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At a late Meeting of the Committee it was resolved:

“That an addition of one Penny to the price of the Society’s publication has become unavoidable, in consequence of the present low charge being quite inadequate to defray the expense of printing.”

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.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT

OF THE POLICY OF RUSSIA IN POLAND.

By a distinguished Polish Author.

The boasted clemency and magnanimity of the Russian Autocrat to the inhabitants of Poland are already known to the world:—imprisonment, exile, general confiscations, and death itself, are the fruits of the long-promised Russian generosity. The more cruel and inhuman these outrages, the more incumbent it is on every friend of humanity to consider how far the Poles have merited such barbarous treatment. Before an ordinary Court of Justice, there is, in every trial, a plaintiff and defendant; and both parties are heard. This is the only way of discovering the culprit, and of determining his degree of guilt, and appropriate punishment. In the present grand trial before the Courts of Justice and Humanity, the question lies between the Autocrat of Russia and the Inhabitants of the Kingdom of Poland. The mighty plaintiff indicts the Poles for rebelling against him, for breaking the pact that bound them to him.—The Poles have no advocate to defend them but TRUTH: let Truth, then, plead their cause. Assuredly, there was a pact which Great Britain and the other chief powers guaranteed: by it the crown

of Poland was awarded to the Czar. It was expressly stipulated in this covenant that Poland should be united with Russia, by a separate Constitution, and that nationality should be extended to the Polish provinces already under Russian dominion. Now, who was the first to violate this solemn pact? Who was it that created a discretionary power above all laws? Who invested with that power a man whom it was dangerous to retain in Russia,—a man devoid of reason, and of unbridled passions? Irksome it would be to recal all the wanton atrocities of the Grand-Duke Constantine, at the instigation of the nefarious Novosiltzoff. Humanity shudders at the recollection of incarcerations and corporal punishments, inflicted without distinction of sex, age, or situation in life; of Justice being administered at the caprice of Constantine, and by sentences conveyed through his aids-de-camp; of the filling of convents, for years, with thousands of innocent victims; of the condemnation of Colonel Lukasinski to hard labour in chains, nailed, even in the day of revolution, to a canon, and dragged the dreary route into Siberia; of the severe censure of the high criminal court and the senate, for trying causes according to law, and not in conformity with orders from the court of St. Petersburg, whilst the publication of their sentence was withheld for twelve months, and the

senate imprisoned during that space of time. Humble representations were made to the Emperor Nicholas against these constitutional violations.—What was the answer? ‘*Constantine is my elder brother; to him I owe my Crown: I must let him do as he pleases.*’—After such an answer,—after fifteen years of patience and submission, can it be wondered at that the Poles, in their despair, should see no alternative but the vindication of their insulted liberties and honor by force of arms! Despair alone justifies so rash a step. Still, however, after the revolution had broken out, a deputation was sent to Petersburg, and proposals were repeatedly made to the Russian Generals, with offers to come to an agreement after a redress of grievances. What was the answer? ‘*Surrender at discretion.*’—But who could rely on the promises which accompanied this dictation? Thousands of precedents had taught the Poles how far Russian faith could be depended upon. And is it, then, because fifteen years of intolerable tyranny were unresistingly endured,—because respectful and repeated representations were disregarded, and offers of reconciliation rejected,—that the Prince who, with one word, might have terminated these calamities, is to be deemed the innocent party, and those alone who have suffered them, the guilty?

Every proposal for peace having been refused, the war began: it was carried on with an unparalleled valour and perseverance; and, but for the treachery of Prussia,—not long ago a vassal of the Crown of Poland,—and the ever-to-be-lamented jealousy of General Krukowiecki, as well as the madness of the Clubbists, the Poles, difficult as it may appear, would have conquered their independence. But, inevitable destiny ordained it otherwise. The capitulation of Warsaw between the Polish and Russian Generals was no sooner signed than it was broken by the latter: those Generals who were found with arms in their hands were sent to Siberia; the soldiers who had entered Prussia were delivered up to the Muscovites, or forced to enlist in Prussian troops! Few found means to escape, and these, destitute of every support, now wander in foreign lands. To the greater cruelties that were to follow, these measures were merely preliminary.

Revenge for so many defeats was not yet sated. It was necessary, in order to enslave the nation, after having abolished the Constitution, to plunge the people in the darkness of ignorance. For this purpose, the schools and universities were destroyed, and the Polish language prohibited. A mock Criminal Court was established; but the execution of its sentences preceded its session. General confiscations were made, not only of the estates of those who took part in the war, but of their mothers, wives, widows, children, and relatives, to such an extent, that the Autocrat is almost sole proprietor in Poland and its ancient provinces!

The Committee of Transplantation carries off the inhabitants, the women and the children, from their paternal seats, and banishes them to the Caucasus and the frozen regions. Exquisite cruelty! the consequence of which will be that without peopling the wildernesses of Russia, Poland will be made a desert.

The melancholy state of Warsaw, after the entry of the Russians is faithfully depicted in a letter by a Prussian merchant, from which we make the following extract:—

“I went to Warsaw to recover some money, provided with a letter of introduction to Mr. Smith, his Prussian Majesty’s Consul in Poland. He offered me his assistance, and invited me to dinner the day after the next. As he was then about to visit his Highness, Prince Paszkiewicz, I took leave, and pro-

ceeded to look about the city. Never shall I forget its melancholy aspect! The streets were void of carriages, and almost of passengers, save some Asiatic Muscovite kibitkas, driven by savage coachmen, uttering most shocking cries. In every street troops were stationed and cannon pointed. On passing through St. George’s street, I was horror-struck by the sound of piercing, lamentable cries from hundreds of women, with dishevelled hair, wringing their hands, or struggling with the rugged Muscovites, who were tearing from their arms their children, even those of the tenderest age. A number of people ran to their assistance, but a battalion of infantry and some squadrons of Calmucs and Bashkirs immediately rushed forward, and with the butt-end of musket, or with bayonet, or sword, they dispersed the outraged and wretched people. I returned home as soon as possible, to meditate on this horrible treatment. Although not a Pole myself, and rather condemning their rash, unseasonable revolution, I could not, as a MAN, but pity their misery.

“On the following day I attended to my business, and was fortunate enough to terminate it to my satisfaction. Having two days more to remain, I determined to see what was most interesting in Warsaw. Our Consul obtained for me, from the Duke of Warsaw, permission to see every object of curiosity; and a Prussian merchant allowed one of his clerks, a civil and well-informed Polish youth, though somewhat timid, to attend me. We went to the King’s palace,—now no longer so denominated, but the palace of Government. I observed that it was surrounded with hastily-built military barracks, filled with soldiers and artillery. Producing our ticket of admission we were first ushered into two spacious halls. My guide informed me they were the houses of the Senate and Representatives, but no vestige of ancient ornament or furniture remained: the throne had been carried away, and the chairs and benches broken and removed.

“Passing through the several halls, where formerly stood the guards of the Kings of Poland, we entered another, beautifully inlaid with different marbles, and ornamented with gold and brass. In the cornices all around I perceived empty oval and square compartments with gilded frames; and on enquiring what those vacancies signified, my conductor, in low and tremulous words, replied:—‘Here were the portraits of all the Kings of Poland: a few months ago they were packed up and sent to Petersburg.’ We went on further, and found ourselves in a still larger hall, magnificently carved and gilded, but, like the former, the panels were vacant where pictures had formerly been. The young man whispered: ‘Here were historical paintings representing the most memorable and glorious events of the history of Poland. On the sides were the busts of our warriors and statesmen: the inscription is still there.’ I raised my eyes and read:

‘Hic manus, ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,
Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat,
Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.’

The young Pole, sighing deeply, said that two more verses could now be added:

‘Divum inclementia divum
Hæc everit opes, sternitque a culmine Trojam.’

“The throne room was likewise stripped of its riches, and the regal chair, with its Polish eagles, carried to Petersburg: near the spot where it stood, I saw an octagon cabinet with eight empty recesses, where King Stanislaus Augustus had placed eight portraits of contemporary Sovereigns, viz. besides his own, those of Pope Pius VI., the Emperor Joseph II., Louis XVI., George III., Catherine II., Gustavus III., and Frederic II., all of them painted by the best artists of the eighteenth century. These were also carried away.

“The palace of many Kings, which had been so often filled with the flower of Poland’s warriors and statesmen, offers now a dismal silence and horror, which reminded the youth of that verse of Virgil:

‘Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.’

"I felt no inclination to pursue my examination, but my guide persuaded me to visit the University, and the Hall of the Royal Society. Alas! I went to see what, in fact, has ceased to exist. Empty were the halls of the University, though they were not long ago filled with more than 200,000 select volumes, a cabinet of natural history, mineralogy, ornithology; a complete collection of medals, and a very choice one of engravings, beginning with Finiguera, Mare-Antoine, &c., and ending with the productions of the present time. This last collection was bequeathed to the University by the Count Stanislaus Potocki; the former by various other zealous friends of Poland. Yet they were all seized; and when representations were made, that these objects were gifts from private individuals, and granted only for such period as the University should exist,—the answer of the Autocrat was: *Toute prise de guerre, est une bonne prise.*

"I was deafened with a tremendous din from Cossacks pushing in promiscuously all these precious deposits in large cases, mixing minerals with birds, and quadrupeds with books. My companion now dragged me to the hall of the Royal Society. This magnificent structure was erected partly by subscription amongst its members, but principally by the gifts of its former president, the Abbé Staszyc. Books, valuable collections of medals, antiquities, mineralogical specimens, &c., were legacies or donations from the members of the same society, bequeathed or presented on the express condition of remaining only so long as the society should exist. The building was nevertheless declared to be the Autocrat's property, and its contents transported to Petersburg. In horror and disgust I quitted these halls.

"I dined with our Consul, Mr. Smith. The fare was most delicate, the wines most choice. There were present the Aids-de-Camp of his Highness, the Duke of Warsaw; General Kossecki, and a most hideous man, called Schaniaski.—I left Warsaw the next day, finding, on my way, all the boroughs and villages in the greatest consternation, caused by the seizure of men, women, and children!"

This is the unsuspected statement of a foreigner, rather unfriendly to Poland.

Cruel and destructive as these measures are, they will prove fruitless. Ten centuries of recollections cannot be obliterated by an Ukase. Russian satellites in vain carry away the portraits of ancient Polish kings and warriors, and the vivid representations of their ancestors' glory; whose deeds are recorded in history, and dwell in the memory of every Pole; every mother teaches them to her child, and every son of Poland knows that their kings have been mighty, and connected by blood and alliances with the most ancient and powerful monarchies of Europe. They can never forget that the Dukes of Prussia were vassals of the crown of Poland; that the Polish commander, Zolkiewski, led captive Muscovite Czars to the foot of Sigismund III.; that his son, Vladislaus, was himself Czar of Muscovy; that their King, Sobieski, rescued Austria and Christendom from the tyranny of infidels. Such recollections will never perish.

A magnanimous or politic Sovereign would have cherished the valour and intrepidity of the Polish warriors; he would have appreciated their matchless fidelity to their kings; for never has the Polish throne been stained with the blood of their sovereigns. To the last moment of their existence, they have evinced this faithful attachment to those who knew how to govern them, and to maintain the interests of the nation. When, at the battle of Leipzig, in 1813, thousands of the Saxon army abandoned their king, the Polish troops alone remained faithful to that excellent Prince. At the downfall of Napoleon, when all the sovereigns, nations, and armies, so submissive before, had forsaken him, the Poles alone, mindful of

owing to him the initiative of their regeneration, remained faithful, and followed him even in his exile.

