

# FREE POLAND

A SEMI-MONTHLY

*The Truth About Poland and Her People*

Vol. I—No. 4

NOVEMBER 1, 1914

5 Cents a Copy



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# NOTES

This issue of "Free Poland" is dedicated to the Friends of Poland. We printed in the first number Tennyson's beautiful sonnet on Poland. To-day we add Thomas Campbell and Gabriel Dauchot in the hope that they shall inspire us to greater efforts on behalf of Poland. There are a host of other Friends, and we shall from time to time bring back to the memory of the reader the history of their lives and their sincere enthusiasm for the land of Sobieski as evinced in their writings and activity.

\* \* \*

A correspondent of Regina, Saskatchewan, Casimir Kocot, has sent a letter to Prof. Ross refuting the grave charges against the Slavs, in which he says in effect:

"In your article "The Slavs in America", you refer to the occupation of Hadley, that picturesque old town of Massachusetts as something really calamitous.... But for the Poles, those colonial mansions would have become a ruin, those beautiful elms a wood for fire.

The whole Connecticut Valley from Springfield to Greenfield and particularly from Northampton north was not long ago practically bankrupt. The natives, popularly known as "Old Yankees" (you can still find quite a number of them) were an indolent, helpless, unprogressive set. Their beautiful lands were starved. Their "mansions" were neglected. There was no life, no activity, no commerce, no prosperity, but there was a great deal of "sociology" at cards, half starved horse races, occasionally a drunken (not from beer, but whiskey) row, perpetual glorification of ancestry and dodging of sheriff for grocery and other bills. In those times farms including old colonial mansions and beautiful elms went begging at \$10.00 per acre.

"The Poles have occupied the land. What a transformation! The starved land produces beautiful crops of onions, tobacco, corn, potatoes, etc. The gullies, the waste land are as good as the best land of yore. The neglected mansions are properly taken care of, not only outside, but inside. There is activity now from early sunrise till late evenings. The land that hardly brought \$10.00 in cash per acre before, sells now for as high as \$450.00. When a farmer before, and a "civilized" farmer at that, could not borrow from a bank any money at all, now the Polish farmer can borrow, without any trouble, 60 per cent on values as high as \$450.00 per acre. There are over 2,000 Polish farmers in the Valley now most of whom have financed the purchases of farms through the various banks in Northampton, and there is not a case of foreclosure under a mortgage. The Polish name on mortgage is considered as good as the Bank of England.

Of course, Polish farmers do not write books, or edit papers, but they grow two blades of grass where none grew before, and that alone proves that they must be intelligent, at least intelligent in their calling, agriculture, the noblest of the callings. They have faults of their own like all other nations, but they have also many desirable qualities that other nations do not possess.

"I am a Pole. I lived in Northampton, and intend to live there again, as I am financially interested in Hadley. In fact, I bought a "Yankee" farm that was an eyesore even to the Yankees themselves and have improved it so that the place is generally an attraction to Hadley. Therefore, what I know of Hadley and the people I know intimately and not from a street-car window. I am certain that what I have said of Hadley and Poles, can be with equal justice said of many places in many states, not excepting Canada.

As to Poles generally, why my dear Sir, we had universities when America was unknown. We printed books when other nations considered printing a sorcery. We spread Christ's teachings of love through love, and not through sword and fire as other nations (principally the Teutons) did. We stopped the sun and made the earth turn around it. We have ballads and songs more beautiful than those of many proclaimed by you as civilized nations. Our political life in regards to other nations was always honest. We were free, in fact too free for our own good, unbiased in religious practice, magnanimous towards our neighbors and always ready to defend the oppressed. Our history is as bright and true as steel. Even now when living the life of torture, we are a great nation, for considering the conditions, we produce great artists, poets, men of letters, professors, scientists, financiers, business men, agriculturists, labouring men, and above all, we are producing a greater generation than many, many other nations, in your opinion, more civilized than us Poles."

\* \* \*

We submit some of the maxims from Frederick's work on the "Principles of Prussian Government:"

"Constant attention must be paid to hiding as far as possible one's plans and ambitions. Secrecy is an indispensable virtue in politics as well as in the art of war.

"If possible, the Powers of Europe should be made envious and be set against one another, in order to give occasion for a coup when opportunity offers.

"It is one of the political principles to endeavor to become an ally of that one of one's neighbors who may become most dangerous to one's State. For that reason we have an alliance with Russia, and thus we have our back free as long as it lasts!"

Frederick the Great sowed the wind, and his country now is reaping the whirlwind.



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## To the People of the United States



WE are living to-day in times of universal dread and distress; the wildest fancy before the war could not have pictured such unspeakable scenes as are witnessed at present by the inhabitants of Europe.

It is Poland, however, with her 25,000,000 unfortunate inhabitants that finds herself in the direst predicament of all.

That country, since the first outbreak of hostilities, has been the theatre of many battles; the enemy have swept the country from end to end, so that where formerly flourished thriving villages and towns, there are now found ruin and desolation.

The world has heard of the atrocities perpetrated within the confines of Belgium; the American press has published whole columns of descriptive matter regarding the devastation wrought there by the instruments of war. Very little has been written regarding what takes place in Poland; the press has not been admitted to that stage of action.

The world has already heard of the burning of Kalisz by the Prussians and of Jarosław by the Austrians; yet it is not aware that thousands of flourishing villages have been razed to the ground and that hundreds of thousands of people in consequence have been reduced to extreme poverty.

All available men have been forced into military service. The Frenchman, the Englishman, the Belgian, the Russian, and the German have each the consolation that they are defending their respective countries. The Pole, most unfortunate of them all, whether in the Austrian, the Prussian, or the Russian army, is fighting in the interest of his oppressor.

The people in Poland are threatened with a famine of which we at best can have only a poor conception. France and Belgium, though in the throes of the war, are countries still possessed of

their own governments and powerful means of support and assistance.

Only Poland has been abandoned by all. Yet not by all. There is America—that most remarkable champion of democracy and freedom the world has ever seen. There is no need of any extra effort toward enlisting the sympathy of America for Poland; America has ever borne good will towards the country of John Sobieski and will demand at every opportunity that justice be meted out to all the down-trodden nations of Europe. Poland is convinced that the United States will work toward justice for all people who wish to share in the bounties of peace.

And it is but natural that the Poles should look up to America for aid and assistance, for justice, sympathy and fair play, for the tremendous moral force of her endorsement.

America is indebted to Poland for the services of her illustrious sons—Kosciuszko and Pulaski. Kosciuszko has been called the "Father of American artillery" and Pulaski the "Father of American Cavalry." The Polish heroes fought for independence and helped the Colonies "to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty."

Poland has always championed the cause of freedom and justice; we say of freedom, inasmuch as she was the bulwark of Europe against the barbarism of the East, because she received the Jews, the Hussites and emigrants of the Thirty Years' War when all the rest of the world would have none of them, and because she has ever held up high the torch of idealism; and we say of justice, because she has never believed in force and violence, while her greedless policy as carried towards her neighbors, is unparalleled, with perhaps one exception, in the history of the world.

In view of these past services rendered to the world in general and to America in particular, Poland is assured that the people of these United

States cannot remain indifferent to the horrible lot of her children.

Poland looms up above the ashes and ruin of her fertile fields and prospering towns and bids us remember the example of that most eminent champion of the oppressed—Thomas Campbell.

