THE RESURRECTION OF HUNGARY:

A PARALLEL FOR IRELAND.

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Seán O Lúing

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(ARTHUR GRIFFITH)

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A country is prosperous, not in proportion to its fertility, but in proportion to its freedom.—MONTESQUIEU.

It is better for a people to perish in a glorious contention for its rights, than to purchase a slavish tranquility at the expense of a single iota of the Constitution.—CHATHAM.

The Legislature cannot transfer the power of making laws into other hands, for it is merely a delegated power from the people.—LOCKE.

Whenever the people of England think one way in the proportion of two to one, they can outvote in Parliament the united force of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, although they should think in the other way in the proportion of five to one. And if England thinks one way in the proportion of three to one, she can outvote Scotland, Ireland, and Wales together, although they were each and all to return the whole of their members to vote against her.—GLADSTONE

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TO THE READER.

THE series of articles on the "Resurrection of Hungary" originally appeared in *The United Irishman* during the first six months of the present year. The object of the writer was to point out to his countrymen that the alternative of armed resistance to the foreign government of this country is not acquiescence in usurpation, tyranny, and fraud.

A century ago in Hungary a poet startled his countrymen by shouting in their ears, "Turn your eyes from Vienna or you perish." The voice of Josef Karman disturbed the nation, but the nation did not apprehend. Vienna remained its political centre until, fifty years later, the convincing tongue of Louis Kossuth cried up and down the land, "Only on the soil of a nation can a nation's salvation be worked out."

Through a generation of strife and sorrow the people of Hungary held by Kossuth's dictum and triumphed gloriously. The despised, oppressed, and forgotten province of Austria is to-day the free, prosperous, and renowned Kingdom of Hungary.

Sixty years ago, and more, Ireland was Hungary's exemplar. Ireland's heroic and long-enduring resistance to the destruction of her independent nationality were themes the writers of Young Hungary dwelt upon to enkindle and make resolute the Magyar people. The poet-precursors of Free Hungary—Bacsanyi and Vorosmarty, drank in Celtic inspiration, and the journalists of Young Hungary taught their people that Ireland had baffled a tyranny as great as that which threatened death to Hungary. Times have changed, and Hungary is now Ireland's exemplar.

It is in the memory of men still living when Hungary had not five journals in which a word of the Hungarian language was permitted to appear, when she had no modern literature, save a few patriotic songs; when she had no manufactures of moment, and no commerce, save with her enemy, Austria; when she was cursed with an atrocious land-system and ruled by foreign bureaucrats; when her whole revenue did not reach £6,000,000 yearly, and her finances were robbed to perpetuate her oppression.

To-day the revenue of Hungary is £42,000,000—800 newspapers and journals are printed in the Hungarian language. She possesses a great modern literature, an equitable land-system, a world-embracing commerce, a thriving and multiplying people, and a National Government. Hungary is a Nation.

She has become so because she turned her back on Vienna. Sixty years ago Hungary realised that the political centre of the nation must be within the nation. When Ireland realises this obvious truth and turns her back on London the parallel may be completed. It failed only when two generations back Hungary took the road of principle and Ireland the path of compromise and expediency.

THE RESURRECTION OF HUNGARY.

I.—In the Beginning.

Look on the map of the world at Hungary. It is a fair and beautiful country, inhabited by a brave and intelligent people. Half-a-century ago it was worse off than Ireland is—to-day it is the granary of Europe, a powerful State, which no Great Power dare move a step Old-Worldwards without considering. Its people are prosperous, it stands in the second rank as an industrial and commercial nation, and in the first rank intellectually.

Now, recollect, that Francis Josef sits on the throne of Austro-Hungary to-day—and recollect that in less than the space of this man's lifetime, the stupendous revolution which has made Hungary what it is has taken place. When Francis Josef, came to the throne, Hungary had risen in arms to end the oppression and usurpation of Austria. In a year after the old man who still reigns at Vienna had ascended the throne, Hungary was down—down, never to rise again it seemed. The Austrian eagles, bathed in Hungarian blood, waved in triumph over the desolated land. Ireland at the end of the great famine, Ireland after 1798, was not seemingly so hopelessly crushed as Hungary after 1849. Ireland after Aughrim supplies a nearer parallel. There was joy in Vienna. Hungary, like our own country, had ever been a menace to "the Empire," since it insisted that the Empire should not plunder it nor filch from it its liberties, and it was crushed beyond resurrection—so thought the Emperor Francis Josef and his advisers when they ordered the *Te Deum* to be sung in the Cathedral of Vienna to celebrate the extinction of the Hungarian nation and the conversion of the land of the Magyar into a province of the Austrian Empire—into "East Austria." Now Francis Josef would not like to be reminded of the *Te Deum*, nor to hear the phrase *East Austria* to-day.

All this, good reader, was but half-a-century ago. You may be old enough yourself to remember when Hungary fell and "Freedom shrieked aloud"—when Kossuth was a fugitive, with the bloodhounds of Austria on his track, when the Austrian dragoon was the Law from Buda-Pesth to the Carpathians, when day by day Hungarian patriots were shot or hanged like dogs by the victorious soldiery of Francis Josef, when in fact "Peace reigned in Warsaw," and men said—"Hungary was." Therefore, when you look around to-day and see Hungary freer and stronger and more prosperous than Austria, when you know that if Hungary declared herself a republic to-morrow—which she intends to do when the sad old man who reigns in Vienna

dies—Austria would not fight, because she could not—you may well rub your eyes, reflecting that Hungary never once sent a Parliamentary Party to Vienna to "fight on the floor of the House" for Home Rule, never once admitted the right of Austria to rule over her, never once pretended to be "loyal" to the Power that had smitten her, never once held monster indignation meetings and resolutioned, and fired strong adjectives—and yet, notwithstanding, forced Austria to her knees and wrung from her unwilling hands the free Constitution which has made Hungary the Power she is to-day.

We shall, in these articles, tell the story of how it was done—but first we must briefly sketch the history of Hungary.

In the eighth century of the Christian era the fertile plains ringed by the Carpathians were ranged by shepherds tending their flocks—when down upon them burst a fierce-visaged, well-armed horde, sons of the Huns, who planted their standard above the fertile land. Fierce in battle though the Magyars were, they were neither savage nor barbarous. There was Scythian blood in their veins as there is in ours, and it nourished generosity, humanity, love of art, and religious tolerance in their breasts, and so they neither extirpated nor oppressed the original occupiers of the soil, as is the custom of the Anglo-Saxon—but absorbed them. The coming of the Magyars into Hungary alarmed Christendom, for the Magyars were infidels, and Christendom went forth to drive the infidels back. For a hundred years the war raged between the Magyars and Christendom—and Christendom failed to beat the Magyars. The Magyars knew how to fight and win, they knew how to lose and die, but they did not know how to fight and lose, and yet live. From the great battle of Lech seven Magyars returned alive, and they were driven forth with ridicule and curses by their people, because they had returned alive when defeated. A spirit like this was beyond the power of Christendom to subdue. It seemed evident that the Magyars must be completely extirpated or Christendom must fall—when a wonderful thing occurred, and Christendom was able to sleep in peace after a century's nightmare—the Magyars became converts to Christianity.

It was under the good King Stephen—the St. Stephen whose iron crown the King of Hungary must don on his Coronation day, or else no Magyar owes allegiance to him—that the Magyars ceased to worship the gods of the hills and the forests and the streams, embraced the Faith of Christ, assimilated themselves to the Occident, and became a western nation. Of course they did not do this without time and trouble. There were many fierce old Magyar patriots who clung to their old customs and their old creed, and went forth and died very valiantly fighting against good King Stephen's new-fangled notions. But Stephen won, and a long succession of illustrious kings ruled in Hungary—some were saints, but saints who wielded swords; some were philosophers, all were patriots—patriots who rejected Imperial crowns with disdain, because "to be a Hungarian was to be enough." And so Hungary lived brilliantly until the Ottoman Power rose and threatened her with extinction.

Then ensued a long and bloody contest. Hungary stood in the gate of Europe, holding it against the infidels, and Europe applauded her, and bade her fight well, and then went home and drank its wine, and talked of the great deeds it would do—if it were put to it. Gallant Hungary, exhausted by her single-handed fight, was failing, when "a man whose name was John," arose. He was John Hunyadi, the Knight of the Black Raven, and by the cunning of his brain and the strength of his arm he hurled back the Turk from Europe. When he died, his son Matthias was elected King, and in him the line of Hungary's brilliant rulers ended. Then began the Hungarian night.

As in other countries, the Hungarian nobles oppressed the people. The oppression at length became intolerable, and as the wise kings of Hungary were dead, there was no succour to be hoped for from the throne. So the maddened peasantry rose in revolt, led by a gentleman named Dozsa, who sympathised with them. He was a gallant and noble gentleman, but he could not restrain his followers from avenging themselves on their taskmasters by committing many cruel outrages. The war between the peasants and the nobles was fierce and bloody, but in the end the nobles won, and Dozsa was taken prisoner. The ferocity which class-war engenders is shown in their treatment of this brave and patriotic man. In derision they seated him naked on a throne which they had made red-hot, thrust a red-hot sceptre in his hand, and placed a red-hot crown upon his brow. But, inspired by more than human constancy, the patriot never winced—no murmur of pain escaped his lips, and with a word of scorn for the slave and the tyrant the gallant Dozsa died. The victorious nobles then proceeded to enact more cruel and bloody laws against the peasants and thus effectually divided the nation against itself. In the result the Turks came again into the riven kingdom—this time there was no Hunyadi—this time there was no United Hungary, and at the Battle of Mohacs, in 1526, the Hungarian flag went down for the first time, and the Crescent banner was raised victorious over hitherto Invincible Hungary.

For one hundred and fifty years afterwards Hungarian history is a Greek tragedy. Divided and distracted though they were, the splendid Magyars fought fiercely in groups against the Turks. Heroes and martyrs Hungary produced in plenty—men who taught the people the old Magyar creed of death before dishonour, and refused to accept life from their enemies when their enemies conquered. Animated by the same heroic spirit, the Hungarian women mingled with the men and fought beside them against the hated Turk. Austria pretended to come to Hungary's assistance, but she came only to gain an ascendancy, and enslave Hungary for herself. At last the Turkish power in Europe was broken under the walls of Vienna by the Poles and the French, and Hungary, aided by Austria, flung herself upon her tyrants. The fight was bitter and long, for the Turks—a brave people—fought hard to retain their last stronghold in Europe, but in 1718 Turkey was vanquished, and Hungary thought she was free—free, but almost a wilderness; but when Hungary, worn out with this centuried war,

looked up, she found she was not free. The foot of false Austria was pressed upon her—and here the modern history of Hungary begins, the history of her long and bloody struggle with Austria—her descent into the grave—and her Glorious Resurrection.

II.—The Rise and Fall of a New Era.

We left Hungary in the throes of discovery that, though she had ridded herself of one master, she had found another. After the Turk—the Austrian. Now the natural impulse of the Magyars—being men—was to fight. But there were two considerations which weighed against this. The first was that they were too worn out by their long struggle. The second was that crafty Austria had divided the nation in her own interest on the matter of religion. All foreign tyrannies encourage religious dissension and sectarian animosity amongst the people of the nation over which they tyrannise. The Hungarians were partly Catholics, partly Protestants. This fact had never interfered with their union for national purposes until the Austrians came along whispering distrust and kindling the fires of bigotry. "We have a common faith," whispered the Austrians to the Catholic Hungarians. "You can trust us. But, think, what might occur in your present weak state if we were not here to protect you. Your property and even your lives might be forfeited." To the Protestants, Austria whispered: "You know how fanatical these Hungarian Catholics are, and you know you are a minority. Now, as long as we remain here, you lives are safe. your property is safe, your religion will not be persecuted—but, ah! if we left—we shudder to think of what might occur." It is the history of Ireland over again. Catholic and Protestant Hungarian began to look askance at each other, the Catholic nobles attorned to Austria—the Protestant nobles, not to be beaten in "collaring the king," followed their example, but the people, Catholic and Protestant, did not attorn. Despite the distrust perfidious Austria had sown amongst them, they remembered they were a common nation; they remembered, but they could not combine, and so Austria ruled in the divided land.

There were wise heads amongst the Austrians in those days, and when things seemed shaky for the tyranny they inaugurated a New Era in Hungary. 'Twas Charles III. did it, and his daughter, Maria Theresa, continued his game most brilliantly. "What we want," said the Austrians to the Hungarians, "is to live in peace and amity. We have misunderstood each other in the past, but we now offer you the hand of friendship. Let the dead past bury its dead, and let us unite for the glory of the common Empire." Now, the Magyars were something of a gullible people, like ourselves, and they proceeded to grasp the hand with fervour, at least all but a little minority of poets and old guerilla-fighters, and illiterate peasants, and callow students, who taught hatred of Austria as the creed of the true Hungarian, and made rude ballads with seditious refrains, such as:—

The Magyar who forgets his land,
And grasps the false-souled Austrian's hand,
Good Christ, Our Lord, who loves us well,
Will send his craven soul to hell.

And

What song singest thou, God's little bird?
"Trust not, trust not, the Austrian's word!"

But the police succeeded in running in most of the leaders of these disreputable ballad-singers, and the amiable people grasped the outstretched hand of Austria. The Magyars—save the minority to whom we have alluded—threw up their hats for their "beautiful young queen" when she came to Buda-Pesth, and tears of emotion welled into Maria Theresa's eyes as she gazed on the cheering, surging crowd of first-class fighting-material which the New Era was converting into ramparts for Austria. The lady was in a very awkward position at the moment—practically all Europe had declared war on her—and Austrian Stocks, so to speak, were down fifty points. Hence those tears as she gazed at "her brave Irish"—that is, "her chivalrous Hungarians." "My brave brethren," said the beautiful young queen, "my enemies assail me. I am a woman, and a woman appeals to you, chivalrous Hungarians!" And with a mighty shout Hungary went forth to battle for the beautiful young queen, and so well did it battle that it fixed the lady as securely as lady can be fixed on her throne, and placed her pretty foot as neatly as it might be placed on its own neck. And the lady did not die of laughter.

The disreputable minority did not go out to fight for Maria Theresa. It stayed at home, doing nothing in particular. When the fighting-men came home it gibed them and talked of fools and traitors. It also made a ballad about Judas Iscariot, in which it lauded Judas, and said that had he been a Magyar he would have fought for Maria Theresa. These little pin-pricks annoyed the Hungarian nobles mightily, and they withdrew themselves altogether to the Austrian capital, where the "beautiful young queen" welcomed them, gushed over them, fascinated them. In turn they could do no less than spend in Vienna the revenues of their estates, adopt the dress and manners of the Austrians, and finally the language. In a little time the Hungarian nobles became as thoroughly Germanicised as the Irish landlords are Anglicised. They made merry about the dress, manners, and language of their former countrymen—for they were all "East Austrians" now. And the vilest caricaturists of their own people—the most obsequious slaves of Austria—were the nobles of Hungary, sycophants at the Court of Maria Theresa.

Meanwhile, however, in Hungary the blessed New Era, owing to the irreconcilable minority and a mistaken move of the gracious queen, was not working so smoothly as might be wished. The charming lady, whose tears of gratitude for the deeds of "her brave Hungarians" were officially reported to be constantly shed, conceived that in the best interests of Hungary it would be desirable to promote Austrian immigration into that country. Accordingly it was promoted, and the Germans came trooping into the fertile plains of the Magyar's

land. There was no cannonading nor martial fuss whatever; it was all done quietly, cleanly, and legally. And the astonished Magyar, in a little while, found himself sitting on the barren hillside, gazing down on the fat Austrian smoking his pipe on the fertile plains, and wondered how it all came about. The disreputable people explained to him that it all came about because he grasped the proffered hand of Austria and went forth to fight for his beautiful young queen. This led the peasant Magyar to hum seditious songs, and after he had been humming seditious songs some time he went down into the plains and waged war with the new occupants. In a little while most of the new occupants folded up their tents in the night and stole away, while those who remained renounced their German nationality, and, being accepted as Magyars, joined in humming the seditious songs and bred up their children in the faith that Austria was the enemy. This was a great victory for the minority, who were now in high glee and went about the country recalling to the memory of the common people the stories of John Hunyadi and Dozsa and Sfzondi and the score of other men who died to make Hungary great and free. Still they would scarce have rekindled for generations the true national spirit had not God in His infinite mercy just at this moment removed Maria Theresa from the world, and exalted a fool in her place.

This fool was Josef II., Maria Theresa's son. He despised and hated the Hungarians as heartily as his mother did, but, being a fool, he took no pains to hide his feelings. First he refused with contempt to don the crown of St. Stephen—a refusal which spread astonishment and dismay through all Hungary—except among the disreputables, who were hugely delighted; next he refused to swear an oath of fidelity to the Hungarian people or the Hungarian Constitution—a fact which made even the Germanicised nobles squirm, while the ballad-makers sang for secret joy. Then he proceeded to pass elaborate Coercion Acts for Hungary, and, finally, to suppress the Hungarian language. "Henceforth," decreed the tyrant, "you must speak the German tongue and attorn yourselves to Austrian ways." There was to be no longer a Hungary—there was to be an East Austrian province, a very prosperous and happy province—but no language, no nationality to mark it distinct from Austria. And as a final sign and token to all the world that Hungary was at an end, the tyrant and fool caused the crown of St. Stephen to be taken away from Buda-Pesth and slung into an old curiosity collection in Vienna.

Hungary stood aghast! This was the outcome of "grasping the proffered hand"—this the result of "burying the hatchet"—this the crowning mercy of the New Era! She had been fooled and misled by the compromisers and accommodators, and now she stood face to face with annihilation. Her trusted leaders, the smooth-tongued gentlemen who had led her into "grasping the hand of friendship," disappeared before the gathering storm—the smug, respectable, collar-the-king party vanished, leaving but a whiff of brimstone behind, and now, at the head of the Hungarian people, appeared the once derided little band of men who had preached doggedly all through that Austria was

the enemy, and made songs which were *tabu* in respectable Hungarian drawing-rooms. Hungary, Catholic and Protestant, saw that these men had been the wise men and it freely followed them. The disreputable minority was no longer a minority nor disreputable—the balladmakers and epigrammatists were leaders of the people, and, proof against Austrian threat and Austrian bribe, they fought every inch of ground with Josef II. As he struck them down, others took their place, and all Hungary rang with their voices calling on the people to hold fast by their language, their customs, their laws, and to teach their children hatred of Austria and love of all things Hungarian. The de-Nationalised Hungarian nobles opposed them, but the people enthusiastically followed them. Josef was preparing his gibbets for these troublesome men whom he had sought in vain to bribe—in vain to terrify. A wholesale capture and execution of them seemed to his mind the one thing needful to instil into Hungary once again a proper respect for "law and order," when the echo of the crash of the falling Bastile away in Paris smote on his ears. A shout of joy and triumph swept through Hungary. The blood of the Magyar danced and jumped as of old in his veins and the tyrant countermanded his order to the gibbet-makers. With trembling fingers he hurriedly signed an edict revoking all the coercive acts and orders he had made against Hungary, and swift as his messengers could bear it he caused the crown of St. Stephen to be borne to Buda-Pesth with every circumstance of pomp. Hungary was to be Hungary—Hungary was to speak her own language, rule her own affairs, follow her own customs henceforth, said Emperor Josef. And then the foolish tyrant took to his bed and died of fright. Is it not marvellous what pulling down an ugly building may lead to?

But Austria, false as ever, was not done with Hungary. Under terror of the French Revolution she yielded in 1790 as under terror of the Volunteers England yielded to Ireland in 1782. We shall see how she imposed her yoke with redoubled force on Hungary later on—how she sought to wipe out the Hungarian name in the blood of its people, and how the indomitable spirit of Hungarian nationality overcame Austria and made Hungary the great, free, and prosperous nation she is to-day.

III.—The Fall and Rise of the Intransigeants.

Leopold the Wily succeeded Josef the Fool on the Throne of Austria. The affable monarch convoked the Hungarian Diet, and journeyed to Buda-Pesth to be crowned with the Iron Crown King of Hungary. The now reputable balladsingers met the monarch with suspicion in their eyes, and counselled the Magyar to keep cool—remembering Leopold was brother of the dead tyrant, and an Austrian. "Oh, this is going too far," protested the Magyar; "have we not got our rights restored, and is not Leopold coming to swear fealty to our constitution, and would it not be most discourteous to refuse him a welcome?" "Decidedly it would," wrote the servile Press, "he

comes as a friend—Hungary owes it to herself to give him a cordial reception. The Intransigeants are, no doubt, very honest, but they are undiplomatic." The Intransigeants felt their grip of the leadership relaxing—they saw their countrymen once more being fooled, and the wild cheers that greeted Leopold in Buda-Pesth sounded to them as a knell. The Magyar, like the Irishman, had again been caught by soft talk and ceremonial—the lesson of Maria Theresa and Josef was forgotten, and the men who had saved Hungary were deserted by the fickle people, who now exalted the dastards who had deserted them in the hour of trial in their stead.

But the Intransigeants stood firm. They refused to compromise, refused to tread the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire. They stood unshaken for Freedom, Progress, and Nationality, although to the people whom they had preserved, they now seemed but dreamers —impracticable if well-meaning men. All literary Hungary was with them, and the intelligent town population was with them. A few of the nobles won by their sincerity and ability, too, joined their ranks, but the mass of the country was against them. When the Diet met it adopted a Declaration of Rights by acclamation. It declared Hungary an independent country, possessed of her own Constitution, by which alone she was to be governed.

"And now," said the Intransigeants, "let us consider, and, if necessary, amend the Constitution." "What in the world do the men mean," said the great Hungarian people; "have we not got all we wanted?" "We mean," said the Intransigeants, "that the Constitution as it stands is an instrument of oppression. We mean that it is a charter of privileges for the nobles who desert you and betray you in every crisis, and a badge of serfdom for you—we mean that there should be liberty and equality."

"Ha! ha! French ideas," broke in the nobles. "Beware, people of Hungary—Providence willed it that you should be serfs, and that we should be nobles."*

"Providence," retorted the Intransigeants, "created all men free, and you obstruct the designs of Providence! Out of the way!"

"Hear them blaspheme!" quoth the nobles to the people. "Hear them raise up their impious tongues against us, your natural lords and leaders. They talk of liberty, but it is the guillotine they would introduce amongst you."

It was all very well for the young and generous to throw up their hats and cheer for the Intransigeants and liberty and equality. But the country remained stolid. It had no doubt whatever that these Intransigeants were very honest fellows, but it knew that when their great-great-grandfathers had listened to Dozsa telling them they were men, not dogs to be whipped by the nobles when the humour took them, that ill came of it. Their

*Lest our readers should imagine this a too-free rendering, we may state that the spokesmen of the Hungarian nobles declared that "God had willed that some men should be nobles and others serfs," and that it was blasphemy to teach or preach otherwise.

great-great-grandfathers got killed, and the early apostle of liberty and equality was roasted to death to encourage the others. So the rustic Magyar doffed his caubeen to the nobles, and while the Intransigeants, an insignificant minority in the Diet, fought to free the peasant the peasant reviled them for their pains. They gained him the right to move about the land without his master's permission, but they could not gain him the right to keep his skin whole when his master had a mind to flay him. "What, not punish our own serfs?" said the indignant nobles, "why; who has a better right?" "Ay, who has a better right?" echoed the serfs, reproachfully, to the advocates of liberty and equality. "Why, you tyrants, you slaves," returned the Intransigeants, losing their temper, "you who inflict—you who endure the lash—what are you but the very caricature of man made in the image of God?"

"Ho, ho," shouted the nobles, "French ideas." "Ay," echoed the obedient serfs, "French ideas." "What right have these fellows to meddle between us?" said the nobles; "away with them!" "Ay, away with them," echoed the serfs. For St. Barrabas is the patron saint of the ignorant during all time. And as the affable Leopold lay on his bed of death, he was comforted to hear that the Intransigeants, who had nearly severed Hungary from the Empire, had fallen into the utmost disrepute, and the nobles,

Always firm in their vocation
For the Court against the Nation.

were once again on top.

Leopold was succeeded by as stupid a tyrant as ever sat on Austrian Throne—which says much—one Franz. Now Franz set himself to put down all the nonsense about freedom and equality, which was rendering unsafe the oppression of nine-tenths of mankind for the benefit of the remaining tenth. He called the teachers of the people to him, and instructed them in this wise: "Keep yourselves to what is old, for that is good; if our ancestors proved it to be good, why should we not do as they did? Mistrust new ideas. I have no need of learned men, but I want faithful subjects. He who comes full of new ideas may go back. If he does not I shall deal with him."*

The baffled minority were not conquered. In their Press they sounded the note of alarm. "This new Emperor of Austria," they said, "is another Josef. Awake, Hungarians!" But the Hungarians were much too busy discussing foreign affairs to attend to domestic ones. The nobles had directed the people's eyes to the ends of the earth in order to facilitate Emperor Franz in finally disposing of the troublesome minority with their French ideas. And Emperor Franz lost no time in stamping out the liberty-equality-nationality men. First he stamped out the Intransigeant Press, then he stamped out the schools where children were taught the meaning of the word liberty. And finally, he stamped out every public officer reasonably suspected of disbelieving in the divine right of tyrants. After taking these

* Speech to the professors at Laybach.

vigorous measures, he established an elaborate spy-system throughout Hungary, and worried a number of nervous people into their graves. Many who could not be worried, and continued to talk about liberty, he clapped into jail. The better to facilitate these measures, he drafted his Italian mercenaries into the country, for Austria tyrannised over Italy at that time also, and secured renegade Italians to join its army. "I send Magyars to Italy and Italians to Hungary," said the tyrant, complacently, "and each looks after the other one's country for me. They do not understand one another, and a common distrust secures Austria." So in our own day the Dublin Fusiliers are sent to cut the throats of the Boers; the methods of tyranny being the same in all enlightened empires.

Silenced and gagged, with bayonets ever pointed at them, the Intransigeants very naturally resorted to secrecy. Father Ignatius Martinovics founded a secret society. Its object was the establishment of a Hungarian Republic, based on the principle of equal liberties, laws, and duties. Father Ignatius' plan was to enrol a sufficient number of reliable men to uplift the standard of armed revolt, and hold the country for a period, until the French came to their assistance. The priest entered into negotiations with the French Directory and the Austrian Republicans, but before the organisation had time to develop the Austrian police swooped down on the leaders. Father Ignatius and five comrades were publicly beheaded at Buda-Pesth, and the other prominent men were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. After this a reign of terror was established in Hungary. Every man of enlightenment and education was persecuted; the teaching of philosophy was forbidden in the schools, and the Diet became the subservient creature of Austria, voting money and soldiers for its tyrants as often as desired. So utterly subdued was the spirit of the Magyars that when Napoleon invaded the country and called on them to rise and drive out the Austrians, solemnly pledging his word to respect and maintain their independence, they rose indeed, but rose to fight him for Austrian smiles and Austrian pay. And this when the blood of their martyrs was fresh on the sod, and their best and bravest were kennelled in Austrian dungeons.

A few years and Napoleon fell, and the Austrian tyrant threw off the mask. There was now no fear, so he rewarded the servile Hungary which fought for him—by totally ignoring the constitution, which at least in name, he had not dared to withdraw while Napoleon was outside St. Helena. He respected no rights of the Hungarian nation which stood in his way. He imposed what taxation he pleased, and collected it by armed force. He no longer asked the subservient Diet to provide him with levies of soldiers; when he wanted them his agents simply dragged off the Magyars to serve in his armies. Honestly and firmly the tyrant believed Hungary was dead. And indeed a nation that fought against its own would-be deliverers deserved no better fate.

But anon out of the Austrian dungeons came creeping prematurely aged men, the poets and dreamers who had led Hungary against Josef,

and whom Hungary had deserted, the comrades of Father Ignatius. Franz despised them now, and believed that they, like the rest of Hungary, were impotent and spiritless. But the Austrian dungeons had only intensified the hatred that filled the breasts of these few indomitable men. Once again in the sunlight, they sounded the tocsin. But few responded. Only a few generous men, whose blood was too young to be chilled at the thought of the block or the prison, gathered round the ex-prisoners. This little coterie made patriotic ballads, and talked patriotic sentiment everywhere they went. People listened to them respectfully, but shook their heads. "Hungary has been," they said, and passed on. Franz grinned at the folly of the men who believed they could bring back the soul to Hungary, and left them in contemptuous peace. But as the years passed uneasiness began to seize the Government in Vienna. Their agents in Hungary reported that the young men throughout the country were becoming infected to a great extent with the old ideas, and even talking of Hungary as they were wont to talk of it before the Emperor Franz came to the throne. Vigorous measures, they suggested, should be taken, and the Emperor decided to teach Hungary a lesson by press-ganging 35,000 of these incipient rebels into his army. So he made a levy, by his own will and pleasure, of 35,000 troops on Hungary. And an amazing thing happened. Hungary refused to recognise his authority or obey his command.

Once again the men who fought and beat Josef, the students and professors and journalists and poets—many of them now physically broken men from long imprisonment—but defiant and fearless as ever—stood out at the head of the people. They demanded that the Diet should be convoked and the levy made by it, or not at all. For five years the battle raged, and at the end the tyrant was beaten. The Diet was summoned in 1825, after a lapse of eleven years, and from this date the Hungary which nearly concerns us appears. For it is the story of the struggle in which the three giants who fought Austria were Szechenyi, Kossuth, and Deak, which affords an exact parallel and an unerring guide for Ireland. Szechenyi was born of the Hungarian Diet of 1825.

IV.—Szechenyi.

The opening of the Diet of 1825 was marked by an incident that created excitement throughout the country and indignation in the highest circles. A member of the Upper House, rising from his seat, addressed the august assembly of Hungarians in the Hungarian tongue.

It was a daring and revolutionary act. The aristocracy was scandalised. The greatest indignation prevailed amongst the nobles at this outrage on respectability. The bitterness of the insult was accentuated by the fact that it came from one of themselves, for Stephen Szechenyi was one of the greatest of the nobles. He was remonstrated with by the older magnates. They pointed out to him that the speaking of the Hungarian language was all very well for

serfs and boors, but entirely unfit for gentlemen. They counselled him, being older and sager than himself, not to excite the derision of enlightened Europe, and particularly of Vienna, the hub of the Universe, at the very outset of his career. He listened to them in silence—he was a man of great silences—and thanked them for the kindly interest they took in him. Then the old nobles went back to their fellows and comforted them, telling them that all was right. "Of course," said they, "he saw the absurdity of his position when we had it pointed out to him, and how irretrievably he would compromise himself if he continued this native language nonsense. After all, we must remember we were young like himself once, and apt to do foolish things. So let us say no more about it."

And when the forgiving nobles reassembled in the Upper Chamber, and Szechenyi arose again to address them, they received him with courteous applause. For they wished to encourage the repentant sinner lest he might falter in his apology.

