THE HULL

POLISH RECORD.

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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 success, 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.

[*The following is the first of a series of interesting Papers with which we are to be favored.*]

EXTRACTS

FROM THE DIARY OF AN ENGLISH SURGEON,

Resident six months in Warsaw, during the Revolution in 1831.

No. 1.

(FOR THE 'HULL POLISH RECORD.')

In Fate's defiance—in the world's great eye,
POLAND has won her Immortality!

CAMPBELL.

IT was about day-break, in the early part of the month of May, 1831, that we arrived at the frontiers of that part of Poland which the Congress of Vienna had allotted to the share of Russia,—and from whose tyranny and despotism its brave inhabitants were then struggling to emancipate themselves. There was something cheering in the anticipation of exchanging the sight of Prussian soldiers, (with which the Duchy of Posen was filled, for, probably, they trembled) for the presence of those with whose feelings ours were congenial, and in whose cause we felt a deep and lively sympathy.—That we had, however, actually arrived at the frontier, we discovered in a somewhat singular manner. We had gone, perhaps, a mile and a half English, from the last post-house, when the postilion suddenly stopped his horses, and opened the door of the carriage, muttering, at the same time, something in, to us, very unintelligible German; and pointing with his finger across a wild and extensive common, at the border of which we had arrived. We looked in the direction indicated, but being unable to discover the reason of our delay, desired him to proceed;—to our astonishment, however, he resolutely refused. We offered him money, thinking that some established custom might entitle him to receive it there; but he refused to accept it! We grew angry, and began to make demonstrations of proceeding without him:—this he prevented by securing the reins to himself; and our wrath he treated with the most perfect German indifference. At a loss *what* to do, we thought it best to remain quiet for a short time. Before ten minutes, however, had elapsed, our patience was exhausted, more especially as the postilion, having coolly lighted his hookah, had begun to take off our luggage from behind the carriage.

It was now high time to interfere, and, jumping out of the carriage, we, *vi et armis*, prevented any further

attack upon our goods; and then began to explore the neighbourhood of the spot in which we were likely to be so unceremoniously left.

Some light was, however, thrown upon the subject by the discovery of a post a little distance to the left, upon which hung the fragments of what once had been the united bearings of Russia and Poland; but which was now defaced and shattered into almost unintelligible fragments. It afforded us, notwithstanding, proof decisive that we had arrived at the frontier of Poland proper. How we were to proceed further, now became a question of some importance. There was no house in sight: we looked around the wild moor before us, but could discern nothing save the gloom of the distant horizon.

Our party was by this time enlarged by the presence of the Prussian sentry from the outposts, who, attracted by the appearance we presented, had leisurely strolled up to us. He was rather a more intelligent fellow than the postilion; and by the aid of the little German we had picked up on our route, we found that it was necessary for some of our party to proceed to the next village for a carriage: and the reason of the postilion's obstinacy was now explained by the ominous and the then somewhat startling word of "Cholera," which disease we were given to understand had just then broken out in Warsaw.

This being decided, we lost no time in placing all our luggage upon the common, and upon *Polish ground.* Having discharged the post-boy, who with true German phlegm, turned round his horses and trotted off, my two companions went forward to bring fresh horses and a carriage, whilst I remained in charge of the luggage. Left *alone* and for the *first time*, on that soil which had already been drenched in the blood of the patriot Poles, that soil over which the banner of freedom was reared by the simultaneous impulse of a then united people,..it was a moment fitted for deep contemplation; and the sentiments I then *felt* are still sensibly imprinted upon my memory.

In about an hour my friends returned in a voiture, drawn by a pair of horses, accompanied by the *maitre de poste* of Slupçe, who cordially welcomed us to his country, intimating at the same time that our assistance was much wanted in Warsaw, as the Cholera had appeared, and the hospitals were likely soon to be crowded with wounded. We quickly disposed our luggage in the carriage, and were soon proceeding over excellent roads, and with good horses, into the interior of the country.

The villages and hamlets through which we passed in our journey to Warsaw from the frontier, a distance of about 200 English miles, gave sufficient evidence of the scenes which were acting in another part of the country. —Many were actually *deserted*, and in others, a few women with the *corps de garde* in the national uniform, and armed with scythes, were all that remained. The appearance of the people, generally, was certainly desolate and gloomy,—which I attributed to the alarm occasioned by the cholera; but when we entered Warsaw, I was sensibly struck with the difference between the actual state of things, and what we had been led to imagine they would have been.—Here was no appearance of desolation, nor of misery.—There was bustle and activity, but no confusion.—The inhabitants were each dressed in the national uniform, and there was an expression of confidence, beaming in every countenance, quite in accordance with my previous notion of their national character, and in perfect unison with the actually strong appearance of the town itself.

Every street was divided, some of them in several parts, by strong barricades, while in each wall apertures had been made for the guns of the troops who might be placed behind, as the Russians had at that time made no demonstrations of crossing the river;—the southern part of the town was not fortified in that beautiful manner which afterwards called forth the admiration of the Russians themselves; but Praga was considered impregnable.—At the time I entered Warsaw it did not contain many soldiers of the line, the head-quarters being about 30 English miles distant;—but we saw a considerable force of the National Guard, who were on duty in all parts of the town—amounting nearly to 10,000 strong; and although it was not to be expected that a body of men, who were totally unaccustomed to a military life, should have presented a very martial appearance, yet when we consider the locality in which their services were likely to be needed, strengthened by the fortifications of the town, they were well calculated to afford a formidable and efficient force.—Their dress was simple: —it consisted of a suit of blue—the coat with a red collar and epaulets of red cloth, the pantaloons with a red stripe down each side, their buttons bore the Polish Eagle,— and they were each armed with a musket and sabre.

Our reception at Warsaw was certainly of the most flattering nature: independently of that courtesy and respect, which is invariably shown towards the English on the Continent, the Poles received us with the warmest gratitude. We presented our letters to the Minister for Foreign affairs, M. Malachowski,—the brother of the gallant youth who was killed fighting at the head of a vastly inferior force which had been taken by surprise, —and were immediately appointed to different hospitals in the town.

Perhaps it may not be misplaced here, to give a brief account of the origin and progress of the patriotic war, from the commencement up to the period when I arrived in Warsaw.—Brief it must necessarily be, and I shall confine myself to *facts* which have been related to me by those who were personal witnesses of those memorable scenes in this eventful era of European history.

The public prints have teemed with the manifold causes which induced the Poles to throw off the hated yoke of their despotic usurper, the Emperor of Russia; and I am able confidently to affirm, that *few, if any, of the facts related, are in any way exaggerated.* I happened to have with me a copy of Fletcher's History of Poland, the supplement to which contains an account of the tyrannical conduct of the Grand Duke Constantine;—and I have seen the * * * in the hospital of officers,—a man who understood the English language well, —I have seen him, I say, collect a party of officers around him, and translate the principal passages into the Polish language, and while the officers have expressed their admiration, he has turned round, and declared to me, *with tears in his eyes*, that *every word was true.*

Constantine seems to have totally mistaken the character of the ill-fated people he was destined to govern. By nature heartless and cruel, his object seems to have been to crush and humble the *spirits* of the people, whose affection it was his paramount and sacred duty to have gained by kindness and *conciliation.* The Emperor Alexander was, by a majority of the Poles, long respected and loved, because as far as *he* was concerned, they were

treated, generally, with kindness;—he knew that the heart which was wounded could not be healed by oppression, and he attempted, therefore, to conciliate: he soothed and palliated what he could not eradicate, and the Poles seemed, to a certain extent, satisfied. This fact alone ought to be a sufficient answer to those who bring the charge against this unfortunate people of "being discontented."—Had the Emperor Alexander lived, and had he continued to treat them as a nation, and in a great measure as an *independent nation*, the gross injustice of the Congress of Vienna might have been for a time forgotten,—the spirits of Poland's patriots *might* have been for a time subdued,—and the lives of a hundred thousand human beings might have been saved.

It was only when the Poles were subjected to the most unjust and unexampled oppression—when they were daily insulted and rendered miserable by the arbitrary and *cruel* conduct of the northern despot,—when every kindred feeling was outraged,—and when the innocent were doomed to expiate the sins of the guilty;—it was *then*, and not till *then*, that the heart of every true Pole bled afresh; it was then that the VOICE of a mighty nation called out loudly for retribution; the tocsin bell was rung from forest to forest; all answered to the welcome sound; the badge of liberty was gladly assumed; the usurper was hurled from the station he so unworthily filled, and Poland was, for a short time, free!

The conspiracy which matured the Revolution, was at first confined to seven students in the university with whom it chiefly originated, and who were sworn to inviolable secresy. Subsequently, however, but in the most cautious manner, it was extended to the army itself; one officer and one subaltern being admitted from each regiment, and, ultimately, it extended to each troop.

It may well be imagined that a conspiracy of such magnitude could not, for any considerable time, escape the ever-vigilant police and spies of the Russian Government; and yet, I am confidently informed, that they did not entertain the slightest idea of the extent to which it was carried. One individual,—one of the seven,—came, however, under suspicion, and was about to be arrested by the police. It now became evident that the hour for active duty had arrived, and, accordingly, on the memorable evening of the 29th of November, 1830, the seven students, having armed themselves with muskets, sallied into the streets, with their bayonets fixed; and being soon joined by their accomplices and the excited people, they proceeded with loud shouts to the palace of the Grand Duke, the Belvidere.

What must have been the feeling of the guilty Constantine, during that awful moment? Did that shout of vengeance reach his ear? It is most probable that it did; and that it rendered him, in the hour of need, weak and powerless, for his concience told him that it was just!.. What became of him was never correctly known, although it was supposed that he escaped *pro tem.* through a skylight. When his body-guard, however, were, after a feeble resistance overcome, and several of them slain, the palace was entered, but Constantine could no where be found; time was precious, and, therefore, after securing the Duke's papers, &c., the conspirators proceeded to the arsenal, and being now increased to a very considerable body, they easily battered open the doors; arms were distributed to the people, and the Revolution became general.*

Many were the dreadful scenes which occurred during that eventful night. The military, with the exception of one or two regiments that went out of the town with the Grand Duke, joined the people; but there were master-spirits abroad, and the successes which were so signally obtained are mainly attributable to the energy and decision which they evinced and which were not surpassed even by the heroes of "the three days" in Paris. One instance I may relate.

When the people were storming the arsenal, a regiment of *Polish* soldiers under the command of a *Russian* colonel, a man who happened to be universally liked, even by the Poles themselves, arrived upon the ground. A strict sense of military duty induced the colonel immediately to draw up his men, and ordered them to fire upon the people. The soldiers paused, for their hearts were in the cause of their compatriots. During this critical moment, a voice issued from the crowd, which was heard even amid the din of musketry and the crash of swords—

"Colonel! You are known, and you are respected: we do not wish to injure you; but you must desist from your orders to the soldiers: if not, your blood be upon your own head!"

The ill-fated, but gallant officer would not listen to this warning: the obnoxious order was again repeated, and the soldiers still wavered between their habitual respect for their commander and their repugnance to fire upon their friends: there was a moment's pause, but it was only for a moment: fifty shots then followed each other in quick succession: the unfortunate Russian fell, and his soldiers joined the people.

