

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

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## THE SONG OF IRON.

BY G. W. CUTLER.

Author of "Song of Steam," "E Pluribus Unum."

Heave the bellows and pile the fire,  
Like the red and fearful glow  
Where the crater's lurid clouds aspire  
O'er the darkened plains below;  
Let the weight of your ponderous hammers  
Smite

With the power of the mountain stream:  
Or thunder beneath the earthquake might  
That dwells in the arm of steam!

Though I cannot boast the diamond's hue,  
The tempting gleam of gold,  
With which, by the arts of the grasping few,  
The nations are bought and sold;  
Yet in my presence more priceless far,  
Than the blaze of earth's royal gem,  
That ever has kindled a dual star,  
Or flamed in a diadem.

To the fearful depths of the rayless mine  
My giant strength was laid  
Ere the sun, or the moon, or the stars that  
shine

In the boundless heavens were made;  
Ere darkness was rolled from the deep a-  
way:

Ere the skies were spread abroad;  
Ere the world that called up the light of day  
Were breathed by the lips of God!

Ye were but a poor and powerless race  
Till ye wisely sought my aid;  
Ye dwelt, like the beasts of the savage  
chase,

In the gloom of the forest shade;  
When the Nomad yielded his hearth  
To the wolf, in pale affright,  
And the tooth of the lion stained the earth  
With the blood of the troglodyte.

How helpless ye saw the descending rain,  
The water's resistless flow,  
The frost that scared the verdant plain,  
And the blinding drifts of snow!

For you no steer his neck would yield—  
No steed your slave would be;  
Ye traced no furrows along the field,  
No pathways o'er the sea!

The myriad stars came forth at even;  
The bow of God was bent,  
Inscribing the wondrous laws of Heaven  
O'er the measureless firmament.

Bright constellations rose and fled;  
The fair moon waxed and waned;  
But the record which they nightly spread  
Unknown to you remained.

But when some present spark of mind  
Invaded my lone retreat,  
And ye learned my Proteus form to bind,  
And fashion, with fervent heat,  
The gleaming sword from the flames leapt  
out—

And the hook for the golden grain;  
And the air grew vocal with freedom's shout  
Where the tyrants of earth were slain!

Then rose the dome and the lofty tower  
Where the groaning forest fell;  
And the massive girdle'd frowning o'er  
The walls of the citadel.

The dizzy and tapering steeple sprang,  
And flashed in the summer air;  
And the peal of the bell in the turret swung  
To summon the world to prayer!

Stout ships encountered the howling storms  
On the trackless sea secure;  
For I held the fate of their gallant forms,  
And my grasp is strong and sure.

'Mid the lightning's gleam and the tem-  
pest's roar,  
They feared not the angry main,  
For they cast their trusty anchors o'er,  
And laughed at the hurricane.

At my touch the massive column soar'd!  
Where the groaning forest fell;  
And forms of beauty the world adored,  
Rose up in deathless stone.

Ye rivalled the tints of the blushing dawn,  
With the hues my dust supplied,  
Till the humblest work of art has shone  
Like the mist by rainbows dyed.

I come where the suffering patient lies  
On his couch, all wan and weak;  
And the lustre returns to his sunken eyes,  
And the bloom to his pallid cheek.

Ye fear not the roar of the thunder loud,  
Ye sleep with the storms around,  
For the bolt I clutch in the threatening cloud  
Falls harmless to the ground.

Where I tread, the crooked paths grow  
straight,  
The old hills disappear;  
And I draw each distant hostile State,  
In friendly commerce, near!

Swift through veins by the lightning hurled,  
Your thoughts like the tempest sweep,  
Till knowledge has covered the rolling world  
As the waters have covered the deep.

And soon ye shall see my massive ore  
In many a grander pile  
Than ever adorned the Tiber's shore,  
Or the banks of the ancient Nile.

The sacred temple shall rear its roof,  
The cottage for social gloe,  
The frowning fortress thunder-proof,  
And the ships of every sea.