For a moment the young noble stood silent in the centre of the House. Then fixing his eyes on the leader of his advisers, he opened his mouth, and lo! out of it slowly rolled Hungarian periods. As the astonished and amazed nobles sat spellbound, his voice rose and rang and swelled with passion and triumph and exultation through the Chamber, chanting the story of Hungary's woe, and foretelling her resurrection, in the despised tongue of the common people. When he ceased, the younger nobles, stirred in their hearts, stricken in their consciences, set up a shout of applause. The old men sat dazed, thinking of French ideas and guillotines.

The country was astounded and pleased, the nobles dumbfounded. They could find scarce words strong enough to express their indignation at Szechenyi. Szechenyi was immovable. He heeded their plaints and appeals no more than mongrels' yelping. One day he walked into the Lower House and sat listening to a discussion on the ways and means of fostering the national language. Paul Nagy rose and testily told his brother-deputies that the discussion was mere babble. "You know," he said, "the Government is hostile to the language—and you know it will not permit us to levy taxes for the purpose of placing it in a position to compete with German. To enable our language to compete with that of our rulers—to enable us to stem the flood of Germanicisation, the obvious course is to establish a Hungarian Academy of Sciences. Now that costs money—we have not got it—the Government will not provide it. The nobles should do so, but they are Germanicised, and will not do so. If by any miracle they set the example, others would follow, but why discuss impossibilities?' and Nagy, having silenced the babblers, sat down.

Szechenyi rose in the House, and begged its permission to hear him for one minute. The permission was accorded, and Szechenyi delivered a short speech in Hungarian. This was the whole of it: "I am a noble. I shall contribute the entire of one year's income from my estates to found a National Academy of Sciences." At its conclusion he sat down, and the House rose—on chairs, tables, and all

things handy. It shouted, it cheered, and in defiance of all decorum it threw up its hat. "I will contribute a thousand florins," cried one member, "and I two thousand," "and I—and I," and soforth, and in a few minutes' time the very respectable sum of 150 000 florins was guaranteed, and the Hungarian Academy of Sciences became a reality. At present it flourishes, famed through Europe, and its funds amount to some two and a-half million florins—result of a twenty-word speech.

The country rang with the name of Szechenyi, and before peasant, burgher, or noble understood very well what had occurred, Szechenyi was leader of the nation. Nobody thought it strange. It seemed as if they had been waiting for him and he had arrived at the appointed time. That was all. The reason it was so was simple enough. He was the one man in Hungary just then who knew his own mind and his country's needs, and was equipped by study, observation, and character to lead her. Szechenyi was at this period thirty-four years old. He was of an ancient family, ennobled for centuries, and for a Hungarian an extremely wealthy man. As a youth he had fought against Napoleon, and after the close of the Napoleonic wars he travelled over Europe, studying and noting the social and political conditions of each country. When he returned to Hungary his mind was shocked at the contrast it presented to most of the other countries of Europe Its nobles, spiritless and corrupt, anxious only to retain their privileges and extort their rents—or the equivalent of rents from the people; the people ignorant, the whole country decaying. The Intransigeants attracted and repelled him—attracted him because of their patriotism, courage, and intelligence—repelled him because of their ultra-democratic leanings. For Szechenyi, great man though he was, could never forget he was a noble. He was anxious to reform his class, not to abolish it.

Szechenyi was a patriot because he was enlightened and honest. But he was not a Separatist. In the last resort he would, no doubt, have declared for Hungary against the Empire, but he wished to render the necessity of such a choice—distasteful to him for many reasons, not the least of which was his connection by blood with the rulers of Austria—impossible. He dreamed of making Hungary happy and prosperous, and rendering the relations between Austria and his country amicable by other means than political agitation or armed insurrection. "Revive your language, educate yourselves, build up your agriculture and your industries," this was the basis of his teaching. He taught rather by example than by precept that politics were of small account, and rarely interested himself in them, but he laboured unceasingly to implant love of country in his people's hearts—to improve their intellectual and industrial condition. His busy brain was ever devising new schemes to benefit the country, his iron will surmounting the obstacles that barred their path, his steady hand pointing the way to their realisation. He strove to unite the nation—peasant and noble—in a common brotherhood of affection and awaken them to a recognition that the interests of one were the interests of all—to make them realise that whether they were gentle or simple, they were first of all Hungarians. The people followed him unquestioningly and

enthusiastically. They witnessed the wonderful and beneficial changed this one man's genius was making in the land, and to them he seemes almost a god; but the nobles, save a small and enlightened minority, gazed on him askance. Too stupid to understand he was their best friend, they regarded him as an enemy, a revolutionary, and when he published his famous work on credit, which may be said to have thoroughly awakened Hungary to national consciousness, the stupid magnates could see in it, not their guide to salvation, but the wicked teachings of a ruthless Jacobin. "Do not," he exhorted the people in this work, "pass your time in lamentations over the glories of former days. Look forward and let your patriotism aim at restoring the prosperity of our fatherland. Do not say with the doubters, 'Hungary has been'; say with me, 'Hungary shall be.'" "Treason, revolution," muttered the nobles.

The tireless energy of this remarkable man aroused in Hungary a real national life. After a few years of Szechenyi's leadership the country had become so instinct with vitality that those who revisited it stood amazed at the change. Meanwhile the Intransigeants had not been idle. They had not opposed Szechenyi—they admired, respected, and aided him, but they had ever clearly held that political reform should be sought simultaneously with social reform. Szechenyi recognised in them his most valuable allies, and ever wished to keep on good terms with them. "I do not say you are wrong," was his argument. "I do say that before you can force political reform you must strengthen the country internally." "Agreed," said the Intransigeants, "but when we arrive at a certain point, and Austria says, 'Thus far shalt thou go'—what then? Will you lead further?" "Let us first reach the point," returned Szechenyi, "and then I shall reply." So in great good friendship Szechenyi and the Intransigeants worked together until the point was reached—and Austria barred the way. She was willing enough to see Hungary attain a degree of education and prosperity—provided Hungary eschewed dangerous politics; she was not at all willing Hungary should become too educated and too prosperous. "Now," said the Intransigeants to Szechenyi, "will you lead on? We are ready to follow."

Szechenyi stood irresolute. What he had hoped for must ever remain a conjecture. Possibly he believed that Austria had soul enough to be won by his eloquence to assent to the onward march of the Hungarian nation. If so, it was the vainest of hopes. He had led Hungary within sight of the Promised Land, but a wall of steel barred his path. "What are we to do?" said the Hungarians. "Go forward," promptly sang out the Intransigeants. "No," said Szechenyi, "let us halt!" And it was all over with Szechenyi.

Two young men had arisen in Hungary, whose clear eyes saw that no prosperity, no intellectual life could endure in a country unless they were sustained by free political institutions. They cried out to Szechenyi to continue his march. He refused. Then, springing forward, they thrust him aside and sounded the onset. The nation

responded, and Szechenyi was left behind watching it moving steadily towards that Austrian wall. He had formed and educated public opinion, in the crisis he had failed to lead it, and Francis Deak, the barrister, and Louis Kossuth, the journalist, succeeded him as leaders of the Hungarian nation. Peace to the ashes of Szechenyi—he was a great and patriotic man, and Hungary did well to raise the noble monument that stands in Buda-Pesth to his memory. But it is a vain thing to lead a nation to the gates of freedom and then tell it to sit contentedly before them. A nation must go forward or it must go backward. It cannot stand still.

V.—Kossuth and Deak.

Francis Deak sprang from the middle classes—Louis Kossuth from the people. Deak was a man of moderate fortune—Kossuth a man of no fortune at all. Deak had distinguished himself as a member of the County Council of his native Zala before he was elected a member of the Diet in 1833. Kossuth was an unknown man when he appeared as a magnate's proxy at the latter assembly. Kossuth, though a man of the people, was the son of a poor gentleman. He supported the poor gentleman and the poor gentleman's wife—his mother—and the poor gentleman's young children—his brothers and sisters—by journalism and the law—he was a barrister, though not what is called a successful one. Deak and he were almost of an age. Deak was thirty years old, and Kossuth thirty-one when they both met in Pressburg at the Diet of 1833, and were drawn together by a common patriotism and a common hatred of oppression. But they differed in many things. Kossuth was an ultra-democrat—a firm believer in the principles of the French Revolution, and as hearty a hater of Austria as John Mitchel—who in many respects strikingly resembled him—was of England. Deak was a democrat, too, but of a milder type. Neither did he hate Austria, only Austrian oppression. He was willing to see Hungary linked with Austria, provided the link were one of friendship, not of steel. Kossuth was the foe of all links. His ambition was to see Hungary an independent Republic. Here is Deak's programme in Deak's own words: "Hungary is a free country, independent in its whole system of legislation and administration; it is subordinate to no other country. We have no wish to oppose the interests of our country to the unity of the monarchy or the security of its existence. But we consider that it is contrary to law or justice that the interests of Hungary should be made subordinate to those of any country whatsoever. . . We will never consent that it shall be sacrificed to the unity of the system of Government . . . our constitutional life is a treasure which we cannot sacrifice either to foreign interests or to material advantages howsoever great. Our first duty is to preserve and strengthen it." Deak took his stand on the Pragmatic Sanction. That is, as if we in Ireland took our stand on the Settlement of 1782, and denied the validity of the Act of Union and all legislation made in England for this country. Kossuth cared little for the Pragmatic

Sanction, but much for Hungary's independence, and since he had no handier weapon to achieve the latter he, too, exhorted Hungary to stand by the Pragmatic Sanction and insist on Austria doing likewise. Again and again the voice of Deak thundered in the Diet in denunciation of its subserviency to Austrian tyranny. The slavish asked "What can we do? We cannot fight Austria with the sword—what then is there left but to submit and be silent?" "Your laws are violated, and you shut your mouths," Deak responded, "Woe to the nation which raises no protest when its law is outraged. It contributes of itself to impair the respect due to its laws. The nation which submits to injustice and oppression in cowardly silence is doomed." He sometimes desponded, but he did not because of his despondency cease to fight. "The feeling of patriotism," he said in one of his speeches, "is not kept alive in Hungarians to the same degree as it is in the men of other nations, either by the inspiring memories of the past or by sentiments of vanity and self-esteem. Our history can look back to nothing but disastrous civil wars and bloody struggles for the preservation of our very existence. Europe scarce knows that we live. Alas, it looks upon our fatherland as but a fertile and uncultivated province of Austria. Yet I hold him for no true Hungarian to whom this poor, suffering country is not dearer than the most brilliant Empire in Europe."

There spoke the true patriot, and in that spirit Deak fought every abuse and every evil. He fought for the right of the Hungarian's house to be his castle, for the right of the tiller of the soil to own his land. And when he was told that such a right was repugnant to the Constitution, he withered up his opponents with the scornful words: "Repugnant to the Constitution! What a thing is this Constitution if it forbids us to seek the well-being of millions of our countrymen—the strength of our nation. Justice demands that we should do so—the law directs we should do so. The Constitution cannot be opposed to justice and law." And when the opponents of right solemnly laid it down that all property in land belonged to the lords of the soil, Deak pulverised the humbugs with a sentence: "The gods of old claimed but a share in the ownership of the woods and fields, and hills and vales and streams—have ye grown greater than the gods?"

The fearless bearing and convincing eloquence of Deak, backed as he was by the County Councils, which sturdily refused to carry out the arbitrary ordinances of the Austrian Government, inspirited the Diet and even impelled the nobles to agree to agrarian reform. Then the Austrain Government intervened. It would permit no agrarian reform—not it. A poor, epileptic creature whom they called Ferdinand IV. filled the throne in Vienna, but the real ruler of the Empire was a wise man named Metternich, who designed to lead old Father Time back again to the halcyon days ere the Sans-Culottes tore down the Bastile. Metternich was rebuilding the Bastile, and on every road Deak advanced he found Metternich's busy masons. When Szechenyi espied them, Szechenyi turned back, saying: "The nation must depend to

some extent on Vienna." "The nation must depend upon itself alone," answered Deak, marching forward. "Come back. Let us have peace and we shall have prosperity," Szechenyi called after him. "Can you not see," retorted Deak, as he grappled with the masons, "that it is dread of our prosperity impels the Austrian Government to seek to bar Hungary's progress?" and then the Tyrtæn Magyars twanged their harps and blew great trumpet-blasts that echoed around the Carpathians. So when the Diet of 1833 came to an end, there was a mighty hubbub in the land, the people noisily asking: "Who are these pigs of Austrians, that they should make laws for us?" and "Why should we respect these nobles of ours since they are but the dogs of our enemies?" Intelligent village ruffians thumped the tables of the village inns to emphasise the fact that Hungary was a very great country, and the Magyars a very great people, and seditiously refused to doff their caubeens when the awful Austrian officials passed by. "Why should we take off our hats to the fellows who stole our Pragmatic Sanction?" they asked of the village fathers. "And what was our Pragmatic Sanction that they took?" said the village fathers. "What was our Pragmatic Sanction?" echoed the ruffians. "Why it was—it was—it was—our country and everything, don't you see!" The village ruffians were perfectly right, although they were not certain themselves on that point. Now all this was a great victory, since it gave the Magyars a good conceit of themselves—without which, until Tibb's Eve, Hungary would never have regained a doit of her stolen right.

The Diet of 1836 was the most unlike thing to a mothers' meeting that the finite mind of man can conceive. The patriots demanded that the people should be provided with a first-rate education. The Government explained that to educate the people would inevitably lead to anarchy, communism, murder, rape, robbery, pillage, and atheism. Thereupon the patriots fell to debate the matter and incidentally express their views on Austria and things Austrian. The thoughtful Austrian Government ordered that no newspaper should print any report of these debates, and hence the more thoughtful Louis Kossuth wrote painfully accurate reports of (1) What the supporters of Austria in the Diet said about the people of Hungary, and (2) What the supporters of Hungary in the Diet said about Austria, the Austrian Government, the Austrian officials, and the Hungarian seoinini. These reports he lithographed and circulated through the country, at one penny per copy. The country read them feverishly and began to roar out its indignation. So the Austrian Government thought it high time to square Kossuth. He was a poor man with a large family, and it suggested to him that it would be a good thing for him to employ his considerable talents in a quiet position at a handsome salary under the Empire. The offer was declined brusquely. "It's not an office—it's a pension the man wants, I see," said the subtle Metternich. "Offer him 2,000 florins a year. But if he insists on more, of course we must give it." "How much did he accept?" asked the wise minister of his envoys when they returned. "Your

Excellency, he kicked us out." "The man is certainly mad and must be suppressed," said Metternich. "Go and seize his lithographic press and direct all the post-masters in the kingdom to confiscate the papers in the post—but quietly, quietly, as the English do, you know." "Your Excellency, we have done so, but——" "But what?" "Kossuth has got a new press, and has, now the Diet is closed, started a new manuscript paper, in which he reports the proceedings of the County Councils, and we grieve to say, your Excellency, that he is thus bringing them into touch and enabling them to take concerted action against the common enemy—that is, we mean, the lawful Government, your Excellency." "Then, there is nothing for it, gentlemen, but to arrest him for treason, and dispose of him."

And so the Government "struck terror." Louis Kossuth, Wesselyenzi, a noble who was one of his friends and sympathisers, and some others were arrested and indicted for treason, and Kossuth was condemned to three years' imprisonment. The deputy, John Balogh, was arrested afterwards. John was a blunt man, and had spoken his mind of the "striking terror" policy with a frankness that left not a shred to the imagination. As a result of his arrest, his seat in the Diet was declared vacant, and a Government candidate full of smiles and promises issued his address to the electors. The electors promptly re-nominated John Balogh. And the Government thereupon instructed the Lord Lieutenant of the county to present each free and independent elector with a five-florin note and invite him to come up to the Government stores and choose such goods as he might yearn to possess—on the day of the poll. On the day of the poll the electors returned John Balogh by a sweeping majority, after which they hoisted him on their shoulders and carried him in triumph to the County Council Rooms, each elector bearing in his fist a stout stave on the top of which was stuck the generous Government's five-florin note. In the Council Chamber they found the Lord Lieutenant, and moved him to the chair. When he was in it, each free and independent elector advanced in turn and stated his opinion of the Lord Lieutenant's action. When the man sought to escape, he was held in the chair by main force, and for four hours compelled to listen to the condemnation by his countrymen of his treachery. At the end the five-florin notes were torn up and flung in his face, save one, which was forced down his throat, so that he could carry it back with him to his Austrian masters. After which the free and independent electors gave three cheers for Kossuth, and hoisting John Balogh again on their shoulders bore him in triumph away. Though Kossuth was in prison, the "striking terror" policy had abjectly failed, and the Government abandoned the prosecution.

Two years passed ere the Diet was convoked. It met again in 1840, and its first act was to demand the release of Kossuth and his companions. "Let us make a deal," said the Government; "we release Kossuth—you moderate your opposition." "No," said Deak nobly, "our duty to our country is greater and holier than a sympathy for our friends. Liberty gained at such a price would be more painful to

them than all their sufferings." The Government surrendered, and Kossuth was released—worn by his imprisonment, but a National hero. "What can we do for you, Kossuth?" eagerly asked a little band of nobles and wealthy men whom his fearlessness, his integrity, and his sufferings had won to his side. "Give me a daily paper and I will free Hungary," said Kossuth. "Give me a lever and I will move the world," said Archimedes. What Kossuth asked was done. The *Pesth Gazette* was founded with Louis Kossuth as uncontrolled editor, and his promise was, after years of strife and struggle, fulfilled.

VI.—The "Pesth Gazette."

The *Pesth Gazette* vivified Hungary. Its tone was vehemently national and anti-Austrian. It made the masses think, the indifferent interested in the affairs of the country, and gave a purpose to the national aspirations. It demanded that equal rights, equal laws, equal burdens should be enjoyed and borne by all—high and low; that the feudal privileges of the nobles should be abolished, and education made accessible to the poor. Above all, it demanded free political institutions. Whether Kossuth wrote of trade and commerce, of economics or politics, of art or of literature, he always kept Hungary before the popular mind, and appealed through their commonsense and their imagination to the people's nationalism. Whoever and whatever was inimical to that nationalism he sought out and attacked. The renegade aristocracy, which had turned deaf ears to Szechenyi's pleadings and Deak's eloquence, writhed beneath Kossuth's literary cat-o'-nine tails. His bitter satire swaddled some of them into manhood. As for the seoinin Magyars who prided themselves on lisping in a Viennese accent and passing life in the Viennese fashion, they withered in the breath of the *Pesth Gazette*. Sanctified abuse, beatified anomaly, and hoary convention perished in the mocking laughter of Louis Kossuth. "The old order changeth," he wrote. "'Tis well. It has rotted, and cumbers the earth. We come to build anew the nation. Out of new elements we shall form a great and glorious Hungary."

The *Pesth Gazette* became the greatest influence in Hungary, and, therefore, the respectable newspapers of all parties in Hungary cordially disliked it. But none of them would face and fight it. Kossuth's appeal was directly to the heart of the people, and it stirred in that heart all the dormant pride of race, love of country, and self-esteem on which Kossuth planned to build his new Hungary. The *Pesth Gazette* insisted only that there was a Hungarian people. "I am a noble," began one, writing to it. "You are a what?" roared the *Gazette*. "I am a noble," repeated the unfortunate. "Begone," quoth the *Gazette*, "and learn to call yourself a Hungarian as the first of your titles."

Now, the Austrian Government did not approve of the *Pesth Gazette*, and the mind of Metternich was sore troubled. Kossuth, he had found, was not for sale, nor was he to be awed into silence by the clank of the jailer's keys. He was guilty of no legal treason, and although

this would not of itself have prevented the packed Bench of Hungary convicting him, Metternich dreaded that the Bench would be swept away and other things besides the Bench in the whirlwind that would rage Hungary if Kossuth were again kidnapped. In this dilemna Metternich turned to Szechenyi. His agents whispered in the credulous patriot's ear that the madman Kossuth would infallibly ruin all prospects of a *rapprochement* between Austria and Hungary if he were not checked in his headlong career. And Szechenyi, who being human, was all unconsciously a trifle jealous and resentful of this young man Kossuth's eclipsing popularity, stripped with alacrity for the fray, never once dreaming that he could be other than victorious. As like in olden days, both armies rested on their spears when two great champions met betwixt their foremost ranks in mortal fight, so Austria and Hungary ceased awhile their strife to watch the duel between Szechenyi and Kossuth. Szechenyi delivered the first blow. "Louis Kossuth, your ideas I do not condemn, but I condemn your tactics." "So, Count Szechenyi, do our Austrian rulers." "Kossuth," continues Szechenyi, "your tactics lead to revolution." "Szechenyi," returns Kossuth, "oppression, not I, can lead to revolution." "You are injuring our language and industrial revival," writes Szechenyi, angrily. "On the contrary, Szechenyi," Kossuth replies calmly, "I am digging the foundation for the superstructure you have built." "It stands firmly enough," says Szechenyi. "Nonsense," replies Kossuth, "nor it, nor you, nor I stand firmly in this land while strangers regulate our actions and our lives perforce." "Your policy, Kossuth, is crazy," persists Szechenyi; "you sit outside a strong fort to batter it with pebbles. Now I am going inside the fort to influence the defenders." "Then adieu, Count Szechenyi, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

Week by week the duel continued, and Austria and Hungary alike watched with eager eyes. Encouraged by the example of Szechenyi, the Press of Hungary flung itself at Kossuth's head, and went reeling to the earth beneath his Titan blows. A fever possessed the Hungarians from Pesth to Transylvania, and Pesth left its business and its amusements to discuss excitedly the duel's latest phase. In the grey morning crowds gathered around the office of the *Pesth Gazette*, awaiting the printing of the journal. In the streets, in the cafes, in the shops, in the counting-houses, the traveller found naught spoken of but Szechenyi's latest pamphlet or Kossuth's reply, and on the evening of the issue of a Szechenyi pamphlet when out from Kossuth's office came the red-and-yellow posters bearing the legend, "To-morrow Louis Kossuth replies to Count Stephen Szechenyi in the *Pesth Gazette*," the streets would resound with the cheers of the citizens.

Szechenyi ere long would fain have retired from the field. But Kossuth would not let him go. He held him in a vice, until one by one he exposed the fallacies which underlay Szechenyi's position—exposed them to convince the slow-thinking boor equally with the quick-thinking burgher that political freedom is the necessary foundation of a nation's prosperity. The boor was convinced, and thereafter the

Hungarian peasant, when asked his opinion on a matter of politics or economics or art or literature or anything else underneath the sun, he would inquire: "What does Louis Kossuth say?" And whatever Louis Kossuth said, he echoed.

Meanwhile there had been stormy times in the Diet which met in 1843, and from which Deak had retired under circumstances creditable to his scrupulousness. The patriots demanded many reforms, including equality of taxation and the official recognition of the Hungarian language in all departments. The latter they obtained, the former they were denied. Turbulent debates ensued and excitement ran high, but the Diet closed with no substantial gain for Hungary save the recognition of her language. The noble was still a seignior—the peasant a serf—the people at large unenfranchised, the Government an irresponsible bureaucracy. "This must not endure," said the *Pesth Gazette*, and thereupon Louis Kossuth founded the Hungarian League of Industry and Commerce.

This League came into collision with the Austrian Government. That was what Kossuth designed it to do. Szechenyi, in the day of his power, had sounded the Retreat when he found the Austrian Government barring his path; Kossuth sounded the Advance. And a glorious fight ensued. Kossuth pinned his faith on the County Councils, and he did not err. When the Hungarian League accepted the Government's challenge, and the Government came swooping down, the Government was tripped up, kicked, buffeted, and banged about the head by the fifty-five County Councils of Hungary. In its blind rage the Government did what Kossuth yearned it should do—deposed the nobles from their position as Chairmen of the County Councils, and appointed paid Austrian officials in their stead. "Now nobles of Hungary will ye be men, or be for ever remembered as Austria's kicked and fawning curs?" asked Louis Kossuth. The Austrian insult proved too much for those nobles who had not ceased to remember they were also men. They came over to Kossuth by the score and consented to renounce their feudal privileges and bear their share of the burdens of their country. United Hungary, sought in vain by conciliatory Szechenyi, had been evolved by his non-compromising rival.

The Diet of 1847 was convoked, while the land palpitated with excitement. The Government nominee issued his address to the electors of the "loyal county of Pesth," and Louis Kossuth flung down the gauntlet to Metternich by entering the list against the Austrians' candidate for "the loyal county." Metternich foresaw that the return of Kossuth for Pesth would make Kossuth master of the Diet, and then——. The end no man could foresee. So the full machinery of Austrian corruption and Austrian intimidation was turned upon the electors of Pesth. And in its teeth Kossuth was carried triumphantly into the Diet on the shoulders of nobles and peasants. The Diet bowed before him. When he rose in his place to move a free Constitution for Hungary his eloquence and strength swept away all opposition in the Lower House. Austria rallied her servants in the Upper one to block the demand. And Kossuth was settling down to besiege the

enemy's position when the electric word ran round the earth that the people of France had risen in arms to the tune of the "Marseillaise," that Louis Philippe was a fugitive, that the Republic had been proclaimed in Paris. From the broad plains and towering Carpathians rang up the exulting cry of awakened Hungary, and Kossuth saw the necessity for a siege train had passed. On the 3rd of March he rose in the Diet and demanded a free constitution for Hungary. The Lower House acclaimed the demand—the Upper House endorsed it with scarce a murmur, and Kossuth himself was chosen by acclamation to head an embassy to the Emperor of Austria at Vienna, bearing Hungary's ultimatum. On the same day the ex-convict was elected to stand for all Hungary three young writers went into a printer's shop in Pesth and directed him to print some treasonable verses and a highly seditious proclamation informing Hungarians that Hungary was free. "I am sorry, gentlemen," said the proprietor, "but you forget there is a censorship." "Ah," said one of the poets compassionately, "this poor man has lost his memory." "Else," said the second, "it is plain he has not heard of the glorious revolution." "He is dangerous," said the third, "let us lock the lunatic up." Whereupon they locked up the protesting printer, set up the treasonable songs and the seditious proclamation, printed them off on the presses, humming the "Marseillaise," while the printer kicked at the inside door. The name of him who locked up the lunatic that talked of censorships when king's crowns were falling in Europe, was Marus Jokai. He lives to day, delighting Europe with his stories.*

Kossuth journeyed to Vienna. The Republicans received him with enthusiasm. Metternich hid himself in a washerwoman's cart and escaped from the city. The Emperor fawned before the man his ministers and agents had sought for a dozen years to destroy. Standing face to face with Ferdinand IV., Kossuth demanded in the name of Hungary—

A ministry responsible to the Hungarian people.
Perfect religious equality.
Liberty of the Press.
Trial by jury (unpacked).
Annual Parliaments.
Equality of taxation.
Abolition of peasant serfdom and all feudal rights.
Enfranchisement of the people.
Reform, nationalisation, and extension of education, and
The formation of a Hungarian national militia.

The Emperor swallowed the ultimatum and assured Kossuth that nothing had pleased his palate so much for a long time. Then Kossuth returned to Hungary, and the first Ministry responsible to the people was formed, with Count Louis Batthyany as Premier, Stephen Szechenyi Minister of Public Works, Francis Deak Minister of Justice, and Louis Kossuth Minister of Finance.

* Jokai died since the article was published in THE UNITED IRISHMAN (Feb., 1904.)

Now, if any reader of these lines from the beginning should think that Austria was not sharpening a knife to cut Hungary's throat at this very time, he errs. Austria yielded to Hungary in 1848 as England did to Ireland in 1782—because she had no alternative. From the hour of the "Settlement" in 1782 England plotted the extinction of the Irish nation. From the moment Ferdinand IV. signed Kossuth's ultimatum in 1848 he and his Ministers plotted the extinction of Hungary—not only as a nation, but even as "a geographical expression."

VII.—The Outbreak.

Scarce had the Hungarians thrown up their caps and huzza'd for the death of Tyranny and Feudalism and the birth of Free Hungary, when the cut-throats were upon them. Wallach and Serb and Moravian and Croat swarmed over their borders, plundering and massacring. His Majesty the Emperor of Austria provided the knives and paid the wages. He did it *sub rosa*. Outwardly the good man professed a sweet paternal love for his Hungarian subjects, and was deeply shocked on paper when he heard how his other faithful subjects were slaying and torturing and outraging the Hungarians who dwelt on their frontiers, plundering their property, and giving their homes to the flames.

The dying groans of the Hungarian frontiersmen and the shrieks of their outraged womankind reached Buda-Pesth, and the Hungarian Government ordered the Austrian troops in garrison forward to kill or capture the assassins. They went; and fraternised with them in the work of murder and robbery, acting on the secret orders of the perjured Emperor and his ministers. Black horror surrounded Hungary and destruction threatened her on every side. Szechenyi's mind gave way beneath the strain of the time, and he was carried to a madhouse. Deak fought on, but as one dazed. Batthyany was bewildered, and despairing, and Louis Kossuth lay ill. He set his teeth and directed the assembling of the National Parliament. Weak and haggard he stood in the tribune, aud in a broken voice began: "Hungarians, you stand alone in the world. Kings, and the servants of kings, conspire against your honour, your freedom, your lives. The statesmen of Vienna are calculating the day when they shall again rivet the chains on your limbs and on your minds. Their soldiers join with the assassins of our innocent brothers and sisters, and when we seek to defend ourselves the instruments of the king call us rebels and ruffians. Hungarians, these are the names by which tyrants ever denominate freemen. Hungarians, your enemies close around you. Are you willing to fight?" Kossuth's illness fell from him for the moment, and the question rang fiercely through the Diet. The reply was a roar of applause from the deputies. "Then," quoth Kossuth, "I demand a vote of 42,000,000 florins, and 200 000 men to form a national army." Paul Nyary, the leading opponent of Kossuth in the Diet, raised his hands aloft and cried, "Kossuth, we grant it!" and

each deputy, springing to his feet, echoed, "We grant it! we grant it!" "I bow," said Kossuth, and the tears rolled down his haggard face, "to the greatness of the Hungarian nation." "To your tents, O Israel," cried the Parliament, "the country is in danger." The Hungarian soldiers of Austria garrisoning her provinces heard the cry and rushed to her assistance. Sometimes their officers rushed with them, sometimes they did not. Day by day troops of travel-stained Hungarian soldiers came into Buda-Pesth from afar to fight for the fatherland. One day a rolling cheer from without, and lo! a thousand hussars came galloping into Pesth, their officers at their head, after a hundred miles' ride. "Traitors and deserters," said the Austrian Government. "You lie," answered the hussars, "traitors and deserters we had been had we stayed away when our country called." But many of the Hungarian soldiers were stationed at too great a distance to come to their country's aid, and so there was naught for Kossuth to do but with the couple of thousand "deserters" —may their memory be for ever blessed!—and his newly-raised and raw militia and the goodwill of all to strive and make an army "Hungry wants honveds," he said—honveds meaning "defenders of the fatherland"—and the honveds came; nobles and peasants, masters and men, poets and artists, and journalists, and tailors, and shoemakers, and scavengers ran to Kossuth, stretching out their arms for muskets and pikes, of which, alas! he had few to give them, for the Hungarian Government was short of arms and short of ammunition. And the multitude had to be content with improvising instruments of death. So that the honveds, when they went out on the march first, sent the Austrian sympathisers into fits of laughter at their ungainly bearing, marching in awkward squads and carrying pitchforks and scythes and poles with butchers' knives lashed on the ends, many of them, for lack of guns and pikes. Later on the appearance of the honveds led the Austrians to meditate on eternity.

