MEMORIAL

OF

MADAME KOSSUTH MESZLENYI.

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MAD. SUSANNE KOSSUTH MESZLENYI.

Heu! quam minus est cum cæteris versari
Quam meminisse te!

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MEMORIAL.

MANY persons will remember the accounts that came to this country, in 1849, of the youngest sister of Kossuth, who, we were told, sharing her brother's remarkable gifts of eloquence and executive power, had organized the women of Hungary into a great hospital-system, to meet the exigencies of the battle-fields on which their fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons were pouring out their life-blood for liberty.

But we did not know then, what some of us have since seen with our bodily eyes, that this energetic and talented woman, who called into existence, arranged, and superintended seventy-two hospitals, was of that angel-temperament of mind and body, which combines, with the greatest delicacy of feeling and ima-

gination, a moral strength and nervous activity, that seem to defy the material forces of nature to set bounds to the power of the human will. Nor did we know that she was a young widow, whom nothing short of duty to her country could have drawn from the borders of the grave where she had just laid her husband, in the full fruiting-time of his young powers.

We wish to give our readers some notices of what we have incidentally learned from herself and friends of this remarkable passage in her life; together with a few circumstances that have fallen under our own observation, here in this country, illustrating her general characteristics.

A complete memoir of her whole life is the *desideratum;* but that only one of her own countrymen could make; and, at present, it cannot be made at all, because to do the European part of it justice would involve the safety of other persons, who must not be compromised. From her early age, she was in the confidence of her father and brother with respect to public affairs, which, in Hungary, were all interlinked with social and moral questions, bringing them into the lofty sphere of woman's sentiment. She was, therefore,

more or less connected and acquainted with all the distinguished persons in her country whose names we have heard. She herself partook in the patriotic labor of copying the "Pesth Hirlap," when its printing was suppressed; and, by that, was prepared to take the most intelligent views, and feel most profoundly, with respect to every thing that occurred in 1848. The single fact, that, notwithstanding her prominent position and relations, and twelve months' imprisonment with an interval of more than a year under the espionage of Haynau, she was allowed to go free, without yielding for amnesty a single principle, is a proof of the exquisite good sense with which she had combined public duties, boldly and successfully performed, with that womanly reserve and gentleness which disarm violence. Even a very imperfect picture of fragmentary portions of her noble life, it is, therefore, worth while to make. Its moral influence Americans need. We are so blinded with the material advantages of our large liberties, that any higher moral and intellectual influences of devotion to the principle of liberty we cannot afford to miss. The material fruit in the midst of our garden,

so desirable for the eyes and good for food, draws away attention from the tree of spiritual life, on which no serpent can feed to recommend it with earth-born wisdom. Nations are like certain plants, which give out their finer perfumes only on being bruised. It is profitable, therefore, to turn our eyes, at times, from the smiling fields of our own material prosperity, to the spiritual beauty of the martyrs of foreign tyranny, with which Madame Meszlenyi was in an eminent degree glorified to the eyes of all who really knew her.

Susanne, the youngest member of the Kossuth family, was born in 1820. She was carefully educated in her earlier years by a private tutor, which is the common plan among the gentry of Hungary, especially those of the Protestant church. The education for women in that country is more æsthetic than scientific; consisting largely in music, drawing, the art of composition in the native tongue, modern languages and literature, and especially history. But Susanne was taught history not in the superficial manner in which it is taught in this country. Its logic was made the discipline of her intellect, and the

treasury of her patriotic hope and faith. The private tutors in Hungary are men of high standing, not only socially and morally, but intellectually, — cherished guests and dear friends of the families in which they reside, who concert with the parents in a frank and noble way; and hence the high character and tone of education among their women.

The removal of the Kossuth family t Pesth, in consequence of the father's and br ther's patriotic interests, rather curtailed Su sanne's period of formal education. But i was nobly supplied by another advantage She was the more intimately associated with her father's labors with the pen, as he had a lame hand from rheumatism. The "Pesth Hirlap" was not at all like an American newspaper. It was not a business enterprise, but the great, earnest work of a patriot. It was not the organ of a party, but of a united nation, that found in her brother the concentrated essence of its character, and the cultivated voice of its spirit. Its object was to develop the national constitution, by peaceful reform and construction, from within outward; and, from the fifty-two counties into which Hungary was divided, were regularly received let-

ters upon every national interest, — material, social, and intellectual. It was the part of the younger Kossuth to answer these by leading articles, elaborating principles, while his father and sister would make a digest, and put into form the correspondence itself. Such labors were a fitting occupation for her earnest and magnanimous soul, and a providential preparation for the duties of the last years of her life. The imprisonment of Kossuth cost the family the life of their father.

About the year 1840, Susanne married Rodolph Meszlenyi, a gentleman by birth, though not titled, who inherited an estate which had been somewhat injured by his ancestry, but which, with the efficient assistance of his sister, Louis Kossuth's wife, he had made available for a competent income. The husband, however, had little time to look after the family interest, which, in Hungary, is very generally confided to the women of the family, who, even in the highest circles of nobility, are not accustomed to make their idleness and want of knowledge of affairs commensurate with their dignity, but the contrary.

The attachment of Rodolph and Susanne was what we are apt to call romantic. It was

a union of the spirit, and the understanding also. They were married in a chapel at Buda; and, as she once told the writer of this sketch, with tears of joy at the remembrance of her husband's character and affection, she loved to go to the spot to pray, and kiss the stones on which they stood at the nuptial ceremony.

It is hardly necessary to say that he always made her the partner of his thoughts on all national business, the confidante of his whole mind. Even when his family was increased by two little daughters, he seldom went to the County Sessions without taking them all with him. She was, however, at home, ill, at the time he was seized with his death-sickness. At the Sessions of 1847, a subject of great importance was to be adjusted, whose details are too complicated to relate here, but whose general character may show what sleepless attention it was necessary for Hungarians to exercise in order to preserve the forms of their constitution for future use (for they never despaired of ultimate freedom). The Austrians had planned an encroachment on some of their judiciary privileges, in the form of an assistant officer, which, while it secured, on

superficial view, a convenience, must end in a curtailment of rights. Meszlenyi had worked with incredible zeal to prevent this thing from being consummated; and at the last moment, for the sake of a vote and influence from a member of the Diet, who was also a member of the Sessions, rode day and night to Pesth to bring him upon the ground. His self-forgetting earnestness was fatal to himself. A congestion of the brain was produced, and delirium; but he did not so lose himself as not to despatch daily notes, to prevent alarm to his beloved wife, for whom he feared a hard journey in winter when she was herself so ill.

But she divined the truth through the inspirations of her love, and went to him, arriving just in time to be recognized.

He died in January; and in March, the constitution, to whose integrity and development he had devoted himself, was allowed by Austria as a part of the price of her brother's rescue of the imperial family from the outbreak of February; the residue being a grant of their rights to the Viennese themselves, which Kossuth fondly believed he had also secured. The festivities to which this great triumph gave occasion threw Madame Mesz-

lenyi into neuralgic spasms. These facts are not irrelevant: they show her temperament of exquisite sensibility and intense feeling. To wound her heart, seemed always to drive life from its citadel. But, all the more, Kossuth knew of what extraordinary action she was capable. His conviction that her health and strength, like his own, being mainly spiritual in its source, would come at the call of the patriot's hope and humanity's cause, was justified by all he knew of her antecedent life, and all we know of her subsequent action. It was not the great work of a great sphere that was unhealthy for her. She could sink only when she was not allowed scope for her soul's expansion, or when means failed her to carry out her plans. On the outbreak of the war, he therefore did not hesitate to say to her, "Upon you I must depend to see to the wounded. Proceed in your own way, and call for means as you need them."

