the second period.

Christianity first found an asylum in Rome. There in the first days of the church thousands of persons, converted from heathenism to the religion of the cross, gave their lives in its defence. There took place a terrible struggle between heathenism and Christianity, when at last the latter seated herself on the throne of the Cæsars, acquiring a dominion larger than theirs. But if the establishment of Christianity in Rome gave her an unlimited moral power over the world, it destroyed also the remains of the Roman empire. The north came into the possession of thousands of barbarians, called Goths,

Visigoths, Longobards, Gauls ; while the south was more especially the prey of Moors and Spaniards. In the middle of Italy sprang up thousands of little duchies and republics.

It is not my intention to relate to you to-night the deeds of this epoch ; it is a very sad history. I will only say that in the midst of her intestine discords, in her feebleness and decay, lying under the iron hoof of France, Germany, or Spain, Italy remained always the seat of beauty, the land of poetry and song, the cradle of every beautiful form and divine melody.

If the sons of the Romans bathed themselves in their brethren's blood, if they were ruled by ecclesiastical or civil tyrants, no one could take from her hands the sceptre of genius. In this beautiful peninsula the juriconsult expounded those principles which form the basis of the jurisprudence of all European nations. Navigators like Columbus and Amerigus added a new world to the boundaries of the old one, and the learned discovered the treasures of antiquity. There sang Dante, Tasso, Ariosto and Petrarch, there Raphael, Michael Angelo, Ciotto, Leonardo, da Vinci painted with celestial colors, there Macchiavelli and Vico speculated, and there Galileo studied beneath the open sky.

To speak to you to-night of the phalanx of Italian celebrities of this second epoch would require volumes, and besides it would be impossible. From these I have selected three, of whom I shall speak a few words. I mean Dante, the father of Italian poetry, Macchiavelli, the prince of politicians, and the great Galileo.



DANTE was born at Florence in the year 1265, sixty-three years before the birth of Chaucer, the morning star of English poetry. Boccaccio has left us his portraiture. "He was," said he, "of middle height, with oblong face, aquiline nose, large eyes, dark complexion, hair and beard dark and bushy, his demeanor was thoughtful and sad, his bearing grave, and his manners cultivated."

At the age of eighteen years he had already shown such a genius for poetry as to have gained the friendship of the most illustrious men. Though young, he was honored with one of the highest offices of the city, called *priore*. He was chosen to serve on no less than fourteen embassies, and sent to different places, and it is said that nothing of importance was done in Florence without consulting him.

Having exiled from Florence the Guelphs, or partisans of the Pope, when Charles of Valois made himself master of the said city, in his turn he was banished with the other Ghibelins. Exile was not his only punishment, but he was fined 8,000 lire, and in case this sum should not be paid in a fixed time, his property was to be confiscated, and his house burned. The 10th of May, of the same year, this sentence was confirmed, with the addition that if he himself had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the government, he should perish at the stake. For nineteen long years Dante longed for his beloved Florence without daring to approach its gates. Oh! how hard and painful this privation seemed to the poor exile! How much he suffered! How often he was tortured by hunger, and tasted,—



Come sa di sale  
 Lo pane altrui, e quant' è dura cosa  
 Lo scendere e 'l salir per l' altrui scale. \*

Dante wrote much, but nothing surpassed his poem, "The Divine Comedy; or, the Vision of Hell, Purgatory and Paradise." Certainly among the great beauties with which this fiction is filled, in our days we are sometimes shocked at some strange sentiments, at some superstitious ideas, at some atrocious bigotry, which we find in it. This is not the fault of the poet, but of the century in which he wrote. Without fear of being contradicted, I will add something more,—that for his epoch Dante was an advanced liberal. In this civilized century we should think it ridiculous to see innocent children regarded as infidels, and condemned to hell, only because they have not received the rite of baptism, while the persecutors of progress—as cruel or more cruel than Nero—were in celestial glory. Notwithstanding, his poem is sublime; and all that he describes, horrible or ludicrous, beautiful or ugly, all seems real and true, so well does he present it to us. Dante was not only the creator of his allegory, but he created also the Italian language, which, at his epoch, existed only in a state of rudeness and imperfection. He was the first to give it strength and beauty.

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\* Thou wilt prove how bitter is the bread of charity, and how weary it is to wait in the ante-chambers of the great.

Dante loved, with a pure love, Beatrice Portanare, a woman already married, and who died very young. Dante could never take her from his heart, and her image, her memory, gave him new life. He chose her as the polar star of his destiny. With her he ascended to Paradise.

I will not speak of his book "The Monarchy," a work considered by somebody as a complete Utopia, and in which he tries to prove that, according to God's will, a universal monarchy was necessary to universal peace,—and that this monarchy, by justice and divine will, was the Roman one; declaring Rome to be the city destined by God to be the universal apostolic throne.

