ment, and there is no reason why any young man so equipped who reads these lines may not ultimately rise also to a position as justice of the peace.

Every year, and in fact almost every month, some justice of the peace dies. Who are to fill these places? The young men of the nation. The bright-eyed students and farm hands who are just attaining their majority. Fit yourself, therefore, young man, that you may be able, when the time shall come, to occupy the woolsack thus left vacant by the death of older justices of the peace, and if you do so with credit to yourself I shall feel that this brief bit of autobiography has not been written in vain.

Edgar W. Nye.

MAZZINI'S LETTERS TO AN ENGLISH FAMILY.

IT has been the privilege of the writer to see the originals of Joseph Mazzini's letters to an English family, now for the first time to be given to the public by Madame Venturi, the surviving daughter of William Henry and Elizabeth Ashurst.

The name of Ashurst is not altogether unknown in America. Frequent mention of it occurs in the life of William Lloyd Garrison written by his sons, and Mr. Garrison himself has told us, in his introduction to a volume upon "Joseph Mazzini: His Life, Writings, and Political Principles," issued shortly after the exile's death, that it was at Mr. Ashurst's beautiful home at Muswell Hill that he first met the great Italian. "There," he says, "our personal friendship began [1846], which revolving years served but to strengthen." Twenty-one years later, on a visit to England in 1867, Mr. Garrison and Mazzini met again. "The interviews I had with him — alas, all too brief! for of his company one could never tire — were," says Mr. Garrison, "at the residence of Mr. Ashurst's son . . . and of his son-in-law, James Stansfeld, M. P." . . . His "altered appearance affected me sadly. There were, indeed, the same dark, lustrous eyes; the same classical features; the same grand intellect; the same lofty and indomitable spirit; the same combination of true modesty and heroic assertion, of exceeding benignity and inspirational power, as in the earlier days, but physically he was greatly attenuated, stricken in countenance, broken in health, and evidently near the close of his earthly pilgrimage. But no marvel! During our long absence from each other what mighty intellectual forces he had brought into play! . . . What hairbreadth escapes, what fiery trials, had been his!"

The intimacy between the Italian exile and the Ashurst family began soon after he succeeded in proving the fact that his correspondence had for a long period been violated by the English Government. His letters were systematically "opened and resealed, with all the ignoble arts of a Fouché," before being delivered at his house. This, incredible as it may seem, was done in a room set apart for such purposes at the Central London Post-office, and the information obtained by this means was regularly forwarded by the English Ministry to the Austrian Government, which was thus enabled to entrap and arrest the brothers Bandiera and other Venetian exiles at Naples, and to cause them to be shot by the Neapolitan Government in cold blood, without even the semblance of a trial. All these things, and the indignation they called forth in England, are matters of history, matters upon which it would be more interesting to dwell had the popular wrath been carried to the point of compelling the abandonment of the system; but that, unhappily, survives to this day. Special interest, however, lies for us in the fact that indignation at the wrong and sympathy for the personal sorrow thus inflicted upon Mazzini impelled Mr. Ashurst's son and eldest daughter to seek his acquaintance and to invite him to their father's house. It is obvious that the exile was as much attracted toward them as they were drawn toward him; for although it was his habit to shun English society, he at once agreed to go to Muswell Hill on the following Sunday, and it quickly became, to use his own phrase, "an established institution" that he should there pass his Sundays with those whom he called his second family. The tone of his letters when separated from them is indeed that of a son and brother, and they regarded the relationship given and accepted as their highest honor.

The first idea of publishing some, at least, of Mazzini's letters occurred to Madame Venturi as far back as 1851, during a conversation with the exile's mother. Madame Mazzini then suggested that her young friend should write her son's life, and, as a portion of the necessary materials, gave her the complete collection of his letters home, and allowed her to note down certain details and anecdotes concerning his childhood and early youth which

she related. Madame Mazzini said she could not doubt that future generations would do justice to the patriot, the thinker, and the statesman in him, yet, owing to the life of solitude and concealment he had been compelled to lead, she feared the man would never be rightly appreciated and understood. "It is only through his letters to those whom he deeply loved," she added, "that that heart of gold can be known."

Mazzini was compelled, in every part of the Continent, to lead this life of concealment, because, being condemned to death by the seven governments of Italy, he was liable to extradition in all monarchical countries save England. Thus "correspondence was the sole method of his ceaseless, persistent apostolate of Italian unity; correspondence, revolutionary and political, formed his only weapon of offense or defense in the 'lifelong duel between himself and the ignoble governments of Italy'; and correspondence was, in very truth, *communion* with those he loved; the one consolation of what he sadly alludes to as 'the life I have led for twenty years out of thirty,[1] a life of voluntary imprisonment within the four walls of one little room.'"

That such communion was a real necessity of his loving nature explains the childlike spontaneity of the letters themselves. He wrote as he would have talked to his adopted family had he been again in England, a return to which he often spoke of as "coming home."

The special charm of the letters now before us consists in the fact that even when they treat of political matters they remain essentially intimate, personal, and confidential. They show us, so to speak, the other side of the medal. All the world is familiar with the picture drawn of Mazzini by the monarchical press of Europe, all the world has heard of the dark conspirator, the teacher of assassination and rapine, who, actuated solely by reckless ambition, aroused the rash, unthinking youth of Italy to rebellion against the paternal governments of the seven states into which the peninsular was divided, and drove them into revolts the danger of which he had not the courage to front himself. But in these letters we see for the first time the tender, loving nature of the man, who, during the years in which they were written, was tracked by the police of Europe like a hunted animal.

