

# FREE POLAND

A SEMI-MONTHLY

## *The Truth About Poland and Her People*

"Entered as second-class matter January 16, 1915, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879."

Vol. II.—No. 7

DECEMBER 16, 1915

5 Cents a Copy



IN HER PLIGHT POLAND PRAYS FOR PEACE WITH FREEDOM. A FREE AND INDEPENDENT POLAND WILL BE ONE OF THE GREATEST GUARANTEES OF PEACE IN EUROPE.

CONTENTS

	Page		Page
1. A Successful "Grand-Bal-Polonaise" .....	2	6. The Lesson of Poland .....	7
2. Congratulations from Mr. Taft .....	2	7. Peace with Freedom .....	8
3. Our Credo .....	3	8. A Strategic View of the Great War .....	9
4. Barred Out Of Poland .....	4	9. The Father of the Plague-Stricken .....	13
5. Poland and the Polish Question .....	5	10. An Offering .....	14

## A Successful "Grand-Bal-Polonaise"

325 Society for Savings Bldg.,

Free Poland,

984 Milwaukee Ave.,  
Chicago, Ill.

December 13th 1915.

Gentlemen: --

The "Grand Bal-Polonaise" was held on Friday, evening, December 10th, 1915, at Hotel Statler.

The Ball in question was one of the most successful events of its kind ever held in this country. The income from the said Ball, over and above all expenses, amounted to over \$5,000.00.

Among special contributions toward our Polish Relief Fund were:

- Samuel Mather ..... \$1,000.00
- F. H. Ginn ..... 100.00
- H. H. Brown ..... 100.00
- Mrs. J. H. Wade ..... 100.00
- H. P. Wells ..... 100.00
- D. Z. Norton ..... 50.00
- Mrs. Dudley S. Blossom ..... 50.00

\$25.00 was received from each of the following:

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\$10.00 from M. L. McBride each; \$5.00 was received from D. L. Selover and W. P. Kelly.

Kindly publish the above facts in your future issue of "Free Poland."

Thanking you for your kindness, I remain,

Yours very truly,

JOS. SAWICKI.

## Congratulations from Mr. Taft

New Haven, Conn.

October 17, 1915.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have Your letter of October 13th. I congratulate the St. Vincent De Paul Society of South Bend on the celebration of its twenty-fifth year of existence. I also congratulate the Poles for the Patriotic Spirit which has prompted them to raise so much money for their suffering

fellows in the awful cataclysm of this war, which seems to have fallen upon them with quite as much weight and destruction as upon the Belgians or the Servians, probably more.

Sincerely Yours,

(Signed) WM. H. TAFT.

MR. IGNATIUS K. WERWINSKI,  
South Bend, Indiana.

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## Our Credo

FREE POLAND, the publication of the Polish National Council, has entered its second year of existence.

This event, by a singular stroke of circumstances, concurred with the second convention of the Council, which being, without doubt, the foremost Polish institution on American soil, is the initiator of the periodical and its publisher this very date. Carrying the burden of publication on willing shoulders, the Council views the magazine not as a means of profit-making and self-advertising, not as a means to further the interests of this or that party, of this or that group, but as a useful agent serving an idealistic purpose, always the least remunerative of tasks, especially in such practically constituted centers as may be found in America.

FREE POLAND, in this its second year, is to reach its maximum point of service; in its lofty calling, it is to attain a higher degree of perfection; in its influence, it should become far-reaching and universal; in its mission, it should become most profound in order worthily to represent Polish Thought in its purest and noblest manifestations.

We understand and wish it understood that our lofty endeavors are necessarily commensurate with the scale of our modest powers and resources; though only so much, and no more, can we give to this work, no less generous and willing, however, are our souls and hearts, wherefrom we strike the fire of our thought, which the kind and indulgent Reader may find clothed in words on the pages of this periodical—in this disinterested service we devote all our forces and skill to the one great idea so beloved of the Poles — a free and independent Poland.

In its strivings to perfect the magazine and its services for the cause, the Polish National Council supports eagerly all our endeavors and surrounds with anxious care its offspring—the first English periodical in America devoted to promote the American interest in Poland.

The Council wishes to see it established on a permanent firm footing—equally as to its financial standing as well as to its editorial policy, technical perfection and means for expressing the soul and thought of the Council. Therefore, in executing this care the Polish National Council determined at the last convention to perfect the technical side of the publication, develop it along more perfect lines, and concurrently, to entrust this task to the Press Committee, which takes upon itself, for the editorial side, full responsibility and thereof gives account before the general body of the Polish National Council. The Press Committee, directing the policy of FREE POLAND, has assembled tried and experienced workers of our community, a fact which insures reliability of opinion regarding the Polish Question and its various and intricate phenomena. We hope that under this management FREE POLAND will gain the attention of our foreign friends and the full support of Poles and that at least it will be able to promote the interest of all in the Polish Question.

Not for applause, not for self-advertising do we perform this task. Nothing for us, everything for the Cause — that is the slogan of our magazine. With entire confidence and the best of faith, with all our fresh forces we undertake the work to which we have been summoned; stricken at the same time with the feeling of the nobleness and importance of the undertaking, with sleeves up in the workshop, we want to hammer out the understanding of the Polish Cause in the American world and declare the following confession of faith and our program for the future:

We desire a whole, free and independent Poland, and for that goal we labor with all our strength and skill.

A whole, free and independent Poland is the only worthy postulate of our great nation, which has behind a thousand year old culture so valuable to mankind.

Of all our organizations in America the Polish National Council first and alone stood by the Independence Program at the beginning of the war, which resurrected the Polish Question, and placed it in the political arena of the future upon the termination of the war.

The Polish National Council was the first to reject the various "orientations", siding with this or that beligerent, and branded them as a compromise, unworthy of men who truly desire the independent and spontaneous growth deciding the fortune of a nation, — as a vile bargaining with one's community, which, for the price of certain political dreams and imaginary combinations, is to offer itself to this or to that foe.

For upright Poles there cannot be any other "orientation" than the desire of an entirely free and independent Poland.

In Europe and in the cultural world there must be room for the Polish Cause.

Europe and the whole world will never experience permanent peace as long as that Question shall remain in oblivion, as long the ultimate solution shall be postponed and put off with half measures.

The Poles are a peace-loving people; hence, we honestly desire peace as breath in our lungs. We must live, because this war, this hideous war, which is not waged directly for us, but on Polish soil, through Polish breasts and arms, though not through Polish will, was undertaken also with the watchword of the liberation of the oppressed and the nationalization of the lesser peoples.

It cannot, then, be otherwise but that conditions must radically change in the whole world after the war; as we, so other peoples, hitherto homeless, must be liberated in their own homes, must secure the means to work out their own salvation, and must be delivered from foreign care, which is as undesirable as inglorious.

It is known that this terrible war is at the same time a historical Nemesis for Poland, for, without a doubt, the cause of the strife reach back and connect with the times of the criminal partition of the Polish State over

a century ago. This act of violence, committed on Poland, had sown the seed of the conflict among the accomplices in the crime — the seed that had struck root and now is grown to a bloody harvest fruit — the present hideous war. This war must terminate no otherwise than by a complete restitution of her rights.

We repeat that we desire the termination of the war. We desire peace, but not peace at any price — not peace at the price of a compromise with our national conscience, with our national honor and future.

If this peace should grant us only a poor and partial list of privileges and rights, then it were better to perish, better to fight to a finish, better to die a martyred nation of heroes than continue living as slaves!

If there be peace — it must be based on justice, must right the wrongs perpetrated and restore what was stolen and seized by a stronger power.

Human society has long reached the stage that one individual cannot seize the property of his neighbor with impunity; the nations, however, collectively continue to maintain that position, and it is high time to change that injurious attitude.

