

SOME EUROPEAN REPUBLICANS.

LAMENNAIS — MAZZINI — WORCELL — HERZEN.

I MEAN not here to give more than the briefest account of the lives and principles of the men about whom I have to write. Neither do I here attempt any history of European Republicanism. My object is but to present some personal reminiscences of certain men who suffered for their republican faith, whose names are yet held in esteem and reverence, who were indeed (at least in the belief of many) forerunners and heralds of the future, and whose doctrines and actions have not been without effect in shaping the changes which, during the last thirty years, have taken place in Europe. If I seem to speak too partially of these men, I hope to be generously forgiven. They were my own most dear and honored friends.

LAMENNAIS.

It was, I think, as early as 1834 that I had sight of a little book then but lately published, but beginning to make some noise in the world: the "Words of a Believer" ("Paroles d'un Croyant"), by the Abbé de la Mennais. A little book indeed (it would scarcely occupy a sheet, *i. e.*, sixteen pages, of this CENTURY MAGAZINE), yet of sufficient importance to be condemned by the reigning Pope, Gregory XVI., in his Encyclical of 7th July, 1834, as, however small in size, of huge depravity (*mole quidem exiguum pravitate tamen ingentum*). In truth, the book, the earnest writing of a notably religious man, a Catholic priest who had been esteemed and honored by a former Pope, was of more than ordinary significance; nor needed the added impulse of an anathema to cause it to be widely read, and soon translated into all the principal European languages. It is open before me now, and, looking again through it, with less eagerness of thought than when it first possessed me with its spirit, I find my admiration warranted. Written in biblical language, it reads, both in tone and matter, like the utterance of an old Hebrew prophet: the voice of one crying out against the misdoings and the miseries of mankind. Some very short extracts may indicate its manner and general bearing.

" * * * In the balance of eternal right your will outweigheth the will of kings, for it is the people which makes kings, and kings are made for the peoples, not the peoples for kings.

"The heavenly Father has not formed the limbs of his children to be bruised by fetters, nor their souls to be murdered by servitude.

"He united them in families, and all families are as sisters; he united them in nations, and all nations are sisters: and whosoever separates families from families, or nations from nations, sunders that which God has joined, and does the work of Satan.

" * * * When you see a man led to prison or to punishment, be not hasty in yourselves to say — That is a wicked man, who has committed a crime against his fellows:

"For peradventure he is a man of worth, who desired to serve his fellows, and who for that is punished by their oppressors.

"When you see a people loaded with irons and delivered to the executioner, be not hasty to say — This people is an unruly people that would trouble the peace of the earth:

"For peradventure it is a martyr people, which suffers for the salvation of humanity.

"Eighteen centuries ago, in a city of the East, the pontiffs and the kings of that time nailed upon a cross, after having beaten him with rods, a seditious man, and a blasphemer: so they called him.

"The day of his death there was a great terror in hell, and a great joy in heaven.

"For the blood of the Just had saved the world."

Lamennais was writing when the martyrdom of Poland was yet fresh in the memories and the martyrization of Italy was beginning to stir the minds of liberal men in Europe. I may give one more extract; but no mere extracts can sufficiently show the mighty indignation, the deep pathos, the sublimity and beauty and wisdom of the whole work.

"If there is a people which less values justice and freedom than the laborer his wage, the artisan his scanty bread, the merchant his riches, * * * when the great day of the judgment of the peoples shall come, it will be asked: What hast thou done with thy soul? There is no sign nor trace of it. The joys of the mere brute have been all to thee. Thou hast loved the mire; go, perish in it!

"And the people which in its heart shall have placed worth above material wealth, which to achieve that shall have spared nor labor, nor fatigue, nor sacrifice, shall hear these words: To those who have souls the reward of souls! Because thou hast above all things loved liberty and justice, come, and possess forever justice and liberty."

Such words, so little adapted to please or king or pope, may well account for the anathema issued against them; which, however, had only the effect of adding to their writer's influence. Yet, ten years earlier, Lamennais had been preaching against the revolutionary spirit of the age, honored as

the eloquent defender of the Church, his portrait and a picture of the Virgin the only ornaments in the papal chamber when he visited Pope Leo XII., hoping that at his word the Church might lead the progress of the world.

Félicité Robert de la Mennais was born in 1782 at St. Malo, in Brittany, the birthplace of Abelard. He did not enter the priesthood till 1817: nevertheless, all his earlier hopes and writings had looked toward the Church. In 1824, so highly was he esteemed that it was by his advice Pope Leo XII. appointed Cardinal Lambruschini to be Apostolic Nuncio to France. Eight years after that, so much was his earnestness dreaded that the Russian, Prussian, and Austrian Ambassadors unitedly asked for his condemnation as a disturber of order: he had dared openly to speak for the people against the monarchy, and to appeal to Rome. Gregory XVI. bade him be silent. Discouraged, he for awhile obeyed. But one day, when Rome and the Monarchy believed him done with, he was heard again; and the words of a Believer were echoed throughout Europe. He had tried the Monarchy, both of the divine right and of the citizen branch; he had besought the Church: in vain. Thenceforth he was a Republican. In the ardent words of George Sand, "He initiated for us a crusade more glorious for our century and more memorable in the eyes of future generations, than the crusade provoked by St. Bernard: for not the sepulcher but the heritage of Christ is the conquest to which the Breton priest would lead us. We fight no longer against Islamism, but against the impiety of our social life; we seek the rescue not only of a few Christian slaves, but of the majority of the human race."

So much I may be allowed to quote from and to write concerning Lamennais, that something may be known of the purpose of his life. That unknown, what interest would there be in him? And now to my own small personal recollections. I do not pause even to give a list of the many works, religious, political, and philosophical, which place their writer's name among the foremost names of France.