Before that ever-memorable night was over, the whole town was in the hands of the patriots, and Constantine had made his escape, accompanied only by a few of his guard and one or two regiments of the line, almost all of whom afterwards returned. Cowardice is the common attribute of a tyrant; and it is averred that the conduct of Constantine upon this occasion made even the Russians despise him: the Poles, however, always regretted that they allowed him to escape, which might easily have been prevented, had they been unanimous about the propriety of so doing. He escaped indeed; but the hand of retribution at length reached him!

If the Poles were energetic in their first movements, they were equally so in those which followed. *Josef Chlopicki*†

* During my stay in Warsaw, I became intimately acquainted with one of the seven leaders of this unexampled insurrection, and who received a mortal wound in the back. He was a fine young man, and I believe a relation of the Poet, Niemcewicz. —He was in *L'Hôpital des Officiers*, and continued gradually to sink until after the Russians entered Warsaw; subsequently to which period, I saw him for the last time.—He was lying in a most debilitated state in bed.—When I went up to him, I took his cold and emaciated hand; with difficulty he raised himself, and, with a look of unutterable anguish, exclaimed, "and have I lived to see this?—my country again conquered, and in the hands of *my hated enemy!*" As he said this, he pressed my hand convulsively, and fell backwards on his couch. Soon afterwards, I left Warsaw, and heard, when in Berlin, that, in his frenzy, he attempted to cut his throat, and that six Russian sentries were placed around his dying bed!

† For a notice of whose Life, see "Hull Polish Record," No. 2.

was chosen dictator. The army was promptly organised and clothed in the national uniform,..the white eagle of Poland was once more unfurled, and thousands of brave youths crowded beneath the standard of liberty. The subsequent events are well known: the successive changes in the command-in-chief from Pac to Chlopicki, from the latter to Radziwill, and ultimately to the immortal Skrzynecki; the several victories gained over the Russians at Grochow, Dembie Wielkie, &c., the formation of the Provisional Government, and the appointment of the Prince Adam Czartoryski to the presidency, are events with which every one who has taken any interest in Polish affairs must be familiar. At the time I arrived in Warsaw, the army was at Siedlcè, and in daily expectation of coming to a general engagement with the enemy. The people were then unanimously enthusiastic in the glorious cause: previous victories had shown them *how much might be done by an inferior force when that inferiority was supported by* JUSTICE; and the *spirit* of those who were suffering under unjust tyranny and despotism.

The battle of Grochow was an important one to the Poles, and the advantage which they derived from it was undoubtedly in consequence of the bold and determined front which they presented to the enemy. It must be remembered that the river was frozen at the time, and, consequently, did not afford them that protection, which, under other circumstances it would have done. The manner in which the Poles fought, even excited the admiration of their enemy, to whom they were vastly inferior in men and cannon. Constantine was frequently heard to exclaim during the engagement, "Look at those fellows, how they fight! They are soldiers of *my* training:" and, incredible as it may appear, the Russians actually contend that they lost the advantages of the engagement by being prevented from following up a superiority which they gained over the left wing of the Polish troops, commanded by General Krukowiecki through the interference of the Grand Duke, who expressed his repugnance to massacre "his own Poles!!" The Russians certainly suffered great loss, and,—the greater credit to the Poles,—they as surely fought well. "The snow," said an eye-witness, "was completely covered with dead for a considerable distance around the place, and, being too deep to allow us to bury them, you may imagine our condition when the thaw took place some few weeks afterwards!"*

Prince Albert's regiment of cuirassiers was nearly destroyed; and I was informed by the same gentleman, whose authority I have just made use of, (an English officer in the Russian service who had been in Turkey,) that the evening after the battle, only forty out of a regiment of upwards of a thousand appeared at the muster, and that the next morning only two hundred were found to have been saved with the exception of those made prisoners.

The major of the regiment who, with other Austrian officers in *L'Hôpital des Officiers*, was treated with the utmost kindness and attention, was wounded in the following singular manner.

The command being given to charge the Polish infantry, the major headed the attack and came down upon the Poles in the most determined manner. He broke through the first rank, when, instead of returning, he proceeded onwards, and broke the second and the third ranks: his regiment was now hemmed in, and *could not return*, and hence the massacre which ensued: some of the men broke over the bridge of Praga and were cut to pieces in the streets of Warsaw; some few cut out a retreat, while the rest were either destroyed or taken prisoners. Among the latter was Major Zone, who defended himself a considerable time without receiving a wound. Being a man of herculean strength, and protected by his helmet and cuirass, several shots were received on his corset, but they did not take effect; when a Polish soldier getting behind him, insinuated the point of his bayonet into the opening of the corset, and placing his pistol on the same, he fired and shot him in the back, when he was immediately taken prisoner.

After the battle of Grochow, the Polish troops divided themselves into different bodies, and were scattered among the woods and forests, in order to annoy the enemy from as many points as possible. Skrzynecki was raised from the rank of colonel to that of commander-in-chief, one of the most important events of the campaign, not only as marking the rise of one of the greatest men of his age, but also as giving origin to that unfortuate party-feeling, which, though for a time kept secret, was ultimately evinced in a manner most fatal to the interests of Poland. I shall, however, recur again to the subject in my remarks upon events which occurred subsequently to my arrival in Warsaw; and, in the mean time, some general and brief description of the town itself may not be totally uninteresting or misplaced.

The situation of Warsaw is commanding, and, as viewed from Praga, beautiful. The city stands on rising ground, the foot of which is washed by one of the noblest rivers in Europe, the Vistula, which bounds it on the N. E.

The town here presents rather an imposing appearance. I have stood—*and often*—amid the battlements at Praga, gazing with intense interest upon the scene which it afforded.* Before me the broad line of building formed by the skirts of the town, with the grey turrets of the castle rising in conspicuous magnificence, constituted the most prominent feature of the landscape. Above, the river was shrouded in beautiful foliage, whilst below, I have loved to see the last rays of the western sun fall gently upon the calm blue surface of the retiring waters. But the most interesting object upon which the eye fell, was the deep earthen mound which surrounded the hamlet of Praga, and formed the outer barrier of the strong fortification: it was apparently about three quarters of an English mile in circumference, mounted with large dark cannon which pointed their open mouths in every direction where an enemy might be expected; and when the different sentries were seen strolling to and fro along its summit, appearing, when contrasted with the pale sky of a summer's evening, with their long scythes hung carelessly across their shoulders, like the spirits of the wild scenes upon which they gazed as they stopped to look over the gloomy waste of Grochow,..and when in contrast to this you listened to the distant sounds of music, which were at most times to be heard, or the laugh from the bivouac of the thoughtless soldier,..the *tout ensemble* was at once imposing and highly romantic.

The S. W. of Warsaw was occupied by a line of de-

* It may be thought worthy of remark that the cholera appeared among the Russians soon after this time, with great virulence.

* See the print "Praga, in 1831."

fence, extending from the edge of the river on one side to a similar point on the other: the strongest part of which was confined to the outskirts of the town bordering upon the plain of Wola, and extending from the Jerusalem barrier to the great south entrance of the town, the Wola barrier;..the fortifications here were, however, at this period unfinished.

As Warsaw was once the capital of that extensive and fine country, which has been now seized upon and destroyed by the unprincipled and heartless usurper,—as it was once the capital of a kingdom which ranked high among the nations of Europe—it may be expected that it is adorned with many buildings of importance: this is, in fact, to a considerable degree, the case. There are numerous relics to show what Warsaw formerly was;.. many of the old buildings are, however, in perfect ruin, while new ones have been reared in different parts of the town.

The Castle, to which is attached the Diet House, is a fine building and well adapted to the purposes for which it is too often used. It faces the river on one side, and, on the other is surrounded by a large wall, which separates it from the square at the bottom of the *Faubourg de Cracovie*. Its strength is said to be very great; and to judge from the long, dark, and winding passages in which it abounds, I should deem it far from a pleasant abode.

The Churches in Warsaw are many of them also ancient and magnificent in their internal decorations. The Poles are, generally speaking, members of the Roman Catholic Church, the duties of which are performed by monks of the order of Capuchins. Service is frequently being performed throughout the day; and I have seen the floor covered with prostrate bodies of the poorer classes. Some of their ceremonies are singular and mysterious. In the solemnization of marriage the bride and bridegroom are *tied together with a long ribbon!*

The University is a splendid building situated in the *Faubourg de Cracovie:* it consists of a body and two wings, built in the modern architecture of the day, and is provided with excellent museums of anatomy and of natural history in all its branches. It has (or *had*, rather!) excellent professors in Medicine, Law, and General Literature; but prior to the revolution it was always filled with Russian Spies, and nothing was allowed to be taught which was considered likely to infuse a liberal feeling among the students! The English and French journals were prohibited! In fact, every measure which ingenuity could devise, was put in force to destroy all national feeling,..to efface that distinctive character which marked an intelligent, a literary, and a once independent people. But the Russians were mistaken! They knew not that the human heart is the best and safest monitor, and that it was sure, sooner or later, to *feel* the rod of oppression and injustice. *The character of the Pole can never be altered:* by nature determined and firm, *he* MUST *always remain the enemy of a country he both hates and* DESPISES. HE WILL YET SING *his national song*, "*Poland is not yet lost*," and await that hour when he may regain his country from a power, which, contrary to the laws of civilized nations, seized it merely because he was the strongest!

Most of the public buildings were converted either into government offices or into hospitals. The latter were numerous, roomy, and well attended, both by medical men and by the kind, generous, and beautiful Polish women, who exposed themselves to every species of fatigue and risk to afford assistance to their unfortunate countrymen.

The principal streets in Warsaw are the Ulica Miodowa,* Ulica Dluga,† the Faubourg de Cracovie and its continuation the Nowy Swiat.‡ In the Platz Postowa is erected a beautiful bronze statue and pedestal, of upwards of sixty feet high, of Stanislaus Augustus. Higher up in the Faubourg de Cracovie is an elegant bronze statue of the Astronomer Copernicus, who is represented in a sitting posture, with a celestial globe in his hand. The Nowy Swiat is intersected by a long, beautiful avenue of poplars, extending from the Jerusalem barrier down to the river, and in nearly a straight line for two miles English.

The English residents in Warsaw amounted to about two hundred. There is a minister, Mr. Smith, an excellent and amiable man, who originally went out as missionary to the Jews. He does duty regularly every Sunday. There are also an English brewer, an ironmonger, and a miller, all of whom have succeeded well. Most of the others have employment at one or other of these establishments.

In Warsaw, are two public gardens, somewhat resembling those of Kensington, though much smaller: they are prettily laid out, and during the summer evenings both were to be found crowded with the young and the gay; and I have often thought as I have listened to the happy and joyous laugh, how monstrous must be the wretch who could blight and destroy the innocence of freedom, who could trample over the graves of the patriot brave in order to reach the height of his own personal aggrandisement, his own mean and selfish ambition; and this monstrousness is rendered more heinous, when we reflect that the author of it is one in whom is invested the sacred and holy privilege of *protecting* the welfare, the interests, and the happiness of millions of his fellow creatures.