In his exile Dante repaired to Verone, where he worked at his Poem, and where he was not happy. Petrarch narrates how he had a dislike to one of the courtiers who, on account of his wit and buffooneries, was the favorite. The prince Can della Scala one day asked Dante how it happened that such a fool could make himself welcome, while he, so learned and wise, could not succeed. He quickly answered, "Your highness would not be so much astonished if you would consider that friendship is produced by similarity of ideas and feelings."

From Verona, Dante went to Ravenna. In the year 1320 he was sent as ambassador to Venice, but he failed in obtaining even an audience, which worried him very much. A few days after his return from this embassy, he died in his fifty-sixth year, and in the nineteenth year of exile.

Three years before his death he could have returned to Florence, but he rightly scorned every offer of pardon which would offend his pride and dignity. I will quote a passage from one of his letters. "I hear," he writes, "from your letters and those of my nephews and other friends that I could take advantage of the decree proclaimed in favor of the return of the exiles, that is, that paying a certain sum and submitting myself to the ceremony of being presented, I would also be absolved and return. This proposition implies two things that seem ridiculous and ill advised to those who have spoken to me of it, in regard to which you, more wise and discreet, have said nothing. Would this then be the glorious return of Dante Alighieri after very nearly fifteen years of sufferings and of exile? My innocence known to everybody deserves it? For this I shall have studied and sweated, etc."

As generally happens, Florence having heard of the death of Dante repented of her cruelty, and sent to Ravenna embassy upon embassy to claim his remains. Forty years afterwards Florence returned to the family the confiscated properties, and two centuries later the greatest fame and honors were granted to him who had lived with suffering and died in exile.

To-day in that Italy forming one kingdom from Alps to Sicily, the memory of the Ghibelin poet is venerated more than ever, and I shall never forget the feast on occasion of the centenary of his birth. All the Italian cities had sent a deputation to Florence which was filled with joy and fraternal gaiety.

MACCHIAVELLI was a great politician and a profound thinker. The history of Florence written by him is one of his best books. Although dedicated to a pope, he did not hide or spare the papal folly and usurpations. He shows how Theodosius, King of the Goths, by shifting his court to Ravenna, gave to the bishop of Rome the occasion to strengthen his temporal power by means of alliances with the foreigners, generating jealousies and animosity between the popes and the emperors, and originating all those wars and dissensions which agitated Italy for centuries,—“So that all the wars,” he says, “that hereafter the foreigners had with Italy were specially caused by the popes,” and many of the barbarian hordes which poured into Italy were in great part due to the intrigues and excitement of the popes, and this course of action then taken, and since pursued, has kept and still keeps Italy feeble and divided. The book “The Prince” has procured for Macchiavelli the reputation of a great intriguer. For my part I agree completely with Lord Bacon, when he says that we owe a great deal of gratitude to Macchiavelli for having exposed what men do, instead of telling us what they ought to do.

Macchiavelli praises the scheme of the Borgia to destroy and master the counts and princes, who were leagued with him, and with whom just then he had signed a treaty of friendship and peace, adopting the jesuitical maxim that “the end justifies the means.” “Generally,” he says, “virtue ought to be preferred to vice, but in special cases vice itself might become a virtue when asserted in a good cause.”

In the year 1852, when Napoleon III betrayed the republic, then we heard the same mode of argument employed by his defenders. "Yes," they say, "it would have been right and honest if he had not committed this infamy; but for his own sake and for sake of the country intrusted to him, he acted well in becoming a criminal and a perjurer.

Macchiavelli could not avoid persecutions, and being suspected of having taken a part in a conspiracy, he was tortured; but while his body was suffering—not a moan, not a single word escaped his lips. He ended his days poor and neglected.

GALILEO was born at Pisa on the 15th of February, 1564. He was not a poet nor a statesman, but a thinker and a learned man. He began his career at Padua, where, if he did not invent, he perfected the compass, the telescope, and the microscope. He discovered the satellites of Jupiter, and gave them the name of "Medicean stars." Ferdinand, Grand Duke of Tuscany, offered him a chair in the University of Pisa, with leave to sojourn in Florence, and with no obligation of lecturing. In his first visit to Rome he made a new discovery, which appeared very extraordinary,—namely, the dark spots of the sun. In the year 1620 Galileo finished his great work, "Dialogues on the Ptolomaic and Copernican System." In the year 1624 Galileo returned to Rome to compliment the new Pope, Urban VIII, on the occasion of his elevation to the Papal Throne. His sojourn in the above mentioned city was not prolonged beyond two months, and in this lapse of time he had six long and satisfactory

audiences with the Pope, receiving, at his departure, many presents and the promise of a pension for his son.

