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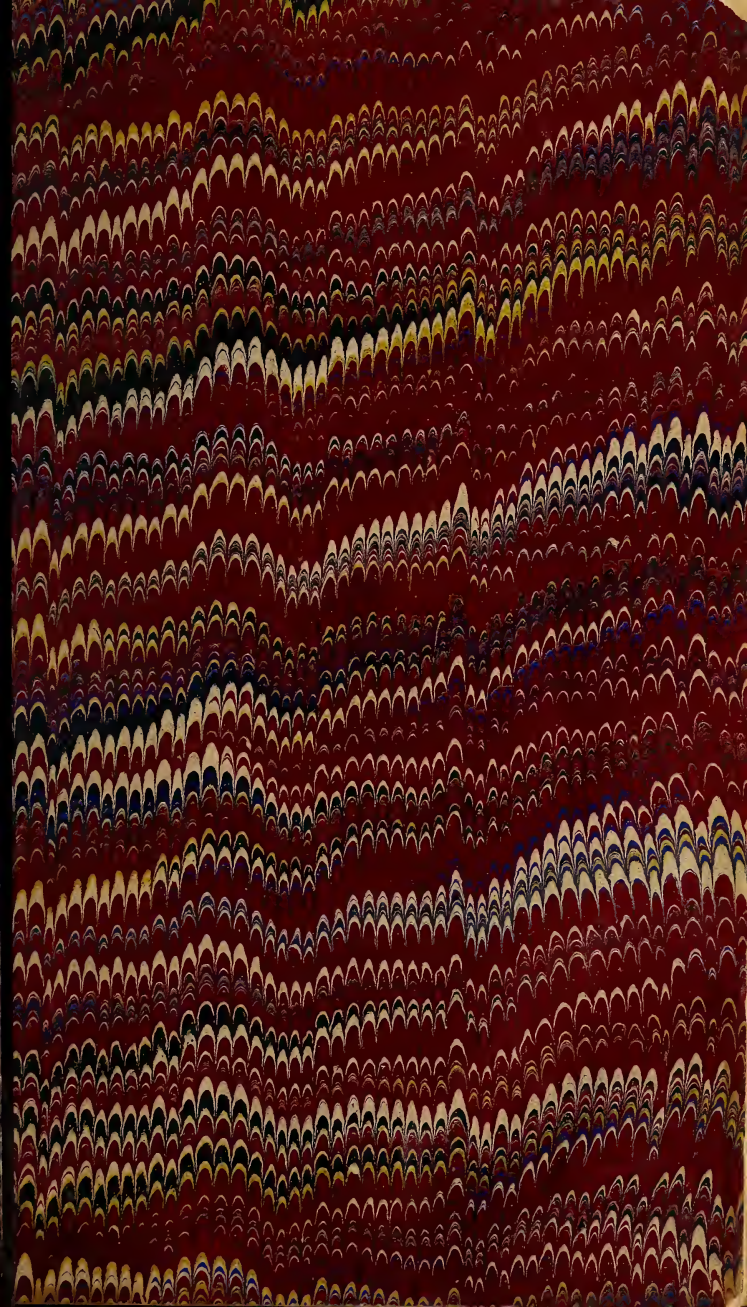
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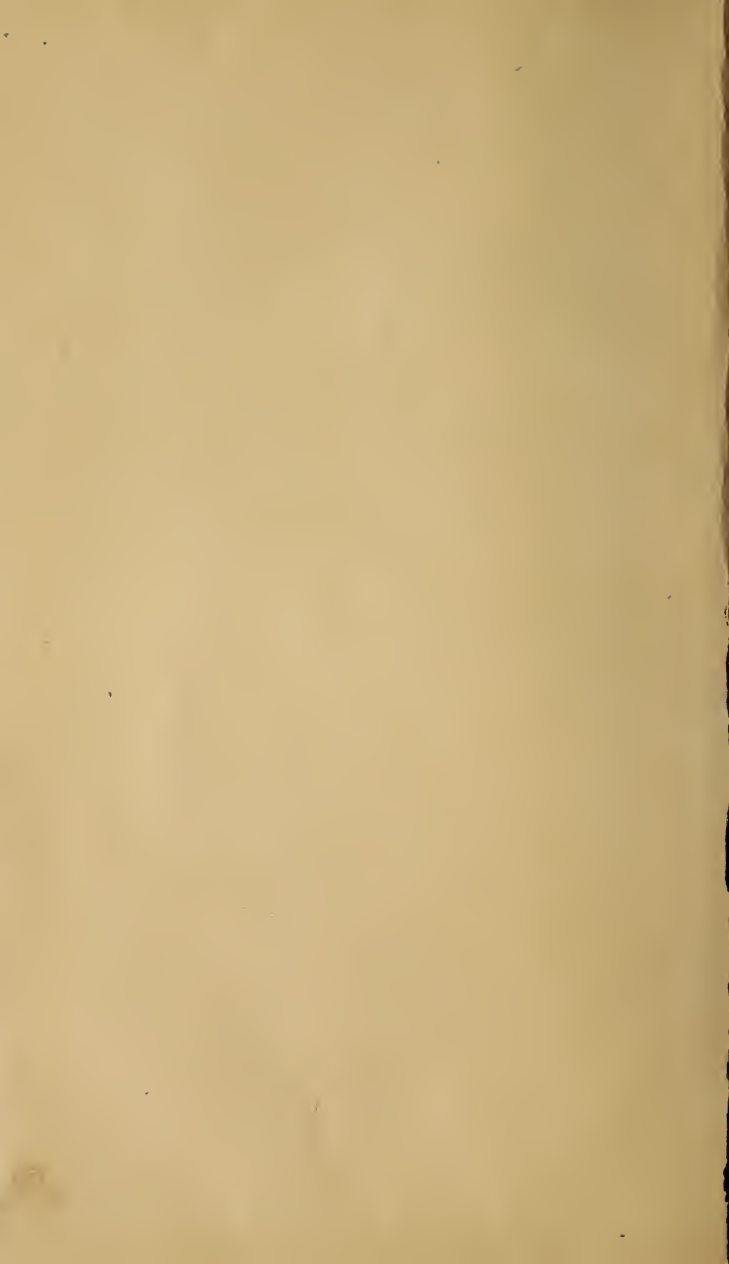
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