Unsatisfactory solution after the war of the question of nationalities, hitherto oppressed by stronger imperial political systems, will be only a new deceit, a new beguiling of the people, a phantom of peace — not real peace. As long as might and violence continue to exist among the peoples, as long as a man physically weaker, a people numerically smaller must fear the more powerful — who fattened at its expense as neighbors, as in the case of Poland—just so long there cannot be any question of the brotherhood of peoples and peace among them.

A free Poland will give a guarantee of peace and European equilibrium. A free and independent Polish people will render the world services still more valuable than those given during the periods of oppression and bondage. When free and independent, our people will become a most enthusiastic laborer for mankind—and as once our forefathers willingly laid down their lives for the freedom of other peoples, so now the sons and grandchildren, enjoying their freedom, will most heartily serve the great ideals which uplift humanity to God.

KAROL WACHTEL,  
Chairman of the Press Committee.



## Barred Out of Poland

Mr. N. L. Piotrowski, a representative of the CHICAGO HERALD, was barred from Poland and also from Berlin despite his passports. N. L. Piotrowski tells of his experiences with the Germans, in the Dec. 13 issue of the CHICAGO HERALD, as follows:

Why am I not in Warsaw? Because the German government stopped me from going there. Not only did the German government deny me the right to go to Poland, but it unlawfully and against my will caused my detention for three days upon Austrian territory.

I was already in my compartment and my baggage was on the train when suddenly I heard my name called. I stepped into the aisle of the car and saw coming toward me the German officer who had examined my passport. He requested me to show him that document again, saying that he wanted to show it to his superior officers.

He took the paper and left the car. I followed, as I was afraid the train might leave and I would go to Germany without passport. I noticed that three officers were examining my passport and consulting some other document which one of the officers brought.

I offered to show them other documents which I had and by which I could prove my identity beyond doubt, but they refused to look at them. To one of the officers I showed an article which appeared in one of the Vienna papers, describing my journey through Europe, my doings in Austria and my intended visit to Berlin and Poland. When he got through reading it he seemed to hesitate a little.

After more consultation between the three officers I was finally informed that I would not be permitted to proceed with that train and was told to have my baggage checked with the porter, go to the depot restaurant and make myself "comfortable."

I did as I was told. I sat in that restaurant from 6 until 11 o'clock p. m. without being told why I was detained. A soldier sitting at another table watched my every move.

At 11:30 o'clock the officer who caused my detention came and told me that I would have to stay there over night and that I might go to a bed which was engaged for me at the depot. The soldier was then called and showed me the room. He told me that, all the rooms having been previously engaged, I would have to sleep in a room with another gentleman, a "merchant."

I told to the officer that I dislike to sleep with strangers in the same room, but the soldier repeated that the stranger was a merchant.

I felt then that this supposed merchant was to sleep in the same room with me for no other purpose than to watch me. They took from my passport, without which I could move about in that country as much as a bird could fly without wings, and they also had my baggage in their possession. Yet they thought somebody ought to watch me while I was sleeping that I might not escape. The soldier who brought me to the room told me that I could sleep in the morning as long as I pleased and left the room, locking it from the outside.

I was thus detained without particular happening till 5 o'clock next afternoon, when I was led before an officer sent from Dresden to examine me. He went carefully over my passport and other documents of identification and listened attentively while I related the fact that I was in Europe as a representative of the CHICAGO HERALD and that I visited several countries in the interest of the Polish people and nation.

I thought the relation of facts would prove sufficient to obtain my immediate release, but the officer told me that he must first submit his report to the head office. The result, in brief, was that I was detained without my passport, and most of the time under close watch, until after midnight of the following day, and was then informed that I could not proceed to Berlin. However, I was free to return to Vienna. At 12:10 that night I did leave for Vienna.

# Poland and the Polish Question

Under the title "Poland and the Polish Question" (F. A. Stokes Co.), a book was published and its author Ninian Hill claims to provide a popular and comprehensive account of Poland and the Poles.

Mr. Hill evidently was obliged to rely upon other works of this kind and was unable to get at the original reliable sources.

I shall attempt to point out and correct at least some of the graver errors.

The author seems not to be aware (p. 17) that St. Cyril and St. Methodius were teaching Slavs with the consent of Rome, that in those time no such a thing as the Orthodox Greek Church existed and that the Pope was then head of the Greek Church.

The Prussians (p. 24) were a Lithuanian tribe and not of "Slavic" origin.

Ladislaus IV, son of King Sigismund III, was never crowned "Tzar of Russia" (p. 34) as such a title never existed in those times, and even never was crowned Tzar of Moscow. But it is true that the Moscow "bojars" offered him the crown of Moscow.

Excepting these few errors the first chapter is a fair synopsis of the history of Poland.

In the second chapter Mr. Hill says (p. 37): "... Then an extraordinary thing happened, such as would have taken place nowhere but in Poland..... One after another of the nobles renounced their allegiance to the king". . . . . It seems that the author forgot his English history where he can find many examples of a similar kind and much more perfidious. The Scotch for instance, not only renounced their allegiance to King Charles I, but even sold him to the traitor Cromwell. And what about the history of King James II? Barring this, the contents and conclusion of the second chapter are correct.

In the third chapter the author deals with adverse factors, responsible for the decay of the Polish Kingdom, which he attributes to the *Liberum Veto*, elective kings, selfishness of the nobles, lack of true patriotism, and religious intolerance. At the time true patriotism, in the sense used to-day, did not exist anywhere in the world, and of course was not in evidence in Poland. Poland was then the only country in the world, where religious tolerance prevailed; the mere fact that during the reign of the Saxon kings a law passed forbidding appointment to high offices to non-Catholics, was strictly a state necessity, as otherwise the king, a German, would use his royal prerogative and distribute State offices to unworthy people. That was a restriction of short duration and of little importance, only the enemies of Poland, Prussia and Russia used it to meddle in the politics of Poland.

The description of the fall of Poland is more or less correct except that Suvorov (p. 88) did not order the burning of the bridge, to save Warsaw from pillage and massacres, but the bridge was burned by orders of the Polish general Zajoncsek.

In chapter fifth the author describes Poland's history after the last partition, its share in Napoleonic wars, its fate after the Congress of Vienna, the revolution of 1830 and then the ill-fated year of 1846 (p. 109) when "the citizen of Cracow rose in the month of February and expelled the Austrian troops which garrisoned the city."

As a matter of historical record, the free city of Cracow had no Austrian garrison until February 18, 1846, when the Austrian army occupied the city and left it only in the morning of February 22nd, taking with them the representatives of foreign powers, Cracow senators and 500 of the city militia.

"The insurgent then marched in several columns into Galicia" (p. 109). — That is not true, but it is true that the 27th of February Edward Dembowski with several hundreds of people among them, three scores of clergy in vestments, with cross in hand, left Cracow and went to stop the carnage of nobility by the peasants in nearby villages. He and his party were surrounded by the Austrians under Benedek (of Sadova fame) and nearly all were killed.

On the same page Mr. Hill repeats after the Encyclopedia Britannica that the revolted peasants were Ruthenians, whereas the revolt was mostly in the districts of Tarnow and Bochnia, where the peasants are exclusively Poles.

In justice and fairness to the Ruthenians I must say that the Ruthenian peasants refused to follow the suggestion of the agents of Metternich and did not rise against the Polish landowners, with the exception of a single village in the district of Sambor.

The author says, "Metternich was very generally blamed for the outbreak, but with somewhat doubtful justice." Metternich's guilt is established without any doubt, only the part played by the vice-roy Archduke Ferdinand d'Este before the outbreak is not clear, but that he failed to do anything whatever to stop the massacres is a historical fact. The number of victims is nearly double that given by the author.

What Mr. Hill writes on pages 111, 112 and 113, deviates from the truth. General Willisen knew about the formation in Prussian Poland of a Polish army and gave his consent therefor, as that movement had been started with the intention to carry the war into Russian Poland. How unjust and untrue this is to the Poles, one may learn from the perusal of the work of Fieldmarshal von Goltz in his "Kriegsgeschichte Deutschlands in Neuzehten Jahrhundert" (1914, Berlin) Vol. II, p. 33-47.

