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A Bauer of the Puszta

HUNGARY IN 1851;

WITH

AN EXPERIENCE OF THE AUSTRIAN POLICE.

BY

CHARLES LORING BRACE.

NEW YORK :

CHARLES SCRIBNER, 145 NASSAU STREET.

1852.

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THOUGH WITHOUT PERMISSION,  
I TAKE THE LIBERTY RESPECTFULLY TO DEDICATE THIS BOOK,  
TO THE

Hon. Charles I. McCurdy,  
Chargé d'affaires for the United States to Vienna.

TO WHOSE MOST MANLY AND PATRIOTIC BEARING,  
WORTHY OF A REPRESENTATIVE OF OUR COUNTRY,  
I OWE MY ESCAPE FROM AN  
AUSTRIAN DUNGEON.

AEG 5 19.53





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## P R E F A C E .

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FACTS seem the thing most needed now in regard to Hungary. In my journey through the country, I had unusual advantages for observing thoroughly the condition and feelings of the *masses* of the Hungarian people; and, as no English or American traveller has mingled much in their social life since PAGET in 1835, it is hoped the experiences here given will be of the more value. The effect of my observations upon myself, has been to call forth from my heart of hearts, a sympathy for this heroic and unfortunate People. I find all, which as a Republican, I had longed to see in Europe—a nation educated practically for freedom, passionately loving it, ready to peril all to gain it—a nation, too, of singularly generous and manly character.

Still I do not forget, that on this Hungarian question, as on every other, good and true men may differ in opinion. And I have thought I could not better help on the cause of Truth and Justice, than by simply presenting

*facts*, whether they told against one side or the other. I think the book will not be found to have a *partisan* air.

Of course, after a man has been imprisoned for thirty days in a filthy dungeon, on a frivolous pretext, and has been badgered and worried for three weeks after, as if he were an escaped highwayman, it is not to be expected he should look at that subject, at least, as a purely abstract and philosophical question. Yet, neither here nor elsewhere, do I think I have misstated facts.

In reference to names of persons, and of smaller villages and estates within the country, I have been obliged to be very careful, for fear of evil consequences to my friends and acquaintances, from our intercourse.

Just before putting the work to press, I have to acknowledge the receipt, from friends in Vienna, of some valuable tables of the latest statistics of Hungary. They will be found in the Appendix.

This book makes no claim to any very elaborate, or historical character. The author will be abundantly satisfied, if this passing picture of Hungary Enslaved form the material for the historian, who shall write some day of HUNGARY DELIVERED.

CHARLES LORING BRACE.

SOUTH SIDE, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.,

March, 1852.

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**HUNGARY**  
 DRAWN  
 by  
**R. WEILAND**  
 WEILMAR  
 Geographical Institute  
 1879



Scale  
 Geographical miles 15 to a Degree

# BRACE'S HUNGARY IN 1851.

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## CHAPTER I.

IN the course of a long tour in Europe, made partly on foot, in order, better to observe the condition and character of the lower classes, I reached Vienna, early in the Spring of 1851.

If any one had told me, a few years ago that I should ever enter that city, with such pleasure, I could not for a moment have believed him.

To foreigners, Vienna has so long been described as the very centre and stronghold of oppression, and of that modern "Inquisition," the Police-system, that one hardly expects the very air to be free. Yet it must be allowed to an American, and one coming as I did, from North Germany, Vienna does appear exceedingly pleasant. It is such a satisfaction to get once more into streets, whirling with life, to see people excited, and in a hurry. The contrast of the busy, merry-looking city, to the antique Prague, or the quiet, intellectual Berlin, is most striking.

The common people too, though the mass are evidently very ignorant, on the whole seem happy and busy. One escapes beside, that unvarying, wearisome sight of Berlin—the soldiery; and it is a real pleasure, at length, to be in crowds, where every

third man does *not* wear a bayonet. The *public* Police are much less numerous than in Prussia, and bad as their profession may be, they are evidently accomplished members of it, and are not betrayed by the stupid, spying look, which marks the *Schutz-männer* of Berlin. They are very polite too, which can never be said of the Prussian, and what oppression is going on, is evidently being conducted in a very gentlemanly manner. The whole city has a pleasant, friendly physiognomy to the stranger.

However it is not my purpose in this volume, to give any detailed account of my observations of Vienna. I came there with different objects from those of most travellers, and my researches threw me among classes, quite apart from those usually seen by the stranger. I was sure that much good must be working even in Austria, in such an age as this, and I devoted myself while there, principally to the investigation of those great reforms in education, which I had heard in Prussia, were already beginning under the administration of COUNT THUN. In these investigations, I am bound to say, I was much aided by the polite and friendly attentions of many of the principal gentlemen engaged in education, in the city, and of some, connected with the ministry itself. Indeed every stranger must acknowledge that there is scarcely a population of Europe, among whom he will meet with such a kindly politeness, as among the cultivated classes of Austria.

Though somewhat apart from my object, I will give here a brief sketch of these reforms, as showing the good side of Austria, and as presenting movements, of which very little has ever been known in foreign countries.

The first great change seems to be, in introducing the *Voluntary System* into the Universities—or, in other words the University course is made entirely free to all who enter, and every student can

choose his own branches for study. Then no examinations are required between the different sessions, so that there may be no mere *cramming*; but a grand public examination is held at the end of the four years' course, in which not so much *memorising* is demanded as a general, intelligent idea of the subjects studied. On this examination depends the certificate which shall render the student capable of entering any office of the State, or of commencing the practice of any profession. In order to fit the young men for such a freedom of study, the course of the preparatory schools is lengthened from six to eight years, and more of the higher class of studies are introduced, such as mental philosophy, logic, and moral science. No student is allowed to enter the University younger than eighteen. The whole arrangement of the under-schools, called "*Gymnasia*" and "*Real Schools*," is changed. It has long been felt as an evil, that any young man who would give himself a good general education must go through the long University course, and so delay his entrance into business. Now by means of the *Real Schools* he can get the foundation of a good education quite thoroughly, without entering the University. The *Gymnasia*, as well as the *Real School*, are divided into "Upper" and "Under," and the admission from one part to the other, as well as the entrance from the lower "People's Schools" to these, depends upon the mode in which the examination is passed. So that from the lowest "District School," through the *Gymnasia* and the University, there is a regular series of examinations, till the young man is settled as a government officer, or a "professional man." New books and efficient teachers from Germany are everywhere introduced, and the miserable salaries, especially of the country teachers, considerably increased. A Review, too, is started, devoted especially to subjects connected with education, and is

supported really with much spirit. This is but a rough, brief sketch of what is going on, but the interesting fact to us Americans is that a reform-movement is really commencing in Austria, and at the basis of all political reforms—in education. It is pleasant, too, to find, what one does not often find even in Prussia itself, men of learning and talents giving their efforts to aiding “the masses,” preparing school-books, and laboring for the ignorant as well as the learned.

A few weeks spent in these and similar researches, and in the cheerful out-door life of Vienna, passed quickly away, and at length, one fine Spring morning, armed with a recommendation from our *Chargé d’affaires* at Vienna, I presented myself at the Bureau of Police, and requested a *visé* on my *Passeporte* for Hungary.

The *Director* replied very blandly, but decidedly, that he regretted, but it was not possible for him to give it.

I was somewhat taken aback by this—however, I resolved not to yield the matter so, and handed him my recommendation from Mr. McCurdy.

He was sorry, but he had had instructions from Government, that no strangers should be admitted into Hungary, except upon business. They could not have people travelling over the Austrian Empire in this way!

I rose up and went towards him.

“*Why* is this? What objections have you to me? You have my Passport. You have a recommendation from the American Ambassador. You know my acquaintances in Vienna. What can you object?”

He replied, that Americans and English had interfered too much in their affairs and had travelled about, prying into various matters and had made very slanderous reports.



“All that may be true,” I replied, “but what is there against me?”

Here he began to soften somewhat, and said that under the circumstances, he would perhaps, make an exception in my case, especially in view of the writing from our ambassador, but that he would give me a Provisionary passe, so that I must return to Vienna to reclaim my own.

“It was indifferent to me,” I said, “I intended to return to Vienna.”

“He must warn me, however,” he continued, “I would be exposed to many *disagreeabilities*\* from the police.”

“I had no fear at all,” I replied, “I had always found the Austrian Police the most polite of any in Europe.”

This quite staggered him, and he went away, and after a little farther ceremony, returned with *my own Passeporte*, without any condition, and handed it to me, at the same time, warning me, for my own sake “not to make any expression in public of sentiments which I might entertain on certain matters!”

“There was no danger,” I said, “I was not in the habit of doing such things in foreign countries.”

As I was going out, he apologised, saying he regretted all this, it was not voluntary on their part, they had their instructions, &c. &c., and with an educated man, he thought he had better be frank!

“I was very glad he had been *frank*,” I said, “I liked men to be so towards me!”

“*Mes compliments !*” on my part, and “*Empfehle mich Ihnen !*”† with a smooth bow, on his, and we parted, though I thought as far

\* There is no other way of translating that most diplomatic word, “Unannehmlichkeiten.”

† I recommend myself to you.

as gentlemen of his profession ever do show it, he looked particularly ashamed.

The truth was, I had my supple Director in a dilemma, and he knew it. The Austrian Government does not, as he said, like to have strangers travelling over the empire. They see too much. But here, he must either say, in effect, before Europe, that no educated traveller shall enter its provinces, or he must admit the dangerous intruder into one, whose condition Government would least desire to have known.

My friends congratulated me much on my success with him, as he is an "old hand," they said in such matters. I felt rather complacent, for a time, over it: but as the result showed, I had not by any means seen all "*the play*" of the skilful Commissary, and the laugh proved afterwards to be quite on the other side.



## CHAPTER II.

As soon after this conversation as the weather seemed settled enough to permit of travelling over the notoriously wretched roads of Hungary, I went with my baggage, on board the Danube steamer, bound for Pressburg, Pesth, and Constantinople. My plan was to go directly to Pesth, the Capital of the country, and to spend no time on these intermediate towns, along the Danube, as from the German influence upon them, they show very little of the present condition or character of the Hungarian people.

It must be confessed that there was no country of Europe which I had approached with such deep interest and curiosity, as I did this land of the Hungarians. The half Oriental character of the people, the singular nomadic customs which I knew still to exist among them, the remains of Feudal institutions, supplanted by modern improvements, and the remarkable political life of the nation, together with their chivalrous habits, of which I had heard so much, all opened a most interesting field of observation to the traveller. Besides, for the sake of similar questions in other lands, I was very desirous to observe the effect upon the peasants of that grand act of Manumission from serfdom, and, in view of the widely different opinions on the subject, to study the character of that great move-

ment, the Revolution of 1848—a movement which had first brought out the Hungarians before the world, under which they had developed an energy such as few of the oldest States could show, and which had fastened the attention of Europe on their wavering struggle for more than a year.

And here I must be allowed to say that I cannot consider the opinions upon this Hungarian question as at all necessarily determining the sympathies of any one, either for freedom or despotism. It is true, the aristocratic parties of Europe are, in general, opposed to the Hungarians. But the attempt in Germany and France to divide the friends and enemies of Liberty, according to their views on this Revolution, would utterly fail. I have met many a sterling Democrat in Germany, who utterly opposed the Hungarians; and we all know there is many a public man in France, whose republicanism is above all reproach, who would never think of sympathizing with the “Magyar Revolution.” In England, it is true, the “Liberals” are almost entirely for the Hungarians. And it must be confessed that in England there has always been a much better knowledge of Hungary than in all the rest of Europe. To the Germans and the French, all the country beyond the Danube, is somewhat of a “*terra incognita*,” and they know scarcely more of its institutions than we do of those of the Chinese.

But every candid man must confess that first appearances, before one has studied the facts and events, are unfavorable. The old Constitution looks bad, and one must be quite certain which party struggled for its reform, and how far real liberty was aimed at, before one can swear confidently to the Revolution.

For myself, entering on this journey, everything seemed favorable. I was fortunately supplied with letters of introduction. I had carefully studied the routes through the country, and knew well the

best points for obtaining information, and for seeing the best examples of what I wished to observe. The greatest difficulty, too, which I had feared, from the opposition of the Viennese Police, was surmounted, and I started under very good auspices.

In regard to the *routes* from Vienna into Hungary, the best is undoubtedly on the Danube. The steamboats belong to the Company of the "*Austrian Lloyd*," and though not at all equaling our river steamboats, are not by any means poor boats. The run down is made in about twelve hours, but from Pesth up, against the rapid current, the time taken is nearly thirty-six hours. The best course for the traveller is to return by the railroad along the Danube, which finally connects with the road from Prague, and by which he can reach Vienna in ten hours from the time of starting.

The navigation of the Danube by steamboats only dates some twenty years back ; but, in that time, it has changed the trade and travel on that stream to a wonderful degree. Before 1830, the only mode of going down the stream was by miserable boats and rafts, which were knocked to pieces for fire-wood, at the end of the voyage. And the trip up was made by a species of canal boats, drawn slowly by some twenty or thirty horses. The innumerable mill boats in the stream, and the morasses and quick sands on the banks, made it a most dangerous mode of travelling. It is said that not seldom the whole "team" of horses drawing the boat, would sink at once, inextricably, into the treacherous swamps which line the river.

At length the Company of the "*Austrian Lloyd*" was formed to navigate the Danube by steamboats, and through the incessant exertions of the man, who has done so much for all practical improvements in Hungary—Count SZECHENYI—it was firmly established. At the present time, the Company has over fifty steam-

boats, which they run even to Constantinople, and from Trieste to Smyrna, Alexandria, and the whole East. Their success has been beyond what even the most enthusiastic supporters of the plan had expected.

I observed on our own boat, as we steamed down from Vienna, that like most of the steamboat companies on the continent, they still employ English engineers—for every few minutes, amid the Babel of foreign languages around us—Hungarian, Wallachian, Sclavonian, German—I could hear the voice of the captain, in a most *home-like* tone, to the engineer below, "*E-e-ase her! Sto-p her!*" Their engines, however, at present, are mostly made here, and at "Old Ofen," a little above Pesth, they have a very good manufactory of machinery.

I had at length fairly started for the land which had interested me so deeply for many years. The day seemed an appropriate one for entering the unhappy country. A cold storm of rain was beating across the steamboat, through which one could dimly see the long line of monotonous willow bushes on the banks, or the melancholy pine-forests on the hills. Occasionally the storm lulled, and the Carpathians stood out in the distance, frowning with the heavy masses of clouds on their summits. There were no houses on the banks, and the only buildings to be seen were the mill-boats, anchored by the shore. Now and then a soaked fisherman came out upon the sands to pull at his nets, and that was all of the inhabitants which we could see. The whole had a most dreary, desolate look; in unison, one could not but think, with the sorrowful and gloomy fortunes which had settled upon the unfortunate nation.

Not far below Vienna, we passed the Island LOBAU with the remains yet of those immense works of Napoleon—bridges and

ramparts which appear built for a century, but which were only constructed as a feint to hide a single movement of his army.

A few hours rapid sail farther down the stream brought us at length to a point where a light tower, perched on a cliff, overlooked the river, and where another river poured its waters into the Danube. This river, *the March*, forms the boundary between Hungary and Austria, and the castle has the name of *Theben*. On the one side of the Danube the Carpathians jut down from the North, and on the other, the Leytha Mountains press forward from the South. The river flows in a narrow pass between them, and forms, with a highway on the bank, the great *Gate* to Hungary from the West.

Through this entrance, for all ages, have poured the armies of Europe and Asia, in their fierce wars. The possession of it, has decided, many a time, the fate of Hungary or of eastern Europe. Through this pass, rolled the tide of the Huns. Here swarmed the Turks after they had conquered Hungary, and from this, they overrun Europe, till they were defeated on the plains of France. The Crusaders came here; the Austrians in their attacks on the Turks; and the Hungarians in their assaults on Europe. Through this, the defeated Ban retreated, in the last war, to Vienna and again, down through this came the armies of the Austrians, on their march to Pesth.

The key to it on the Austrian side is Pressburg; on the Hungarian, Komorn. Had Görgey poured his forces through this, after his victories on the Upper Danube, he would have undoubtedly taken Vienna—even with an Austrian garrison still in the Capital of Hungary—and have terminated the war.

With this, or its key, Komorn, in the possession of the enemy, the Austrian armies would never have dared to advance into Cen-

tral Hungary. And they were only enabled to leave it occupied in their rear, when the immense host of Russians was already in the heart of Hungary.

At the end of this pass, Pressburg is seen—a city for a long time the capital of Hungary, where the parliament met and the king was crowned.

It makes but a mean appearance from the river, and the only object remarkable from a distance in it, is an immense palace, with four towers, on the top of a high hill.

It is almost entirely a German town in its character, and with my objects, I had no curiosity to see it.

It was here, however, that the well-known dramatic appeal of the young Queen, Maria Theresa, was made to the gallantry and sensibility of the Hungarian noblemen, under which they drew their swords in a frenzy of excitement, and swore “to die for their Sovereign!”—one of the last displays of any very enthusiastic loyalty by the Magyars, and for which, it is generally supposed, they paid quite too dearly.

Here too, is the hill on which the king of Hungary ascended on horseback after his coronation, and where he went through the pantomime of waving his sword to every point of the compass, as a token that he would defend and guard every portion of his kingdom.

Below Pressburg, the Danube widens exceedingly, and we passed a great number of islands. Two of these are very large, the Greater and Lesser Schütt, and contains large tracts of excellent land. Throughout, however, the scenery was exceedingly tame and monotonous, with the long rows of willow bushes on its banks, and the stream filled with the mill-boats. These are merely two boats, anchored in the stream, with a mill-wheel between them,

turned by the current. In one, under the board covering, is the machinery for grinding the grain, and, in the other, the miller lives. They are a very great obstruction, everywhere, to the navigation of the Danube.



## CHAPTER III.

ON THE DANUBE, April, 1851.

WE have just touched at "Gönyö," and, though the banks are as tame as ever in scenery, I begin to see more signs of the real Hungary. The men who stood on the landing, with the little, rough-looking horses, were the tallest, best-built men, I have seen in Europe. Peasants, probably, and with high boots and short jackets, and long moustache, in true Hungarian style. I can begin to see more of the villages too, on the plain, and the roofless houses, every few miles, tell of the storm which has passed over here. We are approaching the most hotly-contested battle-ground, during the whole war—the country near Komorn, and on the angle of the Danube, at Waizen.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have just passed Komorn. It does not appear from the river at all imposing as a fortress. All that one can see are long green lines of fortification, along the Danube, with an occasional block-house, and white-coated Austrian sentry; and beyond, the roofs and chimneys of the village within it. The most important of the works are not at all visible from the Danube. On the other side of



the river, however, was a sight, which, coming upon one suddenly, was unspeakably affecting. There appeared to have been a flourishing, smiling village once, on the banks. Now, all that one could see were long rows of houses, roofless, with the tall, desolate chimneys standing in the air. The gardens looked pleasant and home-like, and the fruit trees were in rich bloom, and there were many signs of *home* everywhere, but no *life*! The only thing stirring through the grass-grown streets, was some sheep, or forlorn-looking horse. The whole left an indescribable impression of loneliness and desolation upon one. This is probably but one out of many similar sights, which I shall see in this land. Oh, how much hast thou given, Hungary, for thy liberty! and how little hast thou won! God grant thee a better future! In my emotions over the sight, I was surprised that the other passengers were so indifferent, as no one appeared especially to notice it; but I soon found that they were all occupied in discussing the merits of a great row which had been going on down below, between the Jews and the Austrians; as they say the feelings between the two parties have been growing more and more embittered since Marshal Haynau's extraordinary measures toward the former. The banks are assuming a prettier aspect now, every mile, and neat villages meet the eye from all quarters.

In reference to Komorn, I would say that I have since carefully examined the plan of it, and there can be no doubt to any one who has done so, that it is most completely defended, both by its position and the works erected. The Hungarians claim it as a fortress of "the first class," though among military men generally it only ranks as "second," I believe, or "third." It is the most important point in Hungary, for strategy, and in case of another war, would be, as in the last, the centre of the fiercest conflict. A

brief description of the works, accordingly, may not be uninteresting. The whole seems rather a very strongly entrenched camp, than a fortress, as the distance from the extreme works on one side to those on the opposite is nearly five English miles. The real fortress itself, is in form nearly an equilateral triangle, with the Danube for one side, the Waag for the other, and a line of ditches and forts drawn from one river to the other, for the base. The Waag flows into the Danube here, deep and strong, and forms an excellent defense for a distance on the eastern side. The Danube itself, of course, is the best guard on the western and southern. And, on what I have called the base, the morasses, and the great strength and completeness of the works, erected at first by the Austrians and completed by the Hungarians, form almost an impregnable defense. Beside these, there is a range of hastily but well-constructed works on the other side of the Danube, with a *tête du pont*, to cover a bridge of boats to the fortress. Another fort to cover a bridge is built on the Waag, and some fortifications on the other bank of that river also. The fortress itself, without the extreme works, covers an immense area, holding the town of Komorn within it, and large barracks, which can all be rendered bomb-proof without difficulty. It is calculated that 30,000 men are needed to garrison this fortress sufficiently. It has its weak points, however. In the Waag, a little distance up from the mouth, is an island, which very much weakens the defense of the river on that side. On the other bank of the Waag too, near the Danube, are some heights which command a portion of the inner-works. Besides, the Danube and all the streams around it are liable to freeze in the winter, and thus lay it open to attack. It is exposed too to earthquakes, of which one, and that very severe, has occurred this year.

As I said before, it is probably the most important strategical point in Hungary, commanding all the upper Danube, and one of the two highways which lead to Vienna. The Hungarians, under Klapka, defended it, with the greatest skill and steadiness; and the sally of Klapka at the close of the war, by which he defeated the Austrian forces with great slaughter, retook *Raab* and "*Gönyö*," and captured an immense booty of provisions and ammunition, was one of the most brilliant actions of the whole year.\*

Had it happened earlier, it might have changed the whole tide of events. As it was, it threw a parting lustre over the last gloomy events of the Hungarian struggle.

Below Komorn, we passed *Gren*, with its fine cathedral, the residence and property of the Primate of Hungary, said by many to be the richest prelate, out of England, in all Europe. Like many of the Hungarian cities, this has suffered extremely in past centuries from the attacks of the Turks. At this point, the scenery on the river changes, and the stream begins to flow between high hills—though after all, there is no great beauty or picturesqueness to them. Not far below, the tall donjon of the *Visegrad* rears itself on a hill, the only relic left of a splendid royal stronghold, about which many a strange story and wild Hungarian legend is told.

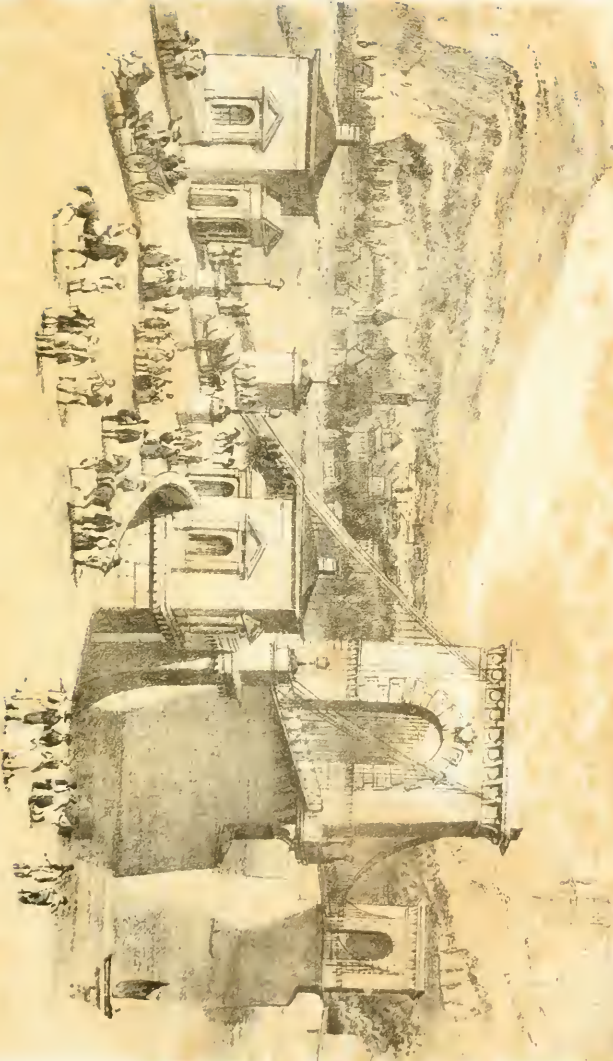
At *Waizen* the Danube makes a complete angle, and after this runs due south.

The first one sees of Buda-Pesth, the gem and pride of Hungarian cities, is the height of the *Blocksberg*, a mountain with an observatory, behind Buda; then the rocky citadel of Buda, or Ofen, as the Germans have named it, appears below this peak: and

\* Besides a whole park of artillery, there were captured by this *sortie*, 2,760 head of oxen; five boats laden with corn and powder; 500,000 cwt. of flour, and 40,000 uniforms.—SCHLESINGER.

after this, the beautiful span of the suspension-bridge is seen, which connects the old town Buda with the newer and more beautiful city, Pesth.

The first impression which Pesth makes on the stranger, coming down the Danube, is very striking indeed. The long line of handsome, massive buildings on the *quai*, more than a mile and a quarter in extent; the regular, well-kept streets; the graceful form of the bridge—perhaps the most beautiful suspension bridge in Europe—all form a most pleasing picture of thriving, modern life. Then, as a contrast to it, you have on the other side the quaint, old town of Ofen, with the narrow streets, and the houses built on the side of the hill, whose summit is crowned with the palace of the Viceroy, and the rough walls of the old fortress. As a background, rise the blue peaks of the Ofener Mountains. We were soon landed, our passports were rigorously demanded, and I, myself, after taking my quarters in a hotel, sallied out to explore the city.



Buda, Pesth.



## CHAPTER IV.

PESTH, April, 1851.

PESTH is certainly a beautiful city ; so new-looking and so neat and well built. But the first impressions are somewhat injured by the crowd of wretched people one sees in all the market-places and principal streets. Slavonians, mostly, in the last stages of beggary, with a few rags hanging about them, a dirty sheep skin for cloak and for bed, and a broad-brimmed, greasy hat. Their faces, too, have such a cunning, wild expression. I have not seen more miserable objects since the beggars I met in County Wicklow, in Ireland.

There are marks all through Pesth of the fearful bombardment it sustained from Ofen ; half-built houses—squares sometimes entirely cleared of the buildings, and buildings torn and broken by the bombs. Pesth, however, seems thriving, compared with Ofen. There is a long tract in the side of the hill there, near the palace, where one of the assaults of the Hungarians was made, which is covered with roofless and empty houses, burned out with the terrible fire from both sides during the siege. The whole city, too, is interspersed with such ruins, and one can see that the majority of the houses are new-roofed.



I was surprised almost at the little life apparent in either city, once among the most lively towns in Europe. My acquaintances say that I cannot at all imagine, the contrast between the appearance of Buda-Pesth now, and that before the Revolution, or during the year 1848. Then the city was full of the gentry, who resided here a good part of the year, the streets thronged with brilliant equipages, and lively with all the gay costumes of the Hungarian soldiery and nobility. The stream of business and travel, too, was incessant through every thoroughfare. There was not perhaps in Europe so brilliant, stirring, cheerful a city as Buda-Pesth. The *Landtag*, or Parliament, met here, calling together all the principal men of talent and rank through Hungary. Theatres had been built, not inferior to those in Vienna. Hotels among the best in Europe. A casino, after the plan of a London club, with the most elegant conveniences for batchelors, was erected. Strangers gathered together here from all parts of Europe, and there was no refined society on the Continent where a foreigner of education could so pleasantly spend his time as among the social circles of the Hugarian capital. Now the streets seem still and lifeless. No equipages are seen. The Hungarian costume is forbidden. The noblemen of Hungary, the men of talent and wit, the leaders of the nation, who once filled the city, and gave the life to its circles and drew business within its walls, are now scattered abroad as exiles through every land, or are living in gloomy and insecure retirement on their estates. Business has utterly flagged. No one has any confidence in the present condition of Hungary continuing. The stream of communication which once poured over the bridge is now meagre enough. It is calculated by candid people that the population of Buda-Pesth, once some 120,000, has diminished full 50,000! Strangers seldom visit it now, or if they do, have no



heart to stay in a place where every foreigner is under the spying eyes of a police agent.

The injuries suffered by the city took place during the siege of the Ofen citadel, by the Hungarians, in the spring of 1849. It will be remembered Görgey's victories on the upper Danube, and Bem's brilliant campaign in Siebenbürgen, had almost completely cleared the country of Austrians. Between the Drave and the Danube, on the South, they still kept up a feeble resistance, and they held the country in the neighborhood of Pressburg. But, though their armies in the Winter had been advanced as far as Szolnok and the Theiss, they were steadily driven back, forced from Pesth, and at last, with the exception of the points mentioned above, and one or two unimportant fortresses, completely driven from Hungary.

The main army lay, discouraged and worn out, near the borders of Hungary. The Russians had not yet interfered. A strong victorious Hungarian army was posted all along the Danube, from Pesth to Komorn, and under Napoleon, a day would not have passed before that army would have been marching upon Vienna. It was the invaluable moment for the Hungarians. Success was almost sure to them, and they lost it.

The general opinion is, that it was Görgey's treachery which led to the abandonment of this march upon Vienna, and spent the priceless time in the siege of Ofen, an unimportant fortress. But it seems to me doubtful. The whole nation, in characteristic manner, was in a frenzy of excitement to retake Ofen, "the Holy City," the capital—"the only place where the foot of the invader rested," and it is quite probable that the Ministry, who were not remarkable for their strategical knowledge, yielded to this voice of the people, and ordered Görgey to return and commence the siege. This, at least, is the account of many authorities not especially favorable to

Görgey; and it sounds consistently with the character of the Hungarian people. They are a nation highly wrought up by present enthusiasm, and easy to be blinded to consequences far ahead. They undoubtedly seemed to themselves to have utterly prostrated Austria, and to only need the capture of this citadel to complete the victory. Görgey, who had a much cooler head, is reported to have said at once, when he received the order, "*The cause is lost now!*"

Klapka, in his memoirs, gives a different account. He states, that Görgey received an order only to beleaguer Ofen, with a small force, and to march on, with the main body, against the Austrians, but that he did the reverse. However, I am told that one of the officers of Klapka gives a different explanation, similar to the one above. In such confused times—particularly with regard to the great blunders of the war—the truth is very difficult to obtain.

Wherever the fault lay, the result was, that three weeks were spent in the siege of a fortress in no way important in the great plans of the war. The Hungarians had thought to take it at once by assault. But there was a tough, old Swiss officer, at the head of the garrison, *Henzi*, who would have seen everything blown into the air before he gave it up, and who fought every inch of ground. There are several points from which it can be bombarded, and from these the Hungarians kept up a tremendous fire upon it. The Austrians retorted by bombarding Pesth, which lies beneath them. Eye witnesses have described the scenes to me, during the nights of the bombardment, as most terrible. The long trains of fire through the air, from the heights of the Blocksberg to the fortress, and again from the fortress to the city, the unceasing booming of the cannon, the explosion of the shells, and the burning of the houses, formed a scene, such as the citizens of Pesth will not soon forget. The

inhabitants had retreated in the meantime to their cellars, or to the block-houses.

At length, after nearly three weeks of this, the fortress was taken by assault, in the most daring manner, and Henzi fell on the ruins of it, at the head of his men. Two more weeks were spent in rejoicing, and recruiting their forces. At the end of this time the Austrians had re-formed another army. The Russians were in full march from several points into Hungary, and the favorable moment was gone for ever.

The siege of Ofen must be confessed to have been the great mistake of the Hungarian campaign in 1849.

I used often to walk about on parts of the old fortress. The breaches are all repaired; the grass is growing greenly on the embankments, which were all demolished by the Hungarian fire; and the Austrian bands give pleasant concerts on the spot where the fiercest assault of the Honveds was made. Except for the sight of an occasional maimed soldier, or of the ruined, desolate houses in the valley below, there would be nothing to remind one of the fearful struggle which raged there two years ago.

## CHAPTER V.

PESTH, April, 1851.

MY time in Pesth was very busily employed indeed. There were the usual researches of a traveller—then the forming acquaintances with the citizens with reference to learning the views of the different political parties, and in planning my route in the interior ; and, especially, the investigation of the old political constitution and laws of Hungary, for which the archives of Pesth offer the best advantages.

The whole society of Pesth, even in this its time of depression, is exceedingly pleasant for the stranger. Despite the German influence upon it, and the fact, that almost all intercourse is in the German language, the people have preserved their genuine Hungarian traits. One feels at once he is in a different atmosphere from that which fills the German circles. There is a life, a kind of stormy eloquence about the conversation, such as you never meet in Germany. The people do love to talk, and certainly talk very well. Such noisy coffee-houses I have not seen in Europe. Then one is conscious at once of being in society, where wit is in vogue much more than in Germany ; keen, lively wit it is too. A joke against Austrian stupidity goes over Pesth with the quickness of thought.

But such a nation of orators, as they seem, from what one sees in the Capital! The waiter who brings your coffee in the morning, when he finds you are an American, makes a speech. The clerk in the coach-office, where you are booking your name, runs off into a harangue over the wrongs of Hungary, which would do honor to a stump orator. Men speak in private society with an ease, a fire, such as I have never anywhere seen. And the theme everywhere, which lights the eye, and thrills the voice, is Hungary, their beautiful, their once happy Fatherland, what it has been, and what it is now? Its glory, its wrongs, its hopes. With our cool English habit, it is difficult to understand, to imagine the natural, passionate eloquence with which almost every Hungarian speaks on that subject. It should be remembered that the Hungarians whom we see in America, are men in a foreign land, speaking a strange language, and affected by all our customs. They would not wish it, they *could* not speak there as they do here.

I happened to call upon a workman. As soon as he found I was an American, about to travel in Hungary, he burst forth. "O, Sir, if you could only have seen our country four or five years ago! I do not believe there was so free and happy a country in Europe. Wine and corn, and everything so cheap for the poor man—the gentry making improvements and reforming everywhere, and we had our Parliaments here in Pesth, and we voted for officers—and were independent of Austria. And now there is a tax on everything. We have to pay three *Gülden* (\$1 50) for poll tax—and every pound of flesh is taxed which we buy, and there is a tax on the gardens, and on the houses. And then we gain nothing. We have lost our Constitution and our rights. There is no more voting, or elections, or Parliament, here in Pesth. The whole country is *dead!*" \* \* \* \* \* I have been to

see an acquaintance since, of the Government party. He regretted extremely I had chosen the present time to travel in Hungary—it would give me so imperfect an idea of the nation. If I could have come before the Revolution I would have seen the country in its pride and glory, intensely active and excited in its political life, and every kind of material improvement going on.

Or, if I could have come immediately after the Revolution, the very aspect of the national excitement—inspiration, would have been grand to look upon. But now the whole country was lifeless—spiritless—cast down. “We have staked all,” said he, “on the game, and have lost all. The Government, too, I regret to say, is not well advised, or does not understand the Hungarian character, and everything goes on wrong. No man can predict the future. The present condition *cannot last!*”

Called upon Mr. S., to whom I had a letter, and met there T——, a tall, fine looking Hungarian. He spoke with those full rich tones which one hears so often from the Hungarians. “We welcome an American,” said he, “most gladly to this land. But you have come at an unhappy time. The old Constitution under which we have lived for more than eight hundred years, is scattered to the winds. We have lost all that a nation can lose. You will see nothing here of the old freedom and the privileges which we used to boast of. The people have lost their means by this war, and now their liberties. Every step is hemmed by obstructions, and one cannot stir without coming upon an Austrian spy.”

I spoke of my intention of visiting the interior, and inquired whether it would be advisable. He said there would be no difficulty, but “Oh, sir,” said he, “if you could only have seen this land four years ago. There was not so happy and free a land in Europe! You will see something now, of the old hospitality, but for the most

part, the people have not the heart for it. The gentlemen are living in retirement, and economically; and all under the fear that they may at any time be called before the courts again. Every one is discontented, and looking forward to a change; but no one can see how it is to come."

I went by accident into a saddler's shop, and the moment he found I was no Austrian, he burst out with his feelings over the change in his country.

"It was so pleasant a land! And we had our own freedom, as they have now in America; and Pesth was so lively. The gentry used to come here to the shop and buy so much for their hunts and races, and talk politics here! and everything was so cheap! Wine was only 2 kreutzers, ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  cents) a bottle. But now we have to pay all the Austrian taxes; and the gentry are all gone; and we are all just like slaves! If I can only sell my stock I shall go over at once to America!"

I happened into a coach office and enquired about routes in the interior, and the clerk, as soon as he found I was an American travelling in Austria, began in a similar strain. "It had been such a beautiful, happy country," he said, "there *could* be nothing like it. Every class of people so comfortable; everything so cheap!" He had not known much of other lands, but he did not believe there could have been such an independent, happy people on the earth! And now, everywhere oppressed! Everything they could eat, or drink, taxed. Nothing free—every word watched by Austrian spies!"

With all these, I have not led on an expression of their views at all; but, in a moment, when they have known I was a foreigner, they have poured out their feeling in this way. And it is entirely



impossible to give again in words, the passionate, eloquent manner they have, of expressing themselves.

I find that everywhere as I mingle in society, an American is most heartily welcomed. Such hospitality, in all my experience of strange lands, I have never seen even approached, and yet the city is not, by any means, a genuine specimen of a Hungarian city.

As I said before, good hits at the Austrians, are in great circulation among the people of Pesth.

Very naturally they find it hard enough to be paying now for Austrian debts, and to be obliged to use, everywhere, this miserable Imperial paper money, and, as they can do nothing else, they crack their jokes at the whole system. Among other stories they tell one of a visit which the Emperor lately made to Trieste, wherein, in a triumphal procession, in the excitement of the moment, he called upon the Finance Minister for *money* to distribute among the hurrahing crowd. The minister "begged his Majesty's pardon, but advised him not to attempt it!"

"Why?" said the enthusiastic young prince. "*The wind is too high!* your Majesty!" replied the minister, "*it would be all blown away!*"

They repeated, too, another occurrence, which, it is said, really took place lately in Vienna. A juggler was on the stage, before a crowded house, and among other tricks, took a silver *Zwanziger*, (a coin which, like all other silver or gold pieces, has mostly disappeared from Austria,) in his hand, held it up before the crowd, opened his hand, and the coin was gone.

He had hardly proceeded thus far in the performance, when a rough voice, in the broad Vienna accent, came out of the gallery—"Ach, *das kann Ik auk!*" (Poh! I can do that too!) The juggler then turned his hand again, muttered some incantations, opened



it, and there was the *Zwanziger*. The voice again came, in the most hopeless tone—" *Sacrament! das kann Ik nit!*" (That I can't do!) The juggler turned at this second exclamation, to the gallery, and asked who it was that interrupted him so. " *The Austrian Finance Minister!*" replied the voice in doleful tones. The audience took the joke at once, and rose with one universal cheer for "the man in the gallery!"

Everywhere that I went, I found a bitter indignation at this spying, underhanded system of the Austrians. They had been used, and their fathers before them, to *talk* freely, they said—and, now, to feel that every servant might be a spy, and that there was not a movement which was not watched by some contemptible agent of government. It worried them; it sickened them more than all the cruelty of the Austrian system, they said. At the time, I did not credit such a state of things, supposing it one of the exaggerations which, would be natural to a people, just in reality conquered. They told me how this gentleman's servant used regularly to report his words at dinner to the police; how another was dogged in the streets by these agents; how spies sat in the churches to watch even the clergyman's prayer and sermon.

I told them frankly, then, that I must see more before I could believe that such a system of rascality existed. I need not say that now I not only believe it, but wonder I ever doubted it. There is no depth of meanness and falseness in the Austrian police system which I cannot credit. I have seen and experienced all that my friends here described. I have seen that there is a widespread, efficient administration here, managed with the precision and exactness with which the affairs of a first class New York importing house would be, and yet, whose principle and whose every object is the most false, the most degrading to manhood and honor, that can

be imagined. It is underhanded villainy, and the vilest deception, legalized and systematized.

A short time before I arrived, a *boy*—a child, was imprisoned for wearing the Hungarian costume, which is merely a blue jacket with embroidery, together with, perhaps, one of their embroidered caps! The Hungarian colors, too, are forbidden, though the ladies do manage to get them into their dresses. No one is allowed even to *petition*! So that an humble request to “His Apostolic Highness” is a crime. And, it was said, a clergyman had been, not long since, imprisoned for some time, for daring to respectfully petition the Emperor with regard to some church matter. They must first obtain leave from the police to make a request.

## CHAPTER VI.

### PESTH.

It is somewhat remarkable, yet Pesth has more of the *comforts* of a city, than many even of the largest cities of North Europe. The Hungarians have always had a much more *practical* turn than the races around them, and a far greater tendency to imitate both the English and French, than their neighbors, the Germans, which may perhaps account for this, in part. Certain it is, however, that the hotels in Pesth are far better than the best in Vienna or Berlin. The coffee-houses, too, are not surpassed by the best on the Boulevards, and the *Casino*, or Club, with its reading-rooms, and saloons, and dining halls, is equal to anything of the kind in Europe, except the palace-like establishments in London.

I would here, while speaking of these matters, recommend especially to any American traveller who may happen to visit Pesth, the *Tiger Hotel*, certainly the most comfortable in the city, and whose proprietor, Dr. F., is a very polite, cultivated gentleman, speaking English like a native.

As I walked over the City, it was interesting to observe how the Austrians were preparing for future struggles. The citadel has been entirely repaired and strengthened; the heights of the *Blocks-*

berg above, from which the Hungarians had bombarded the fortress, are now being fortified and held by an Austrian detachment, and, on the other side of the river, a strong block-house is to be built in Pesth, as a "*tetê du pont*," to cover the bridge.

There is, beside, quite a heavy complement of soldiery stationed in the city, mostly quartered in a singular structure, called the *Neugebäude*. This was erected in 1786 by the Austrian Emperor, for some unexplainable purpose, though it is generally supposed he intended it as an immense prison. It consists of a large square, built around with tall, massive buildings, and entered by arched gateways. It is principally used as a barracks, and must be capable of holding several thousands. Since the Revolution, it has formed one of the great *State prisons* of Hungary, in whose well-secured dungeons lie the "Hungarian Rebels." In my imprisonment afterwards, from the number of my comrades who had been there, the name became as familiar to me as any name in Hungary. And I have additional reasons to remember the building, from the fact that my last trial in Hungary occurred in one of its dismal court-rooms.

#### THE TOWN HALL.

One of the most interesting spots in the city, for modern associations, is the new *Town Hall*. My friends led me there, and showed me the spot on the summit of the grand flight of steps where the *Revolution* was first proclaimed to the citizens of Pesth. It was in the March days of 1848, and the movement, which had been working for so many years in Hungary, at length burst forth. They described to me how the vast square in front of the building was crowded with excited people—and, with what intense enthu-

siasm the proposition was received for forming a "Committee of Safety" for Pesth, or, in other words, for forming a Government for the city, independent of Austrian influence. Most of the men whose stirring words on that night so aroused the people, have atoned for their boldness on the scaffold, or at the gallows. The rest wait, in exile, for better times for their country.

I have never certainly experienced more real kindness, than from the many acquaintances I made in Pesth. They seemed to understand intuitively the objects of a traveller, and to further them in a practical efficient way, which only a traveller can appreciate.

Prof. W.—a most loyal friend of the Government—even appointed an afternoon in which I was to present my questions and objections with regard to the old Hungarian Constitution, in writing, and he, with some lawyers, and the old books of laws before them were to answer as they best can. A most practical and efficient method for me.

I found throughout the city, as I began to see the insides of the houses, that every part had suffered from the bombardment.

One lady showed me a huge cannon ball, which she had found the next morning in her parlor-floor, which she still preserved.

A clergyman pointed out to me the ruins of his library, all torn to pieces, by the bomb shells. There are some large squares, completely burned out and not yet rebuilt. It will be long before Pesth recovers from that fearful punishment which HENZI inflicted.

#### PUNISHMENT OF MADAME MADERSPACH.

Among the other victims of the Austrian Government there still lives in Pesth, the lady who was scourged by Haynau's soldiers—Madame Maderspach. I have met several who have seen her, and

the account they give of the affair is as follows, and, I suppose, is substantially correct.

She was a lady of fortune and rank, residing in Siebenbürgen the south-eastern part of Hungary. Her husband was an officer in the Hungarian army, and she herself, naturally sympathised with his party and it is said, frequently entertained Bem and the officers under him, in a very hospitable manner. This had exasperated the Austrians, and when, at length, they occupied that part of Hungary, they were quite ready for any severities against her.

Unfortunately for her, her tenantry made some celebration at the time, and burned (she claimed without her knowledge,) the Emperor Francis in effigy! She was at once seized, and, at the command of the Austrian officer, made "to run the gauntlet," or the "*Gassenlauf*," as they call it. I gained some acquaintance with this Austrian punishment while in the Gros Wardein prison, as it was applied to all the thieves and deserters of the regiment every Saturday afternoon. The custom is, usually, to call out three hundred men, who form two rows, one hundred and fifty on a side. Each man is to be provided with a tough, limber stick. The criminal, a hardy, strong man, commonly, is stripped to the waist, and made to walk leisurely through at the beat of the drum. If any one in the line neglects to lay on, as hard as he can, he gets "five and-twenty" himself. It is generally calculated that a strong *man*, sent through this lane four times, if he has strength enough to get to the end, will die within a few hours.

This was Madame Maderspach's punishment, though with generous consideration for her sex, the "run" was probably limited to *once* through!

The effect upon the proud, high-born lady was to drive her into

insanity. The news of such a public, brutal indignity on his wife, so affected the husband that he shot himself through the brain. And, to entirely hush up the matter, the only survivor, a young son, was drafted into the Austrian army in Italy as a common soldier, where he is still. The whole deed seems to have come, if not directly from *Haynau*, at least from his general orders.

The poor lady lives still in Pesth, in a half-crazed condition. It is said, after Haynau's tremendous flagellation by the London brewers, some one sent her a paper, containing an account of it; and that *she kept it for days in her bosom, wet with her tears!*

Somehow or other, she obtained, too, a piece of one of the *brooms* with which he was beaten, and, maniac-like, she has made a bracelet of it, which she now wears.

The Hungarians assert that this instance of Madame Maderspach is only one of several similar.

## CHAPTER VII.

### KOSSUTH.

OF course, there has been a great deal of conversation here in Pesth, about *Görgey* and *Kossuth*, and I have been quite curious to find out what the general opinion in regard to these men is, and whether it agrees with that in foreign countries. *Kossuth's* mother is now here, residing in the city, and I suspect, in various ways, the people get a great deal of information about him and his movements.

To say that *Kossuth* is beloved here, seems hardly necessary, after what I have seen. He is idolized. Every word and trait of his character is remembered with an indescribable affection. Even his faults are such, as the people half love, when they blame. They all acknowledge he did not possess all the qualities of a revolutionary leader. There was too much tenderness in him. He had none of the just severity of a *Washington*, or the sternness of a *Cromwell*. He never could sign a death warrant, they say, through his whole administration. And there was little doubt, if he had brought *Görgey* before a court-martial, three months before the final surrender, he might have saved the country. But he never could



force himself to it, though often urged by his friends. Some one told me, who, I believe was present, that a proposition was made by one of the ministry, on a certain occasion, to at once hang some prominent men, who were openly traitors to the Hungarian cause.

He remarked immediately that he must resign his place, if any such measures were seriously considered.

They all lament that he did not also possess strategical talents as Washington, so that the fatal division, which ruined the Hungarian cause, might have been avoided.

Many think too, that he was not far-seeing enough, as a statesman, and was too much wrapped up in his visionary ideas to judge well of distant European politics. And that, accordingly, he had reckoned too much on aid from other powers in the beginning of the struggle, which had never been even promised him. The "Old Conservatives" say, that, even if he had succeeded, he would never have been a good statesman. He was only an "agitator." Still, with all these flaws, which are found in his character, I have never met the man yet, even in the most conservative circles of Vienna, who doubted the purity of Kossuth's motives, or could cast a slur on the stainless honor of his *political* course.

To all in Germany or Hungary, who love free principles, he has endeared himself by a long and unwavering course of devotion to freedom. His first efforts were given to it. His independent course cost him nearly three years, from the best of his life, in an Austrian dungeon. He came forth, broken indeed in health, but not in spirit, to work again in the same good cause; and since, through danger and obloquy, he has labored steadily on for the renovation of Hungary.

A man from the middle classes, he has never possessed the confidence of the great nobility—the Magnates—but the heart of the

*people* is his. Through his words, more than by any other influence did the parliament of 1832 do away with many of those abominable exactions on the peasantry of Hungary—and, as the result in great part of his unceasing efforts, may we consider, that grand Act of justice and generosity—one of the grandest on record in history—of the parliament of '47 '48, by which every exaction and burden of the Hungarian peasantry was removed, with the loss to the landlords of the country of nearly *ninety millions of dollars!* One can imagine the influence and power which could even aid in producing such results.

Whatever may be said of Kossuth in Austria or Hungary, friend and foe unite in confessing the unequalled power of his eloquence. No human voice, they will tell you, ever thrilled with such music or passion. He “agitated,” the whole land—and there is not a *Bauer* in the villages or a *Csikos*\* on the prairies, they say, who does not remember, as the day of days, the time when, in breathless silence, he listened to those thrilling tones, as they spoke in indignation or in solemnity, of freedom, of the rights of the poor man, of the wrongs of their beloved Fatherland, of the retribution coming, and of the “God of the Hungarians.”

I would mention here, that everything I then learned of Kossuth's influence over the peasantry, has been more than confirmed by what I have seen since in the country. The instances were innumerable, of which more hereafter.

I must mention here, however, an occurrence which took place lately in Szegedin, as showing how the “Reformer” is remembered. A file of prisoners were led into Szegedin, with a heavy Austrian guard attending them. It happened to be a market-day, on which the town is crowded with an immense mass of sturdy peasants from

\* Wild cattle driver.

the whole country around. For some cause or other, the van of the soldiers had fallen a little behind, and the first prisoner entered the market-place almost alone for the moment. As he came to the spot where Kossuth's last and most spirit-stirring speeches were made, he suddenly stopped—took off his hat—raised his fettered hands to heaven, and with a voice which rung like a trumpet over the immense crowd, shouted again and again, "*Eljen Kossuth! Eljen Kossuth!*"

In a moment, without thought of preparation or of combining—despite the Austrian cannon, which commanded the town, and the long line of soldiers, whose bayonets almost touched them—there came from the vast multitude a shout, like the roar of the sea on the shore—rung out again and again, and repeated, "*Eljen Kossuth! Eljen Kossuth! Eljen Kossuth!*"

It is said the whole Austrian forces in the city were at once called out for fear of an outbreak.

While I was in Vienna, an instance occurred of this singular attachment of the common Hungarians to Kossuth.

One of the privates in an Austrian regiment, stationed in Vienna, himself a Hungarian, was overheard by his officer to say "*Eljen Kossuth!*" He was ordered "five-and-twenty," at once. It appears when a man is flogged in the Austrian army, he is obliged by law to *thank* the officer. This the Hungarian refused to do. Another "five-and-twenty" were given him. Still he refused. Again, another flogging; and the Hungarian, as he rose, muttered his thanks with the words—" *My back belongs to the Emperor, but my heart to Kossuth!*"

I need not say here, what is perhaps well enough known everywhere, that the Austrian monarchy has no more dangerous enemy existing than Louis Kossuth. Even now, with Austrian soldiers in

every village, without arms or means, despoiled of its best and bravest, the land needs but his voice to start it again into a whirlwind of revolution.

I, myself, rather doubt whether Kossuth's eloquence would have as great an effect on an *Anglo-Saxon* audience as a Hungarian.\* It is too tropical, almost, for our latitude; too rich in splendid imagery, too poetic and passionate, to suit our cooler natures. Yet, who should judge alone from the written speeches? It is notorious that the reported orations of the two greatest orators in our country—Clay, and the earlier native orator of the Revolution, Patrick Henry—never began to convey an idea of their rich eloquence. Many of Kossuth's speeches, however, as one reads them, are able political arguments, as well as passionate appeals.

And it is very evident, even in the Reports, that he was master of all the *arts* of oratory. His opening words they say, like the Hungarian national airs, were always low and plaintive in the utterance, and reminded you, at first, rather of some poet or contemplative clergyman, than of the political orator. But gradually his face lighted up, his voice deepened and swelled with his feeling; and there came forth tones which, for thrilling passion, and power, and sweetness—those say who heard him—were never equalled by human voice. His appeals, like those of most of the greatest orators on record, were addressed exceedingly often to the *religious* feelings of his hearers—a practice entirely consistent with his own nature, which is deeply tinged with reverence. In fact, this tendency of his, is perhaps one great secret of his power over the

\* This was written before Kossuth had made his grand efforts in oratory in England and America. It is worth retaining to show the impressions derived of him, in Hungary itself, and to illustrate the extraordinary ability of the man, in adapting his speeches to different nations.

people of Hungary—for the peasantry of that land, beyond that of almost any other, are remarkable for a simple, reverent piety.\*

\* We give a specimen of one of those almost *prophetic* appeals which Kossuth addressed to the Hungarians.

“Hear! patriots hear!

“The Eternal God doth not manifest Himself in passing wonders, but in everlasting laws.

“It is an eternal Law of God, that whosoever abandoneth himself, will be of God forsaken.

“It is an Eternal Law, that whosoever assisteth himself, him will the Lord assist.

“It is a Divine Law, that swearing falsely is by its results, self-chastised.

“It is a Law of God, that he who resorteth to perjury and injustice prepareth his own shame and the triumph of the righteous Cause.

“In firm reliance upon these eternal laws—on these laws of the Universe—I aver that my prophecy will be fulfilled, and I foretell that this invasion of Jellachich, will work out Hungary’s liberation. \* \* \*

“The Hungarian people have two duties to fulfil.

“The first, to rise in masses and crush the foe, invading her paternal soil.

“The second, to remember.

“If the Hungarian should neglect these duties, he will prove himself dastardly and base. His name will be synonymous with shame and wickedness. So base and dastardly, as to have himself disgraced the holy memory of his forefathers—so base, that even his Maker shall repent having created him to dwell upon this earth—so accursed, that air shall refuse him its vivifying strength—that the corn-field, rich in blessings, shall grow into a desert beneath his hand—that the refreshing well-head shall dry up at his approach. Then shall he wander homeless about the world, imploring in vain from compassion, the dry bread of charity.

\* \* \* \* \*

“For the consolation of religion, he shall sigh in vain.

“The craven spirit, by which Creation has been polluted, shall find no forgiveness in this world, no pardon in the next. . . .

If eloquence is to be judged from its effects, there has been no orator like Kossuth since Demosthenes.

My friends have often described to me one of the most splendid of his efforts, when, in the face of a vigorous opposition, he had brought forward his bill before the Parliament of '48, for a levy of 200,000 men, and the raising of an immense sum of money, necessary for the war. It was the great crisis of the session—indeed of Hungary's whole history. All felt it so; all were reluctant to take the last step, which should commit them to open war.

After a long and most eloquent argument and speech for his bill, he at length said: "To-day, we are the Ministers of the nation; to-morrow, there may be others. That is a matter of no consequence. The Ministry can change, but Thou, oh, my Country, must for ever endure—and with this, or another Ministry, the nation must preserve the Fatherland. Therefore, to avoid all misunderstandings, I say outright, and solemnly, that if I ask this House for 200,000 soldiers, and the necessary sums thereto, and they do not—"

Before he could finish his sentence, the House, worked up to an intense pitch of excitement by the speech, rose as one man, and shouted, "*We give it! we give it!*"

It is said, that all Kossuth could do in reply was to bow low to the audience, the tears flowing down his cheeks, with the words, "*I bow myself before the greatness of this nation; if there be as much energy in the execution as there has been patriotism in the offer, HELL itself could never conquer Hungary!*"

"To arms! Every man to arms! And let the women dig a deep grave between Vesyprém and Schervar, in which to bury either the name, fame, and nationality of Hungary, or our 'enemy.'"—*Memoirs of a Hungarian Lady, by Madame Pulsky, p 169.*



The effect of the speech was such that the President of the Assembly left his seat to embrace the orator, and the House instantly adjourned, as unable to attend to any other business after it.

For myself, I must say, that from all my opportunities of judging, the opinion of the nation of Kossuth's character seems the correct one. That he was no General, and never claimed to be, every one must admit; that he had not the sternness of a Revolutionary Leader, one must also allow and can easily pardon; that he was too easily influenced by those he loved, and too often led by members of his own family, not so democratically inclined as himself, there seems reason to believe. But that "he was only an Agitator" is not true. The measures which he undertook and carried out in the beginning of his administration for the improvement of the finances, and for the bringing every possible power of Hungary into action, are among the most gigantic and yet efficient which any financial minister ever attempted. Of these we shall have more to say hereafter.

It is not to be denied, that if Kossuth could have executed Görgey, he might have saved the country. But this was no easy matter. Görgey's treachery was by no means apparent. The great mass of Magyar officers and many of the privates were devotedly attached to him. Two of the ministry itself, *Aulich* and *Csányi*, were his firm friends.

And the others, among whom was *Casimir Batthyanyi*, held themselves neutral. Kossuth and *Szemere*, alone mistrusted his fidelity. In the very last session too, of the Hungarian Parliament, (July 28), less than three weeks before the final surrender, a large majority expressed themselves, though indirectly, in favor of Görgey. An attempt of Kossuth to arrest or try such a General, at the head

of his army, might have cost him his own life, and ruined the last feeble chance for the Hungarian cause.

It is true, also, that he had reckoned on sympathy from the free and the liberal everywhere in Europe, which he did not receive—a mistake into which very many, even in foreign lands, fell, besides himself.

Was it strange that a State which had supported liberal institutions for more than six hundred years, which was now perilling its life in the defence of them, should expect some little aid from the old champions of freedom in Europe?

Would it seem so extremely improbable, that England, which had often interfered in much pettier matters on the Continent, should stretch out a strong arm here, and demand “fair play” for the hard struggle for liberty? One can well pardon it in a Hungarian statesman that he expected this—and can only wonder that he was disappointed.

Whatever may be said of Kossuth hereafter, history will record of him that he was a revolutionary Leader, without a stain of dishonor or cruelty upon his character; that he headed a nation in its struggles without leaving a suspicion of ambition being among his motives.

We hope and believe, however, that his part is not yet played out in the world's history.

I had written thus far of Kossuth, as he came before me in Hungary. In his late progress through England and America, all these impressions have only deepened and strengthened. Adversity has expanded him. He seems no longer the Hungarian orator or statesman—the man of tender, affectionate nature.

He stands up before us rather as a great, massive character—a man for all times and countries.



Yes, History has witnessed no more sublime sight.

The Exile and Outcast for freedom, beaten by misfortunes and sorrows, yet laboring on—hopeful, undismayed, trusting in the might of Principle and a great Cause—for his unhappy people pleading before other nations for his own nation, even as for his own life!

The man from a distant Oriental tribe, coming here and uttering, in a foreign tongue, principles of such exalted and comprehensive Truth and Nobleness, and so stamping them with the wonderful sincerity and dignity of his character, that the coldest of us are inspired—and the journey of the fugitive becomes a triumph, such as no king or conqueror could win.

Kossuth may fail; the Cause which he loves may go down in darkness; but the thoughts and words he has uttered here are sowing a mighty harvest.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### GÖRGEY.

IN regard to *Görgey*, one of my friends here lately remarked, that he was the opposite of Kossuth—"Kossuth was a Hungarian and nothing else—and Görgey was everything but a Hungarian."

There's much truth in the remark. Görgey never had the least sympathy with either the virtues or the weaknesses of his countrymen. A man of cold, stern nature, of few words and tremendous *deed*, he always laughed over the Magyar fire, and eloquence, and patriotism. Despite the falseness he displayed at last, there is something very striking about his character. If he was a traitor, he was no common one.

His career commenced in a characteristic way, by his hanging up, when he was only a major, one of the first noblemen\* of Hungary, for treachery, as sternly and indifferently as if the man had been a run-a-way drummer. The affair made a great noise, and brought his name very prominently before the public. His after course was consistent with this—as cool in a discharge of grape, his officers say, as he was at the council-board.

\* Count Zichy.

They have told me they have often seen him, in the midst of a fearful charge around him, sitting quietly on his horse, with pistol in hand—but *not for the enemy*. The moment he saw a man flinch he shot him as unrelentingly as if he had been a dog. He seemed to others utterly cold and indifferent to what men usually long after. He always professed, amid his most splendid achievements, he would rather be teaching chemistry than leading an army. When Kossuth sent him, on one occasion, 200,000 guilders, (\$100,000), to make a provision for his future, and, in order not to offend him, inclosed it to his wife, he sent it back, with the remark, "If I fall, I shall not need it, and my wife can be governess again as she was before; if we are conquered, and I escape, I can be professor abroad; if we conquer, and I survive the victory, I need no money now!"

After one of his grand victories, the ministry sent him certain decorations and orders of honor; he put them aside with a sneer, that "such gew-gaws were not the things for a *Republic*."

People have told me, that after the storming of Ofen, the only word on the lips of the people and of the army, was "*Görgey! Görgey!*" but with all the demonstrations before his quarters, he never even showed himself, and remained coldly within, indeed expressing himself, that "This very bombardment was the ruin of Hungary."

He always sneered at everybody, even the friends who idolized him; and was almost the only man in Hungary, who was perfectly indifferent under Kossuth's eloquence. Amid the splendidly dressed Hungarian officers, he always appeared in his old major's coat, and in boots, which he had not taken off, perhaps, for a week.

A lady told me that she met him after the taking of Ofen, in a vile-looking coat, with a great hole in one of the elbows.

She remonstrated with him for wearing such a thing. "Poh!" he said, "I shall be known through all my rags!"

"*Hah,*" said she, pointing to the rent), "*see the Diogenes peeping through the hole!*" at which he seemed very unusually disconcerted. And I have no doubt, the lady had hit the matter, exactly. It was not that he was indifferent to people's opinion. He took this very course to *show* his own pride; his ruling trait seems to have been a mean, selfish pride.

With such a character as this, he never could endure the supremacy of Kossuth. And very probably, to a cold, proud man like him, the sense of obligation—Kossuth had elevated him to his present rank—embittered his jealousy. From all I have heard in Hungary, I should judge that there must have been constant bickerings between them. He never appreciated at all Kossuth's ideal, elevated character, and, soldier-like, despised him for being no General, and Kossuth in return, could not understand a nature so icy and indifferent as Görgey's. In regard to his treachery, there is still some little difference of opinion in Hungary. A few believe that as long as a General could, he up held the sinking fortunes of the country, and at length surrendered, when there was nothing more for man to do. The general voice, however, pronounces him a traitor. The facts of his last military operations are briefly these.

On the evening of July 2d, 1849, as Görgey's forces lay in their entrenched camps opposite Komorn, a deputation from the Hungarian government came, announcing that MESZAROS was appointed commander-in-chief, and that Görgey must obey him. Görgey had that day fought one of his most brilliant battles, in which he himself had displayed a heroic bravery, and had even been severely wounded. He returned for answer, in his laconic way, that

“Henceforth he should fight for his country uncontrolled by any one.”

His only course now, as a General, was manifestly to unite his forces with the armies on the central plain of Hungary, and to act from that as a centre, on the various isolated bodies of Austrians and Russians marching in.

He waited, however, till it was too late, and then failed in a grand attempt to break through the Austrian lines on the south.

The only other outlet was through the Russian forces on the East. By some masterly *manœuvres*, and after a sanguinary battle—the battle of Waizen—he succeeded in forcing his way through, and in retreating into the Carpathians. “During this battle,” says Kosuth, “General Perczel was only a few miles distant with 26,000 men, and Görgey neither wrote nor sent.”

After this, succeeded one of the most ably-conducted retreats on record; marches and counter-marches, climbing of mountains and threading difficult passes, sudden escapes, and as sudden tremendous attacks.

Never had Görgey shown a more brilliant genius. With enemies hemming him in on every side, he baffled them, turned their own positions, made his retreat a means of attack, and often overwhelmed them with assaults from the quarter in which they least expected them.

Through it all, he shared all the fatigues of his soldiers—and seemed even to court death in the battle—wearing, as he had never been known to do before, his splendid General’s uniform, in the very hottest of the fire, and fighting himself hand to hand.

Twice during this masterly retreat, he could have united his army with the Hungarian army on the plain within the Theiss, and have saved Hungary. Once at *Gyöngyös*, where a few hours

march would have brought him to Hatvan, and to the victorious corps of Dembinski, numbering 20,000 men. And again at the *Hernad*, where he commanded the only two passages of the Theiss—that at Tisza-füred, and at Tokai. A union with the other armies at either of these points, would have annihilated the principal Russian corps—and have extended the war some months longer. A delay of a month at that season, was a victory for the Hungarians. No foreigner can withstand the fatal *Theiss-fevers*, which prevail in those marshy plains in September.

Görgey wilfully neglected both these opportunities, and at length, crossed the Theiss, when it was too late to unite himself with the other Hungarian armies.

Again at Debreczin, it only needed a short return upon his march, to have aided the heroic little body under Nagy Sandor, making their stand against the whole Russian army—and, as most believe, to have utterly destroyed the Russian army from the North.

One of Görgey's officers has often described to me that scene, in the camps, when from only a short distance in their rear, there came up the booming of a great battle. Every one knew what the odds must be—Sandor with 8,000—the Russians with 80,000. They knew too the Russian must have been held at bay. Without a word of command every hussar saddled and mounted; the regiments drew up in marching order; the trumpeters flourished their trumpets, impatient for the signal—but no word came—Görgey was quiet within his tent. Still the heavy booming came up on the wind, more incessant and angry—as if the little band of Hungarians were making their last desperate struggle. Finally, the impatient hussars could bear it no longer—they broke into the General's tent—and demanded the signal for advance.

Görgey came forth, as cold, and undisturbed as ever—and seeing the array, addressed them :

“My children! This is wrong. You have followed me long—do not disobey me now. I understand what is best. Trust to me. A General must not be commanded by his army. You will soon see that I have led you right.

“Officers! see that every soldier is ready for the march!” and he retired to his tent again.

My friend says, that some of the old weather-beaten hussars wept—and others broke their swords—but all soon marched forward again, despondingly on the line of retreat—not yet doubting their beloved General.

A few days after, came the disgraceful surrender at *Világos*.