In 1632 the aforesaid book was published, accompanied by a dedication to Ferdinand Medici. In this work he explains and proves, with the clearest demonstrations, the movement of the earth. The clergy and Pope Urban VIII who had already adopted the system of Ptolomy, and who fancied they ought to stand or fall with it, could not bear the independent mind of Galileo; and after much hesitation not to offend the Grand Duke, Galileo's protector, the book was finally condemned, and the writer summoned to the Roman court. He arrived in Rome on the sixteenth February, 1633, and Cardinal Barberini, one of his friends and admirers, advised him to remain continually in the house of Niccolini, Tuscany's ambassador, refusing all visits, even those of his dearest friends. When the time came to be examined, he was lodged in the apartment of the treasury of the Inquisition, and if for a while we ponder on the habits of this infamous tribunal, we must confess that he was treated with unusual leniency. His proud spirit, nevertheless, was bent by the threats of dreadful anathemas. On the 20th June, four months after his arrival in Rome, he was again brought to the holy office, and the following day, dressed as a penitent, with only his shirt on, he was accompanied to the convent of Minerva, where the prelates and cardinals were assembled to pronounce his sentence; and after having kneeled, he recanted the principles he had taught, saying in a subdued voice, "*and yet it moves.*" Four days after this recantation he was released from prison and

returned to his villa in Arcetri. Taken ill, he asked permission to go to Florence to consult some renowned doctors, but his petition was refused. A few years after the inquisitor Fariano wrote to him that the Pope would allow him to go to Florence, provided he would never go in the streets, nor receive his friends, and this order was carried out so severely that even in Passion Week he had to ask for a special permission to go to Mass. A few years afterwards he became blind, and in the year 1642, he died at the age of 78 years, in the arms of Viviani his loved pupil.

Galileo was broad shouldered, well proportioned, and of little more than the ordinary height; his complexion was beautiful and ruddy, his eyes lively, and his hair reddish. He was very fond of society, and his gentle and kind manners had made him welcome amongst all those who were acquainted with him. Having died a prisoner of the Inquisition, the Pope contested his right to make a will, and for this same reason he was buried in a dark corner of Santa Croce, although a large amount of money had been collected to raise him a monument.

Here, ladies and gentlemen, before entering into the third part of my lecture, I shall make only two short observations.

The first is that, from what I have already said, you will have observed that these three geniuses of Italy had to suffer from the real enemies of all progress. Unhappily they were not alone, but they had a thousand companions, martyrs to science and progressive ideas.

The second observation is that, although they died



poor, to-day in the Church of Santa Croce, in Florence, anyone can see the splendid monuments erected to their memories. Late justice, you will say; yes, late, but better late than never, and then this observation ought to encourage us to do all we can for the moral and social progress of humanity.

I have now arrived at my third period. The three kingdoms of England, Ireland and Scotland had formed only one government. The iron hand of Richelieu had joined into one France the different kingdoms of Brittany, Picardy, Provence, etc. The French conqueror emulous of Alexander and Cæsar, after having sacrificed thousands of victims, after having disturbed the peace of all the powers for the second time was defeated at Waterloo. The nations which had formed the Holy Alliance had in conference signed the treaty of 1815. Those diplomatists, those gentlemen, without consulting the will of the people had inter-changed millions of subjects. Austria had taken two of the richest Italian Provinces, Lombardy and Venice. The wife of the fallen Cæsar was destined to rule the little duchy of Parma. In this way Italy was divided into nine different principalities. Besides the insignificant but happy republic of *San Marino* there were in Italy eight petty tyrants joined together to oppose the people and to take away from them what they could. A great desire to see their country free, united and powerful began to work amongst the Italians. All the well educated and clever men were of this opinion, but the means of arriving at this union and independence were completely different. The greatest part expected



everything from their own governments. The Italian poets went on exciting the people to hatred of the foreigners, and to unite their force against their oppressors.

Niccolini, Pellico, Berchet, Giusti, Gioberti and Cavour, Mazzini and Garibaldi, although of different opinions, had dedicated their lives to the deliverance of their country. This is the epoch over which I like to linger, because it reminds me of the accomplishment of our hopes. The eight little despots were entirely masters of the situation, when a man with the watchword "God and the people," put himself at the head of a persistent movement. Let the political or religious adversaries of Mazzini say what they like, it is my firm opinion that if we have now a United Italy, the greatest honour is due to Joseph Mazzini. This man at the age of two-and-twenty years was arrested under suspicion of being one of the *Carbonari*, by order of Charles Albert, who himself had been a chief of this society, and after having remained for six months in the fortress of Savona, without trial, was condemned to perpetual exile, being granted as a special grace, the favour of a three hours' interview with his mother before leaving the country. He went to Marseilles, where, perceiving the defects of *Carbonarismo*, namely, that it was not fit to educate and organize for the very simple reason that it had neither unity, nor principles, nor creed, nor faith, nor watchword, he found a new patriotic secret society, called "Young Italy," and in order to propagate and strengthen it, he began the publication of a new weekly paper, the organ of his party, and

bearing the same name. In the columns of this newspaper he showed so great talents and such profound knowledge of the necessities of his country, that irresistibly he attracted to his ideas the best of the youth, who recognized soon in him their chief.

Several revolutionary movements, attempted by the followers of Mazzini, took place, but being unassisted, of course they were always repulsed. Everywhere the leaders were sentenced to death, and imprisonment in fortresses. Those who were put to death ascended the scaffold courageously, and died with the words of "Italia Una" on their lips.

