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**THE LETTERS AND JOURNAL OF
COUNT CHARLES
LEININGEN-WESTERBURG**



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COUNT LEININGEN

After the original drawing by Barabás

THE LETTERS AND JOURNAL
(1848-49)
OF
COUNT CHARLES
LEININGEN-WESTERBURG

GENERAL IN THE HUNGARIAN ARMY

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY
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INTRODUCTION

THE heroes of the War of Independence of 1848-1849 occupy a privileged position in the traditions and in the public opinion of Hungary, and not without reason. Their actions and their apotheosis, the martyr death they suffered, are known to everyone; and every year increases the grandeur of their figures in the lays and stories which true piety constructs. In the history of modern peoples, there is scarcely any other example of men who lived half a century ago becoming mythical personages. The impressions of their individuality have faded away; scarcely any vestige of truth has remained about them; the only genuine survival is the idea for which they fought and shed their blood. In this manner legend has annexed a considerable tract from the domain of history. It is only in the memoirs of Arthur Görgey, of Csetz, who has described the campaign conducted in Transylvania by General Bem, and of Lazarus Mészáros, who very reluctantly accepted the post of War Minister in the Revolutionary Cabinet and died as an exile in Jersey (1858), that we find any quantum of pure and unadorned historic truth. In the other monuments of this epoch, whatever

their value in other respects may be, the judgment of persons and actions by first impressions is as conspicuous by its absence as is naïveté and impartiality; and the *bona fides* of the author is continually affected by later events. Consequently there are numerous *lacunæ* in the memoir-literature of this epoch. Not that we have not a great number of accounts and descriptions; but these records are inspired by ideas quite alien to those among which their authors lived and which they felt during the passage of the events themselves. It would be superfluous to point out that even a short lapse of time diminishes the force of first impressions, even in the case of men whose good faith is unquestioned. Later impressions also exercise their influence upon them, especially when the truth about each event and each of the leading persons is hotly disputed and controverted by different parties, and when the writer is affected by the action of the present moment and by the strong bias of questions of the day. In this way importance is attached to many things that were scarcely taken into account at the time when the events actually happened, while many passions which agitated the inmost soul of the actors sink back into oblivion.

The psychological process which replaces primary and true notions by later suggestions and associations, is going on day by day; and the final

result accruing therefrom is the construction of legends in place of history. The *fable convenue* owes its existence, not to any premeditated act of lying, but to the victory of phantasy over objectivity.

If we want history—and I think the time for it has come—we have only to return to the original, contemporary sources, and with their help to direct the overflow of tradition into its proper bed. This method, the only one that is practical and safe for all nations and epochs, must be applied to the history of the Hungarian Revolution too. Every fresh source is a new path leading from the obscurity and confusion of myths to the sunny domain of historic truth.

I

In 1894, Count Albert Apponyi told me that the journal of Count Leiningen-Westerburg was still in existence, being preserved with a religious piety by Count Arminius († 1902), the only son of the celebrated general. At his express desire I undertook the publication of the letters, journal, and memoranda here presented to the British public. After the lapse of two generations there could be no reason for withholding documents which could only serve to enrich our historical knowledge.

The publication is unabridged, except for the omission of some expressions injurious to certain persons, which were left out at the request of Count Arminius; for the reader requires to possess a very strong objective sense in order to see in such declarations a source to be criticised and not an instrument to be used for personal and party purposes. Hard words agree with hard deeds: to us both are strange.

The literary remains of Charles, Count Leiningen-Westerburg, consist of four distinct parts. First, we have letters written between March 28, 1848, and October 6, 1849 (or rather, if we include the letter written by his brother-in-law after his execution, October 8). The greater part of these are in Leiningen's own handwriting, mostly addressed to his wife, whom he liked to keep informed of every notable event of his life as a soldier—where feasible, on the actual day on which the event occurred. The last letters were written by his friends after he had been executed, to console his widow and to give some particulars of his last days and hours. His letters addressed to his wife can be divided, chronologically, into two parts. Until December 7, 1848, we can follow the career of the writer, under the guidance of these letters, almost from hour to hour. Then occurs a long interval, lasting until February 20, 1849, when there occurs a single letter, which

could only be delivered secretly to his wife, who, during the war, remained in Pozsony (Pressburg), a city occupied by the Austrians since December 1848. Then occurs another long interval, lasting until September 17 (1849), on which date Leiningen wrote from the fortress of Arad, and endeavoured to console his wife concerning his imprisonment. After this there is a rapid succession of letters, extending to October 6, when the thirteen martyr generals were executed—a day still observed in Hungary as one of public mourning. Leiningen's last letter, written on the morning of the fatal day, is addressed to his brother-in-law, Leopold de Rohonczy. It was written an hour before his turn for execution came, when he had already seen four of his comrades shot before his eyes. Nevertheless, the writing betrays no sign of a trembling hand, though, as he himself says, "the volleys are still echoing in my heart."

The two considerable intervals in his correspondence with his wife are filled by the second part of his literary remains, his journal. This too is in the form of letters to his wife, in which he gives her accounts of the events of every day. The description of actions, and the characterisation of persons, is very often interrupted by the author's reflections on his situation, and by expressions of his fervent affection for his wife and children. The

journal was begun at Czibakháza, on February 22, 1849. It seems that the impossibility of corresponding with his deeply beloved consort induced him to resort to this form of narration. In the relatively peaceful days of his camp life at Czibakháza, he continued his account day by day until February 25. Then occurs a short interval, lasting until March 1, the result of his being engaged in military operations. This is followed by a far longer one, that brings us down to the mournful end of the war. It is impossible to read the letters contained in this diary without being touched. After the account of the battle of Jarkovác, ink is replaced by pencil, and in the midst of a sentence we read the following lines: "Here I must mention the fact that I am in prison, and as I probably have but a few days more to live, can only give you a brief sketch of subsequent events." Nevertheless, the narrative is continued with the same particularisation on seventy-eight closely written pages, reaching down to April 5, 1849, the eve of the greatest victory achieved by the Hungarian arms, the battle of Isaszeg. Here the journal ends abruptly, in the middle of a sentence, with the characterisation of Charles Földváry. This part, as we see, was not written immediately after the events described, but, as the journal itself states more than once, and as several allusions in his letters prove, in the

forced tranquillity of his prison. Leiningen composed it on the basis, and with the guidance, of short notes (memoranda), which he was in the habit of jotting down when he thought or felt there was something worth recording.

When I first saw these papers, I was inclined to think that we only possessed a fragment of the journal, as the latter breaks off suddenly in the spring of 1849. But the devoted piety of Leiningen's heirs has also preserved the most valuable part of his short notes and jottings—that extending from the date where the diary breaks off until October 4 (1849). This forms the third section of our publication. These notes consist of mere abbreviations and contractions; whole sentences are denoted only by the initial letters; and the memoranda are written in pencil that has been almost blotted out, on paper that is nearly torn to rags and has sometimes even been used as a pen-wiper. Nevertheless they are priceless, not only on account of their general contents, but also for the historical critic, since they show us the method and the basis on which the author constructed his journal. As the memoranda that have come down to us begin, just after April 6, with the battle of Isaszeg, we may suppose that Leiningen destroyed these brief records as soon as he had made use of them, and that his diary could not have been continued very long

after the beginning of such of the notes as are preserved. Their last sentence is: "To-morrow at 7 A.M. before the court-martial. Life or death. My Lord, Thy will be done!" Death put an end both to the writing of the journal and the continuation of the notes.

A sentence written on the last page by Leiningen's son, tells us that his widow obtained the journal through the good offices of an Austrian general, Count Thun. We have numerous data proving Count Thun's kind treatment of the prisoners confined in Arad. It is even recorded that he preserved their lives when the Croatian general, Susan, wanted to have them butchered all at once without even the formality of a court-martial. The preservation of Leiningen's literary remains is also to be placed to the credit of this humane Austrian general. It seems, however, that its acquisition was by no means an easy task. On October 25, 1849, Countess Leiningen's sister, Madame de Rohonczy, wrote as follows: "If we could only get the journal!" Some weeks later she visited her husband in prison at Arad and prevailed on him to ask the auditor Ernst for it. The application being unavailing, Madame de Rohonczy exclaimed, "C'est un tigre!"

The fourth part of the collection, not published here, consists of Leiningen's decorations, his brevets,

some verses addressed to him, and various objects and relics connected with memorable occasions. This series begins with a patent issued by Lazarus Mészáros, Minister of War, and dated October 26, 1848, introducing and commending to the kind attention of the authorities, "Count Charles Leiningen, captain in the 31st regiment of the line, who is proceeding to act as adjutant to the army in Nagy Becskerek." The captain was breveted major by a decree of Louis Kossuth, President of the National Defence Committee (December 28, 1848). The major was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel by a patent issued (March 1, 1849) by Lazarus Mészáros, who also signed his brevet to the rank of colonel, dated April 6, 1849 (the day of the battle of Isaszeg). In his capacity as Governor, Kossuth informed him (May 15) that he had been awarded the military order of the second class, adding the hope "that his career might be glorious and victorious to the end." There is no patent in existence containing his appointment as general, a fact that must be accounted for by the great disorder prevailing during the last month of the Revolution, as also the circumstance that the appointment was not even gazetted. However, there is in existence a decree of Kossuth, "Governor of the Country," addressed to "General Leiningen, wheresoever he may be," in which, in the name of

the nation, Kossuth ordains that it shall be the patriotic duty of the whole army to obey the orders of the Commander-in-Chief, Lazarus Mészáros. "No one can do otherwise without being guilty of the crime of treason to his country."

Of his decorations, the military order of the second class deserves especial mention. The decree accompanying this decoration declares that he has merited this eminent token of the country's gratitude "by the distinguished military deeds by which he has in many battles proved his skill as a leader, his ever-increasing zeal? and his intrepid courage in the cause of the independence of Hungary and of the so-often oppressed Magyar nation." In this decree, the great state seal is without a crown. But perhaps the hero rejoiced less at his decorations than at the short simple letter of his comrade, General Nagy Sándor, in which the latter congratulates General Leiningen on his great victory over the Russians at Geszthely (July 27), and expresses the wish that he may live to enjoy many such days. But after Geszthely only Világos and Arad were to come!

Leiningen's own opinion about official decorations is to be found in his note, dated April 27. "I am refused Second Class. My men have long considered I have deserved it. After all, that is the best testimonial for a commander." Some

rude specimens of barrack-poetry illustrate this opinion of his soldiers. The Hungarian peasant is a born poet, and every battalion had its semi-official verse-maker. Two such verses have been preserved : they display true sentiment underlying a crude form, and this devotion of the common soldier who sees his superior in action, is perhaps of more value than all official panegyrics.

It was only during the war that Count Leiningen learnt Hungarian, and his pronunciation of that language was always a very strange one. Only one written speech of his exists, a speech which he delivered on the memorable occasion when his regiment rescued him from captivity at Czibakháza, and for this deed of prowess the colours of the battalion were decorated — “the decoration belongs to them all.” His speech ran as follows : “Comrades ! look at this new standard shining with the colours of Hungary. There is no time for many words, no time to inaugurate the decoration of the colours with the accustomed ceremonies ; but here, under the free canopy of God’s heaven, let us swear a solemn oath that we will defend them with the last drop of our blood, and that with them to lead us we will save our country and ensure our freedom ! Hurrah for our country ! Hurrah for Liberty !”

II

The Hungarian Revolution still provides material for party discussions at home, and is almost a *terra incognita* abroad. Hence a short notice of its principal features may be welcome to English readers and may facilitate their understanding of this book.

Properly speaking, the revolution of Hungary was a purely pacific one. It was brought into being by the progresss of civilisation, under the influence of English parliamentarism and French philosophy. Its beginnings can be traced to the Hungarian Parliament of 1790-91, when public opinion made its first endeavours to reform the venerable Gothic edifice of our Constitution. In no country was feudalism so deeply rooted: the nobles alone possessed full rights of franchise; there were but few towns, and the peasants were still serfs. Consequently the first attacks were directed against the privileges of the nobility. The right of free migration for serfs was voted, and became law; and there were already projects for the secularisation of the estates of the clergy and the taxation of nobles. Apart from humanitarian sentiments, patriotism was the chief motive force. To enlightened people it was clear that Hungary must continue to be weak so long as she was represented by the nobles only, and that she must acquire

strength the moment the greater part of her population became interested in her existence. The reign of Joseph II., who wished to avail himself of the help of the lower classes in order to overthrow all constitutional guarantees, and to introduce absolutism and Germanisation, displayed to every one the dangers of a mediæval form of state. To avert these perils, a law was passed declaring Hungary's independence of all other kingdoms and peoples, and guaranteeing the maintenance of its peculiar Constitution and independent government. These provisions were based on the Pragmatic Sanction of 1723, which decreed the hereditary claim to the throne of the Habsburgs, both in Hungary and in Austria. Another law (Act) introduced the use of the Magyar language in the schools, the object being that in course of time that tongue should become the official language of the state, in place of Latin, which had been employed up to that time. These laws were all sanctioned by the Emperor-King, Leopold II. (1790-92), the successor of Joseph II.

Further progress was arrested by the French Revolution, and by the ill-will of the Emperor-King, Francis, who was well aware that his masked absolutism and the illegal interference of the Austrian Government in Hungarian affairs was only feasible under the old Constitution.

A first, and very clever, attempt to make a com-

promise with Austria concerning the affairs common to that country and to Hungary, and at the same time to introduce parliamentary government as practised in England, was declared by the powers that be to be factious and revolutionary in character. After the fall of Napoleon, Hungary, though *de jure* quite independent, became *de facto* an Austrian province. Taxes were extorted and recruits pressed into service without the consent of Parliament. These measures roused so violent a spirit of opposition on the part of the counties,—the autonomous municipalities of Hungary—that the King was forced to yield and to summon a Parliament (1825).

It is with this year that the brightest epoch of our history begins. Parliament was purely representative of the privileged classes; nevertheless it set to work to abolish privileges and to ensure the welfare of all alike, not merely to the detriment of its own material interests, but in defiance of the King and his government, who were opposed to reforms of all kinds. The leader of this movement, Count Stephen Széchenyi—the “greatest Magyar,” as he has been called—went on combating ancient abuses, and preached radical innovations with a conviction and a force of logic that was bound to impress every true patriot. His political ideal was England, to which country he paid many visits; and he esteemed England and Englishmen far above

all other countries and peoples. During one of his sojourns there, he declared that the country was "at the height of her evolution, without as yet betraying any sign of decline." He desired to raise his native land—materially, by work and a system of credit; politically, by giving full rights to all citizens and by graduating public burdens; morally, by setting a high standard of gentlemanly conduct, and by replacing those fantasies which he believed had so strong a hold on his countrymen, by truth. He considered the people to be a young one, capable of progress. "It will develop as surely as a powerful oak grows out of an acorn, if nobody treads it down." Consequently he desired to avoid all conflict with the dynasty and with Austria, for which he did not think the nation possessed sufficient strength. His ideas were espoused by the majority in Parliament, where young Francis Deák was the acknowledged leader of the Liberals. He united the talents of an orator and of a statesman to a sincere devotion to the cause of humanity, and he possessed the virtues of unselfishness and modesty in a degree only equalled by Washington. His sense of justice and his knowledge of law fitted him to be the leader of a "nation of lawyers," whose history had for centuries consisted in a struggle of the law against absolutism. His firmness and moderation made it necessary for the

Government to yield in the question of reforms. But the moment a rapid progress began to be made with these reforms, the Government subjected writers and orators to a persecution similar to that employed against the "Jacobins" in 1794-95. Among the victims of this persecution (1836-37) was a young lawyer, Louis Kossuth, who was the first to publish the debates of the parliaments, and who afterwards issued those of the county assemblies as well. He was tried by the High Court and condemned for high treason, his crime being that of combating the Government. Werböczy, the great mediæval legislator, "the corner-stone of the ancient Constitution," had, in 1514, written that "the King reigns and governs," and it was easy to argue on his authority, that he who attacks the Government is guilty of an attack on the King too, who possesses the right to govern. On the other hand, this irresponsibility of Government made all freedom impossible. In 1840 the Government were in need of recruits, but Parliament, led by Deák, refused to vote them until the persons in prison had been pardoned and the right of freedom of speech and the liberty of the press acknowledged. On this basis, a compromise was effected between the Government and Parliament, and this compromise smoothed the way for the furtherance of reforms.

What Széchenyi wanted was the effecting of these reforms by a gradual process, in order to avoid offending the Government and Austria, and to spare the feelings of the non-Magyar nationalities, of whom there were large numbers in Hungary. These nationalities—Slovaks, Croatians, Wallachians or Roumanians, Serbs or Rascians—were accustomed to the hegemony of the Magyars; and those of them who were nobles possessed the same rights and the same rank as the Magyar nobility. But as in the nobility the Magyar element was in the majority, and as, on the other hand, the greater part of the unprivileged classes were non-Magyars, the superiority of the Magyars ran the risk of being eclipsed by the sudden victory of democracy. Consequently the “greatest Magyar,” the founder of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, and the first modern writer of Magyar prose, opposed democracy and Magyarisation alike. His principle was that the Magyars should rule by the moral superiority that attracts, not by that *hauteur* and that material force which makes enemies. After his release from prison, Kossuth proclaimed radical doctrines and started a propaganda for carrying all the reforms into effect at once. Széchenyi turned against him, not on account of his principles, which he confessed were his own, but on account of his tactics, which were calculated to bring revolution, and finally

desolation, upon Hungary. The Opposition—even Deák—clung to Kossuth, who achieved a greater popularity than his aristocratic rival.

In the field of political economy, Széchenyi was for free trade and for furthering agricultural interests. Kossuth, on the other hand, who desired to bring into being a *bourgeoisie* like those of Western Europe, was well aware that this was impossible without developing industry and commerce. Both had for centuries been crippled by the system of customs tariffs, which favoured only Austrian interests. Széchenyi's policy was realisable without injury to Austria; Kossuth's project of industrial "protection" was bound to lead to a conflict. When the Government refused to sanction Parliament's proposal to change the system of customs, Kossuth organised a society for industrial "protection," the aim of which was to boycott Austrian industries and to create Hungarian manufactures. Though extremely popular, this project failed after the first wave of enthusiasm had rolled away (1844).

All these symptoms proved that Hungary was awake, and that her progress could not be arrested. All the benefits accruing from this advance would be likely to increase the popularity of the Opposition. Consequently the Austrian Chancellor, Prince Metternich, thought it necessary for the Government itself to

carry on the work of reform, in order to avoid losing its authority. Count George Apponyi was appointed Hungarian Chancellor, with instructions to further reform and to win over the majority in Parliament by this means. To effect this result, the Government had to secure control of the autonomous counties which elected the deputies to Parliament. There ensued a great struggle, from which the Government, aided by Széchenyi, appeared to emerge victorious. But the rude thoroughness of the "administrators," Apponyi's officials, injured the feelings of many honourable men, and, moreover, all patriots were exasperated at the Government's dealings with Croatia. In that country, since 1833, the Magyar party had had to struggle against the ultra-nationalists, called Illyrians, who, openly supported by the Court and the Austrian Government, preached "emancipation from the Magyar yoke," and propagated the doctrines of Panslavism. Russian agents preached the same doctrines, but with less success, among the Slovaks in the North. For a foreign power to conduct an agitation among her nationalities was to touch Hungary on her most sensitive side; and this fact put new strength into the Opposition, which was already almost in despair. The elections of 1847 ended with the victory of the Opposition; and Kossuth, who since 1846 had been agitating openly

for the full emancipation of peasants and for the taxation of nobles and clergy, became its leader, for Deák had declined a seat in Parliament. As the Government had bowed to the principles of parliamentarism by endeavouring to secure a majority, the Opposition desired to use its power not only to bring about the resignation of Apponyi, but to establish a parliamentary system of government, in the full sense of the word.

The debates on the "administrators" ("vicars" of the lord-lieutenants) were proceeding with a bitterness that waxed day by day, when news arrived of the February Revolution in Paris. Kossuth seized the opportunity, and moved that the system of a responsible Government should be introduced in Hungary, and that Austria should be granted a Constitution, because a monarch who was absolute in one state could not be truly constitutional in the other. This reform would be of the greatest utility, not only for the nation and its progress, but for the Habsburg dynasty too. The young heir-presumptive, Archduke Francis Joseph, would have to build up his royal power on the foundations of liberty (March 3, 1848). Ten days after, Metternich fell; a constitution was granted (by *octroi*) to Austria; and on March 17, King Ferdinand V. consented to the formation of an independent and responsible Ministry in Hungary, under the presidency

of Count Louis Batthyány, leader of the Opposition in the House of Magnates.

It is at this juncture that Leiningen's letters begin ; and all we have to do is to explain a few points. The Court endeavoured to curtail the concessions thus made ; and the delay in the appointment of the Cabinet caused the disturbance in Budapest mentioned in the first letter. As the revolution in Italy was victorious, and as Sardinia had declared war, the Court yielded once more. The Cabinet was formed of the best men Hungary has ever had : in addition to Széchenyi and Deák, Kossuth and Eötvös were among its members. Its sphere of authority extended over the whole field of public life, diplomacy excepted, which remained "common" to the two countries, Austria and Hungary. So an abrupt end was made to the illegal control hitherto exercised by the Austrian Government over Hungarian affairs. But the broken-down system of absolutism and centralisation did not relinquish the struggle, and found effectual support in the persons of some of the generals, such as Prince Windisch-Graetz and Prince Schwarzenberg, and even of some members of the royal family, among others of Archduchess Sophia (sister-in-law of King Ferdinand V., and mother of Francis Joseph), who played a prominent part. Just before the nomination of the Hungarian Cabinet, General Baron Jellasich

was created Ban (Viceroy) of Croatia, a Hungarian province, with the object of organising a Vendée in this district against the consolidation of a liberal and national Hungary. When the Hungarian Government, on legal grounds, declined to accept the proposal of the King to pay a fourth part of the interest on the Austrian national debt, even the Austrian Government joined the ranks of its enemies. The Hungarian administration believed that laws of the most liberal character—abolition of tithes and feudal obligations, taxation of the nobles, suffrage with a very low standard of qualifications, introduction of the non-nobles into the county administration, in a word, universal liberty and equality—would appease the nationalities, as they—for the most part peasants and non-nobles—would profit most by these reforms. They were deceived. The Court and military interests prevailed with the Rascians, who were aided by their brethren of Servia and Montenegro; in Croatia, where Jellasich persecuted the Magyar party and threw off all allegiance to Hungary; and with the Wallachians of Transylvania. Only the Ruthenians, the greater part of the Slovaks, and the Germans—except the Saxons of Transylvania—remained true to Hungary. The Ban of Croatia was at the same time commander-in-chief of the military frontier, which was inhabited by Rascians: the other Rascians were stirred up by their metropolitan. The move-

ment among the Wallachians was headed by their bishop. As soon as the laws had been sanctioned by the King (April 11, 1848), the provincial diet of Croatia, led by Jellasich, declared for separation from Hungary, and the Serbs began armed resistance. The King always declared, ostensibly, in favour of Hungary and her laws; but the "camarilla," with the connivance of the Austrian Government, by its secret policy undid all that the sovereign ordained. "There were indeed two governments," says Deák, "the one manifest (with this one we treated), while the doings of the other were kept secret even from Austrian ministers." It was this duplicity which drove a thoroughly loyal and dynastic people into war. Revolution it was not, for it was a struggle for laws that had been sanctioned by the lawful King.

The majority of the Ministry (Batthyány, Deák, Széchenyi) did what they could to avoid a conflict. They even promised to send 40,000 soldiers to Italy, where a great part of the Hungarian army was already fighting for Austria. Kossuth alone was undismayed by the prospect of a conflict, for he thought—as Leiningen did—that German Austria would unite with a reconstructed, constitutional Germany, and that Hungary would then, by force of circumstances, become a quite distinct empire under the rule of Francis Joseph. As soon as the new Parlia-

ment, elected by the people, met, Kossuth described the dangers of the situation, referred to the ill-will of the Austrian Government, and asked for 200,000 men and 42 million florins, "to save the country." As these were voted unanimously, he declared that "even the gates of hell could not prevail against Hungary." He deprecated sending soldiers to Italy so long as Croatia and the other nationalities refused to obey the laws; and with his consent it was resolved that the recruits voted should form a special Hungarian army, with Hungarian colours and commanders. Since May 15, Count Batthyány had already formed ten mobile battalions of "national guards" (Honvéd), so that Hungary was ready for war. On the other hand, it was clear that the King would refuse to sanction the new Bills. After the victory of Radetzky in Italy (Custoza, July 25, 1848), the Austrian Government threw off the mask, and the War Minister, Count Latour, helped to make preparations for Jellasich's raid on Hungary. With a view to getting rid of Kossuth and winning peace at this price, the Cabinet handed in its resignation. But, when he had been beaten, Jellasich withdrew to Vienna, and was appointed Royal Commissary with full powers to dissolve the Parliament "misled by Kossuth." As the appointment was not countersigned by a (responsible) minister, Parliament continued to sit, and protested formally (October 3).

Even before this date a committee for national defence had been formed, and open hostilities began.

To make matters easier, King Ferdinand was persuaded to resign; and his nephew, who was not at this time crowned King of Hungary, was declared as his successor (Olmütz, December 2). Neither in the deed of resignation nor in that accompanying the accession, was there any special mention of Hungary, which omissions made it appear that she was a mere province of Austria. Therefore the Hungarian Government protested, declared the resignation to be illegal, and continued to struggle for King Ferdinand V. and the Constitution. This was a legal standpoint, and when some radical friends of Kossuth's uttered republican opinions, Arthur Görgey, commander-in-chief of the Hungarian army fighting against Prince Windisch-Graetz, declared that he and his army would fight for King and Constitution only, would protest against all republicanism, and would accept no orders except from the Royal Minister of War, Lazarus Mészáros, or his representatives. But when, in March 1849, Francis Joseph, misled by the accounts of Prince Windisch-Graetz, and under the impression that the resistance of Hungary was already broken, issued the new constitution (*par octroi*) for "the unified Austrian Empire," of which Hungary was

to be a province, things assumed a different aspect. Encouraged by the victories of the Hungarian army, the "National Assembly," under the influence of Kossuth, proclaimed the independence of Hungary and the deposition of the Habsburg dynasty. Kossuth was appointed Governor. His Cabinet declared itself as republican and democratic; but no resolution as to the form of government was passed. In a letter written by Leiningen's sister-in-law, Madame de Rohonczy, we find mention of the project of electing a King in the person of the Prince of Coburg, brother of Albert, the Prince Consort of England, and so inviting the support of England against the threatened intervention of Russia. When things began to look black, the Cabinet offered the crown to Prince Leuchtenberg, son-in-law of the Czar Nicholas I. There were many people who suspected Kossuth of yielding to his wife's influence and desiring to seize the crown himself: to this we also find an allusion in Leiningen's journal.

However, the act of dethronement prevailed upon Austria to appeal to the Czar for the long-promised help. After the great Hungarian victory at Nagy Sarló (April 19, 1849), in which Count Leiningen played a decisive part, Czar Nicholas' offer was accepted; and the Russian army, under Field-Marshal Paskievitch, began to move against Hungary.

His letters and memoirs state the true motive for this intervention to have been the fear that a victory of the Magyars (in whose army the Poles were very numerous and influential) might produce a revolution in Poland as well. In Hungary there were indeed Polish immigrants—those unwearied soldiers of international revolution—but their importance was certainly exaggerated by the Russians. Kossuth patronised them, made Bem commander-in-chief even in Transylvania, and actually raised Dembinszky to the rank of generalissimo; but men like Görgey and Leiningen were against them, for the very reason that they did not want to confuse the just and legal cause of Hungary with that of a universal revolution.

Hungary was not strong enough to stand against two empires. After a heroic resistance, Görgey, created dictator by Kossuth, who had resigned his powers, capitulated to the Russians at Világos, near Arad. This was a great blow to Austria (it was consciously aimed at her); for it was thereby proved beyond a doubt that Russia, not Austria, was the victor. Paskievitch's famous dispatch—"Hungary lies vanquished at the feet of the Czar"—could not be, and has never been forgotten! Had Austria herself been victorious, an amnesty would have been possible: as it was, a terrible persecution was inaugurated that displayed the full extent of

the wrath which Görgey's action had excited in Vienna. Thirteen "Honvéd" generals of Görgey's army were sentenced to death, and executed all on one day, October 6, 1849. Four of them were, by special favour, shot; nine, among them Leiningen, were hanged. Görgey did not stipulate for a free pardon for himself, and only received it at the personal request of the Czar; while the treatment to which the Austrian Government subjected him during his long confinement in Klagenfurt (1849-1867), and above all his honourable poverty, is a sufficient proof of his true character. Moreover, he lost more than his life by his surrender.

Görgey was in no sense a traitor. After the loss of Transylvania and the defeat of the second Hungarian army, led by Bem, at Temesvár (August 9), the continuance of warfare would only have provoked superfluous bloodshed. No less a man than Bismarck uttered that opinion when the first news came of the events at Világos. What is still more important, when he accepted the dictatorship, Görgey declared to Kossuth that he should capitulate if Bem's army were defeated. Nevertheless, as soon as he was safe on Turkish soil, Kossuth published a letter (at Widdin), in which he attributed the downfall of his country to treason on the part of Görgey. He must have known better; and later on (1866), he himself declared that Görgey was no traitor,

only "a man of ambition"; but the odd antagonism between the great orator and agitator and the great general, which had never ceased to grow in violence, helps to explain this denunciation. Görgey himself has told me that he excused Kossuth for these charges. Hungary was so low-spirited at the moment that something had to be done to raise her from her dejection. Accordingly, she was feasted on the illusion that she fell, not by her own weakness, but by Görgey's sin. Public opinion denounced Görgey as a traitor and persecuted him for more than forty years, though there were always courageous men to be found, who, in the teeth of enraged popular hatred, declared that Görgey was merely a scape-goat, immolated for the sins of others. Foremost among his defenders must be mentioned Paul Gyulai, the great poet and critic.

His character is best of all cleared by his companion and friend, Count Leiningen: for this truly heroic man, himself one of the victims of the surrender at Világos, calls his commander a hero.

No one can fail to see what thrilling passions must have arisen on the publication of this book, passions that were personal as well as general. The most delicate questions are here freely treated: the case for Hungary against Austria, the dynasty and the nationalities; the case for Görgey against Kossuth and his followers; the personal value or

worthlessness of so many men dear to public opinion or at least to their relatives.

I was quite aware of the difficulties and dangers which must follow upon this publication. Nevertheless I considered it my duty not to conceal such a first-rate source of information. What moved me most to undertake the publication were the descriptions of all the horrors of civil war ; for I think there is no more powerful preacher for peace than the lines of Count Leiningen's journal.

The result of the publication was exactly what I had foreseen.

Accusations of all possible kinds, even of falsification, were made. My answer was to request the family to present the autograph manuscript of Leiningen's journal to the National Museum in Budapest, where it is now carefully preserved.

May its contents secure the sympathy of Englishmen, not only for its illustrious author, but also for the cause which he served !

III

In what points do the materials afforded by Count Leiningen's literary remains enrich our historical knowledge ?

The value of his letters (those reaching down to November 1848) consists for the most part in the

expression of his personal sentiments. In them we find his political convictions, his views on the development of Hungarian and German affairs—the key to his behaviour in the days that followed. During this time he was enjoying leisure as a private individual, not, as later on, playing an active part as a member—and leader—of a large community. But, after entering the army, he makes notes, day by day, of his observations and his experiences; and his great intellectual powers are displayed, not merely in the relation of details, but in his account of general views as well. He is a very observant and high-minded judge of the racial conflict then devastating the southern parts of Hungary; he speaks in no measured terms of the faults and cruelties committed in his own camp, does full justice to the bravery of the Servians, but at the same time insists on the fact that the warfare conducted by Hungary against the thievish, devastating hordes incited to plunder by Vienna was perfectly justified.

Man is one and indivisible; and so is his capacity. Leiningen the writer is not in his true element until he finds scope to manifest himself as the soldier and the commanding officer. In him the great battles fought against the Serbs at Tomasovác, Jarkovác, and Pancsova found their true historian. It is only natural that his own person should play the

principal part in the reports addressed to his loving wife. But with what truth and what art he is able to assimilate himself with the great living soul of an army in movement and in battle! How keenly he is able to observe the actions of friend or foe, to detect the merits of each movement, each order given! The truth and spontaneity of his description of the siege of TomasovácZ remind us of a part of a Homeric epos. His achievement is all the more admirable as Leiningen wrote the account when, tired out and dejected, he had returned from the fatigues and disappointments of a strenuous fight. In point of vivacity, the description of the terrible night battle at JarkovácZ is quite on a level with the former account, though, as it occurs in the journal, it was not written immediately after the event. I venture to assert that herein is written the epos of our War of Independence, which we would in vain endeavour to find elsewhere. The description of the battle of Pancsova reveals the officer anxious to profit by the errors there committed. The extension of his sphere of authority enables him to display his capacities in a larger field; and his powers as a writer develop in proportion to the greatness of events. The warfare in the "Banat" and the "Bácska" was after all only of a provincial character, carried on for the most part against courageous but undisciplined rebels:

in the battles on the banks of the Tisza the Hungarians had to contend with the flower of the Austrian army.

Consequently the description of the conflict at Czibakháza, in which the writer's own individuality played a foremost part, becomes quite classical in character. We follow the author through all the changing fortunes of the battle; we feel his dejection when chance delivers him into the hands of the enemy, his joy and his pride when his soldiers rush to his rescue over the bridge. A similar joy and pride permeates his account of the battle of Szolnok, where considerably larger forces were engaged on either side. In this case also his personal actions are the centre of the events he describes; and though his individual activity was not of such importance at Szolnok as it had been at Czibakháza, his conception of the perspective betrays but few defects. His greatest masterpiece is the account of the battle of Tápió-Bicske. It is so lucid, so vivacious, it reflects so truly the reciprocal influence of personality and community, that it is almost without a parallel in our literature. In point of striking truth and objectivity only Görgey's description of the battle of Hodrus (January 1849) is to be compared with it. So we have half a dozen battle-pictures from Leiningen's hand, accounts of battles fought with very varying success, but

with an almost similar bravery and enthusiasm. Probably in the whole Hungarian army no one was better qualified than Count Leiningen to judge and to feel the military virtues he describes. One of the secrets of his capacity as a writer is without doubt the pride and the joy inspired by the conduct of those who fought on the same side. Another secret of this capacity is of a more profound nature, and ranks far higher from a literary point of view. The description of the majority of these battles was written, not at the head of a victorious army, not even under the free canopy of God's heaven, of the beauty of which he was always an enthusiastic lover, but in the melancholy of prison, in the cell at Arad, with the nightmare of a sentence of death ever hovering before his eyes: yet his soul was still on the field of battle, indulging in the freest flights of fancy. Every day, every hour reflects the state of mind into which the writer was thrown by the intoxication of victory or the sorrow of defeat.

This power of directness, of impartiality, the clear separation of the several events from the confusing influence of later impressions, is the greatest merit of Leiningen's diary as a historical source and as a literary work too.

A war does not consist merely of battles. The lofty manifestations of extreme energy are initiated by many various and divergent preparative details,

often insignificant in appearance, which are, however, of the greatest importance in securing ultimate success. That force, ability, and enthusiasm which decides the fate of battles, must manifest themselves in the wearisome marches, in drill, at the camp-fires, in the extravagance of revelry, and in the tranquillity of military quarters. In Leiningen the life of the camp found an excellent historian. His pen gives life and being to every minute detail of marches and bivouacs. The soldier who under his command advances enthusiastically and good-humouredly through a hail of bullets, is observed and described by him with equal sympathy during the monotony of a march, when he prepares himself for battle, or when, after a victory, he throws himself down to rest on the hard, cold earth without tasting either food or drink. His guiding principle is that of a fine poem of Alexander Petöfi's, "Honour the privates!" As he himself says, the true key of the affection, manifested so often and in such a striking manner, which his soldiers felt for him, was the fact that he too loved his soldiers. This love gilds every page of his journal. Yet it was by no means a blind, fond attachment: it was extremely true and genuine, an attachment that judged faults severely and found its greatest pleasure in the observance of order and discipline and in the display of bravery. Never have the great qualities

of the Hungarian soldier had a truer and worthier apotheosis.

The change of the scene, almost instantaneous, the powerful development of the great drama, whetted Leiningen's powers of observation, and increased the keenness of his vision. Concerned at first only with the events themselves, it is not till late in the day that he begins to take into account the importance and intrinsic worth of the leaders, and tries to arrive at as true an idea as possible of the men with whom fate had brought him into so close a connection, on whose character and conduct depended for the most part the success of the cause which he had espoused.

Consequently we have in his journal quite a portrait-gallery of the Hungarian generals. Some of them are dismissed in a few lines, in unequivocal language: in them he had failed to discover what he had hoped for. Such are Ernest de Kiss, Count Vécsey, and Vetter. The last of these he at first characterises as an excellent man: his later severe judgment must be traced to the influence, not of Görgey, but of Damjanich. The portrait of the latter is drawn immediately after the first meeting. The artist betrays the respect inspired in the young captain, who had not yet seen service in a pitched battle, by the heroic stanchness of "the scourge of the Rascians," and the sympathy with

which the junior meets the courtesy and joviality of his senior. The picture drawn is so favourable that Leiningen fears his wife will fall in love with the subject. To avoid that, he adds, "I must tell you that he is over forty and is rather troubled with the gout." But sympathy, gratitude, even admiration fails to impose any check upon his critical vein. Besides the large, characteristic features, he does not neglect those minute peculiarities that truly make or mar a living creature and prevent us regarding him as a mere abstraction. No less sympathy, and perhaps an even greater art, characterises the portrait he paints of Felix Schulz Báthory, the "splendid fellow," as he styled himself, whose behaviour in battle was such as did not belie the title or suggest that it was dictated by self-praise. With a love begotten of true friendship, Leiningen points to the odd exterior and the golden honesty and kindness of Charles de Földváry, "the first soldier in Hungary," his "dear Uncle Charlie." In his characterisation of his comrade Paul Kiss, Leiningen shows that rivalry, even open enmity, is incapable of blinding him to such an extent as to prevent him acknowledging to the full his rival's eminent and splendid qualities. The character thus described is a medley of noble and almost mean sentiments welded into a whole, which seems to give us the true picture of this remarkably brave man.

All these men realised only in part the ideal of soldier and general which lived in Leiningen's heart. Each of them was of sufficient value to make the author willing to serve with, or even under, them; but none of them was eminent enough to make him inclined, for their sake, to renounce his own strong personality.

Finally, on March 26, 1849, at Poroszló, Leiningen met the man to whom he devoted "all the warmth of his friendship and his life," and "who reciprocated his attachment with a loyal fervour." That man was Arthur Görgey.

The characterisation of this man occupies fully one-fifth of the journal, a clear proof of the fact that the writer laid great stress on painting in its true colours the character the discussion of which has engrossed the pens and brains of historians and critics and others for over sixty years. The introductory sentences quoted above in themselves show that the cold, impassive Leiningen, a critic every inch of him, was completely enthralled by Görgey's powerful personality. The author immediately observes that the characterisation was not written under the influence of first impressions, but was constructed out of the materials afforded by the experiences and events of days spent in mutual intercourse. His inquiring mind devoted itself, moreover, to investigating the development of

Görgey's character. The history of this development is told for the most part on the basis of data supplied to the author by Görgey himself.

We must not forget that this characterisation was written by a faithful adherent and admirer, at a time when the sun of Görgey's fortune had already set. "Such was Görgey, with all his faults and failings a man in the best sense of the word, a hero. Such he was to me at least; and though here in prison I daily hear the bitterest charges laid to his door, such will he remain. God grant that even in my last hours I may be able to bless the 26th of March as my lucky day!"

As a soldier, he had found his ideal embodied in a Hungarian before whose intellectual and moral superiority he bowed, who had restored him to full repose and peace of mind. Leiningen must have had in him something of the blood of the ancient German warriors described by Tacitus, who elected their Prince from among the bravest, and then followed him unquestioningly even unto death.

Leiningen had no ambition to become a politician: his ideal was exclusively a military one. The realisation of any political ideals he may have had, as we shall see, he looked for, not from Hungary, but from a great united German nation. In Hungary he was directly opposed at any rate to the leading politicians, and in particular to Kossuth, to whom,

as he remarks, he was never a friend. This antipathy was not developed in him by the influence of Görgey. As early as July 24, 1848, in a letter written on that date, he says: "God grant that I may prove wrong: yet in my opinion Kossuth is a great party leader but no great statesman." Leiningen speaks of the haughtiness of this man, a skilful manipulator of words and the pen, presuming to undertake to govern a great country. All the more telling is the fact that even Leiningen, whose dislike for the popular leader (whom he regarded as a proletarian) was that of the soldier and the aristocrat, feels impelled to bow before Kossuth's greatness. "I must, however, openly confess that I was never blind to his better qualities. Very few men have possessed the same faculty of moving by the power of speech to such an extent as he did: he also displayed an extraordinary activity in creating new resources. Only he was not suited to be at the head of a Government." Besides Kossuth, the only other statesman Leiningen mentions is Francis Deák, whom, in contrast to the great orator, he calls "a noble, unhappy prophet."

