

To Sydney L. Behrens, Esq.

With the Translator's compliments

7th July 1880

MEMORIES
OF MY EXILE.

MEMORIES
OF MY EXILE

BY

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL HUNGARIAN

BY

FERENCZ JAUSZ.

CASSELL, PETER, GALPIN & CO.,

LONDON, PARIS & NEW YORK.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

1880.

V5932:51y7M02

BO

3002

P R E F A C E.

AN indescribable rush of feeling overwhelmed me, when the surrender at Világos rendered me homeless.

No words can adequately express my feelings.

Before I stepped across the frontier I lay down on the soil of my native land; I pressed upon it a sobbing kiss of filial love:—I took a handful of earth; one step, and I was like the hull of a wrecked ship, thrown up by the storm on a desert shore.* A Turkish staff officer greeted me courteously in the name of "Allah." He led me to a place which he had kindly caused to be prepared for me to rest for the night under God's free heaven, and—asked for my sword with downcast eyes, as if ashamed that a Turk should disarm a Hungarian.

I unbuckled it and gave it to him without uttering a word; my eyes filled with tears, and he, wishing me sound rest, left me alone with my sorrow.

Rest to the homeless!

Could Adam rest when the gates of the Garden of

* Shortly afterwards a farewell address to the Hungarian nation in my name went the round of the European press. It was a fabrication. I wrote neither that nor any other.

Eden were closed behind him—behind him, who was driven out because he had eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil?

I too had eaten of that fruit, and I too knew good and evil: I had raised my hand for the defence of the good against the evil. Evil was victorious and I was driven from my home, my Eden.

There I stood in silent meditation on the bank—but no longer the Hungarian bank—of the Danube, the waves of which were mingled with the tears of the Hungarian nation—and which not far from me grumbled and roared through the rocky pass of the Iron Gates, as if protesting against an undeserved fate.

I listened to this roaring, in rude harmony with the storm in my heart; and as I contemplated the annihilation of patriotic hopes so undeservedly extinguished, tears of indescribable grief unconsciously showered down my cheeks.

Those tears contained every grief that can afflict the patriotic heart, every grief but one! Hopelessness there was none; no despair for the future of my country.

It appeared to me—in the first feverish attack of pain—as if a ray of hope were coming from the glimmering light of the stars, penetrating through the veil of my tears—hope that though my nation would suffer terribly, *it would not perish*.

It was only one of those whispers which, in the heat of emotion, rush through the heart without passing through the reflecting brain, like the balm poured into the souls of sufferers by the God of mercy lest they should become insane through grief.

Later on, the Turks magnanimously defended my life,

and the lives of my homeless compatriots. They defended them, not without danger to themselves. The two neighbouring Powers, flushed with victory, threatened them with war if they refused to give us up. And when the situation assumed such a threatening aspect that the counsellors of the Sultan, thought they could no longer avoid our extradition unless the fugitives embraced the Turkish faith, and thus became Turkish subjects, the Sultan, Abdul Medjid, rose from his seat in the Divan, and, raising his hands to heaven, used these words solemnly—"Allah is powerful. I trust in his protection. But, if I must perish, may I perish with honour. I will not bring upon my name the disgrace of violating the rights of hospitality, by surrendering to the vengeance of their enemies the unfortunates who have sought my protection. It is my determination, that, having sought it, they shall also obtain it. Come what may, I will not surrender them. This is my determination, and thus shall it be. Consider the means of defence."

He did not surrender us, and no war resulted, but we were detained as prisoners in distant Asia, in obedience to the dictates of European diplomacy.

And there, in the distant solitude, we pondered the past, present, and future of our country, and I examined in my mind's eye the origin, character, and course of our struggle for liberty, and the causes which rendered a collapse possible. The more I considered the situation, and the more I examined the historical and psychological elements of our nation's vitality, the more was I confirmed in my conviction that the faith and hope which flooded my soul in the first rush of grief at my

homelessness, while I stood on the banks of the Danube, were but strengthened by mature consideration.