The cause of Italian independence, like the cause of the first Christians, acquired strength. For every new martyr, a hundred courageous proselytes presented themselves. In the year 1848 a great movement took place all over Europe. People asked for reforms. The French throne fell, and instead of it the Republic was proclaimed. Who fought the famous "five days" of the Milanese revolution? Did not the men belonging to the society of Young Italy? Without arms they exposed their lives, they fought, and they expelled from the walls of the city a powerful army. From north to south Italians asked for reforms. The king of Piedmont gave a constitution, and was imitated by the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the king of the Two Sicilies. All joined with the Pope in declaring war against Austria, the common foe. The enthusiasm was general. I was then at college in Pisa, and I cannot forget the joy with which a companion of mine,

who was departing with the battalion of the students, came to bid me good-bye. "Adieu," he said, "if I die, I will meet thee in heaven." Poor Charles! \* Thy foreboding has been fulfilled; thou wast killed by the oppressor's bullet. What is to be hoped for from leaders who do not truly wish for the good of the country? The Pope, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the king of the Two Sicilies were not sincere. What became of their armies? The Romans, although blessed by the infallible, were obliged to capitulate at Vicenza; the Neapolitans were called back by the king to be employed in murdering and massacring their own brethren, and the Tuscans, Lombards and Piedmontese were defeated at Curtatone and Novara. The king Charles Albert and his two sons fought bravely.

The battle ended, the king asked if he could have ten thousand fresh troops to open a passage and retire to Alexandria. Having received a negative answer, he assembled the different generals and spoke thus, "For eighteen years I tried to procure the happiness of my people. I am pained to see all my hopes deluded. To-day it was impossible for me to die on the battle-field as was my ardent wish. Perhaps my presence would be an obstacle in obtaining from the enemy honorable conditions, and moreover I cannot continue the war. I abdicate then my crown in favour of my son Victor Emmanuel." The new king met with Marechal Radetski, who,

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\* Charles Vincenti, a Corsican, my companion in college at Lucca, was killed at the battle of Curtatone.

amongst other conditions, asked for the abolition of the constitution and the alliance with Austria.

To these proposals Victor Emmanuel, filled with wrath, answered, "Marechal, before I sign these conditions I would lose not one but a hundred crowns. Is then your wish for a deadly struggle? Let it be, you shall see of what revolution the little Piedmont will be capable. My family knows very well the road to exile, but not the road of dishonour."

Here to exonerate Charles Albert from the name of traitor, given him by a few, I will cite his last words, spoken to General Santa-Rosa at the moment the ex-king was leaving for Portugal where he intended to sojourn, and where he afterwards died. "I go," he said, "but at the first war that Austria will have she will be sure to find me in the first files of its enemies." How could a traitor pronounce such generous words?

The Italian nation tried to act by herself. The flag of hope, the flag of Dio e Popolo, floated over the bulwarks of brave Venice during the hardship of the few months of her siege. But where the Italians showed of what they were capable of when treated like free men was at Rome, where under the orders of Rosselli, Avezzana and Garibaldi, an army of 14,000 men, spread over a district to defend which would have needed a force of at least 50,000, with ruined fortresses, kept at bay an army of 30,000 French troops. Nevertheless, both Rome and Venice were forced to surrender.

Let the enemies or detractors of Italy narrate what they please, they cannot change these facts, that the

Roman republic was proclaimed on the 9th day of February, 1849, some weeks before Mazzini entered Rome, that it was proclaimed by an assembly of 144 members, all of whom, except one, were Romans, that the total number of the troops under Generals Avezzana, Rosselli and Garibaldi was 14,000 men, all of whom, except 1,400, were subjects of the Pope. This is the pure truth, and ought to be enough to answer the slanders and calumnies of the Ultramontanists and clericals who are writing and saying that foreign vagabonds, guided by Mazzini and Garibaldi founded the Roman republic.\* No, ladies and gentlemen, every attempt made by those Ultramontanists to insult with falsehood and lies the Roman republic, which lasted only a few months, must fall before the strong logic of facts.

The hour of Italian independence had not yet arrived. The French republic from which Rome expected so much was the murderer of the Italian republics, and all the efforts made by the last two ended by a return to the *statu quo*.

Piedmont was the only state which kept its constitution. The new king by opening his kingdom to every proscribed person, and by helping them, acquired their sympathy, and the right of their confidence and gratitude. The constitution was found useful, the people and the king became used to this form of government. The Piedmontese parliament, with Cavour, Siccardi, Rattazzi,

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\* With more reason we could say that of the fanatics every nation formed the foreign mercenaries who were the defenders of the Pope-king.

Brofferio, and so many others, made useful laws, and the new liberals, having faith in Victor Emmanuel, worked with their absent brethren, the followers of Mazzini, for the same end, but by different means.