What could have been the motives for all this? There was no deliberate, long-sustained treachery in it, for traitors do not expose their lives in battle, or enter on such difficult and dangerous enterprises, as this retreat, when betrayal would have been easier in the outset.

To me, it all seems in consistency with Görgey's character. He was unspeakably jealous of Kossuth; he was angry at the Government for appointing another Commander-in-chief. And he would rather risk the Hungarian cause on his *sole* adventurous efforts, than see it conquer under others. Whenever he should enter the plain of the Theiss, he loses his command. If Hungary conquered, it would be with Görgey second.

He preferred defeat, or treachery to this. This may be the explanation of his first movements. After he crossed the Theiss, he probably commenced negotiations at once with the Russians; for with characteristic pride, he always said that he would rather



fight till the death, than surrender to the Austrians—the enemy, whom he had conquered.

At Debreczin, very probably, the negotiations had proceeded too far, to admit of his making an overwhelming attack on the Russians.

Let the motives be what they may, I have no doubt he was false—basely and meanly false to his country.

Whatever may be said of his early course, for his last act of unconditional surrender and betrayal at VILAGOS, no excuse or palliation can be found. He could not have lost more, had he fought out the war, to the last inch of ground on the Hungarian *Pusztas*. All his faithful comrades who had stood by his side in many a hard-fought field, and had messed at his table, were left to the gallows or the axe. The brave soldiers who had followed him, through his long and weary retreat, with unshaken confidence and love, believing that “their Görgey” would come out right at last, were abandoned to Austrian dungeons, or left to be drafted into the “Imperial regiments.”

He saved nothing but his own miserable life.

No man in Hungary believes that he did this act of malignant treachery for *gold*. It was all from his diabolical pride.

His reward has been poor enough : a residence in a small town of Styria, under the inspection of Austrian spies : a narrow stipend from Government, and the howl of detestation and wrath following him from the whole Hungarian nation. He is said to be pursuing his study of chemistry quietly in Klagenfurt, where probably he will die. The bitterest punishment for the proud man, the scorn and contempt of the world, has met him, and we may leave him to it.

History will draw his course as a short one, but a strange one. A career, brilliant with a few strokes of magnificent genius, but



blackened by a satanic pride, and by one malignant act of gigantic treachery.

To say that he is *hated* in Hungary, is to express feebly the feelings of the nation toward him. The concentrated bitterness of the people, trodden into the very ground by the oppressor, is poured forth on the man to whom they intrusted all, and who betrayed them.

I give one instance, in an occurrence which happened this Spring, in Klagenfurt. Two *Honveds*—common soldiers—were returning from the regiment, in Italy, in which they had been drafted, to their homes, on furlough. They had just pay enough to be able to reach Klagenfurt; and there, were utterly at a loss what to do—in a strange town, stripped of everything, and without any means of raising money. Though it sorely offended their Hungarian pride, they at last resolved to beg. One said that he could not begin; and the other offered to commence, by trying in a coffee-house, near by.

The very first gentleman whom he asked gave him several silver *zwanzigers*. Surprised at such overflowing generosity, he went out and showed his gains to his comrade, and told him to go in and try, for if he had as good luck, their begging would be at an end. The other went in, and came out soon, joyfully, with *his* *zwanzigers*. They were counting their gains, when a *Kellner*, (waiter) happening to step out, asked them if they knew who it was, who had been so generous to them? "No," they said, "we do not." "That is *Görgey*, the Hungarian General!"

Both the soldiers rose up without saying a word, strode into the coffee-house, dashed the money on the table before *Görgey*, "Scoundrel! rather *die* of hunger than take a kreutzer from you!" and then left the coffee-house. The affair, however, was soon noised

about in the hotel, and a handsome purse was made up for the two beggared soldiers, with which they safely reached Hungary, where they told the occurrence. It shows well what even the poorest Hungarian feels.

## CHAPTER IX.

MY *route* from Pesth into the interior of the country, was, at first, by the railroad, to *Szolnok*, a town on the Theiss, and then afterwards by steamer on the Theiss, up into the great central plain of Hungary.

This road, from Pesth to Szolnok, is the only line of railroad East of the Capital, in a part of the land which, above all others, needs a railroad, and where it could be built most cheaply. It is only some sixty miles in length, but does a very fair business. The great curse and drawback upon the Hungarian trade or commerce, has always been the want of good roads. From Pesth to *Debreczin*, a town of 55,000 inhabitants, to *Gros-Wardein* of perhaps 20,000, and to *Szegedin*, another large and important agricultural town, there is not a road which could be called, with us, even a moderately good highway. The road to Debreczin is, much of it, only a prairie track, with some half dozen different paths frequently, straggling about the plain. In the season in which I travelled these roads, afterwards, everything about them was very comfortable and pleasant. In fact, nothing can be more agreeable than riding over meadow-roads in the late Spring. But in the Autumn or Winter, when the rains come, all these pleasant fields become immense morasses,

the roads are cut with huge ruts, and filled with holes, and it is said, it takes often as long to go from Grosswardein to Pesth, in that season, as from Pesth to Paris!

In a land whose population is nearly two-thirds that of the United States, with an area of some 100,000 square miles, there are not more than *three or four* regular lines of stage coaches, and only some *two thousand miles* of roads! I found, on inquiring in Pesth that I could not depend at all on public conveyances in the interior, but must trust to chance, or the procuring a "*Vorspann*," as it is called—that is, a wagon with four horses, which the peasants are obliged, under certain circumstances, to furnish the traveller, for one "stage," or ten miles.

However, as it proved, the universal courtesy and hospitality of the people saved me all trouble on that score, and I did not use a public vehicle once after getting into the interior.

The most important part of Hungary, where the densest population dwells, and where is the greatest wealth—Central Hungary—is admirably adapted for railroads—universally level, with tracts of firm ground, and easy to be connected with all other important points of the country. Stone might be brought without any vast difficulty, down the Theiss, from the mountainous regions, and the very considerable trade and travel between the Capital and all this region, would insure business enough. Before the Revolution, the whole nation had become aroused to the importance of this matter. One road was built to Szolnok, and the line surveyed, beyond, to Debreczin, Grosswardein, and planned even to *Klausenburg*, in the mountainous Siebenbürgen, from whence it was hoped it might connect, ultimately, with Constantinople, and bring with it the whole trade of the East to Europe. A branch line, too, was laid out through Keeskemet to Szegedin, and another, on the north, to con-

nect Debreczin with the region of the precious Tokay wine, and perhaps with the rich mining region in the Carpathians. Another very important line was much discussed, which should connect Pesth, on the south, with Fiume and the harbors on the Adriatic, and thus, at length, open the long-hemmed-in commerce of Hungary to the world.

The storm of the Revolution, however, swept away everything—and not one of these lines, except that to Szolnok, was even commenced. Since the war the Austrian Government has done a little at them, but very little. There is a great deal of talk in Europe about the practical improvements the Austrian Administration is introducing in Hungary—which improvements, in my opinion, are very generally humbugs. It is true, they are repairing fortifications everywhere, and “improving” everything which can be used in enslaving the people. It is also true that they are constructing a highway from Szolnok to Grosswardein and Klausenburg, and are working on the railroad to Szegedin. But the first two of these towns are the central military stations of the Austrian army in Hungary, and Szegedin is filled with the most independent “insurrectionary” population of the country. The great object is, undoubtedly, to have the means of transporting forces rapidly to any point in the land, where a rebellion may arise.

I found no “improvements” going on out of the military routes. And it should be remembered that even these public works demand no great self-denial from the Austrian Government, the means being wrung from the impoverished people, and the work forced from the peasantry, in as extortionate a manner as ever the old feudal exaction of the “*Robot*” was.

The neglect in former times of these means of communication, there is no doubt, has been of infinite evil to the land. From this

defect, Hungary, a land rich enough in grain to supply all Europe, with all the best products of a temperate climate, with countless herds of cattle, with wines superior in purity and flavor even to those of Spain and France, with valuable mines, and above all, a vigorous, industrious population, has never yet had a foreign trade of any importance whatever. Her harbors on the Adriatic are shut off from the interior, her valleys in the north are separated from the Capital. The overflowing harvests of the central plains will scarcely pay the freight to the borders.

Such was the difficulty of communication and the little enterprise in consequence, a few years ago, that it proved cheaper, when the suspension bridge at Pesth was built, to bring the iron from England and carry it over land to the city, than to obtain it from the iron mines of North Hungary, though these furnish the best iron in Europe.

The whole value of the exports of Hungary, of every article, raw and manufactured, in 1845, did not amount to \$35,000,000 and in 1847 did not probably exceed \$37,000,000.

The fault of this most injurious neglect seems to lie on several sides ; but, first and foremost, on the shoulders of the Austrian Government. They never wanted any "improvements" which might make *Fiume* a rival to Trieste ; and their great object in all their legislation was to "keep Hungary down." The Austrians talk a great deal of "the fatherly care" of the Government over Hungary in former years ; but it is evident at a glance that it is a care which is altogether devoted to one side of the family. For instance, in the export of Hungarian wine, the paternal regulation made it necessary to pay 2 florins, 4 kreutzers, (or 124 kreutzers) on the *Eimer* ; but on the import of *Austrian* only 27 kreutzers—that is, not *one-fourth* as much. Or again, on cloth, the Austrian import

into Hungary paid a duty of  $5\frac{1}{2}$  florins ; the Hungarian export  $8\frac{3}{4}$  florins for the Zentner. Many of the Hungarian exports paid an *export duty* of 60 per cent., and nearly all imports were burdened with a duty as great. Carpenter's work, for instance, exported, paid 100 per cent., and the export of wrought iron was *altogether forbidden*. The same principle was carried out in all matters of internal improvements—encourage all which can aid Austria, discourage everything else.

Besides, it should be borne in mind, Hungary is a country where it would be very difficult to build roads, except by some aid of the State. There is no wood or stone, scarcely, in Central Hungary, and the building a highway, is a matter of no small expense. It was the great principle, too, of the Hungarian Constitution that every little town, district, county, (*Comitat*,) should have its own municipal government, and manage its own affairs. It was very unusual for the Central Government to interfere, and naturally great enterprises, demanding much capital, were neglected. However, with all this, very much of the blame lay also on the old Hungarian Feudal Constitution.

A system under which one class must build the roads which another class used, and under which the men who could most afford to ride, were never obliged to pay toll, could never expect any great progress in "the improvements of highways and bridges." I am aware, that in the last twenty years, these exactions on the *Bauer* were much changed, and that the nobleman had his own taxes—heavy enough—which he must pay. But still no candid man can avoid confessing, that such an inequality as the above, must have its natural ill effects on the country.

The country through which the railroad passes from Pesth to Szolnok, is remarkably pleasant ; much more diversified than the



land east of the Theiss, and with fine groves, which one seldom sees on the other side of Szolnok. Everywhere, as far as the eye could reach, it was green with rich fields of wheat, or with long rows of vines—giving the impression, which even the peasants always seem to feel, with pride, about their Fatherland, that it is a rich and fruitful country, with abundance of “corn and wine.”

Szolnok itself is a genuine Hungarian village, forming a singular contrast to the modern European Pesth. It always has seemed to me, in walking through these Hungarian villages, as if one could see in them, as in a thousand other things in the land, the signs of their Oriental, nomadic origin. The houses seemed placed exactly as a company of Huns or Tartars might have pitched their tents. Each house, in the most populous village, separate, with its yard and trees about it, and bearing no particular relation in its position to any other house. In consequence, the streets wind about in the most entangling manner.

Every house, too, not much higher than a tent, never more than one story, though, of course, much longer than our village-houses, to give room for the inmates. The consequence is, that their villages occupy an area some four times the extent which our own do, with the same population. The town of Debreczin, with 55,000 inhabitants, and much more city-like than the most of the interior towns, is spread around over a space of ground greater than that of Boston, with its 136,000 inhabitants. In a Hungarian village, there is no grass or shrubbery in the streets, and the spectacle, wherever a broad street occurs, is of a wide tract of bare ground, with high *wicker-work* fences on each side, behind which are a row of low, white, neatly kept houses, with their trees and shrubbery around them. In wet weather, the vista is varied, by the streets forming one immense mud-hole, from one end to the other.





Village and peasants



SZOLNOK, April, 1851.—Have just been walking about through these entangling streets, or rather *tracks*, among the houses. The fences all along are either woven together with *reeds* (from the Theiss) or are made by merely joining these reeds together. Occasionally they are mud walls, painted white, like the fences in Ireland. Everything shows the great want under which the country suffers of wood and stone. The houses are built of blocks of mud, and plastered and white-washed. There is not a stone building, and scarcely a wooden building or fence in the whole village. The streets, on the whole, have a bare appearance, but the *acacias* everywhere behind the hedges, give a pleasant, rural aspect to the houses, and fill the air now with fragrance. One is disappointed with the looks of the village. The houses are neat enough, but nothing seems comfortable or tasteful. It is a village of *Bauern* (peasants), and I was quite curious to see how their houses would appear externally. Still, however, I may have been disappointed about the looks of the dwellings, I have not been at all in those of the *men*. It is my first sight of the Hungarian *Bauer*, and all I can say is, that if all this “oppressed race” look like those men here, they have thrived very well under their slavery.

It seems to be some sort of a market day, and there are great numbers of them gathered in the square before my lodgings. Each man wears a broad-brimmed black hat, and a sheep-skin, with the wool out-side, which he folds around him somewhat as the old Romans did their *toga*. There is scarcely one among them who is not six feet high; and all with well-proportioned, muscular frames, as far as one can judge, under their sheep-skins. They stride by, as erect and stately, as one can imagine the old Indian chiefs to have done in the days of their power. There is something almost *Indian-like* in their appearance—their long, lank, black hair—their swarthy

complexion—and thin faces, with their powerful bodies. Some wear tanned skins, embroidered very much like the Indian robes.

In fact, I have not seen a finer-looking set of men in Europe than these peasants gathered out in the market-place here. Every man seems a soldier.

The women are a brown, healthy-looking set, but short, *stocky*—not by any means so handsome as the men. They all wear little jackets of tanned leather, (the *ködmöny*) prettily embroidered, and short dresses, with high boots of *red leather* under them—making altogether a rather original appearance, according to our ideas of female apparel. They are engaged in doing all the market business, and are chaffering most busily—the men looking on in a dignified way, or lying, in real Oriental manner, dreaming and enjoying the warm spring sun-light. Occasionally, a village squire comes by, and they all touch their hats to him, though not by any means in a slavish manner. They look and act like an independent, sturdy set of men.

Beside its interest as a specimen of the Hungarian villages, Szolnok is also worth visiting by the traveller for its reminiscences connected with the last war.

It may be remembered that in the winter of 1848–49, the Hungarian army had withdrawn itself to the central plains behind the Theiss, making that river the cover of the front of their position. Of course, all the bridges or fords would be of great importance. Of the four bridges for four hundred miles, one is at Szolnok, and at this point were some of the hardest contested battles. The plan of the attack in the spring of 1849—said to have been drawn by Vetter and Dembinski—was very skillful indeed. The main principle of it was, to neglect the Capital, as of no importance in a strategical point of view, and to centre their forces at the angle of

the Danube, near Waizen, and thus cut off the Austrian line of communication and relieve Komorn. To effect this, a feigned attack must be made near Pesth, in order to concentrate the main body of the Austrians there, and call off their attention from the attack above. The Hungarians fought at much advantage, acting from a centre—"the Hungarian plain"—on a wide line of enemies around them. The whole proved even more successful than was anticipated. The feigned attack toward Pesth, made at first in Szolnok, drove the enemy back with immense slaughter—the Hungarian General having crossed the river in the mists below, and falling on the Austrian army on its flank—and finally from all the neighborhood, the enemy's forces were driven back into Pesth, where Prince Windischgrätz took his stand, patiently awaiting a combined attack from the whole Hungarian army. He was only undeceived by hearing of Görgey's victorious progress on the line of his communication northward; and the only step left for him was to evacuate Pesth as rapidly as possible. We all know the result—that the Imperial forces were utterly beaten out of Hungary—and that, if Görgey had followed them up, as he should, they would have been annihilated, and probably Vienna itself taken. Besides this battle at Szolnok, in March, there was another previously, wherein Perczel, by a similar *manœuvre* of crossing the Theiss on the ice, had utterly defeated a large corps of Austrians posted near the bridge. The town is said to have suffered much in these hotly-contested struggles. It must have been speedily repaired, however, as I could see very few marks of the injury on the houses.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE THEISS.

AFTER a short time spent in Szolnok, I started in a neat little steamboat up the Theiss. These steamers, as well as those on the Danube, belong to the Company of the "Austrian Lloyd," and have only been running a few years. It is said, however, that the Government are just on the point of taking them forcibly into their own hands, not wishing to have the interior communications of Hungary, in the power of any one except Austrian officers.

The Theiss is the peculiar, almost sacred, river of the Nation. It enriches, in part, the land of the original, genuine Hungarians. The people on the Eastern side of it, on those wide plains, are the strength, the sinew of the country. It is from among them that the best of Hungary have come—her statesmen and orators and soldiers. It was from the indomitable peasantry of this district, that the Austrian and Russian armies met with their stoutest resistance. Within these plains, as I have said before, all the wide-spread forces of the Hungarians withdrew themselves, to fight from them as a centre, against the vast circle of the enemy.

The Theiss, with its immense swamps, beside, as it were, guarding this country, is exceedingly important for its trade. The wood and stone from the mountains on the North can be brought down to the *Steppes* southerly, destitute of them. The rich wines of Tokay and the hills around can be shipped to Szolnok, and so, without difficulty, to Pesth and Germany. On the South, too, that garden of Hungary, the *Banat*, can transmit its grain and fruits to Szegedin, and thus upward, by this river, to the Danube and the capital. It is the channel, indeed, for the immense produce of Central Hungary, in wheat and Indian corn and wine, to find its way out. The great difficulty is in the nature of the river itself. I give an extract here from my "Notes," as showing something of this :

"We are working our way up the Theiss, and despite the engine's being a somewhat powerful one, it is very slow work. The current is exceedingly rapid, and for windings and turns and crooked channels, I do not think any river ever began to equal this of the Theiss. It is said there is one spot where the distance has been measured, as seventy miles by land, and over two hundred by water! We find ourselves occasionally with the bows pointed directly to the opposite point of the compass from what they were ten minutes before.

"The stream is exposed to great floods, and with the low banks, the waters will frequently be five miles from one side to the other, they tell me. The spring floods are hardly over now, and we passed through wide tracks of water, where it was very difficult to find the channel. Add to this that it becomes very dry often in summer, and one can get an idea how many hindrances there are to its navigation. We passed, in one place through a canal made between two bends of the stream, which saved a long distance. These canals occur very often on the Theiss, and are made simply by



digging a little opening at one of the turns of the stream, then by loosening the ground here and there on the line of the canal in spring, when the ice comes down in the floods, the current opens the canal at once. Very much has been done, both by the Hungarian Government and by individuals, for the regulating the Theiss and for the draining the immense marshes on its banks.

Some of the most valuable estates in Hungary have been recovered in this way from the swamps. Still there is enough left to be done.

ON THE THEISS, April, 1851.—Our journey up the Theiss continued through very much the same scenery as that near Szolnok. Banks fringed with willow bushes, vast swamps filled with flocks of water fowl, and the peculiar prairies, or *Pusztas* of Central Hungary, stretching as far as the eye could reach, were the only objects to vary the view. Occasionally, immense herds of horses or of white cattle could be seen on the banks; or the low white houses of a Hungarian village; but, throughout, the whole left an impression of solitude, of monotony, though of grandeur also, upon the mind. Tired, at length, of a scene so unvarying and almost desolate, I went forward to see what company we had on the fore-deck. There were a few common Austrian soldiers there, and several peasants stretched out asleep on the deck in their sheep-skins, and one or two standing about. As I was watching them—their bronzed, strongly-marked faces, and long black hair streaming over the flooring as they slept—a full, friendly voice near me, asked “Where I thought the poor creatures were going?” I turned and saw a stout, hearty-looking man, with something of a farmer’s dress. “I had no idea,” I told him—“perhaps to get work in the mountains.” “Perhaps so,” said he—“and perhaps to emigrate to another part of the land. A great many go up the Theiss for that; but, it’s a hard thing for a working-



man to begin life all over, in a new place. I wonder what they are hoping and wishing for?"

There was something so friendly and pleasant in the man's voice that I could not avoid getting at once into conversation with him. I asked him soon whether the *Bauer* (peasants) in that part of Hungary, were at all hard-pressed to get along comfortably.

"No," he said, "the Hungarian peasants everywhere live well. They work hard, but they get the best for their work. Then their wants are very few indeed."

I inquired how the freedom from the *Robot* had worked there. This *Robot*, by the way, is the old feudal exaction on the peasants, by which they must work a certain number of days for their masters in return for occupying his land—one of the greatest burdens and grievances of the old Constitution of Hungary. I will detail the particulars more hereafter.

In reply he said, that the first effect now was very bad for the masters or the land-holders. "The peasants will not work at all, except for themselves. The *Robot* they looked on as an old duty laid by the government on them, and they would work faithfully under it. It was something public—established by the laws. But now, to work for wages—and when Kossuth had made them independent land-holders—how could they? Beside, the peasant says, 'Why should I be working for others? Here I have my little farm, I can raise wheat enough for winter, and wine more than I can possibly use, and I have hogs enough for all the Speck (pork fat) I shall want during the year, what is the need of working?'"

"The fact is, they want very little, these peasants. Their sheep-skin, which is their only cloak or coat, will last them summer and winter, eight or ten years. Give them their pork-fat, and bread, and wine, and tobacco, which they themselves grow, and they will ask

for nothing else. Perhaps, after a while, when they find they can get more, they will begin to want more ; but now it is not so."

I found I had stumbled on a very intelligent man, and I followed up the conversation eagerly. It appeared soon, my companion was a small farmer from the neighborhood of Szolnok, and in the course of the conversation I asked what was the feeling of the Bauer in that section toward Kossuth. I wish I could in any way give the full, rich, eloquent tones in which he replied.

He said I could not imagine the devotion, the love of the people to him ; in his exile and disgrace they remember him with prayers and tears. The poor creatures, some of them, think he was inspired from Heaven, and they talk of him as if he was their prophet, when they meet ; and they believe he is *coming with the Spring, under the earth*, to free the land ! They pray for him in their houses, and though his picture is forbidden, most of them have it concealed. "He is almost worshipped."

I had not at all, at that time, expected to find Kossuth's name so loved among the peasantry, and I expressed to him my astonishment, and asked him how he explained such a passionate attachment.

He said he thought it was partly from the wonderful eloquence of the man, "and then," said he, "every peasant remembers what Kossuth's Government gave them. Under that, for the first time, the Bauer could choose their own rulers. They had elections for their judges and *Bürgermeister*. They could vote for their Reprèsentatives to Parliament. To be sure, some of them had had these rights before ; but the majority had never possessed any share in the elections for the National Assembly. Then, under Kossuth, they began, for the first time, to be independent, free landholders. They knew how long he and his party had been striving to make *men* of

them, and when, at length, he succeeded, of course they were grateful. But it was Kossuth's sympathy with them—Kossuth's eloquence, as he spoke of freedom and the wrongs of Hungary—which helped all this influence."

"But why," said I, "do they not ascribe something of their present freedom to the Austrian Government? You know the Emperor also decreed, in the course of the war, the manumission of the serfs."

"Perhaps," said he, "the Government officers might have made them believe that, if they had been shrewd enough. But instead, they have taken away everything which the Bauer had under the Hungarian Ministry. In place of its being allowed them to elect their own magistrates, the pettiest town-clerk is appointed by the Austrian Military Board. All the chief officers of a town are either foreigners, or appointed from men whom they despise. They have no voice or hand in the matter. The taxes too are heavier and more vexatious, than ever the old *Robot* was. Then, there are a thousand little annoyances, which remind them continually, they are not at all under a government which would make them freer. They cannot shoot even a crow—without an 'order' from government. They must have a *Passe* to go to the next village; soldiers are all the time watching them—or interrupting them. Every Hungarian too," said he, "has always, from time immemorial, had the privilege of *grumbling*, to any extent he desired. Now, at a word against the government, he has the *gens d'armes* after him. The truth is the Austrian Government has gained nothing among the peasantry. It might, perhaps, have won them—but it has lost them, now, utterly."

He had spoken thus far, with so much moderation, and in such good German, that I had nearly concluded he must be one of the

German farmers, who I knew were settled near Szolnok, though there was a richness of tone and a kind of natural eloquence in his voice, such as one seldom hears except from Hungarians. I asked him, accordingly, "if he was a German?" He started back, almost as if insulted.

"No, I am a Hungarian—Hungarian, body and soul! And all the more, now that my country is in its time of misfortune!"

I told him I was a stranger, and asked what the sentiment of the country was, since the Revolution, under the new Government?

"Sir," said he, "we have lost all—our Constitution is gone—the rights of eight hundred years swept away at once. We are now *slaves*, and nothing else. Spies watch us everywhere. We cannot speak or act, or think *free*; and no man is safe. The emissaries of the Government are everywhere!"

"But how do you dare," said I, "talk in this way to a stranger? There may be spies about us—or I myself may be a German spy."

"*We can't help it*," said he, "we Hungarians have always talked as we wished. *Wir sind so gewöhnt!* We are used to it. If we were to go to the gallows to-morrow, we should still talk. It's our nature. They may crush us, as they can, but we *must* have the liberty of speech!"

I had observed before this, on board the steamer, a great quantity of farming machines—new model plows, threshing-machines, the latest inventions for sowing and harrowing, &c., and I asked him whether those were in general use in the land. He said they were, and especially since the Revolution. The gentry found it so difficult to hire laborers, that they were everywhere introducing machine work.

After some further very pleasant conversation with the man, who was a remarkably intelligent specimen of the Hungarian farmers, I went aft to the company on the other deck. I remember that I noted down at the time, that the most elegant part of the passengers on the boat did not by any means best represent Hungary. If these were the examples of the gentlemen of Hungary, I was very much disappointed. They looked much more like the "*fast men*," or the dandies one sees in Broadway and Hyde Park, than the manly, intelligent gentlemen I had expected to meet. It is curious proof of the instinct one acquires of character, in this contact with so many classes of men, that I afterward learned that these men, though belonging to the highest nobility of Hungary, were nearly all of that party of the Magnates who have always done least credit to their country. Men of immense wealth, but despising their people, and squandering their fortunes at the Court of Vienna, or in Paris. They took no part in the Revolution, and never cared anything for Hungary, except for the rents they could squeeze from their tenants, and the "studs" they could collect on their estates. They have before this been satisfied with the smiles of the Court, but now, when everything Hungarian meets with "the cold shoulder" at Vienna, they have come back to Hungary quite as discontented as the rest of their countrymen. It is such privileged *drones* as these that are always the weight upon any country. They meet with little respect in Hungary; and, even with all their wealth, have a very slight influence indeed over the people.

As it happened, we did not reach the landing-place where I was to stop till about midnight. After I had stepped ashore I found there was no inn there, and I began to think I had brought myself into a somewhat unpleasant predicament, when, luckily, I found on the landing, one of the gentlemen to whom I had letters. As soon

as he heard who I was, he said at once, "I must come directly to his house." "No Hungarian," said he, "ever allows his guest to go to an inn—and, besides, there is no inn here for several miles." Accordingly, I was soon established in one of the long, spacious rooms of a genuine Hungarian country house, discussing a hearty lunch—and not long after, slumbering away soundly, the fatigues of the day.

## CHAPTER XI.

S——, NEAR THE THEISS—INNER HUNGARY.

April, 1851.

WE have been walking through every part of the village, and calling on very many people, and examining farms and farming, altogether in a very interesting way. The village is even more completely like a collection of tents pitched at random, here and there, than Szolnok. The streets form almost a labyrinth of tracks. Every house is of one story, white-washed, and with a little piazza upheld by short, thick columns. The roofs are all thatched with a covering, nearly a foot and a half thick, from the reeds of the Theiss. These reeds (*Röhre*) are in universal use here for hedges, baskets, wicker-work in the wagons, matting, &c., &c. There is scarcely any stone or wood used in the village, and the fences are of these reeds, or occasionally of willow twigs, plaited together. The houses, as in Szolnok, are built of square blocks of mud. Before every house there is a long-bodied, shaggy, white dog, with a small pointed head, very much resembling, on the whole, a white bear. A peculiarly unpleasant animal he is too, to a traveller, without a walking-stick, as he has a way of diving right out at one's legs, without ceremony or warning. It is a breed peculiar to the country entirely, I am happy to say.



It is evident I am getting among the genuine Hungarian population—and a very different people they are from any I have ever seen. We would not call them very highly cultivated, but one sees at once there is a remarkably quick, practical intelligence in them, which promises as much for the nation as a more elaborate education. They come before you at once as a "*people of nature*"—as men bred up in a generous, vigorous, natural life—without the tricks of civilization, but with a courtesy, a dignity, and hospitality which one might imagine the old Oriental patriarchs would have shown in their day.

At the gentleman's where I am visiting, friends come in, take a bed in the large ground-floor room, and spend the night, apparently without the least ceremony. The tables are heaped to overflowing at every meal, and people seem to enter and join in the party without any kind of invitation, as if the gentleman kept "open house." Wherever we visit, it appears almost to be thought an unfriendliness in us if we do not drink of the delicious wines they bring out to us, and I can only escape by pleading the poverty of our country in wines, and our not being in the habit of drinking much.

Besides this generous hospitality, one is struck at once with a certain heartiness and manliness, in almost every one. They all speak of Hungary, and with the deepest feeling—but no one whines. Every one seems gloomy at the misfortune and oppression through their beloved land,—but no one is at all crushed in spirit. If this is a specimen of the nation, they are not in the least broken by their defeat.

The whole effect of the courtesy and manly bearing of the people, too, is extremely increased by their fine personal appearance. I have never seen so many handsome men in my life, it seems to me.

In fact, one gets some idea here what the human frame was



intended by nature to be. Every man tall—in frame not brawny ; but with full chest, and compact, well-knit joints—limbs not large, but exceedingly well proportioned, and a gait the most easy and flexible which can be imagined. The type of the race, I believe, is not a great stature. These men here, however, made me, though not at all under average height, feel quite like a pigmy.

Their whole proportions are exceeding well set off by the Hungarian costume, which many of them still wear in part, though it is contrary to law to do so. This, as one sees it still in Hungary among the gentlemen, is a tight-fitting, half-military frock-coat, buttoned up to the chin, and breeches fitting close to the leg, with high polished boots and spurs. The cloak (*dolmány*) which used to be the most graceful part of the dress, as it was handsomely embroidered, and hung from one shoulder by a tasseled cord, is altogether forbidden. However, the costume, as it is worn now, is remarkably tasteful. Add to all this, fine-cut, regular features, jet black hair, usually, and flowing beard and carefully trained moustache, and you have among these men as fine specimens of manly beauty as can be seen in the world.

The women, as I remarked among the *Bauer*, do not seem by any means to equal the men in this respect, at least in the eyes of an American.

The Hungarians are quite proud of this peculiarity of their race, and though not at all a frivolous people, they do take a real oriental delight in rich and graceful costume, or whatever sets off their handsome proportions. This consciousness of the strength and beauty of the race seems to enter as one element into that very peculiar attachment, or pride, they all show in regard to their country and nation.

A Protestant clergyman whom I afterwards met, who had served

in the ranks in the Revolution, told me, in illustration of this, that he entered Klausenburg in the course of the war, banner in hand, at the head of a large force of recruits, just drawn from the Hungarian Plains. They were as fine-looking a set of men, he said, as ever served in the ranks, mostly *Bauer*, tall, vigorous fellows, accustomed to work and exposure from childhood. As they entered the town, banners flying, file after file of strong men, marching on erect and proud in their enthusiasm for the struggle, an old hussar happened to be at the gate, and rode aside to make way for them, but at sight of this new addition of the prime of the Hungarian manhood, he turned, stopped, took off his helmet, and with his hands stretched out over them, and the tears running down his weather-beaten face, said, "God bless you, my children! You are worthy of the Hungarian Fatherland! *One sees you have not been fed on bran!*" My companion said he went out of the ranks, and shook the old soldier by the hand as they passed.

Everywhere, that I then went among the Hungarians, I would hear the most anxious, continual questioning about the Hungarian emigrants in America and Europe. I was at that time in the neighborhood of the former residence of *Ujhazy*, a man so well known in America, and I heard much of him. And I may be permitted to say, that every account was most favorable, even remarkably so. He had been a man of great wealth, owning wide lands, and an *Obergespan* (or *Viccespan*) of a *Comitat*,—a place like that of a Duke in England, or of a Governor of a great State with us—they said yet, a man always remarkable in Hungary for the extreme simplicity of his life and manners. He was a famous "*Wirth*," or farmer and economist, and his estates were among the best managed in the land. On his farm, in the district near Tokay, he had drained lands, introduced improvements, erected schools, and really helped

on the whole neighborhood in a most efficient manner. They said, it seemed almost a Providence that he was one of the few wealthy gentlemen of Hungary who always worked with his own hands. Even when he was an acting member of the Parliament, and in one of the prominent offices of the nation, he might be seen, with his family, doing merely servant's work, drawing water and laboring about the house. He was a thorough Republican and had joined heart and soul in the Revolution, and had lost his all in it, not saving a penny, it was thought.

We Americans have no cause to be ashamed of our treatment of the Hungarians, but it may be worth while to remember more who these emigrants were at home, and how their country regards them.

If any one will imagine in our War of Independence, that the English had conquered; if they will picture to themselves, that all the best and bravest in our country—the orators, and soldiers, and statesmen, Adams, and Lee, and Hamilton, and Hancock, and Washington, and Franklin, and a hundred others were suddenly driven abroad into France or Italy; if they will still further imagine that these men had been mostly gentlemen of fortune, unaccustomed to work with their own hands, and that they were now placed, almost beggared, in a foreign land; they will get some idea of the feelings of the exiles in their new homes, and of the sentiments of Hungary towards them.

It needs not to be said here, that the Hungarians have borne themselves in a manly way in their disasters. I have heard it myself, from a leader on the Conservative benches in the English House of Commons, "that whatever might be the opinion of the Hungarian Cause, no man could avoid respecting the manly bearing of

the exiles in their misfortunes !” No man questions it, I believe, in America.

Still, it will be a consolation to them to know—what, perhaps they need not to be told—that they are remembered with undiminished affection in their country. Their exile, and poverty, and suffering, have only deepened the love of their countrymen for them. Their names are remembered at the fire-side prayer,—in the lonely cottage on the Puszta, in the cells and dungeons of Austrian prisons, in the hovel of the Hungarian peasant. The first question asked of the stranger is, if he has known them, or met them.

“Tell them,” said their countrymen to me—even those slowly dying under Austrian bondage—“not to forget their Fatherland, and their Fatherland will not forget them !”

Years may pass away—the stamp of Austrian tyranny may be indelibly imprinted on the gallant nation—but neither Time, nor the slow grinding of Slavery, nor the pains and misfortunes surely coming, will wear away from the hearts of their countrymen the memory of these—the first Sufferers for Hungary.

## CHAPTER XII.

S——, INNER HUNGARY—NEAR THE THEISS.

“WELL! Are you ready for a ride on the *Pusztá*?” said a sunburned, hearty-looking Hungarian, as I stepped from the door of my friend’s house the next day.

It was a clear, sunny spring afternoon, and though I had designed to stay longer in the village, where I was visiting, I could not resist the temptation to see a Hungarian prairie, and afterwards something of Hungarian farming. So I accepted the offer as heartily as it was made, and proceeded to make myself ready for, perhaps a rough ride.

“I am glad,” said he, as I climbed into the wagon, “you have your *cap* on—we call those black hats, *gut-gesinnte* (well-disposed), that is, Austrian hats, and no one in Hungary wears them!”

I saw he had his gun with him, and asked him if he expected to find game. “Yes,” he said, “there was some very good shooting on the prairies, and we might see ducks in the lakes along the road. But look!” said he, holding up a paper, “what a *free* Hungarian must have if he would even shoot a sparrow!” I took the paper and saw that it was a *permission from government* to carry a

fowling-piece! It appeared that every gun and pistol through the whole country had been obliged to be given up, and that every one found with such weapons was liable to imprisonment for several months. After this, the only mode of even procuring fowling-pieces was to apply for a "license," which, however, was not given to every one. "But beside this," said he, "even to go to the next village, I must have a *passport*—and before these two last years such a thing was never known in Hungary. A man could go from one end of the land to the other, and no one asked him where he was going, or what place he came from. And for an independent man to be so hampered and hedged in! It shows us what our slavery is!"

In fact, no words can describe the discontent and bitterness of the Hungarians, under these petty restrictions of the Austrian police. It is like putting one of our free, sturdy western "boys" into a Russian camp, where every step must be measured, and "permission" given for every word and movement. The Hungarian had always been used to a free, careless life, in which he could move and talk, as he wished. His nature is an open and generous one, and he has been accustomed from time immemorial, to a "Constitutional Government," under which he could abuse the administration as he wished. It is a necessity of his being to "talk politics;" and his ill-humor blows itself off in real hearty grumbling. But now, to be under a system where a muttered curse is at once reported as a sign of a conspiracy, where a word said against an office-holder will send him to a fortress, and where every step is dogged or watched, is unspeakably annoying to him. It hems him in; it presses him, it suffocates him—and he *cann't* be prudent and is continually getting himself into trouble. However, to our ride again.

After some conversation on such topics as the above, my companion gave the signal, our friends standing by took off their hats

according to the universal national custom at parting; the driver cracked his long-lashed whip, and we rattled away from the village in a genuine Hungarian "turn out." It may be interesting to my readers in America, to know what such a vehicle is. The wagon is of wicker, and the seats a huge bundle of hay, covered with cloaks and blankets. The traces and something of the tackle are of ropes, and the driver, wrapped in a shaggy sheep-skin, sits forward upon another bundle of hay. In fact, the whole has rather a rough and "seedy" appearance. But, if the vehicle seems somewhat neglected, the horses still more help out the picture. There are four harnessed abreast, mostly with rope or light leather thongs—and not one looks as if a curry-comb ever had touched him. They are all small, shaggy, with long manes, and hair hanging about their ears in a peculiarly wild manner. Yet, if you look closer, you will see that, despite their unkempt looks, they all have exceedingly spirited, intelligent *eyes*, and you will observe that though they are small-bodied, they are very well built. The legs fine, but the joints firmly knit; the chest broad, and all the *lines* of the animal fine and good. And if you are seated in a wagon, behind them as I was, with a "crack" Hungarian driver, you will find that you would not sweep over the prairies faster, if you were behind the best thorough-breds of an English stud.

And the wagon, for all its appearance, is the most comfortable you could possibly have. I have tried these wagons for long days' rides in Hungary, over rough districts, and really I never found stage-coach or carriage half so pleasant for long distances. The springs are good generally, and the *hay* is decidedly the best cushion yet invented. They have, too, a sort of awning of wicker-work for the rain, when it is needed.

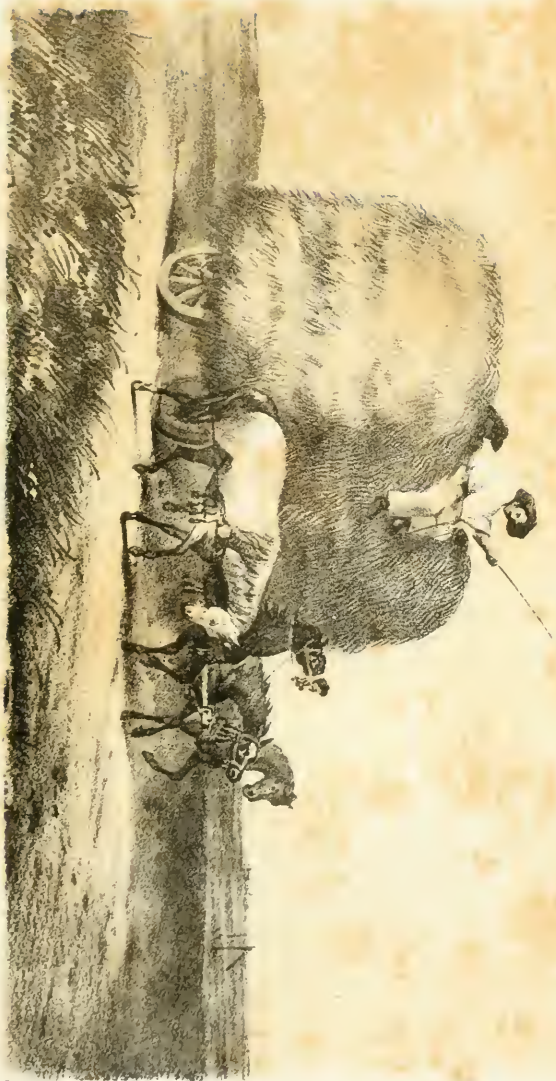


I give a sketch on the next page of a common Hungarian farming-team."

We rattled along in the most inspiring manner, and there was a great deal, in the whole country through which we passed, to interest me. First came the wide fields of Indian corn, just out of the village, now of course only in the first growth. Everything seemed on a grand scale; the fields stretched as far as the eye could reach sometimes, and nowhere any fence or hedge—the only protection being a deep ditch occasionally. I asked my friend whether they used this corn at all for food. "No," he said, "they did not much. It was principally given to cattle and hogs, and was very much valued for that. In the South, and among the *Wallachs*, it was everywhere used for bread and cakes. They, in Central Hungary, however, did not like it for bread, though they made a pudding now and then from it. He would show me, when we reached the farm, a very peculiar national dish, which they made with it." As I found afterwards, this crop is as common in Hungary as it is with us in America; and, except a few very cold districts in the Carpathians, is cultivated everywhere. The *Croat* has become as much attached to "Johnny cakes" as any Yankee could be; though I believe the mysteries of "hasty pudding" have not yet been learned anywhere in the land. In many parts I have seen "corn" raised for green fodder alone. The amount of this crop in Hungary is calculated, by good judges, at about 25,000,000 bushels.

Scattered along beyond, between the corn-fields, were everywhere fields of *lucerne*, which is grown throughout Hungary, both for green fodder and hay. Wherever I have been in North Europe—in England, Holstein, and Germany—I have seen great quantities of this species of clover. The farmers, universally, whom I have asked, set a very great value upon it; and it surprises me that it is





Worm-beans on the Pacific



so little grown in America, where good fodder is certainly in as much demand as in any land. I believe it cannot be said to be in at all general use with us, except among the "book farmers."

My friend then with me said, that he had often cut *five* crops from it—though three and four are the usual number in Hungary. It appears they tried for a while, through the country, the *red clover* but it did not succeed well with all the manuring they could give it. The climate was too hot and dry in summer for it, they say, and, in consequence, *lucerne clover* was introduced, which works excellently.

Though my companion was a common farmer, he was remarkably well educated. He knew all the botanical names of the flowers and plants along the road, and their uses, and answered all my questions with the greatest clearness and intelligence. As we rode along he pointed out to me a yellow flower, which covered all the road side, and told me to pick a bunch, and see if I knew it. I gathered a handful, and saw at once the flowers were the *Chamomile* flowers. The preparation and export of these is a very considerable business, I am told, from all Central Hungary. One of the most common crops along the whole road was a little green plant with a bright yellow flower, which I did not recognize at first, but which I soon found to be the rape plant, grown everywhere in Hungary for the rape seed and oil.

The building of oil presses and cultivation of the "*Repsbau*," as they call it, has become a very important branch of industry within a few years, in various parts of the land, especially in South Hungary. The export of the oil in the years from 1831-40, averaged about 34,521 centners, (a centner containing 135 lbs.) In 1845, it amounted to 287,460! It is planted, my companion said in the

spring, till about June 15th, and reaped from the 15th of August on to the beginning of October.

Among all these crops were, of course, large fields of wheat, and occasionally of barley and oats. We passed, too, immense plots of ground intended for *water melons and musk melons* alone. These both, are almost necessities of life for the Hungarian peasantry. The country is sadly supplied with water, and in their dry summers the water melons are everywhere used to quench thirst. But everywhere, through all these fine crops, it surprised me not to see a single tree or rock. The fields stretched away on every side, green with the "corn" and the wheat, to the horizon, but not one object to disturb the level. As we rode farther, however, more of the peculiar *Puszta* showed itself. The crops and the cultivated land began to be passed, and we entered wide meadows, opening out before us like the sea, without a hillock or tree, to the very verge of the horizon. The only objects which varied the level were an occasional tall well-pole and the vast flocks and herds which one could see in the distance. The grass was low—not rich—and full of bright flowers, among which the wild poppy made a very brilliant show. Altogether, the unvarying uniformity, and the *vastness* of the scene, impressed one's mind deeply.

Some distance beyond, my companion drove me among the herds which he himself owned. The horned cattle are entirely peculiar to Hungary. I never saw a similar breed anywhere else. They are white in color, or an ashy gray; though more generally a pure white. The cows are much larger than ours, and with longer legs, but with the same straight back as our best breed. Their horns do not bend forward like those of other breeds, but curve directly back like a roe buck's or chamois', and, as they are often three feet in length, they give a most peculiarly wild, defiant expression. In fact

one gets an idea from the animal, for the first time, what the *cow* was intended to be by nature. There is none of the heavy, waddling gait in them, which we see in our animals. Their step is as light and free as a stag's; and with their noses raised to the wind, their clear black eye and long curved horns, and stepping proudly away, as they do, they really make a very beautiful appearance. They are not by any means equal, however, to the English or Swiss cows, in the giving of milk. The beef seems quite as good as the English. They are best adapted to the *Pusztas*, and would be as unsuited to our narrow pastures, as our short-legged, heavy-haunched Durhams would be to the prairies here. The price of a common cow is from \$25 to \$30; but a first rate cow of this breed, from some of the best dairies—as Count Estherhazy's—has been sold as high as \$200, and a bull for \$500.

In the herds, occasionally, I caught a glimpse of a singular looking animal, which I did not know at all. It was generally of a grey color, with a sort of heavy folded hide upon it, like a hippopotamus, without hair and with short horns, in shape of body somewhat like our buffalo, and nearly as large. A heavy, stupid-looking animal, wallowing in the mud usually. It appears it is the *Buffel*, (*bos buffulus*), or wild cow from Thibet, which the Turks, in their conquest, probably introduced. They use it in Hungary as a beast for draught, as it is immensely strong. The milk, too, is much valued, and I found it very rich indeed. These herds of white cattle, each some thousand or fifteen hundred in number, scattered over these immense plains, give a very striking appearance to the landscape.

In the midst of every herd is usually one tall *Bauer* (peasant) with huge sheep-skin hanging like a cloak of wool about him, serving him at once for cloak, and bed, and house, through all seasons.

Two or three of the Hungarian white dogs are his only companions, and he lives that solitary life, on the grand prairies, in the midst of his herds, a great part of the year. Some of these cattle drivers, or *Csikos*, as they call them, are very original, singular characters, and, of the most remarkable, those near Debreczin, shall have more to say hereafter. They are a free, indomitable set of men, and with the tinge of wild, poetic feeling, which marks all the Hungarian peasantry. The voice which thrilled to every corner of the land in 1848, reached even them. They came, in their rough skins from the wild life of the *Pusztas*, to hear Kossuth speak of freedom, of Human Brotherhood, of the wrongs and dangers of Hungary. The passionate eloquence of the Reformer, as he spoke of these great themes; his solemn appeal to HIM, whom they, it is said, worship with a reverence we can hardly understand, seemed to these "sons of the desert" to come from some one more than man. They followed him as a prophet. No weapons could be given many of them, and they fought with their lassoes and whips. And as long as a blow could be struck for Hungary, these faithful, sturdy herdsmen gave their blood and their toil for the good cause. And when, at last, nothing more could be done, they went back to their solitary life on the *Pusztas* again—believing, it is said, most firmly, that their beloved Kossuth will soon return, from those great plains of Asia, whence they themselves sprung, with immense hordes of their brethren, the Huns, to drive the conqueror again from Hungary!

Besides the cattle, we passed equally great droves of horses, the small, fine-limbed animals so peculiar to Hungary, and which rove on these wild plains near the Theiss. They are a direct descent from Arabian blood—toughened by the climate, and degenerated often from want of care; still with many of the qualities of the old



stock. They say no horses are so *enduring*, for long travel, in summer or winter, as these shaggy little animals.

The whole stock of Hungarian horses had, in the latter part of the last century, very much degenerated, especially by the mingling of poor foreign breeds from Denmark and Italy, and by the too general use of the old Spanish stock. At the beginning of this, the attention of the gentry through the land was aroused to the importance of improving the breed, and more careful modes of raising the foals were adopted. Horses of good stock, too, were introduced from England, and horse-races were commenced, so that now the breed is said to be very much bettered throughout Hungary. Very many of the gentlemen still, however, have a great fancy for English "hunters," and fill their stables with them.

The Hungarians are a nation of riders. The boy is on a horse almost as soon as he can walk. The *Bauer* himself, looks in his Sunday dress, as if he remembered his origin, and were more of a cavalier than a peasant. The pointed hat with the long stork's feather, the neat short jacket and high boots with rattling spurs, are the invariable peasant's festive dress, even when he goes to a dance. The cavalry of Hungary is said to be unequalled, and the perfect familiarity of the Hungarian hussar with his horse, and with every mode of fighting from horseback, give him an immense advantage. In the last war the full charge was often made by the Hussars, with the sabre in one hand, a pistol in the other, the bridle in their teeth, and their head crouched down behind the horse's head. The Hungarian regiments of Hussars were considered the best in the Austrian army; and the "Imperial Cavalry," famous as it is, nearly always went down before their tremendous charge, during the war of Independence. However, it must be acknowledged, that in modern war-



fare, the cavalry are not, by any means, the most important force of an army.

As we rode along, my companion turned out of the slight track we were following across the prairie, to show me some fine flocks of sheep and hogs feeding in the plain. The hogs were a brown, short-legged breed, which he called the "Hungarian"—not very large, though fat, and giving excellent pork, he said. There is another very curious breed, called the "Turkish," which is much valued, and which I saw afterwards. The sheep looked well, with very fine wool—not large however—somewhat like the Welsh breeds. There are very remarkable breeds, however, which I saw later, near Debreczin, and the export of fine wool from Hungary forms one of its most profitable branches of trade.

The shepherd of these flocks puts his provisions and water on a donkey and the flock always cluster about the animal, and so they wander around over the wide plains. Like all the peasants, these shepherds were singularly tall, imposing-looking men. And with their long, black hair, erect forms, and huge sheep-skin cloaks, they make a most striking figure in the landscape.

No one, who is not used to our western prairies, can form an idea of the grandeur and solemnity of these immense *Puszta*s of Central Hungary. The vast range of view, the solitude, the immense herds of animals, looking, however, like specks in the wide plain, leave a most peculiar impression on the mind of the traveller. And to all this, is sometimes added the singular *mirage* of those plains, so that I have sometimes seemed to myself to be travelling on from a boundless prairie of grass and flowers on the one side, towards a wide, sparkling sea, dotted with beautiful islets, and fringed with shrubbery on the other.

As night began to come on we reached the settlement in the *Puszta* and the estate I intended to visit. It must have been as surprising to our host, having an *American* for a guest, as it would have been for one of our Kentucky gentlemen to be suddenly visited by a Chinese traveller. However, no surprise was shown. An agreeable, cultivated company met us with the heartiest welcome. The supper-table was soon loaded with all the genuine Hungarian delicacies; snipe from the *Puszta*, the sturgeons from the *Theiss*, young chickens stewed in red pepper, piles of fried cakes, and with these, the mineral water from the springs, the light wines from various districts, and especially, to honor the foreign guest, the rich, golden, old *Tokay*, that prince of wines. As it may be imagined, my companion and myself attacked the inviting dishes with travellers' appetites, and it was late in the evening when we sat there still, I telling of the free land, the new home for the Hungarians over the ocean, and they, describing their struggles and losses to win freedom to Hungary.

At the end we were shown into a large apartment, which seemed to be furnished with several beds for guests who might arrive, and left to sleep away soundly our day's fatigue. It was rather characteristic of Hungarian manners, that the last thing I saw before going to sleep of my companion who had come with me, was a long pipe protruding from the bed-clothes, and the first thing which met my eye in the morning, was a cloud of smoke gently ascending from the same pile of blankets and pillows.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### INNER HUNGARY.

\*H——, April, 1851.

As soon as possible the next morning, after the Hungarian breakfast—a cup of coffee and some bits of toast—I sallied out to see the grounds and the farm. But first, my readers may be interested to know something of the house itself. Like all the houses of the Hungarians, of gentle and simple, it has only one story, though that is high and airy. The main apartment, where the family dine and sit mostly, stretches through the house from front to rear, and is a very spacious, cool room for their hot summers. It opens in front on a portico, under which are seats for the smokers; and on the other side the windows lead out to a grassy bank, where are one or two walks, which conduct to a knoll overlooking the wide plain of the Theiss. The other apartments of the house are arranged on each side of a long corridor, running the whole length of the building.

One must confess that the whole Hungarian nation are widely behind the rest of Europe in practical improvements. The houses

\* It should be said here that I am obliged to use great caution in regard to names of places and dates in Hungary, from fear of unpleasant consequences to my friends and acquaintances.

of the middle classes especially show it, cool and pleasant enough for the summer, but with scarcely any of those little conveniences that make up our idea of *comfort*. Rich furniture often in the drawing-rooms, and the kitchen in a neighboring out-house, or in a little dark hole in the house, with the smoke curling up through an aperture in the roof. Baths, or gas-lighting, or private or separate chambers, are almost unknown in even the best houses of the inland towns. And the inns, in everything which can be called convenience, throughout interior Hungary, are, we may fairly say, nearly the worst in the world. The usual style is, a low, white-washed structure, built around three sides of a barn-yard, in the midst of which is commonly a reeking pool. The rooms are seldom clean, and the common comforts of a hotel are utterly absent.

I do not mean that any traveller, furnished with letters of introduction as I was, will ever find any inconvenience from all this. For such generous, open hospitality as the Hungarians manifest, is to be seen in no land, and would make the most fastidious person entirely contented. I mention this merely to show in what respects the country is as yet behindhand. The fault is not, however, in the character of the nation.

Give them a good government, and free contact with the world for a half-dozen years, and they would equal any nation in Europe in their practical progress. As it is, their chief city, Pesth, will compare favorably with any Capital, in this respect.

As the gentleman whom I was visiting was a large farmer, his house formed a kind of centre to a collection of Bauer-cabins on every side, belonging to his workmen. These, together with his out-houses, were well separated from his own grounds, and screened by a large hedge of lilacs and acacias. We went out, first, in our ramble to his barns and cattle-yards. They were not by any means

as extensive as one would expect from the size of the farm—some 500 acres, around the house, with an indefinite extent into the Puszta beside. However, it appears the cattle are almost entirely kept on the Puszta in the summer, and only brought in to be sold or killed in the fall. The hay and grain, too, are very much stacked in the open air. These barns which I saw were all made of mud-blocks and white-washed, with roofs thatched with reeds, and generally, like the best of our own, built around the three sides of a yard.

There were but few of the cattle or animals in the yards, though this gentleman has some 500 head of cattle, half as many of horses, 1,500 sheep, 800 swine, and other things, in a real patriarchal style. What there were there, however, were fine-looking animals.

The sheep and hogs of the farm were nearly all, at this season, on the Puszta.

In looking around in the barn-yards, I noticed a great quantity of small, square pieces, of dry dung, arranged in rows. I supposed, of course, it was intended for manure, but happened to ask some question about it, and learned that this was for *fuel*! It brought up at once another of the thousand tokens I meet with all the while, of the Oriental and Nomadic origin of this people. Who has forgotten what travellers tell us of the *dung-fuel* of the Tartars on the steppes of Western Asia, or of the Arabs of the deserts?

While returning back to the house, my friend said he would show me one of the Hungarian *granaries*. Accordingly we stopped at a little spot well covered with branches of dead trees. One of the Bauer, at the order of the gentleman, removed these, then some boards, then shoveled out some loose dirt, and there was disclosed a hole, about the size of a man, leading down to a cave under ground.

This seemed to be about six feet high, as many broad, and perhaps ten feet long, and is used to store the wheat for winter. It is made with a curved picking instrument which they have for the purpose, and the top is carefully rounded. The whole is rendered dry and hard by burning it out, after which dry straw is strown within it. The wheat stored in these by the Bauer will sometimes last twenty years. The great advantage is in the saving of building material, as wood and stone are so difficult to get here.

I could not believe they could prevent the dampness from oozing in, after some of their long rains. My friend, however, seemed to think them excellent. One of the gentlemen of the party on the other hand called them "humbugs," and thought that more grain was lost than saved by them. They say that the Russians acquired a preternatural sagacity in detecting these underground granaries, among the peasantry, in their campaign here, in 1849.

After our walk, we all returned to the portico, where we sat long, I enjoying the singular landscape of green prairie, dotted with the cottages of the peasants, or with the clumps of the acacias, and my companions contemplatively smoking their cigars. We talked much of America. They inquired of our system of government—of our common schools—and compared it all with their own old Constitution—and with what they intended by the Revolution to erect.

They showed, as people do everywhere here, a remarkable acquaintance with our whole principle of government, and even with our history. I remember as an illustration of the latter, that the spoke of their resolve to give up tobacco "*as we did our tea,*" rather than pay the oppressive tax laid by the Austrians.

It is exceedingly pleasant to an American to find how gratefully the few acts of kindness from his countrymen to the Hungarians are appreciated in Hungary. "We consider your countrymen as our

brethren," said these gentlemen; "you have given us your sympathy and aid, and the time will never come when our homes will not be open to you!"

In the course of the conversation we came to speak of the "Kossuth bank notes."

I inquired whether they considered it altogether just to issue such a quantity of paper money on so little basis.

"Certainly, we do," they replied. "The Austrian paper—some thirty per cent. below par value—was flooding our country in the beginning of the Revolution. We had ourselves a better basis for such a currency, and we did not wish to be so dependent on Austria. We did precisely what you did in your Revolution—issue paper money. However our basis was good. Under Kossuth the incomes from our public property, mines, and monopolies, and salt-works, were ten-fold greater than before, and the taxes quadrupled in amount by the taxing of the upper classes, without the people being so much burdened as formerly. All this would have easily paid up our paper debt eventually. Besides, you can see the real value of it, by the fact that forty *millions* of Austrian notes were at once driven out of the country."

I asked what amount they supposed had been issued? "About eighty millions," they replied; "and of this, some forty millions, probably, are now buried or concealed."

"The peasantry, everywhere," they said farther, "have large quantities hidden, waiting for better times. A few of them, as well as some of us, were foolish enough to deliver up our notes to the Austrian government on promise of restitution. Of course we have never had a *kreutzer* back, and we shall be very cautious how we are ever caught again!"

After some farther pleasant conversation of this kind, it was pro-



posed that I should see something of Hungarian agriculture, and accordingly we all mounted one of the large wicker wagons, and rode out to examine the "farm."

The first part of the ride was among the low white-washed cottages of the peasants, each with its patch of melons and vines about it. Beyond these, stretched out the wide fields belonging to this estate.

The principal crops were Indian corn and wheat, and as there were no fences, only deep ditches to separate the fields from one another, or from the road, the green surface of rich grain seemed to reach away even to the very horizon. These prairie fields are all very rich, and from their accounts must almost equal our celebrated "Western Bottoms." They speak of wheat grown for fifteen or twenty years in the same fields, without change of crops or new manuring.

The tax laid by the Austrian Government on the Hungarian wheat—*raised*, not exported—is about 25 per cent. on its value, at the rate of 50 cents *per kiesel*. The export of wheat from Hungary during these last few years has been fully two millions and a half of *Zentner*, or some 300,000,000 lbs. per annum. Of Indian corn, there is scarcely any amount of consequence, exported, but the quantity raised must be immense. I have travelled for days through what seemed one endless field of green, rich-looking corn.

If the day ever comes in which Hungary is an Independent State, it is from these inexhaustible plains that will proceed the supplies of grain for manufacturing Europe. There would be no difficulty. Large rivers, railroads connecting with Germany and Italy, a seaport on the Adriatic—they need nothing more, except enterprise. Under American energy, or with a free government of their own, they would be exporting to every country of Europe.

Beside the crop above mentioned, I could see mingled among them everywhere, as before on the Prairie, the large fields, yellow with the flower of the *rape-plant*.

Here too again appeared the clover *Lucerne* in great abundance. I was surprised here, as I have been everywhere in Hungary, to see the marked resemblance in fruits and products to our Middle States. The peach, cherry, currant, apple, and melon in the gardens; the long fields of oats, wheat, tobacco, and Indian corn, with the buck-wheat upon the hills; and the beans, peas, and cucumbers about the houses, just as one might see in riding in the interior of New York, or in the best counties of Pennsylvania. It all indicates—what indeed is the fact—a climate much resembling our own, with like extremes of heat and cold.

The only product which we do not have in America in such abundance, and which here, and everywhere in Hungary stretches out in long, green rows over the fields, and freshens the hill-sides and bare mountain-tops with its rich verdure, is the *vine*. The glory of Hungary in the natural world, its choicest and most bountiful product, are the varieties of grapes. They cover the whole land, and the lowest Bauer has his vineyard. And in no country of Europe are such pure, delicious wines made as here. There is scarcely any wine of note in Europe that is not drugged, or considerably strengthened by alcohol. This is unknown in Hungary, and even the best *Tokay*—the most rare and costly wine in the country—is a pure juice of the grape. Water throughout the Hungarian plain is bad and extremely hard to get, so that I may safely say more wine is drank through the majority of the population than water. I have heard soldiers speak of frequently being obliged, in the campaign of '48 and '49 to *boil their beef in wine*, as no water was to be procured.

The common light wine of the country, far superior to any similar wine in Germany or France, sells at about three kreutzers (2 cents) a bottle. The number of varieties made here is astonishingly great, amounting to nearly thirty from Hungary alone—and they themselves varying very considerably in taste and strength.

The *Tokay*—well known by name in most other countries—is considered the choicest of these. It is made from a grape growing on a hill at Tokay, near the Upper Theiss, and is prepared, I understand, by gathering the very ripest of the grapes, left on the vines till they seem on the very verge of rotting, then depositing them in a large vessel with a strainer, and leaving them to press out their own juice. Of course, this first extract amounts to but very little; it is collected, however, with the greatest care, and forms the genuine “Extract” of Tokay, a thick, pulpy, golden-colored wine, sweet in taste—thought by the knowing in such matters throughout Eastern Europe, to be the best wine made in the world. It is exceedingly expensive, even in Hungary; selling from 50 cents to \$2.50 per pint bottle. After this is extracted, old wine is poured over the grapes, and another extract of Tokay is made, also a sweet wine, and very much valued. The third extract is made by mingling in many grapes, not so fully ripe or so carefully selected, but still from the peculiar kind which grows on the ridge of the Carpathians in that district. The Tokay is seldom drunk by the Hungarians freely, but is brought forth on especial occasions, when the Hungarian would express his hospitality, and is taken in small glasses at the end of the meal, as a rarity or cordial. It is much valued, too, by the physicians for its peculiar sanative properties. Of the many other kinds of wine in Hungary, the most celebrated are the *Ménes*, a sweet wine, considered nearly equal to the Tokay, the *Erlau*, red wine, the *Offner*, and the *Schomlauer*, a white wine, with several

other wines on the right bank of the Danube. There is a "Champagne" made here too, though not equal to the French. It is a curious fact that this peculiar fertility of Hungary in wines was known even in the times of the Roman Empire, for it is said that in the year, A. D., 276, a Roman Emperor gave orders for the cultivating of one of the Sirmian wine-hills, in the south-western part of Hungary, for the sake of the very remarkable wine produced there.

The sourest and poorest kinds of grapes seem to grow generally on the plains, the better and richer on the side-hills. The annual yield of wine in Hungary, is reckoned, by good statistical writers, at about twenty-eight millions of *Eimer*, the *Eimer* holding rather more than twelve gallons. Yet, despite this immense production, despite the quality of the wines being, beyond question, the purest and best in Europe, the export to foreign countries has always been very slight indeed.

The Tokay is mostly bought up by Jews, who carry it over the mountains to Poland and Russia, whence it finds its way to Prussia and Germany.

There is an unimportant trade, too, in this and other wines to Austria, by the Danube; but "the paternal legislation" of Vienna has always arranged it, so that Hungarian wines could only be exported under a duty, which would utterly ruin the trade—and the consequence has been that the wines have mostly been consumed in the country. Since Hungary has been "absorbed" into Austria, the taxes on the growing of wines, as I shall show hereafter, have equally operated to check the whole production.

It is thought by some travellers that the best Hungarian wines will not bear exportation over the sea. The Hungarians all claim, however, that if properly prepared they can be sent any distance

without the least injury. I have no question that under a good government, this product of Hungary would be the most important and profitable export, and that the Hungarian hills and mountain sides would be as much sought by wine merchants for rare and good wines, as are those of Southern France or Spain.

I hold it a fortunate thing for a country, where it produces a native wine. Whatever may be the explanation, I think no man who has travelled in wine-producing countries, can doubt the fact, that drunkenness is much less common in those lands than in regions where the vine is not raised. With all its cheap and overflowing produce of wines, I never saw all the time I was in Hungary a single drunken man. I never witnessed, at the most jovial tables, the least "hard-drinking."

As I have travelled through the land, I have often wondered why this beautiful product was denied to America. The climate of the two countries appears almost the same. I inquired repeatedly about the time of spring, the average cold, the amount of snow, &c., and all the answers seemed to show a climate remarkably resembling our own. There are the same extremes, the same sudden changes of temperature, the same clear, stimulating atmosphere, so peculiar with us. Snow, I should think, in nearly the same quantity as in inner New York, the summers like those there too, dry and hot, and the spring, commonly, really beginning in the middle of April.

The situation of the country, though not apparently like our own, yet produces similar results in climate. Too far inland to be touched by the warm, moist breezes which bathe all the western coasts of Europe, and exposed also to the keen, cold blasts from the lofty Carpathians, it, at the same time, from its southern situation and the influence of the sun, on those wide, uncovered plains, shows

as high a range of temperature in summer as our own climate ; so that the effects are nearly the same as from our own exposure at once to a tropical sun and to polar winds ; and from our deprivation of those warm, moist winds from the sea, which so favor the temperature of Western Europe.

The other productions, too, as I before said, are nearly the same in the two countries—so that climate will hardly account for the difference in the growth of the vine. Neither will difference of soil, as the vine in Hungary is raised on almost every variety of earth, from the slate, or granitic soil of the mountain sides, to the sandy soil, or rich mould, on the plains. The only cause is, probably, the little attention which has thus far been given to the matter in America, and the little experience possessed by most in cultivating the vine.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### A PEASANT'S HOME.

