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acy upon another, resulting in insurrectionary attempts which always failed. But these failures did not discourage him; they rather stimulated his zeal to new efforts. In the course of our conversation he gave me to understand that he had preparations going on for a new enterprise in upper Italy, and as he probably considered me a person of influence in that part of German refugedom which would control the disposition of our prospective national loan, he wished to know whether we would be inclined to support his undertaking with our money. At any rate, he evidently desired to create among us a disposition favorable to such cooperation. He no doubt took me for a more influential person than I was. I could only promise him to discuss the matter with Kinkel and his associates, after his return from America. But I did not conceal from Mazzini that I doubted whether the responsible German leaders would consider themselves justified in using moneys which had been collected for employment in their own country for the furtherance of revolutionary uprisings in Italy. This remark gave Mazzini an opportunity for some eloquent sentiments about the solidarity of peoples in their struggle for liberty and national existence. At that time neither of us knew yet how small would be the result of the agitation for a German national loan.

I was honored with another meeting that has remained to me hardly less memorable. In October, 1851, Louis Kossuth came to England. After the breakdown of the Hungarian revolution he had fled across the Turkish frontier. His remaining on Turkish soil was considered objectionable by the Austrian government, and unsafe by his friends. The Sultan, indeed, refused his extradition. But when the republic of the United States of America, in general sympathy with the unfortunate Hungarian patriots, offered them an American ship-of-

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war for their transportation to the United States that offer was unhesitatingly accepted. But Kossuth did not intend to emigrate to America for the purpose of establishing there his permanent residence. He was far from considering his mission as ended and the defeat of his cause as irretrievable. He, too, with the sanguine temperament of the exile, dreamed of the possibility of inducing the liberal part of the old and also of the new world to take up arms against the oppressors of Hungary, or at least to aid his country by diplomatic interference. And, indeed, could this have been accomplished by a mere appeal to the emotions and the imagination, Kossuth would have been the man to achieve it. Of all the events of the years 1848 and 1849, the heroic struggle of the Hungarians for their national independence had excited the liveliest sympathy in other countries. The brave generals, who for a time went from victory to victory and then succumbed to the overwhelming power of the Russian intervention, appeared like the champions of a heroic legend, and among and above them stood the figure of Kossuth like that of a prophet whose burning words kindled and kept alive the fire of patriotism in the hearts of his people. There was everything of heroism and tragic misfortune to make this epic grand and touching, and the whole romance of the revolutionary time found in Kossuth's person its most attractive embodiment. The sonorous notes of his eloquence had, during the struggle, been heard far beyond the boundaries of Hungary in the outside world. Not a few of his lofty sentences, his poetic illustrations and his thrilling appeals had passed from mouth to mouth among us young people at the German universities. And his picture, with thoughtful forehead, the dreamy eyes and his strong, beard-framed chin, became everywhere an object of admiring reverence.

When now, delaying his journey to America, he arrived

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in London the enthusiasm of the English people seemed to know no bounds. His entry was like that of a national hero returning from a victorious campaign. The multitudes crowding the streets were immense. He appeared in his picturesque Hungarian garb, standing upright in his carriage, with his saber at his side, and surrounded by an equally picturesque retinue. But when he began to speak, and his voice, with its resonant and at the same time mellow sound, poured forth its harmony over the heads of the throngs in classic English, deriving a peculiar charm from the soft tinge of foreign accent, then the enthusiasm of the listeners mocked all description.

Kossuth had been offered the hospitality of the house of a private citizen of London who took an especial interest in the Hungarian cause; and there during his sojourn in the British capital he received his admirers and friends. A kind of court surrounded him; his companions, always in their Hungarian national dress, maintained in a ceremonious way his pretension of his still being the rightful governor of Hungary. He granted audiences like a prince, and when he entered the room he was announced by an aide-de-camp as "the Governor." All persons rose and Kossuth saluted them with grave solemnity. Among the exiles of other nations these somewhat undemocratic formalities created no little displeasure. But it was Kossuth's intention to produce certain effects upon public opinion, not in his own, but in his people's behalf, and as to that end it may have seemed to him necessary to impress upon the imagination of the Englishmen the picture of Hungary under her own Governor, and also to illustrate to them the firm faith of the Hungarians themselves in the justice of their cause, it was not improper that he used such picturesque displays as means for the accomplishment of his purpose.

Our organization of German refugees also sent a deputa-

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tion to Kossuth to pay their respects, and of that deputation I was one. We were ushered into the reception-room in the customary way and there saluted by aides-de-camp with much gold lace on their coats—handsome fellows, with fine black mustaches and splendid white teeth. At last Kossuth appeared. It was the first time that I came near to him. The speaker of our deputation introduced us each by name, and as mine was called Kossuth reached out his hand to me and said in German: "I know you. You have done a noble deed. I am rejoiced to take your hand." I was so embarrassed that I could not say anything in response. But it was, after all, a proud moment. A short conversation followed, in which I took but small part. A member of our deputation spoke of the socialistic tendencies of the new revolutionary agitation. I remember distinctly what Kossuth answered. It was to this effect: "I know nothing of socialism. I have never occupied myself with it. My aim is to secure for the Hungarian people national independence and free political institutions. When that is done my task will have been performed."

