

ART. IV.—1. *Guida dell' Educatore, e Letture per i fanciulli, foglio mensile, compilato da Raffaello Lambruschini.* No. 1—60. Florence. 1836—1841.

2. *Letture Popolari, foglio settimanale, pubblicato a Torino.* 1837—1841.

3. *Saggio di Racconti, offerto ai giovanetti Italiani da Pietro Thouar.* Firenze. 1841.

“NOWHERE does the *plant man* grow so well as in Italy,” was the quaint but pithy remark of Alfieri, who of all writers ought to be the least liable to the charge of patriotic partiality, if, at least, we are to believe that he was sincere in his assertion, “that Asti was his birth-place, but he looked on the whole world as his country.”

That the soil and climate of the Italian peninsula is highly favourable to the growth and development of all physical, moral and intellectual faculties of the human race, as to every other kind of animal and vegetable life, it would be as idle and useless to attempt to demonstrate as it would be difficult and unjust to gainsay.

We need not go far back in the past and ascend to the happier eras of Roman and medieval greatness, when the high training of military discipline, or the spirit of commercial enterprise, called into action the energies of that gifted nation; we have only to visit the most obscure suburbs of the *Trastevere* at Rome, the *Molo* at Naples, and the *Porto-Franco* at Genoa, or otherwise to ramble along the whole range of the Apennines, or through the vallies of Brescia and Bergamo, to feel convinced that nature is still true to herself, and that individually the *plant man* springs from that genial ground as robust, sound and healthful, and is as susceptible of attaining the highest degree of mental and bodily perfection, as when fostered by the blessed air of liberty, and cheered and warmed by the sacred sunbeams of religion, glory and patriotism.

The comparative barrenness and deterioration of that privileged garden is consequently attributable only to one obvious reason—the want or the inopportunity of culture.

Education is all that constitutes the wide difference between a free citizen of the Roman commonwealth, and the ragged, priest-ridden, brutified Lazzarone, whose very worship is an abomination in the sight of God.

Hence the necessity of preparing the lowest classes for those political vicissitudes which may eventually rescue their country from its civil and religious thralldom, is universally felt among those Italian patriots who most earnestly labour at the promotion of

their national cause. Every one feels that their people must be men ere they presume to be freemen: that education is the first, the surest, the most efficient and radical, as well as the only legitimate revolution. Hence this word—education—which has of late given rise to so many wild and vague speculations, on which honest men of all creeds, sects and parties seem equally to place implicit reliance, but to which all of them are apt to give such strange, such widely different interpretations, has made its way and created its wonted ferment even in Italy: and surely there is no country in the world so utterly in want of the redeeming influence of that most powerful social engine, or one in which its application is likely to be attended with more immediate and luminous results. The most fertile field can best reward the toils of the husbandman.

To doubt the influence of education would be to call in question the infinite perfectibility, and, therefore, the divine origin of the human mind. And we do not, for a moment, admit that any honest man will conscientiously oppose or discountenance the efforts of those who ardently and zealously, though sometimes rather too sanguinely and indiscriminately, labour at the propagation of popular instruction.

Education—that most irresistible of moral agents, whose ascendancy can be equally extended over all created things, that Orpheus' lyre which dragged stones and trees after its charmed strains, that indefatigable virtue which

“ — homini docuit parere leones,”

which gave the English horse so decided a superiority even over the native Arabian breed, cannot lose its redeeming powers when turned to the improvement of that sovereign being, whose mortal part alone is liable to the imperfections and infirmities of this perishable world.

Man is essentially the most docile of beings; he is equal to any station to which he is properly trained; who doubts it? but these universally-acknowledged and long-hackneyed truisms which sound so fair and irrefutable in theory, cannot equally stand the test of practical experiment.

Education has hitherto been considered only in the abstract, as if the whole social order could be made subservient to its Utopian views; as if, according to the ideas of Lycurgus and St. Simon, the political edifice could be based on the fundamental discipline of the school.

But the main object of education should be to fit man for life. It ought to instil into the youth's mind that there is a society already in existence, in which he is to fill a place, in which he will have duties to perform, hardships and storms to endure. It ought

to teach man to know himself, to resign and reconcile him to his lot; to recognize and adore the hand of Providence, even in those social arrangements which might strike him as unjust and arbitrary; to lift him above the petty miseries of life, not only by a firm but by an active belief in another and a better world.

Religion is the foundation of all education. But we know of no establishment, either in Italy or elsewhere, where instruction is based on such holy principles. We know of no school, however humble, in which the hope of worldly preferment is not held up as the reward of diligence and perseverance, in which study is not considered as the great leveller which is to raise the low-born and indigent on a par with the minion of fortune.

Hence the most immediate effect of education has been hitherto only to bring up a restless, anxious generation, tortured by the cravings of inordinate ambition, maddened by rare examples of individual, exceptional success; fretting, wrestling, elbowing each other with a wrathful emulation; most apt, no doubt, to give the whole social order a rapid onward impulse, but no less tending to drive contentment from the face of the civilized world. This state of feverish activity, which allows no man to rest quietly under his father's roof, which causes all human felicity to consist in the ascent of a few steps in that scale which rises as we climb, can, however, be turned to more practical objects and prove less pernicious to the social order in those countries which by their peculiar situation afford a more ample sphere of action. In England and America, for instance, there is less want of elbow-room than in many of the continental countries. America has a continent, England a world to colonize. On the back-ground of civilization there opens before the Briton and American a wide region of swamps and forests, of islands and peninsulas, a refuge for the outcasts of society. As long as Van Diemen's Land has coasts to settle on; as long as the valley of the Mississippi has marshes to drain and woodlands to clear, a rich soil and a blessed climate to rebuild broken fortunes and soothe disappointment, these two countries will proceed with uninterrupted prosperity; as long as they are in possession of such extensive and immediate means of getting rid of all corrupting elements, corruption cannot strike deep roots. Civil and religious passions may ruffle the surface, but the waters are too shallow to be much troubled by storms.

The continental nations, with the exception perhaps of heroic Greece and medieval Italy, have never well understood this system of colonization, on which, however, more than on any constitutional providence, lies the secret source of social security. They never learnt, as the Britons, to carry their country along with them, to bid their homes a lasting farewell without looking back or repin-

ing. The Briton is the true cosmopolite. He is, as it has been cleverly observed, proud of his country, as of something that belongs to him, that is part of him, and that follows him from pole to pole. His rights, his inalienable franchises are his country: and wherever there be liberty, he can feel equally at home. Before the second generation he considers himself as separate from the father-land he sprang from. He forgets it, abjures it, throws off its allegiance and wars against it, whenever its claims interfere with his own interests. At home and abroad the Briton is the reasonable being par excellence. Patriotism with him is never mingled with the alloy of local predilections. The dread of penury is stronger in him than home-sickness. With him "*Patria est ubicumque est bene.*" Disappointed in one branch of industry, he calmly turns to another; crossed by fortune at home, he resignedly migrates to new climates. The sun shines elsewhere as well—ay, and somewhat better too, than in dear old England.

But fancy for a moment these islands deprived of their safety-valve of periodical emigration. Suppose that, out of natural but narrowminded fondness, the thousands of pilgrims that embark every year for the Canadas or New South Wales, should obstinately cling to the soil and claim their rights, to drag on their life of abjectness on the step-mother land which gave them birth, and refuses them sustenance—that all the surplus population should be turned loose and hang on society!

Such is, however, the case all over the continent. Southern people especially never well understood, nor can be made to understand, the blessings of emigration. The Spaniards laid waste a whole world and exhausted themselves in a work of destruction. The French are undergoing the severest sacrifices to subdue a colony which they will never be able to turn to any profitable account. But Italy has not even an African colony, wherein to dispose of its hundreds of thousands of adventurers every year. The Italians are too fatally in love with their country to be induced, even by utter distress, to emigrate. They are the least migratory, therefore it must be feared the most stationary race in Europe. Expatriation is for them always exile; and this word is still in that country associated with all the horrors it had under the Roman empire, when the outcast had to choose between the steppes of Scythia and the deserts of Lybia.

Hence, of all civilized countries, Italy is under the most urgent necessity of relying on its own resources. These are indeed inexhaustible; and it is difficult to understand why two-and-twenty millions of people cannot live at their ease in a country where in happier ages a population three times larger has been known to thrive.