HEVES COMITAT—INNER HUNGARY—April, 1851.

I STILL continued my journey through the rural districts, and again found myself in the hospitable and friendly family of a gentleman residing near the small village of N——.

As we all sat, one morning, in the usual lounging-place of the Hungarians, the portico, one of the *Bauer* (peasants) on the estate came up near us, and gradually joined in the conversation. I could not but be struck at once with his appearance. Full six feet high, with a face browned by the weather, and somewhat thinned by work ; a full, aquiline nose ; small, keen dark eyes, and long black hair falling smooth over his cheeks, like an Indian's. Add to this, a flowing, well-trimmed beard and moustache ; an erect, muscular form, and one of their large, shaggy sheep-skins folded around him, as a Roman senator might fold his *toga*—and you have a man whom in most countries of the world, one would involuntarily stop to gaze at and admire. Seeing he was quite ready to talk, I attempted to draw him into conversation with me, asking him, through one of the party who interpreted, if he had ever heard of America ?—if he would like to go there ?—how he got along here ? &c., &c.



He was a shrewd fellow, and replied very cautiously at first, until he found out who I was, after which he became more communicative, though still there was a kind of *Indian* dignity and reserve about him.

At length I asked him whether he expected *Kossuth* back? His face lighted up, and he said passionately,

“I have fought for him once, and I hope to again.”

“But do you really think he will escape?” said I.

“The reply was very characteristic. “*He will come back with another Spring. I have sworn not to cut my beard till he returns!*” and he pointed to his flowing beard.

It appears it is not the custom for the Bauer to wear more than a *moustache*, and he wore his beard as a vow.

I asked him still further, “Why he was not contented now? He had no *Robot* (feudal service) to do; he was better off than before the revolution.”

He replied, “That he never had done *Robot*-service. He could live now, to be sure, but the taxes were heavy, and he wanted *Hungary to be free*. He hated the Austrians!”

After some little farther talk, we asked him if he would show us his house. He was willing, and without giving him time to arrange anything, we followed him at once over the field to his little house.

The fence which surrounded it was made of willow branches woven together, and seemed slight enough against the incursions of men or beasts. However the great guard for everything was a number of those long-bodied, white, shaggy dogs, who look as if they could throttle a wolf without difficulty, and who at once without warning, made a fierce, combined attack at our legs, and only beat a retreat after a good use of our walking sticks. In the yard, there were a few out-houses for cattle, and beyond a garden with melons,

the great luxury of the peasants, and a patch of vines, as every Bauer makes his own wine. The whole looked small, even for a working man, and without any touch of taste or beauty about it. Still it was neat and moderately well kept. The house was a small, white-washed building of mud blocks, with a reed thatch on the roof, and provided on the side with the invariable accompaniment of every Hungarian house or cabin—a low piazza, with solid columns or arches to uphold it. This peculiarity of building, which one sees everywhere in Hungary, is the only distinct trait of Hungarian architecture which can be mentioned, except the position of the houses, as I have before described it. This piazza, it must be remembered, is not a projecting portico, but rather a covered archway in the side of the house itself; and must have been first built for the sake of a cool retreat in their hot summers. I have often noticed the arcades or piazzas with much interest in the villages, for they are, many of them, exceedingly pretty in form, with heavy arches and low columns, like those one sees at times in the earliest Romanesque style in the first Lombard churches. Yet the form is evidently not a copy from anything, and was probably struck upon by the architect accidentally. In the better houses, this structure is sometimes carried out in the inner apartments—the ceiling being supported by a number of arches, meeting in the centre of the room, and resting on low columns—giving it all something of the appearance of a *crypt*, but still making a very cool and picturesque apartment. However, to our Bauer's cabin.

The inside has only two rooms, one where the family live, and the other "for company." The entrance, and what at first seemed a sort of "pantry," separates them. This is hung with dishes and the best ware which the family possess. In the midst of it, fronting the door, is a broad, white object, built of stone, like an altar,

which you discover after awhile, is the kitchen *fireplace*, the fire being made on the open top, and the "draught" coming from a hole in the roof above. It is only within three years that this most unpractical contrivance has been replaced in some of the best houses of Hungary, with a cooking stove.

The two rooms of the house are as neat as the tidiest homes of our American housekeepers. The floors are of hardened earth, but very dry and well swept. In each room is a tall, white pyramid in the corner, of baked mud blocks, which is their *stove*, and a kind of "air-tight" beside, as they can shut it up close and keep their fires a great while in the winter. There are chairs and benches for furniture, and several large, clean-looking beds. In the best room are better chairs, and various little objects of a more valuable kind, which our family of Bauer happened to have. Among the wealthier Bauer, one sees a good board flooring on this room, usually. It was characteristic of the Hungarian *Bauer*, and what is always seen in their cottages, that a well-used Bible and Hymn-book were in one corner of this room.

After we had examined everything quite thoroughly for a time, at which our host appeared in no degree offended, he and his wife brought forth their best dresses from a large box, as a curiosity for my inspection. There was his large sheep-skin robe for Sundays, the wool, dressed and party-colored very nicely, and the other side well tanned, and really quite richly embroidered, so that it can be worn with either side out as the weather suits. Then there was another sheep-skin, his best overcoat, colored black, and the wool in this probably woven on to the lining, and thus made very long to shed rain. Besides these, there were his tall, shining boots, with jingling spurs, to be worn when he would put on his most "taking" costume, and would dance with the peasant girls on the green to the music

of the *Czigány* (the Hungarian gipsies). His wife, with visible pride, showed us her *ködmöny*, a loose jacket of sheep-skin, with the softly-dressed wool inside, and rich embroideries and colored figures outside, in fact her *dress shawl*; then her gay red and yellow handkerchiefs for her head when she goes out on market-day to sell their garden vegetables, or to buy from the pedlars; her huge sheep-skin cloak, too, for the storms, and her bright red leather boots, reaching up almost to her knees, to be worn only on great occasions, when she attends the yearly fair, or goes to church on Sunday mornings. All this was very pleasant and interesting, and I felt quite glad at the opportunity of seeing a Hungarian Bauer's "fixtures."

In going away the peasant took my hand, and wished me the Hungarian blessing—"ISTEN ALDJON MEG," and then said something almost solemnly in Hungarian. I asked what it was, and they translated.

"When I am driven out to your land over the waters, I shall come to you, for I will remember you have been under my roof!"

From all which they say, this man and his cottage must be fair examples of the Hungarian Bauer and their condition. He had always been and his father before him, a laborer on this estate. A hard-working peasant, living on wages from fifteen to thirty kreutzers (i. e. from thirteen to twenty-six cents) per day, still no slave, and no crushed *man*, like the Irish peasant. Vigorous in body, independent, with a good deal of information, considering his situation, and certainly with a more than usual shrewdness, he would compare favorably with the peasants of any country of Europe, not excepting those of England itself. It is true this man and his fellow-workmen on this estate, had never been obliged to do Feudal service; but they had always lived under the same general constitu-

tion and had suffered under the same exacting laws, as the other peasants of Hungary.

I saw no reason afterwards, also, when I reached the districts where the Bauer had been obliged to work so many days a year for their masters, to suppose that they were in any degree less intelligent or less comfortably situated than these here. The truth is, as I shall show more at length hereafter, the old Hungarian Constitution, like the cruel laws in the English code, was much worse on *paper* than in practice.

It has been, by the way, a very profitable thing for the gentleman who had owned this estate, that he had had no serfs of any kind under him. A great many of the Hungarian landholders are suffering now extremely from the Act of the Hungarian Parliament of '48 and '49, establishing the freedom of the Bauer from all feudal service. Some—especially the Siebenbürgen—are utterly ruined by it, as the great value of their estates rested in the amount of *Robot*, or work due by law, attaching to the estates. Many, too, had mortgaged their properties on this labor as on so much rent accruing; others had bought large farms, where the principal item of value was the *Robot* from the Bauer. All this has entangled their affairs in a most perplexing manner, or else has utterly ruined their properties. This gentleman here had entirely escaped all that, simply because he lived on no *Robot*, but paid labor its fair equivalent.

## CHAPTER XV.

### A HUNGARIAN DINNER.

As we walked up to the house, talking of various matters, and as the Bauer constantly stopped my friend to get his advice or opinion, I could not but think how very pleasant the situation of a country gentleman in Hungary was. He is more like a patriarch among his family, than a landlord. His property is invested a great deal in immense herds of cattle, or in large grain fields which the peasants farm, and for the labor on which, they pay themselves by taking a certain portion of the crops. There is very little vexation of gathering "rent," and the trouble of selling enough to live comfortably by, is very slight indeed, as the buyers always come to the farmers in Hungary. It is a generous, free life, only a little dangerous to "poor human nature." It may make a man a gentleman, but it is a little liable also to make him a *drone*. After reaching the house, we found, with appetites well freshened by the walk, a hearty Hungarian dinner set out for us; and our "hostess," knowing my hobby at present for seeing the Hungarian habits, had prepared some of the peculiar dishes of the country for us. It ought to be mentioned here that the Hungarians, though they have a great variety of dishes at their dinners, are not by any means gross eaters. Indeed, any one blessed with the "Anglo-Saxon" capa-

bilities of consuming roast beef and plum pudding, is quite put to shame at their modest performances at table. The dinner hour is usually one o'clock, and the meal opens always, as it did here, with a soup. As a relish for this dish, there are commonly little round balls of dough filled with hashed meat, floating in it. After this comes the boiled beef eaten alone, without vegetables. At this dinner the next dishes were the choice fish of the Theiss—the river most celebrated in Hungary for its fish. Those we had here were a *sturgeon*—a small species, about a foot long; boiled and stewed *carp*, a fish as large as our river carp, but with much finer flavor. Both made very choice dishes, but I was chary of them, as they are said to be not at all healthy for strangers, causing frequently what is called the *Theiss fever*. At this point of the meal the wines were passed—the light white wine of the country; the pure light red wine of Ofen, one of the most healthy wines of the world—and with them, much to my astonishment, there were passed around also, and most eagerly drank, various extremely disagreeable *mineral waters*. The waters from the iron springs in the Northern Carpathians, and from various sulphur springs—most of them having the odor of water from a very bad pump, and peculiarly calculated to spoil the taste of any drink they might be mingled with. Yet, as I afterwards found, the drinking of these medicinal waters with wine, is the universal custom on jovial occasions in Hungary; and seems to be considered as a sort of continual medicine, or preventive of all the evils from good living. It will perhaps account for the very little injury done through the whole people to either their morals or health, by their constant wine-drinking. Our next course was a stew of extremely small chickens (*Hendel*) prepared in red pepper, in a way which is somewhat exciting to a stranger's palate who is not accustomed to this peculiarity of the Hungarian cooking. In



fact, the whole population from Bauer to Magnate, make the most constant use in every possible way of red pepper, and every dish that can admit it, has it.

Next followed a dish of small larks broiled, and then a genuine pudding of the country, such as is eaten in every cottage and castle of the land, consisting of small strips of dough, worked up in such a way that they look like little bits of leather, and crisped, and at our dinner eaten with sugar—a not unpalatable pudding, despite its leathery appearance.

After this came the roast meats and salad; and, as I have often seen, though not here, little round preparations of *sour-kraut*, containing a piece of meat in the centre. Here another variety, from their innumerable Hungarian wines, was brought in—the *Schom-lauer*, a white wine, considered by English, though not by Hungarians, the best, as it is not so sweet as their most celebrated wines.

Closing the solid dishes, was a huge platter-full, set out with pride by the hostess, of *genuine* “*Yankee fritters*,” just smoking from the frying-pan, and eaten in true New England style, with sugar for sauce. I could not but smile at this imitation of our home dishes, and told them how often I had eaten that in America.

They said they could show me one dish at least, which I had probably never seen, and whose *material* even, I would not guess—and despite my protestations, at once ordered it. While waiting for it, the dessert of little cakes and the generous old Tokay wine—the prince of wines—was brought in. During the whole time of the dinner the conversation ran on most cheerfully in the company. The children joked and talked with their father; the guests discussed that subject which, in all their history, has been the subject most familiar to this people, *politics*, and even the ladies joined in it, in that eager, passionate way which characterized the Hungarian

conversation everywhere. As the dessert was brought in, the children all came up and kissed their father's hand and bade him good day, and left the room. The hostess commenced making the coffee on the table; cigars were produced, and the company drew themselves together for the best part of the meal—the after dinner conversation.

It is curious to see the intense interest of the people everywhere in this country, in the Hungarian exiles in foreign lands. The first question from Bauer, or Noble, is always as to their countrymen—how they live?—what they are working upon? how they bear themselves? It seems to be a peculiarity of Hungary, that every one knows every one else. The men have all been thrown so constantly together, in their colleges, in political life, in the elections, in the Parliament, and at last, in the Revolution, that you can hardly mention a name of a person in Hungary, or without, who is not at once recognized, and whose life and history are not thoroughly known. As it may be imagined, many a question about their exiled leaders was asked me at this time, and I heard many an interesting fact of these men, who are now so constantly coming to our shores and to England, in the Hungarian emigration.

It was very interesting, too, to see how the old battles were fought over. Most of those at the table had been in some, and each struggle and victory over the Austrians was gone over again, as many of us will remember in our childhood the old people used to recount the battles of our Revolution with the British. The gallant victories under Görgey and Perczel, in the spring of '49; the taking of Pesth; the driving of the Austrians to the borders of Hungary—all these were followed through with a real exultation at the remembrance. Then, more soberly, the entrance of the Russians, and Görgey's long and disastrous retreat, and finally, even at this

distance of time, they told with passionate indignation—even as we would, if Washington had given up the contest and betrayed the army at “the crossing of the Delaware”—of Görgey’s treachery and the laying down of the arms at *Világos*. There is nothing a Hungarian likes better to speak of, than the bravery of his countrymen, and especially when, as is usual, the Austrians are the sufferers under it.

During our conversation, the “unknown” Hungarian dish was placed before us, and they all waited for my surprise, and my guesses, how it was made. I could not help a good laugh, when I saw that the mysterious article, was a large platter of very tempting-looking *popped corns*. They all joined in the laugh over the resemblance in our national delicacies, and without farther ado, we attacked the strange dish with a good relish.

After some farther pleasant conversation, we broke up our party, and I bade adieu to my hospitable friend and to some as fine specimens of Hungarian men as I have often seen.

The ride on, in a comfortable carriage of my host, was over the same wide, green stretch of the Puszta, and it was only towards nightfall, that I reached the next estate, to whose owner I was introduced. Here again came a hearty welcome—and another social evening. At the close, I was glad to retreat to the large room for guests, and in a good bed to sleep away the fatigue of the day. However, I found sleep was out of the question, under the incessant attacks of a swarm of peculiarly ravenous mosquitoes. I said something about it to a gentleman who was sleeping in the same room—and, at once, despite my remonstrances, he called up the servant and ordered him to burn the *mosquito-root*—the grand preventive for mosquitoes. This root they call the “Alant root”—(the Botanical name is *Inula Helenium*, I believe), and it belongs

to the same family, as the horse radish. The smoke, when the root is burned on coals, has a strong aromatic odor, and is said to either drive out the mosquitoes, or to intoxicate them, so that they are utterly incapable of carrying out their bloody intentions. If intoxication is indicated by a strong propensity to *singing*, the said mosquitoes were gloriously "high," on this occasion. For the last thing I remember that night, was a cheerful and jovial singing of the insects about my head, and the dark face of the Croat, as he swung the pan of coals, with the smoking root, like a waving censer around the bed.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE HUNGARIAN ARISTOCRAT AND THE PEASANTS.

R——s, HEVES COMITAT—April, 1851.

IN this village there is a wealthy gentleman, who illustrates very well a certain class in Hungary. I have taken the opportunity, while here, to visit him.

His house is a white-washed stone-house, considerably larger than are most of the Hungarian houses, and surrounded with a really extensive park of bushes and trees. We wound up through the walks, passing an arbor where people were apparently breakfasting in the open air, and at last found the gentleman we wished to visit, sitting in the portico, enjoying his long *Meerschaum*, and “morning-coffee.”

He was a portly man, who had lived and grown fat all his life on the labor of others, and who, of course, took strong “conservative” views of all questions. Our conversation soon turned to political subjects.

I inquired how the freedom from *Robot*—*i. e.* from feudal labor among the Bauer, had worked in that neighborhood?

“Badly, very badly, sir,” said he, “the proprietors are almost ruined—they have lost everything. Their peasants are not obliged

to work for them, and will not, except for very high wages. I have large estates in *Siebenbürgen* (Transylvania) now, which scarcely pay their expenses. When that Bill for freeing the peasants from rent, had passed the Parliament, I said at the time,—I was a member,—that the Government was bound to make a restitution.

“And afterwards, when the clause was added in the resolution of the House, that the State would pledge a remuneration, suitable to its honor, I told the House that it was all too much mere *phrases*. We wanted a more exact promise. As it is, we have received nothing. Many a man has lost his all. The most of them expected some kind of a restitution; but thus far, they have not had a *kreutzer*. The Government now promises, according to its plan, to make good a *third* of the loss; but it has not been done yet, and we fear, never will be.”

In regard to this plan of the Austrian Government it appears, that in freeing the peasants in Bohemia, they have adopted the rule of making the peasants pay one third of the loss—taking on themselves another third, and leaving the rest to be borne by the landlords. Though, as I frequently found in Bohemia, the Government-quota had been very scantily paid.

I inquired of this gentleman how he had met the change there on his estate?

“My peasants,” said he in reply, “did not own their little plots of ground, as in many districts. They only ‘occupied,’ and paid their rent in this labor, of a certain number of days’ work in the year. After the act of Parliament of ’47 and ’48, they became of course, all free from any forced rent, while the land still continues mine. The course, which I have adopted since—and which I have found very profitable—is to let out my whole estate, nearly, to tenants, giving leases only for five years. I have been in this

way freed from the annoyance of finding labor, at this time, for my fields. I am sure, too, of all my income in disturbed times, and I have guarded against too frequent changes in the management of my farms by leasing for five years."

Our conversation turned, not long after, to the Revolution and Kossuth.

"It was a foolish thing for Hungary," he said, "we staked everything on a mere chance—and lost. Kossuth was no statesman. He ought never to have declared the Independence of Hungary. He ought to have known we would be ruined. No other power would help us in Europe, and what could we hope against Russia and Austria? It was a foolish, impractical thing. We might have gained something, then, by other measures, but now, we have lost all."

It did not seem to occur to him that there are times, when a State, as well as a man, may act boldly, without being at all certain of the consequences. However, his pocket, poor man, had suffered much from the Revolution—and what else could be expected from him!

In reference to his losses, as well as the losses generally of the landlords, in Transylvania, it should be remembered that in no other part of Hungary, were the feudal exactions on the peasants so oppressive, and as a natural result, in no part have the losses of the proprietors in the freedom of the peasants been so great, so irremediable. No peasant will work, even for wages, for the man who once treated him as a brute.

I asked farther some questions about the taxes and the present policy of the Government.

"Conservative," as he was, he could not conceal his bitterness.

"They have taxed everything," he said, "my house, garden,



crops, my wine, and the tobacco in my fields; and even my wife and my servants must pay their poll tax. I consider the Government most unfortunately advised. No one in office understands the character of the people. As things go on now, there is danger. They *must* change. The present state of things cannot continue. And for my part, I confidently hope soon for a change of policy."

This man, as I have said above, represented an important class—the wealthy landholders and the *Magnates*, or Lords, who stood aloof from the mass of the nation, in their struggle. They were never respected before the Revolution, and since, they are in a more unpleasant situation than ever. The people despise them, and the Government turns the cold shoulder on them, so that they live quite by themselves on their estates.

After a pleasant stay in this village, I left it in my course over the Hungarian Plain, and was conveyed in the carriage of the gentleman I was visiting, on to the next village. Every person whom I visited in this neighborhood, whether he was the country clergyman, or a college professor, or a private gentleman, always insisted on my staying with him; in fact, to do anything else seemed almost to be considered a want of courtesy. No one, with good letters of introduction in Inner Hungary, ever goes to a hotel.

I may say here, that such was the universal hospitality towards me, as an American, that while in Hungary, except naturally in Pesh, I did not lodge in a hotel more than once, or pay a penny for hired vehicles. Wherever I visited, it was with difficulty I could get away. I always stayed days where I meant to stay hours. They said it was an old device of Hungarian hospitality, if the guest seemed obstinately bent on going, to slip out and *take off the wheels of his wagon*, and oblige him to remain! And that less than a three days' visit was an insult to your host!"

This, it should be remembered, was no especial courtesy to *me*. It is the habit of the people. I had often heard before of this hospitality. I experienced more of it, because people always remembered our American hospitality to the Hungarian exiles in their distress and poverty.

My journey lay at this time, through the country of the Jazyges and Cumanians, and later of the Haiducks, and in the course of it, I reached the village of T——, which, for obvious reasons, it will be unadvisable to mention more particularly. It is enough to say it was a town in the very centre of the land, entirely inhabited by the *Bauer*, and with no nobleman owning a foot of ground in the limits. It was quite probable I was one of the first travellers—certainly the first American—who had ever entered it; and it was so far removed from the great routes, that only two or three in the whole population could be found who even spoke German. A better example of a simple Hungarian *village* could not probably be met with in the land.

I was furnished with a letter to the clergyman, and though his German was somewhat limited, he received me with the heartiest welcome, and by the aid of mingled Latin, Hungarian, and gestures, we managed to understand each other moderately well. He entered at once heartily into my design of seeing Hungary—even the country-life—and in the afternoon took me on a long walk through the village.

It appears the *Bauer* here had never been, at least for many hundred years, under Feudal exactions. Though they were not allowed till 1848 to vote for members of the National Parliament, they had the right to elect their own town officers, and the only burdens upon them were the duty of military service to the State, and certain light taxes. Under such a system, with their own

judges, their own aldermen, and managing independently the affairs of their township, there had grown up a very sturdy, free population in the village. There were no nobles there—no rich landholders, but there was no poverty and no slavishness. As I walked around among them, they seemed to me like *men*—free, independent men—more than any population almost I had ever met.

As I learned afterwards, there are large districts in various parts of Hungary, where the Bauer have enjoyed such free institutions. I had heard that this village was famous for its handsome men, and I found it did not at all belie its reputation. In every part, in our walk, we met tall, vigorous, well-formed men, whom in any other land one would stop to gaze at, though here they are scarcely remarkable. The more I saw of this people here, and also in other parts of Inner Hungary, the more I was struck with the advantages to a nation of a free agricultural life. There was a *richness* and heartiness of feeling, a certain manliness in them, such as one would seldom see in a manufacturing class. A simple dignity too, and a courteous hospitality, with a poetry of expression, such as is very singular and pleasing to the stranger. It was very striking here, in this village, to see middle-aged men, with their flowing beards, meeting one another with a kiss. Then the Bauer, wherever we visited, met us with such real courtesy—poured out their best before us, and always insisted on going out even to the last gate, to accompany us.

No where did Kossuth's poetic eloquence find such a passionate response as among these farming-peasants of the Hungarian plain. His appeals to the great Being who watches over the rights of his creatures, and whom he called the GOD OF HUNGARY, seemed to them superhuman. As he spoke of Freedom, of Brotherhood, of the wrongs of their fatherland, and the disgrace of slavery, they answered

with tears and with shouts of enthusiasm. Through the villages of Central Hungary there was scarcely a peasant who could grasp scythe or sword, who did not march out at his call to join the Hungarian army.

An agricultural population usually strikes one as inferior to a manufacturing in activity of thought; but this fault does not appear among these farmers of the Hungarian plain. The incessant *political* life and movement, through their whole history, in Hungary, have, beyond anything, educated the people. And one could see that these men had not grown dull or inactive at all in their secluded life.

But especially could you observe the advantage of their pursuits in their full, vigorous, manly forms. It was a pleasure to look at men so healthy, and enjoying such a fullness of life, without too the usual sensuality which accompanies great strength and overflowing health.

Now that I am speaking of this, I would say that I took considerable pains in Hungary to notice the *diet* and *habits of eating* of the people, as connected with this remarkable vigor of the race, hoping some useful hints might be derived for America on the subject. This seemed more desirable, as there is no country of Europe—as I have before remarked—so resembling our own, or at least the Middle States of our own, in climate.

As far as I observed, the great peculiarity of the people was their *temperance* in eating and drinking, and at the same time their making the meals a pleasant social occasion, and not merely a process for filling up the stomachs. When I say they are “temperate,” I mean they indulge in no excess; as, in respect to wine drinking, there is scarcely a man in the land who does not drink the light wine at his dinner and supper. But with the Hungarian the meal-

time is a time for social intercourse, when friends meet; or when the children and relatives all gather with the parents, and have almost their only merry, familiar conversation, during the day. They sit a great while at table, and taste of a great variety of dishes, at least among the better classes. Still they are not by any means as hearty *eaters* as the Americans or English. They appear more like the French—preferring variety of tastes to any great amount. Indeed, to a traveller with a keen appetite, or to one accustomed to the vigorous exploits of the English at the table, the Hungarians seem really abstemious. They make much more use of fruits, and salads, and curious puddings, and the light pure wines, than we of the Anglo-Saxon race. A Hungarian would consider himself in danger of becoming a *sot*, if he should drink every day the strong brandied wines which every Englishman has on his table. The English in Hungary, too, say it is impossible in that clear, oxygenated climate, to keep up their habits of beef-eating and drinking.

The first meal among the Hungarians is taken at seven or eight in the morning, and consists only of a glass of coffee, with rich milk and some meagre *cuttings* of cold toast broken up and eaten in the coffee.

This is the universal breakfast for all classes except the poorest Baner. Between this and the dinner at one or two, nothing is usually eaten or drank. The dinner, as I have said before, is long, with a great variety of dishes, not essentially differing from our own, except that it is lighter, and a greater use is made of light wines. This meal is always followed by a cup of coffee. The only other meal is the supper at eight o'clock in the evening—a long meal again, with soup, fish, pudding and wine. Tea is very little drank in the land; sugar and sweetened articles, too, are seldom used.

What especial *theory* of diet, to draw from all this, I am at a loss to determine. Still the facts may be useful to some who are investigating the matter. The principal things, worthy of imitation, seem to be the moderation and sociability of the meals, and the distance of time at which they are separated—the last being, no doubt, very conducive to health. The great cause of their vigorous health and well-formed bodies must be found, without doubt, in their open air pursuits and manly exercises, to which they are all ardently attached. They are a nation of herdsmen and farmers, and are enjoying the benefits of their pursuits.

No account of their habits would be complete without stating that the whole population, from the nobleman and clergyman down to the lowest Bauer on the Puszta, *smoke* incessantly from morning till night.

However, to return to our walk through the village. It was soon noised abroad that an *American* was in the village, and we found everywhere groups of curious gazers at the first man they had seen from the Western World. We called upon the Judges of the village,—dignified, gray-headed old peasants—and everywhere I heard allusions of thankfulness to the kindness of the Americans to the exiles. One man had a picture and a long account in Hungarian of the reception of the first Hungarians in New York. At last, in our rambles, we were overtaken by a large two-seated wicker wagon, with four horses sent out by the village authorities to conduct us around, in the town. Accordingly up we mounted, with a “crack” Hungarian driver, in short embroidered jacket, and boots and spurs, on the box, and made the circuit of the town and neighborhood.

Everywhere that we visited, whether at his Majesty’s officers’, or in the houses of the common people, we heard the same account of

burdensome taxation, of stupid legislation by the Government. Not a man—even of those who received the Emperor's pay—seemed contented. They declared that the object of the ministry was to completely blot out the last traces of the old independence of Hungary. All their internal Municipal Constitution, so cheap, so efficient, which they had enjoyed for more than five hundred years, was utterly destroyed. They said the pettiest town officer was appointed by the Government—and all the higher officers were either foreigners or such Hungarians as no one had ever respected. Then every possible means was used to squeeze money from them by taxation. They were taxed personally; taxed for their garden; taxed for their house; for their wine; for their tobacco. Every deed drawn up must be on taxed (stamped) paper. Their passports were taxed; their very *permits* to raise taxed tobacco, which they themselves are not allowed to use, must pay a duty. Then, said they, this all comes at the worst of times, when we are stripped of our property by the war, and when the peasants, especially, have lost millions by the Kossuth notes, which the Government, despite its promise, has never yet redeemed, at even a part of their value.

The result of it was, in this village, they all told me, that every man was limiting his liabilities in every possible way to being taxed. The amount of wine made there the next year, would be the least possible which they would want for themselves. In tobacco, from which the government had expected the greatest revenue, knowing the universal habit of the people, the yield will be the smallest ever known. The law, in regard to the tobacco, is so exacting and the duty so heavy that it will scarcely repay any farmer to sow the seed. In one district around that village they said, where formerly were five hundred tobacco plantations, there are not now five! They have made, too, a patriotic matter of it,



and the government will probably gain very little revenue from that duty.

In the course of our ride a man joined us, who was a farmer on the outskirts of the town. He spoke German, and I had a long conversation with him. Though a middle-aged man with a family, in merely comfortable circumstances, his great desire was, he told me privately, to get over to America, and he questioned me a great deal about the expenses, and the best situation for an emigrant, etc., etc. In the course of the conversation I had the curiosity to ask him why he had this plan? He was living comfortably here and the taxes, though they were burdensome, would not ruin him. It would be a hard thing for him to begin life over again in a new land.

“Yes,” he said, “I know it well—and it is like cutting the heart-strings, to break away from the old place here, and from Hungary. But I cannot live here a *slave*. It is not *Hungary* to me if it is not free. As for the taxes, I could bear them though they are heavy. But I cannot see why I, if I am steady and industrious, should pay the debts of my neighbor when he is a spendthrift. Of course I know that every state must lay taxes to support itself, but why Hungary should pay Austria’s six hundred millions of debt, I don’t see! I shall wait awhile to see if no change comes here, and then, if nothing occurs, old as I am, I will leave the country. My country must be where freedom is.”

We rode about to the farms of a great many different persons, and everywhere at once, according to the Hungarian usage, the white and red wines were brought forth, with a flask of mineral water, which they all drink with wine. They appeared to consider it such a violation of hospitality if one did not drink, that at first I sipped a little at every house, but finally declined altogether, espe-

cially on the score that Americans did not drink wine. At each house, too, as we went away the people took my hand, and wished, almost solemnly, the Hungarian blessing, "*Isten aldjon meg!*" (May God bless thee).

At length, in the evening we stopped, by the urgent invitation of a *Bauer*, at his little house to take supper. I was informed that there were three other places where we were engaged to take supper beside, and that I might as well give myself up; and, accordingly with a sense of resignation, I followed the others in. The table was soon loaded, and though people were continually coming in and eating and going out, it seemed to make no difference, and dish after dish of good things were set out before us. The supper was very much like the other Hungarian meals I have described, though of course, in a peasant's cabin, with fewer delicacies. There were soup, and *Händel* (young chickens), and *Strudel* (puddings) and formidable-looking pyramids of cakes, cut in singular shapes, and roast mutton with salad, and veal cutlets, with divers other dishes, unmentionable in English, or with names which I have forgotten. Along with them, too, the usual accompaniments of flasks of white and red wine, and bottles of bad-smelling sulphur-water and iron-water.

At the end, the Bauer and his wife handed every person a little tumbler with coffee, and cigars were passed around.

The talking was very animated at table, and mostly of America, and the chances for the Hungarians if they should go there.

Several of the company were government-officers, but the same expressions were used there which one hears everywhere, of the stupidity and oppression of the government, and that the only hope for them was to emigrate to "the free land." At length one of the principal men rose for a toast. He spoke in Hungarian, with

a rich, eloquent tone, and they all listened in the deepest silence. I only understood it in part, but as they translated it, it was, that my arrival in the unhappy land seemed ominous of good; that I was one from the nation who had welcomed the Hungarian exiles in their suffering, and had given sympathy to their poor country, and that he would propose the health of two of the statesmen of my country, whom every Hungarian knew, "WEBSTER (or *Vebster* as they call him), and FILLMORE!"

I was surprised enough at hearing such a toast in a little Hungarian village, though I found afterwards that very much was known indeed there of our country.

Towards the end of the supper, in a pause of the conversation, the wife of our host, a pretty-looking, nut-brown peasant woman, came up to me, and kissing my hand, with a look that almost tempted me to kiss her, said something very sweetly and earnestly in Hungarian. They translated it for me. It was: "When you go back to your country over the waters, tell KOSSUTH that none of us will ever forget him, and say that the Hungarian peasant-woman sent him a God's blessing, and bade him come back soon, and save his Fatherland!"

It appears she believed Kossuth was in America, and it shows one instance of what I everywhere noticed, the intense love of the peasantry for him, their benefactor and orator. After much lively conversation, we broke up, too late, greatly to my relief, for the three other hospitable tables which were awaiting us, and I went to my friend's for the night, not a little interested in these, my experiences of Hungarian country life.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### POLITICAL CONSTITUTION OF THE JAZYGES AND CUMANIANS.

THE next morning as we were at breakfast, a very old man came in just to shake hands with me, and see an American before he died. "Ah! you are happy," said he, "you are free! But *we*—"

My friends kissed me affectionately, on both cheeks as I went away, and wished me "A good journey"—"May God protect thee!" and I answered with good wishes for Hungary and her future, at which they shook their heads half-sadly.

The general feeling throughout this part of Hungary is, that this state of things *must* change, that it is impossible for it to endure; but how the change is to be effected, or when it is to occur, no man sees. They are prostrate; they feel their degradation; but they are not hopeless. They cannot believe that their glorious old Hungary is to pass away from the list of nations. No one, however, supposes that a conspiracy will save it. The Hungarians are not the people for complotting. They are too open-hearted. They never could keep a secret in the most dangerous times. But the hope is, that there will be some terrible convulsion in foreign lands, and at once, while Austria is occupied, or herself weakened by revo-

lution, the whole people will burst into a terrific outbreak, the more terrible, because it must be the last.

This country, through which I was travelling, belonged to the districts of the "*Jazyges and Cumanians*," and as the political position of these tribes is quite peculiar in Hungary, I will step aside from my travel to give a brief account of them.

They are supposed by the best authorities to be derived from a tribe called *Kunen*, one of the earliest tribes who wandered into Hungary in the fifth and sixth centuries, from the great plains of Western Asia. We hear of them in the ninth and tenth centuries, as settled in the districts on the Southern Danube, now called the "Principalities of the Danube." From these, as tribe after tribe pressed in, they were forced into the Hungarian Plain, on the river Temes and the Theiss; and in the eleventh century, they are found occupying all the stretch of country on both sides of this latter river.

In the year 1239, KING BELA IV. granted them various tracts on the rivers Temes, Maros, and Theiss.

They were a very warlike people, and were falling into continual difficulties with the tribes around. At length, however, all their contests with their kindred were ended by the overwhelming incursions of the Turks, which were made so often on Eastern Europe, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The stream of this invasion swept completely over them; their land was occupied; their cities destroyed, and their young men carried off into Asia. From this time, even after the country was recovered from the Turks, they gradually lost all their privileges, and in the beginning of the eighteenth century, they were sold, cities and men, to some German "Orders of Knights." However, in the middle of that century, the Empress of Austria, with the approval of the Hungarian

Parliament, restored their rights to them, and in the enjoyment of those rights they have remained up to the Revolution of 1848 and 1849, when the Austrian conquest swept away everything in the shape of right or privilege through the land.

They are said to speak the Hungarian (Magyar) language more purely than any of the other tribes in Hungary.

Their number is reckoned by late writers at about 200,000 ; and their provinces lie scattered about like islands, in the great Central Plain of Hungary, with the names "*Great Cumania*," "*Little Cumania*," and "*Jazygien*."

In religion, the "*Jazyges*" are Roman Catholic, the "*Great Cumanians*" Protestants of the Reformed Church, and those from "*Little Cumania*" equally divided between these two faiths.

However, to their political position, which is quite an anomaly under the old Hungarian Constitution, and which, beyond doubt, has formed the people what they are—the most manly and independent peasantry in Hungary.

In the first place, the wide distinction which existed in other parts of Hungary between noble, and citizen, and peasant, is not found at all here. The society of the Cumanians is a pure democracy—every man is equal with another in the eyes of the law.

The administration of these Provinces is threefold. First, considering the Provinces as divisions, corresponding to our "*States*," there is a "*General Government*" for the three States ; then a separate State-Government for each, and beside this, one for the Districts (or "*Communities*," of which there are twenty-five) within the States.

The government of the whole is administered by a "*General Assembly*," composed of members sent by each District, and of certain men, who are members *ex-officio*. This Assembly chooses the

Members of Parliament, recalls them, and "gives them instructions." All resolves, affecting the common administration, are transmitted by this body to the General Officers, and the District Officers.

Any communications held with these States, by other Provinces, or by the courts or the officials of Government in Hungary, must be made through this Assembly,

The President of the Assembly is called the "Upper Captain," and is appointed by the *Palatine*, (or Lord Lieutenant) of the kingdom.

Besides this officer, a few others of the higher officers are named by the *Palatine*, holding, however, only a nominal power.

All their lower officials—Judges, Magistrates, District-Administrators, Town-clerks, &c., &c., are chosen by themselves, in elections held in each district every three years, and are paid by themselves. In all disputes at law they are under no jurisdiction, except that of their own courts, or in the last instance, the decision of the *Palatine*.

It will be seen from all this, that they have nearly equal privileges with any body of citizens in one of our own States. They have their "General Assemblies," and their "District-elections" and "Town-meetings," and the usual privileges of the ballot-box in a free State—the only difference being that the *Palatine* exercised some control over them, in his right to decide who should be the candidates, out of a number proposed by the General Assembly.

The great anomaly is, however, that these Cumanians and Jazyges have these and many other rights peculiar to the nobility, and yet that they are not considered at all as nobles. No Cumanian, if he were the lowest Boor of the village, was ever obliged to pay toll on the bridges. No one could be imprisoned for debt. No one could ever be forced to Feudal labor for the landlords. These privi-



leges were all the privileges of the nobility. Like the nobles, too, they must, at the summons of the king, join the "*Insurrection*," as it is called, that is, the great feudal Levy of the kingdom. A great burden this, too, for they were obliged to maintain their soldiers in the service of the Crown, at their own expense, for a considerable time.

But in distinction from the nobility, they were forced to pay a regular "home-tax," to send recruits to the army, and to quarter the soldiers of the kingdom when it was necessary—burdens from which the nobles were exempt. They paid too a yearly gratuity of 3,000 ducats to the Palatine.

The whole constitution of these provinces forms one of those curious anomalies of which one finds so many in Hungary. That mixture of feudalism and republicanism, representative assemblies and feudal levies—rulers, chosen by universal suffrage among the people as in a republic, and the people freed from paying toll, as if they belonged to a privileged, titled class.

It is this mingling which is the excuse for some of the worst enormities of the old Constitution. The ancient Feudal Constitution, with all its unjust exactions and oppressive burdens, was the pledge of many of the freest privileges also to the nation. All feared before such an insidious enemy as Austria—that if one part was assailed, the whole structure would come down.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

PROVINCE OF THE HAIDUCKS—April, 1851.

My journey through Interior Hungary again carried me to one of these remote villages—this time in the country of the *Haiducks*.

The person to whom I was recommended was, as before, the clergyman of the village—and having become quite hardened by Hungarian hospitality now, I rattled right into his yard with my *Vorspann*, and instantly set about to seek him. He was in the “wine garden,” they said, and with a little guide I went out to the garden. This was some distance from the town, for it appears the people all raise their vines in one large, common enclosure, and save much labor and expense by putting them under the charge of one person, in quite a *socialist* style. In the harvest, each comes out to his own plot and gathers his grapes. This is not, by any means, the only instance in which the Hungarians have fallen into “socialistic” practices—without at all knowing of what they are guilty.

This gentleman, like the other clergymen of whom I have spoken, knew but little German, but what with Latin and scraps of Hungarian and German, we understood one another very well. A fine specimen he was again of the Hungarian type—so well-proportioned,

and muscular—despite his inactive pursuits—with the characteristic jet black hair, though alas! without the curling moustache and flowing beard of the other Hungarians, as the Austrian Government has condescended to forbid the wearing those to any clergyman of the land, on account of their “Revolutionary character!”

Like every one I met, he too was full of the sufferings of his country. He could speak of nothing else. The oppression everywhere; the attacks on their dear old Church; the attempts to take from them their schools and to *Catholicize* their peasantry; the uncertainty and lawlessness throughout; the mournful spectacle of their beloved country passing day by day from the list of States; and every right secured by 500 years of jealous struggle, becoming the prey of the conqueror; all this, even in his broken German, he spoke of with that earnest, eloquent way, so peculiar to this people.

He gave the same account of the attachment of the peasants in that region to Kossuth, which I had heard everywhere. He said he had seen several, lately, busy in making some very handsome new sheep-skin cloaks. On asking why they were all working so hard, they said “they were getting ready to meet Kossuth, who would soon be here!” He had known others planting very early so as to be through with everything, they said, in the autumn, and “welcome Kossuth!”

The belief is strong among the more ignorant, that he will return by supernatural means. Many instances of this he related to me. In fact, every day something of this kind came before me to show the wonderful hold that man has gained over the hearts of this people. It seems to me there is hardly any similar instance in history. It is the attachment of disciples to a Prophet; of the freed bondmen to their Liberator; of citizens to their purest patriot. I

doubt whether Mohammed, or Cromwell, or Washington ever gained greater influence over their followers.

As we entered the house again, he showed me an old, broken-down servant, who *would* go out, when the war came into their neighborhood, despite all their remonstrances, and shoulder a musket for Hungary. He had fought steadily in one of their battles, and declared he was all ready now to give up his old life again, when the time came!

In truth, I was at this time among the most martial people of all Hungary—one of the original “stock-Hungarian tribes,” as they say, the *Haiducks*. Some of the finest *corps* of the Hungarian army were raised among them as volunteers, serving entirely at their own expense.

I could see as I walked about among them, that their appearance fully bore out what was said of them—vigorous, manly-looking peasants, who had evidently never cringed to masters, and who seemed men equally formed to love their homes, and to defend them. My friend said that this village had been occupied some time by the Russians, and that they had treated every one there with the greatest kindness. In fact, they had the strictest orders to shoot at once any of their own soldiers who should do violence in any way to the Hungarians. He said he was very much interested one morning to see an old Hungarian woman searching around everywhere in a large train of Russian wounded. They asked her, at length, what she wanted? She said she was looking for a poor old Russian soldier who had been quartered upon her, and who was sent off in this detachment. He was very sick and without money, she said, and she wanted to provide him with some little comforts before he started.

These instances of kindness from the Hungarians to the Russians,

he assured me, had been quite common—and, in fact, the Russians left Hungary, it is well known, with much more friendly feelings towards the nation than they entered it. The courtesies shown by the Hungarian officers to their prisoners, and the exceedingly winning, polite manners of the Hungarians, with their bravery in the field, had made a deep impression upon the Russians.

I may say here, I was surprised throughout Hungary at the little rancor manifested towards their old enemies the Russians. There is a great deal of generosity in the nature of the Hungarians, and an open, manly enemy, with whom they have exchanged hard blows, they always respect. The Russians and Hungarians met really but few times, but when they did, it was as brave foemen, and neither party had anything to boast of over the other. The Russians, too, never showed that contemptible falseness and duplicity which more than anything embitters the people against the Austrians. They told me that everywhere the Russians expressed their surprise at what they saw—“Why, the Austrians always said to us, we should find a set of wild, revolutionary barbarians, hating religion and everything good and lawful! But we do not find it so at all!”

An officer of the Hungarians who was taken prisoner with his detachment, near the close of the war, on the borders of Transylvania, related me an instance of the dealings of the Russians towards them.

The Austrian officer had just ordered the Wallachs to burn the village in which they were taken, and was about to have the principal “Rebels” shot on the spot, when a Russian Colonel with his suite rode by. The prisoners appealed to him. He at once gave orders that the Hungarian officers should be released and placed in good quarters in the Russian camp, and commanded the Wallachs

who were burning the village, to be scourged through the Russian regiment.

I have little doubt, if the choice could be left Hungary now, she would prefer to be *Cossack* rather than Austrian.

Since leaving Hungary, I have learned through a gentleman who has travelled much in Russian Poland, that the whole army of the Czar left the Hungarian provinces, very considerably tinged with the liberal opinions prevalent in Hungary. What a singular retribution, if the crushing of Hungary should work out the gradual weakening of the mighty Despotism through which it was executed! History shows workings of Providence in the past equally wonderful.

In the course of our conversation, the clergyman said to me—"On the sofa where you are sitting, there was a Russian officer, a Colonel, one night in 1849. He had been quartered upon me, and we had a great deal of conversation together. That evening he had been saying a great deal against Kossuth, to which I made no reply, and at last he called him "a rascal (*Spitzbube*) and a deceiver of the people." I could bear it no longer, and stood up and said, "Sir, before you abuse a man like Kossuth, you should know more about him!" And I went on and told him his history; his years in an Austrian prison, his labors without any reward to make the people freer and better; how much he had suffered and how much he had done for us; how kind and merciful he was; how no man, through all his political life, could find a shade of dishonor or meanness in him; how wonderful his eloquence was!"

I spoke very warmly, and I remember now I noticed the clock-pointer had gone around some half an hour, when I finished. The officer did not say a word through it all, but when I was through, he stood up, took my hand, and said "*Barátom* (my friend), I will never speak a word against Kossuth again."

I find, by the way, as an instance of the Hungarian generosity, that *Haynau* has been here recently, travelling through this whole region, with no attendant except a single adjutant. They all say, he would be perfectly safe in every part of the country.

The feeling toward him is of pity and thorough contempt. He is crazy in the morning, they say, and drunk in the afternoon—and would gladly forget his crimes in death, if that were sure to wipe out the memory of them. In the night, it is said, he sometimes raves and mutters fearfully of *Bathyanji* and the noble victims he has murdered. It perhaps adds to the pity towards him, that just now he is in disgrace everywhere. The Court after they had finished the use of him, threw him aside as a dirty tool. Possibly even they could not stand up against the howl of execration which arose from every country of Europe against his brutality and cruelty.

He always speaks of his beating in the London Brewery, with a laugh, whenever it is alluded to—and attributes it to the exiled “democrats” from Germany and Hungary. Every one knows, however, that he smarts yet under that tremendous chastisement, and will as long as the “Brewers of Bank Side” are remembered.

His object in this journey which he is making now in Hungary is to purchase a farm.

He says openly, “he will make himself a Hungarian!” As I hear, he will probably buy one of the large confiscated estates on the Upper Theiss, now for sale very cheap—for 100,000 *Gülden*, (§50,000) where they were once worth 400,000.



## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE HAIDUCKS.

April, 1851.

THE next morning after this conversation with the clergyman, I rose quite early and went out in the village. The streets were full of the women with their bright handkerchiefs over their heads, and the tall *Bauer* in their sheep-skins. It was a market day apparently. In walking around, I came near the church, and hearing singing, went in. What was my surprise to find the whole church full of people at this early hour, all peasants, and a most impressive-looking audience. There were few young men there, but great numbers of tall, dignified peasants, with long gray hair almost reaching to their shoulders. It seemed like an assembly of the patriarchs of the nation. The women occupied another part of the church in great numbers, both old and young.

They were only singing, but there was an earnestness and heart in it which exceedingly affected me, though the air was carried on from one verse to another by a long-continued, shrill *quaver*, which, under any other circumstances, would have been somewhat comical. But the early hour, the reverent, absorbed manner of the people, the absence of all the ceremonial and form which might attract a

merely sensual worship, made the whole service very impressive indeed.

I heard afterwards from the clergyman, that this is always their custom on market days, and sometimes on every day of the week. There is no command of the Church for it; the clergyman is not present, and it is entirely voluntary.

I have always regarded it as beautiful feature in the Catholic system, that the churches have these early public services for the laboring people. And certainly there are few things more calculated to give the stranger an impression of *sincerity* at least, in worship, than the sight of common working-men, in the early morning, kneeling on the stone floor before the altar, as one sees it every day in the Roman Catholic churches.

But this morning-service among these Protestants here was even more freed from the influence of *form*, and therefore more solemn in its appearance.

The religious character of the Hungarian race is exceeding beautiful and striking. I hardly know how to describe it. The nation—though remarkably quick-witted and intelligent—is not at all a metaphysical people. They have no taste for abstract speculation, and seem to resemble the English much more than the Germans in their practical tendency. As a consequence, perhaps, there has never been, through their history, any sceptical philosophy rife in the land. French infidelity or German rationalism have never found foot-hold there. One must allow that, as a general thing in the world, the people who never doubt, are those who are the most bigoted. But this does not appear to be the fact among the Hungarians. The members of the different sects have lived with each other in wonderful amity. Lutheran and Calvinist, Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Christian, have shown one another greater charity and kindness

than has perhaps ever been known, in the relations of sects in any land. Yet is the religious sentiment of the Hungarian singularly deep and *real*. He believes in the ONE GOD, with the directness and reverence which the early Jewish shepherds must have felt.

There is scarcely a cottage among the Protestants in the land without its Bible,—well read, too. All religious exercises and meetings are very carefully observed by the population. But especially is this tendency seen in the popular poetry and language. The “*God of the Hungarians*” is appealed to, as the Israelites might have prayed to Jehovah—“*their God*,” the protector of the nation, the Father of each individual. And for one, I must consider the high morality and truthfulness of the race as very much the result of this sentiment. In nothing did Kossuth show his knowledge of his countrymen better, than in his constant appeals in his oratory to their religious nature. Himself with a nature deeply religious some of his exclamations and addresses to “the God of their country” are among the most solemn recorded in oratory. His unvarying expression, and probably feeling, was, that “God would never abandon their cause.” It is a curious commentary on all this, that when the Hungarian cause was finally ruined, many of the churches in various parts of the land, which were well filled during the most exciting periods of the war, were *utterly deserted*. The peasants could not believe in a God—could not worship him, if he should allow the Austrian thus to conquer.

One of my friends told me that he knew a parish near Debreczin, where, the next Sunday after the surrender at Világos, the church was entirely closed, and the minister remained at home. His parishioners asked him why this was. He said, “there could be no God if such things as this were allowed to happen!”

However, after a few months this feeling passed away among the people, and it is a touching and beautiful fact that more Bibles have been sold within these last two years, since the Revolution in Hungary, than for any time during the last twenty years, when, too, as is the case now, the mass of the people are almost beggared by the losses of the revolution, and by Austrian extortion. This was stated to me by the presiding members of the Scottish Bible Society in Pesth, as a fact which had come under their observation.

Both in this village and wherever I travelled in Hungary, I was very glad to hear such good accounts of the influence of this Society and of the Scottish mission upon the nation. As the existence even of this mission is scarcely known in America, it may be of interest to say a few words in regard to it.

It will be remembered that some ten or fifteen years ago, the Presbyterian Church of Scotland sent out a deputation of clergymen to the Holy Land, to see what could yet be done for the Jews. One of this party was the *Mr. McCheyne* whose religious memoirs have been so widely read in our country. In returning from Jerusalem a part of the deputation came up the Danube from Constantinople. One of them, *Dr. Black*, was taken very sick in Pesth, and lay there for many weeks unable to proceed farther. While in this condition, and of course somewhat neglected and solitary, he was visited—by mere accident, by the Archduchess of Hungary, a lady of a remarkably lovely Christian character. She took at once a great interest in him, tended him in his sickness, and furnished him with all the information he was desiring, about the condition of the Jews in Hungary, and promised every assistance in the forming of a mission. He returned to Scotland, deeply anxious to establish a mission in Pesth. This was at length effected, and there are

now two clergymen of uncommon intelligence and talents, and of pleasing manners, stationed there, especially to work for the conversion of the Jews.

Their labors have not been at all in vain. The Jews of Hungary are a very much superior race to the Jews of other parts of Europe. Persecution has not degraded them.

If I am not mistaken, the engaging of the Jews in the late Hungarian Revolution is almost the first instance in modern history of the Jews taking any active part in the wars of the country, in which they reside. There is much less dislike too, among them, of Christians; so that in general the missionaries found a good soil to work in. The results have been very happy. Numbers of the most remarkable changes of character have taken place, and many conversions to nominal Christianity, besides a general uneasiness aroused among the Jewish merchants, as to whether their mode of doing business, and their lives generally, were in consistency with their own code even. Besides this, these missionaries have now nearly 300 colporteurs—converted Jews, who distribute Bibles through the land. They opened too, early, an English service for the workmen on the suspension bridge at Pesth, and after that added almost imperceptibly a *German* service, so that step by step, acting with great caution and judgment, they have acquired a very considerable influence in Hungary. Perhaps the best part of their work, though the least able to be put in statistics, is their influence over the Protestant clergymen of Hungary. Coming from that practical, earnest, religious people, imbued in many respects with the purest Christian spirit of their church, they have had a remarkable effect on their brethren in Hungary—one which, I am persuaded, will not be soon lost in that country. The great wonder is, that they have been allowed so long to labor there, in the heart of

the Austrian Empire. Probably one great cause of their safety under a Jesuit ministry has been the protection of the Archduchess. I half expect, however, constantly, to hear of the abolishing of the mission by the Austrian government.\*

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The political position again of these *Haiducks* is peculiar, and has perhaps aided in forming their singularly independent and war-like character.

A brief account of it and of their early history may, perhaps, not be without value.

The first we hear of the Haiducks, shows us, that like the other Magyars, they were a Nomadic tribe, which had emigrated into Hungary from Asia. At the great battle of Mohacs, in which the Turks so terribly defeated the Hungarians, this tribe was dispersed, and became after that best known as free-booters, or paid soldiers under the princes of Hungary. They appear to have been employed both as soldiers in the regular army, and to man the garrisons on the frontier. At length, in 1605, a body of 10,000 enlisted under the Prince of *Siebenbürgen*,—Stephen Botskay—and doing him good service, they were rewarded with their present provinces on the Upper Theiss, near Tokay—and with certain especial privileges. In 1606, another corps received similar bounties in this district. Their privileges were afterwards confirmed by the Par-

\* The news has just reached me, (Feb, 1852,) that these unoffending, self-denying men have been suddenly banished by the Austrian Government from the Empire, and that not even the common courtesies and comforts were permitted them. With delicate wives and sick children, they have been forced to make a sudden journey in mid-winter through the whole of Austria.

liament, and they have remained since in the same Province, and possessing the same rights, which were then given.

As the Cumanian, so every Haiduck is equal to another in the sight of the law. There is no distinction of class. No Haiduck can be imprisoned for debt, or made to pay toll on a bridge, or to contribute to any of the usual taxes.

He is subject to no courts, but those of his own Province and then has the right of appeal to the Supreme Court (*Hofgericht*) of the Kingdom.

All the judges, aldermen and Governors of the Haiducks are chosen by themselves, with general ballot.

The Government of the Province is administered by the "General Assembly," whose members are chosen by a ballot, in which the lowest peasant has a share.

This Assembly, as before with the Cumanians, elects the Members of Parliament, recalls them, and gives them instructions—for which "Democratic" doctrine the Hungarians have always had a strong attachment). This body beside, chooses the Governor (*Ober Captain*) of the Province—communicates with the Royal or National officials, respecting the concerns of the various Haiduck cities, and provides for the general administration of the country.

In addition to these powers, it has one very peculiar right, the "right of opposition"—(*jus opponendi*)—or that of *vetoing* any act either of the Austrian Government, or of the Hungarian Parliament with reference to them, which it deems against their interests

The Governor of this Province had once the right of inflicting summary capital punishment in certain cases—and even of late years, was invested with much power.

Besides the individual privileges, mentioned above, the Haiduck can entail his property; and reclaim, at whatever distance of time,



his pawned or sold ancestral estate. The time, during which, with them as with the other Hungarians, an entailed estate can be pawned, being thirty-two years.

For all these extraordinary privileges, the only return they were bound to make to the State, was the payment of the especial war-taxes, and the furnishing a certain number of soldiers, at the summons of the King.

Here again, as with the Cumanians, will be observed the same singular mingling of Feudalism and Republicanism. Representative privileges and even aristocratic rights given in return for military services.

The effect of the system on the Haiducks has been favorable. They are a most brave, intelligent, free-hearted peasantry, long accustomed to govern themselves—and the Hungarian cause found no more devoted adherents in 1848, than among them. They furnished the best hussars of the army—as well as those cattle-drivers, whose terrible exploits with their whips and loaded lashes, were so widely related through Europe.

The Haiducks told me many fearful stories of these fellows. They said they were in the habit of killing their hogs or cattle with these whips,—the lash being very long and furnished with a lead ball—and that they often struck down an Austrian soldier fifteen feet off, with unerring effect.

They became soon the most redoubtable soldiers in the Hungarian ranks. However, despite their accounts of the effects of these and similar weapons, it need hardly be said, that the most terrible weapon in modern warfare—and in fact in like forms in the warfare of all ages—is the simple, smooth, sharp *bayonet*.

The population of the Haiducks is estimated at about 60,000—and they occupy some half-dozen cities.

At the risk of presenting too much of dry detail, I shall leave the narrative of my journey again, to give, in the two following chapters, a brief description of the "Serfdom" of Hungary. This is the more important, as but little is known of the old legal position of the Hungarian peasantry in foreign lands; and beside, the present condition of the country cannot be at all understood, without some knowledge of this subject.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE HUNGARIAN BAUER.

IN considering any part of the old political Constitution of Hungary, we are to bear in mind, always, several very important facts.

The position of Hungary for many centuries has had something in it entirely peculiar, bearing scarcely any analogy to that of any country in Europe. The nation was under the Austrian government, yet preserved an independent Constitution. She acknowledged the Austrian emperor as "King of Hungary," but held on to distinct, separate rights, which had come down from her independence. It is as if Mexico should voluntarily unite herself with the United States, still retaining, not only her rights, as one State of the Union, but many other privileges which had belonged to her as an independent power. We could lay our tariff of duties, our commercial laws, over her ports and borders; we could raise militia from her people; her enemies should be our enemies, and her forces must take part against any attack on the Union. But farther than this we were not to go. We must lay no taxes without the consent of her legislature; our postal system, our criminal law, and the jurisdiction of our courts is not to extend over her territory; and

any great measure affecting the country, must first be presented to her legislature, before it could be effective ; and last of all, our President, to be the legal President of Mexico, must be *inaugurated again* there.

Such a union would be, in its principal features, a copy of the union which has existed for many centuries between Austria and Hungary. Not exactly the union of one State of a confederacy to the whole body ; nor, in all respects, the alliance of two equal, independent powers, but a connection of two countries, peculiar and original in itself, leaving each side many rights towards the other ; and, unfortunately, adapted from its nature, to sow interminable contests and jealousies.

Hungary entered on this union with Austria with her old Feudal Constitution still standing, begirding like some old baronial castle, with its antique defences, many a more modern improvement. The feudal provisions were formed in a day when Feudalism was the order of society, and were even at first freer and better than those of most governments in Europe. Gradually, however, in most parts of the continent, the kings won arbitrary power by abolishing the restrictions of feudalism, so that in France, for instance, there finally existed almost alone, two classes in the state, the King and the People, the intervening class of feudal Nobility having been nearly destroyed by attacks from the throne. So it happened that many a State groaned under a completely absolute government, where the people were entirely free from feudal service. In other words, in most countries of Europe, the kings were tyrants, but there were no legal serfs. There was no freedom toward the chief master, but there was no forced work towards petty masters. The exception to this, however, was Hungary. She entered the union, as I have said, with this old Feudal Constitution. Within that Constitution

were provisions, in the freedom of their character, and in their fitness for training the people politically, far beyond those of any Constitution of the age. She was united with an absolute, or at least a despotically inclined power. The only mode in which she could preserve the free institutions she possessed, and her old political privileges, was by holding the Constitution entire. On every new attack of Austria, the Constitution, with all its faults, became identified with her freedom, with Hungarian rights. So a different result sprung up in Hungary from what was known in any other country. Feudalism was the defence of liberty, and the two struggling classes became an arbitrary King on the one side and a democratic feudal Nobility on the other. The contrast sounds strange, but such was the anomaly which existed in Hungary. A nation, holding in its midst the serfdom of the middle ages, and at the same time, training its population to a constitutional liberty, such as no race, except the Anglo-Saxons, has ever enjoyed.

I am not, in these preliminary remarks utterly excusing the serfdom, which until 1848 existed in Hungary. It was—and every candid man must so consider it—the greatest stain in the old Constitution of that country. Even if, as I know often to be the fact, worse on paper, in written laws, than in practice, it still would disgrace the statute-book of any nation. And the bitter results of it were but too sorely felt during the last war, in some portions of Hungary, where the peasants were stimulated by the Austrians to remember, not their recent freedom, but their years of oppression, and to revenge it in the most atrocious acts. Still I repeat, the candid investigator of these facts should consider the excuses for such a system, and make the fair allowances which we would have foreign inquirers into our polity show towards similar defects in our own institutions.

In regard to the number of the *Bauer* or peasants in Hungary who either owned or occupied houses and farms, and who were accordingly liable to the greatest burdens, we may state it at about 1,600,000. The "conscription's list" for 1805, quoted by *Fenyés* and *Schütte*, gives 643,215 peasants who own land (or *Rustici*, as the term is), and 783,364 who merely have a house and garden, or who occupy a house with others (*Inquilini* and *Subinquilini*, i. e., cottagers and lodgers). The increase may have been somewhat more than the result stated above, but probably not, as very many peasants have since then bought their own freedom from feudal service. The usual estate which constitutes a peasant a "full landholder" (*ganzer Bauer*) and makes him subject to the full amount of feudal labor, is, on the average, twenty-two *Joch*, or about thirty-one acres. This is called a *Sessio*, and varies in size in different *Comitate*, and even in different kinds of soils, reaching in some even forty *Joch*, or fifty-six acres. The smallest is about twenty-two and a half acres. According to the part which a peasant may own of a full estate, he is called "a half," or "a quarter," or "an eighth of a landholder." There is only one *Comitat* or large district, where every peasant within it possesses more than a full estate of thirty-one acres—the "*Wieselburger*."

As a kind of feudal rent for his estate, the "full landholder" must labor for the noble who is supposed in law, originally, to have owned the estate, one hundred and four days with hard labor, or fifty-two days with oxen during the year. Every peasant occupying only a house and garden, must labor for his landlord eighteen days in the year, and if he be occupying them with others, twelve days. Every "estate" was formerly obliged, too, to send out one person in the year for a three days' hunt for the landlord, who, however, furnished all the *material*. This was all the *labor* to which the pea-

sant was bound by law to his landlord—two days every week for a farm of thirty-one acres. He was obliged, it is true, also to build and repair bridges everywhere on the property of his feudal master; and to furnish a *Vorspann*—a wagon with two or more horses—to the soldiers, or to any traveller who might demand it of the judge of the village. But both these tasks were generally reckoned *out* of his days of work; and for the *Vorspann* he received also about fifty-three cents for every five miles, which was to be paid to the judge and written down in lieu of taxes due from him. This feudal labor of so many days in the year, goes by the name of *Robot*.

The obligation to furnish the *Vorspann*, abolished by the Hungarian Government, is still maintained by the Austrian, after the peasants are freed, as I had abundant opportunity to observe.

The greatest burdens, however, on the peasant, were perhaps the taxes. He was obliged in the first place to pay a *ninth* of all the principal products of his fields, of his wheat, his corn, his wine, and tobacco—his hay and the products of his garden alone excepted—to the nobleman. If he owned a house too, whether “full landholder” or not, he must pay a tax on this also, of 40 cents a year. Besides these taxes, all the public taxes, from which the nobleman was freed, came upon him. The “*domestic tax*,” that by which the various officers of the Comitatus were in part paid, and by which the expenses of the Parliament (*Réichstag*) were to some extent defrayed, was assessed upon him, according to his property. The *war-tax*, too, for a certain proportion of the expenses of the war, fell upon him, though the greatest war-tax, in the form of the “Feudal levy” (“*the Insurrection*”) was borne by the nobleman.

The peasants also were forced to quarter the soldiery when necessary, and to furnish recruits as they were demanded. A tax too existed in former times, of a *tithe* to the Catholic church.



Such exactions as these, no one can deny, were exceedingly grievous. Yet, in respect to the public imposts, they were much lessened by the remarkable economy of the Hungarian Government, inasmuch as most of the noblemen taking part in it paid their own expenses, even when members of the Parliament itself; and they were still more diminished by the fact that no standing army was ever supported in Hungary; so that it may be doubted whether these exactions, oppressive as they were, upon the peasantry, were ever materially heavier than those, which press upon the free peasantry of England now. And they certainly were never so debasing or so annoying as those fastened upon the Hungarian peasantry at this very time, by the paternal Austrian government. The injustice was, in laying them thus on one class, and in placing one body of men so much in the power of another, who must naturally be influenced by the worst of motives in their dealings with them.

But the counteracting influence to this, and in fact the redeeming feature in the whole system, was in the liberty allowed the peasants of carrying all cases of injustice suffered to the courts of law, the expenses of which the landlord was always obliged to pay. In contests among themselves, the nobleman, as country magistrate, was always the judge. But when a difficulty occurred between peasant and landlord, the case under many circumstances must be brought before some other magistrate. And as Hungary is even more remarkable than the United States for the number of its *lawyers*, there were always enough of these to take up the cause of the Bauer. And if by chance they were not present, the *Amts-fiscal*, a kind of "State's counsel" for the peasant, was obliged to plead for him. Then, if farther it be remembered that they all had in certain cases the right to appeal to the Court of the *Comitat*, and even farther, to the highest courts of the kingdom, it will be seen that

the *Bauer*, if not absolutely, was at least, well guarded against injustice. The lawyers, too, had a professional pride in defending him; and the incessant law-cases before the internal courts of Hungary, show how much judicial decisions were appealed to. In fact, I have often thought that the remarkable shrewdness on various points of law manifested by all classes in Hungary, was very much the fruit of these enactments in regard to the *Bauer*, and their liberty of seeking redress in the courts.

There were many respects in which the condition of the Hungarian peasants was far superior to that of those in other parts of Austria—in Bohemia or Moravia, or the Polish provinces. The Hungarian *Bauer* could marry as he choose. The Bohemian must obtain permission. The Hungarian could sell, or pawn, or loan, all his property, movable or immovable. In other parts of Austria this was either forbidden or limited by many restrictions.

The Hungarian *Bauer*, too, could buy himself *free* from all obligations and feudal burdens, and he could—by purchase, inheritance, or otherwise—accumulate a very considerable amount of property to himself—even as much as four *sessions*, or 124 acres. In no part of Austria was he allowed to possess more than *one* session.

