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Jakubowski

THE  
REMEMBRANCES  
OF  
A POLISH EXILE.

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**OF**  
**A POLISH EXILE.**

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## DEDICATION.

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TO

THE LADIES OF AMERICA.

The passage bird, that seeks the Southern skies,  
When o'er his native land the winter lowers,  
Looks all enraptured on the brilliant dyes,  
And drinks the perfume of the Southern flowers:  
And then he sings around their sunny bowers  
The songs of his own land—as to repay  
Them for beguiling him of weary hours  
By their unrivalled beauty—even as he,  
The exile, sings his song—unworthy though it be.

A. J. \_\_\_\_\_.

## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

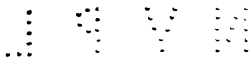
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WHAT American has not felt his heart beat sympathetically to the sad and tragical story of the destinies of Poland? We cannot take the most superficial glance at her history, without being impressed with the conviction that we are contemplating the fortunes of a brave and generous, and deeply afflicted nation. Her history is little more than a record of budding hopes and withering disappointments; of many struggles for freedom, and the writhings of a broken spirit. We contemplate the fruits of her genius with a sentiment of veneration, while we think how bright a star in the intellectual firmament she might have been, if her great minds had not had their energies crippled by the hand of oppression. We behold here and there a gleam of light falling upon the darkness of her prospects, and we share with her in the delightful hope that it may prove to be a presage that all that darkness is soon to break away. We follow her into the scenes of her weeping and wo, of her captivity and desolation; and as we see her ground to the dust and her enemies riding over her in tri-



umph, our hearts alternately bleed with sorrow for her misfortunes, and burn with indignation to the authors of them. We pause by the grave of her liberty; and we cannot, and would not, repress the asperation that liberty may, ere long, rise from that grave in the freshness of a renovated existence, and make the very land from which she had been exiled, the theatre of her brightest glories. We remember that for our own national freedom we are partly indebted to the sacrifices and the blood of her sons; while we embalm in our hearts the memory of those who have suffered for us, we gladly recognize the common obligation of gratitude under which they have laid us to their country; and so long as we breathe the air of liberty, we will not cease to sympathize with her in her calamities, and to pray that the rod of her oppressors may be broken.

It is well known that one of the effects of the recent revolution in Poland has been that many of her unfortunate sons have been exiled from their native land, and that a considerable number of them have sought and found a home on our own shores. Our countrymen, who had waited with deep interest the event of their revolution, and had sincerely and keenly sympathized in their suffering lot, were prepared to welcome them in the spirit of fraternal kindness; and at no distant period after their arrival, most of them were



provided with places in which, by their own exertions, they might secure to themselves an adequate support. About thirty of them came to this city, some of whom still remain here, industriously fulfilling the duties of their respective stations; while others have scattered to different parts of the country.

Among those who have resided in this place is the young gentleman who is the author of this little work. He belonged to a family of great respectability in his native country, and has evidently received an education of a superior order. During the few months that he has resided here, he has been occupied principally in learning the English, and teaching the French languages; and his uniformly amiable, discreet, and gentlemanly deportment, has secured to him, in an unusual degree, the respect and friendship of all who have had the pleasure of his acquaintance. Since his residence here, he has found leisure to write this small work, and I have been requested to write a few lines to introduce it and its author to the American public. I comply with the request with pleasure, partly because the writer is a stranger to most of his readers, and may fairly claim an introduction to them; and partly because I am sure they will thank me for bringing them into company, though it be but for an hour or two, in which they will find so much entertainment. I can truly say, that in go-

ing over with these pages the prevailing sentiment which I have felt has been that of astonishment, that a youth of nineteen, who, nine months ago, was scarcely able to speak a word of English, and who has had no resources from which to draw but his own memory and invention, could have produced such specimens of English Poetry and Polish history as this volume contains; and I can scarcely doubt that all who read it agree with me, that it indicates a genius which might in the progress of its development, shed glory on any country. There is much here, especially in regard to the *literary* history of Poland, which will be new to nearly all American readers; and the whole volume, if I mistake not, will be found to be enriched with interesting facts and beautiful conceptions. The author of the work is about to leave this city with a view to meet a near relative, who, he has recently ascertained, resides in Mexico: may the protection and blessing of a good Providence attend him; and though he is destined now to sing the song of the exile in a strange land, may he live to see the day when he can exercise his genius in writing of the deliverance of his country.

W. B. SPRAGUE.

*Albany, January 30, 1835.*

## PREFACE.

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THERE is a time in our lives, when all our thoughts wander back to the past for their nourishment. This is a dark moment, for it comes only when we cease to be excited by the brilliancy of the present or the hopes for the future. This time came but too soon in the life of the exiles. Wandering and alone, our only treasures are remembrances. Thinking that these can interest some, I have thought to communicate them to the public. But when I began to remove the ashes of my memory, so many spectres rose before me that I again buried them in my own breast. I intended to write a history, but I have written but fragments. If there are any who are interested in the fate of a great nation, which loved freedom so much and is now in bondage, which once celebrated exists now no more, they will be curious to know something of its education, its poetry, and its sentiments. Having no library to refer to, but my own memory, writing in a language but little known to me, and assisted by some persons, by whose care it is published, I have found it impossible to give a sufficient de-

scription of them. Besides the essays on poetry and education, I have joined a few other fragments in the form of an appendix and a short story.

These Polish flowers are poor and colourless; but if the ladies of America will sometimes look on them and think of the giver, he will be amply repaid for collecting them.

## ESSAY ON POLISH POETRY.

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IN speaking of the poetry of Poland, I shall not only mention our writings, but our thoughts; not only our verses, but our sentiments. And, indeed, where shall we look for poetry if not in the heart? And the more hearts that feel and understand that poetry, in a nation, the more that poetry becomes national. The poetry of Poland is her legitimate daughter. She has all her characteristics, melancholy and gay, warlike and patriotic. The misfortunes of our country, its bondage, together with the strongest desire for liberty, has given a poetic cast to our lives, our thoughts and feelings. A Pole lived always between hope and remembrance, and entirely in the abstracted world of his own thought. His sentiments, chained by the iron hands of despotism, were shut in his own heart to exhalate there in mystery and silence, and there they created a totally ideal world. In this manner a Pole exalted in himself the love of his native country till that became his poetry, his ideal, his all. This love was not only a common love of political independence, but it had that an-

cient Roman enthusiasm, *dulce is pro patria mori*, and the word native country was a personification of all virtue and of all happiness. And was this not the poetry of the heart? In times more free, during our revolution, poetry passed from the heart to the lips, and our soldiers sung in the midst of the battle's rage their favourite patriotic songs, which sounded from their lips like the thunder from the thunder-cloud; while our maidens sat at their cottage windows and watched through their tears for the dust of the horses, and the banners of the Lancers and Krakus.\* Even in the time of our political death we died as the Indian, and sang our death song in the midst of tortures.

Nevertheless, returning to the written poetry, that we had not, till later times. Since the sixteenth century we have had verses, many imitations of the ancients, but they have no national characteristic. Krochanowski, who was the first who began to write verses in Polish, had polished our language and given us models of versification, but he had not the merit of originality. His odes have some energy, but they are almost all weak copies of the Greek and Latin. His elegies on the death of his daughter have the most merit. They have that *naiveté* of

\*The light Polish Cavalry, the most valorous, and the most praised in the popular songs.

sentiment that renders them extremely sweet and tender, and in these he was not guilty of imitation, he imitated but the tones of his own heart. Nevertheless, he formed a school, and many other imitators followed him, but few with success; and it is unnecessary to mention their names, as they had little merit, even in the eyes of their countrymen. *Szymanowicz* was a writer of pastorals, and it is to be regretted, that with such talents as he displayed, he had not seized upon the popular songs, and given to his pastorals a national tone. But the fashion of copying prevailed, and he remains only an imitator.

In the middle of the 17th, and the beginning of the 18th century, the exterior and interior wars exiled all the muses from our country. Although these disastrous times were not without glory to Poland, although the victories of Sobieski, and the delivery of Vienna, had caused her name to be celebrated in all Europe, yet we find no traces of song but those which are written on her land. The letters are the graves of her sons, which are deserted by even nightingales to chaunt their dirge.