C. R. B.

CRACOW.§

IMPORTANT SUGGESTION.—ON THE NECESSITY OF APPOINTING A BRITISH DIPLOMATIC AGENT TO THE SENATE OF THE FREE TOWN OF CRACOW—"By article six of the general treaty of Vienna, the town of Cracow and its territory is declared a free, independent, and strictly neutral town, under the protection of Austria, Russia, and Prussia." This declaration is further developed in the additional treaty relating to Cracow, of May 3, 1815, to which *England was a party* equally with the other terms of the general Treaty. "Consequently the Constitution of Cracow stands under the same *sauve-garde* of England, as any other article to which she subscribed in the Treaty of Vienna. The free town of Cracow, by this settlement of Europe has, therefore, the sovereign right of national independence, in the same degree as the free towns of Germany. She acknowledges no supreme lord over her legislative and domestic affairs, nor does she pay any tribute or homage to any foreign Power; she must therefore be considered an independent state to all intents and purposes; and it is both the duty and the interest of England and France, to open those relations with Cracow which had been so long neglected; measures which

* Mead-Street. † Long-Street. ‡ New World.

§ See "Polonia, No. 4, for November." The entire article has since been published in a separate pamphlet "*for the benefit of destitute Polish Refugees.*"

evidently cannot continue to be disregarded without compromising their dignity and safety. The territorial extent of the Republic of Cracow is 496 square miles; it exceeds, therefore, in territorial surface, all the four free towns of Germany together, viz., Frankfort, Lubeck, Bremen, and Hamburgh, by 58 square miles; its population of about 110,000 inhabitants is equal to those of Frankfort and Bremen. This little state contained, in 1828, four towns, seventy-seven villages, forty-three hamlets, and 18,440 houses, inhabited by 102,000 Poles, 7,000 Jews, and 400 Germans. The annual revenue amounts to nearly 33,000*l.* sterling. The official style and title of the republic is "Sovereign Town and Republic of Cracow;" that of the President of the Senate is "Your Highness." The arms of the republic are the glorious white eagle of Poland, with the crown."—The writer of this article forcibly observes that "out of the great catastrophe to which a devoted people, once great and free, but now blotted out from the tablet of independent European nations, has fallen a victim by the cunning and avidity of the overwhelming brute force of three neighbouring Christian nations, it has pleased Providence, in his inscrutable and unfathomable ways in guiding the destinies of mankind, to save yet from total distruction *one* precious relic of Sarmatia's fallen grandeur, and so to direct the minds of the destroyers of the Polish nation at the moment when they thought themselves safely seated on the neck of their mangled victim, as to allow them, through the evil spirit of their mutual jealousy, to assent to and acknowledge in a formal act, the perpetual independence of Cracow and its territory, the cradle of Poland's civilization, the mausoleum of her kings, and the sanctuary where Kosciuszko sleeps; declared by Europe to be free, independent, and neutral in perpetuity."

JUSTICE TO POLAND THE BEST POLICY OF EUROPE:

(In which are partially pourtrayed the evils and miseries attendant upon the dismemberment of a country.)

"Be not deceived, nor vainly esteem that man a patriot who is for ever babbling about the good of his country. He alone loves his country who exerts his every faculty to promote the public welfare, according to the limits of the circle in which he moves; one who willingly renounces private emolument for public good, and is ever ready to devote his life and prosperity in support of its inherent rights."

Translated from MALLING.

On the subject of Poland, there seems much the same shyness among the old established powers of Europe, that we observe among ourselves, when any matter is broached on which each party in its turn has something to regret; no one likes to handle it; the person who mentions it is considered officious and intrusive; and, by common consent, the sooner the subject is dropped, the better!..Now, we are fully aware of the delicacy of the topic; and if by holding our peace we could keep it at rest, perhaps the best way would be to do great violence to all natural feeling, and bury it for ever in silence. Admitting it were possible, would it be advisable, to let all principles of justice and humanity sleep, and forget Poland? This cannot be, because it depends upon persons and things altogether beyond control. We make no appeal, however, against individuals, but against a *system*, entailing lamentable consequences equally on the decendants of those it was designed to benefit, as on those whose interests were from the first meant to be sacrificed.—The surprise of a town, the invasion of an insignificant province, or the election of a prince who had neither abilities to be feared, nor virtues to be loved, would, some years ago, have armed one half of Europe, and aroused the attention of the other. Our ancestors, on some occasions, might perhaps discover more anxiety about preserving the balance of power in Europe, than was necessary; but it has been well remarked, that the idea of considering Europe a vast commonwealth, whose several parts are distinct and separate, though politically and commercially united, each independent though unequal in power, and protected from the undue ascendancy of any one state, was liberal and wise, and based upon enlarged principles of policy. By an adherence to that system, this small part of the western world has acquired her superiority over the rest of the globe. The fortune and glory of Greece proceeded from a similar system of policy, though formed on a smaller scale: both her fortune and her glory expired with that system!

Slight sketches of the sufferings of the Poles have been laid before the public; but there is a circumstance not yet duly noticed, which has added no inconsiderable share to the insults heaped upon this injured people. Each partition, each change of dominion, has been of necessity accompanied by a change of frontier; and this entails upon the districts in which it takes place, as well as on others more remote, the most serious consequences. A proprietor's estate is cut in two; one part becomes Russian, the other Prussian; or he has different estates lying in two, or in all the three monarchies. *This happens to almost every one of the great landholders.*

Thus a war between the three powers becomes a civil war to them; and their numerous relatives and connexions must fight on different sides. Next: maintain what conduct they may, it is impossible they can escape offending one or other of their masters; and their property and relatives are at hand to answer for the offence. Again; they cannot proceed from one estate to another, or, it may be, from one part of the same farm to the other, in time of war, or even in peace, without a passport, which must be obtained from the capital in the Russian parts, and may take four months to procure. Moreover, though a passport were out of the question, a frontier never fails to create delay, and vexations of every kind; planted, as it ever is, with custom or toll-houses and officers of every description, whose duty is to stop and examine, but who make their duty a cover for their trade, which is to annoy and extort. Frontier provinces are also naturally more dissolute, from the constant practice of deception in eluding the police.

The partition of 1772 drew four sets of lines in different directions. Immediately after this event Austria was dissatisfied, and, mistaking the name of a river, took in a small but convenient territory by a new line. Prussia said (we have it under Frederic's hand) that if Austria made mistakes, so could other people; and he followed her example in the north. In 1793, new lines were drawn by all the three powers; and in 1795, they completed their work, by describing another line of boundaries. But in 1806, the Prussians were driven out, which was equivalent to another change of boundary; and by the peace of Tilsit the district of Bialystok was transferred from the new Duchy to Russia. In 1809 Austrian Poland was cut in twain, and one half given to the Duchy: the district of

Tarnopol was also handed over to Russia. Is it possible to reflect on the situation of a country thus unceasingly cut in pieces, without feeling the deepest commiseration for the vast amount of individual misery which all those violent operations must have occasioned? A most serious calamity resulting from them is the change of laws which they involve in almost every case. The Russian parts of Poland did preserve for a time their ancient municipal laws; but Austria and Prussia introduced their own codes, and Napoleon did the same. Gallicia underwent these revolutions within a period of forty years. At first the government was provisional and partly military; no regular system of jurisprudence was established till 1774, when the Austrian law was introduced; and the provinces added in 1793 and 1794 were subjected to the same system. In 1800, the code prepared by Martini was proclaimed: in 1809, Western Gallicia became incorporated with the Duchy, and received the Code Napoleon; and Tarnopol, a part of Eastern Gallicia, being given to Russia, the old Polish law was restored to it. Prussian Poland received the Frederician code at each partition. In 1807 the bulk of it was subjected to the Code Napoleon, and Bialystok was restored to the Polish law. Now, all these systems of jurisprudence are wholly unlike each other in their principles and forms, both civil and criminal, except that Martini's code was merely civil, and by a strange anomaly left the old form of proceedings, while it overturned the principles. We may imagine how searching the operations are of such changes. To be guaranteed against revolutions of this kind, even were they unaccompanied by confiscations and military executions, would be a solid and general benefit to the people. Who can think without indignant regret, that while the rest of Europe was in the enjoyment of peace, Poland has been undergoing all the evils above mentioned, and been the victim of an oppression unheard of before in the annals of the world; yet, they have been cast into the shade and regarded as mere *bagatelles!* Who amongst us ever dreamed that when we were welcoming peace after twenty years of war, Poland should only be on the eve of new troubles? and that the happy change was to be, for her, but the signal for the ancient and the upstart principalities and powers to take up the dismal tale of violence, which they had been compelling the children of revolution to lay down?

There is yet another observation to be made, which may have some weight with those who will not listen to the argument from principle and consistency. The statements already given, coupled with the facts generally known, lead to conclusions quite irresistible with respect to the *advantages*, in the most ordinary and limited sense of the word, which would result to the *Allies* from restoring the independence of Poland. These may be stated under two heads, Economical and Military. Reflect on the condition of the Polish provinces during the last sixty years, and say whether their possessors can have derived the benefits from them, in a commercial point of view, which a peaceable intercourse between the surrounding states and those fertile districts, would have secured. The whole commerce of Poland, by its position, must enrich the Austrian, Russian, and Prussian dominions. To keep its inhabitants in the state they now are, and in which they have been held so long, is in truth to sacrifice as much of the benefits of such a neighbourhood, as human impolicy, warring with natural rights, can destroy.

Look now to the insecurity of the possession, and the benefits in a defensive view, derivable from a change of system. He who should fancy that the patriotism of the superior classes cannot be shared by the lower orders '*because they are slaves*,' would be guilty of an egregious error. *The Polish peasantry have never been in the same condition as the Russian. Long before they were free by law, the progress of manners, and the interests of their lords, had rendered their bondage extremely gentle, and they were not even by law liable to be separated from the soil.* That this body of people have suffered severely by the changes which immediatly affected the landholders, as well as by the proceedings of foreign troops, we know full well: that they have felt and acted for their country, is equally true; although unquestionably it is among the higher orders that we are to look for national spirit in its greatest force. It is easy to say that these are but a handful, and that the Polish people are a few great lords with some millions of slaves. The answer is brief: *the fact is otherwise.* A distant view of any institution is deceitful; we should see how it works before we decide on its effects. When viewed more nearly, the Polish peasantry are not found to be, in point of practical effect, materially different from those of other countries; and the higher classes are not a handful of nobles, but a vast multitude of persons in every state of employment, rank and fortune, comprising all the landholders, amounting to perhaps 100,000 families; all those, far more numerous, who have the name and privileges of nobility without any property in land, and who may be in any employment; many who are nominally peasants, but on different titles possessed of land, and some of those settled in towns as tradesmen and artificers. Substantially then, this is a nation constituted as others are, and the feelings of patriotism pervade the whole as they would others, if they had the same character and sufferings to excite them. Again, look to this fact: the levies made by the Allies in Poland can never be trusted, except perhaps in their wars with each other; for they immediately desert. The ranks of any power at war with the three courts, are constantly filled with them. Since 1794, France has had their legions: and after 1807, when she held out hopes of restoration, they were almost equal to the whole of her foreign levies. In 1812, she had 100,000 under the most gallant and unfortunate of men. Surely then, it needs no argument to prove, that the system, which at any moment gives France the disposal of an army of Poles, under leaders like Poniatowski, is little calculated to secure the tranquillity of those who occupy Poland. Even in unparalleled defeats, how constantly did the Poles cling to France, because she was still in hostility with Russia! Saxons, Bavarians, Dutch, Rheinlanders, Prussians, and Italians all deserted her standard; of the Poles not one! Yet were their hopes deceived!! And can we form no idea of that agony and rebellion of soul, which agitates a spirit conscious of powers which have no field for exertion, that we have been willing so carelessly to see the brave and the intellectual trampled in the dust? Did we not sympathise even with Russia, when the ruler of France was pouring his myriads into her territory? Which of us remembered in that great day of her affliction, that it was but a just retribution for her selfish cruelty to Poland? And who has read that beautiful poem of "The Minstrel in the Russian Camp," by one of her own warrior-sons, but has felt his heart rebound to the burden of his poesy, that right and justice was for them? And these are they who heed not the voice of conscience now; who listen not to "the widow's

cry, or orphan's woe;" who cast down to the earth the noble and the brave; who crush the glorious spirit of a mighty realm,—proud only in its own excellence,—by tearing away those tendrils of human nature, which a God of infinite wisdom hath given as the tie that shall make man unrepiningly accept his bondage upon earth; these, we repeat, are torn asunder with brutal cruelty, and the heart is left to prey upon itself, till death is welcomed by the solitary captive and the friendless exile, with a species of rapture.