In Hungary, when a nobleman's property passes from one hand into another, no tax is demanded from the peasantry, nor even when the peasant himself removes; while in Gallacia and Bohemia these occasions furnish one of the greatest exactions to the masters—a regular tax of from five to ten per cent.

It should be remembered, too, in addition, that among the privileges of the *Bauer* are to be reckoned—a large tract of meadowland, granted from the estate of the proprietor; in many cases, the power of collecting wood from the forests; and the privilege of

feeding their hogs, through a good part of the year, in the oak-groves of the nobleman, by paying a trifling tax.

However, with all its alleviations, that this Hungarian Serfdom formed an infamous oppression, no one can deny. That one class should alone pay the taxes and support the expenses of a State in whose government it had no share—that one class must build the bridges and repair the roads which they were seldom allowed to use—that the burdens of feudal service should be continued so many ages, after all occasion for them has passed—is all an injustice and enormity, in regard to which one can only wonder that it existed so long. Still, as I said before, much of this was worse on paper than in reality; and the effect on the mass of the Hungarian peasantry one must admit has not been of a degrading and debasing nature. In fact, to my own mind, there is no better argument that serfdom existed in a very mitigated form in Hungary, than the independent, manly bearing, of the peasants.

There are exceptions to this, especially among the Wallachs. They are a degraded, unprincipled, lazy race, one must admit. But how much of their peculiar characteristics are due to earlier circumstances in their history, and how much to Hungarian oppression would be a difficult question to settle. They are different in every feature and turn of their character from the other Hungarians, and are almost, as a matter of course, their sworn enemies, and I think would have been, even if no serfdom had ever existed in Hungary.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE HUNGARIAN BAUER.

THERE is a very general impression in America, I think, that the *Bauer*, the peasants in Hungary, all belong to the Slavonic races, and the noblemen to the Magyar. Using the word *Bauer* in the wide sense given to it by the German writers upon Hungary, of persons not enjoying political rights, it can be said with truth that there were millions of Magyar Bauer. But employing the term, as I have done in these articles, merely to denote the agricultural and land-owning peasants, on whom fell the heaviest burdens of the feudal service, it is also true that out of the million and a half of these, there were many thousands, yes, hundred thousands—Magyars. They were always, indeed, in far better circumstances than the Slavonic Bauer; and were much more energetic and independent men. But both with them and the German Bauer in Hungary, the reason of their superiority did not lie at all in their greater freedom from feudal burdens. They had quite as many *Robot-days* to work; as heavy taxes to pay, and as many bridges and roads to mend for the nobility as the Slavonians or the Wallachs. Both races were under the feudal oppression, and the difference of characteristics in

them, cannot be traced alone to the exactions laid upon them. The peasants in *SIEBENBURGEN*, or Transylvania, both Wallachs and others, appear to have been more harshly treated in former times than in other parts of Hungary. Perhaps, in that mountainous region, the masters were farther from the reach of law. The fact, too, that the Robot-burdens, in their fullest extent, existed there, may have added to the oppression. The peasantry beside were of the most bigoted Greek-Catholic belief—and allowed by their priest the least possible education, so that, in all respects, the masters and servants were the widest possible from one another, and the least likely on either side to be governed by good principles in their dealings toward one another.

The Hungarians will not allow it, but for myself I could not but see, in the fearful Carib-like atrocities of the Wallachs there, towards their old masters, the Magyars, during the last war, a reaction, a passionate revenge, for the heavy oppression which very probably existed there previously. These atrocities were punished, and terribly punished—for the Wallachs are great cowards—by the Hungarians. War existed there in 1849 in its most revolting forms. The Wallachs hung clergymen, and the Hungarians in return shot priests by the gangs. The Wallachs burned the women and spitted the children of the Magyars; and they revenged themselves by destroying the Wallachian villages from the very face of the land. The country looks like a desert, they say now, compared with its former appearance. This was really the only part of Hungary where there was a peasant-war that year, against the masters; for in other portions of the country the peasants formed quite as efficient and patriotic a corps in the army as any other class. Indeed, we may say, Kossuth's most enthusiastic supporters have generally been from the common peasantry.

Since the war, it has also seemed to me a kind of retribution for the serfdom in Siebenbürgen, that in no part of Hungary have the landlords suffered such irretrievable ruin from the doing away of the feudal service as in that region. They held, before the Parliament of '47, an almost unlimited sway over their serfs. Work had never been paid for; even the mere renting of the cottage had not been customary there. The serf, according to the most exacting feudal law in Hungary, occupied the land in perpetuity, and paid his tax, as a vassal, to his master. The consequence was, when the feudal law was abolished, there came the most entire revulsion.

The master had nothing, where before he possessed thousands; the land belonged to the serf, and the tax was at an end. Work could not be had from the peasants for money now, for they owned land enough of their own; nor for love or gratitude, for there never had been any such sentiments existing between them.

As a result, the nobles who had owned no land personally there, are beggared; and those who own it cannot get labor for it, even with the most exorbitant wages. In other parts of Hungary I have often observed, as a beautiful testimony, what the feudal connection between master and peasant had previously been—that the *Bauer* still, when utterly independent of his master, sought him for advice, aided him without expecting a reward, and looked up to him more as a friend than a landlord. There is nothing of this apparent now in Siebenbürgen.

As I have said previously, there has been now for many years a powerful party in Hungary laboring for the abolishing of these old feudal laws. Of course there was a bitter opposition to them, even as there was in England to the efforts of the "Emancipation Party" under Wilberforce; self-interest, pride, jealousy, all worked against them. Some idea of the amount of mere moneyed interest, accumu-

lated on the other side, may be gathered from the following calculation, taken mostly from the only good statistics of Hungary, both those of *Fenyès* and *Dr. Schütte*.

Taking the latest estimate—and one probably beneath the truth—of the number of *sessions* on peasants' estate, at 250,000, and reckoning 104 days of feudal labor to each, according to the law, at wages of 10 kreutzers ( $7\frac{1}{2}$  cents) per diem, though they must be double that now, and we have an income to the proprietors of 4,500,000 florins (about \$2,250,000), or a capital of more than \$56,000,000, at 4 per cent. interest. Add to this the feudal labor of the peasants, who merely occupy a house and garden (*Inquilini* and *Subinquilini*), numbering in 1805 over 783,000, and supposed in 1848 to be more than a million, each being obliged to labor from twelve to eighteen days in the year, and we have 15,000,000 working days, worth, at 10 kreutzers a-day,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  million florins, or a capital of 75,000,000 florins—that is, more than \$30,000,000.

Then, if we consider, in addition, that a *ninth* of all the crops and the wine and the fruit belonging to these peasants, accrued to their masters, we may reasonably conclude, that the total value of the property in Hungary vested in this feudal labor, would exceed *ninety million dollars*. This is undoubtedly a low estimate rather than the contrary. Yet this was all to be sacrificed at a stroke, if the laws enforcing feudal labor were abolished. I said wrongly, when I stated that all this interest of property was concentrated on the other side against the movement; and in that respect this movement is not a parallel with that of Wilberforce for emancipation in England, or with similar efforts in our own country.

In Hungary, the party for the freedom of the serfs from *Robot*, would suffer by it, quite as much as an equal number of the others. They all had their own Bauer, doing them so much feudal service in



the year; and any change would reach their incomes as much as those of the "Conservatives."

It was as if the Southern slaveholders should form a party among themselves for the universal abolition of slavery.

Naturally, as I have said, there was great opposition to this party throughout Hungary. Such a grand change in the whole condition of property, was dreaded even by those who had nothing to lose from it. The "Conservatives," too, could not reconcile it with their pride, that the Radical party, with the reformer, Kossuth, should carry out his favorite measure. The patriotic feared, if the Constitution was changed in one point, Austria would make a pretence to subvert it in all; and the great mass could not endure the proposition of losing two hundred millions of florins, with a vague prospect of restitution, only for a *sentiment*. Besides, there was no doubt to any observing man, that exceedingly complicated legal difficulties would result from such a change.

Many large estates were pawned for years to come, on the labor or *Robot* belonging to them; contracts had been entered into, loans made, large sums borrowed, all based on the certainty of the returns from this feudal labor.

What is to be done with these, if *Robot* was abolished? Again, how could the State, with its narrow incomes, ever restore any considerable part of such an enormous loss? With all this opposition, reasonable and unreasonable, the party made but little way for a long time. A great effort was made in the Parliament of 1832-'36, which failed, however, in its main object, of doing away entirely with feudal service, but which succeeded in considerably lightening it. These privileges, gained here for the Bauer by Kossuth's party, as they are but little known, and show, at least, what the tendency of the party was, we will give in detail. The facts are derived from a

very reliable journal of the proceedings of this Parliament, published in Leipsic soon after its close.

(1.) The liability to taxation was taken from the person of the Bauer and transferred to the soil, and thus often fastened upon the noble; each "session," paying so much to the State, whether owned by Bauer or Nobleman.

(2.) The occupier should have the right to sell out, not only his buildings and his own improvements, but also his *right of occupation*, and the master could not object, under 200 florins' fine.

(3.) The Bauer, as before, were allowed at will to leave their property, but the noble if he refused the "permission to depart," was fined 200 florins.

(4.) The Bauer should have the right to hold his land on an unlimited lease; and by paying a fixed sum to be free from all other stipulations.

(5.) Such bargains should be made before the Courts of the *Comitat*, so as to secure the Bauer from oppression; and these were only allowed to sanction them, when they were *less* oppressive, than the old arrangement.

(6.) In future, no estate or "session" should be divided into more than *four* parts.

(7.) The Bauer should be allowed a greater quantity of meadowland, to the amount of 22 *Joch*, or about 31 acres.

(8.) They were permitted to open a shop, and to rent one, if they desired.

(9.) The tithes to the nobleman in small products, such as eggs, lambs, fowls, honey, butter, calves, &c., were to be entirely abolished.

(10.) The *ninths* from the crops were still continued, but were not to be taken from the *second* crops, and courts were appointed by

means of which the Bauer, after the payment of a reasonable sum yearly, could be entirely freed from the *ninth*s.

(11.) The number of *Robot* days was preserved; but "*the long drive*," (i. e., every four sessions were obliged once a year to drive a two days' journey, and if it was not done one year it could be claimed the next,) was done away with, and two days' labor put in its place.

(12.) No *Robot*'s labor could ever again be claimed from the peasants, *before* the legal time by the landlords; nor, if neglected then, could it be demanded afterwards, but it must be considered as done.

(13.) If the master *lets* the labor of the Bauer to others, he is bound to inform the latter through the village judge (*Stuhl richter*); and he, on the payment of a certain sum by the peasant, can free him from this labor.

(14.) If the noble is proved to have oppressed the Bauer too much in these labors, he must give in return twice the value of the injury, estimated in the usual day's wages. On the repetition of the offence he can be fined beside, through the accusation of the *amts-fiscal*, (a kind of district attorney,) 200 florins, half of which goes to the Bauer, and half to the treasury of the *Comitat*.

In addition, no landlord could henceforth have any part in adjudging the cases at law between himself and his peasants. But a new Court, composed of five persons, not interested in the matter, called "*Sedes Dominalis Urbarialis*," was to sit in judgment on all these cases.

Furthermore, the peasants were protected from the speculator, or from any one able to purchase or accumulate all their landed property, and thus to make them mere tenants again. Neither the landlord nor the nobles in the same village, nor the parish, were

allowed to purchase the estates of the peasants. And the amount of peasants' estates which could be purchased by any one, was carefully limited. *Four* was the ultimatum; and in villages where there were forty "entire" estates, only one could be bought by one person. Of course, such a regulation as this last, hampered all rapid or easy sale of lands. But the evil was probably more than compensated by the protection, it ensured to the peasant against "speculation," or the more powerful rich.

The great peculiarity, however, of these and other provisions of this law, passed by the Hungarian Parliament in 1835, was that the peasant was in effect considered the owner of his land, or if not, at least the "occupier" for ever, upon certain conditions. The landlord could not deprive him of it; and the land, or more strictly, the "right of occupation" could be transmitted to his children. The tenants on the "copyhold estates" of England, or on the manorial estates in New York, are in an analogous position.

These improvements in the condition of the Bauer, leave untouched, it is true, the great injustice of the system—the forcing labor from free men on merely traditional claims. Still, they removed many of the little annoyances to them, and guarded them more effectually from illegal oppression. They show too the tendency of the political party who won them. And further, in my mind they show what the study of the whole system has shown me, that the vassalage in Hungary was never a Slavery. Where the serf could *buy* his freedom from Feudal Service; where he could leave his master at pleasure; where he could prosecute him if oppressive; where his own house and garden were as inviolable as the nobles'; where strict provisions of law with keen-eyed advocates watching their violation, hedged round the master; and where the common and legal idea of the system was, not that it was an arbi-

trary Despotism, but a traditional, lawful Ownership of property, of labor too, not of persons; there could be no debasing, lawless slavery.

It was rather a legalized exaction, like those of the English noblemen from the tenants, whose families have held leases on their estates for eight hundred years. An ownership derived perhaps from past conquest, but dating for unknown centuries back. An ownership, oppressive indeed, unjust often, but not, from its nature, adapted necessarily to degrade and debase a people, like the exactions of the Irish tenant system or of our American slavery.

These changes, then, in the feudal system of Hungary, were the first great steps made by the party of reform headed by Kossuth and Deak and Batthyanyi. From this session of '32 to that of '47, they continued constantly to agitate the country with reference to this reform, and many similar changes. The account of all the individual efforts would be hardly suitable here. I have before me a programme by *Francis Deak*, accepted by this party, of their political principles, and offered long before the French Revolution of '48, wherein the great principles stated are, "full equality before the law," and "an entire abolition of feudal privileges and feudal exactions from the peasants," and "a more general distribution of the right of suffrage."

At length, at the close of the session in March, 1848, in the tide of enthusiasm from Kossuth's eloquence, and from the general efforts of his party, all these provisions, and many more, were carried through, and that with such a spirit and ardor that numbers voted for them, who lost their all by them. The stirring events which were enacting in Europe, undoubtedly gave an impulse to these movements in Hungary. But it should be remembered that these had long been agitating in Hungary; that they were carried out

into action when Hungary was nominally under the Austrian Emperor; when she had nothing to fear from any source; for Austria was powerless with her own difficulties, and the rising in Croatia had but just begun, and that too from a people whom the Hungarians have always despised in war. There certainly could have been no time in which the naturally confident spirit of the Hungarian nation would have been more secure against foreign dangers.

No—no mere motive of self-interest, of fear, of cautious providing for dangers ahead, will alone explain that grand Act of the Hungarian Parliament in '48—one of the grandest in the records of national legislation. These motives may have mingled with many others, as they always do in the best of actions. But let it be remembered—let it be recorded in history with praise—that a nation of noblemen, in the flush of their strength and their pride, in the time of their safety, with no force to compel them, abolished at one stroke the serfdom of millions of peasants, and sacrificed by this, property which they had owned, to the value of *two hundred millions of florins*.

Such acts have not often been known in the world's history, and when known they should not be suffered to be forgotten.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE GERMAN AND WALLACH VILLAGES.

AT the close of my visit, as I was about to make arrangements for starting, the judge of the village, who happened to be a Hungarian, sent word that the *Vorspann* of the town was at my service *gratuitously*, as a token of respect, my host said, to the nation who had so generously received the poor Hungarian exiles. Accordingly, after friendly farewells, I mounted into the huge wicker-wagon and with a moustached and bearded Haiduck on the "box," rattled swiftly away towards the Szathmar Comitatus.

Everywhere that I travelled in this region, I was struck with the great numbers of vigorous, handsome men, whom I saw. The women, however, as I observed before near the Theiss, are hardly equal to the men in beauty. I suppose the reason is to be found in the hard out-door work of the women, which stunts the height and destroys the graceful carriage and form. The peasant women always look very healthy, however, and have a very bright, pleasant expression. In the course of this journey among the Haiduck villages, I stopped for a few hours with a gentleman to whom I had a letter. He took me around to call upon the villagers, and among



others, said he would show me a famous "beauty" of the peasant women. The cottage to which he led me, was one of the most tasteful in the village, with more of flowers and vines about it, than the others. We found the fair one, fortunately, just as she was entering the house with her child, and when there was no time to prepare. She must have divined our object, but she seemed in no way disconcerted, and bandied repartees and compliments with my friend in the easiest manner possible. Her movement in entering the house had deepened the rich olive of her cheeks, and a little disarranged the turban-like handkerchief over her dark hair, so that everything heightened her naturally striking appearance. Very tall, but with no awkwardness or angularity, her form in fine, flowing lines, eyes deep black, complexion a soft brunette, and profile regular and dignified, she seemed as she stood before us, a true queen of beauty. Peasant as she was, she conversed with us, as easily as if she were a woman of rank, and when we left, attended us to the gate, in the most cordial and unconstrained way.

In the higher classes, the ladies always seemed to me—at least those who had passed youth—very much like our own, worn, pale, as if climate, or too much in-door life had exhausted the health, early. Yet more brilliant and intelligent ladies are not to be met with in Europe, than those of the educated classes in Hungary. With a certain oriental fire and poetry too, which gives a peculiar *piquancy* to their cultivation.

With such occasional visits among the gentlemen to whom I had letters of introduction, I continued my journey North and East. My route carried me at this time through some of the villages of the Wallachs and of the German settlers.

One can nearly always distinguish at once, through Hungary, a German village. The streets are better planted with trees and

shrubbery than are the Hungarian. The houses are usually higher, and less oriental in their style. And taking the same class of peasantry, there are more signs of comfort and material improvement, with the Germans.

The Wallach villages are always to be recognised, unfortunately, for an opposite reason. They are the dirtiest of all the dirty villages. Their houses are the lowest and poorest of all, commonly with only one decent room; the straw fences are broken down, and the mud walls of their cottages look soiled and leaky. In these, through which I journeyed, there were large fields laid out for Indian corn. The Wallachs eat very little meat, and corn is their main article of diet. Very few of the other tribes in Hungary, set much by this crop, as an article for the table, though it is much used for the cattle. I found too, that some of the Wallachs made a kind of *tea* of the ripe kernels, by boiling them; a not unpalatable drink, if well mingled with milk.

These Wallach peasants whom I saw here, and in other parts of Hungary, were not at all equal in physical development to the Magyars.

Their faces were thin, nervous, and sallow, foreheads low, with a sharp, cunning expression to the eyes. The hair often flaxen-like in appearance. The average of height must be much lower than with the Magyars, and the form is far more angular. Some of the women, however, are quite equal in beauty to those of any tribe in Hungary. The dress of the peasants through these villages, was simple enough. A long shirt tied around the waist, with a broad brimmed black hat, was the costume for work. In the streets or at the markets, there was an addition of the sheep-skin for cloak, heavy boots, and wide linen trousers, with a little black cap occasionally, of lamb's wool, instead of the hat. Every man too, had, I

observed, a number of complicated instruments in his girdle for smoking; to pick the pipes, light the tobacco, cut it, &c. The tobacco is always carried in a small bag, at the waist, of sheep's bladder, for preserving it cool.

Everything about the Wallachs shows what all ethnologists admit, a different origin from that of the Magyars. They themselves always claim a direct descent from the Romans who settled here, after their conquest, indeed frequently calling themselves with pride, "*Rovmänen*." Their language shows a great mixture, it is said—about one half—of words of Latin origin.

There appears to be some question still among the learned, whether they are of *Dacian* origin, afterwards mingled with Roman and Slavic elements, or directly of Roman descent.

Their religion is almost entirely that of the Greek-Catholic Church, in its most degraded form. The priests have an unlimited influence over them, and seem to encourage their brutal superstitions. This belief, for instance, is very common even yet, everywhere.

Those who are possessed with devils according to the Wallachs are allowed after death to return to men, in the form of *vampyres*, and suck their blood in sleep. To avoid this calamity, the suspicious corpses are unburied, and bored through the heart with a pointed stick, after which the persecuted Wallach can sleep in peace. Some of these curious superstitions I will mention hereafter.

The Wallachs in 1842 are given by Fenyés as numbering 1,070,163; in 1848, the Hungarian statistical writers make them 2,908,876.\*

Despite their number, they have never had any important position or influence in Hungary.

\* Chonawez says, 2,205,542.—*Handbuch für Ungarn, &c.* 1851.

Ignorant and poor, they never could have much weight in a polity like the Hungarian.

The great proportion of them—nearly two-thirds—resided in Transylvania, where they possessed eleven “Comitate,” or counties. There is no doubt, as I before remarked, that these Wallachs in Transylvania had been much oppressed.

Transylvania had always had a somewhat independent administration from Hungary, and the laws in 1835 upon serfdom, were not as thoroughly carried out there, as in the other parts of the common country. The greatest oppression seems to have been exercised by the Colony of Saxons upon the Wallach peasants. The peasant was almost bound to the soil, and the Protestant clergy of the Saxons were paid out of the hard-earned wages of the Wallachs, who belonged to another church. In the years before 1848, the efforts of the Magyars and Szeklers (a Magyar tribe) in Transylvania, were directed to bringing about an abolition of all national distinctions, and to uniting all Hungary on the basis of a common representation—the only qualification for which should be a small amount of property.

The Saxons opposed this, as they desired to be represented as a distinct tribe. The Wallachs, too, were stimulated by their priests, to believe that the only object of this movement for “general suffrage,” was to destroy the distinct existence of the Wallachs as a nation, and to do away with their beloved Church. All these causes and others which I have before mentioned, united to produce the most bitter hostility between the Hungarians and the Wallachs.

At length in 1848, the union of Transylvania and Hungary was completed, and equal rights were offered to the whole Hungarian people. Still, there was nothing said of bestowing on the Wallachs a distinct Federative position in the Parliament. As the war opened,

the Wallachs sided with the Austrians, and, as I before have remarked, the contest between the two parties in Transylvania was the most bloody and merciless of any which raged in Hungary.

Near the close of the war, in the very last days of the Hungarian Ministry, the Parliament discussed again the question of a Federative position for the Wallachs. It was at Szegedin, on the 29th of July, in the last session of the Hungarian Parliament, that SZEMERE made one of his most brilliant speeches on this subject. "The first idea of the Hungarian Revolution," said he, "was the improvement of the form of Government; the second idea was the guarantee of individual rights. Royalty must be done away with; equality of rights and duties be expressed; so that according to this principle, the service, and not the name or the coat of arms must be taken into consideration; ability and not a long row of ancestors be rewarded. The Noble, the Count, and the Duke, must lose his crown, that all who dwell in the land may attain the universal crown, the crown which lies in these words, 'FREE CITIZEN—FREE MAN.' The third great idea, is free *Nationality*. To every people shall the free unfolding of its Nationality be allowed—but with this idea always—that *Nationality is not the goal of Freedom, but the means for it!* Let the National Assembly speak out upon this point," &c., &c.

The purport of the Speech was, that in order to convince the Wallachs and the Serbs of the good intentions of the Hungarian Parliament towards them, they should offer a Federative position in the National Councils to these tribes, as well as an amnesty to all who had fought against the Hungarians.

The proposition was accepted, and passed by a majority of nearly two thirds.

It was the closing act of the Hungarian Parliament, and was one

of the last efforts to save a sinking cause. The Wallachs were not likely to care for either Confederation or Amnesty then, when the Austrians and Russians were just giving the last strokes to the Hungarian party.

It might have been more expedient, perhaps, if the Hungarians had offered before a representation to the Wallachs as a distinct nation. But it was the view of the Hungarian patriots from the beginning, that the only hope of forming a united, powerful Hungary, was in melting together the various tribes within the country. They offered to the Wallachs precisely what they did to the Magyars, or the Cumanians, or the Germans—an equal representation on a small property qualification. But they alleged, that to permit each of the numerous small tribes in Hungary to be represented in the Parliament, would be to form a discordant Government, and to prepare the way for endless dissensions.

The Germans numbered nearly a million and a half, and yet never demanded any distinct National Representation.

The only grievance too, against which the other tribes might complain—the making the Magyar Language the language of State—appears never to have troubled the Wallachs.

Most of them use the Magyar as freely as their own.

For my own part, I think the Hungarian Statesmen quite right in this matter.

If any one will imagine each one of the “Nationalities” with us demanding a representation in Congress; so that the German, the Irishman, the Frenchman, the Spaniard, should come to look upon the country, not as the common country of all, but a place where his Race and his Language must struggle for supremacy, he will get some idea of the confusion and dissension which such a thing would produce in Hungary.



The Hungarians wanted a common Parliament, based on population and not on race; where all the nationalities, without jarring interests, could work together for the common good. To the Croats who had previously possessed their distinct provincial rights, or to Transylvania, as formerly a separate province, they gave a distinct representation. But to the almost innumerable separate tribes, in different parts of the country, this could not, with wisdom, be granted.

The only apparent injustice I can see in it all, was in making the Magyar the National Language. But the Magyars were the most powerful race; the ruling people, as the Anglo-Saxons are in America. They were the most intelligent and the wealthiest; and they formed, if the Austrian census of this year be correct, a majority over the whole; or if it be not, they were at least more numerous than any other one race.

Their language too, is in effect, the popular language. No other tongue was forbidden, any more than it is in the United States; but also as here, one language became the language for diplomacy, and politics, and society.

I fully believe the Wallachs were stimulated by priests and Austrian agents to join in those movements which were then agitating Eastern Europe—movements which originated in a false idea, and which ended sadly, inasmuch as they had for their object Nationality and not Liberty.

I am confirmed in this impression—derived from a candid study of facts presented on both sides—by the universal sentiment among the Wallachs at this time. They consider themselves deceived, cheated by the Austrian Government—and as I had evidence from every side, they have come at length to look upon the Hungarians as their real well-wishers. Austrian oppression had aided in this



result, but beside, more intimate acquaintance with the Hungarians since the war. In many villages the soldiers have a difficulty in repressing a revolt. Wherever they can, the Wallachs take the side of the Magyars, and even have enrolled themselves as Magyars.

A striking fact was afterwards related to me in this connection by the Austrian Director of Police for Hungary—a very intelligent gentleman, and a most loyal Austrian, at whose house I spent some days in arrest.

The details I shall have occasion to mention hereafter. It is enough to say, that in the Austrian census held this year, *nearly a million of Wallachs* have given in their names as Magyars—the only mode in which they could express their change of feeling towards the Magyars and the Austrians.\*

\* I see that *Schlesinger* in his "History of the War in Hungary" (Vol. II. p. 188), states that the Hungarian Parliament in the last session at Szegedin July 28, declared "the equal rights of all nationalities," and offered "an amnesty to all who had borne arms against Hungary."

"The recognition of equal rights," he says further, "came a year too late, for it now merely offered a concession, which had already been secured them by the Emperor of Austria, and offered it, moreover, in the sight of their burnt-down cities, desolated villages, and desecrated graves."

This is a mistake, which *Pulsky* corrects in a foot-note, though not clearly,

"Equal rights" had been granted in the Session of '47 and '48, to all Nationalities (see "Acts of the Hungarian Parliament, 1847-'48, Article V. paragraph I. published in Pesth by Adolf Müller) before the Emperor of Austria had taken any measures in the matter.

What was offered here by the Parliament, as I have before stated, was "Confederation,"—"Representation of Nationalities in Parliament."—See *Dr. Schütte's History*, Vol. 2, p. 312—or the "*Allgemeine Zeitung*," for 1849—or Reports of "*Szemer's Speech*," or the "*Hungarian Journals*" for 1849.

As to the "Confederation," or "equal rights," secured by the Emperor of Austria, the less said by any friend of Austria, the better. All the various

As I said, these German villages, through which I passed occasionally, in this part of my journey, could readily be distinguished from the Hungarian.

Still, the Germans generally, through Hungary, have mingled with the other races, and in only two instances, live in separate districts.

One, on the Western borders of Hungary, where, under the name of *Hienzen*, (or *Hänzen*,) they inhabit a mountainous tract—numbering, it is said, about 120,000 : And the other, in Transylvania, where they have founded a distinct “Saxon” colony, with about 152,000 inhabitants, and the cities of *Hermannstadt* and *Kronstadt*.

Their numbers through the whole of Hungary, were reckoned in 1848, 1,377,484, (*Dr. Schütte*)—in 1842, 1,200,327 (*Fényes*.)

If the Jews, who are nearly all of German origin, and who use the German language, as natives, are counted with them, the Germans in Hungary would number now over 2,000,000.

In regard to religious sects among the Germans, the Catholics have the majority, numbering according to *Fényes*, 859,476 ; the Protestants of the Reformed Church, 10,055 ; of the Lutheran 180,617.

The Government has been attempting of late to increase the German element, by introducing colonists from other parts of Austria, into the confiscated estates of the “Rebels.”

The plan has failed, however, from mismanagement, and from the utter want of confidence, through all parties, in the Austrian provinces, with varying interests, of the Empire of Austria, are secured firmly in the “equal right” to a share of the intolerable taxation, and of the crushing Police system. Beyond this, it does not as yet appear, that their rights extend.

For the Confederation, the last idea of it, as I write (Jan., 1852) is just openly rejected by the Journals of the Court in Vienna.

Government. The constant liability, too, that the whole country may burst into another fearful revolution checks all immigration, though there is probably no part of Europe where cheap, good land could so easily be bought.

I do not believe, however, if the Ministry had been successful, the plan would have been especially favorable to their interests.

The Germans in the last "War of Independence," fought bravely with the Hungarians—and even these Bohemian boors would quite as probably side against, as with, the Viennese Ministry.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### RIDE OVER THE PUSZTA.

CENTRAL HUNGARY, May, 1851.

As I went on in my journey through Central Hungary, I was more and more struck with the peculiar character of the scenery. From the Danube, in an easterly direction, there seems to be one unvarying plain or prairie for nearly three hundred miles. There are occasionally slight elevations, as in the hills near Grosswardein, and in the branch of the Carpathians in the south-eastern part of the Bihar Comitatus. But on the whole, from the Carpathians to the Danube, this is the appearance of the country. I know nothing more grand than the aspect of these vast plains, sometimes covered with a short grass, and dotted with immense herds of cattle, which appear like mere specks in the distance; and sometimes green with waving grain to the very verge of the horizon on every side. They are like the sea in grandeur, but with the marks of the labor and the life of the land upon them. Sometimes I would ride for hours and hours without seeing house or spire or tree anywhere, the only object to break the view being the tall well-pole, which shows, every few miles, the solitary spot in the neighborhood where water is to be found. Then village spires would loom up in the distance, and I

would ride on toward them, a whole day almost, without reaching them. In my ride towards Debreczin, this species of scenery especially met the view everywhere. I laid myself back on the piles of cloaks and hay—bundles which made the seat in the wicker wagon—the *vorspann* of the last village, and fully enjoyed it. There was no monotony in it. The change of vegetation in every new district, the verdure everywhere, and the grandeur of the scene, seemed to take away all sameness of appearance.

At one time we passed great herds of the white cattle, looking as free as the plains which they stepped over so proudly; then large flocks of sheep, and then swine in almost countless numbers. Every now and then, too, droves of horses swept by. In another part we entered on a country still more desolate, with immense marshes stretching out on every side, and nothing of life except countless flocks of wild birds; cranes and ducks, and “divers” among the reeds, there on a bank a vulture tearing some carrion to pieces, and now and then the bald eagle or the hawk flying heavily by us, scarcely any of them stirring at our approach—a lonely, desolate scene enough, a part of those immense marshy districts in Hungary, whose drainage, under an efficient agriculture, would reclaim so much good land, and which now are the causes of such deadly fevers and diseases. Beyond this we traversed a pleasanter tract, where the Indian corn and the rape-plant, with its yellow flower, and the green wheat, filled the view on every side, with now and then the green acacias and shrubbery of a farm-house looming up like an island in the distance, and the tall, dark figure and white head of the stork, stepping daintily along in the grass, showing the neighborhood of houses. This bird, by the way, no peasant, man or boy, will ever shoot, and you see his nests on almost every gable end in some of the villages. Many of the peasants believe, it is

said, that if the stork is shot, an evil spirit would come at night and put a firebrand in the thatch.

It added to my interest in all this ride, to remember that these grand plains, this half nomadic, half agricultural life here, was the cradle and the nurture of the Hungarian race; a race destined yet, as we hope, to take a no mean place among the nations of Europe. It seemed to me I could see the explanation of the peculiarities of the people as I passed through these plains. Their free, generous, magnanimous nature, seemed the natural result of this open, free life, where their bodies were invigorated by the healthiest pursuits, and where there were none of the intense, selfish struggles of a more civilized life. Their beautiful poetry of feeling, their *exaggeration*, which comes before one all the while, appeared more consistent with this grandeur of scenery, this vastness of view everywhere. Their Oriental hospitality and dignity of manner, their Oriental fire too, and sudden listlessness, was characteristic of this nomad life and this climate of sudden extremes.

In my conversation with all the common classes, I had constantly observed a certain *coarseness* of expression, and it struck me here that this was only another of those traits, which from the time of the Jews, downwards, have been the peculiarities of a Nomadic people.

Their religion too, their reverential *Monotheism*, I might call it; their awe-struck worship, which even the wild *Csikosses*, or cattle-drivers, show when they enter the churches; which appears in all of their popular poetry, called up to mind the solemn and lofty Monotheism of the Jewish shepherds among their flocks, or the simple adoration of "the one God," among the Arab herdsmen in their deserts. Is there indeed something in this life, amid flocks

and herds, on the grand plains and under the clear starry heavens, which tends to a more realizing, simple worship ?

Such were my thoughts as I rode along ; and whether they were correctly founded or not, certain it is, that this people is essentially an Oriental and Nomadic people, with none of the peculiar characteristics which mark all the families of nations in Europe, if we except, perhaps, the Celtic. The Hungarian is no merchant. The Jews and the Germans have already taken all the "business" of the country, almost, into their own hands. His place is either with the flocks and on the farms, or in political life, to which circumstances have trained his race so long. He is no dweller in the mountains. The whole mountainous barrier of his land is occupied by other tribes. He loves the plain, the life with his horse, the easy work on level grounds, the tending of animals. But in clearing the hill-sides, in making his mountains inhabitable, in penetrating the wild districts, he has, thus far, done little.

His very villages have a *tent-like* aspect—houses of but one story, pitched here and there, as his fathers, the Huns, or some Asiatic tribe, might have placed their first tents. One would say that the race showed the Oriental indolence also, if one looked merely at the bodily work done by them.

But when we consider the pertinacity, the steadiness, the unceasing activity with which, for five centuries, that race has defended its Constitution, and resisted even the slightest encroachment of Austrian despotism—when we remember how, in the midst of tyrannies, they have built up and maintained, through war and through peace, through times of enthusiastic loyalty and times of rebellion, against flattery and against opposition—a representative constitution, which, in the completeness of its detail, in the activity it inspires, forms one of the best self-governments the world has ever seen, wo



must admit that, in intellectual and moral respects, the race is not surpassed by any existing, in energy and perseverance.

The higher classes, are lazy in work of the hands, but not in work of the head. And they have certainly shown in political life the same traits—the English-like “*grit*” and steadiness—which, in other circumstances, would make them equally successful in more material work.

As I continued on my journey, the same wide-stretching *Pusztas* filled the view, as before. Not the least original feature of the scene, to me, were the tall peasant-herdsmen who were accompanying each herd, in the plains. All were tall, vigorous men, and as they stood wrapped in their large white sheep-skins, watching the flocks, they seemed more like chieftains in the desert, than cattle-drivers or shepherds. That universal garment, the sheep-skin, forms their only covering Summer and Winter—and, rolling themselves in that, they sleep these Spring and Summer nights, safely, amid the dews and rains, on the ground. Most of them have a little donkey with them, with provisions and wine, and with this they follow the flocks wherever they go. Each one, too, has his little body-guard of the long-bodied white dogs—the peculiar dogs of Hungary. It appears that in every town and village, the people, in order to save the expense of a separate herdsman for each flock, unite and send out their horses and cattle under the care of a few of these herdsmen, to the *Pusztas*, and leave them there for the Summer.

The same thing is done, too, with the swine and sheep. In the Autumn, or when they may happen to need them, they are again driven in, and either killed or sold. The same *community* of management too is applied—I have before remarked—to their vineyards.

These cattle-drivers or herdsmen have naturally a wild life of it. They live on the Puszta, near Debreczin, often the year around, with their herds—and sometimes for weeks are scarcely ever off from their horses, except to sleep. They have become often a half-savage race, yet with a peculiar romance and chivalry about them which has always made them the favorite subject of the Hungarian popular poetry.

Their wants are very little, as they live mostly on pork-fat, (*speck*) cooked with red pepper, and on wine, with sometimes the addition of a stew of beef, in an enormous kettle, from which they pluck out the pieces and eat them half raw. Yet, despite this, they have frequently been the most notorious robbers in Hungary—apparently robbing from the mere love of the adventure of it, and always taking the rich as their victims. Their feats in stealing horses, in daring attacks on wealthy traders, are the especial themes of the Hungarian ballads, and quite remind one of the exploits in the Robin Hood ballads in English literature. These herdsmen have often formed, in the distant Puszta, or within the entangled forests on the right bank of the Danube, formidable robber bands, such that the force of law could not easily reach them. It is only within five years such a band existed in the *Bakonyer* Wood, under *Rosza Sandor*, which defied all the efforts of the local magistrates, and plundered with impunity. *Sabri*, too, before him, was equally famous, and equally able to brave the law. It is a curious fact, that when the revolution arose, all these robber bands offered their services to the Hungarian Ministry, and did good and brave work, as guerillas, through the war. I have been with an officer who was present when Sandor came to offer himself and his band to Kossuth as a guerilla corps. It is said Sandor became quite as distinguished in his onslaughts





THE RUSSIAN  
LADY RIDER OF THE RUSSIA

on Austrian convoys as he had formerly been in those on peaceful travellers.

The report was in Hungary, that even now the remnants of these bands, and numbers of disbanded soldiers, had formed almost an army of marauders, in the Bakonyer Wood, near the *Platten* Lake, so formidable that the Austrian military had been utterly unable to extirpate them.

As I approached, in this journey, the country around Debreezin, it became more evident I was coming near the great swine and cattle market of Hungary. The droves of animals on the plains increased in number, especially of the short-legged breed of hogs, which they call "the Turkish." This is usually of a color partly gray and partly a reddish brown, with a mixture, too, of curled hair and bristles over the back. An odd-looking species, but said to be very tough to their climate, and to give a very excellent fat; though not equalling the fat of the other species—the "Hungarian." The trade in hogs is by no means an unimportant one in Hungary, though the swine from Bosnia and Wallachia are driven in on the *pusztas* here, so much that it is somewhat difficult to give the exact amount. The number of hogs exported in 1845 amounted to over 350,000, and the internal trade is, of course, much more considerable. The peculiar breed of sheep, too, which is found near Debreezin, began to show itself—a cross with the Merino—with long silky wool and curious-looking, spirally-twisted horns. The wool of the Hungarian sheep is exceedingly valued all through Eastern Europe, and after the wars of Napoleon's times, the very profitable exports of this probably saved the mass of the small farmers from great embarrassments in money matters. Great attention has been paid to improving the breeds.

Many of the noblemen have devoted much labor to introducing new varieties, especially the Merino breed.

Counts *Károlyi* and *Hunyádyi* have distinguished themselves in this.

They are indebted for the first introduction of the Spanish breeds to the Empress Maria Theresa, who was one of the few sovereigns of Austria, that have really labored for the advancement of Hungary.

The export of wool before the Revolution averaged nearly 240,000 *Zentner*—or about 2,880,000 lbs. yearly. This part of Hungary was famous too, they told me, for its genuine Hungarian horses; and the plains, as I rode along, seemed certainly well-stocked with them. This breed—quite as much used by the peasants as by any—is directly descended from the Turkish and Asiatic stock—a fine-limbed, deep-chested breed, though small, and more adapted for light cavalry than any very heavy work in war or peace. Except in the best studs, these horses are almost always very ill-kept, and do not give one much promise of speed, as the Bauer tackle three or four of them abreast to the old wicker-wagons. But they are nearly always fleet animals, and are the most enduring horses, and the most toughened to heat or cold of any breeds which they have in Hungary.

At the close of my journey, near Debreczin, in the long and hot plains which surround it, it seemed to me for some time that I was approaching a large body of water—looking almost precisely the same as the wide inundation on the Theiss which I had seen further west. I lay back and watched it for some time; the bright sparkling of the water, the islands which rose from the waves, and were reflected in the still surface, the shrubbery on the banks, half-covered with the overflow—and wondered to myself what it could

be—whether that most crooked of all rivers, the Theiss, had at last wound itself around here, and met me again in front, after I had crossed it a hundred miles behind.

I mustered up my Hungarian, and asked the *Kutscher* for the *Tisza*. He pointed, however, in another direction, and I remembered that this was probably that beautiful *Mirage* of the plains, of which I had heard: not one of the least interesting features of these singular Hungarian *Pusztas*.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

### DEBRECZIN.

May, 1851.

As I entered Debreczin, after my journey over the Puszta, I was struck at once with the singular appearance of the town. It seemed as if it might be a city of 150,000 inhabitants, for, as far as the eye could reach, on every side, one could see long rows of buildings, but, though neat and well-built, scarcely any house was more than one story high, and the streets were as broad as in our New England villages. There was no paving in the streets, and very often none on the walks. No grass, too, anywhere, or trees, except once or twice, in the roads, so that as you looked down the roads between the houses, you saw nothing but a bare space of mud, reaching from the fences on one side to those on the other. I was comparatively dry when I arrived, and there were only one or two dangerous-looking pools in the carriage-ways; but in wet weather, I could well believe what they told me, that the streets are nearly impassable, with a foot and a half to two feet of mud in them! and, as they asseverate, with such immense pools of water, that wild ducks have been seen swimming leisurely about in the streets of Debreczin city.

Despite that great extent of the town, owing to the mode of building each house very long and low, the population only numbers some 55,000.

As I entered, the walks were swarming with sturdy-looking peasants, who had come into the market, and with women, who had been drawing water at the fountain out of the city. By a curious chance, these all carry the water in urns, made after the exact form of the old Grecian and Etruscan vases—so like, that one could almost think he discerned the different ages in the black pottery with red figures, or the red with the black. They carry these on their heads, as the classic maidens did, or sling two by the handles, over their shoulders, altogether in a remarkably picturesque style.

Whatever may be said of the outside of Debreczin, no stranger could see the inside, without acknowledging that such genial, hospitable homes are scarcely to be found in any land. There is a heartiness, an overflowing hospitality about the people, such as quite puts to shame the colder politeness of the more polished races.

The want of taste, which is much too visible throughout the city, is not at all so apparent within the houses, which are arranged and furnished often very prettily. Indeed, there seems a style of architecture in many of them quite peculiar to the place, what I might call the *crypt-style*—the parlors, or dining-halls, are built with arches running up to the centre of the room, and supported on low column, and sometimes on several low columns, so that, with the walls prettily painted with fanciful figures, like the old classic walls, they make a very picturesque appearance, and are, besides, very cool for their hot summers. It was odd enough, finding

unconscious classic imitations in the great swine market of Hungary.

The appearance of the Debreczin population has something in it very comfortable and substantial. In all the fifty-five thousand there is not a noble, but there are no beggars. The wretched-looking Wallachs, or Raizen, who haunt the streets of Pesth, are seldom seen here. The great bulk of the population are Bauer, but independent, vigorous fellows, who seem as if they never had been, and never could be, under any Feudal domination. Indeed, that is the fact, as far as their past history is concerned. Debreczin is a "free city," and, as such, was never liable to any feudal exactions, and was represented as a corporation in the Parliament. Some of the richest Bauer of the kingdom lived there. My friends showed me several of the finest houses of the city, which had been built and owned by "Peasants"—that is, by men deprived of all general political rights, and belonging to the same class which, in the other parts of the country, were subject to feudal labor.

The prosperity and intelligence of the whole population seem to have always been very remarkable. They all agree there is no poverty there, and the Protestant Bishop (*Superintendent*), who knows the people well, said to me, that, to his knowledge, there were not a hundred people in the city who could not read, and that in his diocese, reaching over all the country in that neighborhood, and containing 800,000 souls, there were 70,000 children in the schools. Many of them seemed to think that the peculiar prosperity of Debreczin arose from a curious old agrarian, or rather Jewish-like provision of the law, that *no citizen should own in land more than 120 Joch, or about 168 acres.* His property in money or houses was not limited, but this was to be the extent of his landed property. A similar provision to have arisen here, where the ideas

either of the Mosaic landed law, or of French Socialism, were never in any way thought of. I was curious to know about the details. It seemed to me a great variety of difficulties would arise. Each contract must be inspected, to know that no more than the legal amount of land was purchased. There must be clerks and books, and a great administration, to keep an exact account of each man's estate. There could be no rapid buying and selling, and business must be exceedingly hampered by such regulations. Then what was to be done with the estates which, by inheritance, had reached an illegal size?

They answered—and I think very sensibly, as far as their circumstances are concerned, that business was impeded, it was true, and that no great fortunes were made there, but they thought that more than counterbalanced by the general comfort and contentment. People were never very rich there, but they were never very poor, they said. There were very small landholders there, who could not probably, in the worst of times, lose all their property. There was very little temptation in buying and selling land for business purposes and people lived more comfortably on the whole. They had seen enough of the evils of overgrown estates, in other parts of Hungary. As for the administration, there was no difficulty, they said. No purchase was legal which was not made known to the town-clerk; he had the amounts of landed property belonging to each citizen registered opposite to his name, in a book for the purpose, and the whole was settled in a moment. If more than his legal share was inherited by any person, the overplus accrued to the city; though where, exactly, the dividing line would fall in such cases, whether across the good acres or across the bad, they did not state. However, so much for the *fact* of Hungarian "*agrarianism*."

As another somewhat "Socialistic" tendency, I may mention—

what I had previously noticed in other parts of Hungary—the plan of feeding all their cattle, and raising their vines *in common*. The cattle and swine, numbering many thousands, are driven out in the spring—each marked with the owner's mark—to the prairies belonging to the town, and are there fed and taken care of by the cattle drivers, at the expense of the owners, till the autumn, when they are brought in and reclaimed. Each person, too, who pastures his cattle in this way, pays a certain rent to the city. In the same manner, the vines are grown on one common field, attended by a few vine-dressers who are employed by the whole body of those owning parts in the field. They seem to have fallen into all this, not from any theory, but because it happened to be a convenient and much cheaper mode of managing their affairs. Of course it all saves a great deal of labor and expense; though how they avoid the quarrels and disagreements which usually attend such partnerships, I did not satisfactorily learn.

Debreczin is not at all an aristocratic place, or remarkable for its polished society in Hungary. Still, the manners of every class of people are the most singularly courteous and polite. As I walked through the streets with the friend whom I was visiting, it really seemed as if he kept his hat all the time in the air. Not the easy nod of the English, nor our faint gesture towards the hat, even to the most common acquaintance, but a real waving of the hat in the air every time he met any one he knew. Even he was forced to confess, it would be a great saving in hats if they were a little less punctilious. Whenever, too, we had called on an acquaintance, and were taking our leave, the ceremonies of parting were really burdensome. First, we all shook hands in the parlor, and wished each other "God's protection," as if we were separating for a long journey, and the old servants would come forward often to kiss our

hands; then the gentleman puts his arm under mine—as the stranger's—as if for a half support, and accompanies us to the door, where the same farewell, with the shaking of hands, is repeated; then we all go on together again to the outside gate of the yard, where we wave our hats, grasp hands, and finally bid adieu.

This, it must be remembered, does not seem at all affected, or “put on,” for the sake of gentility. It is their mode of expressing kind and hospitable feelings.

At dinner, too, after we leave the table for the coffee, we all bow to one another, and wish a solemn salutation; and in many families the daughters come forward and kiss the father's hand.

Their salutations, too, have something dignified and oriental in them. “*God be with you!—God protect you!—God watch over you!*”—instead of the servile “*Unterthänigster Diener*” (most humble servant!) or “*Servus!*” so much in vogue in Vienna—though these are beginning to creep in, in the most polished Hungarian society. Wherever I went, having a most unfortunate black European hat, never worn here, I was at once known as a stranger; but it was pleasant to find even the common peasants saluting me, politely, as if in welcome.

Through all the Hungarian society there is, even in this time of national depression, a kind of *exaggeration*, I may call it, of violent expression of feeling, to which it takes some time for a stranger to accustom himself. There is nothing at all like it in European or American society. A natural, passionate eloquence, and a kind of *outrè* mode of expressing their feelings, which would be altogether out of place and affected with us, but which does not seem at all singular after a little while among them. I have been in a most sensible and cultivated family, where all the ladies were *dressed in black* for their country, and where they wore small iron bracelets—

almost as heavy as handcuffs—on their wrists, in memory of the solitary prisoners of Arad and Temeswar.

I have seen, too, often in Hungary, bits of the BROOMS with which Haynau was beaten, brought over by some one, put up in handsome gold settings, and worn as pins by the ladies! And there is scarcely a family in the country without the little bracelets worked by the Hungarian prisoners, and marked with the first letters of the names of the Generals who were executed by the Austrians, in this way—"P. V. D. T. N. A. K. L. S."—which can also be so read: "*Pannonia Vergisst Deinen Tod Nie; Als Kläger Leben Sie!*" (Hungary forgets thy death never! As accusers they shall live!) It is a penal offence, by the way, wearing these now.

As I said before, all this would seem an exaggeration elsewhere, but here, where you know the people have done and suffered so much in the cause which they now are commemorating, you quite forget the singularity. I, too, connect it with those fervent, eloquent tones with which almost every Hungarian speaks of his country's wrongs, and which thrill yet in memory on my ear. It would be difficult for any one of the cool Anglo-Saxon blood to credit the instances I met with constantly here of this *intensity* of feeling, on political matters. It is well known that at the treacherous surrender at Vilàgos, many of the private soldiers shot themselves through the brain in the bitterness of their despair. The number of cases of insanity after the Austrian victory, beginning with that of one of their most lamented and distinguished leaders would be incredible.

Does not all this seem to speak of a far more passionate, excitable nature, than anything which we ever behold among our Northern races? And it must be remembered, if we would understand



the Hungarians, that this excitement and enthusiasm for their country have been no transient, sudden gush, like the Italian. It has flown on now for many centuries—even deeper and stronger during their disasters. The almost dramatic coolness and bravery with which the Hungarians died on the scaffold and the gallows, after this late Revolution, would hardly be credible. There were several instances of insanity previous to the execution, but not a solitary one of fear during them. Many went forth before the file of soldiers, with a cigar in their mouth. One of the bravest of the thirteen generals shot at Arad, was reserved to the last, while the others were executed. “*I was always first in the attack,*” said he, “*why am I last here?*”

I have no doubt, from all which I saw this year, that the national exultation and enthusiasm before the Revolution, as travellers say, were altogether unbearable. Probably never in the history of the world, unless during the first years of the great French Revolution, was there seen such a grand national excitement.

An instance of this peculiarity of the Hungarians, occurred to me at this time.

There was a large and refined dinner-company assembled, of people who had travelled much, and were not at all narrowed in their ideas to the Hungarian measure. We had been chatting pleasantly at the meal, when suddenly the host arose—a courteous and dignified old man, with head whitened, and forehead furrowed by the sufferings of himself and his family, in the Hungarian cause, and proposed the health of “their American guest,” and accompanied it with a speech; I cannot remember it exactly, but he spoke in deep, feeling tones of the sufferings and degradation of their country—of how much they had hoped for her, and how much was lost—of the gloomy future for them and their children, for years to

come. Then he alluded to the exiles—"Sir," said he, "when our countrymen were beggared, and homeless, you Americans sheltered them—you have opened your houses to them—you have given them money and land—and most of all, you have remembered that they were sufferers in the same cause with you—you have given them *your sympathy*. May God bless you and your country for this! I am but an humble Hungarian, but tell your countrymen from me, that if there is any man in this land who will not open his hearth and home, and all he has to the American stranger, *he is not worthy to be called a Hungarian!*"

It was the very company which you would expect *not* to show any signs of feeling; polite, accomplished, nearly all "people of the world." Yet whether it was the appearance and tones of the old man, which seemed to speak of the nameless sufferings that had beaten over him; or whether it was the thought of the unhappy fortunes of their country and of the homeless exiles, I could not avoid noticing, in the solemn stillness after the speech, that the tears were coursing down many a cheek.

When would ever an Anglo-Saxon dinner-party, gentle or simple, allow itself to be caught away, into such an indulgence of feeling?

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## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE PROTESTANT CHURCH IN HUNGARY.

ON my very first arrival in Hungary, in the spring, I discovered a state of affairs among the Protestants so remarkable, as to excite at once my strongest interest; and such as I knew, if well understood, would call forth the deepest sympathy from the whole Protestant Church of Europe and America.

All that I then heard has been confirmed by what I have seen since through the country, and especially by what I have observed here in Debreczin, the central point of the Protestant influence. I shall stop the course of my narrative to give some account of it.

The information first came to me, in the following manner:

I had had, among other letters, a letter of introduction to a clergyman in Pesth, perhaps the most prominent preacher and orator in Hungary, at the present time. Soon after reaching the city I presented it to him. He received me in a very friendly manner, but as soon as he found out my objects he rose and came towards me with singular warmth, and said:

“ You seem to me like a messenger from heaven! It was only a

day or two since we clergymen were consulting as to what *could* be done for our Protestant Church in Hungary. Did you know, sir, that the last flicker of Protestantism is going out here, on these Hungarian plains—and when it is gone there will not be a glimmer of the pure faith all through Eastern Europe? We have had a church which has stood for three hundred years under disasters and persecutions, but it seems as if she were going down now. And *we do not know what to do*; we are not allowed to petition the Emperor, and even if we should present a petition it is doubtful whether it would be of the least use to us, with the present influence which surrounds him. We had thought of sending deputies to England and America to let the churches know our great need, but it would be exceedingly difficult for them to obtain the permission from the police to go. And if they did obtain it, it is not probable they would ever be allowed to come back again. And then our means are so small, and we are so watched that it will be very hard to carry out any such plan. But it is possible, that through you we can get the matter before the American public. It is almost our last hope.

I listened with the greatest interest, and promised heartily to do all that I could.

The great part for me was to get hold of the *facts*. Accordingly, I met for two successive evenings with the clergymen from Pesth, and the neighborhood, and they laid open in detail for me, the history of the church, and especially its present constitution, with the attack which the Austrian Government is making now on its very existence. The requisite documents, too, were given me.

My greatest regret is, that these clergymen cannot plead their own cause in America. For they are the very men to be loved by our countrymen. They are *people's-preachers*, emphatically; men

of rich powers and of cultivation—but beside with a certain “*whole heartedness*,” a certain social, witty turn—and a sturdy manliness, which do exceedingly win favor in our land. They are men, too, who would sacrifice, and have sacrificed all, without a thought of repining for the great cause to which they are pledged.

It might be thought, as so little has ever been heard of the Protestant Church of Hungary, that it had had a very quiet, pleasant existence, and had escaped the storms which have given such deep root to the other churches of Europe. But it is not so. Whatever vigor it has, comes from its struggles; its whole history has been a history of disaster and persecution, of a privilege won here by misfortune, and a liberty gained there by blood. It has been far from aid, in a land whose Catholic clergy are the richest in Europe. The whole weight of the Austrian Government—to whom its every principle was odious—has been thrown against it. Yet, despite all this, the little church, winning strength and simplicity from its trials, has grown steadily on, until now it contains more than three millions of men, and embraces the intelligence, and virtue, and talent of Hungary within it.

The first great guarantee of the rights of the Protestant Church in Hungary was gained in 1606. There had been for two years an incessant persecution against them by the Jesuits, and by their influence the Emperor Rudolph had succeeded in carrying through, in the Hungarian Parliament the resolution that “no more complaints of Protestants should be presented to that body,” and that “the old laws against heretics should be renewed.” The result was a terrible confusion through the land, to such a degree that one of the princes of Siebenbürgen, at that time an independent state, took advantage of it, to make an attack upon the Austrian provinces, and nearly succeeded in breaking to pieces the monarchy. Alarmed by

by this, the Austrian cabinet concluded the celebrated "Peace of Vienna" of 1606, according to one article of which "all persons in Hungary, whether noblemen or citizens of the free cities, or soldiers in the border-guard," should be allowed the free exercise of their religion, and Protestants should have the liberty, as in previous years, of presenting their petitions to the Hungarian Parliament.

The security gained thus for the Protestant Church, however, did not continue long. In a few reigns another pupil of the Jesuits, Ferdinand II., had ascended the throne, under a solemn vow, "to hunt every Protestant from his kingdom," even "if it cost him his crown and his life." Now commenced another time of darkness and suffering for this sorely-pressed Church. The Protestants were robbed, condemned without trial, in every way despoiled of their rights, until at length their troubles brought another Prince of Siebenbürgen to their aid—and the "*Treaty of Linz*" in 1645, was won with the armed band from Austria, and, approved by the Parliament, became one of the laws of the land. By this their rights were secured in the most solemn manner again, and complete liberty of conscience was not only granted as in 1606, to certain classes, but to every class, "even the peasants and all subjects through the land."

The Protestant Church of Hungary seemed at length to rest on a sure basis. But hardly twenty years had passed before the Jesuits again commenced their workings. The teachings of Luther and Calvin were proclaimed an invention of the devil. Preachers were forced from their office; churches occupied by soldiers; and the peasants driven to mass with the bayonet; and in 1670, under pretext that the Protestants had been implicated in a conspiracy which was discovered in Hungary, the whole Church was nearly destroyed. Only some twenty parishes survived. The going over

to Protestantism was treated as *perjury* by the laws of the land, and the whole Reformed Religion was utterly forbidden in all the newly-conquered parts of Hungary. Under Maria Theresa's much-praised government, these attacks continued. The "Council of State," a kind of "star-chamber" was formed, and the most severe measures were constantly enacted by it against the unfortunate Protestants. A convert from Catholicism was punished with two years in a fortress. Non-observance of festivals was atoned for with heavy fines. The Jews were utterly forbidden to embrace the new faith. Freedom of the press was prohibited, and Catholic books forced upon the schools. The Protestants were shut out from all offices, their institutions of learning closed, and their young men forbidden to go to foreign universities; everything seemed to forbode an extinction of the weak, little sect. Perhaps this might have been the result, but in some way, the dreaded enemy of Maria Theresa, the indomitable old Frederic of Prussia, heard of their sufferings—and, though he always felt himself entirely at liberty to ill-treat the Protestants at home, as he chose, he would never allow other people to abuse them. He wrote in consequence a stern, pithy letter to the queen, in regard to her treatment of "his brethren," which instantly produced a change in the legislation towards them, and gained them a breathing time.

Their privileges, however, were at length recovered, in the very last years of the eighteenth century—and, what is most remarkable, through the efforts of the *Catholics* of Hungary themselves. Indeed it should be remembered that the attacks on the Protestants have scarcely ever come from their fellow-countrymen. The two churches in Hungary have generally lived very amicably. The hostility is from Vienna.

All the rights granted them by the two former treaties, were



secured to them again and firmly established by royal decree, and by the acts of the Parliament of 1792. They have passed, since then, through other persecutions, but have safely weathered every storm,—and poor and small as the sect is, it has contained during the last twenty years, the best men of Hungary in talent and character within it. Misfortunes have given it strength; and it is firmly founded now, on the love and confidence of the people. It leads the education of the nation, and is the repository of free thought and pure morals. Naturally, after such a history, its deepest and strongest sentiment is a hatred of religious despotism. But its trials are not by any means over. Within the last year a blow has been aimed at the Church of Hungary by the Austrian Government, more deadly than all the attacks through which it has yet passed—an assault so insidious and well-directed that it must make every friend of Protestantism tremble for its very existence in Hungary. The mode in which this attack was made was through an “Edict” from *Haynau*, to the military commandants in Hungary, with regard to “the new forming of the Protestant Church,” dated February, 1851.

In order to understand this edict, it will be necessary briefly to look at the Constitution of the Hungarian Church, against which it is especially aimed. The whole Hungarian people are remarkable for one tendency, whether in matters of State or Church—a tendency which, in my view, even now in their misfortune gives us hope for their better future—an inclination to *govern themselves* by representative assemblies. Their Protestant Church is a complete Democratic and Representative system in its government, more so than any Church in Europe except the Scottish. It is, however, peculiar in its Constitution, uniting characteristics both of our Congregational and Presbyterian Churches.

Every church, or parish, chooses its own preacher, appoints his salary, dissolves connection with him when it chooses, and manages its parish schools in the most truly *Congregational-like* manner. Yet above it is a series of representative assemblies which have even a legal power over its movements. First comes the assembly of the *Seniorate*, composed of the preachers from several neighboring churches, together with delegates from the congregations. This decides upon certain school and parish affairs, and is presided over by two members, chosen from themselves, a Senior and Curator. Above this again, is the assembly of the "*Superintendents*," the highest church convention, which decides upon all the most important matters before the National Church.

The "Superintendent" is a kind of Protestant bishop, presiding over many "Seniorates," and having the oversight of several hundred thousand souls. His duty is to visit the various parishes under his charge, to examine the candidates for the ministry, and to keep watch over the morals of the clergy. I have called him a "bishop," still it must not be supposed he has anything of the pomp or luxury of a prelate about him. He is usually paid two to three hundred dollars a year for travelling expenses, but otherwise must be at the head of a congregation, and perform the usual duties of a clergyman. As far as I have known the "Superintendents," they are generally men of talents and wide influence, but in their mode of life extremely humble and simple. They are chosen almost directly from the people. This "Assembly of the Superintendents" is composed also of men sent directly by the congregations as delegates, and is presided over again by *two* members, one a Superintendent, and the other the "Upper Curator." And here we must call the attention of the reader to one very singular provision of this Constitution, in which, perhaps, it differs from any other Church-constitution existing.

The Hungarians, as is natural, after such a history of suffering under ecclesiastical tyranny, have a deep and abiding dread of priestly rule. Accordingly, they have established, that in every church, every assembly, every council, there should be certain men, appointed from the *laity*, to aid in guiding the proceedings, and especially to take charge of the monetary matters. In consequence, every Assembly of the Seniors, every Convention of Superintendents, every church-meeting, has its *two* presiding officers—clergyman and layman, the latter usually having the title of *Curator* or *Inspector*.

The Constitution, as we have sketched it, is somewhat modified in different parts of the land, under the somewhat different forms of Lutheran and Reformed. The choice of the preacher has come often to be determined almost by the approval of the "Assembly;" the assemblies themselves have a greater or less proportion of lay members—still, in its main principles, the Constitution is the same through the whole country. Under it the Hungarian Church has thrived. Laity and clergy have worked well together; and the referring of everything to the people, the constant use of representative bodies, has given a life and energy to it—a sense of *personal* responsibility, such as is scarcely known in any other Church of Continental Europe. It is the same Church-system which has nourished the incessant mental activity, and the free character of the Scottish race. It was a like system which trained the founders of our Republic, and prepared the New England men for a wider range of "self-government." Is it to be wondered, if the Hungarians cling to this Church-constitution as the surest pledge of success to their principles—as the life and support of their religion.

At this, most wisely, the tool of Austrian tyranny and Jesuitism has aimed his attack.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### ATTACK ON THE HUNGARIAN PROTESTANT CHURCH.

THE edict of "Field Marshal General Haynau" opens as follows:—  
—" Guided by the purpose of aiding to do away with the mournful condition in which the Protestant Church of Hungary has been placed by the misuse of their offices on the part of certain overseers of said Church; and with the view of rendering it possible to the parishes of this Church to use the rights secured to them by the Constitution during the state of siege, I have decided to enact the following ordinances:—

"1. That *the functions of the General Inspector and the District Inspectors*, as well as those of the Curators, *are to be considered at an end.*

Let this be noticed. The laity, who in the whole history of the Hungarian Church have shared in its deliberations, are now to be excluded. But who are to take their place? We give in answer "Ordinance II.," somewhat condensed, however.

"II. Inasmuch as the holding of elections for the unoccupied places of Superintendents, as well as that of any other election, is illegal during the continuance of the state of siege, and yet as it is

desirable that trustworthy men should be placed over the parishes, *I hereby will summon* certain men to these places, who, under the name of ‘Administrators,’ and in company with certain reliable men, shall conduct the government of the Church.”

The ordinance is simple enough, and does not sound so dangerous. But it is, in effect, with one stroke of the pen, dashing out the whole self-governing system of the Church of Hungary; all the Church-assemblies, all the District-conventions, all the Parish-meetings are at an end, for an election for any of these bodies is “illegal during the continuance of a state of siege.” The highest officers of the Church are to be replaced by men chosen by a brutal soldier,—himself but the instrument of the Jesuits. And these new governors of the churches are to consult,—not with laymen selected by the people,—but “with reliable men,” whom *he* shall see fit to choose! The whole is a complete destruction of the great principle of their Constitution—a principle sanctioned by three separate and solemn treaties, and won after three centuries of suffering and struggle. We do not wonder that the cry went through Hungary, of fear for their Church. “A drawn sword,” exclaims one writer, “in the Protestant Church of Hungary! *Christ our Lord put under a state of siege!*”

We pass on, however, to the other ordinances of the edict:

*Ordinance III.* provides that the *Administrators* and their assistants from the laity, are to lay all their public plans and measures before the consideration of the *military Commandants of the Districts*, and that all the Church and School funds, formerly controlled by the “Assemblies,” are now to be under *their* direction, subject to the approval of the said Commandants.

*Ordinance IV.* makes it necessary in every meeting of the

Churches for consultation which may in future take place, that a *military official* should be present.

*Ordinance V.*, in view of the poverty of the Protestant churches, enacts that these Overseers and Administrators shall be paid by the State. We pass over the remaining ordinances as unimportant, except the eighth. This impresses it on all the newly-appointed officers of the Church, that the great and especial object with the Government now is “*to form a closer union on every side between State and Church.*”

The edict closes in the following manner:—“I expect from these men (*i. e.* Administrators and Curators), who at once on their nomination are to enter on the discharge of their offices, a careful and zealous performance of their duty, at the same time furthering the views of the Government and the religious good of their congregations, for which *they will lay a solemn pledge in the hands of the Commandant of the District.*”

“*Head-Quarters, PESTH, February 10, 1850.*”

“From the Commander-in-chief of the third army for Hungary and Siebenbürgen.

“HAYNAU, F.Z.M.”

We beg the reader attentively to consider this edict, perhaps the sentence of death to the old Church of the Hungarians—a Church for which they and their Fathers have given their blood and their toils so long.