The 18th century, the age of the regeneration of letters and education in Poland, was not the age of poetry. *Naruszewicz*, our celebrated historian, was not happy in his poetic career. His writings have more of declamation than enthusiasm. *Karpinski* is



a tender writer of Idyls, and although he has nothing grand, yet he has the power to soften and sadden the heart. His virtuous soul pervades his writings, and he will remain as a first writer of eulogies in our literature. At the same time Bishop Krasicki distinguished himself by destroying many national vices by the bitterness of his satires. His heroi-comic poem, *Monochomachia*, or the war of the monks, is the finest satire on the prevailing system of education in the religious colleges. The declamatory speeches of the monks, full of words, but empty of all subject, and their syllogistic disputes, void of reason, are seized upon and lashed with the keenest wit. This work had the most influence in changing the prevailing system of education. His satires, properly satires, are all excellent; the best are the "Fashionable Wife," "Drunkard," and "Gamester." These are superior to the master-pieces of Horatius.

Thus we had satirical poetry, but not yet poetry of the heart.

In the beginning of the former century, Niemcewicz,\* whose writings are patriotic

\* In speaking of Niemcewicz, I cannot refrain from giving a slight sketch of his history, as he has since been an American citizen. Educated at the court of Prince Czartoryski, the cradle of so many of our patriots, his after life was a model of public and private virtue. He came to America and fought at the side

and useful, wrote historical songs. They are the first which have national characteristics, but they could not yet make an epoch in the literature. At this time a taste for foreign literature prevailed, and our poets translated and imitated, but wrote little original. The French school was preferred, Voltaire and Racine much copied, and, indeed, until the time of Mickiewicz (of whom we shall speak) the gardens of our poetry bloomed with the faded and artificial flowers of the French literature. But in the mean time, as poetry gradually arose, the political death of our country cast a deep dark gloom over the minds of the people, and they already sang in the depths of their heart the

of Kosciusko for the liberty of the land of Washington. Returning to Poland, he was elected deputy to the celebrated Diet of 1788, where he distinguished himself by his eloquence. But the defence of his country called him again to the army, and fighting with Kosciusko, he was imprisoned with him. After his liberation he returned again to America, where he married Miss L——, and remained many years. In Napoleon's time he returned again to Poland, and devoting himself to science and literature, he became President of a learned society there. He wrote in several departments, but as a historian and novelist, he enjoys the highest reputation. In our revolution he was looked upon as the personification of virtue and patriotism.

strongest poetry of feeling, and even prepared to enter fresh and bright into the great field of national literature.

Our popular poetry has two branches; first the songs of Podolia and Ukrania, and second those of Cracovia. The poetry of Podolia is the child of an unhappy and romantic country, often ravaged by the Turks and Tartars—lately destroyed by the Russians. It is sad and melancholy. Ukrania was the residence of the Polish Cossacks. This warlike people, so strange and wild in their feelings, had their own proper valiant poetry. Its ruins yet exist, and from them our modern poets have taken the base of the national characteristics. The subjects of the songs differ; sometimes they are composed in honour of heroes, battles, and great events; sometimes they are fantastic, and resemble the Scotch ballads. But oftener they have no subject, and are but an expression of feeling, a tone of the heart, as this song:—

Tell me, tell me, little tree,  
 Who on this spot has planted thee?  
 Did the birds your young seeds bear,  
 Or the wild winds waft you here,  
 Or grew you mid the storms and snows  
 Of yourself, as young love grows?

The birds did not my young seeds bear,  
 Neither winds have blown me here,

Nor grew I here mid storms and snows  
 Of myself, as young love grows.  
 But a young sister planted here  
 My seed, that I might deck the bier  
 Of her loved brother. As I grew,  
 Her tears to me were like the dew,  
 She sighed o'er me and her sweet sighs  
 Were like the wind of autumn skies,  
 And she was as the sun to me;  
 She looked on me, and her dark eyes,  
 To me were like the moonlit skies.

The Cracovian song is more gay, and sometimes very witty. It is commonly short, and presents only one idea. The people improvise, dancing at the same time. It is a duty of a young countryman to address his mistress in the dance with a song. The following is an example:—

The branch is green, but the bird is not there,  
 My heart is young, but mirth is away,  
 The bird rests not on the branch alone,  
 And how without thee can my spirit be gay.

These songs perish soon after their birth, together with the names of their authors. Another kind of those songs is called Mazurka, but this only belongs to the Cracovians. They are often patriotic. They sang Kosciusko, and now they sing in secret the heroes of our last revolution. Almost every peasant on the bank of the Vistula and Dnie-

per, is himself a poet and a singer. Some of these compositions are consecrated to the country festivities, the harvests, weddings, etc. It is unnecessary to cite them more. They have scarcely poetic merit; but sung in the fields, amid their labours and amusements, on the Carpatian mountains, mingled with the great poetry of nature, and echoed by the birds and streams, they fill our hearts with a truer political enthusiasm than books themselves.

Such was the state of poetry in Poland when Mickiewicz arose. He stands forth a single star on the mental chaos of thoughts and sentiments—his materials were the remembrances of our ancient glory—the bones of our heroes cried to him for a song. Mickiewicz had been nourished by the German, English, and Italian literature, and by the Roman and Greek master-pieces; thus, joined to his great knowledge and his natural genius, he struck out for himself a brilliant path in the field of literature. His poem, *Ancestors*, has produced great effect. It seems as if he had created a new language, the language of the soul. It is like the music of a strange instrument that we feel, we understand, but know not the mystery of playing. This poem is long and unfinished. He paints in it a passionate character mad of love. He seizes upon all traits of character, and surrounds it with so dark and mysterious a

drapery, that we feel sure on reading it of seeing a vampyre returning from the grave to tell his history. He gives to him the very language of the grave, the songs of a church-yard. We feel by degrees his rage, his fear, his sorrow, his pity, and the poet plays upon our passions, and tunes them to his will. Even this unfinished work made an epoch in our literature.

Mickiewicz soon after his first work, published the sonnets of Crymee. In these sparkle all the wealth of the eastern poetry. His love sonnets are written in the style of Petrarch, and are full of sentiments. Some are translated from him (Petrarch). Another oriental poem of his, *Faris*, abounds in beautiful thoughts and expressions; it is difficult to find richer poetry in any language. While reading it we follow his *Faris*,\* where

\**Faris* signifies a brave Arabian warrior, and is used in the Arabian poetry as a Knight in ours. This poem was dedicated to Count Rzewuski, who in travelling through Arabia, distinguished himself in the Bedouin wars, and has obtained from them the title of Emir. He returned to Poland, dressed in the Arabian costume, and introduced their customs into his house. In the revolution he was one of the leaders of the Podolian insurrection. After the battle of Daszow his fate was unknown. This extravagant man, whose life was so poetical, wrote some pieces of the most brilliant poetry; however they were never published, and are but little known.

“neither the green haired palms, nor the white breasted tents shade his brow, where the skies are his only canopy, where the stars only move and the rocks only rest.” We feel with him all the delight of the desert life when he says—

And my Arab steed was black,  
 As the tempest laden cloud,  
 And I gave to the winds his plume-like mane,  
 And his feet with lightning glared.  
 And no one followed me  
 From the earth or azure skies.  
 I looked on the heaven above,  
 And the stars with their golden eyes,  
 All gleamed on me from their paradise.

The most considerable work of Mickiewicz is *Wallenrod*. The subject is taken from the ancient history of the wars between the Litwanians and the Knights of the Cross. The hero is a Litwanian, a traitor, who served in the army of the Crusaders for the purpose of betraying it. This is written in an allegorical, romantic, and patriotic style, and contains many great ideas and glorious remembrances. It had so great an effect on our youth, that it may be counted among the principal causes of our revolution. The Russians, not understanding its allegorical sense, permitted it to be published. It is patriotic only by passages. That which I select is

the song of a Litwanian bard, "If I could stir up the enthusiasm in the breast of my countrymen, if I could reallume the pale features of the dead, if I could speak burning words to the hearts of my brothers, perhaps they would live for a moment as sublimely as their ancestors lived always."

