CHAPTER SEVEN

Away or Homeward Bound?

The Slippery Case of Mediterranean Place in the Era Before Nation-states

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With the new transnational turn, scholars of nationalism have looked to the experience of the physical displacement of activists and intellectuals as a prime means to reassemble the international circulation of ideas: For, after all, Gottfried Herder wrote some of his most stimulating work while sailing across the north seas,[1] Mazzini debated in England longer than he ever resided in Italy,[2] Kossuth spent over half of his life everywhere but Hungary,[3] Mickiewicz attracted world attention not from the medieval burgs of Lithuania, but from Parisian university podiums,[4] and, finally, Garibaldi regularly fell off the peninsular grid, explaining the global commemorations of his stays in New York City, Taganrog (Russia) and Garibaldi (Brazil).[5] Scholars of exile and diaspora have given us the necessary reminder of how transnational nationalism was (and is). However, much remains unclear in trying to ascertain the contours of displacement. Though there can be no doubt that travel and living 'abroad' informed the shape and texture of nineteenth-century activists' ideas and the strategies they chose to make their ideas real, what remains unclear is how far 'home' and 'away' really extended in a world of mini-city-states, broad continental (and transoceanic) empires, tariff unions, and the introduction of railways and steamships. Were you always 'displaced' when you moved? Can we discuss a Mediterranean 'diaspora' if the movement of peoples along and across the Mediterranean

followed new and/or old traditions of mobility? Is a historical figure 'abroad' if she or he travels along imperial infrastructures that do not cohere to the map of the imagined national communities of early- and mid-nineteenth-century activists? This chapter argues that 'place' in the Mediterranean before nation-states should not be treated as a stable category, but instead should be read against the modern geographical grain, especially when analysing the mental world of the Mediterranean's provincial imperial subjects. To do this I will compare the travels, intellectual transformations and senses of 'home' and 'away' of three mid-nineteenth-century activists born off the shores of the Adriatic Sea during or immediately after the Napoleonic Wars. These three men lived a total of 236 years between them and spent those years writing well over fifty books as well as thousands of articles, pamphlets and manifestos. I will then conclude by indicating what a comparative analysis of these three figures reveals about the complications of using terms such as 'exile', 'diaspora', and/or 'displacement' in the era before nation-states, especially along the shores of the Mediterranean. All in less than twenty pages. Such an ambitious itinerary requires pretty painful leaps and bounds through the life and minds of this group of complex characters. But what we will lose in nuance, hopefully we will gain in trying to understand the bigger picture of place for nineteenth-century Mediterranean provincials. So off we go.

Niccolò Tommaseo: many homes, rarely away

Of the three figures under discussion, Niccolò Tommaseo is the most likely to be familiar to a reader well-versed in the literary and political history of nineteenth-century Europe, as the fanciful and sometimes frightful publications that his too-active pen authored have made their way into most histories of the Italian Risorgimento and many of the mid-nineteenth-century Balkans. But just to make sure we are all familiar with the same life and professional trajectory of this famous, prolific crank, a little background is necessary.[6]

Niccolò Tommaseo was born in the third tier port town of Šibenik, Dalmatia, in 1802 to an Italian-speaking father and an illiterate Slavic-speaking mother. Both born as subjects of the Venetian Republic that had ruled most of Dalmatia since the fifteenth century, mother and father conversed throughout their marriage in the local Italian dialect of their hometown, though Tommaseo's mother opted to sing her son the Slavic-language lullabies of her girlhood to put him at ease when he fussed. Hoping that their little 'Nico' (Tommaseo's nickname) would grow up to be a lawyer, instead of a small-store owner like his father, Tommaseo's parents first had him educated by his uncle, a fairly well-placed Catholic priest, and then sent young Nico off to the best schools Dalmatia had to offer: first in the provincial capital Zadar to the north and then to the Split seminary in the

south (that also claimed Ugo Foscolo as one of its prior alumni). At the ripe old age of fifteen, Tommaseo was then packed off to university in Padua, where he had to voyage due northwest across the Adriatic Sea to attend his university lectures. Once in Padua he was given strict orders from his family to study hard, spend little, keep his head low, and come home to take up a career in law as soon as possible. The only one of these orders Tommaseo followed was that he studied hard, and after several years of torturing his parents during his summer vacations home he finally forced them to concede that he was not meant for their world: not meant for a comfortable bourgeois existence, not meant for Šibenik, and not even meant for Dalmatia.

Even in his early teens, Tommaseo was ambitious: he wanted to be a man of letters and he wanted to de-Slavify himself or, as he put it, to 'deillyrianize myself and make myself Italian, all the way to my nerves, fibres, bones, and the makeup of my soul . . . all completely Italian'.[7] Here his ambitions did not end, for not only did he want to make books, and make himself Italian, he also hoped to play a hand in making the Italian peninsula 'Italy' as well. After years of family arguments, his parents let him go, shaking their heads and refusing to financially support him in his pursuits. He shook his head right back and left.

It is important to note here that even before alienating himself from the paternal nest, Tommaseo was not 'outside' his home sphere. Instead he was following the tides of upper-mobility that any Dalmatian family with some sort of means would set for a promising son. Travelling north to Zadar, then south to Split, then northeast across the Adriatic to Padua, were all voyages required for the upperwardly mobile within the confines of the Venetian Republic that had closed its eyes just five years before Tommaseo's birth. And until the very last years of Tommaseo's life, all of these places were conjoined within the infrastructures and administrations of the Adriatic's new hegemon: the Habsburg Empire. To travel back and forth across the Adriatic, Tommaseo had to get a passport, true, but not one of those hard-to-get ones that permitted travel outside the empire. Instead his travel required at most permission to reside within another Habsburg province besides his own. This sort of passport could be obtained from the local Dalmatian police headquarters, and Tommaseo spent much of his time home during summer vacations coddling friends who had chosen a bureaucratic career in order to ensure his papers were in order without too much hassle. Travelling up, down, and across the Adriatic was no exile. And though freed from the confining desires of the paternal nest during and after university, Tommaseo was not 'away'. He lived briefly in Padua, in Venice, in the Venetian countryside, in Milan, and then finally moved to Florence for about ten years. But the new homes he made himself were not 'abroad'. Instead they followed the spatial transitions that first the Venetian and then the Habsburg Empire laid out for its striving sons. All these new 'homes' were within the same conglomerate and the sail-ships, steamships, carriage trips, and finally train trips he took to make a name and profession for

himself were administered by the same monarchy no matter whether it was a Dalmatian, Venetian, Lombard or Tuscan local police force that checked his documents. He was moving among the many Italian-speaking 'home fronts' of the Habsburg Monarchy.