Thomas Campbell freely expressed his sympathy for the sufferings and wrongs of Poland. Nor did he show his sympathy by words alone, but by resolute and continued action. He founded the association in London of the Friends of Poland, which not only maintained the strong interest felt by the British people for the Polish nation, but was the means of providing assistance and giving employment to large numbers of the unfortunate exiles driven from the confines of Poland.

Poland asks the citizens of this great republic to emulate the notable example of Campbell. Convinced of the sacredness of her cause, she expects from America not only words of sympathy, but, above all, resoluteness of action. She appeals to the people of America in the belief that they shall not be chary of rendering aid and assistance.

We acknowledge receipt of all contributions in "Free Poland", a publication which is to set forth the position and aims of Poland and to pro-

mote American interest in the Polish people as a nation.

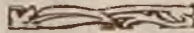
Signed:

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P. S.—All contributions to be sent addressed to Northwestern Trust and Savings Bank, 1201 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago, Ill., the checks made payable to the order of the Polish Central Relief Committee.



## Poland—The Mary Stuart of Nations

By A. KARABASZ



POLAND has been designated by Von Eschtruth, one of the greatest German authors of to-day, as the Mary Stuart of nations: she has always received the world's pity and compassion, but hardly ever its help and assistance.

This comparison was justified till the outbreak of the present European war, but as soon as the first battle of the nations was fought, the situation in Poland was changed accordingly. The country which for several centuries protected Western civilization and culture from the invasion of Mongol, Turk, and Tartar, and which in return for its services was dismembered and condemned to death by Russia, Prussia, and Austria, has now become one of the most popular and interesting countries in Europe.

All the nations of Europe to-day are set about restoring Poland's independence as well as about crushing the militarism personified in the German Empire.

Poland has carried her cross on her back for

the last hundred years. The gallows are the token of the love of her sons for their Fatherland; the prisons and Siberia are the sepulchres of her national fame; the moans of her mothers and children are the national anthems; the quiet patriotic songs are her prayers; while the patient suffering of her wrongs is her source of faith for the future. The whirlwind of the ukases and manifestoes of the czars, the hurricane of the wrongs heaped upon Poland by the Prussians, the maelstrom of Austria's insidious politics have endeavored to sap the national life of Poland.

And nobody has dared to interpose inasmuch as she has been guarded, on the one side, by the Russian policeman and, on the other, by the Prussian gendarme. Gradually the world seems to have been forgetting that the sons of Poland, the greatest lovers of freedom, had once bravely fought for the country of Washington. The world was forgetting that the Poles had followed Napoleon as champions of democracy. The world saw the insignificant nations of the Balkan Peninsula

securing their freedom, but Poland, that gallant bulwark of Europe's culture and civilization, it saw suffering in the throes of ruthless repression.

Yet Poland has not yielded to black despair, but has spared her energies in the belief that there shall come a day of triumph and resurrection. And at present, in her chains, she looms up as a spectre, seemingly saying to the Prussian, the Muscovite, and the Austrian: — "It is for my cause you fight and die. It is with your blood my rivers are covered—as they were once with mine. The Nemesis of history demands your hecatomb. You snatch from one another the lands that finally you must return to me."

In fact, the European Powers see the necessity of restoring the old kingdom of Poland. But here we must make the point: though the foe has not succeeded in denationalizing the Poles, nevertheless, the influence of hundred years of subjection has made changes in the character of the Polish nation. Thanks to her enemies, Poland presents no longer a single but a threefold organism of her national life. Hence the difficulty of organizing into one body with one political idea. The Poles, it must be added, are aware of the fact that only the strong deserve the fair Goddess of Liberty; by all means, therefore, they are trying to avoid a weakening of their forces. They know that all national and social revolutions are brought about by war; hence, some have even desired to engage in the present gigantic struggle as an independent nation.

The tragedy, however, of the situation is evident. Dismembered by the three belligerent nations, Poland is replenishing the armies of Russia, Prussia and Austria. Moreover, she is forming in her own legions, in order to fight for independence under her own standards. Polish legions have been forming in France, and even now the White Eagle is fighting the Black Eagle.

The Poles outside of Poland have easily decided as to their common foe, but those who live within her confines cannot solve the difficulty easily. This dilemma is seen in the fact that in Austrian Poland Polish regiments have been formed to fight the Muscovite, while in Russian Poland troops are forming to take revenge upon the Prussians. Only Prussian Poland has not as yet taken any part in the war as an independent unit—and that because all the available males are impressed in the Prussian army.

The peculiar affection of the Austrian Pole towards the Habsburgs is due to Austria's liberal treatment. In Galicia he has enjoyed full political liberty. He forgets that at best this liberty is only a slight reparation for the dismemberment of

his country, and comparing his political status with that obtaining in the other parts of Poland, he hastens with unheard of enthusiasm to succor his "benefactor."

Furthermore, the Poles in Galicia have failed to observe that in fighting Russia they are aiding Prussia. It is true that the Russians have proved criminal in their relation to Poland, but their crimes have been those of the barbarian, while Prussia has been boasting of her supreme culture and accentuating it with unspeakable atrocities. The Prussians have met with universal condemnation, and the world at large expects them to go down in defeat. That is the reason the Poles should take sides with Russia, France and England in their efforts to destroy the militarism of Prussia.

At the end of the eighteenth century the Prussians had violated their treaties with Poland and aided in her dismemberment in 1795. They had taken delight in oppressing the Poles during the nineteenth century. As a civilized nation, Prussia had solemnly promised at the Congress of Vienna that the national traits of Poland, her religion and political rights would be respected, — a pledge which was only followed by despicable endeavors to exterminate this old and venerable nation.

The acme, however, of German culture had been reached when the press of the world denounced in no lenient terms the scourging of Polish children for their loyal attachment to the mother tongue. All classes have suffered repressions under the German rule: the peasants have been forbidden to build their own cottages; the editors have been imprisoned for defending the lashed children; the priests have been punished for preaching in the Polish tongue; while the landowners have been compelled to sell their estates to the German colonists.

Yes, the country that boasts of its innumerable schools and institutions has been expropriating the landowners with a view to denationalizing the people. In fact, a law was passed forbidding the use of the Polish language at public meetings in case 66 per cent. of the people in the given district were not of Polish origin. Hence, the Expropriation Law has been put into practice in those districts of Prussian Poland lacking the necessary percentage of colonists.

It would take us too long to enumerate all the crimes perpetrated by the Prussians. Instinctively Poland feels that it is not the Russians that are the greatest enemy of her interests. It was Prussia that spread throughout the 19th century its baneful influence on the politics of Russia. It

was Prussia that kept Russia from granting home rule to Poland.

In this war, the Prussian army is fast exhausting itself, and though now victorious, it will not long withstand the onset of the Allies; its militaristic policy will then collapse, for collapse it must. In that event, what shall become of the Mary Stuart of nations? Shall she again be offered only pity and commiseration?

All we can say is that everything seems to be pointing against such a fate. Europe has at last recognized the fact that the dismemberment of Poland gave rise to a mighty foe, and even at the

cost of millions of soldiers, it is bent upon subduing that archenemy of peace and civilization. The Allies claim that among others they are fighting to liberate the smaller nationalities hitherto kept in oppression and tyranny. Surely, then they must make Poland free and independent.