And it is such a people that Nicholas, in order to gratify his Aristocracy, treats with the greatest cruelty and contempt. He confounds that ancient, noble, valiant nation with his barbarous tribes of Calmucs, Bashkirs, Samoyedes, and hordes unknown to the civilized world, born in slavery, and who never knew what freedom, honour, glory, and mental culture, were.

But, whence this desperate revenge? The answer is easy. The Poles, fighting for nine months with such success, have shewn to Europe how weak the Russian empire is; they have torn aside the hollow mask which deceived the European powers so long. Hence, this reckless vengeance. Nothing is so implacable as humiliated pride.

Had Nicholas listened to the voice of humanity, had he considered the interest of his own empire, of his own glory,—had he considered the opinion of a civilized world, and the judgment of posterity, he would have attended to the complaints of the Poles, and redressed their grievances; he would have acted like a European prince, instead of following the counsels of Novosiltzoff; he would have taken Titus, or Henry IV. for his model, rather than have acted the part of a Cambyses, a Herod, a Tamerlane, or a Genghis Khan. The enlightened Russians are ashamed of the commission of these barbarities: they see with what horror they are looked upon everywhere.

Imperial revenge has been gratified: Poland has been laid waste and ruined: its population transplanted to the borders of the Ural; thousands of infants carried to the Caucasus, whose vast wildernesses ring with the cries and imprecations of innocent victims. Still, *sooner or later, THE DAY OF RETRIBUTION MUST COME!* The Czar forgets the fate of his ancestors,—the miserable end of his grand-father and his father. He rules over a dissatisfied, heterogeneous people, tired of the yoke, and prone to bloody attempts; should he escape the doom of his forefathers—the inevitable hour of death will come. It will be then, that, on his bed of sorrow, anguish, and despair,—forsaken by the very courtiers whose avidity for Polish spoil prompted him to so many inhuman acts,—it will be then, that his vast provinces, conquered, oppressed, and depopulated, will appear before his fading vision,—and myriads of soldiers, slaughtered or swept off by disease, will seem to rise from their graves, and cry—*Why have you butchered us?*—In that hour, numberless mothers, with streaming eyes, will call to him,—*Restore to us our children!*—Then, he shall tremble, he shall repent of having flattered the hatred of his aristocracy against the Polish nation: the severe judgment of God shall appear before him; whilst the lot of his victims shall be happier than his own: *they* will raise their eyes to heaven, and see an everlasting blessing as a reward for their martyrdom;—but what shall the Autocrat see? *He* shall have no prospect but everlasting perdition, and the curses of posterity!

One word more on unfortunate Poland. We have seen, during the last political convulsions in Europe, kingdoms overturned, new ones erected, nations extinguished, governments subverted; and when the mighty conqueror was crushed, we saw old and new dynasties, petty princes and inconsiderable states recovering their former position in the political hierarchy: but Poland! Poland alone, which was for centuries the vanguard of Europe against

the inroads of barbarians,—Poland, which maintained the balance of Europe, and influenced the destiny of a civilized world,—this brave nation has been massacred by its rapacious neighbours.

A monstrous Power presses on the very heart of Europe, encompasses it with iron chains, and threatens to destroy its liberties, institutions, and civilization. Meanwhile, what are the great Powers doing? In order to establish the independence of Belgium, which never was independent, they interpose by negotiation; they send fleets and armies to attain their object; they fight battles to assure the liberties of a million or two of Greeks, and they abandon eighteen millions of Poles to the exterminating atrocities of those Muscovites, who menace even their own existence. With reason do we execrate the enormities perpetrated by the French Jacobins, yet, appalling as they were, can they be compared with the unpunished massacre of an entire kingdom,—the Palladium of Europe,—and the present apathy to those cruelties which are effecting its annihilation!

At all times, and in all countries, the names of those who have preserved their father-land from a foreign yoke, have been hallowed by posterity. TIMOLEON, ALFRED, TELL, GUSTAVUS VASA, the PRINCE OF ORANGE, WASHINGTON, are every where the objects of respect and veneration: even the Muscovites prize their Czars who delivered them from the bondage of Tartarian tribes. Shall, then, the brave and noble Poles, who aimed at the same blessing, who claimed nothing but what was theirs, —shall this gallant people be slaughtered, imprisoned, scourged, stripped of every thing, and scattered in poverty and destitution, all the world over, or drag on a wretched existence in the dark mines of Siberia, and Europe, including Great Britain, remain, all the while, passive and indifferent spectators?

EXTRACTS

FROM THE DIARY OF AN ENGLISH SURGEON,

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

No. 2.

(FOR THE 'HULL POLISH RECORD').

"If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves!"

CAMPBELL.

"She lies by him she loved."

BYRON.

I had not been more than three weeks in Warsaw when the whole Kingdom of Poland was convulsed by an event which materially influenced the fate of that unhappy country; and which excited the most absorbing interest, not unmingled with feelings of grief wherever the cause of Liberty possessed an advocate or friend. I allude to the battle of Ostrolenka.

I had been dining with some English friends in a Café, when we heard the astounding report that "the Polish army had been defeated in a general engagement, with great loss;"—that "the whole army had retreated upon Warsaw,"—and that "the Russians were close at hand."

To satisfy ourselves about the truth of these reports, we proceeded to the banks of the river. On arriving at the bridge of boats, we found the Warsaw side of the river occupied by a dense mass of people, who were intently gazing upon the long, dark, winding columns of the Polish infantry, which had just arrived at the opposite side:—fresh line after line, gradually appeared

upon the banks of the river, while, as far as the eye could reach, across the plain of Grochow, was to be seen a long train of troops, with all the appendages of a retreating army; but they did not present the appearance of a defeated or a flying army. With the most perfect order and regularity they drew up and formed their encampment, on what bore the fearful and expressive name of the "slaughter ground of Grochow"—and there awaited with cool determination for the expected enemy. —Diebitsch, however, did not appear; and whilst the delay of a few days brought sufficient information of the cause of this circumstance, it also afforded time for enquiry into the events which had occurred.

It was quite true that Skrzynecki had been defeated, and that six thousand of the flower of the Polish troops had been left dead upon the field of battle; but it was a defeat which will reflect immortal honour upon the bravery of the Poles: they fought nobly and gallantly to the last moment, and it was only when overcome by vastly superior numbers, that Skrzynecki retired from the scene of the sanguinary contest, and, in admirable order, retreated upon Warsaw.

The engagement lasted most of the 27th and 28th of May, and on the evening of the 29th the Polish army was encamped beneath the walls of Praga—shattered, certainly, but not dispirited.—Skrzynecki's principal object had been effected, that of throwing a body of troops into Lithuania, under the command of Generals Gielgud and Chlapowski;—and although the Russians remained in possession of the field, they only attained that advantage by the sacrifice of 10,000 men; and when the black eagle was, at length, planted o'er the smoking ashes of Ostrolenka, Diebitsch found his troops so dreadfully cut up that he did not think it prudent to pursue the retreating Poles one mile beyond the confines of the town.

The most remarkable feature in the battle of Ostrolenka was the charge of the Russians upon the bridge, which they say was not excelled even in the days of Napoleon. Regardless of what sacrifice they made, they were determined to carry the point; the struggle was bloody and bravely contested by the few devoted Poles; as soon as the foremost of the Russians, however, were slain, countless numbers supplied their places, by which means the post was ultimately carried. It must have been a terrible collision. When the Poles found all was over, many of them threw themselves into the river, rather than become prisoners; whilst others were to be seen hanging over the side of the bridge, still retaining a deadly grasp of their enemy (in some instances by the teeth alone)—until one or both were precipitated into the deep waters below.

The town itself was destroyed, and most of the inhabitants killed; the morning after the battle, as I was told by an eye-witness, the scene which presented itself was most heart-rending;—the few houses that remained standing, were crowded with wounded and dying men;—and the streets were strewn with the bodies of the unfortunate and innocent inhabitants, who had fallen by "the fire and sword of the destroyer."—All around was desolation and misery.

For several days after the battle of Ostrolenka no information was received in Warsaw of the actual position of the Russian army; it was naturally enough expected that Diebitsch would have approached towards Warsaw, and it was generally supposed that an eventful crisis was at hand. But the Russian General knew well the nature of the people against whom he was contending; and he

also knew from fatal experience, how difficult, nay how impracticable, it would be to storm the town from Praga, when opposed to a resolute, and as he had *felt*, a *brave* army.

His conduct, however, upon this occasion did not escape the censure of his own party, and it had the effect of rendering him unpopular with the Government of St. Petersburg, from which moment his doom was sealed.—In stating this, I am only expressing the *conviction* of those who are more intimately acquainted with the dark and barbarous policy of Russia, than I can pretend to be.

The news from Lithuania was at this period cheering; the insurrection was gaining ground daily, and an organised army had been formed. This assisted in removing the gloom which the reverse of Ostrolenka was calculated to occasion. Unfortunately, however, about this time, party feeling began to evince itself amongst, and divide against each other, the members of the Provisional Government in Warsaw, and the internal dissension which now sprung up, went far towards effecting that ruin, which I firmly believe the arms of Russia could not so soon have effected.

[The writer here gives an instance of that party feeling which led Krukowiecki, through jealousy of Skrzynecki, to play the game of the enemy.]

Leaving the state of *public* events, as I have endeavoured to depict them at this period, with both armies in a state of inactivity, I may, perhaps, here introduce some extracts from my journal of a more private nature; and the simple narrative I am about to relate may be found, at least to one portion of my readers, more interesting.

It was on a beautiful summer's evening, some time after my arrival in Warsaw, that I extended my usual walk, into a part of the suburb of the town which had struck me as peculiarly interesting; I mean the large avenue of poplars which I have before mentioned as extending from the *Barrière de Jerusalem* to the banks of the Vistula. I emerged from the town at a point about equi-distant between the river and the barrier which communicated with the wild plain of Wola, since rendered so fatally celebrated by the storming and fall of Warsaw; and was for a moment undecided which way to turn, whether to explore the warlike preparations of man, or to indulge in the contemplation of the more beautiful works of nature. I decided upon the latter, and striking into a footpath by the side of the road, I soon found myself upon a gentle eminence, which commanded a prospect both wild and striking. The most prominent object was the Vistula, which was then just before me, winding through its broad bed of sand so slowly, at that time, that no motion was perceptible; but its surface was rendered more deeply blue by the mellow tints which succeed the setting sun of a summer's eve. At some little distance to the left, I could discern the bridge of boats, which connects the town with that of the small hamlet of Praga;—beyond, lay the battle-plain of Grochow, beneath the turf of which many thousands of human beings, of friends and of enemies, of patriots and of despots, alike repose, and are mingled together in the sleep of eternity. The plain itself was, as usual, dark and gloomy;—to the right, the woody scenery extended to the very foot of the eminence upon which I was seated. It was a scene well calculated to excite contemplation; all was sweetly calm; no sound broke upon the solitude, save the evening melody of

nature's songsters—or occasionally the distant laugh from the bivouac of the thoughtless soldier. There are few who would not have felt interest in the scene before me, not that it was particularly beautiful, but chiefly because it was composed of the Vistula, Praga, and the battle-plain of Grochow; objects intimately associated with the struggle of a brave nation for their independence and freedom. The “gloom of night” was falling fast around me before I thought of returning home, and I know not how long I should have remained in the reverie into which I had fallen, had not my attention been diverted by the appearance of two individuals who were approaching towards where I was seated.—A little observation discovered to me Capt. B—a grenadier officer, and his young, beautiful, and interesting wife, to whom he had been united just before the Revolution. My acquaintance had commenced with them when the former was an invalid in *L'Hôpital des Officiers*, and the latter, a kind and affectionate minister to his wants and comforts. Capt. B. was yet weak from the effects of a severe wound received during the early part of the campaign; but though his fine figure was somewhat attenuated by confinement, the bloom of returning health was visible upon a countenance, which was at once expressive of an amiable heart, and of a bold and determined character. In Juliè, his wife, there was vested all those personal and mental accomplishments, which so eminently characterize the Polish women. In stature, she was about the middle size, with a figure rather inclining to *em bon point*, though so little that I may be accused of exaggeration in mentioning it; her eyes were dark and brilliant,—harmonizing with a soft fair complexion, and elegant tresses of silken brown hair, which were shown in luxurious curls beneath her French summer's bonnet. But it was in the *expression* of her features, where existed the peculiar charm; a physiognomist might have discovered all that is good, amiable and affectionate, in the sweet smile which generally illuminated her countenance, but which at that moment, was chased away by some melancholy feeling of anxiety or care.