Mazzini's English, though by no means faultless, is extremely picturesque and at times even eloquent, and the public will certainly agree that Madame Venturi has done wisely in leaving his occasional errors uncorrected, except in the rare instances in which, to those unaccustomed to his style, they might obscure his meaning.

Madame Venturi, being at the time of Madame Mazzini's suggestion very young, and moreover diffident of undertaking the task assigned to her (quite unnecessarily, for it would be impossible for the great subject of the projected work to have had a biographer more completely equipped with the requisite gifts of insight, sympathy, and literary ability), wrote to Mazzini informing him of his mother's request, and expressing her desire to accede to it (subject to his approval), in association with Maurizio Quadrio, his trusted and devoted friend. Although it was Mazzini's habit to attach very scant importance to matters personal to himself, he promised to help wherever help was possible, but added:

> My life is all contained in my writings and in the dominating idea of my soul — to help to create an Italy; a nation powerful in faith, in unity, and in the social European idea pre-announced by her emperors, her popes, her great thinkers, and her martyrs. My individual existence, concentrated in a few affections, might well be left where it is — in a few tombs and in the hearts of those who love me.

The nomadic and agitated life Mazzini led during the years that followed rendered it impossible for him to furnish his would-be biographers with the requisite materials to enable them to carry out his mother's wish; but chiefly owing to their urgent and repeated reminders, he began the autobiographical notes which embellish Messrs. Smith and Elder's edition of his "Life and Works," and helped to rescue from oblivion his scattered political and literary writings which were collected for that edition.

Visiting at Muswell Hill forty years ago appears to have been a far more serious matter for Londoners than it is now. By night no help could be obtained from railway or stage, and chartering a cab for the day was too expensive a proceeding for exiles, or indeed for the majority of the English *habitués*. The little group of friends who had passed the afternoon and evening at Mr. Ashurst's delightful home generally assembled in the porch at about half-past ten, to light their cigars and to journey together on foot as far as the Angel, Islington, where cabs and omnibuses were available.

Muswell Hill quickly became to him what he called it, his heart's home; and the little family festivities, which usually have no charm for outsiders, were his chief pleasure. Being unable to make one of the circle on the first day of 1847, he wrote to Miss Ashurst, "The initiating day must not be allowed to pass without two words of mine reaching Muswell Hill." And his letter concludes, "Pray for me that the year do not elapse without my finding an occasion for acting and proving myself worthy of your esteem and affection."

The peaceful gatherings at Mr. Ashurst's house were indeed soon disturbed by the news

[1] Written in 1861.

of uprisings in Sicily and Naples; but the movements were partial, lacking in organization and quickly quenched in blood. "The Sicilian and Neapolitan affairs are saddening me to the heart's core," he wrote. "Ah me, how long it takes to teach men their duty, and, consequently, victory!" But in September, 1847, he writes:

On the whole, things [in Italy] are improving. Our *moderates* are left behind by the people; never mind what they print or shout in the danger, the real danger, that which unsettles me, is the one concerning unity; unity, not a *political* crotchet, but the thing upon which every other depends, our power of doing good, our mission in the world, the dream of all my life, the one condition on which alone the Word may come to the world again from Italy. There is real danger for *that.* Between our princes yielding, our *moderate* leaders preaching, our having never been *one* country, our hopes, our fears, our absolute political ignorance,—for all that is done springs from instincts, not from thoughts just now,—it is rather difficult to see one's own way clearly to *that.* To such uncertainty you can attribute the enthusiasm for the Pope. . . . I consider this as the last agony of popedom authority. And in my own way of feeling I would not be sorry to see a great institution dying, for once, in a noble manner; transmitting the watchword of the future before vanishing, rather than sinking into the Crockford or Tuileries mud of the English aristocracy and French monarchy. A moral power, like a great man, ought always to die so; uttering the words of dying Goethe, "Let more light in." . . .

The true cause of the English enthusiasm about the Pope's reforms, or intended reforms, is this: they do not esteem us; they feel toward us with Christian charity . . . they sincerely wish us to be better fed, clothed, lodged—made more comfortable, on the whole. As for unity, nationality, a mission in and for Europe—these are treated like dreams, things to which we have no claim. I speak of course of the generality. . . . There is too much of the passive tendency in Christian courage; a logical consequence of the little value given by Christianity to our earthly life, which, after all, is the only implement that has been given to us for us to reach a superior life.

When the news of the proclamation of the French Republic (February, 1848) reached London, Mazzini went immediately to Paris to confer with the members of the Provisional Government and to ascertain their probable international policy. He was requested by the People's International League, an association formed at his suggestion, to present an address of sympathy to the new government, and was accompanied by Mr. Stansfeld [1] and two other members of the league.[2]

A month later the victorious insurrection of Milan and the expulsion of the Austrian army from lower Lombardy took place, and Mazzini hastened to Italy. April 7 he wrote:

I am in Italy, at Milan. At the frontier the custom-house officers knew me; they quoted to me some words from my writings. At Como I was surrounded by people, priests, and young men. . . . I felt moved, deeply moved, when I entered Italy, but, strange and sad to say, without joy. Never mind; if I am, as I fear, dead to joy, I am not dead to duty. I write by night, before going to bed, tired as I am. To-morrow I shall plunge in the midst of all sorts of men, and try to see clearly the state of things.