Then hush! ye fearless sons of toil!  
Your nation's strength and pride!  
May ye reap a harvest of golden spoil  
O'er the earth and the ocean wide!

May your ponderous hammers ever smite  
With the power of the mountain stream;  
Or thunder beneath the earthquake might  
That dwells in the arm of steam!

Address of Kossuth to the People  
of the United States

Two years ago, by God's providence, I,  
who would be only a humble citizen, held  
in my hands the destiny of the reigning  
house of Austria.

Had I been ambitious, or had I believed  
that this treacherous family were so basely  
wicked as they afterward proved themselves  
to be, the tottering pillars of their throne  
would have fallen at my command, and  
buried the crowned tyrants beneath their ruins,  
or would have scattered them like dust be-  
fore a tempest, homeless exiles, bearing  
nothing but the remembrance of their perfi-  
dy, and that royalty which they deserved to  
lose through their own wickedness.

Free citizens of America! from your his-  
tory, as from the star of hope in midnight

gloom, we drew our confidence and resolu-  
tion in the doubtful days of severe trial. Ac-  
cept, in the name of my countrymen, this  
declaration as a tribute of gratitude.

And you, excellent people, who were worthy to  
be chosen by the Almighty as an example  
to show the world how to deserve freedom,  
how to win it, and how to use it—you will  
allow that the Hungarians, though weaker  
and less fortunate than you, through the de-  
caying influences of the old European soci-  
ety, are not unworthy to be your imitators,  
and that you would be pleased to see the  
stars of your glorious flag emblazon the  
double cross of the Hungarian coat-of-arms.

When despotism hurled defiance at us, and  
began the bloody war, your inspiring exam-  
ple upheld the nation as one man, and  
legions, with all the means of war, ap-  
peared to rise from nothing, as the tender grass  
shoots up after spring showers.

Though we were inferior in numbers to  
the enemy, and could not compare with their  
well-trained forces—though our arms were  
shorter than theirs—yet the heroic sons of  
Hungary supplied the want of numbers by  
indomitable bravery, and lengthened their  
weapons by a step further in advance.

The world knows how bravely the Hun-  
garians fought. And it is not for me, who  
was identified with the war—who, obeying  
the wishes of the nation, stood faithfully at  
the helm of government—to extol the heroic  
deeds of my countrymen. I may mention,  
however, that while every day it became  
more evident that the heart of Europe beat  
to the pulsations of the Hungarian struggle,  
we maintained the unequal conflict alone, cut  
off from the rest of the world and all external  
aid, till a year ago we laid the haughty  
power of the tyrant house of Hapsburg in  
the dust; and had it not been for the inten-  
tional and traitorous disregard of my com-  
mands by one of our leaders, who afterwards  
shamefully betrayed the country, not only  
would the imperial family have been driven  
from Vienna, but the entire Austrian nation  
would have been liberated; and though by  
such treason this base family saved them-  
selves from destruction, they were so far  
humbled in March, 1849, that, not knowing  
how to be just, they implored foreign aid,  
and threw themselves at the feet of the Czar.

The Emperor hoped that the Hungarian  
people could be terrified by his threatenings,  
and would prefer slavery to death; but he  
was deceived. He sold his own liberty to  
Russia for aid to enslave his people. The  
choice of a coward is to purchase a misera-  
ble ephemeral existence even though at the  
cost of his honor and independence.

The Austrians fought against us not only  
with arms and by the aid of traitors, but  
with studied and unceasing slander. They  
never ceased to impeach our motives and  
falsify our conduct, and vaunt the pretended  
justice of their own cause before the judg-  
ment-seat of public opinion. Efforts were  
constantly made to weaken, among the peo-  
ple of Hungary, and among the nations of  
the world, that sympathy and force which  
spring from a righteous cause.

