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PRICE TWOPENCE.

WITH A SUPPLEMENT, PRICE ONE PENNY.

Extract from the Protest of the Crown of Poland, against the first Partition of the Country.

"But the present proceedings of the three Courts, giving the most serious subject of complaint to the King, (Stanislas Augustus Poniatowski,) and the duties of his crown not permitting him to be silent on this occasion, he declares in the most solemn manner, that he looks upon the actual seizure of the Provinces of Poland by the Courts of Vienna, Petersburg, and Berlin, as unjust, violent, and contrary to his lawful rights; he appeals to the treaties, and Powers guarantees of his Kingdom and its appurtenances. And lastly, full of confidence in the justice of the Almighty, he lays his rights at the feet of the Eternal Throne; and puts his cause into the hands of the King of Kings, the supreme Judge of nations: and in the full assurance of His succour, HE PROTESTS SOLEMNLY, AND BEFORE THE WHOLE UNIVERSE, against every step taken, or to be taken, towards the dismembering of Poland. Given at Warsaw, October 17th, 1772."

Signed by the High Chancellors of Poland and Lithuania.

SKETCH OF THE WAR OF THE
POLISH REVOLUTION.

(Concluded from page 24 of our last Number.)

THIRD PERIOD.—BATTLE OF OSTROLENKA.—The sanguinary battle of Ostrolenka was fought on the 26th May, 1831. Both armies contended with an inveteracy unexampled. Diebitsch and Skrzynecki each commanded in person. The former was borne about in an easy carriage. The Polish Generalissimo fought on foot, employing the bayonet to animate his men by his example. General Pac did the same. His gallantry was equally conspicuous. He escaped with a slight wound. The Russian troops displayed a degree of courage and resolution far superior to what they had evinced in the preceding part of the campaign. Incommoded by heat, knapsacks and weapons were thrown away, and Poles and Russians contended hand to hand on the marshy shore of the Narew, thousands of whom were killed by being thrown over the elevated dyke which extends along the river. The Russian loss in killed and wounded amounted to about 5000, and nearly half that number of Poles, amongst whom

were four Generals, and 120 other Officers.* General Bem, Polish General of artillery, signalled himself on this occasion. His battery is celebrated for having been the most efficient during the whole contest. The gallant Mycielski, colonel of the famous second regiment of Lancers, distinguished himself. Generals Kicki (*Kitzkee*) and Kaminski were both killed. This desperate contest afforded time for General Gielgud with a detachment of about 10,000 men, to carry succours into Lithuania. But instead of spreading the revolution, this incapable officer concentrated his forces, and nullified the effect of the partisan warfare, which, previously to his arrival, had been successfully conducted.—Chlapowski was victorious in Lithuania on the day of Ostrolenka.—Marshal Diebitsch, after the toils of the 26th, rested in the neighbourhood of Pultusk, and there received supplies from Prussia!—About this period, the *States of Hungary* addressed their King, the Emperor of Austria, in manly and affecting language, to take into consideration the best means of assuaging the sufferings of their heroic brethren.

* The relative numbers of the killed and wounded have been stated at 9,000 Russians, and 3,000 Poles.

FOURTH PERIOD.—FROM THE BATTLE OF OSTROLENKA TO THE FALL OF WARSAW.—This is the period of misfortune. General Skrzynecki is accused of having committed a great fault. Instead of pursuing the enemy, after their defeat at Ostrolenka, he returned to Warsaw,—and thus, after so many victories, lost the fruit of them. The main body of the army remained inactive at Praga, the Polish Generalissimo vainly awaiting assistance from France, which he conceived he had reason to expect.

On the 10th of June, died, of the cholera, it is said, the intemperate Diebitsch Zabalkanski, and was succeeded by the sober, but relentless Count Paskewitsch.* The new commander, unsolicitous of the title conferred by Constantine in derision, upon his predecessor, of "Fool before the Vistula,"† speedily crossed that river, without fighting, during the dangerous delays alluded to above.—The Russians were now within a few hours march of Warsaw; and the Polish head-quarters were at Bolimow. The exasperation of the Polish troops, and people, generally, at this fatal loss of time, was unbounded. The Diet deposed Skrzynecki, who was temporarily replaced by General Dembinski. This occurred in the middle of August. General Krukowiecki (*Krookovee-etski*) was chosen President of the Government, but with the powers, of a Dictator. This was a fatal appointment, as it proved in the sequel. The happy opportunity for effectual interference, whilst the war was yet waging, had now gone by!—We must direct our attention for a moment to those melancholy episodes in this true tale of heroism,—for such is the *Polish Campaign*,—the expeditions of Chlapowski and Gielgud. It has been stated already that Gielgud fatally injured the cause of the Lithuanian revolution. At the very moment when this General ought to have struck a decisive blow, by taking immediate possession of Wilna, he was wasting his time on his patrimonial estates at Gielgudyszki. By this conduct he lost the confidence of his officers and men. A General, and above all a Patriot General, should be thoroughly penetrated with the *value of time*. When Gielgud should have divided his forces he concentrated them, and when he should have concentrated, he divided, them: the consequence was his shameful defeat at Plemborg. Chlapowski and Gielgud coolly laid themselves down at the foot of a tree, forgetting their duties for their dinner, and totally indifferent, it appeared, to the battle then raging.‡ Again Gielgud disgraced himself in the affair at Schavlé; after which he declared that all was lost, and no means of safety left but a retreat into Prussia! This retreat was conducted in disorder; the troops became disorganized; Chlapowski lost all his energy, and surrendered himself to the Prussian authorities (13th July). The imbecility of Gielgud was equally conspicuous; he first began to parley with the Prussian ENEMY,—and gave orders for the destruction of the remaining munitions of war. All the misfortunes that had

* General Toll had the temporary command, prior to Paskewitsch's appointment.

† The surname of Zabalkanski (the passer of the Balkan) was, it is well known, given to Field-Marshal Diebitsch, after the Turkish campaign. At the period just preceding the termination of his career, Constantine, it was said, called him by no other name than Duraknad Wislanski, which, literally translated, means "Fool before the Vistula."

‡ See page 188, *La Lithuanie et sa dernière Insurrection*, par Michel Pietkiewicz.—Bruzelles, 1832.

attended this expedition were attributed by his officers to him. Exasperation was at its height; treachery was suspected;* and Gielgud fell by a pistol-shot from the hand of Captain Skulski.

On the 15th July, General Rohland followed the example of Chlapowski. General Dembinski, on the contrary, covered himself with glory. His retreat is, in many respects, as remarkable as those famous movements of Xenophon in ancient, and Moreau, in modern, times. With but 6000 men, the remnant of his corps, and almost without artillery, he cut his way through the enemy, whose forces trebled his,—took some thousands of cartridges, and several pieces of cannon; then, when hard pressed, disputed the ground foot by foot, and astonished the Russians by his intrepidity. For a distance of several hundred miles, (that is, from the Gulph of Riga to Warsaw,) and for the space of 20 days, he kept the foe at bay, although constantly exposed to their fire. At length, early in August, he arrived at the capital. Thousands of the inhabitants flew to welcome him and his brave companions-in-arms. The air resounded with acclamations. The women called out "Long live our beloved Dembinski!" and the immense assemblage of men re-echoed "Long live Dembinski!" When the columns arrived within the walls of Praga, the music began to play "Poland is not lost!" and the people all sang to the favourite tune. "No," answered the veteran soldiers, "Poland is not lost, so long as we live. Whilst we can strike a blow, we will fight for the liberty of our country." Prince Czartoryski received the General with the honor he merited; and not many days afterwards, to shew the estimation in which his genius was held, he was appointed to the chief command of the army.† Skrzynecki resigned his power with a good grace, nay, with magnanimity. In an Order of the day from the head quarters at Bolimow, dated 13th August, he says,—"A deputation named by the Diet, found it advantageous for the country, to confide the chief command of the army to other hands. The commander now placed over you is already known to you by his bravery and resolution. Let us surround him with the confidence and affection his merits deserve. Soldiers! let us always join unanimity and obedience with courage and zeal, and with God's help, Poland will still rise from its ruins."

We proceed now to stamp with its true character the conduct of Krukowiecki, who will be found to be almost the only real traitor in this great national struggle. This man owed his elevation to an opinion of his military skill, courage, and firmness. Such qualities were exacted by the crisis. Events will show how cruelly the Poles

* M. Pietkiewicz says, however, that Gielgud was no traitor; but deficient in force of character, narrow-minded, vain, and perverse.—Page 24.

† This author observes that if, in the place of Gielgud, a skilful General had been despatched into Lithuania, especially Count Pacé, the idol of the nobility and the people, who, by the sole charm of his name, would have operated even more than by his valour, the affairs of his unhappy country would probably have worn another aspect.—Page 249.

‡ The comrades of Dembinski say of him, that he is "Brave as a Red Lancer, cool as a Stoic, wise, provident, and prudent." A French officer who had served with him, once observed—"He speaks little, but what he does say is *tranchant*."

were deceived and betrayed. It would appear that what Russian soldiery could not achieve, Russian intrigue could accomplish. The enemy was within half a league of Warsaw. Paskewitch appeared anxious to enter into negotiations. Krukowiecki evinced no backwardness in accommodating him; but, as if already in the interest of Russia, endeavoured to manage the Diet and induce them to surrender the capital. Before the morning of the memorable 7th September, this caitiff had undertaken the task of dispiriting the administration by representing the national feelings in the most unfavourable light, with a view of constraining the government to admit the necessity of a surrender; but without effect. He then weakened his force within the walls by sending away 20,000 troops from the city. This was done on the pretext of a want of provisions, although the supply was abundant for several days longer. He renewed his artifices, lies, and menaces, with the Council of Ministers and the Diet, who nobly replied that they preferred to die in their places, rather than submit to the Russians. On the 6th September, at eight in the morning, the enemy advanced to storm the city. They began their attack on the Wola barriers. At ten o'clock the Chambers of the Diet assembled. General Prondzinski, the quarter-master-general, acting under Krukowiecki, described the state of affairs as at the lowest ebb; and that two hours would be sufficient to carry the last entrenchments. The Diet remained undismayed. They deliberated amidst the roar of cannon, and came to the resolution to die, rather than tarnish the national honor. The redoubt of Wola had been confided to the veteran Sowinski, whose heroism, fatal to himself, merits especial commemoration. This General had suffered the amputation of a leg many years before. Notwithstanding that the garrison was insufficient, and he was forced from his first entrenchments, he maintained the second with desperate valour during the day. At length, when all his troops had perished, and he remained almost alone amid a heap of corpses, in possession of the church, this unconquerable veteran seized the musket of a fallen soldier, and kept up a discharge until not a cartridge was left. He then made use of the bayonet; but, overcome in this incredible conflict by numbers, he fell at last pierced in six places. This instance of heroism forcibly reminds us of the desperate intrepidity of the mutilated Horatius Cocles, and the equally renowned Widdrington. A Russian officer has described the above scene of carnage in the following terms:—"Heated by the fight, our soldiers seized on the Wola church. Women, old men, and children, who assisted to defend it, fell the victims of their rashness. The whole church was strewed with dead bodies, each of which showed many wounds. In the number was General Sowinski, an old man without legs, and with the stature of a giant. Six bayonet thrusts had pierced his breast; his eye still seemed animated; his features were expressive of courage and heroism; and our soldiers, on passing before his corpse, could not repress a sentiment of respect and admiration which no one could deny him when living." But we must not lose sight of Krukowiecki, whose conduct forms a remarkable contrast with the devotion of Sowinski. The President Krukowiecki, absented himself from the field of battle, which was the occasion of some disorder in the army. Nevertheless the soldiers did their duty, and fought with distinguished bravery. At five o'clock in the evening, Prondzinski came again to the legislative chamber, and described the