Only the nation that despite bureaucratic repression has grown stronger and mightier, competing even with other free nations in art, science, and literature, cannot be satisfied with a partial freedom. We can rest assured that there shall be no lasting peace in Europe without Poland's obtaining her full freedom and independence.



## A Striking Kinship of Ideals

By STEPHANIE LAUDYN



HERE rises before me a luminous vision of two countries with two different culture and historical associations—the free, rich and young country of the United States, blessed by fate as no other in the world, and the down-trodden, poor and older confines of Poland, so celebrated for the heroism of her sons and for her unique love of Liberty.

After Poland had suffered her first dismemberment, there came to America one of the chief warriors of the defeated Polish cause — Casimir Pulaski. Received in 1777 by Washington and the Congress in Philadelphia with all the honors due to a celebrity, he soon after took command of what then constituted the Continental cavalry and first reorganized it along efficient lines. Creator of the so called Pulaski's Legion, he died, mortally wounded on the battlefield of Savannah, in 1779, while fighting for the cause and liberty of America. In gratitude the people of the United States erected a monument dedicated his honor, which was unveiled in the year of 1910 in Washington.

The other great and unhappy hero of Poland—Thaddeus Kosciuszko—having been obliged, after a most gallant struggle against overwhelming numbers, to leave his country to its fate, came here to America and by dint of his bravery and military skill helped championing the cause of freedom during the American Revolution.

Through the efforts of these two heroes of

Poland—Kosciuszko and Pulaski—the two countries had come into contact for the first time—the one about to disappear from the world's stage because of the atrocious crime of partition, the other about to rise into the world's arena because of the genius of its sons and the aid of its foreign sympathizers.

Certainly, the two nations offer a striking parallel and their histories present several remarkable points of similarity.

At once we notice that Poland in her prime, like America, never suffered under the weight of despotism. It is true she had her kings, but their power was so limited by the Diet as that of the King of England to-day is limited by the Parliament.

Poland was a republic (a republic of landed aristocracy, it is true), at a time when the rest of Europe, with the exception of England, was groaning under an autocratic form of government.

Moreover, the feeling for freedom was so deeply rooted in the heart of every citizen that it called into being the so called "Liberum Veto", a policy which granted every member of the Diet the power to pass upon its enactments and to disrupt its proceedings if meeting with his disapproval. However, the virtue of citizenship in Poland stood so high that this extremity was seldom resorted to by members of the Diet.

Furthermore, Poland, in her long history, was never an invader. Such neighbors as Ruthenia and Lithuania, for example, of their own accord joined their lot to that of Poland. The Poles were

never believers in force or the use of destructive weapons to vindicate their rights, and certainly, beside the greed of Russia, Prussia and Austria, this quality did not redound to their advantage.

How strikingly this instance resembles the attitude of the United States towards her neighbors! In the Mexican crisis, for example, Uncle Sam has clearly demonstrated that it is his wish to abide by his humanitarian motto—"Live and let live."

Again, just as Columbia now champions the cause of freedom and justice wherever possible, Poland, in the persons of her kings-Ladislaus, who died at Warna fighting the Turk, and Sobieski, who repelled the enemy from the walls of Vienna, was the bulwark of Europe against the flood of barbarism from the East. But for Polish valor civilization would have been engulfed, Christianity itself destroyed. Now when the nations of Europe are all drawn into the vortex of hideous war, it is America alone that may be called the bulwark of the world against the despicable encroachments of autocratic militarism.

Upon Poland's first partition in 1772, there followed, as we know, an era of regeneration resulting in the drafting of the famous Constitution of the Third of May of the year of 1791. An event of this kind in other parts of Europe would have been attended by a series of outbreaks and revolutions; in Poland this new political renaissance was celebrated by demonstrations of a most peaceful character.

The Constitution, like that of the United States, was a notable effort to live up to the motto aforesaid — "Live and let live." It established absolute religious toleration and made every citizen equal before the law. It mitigated the system of serfdom, only in time to abolish it entirely. It did away with all class distinctions and extended franchise to the towns. The remarkable document, however, came too late, for the fate of Poland before this had seen sealed by Russia, Austria and Prussia.

That intense love of liberty, however, is still found in the heart of every Pole despite the fact that his country was stricken off the political map of Europe. History again shows how much the Poles have loved freedom, not only their own, but that of all nations.

And thus, we see them marching with Napoleon as most ardent advocates of brotherhood and democracy. Having organized the celebrated Polish Legions, they fought on Italian soil for

Italian freedom. Around the barricades of Paris they struggled against oppression and tyranny. And again, during the revolution in Hungary, in 1848, they valiantly battled for the people's rights and justice; and in fact, their general, Bem, became one of the guiding spirits of that struggle.

Columbia, just like Poland, has been, throughout the world, one of the most inspiring agents of real democracy and freedom. In her dealings with her colonies—Cuba, the Philippine Islands, Porto Rico—Columbia has ever breathed the spirit of her great son: "With malice towards none, with charity for all." Frederick the Great in his "Principles of Prussian Government", among other heinous maxims, gives the following: "If possible, the Powers of Europe should be made envious and be set against one another, in order to give occasion for a **coup** when opportunity offers."—Contrast Frederick's words with the sublime sentence of Abraham Lincoln, and you shall understand our enthusiasm for the United States.

Hence, we see points of similarity in the history and the spirit of these United States and Poland; in the histories, because neither America nor Poland has ever approved of conquest and political robbery; in the spirit, because both Poland and Columbia have deeply rooted in their souls that exalted love of freedom, democracy, righteousness and justice. The famous Polish Legions, so disinterestedly battling for freedom, had on their banners the motto—unique in its kind—reading, "For Our Freedom and Yours." Columbia, in her memorable Declaration of Independence, states, — "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Poland and America, we repeat, are kindred spirits. It is our sincere belief that America, in the interest of humanity, upon the termination of this war, will be instrumental in meting out justice to the oppressed. From Prussia the Poles expect nothing; they have reasons to distrust Russia; and surely, since Russia seems to be holding the winning card in this war, England and France out of sheer gratitude will not strongly insist on Russia's carrying out of whatever pledges and promises she hitherto has made to Poland. That is the reason bleeding Poland looks up to Columbia to "establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty."

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## To Editors and Publishers

*The Polish Question is a timely one  
throughout the world. The contents of  
this publication will furnish, we hope,  
adequate material for use at opportune  
moments.*

## Lines on Poland

By **THOMAS CAMPBELL**

**T**HOMAS Campbell, that distinguished poet, whose warmly expressed sympathy for the sufferings and wrongs of Ireland and of Poland has gained for him the love of patriots of all nations, was born in Glasgow, on the 27th of July, 1777. In his early youth he gave proofs of his aptitude for composing poetry. After his marriage he received, in 1805, a government pension of 200 pounds.

In 1809, he published his poem of Gertrude of Wyoming, containing most of his grandest and most powerful lyrics. Lochiel's Warning and Hohenlinden were received with universal admiration. There are few lyrics in the English language to be compared with the Mariners of England, or The Battle of the Baltic, while the poem of O'Connor's Child is superior in pathos and passion to some of his greater compositions.

In 1820, he became editor of the New Monthly Magazine, only later to take charge of the Metropolitan. His poem, Theodoric, published in 1824, was received less

warmly, and may be said to have closed his poetical career; and his last poem, the Pilgrims of Glencoe, showed hardly any of his former power and genius. Campbell took an active share in the institution of the London University, and in 1826, he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow.