The Baron von Jellachich was a scoundrel of the first class. Therefore, Austria had made him Lord Lieutenant of Croatia. The Baron von Jellachich thought he saw in the upheaval of the times an opportunity of becoming a king on his own account, King of Croatia, and he wrought that way. The Viennese proved too strong for him, and the Baron, who was essentially adaptable, considered that as he could not be king in Croatia, he had well be the second man in Austria. The way to do this, it struck him, was to cut the throat of Hungary, and so he entered into a secret engagement with the Emperor to that effect. The Emperor supplied him with the money and the arms, and the Baron told the Croatians that the Hungarians had sworn to exterminate their nationality, their language, their laws, their customs, and themselves. Whereupon the Croatians waxed indignant and invaded Hungary, led by Jellachich. Inflamed by this scoundrel's lies, the Croats plundered and slew without mercy the hapless Hungarians they met upon their march. Hungary appealed to the Emperor. Deak and Batthyany, with many magnates and deputies, waited on him. He kept them cooling their heels in the antechamber for two hours—his soldiers

were winning in Prague and Italy—and then dismissed them with a sneer. The magnates and deputies tore the Austro-Hungarian badges from their hats when they left his presence and replaced them with red feathers, and hoisted the red flag on their steamer as they sailed back to Buda-Pesth. "It is war," said the people, when they saw the red flag, and war it was. The Emperor issued an ukase ordering the Hungarians not to oppose Jellachich. Jellachich was near the capital on the day when the national army was licked into shape and sent out to meet him. Out they went—first the gallant "deserters," with their sabres flashing in the sun, next the militia, marching like ploughmen, and, lastly, the honveds, marching any way at all. There was bad news in Vienna two days later. Nine thousand Croats were prisoners in the hands of the deserters, militiamen, and honveds, and the Baron Von Jellachich had fled back to Croatia.

The Austrian Lord Lieutenant of Hungary ran, leaving behind him a "Complete Plan for the Subjugation of Hungary." The Emperor nominated one Lamberg, a creature of his own, to govern Hungary, and revoked her Constitution. The Hungarian Parliament declared any who gave comfort, aid, or advice to Lamberg public enemies. The Austrian Lord Lieutenant arrived in Buda-Pesth, where he found the mob waiting for him. They took him, borrowed a rope, and hanged him from a lamp-post. A Committee of Public Safety was formed, and Kossuth by acclamation chosen President. The Emperor and his ministers now threw off all disguise; they nominated Jellachich Lord Lieutenant of Hungary, and ordered the Austrian Grenadier Guards to march from Vienna to Buda-Pesth. Now, the Grenadier Guards had no love for the Metternichs and Jellachichs, and a great liking for men of the stamp of Kossuth and Deak. "We are Austrians," said they, "but we are also men. These Hungarians do not injure us—they ask only that the Constitution Austria has granted should be upheld. And, why should we go kill them?" "March," commanded the Emperor. "No," said the Grenadiers. "Fire," said the Emperor to the National Guard. "No," quoth the National Guard. "Seize them both, my faithful people," said the Emperor. But the faithful people were too busy breaking down the bridges to prevent the Grenadiers, if they were ever so willing, marching on Hungary, to attend to his Majesty. So his Majesty gave it up and discreetly left the city, which that night remained in the hands of the young men of Vienna and the mutinous Grenadiers and National Guardsmen, who lit huge bonfires in strass and gass and cheered for Louis Kossuth, liberty, equality, and fraternity. Jellachich and a dozen other panders of Absolutism marched on the capital. The revolutionists manned the walls, and sent hot-foot this message to Pesth: "Hungarians, the Austrian lovers of liberty have prevented the despatch of Austrian soldiers to subvert your liberties. The captains of oppression beleaguer us in Vienna. Come to our aid." Kossuth received the message. There was, alas! a delay in deciding on the form of answer, but it was in the end decided as Kossuth wished, and the Hungarian army set out hot-foot to succour the generous defenders of Vienna.

VIII.—The Republic

When the Hungarians crossed the Leitha, revolutionary Vienna was at its last gasp. Windischgratz, Jellachich, and Ausperg had assaulted the city, and despite the heroic defence of the citizens, headed by Messenhauser of the National Guard, Bem, the Polish refugee, and Robert Blum, the German journalist, the Imperialists effected a lodgment. Fighting from house to house and street to street, the defenders were pressed back, and when the Hungarians attacked the besiegers the besieged were unable to make the sortie on which the Hungarians counted to create a diversion, and the Austrian main army was left at liberty to fling itself on Kossuth's raw recruits. The result was defeat. The Hungarians were driven back across the river, and Vienna fell. When they had shot Messenhauser and Blum and a few hundred others, the victorious Imperialists started out to finish off the Hungarians. Windischgratz, fit military tool for any despot, was in supreme command. He marched on the capital. The resistance the dispirited Hungarians offered him, he swiftly overcame. All whom he captured, armed with so much as a pitchfork, he hanged. Every town which did not rejoice at his coming he reduced to ashes. The people of the metropolis beheld the army of the butcher approaching on the 2nd of January, 1849. The premier, Batthyany, and Francis Deak, went out to meet him. They desired to make terms. "Hungary seeks nothing," they said, "except what is hers by law." "I make no terms with rebels," quoth the Austrian, and he placed the Hungarian leaders under arrest. A few hours later he entered the capital, carrying a supply of ropes wherewith to hang Kossuth and the other members of the Diet. But there was no use for the ropes, since Kossuth and the Government had crossed the Danube in the friendly dusk, carrying with them the crown of King Stephen and the Great Seal, and fixed their headquarters at Debreczin, whence they carried on the business of the State. "There is no change in Hungary," said the patriots, "except a change of capital." But Windischgratz considered there was a great change. "I have conquered," he wrote to his master in Vienna, who was now Francis Josef, the veritable old gentleman who to-day occupies the Austrian Throne.

Francis Josef was the nephew of Ferdinand. Ferdinand's nerves were shaken by the rising in Vienna, and he resigned the throne to his nephew without troubling to obey the Constitution by seeking the consent of the Hungarian Parliament to his so doing. The Hungarian Parliament pointed this out, and pointed out, moreover, that Francis Josef should come to Buda-Pesth to be crowned. The answer of Francis Josef—who, mild old man though he be now, was fifty years ago as ruthless a despot as ever filled a throne—was that with the blessing of God he would pacify Hungary, and hang all who opposed the good work. "We decline to recognise you as our legitimate King," said Hungary. "Windischgratz will teach you manners," said Francis Josef "We have rebelled against no Government, we defend

our Constitution," explained Kossuth to Francis Josef. "You will soon share the fate of Messenhauser and Blum, with the blessing of God," replied Francis Josef to Kossuth. The bishops interposing, hurried in a body to Francis Josef, and entreated him to remember his Coronation oath, and they would ever pray. "Go back and pray for your country," said Francis Josef, mocking them. "I shall," said one of the bishops, and he went back and prayed for it with powder and ball.

So things were when Windischgratz sent up his song of triumph from Buda-Pesth, and all looked dark for Hungary. Its ill-armed, untrained soldiers went down with monotonous regularity before the veteran Austrian troops. Kossuth, ill and weak, still remained the hope of the country. No defeat unnerved him or made him waver. He worked, as one said, like a thousand heroes, inspiring, encouraging, planning, and directing, and at last he had his reward. The beautiful feet of the messenger of glad tidings pressed the streets of Debreczin —Klapka had beaten the Austrians in his district—not a very big beating was it, but a very big thing in its results, for when the news reached the other divisions of the patriot army, it inspirited them so much that one of their leaders, General Guyon—who, by the way, was of Irish parentage—at the head of 10,000 honveds and a few regulars, attacked an Austrian force twice his strength at the Branyisko and utterly defeated it. These victories put a stout heart into the Hungarians. The tide was turned, and wherever they met on anything like equal terms, the Austrians went down. In three weeks the Magyars were able to assume the offensive, and, at a signal from Kossuth on the 2nd of March, they attacked the Austrian positions all along the line. In four days they had captured three-fourths of them, and Windischgratz was recalled to Austria and disgraced.

The Emperor Francis Josef was highly incensed that his troops should have been beaten, and to punish the Hungarians, he issued a proclamation—in which, with the blessing of God—for Francis Josef was ever pious—he promised to blot out the name of Hungary and merge the kingdom so completely in Austria that its own mother would not know it. Its laws and institutions were to be "assimilated" —with the blessing of God—to those of Austria, and its people were to be spared the trouble of governing themselves. To carry out the godly work, one Welland was appointed commander-in-chief. Welland, like his master, issued a proclamation to the Hungarians, in which he clearly showed that none but infidels could possibly believe that God had not taken service with the Austrian army, and added, that those who objected to Austrian domination were villains, miscreants, and scum—we quote the good man's precise epithets—they will not ring unfamiliar in Irish ears. Yet, added Welland, his Majesty the Emperor Francis Josef, having been born with an angelic disposition, looked in sorrow, not in anger, on the misguided people, whom false traitors had induced to take up arms, and in the goodness of his heart would grant to them pardon if they delivered

up their arms to Field-Marshal Welland, handed over their leaders to Field-Marshal Welland, and promised Field-Marshal Welland to teach their children to sing:

I thank the goodness and the grace
That on my birth has smiled,
And made me in these happy days,
A happy Austrian child.

The Imp of the Perverse, however, had taken over the Hungarian soul, and the reply of those Hungarians who had hitherto remained passive was to join the national forces, for the Emperor and his Field-Marshal had made it as plain as a pikestaff that the fight was no longer for the Hungarian Constitution, but a fight for national existence. Austria declared she would crush out Hungary. And Hungary replied, like a nation, by severing the last link—the "golden link," as we dub the fetter in Ireland. On the 14th of April the Hungarian Parliament, on the motion of Kossuth, declared Hungary a nation amongst the nations

"Hungary is and shall be," ran the declaration, "a Free and Independent Sovereign European State. The House of Hapsburg, by its treachery and armed aggression, has forfeited now and for evermore the throne, and Hungary enters, according to its inalienable rights, a free and independent State into the family of European States."

Louis Kossuth was acclaimed Dictator and Governor of Hungary, and the green, white, and red tricolour of the martyred Hungarian republicans of 1790 was upraised as the national flag. Under its folds the defenders of the Fatherland swept down upon Welland and his Austrians in the capital and chased them over the Danube, and in a few weeks in all Hungary there were but two towns above which the Tricolour did not wave in triumph. "Lord God," prayed the Magyar soldiers the night before the battle—'tis a genuine prayer we quote—"we pray Thou wilt but withhold Thine aid from the Austrians to-morrow, for then our victory is won."

IX.—The Treason of Gorgei.

Arthur Gorgei had been a lieutenant in the Austrian army. He was young, eloquent, and brilliant, a dashing military leader, and vain as a run of peacocks. When Kossuth sounded the call to arms Gorgei left his comfortable home in Upper Hungary and joined the defenders of the Fatherland. Few of the defenders knew their business, few of their leaders knew their own minds. Gorgei knew his business and his mind, wherefore he went up like a rocket to the head of the honveds, and before the war had advanced many pegs Kossuth made him commander-in-chief. There were other good generals in the national army. Bem, the Polish defender of Vienna, who had escaped Windischgratz's executioners, Dembenski, another Polish patriot, and gallant Klapka and other Hungarians—all older men than Gorgei—cordially accepted the young man as their chief commander. The

soldiers swore by him, and it seemed that the name of Gorgei would be linked with Kossuth's and go thundering down the ages as the conquering champion of Freedom and Right and the Liberator of his Country.

And all this would have been so had Gorgei been a proud man. Unhappily for himself and his country he was the antipodes of a proud man—a vain one. Consequently he quarrelled with Kossuth, quarrelled with the Parliament, quarrelled with Bem and Dembenski and Klapka and Guyon, and one and all who declined to minister to his silly vanity. When the Declaration of Independence was issued, Bem, Dembenski, and the other generals approved of it; because they did so, and because he Arthur Gorgei, had not been consulted by the Provisional Government about the issue of the Declaration, Gorgei most resolutely disapproved of it, and loudly announced that he was none of your republican *canaille*. He desired no separation of Hungary from Austria. He was no enemy to the House of Hapsburg. He fought only for the preservation of the Constitution. He was a loyal man. Which he was not—only an intensely vain one.

Kossuth soothed him. As things fell out it would have been better if he had hanged him. But in the circumstances Kossuth did what any great man, not being a seer, would have done. "Gorgei," he said to him, "Hungary needs only your faithful service now to make her an independent nation. To ensure that, name what you desire and it shall be yours. I am Dictator. Do you desire the Dictatorship? It is yours." "I don't," said Gorgei, somewhat abashed, and promised to serve the Provisional Government. But he served it in such a poor fashion that the Government reduced him from his position of commander-in-chief and placed another above his head. Later on Kossuth again restored him, hoping to placate the vain young man into rendering the services he could render to his country.

Meanwhile, Austria had implored the aid of Russia against the Hungarians, and Russia, on the plea that its own safety would be endangered if Hungary broke up the Austrian Empire, marched 150,000 troops towards Hungary. Kossuth thought out a counter-stroke. He planned to invade Austria, seize the capital, conclude an agreement with the Austrian Republicans and the Poles, and proclaim the three Republics of Hungary, Poland, and Austria, in alliance against the Russian Government and the Austrian Absolutists. Gorgei baulked his plans. When Vienna was his for the outstretching of his hand, Gorgei refused to take it. Henceforward, Kossuth distrusted Gorgei, but the soldiery and a large party in Hungary, dazzled by his brilliance as a soldier and his eloquence as an orator, believed in his good faith. The Russians advanced into the country, and the Austrians, under Haynau, an Austrian replica of the British General Lake, advanced at the same time. Francis Josef marched with Haynau's army.

Now, Kossuth, who was neither a chicken-hearted man on the one hand, nor a fool on the other, did not consider his country lost because the Russians had joined hands with the Austrians, nor yet did he con-

sider it a matter to be treated lightly. He called his generals, and asked them, "Can Hungary defend herself against Russia and Austria combined?" "She can," said General Bem, "She can," said General Dembenski, "She can," said General Guyon, "She can," said General Klapka, "She can't," said General Gorgei. Then Kossuth, putting his distrust aside, once again appealed to Gorgei to be loyal and true, and Gorgei promised he would, swore allegiance to the Hungarian Republic, and accepted the post of Minister of War. After which the Hungarian Generals proceeded to engage Russia and Austria in deadly fight, and all the world wondered at the spectacle of a little people standing up against the forces of two mighty empires and repelling them on the frontiers. But now the treason of General Gorgei came into play. He fought well against the Austrians with his own command, but he declined to co-operate with Bem's and Dembenski's and the other divisions, and they were surrounded by the enemy and cut off in detail. Bem, deprived of aid, was defeated by the Russians and forced to flee, but turning in his tracks he amazed the world and won its applause by snatching the brilliant victory of Hermanstadt ere his army was annihilated. Dembenski, deserted by Gorgei, went down with his face to the foe, and in a little while all that was left to Hungary was Klapka, holding bravely out at Komorn, and Gorgei's own army of 30,000 first-rate fighting-men and 140 pieces of artillery. The Hungarian Government shifted its quarters to the Fortress of Arad; Gorgei's army occupied the country to defend it, Klapka kept the enemy in check on the other side, and although Hungary was in a parlous way, yet to a great man such as Kossuth Hungary was not lost.

Kossuth had noted certain things—that the Russian and Austrian soldiers disliked each other, and that the Russians took no pains to hide their dislike and contempt for the Austrians—that the Russian officers, while treating their Hungarian foemen with every respect and courtesy, delighted in snubbing their Austrian comrades, and that the Russian generals detested the Austrian commander Haynau. To bring about a collision between Russia and Austria seemed feasible, and he hoped by prolonging the war, to render the collision inevitable. Failing this, he had a last card to play—it was to offer to one of the Imperial Russian House the Crown of Hungary, thus dishing the Austrians, and securing for his country, if not the freedom he desired, the status of an independent kingdom. Therefore at Arad he vehemently proclaimed that the war must be proceeded with, but he stood almost alone. The Provisional Government had lost heart, and Gorgei insisted that the fight could no longer be maintained, and that capitulation to the Russians was inevitable. Kossuth was overborne and compelled to resign the dictatorship to Gorgei. "I hold you responsible," said he, in reluctantly handing over his office to the man he distrusted, "before God, before your country, before posterity, that you will use the power I resign to you to preserve the national existence of the fatherland—to procure its welfare and guarantee its future." "Citizens," quoth Gorgei, "all that can be done for the fatherland I shall do."

In forty-eight hours the new Dictator was in the Russian camp, surrendering the army and artillery of Hungary. On the evening of August 13th, Gorgei handed over to the Russian commander, Count Rudiger, at Vilagos, 30,000 fighting men and 138 pieces of cannon. The guns were piled together in the streets and the tricolours furled and laid beside them. General Gorgei had surrendered unconditionally. It was all, he said, he could do for the fatherland—it was what the meanest slave could have done for the fatherland at any time.

The news of the great betrayal reached Kossuth. "Good God," said he, "this man's treason has given Hungary its death-blow." Kossuth, Bem, and Dembenski escaped across the frontier into Turkey. Klapka in his fortress still held out. Gorgei wrote imploring him to surrender—pointing out to him that it was quite foolish and useless for him to prolong the war. Klapka tore the letter to shreds ran up all the spare tricolours he had on top of his fortress, and sent a grand artillery volley into the ranks of the Enemy outside.

"I shall never surrender," said gallant Klapka. "But I am prepared to capitulate." "On what terms?" inquired the Enemy. "On these terms," said Klapka: "First, that all Hungarians who have fought for their fatherland shall be amnestied. Second, that the constitution of Hungary shall be respected and a ministry responsible to the people at once appointed. Third, that the patriot garrison of this fortress, retaining its arms, shall be permitted to march over the frontier into some neutral territory." "Those terms cannot be granted," replied the besiegers. "Then we fight," returned Klapka.

So week after week passed, and Klapka kept the tricolour flying on one little spot of Hungarian soil, circled round by enemies. But all knew that it was a mere question of time until the gallant general was beaten—none knew it better than himself. He fought on his lonely battle in the faint hope of securing terms for his colleagues who were prisoners, and whom Austria intended to slay.

"To restore peace to Hungary and save it from perdition—this was my motive," said Gorgei, excusing his unconditional surrender at Vilagos. "Posterity will judge me."

Posterity has judged him, and pronounced him—as his contemporaries pronounced him—a traitor.

X.—The Entombment.

Besieged by the hosts of the Tyranny, Klapka kept the Tricolour afloat six weeks after Gorgei's treason smote the land. When further resistance was vain, he hauled it down and marched out of Komorn with the honours of war. After which, Austria fed fat her revenge on hapless Hungary. The Bloody Assizes of Pesth and Arad were opened, Field-Marshal Haynau, Francis Josef's head butcher, presiding. And every day the sun sank in blood. Young and old, rich and poor, prince and priest and peasant—all who had stood for Hungary were fish for the hangman's net. Catholic Austria which had so long endeavoured to excite religious animosity betwixt Protestant and Catholic

Hungarians, now showed perfect impartiality in dealing with the ministers of both religions, and the traveller might rest his eyes betimes on the body of a Hungarian Catholic priest dangling at the end of an Austrian rope from one wayside tree, and the corpse of a Hungarian Protestant preacher swinging from the next. The Catholic prelates who had stood for Hungary were scourged, fettered and shut up in noisome dungeons to die—the Protestant ministers who had joined with them shared their fate or were popped out of the world with a bullet or a rope. The lesson was not lost on Europe. It is only on its western frontier that knaves can still keep the people of a nation apart by appealing to that base ignorance which is the mother of religious intolerance.

It was, however, exceedingly distressing to the Emperor Francis Josef that while his Bloody Assizes and his hangmen could finish off the Hungarian leaders, they could not intimidate them. They went to their death like gallant gentlemen, the least concerned of all who saw them die. They had played for a great stake; they had lost, and, like true men, they disdained to avoid the penalty by bowing the knee. Count Louis Batthyany the Premier was arraigned before his enemies and condemned to death, by hanging. Like Wolfe Tone, he claimed to die as a soldier; like the British, in Wolfe Tone's case the Austrians refused. Like Wolfe Tone, he cheated the tyrants by cutting his throat with a knife which a good priest smuggled into his cell—and like Wolfe Tone, the wound he inflicted was not sufficient to kill—neither being experts in throat-cutting—but it left the Austrians no alternative mode of execution but shooting, since his head was too loose on his body to bear either the rope or axe. So they planted him with his back against a wall and his face to a file of Austrian marksmen. "Aim well, good fellows," quoth the Premier of Hungary, and as he fell, his dying cry rang above the musket-crash—"Eljen a haza!"—"My country for ever!" Old Baron Perenzi, white and feeble, the Speaker of the Hungarian Parliament, walked with the sprightliness of youth, smoking a cigar, to his particular gallows-tree. Czerneyes died blowing kisses to the four quarters of "my beautiful Hungary," and Damjanics, the gallant leader of the Hungarian students died laughing at the ludicrous figure the Austrians cut striving to intimidate him. Things which much exasperated Francis Josef and his ministers. But Louis Kossuth—how their fingers itched to catch Louis Kossuth and squeeze the life out through his throat—Louis Kossuth, "advocate, journalist, aged forty-five, of middle height, strong thin, oval face, blue eyes, thin nose, chestnut hair, moustache, long-fingered hands, dreamy appearance—his exterior not indicating the energy of his character"—so ran the description in the Austrian *Hue and Cry*—Louis Kossuth, with Bem, and Dembenski, and Messaros, and Guyon, and many another gallant Magyar was safe in Turkey, whither he had escaped on the news of Gorgei's treason reaching him. "Before I stepped across the frontier," he writes, "I lay down on the soil of my native land—I took a handful of earth; one step, and I was like the hull of a wrecked ship thrown up by the storm on a desert

shore. A Turkish Staff-officer greeted me courteously in the name of Allah. He led me to a place which he had kindly caused to be prepared for me to rest for the night under God's free heaven, and asked for my sword with downcast eyes as if ashamed that a Turk should disarm a Hungarian."

When Russia and Austria had finished complimenting each other on overcoming a little people—"God has blessed our efforts," quoth Russia; "Praise the Lord," responded Austria—they sent around to the Sultan to hand them over Kossuth and Bem and Dembenski and Messaros and Guyon and the other fugitives who had found refuge in his land. "I cannot do so," said the Sultan Abdul Medjid. "The Turk cannot betray the unfortunate." "Tut, tut," said Russia and Austria, "the Christian Powers are agreed that such notions are antiquated; put them aside, and hand us over these rebel rascals." "I shall not," said the Sultan, whereupon Russia and Austria sent Radzwill and Titoff and Sturmer to Constantinople to reason out the case, to show the Sultan that such notions as he seemed to hold had been laughed out of existence in Christian countries since the day of Miguel Cervantes anyhow, and that unless he speedily got rid of them, Austria and Russia would be regretfully compelled to bring him up-to-date by the logic of the sword. The obstinate Sultan replied that honour had ever been the watchword of the Turk—that to betray the unfortunate who had craved his protection was accounted by the Turk dishonourable, and that Turkey would perish first. "Very well," said Radzwill, Titoff, and Sturmer, "we give you thirty hours longer. If at the end of that time you still prove deaf to reason, we shall, with the blessing of God, draw the sword in the cause of civilisation." "So be it," said the valiant Ali Pasha, "and Turkey shall fight, with the help of Allah, for humanity, honour, and national dignity against your civilisation."

The Turkish Council of State met, and some of its members urged that the Hungarian fugitives should be requested to embrace Mahommedanism, since they would thus become subjects of the Sultan, and by no reading of international law could their extradition then be demanded. But the noble Sultan declined to ask those whom misfortune had driven to seek his protection to compromise with their consciences. Rising from his seat in the divan, and raising his hand aloft, he said: "Allah is great—I trust in His protection. But if I must perish, I shall perish with honour. I will not bring upon my name the disgrace of violating the rights of hospitality by surrendering to their enemies the unfortunates who have sought my protection. Since they have sought it, it is theirs. Come what may, I shall not surrender them. I have said it, and thus it shall be. Prepare now the defences of the country."

Let us consider whether the savage we read of in the British Press is the real man who dwells by the Bosphorous. When the cry of famine went up from Ireland the compassionate Turks sent their gold to succour us, and the Christian English intercepted and sent it back. When threatened with destruction in 1849 for sheltering the

Hungarian revolutionists Turkey did not falter. Honour to her was dearer than existence, and in defence of a few hapless men, aliens in race, in language, and in creed, who had craved her protection, she stood prepared to fight and die. "God bless the Turk," wrote the *Nation*, when the news came that Turkey preferred annihilation to dishonour, and the prayer was echoed by freemen all round the earth. But when it came to the point Russia and Austria shirked the combat. For France—which honoured Kossuth and Klapka—was in a ferment, and had they declared war the French people would have forced the French Government to strike in on the side of the Turks, or else there would have been another revolution in the streets of Paris. In the Crimean war the Hungarian refugees proved their gratitude to Turkey by fighting in her ranks, so did an Irishman—the Young Irelander, Eugene O'Reilly, who, remembering how Turkey had sought to help Ireland in 1847, helped her with his sword in 1854, and died O'Reilly Pasha—which is a digression.

Kossuth and others of the revolutionists wandered round the earth seeking aid for their country. Louis Napoleon deceived them, as he deceived the Irish and the Poles, and the English deceived Kossuth for years. Eventually he came to understand England, and spoke of it with contempt. Indomitable Klapka attempted to raise another insurrection and failed, and all seemed over with Hungary. There was much sympathy for her amongst the nations—for sympathy without works is ever to be had, and freedom-loving England, with her heel on Ireland's neck, ventured to suggest to Austria, in the friendliest fashion, of course, that it would be desirable if Austria ceased to oppress Hungary and restored her her Constitution—whereupon Austria replied to England without any pretence of friendliness whatever, that England knew how to play the tyrant better than any country in the world, and that Austria would consider her friendly suggestion as soon as England ceased to oppress "unhappy Ireland," and restored her *her* Constitution. After which liberty-loving England said no more.

Thus it was that fifty years ago the flag of Austria waved over Hungary, and the Austrian Dragoon was the only law in the land. Her Constitution abolished, her institutions uprooted, her lands confiscated, her language banned, her affairs administered by Austrian officials, her country converted into thirteen military districts, and her name erased from the map of Europe—this was her state half-a-century ago. All Europe thought and said that Hungary was dead. We shall see how she was brought by the genius of Francis Deak and the faithfulness of her people to a glorious resurrection.

XI.—The Migration of Deak.

Francis Deak had been placed under arrest by the Austrians in an early stage of the war for declining to advise Kossuth and the members of the Hungarian Diet to unconditionally surrender. In the latter stage he had resided on his estate at Kehida. When the Hungarian flag had been trampled in the blood of its soldiers and

Hungary lay prostrate, all her other leaders dead or in exile, Deak bethought himself it was time to sell his estate and move into town. So he sold his estate and moved up to town—to Pesth—and hired a bedroom and a sittingroom at the Queen of England Hotel, and walked about the streets, playing with children, giving alms to beggars, and conversing with all sorts and conditions of men. The Austrians regarded this doubtfully. "What did Deak sell his estate and come to Pesth for?" they asked each other. "Keep your eyes on him, my children," said the Austrian Prefect to the Austrian police.

But although they kept as many eyes on him as Argus had, still they could find nothing in Deak's conduct to warrant his arrest. They had taken away Hungary's Constitution, they had taken away even Hungary's name, yet they could not construe playing with children, giving to beggars, and talking with men and women, into treason, and that was all Deak did. Still the uneasiness and unrest of the Austrians grew. "It would be a good thing," at length said one brilliant Austrian statesman, "to make Deak a judge. This would console the Hungarian people." And they proposed to Deak he should become a judge. "When my country's Constitution is acknowledged I shall consider your offer." replied Deak. "What Constitution?" asked the Austrians. "The Constitution of 1848," said Deak. "Why, my dear Deak," said the Austrians, "have you forgotten that we have crushed your Hungarian revolution?" "The Constitution still remains," said Deak "The Constitution of 1848 was a quite impossible affair," began the Austrians. "The Constitution still remains," repeated Deak. "Let us point out to you——" began the Austrians. "It is useless, gentlemen," said Deak; "it is not a matter for argument. The Constitution still remains." Then a conciliatory Austrian statesman put his arm beneath Deak's, and said, coaxingly, "Surely, Deak, you don't demand that after such a series of accomplished facts we should begin affairs with Hungary over again?" "I do," said Deak. "Why?" asked the Austrian. "Because," said Deak, "if a man has buttoned one button of his coat wrong, it must be undone from the top." "Ah, ha," said the Austrian, "but the button might be cut off." "Then, friend," said Deak, "the coat could never be buttoned properly at all. Good afternoon."

"Deak wants the Constitution back," said the Austrians; "children cry for the moon." "Repeal the Union—restore the Heptarchy," said the English statesman, scoffingly, but Ireland had no Deak. In Deak's little room in the Pesth hotel every night a few friends gathered who puffed tobacco and drank moderately of wine. They had no passwords and no secrecy—they discoursed of Hungarian history, Hungarian literature, Hungarian industries, Hungarian economics, and the Hungarian Constitution, which they obstinately declined to oblige the Austrians by believing to be dead. "It is not dead, but sleepeth—owing to the illegal administering of a drug." Deak, who was a cheerful man, talked of the day when it would awaken, and made jokes. Visitors to Pesth from the country districts came to visit Deak. They stopped the evening, smoked a pipe and drank a glass of wine with him

and the others who gathered in his sitting-room, and as they talked the hopelessness fell from them. Deak's sanguine spirit crept into their hearts and they left convinced that Hungary was not dead. Then they returned to their districts and said to the people: "Though our Parliament has been abolished—though our County Councils have been suppressed, though martial law reigns throughout the land, though our language is banned and our Press muzzled, though Batthyany is dead, Szechenyi in a madhouse, and Kossuth in exile, countrymen, all is not lost. Francis Deak has re-arisen in Pesth. We have seen him, we have spoken with him, and he charges us to say to you, 'Lift your hearts up, people of Hungary. Justice and Right shall prevail. Hungary shall rise again!'" Tyranny walked the land and crushed with iron hand every manifestation of nationality; but hope, rekindled by Deak, it could not crush out. The light that nightly shone from the window of Francis Deak's room lit up Hungary—the conversations and witty sayings of the men of all shades of opinion who gathered around his fireplace were repeated and passed from mouth to mouth throughout Hungary. The figure of Deak impressed itself stronger than the State of Siege on the Magyar. Deak grew and grew in his imagination till he grew into a Colossus—in his shadow protection, in his hands strength. "Hungary shall arise," said the Magyars, "for the great Francis Deak—Deak the Unswerving, Deak the Farseeing, has told us so."