A formidable power threatened the peace of Europe. France, England and Turkey allied themselves against this colossus. Not from necessity, but only as a political demonstration, these powers asked the co-operation of Piedmont and the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. While Cavour, the minister of the first of these two states, willingly sent 25,000 men, under the orders of General Lamarmora, the king Bomba, the murderer of so many innocents, refused his help under the plea of great affection for his subjects. Oh! ladies and gentlemen, certainly God moved with pity at the Italian sufferings, permitted the refusal of the Neapolitan minister. After the fall of Sebastopol, Piedmont was called to send a plenipotentiary to the congress which was to be convened, for discussing the conditions of the peace. On this mission was sent Cavour, who so well represented the wishes of the Italians, and who so well conciliated the sympathies of the western powers, telling them of the tyranny of Austria and the Two Sicilies, both neutral in the last war.

What would have happened if the king of Naples had sent his troops to the Crimea? Probably he would have had his own ambassador, and then—God knows. The past is past and we have to be grateful to God who granted us a king like Victor Emmanuel, a statesman like Cavour, and generals like La Marmora and Garibaldi.

Little Piedmont, under the ministry of Cavour, gained

the sympathy of the other nations by a government truly constitutional and liberal. Austria, seeing that he marched with progressive ideas, proudly ordered him to disband the volunteers. Cavour was no longer isolated. At Plombières he had made an ally. Austria declared war, but behind little Piedmont she found all the Italian patriots and France, who by land and sea sent a hundred thousand soldiers.

At the news of the declaration of war the Grand Duke of Tuscany was obliged to leave his state. Without any bloodshed a provisional government was constituted, and it was ordered that the troops should march with the French and Piedmontese, forming the 5th army corps, under the orders of Prince Jérôme Napoleon. Piedmont opened an enlistment of volunteers, and they came in such numbers that the formation of another independent corps was deemed necessary, and General Garibaldi was destined to command it. The choice could not have been more fortunate ; all the youth went to join him. He was ably seconded by the Colonels Cosenz, Medici and Bixio. The Emperor Napoleon in his proclamation to the French nation had promised to make Italy free from the Alps to the Adriatic.

Austria was vanquished at Solferino, the road to Venice was free, and when all were hoping to see the programme maintained, when already every heart longed for the pleasure of extending freedom to their brethren of Venice, who had fought so well in 1849,—like a thunder-clap came the news that the two emperors Francis Joseph and Napoleon III, without consulting Victor Emmanuel,



had signed a truce. This news excited the anger of the Italians, anger which became rage when they were informed that Piedmont had acquired Lombardy, but would have to give up Nice, the birth-place of Garibaldi, and Savoy, the cradle of the royal family.

It is true that there was a clause—that the will of the people should be consulted, but alas! the vote was affirmative, and Nice and Savoy were lost for Italy. Mazzini protested, but on this, as well as other occasions, he stood alone; and we will here notice with admiration the practical sense of the Italians who, for the public good, were ready to renounce party spirit. In this same year, 1859, with the Lombardy were also annexed the Granduchy of Tuscany, the Duchies of Parma and Modena, with some papal provinces.

Garibaldi could not remain inactive, and, aided by Cavour, he went to the succour of the Sicilian patriots who had rebelled in the mountains. The Neapolitan army was 200,000 strong, under the protection of the Immaculate Conception, and yet Garibaldi landed with a thousand ex-communicated men. After two battles he entered Palermo, where soldiers came not only from Italy but from every part of the world. The Generals Cosenz, Medici and Bixio were again with him. Having crossed Calabria, Garibaldi, on the 8th of September, entered Naples alone, and was received with joy, while the king retired to Capua. After two months of siege, Capua yielded. The Italian government sent to Naples a governor, the people were consulted, and they voted annexation to the Italian kingdom.



Certainly Italy had made great progress towards her unity, but the possession of Rome, the natural capital, was earnestly desired by Garibaldi, who tried to organize a new expedition. The Italian troops, forced by an order from France accompanied by threats of war in case of disobedience, went against the general. Notwithstanding the desire of Garibaldi not to shed the blood of brethren the troops fired and he himself was wounded. The grief was universal in Italy, but what could the new-born nation do? Avenge him and destroy all that had been done? No, certainly, they had to suffer and be patient.

In the year 1866 the obstinate patriot again endeavoured to go to Rome, put this time instead of the Italian troops he found the Don Quixote of the Pope, the brave general de Failly, who afterwards, in 1870, had not the courage to fight with the Prussians, but who on this occasion tried his *merveilleux chassepots* upon a few badly organized but courageous patriots.

Again Europe was attracted by the sound of the war-like clarions. Two powers, which like vultures, had fallen on little Denmark were to come in conflict. Always watchful for every occasion favourable to her unity, Italy allied with Prussia against her common foe—Austria. Either through ignorance or by the mistake of our chiefs, although the army fought bravely, we lost the battle of

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\* Les chassepots firent merveilles —The chassepots have done wonders—  
*Words of General De Failly's Report.*

In the French language, as well as any other language, the deadly weapons never *do wonders*, inasmuch as death is always a misfortune, and speaks of sadness and not of wonder. General de Failly undertook to be witty, otherwise he would have chosen other word.