Campbell was a most ardent champion of oppressed peoples. When the gallant struggle of the Poles in 1831 was terminated by entire defeat, it was Campbell that by word and action showed his boundless enthusiasm for Poland's cause.

"His heart", says his biographer, "was the subject of Poland; he could neither write nor speak upon any other with common patience, and if a word was dropped in company, that did not harmonize with his feelings, he was very apt to consider it as a personal offense."

He himself writes in one of his letters: "I know that my zeal for Poland has put me half mad."

And again,—"It is still all I can do to support a tolerable cheerfulness before these kind hospitable people, for Poland preys on my heart night and day. It is sometimes a relief to me to weep in secret, and I do weep long and bitterly."

Campbell was the founder of the association in London of the Friends of Poland, which aimed not only to promote the interest in Britain for Poland, but was the means of assistance to many of the unfortunate exiles driven from their country.

His wife and one of his two sons had died, the other was afflicted by an incurably malady, and soon the poet, too, was losing in health. He died at Boulogne, on the 15th of July, 1844, at the age of sixty-seven. His remains were solemnly interred in Westminster Abbey.

Lord Dudley Stuart, as Vice-President of the Polish Association, sent to Campbell's executors a letter of condolence, from which we extract the following:

"Nor did Mr. Campbell content himself with a mere abstract feeling of sympathy for the friendless and destitute Poles. No, his purse was open to them with a liberality far more in accordance with his generous nature than with the extent of his means: and early in the year 1832, in conjunction with the Polish poet Niemcewicz and the celebrated Prince Czartoryski, he founded this Association for the purpose of diffusing and keeping alive in the public mind a lively interest for ill-fated Poland. His pathetic, eloquent, and fervid address to our countrymen, throughout the empire, as our first president, on behalf of that unfortunate country, was eminently effective and successful. By imparting a knowledge of the objects of the parent society, he conciliated much powerful support from men of all parties in the state."—The Editor.

\* \* \*

And have I to see thee sword in hand  
Uprise again, immortal Polish Land!  
Whose flag brings more than chivalry to mind,  
And leaves the tri-color in shade behind;  
A theme for uninspired lips too strong,  
That swells my heart beyond the power of song:—  
Majestic men, whose deeds have dazzled faith,  
Ah! yet your fate's suspense arrests my breath:  
While envying bosoms, bared to shot and steel,  
I feel the more that fruitlessly I feel.

Poles! with what indignation I endure  
Th' half-pitying servile mouths that call you poor;  
Poor! is it England mocks you with her grief,  
Who hates, but dares not chide th'Imperial Thief!



France with her soul beneath a Bourbon's thrall,  
 And Germany that has no soul at all,—  
 States, qualing at the giant overgrown,  
 Whom dauntless Poland grapples with alone!  
 No, ye rich in fame e'en whilst ye bleed:  
 We cannot aid you—we are poor indeed!  
 In Fate's defiance—in the world's great eye,  
 Poland has won her immortality;  
 The Butcher, should he reach her bosom now,  
 Could not tear Glory's garland from her brow;  
 Wreathed, filleted, the victim falls renowned,  
 And all her ashes will be holy ground!

But turn, my soul, from presages so dark:  
 Great Poland's spirit is a deathless spark  
 That's fanned by Heaven to mock the tyrant's rage:  
 She, like the eagle, will renew her age,  
 And fresh historic plumes of Fame put on—  
 Another Athens after Marathon,  
 Where eloquence shall fulmine, arts refine,  
 Bright as her arms that now in battle shine.

Come—should the heavenly shock my life destroy,  
 And shut its flood—gates with excess of joy;  
 Come but the day when Poland's fight is won—  
 And on my grave-stone shine the morrow's sun—  
 The day that sees Warsaw's cathedral glow  
 With endless ensigns ravished from the foe,—  
 Her women lifting their fair hands with thanks,  
 Her pious warriors kneeling in their ranks,  
 The 'scoutcheoned walls of high heraldic boast,  
 The odorous altar's elevated host,  
 The organ sounding through the aisles' long glooms,  
 The mighty dead seen sculptured o'er their tombs;  
 (John, Europe's savior—Poniatowski's fair  
 Fair resemblance—Kosciuszko's shall be there;) 169  
 The tapered pomp—the hallelujah's swell,  
 Shall o'er the soul's devotion cast a spell,  
 Till visions cross the rapt enthusiast's glance,  
 And all the scene becomes a waking trance.  
 Should Fate put far—far off that glorious scene,  
 And gulfs of havoc interpose between,  
 Imagine not, ye men of every clime,  
 Who act, or by your sufferance share, the crime—  
 Your brother Abel's blood shall vainly plead  
 Against the deep damnation of the deed.

Germans, ye view its horror and disgrace  
 With cold phosphoric eyes and phlegm of face.  
 Is *Allemagne* profound in science, lore,  
 And minstrel art? —her shame is but the more  
 To doze and dream by governments oppressed,  
 The spirit of a book-worm in each breast.  
 Well can ye mouth fair Freedom's classic line.  
 And talk of Constitutions o'er your wine:  
 But all your vows to break the tyrant's yoke  
 Expire in Bacchanalian song and smoke:  
 Heavens! can no ray of foresight pierce the leads  
 Mystic metaphysics of your heads,  
 To show the self-same grave Oppression delves  
 For Poland's rights is yawning for yourselves?  
 See, whilst the Pole, the vanguard aid of France,  
 Has vaulted on his barb, and couched the lance,  
 France turns from her abandoned friends afresh,  
 And soothes the Bear that prowls for patriot flesh;  
 Buys, ignominious purchase! short repose,  
 With dying curses, and the groans of those  
 That served, and loved, and put in her their trust.

Frenchmen! the dead accuse you from the dust—  
 Brows laurelled—bosoms marked with many a scar  
 For France—that wore her Legion's noblest star,  
 Cast dumb reproaches from the field of death  
 On Gallic honor: and this broken faith  
 Has robbed you more of Fame—the life of life—  
 Than twenty battles lost in glorious strife!  
 And what of England—is she steeped so low  
 In poverty, crest-fallen, and palsied so,  
 That we must sit much wroth, but timorous more,  
 With murder knocking at our neighbor's door!  
 Not murder masked and cloaked, with hidden knife  
 Whose owner owes the gallow's life for life;  
 But Public Murder!—that with pomp and gaud,  
 And royal scorn of Justice ever hung!  
 We read the diademed Assassin's vaunt,



THOMAS CAMPBELL

And wince, and wish we had no hearts to pant  
 With useless indignation—sigh, and frown,  
 But have no hearts to throw the gauntlet down.  
 If but a doubt hung o'er the grounds of fray,  
 Or trivial rapine stopped the world's highway;  
 Were this some common strife of States embroiled;—  
 Britannia on the spoiler and the spoiled  
 Might calmly look, and, asking time to breathe,  
 Still honorably wear her olive wreath.  
 But this is Darkness combating with light;  
 Earth's adverse Principles for empire fight;  
 Oppression, that has belted half the globe,  
 Far as his knout could reach or dagger probe,  
 Holds reeking o'er our brother-freemen slain  
 That dagger—shakes it at us in disdain:  
 Talks big to Freedom's states of Poland's thrall,  
 And, trampling one, contemns them one and all.