preparations of the enemy as irresistible. The answer of the Diet was, that "the Representatives would await the result of the assault." On the following morning, (7th) Paskewitch summoned the city to surrender, but this summons not producing the desired effect, the Russians pressed forward upon the Jerusalem barriers. Until eleven o'clock at night, the battle continued to rage. At this hour the Diet assembled in the Palace of the Government. About midnight General Malachowski, second in command, intimated to Krukowiecki, his wish to defend the capital by fighting the enemy in the streets. The reply was:—"It is not your place to command, but to obey; and I order the retreat." Prior to this conversation, the commander-in-chief ordered a battalion to surround the members of the Diet, and put them under arrest. They were released by Malachowski. The Generalissimo again exerted himself to induce the authorities to surrender; and endeavoured to compel Count Ostrowski, as Marshal of the Diet, to sign the capitulation. "You may murder me," answered the noble Marshal, with bitter sarcasm, "but as I have no Russian blood in my veins, I will never sign this capitulation."—Krukowiecki was now deposed, and Bonaventura Niemiowski elected President of the National Government. To save the city, which was discovered to be on fire in several places, and to weaken the forces of the enemy, a capitulation was eventually signed;* by which the Polish army agreed to evacuate Warsaw. It was accompanied in its march to Modlin, by all the authorities, and the principal families. The Poles, so far from being dejected, proceeded on their way in high spirits, the military band playing the national air,—“Poland is not yet lost!”—The Russians entered Warsaw amid a gloomy and death-like silence, and without the confidence of conquerors. Krukowiecki remained to receive them. If this man had entertained a proper regard for the honor and safety of his countrymen, he would have held out until the arrival of Romarino, with his gallant corps of 20,000 men. We now leave the Renegade as an object for “Scorn to point her slow and moving finger at.”†

On the 8th September, the Polish head-quarters were fixed at Modlin, where their forces were concentrated. General Rybinski was appointed general-in-chief. An armistice had been agreed upon. General Rozycki (*Rozyskiec*) issued a proclamation, in which he urged his countrymen to improve that period of repose, to renew once more their oath to be free, and give another proof of their valour and resolution.

The Polish Diet held its meetings in a church near Modlin; and a newspaper, *The National Gazette*, was established at the village of Zakroczyn, in the neighbourhood, to report the debates, to maintain a good spirit in the army, and encourage them to continue the struggle.

* General Malachowski afterwards regretted that, under any circumstances, he should have been compelled to sign the capitulation.

† Krukowiecki did not even give satisfaction to those into whose hands he had played, as is uniformly the case with treachery. On coming to demand of Paskewitch, the five millions of roubles promised to him, the Russian General replied,—“You swindler! what service have you rendered us? We lost 25,000 men at the taking of Warsaw, instead of finding an army ready to capitulate, according to your assurances.” Scoundrels always criminate one another. Krukowiecki is to be brought to trial soon, the papers state! The name of this man literally translated, signifies “descendant of a Crow.”

The Diet created a new order of merit, namely, a Star, with the inscription—"Pour la Perseverance." Meantime Russian cunning was at work. Spies were sent to excite disorganisation among the troops, and raise a spirit of disaffection against the general-in-chief. Five weeks were lost in negotiations; for the Russians treated only to gain time. General Rybinski expected every day to be joined by Romarino; and the reasons why he did not form this junction remain at present unknown. He took refuge in Galicia. At the expiration of five weeks from the evacuation of Warsaw, Rybinski twice attempted to cross the Vistula, but was prevented by the concentration of the Russian forces. The Polish troops, in number not exceeding 20,000, were thus compelled to take the direction of the Prussian territory, which they entered at the little frontier town of Strasburg, fighting with the Russian enemy, amounting to 40,000 men. The Poles were met also by 20,000 Prussian troops, and thus pressed, were delivered up to the tender mercies of this perfidious Power. The members of the Diet, and the principal officers were detained many days by the sanitary cordon, under quarantine as it was pretended, but really for a political purpose. They were confined in a large monastery, fed with bad provisions, and otherwise ill treated. Their cannon, ammunition, and horses were delivered over to the Russians. The soldiers were sent by companies, with a few of the officers, to different cantonments in the neighbourhood of *Fischau* and *Elbing*.—Attempts were then made by the Prussian authorities to persuade the exiles to return to Poland. Persecution and compulsion were afterwards employed to drive them into the hands of the spoiler, notwithstanding a solemn promise of protection and a safe sojourn on the Prussian territory, upon condition of laying down their arms.—Prussian officers acquainted with the Polish language were hired to go amongst the poor Polish soldiers, and represent to them that they would not be received in France and Germany, where only misery and wretchedness would attend them; but that Russia, on the contrary, would receive them *well!!* Those who put faith in these base representations, and returned to Poland in the hope of an amnesty, were sent, not to their homes, but pressed into the Russian ranks, or marched into Siberia, there to be incorporated with the Muscovite regiments. The Prussian government not being able to compel many of the soldiers to return, deprived them of their officers, isolated them, and then ordered a general massacre!—This is the affair of *Fischau*. Well may Prussian faith and Punic faith be said to have become synonymous; and if the Carthaginians added cruelty to perfidy, their modern rivals even emulate them in that particular, for they equally offer up human victims to the gods of their idolatry. Yet, how was this act represented by General *Krafft* to the Prussian Government? It was represented as an act of *rebellion!* Yes: Poles, who never owed allegiance to her, were considered rebels to Prussia.—Indignation alone prevents us from smiling at the absurdity of the idea. This mixture of atrocity and mockery seems borrowed from the Calmuc character, which often exhibits traits of savage buffoonery. We hope it had not the royal sanction, for it is worthy only of *schneider-kings* to be "ambitious of a motley coat." But *Fischau* was not the only place where the unarmed Polish soldiers were cut to pieces, merely for having confided in Prussian promises. These bloody scenes were repeated else-

where; but the Polish soldiers called on God to witness such barbarous conduct of *civilized ruffians*;—they allowed themselves to be killed—but would not advance a step! The blood of the brave flies in the face of the perjured oppressor! Such of the poor soldiers as remained were shut up in barns, and thus kept for several days, during the most severe season, starving from hunger and cold. Shocked at these unexampled cruelties, the inhabitants came to their relief. General *Rybinski*, who had previously protested to the king against the breach of faith involved in an attempt to compel the Polish exiles to entrust themselves to Muscovite protection, thought himself again imperatively called upon to address to his Prussian Majesty a remonstrance against such base and inhuman conduct, committed in the Prussian uniform. He hoped that it could not have been authorised by the king himself, and earnestly claimed protection from such violations of hospitality and humanity. A favourable answer was prevented by the intrigues of the Prussian authorities. Especially connected with this "bloody business" are the names of *Krafft*, *Rummel*, and *Brandt*; and, doubtless, they will be duly remembered.*

That the Poles were right in distrusting Russian clemency, has been made apparent to the world by every act of that abominable Power since the fall of Warsaw. All the Polish Generals who had submitted to the new government at Warsaw, were sent into the heart of Russia. This was one of the first-fruits of the surrender. *Prince Radziwill*, and several other distinguished patriots, who had returned upon the faith of the promised amnesty, were entrapped into the Emperor's power, and sent off into Siberia, where they still remain. Thus, the capitulation of Warsaw, like all other engagements entered into by Russia, was treated as waste paper; the citizens having no security of liberty, property, or life.—General *Rozycki* retreated, fighting, into the *Cracow* territory, towards the end of September. Generals *Romario*, *Chlopicki*, *Langermann*, *Kaminski*, and others, were at *Brunn*, in the Austrian dominions, in October. *Skrzynecki* also retired into Austria, and was recently residing at *Lintz*.† Many of the patriots went to *Dresden*, in Saxony; others stayed at *Breslaw*. Numbers took refuge in France, and some came to England.

Several of the noble patriots have crossed the Atlantic, and taken refuge in the United States.

* That all Prussians do not participate in vindictive feelings towards Poland, might be proved by many facts. The following is extracted from a letter dated *Strasburg*, 22nd October, 1831:—"Several regiments have arrived, but completely stripped of their arms. It was impossible to see those brave men in so lamentable a condition, and not shed tears at their unfortunate destiny. Be assured we deeply feel for the sufferings of this noble but oppressed people; and the moment when Poland shall regain its independence—when the White Eagle (fair as virtue itself) shall appear with splendour—will be hailed by us as the brightest epoch of modern times. According to the best accounts, the Polish army which passed into the Prussian territory is composed of 21,998 soldiers and non-commissioned officers, and 1780 officers; it had also 98 pieces of cannon, 5400 cartridges, and 8000 horses. *Dembinski*, and *Dwernicki*, are here."—Major *Dobrowski* has prepared for the press a pamphlet on the Massacre of the Poles at *Fischau*.—(See "*Polonia*," No. 2.)

† Mr. *Stoequeler* has given an interesting account of an interview with this eminent General, at *Lintz*; but which we suspect to be inaccurate in some particulars.

The last place which held out was the fortress of Zamosc (*Zamostz*): it submitted about the latter end of October.