On the 11th he says:

I send a paper containing an account of my reception here: it was such that I wished you all here, because I knew you would have felt happier than I did. *I* had felt far more in the morning in seeing some two thousand of our Italian soldiers belonging to the Ceccopieri legion, and who had left *en masse,* at Cremona, the Austrian flag, passing under my windows in the midst of the people frantic with joy; and they themselves looking intoxicated with the feeling of being, once in their life, loved by their countrymen. Still there was an importance in my own reception; it was a republican manifestation . . . it was such that five minutes after there came a deputation from the Provisional Government to invite me to go to them. . . . I tell you all these things because I know that you will be delighted with them. As for me, alas! it is evident that the power of rejoicing for myself is dead within me. I found myself crying like a child at the sight of the soldiers of the Ceccopieri regiment, and I feel almost frightened at those demonstrations, and very much disposed to run away.

I crossed the St. Gothard; there was danger, but the scene is sublime, Godlike. No one knows what poetry is who has not found himself there, at the highest point of the route, on the plateau, surrounded by the peaks of the Alps in the everlasting silence that speaks of God. There is no atheism possible on the Alps.

The government here is composed of heterogeneous elements; a majority under secret engagements to Charles Albert, a minority belonging to our men, but rather timid and wavering.

It is characteristic of Mazzini that his thoughts were not hindered by the fact that "there was danger" from turning to those left behind in his English "home." In this letter he inclosed a violet, "the first *viola dell' Alpi* I saw." It must have been gathered on the Italian side of the pass, where the spring flowers first thrust their tender heads through the melting, and therefore dangerous, snow. By "our men" Mazzini means the party of Italian Unity, who were desirous of taking advantage of the actual defeat of Italy's most formidable foe to carry on the war and to arouse the populations of the other Italian States to imitate the hero-

[1] Son-in-law of Mr. Ashurst, now member of Parliament for Halifax.

[2] Messrs. Dobson Collett and W. J. Linton.

ism of the Milanese, and to emancipate themselves from their foreign masters. The King of Piedmont had been compelled by the excitement of his Italian subjects to declare against the Austrians, to enter Lombardy with his army, and to pose as a protector; but he was naturally alarmed at the prospect of a *popular* war. As the son of a Savoyard Duke and an Austrian mother, he had no hereditary bias of Italian sentiment in the matter. The people of Italy are, by tradition and tendency, republican, and it was obviously probable that the various States, if once freed from foreign domination, would aspire to unity under a republican flag. Therefore, although for a while tempted by the bright vision of winning the crown of Italy, the king ultimately decided that his safest course was to sacrifice Lombardy by delivering up Milan to her former masters. He declared to the people that he came "to lend them that assistance which brother may expect from brother," and he caused the Provisional Government to issue a manifesto promising to await the settlement of the national question till every portion of Italy should be free; "when all are free, all will speak." But the despatches of English agents in Italy during this period inform Lord Palmerston that the king is entering Lombardy "in order to prevent the proclamation there of a republic," of which there was imminent danger. . . . "The situation of Piedmont is such that at any moment at the announcement that the Republic had been proclaimed in Lombardy, a similar movement might burst forth in the States of His Majesty," . . . and they go on to assure the minister that the king felt that by thus taking means "to maintain order in a territory left by force of circumstances without a master," he was acting "for the safety of all other monarchical states." Madame Venturi, in her memoir of Mazzini which prefaces the volume published by Mr. T. A. Taylor containing "Thoughts on Democracy" and the "Duties of Man," has given an admirably lucid though brief account of the betrayal of the republican party by Charles Albert and the Moderates. She quotes frequently from the despatches, which, of course, remained unknown to Mazzini until their publication in the Blue Books long after these insurrections were at an end. Mazzini's military instinct, however (which was so remarkable as to have amounted to genius, and which elicited the warmest eulogiums from old and tried commanders, signally from Moltke), confirmed his suspicion of royal treachery when the king ordered the withdrawal of the Italian volunteers from the passes of the Alps which they were guarding. This order left open the roads into Austria, and enabled the Austrian general Radetzky to revictual, reinforce, and reorganize his army, demoralized by defeat. Mazzini continues:

The Charles Albert party is intriguing very actively, . . . still our party [the party of Unity, which had faithfully accepted the program of "awaiting the decision of the national question until all were free to speak"] is strong, and I am trying to organize it. . . . It will be impossible for me to write letters for a while, but read attentively the papers; you will be able to detect what I do.

And you all, my best friends, what are you doing? I know that you are thinking of me very often. I am full of faith in you; I thought of you when on the Alps, of you when the soldiers passed under my windows, and I will think of you whenever I will feel most deeply — *à la vie et à la mort*. . . . Think of me when you are at Muswell Hill. . . . Farewell, not for ever.

Your JOSEPH.

Could you know the *gachis* [muddle]! I have this morning an *ouverture* for an alliance of the republican party with Charles Albert on certain very liberal terms and for a "*rapprochement personnel*" [with the king]. They must feel us very strong to come down to such a proposal after fifteen years of relentless war. [Mazzini was still under sentence of death in Piedmont as well as in all the other States of Italy.] I have answered that I did not wish for any rapprochement personnel. Let Charles Albert break openly with every diplomatic tie, every connection with other places [Italian States], let him sign a proclamation to Italy for absolute unity, with Rome as the metropolis, and for an overthrow of all the other princes, we [the republicans] will be soldiers under his banner. *Se no, no.*

Of course the answer was no.