AN AUTHENTIC REPORT

OF

THE PROCEEDINGS

IN THE

TRADES' HALL, GLASSFORD STREET,

ON THE EVENING OF

FRIDAY, THE 29TH NOVEMBER, 1833,

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY

OF

THE GLASGOW POLISH ASSOCIATION,



PUBLISHED FOR THE ASSOCIATION, BY AUTHORITY OF THE
COMMITTEE.

GLASGOW:

W. STUART, AND JOHN REID & CO.

1833.

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Report, &c.

THE Second Anniversary Meeting of the GLASGOW POLISH ASSOCIATION was held in the Trades' Hall, on the evening of Friday the 29th November, 1833. Soon after the doors were thrown open, the place of meeting was crowded by a highly respectable audience; and at a few minutes past eight o'clock, the LORD PROVOST of the City entered the Hall, attended by several Members of the Council, many other Gentlemen of first respectability, and by the Committee of the Association. On reaching the platform erected in the Hall, his Lordship was greeted with the most enthusiastic applause, and took the chair, on the motion of CHARLES TENNENT, Esq. of St. Rollox, amidst the cheering of the meeting, and the general waving of hats and handkerchiefs.

On taking the chair, the LORD PROVOST addressed a few words to the meeting, expressive of the pleasure he felt in attending such an assemblage of his fellow citizens, and thanked them for the honour they had done him in calling him to the chair. He considered, however, that it would be an infringement on their time for him to say a single word on the subject for which they were met, and he would therefore leave it to those who were more able and ready to do so.

Mr. JOHN GULLAN, Honorary Secretary to the Association, then addressed the meeting as follows:—My Lord Provost—On the twenty-ninth of November, 1832, the first

public meeting of the Glasgow Polish Association was held.—That meeting cannot have passed from the recollections of those who were present. The enthusiasm which prevailed, and the unanimous and unqualified approval of our exertions in the sacred cause of liberty, were good omens of our ultimate success, and strong inducements to persevere in our efforts to rouse the dormant energies of our countrymen, to aid us in our labours, and enlarge the sphere of our influence. Since our last anniversary meeting, your Committee have been unceasing in their exertions to further, by every means in their power, the objects of the Association. A correspondence, of an interesting and extensive nature, has been carried on with the Parent Society in London, the Hull and other Associations. From the Committee of the Polish Emigration in Paris, we received an Address, breathing the heart-feelings of a patriot but an exiled band, and expressing, in the language of the soul, gratitude for our exertions—prayers for our success. Friends of Poland, listen to the words of the exiles :

“ Though still struggling with adversity and persecution, and daily receiving distressing news from our native country, we have yet a small ray of hope and consolation in hearing that you, noble Britons, assemble to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunate Polish pilgrims, and that your powerful voices are heard in our cause. Your names are engraved in our hearts—they have resounded in our homes, now bathed in tears—and in spite of the cruel vigilance of our oppressors, they have made our fathers and mothers shed the first tears of consolation—for they were tears of gratitude and admiration. Thousands of families bless you, and have inscribed your names in the pages of our history, so celebrated by our misfortunes, and still more so by the sympathy of the civilized nations of Europe, and the sorrow they have testified at our disasters.

“ Glory to the age in which all liberal-minded men have shown us a brotherly friendship, and in which people of every nation tend to a great and general alliance, which must shortly cause the downfall of tyranny and despotism.”

Such are the sentiments expressed in a letter which your Committee lately received from Poles in Paris; and it must be gratifying to all that our exertions, however feeble, have at least carried consolation to the lonely wanderer, far from his country and his home. (*Cheers.*)

Your Committee exerted themselves, and successfully, in procuring a meeting, for the purpose of petitioning Parliament

to atone for past inattention to Poland, by effectual interference in her behalf—either by mediation, remonstrance or otherwise. The petition, very numerously signed, was presented to the House by R. Cutler Ferguson, Esq. previous to his motion regarding Poland. Though the House was unanimous in deprecating the conduct of Russia, the majority deemed it inexpedient to interfere in any manner whatever. Yes, countrymen, inexpedient to put a stop to atrocities which have no parallel in history,—inexpedient to prevent the tyrant from gorging himself with the blood of fresh victims—of helpless innocence. “Tell it not in Gath,” that England, who drained her treasures, and shed the blood of thousands of her veteran sons, to restore a dynasty whose sway was ever at the expense of freedom; that England, once mistress of the seas—when virtue called upon her for aid—when the bulwarks against barbarianism and infidelity were about to be broken down—deemed it inexpedient to interfere, ay, even when her honour was at stake,—but permitted the spoiler to walk abroad at noon-day. Cold and heartless policy! “How are the mighty fallen!”—(*Great cheering.*)

The liberal donations and subscriptions received during the year, have enabled us to extend relief to several Polish refugees, and particularly to one who resided here last winter; and when the poet and patriot Niemcevicz, the fellow-prisoner and worthy companion of Kosciusko, visited Glasgow, your Committee waited on the venerable old man—grown gray in his country’s service—and exerted themselves to further the objects of his visit; and thus was formed the society for the education of the Polish youths, of which our honourable Chairman is President.