Now the strength of Francis Deak in 1850 lay mainly in the fact that Hungary was united. Hungary before 1848 had been aristocratic and democratic, republican, royalist, revolutionary, reactionary — all sorts and conditions of things. Hungary emerged from the war united —class distinctions had vanished, party distinctions as they had been understood had vanished. Some men blamed the revolutionists, some men blamed the reactionaries, but all were agreed that Hungary must govern itself for the future or perish, and to Deak the whole nation looked to show them how the national existence could be preserved. Those who had been the West-Britons of Hungary, the Austrian Garrison, had learned wisdom and patriotism from the terror which had devastated the land, and with "all due reverence and loyalty," they forwarded a memorial to the Emperor of Austria, telling him in plain words that dragooning the people and blotting out the name of Hungary was not the way to win the hearts of their countrymen." "Hungary is, indeed, indissolubly connected with Austria," said the erstwhile Garrison, "but Hungary has rights which Austria cannot deny or take away—she has a right to free municipal institutions and a free constitution. We are loyal subjects of your Majesty, but it is not incompatible with our loyalty to demand the restoration of our rights." "This is quite enough," said the Emperor, "have the fellows who signed this memorial placed under police surveillance." "And let them thank God that your Majesty is merciful enough not to chop off their rebelly heads," said Bach.

Bach was the Austrian Joseph Chamberlain. In his early days he had been possessed of a thrist for aristocratic gore and a habit of

shrieking "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," wherever he went. He hated tyranny and kings, and lords, and loved the labouring poor. He shouted so loudly that the Government, becoming moidhered, took him by the hand and introduced him to polite society and a number of duchesses. In a short time Bach learned to shout the other way round, and damned all and sundry who would dare gainsay whatever the Lord's Anointed —Francis Josef—decreed. Like his English copy, Bach was blessed by nature with a cheek of brass, and by its aid he soon became the Emperor's right-hand man. Said the Emperor to Bach, "This Francis Deak is giving us some trouble in Hungary; better conciliate him." It shall be done, sire," said Bach, and then he smilingly turned to Deak, and said, "It appears, Deak, you are not satisfied with the manner in which Austria governs Hungary. Now let us discuss the matter in a reasonable and statesmanlike spirit. Let Hungary appoint you her representative, and you can open negotiations with me here in Vienna." "I must beg you to excuse me," replied Deak, "but I cannot negotiate with Vienna while the Hungarian Constitution is illegally suspended. As you must see, Herr Bach, while Hungary has no Constitution I can have no political existence."

So far to hint at the policy Deak had conceived, a policy of Passive Resistance, which in eighteen years beat the Austrian Government to its knees. Deak stood by the Constitution of Hungary, as Irish statesmen had we had them instead of Irish agitators, would have stood by the Constitution of 1782—illegally suspended since the year 1800. He declined to argue or debate the merits of that Constitution or the "fitness" of his countrymen for it—good or bad, fit or unfit, it was Hungary's property and Hungary only could relinquish it. He refused to go to Vienna or to go to Canossa. Pesth was the capital of his nation, and in Pesth he planted his flag. "Keep your eyes on your own country," he said to the people, from which it may be inferred that a policy of Passive Resistance and a policy of Parliamentarianism are very different things, although the people of Ireland have been drugged into believing that the only alternative to armed resistance is speechmaking in the British Parliament. Deak wrote on his banner the motto, "No Compromise on the Constitution," and he never swerved a hair's breadth during his struggle from that motto, as we shall see in following the development and triumph of his policy.

XII.—How Francis Josef Visited Pesth.

The light from the window of Francis Deak's room in the Pesth hotel irritated and alarmed the ministers of darkness. An Austrian garrison, politely called a police force, even as the Royal Irish Constabulary is, occupied Hungary. Its duties were exactly similar—to keep the movements of Hungarian Nationalists under surveillance by day, to pay them domiciliary visits by night, to disperse and bludgeon any assembly of Hungarians whereat the National feeling was fearlessly voiced, to superintend with their bayonets the confiscation of the soil, and to seize and destroy Hungarian newspapers or prints

which had courage enough to despise and denounce the Tyranny. An Austrian Lord Lieutenant ruled in Pesth and erased the historic territorial divisions of Hungary, the Hungarian Parliament was declared dead as Cæsar, and a swarm of hungry Austrian bureaucrats ruled the land. Trial by jury was abolished, and Austrian removables, at 4,000 roubles per annum, manned the Bench; the Hungarian language was officially prohibited in the transaction of public business, and fired neck-and-crop out of the schools; and even as animosity and distrust are sought to be kindled and kept alive between Irish Catholic and Irish Protestant by the English Government, so the Austrian Government sought to kindle and keep alive race-hatred in Hungary.

And yet Francis Deak, sitting on the Bridge of Buda-Pesth on a sunny afternoon, encouraging little boys to throw hand-springs and telling little girls stories of gnomes and ogres and beautiful princeses rescued by gallant cavaliers—who always, by the way, bore good Hungarian names, while, curious to relate, the ogres seemed to have been made in Germany—Francis Deak sauntering along the Parade, talking to the unemployed, and Francis Deak by night in his hotel discussing the history, literature, and general position of Hungary with men of different callings, violently disturbed the equanimity of the bureaucrats in Pesth—yet why they could not say. The wave of disturbance rolled on to Vienna, and the statesmen there hit upon a subtle plan for the extinction of Hungarian nationality beyond the power of all the Kossuths and Deaks in the world to revive. This was to incorporate Hungary in the Germanic Confederation, so that if at any time Hungary again attempted to raise her head, not only Austria, but Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, and all the other countries of Germany would be bound to swoop down on her. It would have succeeded very well had there been no France. The Hungarian refugees turned to France, as all oppressed peoples have from time to time instinctively turned to France—with all her faults, the noblest Power in the world—and appealed to her to save Hungary "from the fate of Poland—from annihilation." France intervened. Austria bluffed, but France remained firm. "We shall treat the attempt to obliterate Hungary as a *casus belli*," said the French Government, whereupon Austria caved in, and furthermore the State of Siege was abolished.

The abolition of the State of Siege was a little change in one way—the bureaucracy still ruled the land, and the Constitution was still in abeyance—but it permitted Deak to carry out one side of his policy with greater freedom. The Kostelek or Agricultural Union which he had founded set itself to compete with Austrian farm produce and wipe it out of the home and foreign market; the Vedegylet or National Protective Union which Kossuth had founded was freer now to wage war on the Austrian manufacturer, and the National Academy was freer to preach love of Hungary's literature and Hungary's language, than hitherto. The Hungarian exiles co-operated with the people at home—they sought support in the countries where they dwelt for Hungarian manufactures and aroused sympathy and appreci-

tion for Hungarian literature. It was in 1854 the State of Siege was abolished—in 1857 the progress of Hungary was a "cause of serious apprehension to the Court of Vienna."

And all this time Francis Deak, the guiding and directing mind, never appeared on a public platform, never made a single speech, never moved a resolution solemnly protesting against Austrian despotism.

Bach in Vienna was alarmed and disconcerted. He felt it necessary that Deak's influence should be destroyed, but how to destroy it puzzled him. At last he hit on an idea as brilliant and original as the modern Englishman himself could conceive—the idea of "a Royal Visit." "You must visit Pesth, sire," said he to Francis Josef. And Francis Josef prepared to visit Pesth. The Pesth newspapers were instructed to announce that a new era was about to dawn. Francis Josef was coming to Pesth—he was coming to restore the confiscated estates to the political offenders, and shower blessings on the people, and, therefore, he should be accorded a loyal and enthusiastic reception. Francis Deak would, of course, welcome him with open arms, for Deak was a loyal man. "I am," said Deak, "to the King of Hungary." "And, of course, the Emperor of Austria is King of Hungary," suggested the reptile Press. "He is entitled to be," said Deak, "when he complies with the law, swears to uphold the Constitution of Hungary, and is crowned with the crown of St. Stephen in Buda. I am a Hungarian—I owe allegiance to the King of Hungary—I owe none to the Emperor of Austria."

The Emperor of Austria arrived in Pesth on the 4th of May, 1857, and was received with prolonged and enthusiastic cheers by five thousand Viennese imported into Pesth for the occasion, by the plain-clothes policemen, the Austrian officials and the members of their families, and by the lion-and-unicorn shopkeepers. The people looked on at the magnificent procession, which entered the city under a triumphal arch, erected by public subscription of the Austrian bureaucrats and their hangers-on in Pesth, bearing the inscription, "God has sent you." But it was really Bach. The procession paraded the city in the following order:

A Band of Austrian Lancers.
A Detachment of Lancers.
A Detachment of the Rifle Brigade.
A Band of Court Trumpeters.
Police Officials.
Carriages of Loyal Nobles.
Prince Paul Esterhazy in his State Carriage, with twenty-five Running Footmen.
Prince Nicholas Esterhazy in a Carriage-and-six, with twenty-two Running Footmen.
The Cardinal Archbishop in a Carriage-and-Six.
A Brass Band.
Twelve Bishops in Carriages-and-four.
A Bishop on Horseback with a Silver Cross.
The Emperor on Horseback.
The Empress in a Carriage wearing a Hungarian hat.
Six Gingerbread Coaches with the Ladies of the Court.
A Brass Band.

The Emperor was received at the triumphal arch by the Mayor—one Von Connrad—who assured him of his own loyalty and that of the people of Pesth—after which Von Connrad had to be protected by the police from his loyal fellow-citizens.

A *Te Deum* was sung in the Castle, and a great display of fireworks was given that night at a cost of 5,000 roubles, subscribed "on behalf of the people of Pesth" by the Austrian officials. "It was money well spent," said the Austrian newspapers. "The people remained out till after midnight viewing the illuminations on both sides of the bridge, which were simply superb. The spirit of loyalty was everywhere enthusiastically manifested—and none who witnessed the glorious scene could feel other than convinced that the visit of his Majesty the Emperor has completely annihilated the schemes of those wicked men who would seek to lead a naturally loyal people like the Hungarians away from their duty and their own best interests—which are inseparably connected with the maintenance of the Empire."

It was a great time for the officials and seoinini of Pesth. There were levees and balls and banquets and loyal speeches *go leor*, and the Emperor bubbled over with love for his Hungarian subjects. "I have come to examine into the wishes and necessities of my beloved Hungary," he said in reply to the loyal address of the Catholic Hierarchy. "It affords me a deep pleasure to be again among my Hungarian people and to show this beautiful land to my dear wife, the Empress. It shall be my continual endeavour to promote the well-being of my faithful Hungarian people."

Her Majesty the Empress visited the convent schools, with her Hungarian hat on, and insisted on only Hungarian dances being danced before her. His Majesty the Emperor went to the Academy and expressed his admiration for the Hungarian language. "It is surely a New Era," said the Hungarian jellyfish; "let us present him with an address, Deak." "No," said Deak. "Not a grovelling address," urged the jellyfish; "an address pointing out the grievances under which we labour, and demanding their removal." Said Deak, "While Francis Josef violates the law and arbitrarily abrogates the Constitution Hungary cannot recognise him." But the loyal-addressers determined to present an address, and they did. Desewffy drew it up, and in it he said: "We do not doubt that your Majesty will in the course of your inquiries arrive at the conviction that it will be possible to bring into harmony those historic institutions which are bound up with the life of the nation, and to which the people are devoutly attached, with the requirements of the age, the necessity for the unity of the monarchy, and the conditions of a strong government. We will readily co-operate with the other subjects of your Majesty in everything that may be needful to maintain the security of the monarchy, to heighten its prestige, and to increase its power. In the greatness of your Majesty and the strength of the Empire lies our own security, and in the general welfare of the monarchy our own prosperity. The unity of the monarchy is the result of centuries; it comes from the co-operation of all the national forces of the Empire. A people which has had a

past is never able to forget its history. This country has learned the lessons which history teaches, and the interest of your Majesty demands that it should not forget them. Our fatherland feels and acknowledges the obligations it is under to your Majesty and to the common monarchy; it is ready to discharge these obligations—to do everything but this—to be untrue to itself, to renounce its individual existence, and abjure the creed which is itself founded upon its dynastic feelings and its devotion to the dynasty."

Cardinal Szilowsky went to the Emperor to present the Loyal Address, and the Emperor bowed him out. After which the Emperor returned direct to Vienna instead of visiting Keckesmet, where his faithful people had set fire to the triumphal arch under which he was to enter, and expressed their sorrow that they could not put him on top of it while it burned. But the Vienna newspapers proclaimed that the Emperor's visit had been a marvellous success, and that all Hungary was now loyal. Some Hungarians even desponded and remarked to Deak that the Austrian regime in Hungary seemed certain to endure. "One day," replied Deak, "I consulted my gardener, who also knew something about architecture, as to the solidity of a vine-dresser's hut which had been erected on my estate. Said the gardener, 'The building may stand for a long time if the wind does not blow hard.' 'Yes,' said I, 'but suppose it does blow hard—and often?'"

A few months after the Deak-destroying visit of the Emperor Francis Josef, Bach realised that his grand scheme had been a fiasco—Hungary was as strong and as anti-Austrian as ever. "I must fix up Deak," said Bach, and he again invited him to come to Vienna to discuss the Constitution. "I know nothing of any Constitution, except the Hungarian Constitution; I can only treat on the basis of the Hungarian Constitution," replied Deak. "Come and let us discuss matters," urged Bach. "There can be no discussion, no argument, no compromise on the Hungarian Constitution. It still remains—and I remain in Pesth," said Deak. And so the year of Our Lord 1859 dawned for Hungary.

XIII.—The Fall of Bach.

In the spring of 1859 all Europe saw that war between France and Austria was imminent. Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the French, desired it; Francis Josef, Emperor of Austria, desired it, and Count Cavour, King Victor Emmanuel's right-hand man, desired it—each for his own interests. The attitude of Russia, Prussia, and England was uncertain. Austria tried to hook in Prussia on her side, but Prussia had her own game to play and held aloof. France squared Russia into an attitude of benevolent neutrality. England was next to be considered. England was pro-Austrian and anti-Italian. In these latter days we read of how intensely England sympathised with the Italians in their struggle for liberty; but in the days when the Italians were struggling for their liberty, in this year of 1859, all England's policy

was directed to keeping the Austrian's Red Hussar in Italy. Louis Napoleon hesitated to involve himself in a simultaneous war with Austria and England. Kossuth, Count Teleki, and General Klapka were waiting in Paris these couple of years for the something they felt would turn up to help their poor country, and one midnight a diplomatic angel appeared to Kossuth and bade him follow to the Tuilleries.

In the Tuilleries Palace the Emperor of the French and the Hungarian exile fenced each other over cigarettes and wine, until the dawn began to appear. Louis Napoleon wanted the help of the Hungarians against Austria, and particularly the help of Louis Kossuth against the pro-Austrian English. Kossuth was willing, but he wanted his price, which was the complete independence of Hungary. The Emperor higgled, but the Magyar was firm. He was a Republican, he said, and detested the name of kings, but he would, if necessary, place the Crown of St. Stephen on Louis Napoleon's brother's head, if Louis wished it; he would sacrifice everything to secure the complete independence of his country. An understanding was come to between the two men before they parted—the Emperor and the King of Sardinia were to assist Kossuth, Teleki, and Klapka—who were to constitute themselves the Hungarian National Committee—with money and arms. The triumvirate was to induce the Hungarian soldiers in the Austrian service to desert, and the Hungarian soldiers taken prisoners during the campaign were to be handed over to them. Out of these Klapka was to form a Hungarian National army, which aided by a French corps, would advance into Hungary, call the nation to arms, and attack the Austrians. Kossuth was to be proclaimed Dictator. The Emperor of the French was then to recognise the independence of Hungary, and insist on the Emperor of Austria recognising it, as a condititon of peace. The Emperor of the French guaranteed that Russia would not again intervene in Hungary, and he required Kossuth to see that the English did not intervene in Italy.

Kossuth immediately sailed for England, on his secret mission, and pulled the wires with such skill that the Government of Lord Derby was overthrown, and a Government which would not attempt to intervene installed in its place. Then the war begun, Austria being quite confident she was going to win an easy victory—Montebello, Magenta, Solferino followed. In seven weeks' time Austria was cowering before France. Kossuth and his comrades were in high spirits, their emissaries had Hungary ready for their approach—4,000 Hungarian deserters from the Austrian service had been equipped and formed the first five battalions of the army of liberation. "The work goes gloriously on," wrote Klapka—"three weeks more and we shall have 20,000—and then, ho! for Pesth." And then like a bolt from the blue came the news that the Emperor of the French had signed the peace of Villafranca with the Emperor of Austria, branding himself as a liar to all time, and leaving his country a legacy of ill-will from her natural allies, the Italians. "I have come," he had told the Italians, "to free Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic." He betrayed the Italians

and he betrayed the Hungarians in his deal with Francis Josef at Villafranca, and the memory of his treachery has kept Italy estranged from France since and gained England—which Italy has no reason to love—an ally in the Mediterranean. The betrayed Hungarians stood aghast, but to them came a messenger from Napoleon the Little, bearing a letter for Kossuth, weighted with compliments and expressions of esteem and sorrow that the exigencies of the European situation had rendered it impossible for the Emperor to help M. Kossuth to free his interesting country. But he begged M. Kossuth to confer the inestimable privilege of drawing upon him to any extent for the money M. Kossuth would require to bring up his children as they should be brought up, and soforth. "Go back," said Kossuth, addressing the messenger, "to your master, the Emperor of the French, and tell him he is not rich enough to offer alms to Louis Kossuth." And though Kossuth starved in Turin, he lived to witness the downfall of the man who deceived him.

Francis Josef came back from the wars in a chastened spirit. "My beloved subjects," he said to his people, "truth compels me to proclaim that we have been whipped," and therefore, he announced he would direct his whole and uninterrupted attention to establish the "internal welfare and external power of Austria by a judicious development of its rich, moral, and material strength, and by making such improvements in the Legislature and Administration as are in accord with the spirit of the age." Next he fired out Bach. Thirdly, he invited Baron Josika, a Hungarian, to become Minister of the Interior. "Your Majesty," said Josika, "I am a Hungarian. I understand Hungarians. I do not understand Austrians. If you appointed an Austrian to govern us Hungarians, he could not govern us well because he is alien to us. Neither could I govern well your Austrians, since I am of a different race. I assure your Majesty that the man who pretends he can govern a people well, who does not belong to that people, or else who has not spent his lifetime amongst them, is a humbug." Josika's reason for refusing office we commend to English statesmen as an excellent jest. Golouchowski, a Pole, was then offered and accepted the office declined by Josika. He and the Emperor put their heads together, and finally decided to increase the number of members in the Reichsrath—that is, or was, the equivalent of what we know as the Privy Council—that they might better confer and consult with it as to how to fix up matters. Six members were summoned from Hungary. "What shall we do?" asked the summoned of Deak. "Don't go," said Deak. "If Francis Josef wants to consult Hungary, let him come to Pesth and consult her through her Parliament." Whereupon three of them refused to go, and three went and made eloquent speeches on the floor of the House, incited thereto by Count Desewffy, the loyal-addresser of 1857, who through attending tea-parties and things organised by Rechberg and Van Hubner, two Austrian Union-of-Hearts' statesmen, came to the conviction that Deak was really the obstacle to the better understanding of two people whom God had created as the complement of each

other, and Francis Deak, instigated by the devil, kept asunder. Poor Von Hubner, however, was an honest fellow, and in the exuberance of his New Eraian enthusiasm he grew quite sentimental about Hungary, with the result that the loving Emperor fired him out of office The Hungarian County Councils had been abolished in defiance of the Constitution, and the Emperor and Golouchowski concluded their first step in the Conciliation game should be to revive these Councils in defiance of the Constitution, since they dared not admit the right of the Hungarian Parliament. If they acted honestly, the thing was simple enough. The Hungarian Parliament need only be convoked, and the County Councils would be brought again into being by the simple command of that Parliament. But this was the last thing the Emperor or Golouchowski intended to do at this period. They had set out with the policy of killing off the demand for an autonomous Hungary and drawing the fangs of Hungarian disloyalty by restoring her a strictly limited district control over her gas-and-water, and by saying kind things of the Hungarian people and offering jobs and titles to influential Hungarians. "Let the dead past bury its dead," said Golouchowski—amongst the dead which it would bury being the Hungarian Constitution of 1848, a fact, however, which Golouchowski forgot to remind Hungary of, but which Hungary did not forget. There were, of course, wise men in Hungary who saw quite plainly that Deak was entirely wrong in his policy, and who resented the fun he made of the conciliators. "Let us first arrive at a reconciliation with Austria, and then we shall be able to get justice done to the claims of Hungary and get our Parliament back," said the Wise Men to Deak. "Let Austria first recognise the lawful status and authority of the Hungarian Parliament, and then by all means let the Parliament recognise the necessity for harmonising the distinctive rights of Hungary with the recognition of the common monarchy," Deak replied to the Wise Men. "Expediency," whispered the Wise Men to Deak. "Principle, Principle, Principle!" Deak shouted back, and his voice echoed through Hungary.

The Emperor and Golouchowski, to avoid "recognising the lawful status and authority of the Hungarian Parliament," appointed a Hungarian Royal Commission to inquire into the working of Bach's Municipal Law—that is, to re-create the County Councils. The country looked to Deak. It wanted its County Councils back badly, and it hoped he might find some means of accepting the commission. But Deak was inexorable. "Return the Emperor of Austria your patents," he said to the Commissioners. "None but the King of Hungary can appoint a Royal Hungarian Commission." So the Royal Commissioners returned their patents with a polite note, in which they informed the Emperor of Austria and his Ministers that the work they were asked to do was work for the Hungarian Parliament, and the Hungarian Parliament alone. "See," said the Wise Men, reproachfully, "Deak's absurd and quixotic notions have prevented Hungary from having her County Councils restored." But the reproach fell on deaf ears. Hungary was grieved, but unshaken. "Whatever it may

seem on the outside, we know that Deak is right," said the people. "To Hungary Deak can do no wrong."

The splendid allegiance of the people to Deak saved the Hungarians. Had they listened to the voices of the weaklings, and the teachings of expediency, they would have got their County Councils—in exchange for their principle—and there was an end of Hungary. But Hungary had statesmen, not politicians at her head. Deak's immobility and Hungary's solidity baffled Austria. Austria could not recede—her Imperial existence depended on reversing Bach's Absolutist policy. She could not advance—unless she paid Hungary toll. Deak had foreseen and knew—and smoking his pipe, waited. And the result was that Austria offered toll. By Royal Ordinance the County Councils were restored. Austria must needs save its face by making the restoration on the outside an Imperial affair, but at the same time the Hungarian Parliament was convoked. The wisdom of Deak was demonstrated even to the Wise Men, and Hungary not unnaturally was going to shout, when Deak told it not to. "Wait, my countrymen," said he, "until the Parliament opens, and we see what we shall see. There is abundant time to shout afterwards." Deak knew his Austria, and Hungary sobered up, and in a calm and critical spirit awaited the now famous "Meeting of the Hungarian Diet of 1861."

XIV.—How the Hungarians Refused to Send Representatives to the "Imperial Parliament."

The County Councils were re-established. Their first action was to dismiss the Austrian officials who had been planted on the counties during the Ten Years' Tyranny, their second to strike out the rate for supporting the Austrian army, their third to order the tax-collectors to collect no taxes unless levied by authority of the Hungarian Parliament. "What is the object sought after by the Hungarian County Councils?" asked a Vienna journal indignantly. Its answer to its own question did not convey the truth half so well as the prompt reply of the County Council of Pesth—"To sweep away every trace of Austrian rule, and hold Hungary for the Hungarians." Francis Josef was disconcerted. He invited Deak to come and discuss matters with him, and Deak went. Francis Josef promised Deak that he would satisfactorily settle the Hungarian question, and assured Deak he might banish all suspicions from his mind of Francis Josef's *bona fides*. Deak was not bamboozled, but he decided to remove all pretext for breaking faith from Francis Josef's grasp. Therefore Deak advised the County Councils to a less strenuous policy until the Parliament met, and they saw what kind of a Parliament it was, and the County Councils, which were animated by a magnificent anti-Austrian feeling, bowed to Deak's statesmanship and tamed their hearts of fire. Suddenly the news came to Pesth that Golouchowski had resigned and that Von Schmerling had succeeded him, and then came the news that Schmerling had a policy which was infallibly to settle the Hungarian question and the Bohemian question and the Croatian question and the

twenty other questions which disturbed the Austrian Empire. Forty years later certain English statesmen have rediscovered Schmerling's profound policy and labelled it "Home Rule all Round." Schmerling proposed to establish, or re-establish, local Parliaments in the different countries of the Empire, these Parliaments having control over internal affairs, but no control over Imperial taxation, military matters, foreign affairs, etc. An Imperial Parliament in Vienna was to control all these things. This Imperial Parliament was to consist of 343 members, of which Hungary was to have 85, Bohemia 56, Transylvania 20, Moravia 22, Upper and Lower Austria 28, Croatia and Slavonia 9, Styria 13, the Tyrol 12, and the smaller States smaller numbers. Hungary received the Schmerling policy with a shout of derision. "Do you think Hungarians are going to discuss the affairs of their country with foreigners in a foreign city?" they asked. "You are mad, or else you seek to insult us." Excitement grew in Pesth, and Deak had to use all his influence to restrain the people from proceeding to acts of violence against the Home-Rule-cum-Empire Party, which was almost wholly composed of Austrians or the sons of Austrians. "Be calm," said he to the people; "await the meeting of the Diet. A single false step and all may be ruined." The Emperor's warrant for the convening of the Diet was received, and Deak was immediately elected for Pesth. Three hundred and twenty-eight representatives in all were elected that March of 1861, three hundred and seven of them being avowedly anti-Austrian, and the handful hurlers on the ditch. When they had been elected, they refused to meet in the Castle of Buda, whither they had been summoned. "The Constitution of 1848 fixed our meeting-place in Pesth," they said, "and in Pesth we meet or not at all." The Austrians fought, cajoled, and gave way. The result was hailed as a great national victory, since in her despite Austria had been forced to recognise the laws of '48. On the 6th of April, 1861, the Hungarian Parliament was opened by the Royal Commissioner, Count George Apponyi. Pesth was seething with excitement, and the deputies as they passed into the hall, were greeted by the people with shouts of "Hungary for ever. Down with the Austrians." The deputies went dressed in the national costume of Hungary, and when they gathered in the hall, they, with a simultaneous impulse, shouted the dying words of Count Louis Batthyany, the Premier of Hungary, as he fell in 1849, beneath the bullets of his Austrian executioners, "Eljen a haza!" "My country for ever!" Then Francis Josef's message was read by Francis Josef's commissioner. His Majesty felt deeply, he said, that mistrust and misunderstanding had arisen between Austrians and Hungarians, and he wished to restore peace and harmony. To that end he invited the Hungarian Legislature to meet, look after Hungary's gas-and-water, and send representatives to the Imperial Parliament in Vienna. The hall resounded with the scornful laughter of the deputies of the Hungarian people. Francis Deak calmed the tumult. "My countrymen," he said, "the generous Austrians seek to have us accept as a boon a Constitution which is a mockery and the shadow of our right, and these good

foreigners seek to transfer to a foreign assembly sitting in the capital of a foreign country, and calling itself an Imperial Parliament, the right of making laws for ourselves and our children. Who is mean enough to acquiesce?" "None!" shouted the representatives of Hungary with one voice. "None, indeed," said Deak, "and let us in terms consistent with the dignity of our nation tell him so who has proposed it." Whereupon Deak drew up and the Hungarian Parliament adopted the famous "First Address of the Hungarian Diet of 1861 to his Imperial Majesty Francis Josef, Emperor of Austria, in reply to his speech to the Parliament of the Free Kingdom of Hungary." In this great document, every line breathing manliness, patriotism, and resolution, Deak stated the case of Hungary, not for Francis Josef only, but for all the world. The Loyal-Addresser, as we know him in Ireland, had ceased to exist in the Hungary of 1861:

"The twelve years which have just elapsed," said the Address, "have been to us a period of severe suffering. Our ancient Constitution has been suspended. We have been grievously oppressed by a system of power hitherto unknown to us. The burden of this crushing system has been exercised by Imperial agents, who have carried it out with vindictive feelings, with narrow powers of apprehension, and often with evil intent. In their eyes the feeling of liberty was a crime; fond attachment to our nationality and the purest patriotism were not less so. These men have exhausted the strength of our land, have converted the property of the nation to illegal purposes, and have made our nationality an object of persecution. Each day brought new sufferings; each suffering tore from our bosom another fibre of faith and confidence." "We suffered," continued the Address, but in manly triumph added, "we were not untrue to ourselves"—hence Austria is forced to abandon Absolutism, and "We, the representatives of Hungary, assemble to recommence our constitutional activity." The first step we are called on to take, say the addressers bluntly, is a painful one—because it is to send *you*, Francis Josef, an address, whilst still illegalities and tyranny exist; but our first duty we know—it is "to devote our united strength and all our capabilities that Hungary may remain Hungary. If the independence of our country be menanced, it is our duty as men to raise our common voice against the attack." And it *is* threatened, continue the addressers—threatened by the very first step which *you*, Francis Josef, have taken in a Constitutional direction. It has been violated in that the Hungarian Constitution has been only re-established *conditionally*, deprived of its most essential attributes. It has been violated by the Diploma of October.

"That Diploma would rob Hungary for ever of the ancient provisions of her Constitution, which subject all questions concerning public taxation and the levying of troops throughout Hungary solely to Hungary's Parliament; it would deprive the nation of the right of passing, in concurrence with the King, its own laws on subjects affecting the most important material interests of the land. All matters relating to money, credit, the military establishments, customs, and commerce of Hungary—these essential questions of

a political national existence—are placed under the control of an Imperial Parliament, the majority of whose members will be foreigners. There these subjects will be discussed from other than Hungarian points of view, with regard to other than Hungarian interests. Nor is that all—in the field of administration this Diploma makes the Hungarian Government dependent on the Austrian—on a Government which is not even responsible, and in the event of its becoming so would render an account not to Hungary, but to the Imperial Parliament, who would give us no guarantee for our interests where they should come into collision with those of Austria. Were this idea to be realised Hungary would remain Hungary only in name, whilst in reality she would become an Austrian province. This forcible attempt directed, in defiance of right against us and our constitutional independence is not only in opposition to our laws, but is an attack on the Pragmatic Sanction—on that fundamental State compact concluded in the year 1723 between Hungary and the reigning House."