I hastened to accost them, and was almost immediately requested to offer my opinion upon the subject of their conversation which was perceptibly of no very pleasing nature:—

“I am glad we have met with you,” said Juliè, addressing me in French—“my husband is going to leave me—but do you not think, *Monsieur le docteur*, that he is yet *too weak*; only just recovered from a severe illness—and again he is going into the dangers of active service.”

I concurred in the observation of the lady, and endeavoured to dissuade the brave soldier from the rash act he meditated.

“Oh, I am quite well, and as strong as ever,” returned the Captain; “our Commander-in-Chief is in want of officers, and I cannot remain in ignoble repose when my country calls for my assistance; besides only think, Juliè,” he continued, turning to his wife, “if we beat the Russians this time, how great will be our triumph, we shall then be able to say ‘Poland is free;’ and what danger is there I would not encounter in so glorious an undertaking!”

“Alas, my dear,” exclaimed Juliè, “I too well know the situation of my unfortunate country, not to be fully sensible of the call which is made for the co-operation of all her devoted children; and it is not I;”—and I thought her eyes brightened with the workings of noble pride and lofty enthusiasm,—“it is not I would say ‘stay,’ even to

those I love most dearly upon earth; but remember, my dear, you have only just recovered from the effects of *one* wound, and you are too weak, indeed you are, to go again so soon into the midst of danger."

"Fear not, dearest Juliè," replied the Captain, "all will be well; I am quite strong enough for service; I only want you to lose that melancholy look to make me feel quite happy; but my services are required, and I *must* go."

It was all in vain: our united efforts could not change his determination: Juliè seemed much affected, and I could observe as I made my parting bow, that her dark eye glistened, and her features bore an expression which I could not avoid considering as ominous of evil, and I returned to my quarters, saddened by the interview which had taken place.

It was about ten days after the rencontre I have just related, that the battle of Ostrolenka was fought, and the morning after the troops had encamped at Praga. I found my time completely occupied in attending the wounded officers who were brought in great numbers to my hospital. I had passed through the principal rooms appropriated to their reception, and many were the sorrowful sights that I witnessed. It was melancholy to see so many brave men at once reduced from health and vigour, to the very brink of the grave; to see the sorrowing wife bending over him who had sacrificed every thing for the welfare of his unhappy country; or to behold the youthful maiden who but yesterday bloomed in the buoyant spirits of happiness and hope, now gazing with a pale and agonized look upon the dying form of a beloved father. These were sights which few could look upon unmoved; but I was fated to see one more touching still: as I entered the last and largest room in the hospital, my eyes fell at once upon the figure of a female who was intently engaged in administering to the comforts of a wounded patriot. I knew no other form like that;—I could not be mistaken in the dark flowing tresses, now, alas! in disorder, nor the expressive features of Juliè B——; nor could I be deceived in the manly form of him upon whom her attentions were bestowed—it was her husband!

I immediately offered my assistance, and as I approached the bed, was accosted by the afflicted wife—"Oh, do examine his wound, and tell me if he can be saved," she exclaimed. "Oh, had he but listened to my advice, to my urgent entreaty, this, and perhaps a worse, a more terrible fate, might have been avoided;" and she turned her streaming eyes upon the calm and proud features of her husband, who seemed to scorn the idea of being in danger or in pain.

I proceeded to examine the wound, and was soon joined by the conclave of hospital surgeons; the ball had passed through the knee, and consequently amputation of the limb was proposed. Unfortunately the opinion of a learned professor was against the measure, and the majority decided in favour of his proposition—"to wait a short time"—and thus the gallant young man was left to become a victim of vacillation and temerity.

In a few days it was too late for amputation; and yet it was even then evident that no human aid could preserve him from a premature grave.—I will not dwell upon a tale so fraught with woe, nor detail the melancholy scenes to which I was a witness. For three months did the unhappy Juliè, day and night, attend upon him, from whom it soon became too evident, that she was about to be separated for ever. Those little offices which are

generally performed by the medical men, she would permit no other hand than her own to execute; and they who have experienced the soothing effects of woman's kindness and attention during a period of protracted illness, can alone appreciate its value. But here it was all in vain; each passing day more firmly imprinted the mark of death upon the emaciated countenance of the unfortunate youth.

And how did *she* bear against the knowledge of a fact to her so terrible—*she* the young, the beautiful Juliè?—did her dark eye grow dim from the effects of sorrow and fatigue?—did her lovely cheek grow more pale? Alas! it was too true, the dagger of misfortune had penetrated her heart, and had wounded it for ever! Her hopes of bliss, the fond dreams of her youthful heart, had once indeed been realized. She had loved, as woman seldom loves; she had been united to the object of her affection, but ere the buds of her fondest hopes had fully bloomed, they were stricken and chilled by the cruel blast of misfortune, and were doomed to fade beneath the touch of dark despair.

Irrevocable destiny! Ah, why didst thou not fall more lightly upon one so *good*, so *youthful*, and so *beautiful*! But so it is; how often do we lose that which we prize most dearly, that which is most intimately associated with the tenderest affections of the heart!

The fatal day arrived. The news, certainly not unexpected, were communicated to the hapless Juliè, that the time had come when she was to be left *alone*—desolate and broken-hearted—but the actual certainty that the hour of separation was at hand, was too much to bear;—dreadful indeed must have been the struggle which succeeded the information, but *nature* obtained the mastery, and the tears of bitter grief relieved a heart which had well nigh given way beneath the crushing hand of misery.

The next morning when I entered the room, all the other beds had been removed except that which contained the dying patriot.—Seated upon the same couch, with one hand clasped between her own, and with her eyes firmly and immoveably fixed upon the pale countenance of her unfortunate husband—was the unhappy Juliè. I approached the bed—but she did not move—it seemed as though her whole soul was centered in that last fearful, almost unearthly look—as though she had fixed for ever her gaze upon those features which, even in the agony of death, were still handsome, and even noble. It is true his fiery eye was sunken—but at this awful moment it had partially regained its brilliancy—the flame burnt brighter ere it was extinguished for ever—his cheek, though hollowed by long disease, was yet illuminated by a smile, which expressed the spirit of the warrior and the patriot; and which seemed to linger as though loth to depart from its mortal tenement—

"Oh 'tis an awful sight

To see the human soul take flight."

I looked upon the harrowing scene with feelings of the deepest pain, and I turned away to leave such holy moments, free from all intrusion, but ere I had reached the door, a slight scream arrested my attention; I turned round and saw that all was over, and that Juliè had fallen upon the breast of him whose spirit had fled for ever!

Two months, perhaps, had passed away after the melancholy scene I have just attempted to relate. The cause of liberty was crushed, and her brave votaries scattered far and wide—*poor friendless warriors*. It was in the beginning of November, when the weather is

chilly, and all nature looks sombre and gloomy, that, tired of the dull monotony of looking upon Russian soldiers, and the consequence of Russian power,—I took advantage of a fine evening, to stroll into the suburbs of the town. I was alone, for most of my compatriots had left Warsaw for happy England, and I cared not to cultivate the acquaintance of those who wore the livery of despotism. I wandered to the fatal plain of Wola, where but a few weeks before so many thousands had been slain. After walking for some time, I came to a small chapel upon the Warsaw side of the field, which belonged to the burial place of those who died in the national faith. Influenced by a feeling of melancholy retrospection, I entered the enclosure, and found myself among the monuments of the dead. The chapel was plain, simply decorated with the cross, and covered on every side by trees; whose leaves were now faded and fast falling away. The church yard, in addition to its retired and secluded situation, was rendered peculiarly interesting by the foliage by which its graves were shrouded, and the dark symbols, consisting of a plain cross of black wood, upon which the names and profession were engraven of those who lay in peace below.

In a retired corner, rather apart from the rest of the graves, I stayed to look upon the last resting-place of the unfortunate Capt. B.—but I looked not upon that alone.—No! the cold November blast scattered the faded and fallen leaves o'er the grave of a brave soldier and a true patriot; but they also rested upon that of his youthful bride—the beautiful Julie; as in life they had been united by the ties of the most sincere affection, so were they joined in the sleep of death; and though I could not avoid shedding a tear, which “stole unbidden o'er the cheek,” to the memory of those whom I had known in the bright sunshine of life and happiness, yet I knew their proud spirits would rather be at rest in the grave, than have beheld the dark eagle of the Russian despoiler, soaring o'er the land of their birth.

C. R. B.

A FRAGMENT.

“HE DIED WITH A SCYTHE IN HIS HAND.”

[The subject of this sketch was Count JULIUS MALACHOWSKI, an extraordinary character, whose Biography, after being in type, we are compelled to exclude, to make room for our article on Commerce.]

“I want a hero!”—This idea occurred to me amidst reflections as gloomy as the smoke, which, issuing from my pipe, surrounded me with a murky atmosphere. At length I threw away from me in disgust the implement I accused of having produced this dulness. And, in fact, my mind became clearer as the smoke diminished and finally disappeared. In a few moments I regained my tranquillity, and endeavoured to divert my attention by approaching the bed of straw on which the Colonel reposed, in order to contemplate those noble features which, even in sleep, expressed the vigour of his soul.

To judge from his surtout of dark green, with no ornament save a simple silken embroidery,—from his leathern belt, inclosing four pistols, the handles of which were newly gilded,—from the black bear's skin cap which shaded his forehead, you would scarcely have taken him for a military man. Had it not been for the large epaulettes

negligently affixed to his coat, you would have known neither his condition, nor his rank, which was that of Colonel. But this singularity of uniform, and fantastic habit, accorded perfectly well with the paleness of his countenance, shaded as it was by his black hair. His countenance? Ah! there were visible deep traces of vanished passions, of the fire which devoured him,—and that smile on the lips, whose contraction showed it to be not of gaiety. On the whole he wanted but a white capote, and a hanzar* in his girdle to represent the dark Suliote,

“Who descends on the plain like the stream from the rock.”

I was still engaged in this examination, when a gentle tap at the window was heard, and a voice uttered these words:—“Every thing is ready; it is two o'clock in the morning.” A second warning was not required to awaken the Colonel, who arose immediately, buttoned his surtout to the chin, twice examined the pans of his pistols and of his gun, slinging the latter over his shoulder like a hunter, and went out without uttering a word.