My nation cannot sink under the suffering which has been dealt out to it. The Hungarian question has a historical, legal, geographical, national, political, and arithmetical basis; it is closely connected with the interests of European freedom and the equilibrium of power. Such questions appeal to the logic of universal history. The cry may be silenced for a time, but cannot be effaced from the record of facts upon which it has been inscribed by history. This question will demand a place amongst the open questions of Europe until it is solved according to right and justice, or until the nation renounces it.

This was my own view, and that of all the other emigrants. Whatever dissensions embittered our homeless existence—so bitter in itself; however far we were scattered over the world like a second Israel; and however heavily the burden of patriotic sorrow, or the cross of the uncertainty of winning an honest livelihood, rested on the shoulders of most of us as we trod the varied path of misery, strangers amongst strangers, all of us, everywhere, and at all times, were agreed that the holy duty of active and steadfast patriotism was expected of the Hungarian emigrants in their exile, whether they were united as friends or sundered in loneliness.

They must remain a living protest before God and man against the suppression of Hungary's existence as a state.

They must raise their voices in the name and for the defence of the nation itself, now condemned to silence;

they must act for the nation fettered with the chains of the oppressor.

- They must hold aloft the banner which was surrounded with the nimbus of immortal glory through the heroic and patriotic deeds of our "nameless demi-gods," and the fall of which created a sorrowful consternation amongst the races of the earth.

They must preserve the Hungarian question amongst those questions which demand solution from the logic of history, according to the unchanging truth of the eternal laws that govern the moral universe. •

They must represent this article of faith of the Hungarian nation's political religion—that, though the three hills in the coat of arms of our country became in 1849 a Golgotha, soaked with the gore of heroes, as they had been several times before, the cross which stood on that Golgotha was not the wooden monument over a grave, but the symbol of resurrection.

They must proclaim their belief in the future independence of their country, in order that the world might believe in it, and, in consequence of this belief, render due consideration to the Hungarian nation.

And while, by their untiring activity, they sent a stimulating magnetic current home to their country, so that the nation should not languish under her sufferings, they must personify the just and natural aspirations of the Hungarian nation, and form a connecting-link between these aspirations and the events of the world. •

I cannot say that the "domestic life" of the family of refugees was quite free from those petty dissensions which we meet with in the history of exiles everywhere

and at all times. We are men, and man is a frail creature. The constrained laxity of that statuteless society, which was called the "nation of refugees," was but little adapted to keep human frailty within bounds.

Yet the trivial miseries of exile are but evanescent bubbles; they do not permanently stain the page of history.

On the other hand, history owes to the Hungarian refugees the acknowledgment that they have faithfully responded to, and honourably performed, the duty demanded of them by their country.

I can even affirm that the activity of the Hungarian refugees was not without influence on that turn of events which at home they call a new era of constitutional life.

As far as I am personally concerned—in consequence of the events of the past, there rested upon me, to a great extent, the responsibility of exerting myself to the utmost to *smooth the way* for my nation to the reclamation of her rights of existence as an independent state, which the history of a thousand years, the sacred legacy of her ancestors, has handed down to posterity as an inalienable inheritance.

The words "smooth the way" mark out the limits of the activity which we could display abroad. We did not over-estimate our abilities. We never flattered ourselves with the fanciful idea that we could reclaim for our nation that place at the round table of independent nations to which it has an incontestable right, by virtue of its history of a thousand years, and by virtue of the diplomatic agreements which form an

integral part of European international law. Only the nation herself can do this.

Our duty was to see that, if she should wish to do it, she may find such support in her foreign relations as to make success—as far as human calculation can make sure of anything—solely dependent upon her own determination.

Starting from this point of view, I deemed it my duty faithfully to strive in three directions.

One direction was indicated by the knowledge that the frustration of the Hungarian nation's gigantic exertions in 1849 could be traced to the decrease of self-confidence.

The second I took from the knowledge of the state of European affairs, which, in the case of a general European commotion, or of some European question now pending being raised, might lead to the possibility of such combinations as, on the basis of the identity of interests, might facilitate the work of our nation's liberation.