Honest and of good faith this writer certainly is; but these qualities do not exclude a certain bias. How can anyone emancipate himself entirely from the power of conceptions that act on him during his youth and his military career? He

could not rise above the intellectual horizon to which he was indebted for his knowledge, for the turn of his thoughts, and for the guidance of his mind. To rightly judge of his literary work, we must know the man. Our object is all the easier of attainment since Leiningen observes himself just as he observes others, and since his letters and his journal are full of important revelations of himself.

IV

The house of the Counts of Leiningen occupies a prominent place even among the older dynasties of Germany, which are so proud of their ancient lineage. In 1773 one branch of this house was actually raised to princely rank. In the days of Charlemagne, as far back as 783, there appears one Emico, Lord of the "Marca Leininga" (Leiningen Marches), who endowed the monastery of Lauresham with a large forest.¹ The province of Worms, in connection with which the princely title was conferred, had always been an allodial possession of the family, in which the name Emico is also hereditary : in consequence of this latter fact it is extremely

¹ For this and further particulars, see Dr Ed. Brückmeier, *Genealogische Geschichte des uradeligen reichsgräflichen erlauchten Hauses Leiningen und Leiningen-Westerburg* (2 vols., Brunswick, 1890-91).

probable that this contemporary of the Heptarchy in England was the first historical ancestor of the family. The name of another ancestor is well known in Hungary in connection with the history of the Crusades. He gave a lot of trouble to our King Coloman (Kálmán) when he brought a host of many thousands into the country, and the latter, posing as Crusaders, indulged in marauding and plundering expeditions. This large army besieged the King in the castle of Mosony, near the frontier of Austria; but in the end the King proved victorious and the German Count had to trust to the fleetness of his horse to escape. Another Emico, a contemporary of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, in 1159 spoke of himself as *dei gratia comes*. Nor did this family acknowledge the overlordship of anyone except the Emperors (*semperfrei*): as sovereign princes they lived on their ancestral demesnes; only, as their property was split up among numerous branches, it was not increased to any considerable extent, and many families of more recent origin surpassed them in point of power and wealth. Nevertheless, their prestige remained unbroken, and their alliance was sought for by many a sovereign family. The grandmother of the celebrated Queen Louisa of Prussia was a Leiningen, as was the grandmother of the present Empress of Germany; so was the mother of Prince Francis Rákóczy II.'s wife, a

Hessian princess; and Queen Victoria's mother, the Duchess of Kent, was also a Princess Leiningen. When the Emperor offered to create Count Christian Charles Reinhart (of the Leiningen-Dagsburg - Falkenburg branch) a Prince of the Empire, the proud lord refused the dignity, "preferring to be the first Count rather than the last Prince." The dissolution of the Holy Roman Empire in 1806 put an end to the sovereign rights of the Leiningens over their feudatories, who had already become very divided; but it did not affect their social rank. From a social point of view, as "mediatised" princes they continued to be on an equality with the sovereign princes. In the *Gotha Almanac* the members of the family are still included among the dynasties ("courts").

In the thirteenth century part of the ancient family estates devolved on the Counts of Runckel, who were the founders of the Leiningen-Westerburg branch. During the period of the French Revolution, Count Frederick Louis Christian I. was the head of this branch. The French plundered his castles and took him prisoner. This man, who went through so many vicissitudes, and, as the family historian says, "seems to have had no consciousness of his social standing" ("überhaupt kein Standesbewusstsein bewahrt zu haben scheint"), was our hero's father.

He seems, indeed, to have been peculiarly wanting in the proverbial genealogical pride of the German oligarchs. After his first wife's death, he married an untitled girl, Eleonora Mary Breitwieser. At first he contracted with her a mere *mariage de conscience*. Then, on February 7, 1813, he was duly married to her: and on this occasion the four children forming the issue of the union were legitimated. In 1816 the Grand Duke of Hesse gave the Countess the title "Noble de Brettwitz." Three years later, her seventh child, Count Charles Augustus, was born in Ilbenstadt, one of the ancestral castles of the family (April 11, 1819).

We have scarcely any data concerning the childhood of our hero; but his high culture, and in particular his qualities as a writer, make it extremely probable that his education was an excellent one, and, in pursuance of a good German custom, included a certain *nuance* of science. He often mentions the fact that he was constantly reading; and when, during the war, he went to Eger, he paid a visit to the library there, an expedition in which he could not persuade any of his gallant companions to share. It was German literature, which at the time was passing through its classical period, that supplied him with materials for reading, and decided the character of his intellectual training. Schiller, Goethe, and Shakespeare (whose works had already

been transplanted on to German soil) formed the intellectual link connecting him with his Hungarian comrades, who had also been for the most part nurtured at the breast of German literature.

As for the trend of his political views, it must not be forgotten that he was from Southern Germany, and that he was a good Protestant—a Calvinist. In contrast to absolutistic Prussia and Austria, Southern Germany was constitutional and liberal; and the influence of the French Revolution and of Napoleon's government was, both directly and indirectly, felt to a far greater degree in these petty principalities than in the empires of the great powers of Germany. It is almost inconceivable that his family circumstances mentioned above, the humble origin of his mother, and the utter indifference of his father towards rank and pedigree, should have been without a certain influence on the receptive mind of the youth, and should not have served to confirm the liberalism of which his reading laid the foundations. To the years spent at home must be traced, besides his strongly German patriotism and his profound religiousness, that sentimentality which was a characteristic feature of German society in the years 1830-1840. That implicit confidence too in the power of liberal and constitutional ideas to promote the happiness of mankind, which was at this time a common treasure of all cultivated classes,

had the same origin. Nevertheless, our hero is proud of being a Leiningen, and takes a peculiar pride in the noble sentiment that he cannot bear even the shadow of a stain to mar his good name. "If I must die, I shall meet my death in the faith of my forefathers and with the courage of a Leiningen," he wrote in a letter dated from his prison (September 27, 1849).

It was a secular tradition that had brought the younger sons of the princely families of Southern Germany to serve under the Imperial colours. One of his relatives, Count Augustus, was already a lieutenant-general (Feld-Marschall-Lieutenant) in the Austrian army, "owner" (hon. colonel) of the 31st Transylvanian regiment; another, Count Christian, whose father had also won distinction in the same service, was a captain in his uncle's regiment, and had already entered on that career which made him one of the most dangerous enemies to the Hungarian cause, and raised him to the dignity of "vicar" of Archduke Albrecht, when, after the Revolution, the latter was acting as Governor of Hungary. Leiningen's own (elder) brother George was already wearing the Imperial uniform when young Charles Augustus, then in his eighteenth year, entered the Langenau regiment as a cadet. In those years of peace his advancement was of necessity a slow one. He was first-lieutenant when his

marriage to Elizabeth de Sissány, daughter of the owner of Török Becse, brought him into direct connection with Hungary and initiated a new epoch in his life.

Countess Leiningen has been described by a high-minded cousin of hers, Baroness Irene Jósika, in the following terms: "She was a real angel, a very well-educated and refined woman, and nevertheless a modest, homely creature, as gentle as a child, warm in disposition and full of self-sacrificing sentiments. She knew how to endure and suffer; and whenever one single ray of joy illumined her life, was truly thankful. She was at all times equally kind and amiable, and, however straitened her circumstances might be, she always had something to give to the poor. She was a high-spirited patriot too." These qualities, in addition to her beauty, explain Leiningen's true and deep love for her.

In 1848, Leiningen was promoted to the rank of captain in the Leiningen regiment. He had the intention of resigning his commission and of settling down in Hungary as a farmer, in order to devote himself to his family.

The intellectual acquisitions of his ten years of military service were by no means insignificant. Many new items were added to the capital contributed by his German education and by his familiar

circle. Towards 1840, under the influence of Count Radetzky, Count Clam-Gallas, and Baron Hess, a new spirit began to predominate in the Imperial and Royal army, as a natural reaction against the languor consequent on the extreme exertions required in the wars against Napoleon. Leiningen was a thorough soldier to the backbone, rigorous and exact in his treatment both of himself and of others. He was proud of his calling, proud of the gallantry and glorious traditions of the great army in which he served. He was in the habit of judging men from the point of view of the military *esprit de corps*. When in his journal he speaks of any of his superiors or comrades, his first business is to mention the fact that he is an excellent, good, mediocre, or bad *soldier*. This spirit was not without its influence on his political opinions too. He was every inch a "monarchist"; he despised republicans, and considered they were "born out of time"; his enthusiasm for reforms was matched by an equal contempt for big words and meaningless phrases. In the *milieu* in which he moved, his natural chivalry and nobility was transformed into a caste feeling. The military spirit of those days was by no means so incompatible with study and reading as was that prevailing in the army in the years immediately following 1849. He saw no contradiction between his calling and his breeding—the two were welded

in his mind into a harmonious whole. To all this there was added a new factor, which proved of the greatest importance in determining the development of his mind and in guiding his destiny ; in Hungary this learned, high-spirited officer became familiar with the endeavours and aspirations of the nation. His wife was an enthusiastic partisan of the new ideas ; the high society he frequented in Vienna and Pozsony, though not undivided by party differences, agreed in a desire for reforms and wished for the development of the nation. And no one whose mind was open and who had a feeling heart, could fail to be touched at this period, when Count Széchenyi, Francis Deák, and Louis Kossuth were all endeavouring (though it must be admitted in different ways) to make Hungary a free country on a European level. The constitutional sentiments of Leiningen must in themselves have brought him far nearer than the other officers to a due appreciation of the aspirations of Hungary ; and his sympathy increased in proportion as he became better acquainted with the country and her people. This sympathy must have been the sole source of his plans to remain in the country and live a busy, useful life on Hungarian soil.

It was in such terms that, in a letter written much later to her son, Leiningen's widow spoke of this important crisis in her husband's life : "As

you know, your father loved Germany above all ; nevertheless, he decided to settle here and did not consider such a step in the light of a sacrifice. He was fond of this country, knew it well, and had a special liking for the Magyars, just as his elder brother Louis had. Your father was familiar with the Hungarian Constitution, with the rights and privileges of Hungary in all their details, and followed with the greatest interest the struggle of the Opposition against the Government, which was under the control of the Chancellery in Vienna, in the Parliament of 1847. He believed that, if Hungary obtained full liberty and independence, the project of a unified Germany would be more easily realised. He was not yet a captain in his regiment, and had no intention of remaining with the colours : his ambition was, after settling his account with the Treasury, to buy an estate in Hungary." According to the evidence of these very important statements, his German feelings and his sympathy for Hungary seem to have thoroughly harmonised and to have been practically identical in Leiningen's mind. If this was really the case, his situation, from a psychological point of view, would have been much the same as that of Knezics (a Croatian) and even of Damjanich, who, though full of sympathy for Hungary from his early years (he was a Rascian by birth and a "borderer" too), was won over

entirely to the Hungarian cause by his wife. It is difficult for the critic to depreciate the value of testimony of this kind. Yet another witness, equally trustworthy, viz., Leiningen himself, shows us the state of his mind and his political creed in a somewhat different light. This was just at the critical moment, in the spring of 1848. In the case of such a man, in such a critical situation, it is the duty of the historian to exactly determine even the nicest *nuances*.

In the "spring of the peoples," in March and April 1848, Leiningen's soul was possessed by Germany's Renaissance. No German student or radical demagogue could have been a more enthusiastic devotee of a free, great, and united Germany than was the man who was destined to be one of the heroes of the Hungarian War of Independence. At this time he had not the slightest inkling that he was to defend the liberty of Europe against the "knout," not under German, but under quite different colours. He confesses to being a German, as all his family were. "Your son must be a free citizen of the great German fatherland," he wrote to his wife. And this son was born but two months later, on July 11 (1848). His duty called him; and on April 14 of the same year he wrote his wife, by way of consolation: "When I return from the war for liberty, we will have a heavenly life."

One of his letters, written some days later (April 18), sums up his political views, and is all the more interesting when compared with the developments of twenty years after, which he had foreseen. In those days there was a rumour, not unfounded, that, after her victory over the King of Sardinia, Austria would resign her Italian provinces.

“ If only the news about the cession of Italy for 300,000,000 florins, and about Radetzky’s victory over the King of Sardinia, were true ! ” he writes. “ Upon my word, the gallant army thoroughly deserves to have its honour vindicated. Only, victory must not lead to infatuation, or to extravagant ambitions, the frustration of which will be only a question of time. Austria can then devote her energies to affairs in Germany—doubly so, if her southern frontier is protected by the neutrality of Italy. The outcry against the encroachments of Prussia is mere *blague* ; after all, Austria is in duty bound to fulfil the promises made on March 15,¹ and at the Federal Council must outbid everybody in respect of liberal-minded proposals. Then she must use every effort to put the biggest force in the field, in order to have the casting vote when the struggle comes. It is true that it will be a difficult matter to overshadow Prussia, which is well armed and has 45,000,000 thalers in her treasury ; and Austria

¹ The Constitution of the Empire.

will probably have to play second fiddle. That is more to my liking, too; for people in Vienna are quite incapable of reconciling themselves to constitutionalism, a fact which explains why that city is continuously in a ferment. This state of inward and outward apathy debars any presumption that the German nation would consider it a special honour if Austria were to put herself at the head of Germany, merely on the basis of historical tradition. At present the advantage lies with Prussia, whose soldiers are already fighting for the liberty of Germany.”¹

Of what value Leiningen might have been—to Bismarck! His was a serious, honest enthusiasm, springing from the depth of a manly bosom. Apart from this enthusiasm, we find him still possessing a great attachment to the Austrian army, and to the “black and yellow” colours, for which he still thought they were to fight against Russia. What is more, duty attached him to the dynasty. And what was left for Hungary? A certain sympathy, it is true, for her Constitution and her people; some respect for the natural ally of “Great Germany.” But, apart from that, as his letters prove, a contempt for the “noise-makers” of Pest, and of those who

¹ The German National Assembly indeed elected the King of Prussia to be German Emperor, but King Frederick William IV. refused to accept the crown offered him by democracy (April 3, 1849).

presumed to mention a republic ; an amused disdain for the " National Guard " farce and for the recklessness with which millions were gambled away. Even the insurrection of the Rascians, though the interests of the owners of Török Becse were very sensibly affected, failed to change his opinion. The only emotion stirred thereby was the fear that his brother-in-law, Leopold de Rohonczy, might suffer for his " extreme Magyarism."

" As the tension between Vienna and Hungary increased every day in gravity," continues his widow, " General Perglas and Count Lamberg considered it wrong of your father not to join his regiment. Your father at once declared that he could not do so, as no honest man could fight against Hungary, which was only defending her legal rights sanctified by royal oath." The Hungarian War Minister, Lazarus Mészáros, sent for the Count, but did not order him to join his regiment ; he gave him work to do with the army in South Hungary, where the war against the Rascians was already in progress. This step was determined upon as a result of Leiningen's assuring the Minister that he would not fight against Imperial troops. He wrote his wife too in the same terms.

As we see, this resolve is not such as we would have expected from a fervent Hungarian patriot. Like all the other Hungarian officers, Leiningen

had to choose between two laws, two obligations. The Royal Hungarian War Minister was nearer to him than the Austrian one, who was the tool of the Court party. "Let the devil fight against his own convictions, if he likes: I had rather anything happen to me than that I should join hands with thieves in warring against a nation that has hitherto been quite peaceful."

His sense of justice, the innate chivalry that impelled him to defend the victim of an unjust attack, drew him towards Hungary at a time when his brothers and his cousins continued to fight for the Emperor.

From this date (October 30) we find no more mention of "the German idea."

In the case of a man in the fullest sense of the word, such as Leiningen, we must not attribute this change to the order of a minister, or to the behaviour of Jellasich and the Rascians. The true cause lies deep in the nature of things. In the spring of 1848, Leiningen had looked upon the German movement as a very serious one, which would be of the greatest importance to Europe, and could as a consequence reckon on the firm support of every brave heart. He was drawn to it, not only by his national feeling, but by the consciousness of his own capacity, the conviction that he could, and must, devote his life to a great idea,

great actions. On the other hand, after the sanctioning of the reform act of April, he saw no particular reason for the Hungarian movement, which in his eyes was merely a campaign of catchwords and fine phrases which he did not believe would be matched by deeds. As it happened, he was entirely wrong. The German movement was brought to a standstill by the first great obstacle, the ill-will of the Austrian and Prussian Courts. The Hungarian movement, on the contrary, increased and advanced, both morally and materially, in proportion as the dangers that beset it waxed in gravity. "Poor persecuted Hungary, though hemmed in on all sides, is displaying most praiseworthy energy and courage," Leiningen wrote on October 23. Seven days later he writes, "You have no idea of the enthusiasm prevailing here; and yet all is so tranquil. I am convinced that the Court, however large its army may be, will not score any success if it continues to pursue its present methods." Enthusiasm and tranquillity! Coolness in the council-chamber and self-sacrifice on the field of battle was what Leiningen wanted: and the latter at any rate he found in full measure.

In his letters written from the scene of warfare in the "Banat," he is continually complaining of the presence of devastation and disorder: for the former he finds an excuse, as it is reciprocal, though it offends his chivalrous feelings; but he is more

than dissatisfied with the conduct of the campaign, and at first is deeply incensed by the prevailing inactivity and indolence. Yet scarcely a letter was written without some word of praise for the *honvéd*, the Hungarian soldier. It was the gallantry, the inborn military spirit of the Hungarian infantry that confirmed his attachment to the army which he had at first entered with hesitation, so to say conditionally. The fire of Magyar enthusiasm expressed in action carried him away. Every new battle was a fresh link; the affection displayed towards him by his *bakas* (foot-soldiers, as opposed to cavalrymen) made the spiritual union indissoluble. As soon as he had received his brevet as major, in his battalion of the 19th regiment of the line—the intrepid Schwarzenbergs—he introduced Magyar words of command and trained his troops so effectively that, while yielding to no others the palm of gallantry, they probably surpassed all in point of discipline. After having made an example of some offenders at Szentes, he was no more compelled to have resort to retaliatory measures.

His relations with his messmates were at first by no means so friendly. His name made him an object of suspicion with them, for his cousin at Temesvár sided with the Court party. His letters were opened. His exasperation at these proceedings made him almost guilty of injustice.

Yet he was sure that “an eminent deed in the cause of Hungary” would put an end to suspicion. As soon as the time for action came, these relations were at once changed in a remarkable manner. Leiningen’s bravery and his dare-devilry disarmed all suspicion, and the friendly feelings and respect of his superiors, above all of Damjanich, gave rise to the most cordial comradeship. Though they offended his honest sensitiveness, these suspicions also served as an incentive. His chivalry prevented him from doing anything to abuse the confidence of those who placed their trust in him; and when he was captured near Czibakháza, what caused him most sorrow was the thought that his comrades might look upon him as a deserter, “for none but your distracted Charles could ever have fallen into such a trap.” But—and this is more important than anything else—his conviction that he was serving a just cause never wavered: on the contrary, as his letters prove, it increased from day to day. He had only one great crisis more to go through. When, at the beginning of January 1849, the Hungarian army left the “Banat” and marched northwards, it was evident that Hungary was in a very bad way. Still heavier must the knowledge that he was to fight against Imperial troops—his old army—have weighed on Leiningen’s mind. At this moment many officers, Count Alexander Eszterházy at their

head, quitted the Hungarian camp. Leiningen did not hesitate: "I cannot desert a cause when it is in danger" was the excuse he offered to himself and to others. This manly answer won him the friendship of Görgey, who asked him why he had espoused the Hungarian cause. The same sense of duty hindered him from going into exile in the days before and after the capitulation at Világos, when he knew his life was at stake. Görgey called upon him, almost compelled him by force, to depart, since Hungary was not his native country. He offered him money too, as Leiningen had lost all he had at cards. Count Francis Zichy, then Austrian Commissary-in-Chief in the Russian camp, who, as Leiningen also notes, dined with the Hungarian generals at General Rüdiger's table (August 14), told me that he endeavoured to persuade Leiningen to fly before he was handed over to the Austrians, and offered to provide for his safety. The answer was always the same: "I cannot desert my comrades when they are in danger." And yet he knew full well what his fate was to be. His last days as a free man he spent on his brother-in-law, Julius Urbán's estate at Monyoró. There, under the shade of four young oak-trees, he designated the spot where he desired to be laid to rest. "Do not let me rot under the scaffold or the gibbet," were his words.

His superiors, his comrades, were familiar with the spirit that drove him onwards; his deeds were told by his battles. The acknowledgment he received spurred him to action. It must have been a great pleasure for a true soldier to lead troops such as were to be found in his brigade, the flower of the army, the 3rd and 9th battalions, and the Schwarzenbergs. He was fond and proud of them: he was in reality their "father." After the storming of Buda, he remarks in profound sorrow: "My brave battalions have been decimated." At Komárom he remonstrates: "Why do not privates also get orders?"

His soul bounded with joy when he could have a share in great and sublime actions, and play his part in them as an actor. He looked with fervent admiration on Görgey, under whose lead so many fine and eminent successes were achieved: and this enthusiasm was not lessened by the terrible catastrophe that followed so quickly on the heels of the brief intoxication of victory.

His last notes are very short: yet some of them throw considerable light on the awful obscurity that shrouds later events. After the wounding of Görgey in the battle near Komárom (July 2), he exclaims: "Sorrowful days. Quarrels and intrigues. Limbs without a head." And just before he had cried in anguish: "Is there no man of courage

left in Hungary?" One single ray of splendour beams in upon the darkness (July 17): "My best day as soldier: eight hours' struggle with the Russians, alone and unaided." His capacities increased with his advancement. We have it from a trustworthy source that it was Leiningen whom Görgey had marked out as his successor, should he himself fall.

Concerning Világos, he writes with incisive brevity: "Saddest day of my life." His notes relating to his days in prison are fuller; and for the life of the prisoners, their hopes, illusions, and secret communication, their author is our best, in fact almost our sole authority.

As we have seen, he had long been prepared for the end. But the roughness of the Austrians to their prisoner hurt his inmost feelings. "Rather die ten times than have to endure such indignities!" Still more was he wounded by the false charge brought against him (an accusation propagated by the press too), of having ordered seventeen Austrian officers, taken captive at the siege of Buda, to be shot. This accusation alone disturbed his peace of mind; for, though sometimes he did indulge in hopes, he had never any fear of death. In his last will he bids his brother vindicate his memory; and at the last, as he stood under the gibbet, he spoke these words: "In this solemn

moment, when I must prepare to meet my Creator, I protest once more against the accusation brought against me by a base calumniator, namely, that I committed cruelties when we conquered Buda. On the contrary, I always took the Austrian prisoners under my protection. If in happier days my friends would avenge my death, they should bear in mind that humanity is the best policy. I die for a cause . . .” Here orders to the executioner to proceed interrupted him.

In external appearance, Leiningen was a fine, stately man. His resemblance to Czar Alexander I., who was so renowned for his distinguished bearing, was a striking one. Even in the spring of 1848, he confessed that there was no happier man alive; and yet he chose death, not life. When he died, his daughter, “naughty Bessie,” was but four years; his son, whom he had scarcely seen, only one year old. He loved his wife and his children better than life itself; yet he did not choose to survive the downfall of the cause he had espoused. His brothers made an appeal to the Emperor, without success. The British Court, to which he was related, endeavoured also to intervene on his behalf; and, after his execution, went into mourning by way of demonstration.¹

¹ The researches kindly undertaken in the Record Office by my friend, Mr W. H. Temperley, Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge,

Though I have written and quoted much, I fear I have given but a faint impression of the being of this noble man. He was a man in his writings too. There is scarcely anything superfluous in them. Every sentence has for its subject some event, thought, or person. Everything in it is interesting and valuable. From a purely literary point of view the work is without a parallel in the literature of the War of Independence.

We cannot add anything to Leiningen's military laurels ; but it is our firm conviction that he deserves to be crowned with the wreath of the writer too.

HENRY MARCZALI.

BUDAPEST, *October 1910.*

with a view to establishing this point by documentary evidence, have proved fruitless. Nevertheless I could not omit to mention the tradition, based on a communication made to the family by Viscount Ponsonby, at that time British Ambassador in Vienna. Arthur Görgey told me that the British representations in Leiningen's interest were made to Russia. There is, moreover, one fact which proves that the Emperor-King Francis Joseph took a greater interest in Leiningen than in any other of the generals executed at Arad. When the painter Nicholas Barabás exhibited his pictures, including portraits of the heroes of the Revolution, Francis Joseph I. honoured the exhibition by paying it a visit, and returned three times to look at the picture of Leiningen. This fact was chronicled at the time by the papers.

I
LETTERS

PEST,
28 *March* 1848.

MY BELOVED LIZZIE,

Here in Pest things are pretty quiet ; but, owing to the mock doubts and apprehensions of a small fraction, who take particular delight therein, we are living in an atmosphere of perpetual suspicion. The news from Milan,¹ though not believed by everybody, has again created considerable excitement, and the Jacobin rabble is beginning to discover something degrading in the fact that Hungary is the only country where liberty has been secured without bloodshed. Yesterday the whole world was once more possessed ; “ Vienna refuses to sign anything,” “ We ought to declare a republic,” etc., were the sayings that went the round of the town. Louis Földvály rushed into the Casino exclaiming that 40,000 “ borderers ”² were to be brought to the capital by steamer, and that the peasants ought to be stirred to revolt, and the

¹ On March 18, 1848, the inhabitants of Milan rose in revolt and, after five days of street fighting, drove the Austrian General, Count Radetzky, and his army out of the town.

² The soldiers guarding the military frontier in the South of Hungary.

“borderers” sent to their death. It is extraordinary that a man who has himself been a soldier should talk such nonsense; and as you may well imagine, other people believe him. Generally speaking, there is an absolute lack of manly calmness and dignity: and I cannot help thinking we ought to thank our stars that the excessive patriotism of these men is not put to the test, for it would be like chaff in the wind. Luckily enough, yesterday evening came the news that Vienna had signed everything! It is high time the new Government came here and put people’s heads to rights, on—or, better still, “off”—their shoulders.

Amid all this chaos of stupidity, corruption, and misery, there are some gratifying symptoms—*e.g.* the peasants of Lovrin, with due regard for the fact that the liberation of the serfs involves considerable loss to the landed proprietors, have engaged to pay 4² florins this year for every “session”¹ of land, deducting 1² kreuzers for every day’s service done in socage since Nov. 1, 1847. All credit is due to the honest peasants, and to the proprietors as well!

Farewell, beloved Lizzie. Heaps of kisses to you and the two little ones.—Yours
CHARLES.

¹ =hide.

BECSE,
3 April 1848.¹

MY BELOVED LIZZIE,

Here I am again in this dear old spot, Becse—fretting because everything here is so bleak and melancholy. There is always something the matter with me; and our experiences in this place are not calculated to mitigate my sorrow at being separated from you. But this is no time for complaining; deeds only, deeds of bravery, can help us to forget. . . . Now I must tell you all my story.

Our journey was pleasant enough, with the exception of the passage of the Tisza at Felső-Becse, which was worse than ever. We arrived here on the 31st ult., and were welcomed by all the notabilities of Becse at the house of Hugó (Parchetich), who was celebrating his “name-day.” It was a merry carousal; even Mr Fehér was greeted as “polgártárs” (fellow-citizen); there was an unbroken succession of speeches and toasts, and no end of drinking. You have no idea of the great advance in political erudition made in so short a time by the good folk of Becse; there is a predominance of ultra-Liberal views, and people are particularly annoyed that there is not a single member of the “bourgeoisie” in the Cabinet.

¹ 1847 in MS. by a slip of the pen.

Yesterday was "emancipation day," the community assembling at 9 A.M. and being declared by the proprietors (lords of the manor) as exempt from all manner of obligations hitherto imposed, with the prescribed "Éljens" (hurrahs). At 10 A.M. there was high mass with sermon in the Catholic Church, where the priest, among other things, said: "There are no nobles more, we are all brothers, all equal." At 10.30 the proprietors went to the Greek Oriental Church, where they put the usual offerings into the three collecting boxes. After church, we received the elders of the community, who thanked us for our magnanimity! On this occasion I was made to understand that the poor peasants fail to see how considerably their lot has been alleviated by the new measures; and as far as I could judge, not one of them would have thought it an injustice, had everything remained as it was before. Most people consider this sudden transition from servitude to the most perfect political and personal freedom to be a great misfortune for the peasants, whose illiteracy leads them to put a most extraordinary construction on the conception of "liberty." In this place, however, the proprietors are very popular; so no trouble need be apprehended.

In the afternoon there was a popular fête in the square in front of our manor-house—plenty of dancing

and wine, and a bit of a row to end up with. The county magistrate's party, the Fehérs and a few other ladies from Becse, were our guests; we too wound up with a dance.

As for our financial position, it is quite out of the question to make up a reliable balance-sheet at present; but one thing is certain—we must retrench our expenses considerably, though I don't think we shall either of us find it difficult to do so.

To-day "Poldi"¹ got a letter from Rudolph Bajzáth, who writes that the Imperial Government desire to maintain the Hungarian "Chancellery," and refuse to sanction the establishment of a finance ministry—in a word, that they are revoking the most important concessions. This news has created tremendous excitement in Pest. Would to God the news were false!—if it be true, Heaven knows what will happen.

And now good-bye, darling Lizzie; write me often about yourself and the children. Tell me if Bessie is naughty and whether you have much trouble with our son and heir. Thousands of kisses from your devoted

CHARLES.

¹ Leopold de Rohonezy, Count Leiningen's brother-in-law.

BECSE,
6 April 1848.

MY BELOVED LIZZIE,

The news you have sent me about the situation in Italy have pained me considerably. What will be the fate of the magnificent (Austrian) army, now that the suppression of the insurrection has proved impracticable? If an end is put to Austrian rule in Italy, we shall at any rate have some compensation, viz. the conviction that, if, in face of the undeniable bravery of the Austrian armies, the Italians have been able to secure their independence, Germany, too, must be capable of carrying on a defensive war against the Russians and the French. With their contradictory reports, the papers are so confusing that one is quite at a loss what to believe.

As compared with our last year's income, the abolition of feudalism means a reduction of 8500 florins—though we may put the loss at 10,000 florins, as in the future all work must be paid for in money. On the other hand, there is every prospect of reducing our expenditure and adding thereby to our revenue. We shall probably be able to dispense with three of our employés. Then again the fact that the privileges of the nobility¹ are over and that

¹ The laws of 1848 put an end to the exemption from taxation and the payment of tolls enjoyed up to that time by the nobility.

they too will have to pay tolls (Pflastermaut) and ferry dues, means a considerable gain to us. Without being too optimistic, we can reckon on our loss being almost entirely made up to thus in this way; and if we receive an indemnity too, we shall do exceedingly well. However, under prevailing conditions we must be prepared for the worst. Money is not to be had; so the necessary repairs will have to be abandoned for the present.

The wheat is in fine condition, and there is every prospect of a good crop. The rape, too, promises well, but we cannot be quite sure of it until we have it safe indoors.

We have been particularly lucky with our sheep. As you know, we only started last year with 360 head; and this year there are more lambs than dams, and only a few have perished. We hope to increase their number this year to 1000, and in time to have quite 6000.

Now farewell, my angel; best love from your
stout and *handsome*

CHARLES.

BECSE,

9 April 1848.

MY DEAR LIZZIE,

Sad faces are not confined to Pozsony; here too people are beginning to investigate the consequences more closely and to shake their heads

in anxiety. From a distance, equality, popular representation, and franchise, on the broadest possible basis, look very specious indeed; but a nearer view of the elements which have suddenly emerged from a state of absolute dependence and even bondage into the possession of the fullest personal and political freedom, must fill us with the most serious misgivings. Here at Becse there is no doubt that the peasants will reap no advantage from their liberation, for, when there is no one to force them to work, their innate idleness and indolence will lead them to fall a prey to speculation. The landowners, on the other hand, are in the greatest dilemma owing to the haste with which the reforms are being carried out. A law which forbids the calling-in of capital is not likely to enhance credit; yet credit is what we want most of all.¹ In other countries the feudal obligations were not abolished until the money required was forthcoming; our legislators have reversed the order of proceedings, believing that their wisdom will find means to put everything right again. With all their fine phrases, the only compensation offered us in reality is—platitudes about relying on the honour of the nation!² I have

¹ When the feudal duties and labour in socage were abolished, the law granted debtors a respite of six months for the payment of debts.

² “The compensation of the landowners is left to the national honour” are the words of the law.

every respect for that honour ; but in money matters it's not worth a rush !

The dilatoriness of the post here is maddening ; we live in the most terrible suspense. Still no reliable news from Italy or from Germany ! the latest number of the *Allgemeine*¹ is dated March 28 ! If the report of A. D. L.'s² resignation is confirmed, Austria is only to be congratulated ; for the presence, at the head of affairs, of this powerful supporter of the old system has rendered sincerity in the matter of reform out of the question, and under the prevailing grave conditions nothing is wanted so much as confidence.

If monarchic principles obtain the upper hand at the popular assembly at Frankfort, my beloved fatherland may still hope for a fulfilment of all its demands.³ It is very lucky that Vienna too is desirous of deputing able men. But not unless all the German tribes are properly represented is it to be supposed that the resolution passed there will be accepted as law by the whole nation.

I was delighted to hear of the rising of the people of Schleswig-Holstein. The time must come when

¹ The *Allgemeine* of Augsburg was the only foreign newspaper which the Vienna Government allowed free circulation in Hungary.

² Archduke Louis, uncle to the Emperor, King Ferdinand V., who, since 1835, in conjunction with Metternich and Kolowrat, had in reality governed the Monarchy.

³ The deputies of Germany met and resolved on the summoning of a Parliament in Frankfort to create a constitution for the Empire.

all foreigners will have to leave German soil for ever.

No Russian, no Dane should ever be allowed to have a voice in German affairs. If it be true that a military revolt has taken place at St Petersburg and that the Czar has been banished,¹ the time is ripe to draw the German swords and avenge the ignominy of the past century.

My dear Lizzie, don't think I have lost my senses ; but it is impossible at such a period to regard events from a common-place point of view. Your son must be a free citizen of the great German fatherland.

God bless you, darling Lizzie, for your loyal, fervent affection and your courage, which claim my adoration.—I remain, ever your faithful

CHARLES.

BECSE,
11 April 1848.

MY DEAR LIZZIE,

In your last letter you said you feared I should have to join my regiment. Yes, darling Lizzie, you must certainly be prepared for such an eventuality, for the war with Russia cannot be put off much longer. As things at present stand in Germany, every patriot must turn out. If you only reflect a little, you will see that I could not stay at

¹ A mere invention.

home without incurring ignominy—and that I know you would not wish me to do!

I cannot tell you how painful to me is the consciousness that Victor ¹ is in a dependent position. It is a sad thing to have to spend the great days of one's fatherland in idle dreams. In the hour of danger not one of us will stand in the ranks of the German people, however bravely we may fight as soldiers for the freedom of Europe against the "knout" (Russia) and the treachery of the French.² Happy is the man whose lot enables him to be at present in Schleswig to see the first deeds of enthusiasm of the German people; happy he who can look on at the spectacle of brave men showing their great fatherland how to fight for its freedom, men like the Frederick of Augustenburg who dealt the first blow on the Danes. Would to God that his example were followed by all the German princes!

Here things are going on as well as can be expected. Nobody wants the "National Guard"³—the rich because they are indolent, the peasants

¹ The writer's younger brother (born 1821). At the time he was a first lieutenant. He died in 1880, having risen to the rank of lieutenant-general.

² At that time the general belief was that the integrity of Germany (a constitutional country) would have to be defended against the attacks of the French and the Russians.

³ It was decreed by law to create a "National Guard" after the French pattern. All who had franchise had to bear arms for the maintenance of order.

because they believe it is intended to make "borderers" of them. And the mere thought that they may be wanted for the protection of the country is sufficient to turn these men into rebels—yet there are people who consider Hungary and her inhabitants ripe for a republic! I am sick already of all the trite phrases about liberty and equality.

Now that the diet has been closed, you in Pozsony must feel like a mariner after a storm. I wish I could leave this place; it is getting too hot for me.

We are in a bad way with our repairs: money is not to be had, for everybody is anxious to be provided with ready cash if the worst comes to the worst. We must restrict ourselves to essentials. The last two days it has been raining; the rain will do no end of good to the rape, which otherwise would have been very poor. We have not yet sold the maize, not having found a purchaser, but the prices are still ranging high.

I am alone the whole day, so I can devote all my time to sweet thoughts of you. Not many men are as happy as I am.

Good-bye, darling angel; a thousand kisses from your faithful

CHARLES.

P.S.—By the bye, to-day is my birthday. I wonder if you celebrated it in due form? Hope I shall be able to ask you the same question 40 years hence.

BECSE,
14 April 1848.

MY DEAR LIZZIE,

By the date of my letters you will have seen that the post is to blame for your not hearing from me for so long a time. I did not get your letter dated the 9th until the 12th; and the latest number of the *Allgemeine* is that of the 4th.

I was delighted to hear of your thrift; but you must not imagine that we are doing quite so badly—"Poldi" and I at any rate are living in fine style (never less than 6 courses for dinner); so it will be best for us to retire to the country. We can manage quite well here on our income; and we can allow ourselves many luxuries which in a town were beyond our means—in fact we can put aside a nice little sum every year. If Claire¹ could only make up her mind to spend the winter in the country, when I have joined my regiment, you could come here soon after your confinement. And then, when I return from the war for liberty, we will have a heavenly life. I am quite ready to join the colours, and shall soon be on my way home. Don't trouble to answer this letter, for in 3 or 4 days I shall leave this place, and before long shall be able to clasp my darling Lizzie in my arms. Unfortun-

¹ Mme. de Rohonczy.

ately we shall not be long together, as I must report myself without delay. You must pluck up courage, my angel; God is watching over us, He who has hitherto protected us and will not desert us in the future either.

I was very distressed to read in your letter of the 9th that "misfortune is coming upon us from all sides." I can only attribute your want of courage to the influence of old women, who think it an awful calamity to be obliged to do with a few dresses less. The aristocracy, too, would do better to stop lamenting and tearing their hair. And after all I cannot believe that the misfortune is undeserved; the aristocrats themselves are most to blame.

Yes, my darling, you may trust implicitly in me and leave the rest to their misery. The misfortune is not as yet too great to be endured. Even if we receive no indemnity and the conditions of credit do not improve, we shall be able to live quite respectably. And as for my having to join my regiment, look at Germany, where many a husband, not in duty bound, is hastening to join the colours out of sheer patriotism.

Courage, my darling angel; the Almighty cannot refuse you anything, so pray often to Him and you will then feel reassured.

Good-bye, darling Lizzie, bestow your unchanging affection on your faithful

CHARLES.

BECSE,
18 *April* 1848.

MY DEAR LIZZIE,

At last I am able to fix the day of my departure. You may imagine how my heart rejoices. I am so happy, so exceedingly happy at the thought that before long I shall again be able to throw myself into the arms of my beloved Lizzie.

But to come to the point! I leave here on Thursday, the 20th; on the evening of the 21st I shall be in Pest, where I have to make several purchases for the estate, and shall be obliged to spend the whole of Saturday. I hope to receive the first kiss on Sunday evening, the 23rd, at 11 P.M., for I am to start by the morning boat which takes a day for the journey to Pozsony; in the worst case I shall be with you on Monday morning. You see, I do not wish to take you by surprise, for the simple reason that I believe the pleasant prospect of seeing me again will make you happy some days in advance, just as I have been ever since I fixed the day of my departure. Yesterday I got three of your letters (those dated the 11th, 12th and 13th) by the same post, though there is a regular delivery every day.

If only the news about the cession of Italy for

300,000,000 florins and about Radetzky's victory over the "sword of Italy"¹ were true! Upon my word, the gallant army thoroughly deserves to have its honour vindicated. Only, victory must not lead to infatuation, or to extravagant ambitions, the frustration of which is only a question of time. Austria can then devote her energies to affairs in Germany—doubly so, if her southern frontier is protected by the neutrality of Italy. The outcry against the encroachments of Prussia is mere *blague*; after all, Austria is in duty bound to fulfil the promises made on March 15, and at the federal council must outbid everybody in respect of liberal-minded proposals. Then she must use every effort to put the biggest force in the field in order to have the casting vote when the struggle comes. It is true that it will be a difficult matter to overshadow Prussia, which is well armed and has 45,000,000 thalers in her treasury; and Austria will probably have to play second fiddle. That is more to my liking, too, for people in Vienna are quite incapable of reconciling themselves to constitutionalism, a fact which explains why that city is continuously in a ferment.

¹ Charles Albert, King of Sardinia. Negotiations were being carried on with the mediation of the English Government, for a cession of the Italian possessions of the Habsburgs to the King of Sardinia.