Custoza and Lissa. At the end of the war, after the defeat at Sadowa, Italy obtained Venice and the Quadrilatero.

We have seen that the possession of Rome was the aim of the Italians, and how France would not allow Italy to occupy that city, and how Italy, either from fear of war or through gratitude, was obedient to the former. But it was written in the eternal pages of destiny that France indirectly should surrender Rome, in spite of the famous *jamais* (never) of Rouher.

When least expected, discord, for a very trifle, kindled a flame between Prussia and France. By both of these governments Italy was urged to form an alliance, but she preferred to be neutral and to mind her own affairs. The French troops destined for the Pope's protection were recalled from Rome. Alas! what will be the fate of the Infallible left alone in the midst of a wicked excommunicated nation? Ladies and gentlemen, the glorious defenders, the papal *zouaves*, together with the affection and love of his subjects, will be enough to defend him. Yes, if this love and this affection had truly existed, Rome perhaps might have been defended; unhappily for him, and happily for us, this great love for the murderer of Monti and Tognetti existed only in the brain of a few of his flatterers and supporters. The Italian army took possession of the holy city with very little bloodshed, and since this epoch the Pope is a *poor prisoner on straw* in his beautiful Vatican, in the hand of the sacrilegious Italian, as safe and well as he was before. Here, ladies and gentlemen, ends the struggle between independence

and slavery, and finally Italy has proclaimed her rights to sit at the councils of the nations. To-day she has civil and religious freedom, and is no more as Dante said,—

*"Non donna di provincie, ma bordello."*

To-day, Italy is a land of life and energy, and knows well how to progress. I am happy to speak before a people who have usually shown great sympathy for our country. What will be the destiny of this nation? It is in the hands of God; and none can tear off the veil which hides it. We have reason to believe it will be great. The king, Victor Emmanuel, is beloved,\* and a liberal constitution gives the means of diminishing the very large public debt and of improving the education of the people. With economy, Italy will succeed in abolishing many rather heavy taxes. Being peninsular, for her defence she only needs a strong fleet and naval fortresses. An army of 200,000 in the north will be enough to defend her in case of war.

It is not without reason that at the beginning of my lecture I quoted a stanza of the immortal Byron. Certainly when he wrote—

Europe repentant of her parricide,  
Shall yet redeem thee.

He only intended to express a wish; this wish at the same time has proved a prophecy. England, France,

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\* Since the time of my lecture the faithful king, Victor Emmanuel, has gone to receive the recompense due to his virtues. His son Humbert the First is also loved, and successor to the throne, is also the successor of his father's love for Italy.

Prussia have all given their moral or material support to Italian independence. Yes, Italy now is redeemed, the noble wish of Byron has been satisfied. Let me also to-night express from the depth of my heart a wish which I hope will be shared by all present.

May Italy, so long the seat of religious persecutions, which once desolated the earth, under a free government create a new people whose glory shall be the gospel stripped of all superstitions, a people whose liberty shall give birth to equality and tolerance of every form of worship. Let us wish that my countrymen will try especially to educate themselves, so that everyone may vote\* and know how to vote. Then the sons of Italy again raising their heads, and with the tri-color floating over them, march proudly onward in the consciousness of their own and their ancestor's glory, shouting aloud like them

CIVIS ITALICUS SUM.

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\* This wish has also been in part fulfilled. Although not as extensive as I would have it, a new electoral law has given a vote to many more thousand persons. This law I hope will be extended as soon as the people will have improved in education and learning.

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# MANZONI AND RATTAZZI.

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AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY SIGNOR A. A. NOBILE, ON  
THE 18TH OF JULY, 1873.

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

The inexorable scythe of time, at little distance from one another, has cut down two illustrious lives. Two men whose renown will last as long as the world, left the earth and took their flight toward the sublime regions, appointed for those who have made themselves useful to their fatherland.

ALEXANDER MANZONI and URBANO RATTAZZI are no more. The cultivated, learned and great poet, with the lawyer and eloquent orator, have departed, leaving every true Italian sad and doleful for their loss. Having the honour to present myself to you, it has been suggested to me to say a few words about those men of genius,—both dear to our Italy, but in a different way. I accepted the charge, but how do I feel now the burden of this undertaking. Where shall I find in my meagre knowledge

language sufficient to set forth the virtues and merits of our contemporaries? With what courage shall I, new to the platform of the lecturer, dare to narrate to you their actions? I tremble at this responsibility, especially on account of the shortness of the time assigned to me; but it is a sweet comfort to know that you all, ladies and gentlemen, assembled here, will show yourselves indulgent; and giving me credit for my good intentions, will hear what I have to say with that gentleness and kindness which always formed and now forms a part of your character.

