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Italy under Pins IX.

The orphano of the heart much turn to thee;"

At the mere mention of her name, we involuntarily transfer back into mysterious packs, and return laded with truths of mighty import; with the arder of youthful funcy or listers to the low, ho are murminings as they rise from the profound abyse, and me believe, them to be, the administray cries of a departed nation. — The is of the past, m now, access, her history as me would the stong of an aged sage; and me approach her ruins as me would the grave, of the great cleach. Me gaze afon the lifetes corpse, but the Soul has fled.

So long has this feeling been entertained that m were, regard with contemps, the efforts, which have been made for her emancipation. Hither-to they have always been unsuccessful: but why?

The trans of Napoleon had revived the spirits of manline po, and the manifestation, of a people's power had shaken things upon their themes, to cheek, this spirits, the Holy alliance, if it has black there a combination of tyrants, assembled; and the false-hearted hypocretes, whilst, mum thing to their subjects "to strengthen themselves come day mon and most, in the principles and exercise of the duties, which the Dinne Savier has taught to mankind's much coolly to work to apportion the entire continents of Europe, as as many withing months would divide their bry. In this most, eighterns division, Italy was placed under the fretection of austria's and its has been a fretestion with a rangeance. She has natched with a jealous eye carry attempt, that, has been made to rear aloft the lanner of freedom, and as often as it, has been made to rear aloft the lanner of freedom, and as often as it, has been done the hand-full of patrict, has been overwhelmed by an accordance force.

The popes breame the minims of pour; and though nominally the rulers, of a people, they mue the creatures of a King. The vice-general of bod, became the slave, of man. And he who daved to feel his misery, or raise his voice, or his sword in the defense of his right, much by the command of his own sourcego spill his hearts blood ignominiously on the scaffold, or leave, his nation land, forour.

But rosse, the spirit of discimen was alread throughout all Italy. The curre of Catiline had been at last fulfilled. There were present, in Rome,

"Hen treaching with his thirsty dagger drawn Suspicion prising his brother cufe!"

Not only me the different, states opposed to each other; but often the inhabitants) of the Dame province me divided by heatile Receeties and airal parties. With a blind inconsistency they adhered to this course of folly a fingetting that they there makening their throught to appose their Common enemy; and whileh bothers mingled their block in conflicts for trifles lights as air the chains gradually encircled them, which give stronger and etringer as the poor captions languished in death.

There facts have, been addressed to remons the contempts which some feel for Italian revolutions, what nation could have, done more, in the Same circumstances? We, achieved our leberty, it is true: but, or one three mitalians, united, with an enemy three thousands someter off, separated from us by the vide ocean, with no priestly power to am the ignerant enter Submission by appeals founded upon their superstation. They enjoyed none of these administration the Italian is no covard. He foughts like a Roman under Bonaparte. He perished in the snows of Russia, and his loves whiten the plains of the perished in the snows of Russia, and his loves whiten the plains of the peninsula. The fact in the ear of the lazy lagarenic of his fathers glong, points to the Countling Panthem; and as with sparkling eye he was from his water and his court, while once more, — a man.

Gugony XI died; and the 16th June 1846, after a session of Sex days, the shortest upon accord, the new pope was announced as Puis IX, who has born in the midets of a revolution, and who had spent the prime of his life, as a missionary in South America, their well the human hearty - as in the stitlings of the night he gazed from the a mindow of his palace he pheld Rome; but oh! how changed! Where was the glong of her name? Lunk in loathrome bits by the way Siete of time. As longer the mistress of the world, her grass-

grown streets told that as a nation she was rotten from very inactivity. Then and there, alone, he formed the determination in his heart of hearts
that Rome should yet, he free when the voices of his people we must
ed to his ears, calling for pity and for helps, he steppeds forth, and whileh
the stars of hearen trunkted for joy at the sight, he reached out his
hands, and in the name of look he blessed them. - They lond him.
They was his children.

Lette a men ruler his first aim was to make his people werthy to be free, and fir that, purpers a system of Education was devised,
a new code of lans was established, the wash litrary of the Vatican
was thereon open to Students and men of Science, and many other sin
ilar acts mu performed. Nort, the power of Austria was to be
broken offer and hence his minister, whose traitorens heart delighted in
the miseries of his fellow- countrymen, was expelled. Afternards,
when speaking of Austria he revaled his determined spirits as he
exclaimed, I have already Sixty Thousand men to oppose themexclaimed, I have already Sixty Thousand men to oppose themI shall not be alone in the field. If things come to the trial and
men freed to fight, let Austria binare; she will then hid a
long, fauntly to Itaty and cross forces the Eternal Alps?