This state of inward and outward apathy debars any presumption that the German nation would consider it a special honour if Austria were to put herself at the head of Germany, merely on the basis of historical tradition. At present the advantage lies with Prussia, whose soldiers are already fighting for the liberty of Germany.¹

A few days ago we were at Beckserek, where we attended a session of the county assembly. It was the first occasion on which commoners too spoke—among the latter was Mihailovich, Hugo's brother-in-law, whose speech was excellent and betrayed liberal-mindedness. His repartee to a "Pecsovics"² (Conservative), who endeavoured to interrupt him, was very smart: "You too might keep your peace for once; we have had to be silent for 800 years, but from to-day we have freedom of speech, and no power on earth will ever muzzle us again."

Particularly interesting were a few clergymen who in thundering philippics denounced celibacy, cassocks, and the prohibition of moustaches. The county assembly resolved almost unanimously to support their requests (abolition of celibacy, permission to wear "attilas"³ and moustaches).

¹ In Schleswig-Holstein, against Denmark.

² "Pecsovics" was the nickname given to Conservatives and is still used in this sense.

³ The Hungarian "tail-coat."

Several mothers in the gallery expressed their approval in a most conspicuous manner.

Good-bye, my darling; a thousand kisses from
your stout

CHARLES.

VIENNA,

1 *May* 1848.

MY DEAR LIZZIE,

There is little in the way of news to tell you which you cannot gather from the papers. In Italy things are going on finely; and it is hoped that before long we shall receive definite news of our success. The Danes have had a thorough beating.¹ At last the Germans too have succeeded in losing their patience.

To judge by the large number of German flags flying at present in Vienna, there is nothing left to be desired in the way of German feeling; only unfortunately it is confined to the flags. Some people have a very convenient plan, they hoist German, Austrian and Imperial flags all together. As required, they can then easily remove the superfluous ones and join in the triumph of the victorious idea.

In Torontál and the "Bácska" the Illyrian mischief² has begun. I am only afraid Poldi's

¹ Near Altenhof, on April 21.

² The insurrection of the Serbs broke out first in Nagy Kikinda on April 24.

excessive Magyarism will get him into trouble. It seems that at present the movement is merely a "nationalist" one and is not directed against the landowners. God grant it may continue as such!

Victor is going back to his regiment in Transylvania; no more officers can be taken (for the Italian army).

On Wednesday I shall be with you again; I hope that during my absence you have not been troubled by any anti-Jewish demonstrations.¹

Vienna is by no means so depressed and sorrowful as is thought. Yesterday the Prater² was very full, and it is expected that there will be a fine display of carriages there to-day.

Good-bye, my angel; I shall tell you more when we meet, things I cannot very well write. A thousand kisses from your stout

CHARLES.

POZSONY,

5 July 1848.

MY DEAR POLDI (LEOPOLD),

Since you last wrote things have surely improved in Vienna; at any rate we have been getting better news from there of late. Would to God they may prove true! Life here and in the

¹ The object of these demonstrations on the part of the citizens of Pozsony was to prevent the emancipation of the Jews.

² The Hyde Park of Vienna.

neighbourhood is quiet and peaceful: only an occasional wave of disturbance from Vienna. I am of opinion that it will take some time to restore order there, for the very composition of the Diet (Reichsrath), the holding of which is proposed and is for ever being postponed, renders serious work out of the question. The deputies from Galicia are nearly all peasants, who do not know a word of German. In the "Stadt Frankfurt" Hotel ten of them asked for two rooms! and, when told that there were only two beds in a room, they said that did not matter; they would do with-straw! They were then turned away. That's what I call genuine popular representation! And then they declare they are ready to do anything Stadion¹ wishes. The elections in Vienna and the provinces too have resulted in the return of very few intelligent men; even more conspicuous has been the indifference of the electors, very few of whom have taken the trouble to vote. This fact certainly does not reflect any credit on the political maturity of the Austrians; in fact, it is becoming daily more evident that the greater part of the glorious reforms were not really wanted at all by the people.

Then there is the perfidiousness of the press,

¹ Governor of Galicia, who, in 1846, suppressed the Polish insurrection. Later Minister of the Interior.

which, as long as the fighting in Prague¹ continued, maintained absolute silence, and did not open its mouth again until the danger was over, since when it has been venting its spleen on Windisch-Graetz (who, by the way, behaved like a Roman of old). Naturally enough, a man who has done good service to his country is not to these people's tastes, for he might very easily spoil their game.

In Frankfort Archduke John has been elected Regent² (of the Empire) by a large majority, and the federal council has been dissolved. The main question has been decided. Now for the constitution, which will undoubtedly be considerably benefited by the terrible outbreak of Communism in Paris and the successful overthrow of the same.³ Yet it is awful to think that there is after all no other way of solving this social problem than by the extermination or deportation of our surplus population.

Victor supplies me with plenty of news from Italy. He was present at the more recent battles, at Montanara, at Curtazzone, and at Valenza; and he is now commanding a company at Avio, just above Rivoli, where a somewhat unfortunate

¹ On June 18, the insurrection of the Czechs was finally suppressed by Windisch-Graetz, whose wife was killed by a bullet during the siege.

² On June 27.

³ On June 25, 1848, by Cavaignac.

skirmish was fought the other day, on which occasion he covered the retreat and shot a Piedmontese major with his own hand. Send him his money, 3330 florins; after all we cannot make any use of it under present circumstances. If the conditions improve, we shall again have less difficulty in procuring money.—I remain, ever your faithful friend,

CHARLES.

POZSONY,

24 July 1848.

MY DEAR POLDI,

Under present circumstances there can be no thought of improvements on the estate. Claire has probably written you that Heaven has blessed us with the birth of a healthy boy. Lizzie and the little one are both doing well. And how are you, my dear Poldi, getting on in the midst of war and destruction? I positively devour the papers; and I am so longing to have some news of you. The latest reports were anything but reassuring; and if the National Guard continues to act as heroically as it has been doing, before long the Rascian headquarters will be on your estate. At Pest, as you know, there is tremendous enthusiasm; they are playing ducks and drakes with the millions, yet I have no faith in it all.¹

¹ Parliament voted forty-two million florins for war purposes.

It looks to me for all the world like the trick of a prodigal debtor, making a parade of huge sums to keep up his credit. God grant I may prove wrong; yet, in my opinion, Kossuth is a great party-man, but no great statesman. How delighted the English would be if they had a Chancellor of the Exchequer able to obtain as much money as he wanted from the devil in hell to act as security for the issue of banknotes!¹ For the present he (Kossuth) seems willing to treat the devil with indulgence; but the nobility have still too much property—*they* can afford to pay.—I remain, your faithful friend and brother-in-law, CHARLES.

POZSONY,
1 October 1848.

MY DEAR LIZZIE,

So far everything is quiet here; but there is no telling how long this state of things will continue. In any case I believe that by the day after to-morrow, if not earlier, I shall be able to give you positive news in person.

In financial matters our prospects are none too bright; if by to-morrow I am unable to discover how I stand, I shall bring the silver to Vienna. I hope both you and the children are as well as can

¹ An allusion to the words of Kossuth in his speech of July 11th.

be expected. The reported defeat of Jellasich is a lie.¹ He is again advancing. The horrible murder² has produced utter disorder in the Hungarian camp. Before long the whole matter will be decided. Heaps of kisses from your faithful CHARLES.

PEST,

23 October 1848.

MY DARLING LIZZIE,

I was delighted to get your second letter to-day.

I am now able to give you definite details of my plans. Almost as soon as I arrived here, I heard that Christian³ had entered Temesvár with a battalion of his regiment and, as he has the commander of the fortress more or less under his control, had given full effect to the unlucky proclamation of October 3.⁴ You may imagine the exasperation his action has resulted in; naturally he is considered a traitor to his country. Under such circumstances it was out of the question for me to join my own

¹ It was true, and Count Leiningen was mistaken.

² The assassination of Count Lamberg (the Royal Commissary sent from Vienna, his appointment not being countersigned by a responsible Ministry) in Budapest, on September 29.

³ The writer's cousin (of the Nassau branch), a very capable and severe soldier (1812-1856). First colonel, then brigadier at Temesvár. After the revolution he acted as Archduke Albrecht's deputy.

⁴ This proclamation appointed Jellasich Royal Commissary in Hungary, and dissolved the Parliament "misled by Kossuth."

regiment.¹ So I begged Mészáros for an audience, and was very courteously received. I explained to him that I was a landowner in Hungary, consequently I must regard that country as my fatherland. For that reason I did not wish to join a regiment which was disobedient to the orders of the Hungarian War Minister, and would beg him to appoint me to serve with the army fighting against the Rascians and Servians. As a result of kindly encouragement received from him, I yesterday handed in a petition in writing; I shall know the result at latest by the day after to-morrow. I shall probably be sent in the capacity of special messenger (estafette). I will let you know the day of my departure. Mészáros told me very courteously that he was doubly delighted with my offer, because I was wiping out the stain our good name in Hungary had received through Christian's conduct. Yet he could find some excuse for the latter, since the secret orders from Vienna were responsible for measures of the kind.

The reliable news we have from Becse runs as follows: The Rascians delivered an attack from Leboncz at 6 A.M. and bombarded Becse from the vineyards. At Becse, including the garrison, there were only 750 men capable of bearing arms, for the

¹ At that time he belonged to the 31st Transylvanian ("Leiningen") Regiment, with the rank of captain.

Rascians of Becse and Frányova¹ had joined their brethren. Alexander Eszterházy, who happened to be with Poldi, hurried off at once to Ó-Becse, which, with a view to diverting attention from Török-Becse and preventing the despatch of intelligence, had also been attacked. Eszterházy was very nearly captured by the people of Frányova. In the meantime the burghers and troops at Becse defended their position heroically, though they had to abandon the outer part of the town in order to concentrate their forces behind the barriers in the inner town. This was how things went on until 2 P.M. when reinforcements came from Ó-Becse and the Rascians took to their heels. Many of them were cut down by the Hussars (who, like the soldiers of the Michael Regiment, fought splendidly); and the stolen cattle were recovered. Poldi was slightly wounded in the leg; Major Kirschner was shot in the face, but he had the bullet cut out and hurried back to the field. On our side only five were killed, but there were many wounded. However, the fury of the Magyars after the fight was terrible, though it may be excused in the light of treachery of the Rascians of Becse. For several hours there was an end of all discipline; and then ensued a horrible butchery. Poldi puts the number of those massacred at 250-300. It is awful to think

¹ Frányova, the Rascian suburb of Török-Becse.

of! That is what I call a real war of extermination. Through the intervention of Eszterházy considerable reinforcements are being sent there; the *posse comitatus* is also being reorganised, but I doubt if there will be any chance of preventing the latter from perpetrating awful cruelties. The greater part of Kikinda has been destroyed by fire; Mokrin too has been burned out. The lovely "Banat" is now a mere wilderness. Our corn was luckily already threshed, but our straw has all been burned. Herewith I trust that you and the children at least have got over the worst. My pay will be quite sufficient for my needs. In Transylvania a terrible insurrection has broken out among the Wallachians; and, though hemmed in on all sides, poor persecuted Hungary is displaying most praiseworthy energy and courage. Perczel has beaten Nugent and taken 700 prisoners. The isle of Muraköz has been occupied by the Hungarians. Philippovich and Roth are being summoned before a court-martial. The former, who was directly subordinate to the Ban (of Croatia), will probably be treated as a prisoner of war; but the latter was under Hraborszky when he was commander of Pétervárád (he hoisted the Hungarian flag), and refused to obey him, a fact that undoubtedly aggravates his position.

I have spoken to Helen and "Madame mère"¹;

¹ Lizzie's aunt, who brought her up.

the latter still persists in calling me her “ dear good Leiningen.”

Farewell, my good, darling angel ; keep up your spirits and don't lose heart, for the Almighty is guarding us, and He cannot permit so lovely a country as Hungary to be converted into a desert waste.—Your stout and faithful CHARLES.

P.S.—Even here we have had no letters from Vienna for two days. If the surrender of the arms is insisted on, you had better hand them over.

(*On the envelope* : “ opened by order of the Committee of National Defence.”)

PEST,

27 October 1848.

MY DARLING LIZZIE,

Your last letter was opened and sealed again before being delivered to me ; my name is sufficient to render me the object of all kinds of suspicions. Well, let them open our letters, if they like, only it is most unpleasant to think of one's dearest family affairs being exposed to public view. However, it's no use kicking against the pricks ; and it will not be always so.

Here everything is quiet ; the only elements of excitement are the news from Vienna. Sometimes these reports are very favourable, at others adverse ; so absolutely absorbed is everybody in the happen-

ings, that the faces of people in the streets betray the character of the latest tidings.

To-day I at last got my passport—with instructions to proceed to Beeskerek and place myself at the disposal of Col. Vetter. I am delighted at the prospect of seeing Poldi again. The poor fellow is in a by no means enviable position; for, unless the long-promised reinforcements are sent there without delay, there will probably be a repetition, on a larger scale, of the previous assault. Here people are eking out a miserable existence from day to day, in perpetual suspense; yet they do not give up all hopes. I too trust firmly in a better future, and that we shall live happily, though somewhat more simply than we have done hitherto. Once we have weathered the present grave crisis, we shall find better days in store for us. And then I will devote my whole life to you and the children, finding perfect happiness in the light of your love.

I leave here to-morrow in the company of Count Eszterházy. So you must wait patiently until you hear from Beeskerek.

Farewell, darling Lizzie. Heaps of kisses to the children.—Your faithful

CHARLES.

PEST,

30 October 1848.

MY DEAR LIZZIE,

My departure has been postponed until to-day because the boat does not leave Szolnok until to-morrow. Had I known I should have to remain here idle so long, I should have returned once more to give you and the children a parting kiss. The only news from Becse is that it is being better fortified and that reinforcements have been sent there: at last the importance of that position has been recognised, for, if it should be occupied by the enemy, in the first place all communication between the two camps (on the farther and hither banks of the Tisza) would be interrupted and then the retreat of the troops encamped at Beckserek would be cut off. Some six-pounders have been sent too; and four battalions are being despatched from here. While our forces are being redoubled, it really seems as if there were a chance of a peaceful agreement in that district. Immediately after the last engagement Poldi went to visit the enemy's camp, where he found that the foe too had got wearied of the long war, though there was still plenty of fanaticism, for they believe it is intended to deprive them of their language and their faith. They knew nothing at all as yet of Jellasich's flight

over the frontier (of Hungary); on the contrary, they were confident he had entered Buda. When at last they were convinced of the truth, they were very depressed and said they had been outrageously deceived. They have already sent a deputation to Ó-Becse to treat with (Edmund) Beöthy;¹ and I believe that, if they receive a general amnesty, they will very soon capitulate. The Tschaikists² too have sent their "auditor" here with peaceful proposals. God grant it may all have a good end!

My chief, Vetter, has been created general; but he will stay at Becskerek as commander-in-chief, a fact that gives me no small pleasure, as he is an excellent man. What does F.³ think of my serving the cause of Hungary? Let the devil fight against his own convictions, if he likes; I had rather anything happen to me than that I should join hands with thieves in warring against a nation that has hitherto been quite peaceful. I cannot tell you how utterly I despise the machinations of the Court party, and how ridiculous this Jellasich, who thinks it so easy to be a Napoleon, appears in my eyes!

¹ Commissary of the Hungarian Government to treat with the Rascian insurgents.

² These soldiers, who were on duty on the military frontier near the confluence of the Danube and the Tisza, served on armour-plated boats (*sajka*).

³ Probably referring to Countess Fanny Pejachevich, with whom the Leiningens were on intimate terms.

What a miserable vanity there is in his words! "My greatness stands on an inaccessible height: the eyes of all Europe are on me!" Béla Wenckheim was present when he made this extraordinary statement; I have it from him, so I know it to be true. Oh, yes! the whole of Europe is pointing at him—in derisive scorn! His star has set, and is not likely to shine again in a hurry.

You have no idea of the enthusiasm prevailing here; and yet all is so tranquil. I am convinced that the Court, however large its army may be, will not score any success if it continues to pursue its present methods. On our side we have the ideas which for the moment are all-powerful with the peoples and are not without their influence on the hearts even of soldiers, as is proved by the fact that not even all the troops serving under Windisch-Graetz are to be relied upon. On the issue of the fight before Vienna hangs the fate of my beloved Germany too; my happiness is beyond measure when I think that I am not, like so many others, compelled to take the field against my fatherland. Yesterday we received news of an engagement of the vanguards, in which Felix Schwarzenberg was repulsed. God grant that there may be a final decision before long, and that it may be in our favour!

How ridiculous the behaviour of the Court still

is! *e.g.* after having, on the 16th, declared that Hungary was in a state of insurrection and that every Hungarian was a rebel, on October 17th the Emperor wrote to his Hungarian Minister of War confirming the appointments submitted by him! Hereby he has recognised the Ministry as legal and branded as rebels all who refuse to obey it. What do you say to that? Perhaps they hope, in case of their failure, to be able hereby to throw the responsibility on the shoulders of subordinate persons!

And now good-bye, darling angel. My best love to you and the children.—Your faithful CHARLES.

BECSE,
4 November 1848.

MY DEAR LIZZIE,

Well, here I am at Becse; I am losing no time in exchanging a few words with you, my angel. I left Pest in the company of Eszterházy and (Count) Géza Szápáry—the latter having been given a commission in the Hannover Hussars. I am sorry we chose to go by boat; we took a day and a half from Szolnok to Szeged. From the latter place we had to drive, as we missed the connection with the Szeged boat.

Becse is a veritable camp. The small house where we lived is being used as principal guard-house and ammunition store, etc. In front of the

house, besides two small two-pounder Tschaikist guns and one one-pounder iron cannon, there are two six-pounders and a seven-pounder howitzer; to the right, in the direction of the landing-place, there rises a barricade with a broad ditch and a palisade. There is another (barricade) beside the well, behind the church, a third in the principal street, a fourth in the other long street, and a fifth beside the Papichs' house. Beside the Tisza, in the vicinity of the baths, a redoubt has been built. Besides, the whole of Becse is surrounded by sentinels. The Rascians will never take it without the aid of regulars. However, we are continually in danger of being attacked by these dogs, for our force is far too weak for us to attempt to take the offensive.

A curse on those who have brought about this shameful war! One day spent here is sufficient to do away with all consideration or attachment to former conditions; here we get a clear insight into all the villainy of the late Austrian Government. I am more than thankful for not having joined my regiment earlier, for I should now either have to fight against my convictions—and Hungary, or have been obliged to leave the colours by stealth—for no more resignations are accepted. Major Rickel, the commander of my former battalion, is entering Hungary and endeavouring to join forces with Temesvár. It is hoped that we shall

take Arad and its fortress, as a part of the garrison sympathises with us. Even in Temesvár a section of the Leiningen Regiment is inclined to take the part of Hungary. Christian is on the edge of a precipice—would that Providence might open his eyes before it is too late! If he joins us, his presence would be worth that of thousands. What a sad thing that the perfidious policy of princes should arm the hands of near relatives against one another!

But enough of sad pictures! The die is cast; my fate is bound up with that of Hungary. What a consolation it is to me that my views on this point coincide with yours! Courage, my dearly beloved Lizzie! God cannot desert a just cause.

The details of the latest fighting are horrible!¹ Here too Poldi gave signal proof of his goodness of heart. He saved the lives of many men. Orders were given for the destruction of Frányova, but no one could be found to carry the awful orders into effect. Yet who knows whether we shall not soon be regretting this indulgence: for the Rascians do not know the meaning of gratitude.

I cannot tell you how bitter for me is the separation from you and the children: though it is all only just beginning. But behind the clouds of

¹ The Rascians attacked Török-Becse on October 13. The defence was conducted by Leopold (Poldi) de Rohonczy, major in the "National Guard," the writer's brother-in-law.

suffering and privation there shines the consoling thought of the happy day when I shall be with you again. God guard you and the children!—I remain, ever your devoted and loving

CHARLES.

BECSKEREK,
6 *November* 1848.

MY BELOVED LIZZIE,

At last I have arrived at my destination, and am already no stranger to the mud of Becskerek. General Kiss¹ received me with kindly courtesy; but he has not yet informed me what he intends to do with me, though I believe he will leave me at headquarters. I should almost prefer to be sent to one or other of the battalions in the field. If the weather does not improve and we have not a long spell of fine weather, I believe that operations will cease for a time. Yesterday and the day before there was such a heavy fall of rain that to operate with guns is already quite out of the question. Before long we are to receive four "honvéd" battalions as reinforcement; and then, perhaps, we shall take the offensive again. God grant it may be so! There is some talk, too, of recruiting the regiments of the line to full strength; for after all everybody admits that on all occasions

¹ Ernest de Kiss, afterwards Commander-in-Chief of the South army, one of Count Leiningen's fellow-martyrs.

the best work has been done by the hateful "swallow-tails."¹

However much I may be occupied with my new career, one thought prevails above the rest. The farther off I am from you, the greater my longing to be with you. I have no more fervent desire than that there might be an end of this most unfortunate war; for, on my word of honour, I assure you this conflict is not such as is to the taste of an honourable soldier—it is a veritable war of extermination!

Every day, several carts full of Rascians (mostly women and children) approach our outposts; and the miserable wretches beg and pray to be taken prisoners, as to stay in the Rascian camp means starvation. Pale, reduced to mere skeletons, they ask the soldiers for a bit of bread, which they devour like so many ravenous wolves. The military commanders offer these poor fugitives refuge; but the civil authorities would exterminate them if they could. Innumerable Rascians have been hanged; three were executed to-day. It is no business of mine to inquire whether this is the best mode of subjugating them; for my part, the very sight of such measures is revolting.

If all those who are bad Hungarians were to come here, they too would very soon become enraged with

¹ Refers to the old Austrian uniform. The Hungarian infantry, too, wore white "swallow-tails."

the abominable wretches who consider this war of extermination a suitable means to attain their objects. Look at the smoking ruins of the "Banat," listen in dismay to the lamentations of homeless, starving women and children, feast your eyes on the uncultivated fields and the unburied corpses, and then ask yourselves whether a man of honour, seeing all these horrors, could preserve in his heart one spark of loyal attachment to a dynasty which bands with incendiaries and thieves? For, on my honour I tell you these men have not been driven into fighting by their "nationalist" feelings.

God guard you, darling Lizzie; my best love to you and the children.—Your faithful

CHARLES.

BECSÉ,

12 November 1848.

MY BELOVED LIZZIE,

I arrived here yesterday on a visit to Poldi; for at Becskerek there is nothing to be done at present, since, as I wrote you, the roads are not in a fit state for military operations. Then, again, our people are treating with the Rascians, so everything is quiet. On the way here I met with 200 Rascian prisoners and several hundred head of horned cattle, which had been driven out of the enemy's camp. The prisoners declared that they

would rather be in captivity with us than at liberty in their own camp, where the privations have already become unbearable. The miserable state of these poor devils is beyond description; they have been enticed to abandon their property and are now dying of starvation. In rags, pale and emaciated, they toiled on, an eternal disgrace to those who provoked this war—the most horrible that ever was. All the terrors of this awful civil war have now been complemented by a fresh scourge—cholera, which is claiming more victims than the war itself, particularly among the Rascians.

As for me, my bodily health is satisfactory enough, but morally my condition is hourly getting worse. My very name inspires mistrust; and nothing but some special service to the cause of Hungary will be able to disarm these suspicions. And that, under present circumstances, is practically out of the question, for no deeds are being done to-day. Unlucky circumstances, which, in a time of eminent action, do not permit a man like myself to display to the full the sincerity of his good intentions! This state of things is too depressing for me to put up with it for long; I shall fall a prey to dejection. It was not for the pleasure of swaggering about in my uniform at Beckserek that I left the greatest bliss that ever fell to the lot of a mortal! My present inactivity only serves to make my longing for your

company more distressing. Nothing but useful work could in some degree compensate me for the sacrifice I made in separating myself from you, my angel. Should the truce last for any length of time, I shall look for some occupation more in keeping with my wishes; and, if I can't find what I want, I shall come home to you and bid farewell to the profession of soldier.¹

My inward restlessness and discontent has been aggravated by the fact that I have not had a line from you for 12 days, to set my mind at rest as to your well-being and that of the children, though this is the eighth letter I have written you since my departure. Yet I do not blame you, but the post, which, as is only to be expected in such days of disturbance, is very irregular. This uncertainty as to your welfare is doubly distressing; for who knows whether, after the fall of Vienna, the enemy are not threatening Pozsony? God preserve poor Hungary! we must practise all the economy we can.

Good-bye, darling Lizzie; write as often as you can, your letters will reach me some day.

Best love to you and the children.—Your devoted

CHARLES.

¹ Lit. "hang my sword on the peg."

BECSKEREK,
17 *November* 1848.

MY BELOVED LIZZIE,

At last, after 17 days, I have heard from you—though I am sorry to say your latest is dated as far back as November 3. What a lot must have taken place since then! Yet it is a long time since I have felt such happiness as was mine when I read your loving note. I cannot write much at present, for in a few hours I have to start with Major Gergely's flying column; and maybe I shall be absent for five or six days. Heaven be praised that the time for idling is over! I was really getting very melancholy!

For the satisfaction of your patriotic feelings I may tell you that the gallantry of both the regiments of the line and the "honvéds" leaves nothing to be desired. The latter quite recently took a Rascian camp by storm, cutting down several hundreds of the enemy. If we have only time till spring, we are saved.

Thousands of kisses (in the spirit) to you and the children.—I remain, your faithful

CHARLES.

BECSKEREK,
25 *November* 1848.

MY DARLING LIZZIE,

Yesterday evening I returned from a campaign lasting 6 days, trusting to have the delight of finding several letters awaiting me. But my heart had, unfortunately, deceived me. Not a line from you since November 3. This is enough to drive me to despair. But Heaven be praised that I know you are not to blame—only my unlucky name! The real cause of this unpleasantness is that all my letters are opened and kept back in Pest for eight days. I only hope you get my letters quite punctually, and that you have not the same agony to endure as I have.

But to return to my campaign. You can imagine my delight, when at dinner General Vetter addressed me as follows: "To-morrow I am sending a reconnoitring force in the direction of Temesvár, under the command of Major Gergely, to join a small corps previously detached with the object of driving back the troops despatched from Temesvár and reconquering the Wallachian communities of the district. You are to act as the Major's staff officer." Our miniature army consisted of 300 "honvéd" infantry and 72 mounted soldiers (Hunyadi Hussars), with two six-pounders. Here

the troops are transported in all directions in carts ; so on the first day we reached Módos, which we had to make the starting-point for our operations against Csákova. Two-thirds of the inhabitants of this village (or rather town, for it is very large) are Rascians and Wallachians, whom the garrison of Temesvár are endeavouring to win over to their side, but who do not quite know their own mind ; the rest are for the most part Swabians, who in this district are conspicuous for their timidity. Major Gergely (contrary to my opinion and advice) made the mistake of sending on 30 men in advance to arrange for quarters. (My idea was to start at night and reach Csákova at dawn.) This detachment was received with a volley of "wer-da's" (who goes there ?) and bullets ; consequently, in the belief that regulars were stationed there, our men retired to Gád, where they made their report. Our approach had thus been betrayed ; and there was little chance of taking the ringleaders by surprise. As a consequence of dilatoriness in carrying out orders, we did not arrive at Csákova until 1 P.M., when we found the place alive with armed peasants. Here my excellent field-glass was of great service, enabling me to see that on our right flank, in the direction of Gilád, several hundreds of armed men were assembling and threatening our rear. Major Gergely despatched me with half our force towards

Gilád, he himself moving against Csákova, which very soon capitulated. Hereupon the Major came after me with the rest of the troops, and himself directed the attack upon Gilád. With four hussars I rode in advance up to about 200 paces of the village, and was able to convince myself that we had to deal with armed peasants only. One cannon shot would be enough to disperse them. I pushed forward with the skirmishers into the village; and my only regret was that I did not meet with a more obstinate resistance.

Then began work which filled me with disgust. In a few moments the village was in flames at various points; and the men started pillaging and committed various other offences. We had the greatest difficulty in getting the flames under. Yet these villainous Wallachians deserved the punishment they got, for they are daily threatening to murder the poor Hungarians who live among them. As I was riding slowly back out of the village, an officer brought in 30 prisoners, truly deplorable wretches! As soon as they reached me, the officer shouted to them in Wallachian (so I was told afterwards) "Down on your knees before that gentleman! Kiss the dust from off the hoofs of his horse!" Disgusted at the sight, I cast a look of derision at the officer and rode away.

However much I may disapprove of things of

this kind, I have nothing but praise for the bravery of our irregulars. These men do not know what fear is.

At 3.30 P.M. we reached Csákova, where we were received with white flags and national colours. Unfortunately the ringleaders had escaped, so that we were only able to capture three men who were at all seriously implicated.

Then again we had to remain there in inactivity for two days while 4000 pecks of oats were being requisitioned. Here I made the acquaintance of the famous Alexander Rózsa (Rózsa Sándor), the calmest, coolest man on the earth, but remarkably brave.¹ The loss of these two days frustrated any attempt to do more, for while on the march to Uj-Pécs we received orders to return at once to Becskerek.

Yesterday Vetter promised that he would often avail himself of my services, and for this I shall be very grateful to him. As it is, I believe we shall soon be engaged in a more important undertaking; and even the meanest private is convinced that we shall win. At Csákova people were exceedingly astonished to see a Count Leiningen fighting on the Hungarian

¹ Rózsa Sándor was a brigand chief. At the outbreak of the war he was pardoned by the Government on condition of his serving against the Rascians. But the misdoings of his band forced the Government to dissolve it. Rózsa Sándor—a celebrated figure of our robber-romances—continued his former life and died in prison at Szeged.

side. By this time Christian must have learned how near I was to him. His situation too must be anything but agreeable, for the Rukavina and Leiningen Regiments are not absolutely reliable. Besides, ravaging diseases are daily thinning the ranks of the garrison of Temesvár.

If we can only hold out until spring, we shall be saved, Windisch-Graetz notwithstanding. Poldi has gone to Pest for a few days; perhaps he will bring me news of you.

Good-bye, my angel; best love to you and the children.—Your loving

CHARLES.

BECSKEREK,
26 *November* 1848.

MY BELOVED LIZZIE,

Another day has passed, and still no news of you. The suspense is getting beyond my endurance; if it lasts much longer, I shall cry off and come to you. Yesterday I was given the command of a company of the 10th "Honvéd" battalion, an appointment all the more agreeable to me as I can now practise the Hungarian words of command and shall before long be able to apply for the brevet of major. Mine is one of the two companies with which I recently occupied Gilád. I am known to the officers and to the rank and file, a fact that considerably facilitates my intercourse

with them. My appointment to their battalion has been very kindly welcomed by Major Gergely, a very well-disposed and courteous man, and several other extremely fine officers. To-morrow we are off to Zsigmondfalva, where we have to do outpost duty. So I must say good-bye to dear old Becskerék for a few weeks; the only regret I have is that while I am there I shall not be able to send to the post every day, though on the other hand I shall not be liable to be so bitterly disappointed! Is there any cholera in Pozsony? Here it is claiming numerous victims—not long ago, among others, a fine young officer. Truly a sad end at such a time, when thousands of bullets are searching longingly for a noble mark, to perish by a horrible plague! Up till now I have been having a good time of it; and my conduct has been so unexceptionable that you have every reason to be proud of me.

The day before yesterday we were reinforced by a fresh battalion, fine, stalwart fellows, who, however, want drilling. These men turn into soldiers in an incredibly short time, and are splendid fighters. The 9th “Honvéd” battalion,¹ for instance, which is stationed at Versecz, is a match for any battalion of veterans. They are just like the Prussian volunteers of 1813; they don't do much shooting,

¹ The 9th battalion of Kassa, for the most part Slovaks, were called “Redcaps”; with the 3rd battalion they shared the distinction of being reputed the finest soldiers in the revolutionary army.

but charge furiously at the enemy, using the butt-end of their muskets. The Rascians and Servians are so afraid of them that a patrol is enough to put a hundred Rascians to flight.

I shall write from Zsigmondfalva every day when I am not on outpost duty.

And now, good-bye. Write soon.—Your devoted

CHARLES.

BECSKEREK,

27 November 1848.

MY DARLING LIZZIE,

To-day I am off to Zsigmondfalva to do outpost duty; I mean, our battalion will act as garrison, and my company will be on duty every fifth day. My life there will be none of the pleasantest; on the other hand, I shall have plenty of time to study the Hungarian service regulations, and to write frequently to you, my beloved angel. Everybody is trying to persuade me to have myself transferred to the "Honvéds." General Vetter will himself support my application. I am beginning to reconcile myself to the idea; and I think it would be splendid if by my promotion I could get nearer to you—here I shall certainly not obtain a battalion. Of course it would be much better if I could see you occasionally, for here my daily visits to the post only end in bitter disappointment.

Our prospects in Transylvania have changed somewhat for the worse. The Imperialists there are endeavouring to establish communications with Arad and Temesvár. If these endeavours are successful, our position here may become a very serious one. But I continue to hope for the best. The people at Temesvár have not the courage that inspires us. They have to lock their soldiers up to prevent them deserting. In the Leiningen and Rukavina Regiments in particular there are numbers of men who at heart are with us.

Luckily I am leaving this place, for to-day Lieut.-Col. Vojnich turned me out of the quarters hitherto occupied by me, which in reality belong to him. Henceforward I shall live in Parchetich's house—very agreeable quarters for a grass widower, since they are shared by two pretty young women!

If I only knew that you had received the money from E., for I am constantly in fear that you are running short!

Good-bye, darling Lizzie; heaps of kisses to the children.—Your faithful

CHARLES.

(This letter was sealed with the seal of the Ministry of the Interior. This means that it was opened.)

ZSIGMONDFALVA,
28 *November* 1848.

MY BELOVED LIZZIE,

I arrived in Zsigmondfalva yesterday, when I took over the company assigned me. I experience less difficulty with the Hungarian words of command than I had expected. My men gave me a hearty welcome.

The day after to-morrow will see decisive action; we are to attack from all sides. Don't despair, darling angel, God Almighty is watching over us. You will certainly not get this letter any sooner than the one I intend to write after the battle. If we win (and God grant we may!) our victory will be an important one. This day will bring a favourable change in my fortunes too; for I hope to have a good excuse for coming to Pozsony. Yet, whatever may happen, your image will be ever present with me amid the roar of the cannon, and my lips will murmur your name in a devout prayer. God bless you, my darling angel, and the dear children.

Once more good-bye. With God's favour we shall meet again before long, for I cannot stay here. At Pest I shall take steps to arrange for my future career and shall leave myself time enough to spend a few happy hours again with you.

My life, my feelings, my thoughts, are conse-

crated exclusively to you and to liberty, and are in God's hands.

Once more, farewell.—Your ever loving and devoted
CHARLES.

ZSIGMONDFALVA,
1 December 1848.

Yesterday and the day before we were unlucky ; for four days a thick impenetrable fog enveloped the countryside, so that our columns crossed and our men once actually fired on one another. Yesterday we returned, very reluctantly, after convincing ourselves that there was nothing to be done. In my next letter I will give you a description of our whole expedition, which was awfully fatiguing. Your stout, lazy Charles endures it all splendidly. I am still without news of you since your letter of the 3rd ult. Yet however dreadful the suspense caused by this lack of tidings, my belief that no evil can happen to us remains unshaken. To-day I am too exhausted to write any more.

(*Written at the top of the sheet.*) Most important of all ; I have returned safely from the expedition and have broken open this letter to write you a few lines more.

(On the envelope, two seals, that of Leiningen with the princely crown and that of the Ministry of the Interior. So this letter was also opened at Pest.)

ZSIGMONDFALVA,
4 December 1848.

MY DARLING LIZZIE,

In fulfilment of my promise I shall now proceed to relate the story of our last expedition ; for however unsuccessful it may have been, it afforded me a wealth of experience. It was on the 28th November that we received orders to start the next day at 1 P.M. We marched off at the appointed time, in a thick fog—seven companies of infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, and four twelve-pounders. We formed the second column, and were to deliver a front attack on the enemy, *i.e.* against the entrenchments of Tomassovácz, or at any rate to prevent them from reinforcing their rear-guard and their flanks. In order to be able to turn the enemy's flank, the fourth column was to occupy Orlovát the same day and to throw a bridge over the Temes. This column was led by that fine soldier Lieut.-Col. Appel of my former regiment (the "Don Miguels"). The third column was to seize the Orlovát bridge, the fifth to operate on our left, and the first to occupy Botos. Had the weather been more favourable, we should certainly have successfully carried out the plan. So on the 29th, at 1 P.M., our column started, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Vojnich. (When we parted, Francis (his servant) was over-

come with emotion, and begged me not to be rash ; for, “ what would the Countess do, if anything were to happen to your Lordship ? ”) It was very agreeable to me to hear words like that at such a moment, particularly so, as I had been obliged, a short time before, at Párdány, to severely punish Francis for committing a grave offence.

As the captain whose company I had taken over, despite his illness, refused out of a laudable ambition to remain behind, I was obliged to do duty again as “ galloper.” After two hours’ march we entered the main road leading to Orlovát, on which a considerable force was just approaching from Becskerek. Immediately afterwards General Vetter arrived, and was greeted with loud hurrahs. A little later we again left the highroad, drawing off to the right, in a fog so thick that we could not see even fifty paces ahead. The result of this was that, although we were accompanied by two so-called staff-officers, we so completely lost our way that we had to retrace our steps, marching back nearly to the starting-point ; we then took to the main road to Orlovát. Finally, after eight hours’ march, we arrived in the neighbourhood of Orlovát (it was 9 P.M.), and prepared to bivouac. We were not allowed to light fires ; we had nothing to eat, and it was cold and damp. You have no idea how unpleasant a situation we were in. The night was so dark that we literally

ran into each other. Scarcely had we posted our sentinels—the hussars were just beginning to feed their horses—when the enemy started firing on our outposts.

In the shortest time everybody was on horseback ; the troops were drawn up in battle array ; but even then we could not see farther than 30 paces. Unfortunately the soldier to whom I had entrusted my horse (Francis remained behind at Zsigmondfalva) fell ill (it transpired later that it was a case of cholera) ; so I had to look after my horse myself, *i.e.* feed him and saddle him in the dark whenever an alarm was sounded, at times a very long process ! Luckily enough, they were “false alarms” ; not once were we attacked. Lieut.-Col. Vojnich, who had ridden off towards Orlovát, did not return all night. He lost his way ; and it was only after indescribable vicissitudes, constantly in danger of being captured by the enemy, that he found his way back to the camp, where he had been given up for lost. He was welcomed with an ovation expressive of the most genuine pleasure.

I shall never forget that night. Francis had forgotten to give me my fur coat, so that I had to lie on the damp ground ; I positively shivered with the cold. At last dawn came—if I may describe a foggy semi-darkness as such—and we drew ourselves up in battle array before Orlovát. Here we waited

some two hours for better weather ; and when Vetter at last convinced himself that an attack was out of the question, he gave orders that we should return to our respective stations. After another ride of 8 hours, we again reached Zsigmondfalva, exhausted and dejected, for we had endured untold fatigue for nothing, not having even heard the whistle of an enemy's bullet.

Yesterday I at last received your welcome letters, the last being dated November 18. What a consolation you are to me, darling Lizzie, in these days of trial ! How grateful I am for your firm confidence and your dauntless courage ! That alone enables me to fulfil my duties with calm self-reliance. . . . To-morrow or the day after, in all probability, we shall renew the attack on Tomasovác. I am burning with the desire to show my new comrades that I am ready to give my life and my blood for their cause. I must confess that, unless something happens before long, I shall not be able to endure my present position. To my face they are kind and courteous ; but behind my back they are all intriguing against me. I have actually discovered traces of mistrust among the non-commissioned officers of my company ! To-day some of the officers wanted me to swear by the constitution, devoutly hoping that I would refuse. In a word, the fellows fear I am in the way of their promotion.

Yet not even all this would deter me from carrying out my original purpose, had I not to fear that by staying on I should be putting Major Gergely, who intervenes daily on my behalf, into a false position with his staff. I had hoped by perseverance and strength of will to disarm all their mistrust; but I am daily become more convinced that this is out of the question.

Farewell, my dear Lizzie; before long I shall be with you, to the great consolation of little Bessie, who is so longing to see me.—Your devoted

CHARLES.

P.S.—During our last expedition it was intended to attack at all points as far as Fehértemplom. Only the attack of one division was successful. They seized the so-called “Devil’s Bridge,” and captured three guns (one 12-pounder and two 6-pounders), with 1000 cartridges, etc., etc., a considerable success!

ZSIGMONDFALVA,
7 December 1848.

MY DARLING LIZZIE,

The battle — or rather storm — of Tomasovácza has taken place; unfortunately its result was not favourable to us. But I must relate the events of this unfortunate day in proper order.

