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"THIS IS TRUE LIBERTY, WHEN FREEBORN MEN—HAVING TO ADVISE THE PUBLIC, MAY SPEAK FREE."—EURIPIDES.

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ITALY.

THE Iron crown of Theodolinda remains to be claimed, and the circle of sacred metal may yet be the reward of the patriot or the prize of the successful invader. The palace of Milan stands in the widowed glory of departed royalty, and the home of so many emperors and kings awakes in the breasts of the Lombards the traditions of the past and the hopes of the future. Here Mamimian, the colleague of Dioclesian, shone in the splendour of the imperial purple; here the wise Justinian twice gained and twice lost the sovereignty of Upper Italy; here, in the twelfth century, Frederic Barbarossa exemplified all the vices of a tyrant, and all the cruelties of a demon; here, for two centuries was the throne of the Visconti, which the twelfth Louis of France himself claimed to ascend, and which was lost to his descendants—with the disasters of Francis I., and the future day of Paris. In more recent times Milan and Lombardy claim their portion in the greatest names of Europe. Charles V. was for a time its sovereign, and Philip II. became known to the world as its Duke. Closely connected with the history of the Spanish branch of the Austrian family, when the latter became extinct, it was seized on by Joseph the First. A century later it was the scene of the viceroyalty of Eugene Beauharnois, and the brilliant shadow of Napoleon's power, and again passed back to the house of Austria, to rebel in 1848, be fooled by Sardinia, and crushed by Radetzki, and prepare for fresh revolt.

Those who fancy that the people of Lombardy and Venice will allow themselves to be wheedled by the pretended concessions of a Berlin Camarilla are but little acquainted with the spirit that has been evoked. Freedom, the thirst of self rule, has assumed in Italy a form with which it will be difficult for the most acute diplomatists to deal. Had the population of the several States restricted themselves to the demand of privilege and concession, it would have been easily possible for the sovereigns to have promised largely, and ended by paying 6d. in the pound; and if the subjects of any state had proved refractory, the arms of two or three adjoining powers could be called in to reduce them. Such is no fancied theory; it is the history of Italy, and the game has been played off, State against State, till all were degraded. The cry for nationality was but another mode of the wish for confederation—the oppressed against the oppressors.

But, however prudent, in some respects, may be the project of forming, among the population of Italy, "a federal union, under a common name, and with common interests, it is evident that it greatly contributes to the difficulty of procuring personal and constitutional privilege in the first instance. To make a federated unity of several principalities, and place over it a central executive, subject to popular controul, it is evident, amounts to neither more nor less than a virtual dethronement of the several princes. Hence the movement in Italy, which, at first, was countenanced by almost all the sovereigns, came, at last, as it developed itself, to be opposed by all.

In no part of the territories has the antagonism between the nationalists, on the one hand, and, what might be called the monarchists, on the other, assumed so direct an opposition, or so simple and intelligible an appearance as in the Ecclesiastical States. It will be remembered that Pius IX., on coming to the throne, awoke, if he did not create, very extensive expectations of constitutional privilege, in the minds of his subjects. These expectations, it does not appear, that the Pope had either the power or the will to realize; he seems, with the best intentions, to have very much deceived himself, and, whether it was that he afterwards found his power less than he imagined, or that there were, in the way, impediments which he had not contemplated; certain it is that the popularity, with which the reign

of the Pontiff commenced, has passed from indifference to direct dislike; a few weeks ago we saw the formation of a provisional government—we have now the murder of Rossi, the first minister.

When Pius the Ninth offered his people a Parliament, and purchased the adoration of a whole population by the boon, he contemplated but a senate, in which his wish should be the law, or, at all events, which, as the most extreme exertion of privilege, should venture on an occasional suggestion. Probably he had in view the pattern of the body which Maecenas and his master found so docile. But to give the shadow of a privilege, is to excite a desire of the substance; and the Roman people were not long in discovering that a Parliament without power was a poor guarantee for the liberties of subjects. The Pope could, probably, not bestow on his people the privileges which, in other states, require but the consent of the sovereign. His power, it was said, was but a trust, he held the reins of government not for himself, but for the Church, and what authority, it was asked, had he to curb her powers or limit her prerogative? In a conscientious mind such arguments would not be without weight; and when we consider the scruples thus arising on the one side, and on the other the promptings of a generous mind stimulated by the desires of a people furious for liberty, and aggravated by delay, we shall have but little difficulty in understanding the embarrassing circumstances by which the present Pope is surrounded.