Yes—he was a hunter. At first his hand and eye were exercised in unpeopling the vast forest of their game, viz. wolves and bears; afterwards, the great occasion arrived, and he went out for a longer, a more dangerous and uncertain chase. He changed not his hunting attire; but merely attached a death's head to his cap,† with as much gaiety as another would a coloured feather. Some brilliant actions procured him the epaulettes he now wore. But, faithful to his former pursuits, he never deserted his fowling-piece, which, in his hand, was a most deadly weapon, never being levelled in vain. Often has he been seen to put himself at the head of a few hunters, opposed to whole regiments, to charge them with intrepidity, to kill a great number of men, and take prisoners more than he had soldiers under his command. He was always attended by four or five men, whose office it was to load his guns, for his occupation was incessant firing; and the Russians, after the combat, always counted his shots by the number of slain on the field of battle. Amongst his six guns, which he kept employed in every engagement, there was one that he regarded with a sort of veneration, and which he never used, although it was always near him. A mystery seemed to be attached to it. A few words, however, escaped him unconsciously, and informed his friends that he became possessed of this gun on a journey, in the course of which he received an insult from a Corsican, whom he challenged; that the duel terminated in his favour, and the consequent humiliation of the Corsican; in fine, that his adversary gave him this gun as a token of the esteem he felt for his courage and noble conduct. The pledge was worthy both of him who gave and of him who received it, being a master-piece of its kind. A brilliant inscription in gold letters surrounded the barrel, and although it was in the oriental language, the Colonel well knew the signification of these four words:—“Vengeance soon or late;” and he applied them practically against the enemies of his country.

But let us hasten to join him in that nocturnal expedition, which is to add new splendour to his glory. He has to destroy by a single blow the preparations of two months, which a numerous enemy have made to pass the Vistula.

* A sort of dagger.

† In the late campaign, there were some regiments which wore death's heads on their caps; others attached to them a feather of colour, chiefly from the peacock.

No sooner had he gained the summit of the steep bank of the river, than he glanced impatiently towards the East, as if to hasten the rising of the sun, whose first rays began faintly to tinge the horizon. He then measured with his eye the liquid space which separated him from the enemy, and perceived upon the other shore the last fires, the dying flames of which attested the repose of the Russians. At length he gave the signal, and in an instant the four boats at the foot of the rock, where he stood, were filled with warriors, and they slowly proceeded towards the opposite shore. Already they approach the land; but he, their commander, still remains where he stood. Will he send his men to battle, and stay himself, like a coward, behind? No! he throws himself into a small boat, and swiftly cleaves the waves of the river. The last fire which sparkled on the opposite rock seemed to light his rapid course, and serve as a Pharos to his boat. Could we not imagine it the torch of Hero, lighting the passage of the Hellespont to a new Leander? (*for the Vistula is now become another Hellespont; it separated the Poles from the Russians—Europe from Asia.*)

The bark outstripped the four boats, and was the first to reach the opposite bank. The report of a pistol was heard, and in the same moment twenty flames rose spirally towards the heavens, and astonished the country as with the preternaturally sudden rising of the sun. This blaze proceeded from vessels constructed for the crossing of the river, filled with straw and pitch, and kindled by those who had fabricated them.

The enemy now are flying, and, in their flight destroy their own work; nor are they to be despised:—they are as valiant as we, although they defend not the cause of liberty! It is a snare they laid for us; and unhappily the Polish corps, of which the hunters only formed the vanguard, fell into it. Attracted by that feigned retreat, they advanced too far in the country, and encountered forces treble their own numbers. An obstinate resistance had only the effect of diminishing their corps by one half. On the third day after the passage of the Vistula, the gallant remnant was found at the same place where the bark had landed before, determined not to have recourse to the last expedient, and re-cross the river, till they had made the Russians pay dearly for their transient success.

But wherefore repeat the eternal tale of combats, and the despair of soldiers, with a broad river behind them and attacked by a formidable adversary?

The four boats are again employed: but the cavalry throw themselves into the stream, and swim across. By what miracle are they suffered so quietly to retire? Is the rage of the enemy satiated? If not, why refrain from making the whole body prisoners, or attempting at least to drown a part, by vigorously pressing them in their retreat?

Look again! Do you recognise *him* with his pale face, his lofty furred cap, green uniform, and gun constantly turned towards the foe? There, in a narrow defile, he defends the passage with a few brave men, and repulses the whole of the enemy elated with success. There he stands like a statue; his hand alone works. If he turn, it is to take another gun, which is loaded by the last of his men, and to mark how many still remain who wait to pass over. Four times the vessels return, and he is still at his post. There is now not a sufficient number of soldiers on the shore to fill the boats a fifth time. They return again—they approach the shore. Will he who saved so many be able at last to save himself and the little band of hunters?

Alas! No. He is yet at his post. Oh! what can avail this desperate resistance, when the enemy is so numerous that if a single blow could despatch a hundred, even then the success would be doubtful.

The Russians gain ground. The length of a bayonet scarcely separates them from the Poles, amidst whom stands the young Colonel.* Still his aim is so true that they retire again. At that instant, the last of his attendants, who had loaded his guns, falls at his side. He turns, and sees that the rest of the corps is already embarked. Nevertheless, his few hunters, seeing him remain stationary, still adhere to his side.

Anxious to spare, not himself, but his companions, he makes up his mind to regain the last of the boats. But, ere he will fire once more,—ere he strike the last blow, his eye seems to seek the heart of the noblest of the enemy. He fires, but has not even time to see whom he strikes down, for he suddenly discerns in a bush a Russian grenadier of gigantic stature, with huge mustachios and a Calmuc countenance, in partial concealment, and in the act of pointing a gun at his breast. The Colonel had not a moment to lose; he threw on the ground the piece he had just discharged, and snatched another from the contracted and clammy hand of the last of his men, who lay at his feet. But death had stiffened the fingers of the man before he could put in the cartridge, and the Colonel shot without effect. To take another cartridge, to find it too large for the gun, which he then recognised for that of the Corsican, to throw it away, were to him the work of a moment. The grenadier had already placed his finger on the trigger. At this critical juncture the Pole seizes a scythe from the grasp of a dead soldier, and intending to cleave the head of the Russian, he lifts this deadly weapon. But, alas! ere it descended, the musket was fired, and the Colonel fell dead, the ball passing through the middle of his upper jaw.

In vain the faithful hunters endeavoured to drag his body to the shore. The Russians attacked them so furiously, that it was with difficulty they could throw themselves into the waves and regain the last of the boats.

Not even the tomb on a free shore was allowed to enclose the body of him—"Who died with a scythe in his hand."

COMMERCIAL IMPORTANCE OF POLAND, AS AN INDEPENDENT STATE.

"YOU in England are very apt to say,—'We are an island, and what have we to do with the affairs of the continent?' True, sir, if you have enough of primitive simplicity, and self-denial, to give up your wealth, the conveniences and luxuries of life, and live contented on the produce of your own farms, then you have nothing to do with them; but if you cannot do this, you must maintain your commerce, to which you owe the value of your lands, your wealth, and your importance in Europe; and therefore whenever the transactions on the continent affect your commerce so materially, as the present designs do, you are as much concerned in them as the powers on the continent themselves."

"It was to Great Britain that men looked up for the preservation of Constantinople, for preventing Russia from obtaining establishments on the Black Sea, which would destroy a considerable and most advantageous branch of our commerce, and bring another preponderant power into Europe."

"However uncouth it may sound, your uniting with France will, alone, probably stem the torrent."

"We are apt to consider that as impossible which is only difficult; as impracticable, what has never been properly attempted."—LIND'S *Letters on Poland*, 1773.

THE immense importance to Great Britain of commercial relations with Poland, independent and entire, it will

* He was not quite 30 years of age.

be one of our objects to prove, in this and subsequent numbers.—Now that the grand drama of Russian policy approaches its *dénouement*,—to which the first partition of Poland was but the overture,—no better scheme, perhaps, could be devised for counteracting the views of Muscovy, than the restitution of the maritime territory which formerly belonged to the Poles, and of which they were dispossessed by an ingenious but infamous system of intrigue and treachery.

Formerly the Poles carried on commerce with Turkey, Persia, and the Eastern Countries by means of the Dniester, the Boh, and Dnieper, rivers which fall into the Black Sea. From the time of the Piasts, and especially the reign of Casimir the Great,—during the age of the Jagellons, and principally in the reigns of the Sigismunds,—Poland maintained a commerce with Holland, the Hanseatic Towns, with England, and the ports on the Black Sea. This epoch is called, in Polish annals, their *Golden Age*. The English had their magazines and depôts not only in the Polish ports of Dantzic (Gdansk,) Riga, and Elbing, but also in the interior of the country, at Kowno, Troki, Kazimierz, Cracow, &c.

Dantzic was the chief port through which the Poles carried on their commerce with the north and west of Europe. It was through the usurpations of Frederic II. of Prussia, that the Poles were deprived of this important depôt, and outlet for the productions which are conveyed by the Vistula; notwithstanding that the rights and liberties of Dantzic were guaranteed by all the powers of Europe; and that not in a slight and transient manner, but by such a regular succession of acts, as is almost unexampled in history.

Not to mention the treaties of the 15th and 17th centuries, we will go no further back than the year 1707, when Queen Anne concluded a treaty with the town of Dantzic, by which, among other privileges, the English are allowed to have magazines of their own, and there to keep their goods as long as they please, and sell them when the price is most advantageous to them. Again, by the 13th article of the treaty of Utrecht, all the privileges granted to the town of Dantzic, and, reciprocally, those granted by that town to England, are confirmed; and, though this article, as well as the treaty of Queen Anne, may be thought to contain only assurances of mutual privileges in matters of commerce, yet most certainly they implied assurances also of protection on the part of England so far as necessary to secure the town from being deprived of the enjoyment of these privileges by any acts of external violence. But in spite of these treaties, Frederic seized upon Dantzic and Thorn with impunity, and afterwards behaved with unparalleled insolence to Great Britain, and all the powers trading to Dantzic; for he augmented the duties upon all goods exported and imported, which was a direct breach of the first and second articles of the treaty with Queen Anne, in which it is expressly stipulated, that the duties should remain as they were then fixed, and British goods be subject to no other payment whatever. Mr. Lind,* in his *Letters on Poland*,[†] well observes—“Great Britain did not guarantee the walls of a town, but a place which was

to be a general mart for her goods, from whence a great and extensive kingdom was to be supplied with her manufactures and merchandize: the spirit of such a guarantee requires that she should secure to the town all that is necessary to this end. Were the claims of the King of Prussia upon these districts of Poland authenticated, still Britain would have a right to insist on his ceding every thing necessary to this end: with how much stronger reason, since those claims are seen to be false and supposed?” p. 273.—“With regard to the trade of Great Britain with Dantzic,” continues this writer, “the British goods consumed in Poland and Lithuania are almost all sent by way of this port; the goods exported from Great Britain to Poland greatly exceed those sent from Poland to Britain; all British goods, without exception, are permitted; the duties upon them are very low; many articles are sent there, for which there is no longer a demand in other countries; Poland is, I believe, almost the only country that imports your sugars, thoroughly refined to the last stage of that process, which it does in large quantities. The exports from England of tobacco, manufactured in all its species, is considerable; Poland consumes large quantities of your woollen goods; it takes great quantities of hardware, malt liquors, pimento, ginger, pepper, rice, coffee, leather, lead, tin, sea-coals, &c., and would take large quantities of tea, *if that trade were free*; and large quantities of cod and herring from Scotland, if that fishery flourished.”—“You will find a wide difference between the quantity of goods consumed in the countries occupied by Austria, Russia, and Prussia, and those consumed in the same countries, while they were under the Polish Government: your goods will no longer reach the countries occupied by the two former; and many will be prohibited in the latter.”—Sagacity is uninspired prophecy; and well would it have been for England had the warnings of this far-sighted writer been regarded!