The heroic mourner answered to his call, and immediately inserted in the official paper of the new government an eloquent appeal to her country-women to prepare means for healing and comforting the wounded, by forming themselves into small societies at once, and

combining their efforts. To an appeal from the sister of Kossuth and widow of Meszlenyi, the whole country responded. She herself visited these temporary hospitals; organizing, arranging, watching over every thing, keeping all accounts, making all disbursements. In her continual journeys for this purpose, she was often in villages where no male inhabitants were left, save old men, and boys under sixteen, and the clergy, which, both Catholic and Protestant, so she always testified, were *alike* faithful to their country's cause. For Hungary, being not overrun by Jesuits and foreign priests, has not been obliged to make religious questions political; and religious controversy was not a source of division of national feeling. Madame Meszlenyi was Protestant, and her beloved husband was Catholic; but, each respecting the other's sentiment, they were one in that spirit of religion which is perfect liberty. We have heard that on one occasion, at Erlau, in the neighborhood of a battle-ground, she was obliged to have a hospital made out of a monastery. She went to the superior, and stated the case. She was at first told that the monastery was entirely full of its ordinary occupants. She said that

then they must crowd, putting several beds into one room, so as to afford space. Some objection being still made, she ordered them to let her see the rooms, and proceeded at once to direct the changes she had indicated. Inspired by her energy, they immediately roused themselves, and carried the furniture and mattresses into the rooms with an energy quite amusing to see in fat ecclesiastics; and the superior came with the greatest respect, and assured her that every thing should be as she wished. When all was ready, the wounded were brought into the house. And then might be seen the delicacy of her humanity. She took the greatest care that the Austrian and Hungarian wounded should be in different rooms, that they might not excite each other painfully; and that individuals belonging to the same companies should be put together, that they might comfort each other. Their wishes were regarded with respect to the kind of medical treatment given to each; and, as the sufferers said, "it was a mother's tenderness that enveloped them as with an atmosphere." These cares excited an enthusiastic gratitude, which manifested itself in a thousand delicate ways. On one of her journeys, having stopped

at night in the inn of a village, which had sent out all its adult male inhabitants to the war, she heard the sound of music, and, going to the window, saw the young girls of the village, dressed in white, and bearing a rustic crown, and baskets of flowers. They were approaching the house in a procession, to express their feelings towards herself. She received them with tears and smiles; but, in accepting their little tribute, she earnestly expressed, and caused it to be generally made known, that it was even painful to her to be *fêted;* that she was doing nothing more than they; that their country's extremity was not the time for giving or receiving personal honors; and that it was a positive pain to herself to be thrown back upon her own individuality. This repudiation of self will be recognized as a characteristic of Kossuth; for when he found that the festivities with which he was welcomed in America were an ovation to his person, rather than a pure tribute to the principle of national independence, of which he wished to be considered a representative, they became nearly intolerable to him. The huzzaing crowd, fired by the splendid characteristics of an individual, too seldom remembers that there are

public and private calamities *involved in exile*, that make all personal reference a torture, from which there can be no escape except into the general principles of humanity, or, at least, into the interests of country. That refuge, Kossuth and his sister craved. Personal honors always seemed to wound them. On the other hand, the smallest sympathy with their *principles* kindled them into a beautiful joy, even in the midst of their keenest pangs. Nor were they selfish patriots. Not only was Kossuth sometimes accused, while he was here, of being ungracious, because, when disappointed for his cause, he could take no pleasure in ovations to himself, but he was blamed for not calling the Poles to his aid, as if he disdainfully ignored them, and saw no martyrs to liberty but Hungarians. The course he has pursued in England, since his return thither, in regard to the Polish nationality, proves him to be the farthest from forgetting the claims of the Polish people to their proper place in Europe.

And Madame Meszlenyi, no less than her brother, made common cause with all the suffering nationalities. On one occasion, we ourselves heard her, in a conversation begun

by an American in defence of negro slavery, express herself most eloquently on the absurdity of continuing any people under despotism by way of preparing them for the duties of freemen. And she repudiated the idea that one race rather than another — Magyar rather than Sclavonian — was Hungarian; or that Hungary, more than Italy, Germany, or Poland, was entitled to be free. If she thought Hungary especially fit to lead the great war for universal peace, upon the verge of which Europe was standing, it was only because Hungary, by having retained the urns of freedom unbroken, in the constitutional forms it had fought and sacrificed for during centuries, had an advantage for retaining what it should win. And her sympathy with Turkey, in its present attitude, showed that she did not confine her interest even to Christian boundaries. She recognized that all men, since their intelligence had for its object truth, and their happiness was to be found in love, were entitled to a free pursuit of those blessings, unhindered by institutions of the past, or the autocrasy of living men.

But to return to her hospitals. We would speak of her moral influence. Those who

heard her stirring eloquence, mingled in other conversation with the wounded, have testified to us of this. She understood the importance of ministering to the imagination and heart, when the excitements of the battle-field were exchanged for the bed of suffering.

Her European career was cut short with the fall of Hungary. She was on the ground of the surrender, and eye-witness of the mysterious movements that preceded it, and testified of the utter surprise and horror of officers and men when they found what had been done; for all they thought Goergey was doing was to prepare for a conference. With her mother, sister, and the ten children of the family, she followed a part of the army to join her brother, and lost, upon that disastrous journey, her only son. They were arrested at Grosswardein, — a party of fifteen, and her mother ill; notwithstanding which, all were thrust into *one* room, with windows and doors open, and soldiers at them all!

From this brutality of the Austrians, she appealed to the Russian commander, who came to her call, and, admiring the spirit and eloquence with which she maintained, that, *being prisoners of war*, and *a war for their*

country, they should not be treated as felons, he promised her his protection. Finding that she needed a whole house, he established her in a deserted dwelling of her own choosing; and, though he guarded every avenue to it completely, he forbade her being annoyed or insulted. She remained in this house for the two months the Russians were in Grosswardein.

One day the general went to see her, and told her, that, after he was gone, he could not say how she would he treated, but he would use what influence he had in her favor. No sooner, however, had the last Russian filed out of the city, than the government official appeared, and said the whole party must go in wagons to Pesth. She told him it was impossible, for one of her children was lying at the point of death with the scarlet-fever; and the physician also testified that the child would die if disturbed. But no considerations of humanity availed: they had to go. The child, whom she carried in her arms, lived. "God saw that I could not have borne to lose her," said she, with a flood of tears, when referring to this circumstance.

On arriving at Pesth, they were put into a

stone prison, into which the soldiers could peer through the glass windows; and, although her child and mother were so ill, they had only straw to lie on, no decent furniture of any kind, and all were in one large room.