Were we even to admit that home-sickness is for an Italian an incurable complaint, that education and opportune provisions could not wean from that fascinating country a few of its spoiled children, that they might make room for "their betters," as it is done in happy old England; or were it even to be taken for granted that such a measure would be no more adviseable than it is practicable, what else then should be inculcated among the first principles of education into the mind of the Italian people, but that theirs is the true land flowing with milk and honey; that it never did, never could, prove ungrateful to the cares bestowed upon it by its cultivators; that penury and distress can only arise from their indolence and unthriftiness; that the apparent barrenness of some of its districts is only owing to neglect or mismanagement, but that their own rich, luxurious, bountiful land, will always be sufficient to them and to all that may spring from them; that theirs is the home-field in which, according to that dying father's golden advice, they are to dig, and dig incessantly, sure that their treasure lies buried therein?

Education in Italy should, then, have an essentially agricultural tendency.

Now nowhere is that first and noblest of arts, agriculture, held in more utter contempt than in the country of Fabricius and Cincinnatus—those dictator-husbandmen. The non-residence of landed proprietors on their estates, the imperfect state of the roads, the unfrequency and slowness of commercial communications, contribute to keep the Italian peasant in a state of nearly absolute isolation. Like the oaks and elms of his field, he is rooted to the spot where he grew. He is generally honest, and guileless, because he is trained up in what is there called the "holy fear of God,"—because his parish priest, different from the pampered prelate in town, is himself too artless and primitive to have any power and too undesigning or unambitious to have any interest to deceive him. He is sober and frugal, thanks to his poverty, to the enfeebling influence of climate; he is, at least in Lombardy and Tuscany, laborious and diligent, in consequence of the reward that, owing to the liberal system of *mezzadria*, is sure to attend his work; but he is ignorant beyond all human conception. He is a creature of habit; a ploughing, reaping, thrashing machine, and as such jealous and mistrustful of every mechanical innovation, which, by endeavouring to alleviate, might, he apprehends, supersede the necessity of his incessant material exertions: he opposes his force of inertia to all personal or technical improvement; he clings with a superstitious pertinacity to the picturesque, perhaps, but clumsy and unwieldy instruments, and to the old fashioned systems of husbandry illustrated by Co-

lumella and Virgil. A being, in short, not many degrees above the dumb and tardy brute, the sharer of his toil.

That such a degraded race and their humble employment should be looked upon with no better feeling than commiseration we can easily understand, and we may also readily believe that the humanity of generous souls may have been prompted to raise so large, so useful and important a class from their helpless state of actual serfage and helotism.

But the education of the labourer must be effected by a universal revolution in the ideas of mankind. His humble calling must be revered and honored; he must be made proud and fond of the share he has in the public welfare; he must feel that although there may be higher and prouder stations in life, his own is not only far from being despised or abject, but is, on the contrary, the one that is most conducive to health, contentment and innocence, as well as one of paramount, of vital importance. The first object of education, in Italy at least, should be to make every man satisfied with his lot. But with the exception of a few private institutions, such as the agricultural school at Meleto, and the so-called technical schools of Lombardy, the object of all philanthropic establishments directed to improve the moral and intellectual condition of the peasantry and of all the labouring classes, seems rather to subtract a few individuals from the common share of misery and ignorance of their fellow labourers than to attempt a general reform of the whole cast.

"Study, my son"—says the aged husbandman, who has begun to taste of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and who judges of things according to the estimate of worldly wisdom. "Work and endure. Yet one year or two of fagging and perseverance and thou wilt fling sickle and spade for ever from thee, thou wilt throw off this coarse jacket from thy shoulders and don a doctor's gown or a clergyman's surplice. Look about thee, my son, who was our curate but a farmer's boy? I saw him with my own eyes a poor cripple, crawling after his father's pigs. What was our prætor? why, a coachman's lad whom his master through charity sent to a law school at Pisa, and now, thou seest, he keeps coach and coachmen himself, and fares like a lord. Study, my son; thou art a smart and clever lad, as your schoolmaster said when I brought him the fat goose at Christmas. While thy father lives, were it to cost me my last mouthful of bread, thou shalt lack nothing in the world. Perhaps I shall not live to see it, but the thought of having withdrawn thee from the hardships of this wretched life will follow me to my grave and lighten the earth on my bones." It is thus that the dawn of civilization breaks on the peaceful slave of the soil. It is thus that to the idea of mental emancipation he always associates a vain aspiration after worldly

advancement. Selfishness assumes the sacred character of paternal tenderness, and affection lends its sanction to the most deplorable illusion.

From the lowest to the highest ranks of society, this fatal restlessness conspires against the peace and serenity of men's minds, and its influence is the more universally and irresistibly felt, the greater the result of that fictitious state of mental improvement, which is universally mistaken for education. Thus the poor, ignorant husbandman may perhaps covet for his son no higher preferment than a humble place among the pampered menials of his landlord's household, and the footman or butler perhaps aspires no higher than to have his son apprenticed to a woollen draper's shop, but the shop-keeper's clerk is sure to send his son to the university; so that after two or three generations, at the most, by a regular gradation, if not by a sudden transition, the good farmer's most sanguine hopes are sure to be realized, and he may rest at peace in his grave under conviction of having spoiled a good farmer to make an indifferent doctor.

It is true that such a state of rebellion against the dispensations of providence is as ancient as man himself; as ancient at least as the "*qui fit, Mecænas*" of Horace. It is true that it is more general and more active in those countries which boast a higher degree of social improvement, that nowhere are so many strange metamorphoses to be seen as in America, where the same individual is by turns a farmer, a merchant, a physician, a clergyman, a professor of a university, and a member of congress: but besides the peculiar circumstances in which that country, as we have said, is happily situated, the American is almost as ready for a downfall as for a rise; and it is not uncommon in that country, during one of those commercial crises that go by the name of "*hard times*," to see hundreds of Boston or Philadelphia merchants, accustomed to all the splendour and luxuries of life in their Atlantic cities, repair to their western backwoods with holy resignation, and betake themselves to that hard but wholesome planter life from which themselves perhaps, or at least their fathers, have sprung.

But in our old countries there is no unexplored region to fall back upon. Once fallen, our speculator has nothing to do but to sit down in despondency, bemoan his losses and encrease the list of hangers-on and malcontents. Italy has no navy or army, no houses of parliament, and scarcely any but the most passive commerce and trade. There is no career open to juvenile ambition but the university. Whoever is too lazy to be a farmer or tradesman or too proud to be a shopkeeper; whoever has no voice to be a singer or no courage to starve as an artist, must necessarily set up for what is there emphatically called "*a professional gentleman*."

Thanks to the liberal endowments of the numerous academical institutions, nothing can be easier in Italy than to become a doctor. Almost every town of any consequence boasts its university, besides a number of colleges, lyceums, gymnasiums, seminaries and other preparatory schools. Every thing seems calculated to smooth the path to that happy goal which appears to the many the *ne plus ultra* of sublunary felicity. Not only is instruction afforded utterly free of expense, but not a few poor young men of "promising genius" are maintained out of the funds of the establishments. Their directors seem to pride themselves above all things in seeing their halls swarming with crowds of expectant students from every class, and setting every year new batches of hungry M. A.'s, D. D.'s, LL. D.'s and M. D.'s loose upon society.

This may seem in the abstract, and will be considered by many, as the greatest of blessings for the country; and yet, however it may sound paradoxical, we do not hesitate to affirm that education in Italy ought to begin by a suppression, or at least a reform and rigorous exclusiveness, of no less than two-thirds of its noble and ancient universities.

We may appreciate the generous and philanthropic spirit that presided over the foundation of these truly republican institutions. They arose in dark ages, when the mind first engaged in its glorious struggle against brutal strength. Its champions were few and weak, and, feeling the necessity of numerous allies and coadjutors, they left nothing unattempted to enlist new proselytes in their cause. But now the battle has been fought and won. Now the motto of the doctors of Bologna, "*Cedant arma togæ,*" has become the order of the day, and all civilized nations are ruled by, what was the bug-bear of Napoleon and his fellow-campaigners, the *avocats*. Now scholarship has become a profession, a trade, more neat and decent, may be, but not more useful or respectable, than a great many others. Modern science no longer requires men of extraordinary genius any more than modern religion has need of prophets and martyrs. A man endowed with very common understanding can make an excellent surgeon or solicitor. Diligence and assiduity are more important requisites for a "professional gentleman" than the brightest imaginative faculties.

Why then should we be so anxious to throw open the academical halls to throngs of famished candidates who would otherwise find more suitable and profitable employment in a humble but safer walk of life? Why should we stand in such a dread lest we should fail in securing to the learned professions the highest capacities—lest forsooth

"Full many a gem," &c. &c.?

We repeat there is need of a universal reaction, of a general revolution in the notions of mankind. It is necessary that men should fall back from those professional pursuits, which they have so improvidently invaded and overflowed, to those more tame and homely, but more sure and practical undertakings, which may admit of an indefinite number of applicants without jarring and jostling, without snarling and wrangling for that sole, meagre bone of contention—the doctoral laurel. It is necessary that by a rational retrogression they should be driven back to the field which they have so unwittingly and ungenerously deserted.