Poland being chiefly an agricultural country, and its inhabitants little addicted to commerce, or engaged in manufactures, as wide a field might be opened to British enterprise as if a gold mine had been discovered. By a direct trade with Poland restored, we might supply our deficiency of corn, and procure wool, cordage, hides, tallow and timber, at nearly half price. Hence, also, we might obtain, at a cheaper rate, the wines of Hungary, of which she produces about 120 different sorts, to the extent of 36 millions gallons annually: excellent Hungarian tobacco might also be procured through this channel. The country (of Poland) is fine, living is cheap, and many poor persons in Britain might be able to settle and prosper there: Poland would thus offer a new land for emigration and be connected with us by fresh and powerful ties. As a mart for our manufactures it would be of incalculable importance. The population of the ancient Lithuanian provinces seized on by Russia is estimated at 12 millions; amongst them are no manufactories. These provinces are thus obliged to purchase Russian commodities of common pedlars, (burlaki) and this benefits Russia. The transport of merchandize from the west is contraband, and enriches the Germans instead of the English.

Poland is intersected by numerous rivers, every district possessing one or two considerable streams, which might easily be united into one great system of inland navigation, taking Pinsk for the centre. This has been partially effected by canals; the most celebrated of these are the Oginski, and the Beresin. Various kinds of barges are used (*statki, strugi, wiciny*;) in inland navigation for the

* This sagacious writer was the son of a clergyman, who was by parentage, if not by birth, a Scotchman, and had a living in Colchester. In the *Bibliotheca Parriana*, p. 373, Dr. Parr justly applies the epithet ‘celebrated’ to Mr. Lind’s *Letters on the present state of Poland*, 1773, and subjoins the following note:—“This Book was written by the sagacious and benevolent Mr. Lind, the friend of the profoundly philosophical Dr. Nathaniel Forster, of Colchester, and the celebrated Jeremy Bentham, and tutor to the worthy and enlightened King of Poland, [Stanislas Augustus Poniatowski].—See *Parriana*, 1829, vol. ii, p. 44. By E. H. Barker, Esq. of Thetford.

transport of corn, wool, salt, &c. Wood is floated down the streams of the Vistula and Niemen to Riga, Königsberg, and Dantzic. It is well known that Polish timber is admirably adapted for Ship-building, and their cordage of most excellent quality.—The communications by land offer still greater facilities by means of wagons: the roads are good, horses are cheap, and the expense of keeping them trifling.

Before the salt mines of Wieliczka and Bochnia passed into the hands of the Austrians, they were of considerable importance; and they would again become profitable under the management of an emancipated people.

In concluding this article, we recur for a moment to Dantzic: this town has not forgotten the country to which she, of right, belongs. Not only during the patriotic struggle of Kosciuszko, but at the last revolution, the inhabitants raised considerable sums and sacrificed them on the altar of Polish liberty.

NAVAL POWER OF RUSSIA.

'Le salut de l'Europe veut que l'Empire Russe soit rélégué en Sibirie.'
MONTGALLIARD.

THE Russian Navy is divided into two squadrons, one of which is in the Baltic, and the other in the Black Sea. Alexander made the greatest efforts to keep up the latter, with the view of one day accomplishing the favorite policy of Russia, viz. the conquest of Constantinople; and under the present reign, a new impulse has been given to the proceedings of the admiralty.

According to the last official return of the Minister of Marine, the Russian Navy consists of 32 ships of the line, 25 frigates, 20 corvettes, 25 floating batteries, and 121 gun boats. Total, 310 vessels, mounting about 6000 guns, manned by 33,000 men, including 3000 marine artillery, and 9000 marines.

The sailors for the Russian Navy are obtained by a *Conscription*, similar to that of the Army, consisting of one in five hundred, throughout the empire. Their pay is about half-a-crown a month, and their rations are on a most economical scale. All the crews are organized like the military, and drilled in the evolutions of infantry.

The two admiralties, one of which is at St. Petersburg, and the other at Nikolaev, direct all the operations of the fleets of the Baltic and Black Sea. The principal dock-yards are at Okhta, Kronstadt, Kherson, Archangel, and Varonega.

The most important naval station is Kronstadt, which is capable of containing 25 ships of the line. The roadstead is spacious, but affords no shelter from the dangerous westerly winds. The channel is full of shoals, and the fort has many defects.

The principal port in the Black Sea is Sevastopol, in the Crimea, which, with the adjoining roadstead of Aktiar, is the centre of the naval forces of Russia in that quarter; it is protected from the weather, but is at an immense distance from the forests whence building materials are derived. This inconvenience does not exist at Odessa; but the harbour is insecure. The port of Kherson has been abandoned. Nikolaev is at the mouth of the Ingoul, and in the ports of Kzolof and Kertch, ships will find good anchorage and shelter.

The Caspian Sea presents on its Eastern shores, a vast number of commodious harbours, but yet little frequented.

Such is the present condition of the naval power of an empire, whose gigantic military resources, combined with the grasping ambition of the government, have, ever since the memorable campaign of 1312, given her such a decided preponderance in the political system of the European continent. So long, however, as Russia preserves her present geographical *arrondissement*, there will exist physical obstacles to her becoming a great maritime power. *But should ever the gigantic designs of Catherine be realized,—should ever the Russian eagle soar above the towers of old Stamboul, the naval resources of this empire will then receive a rapid and powerful development, that the combined efforts of Europe would in vain oppose.* In her vast inland lake, the Euxine, free from every hostile demonstration, Russia might form a fleet, that at its maturity would rush like an avalanche into the Mediterranean, and sweep every thing before it!—*Nautical Magazine, May, 1832.*

PREDICTIONS OF NAPOLEON,

IN COURSE OF BEING VERIFIED.

BONAPARTE foresaw the power and territory which the Russians will yet gain—dispossess us of India—and destroy our naval supremacy. "All this I foresaw," said he; "I see into futurity further than others, and I wanted to establish a barrier against those barbarians, by re-establishing the kingdom of Poland, and putting Poniatowski at the head of it as King; but your *imbeciles* of Ministers would not consent. A hundred years hence I shall be praised (*censé*), and Europe, especially England, will lament that I did not succeed."

"The Russians are beginning already with you; I see that they have prohibited the introduction of your merchandise. England is falling. Even Prussia prohibits your goods. What a change for England!"

Napoleon spoke about Russia, and said that the European nations would yet find that *he* had adopted the best possible policy at the time he had intended to re-establish the Kingdom of Poland, which would be the only effectual means of stopping the increased power of Russia. It was putting a barrier, a dyke, to that formidable empire which it was likely would yet overwhelm Europe. "I do not think," said he, "that I shall live to see it, but you may. I think you will see that the Russians will either invade and take India, or enter Europe* with 400,000 Cossacks and other inhabitants of the deserts, and 200,000 real Russians.—By invading other countries, Russia has two or three points to gain,—an increase of civilization or polish, by rubbing against other powers, the acquisition of money, and the rendering friends to herself the inhabitants of the deserts, with whom, some years back, she was at war. The Cossacks, Calmucs, and other barbarians, who have accompanied the Russians into France, and other parts of Europe, having once acquired a taste for the luxuries of the South, will carry back to their deserts the remembrance of places where they had such fine women and fine living, and will not only be themselves unable to endure their own barbarous and sterile regions, but will communicate to their neighbours a desire to conquer these delicious countries.—What I say to you is confirmed by the history of all ages."

* The idea of marching a Russian army westward was entertained after the French revolution in 1830, and the resistance of the Poles alone prevented its progress;—and Paul entertained the idea of invading India;—neither of these projects, nor the occupation of Constantinople are lost sight of by this pertinacious Power, as daily examples of hypocritical cupidity sufficiently testify.

Napoleon observed—"All Alexander's thoughts are at present directed to the conquest of Turkey. I would not consent to it, as it would have destroyed the equilibrium of power in Europe."

"*Those English,*" said Napoleon, "*who are lovers of liberty, will one day lament with tears, having gained the battle of Waterloo. It was as fatal to the liberties of Europe in its effects, as that of Philippi was to those of Rome; and like it, has precipitated Europe into the hands of Triumvirs, associated together for the oppression of mankind, the suppression of knowledge, and the restoration of superstition.*"—A VOICE FROM ST. HELENA.

Poetry.

TO THE CHILDREN OF BEVERLEY.

A TRIBUTE TO INFANTINE BENEVOLENCE.

(Translated from the original Polish of Witwicki,* by Dr. Bowring.)

I.

CHILDREN! your deed has reached us, and has brought
Joy to our bosoms; it was heaven-ward borne
By your own guardian Angels—welcom'd there
By Him, who welcomes every tear and sigh
Wak'd by philanthropy.—Your spirits stood
Before Him—wrapp'd in sympathy benign,
As if in festal garments.

II.

Early ye
Have planted holy seeds, whose harvest is
The memory of virtue. In the land
Which you have pitied—in my native land—
Land of my pride and glory—in his prayers
Many a father blesses you; and tears
In many a mother's, many a sister's eye,
Shall speak ye thanks.—Your mothers will rejoice,
Your families bless you, that in hearts so young
So much of virtue germinates, to bud
In the bright sunshine of approving heaven.

III.

You love my country! know, her mission is
Holy and high! and she is bent beneath
His visitations, in whose presence all,
All that is mightiest is as chaff before
The tempest. He hath chosen her to save
By blood,—by martyrdom,—the liberties
Of nations. To the very dregs she drinks
Her cup of bitterness, but her day shall come
Of a new birth of glory, and the world
Breathe freedom.—Britain's sympathies are ours;
Dear to us—dear as is that best of friends
Whom sorrow finds.

IV.

In treble fetters bound—
By her death-fight exhausted—Poland falls
Among the nations. Those who heard her voice,
And thrill'd with fear in hearing—those she saved—
And those she subjected in happier days,
Those have despoiled her—they have stabb'd her—bath'd
In her out-flowing blood—and maimed her,—mad
Because she will not die.—Her eyes are turn'd
To heaven,—and there she finds immortal strength,—
And while they deem her perishing, she hears
Spirit-arousing anthems!

Darkness wraps

The sun—in black is freedom's temple veild—
The echoes speak in sighs; unending tears

*Witwicki is pronounced, *Vititskon*.

Drop—and the blood is flowing 'neath the knout
Of the barbarian.—From their mothers torn,
The infants perish in the solitudes,
As spring-flowers in the frost—their eyes look round,
Seeking their parents—parents there are none!
But hideous murderers—senseless to their speech.
What hear I in those dark and dreary wastes
Where reigns eternal winter?—Frightful chains
Dragged by brave men, who, 'neath the heavy scourge
Plod heavily. In Siber's desolate mines
The song of Polish heroes feebly breaks;
The hand that scattered multitudinous slaves
Now from Earth's breast penurious tears the gold
With which the Despot bribes the people's foes.

VI.

See! In your very presence—in the ports
Where foreign nations crowd—he wreaks his ire;
The blood of Poland streams around the Church
Where Britons worship.—In his scornful pride,
The tyrant to the inattentive lands
Cries—*Tremble!* See—he executes our doom;
Perpetual exile.—All our families
Are clad in mourning—sorrowing o'er their sons
Or slain in battle—prison'd—or condemn'd
To eat the stranger's bread of bitterness.
Tell, tell your mothers, Children! not to cloud
Your spring-time of serene, of cloudless bliss
With stories of our misery—with the crimes
Of tyrants—with the sufferings of the brave;—
No! this is *Hell!* and ye should breathe in heaven.

VII.

Far, far away such thoughts! Malevolence
And scorn and hate should not invade your minds
Or drop their poisons there: your happier dreams
Must not be broken. In some future days
Story shall tell you of an ancient land,
Brave, noble, christian, that pour'd out its blood
For other christian lands—and then was left
Lone and abandon'd—broken down with chains—
Unhelped—unheeded. You will hear too soon
Of all its sufferings, all its sacrifice,
And all its wishes. 'Tis a wretched tale;
And it will move you—move such hearts as yours.

VIII.