My country! colors not thy once proud brow  
 At this affront?—Hast thou not fleets enow  
 With Glory's streamer, lofty as the lark,  
 Gay fluttering o'er each thunder-bearing bark,  
 To warm the insulter's seas with barbarous blood,  
 And interdict his flag from Ocean's flood?  
 Even now far off the sea-cliff, where I sing,  
 I see, my Country and my Patriot King!  
 Your ensign glad the deep. Becalmed and slow  
 A war-ship rides; while Heaven's prismatic bow  
 Uprisen behind her on th'horizon's base,  
 Shines flushing through the tackle, shrouds, and stays,  
 And wraps her giant form in one majestic blaze.  
 My soul accepts the omen; Fancy's eye  
 Has sometimes a veracious augury:  
 The Rainbow types Heaven's promise to my sight;  
 The Ship, Britannia's interposing Might!  
 But if there should be none to aid you, Poles,  
 Ye'll but to pruder pitch wind up your souls,  
 Above example, pity, praise, or blame,  
 To sow and reap a boundless field of Fame.

Ask aid no more from Nations that forget  
 Your championship—old Europe's mighty debt.  
 Though Poland, Lazarus-like, has burst the gloom,  
 She rises not a beggar from the tomb:  
 In Fortune's frown, on Danger's giddiest brink,  
 Despair and Poland's name must never link,  
 All ills have bounds—plague, whirlwind, fire, and flood:  
 Even Power can spill but pounded sums of blood.  
 States caring not what Freedom's price may be,  
 May late or soon, but must at last be free;  
 For body-killing tyrants cannot kill  
 The public soul—the hereditary will  
 That downward, as from sire to son it goes,  
 By shifting bosoms more intensely glows:  
 Its heirloom is the heart, and slaughtered men  
 Fight fiercer in their orphans o'er again.  
 Poland recasts—though rich in heroes old—  
 Her men in more and more heroic mould;  
 Her eagle ensign best among mankind  
 Becomes, and types her eagle-strength of mind:  
 Her praise upon my faltering lips expires;  
 Resume it, younger bards, and nobler lyres!



## Evidences of Polish Culture

### III

This is the third of a series of compilations written with a view to presenting concise and yet adequate proof that the Poles have done more than their share in the advancement of science and culture.

#### PHILOLOGY

**Brueckner, Alexander**, native of Lemberg, professor of Slavic tongues and literatures at Berlin University.

**Groddeck, Bogumil Ernest**, d. 1826, professor of classic philology at Vilna University; his works on Greek Literature are famous.

**Kopeczynski, Onufry** (1735-1817), author of the first Polish grammar.

**Linde, Samuel Bogumił**, (1771-1847), prof. of Polish literature and language at Leipzig University; author of Polish Dictionary, in six vols.

**Baudouin, Jan Ignacy de Courtenay**, b. 1845, prof. of comparative philology and Slavic tongues at Dorpat, now at Cracow; author of a series of works on the Polish language.

#### EDUCATION

**Prószynski, Konrad** (Kazimierz Promyk), b. 1851, editor of the Warsaw "Holiday Gazette"; the most influential of the popular writers; his "Elementary", more than 500,000 copies of which have been sold, is now the best handbook for beginners recognized as such by the London Pedagogical Society.

**Czacki, Tadeusz**, 1765-1813, founder of the Krzemieniec Liceum; author of "Polish and Lithuanian Law" and of many letters (to Kollataj) on educational subjects.

**Lubrański, Jan**, bishop of Posen, (d. 1520), founder (1519) of the College of Posen; Joseph Strus, the cele-

brated physician, and Klemens Janicki, the famous Latin poet, were its students.

**Wujek, Jakób** (1540-97), the noted translator of the Bible.

**Piramowicz, Grzegórz** (1735-1801), Jesuit, secretary of the famous Educational Commission, author of many educational tracts.

#### LAW AND JURISPRUDENCE

**Bandtkie, Jan Wincenty**, (1783-1846) prof. at Warsaw University and Liceum, and author of many text-books on Polish Law.

**Balzer, Oswald** (b. 1858), prof. of Polish Law at Lemberg University; works: "Genesis of Royal Tribunals", "Study of Polish Jurisprudence", and others.

**Bobrzyński, Michał** (b. 1849), former prof. at the Jagiellon University, author of "Monuments of Polish Law" and others.

**Hube, Romuald** (b. 1803), prof. at the Warsaw and Petersburg Universities, author of "Criminal Law", "Slavic Punitive Law", and others.

**Piekosinski, Franciszek** (b. 1844), instructor at Jagiellon U., author of "Monuments of Polish Jurisprudence."

#### HISTORY AND ARCHAEOLOGY

**Korzon, Tadeusz** (b. 1839), author of "General History" and many other interesting historical works.

**Bielski, Joachim** (1540-95), warrior and royal secretary, author of Polish Chronicles (1597).

**Kromer, Marcin** (1512-89), secretary to Zygmunt August, called the Polish Livy; works: "De Origine et Rebus Gestis Polonorum" and "Polonia."

**Lelewel, Joachim** (1786-1861), chief representative of Polish Historiography in the first half of the XIX cent.; one time famous prof. at Vilna Univ.

**Martinus, Polonus** (Strzebski) d. 1280, noted historian; his book still printed in 1559; also an eloquent orator and lawyer.

**Lepkowski, Józef**, (1826-94), prof. of archeology at Jagiellon U., author of "Antiquities and Monuments of Cracow."

## MATHEMATICS

**Kochański, Jan Adamanty**, prof. at Mayence and Florence, librarian to John III d. the end of the XVIII cent., wrote valuable mathematical essays (in Latin) for foreign publications.

**Solski, Stanisław** (1623-circa 1693), mathematician of note, author of "Polish Geometrician" and "Polish Architect."

## ASTRONOMY

**Heweliusz, Jan** (1611-87), native of Danzig, famous astronomer, writer, and discoverer of the constellation "Scutum Sobiescianum."

**Poczobut, Marcin Odolaniecki** (1728-1810), Jesuit, prof. of astronomy at Vilna U., founder there of the astronomical observatory; also well-known abroad.

**Broscius (Brożek) Jan** (1585-1652), prof. of mathematics and astronomy at Jagiellon U., author of many scientific books, also of the alleged poem of Copernicus entitled "Septem Sidera."

## MEDICINE

**Bielkiewicz, Adam** (1798-1840), prof. of anatomy at Vilna U.

**Brodowicz, Joseph**, long time prof. at Jagiellon U., author of many scientific works.

**Dietl, Józef**, prof. of Jagiellon U., author of many medical books.

**Korzeniewski, Józef**, prof. of medicine in Vilna U., later in Vienna Surgical Academy; wrote in Latin.

**Raciborski, Adam**, prof. at Paris Medical Academy; author of many scientific works.

## ENTOMOLOGY AND BOTANY

**Waga, Antoni** (1799-1890), prof. of Warsaw Liceum, first Polish entomologist.

**Kluk, Krzysztof**, author of "Botanical Dictionary, published in 1786.

**Andrzejowski, Antoni** (1785-1868), prof. of Krzemieniec Liceum, later Kiev Academy; wrote "Flora of the Ukraine" and many scientific books in Polish and French.