The third direction was defined by the consciousness of the fact that, even if favourable circumstances arose, there could only be a prospect of success if on the one hand a solidarity in aim and intention were to spring up between the nation and the refugees, and if on the other hand the favourable opportunities did not take the nation by surprise.

With regard to the first point, namely, that fatal misfortune, which I call the decrease of self-confidence, I was, and am still convinced, that however many feeders may have swelled that subterranean current which undermined the banks of the stream of the national self-

confidence, all of them together could not have swept the public spirit of the nation on to despair, had she not felt herself so utterly forsaken by the whole world.

But the cause of the Hungarian nation was much less hopelessly forsaken than we in our unfortunate isolation had imagined.

The governing classes of Europe became more and more convinced of the truth that events in Hungary did not belong to that class of revolutionary commotions, such as had for their object the acquisition of rights not possessed before by the people, which had at that time shaken the whole of Europe. The conviction gained ground that, in our case, it was not the people that had made revolution against the governing power, but that the governing power had so acted as to upset by force of arms a legal *status* based on diplomatic agreements, and forming an integral part of the international law of Europe and an essential factor of the European equilibrium.

The fact gradually came to be more appreciated, that it was not the nation who first tore up the compact between the Hungarian nation and her sovereign, but he who attacked the country which he was bound to defend, and who proclaimed it to be deprived of its existence as a state, and debased to the level of an Imperial province.

The Russian intervention had created indignation all over the world. In the French National Assembly a resolution was passed declaring it to be "dangerous to the future of liberty." In the English Parliament the Foreign Secretary, though not at all a friend of our cause, officially expressed the opinion of the Government

that what was going on in Hungary was "*an important European transaction,*" and this acknowledgment has its own necessary corollary in international politics. The powerful Republic of North America, indeed, had just sent a diplomatic agent to Hungary—a preparatory step towards the acknowledgment of our independence, and—for us—towards the utilisation of all those political and material advantages assured in such cases by international law.

Above all, the public opinion of civilised states commenced to express itself strongly in favour of our righteous cause. I can affirm without hesitation, that there is scarcely an instance in the history of the world where a struggle for independence has called forth greater sympathy than ours.

But we were excluded from the world. The sympathy did not penetrate to the heart of our nation engaged in a struggle for dear life; and I set out on my wanderings as an exile with the oppressive feeling that it was the thought of being forsaken that had opened the gate to those intrigues for undermining the self-confidence of the people which became the cause of our overthrow.

I considered it my duty as a patriot to see that the interest in the cause of Hungary's independence should take root to such a degree in the public opinion of the free and independent nations, that we might not be afraid, if the Hungarian nation did again raise the banner of independence on the soil of their country, soaked with the gore of her heroes, that the feeling of being forsaken would paralyse her consciousness of strength.

Comparatively speaking my task has been an easy one, for I found ready sympathy, bordering on enthusiasm, such as our "nameless demi-gods" had aroused everywhere; and I found ready response in the condolence which such an undeserved defeat, and the martyrdom following the fall, evoked in the human heart.

And this sympathetic interest was not of a transient nature. More than two years had elapsed since the dark night of oppression had settled over Hungary, when fate transported me from Asia to the hospitable shores of free Albion, and thence shortly to free America, and notwithstanding these two intervening years the sympathy was so warm that it manifested itself in demonstrations such as the world had never seen before.

I can say this, I am permitted to say it, because my person was but the occasion, and not the object of these demonstrations and sympathy; I can say that the down-trodden Hungarian nation held a triumphal procession in two continents such as is not recorded in the history of any victorious Emperor.

Finding so much spontaneous sympathy, I considered it my duty to render it permanent by directing attention to the legal side of the Hungarian question, to its righteousness, and to the importance of its bearings far beyond the limits of our country.