Madame Venturi tells us[1] that the "very liberal terms" of which Mazzini speaks with characteristic indifference to personal advancement were "that he should constitute himself patron of the royal scheme of uniting Lombardy to the crown, offering him, in that case, power to draw up the constitution of the new kingdom of the north, an interview with the king, and the position of first minister of the crown." His mode of rejecting this glittering program — his first important public act after his return to Italy — is a typical example of his conduct as a patriot, and a sufficient answer to the charge, persistently made against him to this day, that he invariably put the republic before every other question. He was then, as on every other occasion, ready to accept *unity*, which was the essential condition of Italy's taking her righteous place among the nations, at the hands of the king.

Notwithstanding all my aversion for Charles Albert as the executioner of my best friends [he wrote] and the contempt I feel for his weak and cowardly nature, notwithstanding all the demo-

[1] Memoirs.

cratic yearnings of my own heart, yet, could I believe him to possess enough even of true ambition to *unite* Italy for his own advantage, I could cry amen.

But Mazzini knew too much of Charles Albert to feel any real hope. He writes:

. . . I have refused to be a M. P. for Genoa and for I know not what place in Piedmont, refused to be more than that with the man Charles Albert, refused all the offers of the tempter, and I remain the republican Joseph you know. Do not believe (this not for you but for my male friends) that it has been owing to pride, reaction, or any other narrow feeling. No; I told all tempters the same words that I address to Charles Albert in my Manifesto. . . . Was I not right? Meanwhile I am here, disliked, dreaded, suspected, calumniated, threatened more than ever, and my writings are burnt in my native town, Genoa, almost under the eyes of my poor mother, and threatenings of death are uttered here in Milan. How the reaction has been produced, how they have spread amongst the lower class calumnies against me, how they contrive to make me appear a sort of ambitious Catiline, would form too long a story for me to write it. I feel quite strong and immovable and smiling at all this; but I cannot deny my feeling entirely an exile in my own country; feeding my soul with its own substance, like the pelican its little ones. Do not exaggerate to yourself my position here. . . . I am, politically, strong enough, and *that* is the cause of the uproar; but I was speaking about myself, about Joseph, and not about Mazzini. . . . Will you write me a long letter full with particulars about all your family? And tell them all that I *wish* to write every day to each of them, and cannot. Still, *they* can. . . . Tell me every bit of thing concerning you and the family, my life is so dreary! . . . Addio: writing or silent, I am, *ora e sempre*, yours,

JOSEPH.

But in spite of all calumnies, busily spread by both open and secret enemies, Mazzini had done much, as will be seen by many passages in his letters, to enlighten the people as to the illusory nature of the bulletins forwarded from the camp; and when at length the news came that Udine was retaken and that the Austrians were advancing upon Milan, he regained all his extraordinary influence. Even the Moderates, who had been denouncing him as an ally of Austria, turned to him in this hour of danger, and he, mindful only of how to rescue the people, at once organized a committee of defense. But his measures quickly alarmed the king, who, having failed to buy him over, now managed successfully to undermine him. The "wretched creatures of the Provisional Government" placarded the walls of Milan with the official announcement that the king was coming to defend the city, and "the people," wrote Mazzini, "believed themselves saved; they were therefore irrevocably lost." Fully convinced, himself, of the king's treacherous intentions, but unable to convince the deluded people, alone he left the city, "God knows with what grief," and joined Garibaldi's volunteers at Bergamo. How entirely Mazzini's worst apprehensions were fulfilled by the king's stealthy withdrawal of his troops by night, so leaving Milan ready for Radetzky to enter with his reorganized army at daybreak, is well known.

Milan having fallen, the rest of Lombardy soon followed, and the Austrian rule was before long reinstated. Mazzini wrote to one of the Ashurst family (Emilie, now Madame Venturi):

Your note, dear, the beautifully noble letter of S——, and the very thought of you, even if you had been silent all, would have strengthened me in my trials. There are a few, very few, chosen beings on this earth and elsewhere who will always have the power of saving me from doubt or despair. I can [may] sink, but not in such a manner as to make them ashamed of me, and you belong to these, my guardian angels. I am up again and at work. Between Austria and me *c'est un duel à mort*. . . .

Do not feel too sad. We — not I — had to expiate the sin of having thrown at the feet, not of a principle, but of a wretched man, our sacred flag. . . . I have seen my mother at Milan before the end. God bless your mama; I have her carbine still.

This was a rifle which Mrs. Ashurst had given him just before he started for the scene of insurrection. She asked him one evening after his journey had been determined upon what he would best like to have as a parting gift. "A carbine," he exclaimed laughingly. His "second mother" scarcely knew what he meant, but when she remembered what the word stands for in Italian, she cried, "Very well. I will get you the best rifle there is to be had."

The carbine saw but short service, but we get an interesting glimpse of its intrepid bearer in a graphic letter from Colonel Medici, whose column Mazzini joined. He describes the enthusiasm of the volunteers at the "unexpected appearance among them of the great Italian, rifle on shoulder, demanding to fight in their ranks as a simple soldier. My column," says the colonel, "always pursued by the enemy and menaced with destruction every moment by a very superior force, never wavered, but remained compact and united, and kept the enemy in check to the last. In this march, full of danger and difficulty, the strength of soul, intrepidity, and decision which Mazzini possesses in such a high degree never failed, and were the admiration of the bravest amongst us. His presence, his words, his courage, animated our young soldiers, who were, besides, proud of partaking such dangers with him; . . . his

conduct has been a proof that to the greatest qualities of the civilian he joins the courage and intrepidity of the soldier."