It opens with a reproach at the “*mournful condition*” of the Protestant Church. It is true, as all the Hungarians allow, that their Church is poor and weak, for it has been plundered too often by Jesuit and oppressed by Austrian, to allow it the opportunity of gaining any great wealth or power. But if it is meant that it is

“weak” in its *moral influence*, in its hold upon the affections of the people, in its power over the conscience and the life of the nation, they utterly deny the charge. They point to the statistics of morality in the Protestant parishes, as an evidence of its influence. They point to the fact that all the principal institutions of education are in its hands, and that Protestant young men are everywhere employed as teachers in Catholic families, and that the attendance upon churchly exercises and the interest in the Church, was never greater than now. The edict hints too at “the misuse of their offices by certain of the overseers of the Church.” No one can deny that many of the Protestant clergymen headed the resistance of the nation against Austrian tyranny. For this they have atoned at the gallows or on the scaffold. But the Church itself, *as a body*, has never taken any part whatever in this struggle. And, furthermore, what Baron Haynau has carefully forgotten, the offer of a *Protestant Hungarian Ministry*, in 1848, “to unite the Church more closely with the State,” they opposed as unwaveringly, as they do that of the Jesuit-Austrian Cabinet, now.

It will be seen, that by Baron Haynau’s plan, the Church utterly loses every right for which it has struggled for three hundred years—rights guaranteed by repeated treaties, and established by the very Austrian Constitution of 1848, to which he himself appeals. All its elections for church offices are at an end; all its Representative Assemblies are dissolved, and even in every Council of the Church for spiritual improvement, a soldier must be present as Censor. The highest officers of the Church are tools of a Jesuit ministry, and before entering on their religious duties must receive the secret instructions, and lay their pledges in the hands of military authorities. The guards which the Hungarians have preserved so long against priestly despotism, are thrown down, and their officers



from the laity are to be henceforth appointed by the clergy, who are themselves the creatures of the Government.

More than this, all the public funds of churches and schools, are to be under the control of a military board, and every Church officer, under the new regulations, is to be in the pay of the Austrian Government.

Add to this an order which has appeared within three or four months from the "Ministry of Instruction" in Vienna, completely changing the form of the Protestant schools, forcing the books and the teachers recommended by Government upon them, enacting that all the public institutions which do not make the required outlay of money shall be at once degraded and lose their privileges—and is it not all enough to make one fear for the very existence of Protestantism in Hungary? If these orders are thoroughly carried out, the Hungarian Protestant Church either becomes *Catholicized*, or is made into a mere police institution of Austria. All life and voluntary energy are destroyed. Its spiritual leaders are only the agents of a Catholic Cabinet, and its young men bred up under the teachings of Rome. Is it to be wondered at, if the Church of Hungary, now in its time of utmost need, utters its despairing cry for *help*, to its brethren in all lands?\*

Remember, ye in America, of whatever religion—ye who love free thought, and who labor to spread free institutions, what it means, to *Catholicize* Hungary! It is to crush and extinguish the

\* Let no one take consolation from the fact that all these ordinances are given for a "state of siege." The Government journals of Vienna openly assert that it will need many, very many years, before "martial law" can be removed from Hungary. And, as I believe, it will never be removed until that day of God shall dawn, which shall restore Hungary and the oppressed of Europe, everywhere to their rights.

last hope of a better Future for that generous nation. It means to introduce, not the Catholicism of America, or of France, or of England, but the lying Jesuitry, and the Freedom-hating Catholicism of Vienna and of Naples. It means to utterly blot out the old Church Constitution, which for so long has cherished and nourished independent thought.

And you, Protestants of America, whose ancestors have won in toil and suffering the same privileges which the Hungarians now are losing ; you who know their value, who know that the cause of a pure Faith, and the hope of a better time for Humanity, depend on these principles,—have you nothing now to do, or speak for your brethren in their sore and trying need? *Christ's cause* calls to you from Hungary !

And you, clergymen of my country, whose glory and whose power it has ever been in America, that you have stood first in the struggle for religious and civil liberty,—remember that your brethren, “ the Puritans,” the Protestants of Hungary, are in the heat and burden of the contest which you have finished. The surges of attack are beating over them, and they must have your aid soon or never. With their downfall, with the ruin of Protestantism in Hungary, goes out the last glimmer of a pure faith in Eastern Europe.

The expression of our sympathy to the world can do something ; the offer of our means and money, more. It can help build up the two Protestant universities, which have been utterly sacked and plundered during the war ; it can aid to restore the hundred and more churches entirely stripped of their means by the Austrians ; it can enable the Protestants so to regulate their schools that even the extortionate demands of the Government can find no pretext to

abolish them. No nation of the earth has so *generous* a reputation as the American. Their sympathy is published to the world, for unfortunate Hungary. What better opportunity, practically and peacefully, to manifest it?

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### DEBRECZIN AND THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

May, 1851.

I HAVE spoken before of the peasants of Debreczin. Among all the sturdy, indomitable-looking men of this class whom I have seen in Hungary, these seem to me the most free and unbroken by the circumstances about them. As I walked about among them, I could well believe what they all told me, that it needed only a very little to rouse them into a terrific outbreak against the Austrian Government. They are that class of men whom disasters only seem to harden and toughen. And there is a love of the battle, of rough struggle amongst them which would make them very formidable soldiers, in case of another contest for Hungary. Yet, with all this I was utterly surprised at the preparations of the Government against the danger. In this city of Debreczin, with its 55,000 inhabitants, containing the most turbulent independent population in all Hungary, where, in twenty-four hours, an army could be collected from the adjoining country of 60,000 of the best soldiers of Europe, every one vigorous and hardy, they have stationed only two regiments—some thousand men—of weakly-looking Italians, mostly themselves Revolutionists, who would not stand an hour against

an equal number of Hungarians. It seemed very strange to me, and for a while I could not understand it. The Austrians probably trust in the apparent prostration of the nation, and in their utter want of arms. But these Bauer with their pitchforks would sweep such enemies away. The great reason, probably, lies in that wide fact, which is the only omen of good in this time of depression and tyranny through Austria, namely, the impossibility of sustaining such a vast system of Wrong. It can be extended to a certain point, but it is beginning now to weigh down itself. Innumerable props can be made, and skill can long uphold it, but there is a limit where the laws of nature begin to assert their power again. The government can bring Croats to Italy, Hungarians to Bohemia, Austrian Poles to Vienna, Italians to Hungary, and thus long preserve the people and soldiers separate, and oppress the one through the stupidity of the other. But this system has its limit—thank God. They have *not forces enough*, to make just the political equivalents which shall neutralize free action and thought. They have taken so many soldiers for Bohemia, that they have not enough foreigners for Hungary; or they have stripped Italy to guard Vienna. They cannot find *men enough*, of the right kind, to garrison the most dangerous city of Hungary. I know nothing which has given me such an insight into the weakness of the Austrian system, as the appearance of these few soldiers in the old Hungarian Capital.

Debreczin, as I have said, is not at all aristocratically inclined; yet there are some among the people who belong to the "Old Conservatives," and it may be interesting to detail something of my experience with them.

May—"I have been visiting to-day Mr. C., an old gentleman, and a friend to the Government party. As all the others, he lamented politely that I had chosen this period for visiting Hungary.

The country was not to be recognized. Every one depressed or impoverished, and matters apparently becoming worse every day. He thought the Government had an exceedingly difficult task. There was no one to advise them, or even scarcely to aid them, in the administration of the country. The old aristocratic Nobility were offended, and had refused to take office.

“The only officials were either worthless Hungarians or foreigners, who wished perhaps to do well, but did not understand the character of the people. He could not see what would be the result of it all, but the present condition must change. The taxes too, he said, were becoming heavier every day, and were generally laid very injudiciously, so as most to embitter the people.

“The Ministry seemed to have failed in every measure: and if their object is—though he could not believe it—to impoverish all the small landholders among the former nobility, and then introduce a new population, he thought they would fail in that too.

“There was no confidence, either here or in foreign lands, in the measures of this Ministry. All the German immigrants, who had been brought in by the Government, had returned exceedingly disappointed.

“The only possible help for Hungary was, he thought, to apply the Austrian Constitution of the 4th of March to the country; and allow them provincial representatives, who might know something of the wants of the nation.”

I called about this time also, on a landholder, in the neighborhood of Debreczin—one of the genuine “Old Conservatives,” who had formerly held property in the feudal labor of Bauer. He took the same discontented view of things as the gentleman mentioned above, but was disposed to lay more of the blame on Kossuth. “They had a moderate freedom before the Revolution,” he said,

“ They had better have held by that, and not risk all on the chance for more. Kossuth was a dreamer, and had hurried the people further than they meant, with his wild plans; he ought never to have proclaimed independence from Austria, and then we should not have had Russia upon us.” “ Look too,” said he, “ at this abolishing of the *Robot* (feudal labor). The mass of us are without a *Kreutzer* in return, and many beggared by it.”

I found that this gentleman, like many others, had met the difficulty by giving up farming himself, and leasing his estates to those who once were his *Bauer*. It was so expensive and troublesome, now, hiring labor, that he preferred just to settle down as a landlord among tenants than keep his former patriarchal position. Of course, on those estates where his peasants had *occupied* his land, as it were, on a perpetual lease, paying rent in feudal labor of so many days in the year (the *ansässige Bauer* or “ *Rustic*”), he had lost all when the labor was declared no longer obligatory. But it happened that most of his *Bauer* were *Inquilini* and *Subinquilini* (cotters and lodgers), that is, they only possessed house and garden, or even only a part of a house. In consequence, when the feudal work (the *Robot*) was abolished, he only lost the labor—not much land with it.

Some of his old *Bauer*, especially in Siebenbürgen, would not work for any inducement, he said. “ They were landholders now; why should they be doing other men’s work?” they would say. Besides, all they wanted was a sheep skin for cloak and coat, a little *Speck* (pork-fat), and their Indian corn and wine, and they could “ raise” all that on their own little farms. It did not appear from his account that they were lazy; but that they would rather work for themselves than for other people.

I always took the opportunity—wherever it was possible—while



in Hungary, to get acquainted with the peasants. They are shrewd fellows, however, and unless they know their man, they do not have much to say, except on general matters. There was a settlement of Bauer near Debreczin, which some of my friends knew very well, and we all went together to visit it.

The appearance of the village was precisely what I have mentioned before—every house neat and well whitewashed, but the aspect of the whole bare and uncomfortable. If they only *would* understand that planting a few tree, or even sowing a little grass in the streets, would cost them no trouble, and would make pleasant village roads, instead of the impassable *slough* through which travellers flounder now!

We went first to see the village Judge, who is the leading Bauer. He was not at home, though we saw him afterward. I used to think, sometimes, they must choose these peasant-judges from their dignified, manly appearance. At least, they are the finest-looking men, usually, one sees among the lower classes. This man must have measured six feet three in his stockings; and as he stood wrapped in his large black sheepskin, with powerful muscular frame, keen dark eye, aquiline features, and long grey hair, brushed behind his ears, he looked more like a chieftain of the Puszta than a peasant.

After a short time with him, we went to one of the common Bauer, as I wished to see a common peasant's house. Like all the rest, this cabin was surrounded with a small hedge, woven of reeds, which seemed no kind of protection against their long-legged cattle. The house itself was one of the common mud-houses, whitewashed and thatched with reeds.

Our peasant, with the usual retinue of snarling white dogs, came out of his garden to welcome us; and, though nothing could have

been probably more unexpected, he led us into the best room with as much ease as any gentleman could have done. He started at once to bring wine for us, but we would not let him, and telling him our object was to see his house, he showed us, without any kind of unwillingness, what there was in it. There were only three rooms, one each side of the door, and a hall, with the usual altar-like fireplace, between them. One room is his bedroom, the other the parlor, and the hall is the kitchen. Behind the fireplace, there were long rows of the best crockery set out.

They could have had no time to prepare anything, yet all the rooms were exceedingly neat. The bedroom had only a mud floor, but very dry and hard; and filled up as it was with bright clothing and beds, and the immense white pyramid in one corner, it had quite a comfortable air.

This "pyramid," like those in the cottages near the Theiss, is an "air-tight stove," made of mud and white-washed. All the treasures of their wardrobe were in this room of our host's. The sheep-skins, and beautiful wool-cloaks, and red and blue handkerchiefs, and red-boots, and the long boots with spurs. The prettiest article of all, however, in which the Hungarians of all classes used to delight, the short, decorated cloak (the *dolmány*) falling from one shoulder gracefully, and fastened with a cord and tassel, is forbidden now.

The whole Hungarian race, without doubt, has something of an Oriental fondness for gay clothing; and it used often to be said, before the Revolution, that many a Bauer's wages and poor gentleman's whole fortune were laid out in gilt and embroidery. In all their degradation, too, the Bauer have always preserved something of a *cavalier* dress and bearing. As one sees them even now, often

with their long, curling mustaches and jingling spurs, they remind one much more of old hussars than of serfs.

It was quite interesting to notice in the best room of our peasant—a very comfortable room by the way, with a good-board floor—a portrait of an old *Prince of Siebenbürgen*. They say that I will find such portraits in all the cottages of the peasants through this village, and that the memory of that Prince is most affectionately cherished—with reason too, for more than three centuries ago he freed these villages, in return for some service rendered him, from all feudal labor in future; so that from that time to this, though not enjoying the privileges of the nobility, they have entirely escaped from all *Robot* duties and every feudal exaction whatever.

I was glad to see in this cottage too, as one sees generally in the peasants' houses, a well-used Bible and Hymn-book.

After examining things to our content, we fell into quite a long conversation with the peasant. He had served twice, at Kossuth's order, he said, and he hoped to again. If the times continued as bad, he should want to emigrate. They were all slaves now. He would rather leave the dear "Magyar-land" forever than see it as it is now.

I asked him about his own circumstances—whether it was harder to live since the revolution?

Yes, he said, taxes were very heavy indeed, and everything was dearer—still, they could get along—that was not the worst, but they could not be slaves to these Austrians. For his part, he would rather be even in America, where they must work so hard, than in beautiful Hungary, if it was to become *Austrian* in this way.

The words which the man said were such as one hears everywhere from the peasants, but the manner was so eloquent and earnest, that no one could listen to him without feeling it. The

misfortunes of his country seemed really to depress him, and his deep emotion for Hungary came the more impressively from a person of his manly and soldier-like bearing.

There is an almost exaggerated idea in Hungary about the *practical* character of us Americans; and all who wish to emigrate, even from the wealthiest families, think that they *must* learn to work with their hands, if they would live in America. No one, they often say, is respected in America without work. I, for one, have not discouraged the idea among them. It is well that, in coming to a new country, they should be prepared for a hard, rough life. *Headwork* may come afterward, but the only work in which the Hungarians can make themselves respected and useful, for years to come, with us, must be work with the hands.

I have known scores of gentle families in Hungary educating their children in some practical trade or labor, with a view to emigration.

There is very little doubt, that, if the Austrian Government would grant passports, there would be at this moment hundreds—yes, thousands—of families preparing to cross to America.

The peasants often speak, like this man, of their desire to emigrate, but there is little probability that any of this vigorous class will ever reach our shores; and, perhaps it is as well that they should remain by Hungary.

There came before me, here again in Debreczin, one of those curious legends, among the lower peasantry, with regard to Kossuth—this time too among the Wallachs.

The Emperor of Austria—so went the story—had just invited all the Kings and Princes to a grand Assembly, in a hall lighted by a new and splendid lamp. They were to talk over the affairs of Hungary, and what must be done with the land. There were many

different opinions, and at length they said, they would call in Kossuth, to see what he would advise. He came in—and as soon as he saw the hall and the lights—he stood up and with loud voice, said :

“My Lords! The first thing for you to do, is to *put out those lights!* Your lives depend on it!”

They could not understand it, but they ordered the lights on the splendid lamp to be put out—and then Kossuth showed them what the lights were. He broke each one open and there in the midst, was *gunpowder*—and in a few moments more, they would have blown up the whole Assembly in the air. Seeing what a wise man he was, and how he had found out the cunning wickedness of the Emperor of Austria, they all offered Kossuth at once, any thing he would ask—one said, gold—another, jewels—another promised him the place of Prime Minister.

But Kossuth refused all these things—and after they had all finished, he said :

“My Lords—I wish nothing for myself! I have enough. All which I ask, is that you would do something for poor Hungary! Help my Fatherland to be free from Austria!” and the Princes and Kings, and Emperors, promised that they would!

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There was a characteristic story too going the rounds here, about one of the Hungarian peasants which I must not forget.

It appears a peasant had disliked the new “tobacco-law” (a law making the sale of tobacco a Government monopoly) so much, that he had burned his seed, rather than plant any.

Some of the spies discovered it—and he was summoned before the Military Court. A few questions were asked, when with that

stupid air, the shrewd Bauer knows so well how to assume, he said :

“ Your honors will forgive me—but I am a poor ignorant peasant—may I ask a question ?”

“ Yes, speak on.”

“ I have heard, your Honors, that you have made a very generous Proclamation to us peasants. Is it true, your Honors ?”

“ Yes, yes—why ?”

“ And is it true, that His most gracious Majesty has promised us he will protect us in our property ? Is it all true about that Proclamation, how you have come to keep our property, and not take it away ?”

“ Yes—certainly—why do you ask ?”

“ Well your Honors, I am very glad—and I shall always love His Majesty for it. Now your Honors—do not be angry with a poor peasant—but was not this tobacco-seed my *property* ? Have not I a right to do what I choose with it ? Cannot I burn it and will you not ‘ protect ’ me ?”

It is said,—though I will not vouch for the truth of this part of it—that the Court dismissed the man, at once, in disgust at such stupidity.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### THE NOBLES OF HUNGARY.

SOME writer lately in *The London Times*, signing himself an "Engineer," says that he had under his employ, while building the suspension-bridge at Pesth, about "1,500 Hungarian *Noblemen*," breaking stone and laying piers! I have no doubt he might have done so! Nothing could show better the incorrectness of the term "Noble," as applied to the privileged class of Hungary. "*Freemen*," would be a much more appropriate name—or in other words, the "Nobility" were all those who had come to be allowed by law certain privileges of voting and holding property, which the other classes did not have. They might be boot-blacks or hostlers, or stone-cutters, but as long as they belonged by descent to this class, they enjoyed its privileges, and were "Nobles," as the German writers call them. There would be an equal propriety, however, in calling all those in our own country having the privileges of voting and holding office, "Nobles," and those deprived of them—foreigners, negroes, women, &c.—"Serfs."

The first great privilege of the freeman of Hungary was, that he could never be imprisoned on suspicion. In every trial, till the



sentence was pronounced upon him, his person was to be sacred. The only exception were cases of highway robbery, perjury of office-holders, and high treason.

No freeman could ever be imprisoned too for debt, or punished with corporeal punishment; and appeal was always allowed him to the highest court.

Till the great victory gained by Kossuth's party in 1836, no person out of this class was allowed personally to bring any accusation against a freeman, but must, if a citizen, do it through the city corporation, or if a tenant, through his landlord.

Besides the person of the freeman being made inviolable, his land was almost equally protected. No one but a member of his class could purchase his landed estates, or have the power of exercising feudal rights over his tenants. All his property was secured from the usual taxes—from all tithes to the clergy or government, and from payments of rates or contributions. No tolls besides could ever be demanded of him on bridges or highways. His house and his estates, too, could never be burdened with the quarter of soldiers upon them. In regard to his movable property, he had the right to dispose of it as he chose; but in his inherited estates he was utterly checked and controlled by the law of entailment (*Avicital*), which secured them to his family, and gave his descendants the privilege of reclaiming a pawned estate, 300 years after the time of the contract.

To this class of freemen, even when embracing men of the lowest position, belonged almost exclusively all political rights. Only they could vote for members of the National Legislature, or for any county or district officers. In all assemblies for settling the taxation of the people, for regulating the matters of internal government, for choice of magistrates and judges, this class alone had a voice. No

one, too, but a "freeman" could be chosen a representative to the Parliament, or appointed Governor (*Obergespan*), of a *Comitat*, or even be made a District Judge. In former times, too, even the highest places in the Catholic Church were only open to this class.

A more unjust and annoying distinction of *castes* than this, as it appears on paper, scarce ever existed. That one class, not necessarily in any way superior in education or wealth, or refinement, should utterly control the administration of the country, in which they formed but an unimportant part; that those who never paid the taxes should appropriate them, and that those who made most use of the benefits of the Government, should be obliged to give nothing for its support, was a system so unreasonable and oppressive, that nothing could in any way have preserved it by itself for a great length of time.

One would expect, too, the worst practical results from such a division of classes, as this in the old Hungarian Constitution. How could roads ever be built or improvements made in a land where the class, which most used them, must do nothing for their support!

How could business be transacted with any ease, when all the capital vested in land was almost forbidden to be exchanged? What opportunity could there be ever for the great mass of the people to rise when one favored class holds all offices, controls every branch of the administration, is entitled alone to be the voters, the representatives, the judges, and even the jurymen of the country; when it has all the benefits of government, and throws on other classes the burdens?

There is no doubt that these would have been tremendous evils if they had existed in reality, as they do on the pages of the Constitution. In fact, they were bad enough as they did come forth in practice; but their influence was exceedingly modified by other

causes. In the first place, this class of privileged persons, though belonging to all grades of society, were in general the most able, brave, and intelligent part of the community.

More than this, the division was not made solely according to nationality or separate descent, as there are probably 80,000 Slavonian, Wallachian, and German "freemen," and *on the other hand several millions* of Magyars not belonging to this class.

The number, too, of this class is to be considered, as distinguishing it from any other "aristocracy" which has ever existed.

In 1785, according to *Fenyès*, there were over 325,000 of this privileged caste. In 1842, he reckons that in a population of 11,178,288—excluding Siebenbürgen,—there were nearly 550,000; or nearly every *twentieth person* a freeman.

According to the latest statistics of Hungary, there would be probably, in *every fourteen inhabitants*, one "freeman." This, of course, diminishes the immense inequality of this distinction of castes—as if one considers in every country the very few who are allowed to enjoy political rights, compared with those deprived of them, such a setting apart of one class in Hungary loses something of its enormity.

It is calculated that in England about *one* in twenty-four is a voter, or very nearly the same ratio as formerly in Hungary—in Belgium, a Constitutional Monarchy, one in about fifty; in France, under Louis Philippe, one in one-hundred and eighty; at present the ratio is about one in six. In the United States, the ratio must be about one in eight.

The best counterbalance, however, of all to the bad influence of this class-distinction was in the number of *Free Communities* which had sprung up under various causes in all parts of the land. It will be remembered, I have already spoken of large tracts of country in-

habited solely by peasants, where every man for hundreds of years has enjoyed all the political privileges of the "Freemen," though never coming nominally into that body.

Take, for instance, the large and populous districts of the "Jazyges" and "Cumanians," of which I have already spoken—or those of the "*Haiducks*,"—or the *Szecklers* in Siebenbürgen. All these are not considered "Freemen;" are obliged to pay toll like the peasants; are not secured in property or person any more than the rest of the people; yet they have all their own independent administration, vote for their own officers and judges, and send their own members to the Parliament. In like manner, the cities were nearly all independent, self-governing communities, though belonging, apparently, to the class deprived of political rights. In this way, has arisen a most vigorous, independent body of men, not belonging to the favored class, and yet not at variance with them, inasmuch as they have their own good rights, and are quite contented with them.

It should besides be remembered, that as this old feudal distinction of caste has been preserved, so have also the feudal burdens on the "Freemen."

They are indeed free from all common taxation, but they are liable to extraordinary contributions to their feudal lord, the King. They are not obliged to render any petty services to the State, but they can be called out, at the summons of the King, to do military duty, and at their own expense. These were no light burdens, and in time of frequent war would quite equal those which were laid, in the shape of usual taxation, upon the other classes of the nation.

For instance, in the Levy, (or *Insurrectio*, as it is called), of 1809, there were 17,000 cavalry, and 22,000 infantry, called out

by the Emperor from this class; and a war-tax laid upon them of 15,000,000 florins (about seven and a half million of dollars.)

The last great Levy was made in the wars of Napoleon, when his army was threatening Vienna with that rapid march down the valley of the Danube. The expenses of the campaign were always obliged to be defrayed by the whole body of the Freemen; though, if called out of Hungary, they were to be paid at the King's expense.

Yet, with all that can counteract the evil influence of this most unjust and injurious system, I own, from my experience of the country, I am surprised not to have found more bad effects.

I have discovered, in all my intercourse with every class, in the Hungarian people, no violent separation of different castes.

I have found the peasant and the citizen loving their Fatherland, and ready to give up all for it, quite as much as the most privileged of the "Freemen." The sacrifices in the war, the voluntary contributions of property and lives, came quite as much from the lower classes, or those shut out from political privileges, as from the higher.

The hopes, the longing unspeakable for Hungary's deliverance, which the oppression of centuries to come will not extinguish, exists quite as much in one body of the people as another.

I have not either observed the jealousy of different grades of society which I might have expected, or the *hauteur* and lawlessness one would anticipate from a condition of life like this of the privileged class. The only exceptions to this are in the feelings of the whole nation toward the nobility (the *Magnaten*;) and in their general bearing and intercourse with the people. But these form only an unimportant part of the nation, and are not to be confused at all with the large class of the privileged "Freemen."

Much of the present harmony and good feeling of the nation is undoubtedly due to the common sufferings of all. They have all together **struck** for freedom, and have failed. And those who once possessed the privileges and enjoyed the highest rank in the State, have not suffered the least in the cause. The best and the highest of the old favored caste are driven into exile, or have fallen on the scaffold. The noble and the peasant mourn in common.

But the great and sufficient explanation of this is in the spirit and the works of that great party which Kossuth led for so many years, in the course of progress and reform.

For nothing did Kossuth labor more perseveringly and fearlessly than the utter abolition of these feudal distinctions.

The people know this; they know the objects of this Reform-party; they know what would have been—indeed, what was—bestowed upon them in the Revolution; they, as all, must see, that the tendency of such a struggle was inevitably to a Republic, and the equalizing of all classes; and, therefore, they have no sentiment of jealousy toward any one class of society, or any feeling of separation in interests from those who once possessed alone the political privileges in Hungary.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### UNIVERSITY AT DEBRECZIN.

DEBRECZIN is very well known in Hungary as the place of education for nearly all the principal men of the nation holding the Protestant faith.

There are two prominent universities in the country—one at Pesth, mostly under Catholic and Austrian influence, and this at Debreczin, entirely Protestant in its character. Besides these, there are several institutions in various parts of the land, corresponding to our small colleges, and most of them under Protestant guidance. It is one of the most favorable indications for the inward force of the Protestant faith in Hungary, when one considers the immense wealth and power opposed to it, that it has won, step by step, such immense influence. The Education of the Nation is entirely in its hands.

This University in Debreczin had once a very full complement of students, some six or eight hundred I think. At present, there are not more than two hundred, regularly attending lectures. Most of the students and professors had joined the ranks, and met the fate of the other Hungarian patriots. It was very curious in going over



the Institution and making the acquaintance of the professors, to find men quietly teaching chemistry or mechanics, who had led the fiery sally from Komorn against Raab, or had served the cannon in the battle against the Russians at Debreczin. They showed to me one calm, spiritual-looking chorister in the college-choir, who had been the best cannonier by far in the Debreczin battle.

The buildings for this University are quite large and substantial—in part of stone—the best in interior Hungary. Within them, among other rooms, is a common hall, with plain, wooden seats, used as the college chapel, which is destined perhaps yet to be the most interesting historical spot in Hungary. For in this room in 1849 was the first proposition made for declaring Hungarian Independence—the complete separation of the nation from the House of Austria. My friends showed me the place where Kossuth addressed the Assembly, and described the burst of enthusiasm with which his speech in favor of declaring the national independence was received. The act was consummated with much solemnity on the 29th of April, 1849, in the great Reformed Church of Debreczin, before both Houses of Parliament.

I have met some in the country of the "Old Conservative" party, who look on that resolution of the National Assembly as a premature step, and the beginning of their misfortunes, and who say that that measure committed the people irrevocably to a war with all the Absolute Powers. It is well known that Görgey always condemned this declaration.

I found that my friends in this institution had the same fear with regard to the Catholic influences at work in Vienna which I had heard expressed elsewhere.

While I was examining the buildings of this college at Debreezin, one day, my friends proposed to me to go into one of the halls, where the students were about to sing some national songs!

I followed them, and quite unexpectedly found myself in a large concert-hall, before a crowd of people, who welcomed me with an *Eljen!* which made the walls ring again. At the other end of the room was a full choir of students. It appeared my friends wished to give me a little pleasant surprise, and had prepared this concert of the Hungarian music for the purpose. The choir, composed of men and boys, was remarkably well trained; and they evidently sang with an excitement and interest unusual.

The songs were mostly of Hungary—her beauty and glory, their love and devotion to her, and, with the plaintive tone peculiar to Hungarian music, seemed darkly foreboding future calamity to her. Without doubt, the presence of one from that nation who had welcomed the Hungarian exiles, and had alone sympathized with her cause, gave a reality to their expressions of feeling, which nothing otherwise could. And, as the deep voices swelled and thrilled over the words which spoke of their “beautiful Fatherland,” their love unquenchable for her, their “hopes with her to die,” I could scarcely restrain my tears. I seemed to be listening to the Jews singing “the songs of Zion in a strange land.” And at length as the chorus of their favorite song,

“*Zu deinem Vaterland bleib,  
Unerschütterlich treu!*”

“To thy country remain  
Unshakingly true!”

arose, and swelled, and was echoed again and again, with passionate tone and tearful eye, from every man and child in the room, it

seemed to me that they, in this time of their country's gloom and misfortune, were sending forth by the stranger, to other lands, their vows of unshaken fidelity and love.

Nearly all the Hungarian airs open in a low, plaintive measure, and gradually increase in force and wildness as they go on. This plaintive tone through nearly all the Hungarian music, and even in the sound of the language, as it first strikes upon the ear of the stranger, is very remarkable. I have often sat listening in the drawing-rooms, to the songs or the conversation, and wondered whether there was not something ominous—prophetic—of the future of the nation, in this tone of sadness so peculiar to the Hungarian. It is very strange and interesting to the traveller, everywhere in Hungary, to observe how these national songs are remembered and sung. In many places they are forbidden, but the people will sing them. I remember that in one family I heard a young lady sing one of these songs with such an extreme enthusiasm that I had apprehensions for a little while she was becoming *insane*.

Among the airs which I heard at this concert, some of the best were connected with the most unmeaning words. There is one celebrated air, with a singularly beautiful though somewhat monotonous refrain, beginning

“ Hortobágy puszta !”

where the only idea which I could find conveyed was

“ Over the prairie,  
Over the prairie,  
Blows the wind !”

The life on the puszta, or prairies, and the adventures and loves of the *Csikosses*, or half-wild cattle-drivers upon them, seemed to form one of the most favorite themes in these airs.

After the concert was over, I expressed my thanks, and turned to go out, when I found a long lane opened in the crowd, through which I passed, under vociferous *Eljens*, looking as meekly as a modest man could at such an unexpected reception.

As I said before, I found my black European hat very conspicuous here. I at last said something about it to a friend, a preacher, with a somewhat humorous turn.

"You are very unfortunate," said he; "you have an official Austrian hat. Now this," taking up a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, like one of our "Californias," or the English "wide-awakes," is a '*durchaus* Socialistischer und. Democraticher'—a thoroughly Socialistic and Democratic hat—and would send me to the Austrian guard-house, if I should wear it in the streets. This, however," and he raised another with a more pointed crown and a narrower brim, "is merely a *Schlecht-gesinnte Hut*, an evil-disposed hat!"

I ought to mention here that this word "*evil disposed*," has almost passed into a phrase in Hungary, to mean anything which is opposed to the government, and of course, in consequence, anything which the Hungarians like.

"This again," he continued, taking up a black hat, like the Kosuth hats in vogue here, "is a purely neutral hat; Hungarian, but not revolutionary. And this," handing me mine, "is a thoroughly Austrian, well-disposed, *Reactionaire* (reactionary) hat."

I was of course much amused at this analysis of hats, though it all speaks strongly, much more than more important facts, of the present condition of Hungary.

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There was much talk here in Debreczin of an eloquent preacher among them, who had been sentenced lately to twenty-two years in the fortress of Olmütz. None believed he would live out half the term.

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The clergymen in Hungary have fared very badly at the hands of the Austrian Government since the Revolution. Perhaps the military courts regarded them as in the same position with the priests in Austria,—servants of the Government,—and treated them as if they were traitorous office-holders. Or perhaps they saw that the most dangerous enemies for Austria were men of this free, earnest, Christian character. Numbers of them were hanged, or shot—and these not of any one sect, Catholic priests and bishops, as well as Protestant clergymen and deacons and superintendents.

I cannot omit this opportunity to express my high sense of the worth and self-devotion of these men, so far as I knew them in Hungary. It seemed to me the fearful events in which they had all just been tried, had given a certain strength and manliness to them, which is usually somewhat wanting in their class. They are all bound to one another now by many mutual services; the good relations between them are not equalled among the clergy of any country. In the circle in which I was, one pointed to another, as the “friend who had plead for him at the Court-martial in ’49 and saved his life;” another showed me “Brother ——, as the man whose skilful answer before the Police this year, had saved them all from the *Neugebäude* (State’s prison).”

The Austrian Government suspects them all, but it dares not openly to exasperate the people, by their imprisonment, without some good pretext.

Their contrivances after the war to maintain themselves were dexterous enough. One of them told me how the command came to them when the war was over, to preach on the "Advantages of the Peace." Accordingly he appeared the next Sabbath in his pulpit, read the "Order" of the ministry, and preached an elaborate and beautifully abstract sermon on the "*Blessings of perfect peace.*" The Government are aware of their immense influence over the people, and try to gain it to their side. I recollect while I was at Pesth, an especial agent came down from the Court, to hold an assembly of the priests and preachers, in order to urge upon them the duty of keeping their flocks contented under the Austrian rule, and of enlightening them as to the good motives of the ministry.

May, 1851.—I have been taking a long walk through the various parts of Debreczin, and calling upon various acquaintances. There was a poor *Honved*,\* with his leg gone, standing by the *Rathshaus*. He did not ask for anything, but neither I nor any one else who passed could help giving him a trifle. It is not often that a *Honved* will beg.

A young man met us in one place, and my friend told me to notice him. He was the son, he said, of the keeper of the famous crown of St. Stephen,† so mysteriously saved from the Austrians in

\* Literally "Home defender," i. e., National Guard.

† This crown is said originally to have been presented to King Stephen by Pope Sylvester II. in the year 1000. The Hungarians have almost a superstitious reverence for it, and consider no reign legal where their king has not been crowned with it. It has been frequently lost, and always recovered in an almost unaccountable manner. Many think that Kossuth

the last war. Most suppose this keeper knows where it is still, though all said he would rot in prison, (he is in the Neugebäude,) twenty years before the Austrians would get a word from him.

I was quite amused at Mr. T.'s, where they speak German, to hear one of the children call another in a great spite, "you little *Schwarzgelb!*" i. e., "*black and yellow,*" the Austrian colors, which have come to be the last term of reproach in Hungary.

I heard in the common talk to day, that the young COUNTESS TELEKI had been arrested on some frivolous charge. All seemed to feel uneasily if one so young and patriotic and so high in rank could be entangled by this Inquisition. Her own carriage and footmen had been graciously allowed her, it was said, in crossing to the fortress with the dragoons.

I had received a beautiful note in *English* from a lady this morning, requesting me to call upon her, as she "wished to know one of that noble nation who sheltered the exiles from Hungary." I called and she addressed me at once in English. In the course of the conversation, with the characteristic Hungarian eloquence of tone she burst forth, "Did you know it, sir? We meant to have a republic like yours. Görgey was our Arnold. If it had not been for him, we should have been free. Oh, if you could have seen our armies as they marched through here! How proud they were, how hopeful and strong! And now they are gone! But they were ready, and no one feared to die for his country. And to think it was all for nothing!"

It is astonishing how accustomed one becomes to this passionate expression, and how it finally forces one almost into an opposite, matter-of-fact way. So that at the time in Hungary, I was almost knows where it is, and that he will use it yet, as a standard around which to rally the peasantry.



unconscious of much which has since shown me how deeply wounded is the heart of the people.

I was surprised through the whole country, to find how generally foreign language and English, or at least the English literature, were known by the higher classes. All the more intelligent families converse readily in French and German; and in Pesth, there seemed more who spoke English among my acquaintances, than in any other continental city I had visited. The Hungarian German, however, is always easily recognized by its accent. English, particularly since these late events, is more and more studied, and German is avoided wherever possible, as all associate it so indelibly with what is Austrian. However, the diplomatic and State language, fastened now over Croat and Magyar, Slavonian and Wallach, is German, and the old strife of languages quiets itself now under one common foreign tongue.

The Magyar must have a natural aptitude for learning languages. Still his circumstances have much quickened this. No gentleman could really succeed in political life twenty years ago, without knowing at least *four languages*. The debates of the Parliament were all held in Latin. All communications with the Austrian Government, and in fact with foreigners, were in German. The lower classes must be addressed in Slavonian—and of course Magyar must be known as his own tongue. With such a foundation, made constantly familiar from childhood, all the languages of western and eastern Europe could be learned without difficulty. I have seen a common, ignorant private soldier among the Wallachs speak six languages well.

The language in Europe most similar in intonation to the Magyar, seems the French; and accordingly the Hungarians learn

the difficult French sounds with great ease. The French *nasal* sound is quite common ; as, for instance, on the *n* in *Honved*.

I do not profess to speak learnedly on this matter, but from what little opportunity I had of examining the structure of this language, it seemed remarkably flexible, and capable of high development. The arrangement of "suffixes" and "prefixes" and some other peculiarities, reminded me constantly of the Hebrew. The philologists say that it has no affinity with any European tongue, and only bears a relationship to the Turkish and Finnish.

I was struck to-day with something very characteristic of the Hungarian character. One of the gentlemen with me wanted to trust some little business to a *Bauer*, and was questioning him as to whether he would be faithful. The peasant drew himself up, and only gave for answer, "*Magyar ember !*" "I am a Hungarian!"

It is currently reported in Hungary that in the beginning of the war, some one made the proposition to Kossuth, in case the Austrians should refuse to recognize the new Hungarian bank-notes, to issue an immense quantity of Austrian notes, for which he had every means in presses and stamps, and thus swamp the treasury. All the reply he gave was the simple "*Magyar ember !*" I have often noticed it used in this way.

To me these little expressions of national feeling always show much of the prominent national traits.

I suppose an Englishman would say "he was no Englishman" to strike a man when he was down, or to let a strong man beat a weak one.

An American would call himself "no genuine Yankee" ever to give up what there was the slightest chance of his accomplishing, or ever to let himself be outwitted by any created shrewdness.

The Hungarian expression seems to be used more nobly.

Among my acquaintances in Debreczin, to whose courtesy I owe much, is the Protestant Bishop, a most kind-hearted and courtly old gentleman. I was often at his house, and he gave me much information about the peasantry of the neighborhood. I found he belonged at present to the "loyal party," and I cautiously avoided all topics connected with politics, which might in any way compromise him. He rewarded me for my discretion, on going away, by giving me several important letters to friends of the Government in southern Hungary, and among others to a gentleman whose acquaintance I afterwards made in quite a different manner—the General of the Gros Wardein garrison. I used also to meet many of the higher Austrian officers at his house. I became quite attached to the old gentleman, and he seemed so to me. On parting, he informed me his horses were at my service the next day for my journey, and then kissed me affectionately on both cheeks; and accompanying me to the gate, embraced me again, with, as I afterwards recalled, a sad, foreboding look, as if he half anticipated the gloomy change which was soon to come over my travels.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### THE CITIZENS IN HUNGARY.

DEBRECZIN- May, 1851.

I HAVE been spending a very pleasant hour with one of the merchants of the city. Among much other interesting conversation we fell into a talk about the merchants and their position in Hungary. He said, that men of this employment had never had the respect in Hungary, which they should have. Farming, and fighting had always been the only two reputable occupations, among the Magyars. They did not like cities and they did not like business. All this had had a very bad effect in former years, he thought, upon this class of business men—so that it was very difficult sometimes to get an honest, respectable man, to go into trading.

The men too in the cities, he said, had come to have a bad name, because the cities had been such mere tools in the hands of the Austrian Kings.

I should think from his account, that there had been sometimes a complete system of the English "rotten boroughs," where a Corporation, which hardly existed, sent a Member to Parliament—only to be there often an instrument for the purposes of the Viennese Ministry.

The Magyars, he said, could not bear to live in cities. Every one likes to have room enough around him.

I have spoken before, on my journey, of this propensity of the Magyar to make elbow-room for himself, so that one seems to be travelling often through a large city, yet where each man lives separately, as in a village.

I had the curiosity after this conversation to see how statistics would bear out this apparent tendency of the Hungarians.

I found that there were twenty-one market-towns (villages of the kind mentioned above, without city-privileges) with over 10,000 inhabitants each, and more than 1,500 villages, with 1,000 each. The market-town *Holdmezö Vasárhely*, for instance, having over 30,000—and the village *Csàba* more than 23,000.

With a population of more than 14,000,000, Hungary has only 126 cities,\* and the whole number of those inhabiting cities, is only 1,125,000. Of these, only 528,000 are Magyars.

Of the 126 cities, forty-six are Magyar—forty-six Slavic—thirty one German—and three Wallach.

Of the 783 market-towns, 341 are Magyar—160 Slovack—forty Raizen—forty Croatian—thirty-three Schokazen—twenty Ruthenian—and ninety-eight German, and forty-nine Wallach and two Bulgarian.

Despite this apparent disinclination of the Magyars for cities, there was much in the privileges of a city, which would make a residence there desirable. The poor peasant who could win or pur-

\* There are two cities in Hungary, with more than 50,000 inhabitants, (Buda-Pesth, 120,000 and Debreczin, 55,000); four cities with more than 30,000; thirty with more than 10,000; thirty with more than 5,000; and fifty-four with less than 5,000.—Fenyès—and Dr. Schütte—also Chowanez—1851.)

chase a citizenship, at once became a privileged person. He could no longer be imprisoned for debt. He was safe from all toll upon bridges or highways. Some of the most prominent offices of the State, before shut out from him, were now open, and he became eligible for a Bishopric, for the highest places of the country, and for even a distinguished military rank. If he had before, as one of the Feudal peasants, been shut out from a share in the Government of the State, he became now as a "citizen," an elector; the Corporation of which he formed a part, sent its *two* Members to Parliament.

His city governed itself by its own board of aldermen, composed of the Mayor, Chief of Police, Judge, and 4—12 "Senators." These worked in co-operation with a "Common Council," of from four to 125 members, according to the size of the city. Every year came the election for the city-officers. It increased, too, the importance of the before almost outlawed peasant, to be a member of a body which had supreme judicial power, even to that of death, within its precincts. Now, too, he could buy the landed property of the Nobles—though even here under the restriction of an apparent "pawning."

From all my observations in Hungary, I should conclude that the cities trained up a very independent population. Men were more apparently equal within them, than they were often without. And possibly their own corporative Government gave them a peculiar education in politics. Certain it is, both here in Debreczin, and in other cities of Hungary, I have been struck with the independent character of the people, and with their familiarity in political detail.

These cities, or "boroughs," however, became a great drag often in Hungarian progress.

The great evil of their Constitution was, as also in the "*Free Communities*," that the Crown had too much power. In the country, the Court could never exercise it so arbitrarily; but here, they were less unrestrained. Every candidate for the alderman and then again for the Parliament, must first be approved by the Ministry, before he is eligible; that is, a certain number are prevented by the Corporation, or the Common Council, from whom three candidates are selected by the Royal officers.

Besides this, all the cities are considered in law as royal property. They pay a particular contribution to the king, as well as the usual taxes; they bear a part of his expenses at the Parliament. All the farming of their property depends directly on the Royal Administration, so that they cannot spend 50 florins (\$25), without permission.\*

In consequence, if there happened to be any too liberal member from one of these boroughs, the Court used to throw an effectual hamper over his movements, by refusing all permission to spend money, to his city. Not a road could be repaired, or sidewalk improved, or street widened, during the term of the obnoxious member.

The burdens of a city are the usual domestic tax and war-taxes; the duty of furnishing a certain number of recruits; and the obligation to quarter soldiers, at the command of the State.

All the grievances, mentioned above, at length became so great, that many of the cities seemed to have given up elections for the Parliament—and from the 126 cities, only 70 to 80 members took their seats in the Assembly.

The other Representatives of the Parliament, too, were so offended at the Royal influence over these Delegates from the cities,

\* *Fenyès*—*Statistik des Königreichs Ungarn*.—Vol. ii., p. 144.



that during some years they took away their privilege of voting entirely, still leaving them the right to speak and sit in the body.

The Constitution of these cities, and their mode of government, seems to have been derived from that of the German cities. The first privileges were bestowed by King Stephen, about the year 1,000, on the city of *Stuhlweissenburg*, and after him successive kings of Hungary endowed these Corporations with peculiar rights.

In 1848, the Constitutions of all these cities were reformed—suffrage extended—all higher “Candidation,” that is, approval of candidates by the higher authorities before election done away with, and the Aldermen and Common Council made more directly dependent on the people. To them too, as to the nation generally, a full share was given in the elections for the National Assembly.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### FITNESS FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT.

THROUGHOUT my journey in Hungary, nothing had so interested me, thus far, as the accounts I heard everywhere of the old Internal Government of the country. The whole was so far beyond anything which I had seen of political institutions on the Continent, that I could scarcely credit it.

The people too, I could see, felt, most of all, the loss of this old system of Self-Government—reformed and widened as it had been in 1848.

I studied the system carefully, and I am fully convinced that the old Hungarian Internal Government formed one of the best means for political education, and that it needed only a few reforms to render it a complete Republican or even Democratic system.

To my mind, the old Constitution of Hungary, prepared for that of 1848, as the old English Internal system of government did for the more complete Self-government in America.

The details of this matter may be dry—but the facts will be found of value—especially as connected with the question of the fitness of the Hungarians for self-government.

The First great principle of the Internal Constitution of Hungary was the idea of, if I may so say, "State Rights," or provincial rights; that is, the principle that *each State (or Comitatus) should be as independent as possible of the Central Government.*

The Second was that *each little local division of the country should have its own self-administered government.*

Hungary was divided up into 52 Comitatus or States; a division dating back from unknown times, probably originating first in military divisions among the conquering Asiatic tribes.

Each one of these States had its own provincial administration. It was considered, in almost all respects, a "sovereign State," even more than any of the States of our Union. It could treat with foreign Governments. And most singular of all, if it disapproved the acts of the Central Government, it could send them back by means of its State Legislature, *vetoed*. The very members it sent to the National Parliament, were not "Representatives," as with us, but Delegates—men "instructed" to vote and speak in a certain way, and liable to be recalled at any moment by the State, if they disobeyed instructions. Any measure or vote of these delegates displeasing to the State, could at once occasion their dismissal. All orders or sentences, both from Hungarian or Austrian Courts, from the Lord Chancellor of the Kingdom, or from the Home Office,\* or from the Emperor of Austria himself, if it found them inconsistent with the laws of the land, it could reject.

Such a freedom of action, left to the different provinces of one country, not united in a Confederation, I have never known else-

\* I am obliged in translating the names of Hungarian political officers, to intermingle English and American political terms, inasmuch as the officers themselves were in part those of a Monarchy, and in part of a Republic.

where in the history of politics. That power of being able to *veto* the acts of their own Parliament, is without example.

Each State was governed, too, by a Democratic State Legislature, composed of all the voters of the State, meeting in assembly (*Congregatio*) four times a year.

By one of those anomalies, of which one finds so many in Hungary, the Governor (*Obergespan*) of each State, and *ex-officio* President of this Legislature, and the only one able to summon the Legislature, was appointed by the Crown for life.

It seems as if the influence of this officer were designed to be the great *centralizing* influence opposed to this independent provincial Administration.

He had the power of "approval" for all the candidates for State-offices; that is, out of a certain number presented by the voters, he could select the three from which a choice was to be made.

Over the election for Parliament, however, he did not possess this control. Without his presence, or that of the *Vicegespan*, no session of the Legislature was legal, though he was pledged to call this together at least four times a year.

The *Obergespan* was in addition, the Chief Magistrate of the State, with control over all its courts, and its police. He held also his own courts, both civil and criminal. The execution of the acts of the Legislature, as well as of the orders from the "State Department," or "Home Office," approved by the Legislature, was entrusted to him. Communications between the State and its Deputies passed through him. He had the care too, of the proper division of the taxes, and the control of various charitable matters, as for instance, of the interests of the orphans. It was his duty finally, to summon

all the voters of the State every three years, to the election (*Restauratio*) of State officers.

It might be supposed, from all this power given to the Obergespan, that the Crown would gain too much influence in the State elections.

This was not the fact, however. The place became a very popular one, and the man desirous of obtaining it, would wish to please the voters. The "three candidates" presented, were generally those who had the largest parties supporting them. And if any Governor ever attempted to force upon the people an unpopular candidate, he met with such a reception, that he was very glad to yield as quickly as possible.

Indeed, it is said that some of the more arbitrary Royal Governors in the excitement of a rough election, have been thrown summarily out of the windows, for showing an improper favoritism to certain candidates.

This Legislature, as I have said, was at the head of the administration of each State.

It controlled all the domestic taxes—fixed the rate for each parish—drew up the lists and classifications of the contributions to Government. It regulated the condition of the schools and the prisons, and the number of the prisoners; it watched over the police of the State, and could demand an account of all the officials, and order force to be used on those who were resisting the sentences of the Courts. It could settle the differences between landlords and peasants; fix the price of bread and meat; order the levies of soldiers, and administer in general all the affairs of its State, except that it could not constitute itself a Court to sit in judgment on any case, unless it was a case affecting its own dignity.

In addition, it was this body which exercised the rights I have

before mentioned. It chose the members for the National Assembly—instructed them—recalled them.

Before it, the measures agitated in the Parliament were discussed, and by it the obnoxious acts were rejected. All communications from the State to the other States, or to the General Government, were made in this body.

In fact, the result of all this was, that the State Legislature—or the *Congregationes* as they were called—governed Hungary, more than the National Assembly.

They discussed and decided on the measures which were often only voted upon in the Parliament. If at any time they did not happen to be in session at the critical moment, there was a smaller Extra-Legislature, (*Congregatio Particularis*), which could be readily summoned, and could decide any matter until the next session.

Besides these elections, the grand event of the political life of the States was the great States Election (*Restauratio*), held every three years, in which every officer except the highest was to be chosen.

Of course, under the present Government, I could not see one of these great elections, but I am assured by those familiar with them that it was one of the most stirring spectacles in the world, and that all the old Anglo-Saxon accompaniments of an election—broken heads and stump-speaking, drinking and processions, and “chairing,” and political spouting—were there in their perfection.

Where several thousand voters collected together in one village, once in every three years, to elect all the important local officers for the next term, and where parties raged so high as in Hungary, it may well be imagined there would be intense excitement. I have heard, though not often, of several lives being lost in those election

rows; yet all say, that after the election was once decided, they all met as amicably and jovially at the public tables of the Governor as though nothing had occurred. At the election, the Governor or the Vicegespan presided always, with the right of "approving" the candidates. The choice was made by acclamation, or, if there was much contest, by ballot.

In addition to these divisions into *Comitats*, or States, as I have called them, there were still further subdivisions into "Districts," and again into "Parishes of the Districts," of which there were from four to six in each *Comitat*. At the head of every district were the District Judge and a board of "selectmen," (*Jurassores*)\* chosen at the State election mentioned above.

These had for their duties to watch especially the condition of road and bridges, to care for the public health and safety, the proper quartering of the regular soldiers, and the just division of the taxes among the single Parishes. They formed together a Court for certain minor offenses, and no State Courts can be held without their presence. The orders of the State Legislature and the "circulars" of the Home-office are transmitted by them often to the Parish magistrates.

Each Parish (*Communitas*) again had its separate local government as well as the District or State.

This was composed of the Village Judge, an Assistant Judge, the Selectmen, and Clerk (*Notarius*.) All these officers were chosen by the villagers and by the freeholders of the Parish. The Lord of the Manor here had the same power as the King in the State elections; out of the candidates presented he could select *three*, from whom the choice was to be made for village Judge. However, if he selected unpopular candidates, or if there were several Lords of the

\* This is a word of the Hungarian Law-Latin.



Manor not agreeing in the candidates to "approve," the District Judge whom I have before mentioned, had the power, after three days, to present the three candidates for the office without consulting either party.

Many of the Parishes were entirely freed from the interference of the Lords of the Manor.

All the other officers of the Parish were chosen by the villagers, without any "presentation" of candidates; though in the appointment of Clerk, the Noblemen of the Parish had the power of rejection.

The duties of this board of Selectmen, and Judges in each village, were to oversee the condition of roads and bridges, and Parish buildings, to regulate the local police; to attend to the execution of the orders of the District Judge and of the State Legislature; to divide the assessments among the individual inhabitants, and send in the lists to the collectors; to levy, in company with the Clerk the appointed number of conscripts for the army, and with the corporation of the resident Noblemen, to provide for the poor of the Parish.

The Clerk and Judge were obliged each year to present an estimate of the probable expenses of the coming year to the Lord of the Manor, for his approval. All the accounts of the Parish were handed in likewise to him annually; and if he neglected to examine them, the expenses of the investigation by the State officers, later, came upon his shoulders.

These village judges, as I often observed in my journey, are the most intelligent peasants of the country—and though sometimes liable to the Feudal labor, they have become as expert and efficient magistrates as can be found anywhere. During his office, no vil-

lage magistrate, or official, can be called upon for his Feudal obligations.

Despite such a manifold administration, the expenses of all this were very slight indeed. Some of the *Comitate* were as large as the Principalities of Germany—the *Pesther*, for instance, with 500,000 inhabitants—yet the salaries were hardly larger than a workman's wages with us.

The offices were made, as much as possible, places of honor, and the citizens served for the excitement or for the fame, and received only what would pay their extra expenses.

The salary of the Governor, or *Obergespan*, was 1,500 fl. (about \$750;) of the Vice-gespan, \$300; of the District Judge, \$150; of the Selectmen, \$50; of the State Treasurer, \$150, and of the other officers, in similar proportion. These salaries differed in different *Comitats*, but this was the *maximum*.

The Parish officers received somewhat more, in proportion to their rank, than the State officers, so that the peasants might have more inducements to serve.

This, then, was the internal system of Government in Hungary. And we ask any candid man, whether it was not wonderfully adapted to train and educate a people in political life. I have seen nothing like this system in any part of Europe, except Switzerland and England.

The people here—first in the village, then in the District, then in the State—are constantly exercised in the details of politics. Each little local division is trained in self-government. Men get into the habit, from early life, as with us, of referring everything to public opinion—to the ballot box. They all become accustomed, too, to public speaking—to the holding of deliberative bodies—to the minor difficulties and labors of local administration.

There is no reference, continually, to the Capital, "What will Paris do?" Each District and State has its own opinions and principles, and will carry them out, too, whether Parliament and the Capital are favorable or not.

That strange inexperience in *practical politics*, which meets the American traveller everywhere on the Continent, does not come before him in Hungary. The contrast between Germany and Hungary in this respect, to the stranger, is very striking.

That there were great faults, however, in this Hungarian system of government, I would not attempt to deny.

It was, on one side, *too democratic*. There was too little "centralization." The Provincial Legislatures were *too much separated* from the Central Government. An order from the General Administration might lie for years, without being executed—or even after that time, be rejected.

The sentences of the Supreme Courts, also, were only carried into effect with the greatest difficulty, and after long delay. There were so many provincial bodies and officers to examine and approve, that the Executive became almost powerless.

For one, I have no doubt that the miserable condition of the land, in respect to roads, and bridges, and "public improvements" and the carriage of the mails, resulted much from this system. Any measure demanding great capital and combined action through the land, never could be carried out in Hungary.

The other great defect was in the limited extension of suffrage.

It is difficult to estimate exactly the number of voters in Hungary before 1848, but it is probable there were, not including those of Transylvania, 455,000, which, with a population of about 14,000,000, would give, roughly, *one in thirty* for a voter.

In England, before the Reform Bill, the proportion must have

been, one in sixty or seventy. At present, the ratio is calculated at about *one in twenty-five*, only a little better than the old Hungarian basis.

The qualification, however, in England, is, of course, much to be preferred—being property and not birth, as it was with the mass of electors in Hungary, though, be it remembered, that here, “birth” never necessarily implies *rank*.

The Hungarian Parliament, in 1848,—even as the English by the Reform Bill—remedied this old defect, and changed both the extension and the qualification of suffrage. The right of suffrage was made quite as universal as it is here. Every man, under a few appropriate conditions, was admitted to vote.

Kossuth, too, designed to remedy the old difficulties of administration, and to give the Executive more power—at the same time preserving the local and State Governments.

As I said, such a Constitution as this of Hungary’s, needed only a few reforms—given to it in 1848—to make it a most complete Republican, and even *Democratic* system.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### A GENTLEMAN'S ESTATE.

AFTER leaving Debreczin, I journeyed on in the *Bihar Comitatus*, towards a large estate belonging to a distinguished family, to whom I had letters of introduction. As I rode along over the *Puszta* from the North towards it, I wondered for a long time where it could lie. On every side to the horizon the plain stretched away, and with the exception of one or two villages off to the right, I could scarcely see any cultivated or inhabited ground upon it. It seemed an unusually barren *Puszta*, and was much covered with water from the late rains; so that even the herds of cattle, that commonly dot these plains, were not at all visible. The only signs of life, were the droves of swine on the dry parts of the meadows, and an occasional mounted *gens d'arme*, with his bright helmet and white coat, scouring the roads. Though we had three fine powerful horses, harnessed abreast, of course, in our *Vorspann*, we made but slow progress through the deep mud of the roads. At length, after a tedious ride, the *Kutscher* pointed to something which apparently concerned me, and I saw it was a clump of green, rising like an oasis from the plain, off at some distance on our left. We

turned soon on a cross road, and gradually began to discern the parts of the green mass.

First, there seemed a line of bushes, and, behind these, a long row of out-houses, stretching in a curve around a part of a densely-wooded enclosure.

The buildings appeared to be houses for workmen, stables, pens for cattle and horses, of which last I could see a great number. Before I could continue my observations, we had crossed a little bridge, entered a park gate, and were in front of a handsome country-house.

While getting off my travelling-coat, and disencumbering myself from the various articles of the journey, I sent in my letter of introduction by the servant, who increased no little the surprise at my arrival, by announcing "A gentleman from Asia!" I had merely sent it in to avoid the awkwardness of introducing myself, but the gentleman thought I was waiting outside till he could read the letter; and the moment he saw the name of his friend, from whom it came, he ran out with true Hungarian hospitality, almost indignant that "any friend of C. F. should ever wait outside his door."

I was soon at home in a most hospitable family of refined and polished people, who welcomed me especially as the friend of their friend, but, most of all, as an *American*. I may not disclose private life, and speak more particularly of that generous, noble-hearted family—the *beau ideal* of a Hungarian gentleman's family. Sorrow and disaster had beaten over them mournfully in the past, but it had not broken a certain nobleness and greatness of mind, such as I have scarcely ever seen in any person.

The memory has not left them, nor will soon leave Hungary, of a young man first commencing political life, about twenty years since, in the party of Kossuth. A youth of wonderful eloquence in

speaking, of inexhaustible ardor for the cause of liberty and progress, one whose noble beauty and thrilling voice, young as he was, are not yet forgotten in Hungary. He went, in these struggles, hand in hand, with another young man from a distinguished family in Eastern Hungary. The time came when Austria would stifle these first efforts for liberty. Kossuth was imprisoned, and this young man's friend was sent to a loathsome dungeon. Sympathy with his friend, despair for his country, worked on his mind until he became a maniac; and he lives, hopelessly insane, in the Hospital in Vienna. He was the hope and stay of this family of my host, and the wrinkles on the forehead of the grey-headed father show that long years have not worn away the remembrance. It is a singular fact—one showing the intensity of feeling peculiar to the Hungarians in these political questions—that his friend, after three years' fearful imprisonment, was released by the Austrian Government also in *hopeless idiocy*.

These facts would seem hardly credible; but any Hungarian will confirm them, for these young men are well remembered, as the *first victims* in the terrible sacrifice to Austria.

I would gladly say more of this family; for I can never forget the simple nobleness and truthfulness of each—the overflowing love towards their country—the passionate eloquence with which even the ladies spoke of its wrongs. There is something in such a family which we never see in any of the European circles; a naturalness, a fire, a sweep of feeling and passion, and, at the same time, a delicacy and refinement such as one never beholds united in our more artificial races. It is as if the passion and poetry of the East, and the strength and refinement of the West were mingled. The grey-headed father seemed to me like a chieftain of the Puszta, with the manners of an English gentleman.



We sat down soon after my arrival, to a dinner cooked and served in the most refined style—a social and cheerful meal, but with no tinge of grossness in it, and, after the usual “after-dinner coffee,” several of them went out to show me the estate.

If I had been surprised at seeing beforehand, on my ride, so few signs of the neighborhood of the Park, I was still more surprised at “the surroundings,” when I was once in it.

It was a complete island in the sea of plains around it—an oasis in the barren Puszta. The Park, immediately around the house, almost circular in shape, was entirely surrounded by a grassed terrace and a deep ditch; so that, as one walked upon it, looking off upon the flat, barren, limitless plain, it seemed like walking upon the beach of an island. On one side only the cultivated fields of the estate extended, guarded by groves of young trees. The outhouses which I had first seen, were carefully screened from the Park by bushes and trees.

This gentleman had come here thirty years before, when there was nothing—shrub, or flower, or tree—except two old sycamores—upon the barren plain—and, with a pertinacity and energy worthy of all gratitude from posterity, he has made it into a beautiful English-like Park. He was obliged to bring the soil, almost; plant the trees; drain; build the knolls; arrange the shrubbery; sow the grass, and, amid it all, wait patiently for years before the least fruit of his labors could be enjoyed. I scarcely ever heard of greater perseverance in plans of beautifying; but thanks to his energy and the skill of an English gardener, he has succeeded.

The Park is not very large, but exceedingly tasteful, and so arranged as to give one the impression of great size. It is full of trees of fine, large growth, disposed so as to make beautiful vistas, and to produce very fine shadings of color.

Occasionally, in the midst of the trees, one comes upon a pretty, green lawn, rolled down, as if in an English park; and again the walk carries you over a knoll, built of brick work and covered with turf. There are forest seats and arbors, and wild vines, too; and in it all, I have never seen such an instance of what mere perseverance and means could produce of beauty from very poor materials. Indeed, there are not many prettier estates, if one considers the size, in Hungary. If any man ever "made the desert blossom," he has done it. In front of the house, an open ground of flowers and well shorn turf extends down to the gate, where is the road, winding through shrubbery, which carries one to the Puszta. On the left, are houses for the tutor and the children under him, and beyond, behind the trees, the fields of grain belonging to the estate. I went out to look at them.

All well kept, and showing good farming, with the usual Hungarian crops.

*Lucerne*, in good quantities, I saw, as almost everywhere, cut *four times* always, this gentleman tells me. Wheat, rye, Indian corn, too, as on our farms. Several large fields of vines also, from which he makes his own wine, though necessarily rather a sour one, growing in this soil and situation. Tobacco, like many another planter, he has given up planting, since this new law, which, in common with others, he considers extortionary.

I went over the stables too. Most of the horses were of the usual small, fine-limbed breed, badly kept; there were, however, some large, heavy, carriage horses, I think of the old Spanish stock. Two beautiful English "hunters," with their long bodies, deep shoulders and muscular necks, were there, evidently of very pure blood, imported by this gentleman.

He had not suffered from the manumission of the serfs from feu-

dal labor, as his property had not rested much in that class of workmen. Most of his men now, he said, were paid by taking so much from the crops which they labored upon and gathered. Wages, however, when he did pay them, amounted to about twenty kreutzers (fifteen cents) a day! Good land there, he thought, was worth from twenty to twenty-five dollars an acre. One can hardly understand how the price of labor can be so cheap compared with that of land. But they all call it dear, and say that wages before and in the Revolution, were very much less, often only six or eight cents a day.

However, we must remember that Hungary is a land rich in "wine and corn" and that all the necessaries of life are very cheap. Wages have probably risen, because the Bauer do not see the necessity of working for others, when only their little patch of corn and vines, with a drove of hogs, and perhaps a cow or two, will easily keep them through the year.

This will all change, however. New wants will come with new civilization, and the peasant will throw away his sheep-skin for something finer, and change his pork-fat and red pepper diet for some foreign luxuries, and then will work enough for wages, if he is wanted.

In the evening we sat down to a supper beautifully served, of many courses, according to the Hungarian custom, though after all there is little heavy eating or drinking at refined tables in Hungary.

At the close, we all rose and bowed low to one another, and the daughters kissed the father's hand.

I never went among any circle of the upper classes in Hungary, without being struck with the exceeding beauty of *tone* in the Hungarian language. The nation, as I have often remarked, are a people of natural orators, and the language is remarkable for its

frequent use of vowels and liquids. So that, in a refined company where they are speaking in their earnest, passionate way, the sound of the words, even if one does not understand them, is wonderfully beautiful. To my mind, the Italian language will not at all equal it in melody. It has, too, always, something plaintive and sad in it to my ear, and I find others notice it also. The same thing is true of their poëtry, their national airs, their eloquence. Is there indeed something in the very nature and disposition of this people, which is an omen of its destiny? Can it be, I thought to myself that evening, as I sat listening to the plaintive Hungarian melodies and the rich-toned voices about me; can it be that this noble, generous-hearted people are to pass away utterly from the list of nations.

It has often in Hungary seemed to me almost incredible, impossible, that a race so passionately loving its independence, so ready to suffer all for their country, so brave and manly too, could ever really be trampled down and forced into the condition of a subject people by such a government as the Austrian. But alas! what Hungarian ever loved his plains as the Jew loved Jerusalem, or as the Pole loved his cities and his gallant republic? Stupidity and Brutality *can* tread down Nobleness and Freedom. God allows it—for a time—but *not for ever*, as HE is good.

There was something apparent in this family, and in fact, through all Hungary, which is not at all to be conveyed by description, yet which left the deepest impression on me. A kind of *dramatic* air. It was as if throughout my whole journey, I was among the actors in a grand Tragedy, but a real tragedy. There are combinations in human circumstances, which may produce results more dramatic, more poetic than poets have ever pictured; and it seemed to me it was so in Hungary.

And yet all this is impossible to be conveyed in words to others.

It consists so much in slight things; in the impassioned voice, the glance, the gesture, the words quickly uttered, but vibrating to one's very heart, the habits and almost unconscious expressions.