On public occasions, wherever Kossuth put forth his whole eloquence to inflame the enthusiasm of Englishmen for the Hungarian cause, his hearers always rewarded him with frantic applause; but his efforts to induce the British government to take active steps against Russia and Austria in behalf of Hungary could not escape sober criticism, and all his attempts to get the ear of official circles and to come into confidential touch with the Palmerston ministry came to nothing. In fact, the same experience awaited him in the United States: great enthusiasm for his person and for the heroic struggles of his people, but then sober consideration of the traditional policy of the United States, and an unwillingness to abandon that traditional policy by active intervention in the affairs of the old world.



*Mazzini beszél:*

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fided to me the secret of a revolutionary enterprise which he had in hand and which, as he said, promised great results. There was to be a new uprising in Lombardy. With his glowing eloquence he pictured to me how the Italian soldiers of liberty would crowd the Austrians into the Alps, and how then similar movements would spring from this victorious insurrection in all other countries of the European Continent, and that then such young men as I should be on the spot to help carry on the work so prosperously begun. "All this will happen," he said, "before you will reach America, or shortly after. How you will wish not to have left us! You will take the next ship to return to Europe. Save yourself this unnecessary voyage." I had to confess to him that my hopes were not so sanguine as his; that I did not see in the condition of things on the Continent any prospect of a change soon to come, which might call me back to the Fatherland and to a fruitful activity; that, if in the remote future such changes should come they would shape themselves in ways different from those that we now imagined, and that then there would be other people to carry them through. Mazzini shook his head, but he saw that he could not persuade me. Thus we parted, and I never saw him again.

A short time after my arrival in America I did indeed hear of the outbreak of the revolutionary enterprise which Mazzini had predicted to me. It consisted of an insurrectionary attempt in Milan, which was easily suppressed by the Austrian troops and resulted only in the imprisonment of a number of Italian patriots. And Mazzini's cause, the unity of Italy under a free government, seemed then to be more hopeless than ever.

Kossuth returned from America a sorely disappointed man. He had been greeted by the American people with unbounded enthusiasm. Countless multitudes had listened to his

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enchancing eloquence and overwhelmed him with sympathy and admiration. The President of the United States had reverentially pressed his hand and Congress had received him with extraordinary honors. There had been no end of parades and receptions and festive banquets. But the government of the United States, with the approval of the American people, steadfastly maintained the traditional policy of non-interference in European affairs. Kossuth's appeal for "substantial aid" to his country in its struggle for independence had been in vain. When he returned to England he found that the popular enthusiasm there, which had greeted him but a few months before, was burned out. He still tried to continue the advocacy of his cause by delivering addresses in various English cities, and was listened to with the most respectful and sympathetic attention as a very distinguished lecturer. When he appeared on the streets he was no longer cheered by multitudes surging around him. Persons recognizing him would take off their hats and whisper to one another: "There goes Kossuth, the great Hungarian patriot." His cause, the independence of his country, seemed to be dead and buried.

Mazzini and Kossuth—how strangely fate played with those two men! Mazzini had all his life plotted, and struggled, and suffered for the unification of Italy under a free national government. Not many years after the period of which I speak the national unity of Italy did indeed come, first partially aided by the man Mazzini hated most, the French Emperor Louis Napoleon, and then greatly advanced by the marvelous campaign of Garibaldi, which is said to have been originally planned by Mazzini himself, and which reads in history like a romantic adventure of the time of the Crusades. Finally the unification of Italy was fully achieved under the auspices of the dynasty of Savoy; and Mazzini the republican at last died



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in an obscure corner in unified Italy, where he had hidden himself under a false name, an exile in his own country.

Kossuth had agitated with his wonderful eloquence and then conducted a brilliant though unfortunate war for the national independence of Hungary. A defeated man, he went into exile. In the course of time, much of the political autonomy, of the substantial independence of Hungary as a self-governing country, was accomplished by peaceable means, and the Hungarian people seemed for a while to be contented with it. But it was accomplished under the kingship of the house of Hapsburg; and Kossuth, who never would bow his head to the Hapsburg, inflexibly resisted every invitation of his people calling him back to his country—whose legendary national hero he had not ceased to be; and he finally died as a voluntary exile at Turin, a very old and lonely man.

A large part of what those two men had striven for was at last won—but it then appeared in a form in which they would not recognize it as their own.

[The German revolutionists of 1848 met a similar fate. They fought for German unity and free government and were defeated mainly by Prussian bayonets. Then came years of stupid political reaction and national humiliation, in which all that the men of 1848 had stood for seemed utterly lost. Then a change. Frederick William IV., who more than any man of his time had cherished a mystic belief in the special divine inspiration of kings—Frederick William IV. fell insane and had to drop the reins of government. The Prince of Prussia, whom the revolutionists of 1848 had regarded as the bitterest and most uncompromising enemy of their cause, followed him, first as regent and then as king—destined to become the first emperor of the new German Empire. He called Bismarck to his side as prime minister—Bismarck, who originally had been