

1855

KOSSUTH to Sir Joshua WALMSLEY

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

21 Alpha Road, Reg. Park,
London.
March 6, 1855.

My dear Sir Joshua:

The years of my exile are growing dreadfully protracted, and the political condition of the world is of such a nature that neither the inexpressible sadness with which I cherish my poor native land, nor the paternal solicitude for the future of my children permit me to abscond with my unutterable grief to some far distant solitude, there to bury myself, and there to die forgotten and unknown.

As years passed on, the expensive attendance to my public duties, the assistance offered to my brethren in misfortune, (so long as I had anything to share,) and the maintenance of my family, exhausted the ruins of my shattered fortunes, and what, with my spirits broken, with my soul half lamed, I could earn. Thus, by and by, domestic cares and the torturing feelings of inability to pay some debts I have, come with a daily growing pressure weighing on my breast, overburdened already by public misfortune. In the last year I have grown ten years older in body and soul.

And yet, with all the strength of my iron will, I would have long ago succumbed in the struggle against a hard fate, if you Sir Joshua were not come lending me a brother's hand of benevolent aid. Whatever else I have to bear of cares, thanks to you my honored friend, the grief of seeing the education of my children neglected has been blotted out from amongst their number. This, the easing of the father's heart and the joy which my much promising child-

ren attached to me, this only bright spot in the darkness of my life, it is to you I have to thank. May the Almighty bless you for it in your own life, and in your children and the children of your children.

I certainly feel intensely the greatness of the boon, and am grateful for it in my heart, as ever a man can be, and yet, believe me, my dear Sir Joshua, it is a hard lot for a sensible man to accept a benefit which he cannot return. Oh! my God! how gladly would I bend and break under the heaviest load if only I could show you my gratitude, by telling you that once more I can do without having to blush for depending on support.

With this view I have been trying many and many a thing, but the results were only small. Oh! it is hard, to live a stranger in a foreign land.

Busy day and night in fixing on some practical plan, I thought to try the publication of a new journal of my own, but have been nearly obliged to give up all such idea (from want of the capital indispensable) when Mr. Slack from the Atlas made me an offer which I thought acceptable, and the nature of which you will see from the enclosed circular. His terms are equitable and fair, but they are of a nature that makes the reward of my cooperation dependent from, and proportioned to, the increase of the circulation resulting from the announcement of my intimate connection with the paper. The floating sale through news venders would profit me

very little, (though I will not neglect that, of course). A direct subscription is a condition on which my success materially depends.

A modest success in this, my undertaking,

would unload a world of cares from my poor heart, and give me the immense gratification besides to say, "Now my dear, noble-hearted friend, God bless you for your generosity; I want no assistance more, give henceforth your benevolence to others more in need of it."

I don't like to speak much but I feel deeply. Since I know you, you have been always my best, my kindest support in England. Will you once more

assist me in carrying my enterprise to a successful success?

Please to excuse me for thus troubling you, the case merely personal, and believe me to be with highest esteem, and affectionate regards,

Yours thankfully and devotedly,

Sir, Josh. Walmsley,
M. P.

London, March 6, 1855

Közzététel Walmsley Képvisele
szépséget kéri lap indításhoz

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