Chapter VII deals with Poland before the war. On page 134 the author says, "It is estimated that there are nearly four millions, which, however, include Polish Jews, in Canada and the United States; and there are said to be more Poles in Chicago than in Cracow". — In the Polish statistics, no Polish Jews in Canada or United States or anywhere else are included; in Chicago there are nearly three times as many Poles as there are in Cracow.

In that chapter Mr. Hill describes in a very mild manner the persecution of Poles in Prussian Poland. Probably the author is unaware of the constant persecution of Polish children, whose only crime in the eyes of German teachers is that they are Polish children, and for this only reason they subject them to continuous persecution and flogging with or without reason. The Wreschen crime (p. 144) was no mere "losing of temper", but a wholesale flogging which made cripples of Polish children.

"The Poles cannot very well object to their children learning to pray in a foreign tongue. As Roman Catholics they learn to pray in Latin; but German is regarded as a Protestant tongue..." (p. 144).

Mr. Hill forgets that Latin is only the language of the Church, used by the Clergy during service.

On p. 146 there is something not to be expected, at least from an Englishman of the XX century: "And the coming of the German colonist at all was eloquent proof of the backward condition of Poland — due to misgovernment and continual disturbances."

Perhaps Hengis and Horsa and the Anglo-Saxon, Canut and the Danes, and William the Conqueror and his Norman knights had had such notions previously to their invading England, but when it comes to Germany no one else but Bismarck the famous chancellor gives the true reason in a letter written to his sister the 26th of March 1861: "The Poles must be reduced and compelled to take life in disgust. I have compassion for them and for their situation, but if we wish to exist we must exterminate them."

The German could not go west, so they went east following the way of less resistance. The author says that "German colonization in the past promoted agriculture", that when the Germans were savage warriors, the Poles were already for centuries established as an agricultural people. If we fell back in culture it was only after the partition, but certainly in the middle ages we were among those in advance.

Such cheerful description Mr. Hill gives of the Russian rule in Poland, that after reading it even the Russian Home Secretary will blush from modesty, on learning the virtues of the Russian administration in Poland, which he never suspected.

Well, Russia and the Russian officialdom have certainly a great friend and admirer in Ninian Hill — but how it can be that (p. 163) despite Ninian Hill's words,—"If man lived by bread alone, then Poland under Russian rule might be happy and contented" — over a million of Polish peasants came from Russia to America?

"They have forsaken the Greek Catholic for Greek Orthodox Church, and they remained unaffected by the revival of Polish National sentiment." (p. 165). Yes, they forsook their church, as they were converted by the Russians in true Cromwellian fashion; but in one year when religious freedom was not a dead letter—that is, immediately after the granting of the constitution in 1905 — more than a quarter of million at once joined the church of Rome, legal restriction preventing others from following. The author praises (p. 169) the Russian methods of education so highly that he ought to advise the Canadian government to introduce them in Quebec for the benefit of

the French-Canadians and in South Africa for the benefit of the Boers and see how they would like it.

But the best is yet to come. "Every one understands now that the reconstitution of Poland as an independent State is an impossibility under modern conditions," (p. 170). Why? Well even Russians, for instance, like Gurko, member of the State Council, and prince Troubetzkoï, and others said publicly that Poles ought to receive independence after this war.

The raising of the question of confidence — is out of place. — Polish behavior during the Japanese and the present war is the best proof that they deserve confidence, that a free Poland will not be a menace to Russia and the allies.

The best part of the book are those chapters devoted "to the Polish Jew and to the description of the Polish capitals which are ably written and were subject to notes made by the author from personal observation; they are good and interesting reading.

"The Polish language does not differ more from Ruthene than both from Hungarian, although all are alike classed Slavonic" (p. 315).

The difference between Polish and Ruthenian is about the same as the English of to-day compared with the English of Chaucer. — The Hungarians, or rather the "Magjar", descendants of the Huns, speak a language which belongs to the same family as the Turkish, but in Hungary more than half of its inhabitants are Slavs. Those in the South are Serbs, Croats; in the North of Hungary bordering on Poland and Moravia, live about five millions of Slavonians, whose language may be considered a vernacular of Polish — just such difference as between London Cockney and Yorkshire country slang. Bohemian is the Polish language of a thousand years ago.

It was practically impossible to correct all the mistakes in Mr. Hill's book, but I tried to point and refute the principal ones. The chapter about the revolution of 1863 escaped my attention, and without entering into a discussion of its contents I wish to draw the reader's attention to a fact little known even to Poles — that the Polish National Anthem which the Russian government objected then and afterwards, was composed in honor of Emperor Alexander I at the time of his coronation as king of Poland, when he had promised to join the provinces annexed by Russia to the Polish kingdom.

In conclusion, I wish to quote from some of the closing paragraphs of Mr. Hill's book:

"Poland has met with heroic resistance and sublime resignation the cruellest of fates in the loss of her independence. Her very name has been blotted out of the map. Foreign flags have floated over her. Foreign troops have garrisoned her. Foreign officials have domineered over her. And her recompense? Her sons have been forced to fight against each other, and their blood is poured forth at the behest of her conquerors. Her land is laid waste, her pleasant homes are in ruins, and the icy chill of winter brings her face to face with starvation and death.

"Poland is surely travailing in anguish to a new birth. When the present distress is overpast, the new life of Poland will be eagerly awaited. And in the meantime the Poles may comfort themselves, as they have done often in the dark days of the past, by singing with renewed confidence — Poland is not yet lost."

# The Lesson of Poland

(An Address delivered at the Annual Meeting of the "Sons of American Revolution",  
Dec. 3, 1915, Auditorium, Chicago.)

**T**HOMAS 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 who by word and action showed his boundless enthusiasm for Poland's cause.

"His heart", says his biographer, "was filled with 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."

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.

Campbell's poem *The Pleasures of Hope*, published in 1799, is, without any exception, the finest didactic poem in the English language. Making a transition from the consolations of individual misery to prospects of political improvement in the future state of society, from the extension of liberty and truth over despotic and barbarous countries, to reflections upon the hard fate of the Polish people, recently conspicuous in their struggles for independence, Thomas Campbell, in this poem, delivers himself of the famous lines — "Freedom shrieked as Kosciuszko fell."

Freedom shrieked because Poland was ground under the heels of the partitioning powers—Austria, Germany and Russia. Freedom shrieked because Poland, one of the most remarkable champions of democracy and freedom the world ever saw, was no more!

\* \* \*

The history of Poland is an interesting repository when one may with little labor draw many instructive and useful lessons. Now that the European nations, involved in the maelstrom of war, point with pride to their illustrious achievements and providentially allotted missions in this world; now that the Powers of Europe, according to reports, have granted or are to grant autonomy to a people long oppressed and persecuted by a corrupt bureaucracy, — it may not be amiss briefly to run over the chief events of Poland.

The Poles belong to the Slavic branch of the Aryan or Indo-European family. As early as the fourth or fifth century B. C. the Slavic tribes seem to have appeared for the first time in Europe. Within a millenium they had settled the immense stretches of land between the Black Sea and the Baltic and from the Volga to the Elba rivers. There are, however, no certain historical data relating to Poland till the end of the tenth century.

It was in 966 A. D. that Prince Mieczyslaw's conversion to Christianity was hastened through his marriage to the princess Dąbrowka, the daughter of Boleslaw, prince of Bohemia, where the Gospel had already a century before been taught by Cyrillus and Methodius — Greek monks from Thessalonica.

Prince Mieczyslaw's son, Boleslaw, the first prince to call himself king, stands in the foremost rank of Polish conquerors and rulers.

His ceaseless struggles and endeavors resulted in the formation of a vast kingdom extending from the Baltic to the Carpathians and from the Elbe to the Bug. But with his death these domains were ravaged by the enemies of Poland, and the consequent strifes and internal dissensions were followed by a terrible pagan reaction which destroyed almost all vestiges of Christianity and civilization.