The astronomical rise of this fifteen-year-old Dalmatian to become one of the leaders of the Catholic-Romantic strain of the Italian Risorgimento, the second-in-command of the 1848–9 Venetian Revolution, and the author of what I consider the best Italian dictionary of the nineteenth century, is well documented. And though it is a fascinating tale, there is not the time here to tell it. What there is time for is to discuss exile and Tommaseo. As many have noted before, Tommaseo was a man who narrated himself through the lens of exile.[8] He published one of his memoirs under the heading of exile, imaginatively coining it 'My second exile', indicating thereby that there had been a first. But even in Tommaseo's mind, this first exile was not his 'escape' from Dalmatia when he went off to university. Nor was it his periods in Milan and Florence where he sought to disentangle himself from the provincial Venetian circles he felt were constraining him. None of these forays, though precipitated by what he believed were the compulsion of circumstance, were exile in his mind. It is not just the historian who notes that he moved within the confines of the state in which he was considered a domestic subject. Until he left Habsburg lands for Paris in 1835, he, too, considered himself 'within', even though he was consistently regarded as a 'Schiavone' or a 'Slav' by chauvinistic locals in Padua and Venice and as a 'Dalmatian outsider' in Milan and Florence. Outsider, but not foreign, Tommaseo's time away from the hilly seascape of Šibenik was spent in a mostly monolingual Italian environment within Habsburg lands, an environment he believed was bringing him closer to 'deillyrianizing myself' so that he could help make his 'homeland' a unified *Italia*.

His first foray outside the Habsburg Empire, and his first identification with 'exile', was triggered by his political activities in the mid-1830s, which were viewed with increased hostility by the Habsburg administration. Tommaseo had always made clear his mission to help foster the resurgence of an Italian nation. But in 1835 he chose to leave his Habsburg homes so that he could enjoy France's freedom of the press and tell the world exactly how this new Italy needed to be framed. How did it need to be framed? To put it crudely: as a multi-centric federal republic where Italian unity would be founded on a conscious acceptance of Italian diversity.[9] Tommaseo's future *Italia* would not be one of standardization, but instead of negotiation: all the different cultures and traditions of Italy's *cento città* (hundred cities) – whether linguistic, political, economic, or religious – would need to be recognized and harmonized, not whitewashed or streamlined. These opinions were not very popular among the crowded Parisian boarding houses of the Italian nationalist exiles where Tommaseo resided after crossing the Alps. Nor were they popular in the most famous Risorgimento activist circle, Giuseppe Mazzini's '*Giovine Italia*' (Young Italy). Nor were

they popular among Habsburg censors. Running to Paris to tell the world what Italy needed to be, Tommaseo quickly found himself isolated and barred from returning to any of the lands he once had called home: not only were Lombardy, Tuscany and Venetia now off limits, but as a Habsburg persona non-grata, so, too, was Dalmatia.

The first self-proclaimed exile in Paris was a nightmare for Tommaseo: he was isolated, he was poor, he caught a nasty case of syphilis, and he spent most of his time in a feverish state fearing the next round of surgeries and mercury 'cures' he was to undertake.[10] In between these pleasant activities he also learned of the death of both of his parents. Being unable to obtain travel papers to Habsburg Dalmatia to mourn them as he wished, Tommaseo's mind moved homewards to be with them. Eventually, Tommaseo's body moved 'homeward', too. But not to the blue waters of the Adriatic where Habsburg police would still not permit him; instead he chose a virtual home, a land as close to Dalmatia and the Italies he once knew where his political status would be accepted: he moved to Corsica.

Corsica in the nineteenth century was a part of France and had never been ruled by a Venetian doge or a Habsburg monarch. However, amid the rugged island mountains, Tommaseo described Napoleon's birthplace in terms reminiscent of his boyhood home. With its 'lemons in the orchards, snow on the hills, mother who salutes me with a smile, a swim in the sea, pure sun, and flowers in my room' Tommaseo in Corsica felt like he had left exile behind.[11] In fact, Corsica's multilingual maritime mosaic with its rough peasantry helped him rediscover Dalmatia. And once he made the acquaintance of a German amateur poet who loved all things Romantic and all things Slavic, Tommaseo was also introduced to the German-language Slavophile writings of Goethe, Ranke and Herder. Diseased, mourning his parents, and stranded with an amateur German poet on the island of Corsica, Tommaseo began reconsidering Dalmatia's Slavic-speaking cultural legacies and the Slavic nations in formation, the same legacies and nation he had spent the first half of his life avoiding.