Many months passed before Madame Meszlenyi was brought before the tribunal for trial. She pleaded her own cause, as she had done to the Russian general, maintaining that *she had done only what womanly duty and Hungarian right imposed on her conscience and sense of honor.* The details of this trial cannot be given; for it was not public, and no report of the proceedings was made to the liberal party. Nor is it possible for the present writer to recall the details as she recounted them, except in the general impression they made. One or two points may give some idea of the whole. It has already been told how her youthful participation of her brother's and father's labors, in the "Pesth Hirlap," had thoroughly instructed her in the details of the constitutional struggles of Hungary. At the trial, there was occasion to recall a period of seventeen years of these; and her remarkable memory enabled her to recount all the points, with all the dates and circumstances, and turn them to her ac-

count. The judge was confounded, and, striking his hand to his head, exclaimed, "What shall I do with this woman?"

Her main argument of self-defence was, that she was not responsible for the war, but that, a war being in existence by the action of men who controlled affairs, she was acting the womanly part in taking care of the wounded. She was characterized by the exquisite tact and self-persuaded completeness of the woman's intellect, which, as Coleridge has remarked, is called SENSE, because it acts with the rapidity and synthetic grasp of the senses. We have heard her converse with profound insight upon the foundation principle of liberty, whose various application was present to her in every direction. It was amazing to her that her brother could have been understood, by any one in America, to be insensible to the claims of the negro, because he kept himself rigidly to that principle of non-intervention within the boundaries of another nation that he claimed others should keep with respect to his own. The first act of his own administration had been to carry out the resolution of his nation (which he had largely prompted during his whole career) for the emancipation

of the serfs. Madame Meszlenyi was proud that Hungary had done this act of justice spontaneously, and, like her brother, maintained that the practical respect this showed for social freedom proved the soundness of its political constitution. And, sharing Kossuth's respect for the American constitution, she shared his confidence of its issues, always maintaining it had virtue enough to shake off all that we have inherited from the past, or done in the present, which was inconsistent with its deepest principles. The Austrian tribunals always pretend to justify all their atrocities by principles, sophistically stated; and here they found one who could meet them on that ground with the logic of an upright mind, of which she had perfect command.

The result of the trial, however, was about to be condemnation and capital punishment, when some officers of the Austrian army intervened, with petitions, and representations of her humanity to the wounded of their army. "To the magnanimity of this woman," they said, "we, and multitudes of Austrians, owe our lives." It was true. Madame Meszlenyi, "seeing only *the man* in the sufferer," as she once told the writer, had all brought from

the battle-field to her hospitals, and nursed with equal tenderness, — Hungarian, Croat, and *Austrian*. "The poor fellows were often on our side in their hearts," she added, and illustrated her remark with many an anecdote that must not be told, but which has an interesting significance for the future, even of Austria.

Such a movement in her favor, from such a quarter, and on such grounds, the court thought it most prudent to respect; and, with the whole of her family, she was honorably dismissed, with an expression of thanks.

In the interval of the imprisonment, Madame Meszlenyi resided with her mother, in Pesth; and the children of the family, with some children of her friends, were gathered into a school, to be instructed by the beloved tutor of her sister Emilie's children, who has since suffered on the scaffold, a martyr to their sacred cause. Madame Meszlenyi charged herself with their physical care and moral tutelage, as a business; for confiscation of property had thrown her upon her own energies. But here was a beautiful exhibition of the national character. Particulars may not be told of personal self-devotion of individuals; but it

can be generally said, the people looked upon the whole family as martyrs to their country; knowing that, had they been willing to accept amnesty, they would have been placed in luxury. Their house was supplied by the farmers, every day, with a profusion of food; even the confectioners and other dealers of the city would overflow them with all nice things; nor could any of them be persuaded to take any pay from "the mother and sister of Kossuth."

The occupation of her school was most congenial to her heart. She educated "as the sunshine educates the flower," to borrow from another* a significant analagon of that process, so seldom carried on as the most sacred function of society.

But the Austrian government presently became jealous of this little seminary of wisdom and virtue; and Haynau required of her that she should not teach history, nor in any way endeavor to inspire the children with patriotic enthusiasm. "I cannot separate myself from my principles," she nobly replied; and the school was relinquished. Her success on this occasion suggested to her brother, doubtless,

* Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

to propose, when she came to this country, that she should engage in education. But she said, "No: let us have something to do with our hands. We have suffered too much to command the spirits and intellectual freedom necessary to do justice to the minds of children. We must have something to do which will not be interrupted by these agonizing memories." Yet, when once a situation of this kind was offered her, she said, "It is the sweetest thing to do, for it would bring back to me my school at Pesth. It is no trouble to me to govern children, because they love to obey me; and I can teach French and German by telling stories to them. But my painful chest would not allow me to talk." When it was said that the moral influence of her presence would be so much prized that this instruction could be dispensed with, she answered, "But I could not take any office upon me, and be happy in doing less than according to my highest ideal." And this ideal embraced, with her, the inspiration of all noble sentiments of manly duty; and, in the case of girls, was to be added the graceful performance of all household duties, in the sentiment of a beautiful womanhood.

The apparent clemency of the government, in setting the family free, proved to be only a temporary yielding to the outside pressure of the army. Without any pretext, for they were prudent, and gave no room for one, at midnight of September, 1851, Madame Meszlenyi was suddenly aroused from sleep by soldiers not of the Austrian army. It was doubtless feared that they, or any one who could understand her language, might be too friendly to her. Without opportunity for remonstrance, she was hurried away on foot, thinly clad, through a cold storm, having left her aged mother in a deadly swoon, and her youngest child in convulsions from fright. She could gain no other information respecting the fate of her family than that they were all, at the same time, arrested and imprisoned. In all the agony occasioned by these circumstances, she was thrown into a stone prison, with no fire in her apartment, and the windows not glazed; and here spasms, which grief and excitement had already made chronic with her, returned. She was attended for three days by the guard-soldiers only, when (and she thought by means of their compassionate representations mainly) she was removed to

the hospital of the fortress, and for a long time attended by two women, through a lung-fever, from the effects of which she never recovered.

This was the time when Kossuth was in this country, receiving that ovation upon whose deceptive brilliancy he must now look back with unutterable bitterness. It will be remembered, that, just after he arrived in Washington, the report came that his family were a second time arrested, and that his mother had died in prison; and, for a day or two, he secluded himself from that business in which he has ever merged his personal interests.

It was the plan to arrest the mother and all the sisters; but the old lady had all her grandchildren about her, and the officers, having had orders concerning them, were embarrassed. She resisted separating herself, and, in the scene which ensued, was thrown into an absolute state of insensibility. In a few moments, her eldest daughter, Emilie, arrived, in charge of another battalion. Seeing her mother apparently lying dead, she broke through the soldiers that were on all sides, and, rushing to her side, demanded medical aid with an energy

which they ceased to resist, although they had no orders for such a contingency. The long and distressing sickness that followed compelled the government to make the house their prison; and Emilie, with her own and sister's children, remained, strictly guarded, as nurse and care-taker.