I have heard many eloquent voices and distinguished orators, but I certainly never listened to tones which thrilled so on my ear, or thrill still in memory on my heart, as those of the ladies in this family when they spoke of Hungary and the Heaven-appealing wrongs which had oppressed her; and described the noble-hearted whom they had known, who had died for her so gladly, but so uselessly.

Much as I should desire it, I do not feel myself permitted to say more of this true-hearted Hungarian family; one of the best examples of the Hungarian character. I talked much with them of their relations in foreign lands, in exile and disgrace, for struggling for Hungary; of Kossuth, whom they knew and loved well, the out-cast and the fugitive. I was surprised to find in our conversations, that they all still believed Görgey was no traitor; and that he had only surrendered when there was no other course left him.

After a few days pleasant visit, I bade adieu, feeling as if I had known them all for years, and with a regret which hung about me for days, until the strange contrasts before me, drove it all out of my mind.

It may be that in the stormy years before them in Hungary, they may yet be driven out from their beautiful home to the free Land over the waters. If they are, I do not promise much, when I say, that many a hearty hand of welcome, will be stretched out to meet them from me and mine.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### GROS WARDEIN—SOCIAL LIFE.

FROM this gentleman's estate, my journey continued on in an easterly direction, until at length, after various similar experiences in Hungarian country-life, I approached GROS WARDEIN.

The neighborhood was indicated some time before we reached it, by a stretch of very beautiful hills covered with the vine—a feature of the landscape which I had abundant opportunities of studying afterwards. Some of the wine made on these vineyards is very choice indeed; much better than the sour wine of the plains.

The gipsies appear to frequent all this part of Hungary; we passed occasionally little encampments of them. They are in great request it is said, for musical entertainments. One of the first things my friends recommended me to see in this Comitat, was a celebrated band of Gipsy-musicians. However, I never could find them; and only heard the common bands, whose performances are poor enough.

My companions, as we rode along, related some marvellous stories of a certain English traveller, who had been here—and of his influence over the gipsies.

One of them said, that he was walking out with him one day, when they met a poor gipsy woman. The Englishman addressed her in Hungarian, and she answered in the usual disdainful way. He changed his language, however, and spoke a word or two in an unknown tongue.

The woman's face lighted up in an instant, and she replied in the most passionate, eager way, and after some conversation, dragged him away, almost with her. After this, the English gentleman visited a number of their most private gatherings, and was received everywhere as one of them. He did more good among them, all said, than all the laws over them, or the benevolent efforts for them, of the last half century. They described his appearance—his tall, lank, muscular form, and mentioned that he had been much in Spain, and I saw that it must be that most ubiquitous of travellers—*Mr. Borrow*.

As we approached Gros Wardein, we passed a large heath, well known as the place where an immense force of militia was drawn out, during the last war, to oppose the progress of the Russians.

On the 18th of June, it will be remembered, the Russians entered the mountain-passes of Hungary on the North. A wing of the main army, under *Ceodajeff*, some 25,000 strong, marched rapidly down through the deserted highway, and, much to the surprise of the inhabitants, appeared before Debreczin on the 2d of July. It was feared this body might continue its forced march, and unite with the hostile forces on the South. Accordingly, the militia, in the neighborhood of Gros Wardein, at once collected with the greatest enthusiasm, and, in such formidable bodies, that the Russian General was glad to evacuate Debreczin, and retreat behind the *Theiss*.



On the very outskirts of the town, the vineyards and gardens presented a singular aspect from the effects of a violent hail-storm, which had just passed over them. Every tree looked as our trees do, after the ravages of a swarm of canker-worms.

Sheep, and even some children, it was said, had been killed by the hail-stones. It shows the remarkable extremes of climate in this region, that snow often falls here in the winter so as to fill up every road—and even to drift up to the roofs of the cottages—while delicious grapes and melons ripen everywhere in the summer. The little boy in the carriage with me, the son of a gentleman I had been visiting, gave a shout of joy when he saw the fields of General R—— (an Austrian officer, “a second Haynau,” they said), all stripped by the storm.

Just within the town, my companions pointed out to me a fine large park, and handsome house, belonging to a *Roman Catholic Bishop*, much beloved by the people, and now in an Austrian prison (*Arad*, I believe), sentenced to imprisonment for twenty years. One of the truest Hungarian patriots, they said—and they were zealous Protestants themselves. It perhaps is not known in America, how nobly many of the Catholic clergy sacrificed all for Hungary.

The celebrated priest, *Wimmer*, who had won the confidence of the whole people, by his self-denying efforts among the poor, in establishing schools, and improving agriculture, organized and commanded personally, a division of the National Guards.

Many others proved their devotion to Hungary by dying on the scaffold, or the gallows for their cause.

The Catholic clergy of Hungary is perhaps the most richly-endowed in the world.

The *Archbishop of Gran*, who is at the head of the Church, has

an income valued by some at \$100,000, and by others,\* at \$250,000.

The revenues of the Bishop of Erlau were once estimated at about \$30,000; and those of the Bishop of Agram are put now, as about \$100,000! The collected incomes of the whole clergy are valued now at \$1,620,000.

Those of the Greek non-united Church, are much less—no more than \$300,000.

On entering the town, I drove directly to the house of a gentleman, who was expecting me, to whom I had been introduced by the Protestant Bishop of Debreczin, Prof. Cz——.

The Professor had been abroad, during the Revolution, with a pupil, and was not at all one of “the compromised party,” at which I felt more secure, for it was evident I was getting under a much more oppressive police system, than in other parts of Hungary.

Men spoke far more guardedly with one another, and as, of course, I could not generally lead the conversation, I observed in my friend’s house, it turned much less on politics, than it had everywhere before.

Gros Wardein is one of the great military stations for the Austrians in Hungary, and naturally their rule is more lawless and strict here.

In the course of the first day, we all went out to see the city. Gros Wardein is a place of about 20,000 inhabitants, but with much better-built houses than the other inland cities. The streets are very broad, and there are many fine market-places, which give a very pleasant aspect to the town. The houses, as in Debreczin, are all of one story. The majority of the population are Catholics, and

\* Springer—Statistik von Ungarn.





City and costume of country

of course, the place is full of churches. It formerly boasted of more than seventy—there cannot now be more than twenty-five.

If Hungary ever should be a prosperous State again, this city would be the great manufacturing centre of the country. The best water-power I have seen in Hungary, is here from the river Körös and its branches; and through this town must pass all the lines of rail-road connecting Eastern Hungary, Transylvania, and even Turkey with the capital.

Kossuth and his associates discerned this at once, and made the city their great military depôt, and manufactory.

Guns were made, cannon cast, clothing manufactured here, and the city was busy enough during the War of independence.

At the present time, it presents a much more lively appearance than the other Hungarian cities, and seems yet to be manufacturing a little in woollens.

In the course of the day I was introduced at the club, or *Casino*, where there were some very good reading-rooms, with German and Hungarian papers, and a few billiard-tables.

After some agreeable conversation there, I called with my friend on the various persons to whom I had letters.

I was well received, but I could not but notice through all a depression, a restraint, which showed the weight of the oppressive rule over them. Politics were carefully avoided, and when one of the party commenced to repeat a good German epigram, which was going the rounds against Austria, I noticed the others checked him at once, and the subject was changed. No one seemed at ease. The streets and hotels too, were full of the white-coated Austrian soldiers. The whole, with the gloomy, rainy, weather, left a depressing effect upon me, and I observed to my companion that I would shorten my stay here, and go at once, the next day, to some

curious sulphur-baths in the neighborhood, and then visit a prominent nobleman, near by—M. de Tisza, to whom I had letters—of whose estimable family I had heard the highest accounts all through Hungary.

Among our other visits, was one upon the only survivor of the fourteen generals, tried and condemned by the Austrian Courts, at the close of the War.

Thirteen were shot almost in a squad, and this man, the fourteenth, was respited, because he had opposed the Declaration of Independence, and had refused, I think, to serve after that. He had been an officer in the Emperor's service for twenty years before the Revolution. He is evidently "loyal" enough now.

A hearty, whole-souled man, I should think, with a true soldier's honor, but a mere *Haudegen*, as they call him, "*Slasher*," no General, and no man for the new times. Such men will not be of much use, when the next Revolution breaks out in Hungary.

At the dinner hour, as Professor C. did not dine at his house, we both proceeded to a Hotel near by.

The *salle* was crowded with dashing Austrian officers, mostly engaged in drinking Hungarian wine, and swearing at Hungarian quarters. At length, we found a little table in one corner, where there were already two gentlemen, sitting, and ordered our dinner.

In the course of the meal, my friend engaged the two others in conversation, and perhaps to show that he had an American as an acquaintance, asked me a question about Ujhazy's Hungarian Colony in America.

I remember, I answered in a general way, that the "soil was very good, climate favorable," that "they all had to work very hard, like all the emigrants in America," and "that Ujhazy was much respected in America, &c."

I recollect at the time, I avoided all farther conversation, from a kind of *mistrust* I felt of the two men at the table. I could scarcely tell why—perhaps because they were evidently not Hungarians—perhaps from some undefinable expression in their faces. However, I thought no more of it, and left the Hotel with my friend, to pay my visits to my various acquaintances.

The evening I spent in writing home, and the next day went abroad again to see the curiosities, and notabilities of the city. In the course of our visits, we called upon the *Obergespan* (Governor,) of the *Comitat*. We had scarcely exchanged greetings, when he said to my friend, that the gentleman was under suspicion, as he had not handed in his *Passe* to the Police!"

I replied, that "I had supposed twenty-four hours would be allowed here, as in the other Hungarian cities, and, as no one had demanded it, on entering the town, I had not handed it in—but that I would go directly to the *Place-Commandant*."

He commenced some explanations, which I cut short, and wished him "Good morning," feeling a little nettled at his whole manner, and proceeded immediately to the office of the Commandant.

He took the *Passe*, said there would be no difficulties, that he would hand it to the General for inspection, and I could send for it, in the afternoon—all in the pleasantest, politest way—and I left, feeling quite relieved, as I knew they would be glad of any pretext, to proceed against an *American*.



## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### THE ARREST.

IN the afternoon, after this occurrence, I went to a dinner-party to which I had been invited. We were in the midst of a very pleasant conversation, my friends congratulating me that all pretense for proceedings from the Authorities was taken away, and I telling a story of the Viennese Police, when we were suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a little gentleman in black, followed by a *gens d'arme*. The small gentleman announced himself as the "Chief of Police," with a "warrant for my arrest and the examination of my papers, on charge of my having *Proclamations!*" We took the matter very quietly, and asked the Chief to sit down with us. I ate two plates of the Hungarian *Strudel*, (pudding,) to show my indifference and then we all drank coffee and smoked together, and drove around in company to the house of my friend.

Before going, I expressed my regret to the lady—our hostess—at such an unpleasant interruption. She assured me, they had become quite used to such things. "We Hungarians expect nothing else now!"

In riding around, the *gens d'arme* told me, that the warrant had

been given him the day before (not *six hours* after my arrival,) and, as I was stopping at a private house, he could not find me, and had searched all through that stormy night in every hotel and lodging-house of the city! At my friend's house, we found a sentinel already stationed, and all my writings and books collected together in a bundle. I could not but smile to myself at the idea of my papers being faithfully examined for dangerous political sentiments, as they were either affectionate letters from friends, or sentimental and religious effusions of my own, written in a very bad hand, and very dull to any one but the author. However, I expressed myself to the Director that such proceedings on the part of the authorities against strangers, would be found not for the interest of Austria herself.

After a close examination of my friend's effects, the *gens d'arme* drove me to the office of one of the military authorities, left my portfolio and papers there, and then rode to his barracks, "where I would be obliged to wait a short time," he said. It was a little mess-room, where he left me, with sabres, and hunting-flasks, and German love ditties, and pipes scattered about—and a small colony of terrier pups under the table. I waited long, looking at everything in the room and without, and wondering what the end of all this was going to be.

At last, he returned, and said I must accompany him "for a temporary arrest." I followed, and we drove to the old castle, outside of the city.

As we rode through the heavy old arched gateway, into the Court within, I looked around curiously at the grim walls, and could not but feel a momentary heart-sinking, when I remembered how far I was from friend or aid, and how many a hopeful man had entered such a prison in the Austrian states, never to come forth again.

However, I did not see what possible ground there could be for a long imprisonment, and therefore followed my *gens d'arme* cheerfully up the old stairway. He transferred me to two soldiers in the hall, who stood on guard over me, with fixed bayonets. Here we waited some time, until at length a little officer, with a sharp voice, told the soldiers to bring me up stairs. Up, accordingly, we marched, and the officer asked, why I was here. "I have not the slightest idea," I replied; "I supposed it was because I was an American."

He then said, he had commands to search my person, and, without more ceremony, proceeded to the work. Every possible hole and corner was searched in my pockets; and everything to the last *Kreutzer*, and smallest bit of paper, taken out, and carefully noted down; my watch and tooth-pick being the only things left me. I said not a word during the whole search, though I must say, if there is anything calculated to make a man feel like a felon, it is such a procedure. After this was over, he took me through a dirty cell where were some half-dozen men—into a still dirtier, dimly lighted by a grated window, which was boarded up on the outside nearly to the top, and told me, "there were my quarters."

I asked him if he "could give me no better?"

"No," said he, "I am ordered to place you here! You can have these two gentlemen here for company. It will be part of your experience as a traveller. *Gute Nacht!*"

The two "gentlemen" were, the one a common Honved, convicted of carrying a false pass, and the other a tailor, sentenced to five months, for having a concealed weapon.

I had not been there long before a friendly voice from the other room called me to the key-hole, and told me, "not to be *Bluc*, for it was always hard at first."

"And, friend, what is the news from *our* people in Europe?"

I thought it best, under the circumstances to say as little as possible, and replied, "I did not know at all, for I was only a traveler." Whereupon the voice wished me a good sleep, in French, and struck up, for my consolation, the "*Marsellaise*," with great spirit.

As it may be imagined, I slept little that night. The sudden change from my most interesting travel to this dismal dungeon; the uncertainty and *strangeness* of it all, were too much to allow me rest. At one time, it seemed a very interesting adventure, and as if I should easily escape the next day, after the mistake was discovered.

At another, I thought I saw that there was a deliberate intention to treat me as a common criminal, and I remembered I was completely in the power of the Austrian police. Yet I felt confident that not the slightest word or writing of a treasonable character, could be brought up against me—and, if there was the least justice here, I was sure of coming out directly. To add to my discomfort, was the filthy state of the bed, which was full of fleas and vermin, so that my body on the next morning looked as if I had had a very unpleasant cutaneous disorder.

The next day was Sunday, and I walked to and fro in the cell, waiting for the summons to the trial, which I understood was to take place, and longing to have such a disagreeable mistake corrected.

At length, in the afternoon, the Provost undid the heavy bars; I was placed between two soldiers, with fixed bayonets, and marched down to a room below, where the Court was sitting.

It was a small, well-furnished room, with a large table, behind which sat four officers in full military dress, and a clerk; on the other side, were eight soldiers with muskets—the "*Beisitzer*."

The officers bowed politely, and the Provost placed a seat for me. An intellectual-looking, keen eyed man at my end of the table, commenced the examination in the bland way, so peculiar to the Austrian officers.

The first questions were entirely unimportant. "What is your name, sir?" What is your father's name? Where were you born? What is your profession? Where was your residence?" Here a little pardonable delay occurred, in the Clerk's difficulty over the word "Connecticut," the name of my native State.

After these, more closely, questions as to my *route* in Europe—and here every answer was compared exactly with the *visés* on my *Passeporte*; then of my acquaintances, and finally the question put with great earnestness by the examining officer or Major.

"*What are your objects in Hungary?*"

As I was before a court of soldiers, and as a man not accustomed to be ashamed of his objects anywhere, I explained fully and frankly my plans:

"I am travelling in Hungary, gentlemen, as I have travelled in other lands, with the purpose of studying the character and manners of the people, and with the particular object of investigating the old political institutions of the Hungarians. There has always been a want of good reports in America, with respect to the old Constitution of this Nation. I wished to see its workings, on the spot. My object has been no other than that of a candid investigator."

I soon saw that I had made a great mistake. I was not at all before a frank soldier, or a court dispensing justice, but in the hands of a keen, cold, heartless inquisitor, using every device to entangle me, and determined, from some unaccountable reason, to fasten a crime upon me.

“We do not believe your account, sir,” said he, “we know the sympathy of the Americans with these revolutionists here. We know that no American traveller would leave the great routes of travel for such a vague purpose as this. You are the first who has ever been in the land. We know your object!”

It was in vain I assured him that our countrymen travelled in all lands; and that to a thinking man, nothing was more interesting than the political institutions of a country. He would hear nothing of it, and I gave up the controversy, by asking for “his proofs of any other object?”

He did not answer, but continued: “But, why go to R——(a village on the Theiss). Travellers do not visit such out-of-the-way places. Sir we understand you. We can prove that every one of your acquaintances has some connection or relative among the emigrants in America. We can prove that you are in a wide conspiracy. We understand this route of travel, and these many acquaintances. There is a wide complot here. I have been accustomed to trace plots for many years. I see your object. Speak out openly and confess!”

I was startled. Such a perversion of all ideas of *justice!*

I put on an indifferent face, however, and answered—“I do not believe you have such proofs. I do not remember a single acquaintance who has a relative in America. I have visited villages, as well as cities in Hungary, with the view of seeing all sides of the land.”

The next questions of the most searching kind were, as to my acquaintance with the Hungarian emigrants.

Fortunately for me, I had met but few whose names I remembered, and of these, the only one of importance was Gen. Czetz, whom I had met in Hamburg, and who had, very politely, given me a note of introduction to a friend in Pesth, a Government Officer,

which I still had with me. The note was of the simplest form ever used in Europe, merely—"The Herr von Czetz introduces with pleasure, Mr. Brace, to his friend Mr. S. of Pesth." Yet this was pounced upon with the greatest avidity, by the examining Major, or "Auditor," as he is called.

"We understand the countersigns and secret devices of your Democratic Society. You hide a conspiracy under a few words.

"You will enter a room and only say '*Good Morning!*' and you can convey at once under those words, some political sign. There is some plot hidden under this introduction. Explain to the court, your only hope is in confession!"

I smiled at such a perversion, and told him "he must know the world very little, or he would know such formal introductions were the commonest things—I had a dozen now in my portfolio."

Yet, despite the bold face I put on the matter, I began to be far from easy. I began to have a sense as if I was getting entangled in meshes, from which I could not escape. I saw the whole thing was no trifling matter, as I had at first supposed. The thought that he might have *suborned* witnesses flashed over me, and I remembered how utterly helpless I was.

The memory of all the terrible stories I had ever read in novels or histories of Spanish Inquisitions, came over me, and for a moment I had that *dreamy* sense, as if it was not I, but some one else, here in that strange peril. These of course were only thoughts of a moment, and I set myself to bide the worst, and meet the examination carefully and manfully.

It came out in the course of the questioning that I had seen UJHAZY once, in the streets of New York. To this, for some reason I could not then understand, he returned again and again.

"Where have you spoken with him?"



"I had never spoken with him."

"What is your connection with him?"

"I have none."

"Speak out, sir, open and frankly. Do not hold back so much! What is your agreement with Ujhazy, and where are your letters from him?"

"I have none at all. I know nothing of him."

"Sir," said he, "be careful what you say. This is no unimportant matter. We know well the sympathies of your countrymen for this rebel leader, and for his party here. We have good evidence of your acquaintance. Make an open, candid confession!"

"I repeat it, and it will not be necessary to say it again, that I do not know Ujhazy, and have never spoken with him. If you have proofs, you must bring them forward. I cannot understand how such a suspicion of my being in a complot, can have arisen? Even if I had known Ujhazy, and every Hungarian emigrant in America, it would be no evidence of any conspiracy with them."

Next came up the point of my having visited certain persons who were, in 1848, engaged in the Revolution. I admitted it, but urged that I had also visited men of the other party, even the Government officials, and that my letters were to the principal men of all parties.

"We understand it, sir! That is your *screen!*" said he.

In my luggage was found a pamphlet, printed in 1848, called "*Hungary's Good Right*," written by Pulsky. It advocated strongly the Hungarian side, and at the end was a line written in pencil from Virgil, beginning "*Graviora passi!*" etc. "Oh! ye, who have too sorely suffered, God shall at length bring an end to this too!"

Over this the *Auditor* declaimed with great vehemence. This

pamphlet showed my cursed Revolutionary sentiments. "These are the things which you scatter among the people. Look at this line, sir! God will end the sufferings of the Hungarians! What does that mean? God will bring aid perhaps from others!"

I smiled at such a storm over a quotation, and told him I had never observed the line before. He would notice it was not in my handwriting. Still I could not see anything very treasonable in it.

"It proves nothing. I have been collecting documents from all sides, and this is one. I can prove from Vienna, that when there, I read works on the other side. Besides, even if it showed my political sentiments it does not all prove I am in a revolutionary complot. And furthermore, old revolutionary pamphlets, which no one reads now except the historical investigator, are the very last things an *emissary* would carry about with him. If it was a modern, exciting *brochure*, or a proclamation, it would be different; but *this!*"

"The reading works on the other side was only natural in an educated man," said he.

I then ventured to ask, "What would *not* be suspicious in an American in the view of the Austrian authorities? It was 'suspicious' to visit men of the Hungarian party, and only a 'sham' to visit those of the other. It was 'revolutionary' if one read books on one side, and proved nothing good if one read them on the other.

"I am not here to argue," was the reply.

Every slightest thing which the Auditor could find to make out a case against me, was eagerly grasped.

I had been visiting a gentleman in the neighborhood, who was intimately connected with one of the leaders of the Hungarian party in 1848. As I was going away, he gave me his own card, which I could present as a card of introduction to his relative, now residing in England. Being in a hurry, I merely wrote down on

the card the address in London, and dropped it in my pocket. This was all eagerly caught at by the prosecuting officer.

“It was not a common card, for then there would be no pencil marks upon it. It was not a card of recommendation, for there is nothing said of introduction on it. It is the secret cover of a plot. Confess, sir, what there is under this? Beside, why have you visited this family?”

“I replied that I had had a letter of introduction to the gentleman, and I wished especially to see something of country life and of a farm, on a *Puszta*. And, as for the card of invitation, it could not be thought a crime, when the gentleman himself had been allowed by government, to go to England to visit his relative.”

“We do not believe your reasons. Country life is the same in all nations; and as for this *Puszta*, it is a desolate, uninteresting place. Confess, sir. This gentleman, who lives there, is connected with a distinguished rebel in England. You have letters from his relative. You were introduced by him!”

“Sir,” said I, “I do not know the gentleman’s relative, and there is no proof that I do. I was introduced to Mr. B. by a friend here in Hungary. Mr. B. himself has never been compromised in the Revolution. And you must know Hungary very little, or you would know such an estate as his, is one of the most interesting objects to a stranger!”

He shrugged his shoulders in utter incredulity, and proceeded to other questions.

It should be mentioned here, that the earlier bland manner of the Auditor had become by this time quite changed. At one time he bullied, then turned my words, then drew me out, in hopes of my speaking too much; apparently, throughout, in the fixed determina-

tion, from some hidden motive, of fastening a "conspiracy" upon me.

"I see how it is," said he, turning to the President of the Court, "he has been in London, Paris, and Berlin, the head-quarters of the democratic movements. He is acquainted with the American embassies. They have given him every access to these emigrants, and now he is carrying out their plots. Your movement is discovered, sir," turning to me, "and your only course, now, and hope, is in confession. Inform the Court what your connection with the Democratic Committee is, and with the Hungarian emigrants!"

It was astonishing how suspicious, under his management, everything was made to appear. My *route* in Europe, which had been rather circuitous, showed such suspicious objects! My entering Hungary, too, on such vague, philosophical motives! My course of travel in the land, somewhat eccentric, owing to my wish to see country-life as well as city life, he either could not or would not understand.

The very morning I was arrested, some spy had dogged my steps, and known that I put a letter in the post-office for Vienna. I acknowledged it, and stated that it enclosed a letter to a friend near New York.

"Ha! I understand it. \* You have avoided handing in your Passe, till you could communicate with your accomplices. We will examine that man in Vienna. We will show what your story is worth of merely 'letters to friends!'"

I did not answer, for I had already given my reasons for not handing in my passport, except to ask for "proofs."

This long course of badgering and worrying at length began to have its natural effect on me, and my replies grew as brief and curt as my own defense would allow, until at last, in an attempt of his

to twist a mistake of my German into a charge against me, I rose up and said, "Sir, you are bound here, as public Investigator, to be unbiassed in this case. You are to remember I am here a stranger, defending myself in a foreign language. You are to take my words as I explain them!"

He said nothing, and turned to a farther examination of my papers.

Among the many questions put on the trial this day, was a long series in regard to the persons I had called upon, in Gross Wardein and Debreczin, and throughout—and my reasons therefor.

"Your acquaintances, sir," said he, "belong to that unfortunate party of rebels, and were strongly compromised in the Revolution. What has been your object with such men? Are you not here, an American, the first who has been here among the people, to sow another Revolution? We know your countrymen!"

As the examination, already some six hours in length, seemed drawing towards a close, I rose, and urged some further arguments for my case. "Sir," said I, "as I said before, I cannot understand how this suspicion has arisen against me. I have told you frankly and freely my objects in Hungary. You will see that my whole course of action here has not been at all that of an emissary. I have been in public places, I have visited men of all parties, my letters of introduction there, in my papers, are to the principal men of Hungary; men standing far above all suspicion of joining in secret political intrigues. All the writings found upon me of my own will show my objects to have been merely those of a traveller. Alone here and unknown, I appeal to the American embassies in Europe, in Berlin, Vienna, London, for proofs that my former character has not been at all that of an intriguer or revolutionary conspirator!"

"Sir," said he, interrupting me, "that has nothing to do with the

case!" Then with his most solemn tone, "This day I am a true servant of my *Kaiser*, but God only knows into what treasonable plots I may fall to-morrow! We have had such experience here as to show us that no purity of character is a security against joining in revolutionary efforts. *You may make it a part of your religion to spread a Revolution!*"

I could not but acknowledge the truth of it as far as Hungary was concerned, though I thought it did not speak especially well for his own party. As I saw that any farther defense was useless, I said no more, and listened in silence to the accusation read against me, nearly in these words—

*"You are a member of the Democratic Verein, (Union) and employed by the Committee, and an agent of Ujhazy and Csetz, here in Hungary, for the purpose of spreading Revolutionary movements!"*

As it appeared later, the only possible evidence which they had for this charge, besides what is mentioned above, where the words I had uttered in the hotel. The two men opposite us at table were members of the Secret Police, and had reported immediately that there was an American in the city who "spoke as if acquainted with Ujhazy."

I beg the reader to consider the whole mode of this examination, as showing the spirit of the Court toward the accused in this case. A stranger is suddenly summoned before a secret Court. He is not allowed to hear the accusation against him. He knows nothing of the testimony. He is permitted no advocate nor friend; must defend himself on a question, perhaps of life and death, in a foreign language. The examination is not that of a magistrate searching for the probabilities of an offense, but of an inquisitor determined to

entangle and to punish. And the examining officer is at once prosecutor, judge and witness for the State.

After the charge was read, I was conducted back to my prison-room, by the Provost and two soldiers, and, as he passed through the first cell I heard the prisoners ask him, "*Will he be imprisoned?*" "*Ganz bestimmt!*" ("Without a doubt,") was the reply. With this consolation was I locked in for the second night.



## CHAPTER XXXV.

### THE PRISON.

IN an Austrian Prison—and almost sentenced!

I threw myself on the dirty bed, and could scarcely believe it all real. It half seemed as if it must be a dream.

I went back over the examination step by step. I saw that the Judge seemed from the first, to have resolved on convicting me. He spoke too, of "proofs," which if they were real, would be fatal to me. Perhaps he had bribed witnesses; or perhaps some of my many letters of introduction, contained expressions which would be twisted into evidence of a plot.

I thought of where I might have answered better. Yet, on the whole, I had nothing to regret. I had come before the Court, not knowing the accusation, and had answered everything honestly and truly. It all looked hopeless enough. I knew they would be very glad to sentence an "American." And who could ever know or hear of my being there?

It came over me, as if all I had ever heard or read of these Austrian dungeons and secret Inquisitions was true—and true for *me*. Perhaps *my* LIFE—all that I had wished and hoped for—all that I

had been preparing for, was to end here, to close in this mean, miserable way. I might die openly without much fear—but to be stifled in a dark hole in this manner!

I thought, too, of a long imprisonment—that I should be rotting here the best years of my life. And there came over me a picture of myself returning home, rheumatic, broken in health—those I loved, dead, and all I knew, forgetting me—and my plans for life, utterly ruined. Then it seemed to me my reason would not bear this, and I remembered the young Hungarian, who had come out from this very prison after three years, a *lunatic*, and I felt sure, one year would do the same for me.

The contrast, too, with my previous life, was most depressing. I had not had so interesting or exciting a journey in Europe—and now to be shut up here in these narrow walls!

My imagination became so worked up by all this, that for a moment the air seemed growing close and stifling—and I sprung up and walked to and fro. In the midst of my reflections, a voice called me to the key-hole of the next room—the same friendly voice which I had heard on my first night.

“Friend! Are you gloomy?”

“No,” said I, “not at all.”

“How does it stand with your case?”

“Bad—though it is all suspicion—no proofs!”

“Friend! Do you not know the House of Austria needs no proofs? *Suspicion is enough!*”

I felt within myself the man was right, though I answered cheerily.

I turned now for conversation to my two comrades, who were lying on their beds, smoking. We were already on good terms; and I soon engaged them in talking.

They were good-natured fellows, but decidedly stupid. As it appeared from their account, the *Auditor* here was a notoriously cruel Judge. More men had been hung by this Court than by any other secret Court of Hungary. There were peasants then in the prison, who had been here *four months*, on some trifling charge, without having a hearing!

After some farther talk, I laid myself down again to try to sleep. But with my heated brain, and the innumerable fleas, it was impossible. My mind seemed now to have recovered from its first confusion. A deep, burning sense of indignation at such injustice settled upon me.

The noble sympathies of my countrymen were to be revenged so meanly on me! This was *Austrian* reprisal! I felt glad within me that, if I must suffer, I could suffer for such reasons. And I was strong in the consciousness of the sympathy of a great Nation, if any act of injustice or violence should be performed against me. There arose, too, as is natural, under such an unprovoked wrong, a dogged determination to resist—and, whatever came, to fight out the matter step by step.

And, why should I hesitate to say, that the Trust in ONE above Courts and Nations, and above this oppression of men, grew that night more calm and strong within me.

Though I had not slept a moment, the morning's light seemed to bring hope again, and I rose the next day quite cheerfully.

One of my first proceedings was to examine my cell. The room was a moderately large arched chamber, such as one sees in the Tower of London, or in old Castles, anywhere in Europe, used for state prisoners. It was dirty and dark, and the only window was guarded by iron bars, iron net-work, and beyond on the outside, by a board-screen reaching to within six inches of the top. It had

very probably always been used for a dungeon, even in the middle ages, when the castle was in its glory. We were held safely enough within it, but to any accomplished "prison-bird," it would have been mere sport. The bars were loose—they had already made a gap in the net-work, and cut a hole in the boarding, so that with one or two good steel saws, and a rope, a man would have been out at once, despite the sentinels.

I was soon convinced, however, that without passeporte or money, it would be altogether useless making the attempt at escape. It was evident, my only hope was in sending news of this, out to our Embassy at Vienna—though how to do this was the question—as I was allowed no books or papers, and was very closely watched. The Provost came in the morning, and had coffee and rolls brought me, and gave me a certain sum from my money, for my dinners, which I was to order from an inn near by. Everything looked like a long imprisonment; I saw that if that was to be the case, I had better prepare for it. As soon as possible, I had a conversation with the Frenchman, who had spoken to me through the key-hole. He was very friendly, and showed me how I could perhaps send letters out.

As he had been in prison two years, I asked his advice, as to prison-life in general, and about preserving health. He advised precisely what I had before thought was the best course, to take as much exercise as possible, avoid gloomy thoughts, and use fruit and light wine freely; and, indeed to the use of this pure, beautiful light wine of the Hungarians, with a careful diet, I ascribe as much as anything my continued good health in such miserable quarters. This wine, which was purer and better than any light wine which could possibly be procured in our country, was astonishingly cheap. We paid even in prison, for a half bottle, only *four kreutzers* (three

cents)—and the time has been, they said, when such wine could be bought for two cents a bottle!

I husbanded, however, the little money given me, as I found that here, as everywhere, to be the great Talisman.

The Frenchman pointed me out soon the servant through whom I could procure paper and ink. I went quietly to him, as he was doing some work in the room—dropped the money in his hands—whispered the words—while he was looking vacantly towards the door.

At night, when he came again, he brought the articles. The Wallach showed me a loose plank, under which they deposited such things—and late that night I wrote the letters. By a very good fortune, the small tailor, one of my comrades, had just about finished his term of five months. He was called down before the Court, the next day, probably for his liberation. I gave him the letters, before he went, and he put them in the lining of his boots, as he seemed to think any other place might be searched. He promised faithfully to post them.

I never expected they would reach their destination. One was written to a friend in Hungary, under a disguised name, and if opened, would not have seemed suspicious, as it contained the illusion to an accident, which could be best aided by friends in Vienna, whose names were accordingly given. The other was to *Mr Schwarz*, our Consul in Vienna, calling for aid, as to a man in utmost need, and detailing the particulars of my imprisonment. I did not dare to write to Mr. McCurdy, as his name would attract suspicion.

I did not think this was enough, however. The Wallach was in the habit of getting conveniences for me, from the Provost's room, and I induced him to speak to another prisoner there, who was just

about to be liberated, for me. This was a Catholic priest, a whole-souled generous-hearted fellow, whose fun and good humor seemed to enliven the whole prison.

He was in "Provost's arrest," viz., he must confine himself to the Provost's chamber.

I used often to see him, standing in the morning at the door of his room, in full canonicals (which he had just put on again, after his imprisonment), a flask of wine in one hand, and a glass in the other, and proclaiming, like a herald: "*Ho! my children! come and drink! The day of my liberation is near! Let no one be gloomy now!*" emptying flask after flask for them. Yet, the Provost said, he never drank any himself. He took an interest in me from the first, and promised to do all he could for me in Vienna. He was too old "a bird," however, to take any papers from me, for, of course, as all the others, he believed I was "deeply in," in some affair.

He said, he had been searched twenty-five times for Revolutionary papers, and he should be cautious how he risked anything again.

I gave him McCurdy's name and address, and he wrote them backwards and in cypher in his note book. The way in which he kept up the conversation with me was characteristic. As we stood in the hall, in the morning, he would walk about piously reading from his prayer-book, and every time he passed me:

"What did you say is his name?—(in louder tones from the book,) *Oh Maria béatissime!*"

Then again, as he came back. "*Ora pro nobis! Mac Curdy, did you say. Oh holdseligste! segnet uns! Oh sanctissime! &c.*"

He was freed through some influence at Court. The prisoners said, and I quite believe it—that he was a sterling Democrat, and a most ardent friend of the Hungarian Cause.

A day or two after the first examination, I was again summoned by the Provost with his two soldiers, to go to the Court-room. I went down with beating heart, thinking this was perhaps to determine my destiny. The Auditor sat there, as bland and undisturbed as ever; and the President, (Count DAUN,) a very polite gentleman bowed to me as usual over the top of the "*Austrian Lloyd*," which he always read, when the examination became unimportant.

The trial to-day proved to be a mere formal investigation. I was surprised more and more, as I saw how perfectly frivolous the proof was. Yet the questioning of the Auditor, and his examination of my papers, was the most exact conceivable. Not the smallest fragment of waste paper came before him, which he did not turn over and over, and question me in regard to, lest it should contain some sign of a conspiracy. One long religious essay which I had, was peculiarly suspicious. It had been written very hurriedly, and then left among other papers,—so that, with all my efforts before the Court, I could not find either beginning or end to it. My ill success with it, and his inability to read it, increased his suspicion, and the unfortunate document was carefully marked with red ink, as a dangerous object!

Even my pocket Testament was detained for fear it might conceal some evidence of a plot. An exact catalogue was made of every article, which I was obliged to sign as correct. The answers, too, which I made were written down at the time by the clerk, and then read over to me, and also given me for my signature.

It was an inexpressible disadvantage to me, through it all, that I was allowed no interpreter, so that all my defence must be in German. The quick answers, which are often more *telling* than arguments, were very much impeded by my speaking in a foreign language, and my whole defence clogged and cramped. It gave, too,



the opportunity to the Auditor to *brow-beat* and "out-talk" me, which he skillfully used—and also to color my answers, as they were nearly always slightly changed, in writing them down, and it was not easy for me to correct them.

I became naturally, more and more cautious. I did not falsify, but I found I must be very careful not to give them even a handle, on which to fasten anything. Some questions I refused to answer. Others I demanded to be thoroughly and clearly expressed, before I would reply. I took care, too, to see exactly how each answer was written down. I was in a good deal of anxiety about one question, that morning, though I did not show it at all. That was with reference to the letter I had sent to Vienna the morning of my arrest. It contained two letters enclosed, one for home, and the other for the Rev. Jos. P. Thompson, New York. The enclosing the letters alone I knew would be suspicious, and I remembered the first night of my imprisonment, one of the prisoners spoke of an English agent of Kossuth, named *Thompson*. I thought the Auditor would certainly make a conspiracy, out of all this circumstantial evidence.

He did not seem as keen-scented, as usual, however, and merely hinted, that those letters would appear to my condemnation, yet!

What I had most feared, was, that something would turn up in my letters of introduction, which could be twisted into treasonable expressions, for I had so many, and, in a Hungarian's introducing an American, there would be such a temptation to abuse the Austrians! But thus far, there were no signs of this. As to my own papers, I had no anxiety. I had never written letters by post in Austria—on anything but personal matters—and my other writings were altogether "safe," beside being peculiarly illegible.

On getting back to my room, after this examination, as I was

thinking over the proceedings, a voice called me again to the key-hole.

“Comrade! (this time in German, with a Hungarian accent,) can we do anything for you?”

“I thank you, no, there’s nothing to be done.”

“Are you one from Shandor?”——

“No—I don’t know him.”

“Would you like to have the Teleki told you are caught—or any messages to her?”

“No, no. I have nothing to do with any of them. I am a traveller, arrested on suspicion. That’s all!”

“*Pardon, Monsieur!* You do right to be safe. We can communicate with the Teleki, and we thought it might help her in her examination, to know that you were taken. Adieu!”

“But who are you?” said I.

“I am an unfortunate Hungarian—*Nodj*—who was in Kutahia, and I returned on the promise of the Austrian Consul.”

“But why *did* you ever trust yourself to the Austrians again?”

“Sure enough—Devil knows—farewell!”

While the examinations lasted I had no inclination to talk to any one, and walked the room hour after hour, occupied in my own thoughts. After they were over, and the matter seemed settled for the present, I began to think how I had best pass my time, and I was soon glad enough to get into conversation with the others.

In a few days I was allowed to walk out with the prisoners in the court, for an hour a day. It was only a short walk, between two lines of sentinels, with fixed bayonets, yet it was the greatest enjoy-

ment of the day to breathe fresh air again, and have a change of scene! However, I can remember most distinctly with what a heart-sinking I stepped out for the first time on the walk. I was at last a *prisoner*, treated like the others,—with God knows how long a confinement before me!

Many a curious look was fixed upon me from every part of the barracks, as the *American* shut up there in that distant prison. I soon joined myself with the Frenchman, of whom I have spoken, and fell into very pleasant conversation. He was a gentleman of very considerable cultivation, and had passed one of the most interesting adventurous lives I had ever heard of. The rumor in the prison was, that he was suspected by Government of being the leader in one of the dark crimes perpetrated in this revolution—the murder of the Austrian *Minister Latour* in Vienna—a crime, however, which can find many excuses, when one considers the passionate outbreak of the people in which it occurred.

I do not believe this man was engaged in it. He had been a Major in the Hungarian army, under Bem in Siebenbürgen—and beyond this, I dare not speak of his life. A more thorough lover of liberty, and a more genuine democrat, I have never known. He had lost all in fighting for Hungary's freedom, and I am sure would have given it again with pleasure, for the same good cause. He had all the faults of his nation—the vanity and superficiality—but like his countrymen, and like the others in the prison, he was noble in his thoughts and feelings upon the great principles of Democracy. He showed at once, great friendliness towards me, and assisted me then and afterwards exceedingly, in the affairs of the prison.

Within a few days after this walk, the doors were thrown open between the two rooms, and I was allowed all the privileges which

the other prisoners had. These were not at all oppressively great. In the morning, at eight o'clock, the Provost roused us up, and we were permitted to walk around as we chose, in the gangway and through the other rooms. This was a great enjoyment, as it gave us an opportunity of talking with our comrades in misfortune, and getting, now and then, a fragment of news. Some of them cooked their breakfast at this time. I was permitted to order my coffee and *kipfel* (rolls) from a tavern close by. The most of those in the prison had been stripped of everything, and were obliged now to live on the Government allowance—eight *Kreutzers*, or about *six cents* a day! With this they must entirely support themselves. After an hour or two of this, we were shut up for the rest of the day, till our walk in the afternoon, and then again for the night.

In my own room, now, was only the Wallach, but in the other room, opening into it, there were six prisoners, and in the whole prison there must have been nearly a hundred, from various classes and Nationalities.

There were Catholic priests, Protestant clergymen, Jewish Rabbis among them; Poles, Italians, Frenchmen, Magyar noblemen, and Honveds, and Wallachs, and Croats, and Slavonians—and nearly *one-half* were the much-oppressed *Bauer*. Yet all these were here for either sympathizing, or taking an active part in the Revolution of '48.

I was exceedingly struck with the spirit they showed in political matters. Of course, where so many were mere soldiers, there were many thick-headed and self-opinionated, and rude enough. But their noble side was their sympathy with the people, and their real devotion to Freedom. When they spoke of that, their thoughts were grand, and I make no doubt—though some of them had been living there for years—that there was not a man among them who

would have bought his freedom on the best estate in Hungary, for a betrayal of their cause.

They all soon understood how I had come among them, and treated me with the greatest friendliness. It seemed to give a new touch of bitterness to the feelings of the Hungarian prisoners against Austria, that a foreign guest—merely a traveller—should be thus treated in their own country.

Gradually, more and more, I began to sink down into this dull, monotonous life. For a part of the day, in such confinement, one can occupy himself, without difficulty, in his own thoughts. But after this, it becomes inexpressibly wearisome. At first I had employed the Wallach, or rather he took it on himself, to do servant's duties, giving him in return *kreutzers* for Wine and "*Schnapps*." But after a while, I was glad to do anything to wear away the hours, and I could well understand the accounts I had heard, of intellectual men in such places spending days in feeding spiders or killing flies.

No one can imagine what a death-like life such a life is! To-day comes and goes like yesterday, and you know to-morrow will only be another similar. You spend full half a day on the bed, and the happiest moment are in dreams. Every new event is a pleasure. a strange *gens d'erme* in the prison, a new prisoner, the arrival of the General's carriage in the court, a sight of soldiers exercising, all used to give us the greatest delight. Then there was such a complete separation and cutting off from the whole world. Rumors reached us in prison of the Russians occupying *Siebenbürgen*, and the march of the Austrians and Prussians into France. We shouted with joy when we heard it, and talked, and wondered, and the Frenchman cried *vive la Liberté!* But beyond that, we heard not a word, and, for all we knew to the contrary, Europe might be in

one full blast of revolution, and we lying there in unconsciousness, in that tomb! How eagerly, too, did we all approach a window in the gangway, the only one in the prison, which was not boarded! There were some beautiful fresh vine-hills without, and a glimpse of free, green fields. It was like a breath of liberty to come there, and breathe the sweet fresh air from the hills.

I used often to slip by the sentinel, and to go to one window, which but few knew of. It commanded a view of the windows of a fellow-prisoner, whose fate had deeply interested me. The unfortunate was a young lady—a Countess—from one of the first families in Hungary, a family long distinguished in its history, the TELEKI. She had been arrested a short time before I was, on a similar charge, of being in correspondence with the Hungarian Emigration, and beside with Mazzini. The arrest had made great noise in Hungary, and I had often heard of it. How little I had ever thought of sharing the same prison with her! One of her friends supposed we were in the same conspiracy, and had told me of this window. I made many attempts to communicate with her, hoping to be able to assist her, when without; but somehow, I could never catch her eye. She used often to come to the window, to tend the few plants she had there, or to gaze longingly out on the distant landscapes. Poor lady! It seemed to me, she grew paler every day. It was very sad; so young and beautiful—with wonderful accomplishments, and a noble heart—to spend her fresh, young years, in that heart-crushing place! She was confined to two small, miserable rooms, allowed no attendance scarcely, and with one or two old grammars for books, there she lingered through the long days. I saw her besides from our window, in her walk in the little garden with the Provost. This walk and conversation with the Provost for an hour, was her only society and amusement



through the twenty-four hours. I could see from her whole manner and bearing there, that it was true what was said of her—that she was a woman of heroic spirit, not in the least broken by her misfortune. There was a very old woman allowed to attend her in the garden sometimes, and one could see that with all her dignity, she helped the old servant, much more than the old servant her.

At first, she used to have a lively, young girl running by her side—a maid-servant of extraordinary genius, and accused of being engaged in the same plot with herself, though only *twelve years old!* But afterwards, with a truly Austrian refinement of cruelty, they were separated, and the child was confined by herself in the city. The Auditor said of the little girl, after the trial, “*It is horrible! Sie ist verdorben vom Grund und Boden! She is contaminated from the very root and core!*” Or, in other words, young as she was, she was a thorough Republican, and a downright hater of tyranny!

I had good information of what was going on, and I learned, that the defence of the Countess on her trial was most heroic and patriotic. She met the abuse and cunning of the Auditor, with a spirit and dignity which even abashed him. And I know that in private, she expressed herself ready to go through with any length of imprisonment, if she could only help her unhappy country. Whether she was guilty or not, I do not know; but from my own experience of Austrian Courts, I should think it not in the least improbable she was another victim to their infernal system. She often inquired after the fate of the American, so strangely arrested in the midst of Hungary; but we never succeeded in changing a word.\*

\* I have just received news (Jan., 1852) from Vienna, that she is sentenced by the Court Martial to *twenty years imprisonment*—God be with her!



## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### PRISON LIFE.

I TRIED repeatedly to obtain a hearing with the Major, in order to express my sense of my treatment, and at length, after some time succeeded, as it was necessary for me to see him, in order to draw my money.

He asked, what I wished with him?

“I wish,” said I, to report myself to the Court Martial with respect to my treatment here, through this whole case. I beg you to remember that the matter is quite as serious a one for you, Sir, as for me. You have suddenly, on mere suspicion, arrested me, a free American citizen, travelling with a pass, under the protection of your Government and my own. You have treated me like a felon. You have shut me up with men whom the Austrian Government regards as the greatest criminals—some of them even yet under sentence of death. You have thrown me into most filthy quarters, where my whole body is eaten with fleas”—(and, as I said this, I bared my arm before him, all blotched and marked by the insects.) “And more than this, Sir, you have held me here for more than *two weeks*, on such slight proof, and on a charge, so unsupported, that I

must consider it an attack on me as an American. I know our Government and our people. They will never suffer a free citizen to be mistreated, on such grounds. They will hold you responsible, Sir, and your Government, for these proceedings!"

His manner, much to my surprise, was singularly different in his reply. The bullying tone of the previous examinations was changed for the most soft and winning. He begged me to be assured he had not been aware of my treatment in the prison. He himself might be convinced of my innocence, but he was obliged to carry out the investigation according to the usual forms. He had always felt a sincere respect for the Americans—and he hoped I would not think he had delayed this investigation. My papers were all in English or French, and he had been obliged to send them to Pesth for translation. He regretted extremely the long delay, &c., &c.

I could not understand at the time, this difference of manner. The Provost warned me, when we were upstairs, against making such speeches, particularly before him, an inferior officer. "The Major is King here!"

But I thought I knew my man, and I did not believe I had spoken too strongly; besides, who could help it, after such a treatment.

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GROS WARDEIN FORTRESS.—\* \* \* It is a singular contrast, one's dreams in such a place and the reality. I was in a New England village last night—at *home*, and when I woke, the sun-light was streaming through the iron grating above the boards. I could not think, for a moment, where I was. It is a most strange con-

trast!—my life before this has been so free, and so full of rich feelings and thoughts.

\* \* \* \* \*

With the Wallach I talk many hours in the day—a good fellow, though his spirit is all crushed out of him, by misfortune after misfortune. I try to cheer him and tell him of the good days to come when he and the land will be free, and he can be a happy man again. He has no hopes, however, and drinks *schnapps* to cheer himself. He does servant's work for me, and I share my dinner with him, which I have not the appetite to eat.

He was a *Honved*, and, Wallach as he is, loves the Hungarian cause right well. It's singular enough, though a common soldier, and by no means an intelligent man, he speaks some *eight languages!* From this mixing together of nations in Hungary, the people learn foreign languages very readily. \* \* \* \* My quarters here are detestable, with the dirt and the filth, and the reeking smell of that *Kiebel* everywhere. We spend about half an hour every morning picking the fleas out of our blankets!

*Monday, June 2.*—I have been here now ten days. One of the prisoners has a "diary" marked on the wall. Poor man! he began it last winter. We look at it often, and I wonder to myself whether mine will not run on much longer.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Austrian policy is very skilful. The General here in Gros Wardein, the Judges, the Provost, are all from Bohemia or Moravia, and the regiment from the Bukovina—the best regiment

it is said, in the Austrian service. They do look like just the men for the government—tall, strong, stupid-looking soldiers, who would tread down republics or monarchies with equal indifference, at the word of command!

\* \* \* \* \*

*June 5.*—The vine hills, which we can see from the window in the gangway, and the fields on our side of the fortress, look greener and more full of foliage every day. We can see that the days are very beautiful, and that the pleasantest season is passing while we lie here. I stand up on the window-seat and look out at the bright landscape and the misty hills in the distance, and wonder when I shall enjoy them again, and whether I will remember how beautiful they seemed in this gloomy cell. I do long so to be free; to be away from these petty exactions and restrictions of every stupid officer in command. I never began to know how sweet is the breath of free air!

\* \* \* \* \*

*June 6.*—The Frenchman has just been delivering a lecture to the others, on Democracy and the rights of men. There are eight in the company, and they sit around on their beds, smoking and arguing with the major while I write in this room. There is Pole and an Italian, and a Jewish Rabbi, and several Hungarians among them, all most thorough Democrats. They quarrel in an absurd manner occasionally, but when they speak on these subjects, their thoughts—crude enough sometimes—would be noble, even with us. I shall always respect European Democracy more, from

what I have seen of these men. One-sided, and self-opinionated as they are on other matters, and even ungoverned morally, it is manifest, their best side—their religion, if I may call it by such a name—connects itself with these great ideas of Freedom and Brotherhood.

The Frenchman has a volume of political sentiments which he has copied off from one of Lamartine's works—poetic, free, generous sentiments, which he reads every night before going to bed, as we would our Bibles.

My respect for human nature is increased by what I have seen of them all. I see that the spirit of even a vulgar, ignorant man, engaged in a great cause, is not easily broken. Their long, dull years of confinement, under which they are each breaking in health, has not crushed the courage of one. They know there may be many years yet; still freedom now, with wealth, would not buy the lowest of them for Austria. "Friend, said one of them to me, "we know our cause; we may die, *but it must conquer.*"

They are all looking so anxiously to next May—the new election in France—which shall bring a freer party into power, and break the chains of Europe. "*Oh, then to be out with a sabre and a horse!*" said the old hussar to me, brandishing his pipe in the air. Several of them have been in other revolutions in various lands, since the Revolution of '30 in Paris, fighting and venturing everything to spread abroad free principles. "We must believe in a Providence," said one, "and perhaps the defeat of our party here in Hungary and all through Europe, is the best thing which can happen for us. It will weed out the bad, and better prepare the people for government, when they do gain it. They are knowing now what they have lost. They were not ready before in Germany for freedom! The good cause *must* triumph!"

June 7.—I am settling down into a monotonous prison-life. It's

like an unvarying sea voyage. I have been here two weeks, and one day follows on precisely like another; I sleep ten hours out of the twenty-four, and the dreams are the pleasantest moments.

How eagerly we catch at anything new! There was a great arrival lately of persons arrested from Debreczin. A word against the government seems to send them right to the prison. To-day, Saturday, is the day for the brutal flogging of the soldiers, or such of the prisoners as are so punished. Some three hundred march out with sticks—form two lines, and the poor fellow who is whipped has to walk leisurely through, and take the strokes on his bare back. Four times through, they say, is death usually. There is one room here, crowded full of Honveds, who have been forced into the Austrian armies, and who are always deserting. They are punished so with the “*Renngasse*” (Street run) as they call it. It is of no use, however; they are evidently a most indomitable set of men, and will desert again at the first opportunity.

I have not been more interested in any set of men in the prison than the *Bauer*, of whom there have been some twenty or more here confined. Tall, fine-looking men, who walk around folded in their great sheep-skins, like old Romans in their togas. They have the shrewd, keen look which characterizes all the Hungarian peasants; though the flashing of their eyes when they speak of Austrian tyranny, show what they would do, if once out. They are men made for soldiers.

They are all here for speaking against the Government, or for hiding a weapon, or for uttering their opinions of Kossuth. I have talked with them often, though generally through an interpreter, as they do not speak German.

“Why doesn’t he speak Hungarian better?” said one of them about me, “He holds to the *Hungarian Religion!*”

He meant by this that I belonged to the Reformed Church of the Protestants, which the majority of the Magyars are connected with, and which the *Bauer* always call "the Hungarian Church."

One of them told me, that we Americans must free Kossuth and bring him over; "We are only waiting for him—there are arms enough hidden—I have twenty-five muskets buried on my farm—and my neighbors in the same way!"

I asked another whether he was not sorry he had engaged in the Revolution, to get only this for reward?

"No," he said; and with that passionate, eloquent tone, which belongs to the whole nation, he burst out, "No! why should I complain! We shall conquer later, if not now! Why should I complain of this prison, when the first and best of the land have lost everything for Hungary? The Magyar God *must* help us!"

Last night the *Bauer* were all moved into the next room, and we packed together in this; and in these hot nights it becomes intolerable to sleep in such a crowd. However, I did not care very much, and gave them candles, and something better to eat and drink than the prison fare, and we sat up long, hearing their wild Hungarian songs, and watching their games.

\* \* \* \* \*

I had at this time, more opportunity for investigating what our prison was.

The prison-rooms, in general appearance, were like those of most of the old feudal castles one sees in Europe—reserved for State prisoners. Moderately large, with heavy arches meeting in the centre and faintly lighted by the chink in the window, over the boarding. They were beside somewhat damp, very dirty, and over-



run with fleas. The old Castle had been a massive structure in the middle ages. It was built around the four sides of a square, the space within being used as a court. On the outside was once a heavy wall with fosse, and various watch-towers, and beyond these, other works. But since, at least, the days of modern science in artillery, Gros Wardein and the Fortress have never been of any importance in a military respect.

The old wall is all crumbling and falling into the fosse; the arches under the towers are in many places broken down, and the vines growing over the ruins. Under a part of the outer works wine and beer shops are now built, and as a whole, one may say, the old Fortress has pretty nearly lost its original character. In the Revolution the Hungarian ministry chose, with very good judgment, Gros Wardein as the central manufacturing depôt, and this castle was turned into a gun manufactory. Now it is used by the Austrians as a great barracks for the soldiers, and a state prison for political offenders.

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About this period, perhaps in consequence of the last conversation I had held with the Auditor, I was put in rather better quarters, though still bad enough. My new comrades, however, were much pleasanter, and I became exceedingly interested in them.

One was a Protestant clergyman from the neighborhood. There was something so manly and kind in his appearance, that I was attracted at once toward him, and we soon became good friends. We lived in a *ménage*, and he, as the oldest member, took on himself the cooking, which he really managed very skillfully.

He had been a prominent man among the clergy—an eloquent

preacher, and a "Senior" presiding over some twenty churches, and was besides a person of remarkable natural dignity, so that there was something unspeakably affecting in his attentions and kindness to us, in the little matters of house-keeping. He was falling away by piece-meal, from the long, dull confinement. The scurvy had loosened his teeth, and was injuring his eyes, and he wore in consequence a huge green shade. Yet one could see that the look of patient resignation never left his face—no sentimental resignation, but the calm trust of a man who had sacrificed all for duty's sake, and who was now ready to suffer.

Like all the Hungarians, he loved his country with a love which we cannot even imagine; yet I make no doubt he spoke the truth, when he said. "He would not, if he could, be freed to live in Hungary again. He never could preach there again. He could not live in a land where he was a *slave!* If he should be freed, he would go over to America and be a gardener or a peasant. He had always loved so working in the garden. Somehow, he thought he should be happy and healthy at once, if he could only work in the *ground* again. But there were no hopes!"

It appears, like the clergymen in our Revolution, he had preached and aroused the people much to resisting the Austrian government; and at length, when the time came that words were of no more use, he had proved his sincerity by joining the ranks as a common soldier, where he had marched as standard bearer. This was enough; and after a short trial by the Austrians, he was sentenced to the gallows; but somehow, the sentence had not been executed; and the probability was now, it would be commuted to imprisonment for life.

The *Auditor* here pronounced him "the greatest criminal" who had ever appeared before him, "*an incarnate Democrat!*" though

he had not said a word to defend or excuse himself. With us he would pass for a very moderate, rational Republican, with a deep love for freedom, but not especially *ultra* on any subject.

There was nothing, to me, in the whole prison so touching, as the bearing of this man; so gentle and self-sacrificing towards us all, and patient, yet at the same time so manly and firm! There was a rich wit, too, in him, which we used to draw out in his happier moments.

He had been allowed no books, but had passed much of his time in carving with his pen-knife, in which he was wonderfully skilful. He gave me a beautiful wooden *fork*, a perfect imitation of a French table-fork, which he had made in this way.

During this time, my examination was continued at intervals. It is difficult to convey the *Inquisition*-like tone of them all—the petty tricks, the attempts to entangle, the means used to force a confession. For instance, one morning as I entered the court-room, the *Auditor* turned over my papers in a careless way, and asked, half unconsciously, “*Where-is-that-letter from Ujhazy?*” I rose up in indignation at such a mean device: “Sir, you know that I have told you again and again, I have no acquaintance with Ujhazy!” “Oh, I beg your pardon, I mean that *letter from Czetz.*”

Another time, he informed me that he had testimony from one of the family of the B.'s in *Nagy Maria*, that I had visited Mr. E. B., the distinguished Revolutionist in London. It will be remembered, this was the gentleman to whom I had a card of introduction from his brother.

“We have this evidence,” said he, “confess your connection with that notorious rebel!” “Show me the evidence,” said I. “I do not believe at all you have any such testimony. This family is

known as one of the most honorable families in Hungary, and they *could* not give such evidence. It would be no crime if I had known the whole Hungarian Emigration, but Mr. B. I have never even seen."

On the next day, when the evidence came up, it appeared it was "*a mistake in his translation of the Hungarian words.*"

A large packet of letters of introduction which I had, was carefully examined for some expressions which could be possibly turned against me. Among them all, not a single dangerous expression was found, except in a letter from the Countess B., in Pesth, to a lady in Groswardein, wherein I was spoken of as a "*zuverlässiger Mensch,*" "*a reliable man.*"

I laughed at once, as the Auditor commenced his declamation over this, for it brought up, even then, irresistibly to my mind, the eloquent efforts of Sergeant R. over Pickwick's dinner-order to his landlady, in the celebrated case of "*Bardwell vs. Pickwick.*"

"Sir! There is no occasion for laughter here! These are important words. They imply that you and the Countess B. have an understanding on some matter which others do not know of. A plot, perhaps. Explain, Sir."

He looked over to the Count.

"Very serious words in your circumstances, Sir," echoed that gentleman.

I replied that the Countess was an old lady knowing the world, and the expression would be natural for her, in introducing a stranger: I hoped she was right. I could not explain it in any other way.

It appeared that they had been examining all my acquaintances in Hungary, Vienna, and even as far as Prague, and all the proof thus far obtained, arranged itself thus:

1. A note of introduction from a prominent Hungarian emigrant.

2. A card of introduction to another Hungarian emigrant in England.

3. The fact that certain persons had been called upon who were compromised in the Revolution of 1848.

4. The possession of a pamphlet and History, advocating the Hungarian side.

5. Words implying an acquaintance with Ujhazy!

In the last sessions, the Auditor had his accusation rather better arranged, and I will give it, as nearly as possible, in his own words :

“We know,” said he, “that the emigrants from Hungary, in America, keep up a constant communication with the Democratic Societies in Europe. We know, furthermore, that one great object of these Societies is to preserve an uninterrupted intercourse with the members of the disaffected party in Hungary, and thus finally work out the overthrow of the existing Government, and all law and order. You are known to be from America ; you are heard to speak as if you were acquainted with the Hungarian emigrants ; you have been travelling through the principal countries of Europe, and you bring a letter of introduction from a member of the Hungarian Emigration in Europe, and visit here men belonging to the disaffected party. You are found with a card of introduction to a distinguished leader of this party in England, and with certain forbidden works, implying a sympathy in your mode of thought with the men who are aiming at the ruin of order and government. Therefore, we charge you with being an emissary of this party, and here in Hungary with the design of spreading revolutionary movements. You are exhorted by the Court to confession.”

“Sir,” said I, “the premises may be true, possibly, or not; for I must confess, I know very little of the operations of the Democratic Societies; but I cannot see their connection with the conclusion. It’s a very long step from one to the other. There is a very wide difference, I beg you to observe, between a traveller, with certain political views, and an emissary endeavoring to spread them, and to overthrow the existing Government. You seem to have forgotten this in the accusation. And, furthermore, I would say, that, admitting all the facts you state, they do not even prove my political opinions; and that they might equally hold against every English or American traveller, as against me. Remember, Sir, that the Hungarian emigrants are scattered far and wide over every land. What more natural for a traveller, intending to enter the country, than to take at least *one* letter of introduction from them? Then, when here, you must admit, one of the most interesting topics to a Hungarian of any party, would be the condition of their countrymen in their new homes; and a traveller would most naturally speak of it.

That he should visit some of the compromised party, too, would be nearly inevitable, where such a large majority were of that party. And that he should take a card, or even a letter, to their friends again in exile, could not be considered even remarkable, much less suspicious. The whole of these suspicious circumstances are such as might hold against almost every traveller. And when I remember the exceedingly strict treatment I have received on such grounds, and the frivolous nature of these proofs, I must consider the whole matter, either as very much over-hurried, or that there are some other hidden grounds of procedure.”

He disclaimed any other motives than those apparent in the case; and brought me back to “the forbidden books.” From the pamphlet, “Hungary’s Good Right,” he read certain passages with great

indignation, wherein the House of Hapsburg was rather sharply assailed; and then commented with equal vehemence over the *portraits* of Kossuth and Batthyanyi, in the History of the War.

I smiled at his storming so over the matter, and assured him that such sentiments did not look at all so terrible to a stranger as to a supporter of the Government. "In no country," said I, "is the holding forbidden political books, considered a crime in a stranger. The books, if found on him, are liable perhaps to confiscation—but beyond this, he is not held guilty. How can he know what are forbidden, and what not? This History by Dr. Schütte, for instance, was recommended to me by the Royal Library in Berlin, as an impartial, able work. You will see that half is mere statistics. It appears the Police has decided this is a dangerous book. How can the traveller know?"

"And as for the portraits, they show nothing in a foreigner—for they are no rarities; you can get them for a *threepence* in every country of Europe."

He fell back, then on their showing, at least, to which side my sympathies inclined. I doubted whether necessarily they would show that; but did not press the matter. After this, even in these last sessions, we had still a long argument as to my words with regard to Ujhazy, whether they indicated acquaintance with him, or not.

The same ground, too, was gone over again, as in the first examination, as to my intimacy with *Czetz*.

"Why did you seek out the society of that arch-rebel, Czetz, as soon as you entered Germany?"

"I did not—I met him accidentally at a dinner-party in Hamburg."



“How many were present?”

“I do not remember.”

“What was your conversation with him?”

“On the growing of Tokay wine, and the chances for an emigrant in America.”

“Why did he give you a letter to Mr. L—— in Pesth?”

“Because Mr. L—— was an intimate friend of his, and could show me something of Hungarian life—besides he said the gentleman was a government-officer.”

“Why did you not deliver it?”

“I had no time, while in Pesth.”

“Why is this other card of Czetz in your portfolio, with another note to Mr. L——, in pencil?”

— Here the exercises were somewhat interrupted by the court's giving some order to one of the soldiers in German, which he did not understand—whereupon, the Count rose up and rebuked a heavy-looking Lieutenant, who always sat at the other end, that “any of the Imperial Soldiers in Hungary should be ignorant of German!” There was a little farther disagreement apparently between the clerk (a Hungarian) and the Auditor, about the correct writing of something I had said—and at length, the clerk threw down his pen in a passion, and slammed himself out of the room.

All which was quite fortunate for me, as it gave me an opportunity, for recalling how that other note of Czetz happened among my papers.

“M. Czetz, wrote one note in pencil, and I suggested it might be rubbed out, and he then wrote another. The bit of paper was kept, because it had historical references on the other side.”

With such questionings, the examination ended.

From the extraordinary sympathy in the town and among all the

Hungarians for my case, I obtained very good information of all their measures. I knew that they were alarmed at certain proceedings (I supposed, of Mr. McCurdy) in Vienna, and that their great object was to fix something upon me, so that they could still hold me. There was a report, for a time among the prisoners, that they would use violence, in order to get rid of my troublesome testimony afterwards. I never credited it, however. I knew that the murder of an American citizen, under such circumstances, would be the signal of a storm, which would scatter this hoary old monarchy of oppression to the winds. And they *must* be clear-sighted enough to see it.

It was singular, that I found friends almost in the very court itself. I knew that testimony had come in from every side favorable to me, and that at this time, the Judge had, in his own hands, important letters for me. Still, everything yet looked uncertain, as to the result. I was informed, beside, that wine, fruits, linen, and various articles, were constantly sent to me, from the town's-people, and were always refused entrance.

My comrades told me, the rules about this had become much stricter, since an occurrence a year ago. A search happened to be made through the prison for something, and a quantity of letters were found in the prisoners' hands, from their friends. The servants were all examined and flogged, and it appeared that the letters had been sent in, in meat-pies and puddings, from the city.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### PRISON LIFE AND THE TRIAL.