From the Dalmatian boy who aspired to 'deillyrianize myself and make myself Italian, all the way to my nerves, fibres, bones, and the makeup of my soul . . . all completely Italian',[12] after his months in Corsica Tommaseo became a man who began signing his letters in Italian '*Uno slavo* (A Slav)', beautifully encapsulating the multi-national persona he began to inhabit, the same multi-national persona he would continue to attribute to his boyhood home, Dalmatia, and the same multi-national message he tried to imbue on the Italian Risorgimento before, during, and after 1848. A Habsburg amnesty for all political exiles was issued in 1839 and Tommaseo set sail from Corsica and headed straight back to reassemble his new (Corsican-German-Romantic-influenced) discoveries about Dalmatia and its Slavic identity with that of its 1840s day-to-day. He spent a few months in Dalmatia visiting his parents' graves, arguing over wills and testaments, and making new friends among the province's Slavic-oriented intellectuals

and activists. By 1840 he had decided to make his new home in Venice, close to Dalmatia, close to the Balkans, close to Italy, and in the fourth largest city of the Habsburg Monarchy of which he was still a subject. For the next nine years in Venice Tommaseo dedicated his life to promoting simultaneously Italian and South Slavic national agendas. And when revolution erupted in 1848–9, he rose to become second-in-command of the new Venetian Republic, where he used his positions as diplomat and Minister of Education and Religion as a podium from which to spread his words of multi-national activism. While armies raged across half of Europe, Tommaseo tried to teach his Corsican-inspired multi-nationalism to all who could hear, begging his fellow Habsburg subjects-in-arms, whether they be mother-tongue Italian, Slavic, German, Hungarian, Polish or what-have-you 'to join together [*affratellare*] peoples, so that they can mutually help each other in acquiring their own liberty'.[13] When the 1848–9 fight for liberty ended in failure, Tommaseo was listed amongst the forty leaders of the Venetian Revolution who would be forced into exile from Habsburg lands if Venice's surrender to the Habsburg armies was to be accepted.

On 27 August 1849 Tommaseo boarded the ship of the forty condemned leaders of the Venetian Revolution with the only known itinerary being 'exile'. Most of his fellow condemned approached their ousting with the same voyage in mind: armed escort steamship to Marseilles, then Paris, and then hopefully back to the peninsula to start fighting again. Tommaseo, however, chose to forego the normal routes of exile: he had learned from his first try at it. And when the ship leaving Venice made its first stop in British-held Corfu (in order to restock and assure the authorities that the exiles were free of cholera), Tommaseo refused to move on. The rest of his fellow Venetian exiles would spread out and populate the Swiss, British, Belgian and French enclaves so beloved by Italian nationalists, but Tommaseo knew better: he chose exile to be another virtual home of Mediterranean mosaics of multi-national influences instead of being an outsider in northern climes. Almost completely blind and with little money to his name, he rented a room in a boarding house, married its widowed proprietor, and spent the next few years writing his memoirs of 1848 and lecturing Corfu's Orthodox and Catholics, Greek- and Italian-speakers to learn to love one another and live together. When Corfiotes made it clear that they preferred him to make his multi-national home elsewhere, he spent the last years of his exile in Turin, a city he found even less appealing than Paris. With the unification of Italy he returned to the hillsides of Florence, where he ended his life. But to the end, he refused to take on Italian citizenship. In the heart of Italy, he died an exiled subject of Habsburg Dalmatia and an oft-hallowed 'founding father' of the Italian Risorgimento.

The twist and turns of Tommaseo's travels and the resulting transformations of his political and intellectual understandings of nationhood defy a clear pattern at first glance. Until his mid-thirties, Tommaseo moved incessantly, living in three radically different port-towns along the eastern Adriatic

(Šibenik, Zadar, and Split), three different towns in Venetia (Padua, Venice, and Rovereto), one in Lombardy (Milan) and one in Tuscany (Florence), but in these travels he never left the Habsburg Monarchy. Instead, until his mid-twenties, he moved along the traditional pathways of achievement as any eastern-Adriatic subject of the Adriatic would do: schooling in provincial centres until secondary education brought the Adriatic's brightest to the Venetian metropole. And once he had made a name for himself within the traditional centres of the Venice-oriented metropole system to which his provincial parents had sent him, he set out to make a name for himself in the new Italian-language publishing centres of the Habsburg Monarchy: Milan and Florence. Much travel, no doubt. But it is hard to call these itineraries anything other than those of a provincial trying to make it big. Once big, Tommaseo chose to defy his state, and to do so he sought out freedom-of-the-press-1840s Paris. There he suffered much and felt alone, but no large intellectual transformations dawned on him. He moved to Paris to write a book outlining a plan for a future multi-centric federal Italy filled with an array of different dialects and traditions. And in Paris he wrote just what he had planned.

Homesickness in Paris pushed him to the Mediterranean island of Corsica and there his whole worldview of nationhood, Dalmatia, Italy, Croatia-Slavonia-Serbia, the Balkans and the Mediterranean changed. At 'home' among the fruits of a Mediterranean clime and its political economy but outside the structures of Venetian- and/or Habsburg-dominated traditions and expectations, Tommaseo re-evaluated his entire understanding of the world that had produced him. At home in the Mediterranean and displaced from the imperial structures he knew, he constructed a new multi-national vision for the homes he loved and Europe as a whole, which he would expand and promote throughout the rest of his life. His return to Dalmatia, Venice, Corfu and Florence over the next thirty years did not budge his Corsica lessons much. He was back to the ex-Venetian and soon-to-be-ex-Habsburg worlds he thought he knew.

Pacifico Valussi: few homes, unexpectedly away

Whereas Tommaseo's movements spanned from Paris in the north to Corfu in the south, from Corsica in the west to Split in the east, Pacifico Valussi's trajectory never ventured further west than Milan, further north than Friuli, further east than Trieste or further south than Rome. In fact, Valussi – who headed the three most influential newspapers in Trieste throughout the 1840s, served as deputy to and secretary of the Venetian provisional government during the 1848–9 revolutions, and was elected senator to the Kingdom of Italy – never lived outside of what was to become Italy. And he only lived outside the southern provinces of the Habsburg Empire when he was named a senator of the Kingdom of Italy. Nonetheless, compelled to

move throughout his life from economic and then political necessity, Valussi, too, experienced a sense of displacement that significantly transformed his understanding of nationhood to perhaps a greater degree than Tommaseo.