Thus terminates the memorable Polish campaign of 1830—1831: and here we may apply the words of the poet—

"The State that strives for liberty, though foil'd
And forced to 'abandon what she bravely sought,
Deserves at least applause for her attempt,
And pity for her loss."—*Cowper.*

The Emperor of Russia, by his disregard of treaties, oaths, and solemn promises, having been the CAUSE of the Revolution, now proceeded to take all possible advantage of his own wrong, by disposing of Poland according to his sovereign will and pleasure. His violation of the Treaty of Vienna having been so long overlooked by the other contracting powers, he seems to have conceived himself sole master of Poland, although it was attached to Russia only on certain conditions, every one of which was unobserved, and therefore he had FORFEITED FOR EVER ALL CLAIM TO A GOVERNMENT OVER THAT COUNTRY. Success and impunity, however, encouraging his audacity, he conceived it superfluous to consult his allies, or wait for the discussions of a Conference or a General Congress, to determine what arrangements should be made. On the contrary, he acts as Autocrat of Europe as well as of all the Russias, in this great European question, in defiance of all engagements, and of every recognised principle of international law.*—Is it to be borne? Is it to be submitted to?—Shall we who "struck the lion down, pay the wolf homage?" Shall we truckle to an upstart Power, that but the other day was "a beggar for our subsidies?" Shall GREAT BRITAIN, bending low, "and in a bondman's key, with'ated breath, and whispering humbleness," say this—

*Fair CZAR, you spat on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me—dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you this much monies?"*

"Russia, that is under the greatest obligations to this country—Russia, which we prevented from becoming a prey to Napoleon—Russia, which could scarcely exist as a Power without our markets—Russia, to which we voluntarily yielded most important commercial advantages—and yet Russia, so far from showing a disposition to do us justice, has, from time to time increased the duties on our goods to a degree amounting almost to a prohibition; and now (December 1831, just after the Polish campaign) has crowned the whole by laying an additional duty of 12½ per cent."† Even this mercantile policy marks the *animus* of the barbarous power; but, since that period we have had to record acts of still more insolent contempt of our wishes and our interests; and have yet to register deeds of the most daring defiance of the opinions and the power of Great Britain.

It was our intention to have made some remarks upon the extraordinary conduct of the French government in retaining M. Durand, as Consul at Warsaw, during the

* Belgium, however, has been more fortunate. Justice, in her case, has been properly enforced, whilst the Treaty which guaranteed the protection and independence of Poland, remains unfulfilled!—Yet "Poland is not lost;"—HER TIME IS COMING!—THE VOICE OF GREAT BRITAIN AND FRANCE SHALL RESTORE HER.

† See *Morning Herald*, December, 1831.

contest, and in recalling M. Guilleminot from Constantinople, but our limits preclude these observations in the present number. For this reason we also postpone more particular allusion to the French Alien Bill passed against the Polish Refugees. We shall simply mention the fact of our old acquaintance, M. Constantin Zaleski,* having been sent away from France on suspicion of being too zealous in his country's cause; and thus deprived of the hospitality of France for 'perhaps a heedless word.'

THE CLAIMS OF POLAND

ON THE SYMPATHIES OF EUROPE.

"Whoever does not feel—if there be any such person—for the treatment of Poland by Russia, must be lost to every sense of justice, and be utterly indifferent to the welfare of his fellow men."

Speech of R. C. Fergusson, Esq., M. P.

So prevalent is ignorance on the subject of Poland, that many are not aware that this great country, half a century ago, extended from the Baltic to the Black Sea, containing a population of twenty millions of the noblest people that ever existed; being the first nation in northern Europe which possessed political rights, the liberty of the press, religious freedom, and security of persons and property. Brave to a proverb, and, when in battle, always ready to shed their blood like water,—to the eternal honour of the Poles, they scarcely ever waged a war that was not strictly defensive. Always ready to repel foreign invasion, they rarely, if ever, dreamt of a war of aggression; and what is still more remarkable "their love of liberty has generally been tempered with a spirit of humanity and clemency, which, even in the most refined nations, have seldom been united." Among a people in whom the opposite principles of extreme bravery and moderation are thus so happily blended, there must be a preponderance of moral principle; an elevation of national character with which no other people in the civilized world will venture a comparison. Mankind, indeed, are in general so completely dazzled by the splendour of conquest and the halo of military glory—things which appeal to the inferior powers of our moral nature—that even the altar and the pulpit are often profaned by "Te Deums" and thanksgivings for multitudinous murders and wholesale robberies. It is this remarkable feature in her national character, joined to her geographical position, which, in a peculiar manner, now fits Poland to form a barrier against Scythian, as formerly against Mahometan, aggression. Alarmed at the increase of in-

* This officer, it will be recollected in Hull, arrived here in September, 1831, accompanied by his friends, M. Stanislas Chlapowski, and M. Smitkowski. They belonged to Gielgud's corps, and escaped by way of Memel. To the honour of our townsmen, be it recorded, they received considerable attention during their short sojourn amongst us; and from none more than the officers of the 8th Regiment, a detachment of which was and still is quartered in our Citadel. They received that generous and hospitable treatment which the brave owe to the brave, especially to the stranger in misfortune, and which none know better how to render than the British officer, unless it be the Pole himself, one of whose national characteristics is unbounded hospitality.—M. Parczewski and M. Leszczyński, who arrived a little later, met with the same honourable and gratifying reception.

fluence which Russia obtained by the downfall of Napoleon, even the courtly Castlereagh, to whose remonstrances Poland owes the little she obtained at the Congress of Vienna (1815), was startled at this great truth; and a reluctant conviction of its reality was wrung from the Emperor of Austria, who, to secure himself from the ulterior designs of his Imperial rival, would willingly have disgorged a portion of his Polish territories, and have erected Poland into an independent kingdom. But justice and moderation had no permanent place in the creed of the "magnanimous Alexander; and Poland, though rendered nominally an independent kingdom, was substantially sacrificed; and like some other notable acts of the Congress of Vienna, left as a nucleus for new convulsions.

But Poland has a claim on our sympathies, not only on account of her capabilities, but for the *important services* she has already rendered to the rest of Europe. From the neglect she has suffered, and the indifference manifested on the subject of her wrongs, one would almost imagine she was not a member of the great European family, and was beyond the protection of the laws of nations. To the high qualities we have eulogized, and the power already mentioned, Christendom is indebted for deliverance from Mahometan oppression. It will probably be new to some of our readers, that a century and a half ago, when an army of 200,000 Saracens were encamped under the walls of Vienna, and all Europe trembled lest the cross should wane before the crescent, and the sceptre of Mahomet sway the destinies of Christendom; then it was that JOHN SOBIESKI—called by the Tartars, on account of his almost supernatural valor, the *wizard-king*—with an army of 50,000 Poles flew to the relief of the Emperor Leopold of Austria, who, in despair, had *abandoned his capital*. Sobieski routed the entire host of misbelievers, and was unanimously hailed the Saviour of Europe. An account of this celebrated battle will be found in another part of our *Record*.* For this service Austria owed a debt of gratitude, which, with singular perfidy, a century afterwards she repaid by joining Russia and Prussia in the infamous and unprovoked partition of Poland, in 1772. But the day will come when bitterly she will repent the part she took in that unprincipled act of spoliation. Even the great Frederick of Prussia had some misgivings on this subject. Compunction filled the dying breast of Maria Theresa for the part she had taken in these proceedings; fain would she, on her death-bed, have made restitution, but it was then too late. We have seen already that the present Emperor of Austria is alive to the consequences of that tremendous wrong; he perceives that by the merging of Poland into Russia he has lost a neighbour, powerful enough for a defence against Scythian encroachment, and too magnanimous ever to become a dangerous rival; and has obtained one immeasurably more powerful, and whose only impulse is the lust of empire. The policy which deprived Poland of her political existence, has introduced into the European system a semi-barbarous power of vast extent, despotic, faithless, and aiming only at territorial aggrandisement. Germany already trembles at the prospect before her. She knows

full well that the penalties for national injustice may be delayed for a time, but that the scales of *Nemesis* are never long unbalanced, and that the march of retribution, in the event, is certain.

Another claim this generous nation, Poland, has on our sympathies is founded on *compassion for her wrongs and sufferings*. We allude to the triple partition, "with its antecedent, accompanying, and subsequent atrocities." It was the misfortune of Poland, as a set-off to her free Constitution, to have an elective monarchy. Factions, the bane of free States, ensued amongst both people and nobles, whose disunion promoted the designs of her ambitious neighbours, who, under the pretence of assistance, only came forward to promote her overthrow. And what spectacle can be conceived more mournful than an ancient people, without provocation and in defiance of every thing just and holy, the struggling victim of three great powers like Russia, Austria and Prussia, who left indeed, a small portion of territory behind them, to serve as a provocative to a future partition, which, after an interval of twenty years was effected accordingly, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. Two years afterwards the royal cormorants renewed their unrighteous labour, and nothing remaining for further subdivision, Poland was blotted from the list of nations. No tongue can tell, no pen can depict, the horrors of the siege of Warsaw, when the conqueror, Suwarrow, wearied with plunder, violation and massacre, allowed his sated barbarians to repose ten hours, and then resumed the work of blood and crime; finishing his infernal enterprize by setting a portion of the capital (Praga) on fire. It was in the midst of these gloomy and disastrous scenes that THADDEUS KOSCIUSZKO, who had fought the battles of freedom in America, shone forth like a star, astonishing Europe by his bravery, virtues, and talents. But his patriotic efforts, like the lightning flash in the storm, only made the darkness more apparent. After performing prodigies of valor, he was left for dead on the field of battle, covered with wounds, and carried away captive into Russia, where he was imprisoned in a dungeon, until the death of Catharine released him from his fetters.—Thrice did Poland appeal to the nations of Europe, but they were deaf as adders. She supplicated heaven,—and her prayers, although delayed, will yet be granted. A fearful reckoning have her unrighteous neighbours to settle at the bar of eternal justice. The hour of retribution approaches; the oppressed are ready to rise upon their oppressors; the storm is up to overwhelm them.—Woe to Prussia, who might have seconded the claims of England at the Congress of Vienna!—woe to Austria who did not follow up her good intentions, and make restitution when there was none to hinder!—and tenfold woe to Russia, who, adding insult to wrong, by the pretended dowry of free institutions, every article of which was afterwards violated, not only by Alexander, but by his successor, notwithstanding his solemn oath before Almighty God—(impious blasphemer!)—"to observe the Constitution, and use all his efforts to maintain the due observance of it;"—(December 25, 1825);—demanded her victim, and added the duchy of Warsaw to her already unbounded empire. Royal and imperial robbers!

"Smile you at this idle threat?"

"Crimson tears will follow yet!"

Nor will England go unscathed, unless her PEOPLE re-

* It must stand over for insertion in No. 4, for January. See a most interesting description of this battle in 'Historic Parallels,' forming part of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

dress the wrongs inflicted by her former rulers, demand of their King that substantial justice so long delayed; and resolutely set to work to heal the wounds of bleeding Poland.