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CORSICA AND POLAND.

"WAS it the spirit of CHRISTIANITY which instigated an ambitious SOVEREIGN to arm himself against the liberties of CORSICA and not to scruple accomplishing his design by little less than the extirpation of its inhabitants? Brave and unfortunate ISLANDERS! ye stemmed for a time the torrent of tyranny, in hopes that some of the STATES of EUROPE would have enabled you to repel it with success;—ye shed with ardor your best blood at the shrine of freedom;—overpowered at length, desponding and despairing of a better fate, ye fell,—lamented by every friend of humanity, assisted by none!

Was it the spirit of CHRISTIANITY which combined in an unnatural union, three of the most powerful SOVEREIGNS in EUROPE, and induced them to plan and effectuate the dismemberment of POLAND?—May the partition of that country be a lesson of warning to our own! May no domestic dissension pave the way for foreign invasion! CORSICA, as well as POLAND, ought to instruct us to rely, under the providence of GOD, upon our own strength, rather than upon any ideal support to be derived from the attention of other STATES to the balance of power in EUROPE. We ourselves paid no attention to it,—we either had not a disposition, or were not in a condition,—were by some means or other prevented from standing forth the protectors of those two devoted countries. Other nations may be in a like situation with respect to us, and a few arbitrary PRINCES of the CONTINENT, (who look upon their PEOPLE as brutal property, their KINGDOMS as private estates, their MINISTERS as stewards, and STANDING ARMIES as collectors of their rents,) may conspire together to annihilate the little remaining liberty of EUROPE, and yet preserve a balance of despotism amongst themselves."

BISHOP WATSON'S *Fast-Sermon*, 1780.
(Sermons and Tracts, 1788. *8vo. p.* 116.*)*

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF SOBIESKI.

(Concluded from our last.)

DURING the peace which followed his victory over Ibrahim Pacha, surnamed *Shaitan*, the life of the royal patriot was embittered by the political intrigues of Mary his queen, a Frenchwoman, whose influence over him was unbounded. Even the Diet was, in a great measure, subservient to her views, and thus the plans of Sobieski for the permanent advantage of the republic, were frustrated. The Jesuits were, also, a source of trouble to him, but he managed them more successfully than his unruly and intriguing wife. Sobieski was summoned from these domestic disquietudes to a field where his ascendancy was never disputed. His old enemy of the Mohammedan faith had made another tremendous irruption on the side of Hungary, threatening the subjugation of Austria. The Emperor Leopold had driven his Hungarian subjects to revolt by infringements on their national liberties. The noted *Tekeli*, one of the principal nobles of that oppressed country, was their leader; and they then entered into an alliance with the Turks. In this emergency, Leopold entreated the aid of the Poles; but though Sobieski felt at first disinclined to assist the proud and tyrannical emperor, he could not withstand the importunity and artifices of his own wife, to whom Leopold, in his despair had applied; and perhaps he was glad of the opportunity to break another lance with the Moslems, and obtain a respite from internal broils.

Siege of Vienna.—In the beginning of May, 1683, the Moslem army set out on its march. The troops amounted to nearly 300,000 men, the greater proportion being Tartars and Hungarians; well provided with ammunition and artillery; and commanded by Kara Mustapha, the grand vizier. He marched his army from Belgrade, along the western side of the Danube, and proceeded almost without a blow to Vienna. The Emperor became now as timid and crouching in his adversity as he had been proud and overbearing in his prosperity. The haughty Leopold was to be seen running away before the Tartars from town to town, an edifying picture of humiliated tyranny. When at Lintz he dispatched messenger after messenger to hasten the depature of Sobieski. All eyes were now directed to this wonderful individual. Upon his single head and arm it depended whether Europe should be in future Christian or Mahommedan. The whole continent looked to him as its bulwark and saviour. Rome trembled lest the cross should have to strike to the crescent, and the Pope continually despatched couriers to implore his interference in saving the Church from the Moslem yoke. Vienna was already besieged. Sobieski, with his handful of chivalry, advanced. On the 15th of August he left Cracow, and on arriving, by forced marches, under the walls of Vienna, found that the Turkish artillery had effected a practicable breach, and the imperial forces had not yet arrived! The garrison was reduced to the last extremity before the two armies, together consisting of 50,000 men,* were united. On the 11th of September, they reached Mount Calemberg, from whose summit the Austrian capital and the wide-spread gilded tents of the Moslems formed a magnificent prospect. Innumerable horses, camels, and buffaloes were observed on the scene, and above 200,000 armed men, all in motion. But Sobieski was not imposed on by this formidable sight. "This man," said he, "is badly encamped: he knows nothing of war: we shall certainly beat him." The eagle eye of the experienced warrior was not mistaken, nor was he deceived in his judgment of Kara Mustapha's incapacity. Great was the vizier's astonishment on beholding heights he had deemed inaccessible glittering with Polish lances. He would not at first believe that the "wizard-King" was there; but, laughing, said, "The King of Poland! I know, indeed, that he has sent Lubomirski, his son, with a few squadrons." Some disaffection exhibited itself in the Turkish camp, and the Janizaries murmured at their general's apparent cowardice: "come on, infidels," they exclaimed, looking towards the Polish and Imperial troops, "the sight of your hats will put us to flight!" The next day, September 12th, 1683, was to determine whether Vienna, under Mahomet IV., should experience the fate of Constantinople under Mamomet II., or even, whether Europe should continue Christian or not. Two hours before dawn the King of Poland heard mass and received the Sacrament—a pious practice which he never neglected when any great struggle was impending: the generals also communicated. Meantime the Turks performed their devotions, with cries of Allah, Allah! shouts which were redoubled at sunrise, when the Christian army descended in close array, with slow

* Dr. Connor.—Other accounts state the number to have been 70,000.

and even steps; the cannon in front stopping every thirty or forty paces, to fire and recharge. Their front was widened as they had room to enlarge it, while the Turks, in much confusion, viewed the enemy. It was then that the Khan of the Tartars pointed out to the Vizier the pennoned lances of the Polish cavalry, observing, "The King is at their head!" words which much troubled him. The Christians continued to descend, and the Turks advanced towards them. The battle began. Throughout the day the advantage rested with the Christians; but vast masses of Turks still supplied the broken ranks. It was now drawing towards nightfall. Five o'clock P.M. had sounded, and Sobieski had given up for the day all hope of the grand struggle, when the provoking composure of Kara Mustapha, whom he espied in a splendid tent tranquilly taking coffee with his two sons, roused him to such a pitch that he instantly gave orders for a general assault. It was made simultaneously on the wings and centre. He pressed towards the Pacha's tent, bearing down all opposition, and repeating with a loud voice, *Non nobis, non nobis, Domine Exercitum, sed nomini tuo, da gloriam.* "Not unto us, not unto us, Lord of Hosts, but to thy name give the glory;" which pious-war-cry was answered by his troops with shouts of *Sobieski! Sobieski!* He was soon recognised by Tartar and Cossack, who had so often beheld him blazing in the van of the Polish chivalry; they drew back, while his name rapidly passed from one extremity to the other of the Ottoman lines, to the dismay of those who had refused to believe him present. 'Allah!' said the Tartar Khan, 'but the *wizard* is with them sure enough!' An eclipse of the moon added to the consternation of the superstitious Moslems.—At this moment the Polish hussars raised their national cry of 'God for Poland!' cleared a ditch which would long have arrested the infantry, and dashed into the deep ranks of the enemy. They were a gallant band; their appearance almost justified the saying of one of their kings "*that if the sky itself were to fall, they would bear it up on the points of their lances!*" The shock was rude, and for some minutes dreadful! but the valour of the Poles, still more the reputation of their leader, and more than all, the finger of God, routed these immense hosts; they gave way on every side, the Khan was borne along with the stream to the tent of the now-despairing vizier. 'Canst not thou help me?' said Kara Mustapha to the brave Tartar, 'then am I lost indeed!'—'The Polish King is there!' replied the other. 'I know him well. Did I not tell thee that all we had to do was to get away as quick as possible?'—The consternation among the infidels was extreme; but they made a vigorous stand. It was in vain; their ranks strewed the ground.—Six pachas fell with them, the Spahis were overthrown, the vizier fled, and with him the remnant of his once formidable host. A vast booty rewarded the victors, and a crowd of merchants congregated there who converted the camp into a mart for all the luxury of Asia.—Vienna —Germany—Europe, was saved! The day after the battle the hero of Christendom entered Vienna through the breaches made by the Turks, amid cries of joy. His horse could scarcely pierce the crowd which contended to kiss his feet, to address him as their father, their preserver, and the greatest of princes. The stern warrior shed tears of joy, and declared that "Never did the crown yield me pleasure like this!" The people could not help comparing him with their own dastardly and disgraceful Sovereign, exclaiming, "Ah! why is not this our master?"—Vienna had forgotten at the moment that she had a jealous ruler. With difficulty could the frowns of the Emperor's officers check these natural expressions of feeling. But Sobieski did not arrogate to himself the glory of this important victory; he repaired to the cathedral of St. Stephens to return thanks. The *Te Deum* was chaunted, the King himself leading the choir. A sermon was afterwards delivered; the preacher choosing for his text, these words—"*There was a man sent from God, whose name was John.*" It would be impossible to describe the transports of the christian world when the result of the campaign became known. Protestants as well as Roman Catholics caught the enthusiasm; every pulpit in Italy, Spain, and England resounded with the praises of the illustrious victor. At Rome the rejoicings continued for a month; the Pope was overwhelmed with joy, and bathed in tears of gratitude, remained for hours prostrate before a crucifix.—Reader! this achievement of Sobieski and his gallant Poles rescued Europe from the bloody and benumbing yoke of the Mahommedans. What then has been the gratitude of Europe, and of Austria in particular, from that day to this?—We will state the historical facts. Instead of clasping the knees of his saviour with joy, and, of blushing at his own cowardice, the Emperor Leopold met Sobieski with coolness, nay, even with insult. At length, with difficulty and reluctance, he let fall some slight expression of *gratitude* for the deliverance of Vienna. Sobieski's reply indicated the truly great man, who, like Sampson, after performing what none in ten thousand could accomplish, passes on and tells neither father nor mother of it. "My brother," said he, "I am very glad to have rendered you this little service." But Leopold's ingratitude was not confined to words. The promises and pledges which had been lavished to induce Sobieski to march to the relief of Vienna, were broken and neglected after the service had been rendered. Leopold's empire was saved; and as he had no more need of further aid, he took care to exhibit no further gratitude. His behaviour astonished no less than incensed the Poles, many of whom, without their King's permission, returned to their homes; but Sobieski with the rest, proceeded into Hungary, in pursuit of the fugitive Moslems. By two subsequent victories, one of which he characterized as greater than that of Vienna, he freed most of that kingdom from the invader, and finally removed all apprehension of Mahommedan conquest. Winter being now far advanced, the Polish King proceeded over the Carpathian mountains, and took up his quarters at Cracow on the 24th December, 1683, after some of the most splendid successes ever recorded in military annals.