In February, 1848, on the first news of the Three Days in Paris, some of us London Chartists* convened a public meeting, chiefly of working-men, to congratulate the French on the proclamation of their Republic. No need to say that the meeting (James Watson, the Chartist bookseller, of whom I have before written in *THE CENTURY*, in the chair) was crowded and enthusiastic, the first of many. Dobson Collet, well known afterward as secretary of the society for the ab-

olition of the newspaper taxes, and myself were deputed to present to the Provisional Government the congratulatory resolutions passed at the meeting. We crossed over to France with Mazzini, and for nearly a fortnight I shared his lodgings, and had the opportunity to become acquainted with many of those who shared his faith and hopes. Chief of these was Lamennais, then on the spur of the moment beginning a daily paper (the first number came out on the 27th of February), "*Le Peuple Constituant*," of which I possess probably the only complete series, the paper having been suppressed by Cavaignac in the first days of the June insurrection, on account of Lamennais' defense of the revolted workmen. After I returned home he sent me the paper daily, and it may be that no other copy except mine, mailed to England, escaped on the morning of its suppression. Going to the Rue Jacob, with Mazzini's introduction, I there found, in a poor room, sparsely furnished, and serving for bedroom and editorial office, a small, slight, and frail man, an unmistakable ecclesiastic, with somewhat of a severe expression, or rather with the power of severity, for in spite of the power the predominant look was benevolent. I have not to describe his features. What they were, can be seen in his profile, taken from a bas-relief by David, the great sculptor, who would not condescend to an unworthy subject, who refused to model the head of the Duc de Berri. What had he done to be commemorated? I have said Lamennais' face expressed both severity and benevolence. Something more and different was there also: You saw the truth and earnestness of a simple nature. But he looked feeble and worn, already wearied with his daily work (no slight work the editing of a daily paper to a man sixty-six years old) and anxious, too: for even in those first days Lamartine's peace-proclamation, meant to reassure monarchical Europe, was disappointing the Polish and Italian exiles, to whom Lamennais' heart was warmly true, and disappointing also those republicans who, like Godfrey Cavaignac, the nobler brother of the general, had some belief in the duty of republicans toward even foreigners struggling for a republic. Wearied and anxious as he was, I had a warm welcome from him, not less warm, one may be sure, for the sake of my introducer, nor for that some years before I had translated his "*Modern Slavery*" ("*L'Esclavage Moderne*"), a book less known, I think, than his other writings, but one which should be in the hands of every intelligent working-man and every political economist.

* See "Who Were the Chartists?" by Mr. Linton, in *THE CENTURY* for January, 1882.—EDITOR.

One evening I called to see him, and had to wait his coming in. Meanwhile I talked with an errand boy, on the stairs. Heaven send me such an apologist when I may need to be well spoken of! No son having to insist upon a father's praise could have been more fervent, as one grateful for constant kindness, held also and fascinated by the charm of the old man's nature.

Once again only after that time, in Paris, I saw Lamennais. I had been to find Mazzini, in Lausanne, toward organizing a staff of foreign correspondents for the London "Leader," a paper projected by Thornton Hunt (Leigh Hunt's son) and myself, and which I hoped to make the organ of the European republican party. I came back by Paris to see Herzen, to whom Mazzini had given me a letter. This was in February, 1850. Poor old Lamennais! The disasters of '48, that terrible June conflict which so weakened the Republic, the foreboding of further troubles (one could not pass through France without observing the renewed activity of the priestly party), had aged him more than years. Only my welcome was not feeble. I bear in reverent memory the kiss he gave me when we met and again in parting. I did not expect to see him again.

Under the Empire, like our own Milton after the Restoration, some strange lingering of shame and veneration left him undisturbed. He had had his share of imprisonment from Louis Philippe. He died in February, 1854. His family had been once rich, ennobled out of the ranks of commerce by Louis XVI. for generous aid to the poor in a time of famine. He himself had little of this world's wealth; and of that little he disinherited any of his relatives who had taken part against the insurgents of June. By his own direction he was buried, without ritual, in the pauper's ground. Only the name of Felicité Lamennais, "on a scrap of paper," marked the spot where Béranger bowed down over his old friend's grave.

MAZZINI.

AND NOW I write of him who seems to my judgment to be, like Saul, above all his fellows. I knew him first, not long after his arrival in England in 1837, through his acquaintance with my friend Joseph Toynbee, afterward of some repute as an aurist; but our intimacy dated from 1844, the year of the notorious letter-opening affair which disgraced the government of Lord Aberdeen. I think I first saw him at his Italian school, a school which he had founded and in which he gave regular lessons, being in all respects

its main support, for the gratuitous teaching of the poor Italians, chiefly the wretched organ-grinders of London, for whose benefit also he bestirred himself in other ways.

As I have said, I became intimate with Mazzini on occasion of the government's having ordered the opening (secret opening and fraudulent resealing) of his letters. He was then lodging in Devonshire street, a little street between Queen Square and Holborn. His suspicions were first aroused by a leader in the "Times," in which the writer referred to documents concerning an Italian association in London, and alluded to things not honestly to have been known by him. Then a letter-carrier, prompted partly by an Englishman's dislike of dirty work, partly moved by the strange magnetism which touched every one with whom Mazzini had any personal relations, gave him a further clew. If I recollect rightly, Lovett, the Chartist leader, had his letters (to or from Mazzini) opened also, as were mine. This made it our business; and, Lovett for some reason being unable to attend to it, it devolved upon me to help in bringing the matter before the House of Commons, through the agency of Thomas Duncombe, the radical member for Finsbury. Duncombe at first was very doubtful of our statements; but our proofs were clear and numerous. I used to post letters with a hair or small slip of paper under the seal (letters in those days, before envelopes came into general use, were sealed with wax). The method of opening enabled the operator to reseal, as if the seal had not been tampered with; but, not aware of the hair or slip of paper, these were invariably broken, by which, with the delay in delivery, we were always informed of the practical breach of confidence. It was this treason which drew forth Carlyle's manly letter in defense of Mazzini, when the editor of the "Times" sneered at Mazzini as "entirely unknown and entirely indifferent" to him, though "were he the most contemptible of mankind" it would not justify his treatment. Carlyle hotly wrote, and the "Times" dared not refuse to print:

* * "It may tend to throw further light on this matter if I now certify you, which I, in some sort, feel called upon to do, that M. Mazzini is not unknown to various competent persons in this country; and that he is very far indeed from being contemptible — none farther, or very few, of living men. I have had the honor to know M. Mazzini for a series of years; and whatever I may think of his practical insight and skill in worldly affairs, I can with great freedom testify to all men that he, if I have ever seen one such, is a man of genius and virtue, a man of sterling veracity, humanity, and nobleness of mind, one of those rare men, numerable, unfortunately, but as units in this world, who are worthy to be called martyr souls;



LAMENNAIS.

who, in silence, piously in their daily life, understand and practice what is meant by that. Of Italian democracies and Young Italy's sorrows, of extraneous Austrian emperors in Milan, or poor old chimerical Popes in Bologna, I know nothing and desire to know nothing; but this other thing I do know, and can here declare publicly to be a fact, which fact all of us that have occasion to comment on M. Mazzini and his affairs may do well to take along with us, as a thing leading toward new clearness, and not toward new additional darkness, regarding him and them."