All this is to be effected by a sound and truly moral system of education. Were the world to proceed on the same footing in the long continuation of these blessed, piping times of peace;—were the zeal of the promoters of popular instruction to be crowned with complete success, and the threshold of the university to be made accessible to all, as it is already a great deal too much to many:—and this without a previous temperament and modification of the ambitious tendencies of the human mind—without a general submission to the decrees of Providence, such as result from the established order of things—without feeling that all men may have an equal share in Adam's sad inheritance, even though all be not doomed to “eat their bread in the sweat of their brow;” that happiness and contentment are doled out with wise and paternal impartiality to all the members of the human family, however wide their differences of ranks and social condition, and that our efforts should be directed not to overstep the barriers that divide us from the upper classes, but to fill with credit and dignity our own station in life—without, in short, adopting as the universal social device the precept of the poet:

“Act well your part, there all the honour lies;”—

the institution of primary and preparatory schools would have no better effects than to create a general rush of the whole rising generation to those learned professions which are considered as the most direct path leading to power and wealth and worldly distinctions; and the first intellectual enfranchisement of the labouring classes would be attended either with an agrarian distribution of property, or, if men were too wise and moderate for an open violation of laws, to a mutinous secession to the *Mount Sacer*, from which the limbs might not be as easily brought back to minister to the wants of the vital organ as in the days of *Menenius Agrippa*.

Hitherto man has only been kept to his work through want, ignorance or compulsion. Be it the boast of education to pene-

trate him with a sense of his duty and persuade him to work through reflection.

We have been assured, though the fact appears too beautiful and unprecedented for us to vouch for its authenticity, that there lives among the swamps and morasses of the island of Sardinia, a rude, primitive population of goatherds and woodmen, among whom knowledge is pursued for its mere sake, and without any secondary views of personal ambition. The young herdsman comes down rough and uncouth from his forests and hires himself as a servant to some of the rich burghers in Cagliari or Sassari, stipulating for some leisure to attend lectures at college, and after "eating his terms" in want and humiliation, and going through all the academical degrees, he repairs to his home in the mountains, hangs his laurel on his father's hut and walks out—a shepherd doctor after his father's flocks, with as much philosophical dignity and stateliness as Abdalonimus, the shepherd-king.

Strange that one of the most uncivilized spots in Christendom should offer so luminous a specimen of what society ought to be in its highest degree of rational improvement!

Yet until the universality of men are like the Sardinian shepherds, induced to cultivate learning merely for the soothing, cheering, humanizing influence that it is apt to exercise over the mind and heart—until they study principally, if not exclusively, in order better to understand their mission on earth, better to enable themselves to fulfil their duties and to vindicate their true rights—until they derive from their knowledge the means of ennobling their nature, and approaching, as near as can be obtained by mortal means, that future state of perfection to which divine clemency entitled them to aspire—until, in fine, education is essentially moral and religious, we have no hesitation in denouncing the university and all its accessory establishments as so many active instruments of evil.

This evil, then, has attained in Italy to the most alarming extent in consequence of political misfortunes. The ancient divisions of the territory, in so many small states and republics, naturally tended to multiply universities with indiscriminating profusion. In proportion as the different towns began to be incorporated into larger states, it would have been necessary likewise to reduce the number of their academical institutions. But as it has always been the policy of those vile governments to cultivate and foment all that remained of old emulous municipalism, they never dared or never cared to interfere with those superannuated establishments, which, useless or dangerous as they had become through the general degeneration of public

spirit and activity, still flattered the vanity of the deluded Italians as monuments of their forefathers' munificence.

Thus we understand, for instance, that Charlemagne in 800, or Theodosius in 425, or whoever else it was that did it, conferred a great blessing on the human race by the installation of the university of Bologna; and we conceive also that Boniface VIII. was right, when, in 1300, Bologna not acknowledging the papal rule, he felt the necessity of a similar establishment in the metropolis of Christendom, and we equally applaud the generous intentions of Nicholas III. of Este, who, placed at the head of a rich and flourishing state, bestowed large sums for the foundation of the university of Ferrara; but now that both the republic of Bologna and the Duchy of Ferrara, with many more illustrious states, have been brought under the sway of the pope, and that, thanks to the priestly improvidence of its rulers, the aggregate has been plunged into the utmost squalor and beggary, is it not absurd to hear that the ecclesiastical state boasts, besides its two ruling universities of Rome and Bologna, six other institutions of secondary rank, at Ferrara, Perugia, Camerino, Macerata, Fermo and Urbino, all of which, bad of course as they may be expected to be, are equally entitled to fit young starvelings for the doctoral gown? But there is worse. The evil is not every where, as in the Roman states, hereditary. In the terra firma of the Sardinian monarchy there were before 1820 only two universities, one at Turin, the other at Genoa, and they were numbered among the most flourishing in the country. But the active part that the ardent Piedmontese youth took in the insurrection of 1821, called forth the wrath of their despots, who wreaked their vengeance against those obnoxious seminaries of learning. The two leading universities were dissolved, and dismembered into eight secondary gymnasiums, situated in almost all the petty towns of the kingdom, and, for a better security, placed under the paternal direction of the Jesuits. Pavia and Padua, in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, suffered severely from the political commotions of 1821. Bologna and all the other universities of Romagna were closed for two years after the troubles of 1831, and the university of Parma was by order of Maria Louisa divided into two branches, situated at Parma and Placentia, the small compass of the duchess's territory happily admitting of no further subdivision.

In Tuscany alone some attempts have been made to give a simpler and more compact organization to public instruction. Ever since the Florentines had established their sway over Pisa, they transported their university into that town, which their jealousy had dilapidated and deserted. Pisa increased and thrived under the patronage of all the dukes of Tuscany, and almost

entirely superseded every other rival institution. Sienna alone, which was united to the duchy only in 1555, and even then preserved some shade of its primeval municipal charters, continued, to our days, to have a university of its own. An attempt was made last year by the grand-duke to suppress it and transfer its funds to the further endowment of the academy of Pisa. But the prince was thwarted in his intentions by the remonstrances and petitions of the Siennese, and the project has been, we believe, entirely abandoned. The opposition of the citizens of Sienna was not, however, owing to a meanspirited jealousy of their Pisan brothers, or to the municipal pride with which they looked on that last remnant of their republican greatness. It originated in that universal mistrust and indocility which, under absolute monarchies, keeps the subjects in a constant alarm against any measure of government; in the dread in which they stand of a power which enacts, without ever condescending to explain, administers without reckoning, without allowing them any better satisfaction than meekly to repeat, "He has given, he has taken away. Blessed be his name."

The Siennese could plainly see only thus far, that they were going to be stripped of the funds which their ancestors' liberality bestowed on their literary institutions. Whether those funds were to be employed to add new lustre to the Pisan academy, or to dry the Tuscan marshes, or to feed the pampered courtiers of his highness's household, they had no means to ascertain.

But if the grand-duke's intentions were as pure and sincere, as they were providential and plausible, why did he suffer himself to be deterred by supplications and entreaties? Is he not as absolutely free to do good, as he is omnipotent in doing evil? Could all the petitions of his two millions of subjects wrench from him a decree for the liberty of the press? Did he suffer himself to be moved by remonstrances when all Tuscany interceded in behalf of the ill-fated *Antologia*? Knows he not how to show himself restive, harsh and self-willed whenever the personal interests of his family are concerned?\*

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\* It would seem, however, from the recent communications of our correspondents, as if the grand-duke were bent on carrying into execution his salutary measures, and had overcome all spirit of opposition. "Great reforms," we are told, "have, during these last few months, been introduced into the University of Pisa. New chairs have been added to the several faculties, such as the *Storia del Diritto*, *Filosofia del Diritto*, *Diritto Patrio e Commerciale*, *Economia Politica*, *Geografia Fisica*, *Meccanica Celeste*, *Filosofia Morale*, *Agraria*, *Pedagogia*, &c." This bids fair to raise the University of Pisa far above the common standard of all Italian universities. It seems rather strange to hear of the reinstalment of such institutions as a School of Political Economy, of Right of Nations, and other liberal studies, which were first introduced into Italy in the palmy age of Genovesi and Beccaria, and were afterwards suppressed either during the tumults of French invasions, or under the iron rule of the government of the Re-

Some opposition, on the part of the deep-rooted prejudices and fond predilections of the people, is doubtless to be apprehended. The Italians are aware of the immediate advantages of a university within the walls of every one of their towns, and may perhaps require a little violence in order that the evil attendant on such a state of things may be permanently put a stop to. But if the absolute suppression of universities is either impossible or undesirable, nothing prevents the legislator from introducing into them the most salutary reforms. If the truly philosophical spirit of the Sardinian shepherds could be made to prevail in every part of Italy, there would be no reason to complain of the idle number of Italian universities. It is not that we object to the cobbler's son being as learned as a doctor, if he can afford means and leisure to attain equal knowledge, but it is because if every cobbler's son must needs become a doctor, and no doctor is willing to fill the cobbler's vacancy, we shall soon have a society of laureates, and the world can no more go on without cobblers than without doctors.