But in addition, there is another dilemma equally distressing; to yield to the wishes of the patriotic portion of his subjects would bring his Holiness into hostile contact with the Emperor of Austria, a position which, in any circumstances, would be disagreeable for the head of the Church, but which, in the present, might be ruinous to the Church itself. The Austrian minister has hinted in very intelligible terms, that the accession of the Pope to the Nationalists of Italy should be the signal for the withdrawal of the entire empire from all spiritual connexion with Rome. Such is the dilemma in which circumstances have placed a Pontiff, who at any other period had reigned the happy monarch of a happy people.

Throughout the entire Peninsula the yearning for a close national federation grows every hour more powerful. Crushed by the King of Naples, and trampled by the arms of Radetzki in both territories, it smoulders till the moment when an accident may again excite the flame. In Rome, we have seen that the popularity of the Pontiff, and the sacred nature of his office, has ceased to influence the people. The murder of his Minister was followed by public rejoicings, and the majesty of the sovereign was insulted by besieging and forcing the Quirinal, the place of his abode. One even of the conditions on which alone the mob, made up of soldiers who fraternized, and senators and citizens, consented to spare "a single life within the palace," was the *bona fide* adoption of nationality. It is, therefore, almost certain that a new Marcellus shall again lead the legions of Rome, after an interval of more than 2,000 years, to Milan; but this time they shall come to deliver. In various parts of the subjugated Lombardy, minor insurrections against the Austrian force are daily excited and quelled; and some insignificant operations are undertaken by organized bodies on behalf of the patriots, but nothing decisive is witnessed except the fierce gathering clouds that augur a terrific storm.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

MR. MACAULAY, in addition to his distinction as a senator and minister, enjoys that of the most brilliant *article*-writer of his day; and this is no small literary distinction, considering the importance which now belongs to periodical literature. He has at length fairly ventured on one of those massive tasks which may still be considered as a more effective trial of literary genius and

skill—the first two volumes of his *History of England from the Accession of James II.*, have just appeared. The limitation as to time may be presumed to imply, what most people will be ready to acknowledge, that the earlier portion of our national history is chiefly interesting as merely a romantic narrative, and that it is only towards the close of the seventeenth century that we find in it any decided bearing upon modern politics, social economy, or even the national character, as now exhibited and understood. For this period we possess certain histories which—overlooking the few final chapters of Hume—can only be considered as so many pieces of literary journeymanhood: we have, besides, the History of England from the Peace of Utrecht by Lord Mahon, which, though graceful and intelligent, is yet far from satisfying the requirements of the case. We are therefore glad to find a man of such qualifications for historical narration as Mr. Macaulay taking up this duty: partial his work must necessarily be, but that it will be instinct with the vitality of genius, and written from an abundance of information unexampled, no one can doubt.

He commences with a brief and rapid sketch of the history from Elizabeth downwards. Unrelenting towards the Stuarts, as might be expected, it will be found considerably less kindly towards Cromwell and the Puritans than Mr. Carlyle. It is scarcely worth while, on so limited a field as this, to attempt criticism; yet we cannot refrain from the remark, that the errors of royalty are generally ascribed by the author to the worst causes, while those of the popular party are treated with a transparent disposition to excuse them for the motive's sake. For example, after a mild exposition of that violence of the Whigs at the time of the Popish Plot and Exclusion Bill which led to the subsequent Tory reaction, it is curious to fall on such a sentence as this respecting Charles II.:—"Fortunately for himself, he was induced, at this crisis, to adopt a policy which, for ends such as his, was singularly judicious." Verily it has been well remarked, that a dethroned dynasty stands but a poor chance of getting its deserts from the historian. Why is there no accomplished person of sufficient gallantry to try to do for the losers in the political game of that age, the simple justice of displaying not merely their faults and misfortunes, but the circumstances and temptations, so perilous to honesty and judgment, amidst which it was their fate to act? It is yet too soon, we suppose, for such a duty being undertaken.

With so little space at our command, it is impossible that we should lead our readers into anything but the most partial acquaintance with Mr. Macaulay's volumes. We are anxious that the few quotations we can make should present to full advantage the large information and artistic skill, under favour of which the work is executed. We shall commence with a portion of Mr. Macaulay's view of William of Orange's character, including a trait of genuine natural friendship in a sphere of life where it was not generally looked for. William "was born with violent passions and quick sensibilities: but the strength of his emotions was not suspected by the world. * * * Where he loved, he loved with the whole energy of his strong mind. * * * Highest in his favour stood a gentleman of his household named Bentinck, sprung from a noble Batavian race, and destined to be the founder of one of the great patrician houses of England (Portland). The fidelity of Bentinck had been tried by no common test. It was while the United Provinces were struggling for existence against the French power that the young prince on whom all their hopes were fixed was seized by the small-pox. That disease had been fatal to many members of his family, and at first wore, in his case, a peculiarly malignant aspect. The public consternation was great. The streets of the Hague were crowded from daybreak to sunset by persons anxiously asking how his highness