Our present attack was practically a repetition

of that frustrated by the fog, only that it was carried out in the finest weather possible. However we were unable to bivouac for the night, as we left here at 1 A.M. It was a cold, starlit night; we felt the cold all the more keenly, as we had frequently to halt in one spot for half an hour or even longer. Finally, towards daybreak, we deployed in line of battle, at about an hour's distance from Tomassovác. But as the column detached to turn the enemy's flank (it was to throw a bridge over the Temes at Orlovát), and the two columns operating on our right, had not advanced sufficiently, we too had to confine our activity for two full hours to looking on from a distance at the enemy's entrenchments. The sun was already rather high in the heavens when the sound of the first cannon-shot, fired on our left wing, was heard. The enemy made only a feeble reply. Our battalion was ranged up in files; with one of my companies (the other was not there) I led the reserve. My men murmured a loud protest; and only by assuring them that I should take them forward at the proper moment was I able to keep them in control. How firmly I believed that with these fellows I should be enabled to do some fine work, and how bitterly disappointed I was to be!

It must have been noon when the roaring of cannon beyond the Temes and the firing of muskets

showed us that Appel's column had forced a passage at Orlovát and was advancing towards Tomasovác. On the hither bank of the Temes stretches an elevation planted with vineyards. We now approached this elevation. Hardly had we carried out this change of front when our twelve-pounders too started firing. This was one of the grandest moments of the day. Dead silence prevailed among the troops; all eyes were riveted on the enemy's entrenchments. Before long we observed smoke rising from the latter; the next moment we heard the report of a gun and almost simultaneously a twelve-pounder ball fell quite close to us, ricocheting over our men's heads. This was the first hostile ball whose whistle I had heard. Now the guns played continuously on both sides; and many a ball flew above and around us. I was a raw recruit, and my men had already been in several battles; yet I was the only one who did not flinch, in fact I may say that as a rule cannon balls, though they whistle in a horrid manner, have very little effect on my nerves. After our artillery had been thrown forward, the enemy's balls flew thicker than ever, yet not one did any damage in our ranks.

Hitherto everything had gone well. Only, from the very outset I had seen that we had attacked at the most difficult point, and then, the column operating on the farther bank of the Temes advanced

so slowly that, when General Kiss (somewhat prematurely) gave orders to charge, the enemy were able to employ their whole force to oppose us. The storming parties pushed forward quickly and resolutely; unfortunately, however, there were several ditches and slight elevations in the vicinity of the entrenchments, behind which our men threw themselves down and started firing, though they can have done little damage to the enemy, sheltered as they were behind their fortifications. Seeing this, I started to advance at a run with the reserve troops. My men greeted me with an "éljen tkapitányunk!" (Hurrah for our captain!) But scarcely had we reached those ditches and elevations when the enemy treated us to a murderous volley.

I cannot describe what effect this had on me, for I was completely occupied with the work I had to do. In the firm conviction that my men were following me, I went straight on; then, looking back, I observed that only the colours, a few non-commissioned officers and six privates were with me. The others, following the example of the troops who had preceded them, had thrown themselves down in the ditches. There was nothing left for me but to lie down as flat as I could. We remained in this critical situation, 60 paces from the moat of the entrenchments, for about half an hour. It was not till then that I realised what was happening or felt

the disagreeable sensation of a hail of bullets. Every second several balls whistled past me. But I soon got used to the music and was then able quite calmly to watch the movements of the enemy. The firing from the entrenchments went on without interruption; the Servian (red) caps could be seen in large numbers. These are the only brave men among them; the Rascian rabble are cowards. Only the Servians were firing; the others were occupied loading the muskets. Some of the "red-caps" were so audacious as to stand on the top of a redoubt and jeer at us; but they soon fell off—head downwards! A few women too dressed in Servian "uniforms" fired continuously, with the utmost coolness.

Although our men stood the fire bravely, they could not be persuaded to rush forward; not even the men of the Máriássy Regiment (whose dare-devil bravery is proverbial) could be prevailed upon to advance. There were many instances of reckless gallantry. The ensign sprang up twice and called upon the rank and file to follow the colours. Several officers summoned their men to follow their lead; but it was all to no purpose. And now came the critical moment. We had to retire over exposed ground to get out of range of the enemy's bullets. Hitherto I had faced death with cool daring; but when, during our retreat, thousands of bullets

whistled around us, I felt my pulse was throbbing more anxiously than it usually does.

Particularly horrible were the volleys of grape-shot dispatched in our wake. I can assure you that the earth all round us was literally battered to dust. We made two more attempts to lead our men forward, but in vain : so we finally had to make up our minds to beat a retreat. General Kiss is no strategist, but I must admit that he is a remarkably gallant soldier. His horse was shot. A few unfortunate Servian horsemen who dashed after us, encouraged by our retirement, were cut down by our brave hussars. Our actual losses were not large : all the greater was our moral defeat. This was due, in my opinion, however, not so much to the cowardice of our troops as to bad leadership and strategy, for I am convinced that the point selected for the charge was the one where an attack on the entrenchments was most difficult of execution.

You cannot conceive to what an extent our battalion was demoralised. There was not a trace of subordination : the men were exhausted too, and could not be kept together. With one of my companies I was detached to cover the retreat ; but no sooner had I dispatched an officer with skirmishers into the line of fire than the whistling of the Servian bullets put the whole company to flight. It was of no use begging or threatening

them. So, accompanied by the few who had remained with me, whose names I shall never forget, I too was obliged to retire, though from time to time I turned round to face the enemy : and so little self-confidence do these thieves possess when fighting in the open, that we were able to keep them in check. Had I been severely wounded, I am sure I should have been left behind : but I had made up my mind rather to die a thousand times than to fall alive into the hands of these robbers. I am thankful to say, however, that I luckily escaped without a scratch. After indescribable exertions (we were on the move for 20 hours), we finally arrived at Zsigmondfalva, broken down and exhausted.

Darling Lizzie, Heaven still regards us with gracious favour : so we must not despair. I hope we shall start out again before long. Farewell, my angel.—Your faithful

CHARLES.

How sad this Christmas will be for us, so far from one another ! I hope little Bessie is a good girl and deserves a fine Christmas tree. If I could only get away from here, I should certainly be with you by then.

CZIBAKHÁZA,

20 *February* 1849.

MY DARLING, BELOVED LIZZIE,

At last after so long a period, I have again an opportunity of writing you a few lines. How many changes have taken place since last I wrote! What a world of pain and disgrace we have had to endure of late! But—for this God be praised—not everybody was so base-minded as to prefer a life of shame to an honourable fall! Yes, Lizzie, you may be proud that you have a husband who has preferred the path of honour.

Since last I wrote, I have taken part in several quite respectable engagements, and have generally experienced the delightful sensation of victory. But everywhere, at Karlsdorf, Alibunár, Járkovác, Neudorf, Franzfeld, and Pancsova, Providence watched over me and kept me safe amid the greatest dangers; and I feel sure that I shall be under Heaven's protection henceforward too. After the terrible charge at Jarkovác, where treachery beset us at a thousand points, for my good behaviour my friend and general Damjanich recommended my appointment to the rank of major; and before long I was promoted. At this time I received complete satisfaction: for the same tenth battalion, in which I had met with so much mistrust, and

which during the illness of Major Gergely was under my command, sent a deputation to General Kiss to ask him to allow me to continue as their commander. As this was out of the question, I was given the third "Schwarzenberg" battalion, which had been shamefully deserted by all but four of its officers. Since then four weeks have passed; and this battalion is now considered the finest in the whole corps!

You must not laugh at me, darling Lizzie: these things are told to you only, and I know they will give you pleasure. Above all, be brave, my angel; our case is not so hopeless as people think. For us, however, who had beaten the Rascians and Servians so often, it was an awful moment when we had to retire from the "Banat." Woe betide those who have brought so much misery on these poor districts! I am now beside the Tisza with my battalion, guarding the fords, not a particularly pleasant occupation, because as commander I have no rest day or night. God grant that peace may be concluded before long, that I may again be able to see you and my dear children! God knows how eagerly I am longing for that moment! Your image is present with me beside the camp-fire at night, when we are bivouacking; since your message by Claire that you are well and wish me to act according to my own conviction, I worship you more than ever. The

women must be courageous too and thereby lighten the burden of the task before us.

God bless you, darling Lizzie, and the children. Be only unchanging in your devotion to your loving, self-willed

CHARLES.

Send your answer to Claire, who will have it forwarded to me. I wonder if Arminius is a strong boy, and is little Bessie very naughty? Oh, how I am longing to be with you all!

II
JOURNAL

CZIBAKHÁZA,
22 *February* 1849.

MY DARLING LIZZIE,

Each day increases the bitterness of separation from you, my angel, and my beloved children ; for, though I know that you are threatened by no evil, the uncertainty of my fate must distress you sorely, and it is not in my power to send you even a few lines occasionally to tell you of my doings. God knows if I shall ever see you again : for we have many a battle to fight before peace can be restored. My fate is in Heaven's hands ; and, though I love my life beyond measure (few mortals can indeed boast of such a happiness as was mine), I am ready for the call of Death. At times melancholy forebodings actually steal into my heart. However, should God inflict the severest punishment on us, these pages will tell you that to the last my heart was true and faithful to the troth I plighted you, and that it was no mere ambition or vanity, but a love of right and liberty, that snatched me from your arms.

A long time has passed since I last wrote you ; if I am not mistaken, the letter in question dealt

with our disastrous attack on Tomasovác. I must now tell you all that has happened since that time, that you may one day be able to say to your son: "Your father was a fine soldier."

After that disastrous attack, I again went into quarters at Zsigmondfalva, where I had to submit to the ordeal of outpost-duty. One day I chanced to be at Becskerek, where I made the acquaintance of Col. Damjanich (commanding the troops at Versecz, the husband of Emily Csernovits): several victories over the Serbs (Rascians) had made him famous. We were soon on familiar terms; and I was very sorry to bid farewell to this man, whose whole being fascinated me. In external appearance he is wonderfully like the Shakespeare of the little medallion you gave me when we were engaged. The same forehead, the same short, aquiline nose, the same small, tightly closed mouth, a strong beard, a bald head with but a few dark locks behind and at the sides: withal, he is half a head taller than your Charles and considerably stouter. More striking still are his kindly brown eyes set beneath thick eyebrows; they are full of geniality, but, when their owner is roused to anger, they flash fire so wildly that a single look often sends a thrill of terror through our young soldiers. The picture I

am painting of this man is so fine that you will perhaps end by falling in love with him ; to prevent such an eventuality, I must tell you that he is over forty ¹ and is rather troubled with the gout. As for me, with all my exertions and the annoyance to which I am subjected, I am getting more healthy every day : my friends tell me I am growing younger and not a bit stouter.

When I first met Damjanich, I little thought we should fight a number of battles together ; but, a few days later, the tenth battalion was suddenly ordered to proceed to Versecz, *viâ* Zichyfalva : we were to drive. At Zichyfalva the battalion was split up. Major Gergely remained there with three companies, to march next day towards Alibunár after joining forces with other troops ; and I took the other three companies on to Versecz. Next day—unless I am mistaken, it was December 9 ²—we marched out to take Karlsdorf, where the Serbs (Rascians) had entrenched themselves. Our force consisted of three companies of the third battalion, three companies of the tenth, four companies of the ninth (the famous “ red caps ”), seven guns, and two squadrons of hussars. About nine o’clock the battle began in exemplary order ; though unable to ride, Damjanich very quickly organised the attack on all sides. For the moment my three companies were

¹ Born in 1804.

² December 12.

held in reserve ; and when I protested against this course of action, Damjanich answered : “ Do you think I should bring a Leiningen to play the part of spectator ? Before long I shall give you work to do.” And it was as he said. I soon received an order to advance with my men behind some low-lying hills, with the object of threatening the enemy’s line of retreat. Here I was joined by a “ lion ” of Versecz, a volunteer armed to the teeth, whose conduct was intrepidity itself, as long as we were protected by the hills ; but the moment we defiled into the open and became exposed to the fire of two cannons playing from an arrow-shaped redoubt (*flèche*) on an elevation situated to the right, my “ miles gloriosus ” became as still as a mouse, and, though most of the balls flew many yards over our heads, made himself so small that I nearly died of laughter.

It was to seize this elevation that I had been deputed ; so I sent one company round to flank it, while with the other two companies I attacked it in front. We were treated to a dose of grape-shot ; but we pressed on undismayed, and before long the Serbs (Rascians) took to their heels. My volunteer friend had disappeared ; I did not see him till the evening, when—to his credit be it said—he did not swagger, but himself made fun of his “ courage.” “ While standing at your side,” he frankly declared,

“I saw I was not fit to be a soldier.” It is a pity that everybody is not so sincere!

The occupation of this redoubt opened the way for the advance of one section of our hussars, and we too were enabled to approach the last outlets leading to the road towards Alibunár (the enemy's line of retreat). With two of my companies I threw myself into the village and contributed in no small degree to throwing the retreating enemy into disorder. Karlsdorf, as the key of the whole position, was held by the enemy's best troops, a battalion of “borderers,” who, with the militia (*posse comitatus*) supporting them, offered a stubborn defence. Seven of their officers and three hundred of the rank and file fell, while our casualties amounted to not more than ten killed and twenty-five wounded. In one single courtyard my men cut down thirty-five privates and one officer, giving no quarter. This encounter will always be a horrible nightmare for me; though my soldiers fought right bravely, in particular the first company, which at Tomasovác had behaved so shamefully—their cruelty and rapaciousness disgusted me. No trace of magnanimity or chivalry, either in the officers or the rank and file. In a word, I had to look on while the most horrible butchery was being perpetrated, and could do nothing to prevent it.

Luckily enough, we were soon advancing on

Alibunár, where Major Gergely was engaging the enemy, with his three companies and six *Wasa*¹ companies. Beyond Karlsdorf the ground rises, forming a line of hills stretching some two miles from S.E. to N.W. : the latter, inclining sharply towards the east, offer a superb line of defence to anyone in possession of Karlsdorf. Alibunár lies at about an hour's march from Karlsdorf, nestling close to the line of hills referred to above, at the outlet of a deep gorge. To take this village by an attack delivered from the plain meant incurring heavy losses ; so Major Gergely advanced very slowly. But as soon as we had taken Karlsdorf, Damjanich dispatched half his troops to the heights on the left in the direction of the road to Pancsova, while we others advanced along the Alibunár road, and then wheeled to the right, on to the plain, in order to join forces with Gergely in a front attack. But the Serbs (Rascians) retreated so rapidly that our left wing was unable to cut them off. Two cannons, an ammunition waggon, and a large number of guns were all the booty we got to-day. Alibunár was plundered and burned : luckily the inhabitants had already fled, otherwise this place too would have

¹ A Hungarian regiment whose "owner" (hon. colonel) was the Count Wasa, son of Gustavus IV., the exiled King of Sweden, who retired to Vienna. The Austrian and Hungarian regiments are called even now after their "proprietors." King Edward VII. was also hon. colonel or "owner" of a regiment of hussars.

been the scene of many a monstrous deed. Here the disorder in our ranks became so extreme that, had our enemy been at all determined, we should have paid dearly for the want of discipline. Not a single company could muster 20 men; the whole army fell a prey to a mad thirst for plunder and was scattered in all directions. On this occasion I had my attention drawn to a private of my company, whose name, Bányai, I shall never forget. While the others were plundering and marauding, this fine fellow stayed with me, disdaining wealth acquired in such a manner; yet many an officer had led the way, setting a pernicious example to the rank and file. From this day I have kept an eye on my man: but I have never seen him leave the ranks, except during a charge.

In a few hours we succeeded in getting the troops together again; and we bivouacked in the open. I shall never forget that night. Imagine to yourself a broad camp stretching along both sides of the high road, which was occupied by the cavalry and artillery, surrounded by camp fires; in the distance the burning village of Alibunár illuminated the countryside far and wide—it was terrible, but superb! Then the lively bustle in the camp—singing and dancing were going on in a hundred places at once! It almost made me forget that, as Major Gergely, a poor rider, had been thrown and badly

injured, the command of the five companies (one had left us) had devolved on me. When I had done my duty, going the rounds of the sentinels and seeing that all was in order, I went to my chief. Many officers were sitting with him round the fire, and we talked together of our future and our hopes. Damjanich is devoted to his wife; so we spoke much of those who are dearest to us on earth, whereby a new link of association was formed between us. Happy and peaceful in my thoughts of you, I slept that night on the hard ground. Good-bye for the present, my life; God give you strength to bear up in these days of sorrow! Good-night, Lizzie!

CZIBAKHÁZA, 1849, *February 23*.—To-day I will continue my narrative. Before sunrise I went the round of my sentinels and roused my men, that they might be ready for any attack. Luckily the Serbs (Rascians) left us in peace: so about 9 A.M. we started for Szelinch, which, as well as Illanosa, we found deserted. The latter place we committed to the flames, for its inhabitants had been mainly responsible for the destruction and depopulation of seven Hungarian townships. Darling Lizzie, how melancholy a thing this war is! and how beautiful peace seems to me—peace with you beside me! With the help of several noble comrades, I succeeded in saving one single house! It was the house of a poor, grey-haired septuagenarian, of whose 15

children 8 were in the service of the Emperor. Little do the poor folk guess that this Emperor exists in the brains of fools only, and that they are the slaves of his miserable creatures !

It was here that I learned the truth of the proverb, "Hunger is the best sauce." My "honvéds" had brought a barrel of cabbage out of a burning house and were devouring it with the greatest relish. I was tempted to taste it out of curiosity, and found it so good that I made a huge meal. There was another scene, however, which filled me with sorrow : I was obliged to confess that the fanaticism of these Serbs (Rascians) is quite blind, and that there is little chance of a peaceful agreement between them and the Hungarians. Our hussars captured a peasant who had fired on them from a house. He was brought before Damjanich, who asked him whether he desired to exterminate the Hungarians unaided. "Not unaided," was his defiant answer, "but with the help of my brothers." "I shall have you shot." "You may, if you like." Thereupon Damjanich gave orders that he should be shot. Of the three clumsy "honvéds" detailed for the purpose, two failed to hit and the other's gun missed fire. Then the man turned round and, thinking the whole affair was merely meant to scare him, asked the officer standing near him, "Was it enough?" The officer replied in the negative ;

the prisoner then turned round again, and died with a terrible curse upon the Hungarians on his lips. I am sorry to say the officer acted as executioner. Generally speaking, the Serbs (Rascians) are cowards; but they are endowed with a peculiar obstinacy that good leadership might easily convert into the greatest courage.

Towards evening we marched on to Dobiricza, where the local authorities received us in a friendly manner and begged for indulgence, which was granted, though we rejected their advances with disdain, for with the Serbs (Rascians) friendliness of this kind means treachery; we pitched camp half-an-hour's distance from the village, after taking every precaution against surprises. We again bivouacked in the open, with the hard ground for our beds. Farewell for to-day, darling Lizzie.

CZIBAKHÁZA, 1849, *February 24*.—On December 11¹ we started early for Tomasovác, with a view to occupying that robbers' den too. To this end (Ernest) Kiss was to deliver a front attack on the same day so that the Serbs would either have to abandon their entrenchments or fight to the last man. Unfortunately, our general staff miscalculated the time (a by no means unusual occurrence); so Damjanich found it advisable to camp at Jarkovác and to attack the next day after joining the troops

¹ As a matter of fact, it was on December 13.

from Becskerek. The inhabitants gave us a very friendly welcome, and entertained us so hospitably that I actually began to believe we were very unjust in our treatment of this people. Yet how terribly I was disillusionised, and made to understand that the friendliness of Rascians is greatest when they are planning some treachery! But so bitter is the memory of it all, what I went through seems so incredible, that I am to-day quite incapable of drawing a clear picture of that awful night. One thing only can I tell you: you were my guardian angel. The thought of you roused me to exert all my powers; my energy alone saved me, and then I was determined to see you again and to live happy days in your company.

CZIBAKHÁZA, 1849, *February 25*.—At noon Damjanich went to Botos to discuss the details of the attack with Kiss. In his absence we took all the precautions we could, for the excessive friendliness of the Serbs (Rascians) excited our suspicions, especially their giving our men as much wine as they could drink. On his return, Damjanich gave orders that each company should camp in the open, before the quarters of its respective captain. Had these orders not been issued, very few of us would have lived to see the light or enjoy liberty the following day.

JarkovácZ is situated beside the so-called "old

conduit." This conduit is spanned by a wooden bridge, a fact that under ordinary circumstances should have secured our rear; but now this was not the case. I slept in the same room as Damjanich and Major (Paul) Kiss, the commander of the "red caps." We spoke a great deal before we fell asleep about the victory of the morrow. Suddenly—it must have been about half past three—Damjanich's stentorian voice thundered the command: "To arms!" I was fully dressed; so I was one of the first to appear in the square where my three companies were filing up. But the bullets were whistling towards us on all sides from the houses, a fact that gave rise to terrible disorder, especially among the cavalry, who could not find shelter anywhere. As soon as my three companies were assembled, I advanced rapidly with a view to driving out any of the enemy that might have broken into our camp. Two of my companies I despatched up two different streets, while I marched into another with the third company. Here I found myself face to face with a dense mass of human beings; not knowing whether they were friends or foes, I called out, "Allj! ki vagy?" (Halt! who goes there?) The answer was "Magyar," in pure Hungarian. I then advanced; but we were shot at twice in quick succession at a distance of 70-80 paces. My men—of whom, a fact that is almost incredible, one only

was wounded (and he but slightly) by the treacherous villains—wanted to turn back, but I shouted to them, “ Ne félj, magyar, szuronyt szegez, rajta ” (fear not, Hungarians, fix bayonets, forward); and they were so completely under my control that they followed me without firing a shot and put the wretches to flight.

Suddenly I was informed that six cannons of ours were still in the square, and were unable to cross the bridge. I handed the command over to my lieutenant and hurried back, accompanied by some of the soldiers who would not leave me, among others by Tálnoky, a brave corporal, who hastened after me, saying: “ Captain, I was at your side at Tomasovác; permit me to spend this awful night too with you.”

When I reached the square, I found everything in the most terrible disorder. It was in vain that Captain Czillich, commander of a “ Wasa ” battalion, Captain Földvály (of the third battalion), Captain Aschermann and I made the most incredible exertions; our men had so completely lost heart that there was nothing to be done with them. The road leading to the bridge had been occupied on both sides by the enemy; our retreat was cut off, unless we could seize the houses or drive their defenders out. Then Földvály came to me and said: “ Come comrade; let us go on ahead, and perhaps the cowardly dogs will follow us.”

Accompanied by the faithful corporal Tálnoky, we twice forced our way into the nearest court-yard under a perfect hail of bullets ; but we were obliged to retire, for not a soul followed us. At the third attempt a few men did come with us ; but, as ill-luck would have it, during the first rush an officer and a private fell, just between Földváry and me, whereupon the others all wheeled to the right and refused to stir. We then led our two wounded back ; and I held council with Czillich and Aschermann as to what we were to do. That night our ears were our best advisers ; and, hearing the sound of unbroken fighting on our right wing, that actually grew fainter in time, we concluded that Major Kiss and his " red caps " were offering the enemy a stubborn resistance. So we decided not to force our retreat over the bridge but to fight our way into the open through another street. After one or two volleys of grape-shot, we put the cannon in motion, surrounding them on either side with close files of infantry that no damage might be done to the teams. Though harassed by an unbroken shower of bullets, we succeeded in reaching the end of the street, where, however, we were received by so hot a fire that we came to a standstill. I rushed to the front, with doughty Tálnoky at my side, and shouted : " Look ; the Rascians are running away " (" Ni, hogy szalad a rác ! "), and

so easy is it to deceive men that our soldiers dashed forward with fixed bayonets, driving the enemy (who were by no means thinking of running away) from the nearest ditches, from which point of vantage they opened so furious a fire that the Serbs (Rascians) took to their heels and scampered away. No sooner had we reached the open than the men, who but a few moments before had behaved in such a cowardly manner, became transformed, and I must confess, I myself was inspired by fresh courage.

CZIBAKHÁZA, 1849 (*February 26*; this date erased), *March 1*.—My manifold duties have prevented me from continuing my narrative, which I now take up again.

When about 500 paces from the village, we halted; and everybody did his best to restore order in his division. To the right fierce fighting was still going on; while on the left all was quiet, a fact that made it clear to us that we were at the extreme end of the left wing. In front of us, at a distance of about 1000 paces, stretched the vineyards of Jarkovác, which we found to be occupied by the enemy. We at once despatched two companies, who soon dislodged the Serbs (Rascians); and in the meantime I tried to get into touch with Major Kiss on the right. It was still so dark that, though bullets were whistling thick in all directions, I could not discover the whereabouts of any enemy; the

only striking fact was that the sound of fighting was continually drawing farther away from the village. Never in my life had I longed so earnestly for the day to break; and when at last the dawn came, I was no longer on the left, but at the extreme end of the right wing. Our line of battle stretched an infinite distance; and far away from us were the Serbs (Rascians) retreating in haste. Had General Kiss, instead of wringing his hands in despair and marching against the entrenchments of Tomasoócz (which were already deserted), hastened with his whole force to our aid; or had he merely sent a division of cavalry (which had nothing to fear from an enemy that possessed no mounted troops at all) across the "conduit," our success must have been truly splendid. As it was, he had the greatest difficulty in restraining our comrades under his command, who were fully aware of our terrible plight. However, as I had no cavalry, I was obliged to look on helplessly while large numbers of the enemy retreated from Jarkoócz, which had been stormed by those of our troops who had retired to the farther bank of the "conduit," but returned when they heard the sound of fighting drawing away from the village. Half a squadron of hussars would have been sufficient to check their retreat until my infantry could come up with them. As it was, a company of infantry I sent after them did

work some havoc among them. At that moment I had only my stalwart first company with me ; and one squad of that was distributed in skirmishing order. Suddenly a second swarm—in all some 60 Serbs—broke out of the village, having been driven from there by our men. They attacked us in the rear. I at once ordered my last squad to wheel round and drew them up in line of battle. Ten of the Serbs fell, including two of their leaders ; the others—though their retreat was practically cut off—turned tail so quickly that we could not catch them. On this occasion I (or rather my men, from whom I subsequently purchased the trophies) captured two fine Serb muskets, one of which was afterwards presented to Kossuth.

From what I have said you can imagine how completely we were surrounded on all sides. It was only our bravery, and in particular the unselfish devotion of all the divisional commanders, that saved us from destruction. I had almost forgotten to tell you that, farther to the left, a company of “borderers,” put to flight by our troops, fell into the hands of the “red caps,” whom, on account of their headgear, they took for Serbs ; they were massacred to a man, officers and all. The uncertainty as to the fate of our comrades was terrible ; the night had been so awful that each one of us had his doubts as to whether the others had escaped.

Why, in the thick of the fight, Czillich had come to me and said : " Damjanich has been murdered, Major Kiss has fallen too ; you are the senior officer, so you must take measures to insure our retreating in order." All the happier were we to see each other again ; there was hardly one of us who was not moved to tears. " Comrade, you are alive ? Heaven be praised ! I thought you were dead," was what everybody was saying. I was deeply touched when Damjanich came towards me with arms outstretched and exclaimed : " My dear Leiningen, I have been mourning for you as dead, and was terribly upset. I shall never forget the brave fellows who fought with me this night."

When the enemy was everywhere out of sight, we too retired ; for the terrible night conflict had completely exhausted us. Not till then were we able to compute the enemy's losses ; I calculated them to be 350 regulars and Servians, and at least 150 must have fallen of the rabble that fired at us from the windows. We too had to mourn the loss of many a brave soldier ; the casualties on our side amounted to about 150, including 30 killed. The enemy must have had as many wounded as they had killed ; but they bore their wounded away. JarkovácZ was deservedly plundered and committed to the flames, when again many " borderers " and Servians must have met their death. It is remark-

able that in his report Damjanich speaks of me in terms almost identical with those General Zobel used in speaking of my brother Victor. How this name saddens me! It is a mournful war that arms brother's hand against brother! Oh, peace! how I long for thee!

I shall pass rapidly over the following days, which were full of sorrow. It was not till then that I was in reality separated from you; no letter of yours has reached me since. Pieces of bad news followed one another in quick succession, throwing a gloom over our spirits; though in the "Banat" army there were not many so cowardly as in the hour of danger to desert the cause they had identified themselves with.

A long time has passed without my being able to continue the narrative of my life. I have been through much that was great and superb; and I will now, using the notes I made at the time, endeavour to tell you all my subsequent experiences.

The battle of Jarkovác, as is generally the case after ¹ a success (here I must mention the fact that I am in prison, and, as I probably have but a few days more to live, can only give you a brief sketch of subsequent events), was followed by a period of comparative inactivity; we made no attempt to completely annihilate the demoralised

¹ From this point the journal is written in pencil.

forces of the enemy, a course that would have been quite feasible with the means at our disposal, if we had not confined our efforts to the occupation of detached positions. Just imagine a line from Verbász to Versecz and Fehértemplom—then you will at once understand that our victories did not do much to advance our cause!

In any case it was only for night attacks that the Serbs (Rascians) ventured to leave their hiding-places; in the open they could always be beaten even when four times our number, for they had no cavalry. Apart from a few ridiculous marches, nothing at all was done. Then Kiss handed over the command in Becse to me, as Poldi (Leopold) had left for Pest; but the following day he recalled me, as the tenth battalion wished me to lead them. I was received with boisterous glee. I again began marching in all directions, to no purpose.

Only once did we attempt an attack on Csákova, where troops from Temesvár were posted; but the clumsiness of a few "honvéds" made a mess of it all, and all we did was to make some prisoners. It was at Csákova that we heard the sound of cannon firing at Bogsán, and, instead of setting off in the direction of the sound, remained inactive. Bogsán was taken by Christian, and we lost some guns. Yet this fact did not upset the great commander-in-chief, who was having a gay time with the

Endrödys and boasting of his glorious deeds. Here, at Csávos, near Módos, I had to say good-bye to the tenth battalion, which, with three other battalions of ours, had been ordered to proceed to Pest. This fact led us to suppose (though all unfavourable news was concealed from us) that things were going badly with us up yonder. Before leaving, the battalion once more gave me flattering proof of their attachment. They sent a deputation to Kiss begging him to let me be their commander, as they had absolute confidence in me. As this was out of the question, many of them came to bid me farewell with tears in their eyes. From Csávos we again marched without any specific object to Zichidorf, where Madersbach, Kiss (the Major), and Nagy Sándor prevailed upon the general to march against Pancsova and seize that town if he could. The objection I raised to this plan was that, after the battle of Jarkovác, when we had had 8 battalions and the Serbs (Rascians) were disheartened, we had failed to undertake this enterprise, and that now, when we had only 4 battalions and the Rascians had recovered themselves and had been reinforced by numbers of Servians, it would be a risky business. I was outvoted; and it was decided to start. Quite unexpectedly, without any warning, the whole force was mustered and defiled on to the Pancsova road. It must have been the

30th of December¹; the cold was rather intense, and we marched quickly. Beyond Alibunár, the ruins of which presented a sorry sight, we halted; and by 3 P.M. had reached Petrovoselo. The Wallachian inhabitants came to meet us, displaying the most abject humility. Their priest fell on his knees before us in the middle of the road and cringed like a slave. Here we camped in the open; and on December 31² we marched against Neudorf, which was occupied by the enemy. After a short cannonade we charged and took the position by storm, though the great general thought the assault had been repulsed. It was ridiculous to see the man, when a bullet came anywhere near him, to hear him exclaim with a martial look: "That was meant for me!" On the farther side of Neudorf, Captain Aschermann and I restored order and discipline among our troops, while Madersbach and Major Kiss pursued the enemy. Then we left the main road and made for Franzfeld. Had the cavalry of the right wing under Captain Kiss displayed more energy, the enemy's losses would have been considerable; as it was, the only booty we secured were two Tschaikist guns. Several of the Servians were cut down during the flight. We found Franzfeld unoccupied by the enemy; its inhabitants are Germans, though of an entirely different type to the

¹ In reality, December 31.

² January 1, 1849.

Swabians of the "Banat." They are Lutherans ; and never have I seen so many handsome people—women in particular—in one spot. Before dusk set in, I rode out with Aschermann to inspect the country ; even then we had our doubts concerning the success of the attack on the morrow, for Kiss was not the man to lead in a critical moment, nor had we enough reserve ammunition to last for any considerable time.

On January 1¹ we started to march *via* Jabuka to Pancsova. After several windings the road turns off at right angles from Jabuka and opens on to the entrenchments of Pancsova. Within the angle lies a little wood (*f* in the sketch), some 600-700 paces distant from the one side, and 200 paces from the other. The entrenchments, which we found undefended, consisted of a broad and deep ditch and several arrow-shaped redoubts (*flèche*), where the guns marked *a a a* were placed. The ditch was spanned by a single bridge (*b 1*), a fact by no means pleasant in view of a possible retreat ; *c* represents a large redoubt which was also undefended, *d* our order of battle, *e* vineyards up to which one battalion was thrown forward. It was by no means to my liking to have to fight in so narrow a space ; and, using the material I found in the ditch, I made some peasants of Jabuka throw

¹ In reality, January 3.

two more bridges (*b 2, b 2*) over the said ditch. Then the cannonade began ; our guns were answered by not less than thirty-six, and, had the Serbs been better shots, we should have suffered heavy losses. The " great " commander was very small on this occasion ; he dismounted and bowed low before the whistling balls, though at other times there was no denying his personal bravery. The cannonade had been going on for a considerable time, yet no order had been given to advance. Only the battalion in the vineyards was moving resolutely forward. At this moment I was informed that our artillery had already expended two-thirds of their ammunition. I then hastened to Ernest Kiss and told him quite shortly that we must either attack or retire, for we could not remain any longer in the same spot. Hereupon all the littleness of the great man betrayed itself. He looked, first at Nagy Sándor, then at me, and asked : " What are we to do ? " As we both kept silence, he became so agitated that he cried out in despair : " For God's sake, give me some advice ! " Finally I said it would be the best thing to retire. And the orders to retire were issued so quickly, without any instructions as to how they were to be carried out, that they resulted in the greatest confusion. Cavalry and artillery wheeled round at once, rode back in the completest disorder and all made for the one

bridge by which we had come. Luckily enough, my two bridges were finished, so that we had three outlets: on the farther side of the ditch the artillery halted and took up their position again, a result due in particular to the efforts of Captain Aschermann, who deserves every praise as an excellent officer. Though the enemy redoubled their firing and threw their guns rapidly forward, the infantry retired in the most perfect order. I went with the ninth "honvéd" battalion; and I must admit that not even the oldest soldiers could have behaved more coolly. Cannon balls crashed several times into their serried ranks: yet all that could be heard was the cry, "ne félj, magyar" (Fear not, Hungarians!) Of the infantry only the battalion stationed in the vineyards, whose retreat was attended with the greatest peril, suffered any considerable losses. It was more than evident that the wood *f* must be occupied until the whole force had passed; but it was in vain that I called the great man's attention to this fact, and not even Nagy Sándor or Major Kiss would hear of such a move. Had I been commander of a division, I should have done what was required without waiting for orders. As soon as we had passed the outside edge of the ditch, out came the Serbs (Rascians), crossing my bridges, which our men had forgotten to destroy. The enemy did not enter the road to Jabuka, but made

for the skirts of the wood, which they reached when the first of our divisions were off *h*. Luckily enough, they did but little damage to us; and before long they were driven back. The daring with which the Serbs (Rascians) pursued us is all the more remarkable, as they had no cavalry at all. At Franzfeld the great general gave orders to turn round and face the enemy. Me he wanted to post in the vineyards with one battery and two squadrons of cavalry. But, as I had noticed that the enemy was already advancing along the Neudorf-Pancsova road, and that if we did not hurry, they would get to Neudorf before us, I persuaded him to abandon this plan and to retire to Neudorf or Petrovoselo, while I covered the road leading to Neudorf, which the Serbs (Rascians) were in reality attempting to seize with a view to cutting off our retreat. As far as Petrovoselo all went well; but there discipline and order was at an end, for there was no one to command. In Alibunár the men halted of their own freewill, and lighted numerous fires in the ruined houses. But we had to march on to Zichidorf, in the most terrible cold. I have only my warm fur coat to thank for my preservation. Many a poor "honvéd," however, fell asleep exhausted on the road and never woke again. I was on horseback for twenty-four hours; and when I dismounted I collapsed, and for some time was unable to stand up.

We had lost but few men in the fight ; but the fatigue and the awful cold claimed large numbers of victims. If we look at the length of the road, from Franzfeld to Pancsova, and from the latter place back to Zichidorf, it seems incredible that men should be able to march so far in one day !

As soon as we had collected our forces we returned to Becskerek. Here, together with orders to leave the " Banat," we received the news of the disastrous events in Upper Hungary. This news caused no small consternation among us ; for there were many others who, like myself, still hoped for peace, and still believed we were not fighting against Austria, for we could not be expected to regard the thievish vagabonds we had to contend with as imperial troops. Now we had to choose ; and however terrible might be the thought that we should henceforward have to fight against our one-time comrades, I could not bring myself to desert, in its hour of need, the cause I had identified myself with. Here I should have been branded a coward and a renegade ; and in the other camp my reception would not have been a whit more favourable—in fact, several of those who returned in full penitence to their old colours had been punished by Windisch-Graetz with all the rigour of the law. After a short deliberation, I made up my mind ; my fate was decided. Only my thoughts of you, darling Lizzie, and of what

would become of you, filled me with anxiety and sorrow; and now, as I write these lines, the reproach I make myself of having been the author of your misfortunes, lies heavy on my soul.

All this bad news was accompanied by the notice of my promotion to the rank of major, as a reward for my conduct in the battle of Jarkovác; but for the moment I was not given a battalion. A council of war was held, which decided to use every effort to prevent the complete evacuation of the "Banat," and to discuss matters with the commander of the "Bácska" troops, a meeting being arranged for that purpose at Becse. We all met there. Count Alexander Eszterházy, the commander of the "Bácska" troops, did his best—though in vain—to conceal his alarm for the safety of his property. I foresaw his resignation; and he did actually "quit" in a few days: unfortunately, however, his example and his faint-hearted words had a baneful effect on many other officers, so that the Schwarzenberg battalion was left with only four of its old officers. In general, all were agreed that the lower part of the country must not be abandoned altogether, for it would be inhumanity to leave our friends at the mercy of the Rascians. Yet a few days after our return to Becskerek, we received decided orders to collect all our troops and retire inland, *i.e.* towards Arad and Szeged. I was

given the command of the third battalion of the Schwarzenberg regiment; consequently I was in the same regiment as Victor. In succession to Eszterházy, General Vécsey took over the command of the "Bácska" troops. In my battalion I found the greatest disorder; all the officers were young and inexperienced, though most of them were very willing. My first business was to introduce Hungarian words of command; and I gave my young comrades many lessons in the work and duties of officers. Before long I was in complete possession of their confidence, and could, consequently, rely upon their implicit obedience. With the rank and file I had no end of trouble, for the want of discipline had made considerable headway; but I was in no mood for joking, and was content at first with inspiring fear.

On January 21 we left Ó-Becse, and by the evening we were at Zenta. It was a heartrending sight to watch the troops of fugitive Hungarians (Magyars) who followed at our heels. Miserable war! what endless misery thou broughtest upon innocent mortals! On the 22nd we marched to Kanizsa, on the 23rd to Szeged. Here I met Poldi (Leopold), and many old acquaintances, both men and women; consequently I had a good time of it for a few days. Then we went on to a neighbouring village, where I diligently drilled my men and instructed my

officers. Then *viâ* Vásárhely to Szentes, where we stopped for some time, and I was confined to my room for three days with a bad sore throat. From this point I was to skirmish in the direction of Kecskemét. We marched to Csongrád. Our reception there is indescribable: it was a long time since the people had seen Hungarian soldiers. One peasant woman quite seriously lodged a complaint at having only five men quartered on her. As a result, the men all got drunk, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that I succeeded next day in mustering the battalion to march to Szentes in pursuance of orders. I gave my severity full play; and from that day I never had cause for complaint. While marching, my battalion always served as a model of discipline; and before long I had got so far as to be able to restore order by a mere look. In fact, for weeks afterwards not a single man in my battalion had to be put under arrest.

From Szentes we marched *viâ* Kun-Szent-Márton and Czibakháza to Török-Szent-Miklós, where we again spent a considerable period in doing nothing. We all detested Vécsey, our commander-in-chief, for he did not possess any single one of the qualities that win the hearts of soldiers. In the "Banat," where as colonel he had commanded the Second Hussars, very little praise had been wasted on his bravery. Besides, he was accompanied by his

mistress, whose influence made itself felt in many respects. A fine state of things indeed! The good news that the Rascians had been driven out of Szeged,¹ suffering heavy losses, had a beneficial effect upon us. I was heartily glad when I was ordered to proceed to Czibakháza, where I had the command of three companies, two being stationed in Földvár and one at Inoka. Besides, the garrison included a company of rifles, a company of "national guards," a squadron of Ferdinand hussars, and a squadron of Jazygian volunteers. The commander of the whole force (I forgot to mention the four guns) was Major Mesterházy, whom you met at Pozsony (he was then serving with the Wallmoden cuirassiers). I was fortunate in being able to write you from here. "Tempus fugit,"—nearly a year has passed (it is now August 26) since I last saw you; and who knows if I shall ever see you again? Yet everything may turn out well after all; and then the past will be a lesson I shall never forget.