From this time grew my intimacy with Mazzini. My family were living at Woodford, about eight miles from London, on the skirts of Hainault (oftener called Epping) Forest, I carrying on my business in the city. Mazzini would sometimes spend the Sunday with me, and it was under the trees, in our rambles about the forest, that I heard from his lips the story of the noble brothers Bandiera, decoyed and done to death by Austria through the letters copied by Lord Aberdeen. Aberdeen and Sir James Graham were the culprits—Foreign and Home Secretaries in an English quasi-Liberal government. Graham opened the letters and bore the greater share of odium; but it was Aberdeen who was the informer of Austria.

In 1847, at Mazzini's instigation, and looking to him for information, a society was formed in London, called "The People's International League," with the object of making the English public better acquainted with foreign affairs, partly for the sake of Italy and Poland, but also looking to other national questions likely to arise in Europe. How small the amount of information supplied by the newspapers of that day may be understood when I state that, engaged for a brief period on the "Spectator," then the best-con-

ducted of all our weekly papers, I found that all its foreign intelligence not borrowed from the two or three dailies was obtained from a single paper, the "Journal des Débats." The International League counted our foremost Radicals on its council or among its subscribers: W. J. Fox, the eloquent preacher, Colonel Peyronnet Thompson, and Peter A. Taylor (they, with Charles Villiers, the real beginners of the Anti-Corn Law movement), P. A. Taylor, Junior (the present member of Parliament), W. Bridges Adams (well known as an engineer), Douglas Jerrold, Thomas Duncombe, of post-office aid, and others. I had the honor of being honorary secretary, of writing, principally from Mazzini's dictation, our first address, and of lecturing for the League on the unity of Italy, and in defense of Ochsenbein and the Swiss Government when the Catholic "Sonderbund" strove to break up the Confederation. I think I was the first Englishman publicly to advocate the unity of Italy, then deemed by most of our politicians only an enthusiast's dream. But I name the League not so much for itself as to show the boundless activity of Mazzini, and on account of the opportunity it gave me for more frequent association with him. He always attended our council meetings, and always with him were present two Polish friends; of one I shall speak farther on; the other was Colonel Stolzman (whose letters also had been opened), an old soldier of Napoleon's, who had fought bravely during the Polish war, and who had been with Mazzini in Switzerland. The meetings were held in my house, and these three, when the meetings were over, generally remained for a glass of rum and water, that drink almost unknown on the Continent, and for an hour or more of conversation. The League did good work till 1848, when Mazzini's return to Italy, our Polish friends away also, threw us on our own resources. Some of our members, drawn in more out of personal adherence to Mazzini than from principle, his personal influence with them standing in the place of that, backed out; others were tired or lukewarm. The rapid course of events, too, in 1848 and 1849 seemed to many to render our work unnecessary. Enough that the endeavor was at an end. I have already spoken of the "Spectator." The little interest then (before Garibaldi's popularity) taken in foreign affairs may be seen in Carlyle's carelessness about "Young Italy's Sorrows," although at that time Mazzini was his frequent and welcomed visitor. Here I may note that Mazzini's review of Carlyle's "French Revolution," in the "Monthly Chronicle," contains the most thor-

ough and sufficient criticism of that notable book, a full recognition of the author's power, but pointing out his mistakes, both as philosopher and as historian. Not a history, but exaggerative pictures of the Revolution, is Mazzini's summing-up. He at this period was a valued contributor to the best English and French reviews, often depending on his pen for his living. His French was as excellent as his Italian. English, though he spoke and wrote it well, better than some of his translators, he seldom used, except in his intercourse with English people.

My next special recollection of him is at Lausanne, whither he had come after the defeat of Rome, escaping at Marseilles the search of the French police. When they came to look for him on the vessel which brought him from Italy, they passed without notice a man in his shirt sleeves, coolly washing bottles in the cook's cabin; and so missed the triumvir, who had refused to be hidden like a stow-away. How well I call to mind the snowy February morning when, before daylight, after two days and nights of travel from the north of England, I got down from the Geneva diligence in Lausanne. I knew only that Mazzini was there, editing his "Italy of the People"; but where to find him I had no idea, I dared not make open inquiry, and I had not a single acquaintance or introduction. When daylight came I left my hotel and wandered through the streets, looking for some possible Italian exile. Italians and French I knew must be there; among the latter Félix Pyat, concerned in the protest against the French interference with Rome. At last, I stopped a passer-by, who I thought must be an Italian. I was right. We got into some sort of conversation in bad French (I could not speak Italian), and after general talk he trusted me enough to indicate where I "might hear" of my friend. I went. A letter could be forwarded, but "he was not in the city." I wrote two lines and went back to my hotel. I had not long to wait before his note of welcome reached me. He and his always true comrade and friend, Aurelio Saffi, his fellow-triumvir, were living together. The outer and larger room was Saffi's, a small inner chamber was enough for Mazzini. For a week I spent my days with them. Perhaps, on the white wall over the chimney-piece, there may yet remain some sketches of flowers I made, to the great pleasure of Saffi, at finding they were common to both Italy and England. It was while I was there that an attempt was made, for the Piedmontese Government, to get hold of Mazzini,—frustrated by the fidelity of the Italians who were to be bribed to betray him. Treachery