We have circulated gratis, several hundred copies of the Hull Polish Record, and other pamphlets regarding Poland; and as the Hull Record is to be resumed under the auspices of the various Polish Associations throughout Britain, your Committee are very desirous to circulate *three or four hundred copies monthly*; as it is a periodical of considerable talent, and eminently adapted to give every information regarding the condition of Poland. We have also received and circulated several copies of *The Polish Exile*, a work edited by Polish refugees in Edinburgh.

These are very brief details of what has been done during the past year. Were I to enter fully into the labours of the

Committee, I would require hours, instead of minutes, for that purpose.

Glasgow had the honour of forming the first Polish Association in Scotland. At first, it was looked upon as chimerical; but what, Gentlemen, have been the results? Though Poland still lies prostrate 'neath the heel of the Nero of the North,—though the legislature considered it inexpedient to interfere in any way in her behalf,—yet, through the length and breadth of our land, associations, having the same objects in view with ourselves, have been formed, and are forming.—Where, a few months ago, the greatest apathy prevailed, all is now energy and enthusiasm. Edinburgh, Leith, Stirling, Perth, Aberdeen, and Dalkeith, have at length bestirred themselves. May the same spirit be infused into every town and hamlet—into every patriot breast—till, at last, Scotland be but one general association, to raise, loud and high, the cry of righteous indignation against the despot who fain would lord it o'er the world.—(*Cheers.*)

“A tear for Poland?” Not one tear
 For thee, devoted land! may fall;
 Shall honour wail o'er freedom's bier,
 Nor fiercely start at freedom's call:
 And uttering vengeance deep and loud,
 Cries that might wake the warrior dead,
 Hurl, like the flash from thunder cloud,
 Destruction on the tyrant's head?

“A tear for Poland?” Oh 'twere shame,
 O'er wrongs like her's to wail and weep;
 Where, England, is thine ancient fame—
 Where do thy pride and prowess sleep?
 The time has been, my country, when,
 To snatch from despot's bloody chain
 That glorious band of patriot men,
 Thou had'st not been invoked in vain.

“A tear for Poland?” Slaves alone
 O'er Kosciusko's land shall whine:
 Insult it not with coward moan—
 Slur not with tears his glorious shrine;
 But, grasping stern the patriot brand—
 The charmed steel which despot fears—
 My country, give that suffering land
 Your blood and prowess—not your tears.

(*Great cheering.*)

I hold in my hand a literal translation of the Catechism, prepared and published by special order of the Russian government, for the use of the schools and churches in the Polish provinces of Russia. I will read you two or three extracts from it, to let you know a little more of the *humane* and *religious* emperor Nicholas :

“ Quest. 1. How is the authority of the Emperor to be considered in reference to the spirit of Christianity?”

“ Ans. As proceeding immediately from God.”

“ Quest. 5. What kind of obedience do we owe him?”

“ Ans. An entire, passive, and unbounded obedience in every point of view.”

“ Quest. 12. How are irreverence and infidelity to the Emperor to be considered in reference to God?”

“ Ans. As the most heinous sin, the most frightful criminality.”

“ Quest. 15. What motives have we to fulfil the duties above enumerated?”

“ Ans. The motives are twofold—some natural, others revealed.”

“ Quest. 17. What are the supernaturally revealed motives for this worship?”

“ Ans. The supernaturally revealed motives are, that the Emperor is the Vicegerent and Minister of God to execute the Divine commands; and, consequently, disobedience to the Emperor is identified with disobedience to God himself; that God will reward us in the world to come for the worship and obedience we render the Emperor, and punish us severely to all eternity should we disobey and neglect to worship him. Moreover, God commands us to love and obey, from the inmost recesses of the heart, every authority, and particularly the Emperor, not from worldly consideration, but from apprehension of the final judgment.”—(*Cries of “ Oh, oh!” and hissing.*)

Such is the doctrine of the church, confirmed by practice, as to the worship and fidelity due to the omnipotent Emperor of Russia, the Minister and Vicegerent of God!