ALEXANDER MANZONI was born in Milano. His life offers to the biographer very few romantic incidents. While young he was attracted toward the ideas of Voltaire, but his sympathy for them did not last long, and soon he became an ardent and sincere follower of the Catholic faith. It is the opinion of many that to be liberal entails the consequence of being an anti-catholic—ALEXANDER MANZONI was a proof to the contrary. Who would deny to the illustrious writer the qualification of an Italian liberal citizen? In reading his works, in going over his pages do we not find everywhere clear and manifest hatred of foreign invasion, pain at the chains with which Italy was fettered, and hope to see his country one, great and religious? If religion inspired Manzoni with the hymns of the Passion, Pentecost and Christmas, his lively love of the fatherland inspired him also with the ode to Theodore Koerner and with the chorus of Carmagnola! Who amongst us has not read at some time the Betrothed? How do we not tremble with rage in considering the

arrogance of Rodrigus and the *Innominato*, backed by the *bravi*, in that unhappy epoch of civil dissensions? Who of you does not feel sad and moved at the misfortunes suffered by the two lovers *Lucia* and *Renzo*? Are not the two characters of Father Christopher and Cardinal Borromeo a beautiful lesson and a silent reproach to the Italian clergy? What sensible man would dare to speak evil, or to curse a religion whose ministers were like the above-named, full of zeal, charity, love towards their neighbors, and self-denial? Yes, ladies and gentlemen, it was Manzoni's belief, and it is also mine, that one can be a good citizen, remaining at the same time a good catholic. Manzoni knew how to be one, and when he saw that the Italian priest, forgetting his fatherland, made himself an obstinate supporter of slavery and ridiculous dogmas so far from the true ideal of Catholicism, he forsook the church, and scorning the excommunications of the Vatican, followed his king to Rome. He remained a good catholic at heart and in his actions, but left the iniquitous and false who, with their deeds, made hateful to the people a religion founded on charity, love and forgiveness.

Some will be astonished that Manzoni, even after the famous five days of Milano, could remain in that city without being molested by the tyranny of the victorious oppressors. Gentlemen, Manzoni who by his writings has contributed to the freedom of Italy, was never a conspirator, and kept himself aloof from the militant politic, and neither Giulay nor Radetsky could have dared to molest a man eminently honest and patriotic. Virtue is respect-



ed even by its enemies. What can I say of the works of this great writer? Besides those already mentioned I will cite the *Adelchi*, the *Carmagnola* of which, by-and-by, I shall recite the chorus. Nor shall I forget the ode of the 5th of May, in praise of him who had reached, if not surpassed, the renown of Cæsar and Alexander, I mean the great Napoleon—dead at St. Helena. Was it true glory? Sublime question, which the future will answer, when, as Berchet said,

Sopra il lutto espiato dai lutti,  
Il perdono e l' obbligo correrà.\*

When the progress shall have abolished war, scourge of the world, ruin of the nations, and shall have joined the people in one tie of brotherly friendship. Utopia, somebody will answer, Utopia, let it be, but a sweet and consoling Utopia. In his last words Manzoni summed up the motive of all his life. "Pray," he said, "for the king and his family, so good to us." Manzoni, at the age of eighty years, thou didst die,—it was necessary to pay thy tributes to nature, as a mortal thou couldst not avoid it,—but doubt thou not. Neither "The 5th of May" nor the other sublime works of thy noble mind shall die. They will live eternally to remind thy countrymen of thy revered name.

Inasmuch as the death of MANZONI had been a little misfortune to Italy, on the 7th of June, at a distance only

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\* The poet means to say that a general peace could only be possible after the shedding of much blood should have washed away the crimes produced by so many wars.

of a few days, in Frosinone expired URBANO RATTAZZI. He was born in the year 1808, in Alexandria, consequently he was very nearly 65 years old, and fate, more friendly to Italy, might have delayed a little longer the awful moment. It pleases me, a son of southern Italy, to praise two sons of the northern provinces. From the Dora and the Po, to Etna and Vesuvius, every city of Italy has furnished her illustrious men, some in arms, some in arts, and others in the sciences. No nation could compete with the numerous phalanx born in our beautiful peninsula.

Leaving aside this digression, which will bring me too far, and which would require a longer time, I come back to Urbano Rattazzi. If Manzoni, as I said just now, was not a member of the militant party,—Rattazzi, instead, for 25 long years, was a member of parliament,—one of the first authors of Italian independence,—and many times the ruler of our destiny. He began his career in the year 1848 and 1849. Defeated at Novara, Piedmont opened its doors to the patriots of Italy; and without fear of mistake, we could assert that from that time Piedmont *was* Italy,—because all the *élite* of the citizens, from the Alps to the sea, had made this province, so deserving, and the cradle of Italian independence, their rendezvous.

And here it is worth saying that at that time Rattazzi was second to none; and that all the exiled, who at present are at the head of the Italian nation, found in him a disinterested support and a true patronizing friendship

In the year 1859 Count Cavour called Rattazzi to the ministry,—knowing well that by doing so he was working for the good of the country ; disdaining at the same time the indignation aroused against him by the said nomination. This great diplomatist, whose loss Italy will always remember, had understood that, to succeed in his patriotic aspirations, he needed the help of all shades of Liberals, and Rattazzi was one of those patriots more appreciated by him. He clearly showed this by calling him to his death bed, and by choosing him as his successor.