Dear Children! and ye fancy pity's claims
Can touch a Despot's heart! When rainbows shine
Amidst the fiercest hurricane—when dews
Of gentleness fall down with thunderbolts—
Then, then,—alas! your young and innocent vows
Will never reach him—he is left alone
By his own angel, who deploras his fate
From his eternal dwelling. 'Tis in vain
Ye pray; your prayers are fruitless as the sun
On an eternal peak of snow—or drops
That fall upon the Alps—and are congeal'd
In falling.

IX.

Children! children, most beloved!
Increase in happiness and strength, and be
Your country's glory. May that country steer
Midst slavery and licence: be the shield
Of Britain over Poland! Little ones!
Fulfil your mothers' hopes, and be your days
Bright as their dawns' promise! In the bud
We see the beauteous colors of the flower.
And pour out prayers for us, to give us strength
To bear our burthens.—Pour out prayers for us—
Yes! pour out prayers, sweet children! They have stol'n
Our altars—they have shut, have overwhelm'd,
Our Churches—they have massacred our priests—
So pray for us, sweet children!

*The flogging at Cronstadt took place directly opposite the English Church.

ADDRESS

OF THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE OF THE POLISH EMIGRATION,
(IN PARIS)

To the Polish Associations in Great Britain.

[The following address emanates from a national Committee under the Presidency of the brave General Dwernicki. The national Committee of Polish Emigration at Paris, which had existed from the first entrance of the Poles into France, under the Presidency of M. Leleuel, was dissolved by the French Government on the 1st January, 1833, and its Members compelled to quit Paris. It seems that the publication of the address to the Russian nation (a copy of which may be found in Polonia, No. 5.) excited the displeasure of the Russian and Prussian ambassadors, whose wishes were tamely obeyed by the French government. M. Joachim Leleuel, the celebrated historian, a member of the late diet, and of the national government, retired to the seat of General Lafayette, at La Grange (Blenau), whence he was forcibly removed by gens d'armes in March last. On this subject, the noble and venerable General bitterly reproached the Minister, in the Chamber of Deputies, for an indecent violation of the duties of hospitality. It is thus that a government, sprung from the barriers, seeks to conciliate the allied despots, who nourish against him the most implacable hate. The departure of 450 Polish officers for Switzerland is attributed to the French government, which has treated them as enemies and prisoners of war. What will Louis-Philippe gain by this? He will never gain the friendship of his natural enemies abroad, but daily augments the number of his enemies at home.]

FRIENDS OF POLAND! Thrown by the disasters of our native country upon a foreign soil, we were every where welcomed by the people with that generous sympathy due to proud misfortune, but unvanquished patriotism. Unsatiated and insatiable in his sanguinary hate, the barbarian usurper still pursues us in our dearest affections. He seeks to exterminate our nation by all the brutal means of revengeful despotism. The noblest and most virtuous of his victims are punished worse than the vilest criminals; his imperial dagger is plunged into the bravest and purest bosoms; his unsparing arm tears the child from its mother's breast, the husband from his desolate wife, violates all the kindlier and kindred feelings of civilized society, decimates an entire population, and impudently dares to plant the standard of murder on the sacred sanctuary of religion itself!

"He makes a desert—and he calls it peace."

What resource, then, remains to us, the victims of such horrible atrocities, but to lift up our united voice, and plead the cause of Poland before the great tribunal of European justice? And where can we address ourselves with more cheering confidence, with more inspiring hope, than to the Ægis of freedom, the barrier to oppression, the refuge of the oppressed—to ENGLAND—to that high-minded people who have already proved the profound interest they take in our calamities, the bitter and just indignation they feel at the criminal and cowardly conduct of Russia?

The members of the Committee, representing the general wishes of the emigrant Poles, feel it a pleasing duty to express, in the name of their patriot countrymen, their sentiments of sincere admiration and undying gratitude for the numerous proofs of sympathy they have experienced from the English nation. The committee particularly addresses itself to the Polish associations established in England, which, by their noble ardour and activity, act so successfully on public opinion, feeding the sacred flame of Polish nationality, exhibiting the rights and griefs of Poland, and thus preparing the propitious moment of her regeneration.

Friends of Poland! Believe us, that moment is not so distant as may be imagined: Divine Providence will accomplish what earthly justice and humanity have begun. Honour to those who aid the oppressed against the oppressor! History will hal- low their memories, and the triumph of the holy cause they protected will be graven on the breast of posterity for ever! The emigrants of Poland deplore with calmness and dignity the misfortunes of their beloved country, but they despair not. No! their energy, their perseverance, is even equivalent to the afflictions of their natal soil! The rapid progress of the Polish cause in England; the formation of numerous Polish associations;

the petitions which flow in from every quarter in favour of Poland, and which by their unanimity give such a powerful influence to the government; the address to the Polish nation, signed by nearly one hundred thousand persons, are eloquent and positive manifestations of public opinion in England, and excite the most grateful sympathy in every Polish heart.

Friends of Poland! Go on with the same unabating zeal in the glorious cause of Polish independence; avenge your insulted honour, your national, your proverbial good faith, compromised by the annihilation of Polish nationality, which was solemnly guaranteed by Great Britain. The whole of civilized Europe will hail your noble, your untiring, and ultimately your successful efforts. Let all the principal towns of England follow the noble examples of London, Hull, Birmingham, Sheffield, Norwich, Glasgow, &c., and like them form similar Polish associations. Let your popular Parliament, the representatives of the British people, and guardians of British liberty, continue to receive your energetic evidences on behalf of Poland. Let the public be more and more enlightened on the Polish question; let them know all the "tender mercies" invented and heaped on us by our cruel oppressor, who is himself the only rebel; for it was he who first violated the treaty imposed by Russian influence; for it is he who now basely profits by the apathetic neutrality of those same states who guaranteed the maintenance of Poland's nationality, to crush a country over which he has not the shadow of legitimate sway. The auspicious alliance of FRANCE and ENGLAND, which has exploded the ancient prejudices of national rivalry, and cemented the friendship of the two people by their common interest and mutual love of liberty, is for us an assuring harbinger of our country's approaching recognition. The increasing political influence of these two great nations encourages and justifies our anxious hope that the hour of our deliverance is not remote; as their enlightened views for the attainment of general peace and general freedom are the same.

Persevere, then, noble friends of Poland, in your generous labours, and you will have the glory of restoring twenty millions of Poles to their native homes and hearths; of arresting the march of despotism, of curbing the ambitious designs of Russia; and, finally, of consolidating the peace and liberty of Europe, amidst the applauses and blessings of the whole human race.

Done at Paris, the 25th of February, 1833.

(Signed)

The President, DWERNICKI, General of Division.
UMINSKI, General of Division.
J. SIERAWSKI.
THEO. MORAWSKI, Deputy.
J. LEDOCHOWSKI, Deputy.
WOLOWSKI, Deputy.
ANDR. PlichTA, Counsellor of State.
The Secretary, ANDREW SLOWACZYNSKI.

ASSOCIATION FOR PROMOTING THE INSTRUCTION
OF
YOUNG POLISH EXILES.

EVER since the last disasters of Poland, it is notorious, that the Russian Government has never ceased employing every means in its power to destroy the nationality of that country. Establishments for public education were the first to fall under its persecution. The schools were closed, the universities destroyed, and the funds destined for their support seized: and in addition, the public libraries and collections of arts and science, carried out of the country. The Polish Youth, obliged to wander in foreign lands, are thus deprived of all means of support; and notwithstanding their ardour in the pursuit of knowledge, are obliged to await, in a state of inactivity, the fate that futurity may

have in reserve for them;—to enter into the service of strangers, or to seek an Asylum in establishments where they may, by degrees lose all recollections of their national mode of life, of the customs of their forefathers, of their language, and in short all which attaches and binds them to their father-land.

Forcibly feeling the deplorable results which must arise from this state of things, it was resolved, on the 21st of last December, by several Polish Refugees, fathers of families, that a few of their countrymen, enjoying general esteem and possessing facilities for the collection of the requisite funds, should be invited to undertake the honorable task of protecting the rising generation of Poland.

Those who were thus invited, viz. Prince Adam Czartoryski, Generals Kniazewicz, and Pac, the ex-president of the National Government, B. Niemojowski, and the Castellán, Louis Plater; after having added to their number, Messrs. Cæsar Plater, dep. Alex. Jalowski, dep. and Messrs. Adam Mickiewicz, and Dr. Marcinkowski, agreed to form an association, having for its object to facilitate the studies of Young Poles. This resolution is dated the 29th of December, 1832. The association proposes to attain its object by the following means:—

1. By granting pecuniary aid to such students as may wish to pursue some particular study, and thus enable them to attend public courses of lectures.
2. To assist others in getting situations, in public or private establishments, either in France, England, or Germany, where instruction is given in arts or science, or where a knowledge may be gained of mechanics and manufactures.
3. To give courses of lectures, in Polish, on the most useful branches of science.
4. And in time to form a separate institution, where the Polish youth may receive a national education.

The association has commenced by collecting a fund within itself; and it earnestly requests those who may give it their confidence to aid it with their counsel and benevolence. The most scrupulous attention will be paid to the appropriation of such funds as may be entrusted to them, and which will be employed for the objects above specified. The circle of its activity will be regulated by the means at its disposal, and by the necessities of emigrants. Subscriptions and Donations will be inscribed in a Register; and may be sent to Prince Czartoryski, through the hands of Messrs. Coutts and Co., or Messrs. Jones, Lloyd and Co., London. In Hull, Subscriptions will be received at the Banks of Messrs. Smith, Brothers & Co., Messrs. Harrison, Watson & Locke, at all the Newspaper Offices, and Booksellers' Shops.

To give assistance to an association for promoting the education of young Poles is an object, which will, in all probability, meet with the sympathy and approbation of the English public; but to give that assistance in a Foreign country is not likely to be so satisfactory.

This difficulty can be easily obviated. It will be a great benefit for young Poles to finish their education in England, for which purpose they would require only board and lodging in any place where that object could be attained.—It is not unlikely that, in lieu of actual subscriptions, some benevolent persons might be found who would admit young Poles into their families, for a certain time; or by their influence and interest procure them admission elsewhere. In that case the association will select young men, who have begun their studies in the Polish Universities of Warsaw, Wilna, Cracow or Krzemieniec.

The most desirable places would be Edinburgh or Glasgow, where academic studies might be continued,—or private tuition be given, in the house of a Clergyman, for a young boy of a distinguished, but now poor family.—To reside with a Gentleman-farmer with a view to improvement in agricultural knowledge.—To get a seat in the Counting House of some Merchant, whose trade is chiefly to the Baltic, Mediterranean or Black Sea; and in this case young Poles would be chosen who speak French or German.—In short, situations in establishments as follow:—Banking Houses; Mining Works of any description; Chemical Works as applied to the arts; Manufactories of Machinery of all kinds; Iron Foundries, &c. Manufactories of Linen and Woollen Goods, Earthenware, Soap, and in fact, of all kinds of articles of popular and general consumption.

British sympathy has afforded similar benefits to Greeks in the time of their distress.—Mr. Allen and other philanthropists charged themselves

with the Education of young Greeks. Cannot the same benevolence be now extended to the Poles, whose condition is, at least, equally deplorable with that of the Greeks formerly?

There is no doubt that many good consequences might arise from such acts of christian and (if the term may be used) political charity. Everlasting ties of friendship and gratitude would be established between Englishmen and Poles; and a mutual knowledge of their countries and affairs, now much wanted, would be obtained.—In fact, staying for some time in England, adopting English customs and principles, forming connections in this country, and becoming indeed half English, would be of immense advantage to young Poles.—And when Poland is re-established, the thanks of the nation, supported by the personal gratitude and attachment of those who attained that greatest benefit in life,—education, through British benevolence, will prove a strong foundation and undoubted facility to an intimacy between the two countries, valuable as well in point of policy as of trade.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The following admirable letter was received some time ago by the Secretary of our Association; it is written by a Lady, but is anonymous.