I HAD been in my new quarters but a short time, when a new comrade was given to our party, in the person of a Magyar nobleman from the neighborhood—a tall, fine-looking man, with the immense moustache of the genuine Magyar. He proved a very agreeable addition to our mess, and we had a great many pleasant conversations together. The charge against him was, that he had spoken against persons in authority, *i. e.*, he was in a wine-house, and said that “all the office-holders were a set of — rascals, and they deserved hanging!” For this, he would probably be there in prison for three months, and then be drafted into the Austrian army as a common soldier for a year! There are not a few of the best blood of Hungary now in the ranks as privates. The great consolation is, that they are probably corrupting the whole army.

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GROS WARDEIN FORTRESS, *June 17*,—I find it all much plea-

santer here than in the old quarters—it was impossible to sleep there, what with the fleas and the noise.

S. (the Magyar) found an old friend at once in Nagy (the preacher) and to me he said immediately, “We shall soon be friends; this must be the place to make acquaintances fast!” He says there is a great deal of talk about my arrest, and that the Hungarians are very indignant.

I am surprised how coolly he takes his arrest, though he is an old soldier, and more used to such things. However, his *blue days* will come. He has brought a good stock of Hungarians segars, which is a great blessing to the others, as they will not smoke the “*Imperial Austrian*,” though they are a little cheaper.

Rich as he is, he tells me he has fully decided to go to America, if he can only “sell out.” His plan is, to make a company with his family and friends, and with peasants who will stipulate to work with them for a certain number of years and then all to go directly to our Western States, and form a small colony—doing for a time all the handwork among themselves. He has been learning working in leather, with this plan, and his brother a carpenter’s trade. He cannot live, he says, in a land where he is not free. He loves Hungary with a most enthusiastic love, I can see; but he will leave it gladly, if it is to remain so under Austrian tyranny.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

The Provost tells me, in the Order of the gens d’arme, I was described as “a highly dangerous political offender,” and he should have put me in irons, if it had not been from motives of humanity. He left the two comrades, to keep me from suicide, and even took away all the knives and forks for the same reason.

June 18.—A new comrade has come to our party, a small, gentlemanly-looking, dark-faced man, a lawyer from Croatia. He is

very gloomy, and walks the floor to and fro in silence, occasionally bursting out with a sigh, and *Oh Isten!* (GOD!) He says but little of his ease, except to claim occasionally, that he had no part in these revolutionary matters, which seems probable. Suspicion! Suspicion! that is the principle and the life of the Austrian system!

We try to make him forget his troubles, and he seems very glad to talk with me. For despite the little sympathy he expresses for the Revolution, it is very evident he is a thorough democrat.

\* \* \* \* \*

One of our party has quite a number of *Webster's Letters* on Hungarian affairs with him, which he reads occasionally with much spirit, to the others.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was much interested in my new company, to notice the difference of character between this Croat and the Hungarians. I could well understand the utter disunion, or antipathy, which once existed between the two races. The Croat was a lawyer, an exceedingly well-educated, shrewd, supple man, but he could not get along at all with the Hungarians. The two did not *fit together* anywhere. They were so open, manly, downright; he so reserved, keen, cautious. It was only the good sense of all parties which prevented an open war between them.

The Croat had taken, probably, no active part in the Revolution, and now, while under accusation, was entirely "*non-committal*" on political matters. But, in his conversations with me, I could see he was as fully opposed to Austrian oppression as the others were,

though his resistance would be to flee the country. We used often together to assail the old Hungarian, Feudal Constitution, and the others would defend it. On the whole, my company in my new quarters was very pleasant, and we became quite attached to one another.

About this time came my last trial, and at the close they asked me if I had anything to say.

The remarks which I here made undoubtedly injured me more than anything else in the trial. Still they were not made without consideration.

Thus far, I had answered their accusations point by point, not going into anything irrelevant, and avoiding carefully all personalities, so that their case might stand as bad as possible before the world. But through it all, without our directly saying anything about it, there was underlying always a reference to the two different principles of government.

They had caught a Republican in the midst of Hungary. They suspect him of trying to diffuse Republican sentiments—though they *accuse* him of offences against their laws. He defends himself on their own grounds, and shows his innocence. This, legally, was enough. But I could not think it worthy of a man, or of the great principles which I, as one individual of our Nation might represent, to leave the case so. I was here, indeed, alone, and in their power, but I could not slip out, without one word before this dark and secret Tribunal, for that Cause which they had so constantly sneered at, in this trial, and which is to me, if I know myself, more than life.

“Sir,” said I, “the question thus far, in this trial, has not been what my personal political feelings are, but what these writings,

found upon me, prove. On this ground, I have answered and defended myself. But I cannot let this trial be terminated without declaring before this Court, what my political sentiments are. *I am from heart and soul, a REPUBLICAN—an American—and I have been in no land in which I have not been proud of those names!* We have seen in our country the wonderful results of Self-government, and I would here, as everywhere, confess myself most heartily and fully to that principle. At the same time, I wish you to remember our countrymen never feel themselves compelled to swear to a Revolution because it is a Revolution. They must know first that it seeks for Right and Justice and true equality. Although holding these Republican views, it is due to myself to say that never, since I have been in Austria, have I expressed them in public, and not often in private. My object has been more to investigate than to agitate. I have wished, too, as much as possible, to see Austria on its best side. In Vienna, I have studied the Austrian Art, which shows certainly, at present, remarkable genius. I have investigated the Austrian improvements in Education, of which even our countrymen will hear with pleasure.

“ On entering Hungary, one of many objects with me, was to investigate the character of that movement in 1848, the news of which had reached even our distant country. I do not deny that, in common with the majority of my countrymen, I had once a sympathy for the Hungarian party—the sympathy which the Americans always have for the movements of the people. But it has been difficult to obtain good reports. We have heard many different accounts—facts, which would show that no real equality or justice was aimed at in this struggle. And I can say, that when I entered Hungary, I was almost completely unbiassed in the matter. To obtain information on this, as well as to examine the old political



institutions of the country, among the most original and peculiar in Europe, was one of my great objects. With this in view, I have studied the old Constitution, the present and past laws, the institutions as well as the general character and habits of the Nation.

“ My actions have been open and public—never in any degree like those of a conspirator or emissary. I have visited many public men of different parties, and have been in public places often. Yet, with all this, while observing every law of your country, I have been arrested, and—”

“ Altogether superfluous, Sir! Altogether irrelevant !” interrupted the Auditor, with a disturbed shrug of his shoulders—and rising indignantly—“ You have said quite enough, Sir! We see what you are !” looking over to the President, “ Strange that he should have ever been admitted into the country !”

“ Very strange !” said the President, frowning angrily.

Then came some sharp questioning as to my expressions of Republicanism and previous sympathy with the Hungarian Party. They could not succeed, however, in changing them into anything worse—and with this, the trial ended.

The four comrades in my room, as soon as we had had, according to custom, a conference over the proceedings of the last session, congratulated me at once, on my prospect of enjoying their society some months longer yet, and I myself concluded I had lengthened very considerably my term. However, I had nothing to regret, and I sat myself down to bear the worst.

In the evening, my Austrian friend came in, “ *Ah, Carlos! Carlos!*” said he, “ we hear you were not wise—You have hurt your own case; they have sent on this speech at once to Vienna—You will suffer for it.”

At length, after some three weeks of this, I was summoned one day, before the Court, and the Auditor met me, with his most conciliating manner, and said, "I have good news for you!" handing me a letter from *Mr. McCurdy!* I was obliged to break the seal before the Court, and allow them to read it first. But as it was English, and the President only knew a few words, they at length permitted me to read it aloud in German, before the Court, which I did with great *gusto!*

If any one of my readers will imagine himself shut up for weeks in a remote foreign prison, not knowing, all the while, whether he was to be imprisoned for life, or to be summarily shot by a "drum-head court-martial," treated throughout like a worthless criminal, then if he will suppose himself suddenly receiving a letter from the Representative of a mighty Nation, the only man who possibly could help him—a letter at once friendly, and bold, and manly—he will get some faint idea of my feelings, as I read Mr. McCurdy's letter to the Court on this occasion. I felt safe again. I felt that the representative of twenty-five millions of men was speaking for me, and in a way which *must* be heard.

The letter had been detained some ten days after the time in which it ought to have reached me. It began with an account of his proceedings in my behalf. As soon as he had heard of the event, he applied directly, by letter, to Prince Schwarzenberg, and then personally enforced his demand for my immediate release. He had received favorable assurances, and should not intermit a moment his efforts, &c. Then followed this passage, which it was a great satisfaction to read to the man who had treated me as an impostor, and bullied me so long; "As I am perfectly convinced you can have been guilty of no offence, and as *the Austrian Government can have no motive or inclination to create a hostile feeling on the part*

of ours, I expect your immediate release." And then, after some further friendly words, the closing passage: "Every motive—friendship for you, respect for your family, a regard for the rights and honor of our country, impel me to spare no efforts in your behalf."

The Auditor looked positively uncomfortable as I read out that last, with all proper emphasis. It had begun to enter his head that shutting up an American citizen for a month in an Austrian dungeon, on *suspicion*, might not be considered at all as a trifling matter by the American people.

When I came up-stairs again, a crowd of the prisoners gathered eagerly around me, and I read the letter in full to them. They could not restrain their delight, and at the close, there was an enthusiastic ELJEN McCURDY! which made the old walls ring again.

Beside this letter, there had been another, written me by our Consul, Mr. Schwarz, from Vienna. This ought to have reached me long before; but, according to this villanous Austrian system, all letters sent through the Post Office to my name were opened. The mode of the operation, as I learned in private, is this. When the Government suspect a man, his name is sent to the officer who has charge of the sorting the letters, and a letter to his address is at once handed over to the police. There is a perfect system in the rascality. No Post Office clerk has the right to open as he will; the order must come from the police. My letter had been sent up to the Commissary of Police in Pesth, and he had written on it, "*Nothing dangerous!*" and it was forwarded to Gros Wardein. There, the Auditor had read it, and thought it was "dangerous," until after Mr. McCurdy's letter came; after that, he concluded to hand it over to me. I should never have received, probably, Mr.

McCurdy's, if he had not had the personal promise of Böckh himself, the Minister of the Interior, that it should reach me.

Such is one slight specimen of Austrian police rulè.

My knowledge, at this time, of their whole operations, would have surprised them enough.

After this, I found myself better treated. The Auditor came and inquired after my condition; and sent a dapper little doctor to investigate the state of the prison, as affecting the health of us prisoners; which gave an excellent opportunity for our Frenchman to utter a most violent tirade, he had been saving up for some time, against the general filthiness of the Castle—and to praise the superior conveniences of the other state prisons in Hungary, with which he was abundantly familiar. The General too—a very polite and near-sighted old gentleman—called on me, and spoke English with me, and called me, “my dear,” and promised me books—which never came.

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*June 19.*—We see the Countess occasionally in the garden, by standing up on our window-seat and looking over the boards.

One can see from her manner and gait, that her spirit is not the least broken.

The Provost himself, though a not especially sensitive nature to such things, is most impressed with her heroism and patriotic feeling. He says among all the many and titled prisoners he has had, he has never known any one with such real nobility. The report in prison is, that she had letters in cypher from MAZZINI, but that she always translated them in the same way—as letters with a *declaration of love!* She had travelled much, and the Austrians probably

suspect her of having met the Revolutionists in foreign lands. Her family is one of the most influential in Hungary, and they are working now for her at Court.

\* \* \* \* \*

To-day is my birth-day—how little had I ever expected it would be spent in an Austrian prison, will my next be here or am I soon to be free? My hopes are very much greater since receiving Mr. McCurdy's spirited letter. He has taken up the matter, evidently like a *man*. Some of the officials fear it will be a *casus belli*, unless some good ground can be shown.

\* \* \* \* \*

I gave a dinner to my comrades as it was my birth-day, and invited in Major L., the Frenchmen. All went on very socially and in a friendly way for a while, until unfortunately one of the party made some depreciating remarks on the French Republic. Then commenced a fearful strife, the Frenchman maintaining that Bonaparte was one of the truest democrats, and that he offered liberty to Hungary, and that France was leading now, as she always had, the nations to freedom! The Hungarians doubted Bonaparte—considered the French Republic a *humbug*—and questioned whether France was in any way ready for liberty!

They all became very much excited and if the Provost had not happily come in, I hardly know how it would have ended.

\* \* \* \* \*

One of our party, the landholder from Siebenburgen, swears terribly at the Austrian injustice toward me—and I certainly think no language in the world has the capabilities for fearful cursing which the Hungarian has. There is one oath, used by almost every soldier I have met in Hungary, one of the most blasphemous and singular which the mind can imagine—I doubt whether any other language ever possessed a similar. \* \* \* (The Slavonic languages all have a similar curse, and its origin can be philosophically explained. It is not to be written.)

June 21.—The day on which the General distinctly, promised my release. But nothing comes.

There is a droll Catholic priest in one of the other rooms, sentenced here for exciting his Majesty's soldiers to revolt. He speaks Latin with the Croat, and always calls him "*Vestra magnificentia!*" He is in fetters, and is yet in considerable danger of being hung. His defence on his trial, was characteristic enough. "Gracious Sirs!" said he, "all that your honors have said about the Democratic committees and the societies for the overthrow of law and order, and the pass-words and the countersigns may be true; your honors know best, but it is altogether new to me! I hear about it for the first time. Still, your honors, I had always supposed that the men sent out by these grand societies had *money*. But now, your honors, all I have in the world is this *Gülden Schein* (18 $\frac{3}{4}$  cents,) and five pfennings! Then, your honors, though I do not know anything about such matters, still I have always heard they chose prudent, careful men for emissaries, but now you know I *drink!* I never could keep a secret! I am only a *dolt* (*Lump*), as your honors can see!" The whole court laughed right out at this, and he probably saved his head by the speech.

The Hungarians have learned cunning in their misfortunes.



N——, says, that whenever, now, they are allowed to meet their friends in the presence of the Court, they manage to convey a great deal of information to them, by talking *directly* to the Major—for the moment they commence any conversation of importance, the Major says, "*Aus ist die Conferenz!*" (The meeting is up!) However, it is not often they have the privilege of meeting any one, even in this way.

June 22.—We have frequent discussions now together on political matters, and one must confess that the Hungarians do argue with great readiness and keenness on legal and political subjects. They have evidently had a good political education. The Croat and myself have been attacking the old Hungarian Constitution, and the others defending it. I find that C., the gentleman from the neighbourhood, was a member of the Parliament or Diet of '48 which did away with the feudal service of the peasants; and in the party which in the Diet of '32 commenced this reform. He says the measure has cost him *two-fifths* of his income! \* \* \* \*

There was another person sent in to-day by the authorities, to the prison, arrested because he had spoken in a wine-room, before others of Kossuth's return. He is in fetters. There appears to be a spy in almost every drinking-shop of the town.

(END OF JOURNAL).\*

Thirty days of this dull life had passed, when one afternoon, the Provost came again to summon me before the Court—this time, however, *without* a soldier. I understood it at once, though I said nothing, and as we walked over the same old corridors which I had traversed so often with such various feelings, I gave a side-look of

\* This Journal I succeeded in carrying away with me in the lining of my boots and portmanteau.



inquiry to him. He nodded his head cheerily, as much as to say, "It is our last walk."

The Count and the Auditor rose and bowed as I entered.

I bowed in return.

"We are happy at length to announce your freedom, Sir!"

All my money and articles were restored to me; my books and papers sent on to Pesth, and I informed that "This unfortunate mistake could at length be righted," and I was to go directly to Pesth. But, *as I had no passport*, (it had been sent on by them with the papers), it would be best for me to go in company with a gentleman they could recommend! He would take charge of all the arrangements, and I would have no further difficulties, as, under the circumstances, a further journey on my part was hardly advisable. I had become use to their polite, diplomatic, mode of lying, by this time, and I required to know, in plain language, how it was? "*Am I free, or do I travel off under arrest?*" "Oh no, Sir, under no arrest! You have merely the escort of this gentleman to Pesth, who will carry you directly to the Commissary of Police, and there you will learn what further is to result in your case!" In the meantime I was to go to the apartments of the *Præses*, Count Daun, and wait for the vehicle, which would be ready in a few hours.

I went back to the room, in order to have my last moments, if possible, with the prisoners, and not with any from this detested Court. We drank coffee together for the last time. They took my address in America, and I their names, which I put in the lining of my hat. We promised a re-union in a freer land. "Tell our countrymen," said one, "wherever you meet them, in your Fatherland or in Europe, that we are waiting for them! They are the happy ones! They are free! We, in the prisons, or anywhere in this land, are *the slaves!* But tell them never to forget their coun-

try!" Then, with a regret, which I, for my part, had never expected to feel at leaving a Hungarian prison, we all embraced each other.

The clergyman, though a man not much accustomed to express his feelings, threw his arms around my neck, and kissed me repeatedly, his firm face working in uncontrollable emotion. Poor man! I know how he felt. It was like a glimpse for a moment of the free land, which he had dreamed of, for Hungary and himself, and then all to be darkness again.

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It cannot be imagined what a strange feeling came over me, as I stepped out in the sunlight again, like any other free man! As I walked with the Provost over to the Count's apartments, I could not help turning, every now and then, to hear the "*Einrücken!*" "*March in!*" of the officer on guard, as if I had gone too far! I saw, for the first time, myself, how faint had been my hopes of freedom. The Count and the Auditor were full of the smoothest politeness. They led me out into the garden, told me of the old history of the fortress, cracked funny jokes, and brought out their best stories. I was not rude, but I could not laugh with them; the men who had bullied when I was without friends, and who flattered, now that I had them. I thought, too, of the lonely and heavy-hearted who were up there, behind the iron bars yonder, left there by *their* injustice, and I had not the heart to join in their jokes.

The Count very politely offered me wine, but I did not drink; and as the Auditor went away, and wished me "good bye." I avoided taking his hand.

While I was waiting for the carriage, I went out to look at the court-yard for the last time, where I had walked so often between the sentinels. As I stood in the balcony, the Countess came by from her walk with the Provost. I tried to catch her eye, to wave "Good bye," but she did not see me; I just exchanged a grateful glance with the Austrian friend who had given me such good information, even at the risk of his own head, when the carriage drove up. The "gentleman," with whom I was to travel, was at once introduced to me, and I saw directly, despite the smart black coat and the brown summer hat—what I had expected—that he was a *military officer*. I said nothing, however.

The General shook hands with me, and told me "to write to him when I reached Vienna!" I thanked him for his politeness, and took off my hat to the others, the soldiers waved their caps, and off we started, on the edge of a June evening, from the old fortress—which had given me so many a weary hour—toward "FREEDOM and HOME!"

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### FREEDOM AGAIN !

OF all the feelings of my life—if I live a hundred years—I shall never forget that exhilaration of delight, as I rode out for the first time into the mild, soft air of that beautiful June night. The breath of free air again, the sight of stars and clouds, the rapid movement, the new hopes and the memory of past Suffering, the stern looking forward to Justice on Wrong, the thankfulness infinite for my deliverance, all worked upon my mind so, that I was in a fever of excitement. It was like a new life. It seemed to me I could swim in that delicious atmosphere. In their zeal to please me, they had let me travel as I pleased, and I told my companions to drive on all night; I had no desire to sleep or rest. Thoughts and feelings pressed through my breast, as I have never even imagined before. Still, I thought it would not be at all social to be entirely absorbed in this delight, so I joined in conversation with my companion. He took an early opportunity to mention, incidentally, that he had been in the Hussars for fifteen years, and that he had double-barrelled pistols in his pockets, and a gun under the seat, for *robbers!* I received the account very coolly, examined the pistols, and

told him of a kind we had, which would shoot six times to his twice—rather doubted whether they were ever of much use to any one, except to “a dead shot,”—and then fell into a long conversation with him, with the deliberate purpose of trying his political principles.

I had felt very curious to know who my “gentleman-escort” would be—I was quite sure that I could win the sympathies of almost any Hungarian if I chose, and I concluded they would send a Bohemian, as they themselves, nearly all, were Bohemians. But I saw immediately that they had chosen their man with their usual skill. A Hungarian, but one who had served in the Austrian army for fifteen years, until almost every free idea was worked out of him. A brawny fellow, of iron nerve, used now as chief of mounted police, to scour the country for robbers, and dependent on Government for his bread. I was as safe under him as I would have been with an escort of a regiment of dragoons. As we rattled along through the dark woods, or over the plains under the bright starlight, he commenced the conversation by a series of stories calculated to impress my mind, of terrible combats he had had with robbers in such places. How they had shaken with fear, till their pistols dropped from their hands, at merely hearing his name! How he had penetrated into their hiding-places in the woods, and shot their chiefs in the midst of the gang! How many narrow escapes he himself had had, and the like, until he thought I was sufficiently awe-struck thereby.

The conversation did connect itself very appropriately with the dark thickets through which we passed, and the uncertain, star-lit scene around us—and I could very readily have imagined, in many a gloomy covert, the robber-bands he was describing. But I was most interested in other things, and commenced plying him soon on

every side in political matters. He proved, for a long while, utterly insensible. He was interested to hear of America; thought it was a very good thing to be where there were "no passports," and "no political Police," and where "the boot-black could become President if he was intelligent enough,"—still, "he didn't care a damn; it was good enough here, if they had only given him a rather better pension. It was a rich and beautiful land, with corn and wine plenty and cheap. He had enough." I sounded him about "the present policy of the Government in Hungary: "It did not trouble him any, except the tobacco-law, and that not so much him as the others, because he was a Government officer; besides, he thought it would be repealed."

I led him on to the Revolution. Oh! that was a fanciful, overstrained matter. It never could have succeeded—he always said so. They had liberty enough before! "And then it broke up our splendid regiment of Hussars; they all went over to the Hungarians!"

There was only one point on which he was open to attack, and that was his country, and the valor of his countrymen. Despite his being an "Imperial officer," he did relate, with a most evident *gusto* how "His Imperial Majesty's soldiers" were scattered by the Hungarians, till nothing could be found of them on the Upper Danube; and it was a real delight to him to describe how the undisciplined army of eight thousand of his countrymen held a tried Russian host of eighty thousand a whole day at bay, near Debreczin. Then his own Hussars, what terrible fellows they were! How they stormed Ofen on foot, when they couldn't use their horses! How they loved the battle, and how they broke their swords and shot their horses and themselves, when they heard of the laying down of the arms at Világos!

He was a true servant of the Emperor ; he had everything to bind him to his service ; but when the cry of " The Country !" echoes once more through the land, and his old comrades have struck some bold blow, will even he stand aloof ?

I have related the conversation as illustrating a most prominent trait in Hungarian character—a trait destined exceedingly to affect the destiny of the nation.

Our conversation gradually drooped as the night came on, and my companion nodded in his seat. I had no inclination to sleep, however. There was too much in these past days to think of, and too much to hope for, and too sudden a contrast of feelings, to allow me in any way to rest. I had been a criminal behind iron bars and stone walls, with the chance always hanging over me of being suddenly summoned before the court-martial and shot as a spy. All I could see of other men, was among my fellow-prisoners, and the only sight of the world, which never seemed so beautiful as then, was through the chink in the closed dungeon-window.

Now to be whirling along in the free air ; to be treated in some degree, as an honorable man again ; to know that I was hastening on towards those who trusted and love me, and that I was getting nearer the great routes of travel, where sudden deeds of dark injustice could not so easily be done—all this filled me with such exhilarating feelings as one can never have a second time in his life. But I did not feel entirely secure. I had not the least shadow of confidence in the honor or the justice of the Austrian authorities. The prison had revealed too many an iniquitous deed. And it struck me as remarkable, that we had started off just at the edge of evening—though, as I have since thought, the reason probably was, that they feared a demonstration, or a rescue in Gros Wardein, where the excitement was very great about the matter. I resolved to watch



the proceedings of my companions closely, and at once to call upon the Hungarians, if any deed of violence seemed probable. Occupied in these thoughts, I was hardly conscious that the short night was over, and the morning light glimmering around us. We soon begin to meet, however, the indefatigable *Bauer* going out to their work; and within a short time the roads were full of heavy wagons and the market-women, with their huge baskets, and I could soon begin to see those most original-looking Hungarian villages, which had so interested me in my earlier travels. At length we stopped at our second station, in the early morning, and lay down on some benches for an hour's sleep.

I met an instance here of that Hungarian peculiarity which I have before mentioned.

My Hussar called upon the village judge for horses. The peasant promised them. The Hussar seemed to doubt whether he would hold to his words, and still demanded a further promise.

The only reply which the peasant made, was a dignified "Magyar ember!" "*I am a Hungarian!*" and the Hussar was at once satisfied.

All that day, till late in the evening, with a new *Vorspann* in every village, behind those fine-limbed, little Hungarian horses, so rough-looking, but so fleet, we rattled on over the wide *Pusztas* toward the Theiss. I was surprised to see how the report of my affair had spread. Every tavern-keeper knew all the circumstances, even to the acquaintances I had visited; though the account of my treatment was rather worse than reality: as they all had it, I was put directly in irons! The interest was the greater, as there is scarcely a village in the land, where Webster's letters have not reached, and probably the similarity between my case and that supposed of Mr. Mann, struck them at once.

We passed during those days through the country of the "*Stock Hungarians*," as they call them—the original, genuine race—sterling *men*, whom five hundred years of Austrian oppression will never make slaves.

It was a very great secret satisfaction to me to see how my "Imperial Officer" was treated among them. He had an "*open order*" from Government that "no one should delay him on railroad or highway for an hour;" and every village was bound immediately to furnish him its *Vorspann*—that is, a wagon with four horses. Besides, he could have imprisoned any of them a twelvemonth for impeding him. But he could get nothing done. The sturdy Hungarian farmers on the road—the *Bauer*—met him grimly and roughly, or they stood by in silence, looking out sternly at him from under their dark eyebrows. He offered money freely, and he stormed, but it was long before he could get horses, or even accommodation in the inns. One rough old Cumanian inn-keeper he would certainly have sent to the fortress, if it had not been for my solicitation. He was obliged to summon the village judges for the *Vorspann*, and tall, noble-looking peasants they were, wrapped in their huge sheep-skins. But, *Bauer* as they were, they met him with a bearing even more proud and dignified than his own. They did not answer his threats, and obeyed his commands, but there was not a trace of fear or of cringing in them. I could not but contrast with all this my own treatment, when I travelled a few weeks ago among another part of the same race as an "AMERICAN." Then no hand could be too quick to serve me. Horses were offered more than I could use, and no money would be taken. Every home was open to me, and hospitality was poured upon me, more than I could possibly accept. The eyes of strong men filled with tears, as they spoke of the noble generosity of our nation to the

poor exiles from Hungary, and of the generous sympathy we had given their country. Enough could not be done to welcome the American.

Travelling on in this way, through the long June days, it was towards the middle of the third day before we began to approach the neighborhood of Szolnok, where the railroad from Pesth terminates.

Here, in an out-of-the-way place, as good luck would have it, we chanced suddenly on two of my friends, whom, of all others, in Hungary I wished most to see. They had been examined, I knew, in my case, and, as they were men of wide influence, I wanted extremely to tell my own story to them. I had feared I should be sent out of Hungary without ever having had an opportunity of giving my version of the affair.

It was a great surprise to all of us, meeting; but before my Hussar knew exactly what to do, I was out of the wagon grasping hands with them, and half through my account of the trial. I spoke in a loud voice, and stood right by the side of the officer, and he did not venture to interrupt us. They heard with great interest, though they had understood it all, from the beginning. And as I related how long Mr. McCurdy had demanded, and how long my release was delayed, I could see that, despite their sympathy, their eyes sparkled with a secret satisfaction. In reply, they told me of a proceeding of the Gros Wardein Court, which, better than anything else, will show to the world the character of these Austrian Courts.

They had received a letter, before their examination, from the Court, under the name of GEN. BRAUNHOF himself, stating that I had confessed I was an emissary of Ujhazy, and exhorting them, if they expected any mercy, to confess all they knew of me!

This, be it remembered, was a letter to prominent men in Hun-

gary, signed with the name of the General second in command in the land.

If this does not show unprincipled villany on the part of Austrian Courts, it is difficult to say what would.

At length after three days of this constant travel, we reached the railroad station near the Theiss, the limit of our journey with horses. I cannot recal many pleasanter sights than the first glimpse, as we approached the station-house, of a real black, puffing *locomotive*. I seemed to be indeed getting back into the world again. It spoke of open, stirring, modern life, and of something entirely opposed to these secret Courts and hidden Inquisitions among which I had been so long. It reminded me of the free, untiring America—of Home! I was coming out into the *day* once more, and joining in the great currents of life, where these dark deeds of violence could not so easily be done.

But I was not by any means free yet, and despite all the confusion, the Hussar, or the thin, needy-looking Notary with him, kept continual watch over me while in the cars.

It was really very singular, on that day, how many of my acquaintances were travelling. Every carriage on the railroad had some whom I knew. And though I was strictly watched by my escort, I contrived to spread it through all, that I was on the point of being liberated.

Our Notary took occasion in private to express his sympathy with my case, and his hopes of what it would show of the Austrian system. I thought, from his whole manner, he was trying to "*pump*" me; and I answered in a general abuse of the Austrian Court in Gros Wardein, which I shall be very glad if he carries back faithfully to his employers, as, from all I have since heard, he was probably a spy upon me.

I had a great advantage over my Hussar, as his instructions were a little indefinite. He was confused, too, by the bustle of the railroad, and I managed to take some liberties, which would doubtless have not been agreeable to his officers in the Fortress. There was a family in another car, which I had visited when in Inner Hungary, and I contrived to go in, introduce the Hussar to some pretty young ladies, and convey all the facts I desired, without the old soldier really knowing exactly what had been done. Without in the least deceiving the man, too, I arranged it so, that he went directly to the Hotel, where I would very probably meet friends. And sure enough, we had scarcely entered it, when there was a friend by my side. "*Damn them!*" was his first salutation, in very hearty, pure English and under-tone. I grasped his hand warmly, and before the Hussar had well recovered from the din of waiters and hack-drivers, I had told in English the principal facts in my case.

After we reached our room, another gentleman came in accidentally, and soon fell almost unconsciously into an English conversation—how McCurdy had alarmed the Court by his demands—how deeply anxious my friends had been, and how there was a rumor of two American ships of war in Trieste—how Telegraphic Orders had been at once received here to get rid of me as soon as possible.

"*Meine Herrn, sprechen Sie Deutsch!*"—"Gentlemen! Speak German!" came forth in deep voice from the old soldier, in the midst of our smooth conversation. I had no inclination to deceive the man, and had thus far dealt openly by him, and liked his open way with me, so I told my friend to speak away. He continued, but it was astonishing how diplomatic and vague it all became, as soon as he had the Austrian soldier for a listener. As he went out, the Hussar apologized in a manly way for his interruption. I

then made the attempt to write a letter, but the Hussar informed me that he was instructed to forbid that. And it appears that, in general, he had even stricter orders about me than he had executed. Finding this was the state of things, I insisted on going at once to the Commissary of Police.

There I had another specimen of this unequalled, skilful, diplomatic politeness of the Austrian police—a kind of politeness which carries the point before one thinks of it, and quite makes it impossible for one to ask downright questions, and befogs one utterly.

“ Oh, sir,” said the Clerk, “ we regret that we cannot give you better quarters; we are only travellers ourselves, now—one day in Vienna, and another in Pesth! But the hotels are so shockingly dear now, that it will please you far better—and then they are so dirty!”

“ But am I at liberty, Sir ?”

“ Oh, Sir, we cannot lay down positive restrictions. We advise you not to visit your friends till your case is decided; and, as you may at any time be summoned, we recommend you to be near by. We leave it entirely to your honor. And I assure you we do extremely regret the mistake which has occurred,” &c., &c.

All said in the blandest, sweetest manner, and I go to my quarters, conscious that something has been left to my honor, and utterly uncertain how much I have pledged myself to, and what I am to do.

In Gros Wardein, there had been no question of honor, and I had taken every allowable advantage. But here, for a day or more, I was a closer prisoner in the house of the Commissary, than I had been in the fortress. However, at length, I succeeded in getting an audience with the Chief, and requiring a distinct answer as to my position, and after this I went about free, on my *parole*, and returned



to the house in the evening. I also asked about the long delay of my release. He employed the usual befogging expressions ;—" *Die Verhältnisse—die Umstände,*" &c., &c. "The circumstances, Sir, the arrangements, the forms of law, the going to the Auditor and the General," &c., &c.

I could make nothing of it, and told him so. "It was remarkable, I thought, that the Court in Gros Wardein could have hung me at once, but could not free me. I must be sent to Pesth for that! And the arrest was within six hours after the suspicion, but it needed six weeks for the acquittal!"

He shrugged his shoulders, and remarked on the peculiarity of the forms of law in Austria, &c.

The truth was, as he well knew, the whole matter was intentional; and the only thing I had to congratulate myself on, was, that I was freed at all.

As I was waiting in the Commissary's office, that day, I happened to take up a foreign paper—and observing something marked, read the passage. It proved to be information respecting the *Hungarian Exiles*.

On looking further, I found the whole table covered with foreign Journals, from almost every country, containing similar little items of news.

It may be imagined with what eagerness I hurried out to see my friends—the generous and true-hearted men who had been risking and working so much for me. They all welcomed me, almost as returning from the grave. I found that they had indeed done everything—telegraphed to Vienna, sent men and letters wherever help could be gained; notice had even been forwarded by them to Berlin, to Mr. Barnard, our Minister, and he had, with great friend-



liness, presented a most thorough and efficient statement to the Austrian Ministry as to my objects and character.

What they had most feared—from a knowledge of these Courts—was some sudden violence, before the facts could get abroad—and then, afterwards, either a presenting of false evidence, or an utter disavowal of the whole affair.

They had all been examined closely, and as some of them were strong friends of the Government, their testimony had had great effect.

Though I saw, they all had the impression that the examination was merely formal, and that the Authorities in Hungary were only acting under instructions, without any suspicions of their own.

The Order for my arrest appears to have come from Vienna to FIELD MARSHAL LEDERER—and then was transmitted to GENERAL BRAUNHOF in Grös Wardein—where the warrant was issued. So I learned from a prominent gentleman, the son-in-law of Lederer.

No one could explain it in Pesth, otherwise than as a reprisal for American sympathy for Hungary, or as the usual Austrian suspicion of an American.

I think no one supposed the suspicion arose from any proceedings of mine *within* Hungary—as indeed all the testimony of my acquaintances on the trial showed. My most suspicious acts in the country, the visits in certain disaffected villages, were entirely unknown to the Austrian Court, and nothing whatever was said of them.

The first news of my imprisonment was carried by an English traveller to Vienna. He was designing to spend some time in Hungary, but as soon as my friends told him of my danger, he said he would go on immediately, and apply to the English and Ameri-

can embassies—"it concerned him as much as me," he said—"No Englishman or American could be safe, where such acts were done!" And with real *English* heartiness he did not leave Vienna until Mr. McCurdy was thoroughly informed of the facts. I do not know him—and I have never been able to meet him, but if these lines ever meet his eye, let him accept the lasting gratitude of the man whom he aided so manfully and truly in his time of utmost need.

As soon as I could, with several of my friends in company, I walked out to the house of an English missionary, Mr. W.,\* living without the town; a gentleman who had been most active in his efforts for my liberation. They tried to disguise me, in order to prepare a surprise for him, but he recognized me at once from a distance, and hailed me as "The Emissary," and hastening to meet us, forgetting his English coldness, he threw his arms around my neck, as if I had been his son. At the house, on the balcony, we found a real English tea-table, spread with bread and butter and tea, in home style, and a lady was there to welcome us in English. How shall I ever forget that evening, so rich in deep, happy feelings! The scene was one never to be forgotten. The sun was just setting, and the rich rays poured down into the whole valley of the Danube, which lay at our feet, gilding with glowing light the fine buildings of Pesth, and the summit of the old fortress of Ofen, while it left the side toward us in dark shadow. The colors changed each instant on the clouds above, becoming more and more gorgeous. And as the sun went down behind the Ofener mountains, there seemed to be almost endless vistas of splendid coloring opening beyond.

We all felt the scene with an awe and happiness not to be spoken

\* One of the Missionaries just banished by the Austrian Government.

in words. And as the old missionary called us to the table, and uncovering his gray locks, thanked HIM who had made all this, for His goodness, and that He had brought their friend back again from danger and suffering, I joined with a thankfulness not to be described. And as he prayed for "the unhappy land," and that "the ends of justice might everywhere be furthered," I resolved inwardly that, God willing, my efforts should never fail, while I had strength to give them, for the oppressed in any land.

How much had we to say that evening. How they described their efforts for me, and I talked of the prison and the prisoners. I had been speaking German so long that in my excitement my words came forth broken, until Mr. and Mrs. W. must have acquired a singular impression of the English spoken in America. We were all too much interested to eat, but *the tea*, as we afterwards observed, had disappeared in a manner which must have been peculiarly alarming to Mrs. W.

On one of my last days in Hungary, several of my friends among the clergymen invited me to an excursion to a beautiful mountain in the neighborhood of Pesth. And as we had a little specimen there of Austrian police again, it may be worth while to speak particularly of it. The mountain must be distant some four miles from Pesth. In a pleasant dell upon it, yet with a fine outlook over the valley of the Danube, is a very neat and quiet hotel. Here we all went to dinner. We sat long at the table, according to the Hungarian custom, and at length began to be conscious of the very long-continued presence of a gentleman at the next table. He was only drinking his "black coffee," yet we remembered he had been there nearly an hour, and just where he could comfortably hear our whole conversation. Our dinner lasted some time yet, and still sat the

gentleman there. We hinted at "spies." We spoke of "listening." But the coffee-drinker did not stir. At last we all left our table, and took our coffee at a table in another room, and called the waiter, and asked him who the man was who had sat near us so long. He shrugged his shoulders and replied in skilful waiter-style, that "He could not know the names of all the gentlemen who came there!" We called the landlord, then, and he gave a singular shrug at our questions, and said very cautiously, "*A government official from Ofen!*"

"Certainly a *spy?*" said I.

"Very probably," said he, and turned away as if it were a dangerous subject. I must confess if the coffee-drinker had still been visible anywhere, he would have had a little specimen of American indignation at such contemptible meanness. My companions were quite used to it, and I ought to have been, but it takes long to completely accustom oneself to a system of such incredible falseness and villany. Luckily for us, our conversation had been upon no "dangerous subjects."

However, over these pleasant meetings and this friendly converse I must hasten to detail my last experience with the Austrian police. I appeared for ten or fifteen minutes before the Court in Pesth, in the *Neugebäude*, (the States-prison,) was told by the Auditor that nothing was found against me, and the usual regrets were expressed and hopes that I would revisit Hungary in a more favorable season. I had the opportunity, too, to correct an ingenious little "mistake" of the Gros Wardein Auditor, by which in the report of the testimony, I was made to say that I "had had MORE sympathy than the rest of my countrymen,"—instead of *the same* sympathy as the rest of my countrymen—"for the Hungarian Cause;" then with the

assurance from the Commissary that I was entirely free, I started with my own passport for Vienna.

The offensive books were forwarded by post, and would be returned me in the city, the Commissary said, as they were probably not forbidden there.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### THE VIENNESE POLICE.

My first steps, naturally, after reaching Vienna, were to the Post Office, where was a huge packet of letters from home, which the Police, to my great surprise, had utterly neglected.

Two weeks ago behind iron bars—hopeless—a convict—now free again, in the midst of home-life! I could hardly realize it. Yet I thought it would be safer for me to abridge my enjoyment, and see Mr. McCurdy as soon as possible, or I might fall into the hands of another of their Courts, and nobody be the wiser for it.

I need not say, that my meeting with Mr. McCurdy was most joyful. We had of course much to review and examine in the case. When this correspondence is finally published, I am very much mistaken if Mr. McCurdy's notes, so spirited and vigorous, do not contrast very favorably with the long-winded, indefinite epistles of the Austrians. They are words strong and direct, and are worthy of a representative of America.

That I owe everything to him, in this affair, I need not say. If he had not been a genuine man, and had not dared to address the Austrian Cabinet as the representative of the United States, should

address it, I should have been still in Austrian dungeons, or have been shot before now, as a spy.

The great point they appear to have made in reply to Mr. McCurdy's demands for my release, or for at least my trial in Vienna, was that the Courts of Hungary were independent of the Ministry—and, though they might be convinced of my innocence, "they must wait for the due course of Law."

A most manifestly absurd argument in a country, governed arbitrarily under martial-law, by soldiers stationed there by the Ministry—and one still farther shown to be untenable, by their releasing in October an American, imprisoned in Hungary, *at once* on the demand of our minister, without any "due course of Law."

However, it is probable, all demands for my release might have been ineffectual, if it had not been for the accidental presence of two American *ships of war* in Trieste, just at the time of this correspondence—an entirely chance-event, but which gave a peculiar *edge* to Mr. McCurdy's words.

It appeared, by the way, that all my letters, carried out by the released prisoner, had reached McCurdy and the others—though after much delay.

I had hardly returned from my visit, when I found an order on my table to appear before the Police. I went, at the hour mentioned, to the Bureau, and was met by the Director in his usual half-sneaking manner—he never looks a man directly in the face—and told that "*I must leave the Austrian territory in three days!*"

"Why? What does this mean?" said I, "I have been acquitted of all charges against me. Why is this?"

"*You could not have been imprisoned four weeks in Gros Wardein,*" he replied, "*without being in some way guilty!*"

"Sir," said I, "the courts in Gros Wardein and in Pesth have



both adjudged me innocent of the accusation. If I had been guilty I have certainly been punished sufficiently ; and if not, I expected a different treatment from this !”

He replied, with some abuse, about my interfering in politics, and “Americans spreading their sentiments,” and was getting fast into some rather insulting remarks, when I interrupted him by telling him that I would have nothing further to say in the matter with him ; he must speak on his own business. “Will you take the responsibility of this order ? You are aware it will embitter the feelings of Americans exceedingly—such an unprovoked persecution of an American citizen !” He cared nothing about that he said ; he had orders from above. Still, I could lay the matter before our Ambassador.

Accordingly I went immediately to Mr. McCurdy, and he wrote one of his brief, pointed notes, to the Ministry, stating that I had returned here, acquitted of the charges, and expecting at least courtesy after such a treatment, and inquiring “if anything *new* had occurred to cause this order, or whether it was a part of the previous proceedings.”

This was somewhat of a dilemma for them, and they dropped the matter, and I remained in Vienna.

I had no permission to remain, and I knew I was everywhere a suspected man—the more dangerous, because I had been unjustly treated by their Courts. Yet I walked around, feeling that the strong arm of the United States was around me. Still, very grand and consoling as the feeling is, it becomes rather uncomfortable when it is continued too long. One has a sensation as of walking around in a highly gallant manner among pit-falls. It seemed to me every man I met knew I had been a convict ; and that every *gendarme* eyed me longingly, as if he should soon have his warrant for me—

Besides I could see in reality that each step of mine was watched, and I began to grow tired of such unceasing paternal attention from the Viennese authorities. A vague fear, too, never left me that I had not seen the end of this—that I should never entirely escape!

Mr. McCurdy used to congratulate me every morning when he met me, that “my head was still safe where it should be!”

During this time came the sentence, dated the day before I left Pesth, though obviously hashed up since, to the effect that I was acquitted of the charges, but, on account of my expression, at the end of my trial, of previous sympathy with the Hungarian party, and the “not unfounded suspicion that I still cherished it,” I was *banished from Hungary!*

I found that all my acquaintances in Vienna had been examined before the Police Courts, as to my objects and character—and it appeared, that the testimony of some and the personal efforts of others, had much aided me. As they were mostly friends of the Government, I had not the heart to see them, even to thank them. I may be permitted here, however, to express my thanks for the very generous efforts made for me by Count Thun—the brother of the Minister of Instruction—and I do it the more readily, as his well known loyalty to the Government places him far above all ill effects from his acquaintance with an American traveller.

My few liberal acquaintances I feared to compromise, by visiting, and only allowed myself to call upon one gentleman in the late evening. He received me, as if from the dead—turned pale, led me hurriedly through half a dozen rooms, into a boudoir, double-locked the door, listened at the key-hole, embraced me and then demanded an account of my affair. I gave it in full, he interlarding it every now and then with “*Ach Gott! Schrecklich!* (Hor-

rible),” and “*Schandlich!* (shameful!)” &c., &c. Occasionally too, shaking my hand to assure himself of my identity.

One American friend, resident in Vienna, had been summoned before the Court, and questioned about me—and then was obliged to leave all his papers to be examined.

He found afterwards that a long and valued letter had been detained, and could not, at first, imagine the reason, until he recalled that it contained some excellent advice from a politician in America, not to mingle himself with political life, either with Whigs or Democrats, but to keep separate from *cliques* and parties, and follow his profession (the law,) without entangling himself in *political manœuvring*, especially among “the Democrats.” All which, probably, the Austrian Inquisitors interpreted, as a device to keep out of Revolutionary intrigues, and “Democratic” (in the European sense,) conspiracies—and retained to use as evidence against him, hereafter.

Our American friends in writing within Austria, must never lose sight of the “double interpretation,” so skilfully used now by the Austrian Courts.

After holding this out eight days, I concluded to bid “good-bye,” for aye to Austria, provided the police would let me go.

I applied accordingly for a *visé* to Munich—as the Director had said I could be “allowed *in no case* to go to Italy.” The Director was bland and cringing as he had before been insulting; “regretted extremely the occurrence”—“there would be no farther difficulties”—he would give me a “Receipt,” (*Schein*,) and I could present that in Linz, and would then receive my Passport and the forbidden books, (viz., the History of the War, and the pamphlet on the Hungarian Revolution—those terrible things!) I saw at once his object, to keep me under Police-inspection on the Danube, and perhaps

there, when away from the immediate aid of the Embassy, to expose me to farther violence.

“ Sir,” said I, “ why is this ?” Why am I not treated like other travellers ? Why do I not have my own passport ?”

“ Oh, that is nothing ! We give travellers frequently these Receipts. You have been arrested in Hungary. It is our custom,” &c.

I inquired whether it was always the Austrian “ custom” to treat innocent men as if they were guilty—and whether I was still under suspicion ?

“ Oh, no—under no suspicion, sir ! I assure you, not. The order for your leaving the Empire has only been suspended at the interposition of your Ambassador. It is still over you.”

I asked, then, whether this would expose me to delay or farther difficulties—whether I would be free in Linz ? His promises were most friendly and full, of no kind of further difficulties ; they all regretted the past ; I would have my own passport there, and could travel as I chose, &c., &c.

I did not have the slightest confidence in his fine words, but I saw there was nothing to be done, and took the *Schein*, and wished him “ Good morning.” He accompanied me through several apartments, and bowed me out in his blandest manner.

I made my parting visits, arranged everything with Mr. McCurdy, so that he would know, at once, if anything of a serious nature happened to me on the Danubé, and started off the next morning in the steamboat with a fear of secret, sudden violence, which never left me while under the power of the Austrian police. At Linz, I was obliged to wait a day for my passport, and there, of course, was brought under the annoying police inspection again. On calling for the third time, in the evening, at the Bureau, the

local director handed me my books, and I gave a receipt. After this, he asked me what route I preferred to Munich? I told him I thought of going by *Salzburg* and the *Salzkammergut*, which is a very beautiful route, and the one commonly taken by travellers for pleasure in going to Munich. He replied that I would find the route by Ratisbon much the pleasantest, and the most direct. He would *visér* my pass at once for Ratisbon, and everything would be arranged, and I could travel off the next morning!

“What do you mean, sir?” said I, “speak out plainly. Have you orders from Vienna or not, that I must not go by Salzburg?”

He thought, with my plans, the other route would undoubtedly be much pleasanter and more suitable.

“I have had enough of this,” said I. “I am the best judge of my route—Am I *sent* out of the Austrian Dominions, or not?”

He regretted he knew nothing of the case, but his instructions were to forward me by the shortest and quickest way out of Austria, and that was by Ratisbon! Accordingly another receipt was given me, and my passport was handed to a military officer, with instructions to deliver it to me when I entered the boat for Ratisbon. “But why,” said I, “these petty annoyances? Why cannot you trust my honor, that I will go to Ratisbon, if I am so ordered?” He had “the most implicit trust in my honor.” but that was their custom. I would hand the *Schein* to the officer, and receive my pass, and there would be no difficulty; “good evening, sir!” and I went away, remembering the Jesuitical promises of the Vienna Director, and thanking God that I was fast escaping from an administration of such consummate meanness and falseness.

The next day I went on board the boat, received my pass, and began to hope I was escaping all farther difficulties. I took my seat in the cabin, as it was raining hard, and was amusing myself

with observing the various passengers who collect on a Danube boat, when I became gradually conscious that a man on the opposite side was watching me closely. He sat somewhat retired in a corner, but yet his eyes would find their way, all the while, towards me, though when I looked at him, he appeared occupied in something else. He was dressed in a half-military green suit, and I concluded, was very probably some agent of the Police. I resolved to be on my guard towards him.

When we reached the Station, on the Austrian frontier, I jumped ashore to get something to eat, and had not made a dozen steps, when I felt some one touch me on the shoulder. I turned and saw what I had fully expected—my man in the green suit. I had become, by this time, quite used to these gentry—and demanded abruptly—“*What he wanted*”—“You will come with me to the Police Office.”

“*Why!*—Who are you?”

The Captain of the boat came up at this moment, and explained that the gentleman was an “agent” from Vienna, and we all went together to the office.

The Commissary asked me why I was there. “I am an American and a Republican!” said I. “That is reason enough. Suspicion! suspicion is the rule in Austria!” He shrugged his shoulders, took down a minute description of me, *viséd* the passport, wished us “Good morning,” and I was handed over into Bavaria!

I returned to the boat, and, in a few minutes, with a feeling of relief and security, which I had not had for months before, saw the well-known monument which marks the Austrian borders grow dim in the distance.



## CHAPTER XL.

### THE AUSTRIAN POLICY IN HUNGARY SINCE THE REVOLUTION.

As far as I have observed, very little has yet gone abroad in Europe of the internal Austrian administration in Hungary. The police are careful how they admit strangers, and only those enter who are known as friends of the Government. Indeed, I have no doubt that one of the motives for their proceedings against me, was the desire of holding forth a warning to all future inquisitive travellers.

I design in the present chapter, to write a brief account of the Austrian policy toward that country, since the Revolution; and I hope, despite the treatment which I have received, to give a candid and faithful picture.

It cannot be denied that the Austrian Ministry, in entering on the office of governing Hungary, after the war, had one of the most difficult tasks ever placed before statesmen. There was a conquered country in their hands, which must be managed as a Province of the Empire. There was a land which they had just won with the sword, but which must be gained over to them again by kind treatment.



Of course, any judicious Austrian statesman would see that merely to *crush* the nation, to grind and squeeze every possible penny from them, though profitable now to the Empire, would be very useless in future. It might lessen the State debt, but it would lay up bitter feelings, discontents, distrust, which could hereafter burst forth fearfully. The problem before them, as Austrians, was to incorporate Hungary in the Empire, and at the same time to render it well-disposed to the Government. It could not be extinguished, and therefore must be carefully governed.

A difficult problem, plainly, for men of the purest intentions and the best judgments. I make no doubt, however, the thing could have been done in an early period after the Revolution. That the Austrian Ministry, however, have failed, signally, egregiously failed, will be evident, as I produce the facts which came under my observation. Such a stupid, dogged, brutal way of proceeding, as if a nation of fifteen millions of gallant, generous men could be crushed, and drilled, and moulded like a regiment of their Bohemian boors, is almost without a parallel in European misgovernment. One can hardly understand such a disregard of their own interests. It often seemed to me in Hungary, really, as if Providence had blinded the eyes of the Government to their own best policy.

It might be supposed, that as Republicans, we would rejoice at such blundering. For it is evident that there can be no surer way of forcing Hungary into another outbreak than such a policy. But every man knows how fearful is the price of liberty won by a Revolution. If Liberty, if Justice, could be gained for Hungary without the terrible storm of war and contest, by gradual, gentle, rational means, I for one should prefer it.

As I said before, the difficulty before the Ministry could have been met at an early period. The Hungarian nation are remarkably

susceptible to generous treatment. They are not a race given to hidden passions, or to cherishing hatred and revenge, like the Italians or the Spaniards. The Hungarian has an open, generous nature, ready indeed, to repel a wrong, but even more ready to forgive it. I do not at all doubt, that a generous, great-hearted act of amnesty, after the war from the Austrian Government, accompanied, too, with some evident appreciation of the valor and honor of the nation, would have completely won over the whole country for a time. Despite the bitterness of defeat, despite their crushed hopes and the deep wounds they have received, I believe such a noble act as that, would have called forth a thrill of affection and loyalty, such as would have strengthened the Austrian authority more than years of *fusillading* and guillotining.

The Austrians, however, instead of this, proceeded in a brutal, savage manner, to hanging and shooting by the hundreds. First came the scourging by Haynau, and while that poor crazed lady lives in Pesth, who still raves of the day when she "run the gauntlet" half-naked, of two lines of Haynau's soldiers, it will be difficult to make the first specimens of Austrian administration forgotten. Next occurred the execution of the generals and officers. Of course, it was to be expected that the Austrians, with their view of the Revolution, would sentence the leaders. But this shooting of thirteen Generals in a batch, as if they were so many buffaloes, and this hanging of every man of prominence they could get hold of, was altogether carrying to an excess their rights, even taking their own view of the matter. It is supposed that *over a thousand* gentlemen of station and character died in Hungary on the scaffold or the gallows that year, under Austrian hands.

Accompanying this, there was a deception and double-dealing which alienated the Hungarians even as much as the cruelty.

There seems no doubt, that before the surrender at *Vilàgos* many of the chief Austrian officers pledged their honor for the safety of the prominent Hungarians. Officers have told me, who were engaged in the affair that, at the time, letters to this effect were shown them—and, on the promises in them, they had induced their troops to yield. I need not say that nothing was ever heard of these promises afterward. Again, at Comorn, the stipulations were that all within the fortress should be placed on entire liberty, and allowed if they chose, to leave the country. The conditions were held toward the officers, but by an ingenious quibble, the soldiers were *excepted*, and drafted into the Imperial army.

All this might have been borne if the succeeding Administration had shown itself in any way regardful of the national feelings. The internal Government of Hungary, under the old Constitution, had been a very effective and economical Government—dating many centuries back—and one to which the people were exceedingly attached. I have already sufficiently described it. It need only be mentioned that it contained in every part those peculiarities which have rendered our Constitution, in the view of all political philosophers, so effective, and which, beyond any other provisions, have trained us in political life. I refer to our “municipal” representative system—the village governing itself, and being represented in the District—the District in the State—the State in the Union.

The whole was exceedingly economical, and each petty Administration, of course, knew exactly the objects on which it labored and could legislate accordingly. All this, hallowed so by time, and so useful in itself, the Austrians swept away at a stroke. The Judges were dismissed, and foreign soldiers took their place. The District judges were changed into sleek Commissioners from the Crown, who came to these distant villages to pick as much as possible from the

poor inhabitants. The Governors and Administrators of the whole country were foreigners, not speaking the language, and knowing very little of the character of the people. Bohemians and Austrians filled, and fill now, all the high places of the land, for there is scarcely a Hungarian, of the most "Conservative" school, who will accept a single place since this course of administration has begun, and these govern the nation as if they were ruling their own degraded serfs. Everything is brought under the clock-work police system of Austria, and instead of the people of the villages managing their own affairs, they are all, to the smallest particular, made dependent on the military authorities of Pesth, or the Ministry at Vienna.

If any one will imagine our whole system of internal government, our town meetings, our County Courts, our Common Councils, our elections, our trials by Jury, our State Assemblies, all carried away at one blast—and a horde of foreign soldiers—as alien from us as the Spaniards, for instance—suddenly placed over us, governing every word and motion, they will appreciate precisely the situation of Hungary since the Revolution. Such a thing as *passe-portes*, or "permits," to move here or stay there, to own a fowling-piece, or carry a sword, had never been heard of in the land. The new code changed all that; and now, no man can stir from one district to another, or shoot the crows on his corn, without a "permit." The free, stirring, unresting political life of the people, has become merged into the still, stagnant police-rule of the Austrians.

All this change, of course, was very expensive. In place of the local governments—economical, watching every expense, and managed mostly by "voluntary officers—everything is governed from a distance, by expensive arrangements, and by well-paid officials. This difference of cost of course, must come out of the hard-oppressed peo-

ple. Not satisfied with this, the Austrian Government has gone still further, and made an attack on the Protestant Church of Hungary. The last feelings which a Government will usually wish to arouse against itself are the religious feelings of a people. The Austrian Ministry, however, have not dreaded—and in 1850, as I have already shown, HAYNAU published a decree by which the old Constitution of the Protestant Church—a Constitution which it has held separate from the State for five hundred years, alike through times of loyalty and rebellion—was completely shorn of its privileges, and by which the whole Church was in danger of becoming a mere instrument in the hands of the Austrian Police.

Of course it was to be expected that the Austrians, after conquering Hungary, would seek to change its remarkably free internal Government. But whether such a sudden, entire blotting out of the old Government, and such an unprovoked attack on the rights, (guaranteed by three solemn treaties with the House of Hapsburg,) of the old Hungarian Protestant Church, was a judicious, yes, a safe course for themselves, is another question. Something of the result of this policy will be seen, as I proceed. Accompanying all these measures there have been going on continually, various petty attacks, most of all calculated to embitter the national feelings. The old Hungarian songs have often been forbidden. The wearing the national costume was made a criminal offense. The Hungarian colors cannot be shown, except by stealth.

Very naturally, the effects of these regulations are precisely opposite to what the Austrians intended. The old glory of the nation, which they would render degraded and forgotten, is remembered with all the more affection, in that it is a crime to speak of it. The dear old colors, cast out by their conquerors, are worn on the dresses of the ladies, and arranged in flowers and leaves on the hats of the

peasants. The songs of the country are sung at the remote cottage fire-sides, or in the secret gatherings in the villages, with an emotion which they never would have dreamed of before.

Besides these measures, laws were passed, removing every thing which could separate Hungary from Austria. The postal communication, the duties, the municipal laws, were made common with those of Austria. Nothing remained to separate Hungary from the Empire, except the hedge of police-restriction which the Government had placed around it.

After this steady and well-conducted attempt to blot out all which could remind Hungary of its Past, the next great step was to contrive means for squeezing the utmost possible revenue from the land. This was to be expected. The debt of the Austrians was *over a thousand millions* (florins). They had conquered—though by foreign aid—a large and rich Province, and with the expense to themselves of some hundred and fifty millions. The question of finances was a question of life and death to them. With their views of the matter, it was to be expected they would seek to extort every penny possible from the unfortunate country. Whether on the whole, a heavy taxing of Hungary was the most judicious course for their own interests, will appear better hereafter. There were many circumstances at this time which would render a high taxation especially disagreeable and oppressive to the Hungarians. They have never been used to it. I have mentioned before how very economically the whole machinery of Government was carried on. A similar frugality was exercised in raising a revenue from the people. Most of the principal supplies for Government came from the crown lands and the mines, as well as from certain monopolies in salt and other articles allowed to the King. The direct taxes were comparatively small. Fényés calculates them at about 12,000,000



florins, or nearly \$6,000,000. Schütte, and the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, in its articles on Hungary in 1849, makes them about 8,000,000 florins per annum. But, on the whole, Fényés may be considered the most careful statistical author who has yet written on Hungary, and his estimates may be accepted. Six millions of dollars in taxes per annum for a nation numbering 15,000,000, and for a land exceeding Prussia in its dimensions by some thousand square miles, and but little behind France, was certainly no great sum.

A heavy, grinding taxation, taking the place of this, would, of course, be exceedingly hard. The nation, furthermore, after the war, found itself extremely poor. Most of the inhabitants had spent all available means in the defense of their country. Farms had been neglected, and vineyards almost abandoned. The usual sources of income in the sale of products and the exchange of articles was very nearly cut off by the disturbed state of the land. Business was all at a stand still—and worse than all, an immense proportion of the floating capital of the country was in “*Kossuth Notes*.”

It is well known that the Hungarian President, to meet the exigencies of the war issued a very large quantity of paper money, to be redeemed from the incomes and properties of the State. A perfectly justifiable procedure, when one considers the very rich sources of revenue in the possession of the Hungarian Government. These notes, on such good basis, had at once driven the Austrian notes out of Hungary, and were received at par everywhere throughout the nation. The Bauer especially had gained great quantities of them, and carefully laid them away. The nobles had sold their property for them, and the merchants' capital was much vested in them, for there seemed at the time no safer investment.

At once on the sudden defeat of the Hungarian cause, all this immense property became worthless. The Austrians made some cap-



tivating promises, to induce the Bauer, particularly, to deliver the notes up, promising every man who would hand them in before a certain time, some per centage, I think nearly fifty, on their nominal value. A number were foolish enough to send them in—received a quittance—the notes were burned, and that is the last ever heard of the redeeming of Hungarian paper money by the Austrian Government. The great mass of those bills, however, are still held, in concealment, through the whole land, until better times shall come, though the possession of a Kossuth note is a *criminal offense* now by the laws of Austria.

The mode which, despite all these circumstances, the Austrians adopted of laying a heavy taxation on the nation, was peculiarly characteristic of the stupidity of their administration throughout.

The great luxury, I might say, almost necessary, of the whole nation, is their *tobacco*. Every man uses it. The clergyman walks the streets with his pipe in his mouth; the *Bauer* smokes at every meal and all through the long evenings; the gentleman plies the cigar, wherever he is, from morning to night, in fair weather and foul, in work or in play. It has become a national habit. There is hardly a farm in the land which does not contain its little tobacco field.

This article, as a luxury, the Austrians very rationally concluded to tax. That, however, this taxing a product of the soil, and one so much in use by the poorest classes, was equally rational, we very much doubt. The mode, however, as I said before, and the amount of the tax, was the most singular.

The peasant, when he was about to plant his tobacco in the Spring, must first wait upon the Commissioners and obtain a written "permit," (for which he paid a stamp-duty,) altogether going through with a very vexatious proceeding, for a man in his situation. After this, he quietly plants his tobacco, and is suffered to rest a few weeks,

until the plants are a little grown; then he is waited upon, in his turn, by the Royal Commissioners, who assess the present amount and the amount which probably will be when the time of gathering comes.

This is not enough, however. Again at harvest time, His Majesty's Commissioners show themselves at the peasant's paling, and if the present crop has been injured, or proves unfortunately short, or falls in any way below the first estimates, the unfortunate Bauer must pay the difference.

But still he is not allowed to pay the tax on his tobacco, and then sell it as he chooses. That would be far too much "license" for their theories of government. No, he must carry *all* his tobacco—every fragment and leaf, even what he has been wont to use as fodder—to the Commissioners, who, of course, must be provided with store-houses, and a set of clerks to overlook it—all new items of expense—and there he must sell the whole crop at the Government prices. And if he wishes any for his own use, he can buy it back, also at the Government prices. What those prices are, will be evident from this instance in the town of M——, in Heves Comitatus.

A gentleman there told me, that tobacco which he could sell for forty *Gülden* (\$20) the *Zentner*, he was obliged to dispose of to the Government for from seven gülden to twelve the *zentner*; which tobacco the government again sold to him and others at the rate of seventy gülden! In the *Bihar Comitatus*, I heard instances of Government taxation even worse than this, where the dead loss to the planter would approach ninety per cent! And this, be it remembered, not a tax upon an export, or upon an imported luxury, which the Government would quite as willingly see banished—as in the case of the English tax upon tobacco—but upon a product of the

country, on which they only wish to raise as much money as possible.

Let this whole law be observed as a specimen of the Austrian system, which they would so stupidly fasten upon Hungary. The very idea of taxing a product of the soil in any way, ought to have been obsolete. But this summoning ignorant peasants to the Commissioner's office, these forms and proceedings, this minute interference in the man's sowing and reaping, the expensive outlay for Government officers to effect it all, and the bold interference in the laws of trade, show the extreme of impractical legislation. The results have been what might be expected. The peasants refused to plant tobacco, if it must be done under such an array of legal proceedings. They had rather not smoke, than have all kinds of royal officers haunting their barns. They burned their seed, and were imprisoned for destroying their own property. The gentlemen found it would not pay at all, to raise a crop which they must sell to Government at a loss of seventy per cent. on its real value; and rather than pay such an odious tax, they preferred to abandon their cigars and pipe.

The new tax has accordingly paid the Austrians very poorly thus far, and they have been obliged twice to postpone its full execution. The last time it was to come into thorough operation was in the beginning of July, when I was leaving Hungary, and I could not therefore see its working; but I know how the whole people felt, and I know how many of the planters have entirely abandoned the cultivation of the plant, so that I have little doubt the Austrian Ministry will extort very little from the Hungarians on that tax at least.

In one place through which I passed, in Heves Comitatus, where there had once been five hundred tobacco planters, there are not

now five. In every village they gave the same account of the diminution of the tobacco crop. I visited very many gentlemen who had not only given up raising tobacco, but had also resolved to leave off the habit of smoking, when the new law came into operation on the first of July. Numbers had pledged themselves never to smoke the "Imperial tobacco," as it is called, after it has passed into the Commissioners' hands; and it was said that even then the royal officers were obliged to label their cigars "Hungarian tobacco," i. e. tobacco not delivered into the hands of the excise officers, in order to make it saleable. Very many told me they meant to hold out against the tax, as we did against the tax on *tea*, in our Revolution. "It was bad enough paying Austria's debts," they said, "but such an annoying, oppressive tax as this was intolerable."

I must confess, I almost doubt the ability of the Hungarians to give up their old habit, even for such patriotic motives. Still, it all shows the feeling of the country toward their new government.

## CHAPTER XLI.

### AUSTRIAN POLICY IN HUNGARY.

THE next step of the Austrian Ministry, in their course of taxation, was to lay a heavy duty on all *wine* made in the country.

In Tokay, where the most valuable wines are produced, the duty was two *Gülden* per *Eimer*, (about eight cents a gallon), when the price was only four and a half *gülden*, or a duty of about fifty *per cent.* on a product of the soil! In another town, lying farther south, where I was, they estimated the tax at even seventy-five per cent.

Besides this, the cultivator must pay a further tax of five per cent. on the ground of his vineyard. All this, of course, comes exceedingly hard on an impoverished population; and the Bauer, especially, feel it, as they have always been in the habit of raising their own wine, and have, naturally, very little ready money.

The results of this, too, are beginning to be apparent. Peasants abandon the cultivation of the vine, rather than incur such expenses, and betake themselves for spirituous drink to the vile plum brandy which is manufactured in the country. The large vine planters have reduced their vineyards to a considerable degree; and very

many of the gentlemen have given them up, for the present altogether.