And I believe this sympathy has become permanent. The change in the state of affairs may have moderated the fervour of sympathetic interest in the Hungarian name which had become familiar all over the world at the domestic hearths of the people, who pray to the *one*

only Divinity of liberty. It is possible that it has done so. It is difficult to recognise in the Hungarian of to-day, who moves in the whirlpool of the policy of the so-called Austrian power, the Hungarian of thirty years ago, who at the point of the sword demanded from the same power his inalienable ancient right. But if it is written in that book which religion calls the book of Providence, that the whirling wheel of events turns in the future the past into the present, the Hungarian phoenix which rises from its ashes will perceive that the smouldering flames of the world's sympathy will again blaze up, and the Hungarian will have no reason to feel forsaken.

With regard to the second direction in which I turned my activity from knowledge of European affairs:—

After the ebullition of 1849 that particular state supervened all over Europe which one perceives on the battle-field after the struggle is over—that peculiarly awe-inspiring stillness which makes us shudder. The dead lie about; the wounded groan, and their groaning is so dreadful! but for this sound, dead silence would prevail. Only the birds of prey shriek in the polluted atmosphere; only the “hyænas of the battle-field” move about, plundering the dead and killing those who are still alive.

Such was the state of Europe at the end of 1849 and after 1849. The man who died, died; he who was hanged, was hanged; he who was thrown in prison, languished there; he who was in hiding, was hunted; he whose property was confiscated—well! his family learnt to starve; the sons of the people were taken from

their homes and enrolled as soldiers—well! they went; heavy taxes, “*de plenitudine potestatis*,” were imposed on the people, who paid them with the sweat of their brow. Orphans and widows wept—in silence, in some hidden corner of their homes, behind well-closed doors and windows. But for this sound there was stillness, and the silence of the grave prevailed. And potentates called it the state of “order and peace.” They have a dictionary of their own. They called it “*Europa ordini et tranquillitati asserta*” in 1849, “*libertati asserta*” in 1815.

* But the reaction of 1849 did not create anywhere a state which it could expect would be permanent. To strike the sword out of the hand does not mean to appease the heart. The continent of Europe was a volcano; it did not smoke, but it rumbled perceptibly. It was only necessary to stoop to the ground to hear how it was roaring in the depths. The roaring even reached my ear in the barracks of Kutahia; and when I arrived at Marseilles it roared round my ship in the powerful strains of the “*Marseillaise*.” The very air was full of conspiracy. On the right or on the left, all were conspiring—even those conspired who thought that they did not do so. Even such men conspired as are nowadays astonished and horror-stricken at the very idea of ever having been conspirators.

We Hungarian refugees did not conspire. There was no need for it. A nation of exiles is in a certain sense a free nation;—theirs is a mournful liberty, but still it is liberty. The political exile has written on his forehead to which party he belongs. He need not conceal the symbols of his faith and religion in his cartridge-box. He could not hide them even if he wished. As long as

he does not violate the laws of the country which has given him an asylum, he may freely sacrifice at the altar of his political religion.

But, even if we did not conspire, still, even now, in the desert of frustrated hopes, it appears to me that, as one of the custodians of the Hungarian banner of 1849, it was my duty, under the circumstances then prevailing, to keep before my eyes the phases of the agitated European volcano, lest its eruption should take me by surprise, and, in consequence of this surprise, should pass away without being turned into what it might perhaps be—an *opportunity* for my unfortunate country.

The connections arising from this position belong to the history of my life in exile. I cannot say that I could have used these connections for the practical good of my country. The events of the world have taken a different turn. The volcano, which had shown all the prognostics of a powerful eruption extending over the whole world, was in one place appeased; in a second place it found a safety-valve; in a third place it was set at rest by a partial outbreak; in a fourth place (just where our interests were most identical) the force of the volcano was led into a proper channel of strength by a power wisely identifying itself with the national aspirations.

Amongst my experiences appertaining to this circle of ideas is one trait, which is not of a private character, nor is it confined to the domestic life of the band of Hungarian refugees. It belongs to the history of the Hungarian nation.