The last work of Mickiewicz is the continuation of his former work, *Ancestors*. But although there is indignation and enthusiasm expressed, we see in that more of reason than of flowers, more of the philosopher than the poet. However, it is filled with high wrought pictures of Russian tyranny, painted in the most vivid colours, and it will remain a fearful monument of the persecutions of our country. Others may excite Europe against the tyranny of Nicholas. But he says in his preface, "I write not to excite compassion or sympathy for my country; we can say to other countries of Europe as Christ has said, 'Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children.'"

Such was and such is our romantic and patriotic poetry. Our dramatic is yet in a low state. Anciently, strange and rude dramas were formed from the Scriptures, when Christian virtues were personified, and angels, devils and saints, appeared together. A taste for these plays continued till the time of Kochanowski. If he had (as Mic-



kiewicz well observes) lighted these dramas with his genius, they might now have been like the Spanish *Sacramentalas*; but unhappily he despised the taste of ignorant people, and they have passed away with the dark ages. On the time of the regeneration of letters, the want of a national theatre was felt, but unhappily it was an age of imitation. We had many comedies but no tragedies. In the former, Zablocki excelled, and in the latter, Felinski's *Barbara* was considered the first. It is a large historic gallery well painted, but it could not be called a tragedy. It has no tragical scenes, nor tragical sentiments. For Felinski, and other writers before Mickiewicz, worshipped to idolatry the rules of the French theatre.\* Their *three unities* was the law that governed all our theatrical writers. But now we hope more from our tragedy; *Korzeniowski*, a living author, removed all these prejudices, took Shakspeare for his model, and commenced a new era in the Polish tragedy. It is much to be regretted that the Russian despotism has permitted only a few of his pieces to be

\*The *three rules* of the French theatre were:—  
 First, Unity of time—by which all action was to continue but one day; Second, The action must be confined in one place; and Third, The unity of interest. These were ridiculous, and destroyed all appearance of possibility.

published. His first tragedy, (the title *Angelique*,) although founded only on domestic life, abounds in tragical positions and sentiments, and we readily perceive in it the embryo of a superior genius, that was to awaken our sleeping Melpomena. This was the first work of Korzeniowski. His other tragedies have more merit, they are however mostly in manuscript. But we will not speak of those things which exist only in the future and in hope; we will return again to the romantic poetry.

Enough has already been said of the poetry of Mickiewicz. It is in conformity to the modern romantic taste, joined to the most elevated sentiments of sorrow and patriotism. Indeed, these now become the nationality of our poetry, and all our authors are distinguished by the same characteristics, although all their works are modulated by their peculiar genius. Malczewski may be counted among the most distinguished of them. In his poem, *Maria*, we find much energy of expression, and fine pictures of old Polish manners and characters, and they are such fine descriptions of our romantic Ukraine, that they rival the master-pieces of Mickiewicz. In his description of *Mary*, he says—

She is young, but the winds of earthly love  
Have blown o'er her spirit like autumn's breath

When it withers the flowers of the sunny grove;  
 And her warmest hopes are cold in death;  
 And we see no more in her beaming eye  
 The war of thought—and the light that broke  
 From the lamp of love, that burned so high,  
 Is quenched, and her brow is dark with its smoke.

Nor this description of ancient manners:—

The old time returned and the banquet was gay,  
 With the feast and the song, the night passed away;  
 The tables were heavy with silver and gold,  
 And the jest of the tale was merrily told,  
 And the Hungary wine at the festal board  
 Flowed as free as the blood in the heart of the lord;  
 The shade of his ancestors graced the wall,  
 And coldly smiled on the festive hall.

It is much to be regretted that Malczewski, who wrote only for amusement, and applied himself little to literature, has published but this work. This alone, however, will be an eternal monument to his glory.

We have now a constellation of young poets, cotemporary with Mickiewicz, and nourished by the honey of his songs, but whose names are not yet enrolled in the history of our literature. It may be well to mention some of them.

Zalewski, an Ukraine poet, has seized on all the popular songs and created them anew. Fresh as the herbs of Ukraine, and wild as the rushing of Dnieper. He has given but

few of his works to the public, but these are sparkling with genius. Goszczyński, who was one of the first to commence our revolution, possessed with his patriotic spirit a high degree of poetic merit. His poem, *The Castle of Kaniewo*, and his patriotic songs, elevate him to the highest degree.

There are yet many young poets of great promise, but the limits of this short essay forbid my mentioning them.

Thus, our country can never perish. So much glory hangs around her name; such a spirit of sacrifice exists within her; her language enriched with poetry and songs—these all tell us she will yet exist. And we can but hope, that these songs will assist in waking, at a future day, the sound of her revenge and salvation. Be it so.

I close the essay, by citing other fragments of our poetry.

### THE PRIMROSE.

*An imitation of Mickiewicz.*

Scarcely its heavenly song  
 The lark had sung to lovers,  
 When from it golden covers  
 The first sweet primrose sprung.

Too early my flower, said I,  
 The wind of the north yet blows,  
 The hills are white with snows,  
 And the groves are not grown dry.

Under the parent stem,  
 Cover their petals bright,  
 Before the dew of night,  
 To pearl has changed them.

Our days, said the lovely flower,  
 Are like the insects bright,  
 Our birth is at morning light,  
 And our death at mid-day hour.

And if you would deck your bowers,  
 Or send to her your love,  
 A gift your faith to prove,  
 Oh! gather the lovely flowers.

---

### A SONG OF PODOLIA.

If like the eagle I could fly,  
 Ah! I would breathe Podolia's air,  
 And rest again beneath her sky,  
 Where all my thoughts and wishes are.

That is the land that first I loved.  
 The land where passed my earliest years,  
 The land that holds my fathers' dust—  
 That saw my earliest smiles and tears.

There like some disembodied shade,  
 I'd wander o'er the bright abode,  
 Where all my buried hopes are laid,—  
 Oh! change me to an eagle, God!

Oh! could I be a star, whose light  
 Illumes Podolia's tower and grove,  
 To gaze and linger through the night  
 Upon the face of her I love:

Or from silvery cloud to send,  
 Around her eyelids, visions bright  
 As those soft rays the evening stars  
 Send on the lakes in summer's night.

And then to watch with unseen eyes,  
 Her steps through day—e'en from afar,  
 Until enchanted with the sight;  
 Change me, oh, God! into a star!

It is in vain—the bursting soul,  
 Why dream it; weep bitterly,  
 O my beloved, for his fate—  
 The exile who was dear to thee.

We are accursed. The eagles fly,  
 The glittering stars of night roll on,  
 But we are chained. Thou art afar;  
 Tears are around me—hope is gone.

---

### A GIRL.

*Song from Korsak.*

Her lips are always smiling,  
 And ever bright her eyes,  
 Enchanting and beguiling,  
 As the moon in the skies;  
 How beautiful the girl!

When she speaks to a gentle youth  
Who to her deep love bears,  
By a smile she his grief can soothe,  
Or she mingles with his tears;  
How tender is the girl!

When once again they meet,  
And passionately kiss,  
Their pleasure is so great,  
So tender their embrace—  
How passionate the girl!

And then the wing of change,  
Of joy and love; the death  
Sweeps o'er their gentle thoughts,  
And blast them with its breath;  
Where is the constant girl?

She again in a week or a day,  
For another one will take  
The heart she gave the first,  
And leave the first to break;  
How changeable the girl!

She gave her heart to the first,  
And gave her hand to another;  
And she had wed another,  
And, alas! she killed the first;  
How cursed the girl!

## SONG.

*From the Mickiewicz's poem, Ancestors.*

She is fair as an angel of light,  
 The fairest of all. And her eye,  
 Oh! its beams are as heavenly bright,  
 As the sun in the azure sky.

And her kiss! 'tis the nectar of heaven,  
 The union of flame with flame;  
 'Tis the voices of two lutes,  
 That one harmony weds the same.

*Imitation of a song from the poem, Wallenrod.*

Wilia, mother of our streams,  
 Has golden face and surface blue,  
 But Litwa, that thy valley drains,  
 Has fairer face and heart more true.