Free citizens of North America! you  
have given, in spite of these slanders, the  
fullest sympathy for the cause of my coun-  
try. We had no opportunity to explain to  
you our motives and conduct, and refute the  
libels against us; but we said—and how truly  
your noble and magnanimous conduct  
shows it!—that such a nation knows how to  
defend a just and holy cause, and will give  
us its sympathy; and this conviction inspired  
us with more confidence. Oh, that you  
had been a neighboring nation! The Old  
World would now be free, and would not  
have to endure again those terrible convul-  
sions and rivers of blood which are inevi-  
table. But the end is with God, and He  
will choose the means to fulfil His purposes.

Ye great and free people! receive the  
thanks of my country for your noble sym-  
pathy, which was a great moral support in  
our terrible conflict.

When the house of Austria sold itself to  
the Autocrat, who were fatigued with  
our hard-earned victory, but not subdued or  
exhausted, saw with apprehension the sce-  
nario of Russian invasion—an invasion which  
violated the laws of nations, which was  
openly hostile to the cause of civilization,  
the rights of man, of order, and even to that  
principle which the diplomacy of Europe  
calls "the balance of power?" I could not  
believe that the Governments of Europe  
would permit this invasion; for I expected  
that they would intervene to effect a treaty  
of peace, if not so much on our account, yet  
to prevent Austria, becoming the vassal of  
Russia—to check the growing strength and  
influence of the latter power in the East.

We desired an honorable peace, and were  
willing to submit to any reasonable terms.  
We many times tendered the olive branch.  
We asked the constitution governments of  
Europe to interpose. They heard us not.  
The haughty imperial family forgetting that  
they were the real traitors, rejected every  
proposition with the defying expression that  
they "did not treat with rebels." Aye,  
more; they throw our ambassadors into pri-  
son, and one of them—the noblest of Hun-  
gary's sons—they cowardly and impudently  
murdered. Still we hesitated to tear asunder  
the bonds that united us. Ten months  
we fought, and fought victoriously, in de-  
fence; and it was only when every attempt  
to bring about an honorable peace failed—  
when Francis Joseph, who was never one  
King, dared in his manifesto of the 4th of  
March, 1849, to utter the curse "that Hun-  
gary could exist no longer"—when there was  
no hope of arresting the Russian invasion by  
diplomacy—when we saw that we must

fight to save ourselves from being struck off  
the earth as a nation—when the house of  
Austria, by its endless acts of injustice and  
cruelty, and by calling in the aid of a for-  
eign power, had extinguished in the hearts  
of the Hungarian people every spark of af-  
fection—then, and then only, after so much  
patience, the nation resolved to declare its  
absolute independence. Then spoke the Na-  
tional Assembly the words which had long  
been uttered by every patriotic tongue:  
"Francis Joseph! thou baseless young Nero!  
though darest to say, Hungary shall ex-  
ist no more? We, the people, answer, we  
do and will exist; but you and your treach-  
erous house shall stand no longer!—You  
shall no more be the Kings of Hungary! Be  
forever banished, ye perfidious traitors to the  
nation!"

We were not only ready to accept any  
terms that were honorable, but we carefully  
abstained from doing anything which would  
give the Czar a pretence, which he had long  
sought, to meddle with our affairs.

The Hungarian nation loved freedom as  
the best gift of God, but it never thought of  
commencing a crusade against Kings in the  
name of liberty. In Hungary there were  
none of those propagandists who alarm so  
much the rulers of the Old World. There were  
no secret societies plotting conspiracies. My  
countrymen were not influenced by the theo-  
ries of Communists or Socialists, nor were  
they what the Conservatives call Anarchists.

The nation desired justice, and knew how to  
be just to all, irrespective of rank, language  
or religion. A people so worthy of free-  
dom were generous enough to leave some-  
thing to time, and to be satisfied with a pro-  
gressive development. No violence was  
used; no just right was attacked; and even  
those whose institutions were left undisturbed,  
which, having existed for centuries, could  
not be abolished at once with impunity.

The Hungarian people did not wish to op-  
press any—not even the aristocracy; they  
were more ready to make sacrifices than to  
punish the descendants of nobility for the  
evils of misgovernment, and of those insti-  
tutions which emanated from their ances-  
tors; nor would they let the many suffer for  
the sins of the few.