The second imprisonment of Madame Meszlenyi lasted five months. It is not possible to detail all the distressing particulars; but the imagination, aided also by the recollection of the narratives of Silvio Pellico, Moroncelli, and especially of Andryane, can conceive something of their nature, when simply told the fact, that, delicate woman as she was, she had constantly upon her, night and day, the eyes of the guard-soldier, by means of a bull's-eye in the door; and, after an interview with any one, the search that was made, lest some intelligence had been given or received, was rigorous in the extreme. At last, a proposition from the government was made, that Madame Meszlenyi should be set free, with all her family, provided they would leave the country in disguise, and not stop upon the continent. The required secrecy proved to her that the strong interest in them,

on the part of the people or the army, made her an embarrassment to the government. Still she concluded to accept the proposition, for the sake of the future of the nine children of the family.

But, when they reached Brussels, the health of their aged mother made it absolutely impossible for her to be dragged farther; and they stopped. Here they heard details of their brother's visit in America. All who took any interest in Kossuth know that nothing which he received from Americans was appropriated by himself as private property; but, when it was known that his family were on their way hither, some ladies in New York requested him to give a lecture in the Tabernacle, with an entrance-fee, for the purpose of making a fund to be used by his mother and sisters on their arrival. He delivered his great lecture on "the Future of Nations" on that occasion, the first plain utterance, by a practical statesman, of the doctrine, that Christianity is the only true political and international law. The result of the lecture, in the purse, was not a thousand dollars; but, with it, he negotiated for a farm for his sister Emilie, who had been a great practical agriculturist at home; and

he thought that his mother and sisters might renew in America the school they had had in Pesth.

At Brussels, the decision was for Emilie to proceed with her own family, except the eldest son, who remained to render service to his grandmother, which was performed with heart-faithfulness; and Madame Meszlenyi, and Madame Ruttkai (who had also been imprisoned), with their five children, remained.

Madame Meszlenyi had but eight hundred francs, and was embarrassed by her promise not to stop on the continent; for she had reason to fear that the Belgian king would deliver her up to the Emperor of Austria, his lord-paramount. But she remembered that the Queen of Belgium was the daughter of the Archduke Stephen, and of the excellent Princess of Wurtemberg, with whom she was herself personally acquainted; and, having made known to her that it was Madame Kossuth's illness that inevitably detained her, she trusted that she might rely upon the queen's good offices in her behalf.

It was at this moment that she wrote to a friend, now in London, that noble letter which

he sent to the editor of the "Independent" as soon as he heard of her death; a precious monument of her own character, and of the disinterested patriotism of her brother, who, in speaking of her in a letter to a friend in this country, calls her "twin-soul."*

In the spirit of that letter, she immediately cast about for means of support, and went to the lace-manufactories to seek employment. And here her ready talent availed her. She learned to make the Brussels lace herself. "The work was not hard," she said, "though slow; but I worked constantly." She was able to form commercial relations with an English merchant; and, in the year and a half, while her mother sank gradually into the grave, she not only met the necessities of the family with the fruits of her labor, but made two thousand francs, which she brought to America in a lace stock. Besides her own incessant labor, she employed at last *thirty girls*, to assist her in supplying the English merchant, and making up this stock; and all the while she suffered from the terrible cough she had contracted on the night of her arrest.

* See note at the end of the book.

When the last mournful duty was performed to their noble and beloved parent, Madame Meszlenyi and her sister turned towards America, where their sister Emilie, who, finding that the owner of the farm for which her brother had negotiated had withdrawn from the arrangement, had been persuaded to undertake a boarding-house; in which she had succeeded wonderfully, by means of an energy and skill scarcely inferior to her sister's, and notwithstanding all the difficulties arising from an imperfect knowledge of the English language and American customs. This sister and Madame Meszlenyi were not only linked by blood, but by sympathy of principles and spirit. Their mutual reverence was unbounded as their mutual tenderness; and Madame Meszlenyi needed the daily comforts that the sleepless affection of this maternal sister yearned to bestow upon the beloved invalid.

But, on her arrival in America, Madame Meszlenyi found that her sister's prosperity was already clouded, though not from personal failure. We would like to give the details both of the success and failure of that enterprise; for we love to dwell on these noble

efforts for self-subsistence. It throws a beautiful light of explanation upon Kossuth, proving a truly noble blood, and a family culture we have too fondly supposed was almost peculiar to chosen spots of our own New England; and it is in itself a monument of the dignity, the sublimity indeed, of labor, performed in the spirit and to the honor of liberty. But there are relations of the subject which require reserve, lest the noblest and holiest feelings of innocent sufferers be compromised. There was some immediate success in the sale of the laces; but it was not so great as to satisfy Madame Meszlenyi that both her own and Sister Ruttkai's family could be supported. She therefore determined to add to her labors, as bookkeeper and foreign correspondent of the store which her hard-earned capital had started, and her credit in Europe was sustaining, the business of dress-making, which she had also learned in Brussels, with the idea that she might make it available, should the other business prove inadequate. The fresh breezes of the ocean, which she had breathed for the first time in the voyage to this country, had ameliorated her lung disease, and, for a season, invigorated her wasted frame; but

this advantage she soon lost in her incessant labors. The work-women whom she depended on to assist her often failed to come: but the dresses she had engaged to make must be punctually done; and, in many instances, she sat up all night to work.

This fervent industry was stimulated by her consciousness of failing life. She knew that the cough grew steadily worse, and she perceived that the climate aggravated pulmonary affections; and this made her the more intensely desirous to arrange the business before she died, that it might afford her little girls a sufficient income to educate them for self-subsistence as teachers. Nothing with her was so great an object as this. Often, when friends would assure her of the interest that would be felt in their welfare, she would look at them with an animating smile, and say, with a cheering voice, "My children must live, not by kindness, but by working;" and it was beautiful to see the constant industry with which the sweet little girls would pursue their studies, draw, and practise their music, amidst all the confusion that the business necessarily produced.

It would be quite impossible also, without

going into details that would be agonizing to the living, to give an idea of the constant anxieties, excitements, and agitations of the latter months of the year 1853, intensified as they were by the misfortunes of her eldest sister, which she made her own. "But for our children," she would say, "we had rather have remained in Hungary, even in prison;" and, in considering the children, it was not their food and garments, hardly their physical life, but their moral well-being, to which these noble mothers would sacrifice themselves. Emilie's children were separated from her, and in *moral* peril. This was the agony which met with least effectual sympathy.

But, amidst it all, Madame Meszlenyi shone like a star, growing paler and feebler, but never losing her peculiar glory of expression. And, besides these private distresses, every steamer from Europe brought news of the rising war, in which she believed her brother's, which was her country's, cause would gain the ascendant; and this public interest was a matter of life and death to her. Old friends, too, would appear; and she would hear of executions and deaths that wounded her on the tenderest chords. It would be interesting, but it is not

possible, to tell a multitude of these heart-searching stories of individual heroism, patience, and suffering, that she would, from time to time, hear of and relate to her friends; because their detail would compromise and endanger so many individuals. When recounting such things, she would often, with a sad and patient smile, such as an angel might bend upon self-deluded mortals, refer to those who were deprecating the impending war, and ask if it was not war already, with all of its horrors, and none of its glorious chances, when this most precious blood of their purest and holiest patriots was being poured out constantly upon the scaffold like water, while Despotism triumphed. But not even the scaffold was so terrible to her imagination, and so withering to her heart, as the *prison*, where she knew the light of intellectual life was growing dim, and the heart was dying. "Open and honest warfare," she would say, "where man meets man, and asks no favor, has no weapon at once so mean and so deadly as the *carcere duro* of Austria." She had known it from experience.