Through Kowno's\* vale the Wilia flows,  
 'Midst daffodils and tulips rare,  
 But daffodil nor tulip blows  
 As at thy feet, oh! maiden fair.

The Wilia cares for shrubs nor flow'rs,  
 But seeks her love the Niemen deep,  
 So Litwa's fair scorns Litwa's youth,  
 And for a stranger love will weep.

\* *Niemen* and *Wilia*, are two rivers in Litwanie, which in Poland is called Litwa. *Kowno* is a city, in whose vicinity is the beautiful valley, one of the handsomest in Poland.



But see! the Niemen's chilling arms,  
Have Wilia clasped and turned away  
O'er craggy rocks and desert plains,  
And both must perish in the sea.

And then, far from thy native plain,  
Oh! Litwa's maiden, wilt thou go,  
Cóndemned to feel the keenest pain,  
To die in solitary wo!

But vain to bind the stream or soul,  
The Wilia flows, the maid loves on,  
T' oblivion Wilia's currents roll,  
The girl in silence weeps alone.

## HISTORICAL SKETCH OF EDUCATION IN POLAND.

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IN tracing the progress of education in our country, I shall not speak of those feeble lights which glimmered in the dark ages. Those were not the times for improvement in education in any part of Europe, and least of all in Poland. To mount the horse, couch the lance, and shine at the tournament, constituted the whole education of a Polish gentleman. Learning shone out here and there among the monks, but this was very rare, and very imperfect. We had, however, in the twelfth century, our historian, Kadubek, and his history, filled with fables, miracles, and prejudices, bears the characteristics of his age. It was not until the reign of the virtuous and gentle Queen Hedwige, that the Academy was founded at Cracovie, which was but the cradle of science.

At the commencement of the sixteenth century we possessed Copernicus. Copernicus, who changed the face of the physical universe, and wrested from nature her mysteries. The dispute continues to this day,

whether Copernicus was a Polander or a Prussian; the learned Sniadecki has proved the former.\* This age, the age of the reformation, introduced among us theological disputes on the subject of religious tolerance. Under the reign of Sigismonds, the dissemination of all opinions was permitted. It was at that period that Poland ranked among the most enlightened countries of Europe; it was at that time that Kochanowski gathered the first flowers of Polish poetry, and scattered them upon the tomb of his beloved daughter; it was at that period that Ozrechowski acclaimed with the eloquence of Demosthenes against the despotism of Rome; it was at that period that Modrzejowski wrote a work on the republic—a work truly splendid for its time.

That was an age the most splendid to the politics and literature of Poland. Our deputies, who went to Paris to Henri de Valois, from the Polish crown, enchanted France with their learning. But a change soon took place. King Stephen Botary, who performed a great service to knowledge by founding the Academy of Wilno, most unfortunately introduced the order of the Jesuits, and education was soon in the hands of these monks. Under Sigismond III, they possessed great power, controlled the mind of that monarch,

\* In his dissertation on Copernicus, in Polish, French, and German.

directed public instruction, and consequently the spirit of the nation. Vain disputes about words, hatred between Catholics and Lutherans, and on the fair fields of poetry, the enfeebling influence of excessive panegyric. These were the effects of the education of the Jesuits.

Misfortunes and wars, both foreign and domestic, under the laws of Sigismund and other kings, were not more favourable to civilization. Some luminaries, however, are to be observed in those ages. We look upon some pieces of poetry, but they bear the marks of bad taste. In fact the whole style of writing, and the system of study, were in every respect corrupt. Authors wrote but to panegyricize, and nothing was taught in the schools but Latin, theology, and a little scholastic philosophy. At length, after so many wars, Poland found herself at peace at the beginning of the eighteenth century; but she was not in possession of such tranquillity as was necessary, like a balsam, to heal the wounds she had received. Poland was crushed and destroyed; and education was in a similar condition. But in the middle of this century, Komarski, a monk, conceived the noble project of saving the country by raising the national spirit. With this object he formed a new system of education in a college which he founded at Warsaw. This was, indeed, an entirely aristocratic institution: for only

nobles were allowed admission; but it at least revived the spirit of that part of the nation who alone had the right to control, and from that time may be dated the reformation of education and opinions.

In the time of Komarski, there also existed in Poland a family who were the protectors of genius, and whose mansion was the cradle of good taste: the family of Prince Czartoryski. They conferred many other favours upon the country, and were the first to cherish learning. During the period of our political death, in that house still gleamed, as from a funeral lamp, a feeble lamp of national existence. There were collected our ancient recollections, there was our literature; there were assembled all the enlightened men, in whose hearts alone the country lived.

But it was not until the year 1773, after the Jesuitic order had subsided, that education in Poland assumed a form truly public and national. All the property of the Jesuits had been placed by the Diet under the direction of a committee of education, which was composed of the most learned men in the nation. A new system of education was formed, under which instruction was allowed to all, being supported by the public funds, derived from the confiscated estates of the Jesuits. An elementary society was formed,

which offered prizes for works on instruction for the schools.

At this period, which was the era of the restoration of learning, when every thing contributed to the elevation of the national spirit, we had valuable authors. Naruszewicz, in tracing our history, in making us recall the past, pointed out the path to an equally glorious future. *Staszic* employed his pen on subjects of the greatest wisdom and importance; *Krasicki*, by his satires and satirical romances, corrected many of our faults.

The effects of the new system of education were displayed in the Diet 1788, known as the constituent Diet. The representatives, trained under it, and free from ancient prejudices, proclaimed new opinions in the council. This Diet produced the celebrated constitution of *the third of May*, which (alas! too soon) proved the scourge of our happiness and liberty.

Before the Diet we had education, though on an aristocratic plan. The Committee who directed it, it is true, were unable to offer its benefits to the peasantry, and that part of the nation was still ignorant and enslaved, but the constitution of the *third of May* meliorated their condition; and, in time, without doubt, would have given them education; for circumstances were in a favourable train; education, civilization, and all other

improvements, being on the advance. By the present we might have been equal to the most learned and civilized nations. Our circumstances do not now permit the indulgence of such a hope.

Civilization and learning being in such a condition, in 1792, under the protection of the constitution, many were elevated to the highest pitch. But our political tempests did not permit the legislators of our Diet to see the fruits of their labors, or even allow the plants they had cherished, to attain their full growth. We were once more compelled to exchange the pen for the sword, and engage in a terrible and desperate war; for now, with heroic feelings and spirit, our nation had become incapable of suffering longer under the policy and treachery of Catherine. The country saw at her head a hero, who, with laurels gathered in America, with sentiments of liberty acquired in another world, desiring to see the same liberty on his native soil. All took arms: but the hour of death had already struck for our unfortunate country; nor could the genius of Kosciusko, or the arms of his brave countrymen avail to save her; and the death of liberty must ever and inevitably produce the death of learning.\*

\* After the close of the revolution, our libraries and literary institutions were at the mercy of barbarous savages. There was a large and rich library in War-

It is an incontestible fact, most abundantly proved, that despotism cannot be the friend of science, and especially in a nation where education bears the mark of nationality. After freedom had departed from our country, the plan of education was overthrown. The University of Wilno, owes its existence to the noble director, Poczobut, and we are under great obligations to that for our literary existence. Then the brothers, Sniadecki, enlightened us with their valuable philosophical works; thence, afterwards, proceeded the poet, Mickicevich, and those youths who most distinguished themselves in learning and in arms.

Thus, in the provinces belonging to Russia, the ancient system of education still existed, but in those under Austrian domination public instruction was exhibited, and even in our native language. The Austrians treated us with greater cunning and severity than any other nation. They alone sought to deprive us, by degrees, of our nationality; to corrupt our minds and our hearts: in a word, saw; the gift of the family of Zaluski to the public, which was known by its name. It was ravaged almost like that of Alexandria. The Cossacks, who carried the books on their horses to Petersburg, lighted their pipes with the leaves, and about the middle of their journey, being ordered to put their spoil in their knapsacks, they cut the largest books in two, to reduce them to the common size.



to take away our memory, to rob us of all the past, and to root out all that still vivified the soul of our unfortunate and long illustrious nation. It was thus, that education, in Austria, became completely paralyzed, and finally died.