Pacifico Valussi's small-landholding parents had been raised to expect peace under the Venetian Republic's centuries-long care of their Friulian valleys and hillsides. And when a son was born to them in 1813 (eleven years after Tommaseo) they celebrated by naming him 'Pacifico' to mark what they hoped would be a return to an era of peace after the last round of Napoleonic treaties were signed. Though their hopes were clearly soon dashed, their son was raised under the shadow of other Venetian-informed expectations. Young Pacifico's schooling was overseen by his father and the local priest until he was sent to Friuli's Venetian-built provincial capital, Udine, where he received his secondary training. In his memoirs he noted that as a boy he was weaned on Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Silvio Pellico, Ugo Foscolo and a host of other favourites from the Italian nationalist cannon, but whether we should believe what he wrote in his early seventies about the upbringing that made him the Italian senator he would one day become I leave up to you. What we do know for sure is that before arriving in the university town of Padua to take a degree in engineering, Valussi was fluent in Italian and German and could read French, Spanish and Latin with little difficulty. He also had a passion for local history, especially of the early-modern Venetia. What we also know is that with one brother slated to carry on the family farm and another taking orders in the priesthood, Valussi felt free enough to sow some professional oats further afield than those his brothers had sowed for him.

Where those oats led him after graduating from university in his early twenties was the metropole of his parents' generation: Venice. Living within a stone's throw of the Accademia bridge, Valussi decided he, too, wanted to be a man of letters and he, too, wanted to use his words to help inspire his fellow speakers of the language of *sì* to push for the creation of a united Italy. Venice's empty *calle*, its deserted marketplaces, its empty palazzi, and its array of Grand-Tour tourists calling out to anyone on a boat '*Monsieur une gondole*' seemed the quintessence of why a national revival was necessary to restore Venice (and the Italian peninsula as a whole) back to a level of prestige rather than pitiful pandering.[14] But no matter how hard Valussi tried, his efforts to write histories, economic tracts, poems, plays and pamphlets landed on deaf ears and continued to secure him less than enough money for rent. Venice was a shadow of what it once had been and the chances for young men to make a name for themselves there were a thing of the past.

Enter Trieste: by the late 1830s Valussi was desperate for a chance to make something of himself. And he got his chance when a fellow Friulian and close friend in Venice wrote to him indicating that there was a job open to edit a newspaper in the nearby port town of Trieste. Valussi arrived to find a job and much, much more. For Valussi, Trieste was a 'city [where] you

had to work, and work a lot' but it was also patently ethnically diverse in a way that Udine, Padua and Venice had never been.[15] Valussi was struck by the amalgam of multi-lingual and multi-religious communities that inhabited the quintessentially Habsburg free-port city. In his newspapers, in article after article, he made mention of how Italian, South-Slavic, German, Greek, French, Turkish, Spanish and English speakers converged within the city, practising their respective Catholic, Christian Orthodox, Jewish, Protestant and Muslim rites in the various religious houses sprinkled throughout the urban space. To Valussi, it was not just city living that was different from Venice, but his understanding of the Adriatic Sea had changed, too. In Venice, he resented foreign tongues and foreign ways dominating the economics of St Mark's Square and the lagoon that sat in front of it. In Habsburg-built Trieste, he listened to the port-city's many different tongues while staring out across its sea-soaked piazza and reconsidered the Adriatic as 'a promiscuous, middle, neutral territory, an open field to the commerce of all the Nations of this gulf, which nature pushed inside the land not to divide the Peoples, but to unite them'.[16]

The effect living and working in Trieste for ten years had on Valussi's understanding of how nationalism needed to function was astounding. He went from a man who hoped to re-enliven Italian piazzas to one who proposed that a multi-national borderland system needed to be created for all of Europe, one where each nation needed to be created along its peripheries to ensure it could be harmonized and rendered compatible with the many other national communities that intersected with it.[17] Beginning in 1839, Valussi used his influence as newspaper editor for some of the Habsburg Empire's most important publications to pound home his new Trieste-inspired creed: multi-national spaces were not an accident of history, but an opportunity for commerce and pacification. And 'nationalizing' multi-national and/or multi-ethnic borderland regions promised little more than senseless violence. As Valussi saw it, borderlands were made up of communities 'only fire and iron could break up [*disunirsi*]' and what was needed to create a peaceful and economically prosperous Europe was one with a multi-national infrastructure, with the Adriatic at its core.[18]

In spring 1848, Valussi left Trieste to join the Venetian Revolution. And though he left his Habsburg newspapers behind in the hopes of helping bring about the unification of Italy, he did not shed his new multi-national creeds when returning to Venice. Instead, he used his position as Secretary to the provisional Venetian government and his editorship of several of its newspapers to promote a Venetian-led multi-national platform for the Adriatic, the Mediterranean and Europe at large. So, while Habsburg and Venetian armies battled it out in the surrounding countryside, Valussi preached that national, linguistic and ethnic diversity required more complex solutions than those derived from the 'sword'. Throughout 1848–9 he proposed that buffer-zone states should be founded between Europe's future nation-states. He hoped that an idealized and expanded version of a multi-national Belgium

or Switzerland would replace the Habsburg Monarchy in the mixed lands of Central Europe, arguing that only in this way could nationalist violence be dispelled and European-wide trade promoted. Such inspirations taken from his experiences in Habsburg Trieste were repeated in countless newspaper articles, pamphlets and speeches to participants of Venice's war against the Habsburgs. And though few of Valussi's colleagues recognized the irony of this situation, when in August 1849 Valussi's name was initially added to the list of Venice's political leaders slated for forced exile (alongside that of Tommaseo), Valussi's former Trieste employer Karl von Bruck, now Commerce Minister of the entire Austrian Empire, had Valussi's sentence of exile commuted, a sign of respect for their friendship but also because in many ways Valussi had not betrayed the work he had started in Trieste.