From the famous 12th September the Turks never gained an inch of ground. But the Poles obtained no advantage, excepting glory, by this memorable campaign; and peace was no peace to Sobieski. Amid the general rejoicings of Christendom, he was unhappy. From his tame submission to his unprincipled queen, he became an object of reproach amongst the nobles. Her creatures filled most offices in the state; and faction was loud in his condemnation. Sick of the court, he fled into the forests, or wandered from one castle to another, or pitched his tent whenever a beautiful valley, picturesque landscapes, the mountain torrent, or any natural object attracted his attention. Sick, too, of the world, he sought for consolation in religion and philosophy. He was sincerely attached to literature, patronised it, and recommended its study to others. —At length the end of this great man approached. He had long been afflicted with a dropsy, which Dr. Connor says had turned into a schirrus, a remarkable case,—a dose of mercury which he had been recommended to take, it is said, proved too strong for him, and he died on the double anniversary of his birth and his accession to the throne, twenty-three years after the latter event, 17th June, 1696, in the sixty-seventh year of his age; and by another remarkable coincidence his birth and death were each signalised by a tempest of uncommon and fearful violence.*

* The personal description of Sobieski by Connor, with anecdotes and other particulars respecting him, will be given in a future number.—We add the following extracts from 'Historical Parallels,' forming part of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*. It is proper to premise that the volume appeared in 1831, during the patriotic war. "The celebrated battle of Vienna is memorable as having finally delivered Europe from all fear of the Mahometan powers, and possesses a peculiar interest now that the eyes and expectations of all men are eagerly fixed upon the efforts of the Poles to shake off the most unjust tyranny that ever was imposed on any nation." The writer adds, sarcastically, "Well has Austria discharged the debt of gratitude which she contracted under the walls of Vienna! The spirit of Leopold, one might suppose, had descended upon all Austrian statesmen. Within a century of that great event, Poland ceased to be an independent kingdom, and the co-operation of Austria was rewarded with

LIFE OF KOSCIUSZKO.

(Concluded from our last.)

KOSCIUSZKO'S successful commencement of the patriotic campaign at Wraclawice, on the 4th April, 1794, animated the inhabitants of Warsaw to raise the standard of independence; and, after a terrible conflict of two days in the streets, they drove the Russians out of the city. Many striking instances of magnanimity and disinterestedness were evinced, on this occasion, by the Poles.—In Lithuania and Samogitia an equally successful revolution was effected before the end of April; while the Polish troops stationed in Volhynia and Podolia, marched to the reinforcement of Kosciuszko. But fortune was not uniformly favorable to the good cause. The Poles had to meet a new enemy in the faithless Frederic of Prussia, who, without having gone through the preliminary of declaring war, had advanced into Poland, at the head of 40,000 men, and effected a junction with the Russians near Szczekociny. Kosciuszko marched at the head of a comparatively small number of troops, variously estimated at 13,000, and 16,000, men, to the defence of Cracow. On the 6th of June the engagement took place: it was long and bloody: overwhelmed by numbers, the patriots were compelled to retreat; but this movement was conducted in so able a manner, that the enemy did not dare to harass them on their return to Warsaw. Kosciuszko thus effectually covered the capital, and maintained his position for two months against vigorous and continued attacks. General Zaionczeck suffered a defeat at Chelm, three days after the former reverse; and to complete the climax of misfortune, the city of Cracow fell into the hands of the Prussians on the 10th June, through the baseness of its Governor. These disasters occasioned disturbances among the disaffected at Warsaw, which, however, were put down by the vigour and firmness of Kosciuszko.—On the 30th of June, Austria, professing neutrality, announced her intention to march an army into Little Poland, under pretext of defending Gallicia! Meantime the Russians and Prussians continued to approach Warsaw, and encamped near Wola, a league from the city. The first serious combat took place on the 27th July, and was repeated on the 1st and 3rd of August, when the Prussians attempted to bombard the town. On the 16th August, and following days, the combined powers were attacked by General Dombrowski, Prince Joseph Poniatowski, Poninski, and others, who eminently distinguished themselves. In the night of the 5th September, the Russians and Prussians made a precipitate and unexpected retreat, leaving their sick and wounded, as well as a great portion of baggage.—This sudden retreat of the *Great* King of Prussia, with a superior army of 40,000 men, appeared at first so unaccountable, that even Kosciuszko imagined it was a feint; but the real cause was the news that insurrections had broken out in the Polish provinces recently annexed to Prussia. The Prussian yoke was even more galling to the Poles than that of Russia, on many accounts. In all his new provinces Frederic had introduced German laws, and even went so far as to oblige the injured inhabitants to learn the language of their despoiler; so that the Poles foresaw that even the very traces of their nation were to be erased from the face of the earth.* The patriots in the palatinate of Posen and Kalisz, and even in the town of Dantzic, were for a time, successful. The good cause, however, was not so prosperous in Lithuania; Wilna fell before the Russians on the 12th August. CATHARINE, to crush the revolution, ordered *Suwarow* from the frontiers of Turkey to march upon Warsaw, and on the 16th September, at Krupczyce, near Brzesc-Litewski, he gained an advantage over a body of the Polish army, and laid open the road to the capital. Upon receiving intelligence of these events, Kosciuszko left Warsaw and placed himself at the head of the Polish army. Suwarow had effected a junction with Fersen. The 10th of October, 1794, was the decisive day.—Kosciuszko was attacked by the very superior forces of the confederates near Macieiowice, and for many hours supported the combat against overwhelming odds. When victory appeared wavering, and Poninski, who was expected every minute with a reinforcement, not arriving, Kosciuszko at the head of his principal officers, made a grand charge into the midst of the enemy. He fell covered with wounds, uttering the prophetic words, "*Finis Poloniæ!*" All his companions were killed, or taken prisoners. His aide-de-camp, and inseparable friend, the amiable poet, NIEMCEWICZ, was among the latter number. The Polish Generalissimo lay senseless among the dead; but at length he was recognised, notwithstanding the plainness of his uniform, and was found still breathing. His name commanded respect even from the Cossacks, some of whom were about to plunder him; they immediately formed a litter with their lances to carry him to their general, who ordered his wounds to be dressed and treated him with attention. He was thus saved from death to meet a scarcely less harsh fate,—imprisonment in a Russian dungeon. As soon as he was able to travel he was conveyed to Petersburg, where the Empress condemned this noble patriot to end his days in prison.†—Such was the termination of Kosciuszko's glorious career. The news of his captivity flew like lightning to Warsaw, and every Pole received it as the announcement of his country's fall. "It may appear incredible," says Count Oginski, "but I can attest what I have seen, and a number of witnesses can certify with me, that many women miscarried at the tidings; many invalids were seized with burning fevers; some fell into fits of madness which never after left them; and men and women were seen in the streets, wringing their hands, beating their heads against the walls, and exclaiming in tones of despair; 'Kosciuszko is no more; the country is lost!'"

> HOPE, for a season, bade the world farewell;
> And Freedom shrieked when KOSCIUSZKO fell!

The national council, indeed, appointed Thomas Wawrzecki successor to Kosciuszko, but with the loss of their heroic leader, hope seemed to have deserted the breasts of the Poles. Still, however, they fought with the obstinacy of despair, and defended Praga with great gallantry. Suwarow, the butcher of Ismael,

> "Hero, buffoon, half-demon and half dirt,"

a fit General for an imperial assassin,—

> "A match for Timour or for Zinghis in his trade,"

ordered the assault, headed the assailants, and a barbarous carnage ensued. After some hours' hard fighting, on the 4th November, the fortification was carried. Eight thousand Poles perished sword in hand, and the Russians, having set fire to the bridge, cut off the retreat of the inhabitants. Above 12,000 townspeople, old men, women, and children, were murdered in cold blood; and to fill the measure of their iniquity and barbarity, the Russians fired the place in four different parts, and in a few hours the whole of Praga, inhabitants as well as houses, was a heap of ashes!

The period of Kosciuszko's imprisonment was terminated, at the end of two years, by the death of the Czarina, 17th Nov.,

a third of her spoils. It seems vain to expect gratitude in international dealings, yet we might almost have supposed that the recollection of the deliverance of Vienna would have deterred Austria from sharing in so unprovoked and profligate an injustice. Poland has fallen principally to the share of Russia, and Turkey preserves a precarious independence only by the policy of Christian powers, the supine witnesses, or interested sharers in the spoliation of a Christian kingdom, which, having been the bulwark of Europe against Turkey *as long as Turkey was formidable*, would have formed an equally effectual barrier against the encroachments of Russia. That the present movement (Revolution, 1830—1831) may so terminate as to insure the independence of Poland, and read a lesson to diplomatists that nations are not to be bought and sold like sheep, is a wish which justice and policy will alike prompt."

Authorities consulted in the above sketch: Rulhière, Connor, Fletcher's History of Poland, The History of Poland in Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Foreign Quarterly Review, &c.

* See Mémoires de Michel Oginski. Vol. II. p. 12, &c.

† On the death of Catharine, he was liberated by the Emperor Paul.