And in 1241, Poland, partitioned as it was into no fewer than eight principalities, became threatened in its very existence by the Tatar hordes. The Mongols swept over countries north of the Black Sea, captured Moscow and Kiev, burned Cracow and Sandomir, and pursued their murderous and devastating path over Poland and Hungary. At Liegnitz the Christian hosts, with the Polish Prince Henry II, the Pious at their head awaited the coming of the hordes, prepared to offer them a stubborn resistance. The Tartars won the battle, Henry the Pious, was brutally slain, but the victorious advance of the Mongols was stayed, so much so that, exhausted and diminished, they hastily retreated to the steppes beyond the Volga. Hence the battle of Liegnitz was a great achievement in that it saved Europe from being overrun by the Tartars. For the first time Poland had earned the title — "Bulwark of Christendom."

After a brief interregnum following the death of Louis of Hungary the Poles accepted his younger daughter Jadwiga, who shortly after was wedded to Jagiello, grand duke of Lithuania, with the unanimous consent of the nation. Jagiello was crowned king of Poland at Cracow under the title of Ladislaus II, and his reign was of prime importance in the history of Eastern Europe.

First of all, his marriage to Jadwiga peacefully brought about the conversion of Lithuania. This mission the Teutonic Orders (the Knights of the Cross), to whom Konrad of Masovia had in 1229 given extensive lands for the express purpose of fighting and Christianizing the heathen Prussians, had vainly endeavored to perform by fire and sword. The conversion of Lithuania was menacing to the very existence of the Knights of the Cross, who having lost now most of their religious character, began with ruthlessly masterful genius to found a dominion of their own.

It was the mere instinct of self-preservation that had, at last, brought the Poles and Lithuanians together against their common enemy. Crafty in diplomacy, valiant in warfare, the Teutonic Knights were one of the strongest military organizations of Europe and proved a most formidable foe of the united Poles and Lithuanians.

The issue was fought out on the fields of Gruenwald 1410, where the Knights suffered a crushing defeat at the hands of Jagiello and his intrepid hosts. Yet the Poles did not follow up the advantages derived from this grand victory, and due to the greedless policy of the latter and the excessive caution of Jagiello, the Teutons were given ample time to rally their resources, completely recover from the blow, and later, embodied in the kingdom of Prussia, to aid in the dismemberment of Poland, 1795.

During the reign of John Sobieski "the Bulwark of Christendom" was again called on its sacred mission. The

(Continued on p. 11)

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*The Truth About Poland and Her People*

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## Remember

Poland asks to be reconstituted along the lines of  
justice and fair play to all.

Poland demands peace with freedom.

Poland, as a buffer State, will be one of the greatest  
guardians for the future peace of Europe.

In fact, Poland "asks nothing for herself but what  
she has a right to ask for humanity itself."

## Peace with Freedom

Christmas is anything but the period of joy  
and good cheer in Poland. Still the battle-ground  
of Europe, Poland is a devastated land.

The Poles are still exiles in their own country.  
They have no avenue of escape like the Belgians,  
as they are hemmed in between the millstones of  
contending nations.

Consequently, cold, hunger and starvation are  
staring them in their faces. Their homes are  
levelled with the ground, their peasants have been  
deprived of their live stock and farming im-  
plements, and nothing but misery and suffering is  
in evidence.

The Pole is fighting in the interest of his  
foes, who over a century ago had assisted in strik-  
ing his Fatherland off the map of Europe. And  
in this bloody Yule-tide, homeless at home, he  
hopes with the everlasting hope so characteristic  
of the Polish breast. His hope is founded on the  
lines of righteousness and justice.

\* \* \*

A free and independent Poland will be one of  
the greatest guardians for the future peace of  
Europe.

Poland was one of the most inspiring agents  
of real democracy and freedom.

Her sons formerly fought not only for their  
own freedom, but for that of other oppressed na-  
tionalities.

Her sons now have deeply rooted in their  
souls that exalted love of freedom, democracy,  
righteousness and justice.

A free and independent Poland, therefore,  
will be one of the most enthusiastic workers for  
the loftiest ideals of mankind.

\* \* \*

What is nobler, what is loftier than the ideal  
— Peace with Freedom?

All men are endowed by their Creator with  
certain inalienable rights, among which are life,  
liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

But the robbers of Poland have ever been  
destructive of these rights. They have trampled  
upon everything held sacred by Poland.

They have ruthlessly ordered her to spill her  
life-blood—in their own interest.

They have taken away her liberty and per-  
secuted her by a series of bureaucratic measures  
of repression.

They have cruelly thwarted her pursuit of  
happiness.

But they have not succeeded in preventing  
her from praying and hoping.

\* \* \*

With her gaunt hands outstretched to the  
sky, Poland hopes and prays, with a fervent and  
hopeful heart, for Peace and Freedom.

She prays the various States cease their per-  
petual antagonisms which terminate in war.

She prays that the States stop expanding at  
one another's cost.

She prays that they desist from the belief  
that might creates right.

She prays for a democratization and nation-  
alization of the oppressed peoples in Europe.

She prays that the various governments be  
brought back to the fundamentals of all true  
human well-being, the indispensable bases of all  
true human worth and wisdom.

Peace with Freedom... Verily, there is no  
finer motto.

# A Strategic View of the Great War

(Concluded)

Only after the subsidence of the Russian revolution of 1905, remnants of Polish idealists and dreamers gathered in Austrian Poland, in Cracow, and taking advantage of the course of Austrian politics, which anticipated an armed conflict with Russia, formed the nucleus of the present Polish legions. These are bodies of voluntary Polish troops, designed ostensibly to aid Austria in a conflict with Russia, but really to fight for the independence of Poland. Their purpose is similar to that of the Polish Legions that more than a hundred years ago formed a part of Napoleon's army. They have taken part in the present war on the side of Austria. But this thought, as a new, useless, hopeless, dream, thanks to the general apathy and demoralization of society, found no strong support in the nation as a whole. Only isolated persons in Russia Poland had even heard of the legions.

And so at the outbreak of the war there had been formed a general ideology of the Polish nation. The dream of the people was to create an independent Poland, since the only complete political independence can create the necessary conditions for the further cultural evolution of the nation at the present time. But this dream was a dream of the distant future. Men spoke — and said even this much with apprehension — of autonomy, so long as the three parts of Poland should be reunited under a common yoke, and perhaps best of all under that of Austria. The war broke out, and the nation, though it felt that the question of its future was at stake, was as a whole so weak and demoralized by its hundred years of servitude that it felt that complete political independence, but the reunion of the three parts of Poland and autonomy were the height of perfection, so long as this reunion and autonomy were realized in actual life. The humiliated, enslaved people never thought of dispensing with a master, regarding independence as a mere dream, though a fair one, and discussed only who of the three masters would be least threatening to the future united Poland. Discussions and passionate debates on this question exclusively divided Polish society into two hostile camps from the moment that war was declared. The majority of the nation thought that it would be better for reunited Poland to be under the Russian yoke.

The alliance of Russia with parliamentary England and republican France secured credit for this view in public opinion. But the partisans of this view expressed it mildly, as an alliance with Russia and a union with that state. The minority was of the opinion that it was better to be under the Austro-Prussian yoke, that is to say, to take sides with Austria and Germany, hoping that by the force of events the internal policy of Germany would be transferred, and that Poland would form a more or less politically independent part of the great Austro-Hungarian-Polish monarchy of the Habsburgs. It must be noted that if the war had been exclusively between Austria and Russia, there would probably have been no such division of public opinion. All the sympathies of the nation would have been on the side of Austria, thanks to the milder policy of that country towards the Poles.