When Tommaseo, Manin and the rest of the Venetian revolutionary leadership were put on a boat headed for Corfu to begin their exile from Habsburg territory, a spared Valussi was 'encouraged' to leave Venice and return to Habsburg-controlled Udine. After the failure of 1848, it was assumed that Valussi would have learned his lesson and would avoid politics upon arriving 'home'. However, once back in Friuli, Valussi continued much as he had before: he kept publishing newspapers, he set up economic and scientific societies and he published pamphlets encouraging any readership he could get to see nations as naturally and inevitably intersecting and overlapping.

Valussi only left Habsburg Europe when the next round of wars over Italian unification began in 1859. Though a vocal multi-nationalist, he had never shed his commitment to the Italian national cause. And when Habsburg and Italian forces began preparing for battle, Valussi no longer felt welcome in Friuli. He packed up his family and fled to Milan, where he spent the next couple of years using his pen to push for a grander Italian unification. When Venetia and Friuli were left out of the newly united Italy in 1861, he found himself an exile in the truest sense of the word. Exiled in Italy, he gave up his multi-national stance and became a fervent irredentist. From arguing in favour of a Trieste-inspired multi-nationalism, now he worked late into the night publishing article after article proclaiming Friuli Italian and only Italian, and calling his brothers to arms so that they could beat the barbarian German hordes back. Once most of Friuli was annexed to Italy in 1866, Valussi became the province's first senator, promising his electorate that he would fight to the last to reclaim for Rome all of the Habsburg regions where Italian was spoken, regardless of how linguistically mixed those regions were. Much had changed.

Looking over Valussi's life and works, two points come to the fore when considering movement and the issue of displacement in the era before nation-states around the Mediterranean. First, if we took a map of the eighteenth-century Venetian Republic and its territories and superimposed upon it a map of the nineteenth-century Habsburg Monarchy we would see that the moments of greatest intellectual change in Valussi's life happened

when he ventured beyond the Venetian geographies of his parents' generation and set up shop in traditional Habsburg outposts. In the hillsides of Friuli, in Udine, in Padua and in Venice, Valussi's ideas about his own future and his hopes for political and cultural reform coaligned almost precisely to the 'Risorgimento canon' he himself claimed had nursed him as a youth.[19] In Trieste and then later in Lombardy, Valussi switched gears completely. In Habsburg Trieste, which had never participated in a Venetian order, he questioned the wisdom of imagining the nurturing and development of just one nation to the exclusion of others, especially in seaboard communities where members of different languages and religions lived together as a result of the mechanics of global trade. In Milan – the capital of newly 'liberated' Habsburg Lombardy and also a decidedly un-Venetian urban space –Valussi shed the Trieste-inspired Habsburg multi-national impulses that he had developed and promoted for over twenty years and now learned to prioritize the making of Italy over all else. Milan-inspired Valussi began a twenty-year career of disseminating a message of Italian chauvinism, which denied the rights for equal national development if at odds with Italian interests. The frustrations and sensibilities of exile and war, no doubt, had much to do with this shift. But, nonetheless, when 'home' in Venetian lands such shifts towards multi-nationalism or away from it had never come to the fore.

The second point made clear from analysing Valussi's life and works is the importance of not assuming an 'Italian' geography to understand his movements. Though he never lived outside the lands that would one day become part of the Kingdom of Italy, he did experience a sense of being 'outside' the infrastructures and expectations he was raised to consider natural. Though the Venetian Republic had gasped its last breaths several years before his birth, Pacifico Valussi was home along its contours and displaced for better or worse when he slipped past them. The geography of the Italian nation-state was one he was trying to help define, but not one that defined him.

Matija Ban: away as home

Tommaseo and Valussi both lived out their lives between the contours of the greater Venetian sociopolitical land- and seascapes of their parents and the Habsburg Monarchy of their present. The third and least well known of the figures discussed in this chapter vied between the legacies of the small pre-nineteenth-century Mediterranean city-state Dubrovnik, the Ottoman Empire, the Serbian Kingdom and the Habsburg Monarchy. From the most humble of beginnings, Matija Ban would tutor Serbian royalty, help found the Serbian Academy of Sciences and travel the Balkans in attempts to incite rebellion against Ottoman and then Habsburg overlords.

Virtually unknown to present-day readers, Matija Ban was born in 1818 to a Slavic-speaking family in a village outside Dubrovnik. His father was a

barber and his mother an illiterate homemaker. Born just ten years after the Dubrovnik city-state had been dissolved by Napoleon, Ban's family struggled to make a living in a city that still reverberated more of the mores of an oligarchic city-state than the bureaucratic Habsburg etiquettes of the city's new rulers. As such, there were few questions of what would happen to a precocious barber's son in an extremely class-divided city. He was intelligent, he excelled at school, and he was without fortune. Clearly, he was destined for the priesthood.

Unlike Tommaseo and Valussi, who were forced to venture out into Venetian-based provincial centres to obtain their educations, for good or ill Dubrovnik still provided all the infrastructures of a city-state and the barber-son Matija attended the city's fine gymnasium, populated by the sons of aristocrats, sea captains, lawyers, doctors and the few other odd charity cases like himself. After distinguishing himself in school he entered the world of the priests and was trained by Franciscans in philosophy and rhetoric. By the age of seventeen he was fluent in Serbo-Croatian, Italian, Latin, Ancient Greek and French, and had written several Romantic poems and poetic histories celebrating Dubrovnik's illustrious past.