A still more powerful claim on the sympathies of England is afforded by the *inextinguishable patriotism* of this devoted people, as manifested by their perseverance in the great object of obtaining their national independence. Their services to Napoleon, by whom Poland was partially restored, is matter of general notoriety. In every climate they followed the fortunes of this great warrior, with a fidelity and devotion worthy of the object for which they made so many sacrifices. It is to their heroic efforts, "the last resource of violated rights against lawless power,"—"when the nation rose with one accord from the Vistula to the Dwina and Dneiper, from the Baltic to the borders of Turkey, and every Pole seized his sabre, or a scythe if he could not find a sabre," having first endeavoured to avoid extremities by asking redress for their wrongs and guarantees for the future; to put down the tyranny of Constantine, and free themselves from their connexion with Russia, that have won them the tribute of universal admiration. Who can read the accounts of the splendid victories of Grochow, Dembie-Wielke, Siedlce, and Iganie, and not sigh to think so much heroism has been wasted,—every successive triumph by exhausting their resources, only adding to their weakness, and urging them nearer to destruction! And who can reflect without shame on the heartless conduct of the nations of Europe, who were the arbiters of the destinies of Poland at the Congress of Vienna, and to whom, in the hour of her distress, she appealed in vain. Considering the disparity between the opposing forces, the wonder is not that Poland should have at length succumbed—if such a term can be applied to the fatal disaster which led to her overthrow—but that, single-handed, she should have maintained the contest so long. Her heroic efforts were indeed only surpassed by the forbearance with which, for fifteen years, she endured the tyranny of her maniac king, by whom "personal liberty, the freedom of the press, the independence of judicial functionaries, the publicity of legislative debates, the right of the diet to vote supplies, the constituency of the provinces, and, in short, every article of the charter, was one by one destroyed or not executed;"—to say nothing of his unheard-of cruelties and the exile of her noblest citizens. Heroes, if not deliverers of Poland! your blood has not been shed in vain. Again you will be summoned to your holy task, when, supported by the nations of Europe, who seemed to have forgotten that they signed the treaty of Vienna, by which your liberties are guaranteed; you will draw your swords with happier omens, should indeed the sword be required. Fain would we hope, that what the weapons of war have failed to accomplish, public opinion will hereafter complete. "Opinion eludes the sword; its march is silent, and the victor in the field often pines under its subtle and intestine wound." A voice has gone forth throughout the world,—the blush of conscious shame reddens every manly cheek; and, already surrounded by a wall of disaffection, Russia may yet find her only safety in the restoration of Poland.

But Poland has yet another claim on our sympathies, and that is her *present sufferings*, to which the histories of the dark ages can scarcely afford a parallel. There is a refinement in the cruelty of Nicholas perfectly Machia-

velian; a method in his madness, at which the heart sickens and the blood recoils. It is indeed, an affecting and heart-rending spectacle to see a noble nation, of high antiquity and ancient fame, trodden down and peeled by an upstart barbarian; her exiles, friendless and desolate, wanderers on the face of the earth, without money, without a home, without even shelter from the pitiless elements. Chained to bars of iron, deprived of their names, with their heads shaven and numbered like cattle, see the nobles of her land hurried away to the wilds of Siberia, their estates confiscated, and far from the land of their fathers, far from their kindred or friends, and separated from every social and domestic tie for ever; in which melancholy throng are numbered twenty Polish Generals, whose talents and heroism would have drawn the admiration and commanded the respect of all but a barbarian enemy. Meanwhile the ranks of their oppressors are swollen with the flower of the youth of Poland, doomed, in regions beyond the Caucasus, to grow grey in a service more hateful than the grave; or, in the event of refusal, as at *Janow*, where seventeen Poles expired under the lash, to chuse between obedience or death by flogging.—Martyrs of freedom! your stripes are numbered in Heaven, and the recording angel will preserve your blood and tears! But greater horrors remain to complete the picture. Behold her children torn from the embraces of their parents, and conveyed in waggons to the inhospitable regions of the destroyer, there to be nurtured and educated in hatred of the land of their birth; and oh! horror of horrors, mothers in despair, putting their children to death; and then plunging the bloody weapons into their own bosoms, invoking heaven to forgive them, and to have mercy on Poland! To these atrocities, must be added, the annihilation of her schools and universities, the introduction of ardent spirits, duty-free, in order to demoralize her youth, the prohibition of the Polish language in all public transactions, and the removal to Russia of her magnificent libraries and historical monuments, as if it were possible to extinguish the very memory of Poland. If, however, the recital of these unutterable wrongs fail to awaken the sympathies of Europe, and strengthen every claim founded on reason and justice,—for we have been purposely silent on the question of *right*—then let the nations expect the righteous vengeance of Heaven; and as a fitting meed for their disobedience to the dictates of justice, policy, and humanity, be compelled by a stern necessity to fight the battle for their liberties, on their own hearth-stones, where there will be none to pity, and none to save!

Beverley.

T. S.

HISTORY & BIOGRAPHY.

UNION OF LITHUANIA WITH POLAND, (A. D. 1386.)

THIS event took place under the celebrated Jagellon. His immediate predecessors were Lewis of Hungary and Casimir the Great. The latter bore also, like Aristides, the appellation of the *Just*, from his successful exertions in reforming abuses, and in governing with equity. He gave a code of laws to Great and Little Poland, by which seruage was abolished, and the right of property secured to the peasant no less than to the noble. Casimir was also a great patron of industry, of which many perse-

ected Germans took advantage, by settling in his dominions. He married a Princess of Lithuania,* Casimir proposed to the Diet, as his successor, (1370) Lewis, King of Hungary; he thus recognised in that body a power they had not previously claimed. From this period date the *pacta conventa*, or covenants between the nobles and candidates they proposed to *elect*. This bond was the Magna Charta of Poland. Lewis was a very impolitic and unpopular monarch. Instead of living in Poland, he fixed his residence in Hungary, and filled all the principal offices with Hungarians. His mother, Elizabeth,† was sent over as Regent; but being a capricious, arrogant, and avaricious woman, she was more disliked and despised than himself. He died, after a short reign, in 1382.

Romantic History of Hedwiga and Jagellon.—Hedwiga was the youngest daughter of Lewis, and grand-daughter of Casimir the Great. She was called to the throne in 1384, after an interregnum of two years. Hedwiga was only in her fourteenth year; but her beauty and affability, with the prospect of a crown, brought her many suitors even at this tender age. The most powerful was Jagellon, son of Gedymin, duke of Lithuania, and his proposals were most advantageous to the nation. He offered not only to abjure paganism, and to introduce the Christian faith into his hereditary dominions,—Lithuania, Samogitia, and a portion of White Russia,—but to *incorporate these dominions with the Polish crown*, and even to re-conquer Silesia, Pomerania, and the other territories formerly dependant on it. His pretensions were instantly supported by the whole nation; but a difficulty intervened which threatened to blast its fairest hopes. Young as was the queen, she had long loved and been affianced to her cousin, William, Duke of Austria. He was handsome in person, agreeable in manners, and magnificent in his retinue. She remembered his elegant form, his pleasing manners, and above all, the tender affection he had shewn her in her childhood; and she could not avoid contrasting him with the rude, savage, uncomely pagan. Her subjects knew what passed in her mind; they knew too that she had written to hasten the arrival of Duke William; she was watched day and night—her letters were intercepted, and her movements restricted to her own palace. When her lover arrived he was not permitted to approach her. She wished to see him once—but once—to bid him a last adieu: in vain. Irritated, or perhaps desperate, at the refusal, she one day seized a hatchet, with which she threatened to break open her iron gates to admit the Duke; and it was not without difficulty that she was forced to desist from her purpose. This was a paroxysm of the passion scarcely to be wondered at in one of her strong feelings. But she was gifted with an understanding remarkably clear for her years: in her cooler moments she perceived the advantages that must accrue to her people from her acceptance of Jagel-

* This monarch resembled Solomon in another respect than that of wisdom and justice;—he was a voluptuary in love.—His most celebrated favorite, Esther, was a Jewess, and to gratify her, he granted many privileges to the Hebrew race, which remained in force long after his reign. This is supposed to be the cause why Poland, then called the *Paradise of the Israelites*, should have been selected as their chief residence.

† To this old lady has been ascribed the invention of the famed *Hungary Water*, but, according to Professor Beckmann, with little probability.

lon; and, after a few violent struggles with nature, she resolved to see the formidable barbarian, and, if possible, to subdue the repugnance she felt for him. He arrived, and did not displease her.* His baptism was by the name of *Vladislas*,—a name dear to the Poles;—his marriage and coronation followed. The disappointed Duke of Austria long concealed himself in Cracow, in the hope that a first love would eventually plead for him. On one occasion, like the present Duchess de Berri, he hid himself in a chimney, to escape the pursuit of men who were anxious to remove him from the city and country; and when, from the success of his rival, he indignantly left Cracow, he left his treasures behind him,—treasures which had, doubtless, lost all value in his eyes.—There is something extremely romantic in the attachment of these royal lovers. By sacrificing the heart's best and purest affections, Hedwiga attained the dignity of heroism; but she might be excused if, after her union with a jealous, though fond, husband, she looked back with a sigh to the destruction of her earthly hopes. Jagellon proved a disagreeable consort to the magnanimous Hedwiga. Exceedingly jealous by nature, conscious of his own inability to please, and, above all, convinced of the admiration which her personal attractions, no less than her sweetness of disposition, produced, his suspicions of her fidelity allowed her little peace. Duke William perpetually haunted his thoughts. One of these court reptiles who, to crawl a little longer in the sunshine of royal favour, would commit any baseness, endeavoured to destroy her reputation. The credulous king was made to believe that the Austrian's visits were neither few nor innocent. In the pride of injured virtue, she demanded a rigid inquisition into her conduct: she was triumphantly absolved, and her accuser compelled, in the singular fashion of the country, to lie prostrate under a table, and declare that he had "lied like a dog," and at the same time to imitate the barking of that animal. This singular punishment for defamation continued in force, in Poland, unto the last century. The princess Hedwiga died in 1399, at the age of nine and twenty.—The affecting observation of this queen—on the restoration by Vladislas of some cattle, unjustly seized by his authority—does her infinite honour:—"Though the cattle is restored," she said, "who will restore the tears?"†—Dlugosz, the respectable old historian, calls her the *Star* of Poland; and her memory is still cherished by the Poles. After her death, Jagellon, otherwise Vladislas IV., married a niece of Casimir the Great;—of his third wife but little is known. His fourth and last wife was a Lithuanian princess.—This monarch fulfilled the promises which he made at his election. He began his reign by converting the Lithuanians to Christianity. His zeal and sincerity in this respect were highly gratifying to Hedwiga. At Wilna, he established a bishopric, and endowed several parishes in the vicinity. But he found his mission a difficult enter-

* *Salvandy* says he was little and ugly, and, covered as he was with the skins of wild beasts he terrified the tender Hedwiga. This point has been disputed. Some historians call him the handsome Lithuanian. *Salvandy* is not, certainly, always to be depended upon. M. Pietkiewicz, however, in the introduction to his '*Lithuanie*,' &c. describes him as "*Un homme laid, idolâtre et barbare.*"

† The same affecting observation now applies, alas! to her unhappy country.

prize, especially amongst the Samogitians, who were strongly addicted to superstition. The usual animosity of neighbouring states was another obstacle. Border warfare existed to the same extent as between Scotland and England in former ages. They were different in their origin, language, religion, and manners. Jagellon, however, preached with great zeal, translated the homilies of the priests into the native tongue, and baptized with his own hand the pagans of Lithuania. This immense province was an important acquisition to Poland. It extended, at that time, almost from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Kiof and the Ukraine, and the Russian territory as far as Novgorod, were comprehended in the same dominions. After the union of the *White Eagle* with the *Armed Cavalier*, the warriors of the two nations mingled in the same ranks, and in 1410 obtained a signal victory over the ambitious Teutonic Knights. Time cemented the happy alliance, and they gradually became as one nation, governed by the same prince, represented by the same diet, bound by the same interests, participating in the same glory, and, at length, attached by the sympathy of their common misfortunes.—Jagellon established the Polish law on a firmer foundation in the diets of 1422 and 1423, and gave an additional sanction to the code of Wisliza, which Casimir had begun. To him the Poles are indebted for their famous law—‘that no individual is to be imprisoned until convicted.’ *Neminem captivabimus, nisi jure victum aut in crimine deprehensum.* Having laid the foundation of Poland’s greatness, Jagellon died in 1433. He was a great warrior, and possessed the virtues of sincerity, generosity, and justice; but was credulous, indolent, and addicted to the pleasures of the table.