But, it is urged, necessity will soon bring the needy to reason, and, after a few ineffectual experiments, the tradesman, *volens, nolens*, will walk back to his shop. Perhaps so; but then you will have a population of fretting, murmuring labourers, cursing their fate, looking upon themselves as the victims of society, and glad to avail themselves of the first opportunity of political commotions, to avenge what they call their wrongs. Education, under similar circumstances, will lead to chartism! But education, well understood, far from conjuring up, will powerfully tend

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storation. We accept it as an omen of a happy reaction towards a better order of things, for, hitherto, the Italian governments have been every year curtailing school after school with unremitting diligence, until scarcely any but the most useless and idle branches of learning and literature were suffered to flourish. Thus, after having done away with all political and statistical sciences, the chairs of Eloquence, History, and even *Agraria*, or Agriculture, were considered as dangerous, and put under the interdict. Moral Philosophy had been most obstinately warred against. Two professors of that science received pensions from the University of Parma without being suffered to discharge their functions.

"We have already," our informant continues, "several illustrious names in science, such as Mussotti, formerly professor at Corfu and Matteucci. The Marquis Ridolfi, the philanthropic director of the 'Istituto Agrario Toscano,' an establishment which, as every one knows, owes its origin to that nobleman's unbounded liberality, will accept the Professorship of *Agraria*, if government will grant him permission for a similar institution in the vicinity of Pisa. It is yet doubtful, however, if government will accede to such terms. All these innovations, good and useful as they appear in themselves, even if carried into effect, far from being sufficient to cure, will only have the result of showing more glaringly the evils of our old social systems; nor can our princes think of opening so unlimited a field of scientific inquiry, if they do not at the same time reform those abuses in their administration, which an increase of knowledge must necessarily tend to expose."

to avert these evils, if its prime object be the diffusion of sound moral and religious principles.

Now there is in Italy no public or private institution, in which, as in the London University College, or at the Jefferson University in Virginia, religion avowedly forms no part of education; yet it may be frankly asserted that religion is nowhere taught in Italy.

The observance of the practices of the Catholic Church is indeed more or less rigidly enforced in every academical institution. In Turin and Genoa especially, where the whole system, as we have said, is given into the hands of the Jesuits, the university is subjected to all the discipline of monastical rule.

Nothing that can be read in the history of the past equals the zeal and discernment of the monarch that presides over the destinies of those happy states. Charles Albert King of Sardinia, a prince evidently cast after the model of his noblest progenitors of Savoy, never distrusted that native instinct which, from his earliest years, prompted him to achieve great things. Atoning for that unfortunate lapse of juvenile levity—for that ill-defined vanity of precocious ambition that induced him to join the Piedmontese Carbonari in 1820—dazzled by that specious title of King of Italy which was made to gleam temptingly before his eyes—atoning for it, we say, by the laurels he afterwards reaped in 1823 at the head of a column of French grenadiers at the Trocadero against the Spanish patriots—he mounted his throne in 1831, restored to credit in the eyes of all the sovereigns of Europe. Hence, having come off conqueror of all political adversaries, and having stifled in blood all revolutionary attempts with what was then called hasty and summary—but what in the end proved to be efficient—justice, he was soon enabled to turn all his thoughts to the arts of peace. We should incline to think that it cannot be without considerable repugnance that he accommodates himself to the quiet and humble tendencies of the age, if we were to believe that, after the style of Alexander or Napoleon, he never sits at table more than ten minutes, and rides every day one of his horses to death. Yet, although a soldier, and a friend of his soldiers, whom he marches and countermarches to their utter exhaustion, it is evident that his heart and soul are with the priests; and those who have seen him at the head of his ten thousand grey, white and black-hooded friars, during the solemnities of the Corpus Domini, or who have witnessed the holy wrath that was kindled in him when his people refused to volunteer their oil for the general illumination that he ordered in honour of the handkerchief of Santa Veronica, will not hesitate to confer upon him

those titles to which he seems so ardently to aspire—of the scepter of Loyola and of King of the Jesuits.

Under the half-chivalrous, half-ascetic discipline of that holy militia, the pious conduct of the rising generation at the university is attended to with a vigilance and solicitude that leaves nothing to desire to the anxiety of the fondest parent; an order and silence pervades those seminaries, as well as the whole of the Sardinian dominions, especially the capital, which strikes the traveller at his first arrival, and suggests to him the idea that he is entering a vast monastery or a prison.

“The scholars of the gymnasiums,” says a recent traveller, “are not allowed to read any books which have not been either given or furnished by the prefect. They are forbidden to swim, to frequent theatres, balls, coffee or gaming-houses; to perform in private plays and the like; and it is the business of the police to see these prohibitions attended to.”

“The students are not only under strict scientific superintendence, but also under the close *surveillance* of the police. No student is allowed to choose his dwelling or leave it without permission of the prefect, who appoints the place where he is to lodge and board.

“Whoever wishes to receive students into his house must undertake the responsibility for their observance of the laws which regulate their going to mass and confession, fasting, and even their clothing and their beards. Neglect of these rules is punished by exclusion from the examinations or from the university itself.”

Against these paternal provisions the natural indocility of human nature may sometimes be expected to kick. But the magnanimous indignation of the pious monarch has been known to visit the refractory students so severely, that it is to be hoped by this time it has come off conqueror of all opposition.

The students are ordered to confess and communicate once a month at the chapel of the university, although the leniency of the Church of Rome only expects the faithful to perform such duties once in a year. This worthy and wholesome practice proves irksome and troublesome to those bolder and more rebellious youths whose presumptuous reason cannot rest satisfied with the tenets of the Romish Church. A young student of medicine, well known and beloved at Turin for his mental and moral qualities, was suspected to submit with repugnance to the performance of religious duties to which he could attach no heartfelt veneration. One morning he knelt with his fellow students at the communion-table, penetrated with the indignity of that sacrilegious, because compulsory, act of devotion. The officiating priest drew near, and the holy host was laid on the tip of the student's tongue. The priest's hands, he said, were unwashed—a circumstance which will not at all appear improbable considering the notorious slovenliness of the lower ranks of the Catholic

priesthood; and the young Turinese, seized with a sudden nausea, turned abruptly, spat the still dry host on the floor, and hoping thus to conceal his rash deed, he laid his foot upon it. No one can describe the fury of Charles Albert when the atrocious profanation of the sacrament was made known to him. He ordered the criminal to be thrown, untried, into a dungeon of the citadel of Turin, where he has lain ever since, and where he perhaps lies still awaiting his majesty's good pleasure.

Certainly, in the eyes of a conscientious Romanist, who goes the whole length of believing what that Church teaches concerning the mystery of transubstantiation, nothing short of parricide can equal the enormity of that unhappy student's misdeeds. It was a crime—according to the letter of the law, but of a law which the pope himself would not dare to enforce—punishable with death. But even if we were not to admit the extenuating circumstance of momentary indisposition, the guilt was to be considered as a natural reaction against that rigid despotism that exacts a more implicit abnegation of reason than is compatible with the inquisitiveness of the human understanding. The prince ought to have reflected that what seemed to him an unheard-of sacrilege would be looked upon, even in its worst character, merely as a wanton profanation among Protestants, and would pass as an idle trick in a Unitarian congregation: that, in short, what shocked his jealous piety as the most dreadful of transgressions, is merely a matter of opinion,—of that opinion on which neither cannons nor bayonets, nor kings nor Jesuits, can have any effectual control.