The Address then recites the history and provisions of the Pragmatic Sanction, and asks what surety could Hungary have that in an Imperial Parliament, overwhelmingly foreign in race and divergent in interest, Hungarian rights and interests would be respected. Such a Parliament would necessarily place Hungarian affairs under the control of an Austrian majority—"it would make our interests dependent on an entirely foreign policy." Further on the Address continues: "We cannot consent to the withdrawal from the province of the Hungarian Diet of the right to decide *all* and *every* matter concerning public taxation and the raising of military forces. As we entertain no wish to exercise the right of legislation over any other country, so we can divide with none but the King of Hungary the right of legislation over Hungary; we can make the Government and administration of Hungary depend on none other than its king, and cannot unite the same with the Government of any other country—THEREFORE, WE DECLARE THAT WE WILL TAKE PART NEITHER IN THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT NOR IN ANY OTHER ASSEMBLY WHATSOEVER OF THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE EMPIRE; AND, FURTHER, THAT WE CANNOT RECOGNISE THE RIGHT OF THE SAID IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT TO LEGISLATE ON THE AFFAIRS OF HUNGARY, and are only prepared to enter on special occasions into deliberation with the constitutional peoples of the hereditary States as one independent nation with another."

"Do you want to be crowned King of Hungary?" continued the Address in effect. "Very well; first comply with the law—cease to illegally suspend our Constitution, and then we shall arrange about your coronation." And the Address concluded: "Neither might nor power is the end of government; might is only the means—the end is the happiness of the people. . . . The King of Hungary becomes only by virtue of the act of coronation legal King of Hungary; but the coronation is coupled with certain conditions prescribed by law, the previous fulfilment of which is indispensably necessary The maintenance of our constitutional independence and of the territorial

and political integrity of the country inviolate, the completion of the Diet, the complete restoration of our fundamental laws, the reinstitution of our Parliamentary Government and our responsible Ministry, and the setting aside of all the still surviving consequences of the Absolute System are the preliminary conditions which must be carried into effect before deliberation and conciliation are possible."

On the 5th of July a messenger sped from Pesth to Vienna with the Address of the Hungarian Parliament to Francis Josef. A day or two later and all the world heard of it. The Press of Vienna exploded with indignation. "Here," said they, "we have offered the right hand of friendship to the Hungarians, and the lazy, good-for-nothing, ungrateful scoundrels spit upon it, because, forsooth, we don't offer and give them full permission to disrupt the Empire." The English Press was also highly indignant. England was aiming to get Austria and Prussia into war at that time in the hope that Prussia's growing commerce might be destroyed. "This fellow, Deak," said the liberty-loving organs of London, "is really no better than a Red Republican. He rejects the generous offer of the estimable Emperor Francis Josef, and cunningly blinds the fatuous mob to the great superiority of the Imperial-Parliament-plus-Home-Rule-All-Round policy to his own, which is nothing more nor less than to make Hungary absolutely independent of Austria, acknowledging only the Emperor as King. It is patent to any ordinary intelligence that it would be wholly impossible for Austria and Hungary to subsist under such an arrangement for a year." "For a year," wrote an English follower of Lord Macau'ay—"nay, not for six months. If Deak's scheme were put into operation, Hungary would be crushed in six months' time." However, the Hungarians declined to be instructed either by Vienna or London, and awaited calmly the rejoinder of Francis Josef to their Loyal Address.

XV.—And How the Emperor of Austria Lost his Temper.

On the 21st of July the Emperor Francis Josef replied to the Address of the Hungarian Diet. "Faithful subjects," said he, "you are acting in an extremely silly manner. You want the right to decide on taxation and other matters for Hungary—why, I offer you the privilege of coming into our Imperial Parliament here in Vienna and deciding, in conjunction with my other faithful subjects, the taxation for the whole Empire. Your Little Hungary ideas are neither patriotic nor wise. Develop an Imperial soul, and get out of your parochial rut. Reflect how much finer it is to be a citizen of the Empire than the beadle of a parish. Besides, your law, history, and facts are altogether wrong. Hungary is subordinate to Austria. God and Nature intended her to be so. Set to at once and elect your representatives to the Imperial Parliament, and remain assured of our Imperial Royal grace and favour."

These, of course, were not the Emperor's precise words, but they give the exact substance of the reply. When it was read to the Parliament at Pesth, a shout of anger arose from the members.

"This," said one, tapping a sword he carried by his side, "should be the answer of Hungary to that insulting document." But Deak, cool and farseeing, held the fiercer spirits in check, and on the 12th of August the Deputies, on his motion, adopted the celebrated "Second Address of the Parliament of Hungary to Francis Josef." Deak was its author, of course, as he was the author of the preceding one. Calmly he examined each claim put forward on behalf of Austrian control of Hungary, and calmly he disproved each claim. He exhibited Francis Josef and his Ministers to the world as Violaters of the Law, Rebels to the Constitution. "We asked not for concessions," says the Second Address, "we proposed no new laws for the further security of our rights. We demanded only that the Law be observed—we asked that legality and constitutional procedure should entirely, not partially, take the place of absolute force. The Rescript which your Majesty sent us postively refused to satisfy our rightful wishes. From its contents and spirit we have come to the painful conviction that your Majesty does not wish to reign over Hungary in the spirit of the Constitution!"

"Your Majesty," the Address continues, "has, in violation of the Pragmatic Sanction, suspended our Constitution and our laws by the force of absolute power, and even now will not cause this arbitrary suspension to cease. You promise to restore us fragments of our Constitution, whilst withdrawing from us its most essential rights. By arbitrary authority you suppress our fundamental laws, and set in their stead an Imperial Diploma and Patent which you wish us to regard as fundamental laws. You require that we should send representatives to an Imperial Parliament, which has been created by arbitrary decree, without our concurrence, and that with regard to our most important interests we should transfer to that Parliament the right of legislation which our nation has always exercised in its own Parliament, and that we should surrender the rights of our country by virtue of which it has always determined its own taxation and the levies of troops, and that we should submit ourselves in these matters to the Imperial Parliament. You set aside the fundamental principle of every constitutional government that sanctioned laws can only be repealed by the collective legislative factors. Your steps throughout are so unconstitutional as to menace the very existence of the Pragmatic Sanction—to set aside all that is contained in it as a fundamental contract in the shape of conditions for the security of the nation. . . . The Constitu ional Independence of the country is seriously infringed by the very fact that, without the previous consent of the Hungarian Parliament, you ordain laws and command us to send representatives to the Imperial Parliament. Thus, you act as if the Hungarian Parliament were a body bound to accept the commands emanating from the sole will of the sovereign as law—nay, as if it were bound to inscribe them in the statute-book, even though they were in opposition to the Constitution and the sanctioned statutes of the realm. In what, then, would the constitutional independence of Hungary consist, and where would be the guarantee of this independence if at a future period a successor of your Majesty, appealing to this precedent, should act in the same manner

with our other laws and rights, and should, by a command of his own power and authority, suppress or modify them without the previous consent of the nation, and then instruct the Diet to complete these mandates in the field of legislation?"

The address then deals with the consequences of sending members to the Imperial Parliament—it means, it says, that "the disposition over the property and blood of the nation would pass into the hands of a body, the considerable majority of whom would be foreigners—the greater part of them Germans—and it might easily happen that they would impose burdens upon us in support of interests and in compliance with obligations which are not our interests nor our obligations."

The address in dealing with the Financial Relations of Hungary and Austria, repudiates any liability on the part of Hungary for State Debts contracted without Hungary's consent. Whilst repudiating them, however, it declares that in order to ensure that the "heavy burdens which the reckless conduct of the Absolute System has heaped upon us may not involve us all in a common ruin" it is willing to go further than what its legal duties require. But it adds, "We will only deal with the matter as a free, independent, separate country, and if our independence is menaced we shall be justified before God and the world in refusing to undertake burdens and obligations which neither law nor equity can claim from us."

"We could not send deputies to the Imperial Parliament," says the 66th paragraph of the Address, "without sacrificing our most essential rights and our constitutional independence. That Parliament Hungary could not enter without the anxious fear that, despite all verbal assurances, she would be considered an Austrian province—that under the mask of constitutionalism the attempt at incorporation which the Absolute Power has so often and unsuccessfully attempted was to be renewed." "A forced unity," the Address continues, "can never make an Empire strong. The outraged feeling of the individual States and the bitterness arising from the pressure of force awaken the desire for separation, therefore the Empire would be the weakest just at the moment when it would be in want of its united strength and the full enthusiasm of its peoples. The position of an Empire as a Great Power whose unity can only be maintained by force of arms is precarious and least safe in the moment of danger. The mutilation of the political rights of a country is an injustice, and will always give rise to feelings of bitterness and discontent. A State which by its well-ordered relations can offer its citizens material prosperity can for a time venture on such a step with comparative impunity, *for with many the satisfaction of material interests diminishes the feeling of the loss*, although it can never be a politic measure even in such a State to deprive a nation of its rights. But if a State, whether through errors or through misfortune, can do very little for the increase of material prosperity—nay, is compelled for self-support to impose fresh burdens on its nearly exhausted citizens, to call again and again for new sacrifices—such a State is acting in opposition to its interests in abridging the political rights of a nation, and thus outraging its feelings. The

heavy burdens press more heavily as the conviction gains ground that the political rights are menaced; the just feeling of bitterness undermines every willingness to sacrifice, and extinguishes all confidence in a Power which *cannot* aid the material interests of its citizens and *will not* spare their political rights."

The Second Address reiterated the fearless and manly declaration of the first one. "With the most profound respect, and at the same time with the sincerity we owe to your Majesty, our country and ourselves, we declare that we hold fast to the Pragmatic Sanction, and to all the conditions contained in it without exception, and that we cannot regard or recognise as constitutional anything which is in contradiction of it . . . We protest against the exercise, on the part of the Imperial Parliament, of any legislative or other power over Hungary in any relation whatsoever. WE DECLARE THAT WE WILL NOT SEND ANY REPRESENTATIVES TO THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT, AND FURTHER, THAT ANY ELECTION BY OTHER INSTRUMENTALITY WILL BE AN ATTACK ON OUR CONSTITUTION, AND WE DECLARE THAT ANY PERSON ELECTED BY SUCH MEANS CANNOT IN ANY RESPECT REPRESENT HUNGARY. Whereas, no one has a right to regulate the affairs of Hungary, except by authority of the lawful king, and of the constitutionally-expressed will of the nation, we hereby declare that we must regard as unconstitutional and non-binding all acts or ordinances of the Imperial Parliament referring to Hungary or its annexed parts. We further declare that we cannot recognise as constitutional with reference to Hungary, and therefore as binding, any State burden or obligation founded by the Imperial Parliament, any loan contracted by its authority, or the sale of any Crown property sanctioned by it, and that we shall regard all such as having taken place unlawfully and without the consent of the land. We declare that we will maintain unimpaired the right of the nation to vote its supplies and regulate its taxes and military levies in its own Parliament, and will never agree to the transfer of these rights to the Imperial Parliament. . . . We declare finally, that we are compelled to regard the present administration of the country, especially the despotic conduct of unconstitutional officials, as illegal and subject to punishment according to the laws of the country; and the direct and indirect taxes imposed in violation of the law and levied by military force as unconstitutional. . . . Your Majesty by your Royal Rescript has rendered common understanding impossible, and has broken off the thread of negotiations. The Royal Rescript does not stand on the footing of the Hungarian Constitution, but it establishes as fundamental laws the Imperial Diploma and Patent which emanated from absolute power and are in opposition to our Constitution. We are bound by our duty to our country, by our position as representatives, and by our convictions, to the Hungarian Constitution, and on this footing alone our deliberations must take place. These two directions deviating from, nay, opposed to one another, cannot lead to the wished-for union. Our most holy duty has pointed out the direction we must take. We must therefore declare with the greatest sorrow

that in consequence of the Royal Rescript we are also compelled to regard the thread of negotiations through the Diet as broken up."

"It is possible," the Address concludes, "that over our country will again pass hard times; we cannot avert them at the sacrifice of our duties as citizens. The Constitutional freedom of the land is not our possession in such a sense that we can freely deal with it; the nation has with faith entrusted it to our keeping, and we are answerable to our country and to our conscience. IF IT BE NECESSARY TO SUFFER, THE NATION WILL SUBMIT TO SUFFERING IN ORDER TO PRESERVE AND HAND DOWN TO FUTURE GENERATIONS THAT CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY IT HAS INHERITED FROM ITS FOREFATHERS. It will suffer without losing courage, as its ancestors have endured and suffered, to be able to defend the rights of the country; *for what might and power take away, time and favourable circumstances may restore, but the recovery of what a nation renounces of its own accord through fear of suffering is a matter of difficulty and uncertainty.* Hungary will suffer, hoping for a great future and trusting in the justice of its cause."

On the 12th of August the Second Address of the fearless Hungarian Parliament was despatched to Francis Josef at Vienna. On the 21st Francis Josef replied by dissolving the Parliament. The Deputies declined to acknowledge his action as legal, and in solemn procession marched to the House, which was occupied by Austrian soldiers, who at the bayonet's point kept them out. Deak, turning from the House, lit a cigar and walked back to his hotel, where he joined in a game of bowls. "What is the news?" asked his landlord. "Only," said Deak, as he knocked down the ninepins, "that Austria has declared war."

XVI.—The Bloodless War.

The Pesth County Council protested against the illegal dissolution of the Hungarian Parliament. The Emperor replied by ordering the Pesth County Council to be itself dissolved. The County Councillors disregarded the Emperor's order and continued to hold their meetings, until the Austrian soldiery entered their Council Chamber and turned them out by force. As the Councillors emerged into the streets they shouted with one voice, "*Eljen a Magyar Huza!* "God Save Hungary." The shout was re-echoed by the citizens who had congregated outside, and who, raising the Councillors on their shoulders, carried them through the streets, singing the Hungarian National Anthem. From the windows of his house the Chairman of the County Council addressed his fellow-citizens: "We have been dispersed by tyrannic force—but force shall never overawe us," he said. "Austrians violate Justice and the Law, and then tell us we are disloyal subjects. When they restore what they have taken from us, let them talk of loyalty. Until then, countrymen, let us make ourselves as disagreeable to them as we can. To-day the soldiers of the Emperor of Austria have driven the representatives of the people of the capital of

Hungary from their assembly-house, and the representatives of the people answer Francis Josef that never shall he pervert Hungary into East Austria—never subdue the Hungarian spirit—never live to see our noble nation a German province. Hungary for ever! Hungary for the Hungarians!"

Every County Council throughout the land followed the example of the County Council of Pesth and shared its fate. The officials of the County Councils patriotically refused to transfer their services to the Austrians, and for a little time something like anarchy prevailed in the land. Francis Josef appointed a Hungarian renegade named Palffy military governor, and proclaimed a coercion *regime*. A Press censorship was established, all local governing bodies were superseded by Austrian officials, and trial by Removables instituted. "The disloyalty of the Hungarian local bodies pains my paternal heart," said Francis Josef. "I come here," said Palffy, "as a good chief and a kind friend." "Behold the good chief and kind friend," said a Pesth newspaper—"Palffy—renegado Palffy—Palffy who fought against his country in 1849 for Austrian pay and Austrian honours. Judas, we salute thee." Palffy suppressed the newspaper, and resumed: "The welfare of Hungary has always been and always will be proportioned to the loyalty of its people to the Emperor. See? Those who preach otherwise are seditious, blasphemous, or harebrained persons. Be loyal and you will be happy." Whereupon a Hungarian humorist wrote a rude street-ballad which began:

If you would lead a happy life,
And know nor care nor want nor strife;
If when you die you'd mount on high
And be an angel in the sky.
The way is clear as clear can be,
Give up your striving to be free.
Give up your rights, give up your laws,
Give up your wealth, give up your cause.
Give up your tongue, give up your race,
Give up your name—'tis but disgrace.
And bless the nation that receives
—Be loyal to the Austrian thieves!

"The Austrian Thieves" became the most popular song in Hungary, and the tune to which it was sung was heard one day by Palffy played on a military band. Thereupon, he summoned all the military bandmasters before him. "In future," said he, "observe that no revolutionary airs are played by your bands, and above all, take care not to play that seditious new song, 'The Austrian Thieves.'" "Your Excellency," said one bandmaster, gravely, "it is not a new song—it is a very old tune."

Deak admonished the people not to be betrayed into acts of violence nor to abandon the ground of legality. "This is the safe ground," he said, "on which, unarmed ourselves, we can hold our own against armed force. If suffering be necessary, suffer with dignity." Meantime Deak walked about Pesth smoking his pipe, and gathered his friends around him each night in the Queen of England Hotel, discussing affairs. He had given the order to the country—Passive

Resistence—and the order was obeyed. When the Austrian tax-collector came to gather the taxes the people did not beat him or hoot him—they declined to pay him, assuring him he was a wholly illegal person. The tax-collector thereupon called in the police, and the police seized the man's goods. Then the Hungarian auctioneer declined to auction them, and an Austrian of his profession had to be brought down. When he arrived he discovered he would have to bring bidders from Austria, too. The Austrian Government found in time that it was costing them more to fail to collect the taxes than the taxes if they were collected would realise. In the hope of breaking the spirit of the Hungarians, the Austrians decreed that soldiers should be billeted upon them. The Hungarians did not resist the decree—but the Austrian soldier after a little experience of the misery of living in the house of a man who despises you, very strongly resisted it. And the Hungarians asserted that from their enforced close acquaintance with the Austrian army they found it to be an institution they could not permit their sons, for their souls' sake, to enter, wherefore they proposed that enlistment in the Austrian army was treason to Hungary, and it was carried unanimously.

The eyes of Europe became centred on the struggle, and when the "Imperial Parliament" met in Vienna without the Hungarian representatives turning up to its deliberations, the Prussian and French Press poked such fun at it that it became a topic for laughter throughout Europe. So within nine months of the illegal dissolution of the Hungarian Parliament of 1861, Hungary, without striking a blow, had forced Austria into the humiliating position of a butt for Europe's jests. "Austria can wait and win," said Schmerling. "She can't wait half so long as we can," replied Deak.

It is always a pleasure to turn to the liberty-loving Press of England for its contemporary criticism on Hungarian affairs. The *Times* of 1861 was very sad. It hoped Austria would have been freed to crush Prussia for England's good, and the Hungarians spoiled the game of the English diplomats. "We would have been pleased," said the *Times*, "if the Hungarians had united with the Austrians." "But," it added shrewdly, foreseeing the triumph of Hungary, "the Emperor has gone the wrong way to do the right thing." "The right thing," in English opinion, in 1861, was to deprive Hungary of her Constitution—"Unite" her—but it should have been done in the English New-Eraian fashion. "Why does not," said the *Times* on the 24th of August, 1861, "Austria follow *our* example?" It was because the Austrians, while as tyrannical, were not so hypocritical. They were honest enough to admit that it was not the salvation of Hungarian souls, but the nourishing of Austrian bodies which was their prime consideration. The *Times* warned the Emperor of the danger which Deak's policy foreshadowed for him. "Passive resistance," it wrote, "can be so organised as to become more troublesome than armed rebellion." Fortunately for England, Ireland has never resorted to passive resistance to her rule in this country, having been led by her eloquent leaders to believe that Parliamentarianism and public meeting is the interpretation of the phrase, Moral Force.

XVII.—The Failure of Force and "Conciliation."

Austria strove to encounter the Passive Resistance of Hungary by ordaining, as England did in Ireland a generation later, "exclusive trading" illegal. The Hungarians despised her ordinance and pursued their policy, occasioning much filling of jails with "village ruffians," "demagogues," and other disreputable people who disturb the peace of a country which a stronger country desires to rob. Yet a few months of the jail-filling process and Austria found herself in another *cul-de-sac*. "The Hungarians are an emotional and generous people," thought Francis Josef, "I shall try the friendly-monarch policy." And he amnestied all those whom, but a few months before, he had thrust into prison. But the Hungarians did not respond to the dodge and sing Alleluia for the generosity of the royal gentleman in Vienna. They had sucked wisdom from experience, and did not feel in the slightest grateful for having the lash lifted an inch off their backs to prevent them kicking too hard. And when the excellent monarch, like the gentleman who, out of his bounty, built a big bridge at the expense of the county, was generously pleased to grant a subvention to the Hungarian National Museum and the Hungarian National Theatre at Pesth—out of the Hungarian funds—the Hungarians, far from being impressed by the Royal generosity, only added another satirical stanza to "The Austrian Thieves."

In the meantime the Hungarian Deputies continued to meet, not indeed as the Parliament of Hungary, but as the Hungarian Agricultural Union, the Hungarian Industrial League, the Hungarian Archæological and Literary Association and soforth, and through their debates and discussions kept the people of the country in the right road of National policy. There was no law, for instance, to compel Hungarians to support Hungarian manufactures to the exclusion of Austrian ones, but the economic wisdom of doing such a thing was emphasised in discussions at the admirable associations which we have named, and the results of these discussions had a force as binding as law upon the people. A succession of Hungarian gentlemen travelled Europe, seeking new fields for an Hungarian export trade, and keeping the Continental Press *au courant* with Hungarian affairs. At home, the Press was utilised to produce works of educational value to the Hungarian people—works National in tone and spirit, and the Hungarian historical novel became a feature of the time. A scarcity visited the land in 1863, but the spirit of the Hungarian people tided them over what in Ireland's case in 1847 became an appalling disaster, and at the end of the year of famine, Francis Josef, baffled by the manly policy of a spirited people, attempted overtures for a reconciliation, and announced that it was his wish to satisfy Hungary "not only in material respects, but in other respects." But the Hungarians suspected him rightly of insincerity and ignored his overtures—still continuing to refuse to recognise his kingship or his law, or his officials, or to pay his taxes, unless under compulsion. The benevolent Emperor then sought to delude the Hungarians by putting up Lustkandl, a jurist, to prove beyond all doubt that the

Hungarians were really a subject race, and not at all entitled to govern themselves as an independent people. Deak smashed up Lustkandl in an article, after which Austria went to war with Denmark.

It was not as a consequence of Deak's demolition of Lustkandl that Austria went to war with Denmark—it was only in sequence of time. Denmark owned the Duchy of Schleswig-Holstein, which both Austria and Prussia lusted after. They found a pretext for quarrel with little Denmark, and tried to bully her into giving up the Duchy, which she very stubbornly refused to do—whereupon Austria and Prussia, calling upon the Almighty to witness how Denmark had forced the quarrel upon them, fell upon the little nation, which very bravely stood up to them, and though it lost the Duchy, preserved its honour. The pirates divided the spoil between them, Prussia taking Schleswig and Austria Holstein. Later on the pirates quarrelled over the spoil—with very good results for Hungary.

Hungary, of course, sympathised with Denmark in the war, but although some advocated it, insurrection was out of the question at the time. An insurrection at that period would have meant that the Germanic Confederation would have been bound to support Austria against Hungary, and Denmark was too weak a Power to be able to render Hungary any effective assistance. Meanwhile all Europe was laughing at Austria's Imperial Parliament. The Bohemians, after spending two years in it, grew disgusted, recalled their representatives to Bohemia, and declined to recognise any laws passed in Vienna affecting Bohemia as binding. Thus repudiated and boycotted by two chief countries of the Empire—Hungary and Bohemia—the "Imperial Parliament" became a standing jest for the politicians of the Continent. Francis Josef came back from the wars to find the name of Austria sinking lower day by day, and once again he caused overtures to be made to Hungary for reconciliation. Hungary's answer was the same—when she got what she demanded she would talk of friendship.

The friendship of Hungary had, however, become of urgent necessity to Austria, for Prussia was already quarrelling with Austria over the spoil of the Danish war. Bismarck had marked the deficiencies of the Austrian army and the internal weakness of the Austrian Empire, and determined the time was favourable to dethrone Austria from the headship of the Germanic Confederation, and exalt Prussia in her place. Accordingly he sought a pretext for war in the manner in which Austria administered her newly-robbed territory, and the statesmen of Vienna, viewing with alarm the prospect of war with Prussia, with a "disloyal" Hungary on their flank, endeavoured to placate Bismarck, and conciliate Hungary. Deak was asked the price of Hungary's "friendship." He answered in the Easter of 1865 in the columns of the *Pesth Napolo*—the restoration of Hungary's free and National Constitution. "The Hungarian nation will never give up its Constitution," he wrote. "It is prepared when that independence has been restored to take the legal measures necessary to bring its laws into harmony with the stability of the monarchy." Rumours of a change of policy spread through the land, and at the

end of May an official announcement reached Pesth that his Majesty was about to visit his beloved subjects in Pesth and inaugurate a New Era. Meantime the statesmen in Vienna staved off Prussia, whilst they anxiously awaited the success of the royal visit to the Hungarians in securing for them, if not the active assistance, at least the benevolent neutrality of Hungary in the impending war.

XVIII.—The Royal Visit of 1865.

It is to be clearly understood that the visit of his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor Francis Josef, to Pesth, the capital of disloyal Hungary, on the 6th of June, 1865, was wholly unconnected with politics, and was in no wise prompted by the fact that war between Austria and Prussia appeared inevitable. His Majesty went to Pesth for the purpose of seeing the races. So the journals of Vienna officially announced, and so the Austrian Governor of Hungary informed the Hungarians. "His Majesty," ran the semi-official announcement, issued at the end of May, "journeys to Pesth to see the races, and his visit is to be regarded as semi-private." At the same time, however, it was thought well, in order to cut the claws of seditious and noisy persons, to insert paragraphs in the newspapers recalling to the recollection of the Hungarians the kind words his Majesty had on more than one occasion used about Hungary, and the chief organ in Vienna even went so far as to say that his Majesty was so fond of the Hungarians that, but for certain ministers, he would long since have abolished martial law and settled the Hungarian question satisfactorily. "The monarch," remarked this Vienna journal profoundly, "is equally the monarch of Hungarians and Austrians, and loyalty to the sovereign is as incumbent on the Hungarian as on the Austrian. Hungary can have no grievances against the sovereign, whatever faults she may find with his ministers." "The Emperor," said the London *Times* of June 10th, 1865, "is inclined to make great concessions." It was an observant man who first wrote that history repeats itself.

His Majesty arrived in the capital of his disloyal kingdom at nine o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, June 6th, 1865. He was accompanied by several persons of rank and by his Governor of Hungary, Palffy. He drove through the streets in an open carriage, being cheered here and there by small knots of people, but the bulk of the inhabitants neither stood in the streets to watch him pass nor heeded his presence. The business of Pesth, except amongst the Garrison and Lion-and-Unicorn tradesmen, went on as if his Majesty had not come to see the races. His Majesty pulled up at the Palace of Buda, where the chiefs of the garrison and a number of titled sycophants received him. The Cardinal Primate, Szitowsky, read an address of welcome. We give an exact translation, since it may serve as a model for some of our fellow-countrymen:

Your Imperial Royal Apostolic Majesty—Most Gracious Lord! It is with feelings of infinite affection and joy that we now humbly do homage to your

sacred person. The appearance of your Majesty in our dear country is now as always beneficial to us. At present it inspires us with hope, and we are, therefore, the more bound to be eternally grateful to your Majesty whose love for and graciousness towards us has been invariable. We entreat you to believe that the Hungarian people are truly faithful to the Throne and cheerfully prepared to lay down their lives for your Majesty. We daily beseech God to protect you and crown your exertions in our behalf with success, and while humbly rendering our homage, we fervently pray your Majesty may live long and be ever happy.

His Majesty in reply read from a sheet of paper a few sentences—in Hungarian—in which he hinted that he meditated convening the Hungarian Diet—at a future date—if his Hungarian subjects backed up the Empire. The language and the graciousness so pleased the sycophants that we read "the walls trembled" to their "hurrahs." After which his Majesty visited the Agricultural Exhibition, and expressed his deep interest in Hungarian agriculture and his heartfelt wishes for abundant Hungarian harvests. Governor Palffy was meanwhile busy in stirring up the latent loyalty of the people of Pesth. In the morning, when his Majesty arrived, there had been very few flags exhibited on the houses, whereupon Palffy set about persuading the people to hang flags out, and succeeded admirably. When his Majesty left the Agricultural Exhibition his eyes lighted up with pleasure, for he beheld the bare city of the morning beflagged all over. A little later, however, his Majesty discovered that the newly-erected flags were green, white, and red tricolours—the official ensign of the Hungarian Republic. Palffy was indignant and bent upon making an example of the people who had thus tricked him, but his Majesty ordered Palffy to forbear lest he might make matters worse. His Majesty, however, avenged himself when he got back to Vienna by firing Palffy out.

In the evening his Majesty presided at a banquet, and drank the toast of "Prosperity to Hungary" amidst much enthusiasm from the Austrian placemen and the Royal warrant-holders. Next day he presented a gift of a few hundred pounds to the Hungarian Academy of Science, and conversed affably with Deak, who was one of the heads of the Academy. His Majesty also drove constantly through the streets, and saluted every man who saluted him—amongst whom, as the *Times* correspondent remarked, there were no young men, and he talked on no less than three occasions in forty-eight hours of the "gallant and chivalrous Hungarian people" whom he was quite sure would support the Throne were it assailed. Palffy organised a torchlight procession and ran a regatta in his honour, but the enthusiasm failed to flow. At the races his Majesty condescended to leave his royal box and mingle familiarly with the people, smoking a cigar, but the people were not impressed. So after a command night at the National Theatre, where "God Save the Emperor" was played and loudly applauded by his Majesty's faithful garrison, his Majesty quitted Pesth on the 9th of June, leaving behind him the following proclamation:

To my Hungarian subjects—During my stay in the heart of my kingdom of Hungary I have continually received from the different ranks and classes of

society, as well in the cities as in the country at large, unmistakable proofs of loyalty and attachment. Being moved by their hearty confidence in my paternal intentions, I desire to give to all the expression of my thanks and the assurance of my full favour. In quitting my beloved Hungary, in which I should much like to remain longer, I take with me the agreeable hope of being able—in some time—to return, in order, as I declared on the day of my arrival, to complete the work which all of us have so much at heart. In the meantime, I depend on the protection of God, and confidently count on the energetic support of every true Hungarian.

FRANCIS JOSEF.

His Majesty returned from his trip to the Pesth Races with the conviction that it would be decidedly dangerous for Austria to go to war with Prussia just then, and to buy peace he handed over one-half of the booty he took in the Danish War—the Duchy of Lauenberg—to Prussia for the nominal sum of £500,000, or less than £5 18s. per head of the inhabitants, throwing in the soil and the cities for nothing. This eased the strain, for Prussia affected to be contented, and the danger of war seemed to have passed. Whereupon Austria turned to resume her old game of coercing the Hungarians.