**Czerwiakowski, Ignacy** (1808-82), prof. of botany at Jagiellon U., author of many botanical books.

**Warszewski, Joseph** (1812-1866), noted traveller and botanist; inspector of the Botanical Garden of Cracow.

**Zubert, Michał** (1787-1860), connected with the Botanical Gardens of Warsaw.

## GEOGRAPHY, CHEMISTRY, ZOOLOGY AND GEOLOGY

**Lubieński, Władysław Aleksander**, (1703-67), traveller and author of text-books on geography.

**Wyrwicz, Karol** (1717-93), historian and noted geographer during the reign of King Stanislaus August.

**Jundzill, Stanisław** (1761-1847), scientist, prof. of Vilna U., wrote scientific books.

**Domejko, Ignacy**, d. 1889, friend of A. Mickiewicz, prof. of Physics and Chemistry at Sant-Dago (Chili) University.

**Jarocki, Feliks Paweł** (1790-1862), prof. of Warsaw U., director of the Zoological Laboratory; author of many scientific articles.

**Zeiszner, Ludwik** (1805-71), native of Warsaw, prof. of Jagiellon U., author of geological works on Poland.



# Martyrdom

*From Gabriel Dauchot's "Immortelle Pologne"*

NOTE—Gabriel Dauchot, b. 1881, is a French writer well known for his Polish sympathies. It was Prof. Wacław Gasztowtt that acquainted him with Polish life and literature. As a boy of nineteen, he delivered at a patriotic demonstration a fiery speech in behalf of Poland. With the professor's son, Thaddeus Gasztowtt he began publishing *Al'Assaut!* a periodical which had for its aim the defense of oppressed peoples, especially that of Poland. He has visited Poland.—Dauchot is an idealist preaching religiousness and worship of the Past. His *Immortelle Pologne* may be called a didactic romance. The first part of the book contains a picturesque description of Galicia and its principal city Cracow; the second part is in dialogue a study of the Polish Romantic period and an enthusiastic tribute to our triumvirate of poets and seers. We herewith subjoin a translation of the twelfth chapter of his *Immortelle Pologne*.—The Editor.

*It is the mystery of the white eagle that while shedding his blood, he is saving the black eagle. MICHELET*



had ceased to distinguish heaven from earth. Swimming in the golden air, I was sinking down to the cleft. The eagle, leading us hither, grazed me in a lingering manner. I lay me down to the earth and began cautiously to descend in order to escape that inexorable sun, whose rays were burning through my brain.

The night must long ago have enveloped the earth, but I was so near heaven that the stars shone upon my temples. Around me was supernatural calm, as reigns only in the infinite expanses whither never reaches the sound of thunder.

I wanted to speak: I had no voice more. I could only smile.

Then a luminous point as it were separated itself from the stars and floated towards me. It was the same eagle that had guided me before.

His whiteness appeared to me still brighter. From his torn breast blood trickled slowly. For some time he soared over the precipice, then swooped down to a narrow corridor, which shone with the lustre of his wings. I ran after him, attracted with his mysterious power.

...Before me arose a gigantic canopy, the scarlet veil of which fell in majestic folds. In its shade sat on the throne a woman of angelic beauty.

....Around the throne were protruding many crosses with outstretched martyrs. There was no sound of groans, or weeping. These martyrs—men, women, and children—sang old lullabies, very touching, very simple. There resounded only the calls of the executioners, who ran from cross to cross, with sword or red-hot iron in hand. And the martyrs, while receiving ever more blows, would cease for a time their song, raise their eyes to the canopy, and whisper: "We are still alive."

....Not long would the crosses stretch out their naked arms. The hangmen nailed new victims, whose births and lives appeared fabulous, for ruin was spread around, but nowhere were noticeable any dwellings—everywhere whitened bones, and nowhere any cradles were in sight. The generation as it was being led to death must have surely appeared from under the earth. And soon I had perceived that these beings were born only to learn to die, for the tiniest children grew on the very crosses, amid tortures.

The executioners were perfecting their instruments of torture, inventing new ones, but they could not exterminate this race of martyrs. For the first time the obstinate murderers, who always had their eyes cast down, now kindling fire, now sharpening steel, now brewing poison, raised them as we usually do in hours of despair. Then they saw the throne, the beautiful woman, and above her, with a golden crown, the white eagle with his bleeding breast.

Some cried:

"Their soul is there, above. It has assumed the countenance, the figure of the stately woman, in order to conciliate our favor and stir us to pity!"

Others answered:

"We do not want beauty, unless for satisfying our inordinate desires; the more honest and innocent the being, the greater the pleasure in soiling and spoiling it."

And together they exclaimed:

"What pleasure to open that white throat! to cut that beautiful neck! to cut that snow-white bosom! From those long braids we will make golden whips."

....A group of men stood before the crosses. They came as if to look on the throngs. At once I recognized a German, who girt in steel, was dragging behind him a barrel of beer. Calmly he smoke a long, porcelain pipe and munched some smoked meat which he rather quickly swallowed. Beside him a thin Englishman was making notes. A Frenchman was preparing to speak; an Italian, smoothing his moustache and bending backward was trying to sing. Farther off a Spaniard played with a broken blade and scared a Turk, who huddled up on the ground, was dreaming of a far-off harem.

"Look," cried the Frenchman, with a pretty, expressive gesture, "they are furiously aiming at the immovable, smiling woman, and their swords are warded off, or broken.... To us, civilized nations, belongs the duty of investigating where Justice lies...."

"Or power", interrupted the German.

"Or interest", added the Englishman.—Then appeared an American who agreed with everybody.

"The heroine is sublime", sang the Italian.

"Yes, sublime!" repeated the Frenchman, stretching out his right hand.

"Look at that ineffaceable picture! Blood is flowing on the steps. It would appear the eagle was receiving all the blows, directed against the woman, and that his heart was rent asunder. She, however, ever immovable and ever wearing that same angelic smile on her lip, scorns her assailants, opposing their powerless wrath with the calm and pride of immortal beings.

"Shall we not step forth, O peoples?! Shall we not put an end to this violence, this disgrace to humanity? No answer?—Then I go alone. I will mount the very throne bespattered with blood, and from its height hurl defiance at these obdurate assassins: let them dare aim at a being that shall be defended by my arm and the Law!"

The voluble and convincing speaker was about

to spring, when his neighbor, the Englishman, jokingly pulled his ear and said:

"Stop a little, beloved chatter-box, and look behind thee."

Just then there was riding in a magnificent chariot a big, pot-bellied man, all resplendent with jewels. He stopped at the gates of a golden house, the foundation of which rested on the ruins of temples, mixed with fragments of statues. He spoke, and the Frenchman's feet were halted at once. It was a strange dialect, in which constantly were repeated the words: loan, currency, fall, rise, discount, bankruptcy—words seasoned with an immense quantity of numbers.

The German and the Englishman were rubbing their hands from evident satisfaction. The Italian rubbed his forehead as if to extract therefrom some new combination. The Turk bent still lower, while the Spaniard thumped the latter's head in order to dissipate his ill humor. As to the Frenchman, he felt sorry he had allowed the financier to stop him.

On the throne the beautiful woman continued her reign.

.....At the sound of a thousand trumpets, the chariot with the obese gentleman disappeared in a cloud of smoke, and angels stood by the throne. Having caught sight of them, the German, the Englishman, the Italian, the Spaniard, and the executioners bowed, the Turk buried his face in the sand, and the Frenchman bent his knee with some hesitation.

There arose the great sun, shedding its splendid rays upon the eagle, the canopy, and the immovable woman. When the trumpets were hushed, the angels ascended to the golden air, and one of them, holding his long wings, spoke in a loud voice:

"Peoples, this is not yet Judgment Day. The Lord—ere He call you before His presence—desireth to communicate to you this last warning and to encourage you to take advantage of the example with which over a century He hath astonished your eyes.