Forty-one years after his death, the first PRINTING PRESS was erected in the country, at Cracow. Thus, by her protection of Germans, Poland was one of the first nations to enjoy the inestimable blessing of this most important of all arts; and though now it “lies in fetters” there, as well as “on the soil that gave it birth,” she shall have the benefit of its aid where it can be given,—and we hope that she yet may owe to it the RESTORATION OF HER NATIONALITY.

LIFE OF SOBIESKI.

JOHN SOBIESKI was born in the summer of 1629. His immediate ancestry were not only illustrious but powerful. His grandfather is distinguished in Polish history. James Sobieski, his father, was castellan of Cracow, chief secular senator of Poland, four times marshal of the diet under Sigismund III., and, in 1621, was sent ambassador plenipotentiary to the court of the Sultan Osman. His mother was the grand-daughter of the renowned Stanislas Zolkiewski, grand chancellor and grand general of the crown, who, in 1621, defeated the Russians and Tartars at Moscow, entered the city, and took the Czar Schouiski prisoner.—John Sobieski had, from childhood, every opportunity that Europe afforded to acquire the most recent information in the arts of war and policy, and at the same time to cultivate science and elegant learning. His father was a historian, and, like Cæsar, wrote commentaries on his own expeditions. Our hero had scarcely attained his sixteenth year when he was sent, accompanied by his brother, Mark, upon his travels. In France he became the friend no less than the pupil of the great Condé. His father had said to him

and Mark, on parting—“My children, apply yourselves in France only to the useful arts; as to *dancing*, you will have an opportunity of accomplishing yourselves in that among the Tartars.” This was during the minority of Louis XIV. On leaving France, the brothers visited *England*. They then travelled into Italy, and applied themselves to the fine arts and the study of public law. After which they visited Turkey; and in Constantinople leisurely surveyed the proportions of the formidable antagonist against which, both as Christians and noble Poles, they had been taught to nourish inextinguishable hostility. When they returned to Poland, Casimir (John II.) was placed on the throne, and became involved in war with the Cossacks and Turks. Their father was now dead; and Mark was soon afterwards killed in an affray with Cossacks (1652). John offended his mother by the “unyoked humour” of his licentiousness and the impetuosity of his temper; especially in fighting duels. The first of these was fought with one of the powerful Lithuanian family of Pac. He was for a time regarded as a young debauchee, and it was feared he would disgrace his family. But his “reformation came, glittering o’er his faults,” and, like our Harry the Fifth, he was destined,

“To mock the expectation of the world,
And frustrate prophecies.”

His country being invaded by immense hordes of Muscovites and Tartars, Sobieski opposed himself to the frightful inundation, and his brilliant exploits, for six successive years, procured him, from his grateful sovereign, the elevated posts of Grand Marshal and Grand Hetman of the Crown. In 1667, 100,000 Cossacks and Tartars again invaded the kingdom; and to meet these formidable numbers, there were only 10,000 ill-equipped soldiers;—“but,” said an officer of state, “if we have no troops, we have Sobieski, who is an army himself;” and so it proved, for this wonderful man, with his handful of troops, routed the entire host of the enemy, with the Sultan, Galga, at their head, and freed his country from the scourge of invasion. This was the battle of Podhaic. Success so splendid almost surpassed anticipation; and all Poland flocked to the churches, to thank God for having given her such a hero in the time of her need. The conqueror was now known beyond the bounds of the republic;—his name was repeated with admiration by all Europe.

On the death of Casimir, Michael Wisnowiecki succeeded him. In this reign the heroic Sobieski gained new laurels. The plains of Podolia and Volhynia were the scene of his exploits. With but a few troops, chiefly raised at his own expense, he preserved the frontier provinces from the ravages of the Cossacks. In 1671, he opened a campaign with a handful of followers, and triumphed over Cossack, Tartar, and Turk. The enemy numbered 300,000 men, who had crossed the Dneister, and advanced into Podolia. Sobieski had but 6000 men; and, notwithstanding his energetic remonstrances to the Diet, then divided by faction, could obtain no reinforcements. What man *could* do, however—what no man but himself could have *dared*—he accomplished. He cut off an army of Tartars,—left 15,000 dead on the field,—and released 20,000 Polish captives, whom the robbers were carrying away. But he derived little satisfaction from his splendid success. The contemptible King ruined its effect by an ignominious peace, in which he consented to the dismemberment of the kingdom, and to the payment of an annual tribute to the Porte! This tribute, however, not being paid, the Grand-Vizier recommenced

hostilities. Sobieski, at the head of nearly 40,000 Poles, Lithuanians, and German auxiliaries, opened a campaign destined to be for ever memorable in the annals of the world. His exploits were more astonishing than ever. Having done such wonders in preceding campaigns with much smaller numbers, with 40,000 he thought nothing impossible. He even persuaded Pac, his personal enemy, to co-operate with him. On the 11th November, 1673, began the battle of Chocim (*Kotzim*). The preceding night had been one of unexampled severity; the snow fell profusely, accompanied by piercing winds. In the morning, Sobieski led the attack: ere long his lance gleamed on the heights before the fortress. The Janizaries fell in heaps; the carnage became terrific; 40,000 of the Moslems lay on the plain, or floated in the stream of the Dneister. Chocim capitulated, and Poland was again saved! Sobieski was called from his career of victory, at this juncture, by the demise of the King at Leopold; "leaving the Poles less afflicted at his death," Dr. Connor observes, "than ashamed at the bad choice they had made of him for their Prince." The candidates for the vacant throne were numerous. In April, 1674, the Diet opened; the general voice was, "Let a Pole reign over Poland! A Piast! a Piast! and God bless Poland!" The Conqueror of Slobodysza, of Podhaic, of Kalusz, and Chocim, was named, and was met with the general cry of "Sobieski for ever!" and "Long live John III!" Before the new King would consent to be crowned, he determined to meet the Sultan Mahomet in the field, who was approaching in formidable numbers. Sobieski had but 8000 men, and yet he led on his heroic band, shouting his favourite and pious war-cry "*Christ for ever!*" After a sharp conflict, he again routed the infidels, who fled with precipitation before this second *Cœur de Lion*. The warrior-king returned, and the ceremony of his coronation was performed. This pageant was scarcely over, before he had to repel a new invasion of Turks and Tartars, amounting to nearly 300,000, and commanded by the Pacha of Damascus, surnamed *Shaitan*, or the Devil. Ten thousand men was all the force with which Sobieski took the field. During twenty successive days he resisted the most desperate efforts of the enemy. Never had the situation of the hero been so critical. The fate of Sobieski and Poland seemed now to hang by a hair. There remained provisions for only four days in the Polish camp, and the King gave orders for an attack on the following morning. This was an awful night for Sobieski, after rejecting the proffered peace of the Moslems;—it was one of those periods when even the gigantic mind labours under the burden of its own mighty efforts to achieve what seems impossible to ordinary men. Issuing from his camp in the morning, he drew up his handful of men, now scarcely 7000, in battle array, as tranquilly as if he had legions to marshal. Utterly confounded at this display of rashness or of confidence, the Turks cried out—"There's magic in it!"—a cry in which *Shaitan*, devil as he was, joined. They could not believe that a mere man would make such an attempt. From that moment superstition invested him with supernatural powers. The Tartars exclaimed that there was no use contending with "*the wizard-king*." The Pacha, filled with admiration at a bravery which exceeded his imagination, now sued for peace on more honorable conditions. John returned home covered with glory. He had now an interval of five years' peace.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LIFE OF KOSCIUSZKO

THADEUS KOSCIUSKO was born in the year 1756, at the chateau of Sienniewicz, near Brzesc-Litewski,* on the eastern side of the river Bug, in Lithuania. His family was noble, but not very illustrious, until he himself rendered the name imperishable. He was early initiated in the science of war in the military school of Warsaw; where he distinguished himself so much, that he was selected as one of four students of that institution, who were sent to travel at the expense of the state, with a view of perfecting their talents. When but a youth his affections were fixed on a young lady, the daughter of the Marshal of Lithuania; his love, however, was unrequited, and the lady married the Prince Lubomirski. On his return from France, he applied to the king (Stanislas Augustus Poniatowski,) for a military appointment, but was refused, because he was a favourite of Prince Adam Czartoryski, whom the feeble Stanislas disliked. Thus disappointed, Kosciuszko bent his steps to that part of North America which was then waging its war of independence against the existing British government. He served in the patriot ranks of General Gates, and was afterwards appointed Aid-de-camp to Washington. While thus employed, he became acquainted with the illustrious La Fayette, Lameth, and other distinguished Frenchmen, serving in the same cause; and was honored by receiving the most flattering praises from Franklin, as well as the public thanks of the congress of the United Provinces. He was also decorated with the new American Order of Cincinnatus, being the only European, except La Fayette, to whom it was given.

At the termination of the war, he returned to his own country, where he lived in retirement until the year 1789, at which period he was promoted by the Diet, to the rank of Major-General. That body was at this time endeavouring to place its military force upon a respectable footing, in the hope of restraining the domineering influence of foreign powers, in what still remained of Poland. It was also occupied in reforming and revising the constitution; in rendering the monarchy hereditary,—in abolishing the *liberum veto*,—in emancipating the serfs, and ameliorating their condition,—in elevating the trading classes to a share in the government,—and in encouraging commerce. In all these improvements the king readily concurred. Even the king of Prussia abetted the Poles in their proceedings, and gave the new constitution his full approval. But after having excited the Poles to their enterprise, he basely deserted them, refused his aid when Russia threw her ponderous sword into the scale,—stood aloof and waited for that share of the spoil, which the haughty Empress might graciously allot to him, as the reward of non-interference. But though thus betrayed on all sides, the Poles were not disposed to submit without a struggle. They flew to arms, and found in the nephew of their king, the Prince Joseph Poniatowski, a General worthy to conduct so glorious a cause. Under his command Kosciuszko first became known in European warfare. He distinguished himself in the battle of Zielence, and still more in the decisive affair of Dubienka, which took place

* In No. 1 of the "Gallery of Portraits," published under the superintendence of the Society for the diffusion of useful knowledge, there is a memoir of Kosciuszko, in which it is stated that his birth-place was Warsaw; but this is an error. In Fletcher's History of Poland, page 327, the year of our hero's birth is stated to be 1746, instead of 1756. To these two sources, however, we are chiefly indebted for our sketch.