It is difficult to realize that the man who could write thus of the great apostle of republican freedom actually, as the king's governor of Palermo in 1870, cast him into prison.

One of the most noteworthy points shown in this correspondence is the way in which upon Mazzini's mind "coming events cast their shadows before." Thus, after the disbanding of Garibaldi's volunteers, he writes that "things are going on in a certain way at Rome," and, having described how the Tuscan movement in favor of union with the other provinces of Italy had been "stifled by our own doctrinaires," he says, "I suppose that toward the end of the year I shall leave the Lombard frontier for another, *if they have sense enough at Rome.*" A little later he says, "I am well enough [*assez bien*] in health, which I mainly attribute to your mama's stockings." A little later he writes to Emilie:

I am obliged now to keep my curtains down on account of the sudden apparition of a man on a little roof dominating my window. The man was only looking for a hen, but it has been enough to frighten the friend who keeps me, and the consequence is that I cannot see the sky. . . .

You do not say a word, you ungrateful daughter, about Mr. Ashurst. What is he doing? Is he patronizing peace as when I visited him at Muswell Hill? I certainly must address myself to Mrs. Ashurst for a long, full-of-details letter on Muswell Hill and its inhabitants.

In the December of that momentous year he wrote to Emilie of his father's death. His grief is characteristically resigned.

But [he says] though a believer, I am a man. I wanted to see him before his going away. I was dreaming from time to time that I would still be able to give him a joy — one single joy — before, for I have given none in life, . . . to realize in part the idea through which I have been an exile, and to go to him and say, we have been separated, but our sufferings have achieved some good for our country, for our fellow creatures. To me success in lifetime is nothing; to him it would have been a supreme, all-compensating joy. . . . I think of my mother too, of her loneliness, and dream of joining her somewhere, but where, and when?

Less than two months later, on the 9th of February, 1849, the Republic was proclaimed at Rome, and the Pope fled ignominiously, in the disguise of a lackey, from a peaceful population only desirous that he should remain as their spiritual head. Mazzini was in Tuscany "vainly endeavoring to infuse one single spark of Italian life into the Provisional Government" constructed after the flight of the Grand Duke, but he had already been declared a Roman citizen and elected a member of the Roman Assembly. On March 2 he wrote to the Ashursts that he was starting for the sacred city,

feeling very gloomy, wishing for physical action on a barricade more than for any other form of activity. Everybody — Austria, Naples, France, England — seem to be against us. The foreign press is shamefully hostile. . . . All the articles I occasionally see in your press, a tissue of lies. . . . A blessing upon you all. Yours with everlasting affection, JOSEPH.

He entered Rome on foot, alone,

with a deep sense of awe, almost of worship. . . . Rome was to me, as in spite of her present degradation she still is, the temple of Humanity. From Rome will one day spring the religious transformation destined, for the third time, to bestow moral unity upon Europe.

Mazzini believed that twice already God had chosen Rome "as the interpreter of his design among the nations." His profound and philosophic study of history taught him what, among his predecessors, had been revealed perhaps to the genius of Dante alone,— namely, that the subjugation of so many nations by ancient Rome — "a mere city, a handful of men" — was the fulfilment of the Providential design to prepare the world, by subjecting it to a single power, for the teachings of Jesus to spread and to cause a new life to spring up everywhere in the earth. "God consecrated Rome to this mission; therein lay the secret of her strength." Rome for the second time gave the "Word" to the world by maintaining the unity of the spiritual hierarchy, by sustaining, in the name of the moral law, a desperate struggle against the arbitrary power of kings and feudal lords, and by the fruitful victory "of mind over royal arms," of spirit over matter, gained by one of the greatest Italians in genius, virtue, and iron strength of will, Pope Gregory VII.

Mazzini's whole being was lighted by the new, the coming gospel — unity of spiritual and temporal law, the end of the long divorce between earth and heaven, the fresh definition of politics as religion in action; his life was an exemplification of its truth, and now, in the movement within the Holy City, the presentiment, the aspiration of his soul, might begin to find fulfilment.

Shortly after Mazzini's arrival the Roman Assembly, foreseeing war to be inevitable, passed a decree investing three of its members — Mazzini, Saffi, and Armellini — with the supreme executive power. The new government was of course installed in the Quirinal, and Mazzini afterward comically related to the Ashursts how he uneasily searched for a room "small

enough to feel at home in." The letters to the Ashurst family during this period are of great historic interest, but the facts concerning the brief though glorious Roman Republic are so well known as to render quotation from them unnecessary here. Mazzini was able, for the first and only time in his life, openly to lead his countrymen before the eyes of the world, and personally to direct his country's course; Rome became the center of interest to all the European nations, and the eyes of all were fixed upon the figure of the great triumvir, whose measures and administration afterward caused Lord Palmerston to declare that "Rome was never so well governed as under Mazzini's rule."

But not even his genius, his supreme devotion, and the wonderful effect upon the people of his personal magnetism, could save Rome from the iron heel of treacherous tyranny. On July 2 he sadly writes, "We are conquered, dear Emilie; the French are in the town to the number of nearly 40,000 men, and Rome is *en état de siége*."

