

KOSSUTH ELLENES CIKKEK

ekonyvtar.sk-szeged.hu

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR KOSSUTH.

P. 74

BY URIAH H. JUDAH.

"*One thousand dollars for Kossuth!*"
A brilliant welcome hails him in every direction, and tens of thousands of human beings greet his presence with feelings of thrilling delight. Mansions of affluence are thrown open to receive him; the thatched cottage of content is illuminated with joy to discuss his merits; and he becomes the honored guest of the most distinguished and intellectual of the land.

"*One thousand dollars for Kossuth!*"
Does not such liberality proclaim American feeling, American friend-ship? Does it not redound to the honor of the American nation, and brighten the glittering stars of Columbia's banner? Mistaken idea! Excluded mortals! Vain and futile attempt to glorify or beautify the grand, and bright, and enviable name of AMERICA, among the nations of the earth!

"*One thousand dollars for Kossuth!*"
But how much will ye give to that poor, barefooted, shivering, frozen, and starving mortal, wandering from door to door, and craving a morsel of your bread?

Winter has thrown increased desolation and woe round the miserable abode of poverty, and enhanced the manifold sorrows of the child of wretchedness and want. On yonder carpeted floor lies one in the greatest agony of pain. See! see! how she gasps for breath, in the feebleness of that dying hour! Hear! hear! how she sends forth groan after groan, as her sands of life run faster and faster. "*One thousand dollars for Kossuth!*" but will ye give a one thousandth part of that sum to smooth the rugged passage of that dying one in her travel to eternity!

"*One thousand dollars for Kossuth!*"

Ay! sparkling golden dollars of American coinage. Yet, will ye scatter one thousand loaves of bread among the Hungary (hungry) poor of the city of New-York at this inclement season? Which of ye will dry up the tears of the destitute widow, and place shoes on the frost-bitten feet of that trembling orphan? "Please, sir, give me only one penny; father is sick, and mother has no victuals in the house."

"*One thousand dollars for Kossuth!*"
But will ye not place in the cold and extended hand of that ragged child the paltry sum she so imploringly craves? "Father is sick, and mother is starving." No, no! give her only an angry word; she is too humble to attract attention, and too insignificant to notice. Yet for Hungary, far-off Hungary, manifest your sympathy and lavish your gold; that will gain ye a great name, and exalt ye among men.

"*One thousand dollars for Kossuth!*"
But how many thousand cents for those brave soldiers, who, at the beat of the drum, rushed into the thickest of the fight; who have survived their wounds on the battle-fields of Mexico, and returned to their homes destitute of means and crippled for life?

"*One thousand dollars for Kossuth!*"
But which of ye liberal-minded mortals will give one thousand cents to that aged sire, languishing on a couch of death, destitute of the very necessaries of life, deprived of medical attention? None! *nothing for him!* He spilt his blood in contending for the liberties ye now enjoy; he nobly and manfully fought side by side with Washington!

"Please, sir, to give me one dollar. I've a wife and small children, very sick and very poor, and not a loaf of bread nor a bit of fire

in the house; only *one* dollar, if you please sir, and God Almighty bless you!" "Nothing to give; go next door; our store is overrun with beggars. And besides, old man, I've put down my name to the 'Kossuth fund; one thousand dollars for the 'Great Magyar,' but not one red cent for worthless beggars."

And *this* is charity with a vengeance; 'tis *private* charity! 'Tis useless to give to the deserving poor! Away with that benevolence which is not spread in glowing letters before the world! "One thousand dollars for Kossuth!" and not *one* dollar for that needy old man,

"Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door."

Thousands of dollars have been expended in a pageant for the reception of Kossuth. The Kossuth fever has prevailed to an alarming extent, and many have been prostrated under its influence beyond the hope of medical recovery. If the money thus extravagantly wasted (the people's money) had been employed in the purchase of food and fuel for the poor of our own city, what an immense amount of substantial benefit would have resulted therefrom! But of what consequence are *their* sorrows, *their* wretchedness, *their* necessities, when contrasted with that godlike benevolence which flows not from the kind and feeling heart, and teaches us not "to feel another's woes?"

Godlike, did we say? Think ye that the All-bountiful approves of that *pretended* softness of feeling which is stamped with interested motives on the one hand, and an attempt at display on the other? When we have ameliorated the condition of our own poor, *then*, and not till then, let us export our philanthropy. We want it all for home consumption; for, to use a mercantile phrase, the market is not overstocked with the article, and "charity begins at home."

It is a mistaken philanthropy, 'tis not *practised* benevolence to bestow our alms where they are not needed. God has commanded us to "love our neighbor as ourself;" but we need not cross the deep blue sea to

find that "neighbor," or scatter our bounties to the four winds of heaven, to the remotest corners of the earth:

"The private paths, the secret acts of men,
If noble, far the noblest of their lives."

From the tenor of our hasty remarks it may be so construed that we are prejudiced against Kossuth, and adverse to the cause of Hungarian independence. This is not the case; for we entertain no feelings of ill-will against the "Great Magyar;" neither are we opposed to the achievement of the liberty of his country. We admire patriotism in the human breast; it is a glorious virtue. We respect great intellect, wherever it displays itself; in the king or the peasant, the rich man, or the beggar; for, in our humble opinion, it is a most precious boon from Heaven. That Kossuth is a patriot, is beyond the shadow of a doubt; as certain as the sun of heaven will again and again illumine the world with a dazzling brightness. That he is a man of varied, and grand, and enviable intellectual attainments—a scholar, in the extended and unlimited sense of the term, admits of no conjectures. His able, learned, and eloquent addresses in his onward progress; his vivid eloquence in reply to the "manifestoes" of welcome at his every step, stamp him as one of the most remarkable men of the present century. We find no fault with *him*, or the *cause* he so ardently advocates. He goes in heart and hand for the independency of his native land, and is a statesman of the first grade. We blame him not, if he could collect thousands of American eagles (golden ones) in furtherance of that one grand object, that great and noble design, which engrosses his thoughts by day, and appears to his view in his dreams by night. Not with *him* lies the fault; not to *him* would we impute any blame. The fault lies at the door of the *American* people; the blame rests on the heads of those pure patriots who are so very ambitious of playing the fiddle to every celebrated *foreign* dancer. "One thousand dollars for Kossuth!" But which of ye, very liberal citizens, will

48
SOMERSET COUNTY
REGISTERED

subscribe a small portion of that sum to place in comfortable circumstances the surviving relatives of that *Revolutionary* patriot who died in the service of his country, and whose helpless daughter dwells in yonder garret: stitching, stitching, stitching, from early morn to midnight, for a few paltry shillings, wrung from the overflowing treasury of her hard task-master? Ay! ten

dollars for that poverty-stricken woman, who goes often and often supperless to bed—to her bundle of straw:

—“Death will come;
A few short moments over, and the prize
Of peace eternal waits her, and the tomb
Becomes her fondest pillow; all its gloom
Is scattered. What a meeting they will be
To her and all the loved here! and the bloom
Of new life from those cheeks shall never flee;
Thine is the health which lasts thro' all eternity.”

—•••—