had always shrunk before the daring of his faith. His trust in men made them honest. Once in London a man came to assassinate him. Mazzini, forewarned, received him. To the lying account the man gave of himself, he replied by quietly telling him whence he came, for what, and who and what he was. The man gave up his purpose. The net-work of politics was in Mazzini's hands. I think he knew of everything that passed or was prepared or projected in Europe. For himself he was as fearless as he was devoted; he never spared himself. Yet I have seen this man—dreaded by every monarchy, for that he was not only the Italian patriot, but also the apostle of Republicanism, the recognized leader of the European democracy,—I have seen him, when we have been going home from his Italian school, carry tenderly in his arms a little tired child, the child of one of his poor Italians. Feared and maligned by the Austrian enemies of his country, he was revered and loved, not only throughout Italy, but by all of the republican party elsewhere. Nor was he without honor and kindly regard from the more generous of his opponents, even from Victor Emmanuel himself, despite all policies of royal and constitutional Piedmont, or, as I would rather say, of the house of Savoy. Severe, self-contained, and inflexible, his heart was yet as gentle as a woman's. Not his the hardness of the fanatic, however absolute his faith. He was the Prometheus whose suffering abated not. Not only his intellect, his heart was in his work. When he came away from Rome, in 1849, after that heroic defense against the French, his hair was white with anxiety and grief. He was no less determined for the future. Once only I have seen him overcome by his emotions,—the tears standing in his eyes. Coming to me (I was then frequently seeing him), I noticed that something unusual was disturbing him. On inquiry, he told me that he had been visiting his friend Colonel Stolzmann; he had found him starving, starving in silence rather than be a burden to his friends, knowing how scanty were their means. So desperate at times was the lot of patriotic exile.

May I not here say something of Mazzini's political views? The world scarcely knows him except as the man whose thought directed the sword of Garibaldi, who, alternately thwarted and helped by the Piedmontese Cavour, did raise his Italy to nationhood. But he was more than this: he was the acknowledged head of European Republicanism; and, authorized and deputed by him to be the exponent of his principles in this country, it is a duty to lose no occasion for

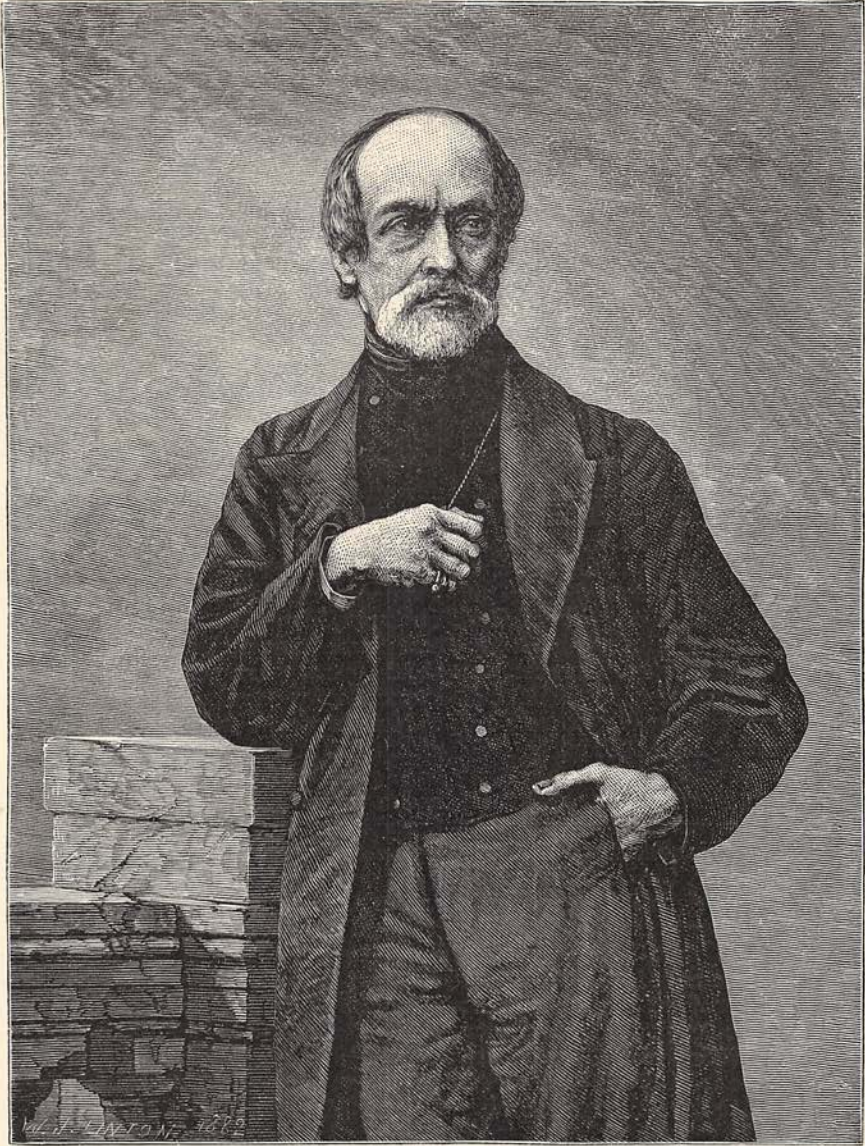
saying what those principles were. Some interest, too, my readers may take in learning what I have meant by European Republicanism. I give no history of it but very briefly, neither to weary nor to obtrude. I would state what distinguishes the school of which he was the founder. So early as 1835, in his "Foi et Avenir," he broke away from the traditions of the first French Revolution, denied the necessity of looking always to France for the Revolutionary initiative; and boldly and distinctly declared the insufficiency of the theory of *rights*. Not right, but duty, he asserted to be the basis of human action; not the desire of happiness (even of "the greatest number"), but sacrifice the beginning of all real progress. So he took his stand at once as not merely the political but as a religious reformer. In the universality of duty he found the need of freedom for every people, toward growth into nationhood: that nationhood no longer mapped out to suit the convenience of a few royal families, but constituted according to natural fitness and attraction, for the sake of closer fellowship and greater power in the world's work. This may sufficiently indicate the starting-point, both religious and philosophical, of all his thought and action. His political beliefs were, to use his own words, but the consequences more or less direct, more or less apparent, of this supreme faith. With him the individual right was to be free *and fitted* for the public duty. Like Milton, he held that "the commonwealth ought to be but as one mighty growth and stature of an honest man, as big and compact in virtue as in body." Like Lamennais also, above all things religious, he insisted on the brotherhood of nations, on the duty of nations toward humanity. Whosoever separates families from families, and nations from nations, divides what God would have united.