When at Boston, twenty-seven years ago, I stepped on the grand staircase which leads up to the superb

building of the Capitol, in the open portico of which stood, bareheaded, the Senators and Deputies of the State of Massachusetts, with their Presidents and the Governors of the State at their head, in order to pay the tribute of esteem and brotherly sympathy—in my person—to the Hungarian nation, which had succumbed under the weight of the violated law of nations. I perceived the triumphal arch erected in front of the building, bearing the coat of arms of the State of Massachusetts, with this inscription: “Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem,”* and underneath it these words quoted from one of my speeches:

“*There is a community in the destinies of humanity.*”

And the Governor of that free, cultivated, happy, model state (in which there is not a single person who cannot write, not a single pauper, not a single tumble-down house) took me by the hand and, pointing to those words in the face of God's free heaven, asked me to tell my nation to trust in that sacred truth, and to be assured that the powerful Republic of the United States would act towards her in accordance with that sacred truth.

And this assurance was re-echoed by the acclamations, which reverberated through the heavens, of hundreds of thousands of people who had gathered together for the occasion.

It refreshed me, the homeless wanderer, to witness this solemn acknowledgment of the solidarity between nations by a state, the legislature of which, after having

* The coat of arms shows a hand clasping a sword, the motto being that of Algernon Sidney. In extenso it reads as follows: “Manus hæc inimica tyrannis, ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.”

well sifted the Hungarian cause, declared that our struggle for independence was legitimate and just, that the Russian intervention was a rude violation of international law which ought to have been strongly reprimanded by the nations interested in preserving constitutional liberty, and that it was the duty and the interest of all constitutionally governed nations to enter into the closest relations with each other, in order to be able to unite their strength the more effectually for the repulsion of the attacks of despotism.

Of course I found the feeling of this solidarity, which was proclaimed with such solemnity beyond the ocean, in all the nations of Europe, but, what very characteristically illustrates the European influence of the independence of the Hungarian nation is the immense importance which, in connection with the interests of European liberty, acknowledged to be solidarity, everybody has attributed to our nation, even those who in consequence of their geographical position stood beyond the immediate sphere of the influence of events in Hungary. They were all impressed with the knowledge that the Hungarian struggle for independence, from its very beginning, but especially since the Russian intervention, was an event, the importance of which, reaching far beyond the boundary of our country, was of European interest; that in our struggle—as I myself said at Szeged—the struggle of European liberty was fought out. This knowledge and the circumstance that the Austrian Emperor was obliged to have recourse to foreign help against us,—that not only the total military strength of two great powers, but also the ignoble services of treason and intrigue, undermining

the very bases of souls in the dark, were needed to force the arms of justice from our hands, and obscure the nimbus of glory which surrounded the name of "Honvéd;" and finally the fact that, when every other nation in Europe had already succumbed, we were still able to stand upright, and with Venice, still brave, but in its isolation insignificant, held out last on the battle-field of independence; all these facts lent such importance to the Hungarian nation, that I may say the authority of an elder member was given to her in the family of European liberty, upon which everybody looked with confidence and hope.

This is a coin treasured up in the past, which, though at present it may have gone out of circulation, may become valuable in the future.

To another category of the activity entered upon from a knowledge of European affairs belong those connections into which we endeavoured to enter with the belligerent powers in the Crimean war, and into which the Hungarian refugees practically entered during the wars of 1859 and 1866.

The issue of the last Russo-Turkish war—which will have a terrible influence on the future of Europe—clearly demonstrated how right I was when, at the time of the Crimean war, I endeavoured to gain practical acceptance for the political axiom, that only by taking up simultaneously the causes of Hungary and Poland could the Eastern question be saved from the catastrophe—which has, unfortunately, since set in—leading to the ominous extension of Russia's sphere of power. The Turkish Porte has seen this, and wished nothing more than that the reasonable political combination should be

carried out. But her Western allies, out of consideration for Austria, stopped her hand, and the hopes of my country attached to the providential opportunity vanished.

The Italian war of 1859 temporarily brought the Hungarian refugees, as allies, into closer connection with the then powerful Emperor of the French; more permanently with the Italian Government until 1867; and during the war of 1866 with Prussia also.