"You have seen the futile attack of the barbarians upon the work of nature, upon the work of God. The immaculate beauty, which sitteth on this throne, is a personification of Poland, and the white eagle, hovering above her, is her symbol. You have seen the madcaps, hurling themselves at that throne. They have endeavored to drive therefrom the fair-haired woman, whose calm and purity hath driven them to despair. But God hath

not permitted it, because He willeth not that the trials He sendeth down now and then, should reach to the destruction of His creations.

"Behold, the nations are on a level with families, divine creations. Just as in space, the planets exist and move in universal harmony, just so on this vale, the nations should live and act in earthly harmony.

"Pride, overweening ambition, human iniquity can at times lead a nation to ruin, but that nation iniquitous shall not irretrievably perish. Let it reform, let it acknowledge its error, and it shall be better, it shall be reborn more powerful and famous than ever.

"Such is the destiny of the Polish nation. At one time a flourishing power, it sheltered Europe from barbarism; later it proved faithless to its mission by plunging into corrupt inaction. It lost its independence, it hath borne all the torments of thralldom, but it ever hath had that sublime humility that it hath recognized its errors, hath ever been able to resist despair, hath understood the way to resurrection is moral perfection. It hath done still more. It hath resumed its task, and having ceased to think of its salvation exclusively, it hath willed to turn its sufferings to the advantage of all the nations of the world.

"In this wise it hath constantly offered you proofs that eternity is attained through perseverance of effort and through purification of soul. You have had before your eyes an impressive picture of a race, which perisheth not thanks to its inflexible will. You know also that nothing can tear asunder the soul that feeleth its immortality. Lo, to complete the example, God shall soon restore to the Polish nation happiness and freedom.

"To be convinced, await not the powerful outcry of resurrection. Even today renounce your lamentable errors. Take delight in simplicity of heart and nobility of sentiment, forswear your pride, which ariseth from temporary success, cease flattering power, defend the weak, and you shall know what happiness is. Amen!"

The angels disappeared, then the Englishman cried to the German:

"What an oppressive nightmare!"

The German answered:

"But what poesy!"

And he wiped his tear, which falling could have rusted his saber.

The Turk continued his meditation, and the Spaniard, the Italian, and the Frenchman, prone to emotion, embraced one another while weeping.

Subsequently everything was plunged into dense darkness and sepulchral silence reigned once more.

# The Polish Question in the American Press

**Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart in the Chicago Herald:**—The things that ought to be done to make the peace permanent are the following:

1. Europe must recognize the blood kinship of people of the same race, and must cease to try to amalgamate race fragments. Here in the United States we have pursued the other policy with great success. Perhaps the most serious cause of the war is the feeling of wrath due to attempts to destroy national languages, traditions and religions. A European peace ought to offer not only toleration of religions but of race existence.

2. Europe must also give up the idea of compelling large racial units to accept a government which is hateful to them. The German accusation of the Russian finds an echo in other part of the world because of the stupid cruelty of the Russian government toward Finland, Poland and the Baltic provinces. Somewhere there must be a limit to the right of a group within a country to demand independence. The United States has within half a century compelled a third of its members to remain in the Union with the other two-thirds, and there is now no more loyal part of the country than the once hostile section.

3. Europe must admit a larger and more effective share of the whole community to decisions as to their own destiny. It is a fearful thing for any nation to allow half a dozen or half a hundred persons to decide upon peace or war, and to put their country into a position where it must fight without discussion or vote, or the opportunity for public opinion to make itself felt.

4. Above all, no peace can be durable that does not provide in some way against the causes which have brought about the present war. Chief among them is the feeling, fostered by great armaments, that war is a proper and a manly way of setting national differences. War and more war is inevitable so long as there is any power or group of powers which keeps war always in the foreground.

**Boston, Mass. Globe:**—One of the most significant events in Polish history since "freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell" is the issue on United States soil of a journal devoted by its title and program to a "Free Poland." The new periodical comes from the POLISH Council of America, and may be said to represent the views of thoughtful Poles in all parts of the world. Its aim is to develop friendship between the Polish nation and the United States, to give wider publicity to the facts and reasons on which that nation bases its demand for political independence, above all to pave the way for the time when, in the final arbitrament after the war, the voice of America may be heard in support of Polish aspirations.

In one respect only this historic document is not neutral, nor could neutrality be expected of it. The Poles are individualists, with an individualism fostered by bitter experiences. They want no autocrat, no emperor, no czar. Like other subordinated branches of the Slav race, they are also separatists. What they ask for is not a merger under a "ruler", but a federation similar in form to that of the United States, or resembling the German Bund. In this sense a free Poland would also mean freedom of the same type for Ruthenia, Servia, Bulgaria, and the other minor Slav groups. It is difficult to accept without modification the claim that such a federation would be

"the most powerful factor working for universal peace in Europe." The Polish case, resting on historic grounds, need not be weakened by any speculation in futures. Poland, thrice partitioned, has been and still is a veritable "Niobe of nations." Her 25,000,000 people are living today in three contiguous realms, and in neither "barbarous" Russia nor "cultured" Germany—not even in the milder climate of Austria—do they escape humiliating prescriptions of race.

It is too early to say what ought to happen in Europe when the rage of war is spent. But in the growing conviction that races living under alien rules in close proximity to each other are entitled to political union, the demand of the Poles to be reinstated as a nation is not likely to be heard in vain. The Czar's promise of autonomy for Poland, whatever it may be worth, seems itself a portent of events to come. Europe has little to fear and much to hope for from a people which gave Copernicus and Mme. Curie to science, produced Mickiewicz, Krasinski and Sienkiewicz in literature, and nurtured Stwosz, Matejko, Chopin and Paderewski to the first excellence in art.

**Boston Globe:**—Gen. Dragomiroff, author of several works in the military situation in the East, was, in 1899, in command of the Russian forces along the Austrian border and was the chief of staff of the Russian Army.

Gen. Dragomiroff, in his address to the peace conference that year, advanced the logical argument that the economic, political and military pressure, along the borders of Russia, Prussia and Austria was so great that to maintain the equilibrium of peaceful conditions and to prevent the eventful outbreak of an international conflict the re-establishment of Poland was an absolute necessity.

By such a step the cause of the proposed disarmament, then discussed at The Hague, would be greatly advanced. So argued Gen. Dragomiroff.

It may be remarked in passing that Dragomiroff, having made that proposition, sank into oblivion, and we have not heard from him since. The Powers, not being then at war, found such a proposition decidedly distasteful.

For centuries Poland has been the battling ground of Europe. At the height of her power her borders extended from the Baltic to the Black Sea, from the Dnieper to the Oder. Her mighty armies successfully fought the Turks, Swedes, Russians, Germans and Prussians. She was the tower of strength protecting Western Christendom and civilization against Eastern barbarism and Mongolian invasion.

**Buffalo Courier:**—Never have the Polish people relinquished their dream of a restoration of their country to a place among the nations, and now that so great a part of Europe is in the throes of a mighty war they are looking for its realization with the hope of an always expectant and courageous race. "Free Poland" is the title of a periodical the publication of which has been started by the Polish National Council of America. The current number is replete with interest. The writers differ in opinions on various phases of the case, and as to the manner of the accomplishment of the reunion, but are agreed in the conclusion the the war will bring that effect.