Only a very insignificant part of society, more independent in spirit and more visionary, was of the opinion that at last that historic moment had come for Poland, when, along with the decision of the deepest question of

a political and economical character the question of the complete independence of Poland might be satisfactorily solved, with the active co-operation of the Polish nation itself. Thanks to the political and strategic mistakes of the governments of Russia and Germany the adherents of the Russophile and Austrophile parties began to waver in their faith. The conviction is constantly gathering strength that only this newborn dream of the complete independence of Poland is an adequate watchword to unite the whole people, and that its active and enthusiastic participation in the present war may perhaps transform this dream into a reality. How this can be done is a far different question.

Let us now turn to the question of how the governments of Germany and Russia have utilized for their own strategic aims these aspirations of the population of a territory on which the most important campaigns of the present war are being fought.

The German government began the war by an immense strategic mistake. It threw three quarters of its army against France, reckoning that at the moment war was declared revolution would break out in Russia and an uprising in Poland, and that it would be able to capture Paris while Russia was still mobilizing its forces. The German government did not take into account that a war with the Germans would prove popular in Russia, and under certain circumstances even in Poland. To be sure, this was not an active popularity, inspired by some great watchword that the government put forward, but a passive popularity, of a more instinctive sort. It appeared in the nation as the result of more and more patent acts of violence of the Germans in the political and economic fields, from which there was no escape, since the Russian-German government of Russia was wholly under the influence of Berlin. And so at the moment of the declaration of war important strikes of working men in St. Petersburg and Moscow ceased, and no revolution broke out. The Polish people in Russian Poland, although violently discontented with the "Muscovite yoke", knew that their brothers in Germany under the "Prussian yoke" fared no better. As a rule the Polish people hate the Prussians, their nearest neighbors in the west, while they have fairly friendly feelings, and sometimes sincere sympathy for the Russian people, with whom they have shared common misfortunes. Thus there was no rising of the Poles. Both in Russia and in Poland the mobilization took place rapidly and in good order.

The German government on the one hand scattered proclamations over Poland from its Zeppelins, informing the population that the Germans were coming not as enemies, but as friends who would deliver them from the "Muscovite yoke", and on the other hand bombarded with their cannon the peaceful town of Kalisz, which contained not a single Russian soldier, and it is still doing violence to a peaceful population and mocking over it with naive malice. The German government on the one hand wishes to excite an uprising in Poland, and on the other is paralyzing its own cause. In the first period of the war for purely practical reasons it threw all the weight of the conflict on the shoulders of Austria, while at the same time in political and strategic respects it left itself freedom of action in Poland, limiting the sphere of the

military operations of Austria to southern Poland, and thereby lessening the possibility of the psychological influence of the Polish legions on the country as a whole. This inconsistent and provocative policy of the Germans caused the population of Russian Poland at once to transfer its sympathies to the side of Russia.

However, notwithstanding their own strategic mistakes, the Germans, thanks to the immense mistakes of the Russian in political strategy, with only half their military forces have succeeded in occupying the so-called Kingdom of Poland, that is, they have obtained their present position, but after a year of the most fearful fighting.

What had the Russian government done? Being completely without talent, and at the same time afflicted with self-conceit, it had not been able to rise to the height of the historic moment and to create an active popularity for the war by arousing powerful enthusiasm in the nation and the army, as it might have done for example by proclaiming as a watchword for the war the formation of a federation of more or less politically independent Slavic states under the aegis of Russia and the Romanoffs. The Russian government arose on the pretext of defending little Serbia from the German yoke and of contending with German militarism. Thus the war was not against the feudal ideology of the German government, which threatened the free development of the nations, but against the well organized tool of that ideology. This struggle with militarism, as a watchword for the war, is only so far-justified as we are unable to find a watchword of higher character; that is, militarism is manifestly not a disease, but the symptom of a disease, and will continue to exist in one form or another so long as there exist states of a feudal type, with a more or less autocratic government. Moreover the defense of Serbia at once raises a question as to the sincerity of the Russian government, so long as Poland, Finland, and the Caucasus continue in complete economic slavery. This insincerity, this hypocrisy of the Russian government is still more clearly disclosed in the history of the first year of the European war. All men have an object lesson that a victorious war waged by the Russian government is merely a strengthening of the throne of autocracy; that it will result in a policy of senseless plunder, in the form of the annexation of Galicia and the seizure of Constantinople, or else in a policy—of mysticism.

A poet has written: "Shall the Slavic streams unite in the Russian sea, or shall that sea itself dry up—that is the question!" Yes, Pushkin is the great poet of the Russian land, but did he ever suppose that this winged world would ever become an inspiration for the policy of the Russian government, which always forgets that it is impossible to talk with the Slavic streams in the tone that a police captain uses towards his subordinates?

Thus at the moment of the declaration of war the Russian government not only could not create an active popularity for the war, but was even unequal to the task of making use of the passive popularity of the war, of the current of popular feeling in Russia and Russian Poland that had spontaneously arisen. The Imperial Duma was convoked. The Duma without distinction of parties voted to co-operate with the government. There were hopes that the government would appreciate the general unanimity of the national representatives and would endeavor to win the confidence of the nation by a change of internal policy. But these hopes proved vain. In regard to Poland the Russian government did nothing more than to issue an appeal to the Poles, which was signed more-

over only by the commander-in-chief of the army, the Grand Duke Nicholas. This appeal was written skilfully and in beautiful style, far better than the Prussian proclamation. This appeal to some degree aroused popular feeling, even aroused certain hopes in a huge and a naive fraction of the Polish population. But it resembled the Prussian proclamation in being merely one more proof of the cunning and cynically hypocritical policy of the Russian government. In the appeal to the Poles it is stated, first of all, that the dreams of their fathers and grandfathers of the recreation of Poland from its component parts may be realized. The appeal purposely fails to say that the dream of the fathers and grandfathers was — as the dream of the sons and the grandsons is and always will be—the recreation of a completely independent Poland. An explanation follows: "Let the Polish nation be united into one under the scepter of the emperor of all the Russias. Under this scepter let free Poland be born again with its own religion, its own language, and its own self-government." It later cynically stated: "Russia believes that the sword that overthrew the enemy at Gruenwald is not yet rusted." (At the battle of Gruenwald, in 1410, the Poles inflicted a decisive defeat on the German Order of the Knights of the Cross, the predecessors of the modern kingdom of Prussia.)

That the sword is not rusted is shown by the desperate conflict of the present Austro-Polish Legions. These legions, which are fighting together with the Austrian armies, are strong exclusively because of their watchword. Though they are fighting on the Austrian side, they are not fighting for Austria, and not for the Germans, but for the complete independence of their own country Poland. The fact that historic necessity has placed the Polish legions in an accidental alliance with the Germans illustrates the tragic fate of Poland. The fact that the untrusted sword of Poland is not on the side of the Russian armies, so that it cannot show all the might that is in it, hidden but finally tempered by the lapse of ages, and inflict a new Gruenwald on the Germans — this fact is due only to the hypocritical Russian government. If the Polish nation at the moment of the declaration of war, instead of an appeal that was beautifully written but full of hypocrisy and vague and false promises, had received an edict proclaiming the independence of Poland, or even complete autonomy guaranteed by the permission to create its own army, then all Poland as one man would have marched with enthusiasm never before seen on the side of Russia against the Germans in behalf of the common cause. The Polish Legions of Austria would have ceased to exist. There would have been no division of opinion in Polish society. It would not have been necessary to waste a year of time and cause unbelievable loss of life for the sake of the temporary conquest of Galicia. Galicia would simply have united with the rest of Poland for the common conflict. And the Polish population of the Duchy of Posen would have been eager to throw off the Prussian yoke. A skilful support of a Polish rebellion within the boundaries of Prussia would have seriously crippled the military power of Germany. Then Russia by the restoration of Poland could not only have atoned for the historic sin of its participation in the partition of Poland and have in Poland its warmest friend, ally, and brother, but could have given genuine and effective support to France, Belgium, and England, could have aroused Bulgaria to enter the war on the side of the Allies—and who knows but that the frightful war might to-day be at an end!