Apparently young Matija Ban's flights of Romantic fantasy inspired him more than Franciscan teachings. It is rumoured he fell in love with a Dubrovnik lady far more comfortable in the regal palaces straddling Dubrovnik's famed *Stradun* than she would have ever felt in Ban's village environs. Rejected in love, Ban decided to reject the Church as well. And he did something the likes of Tommaseo or Valussi would never have considered: he got on a boat and followed the path so many former citizens of Dubrovnik had chosen before. He decided to make his future and fortune in the Ottoman Empire.

Little remains from Matija Ban's early years in the Ottoman Empire. We know that immediately upon leaving the Franciscan order he obtained a job as a scribe within a Dubrovnik law firm and then at the city's tax office. One can only assume that, armed with a superior education and letters of introduction from Dubrovnik city and commercial elites, Ban set forth to make a new life for himself using the centuries-old Ottoman networks available in abundance to any promising son of his hometown. Ban's leap into the Eastern Mediterranean was less blind, therefore, than practised. He was following the footsteps and depending on the credentials of many former ambitious Dubrovnikers before him.

Upon disembarking ship in Istanbul, Ban landed on his feet immediately, ushered into employment by the well-endowed and well-connected Greek seminary on the island of Heybeliada/Halki, just a stone's throw (more or less) from Istanbul itself. There Ban taught Italian language and literature, and in between teaching Dante, he studied Greek and attended courses at the French naval academy also housed on the island. With a spattering of Turkish, a semi-firm knowledge of Greek and a new love of all things French, within a year Ban intensified his relationships with

some of the more powerful Istanbul-based commercial circles: he was offered positions in mainland Istanbul teaching history and geography for the city's most prestigious French school, the Lycée Saint Benoît. He was also hired to teach Italian language and literature for the new reform-oriented Armenian college, the Bebek Seminary. In many ways, Ban's first years in the Ottoman Mediterranean minted him as a premiere diaspora tutor: sons of wealthy families hailing from the Greek Orthodox, Armenian and French communities were schooled by him to learn and love the languages of Petrarch and Racine. He thus provided his students with precisely those languages most felt to be de rigueur for success in Mediterranean trade, politics and high society.

Up until the early 1840s, few indicators remain of Ban's worldview. What is clear, however, is that he moved with aplomb in the Ottoman metropolis, displaying few signs of estrangement. The ease with which he introduced himself to Istanbul society and the alacrity with which he was incorporated therein probably had much to do with the Dubrovniker's centuries-long traditional role as the cross-Mediterranean dragoman, acting as interpreter between West and East in politics, commerce and culture.[20] However, this cultural mediator-type figure did little to infuse the Mediterranean with any Slavic character, though that was the language of his birth. So how did such a firmly entrenched Romance-language Mediterranean transform himself into a man whose entire life centred around landlocked Serbia? The answer lies with the fact that Istanbul served not just as an ideal haven for penniless, highly educated Romantics from Dubrovnik. It was also one of the preferred havens for exiled pan-Slavists from the Russian Empire.

Probably through his intensifying relations with Istanbul's French community, Matija Ban met the Polish nationalist Michał Czajkowski, founder of Istanbul's branch of the Paris-based Polish émigré centre 'Hôtel Lambert'. Through Czajkowski's circle, Ban's Romanticism went political and his love of Dubrovnik local history and local (Slavic-centred) literature was now wedded to a new emphasis on all things Slav. Within Czajkowski's circle, Ban was bombarded with the same Slavophile texts that Tommaseo had encountered in Corsica. And amidst discussions about Mickiewicz, Goethe, Ranke and Herder, Ban also devoured the secular nationalist message of the two premier linguists of South-Slavic Europe, the Serbian lexicographer and collector of folk tales, Vuk Stefanović Karadžić, and the Croatian linguist, journalist and political activist, Ljudevit Gaj. The effect these two authors had on Ban cannot be understated, for through their insistence that South-Slavic nationalism should be centred around language instead of religion, Ban imagined a role for himself within the Eastern-Orthodox dominated Serb world: as a Catholic he could help mediate through literature a unification of South-Slavic brothers through words. With Czajkowski's encouragement and connections, a path to participate in the nationalist movement of the heroic upstart Serbia was made possible. And in 1844 Matija Ban took the plunge and left the Mediterranean.

Immediately upon arriving in Belgrade, again thanks to Czajkowski's connections, he was hired to be the new tutor of Prince Alexander Karadjordjević's daughter.

Again, Matija Ban's move to Belgrade was not just a move away from Mediterranean commercial-centred cosmopolitanism towards Slavic nationalism. It also delineated the new mission for his life: to negotiate the relationship between nationhood and religion. Ban's new mission did not play its life out purely in the princely drawing rooms of the Serbian royal house. He was given lectureships on comparative (secular) literatures in Belgrade's burgeoning educational institutions. And during the revolutions of 1848–9 he was even commissioned by Serbia's minister of the interior, Ilija Garašanin, to spread this cross-confessional Serbian platform among the Catholic populations of the Balkans. Ban gladly consented and spent much of 1848–50 travelling through Dalmatia, Croatia and Herzegovina arguing that the only liberty for South-Slavic speaking peoples would be available outside the reigns of Habsburg, Russian and Ottoman rule and within a multi-religious Serb-oriented South-Slavic brotherhood. When his 1848–9 efforts ended in failure, he returned to Belgrade, where he took up citizenship. There he penned well over fifteen historical dramas encapsulating the heroic fight for Serbian and South-Slav freedom.[21] He died in 1903 as one of the first four members of the Royal Serbian Academy of Arts and Sciences and a remarkable example of what some historians describe as the 'Serb-Catholic minority' of mid-nineteenth-century Balkan activism.[22]

Conclusion: slipping through Mediterranean imperial, post-state and national geographies