XIX.—Austria's Last Dodge.

Scarcely had the Treaty of Gastein, by which Austria ceded Lauenberg to Prussia, been formally signed, than the Austrians found reason to suspect that Prussia desired more than that Duchy as the price of peace. Accordingly, coercion was suspended, soft words were spoken of the Hungarians, and an amazing amount of virtues and an innate loyalty to the Emperor Francis Josef were discovered by the journalists of Austria to exist in the souls of the countrymen of Kossuth and Klapka. The doubt of the Austrians as to Prussia's designs became a certainty after Lauenberg had been handed over, for when that had been done the Prussians immediately asked for the remainder—Holstein—to surrender which to Prussia, under the circumstances, would have been tantamount to Austria resigning the headship of the German Empire.

It was clearly no time for coercing the Hungarians—Prussia was making friendly references through her Press both to that country and to Bohemia, and was seeking to conclude an offensive alliance with Italy. As against an allied Prussia and Italy and an insurgent Hungary and Bohemia, Austria could count only on Saxony, Bavaria, Hanover, and a few minor German States for support, and defeat under these circumstances appeared inevitable. With Hungary on her side, however, the matter would be entirely different, indeed with the active support of Hungary the Austrian Emperor believed he could march to Berlin and dictate the terms of peace to King William. But before any hope of Hungarian support could be reasonably held, it was patent there must be "concessions," and Austria was reluctant to make concessions. There was one alternative to yielding to Hungary, it seemed to the Austrian statesmen—and it they sought—an alliance with France against Prussia. Napoleon, it was known, regarded with apprehension the growing power of the Prussian

kingdom, and to Napoleon the Emperor Francis Josef turned, but a little too late. Bismarck's piercing eye had read the mind of Francis Josef, and when the Austrians approached the French Emperor, they found that Bismarck had squared him into neutrality.

There was clearly nothing for it but to "conciliate" Hungary. "Something must be done," said the Emperor. "Something must be done," his statesmen echoed. In view of the possibilities he had got rid of Schmerling, who made his exit on the Budget of 1865, and Count Pouilly, something of a figurehead, took his place, but the real force in the new Cabinet was the Moravian Belcredi, whose infallible plan for patching up the Empire was the Home-Rule-all-Round specific, although, being naturally an opportunist he was not prepared to limit himself too much. When the news came that France would not join Austria against Prussia in the event of war, the Emperor assembled his sages, and the result was the Manifesto of the 20th September.

The Manifesto of the 20th of September, 1865, was a franker document than State documents usually are. First, it abolished the Imperial Parliament, because as it admitted very frankly, the machinery of the Imperial Parliament had been upset since Hungary refused to send her representatives to Vienna, and kept them at home instructing the people to ignore the laws made by the Imperial Parliament. The manifesto then acknowledged the right of Hungary, Bohemia, and the other countries to manage their own affairs and conserve their separate nationalities, and it wound up by declaring the authority of the Hungarian Parliament and the other countries' Parliaments restored. And the Emperor added he would do himself the honour of visiting Pesth in December to open the Parliament of Hungary.

"So far, so good," said Deak, "but this must not be a mock Parliament." The former Deputies of Hungary met under Deak's presidency in Pesth to consider the Manifesto, and they unanimously resolved to accept nothing less than the restoration of the Constitution of 1848, and the establishment of a separate Hungarian Ministry, responsible only to the legally-crowned King of Hungary, and the elected representatives of the Hungarian people in the Parliament of Hungary. The election of the members of the new Parliament gave Deak, who was himself elected for Pesth, 220 followers out of 333. The remainder comprised the Conservative or former Austrian party, but who were now pledged to Deak's policy on the question of the status of the Parliament, and the Separatists, who, while they supported Deak's demands, declared nevertheless for separation and a Republic. On the 6th of December the Parliament of Hungary was elected. On the 12th the Emperor Francis Josef left for Pesth to open it. All Europe waited expectantly the result. Prussia suspended for a while her war preparations to see what Hungary's action would be, and Hungary herself waited quietly and calmly to know whether this meant the restoration of her liberties, or whether it was merely another Austrian dodge to secure Hungarian aid in her hour of need—which, indeed, it was. But, unlike Ireland, Hungary

had learned from her frequent betrayals not to trust the Austrians when they came bearing gifts, and it was in no mood of loyal enthusiasm, but in a critical and perhaps cynical spirit Hungary awaited the speech of Francis Josef to the representatives of the Hungarian nation.

XX.—The Meeting of the Hungarian Diet of 1865.

On the 14th December, 1865, the Emperor Francis Josef opened the Parliament of Hungary in state. His Majesty was dressed in Hungarian costume. He read his speech in the Hungarian language. The Hungarian Members of Parliament, clad also in the national costume, listened to it politely, and some cheered when he remarked that he came to talk to them with the "frank candour" that befitted a monarch discussing the commonweal with his people. Deak sat silent throughout. "There shall be no compromise," he had promised the people, and Deak knew his Austrian.

The Emperor's speech was much better written than anything Mr. Wyndham could do in the way of speech-writing. It is true it contained a number of venerable sentences which have done duty for Giant Humbug in many generations—"Spirit of mutual concession," "great work of reconciliation," "prosperity of Hungary," but it was distinctly cunning and plausible. It pretended to give everything while in reality it gave little. It rallied the patriotic drum so much that a Hungarian Deputy cynically observed that for using the expressions his Majesty used—and meaning them—five years before, his Majesty would have thrust a Hungarian into jail. At the end of the speech the deputies applauded, and when the Press of Vienna next day exultantly proclaimed that Hungary had been appeased—and now—God be praised!—was with the Emperor—the Deputies politely explained that what they applauded was not the speech, but the admirable pronunciation of the Hungarian language the Emperor Francis Josef possessed—for a foreigner. The Emperor's speech was delivered from a dais, above which hung a painting of Hungary, symbolised as a woman bearing in one hand a naked sword, and in the other a tablet inscribed

"1848!"

a quiet reminder from the fearless Magyars that the men and the principles of the Revolution were the men and the principles which stood for Hungary. As he read, he glanced occasionally from the corner of his eyes at Deak, who sat silent and outwardly impassive, and did not move an inch even when the speech ceased. Stripped of its casing, the speech of the Emperor meant that Austria was willing to erect a subordinate Parliament in Hungary with a limited control over home affairs, and to confer with Hungary on common affairs—in the Imperial Parliament—but the Constitution was not to be restored. The laws of '48 were not to be recognised. The municipal institutions of the country were not to be re-erected. But so plausibly was the new Austrian scheme for the humbugging of

Hungary put by the Emperor, such a glamour did he invest it with, so touching were his appeals to and eulogies of Hungary and the Hungarians that had Francis Josef been on the throne of England, and had the people he had to deal with been Irish instead of Hungarian, he would infallibly have been proclaimed the greatest man since Agamemnon and the very best. As for the Hungarians, they only said "Francis Josef is a trickster."*

The Emperor saw from his failure to deceive Deak that he could scarcely hope to humbug Hungary on this occasion. But, nevertheless, he felt bound to neglect no means to weaken the national spirit, wherefore he fixed his headquarters at Buda, and displayed an enthusiastic interest in all that patriotic Hungarians took interest in. He mixed affably with the people, and assured them confidentially that he really considered himself more of a Hungarian than an Austrian—he wore a Hungarian tricolour tie of Hungarian manufacture. He told them he would bring the Empress down to see them—the Hungarian is nothing if not chivalrous. He gave dinner-parties every night in the Palace of Buda, and invited every patriot whose name he could find on the Police Shadowers' List to attend them. In fact the number of dinner-parties he gave laid him up with indigestion in Vienna for three days after his return. And firework displays became so common that the people ceased to take interest in them. Notwithstanding, Hungary continued to whistle "The Austrian Thieves," and the Parliament, after duly considering his speech, adopted an address in reply on the motion of Deak, who warned them "never to give up principle for expediency," which in courteous but firm language informed his Majesty that Hungary declined all compromise, and was neither to be intimidated nor cajoled into the surrender of her rights. The address was presented to Francis Josef on the 24th of February. In the course of it, the Parliament of Hungary said:

> The advocates of a policy of expediency need not be astonished if, after having been the victims of many deceptions, Hungary has learned caution, and declines to enter on the path they invite and follow. It was by standing fast to principle our ancestors preserved the Fatherland, and compelled the restoration of our Constitution in its integrity. Esau when in want sold his birthright for a mess of pottage—he got the pottage—but there was strife ever after. To such a pass would the apostles of expediency bring our land—to such straits, your Majesty, would pseudo-friendliness and pseudo-concession-making reduce us.

The address was presented to the Emperor at Buda. The Emperor, in a temper, replied that what he had said he had said, and he issued a rescript, to make an end of the matter, assuring his beloved Hungarians that he would firmly uphold the principles he had enunciated in his speech. The Vienna Press warmly supported him. They assured him that it was quite impossible for Hungary to continue the struggle, and that, anyway, Hungary did not want to continue it, as her people were at heart loyal and were totally misrepresented by Deak and the other political cornerboys who were raising the ructions All parties in

* Mr. Gladstone's second Home Rule Bill (1893) was modelled on this Austrian proposal which the Hungarians unanimously rejected.

the Parliament debated the Royal Rescript with commendable frankness. "It is not our interest to strengthen Austria in any way," said Baron Eotvos, the Moderate. "There must be absolute equality and parity of rights between Hungary and Austria," said Apponyi, the Conservative. With a unanimous voice the Parliament presented a second Address to the Emperor Francis Josef, which they sent him within twenty-four hours of receiving his Rescript. The second Address left nothing to be desired on the score of frankness. It told him that Hungary demanded the complete restoration of her Constitution, the recognition of her independence as a kingdom, the reconstitution of her municipalities, the acknowledgment of her territorial and political integrity, the acceptance of the Laws of 1848, and the absolute amnesty and compensation of every person who had been imprisoned or injured in consequence of the illegal government Austria had maintained in the land since 1848. And, it added, until Hungary got those things she declined to regard the Emperor Francis Josef as King of Hungary, or Austria as other than her enemy. The Emperor merely replied by exhorting Hungary to be loyal, and the deputation which presented the Address thereupon turned upon its heel and left his presence. A few hours later Francis Josef quitted Pesth baffled and agitated. Not a cheer was heard, not a hat was raised as he left the railway station. The Hungarian Parliament continued to meet as if nothing had occurred, and by the direction of Deak acted as if the laws of '48 and the Constitution had never been suspended. And Austria was impotent, even if she had been strong enough to intervene, for Bismarck's machiavellian policy had succeeded. Prussia and Italy had formed an alliance, and Austria knew it was no longer possible to avert war, and was feverishly arming to fight for the hegemony of the German Empire. In this dire strait Francis Josef swallowed his big words, and again made overtures to Deak. Deak's reply was concise and decisive. All the demands formulated by the Hungarian Parliament must be conceded before Hungary would consider any other question. "Under no circumstances," added Deak, "shall Hungary send members to an Imperial Parliament or anything on the plan of an Imperial Parliament." It was no time for Austria to attempt to bully or humbug Hungary. The Hungarian Parliament proceeded to discharge its business as if no Austria existed, and Bismarck, satisfied that Hungary would not rally to Austria's aid, caused war to be declared on the 18th of June, 1866

XXI.—The Austro-Prussian War.

The Prussian army, within a few days of the declaration of war against Austria, overcame the resistance offered by the small German States which had thrown in their lot with the latter and advanced into Bohemia, where the Austrians under Marshal Von Benedek, a Hungarian renegade, were assembled. Simultaneously the Italians attacked the Austrian army in Italy, and the Italian fleet sailed into the Adriatic. The Austrian army in Italy and the Austrian fleet in the Adriatic

proved, however, too much for the Italians. The Archduke Albrecht defeated the Italian army at Custozza, and the Austrian fleet under Tegethoff disposed of Italy's navy at Lissa. But these were the only victories Austria achieved. On the 3rd of July the Prussian army utterly defeated Benedek in the battle of Sadowa, and compelled the Austrians to flee across the Elbe, leaving 40 000 men and 160 cannon behind them. The victors immediately occupied Prague, the capital of Bohemia, where they were welcomed by the people, who had long groaned under Austrian tyranny. The occupation of Prague opened the road to Vienna, and the Prussians prepared to march on the Austrian capital. In this desperate strait, the Austrian Emperor purchased peace from Italy by retroceding Venice, and the Austrian army which had been engaged there under the Archduke Albrecht hastened back to defend Vienna. Francis Josef then sent to Pesth for Deak, and Deak on arriving at midnight in Vienna was received by the Emperor, pale and haggard, in the palace. "What am I to do now, Deak?" the despot asked of his protagonist. Deak's laconic reply is celebrated in Austrian history, "Make peace, and restore Hungary her rights." "If I restore Hungary her Constitution now, will Hungary help me to carry on the war?" the Emperor inquired. The reply of Deak exhibits the fearless and uncompromising character of the great Magyar. It was in one word, "No" He would not make the restoration of his country's rights a matter of barter. The Emperor turned away with a groan and Deak left the palace. He had not gone six hours when Francis Josef issued a piteous appeal to the people whom he had for years dragooned and cajoled, for help in his dire extremity. This is a translation of the despairing despot's last effort to hoodwink the nation of fighting men into acting against their own national interests:

TO MY FAITHFUL PEOPLE OF HUNGARY.

The hand of Providence weighs heavily upon us. In the conflict into which I have been drawn, not voluntarily, but through the force of circumstances, every human calculation has been frustrated, save only the confidence I have placed in the heroic bravery of my valiant army. The more grievous are the heavy losses by which the ranks of those brave men have been smitten; and my paternal heart feels the bitterness of that grief with all the families affected. To put an end to the unequal contest—to gain time and opportunity to fill up the voids occasioned by the campaign, and to concentrate my forces against the hostile troops occupying the northern portion of my Empire, I have consented with great sacrifices, to negotations for an armistice with Italy.

I now turn confidently to the faithful people of my Kingdom of Hungary, and to that readiness to make sacrifices so repeatedly displayed in trying times.

The united exertions of my entire Empire must be set in motion that the conclusion of the wished-for peace may be secured upon fair conditions.

It is my profound belief that the warlike sons of Hungary, actuated by the feeling of hereditary fidelity, will voluntarily hasten under my banners, to the assistance of their kindred, and for the protection of their country, also immediately threatened by the events of the war.

Rally, therefore, in force to the defence of the invaded Empire! Be worthy sons of your valiant forefathers, whose heroic deeds gained never-ending laurels for the glory of the Hungarian name.

FRANCIS JOSEF.

The Austrian Emperor's "profound belief" that "the warlike sons of Hungary," whom Austria had so long and so cruelly oppressed, were

willing to fight to perpetuate the power which enslaved them, was quite unfounded. The Hungarians possessed both spirit and intelligence, and openly rejoiced in the success of the Prussians. The only Hungarians who voluntarily rallied to the fight were the Hungarian exiles, who formed a legion under General Klapka and proffered their services to Prussia, "to help in the overthrow of the accursed Austrian tyranny." The Prussians, having completed their arrangements, marched on Vienna, and on the 20th July their outposts were in sight of the Austrian capital. Realising that all hope of succour from his "faithful Hungarian subjects" was gone, the Emperor begged the Prussians to grant him an armistice with a view to making peace proposals. Owing to the attitude of France, which had become alarmed at the rapid success of the Prussian arms and considered the dismemberment of the Austrian Empire would seriously affect her position, the Prussians reluctantly conceded the armistice. They did not feel themselves strong enough at the time to face France allied with Austria. Four years later they wreaked a bloody revenge on Napoleon III. for his intervention. Four days after the granting of the armistice the Austrians accepted the conditions imposed by the victors, and in the following month the treaty of peace was definitively signed at Prague. By the Peace of Prague Austria surrendered her headship of the German Empire and gave up all her rights as a member of the Germanic Confederation. She agreed to pay Prussia a war indemnity of forty million thalers, and to permit portion of her territory to be occupied by Prussian troops until the money had been paid. She consented to Prussia joining a new Germanic Confederation and assuming the headship of it, and annexing the North German States of which heretofore she had been the suzerain power. In Italy she gave up all her possessions save Trieste, and thus after a thirty-two days' war she was hurled from the position she had held for centuries in Europe. On the 1st of June, 1866, Austria was at the head of all Teutondom—on the 1st of August she was at the tail. And on the morrow of the signing of the Peace of Prague the humbled tyranny found itself face to face with the country it had oppressed, as England oppresses Ireland, demanding reparation for the wrongs that had been done and full restoration of the rights that had been stolen away; and almost as impotent to resist the demands of Hungary in 1866 as England was to resist the demands of Ireland in 1782, when, returning beaten from America, she found herself confronted in Ireland by 200,000 armed and disciplined men, who, unfortunately for their descendants, were led not by a farseeing and uncompromising statesman like Francis Deak, but by an eloquent and emotional orator, Henry Grattan.

XXII.—Count Beust.

The Austrian Empire seemed doomed. The Imperialists were demoralised—the oppressed exultant. Francis Josef turned to his ministers and begged them to show him how he could continue to wear the Imperial diadem. "Play the despot," advised Belcredi and

Esterhazy and Pouilly—the Old Guard had lived, but never learned, but Francis Josef had. It was at last clear to him that if the Empire were to be saved from disruption, freedom and fairplay must be accorded its constituent nationalities—that it must no longer be ruled in the interests of Austria alone. Wherefore the Emperor fired out Pouilly, and looking round for a serviceable man to patch up things, fixed on Baron Beust, a foreigner of some small reputation, to act as Austrian Foreign Minister—or in plain English, to keep the concern from falling to pieces.

Now Beust was not a very great man, nor was he a particularly good one. He was no enthusiast for liberty—no idealist—no ardent lover of mankind. He was a mediocre man, very fond of admiring the smallness of his feet, and devoted to a good dinner, but he had an excellent understanding of the value of keeping the peace when unable to fight, and as he never permitted his prejudices or temper to betray him into a quarrel where he believed the chances were against him, Francis Josef felt that Beust was just the man to fix up the Hungarian question.

Beust was born in Saxony in 1809, and his early life was spent in the minor branches of the diplomatic service. So far as he had any convictions, he was a believer in autocracy, and when he attained high rank in the Saxon diplomatic service, he became intensely unpopular with the people. "Be moderate in all things" was one of his favourite maxims, and when his unpopularity grew to a point at which it became dangerous to the stability of the State, Beust jumped jim-crow and saved the Saxon throne by becoming something of a Radical. Thenceforward he enjoyed popularity in his own country, and if he did not secure its greatness, he at least did it no harm. In his new role, he appeared as the defender of the small German States against Prussian aggression, and thus earned for himself the hostility of Bismarck who, while despising his intellect, was not free from apprehension of his bourgeoise cunning. When the Austro-Prussian war broke out, Beust blundered by taking the wrong side, and after Sadowa resigned his office in Saxony to escape the vengeance he felt Bismarck would wreak upon him. This was the man whom, with a clearer insight into character than could have been expected, Francis Josef invited to save the poor old Empire from dismemberment. Beust complied with his request on one condition—that he should never be asked to get up earlier than nine o'clock in the morning, as he went to bed late, and to this the Emperor, who himself rose with the lark, complied. Beust's first step was to demand an agreement with the Hungarians. "On that," he said, "the continued existence of the Empire depends," and even bigoted opponents of Hungarian claims admitted, albeit reluctantly, that this was the case. "Peace with Hungary means the existence or non-existence of Austria, and it must be concluded without delay," said one Austrian statesman publicly and frankly. "We must choose between two evils," said the *Times* of Vienna—the *Neiue Freie Presse*—"capitulation to Hungary is the lesser one." "Hungary," said Beust. "is an ancient monarchy, more ancient as such than Austria

proper. The kingdom of St. Stephen has a pedigree of centuries, and its constitutional principle was asserted in the earliest times. Its race and language are entirely different from those of the other peoples which constitute the monarchy. Its people are powerful, brave, united." But it was no consideration of justice that moved Beust to settle the Hungarian question. The sole consideration that moved him was that if the Hungarian question were not settled to the liking of the Hungarians, the Hungarians would settle it for themselves by disrupting the Empire. Twenty years later he frankly stated the position: "Austria had been beaten after a short but most disastrous war; Prussia had forbidden her any further interference in German affairs; the country was almost in a state of latent revolution; and an outbreak in Hungary, promoted by foreign agents and foreign gold, with Klapka doing Bismarck's bidding, was in the highest degree probable, and would, had it occurred, have led to almost overwhelming disaster. Knowing this, I felt bound to advise the Emperor to accede to the views of the Deak party." Such was the man with whom Francis Deak had now to deal, and with whom he eventually concluded the *Ausgleich*, or Agreement, by which Hungary was freed from foreign dominion.

XXIII.—The Surrender of Austria.

On the 19th of November, 1866, the Hungarian Parliament met, and received a rescript from the Emperor Francis Josef, in which he declared he had resolved to give due "consideration to its demands and claims," and hinted at the appointment of a responsible ministry and the introduction of responsible government in all parts of the Empire. Deak mistrusted the tone of the rescript. In it he discerned the voice of Belcredi rather than the voice of Beust, and, reflecting his mistrust, excitement reigned in Pesth. In the midst of it Beust hurried to the Hungarian capital to the house of the National leader. It was the first meeting of the two men, and Beust, had he had any intention of playing a game against Deak, abandoned it after the interview. He found Deak ironwilled and impenetrable—not discourteous, as Beust wrote half-complainingly years afterwards, but short-spoken and abrupt. Beust gave Deak an assurance that he would not rest until the Hungarian Constitution was restored, and Deak felt that Beust, though his motives were not of the highest, was sincere. An unspoken—an unwritten—agreement was made between the two men. Beust had to fight and overthrow Belcredi, who was still Prime Minister, before he could restore the Hungarian Constitution. Deak had to prevent the excitement of Hungary playing into Belcredi's hands, while at the same time maintaining the unyielding attitude of the nation. But Deak was too skilful a politician to involve himself with Beust, whose defeat was possible. After his meeting with the Saxon statesman in Pesth, he avoided any further direct conferences with him, but by secondary channels the two men kept in touch.

While the fight between Belcredi and Beust was proceeding in

Vienna, Deak kept the Hungarian Parliament as calm as the excitement of the times would permit. Every deputy was ready with a scheme for the final settlement of the Hungarian question, and with a speech upon it, and between the Republicans, Radicals, and Conservatives—all agreed that the *status quo* was impossible, but all differing as to what the New Hungary should be—only Deak could have saved Hungary from playing into Belcredi's hands. The result would probably have been another effort to enforce arbitrary rule upon Hungary, and a consequent insurrection, in which the Austrian Empire might have disappeared; but Hungary, weak and exhausted after the struggle, would not unlikely have fallen into the hands of Russia in the partition of the Empire, for the Hungary of 1866 was not the strong Hungary of to-day. This was the danger Deak foresaw, and desired to avert; but he was too great a man to desert a principle because of possible danger in its enforcement. Therefore, even while he felt that if Beust failed, his uncompromising attitude might involve war, Deak did not waver. In the address which he drafted in reply to Francis Josef on the 15th December, 1866, he spoke on behalf of Hungary in straightforward terms: "None of your Majesty's proposals," he said, "will be taken into consideration by the Parliament of Hungary until all the demands made by the Parliament of Hungary are conceded, and a ministry responsible to it alone assumes power. . . . Between Absolutism and a nation deprived of its constitutional liberties, no compromise is possible."

This was the firm language of a patriot statesman speaking on behalf of his nation to the head of the power which oppressed it. The brilliant statesmen of the Irish collar-the-King party will find it amazing that a man who not alone refused to collar the King, but treated the King as his country's enemy should have rescued Hungary out of the Austrian clutch. Deak's firm reply evoked a tyrant's rejoinder. In the beginning of 1867, the Emperor issued a decree making military service compulsory on the Hungarians. Belcredi was on top. A shout of rage and defiance rang through all Hungary, and for a moment it seemed as if insurrection would break out. Only the strenuous efforts of Deak saved the situation. He saw that the crisis had come, but the last moves in the game had not been played. His voice was heard above the tumult and the Parliament, swayed by him, sent a deputation to the Emperor with "Hungary's last word," as it has been called—the reply to the Emperor's conscription decree—which had been drawn up by Deak himself, and in which he said, speaking in the name of the Parliament of Hungary—"Let your Majesty cancel the decree and all other measures sanctioned by Absolute power in defiance of our Constitution, let your Majesty restore our Constitution in its integrity, and that as speedily as may be." It is reminiscent of the manly addresses of the Volunteers to the British representative in this country.

The deputation bearing the ultimatum went to Vienna and presented it to the Emperor, who, to their delight and surprise, replied that he was ready to cancel the army law and accede to all the wishes of his

beloved Hungarians "when the obstacles which hindered the formation of a responsible Hungarian Ministry were removed." The Council of Sixty-seven, which had been appointed by the Hungarian Parliament to investigate into these obstacles, thereupon addressed his Majesty on the subject, and after a terrific struggle between Belcredi and Beust the former went down. Deak's unyielding policy had killed him. On the 7th of February, 1867, the Emperor dismissed Count Belcredi from the Premiership and appointed Count Beust his successor. On the same day he summoned Deak to Vienna, and in the Imperial Palace pledged his word to his old antagonist to concede all that had been demanded. Four days later, Julius Andrassy, who had fought in 1848 for the Hungarian Republic, and for whose apprehension his Majesty had been pleased to offer a reward of several thousand crowns, was summoned also to Vienna. Andrassy, after the defeat of the revolutionists, escaped to France, where he lived for years in exile, returning to Hungary on the proclamation of the amnesty. When, in response to the Emperor's telegram, he went to Vienna, it was to be informed by the Emperor that he desired him to undertake the formation of a National Ministry for Hungary, responsible to the Hungarian Parliament, with Andrassy himself as Premier.

On the 18th of February, 1867, the Hungarian Parliament re-assembled in Pesth to hear the reply to the "last word." It came in the form of a Royal rescript suspending the Conscription law and all other obnoxious laws until such time as the Hungarian Parliament declared itself willing to adopt them, and restoring the Constitution of Hungary. The reading of the rescript was followed by prolonged cheering from the Deputies, which, taken up by the waiting crowds outside, rolled and echoed through the streets like the roar of artillery. The appearance in the street of the hunted revolutionist of eighteen years before—Julius Andrassy, now Prime Minister of a freed Hungary was signalised by the continuous shouting of "*Eljen a haza!*"—"My Country for Ever," the words with which the previous Prime Minister of a free Hungary—Count Batthyany—went to his death at the hands of the Austrians. At night Buda-Pesth flamed with bonfires and shone with illuminations—and next day its citizens —and the people elsewhere—busied themselves tearing down all Austrian flags, ensigns, and devices—particularly the double-headed eagle—brother to our lion-and-unicorn—and burning them in the streets to the chant of the Marseillaise or Petofi's National Anthem. The proceedings, however, being likely to lead to great boisterousness, the National Government issued a proclamation—it was its very first —to the people, ordering them not to tear down any more of the Austrian ensigns—as the officers of the National Government would remove them themselves.

What the *Ausgleich* or agreement between Austria and Hungary consisted in, how the Emperor Francis Josef went to Pesth and was crowned King of Hungary, and how Hungary, who won her independence by refusing to send members to the Imperial Parliament or to admit any right in that Parliament to legislate for her, has

prospered and grown giant-like in her strength since she became mistress of her own household we shall relate, after which we hope to convince some very practical people that the fight for Ireland's independence, if present circumstances do not permit it to be waged with sword and gun, is nevertheless not in the alternative to be fought out on the floor of the British House of Commons.

XXIV. The Ausgleich.

By the *Ausgleich* or Agreement between Deak on the part of the Hungarian Parliament and Beust on the part of the Austrians, ratified by the Emperor as King of Hungary, the relation of Hungary to Austria is definitively laid down. By it the King pledges himself to uphold in all respects the Constitution, privileges, and territorial independence of Hungary, to convoke within the year another Parliament, if one Hungarian Parliament be dissolved, to recognise the right of Hungary alone to decide on what her contribution to the military forces of the common army shall be. Under the *Ausgleich* Hungary does not recognise any authority in the Parliament of Vienna, and is free to conclude treaties and arrangements with other nations, on the footing of a free independent nation without consultation with Austria except in certain specified circumstances. Hungary also retains her national army—the Honveds, which she herself raises and pays, her national flag and national ensigns, supreme power over all her territory, her own mint and her own language, none other being legal in public offices, courts of law and in the State Documents.

In Pesth a ministry comprising a Premier, a Minister of Education and Public Worship, a Minister of Finance, a Minister of Justice, a Minster of Agriculture, a Minister of National Defence, and a Minister of the Court sits and is responsible only to the Parliament. A similar ministry, save that the Minster of the Court is Francis Josef himself, sits at Vienna, responsible to the Austrian Parliament. The Parliament in Vienna consists of 353 members, that in Pesth of 444—we speak of the elective houses—the Houses of Magnates are hereditary or nominative, somewhat like the English House of Lords—but the power rests finally in the hands of the Lower House, which unlike the British House of Commons, can compel the House of Magnates to assent to any measure they affirm three times. The rights and powers of both the Austrian and Hungarian Parliaments are equal, and although Austria pays 68 per cent. of the common expenditure, whilst Hungary pays only 32, Hungary has an absolutely equal vote in the expenditure of the money. The Austrian and Hungarian Parliaments annually elect a delegation of sixty members each, who assemble alternately in Vienna and Pesth, and deliberate separately—communicating with each other by written messages, the Hungarian delegates writing in Hungarian, the Austrians in German. The deliberations are on the common affairs of the Empire, and these delegates elect what is called the "Common Ministry"—a Minister of Foreign Affairs, a Minister of War, and a Minister of Common Finance. These three Ministers are

charged with the conduct of the affairs of the Empire in its relations with the outer world only, and they are responsible not to the Parliament of Hungary nor the Parliament of Austria, but to the delegates elected from each of these. Either Hungarian or Austrian delegates possess the right of initiation. Under no circumstances can any debt be contracted in the name of the Empire or for any Imperial purpose without the consent of Hungary. The name Austro-Hungary is substituted for Austria in all official documents. In a word it may be said that the *Ausgleich* is a compact between two independent nations, agreeing for their better security and territorial integrity to have a common sovereign and to act in concert in regard to foreign affairs.