Mazzini remained in the city for a whole week after the entry of the French, wandering about the streets unable to tear himself away. It is well to mention this fact, because, even to the present day, numerous absurd stories are told of his disguises, etc., whereas he never condescended to any disguise in his life. The only means of changing his appearance, to which he occasionally, and always unwillingly, submitted at the earnest entreaty of his English friends, was shaving off his beard and mustache.

In May of 1850 he went to Paris, when he wrote to the Ashursts:

I am decidedly, unless arrested before, "the coming man." . . . I shall come straight forward to you, stop with you in half seclusion, and seeing people only by tickets of admission signed by you during *one week*, if you do not send me away before of course. Then I shall have a room somewhere and see *l'Univers*, taking refuge, if possible, every evening, . . . in any house belonging to the clan. . . . Eliza[1] is well; she is coming, it appears, with me to London.

After passing a few months in England, Mazzini returned to the "life of concealment" in Geneva. Toward the end of the year (1850) Matilda (Mrs. Biggs) and Emilie Ashurst went to Italy, and shortly after their arrival in Genoa they received, through Mazzini, the news of the death in childbirth of their eldest sister in Paris. Writing to Emilie, he says:

. . . Eliza is lost to us. It is strange that it is from me that you are to receive the sad news, but I would have claimed the mournful task had I been with you. . . . I have lost two sisters during my exile, and I know that such a loss puts into one's life a shadow never to be removed, a blank never to be filled. I cast my arms and my soul around you and ask you to be strong for your mother's and Caroline's and my own sake. I could say for Eliza's sake, for I do not believe in such a thing as death. It is for me the cradle of a new existence.

To the mother he writes, November 29, 1850:

. . . Like the Macedonian legion, when one was falling, draw nearer all you that remain; love each other more dearly; see, help, advise one another more than ever; commune with her who has loved and loves you all by communing more intimately with one another, and remember, for God's sake, that there is no such thing as death for all that is best in us; that what people call death is only a transformation and step onward in life. Love is a vouchsafer for immortality. We would not scatter a single flower on a tomb if there was not an instinct in the soul teaching us that our love pleases the cherished one who is buried beneath, and depend upon me there is more truth discovered by these flashes of the virgin soul than by all the dim, painfully elaborated lanterns of analysis and reasoning knowledge. . . .

And this faith of mine, which I would give all my actual life gladly for feeling able to infuse into you all, and my grieving with you all over our loss, and my loving you all more dearly than before — that is all the consolation I can give to you, dearest friend. I wish I could be with you during these days, and it makes me feel bitterly the bondage of my condition. Still, I live, think, feel with you the best part of the day; and I dreamed of you all during the few hours of sleep I had last night. My dear, dear friend, how I should wish to be able to take on my own, poor, doomed life all your sorrows, and to yield to your own all the smiles that your affections have been yielding to it. . . .

Part of 1851 and 1852 was spent by Mazzini in England. In August, 1852, his mother died suddenly in Genoa. Emilie, to whom the news was sent, at once went round to him at his lodgings, which were close to the house (Belle Vue Lodge, Chelsea) where she and the Stansfelds were living. After telling him of his loss she left him, at his own request, alone. In the evening he did not appear as usual in the little circle at Belle Vue Lodge, but he sent the following lines, written in pencil:

I am strong, and I have nerved myself to this blow these last six months. Do not distress yourselves too much. My mother is too much a sacred thing for me not to be strong. Do not come. I want to be alone for one day. But write, each, one word of blessing; it will do me good. And you, Emilie, write what particulars you have.

God bless you. Yours,

JOSEPH.

[1] Mr. Ashurst's eldest daughter, then married and living in Paris.

The next day, Sunday, he wrote:

I trust you go all to Muswell Hill. One day lost for your mother would be a sin. But if she is ill, and you think your news can do her harm, do not say the whole. Take Mazzoleni with you as agreed.

The blow is hard to bear, now especially that I had a hope to repay within the year her long years of loneliness with a moment of joy. Now, even if I reach that moment, I shall be an exile on my own land. Perhaps it is better so. Who knows what can happen? I feel as if they had taken from me some essential part of myself; but I am calm and firm. She has not lost me; and I deeply believe that I have not entirely lost her and her holy influence. Tell James that I know all that he feels. Your notes have done me good, and I feel your presence and love around me.

Yours,
JOSEPH.

On January 2, 1853, he left for Italy on account of the insurrection impending at Milan, organized by a wide-spreading secret association of working-men, who before acting appealed to him for assistance. From the frontier he wrote:

I am here. I write only a few lines, dear, but it will be a joy to you to know that so far I am safe. I arrived at four o'clock this morning, and as soon as I reached the place appointed I found that I could not stop there. A *commissaire de police* had been the evening before looking for Saffi, who has been, of course, walking everywhere and showing himself to everybody. So that I have been obliged to go through fields and valleys to another house. . . . I have been thinking of you all as much, I fancy, as you have been of me. I have been unusually well on board, and I fancied that it was owing to the warmth of my chest given by your mama's waistcoat. Tell her this, and tell Bessie that had I not wrapped myself in her own gift I would have been frozen to death.

In a letter to William Ashurst, describing his journey, he says:

The season suits the Alps, which looked to me, spite of cold and wind, the most sublime poem of eternity which has been written. It is poetry leading to action, stern and rugged as duty, strong as faith, pure and serene like hope and immortality.