The eclectic life story of Matija Ban flushes out some of the points brought to the fore when analysing the life and works of the other fellow sons of the Adriatic discussed earlier, Niccolò Tommaseo and Pacifico Valussi. Firstly, like Tommaseo and Valussi, Ban is remembered as a nationalist and founding father of the twentieth-century nation-state that would come to life after his death. But just like Tommaseo and Valussi, Ban 'discovered' the national passion that would guide his writings and activism 'outside' the imperial structures for which his upbringing had prepared him. Tommaseo's national ideas fulminated within his 'virtual' Mediterranean home of Corsica precisely because he was within an environment he could understand but without the mental and political strictures that had limited his readings and his interests thus far. Valussi, too, travelled just 100 miles from the Adriatic port-town Venice to the Adriatic port-town Trieste, expecting not much more than to finally land some employment. Instead, living in a Habsburg city not built on Venetian legacies transformed completely his sensitivities about nationalism, multi-nationalism and the challenges of community

diversity. And just such a trajectory opened up for Ban. He fled a broken heart and a broken pact with the Catholic Church by plunging himself into the Ottoman metropole where so many Dubrovnikers had made a new life for themselves in the past. But once there, he was brought into the new European-wide waves of nationalist and specifically pan-Slavic nationalist thought that had barely touched his peripheral, newly-dissolved city-state. Negotiating between Turkish, Greek, Armenian, Italian and French communities was the kind of thing he had been led to expect when travelling into the Eastern Mediterranean. Polish and Russian émigrés carrying dictionaries, linguistic tracts, folk tales and pamphlets calling for cross-confessional national union was not; and Ban was shocked into action.

Lastly and relatedly, Ban's story brings to life again how slippery geographies are when considering the nineteenth-century Mediterranean. For to understand 'displacement' we need to consider what movement 'felt' natural, what movement was considered 'domestic' and what movement helped build the world that was to come. For 'feelings' of displacement, Tommaseo, Valussi and Ban's stories act as important reminders that legacy infrastructures of dissolved states had just as much (if not more) to do with perceptions of being 'home' and 'away' as contemporary geopolitical borders along the Mediterranean. Like Tommaseo and Valussi, Ban's life moved along the ebbs and flows of a state that no longer existed and within which he could and did move with astounding ease. In Tommaseo's self-narrative, moving up and down the Dalmatian coast to attend school, crossing the Adriatic to attend university and striving for professional opportunities among Venetian provincial centres was no rupture. For Valussi, leaving Friuli to attend school in Udine, then university in Padua, and then settling in Venice to strive for professional recognition was also par for the course. These were trajectories of upper mobility that subjects of the Venetian Republic had been following for centuries. And just because the Venetian Republic no longer existed, this did not mean that a sense of Venetian 'domestic' or 'settled' space dissolved along with it.

In just such a way, but from the basis of a completely different state, Matija Ban moved through the world until his mid-twenties. Though he was born into the same Habsburg Monarchy as Tommaseo and Valussi, unlike Tommaseo and Valussi, Ban was no Venetian provincial. Instead, he was a lower-class subject of a newly-dissolved self-contained metropole. Ban's parents and his community still worked along the infrastructures and expectations of the Ottoman vassal, oligarchic city-state of Dubrovnik. As such, Ban did not move away to obtain an education; instead he was versed *in situ*. And when he rebelled against all that his family and community hoped for him, he still followed the paths of the shadow-state to which he was born instead of the Habsburg paths of the new state that ruled him. As Dubrovnik had for centuries before, Ban sought his fortunes eastwards and went to his metropole's former metropole, Istanbul. In this Tommaseo, Valussi and Ban all had something in common: they began their lives

travelling the lands and waters of the Mediterranean without experiencing displacement. They left their paternal nests looking to realize what they already wanted and in their first travels little challenged their worldview. Perhaps a phenomenon hard for the modern reader to remember, but these post-Napoleonic war babies still moved within geographies of their parents' generation and strove to excel along the paths that felt like 'home'. They moved within a geography of a pre-Napoleonic legacy dismissed from the geopolitical map, yes, but they were 'at home' as they moved, nonetheless.

But the true slipperiness of place reveals itself by the fact that these legacy geographies could be and were bumped by the present tensions of the new states that had come into their own after Napoleon. Tommaseo was jolted into multi-nationalism not when he experienced a Mediterranean outside of Venice's grasp. Instead he lurched into Slavophilia when he was in a Mediterranean space outside the strictures of Habsburg censorship and Habsburg intellectual influences. Pacifico Valussi's convictions in provincial Udine remained the same when he moved throughout Venetia thereafter. His mind reeled, however, when he lived in the expanding Habsburg-faithful imperial port-city of Trieste, whose exponentially growing trade and multiethnic populations felt like a foreign Adriatic for someone raised along Venetian norms. And Matija Ban's story, too, is one of displacement with new state players in the game, for in the Ottoman world Ban had been led to expect no Polish-Ukrainian-Czech-French coalitions were on his radar to tout that all things Serb are great, no matter what the religion. Dubrovnik had always been the Ottomans' 'Athens of the South Slavs', not Belgrade. But times had changed and all these actors and the hundred more who made such journeys felt the jars, jerks and jolts that inspired as they displaced the imperial legacies that had comforted them into their convictions thus far. As modern readers of the nineteenth-century-Mediterranean past we need to keep all these different slippery senses of place in mind if we hope to understand how and why these actors pushed to make the nation-state world we are living in today.

Notes

1 Johann Gottfried Herder, 'Journal of my voyage in the year 1769', in F.M. Barnard (ed.), *J.G. Herder on Social and Political Culture*, Cambridge Studies in the History and Theory of Politics (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2010), pp. 63–117.

2 Mazzini's British career has been written on extensively. For some examples see: Maurizio Isabella, *Risorgimento in Exile: Italian Émigrés and the Liberal International in the Post-Napoleonic Era* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2009); Lucy Riall, *Garibaldi: Invention of a Hero* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2007); Denis Mack Smith, *Mazzini* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1994).