SIR,—I have been reading your "Records," and when I reflect on the facts therein detailed, I am, I confess, astonished that I, even I, perused them so calmly. Were the case my own *alone*, I would say nothing of it; but to my knowledge, several women more easily excited than myself, have read them without experiencing any of these tears or tremblings which some ladies seem to have endured. Why are we not more affected? Is it that the picture is so crowded with figures, each appearing to surpass the other in misery, that we are bewildered by the contemplation of it? Miss Porter's "Thaddeus," Madame Cottin's "Elizabeth," fictitious narratives, (sad that I should be compelled to confess it!) affect me more deeply as I read them, than your authentic accounts. Are we so constituted that individual suffering moves us more than when nations perish? The battle at which, "Hell from beneath is moved;" the earthquake which swallows man and his habitations; the volcano whose fiery stream overwhelms the city, so lately the abode of bustling inmates: in such cases the mind, it appears to me, is overpowered,—totters under such a weight of horrors; but do we feel such earnest commiseration as when we have presented before us the misery of *one* fellow being? Sterne says, when he wished to write on slavery, and took millions of those wretched beings, born to such a lot, he found it impossible to bring the subject home to his feelings. But see him when he had shut up one captive in his cell! Is it not thus with the wrongs of Poland? 'Tis this view of the case that makes me hail with pleasure the biographical sketches in the "Record." Whether by entreaties, threats, or force, we shall be able to restore Poland to her rank among nations—alas! who can say? *One thing is in the power of the wealthy: great and glorious power! noble and exalted charge! it is for them, by liberal contributions to prevent the unhappy wanderers, forced to quit their native land, from suffering the additional tortures of pecuniary distress.* Gracious heaven! if we reflect on them, what afflictions are theirs! *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*; and so it may, when the last moments are those of a Wolfe or a Nelson. But the Polish soldier—what thought soothed his dying hour? The Polish refugee—what remembrances support his exile? He has fought, bled, is a fugitive, and his wretched land more deeply enslaved. His parents—do they live in peace under the shelter of their ancient walls? No: shackled with irons the old man drags out the remnant of his days, amidst Siberia's snows! His wife—his children!—Oh, he must not remember them! madness is in those thoughts. Remembrances such as these haunting him at every turn—what, in too many instances is, or soon will be, his actual condition! For some few months he is the lion of the day, feasted, fêted, lauded, and then,—then, perhaps he teaches French, perhaps he teaches Music, or *copies* it, and as Mr. Irving beautifully observes, 'the obscurity that settles on a ruined man finally shrouds him from our sight.' The noble of a lofty line, who once owned the stately castle, becomes the occupant of the petty dilapidated chamber; the park, stretching farther than the eye can reach, is exchanged for the confined back alley of the crowded city; not one menial answers

the call of him who formerly possessed hundreds of serfs. But there is an end! The fierce fever, the raging delirium: again he sees his ancient home; for one brief hour all his lost delights are his again;—then he wakes and finds, indeed, the tardy messenger is come at last; that there is for him as for the mighty Czar, death and the grave! “And it shall come to pass in that day the Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow and thy fear, and from the hard bondage wherein thou wast made to serve.” Oh Sir! time is passing on; remember the privations of the French refugees; *by and bye the Poles may suffer equally*; NOW, NOW, while the interest for them is untired, let us strain every nerve to provide a fund for the relief of their necessities. Should these lines occasion one donation, the most trifling in amount,—then, indeed, I shall not have written them in vain! Proud and happy would such a reflection make me.—With great respect to you for your exertions in the cause of these unhappy people,

I am your obedient and humble servant,
January 28, 1833. M.

TRIBUTE OF THE RUSSIANS TO THE POLISH POET, MICKIEWICZ.*

THE period of the greatest persecutions against the Lithuanian students was during 1822 and 1823: some hundreds of the youth of the University of Wilna were torn from the bosom of their families; some were banished to the Caucasus, or the interior of Russia; others were confined to fortresses, or condemned to serve as common soldiers for life. Their sole crime was the formation of literary societies, purely national; but they were accused of contemplating the overthrow of the reigning dynasty, although no proof was ever adduced. The court martial which tried these peaceful students, in giving its sentence, spoke thus: “that the punishment of these criminals is a mild one, having regard for their youth, and the spirit of the times.”—Remarkable words from Russian judges! Among these unfortunate young men was Adam Mickiewicz, a poet, idolized by the Poles, and who has since been esteemed one of the first geniuses of the age. The appearance of his poems is a new epoch in Polish literature; it may truly be said that with wreaths of flowers, culled from his native fields, he crowned the sublime sentiments of his countrymen. His imagination sympathized with that of Byron. Born in Lithuania, of a poor but noble family, he devoted his mind to study, especially to the attainment of the ancient and modern tongues. His earliest years were passed in the society of a girl of an opulent family, who when arrived at maturity, captivated his heart by her charms. Consumed by his passion, the young man “never told his love”—whilst the fair one made a match more convenient to her parents. Mickiewicz was inconsolable; he mused over his passion, and became a poet. Almost all his poems contain an allusion to his beloved: he sang of her on the banks of Wilna and Niemen, as well as in his exile, before the billows of the Black Sea. Whilst his verses will become the delight of the public, the author himself will be the more unhappy, separated from the objects of his devotion, his mistress and his country. It was during his exile that he wrote his epic poem, *Wallenrod*, so celebrated for its conception, its versification, and its sublimity. By permission of the government he visited Petersburg, where he was sought after by the most illustrious families, and even impudently by persons totally unacquainted with him, in order to obtain a sight of the poet. At Moscow, especially, he was received with enthusiasm. In this second capital of the empire reside many of the great Russian nobility, who are at the head of the opposition, and the natural enemies of the government. They were eager to make the acquaintance of the patriot-poet, and assembly followed assembly in honor of Mickiewicz. At one of these assemblies, our poet exhibited his talents, by improvising in French, and his admirers presented him with a golden cup, superbly chased, and engraved with the names of his Russian friends.—It was in the face of despotism, in the ancient capital of Russia that this tribute was paid to a Pole, under the condemnation of the government! Thence he travelled with a Russian Count to the Crimea, where he composed his incomparable *Sonnets on the Crimea*. Mickiewicz subsequently went to France and Italy; he remained some time at Rome. At present he is in Paris, where he has produced some new works, which breathe an ingenious satire against Russia. His *Books of the Polish nation, and its pilgrimage*, in which the author imitates the style of the Scriptures, are already translated into French; by Montalembert, a peer of France,—into German, anonymously,—and, lately into English, in London. We shall be anxious for an early copy.

A French merchant, M. Buquet, who arrived at Paris some time ago, was at Cronstadt when the inhuman flogging was inflicted upon the Polish soldiers there; he intends publishing, as an eye witness, an account of this enormity.

* Pronounced *Mit-kee-ee-veech*.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

From the Frontiers of Hungary, January 31, 1833.—The Hungarian Diet has already, both often and energetically, been engaged in debates on the cause of Poland, with a view to a subsequent and thorough discussion of this important question. At the sitting on the 28th Dec. 1832, the Deputy Jean Balogh, from the County of Bars, stated, amongst other grievances, “That the representations of the Hungarians to the Court, in behalf of the Poles, remained unanswered.” He added—“That upon this subject it was now necessary to make immediate and powerful remonstrances to the throne.” Count Poloczky, from the county of Borsod, spoke at great length, and with considerable animation. Amongst other observations, he expressed himself thus—“If monarchs consider themselves as members of one family, and when one of them dies, all put on mourning, how much more just and natural is it, when a nation becomes extinct, for other nations to clothe themselves in the tivery of woe. Monarchs wear mourning on their arms, nations bear it in the heart. Let not the Minister regard these words as unmeaning sentimentalities; let but the Hungarian be at liberty to act efficaciously for unhappy Poland, and he will then prove that he is warmed by a sacred flame in this mighty cause.”

The Poets of Germany have dedicated their pens to the celebration of Polish heroism; amongst others, Oertley, Maltitz, Buchner of Darmstadt, Millinghoffen, Weiss of Reinbejern. Besides which, a number of historical romances have appeared, founded on the late revolution in Poland. The French zealously devote their minds to the study of the Polish language and literature; amongst the most distinguished are, Count Montalembert, M. M. Bune-Roger, Boyer-Nioche, Burgaud des Marets, M. A. Jullien, Lemaître, &c. It is well worthy of remark that the heroism and misfortunes of Poland are at this time, everywhere sung, where oppression exists; especially amongst the Hungarians, Bohemians, Italians, and French, in some parts of Germany, throughout the Tyrol in Switzerland, and even amongst the Russians themselves, particularly in the South of the Empire and the neighbourhood of Moscow. These songs are often printed only in the memory of the people, and the words applied to some favourite national melody: no tyranny can interdict this tribute of admiration.

Among the Societies of Ladies, on the Continent, who support the Polish cause, are that of Metz, in France, and the Society of young maiden Ladies, at Mayence.

Extract from a Speech by General Lafayette, in the French Chamber of Deputies, 14th February, 1833.

... As to Poland, there are no horrors which are not exemplified there. Read the English papers, and you will see the details given by eye-witnesses; in corroboration of which I can cite the English Consul at Cronstadt, before whose house a number of Poles have been beaten to death for refusing the oath of allegiance to the oppressor. The circumstances are horrible. But I spare the Chamber these details; they are frightful and revolting. Latterly I have denounced the scheme for a general abduction of Polish children. The Emperor Nicholas lately met with 600 of these children, near to Kiow, who were being conducted into Siberia, or to the mountains of the Caucasus. The unhappy young creatures thought they should be spared; but they were miserably deceived. Three hundred of the boys were ordered on their route, and the girls were distributed amongst such Russian officers as had any inclination to have them. This fact I believe to be undeniable, and I beg the Chamber to credit my assertions. I know that I am blamed for calling persons by their names, and for losing respect for crowned heads. On this point, in truth, I have not much to lose. But I deem it a point of honor and of conscience to denounce these deeds; as it was for the safety and honor of France that Poland rose; proofs of which I have furnished to the Chamber from the portfolio of the Grand Duke Constantine, which he left in the armoury of the Belvidere. I repeat it, that I believe it is for the

honor of France to put an end to these abominations. I trust that the French government will take efficacious measures for the cessation of such atrocities as make humanity shudder.

Extract from a Speech by M. Bignon (de l'Eure) in the French Chamber of Deputies, 3rd December, 1832.

'The solution of the Polish question belongs to the future. Austria and Russia, England and France, have all a duty to fulfil, and this duty is, at the same time, their greatest interest. If this obligation has been for a moment misunderstood at Berlin and Vienna; if it has been neglected even at London, *new circumstances will soon* recal these cabinets to a more correct appreciation of their true interests.—England already concurs with France on this point. Generous voices are everywhere raised in favor of Poland, and the ENGLISH PREMIER has shown himself not indifferent to this noble cause. Assuredly it is not in France that it will be abandoned.'

A letter from Warsaw, in March, states, that by order of the Czar, Prince Paszkiewicz has declared to *respectable mothers* (now bereaved of their sons) that should they be discovered to have written to their exiled children, they would be WHIPPED IN THE PUBLIC MARKET PLACE!

At this moment there are 1000 Polish Soldiers in Prussia, in a perilous and deplorable situation. The Prussian government awaits the first opportunity of delivering them up to the *clemency* of Nicholas. One thousand Polish Soldiers are, at this time, of more value than five thousand would be at another; and we fervently hope that French and British benevolence combined, will, under God's blessing, rescue these gallant but unhappy men from the horrid fate designed for them.—A subscription of a few thousand pounds would effect this object: the passage money from Dantzic to some port in England or France would not be more than about £3 for each individual.