But still she was courteously attentive to the dresses and ornaments of fashionable ladies,

whose continued patronage was the ground of her hope for her children's independence. Who could wonder that even this elastic bow snapped under such tension?

And she did sink, overpowered with physical disease. A medical friend said that her only chance for life was to be taken out of the confusion and excitement of her workroom, and relieved of labor as much as possible. A lady who had been an enthusiastic admirer of Kossuth, and had called on her soon after her arrival, and asked what she could do for her, — to which she had nobly replied, "Give me work," — now came forward, and proffered to her rooms in a large and partly furnished, but deserted, family mansion. Some other ladies collected, from the friends that her brother's and her own services to humanity had made for her, a few hundred dollars, which were deposited in a bank, subject to her order, that, while she was resting from work, she might feel that she was not drawing upon the income of the lace-store, which she wished as much as possible to turn into stock. At this time she said to the writer, "We did not come to this country counting upon sympathy, but to work, as we heard everybody here could do. Heretofore, in no

distressing circumstances have I lost my courage; nor have I lost it now. But this illness is the hand of God: to him I yield in accepting *charity*." And a flood of tears followed the utterance of that bitter word.

But her heart could be lightened of no burden; and how could she "rest"? Still the physicians encouraged her to believe that she could rally; and she felt as if she might do so, so far as to make a voyage in the spring; to which end she framed all her plans, and directed all her thoughts. She wanted to go to Belgium, and bring over to America her lace-workers, to supply patterns for the store to order. Before she came to America at all, she had thought of this, and had made the preliminary inquiries and some hypothetical arrangements. She now planned to advertise for a special partner, to whom she could give a percentage on the business, whose profits she had had opportunity to estimate; and she thought she saw, that, even making it advantageous to him, she might secure an income for herself, by which she could accomplish the imperative wish of her heart, — the education of her daughters for self-support. One of her friends, feeling a presentiment which has

proved a true foreboding, that she would not live through the spring, persuaded her to lay aside her idea of arranging a partnership that would cost her so much precious breath in explanations; assuring her, that, if she were well enough to go in the spring, capital could easily be raised for a business that promised so well.

But the spring opened with new trials and disappointments to Emilie, which were no less trials to this true-hearted sister; and, an accidental cold combining with all the anxieties and painful sympathies that were weighing on her heart, she became alarmingly worse, at the very moment when this darling scheme was to be accomplished. When it was intimated to her, that, on account of her unpromising state of health, the capital on which she had counted could not be raised, the disappointment was more than she could bear. "I have lost the whole winter, when I might have arranged a partnership!" she exclaimed, with an agitation that shook the very citadel of life. It was most characteristic of her, that the idea of giving up the plan did not occur to her; and, in spite of all remonstrances, ill as she was, she advertised, at this last moment,

for partners, and insisted on explaining the business to those who came to answer.

On seeing this determined energy and undying hope, and her physician, who entirely understood this temperament, in which body and mind are one, still saying, that, could her wishes be furthered, and she be able to do as she wished, she might yet rally, and live for some years, her friend brought to her bedside the venerable benefactor of Union College, whose heart and hand are ever ready to sympathize and aid all human endeavor. He asked her to tell him her plan, and name the sum which would enable her to undertake the business without dividing the profits with a partner; and, when she did so, he laughed cheerfully, and said, "My dear, you shall have it."

The last bright and happy look which the present writer saw beam from her eloquent face was the radiant smile with which she recounted the above interview. Her voyages were immediately arranged, free of expense to her; her children were invited to make their home in a beautiful villa, near the city of Philadelphia, during their mother's absence; and her sister Emilie left New York for a distant

place of temporary employment, in strong hope that relief was provided for some of the anxieties of the beloved invalid, and that she should soon herself be able to secure for her an ultimate repose from her maternal anxieties.*

But it was too late: the great heart was broken. She declined rapidly and certainly from the 1st of April, and the light of her earthly hopes was quenched by the tortures of disease. In the extraordinary agony of those lingering weeks, it was manifest that nature had not intended this early departure. She herself spoke of the peculiar pangs necessarily attending a case where so great vitality

* This requires explanation. At that time, some gentlemen of New York proposed to raise a sum of money, to put Emilie in possession of a farm, to supply Antioch College with vegetables, and the wine-presses of Cincinnati with grapes. This farm, Emilie had made arrangements should be deeded to her sister's children, who were girls. The raising of the money, however, was delayed till the money-pressure came on, which seemed to destroy the plan. The sudden and unexpected news of her sister's death, who never knew that she had this kind intention, filled Emilie's cup to the brim, and seems to have implanted a germ of the same disease with which her sister died, and which, if watered by like distresses, must needs grow apace, and terminate in like manner.

as her own contended with disease, superinduced so entirely from without.

It may be some gratification to the sympathetic reader to know, that, when the terrible certainty that she could not provide for the independence of her children came to her, the friend who had lent her the apartments in which she spent the winter assured her that she would provide for them; and the weary mother rested in the conviction that the education she had initiated would be carried out according to her wishes, which had been fully expressed, as to its spirit and form, to several persons, and, in all its details, to her beloved sister Emilie, with whom she was so peculiarly at one in principles and views of life.

In the course of June, she called for the administration of the Lord's Supper, which she took for the last time from the hands of a Lutheran clergyman of Germany, and continually afterwards expressed that she was ready and anxious to go. On the afternoon of the 28th of the month, she said to those around her that the hour was approaching, and summoned her sister Ruttkai and the children to the leave-taking, at which was also

present one of her friendly physicians; the sister of her heart and soul being far away by failure of the telegraph. Having said the last tender words, and embraced them, she looked at him earnestly, and inaudibly pronounced the words, "How long?" "Not long," he gently replied, and she brilliantly smiled. She breathed some hours after, but said nothing more, except to give a negative, when asked if she were in pain. A humble Hungarian friend, who sat alone by her side, watching her last breath, and at last closed her eyes, has told the present writer, that, an hour before she died, so brilliant a look came into her face, she thought she was going to rally, and perhaps recover. She then attempted to give her a message to Emilie, of which she uttered not enough words to be wholly understood by her auditor: then the wonderful expression faded; and hardly had done so, when the last breath came. It was the 29th of June, 1854, five minutes past five, when this noble and gifted being, at the early age of thirty-four, ascended to the Father of spirits.

Perhaps some may think that this story of various suffering has been drawn out too minutely; but to those who saw this rare

creature amidst the small, harassing cares and heart-breaking sorrows which have been described, "shining more and more unto the perfect day," there is a mournful pleasure in detailing them, glorified in their memory as the whole picture is by the display of a character in which strong reason, brilliancy of imagination, sensibility at once the most delicate and profound, were united with an executive power as rare as her grace, and softness were beautiful.

Another reason for being so minute respecting the struggles of this noble woman is for the sake of surviving exiles for liberty, and, let us add, for the sake of Americans, who are missing a great influence that Divine Providence is pouring upon them, when they omit to discover and discharge their duties to these martyrs to the principles which are the true life of America. It is the universal lament of the intellect and virtue of the country, that our prosperity is making us material and selfish. Because "the life that now is" has been somewhat gained as an ultimate fruit of the Puritan, Quaker, and Huguenot immigration, which all will acknowledge were the seeds of the liberty whence our material prosperity

flows, the new generations, who passively enjoy the fruits of their forefathers' labor, are liable to forget that this seed was that principle which is at once religion and humanity, and that, unless it is reproduced, replanted, and watered for evermore, our nationality will die, like that of all great commercial nations hitherto, of gross repletion.