Our enlightened and patriotic countrymen had ever wished to cherish our education and our language: and that time, while some fought under the banner of Napoleon, with the hope of reviving the country, others, in the bosom of their native land, cultivated its language and literature, and took care that our memory, and our history should not perish. In 1802, a society was formed in Warsaw under the name of "The Society of the Friends of Letters." The learned Czacki was one of the first movers of that Association, who devoted his pen, his fortune and his labors to restore public education, with Ignatius, and Stanislas Potocki; those brave champions in the famous Diet of 1778, together with Dmochowski, the translator of Homer's Iliad.

This society, endowed with privileges by Prussia, under the pretext of science, animated the feelings of the nation. There Niemcewicz wrote his historical song;\* there Brodzinski read his literary compositions, which always bore the marks of patriotism.

\* See the "Essay on Poetry."

*Czacki* also founded the Lyceum of *Kremienice*, in Volynia, and endowed it with a rich library, where the studies are formed on his plan. He was tutor of this institution, which he called his child. It became the cradle of many young geniuses, and young patriots.

After the fall of Napoleon, the Emperor Alexander, in opposing the constitution to that small portion of our country which he named the Kingdom of Poland, pretended to allow it the liberty of the press. But this was only a flattering promise, for when, in the year 1818, a liberal and patriotic journalist was imprisoned, (the editor of "The White Eagle,") that journal was immediately suppressed by the unworthy brother of Alexander, the cruel Prince Constantine. Alexander always endeavoured to conceal his hypocritical designs with the mask of humanity. He elevated education with one hand, and destroyed it with the other. He founded the University of Warsaw in 1818, which promised much at its commencement: to take the lead of education in Poland, and to enlighten all classes of people, by establishing, in villages, sabbath schools and other useful institutions. But these projects were never realized, and the Government was obliged to arrest its own work, for the Emperor could not allow those men to become citizens whom he wanted as slaves. And his own

plan of education would have given them a liberal and philosophical turn.

Our education was not immediately applicable to any condition in society; it did not exactly form men merchants, agriculturists or mechanics, it rather gave them a philosophical and reflecting character, and thus raised their minds to a certain ideal point. That point they could not realize, for they saw only chains behind and before them; but, yet towards it they directed their desires and aimed all their exertions. A man with such feelings, must think, and will know how to think: but he cannot carry his thoughts into the real world. That would be Siberia to him and to his feelings. Their world was, therefore, in their minds, in the hope of the future. Thus the very plan of our education proved one of the causes of our revolution; a revolution which each of our youth had long carried in his thought and in his bosom.

Alexander looked upon all things with an air of indifference, until the death of Kosciusko. Prussia had exposed the revolutionary tendency of the German schools, and he feared that similar influences might appear in those of Poland. The University of Wilno became the principal object of observation to his minister Nowosiltzow: a cruel instrument in the hands of a dark despot of the North. In that University a literary asso-

ciation was formed among the students, which had a secret object, to maintain the national spirit. The president, Thomas Zan, excited uneasiness with the government, by his bold and mysterious character. The society, which bore the name of *Philarets*, was not of long continuance, but was succeeded by another, called the *Philomathes*. A young student named Plater, only twelve years of age, wrote on the gates of the University, "Long live the Constitution! Death to the Tyrants!" which gave offence to Nowosiltzow, and the students became the object of a cruel persecution, several of them were nearly killed by beating; others, though mere children, were torn from the arms of their families and put in chains, or sent off to be trained as Russian soldiers. Although *Zan* wished to sacrifice himself for his comrades, he was transported with numbers of them to Siberia: more than one hundred of the young students, some children of the first families, were thus persecuted for a few liberal thoughts.

It was in the year 1823, that the persecution of the schools and of education commenced. The study of the law of nature and of nations was prohibited, a barbarous police was established in the institutions, composed of old Russian soldiers, of brutal feelings and disgusting habits, by whom, for a word about liberty, written in a literary

dissertation, a student was often thrown into prison.

But the spirit of the people was in a state of excitement. *Lelewel*, the professor of history in the University of Wilno, was like an invisible and supernatural being who quickened the tendency to revolution in every young bosom. Mickiewicz\* gave it a poetic direction. He wrote an allegorical poem, unintelligible to the Russians, in which he led the fancy of his countrymen, back to the fair regions of past, and made comparisons with the present.

All things conspired to cherish the spirit of liberty, especially in the schools, and hence it was, that when seven o'clock, the appointed hour, struck at Warsaw, on the memorable 29th of November, the first who appeared under the standards were the students.

Russia has established schools since the revolution, in which are taught only reading and writing, with a catechism of the Emperor, who, according to its doctrines, rules on earth as the Almighty does in Heaven. These have succeeded to the institutions we had for a while enjoyed with various publications, in which was displayed the eloquence of liberty; but almost in the twinkling of an eye, revolution and liberty, like phantoms of the night, like castles of clouds, have disappeared and are seen no more.

\*See "The Essay on Poetry."

## THE POLISH LOVERS.

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For his only monument shall be the dry wood of the gibbet; his only glory shall be the tears of women and the long conversations of his countrymen.

MICKIEWICZ.

ON the beautiful banks of the Dnester, in Podolia, stands the ruins of an ancient castle. The remains of its grandeur remind us of former days of happiness and glory, and its ruins of misfortunes, and of war. Two years since it was still inhabited, but it stands now, a lone and deserted monument. The dogs howl at its once hospitable doors, and no sound echoes through its desolate halls but the scream of the owl.

One morning the sun rose brightly, enlightening once more the old mansion, and painting with the golden colours the alleys of the garden. The birds were awake on the trees, praising, in a low voice, the glory of their Maker: but in a summer-house sat a yet gentler and lovelier bird, the sweet Halina of the castle. Her voice harmonized not with the merry notes of the birds around her, it was more tender and sorrowful.

## HALINA'S SONG.

To-morrow shall sparkle the glorious star  
 And to-morrow my love will be on to the war,  
 His dark eye will brighten to meet with the foe,  
 But he leaves my lone heart in the darkness of wo.

And to-morrow, perhaps, he will rest in the grave,  
 And no one will weep o'er the tomb of the brave;  
 Oh! this sad heart shall bleed for the doom of my love,  
 But never from the grave can his ashes remove.

Perchance on that banner the last gift of mine,  
 His last sigh shall linger, his last glance shall shine,  
 When he sleeps in the tomb o'er his ashes 'twill wave.  
 A relict of love, on the tomb of the brave.

And yet he will perish, and perish for thee,  
 Oh! Poland! my mother, that thou may'st be free,  
 I will conquer my sorrows and think but of thine;  
 And my love and my life I lay on they shrine.

As she finished, she hung her guitar on a rosebush, saying: "Alas! my songs float away without an echo, his sweet voice will never more accompany me." She heard a rustling among the leaves, and turning quickly round, she beheld the figure of her lover, a youth dressed in the uniform of a Polish lancer.

"To-morrow," said he, "I go: it is the day appointed for our insurrection. Dearest, we shall meet no more; but, remember your Casimir, who left you, only for his country."

“Farewell, my beloved,” said Halina, as she gave him a banner, “take this and fight under its shadow: it is a gift to Poland, from her unhappy daughter.”

She sighed deeply, but she wept not. Although she sacrificed to her country, her Casimir, her ideal, her world, she wept not—she was a Pole.

“This flag,” replied he, “the work of thy gentle fingers, shall be my avenging angel in the day of battle. And when I return it shall be dyed with the blood of the Russians. Oh! I will never be unworthy of the gift.”

“And let it be, also, your guardian angel, for in its embroidery are enchained many drops of my soul, many tears. They will guard you in the hour of danger. May the blood of the enemy, not thine, dye this flag, and, at thy return, I will crown thee with laurels. But if thou shouldst perish——”

The words died upon her lips, and the burning tears rolled down her angelic face. And now, she was a woman.

Again he embraced her, and binding the blessed flag to his lance, disappeared like a vision. Halina gazed after him, till the faithful flag, only visible, seemed waving its last farewell to its sweet mistress.