Statistics.

COMPARATIVE STRENGTH

OF THE

*Five influential Powers of Europe ;*RUSSIA, AUSTRIA, PRUSSIA, FRANCE,
AND ENGLAND.

(FROM THE COURIER.)

Nov. 12, 1832.

“The Population of Russia, is about 60 millions.	
Austria,	33
Prussia,	13
France,	33
Great Britain,	24

With respect to Great Britain, if we add to her account the population of her Indian and Colonial possessions, we should swell the total of the inhabitants of the British dominions to at least 140 millions: a number equal to the population of the other four great Powers of Europe. But it is not alone from the amount of population under its rule that a state derives its aggressive power, but from the revenue which it can raise to set that population in motion. Let us see how the Five Powers are relatively circumstanced in this respect.

The Revenue of Russia, is about 14 millions sterling.

Austria,	12
Prussia,	8
France,	38
Great Britain,	54

Thus we find that the gross revenue of Great Britain is equal to three-fourths of the whole gross revenues of the four other Powers. Let us see how far these revenues are applicable to external purposes, by deducting the interest of the debt.

NATIONAL DEBT—

	<i>Millions.</i>	<i>Interest including charges of collecting.</i>
Of Russia,	55.....	3 millions.
Austria,	60.....	3
Prussia,	28.....	1½
France,	200.....	10
Gt. Britain,	770.....	28

The amount of interest on the respective national debts being deducted, we find the disposable revenue of each stand thus:—

<i>Disposable Revenue</i> , after paying the interest of the National Debt of Russia.....	11 millions
Austria.....	9
Prussia.....	6½
France.....	28
Great Britain.....	26

The disposable Revenue, thus stated, it must be borne in mind, is more or less absorbed in the necessary expenses of the internal Government, independently of the maintenance of fleets or armies in a state of warlike efficiency.—The power of England, as to its disposable Revenue is less than that of France, although equal to the whole of the Revenue of the three other states.—We shall show, however, that the real revenue power of Great Britain is vastly superior to that of France.

Bearing these facts in mind, let us next consider the number of soldiers and vessels of war of each of these states.

In June 1792. Upon this occasion, he defended for six hours, with only 4000 men, against 15,000 Russians, a post which had been slightly fortified in four-and-twenty hours, and at last retired with inconsiderable loss. The courage and prudence exhibited by Kosciuszko on this day, marked him out to the Poles as one of their greatest military champions. But the contest was too unequal to last; the patriots were overwhelmed by enemies from without, and betrayed by traitors within, at the head of whom was their own Sovereign. He certainly protested against the proceedings of the neighbouring powers, but his irresolution made him their victim. The Russians took possession of the country, and proceeded to appropriate those portions of Lithuania and Volhynia, which suited their convenience; while Prussia, the friendly Prussia, invaded another part of the Kingdom, and in the most treacherous and atrocious manner, forcibly incorporated several districts of Great Poland, and the towns of Thorn and Dantzic, with his own States! Humiliated as the Poles were, they could not stifle their indignation at Frederick's perfidy; “he was the Satan,” they exclaimed, “who tempted us to eat the forbidden fruit of liberty, and now he not only laughs at our misfortune, but is one of the instruments to inflict it.” Under such adverse circumstances, the most distinguished officers in the Polish army retired from the service, and of this number was Kosciuszko. He left his native land, and retired to Leipsic. Here, and at Dresden, the patriots Potocki, Kollontay, Mostowski, Malachowski, and others took refuge. They waited for a favourable juncture to rescue their country from the fell gripe of its oppressors. Another gallant struggle ensued. Cracow was fixed on as the rendezvous, and Kosciuszko was unanimously elected chief of the Confederacy, and Generalissimo of the forces. Even the noble Joseph Poniatowski, who had previously commanded in chief, returned from his retirement in France, and received from the hands of our hero the charge of a portion of his army. Anxious to begin his campaign with an action of vigour, he marched rapidly towards Cracow, and reached that city on the night of the 23rd of March, 1794. A deed of insurrection was drawn up, by which this great man was appointed Dictator, with absolute power, military, political, and civil; and the troops took the oath of allegiance to him. Never before was confidence so fully and so unscrupulously reposed in a single individual; and never were expectations better grounded than in the present instance. Kosciuszko forthwith published a manifesto against the Russians; and then, at the head of little more than 4000 men, most of whom were armed with scythes, he marched in the direction of Warsaw. On the 4th April, they encountered a body of the enemy more than thrice their own number, at Wraclawicé, and, after a combat of four hours and a half, entirely defeated them. Three thousand Russians were slain, and many taken prisoners. Kosciuszko returned in triumph to Cracow, and shortly afterwards marched along the left bank of the Vistula to Poloniec, where he established his head-quarters.

(To be concluded in our next number.)

THE RUSSIAN SPY-SYSTEM IN PARIS—Is, or was very recently, regulated by the Secretary of the Russian embassy, Lubecki, a Jew, who is in the habit of assuming titles to which he has no claim. He is the favorite and *factotum* of the noted Pozzo di Borgo. We shall have much to say on this subject in future numbers.

We will first take the fleets: and here the pre-eminence of England is so great, that the naval forces of the other states sink into comparative insignificance.

The total number of *vessels of war* in the possession of

Russia, is about	128
Austria.....	72
Prussia.....	2
France.....	320
Great Britain.....	604

And are of the following denominations:

	<i>Ships of the Line.</i>	<i>Frigates.</i>	<i>Armed Vessels.</i>
Russia has.....	48.....	30.....	50
Austria.....	3.....	8.....	61
Prussia.....	2.....	—.....	—
France.....	60.....	53.....	207
Great Britain.....	162.....	118.....	324

Of *soldiers* of all sorts throughout her wide spread dominions—

Russia has about.....	600,000
Austria.....	350,000
Prussia.....	250,000
France.....	400,000
Great Britain.....	110,000

The number of soldiers of Russia is commonly stated at a million; but, although this might be true, if we include the militia, and the barbarous troops of its distant, and Asiatic dominions, it may be doubted whether Russia could bring into the field a larger number of efficient troops than we have stated. And if Russia has its million of militia soldiers, France has hardly less. But these troops, powerful as they may be, in resisting invasion (although in NAPOLEON'S invasion of Russia they availed nothing) are certainly not to be counted on as an aggressive military force. Besides which, it must be borne in mind that the *numerical* strength of the army of a state is a very delusive indication of its military power: it is the financial means of a state to supply that army with all the *materiel* which form its efficiency for action, that is the grand consideration. In modern times war is carried on with money.

It will be seen from this general view that, as a naval and defensive power, Great Britain stands predominant; but as a military aggressor she is *numerically* weak. Powerful, however, in her means of naval offence, and invulnerable to attack, Great Britain has need neither to court nor to fear foreign alliances nor foreign feuds.—Peace is our paramount interest; but the mad ambition of despotic states, or the perverseness of some, may render it necessary to show that, although desirous of peace, she is at all times prepared for war; but still peace must always be the end and aim of her demonstrations or her active hostilities.—One word on the subject of the National Debt.—Our debt is supposed by some to show at once the poverty and the small resources of this country;—now the very reverse is the fact;—it is an indication of the great wealth and the extraordinary resources of Great Britain. The interest of our national debt is not paid to foreigners, but to ourselves, and is an outward and visible sign of the mass of wealth that supports it; it is an indication, also, of the extraordinary resources of this country; for as the Currency Bill of 1819 added at least one-third to the amount of the debt and incalculably added to the difficulty of paying the interest, the fact of the interest being still paid is an undeniable evidence of our resources: and proves that if the energies of Great Britain were allowed fair play by a return of the system

of currency under which she so wonderfully prospered for so many years, the burden of the present debt, and the present amount of taxation, would be, comparatively, hardly worth considering.

Should it be imperatively necessary for the national safety or the national honor that this country should engage in war, there is no nation in Europe that possesses more ample means of offence against her neighbours, and of defence of herself than Great Britain. We deprecate war;—but if come it must, Great Britain is still in a condition to maintain the proud eminence to which she raised herself when the whole of Europe, in conjunction with the powerful NAPOLEON, was leagued against her.

But it is not by truckling and by petty submission that she can escape it; a bold attitude, and an unequivocal display of determination may preserve peace—a show of vacillation or of hesitating weakness, assuredly, would not be the means of avoiding war.”

POWER AND WEAKNESS OF RUSSIA.

(From Mr. Conder's *Modern Traveller*.)

“A shame upon our bravery remains,
While Poland is in chains.”—*Fraser's Magazine*.

THE extension of their empire in all directions seems to be the hereditary plan of the Russian Sovereigns.

The Roman empire, at the height of its grandeur, was equal only to the European part of Russia: its greatest length, from the Euphrates to the Western Ocean, amounted to 3000 miles: its greatest breadth, from the wall of Antoninus to the pillars of Hercules, 2000 miles. From Riga to the Haven of Peter and Paul, the length of the Russian Empire is 11,434 miles. Mr. Tooke, however, justly remarks, that the seeming superiority immediately vanishes, when we contrast the climate, fertility, populousness, and civilization of the Roman Empire, which extended over the finest part of the temperate zone, with the excessive cold, the sterility, and the scanty and barbarous population of a very large portion of the Russian territory.