Turn from these words to the streets of Warsaw, and witness the heart-rending scene—the carrying away of the Polish children. See that fragile form hanging by the wheels of the waggon, which contains the fond pledge of a husband’s love,—behold yon mother stabbing to the heart her darling child, and then burying the weapon, reeking with the blood of her boy, into her own bosom, to prevent the horrid separation;—and say, are the words just quoted—“ Minister and Vicegerent of God”—applicable to the man? Impious wretch!—daring

profanity! Ay, he kneels to God! May those prayers bring speedy destruction on his own head; and then let him descend to the grave branded as the scourge of nations—the murderer of innocence; and let wild weeds, and the baneful hemlock, alone mark where he lies.—(*Great cheering.*)

Though the Polish eagle is trampled in the dust, and cruelty and despotism prevail, 'tis not for us to despair. A kind Providence will in due time bring about her restoration, and the punishment of her oppressors; and it is our duty to keep alive the interest which her patriotism, her wrongs, her sufferings, have excited; to disseminate, by every means in our power, authentic intelligence regarding her state and prospects; and thus, by watching over the liberties of others, shew that Britons are anxiously desirous for the weal of all mankind, of whatever colour or whatever clime. (*Cheers.*)

Much as Poland has been of late a subject of declamation—much as has been done to keep its state constantly before the public—much as the treaty of Vienna has been talked of—yet much still remains to be said. The patriot never tires when liberty is the theme; the philanthropist never wearies when the amelioration of the condition of his fellow-men demands his attention; and Scotchmen, calling to mind the chains which were forged to manacle the limbs of their ancestors—the iron rod which an Edward wielded over their land—and the glorious liberty which their ancestors achieved for them, cannot listen with indifference to the wrongs of Poland, or refuse a prayer for its restoration, or a malediction on its ruthless despoiler.

You have not been witnesses to the horrors, calamities, and distresses of an invasion. No merciless enemy has stalked throughout our much-loved land, perpetrating the most horrid cruelties on our defenceless countrymen; no edict has ever been issued commanding the tearing away from our embrace, of our infants—our sisters—our brothers; but “peace and love have hitherto been in all our borders.” But are we faultless, if we raise not our voices against the inhuman sacrifices demanded by one in the form of humanity, from a depopulated and deeply-injured land? Is not the command “love thy neighbour as thyself?” and can we, dare we, look on our neighbour dragged from his hearth—torn from his weeping wife and helpless children, and consigned to the damp dungeons of St. Petersburg, or the unhealthy mines of Siberia—and make no effort for his rescue? or, by our silence, tacitly allow the deed?

No, my Countrymen, such a procedure would be contrary to humanity, and prove us to be merciless and savage in our feelings, if not in our actions. (*Great cheering.*) Do you admire the man who gives himself a voluntary sacrifice for his country's welfare? do you applaud the actions of the hero? Here is a land of patriots—a nation of heroes. But what? Their devotedness to their country has been of no avail; their surpassing bravery has surrounded their names with an undying halo of glory, but has not saved their country; for the numberless bands of hireling and cruel soldiery, and the cool indifference of surrounding nations, have caused the fell sword of the despot to sink deep into her vitals, and has left Poland a bleeding trunk!—(*Much cheering.*)

But I hear a question—'tis asked by a selfish man—What good can you do, seeing Government has refused to interfere? My answer is, We can do much. He who despairs of accomplishing any thing which is within the bounds of possibility, is no man. Perseverance and Hope is our motto. Keep Poland constantly before the public; blazon abroad every fresh atrocity—every new confiscation of this Prince of Tortures. By your sympathy, cherish the spark which still exists in the bosom of every Pole; bestow your mite to clothe and teach the wanderer; agitate! agitate! in behalf of Poland; and though I do not pretend to a prophet's prescience, I dare to say our efforts will be successful, and Poland will arise from her ashes a new and glorious fabric, and free as the eagle which wings its way over her native mountains. (*Cheers.*)

Many of you must have seen in the public prints, an extract from the speech of Nicholas to the Council of Administration at Warsaw, in which he used the following portentous expressions: “Gentlemen, you must persevere in your course; and as to myself, as long as I live, I will oppose a *will of iron* to the progress of liberal opinions. The present generation is lost; but we must labour with zeal and earnestness to improve the spirit of that to come. It may perhaps require a hundred years. I am not unreasonable. I give you a whole age, but you must work without relaxation.” What is now your opinion of the *great and pious* Emperor Nicholas? *He* will oppose a will of iron to the progress of liberal opinions! Sooner may he change the seasons, and cast the mountains into the mighty deep, or call into being the victims of his unrelenting cruelty, than, in this the nineteenth century, prevent the progress of the

liberal sentiments of man. Let him use every effort—ay, give him a hundred years for the purpose ;—let him invent tortures unheard of in the dungeons of the Inquisition, and let loose the unbridled fury of his mercenary soldiery,—the mind will rise superior to his machinations, and man will stand forth, what he ought always to have been, a being destined to think and act for himself.—(*Great cheering.*)

'Tis not alone on the grounds of sympathy that we call your attention to Poland: we must view her in a political light.—Hitherto she proved a barrier to Russian aggrandisement ; and centuries ago, she presented an undaunted front to Tartar hordes, and drove them back to their territories in the East.—Were Austria, France, and England, to consult their own interests, they would place a check upon Russian covetousness and lust of power, by restoring Poland to her pristine freedom ; and we do not hesitate to say, that, from the hour the establishment of a constitutional government should be secured to Poland, all just fears for the general tranquillity of Europe would cease. Russia has been gradually consolidating her power, and extending her territories. All countries, from the shores of the Baltic to the western end of North America and the isles of Japan, kneel at her nod. She has got a footing in Turkey ; and her black eagle, at this moment, almost waves over the Dardanelles.