Another set of law-students, on the eve of receiving the highest degrees, were tempted to celebrate the happy close of their academical labours by a friendly banquet in the privacy of their lodgings. They were not over-scrupulous in the choice of their amusements, and some young ladies of rather ambiguous character were introduced among them to cheer with their presence the young candidates' convivial festivity. Midnight had long since struck, and Turin, as usual, unlike every other Italian town, was for more than an hour plunged into the death-like stillness of sleep, when a loud knocking at the house-door announced the unseasonable, but not at all extraordinary, visit of the prefect. The boarding-houses opened for the accommodation of students are liable to frequent interruptions by day and night, on the part of the officers of the university charged with the superintendence of the students' conduct at home. The landlord, who, according to the terms of his licence, is obliged to perform the duties of a guardian and spy to his boarders, but who in the present instance, won by the kindness and liberality of the students, had winked at the riot that was going on within his walls, rose to admit his un-

welcome visitor. The silence that reigned in the house, and the protestations of the conniving housekeeper, were not sufficient to reassure the suspicious Jesuit. He insisted on being led to the students' dormitories, and asked for immediate admittance. The affrighted rioters, pretending to be roused from their slumbers, acted their part as they could best, and pleaded their unwillingness to be seen in their bed-clothes; but as the priest continued to roar and storm at the door, the students' fear gave place to their indignation, and throwing the door ajar so as to admit only half of their impatient and incautious visitor, they shut it back upon him, and leaning against it with all their weight and might, they pressed him so rudely and savagely in their exasperation, that they nearly squeezed the soul from his body.

No sooner had the king risen from breakfast (a Jesuit is sure of admission at every hour of the day) than the inspector sued for an audience and amazed his monarch with an envenomed exposal of the indignities he had been made to endure. The culprits were immediately put under arrest, and expelled from all the universities in the kingdom; so that the honest and brilliant career that the ceremony of the morrow was to open before them, was irreparably closed against them, in consequence of the unhallowed, but still not wholly unpardonable, frolics of the evening.

We could quote a great number of similar facts, collected during our residence in the happy and thriving metropolis of the Sardinian dominions, all equally tending to demonstrate with what consistency the observance of moral and religious discipline is enforced in the educational establishments of that country, and with what stubborn and restless spirits the provident legislator has to contend. The disciplinarian code is, literally, no less severe in other Italian states; but as it always happens in despotic countries that laws and ordinances are observed only in proportion to the personal energies and determination of the ruler and the zeal and watchfulness of his administrators, so evasion and even violation of Christian duties is with more impunity practised in Tuscany, Lombardy and Parma, where public instruction is not essentially given up to the priests, and to those most indefatigable and inexorable of all priests—the Jesuits.

This body of clever, wary and sleepless beings are watching every opportunity of re-establishing their influence in those states whence the hasty and insolent demeanour of their predecessors in the last century had driven them. Already their operations have been crowned with success in Vicenza and other towns in the Austrian dominions; and though they met with repeated rebukes at Parma, still they pursue their tenebrous work with their wonted patience and exemplary resignation.

The universities of Pavia, Parma, Bologna, and Pisa, are, or were hitherto, governed with the mildest and most conciliatory measures; but as this apparent toleration is not only never sanctioned, but is, on the contrary, in flagrant opposition to the law, and is always the result of subterfuge and deceit, it has the pernicious effect of training the Italian youth to a school of hypocrisy and base fiction, which gradually takes hold of and becomes an integrant part of the national character.

Such is the kind of religious instruction uniformly administered at an Italian seminary, nor can it be expected that it should be better in other subordinate establishments. What the Jesuits are to the university, the *Scolopii*, or *Ignorantini* are to the primary schools. These last have all the ugliness without the sting and venom of the former. The ignorance from which they seem proud to take their name prevents them from exercising as mischievous an influence as their more aspiring brethren. They do not at least corrupt, if they do not edify the human souls entrusted to their care. They are the means of removing several hundreds of ragged urchins from the streets, and employing them in harmless, if unprofitable pursuits. Every traveller must have been struck, when visiting Piedmont or the South of France, by the appearance of those long processions of boys drawn up in two rows with their eyes cast upon the ground, their arms folded to the breast, marching in a profound silence, order and gravity, on their way to the "Benedizione," under the escort of two or more long-robed monks, very dark and very fat, with a marble, lustrous countenance, with a stern, glassy look, carrying a black greasy "ufficio" in their left hand and a birch rod in the right. These are the pupils and teachers of the *Scuole Pie* or *Écoles Chrétienues*—in other words, the schools of Ignorance.

The above-quoted traveller gives the following account of the pious exercises connected with the little knowledge imparted to their pupils by these good Frati Ignorantini.

"Every morning: 1, a quarter of an hour religious reading, (i. e. 'Le sette allegrezze' and 'I sette dolori' of the Virgin Mary, ascetic effusions to the 'Sacro Cuore di Giesù,' and the like); 2, the hymn 'Veni Creator;' 3, according to the season the Ambrosian hymn, and other extracts from the *Ufficio della Beata Vergine* (all Latin but the title-page); 4, mass; 5, hymn or the litanies of the Holy Virgin; 6, spiritual instruction (that is, long commentaries on the mysteries of incarnation, transubstantiation, &c.); 7, the psalm 'Laudate pueri' and a prayer for the king. In the afternoon: 1, a quarter of an hour of religious reading; 2, hymn and prayer; 3, three quarters of an hour explanation of the catechism, (namely, dissertations on the importance of fasting, confessing, and otherwise observing the five commandments of the Church). The

schools last three and a half hours in the forenoon, and two and a half hours in the afternoon, &c., &c."

In similar manner are the rising generation provided with moral and religious instruction in the gymnasiums. For the rest of the population, who have no leisure or inclination to attend those daily establishments, Sunday schools, under the name of "*Dottrina Cristiana*," are or ought to be opened throughout the country. But the little attention almost universally paid to the observance of the seventh day greatly interferes with a regular organization of this wholesome institution. Neither in the Jewish nor in the Mahometan, we could almost say in none of the living religious denominations, is this practice more disregarded than in Catholic countries, and in none of the Catholic countries more so than in Italy. Here, indeed, the evil cannot be imputed to negligence on the part of the Church. The houses of public worship remain open on Sundays, as on every day, from earliest dawn till late in the evening. Prayers and sacraments, high and low masses, vespers and rosaries are reiterated at every hour of the day. The festive bells, loud even to annoyance, announce the day of the Lord. The clergy of all classes waste admonitions and reprimands against irreverence and profanation. But the original cause of such a disorder is to be referred to the Church herself, and dates from the days of ignorance and barbarism, when, fearing lest the unthinking mass of the lowest classes of people should abandon themselves to excesses of vice and intemperance, she countenanced and authorized such plays and spectacles as could be innocently substituted for the more brutal games of wild beasts and gladiators, of which the memory was still dear to the sons of the Romans. The fault of the Catholic church in this, as in most of her institutions, is the consequence of decrepitude. Using an authority which they believed they held from heaven, the popes and the general councils adopted such modifications and restrictions as they judged consonant with the passions of the ages of darkness and violence through which Christianity has passed, and it would perhaps be difficult to bring any argument against the soundness and expediency of any of the Catholic laws and practices, if considered in relation to the ages and countries for which they were intended. But now that the progress of civilization has removed the causes which seemed to call forth these institutions, to insist upon their sanctity and inviolability implies either a conviction, that our generation unites the barbarism of all past ages, or a design of driving the world back to barbarous ages again. The service of the Catholic Church, consisting in showy ceremonies principally directed to strike the senses, though it may, at times, effect powerful impressions, is not apt to excite a lasting interest or to afford

any kind of intellectual entertainment. Hence, as soon as released from immediate attention to the spectacle exhibited before his eyes, the Catholic, with a mind unused to meditation and fond of excitement, turns to pleasure the rest of that day that the Church has exempted from the toils of life.

It would be difficult to form an idea of the manner of observing the Sabbath in Catholic countries by what can be seen of the people of that denomination in the Protestant countries, where their priests are kept in awe by the immediate competition of other sects. The Italians, for instance, have hardly any preaching at all, except in Lent, and even then attendance on sermons is not among the absolute commandments of the Church. Sermons, moreover, are only panegyrics of the life and miracles of some favourite saint, or gloomy descriptions of hell and paradise, after the poetic visions of Dante. Mass only is the order of the day, and, as priestly industry has contracted the duration of that sacrifice within the space of ten minutes, few Catholics ever think of infringing so condescending a law, except the haughty philosopher who does it as a demonstration of independence and out of spirit of contradiction. Accordingly, before day-break, before the opening of the church, a sleepy, hurrying crowd is besieging the door for the discharge of their duty. The doors are thrown open. Enter traveller and his valise,—driver and his whip,—housekeeper and her basket,—sportsman and his hounds, supposing him to be civil enough to have left his gun at the entrance. Two meagre caudles are lighted, a huge folio is opened, some buzzing prayers are muttered, and thus terminates what is called *Messa degli affrettati*; and then exit the crowd, sanctified for the rest of the day.