MILITARY COLONIES OF RUSSIA.—Soon after the conclusion of the war, (1815,) Alexander organised what are called military colonies in the crown villages. The males, about fifty, are chosen master-colonists; each of these receives about forty acres of land, on condition that he support a soldier and his family. This soldier, who assists him in his labour, is called an agricultural soldier. These already form the effective force of the colonies, and in time may form that of the empire. They are exercised, at least, three days each week. There is, besides, a reserve soldier for each agricultural soldier, who, like the latter, works on the farm, or in any occupation, and is instructed in every part of a soldier's duty; he is obliged to supply the place of the agricultural soldier, when he dies, or has completed his service of twenty-five years, and to form one in an army of reserve when it is needed. The sons of the master-colonist, agricultural soldier, and reserve, called *cantonists*, are exercised as soldiers, from the age of 13 to 17; the boys, from 8 to 13, go to school three days a week, and learn their military duties the alternate days. Dr. Lyall, who has published a pamphlet on these military colonies, calculates, that there are six millions of crown

peasants in the empire; so that, if this system is persevered in, Russia will have, besides its present army, a million of men, almost as good soldiers as those of the regular army, and a nursery from which this multitude may be constantly recruited; and he mentions a Russian nobleman, who boasted, that in 30 years, by the plan of military colonization, Russia would have an army of 6,000,000 soldiers! Happily for civilization, though a supply of men is one requisite in warfare, money is another not less essential. The poverty of Russia, at present, (this was written in 1825,) secures Europe against the danger of her preponderance. This grand machine of six millions of effective men, it has been remarked, "renders Russia invulnerable within; but it is IMMOVEABLE BEYOND THE FRONTIER, WITHOUT SUCH SUMS OF MONEY AS SHE CAN NEITHER SUPPLY NOR COMMAND." Add to which, Russia has few officers, except Generals Sacken, Wittgenstein, and Woronzoff, who know how to manœuvre a body of 20,000 men—p. 190-2.

Mr. Conder concludes his description of Russia in these words:—"Such is Russia, the Gog and Magog of the modern world,—the vast, heterogeneous empire which, stretching over more than a third of the circumference of the globe, and from the Arctic Sea, southward, beyond the latitude of Madrid or Rome, touches on one side Sweden, Prussia, Austria, and Turkey; on the other side, Persia, China, and by means of her colonies on the north-west coast of the New Continent, Mexico, and the United States.* While, however, the vast aggregate strikes the imagination with its colossal bulk, the greater part of the Russian territory is but the waste land of the civilised world. This largest of empires is, in the scale of political greatness, one of the feeblest of nations.† It has gone on increasing in bulk, till it is encumbered with its own vastness. And, throughout its huge extent, the pulse of mind, the circulation of commercial or moral energy, is so feeble as scarcely to give the semblance of political life to its various parts. The great majority of the people are as yet but little removed from the uncivilised and brutish state in which they were left by the Ruricks and Vladimirs of other times. There are but two classes, the noble and the slave. The government is a DESPOTISM of a strictly ORIENTAL character, administered by a military police: the word of the Emperor, if not his will, is law, for his will may be controlled by his vizier or his janizaries. The religion, literature, and commerce of Russia are all exotic. Her sacred language is Greek; her polite language, French; her vulgar language, a compound of Greek, Latin, German, French, and Slavonian. Her literati are Germans; her merchants, to a great extent, British; her bravest officers, (1825) Poles and Cossacks.—Such is Russia,—a country interesting, viewed as a political phenomenon, though destitute of all those features of historic or moral grandeur that give attraction to the countries which have been the

* It has been computed that the superficial extent of the Russian empire is about the eighth-part of terra-firma, and nearly the twenty-fifth of the whole globe.

† With a population of fifty millions, and an extent of superficial territory forty times that of France, the revenue of Russia in 1817 was under £13,000,000; that of France nearly £37,000,000. In 1823, with a population of sixty millions, the Revenue of Russia was about 16½ millions, whilst that of France reached about 41 millions sterling, her population being, at the same time, little more than half that of Russia.

scenes of the ancient monarchies. What Russia may become,—what she would be, if she had seamen as well as ships, commerce as well as extent of territory, and wealth as well as millions of slaves,—it is not for us to predict. Commercial wealth and naval power are the two things wanting to make the semi-barbarous colossus as really formidable as it would gladly be thought. Muscovy has, indeed, been continually travelling southward; and it is well understood, that there exists a wish that its limits should protrude into the Mediterranean. Were this to be effected, Russia would soon cease to be Russia; for neither the Northern Palmyra nor the Tartarian Rome would long remain her capital.—p. 336—338.

(To be continued.)

Poetry.

SIBERIA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ERNST ORTLEPP.

In Siberia, in Siberia,
Cold the mortal breezes blow,
And the land discloses wide
One great tomb of death and woe.

In Siberia, in Siberia,
Spring has but a single day,
And the summer but an hour,
And the heart but half its play.

In Siberia, in Siberia,
Where to live is daily death,
There, alas! roam noble Poles,
Animate with spectral breath.

In Siberia, in Siberia,
Man has but a cypher's name;
Hell—how dreadful to the tortured!
But far worse Siberia's flame.

In Siberia, in Siberia,
Breathing struggles in the breast;
Hottest tears are turned to ice,
Joy and grief have equal zest.

In Siberia, in Siberia,
Pain and pleasure both are fled;
Only one dark image hovers
O'er that region of the dead.

In Siberia, in Siberia,
Friendship's welcome's sought in vain;
No sweet maiden's lip, in kisses,
Gives and takes the heart again.

In Siberia, in Siberia,
Far from wife, and child, and home,
Bitterly the banish'd, weeping,
O'er the death-like desert roam.

In Siberia, in Siberia,
Words of kindness ne'er are known;
Deeper in the grave, while living,
Than if death had claim'd its own.

From Siberia, from Siberia,
Sighs of Polish heroes float,
And the nations' hearts responding,
Echo mournful to the note.

In Siberia, in Siberia,
O'er the banish'd Poles afar,
Rocks their flinty hearts are rending—
Tearless only is the—Czar! — *Polonia, No. 4.*

SONGS OF THE PEOPLE.

By Adam Mickiewicz.

[From the "Metropolitan" for November, 1831.]

Songs of the people! ye who do unite,
As with an arch, the deeds of former days
With our own time—in you the nations write
Their thoughts and records; and their trophies blaze
In you. Proud Songs!—untouch'd your glory stays.

If your own people outrage not your pride,
Ye are the watchmen of the warriors' praise,
Like guardian angels on the earth ye bide;—
Ye have an angel's voice—an angel's strength beside.

Flames may destroy the picture—robbers bear
The wealth of ages from us, but the song
Escapes and lives—breathes in the mountain air
When men reject her, and she flies the throng;

Still 'mid the ruins do her notes prolong
Her story. Just as some tame nightingale
May from a burning house fly forth among
The glades, and nestle in some lonely vale,

Where to the wanderer's ear she tells her nightly tale.

* * * *

The forests of my country³ disappear,—
My weary thoughts are chill and desolate.

My lute is silent, for too oft I hear
My country's lamentations for her fate.

Can I recall the accents of the great?

Yes! in some hearts there lives a secret fire,
As in a crystal lamp all decorate

With painted scenes; place in its breast some fire,
Still will its beauty shine—its light may all admire.

Ah! would to God that I could pour my soul—

My burning soul, into my hearer's breast,

Snatch at the visions of the past, which roll

Like clouds away, and by my songs addressed

To my faint brethren, wake them from their rest—

Perchance their country's voice may reach them still—

Still touch their souls, still make them feel how blest

In glory were their father's lives, until

They gain their father's soul—their father's ardent will.

* This Poet is a Lithuanian.

TO THE SPIRIT OF KOSCIUSZKO.

UNNOTICED shall the mighty fall?

Unwept and unlamented die?

Shall he, whom bonds could not enthrall,

Who plann'd, who fought, who bled for all,

Unconsecrated lie,

Without a song, whose fervid strains

Might kindle fire in patriot veins?

No! thus it ne'er shall be; and fame

Ordains to thee a brighter lot!

While earth, while hope endures, thy name,

Pure, high, unchangeable, the same,

Shall never be forgot;

'Tis shrined amid the holy throng;

'Tis woven in immortal song!

Yes!—CAMPBELL of the deathless lay,

The ardent poet of the free,

Has painted Warsaw's latest day,

In colours that resist decay,

In accents worthy Thee;

Thy hosts on battle-field array'd,

And in thy grasp the patriot blade!

Oh! sainted is the name of him,

And sacred should his relics be,

Whose course no selfish aims bedim;

Who, spotless as the seraphim,

Exerts his energy,

To make the earth by freemen trod,

And see mankind the sons of God!

And thou wert one of these; 'twas thine

Through thy devoted country's night,

The latest of a free born line,

With all that purity to shine,

Which makes a hero bright;

With all that lustre to appear,

Which freemen love, and tyrants fear.

A myrtle wreath was on thy blade,

Which broke before its cause was won!

Thou, to no sordid fears betray'd,

'Mid desolation undismay'd,

Wert mighty, though undone;

No terrors gloom'd thy closing scene,

In danger and in death serene!

Though thou hast bid our world farewell,

And left the blotted lands beneath,

In purer, happier, realms to dwell;

With Wallace, Washington, and Tell,

Thou shar'st the laurel wreath—

The Brutus of degenerate climes,

A beacon-light to other times!

From the Casket.

POLISH WAR-SONG.

BY A YOUNG LADY IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LEEDS.

[We have received the following graceful and spirited Stanzas, through the hands of a Lady of distinction, with permission from the accomplished authoress herself, to insert them in our RECORD. They were written in January 1831, when there seemed reason to hope that the struggle of the Poles might be successful; but, at present,—as the fair writer adds,—a very different strain would be suitable, and a more affecting composition might be written.—Sincerely do we hope that it may be supplied by her pen.]

WAVE ye the banner of Poland, wave,
And the sunbeam of victory shine on the brave!

'Tis not for glory, 'tis not for fame,

For the hollow pomp of a conqueror's name;

'Tis not for these ye have girt you with might,

'Tis for your country, your homes that ye fight.

Fight for the joys of the quiet hearth,

For the sacred soil of your mother Earth;

Fight for the wives that have round you clung,

With prayers half-chok'd on the faltering tongue;

Fight for the babes whose innocent kiss,

Thrills through your hearts with a father's bliss;

Fight with nerv'd arm and dauntless might,

For your lofty birthright of freedom, fight!

WAVE ye the banner of Poland, wave,
And the sunbeam of victory shine on the brave.

Though, of fell despots the helpless prey,

Whose name from the nations hath pass'd away,

Who hast lain so low that the iron tread,

Hath trampled to earth thy desolate head,

Shake off the dust from thy queenly brow,

Rise in thy glory of freedom—now!

Yea, in the strength of thy right be strong,

Fling back on th' oppressor his deep-dy'd wrong,

Go forth, and the arm of thy foes shall fail,

And the heart of the tyrant before thee quail!

WAVE ye the banner of Poland, wave,
And the sunbeam of victory shine on the brave!

CORRESPONDENCE.

To Dr. Chalmers, President of the Hull Polish Society.

DEAR SIR,—I send you the "Saturdays' Pennies" of many weeks saving, from my own little girls, and one or two other children.

They beg, with tears, that "you will let no more little boys and girls be frozen in Siberia, and that you will ask the Emperor of Russia, not to send the Poles to that dreary place."

Such, my dear Sir, is the simple language of these children, who sit round me in an evening while I relate facts which interest them, from their stern and dreadful reality.

We have wept and trembled together; and in our evening prayers, we have always remembered Poland. May other mothers send you such innocent offerings, and by so doing, shew Mr. CAMPBELL, we northern ladies have better hearts than to turn away from the tale of distress and sorrow.