It appears that on both occasions, just as the angel of God's compassion was handing the cup of liberation to the much-suffering Hungarian nation, it became a bitter cup of vanished hopes. On the first occasion, the sanguinary but speedy victory over the Austrians, and the victorious Emperor's fear of that conflict which occurred twelve years later, and which he could have forestalled in 1859, dashed the cup from our lips. On the occasion of the war of 1866 the cup was dashed from our lips by the speedy victory of the Prussians, and still more—by the nation herself. The germs of the Austro-Hungarian dualism were then already in the air.

But these two incidents in the corporate life of the Hungarian refugees are not without interest; their record is a page not without importance in the history of Hungary; and they also have a connection with the history of the world.

In my letter addressed in 1867 to Francis Deák, I wrote as follows:—“The gigantic revelations of the vitality of the Hungarian nation in 1848 and 1849—when, save a little more pertinacity, nothing was wanted to attain success—have at least brought

about this much, that in the policy of the Powers, as well as in the feelings of the people, our nation, even in her fall, has been counted among those vital factors that have an aim of their own, that may—nay, must—be considered in the historical evolution of Europe.”

This was so, while a Hungarian question existed. The historian will find the fact that it was so illustrated in an interesting manner by those incidents in the life of the Hungarian refugees.

To me and those who shared my endeavours, the only thing which throws a faint ray over the night of disappointed hopes is the recollection that we have disinterestedly saved our nation amidst the enticements of the Powers, and that we could so far control the impatience of fervent longings as to prevent the Hungarian nation from being used as mere means to alien objects.

Thus I have indicated the nature of my activity—demanded of me by duty—in the first two directions; for the indication of the third direction, which refers to our connection with our country, only little is needed; and it will therefore be sufficient if I restrict myself to a few words.

We refugees possessed no independent weight, we could gain weight only by becoming the representatives of the national aspirations, and by being known as such. Therefore, in the interest of our nation, it was our duty to maintain solidarity with her, and also to see that the nation maintained the solidarity with us. This reciprocal influence formed the leading idea that always directed our actions throughout our connection with our country. I must only add that I have always

recommended, always enjoined upon my political friends at home to take steps that the opportunity—when it presented itself—should find the country awake, and not unprepared; but I always cautioned and reminded them also, that Hungary's independence was not a matter which could be fought out behind street barricades. If it had to be striven for with arms, it presupposed war—not a mere internal insurrection, but a war carried on on a large scale, like a great foreign war. It was neither advisable nor permissible to have recourse to “*émeutes*,” for the lives of Hungarian patriots were precious; it would be a crime to jeopardise them uselessly. I have never lost sight of this peculiar feature in the cause of Hungarian independence, neither among the various vicissitudes of my connections at home nor among those abroad.

Thus the nature of the question gave to the Hungarian refugees that privileged character which induced the Emperor Napoleon III., when, after the war of 1859, he was reproached by the German press with having allied himself to revolutionary elements, to reply, in the journal edited by Granier de Cassagnac (not “Paul” but “Granier” de Cassagnac): “*The Hungarians are not revolutionists, but patriots.*”*

*
* *

This was the sphere of the patriotic exertions of the Hungarian refugees. •

To-day all this belongs to the past.

The nation has decided differently.

* “*Ces messieurs ne sont pas des révolutionnaires, ce sont des patriotes illustres.*”

It has broken the shaft of that standard which we carried so high on the rugged roads of exile.

I wrote to Francis Deák that the power the Hungarian question possessed, as a factor in political calculations, "*was a great acquisition, and to surrender it would be a crime.*"

It was surrendered.

A Hungarian question may exist, I believe it does exist hidden deep in hearts, but not before the world.

There are no longer Hungarian refugees.

I, with my sons and a few faithful friends, stand alone,—forsaken, solitary wanderers in the desert.

To me, the old wanderer who has arrived at the verge of his grave, who has no hope in the future, and in whose past there is no consolation, the conviction of my heart says, that as I was right once in the controversy with the enemies of my country, so am I now in the diversity of opinion with my own nation; I *am* right.

The "Judge of the World" will decide.

But all that I have described in these pages belongs to the history of the past.