Towards noon all the ladies' toilets are over, all the new suits are donned; a large concourse of fine fashionable people assemble in their favourite church, generally a small insignificant building, but having the advantage of being secure from the intrusion of the vulgar. The ladies kneel at random in low pews, or are helped to chairs by the gentlemen. These last stand at the extremity of the aisle—a various, gaudy, ever-fluctuating group, talking and laughing, and from their eye-glasses darting death at the beauties on the right and left. In the interior of a small chapel something is going on that nobody sees and hears, and nobody cares to see and hear. When that something is over, off walks the male part of the audience, and ranges itself in two long rows, leaving a narrow avenue for the passage of the ladies, who appear radiant, edified, glorified, ready for the promenade. This they call *La messa dei belli*.

Last of all, the tradesman, who, in order to supply the luxuries of the wealthy, has been at work behind the half-closed shutters

of his shop, is hurried, by the last peals of the bell, to the parish church, where he arrives in time to get his two-thirds of what is called *La messa degli ostinati*.

In the afternoon all that the city possesses of proud horses and gilt chariots is prancing and glittering up and down the Corso, in the evening the cafés are dazzling with a thousand lamps, the theatres are trembling with the strains of intoxicating music, the private parlours are glowing with all the ardour and transport of an Italian soirée. This is the Sabbath in town.

In the country, in many a village of the Lombard plain, in many a parish of the remotest Apennine, is easily found as true, as pure, as ignorant a piety as could have been in the times of the earliest Christianity. The manners of those people are stationary and know no progress either for better or worse. They are nothing to the rest of the world, the rest of the world is nothing to them. In their genealogical traditions they go back as far as the proudest nobility of the land. The cottage of the valley is often as old as the castle towering upon the hill. Be the multiplication of the species as active as it may please Providence, in those patriarchal dwellings there is room for all. Here the same roof covers the numerous branches of four generations; there the old stock withers in loneliness, which famine or pestilence has stripped of its foliage. Vice in no shape can find its way to these sacred recesses. Were it even brought there from abroad, it would perish, discountenanced by that instinctive innocence, as it is said, of those fortunate climates, where all reptiles are naturally innocuous, and even such as are imported from foreign shores lose their venomous properties at the very first landing. In his conception of the purity and singlemindedness of his Lucia, and the rectitude of mind of his Renzo, Manzoni has most immediately drawn from nature.

It will be easily supposed that the tenants of these privileged districts, a primitive race among whom the use of bars and bolts is scarcely known at all, must be much addicted to the practice of going to church. No distance, in fact, no hardship of weather or road, were ever known to deter the Lombard peasant from his devotional duties. Still before and after the fulfilment of these duties, in the intervals between the long services of his church, morning and evening, until late in the night, he gives himself up without a scruple or restraint to such enjoyment as his limited sphere can afford. In the morning they are the sports of the wood, in the afternoon athletic exercises; in the evening the whole village assemble, in winter in a large parlour, in summer on the threshing-floor by moonlight—and there with the music of self-taught fiddlers and pipers, seniors and matrons sitting gravely around, they appoint managers and partners, and what with gigs, *tarantellas*, *fur-*

*lanas* and a variety of dances and country-dances, they go on till they feel completely rested and refreshed for the toils of the morrow. In all these sports the pastor is expected to join, and no joy is complete unless he is there to take his share. We must confess we have never seen an Italian minister dancing, though a Spanish *padre* we have; but we have seen more than one on the Apennines, rising very early with a gay company, on a fine Sunday morning, loading and shouldering his gun and halloing after his hounds, shooting his hare with tolerable skill and remarkable good luck, and at the ringing of the bell hurry back to the parsonage at full gallop, wash his bloody hands in the vestry, put on in great confusion his gown, his surplice, the hundred paraphernalia of his Levitical attire, and ascend to the altar, as venerable in the eyes of his flock and his fellow hunters, as holy and infallible as ever. Such is the Sabbath in the country; and as the people see no fault and mean no harm by it, while we grieve at such a state of things, we have but the sad consolation that it has always been so, and that, until education has brought about a total subversion of all ideas and manners, there is little hope that it may ever be otherwise.

With a people and clergy so lightly and carelessly disposed, it must be obvious that Sunday-schools, established as they are pretended to be ever since San Carlo Borromeo, have done little towards the improvement of public morals. Religious instruction has indeed, no matter how long since, been regularly afforded in every parish church on Sundays, and parents have been warmly recommended and even obliged to send their children. But the example of the parents themselves, accustomed to look on the Sabbath rather as on a day of recreation than religious meditation, cannot fail to have the worst effect. Moreover the extreme ignorance, carelessness and indolence of the clerks on whom the office of teachers devolves, and the abstruseness and mysticism of the Catholic catechism, frustrates every hope of ever bringing that scanty and imperfect instruction to bear upon the pupil's understanding. Indeed not the slightest attempt is made towards it. Children are directed to repeat every chapter of the *Dottrina Cristiana* till they have got it materially by heart, when they are considered as fit to be admitted to the sacraments. On the anniversary of the solemnities of the *Corpus Domini*, the children of every parish are mustered up in a long procession, and promenaded about town dressed in fanciful costumes of lamb-skins, gay ribbons and flowers, bearing lighted tapers in their hands, preceded by the parish standard, and singing psalms and hymns; and he and she and they, who have recited the *Dottrina Cristiana* with the least hesitation and stammering, closing the rear clad in courtly robes as

king, queen, knights and maids of honour, &c., which distinctions and insignia are intended to last for a whole week, during which the juvenile monarchs and their attendants are loaded with presents and caresses, and crammed with sweetmeats at every convent and nunnery in town.

All this may prove maternal tenderness and charity on the part of the Catholic Church, but cannot equally be brought forward as a proof of her discernment and judgment, and we must indeed have been hitherto stating facts and describing manners and customs to no purpose, if, from what we have said, it does not result, that, even were we unwilling to question the soundness and sanctity of the Catholic morals, were we not to doubt the holy influence of many of the tenets and rites of the Church of Rome, nothing whatever is done by their clergy, even after their own views, either in any manner addressing the understanding or intended to penetrate the heart. A religion of symbols and ceremonies, almost exclusively directed to impress the senses, almost entirely dealing in mysteries and asceticism, is not calculated to forward the interests of a liberal, rational, practical education. Without going the whole length of accusing the Catholic priests as teachers of immorality, we have no hesitation in denying their influence as instruments of moral instruction. For them the man is sufficiently educated that has been trained to place on them the most absolute, implicit reliance. The illiterate peasant, the idiot are the best of Christians. The incompetence, or at least insufficiency, of their priesthood to administer to the wants of an active and intellectual age, is so forcibly felt, in Italy, even by the most conscientious Catholics, that the whole nation seems to have come to the determination of sharing at least with them, if not altogether taking education out of their hands. In the north of Italy, under the Austrian and Sardinian governments, the state has provided for the organization of infant and primary schools. In Tuscany, at Parma and a few other states, they have been left to the exertion of private beneficence; at Rome and Modena they have been interdicted with all the jealousy and violence of arbitrary governments. The south lies still in an almost total darkness of barbarism.

At Milan and Venice such institutions have been almost altogether placed under the rule of the laity. In Piedmont, as we have seen, Jesuits and Ignorantini have every thing under their control.

The traveller whom we have often quoted, M. von Raumer, gives the most satisfactory account of the state of these incipient establishments in the Lombardo-Venetian provinces. Where government takes public instruction under its immediate responsibility, little of course is left to the zeal of private individuals,

besides a prompt and cheerful compliance with the law. There is no doubt but that the Austrian government, when proceeding to the organization of primary instruction, only acted in compliance with the urgent demands of the most enlightened part of the nation, and that the funds for the erection and maintenance of schools have been and are chiefly furnished by private donations and voluntary contributions.

"The outlay for elementary schools," says Von Raumer with his wonted statistical accuracy, "amounted to 507,000 florins. Of this 21,000 florins were derived from endowments, 423,000 were contributed by the communes and 63,000 were defrayed by the state. In 1837, there were in Lombardy, with a population of 4,558,000 inhabitants, 4531 schools, and only 66 communes remained without an elementary school for boys. The teachers, including 2,226 clergymen, directors and school authorities, amounted in number to 6,284. The infant schools are attended by 2,026 children and directed by 93 teachers; their yearly revenues amount to about 16,000 florins. In 1834 there were in the Venetian part of the kingdom alone, with a population of 2,094,000, 1438 schools with 81,372 pupils and 1676 male and female teachers. In the town of Venice there were four infant schools containing already 1000 children, and it is now in contemplation to establish a fifth and to hire an entire palace for the purpose, at the yearly rent of 230 dollars."