There was no anarchy among us. Even  
in the bloodiest of the conflicts when the  
human passions are most excited, there was  
the most perfect order and security of prop-  
erty and person. How did the conduct of  
my noble countrymen compare with that of  
the "order-making" Austria! Whenever the  
whirlwind of war ceased for a while where  
the social elements were left in chaos, the  
instinctive moral feelings of this incorrupti-  
ble people, in the absence of all govern-  
ment, preserved better order and safety than  
legions of police. A common spirit animat-  
ed the whole nation—no secret aims, no  
personal or local attacks, but a bold and open  
defence in the face of the world. Following  
the example of your great Washington, we  
adopted, as our policy, conciliation, justice  
and legidity, and scrupulously observed the  
laws of nations.

The Russians and Austrians made the soil  
of Wallachia the basis of military opera-  
tions; and the Turkish Government, which  
either knew not its own interests, or was un-  
able to defend them, silently permitted this  
violation of treaties and the rights of nations,  
thus humbling itself and betraying its own  
weakness. Several times we drove our ene-  
mies across the Wallachian boundaries; for  
it was only necessary for our victorious ar-  
my to advance into the countries of the Low-  
er Danube to rouse the inhabitants against  
the Russians, and to transfer the war to their  
own soil. But we respected the law of na-  
tions, and stopped our conquering forces on  
the confines of Wallachia. Her soil was sac-  
red to us. Austria left Gallacia almost un-  
protected, and collected all her forces to at-  
tack us. Had we at this time sent a small  
portion of our army to Poland it would have  
caused a general insurrection, and that hero-  
ic but unfortunate nation would have re-  
venged herself by throwing the Russian empire  
into a state of revolution. But we acted in  
defence only, and we deemed it a sin to pre-  
cipitate other nations into a terrible and un-  
certain war, and we checked our sympathies.  
Besides, we avoided giving the Emperor of  
Russia a pretence for a war of retaliation  
against us. Oh, it was foolish—for the despo-  
tic hypocrite made a pretence; he called our  
own struggle the Hungarian-Polish revolu-  
tion, though the whole number of Poles in  
our armies did not exceed four thousand.

We doubted not that the European pow-  
ers would negotiate a peace for us, or that  
they would, at least, prevent the Russian in-  
vasion. They said they pitied us, honored  
our efforts, and condemned the conduct of  
Austria; but they could not help us, be-  
cause Europe required a powerful Austrian  
empire, and they must support it, in spite of  
its evils, as a balance against Russian cen-  
tral and eastern Europe. What a mistake!  
What a diplomacy! Is it not as clear as the  
day that the Czar, invading Austria, would  
do it in such a manner as to obtain the great-  
est advantages for himself? Was it not man-  
ifest that Austria—who had always, through  
the help of Hungary, strength en-  
ough to oppose Russia, would, when she  
destroyed Hungary by Russian bayonets, no  
longer be an independent power, but merely  
the vanguard of the Moscovite? Yet Eu-  
rope permitted the invasion! It is an in-  
delible mark of blindness and shame. It is  
ever thus in the imbecile Old World. We  
treated us just as they treated Turkey. They  
assert always that the peace of Europe and  
the balance of power require the preserva-

tion of the Turkish empire—that Turkey  
must exist, to check the advance of the Cos-  
sack power. But, notwithstanding this,  
England and France destroyed the Turkish  
fleet at Navarino—a fleet which never could  
have injured them, but which might have  
contended with Russia in the Black Sea.

Always the same worn-out, old, and fatal  
system of policy!—while Russia, ever alert,  
seizes province after province from Turkey.  
She has made herself the sovereign of Mol-  
davia and Wallachia, and is sapping the  
foundations of the Ottoman empire. Al-  
ready Turkey officials are more dependent on  
the lowest Russian Agents than upon their  
own Grand Vizier.