Throughout the whole of his administration thus far he has displayed those liberal principles, which mark the statesmen of the present day. There has been no court design of gaining, the confidence
of his people, merely to increase his one power, or for the Lake of
perfectuating his rule. His design has been letert, and reform.
He possesses prudence and misdom, for Eorg measure, that he has adopted, shows their Combination. He is good, for his life, is a record
of noble actions, He is bran, for he dand to dofy the austrian, nor
could be hims of assassination intimedate him. Buth Such a ruler on han, much to hope, little to fram.

But the pope is not alone in these efforts. Let het the trumfret Dound; and Fro Hundred Thousand Drords will be drawn, ready to Dinke in the cause of God and man. The South and the North weit, but for his Command. The train of a mighty revolutions has been laid deep in the Soil of the Entire peninsular, and when the pope shall apply the match the Earthquake Shrek Shall hurl back the austrian from her borders, and sens the last chain of Slanny.

She has now the Sympathies of the world. The East and the South hars, met, in the Seron hilled texty" to do honor to the glorius preserver of Italy- England has acknowledged the glorium efforts of the
strong man, who though naked, has been struggling against host,
clothed in steel - Horance can no longer Simile at the sutchedness
of her old conqueror - and but the other day in our own city
there were patriots firm and two, who said, Price, the eyes of
the world are upon your go on, perserver, Conquer, and spen shall
have, the prayers of humanity, falter or desirt and you Shall have,
its curses?

Noice loud, and clear and throng Eloquents in behelf of Greece, and tears flowed throughout the land. Are there no tears for Italy? To the no Sympathy for the land of action, as well as the land of song? Ye, that starts with horror at the mention of a Turkish cimiter, is there nothing territo in the iron heel of an austrian tyrout!

As modern ports stood abor, her ruins, and berrailed her desolation, yet in the midsh of his lament he spoke of her resurrection. Then Shall be a assurrection. The floods of a bar-barian tide, which, rushing down from the fregen Morth, warrhelmed the fair plains of Italy shall moves be, driven back; and the broggeny of the immortal Brutus shall arise from the depths of a Bunless sea to the glorions lights of liberty. The cas of triumph shall again roll on to the capital, and there shall not be bound to its wheels Roman slaves, but its shall perclaim to all the world her lash, her qualish victory- Then the ghost of Rienzi, starting from its cold gran, shall exclaims in the hollow voice

of the dead "The Eternal city Shall be feed -

Commencement Oration of John Andrew Jackson Creswell, Class of 1848
Transcribed by Allison Schell, September 2010
Edited by Caitlin Moriarty, September 2010

Italy under Pius IX

"Oh Rome! My country! City of the soul! The orphans of the heart must turn to thee;"

At the mere mention of her name, we involuntarily wander far back into mysterious past, and return laded with truth of mighty import; with the ardor of youthful fancy we listen to the low, hoarse murmurings as they rise from the profound abyss, and we believe them to be the admonitory cries of a departed nation. She <u>is</u> of the past, we now receive her history as we would the story of an aged sage; and we approach her ruins as we would the grave of the great dead. We gaze upon the lifeless corpse, but the Soul has fled.

So long has this feeling been entertained that we regard with contempt the efforts, which have been made for her Emancipation. Hither-to they have always been unsuccessful: but why?

The wars of Napoleon had revived the Spirit of manliness, and the manifestations of a people's power had shaken Kings upon their thrones. To check this spirit, the <u>Holy</u> Alliance, if it be not blasphemy to designate thus a combination of tyrants, assembled; and the false-hearted hypocrites, whilst mumbling to their subjects "to strengthen themselves every day more and more in the principles and exercise of the duties, which the Divine Savior has taught to mankind," went coolly to work to apportion the entire continent of Europe, as so many robbers would divide their prey. In this most righteous division, Italy was placed under the protection of Austria; and it <u>has</u> been a <u>protection</u> with a vengeance. She has watched with a jealous eye every attempt that has been made to rear aloft the banner of freedom, and as often as it has been done the hand-full of patriots has been overwhelmed by an Austrian force.

The popes became the minions of power; and though nominally the rulers of a people, they were the creatures of a King. The vice-gerent of God, became the slave of man. And he who dared to feel his misery, or raise his voice, or his Sword in the defense of his rights, must by the command of his own Sovereign spill his heart's blood ignominiously on the scaffold, or leave his native land forever.

But worse, the spirit of disunion was abroad throughout all Italy. The curse of Catiline had been at last fulfilled. There were present in Rome,

"Wan treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn Suspicion poisoning his brother's cup:"

Not only were the different states opposed to each other; but often the inhabitants of the same province were divided by hostile societies and rival parties. With a blind inconsistency they adhered to this course of folly, forgetting that they were weakening their strength to oppose their common enemy; and whilst brothers mingled their blood in conflict for "trifles light as air" the chains gradually encircled them, which grew stronger and stronger as the poor captives languished in death.