To prevent this new catastrophe of humanity, God sends upon us his rain as well as his sunshine. He pours upon our shores the various victims of the Old-World despotisms, that they may plead with our hearts, which, by all their humanity, are interlinked, and must suffer, with other men. The vicious, all unawares to themselves, address our understandings, and instruct us what institutions and influences are to be avoided; the ignorant and helpless also teach us what opportunities should be afforded to all for cultivating every faculty, and developing every personal resource; but the *glorious martyrs come to awaken our humility, to ennoble our affections, and to refine our spirits.* These put into our hands "the telescope of Reason," that we may explore the firmament of principle, where are the guide-lights of our national course over the ocean of

Time. "It is only by celestial observations that earthly charts are constructed." To cultivate the earth, we must have never-ceasing reference to the heavens. If we love not the confessors of liberty, whom we have seen, how can we love the divine principle of liberty, that we have not seen, *because the nature of it is too high for manifestation, except to an aspiring consciousness?* The American people should share their prosperity with the suffering peoples who individually seek these shores, in the generous faith that our nationality is the vineyard that God hath planted in this age, and that he hath fenced and done all that he could do to it, without reducing it from a spirit to a thing, and expects of it, that it should bring forth grapes, and press "the wine of life," for all nations.

The new political organization which has burst into life so suddenly amongst us is liable to do great mischief, unless it should make the immense distinction between those immigrants who come as a mere matter of sordid interest, and those who come as to a city of refuge, because they could not stay at home without losing life, or, what is worse, becoming base. The latter may be the poorer of the two classes;

may need more help; may diminish, rather than augment, the material wealth of individuals who extend to them the hand of welcome: but, in the long run, they will aid the material prosperity of the nation, while they at once enrich our spiritual strength. For these heroic sufferers, who, in the night of their sorrow, have discovered the most distant spheres of that starry universe which the sun of prosperity hides from our eyes, can give us an intellectual culture which is more than a fair balance for the practical tact which we generally are obliged to teach them.

In the case of Madame Meszlenyi, however, there was no room for the coxcombical airs of superiority which individual Americans are so apt to assume, on the ground of their practical ability. She was equal to any American in business tact and executive power. The wonders she did in Europe, and the plans she made in America, in respect to business, prove this, and show the cruel injustice of generalizing the observations made upon some few exiles, who have disappointed all efforts made to establish them in business. After Madame Meszlenyi was dead, some skilful merchants, who learned all her views and plans respecting

the lace-work, said that they were well conceived, and that it would have been profitable to any one who should have engaged with her; but, when she was alive, it was nearly impossible to gain a hearing for her plan. People were much more willing to contribute money for her support, than to listen to any proposals for aiding her in the only way she craved aid, and which did not seem to herself mere almsgiving. Also, after her death, there were many who became acquainted with her maternal anxieties, who expressed sorrow that they did not know them while she lived. But why did they not know them? Was it not, at best, because they *idly* took for granted that Kossuth's sisters must have troops of friends, and all requisite furtherance in their efforts? No one should, in any case, take this for granted. Exile is a bitter cup of life to drink, and especially when the native language is so different as are the languages of Eastern Europe from the English, requiring a great effort of the memory to communicate at all. And, with whatever noble front and heroic self-reliance superior persons in this condition may bear themselves, they must always need sympathy and friendship.

Western Europe was civilized by the exiled Greeks, whom the taking of Constantinople threw upon the Italian States, when their commerce had brought them to a relative position not unlike that of the United States to the present emigration from Europe. Why should not our citizens form such noble friendships as Lorenzo de Medici and the rival princes of Italy formed with the learned Greeks? Why should it not be the fashion here also to make constellations of genius and refinement, in the palaces of our merchant-princes, as used to be the noble rivalry in the era we denominate the Revival of Learning? We make this suggestion in all sincerity, quite as much for the sake of our countrymen as for the exiles. We conceive it a providental circumstance, that this claim on the sentiment of the country is made just when it might naturally be failing, in consequence of that accumulation of stimulus upon every sordid passion which our world-wide opportunities of gain have opened upon us. If this view were generally taken, it would be felt to be a privilege to receive an exile; and the mean looking for gratitude would be abandoned for the noble feeling of a mutual exchange between self-sufficing souls. What

heirloom can the oldest family of Europe boast, that would compare with the knowledge of an ancestor's having saved the exile Dante from begging his daily bread?

One of the most accomplished of the Italian exiles slept on the steps of the City Hall in New York, after a day spent without food, the third of his sojourn in this country. And he would have died, but that a distinguished brother-exile, who divined his destitution, contrived that he should think he was collecting a debt for him, by boarding for some weeks with a certain individual. This is the delicacy that should be preserved towards such persons. Few of them come to this country imbittered in feeling; most of them, on the contrary, are launched upon an infinite sea of hope. What can be a greater tribute to us than this unbounded confidence? How sad to see the light of that hope fade out, and the savage instincts that spring from disappointed faith and animal want burst through countenances once so radiant with intellectual and moral light! It is worse to see the ruin of beautiful dispositions, the extinction of noble delicacies, than it was even to look upon the corpse of the broken-hearted Meszlenyi. But both kinds of

spectacle cry out, with a voice that we cannot doubt is that of the divine Father, "How hast thou kept thy brother?"

And for Americans to realize their relation and duty to the exiles for liberty is not only of vast importance to their own culture of intellect and heart, not only important to all the exiles, who will, if neglected, die by the slow torture of broken-heartedness, but it is important to the Liberal party of Europe, which is the vanguard in the march of humanity.

We know this electric-bound relation by the earthquake Capt. Ingraham's brave rescue of Martin Koszta produced; the effect of the American consul's expression of sympathy in the French Revolution of February; and because a mere dinner-party for the exiles in London, given by the American minister, could produce an excitement that reached across the ocean. And hence the interest which the exiles feel in demonstrations such as that made to Capt. Ingraham in New York. It was affecting to see the intense eagerness of Madame Meszlenyi on that occasion, which was the only time she went into public while she was in America. With her own hands, she made one of the most elaborate banners that was

used; and seemed most anxious that the object of the meeting should be widely known, and meet corresponding enthusiasm. She knew the moral influence the report of that avowal of American sympathy would have on those who were "ready to perish" at home.

For the Liberal party of Europe lives by faith, and every answer to that faith which quickens it with a throb of joy moves the mountain of custom and death under which Despotism crushes the nations; for it is an eternal decree, that God touches man to his highest issues only by the instrumentality of man. He lifts the child over the clouds of life, "not by folding it in an angel's wing, but by pillowing it on a mother's breast." He wakes the nations to judgment and resurrection with no silver trumpet, but the eloquence or action of some human soul on fire with immortal principle. Madame Meszlenyi was one of these messengers of God; and no less so when irradiating, with "the light that never was on sea or land," her workroom and suffering sick-chamber in New York, than when pouring out her eloquence to console and inspire her wounded countrymen in the hospi-

tals of Hungary; no less so, in the eyes of Americans surely, when arranging her business with such invention and skill, to save her children from seeming to claim their charity, than when courageously administering to the necessities of an army from the treasury of a nation.

