

**NARRATIVE OF TEN
YEARS'
IMPRISONMENT IN THE
DUNGEONS OF NAPLES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649654840

Narrative of Ten Years' Imprisonment in the Dungeons of Naples by Antonio Nicolò

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ANTONIO NICOLÒ

**NARRATIVE OF TEN
YEARS'
IMPRISONMENT IN THE
DUNGEONS OF NAPLES**

Ten Years in the Dungeons of Naples.

NARRATIVE
OF
TEN YEARS' IMPRISONMENT
IN THE
DUNGEONS OF NAPLES.

BY
ANTONIO NICOLÒ,
POLITICAL EXILE.

Copyright Edition.

LONDON:
A. W. BENNETT, 5, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT.
1861.

Dedication

TO MY BELOVED MOTHER.

BEING unable to testify my devotion for you in any other manner, I dedicate to you the following pages descriptive of my past misfortunes. You, who participated in my persecutions and afflictions, can appreciate the wretchedness to which I was subjected during the ten years of my imprisonment. Though, while reading these pages, you will drop a tear over the narration of your son's sufferings, it will no longer be the tear of bitter and despairing grief, but of tenderness and of exultation that I suffered in a holy cause, the cause of Liberty;—that cause which at this moment triumphs, and gives me the promise that I shall once more enjoy your parental embrace. Oppression, imprisonment, chains, martyrdom, and death may stifle, but cannot extinguish the spark of Liberty. Tyrants will die, but the principle of Liberty never!

Accept then, beloved Mother, this little work as a mark of filial love, and bestow a benediction upon

Your dutiful Son,

ANTONIO NICOLÒ.

CORX, October, 1860.

P R E F A C E.

THE history of my misfortunes would be unnecessarily long and tedious if I attempted to recount them from beginning to end. So numerous and varied were the circumstances attending my imprisonment, that a single volume would be altogether insufficient to describe them in detail. The object I have in view is not to present the reader with mere minute and egotistical facts of a personal character, nor am I sure that were such my wish, I could accomplish it. Slight incidents are easily overlooked when the mind is preoccupied by subjects of general importance and world-wide interest. I have, therefore, sought to limit myself to subjects likely to arouse the greatest sympathy, and have dwelt the longest upon those scenes which I have thought the best calculated to secure the attention of the reader. Circumstances and events of but slight interest I have touched upon but slightly, if indeed I have introduced them at all. My history may be read as that of nearly seven hundred others who were in captivity with me at Procida, with the limitation of only a few particulars bearing special reference to about fourteen individuals out of that number.

The facts daily made known by means of the public journals will give some idea of the tyranny under which we were kept in confinement and irons for the space of ten years. The strangest, most wonderful, and most incredible part of our history is, that a single one of us should have survived the horrors and sufferings to which we were subjected. When I reflect upon it, my wonder gives place only to admiration and gratitude towards the protecting hand of Providence, to which alone the miracle must be ascribed.

May each individual whose eye rests upon these pages bestow a thought upon the misfortunes to which millions of men are still exposed; may the thrill of indignation experienced by the reader be accompanied by the resolution to do his best to put an end to the system of oppression which annually immolates so many victims; may this outspoken protest reach the ears of the guardians of liberty in every free country, and hasten the fall of tyranny!

N. B.—The reader will observe that the following narrative was written before the recent Revolution in Italy. This explanation will account for statements and allusions which might otherwise appear contradictory.

TEN YEARS' IMPRISONMENT

IN THE

DUNGEONS OF NAPLES.

INTRODUCTION.

THE 15th of May, 1848, is memorable as the date of one of the most unhappy events connected with the kingdom of Naples. It has left a page in history stained with the most bitter and terrible recollections. On that day, seven millions and a half of human beings were plunged into bitter grief and mourning. Ferdinand II., grown tired of the Constitution which he had voluntarily accorded, had prepared the machinery to undermine it, and formed the plan for returning to his previous despotism. The capital of the kingdom, on the 15th of May, became a prey to fire, sword, sack, and blood. A furious soldiery filled the streets, and ruthlessly murdered women, children, and old men. The Lazzaroni, excited by the lust of spoil, laid violent hands upon the property of peaceful citizens, and the palace of Gravina, in which liberty had found ardent supporters, was given to the flames.

In the midst of these terrible events, a small band of generous-hearted men arose as the champions of liberty. Unmoved by fear, and disdaining flight, they united to pen a protest against the infamous conduct of Ferdinand II. Scarcely, however, had they prepared their declaration, when they were assailed by the military, and barely escaped with their lives. They were compelled to depart,

though their hearts were bleeding for the sufferings which they witnessed. Their protest they saw would prove utterly vain, unsupported by force. "Our country to our latest breath," was their common cry; with one accord they separated for their respective provinces, to rouse the people to arms. Count Ricciardi, Stefano Romeo, and Antonino Plutino landed in the province of Reggio, informed the people of Ferdinand's treachery, described the frightful butchery which they had witnessed in the capital, and arranged the revolution with which my misfortunes began.

BEGINNING OF MY MISFORTUNES.

A fearful dysentery raged in my neighbourhood and the surrounding districts in the month of June, 1848. Though I had but recently completed my medical studies, I already possessed a very extensive practice. Fortune showered her favours upon me most copiously. My treatment was so successful that not a patient died under my hands of the prevailing complaint. An unfailing specific which I had discovered brought me into repute, and caused me to be respected and sought: I was, in short, as happy as any young man could be, and thought I saw a ready road to fortune and fame.

The respect shown me by the populace, however, aroused the jealousy of my brethren in the profession. Moved by envy, they eagerly watched for an opportunity of getting rid of me, nor had they to wait long. The occasion presented itself, they joyfully accepted it, and I was lost! But how wonderful is God's justice! I am still alive, and in the midst of a people who listen with indignation and sympathy to the details of my misfortunes, while most of my enemies have perished without enjoying the satisfaction of seeing their victim sacrificed upon the altar prepared by them.

I was on the point of quitting Sinopoli Basso, when, at the end of a street which opened into the country, I saw a large number of persons assembled before the guard-house. Disliking a crowd, and possessing but a small