I do not give a complete collection of my "Memories"—partly on account of the necessity of discretion; but chiefly because it is one of my shortcomings that I have scarcely ever thought of preserving in writing what I have done. I have only preserved records in my exile of what others have done—as the reader will see. I have recorded my own doings but scantily.

man, or how it answers the exigencies of
 Yet I think that such laws—I understand still less.
 exile will form material I should necessarily grope about in
 torian of a time. Ages because he considers it his
 And with this I hand the world can take away from him,
 to the public— and, being an Englishman, is
 “ . . . sine me —this I understand least of all;
 such a thing to an Englishman
 on sackcloth, throw dust and
 for you have outraged God,

Collegno (al Baraccone), Italy,
 Nov. 5th, 1879.

and certainly not with
 ment.

It has broken the shaft of
carried so high on the rugged rock

I wrote to Francis Deák
garian question possessed, as
culations, "was a great acquisition,
would be a crime." THE PREFACE.

It was surrendered.

A Hungarian question, ELFY, Member of the Hungarian
Parliament.
exist hidden deep in her

There are no longer *egno, at Baraccone, November 19, 1879.*

I, with my sons
arranging my ^{written} writings for the press. Since then, however, my
position has undergone a material change, to which it may be
your duty to call the reader's attention.

"In my Preface and in the 'Memories' about to be published
I appear as a member of the Hungarian nation.

"Foreign Governments and nations even believed to see in me
the personified idea of the Hungarian national existence.

"This qualification of being a Hungarian, however, has in the
last few days been turned into an anachronism by the law passed
by the representatives of the Hungarian nation.

"That Hungarian people in whose elevation to the rank of
citizens I had a small share, has chosen representatives who have
decided that he who, though a born Hungarian, resides with-
out authorisation ten years abroad, loses his qualification as a
Hungarian citizen unless he goes home to become a member of a
community, or unless he presents himself at an Austro-Hungarian
consulate.*

"What damage, harm, or difficulty would have reached
Hungary if this 'dis-Hungarianising' law had not been voted,
I do not understand.

* This law, by which Mr. Kossuth lost his birthright of Hungarian
citizenship, was voted by the Hungarian Parliament after the above Pre-
face had been forwarded for publication.—(Translator's Note.)

"What may be its use, or how it answers the exigencies of modern civilisation to pass such laws--I understand still less.

• "Why the free Englishman should necessarily grope about in the darkness of the Middle Ages, because he considers it his birthright, which nobody in this world can take away from him, that he is an Englishman—and, being an Englishman, is necessarily an English citizen*—this I understand least of all; but I know that if anybody said such a thing to an Englishman he would receive the answer: 'Put on sackcloth, throw dust and ashes on your head, and do penance, for you have outraged God, humanity, nature, and civilisation.'

"But the law has been passed.

"I have now been thirty years abroad, and certainly not with the sanction of the Austro-Hungarian Government.

"I do not acknowledge the present state of Hungary to be *legitimate*, because it clashes with the inalienable right of existence of the Hungarian nation.

"I cannot, therefore, become the member of a community, because I should thereby incur obligations as a subject which are opposed to my national feeling of justice.

"Of course I cannot present myself to an Austrian consul, because I do not acknowledge his authority over me.

"I will not become an apostate.

"Therefore I, as well as my children, will belong to the *outcasts*.

"Along with some Hungarians we are the only men all over the world who are not members of any nation. We are the Pariahs of the world.

"*'Consummatum est.'*

"We shall take notice of it.

* In the course of the debate it was stated in the Hungarian House of Representatives that free England and free Switzerland knew nothing about the loss of citizenship by an absence abroad. Whereupon one of the deputies who supported the Bill made the extraordinary statement that in this respect England and Switzerland were still "groping about in the darkness of the Middle Ages."—(Translator's Note.)

“My sons, who have yet a life before them, after having, from love of their country, wasted the better part of it on a footing with galley-slaves—*i.e.*, without being possessed of the *rights of citizens*—will, nay they must, look out for themselves not to remain Pariahs of the world.