## II.

Again it was morning. But the air was chil-



ly and dark; clouds overhung the old mansion like messengers of ill; rain poured heavily down, as if even the heavens were weeping. Halina thoughtful and weary, was again in the summer-house, for, what was storm or sunshine to her without her beloved? And so calm and holy an air pervaded that spot, that she sought it daily. The balsam of love seemed still to linger in the air she had breathed with Casimir; the trees seemed still to echo the adieu he had once uttered beneath their shade. In the half-year that had elapsed in his absence, all had changed but the summer-house, and the soul that dreamed within. Hope had ceased to linger in Poland; the land of Kosciusko was in bondage. The revolution passed away like the visions of a young dreaming soul.

Again Halina wept bitterly, but her tears were holy, they fell on the altar of patriotism—she wept for her native country—she was a Pole.

And yet when she thought of one brave defender of that country, and of his uncertain fate, tears of passion may have mingled with those of patriotism—she was a woman.

At this moment a stranger appeared among the trees. Halina's heart, the watch of her soul, that seemed to tell of the approaching hour of happiness, beat stronger and stronger as he approached with torn garment and a pilgrim's staff in his hand.

“Oh, my Casimir—they have not enchained my Casimir—but why is he in this garb?”

“It is the dress of a Polish pilgrim—not so fair as the warrior’s, but not the less honourable. Our swords are broken, but our hearts are not. I have come, my Halina, to behold you once more—but, alas! to say again, farewell. I will depart on a pilgrimage, rather than bow my proud heart to the despot. Yes, we will wander through the world, and invoke justice and vengeance. Let the nations of Europe see the projects of tyrants, and tremble from our example. Adieu! yet, again we shall meet in happier days. The hope is not gone.”

But echo answered in a sepulchral tone, “gone.”

“And will you leave me again?” said she.

“Oh! weep not, my Halina, that I go, what will be our life without freedom?”

They conversed yet awhile. That which they spoke I will not repeat; I will not intrude into that sanctuary of the heart—not violate that mass of the feelings. How many thoughts they had to communicate in one hour—that hour of farewell.

Halina, at length, dried her tears, dispelled the gloom from her brow, and smiled once more on her lover. With those lips it seemed that a heaven opened on his view, something unearthly glowed in her eyes; he forgot the world, life, and Poland herself, in

that moment of ecstasy. He took her in his arms, kissed her till his soul seemed stamped in that last embrace; he kissed her once more, and once more, again and again.

But the sound of farewell struck on her ear, and he was gone!

### III.

Our patriots, though exiled, still nourished the hope of delivering their native country. Their project was to commence a war, similar to the Guerrilas in Spain, to be a prelude to the general insurrection, and, at least, to preserve, always, the spirit of revolution and freedom in the country, and to show the nations of Europe, that the Poles could never be wholly enchained. This was called the war of the Partisans. Their number, however, was too small, though their sacrifices were so great. They were obliged to hide themselves in the woods, or to fight but very small detachments of the Russian troops.

Nicholas, to defeat their projects, and deprive them of the sympathy of Europe, proclaimed them as robbers, and punished them as such. The gibbet was, and is, alas! until this time, the recompense of the Polish patriots.

A small detachment of Partisans attacked the city of Jozefaw, in the palatinate of Lublin. They knew not the state of the enemy,

till the lightnings of the firing revealed their numbers. They continued, however, slowly to retreat, constantly and fearlessly firing. The Russians fell in great numbers, and three only of the Partisans, were missing. They, being wounded, fell into the hands of the enemy.

“Ha! we have some of those bird-catchers\* at last,” said they, as they advanced to the prostrate forms of those who had fallen, content to revenge the death of so many of their companions on these. But two were already dead of their wounds, and in the third, the remains of organic life still lingered, but his brow was pale and spectre-like; no soul beamed from his eye. He seemed like the magic-lantern, with no light within.

And this was Casimir; but, alas! how changed!

“And what shall we do with this fellow?” said the Cossack; “his last hour seems near, and yet the Poles are the very devils, he may yet revive and murder us.”

“God and St. Nicholas preserve us from it;” cried the other, and addressing the captain: “it is better to kill him; one blow of my lance will suffice.”

“But the order of his Majesty is that they shall be hung. We will build here a gibbet,

\* Bird-catchers—the name given by the Russians to the Polish riflers.

and show the people of *Jozefaw* how our emperor can punish the rebels.”

IV.

At an early hour the next morning, the multitude had assembled to witness the death of a patriot. But they came not from curiosity, not even willingly, to witness that horrible spectacle, but by the stern orders of the despot.

No tumult was heard, a solemn and mysterious silence reigned over the crowd. All thoughts dwelt on the glorious remembrances of two years before; and they looked at the hero as a holy offering, a sacrifice on the altar of freedom. Sad, horrible offering! the offering of blood and life!

The deed was done; and he, so young, so proud, so beautiful, had died the ignominious death of the gibbet. Well for him, that with his weakened frame, he knew not of his dreadful death.

Proud spirit! with plumes so light; soarings so high; and thoughts so pure! Thou wast destined to other climes.

The crowd was yet silently struggling to hide their emotions, though for some, sighs were heard, and from some, tears, burning tears, scorning the commands of the despot, rolled free and unsubdued to the urn of national sorrow and distress,

But one loud voice was heard from the crowd; it was a long, piercing, sorrowful cry—a woman's cry; from whose breast it may be imagined.

On the evening of the same day, the body of the warrior was buried under his gibbet. The ministers of God offered no prayers for his soul; no sable plumes waved over his corse; no martial music; the muffled drum and the tolling bell, sounded not his dirge; warriors bore him not to his last rest.

But prayers arose from the grave of the hero, though the priest offered them not; and tears fell upon his dust, though warriors shed them not. A beautiful form knelt there—the form of his beloved; a beautiful spirit sighed there—the spirit of his beloved. The pale moon rose and set, and still she knelt on his grave.

At morning some peasantry came to look at the grave of the Partisan; she was yet kneeling, but pale and cold. The beautiful flower of Podolia was blighted and dead, like the spectre of a rose on the grave of a warrior; but her spirit, free and light, had already joined the strong soul of Casimir. Such was the fate of the Polish Lovers.

## THE CAUSES OF THE EMIGRATION OF THE POLES.

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**THERE** are so many opinions as to the causes of our emigration, that it becomes almost a duty to explain the true ones. The ignorant, suppose that, like other emigrants, we came here to seek our fortunes, and establish ourselves. Others more truly, that the cause is, the impossibility of our returning to Poland, without being sent to Siberia, or exposed to other punishments. Although this is, in part, yet it is not the whole cause.

After the dreadful termination of our last revolution, Nicholas offered an amnesty to all the army, except some higher officers; however, few returned. Many believing yet in the regeneration of their country, retired to France as the most congenial shelter.

It may be well here to point out what led us to expect sympathy and assistance from the French. Since the time of their great revolutionary drama, that country was considered as the very heart of revolution and of liberal opinions. After the fall of Kosciusko, our patriots came to France, cherishing

the hope of the resurrection of their own country; and that the revolutionary volcano would destroy her murderers, and she would rise from her ashes once more. For the preservation of some remains of the Polish army, they formed two legions, which served under Napoleon, but wore the Polish uniform, and fought under their national banners. These men, cherishing, yet, hope for their country, followed every where the great Napoleon. Their bones are whitening on the plains of Italy, of Germany, of Spain and St. Domingo.

But Napoleon, instead of reinstating Poland, gave liberty only to a small portion of it, under the name of the Principality of Warsaw.

In the time of our revolution, that patriarch of liberty, the venerable Lafayette, endeavoured to excite the feelings of the French nation in our behalf; and after our fall we still cherished the hope of success, seeing the tendency of Europe to republican forms of government and liberal ideas. Our countrymen from Galicia, which, at first, was their shelter, came to France, preferring exile to the amnesty of a despot. The great number of those who had been members of the national government, in the revolution, remained in Paris as the representatives of the Polish people, as the living protestation against the tyranny of Nicholas. They form-



ed a committee, which served as a government for the emigrants, and as an organ of national feelings.