You will hear from me again on this subject.

I am, dear Sir, yours respectfully,

Beverley, November 15, 1832.

A MOTHER.

[This excellent mother is informed that she will find half a dozen copies of this number of our Record at the shop of Mr. James Ramsden, bookseller, for these good children. We hope to hear them, some day, repeat from memory the verses on *Siberia*; and we are sure their little hearts will thrill when they read of the barbarities at Cronstadt.]

To Mr. Edw. Buckton, Secretary to the Hull Polish Society.

Bildeston, Suffolk, Nov. 21, 1832.

SIR,—I received your letter of the 5th inst., informing me that you had proposed me as a member of the Hull Polish Literary Association, and also requesting me to contribute to the HULL POLISH RECORD.

Allow me, Sir, to assure you that I cannot derive a more sincere pleasure, than by affording every assistance in my power to promote the noble and praiseworthy object for which your Society was instituted.

To every one who possesses an enlightened or a *feeling* mind, the formation of an Association for the express object of assisting a people who have been driven, by an insolent and assuming usurper, from the social intercourse and domestic peace of their own country, must be hailed with feelings of satisfaction and delight, as affording them the means of evincing that philanthropy and kindness of which every generous heart is susceptible. But in addition to this universal call, I feel there is one which applies more peculiarly to myself.—I have lived amongst the unfortunate exiles, when they existed beneath the bright sunshine of freedom and happiness,—when they were a united body to resist the encroachments of an oppressor, who was as superior to them in resources and physical strength, as they were superior in courage and in the justice of their cause. The might, however, of an almost interminable empire, for a time, succeeded. I have seen the last and brave struggle for Polish freedom,—I have heard the last sigh of an unfortunate people, as they left their homes, their property, their relatives, and their friends, into the hands of the powerful and merciless spoiler.

This I never can forget;—and happy indeed should I be, if I am able, by the relation of facts,—of uncontrollable facts,—to convince any portion of my countrymen, how much the unfortunate Poles are entitled to their sympathy and protection.

My professional duties have precluded me from sending a larger extract from my journal, than the enclosed; should it, however, meet with your approbation, I will continue, at any future period, to supply you with what facts are in my possession. My observations, however, will be chiefly confined to events of which I have been a personal witness. I shall be most happy to hear from you again, and, in the meantime, allow me to remain,

SIR,

Your very obedient Servant,

CHARLES ROBERT BREE.

(This gentleman is of the Medical Profession, and visited Warsaw during the prevalence of Cholera; and the horrors of war.—See Notices to Correspondents, in the Supplement.)

RUSSIAN TREATMENT of the POLES at CRONSTADT.

To the Secretary of the Hull Polish Association.

"SIR,—Knowing you to be a well-wisher to the cause of suffering Poland, I take the liberty of sending you a short statement of facts, with the hope of stirring up our countrymen to aid the cause of humanity. On the 4th (16th) ultimo, twelve Poles were flogged for not taking the oath of allegiance to the Emperor Nicholas. Fifty was the present number of dissentients, but only twelve suffered at that time.—The town of Cronstadt is surrounded with a high rampart, and at the foot of it on one side is a large open space for the soldiers to perform their exercise. Three thousand Poles were drawn up in four lines near to it, to witness this disgusting sight, and at the same time, the magnanimity of their countrymen. Two files of soldiers, each consisting of 250 men, stood ready with hazle sticks in their right hands, and with loaded muskets at rest in the left. A band of music was stationed at each end, to drown the cries of the sufferers. At both ends of the line, too, were from 500 to 1000 troops under arms, with field-pieces at either extremity, ready to blow to atoms the bystanders amongst the Poles, in case they should revolt, and endeavour to save the lives of their unfortunate countrymen. When their victim was brought out to the line, the butt-ends of two muskets were placed under his arms to drag him along, and the point of a bayonet at his breast to prevent him from advancing too quickly! During the infliction of the first 50 or 100 lashes, the sufferer shrieked out dreadfully. Afterwards, I should suppose his feelings became *paralysed* to the lash, until he felt the soldiers drag him up again with all that savage brutality for which they are noted. Having finished their horrid butchery, they let the sufferer fall to the ground, where he lay until the cart arrived to take him away to the hospital, with no other covering to his mangled and bleeding body than a mat.—Two or three of the poor Poles received as many as eight thousand, others from four to six thousand lashes! It was supposed by a surgeon present, who was no Russian, that at least two would die in the course of the day. Should they, however, be so unfortunate as to get better, their fate would be to be flogged again until they did take the oath.—The priest, with his crucifix, stood near the general officer at the head of the line, and promised them *pardon* if they would recant! But, no! the noble-spirited Poles preferred even death to servitude under such a MONSTER. I can assure you, sir, it was a most heart-rending sight to see the blood trickle down a fellow-creature's back, for no crime but reluctance to serve a master he could not love. And why he should send them down to Cronstadt for

people of all nations to witness his barbarity, I cannot tell. Certain it is that *this very circumstance will further the cause of Poland.*—I must not omit to say that several of the Russian officers behaved in the most indecent manner; laughing when they saw the wretched captive writhe under the lash, and telling their soldiers they did not lay on hard enough, for it was only a Polak (a term of reproach.) It was awful to see with what malicious pleasure the Russians witnessed the transaction. When the poor sufferer passed by me in the cart, with all but death in his countenance, and his eye-balls starting from his head, the sight was such as left an impression on my memory which time will never efface. For the truth of the foregoing, I might refer you to Captains —, —, —, —, —, —, &c.

Excuse this scrawl, and I remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours respectfully,

Hull, 22nd November, 1832. AN EYE-WITNESS.*

The ground on which they suffered was directly opposite to the English Church; and the police magistrate sent a message to the British chaplain, who lives the next door, to say that when they heard the music they were not to look out of the window, as they were going to flog.

N. B. There was sufficient space either above or below the Church: the reason why they should flog there I leave for yourself to judge.

ANOTHER EYE-WITNESS.

This act has been perpetrated *since* the departure of Lord Durham.

See our Supplement for further confirmations.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

(From "Polonia," No. V. December, 1832.)

THE Polish newspapers are utterly destitute of public interest, and are forbidden, we hear, to be sent out of the kingdom, since one or two articles they contained have occasioned some comments abroad, to the dissatisfaction of the Russian authorities at Warsaw. The newspapers of the adjacent countries have long since been slavish; and the independent journals of the remoter provinces of Germany are either silenced by the veto of the Diet of Frankfort pronounced against the liberty of the press, or allowed only to print articles of the Russian agents in or out of Poland, with impudent disavowals of the atrocities committed in that country. The Prussian State Gazette, and the Frankfort Journal, in particular, are the two papers in which these Russo-Prussian paid agents are publishing their deceptions upon the public, and the infamy of their rewards. Their columns are filled with recitals of high functionaries appointed by the Czar—of decorations and stars bestowed—of Russian princes and princesses passing and repassing; and these editors, either stultified or degraded by that dazzling atmosphere of miserable delusion, depict Poland, after the irreparable losses she has sustained, as reviving and almost flourishing—as about to become an El Dorado under the Russian sceptre of the mild and clement King Nicholas. Meanwhile, they describe splendid dinners and balls given to Field-Marshal Paskewitch in the provinces, wherever he makes his appearance; they tell us that fireworks are displayed, and that all is full of joy and gratitude—nay,

that even the poor peasantry were seen to meet him with burning candles (*gromnice*) in their hands, when he passed through their villages!—a servile adulation, which has never been witnessed in Poland. But how despicable are the German editors, who would make us believe, that the dignity of human nature could be so degraded in the Polish matrons and Polish daughters, as to arrange *fêtes* to amuse a Muscovite satrap, and to dance with Russians at balls, whilst their fathers, sons, and brothers, are either pining in dungeons or in exile—as if the tears they shed at the graves of those most endeared to them could be wiped off by the most cruel foes of their country! Those who suppose this do not know the heart of a Pole. If any appearance of joy be actually elicited in Poland—for real joy is dead in every Polish heart—it is that cruelly extorted by Ukases. Thus the splendid illuminations of the capital and provincial towns are got up by fines of fifteen shillings each window that is not lit up.*

* We insert here one of those infernal police orders, † commanding an illumination of Warsaw, on the anniversary of the coronation of the tyrant: it cannot but excite the disgust and execration of every honest man.

ORDER OF THE POLICE—No. 954.

"The Commissary of the Second District of Warsaw.

"In pursuance of the Supreme Order under No. 38,036, and promulgated yesterday by a rescript of the Vice-President of this city, I do hereby acquaint the good citizens, landlords, or tenants of houses, of this town, that *they are bound to illuminate* their houses, on the 11th of this month, before eight o'clock in the evening, it being the birthday of the Grand Duke, heir to the throne. And whereas, it was observed, on the last gala-day, the anniversary of the coronation of the Emperor, that the windows of many floors in private houses had not been illuminated; notice is hereby given, that *henceforward the illuminating of houses does no more depend on the free-will of individuals*, but that, in obedience to a supreme order, all the windows in the front of houses are to be illuminated without exception, on the irrevocable penalty of *thirty florins* for each floor not so illuminated. The respective landlords are therefore called upon to acquaint their tenants with this notice, and to sign a copy of this present police order, in evidence of its having been communicated to them.

"Warsaw, Sept. 8, 1832. (Signed) "SZCZYGIELSKI."

† The very same which appears in the *Messenger des Chambres*, of the 6th November, a copy of which we have received from Paris, with other Communications inserted in our SUPPLEMENT.

"A FELLOW FEELING MAKES ONE WONDROUS KIND."—*The Courier Français* (November) states, as a curious fact, that the Emperor of Russia has lately granted to Charles X. a pension, to be paid out of funds proceeding from *confiscated property in Poland belonging to the defenders of liberty!*

NEW RUSSIAN LOAN.—There is a rumour afloat that a new loan for the purposes of Russia is being contracted in the metropolis. Belial and Mammon are worthy colleagues. But, woe unto those who shall put a knife in the murderer's hand!

DONATIONS SINCE OUR LAST.

From a Gentleman of London, (anonymous)£1 0 0
 " a "Mother," of Beverley, the Saturdays' Pennies of her own little
 " Girls and one or two others0 3 0
 " George Rudston, Esq., Newland1 0 0
 " Books—Several Pamphlets, &c., from Count Ladislas Plater.
 From the London Society—"Zdanie Sprawy z rozpraw odbytych w Izbie
 nizszej, we srode, dnia 18 Kwietnia 1832, nad wnioskiem R. C. Fergus-
 ssona członka Parlamentu, wzgledem obecnego stanu Polski.—Paryz,
 1832."
 From the London Society—several copies of "A word for Poland," &c.
 By M. W. STAINES.
 The Annual Subscription, to the Hull Society is 10s. paid half-yearly. 1