Early on the morning of February 24, Mr Francis rushed into my room exclaiming: "The Austrians are coming!" At the same moment the drums beat the alarm, and everybody hurried to his post. We occupied the houses flanking the bridge, and adjusted the guns, while I crossed the bridge with one of my companies, the company of rifles, the

¹ On February 11 and 12, 1849.

“national guards,” and half a squadron of hussars, to see what was in the wind. I rode along the embankment (*a a*), while to my left rode the hussars, over the inundation area, then completely dried up. When I reached the end of the embankment I saw that the enemy were seriously thinking of attacking. After halting for some time at the entrenchments, which were badly built and had consequently not been occupied by us, their vanguard began to advance, opening fire on us from two of their cannons, without however doing any damage. Hereupon the rifles and the “national guards” wheeled to the right, a move imitated by my company. But I brought them to the halt and made them stand still until I saw some of the enemy’s infantry approaching—the only troops that could advance owing to the embankments being thickly overgrown with willows. Then I led my men back step by step, stopping them from time to time to accustom my rank and file (many of whom were raw recruits) to face the firing. Then I recrossed the bridge and posted my men in places suitable for defensive work.

The position of Czibakháza is peculiarly favourable to a defending force. The course of the Tisza at this point is almost semicircular, so that the defenders could always concentrate the fire of their artillery, whereas the attacking force had the greatest difficulty in advancing without exposing their flanks ;

in fact, even the embankment offered them little protection, for it too was covered by the guns of our left wing. To prevent the infantry from attempting to storm our position, the planks supporting the bridge had been removed; as a consequence the task before the besiegers was no easy one, not to mention the fact that my infantry were able to give them a murderous reception, firing from behind walls and from the windows of the adjoining houses, and that they were exposed to the grape-shot fire of at least six cannon. Luckily enough, just the day before the trees in the embankments had been cut down for a distance of some 150 paces from the bridge; consequently the enemy could not approach unperceived. As soon as the Austrians saw that we had left the embankment they advanced with guns and cavalry, and took up a position at the point *e*, some distance from the embankment. Their infantry moved rather slowly along the embankment, where, at the point *D*, several rocket stands had been set up. Before long the artillery came into action on both sides. The enemy's balls did but little damage to us, whereas their two batteries were exposed to a murderous cross-fire. I must not forget to mention that, at the opening of the battle, we sent a gun *viâ* Nagy-Rév to *c*, to fire at the enemy from the rear; but, though the cannonade had been going on for

some hour and a half it had as yet given no sign of life. The rockets only served to amuse us ; for the most part they exploded in the air or fell into the water ; not one of them reached the village or the bridge. Seeing the futility of the cannonade, the enemy threw their infantry (two battalions) forward, a movement considerably hampered by our fire. However, the storming party pressed resolutely on, advancing to within a few paces of the farther end of the bridge. At this moment Mesterházy sent word that he was wounded (a ball that penetrated a wall threw such a quantity of mortar and gravel into his eyes that he was almost blinded), and that I should take over the defence of the bridge. I at once had another gun brought up to the bridge, to secure myself against all eventualities ; and I posted a still larger number of sharpshooters (*tirailleurs*) at the hither end of the bridge. I myself took up my stand there quite unprotected, for I wished to show my men, who that day were for the first time in action under my command, that I could not only be severe in exacting discipline, but could remain cool in a hail of bullets. In vain did officers, and even privates, come to pull me back. " Back ! " I answered ; " if I want you, I shall call you." After standing for some ten minutes in this position, escaping all injury by the special favour of Providence, I remarked a move-

ment among the enemy and auxiliary troops and cavalry that led me to conclude the gun already referred to had reached *c* and had begun firing, though the din of the battle round me prevented my hearing it. As soon as they saw they were being threatened in the rear, the enemy had to retire ; but the storming party were informed of this move too late. I took advantage of the opportunity, shouting to my men : “ Boys, follow me ! ” (“ Most jertek fiúk utánam ”). About a company and a half rushed like madmen from their hiding-places and dashed over the beams towards the enemy, who were keeping up a terrific fire. We soon drove them behind the embankment ; and they withdrew into a deserted inn, some hundred paces distant from the bridge. Before the inn stood a stable, which we at once occupied, taking several “ borderers ” prisoners. At this point I advanced somewhat carelessly ; and as the facings of the Charles Regiment, a battalion of which was fighting on the other side, were blue, just like those of my men, I suddenly found myself in the midst of the enemy, whom I mistook for our men. I cannot conceive why not one of them shot or stabbed me. They too must have been taken aback. Suddenly my right hand was seized by a hussar officer (of the Jellasich Hussars), whose uniform was equally misleading, and I saw that six bayonets were levelled at my breast. The officer in question was Digby,

an Englishman, whom I knew quite well. As "galloper" to Field-Marshal Hartlieb, he had brought the storming party the order to retire. Later on he died a hero's death, refusing to surrender, and remaining alone in the open, while the others dragged me into the inn, which they intended to defend until help came. A captain of the name of Hammer treated me so roughly, calling me "dog," "villain," "brat," etc., that I was beside myself with indignation. I was a prisoner, then; and my awful position was rendered all the more painful by the bitter thought that my comrades probably looked on me as a deserter, for none but your distracted Charles could ever have fallen into such a trap!

The inn contained several rooms, in the farthest of which were the officers, with me and some thirty men. At this moment I heard the drums at Czibakháza beating the retreat, a fact that thoroughly depressed me. Most of my men (as I was told later on) had retired over the bridge; only Lieut. Talabér and some twenty men remained in the vicinity of the inn. Then Captain Illésy came to the lieutenant and said: "Our major has been taken; stick to your post here until I return with a larger force." He then hurried back over the bridge and reported what had happened. My men could not be restrained: all who could stand

on their legs ran to set me free. In the meantime, Lieut. Talabér and his small force made a tremendous noise, to lead the enemy to suppose they were there in large numbers; they occupied the embankment, too, from which they could fire at the outlet from the back room, in which we were. Supported by ten of his men Talabér seized the front rooms, battering in the door with his fist, thus leaving the enemy one room only. The latter was a kind of ground-floor cellar, with two entrances facing one another; that leading into the open was undefended, the other connecting with the front rooms had a wooden door. There was no window. My captors consisted partly of Germans, partly of Croatians. The latter all crouched in the background, searching my pockets (in which, however, they failed to find anything); while the Germans were all standing erect and preparing to defend themselves, in particular a cadet, who behaved in a very plucky manner, and was constantly encouraging the others too. I was placed right at the rear, where I met with the greatest courtesy at the hands of Captain Joanovich, of the First "Banat" Borderers. At the outset they were all very hopeful, quite expecting to be relieved by their friends. But when they saw they were deserted, and the yells of rage uttered by my men got louder and the firing at both entrances increased in fury, they turned to me—of course they

insisted on being allowed to retire unmolested, in return for my release! This I refused to consent to, telling them I had no right to do so; whereupon Captain Hammer said; "Then you must die with us." "A soldier must always be prepared for death," was my answer; "but, if you are agreed, I give you my word of honour that your lives shall be spared and that you will be well treated." At this they laughed derisively and continued their defensive preparations. But their laughter soon ceased, for my men were advancing, their reckless daring increasing as they pushed on. Finally, the enemy asked me to speak with my men, but this was no easy matter. To make myself heard, I had to stand between the two outlets, through both of which our men were firing; and though, as you may imagine, I shouted for all I was worth, "Don't fire; I am here," etc., a few bullets whistled round my head, until at last one of my men thrust his head in and caught sight of me. Then the firing ceased, and my men rushed in. I seized Captain Joanovich's arm to ensure his safety (for he was the only one who had treated me in a kindly manner): but, as luck would have it, he was the only one to be killed. We were just about to step into the open by the farther door when my men rushed in on the other side, and one of them, thinking the captain was attempting to carry me off, shot him dead. I

am thankful to say I managed to save all the others. Though during my short captivity I never for one moment thought I should remain a prisoner, I was so overcome with the excitement and nervous tension that I collapsed in the arms of my men. They literally dragged me over the bridge, kissing me all the time from head to foot (the kisses were by no means gentle ones!). Oh, Lizzie! how happy I was! But many a warrior had bitten the dust; and many others were lying in the hospital severely wounded, and all for my sake! for in the fight that had preceded my release but few had been wounded.

I must really give you the names of the bravest of them all, men to whom in particular I was indebted for my deliverance. Lieutenant Talabér, who was at once advanced, out of his turn, to the rank of first lieutenant: Goldstein¹ (a Jew), first lieutenant in the Francis Charles Regiment, two companies of which had happened to be passing at the time; Sergeant Schneider, later commissioned officer, who died a hero's death at the siege of Buda; Sergeant Hartmann; Corporal Rös: of the rank and file, Gorompatich, Svilar, Berger (who died of cholera), Corporal Bukay, and Kohn (a Jew). The latter had his ribs shattered by one bullet and his thigh pierced by another. I paid him a visit just after

¹ In reality Goldner.

the battle : he stretched out his hands towards me, saying, " Heaven be praised, Major, for allowing me to see you again ! The very sight of you eases my pain." I then hastened to the prisoners to see that they were properly treated. The Germans begged and prayed that they might not be confined in the same place as the Croatians. When I asked them why, they answered : " Because they are a cowardly, dirty rabble." Altogether forty privates and two officers were captured, the latter being Captain Hammer and Lieutenant Strasser, quite a young fellow. For a long time Hammer did not venture to look me in the face ; his conscience must have smitten him, but I was too happy to think of taking any but a noble revenge on him.

I had once hoped to be able to provide a peaceful, secure existence for the gallant warriors I have just mentioned. That is all over now : but you, darling Lizzie, must commit these names to memory, and should any of these brave men ever need your help, do all you can for him.

The day's events so completely secured me the confidence and attachment of my battalion that I was able to do what I liked with them. Never in my life had I been so strikingly made conscious of the goodness of Providence. At that time imprisonment would have been an awful blow to me ;

I had not yet passed through the bitter school of my subsequent experiences.

Next day, the 25th, we buried our dead with due pomp, and paid the last honours as well to the two officers of the hostile force. On the 26th came Damjanich, who had taken over the command of the "Banat" army in succession to Kiss. In order to get rid of the latter, he was appointed Commander of Hungary and given the title of "Excellency." Damjanich came *viâ* Arad, where he surrendered his command to Paul Kiss. He was in the best of humours and very optimistic. He was delighted to hear of the lucky outcome of my escapade; in fact, everybody displayed the greatest sympathy with me. He was accompanied by Bethlen,¹ Stephen (Pista) Eszterházy, and Galvany, captain in the Hannover Hussars, whom you met once in Becse; the latter a brave, capable officer, and a very dear friend of mine. Gold pieces were distributed among my men, all of whom were thought to deserve the order of merit of the third class.

During the following days large numbers of troops were concentrated at Czibakháza and in the vicinity, among others the Polish legion and three squadrons of Lancers under the command of Colonel Visoczky. The commanding officer of the lancers was Captain

¹ Count Joseph Bethlen, who afterwards wedded Leiningen's widow.

Count Poninsky, who had formerly served with the Archduke John Dragoons—a refined, pleasant man. But he and Visoczky were practically the only Poles of any distinction; the others were for the most part adventurers, who found the Hungarian pay very much to their taste.

Damjanich was activity itself: he spoke all the time of Szolnok, saying in his confident way that he meant to take it: in short, he stirred to fresh life the spirits that under Vécsey had sunk into absolute languor. Finally, on March 2, we crossed the Tisza. Before we started, my battalion was presented with new colours. Though there was no time to have them blessed, my battalion was determined to carry them into the next battle. So I stepped in front of the battalion with the colours in my hand, and presented them to the accompaniment of the short speech to be found in the Introduction (p. 13). The effect of my words was incredible: for my Hungarian was far above what they had expected. These colours have often been in the thickest of the fray; but my brave soldiers have always been loyal to them and kept possession of them. We departed during the night; but in an hour and a half we returned, because Major Kleinheinz, of the general staff, had committed a grave error, resulting in complete disorder. The next day we rested; and on March 4, at nightfall, we again crossed the

Tisza. Before we started I was enabled to present the eight gallant fellows mentioned above with their well-earned orders of merit. Then we proceeded to Várkony, where we bivouacked. I was in the habit of sleeping among my men; and, when they were no longer on duty, I allowed them to indulge in all manner of jokes, even at my expense—in fact, at no other time was their attachment to me more clearly demonstrated. A man of the name of John Kiss, in particular, was an adept at mimicking my bad Hungarian, making me at times roar with laughter. Here, too, they indulged their humour to the full, until at last I lay down, intending to go to sleep. Hereupon Captain Frits (formerly of the Leiningen Regiment) came to me with a message from Damjanich, asking whether I could go to his quarters in the village for a drink. My boys knew so well that I was in no mood to go, that John Kiss at once shouted in my bad Hungarian: “Three privates and a sergeant, form a patrol immediately, no one must leave the camp.” The whole battalion was moved to laughter; and I told Frits to report to the General that my battalion would not allow me to leave them, whereupon Mr Kiss very graciously countermanded the order for a patrol and kissed my hand! I wonder what has become of this good-humoured fellow?

Early on the morning of March 5 we started

again and pushed slowly forward in the direction of Szolnok. Vécsey, with the rest of his troops, was to deliver an attack from Szanda on the left bank of the Tisza ; but this was to be only a make-believe, for Szolnok from that side was just as dangerous a trap as Czibakháza was from the other. Our object was to mislead the enemy into thinking it was merely a reconnoitring expedition, such as had been undertaken on several occasions already from Török-Szent-Miklós. Our ruse was entirely successful ; the Austrians, knowing nothing of our having crossed the river, had not the slightest suspicion that they were being attacked in the rear, otherwise we should probably have had a bad time of it. General Ottinger was, in fact, at Abony, in our rear ; our plan of action was extremely audacious, but Damjanich trusted in his luck, and his confidence was justified by events. In this district, indeed, we had every advantage over the Austrians ; the inhabitants were on our side and always furnished us with the most reliable intelligence ; then, again, the Tisza served as a curtain to hide all our preparations for attack from the knowledge of the enemy. Had Prince Windisch-Graetz crossed the Tisza immediately after the occupation of Buda, he would probably have ended the war in no time ; as it was, we had time to recover ourselves and to concentrate the “ Bácska ” and “ Banat ” troops as well. When

I reflect that several of our battalions were armed with scythes only, and that our men, with the exception of Damjanich's and Vécsey's soldiers, had had but little experience of fighting, it is quite incomprehensible to me how we managed to form ourselves in so short a time into a force capable, not merely of facing but actually of overcoming an army of veterans accustomed to the taste of victory. It is quite true that plenty of mistakes were made on the other side too, for which the penalty was paid, of course, by the gallant rank and file.

Karger, the Austrian commander in Szolnok, was so little prepared for an attack on both sides that we did not fall in with any outposts at all on the right bank of the Tisza. As soon as we came in sight of Szolnok, we set ourselves in battle array and advanced in échelon order (beginning with the right wing). Here, in my opinion, an error was committed, viz., we did not send cavalry at once to the railway; for, even if unable to pull up the rails, they could have rendered the track useless by throwing obstacles on to it. As soon as those on the look-out at Szolnok observed us, three guns were fired; and an engine started at once for Abony. We had now to strain every nerve to finish our task within the shortest possible time. Karger was in a desperate position. He had either to hold Szolnok until Ottinger came to his aid, or to evacuate the

bridge-head on the left bank of the Tisza and try to break through. He hesitated as to what to do ; and his hesitation only served to render his position still more desperate.

In the meantime we had advanced, the right wing, at the extreme end of which I was posted, along the bank of the Tisza, the left wing along the railway and beyond the same. The storming was to be undertaken by my battalion, the third battalion, and the Polish legion, supported by the necessary reserve troops. I was able to move forward under pretty good cover, though 15 of my men were killed by cannon-balls, a fact that threw the battalion into momentary disorder. But the mere mention of Czibakháza sufficed to rally them ; and they advanced resolutely. Karger had placed a battery on an elevation beside the railway, hoping to drive back " the miserable rabble " with a few volleys of grape shot. But the third battalion, led by the brave Major Bobich, charged straight for the battery, driving it back in the teeth of a withering discharge of grape shot, and entering the town. In the meantime, I too had reached the outlying houses, meeting no resistance worth speaking of, for Karger had omitted to occupy these houses, taking it for granted that the first shots would make us take to our heels. Now, however, he sent two battalions hurriedly to obstruct our path ; for, unless he was prepared to

lose the troops and guns posted at the bridge-head on the farther bank of the Tisza, he must hold us back until they had retired. The two battalions resisted our attack right bravely; but they only partially succeeded in achieving their object, for in the meantime our left wing, several battalions supported by cavalry, having crossed the railway and the highroad to Abony, attacked the enemy's cavalry in superior numbers, inflicted severe losses on the same and captured several cannons. While this was going on, we advanced, continually fighting, from street to street until we reached the salt depot, where the enemy again offered an obstinate resistance, as we were now quite close to the bridge. Unfortunately our troops were already in the greatest disorder, as was only natural with young soldiers and officers engaged in storming; we were consequently unable to attack in close order. Finally, however, I managed to collect a few companies and to advance through a side street. Here, too, I was within an inch of being captured or killed. I was riding ahead of my men past a street which was full of the enemy's soldiers. No sooner did they catch sight of me than fifty muskets were discharged; but the same moment I gave my horse the spurs and was past the street opening! To return was a risky business; and my men, hearing the volley, had stopped about 80 paces behind me. But as

soon as they saw the desperate position I was in, they dashed forward—just in time, for the enemy had come to the corner of the street with the intention of taking me prisoner. Then we advanced hurriedly along the banks of the river Zagyva. Outside the town this river is spanned by a bridge, which was about to be crossed at this moment by a number of ammunition and other waggons in disorderly retreat. To save the latter, a division of the enemy's troops had taken up a defensive position; but I charged them at the point of the bayonet, availing myself of all the soldiers I could collect. Most of the enemy leaped into the water. The Zagyva is extremely swampy in character: very few of those who had jumped in got out again, and then only with our help. No more waggons were able to cross the bridge, for the horses harnessed to the leading ones had been shot, and so the whole line was brought to a standstill. Now Szolnok was cleared of the enemy, who had no other route left them but the swampy banks of the Zagyva. I was lucky enough to capture two guns, which the enemy were unable to get away. As my men were very fatigued, I gave orders to the officers to collect them at a point designated by me, where I could find them later on, and hastened myself after the flying enemy. I found Colonel Nagy Sándor and Major Virányi in hot pursuit. The fields were littered with dead

and wounded ; and so many were the stragglers who lingered behind that we took quite a large number of prisoners. On this wing the cavalry had been very effectively handled by Major Hgel, who had succeeded in completing the rout of the enemy. Unfortunately he had only been given the command quite late in the day ; otherwise very few of the Austrians would have escaped.

While we were hot in pursuit, news was brought of General Ottinger's arrival from Abony. We relinquished the pursuit, and I returned to my battalion. As soon as the enemy had evacuated the bridge over the Tisza, Vcsey's troops dashed across, and his cavalry were at once ordered to take up their position on our former right wing (it was now the left wing, since we had turned our backs on the Tisza) and operate against Ottinger. The whole fight consisted of a short cannonade and a few charges ; for Ottinger's sole object being to cover Karger's retreat, he then retired himself. The enemy lost no less than 1500 men, including 500 prisoners. We captured eleven guns, and a considerable quantity of ammunition and baggage (in particular, personal effects). The booty acquired by one of the hussars consisted of 3000 florins, the greater part of which, however, he shared with his comrades. Those who particularly distinguished themselves on this occasion were : Colonel Nagy

Sándor, Major Hügel, who fought with remarkable gallantry; Major Bobich; Captain Makics (of the cavalry: an old gentleman, who captured several cannons and displayed a bravery equalled by very few others). I myself was commended in public by Damjanich.

My battalion had lost some 30 men, among others young Fleiss, a fragile recruit from Becse, who was cut in two by a ball from a twelve-pounder. I must spare a word of praise for the surgeon-major's assistant Tüll, too, who followed the battalion everywhere, and in later encounters also distinguished himself by his coolness. He was particularly respected and esteemed by the rank and file. I just remember a scene which moved me deeply at the time. A cannon ball struck two privates, one of whom was mortally wounded, while the other had one leg shot off. The doctor ran to the former, who, however, pointing to his prostrate comrade, said: "Go and help him, I shall soon be done for in any case."

There was another very pitiful affair, which so unmistakably betrayed the weakness of our military organisation. More than once the Ministry appointed officers who had had absolutely no experience and distributed them among the various battalions, where they very often proved quite inefficient. My battalion, too, had just received a batch of these young fops, of whom I got rid in the very best way.

Two of them returned to Czibakháza, one from Várkony, the other just before the battle : the latter boasted of a wound in the head. Two others of these officers behaved so abominably during the fight that their messmates refused to serve any more with them. I dismissed all four of them. Later on they lodged a complaint against me with the Ministry, which demanded a report of the case. When my officers heard this, they met and signed a declaration to the effect that they refused to serve under any circumstances with such cowardly poltroons. This declaration I sent in : and I was left in peace. Yet I saw two of those fine fellows later on, serving as officers !

March 5 must be regarded as the turning-point of our fortune. Up till then we had never been able to oppose the Austrians in a pitched battle. But on this occasion the latter saw that our infantry, which they had previously despised and derided, charged their guns with reckless bravery, and that our artillery was quite a match for their best batteries. In a word, the campaign against the Rascians had trained our men to be soldiers who had seen more battles than the Austrians themselves. At about the same time Görgey — for Dembinszky, that mock commander, need not be taken into account — was fighting for three days against the Austrians' main army ; and, though he retired, he was not

beaten. A drawn battle contested for three days, and a decided reverse: the results of the respective engagements must have convinced the Austrians that they had their work cut out if they wanted to overcome us. From this time until the occupation of Buda, they did not score a single victory. They lost their confidence, particularly in Windisch-Graetz, with whom everybody found fault. In our camp, on the other hand, there was a proportionate increase of pluck and confidence in our own resources. Strongest of all, perhaps, was the self-confidence of the former "Banat" army. Maybe Damjanich is not a great general: but he possessed coolness enough to direct the fighting provided the line of battle were not too long. Strategic plans of a more considerable scope were beyond him. And then—perhaps this was the most important factor—the majority of the most efficient staff officers were with us.

After the battle was over, Damjanich, who always bivouacked with us, had all manner of dishes cooked and stewed; for he loved to give himself and others a good time of it. Everybody was in the best spirits. Only there was no love lost between the two generals. Damjanich could not forgive Vécsey (who saw nothing of the battle and did not even take part in it) for having written a report at once and sent the same to Debreczen. Although he was

the senior officer, Vécsey's modesty should have made him keep in the background. The next morning the rupture between them was an open one: the anger so long suppressed broke out at last. Vécsey left us: only a few of his creatures (though he took most of those with him) regretted his departure. A little later he was given the command at Arad, Lieutenant-Colonel Paul Kiss, a gallant officer, who had up till that time conducted the siege, being thereby enabled to return to our army. We then bivouacked two days in wretched weather, and returned to Török-Szent-Miklós. Both divisions were now under the command of Damjanich, as the third army corps.

We then halted again for several days at Török-Szent-Miklós, where we were joined by Klapka and Aulich, with their army corps. I had met Klapka, who was then a major on the staff, in the "Banat." He is a very handsome and amiable man, exceptionally kindly, but too weak. He was quite incapable of inflicting punishment, though severity was sorely needed in dealing with our troops. Aulich,¹ who was a major in the Alexander Regiment, is a fine old soldier, honest, straightforward and severe, like every man of orderly habits. These two army corps were marching down the

¹ Louis Aulich, afterwards General and War Minister, one of the best men of our Revolution, who was hanged in Arad, 6th October 1849.

banks of the Tisza : we were to follow. Some days before we started, Damjanich distributed the orders awarded for bravery in the battle of Szolnok, to Visoczky, Bobich, Hügel, Aschermann, and some others. He pinned mine on my breast with the following words savouring somewhat of "clap-trap" : "This gallant man has in all engagements hitherto been the cynosure of his superiors." At the same time I was raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Then there was a dinner, and those who had been decorated sat at the head of the table.

(Next day came Kossuth, who gave all the staff officers present a magnificent dinner.)¹ Before long we, too, marched away.² I reached Nagy-Rév, where I put up at Mme. de Kubinyi's. She was one of the most patriotic ladies I ever met. Every warrior fighting in the cause of freedom was sublime in her eyes : she would gladly have attended to the wants of the meanest private. She was not yet acquainted with our amiable "honvéd" officers : but it was not long before she was disillusionised. The same day, as it happened, the Francis Charles battalion arrived ; and a major and some other officers of the same were quartered in her house. These men behaved so rudely and discourteously that the poor lady was driven to despair. On returning from my afternoon ride, I found her in

¹ Erased in the MS.

² Struck out : the 14th.

tears, not because of the insults she had been subjected to, but because they had been offered by Hungarians! As you may imagine, I soon put a stop to it all: I challenged the major, but that was beyond his comprehension. To make a long story short, in no time order was restored in the house, and, as long as I was there, the pretty widow showed her gratitude by taking particular care of me.

In the meantime a considerable force had collected at Czibakháza, whither I too was ordered to proceed. Here I took over the command of the best brigade in the whole army, consisting of the ninth and "honvéd" battalions, my own battalion, the Polish legion, and a battery of six-pounders, commanded by Captain Markó, a man who had made his mark in the "Banat" as a gallant and efficient officer. Visoczky was given a division. I was very loth to hand over my battalion, for Captain Horváth, the senior officer, was not very popular; and in many a subsequent engagement the battalion, formerly so distinguished for bravery, did not advance at all until they saw me. Later on the battalion fell once more into better hands. Vetter was appointed as commander-in-chief of the army collected here (some 30,000 men, with 100 guns); he was a dry rider on rules ("Kommisknopf"), who had distinguished himself at the battles of

Perlasz,¹ but since that time had done nothing at all. But as he was not a Hungarian and no great genius, Kossuth had nothing to fear from him. For the same reason, Görgey was out of the question as commander-in-chief; the good folk at Debreczen knew quite well that he would soon put an end to their machinations. Vetter was by no means the man to control the unruly elements of an army that was only in the making. In this respect the generals and leaders set a notoriously bad example; they could not agree among themselves. As was proved later on, Görgey won most of them over to his side; at any rate, his cool, measured severity impressed even those whose respect his great qualities were unable to secure.

On March 15² unless I am mistaken, we encamped at Czibakháza on the right bank of the Tisza, intending to march to Nagy Körös on the following day. Evening was drawing on when I received orders to draw up my brigade, as Kossuth wished to inspect it. At dusk he appeared, accompanied by Damjanich, Vetter, and a number of other officers: he was on foot, the rest on horseback. When I made my report, he turned to Damjanich and asked who I was. Hearing my name, he looked at me for a time, and then said: "Give me your hand, you

¹ September 4 and 11, 1848.

² March 17, bivouac on the plain of Kocsér.

are a gallant fellow." You cannot conceive how ridiculous I felt as I stood before him; I know nothing of politics, my feelings and thoughts are those of a soldier, and I could not bring myself to pay compliments to this "quill-driver."

I must, however, openly confess that I was never blind to his better qualities.

Very few men have possessed the faculty of moving by the power of speech to such an extent as he did; he also displayed an extraordinary activity in creating new resources. Only he was not suited to be at the head of a Government. He spoke to all four battalions, making an equally adroit speech in each case, and imitating the military manner to perfection. His speech to the Schwarzenberg Regiment was particularly fine. He referred to the events at Czibakháza, showing the men that they had risked their lives for me, to whom they were attached. How much rather, then, should they offer up the last drop of their blood for their fatherland, which they surely loved with a devotion a thousand times greater! To the Poles he spoke in broken French—this was quite superfluous, as the much-lauded intelligence of the legion was represented by a mere sprinkling of officers; the others were adventurers who had been enlisted and were Slovaks passing as Poles. Many envied me the peculiar distinction of which I was the recipient;

I would gladly have passed it on to someone else, as I was not an admirer and no great friend of Kossuth's.

The night was spent here; and on the 18th, at 10 A.M., we started again. After a march of several hours past numberless homesteads, we encamped once more in the open. The relations between Damjanich and Vetter were already anything but friendly. When the one issued orders, the other countermanded them; and finally I did as I thought best, without listening to either. It was a bleak, cold night; the wind howled, and it was pelting with rain. Although our army improved every day, there was still plenty of room for improvement. The majority of the officers, being young and inexperienced, failed to inspire respect in the rank and file; and they put up with a great deal of carelessness, as they were unable to grasp the importance and necessity of many things. But the worst trouble was the defectiveness of the victualling arrangements, which naturally resulted in no end of bother. The greatest sufferers were the superior officers, who were not adequately supported by their subordinates. Many of them got tired of repeating an order a dozen times; but I did not lose my patience, and in the end I had the satisfaction of seeing that everything went smoothly.

Early on the 16th¹ we mustered our troops and

¹ In reality, March 19.

waited for the signal to start. Here we were informed that Bem had taken Nagy-Szeben,¹ a piece of news that naturally had an excellent effect. All the more disappointed were we when we suddenly received orders to retire. Damjanich and Vetter were unable to agree on a plan of attack. The troops were loud in expressing their disapproval, in particular the ninth battalion. "Why all this fatigue and exertion," they would say, "if we are never to fight?" I too was very annoyed, for I knew that with raw troops there was nothing like a bold advance. The evil consequences, however, were not to come until later on. Towards evening we arrived at the scene of our former bivouac before Czibakháza. Aulich crossed the bridge and the corps were to follow him in due succession. An army of 30,000 men, with so large a number of guns, required a long time to cross a bridge which was none too safe. Our staff, who were already in their quarters, sent orders at random from their rooms, causing no end of confusion. We were to remain to the last; so I allowed my men to bring wood and light a fire, of which we had need enough, for I rarely spent a more unpleasant night. Snow and rain fell alternately; and the poor devils had eaten nothing for 24 hours! But scarcely had we warmed and dried ourselves a little when an orderly officer

¹ On the evening of March 11.

brought us orders to cross the bridge. The brigade filed up quickly and in high spirits; but as soon as I reached the bridge, I saw that it was impossible to cross before sunrise. So we had abandoned our good fires for nothing! I had some trouble with my men, but when they saw me settling calmly down to sleep on the bare ground, they followed suit. The poor fellows lay in groups, with a view to generating a little warmth. I too had only a light cloak; so I could judge what they must have suffered. Finally, at 4 A.M., I crossed the bridge; my brigade went to Földvár, an hour's march from Czibakháza, while I proceeded to the headquarters of the staff to ease my anger a little. Not until I got to Földvár was I able to ascertain what the previous night had cost us; to my astonishment not a single man was missing and only a few had been left as invalids at Czibakháza. And indeed on this occasion most of the battalions displayed an exceptional endurance and a good — if somewhat refractory — temper. They gladly and good-humouredly put up with the fatigue and were quite satisfied with a little bacon and brandy.

On the 17th¹ we stopped at Földvár; on the 18th² we marched on to Török-Szent-Miklós. How often we had marched backwards and forwards

¹ March 20.

² March 21.

between Czibakháza and Török-Szent-Miklós! and in the end we did nothing at all!

Kossuth, who, it seems, thought to animate the army by his presence, was also with us at Török-Szent-Miklós. Aulich and Klapka had again left for the Upper Tisza; and only the third army corps remained. To the staff officers of this corps Kossuth gave a dinner, at which, naturally enough, numerous speeches were made. He himself delivered a long oration, in the course of which he uttered the following phrase, said to have been employed by him at Pozsony: "In 1848, when the fate of the Habsburg House was in my hands, I desired nothing but justice." How can a man who presumes to govern a state be so ridiculously vain! Then he addressed a few words of encomium to me, which I would gladly have done without. In answer I expressed the wish that as his crowning glory, he might, after completing his work as liberator, have the good fortune to be able to retire once more into private life. He did not seem particularly pleased! And this reminds me of a characteristic anecdote told me by a trustworthy person. When, on the occasion of the first evacuation of the Capital, the Crown of St Stephen was carried from Buda to Pest, Kossuth had it brought to him. Believing he was alone, he put the crown on his head and regarded himself for some time in a mirror. A lady (I think it was

Mme. de Pázmándy), who was on a visit to his wife, saw him. When the story was told to honest Deák, the latter exclaimed sorrowfully: "Woe betide the country in which a proletarian tries on the crown!" Noble, unfortunate prophet! how true your words have proved!

In any case the President felt more at home with the army than at Debreczen. The third army corps was a merry assembly. Its members had been longer together than those of the others; they were all good comrades; and in the greatest misfortune their spirits never drooped.

The following days were devoted to preparing the troops for marching. There were many whispered rumours that we were to unite with Görgey and that he was to be the commander-in-chief. These rumours were the voice of popular feeling; and though no one in the third corps knew Görgey, it was there that the suggestion struck deepest root. Vetter could not be kept in his post for long. Although at the time the appointment of Görgey as commander-in-chief was not contemplated, as Kossuth was far too much in dread of him, even the rank and file considered the appointment to be already a *fait accompli*.

Finally, on the 23rd, we started, marching this time upstream. I was glad to think we should soon leave the Tisza behind; I had had enough of

lying inactive, and we really had done nothing but impoverish the poor country. Had we stayed any longer, we should have forfeited all sympathy, particularly in the neighbourhood of Török-Szent-Miklós, where a considerable force had been massed all the time, and where the poor folk had, notwithstanding, gladly and good-naturedly put up with everything, in the belief that it was for the fatherland.

The first day's march to Kunhegyes was extremely fatiguing. In the first place, the distance was a considerable one; then, owing to the bad weather, the roads were in a shocking condition. It was scarcely possible to march in proper order; and yet we were all in high spirits, for were we not advancing at last? Here I spent the evening in the quarters of Colonel Visoczky (commanding the division), where the pick of the (Polish) legion were of course assembled. On this occasion I was enabled to make myself acquainted with the character of these gentlemen. The wine made them talkative—Poles are ready-tongued even without wine to inspire them—and as a consequence they gave free rein to their thoughts. I have never been particularly fond of the Poles, but I had not conceived them to be such wretches as these gentlemen proved on this occasion. Then, again, I am not one of those men who allow themselves to be trifled with; as a result we were soon engaged in hot dispute. They

decried everything, and abused the Hungarians, calling them cowards ; and they behaved as if they had hitherto saved us from destruction. I told them plainly that a handful of Poles could not be a deciding factor, and that we should have got just as far, if not farther, without them, for every respectable Hungarian was convinced that it had been a grave mistake on the part of the Government to create the Polish legion. By their quarrels the Poles had hitherto sown the seeds of dissension everywhere. They had no right to say that they had come to fight for the cause of liberty, since, with but few exceptions, they had been attracted by Hungarian gold. I knew, furthermore, that the legion had been recruited from Slovaks, whom they passed off as Poles. Visoczky, for whom personally I had every respect, was inconsolable and, for my enlightenment, said : “ Avant tout, je suis polonais ” (Before all, I am a Pole). “ Oui, mon colonel,” was my reply, “ mais à présent vous êtes soldat hongrois, rien de plus ” (Yes, colonel, but at present you are a Hungarian soldier, nothing else). Two days later, the Polish legion was transferred from my brigade to that of Major Czillich, who was also subordinate to Visoczky. Nobody was more pleased at the transfer than I was. I must tell you that this legion of 300 men cost as much as two battalions. It contained a number of supernumerary officers,

who, though they did practically no work, pocketed their pay.

On March 24 the brigade arrived at Tisza-Szöllös, after a march that was a terrible trial, not merely owing to the distance traversed but because the roads were getting worse as we proceeded. Snow fell the whole day, melting at once. My poor men suffered enormously. Luckily enough, we were able to put them all into quarters this side of the Tisza, where we had nothing to fear from the enemy ; so they could dry themselves again. Tisza-Szöllös is a wretched hole, not far from the Tisza. On the 25th, to my great regret, we rested, as it was quite out of the question for so large an army to cross the river in one day. I did not stir from my room the whole day. My notes at this point contain many loving references to you and the children, showing with what fervent longing I was thinking of you all. At that time I was very busy ; but when I had an hour's or a day's leisure, my thoughts were consecrated entirely to you, and I have marked these hours of leisure as particularly happy, though my happiness was mingled with pain. As I write these words, this state of things seems to me almost extraordinary, for now I am always thinking of you. Of one thing, however, I can assure you : however occupied I was, at the beginning of a battle your image was ever present with me. Do not imagine it prevented

me from being a good soldier ; on the contrary, it inspired me and animated me. And then, you see, I am a Protestant, and believe to some extent in predestination. (At Tápió-Bicske this belief of mine was strengthened in the strangest manner, but of that more anon.) And after the battle, when in camp I stretched myself on the hard ground, I gave thanks to the Almighty for having preserved me, and, above all, for having given me so excellent a wife. And now, in prison ! . . . Here too you are my consolation. May God grant you strength to support the heavy trials that must come to your lot !

On March 26 we had the most terrible march I ever remember to have experienced. The distance to Poroszló was no great one ; but beyond Tisza-Füred the road was so awful that we were on the march from the early morning until the afternoon. I am still unable to comprehend how the guns were dragged to their destination. I had ridden on in advance, and so I had time in Tisza-Füred to pay a visit to the headquarters of the staff. Vetter I caught only a momentary glance of ; he had a lot to do. Then I went to the room occupied by the staff, with which I was continually at daggers drawn, though it contained several good comrades of mine. At any rate they always had plenty to eat and drink ; and " Mr Francis," whom camp life had converted

into a tippler, always provided me with very scanty rations. There was Major Kleinheinz, a fine, honest, gallant fellow, who, however, had the unfortunate knack of losing his head during an engagement; he was particularly well disposed towards me, though I had accused him of being ignorant of the fact that the Zagyva flows past Szolnok and of thereby minimising the results of our victory—an accusation that he at first very much resented. Whenever I called on him I always made him give me a drop of brandy, for I pulled his plans to pieces until he produced the bottle. Then there was Major Albrecht, a weak, and at the same time, sarcastically-minded man; he was industry itself and very talented, but he was not a soldier. I believe he wrote you twice from Komárom, for he took a great interest in me, and he knew that any news of me would be welcome to you. Later on, at Komárom, he left the army and quitted the service, a procedure not particularly to his credit, but quite in keeping with his character.¹ Kleinheinz subsequently was made chief of the staff of Klapka's army corps (I.), and as a consequence I saw very little of him, to my infinite regret. He died the death of a hero at Buda. *R.I.P.*

¹ In the columns of the *Budapesti Hirlap* (Jan. 20, 1900). Major Albrecht's son, Hermann Aldor Albrecht, comments upon this characterisation in the following terms:—

The rest of Vetter's *entourage* were just as insignificant as he was himself. At the headquarters I met Damjanich too, whom I had not seen since we left Szent-Miklós; he was in a very bad humour, for he had just had a violent dispute with Vetter. I had foreseen that our old "grumbler" (Brummbär) would never get on with him. Vetter was suddenly taken ill;

"It is true enough that he was no soldier. But when my mother (an old woman of 70, still alive) paid a visit to Haynau to beg the 'hyena' to allow her to see her husband, Haynau replied as follows (his answer to my mother, who was then a handsome young woman, is given word for word): 'Here are the plans of the rebel Albrecht, which have been confiscated. Had his suggestions—his last scheme—been followed, Buda would not have been besieged for weeks, but we should have had serious reverses. Now go to the "Neugebäude" (the barracks that then stood on the site at present occupied by the Budapest Exchange and Liberty Square, the scene of the execution of several of the most prominent Hungarian leaders) and take leave of your husband for ever!'

"My father was not a 'soldier,' but when acting as deputy for Colonel Bayer of the general staff, he had many a violent dispute with Görgey and with all those who, like him, were not soldiers. He was decidedly opposed to the storming of the fortress of Buda, which he looked upon as a flagrant error. At Komárom he explained his reasons to Klapka, who agreed with him on all points. And then, when Major Albrecht saw what the disputes between the leaders must result in, he resigned (this was at Komárom), and, accompanied by my mother (who followed him practically everywhere during the war of independence), after numerous vicissitudes swam across the March above Pozsony, disguised as a peasant, and left the country, only to be captured a year later and confined in the 'Neugebäude.'"

Leiningen's opinion of Albrecht was based on the story very widely believed, that the latter had retired from Komárom by agreement with the Austrians. This was afterwards brought up in explanation of the fact that he was only condemned to a comparatively short term of imprisonment.

and mischievous tongues said it was all Damjanich's doing.