The English and French press naturally enough urges the Poles to believe the promises made by the czar in a time when Russia needs their support; lays stress in the

asserted efforts to Germanize the Poles in Prussia, and upon the repressive policy of Austria. One of the contributors to "Free Poland" argues that "Russia will endeavor to inaugurate a policy of genuine liberation with regard to the Poles and reunite the partitioned sections." Another writes that the Poles distrust Russia, and cites a long record of oppression to show why. They all think, however, that after the war an awakening of world conscience will bring justice through which Poland will have rebirth.

"Free Poland" calls on lovers of liberty and believers in democratic ideals to work for the return of freedom and independence to a nation "whose dismemberment was one of the most monstrous crimes of history." It pleads that to advocate the cause of Poland is not a violation of the principle of neutrality during the present European crisis, because it is to advocate the cause of justice, humanity, civilization, liberty, democracy.

**Minneapolis, Minn. Journal:**—The time has gone by for the subjugation of races by other races and the absorption of nationalities by alien nationalities. The principle of nationality controls international policy more and more. "Decent respect for the opinions of mankind" will give it still more potency in the settlement of this war.

Whoever is finally victorious in the field, the results will be settled by a Congress of Europe, sitting under review of the public opinion of the world. The remaking of the map will tend to take the form of reunion of peoples torn apart by military aggression or monarchical greed in the past. Europe is now paying too dearly for permitting the dynastic and diplomatic thwarting of the results of the Balkan struggle, to repeat the crime against nationality on a huge scale.

Austria has been a traditional offender against the principle of nationality. Should that heterogeneous Empire go to pieces, the compact and powerful German nation would be enlarged to a destiny in science, art and industry more brilliant than any possible through military conquest. Germany is powerful because her splendid development has been so inspired by race unity. Surrender of alien parts of Alsace-Lorraine, Schleswig and Posen would be a small price for Germany to pay in exchange for the German portions of Austria.

Great Britain covets no territorial loot, and France wants only her "lost provinces." Western and Central Europe would join to check the insatiate appetite of Russia for territory. The collapse of the Austrian patchwork would release "unredeemed Italy" and the Slavic provinces to a natural destiny more serviceable to Russia's policy than extension of her boundaries. The czar has promised autonomy to a reunited Poland, and must be held to his promise.

Victors vanquished can get the best compensation out of the final settlement by respect for the principle of nationality and race union. Only thus can they make a peace that will last longer than a "scrap of paper."

**Philadelphia, Pa., Ledger:**—Of all the claims by the subject peoples of Europe in the present conflict, that of the land of Chopin, Sienkiewicz and Pshibishevsky deserves particular attention. Poland, torn apart by the stress and turmoil of Europe, occupies the most tragic position in the struggle. Her sons are scattered under the banners of three armies. Russia's treatment of the Poles is comparable in cruelty and despotism only to that

of Germany. Austria alone deserves credit and admiration for her merciful attitude. A people cultured, talented and occupying a place of honor in the field of art, science and literature, the Poles have borne both the yoke of Russification and the despotism of Germanization. The Czar's promise of autonomy to the Poles, like his promise to the Jews, is but a delusion and a snare. Yet the people of Poland, 20,000,000 souls in all, should be reunited. The republic of Poland should grace the map of Europe. Poland should be free.

**Springfield, Mass. Union:**—"As a race the Polish people prefer to raise potatoes, paint pictures and write poetry than to be in a position to boss other Poles, or to aspire to military dominance over other nations", said Prof. Henry M. Bowden of the American International College in his address on "Experiences in Russia and Poland" to a large gathering of men and women at the Suffrage League meeting in the Myrick Building. The Polish ambition is to realize an artistic and literary ideal rather than to gain military prestige.

"There is a great deal said about the Slav peril", said Prof. Bowden, "but there is no particular danger to be feared from Slavic militarism, for the Slav is a poet not a warrior, The Germans sneer at the dove blood of the Slav, but modern Polish art shows a much higher artistic achievement than modern art in the German galleries. Poland possesses a background of great literature and the temper of the people is shown in the fact that visitors to Cracow go to visit the grave of the great national poet, Mickiewicz, rather than the graves of the ancient kings, and on the poet's grave flowers are always found.

"The art of the German city, Nuremburg, is the transplanted art of Poland, because Nuremburg had the money to buy it. A polite, gracious people are the Poles, free from the militarism that causes a lack of politeness in Germany. The German people when they are not in uniform, are kindly, but they are not polite.

Two women travelers in a German railroad station were remarking on the difficulty of getting things done for them, and a German near by said: "In England and America you will find politeness, but England and America are a woman's country, Germany is a man's country."

"And especially is it a soldier's country", remarked the professor. "There is a worship of the helmet, and a man in uniform coming down the street causes all the other people to scurry out of the way."

**Chicago Daily News:**—It remains to be seen whether the Poles will accept as worthy of their confidence the promises of Russia's autocrat. The Finns received solemn promises from the czar's government in past years. It would be excellent for the present purposes of that government if the experiences of Finland could be cited in proof that promises made by the czar are inviolable. Unfortunately for Russia, the experiences of the Finns may well shake the confidence of the Poles in its honesty of purpose.

Free Poland should reappear speedily upon the map of Europe. Whether Russia and its allies win or lose in the war, the readjustment of national boundaries after this epoch making convulsion should undo the wicked work of those monarchs of the eighteenth century who tore bleeding Poland limb from limb.

## The Vitality of the Polish Race

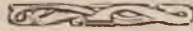
The vitality of the Polish race is extraordinary and commands the admiration of both thinker and historian alike. Count Leo Tolstoi, in 1906, wrote the following:

"I can condemn the partition of Poland, but I do not undertake to decide how Poland should reassert herself now. I judge that Poland cannot be revived, the time has passed,—there are no such ideals to-day.... The annihilation of historical Poland was a sin, we are doing penance for Catharine."

When he says that "there are no such ideals to-day," he is mistaken; Poland is now as popular as ever. And Archibald R. Colqhoun, in his article entitled "The Achilles Heel of Germany" in the

North American Review of 1909, commenting on the total failure of the Prussian policy of extermination, says:

"The attempt on the Polish language has had little more success. All Europe was amused—and pained—at the spectacle of a great kingdom like Prussia fuming and fulminating with rage, while 50,000 school children upset the whole course of law by refusing to say their prayers in German! ....The inherent weakness in the Prussian position is that it depends, in the long run, on the permanent subjection of that stubborn Slav race feeling which has survived centuries of oppression, and which in the process has learned how to hold its own in the teeth of superiority."



## To All Lovers of Liberty

Every lover of liberty and believer in democratic ideals should work for the restoration of freedom and independence to the nation whose dismemberment was one of the most monstrous crimes of history.

To advocate the cause of Poland is not a violation of the principles of neutrality during the present European crisis.

To advocate the cause of Poland is to advocate:

The cause of justice,  
The cause of humanity,  
The cause of civilization,

The cause of liberty,

The cause of democracy.

The hope of democracy lies in its never ceasing progress.

A free Poland will add 25,000,000 warriors for the cause of democracy.

Kosciuszko, Pułaski and other Poles offered their services and even lives on the altar of liberty for this country.

Liberty-loving Americans may help the cause of Poland by offering one dollar as a subscription to this publication for one year.

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