Is it not then for the interest of our land—for the progress of civilization, and the chastisement of the “Moloch of a thousand massacres”—that Poland regain her seat among the nations of Europe? We call upon you, therefore, Men of Glasgow, to bestir yourselves in the cause which we advocate.—Humanity calls upon you, religion entreats of you, and policy demands, that you sleep no longer ; but with awakened conviction, with united energies, with determined perseverance, you join yourselves with the sacred cause of freedom !—(*Great cheering.*)

Mr. JOHN DOUGLAS, of Barloch, then rose, amid loud and continued acclamations, and thus addressed the meeting: My emancipated fellow-citizens, for I cannot help calling you such, when I recollect, that for four hundred years your rights as citizens have been usurped, and that only one little month has elapsed since they were restored ; and my own heart beats high at this moment, and in this place, when I remember how

lately here my fellow-citizens, by their public spirit and native fire, kindled that flame which so rapidly spread into the other elective districts, and, triumphing over the enemies of our freedom, carried triumphantly into the municipal chair, such a Lord Provost as now presides among you. (*Cheers.*) The time is not very far remote when the Reformers of Glasgow upheld a hopeless cause—nearly as much so as was now that of Ireland. We fought for the emancipation of our country, with seemingly as little hope of success as we have when we pray for the restoration of Poland. If we had been discouraged, when the Government then attempted to terrify us with banishment, and the axe, and the gibbet, we would now have been in a condition little better than that of Poland; but by our determination, and fearless assertion of our rights, we are now in the position of free men. We have not with us to-night, when met to sympathise with fallen Poland, a cold Chief Magistrate, jealous of every movement in the cause of liberty. We have now one who does not require to be importuned to call together his fellow-citizens; he does not ask the consent of the town clerks, whether or not the people of Glasgow shall be allowed to meet to express their sentiments; and when the permission is granted, he does not emasculate the resolutions. (*Laughter.*)—He does not request that every word should be scrutinised and altered according to his taste, nor that speakers who are to follow should tell what they mean to say, and that the meeting should take place in the smallest possible place that can be procured in the city. (*Great laughter.*) I have no doubt that our present Chief Magistrate will meet 100,000 of his fellow citizens, as fast as he would meet the smallest delegation of their number in the smallest room in the city. (*Cheers.*)—Now, then, that we have become free ourselves, what becomes us more than that we should throw the first fruits of our freedom upon the altar of liberty, and pray for the restoration of Poland? (*Cheers.*) We hope that some Scottish Bruce will yet arise in Poland, the avenger of Kosciusko. (*Cheers.*) We have just heard an eloquent address from the Secretary, who not only possesses the feelings which such a theme ought to inspire, but who also has the talents which can give effect to those feelings. With such a Secretary, I do not wonder that the Association has been, and continues to be well supported. Like him, I also regret that the Government has been forced to temporise on this great question—

that just when she has washed from her hands the damned blot of Colonial Slavery, she has got another foul blot to remove, which, though the ancient protector of liberty, she stood coolly by, and saw perpetrated, in the face of Europe, by three military despots. In 1772, when the first perpetration of the foul deed took place, that which accounts for the neutrality of Britain, instead of an excuse for her conduct, is an aggravation of her guilt. How was Britain then employed? When the despots of Europe, offended at the establishment of a representative Government in Poland, made war upon that devoted country, in order to remove the contamination from their own subjects, Britain was hiring the savages of America to assist her own troops in butchering the free Americans, because they would not tamely submit to taxation without representation. (*Immense cheering.*) How did Britain act at the second partition of Poland? It was when France had risen as one man to assert her freedom, and had shaken off the tyranny of the priesthood, and the chains which the old system of misrule had for centuries bound upon her, and established a representative Government, in imitation, not of the practice, but of the spirit of our constitution, that she made war upon her for the suppression of her free institutions; and when she did so, it was not likely that she would look with a jealous eye upon the suppression of representative Government in Poland.— In these two wars we incurred a load of debt, which presses heavily on the whole body politic, and paralyses the limbs of the State, forcing her to sit by when the despots of the Continent were pursuing the policy which best fitted themselves.— Mr. Douglas then went on to refer to former periods of English history, when she stood forward as the arbiter of nations, and when her single word was sufficient to awe into obedience the most powerful monarchs of the world. He singled out the reigns of Elizabeth, of William, and the two first Georges, as periods when the power of England stood pre-eminently forth. The reign of George III. however, who set at nought the counsel of the Whigs, to whose wise policy the influence of England abroad was mainly owing, showed a different aspect; and presented this country fighting anywhere, and everywhere, the battles of tyranny; and appearing, instead of the protectress, the avowed enemy of all liberty. The consequence was, that the immense debt thus contracted, had delivered us over into the hands of the Jews, and subjected us to a Jew-rid Govern-