Not all in Hungary considered the *Ausgleich* satisfactory. The Separatists adhered and still adhere to the belief that any connection with Austria is a source of weakness, not strength to Hungary. And when Francis Josef came to Pesth for his crowning, the Separatist Party held aloof from all participation in the ceremonies. Indeed, on the day of his crowning the leaders of the party met at dinner in Buda and toasted the Republic of Hungary. But they freely and frankly admitted that Deak had done magnificently for Hungary, and they peremptorily forbade any display of hostility to Francis Josef on this occasion—since he came to do as much as, while the connection at all subsisted, the occupant of the throne could do—to restore Hungary to an equality with Austria. Francis Josef, who was a tactful man, appreciated this attitude of the Separatist Party, and marked his appreciation by the issue of a proclamation which caused him to be personally esteemed by those who are his political antagonists. It was a proclamation removing every disability and every penalty, inflicted for opposition to Austrian rule and an invitation to all Hungarian exiles to return and share in the new freedom of their country. In this proclamation Francis Josef used no word that might hurt the feelings of any of his antagonists—he did not call it "an amnesty" nor a "pardon." He wrote: "I, Francis Josef, hereby annul all decrees and penalties inflicted upon my Hungarian subjects for any political causes up to this date and restore all lands forfeited, fines exacted," &c. It was a kingly proclamation, and the exiles said so, while many of them refused to take advantage of it. Francis Josef followed this up by allocating a presentation made him in Pesth of 100,000 ducats to the widows and orphans of the Hungarians who had been slain in the War of Independence fighting against himself and for the Republic of Hungary—a presentation which greatly added to his popularity.

On the 8th of June, 1867—eighteen years after the effort of Hungary to maintain her Constitution had been crushed out in the blood of her people—Francis Josef was in Pesth to formally restore the Constitution of 1848, and pledge himself as King of Hungary to defend it with his life. At seven o'clock in the morning of the happy day, his Majesty, accompanied by his nobles, rode from the palace to the parish church of Buda, above which floated the tricolour of the

Hungarian Revolutionists of 1848, and reaching its door knelt down, until the Primate of Hungary sprinkled him with holy water and touched him with the crucifix, whereupon trumpets and drums sounded, and Francis Josef arose and entered the church, on the high altar of which the crown jewels of Hungary were placed. Approaching the altar, he turned and, facing the congregation, he, in a loud firm voice, took the oath of allegiance to Hungary. "I, Francis Josef," he cried, "by God's grace Apostolic King of Hungary, swear by the Living God, by the Blessed Virgin Mary, and by all the saints that I will uphold the liberty of Hungary and the rights, privileges, customs, and liberties of the Hungarian people of every creed and every station, and inviolably maintain the Constitution, privileges, and territorial integrity of Hungary, and do all that may be righteously done to spread the renown and increase the prosperity of this my kingdom. So help me God." After which the king descended from the altar and bowed down before it, while the Primate and Bishops made the sign of the cross above his head, and the Litany was chanted. Then the monarch was anointed, the royal mantle of St. Stephen placed upon his shoulders, the iron crown placed upon his head, the sword of St. Stephen placed in his hands, which drawing from its sheath, and standing in front of the altar, he flashed before him, then to left and then to right, while outside the cannon thundered the news that the King of Hungary had sworn the oath of allegiance.

The sceptre and globe were next handed to the King by the Primate, and he was conducted to the throne by the nobles and the bishops, bearing the ensigns of all the nations of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The Primate, standing before the altar, lifted up his hands and prayed for the strength of God to maintain the King, while he maintained his oath, and at the end of the prayer bishops, nobles, and congregation joined in three cheers for the King of Hungary. Again the cannon thundered out, and simultaneously all the bells in Buda-Pesth were tolled joyfully.

The procession moved from the church—the fifty-two counties of Hungary, each represented by its nobles, its professional men, merchants, artisans, and farmers, all clad in national costume, and all carrying arms, led the way, with the tricolour flag of Hungary waving in the front, after which came the Church dignitaries, then Count Beust, and behind him in the faded green mantle of St. Stephen, with the iron crown on his head, the King of Hungary—after him a long line of notables and regiments of Hungarian Hussars, with their bands playing Hungarian music. Arrived in front of the parish church of Pesth, the King rode his horse up the mound there, and facing the north, drew the sword of St. Stephen from its sheath and cut with it northward, then turning his horse to the south, to the east, to the west in rapid succession, he cut with the sword in each direction—this ceremony signifying that the King called God to witness that come the enemies of Hungary from any quarter of the world, he would defend his kingdom with his life. At the conclusion of this ceremony the people, whose enthusiasm had been wrought up to the highest

pitch, burst through the guards like a torrent, and crowded round Francis Josef with a mighty shout of "Long live the King!"

In the evening a great banquet was held in the palace, and Buda-Pesth was illuminated, so that, to use the description of a perhaps excited chronicler, it looked brighter than in the glare of the midday sun. Bands played throughout the city, and rockets burst all through the night over it. In the meadows along the river bank the people were entertained at a great feast, at which the oxen were roasted whole and the wine supplied in hogsheads. They spent the night in dancing, singing, and generally acting with so much unrestrained enthusiasm that a scandalised English journalist of the time wrote that their conduct was quite Irish! Beust, in his memoirs, tells how, as he was going to the banquet, a white-haired old man, at least eighty years of age, fell on his knees before him as he stepped from the carriage, and clasping his hand, kissed it again and again, passionately exclaiming: "My father, my father!" With racial density Beust speaks of this incident—of which a Celt, or Latin, or Magyar statesman would have apprehended the significance—as a humorous occurrence. Beust's inability to understand the Magyar mind afterwards led to trouble and his fall from power.

For three days Pesth and all Hungary abandoned itself to feasting and merriment, and then resumed its business with seriousness and energy. But Deak did not participate in the feasting and merrymaking. He was a quiet man and disliked fuss. The Parliament of Hungary—Royalists and Republicans—voted that he should act as Palatine of Hungary—that is Protector—and crown Francis Josef. He declined to do so. Francis Joseph anxiously asked Andrassy how he could honour Deak. "Sire," said Andrassy, "you have wealth, titles, offices, and decorations at your disposal; you can honour other men with one or all of them—but with them you cannot honour Deak." The King then sent Deak a photograph of himself and the Queen in a diamond-mounted frame. Deak declined to accept it, but when the King pressed him anxiously to know some way in which he could express the esteem and gratitude he felt for one who so long had been his resolute antagonist, "Sire," Deak replied, "when I am dead, you can say 'Francis Deak was an honest man.'"

Deak had declined to be Prime Minister, declined to be a member of the Cabinet. He wished to retire to his little home at Kehida—his whole fortune amounted to just £300 a year—and finish his life in the calm happiness of rural retirement, but his countrymen appealed to him to remain in Parliament, and he did so, with a sigh. For nine years he remained a simple member of the House, but stronger than any minister in it, and when he died—in 1876—his death was the occasion of an unprecedented outburst of grief, and Hungary clad herself in mourning. As his funeral passed through the streets the people knelt and wept on the pavements. By his own request his grave was made a plain one. A truly great man, he was like all the truly great ones of the world, simple and unostentatious to the end. The King of Hungary, whom for years he had fought foot to foot, whom he neither

flattered nor feared to sternly condemn when occasion demanded, wept with the Hungarian people when Deak died. "In him," said Francis Josef, "we have lost our noblest and our greatest man."

XXV.—Present and Past Hungary.

Since the conclusion of the *Ausgleich* and the restoration of the Hungarian Constitution Hungary has outstripped the majority of European countries in material progress. Like a strong man long bound who regains his freedom, exulting in his re-awakened strength, Hungary has used it to the full and with enthusiasm. Hungary, politically, at the present time is divided between three parties—the National Conservatives or Deakites, led by Tisza, who uphold the *Ausgleich*, and whose motto is *Festina Lente;* the National Liberals, led by Apponyi, who accept the connection, but demand that Francis Josef pass at least an equal period each year in Buda-Pesth as in Vienna, that an independent Hungarian Court shall exist in Pesth, at which the foreign ambassadors be received by Francis Josef as King of Hungary, that the customs union between Austria and Hungary be abolished, that all Hungarian regiments be officered only by Hungarians and carry only the Hungarian flag, and several other things; and the Separatist Republican Party, which desires to sever the "last link" which binds Hungary and Austria together, and constitute Hungary a Republic. The Hungarian Separatists, however, conduct their campaign on peaceful lines. They sit in the Hungarian Parliament and tenaciously insist on the observance of every ancient right and privilege of Hungary, and believe that, without resorting to war, the connection will be terminated in time—Austria and Hungary both agreeing it to be to their common good to exist as entirely separate States. All parties, however differing on the degree of connection which should subsist between Austria and Hungary, work together for the material and moral good of the nation.

The latest full official statistics of Austria and Hungary are those issued last year, dealing with the census of 1900. In that year the population of Austria was 26,150,708, and the population of Hungary 16 721,574 The population of Hungary is increasing, however, at 3½ per cent. per annum more than the population of Austria, and, roughly speaking, the population of Hungary at the present time may be taken as 18,000,000 against 27,000,000 for Austria. Hungary's progress not only in agriculture, but in mining and manufacturing industries since the restoration of her national Constitution, might be, with small exaggeration, called marvellous. Her output of iron before she regained her freedom was infinitesimal—like our own. She is now turning out half-a-million tons yearly. Her output of coal before she regained her freedom amounted to a couple of hundred thousand tons annually. It is now 7,000,000 tons per annum. But one single fact will suffice to give the reader some conception of the giant strides Hungary has made in her liberty, and of how far she has left her old oppressor behind. In Austria, to-day, there are thirty thousand steam-

boilers—in Hungary there are *twenty-nine millions!* And forty years ago the Austrian Press and the Austrian statesmen assured the world, as the English Press and the English statesmen assure it now about Ireland—that the people of Hungary were a very interesting people, brave enough and with some rude notion of the arts, but fickle, inconstant, lacking in application—in a word, devoid of the great Teutonic virtues of sobriety, patience, and industry. Hungary has shown the world how Austria lied. In Ireland, Irishmen have been found to believe the libel and to agree with England, that fine fellows though we are in many ways, we lack the staying power of the Saxon. So Sir Horace Plunkett has arisen to tell us, as Belcredi told the Hungarians thirty-nine years ago, that our own defects of character, not the government of our country by foreigners, is the root-cause of our misery. However, Belcredi found few Hungarians base enough or foolish enough to credit him. Hungary believed in itself and relied on itself, Ireland did neither, and of the two nations both seemingly helpless and utterly crushed in 1849—the one that believed in itself has since become a great nation among the nations of the world—the one that sought succour from its masters is, perhaps, to-day the most miserable and most forgotten in Europe. The difficulties the Hungarians had to overcome were fully as great as those which confront the Irish in Ireland. Ireland was several times "planted" with English and Scotch families. Hungary was again and again "planted" with Germans. As in Ireland, the bulk of the descendants of these Germans became in time at one with those among whom they dwelt, but a minority remained unabsorbed. As in Ireland, there were many creeds in Hungary. As in Ireland the bulk of the people were Catholic, but there was a strong Presbyterian or Calvinist minority, and a considerable number of Lutherans and Greek Catholics. As in Ireland, while a great proportion of the Nationalist leaders came from the non-Catholic ranks, the bulk of the Nationalists were the Catholics. The Calvinist, Lutheran, and Greek Catholic Hungarians were long apprehensive—an apprehension the Viennese Government lost no opportunity of exciting—that in an independent Hungary where the bulk of the voting-power would necessarily belong to the Catholic majority, they would be intolerantly treated. The history of independent Hungary has proved how baseless the apprehension was. From the day the Constitution of Hungary was restored, the fullest equality has reigned, and religious intolerance is utterly unknown in the kingdom. But Hungary had to contend with other difficulties which Ireland can never have to overcome. Hungary was surrounded on all sides by people hostile or inimical to her—not alone Germans and Russians, but the Slav hordes who had been taught by unscrupulous and cunning statesmen to regard Hungary as an enemy to them. These "hordes" were used again and again to raise frontier questions—which however settled, injured Hungary. If settled in her favour, the hatred of the "hordes" for the Hungarians was increased; if settled against her, she lost part of her territory. The frontier of Ireland has been fixed by nature. What-

ever British statesmen may do, they can never impair the territorial integrity of Ireland, nor use the frontier question to raise up enemies for this country other than Great Britain itself.

Nor were the potent weapons of calumny any more neglected by Austria than by England. Austria, like England, had the ear of the world, and into it for generations she poured what tale she pleased about the Hungarian. In her Press, in her theatre, in her society, the Magyar was ever held up to ridicule. His history was declared to be invention, useful only to burlesque, his traditions formed the material for the little wits of Vienna to exercise their humour on, his character was drawn in the grossest colours—he was a drunkard, a lazy ne'er-do-well, a blundering ignoramus, an ingrate who bit the hand of his Austrian would-be benefactor. In the Austrian beer-gardens—the equivalent of the English music-halls—vulgar beings, clad in grotesque imitation of the Hungarian costume, who sang vile songs reflecting on the Hungarian character, were the popular buffoons. The Austrians called them "Magyar Miska," or "Hungarian Michaels"—Michael being the popular peasant-name in Hungary—as the English call their music-hall Irishmen "Irish Micks" or "Irish Paddies." Nor was there at one time wanting in Hungary the equivalent of the Irish seoinini—debased Hungarians who, anxious to conciliate the strong ones, applauded the libels on their race, affected to despise the customs, traditions, history and language of their country, to consider everything Hungarian vulgar, and all things Austrian polite. "Fertaly-magnas" Kossuth and his young redeemers called them in bitter satire —"quarter-gentlemen." The English language cannot quite convey the significance. But at all events, it was the Hungarian nickname for what we call the seoinini.

The Magyar peasant, when he rendered the soil he laboured at more productive and thus increased its value, was rewarded by an addition of taxation—in bitterness then he let his land go wild—and "See," said the Austrians, "what a villainously lazy lot these Hungarians are!" In Ireland, in our time, the peasant who reclaimed the waste was rewarded by having his rent increased and evicted from his home when unable to pay it. His neighbours, warned by his fate, let the waste lie waste. "See," said the English, "what a lazy lot these Irish are!" The Magyar peasant who kept his house decent and trim and brightened it as far as in him lay, was assessed for heavier taxation. Then, when he let his house go half to ruin, the honest Austrians called the attention of the world to the uncleanly and slovenly Magyar. So our benefactors the English have held us up to the world as "the dirty Irish," so, too, they, having made education among us penal for generations, deplore to Europe our ignorance. So did the Austrians when they had denied Hungary a National system of education or a university —though, indeed, unlike the English, they never put a price on the head of a teacher—lament to Europe the trouble they had in dealing with so barbarous and ignorant a people. And for generations Europe believed that one of the most gallant, courteous, and gifted people of the world were, indeed, nothing better than ignorant boors,

drunken, immoral, and intractable, whom Austria was compelled to occasionally punish in the best interests of civilisation.

No Englishman, from Giraldus Cambrensis to James Anthony Froude, has levelled a charge against the Irish people and the Irish nation which some Austrian has not also levelled against the Hungarians. The world has forgotten the Austrian calumnies since Hungary has become free. It half, where it does not wholly believe the charges made against Ireland and the Irish. England has poisoned the world's ear against us, and we have allowed the world to drink in the poison, because we have raised up as our leaders in these latter times, not Szechenyis and Kossuths and Deaks, but men of little mind to whom notoriety was dearer than truth and honour, and gold or titles or social recognition of value exceeding principle—compromisers, when they were not corrupt, timid in action, and boastful in words. In Mitchel Ireland had a rough parallel to Kossuth—she never had a Deak.

To-day we are fighting precisely the same fight in Ireland as the Hungarians did in the early Forties. As it was in Hungary when Szechenyi, and Deak, and Kossuth were beginning, so it is in Ireland to-day. Our rich men are pro-English as the rich Hungarians were pro-Austrian—our people are divided as the people of Hungary were divided. As Szechenyi, a non-Hungarian-speaking Hungarian, realised the value of the language which had become in Hungary in those days, as it is in Ireland in modern times, to be deemed a *lingua rustica*—so non-Irish speaking Irishmen in our time have realised the value of the Irish language and thrilled it again with life. Szechenyi throughout his life could never speak Hungarian without effort or without an Austrian accent—some of his lieutenants in the revival could never speak three sentences of it—but they taught all Hungary to be proud of it, and taught all young Hungary to speak it, so that to-day the Hungarian language is the only language of millions in Hungary whose fathers and grandfathers spoke no word of it. As Deak and Kossuth realised that language alone cannot make a nation—that no nation can endure deprived of free political institutions—so the language revivalists in Ireland see that the language in itself is not an end but a means to an end. Public spirit, enterprise, and national self-consciousness were the outcomes of the language revival in Hungary, and these in time made Hungary free. We hear the cry that England will not give us a National University. Neither would Austria give Hungary one. But Hungary did not spend its time denouncing the Austrian from a hundred platforms as tyrant for her refusal. She built her National University herself, and trained in it her most brilliant sons to teach her people in all the arts of peace and war, and teach them in the virtues. But first of all she trained them in patriotism—trained them to see in Austria the enemy. Out of the university came the "Redcaps," who fought Austria on the battlefield, and the political leaders, thinkers, artists, scientists, and captains of industry who fought Hungary's battle in other spheres. Her literary men made Buda-Pesth her literary capital. They did not go to Vienna. Her people bought books and papers printed in Hun-

garian, which thousands of them could not read, because they were printed in Hungarian. Her journalists drove out the German beer-garden, with its stage-Magyar, from Hungary, and in its place created a National Theatre, where the past glories and future greatness of Hungary were made familiar and prophesied to the eyes and ears of the people. Greater than all the patriotic resolutions of Ireland are the monuments of Hungary's patriotism that to-day stand in the capital of Free Hungary—the National University, the National Museum, and the National Theatre, built in despite of Austria, by the pence, shillings, and pounds of the people of Hungary sixty or seventy years ago.

In the same spirit of patriotism the Hungarians cast from them the garb they wore, since it was similar to the garb worn by the Austrians, and clad themselves after the fashion of their ancestors, thus stamping their individuality upon the foreigner—in the same spirit, they banished the dances of Austria, the songs of Austria, and the amusements of Austria from their social entertainments and refused to sit in the same restaurant or wineshop with a soldier wearing the Austrian uniform. It was in this spirit that the inhabitants of Pesth, most of whom were descended from Austrians, answered when twitted by the Austrians with that fact—"What our ancestors were in ages past is not to the purpose. We are Hungarians now." A French writer tells us of a peasant who when answering the interrogatories of an Austrian official stated his nationality to be Hungarian, but stated it in the German language. "How can you call yourself a Hungarian when you speak German?" said the official sneeringly. "If your master declines to register me as a Hungarian because I do not speak Hungarian," replied the peasant promptly, "tell him that although I am ninety years old, I am not too old to learn."

The temptation to dwell upon the striking parallel which the Hungary of the early decades of the nineteenth century affords to the Ireland of to-day, has led us into being discursive, but the "Visionaries" who look forward to an Irish-speaking Ireland in the near future will be comforted by this passage from the book of Patterson on the Magyars, written in 1869, two years after the restoration of Hungary's independence:

> Few travellers who are now whirled by the railway or the steamboat to Pesth, where they find a gay modern capital, with its large booksellers' shops full of Hungarian books, with its National Museum, and its Palace of the Academy, suspect how new all this is. In 1820 there was no museum, there was no academy, nay, there was not even a capital. The idea that Hungary ought to have a capital had not yet arisen, or was as yet confined to the brains of a few poetical visionaries. There was then scarcely any Hungarian literature, much less any booksellers' shops for its sale. The very language in which the present literature is written was then in the process of making.

And the same author, speaking of the early days of the language revival, writes:

> The establishment of a sporting newspaper was regarded as a matter of almost national interest, and its editor, in consideration of the services he thus rendered to the literature of his country, was made a member of the Hungarian

Academy. In a similar spirit to subscribe to a journal of fashions, written in the Hungarian language, is spoken of as an act of patriotism. All this seems to us very absurd, but from the standpoint of the Hungarians themselves it is quite intelligible. The most mindless and frivolous of women, even if she have neither husband nor child, has still some influence in society. Why, then, should she be left uncared-for by the literary patriots? Why should she be left to perpetuate the traditions of the days when as yet Hungarian journalism was not? Refusing to consider the question: "Of what use are the perfumed *flâneurs* of the Vaczi Utcza?"—it is thought better that they should make their bets in Magyar, rather than in German or French.

There is in this a hint for the Gaelic League. The Hungarian Gaelic Leaguers cast their net broadly, and if they could not turn sinners from their pet sin, they saw to it that the sin did not help the foreigner.

XXVII.—Hungary and Ireland

When Hungary was in the midst of her great struggle for national existence, one Charles Boner, Englishman, visited the country, and wrote a book in which he gave the Hungarians the benefit of his superior British wisdom. Gently but firmly he chided their errors and pointed them out the way they should go. His book, which was published in the year 1865, possesses much interest for reflective Irish readers, nor other Boners have been generous enough to give similar advice to us, and Irish people have been found to receive it with respect. The first fact that pained the good Englishman was that the Hungarians insisted on remembering the wrongs that had been inflicted on themselves and on their ancestors. "A Hungarian," wrote Boner, "always dwells on and cherishes his wrongs, and like the Irish, never loses an opportunity of putting them forward prominently." Even after Boner's reproach appeared in print, the Hungarians remained intractable, hating their oppressors and venting their hatred in action and words. The next fact that pained Boner was the uncompromising attitude the Hungarians had taken up. They will have no compromise, he writes. They say, "'He who is not with us is against us.'" They will not, the good man complains, accept assurances, representations, or even proofs that they are in the wrong. They do not want proofs. "They assume as incontrovertible truths, particular views of their own with regard to their grievances." "In every step taken by Government, the animus which is invariably shown to be inimical is affirmed beforehand, and by their assertion all abide." The Hungarians truly enough refused to see in the Austrian Government aught but an enemy, which caused the Englishman to complain that they were "wilful," "devoid of political sagacity," "self-blinded," "inordinately proud," and lacking "in the faculty of clear-sighted deliberation, in the power to discriminate between the desirable and attainable, in that wisdom which inclines to compromise rather than to haughty antagonism, where nothing is to be gained by it." Now, if the Hungarians had hearkened to Boner—their disinterested friend Boner, as he styled himself—if they had compromised, doffed their caubeens, to the Austrian garrison, presented loyal addresses to Francis Josef, and sung "God Bless the Emperor," there would have been no Hungary to-day, great, free, and prosperous.

but in its stead an Austrian province peopled by serfs and forgotten by the world.

Hungary did not hearken to Boner. It derided that "wisdom which inclines to compromise," and remained defiant, immovable, and deaf to all blandishments, and it won its game. It refused to see the reasonableness of Boner when he chided it for its foolish declaration that it would prefer a bad native Government to a good foreign one. "It is all very well," wrote Boner, in his Epistle to the Hungarians, "to cherish old customs and privileges," but he added, it would be much wiser to let the past be past and join in the great March of Progress. Boner was also compelled to point out to the Hungarians, as his countrymen have been compelled to point out to us, that they were sub-conscious liars whilst their oppressors were monuments of truth. "The Hungarians are continually being led by the predominance of the imaginative faculty," he wrote. "They are so accustomed to take what they fancy to be fact, and which should be so, for truth, that it is necessary to test carefully all statements in which national and political feeling is likely to bias them. Herein, as in numerous other cases, they are the very opposite of the German. He is slow to assert and scrupulous in examining. The Hungarian, borne away by imagination and his hot passions, boldly asserts as fact the promptings of his ardent temperament, and he will often lavish forth assertions as recklessly as he has always hurled defiance against his opponent." Is there a reader to whom this is not familar, who, substituting "Irishmen" for "Hungarians," and "Englishmen" for "Germans," cannot recall having read in the books of the English the same passage? Nor is there a country in civilised Europe into the ear of which England has not poured the same story of the Irish that Boner poured into the ear of the world about the Hungarian when Hungary was down—that our grievances are imaginary, our charges against the English false—that, in short, we are liars and the English true-begotten children of Truth.

We shall journey some distance with Boner. He is instructive company. His British rectitude was shocked at the "moral terrorism" which restrained respectable Hungarians who desired to compromise and conciliate from doing either. "Fear of the others deter them," wrote Boner. "The Hungarians exercise a greater tyranny than any Government—for they morally stigmatise a man and brand him ruthlessly should he not act with them." Thus possible Hungarian Peter O'Briens and Sir Thomas Piles blushed unseen, and men who would gladly have sold their country were constrained by the force of public opinion into remaining honest.

Boner was concerned that the Hungarians should cut themselves off from the world by reviving their own language. He appealed to them for their own welfare to stick to German. Hear him on the Hungarian language and literature: "Hungarian literature cannot supply the place of that which Germany offers in such rich abundance. German is a language which associates the Hungarians with the civilised world—the language of a literature that has remodified Europe. This ignoring of a literature is part of a *system*"—Boner had discovered the

dark plot—" and does not arise from an imperfect acquaintance with the language in which it is written, for every Hungarian of education speaks German well. It is like the present strict adherence to the national costume on the part of the men, a demonstration of political feeling rather than anything else." The " system " triumphed, and now the Hungarian language is the language of all Hungary, and the literature of Hungary is one of the great modern literatures. Again and again the benevolent Englishman deplores the uncharitableness and mental and moral defects of the Hungarians. " The bitter feeling existing among the Hungarians against the German population," he writes, " is so intense that in all concerning the latter it utterly blinds and deprives them of the capacity to form a reasonable judgment. . . . With the Hungarian every question becomes crystallised into one of nationality ; this warps his judgment, for he thus regards even those which are most diverging from one sole special point of view. Argument is then at an end, and a rabid state begins. . . . He loves especially to take his stand on history. Against this nothing is allowed to have weight. . . . He can neither comprehend nor will tolerate that petty personal considerations should stand in the way of action that has once been resolved on ; being himself ready to make any sacrifice for his convictions, he expects the same willingness in another who, up to a certain point, has marched along with him. Having also in a high degree what in German is called *selbstgefuhl* or feeling of his own personality, he has no exaggerated respect for or servile fear of mere authority or its representatives in office. . . . They [the Hungarians and Germans] are as different as possible in nature, education, aims and political views. In character they are as unlike as the Irish and Scotch—indeed, I have often thought the buoyant Hungarian, swayed easily by passion resembled the former, while the German, thrifty, and methodical, reminded me of him of the north country."

Boner further pointed out to the Hungarian that the self-esteem and exclusiveness which forbade him to associate with the German must lead to his undoing. " His contempt for the German is nearly as great as his hate," wrote Boner. ". . . In every explanation given on political questions it is inevitably as a perfectly innocent victim that the Hungarian appears ; not a shade of wrong appertains to him, nor is he answerable for one of his misfortunes. All is the work of others —he is merely the sufferer, a sort of modern Prometheus, whose gigantic unmerited suffering appeals, not in silence, but loudly to humanity and heaven." Where is the Irishman who does not recognise this British sarcasm as an old acquaintance; and who does not recognise himself in the following as painted to Europe by his enemy: " The Hungarian exhibits exactly the same fault which he attributes to his rulers—a dislike to hear the truth. . . . In the discourse of the Hungarians about themselves and their nationality there is not the remotest approach to anything like logical reasoning. . . . Not to march with the Hungarians is in their eyes proof sufficient of rascality. . . . The Hungarian is always goading himself on by brooding over

or recapitulating his wrongs, not only of to-day, but of the past as well. . . . For everything unfavourable that happens or has happened to them the Hungarians make the Government answerable . . .; they have a dogma to which they cling as though salvation depended on it—that Government desires to ruin them financially . . . in every enactment; no matter what it be the Hungarian discovers a plan, direct or indirect, for doing him some harm. . . . I have pointed to these things because no well-wisher to the Hungarians can observe them without regret."

Benevolent Boner! If the Hungarians had but taken his advice, forgotten their past, surrendered their language, assimilated themselves and learned the "wisdom of compromise," they would to-day be in the enjoyment of blessings similar to those which England showers on this country. But our primary purpose in resurrecting Boner is to exhibit him as a strenuous advocate of the policy of Parliamentarianism, which for years has been adored as the Only Policy For Ireland. The Hungarians rejected that policy and refused to permit their representatives to appear in the Imperial Parliament. Six years of persistence in this attitude reduced the Imperial Parliament to impotence, but Boner, like our wise men, perceived the folly of the Hungarian attitude and the immense advantage Hungary would derive from maintaining a party to fight the battle of Hungary on the Floor of the House—in Vienna. "It would be far wiser," wrote Boner, "if the Hungarians, instead of each one laying down his mandate, had entered the assembly and there fought their battle. They would have found among the German members faithful allies. . . . Their eminent qualifications for political life would soon have given them the ascendancy. . . . The Government, even had it opposed good measures, would have been forced to give way. I cannot but deeply regret the determination of the Hungarians to have nothing to do with Parliament or office. . . . They, after all, are the greatest sufferers by it. . . . In no way do they more injure themselves and act against their own interests than by abstaining from all share in the Government and in declining to hold any office, for by their refusal men are placed in authority who are unfit for it. Yet, while the Hungarians suffer by the want of trust and incompetency of such officers, they chuckle at the abuses and imperfections to which their nomination leads." Worse still, Boner asserts, the Hungarians who refused to enter the Imperial Parliament "chuckled" at the Saxons who did, when these same Saxons were outvoted on every question where their interests collided with those of the Austrians.

Boner was not a fool. He was a shrewd Englishman. He wished for the defeat of the Hungarians, because he apprehended that if they succeeded in beating down Austria, *Ireland would imitate the Hungarian tactics and paralyse England.* "What I saw and heard," he wrote, "continually reminded me of Ireland . . . it is exactly the same . . . even as regards the rallying-cry 'Ireland for the Irish,' 'Hungary for the Hungarians,' . . . Pitt saw . . . that if matters were to mend, others besides Irishmen must legislate for

Ireland. *This was essential.* He also saw that the Dublin Parliament must be under the influence of the Imperial Parliament. . . Of all the difficulties an Austrian minister has to encounter, the opposition of the Hungarians is undoubtedly the greatest, because of their intelligence, their boldness, their perseverance, and their *implacability*. But there are many others of minor importance. Supremacy of language is one of them. . . . Let us fancy to ourselves the Irish peasant speaking only his own native Irish and demanding equal rights for his tongue! . . ."

Boner was needlessly alarmed. Hungary won, but Ireland did not understand what her victory meant. All Ireland knows about European politics is what the British Press, having first coloured to suit British interests, permits her to learn. One strong, able, honest man in Ireland in 1867, after the failure of the Fenian insurrection, apprehending the significance of the coronation of Francis Josef at Pesth, could have rallied and led the country to victory. Ireland did not produce him. Ireland produced Isaac Butt, the Apostle of Compromise, who by himself and his successors has led the country to the brink of destruction.

And now we have sufficiently outlined the history of the struggle in Hungary, and brought home the parallel to apply the lesson. We must consider how the existing relations, apart from the actual connection which has subsisted, unwillingly on the one part, since the twelfth century, have been brought about. Six hundred years after the English invasion of this country, the English Parliament renounced all claim or title to govern this country. Its Renunciation is still inscribed on the British Statute-book, and, nevertheless, the English Parliament governs us. The discovery to be made is, How this illegality originated, and how it has been perpetuated.