Oh that Hungary had received but a slight  
token of moral support from the European  
powers—from those powers whose dreams  
are troubled with fear of the advance of the  
Cossack! Had only an English or a French  
agent come to us during our struggle, what  
might he not have done? He, too, would  
have seen and estimated our ability to sus-  
tain ourselves—he would have observed the  
humanity, the love of order, the reverence  
for liberty which characterized the Hungari-  
an nation. Had these two powers permitted  
a few ships to come to Osoroe, laden with  
arms for the noble patriots who had asked  
in vain for weapons, the Hungarians would  
now have stood a more impregnable barrier  
against Russia than all the arts of a misera-  
ble and extensive diplomacy.

There was a time when we, with the  
neighboring Poles, saved Christianity in Eu-  
rope. And now I hesitate not to avow be-  
fore God, that we alone—that my own Hun-  
garians—could have saved Europe from Rus-  
sian domination. As the war in Hungary ad-  
vanced, its character became changed. In  
the end, the results it contemplated were  
higher and far more important—noting less,  
in fact, than universal freedom, which was  
not thought of in the beginning. This was  
not a choice; it was forced upon us by the  
policy of the European nations, who, dis-  
regarding their own interests, suffered Russia  
to invade and provoke us. Yes, we were  
martyrs to the cause of freedom, and this  
glorious but painful destiny was imposed upon  
us.

Though my dear native Hungary is trodden  
down, and the flower of her sons executed,  
or wandering exiles, and I, her Governor,  
writing from my prison in this distant Asia-  
tic Turkey, I predict—and the eternal God  
hears my prediction—that there can be no  
freedom for the continent of Europe, and  
that the Cossack from the shores of the  
Don will water their steeds in the Rhine,  
unless liberty be restored to Hungary. It is  
only with Hungarian freedom that the Eu-  
ropean nations can be free; and the smaller  
nationalities especially can have no future  
without us.

Nor could the united Russo-Austrian  
forces have conquered my heroic countrymen  
had they not found a traitor to aid them in  
the man whom, believing in his honesty,  
and on account of his skill, I raised from ob-  
curity. Enjoying my confidence, the confi-  
dence of the nation and the army, I placed  
him at the head of our forces, giving him  
the most glorious part to perform ever grant-  
ed to man. What an immortality was with-  
in his reach, had he been honest! But he  
betrayed his country. Cursed be his name  
forever! I will not open the bleeding wounds  
by the sad remembrance of this event,  
and will merely mention that the surrender at  
Vilagos was the crowning act of a long sys-  
tem of treachery secretly practiced—by not  
using the advantages which victory put in  
his hands—by not fulfilling my commands,  
under cunning pretences—by destroying na-  
tional feeling in the army—by weakening  
its confidence—and by the destruction,  
through unnecessary exposure and dangers,  
of that portion of the army that he could  
not corrupt in his base designs to make him-  
self military dictator. God, in his inscrut-  
able wisdom, knows why the traitor was per-  
mitted to be successful. In vain fell the bra-  
vies of men in this long war—in vain were  
the exertions of my brave countrymen—in  
vain did the aged father send, with pious  
heart, his only son, the prop of his declin-  
ing years, and the bride her bridegroom—in  
vain did all private interests yield to the  
loftiest patriotism—in vain were the prayers  
of a suffering people—in vain did the ardent  
wishes of every friend of freedom accom-  
pany our efforts—in vain did the Genius of  
Liberty hope for success. My country was  
martyred. Her rulers are hangmen. They  
have spoken the impious words that the lib-  
erty-loving nation "lies at the feet of the Czar."