ment, which could not move with the wonted dignity and influence of British Governments. Two unnatural wars against liberty had left the country in a state of political paralysis, which had forced us to witness, in disgraceful submission, the conquest of Spain by France, just after Wellington had withdrawn the armies which had conquered France. Had Britain been ruled in the spirit of the third William, counselled by the whigs who effected the Revolution—when Louis XVIII. on pretence of the Barcelona fever, established the Cordon Sanitaire at the Pyrenees—we should have sent a fleet to Cadiz—and offered an army to meet the French at Madrid—and the Cortes, with which we had formed alliance, would not have been put down by the Bourbons—we should have carried on a free trade with a free Spanish Government, instead of the petty smuggling from Gibraltar, while France had the trade of Spain. (*Loud Cheers.*) It never can be too often told that even the sordid views of commerce are best served by the liberal foreign policy of a domestic Government, and that there is an indissoluble connexion betwixt public liberty and public happiness. (*Shouts of Applause.*) This helpless exhaustion from wars compelled us to look on while Austria trode down the liberty of Italy, and to suffer Russia to extinguish Poland, although in direct defiance of the treaty of Vienna signed by Britain. By that treaty, contrary to the old glorious and wise principles of Britain, the smaller and freer states (whose example was feared by despotic states) were crushed and subjected to larger states; Saxony dissevered, Prussia augmented, Belgium chained to Holland, that both might be a more useful maritime outpost and tool of Russia. Poland, by a sort of Irish Union of Castlereagh's manufacture, was to retain her nationality with a separate domestic legislature. This was violated, and a brute, in human shape, sent as viceroy to torture Poland by every form of degrading and capricious tyranny; to provoke the most high-spirited continental nation to that resistance which was frustrated—more by the treacherous neutrality of Prussia and Austria, than Russian arms; and Poland is erased from the map of Europe—and even her language condemned to oblivion. The idea of foreign subjugation of a free nation implies every form of misery and oppression; but the heart of man can hardly conceive any thing at once so barbarous and impossible as the utter extirpation of a language spoken by twelve millions of a brave and old people. (*Cheers.*) Let us only fancy the

idea that in the Russian Divan it should be talked over that despotism was unsafe while the English language, the depository of all that was worth reading on the subject of liberty, existed, and that it should be extirpated. Such a notion enabled us to form some idea of the capricious and unrestrained tyranny, the hatred, and barbarous stupidity of the northern tyrant. Britain and France have lost the opportunity for protecting Poland; and must defer their intervention till the quarrel, not far distant, among the partitioning powers, be provoked by the designs scarcely concealed, of Russia on Turkey. It would be curious if the breaking up of Turkey should restore Poland, which once repelled Turkey from the capture of Vienna. But though the British government might be necessarily passive for the present, because the liberty-loving premier is ridden by the Jews, yet the British people, no longer ridden by the Borough-mongers, should not be slower to cheer the Polish patriots by their voice, than the Hungarians, who, though kept under by Austria, cheered the Poles by public applause, and more substantial succours. Russia had forced Poland, by oppression, to resist, that she might rule the forms of liberty, conceded at Vienna by treaty, and cancel, by the right of conquest, as in Russia. But even in Russia barbarian despotism was checked by barbarous remedies. An imperial adulteress had mounted the throne vacant by the murder of her husband. The son rewarded the assassins who opened the imperial seat, as an accessory, after the fact, to imperial parricide. (*Loud cheers.*) In Poland the Latin language was currently spoken; and if the Poles, with more than Roman wrongs, did not practise on their tyrants Roman vengeance, it was a strong proof of their moral restraint. Even the mild and christian Addison, in his celebrated Tragedy, gives sanction to the sentiment, that some arm, more lucky than the rest, may reach his heart, and free the world from bondage. (*Loud shouts.*) This was, however, the extreme remedy of Rome, and forbidden to Christians.—He would not longer by desultory remarks withhold them from hearing many others better and more carefully prepared to do justice to the cause; which some thought could derive no benefit from any such present exertion. But he had ever been ready to act in such a cause in the most hopeless times, and thought any man, in the battle of Freedom, should think the victory might depend on his single arm. (*Loud cheering.*) He then read the First Resolution—viz.

That this meeting conceive the anniversary of the last Polish Revolution to be the fittest day on which they can assemble, to attest their undiminished abhorrence of the faithless and cruel conduct of the Autocrat of Russia towards a gallant and oppressed nation.

MR. WILLIAM CRAIG seconded the resolution with great pleasure, and was sure, from what he knew of their sympathies in the cause of oppressed but gallant Poland, that it would be carried with great applause.

MR. J. B. GRAY said, their able and eloquent Secretary had told them how the Emperor of Russia had declared his determination of opposing a will of iron to the progress of liberal opinions in Europe. He took this declaration as being a true one, and asked when, and what were the circumstances under which it was made? It was in the fortifications of Moden, which had recently been increased to keep the Poles in still greater subjection. To whom was it addressed? To the Council of Administration, which had aided him in crushing Poland, and inflicting all the barbarous cruelties which had before and since been perpetrated. To those who had assisted in carrying off the Polish children—who had trampled down every thing sacred in Poland—overthrown their learned Universities—and even tried to abolish the very language of the people; who, not content with atrocities unheard of, in crushing the liberties of Poland, had, when mothers and daughters clung for protection to their children and sisters, while being dragged into bondage, exposed them, and inflicted before the world 200 to 300 lashes, as severely as is usual in the punishments of mutinous or deserted soldiers. These were the men to whom Nicholas addressed his declaration, and, he would ask, for what purpose? Did he go there to sympathise with the Poles in their sufferings—to hold out for their reception the olive branch of peace—to shed a tear over the wrongs of which he had been the great cause? No. He went to sneer at the desolation he had produced—to institute a new system of persecution—to encourage the Council to persevere in their diabolical courses, by telling them that he was determined to oppose a will of iron to the progress of liberal opinions! (*Cheers.*) After some farther observations, Mr. Gray asked when this famous declaration was made? He answered, it was