But this is not, by any means, all the taxation. Every house pays a by no means moderate sum, and the garden has its tax also. Though the duties on the borders are nominally raised, many of the exports from Hungary into Austria must still pay a heavy tribute, in the way of taxation. Numerous other articles heap up the amount of taxes, and as a climax, comes the poll-tax of a dollar and a half, through the whole male population.

In considering these various measures of the Austrian administration, it would not be just to pass over some, in another direction, which they claim are highly beneficial to the country. These are limited to the improvement of the roads and the postal communication. As I have said in a previous chapter, I consider these improvements very much exaggerated. In by-roads, in roads running across the country, in improvements within the cities, there are no marks of Austrian labor. But in the two great military roads, one running from Pesth to Siebenbürgen, through Gros Wardein, and the other from Pesth to Szegedin, in a southerly direction, something in the way of "improvement" has been done, through the forced labor of the peasants. It is true, too, that on these two roads the post runs somewhat more speedily than it used to ; though whether this increased celerity is at all compensated for, by the risk which every letter incurs of passing through the hands of the Chief of Police, is another question. The truth is, in whatever can aid in the military occupation of the country, in connecting fortresses with highways, in building *têtes du pont* in the cities, and embankments around the citadels, the Austrians are active enough ; but in any more useful direction, I could not see that they were.

The question of most interest to us in foreign lands, comes up at

this point. What has the Austrian administration gained in Hungary from all this policy ?

As I said before, I have no doubt that in an early period after the revolution, the Austrian Government *might* have won over almost the whole nation. As it is—I had almost said it with a God be thanked—*it is too late*. Duplicity and Oppression have done their work. Years of good government, and of honorable dealing and kind treatment, would not efface the remembrance. The Ministry of Vienna have lost all that they might have gained.

It is well known that one great weakness of the Hungarian party lay in their contests and differences with the other tribes—especially the *Wallachs* and *Croats*. Of course, it should have been a prominent object of the Austrian Ministry, as prudent statesmen, to preserve the friendship of these nationalities. But they appear to have become confident, from the wonderful success of the war, and from the aid of their powerful ally ; and they proceeded quietly to strip the Croats of every privilege, and to extort from them every possible penny, just as they had done with the other Hungarians.

There is no proof that the Croats had ever been really oppressed under the other administration. The forcing of the Magyar language upon them as their diplomatic language, was their greatest grievance. Still, they had always been allowed their peculiar provincial privileges—their Assembly of Representatives, and local laws, differing somewhat from those in the rest of Hungary. Their share in the national taxation had been much smaller than that of the other tribes. The Austrians, however, totally forgot all this, and their services towards themselves. The German language has been forced upon them, quite as much as the Magyar would have been. All their peculiar privileges have been buried under an indiscriminate military rule. The Ancient Croatian Assembly of



Deputies has passed away, not to be revived till that indefinite day of the future, when the Austrian Constitution of the 4th of March comes into life again. The heavy burden of Austrian taxation is laid upon them too, and they find that they, the faithful allies of the Emperor, must pay for the long course of Austrian extravagance and wastefulness. They have deserted their natural allies and kindred, and have degraded their ancient kingdom into a province of Austria, and all they get in return, is a share in the grinding oppression which is fastened upon the rest of Hungary. The Austrians began by deceiving and inflaming them against the Magyars, and they end by cheating them and oppressing them worse than they ever could have been oppressed before. One would have expected that skilful statesmen would, at least, reward followers who had suffered so much for their party. But this was not done. Whether the Austrians have become blind from their success, or whether they wish to degrade Hungary, in every way, as much as possible, certain it is that the Croat leaders fare quite as hard as many of the Hungarian rebels. The intolerable taxation, the annoying police-rule, the espionage, the loss of political rights, have all come quite as heavy upon the Croats as the other Hungarians, and the harder, as they had expected something better.

The same is true of all the other tribes, or portions of tribes, who, at any time, sided with the Austrians. They are taxed, worried with police-regulations, fettered in all liberty of speech or action, placed under the most arbitrary, lawless military despotism, precisely as the worst enemies of the Austrian power.

This experience, throughout Hungary, has opened the eyes of the allies of Austria. The Hungarians had always warned them, that if they should succeed with Austria, they would find themselves deceived, and they would see themselves under a tyranny worse

than had ever been known in Hungary. They find it all true. As a consequence of all this, their whole feeling toward the Magyars has changed. I know no better proof of this than an instance related to me by the *Chief of Police* in Pesth, a most loyal imperialist from Bohemia, and a gentleman of great intelligence,—certainly a person whose opinion on such a subject as this would not incline too much to the Hungarian side.

He admitted, in a conversation I had with him while in arrest, in his house at Pesth, that there were too many of the Austrian officers in the country who did not understand the Hungarian character, and allowed that, unfortunately, the Austrian party had lost ground on every side. I inquired about the Census, of this year, just finished, and whether I could get access to it? He thought it would be difficult at present, but said that he himself had seen the returns in the Commissioner's office.

I asked, with considerable curiosity, whether the report was true, which I had heard, that the number of the Magyars had increased to a remarkable degree?

He said, "It was true, at least as far as the census was concerned. The whole population numbered about fifteen millions, and of these, the Magyars were given in as *eight millions*."\*

I had heard a report of this before, in the German newspapers and among the Hungarians, but I had always supposed it a Hungarian exaggeration. I inquired what he thought was the reason? He said, "That probably very many of the other nationalities must have given themselves in as Magyars to the officers of the census."

\* *Chowanez* in his *Hand Book for Acquaintance with Hungary* (Bamberg, 1851), writing in the interest of the Austrian Government, to induce German colonists to emigrate to Hungary, confirms this statement.—P. 130.

It will be seen, whatever be the explanation, that this is a very important fact for the Hungarian question. If the explanation be as the Hungarians give it, that no accurate census was ever made until now, under this exact military rule; inasmuch as previously the only object of numbering the population was to find those liable to service under arms; it still does away with one great argument against the Magyar or Hungarian party. For it has always been said that the Magyars were only a small part of the population, some three or four millions, and that they had no claim, except that of power, to their pre-eminence in the land. But late statistics all show a much greater preponderance to the Magyar element than has been allowed. For instance—Fényés makes the number in 1842, 4,870,000; and no one will ever accuse Fényés of over estimating anything. The “Universal Gazette” of Presburg, in 1840 states, the Magyars as numbering somewhat over 5,000,000, and Schutte, a German historian, a very candid and honest writer, gives them, in 1850, as 5,278,000.

But leaving this, and admitting the explanation of this new increase given by the Austrian Police Director, it speaks most strikingly against what we have heard, in our country, of Magyar oppression and injustice to the other tribes of Hungary, and shows what the “paternal” government of the Austrians must have been since the Revolution. Here are *three millions* of the down-trodden Croats, Wallachs, Slavonians, Servians, who in an Austrian census prefer to rank themselves with their oppressors, in the time of their disgrace and their exile, to giving in their names as belonging to their own native tribes? No motive of interest or favor can be supposed here. It would be the last means of gaining anything with the Austrians. There *could* be no other reason than affection and gratitude towards the defeated, exiled Magyars, and hatred to the Austrians. With

many, it was perhaps an affection originating only since the war, and since they had become convinced that the Magyars were really seeking the good of *all* Hungary. With others, it was the old attachment to the Hungarian party which led them, though of different origin and temperaments, to fight side by side with the Magyars in the campaign of '49.

Among the other measures which one would suppose a skilful Austrian ministry would adopt in governing Hungary, would be various devices to win over the immense class of *Bauer* or peasants.

It will be remembered that one of the great acts of the Hungarian Parliament in 1848, before the war broke out with Austria, was to free the whole class of *Bauer* throughout the nation from all feudal exactions.

It will be remembered also, that several months *after* this act of the Parliament, when the difference between Austria and Hungary had hopelessly widened, the Emperor published a decree, in which *he* manumitted also all the serfs of Hungary. In the roar of contest which was then rising, the Decree was probably hardly even known to the peasantry of Hungary, and nothing more was heard of it till the close of the war. Then would have been the time, in the forming a new Government in Hungary, to have made it really felt that Austria had freed the peasants. And it is but just to say that these measures, for doing away with all feudal exactions, were faithfully carried out, after the Revolution, in Bohemia and in other parts of the Empire; though, after all, with no great sacrifices to Austria, as the expense had been mostly laid upon the shoulders of the peasants and the proprietors. It is possible, by a judicious policy, that the Government might have made the peasants believe they were really seeking the best interests of their class. But, at

once, as if every class must be alike degraded in the unhappy country, they commenced by placing over them all, the iron rule of military authority. All the privileges which they had enjoyed under the Hungarian Ministry were at once taken from them. Their elections, their assemblies, their voting of every kind, was at an end, for "all balloting is inconsistent with a state of siege, (*Kriegszustand*.)" Their Judges and town officers and rulers were sent to them from a distance, and were either strangers, or appointed from Hungarians whom they despised. They found that they had no voice or vote in the matter; that they were quite as much *serfs* as before the Revolution, and even in a worse condition—for the new taxes came upon them even more heavily than the old feudal labor. Each peasant must pay for the tobacco he raised, for his wine, his garden, his house, his *head*; and, more than that, he must labor on the public roads for the State, and do other services, until it all became more intolerable than the detested *Robot*. No severer tax could be laid upon such a population than a *money tax*. Labor would have been much easier for them to give throughout.

It is true, agents of Government have gone among them and attempted to make the matter clear to them; they have shown them the eloquent Decree of the Emperor, proclaiming freedom to all the serfs in his Empire; they have described the love he bears them, "his children."

But the convincing argument to the peasant's mind—and one which stands before him always—is in the *facts* themselves. "Where are the rights," he says, "which I had under Kossuth? Where are our elections, our officers, our judges? I could vote then. I could be chosen for an office. I could speak and act then as I chose. Where's all this? Now, I have *gens d'armes* all the while watching me; I can not stir without permission. I have

nothing whatever to do in the Government. Besides, I must pay taxes for everything I eat, and drink, and own. *Where is your freedom?*"

A few phrases about "the exigencies of a state of siege" will never answer such questions—and the Bauer put them very often.

Besides all this, the Hungarian party have a very strong hold on the peasants, from the large amount of *Kossuth notes* kept in concealment by them, and from the dishonorable dealing of the Austrian Government in that matter. The amount of these notes, still concealed in Hungary, is immense—exceeding, some think, 50,000,000 florins!

Probably the most discontented class in the Austrian dominions, at present, are the Hungarian peasantry.

In addition to the various tribes adverse to the Hungarian party, there was an important body of noblemen—"the *Magnates*"—men owning vast estates, who had always stood aloof from "the Revolutionists." Many of them had even sided with the Austrians. These men—despised and hated in Hungary—any prudent Ministry should, of course, have preserved in their attachment to Austria.

But, with that blindness which seems to have stricken the Austrian Government, they have lost these too. The Court journals have sneered at their loyalty. The Court itself has turned a cold shoulder upon them. The intolerable taxation has been laid upon them, and their estates; gens d'armes and spies watch them, and they fare no better than the "Rebels." Unworthy tools of the Ministry, or ignorant Bohemians, have been put into some of the high offices of the nation, and, with a characteristic pride, the *Magnates* have refused to accept any offices whatever under the Government, and accordingly the majority of them now live in gloomy retirement on their estates. I know not a few instances



among them, of men who have completely changed their political views since the Revolution, and who are recognized now as belonging to the "Opposition"—or as being coldly disposed towards the Austrian Government.

The only distinct class of men whom the Ministry might, possibly, have gained over to the Austrian side, are the *Jews*. The result would have been somewhat doubtful, however, even if they had attempted it. But it does not seem to have occurred to them. And Haynan's persecutions of this people—as cruel as the exactions of the Middle Ages—have completely driven out what little affection any of them might have entertained, toward the Imperial Government.

The Ministry of late, as if conscious of their mistakes, have made various efforts to regain their influence in the land. They have sent in German colonists to introduce a new "element" into the nation; they have instructed the Clergy in various parts of the country, to explain the "true nature of taxation" to the people. And the Emperor has condescended even to appear at a Court-ball, in the Hungarian dress. But it has all failed.

The colonists have returned, disgusted with the lands given them, and enraged at the Ministry for deceiving them. The people continue obstinately insensible to "the justice" of paying, at great sacrifices, for other people's debts; and the display of the Emperor is thought to be somewhat of a farce, when it is remembered he is, at the very time, extending indefinitely, the state of siege over his "beloved Hungary."

As I think over this long course of incredible stupidity and disregard to their own interests, on the part of the Austrians, I cannot repress an emotion of thankfulness. It would have been better perhaps for Hungary to have won her liberty in some other way;



but the course of events, or rather, a Power higher than these, has so determined it. The day has passed now forever, in which Hungary can be regained to Austria, by kind treatment.

What the motives of the Austrians in all this were—whether, from the difficulty of finding Hungarian advisers, they did not understand the character of the nation and acted with good intentions, ignorantly; or whether, in the bitterness of revenge, they wished to punish and degrade the people as much as possible, I, for one, would not venture to decide. However this may be, and with no cant of finding ways which are hidden to human eyes, I must believe that a just Providence is working out, by these gradual means—so unexpected, so truly *retributive*—the day of redemption, of freedom for Hungary. Austrian blindness or Austrian cruelty shall of itself weaken and break the grasp of tyranny over the unhappy land. May God grant it!

## CHAPTER XLII.

### KOSSUTH'S ADMINISTRATION—A RETROSPECT.

ON the 19th of March, 1848, the Deputation from the Hungarian Parliament to Vienna, obtained permission from the Emperor Ferdinand V., to form an independent Hungarian Ministry. Count Louis Batthyanyi was empowered with its formation; and to the great satisfaction of the Nation, nominated LOUIS KOSSUTH as Minister of Finance. Though nominated by Batthyanyi, Kossuth was, in fact, the principal Member of the Ministry.

On the 11th of July, as the separation between the two countries hopelessly widened, and war seemed threatening both from Croatia and Austria, the Parliament voted a levy of 200,000 men, and supplies to the amount of 42,000,000 florins (about \$21,000,000.)

No Ministry ever had a more difficult task before them. The Government of a whole nation was to be reorganized, and every possible preparation made for a gigantic struggle. The supplies thus voted were to be collected; finances were to be arranged, tariffs regulated, a new currency established, Government property farmed, and a great army to be raised and equipped.

There was more than ordinary difficulty in carrying out these measures.

All these departments had been previously managed by the Austrian Ministry at Vienna. Few men in Hungary had any experience in them. The only taxes imposed by the Hungarians themselves, had been the Home-taxes—expended within the country. Besides, the whole taxation upon Hungary had always been small, and laid in a careless manner. There was no regular list of landed estates, so that land might be taxed, and the Nobles were not liable to taxes, until the new law came into effect in November.

The public income from every source to Austria,\* had never been over 22,000,000 florins per annum, and 42,000,000 were needed at once. As a climax to the financial difficulties before the Ministry, restitution was to be made to the landlords, who had beggared themselves by giving up their feudal rents and exactions; the whole amount of this loss is reckoned by careful writers at \$90,000,000, of which Government were expected to restore at least a third.

In the levying so large an army, too, the difficulty was immense.

Hungary had never any distinct National army. Her regiments were scattered about through the Austrian forces. The national militia were much too exclusively “volunteers,” to be serviceable for a regular army. There was a large party, too, of whom the Minister of War was one, who dreaded forming any new Hungarian Army, lest the measure would completely cut off the chance of a reconciliation with Austria.

\* In a pamphlet (*Ungarn in seinen neuesten Verhältnissen*—Pesth, 1851) which I have lately received, containing the Austrian estimates, they are reckoned for 1846 as 23,920,929 florins, which is higher than the usual estimates.

These were some of the difficulties before the Kossuth and Batthyanyi (Louis) Ministry.

Despite the timidity and inexperience of many of his associates, these were met and conquered by Kossuth.

According to his plan, approved by the Parliament, a National Bank was formed in Pesth, from the surplus funds in the hands of the Government, and from voluntary contributions. The capital of this Bank in a short time amounted to 5,000,000 florins.

On this he issued 12,500,000 florins in bank notes.

The management of the Government property,—mines, salt works, monopolies, &c., was so improved, that they yielded tenfold more profit. On this again, as a basis, and on the new taxation, which would double the previous income of the State, without burdening the people, he issued paper money.

So reliable was this basis, that these notes, reaching in December the amount of 28,600,000 florins, at once drove the Austrian bank notes—though amounting to some forty or fifty million florins—utterly out of the country. The smaller landholders, to whom restitution was due for Feudal rents given up, were to be paid in bank notes, the greater in 5 per cent. Consolidated State Bonds, or with portions of the public lands. Debts, too, contracted by the nobles, on the pledge of their Feudal rents, were to be taken by the Government, and similar State Bonds to be issued.

By these measures, Kossuth restored public confidence—created a good security for a currency—separated it completely from the Austrian, and provided supplies for the war, without, at the time, much burdening the people.

All, this, however, did not prove enough for the enormous expenditures: and, with a characteristic confidence in the people, he appealed to their generosity.

This was met, as he expected, and liberal contributions poured in.

With a similar almost instinctive knowledge of his nation, he proposed that the new army be raised, not by conscription, but by voluntary recruiting, at the same time binding the recruits to a certain time of service and giving a fixed pay.

His plan for the formation of the army, shows even more remarkably his talent for organization.

There were to be, according to his proposition to Parliament, *three great divisions* in the military force of the country.

First, the *Regular Army*, formed of the old troops of the line, who had passed over into the Hungarian service from the Imperial, and of the new Honved battalions.

Second, the *National Guard*, composed of all the inhabitants of the cities and large market towns, capable of bearing arms.

And third, the *Militia*, from all the collected male inhabitants of the vilages and rural districts.

In the Regular Army, he proposed to form 100 Battalions of Honved Infantry, each 1000 to 1200 strong, bearing the numbers from 1 to 100.

The regular soldiers within the country should be incorporated into these Honved regiments; and if possible, two companies into every regiment, as an aid in exercising and drilling. The "*free corps*" then existing in the country, were to be changed into Honved battalions. The uniform was to be similar throughout, and the colors and style were to be fixed by general orders.

The cavalry were to be formed of the ten Hussar regiments which had left the Imperial army, and of new regiments of Hussars and *Uhlans* yet to be formed. The artillery in like manner were to be composed of the old and the new, united.

The National Guard was armed and organised like the regular troops, but their duty was more especially to guard the fortresses and cities. Though, if occasion demanded, they were to be employed in other service.

The Militia was the branch to which Kossuth had devoted most attention. This he designed as the great source from which all the other divisions were to be supplied.

His instructions to them (in October,) embrace 15 Articles, and show his thorough knowledge of the use and proper organization of a National militia.

Every man (No. 1,) capable of bearing arms, without distinction of age, property, or profession, must take part in the Militia. No substitute is allowed, and sickness and bodily weakness are the only excuses received.

The militia (No 6) is to arm itself with every possible weapon—even scythes and flails, if no other can be found. Any one, who has more arms than are necessary for himself, can be called upon to give up the superfluous for the others.

The duty of the militia (No 7,) shall be to weaken and disturb the enemy on all sides; to break up his communications; to destroy his provision-trains, and means of sustenance; but always to retire from open battle, and to meet the enemy only at the crossings of the rivers.

(No. 9.) The Militia must be organized so that they may be ready at any time within three days; and each district is to have its own place of meeting, and its own officers.

From the Militia (No. 14,) must be raised the volunteers and recruits for the Regular Army.

All these measures were adopted. The militia system was at first somewhat ridiculed by the military men—but the result showed

that such an irregular corps was of the utmost value for annoying the enemy, and for furnishing a source from which the regular troops could be drawn.

It has, beside, founded an organization, which will be very efficient in any future outbreak in Hungary.

Beside the difficulties which Kossuth intended to meet by these measures, was the universal want of arms, uniforms, and the whole *matériel* of war. To remedy this, he at once established cloth factories within the country, and ordered uniforms in the great factories of Brünn and Bieliz. At his proposition, the Parliament commanded a great machine factory in Pesth, to be changed into a manufactory of arms, and to be managed by the Government. Orders were sent likewise to Belgium and England. He presented also a plan for an immense cannon foundry, as the cannon in the arsenals were found unfit for field-service. This too, was, after a little time adopted.

The result of all this showed Kossuth's business talent, and his knowledge of the national character. The ranks were filled faster than arms could be supplied, and the war, when commenced, exhibited to the eyes of astonished Europe, a military organization in Hungary as efficient as the Prussian; and an armed and spirited force equaling the disposable force of the greatest Powers of Europe.

There are few, I think, in this country, aware of the immense, wide-spread system which Kossuth, thus, almost by himself, erected in a year, to cope with the power of Austria. He has, it is true, the genius and ideality of a master-orator, the enthusiasm and heroism of a noble mind, but perhaps still longer than these traits are remembered, it will be recorded of him in history that, almost in a day, with practical, thorough talent, against many difficulties,



he organized, equipped, and armed a whole nation for a gigantic struggle.

During all this course of his administration, the separation between the two countries, from various causes, was increasing. At length, in September, after the cold reception by the Emperor of a Deputation from the Hungarian Parliament, and his refusal to sanction the Recruit Law and Bank Law, there was a general feeling that reconciliation was impossible.

The cry through the streets of Pesth was "We need no King!" "Kossuth for Dictator!" At hearing it, Kossuth stepped out on the balcony of his house, and thus addressed the people: "Citizens! Hear my words. My whole being belongs to my country and to my beloved people; but to my King will I remain unshakingly true. Trust to me; we will save our country, we will save our King; we will save our wives and our children!"\*

The Parliament, in a session soon following this, despatched an especial Deputation to the Palatine, requesting him to nominate Kossuth "Prime Minister." He had already nominated Count Louis Batthyanyi. Kossuth was one of the first to give his support to the future Minister.

It appears certain, that at this time Kossuth was by no means determined utterly to break with Austria. Like the leaders in our Revolution, he held on long to the language, and doubtless, the sentiment of loyalty. To an ideal, noble mind, it is always hard entirely to separate from the Past.

The first really revolutionary measure which he proposed, was the formation of a "Committee of Defence," to act somewhat apart from the Ministry, who had almost lost the confidence of the nation. The Parliament accepted it (Sept. 23d), and chose the members for

\* Dr. Shütte's Ungarn.

the Committee. As Kossuth was so incessantly occupied in other matters, *Paul Nyári* was appointed the President.

During the few months following this, as the war thickened on every side, the old ministry gradually dissolved itself, the Parliament separated, and the whole government fell into the hands of the "Committee of Defence," of which Kossuth had already been chosen President.

When the Parliament met again in December, a new Ministry was formed, of which Kossuth was now appointed chief.

From this time, to the end of the war, he appears not merely as the agitator, but the organizer of the whole struggle.

From Debreczin, as before from Pesth, he managed his widespread machinery through the country. The manufactories of arms were transferred to Gros Wardein; new powder factories were erected, and the old recruiting kept up, even where the Austrians held possession. A great system of *couriers* was established, too, to convey at once to every part, information of the movements of the enemy.

The principal hindrance, however, undoubtedly, to all his movements, and to his influence over the armies, was the fact, that he was not a General.

It was unfortunate, too, perhaps, that Kossuth was not an ultra man, siding neither with the radical Szemere,\* on the one hand, nor the legitimists, Nyári and Görgey, on the other. Batthyanyi also, and his clique were jealous of him; and from what I heard in

\* Schlesinger in his "History of the War, vol. ii., p. 84," says, that "people were so convinced of his (Szemere's) hostility to Kossuth, in Debreczin, that some even talked of a secret understanding between Görgey and Szemere. Perczel, in particular, is said to have repeatedly alluded to this."

Hungary, I should think they always regarded him as the "low-born" agitator suddenly invested with power, and to be thrown aside when no longer useful. Much for instance, as the liberal nobility of England would regard COBDEN, if a Revolution should suddenly place him at the head of affairs. All this of course produced division.

On the 14th of April, 1849, Kossuth was chosen unanimously by the Parliament GOVERNOR of *Hungary*, with the power of selecting his own Ministry. Some of the compeers of Kossuth have objected to him, that he was not a keen discerner of character. It does not appear, however, from his choice on this occasion, that he failed in his selection. Szemere, Casimir Batthyányi, Horváth, Csányi, Vukowić, and Duschek, all able men; and, with the exception of Duschek, proving true to their cause.

On the same day, Kossuth had laid before the Parliament a "Declaration of Independence for Hungary;" setting forth the causes of separation, and leaving the form of government to be settled afterwards by the Parliament. In the meantime, the country was to be governed as before, by this Ministry, responsible to the National Assembly.

The Hungarian armies were now victorious; Görgey was in full march towards Vienna; the country seemed secure, so that all felt ready for declaring—what in fact really existed—a complete Independence of Austria.

The Lower House passed a resolution appointing a committee of three, of which Kossuth was one, to prepare the formal documents, declaring the deposition of the House of Hapsburg and the independence of Hungary. The Upper House accepted the resolution unanimously.

Within a month from this time, occurred that unfortunate mis-

take—the assault of Ofen, which changed the whole appearance of the campaign; and within two months the Russians were in full march into Hungary.

Kossuth's position became more and more difficult. A civil governor placed over military men, always has an exceedingly arduous task.

In addition here, the generals were not only jealous of him, but jealous of one another.

Kossuth's plan to meet the Russian invasion—and it seems a judicious one—was to concentrate all the armies, either on the Upper Danube, or within the Theiss, and thus act out from a centre on the various bodies of the enemy.

Perczel, however, was unwilling to give up his conquests on the Lower Theiss; and Vetter could not leave the people of the Banat, to the savage cruelty of the Raizen, and Görgey refused to abandon the country of the Upper Danube, where his own home was; so that, in fact, Hungary was defended in this her last struggle, by a number of independent generals, each acting on his own plan.

Throughout this struggle, and since the defeat, it has been painfully apparent that the leaders of Hungary were deficient, in one great moral power—the readiness to yield to another for the sake of a principle.

While they were under the control of the people this defect did no injury. But, at this stage of the war, when the National Assembly had lost its power, the mutual jealousies and dissensions began more strongly to break out.

This defect is not peculiar to the Hungarians. Who can forget the difficulties of Washington with some of his Generals—or even with some of his civil associates in our own Revolution? If, still farther, Washington had merely been a civil Dictator, or the Con-

gress had had no power over the army, who can say that the relations between the civil and military power would have been more amicable, than in Hungary?

Kossuth had for some time, been doubtful of the faithfulness of Görgey—and at length, on the 28th of June,—as I have related in the Chapter upon Görgey, sent a deputation to him, announcing that Mezsáros was appointed commander-in-chief.

The only effect was, that Görgey after this, acted entirely separate from the Executive.

The last session of the Hungarian Parliament was held in Szege-din, July 21. The cause was all falling in ruins around its defenders, yet here again came forth these infernal dissensions.

Kossuth feared that Görgey would prove a traitor, but had not power enough to depose him.

The Ministers, Aulich and Csányi, were in favor of leaving him in his place, at the head of the army. The others were neutral—and Szemere and Perczel alone called Görgey, publicly, a “traitor.”

There were endless difficulties too, in appointing any one in his place. Kossuth preferred Bem, but his appointment would offend Perczel as well as Görgey, as he was a foreigner. Perczel aimed at the place, but had not the confidence of the soldiers equally with Görgey. The Parliament discussed the question, and, though not formally, expressed, by a large majority, their preference for Görgey as Commander-in-Chief. The soldiers, too, were devotedly attached to their old General; so that with the chance that Görgey might yet prove true, Kossuth's course seemed doubtful.

A stern, iron man, like Cromwell, would have at once summoned Görgey before a Court Martial, and ordered him to be shot. But

this was not Kossuth's character. Beside the attempt might have failed and utterly ruined the Hungarian Cause.

Hear the Szegedin Journal in an article on this question at this time, as quoted by *Dr. Schütte*.

“The war-measures, let Görgey guide. Let him take the collected armies of Hungary, and be here, what Bem is in Siebenbürgen, but under necessary control ; under future responsibility. The Hungarian Army has learned to follow him to victory ; the enemy to fear him. Three times has he already saved the army ; and the Honved who was with him at Isazeg and Szöny, fights by his side, with tenfold power.

In the name of the God of the Magyars, and in the face of the whole country, I call upon the Government, that it make the proposition, and that the National Assembly express it. The ship of the civil Government, let Kossuth pilot as before, and with the same power. In the leading the Hungarian host, let there be unity, and the Commander-in-Chief be GÖRGEY.”

The difficulty was at length adjusted by the Ministry appointing Meszáros and Dembinski, provisionally, as Commanders, and Aulich, Minister of War. This enraged Perezel, and he resigned his command in the Middle Theiss, increasing, of course, by this act, the distrust and dissension, spreading everywhere.

After this, came the last disastrous events of the Hungarian struggle ; and, at length, on the 9th of August, the fatal defeat of TEMESVAR ; in which 7000 of the Hungarians were taken prisoners, and of an army of 50,000, only 9000 remained, able to take the field. The rest fled over the country, and the surviving officers and generals hastened on to Arad, where were the remains of the Hungarian Government. Görgey arrived there the same day (August 10th,) and Aulich from Jenő, announcing that he could offer no opposition



to the Russians, and that in two days, they would appear in force, before Arad.

It was a time of fearful confusion, the routed soldiers hurrying into the fortress; the defeated Generals and the Ministers, meeting only to recriminate one another; all regular authority lost, and each seeing that the Hungarian Cause was in its last hours.

On the next day \*(Aug. 11th) a Council of Ministers was held and it was determined to dissolve the Government and invest Görgey with full powers for negotiating a peace. It seemed the last hope, as nothing more could be expected from the Civil power. †

Görgey, however, refused to undertake this, unless the Commission giving him this power, should also contain the abdication of the Ministry; as, he asserted, the enemy would not treat with him, unless he were possessed of unlimited authority in the matter.

\* Mad. Pulsky's Memoirs of a Hungarian lady, p. 316—Vukowiç—Letter to the Daily News, Jan. 17—1852.—Dr. Schütte and Schleseinger.

† "And in the last moment, three Ministers beside bound themselves with him (Görgey)—Csányi, Vukovics, and Aulich—Their letter of resignation they accompanied with the words, that there were no other means left, than to treat with the Russians. Görgey, too, urged the same in writing to me : . . . I went now with my conscience to work—Should I not consent (to resign), then must the thought always press my name in history and my soul in life, that perhaps Görgey could have preserved something to the Fatherland; yet on account of my holding fast on to power, he would not—Such a stain I could not bear, on my memory—I had never laid the slightest value on Power; I bore it always against my will . . . ."

I yielded up to him the highest power with the declaration, that if he should ever conclude a Treaty, through which the existence of the country was sacrificed to the good of single-persons, I would consider it as treachery &c."—*Kossuth's Letter to the diplomats in England and France*—Widdin, Sept. 12, 1849. (Leipsic, 1849.)



Another, apparently informal Council was held at the house of Csányi, in which the Ministry sent in their formal resignation to the Governor. Duschek, Szemere, Batthyányi were not present—the two latter being at a distance from the city. Kossuth then signed an abdication in favor of Görgey; and sent it to them also for their signature, accompanying it—says Vuković—with certain conditions, as that Görgey must preserve the Independence and Nationality of Hungary. The following is Kossuth's Proclamation to the Nation.

“After the unsuccessful battles, with which heaven has, in these last few days, visited the Nation, there is no hope more, that we can continue the struggle, with any prospect of success, against the two Great Powers, Russia and Austria.

As in such circumstances, the preservation of the life of the Nation and the guarantee of its Future is alone to be expected from the Commanders, at the head of the army; and as, according to the pure conviction of my soul, the farther continuance of the present Government, would be not only useless but also injurious (*Schädlich*) to the Nation, I make it hereby known to the Nation, that I, impelled by that pure patriotic feeling, with which I have devoted all my steps and my whole life to my country alone, retire in my name and the name of the Ministry, from the Government; and until the time, when the Nation, suitably to its authority, shall provide, I invest General Arthur Görgey with the highest military and civil power of Government.

I expect from him, and I make him responsible therefor, to the Nation and to History, that he employ this Power, according to the best of his ability, to the preservation of the National life of our poor Fatherland, to its good and to the security of its Future.

May he so love his Fatherland, without selfishness, as I have loved

it; and may he, in the securing the success of the Nation, be more fortunate than I.

With *deed*, can I no more serve my country; if my death can in any way be useful to it, I will with joy bring my life as the sacrifice.

The God of Justice and Mercy be with the Nation!

LOUIS KOSSUTH, *Governor*.

*Arad Fortress, Aug. 11, 1849.*

Countersigned, VUKOVIC\*\*\*CSANYI\*\*\*HORVATH.

The whole was not done certainly with the full legal forms. All the Ministry had not been present. The Parliament had not been consulted; and it may be doubted, whether Kossuth had the right, technically speaking, to resign his powers into the hands of another.

But the truth was, it was no time for legalities. The Russians were in rapid march upon them—the Parliament had been scattered to the four winds—the Ministry had in fact, for a long time been a Dictatorship, and, in such an emergency, might—the majority of them—bestow their powers upon another, without much impropriety.

On the question of Kossuth's right to the title of "Governor," after he had thus resigned the office, it is hardly necessary to waste words. There is no "State" now to be governed, and no Administration of which he could be the Governor. In the truest sense of the words, he is the Leader—Governor of Hungary—The People hold him such now. Their hearts have elected him. And, as he gave up his office to another, on conditions which were never observed, why may he not legally claim the place which morally he holds, of Governor of *Independent Hungary*?

The only point after all, of importance, connected with it, is, Did

Kossuth show any want of heroism in thus giving up his office at this emergency ?

In Hungary, I have never heard any reproach against him for this act, but lately writings have appeared from some of Kossuth's old associates, which render a comment desirable.

Of course, with all respect for the character of these gentlemen, due allowance must be made by every one in estimating their opinions. They have altogether failed in a great Enterprise, and it is the unconquerable tendency of every man, in such circumstances, to get the blame off from his own shoulders.

The old jealousies and dissensions too, as is natural with proud men, are only stronger in their misfortune. And especially does that feeling—of whose power we in America can form no idea—the old *pride of class*, work upon them now.

That the “low-born” Kossuth should get all the honor of the struggle—and the proud old noble be overlooked, is intolerable.

Our own opinions can be formed best from the facts.

When this Resignation was made, the Russian army on one side, numbering from 80 to 90,000 men, was rapidly advancing on Arad; the victorious Austrian forces on the other, with 75,000 men, were approaching from Temesvár. The only two roads of escape into Transylvania, and thus into Turkey, were in the hands of the Russians; the one through Déwa to Hermannstadt, occupied by Lüder, with 20,000 men, and the other through Klausenburg, by Grothenhelm, with 15,000.

Again on the South, the Ban, with a large, though not very formidable army, was hastening towards the scene of contest. The whole of these allied forces numbered nearly 200,000 men.

Against them, since the late disasters, the Hungarians could oppose only Görgey's corps of 24,000; Veesev's of 7,000, near

Lugos; Kmety's of 2,500; Lázár's of 5,000, and Bem's of 8,000—in all only 50,000 men, scattered abroad in various districts, and dispirited by defeat.\*

There may have been other corps, but these were the only available,—from the army of 130,000 men which they had a few months before. Of the fortresses, only four were in the hands of the Hungarians; Arad, with a weakened garrison; Munkács with a garrison of 450 men; Peterwardein with 8,000, and Komorn with 20,000. These were widely separated from one another, and Komorn lay on the very opposite side of Hungary. In modern warfare, too, fortresses are of very little account, when the enemy has possession of the heart of the country. Napoleon occupied all Prussia, with Magdeburg still in his rear.

With dissensions in the Ministry; with armies devotedly attached to their General; deprived himself of all the *machinery* of Government—the Bank-presses and money, and even the means of printing his own proclamations: seeing a falling Cause around him, what more rational course could there be for a civil Governor, than to give up everything then to the military Leader. It was too late for Kossuth to *do* anything. Görgey *could* possibly make terms with the conquerors. It seems to me, not unheroic or unmanly, that in such an emergency, he trusted all to Görgey, with the desperate hope he might yet save the remains of their armies.†

As I consider this administration of Kossuth, I cannot doubt that it will, with posterity, place him in the highest rank as a Statesman.

Such a talent for organization and finance, has not been exhibited in these modern times, unless perhaps by HAMILTON.

\* Dr. Schütte.

† I see *Boldenyi*, a candid French historian, takes the same view of Kossuth's motives in this act—*La Hongrie*, p. 237. Paris, 1851.

It is evident from the whole history, that Kossuth had not the unrelenting, tremendous force of a Cromwell or Napoleon; or the iron will of a Jackson. But he has shown qualities, which in the view of an enlightened age, will peculiarly fit him to be the Governor of a civilized and Christian people.

He has shown that a man could be a military Dictator, without staining his hands, either in the blood of his rivals or of his friends. In the midst of Turmoil and War, he has presented an administration of mildness, mercy, and calm judgment. He has proved that he could obey, where the People decided he should not lead; and that he was willing to give up everything of personal rank, if thereby he might aid his country. And finally more than any statesman of history, he has manifested throughout an unshaken Trust in the feelings and instincts of *the masses*, confiding in them and legislating for them.

He is not, it is true, the Ideal *Leader* of past history, the pitiless, iron-willed man. But is he not the "Governor," whom a higher civilization shall honor—the governor for a Democratic and Christian State.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### THE DELIVERANCE OF HUNGARY.

It may be interesting at this time, when so much new attention is drawn to Hungarian matters, to give my impressions of a subject likely soon to become practical to the public, *the chances of Hungary in another struggle*. As I am probably the first foreign traveller who has mingled much with the people since the Revolution, it is hoped the opinions and facts presented here, may be of value.

The first thing to be considered in weighing carefully the chances of another Revolution, is—*will the whole nation be united?*

The jealousies of Croat towards Magyar, the antipathy of Slavonian for Hungarian, and of Wallach to all, in the last war, greatly checked and hampered all the operations of the defending army. There were forces enough wasted in the guerilla warfare with the Croats and Raizen, who, in a most singular manner, had been deceived and stimulated by the agents of Government, against the Hungarian Ministry, to have held the whole army of the Russians at bay. There was no great danger, to be sure, from these enemies; yet the mere fear of them kept large bodies of soldiers always posted

in the southern part of Hungary; and these petty conflicts exhausted the resources of the richest district of the country. Then again in Siebenbürgen—the only part of Hungary where there was any peasant-war—the Wallach peasants had been extremely excited by the priests and officers of Government against their old Protestant landlords. Although Bem's campaign in this province was perhaps the most glorious in the war, it would have been more completely successful if the peasants had been with him. They hung upon his march, and in various ways hampered his more important movements. Again, if the various "Nationalities" had been more completely in harmony, and if the peasants had been everywhere favorable to the cause, a much better plan of the campaign might have been formed. The Hungarians could have made their base the mountains of Siebenbürgen, and the marshy, difficult country near the Lower Danube, where they could have fought every step of ground, as the Spaniards did, through their mountains against Napoleon. A few months' delay, too, would have saved them, as no foreign army could at all endure the *Theiss fevers*, as they call them, which come on usually in September and October, and are a terrible scourge on the low-lands to strangers. As it was, with foes on every side, they were forced to make their centre and base the open Hungarian plain, which it was not easy to defend against superior numbers.

Beside these elements of disunion, there was the coldness of the "Old Conservative Party" and of the "Magnates," to cramp the full efforts of the Nation.

Would all these diverse parties and races join in another effort for Independence?

I do not hesitate to say, after careful observation and intercourse with every class of society, that a well-supported movement would



carry with it every class, and race, and party upon the Hungarian soil.

I have already spoken of the utter and almost unparalleled stupidity of the administration of the Austrians since the Revolution, over the races of Hungary. All that prudent statesmen would have gained, they have lost. The affections of the peasants—the confidence of the moneyed men—the loyalty of the once faithful “Nationalities”—the attachment of the “Conservatives”—all they have let go, as though their Empire was founded on the most immovable basis. They have appeared to revel in the pride of their victory. It seemed as if they were determined to contrive every measure so as most to gall and offend the quick National pride. No conciliatory measures; not a show of forbearance or generosity, such as would have wiped away, with minds like the Hungarians, centuries of wrong—all cold, harsh, humiliating oppression. They had forgotten that the Grand Austrian Empire rests on a foundation of sand, and they have trodden the conquered under them, as though Affection and Loyalty, and the like, had no relation to a power such as theirs. Who can doubt that all these classes would combine, heart and hand, with the Hungarians, in any rational attempt for Freedom. In fact, I heard the most constant hints of this everywhere. Every rank and nationality felt its degradation, I was assured, and I have had it confirmed by correspondence in Government journals, that the various tribes were on the very verge of revolt. The Wallachs had found that the emissaries of Government had cheated them in every way, and both they and the Croats were becoming more and more united with the Magyars in their common misfortunes.

I have already mentioned the fact of the Census, as showing this change of sentiments among the Wallachs. This is still farther con-

firmed by the indignant remarks of *Chonawetz*—the latest statistician on the part of the Government—against “the fickleness of the Wallachs in their political sympathies.”\*

For myself, I have not the remotest doubt, nor do I believe, has any reflecting man in Hungary, that at any revolt, promising a fair success, every class and nationality of the land, would rise, as one man.

Though travelling through the country for other objects, I could not but notice one fact, which was exceedingly cheering, as affecting the chances of a future struggle—and this was—*the large number of young, able-bodied men in the villages*. I remember, in journeying through Holstein, at the time of the war, I was most painfully struck with the want of young men in the towns and villages. I had expected to find a similar appearance in Hungary. But it was not at all the case. The villages which I visited, had sent out the largest and most valiant corps of the Hungarian army. Yet I was surprised, often, at the crowded aspect of them—at the numbers of vigorous, fine-looking men, everywhere. Nor does the interior of the country at all show the desolating effects of the war, as the borders do. Those desolate, wasted scenes, which one sees in the villages along the Upper Danube, or in the mountains of *Siebenbürgen*, do not appear at all on the Great Plain, within the *Theiss*, where are the heart and sinew of the Hungarian race.

I often inquired of my friends about this unexpected appearance of the land. They replied, and I have no doubt correctly, that the country is exceedingly populous, and from the healthy habits of the people, more than usually filled with able-bodied men; and that it has happened here, as very often in war, that the bravest soldiers have escaped the best. This was confirmed to me, afterward, by

\* *Handbüch zur Kenntniss Ungarns*.—P. 143.

my experience in a village of the *Haiducks*. These peasants had equipped several *corps* at their own expense, and their soldiers were notoriously the most fearless—yes, the most venturously brave—in the whole Hungarian army; but, as they informed me, scarcely any of the families of the village had especially suffered from the two years' war.

However it may be explained, I have no doubt of the fact, often asserted to me by the Hungarians, that, employing their old efficient military organization, an army of 300,000 vigorous men could be raised in a few days, from the whole people, to fight for Hungary.

Then it should be further remembered, that 150,000 Honveds—tried Hungarian soldiers—are distributed through the Austrian ranks, the bravest soldiers of the “Imperial Army.” Any one who knows anything of the Hungarian character, would not hesitate a moment in saying that in another general up-rising for Hungarian independence, with Kossuth's name heading it, every man of these would desert to the ranks of his countrymen. The last thing, after years of exile and suffering, which the Hungarian will forget—the last feeling which will thrill his heart, however new and happy are his circumstances, will be his love for his dear, sorrowful, broken Hungary.

My hope for the Future of the Nation, rests much in this most wonderful attachment of almost every man for his country.

Besides the general vigorous appearance of the population, I was much impressed with *the spirit* everywhere shown.

I had thought I should see among the people a state of feeling like what I had observed in many parts of Germany—a depression—a hopelessness—a cowardly resignation, as if Injustice and Force had triumphed, and there was no hope ever again of their defeat.

But there was little of this; men were sad, it is true; they

mourned for what no future victory could ever restore to them ; they felt the bitterness of their disgrace and degradation—but there was no Despair. “ God could not let such a fearful wrong be consummated !” they often said ; and it was evident they were certain within themselves, that all future years of grinding oppression could not destroy their “ longing unspeakable” for Freedom. No man looked forward to peaceful years. There was the dark anticipation with all, that these next few years would witness a most fearful struggle in Hungary. But, I think, there was, with most, the stern and manly determination to meet it ; to die in it, if necessary ; but never, while there was a shadow of hope, to give up one inch to the advance of Tyranny.

Let no one expect anything for Hungary from *conspiracies*. The character of the people is too open and honorable for such movements. They never *could* keep a secret in the most dangerous political times of their history, and the Austrians would outwit them at once in any secret intrigues. The danger which Austria has to fear, is from one of these sudden outbursts of passion, which no government can anticipate or control. They will goad on the gallant nation until it turns upon them, almost in the fury of madness.

The world has witnessed terrible contests for lust, or revenge, or freedom, but they will be as nothing to that struggle, when at length Hungary rises to be free. A Nation of strong men, embittered and maddened by years of insult, and oppression, and degradation, will be fighting in despair. There will be no hope and no escape—mercy will not be thought of. I know the people, and I am sure that there is hardly a man on the Hungarian plain, from the clergyman of the village to the lowest peasant of the prairie, who will not grasp scythe or sword for this last contest. It will be the final effort—the last struggle of a Nation for life.

In the event of any such outbreak, nothing is to be feared from the Austrian soldiers, *within* the country. They are few in number compared with the multitudes around them, and except in Gros Wardein, and that neighborhood, quite as disaffected often, as the people themselves.

The two great difficulties will be, first, *in the want of arms*, and secondly, *in the interference of the Russians*. If it were not for these two dangers, there could hardly be a doubt of the result. If Hungary could receive foreign assistance, either from America or England, there would be little trouble from the want of arms. A small squadron landing at Fiume could supply the whole people with arms in an incredibly short space of time, and with a year or two of opportunity, they would manufacture all which would be hereafter required, as was the case in 1848 and 1849.

For the intervention of Russia, nothing would be of use except the direct interference of England and America. And even that might be found of no avail. But careful men are of opinion that if Austria could be threatened on any other side, as for instance, by Democratic insurrections in Italy, Hungary could defend herself, even now, against them both. With the Nation united as it is now, without treachery in her councils, and under the tremendous energy of despair, what might not be accomplished?

In view of these various considerations, and from a knowledge of the present condition of the people, I say with the utmost confidence, there is every reason to hope for Hungary's deliverance.

And to you, Hungarian Exiles, in whatever part of the world these words may reach you, I say, *do not despair of your country!* Our common experience under a crushing oppression and the kindness which I have received at the hands of your countrymen, embolden me to speak freely to you. Your brethren at home, in this

their hour of darkness and bitterness, warn you, through me, in your new cares and your strange occupations not to forget your Fatherland.

“*Tell them,*” they have often said to me, “*that we never forget them ; that we wait for them here !*”

Hungarians ! your cause has only gained ground in its defeat. Your manly bearing in your misfortunes has won the regard of men who knew nothing of your wrongs. The researches of every candid observer have only convinced the world that you understood and struggled for the highest rights of freemen. The words of your Leader and Statesman are giving lessons in political justice, and inspiring the most exalted sentiments of liberty to the freest nations of the earth.

Your cause has never stood better. Anstria is hopelessly bankrupt. The whole empire, Bohemia, Austrian Italy, yes, Vienna itself trembles with the surges of revolution below. Your People are united, as they never have been in your past history—peasant and noble, Slavonian and Magyar. All is ready for the great, final blow. It is your duty to be in readiness. Another year may see the grand struggle open on the plains of the Theiss and the Danube. Everything promises success from every side. But more, than from all these sources—I say it without irreverence or cant—are you and every lover of Freedom to take comfort from the truth, that above these wrongs and oppressions, there is a God, loving justice.

Let us not despair, under HIM, of Hungary's deliverance.





## APPENDIX.

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### A.

I SUBJOIN an abstract of a Petition from the Hungarian Protestant Clergymen to the Emperor, which was given me in manuscript.

“MOST GRACIOUS EMPEROR :

“When the heart is full, the mouth pours over. Our spirit is full of anxiety, our breast is full of woe, our heart of bitterness, and therefore our mouth can utter only painful complaints. Still we pour forth our complaints before your Majesty with calmness, for we believe it is God who has placed your Majesty at the head of affairs, as there ‘is no authority except from God;’ we pour them forth with confidence, believing that at our cry of distress an impulse of compassion will arouse itself in your Majesty’s youthful, feeling breast, and that your heart will be inclined to fatherly sentiments toward the suffering. \* \* \*

“We ask not for material goods for ourselves. As members of the kingdom of Christ, which is not of this world, and as its called leaders, and its entrusted workmen, we long after spiritual good—after spiritual freedom—after a free Confession of Faith, in whose enjoyment we feel ourselves now much limited—yes, even therefrom excluded by worldly power.”

The Petition proceeds then to mention the occasion of this complaint in the edict of Baron Haynau—points to the presumption of it, as if the Church

itself, after an experience of three hundred years, did not know how to relieve itself in its "mournful condition"—then answers the hint of the Baron that the Church has been involved in these revolutionary movements. It shows, first from the reports of the Church-councils, then from the resolutions which were published, and from the general opinion through the land, that those Councils had never interfered in any way whatever in political matters. The petitioners then urge that *individuals*, even the highest officers of the Catholic Church, have been equally implicated, and yet that no pretext is thereby made of attacking the whole body

"But," they further continue, "when we consider the nature of the Church Constitution established in February, we must be afflicted with fears. For the Reformation was especially brought about by this at first, that the faithful wished to be free from the oppressions of the hierarchy. Since then has the Evangelical Church ever carefully watched that the connection between the so-called worldly and spiritual should be carefully maintained, and that they should mutually in the administration, hold the balance to one another." They proceed then to show, how the edict completely does away with this balancing of influences, and leaves all in the hands of the clergy. "And again," they urge, "another ground of the Reformation was the endeavor to modify the system of the prelacy, and to restrain the power of the bishops. But, on the contrary, the Constitution of February leaves it in the power of the Superintendents to choose reliable men who would work, not as the deputies of the congregations, but as interpreters of the principles and executors of the will of the Superintendents. By which it would result, that on the fragments of our Presbyterial Constitution, there would be erected, according to the principles and mode of the Roman Catholic Church, *the throne of prelatical power.*"

"One article of our Church-Constitution established by the laws of the land, declares that 'the *teachers* of the parishes shall, according to the laws of the Church, be summoned and chosen by the parish, or by persons whom the parish shall appoint for this purpose.' In contradiction to this, the decree of February entrusts the *Seniors* of the parishes with the filling of the unoccupied places, even as in the Roman Catholic Church the nomination of the clergy is wont to come from above."

They urge farther, that the extreme difficulties thrown around the holding

of their Councils, the limitations imposed on all their meetings, and the censorship to which they are exposed would exceedingly abridge, yes, even destroy the practical benevolence which they had been able previously to promote by their mutual assistance. All that they had been able to do previously for "the enlivening of the religious feeling, for the furthering of good morals, for the cherishing the schools and learning, for the support of healthy objects of civil administration, for the soothing the trouble of the disappointed, would be almost entirely prevented by these regulations."

Again they complain, that *their schools* are threatened with ruin, as Government without their influence, without order or economy, is now forming them. They urge that they have never asked for the assistance of Government, and always refused it, when offered—and that now, when the people and country are beggared by the war, to force expensive arrangements upon them, which they must accept, or deliver up their schools, is exceedingly unjust. "The independent existence of our schools," they add, "is a question of life and death, for our Confession. *The schools are the main supports and the light of Protestantism*, and yet here are they all threatened with sudden ruin."

They urge further, the repeated guarantees which the Protestant church has received, through past times, and even those lately made, in the Constitution of Austria, in 1818—guarantees of the freedom and independence of their Constitution, not lawfully to be broken down.

"And," they continue, "add to this, that we can see no sufficient reason, why all this must so happen, because of a 'state of siege;' for faith and the soul cannot be in subjection to the armed power. The principles of faith, and the inner conviction can neither be commanded by force, nor be forbidden, nor be abolished.

"*Christ and his kingdom cannot be played in a state of siege.* At this point, we repeat, with full assent, the golden words of Maxamilian II. the ancestor of your majesty. *'To rule over the conscience, means to take the Kingdom of Heaven, by violence!'* \* \* \*

"We find no consolation in the assurance that this is only *provisionally* established, for the eternal principles of the gospels, cannot, even for a time, be made a dead letter." \* \* \*

They then present their requests, formally to the Emperor. "First, we

entreat that your majesty would recall the edict of February—for we say, with conscientious frankness.—in as much as flattery and deception are not consistent with the respect due to your majesty, nor suitable to our character—that *we consider this decree as an axe laid at the root of Protestantism*—as an ordinance wounding our principles of faith and doing violence to our conscience—and that so long as it is continued in operation we must tremble lest the life's vigor of our Church be dried up, and it fall into powerlessness—and our whole Church life return back to the times before the Reformation.”

They ask, secondly for the restoration of their Synods and assemblies, and for the restoration of that Presbyterian form, which they believe necessary for the life of the Church, and derived directly from the apostolical institutions—and they add, that they attach to them the same importance as “the celebrated Reformer *John Knox*, who has said, ‘*It is the same thing, whether you take from us the freedom of our assemblies, or the Gospel itself!*’”

“The members of our body,” they farther say, “hold on to the right of self-government, as a condition of life itself!

They entreat still farther, that the same privileges be granted them as to the Catholic church—observing, that this church has been put under no “martial law” in Hungary, but, through its deputies, the Bishops, can hold councils, pass ordinances, and even carry out measures for the injury of the Protestant body.

They beg, too, that their schools, so long sustained, and at such immense sacrifices, may not be at once thus taken from them, or degraded to mere private institutions, by which their young men will be compelled to abandon all public life, or to attend the Catholic institutions of learning. They allude to the universal poverty, now, of both corporations and individuals through the land, and entreat the government not to impose such severe conditions upon them,—conditions which in their present distress, involve the utter ruin of the Protestant schools. Finally, they ask if any great changes are to be made in the Church, that the men of the government and the deputies of the Church might communicate with one another. “For those whom one in the name of the Church places over its administration, without observing that weighty principle of the Evangelical Church—that *only he can work for the Church and in its name, who is empowered and entrusted*

*thereto by the Church*—these will find that they can not labor advantageously to the Church, nor with the necessary impression. For all their orders will only be forced upon the people, and will be executed with ill-will, without joyfulness or life—and more than this, will bear within them the seeds of powerlessness and incapability of life.” \* \* \*

“To his most gracious Majesty, from the Assembly for consultation of obedient subjects, summoned by the Superintendents of the Helvetic Confession on the Danube”

PESTH, *May 5th*, 1851.

## B.

### *Statistics of Population in Hungary.*

#### I. DR. SCHUTTE'S UNGARN—1850.

|                                   |           |                   |
|-----------------------------------|-----------|-------------------|
| Magyars, . . . . .                | 5,278,665 | } About 5,000,000 |
| Slovacks, (about,) . . . . .      | 2,000,000 |                   |
| Croats, “ . . . . .               | 1,000,000 |                   |
| Ruthenen, . . . . .               | 600,000   |                   |
| Raizen and Schokazen, . . . . .   | 1,400,000 |                   |
| Wallachs, . . . . .               | 2,908,876 |                   |
| Germans, . . . . .                | 1,377,484 |                   |
| Smaller tribes (about), . . . . . | 400,000   |                   |
| The whole about                   |           | 15,000,000        |

As the latest statistics, these are not so minutely accurate, though correct in general.

#### II. FENYES—1842.

|                     |           |
|---------------------|-----------|
| Magyars, . . . . .  | 4,812,759 |
| Slovacks, . . . . . | 1,687,256 |
| Germans, . . . . .  | 1,273,677 |
| Wallachs, . . . . . | 2,202,512 |
| Croats, . . . . .   | 886,079   |

|                               |            |
|-------------------------------|------------|
| Raizen, . . . . .             | 828,365    |
| Shokzen, . . . . .            | 429,868    |
| Winden, . . . . .             | 40,864     |
| Ruthenen, . . . . .           | 442,903    |
| Bulgarians, . . . . .         | 12,000     |
| French, . . . . .             | 6,150      |
| Greeks and Zinzars, . . . . . | 5,680      |
| Armenians, . . . . .          | 3,798      |
| Montenegriner, . . . . .      | 2,830      |
| Clementiner, . . . . .        | 1,600      |
| Jews, . . . . .               | 244,035    |
| <hr/>                         |            |
| The whole                     | 12,880,406 |

*Fenyés* is a Hungarian—and the most reliable statistician, who has ever written on Hungary—though his estimates are not the latest.

### III. HÆUNTLER—AUSTRIAN STATISTICIAN.

|                                    |            |
|------------------------------------|------------|
| Magyars, . . . . .                 | 4,605,670  |
| Slavonians, . . . . .              | 4,905,760  |
| Germans, . . . . .                 | 1,421,500  |
| Wallachs, . . . . .                | 2,317,349  |
| Szeklers, . . . . .                | 250,000    |
| Jews and smaller tribes, . . . . . | 372,000    |
| <hr/>                              |            |
| The whole                          | 13,876,170 |

IV. CHONAWEZ—Another writer for the Austrian Government (*Handbuck uber Ungarn—1851*) makes the whole population 12,990,158. However, his statistics are manifestly copied from those of *Fenyés*, making a very slight allowance for the nine years intervening.

### STATISTICS OF DIFFERENT SECTS—FENYES—1842.

|                           |           |
|---------------------------|-----------|
| Roman Catholic, . . . . . | 6,130,188 |
| Greek Catholic, . . . . . | 1,322,344 |

| Protestants.         |           |
|----------------------|-----------|
| Augsburg Confession, | 1,006,210 |
| Helvetic Confession, | 1,846,844 |
| Unitarians,          | 47,280    |
| Greeks not united,   | 2,283,505 |
| Jews,                | 244,035   |

## STATISTICS OF RACES, AS DIVIDED BY SECTS—(DR. SCHUTTE—1850.)

|                    |                             |                     |
|--------------------|-----------------------------|---------------------|
| Croats,            | Roman Catholics.            |                     |
| Ruthenen,          | Greek Catholics.            |                     |
| Wallachs,          | Greeks non-united (mostly.) |                     |
| Magyars,           | 5-12 Catholic.              | 7-12 Protestant.    |
| Slovacks,          | 5-8 "                       | 3-8 "               |
| Germans,           | 4-5 "                       | 1-5 "               |
| Serbs. Raizen, &c. | 2-3 Non-united Greek.       | 1-3 Roman Catholic. |

## STATISTICS IN REGARD TO THE JEWS, IN HUNGARY.

|                      |                    |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| 1785 } . . . 75,000  | } (Schwartner.)    |
| 1805 } . . . 130,000 |                    |
| 1834 . . . 216,000   | } (Stellar)        |
| 1837 . . . 254,000   |                    |
| 1842 . . . 340,252   | (Fenyés.)          |
| 1848 . . . 392,000   | (Late statistics.) |

Showing an increase in sixty-five years. of *more than five hundred per cent.*—(DR. SCHUTTE.)

## C.

*Statistics of Trade.*

(Ungary, in seinen neusten Verhältnissen—Pesth, 1851.)

|                                                     |                     |
|-----------------------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Exports from Hungary in 1831, to Austria, in value, | 40,455,000 florins. |
| About "                                             | \$20,227,500        |
| In 1847, . . . . .                                  | 53,470,800 fl.      |
| Or about "                                          | £26,735,400         |



|                                                 |                |
|-------------------------------------------------|----------------|
| Imports from Austria in 1847, . . . . .         | 57,470,800 fl. |
| Or about “                                      | \$28,735,400   |
| Exports to foreign countries in 1847, . . . . . | 9,767,954 fl.  |
| Or “                                            | \$4,833,978    |
| Imports from “ “ . . . . .                      | 16,771,950 fl. |
| Or “                                            | \$8,385,975    |

*Exports from Hungary to Austria, in value—(1847.)*

|                          |             |
|--------------------------|-------------|
| Wool, . . . . .          | \$8,376,880 |
| Hides, . . . . .         | 721,460     |
| Hemp, . . . . .          | 209,980     |
| Rags, . . . . .          | 160,107     |
| Feathers, . . . . .      | 160,075     |
| Wheat, . . . . .         | 2,801,934   |
| Oats, . . . . .          | 580,943     |
| Oxen, . . . . .          | 1,995,560   |
| Hogs, . . . . .          | 1,969,430   |
| Sheep, . . . . .         | 336,163     |
| Horses, . . . . .        | 254,125     |
| Useful Metals, . . . . . | 1,601,074   |
| Tobacco, . . . . .       | 1,337,760   |

*Imports of Manufactures (in value) from Austria.*

|                                          |             |
|------------------------------------------|-------------|
| Cotton Goods, . . . . .                  | \$9,723,000 |
| Woollen “ . . . . .                      | 3,684,695   |
| Linen and hempen manufactures, . . . . . | 2,004,253   |
| Iron and steel wares, . . . . .          | 1,906,476   |
| Yarn, . . . . .                          | 1,707,333   |
| Silk Goods, . . . . .                    | 1,422,300   |
| Leather, . . . . .                       | 511,207     |

---

Sum, \$21,442,771

In these estimates, I have reckoned the Florin roughly at fifty cents, though it is nominally forty-eight cents, and at present not worth more than forty cents.

*Productions per annum—Average.*

|                         |            |         |
|-------------------------|------------|---------|
| Wheat, . . . . .        | 23,270,000 | Metze.* |
| Rye, . . . . .          | 18,545,000 | "       |
| Barley, . . . . .       | 21,880,000 | "       |
| Oats, . . . . .         | 28,984,000 | "       |
| Indian Corn, . . . . .  | 15,556,000 | "       |
| Tobacco, . . . . .      | 560,000    | cwt.    |
| Hay, . . . . .          | 50,000,000 | "       |
| Straw, . . . . .        | 60,000,000 | "       |
| Wool, . . . . .         | 340,000    | "       |
| Silk Cocoons, . . . . . | 4,712      | "       |
| Wine, . . . . .         | 26,500,000 | Eimer.  |

An Eimer holding about twelve gallons.

## RAILROADS.

Several lines—all in the possession of government. From Marchegg along the Danube to Pesth and Szolnok, 43 $\frac{1}{2}$  German miles, or roughly 215 English miles. Cost, \$10,506,106.

## D.

*Institutions for Education in Hungary.*

- 1 University—(under governmental charge)—*Pesth*.
- 3 Royal Academies—*Pressburg*. *Gross Wardein*, *Kaschau*.
- 1 Royal Mountain Academy—*Schemnitz*.
- 1 Economical Institute—*Altenburg*.
- 1 Industrial School, united with a Geometrical Institute—*Pesth*.

The Lyceums and 68 Gymnasias are entirely new formed.

In the State Gymnasium, at *Pressburg*, the language enforced is German, and thus in general through the land, except where the majority of the scholars only know Hungarian.

\* The *Metze* is about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  bushels, or 1,7406.

10 Gymnasia are closed.

1 Gymnasium for Greek Catholics at *Belényes*.

5 Normal Schools (for teachers) of Catholics, *Pesth, Raab, G. Wardein, &c.*

1 Of the United Greeks—*Arad*.

3 Lutheran Prot. Colleges—*Pressburgh, Oedenburg, Kismark.*

4 “ Gymnasia—*Eperies, Molein, &c.*

11 “ small Gymnasia—*Sz. Márton, Raab, &c.*

4 Reformed Prot. Colleges—*Debreczin, Kecskémet, Pápa, and Sávospatak.*

11 “ Gymnasia—*Szigeth, Komorn, &c.*

72 Seminaries for Greek and Roman Catholic Priests.

14 Educational houses “ “ “ “

10 Nunneries.

2 Seminaries for girls.

18 Music Schools.

20 Drawing Schools.

2 Deaf and Dumb Institutions—*Wenzen, Pressburg.*

2 Institutions for the Blind—*Pressburg, Pesth.*

The income from the Roman Catholic fund in Hungary, in 1845, was \$265,912.

#### MINERALS AND PRECIOUS METALS OF HUNGARY.

##### *Annual amount obtained.*

|                          |              |                                |
|--------------------------|--------------|--------------------------------|
| Gold, . . .              | 2,231 marks, | } value \$1,037,173 per annum. |
| Silver, . . .            | 68,890 “     |                                |
| Copper, . . .            | 34,452 cwt., | “ \$689,040 “                  |
| Iron Ore, . . .          | 269,997 “    | } \$1,250,000 “                |
| Cast-Iron, . . .         | 35,312 “     |                                |
| Lead, . . .              | 4,178 “      |                                |
| Cobalt, . . .            | 789 “        |                                |
| Antimony, . . .          | 5,350 “      |                                |
| Rock Salt, . . .         | 713,850 “    |                                |
| Salt from Springs, . . . | 112,900 “    |                                |
| Alum, . . .              | 11,534 “     |                                |
| Coal, . . .              | 282,800 “    |                                |

## PRECIOUS STONES.

The most valuable, the *Opal*—besides the Ruby, Topaz, Amethyst, Jasper, Agate, &c.

CLAYS.—Potter's clay; porcelain earth; slate and mica-slate.

Calcareous formations—Lime-stones—Marble (in great varieties, the *Krassoer* white marble, equal to the *Carrara*, says *Chonawecz*.) Chalk, Gypsum and Alabaster.

Besides Asbestos, Fuller's earth and Sulphur are found in abundance. (*Chonawecz*, 1851.)

## DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

|         |           |            |
|---------|-----------|------------|
| Horses, | . . . . . | 1,000,000  |
| Oxen,   | . . . . . | 1,400,000  |
| Cows,   | . . . . . | 2,860,000  |
| Sheep,  | . . . . . | 17,000,000 |
| Hogs,   | . . . . . | 4,000,000  |

## MANUFACTORIES.

Of these there are reckoned to be 500 in Hungary—

Of pottery, earthenware and porcelain, at *Herend*, Glassware—*Hrinjova*, *Old and New Antonsdorf*, &c.

Ironware—*Pohorella*, *Diósgyőr*, &c.

Paper—*Hermanecz*, &c.

Colors—*Pressburg*.

Cloth—*Gács*, *Pápi*, &c.

Sugar—(Refining) *Pesth*, *Pressburg*, and *Oedenburg*, and 9 Beet-sugar manufactories.

Champagne, Tallow, Candles, Soap, Soda, Potash, Saltpetre, Machine-factories, at *Old Ofen*, *Pesth*, *Arunkács*, &c.











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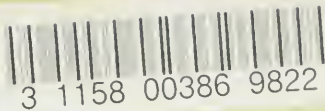
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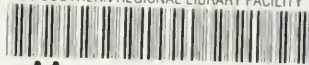
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