I repeat, it is not only as the Italian that Mazzini is to be considered. Ardent lover of his country, his patriotism looked beyond the Alps; and, ever true to his world-wide creed, he may be forgiven for the hope that, in free Rome, he might one day proclaim a new religion to the world, not prefacing it with denial of the past. To him the past also was sacred, except where lost in the present, and so betraying the future. He, too, like Lamennais, when a reforming Pope seemed possible, appealed to established power to lead on the way of progress. For he was a builder, not only a revolutionist. Family, country, the holiness of work, the right of property as the fruit of work, the mutual duty of society and the individual,—these words are as the signposts of his belief and unintermitted teaching

to Italy, and, as he hoped, through Italy to the world. "We believe," he wrote, in 1850, in the manifesto of the Central European Committee, a manifesto with the names also subscribed of Arnold Ruge, Ledru Rollin, and Albert Darasz (for the Polish Democratic Centralization),—"we believe in a social state having God and his law at the summit, the people, the universality of free citizens at its base, progress for rule, association as means, devotion for baptism, genius and virtue for lights upon the way. And that which we believe to be true for a single people, we believe to be true for all."

I am careful only to show the grounds and motive principles of Mazzini's thought and action. It is not here that I may develop his views upon particular political or social questions. I am not writing his history. Enough that, knowing intimately of his course, I find no swerving for the sake of temporary success, no stooping to buy success by the petty expediences of politicians.

And how the man was loved by all who came within his circle of fascination! I know of only one man to speak ill of him. I am sorry to say that man was an Italian, a refugee; but he was of the type of Bozza, the mosaic-worker in George Sand's "Maitres Mosaistes," ambitious, envious, grudging that any one should overtop himself. For the rest, he was surrounded by attached friends. Gentle with children, reverent and courteous toward women, manly and courteous he was with men. His hand-grasp was that of a brother, his smile had a woman's charm, and the clear, steady fire of his eyes spoke at once of energy and truth. Accompanying some Polish friends, I spent once a morning with Kossuth. Affable, agreeable, interesting, I was much pleased with him; but, with no intention of criticising him, I could not help observing a certain deadness of eye, not noticeable when he spoke in public. I thought then, perhaps unfairly, judging how the one man needed excitement to stir his spirit, how the soul of the other was as an inner lamp, shining through him always. The strength of Mazzini's personal influence lay here. You could not doubt his glance. I think the same force was in his written words, though Harriet Martineau told me she could not understand them. I could understand why. She got at them only in translations by writers who had not understood what they translated. Also, she was not over-ready to receive new impressions. In English estimation he has suffered much through his translators. His Italians understood him, and the magic of his voice was potent to reach Garibaldi in Monte-Video and Foresti (Silvio Pellico's prison-mate at



Giuseppe Mazzini

Spielberg) in New York. "Who is this Mazzini?" was Foresti's first question when he came out of his prison of so many years. Never man more than Mazzini deserved the characterization—He believes all he says.

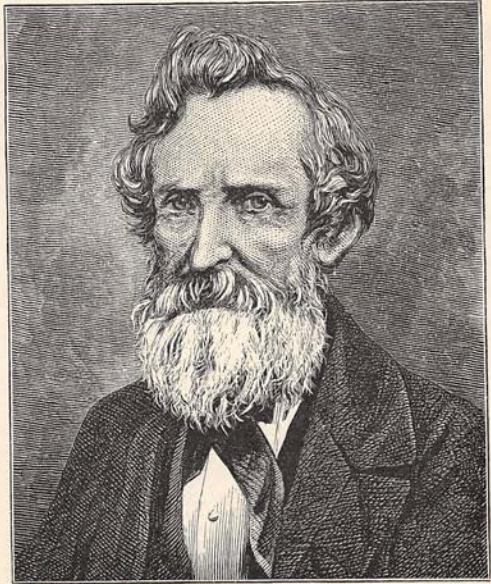
I turn not away from him when I come to speak of his closest friend and comrade, Stanislas Worcell, my own friend too.

WORCELL.

WORCELL was a native of Volhynia, in some way connected with the royal Czartoryski family, a man of refined and poetic nature, possessor of large estates, and living the easy luxurious life of a wealthy nobleman. When Poland, in 1830, rose against the Czar, he armed a troop of his own peasantry and, placing himself at the head of the insurgents of his district, fought his way through the Russian forces till he reached Warsaw. There, elected a member of the Polish Diet, he sat as representative of Volhynia. After the taking of Warsaw by the Russians, and the overthrow of the Polish cause, escaping through Germany and Switzerland to France, he joined the exiles there, forming the Polish "Union," under the presidency of the historian Lelewel. He was of sufficient importance for the government of Louis Philippe to expel him, on the requisition of the Russian ambassador. For a time he took refuge in Belgium; thence passing to England, where I was introduced to him by Mazzini in 1844, the letter-opening year. Again in France for some while before the revolution of '48, he was in '49, with his friend Darasz, again expelled, under pretext that they were concerned in the manifestation of Ledru Rollin, Considerant, and others, against the French invasion of Rome. As republicans, of course, they were *concerned*. He returned to England, remaining there till his death, in 1857. I knew him intimately.

Contemporary history misses the name of Worcell. When some later Lelewel shall write the story of the Emigration, when Poland shall be again a nation, his name will be beside that of Kosciusko. Now, to him might be applied the words of Landor concerning the old Greek philosopher: "He neither lived nor died with the multitude; there are, however, some Clazomenians who know that Anaxagoras was of Clazomenia." Some republicans can yet remember that Worcell was of our best. We had called him our best, had there been no Mazzini.