on the return of the Emperor from Munchengratz, on his way to St. Petersburg, when he called on the peasants of Poland to adore him, and ordered those who refused, to have their hats nailed on their heads as a punishment ! It was then that he is said to have uttered his celebrated declaration. It might or might not be true; but whether he uttered the expressions or not, he knew that they were written in his heart—that he had published them in his acts, and in letters of blood. He was the head of the Holy Alliance—the grand mover of it—and these were known to be the sentiments of the despots of whom that Alliance was composed. What, then, if these were the sentiments of the Holy Alliance, were they to consider, but that the overthrow of Poland was only the first step in the great plan of pulling down every thing liberal throughout Europe. Their first consideration was, to enquire whether or not we were in a fit state to oppose Russia and the other despots in this diabolical design. Mr. G. here took a view of the strength of the various northern powers; and then referred to the state of England and France, the strongholds of free and liberal opinions. In France, free institutions and liberal opinions had now settled down, while in England the people moved, lived, and had their being in liberal sentiments. It was in their public opinion that the strength of France and England lay; and by it they might yet raise their mighty arms, and force back on the despots of the North, the threat which they had held out against the liberties of man. (*Cheers.*) It was needless to say that our cause was not identified with the cause of Poland. The time might yet come, when our universities would be destroyed—when our very language would be attempted to be abolished—our children sent in cruel bondage to Siberia, or to colonise the deserts of Russia; and when the same motley scenes may be enacted in England and France as have been so fearfully enacted in Poland, if the progress of liberal opinions be crushed; and our country shall be subjected to a humiliating bondage—a bondage the more galling just in proportion to the opposition we have shown to the progress of tyranny, and the support we have given to nature, to religion, to freedom, and to patriotism. (*Cheers.*) Let the tyrant boast that he will oppose a will of iron to the progress of liberal opinions. That iron will, he may rest assured, shall be melted and moulded by the blast-furnace of public opinion, and converted into an instrument not merely to defend our-

selves, but to carry destruction into the strongholds of Russia itself—to disentangle Poland of the chains of the Autocrat, and to set on a firm foundation those liberal institutions, from which we expect so many blessings to flow to mankind. After one or two other remarks, Mr. Gray sat down by proposing the second resolution :

That this Meeting, after the recent declaration attributed to the Emperor Nicholas, "that he will, as long as he lives, oppose a will of iron to the progress of liberal opinions," feel more than ever convinced, that the destruction of the nationality of Poland, is but the commencement in that campaign which the despots of the North meditate against the liberties of Europe, and that the cause of Poland is that of civilised man.

In rising to second this Resolution, Mr. ROBERT BAIRD, Jun. said:—Mr. Chairman, I rise with much pleasure to second the resolution which Mr. Gray has just read. We are, Sir, once more met to express our feelings in a noble and a generous cause;—in a cause in which it can be truly said, with an honest and a virtuous pride, that the citizens of Glasgow have ever been in the van. We are, Sir, I say, again assembled to evince our detestation—our execration—of tyranny, of whatever kind, and under whatever form; our sympathy with the sufferings of the virtuous and of the brave; and our commiseration in the woes and wrongs of the exile.

After the powerful and pathetic appeal of my friend the Secretary of the Association, and the other able addresses of the gentlemen who have preceded me, an over-wrought or very lengthened speech from me would be both ill-timed and unnecessary. Indeed, Gentlemen, I feel assured, that even had you not heard the thrilling addresses on the "thrice-told tale" of Poland's sufferings, and of Poland's wrongs, with which we have been this evening gratified and delighted, you required not any thing to excite your compassionate sympathies in behalf of the unfortunate exiles from that devoted land; a land whose name has become a "household word" from the one end of civilised Europe to the other, wherever there is a heart that can feel for the sufferings of the virtuous and of the brave—wherever there is a tongue that can execrate the despot and the oppressor;—a land whose name has for almost a century been

the favourite theme of the orator's declamation, and of the poet's dream; and that has called forth the noblest efforts, the most inspired and inspiring strains, of our illustrious fellow-citizen—the Poet of Freedom—the Bard of Hope.—(*Cheers.*)

Since, Sir, the disastrous issue of that struggle, when first

“Sarmatia fell unwept, without a crime;”

Since the first infamous and execrable partition of Poland's territory by the sceptred robbers in the year 1772, what has the page of Polish history presented, but a narrative of unexampled crime and oppression on the one hand—of unparalleled, unrivalled devotion and heroism on the other? Reiterating, Sir, the undenied and undeniable facts that have been reverberated by societies like that whose anniversary we are here met to celebrate, from the one end of Europe to the other; that have been proclaimed in a British Parliament and in a French Senate, and that have met with an immediate admission from men of every party and of every creed:—repeating, I say, Sir, many of those facts which you have already heard from some of the gentlemen who have preceded me this evening, I might again tell you of the depth of that debt of gratitude which Europe owes to Poland, for having protected her from the desolating inroads of Mahomedan barbarians; for the inestimable service rendered by her to the cause of civilization in the sixteenth century, when Sobieski and his gallant Poles interposed themselves, as a wall of living and insurmountable valour, betwixt the fertile plains of Europe and the excommunicating hordes of the Turkish empire—an interposition, but for which the crescent of the Moslem might have glittered on every capital in Western Europe; and an interposition by which a benefit was conferred on the sacred cause of religion, which it were impossible—which it were impious to calculate. Or, Gentlemen, I might again adduce to you individual instances, out of the many thousands on authentic record, of the unexampled heroism and chivalrous devotion to the cause of freedom, which was exhibited during their late unequal contest with their Russian oppressor. When, alone and unbefriended, save by their gallant Hungarian brethren, a *remnant* of the once numerous and powerful nation of Poland, maintained, for the space of ten months, a continuous contest with that gigantic power, of which, it is but too true, the noblest and most powerful nations