Instead of the thankful prayer of faith,  
of hope, and of love, the air of my native land  
is filled with the cries of despair, and I, her  
chosen leader, am an exile. The diplomacy  
of Europe has changed Turkish hospitality  
to me and my companions into hopeless  
bondage. It is a painful existence. My  
youthful children have begun the morning  
of their life in the hands of my country's  
destroyer, and I—I—do not do better  
than me, for I am a man. I am not permit-  
ted, or I would say I envy the dead. Who  
is unfortunate? I am in Broussa, where the  
great Hannibal once lived an exile, home-  
less, like myself, but rich in services per-  
formed for his country, while I can claim only  
fidelity to mine. The ingratitude of his na-  
tion went with him in his banishment, but  
the sorrowful love of my countrymen follows  
me to my place of exile. To thee, my God,  
I offer thanks that thou didst deem me wor-  
thy to suffer for dear Hungary. Let me suf-  
fer afflictions, but accept them as propitiat-  
ory sacrifices for my native land.

And thou, Hungarian nation, yield not to

despair! Be patient; hope, and wait thy  
time! Though all men forget thee, the God  
of Justice will not. Thy sufferings are re-  
corded, and thy tears remembered. The  
blood of thy martyrs—thy noble sons—  
which moistened thy soil, will have its  
fruits. The victims which daily fall for thee  
are, like the ever-green cypress over the  
graves of the dead, the symbol of thy resur-  
rection. The races whom thy destroyer ex-  
cited against thee by lies and cunning will  
be undeceived; they will know that thou  
didst not fight for preeminence, but for the  
common liberty—that thou wast thy brother,  
and bled for them also. The temporary  
victory of our enemies wilt but serve to take  
the film from the eyes of the deceived peo-  
ple. The sentiment of sympathy for our  
sufferings will inspire among the smaller  
States and races the wish for a fraternal  
confederation—for that which I urged as the  
only safe policy and guarantee of freedom for  
them all.

The realization of this idea will hurt the  
power of the haughty despots to the abyss  
of the Past, and Hungary, free, surrounded  
by free nations, will be great, glorious, and  
independent.

At the moment when I hardly hoped for  
further consolation on earth, behold, the God  
of mercy freed my wife, and enabled her,  
through a thousand dangers, to reach me in  
my place of exile. Like a hunted deer, she  
could not for five months find in her own na-  
tive land a place of rest. The executioners  
of the baseless Nero placed a reward upon  
her head, but she has escaped the tyrants.

She was to me and to my exiled coun-  
trymen like the rainbow to Noah, for she  
brought intelligence of hope in the un-  
shaken souls of the Hungarian people, and  
in the affectionate sympathy of the neigh-  
boring nations who had fought against us—  
They had aided the wife of the much-slan-  
dered Governor of Hungary.

Although the sympathy of the world often  
depends upon the result of actions, and the  
successful are applauded, still Hungary, by  
her noble bearing and trials, has drawn the  
attention of the world. The sympathy  
which she has excited in both worlds, and  
the thundering curse which the lips of mil-  
lions have pronounced against her destroy-  
ers, announce like the roaring of the wind  
before the storm the coming retribution of  
Heaven.

Among the nations of the world there are  
two which demand our gratitude and affec-  
tion. England, no less powerful than she is  
free and glorious, supported us by her sym-  
pathy, and by the approving voice of her  
nobles and the millions of her people.

And that chosen land of freedom beyond  
the ocean—the all-powerful people of the  
United States, by their liberal Government  
—inspired us with hope, and gave us en-  
couragement by their deep interest in our  
sufferings, and by their condemnation of our  
executioners.

The President of the United States, whom  
the confidence of a free people had elevat-  
ed to the loftiest station in the world, in his  
Message to Congress, announced that the A-  
merican Government would have been the  
first to recognize the independence of Hun-  
gary. And the Senators and Representa-  
tives in Congress marked the destroyers of  
my country's liberty with the stigma of in-  
famy, and expressed, with indignant feel-  
ings, their contempt for the conduct of  
Austria, and their wish to break the diplo-  
matic intercourse with such a government.

They summoned the despots before the judg-  
ment seat of humanity; they proclaimed  
that the world would condemn them; they  
declare that Austria and Russia had been  
unjust, tyrannical and barbarous, and de-  
served to be reprobated by mankind, while  
Hungary was worthy of universal sympathy.