The Parliament of Ireland, prior to the last quarter of the eighteenth century, despite the efforts of men such as William Molyneux, Dean Swift, and Charles Lucas, was almost a Parliament *pour rire*. It had little more real power than the statutory Parliament Mr. Gladstone proposed to establish in Dublin in 1886. But it, however, served a useful purpose in keeping Dublin, to some extent, a National capital. Men resorted to Dublin because of this even shadowy Parliament, and those who were honest and courageous among them sought to make the shadow substance. In time they succeeded. When Molyneux wrote his famous book asserting the independence of the kingdom of Ireland and the responsibility to the Irish people alone of the Irish Parliament, he was boycotted by the respectable people, and the hangman publicly burned his seditious book, but his ideas no hangman could burn, and they remained secretly working in the minds of the English-speaking Irish. Then came Swift—and shrewdly seeing that the independence of his country could only be achieved by uniting the old Irish and the new, he sought for years an issue to unite them on, and found it at length in Woods' halfpence. By his giant genius he united all Ireland, peer and peasant, Catholic, Protestant, and Dissenter, Norman, Cromwellian, and Gael in opposition to England, and

when he had it united launched his thunderbolt in the famous "Fourth Letter of M. B. Drapier to the *Whole* People of Ireland"—his declaration that by the law of God, of nature, and of nations, the Irish people were as free a people as the people of England—and that no power other than the King of *Ireland* and the Lords and Commons of Ireland had the right or authority to make laws to bind them. The British Government replied by offering a reward for Swift's discovery and apprehension, but they found none to earn it. As Swift himself wrote afterwards: "Not a traitor could be found, To sell me for six hundred pound."

Swift died without seeing the independence of his country achieved, but his spirit lived. He had implanted in the breasts of the descendants of the English Colonists in Ireland a feeling of resentment against England, and a feeling of kinship to a degree with the sons of men whose fathers died on the beaten side at Aughrim and the Boyne. Then came Lucas, lacking the genius of Swift and the scholarship of Molyneux, but bluntly honest, fearless, and incorruptible—inveighing against the English dominance in Irish affairs and lashing with a vigorous tongue the corruption and slavishness of the Irish Parliament. The mob of Dublin cheered to the echo the anti-English harangues of the honest demagogue, and the British Government in Ireland, fearing the downfall of its usurped power, proscribed him. On the younger generation the propaganda of Molyneux, Swift, and Lucas was not lost. Langrishe, Grattan, Flood, and others now appeared, and the War of American Independence placed the game in Ireland's hands. The country was denuded of troops, even as it was during the late Boer war, and "the loyal inhabitants" apprehensive of a French invasion, banded themselves together for common protection, procured arms, learned to use them, and then reflected that it was not the French who had imposed restrictions on their commerce and freedom of action. "England," as a contemporary writer says, "nothwithstanding she had in some instances suspended, and in others prohibited the exportation of Irish manufactures, inundated the Irish markets with every species of her own, and with a view to effectually destroy all power of competition in Ireland, the great capitalists of England determined at any loss to undersell the Irish in their own markets—a loss, however, which they thought would be amply repaired by the monopoly which must necessarily succeed the utter destruction of the Irish manufacture. This system it was impossible for the Irish manufacturer to resist or counteract; his capital was too small to bear the losses of competition; resistance would have been vain; he had therefore no alternative but to change his trade or submit and famish." The Volunteers observed this, came to understand that it was not France which was the enemy, and accordingly, drafted and adopted the famous "Non-importation and non-consumption Agreement." By this patriotic agreement the Irish Volunteers bound themselves not to import any goods of English manufacture which Ireland manufactured, or was competent to manufacture, and not to consume such goods. The Irish merchants, the Irish shopkeepers, and the Irish people generally enthusiastically followed the Volunteers in adopting the agree

ment. The English conspiracy was smashed and Irish manufactures revived to an unprecedented degree. For the first time for generations prosperity began to smile upon the land, and the national victory was celebrated in the Marching Song of the Volunteers:

Wasn't John Bull a fool,
When he took off our wool
To leave us so much of
The leather, the leather!
It ne'er entered his pate
That a sheep-skin well-beat
Will draw a whole nation
Together, together!

The whole nation had been drawn together by the "Non-importation Agreement," and now demanded its freedom The Volunteers originally all Protestant, threw open their ranks and invited their Catholic fellow-countrymen to come in—which they did—and when the delegation of the Irish Parliament walked to the Castle to demand the renunciation of England's claim to govern this country, it passed through streets lined by the armed grandchildren of the men who fought under opposing flags at Limerick, Derry, Aughrim, and the Boyne, now united in defence of their common country.

England renounced her claim to govern this country, awed by the bayonets of 200,000 Irish Volunteers. Though her *divide et impera* policy subsequently succeeded in riving the union of the people of Ireland, the memory of Dungannon she can never eradicate—the memory of that day when 300 Irish Protestants, representing the 200,000 armed defenders of the country, resolved in the Church of Dungannon:

That the claim of any body of men, other than the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, to make laws to bind this Kingdom is unconstitutional, illegal, and a grievance.

That a citizen, by learning the use of arms does not abandon any of his civil rights.

That we hold the right of private judgment in matters of religion to be equally sacred in others as in ourselves. Therefore, that as men, as Irishmen, as Christians, and as Protestants, we rejoice in the relaxation of the Penal Laws against our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects.

England yielded to the Volunteers She had no alternative. But secretly she planned their destruction and the destruction of our country. Suspicious of her acknowledgment of Irish independence, the Volunteers demanded that she should *expressly* renounce for ever all pretension to rule this country. In the English Parliament, a peer —Abingdon—opposed the Renunciation vehemently. Ireland, he declared, must be kept subordinate. The news came to Ireland, and in forty-eight hours 120,000 armed and disciplined men prepared to take the field. England threw up the sponge, and rushed the Renunciation Act through her Senate. If she had not done so, the Duke of Leinster would have been crowned King of Ireland by the Volunteers, and the countries for ever separated. This Renunciation Act—by it England renounces for ever all pretension to govern this country—runneth: "The said right claimed by Ireland to be bound only by laws enacted by His Majesty and the PARLIAMENT OF IRELAND.

IS HEREBY DECLARED TO BE ESTABLISHED AND ASCERTAINED FOR EVER, AND SHALL AT NO TIME HEREAFTER BE QUESTIONED OR QUESTIONABLE." This is the Law. This Renunciation Act remains inscribed on the British Statute Book. Under the Constitution no power exists or has existed since the year 1783 in the British Parliament to legislate for this country, and the so-called Act of Union is unconstitutional and a fraud.

Grattan, unconsciously, was used by the British Government as the instrument to disband the Volunteers. When Sir Lucius O'Brien moved in the Irish House of Commons to call on the King of *Ireland* to declare war against Portugal, which was conspiring with the *British* Government against Irish trade, Grattan was silent; when Montgomery moved that Ireland should proceed to build a fleet to defend her coasts and commerce, Grattan was not his supporter; had he been, we to-day would be the free citizens of an independent and prosperous nation. When the Volunteers had been disbanded, the Castle raised a paid force, the militia, to help its scheme. Then when its preparations were completed it introduced the "Bill of Union." We are not going to call in question the validity of the "Act" of Union on the ground that it was carried by corruption and intimidation of the vilest type, or on the ground that what were declared to be fundamental provisions have since been violated by the British Government. The "Act" of Union was never valid. It does not and cannot exist as a law under the Constitution. The members of the Irish Parliament had no legal power to terminate the existence of that Parliament. They were, in law, simply trustees for the time being of a power proceeding from the people, and they were bound in law to deliver that trust back into the hands of its owners. Instead they sold it. "The Legislature," as Locke says, "cannot transfer the making of laws into other hands, for it is merely a delegated power from the people." Every Irish lawyer pointed out at the time that the "Act" of Union could not be legal or binding—Saurin, Plunkett, Ponsonby, Ball, Bushe, Curran, Burrowes, Moore, Fitzgerald, and a hundred others; and no lapse of time, no ignorant acquiescence, can render legal an illegal act. The "Act for Removing and Preventing any Doubts which have arisen or might arise, concerning the Exclusive Right of the Parliament and Courts of Ireland in matters of Legislation and Judicature," is still the law of the land. No authority exists, under the Constitution, to legislate for this country except the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, and the Parliament of Ireland has as legal an existence to-day as it had in the year 1783.

This is a statement of constitutional law. The fact that England has ignored the law and Ireland has forgotten it, does not affect the matter in the least. We are in Ireland in regard to the settlement of 1783, precisely in the position of Hungary in regard to the Constitution of 1848. Austria illegally suspended that Constitution and declared it abolished. Deak stood for eighteen years insisting that it was not abolished—since it could *not* be abolished save with the consent of the

whole people of Hungary. He refused all compromise, and ignored the laws passed for Hungary in defiance of her Constitution. It was inevitable that such an attitude must baffle Austria or any other nation towards which it was assumed, and leave her no alternative to unconditional surrender except government by the sword. If Ireland had adopted in 1800 towards the illegal Act of Union with England the attitude Hungary adopted in 1849 towards the illegal Act of Union with Austria, England could not have sustained the "Act" of Union for five years. Had Henry Flood, who was a statesman and a man of courage, been alive she might have done so. Grattan was incompetent. He was an excellent orator, sincerely patriotic, but he was neither a statesman nor a leader of men. Plainly enough, like Saurin and Plunkett and Bushe and the other Irish legists he saw that the "Act" of Union was unconstitutional and illegal, but having salved his conscience by saying so, he considered he had done his duty to his country and returned to his favourite occupation of making eloquent speeches. All of the miscalled "constitutional" leaders who followed him from O'Connell to Parnell worked on the assumption that the Act of Union was legal and binding. O'Connell asked for an impossibility when he asked for Repeal of the Union—there can be no legal repeal of an illegality. Butt and Parnell reduced the situation to a farce by offering to accept as a settlement of the Irish question the establishment of a vestry in Dublin—to be continued during our good behaviour.

Count Beust, the Austrian statesman, who arranged the *Ausgleich* with Hungary, had, twenty years later, much adverse criticism to offer on Gladstone's attempt to "settle the Irish question." The man who "settled the Hungarian question" pointed out that the legislature Gladstone proposed to erect in Dublin, and which the Irish Parliamentary Party declared itself willing to accept in "final" settlement of Ireland's claim, conferred no real power on the Irish people, and even degraded Ireland to a lower position than she at present occupies, as in exchange for an illusory "Parliament," she was required to give up her claim to distinct nationhood. Gladstone, in introducing his Home Rule Bill, had the audacity to compare it with the *Ausgleich* carried out by Beust and Deak. Beust pointed out in his criticism of Gladstone that the *Ausgleich* rendered the Hungarian Parliament co-ordinate with the Austrian Parliament, rendered Hungary absolute mistress of her own affairs, and gave her the status in international law of a sovereign State. In Hungary the Austrian is as much a foreigner as he is in France or England, and as in those countries, must be naturalised before he can claim the rights of citizenship. Gladstone's Bill proposed to erect a legislature in Dublin, sub-ordinate to the Parliament of London—a legislature whose existence could be terminated in forty-eight hours if a majority of the British members of the British Parliament so desired, and this legislature was to be excluded from having any voice in questions of war and peace, foreign affairs, the army and navy, international treaties, customs dues, questions of currency, indirect taxation, &c. It was an opera-bouffe "Parliament," and in return for the farcical thing,

Ireland was to resign for ever her status as a separate nationality and become a province of the Empire. There was not a province of the Austrian Empire whose petty Diet did not possess greater powers than Gladstone proposed to give his "Irish Legislature," and the proposal in 1861 of the Austrians to give Hungary a Legislature with absolute power over the internal affairs of Hungary, but yet terminable in certain circumstances by the Act of the Viennese Parliament, was unanimously and contemptuously rejected by the Hungarian people. Beust, in continuing the analogy between the Hungarian and Irish questions, frankly admitted that Austria would never have conceded Hungary's demand had Hungary not made it impossible for her to refuse it by the policy she adopted and persisted in for eighteen years. England, the statesman showed, would, similarly, never concede Ireland's demands unless Ireland made it impossible for her to refuse them. There was no question of generosity or desire to do right in Austria's action. She had sworn again and again that she never would and never could admit Hungary's claims, as England has sworn again and again that it is mere midsummer madness for the Irish people to imagine she could assent to the Lords and Commons of Ireland resuming the government of this country. Swearing she never would consent, Austria consented—and England, like Austria, would consent to-morrow to observe her legal obligations under the Renunciation Act if the Irish made it as impossible for her to combine dishonesty with profit as the Hungarians did in the case of Austria.

Count Beust admitted that the geographical position of Ireland was more favourable than the geographical position of Hungary, but he argued it as a serious weakness of her claim, that, unlike Hungary, Ireland had not a separate language and literature, and that she had, unlike Hungary, *given her case away by sending members to the British Parliament, thus recognising its authority.* The first of Beust's objections is easily disposed of, and would not, of course, be urged by him if he lived to-day. Ireland has a distinct language and literature of its own. The second is more serious, but not fatal. From the inception of *The United Irishman* we have opposed the sending of Irishmen to sit in the British Parliament on two grounds (1) That it is a recognition of the usurped authority of a foreign assembly to make laws to bind the people of Ireland, and (2) That the policy of Parliamentarianism has been materially and morally disastrous to the country. We need not labour the latter point. No measure of a beneficial nature for this country has ever been passed by the British Parliament as a result of the presence, speeches, and actions of the delegation from Ireland. The five measures which are usually accepted as beneficial, passed for Ireland by that Parliament—the Catholic Emancipation Act, the Tithes Act, the Church Disestablishment Act, the Land Act of 1881—with the supplementary Ashbourne Act — and the Local Government Act, were passed as a result of the *unconscious carrying-out by the people of the Hungarian policy* — the policy of Passive Resistance — with occasional excursions into the domain of Active Resistance at strategic points. In one sentence the

impotence of the Irish Parliamentary Party in Westminster can be exhibited. It has been there for thirty-three years—a generation—to keep it there Ireland has expended over £600,000—and during the period of its existence the population of Ireland has decreased by 20 per cent., and the taxation of Ireland for *British* purposes has increased by 70 per cent. No condemnation is further needed than these figures. A man who runs his business on such lines ends in the Bankruptcy Court. A nation which persists in running its business on such lines must inevitably go smash.

The recognition of the competency of a British Parliament to make laws to bind this country, which the attendance of the Parliamentary Party at Westmininster implies, is, of course, a grave political mistake, but Count Beust's contention that Ireland surrendered her case when she returned men to sit in the British Parliament, goes too far. The Act of Union is illegal and unconstitutional. Acceptance of seats in the British Parliament by Irishmen cannot render this illegal enactment legal. "The temporary acceptance" of the Act of Union as binding has had the unfortunate result of misrepresenting the position of Ireland to the world, and of confusing the minds of her people. It has led them into a *cul-de-sac*, and ignorance, vanity, and selfishness on the part of their leaders prevented them admitting the truth, and retracing their steps. Here, then, we have arrived at the point: We must retrace our steps, and take our stand on the Compact of 1782, and the Renunciation Act, as Deak took his on the Pragmatic Sanction and the Laws of 1848.

O'Connell had one statesmanlike idea in the course of his life. It flashed across his mind to summon the Irish Parliament to meet in Dublin, and, ignoring the illegal "Act" of Union, proceed to legislate for the country. There then existed a law known as the Convention Act, which forbade the assembly of delegates in Ireland, and the British Government attempted to counter O'Connell by its use. O'Connell sought to evade the provisions of the Act by calling his assembly the Council of Three Hundred, and the Young Irelanders, recognising the political wisdom of the move, enthusiastically supported O'Connell—they even for the moment thought they had misjudged the Tribune in holding him to be no statesman. "If the members be wise and brave," said John Mitchel, "Ireland will be saved." The British Government was alarmed as it had not been alarmed since 1798. "In six months," said Lord John Russell, "the power and functions of government will be wrested from our hands, and the Lord Lieutenant will sit powerless in Dublin Castle." The preparations for the meeting of the Council of Three Hundred proceeded apace. Thomas Davis was selected to sit for the County Down, John Mitchel for the town of Banbridge, when O'Connell, after his lapse into statesmanship, re-appeared in the cap-and-bells, and ruined his own proposal. The Council of Three Hundred never met—the "Arbitration Courts," which had been founded throughout the land to supersede the British Law Courts, were abandoned, and the British Government breathed freely again. Had Ireland been led by a statesman then, the end of the British government of

Ireland was at hand. It is sixty years since, and our population has decreased by one-half. Our rights remain. The withdrawal of the Irish Parliamentary Party from the British Parliament and the summoning of the Council of Three Hundred to meet in Dublin is the initial step for Ireland to take in the application of what we have styled the "Hungarian Policy."

The composition of the Council is a matter of detail. However, we suggest that it be composed of the present General Council of the County Councils, the 103 representatives of the Irish people who at present sit in the British Parliament—that these gentlemen, when elected by the people, act as the Hungarians did in similar circumstances proceed to the capital of their own country instead of to the capital of the enemies' country, and there assemble and deliberate—and representatives of the Urban Councils and the Poor Law boards. The Corporations of Dublin and Belfast and Cork might elect four delegates each, the Corporations of Derry, Limerick, and Waterford three each, the Corporations and Town Commissioners of Wexford, Dundalk, Newry, Lisburn, Sligo, Clonmel, Kilkenny, Galway, Drogheda, and other large and important towns two delegates, and the smaller, but important towns, such as Fermoy, Kinsale, Skibbereen, Midleton, Mallow, Banbridge, Monaghan, Enniskillen, Roscommon, Ballina, Castlebar, Carlow, Longford, Enniscorthy, New Ross, Tullamore, and Edenderry one delegate each. This would secure the return of 300 representative men, without recourse to any machinery for their choice or election which is not already existent. Of course, the details of representation might be modified or altered without interfering with the principle. For membership none but persons above twenty years of age, Irish by birth, or Irish by descent, should be admissible and clergymen of all denominations should be eligible for election.

It will, of course, be urged that the Unionist minority of the 103 Irish members of the British Parliament, and the Corporations, and Commissioners of such places as Belfast, Derry, and Lisburn will not send representatives to the Council of Three Hundred. This is true. But there will be no difficulty with proper organisation in securing that 90 of the 103 Irish seats will be filled by men opposed to the recognition of the illegal and unconstitutional Act of Union, and it requires no great acumen to perceive that the position of the miserable handful of "Unionist" representatives in Westminster would, in the circumstances, become intolerable to themselves and a source of weakness to the British Parliament, which would be rendered as the Austrian Imperial Parliament was rendered through the abstention of the Hungarian delegates, the standing political joke of every capital in Europe. Five-sixths of Ireland would be represented in the Council of Three Hundred, as five-sixths of Hungary was represented in the so-called "Agricultural Union," which long served the Hungarians for the purpose of a parliament. The Council of Three Hundred should meet in Dublin during a period of the year, and initiate, discuss, and pass measures calculated to benefit the country. These measures once

passed, the County Councils, Urban Councils, Poor Law Boards, and other representative bodies should, so far as they have legal powers—and the powers of the Irish County Councils and Poor Law Boards are more extensive than most Irishmen wot of—enforce them. For instance, the County Councils have power to make monetary grants and levy rates for desirable purposes. If the Council of Three Hundred pass a measure affecting the industries or agriculture of Ireland, the County Councils can by united action give the measure practically as much legal force as an Act passed by the British Parliament. Let it be recollected that even under the Coercion Act, there is no violation of the law committed by 300 gentlemen meeting in Dublin and recommending the adoption of measures to the Irish people calculated to improve their condition, and that there is nothing illegal in the Irish representative bodies using their full powers to give force to these recommendations. The County Councils of Hungary formed the strongest weapon of Kossuth in the Forties and Deak in the Sixties against the Austrian Government. The County Councils of Ireland possess in some respects greater powers than the County Councils of Hungary; it needs only their united action, under the guidance of a directing mind, to render them as potent against English misgovernment as the Hungarian Councils were against Austrian oppression. A sum of £25,000 is raised annually for the upkeep of an impotent Irish Parliamentary Party in the British Parliament. This sum should continue to be raised, but be devoted to quite a different object, to the upkeep in all the great capitals of Europe and its important commercial centres of capable and patriotic Irish men of business, whose duties would be (1) to keep Europe acquainted with the truth about the struggle in Ireland, and (2) to secure a profitable market for Irish goods and produce abroad. The Hungarians adopted this plan with a success that would seem incredible to the average Irishman. From Paris to New York Hungary established its consuls during the years of its struggles against Austria, and the efforts of these consuls *trebled* the export trade of Hungary during the seventeen years of their work. What Hungary did Ireland can do, but at the present time Ireland has not a direct representative of her interests in any Continental capital, and she is the only country in Europe of which that fact is true. As a consequence our export trade to the Continent is insignificant and actually decreasing.

The institution of a system of Protection for Irish manufactures would be one of the principal duties of the Council of Three Hundred, and one that, by the co-operation of the Irish public bodies, could be made effective. The Hungarians inaugurated and carried out such a system by means of the "Vedegylet" association. The supersession of the British civil courts, in this island by the institution of "Arbitration Courts," such as the Young Irelanders projected and the Hungarians established, would be a matter of no difficulty and great profit to the nation. Voluntary Arbitration Courts are legal, and their decisions have all the binding force of law when the litigants sign an agreement to abide by them. The Irish

abroad, especially in America, would form a valuable auxiliary, both by rendering aid to Irish industrial enterprises and obstructing and thwarting the designs of British foreign policy, as the Hungarian exiles did from 1849 to 1867 in the case of Austria—although far less in number than the Irish abroad. It would, of course, be a principal duty of the Council of Three Hundred to keep Irishmen out of the ranks of the British armed forces. In Hungary the County Councils saw so effectively to this that the Austrian army was rendered ineffective, and went to pieces in seven days before the Prussians. The world knows to-day that were it not for the Irish soldiers in her army, England would have been driven out of South Africa as a result of the recent war, and thus reduced to a worse plight than the Austrians were in 1866—a plight in which she would have been as powerless to refuse the demand of an organised Ireland as Austria was to refuse the demand of organised Hungary.

We have merely roughly indicated how the policy which made Hungary what it is to-day may be applied to Ireland; where the circumstances of the countries differ, it is a work of detail to adapt the policy. For its successful working out clear-thinking, uncompromising men are required to lead. There is no doubt of the readiness of the people to follow. The people of Ireland are not less patriotic and not less intelligent than the people of Hungary—three-fourths of their misfortunes are traceable to their pusillanimous, incompetent, and sometimes corrupt leaders. An Irish Deak would have found in Ireland a support as loyal and as strong as Deak found in Hungary. But the Irish Deak never appeared, and shallow rhetoricians imposed themselves upon the people in his stead. Thus for a hundred years, with brief interruptions, Ireland has been consistently misled, and has paid for her weakness with the lives of half her people, and the loss of her fortune. We hold that the subsistence of the connection between this country and Great Britain, in any form, is not for our country's good, but we recognise the existence of a large mass of our countrymen who believe as Deak believed in the case of Austria and Hungary, that, provided the countries retain each their independence, and exist co-equal in power, the rule of a common sovereign is admissible. With men of such views Nationalists are cordially prepared to co-operate, as the followers of Kossuth co-operated with Deak. A demand that England shall observe her own compact with the Parliament of Ireland, and keep her own law, and obey her own Constitution—all of which she has violated every day these 104 years past for the purpose of plundering this country—involves no abandonment of principle on the part of those who desire to see Ireland a sovereign independent state. But an alliance or co-operation with men who are willing to accept a statutory and emasculated legislature as a "settlement of the Irish question," would be an abandonment of the principles of Irish Nationalism, and can never be entertained by any Irish Nationalist. The fulfilment of England's legal obligation to this country involves the placing of the relations of Great Britain and Ireland on exactly the same footing as the relations now exis-

tent between Austria and Hungary, and no Irish Nationalist can, without abandoning principle, accept less, though he may seek more. Principle has been out of fashion with Irish leaders for many years. We submit that the return to the path of principle is the sane policy for suffering Ireland, and we have written these articles to show doubters that the nation which refuses to compromise its honour is the politic nation. The King, Lords, and Commons of England have no more *legal* competency to make laws for this country than the Mikado and Parliament of Japan. The Renunciation Act of 1783 is still the law, and since it is the law the King of England so long as he governs this country through the British Parliament is *not* the constitutional King of Ireland, and all recognition of him as such is an offence against the Constitution. We state this fact for the benefit of the gentlemen who present "loyal" addresses to his Britannic Majesty, and defend the action on the ground that they are "Constitutionalists." In fact, the action makes them rebels against the Constitution. In the latter part of the eighteenth century, Ireland, by the determination and valour of her sons, was raised from the position of an insignificant and poverty-stricken province to the status of a nation and to a prosperity greater than that of any civilised country of her extent and population then existent. What Irishmen did in the eighteenth century, Irishmen are competent to do in the twentieth—what the Hungarians did for Hungary Irishmen can do for Ireland. The Parliamentarian policy no longer attracts support. Its abandonment and substitution by the wise and self-respecting policy followed by the Hungarians in like circumstances will find no intelligent opponents save among those who place their personal interests above their country's weal. Even though the Hungarian Policy comes to Ireland as something novel, none who think can doubt that, carried out with the same determination, the policy which resurrected Hungary from the tomb Austria built for her in 1849 at Vilagos can end the usurped authority of a foreign Senate to legislate for Ireland.

APPENDIX.

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Marus Jokai fought for Hungary throughout the war of independence in the ranks of the "Red-Caps"—the nickname of the Hungarian students' corps. Despairing of his country after Vilagos, he attempted to commit suicide, but his devoted wife preserved him. He returned to Hungary and founded in Pesth, the *Hon (Fatherland)* newspaper, a patriotic organ, intensely hostile to Austrian rule. In this journal first appeared that wonderful series of novels, descriptive of Hungarian history, manners, and customs, which made him world-famous and formed the principal foundation of the present-day Hungarian literature. No romanticist since Walter Scott has equalled Jokai, and for vivid description, dramatic power and humour, he has no compeer among modern novelists. To those who desire to enter into the very heart and life of the Hungarian people, Jokai's novels open the way. Such novels as "Midst the Wild Carpathians," "Debts of Honour," "The Poor Plutocrats," "A Hungarian Nabob," "The Turks in Hungary," "The Sons of the Baron," and fifty others equally delightful, render us as intimate with the Magyar as if we lived in his house. Jokai will take rank among the world's great writers, but he will take a nobler rank as one of the world's good men. In storm and sunshine he was faithful to his people. God gave him genius, and he devoted his genius, not to self-aggrandisement, but to the uplifting of a country which he found poor, stricken, oppressed, and despised, and left prosperous, free, and respected. "Hungary is our country, and Buda-Pesth, not Vienna, is Hungary's capital," he bluntly reminded the Accommodators in the *Hon*. "The primary duty of Hungarians is to Hungary. The primary concern of Hungarians is the independence of Hungary, and he who is not willing to sacrifice all his possessions and his life, if necessary, to preserve or regain his country's freedom, is not only not a patriot, but he is not a man."

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THE RENUNCIATION ACT.

GEORGII III. (ANNO VICESIMO TERTIO), CAP. XXVIII.

An act for removing and preventing all doubts which have arisen, or might arise, concerning the exclusive rights of the parliament and courts of IRELAND, *in matters of legislation and judicature; and for preventing any writ of error or appeal from any of his Majesty's courts in that kingdom from being received, heard, and adjudged, in any of his Majesty's courts in the kingdom of* GREAT BRITAIN.

Preamble recited. 22 Geo. 3 c. 53

WHEREAS, *by an act of the last session of this present parliament, (intituled,* An act to repeal an act, made in the sixth year of the reign of his late majesty King *George* the *First*, intituled, *An act for the better securing the dependency of the kingdom of* IRELAND *upon the crown of* GREAT BRITAIN*;) it was enacted, That the said last mentioned act, and all matters and things therein contained, should be repealed: and whereas doubts have arisen whether the provisions of the said act are sufficient to secure to the people of* IRELAND *the rights claimed by them to be bound only by laws enacted by his Majesty and the parliament of that kingdom, in all cases whatever, and to have all actions and suits at law or in equity, which may be instituted in that kingdom, decided in his Majesty's courts therein finally, and without appeal from thence:* therefore, for removing all doubts respecting the same, may it please your Majesty that it may be declared and enacted; and be it declared and enacted by the King's most excellent majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the lords spiritual and temporal, and commons, in this present parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, That the said right claimed by the people of *Ireland* to be bound only by laws enacted by his Majesty and the parliament of that kingdom, in all cases whatever, and to have all actions and suits at law or in equity, which may be instituted in that kingdom, decided in his Majesty's courts therein finally, and without appeal from thence, shall be, and it is hereby declared to be established, and ascertained for ever, and shall, at no time hereafter, be questioned or questionable.

The rights claimed by the people of Ireland firmly established.

No writ of error or appeal from the courts in Ireland, shall be received by any court in Great Britain.

II. And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That no writ of error or appeal shall be received or adjudged, or any other proceeding be had by or in any of his Majesty's courts in this kingdom, in any action or suit at law or in equity, instituted in any of his Majesty's courts in the kingdom of *Ireland*; and that all such writs, appeals, or proceedings, shall be, and they are hereby declared null and void to all intents and purposes; and that all records, transcripts of records or proceedings, which have been transmitted from *Ireland* to *Great Britain*, by virtue of any writ of error or appeal, and upon which no judgment has been given or decree pronounced before the first day of *June*, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-two, shall, upon application made by or in behalf of the party in whose favour judgment was given, or decree pronounced, in *Ireland*, be delivered to such party, or any person by him authorised to apply for and receive the same.

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The Home Rule movement was initiated at a meeting held in the Bilton Hotel, Dublin, in 1870, and the policy of Parliamentarianism and the Irish Parliamentary Party brought into existence by the election to the British Parliament of Isaac Butt, John Martin, Mitchell-Henry, and other members of the "Home Government Association" in 1871. The following figures exhibit the progress Ireland has made after thirty-three years of Parliamentarianism:

POPULATION.

1871	5,412,377
1904	4,412,000
Decrease	1,000,377

LAND IN TILLAGE.
(Acres.)

1871	5,621,437
1904	4,632,833
Decrease	988,604

TAXATION.
(For British purposes.)

1871	£6,923,402
1904	9,748,500
Increase	£2,825,098

PAUPERISM.
(Average number of persons in receipt of Poor-law relief)

1871	69,791
1904 (estimate)	102,000
Increase	32,209

Since the inception of the Parliamentarian policy the population of Ireland has decreased by 18½ per cent., the land in tillage by 17½ per cent., whilst pauperism has increased by 54 per cent., and the taxation has risen from £1 5s. 7d. per head to £2 4s 2d. per head, or 71¼ per cent.

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(FOUNDED 1899)

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