3 István Deák, *Lawful Revolution: Louis Kossuth and the Hungarians 1848–1849* (London: Phoenix, 2001).

4 Roman Robert Koropeckyj, *Adam Mickiewicz: The Life of a Romantic* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 2008).

5 Lucy Riall, *Garibaldi: Invention of a Hero* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2007).

6 For a more in depth discussion of Tommaseo and his political and intellectual importance see Dominique Kirchner Reill, *Nationalists Who Feared the Nation: Adriatic Multi-Nationalism in Habsburg Dalmatia, Trieste, and Venice* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2012); Jože Pirjevec, *Niccolò Tommaseo tra Italia e Slavia* (Venice: Marsilio, 1977); Raffaele Ciampini, *Vita di Niccolò Tommaseo* (Florence: Sansoni, 1945).

7 Ciampini, *Vita di Niccolò Tommaseo*; Pirjevec, *Niccolò Tommaseo tra Italia e Slavia*.

8 Among publications that have emphasized the 'exile persona' that Tommaseo referenced when contextualizing his life and work, see: Niccolò Tommaseo, *Il primo esilio di N. Tommaseo (1834–1839), Lettere di lui a Cesare Cantù* (edited by Ettore Verga) (Milan: L.F. Cogliati, 1904); Susanne Lachenicht and Kirsten Heinsohn (eds), *Diaspora Identities: Exile, Nationalism and Cosmopolitanism in Past and Present* (Frankfurt: Campus, 2009); Renate Lunzer, ' "Esule in casa mia, ma concittadino di più nazioni": Der Italokroate Niccolò Tommaseo', in Olaf Müller (ed.), *Exildiskurse der Romantik in der europäischen und lateinamerikanischen Literatur* (Tübingen: Narr Verlag, 2011), pp. 191–209. Morana Čale, Sanja Roić and Ivana Jerolimov (eds), *I Mari di Niccolò Tommaseo e altri mari* [Studia romanica et anglica zagrabiensia] (Zagreb: FF Press, 2004); as well as Konstantina Zanou's upcoming monograph on early-nineteenth-century nationalists and exiles in the Mediterranean.

9 Tommaseo published his political tract on his vision of how and why Italy should be unified in Niccolò Tommaseo, *Dell'Italia: libri cinque* [epilogue by Francesco Bruni] (Alessandria: Edizioni dell'Orso, 2003). *Dell'Italia* was originally published in 1835.

10 For a concise description of Tommaseo's Paris experience see: Gustavo Balsamo-Crivelli, 'Introduzione', in *Dell'Italia di Niccolò Tommaseo* (Alessandria: Edizioni dell'Orso, 2003), pp. vii–xxxi. Important letters and diary entries from this period can be found in: Niccolò Tommaseo, *Il primo esilio di N. Tommaseo (1834–1839), Lettere di lui a Cesare Cantù* (edited by Ettore Verga) (Milan: L.F. Cogliati, 1904); Niccolò Tommaseo, *Diario intimo* (edited by Raffaele Ciampini) (Turin: Einaudi, 1938).

11 Tommaseo, *Diario intimo*, pp. 206–7.

12 Ciampini, *Vita di Niccolò Tommaseo*; Pirjevec, *Niccolò Tommaseo tra Italia e Slavia*, pp. 43–4.

13 Niccolò Tommaseo, 'Lettera di N. Tommaseo', *La Fratellanza de' Popoli* (1 April 1849), pp. 2–3.

14 Pacifico Valussi, 'Capitolo I. La nostra educazione', in *Dalla memoria d'un vecchio giornalista dall'epoca del Risorgimento italiano* (Udine: Tip. A. Pellegrini, 1967), pp. 17–32.

15 Idem, 'Capitolo II. A Trieste', in *Dalla memoria d'un vecchio giornalista*, pp. 33–48.

16 Idem, 'Ancora del Litorale italo-slavo', *Il Precursore* (14 January 1849), pp. 165–7.

17 For more on this see: Reill, *Nationalists Who Feared the Nation*; idem, 'Bordertopia: Pacifico Valussi and the Challenge of Borderlands in the Mid-Nineteenth Century', *California Italian Studies* 2/1 (2011), pp. 1–25.

18 Pacifico Valussi, 'Bibliografia', *La Favilla* VII/2 (27 January 1842), pp. 29–35.

19 For a discussion of a Risorgimento canon and the dissemination of a shared, prototype 'national Italian consciousness' see Alberto Mario Banti *Il Risorgimento italiano* (Rome: Laterza, 2004); idem, *La nazione del Risorgimento: parentela, santità e onore alle origini dell'Italia unita* (Turin: Einaudi, 2000).

20 Vesna Miović-Perić, 'Dragomans of the Dubrovnik Republic: Their Training and Career', *Dubrovnik Annals 5* (2001), pp. 81–94.

21 Ban's literary production has not survived the test of time. Some of the more available collected publications of his work include: Matija Ban, *Djela* (Belgrade: Kraljevsko srpska držama štamparija, 1889); idem, *Tragovi* (Zagreb: Forada, 1995); Idem, *Dva svijeta* (Zagreb: Print, 1989); idem, *Različnih Pisma* (Belgrade: Kraljevska srpska državna štamparija, 1861), 2 vols.

22 Ivo Banac, 'The Confessional "Rule" and the Dubrovnik Exception: The Origins of the "Serb-Catholic" Circle in Nineteenth-Century Dalmatia', *Slavic Review* 42/3 (1983), pp. 448–74; Ivica Šarac, 'The Catholic Serbs: a Hidden Minority on the Adriatic Coast', in Christian Promitzer, Klaus-Jürgen Hermanik and Eduard Staudinger (eds), *(Hidden) Minorities: Language and Ethnic Identity between Central Europe and the Balkans* (Berlin: Lit, 2009), pp. 177–88.