The Hungarians, more fortunate than I  
who were able to reach the shores of the  
New World, were received by the people  
and government of the United States in the  
most generous manner—yes, like brothers.  
With one hand they hurled anathemas at  
the despots, and with the other welcomed  
the humble exiles to partake of that glorious  
American liberty more to be valued than  
the glitter of crowns. Our hearts are filled  
with emotions to see how this great nation  
extends its sympathy and aid to every Hun-  
garian who is so fortunate as to arrive in A-  
merica. The sympathetic declaration of  
such a people, under such circumstances,  
with similar sentiments in England, is not a  
mere sign which the wind blows away, but  
is prophetic of the future. What a blessed  
sight to see whole nations actuated by such  
sentiments!

"Free citizens of America! you inspired  
my countrymen to noble deeds; your ap-  
proval imparted confidence; your sympathy  
consoled in adversity, gave a ray of hope  
for the future, and enabled us to bear the  
weight of our heavy burden; your fellow-  
feeling will sustain us till we realize the  
hope, the faith, that Hungary is not lost  
forever." Accept, in the name of my coun-  
trymen, the acknowledgments of our warmest  
gratitude and our highest respect.

I, who know Hungary so well, firmly be-  
lieve she is not lost; and the intelligent ci-  
tizens of America have decided, not only  
with impulsive kindness, but with reason  
and policy, to favor the unfortunate but  
subjugated Hungary. The sound of that en-  
couraging voice is not like a funeral dirge,  
but as the shrill trumpet that will call the  
world to judgment.

Who does not see that Austria, even in  
her victory, has given herself a mortal  
wound? Her weakness is betrayed. The

world no longer believes that Europe needs  
the preservation of this decaying empire. It  
is evident that its existence is a curse to  
mankind; it can never promote the welfare  
of society. The magic of its imagined pow-  
er is gone; it was a delusion which can de-  
ceive no longer. Among all the races of  
this empire—not excepting the hereditary  
States—there is none that does not despise  
the reigning family of Hapsburg. This  
power has no moral ground of support; its  
vain dreams of a united empire—for which  
it has committed the most unheard of crimes  
—are proved to be mere ravings at which  
the world laughs. No one loves or respects  
it; and when it falls, not a tear of regret  
will follow it to the grave. And fall it sure-  
ly will. The moment Russia withdraws her  
support, the decaying edifice will crumble to  
dust. A shot fired by an English or by an  
American vessel from the Adriatic would be  
like the trumpet at the City of Jericho. And  
this impious, foolish government thinks to  
control fate by the hangman's cord. How  
long will Russia be able to assist? This  
Czar—who boasts that his mission is to be  
the scourge of all the nations striving for lib-  
erty—will not the Almighty, whose viceger-  
ent he profanely assumes to be, blast the  
miserable boaster?—The very character of  
his government is a declaration of war ag-  
ainst the rights and interests of humanity,  
and the existence of other nations? Will  
the world suffer this long? Not long.

The Hungarian nation, in her war, has not  
only gained a consciousness of her own  
strength, but she has forced the conviction  
into the minds of other nations that she de-  
serves to exist, and to be independent; and  
she can show justly that her existence and  
independence are essential to the cause of  
liberty in Europe. No, not Hungary is not  
lost. By her faith, bravery, and by her  
heroic fight, which teaches her to abide her time,  
she will be yet among the foremost in the  
war of universal liberty.

You, noble Americans, we bless in the  
name of the God of Liberty! To you, who  
have summoned the murderers of my coun-  
trymen before the judgment seat of the  
world—to you, who are the first judges of  
this court—I will bring the complaints of my  
nation, and before you I will plead her cause.

When the house of Hapsburg, with the aid  
of a foreign army, invaded my country and  
had destroyed, by their manifesto of the 4th  
of March, 1849, the foundation upon which  
the union with Austria rested, there remain-  
ed my Hungary no alternative than the De-  
claration of Independence which the Nation-  
al Assembly unanimously voted on the 14th  
April, 1849, and which the whole nation sol-  
emly accepted, and sealed with their blood.