Those two men were as brothers; Mazzini treating Worcell with the affection and respect due to an elder. It seemed almost as if the love in his heart for Jacobo Ruffini



WORCELL.

(the youthful friend and fellow-prisoner who killed himself when told by his Piedmontese jailers that Mazzini had betrayed him, they so seeking to persuade him to confess) had been transferred to the beloved Pole. Beloved and revered by all, he was the Nestor of the republican camp.

I knew not how old he was. He never spoke of himself, nor of his family. He had left behind him in Poland a wife, a young son, and a brother, who probably looked on him as a patriotic fool; it may be as a monster of iniquity, a rebel. Of them, not from them, I think he sometimes heard; and now and then through half-friendly hands came some small scraps of what had once been his, to keep him from occasional want of bread, or to enable his most unselfish generosity to help some other suffering exile.

Brought up in luxury, highly educated, accomplished (not excepting Mazzini, I have never met a man who, so far as I could judge, was possessed of wider or profounder knowledge); his tastes literary and artistic; gentle, courtly, almost fastidious, yet dignified; a patrician in all but the patrician's haughty exclusiveness, this man gave up all, and he "had great possessions," to follow the shadow of patriotism; left all,—wife, child, fortune, ease, the student's calm, the pleasant ways of peace, for which none was ever better qualified, forsaking all personal joys and interests at the stern command of duty. Such men are the saviors of the world. Surely such devotion (not so singular among Poles) prophesies of the Poland yet to be.

And never in his extremest destitution, never under any agony of suffering, was word of complaint or of regret wrung from that most saintly and most devoted heart. Never accent of lament for himself profaned the lips of that most serene of martyrs, though he knew the depths of poverty: poverty of the affections, —two photographs, one of his child brought up as a Russian, this all, instead of home; material poverty, for of the little that came not regularly there were always sharers. So poor was he, yet uncomplaining, with the pride of a gentleman, the one sole vestige of his early days, that a friend who wanted to be of help had to take a lodging in the same house with him, in order that, under pretense of consulting him on certain matters, he might do little services not possible otherwise; yet, poor as that, when almost in his last days, remittances from abroad failing, he had to ask a loan, and the lender made it a condition that the money should be strictly applied to his own use, he indignantly refused to be so precluded from help to any whose need might be greater than his own. It was Sidney on the field of Zutphen over again. For the honor of the friend who so mistook him, let it be said that he promptly withdrew the condition, and was but the more delicate and unremitting in his after kindness.

Suffering continually from asthma, aggravated by his having to live, and living so poorly, in London, I do not recall a day through the latter years in which he was at ease save once when he visited me at Coniston. There, climbing with difficulty the fells behind my house, to get a better view of the lake and mountains, as he reached a height and rested, the pure mountain air revived him, and for the moment made him a new man. But weak, out of health, or in pain, he was ever ready, at any inconvenience, at any suffering or risk, to meet the constant calls upon him for advice or for exertion. Poor old man! I can see him now, scarcely able to walk and not fit to leave his bed, quitting his comfortless hotel in Liverpool, leaning upon my arm as he went to busy himself for the safe landing and bestowal of some two hundred and more Poles, escaped from their imprisonment with Kossuth at Kutayah: two hundred and seventy gaunt men (all but nine of them Poles), worn, ragged soldiers of the Hungarian war for Hungarian freedom, for whom the English Government had no provision; in whom the Gladstones and Martineaus of wealthy Liverpool took no sort of interest. Their poor countryman stood almost alone in his feebleness to welcome them. The Government of that day, called Liberal, a Russell prime minister, took from the strangers

(as they had no money wherewith to pay the ordinary customs dues) a tenth of the biscuits remaining to them after a quick voyage. I saw the biscuits weighed upon the wharf by the unwilling custom-house officers, with a Polish cordon around the scales to keep off a hungry crowd—the thieves and the poor of Liverpool. One generous rich man in Liverpool, Peter Stewart, a cooper, found shelter for these unfortunates in an empty soap manufactory, gave money, too, for the immediate need; and a committee of working-men, followed by other such committees in different parts of the country, took charge of them till they could be placed in positions to support themselves. But Worcell was head and heart of this, as of all other matters of the Polish exile. To him, as chief of the democratic party, everything was referred. The whole body of refugees looked to him as to a father.

I might write on, not knowing when to pause, of this man whom in truth I loved as a father, of whose regard for me I am as proud as I was sure. Perhaps I speak fondly and too partially. Herzen, who also knew him, may take my place and speak for me; it will be only a change of words. It is from Herzen's Russian paper, "The Polar Star," that I now quote:

"On the 3d of February (1857), in a little street in London, in a poor chamber on the ground floor, there, hardly remarked, ceased a holy existence. Poland counts one martyr more. She will not refuse to lend his martyrology to us Russians. We need it for the teaching of our children.

"Worcell was a saint. I use this word with intention; it best expresses his character. The whole existence of this man was an act of unbounded devotedness, of complete self-abnegation, of incessant travail. All that most strikes us in the legends of the saints we find in him, trait for trait, with more of love, with a wider human element. * * * Twenty-six years he labored in exile for the organization of the democratic and republican party in the Polish emigration. Whelmed in misfortunes, privations, maladies, he was day and night at his work, with that calm serenity, that resigned gentleness, that candid simplicity, which a faith not to be shaken gives to a great heart.

"No one ever heard a single plaint from his mouth. Of that I am sure. He was sometimes sadder; that was all. I would know if any one of the friends intimate with him was ever witness to one of those moments of bitterness and indignation when wrath, overcoming faith, drags from us those cold and biting words of doubt and despair, with which man would revenge himself for the agonies he has felt. Never have I heard such words from Worcell's lips; and I was closely linked to him,—there was a time when I saw him every day.