The very few friends who visited her in the last winter of her life, and who feasted their reason and quickened their souls by pondering the reflections she made, as she continually compared life as she had known it at home with life as she observed it here, mourned as they felt it was an opportunity neglected, which the hundreds of thousands in that great city might never again have, of drinking at one of the well-heads of the republican spirit.

But is it too late for her to accomplish her high mission because she has passed from the mortal coil? She would gladly have accepted all she suffered, could she have believed that, dead, she might arrest attention to her cherished principles, and rightly touch those who, even so late, should understand her spirit.

There is not space to relate these conversations; but perhaps one, accidentally preserved in a letter written at the time, may be given

as a specimen of the whole. It loses much by losing the broken English, which she used with such startling power as to remind one all along of that depth of thought in which language is created.

A person present had remarked, of a certain article in a religious newspaper, "It shows an entire want of moral consequence to the principles of the government; and this is seen in all the common conversation of young American men, and especially of American women, old and young."

Madame Meszlenyi looked up to me, and said, "*I* am no longer surprised at these things. I have learned to understand that this is necessary to your position of prosperousness. Moral knowledge comes from reflection upon sentiment; and sentiment comes from reflection in painful crises and on practical sacrifices. In Hungary, every one who professed liberty was elevated by the profession to high moral condition. The profession was dangerous, and not, as with you, popular. Selfish ones, cold, inhuman ones, never made it. Liberty had no material advantages to offer its professors. They could only find any comfort in it by knowing its moral and spiritual advantages.

Our people voluntarily emancipated our serfs, because they had learnt the deep things of liberty. Perhaps they would have forgotten to do it, like yours, if they had not had long time to reflect on all the consequences of servitude on national character. Your people have so many material prosperities, they do not think deeply enough to see that it is in the moral character of the nationality at last that *Liberty* must plant its banner. I sometimes think that the future liberty of my own noble people is more sure than that of yours, because it has had, for so long, no resource of strength but its sentiment; and that grows purer and stronger by sacrifices. All our cultivated classes have been long intent on preparing the people for future assertion of political independence. Notwithstanding all the exertions of the Austrians to sow distrust and disaffection, like as when in Galicia they made the peasants destroy their masters (as they did not deny, but apologized for, in their proclamation), our peasants did not generally misunderstand our efforts to make them happy and improve them, by a variety of means, such as the establishment of pleasant rooms, where they might have music and books and converse to improve

themselves in circumstances that would cherish their self-respect. Count Bathyani and others filled their great estates with botanical gardens, observatories, and multitudes of means for scientific education, which were open for all. It was thus they were making the nation a social unit. And our short-lived independency, before the war broke out, was long enough to consummate the work of emancipation beyond the Austrians' power to reverse it. It proved to the peasants the sincerity of all the work of our Liberal party for the last half-century, and it has sunk deep into the heart of the nation. If any thing were wanted to make the impression of the beneficence of the Hungarian government intense, it is just all the conduct of the Austrians since, which your Mr. Brace has very well told. When again the people gain free government, they will prize it even more than before, as the sacred gift of the Lord; and they did feel it to be this. For the noble view of liberty, as the element of great and true humanity, was not the birth of an hour of excitement in February. You find it in the golden book of King Stephen's laws, who was named king, but was as fatherly to his nation as your Washington.

And Hungary, since Austria reigned in the sixteenth century, has refused to have its material resources developed at the expense of its constitutional privileges. Austria has tried that policy long, and offered present advantages of business if Hungary would surrender certain guaranties of independence which the coronation-oath was sworn to protect. But the guardians of the country, in the Diet and the County Sessions, were not to be deceived themselves, nor did they allow the people to be deceived, by these cunning offers. Their constant work has been to develop principles, and counsel sacrifice for principles. This is very different from the work of your politicians, who feel that there are no longer any sacrifices to be made, but who keep the people's attention constantly fixed upon the material advantages they are to divide. This, I think, is the reason that your young men, with all their shrewdness about business, are so inconsequent when there is talk of *principles*, and assert over again views of policy which history has already judged and condemned."

In reading, in her last months, Mrs. Putnam's history of the Hungarian progress into liberty, and her defences of their cause against malignant misrepresentations, she not only

indorsed these remarkable papers (to be found in the "Christian Examiner" for 1850–51), but expressed her delight that an American woman should have done it, with such wonderful accuracy and insight, and so well understanding the high privilege of her position. It was encouraging to her to see that such marvellous acquisitions as Mrs. Putnam's were devoted to what she considered the legitimate work of republican women, — the ennoblement of the political aims of men, by their own uncalculating, but not unreflecting, sentiment of liberty. This was what she called *being practical.* And can any American woman read even this humble notice of so great a life, and which was so pre-eminently womanly too, and not feel that she also can work effectually for the world-wide cause of liberty? She does so whenever she makes an exertion or a sacrifice to sweeten the bitter cup of exile to a martyr of the principle; and for this a woman need not go out of *the sphere of home.* Courteous hospitalities, repaid by the social reciprocation they involve, are needed enjoyments to the homeless. Furtherances in judicious plans of business are a benefit to the country at large, as well as life to those whose self-respect can gracefully accept nothing less.

NOTE TO PAGE 30.

WE insert this letter just as it was printed in the "Independent," although, being translated from the Hungarian by an Hungarian, it is not quite English. The reader will observe the date. Its *incondita carmina* are the most touching and conclusive answer to the question so often asked, "What has Kossuth done with the money collected in this country?" But how can any one dare to ask a question, equivalent to inquiring if he has appropriated the public treasury of his nation to private purposes, when the very question shows that not the least trouble has been taken to investigate the truth? Again and again, it has been *shown in print* that he has invested that money as a public trust.

BRUXELLES, September, 1852.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You have been the first to welcome the exile with words of sympathy and friendship. Receive my warmest thanks, and the assurance that your not-to-be-forgotten kindness has done infinite good to my heart, in which the pains of homelessness are to ache, like

a flesh-wound, for a long time, and without the hope of cure. Yes; I did not come *voluntarily*, in order to shun the storm that struck down part of what was the noblest in my nation, and threatens the rest continually. No; I did not wish to escape the thousand-fold misery by providing for *my own* comfort. It was such a consolation to me to face that storm, to participate in that misery, to suffer and to struggle in the down-trodden, bleeding fatherland, and to feel happy when able to dry up a single tear, — to raise a single heart from beneath the load of discouraging circumstances! My own sufferings were hardly felt at all; nay, I would not have wished to be an exception among friends, who, during three hard years, often gained strength to struggle by the thought that *I* am suffering with them. Three years are a long time, and common suffering is a strong bond, stronger than the chain of slavery. To break that bond was to wound my heart, and our enemies did this work with raging hands. They expelled me from the beloved groaning-land; without that, I could have thrown myself down on its sacred soil, there to throb away a last farewell! And all this happened for no fault of mine, — for not one imprudent word in that country. It was the consequence of the treacherous revelation of secrets so carelessly managed abroad. I wish not, and will never stand up as accuser, lest I should be supposed to seek to sigh out my sorrows in the accusation. I say only so much, that I would bless destiny, and would willingly return to my prison-walls, if, through that, I could redeem my country and its holy cause from the incalculable results of the said carelessness. I would break my silence only in the case, if I could hope for remedy; but, no such hope being possible, I will press down this pain, too, into my

heart, which is already the dwelling-place of so many others.