1796. One of the first acts of her successor, the Emperor Paul, was to restore him to liberty, and to load him with various marks of favor. Among other gifts of the autocrat was a pension, by which, however, the high-spirited patriot would never consent to profit. No sooner was he beyond the Russian frontier than he returned these humiliating presents. From this period the life of Kosciuszko was passed in retirement: he never drew his sword again. By way of England he proceeded to the United States of America; and in 1798 returned to the Old World, took up his abode in France, and divided his time between Paris and his country house near Fontainebleau. In the course of this year, the Polish legions under Dombrowski, which were now the representatives of the nation, signalised themselves in Italy. They obtained possession of the trophies which Sobieski had sent to Italy, after the siege of Vienna, namely, the Turkish standard and sabre deposited in the shrine at Loretto. The flag afterwards always accompanied the legions,—and the sword was sent to him who had proved himself most worthy to succeed Sobieski,—Kosciuszko.—Napoleon, in 1806, felt what powerful allies the Poles, fighting for liberty, would be against Russia and Prussia, and thought proper to forge Kosciuszko's signature to an address to the Poles, which he distributed throughout the country. For, the patriot, suspicious of Napoleon's good faith, refused to lend himself to his wishes; and he was never able to publish a formal denial of this deception until after the fall of the French chief.—When the Russians in 1814, had penetrated into Champagne, and were advancing towards Paris, they were astonished to hear that their former adversary was living in retirement in that part of the country. After the allies had entered Paris, Kosciuszko, still residing at Fontainebleau, addressed a letter to the Emperor Alexander, in which he solicited a general amnesty for the Poles, a free constitution for Poland resembling that of England, and the general abolition of servitude. To this letter the Emperor returned a gracious autograph answer, saying, "YOUR WISHES SHALL BE ACCOMPLISHED. *I trust to realize the regeneration of the brave and respectable nation to which you belong.—How satisfactory would it be to me, General, to see you my helpmate in the accomplishment of these salutary labours! Your name, your character, your talents, will be my best support.*" But Kosciuszko soon found that his own country, Lithuania, was not to participate in the advantages of a constitution. He wrote again to Alexander at Vienna, 10th June, 1815,—stating that he felt he had but a few years to live,—he should wish to see a brighter prospect for his native land,—and that he could not forget the *magnanimous promises* made to him and his compatriots.—To this *no answer was vouchsafed.* Kosciuszko never again saw the soil of his birth; he retired to Soleure in Switzerland, where he ended his glorious life on the 16th October, 1817. An injury received by a fall from his horse accelerated his death.—Not long before, he had abolished slavery upon his Polish estate, and declared all his serfs entirely free, by a deed registered and executed with every formality that could ensure the full performance of his intention. His power and influence were never used but for some good and generous end. The mortal remains of Kosciuszko were removed to Poland at the expense of Alexander, and have found a fitting place of rest in the Cathedral of Cracow, between those of his companion in arms, Joseph Poniatowski, and the greatest of Polish warriors, John Sobieski.

Frederick the Great used to say, that if he were King of FRANCE, not a cannon should be fired in Europe without his permission.

"It would have been a very easy matter" said Napoleon, "to have made the French and English good friends, and love one another. The French always esteemed the English, and where esteem exists, love will soon follow if proper measures be pursued."——*A Voice from St. Helena.*

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF LIVING HEROES AND PATRIOTS.

GENERAL PAC.—Louis-Michael Count Pac, was one of the most opulent men in Poland, and has ever been one of her most patriotic sons. He is descended from the illustrious family of the Pazzi, originally from Florence, and removed from Tuscany into Lithuania some centuries ago. Under Napoleon, Count Pac rose to be a General of Division, was commander of the Legion of Honour, and of the Polish Order of Military Merit. He fought and was wounded in both the battles of Rio Secco and Burgos, 1808; and particularly distinguished himself at the memorable affair of Wagram.

In 1812, the Count gave a splendid fête at Wilna, to his brother officers, the authorities of the city, and a large assemblage of ladies, which was honored with the presence of Napoleon. It was at this period that the Poles anticipated the regeneration of their country; and the federative union of Poland (or the grand-duchy) with Lithuania, was then in course of celebration in the Cathedral of Wilna.—Count Pac procured for his friend Dwernicki, the decoration of the Legion of Honour from Napoleon. On the fall of the French Emperor, the General seemed determined literally to "turn his sword into a ploughshare," for he abandoned a military life, and turned his attention to agricultural pursuits. With this view, he made a tour through England and Scotland, and from the latter part of the kingdom, he took a considerable number of skilful workmen, and established an Experimental Farm, upon his domains at Dospuda. He had the satisfaction to find that his efforts to improve his country, did not fail to have imitators. He was afterwards called to the Senate, notwithstanding the opposition of Alexander himself, who was prejudiced against him.—On the memorable night of the 29th November, 1830, he was called to augment the council of ministers. Entrusted immediately with the command of the armed force, he mounted his horse, rode through the city, harangued the soldiery and the armed inhabitants, and by his exertions and arrangements, restored order, and secured the capital against a surprise. As a member of the provisional government, he was the first to propose, successively, the organization of the national guard, the use of scythes for the third rank of infantry, in default of muskets;—and finally, the disarming of the Russian guard under Constantine. The diet having declared the revolution NATIONAL, Count Pac was nominated a member of the deputation charged with watching over the interests of the country during the dictatorship. Subsequently, upon proceeding to the appointment of a President of the Government, he obtained the greatest number of votes after Prince Czartoryski; and was amongst the first to deposit upon the altar of his country, the free-will offering of 100,000 Polish florins, as a contribution to the public treasury, in this momentous exigency. Such was the confidence in his capacity and patriotism, that he was offered the Commandership-in-Chief, which he modestly and most disinterestedly declined, recommending either Dwernicki or Skrzynecki, to that elevated post. General Pac took a most active part in the campaign which followed, as we have already noticed. He remained to the last, fighting under the walls of Warsaw, and when the Russians took possession, through the imbecility or

treachery of Krukowiecki, retired with the army to Modlin,—and, afterwards directed his course to France. He is now in Paris. His age is fifty-two. Soon after his marriage with the Countess Caroline Malachowska, he travelled into Italy, visited the Marquis de Pazzi, at Florence, engaged several skilful artists, and brought back to his own country a large collection of antiquities, pictures, and statues, and some of the works of Canova. Poland was therefore indebted to the noble Count for the cultivation and encouragement of both the useful and the ornamental arts. After having borne his part in the most memorable acts of the diet, and sacrificed a princely fortune for his country, he comes out of the contest with unsullied honour, and with the grateful consciousness of having fulfilled his duty as a citizen, a soldier, and a member of the national representation.

Poetry.

ORIGINAL.

"And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs."
BYRON.

THE PARTING.*

FLY—fly, Parczewski! live for me;
Swiftly they follow who seek for thee;
Haste, haste, dear love, nor pause for woe,
My faithful heart can bid thee go!
O God! I hear the war-horse near!
Parczewski, fly! for thee I fear:
Nay—cling not thus for mercy's sake,
Lest in thine arms my life-strings break.
Hark! o'er the hill the clattering hoof
My fears confirm with horrid proof!
Sigh not—nor hold thy deep-drawn breath;
Leave me, belov'd,—to stay is death:—
Nay, then, my woman's strength I try,
And wrench me from thine agony.
Look, dearest, to that Heaven above,
A thousand stars behold our love,
And, nightly, as they sparkling roll,
Shall waft our prayers from soul to soul!
Fly to the land of mighty brave,
They that are quick to soothe and save,
Over the wrongs of Poland pause,
Ready to welcome Freedom's cause:
Now, now, Parczewski, this last kiss——
Great God, he stays! then this—and this!

Strong in the purpose of her heart,
She bounded from him like a dart;
Parczewski call'd; she faster flew,
And only thus his safety knew.
Now on the hill the pale moonlight
Shew'd helmets, glittering to his sight;
But still Parczewski hasted not—
His heart was dull to future lot;
Oft and again he turned to see
The cruel fond one onward flee;
Still would he rather with her fly,
With her live on, or with her die!

* Written on hearing that M. Parczewski was engaged to be married to a young Lady, and that the breaking out of the Revolution prevented their union.

GROCHOW.

IN this most glorious field, where all that dies
Of Poland's heroes, sleeps in calm repose,
Without a stone to tell in Freedom's cause
They died, thy flow'rs *'Forget-me-not'* arise
To decorate their graves. The sunbeam dries
The blood that's shed in battle, and the grave
Yawns widely for the fragments of the brave,
Whose bones had been a language to the eyes
Of men unborn; but they are solemnly
Interr'd; their epitaph is thy blue flow'r,
Which o'er each grave repeats eternally
"Forget-me-not." Before the envious hours
Proud marbles fall, but here, perennially,
Their monumental verse is writ—in flow'rs!

T. S.

SELECTED.

FRATERNAL KINDNESS.

Lines written on reading an extract from the 'Courrier Français,' stating that the Emperor Nicholas had offered a liberal provision to Charles X., out of the confiscated property of the Polish Patriots.

[FROM THE HULL ADVERTISER.]

"WELCOME, O fugitive Charles, to me—
Welcome to me, my brother,
Religion and Order require that we,
Whom knaves call the offspring of Tyranny—
Should piously love each other;
By the shade of the sainted Constantine,
Thou shalt eat of my bread—thou shalt drink of my wine!

"That bread hath been kneaded of corn which grew
Where rebel heaps were lying,
Swamped in their gore—it was toasted too
'Mid their burning homes, while a wild halloo
Pealed o'er a nation dying—
Served on the point of a Cossack's red spear—
Thou'lt find it—dear brother—most excellent cheer.

"But the wine!—the wine!—here's the blood-red wine!
Fit for Imperial drinking—
'Tis *Lachrymæ Populi* divine—
So pledge to mine, as I pledge to thine,
And keep thy heart from sinking—
Can the cause of the Bourbon fail to thrive
When Poland has perished and I survive?"

K.

FROM "GUZDRALSKA,
A HUMOROUS TALE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY."
By J. U. Niemcewicz.

* * * * * She was passing fair;
And bounteous Nature o'er that maiden threw
All charms man loves, and all he honors too.
She was a very queen of grace, whose skill
Play'd with the heart and wielded it at will.
The story of her beauty, like a breeze
That bears perfume, spread through the provinces,—
Spread o'er the land; and many a raptured youth
Laid at her feet the vows of love and truth.

They saw her, and were lost: a single glance
Of that bright, lovely, laughing countenance,
Won all the soul. No wonder;—the control
Of wit and beauty ever wins the soul.

And was she faultless? No! one little sin—
For she was human—one alone crept in;
One little fault or error, which—Heaven knows—
Was a dust-atom on a scarlet rose.
What could this little dangerous error be?—
Time and the *maiden* never could agree.
She knew not wherefore years should be divided
In days, and nights, and hours,—and years derided:
She thought that Time, to please a maiden's whim,
Might tarry:—little knew the maid of him.
She deem'd her smile should stop the hurrying day,
When in delights and feasts it sped away;
And the wing'd hours in their swift flight restrain,
And to a rock Time's slippery spirit chain.
E'en thus she lived, and dreams like these employ'd
The shifting moments which those dreams enjoy'd.
Her dawn was noon,—Time's dawn her middle night,—
Always too late; her place, though noblest, might
Remain unfill'd. At table she first came
When all was over: and 'twas just the same
E'en when a new piece charm'd the theatre;
At the last act's last scene she would appear:
Nor at the church, O mortal sin! before
The careful beadle closed the sacred door.
She was her parent's hope, her parent's bliss,
So no reproaches smote the maid for this.

Bowring's Polish Anthology.

FROM VERSES TO THE MEMORY OF THE COUNTESS EMILIA PLATER.

BY LOUISA ANNE TWAMLEY.

Recited by Mr. W. G. Lewis, at the late Birmingham Polish Festival.