The rising of the people at Milan failed, owing to the treachery of one of the leaders, who at the last moment betrayed the secret of the conspiracy to the Austrians, and fled. Mazzini, having remained in the midst of the "storm whistling round" him as long as his presence could serve any useful purpose, retreated to Switzerland across the difficult pass of the San Bernadino. He wrote to one of the Ashursts that he made the journey in an open sledge, for the diligence could not pass, under snow, wind, and all the physical evils possible, my horse rolling twice in the snow until I really began to think . . . I would have to send you my last farewell from there. I could not help dreaming of Cain turned away from the terrestrial paradise, the wrath of God threatening him, the accursed — I, too, accursed now by all, by those especially who have ruined the scheme. All this I scorn; the thing itself is weighing on me . . . my best men persecuted here, in Piedmont, everywhere; all our arms seized . . . the leaders still in danger, the heroic workingmen of Milan baffled, imprisoned, and worse . . . the leaders, with their faults, will remain unknown. They [their names] are nothing to Italy, and I must be the scapegoat on whom all the faults of Israel will be heaped with a curse. All this is very little to me, but it is this which keeps me here for a while. Were it not for this, I would fly to my harbor in grief or joy — Belle Vue.

In 1854 Mazzini's "second mother" died. Her increasing illness had been made known to him, and he had striven to reach England in time to see her once more, but absorbing duties withheld him. The beauty of what he wrote to the Ashursts could alone mitigate in some degree the pain to them of his absence in this time of sorrow.

I receive, dear Emilie, your sad lines. . . . I had feared, foreseen,— you know it. . . . I felt that I would not see her, my poor second mother, any more, when I left her for the last time, and I shall feel her loss almost as deep as my mother's. Am I not one of yours? Are you not all my family, my chosen family, the only beings whom I can now love here below? It will be a heavy, dark cloud on what remains of life, a new, deep furrow on the soul — one smile vanished forever, one touch of loneliness which through joys and griefs will never leave us. But oh, for God's sake, and for her own sake, let it be only that for you, for Caroline, for Matilda, for William! Let it not be the withering, dry, atheistical despair which she would blame and which would make her sad above, but the pious, loving, consecrating grief, making us better — better loving, more devoted to the truths she taught, more bound to all that she loved. Let us do nothing, feel nothing, which she would not approve. Let death be the christening to a renewed earnestness, to the high religious belief, to all the immortal hopes, which nourished her angel soul.

Let you all feel, as I shall, her presence more now than ever. Let you all believe — as you believe in my undying affection — that death is the cradle of a new, purer, and happier life. It is so. God knows I would not give, at such a moment, a mere poetical instinct as a consolation. I know it is so. Every departure of loved beings — and except you, *all* have departed — has made me feel so more and more. Your mother is living, loving, wanting love; longing for your rising [some time], calmly and trustfully, to her, and rewarded for the love she had, for the good she did and wished

to do, with some more power to help you on, to influence you with holy, virtuous thoughts.

Mazzini's letters during the Neapolitan Revolution are of exceptional interest because even more full than usual of details, making clear to the minds of his adopted family the complicated and varying relations of parties and persons in Italy. His own situation was very similar to what it had been after the Milanese movement in 1849.

"What Louis Napoleon, Cavour, and *hoc genus omne* want," he wrote, "is to prevent what they call *revolution* spreading."

The story of Garibaldi's triumphs is well known, but the untiring efforts of Mazzini, the influence over the people of his unquenchable faith in nationality, and his complete self-abnegation, are still almost unknown, being overborne by the meretricious glory of the soldier of fortune who handed Italy over, for better, for worse, to the grasping hands of monarchy. Writing from his concealment in Genoa, on the 23d of May, 1860, he excuses the "terror in all the *bourgeoisie* " at his presence among them, "because they fancy that to honor me would be war with Louis Napoleon, which would be an immense danger for us until we get the South." He describes the military part of the scheme to which Garibaldi had agreed, and continues:

The great thing is not my position; it is the birth of a nation. It is worth while submitting to anything for that. . . . Nevertheless, what you say of my position is perfectly true, and certainly I think I have never been so faithful to duty as in this period; my moral suicide is complete.

But in another letter he unconsciously shows the amount of suffering he was enduring. He who rated matters personal to himself so low writes, "I really feel sick at the position in which I am — at the vile abuse which is poured on me whilst I am sacrificing all the dreams of my life for Unity's sake." And in this noble sacrifice he was to meet once more what he had already encountered so often, disappointment; for the material organizer of the movement upon Naples, Dr. Bertani, to whom Mazzini was "doomed to be the Egeria," meeting him secretly by night to instruct and inspire, received an unexpected visit from La Farina, Minister of the Interior, was "overwhelmed" by his representations, and Mazzini sadly wrote to Mrs. Stansfeld that "through plenty of reasons which I cannot explain I saw that the labor of two months, the *aim*, the whole scheme was at an end, destroyed at once, and the whole affair changed into a fifth or sixth reinforcement of Garibaldi, who wants none." Later he writes: "You saw Garibaldi declaring himself a dictator in the name of Victor Emmanuel. It is bad and ungenerous in one who carries help, but *anything* from him just now would be welcomed."