But how was it possible or how will it over be pos-

sible to expect all this from the government at Petrograd, if it has always feared, and still fears, to satisfy the sacred aspirations not only of the fathers and grandfathers of Poland, Finland, and the Caucasus, but even those of the fathers and grandfathers of its own sons, of the sons of Russia. Up to the present time the government at Petrograd has answered all such aspirations of the fathers and grandfathers for the creation of better conditions for the life and the development of the Russian people merely by sending their sons and grandsons to prison and to exile in Siberia. The Poles wished to talk with the Russian people and the Russian people with the Poles, but their hands, extended in friendly and hearty greeting, have been kept from joining, and are still kept from joining, by the hypocritical proclamations of the government. For these political and co-strategic mistakes, and consequently for the present defeats in war, the Russian nation is wholly indebted to the government at Petrograd. Thus the Russian government has no such strategic superiority as might prove a decisive factor in the war. And since the tactical superiority, in the form of proper preparation for the war and military technique, in the form of better organized militarism, is on the side of Germany, it is not surprising that Germany is victorious. And if now the nations do not raise their voices and permit their governments to put an end to the work of mutual extir-

pation of the population, then the governments, exhausted by the huge exertions, sooner or later, for some governmental dynastic or economic considerations, will conclude peace. The result of such a peace will be, not the sun of liberty and of the natural evolution of mankind, not the setting free of the nations, but such and such political boundaries for the former military states, or for states of the same sort newly created, with the whip, the bullet, and asphyxiating gases for all who endeavor to create better conditions for the development of man. There is no genuine peace, and there can be none until complete political freedom for each people is established. There is no peace and can be none while feudal states still exist.

The Germans are conquering, but the war still goes on. The last word is not yet spoken. The English minister Lloyd-George after the capture of Warsaw made the following weighty utterance: "I see a ray of hope on the dark horizon, the awakening of the mighty Russian nation. The Germans know not what they are doing in the east. Their cannon are shattering the chains that have bound the soul of Russia. . . . Russia is casting off the remnants of the chains in which it has been suffocating."

S.

## The Lesson of Poland

(Concluded from p. 7)

countless hordes of Mahomet IV, under the leadership of the warlike vezier Kara Mustapha, threatened the very walls of Vienna. The emperor sought refuge at Linz, fear took possession of the whole of Christendom, and Vienna was about to fall a prey to the Mussulman. There was one hope and salvation for the empire of Leopold: timely action by the valiant John Sobieski. Papal legate and imperial ambassador alike implored the Polish king to deliver Vienna and Christendom from the hands of the Turk. And the twelfth of September, 1683, the combined armies of the Christians with John Sobieski at their head, struck with the result that the enemy was completely routed, the Crescent waned and ceased to menace the civilization of Europe.

John Sobieski was the last of Poland's great warriors and conquerors, the last of Europe's knights in the true sense of the word. With his death the kingdom's powers steadily declined through ceaseless dissensions among the nobility and repeated interference of Russia and Prussia; especially the reigns of the Saxon electors, Augustus II, and III, were marked by a steady growth of Russian influence, which eventually under Stanislaw Poniatowski, the last king of Poland, completely guided, through the crafty policy of Empress Catherine, the destinies of Poland.

The Partitional Diet held after the first dismemberment of Poland in 1773 was controlled by Catherine. Two enactments of this body were noteworthy, as they seemed to open an era of hope for the unhappy country; namely, the so called "Perpetual Council" (*Rada Nieustająca*) and the Commission on Education.

While the attention of Russia temporarily was drawn elsewhere, the "Perpetual Council", headed by King Poniatowski, received into its fold men who were unselfishly concerned about the future welfare of Poland. The Coun-

cil discharged its functions wisely, commerce and the various industries were beginning to develop, progress was evident in all fields of endeavor, while the work of education was taken up by the famous Commission on Education.

The Commission, appointed in 1773, included such leaders as Ignatius Potocki, Adam Czartoryski, Andrew Zamoyski, Michael Poniatowski, Gregory Piramowicz, John and Andrew Sniadeccy. The Commission started a public school system and secularized the schools of the Jesuits, whose order shortly before had been abolished by Pope Clement XIV. Under the influence of this educational body the universities of Cracow and Vilna were awakened into centers of true progress and learning. The Commission started high schools in the leading towns, took the country schools under its wing, and established institutions for the training of efficient teachers in the larger cities.

Poland was gradually extricating herself from the arms of the Russian government, national enthusiasm ran high and knew no bounds, when the memorable Constitution of the Third of May was proclaimed to the nation in 1791.

The leaders in this novel and exceedingly progressive movement were Stanislaw Malachowski, Hugo Kollataj and Ignatius Potocki, men of sterling worth and capacity. The Constitution of the Third of May established absolute religious toleration and made every citizen equal before the law. It established a limited hereditary monarchy, mitigated the system of serfdom which in time was to be abolished entirely, did away with all class distinctions and extended franchise to the towns. The "liberum veto", a policy by means of which one member could disrupt the proceedings of the Diet, was forever abolished.

Russia well feared the growing importance of Poland. What with founding a hereditary dynasty and carrying

out the articles of the Constitution,—designated by Russia as “a dangerous novelty”, — Poland, it was feared, might once more become a considerable power. Russia, however, had not long to wait for an opportunity to interfere with the progress of Poland.

Interior quarrels and discord broke out again, and in 1792 a confederacy was formed to overthrow the new order of things and to restore the old constitution. Russia declared war on Poland, and the Prussian king, in order to furnish another example of “honesty” among nations, violated all his promises and oaths made to Poland. Poland was left alone to cope with her powerful enemy. The result was that the little army of Joseph Poniatowski and Thaddeus Kosciuszko was forced to retire, while the king was compelled to accede to the confederacy, which was hostile to the true interests of Poland. The Constitution of the Third of May was abolished, and Poland was stricken off the political map of Europe in 1795. The downfall of Poland compelled Kosciuszko to depart for America.

\* \* \*

It was in the memorable year of 1776 that Kosciuszko, the Father of American artillery, embarked for America. The Colonists had just “fired the shot heard round the world.” Letters of recommendation from Benjamin Franklin obtained for him a colonel’s commission, Oct. 18, 1776. He was attached to General Gate’s army in northern New York. The excellent strategic position taken by the American army at Bemis Heights, near Saratoga, was largely planned by Kosciuszko. Engaged as chief engineer in constructing the fortifications at West Point, he later became adjutant to General Washington. In 1780-81 he served under General Greene in the South, and upon the conclusion of peace received the thanks of Congress with the brevet of brigadier-general and became a member of the Society of the Cincinnati. He returned to Poland in 1786.

He visited the United States in 1797, and received a pension and a grant of land, but returned to Europe after the passage of the Alien Act by Congress. He refrained from taking an active part in the Napoleonic war. Following in the footsteps of Washington he released from servitude, in 1817, the peasants on his own estate in Poland. His remains were removed to Cracow and were laid by the side of those of John Sobieski. Upon a small hill in the suburbs of Cracow there stands a cairn, called in Polish *Kopiec Kosciuszki*, built up of stones brought together by his countrymen from all parts of Poland.

“Kosciuszko”, writes Robert Nisbet Bain, “was essentially a democrat of the school of Jefferson and Lafayette. He maintained that the republic could only be regenerated on the basis of absolute liberty and equality before the law, but in this respect he was far in advance of his age, and the aristocratic prejudices of his countrymen compelled him to resort to half measures.”

Kosciuszko’s death was the signal for widespread mourning. For he was a noble friend of mankind. The whole world paid tribute to his unselfish devotion to duty, especially to the cause of independence, to his courage, his sublime hopefulness under defeat, his strong will, his abiding faith in God, and his absolute integrity and purity of purpose.

\* \* \*

The plight of Poland was instrumental in driving another hero to this ever hospitable shore — Casimir Pulaski, the Father of American Cavalry.