Thus, the emigration from Gallicia to France, was immense. Gallicia, though belonging to Austria, is, however, a Polish province, and those who fled there, found open doors at the houses of their parents and friends. The tyranny of Nicholas even obliged many of those who had the simplicity to believe in his amnesty, to leave the country and seek more secure shelter in Gallicia. Thus, the emigration was divided in two parts, one remaining in France, another in Gallicia. The latter were almost at home. The junction of these two parties, by secret correspondence, was very useful. Our committee could inform us of the state of feeling that was abroad among the nations of Europe, and we, in the mean time, were exciting the spirit of the people in the heart of the country, animating the dispirited, elevating the depressed, and preparing all for another revolution. The Austrian government, seeing the tendency of our measures, waited only for a pretence to exile us from Gallicia. In 1832, the Austrian Emperor ordered every Polish emigrant to present himself at the police and give his decision, whether he would return to Russia or take his passport to France. Thus, many were obliged to leave Gallicia. The small number

that remained were scarcely known to the government, and remained under the particular protection of their friends. In 1833, the emigrants in France projected the Partisan's war. This was to be the sign to all the enchained nations of Europe, to arise and go forth against their oppressors. This bold project was executed but in part. The reasons are little known to me. Disturbances again commenced in Poland. Many emissaries were sent to Gallicia from our compatriots in France, and many emigrants of Gallicia joined the war of the Partisans. The government of Austria again became alarmed, and issued orders to all Polish emigrants to leave Gallicia immediately. Those who came not willingly to the office of the police, were taken from the houses of their friends by the force of arms, and conducted, under strong guards, to the Moravian city, *Brun*; with orders to wait there for the arrival of their passports to France, which were to come from Vienna. But, instead of that, we were taken to a prison, and told that the countries of Europe would not receive us; and that we must go to America, or return to Russia. To this we made an opposition, insisting on joining our comrades in France. But France, indeed, wished not to receive us. Our hearts trembled to leave all our hopes in Europe, to be unable to share the hardships of war with our compatriots, in the resurrection of Poland. The struggle

was painful, but our resolution was soon taken. We determined rather to cross the ocean than return to a country that was no more ours. We decided to go. The Austrians ordered us to write our resolution, to show afterwards to Europe that our decision was voluntary; but we almost all wrote, "that our will is to go to France, but as we are told that the government refuses to receive us, then, obliged by the Austrian government, we must go to America." We then proceeded to Trieste, whence we sailed. The rest of our history is but too well known.

To show some characteristics of our emigration in France, I will cite some quotations from a work of Mickiewicz, called "The books of the Polish nation and the Polish Pilgrimage." It is written in the style of the Holy Scriptures; so impressive and yet so simple, as to be understood by the most common intellects, and indeed, this is the purpose of the work.

"The soul of the Polish nation is the Polish pilgrimage, and the Pole in his pilgrimage is not called a wanderer, for the wanderer is one that roams without a purpose.

"Neither an exile; for an exile, is one banished by his own legislature, and the Pole is not exiled by his own legislature.

"The Pole has not yet his name in his pilgrimage, but it will be given to him after-

wards, as it was afterwards given to the exiles of Christ.

“And in the mean time, a Pole is called a pilgrim, for he made a vow to wander to a holy land, to a free native country, and he will wander till he find it.”

Christ said, “those who follow me must leave father and mother, and risk their lives for me.”

“The Polish pilgrim says, ‘Who would seek freedom, must leave his country and risk his life for her.’

“Because he who dwells in his country, and suffers slavery, will leave his country and his life; and he who leaves his country to defend freedom with his life, he will recover his native country, and will live forever.”

To show yet more, the spirit of hope and constancy in my countrymen, I will give the address of the Polish committee, when some of their companions, disheartened with their misfortunes, had determined to return to Poland.

## ADDRESS

OF THE POLISH COMMITTEE IN PARIS, TO  
THE POLISH EMIGRANTS.

Warriors and Countrymen!

Once more fate has thrown our country beneath the feet of her enraged foe; once more our countrymen must bow their necks to a leader of slaves, the murderer of freedom. Once more, on the hand of a free Pole, the iron of a despot will print the emblem of slavery; once more it is a vice to call ourselves Polanders.

This fate was prepared for us by procrastination and treachery. For where can the enemy boast of the triumph of their arms? What field was a witness of their valour! When has a Pole fled before a Russian?

But although they felt, for your leaders had not as you had, a strong hope in the resurrection of the country, instead of believing in their own strength, instead of hope, even after so many victories, they only waited the intervention of strangers, or wished to conciliate you, (against the will of the people,) with your foe.

Your arms have been weakened by delay,

for when the enemy, in the fear of total destruction, fled before you, he was saved by the ordered cessation of hostilities; and he, whom your arms might have driven to the Dnieper, remained on the banks of the Vistula.

After wishing to extinguish that fire which animated you in the midst of battles, they permitted him to cross the Vistula, and to ravage the country, and when you would have driven back the invader, they ordered you as in derision, to defend yourselves within the walls. There horrible treachery divides the army; to finish this work, born of the darkness of hell, they jest with your holiest feelings, and would put you—you, freemen! in chains, and give you to the hands of the oppressor. Your hearts trembled at the thought of the future.—What! shame on the forehead of a Pole! No—never? He may tear asunder the tenderest ties, spill the heart's blood, but the blush of shame dyes not his cheek. You preferred exile to shame; you came to a foreign country, for there, where your ancestors breathed a free air, you would not die slaves. Your eyes would meet faces that scorned your misfortunes. The tyrant of Poland would order you to name *that* your native country; he would order you to kiss his hand, red with the blood of your brothers, and to call him

your deliverer from anarchy, demagogues and insurgents.

There is no *native country* where freedom is not. The sun rises not for the slave, the earth is not adorned for him, and his food is changed to poison. Before such disgrace, you fled, brethren. The black bread and fresh water, to you was a sweet repast, when it was not moistened by tears of shame and sorrow.

But let us breathe more freely after the weight of such remembrances; let our eyes be cheered by the bright prospects of the future; let our thoughts be elevated with this blessed hope. Hear you not the prayers of Europe and America for our cause; hear you not the songs of praise addressed to you. Every where is heard the voice of respect and astonishment at your deeds; every where hospitable doors are thrown open to the Pole, for his wandering is trouble. And in that wandering let us be constant to the end. This will be the last experiment of our strength. The nation cannot perish entirely. Our language yet lives, our customs and our religion, and the memory of our greatness has not departed. The memory of the Polish lordship over those who now enchain our country, is not yet effaced. Our swords are not yet broken—the Polish steed will yet bound beneath the weight of the Polish warrior and the lances of our lancers, and

**Krakus, the star of liberty, will yet sparkle. The return of a revenging fate is not afar.**

Then, return not as slaves to the land where you can return as victors, return not to the land polluted by the feet of the Bachker.\* Let not the hand of a free Pole embrace the hand of a slave of despotism. The time will come, when the voice of a trumpet shall call you again to your native plains. There the graves of your murdered brethren will open, and avengers shall rise from their bones. Let us invoke their shades, but with sword in hand, for in no other way will they recognize us, and if they see our shame, their groans would say before heaven that we, with our cowardice had troubled their last repose.

Let the independent and free Poland of Jagellons, or eternal death, be our cry!

\* The savage tribes of Siberia. They were in the Russian army, and distinguished themselves by their robberies and great cruelties.



## APPENDIX,

### CONTAINING A SHORT NOTICE OF UKRAINE AND PODOLIA.

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UKRAINE, one of the most beautiful provinces of Poland, lies in the southern part, bounded on one side by Podolia, and on the other by Russia. Its boundaries were not limited on the south; each war formed and destroyed them; sometimes it extended even to the Black sea. Ukraine, which contains even now many large and deserted prairies, called by Mickiewicz, the dry oceans, was formerly of a wild and desert-like appearance, and inhabited principally by the Cossacks.