Mazzini was extremely fond of birds, and wherever he went he was sure quickly to be known to the birds of the locality, who would soon allow him to handle them. In his place of concealment in Genoa he formed what he called a society of sparrows, who visited him assiduously at meal-times. At the end of one of his long political letters he says:

To the society of sparrows I have added two hens — I have always been fond of hens — whom I feed after dinner, sometimes with bread and wine, to strengthen their constitutions against shocks and adversities.

And again he remarks:

My two sparrows are getting more friendly; one especially, who is my favorite because he is deprived of his tail. I take him up very often, at which he pretends to be raging, and pecks me very hard; then, when I open my hand, he remains there and will not stir. He, or it, never goes to his cage in the evening unless put in by me. This is all my amusement and emotion.

Patiently, as usual, after the betrayal of Garibaldi, Mazzini took up the broken strands of the disrupted Italian party (those who aimed before all else at making Italy a nation), and for this purpose he again started a newspaper. He went to Naples, and worked incessantly at writing articles, seeing people, instructing, inspiring, organizing; but amid all the turmoil, sorrow, and labor he never forgot the dear ones in England, nor lost for a moment his sense of humor.

Lack of space forbids following Mazzini's further movements in Italy, though perhaps at no period had his life been more useful to his distracted country. His untiring vigilance seemed at times almost preternatural, and more than once the "Sword of Italy" and his "magnanimous ally" found their plans suddenly unmasked and their anti-popular ends frustrated by the dauntless writer of the "tiny missives which have shaken thrones." But before passing on to a few of his last letters it is well to revert to one dated 1858, written to Emilie, who was then at Newcastle. Speaking of his approval of the agitation for manhood suffrage led by Mr. Joseph Cowen, afterward M. P. for Newcastle, he says, referring to his Liberal friends' "Whiggish notions" in the matter:

They are all involved in the capital error of assuming the mission of the government to be that of welcoming and acknowledging the *educated* ones, whilst it is that of educating those who are still uneducated. I take the suffrage to be the starting-point of political education — the program, as it were, of education given to the masses; the

putting before their eyes a task to be fulfilled, which is the preliminary stage of all education.

In May, 1867, he wrote:

Dearest Emilie: I have less than you have to say. Besides, I am feeling between the unhappy and the furious about the Fenians condemned. To-day, I think, is the Queen's birthday. Does she read a newspaper? Cannot she find a womanly feeling in her heart and ask the Cabinet to commute the punishment? In point of fact, the killing of those men will prove an absolute fault.[1] Burke will be the Robert Emmet of 1867. A feeling of revenge will rekindle the energy of the discouraged Fenians. The dream will become, through martyrdom, a sort of religion. But that is not my ground. It is the legal murder reënacted against a *thought*, a thought which ought to be refuted, destroyed by thought only. Burke and others who are now doomed are perhaps the only noble characters[2] amongst those who led—the trial showed them to be genuine believers in Irish nationality. I think they are philosophically and politically wrong; but are we to refute a philosophical error with hanging? To-day a deputation of members, Mill, James, and others, were going to Lord Derby to insist. I have a very faint hope the Cabinet may reconsider.

This brief notice of the letters of a great genius cannot be better closed than by two quotations which exhibit the deep and manifold love that was the mainspring of his every thought and action. To Mrs. Stansfeld he wrote from Lugano in 1871:

Yes, dear, I love, more deeply than I thought, my poor, dreamt-of Italy, my old vision of Savona [the fortress where he was first imprisoned]. Worn out, and clearly — to me — unequal as I now am to the task, or to rule the movement, I cannot get rid of the thought. I want to see, before dying, another Italy, the ideal of my soul and life, start up from her three hundred years' grave: this is only the phantom, the mockery of Italy. And the thought haunts me like the incomplete man in Frankenstein, seeking for a soul from his maker. It is the secret of all my doings, which you cannot, most likely, understand, and which I cannot explain by letter.

And in January, 1872, two months before his death, he wrote to the same correspondent:

I must tell you a little additional deception of these days. When I heard of the death of my sister's husband I wrote to her, offering to go and spend some time with her under the same roof, just to comfort her loneliness. She refuses on account of her principles,[3] and of what she owes to the memory and presumed wish of the dead husband. It is the old excommunication, and from her it came rather bitter to me. I do not react, however, and remain as I have been toward her.

Madame Venturi has told us in her memoir of Mazzini how, striving to reach England in order to spend with the Ashursts a cherished anniversary, he crossed the Alps at the most inclement season, took cold, was seized with pleurisy, and died at Pisa. The longing to forget, if only for a brief moment in his stricken life, the sense of exile,—"that consumption of the soul," — and to be with those who so truly loved him, was too great for resistance; but, alas! far from their ministering hands, far from the solace of their loving hearts, his spirit entered that mysterious pass "where two cannot walk abreast and where, for an instant, souls lose sight of each other."[4]

Stephen Pratt.

[1] It was his habit to use this word as the French do, as a grave mistake or error.

[2] Madame Venturi had written this, but doubtingly, wanting evidence.

[3] Her Catholicism.

[4] Lamennais.

IN THE PAUSES OF HER SONG.

A SINGER who lived in a sunny land
Poured forth a song so full of cheer,
The murmurer, listening, forgot his plaint,
The mourner, to shed his tear.

Oh, what a happy lot is hers,
Said the toiling world as it heard,
To pour forth songs as carelessly
As joy from the throat of a bird.

Alas, I said (for Art is long:
I have trodden its weary way, and know),
Could you but dream of the struggle and woe
That come in the pauses of her song!

Orelia Key Bell.