Kossuth was there too; he gave the officers a dinner to which several of the rank and file were invited. I was not at all keen on being present, so I made myself scarce. My battalions had just left the town. From here to the Tisza and Poroszló leads an embankment (the only road)—and you know what a Tisza embankment means in bad weather! On the right bank had been built a bridge-head, which posterity will scarcely take as a model. The road was already in such a shocking condition that I was obliged to command a halt every 500 or 600 paces to allow the columns to re-form. The guns and ammunition waggons stuck fast every minute, in particular the twelve-pounders, which I had received in exchange for my old batteries; so we were having continually to lend a hand in pushing them. And, to crown all, my horse threw me; and though I had a soft fall (on such occasions even mud is of some use), I was covered with dirt from head to foot. Just this side of Poroszló the road was so boggy that a large number of oxen had to be requisitioned to haul the guns. How happy I was when I was at last able to rest and dry my clothes, in quite respectable quarters. I must, however, bestow the greatest praise on my three battalions for the magnificent spirit they

showed. They bore the excessive fatigue bravely, singing the while, and uttered not a word of complaint when, on reaching Poroszló, they had to go without food, the commissariat waggons having stuck fast in the mud. Not till the next day could they be provided with proper victuals !

We were now safe across the Tisza and had joined Görgey's corps. There were 4 army corps in all : 1, that of Klapka ; 2, that of Aulich ; 3, that of Damjanich ; and 4, that commanded by Görgey (VII.). Altogether our army numbered about 40,000 infantry, 6000 horse, and 150 guns. Why the Austrians allowed us to join forces without hindrance I cannot conceive ; maybe they wanted to annihilate us all at one blow ?

March 26th will ever be a memorable day for me. It decided my fate : it was God's will that that fate should be an unlucky one, and there is no altering the decrees of Providence. Yet after all I have cause for gratitude, for I met a man that day (a *man* in the truest sense of the word) to whom I devoted all the warmth of my friendship, and my life, and who reciprocated my attachment with a loyal fervour. I will tell you the story.

I was quartered in Poroszló, at the farther end of the village, with Major Schulz.¹ Not long after

¹ Felix Schulz de Bátor (1804-1885). His "Memoirs" appeared in 1870.



Görgei Arthur
Budapest. 1909. April. 13.

PORTRAIT OF GÖRGEY

my arrival, I was standing at the window, when two men suddenly rode into the courtyard, where they dismounted. I hurried out, and, as they were unknown to me, I asked one of them his name. "Görgey is my name" (Én Görgey vagyok) was the answer. So little was I prepared to see the greatest man in Hungary that I questioned him again and received the same brief reply. Hereupon I told him my name; and, after handing over the horses to the care of my men, took both officers into my room. The other was Major Mik, a gentle, kindly man, and a fine soldier; he was then acting as aide-de-camp to Görgey (he died of cholera while a prisoner with the Russians, after the surrender at Világos). I don't know whether you are acquainted with Görgey, so I will describe his appearance. He is of medium height, strong and square-built; he seems just made to endure the greatest exertion and fatigue. Physical exercise—he is a splendid rider and fencer—has given his limbs the suppleness required to balance all the movements of his body. He holds himself erect; his bearing is manly, without being stiff or awkward. His face is handsome (at least in my eyes it is) and I had often occasion to notice that he is a favourite with women—whether for his face or his mental qualities, is no business of mine.

Imagine to yourself an oval face, with a high, noble forehead, blue eyes full of deep earnestness—

yet sometimes merry and even wicked—which, like his finely cut mouth, remind me of Victor's, a fact that had no small part in making his appearance at once so attractive to me. His moustache and beard are not very thick, and close-cropped, like his hair; his chin is beardless. A bright complexion, a proof of sound health and buoyancy of spirits: that all gives you a complete picture of the man. I don't quite know what it was in him that reminded me always of Victor; yet, if I looked at him sideways, when, under the inspiration of some cheering thought, he smiled to himself, I often imagined I was in the presence of my beloved brother. He wears glasses (though not always) and indulges in snuff. The latter habit was often of great service to him when, during important discussions, he wanted to simulate indifference. No one was his superior at taking snuff with an air of absolute coolness and unconcern; and more than once did I see men of brains and courage disconcerted by this merely trifling circumstance. While taking his pinch, his piercing eyes were all the time steadily fixed on the speaker, and his look was so penetrating that most people felt they were in the presence of a man of unflinching character and exceptional talents.

Yet, he was very slow to display the sublime qualities of his mind in social intercourse. He

surrendered himself readily, almost recklessly, to the enjoyment of the pleasures of life. He was at such times continually cracking jokes ; but his fun was never resented even by those at whom he poked it ; in fact, they actually joined in the general laughter. At rare intervals—but then all the more unmistakably—his features and words betrayed a profound bitterness, which, however, did not lie in his nature, but seemed to be the fruit of his experiences ; yet even his sourness injured no one's feelings.

He was by no means a platform speaker ; but probably few men have ever had such a command of clear, incisive language. With logical acuteness he threw the main issues into relief ; he never repeated himself, and was never guilty of omissions. He was a profound thinker ; and as he spoke slowly, everybody felt that he weighed his words. Never did he inflame or rouse his hearers to enthusiasm, but he was convincing. As a consequence, his words did not evaporate so quickly as the fine phrases of more eloquent speakers. His short, rough-cut addresses to the rank and file were peculiarly happy. In the most critical moments, amid the most strenuous exertions, his mere appearance electrified everybody. He was adored by the soldiers, in particular by the third army corps (Damjanich's), where the attachment survived even our misfortune, and, during the final farewell at Szöllös, displayed

itself in a most touching manner. He spoke German on all possible occasions, being much more at home in that language than in his mother tongue. He was a perfect master of German; many of his letters and memoranda are exceedingly well written. He is particularly fond of the Germans and of their literature; he would often say that he had his German training to thank for all he knew.

His way of living was sober and temperate, but he was by no means averse to enjoyment. Although he was fervently and deeply attached to his wife, he was perhaps rather too susceptible to the charms of the gentler sex—but who would have been otherwise in his position? His great qualities inspired admiration in women, who were easily led into transferring their admiration to his person; and there is no denying that, up to a certain point, or even beyond that point, we men are weak in dealing with womankind. But there is no woman who can boast of having made him deviate a hair's-breadth from the path of honour and conviction. Then, again, he was in the prime of life, only 33 years old¹; and this fact, combined with his fame and his amiability, is enough to exculpate him.

A fault of his, often very disagreeable for me, was that he pretended to be worse than he really

¹ He was just over thirty-one, having been born on January 30, 1818.

was. In his case this was not due to childish vanity, or to his fishing for compliments; but his positive character rebelled against the power of the tenderer feelings in him; and as a result he often made what in his inmost soul he held to be true and divine, the object of derision. He was fond of talking about his wife, whom he dearly loved; but the moment he discovered his heart was getting touched, he banished the lovely images that arose before him—at times by the aid of very bad jokes. No one was more completely saturated with a consciousness of God's omnipresence, or displayed a more enthusiastic adoration of Him for His sublime works, than Görgey did; Nature was dear to him above all things, and how eloquently he described to me his beautiful home, the Szepes! Yet, when his fancy was playing free, his heart swelling in ecstasy, he would suddenly mock at God and immortality and deride his own weakness. At such times he seemed to me like the broken string of a violin, which is capable of destroying the most perfect harmony.

Another fault of his, which was more particularly in evidence in his official intercourse, was his propensity to fits of sudden anger. This was the source of much precipitation, but it was generally to be attributed to his excessive sense of justice. He was quite unable to control his anger if he saw any meanness or injustice. He could not simulate;

he could indeed mask his thoughts, but was incapable of showing a friendly face to men whom he despised. For this reason he had many enemies, even in the army.

He had plenty of ambition ; yet he did not aim at great power : glory, fame was the chief aim of his life. He was far too open to obtain any considerable power ; he was feared before he could become dangerous. This fact pleased his pride, but he indulged in no machinations that might have justified his being feared.

Nature has endowed him with powerful passions, so, in the arena of life, his element was fighting. He did not fight for any particular aim ; he fought for the sake of fighting, which he could not do without. As a soldier, too, he was the same. Often, for no apparent reason, when the troops were in no need of any animation of the kind, he would throw himself into the thick of the fray—and how heartily he laughed afterwards, when I said reproachfully : “ Had you any occasion to stake your life so recklessly ? You must take care of it, for your country’s sake.” He was delighted to be able once more to bathe in the hail of bullets.

Money and gifts of fortune had been unknown to him before ; nor did he set much store by them now. He was consequently liberal to prodigality. He had the excellent quality of being able to do

people a good turn without injuring their feelings. Others' troubles and sufferings moved him to tears. Even the enemy were obliged to do justice to his great, fine qualities; and even now most of the journals I see have nothing but praise for him.

Such was Görgey, with all his virtues and his failings a man, in the best sense of the word, a hero. Such he was to me at least; and though here in prison I daily hear the bitterest charges laid to his door, such will he remain. God grant that even in my last hours I may be able to bless the 26th of March as my lucky day!

Görgey was always simply dressed. He wore a major's uniform, which was always buttoned; on his head an ordinary "shako," covered, its strap passing beneath his chin; on his legs large top-boots reaching well above the knees; by his side a huge sword; and a small leather pouch slung over his right shoulder. He never wore gloves. Over all he wore a loosely-fitting coat of blackish-brown sealskin. His whole appearance was strikingly unpretentious but extremely picturesque.

Maybe you will wonder how your cool, serious Charles could ever surrender himself so fanatically to the influence of another. Believe me, darling Lizzie, profound feelings must not be measured by the words we address to the object of our veneration. To Görgey my lips never uttered a word of friend-

ship or attachment. My deeds alone betrayed my sentiments. And do you, who are the guiding star of my life, think you are less dear to me, because I have never spoken passionate words to you? You must not think so. Among the few persons whom I really love, you are the sun whose influence gives warmth, life, and colour to all other feelings. A year of separation, of sorrow, has but increased my love. My happiness, my sorrow, my hopes are all concentrated in you. The bitter school of disappointment through which I have passed has not rendered me morose or misanthropic; on the contrary, my disposition is quieter and gentler than it was before. The solitude of a prison makes us look inwards. I have examined myself, and discovered my failings; and my firm resolve to search out and suppress the causes that give rise to them will make me a better man than I have hitherto been.

I will not lull myself to sleep with vain illusions; I know that in the light of human law my actions must be condemned; I know that a severe punishment is in store for me. Human life is merely a chain of reminiscences and hopes. If I am released, you too will be happier than you have been hitherto, for my restless, discontented being has caused you no end of sorrow. Now I have suffered many disappointments and have cooled down in consequence.

Only you, dearest Lizzie, have never failed me ; and in the future my life shall be consecrated to you and to our children.

My picture of Görgey is no result of first impressions : it is as he appeared to me after a long acquaintance. So I will tell you one or two things I found out about him later on.

His father was a poor noble of the Szepes district, who was, however, exceedingly proud of his lineage ; and he brought up his son, naturally enough, to hold the same principles. These principles struck deep root in the healthy and very impulsive disposition of the boy. Pride was in fact one of his most striking characteristics ; in him, from his boyhood, its bent was very pronounced ; he was inordinately proud of his noble blood. And then he went to school, where he soon came to the conviction that others had more reason than he to pride themselves on worldly things. He was poor, very poor ; so he was obliged to deny himself many things that others could procure with their wealth. He could not afford even to buy fruit, and he was obliged to look on while his schoolfellows enjoyed their delicacies ; he would rather have stolen than begged, to satisfy his wants. Now he ridiculed his aristocratic pride, he boasted of his poverty, and was a bitter enemy of wealth. He would often say he had been a rare hand at stealing ; no one had sur-

passed his audacity as an orchard-thief. His abilities developed slowly, but he never forgot what he had learned. His entrance into the military academy at Tuln marked the opening of a new epoch in his life. Before long he made himself conspicuous not only by his ability but by the stubbornness with which he applied himself to the study of certain branches of science. Even here he was lauded for his strict sense of justice: he was always ready to protect the weak. He awoke to a consciousness of the vanity of his former sentiments, and a new kind of pride took possession of him. He determined to win honour by deeds of pre-eminence. With eager enthusiasm he devoured all the books dealing with the history of Hungary; nowhere could he find the name of a Görgey, or that his ancestors had in any way distinguished themselves. This discovery was a bitter pill to the impulsive and impassioned young man. He had now a definite aim in life, and he devoted himself with unflagging perseverance to the study of the sciences required in his profession.

From the academy he returned to the Wasa Regiment, in which he had begun to serve as cadet; and, unless I am mistaken, before long he was transferred to the Hungarian Noble Bodyguard.¹

¹ This Bodyguard was created by Queen Maria Teresa in 1760, and every Hungarian county had the right to supply two young nobles to serve in it.

He was now an officer in an institution where he had every means at his disposal to develop his mental qualities and increase his knowledge. He was looked upon as one of the best students, and he was the most respected of all his comrades. Whenever a quarrel arose, he was called in to decide. His earnestness and his strength of character won him the unreserved deference of his companions. Even his masters were impressed, and they treated him with the esteem due to his eminent qualities. But I wonder whether Vienna—beautiful, big, frivolous Vienna—with its aristocracies of birth and wealth, had such a cheering influence on him as it had on most men? He was only too conscious of the fact that wealth and distinguished birth were almost the only means of securing advancement. How bitter must that consciousness have been to a man who thirsted for glory, and had not those means at his disposal! No wonder that he fell a victim to exceeding bitterness and hated everything aristocratic. What a world of disappointments and bitter experiences fell to his lot before his obstinate character brought itself to admit that he demanded too much of mankind, and that even his ideas of liberty and equality were an idle dream—empty words!

From the bodyguard he was transferred to the Palatine Hussars, where he won distinction as a

brave and efficient officer. Before long he was raised to the rank of first lieutenant and made adjutant of the regiment. But even here his restless soul was discontented. While still a guardsman his patriotism had grown in fervency, and his intercourse with comrades professing similar sentiments only aggravated his sorrow that he could be of no use to his fatherland. The desire to escape from his disagreeable situation grew in intensity every day. A trifling incident sufficed to make him carry his desire into effect. One evening (as a friend of his told me) he was drinking with several of his comrades. Their hearts opened; their lips uttered the wishes of their inmost souls. They were talking of the situation in Hungary; and they spoke in enthusiastic terms of the champions of her constitutional freedom. How readily the desire to take their share of the struggle for the nation's good must have formed itself in the brains of these young men, doomed as they were to inaction! In their enthusiasm they exchanged vows to quit the army and to serve their country in some other way. They dispersed—next day, of course, they looked upon things in a different light. Their heads were cooler, and they reflected that it would be madness to give up a secure position, however insignificant, for an idle fancy; in a word, they forgot the promises made in a moment of zealous intoxication! Only

Görgey took the matter seriously, for his resolve had been the result, not of a rash promise, but of calm deliberation. He quitted the army, though he was the poorest of them all, and had most need of the position he resigned, and though his comrades and even his superiors endeavoured to dissuade him.¹

We see him next at Prague, engaged in studying chemistry. His characteristic perseverance enabled him to make incredible progress in this science; he was actually able to act as assistant to his professor. It was here that he met his wife. She was governess or companion in a very respectable house—clever, of good disposition, but just as poor as himself. Yet they did not care about wealth, they would manage to live somehow. So they were married; this step he never regretted, as he indeed had not occasion to. However happy he might be, his restless spirit gave him no peace. From Prague he returned home. An aunt of his proposed that he should manage her estate; she would keep him and his wife until he could set up for himself. The offer was gladly accepted, and the post secured him a respectable subsistence. While engaged in this capacity he was taken quite unawares by the events of March 15 (1848).

¹ Görgey himself tells us that his quitting the army had nothing to do with this affair.

What a prospect was then unfolded in a moment before him, with his soul thirsting for action! The time had come at last! The consciousness of his mental energy must have led him to guess that he was not destined to play a subordinate part.

His mind was soon made up. The little money he had he shared with his wife, then he went to Pest to enlist as a private among the "honvéds."¹ This was quite in keeping with his character. To obtain a commission would have required the presentation of a petition; nobody could forbid him to become a private. But there were many who had known him before, and, if he had not come to Pest, he would have been sent for. He was appointed to the rank of captain, and this marks the beginning of his public life. From this moment his discontented restlessness became a thing of the past; he was in his place, and knew what he wanted.

An officer who served in the same battalion often told me that he was the father of his company, and that his soldiers worshipped him. He sat at the same table as his non-commissioned officers, and trained them even when off duty—with the result that he achieved in a few weeks what it takes others many months to arrive at. In the first battalions enlisted the rank and file included a large proportion of educated men, who could with judicious training

¹ This detail is incorrect.

be converted into very efficient officers (the third battalion alone supplied no fewer than 200). Consequently we must not be surprised that Görgey was on such familiar terms with his subordinates; and he did not stand any risk of losing his authority, for his earnestness and severity secured him the most unconditional deference.

He was more than once offered a position in the Ministry of War, which he on all occasions refused. He was soon advanced to the rank of major. As such he distinguished himself in the battle of Pákoz, fighting against Jellasich.¹ He took a very active part in the capture of Roth and Philippovich; but by that time he was on bad terms with Perczel.²

A little before he had been entrusted with the command of the Isle of Csepel. He was only a major, yet two staff-officers of senior rank were subordinated to him, and bound to submit to his commands. These two gentlemen endeavoured to intrigue against him, but his cool severity very soon spoiled their game. It was here that Görgey's outposts captured the unfortunate Edmund Zichy³

¹ This is incorrect.

² Maurice Perczel, formerly radical Deputy to Parliament, played a great part in the war and thundered Philippics against Görgey and Kossuth alike. After the war he emigrated, returning in 1868 (amnesty). He died in 1899.

³ In reality Count Eugène Zichy, who invariably called himself Ödön (Edmund) in Hungarian. This accounts for the frequent misquotation of his Christian name.

and his nephew Paul. The latter was soon afterwards released. The prisoner (Eugène) was handed over to the two gentlemen just referred to; and Görgey did not hear of the affair until every preparation had been made for sending him to Pest. Angered at being thus ignored, and knowing that these men were capable of anything, Görgey sent for the two staff-officers and asked them why they had not informed him of Zichy's capture. The excuse they offered was that they did not want to bother him, that they thought the whole affair of no importance, etc. These shuffling excuses excited Görgey's suspicions still more; and he then asked why they had wanted to send the Count to Pest?

At first they endeavoured to beat about the bush, but as Görgey refused to give in, they at last confessed their object. They knew quite well that by martial law Zichy must die; but they were obliged, both in the interests of the revolution and their own, to have some regard for his rank and his powerful connections. They did not want to risk incurring the anger of that powerful family, should Hungary be beaten, and so they had devised the scheme of taking him to Pest, where the same fate awaited him as had overtaken the noble Lamberg. Such were the great heroes of the revolution, who preferred to have their captives murdered in

a cowardly and brutal manner rather than sentence them legally in accordance with their own convictions. The same anxiety is to be found on every page of the history of our revolution, the same doubt and want of belief in its success, paralysing all energy and leaving everything to chance! Görgey was speechless; villainy of this kind was a new experience to him. As soon as he had recovered his equanimity, he treated those officers to all the expressions of disgust and contempt which he could command. Görgey was already beginning to conceive a violent antipathy towards the leaders of the revolution; for the means they employed were so repulsive to his open, manly character that he could not bring himself to approve of them.

Edmund Zichy was summoned before a court-martial and condemned to death by a unanimous verdict. No Hungarian court-martial could have acquitted him. His execution Görgey described to me in the following terms:—"At first he was very cool, and appeared convinced that we only wanted to frighten him. He spoke quite calmly and actually joked about his situation. But, when he saw preparations being made in earnest and observed the executioner approaching him (it was sunset), he said to an officer: "It's all a joke, isn't it?" The latter assured him it was not, and told him to prepare for death. Zichy then showed

signs of fear, and in a trembling voice cried out, "Major! Major!" Receiving no answer, he exclaimed in utter despair: "He is not here!" Yet Görgey was standing quite close to him, wrapped in his cloak; he saw how Zichy put his hand to his mouth and then fell speechless, almost unconscious, into the executioner's arms. Görgey is convinced that the moment he saw it was all over, Zichy took a narcotic or some deadly poison. This supposition seems all the more probable, as in his last moments he appeared quite lifeless; and immediately after the mournful act, though the part of executioner was played by a clumsy soldier, his body showed no symptom of life, and his face turned a dark, black colour much more quickly than is usually the case. His death was the consequence of no great crime, but of his recklessness. Making light of the power of the revolution, he had undertaken to circulate Jellasich's proclamations,¹ an action scarcely worthy of the dignity of a Count Zichy.

When Jellasich, by the aid of the well-known truce,² had—somewhat cleverly, it must be admitted, though hardly in an honourable manner (this history

¹ Görgey does not remember these details, and maintains that his statement of the case, as given in his "My Life and Acts," pp. 30-31), is correct.

² After being beaten at Pákozd, Jellasich made a truce with the Hungarian general and employed the three days of respite to effect his retreat to Vienna.

must be left to decide)—got away from the Hungarian army—and, probably, thereby escaped utter annihilation—the Hungarians started in pursuit: Görgey was in the camp near the Upper Danube, where he already enjoyed a universal reputation as a fine and cautious soldier. During the debate at Parndorf as to whether the Austrian frontier should be crossed¹ or not, he opposed the plan with the logical acumen peculiar to him, thereby attracting the attention, and maybe exciting the fears, of Kossuth. The frontier was crossed—and at the battle of Schwechat—that sad, I had almost said ridiculous, first act of the Hungarian military drama—it was he who, with a few other *men*, at any rate did something to save the honour of the Hungarian arms. Vienna was taken, and now the whole military force of Austria was directed against Hungary. Móga (the victor at the battle of Pákozd) resigned, and at this critical moment no one ventured to undertake the position of commander-in-chief. All eyes were turned on Görgey; and, though he feared his advancement, Kossuth was obliged to offer young Görgey the position. The universal approval that

¹ Vienna was besieged by Prince Windisch-Graetz, and looked for the assistance of Hungary. To cross the frontier was undoubtedly an advantageous course to pursue, but it amounted to an open declaration of hostilities. That is why deliberation was required; and it was very reluctantly that it was resolved to take this step, when it was already too late to save the city.

greeted the appointment showed that the whole world considered him to be the most suitable man for the work in so grave a crisis. What his grounds were for accepting, he once explained to me. "At such moments," he said, "I felt like a cool-headed man who, standing on a bridge, sees somebody fall into the water. One or two hot-blooded men spring in after him, while I look on calmly to see if they can save him. If they can, well and good; if not, I will have a try, and will spare no effort to rescue the man. I have no ambition to *push*; but my longing to undertake what others have not the courage to try is irrepressible. Had anyone else shown any determination, I should not have attempted to compete."¹ He very soon justified the confidence reposed in him. Most of the "national guards" were sent home; and the Hungarian army, which had gone almost entirely to pieces, was soon, by his consistent severity, restored to order and discipline.

Though unable at first to win any laurels, it was no mean achievement to have organised this army of raw recruits. With the exception of the hussars and a few battalions, the army consisted of the newly enlisted "honvéds," and only a part of the artillery had served for any length of time. That this army

¹ When I read this passage to Görgey, he was moved to tears. He declared that his words are published here exactly as he spoke them.

was unable to stand against the gallant Austrian veterans, was only natural; but that after several reverses it was still ready to continue fighting, is nothing short of marvellous. With the exception of the unimportant skirmish at Mosony, which ended in our favour, and which in the "Banat" was trumpeted forth as a magnificent victory, Görgey was always retiring, until he reached Buda. The defeat of Maurice Perczel at Móc (this general had, in defiance of Görgey's orders,¹ accepted the challenge) made a retreat to the left bank of the Danube imperative. Görgey marched *viâ Vác*. Here he issued his well-known proclamation,² which, though so little to the taste of our republicans, was the only thing that prevented the majority of the officers from leaving the army, for it was only the announcement that loyalty to the king and to the oath sworn on the constitution would be observed that restrained them and kept them from deserting the colours. Perczel led his army towards Szolnok, with the object, as Görgey would often say, of protecting the hallowed corpses of the Government and the legislature.

For two months Görgey was occupied with the ever-memorable winter campaign, in which both

¹ Görgey could not have sent any orders to Perczel, since he was not his superior.

² 1849, 5th January.

he and General Schlick, his chivalrous opponent, won imperishable laurels. The latter had the splendid organisation and gallantry of a veteran army to rely on; Görgey on the other hand was at home among the mountains, and was greatly aided by the good feelings of the majority of the inhabitants. These two commanders, whether as conquerors or vanquished—each of them on one occasion almost cut off and escaping only by virtue of extreme audacity and presence of mind (Görgey had to have a tunnel bored at Selmech to effect his escape) faced one another like two great chess-players, and when they desisted from the contest, neither of them had been defeated, both emerged with flying colours.

If history ever passes an unbiassed judgment on this campaign, it will scarce be able to decide which of the two heroes achieved the greater glory. But there is no disputing the fact that, of all the Austrian commanders, Count Schlick was the most humane and the noblest. No one succeeded so completely as he did in winning the universal esteem of the Hungarians. The Hungarian army respected him for a chivalrous enemy.

This campaign firmly established Görgey's reputation as a commander. All well-disposed persons looked to him as the only man capable of restoring order in the country and making peace with Austria. But Kossuth and his friends too knew that this was

the case: and, if they were to keep their power, an endeavour must be made to stem the rising tide of Görgey's importance. Count Dembinsky, one of the leaders of the Polish Revolution in 1830, was appointed commander-in-chief. In a very short time the latter lost the reputation he had made during the Polish Revolution. He led the army into swamps, and it was only the restless activity of Görgey that saved it from destruction at Kápolna (26th and 27th February 1849).

Kossuth had dug his own grave. Everybody was in arms against Dembinsky, and Görgey's reputation was enhanced. The old, weak, and self-willed Pole was practically deposed by the army itself; however, the command of the four army corps was given, not to Görgey, but to Vetter. It was for all the world as if these puny intellects were put there to throw into relief Görgey's greatness! Yet all their endeavours were frustrated by the healthy spirit then prevailing in the army, which was only too conscious of the weakness of the strategy hitherto pursued.

This was how things stood when I saw him (Görgey) for the first time. The question whether he really possessed the ambition imputed to him or would bow before Vetter could not remain long unanswered. It is difficult to say what he—or the army—would have done, had not chance, or

maybe Vetter's own better judgment, saved him the trouble of acting independently. I for my part had decided on the evening of March 26 : should he not be appointed commander-in-chief, I would apply to be transferred to his corps.

After this long digression I will again take up the thread of my narrative.

Görgey displayed so kindly a disposition towards me that I felt myself doubly attracted to him. Never had any man, by his mere appearance on the scene, exercised so enormous an influence on me. In Victor indeed I do possess a friend whose higher qualities have often made him my master ; but he was more of a dreamer, who never discovered in life the inciting influences that I do. Görgey, on the other hand, was life itself—so to say, action personified ! In those days nothing impressed me so much as energetic behaviour. However listless I may have been before, my military life had aroused all the good latent in me, and, had you been able to see me then, you would not have known me for the same stout Charles who was all day buried in his books. My health has never been better than it was at that time, amid all the strenuous exertions.

During the course of our conversation he asked me the reasons for my being on the Hungarian side. I told him quite openly that my presence was due, not to any particular zeal, but to the force of circum-

stances : I had not chosen to desert the cause when things looked bad. He pressed my hand, and said : “ That is better than if you were one of our enthusiasts ; you are quite sure to hold out to the last, for your action has resulted from mature deliberation or rather from moral conviction. Enthusiasts cool down and desert the cause in critical moments.” Besides, practically all I had hitherto done was familiar to him. He paid me a few compliments in connection with Czibakháza and Szolnok, and then said in conclusion : “ You men of the ‘ Banat ’ army have a comparatively good time of it ; you have brave troops and an efficient staff ; but most of my men have still to be driven into battle, sometimes actually with the aid of hand grenades ! I am glad I shall soon have the satisfaction of seeing you under fire and of admiring your prowess ! ”

Then he related how Windisch-Graetz had had proposals put before him ; his narrative displayed his genial malice at its best. When and where, I have now forgotten,¹ suffice it to say that one day a retired cavalry captain of the name of Hrankay (I know him well ; not a very reputable character) came to him, professedly, with a message from Windisch-Graetz ; but he could not communicate the message to any third party. However, as often as he endeavoured to explain his proposals, Görgey

¹ It was at Rózsahegy, on January 29, 1849.

changed the conversation, irritating him thereby beyond measure. Finally Hrankay plucked up courage and said: "General, you cannot conceive what a lot the field-marshal thinks of you. He speaks of you indeed in terms of the greatest respect and would esteem it a great honour if he could talk matters over with you." "And what is his offer?" asked the general. "For you, general, complete amnesty and an income the amount of which is left to your discretion, on condition that you surrender your army and go to live abroad." "Very well," was the answer. "As you may imagine, I should not be disinclined to accept, but it is no easy matter for a revolutionary leader to decide in such questions: a thousand eyes are on me; one reckless step, and I am lost. My companions are already casting menacing looks at you; these looks bode no good, and if those men guessed what had brought you here, I could not guarantee your safety." Hrankay, who was by no means a great hero, turned pale and was about to depart. But Görgey invited him to dinner, in the presence of several officers, so that he could not well refuse. Görgey initiated a few of his good friends into the secret, and the poor guilty wretch was submitted to an ordeal of searching looks and hints that frightened him to death. He was truly thankful when he was allowed to go.

Bribery is in itself no novelty, and there will be plenty of cases of it in the future too; the events just related merely prove, however, how enormously Görgey's influence at that time has been overrated. Had he come forward then with a proposal to surrender, he would have been lost; in fact, it would have gone ill with him much later too, when his authority had already overshadowed that of Kossuth; he would, indeed, have failed to get the idea of capitulation accepted even as late as the first days of August 1849. It was not until we had suffered all the blows of fortune that anyone could have presumed to give loud utterance to such a thought. Since the 14th April I had been a passive spectator; and I should have been ready to accept any compact, but I must confess that there is something peculiarly estimable in so complete a disregard of one's own interest, and that, too, despite the fact that after the battle of Pered¹ there were not many who believed in the ultimate success of our cause.

He told us all about this affair and many others; the hours passed quickly away—seeming like so many minutes—when all of a sudden he jumped up exclaiming: “Well, that's just like me! I have ridden two stations to see Damjanich and have forgotten all about him! Take me to him at once;

¹ On June 21, Görgey made an attempt to cut through the reorganised Austrian army and its Russian auxiliaries, but he failed.

I am dying to make his acquaintance." "Damjanich is still at Tiszafüred, and will not arrive here till to-morrow." "No matter; then I'll ride to Füred." But all at once, having thought the matter over, he decided to walk. It was no use my offering him one of my steeds or the pony generally ridden by my groom, which was very sure-footed; he abode by his resolution, which he put into effect quite as quickly as he made it. All at once there he stood, ready for the walk, and took his leave. As he was going, he turned round once more and said: "shall we not '*thou*'¹ each other? We are both of us young men and must be good friends, and that is so much easier if we address one another in the second person singular. Well, good-bye; 'till to-morrow!'" and therewith he disappeared from sight. It was already 6 P.M. and quite dark; the road too was in a terrible state, so that I felt sorry for him in anticipation. But Major Mik, who did not accompany him, said that such adventures were a pleasure to him and that he was now in his element.

Hours passed without my being able to shake off the deep thoughts that kept me brooding. I felt as if I were still listening to the words dictated by

¹ It is difficult to render passages of this kind; the result of any attempt to reproduce the original must of necessity be clumsy. The use of *du* (thou) instead of *sie* (you) is a sign of intimacy among friends.

that clear, sound brain! A new light had been thrown on the situation and the actors. The deep-seated causes of many a deed, that had hitherto been a mystery to me, stood before me in unmistakable form. He too was no longer enthusiastic for a cause for which he had so often risked his life! What was it, then, that restrained him? The consistency of a strong mind, not content with half-measures, may-be a confidence in his own resources, the thought that he might perhaps remove all that was bad and hurtful and by an honourable peace secure his fatherland tranquillity and happiness. Beileve me, darling Lizzie, I had often felt extremely miserable at not agreeing in many respects with the Hungarian movement—in fact I was ill-disposed towards the principal leaders, in particular towards Kossuth—yet I had not been able to find a way out of this labyrinth. Now I had met a man who was a determined enemy of the republican party, who desired nothing more than the constitution of 1848, and whom I considered powerful enough to be able in time to send about their business all these false, hypocritical patriots, who were only concerned with their own interests. Henceforward I became calmer and more contented, for Görgey had again inspired me with courage and confidence. Then I really and truly believed that his efforts would result in peace and would enable me to escape

from my unnatural position, and from having to fight against my brothers and even my political convictions. My hopes were only too soon shattered.

I spent the rest of the evening with Mik and Schulz; and the former told me a great deal that only increased my admiration for Görgey. The respect his *entourage* showed him was altogether little short of adoration. Major Schulz, the "splendid fellow"¹ as he was wont to call himself, was one of the most original men I have ever come across. Had anyone else given himself the title, he would have been considered a swaggering fool, but in his case it was quite natural, for he was really a dare-devil soldier, whose heart rejoiced when he had an opportunity to relate his escapades. He took a special fancy to me, for no one listened to him so patiently as I did. He was awfully happy when he showed me his frieze coat,² which in the battle of Tarczal had been riddled with bullets, both the enemy's and those of his own people, for in the heat of the fight, owing to the thick fog, he had got between the two lines of fire. But his enthusiasm was most genuine when I admired the cuts administered by two cuirassiers, the marks of which were to be seen on the hood of his frieze coat, to the toughness of which he had owed his life. Out

¹ "Famoser Kerl."

² A Hungarian speciality, the so-called "Guba."

of gratitude for my admiration he would call me too a "splendid fellow." Then Schulz was every inch a gentleman, the personification of generosity, who never had a penny of his own, as he gave almost the whole of his pay to the poor, to the accompaniment of a good deal of reasoning and moralising. I esteemed this "splendid fellow" because he deserved it; and I took a particular liking to him, as his brother, a priest in Esztergom, had been a good friend of my youth. His remarkable vivacity, that never allowed him to be still for a moment, was occasionally rendered very comical as a result of his semi-deafness, for during a conversation he misunderstood everything and gave the most ridiculous answers. I was told that, at the opening of the battle of Kápolna, when the roar of the cannon began, he held his hand to his ear in order to hear better, exclaiming all at once: "Why, they're skirmishing already!" He mistook the cannonade for the rattle of musketry!

I sat the whole evening with these two men and my adjutant, Lieutenant Bogdanovich, a taciturn young fellow who had scarcely anything else to do than to ride by my side during a march, and I made Mik and Schulz talk about Görgey.

In the forenoon of the 27th I had to adjust a very disagreeable affair. The officers' staff of the ninth battalion came to me to complain of their major,

who had on several occasions treated various officers to rude and insulting language. This major had long been a pet abomination of mine. He had not a single quality calculated to secure the respect of his subordinates; consequently this superb battalion grew more and more demoralised every day and became a model of disorder and want of discipline. Unfortunately it was all the commander's fault. The officers obtained complete satisfaction, and peace was restored. But as I was delighted with the opportunity offered me of removing the major, I explained to him that his authority in the battalion was irreparably lost, and advised him to ask for leave, go to Debreczen, and endeavour to obtain a new battalion. Besides, it was my duty to tell him that I could not report any good of him and that Damjanich, with whom the matter rested, would certainly deprive him of the command of his battalion. He realised the weakness of his position; and a few days later he went off to Debreczen, the Mecca of our "place-hunters." The battalion was put into the hands of Captain Sándor, a fine young soldier, who was indeed far too phlegmatic to ever do any great deed of his own accord, but even during a storm of bullets carried out the orders he received with the greatest calmness and never failed to show his rank and file a good example.

I was very agreeably surprised when, the same

day, Lieutenant-Colonel Bobich entered my room accompanied by my old comrade of Jarkovác, Charles Földváry, whom I still called "Uncle Charlie," and announced that he was handing over the third battalion to Földváry. It was no news to me that I was to part with Bobich, a fine fellow, who was to have a brigade in the first corps, but I never dreamed that we were to have so excellent a substitute. My surprise and delight was unbounded, for I had not seen Földváry since I left Jarkovác, and had only occasionally heard of him. Fate had now brought us together again; and we did not part any more until we arrived at Arad, probably never to meet again in this world! So dear to me is the memory of this fine, noble character that I must pause awhile before continuing my narrative.

All three Földvárys are splendid soldiers, but Charles in the finest of them. His eldest brother is wedded to a Miss Szita, whom you probably know; she is a good friend of Claire's. The two younger, Alexander and Charles, are twins, and are remarkably alike, though they have nothing to boast of in that. Their elder brother¹ is a handsome man, but the twins are, honestly speaking, ugly.

Imagine to yourself a short-legged, brown-skinned little man, blind in one eye, who dresses in a very

¹ Louis.

loud manner (such as suits handsome men only) and is for ever hoarse, and you have a picture of my "Uncle Charlie." At first sight you would think he was a brigand, but on looking at his sound eye, you find it sparkling with such a wealth of kindness and good humour that you forget his exterior. All who get familiar with him must fall in love with him. However rough and even rude his manners may appear, his actions reflect a nobility of heart. I never heard him utter a bad word of anybody, unless it were a republican, and of these men he had very little good to say; on the contrary, he was always ready to take the part of the maligned. He never failed to support anyone he took a fancy to. His friendship was as pure as gold; and he showed every conceivable attention to those who possessed his affection, being for all the world in this respect like a woman. Of these latter probably I was the one he liked best, and it was a dangerous thing to utter a single word of reproach against me in his presence. I may say that we were comrades in the truest sense of the word, for, whenever I faced death, he was there too. As brigadier I had every reason to rejoice that I had so gallant a battalion commander under me. He was on familiar terms with his battalion, for they had fought in the same corps in the battles in the "Banat."

After a long ride, I dined with "Uncle Charlie"

and the others I have mentioned, quite *en famille*; towards evening I went to Damjanich, who had come in from Fűred. A little later Gűrgey too arrived; consequently this was one of the most interesting evenings we had had for a long time. I was particularly gratified by the undisguised deference which Damjanich paid to the superior talents of Gűrgey. Once he called me aside and, pointing to Gűrgey, said: "There's a *man* for you; he will teach obstinate people to obey. The devil take this fellow Vetter, who understands nothing and speaks to us as if we were a lot of good-for-nothings." I could not help laughing at his impatience with the "obstinate people," for he himself was the most unaccommodating of us all. But, to his credit be it said, I must confess he was always deferential to Gűrgey, and it was in Gűrgey that—to the very last—all his hopes were placed.

After supper Gűrgey came with me to my quarters. When I showed him the bed that had been prepared for him, he laughed in my face and said: "Since I have been in camp, I have not once slept in a bed; lie down there yourself, and I will look for a place of rest for myself." He very quickly collected a few chairs, which he put in a row, then lay down on them, put his otter-skin under his head, and, without listening to me, began to tell the story of his meeting with Vetter and Kossuth at Fűred.

I am not averse to a bed, when I can get one, so I lay down, thinking to myself, "Every man is happy if he can get his way." It was three in the morning before Görgey got tired of talking, and we bade each other good-night. As long as we were together, I never saw him sleep in a bed but twice, and then only because he was wounded.

What he had to say about the selection of Vetter as commander-in-chief was characteristic. He just happened to be in Debreczen when, in open session, Kossuth announced to the "estates" (*sic*)! that Vetter had been appointed commander-in-chief and that at the same time his services in the "Banat" campaign had been rewarded by the bestowal of the second-class order of merit. The announcement was received with a fair amount of applause. But when his (Görgey's) name was mentioned and it was announced that he too had received the same distinction, the whole assembly displayed the utmost enthusiasm, giving vent to its delight in a prolonged ovation. It was quite evident that they all appreciated Görgey's merits to the full; yet he was not appointed commander-in-chief. After the meeting two deputies, friends of his, came to him and offered their excuses for not having elected him. But he answered quite calmly: "When Vetter's name was called, there was but a moderate amount of applause; and the stormy ovation that greeted

the mention of my name proves that you expect more of me. But you are of opinion that I am a dangerous man, whereas Vetter has no political views and is a harmless, ready tool, whom you can get rid of, once he has done the work set him. Were I really as ambitious as you deem, what ambitious thoughts your fear of me must arouse in me! For an ambitious man who sees that his rival is afraid of him can always get the upper hand if he uses his brains." "True," said the two deputies; "we and many others refuse to believe that you have any dangerous intentions—but the majority! The bulk of the deputies do not know your political views, your political creed, and for that reason are suspicious of you." Görgey replied with profound earnestness: "My political creed is the liberation of my country. We must avoid every constitutional change and devote all our energies to the accomplishment of this one object. Once that object is attained, as to what I should do with you, if I ever become powerful, why, that would depend upon me and—upon you!" (In my opinion he would have dispersed them all and concluded an honourable peace with Austria.)