The commencement of the history of these wild Knights of the Desert, is very strange. Some islands lying in the Dnieper, became the retreat of all the outlaws of Poland and Russia. They formed a kind of chivalric order, if it may be called so; they never married, and sustained themselves by robbery. However, they robbed only the Turks

and Tartars; they acknowledged the authority of the Polish King, and were of great assistance to Poland. King Stephen Batory, seeing their numbers increasing to such extent, formed them into a more regular body, in order that they might act as sentinels on the frontiers of Turkey and Tartary. He also gave them for their capital, the castle Trechtymirov, and granted them many other privileges. Thus under the protection of the laws, their number was increased by all the adventurers from the surrounding country. Their strength consisted principally in their cavalry, though every Cossack could fight equally on foot as on horseback. But as the Tartars, the Cossack life and death was on horseback. Living such a wild life, and cherishing such savage feelings, the love of freedom became a common sentiment, and as in one of their songs:

“The Cossack never knew a Lord; from a man he became a bird of the desert, for he has grown on horseback. He weeps not, he knows nothing of long speeches, he knows nothing of the things of heaven, and on earth he knows nothing but blood.”

They distinguished themselves in our wars with the Turks and Russians. Sometimes in their light canoes, they crossed the Black Sea and fed the banks of Asia Minor with blood and fire. They went even to Constantinople—and the Emperor of Turkey has beheld from the windows of his seraglio, the

city wrapt in flames by Cossacks. They were also distinguished in that war, in which, after the battle of Klusin, three Russian czars were made prisoners by the Polish chief. Their light cavalry penetrated even to Asia, and they were always cruel, victorious and savage. But this was almost the last action in which they assisted Poland. Robbery was their chief occupation, and with their unquiet spirit, having no other object but plunder, they robbed Poland itself. Perhaps too severe measures were taken to subdue them, having as they did, such ideas of savage liberty, they were not to be conquered at once. They were taken by the Polish nobility as the peasant, but they soon had their revenge. A petty circumstance gave them the opportunity to rebel. One *Czaplicki*, a Polish nobleman, seduced the wife of Bohdan Chmielnicki the Cossack chief. The wounded pride and love of the Cossack, remained not long unrevenged. He became the leader of a rebellion, and in a short time Czaplicki was cruelly murdered, Podolia and Volhynia drowned in blood and tears. Bohdan joined to the qualities of a great general the cruelty of a savage. The Polish general, the prince Wiszniowiecki, was forced to entrench himself in his castle, and King John Casimir was obliged to go to his assistance. But Bohdan went against him, and he was left entirely at the mercy of the Cossack

chief. A treaty was made, but it continued but for a short time. Chmielnicki rebelled again, and again Podolia, Ukraine, and all the south of Poland, was deluged in blood. The war was carried on with cruelties on both sides; we may judge of it by the following example: When a town in Ukraine was besieged and taken by the enemy, a woman placed herself on a barrel of gunpowder and fired it, singing at the same time. This fact speaks more than books of reasoning, on despair and cruelty. At last, on the fields of *Boremle*, a small town in Volhynia, the fate of two armies were to be decided. This bloody battle continued ten days, and resulted in the victory of the Poles, and the destruction of 30,000 Cossacks. Bohdan, soon after this decisive battle, placed himself under the protection of Russia and refused ours. Such are the circumstances by which we lost that warlike tribe, so useful to our country. Some remains of them, enslaved and degenerated, remained yet in Ukraine. The cruel policy of Russia, always harrassing Poland, continued to excite those remains to insurrection and robbery.—*Gonta*, an outlaw, celebrated in popular songs for his cruelty, became the leader of a rebellion.—*Zluman*, a city of Ukraine, in one night, was plundered, its inhabitants murdered, and the unfortunate Podolia became again the theatre of bloodshed and distress. We had no army in

that part of the country, and Russia, artfully offered us assistance, and sent troops there, but the assistant was worse than the enemy, and the Polish people repeat yet the name of Colonel Drewicz, the leader of the Russians, with the greatest of horror. At length the sleeping spirit of our country arose, after the fatigues of war, and entered into the confederation of Bar. In this confederation the family of Pulaski, the bishop Krasinski and others, began a war against the Russians and the King of Poland, who was under their protection. This war was frequently renewed, and in it fell all the family of Pulaski, except Casimir, who remained always at the head of the opposition. The result of that confederation was too dreadful for us. It ended in the first division of Poland, between Russia, Prussia, and Austria, and the banishment of Pulaski. He came to America, served in the army of Washington, and died as the hero of the battle of Savannah. The fate of Colonel Drewicz is unknown, and his glory recorded only with his cruelties.

Such was the fate of Ukraine. Of Podolia I will yet speak. It was the cradle of my childhood, the spot where the first flowers of my youthful thoughts expanded.

It is a lovely, beautiful, fertile, and romantic country; and in ancient times, it was called the granary of Poland. But a happy fate was not for Podolia. Lying on the

frontiers of Turkey, it has always been the theatre of cruel scenes, from the ravages of the Turks, Tartars, and Cossacks. In the 17th century, a great part of it, together with its capital, *Kamienniec*, was subdued by the Turks, and neither the sword of John Sobieski, nor the valour of its inhabitants could deliver it. At last the King, Augustus II, regained it by treaty. *Kamienniec* has yet some relics of the Turks, which give it a foreign and oriental cast. The old castle of *Kamienniec*, now in ruins, speaks with its dark stones of yet darker times, and stands as a spectre amid the green trees that surround it.

The misfortunes of Podolia, have imprinted their traces on its inhabitants. The people have a fantastic, romantic, and poetic character. It may be said with truth, that Podolia is to Poland, as Scotland is to England. No people are so prejudiced as the peasantry of Podolia. The church-yards are full of ghosts and vampires; every grave in the field and every cross, is consecrated by some legend. If you ask the Podolian peasant of the plague, he will tell you that a woman has passed there in a white dress, with one hand waving the habiliments of the grave, with the other holding a black handkerchief—and she is the plague. None of them die without the prophesy of the owl's cry or the dog's groan.

Podolia in the second division of Poland, was changed to a Russian province. In the revolution it revolted, but without the assistance of the regular troops, and the insurrection soon subsided.

I close by a song, alluding to the time that Podolia was subject to Turkey:

### THE INSURRECTION.

Sons of Podolia rise!  
 'Tis time to burst your chains!  
 For o'er your homes and lives,  
 A Turkish tyrant reigns.

Who loves his bleeding land,  
 Who worships Liberty—  
 Rise! burst the galling band,  
 Rise! and be free!

Brothers, arise, arise!  
 Your breast shall be a shield,  
 Your arms and strength, shall be  
 The weapons you shall wield.

What to a fearless breast,  
 Can be those hosts of hell?  
 Though they shall pour out blood  
 And write their laws with steel.

Misfortune's chosen sons,  
 Ye nourished by despair,  
 Unsheathe your faithful swords,  
 And on to war once more.

Leave those that round ye weep,  
 Leave home and friends once more;  
 That sword though dimmed with tears,  
 Shall glow with Turkish gore.

Arise! your toils shall give  
 Peace to your country's breast,—  
 Freedom to those ye love,  
 And to your fireside rest.

Brothers, arise, arise!  
 And let the tyrants see,  
 Upon Podolia's plain  
 A shrine to liberty.

The body of our foes  
 The offering shall be,  
 And o'er the Cecoran\* fields,  
 Their blood shall wander free.

\* A place celebrated by the death of a Polish chief  
 murdered by the Turks.

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**Brothers, arise, arise !  
Your breasts shall be a shield,  
Your arms and strength, shall be  
The weapons you shall wield.**

**ZOBOROWSKI.**

## SONG.

The bastions of Kamienniec lie  
 Wrapt in the drapery of night,  
 And the pale moon their sentinel,  
 Beneath the waves has hid her light.

'Tis dark and silent. Here and there  
 Is heard some sound, some voice suppressed,  
 That seems to call departed shades,  
 Back from their homes of dreamless rest.

A sad'ning influence steals o'er me,  
 As if upon my spirit's strings  
 Unseen, angelic fingers play,  
 And of Podolia's sorrows sings.

Her hope has fled. Where gleamed free swords,  
 Now clanks the chain and groans the slave,—  
 Where Freedom's standard once unfurled,  
 The flags of mourning sadly wave.

**FINIS.**