I have decided upon staying in Bruxelles as long as the persecuting hand of diplomacy shall not expel me from this asylum also. For the *present*, we have a governmental promise to be left here undisturbed. For the *future*, I hope to insure that peace by my own conduct, which will convince the cabinet that I carefully avoid every opportunity of turning my place of refuge into a stage for sterile political intrigues. Bruxelles is endeared to me, above all, for my having found, in the few countrymen of ours who are here, not only fellow-sufferers, but also friends, and because I hope to find here that rest which I regard as the only consolation for the pain I feel on being deprived of sharing my unhappy country's sufferings. If I should be expelled from here, too, where I shall go to, I know not! I will try to obtain some more information about the state and circumstances of life in Jersey; and if I can, that is, if one may live there cheaply, and have some opportunity of earning something, I will go there, if obliged to leave here. The fever of my diseased lungs and my blood-spitting do not allow me to undertake the long sea-voyage to America. If I could not go to Jersey, then I would settle in some English town, as remote as possible from London. It would pain me to exclude myself from my brother's society; but still I would not live in London in any case. Having loved, as I love, my country, not in its splendor and happiness, but in its misery and servitude; having admired, as I do admire, my nation, not so much in its glory as in the noble patience of its manly resignation,—I would have entered the thorny path of homelessness with very bitter feelings in me, indeed, even if I should have been

received into the ready arms of sympathy by the warm welcome of hospitable sentiments: but how much more bitterness must I harbor in me now, standing, as I am, on the loveless threshold of my dreary destination, to hear already that the Emigration in London looks upon our coming with eyes of envy and suspicion; ready, perhaps, to cover with the mud of calumny all that is most sacred, lest a particle of boon, which it waits for, should fall to my share! And such rumors are afloat, as I see from your lines. Now, the circle in which rumors so utterly void of any foundation (for no one in our family has entertained or declared any such expectations) may not only originate, but spread; a circle in which, to the bitter disappointment of our hopes of finding the position, unselfishly gold-pure character, and exclusively patriotic exertions of my brother raised above suspicion and scandal; our own fellow-sufferers becoming enemies and slanderers, — such a circle — every body must acknowledge it — cannot be mine and my family's, after we have endured so many, but so grand, sufferings. You must not think, however, that *that part* of the emigration which seems to seize upon our presence as an occasion to raise plots against my brother, shall discourage or even disturb me in the possession of that preciously kept treasure of my heart, — my faith in our nation. I will keep pure that remembrance which dwells enclosed in my mind with the image of fatherland, — of that country which no ill-fate, no despotism, no misery could demoralize. So I shall stay far away from the scene of all ignoble insinuations and intrigues. But I cannot help making a few remarks in respect to those rumors, in so far as myself and my family are directly concerned in them. It is said, that, wherever we may live, my brother will

always be supposed to spend all that he has on us. Now, I have a greater respect for myself and my family than to condescend to make excuses of any sort: this much I may, however, say, that he will not spend *any thing* at all on us, *because he has nothing*. At least, as far as I am acquainted with his circumstances and his position, he has never turned to his own profit any thing derived from that with which foreign nations have deservedly recompensed *his honesty:* he considered, on the contrary, every farthing that he could obtain, as the stock of our country, thus sacred and inviolable. He who can judge *his life* in a different light is not worthy to be *his* judge; and the vile suppositions of such a one cannot but wake the involuntary reflection that he, under similar circumstances, would have acted less disinterestedly. We, however, who are his relatives, not alone by the ties of blood, but also *by those of principle and sentiments*, — we look with respect and (may I say so?) with *pride* at his honest poverty, the cares of which will never be augmented by *our* pretensions. We entirely share his opinions; and, being conscious that *he has nothing*, we shall follow the proverb, which says that "you must not look for any thing when there is nothing." *Our* consciences would, moreover, forbid us to shorten the laboriously earned farthings of the cause. . . . We possess, moreover, sufficient strength of mind to face privations, and we have a strong will to earn an honest livelihood. This much I will say to tranquillize the friends who feel uneasy about our material circumstances. To the *accusers*, one word more. If my brother had a private property of his own, he would not be responsible for its management to any one. If public trust *had* placed something to his disposal, and if parts of what had been thus given for the public cause

could be employed in *private* assistance, and if *stern necessity should force* me to present myself in the rank of those to be provided for, I could stretch out my hand for help, with that inward peace and self-conscious dignity which may be felt by those who have fulfilled their duties. I am not to play the *importante*, nor have I any disposition to place the crown of martyrdom upon my head; but I find as much fault with those who have no self-esteem, as with those who overvalue their own worth. When, therefore, I see that men, in possession of vigorous health, on and after having laid to rest their gloriously served-for arms, could, in the midst of depressing circumstances, find no means of livelihood, and do not only not refuse, but perhaps even expect, to be assisted, I, with a heavy malady in me, and mother of two fatherless children, should certainly not have to blush for accepting a similar help. I, a woman, could not fight on battle-fields, it is true; but myself and my whole family have comprehended the voice of the times, and fulfilled those duties which were imposed upon us during these last three years of sadness and misery. We fulfilled them — and they were at times very heavy indeed, though not bloody — without a moment's wavering, fear of danger, or evasion of sacrifices. We have remained true and faithful to the last. Our past will be borne testimony to by our country; and we will, in the mean time, without any breach of modesty, in quiet self-respect, scorn all contemptible accusations and insinuations. My brother will, I hope, do the same. We shall ask for and receive no assistance, and he shall give none, not because of the foul tongue of slanderers, but because we are in no need of it, being at the same time able and willing to work, and because he has nothing to give away. So much once for all on that

subject. . . . I can write but little and seldom: of our country, I cannot; of foreign affairs, I shall not; of myself, — what could I write of my own self? My head and my spirits have grown gray! My heart is become old, decrepit; and age is sterile! You must not make any mention of even these short epistles. I have nothing to ask for from the Emigration but oblivion. . . .

My sick mother, Louise, and myself, will stay here. Emily will, in a short time, leave for America with her whole family. My children have grown up, in these adverse circumstances, with less favorable developments than I once expected. The loss may, however, be still recovered; there is as yet time for it. They, too, send you their love; how could you have supposed of me that I could have left my children to forget my friends? You say you are not changed. God be praised for it! I, too, can say that I am not changed in any thing, — no, not even in respect to my faith in mankind. I have it strong still, in spite of so many bitter disappointments. And so I address you in the open-hearted voice of old friendship; and I expect your letters written in the same spirit. Let me not wait long for them. God bless you, and may he extend over your life all the good which is contained in the best wishes of your true friend,

MESZLENYI.

The friend who communicates this letter to the "Independent" — "not as the best, noblest, most excellent of the many" he had — adds, that she subsequently wrote to him, "Keep my letters; and, when our country shall have become free, you may use them to show how we have struggled, suffered, and, many of us, sunk." When shall we have those precious letters?