Casimir Pulaski (1748-79) differed from Kosciuszko in that he was an aristocrat. His father Count Joseph had a leading share in the organization of the Confederation of Bar in 1768, which was directed against the threatening power of Russia. As a result Casimir was outlawed and deprived of his estates, and he escaped to Turkey, thence to France, where he was induced by Franklin to assist the Americans against England.

He arrived in Philadelphia in 1777, and at the battle of Brandywine was appointed Chief of Dragoons with the rank of brigadier-general. In 1778 he organized an independent corps of cavalry and light infantry, called Pulaski’s Legion, with which he led an unsuccessful sortie against the British, under Prevost, before Charleston. In 1779, he commanded the French and American cavalry at the siege of Savannah, where during the attack of October 9th he was mortally wounded, dying two days later on board the United States brig *Wasp*. Lafayette laid the corner-stone of the first monument to the memory of Pulaski, in Savannah, in 1824, completed in 1855.

\* \* \*

The causes of the downfall of Poland were many. Her greedless policy as carried towards her neighbors was one. Even at the time of her political glory she did not seek territorial aggrandizement at the expense of her weaker neighbors, and when triumphant, she did not even follow up to the utmost the fruits of her numerous victories.

As has been said, the Constitution abolished the principle of *Liberum Veto*, by which each deputy could stop any public measure by declaring his dissent from it by the words “*Nie pozwalam*”, meaning, ‘I forbid’ (*veto*).

This principle, however, will seem less inexplicable to us if we remember that in the American Senate unlimited debate is even now permitted; that, according to high parliamentary authority, the great bulk of legislation is done virtually by unanimous consent; and that a single member, by a point of order, may strike from a supply bill any proposed limitation on the use of the funds.

Like America, Poland has always championed the cause of freedom and justice. Poland was the bulwark of Europe against the barbarism of the East. 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. She ever held up high the torch of idealism. Furthermore, 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 the autocratic form of government. Then, Poland, I repeat, 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.

In former Poland history and literature record the names of many poets, writers and speakers who had sensed the danger threatening the welfare of the Republic as the result of its position in the midst of powerful military autocracies and of its “milk and water policy”, as Roosevelt calls it. In ringing tones they warned their countrymen and ardently advocated preparation against war.

But Poland heeded not—she tried all the more to found a genuine republican form of government in the midst of efficient autocracies.

They preached “Preparedness”, but Poland turned a deaf ear — she longed for no permanent military organization as its citizens rose in arms when danger was imminent.

And Pulaski and Kosciuszko battled in vain!

# The Father of the Plague-Stricken

By JULIUS SŁOWACKI

(Translation of the Rev. J. P. Wachowski)

(Slowacki (1809-1849) wrote *The Father of the Plague-Stricken* during a trip in the Orient. Powerful descriptions of the misfortunes heaped upon the poor man, his excruciating misery depicted suggest the agony of the marble Laocoon and surpass Byron at his best).

Three times the silver moon her form had changed  
Since on these arid sands I have arranged  
My tents. — Three sons, three daughters and besides  
An infant feeding at its mother's breast,  
My family—group—which this parched earth now hides  
I brought with me. Nine dromedaries too  
Came day by day to yon sand-hill in quest  
Of herbs which at its foot but sparsely grew;  
And when the sun sank to its rest they lay  
Here in a circle, 'round this spot where erst  
A cheerful fire did blaze; no fire to-day  
Drew burn.—My daughters, to allay our thirst,  
Drew water in their pitchers from the spring:  
My sons more kindling to the fire would fling,  
While my dear wife, her infant at her breast,  
Laid the repast for kin and casual guest.  
To-day my kin all sleep—oh, woe is me,  
Beneath the tomb of Shech upon the lea.  
All that is left of them is buried there  
Beneath Shech's copula. In bleak despair  
Alone I must return!—I've paid the toll  
Of centuries since cruel Death first stole  
Across the threshold of my camp unseen  
And forced on me a woeful quarantine.

No one shall fully understand the pain  
Which dwells within my heart!—I now return  
To Lebanon, my distant home.—In vain  
Shall my wild orange-tree its branches turn  
To greet me in my court and ask of me:  
"Pray, tell me Sire, where may thy children be?"  
My daughter's flowers too which bloom so fair  
Within my yard, shall add to my despair  
By asking: "Sire, where are thy daughters three?"  
Then Lebanon's blue sky shall question me  
About my sons, my wife, my children all—  
Now sleeping 'neath Shech's grim sepulchral wall;  
The Echo shall enquire, and men that live,—  
About my health—what answer shall I give?

I came.—I stretched my tent upon the sand.  
My camels quietly lay down to rest;  
One child began to feed from its own hand  
The hungry sparrows, which came here in quest  
Of food—a charming sight it was indeed, . . . . .  
To stand and watch these tiny creatures feed;  
Seest that brook in yonder sandy dale?  
From it my youngest daughter, thin and frail  
Was once returning with a pitcher filled  
With water, on her head. She stopped and spilled  
Some shining drops in sportive glee upon  
Her brothers by the fire. My eldest son  
Sudden arose, a wild flame in his eye;  
He seized the vessel and gave forth this cry:  
"May God reward thee for this precious boon —  
I could not wish for aught more opportune,

For I am dying with a burning thirst  
Since we have come upon these sands accurst."  
He spoke and then some water quickly drank,  
He reeled—and like a fresh-hewn palm-tree sank.  
I rushed to him—alas! it was too late.  
His sisters too the corpse inanimate  
Embraced in tears and tried to kiss, while I:  
"Avaunt! Let no one dare!" in frenzy cry.  
I seized the corpse and bore it to the guard  
That he might move it hence into the yard  
In which the victims of the plague repose.  
That very day, ere yet the noon arose  
I promptly learned that this event delays  
My quarantine another forty days.

That night my Hafne and Amina died.  
They lay upon their white cot side by side.  
And mark! — so quiet was their end, that I,  
Though wide awake, did not perceive them die.  
Yea, even their own mother did not know  
Just when, or how they passed away, altho  
She also kept on them a watchful eye  
All night. At morn I bade the guards draw nigh  
In haste their pallid bodies to remove,  
From out my tent, and shroud as doth behoove  
Those stricken by the plague.—Thus did the twain  
Go out from us, ne'er to return again!

Seest thou that sun upon the azure sky?  
He always rises o'er those palm-threes high,  
And seeks his rest behind this sandy hill;  
But ne'er obscured by any cloudy frill;  
And yet, methought that day, I know not why,  
His beaming face was marred upon the sky,  
That he shone not as brightly as before:  
It seemed that he a spectred visage wore. —  
And that blue sky which looked upon the loss  
Of my beloved kin seemed veiled across,  
To me, with earth's foul exhalation, and  
The sun's dim, purple rays, to understand  
I could not, how my suppliant voice would breach  
That dark and serried cloud, God's throne to reach.

Thus ten long, weary days rolled slowly by  
My four remaining children did not die —  
My wife grew reconciled to her sad lot,  
For she rejoiced that e'en our smallest tot  
Thrived, like a garden-flower, hale and strong.  
I too in hopes began to live erelong —  
For little did I dream, since God took three,  
He would my other children take from me.

O! I shall ne'er forget that hour accurst  
When gazing on my youngest boy I first  
Discerned Death's pallor. — Ah! I watched him so! —  
At first his face a scanty rash did show  
One scarcely would have noticed it, yet I  
Did quickly with a father's ken descry  
How like unto my youngest he became:  
Once white, then pale, then as a burning flame

(To be continued)

# An Offering

By WACŁAW SIEROSZEWSKI

(Continued)

"All true! Without you, Seltichan, we all perish. To whom can we turn? Who possesses such numerous herds? Who has a better heart? Whose tribe is more noted for its riches? Whose sons are better shots or more cunning hunters? Whose daughters, as they grow up, attract more the glances of our youth? Are you not the first among us all? Who is it that did not suffer, was not afraid, did not lie or cheat, like the rest of us, who submit so easily to the hardships of the fate — you, you... Seltichan! To whom shall we turn if you do not take pity on us?" They all groaned and implored around the new comer.