Maybe it was not wise of him to speak in these terms; but it was quite in keeping with his proud character to show Kossuth and his adherents that he was aware of their plans and of his own power,

and that whereas the others reckoned too much on the popularity of the President, he had the army to rely upon. Had he availed himself of the latter at the proper moment, he would have saved poor Hungary from many a disaster. As far as I could make out, when I first saw him he was not yet an enemy to Kossuth, though several things showed that the breach was in the making. His want of respect for the President, however, was very striking. The profound antipathy which he felt later on towards the great agitator was the result of the latter's intrigues and machinations.

I had almost forgotten to tell you that the walk ¹ to Füred involved so many difficulties that he had only his perseverance to thank that he ever reached his goal. Several times he stuck fast on the embankment; and when he descended from the latter in search of a better road, in the dark he fell into a deep ditch out of which he was only able to extricate himself with the greatest difficulty. For nearly five hours he toiled on through the marshes; and when he reached Füred, everybody was asleep, so that his trouble had been all for nothing.

On March 28, at 9 A.M., he rode off to his troops, who were encamped two stations off. When he left me, he said: "Good-bye, in a few days we shall be together again on the field of honour; whether we

¹ On the night of March 26.

shall win, God only knows, but in any case we shall do all we can, as brave men must; I have a presentiment that neither of us has yet finished his career, and that our fortunes will rise together, and that, if it be so written in the book of fate, we shall fall together." In my modesty I often thought that his object in addressing these fine words to me was merely to secure another adherent, but my better feelings before long told me that he recognised me to be an honest, straightforward man, and felt that honest men must be on his side. His prophecy was fulfilled to the letter.

I dined with Damjanich, whose friends, even uninvited, could be assured of a good meal in his house. We had a dispute in connection with a game of cards played the evening before. Kászony (you will surely remember him; he was then colonel of the Ferdinand Hussars, a great talker and a very mediocre soldier) and I had played with the "old man" (as we called him) for rather high stakes. Damjanich had played very recklessly and was down on his luck, so that he lost more than 400 florins; he was extremely annoyed and declared that he would never play any more. Next day, at dinner, he returned to the subject and expressed himself in a somewhat tactless manner—in such a way, indeed, that a stranger must have understood that we had not explained the height of the stakes

we were playing for. At first I failed to appreciate this fact, but later on the idea of any one thinking bad of me made me quarrelsome, and we parted in somewhat of a huff. In the afternoon I received orders to have my brigade ready for his inspection at 7 A.M. the next day. As I at once understood what his game was, I instructed my troops to be ready by 6.30. But when, at 6.45 on the 29th, I reached the appointed place, Damjanich was already there; he received me somewhat coolly. He upbraided me for my unpunctuality, was not satisfied with the orderliness of the marching, considered the advance guard (there were two army corps ahead of us) a "piece of recklessness"—in a word, he was going to have his revenge for the day before, and the greater my calmness, the more was he irritated. After declaring for the tenth time that he would take good care his orders were carried out, he drove away. But he was compelled to hear my Schwarzenberg battalion, which had witnessed the whole affair and did not understand why I had been upbraided, give loud expression to its annoyance by shouting, "*Éljen Leiningen, a mi vitéz vezérünk!*" (Three cheers for Leiningen, our gallant commander)—a shout taken up by the other battalions too. He looked back, and though some distance away by this time, he must have seen that I was laughing. On reaching Mezö-Tárkány, our

station, after my brigade had been quartered, I went to the general to report myself as prescribed by the rules of military discipline, and asked him for his further orders. "My orders are that you put off your sword at once and stay for dinner, and tell the Schwarzenbergs, your beloved children, that they are devilish fellows. In the next battle we shall see whether they will cheer as lustily in a hail of bullets?"

Damjanich was quartered with the priest, a thorough good Hungarian. The host's extremely pretty sister was enthusiastic about the liberty of Hungary, and paid court to the "old man," whom she regarded as one of the principal heroes, while the latter smiled and played the part of father. In short, he was quite at home and I almost angered him when I asked, somewhat maliciously: "Is it long since you had a letter from your beautiful wife?" We spent a very gay day here. The pleasure of it all was added to in no small degree by the fact that the General's suite consisted exclusively of intimate acquaintances. Paul Eszterházy, Joseph Bethlen, Count Schmidek, Baron Rudnyánszky (of "Poldi's" regiment, the Károlyi Hussars). The day was brought to a conclusion with music and dancing.

After passing Mezö-Tárkány we had a good high road to march along; the troops were well provided and they were in the best of spirits. We had left

the marshy Tisza district behind us, and before our eyes there stretched a lovely bit of countryside. The hills in the distance, such as we had not seen for a long time, loomed dark blue before us ; and even the most pessimistic among us became inspired with fresh hopes.

On *March* 30, after marching through pretty, pleasant hilly country, we arrived at Kerecsend at 11 A.M. ; here I was able to quarter my men again. It was altogether a lucky thing for me that a considerable force had preceded us, for I was thus not compelled to torment my troops with outpost duty or make them camp in the open. Immediately after dinner I accompanied Damjanich to Eger (Agria). The road leading to this town must be very picturesque in summer, for even then, when Nature was slumbering and there was scarce a trace of verdure, I found it remarkably pretty. Only here and there could any signs of Nature's re-awakening be seen—the heralds of the approaching spring. Eger itself lies in a cauldron-shaped valley, between lofty hills ; and so suddenly did it meet our view at a bend of the road that the charming picture offered a most pleasant surprise. The numerous large buildings, the Lyceum (college), the Archbishop's palace, and above all the fine church with the numerous towers, give the town an aspect of peculiar charm.

As soon as Damjanich's arrival was made known,

he was treated on all sides to every conceivable mark of courtesy. Beautiful wreaths were cast at his feet from the windows ; and wherever he showed himself, there was a never-ending chorus of “ *Éljen Damjanich!* ” (Long live Damjanich). The old man possesses a certain amount of vanity ; he was flattered by these tokens of homage. He walked about in his brilliant general’s uniform ; and the latter, with his Herculean figure, his really classical head and his title of “ the scourge of the Rascians,” made him the people’s hero, though the latter, in their sober moments, recognised that he was merely a gallant “ swordsman ” (Haudegen), and though he was their favourite, it was not in him that they reposed their hopes. Eger contains warm springs and a fairly well-appointed bathing establishment, with which we were very delighted, finding the same particularly refreshing. After our bath, we had a sumptuous déjeuner, with excellent Eger wine, in the Archbishop’s palace, which may be called without any exaggeration a magnificent building. The palace, in particular the large library, and the Lyceum, proved that this town was a great intellectual centre. The late (Archbishop) Pyrker ¹ still lives here by virtue of his fine taste and the scientific treasures he amassed. None of my comrades was willing to accompany me to the library, when I

¹ Ladislas de Pyrker, who was famed as a German poet.

followed the lead of a kindly priest, so I went alone with him. This priest ¹ himself was a learned man and called my attention to the rare and celebrated works. I should not think there is another library of the kind in Hungary.

Towards evening came Aulich, Klapka, and then Kossuth, whom the inhabitants received with the obligatory enthusiasm, for which he graciously bowed his thanks. He was then at the height of his authority—still with one leg on a legal basis! His lust of power had not yet declared itself. A quarter of an hour later a staff officer rode down the street towards the Bishop's palace, accompanied by several aides-de-camp. I happened to be standing in the gateway, and was almost inspired to anger on observing that this man, whom nobody seemed to recognise, was not greeted with so loud an ovation, when a simple citizen stepped out of a group still idling in the street and, advancing, respectfully addressed him in the following terms: "God bless you, General, and preserve you for the good of the fatherland which looks on you as its saviour!" Görgey—the mounted officer was none other—saluted seriously but in a hearty manner, and rode

¹ Béla Tárkányi, afterwards Canon of Eger (Agria), a celebrated writer. As for the library, Leiningen's assertion is an exaggeration. Even at this time there were many libraries in Hungary on a level with or of even greater value than the Archiepiscopal library in Eger (Agria).

quickly on to avoid the ovation that must ensue. But his name was passed on from mouth to mouth, and the crowd pressed on to meet him. However their respect for him manifested itself in no noisy exclamations; they accompanied him to the gate almost in silence; all that could be heard was a whispered "God preserve you!"—rather a prayer than an ovation! It was not till he had disappeared up the stairs that the enthusiasm broke loose, and Kossuth, who was upstairs in the palace, must have guessed that his greatest rival had come.

Then a war council was held. Görgey was made commander-in-chief, for Vetter was still indisposed: but the appointment was only temporary. His corps was taken over by Colonel Gáspár, and Klapka was given the rank of general. At supper Kossuth was silent and depressed; he must have taken this step very reluctantly: but he had no choice. The President very graciously entertained us with excellent wines captured by our men in winter from Field Marshal Schlick—"Xeres," "Lacrimæ Christi," etc. From the wine the conversation was very soon changed to its former owner, and at the lower end of the table, where I was sitting with a few intimate friends, we drank with unmixed admiration to the health of this noble man, this chivalrous hero, whose wines we were consuming.

Late in the night, after getting thoroughly drenched

in the pouring rain, we arrived again in Kerecsend. I was happy and contented; Görgey was the commander-in-chief, and I had not to part company with my gallant battalions.

March 31.—I quite forgot to write that Paul Kiss, also formerly of the "Banat" army, had arrived among us at Füred, and that the command at Arad had been taken over by Vécsey. No provision had as yet been made for Kiss, but it was Damjanich's intention that he should get a brigade of the third army corps. As I have already said, more than once, he was one of our best soldiers, resolute and brave, and at the same time independent in action. But his manners were very repulsive. His terrible jealousy made him incapable of hearing others praised in his presence unless he too were mentioned; then he was very irritable, a natural result of his nervousness and choleric temper. After a battle had been fought, he never rested until he had told everybody his deeds. Yet with all his faults he was an honest, trustworthy man, who commanded the respect even of those who were alienated by his bad manners and his supercilious ambition.

The day before I had bought a splendid horse of Paul Eszterházy, a thoroughbred stallion from the Csernovich stud, so now I was very well off for steeds. I had three magnificent blood horses, though it is true they cost a lot of money. But

without a good mount one is only half a commander, particularly in a young army where everything has to be watched and personally attended to, to prevent disorder. Besides, I had two English carriage horses and a strong pony for the use of my groom. Half a year's continuous practice had enabled me to improve my riding considerably, so that my neck was no longer in danger at every ditch as it had been while hunting at Becse; then, again, riding on a good mount is a particular pleasure for me, so that I took advantage of every opportunity—and how sound and strong I was physically at that time! Every exertion only improved my health; and my mental energy too gradually increased, for it was of no avail to look backwards, no use hanging my head! For we were then advancing; and each day brought us nearer to the promised land where I longed to forget the past in the embrace of my beloved Lizzie.

In this manner I often dreamed of the joy of our reunion, and now maybe we shall only meet in the life to come. There, perhaps, the severe but just Judge will treat my actions more leniently, for He can see into my heart and knows that I was guided by no guilty ambitions or mean self-seeking.

To-day we marched across the battle-field of Kápolna; I rode over practically the whole countryside and came thoroughly to understand how resol-

utely these splendid positions must have been defended. One peculiarity of this war was that we were frequently compelled to retrace our steps over the same ground, and that indeed one and the same spot was the scene of several battles. Komárom, Győr, Vác, are all bloody battlefields of this kind. Could they speak, they would do more justice to the bravery of the Hungarians than our conquerors.

After a long march, which, however, owing to the good condition of the road and the fine weather, was not at all fatiguing, we arrived at Halmaj, where I bivouacked with my brigade. This is a pleasant little spot at the foot of the spurs of the Mátra range. Görgey was here for a moment, but soon went off. The weather was lovely, and, taking advantage of this fact, I rode off to the neighbouring woods. I was alone in the domain of Nature, thinking of you and the future. My memoranda mention an aged oak tree, beneath which I sat down, after binding my steed to another tree hard by. Surrendering myself to the most ardent longings for you, my emotion moved me to a torrent of tears. Maybe spring softens us men and makes us more susceptible. I remember well that in my younger days I would often seek solitude, when a yearning for unknown feelings took hold of me; at such times I would speak to the trees, weeping and laughing alternately, and imagining that I was

unhappy, for the melancholy inspired in me by the sublime calm and solemn stillness of Nature, I took for sorrow. But here my feelings were other. My longing had a fixed object; my tears wept for the happiness that had been mine; yet my sadness was alleviated by the blissful consciousness that far away there was a heart that beat for me, and must at that moment have been yearning just as wildly for my presence. Yes, Lizzie, the consciousness that we are loved by those to whom we have given our undivided affection for all time is a consolation, however painful, even in the greatest misfortune.

April 1.—To-day I marched with my brigade to Gyöngyös, a short march of two hours and a half. Before entering the town we were received by Görgey, before whom the brigade filed. The troops already knew that he was their commander-in-chief; and indescribable was their delight when they caught sight of him. The names of the three battalions which I commanded were known to every good Hungarian; and their entry was like a veritable triumphal procession. I resigned all the glory to Földváry, and myself played the part of an unobserved spectator. But "Uncle Charles" refused to accept the laurel wreath offered him, unless his "respected commander"—as he called me—were given a finer one. I was discovered; and a handsome lady presented me the wreath, to

the accompaniment of a few flattering words. I took it and hung it on the colours of the third battalion, my answer to the lady being: "The sight of this flattering gift will in every battle fire me to do deeds of bravery; I entrust the treasure to the keeping of this gallant battalion." As we proceeded, we were literally smothered with flowers; even the guns were decorated. This was not at all official, no homage prepared for the occasion; it was suggested by a spontaneous outburst of the sincerest enthusiasm.

The same day, in the forenoon, I was enabled to present my staff to the commander-in-chief. As was his wont, he said a few striking words—nothing in the way of flattery, but the way he expressed his hope of being able to admire their action in the next battle was in itself an appreciation of the gallantry they had hitherto displayed. Damjanich gave a sumptuous dinner in the Sztáray palace; Görgey too was there. As shortly after dinner I was walking in the town, a company of "Honvéds" filed past me. At first I took no notice of them; but as all at once I heard the sound of a nightingale proceeding from their ranks, I looked up and recognised the first company of the tenth battalion, with which I had accomplished my first deeds of chivalry in the "Banat." The nightingale was a "Honvéd" who was an adept at imitating the songs of all kinds

of birds, the neighing of horses, the barking of dogs and many other things of the kind, with which he would amuse his comrades and at times would cheer my drooping spirits too : now he greeted me in the capacity of a nightingale. Laughing he darted out of the ranks, kissed my hand, and said : “ I am still alive, sir ; the bullets have spared me to have the pleasure of seeing you once more.” The company halted, grounded their arms and gathered round me with expressions of delight. There was my old Bányai too, who, leaning on his musket, regarded me with a look of devoted affection. Overcome with emotion, I shook the honest fellow’s hand and asked the others whether he was still as assiduous as ever in telling them of Napoleon’s deeds. “ Yes,” said the “ nightingale,” “ we hear his verses often enough ; but he has composed rhymes about you too, which he recites to us.” Thus among the poor and uneducated we often meet with an attachment and a depth of feeling we look for in vain among men of our own class. I do not know why my soldiers were so fond of me ; maybe they felt that I too was exceedingly attached to them. Damjanich once said to me : “ Why, you are scarcely able to speak Hungarian at all, yet the moment you say a few words to your men, their eyes laugh for joy, even if they do not understand a syllable.” I myself was often

astounded at the effect of my "balderdash." But I shall never forget that scene in the street at Gyöngyös.

It was here that I found Major Gergely too, the former commander of the tenth battalion whom I have already mentioned. He had wedded a very pretty girl, and was still as kindly and courteous, and just as mediocre a soldier, as he had ever been. His wife accompanied him everywhere—a course unfortunately permitted to his wife by many a married officer, and acquiesced in—for what reason, I cannot conceive—by Görgey. These ladies (many of them naturally of mean origin) had the most ridiculous pretensions, and added incredibly to our baggage which was enormously bulky without their things. On many occasions they drove among the columns, throwing the ranks into disorder. Unlawful unions too were by no means infrequent, a fact that was most distressing in my eyes, as it undermined the respect due by the rank and file to their superiors. In my three battalions I refused to put up with the presence of any mistresses. I had to remove several officers who would not obey my instructions. In this respect the third corps offered a good example all through ; and, owing to the small quantity of baggage it carried, it was also the most active. Both classes of ladies honoured me by making me the object of their undivided anger ;

for, when I marched with my brigade, not a single carriage drove to meet us !

In the evening, in Damjanich's quarters, I was introduced to "Taszi" ¹ Karácsonyi, the wife of Pista (Stephen), who was a captain in the Lehel Hussars (history knows nothing of his great deeds). This woman was by no means a beauty, but later on she made herself immortal by nursing the wounded officers of the third army corps.

All the four army corps were concentrated at Gyöngyös and in the vicinity ; the seventh army corps had been thrown forward along the main road to Hatvan, and its outposts stretched as far as Hort. The Austrians were at Hatvan under Schlick and were being gradually concentrated. The engagement must take place before long ; it remained to be proved whether our troops had improved and whether there were any hopes of the ultimate success of our cause. The whole army reposed implicit confidence in Görgey ; and only very few had any doubts as to our victory. Though I personally was by no means infatuated, I was quite convinced that my brigade would do me every credit.

Early on the morning of April 2 I suddenly received orders to proceed to Árokszállás but to tell no one whither my brigade was bound. A glance at the map convinced me that the attack

¹ Anastasia.

would be delivered at Hatvan. Scarcely had my men settled down when news came that there was fighting going on at Hatvan. I entered the village and ascended the church-tower, from where, by the aid of my excellent field-glass, I was able to command a fair survey of the scene of action. At Csány was posted the Czillich brigade, which advanced at the first sound of fighting: I was just in time to see this advance. The seventh corps was stationed at Hort, where it held up the enemy and even threatened their left wing. Taken all in all, it was nothing more than an artillery duel, with occasional unimportant encounters between the rival cavalries. The enemy endeavoured to turn the flank of Gáspár's right wing, a move that might have been successful, had not the brigade mentioned above arrived in hot haste before Hatvan, making for the enemy's right. After this there could be no doubt as to the issue, though I was unable to follow the course of events any further, as Damjanich sent for me and ordered me to proceed to Hatvan to give assistance. I was given a squadron of Ferdinand Hussars; and, after the fatiguing march of the morning, my poor devils had to undertake a fresh one involving considerable exertion. But they were in good spirits. Scarcely had we done half the distance, when it was reported that the battle had been decided in our favour and that the

seventh corps had occupied Hatvan. The casualties cannot have been excessive on either side, for the engagement had been won by the artillery and by strategy. It was only at the bridge over the Zagyva, so gallantly defended by the Austrian Rifles, that the infantry were engaged; but that encounter only lasted for a short time. Though the battle was not a decisive one, as a beginning our victory was of great importance. Not till evening did I arrive before Hatvan, where my battalions, as soon as they were drawn up, quite oblivious of their hunger, lay down and sought relaxation from the fatigue they had endured in a deep sleep.

I too stretched myself out beside Földváry and slept on the bare ground as fast as if it had been the finest feather bed. During our march "Niki" Fehér, who turned out quite a good soldier, brought me letters from you and Claire. What a consolation your letter was to me! You were no longer ill, and had put it in my power to act as I thought proper for an honourable man. God bless you for that, for the most terrible thought for me was to be considered a coward. There were several among us who were not fighting out of conviction and had yet remained with the colours—not indeed for any self-seeking considerations, but for honour's sake. Such was my friend Czillich too, whose feelings were thoroughly "black and yellow" (the

Austrian Imperial colours); after the battle of Jarkovác he had intended to quit, but when the great blow came, he did not choose to desert the cause of the Hungarians. Now he too is a prisoner in Arad. And should I have been less honourable, who, at any rate at the outset, considered our cause a just one?

April 3.—I reported myself to my divisional commander, Visoczky, whom I had been unable to see the evening before; and I endeavoured to secure food for my men, for, owing to the negligence of the commissariat officers, they had brought nothing with them. And the poor fellows had after all to content themselves with scanty rations of bread. Visoczky was quartered on a wealthy burgher, who had three very pretty daughters enthusiastic for the liberty of Hungary. I was only too glad to accept the offer of a breakfast, for I had eaten nothing the day before; Master Francis in this respect treated me much worse than he did the Negro,¹ for whom he always managed to find something. While talking to Visoczky at the window, I noticed that the youngest girl, of some fifteen summers, was hanging round me, though she blushed if I looked at her and then hurried away. I began to flatter myself for having won her affection, when suddenly plucking up courage she advanced to-

¹ His pony.

wards me and, blushing deeply in her embarrassment and playing with a bouquet of artificial flowers, addressed me as follows: "The fatherland has already acknowledged your gallantry by offering you an order of merit; I too desire to show you my appreciation of the champions of liberty and—and——" "That's why you wish to honour me by presenting me with these flowers; I shall be proud to wear them," I said, interrupting her. Her embarrassment was over; and with a slightly trembling hand she pinned the nosegay beside my order. The flowers have lost their petals and have fallen off their stems, just as the poor child's dreams of the liberty and happiness of her country have become a thing of the past. But I often think of the young creature still and wonder what she feels now in company with many other hearts aflame for the cause of freedom? This was no isolated case in that district, where the people's manner of thinking was sublime and patriotism often manifested itself in a most touching manner.

At noon we had again to march to Jász-Berény, whither the whole of Visoczky's division arrived towards 9 P.M. When one reflects that in two days my men had marched a distance almost as great as that between Gyöngyös and Pest, and that with scarcely any food, it is impossible not to admire their endurance and willingness. Only the ninth

battalion grumbled and refused to move, until at last they were influenced by the good example set by the other two battalions. At Jász-Berény I took good care that they should get plenty of wine, bread and bacon the same evening.

In the council hall of Jazygia, of which district Jász-Berény was the Capital, I found Görgey, Kossuth, and Damjanich at supper. When I reported the bad management of the commissariat to the "old man," Major Krain of the Ferdinand Hussars at once got up, interrupted our conversation in the rudest manner, and uttered loud curses about the terrible disorder prevailing in the third army corps—in a word he treated Damjanich to the grossest insults. The latter at first kept quite cool; but when Krain, who had drunk too much, overstepped all limits, he hurriedly said to him: "Another word, and I will have you arrested." Hereupon Krain threw his sword at the general's feet and became noisier still. Even Kossuth's presence failed to check his violence. At this moment Görgey, who had left the room just before, entered again. Taking the situation in at a glance, he stepped up to Krain, and looked him straight in the face; the savage hussar hereupon became as tame as a lamb. Half a minute later he was taken out and handed over to the officer on duty. Had not Damjanich, whose kindness of heart never failed him, not intervened

in his behalf, his life would probably have been in danger. The other officers must not be judged by this one, though there were many like him. Now, Major Krain was one of the most gallant hussars in the whole army, and Damjanich had always petted him and helped him on; all the more despicable was the insolence he here displayed towards his friend and benefactor. In a revolutionary army there is need of a Görgey too, able to get the upper hand of passions. I also had many affairs of the kind, but I always adhered to the prescribed rules of service and punished offences against discipline of this sort with the utmost severity. When, towards midnight, I returned to the camp, I learned that the horse I had just bought of Paul Eszterházy for 900 florins had got loose and was nowhere to be found. I was quite inconsolable over my loss, for I had taken particular pleasure in this steed. Search was made for him in all directions, in vain; but when we started on the 4th (April), Colonel Piketty of the Hannover Hussars kindly left a corporal and two privates behind to continue the search. They luckily caught sight of the animal just as a peasant was in the act of riding off with him.

The enemy's troops were now concentrating in the vicinity of Gödöllő with the object of covering Pest. Jellasich's corps was marching up from the direction of Szolnok, Abony, and Czegléd; one

division of the same, Rastich's brigade, was still separated from the rest. Consequently our first army corps was to endeavour to reach Tápió-Bicske before this brigade, to which end it started two hours earlier than we did. Gáspár and Aulich were still stationed at Hatvan; the advance guard of the former was near Aszód. All our movements led us to suppose that before long we should be engaged in an important and decisive battle.

When we started, Damjanich came to me and said: "You will lose the ninth battalion. I intend to form a brigade for Kiss¹ and I must of course give him his former battalion." I failed to see the necessity of such action and was deeply angered. When Kiss himself came to me later on, I told him my opinion, declaring that it was all the more unjust as I was to receive no compensation for the loss, though I considered I had hitherto shown conclusively enough that I was capable of leading three battalions. Kiss was annoyed and irritated me still more. Neither of us minced matters as far as words were concerned; and the end of it all was that I challenged him.

When we arrived in the vicinity of Nagy-Káta, we heard the sound of cannon-firing in the distance. Klapka was already engaged; but we notwithstanding marched quite calmly forward. At this

¹ Paul Kiss.

point we had suddenly to halt, the infantry making room for four squadrons of Hannover Hussars to pass with a battery of horse artillery; then we continued our march again. Officers reported that Klapka's corps was retreating in disorder, after losing several guns, and was being hard pressed by the enemy. Beyond Nagy-Káta I received orders to advance with my brigade and cover Klapka's retreat. We had already caught sight of several fugitives; and the farther we advanced, the more awful was the scene presented by the flying troops. The road led through gardens and plantations, and was by no means a broad one, so that I could scarcely force my way through the disordered masses of fugitives. Infantry, cavalry, artillery rolled towards us in utter confusion. I had never been so proud of my three battalions as I was then. They looked on coolly as ten thousand men rushed by them, and advanced calmly to the fight, actually deriding and laughing the fugitives to scorn. I had the greatest difficulty in protecting from the fury of my Schwarzenbergs an officer who shouted at me: "Go on, if you are so brave; you too will soon get beaten." I broke his sword for him and threw the fragments in his face. But when seven limbers came along without any guns (a sure sign that the gunners had left their posts in the most cowardly manner) my men used every

term of contempt at their command, swearing at the fugitives. One hussar of the "Emperor's" regiment (during the whole war this regiment was notorious for its cowardice, for in the critical moment it always deserted the guns) who shouted to the ninth battalion, "Don't go on; all is lost!" was cut down from his horse. Poor Bobich was one of the last to come; he cried, almost in tears: "This is the first time I have endured a disgrace of this kind; the devil take the brigade they imposed on me, my third battalion is worth three such brigades!"

As soon as we had passed the plantations, I drew up my three battalions and put my twelve-pounders in position, for we were already on open ground. I stood on a mound, at the foot of which flowed the swampy Tápíó; to get to the other side a narrow embankment and a bridge had to be crossed, as the swamp was nowhere passable. Kleinheinz, that gallant but somewhat muddle-headed officer, told me the whole story of the battle, bitterly lamenting his noble Klapka, whom he had given up for lost. They were already beyond the Tápíó and had seized the sandhills of Bicske, and in the erroneous belief that the village was not occupied, were advancing quite off their guard. Suddenly they were received with a terrible fire, and the whole army was seized with a panic: the Austrians rushed forward and seized seven guns, and no one was able to restore

order. The "Imperial" hussars, as was their wont, galloped off and carried everything with them. At bottom it was not the rank and file, but the leaders, who were to blame; for nothing is more dangerous for raw troops than a surprise, and their commander must devote his whole attention to preventing their being taken unawares.

The retreat of the first army corps was still going on, and I was standing with the ninth battalion when Kiss galloped up to me and said: "This battalion is still under your command; allow me to lead it." "Very well," I answered; "come with me to-day, let us settle our dispute in the hail of bullets, and lead the brigade to battle together." Beaming with delight he offered me his hand: our anger was a thing of the past. At this moment came Görgey, alone, without a suite, and shouted to my men. "My boys, it is left to you to save the honour of the Hungarian arms! I know you will not retreat!" The wild clamour of delight that ensued is undescrivable; my men were longing impatiently for the signal to attack.

At this moment Aristides Dessewffy, who with a small body of cavalry and a few guns had somehow contrived to keep the enemy back, also crossed the embankment. With him came the "splendid fellow" whose reckless daring had kept him lagging behind the others; as the enemy had already

reached the farther end of the bridge, he was obliged to effect his escape by riding through the swamp. His horse got stuck and was swallowed up in the bog; and it was only with the greatest difficulty that the rider himself was saved. We at once started to attack. In front dashed one company each of the third and ninth battalions, followed closely by the remainder of the two battalions; in the wake of the latter the Schwarzenbergs. The enemy fired cannon balls and discharged grenades at us, without however doing much damage. The former for the most part lodged in the swamp; the latter too did little mischief as there was no obstacle for them to explode on. My twelve-pounders, which were of great use in facilitating the attack, kept the enemy's guns well beyond shrapnel range. The musketry fire concentrated on the embankment was however withering; yet we managed to seize it at the first rush.

The bridge was more difficult to tackle, as small mounds rose immediately behind it, flanked by ditches, offering a secure shelter to the enemy, who were enabled to keep up a murderous fire. A little house with stables attached, surrounded by lofty trees, afforded us too a certain amount of cover, so that we could form for a charge; yet very many were wounded, particularly in the third battalion. A bullet pierced the cheek of Captain Whushof, who

stood beside me ; another captain fell just in front of me ; and a branch that had been shot off a tree dashed into my face. It was a critical moment ; flushed by their previous victory, the enemy set up a resolute defence. At this juncture, observing that the Czillich brigade was advancing from the hill where it was stationed, I gave the signal to charge ; Földváry took up the colours of the ninth battalion and rode in advance, followed by Kiss. I was soon at his side. Our men came after us ; the bridge was seized and the enemy withdrew to the neighbouring hills.

At this moment our position was as follows : to the right the Schwarzenbergs and the third battalion, the Czillich brigade closing in on the left and engaging in the fight ; one of our batteries had crossed already and was bearing to the left, followed by a squadron of hussars ; the ninth battalion was drawn up behind the Schwarzenbergs and the third. Our skirmishers advanced, and a lively duel developed between the two lines of sharpshooters (*tirailleurs*), My two battalions which had been thrown forward had to endure a withering fire, for they had no cover. Before delivering a charge at the point of the bayonet, I had to wait until the Czillich brigade had taken up its position on the left wing. In the meantime I posted myself on horseback in the line of fire to keep up the spirits of our skirmishers ; naturally

most of the enemy's muskets were aimed at me. Poor Bogdánovich, who at other times was ruddy enough, rode at my side pale and speechless ; I was sorry for him and sent him back with a message.

At this moment the enemy prepared to advance ; their fire was redoubled, and we lost many men. The " Wasa " battalion began to retire, and the third battalion, the left wing of which was thus left unprotected, also began slowly to withdraw from the line of fire. We were within a hair's-breadth of a repetition of the rout of the first army corps. I galloped in hot haste to the " Wasas " and posted them in the ditches hard by ; at a word from me (Földváry's horse had, unfortunately, been shot under him) the third battalion halted ; turning back quickly I took up my position in front of the Schwarzenbergs and led them to the charge. Once they faltered and drew back, for they were received by a murderous fire and many of them fell ; but they rallied, and, following me, seized the elevation in front of us. Scarcely was this move completed when, luckily for us, two of our guns arrived on the scene under the command of Captain Freudenreich (whose dashing recklessness had earned him the title of " artillery skirmisher "). I thrust him forward, and by the aid of shrapnel fire and the advance of the other battalions we were able to gain possession of the whole line of hills. I must

not omit to mention the fact that in the critical moment when I led my old battalion forward, Kiss at once came to my side and accompanied me in the charge. I have nothing but praise for the gallantry displayed on this occasion by both Földváry and Kiss. Musketry fire is the best test of courage; and both of them stood the test here in a superb fashion, though in their case this was nothing new.

I must not forget to mention an episode that took place before we stormed the bridge; it made a deep impression on me. Two privates had hidden behind a thick-stemmed tree, while their comrades were under fire; they thought they were in perfect safety there. When I observed them, I rode up to them to drive them away. At this moment a grenade exploded hard by, killing one and shattering the legs of the other; no harm was done either to me or my horse. Never have I felt so profoundly that our fate is in the hands of Providence. This day I was quite insensible to the whistling and whizzing of the bullets; I was convinced that no harm could befall me.

No sooner had we seized the heights than the engagement began to turn in our favour. The enemy had left two guns, part of their previous booty; they set fire to an ammunition wagon which they were unable to carry away; yet even this could not check us, though the grenades it con-

tained exploded at frequent intervals. After offering a brief resistance the enemy evacuated Bicske, setting fire to the village to impede our advance. But our cavalry and artillery crossed the little Tápió on the left wing, while with my troops I pushed forward through the burning village. Luckily only a few houses were burned down, though the enemy treated us to an unbroken discharge of grenades. My gallant orderly, who had remained at my side during the whole battle, was badly wounded in the leg by the splinter of a grenade. I quartered him in a peasant's house, sent the doctor to him and then went forward.

At the farther end of the village I gave witty John Kiss an opportunity to play a joke on me. It has always been my opinion that it is of no use ducking before a shower of bullets; and, thanks to my iron nerves, I never resorted to that expedient, So I would upbraid my men whenever I saw them stooping and would always say: "You see I am on horseback, and am much more exposed to the bullets than you are; yet I never bend. Then stand up straight and do not go on ducking like that." As we were advancing through the village I was again compelled to preach my time-worn sermon on the old text, calling upon the men to follow my example. But when I halted at the head of the Schwarzenbergs at the farther end of the village,

and was lighting a cigar, a bullet whistled by unpleasantly close to me; rather instinctively than out of fear, my nose almost touched my horse's mane. Master Kiss was at my side in a moment, and, bowing low, said, "Your humble servant!"—an action that of course set the whole battalion roaring with laughter. The boys were delighted at having once caught me napping. I gave Master Kiss a gold piece and promised the battalion that I would pay a forfeit of a gold piece every time they discovered me ducking before a bullet. I never had to pay a second forfeit.

After passing the village the pursuit of the enemy had to be confined to the cavalry and artillery, but before long they too had to give up the pursuit, as dusk fell and my troops in particular were very exhausted. The hussars had captured a part of the enemy's baggage, and about twenty of the Schwarzenbergs and as many men of the third battalion followed the enemy even in the dark and amused themselves by harassing them at night too—they actually brought in some twenty prisoners.

I had just stretched myself on the ground between the third and ninth battalions when I observed that some thirty "non-coms." and privates of the latter were assembling outside the front, and, led by two officers, were going over to the third battalion. My curiosity was excited; so I went quite close to

them to see what was happening. The pretty scene I then witnessed affected me deeply. I must tell you that these two battalions had always been rivals. Even in the "Banat" there had been some quarrel between them; they had been jealous of each other's reputation for gallantry. The men of the ninth loved to boast and refused to allow others to assert their prowess in company with them; those of the third were steadier and more serious, models of order and good humour. It was in particular one company composed exclusively of Swabians that was renowned for its good spirits, which never failed even amid the greatest exertions. These strained relations between the two had continued hitherto without a break. But when, at the bridge over the Tápió, they outbid one another in doing deeds of bravery, when Földváry seized the colours of the ninth battalion, the old quarrel was set aside, and the mutual cries of "Éljen a harmadik!" "Éljen a kilenczedik zászlóalj!" ("Three cheers for the third!" "Three cheers for the ninth") bespoke genuine appreciation and admiration. And now this deputation had come to formally ratify the reconciliation! The ninth battalion chivalrously acknowledged that the laurels of the day had been won by the third, while the latter waived all claims in favour of the ninth. Then they swore a solemn oath to be true comrades until

death, in joy and sorrow, in weal and woe, and never to desert one another in the hour of danger. When this was over, they came to me to thank me for having led them so well and to bid me farewell, as on the following day they were to be transferred to Kiss. Finally they went over to the Schwarzenbergs and panegyrised them for their bravery in storming the heights.

Before long I went to the bivouac (as a punishment for their behaviour the first army corps, which had again been collected, had to supply outposts for us too) and received orders to proceed with my staff officers to Görgey, in whose quarters the others were already assembled. Damjanich received me with open arms and said: "You have once more done me the greatest credit; I am only sorry I could not see you at work" (he had remained behind, as Görgey had entrusted him with the task of collecting the scattered fragments of the first army corps, a task that he succeeded in accomplishing, thanks to his restless energy and thundering voice). Then, stepping to the centre of the circle, Görgey read the following brief order of the day: "The third army corps has to-day succeeded in earning the gratitude of the fatherland. It turned a battle that was practically lost in our favour and converted it into a victory, and saved the credit of the Hungarian arms in a most brilliant manner.

This splendid result is due in particular to four men, Kiss, Leiningen, Földváry and Czillich" (the latter had on this occasion as always distinguished himself by his cool bravery). "While proclaiming their names in the presence of the army and the fatherland, I at the same time confer on them the order of merit of the third class and on the field of battle appoint Lieutenant-Colonels Kiss and Leiningen to be colonels, and Majors Földváry and Czillich to be lieutenant-colonels." He then embraced us and said to me: "My wish has been fulfilled; I have seen and admired you in battle. "My Charles" (that is what he always called me, at first in joke, as I persisted in addressing him as 'My general,' then by force of habit and out of genuine attachment to me), "you are a fine soldier." Then taking Kiss' hand and mine, he continued: "I have heard of your quarrel; never has a dispute been settled more nobly, or a duel fought in a more chivalrous manner."

In reality the battle of Bicske could scarcely be regarded as a victory for us. The first army corps had been routed and had lost seven guns; and all the third army corps could do was to wipe out the stain on our honour and recover two of the guns that had been lost. But the moral balance of the troops and the confidence in our ultimate success had been restored. There we were encamped on

the spot where the battle had ended ; so we could consider ourselves to some extent victorious. Of the Austrian troops I can testify that they defended their positions with gallant perseverance (though it is true that these positions were very favourable), and that their retreat was carried out in perfect order, as could indeed only be expected of a veteran, well-disciplined army.

When night fell on the encampment, I rode into the village to visit my poor orderly. This fine soldier, a Ferdinand hussar, had served me for some time and was deeply attached to me. His natural, if uneducated, wit, which often expressed itself in a most pointed way, at times took me by surprise ; a kind of friendship developed between us ; I was convinced that he was ever ready to give his life for me. I discovered that his leg was seriously injured, though no bones were broken. He was delighted to see me ; and when I told him that Görgey had appointed me on the field of battle to be a colonel, his eyes beamed as he exclaimed : " Three cheers for Görgey ! " I did all I could for him ; but all my efforts, later on, to discover what had become of him were futile. Poor brave " Pali " (Paul) Mokri probably breathed his last in some hospital.

April 5.—When I endeavoured to return to the camp the same night, I lost my way so completely

that I did not know where I was ; my groom too had lost his bearings. After two hours riding I at last reached the village and by dint of careful searching succeeded in finding my battalions.