These facts have been adduced to remove the contempt which some feel for Italian revolutions, what nation could have done more in the same circumstances? We achieved our liberty, it is true: but we were three million, united, with an enemy three thousand miles off, separated from us by the wide ocean, with no priestly power to awe the ignorant into submission by appeals founded upon their superstition. They enjoyed more of these advantages.- The Italian is no coward. He fought like a Roman under Bonaparte. He perished in the snows of Russia, and his bones whiten the plains of the peninsula.- Whisper in the ear of the lazy lazaronit of his father's glory, point to the crumbling Pantheon; and as with sparkling eye he rises from his water and his crust, behold once more—a man.

Gregory XVI died; and on the 16^{th,} June 1846, after a session of Six days, the shortest upon record, the new pope was announced as Pius IX, well was he chosen. He, who was born in the midst of a revolution, and who had spent the prime of his life as a missionary in South America, knew well the human heart.- As in the stillness of the night he gazed from a window of his palace he beheld Rome; but oh! how changed! Where was the glory of her name? Sunk in the loathsome pits by the wayside of time. No longer the mistress of the world, her grass-

grown streets told that as a nation she was rotten from very inactivity.—Then and there, alone, he formed the determination in his heart of hearts that Rome should yet be free.—When the voices of his people were wafted to his ears, calling for pity and for help, he stepped forth, and, whist the stars of heaven twinkled for joy at the sight, he reached out his hands, and in the name of God he blessed them.—They loved him. They were his children.

Like a wise ruler his first aim was to make his people worthy to be free, and for that purpose a system of Education was devised, a new code of laws was established, the vast library of the Vatican was thrown open to students and men of Science, and many other similar acts were performed. Next, the power of Austria was to be broken off, and hence his minister, whose traitorous heart delighted in the miseries of his fellow-countrymen, was expelled. Afterwards, when speaking of Austria he revealed his determined spirit as he exclaimed, "I have already Sixty Thousand men to oppose them- I shall not be alone in the field. If things come to the trial, and we are forced to fight, let Austria beware; she will then bid a long farewell to Italy, and cross forever the Eternal Alps."

Throughout the whole of his administration thus far he has displayed those liberal principles, which mark the statesmen of the present day. There has been no covert design of gaining the confidence of his people, merely to increase his own power, or for the sake of perpetuating his rule. His design has been liberty and reform. He possesses prudence and wisdom, for every measure, that he has adopted, shows their combination. He is good, for his life is a record of noble actions. He is brave, for he dared to defy the Austrian, nor could schemes of assassination intimidate him. With such a ruler we have much to hope, little to fear.

But the pope is not alone in these efforts. Let but the trumpet sound; and Two Hundred Thousand swords will be drawn, ready to strike in the cause of God and man. The South and the North wait but for his command – The train of a mighty revolution

has been laid deep in the soil of the entire peninsula, and when the pope shall apply the match the earthquake shock shall hurl back the Austrian from her borders, and sever the last chain of Slavery.

She has now the Sympathies of the world. The East and the South have met in the "Seven hilled City" to do honor to the preserver of Italy – England has acknowledged the glorious effort of the strong man, who though naked, has been struggling against hosts clothed in steel – France can no longer smile at the nakedness of her old conqueror – And but the other day in our own city there were patriots firm and true, who said, "Pius, the eyes of the world are upon you; go on, persevere, conquer, and you shall have the prayers of humanity, falter or desert and you shall have its curses."

A few years ago there arose in our legislative halls a voice loud, and clear and strong eloquent in behalf of Greece, and tears flowed throughout the land. Are there no tears for Italy? Is there no sympathy for the land of action, as well as the land of song? Ye, that start with horror at the mention of a Turkish cimiter, is there nothing terrible in the iron heel of an Austrian tyrant?

A modern poet stood above her ruins, and bewailed her desolation, yet in the midst of his lament he spoke of her resurrection. There shall be a resurrection. The floods of a barbarian tide, which, rushing down from the frozen North, overwhelming the fair plains of Italy shall now be driven back; and the progeny of the immortal Brutus shall arise from the depths of a "sunless sea" to the glorious light of liberty. The car of triumph shall again roll on to the capitol, and then shall not be bound to its wheels Roman slaves, but it shall proclaim to all the world her last, her greatest victory – Then the ghosts of Rienzi, starting from its cold grave, shall exclaim in the hollow voice

of the dead "The Eternal city shall be free".