"His was one of those whole natures,—I would say more,—one of those fanatical natures which, dominated by one thought, having one grand and only end in view, reach the calm of a perfect resolution, an imperturbable tranquillity, and through that to a great gentleness as well as to an inflexible will. Such have been the martyrs of science, the heroes of religion. For such men there is no stop, no fatigue, no return. The principal thing has been absolutely decided for



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them in the forum of their own souls. The rest—the mere happening—does not occupy their thought. They have only to continue, to march on, *ora e sempre*, holding on their way: misfortunes, poverty, abandonment, the sobs of the feeble, the cries of those who would hang back, the groans of the fallen, prison, chains, the gallows,—shall they halt on their way for that? Not they! They keep the same step, calm, austere, unbroken. That was the step of Worcell. It is the step of one of his friends, whom he passionately loved—Joseph Mazzini.

“Faithful soldier of Poland, he was always at his post, even to the hour when his hand, already stiffening in death, traced the touching words repeated by Ledru Rollin at his grave.*

“Those words remind me of another time. Nine years ago, some days after the Revolution of February, Lamartine (like those husbands in some savage countries, who lie in state when their wives are brought to bed) was receiving congratulations on occasion of the birth of the Republic. Among the deputations one group held themselves apart, a group in which were men with white hair and grizzled mustaches. On their manly faces, furrowed by misfortune, one saw the severe intrepidity of the old soldier and the sadness of the exile. Their spokesman—it was Worcell—said to Lamartine, or rather to the French Republic: ‘To every appeal of the peoples, in the years of struggle and distress, Poland has been first to answer *Here!* for she saw in every attempt for liberty a help for Poland. She is here now.’ There was in these words something most sadly solemn, as if it were the involuntary reproach of a generous people which had been sacrificed.

“Toward the end of 1852, coming from Italy, I met Worcell in London. [Herzen came to organize a Russian propagandism, and spoke of it to Worcell, whose help was prompt. The printing-office of the Polish Centralization was placed at his disposal; and not only that, whatever means the Centralization commanded to send papers through Poland were at his service also. How his publications penetrated into and spread through Russia is well known.] Poor dear friend! I see him now, with that face so full of suffering, that intelligent look, those white hairs, that voice feeble from sickness, holding in his hands the

first sheet printed in Russian in London; and I hear him saying, ‘My God! my God! a free Russian press! Ah! how much of the sad happenings of these last days is effaced by this bit of paper.’ Afterward, taking both my hands in his, he repeated, ‘Yes! we ought to march together: we have the same enemy: we ought to be united.’

“Worcell was of a nature eminently religious. That certain mysticism which we meet with almost always in the Polish poets had strong roots in his soul, without, however, having the power to trouble the great lucidity of his mind. His genius was logical, wide-sighted, but at the same time delicately subtle. Highly endowed with the faculty of abstract reasoning, he naturally became a profound mathematician. His active and ardent mind stopped not, however, at astronomy and geometry, but studied in turn all the natural sciences. His erudition was prodigious. He occupied himself with everything, was interested in everything, and forgot nothing. Speaking, well and elegantly, French, English, and German, he was thoroughly acquainted with modern literature. I often addressed myself to him as to a living cyclopædia; and the answer was always ready. Conscientious in everything, if he thought afterward that he had been wrong, he would next day write in correction. This mass of varied knowledge, with a reflection of mysticism thrown upon it, gave a peculiar originality to his conversation and to his way of looking at things.

“And all this—science and mysticism, history and mathematics—was only on the lower plane of his life. Above all was his religion, the thought of his whole existence, his faith in Poland. The rest was only recreation, relaxation. His powers, his dreams, his being, his whole soul, were there. His last words were an appeal to Mazzini standing beside him, that he would under no circumstances be unmindful of Poland. Mazzini wrote and showed him a few words. The old man could not speak, but his whole appearance was transfigured. His eyes brightened with a superhuman brilliance. He thanked him with a look in which content and ecstasy were as strong as death. I thought of St. Jerome receiving the last sacraments (Domenichino’s picture in the Vatican). The same faith passing beyond the tomb, the same sacrifice, the same tranquillity at last.”

HERZEN.

I CLAIM Herzen for our republican party, although, as Russian, his tendencies were naturally toward communism, and though he cherished some sort of belief that through Russia, rather than through effete Western Europe, the change from monarchical rule must come. Certainly, Russia is not to be judged by Western precedents; nor does it seem necessary, notwithstanding Palmerston, that it should follow the Western course from absolute to constitutional monarchy, from patriarchal rule to *laissez-faire*, before it can reach the republic. But I claim him, in spite of some heretical opinions, in virtue of his close fellowship and ever active assistance in our republican propagandism and action. His early life is well told by himself, in “My Exile.” I need not repeat it here. He was the one man among the exiles who might be fairly called rich. Of noble family, like Worcell, when he had permission to travel, he,

* When he could no longer speak, he made signs for a pen, and wrote—“*Soldat fidèle, j’ai achevé ma faction,—qu’un autre me relève!*” (My watch is over, let another take my place!)



THE FIRST RUSSIAN MARTYRS FOR REPUBLICANISM.

not intending to return, sold his estates; and the Czar, who would have confiscated them on account of his rebellious absence, found that they were mortgaged to one Rothschild, whom even a Czar might hesitate to offend. Herzen had secured an annuity. A voluntary exile, he had also been able to take his family with him. His wife, for the sake of whose health he had been allowed to go out of Russia, died soon after. He was alone when I first met him in Paris, in 1850, as I was returning from Lausanne. Probably he had remained there, but that the work for which he was preparing (he was already known by his book "On the Development of Revolutionary Ideas in Russia," written in French, and first published in France) was not to be carried on under the empire. He had, therefore, to come to England, whence he issued his "Kolokol, the Alarm Bell," which penetrated to the very chamber of the Czar and stirred the soul of Russia, unmoved for a quarter of a century.

Not first to move it, though first to move it with success, he took up the tradition of an earlier time, of Pestel and his companions, whose abortive attempt, on the accession of Nicholas, in 1825, may be chronicled as the first endeavor toward Russian freedom. Of them so little is known, that I may be allowed to say some few words.