All this may go far to prove that the natural good sense and intelligence of the Italian people needed no great compulsion to enter into the views of their legislators. Still but few of the lowest classes can be made to understand and value the blessings of education, and the rest must be guided to their own good by the argument of force. Now, "the law," says Von Raumer, "compels parents to send children to school between the ages of six and twelve, and a fine of half a *lira* per month is incurred by those who neglect to do so, but it is not enforced in Lombardy." It is much to be regretted that it should not be, and that the fear of causing some irritation among the lowest classes should deter the Austrian government from following up to the last their salutary regulation. What else indeed would be the use of despotism, if when sure of the vote of the wide majority, when intimately convinced of the sacredness of its undertaking, it should hesitate to bring to reason a few degraded beings whom their very brutality renders refractory and restive?

Have not parents been deprived by law of the right they enjoyed under the Romans of killing, selling, or disinheriting their children? Why should they not be equally deprived of their authority of killing their children's soul, by suffering them to wallow in all the wretchedness of ignorance and vice?

It is only with this object that the centralizing omnipotence of a despotic government may more readily prevail against the natural

sluggishness or stubbornness of a degraded population, that the Italian patriots have resigned education into the hands of their rulers. Were it otherwise, were it not because they felt that coercive measures would be necessary to induce a few unnatural parents to perform the most sacred of their duties, they needed not to lay their funds and their co-operation at the disposal of the state; since, under any other point of view, it was neither advisable nor desirable that the great mover of public education should be utterly and unconditionally placed under governmental control. In Tuscany, where the Grand Duke never encouraged but never at least interfered with the progress of popular instruction, voluntary associations and subscriptions have led to no less splendid results.

The imperial government could not of course be expected to give its Lombard subjects any but a thoroughly Austrian education. Thus we see, for instance, not without regret, that the rising generation in the gymnasiums are directed to study not the history of their own country, but that of the Austrian monarchy; that students are not allowed to read even such works as the "Conversations' Lexicon," &c. These jealous and narrow-minded restrictions are far from answering the hopes of the most liberal Italians, who have every reason to expect that the diffusion of useful knowledge would soon lead them, at least, to as much rational latitude and freedom of inquiry as is now enjoyed, under the same absolute rule, by the subjects of the Prussian monarchy.

Popular education in England, in America, in almost every other civilized country, may or should have no other object than to promote the greatest happiness of the lowest classes by improving their intellectual and moral condition. But in an enslaved, divided, distracted country like Italy, education is not considered as an end, but as a means. The work of regeneration must lead to a deed of emancipation. Popular instruction must be among the most active elements of nationality. The Italian people must be raised to the dignity of rational beings, that they may be fairly entitled to claim their rights as an independent race of freemen. Education, we have said it, must be the beginning of a fundamental revolution.

This, both the governments and the patriots are well aware of: hence the want is universally felt in Italy of withdrawing and emancipating, as far as can be practicable, popular education from civil as well as from ecclesiastical authority; hence also the alarm has been spread among the rulers of the land, who perceiving the hostile tendency of the age, either hope to counteract the revolutionary influence of education, by taking it under their own immediate patronage or submitting it to priestly rule, as it is done

under the Austrian and Sardinian governments; or otherwise by waging a relentless war against its promoters and abettors, as the Pope, the Duke of Modena and others, have done.

“I beg of you,” thus writes one of our own correspondents, whose words we quote, because they are most apt to give the reader an idea of the state of men’s minds in that country—“I beg of you to seize the first opportunity to announce among our most praiseworthy Italian publications that of the ‘Letture Popolari,’ published at Turin, of which the programme for this (the fifth) year is to be found in the last number of the ‘Guida dell’Educatore.’ You will see by what high feelings its compilers are inspired. But behold, what I receive from one of its most active editors.

“The hour of persecution has struck for my ‘Letture Popolari’ also, and Monsignor the Archbishop of Turin has given the first signal of the attack. In one of his pastoral homilies, in Lent, the right reverend prelate thundered with great vehemence against them, and in the same time against all our other schemes of popular instruction. After his lordship’s example, as well might be expected, violent diatribes were uttered from all, or nearly all, the pulpits in his diocese, every minister of the Gospel zealously adding his commentaries and corollaries to the paternal admonition of their spiritual leader. The most alarming rumours are afloat, and we are waiting every moment for the decree that must condemn our ‘Letture Popolari’ to share the fate of the ‘Subalpino’ (a literary journal suppressed by the Sardinian government in 1839), and nothing short of a miracle can avert the storm which priestly craft has conjured up against us. Here I subjoin a specimen of the archiepiscopal effusion:—

“Oh! this indiscreet zeal of spreading among the people the desire of reading and thirst for instruction, far from being favourable to the cause of religion and morals, is even not unfrequently fatal to the public tranquillity. Because by teaching the lowest classes how to read, without previously strengthening their understanding with the first rudiments of Christian knowledge, they learn to pronounce their sentence on all religious and political matters; they become bolder and bolder in their censure of every government measure, till at length they lose every feeling of respect and allegiance towards their rulers and are ready for rebellion and anarchy.

“Ignorance is bad: who doubts it? But there may be a kind of knowledge still worse: therefore, even in his own age the Apostle proclaimed: *Non plus sapere, quam oportet sapere*\* (Rom. xii. 3). It is true

\* Λέγω γὰρ, διὰ τῆς χάριτος τῆς δοθείσης μοι, παντὶ τῷ ὄντι ἐν ὑμῖν, μὴ ὑπερφρονεῖν, παρ’ ὃ δεῖ φρονεῖν ἀλλὰ φρονεῖν εἰς τὸ σωφρονεῖν ἐκάστῳ ὡς ὁ Θεὸς ἐμέρισε μέτρον πίστεως. We subjoin the original text for the benefit of our readers, whose opinion may be easily formed on the profundity of the textuary who can give to ὑπερφρονεῖν the sense of PLUS SAPERE, or describe a state of ignorant pride of heart as a state of knowledge. True science is always accompanied with humility—ignorance with unseemly pride. The application of the text as an interdict on knowledge is perfectly absurd. When will that pregnant source of error, the Latin Vulgate, be extirpated from Romanist countries? The Apostle’s argument is also wholly directed to particular offices, and his

that these words are meant as an admonition to those who are too prone to think highly of themselves, but such will exactly be the result of these same popular journals, which by fictitious tales, purposely selected to pervert the people's minds, seem to insinuate that virtue only resides among the lowest orders; that equity, disinterestedness and magnanimity are the characteristics of the labourer and poor, whilst oppression, injustice and hardness of heart are the appanage of the higher classes."

"What say you," continues our correspondent, "to this archiepiscopal promulgator of the Gospel?" and then, as a contrast to the gloomy prospects of the war that the friends of education are likely to endure, he subjoins a few words from another of his associates on the state of the Tuscan *Maremma*, a wild district scarcely issuing from utmost desolation and barbarism.

"I have hardly yet visited one-third of the Tuscan marches, and have already organized five societies for the institution of infant asylums, numbering nine hundred members and contributing an annual revenue of 20,000 *lire*. Words can not express how ardently my words have been received, and what a spirit of true charity and patriotism prevails among this population, so little known and so often abused. I have seen the townspeople meeting by hundreds to draw up the regulations for these charitable institutions on the most liberal plans, and bishops and parsons vying with the laity in zealously promoting the interests of education, &c.

"We are," concludes our friend, "neither deterred by the episcopal threats at Turin, nor elated by the adhesion of priests and prelates in Tuscany; but since we are to fight on this ground, I am glad to perceive a division among our adversaries, which gives us fair chances of victory."

Certainly as long as government does not openly declare against them, the friends of education are sure of success, at least in Tuscany, where, were it only as charitable institutions, schools and asylums might always rely on the support and favour of that benevolent population. It must not be forgotten that the north of Italy, and especially Lombardy and Tuscany, have always taken the lead, and are even now unsurpassed in Europe for their true Christian charity and beneficence; and that nowhere are

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injunctions are to exercise a due humility in the wielding of even the miraculous powers, or any other gift or grace. It has nothing to do with the subject to which the archbishop has misapplied it. Where are the chances of a super-fetation of knowledge for Italy? When will even her archbishops comply with the Catholic injunction "Give attention to reading," and get rid of their present deplorable ignorance, "understanding neither what they say nor whereof they affirm." How different is the expression of Dante's ardent gratitude to Ser Brunetto compared to what the Italian child must feel to these darkeners of knowledge.

"In la mente m'è fitta ed or m' accora  
 La cara buona imagine paterna  
 Di voi, quando nel mondo ad ora  
 M' insegnavate, come l' uom s' eterna."

hospitals, poor houses, and orphan asylums, objects of a more assiduous and inexhaustible liberality.