"God sees me, I will share with you! This is why I came..." replied he deeply moved.

"Tumara, Tumara!" — cried "kniaz" looking for the hero of the sad tale. "And you finish your story. You shall see, Seltichan, what befell him."

All voices subsided. Tumara seated himself in the first row, stroke his right ear with his right hand, and after a momentary silence began thus:

"I was telling you how, after losing all reindeer, we took upon our shoulders tents, baggage, children and turned to the valleys. Our small children, feeding on rotten meat soon sickened and died. We all grew weak from this food... but what can a hunter find at such times in the wilderness....?"

"It's true..."

"Soon we had nothing to eat. We consumed all our supplies, leather bags, old straps, the greased aprons of the women.... Nothing was left that had any nutrition or savor in it. Don't we, the nomads of the mountains, know what hunger is? And Tumara was not the last among those that endure."

"He was among the first."

"Meanwhile that's what happened. We were many... now only four remained: myself, my wife, a son and a daughter. We were wandering on and on, thirsting for the sight of the human face... We stopped at all known resting places, at all ancient trysts and everywhere we found the cold ashes of the campfires... The people scattered driven by the danger to their flocks. In these wanderings we drifted farther and farther away from the common haunts. Thus we found ourselves at the foot of the mountains; here we came again upon bare poles of forsaken tents. Our strength failed... yet we dragged on, always seeking for some human habitation. It is not so easy for a God's creature to give up life and to die lonely in the snows without speaking a last word to another living being. We rummaged in the garbage, we scattered the ashes of the cold fire, looking for scraps of food, for half-gnawed bones that dogs left unfinished... we only stimulated our hunger. It came to that, that we trembled at the sight of our own children, so full of flesh and warm blood! 'Tumara, to save the parents let the girl die.' Said my wife at last. We mourned over the child; she looked at us unconscious of her fate! 'Tala,' said the mother, 'according to the old traditions when the tribe perishes the daughter dies first...'"

"True...", assented the hearers.

"Go, Tala, wash yourself in the snow and look at the God's world for the last time.' The girl understood and started to run but she was stopped. She wept and

begged: 'Wait till the evening; perhaps God will send something... I want to live... I am afraid...' We waited and scanned the country with anxious eyes.

"The girl left the tent every little while, shaded her eyes from the sun and gazed towards the forest... and behind her, every time, her mother stepped out stealthily, hiding a knife in her sleeve. Gradually the light of day was passing into dusk. The girl left the tent oftener, stopped in the opening longer, and I lay still in a dark corner awaiting the end. The girl went out... suddenly I heard a shriek. My heart stopped. The woman came with the knife in her hand, she staggered as if drunk. 'Did you, kill?'" "No, God was merciful", she said, "the animal in the woods... at two shots' distance." I jumped up and together with my son we rushed out... Before the tent the girl crouched with her arms extended, and in the woods, not far, stood a deer...

"Stood a deer...", repeated the hearers.

"Is it hard for a hunter to kill a pasturing animal? But my limbs were dry from hunger, my veins weakened with torture and as I approached the prey my trembling bones could hardly support the weight of the gun. When the hit animal rushed into the bushes to escape, we pounced upon it like wolves..."

"And so... God has helped! We were kept alive to die another day."

Tumara finished, bent his head and again brushed the right ear with his right hand. All were silent. In this moment of intense concentration they seemed to hear the murmur of every separate wave in the river, the swish of every little branch in the woods swayed by the wind. Suddenly new distinct noises broke the monotony of these sounds; all faces brightened, all heads turned in one direction.

The son of Seltichan, the young Miore, bent toward his father and whispered:

"Father, our people—"

"Yes, they come."

The train was approaching.

The old men remained seated but the young ones, first one, then another, finally all of them, left the circle and gathered at the outskirts of the thicket towards which the variegated procession was heading. It streamed out of the rocky portals at the entrance to the valley.

A young girl seated on a dark tan reindeer rode at the head; her garments were heavily trimmed with silver, as behooved the beloved and even spoiled daughter of a great house. She held a short handled poleax, her hair waved loose in the wind, retained around the head by a band embroidered in colored beads.

Riding she cleared the passage of twigs and protruding branches whose sharp knots would have caught at the pack of the beasts or the garments of the riders. When she raised the weapon the rays of the sun played upon the smooth steel in thousands of dancing flames; it shone a moment like the will-o'-the-wisp, over her head, floated down her apron gleaming with silver and hurled by skilful hand was lost in the green tangle... to be handed back to her a moment later.

"Chocka, — Choguy" — shouted the delighted youths.

The girl was accompanied by two black dogs, who

ran ahead or lagged behind examining and smelling everything. After her marched a long train of pack reindeer heavily laden. Some were mounted by the people: Women old and young, youth of tender age, children and infants; these were tied high in a kind of bags; they were fat, thickest and motionless, the true domestic gods.

At the end of the train two armed riders were mustering, with the help of dogs, a large herd of reindeer going loose, bucks and does with their young ones.

The clicking noises of the arms, confused shouts, the thundering of hoofs, the grunting of fearful mothers looking for their kids, the tinkling of bells, the clacking of wooden rattles at the neck of the leaders, the sharp outcries of men passing orders; all this stream of superabundant life and energy filled the valley with resonant echoes and sang in the ears of the gathered throng the well known hymn of free nomadic life in happiness and plenty.

All eyes shone and the swelling emotions burst out in words of frank approval and admiration or in mere remarks evoked by the picture of ever changing faces and figures that replaced each other like the shapes of a kaleidoscope.

"Look, the old Nioren!"

"The robust old woman."

"In olden times all Tungus women were like that."

"So they say...."

"Look, how skilfully she manages her reindeer."

"That's nothing — only recently, they say, she has presented Seltichan with a son... that's better."

"Nothing unusual with the old stock. The wife of Mayantil — much older and had a child also."

"Be still! Here comes Sala, the daughter-in-law of the old man, the one about whom they sing songs."

"Isn't she worth it...!"

"Truly so...."

"You just talk—but should Miore hear you, he would give it to you."

"What can he do? We do not fear him."

"Look, look! — Laubsal — He will fall!"

"Truly — this deer is wild — no sense to make such a small kid ride...."

"A staunch fellow! You will see, the old man will yet have his joy in him."

"And Chun-Me?"

"Mm! Chun-Me... Chun-Me... the sighs and glances were seeking the girl at the lead, with the flash steel over her head.

"They say "kniaz" wants her for his son..."

"Ech, the old man will not give him his favorite daughter...."

When the oldest son of Seltichan passed, deep respect sealed all lips; he was a famous hunter, known under a popular name of the "Gleam of the Snows."

Finally the swaying branches of the forest closed upon the last reindeer of the caravan. Seltichan arose from his seat, took leave of the whole company with a slight inclination of his head and departed. This meant that he invited them all to his camp.

This night almost all the temporary occupants of the valley gathered around the pitched tents of Seltichan. The host had several reindeer killed and after the long enforced fasting they all feasted sumptuously; they ate their fill of meats and fats, forgetting with lightheadness of true Tungus the sorrows of the past. The young people were dancing to the accompaniment of a jolly ditty:

"Chugay—chegueey, chegeey—chiyra!

"Chigra—choomgoy! choomgay—choka!"

The oldmen surrounding the fires, watched the dancing, jerked their heads rhythmically, initiating every stanza with a mighty outburst:

"Chugay—chegueey, chegueey—chiyra!...

"What do you think, Oltungaba, may be God will lift his scourge and will allow the joy of life to dwell in our mountains again." Asked Seltichan, turning to one of his guests, an old man, tawned like copper, wrinkled like lichens.

"Our life, Seltichan, is like a shadow passing over the water", replied Oltungaba meditatively.

(To be continued)

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