A Polish Society of Ladies has been formed at Edinburgh, in aid of the Schools for young Exiles, patronised by Lady Ann Ramsay.

From Mrs. Chas. Gore's *Polish Tales*, and Miss Martineau's *Charmed Sea*, we regret that our space will not permit us to make extracts.

The *Polish National Melodies*, by Mr. Watson, of Birmingham, have an eloquent eulogist in our fair and accomplished correspondent of that town.

The last Hull Petition to the House of Commons in behalf of Poland was presented by Mr. Hill, on the 1st March last; that to the Peers remains in the hands of Lord Suffield, awaiting a favourable opportunity for presentation.

On the 24th May, Mr. E. L. Bulwer presented a Petition from Dartford, for the restoration of Poland.

On the same day, Mr. T. Attwood presented a petition from Birmingham for the same object.

On the 13th June, Mr. Cutlar Fergusson will bring on a motion in the House of Commons respecting Poland.

The London Polish Society met on the 3rd May to celebrate the Polish Constitution of 1791; and again on the 29th, to report on its affairs. It is occupied in new efforts on behalf of Poland.

TRANSACTIONS &c. OF THE HULL LITERARY POLISH SOCIETY.

ON Wednesday evening, the 6th February last, the fourth ordinary General Meeting of this Society was held in the Philosophical Hall. Dr. CHALMERS, the President, took the chair; and, after a few introductory observations, read extracts from a letter lately received from Count Ladislas Plater, declaring his great gratification at the exertions and progress of the Association, as well as at the contents and spirit of the *Hull Polish Record*. The Count also communicated the important and interesting intelligence that an INSTITUTE had recently been formed in Paris, for enabling the Polish exiled youth to continue their studies, and save them, as the Count expressively observes, "from the precipice of inaction." It is under the presidency of the Prince Czartoryski. To support this excellent design, the noble Exiles have sacrificed the greater portion of the funds which remain to them. A project so admirable deserves, and will doubtless obtain, the assistance of every friend to education, and every lover of liberty, as contrasted with despotism. The Count concludes by saying, that the French government is well disposed towards the Polish cause, but he would like to see it more ener-

getic. Russian intrigue had not succeeded in London, and the mission of Pozzo di Borgo, against humanity and freedom had been unsuccessful.—After the perusal of these extracts, Mr. Edw. BUCKTON, the Secretary, read the minutes of the last meeting, announced several donations in money (all from ladies,) and in books, by M. Hoffman and Count Ladislas Plater: he also mentioned the adhesion of a lady to the Society, as an annual subscriber. Ten gentlemen were admitted members, and two more were proposed. The Secretary then read portions of a very cheering correspondence from other Associations, as well as from other individuals taking an interest in the welfare of Poland;—one of the most remarkable amongst the latter was anonymous, although avowedly from a lady, suggesting a general subscription in aid of the Polish Exiles, who might, she observed, soon have as much occasion for pecuniary support as, erewhile, the French Refugees. The Birmingham and Glasgow Associations had relinquished their intention of publishing periodicals, conceiving they should better serve the cause by promoting the circulation of the London Society's publications, and the *Hull Polish Record*. Mr. P. BRUCE now read an able paper on the Muscovite character, as compared and contrasted with that of other nations of the same Slavonic origin, especially the native of Poland. The transactions of the evening were terminated by the Secretary reading a second communication from the medical gentleman who had resided at Warsaw during the revolutionary campaign: its interest was absorbing. At half past nine the meeting broke up.

The Society held its fifth ordinary General Meeting on Thursday, April 5th, in the Philosophical Hall. At seven o'clock, the attendance was considerable; a majority of the company consisted of ladies. Dr. CHALMERS, the President, after taking the chair, introduced to the meeting M. E. Sawaskiewicz, a distinguished Polish Officer, highly recommended by the Prince Czartoryski and Mr. Campbell.—The Prince also invited the attention of the Society, and that of the British public, to the support of the Institute lately formed in Paris for the instruction of young Polish exiles; some prospectuses of of this excellent design were enclosed. Gratifying letters had been received from Gen. Lafayette, Gen. Dwernicki, M. Lelewel, the celebrated Polish historian, and member of the national government; and from M. M. Odilon Barrot, Jullien, &c. The prospect of a stricter union between Great Britain and France was dwelt on with pleasure by one or more of the eminent Frenchmen above-mentioned, and regarded as a matter of mutual congratulation: Poland would also benefit by the alliance.—Mr. Edw. BUCKTON, the Secretary, read the minutes of the last meeting, and announced several donations: viz. from Paul Bielby Thompson, of Eserick, Esq. M. P., £5; a Friend to the Cause, £1; and several smaller sums. For books, maps, medals, &c. the society were indebted to the Prince Czartoryski, Gen. Lafayette, M. Jullien, Count Ladislas Plater, &c. Two members were added to the Society, and four candidates were proposed. Several foreigners of distinction were elected honorary members. The Secretary read the admirable address from the Polish Committee of Emigration in Paris, to the Association in Great Britain, besides extracts from a large correspondence, and announced contributions to the Society's periodical from Mr. Bree, of Bildeston, in Suffolk, M. Kozmian, a Polish officer, now in Birmingham, and from others. Mr. E. BUCKTON then gave a detail of measures lately pursued in London, in aid of the

the Polish cause, and for the relief of suffering exiles. A paper was afterwards read by the Secretary, which contained M. Sawazkiewicz's account of his escape from the hands of the Russians, after having been taken prisoner-of-war, upon the entry of Gen. Rozycki's corps into the Austrian territory. This production was extremely lively, graphic, and entertaining. The author himself then rose to address the meeting, and was most cordially received. He spoke in the following striking style:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! Penetrated with feelings of devotion, I come to join your circle, imagining that I see foreigners assembled around the sepulchre of my country to meditate upon the means of her resurrection!—As a Pole, I come in the name of my country, with a heart beating with the purest gratitude to you for the exemplary zeal, which animates, and always has animated you, towards us. Believe me, that the town of Hull will ever be dear to Poland, for having signalled itself in our favour.

When the fate of my country depended upon its sons, nothing could stop their devotion: wealth, parents, wives, the tenderest relations, and life, were all sacrificed.—If the Pole could die a hundred times for his country,—a hundred times would he lay down his life with pleasure.

At present the destiny of our country depends upon the intervention of free and civilised nations.

Let it not be asked—What effect can be produced by the efforts of individuals in a cause so great? Credit me, Ladies and Gentlemen, that, in a moral point of view, even the children of Beverley assist with their little feeble hands to raise up our country again; their plaintive voice, in behalf of the Siberian exiles, shall resound through Europe: it will reach even the ear of our Executioner.

When loaded with oppression by the Autocrat of Russia, and called by national glory and the memory of ten centuries, we ranged ourselves under the banner of Liberty—you admired our enthusiasm, which counted not the numbers of our enemy until after the battle.—Can you then grow cold when you see our Poland fall in so gigantic a struggle? Believe me, that the more unfortunate she is, the more she looks for your support. To the honour of human nature, it is innate in every generous heart to be the more ready to assist, the more imminent is the calamity. Who amongst you would not plunge into the water, even at the risk of his life, to save a fellow-creature, though unknown to you, from drowning? Open your penal codes and see the punishment annexed to complicity in crime by looking on whilst a murder is committed, without attempting to prevent it. But the question is not concerning an individual and an unknown one: the duty incumbent on humanity is to prevent the massacre of a Nation, once so powerful, and free; the guardian of European liberty,—that gave Kings to Hungary, Bohemia, and Russia,—and contributed to deliver the latter from the yoke of the Mogul Tartars in the time of Ivan Vasilewicz;—a Nation which has always had relations with England—as is attested by ancient monuments,—but, above all, by your Magazines for Corn, dispersed upon the banks of the Vistula and Niemen, now in ruins. The treaties of the English with the Samogitians, a brave people who were the first to take up arms in Lithuania in our last campaign, date as far back as the thirteenth century. You are, therefore, our ancient friends, and we always calculate upon your unalterable affection and your powerful Will. We are perfectly convinced that Great Britain with her preponderance in the policy of Europe, has only to say: “RISE UP POLAND!” and Poland, as by a miracle, shall start up from the tomb.

Besides, it is her own interest, well understood, which commands her to establish a lasting peace on the Continent, and to oppose a barrier to the aggrandizement of Russia, which, to the same extent as its political trespasses go unpunished, will overspread Europe more and more with its dangerous system, cripple and impede your commerce, and threaten even the naval glory of Great Britain. Hence, I SPEAK TO THE WHOLE

English Nation, and invoke their serious attention. A brilliant and glorious arena presents itself for the exertion of the talents of some superior genius, inspired with the love of country and of humanity.—I pierce into futurity, and think I hear the names of the most eminent advocates of our cause in the British parliament prattled at the cradles of Polish grand-children, with the same feeling as the words “My Country!” and “Kosciuszko!”

The favorite motto of General Charles Chodkiewicz, a Lithuanian gentleman, was, “There is no time to harangue where it is requisite to act with vigour.” It is about two centuries since this General, the greatest of his age, with a handful of Polish troops, routed by turns, hosts of Muscovites, Swedes, Tartars, and Turks. This motto I eagerly adopt, and with it I hasten to conclude.—Oh, Britons! repeat with me: “Poland is not yet lost!” and feel as I feel.

In closing this address—I have the honor to offer to the Society of the Friends of Poland in Hull, what is most dear to me in my exile:—it is a small portion of my natal soil, [here the speaker presented a little vase containing the earth,] taken from the grave of Kosciuszko at Cracow, raised and heaped together by the hands of his countrymen and countrywomen of all ranks, from the lowest to the highest, by peasants and by princes,—and by persons of all ages from infancy to decrepitude.—Reflect—that the land to which this Earth belongs bears eighteen millions of unfortunate beings,—that it has too long been drenched with torrents of blood, and now with tears! John Sobieski, King of Poland, during the war with Turkey, wrote to his Consort, saying, that—“Our land, in consequence of continual wars with the barbarians, for the safety of Christendom, is so imbued with blood, that take,” said he, “a clod, and press it in your hand, and it will emit drops of gore.”—After the incessant wars that have afflicted Poland since that period, what can I add to this remark of my august compatriot?”

The interesting stranger was cheered in many parts of his address, and its conclusion was greeted with considerable applause.

The Secretary then called the attention of the meeting to the testimony of a Prussian merchant, rather unfriendly than otherwise to the Polish cause, as to the desolate state of Warsaw after its occupation by Paszkiewicz, and the depopulation of the neighbouring villages. About nine o'clock the President left the chair, and the company conversed together for some time afterwards. The table was covered with the portraits of Polish heroes and heroines, by Straszewicz, the exquisite engravings of Oleszczynski, a beautiful map of Poland, by Chodzko, medals, books, &c. &c. the inspection of which seemed to give general gratification. A Bazaar for the benefit of the Polish refugees was suggested; but since two or three schemes of this kind had been contemplated or announced already for other charities in this town, it is doubtful whether the suggestion will be acted upon. The ladies were exhorted to interest themselves in this work of humanity, and to communicate such useful hints as might occur to them; the company then gradually dispersed.

DONATIONS RECEIVED SINCE OUR LAST,

Which are not enumerated in the above Reports:

Col. Perronet Thompson, £25.; N. R. Philipps, Esq., Sheffield, 10s. 6d.
Mr. Robert Gell, and X. Y. Z., Hull, 5s. each; Mrs. Forrester, 2s. 6d.

All Communications to be addressed to the Secretary.

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