As houses of charity, those educational establishments will be aided by the co-operation even of those who might be less sanguine as to the moral results attainable from a diffusion of knowledge among the lowest classes, and less disposed to lay too implicit a belief in the indefinite perfectibility of their fellow-beings. Whoever visited the infant asylums at Florence or Venice, and saw, as Von Raumer relates, "those Italian children, whom he was accustomed to behold in the streets, dirty, ragged and crawling with vermin, now clean in their persons and tidily attired in their airy and spacious school-houses," however sceptically inclined as to the future prospects of the rising Italian generation, will, at least, applaud the immediate, palpable advantages resulting from those truly maternal establishments.

We have ourselves witnessed the gratifying spectacle last year in Florence, and as we surveyed the little innocent creatures, the children of sin and misery, but recently rescued from the squalor and wretchedness of their parental roofs, still bearing on their haggard and emaciated features and on their rickety limbs the prints of hereditary disease and deformity, we bethought ourselves of Alfieri, and wondered what curse of heaven could thus have nipped and blasted the "plant man" in that most genial soil; and offered our prayers to God that he would smile on the efforts of the new cultivators, and bear them up against the hatred and malignity of their opponents.

But what shall we say, when, foremost in the ranks of their adversaries, we meet the vicar of Christ, the servant of the servants of God, Pope Gregory XVI. himself, not only opposing reasons to arguments, sermons and homilies to pamphlets and journals, but, as a last resource, betaking himself to excommunications, and banishments, and throwing schoolmasters into the dungeons of the Castle St. Angelo?

We have already expressed our belief that there may be precipitation and imprudence among the champions of popular instruction, and we may, to a certain extent, chime in with the opinions of the Archbishop of Turin, that there may be systems of education far from being conducive to the happiness and contentment of individuals, or favourable to the preservation of social order. But would it not be the duty of the pastors, who are, at the same time, the legitimate instructors of their flocks, to counteract the evil tendencies of a premature culture by the peaceful insinuation of sound moral principles, rather than by unholy diatribes and insane persecutions? Is God's own truth so afraid of broad day-light as to have no chance to prevail but in the ob-

scurity of a prison? Can the arrest of Enrico Mayer,\* or of any other individual, put a stop to the rapid progress of opinion, any more than all the scaffolds and burning-piles of Paul IV. and Pius V. prevailed against Protestantism? The schoolmaster in prison! out upon thee, Antichrist!

Meanwhile the promoters of education are not to be easily discouraged by these first outbursts of pontifical wrath. The books which we have placed at the head of this article, selecting them from among a vast number of penny magazines, cyclopædias, and other popular publications, edited in imitation of our English works in the same style, are sufficient to prove that public suffrage is openly in favour of the institutions which such works are intended to advocate, and that the weight of opinion is more than sufficient to frustrate the evil ascendancy of power.

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\* Though we have already alluded to the arrest of Signor Enrico Mayer in our article on "Copyright in Italy," (see FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. LII., p. 300,) yet we think that a few particulars of that event may serve to give an idea of the police regulations of the Italian states, and show how far the right of inviolability of person is respected in that country.

Early in the month of May, 1840, Signor Mayer applied for, and obtained from, his native Tuscan government, a passport for Naples and Sicily, the only part of Italy that the pedagogical traveller had never visited. In that epoch, it will be remembered, the differences between his Sicilian majesty and Great Britain had created an universal ferment in Italy; for such is the state of that unhappy country, that every prospect of hostilities, every anticipation of anxieties and difficulties, in which their governments may be involved, is hailed as an object of rejoicing, as a chance of resurrection on the part of the people. *Mors tua, vita mea*, is there the mutual bond of union and love between the two opposite elements of social order, power and opinion. Consequently, the Neapolitan consul at Leghorn refused to sanction, by his signature, the passport of M. Mayer. This gentleman was therefore compelled to undertake an unnecessary journey to Florence, where he obtained from the Neapolitan minister what he had in vain applied for to his Excellency's subaltern. Provided thus with a passport in due form, M. Mayer started, by land, towards the south, and by a direct road proceeded to Rome. Here another Neapolitan ambassador countermanded the order of his colleague at Florence, and M. Mayer was once more stopped short in his journey. He humbly and resignedly protested against this abuse of power, and prolonged his stay in Rome, hoping by his remonstrances to soften the unjust rigour of the ambassador. One morning as he, according to his wont, applied to the Post Office for his letters, he was attacked by the *sbirri* of his Holiness, and thrown into prison, while his domicile underwent the most severe and minute investigation. For more than four months he was kept in the closest confinement; he and his friends were left in a state of utter incertitude as to his fate. But the clamour raised by so arbitrary a measure, against so popular and irreprehensible a personage, was so very loud and incessant, that even the Pope's inflexibility was not proof against it. The dark and mysterious proceedings were broken short, and the prisoner was, at the request of the Grand-Duke, sent back, under an armed escort, to the Tuscan confines; sentence of perpetual banishment from the ecclesiastical states was, however, issued against him, and enforced by threats of hard imprisonment and the galleys:—all this before he could receive the slightest information as to the crime he stood accused of. His guilt, however, it is well known, was only that of having by every effort promoted the institution of infant asylums, and other primary schools, against which the Pope has declared a most insane and relentless war, and having travelled through Switzerland, England and Germany to inspect the state of popular instruction in those countries, and give an account of it in several numbers of the "*Guida dell' Educatore*."

The oldest and most deserving of these periodical works is the "Guida dell' *Educatore*," conducted by the *Abate* Raffaello Lambruschini, an evangelical, as well as a Catholic, priest. The first manifesto of the journal was published in September, 1835, and the first number appeared in January of the following year. It has ever since continued to appear in monthly numbers, and is now in the highest plenitude of success and popularity. At first the editor had to struggle hard against the difficulties of his isolated situation; but he soon found valiant fellow-labourers in Florence and elsewhere, and now there is scarcely a literary man in Italy that does not take the most lively interest in the progress of his noble undertaking. Among the most distinguished writers we notice the names of Pietro Thouar, Niccolo Tommaseo, and Enrico Mayer, whose *Fragments of a Pedagogical Journey* are intended to give a very satisfactory account of the state of popular education in every country of Europe, particularly in Switzerland, Germany and Britain. These articles were the principal guilt that called upon the author's head the papal resentment, to which he owed his confinement at Rome, and which have rendered it either utterly impossible or unsafe for him to stir an inch beyond the confines of his native state of Tuscany.

The last of these valuable, though, to the Roman see, obnoxious papers, refers to the state of education in England, and ought to prove an object of uncommon attraction to our readers, as the extensive connections and the long residence of M. Mayer in this country, and his indefatigable diligence and perseverance, enabled him to obtain the fairest insight into our political, religious and educational institutions.

It will be easily perceived that that essay is written in accordance with the democratic views warmly espoused by M. Mayer, and almost universally prevailing in his country, but which, owing to the political organization of our free and happy island, are yet, we think, far from having thrown deep roots among our people. Apart, however, from all party spirit, M. Mayer deserves the highest credit as an intelligent, fair, and conscientious observer.

To every number of the "*Guida*" are annexed a few pages of "*Lecture pei fanciulli*," consisting of tales, dialogues, biographical or historical essays, &c., calculated to the capacity of a juvenile understanding: these, together with the "*Lecture Popolari*" published at Turin, to which we have alluded above, and the "*Racconti ad uso dei Giovanetti*" by Pietro Thouar, will furnish every school-house in Italy with an useful and entertaining, economical library.

Meanwhile, as a proof of the universal encouragement that such works obtain from the Italian nation at large, we shall con-

clude this article by quoting the words of honest exultation with which the worthy Abate Lambruschini announces to his readers the reduction in the price of annual subscription, occasioned by a more extensive circulation and sale of his work.

“*La Ruche*, a French journal, edited by two excellent promoters of education, Mesdames Belloc and Mongolfier, has fallen in France. *L'Education pratique*, conducted by the clever M. Michel, also came to its end: whilst books and journals, tending either to amuse the readers with idle inanities, or to corrupt them with immoral and lubric works of fiction, are sold and republished with unabated success—while the “*Guida dell' Educatore*,” after five years, proceeds with redoubled vigour, thanks to the persevering indulgence of the readers, and the all-absorbing importance of its subject. Were any other than myself the editor, I think I might venture to say—**SUCH IS ITALY!**”

region, would be equality of rank and position amongst their members; and their general admission of the truth, that "all men are equal in the sight of God," would give to each a voice in forming those laws which were necessarily made so soon as on their arrival at their future abode.

Mr. Bancroft has had many difficulties to contend against in compiling the valuable history, of which the three volumes already published form but a portion of the arduous task he has undertaken.

In drawing from the resources before him, it required some discrimination to separate strict facts from the multitude of vague rumours and fabulous narrative with which they are mixed, as well as to steer clear of the prejudices which warped the judgment of the early European writers.

The Americans are much indebted to him for the patience and