WHAT is a woman's weak, delicate form,
But a flower that droops beneath every storm—
That shrinks as the chilly breeze wanders by,
And if tempests arise must fade and die!—
Oh! let her be placed on a fairy throne,
To be flattered, and worshipped, and gazed upon;
She never was destined to view the strife,
The carnage, the toil of this earthly life;
But to smile and charm in the summer hours,
Basking in sunshine like other sweet flow'rs.
Oh! never should sorrow its dim form rear,
To stain that cheek with its scalding tear,
For the radiant light of those sunny eyes,
Can only beam under cloudless skies;
And her fairy footsteps may only fall
In the bower of love, or the banquet hall.
Such woman was ever—and still must be—
No: Poland! e'en *woman* can change for thee:
She *doth not* shrink from the scathing storm,
Tho' fragile and weak be her lovely form;
She doth not desert in their hour of need
Her Country, her friends, but with them will bleed,—
As a guardian spirit will hover around
Where artillery thunders and trumpets sound.
And oh! if "the *lion* will turn and flee
From a maid in the pride of her purity,"
What demon could harm e'en a single hair
Of the angel forms that minister there?

PRINCIPLES OF PUBLIC LAW.

BARBEYRAC well observes that, "If the public interest require that those who obey should suffer some inconvenience, it is no less for the public interest that those who command should be afraid of driving their patience to the utmost extremity."—The prince who violates all laws, *divests himself of his character*, and is no longer to be considered in any other light than that of *an unjust and outrageous enemy*, AGAINST WHOM HIS PEOPLE ARE ALLOWED TO DEFEND THEMSELVES.—*Vattel*, B. I. c 4.

The English justly complained of James II. The nobility, and the most distinguished patriots, having determined to check him in the prosecution of his schemes, which manifestly tended to overthrow the constitution, *and to destroy the liberties and the religion of the people*, applied for assistance to the United Provinces. The authority of the Prince of Orange had, doubtless, an influence on the deliberations of the States-general; but it did not lead them to the commission of an act of injustice: for, when a people from good reasons take up arms against an oppressor, it is but an act of justice and generosity to *assist brave men in the defence of their liberties*. Whenever, therefore, matters are carried so far as to produce a civil war, foreign powers may assist that party which appears to them to have justice on its side. *He who assists an odious tyrant, violates his duty. Ibid.* B. II. c. 4. s. 56.

Every nation ought, on occasion, to labour for the preservation of others, *and for securing them from ruin and destruction*, as far as it can do this, without exposing itself *too much*. Policy here coincides with and enforces obligation and duty. It is the *interest* of princes to stop the progress of an ambitious monarch who aims at aggrandising himself *by subjugating his neighbours*. When the Turks laid siege to Vienna, the brave SOBIESKI, King of POLAND, *saved* the house of Austria, (1683) and probably all Germany. *Ibid*, Bk. II. c. 1. s. 4.

Obligation of observing Treaties. It is a settled point in national law that he who has made a promise to any one, has conferred upon him a real right to require the thing promised,—and consequently that the breach of a perfect promise is *a violation of another person's right*, and as evidently an act of injustice as it would be to rob a man of his property. The tranquillity, the happiness, the security of the human race, wholly depend on justice, —on the obligation of paying a regard to the rights of others. There would no longer be any security, no longer any commerce between mankind if they did not think themselves obliged to keep faith with each other, and to perform their promises. This obligation is as necessary, as natural and indubitable between nations as individuals. *It is too much neglected in practice*, yet the reproach of PERFIDY is esteemed by Sovereigns a most atrocious affront.—Yet INFAMY must ever be the portion of him who *violates his faith. Ibid.* Bk. II. c. 12. s. 163.

He who violates his Treaties does an injury to *all nations*, and inflicts a wound on the great society of mankind.—All nations being interested in maintaining the faith of treaties, and causing it to be every where considered sacred and inviolable,—are likewise *justifiable in forming a Confederacy for the purpose of repressing him who testifies a disregard for it, who openly sports with it, who violates and tramples it under foot.* Such a man is a PUBLIC ENEMY, *who saps the foundations of the peace and common safety of nations.* And the Sovereign who violates his engagements on pretences evidently frivolous, or *who does not even think it worth his while to allege any pretence whatever* to give a colorable gloss to his conduct, and cast a veil over his want of faith,—it is SUCH A SOVEREIGN WHO DESERVES TO BE TREATED AS AN ENEMY OF THE HUMAN RACE. *Ibid.* Bk. II. c. 15. s. 221, 222.

MEETINGS, &c.

CELEBRATION OF THE POLISH REVOLUTION AT GLASGOW.

On Thursday evening, 29th November, a general meeting of the Glasgow Polish Association was held in the Trades' Hall, Glassford-Street, to celebrate the anniversary of the Polish Revolution.

Long before seven o'clock, the Hall was crowded to excess. In the orchestra were the ladies: and on the platform erected for the speakers were the venerable Baronet of Pollock, Sir John Maxwell, Sir D. K. Sandford, Messrs. Oswald, Douglas, and Crawfurd, Mr. Bennett of the Free Press, &c. &c.

Mr. Douglas, in proposing a chairman to the meeting, made use of the striking figure that Poland was the wedge of the arch of European nations, and we had stood by whilst it was struck out. He concluded by moving that Sir Daniel Keyte Sandford do take the chair.

Sir Daniel Keyte Sandford, in commenting on the tyranny of the Emperor Nicholas said, he would state it on the floor of the House of Commons (should it be his fortune to get there) and without the fear of a breach of parliamentary language, that this man was a tyrant, and an oppressor of the basest kind.—The time was, when we spoke of Poland's destroyer, we said Russia in Europe; but if we did not speedily arrest her progress, we should soon have to say *Europe in Russia!*—At the conclusion of an excellent speech, Sir Daniel introduced to the meeting a Polish exile, who had been driven from his home and the ruined University of Wilna.

M. Stanislas Iwanowski, a young Polish gentleman, then stepped forward, and was received with loud cheers, and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs. He said it was with a joyful heart he beheld that meeting. The future efforts of Englishmen, he hoped, would repair the evils of a former policy. "Let us not, we natives of Poland," said he, "lay claim to the treaty of Vienna, that deformed bastard of a political miscarriage." Poland deserved to be placed among the constitutional States of Europe. He expressed his gratitude to the friendly and generous Hungarians, and wished them a future happy independence. Glasgow would live in the recollection of the children of Poland to the most distant ages; and be one of the brightest flowers in the garland which will encircle the brows of the triumphant goddess of liberty, who will then repose on the broken trophies of European despotism. (M. Iwanowski was frequently applauded during his address, and concluded amid much cheering.)

The Chairman then introduced a young gentleman, who had done more, he said, for the cause of Poland than any other individual in Glasgow, Mr. John Gullan, the secretary to the association.

Mr. Gullan then proceeded to detail the formation, proceedings, and objects of the Society. "We have *succeeded*," said he, "amid *much opposition*. We were taunted as enthusiasts; but, strong in the justice of our cause, we heeded not the taunting of the selfish, who care not for all the world, provided their own ends are furthered. We have toiled in the righteous cause, and our labour has not been in vain. We were told that Poland was irrecoverably lost; but, gentlemen, while virtue remains, all is not lost; and, indeed, every thing yet may be recovered. We were told that the people of Glasgow had too much to think of to spend a thought on Poland: *to-night we have 700 witnesses to the contrary.*" —After the perusal of an encouraging letter from Mr. Campbell, the secretary observed—"There is one grand rule of our Society—we are of no party, but the advocates of the Polish nation." He then stated that they were already in correspondence with the London, Hull, and Birmingham associations; from each of which they had received the most gratifying letters. To the Parent Association they were indebted for numerous donations of French and English works on Poland, including "*Polonia*." The Hull Society had not been backward; and, in talking of donations, he had to acknowledge a large list from a few friends of Poland in Glasgow.—In the course of his address Mr. Gullan beautifully remarked that "in Scotland, Poland had become a *household* word."—"Where is the man," he continued, "who dare question the efficacy of our association? If such there be, he is an enemy to freedom, a foe to literature, and an abettor of despotism. The cold and calculating, whose breasts never heaved with pity, may sneer at our efforts —we pass them by,—we ask not their aid. The niggard, may refuse his mite, and hug his treasure closer to his heart,—'tis not from him we expect assistance. We appeal to the benevolent, to the generous, to men of all ranks and parties. Heaven has already smiled upon our efforts, and Glasgow has this evening refuted the base insinuations of her indifference to the cause of Poland."

Sir John Maxwell said the fate of Poland might be the fate of Britain. He desired to see us allied to that country when restored and independent; and also in perpetual amity with France, for he saw no reason for hostility between us, nor for hereditary war between any nations. The venerable baronet moved the first resolution, declaratory of their intention to excite an interest in the condition of Poland, and afford aid to the Polish exiles who may seek a home in our land.

Mr. William Bennet seconded the motion in an enthusiastic address.

Mr. Thomas Atkinson addressed the meeting in eloquent terms. He said, "'what can we do?' is often asked. It is easily answered. We can sustain the drooping, if we cannot restore the withering tree to its native soil. We can keep alive the vestal lamp in many a bosom; we may yet be able to fan the flame into a blaze. Public opinion is more mighty than millions of armed men. It has penetrated the recesses of a court—it may those of the breast of a Czar." He concluded by moving the second resolution—"That although the Polish Nation is now prostrated by an overwelming force, the justice of its cause remains the same as ever; and the present ascendancy of Might over Right in that country, so far from deadening the sympathies, should only rouse every honest lover of Truth and Freedom to more vigorous exertions in its favour." Mr. William Dixon seconded the motion.

Mr. Robert Baird proposed the next resolution in an admirably delivered and excellent address, in which he reviewed the history of Poland, and proved that she had peculiar claims upon our veneration, gratitude, and sympathy.

Mr. Thomas Davidson seconded the resolution.

Mr. John Reid, in a neat speech, proposed the *Address to the Inhabitants of Poland.*

Mr. Dugald Moore seconded the motion. Amongst other excellent observations he observed, that "the best way for a country to avoid war, was to be prepared for

it; and *there is no doubt but that our numerous associations will have a great charm in keeping the sword of Nicholas in its scabbard.* "Let this land and France," he said, "teem with Polish Associations, and the Nero of the North will be driven back to his frozen deserts, by the mere voice of public opinion. If man were to sit *idle*—the God of justice would wither him." Mr. Moore concluded an eloquent and animated Address in these words:—"I sincerely hope that war will not be necessary to redress the wrongs of Poland. I hope that negociators will step in and snap the sword of the oppressor: but, if otherwise ordered, and the national flag is again to be unfurled on the waters, I trust Britain will do as she has done, and that her wooden walls will sweep round and round the globe, deliverers of the slave, and the guardians of truth and liberty."

Mr. James Lumsden moved the thanks of the meeting to Thomas Campbell, the bard of liberty and of hope; which was cordially seconded by Mr. M. M. Pattison.

Mr. James Reid and Mr. Robert Stuart also addressed the meeting.

Mr. Crawfurd was received with much cheering, and moved a vote of thanks to their honored and eloquent chairman.

The Secretary then read a list of donations, and the meeting separated after giving three cheers for the success of the Poles.

To the above meagre report we are only able to add the last sentence from the *Address to the Polish Nation.*" "That there is no country worthy of the Poles—but Poland, and no people worthy of Poland—but the Poles."