In the morning, as I was sitting with " Uncle Charlie " beside the fire and devouring a modest breakfast of bacon and brandy, I suddenly heard loud laughter and the sound of raining blows proceeding from the direction of the 3rd battalion. My curiosity was aroused ; and I discovered that all those who had misconducted themselves during the fight, and all the stragglers, were being thrashed by their comrades. Anyone who was " marked " or had only just come in, was thrown to the ground, his mantle cast over his head, that he might not see who was punishing him, and 20 horny hands administered a dose of the strap. This method of punishment was much more effective than any of the legal methods hitherto practised. Though the procedure was unlawful, I took no notice of it, for it was a clear proof of the good spirit prevailing among the troops. Before long my Schwarzenbergs were following the lead ; and that day many a cowardly soldier must have experienced difficulty in sitting down ! In the case of this latter battalion, however, things took a more serious turn. A sergeant-major and a corporal who had only just come in were surrounded by a threatening group of the rank and

file, all shouting: "No cowardly sergent-major for us!" To prevent trouble, I rushed to the spot, quieted the rank and file, and had the two threatened "non-coms.," who were notorious drinkers and bad soldiers, arrested. Görgey at once summoned a court-martial; and, as the unanimous evidence of witnesses proved beyond a doubt that both of them had left the field of battle at Czibakháza, at Szolnok, and the day before, and that they had been repeatedly guilty of cowardice, they were condemned to death. The battalion was drawn up on the edge of a deep ravine; on the other side stood Görgey by my side; below us, in the ravine, the two prisoners and the firing party. Görgey delivered a powerful speech; he praised the battalion for the bravery they had displayed the day before and showed how one cowardly soldier, by his desertion, often endangers the lives of many brave men. So it was more humane to do one coward to death than to permit the lives of the brave to continue in jeopardy. When the death-dealing volley was fired, and the condemned men fell prostrate, the battalion for a time stood in gloomy silence; then suddenly with one voice all the men shouted: "Éljen az igazság!" (Vivat justitia). Görgey himself was moved by these words, which bore witness to the cool earnestness of these troops as well as to their pride in their good name, which they would not

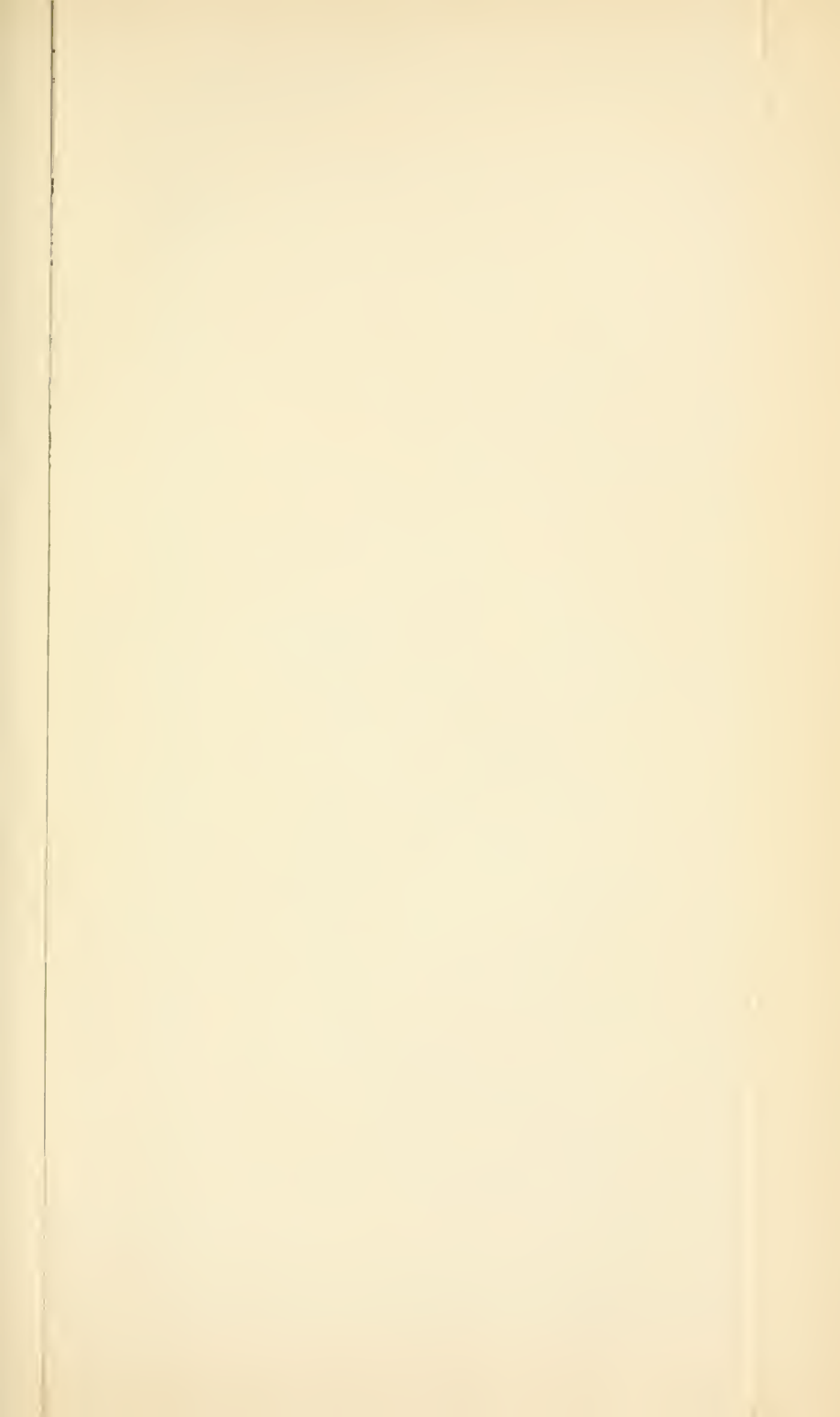
permit any unworthy man to share in. In subsequent battles a mere reference to this scene was sufficient to incite this battalion to display the greatest courage even in the most critical moments.

We started off again after the men had cooked their food. We now marched more slowly, for the enemy was not far off, and our advance guard required more time to inspect the very intricate ground we had to operate on. We found Tápió-Ság and Uri unoccupied. Süly was also deserted. At 4 P.M. we reached Sáp and encamped outside the village. Our outposts were stationed beyond Sáp in the direction of Isaszeg; Klapka was in camp at Maglód, the seventh army corps at Aszód, while Aulich's corps was held in reserve. The main body of the enemy's army was posted at Isaszeg and Gödöllő.

Here I must tell you that Damjanich and Földváry saved me from starving: for I never had anything to eat. The "old man" always had a camp kitchen with him; and even in the worst bivouac there was a good stew ("gulyás") to be had for the asking. He collected his friends round a large fire, on which he would himself heap fuel, for, as he would say, no one knew how to do it so well as he did—and his good spirits served to enliven us all. "Uncle Charlie" too always had his "mouthful"; and he always provided for me better than he did for

himself. As a rule he made our "beds" of an evening and showed me to the better one, saying with a beaming countenance: "Here, brother, is your berth." It was of no use offering any resistance: his friendship for me must needs . . . every. . . .¹

¹ Here the writing comes to an abrupt conclusion: "es war ihm ein Bedürfniss mir seine Freundschaft in jeder. . . ."





III
LETTERS WRITTEN IN PRISON

THE FORTRESS, ARAD,
17 *September*, 1849.

MY DARLING LIZZIE,

You would be perfectly justified in reproaching me for not having written you before during my confinement in Arad ; and yet I am not entirely to blame. How often I have written you letters, only to tear them up, for, what I wanted to tell you was not for others' eyes. As a matter of course, every letter we receive or send is first read by our captors.

Erbach¹ was good enough to write to you ; then came Louis, dear old Louis,² whose sorrow for my ill-luck is almost greater than my own. I was not able to have more than one interview with him—and that but a short one ; but before he left he wrote me again. He must have missed the letter

¹ Count Alfred Erbach, captain in the Austrian army. On September 4, 1849, he wrote Countess Leiningen from Arad, telling her of her husband's condition ; among other things, he wrote that Leiningen's silence was due to the fact that his letters were read.

² Count Louis Leiningen, elder brother of the writer (1807-1868), who went to Arad to offer the prisoner consolation. In a letter written on September 8, he bade his brother farewell, assuring him of his unfailing love and respect.

of the 19th October,¹ and I almost fear it has been lost. Write to Louis at once and tell him that letter might do a lot of good. You would have done better to send it to me direct. Louis has probably by this time communicated with you and imparted reassuring news.

As for the Buda affair, don't let it disturb your peace of mind ; it is a very palpable invention. My whole life gives it the lie. I have demanded the strictest investigations by the courts ; and I must confess that the behaviour of the authorities has been humanity itself. I have many thousands of witnesses among those who served in the Hungarian army, and I have referred to Austrian officers too. George should long ago have demanded a statement from Walterskirchen. Not one of those who have known me for any length of time believes this villainous lie.²

What torments you must have gone through, you

¹ In this letter Leiningen explained that he had joined the Hungarian army only with the object of fighting against the Rascian rebels.

² Leiningen was accused (and the report was actually published by the Vienna military journal) of having had seventeen Austrian officers shot, the said officers having been taken prisoners when Buda was stormed. Naturally enough, the whole story was a mere invention. The only basis for the accusation, as Brinckmeier (ii. 296) says, was that Leiningen had seventeen wounded horses shot. There is a contemporary plate showing Leiningen, after the occupation of Buda, protecting the dead body of General Hentzi, the Austrian commander, against the revengeful fury of the "honvéds."

poor sufferer—and at a time, too, when our darling little angel was at death's door! In your letter you made no mention of this sad event, not wishing to cause me sorrow. I heard of our little girl's dangerous illness and of her recovery at the same time. My pain melted away in a joyful prayer. God has subjected you to severe trials, darling Lizzie, but this event is a proof of His goodness towards you. When human skill failed, and had given our poor child up for lost, He heard your fervent prayers and saved her! Cling unshakably to your belief that your prayers will always be heard. Above all, be brave, and reflect that you must live for the sake of your children.

My heartfelt thanks for all the steps you have taken in my behalf; your action proves again, for the thousandth time, what a good wife I have! I should never have called upon you to do what you have done; but if my fate is kinder than what I have every reason to fear it will be, I shall always have the greatest pleasure in knowing that it is due to your efforts. George¹ should ask Alexander Eszterházy to recall our meeting at Becse, when we both protested against the evacuation of the "Banat," in the firm belief that a general capitulation would be made and that we should thus be saved from the unpleasant

¹ The writer's elder brother (1815-1850), who was at the time a captain in the Mazzuchelli regiment.

necessity of fighting against the imperial forces. My statements made to him when we parted, which are contained in my letters to you, are to the same effect. His evidence would be of the greatest importance. The reasons for my remaining with the Hungarian colours, I explained when I was cross-examined.

You may be reassured as to the way I am treated as a prisoner : I have everything I want—only a few books, but those are good ones, such as will stand being read over and over again.¹ I am allowed to write, and I scribble nearly the whole day—memories and thoughts of bygone days—and then my mind turns to you and the children, and in my loneliness I take fresh heart. In your next letter you must write a lot about yourself and the little ones, and of how your days have been spent.

Your prudent thrift will save you all anxiety for the next few years, and by that time Becse will be bringing in something, though probably not so much as before. There were 4000 florins in the safe there, all in Hungarian notes ; naturally enough the whole amount had to be surrendered. It is a great comfort to me, when I think of your present situation, that your estate cannot be touched, so at any rate

¹ They included Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." The copy used by Leiningen is now in my possession.

you and the children will not suffer from the pinch of want.

And now, farewell, darling Lizzie; trust in God, who has never failed you. Tell little Bessie that her daddy is awfully fond of her and thinks of her every day; and kiss little Arminius a thousand times in my stead. Heaven protect you all!—Your devoted

CHARLES.

THE FORTRESS, ARAD,
24 *September*, 1849.

MY DARLING LIZZIE,

Misfortunes rarely come singly—blow upon blow has been inflicted on me too! Becse was sequestrated on the 17th, and that, under the prevailing conditions, is a serious matter enough.

I cannot think the sequestration was due to political reasons, for you women cannot be made responsible for the actions of your husbands: and everybody knows that Becse is your property. Probably such is the method pursued with all claims to succession put in by the Treasury; but I can hardly believe that it is a course warranted by law. In any case they will surely grant you annuities.

As, in consequence, your income will be anything

but large, you will have to anticipate matters and adjust your mode of life to your means.

While here, Louis told me that my brothers were going to appeal to the Emperor on my behalf. I shall never forget this striking proof of brotherly affection, even if the appeal is unsuccessful.

I had hitherto found considerable consolation in the conviction that your subsistence and that of the children was assured; now, however, I must needs reproach myself for having involved you too in my misfortune. The consciousness of this fact weighs heavy on my soul, albeit I know your noble heart is thinking far more of my unhappy lot than of your own. Despondency, however, is of no avail; what is wanted is to determine your plan of action at once and to carry it into effect without delay. You too have surely been hardened in the school of sorrow, and can, as a consequence, face the problems of life better than you could before. You have now no counsellor to aid you and must make your own plans. Your own judgment and moral force will undoubtedly prove better guides than the advice of a poor prisoner.

I have only a few minutes to write this letter; they are waiting already to take it away. I must conclude, though I have much I should like to tell you.

God's blessing on you and the children. You may be assured that in my cell of sorrow I pray, fear, and hope for you all.—Your faithful

CHARLES.

THE FORTRESS, ARAD,
27 September, 1849.

MY DEAR CLAIRE,¹

Yesterday the court-martial sat and passed judgment on me. Only the auditors know the verdict as yet ; but, according to the letter of the law, the sentence must be one of death.

You are right, Claire ; it is a matter I am only too ready to discuss. In twenty battles have I looked death in the face ; and in the last (God forgive me my sin !) I actually courted it. During the past six weeks I have had time enough to prepare myself for the end : and if I were alone in the world, I should be glad to meet my death. Only twice during my imprisonment has my pain overcome me, forcing me to shed tears of bitterness—once I wept for my little girl, and a second time when I was cross-examined in connection with that article.² I had long been prepared for it all ; and yet, when they read me that outrageous letter from the *Allgemeine (Militärische) Zeitung*, I lost my self-

¹ Mme. de Rohonczy. The letter is a copy.

² *V. supra* p. 288, note to letter dated September 17, 1849.

control, and, in a fever of fury and indignation, I remained speechless for some five minutes. At the sitting of the court-martial I asked the auditor whether there was any hope of my being cleared before long of these imputations. His answer was : " Not a single member of the court-martial believes this article, which, moreover, is anonymous. It has no influence at all on the issue of your case." I may tell you that during the war I saved the lives of many hundreds of Austrians, including not a few officers. No one kept his men so completely in hand as I did. At Szolnok I split open the head of a " honvéd " who was about to shoot a " borderer " that had fallen on his knees begging for quarter. Yet my honourable name has been made the victim of a shameful calumny, and has been branded before the whole of Europe ; this disgrace shattered my otherwise sound nerves and has procured me many a day of sorrow.

Now, thank Heaven, I have closed my account with the world and myself ; and whatever may be the fate in store for me, I am ready to meet it. You say that, if I obtain my release, I shall be better, purer. It is true that we Protestants do not believe in a purgatory, but we do believe that God sends trials upon us that our moral force may be put to the test and that we may prove worthy of His mercy. That is how I look upon my present situation ; and

I can assure you that the school of bitter disappointments I have been through has left its mark upon me—and you are probably right, I myself hope I shall be a better man than I have been hitherto.

We too have been entertaining hopes of an amnesty ; yet, though the fact that magnanimity has been displayed in Italy and even towards Pétervárád makes it not improbable that we too shall escape the utmost rigour of the law, I do not reckon on any such treatment and refuse to entertain any illusions. As far as I myself am concerned, I have no anxiety, no hopes or wishes ; I am only distressed about the lot of my dear ones. If I must die, I shall meet my death in the faith of my forefathers and with the courage of a Leiningen : if I am acquitted, there will not be a happier man or one more truly thankful to the Almighty.

And, indeed, I am not so lonely as you think. I have the society of the thoughts of my beloved ones. Their images are constantly before me. Then, again, I am occupied with the reminiscences of an ever memorable year, which I am endeavouring to put into writing.

My day begins at 7 A.M. and ends at 9 P.M., and so punctually do I observe my routine, from the cleaning of my clothes (undertaken spontaneously, not for want of a servant) to reading, thinking, and

writing, that I have not yet found my time hang heavy on my hand.

May God preserve you with His mighty hand and inspire you to write many a letter to your brother-in-law,

CHARLES.

P.S.—One more request, my dear Claire. Do not write me any more of doubts and mistrust of Görgey, for that means that you doubt me. Do not endeavour to tamper with my belief in the fine character of this man. I cannot mistrust him; but it hurts my feelings to hear anything unfavourable spoken of him.

ARAD,

5 October, 1849.

MY OWN BELOVED LIZZIE,¹

“The die is cast”—I have only a few hours more in this world to prepare for the bitter journey before me. Death would have no fears for me, were I alone; but the thought of you, darling Lizzie, and my innocent children, weights heavy on my soul. The blow has not taken me unawares. I thought I was ready for anything; yet at this moment my heart is beating convulsively as I think of losing you, my dearest treasure, for ever. No,

¹ In the original “beloved to my last breath” (bis zum letzten Athemzug geliebte).

not for ever ! I firmly believe that this life will be followed by another, a better and more beautiful one, and my spirit will be always floating around you, for the spirits have a home wherever the power of the Almighty reaches.

Oh, how gladly would I have lived—lived, for had I not everything to make life happy ; a bliss was mine in my union with you, the greatest any man could desire.

Now, in this solemn hour, when the transitory character of all things earthly is made clear to me, when the past lies before me like an open book, all the events of the days gone by rush in upon me and make it hard for me to take farewell. In what clear and majestic outlines my recollection of you stands out before me ! would that I could express in words with what feelings of sorrow I resign myself to thoughts of you !

May the Almighty, before whom the secrets of my heart lie revealed, give me strength to die as a Christian should ! I have always been a loyal follower of the faith of my forefathers ; I have received the consolation of my faith at the hand of our minister and am ready to step before the tribunal of my Lord and Creator.

And you, Lizzie, who have always stood beside me as my angel of comfort and hope, to whom I was able only in a small measure to return the happiness your

exceeding love procured me—may God give you courage and strength to bear the cruel fate inflicted on you!

And I beg you to forgive me, beloved Lizzie, if I have caused you any pain in this life or have ever been wanting in tenderness towards you. I cannot hear your voice any more, but my heart tells me I am forgiven.

And my children! In God's name, darling Lizzie, you must live for their sake! Your fate is more cruel than mine; for years you will have to suppress the sorrow that is gnawing at your heart. Yet be assured that even from the other world I shall think of you with gratitude for having lived to comfort my children.

Train them in the fear of the Lord, to be good and noble. As I can no longer watch over them, they must have a mother—a mother who shall teach them to respect the memory of their unfortunate father. Would I could place my hands on their heads to bless them; would I could once more smile in your face! But may be it is better for both of us that there can be no such final meeting. God's will be done! Leopold, good, noble Leopold, who will not be affected by my evil fate, has promised to play the part of father, and provide for you and the children. And he will keep his word.

I have nothing to tell you as concerns worldly

affairs. In this respect at least you have no cause for anxiety ; they cannot touch your property. But I have one more request. I beg you to settle all my liabilities, that the honour of my name may be untainted. You know how much I owe to Fritz and Victor ; I owe General Damjanich 1400 florins, please pay this sum to his widow, for he too, is to die the death of a martyr to-morrow morning. . . . The children will not yet feel this sorrow ; and, it is well that it is so. They will learn to know their father from your lips : and who could tell them better than you, their mother, that their father, though condemned by human law, was at heart an honourable man who died for his convictions ?

The time I have still to spend on this earth is drawing rapidly to a close ; my letter must be given up before long,—yet I am very loth to part with these sheets.

God bless and protect you, my darling, noble wife, and give you strength—and to me may He grant a share in His eternal peace ! Darling, beloved Lizzie ! my children ! farewell ! Before long, I shall have passed away. Once more my thanks for your faithful love and for all you have done for me ! Oh, God ! I can stand it no longer, it is too much for me ! Good-bye, my life, my all !—Your ever devoted ¹

CHARLES.

¹ Lit. “ faithful till death.”

ARAD,
5 October, 1849.

MY DEAR, GOOD GEORGE,

I can only write you a few lines before I say farewell to this life ; but all you whom I love must take what I have written to my poor wife as addressed to you. Break the terrible news to her as gently as you can and comfort her in her distress. Her strong mind is capable of overcoming every pain ; but she is physically weak, and my heart trembles at the thought of her too, falling a prey to an early death.

And you, my dear brother, whom I have always sincerely loved—you I beg not to permit the calumny spread by that infamous newspaper article to cling to my name. Demand the surrender of my papers, and do all that is in your power ; only do not leave a stain of infamy on my name. May the Almighty guard you, Cattina,¹ and your children ; and I ask you to shed tears of brotherly love for me when I am gone. Oh, my poor, poor wife ! in this hour of bitterness my greatest sorrow is for her ! Be faithful to her, support her and aid her by words and deeds. Good-bye, my dear ones ; pray for the eternal peace of your devoted brother,

CHARLES.

¹ The wife of Count George Leiningen.

ARAD,
6 October (1849).

MY DEAR, GOOD POLDI,¹

My presentiments have not deceived me; my situation is grave, terribly grave. In another hour I shall have ceased to live. Till now I had hoped to be able to see you once more; but, unfortunately that is already out of the question. Well, good-bye, my dear, good friend; if the prayer of a man doomed to die be heard, before long you will be living happily in your family circle, though the thought of me may somewhat darken your horizon.² My blessings on you, your wife, and children, and I pray to God to give me strength in my last hour. Kindly convey the parting message of a sorrowful heart to all my good old friends. I have written to George and have also sent a letter to Lizzie. Oh, God! watch over my poor wife!

Write at once to Claire; she might be able to go to Pozsony and comfort my poor Lizzie in her great trouble—a sister's tears would be the greatest possible consolation to her. Four of us have just been done to death; the volleys are still echoing in my heart.

¹ A photographic facsimile of this letter appeared in the "Arad Vértanúk Albuma" (Album of the Arad Martyrs), p. 142.

² Leopold de Rohonczy was also condemned to death on November 16, 1849, but the sentence was committed to one of imprisonment in a fortress for eighteen years. Not long afterwards he was pardoned.

Now it is our turn—once more, farewell, till we meet in a better world. God bless you all, my gallant comrades,—good-bye, good-bye.—Your

CHARLES.

ARAD FORTRESS,

8 *October* 1849.

MY BELOVED LIZZIE,

Forty-eight hours of torment have passed since the terrible event. God grant that I may not be the first to break the awful news about poor Charles to you. The noble man is no more ; the world was unworthy of him, he is now among the angels.

My dear Lizzie, do not permit your sorrow over the immeasurable loss to drive you to madness ; think of the duties nature has imposed on you, the mother—duties with regard to his children, commended by him in his last hours to your attention. He passed away with his twelve comrades, as a victim, a martyr in the cause of liberty—a terrible retribution indeed ! He bore himself with noble dignity when the sentence of death was read to him ; and with manly courage he faced the throes of death. He died the most dignified, the finest death of them all ; the hour when he breathed his last was 7-45 A.M. on October 6.

Before he died he spoke to the Austrian officers, and, as he stood on the threshold of death, where men do not speak untruths, he swore that the accusations published in the "*Soldatenfreund*" were lies. He was incapable of such an action.

As in his life, so in his death, he remained true to himself, putting the safeguarding of his honour before everything else.

His last thoughts, his last night, were devoted to God and his dear ones. His letter, a copy of which I enclose (the original I am keeping as a sacred relic), proves his noble character, the power of his faith, and his manliness. As I understand him, he tacitly entrusted me with the duty of looking after you.

I had only a few moments to speak with my dear friend. Deeply moved, he spoke of the severity of the laws, had no hopes of pardon, and, as befits a man of firm and resolute character, prepared for his end by daily conversation with God. He loved you and his darling angels above all else; the state would have gained more by preserving the life of this noble character than by making a terrible example of him. God forgive those whose conscience is burdened (*sic!*) with having been the cause of this noble man's death!

I hope I may yet be enabled to fulfil his last will, a copy of which I enclose; but we too have made our peace with God, are prepared for any

eventuality, and shall not be surprised by anything that may happen. We have no hope of complete pardon.

God grant that your sister Constance may have broken the sad news to you; she will tell you that he is resting in sacred soil. *Requiescat in pace!*¹

You must fulfil the request of your poor Charles as regards taking care of your health; fight against your sorrow—the lives of two innocent beings are at stake!

With the most painful feelings I have ever experienced, I embrace you, beloved Lizzie, in the spirit; and I appeal to God Almighty to be your guardian.—Your devoted brother-in-law,

LEOPOLD.

¹ His remains were purchased from the executioner by his brother-in-law, Gyula Urbán, for thirteen pieces of gold. They were taken to his estate at Monyoró, where he himself helped to embalm them. They were then buried at Monyoró in the spot Leiningen himself had designated. In 1876 his mortal remains were transferred to Boros-Jenő, to the family vault of the (Baron) Aczéls, where they still lie.

IV
JOURNAL NOTES
MEMORANDA

April 6.—Battle of Isaszeg, the biggest up till now. Terrific cannonade, fighting, retirement of left wing. Charge through the wood, enemy successfully driven back. In the report I was mentioned with distinction. Görgey's fine words after the battle.

April 10.—My birthday. Saturday. Attack on Vác; terrible weather. Superb manœuvring on our side. Furious engagement; charge on the left wing (across the railway, awful going). Charles Földvály the first soldier in Hungary. My horse fell with me. My men's sympathy. General Götz, Captain Brandenstein, a wounded officer. Quartered; ridiculous "liberal cant" of priesthood. Again awarded an order of merit.

April 11.—Day of rest at Vác. Rest after indescribable fatigues.

April 12, 13, 14.—March northwards *viâ* Oroszi and Ipolyság.

April 17.—Léva and Kelecsény. 18.—Crossed the Garam, unhindered by enemy. Their army concentrated: object, to throw us into the Garam. In defiance of orders received, marched to Nagy-

Sarló. My brigade charges key of position and takes it; on the left cavalry (ninth brigade). At the other end of village I am in command, without guns or cavalry, exposed to terrible shrapnel fire. Posting of strong detachments of skirmishers at a favourable angle beside the moat. Eight guns brought to spot. Immediate advance, and dispersal of main body of enemy. Always best to follow one's own resolute determination. Lose a quarter of an hour and do not reach the top of the heights until too late to cut off the bulk of enemy's left wing. Heavy firing on flank. Two columns completely dispersed, one more or less. Cavalry thrust forward to capture former, while I go back to have guns brought up to inspire fear in the masses; cavalry remains inactive and allows straggling fugitives to reach wood. Notwithstanding, our victory a brilliant one. The enemy dispersed and demoralised, their losses 1600 prisoners and numbers of killed, besides three guns. Army in high spirits. George with the Mazzuchelli regiment, that battalion of which taken prisoners almost to a man. Our raw soldiers routed the enemy's best troops.

April 20, 21, 22.—Marches in direction of Komárom. Madár. Beautiful picture: genuine Hungarian Calvinist minister's family. Simplicity and dignity. Rank and file in splendid spirits and indefatigable.

Komárom.¹ Town presents sad sight. Continual bombardment, which however does little damage.

April 23.—Solemn presentation of orders. Görgey for fourth time declares me to have deserved order of merit. Proposes that I should receive Second Class. A mistake that rank and file not given their share.

April 24-25.—Meszlény, agreeable disappointment. Guyon. Lenkey.² Building bridge. At night interesting bombardment. My visit to the guard at bridge-head. Glass of wine and shell. "Éljen!" (Hurrah). Paul Eszterházy. My darling, good Lizzie. Walk with Mme. Mészöly.

April 26.—Battle of Komárom. Night expedition; its success. Brigade marches out; lucky issue of engagement. Left wing and retreat; my part as spectator. In the ditches we captured six twenty-four-pounders, and took 500 prisoners.

April 27-29.—In camp, beside Komárom. Damjanich breaks leg. His Spartan answer. The Sári family their delight. Our march to Acs; capture of considerable stores belonging to enemy. Inexplicably quick retreat of enemy. No confidence in their troops. Orders refused; I am refused

¹ One of the chief objects of Görgey's spring campaign was to raise the siege of the fortress of Komárom, which had been going on since January 1849.

² Both Hungarian generals. Guyon was an Englishman by birth.

Second Class. My men have long considered I have deserved it. After all that is the best testimonial for a commander.

May 1.—March towards Buda. Tata. Headquarters. I am given a division. Földváry becomes brigadier. Kökényessy: his fine character. Knezich. My gallopers (Eszterházy, father and son).

May 2.—Bajna. Count Sándor, the “black and yellow,” beyond conception. Pozsony is so near to Komárom, and now I am again farther away from you. Ride in the wood with G. (Görgey?).

May 3.—Hidegkút. Ridiculous swagger of my host. The children try in vain to hide the “yellow and black” feelings of parents.

May 4.—Before Buda. Parley. Hentzi’s answer. Our howitzers placed in splendid position. Their murderous fire. At night bombardment of Pest. Attack on bridge-head.

May 5-6.—Idle. We see that fortress cannot be taken without siege artillery. Claire, “Poldi”; their delight. I must see you again before long.

May 7-11.—At the “Pheasant Inn.”¹ Happy reminiscences. No heart beats for man in bosom

¹ Near Buda, in the “Zugliget.”

of nature. God's sublime nature and the wretched vicissitudes of man. The colours of the Schwarzenberg battalion decorated at last; my speech; the splendid spirit of the troops. Short but terrible bombardment of Pest. Good news from the " Banat. Bem has defeated Christian. Ride in town-park.

May 7.—Storming.

May 12-18.—At headquarters. The pride of the foot-soldier.

May 18.—Scaling ladders. Repulsed. Disorder and recklessness of our officers. Francis Charles.

May 19-20. — Terrible weather. Cloud-burst. Unfortunate ride to the mortar-battery, and a feigned attack. Sebes and his family, his children, wedding. Preparations for storming. Temptation—how I behaved.

May 21.—Charge. My men drawn up. Inactivity and indifference of my subordinates. Signal to attack, terrible fire, exposed on a narrow path to a most awful hail of bullets. The ranks of the third battalion and of my fine Schwarzenbergs thinned. Farewell, my gallant men. Our other batteries, too, keep up lively fire, but the charge delayed until the two battalions again hurry forward, whereupon they all drag ladders to wall and scale battlements. Switazim (?), Farkas, Festetics. Terrible butchery,

no quarter at first. At last fury abates. Among prisoners officers I know (Hurt). Savagery of "Honvéds." Unfortunately they are guilty of pillaging too. Hentzi mortally wounded. Chain Bridge. Colonel Annoch (!).¹ Lucky. "Poldi." Görgey's greatness in all points. Claire, her friends. Poor Lizzie has no news of me.

May 22.—At Pest. High spirits. The old women quite in love with me.

May 23-24.—Orders; Görgey's speech. Kossuth alarmed. After all I got the Second Class. Our long stay has made Pest our Capua.

May 25.—Theatre. Görgey stays with us.²

May 26.—Start for Vörösvár. Our troops must again be accustomed to maintain order. Knezich. Retrospect of great intrigue. I am quite satisfied with myself. Fatal influence of general's wife.³ No women should be tolerated in a military camp.

May 27.—Dorogh. Esztergom. Palkovics, father and son. The family of the former; Florrie Fekete. How the time passed away.

¹ Colonel Annoch was instructed by General Hentzi to blow up the Chain Bridge between Buda and Pest, which had just been completed. The explosives mortally wounded Colonel Annoch, but luckily did no damage to the bridge.

² He retained the command, though appointed Minister of War.

³ Probably refers to Mme. Knezich.

May 28.—In Esztergom; dinner at Fekete's. Good wines. We are on the confines of "black-and-yellowdom," in fact partly in it already.¹

May 29.—Köbölkút. Drive to Karva; Maria and her children; fine, clever woman. Pleasant afternoon. Reminds of Burdina, poor woman.

May 30.—Perbete. Drive to Komárom. Damjanich, Galvani, Teleky. Great delight of general's wife. Gay evening.

June 1.—Paul Eszterházy at Tata. On to Érsekujvár; so we have crossed the Nyitra. The enemy has occupied the line of the Vág. Classical supper; Palaty (?); to-morrow to the camp.

June 2.—Come up with Asbóth's corps. Longing glances northwards. Inspection.

June 6.—Fell off my horse. Tedium. Voluntary truce. To Komárom. In the evening at Paul Szekulics' house. Lenkey. Aschermann.

June 9.—The general's wife. Knezich's anxious, paltry character. I am almost sorry not to have taken advantage of the intrigue. Nagy Sándor, Aulich (feint), Klapka.

June 10.—Recruiting. Fine examples of patriotism. Majtényi, a splendid patriot.

¹ The clergy in the Archiepiscopal city of Esztergom were mostly "black and yellow," but not so the city itself.

June 11.—Defalcation and dishonesty in accounts. Many officers long for peaceful issue.

June 12.—Udvard. Dinner. Higher and lower clergy.

June 13.—(Tót) Megyer. Louis Károlyi. Fine estate. His character.

June 15.—Szelöcze.

June 16.—Engagement at Farkasd. Second army corps; Knezich's paltry character.

June 17.—Tardoskedd: call to arms. The general's wife.

June 20.—Crossed Vág. Second engagement at Farkasd and Pered. I take over the command of the (III.) army corps.

June 21.—Battle of Pered. Left wing. The Russians; retreat. Fine cavalry. My recklessness. Narrow road behind us. Fine infantry.

June 27.—Several days at Megyer, Érsekujvár, Komárom; "Poldi" wounded at Györ. Pöltenberg's retreat.

July 2.—Battle of Komárom, Görgey. His heroic exertions. Drives the enemy, who has rushed in, out of the entrenchments. Terrible struggle in the Ács woods. Klapka's inactivity; my hands bound. Is there no man of courage left

in Hungary? Attack at last. Capture of Szöny; Benedek; Görgey wounded. Terrible excitement in army.

July 2.—Sad days in Komárom. Quarrels and intrigues. Limbs without a head (sheep without shepherd). Klapka temporarily commander-in-chief; irresolute. Finally (we decide) to break through enemy. Battle on 11th. Bulk of cavalry not employed; my men thrown into disorder by rain and smoke. Heavy fighting again in woods. Retire behind entrenchments.

July 13.—Start to march along left bank of Danube to Vác. Three terrible marches in stifling heat; bad food; Görgey on horseback.

July 15.—Vác. Attack by Russians; after severe fighting we drive them back. Impressions.

July 16.—Reconnoitre; small quantity of booty. Curious meeting with a Russian officer.¹ Retreat decided on.

July 17.—My best day as soldier; eight hours' struggle with the Russians, alone and unaided. Their disappointment. Görgey's appreciation. Want of courage. Languor. Nothing to eat.

¹ A Russian officer in brilliant uniform rode quite close to the hill, where the Hungarian generals were holding a council. Görgey gave orders that he should be captured, but that he should not be shot. The best horsemen were sent in pursuit, but in vain.

Vadkert. Görgey's condition alarming. Improvement on following days. His fine constitution. Deserters. Troops at last get food. Losoncz. Offer made by Russians. Parley. Chivalry. Zsolcza. Engagement. Pöltenberg. Geszthely. Headquarters. Flag of truce. Engagement. Retreat to Tokaj; sorrowful march over the plain beyond the Tisza. Engagement at Debreczen; continuous marching.

August 12.—At Arad. Gyula, “Stanczi”¹ Engagement. You (deserve) a better fate . . . etc.

August 13.—March to Világos. 14.—Capitulate to Russians. Saddest day of my life. The Russians' chivalry. Our march to Kis-Jenő. A giant. (A few happy hours.) Drigalski, a model Austrian officer; Hammerstein. Dinner with Rudiger. Zichy,² Gyula, Forgacs, Wenckheim; we are handed over to Austrians. Reischach. Leave for Mácsa. At Arad. March into town. Rather die ten times than have to endure such indignities. My first evening in prison.

August 26.—Sunday. Second day. Confinement somewhat harder to bear.

August 27.—Monday. Third day. Cross-examined; after all a decision will soon be reached.

¹ The writer's brother-in-law, Gyula Urbán, and his wife Constance.

² Count Francis Zichy, Imperial Austrian Commissary at Paskievitch's headquarters.

August 28.—Tuesday. Fourth day. Occupied. Unexpected meeting. Article in newspaper. Fancy casting such aspersions upon me, who in this war have saved the lives of more Austrian officers than anyone else! Schlick. Erbach. His statement about that article. Living on bread and water is not bad; my conscience is clear. State prison (first-class misdemeanants). My neighbour on the right. Amusement at the window; deaf and dumb talk, mysterious language.

August 29.—Wednesday. Fifth day. Some old orders. I think of you. Erbach's visit. Schlick's permission.

August 30.—Thursday. Sixth day. News. Balázs,¹ poor Gyula. Chief warder's looks improve. Passers-by.

August 31.—Friday. The Rascians. Csernovics Lánér. Greater severity, Twenty officers. On the 3rd with twenty-five. Damjanich. His sad situation.

September 1.—Saturday. "Poldi"; news of you, my poor Lizzie; Bethlen and Podmaniczky as privates. How Dessewffy kills time. Shooting party. Damaskin.

September 2.—Sunday. Kiss; walk. Journals. Hopes.

¹ The manager of the writer's estate.

September 3.—Monday. Execution. Tuesday. Vécsey, Csernovics. Commander of fortress.

September 5.—Wednesday. Reading all day.

September 6.—Thursday. My dear good Louis, how grateful I am to you! He knows me well. Dessewffy's wife.

September 7.—General's wife. Cigars. "Taszi" sends kind regards.

September 8.—Saturday. My spiders.

September 9. Sunday. Maltravers. Quite sufficient to watch children's minds and to fight against their unfortunate inclination to tell untruths, which is the principal curse of nurseries. Fathers! do not make more use than is necessary of bitter words, intimidation, starving, confinement, etc.! The frank child who looks you straight in the face, will tell the truth and shame the devil. Of such material are honest, brave, and even wise men made.

September 10.—Monday. Louis left; his letter. Claire's letter. My little angel. One of us has finished his earthly career.

September 11.—Tuesday. Malachovszky at the window. My friend Dessewffy an Epicurean. Execution.

September 12.—(Women in the house and out of it).

September 13.—Thursday. Dessewffy's wife. Dessewffy's kindness. Our own misfortunes make us more susceptible towards the pains of others. Schlick has left. Francis Lichtenstein. Comforting assurances. Görgey is said to have left for Styria. God forefend that I should not be able to esteem him any more. Our Polish and German servants. A naive sentinel. Storm outside—as it were the echo of my feelings.

September 14.—Friday. Görgey reported to be in Styria. What doubts! but no, no! The warder's "good-night."

September 15.—Saturday. Second cross-examination. Article in newspaper.

September 16.—Sunday. Conversation with "auditor" (of court-martial); a man. Letters from Lizzie (great in her misfortune; yes, I desire to do everything in my power).

September 17.—Monday. Cross - examination continued. What can be altered, injustice. Eszterházy. Love has sharp eyes.

September 18.—Tuesday. Letters to Lizzie and Claire. Damjanich. Secret meeting.

September 19.—Wednesday. Damjanich. His old prepossession in my favour.

September 20.—Thursday.—Article in "Pester Zeitung."

September 21.—Friday. Kiss and Vécsey. Court-martial. Sentences despatched to Vienna.

September 22.—Saturday. Not another word! Practice comes of itself.

September 23.—Sunday. Lenkey (lost his reason). News of seizure of Becse. My poor wife, my poor children! Damjanich; letter.

September 24.—Monday. Letter to Lizzie *in re* Becse. Gave up diet previously indulged in.

September 25.—Tuesday. Letter from Lizzie. Walking in corridor forbidden.

September 26.—Wednesday. Court-martial. Damjanich's impressions; Pöltenberg, Aulich, Nagy Sándor, all old friends. The auditor's assurances. Pöltenberg still optimistic.¹ However little I am able to doubt the severity of the sentence, I am glad the trial is coming to an end.

September 27.—Thursday. Claire's letter to "Poldi"; I write to Lizzie, *re* steps to be taken. My anxiety concerning my little girl. O God! Dessewffy's broken window-pane. Damjanich in corridor. Window closed at 7 P.M. and light (Auditor Seher).

September 28.—Friday. Your long absence

¹ From this point in pencil.

observed. Lamps went out; darkness, as yesterday. Yet many thousands of years hence the stars at which we are gazing to-day will be as bright as ever. Note from Lázár. Radetzky, Komárom, amnesty. Whether only for Komárom or general, is not clearly stated.¹

September 29.—Saturday. Vécsey, Móga. Loss of commission and five years. Adam Teleky. Damjanich. Note. “Pester Zeitung”—the first unbiassed article about the Hungarian campaign. Zelinsky. Ten years’ hard labour (Seher at liberty). Lázár. Alimony. Warder too gives assurances. Damjanich’s wife.

September 30.—Sunday. Lázár declares he has news by letter that in a few days an amnesty will be granted. Lizzie’s letter. Woman’s most essential characteristic and her greatest powers—her weakness. A creature we have to comfort and protect—how pleasant to a man’s pride! An arrogant woman who can stand alone and does not need our support, loses the charm of her sex.

October 1.—Monday. How great the effect of a single moment! For years! A moment—virtue, crime, glory, shame, sorrow, delight, all depend upon moments. Death too is but a moment, yet it leads to eternity!

¹ It applied to Komárom only.

October 2.—Tuesday. Oh, how woefully the woman sighed and longed to look at thee, beautiful world, with eyes of love and enjoyment! But the disease of the body generally leads to a manifestation of the hidden power and wisdom of the soul, of which in his days of health man is quite unconscious. God in His mercy has ordained, as an almost universal law of Nature, that, the nearer we approach to the grave, the smoother and easier does our downward path become. Each day, in proportion as the mist of our dust is removed from our eyes, death loses something of its ghastly appearance, and finally we throw ourselves into its arms as the tired child throws itself into the arms of its mother (thoughts and similes relative to my situation). In the evening Dessewffy and his cousin. Two officers. “Pester Zeitung.” Komárom. Beautiful evening after rain.

October 3.—Wednesday. Vécsey. Note. Lenkey more insane than ever. Writes to commander of fortress. High personage, passport in another’s name; a four-in-hand for him. Kiss too sends good news. Dessewffy’s letter. His wife. Komárom has really obtained amnesty. Klapka. Aschermann. Half-an-hour with Damjanich. Accusations against Görgey. He was bribed by loathsome money; I cannot and will not believe the charge, yet the mere thought of it makes me uneasy.

October 4.—Gloomy depression, result of my yesterday's conversation with Damjanich; unable to write. In evening note from Damjanich. Vécsey always in receipt of most extraordinary news. Komárom has not been surrendered. Schlick in captivity. Prussians in Pozsony. Lizzie's letter. Warder. Arms. To-morrow at 7 A.M. before the court-martial. Life or death. My Lord, Thy will be done!¹

¹The last lines are published as interpreted by Leopold de Rohonczy. They show the hopes entertained by the prisoners at Arad even to the last.

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