I declare to you, in the most solemn man-  
ner, that all which has taken place, or that  
may hereafter take place, proceeding from  
individuals or Government, contrary to this  
declaration, which is in perfect accord with  
the fundamental law of Hungary, illegal  
and unjust.

Before you I assert that the accusation that  
the Magyar race was unjust to the other ra-  
ces—by means of which a portion of the  
Serbians, Wallachians, Slavonians and Ger-  
mans dwelling in Hungary, was excited ag-  
ainst us—is an impious slander, circulated  
by the House of Hapsburg, which shrinks  
from no crime to weaken the united forces  
of our army, to conquer our race after an-  
other, and thus bring us all under the yoke of  
slavery.

Citizens of America! I declare hon-  
estly that my aim in the federation of Hun-  
gary with smaller nations was to secure the  
nationality and independence of each, and  
the freedom of all; and had anything been  
wanting which could have been justly grant-  
ed to any or all of the races in Hungary,  
the Magyars had only to know it, and it  
would have been performed with readiness,  
for Freedom, not Power, was their desire.

Finally, I declare that, by the Declaration  
of Independence by which I was elected  
Governor of Hungary, I protest, so long as  
the people do not by their free will release  
me from that office, that no one can legally  
control the affairs of government but my-  
self. This protestation is not made in a feel-  
ing of vanity or desire to be conspicuous,  
but from respect to the inherent rights of  
my countrymen. I strove not for power. The  
brilliance of a crown would not seduce me.  
The final aim of my life, after having liber-  
ated my dear Hungary, was to end my days  
as a private citizen and an humble farmer.

My country, in the hour of danger, called  
upon me to assist in the struggle for freedom,  
I responded to its call—Others, doubtless,  
were more able, who could have won more  
fame, but I will yield to none in the purity  
of my motives. Perhaps it was confidence  
in my ardent patriotism and honesty of pur-  
pose which induced the people to give me  
the power. They believed freedom would  
be safe in my hands. I felt my weakness,  
and told them I could not promise liberty  
unless they were united as one man, and  
would lay aside all personal, all sectional in-  
terests. I foretold, that, if the nation was  
divided, it would fall. As long as they fol-  
lowed my injunctions, and were united, they  
were unconquerable—they performed mir-  
acles of valor. The fall of Hungary com-  
menced the day they began to divide. Not  
knowing the secret causes of this division  
and not suspecting treachery, and wishing to  
inspire confidence, to give skill and all the  
elements of success to our army, and caring  
nothing for my own fame, doing all for the  
good of my country, I gave command of the  
forces to another. I was assured by the most  
solemn engagement, by the man whom I  
gave the power, that he would use it for the

welfare and independence of the nation and  
that he would be responsible to me and the  
people for the fulfillment of these conditions.  
He betrayed his country, and gave the army  
to the enemy. Had we succeeded after this  
terrible blow, he should have met his reward.  
And even now he is not freed from his ac-  
countability to the nation, no more than I, in  
the moral right and sense, cease to be the  
Governor of Hungary. A short time may  
reverse the fate of all. The aura of lib-  
erty breaks upon my vision, even at Broussa.

I have, therefore, entrusted to Ladislas  
Ujhazy, Obergespann of the Saros comitat,  
and Civil Governor of Comorn, the mission  
to be my representative, and through me the  
representative of the Hungarian nation, to  
the people and government of the United  
States, hoping and believing that so gener-  
ous a people will not judge the merits of our  
cause by a temporary defeat, but will recog-  
nize Governor Ujhazy and his companions  
with the accustomed kindness.

May God bless your country forever!  
May it have the glorious destiny to share  
with other nations the blessings of that lib-  
erty which constitutes its own happiness and  
fame! May your great example, noble A-  
mericans, be to other nations the source of  
social virtue; your power be the terror of  
all tyrants—the protector of the distressed;  
and your free country ever continue to be  
the asylum for the oppressed of all nations.