CELEBRATION OF THE POLISH REVOLUTION AT NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

On Thursday Evening, 29th November, a meeting was held in the Music Hall, to celebrate the event of that day in 1830. Charles Attwood, Esq. was called to the chair;—and in a long and able speech, exposed the iniquitous system of Russian policy, and reprobated our tacit acquiescence in repeated acts of spoliation. The chairman then reviewed the history of Poland down to the late Revolution, and spoke of her present calamities. A petition would be submitted to the meeting for the restoration of Poland in the fulness of her ancient limits, and the plenitude of her ancient independence;—as well as an address to the people of that noble country.—"Allow me to mention," said the chairman, "before sitting down, that as many of you as think proper to enrol your names on this occasion, as members of our newly formed Society of 'Friends of the Poles,' upon a plan similar to that of other great towns and cities,—will find papers, &c., on the tables near me, and will thereby contribute greatly to the success of our desires."

Mr. Larkin then rose to move the adoption of the petition in a speech of great ability. We can only find room for the peroration of this fervid appeal. "Yes! Poland, fallen and oppressed as thou art, thou shalt again ascend in the scale of nations, and take thy station among the kingdoms of the earth! And you, (turning to M. Napoleon Felix Zaba, a Polish exile present) the descendants of Sobieski and Kosciuszko, shall reap the reward of your valour, your energy, and your perseverance, in the re-established freedom and independence of your country; and the arms, which heretofore rolled back the tide of Mahommedan invasion, shall repel the current of Russian despotism which threatens to descend like a torrent and sweep away the liberties of Europe." Mr. Larkin then read the petition; for which, we are sorry to say, we have not space.

Mr. John Shield, in a short and manly speech, seconded the resolution.

M. Napoleon Felix Zaba, then read an address to the meeting. He began by regretting the slight acquaintance which a short residence in England had enabled him to acquire of our language. He condemned the Congress of Vienna which had recognised acts of infamous spoliation, and made the crown of Poland hereditary in the tyrants of Russia,—although for the preceding forty years the nation had shed its blood for independence. "Our fall," he said, "has augmented the lovers of liberty. Exiled, expatriated, we are not instigated by our individual losses alone, to appeal to the sympathy of nations, but it is also for the insult committed against humanity that we demand vengeance. Our cause is the cause of nations. It is then to you, the people of England, that we appeal for aid, amidst the despair of our mothers, the cries of our unfortunate brethren languishing in chains, the horrible fate of orphans torn from the bosom of their mothers, and transported into the interior of the country of the monster, who, *up to this day*, has filled the world with horror, by his crimes and cruelties. Is it not time that the feelings of Poland, under treatment such as this, should find an echo in your hearts and excite the interposition of the English people? (M. Zaba was often enthusiastically cheered in the course of his address.)

Mr. John Fife proposed the *Address to the People of the whole of Poland*, in an energetic speech.

Mr. Isaac Ayton seconded its adoption.

Ralph Carr, Esq., of Dunstan, drew a rapid sketch of the History of Poland, which he highly eulogized; but took, on concluding his address, a somewhat desponding view of the prospect of her early restoration to liberty and independence.

Mr. Attwood combated this notion, and said that Poland *must* be rescued speedily. It was a question that could not brook delay. According to the English proverb —"Whilst the grass grows, the steed starves."—Every thing, at present, was within our power. He would compel Russia to do justice or *destroy her influence in Europe;* he would lop her giant limbs off to the frozen trunk; he would spread the whole length and breadth of Poland, from the Baltic and the Euxine seas, as an impenetrable frontier and outwork for European liberty; he would either re-establish Turkey, or take effectual care that the splendid empire of the race of the Roman Cæsars, and the Arabian prophet's, should pass into no other hands than those of England; he would compel the restitution by Russia of her Persian conquests—for on every frontier Russia had made aggressions; and Finland should be delivered back to its original possessors. He would seal up Russia in the Euxine and Baltic seas; and, should even this not prove sufficient, he would *allow her no naval frontier*, but drive her back into her old domain of Muscovy and Tartary; and the genius of Sweden should sit crowned upon the towers of St. Petersburgh.

R. Carr, Esq. explained.—M. Zaba then rose and returned his heartfelt thanks for the zeal exhibited on behalf of his unhappy country.

NEWCASTLE POLISH ASSOCIATION.

Before the meeting separated, *some hundreds* of gentlemen enrolled themselves as members of a Polish Association,

PETITION FROM THE TOWN OF HULL
TO THE NEW PARLIAMENT, IN BEHALF OF POLAND,
NOW LYING FOR SIGNATURE.

To the Honorable the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in Parliament assembled: the humble Petition of the undersigned Inhabitants of Kingston-upon-Hull,

SHEWETH,

THAT your Petitioners feel a deep interest in the fate of Poland:—an interest arising from her having been originally subjected by treachery to a foreign domination, and from the brave, but hitherto unsuccessful, struggle of her sons for the recovery of her ancient independence: that this interest has been painfully increased of late by observing that the impunity which has followed the injustice of the oppressor, has encouraged him to acts of increased violence and barbarity. They have witnessed on his part the violation of the most solemn pledges and engagements; and the contempt and insult which he has thrown on those Constitutional governments which have engaged themselves to maintain the integrity of the Polish Nation.

That the system pursued by the Emperor of Russia for the denationalisation of the Poles, is the most horribly ingenious that could be devised by man; and must, if not checked in time, be productive of the most serious calamities not to Poland alone, bnt to the whole of Europe; and more especially to those States where rational freedom, and genuine humanity are cherished and respected. Amongst these execrable schemes for the extinction of the Polish name and nation, the forcible removal of young children from their parents and relatives, and the translocation of hundreds of thousands of inhabitants from the ancient provinces of the country into the desert regions of the Russian empire,—the greater part of whom perish by the way,—can be regarded in no other light than as deliberate, multitudinous, and cold-blooded MURDER.

That your Petitioners conceive that such proceedings are the more aggravated and revolting when it is considered that the only ground of claim which the Emperor of Russia ever had to the allegiance of any portion of the Polish Nation was the Treaty of Vienna, to which, however, the Poles never gave their assent, but which the respective governments, at that time, of France and England became in the name of each nation guarantees; and although its stipulations were not obligatory upon the Poles, since they were not consulted in these arrangements, the contracting parties, at least, were reciprocally bound to their faithful execution. Nevertheless, it is notorious that Russia evaded or violated her part of the contract,—thereby *forfeiting for ever all claim to a government over Poland;* whilst the other contracting powers stood by and suffered this enormous breach of faith to be perpetrated, with all its deplorable consequences, without an effort, so far as your Petitioners are aware, to maintain the faith of Treaties, and vindicate the National honour, by compelling the fulfilment of the obligations entered into, and causing justice to be done to an heroic and confiding people placed under their protection.

That the late Emperor Alexander, in assuming the title of King of Poland, alleged that the distribution then made of that country amongst the powers of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, was calculated to remove jealousies, and ensure the future tranquillity of Europe; but that experience, on the contrary, has proved the utter fallacy of such a plea; and, in the opinion of your Petitioners, there appears no prospect of permanent security for the peace of Europe, until Poland shall be restored to her integrity as a nation, and the primary cause of discontent and commotion be removed by the restitution of that much-injured and afflicted country to the limits which it possessed in 1772, prior to the first unprovoked and iniquitous partition.

That such being the convictions of your Petitioners, they earnestly pray your Honorable House to be pleased to address His Majesty without delay, imploring him to enter into immediate negociations with France, and such of the other Powers of Europe as were not parties to the dismemberment of Poland, for the purpose of inviting the three partitioning Powers to open negociations on the subject, with the view of restoring Poland to her rights as an independent nation,—your Petitioners believing that such a course would conduce to the interests of the Partitioning Powers themselves;—afford the best guarantee for the tranquillity, happiness, and prosperity of Europe,—the re-establishment of international law upon the basis of public right,—the removal of all apprehension from Western Europe of encroachments on the part of the East,—and, finally, cancel a great European crime, the enormity of which is unexampled in the annals of the world, and the records of political depravity.

And your Petitioners will ever pray, &c. &c.

TRANSACTIONS, &c. OF THE HULL LITERARY POLISH SOCIETY.

THE third ordinary general meeting of this Society was held on Wednesday evening, 19th December, 1832, in the Philosophical Hall, at seven o'clock. The attendance was good, and ladies constituted the "better half" of the assemblage. In the unavoidable absence of Dr. Chalmers, the president, Mr. T. J. Buckton,* one of the vice-presidents, took the chair. Four gentlemen were admitted members of the society, and ten more were proposed. Thanks were voted for various donations in money and in books, as well as for literary contributions. Mr. Edward Buckton, the secretary, afterwards stated what had been done during the interval between the last and the present meeting, from which it appeared that the society had made considerable progress—that its publication had obtained already a very extensive circulation, with testimonials from all quarters to its merits, and the most gratifying assurances of assistance from able and distinguished writers. Extracts from a voluminous and interesting correspondence were read, shewing an increasing interest throughout the kingdom, and on the continent, in the fate of Poland. Letters of the most encouraging nature had been received from the presidents and secretaries of the associations formed in Sheffield, Glasgow, Birmingham, Norwich and Newcastle. A medical gentleman who had visited Warsaw during the prevalence of cholera and in the midst of the revolutionary war, had sent a communication for the *Record*, entitled "Extracts from the Journal of a Surgeon, during a Residence in Warsaw in the year 1831." It was read to the meeting by the secretary, and occupied nearly half an hour in the perusal. The audience appeared deeply interested in the narrative; and it was considered highly valuable, not only for its literary merits, but as corroborating what had previously been published in the *Record*, and as containing solemn assurances that the oppressions of the Poles were very far from being in any degree exaggerated.——At half-past eight o'clock, the chairman vacated his seat; tea and coffee were brought in, and the company conversed together until nearly ten o'clock. It was gratifying to observe the most unequivocal symptoms of a growing interest in the sufferings of the unhappy Poles which were manifested in the course of this social and agreeable evening.

On Wednesday evening last, 30th January, the fourth ordinary General Meeting of the Society took place; but we are obliged, by want of space, to postpone a report of the proceedings until our next number.

* *Who has just resigned. The Society, in common with other literary and philanthropic Institutions in the town, and from the same cause, has thus been deprived of a most zealous and efficient member.*

DONATIONS RECEIVED SINCE OUR LAST.

From Mrs. Marshall, Headingley, near Leeds	£1	0	0
„ A Lady at Beverley, (including the 'mites' of two poor persons)	0	5	0
„ A Lady of Hull (Subscription)	0	10	0

„ M. C. A. Hoffmann, Paris, a copy of his "*Coup d'œil sur l'état Politique du Royaume de Pologne;*" also a copy of his "*La Nationalité Polonaise Détruite.*"

„ Count Ladislas Plater,—several more pamphlets in French and English.

„ The Birmingham Polish Association,—several copies of their beautiful Report of the Birmingham Polish Festival.

NOTICES.

We had Extracts in type from "The Polish Exile," by M. M. Zaleski and Zaba, but must reserve them for No. 5.

Our excellent friend at Thetford will be pleased to accept our warmest thanks for his attention, and communications.

We return [illegible] owledgments to our Friends and Contributors generally; and repeat that we shall at all times be happy to receive Communications from the well-wishers of Poland.

☞ *All Communications to be addressed to the Secretary.*

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