“I shall remain one.

“Please remind my readers, therefore (if readers there should be any!) that where in these writings they meet with me as a Hungarian they put the word ‘late’ or the word ‘outcast’ before it.

“Besides, as regards the object of my life and the feelings of my heart, I am to-day what I was yesterday, and I shall remain through the morrow meted out to me what I am to-day.

“Driven from the bosom of my mother, I shall retaliate by bearing unchangeable, faithful, filial love until my death.

“With kind compliments,

“Your friend,

“LOUIS KOSSUTH.”

A FEW WORDS FROM THE TRANSLATOR.

IN undertaking the translation of the present work I had serious misgivings as to my ability to acquit myself satisfactorily of the task. Only the admiration which I share with other Hungarians for the name of our illustrious patriot induced me to take it in hand. The task has proved most arduous, and I am painfully sensible that, in spite of my earnest endeavours, I have not been able to do justice everywhere to the genius of the author, and must therefore appeal to his indulgence and to that of the English public. Considering the exceptional difficulties of Mr. Kossuth's style, I trust that he himself will be ready to make allowances for any shortcomings on my part.

The natural anxiety of the Publishers to bring out the English translation simultaneously with the Hungarian original also made it necessary that the work should be accomplished in a short time, and I had not, therefore, as much leisure as I might have desired.

I have much pleasure in expressing here my gratitude to my beloved wife, and to my friend Mr. Lajos L. Kropf, for the valuable assistance they have each rendered me.

F. J.

5, *Cheverton Road, Hornsey Lane,*
May 10th, 1880.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.—(SECTION I.)

ORIGIN OF THE ITALIAN WAR OF 1859.

	PAGE
Historical Retrospect—Struggle for Unity—Hatred of the Foreigner—Hotbeds of Conspiracies—Congress of Vienna—Metternich's Opinion—Charles Albert and the Revolution of 1848	1

(SECTION II.)

Victor Emmanuel—Cavour—Readiness of the Piedmontese to Make Sacrifices—Conference of Dresden, 1851—Attempt of the Court of Vienna to enter with all its Territory and Provinces into the German Confederation—The Memorandum of the Hungarian Refugees—Napoleon Bonaparte	11
---	----

(SECTION III.)

Endeavour of Austria to Consolidate its Power in Italy—Project of the League of Baldasseroni—Ravings of the Duke of Modena—Mazzini and the Cabinet of Turin	22
---	----

(SECTION IV.)

The Crimean War—Endeavour of the Western Powers to draw Austria into their Alliance—Austria's Conduct—Piedmont's Offers and Conditions—Cavour's Audacious Step—Journey of Victor Emmanuel and Cavour to Paris—Congress of Paris	29
---	----

(SECTION V.)

Attempt of Orsini—Opinion of Senator Pietri—The Emperor Napoleon and Cavour—The Meeting at Plombières—Diplomatic Campaign—Cavour's Deep Insight and Wonderful Ability—The Archduke Albert in Berlin—The Ultimatum of Baron Kellersberg—Cavour's Answer— <i>Alea jacta erat</i>	49
--	----

CHAPTER II.

Preliminary Conference of the Belligerent Powers and the Hungarian Exiles—Incidents of the Complication—Endeavours of the English Government to Prevent War—Kossuth's Position—His Invitation to Paris	88
--	----

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER III.

	PAGE
My Journey to Paris May 3rd-8th, 1859—Preliminary Conference with Prince Napoleon on May 5th	155

CHAPTER IV.

The Question of Neutrality in England—Speeches at Public Meetings—Change of Government	188
--	-----

CHAPTER V.

EVENTS THAT HAPPENED IN THE INTERIM.

The Hungarians at Genoa—Organisation of an Army—Agreement with Prince Couza, and Explanation of this Relation—Conference with Prince Michael Obrenovics—Mission to Belgrade	277
---	-----

CHAPTER VI.

Journey to Italy	349
----------------------------	-----

CHAPTER VII.

The Catastrophe of the Armistice—End to our Hopes	409
---	-----