Alexander's victorious army did not return from Paris after the fall of Napoleon with only laurel wreaths; they took some leaves of Western books, some thoughts of Western minds, and scarcely crossed the Slavonic frontier before secret societies began to stir the old-time stagnancy. Two brothers, Alexander and Nikita Mouravieff, officers in the army, organized, first in Lithuania and afterward in Petersburg, a political association. In Petersburg they were joined by Pestel, a colonel in the line and son of the governor

of Siberia. The conspiracy spread rapidly, enrolling soldiers and officers, men of the noblest families, such as Prince Troubetskoi, and young students and literary men, like Ryleiff and Bestujier. Pestel became the leader, a man of far-seeing thought and of great organizing capacity. The establishment of a republic and the emancipation of the serfs were his avowed objects. For nine years this revolutionary propagandism continued, spreading throughout Russia, unbetrayed. On the death of Alexander, the conspiracy culminated; but the more aristocratic leaders hung back, and their indecision lost the cause. I need not recount the well-known story of the massacre on Isaac's Plain, which inaugurated the accession of Nicholas, when whole regiments were mowed down by grape-shot. Pestel, Ryleiff, Sergius Mouravieff (not one of the Mouravieffs before named), Bestujier, and Kachofski, less fortunate, expiated their patriotism on the gallows. They were not forgotten. On the 25th of January, 1831, when the Polish Diet asserted their independence, the martyrdom of the Russian republicans was commemorated by a solemn procession. Five coffins, bearing their names, passed through the streets of Warsaw, under flags inscribed in Russian and Polish with the words, "For our liberty and yours."

In 1853, on the 29th of November (the always remembered anniversary of the outbreak of the Polish insurrection), I had the honor of taking part in a meeting (Worcell in the chair) in London, called by the Poles to urge the necessity of war with Russia,—a more earnest war, of course, than that carried on by Lord Aberdeen under Napoleon in the Crimea, a war of which the first campaign should have been through Poland. Herzen stood beside his Polish friend. Colonel Pianciani, Mazzini's trusty henchman, was there to speak for Mazzini (too ill to be present),

Arnold Ruge spoke for the Germans, Dr. Ronay for the Hungarians, Ledru Rollin for the French. No mere narrowness of an isolated patriotism could keep Herzen away from what he deemed the higher cause of justice to all nations. In private life he was the same. His home, where he was happy with his children (a boy and two girls), a pleasant country mansion on the side of the Thames, at Teddington, not far from the residence of the exiled Orleans family, where he lived simply, not meanly, was the resort of men of all countries. I was there on the day the news came of the death of the Czar Nicholas, in 1855. His rooms were crowded with exiles—Russians, Poles, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians. It was a modern Babel, a festival of polyglot congratulations, a confusion of men wild with a fierce delight, as in the saturnalia of old. Herzen, the impulsive Slavonian, was drunk with joy. Strolling through his grounds which reached the river, at one point but slightly fenced off from the public road, he flung money among a crowd of boys attracted by our uproar, merely to hear them shout, "Nicholas is dead." It was the passionate frenzy of the newly emancipated serf, child-like, not malevolent; he seemed to have need of uttering the jubilant feeling of his whole race.

Two years later, when we were fellow-mourners with Ledru Rollin and Mazzini at the burial of Worcell, when the coffin was to be carried from the chapel of Highgate Cemetery to the grave, Herzen, the tears coursing down his cheeks, stepped forward and placed himself beneath as one of the bearers. It was not only the impulsive action of a man who loved his friend; it meant also homage to the noble Pole, an acknowledgment of the debt of the Muscovite to Poland. "Poland amnesies us," he had said, beginning his speech at one meeting three years before.

Yet this man, the rich-blooded barbarian—impulsive, child-like, carried away by enthusiasm where his feelings were concerned—was wise and diplomatic, a profound and subtle thinker, choice of speech as well as ready, clear and concise as well as impressive, with remarkable power of apt illustration, witty, too, and a "lord of irony." Ever with some lightning-like flash withering the flowers of poetry in others, he was, though no versewriter himself, a poet not only at heart, but in expression. His personal appearance is well described by Castelar: "Short of stature" (latterly inclined to corpulency), "with a large head, long fair hair, like a Goth's" (fair

in the eyes of a Spaniard—chestnut rather than fair), "clear complexion, light beard" (chestnut, too), "and small, luminous eyes, like those of the Huns, which so terrified the degenerate Romans." With these traits of the Northern races, adds Castelar, "he had, in the vividness of his speech, in the fire which animated it, in the strong emotion by which he was agitated, in the sudden transitions from the sublime to the grotesque, in his marvelous variety and inimitable grace, all the warmth and verve of the South."

The *ordonnance* for the emancipation of the serf, so long advocated by him, was Herzen's triumph. Dying at Paris in 1870, he had found his reward. One other of his dreams may also yet be realized. He pleased himself with visions for Siberia. In 1855 he wrote:

"Siberia has a great future; though now only looked upon as a reservoir containing money, furs, and other natural products, but cold, snow-covered, poor in provisions and means of communication, and thinly peopled. All that, however, is not correct. The Russian Government, which kills everything, which produces nothing but by the stick, does not understand how to give that impulse of life which would bring Siberia forward with American rapidity. We shall see what astonishing results will come when one day the mouth of the Amoor is opened for navigation, and America meets Siberia on the confines of China."

Professor Pumpelly's "Across Two Continents" confirms the views of Herzen.

Herzen has been accused of many things: of being a spy—the man who gave so many proofs of personal love and public devotion;—of being infected with Western and anti-Russian ideas, because he believed that empire is not nationality; of Slavophilism, while he was rebuking the Slavophiles for caring only to change the collar of German slavery (under the Romanoffs) for a Slavo-Byzantine collar, and while he ever consistently insisted upon the nationality of Poland. He has also been ranked among the communists. Certainly he recognized and defended what I may be allowed to call the native communism of Russia. A Russian could hardly turn away from that; but the dissolving acid of his irony, no less than the religious fervor of Mazzini, spared never the dogmatic systems of "Socialism" and "Communism," which in those days were the utopias of the West. A social reformer nevertheless, not to be satisfied with mere political change, a republican not only in name.

But it is time for me to stop, content if I have given some faint presentment of men whose thoughts yet live, whose names may not be forgotten.

W. J. Linton.