Although Rattazzi,—monarchist, like Cavour,—did not trust in the revolutionary movements, yet he helped the noble General Garibaldi. In the year 1862 and again in 1867 he was the Premier of the Cabinet. Rattazzi, faithful to the dynasty, esteemed by both Charles Albert and Victor Emmanuel, was the leader of that opposition, which, in a constitutional government, is so necessary to elaborate with care the laws, and which is always at hand to take the reins of power whenever the ministry lose the trust and confidence of the nation.

Rattazzi's vote was always in favour of those laws which were useful to Italy. Amongst those are the laws tending to a more complete separation between Church and State. If Manzoni, in his quality as a good patriot apart from the political active field, limited himself to deplore in his heart and in his writings the blindness of a corrupted and traitor clergy, wishing its conversion and repentance, Rattazzi, in his quality as legislator, did all to strip from that party—the real enemy of Italy,—the

means to do harm. Do I say *traitor*? This word, to some of you, might seem exaggerated and insulting. Let me, then, declare here before all, that this word is not addressed to those honest men who reconciled the gospel's teachings with the love of their country. Honour to those few! This word, hard as it might seem, is only addressed to those priests who, forgetting to be Italians, uphold all the absurdities which the fancy of the Papal Court dictates. They do not fulfil their mission,—they contaminate the true, the beautiful, the good to support a party which they are pleased to call clerical, and which I think, ought not to exist. Traitors! Yes, traitors and fools. Against those the law will never be severe enough. Would to God that France—this sister nation of Italy—would resolutely enter on the same path, and shake off the yoke of the ecclesiastics, who, in the year 1870, caused her ruin, and who, even to-day, are trying to pull down the present republican institutions, preparing for that unhappy nation new misfortunes and new bloodshed.\* The dissension between Italy and France is due to the fanaticism of the French Clergy. The alliance Italo-Prussian, if it exists, and against which I do not dare to speak † is the consequence of the fanaticism of the French-Catholic clergy; and if Spain does not now find peace, it is only on account of the French fanatic legitimists who en-

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\* Till this year, 1884, the Republic has not yet fallen. A few months after the delivery of this lecture, Gambetta obliged MacMahon to *se soumettre* or *se demettre*. Even in Spain Carlism is quiet.

† Because I find it necessary for the moment, but I do not sympathise with it.

courage their Spanish Carlist brethren. The horizon of the once powerful Latin race is full of dark clouds. God grant that a wind of moderate freedom may give it a beautiful serene.

But I have digressed far from my subject, to which I hasten to return. Rattazzi belongs to that great number of Italians who first imagined the union of Italy under one monarchy,—who consecrated all the strength of their talents, all the energy of their lives, to realize this great dream,—and who finally arrived at Rome, raised on the Capitol the Italian flag, have proved to all the world the falseness of the two insults thrown in the face of Italy by the Austrian diplomatist Metternich, and by the French poet Lamartine. "*Italy is a geographical point*," said the former; "*Italy is the land of the dead*," wrote the latter. Thanks to Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, Mazzini, Garibaldi and a thousand others, dead or alive, Italy is,—and her tricolor flag commands the respect of all the world.

Rattazzi was not only a good patriot, but he was also a most powerful orator. How many times have I, who speak to you to-night, seen and heard him without being tired, and with increasing pleasure. His words flow easily from his lips. Thin, not endowed with Brofferio's strong voice, he spoke placidly as though he was chattering; and while the Member for Torino would have deserved the name of "impetuous torrent," Rattazzi would have been compared to a sweet and placid stream. If Brofferio persuaded and excited for the moment,—Rattazzi convinced for ever.

In regard to his character, Rattazzi was modest and mild, he knew how to deserve the love even of his political adversaries, and was the bond of union between the two parties. That Italy has felt the importance of this loss, is clearly shown by the voluntary mourning of both houses,—by the king's letters,—by the presence at the funerals of the crown prince,—and of all the patriotic societies ; and the gratitude of a nation toward those deserving it, is not only a proof of the greatness of the nation, but it is also a spur of emulation to the citizens to faithfully discharge their duties.

And here I pause, still moved by grief, making my last remark. Two men, both so precious to Italy, dead at such a short interval! Perhaps at this thought tears are ready to flow from your eyes. Dry them, man must die,—while their deeds remain. You my countrymen may well be proud to add to the many of those who revere the names of Manzoni and Rattazzi. Speak of them to your sons,—narrate to them their deeds and their virtues,—inspire them to imitate the same ; and educate your children so as to be worthy of their country. This is the most sincere wish of my heart ; and this will be the best tribute to the memory of our great men, who from heaven will smile in looking at a new generation of Italians,—worthy of themselves and of their own country.