of Europe have shewn an unworthy, an unnecessary dread—*(cheers)*—maintained with that power a contest which, unequal as it was, would, there is little reason to doubt, have been brought to a very different termination but for the interested and deceitful machinations of the Austrian and of the Prussian Courts. Or, Gentlemen, I might once more bring before your notice the deeds of wanton and atrocious cruelty, of which the Polish territory was made the theatre, even after the cessation of actual hostilities. Yes, my fellow-citizens, atrocious as were the wrongs which Poland sustained at the hand of her gigantic oppressor, during the time the unequal contest was in dependence, they sink into comparative insignificance, when brought into contrast with those cold-blooded atrocities which were committed after all resistance was at an end. When, in the attempted execution of his proud and despotic boast, “that he would make a Poland of Siberia, and a Siberia of Poland!” the Emperor Nicholas, with a zeal worthy of a better cause, set himself to the unhallowed task of stifling or extirpating those fond feelings of predilection for country and for home, which are endeared to the heart of every freeman, and which burn with such peculiar intensity in the breast of every son of devoted Poland; to root out those feelings of virtue, and of patriotism, which breathe in the aspiration of our lamented poet—

“This is my own, my native land.”

On subjects such as these, Sir, it were easy to expatiate;—many of them, have, however, been already this evening more ably pourtrayed than they can be by me; and I confess that over such deeds of horror I would, for a time, gladly draw the veil. From the experience of the past, let us gather lessons of wisdom and of prudence for the future. Again a mysterious Providence has decreed that Poland should fall, and yet a little longer is she destined to lie beneath the iron rule of her despotic oppressor; again have the most patriotic exertions of her sons proved unavailing, and the sun of her freedom has set itself in darkness and in blood. But when, Sir, I would ask, was there ever exhibited to the world a more noble, a more glorious, I had almost said a more enviable, fall. Once more has this gallant, chivalrous, and high-minded people, plucked the wreath of an imperishable histrionic fame, even from the midst of havoc and defeat. Yes, Nation of Heroes! again have ye fallen;

but your very disasters are encompassed with a glory so surpassing, that the most splendid and successful achievements of ancient or of modern times, fade and grow dim before it.—
(*Great cheering.*)

Dark, however, Sir, as are the clouds which for the present obscure the horizon of Polish liberty, it were an improper—an impious aspersion on the justice of an all-ruling power to assume that these things are destined to continue. A perpetuity of despotism is a monstrous exhibition, which the world has never seen, and which the world will never see. A day of dread accounting—a day of retributive justice—will come. The gigantic power of Rome—a power more noble far, and formed of better and more enduring materials than that of Russia—quailed and grew dim before a seemingly inadequate cause.—After she had for so many centuries continued to oppress the nations with a grinding despotism—after she had drained to the dregs the cup of her enormities—her destinies were accomplished, and she withered from the theatre of time, leaving behind her scarcely a memorial of her former greatness other than the ruins of her overgrown capital. It is not, Sir, arrogating too much of the spirit of prophecy to affirm, that thus will it be with the overgrown and ill-cemented mass of the Russian empire. And inasmuch, Sir, as her blighting power has never been relieved by the noble and redeeming virtues which gilded the fetters of the Roman despotism; and inasmuch as her overgrown dominions are bound together by a tenure much less advantageous, and much less strong; so proportionably more fatal and more rapid will the day of her declension be. Then will the day of justice come to unhappy Poland; and, in the re-establishment of her nationality and independence, the best safeguard will be afforded to the other nations of Europe, that their liberties will never be successfully assailed by the inroads of despotic power, from the deserts of the north. Let us, Sir, hope, with every true friend of humanity, that this may be a bloodless task—that it may be the work of a moral though irresistible power. But should it be otherwise decreed—should Poland be again destined to draw the sword of her independence—again to assume “the bold front of war”—let it be our task to ensure her doing so in a better, in a more propitious hour. By encouraging societies like the present all over our land, let us in the meantime enjoy the generous satisfaction of pouring the balm of sympathy into the heart of the exile, and let

us be prepared, when the day of more effective exertion does come, for joining in that universal burst of indignation and resolution, which shall peal from the one end of civilized Europe to the other; and which, in realization of the poet's dream,

“ Shall blanch the tyrant's cheek in many a varying clime.”

I sit down, Sir, by most cordially seconding Mr. Gray's resolution. (*Great applause.*)

MR. WEIR then addressed the meeting as follows:—Gentlemen—It is well said by the first resolution which you have adopted, that the Anniversary of the last Polish Revolution is most appropriately celebrated by meeting thus to express our enduring sympathy for the Poles, and detestation of their oppressor. It has been declared with equal truth by the second, that the war of extermination, carried on against them by Nicholas, aims in truth at the subversion of liberty throughout Europe. Gentlemen, it is a singular coincidence that this very Anniversary should furnish us with a new proof of the justice of that declaration. The London Journals, which have reached this city by to-day's mail, bring the intelligence of a fresh arrival of persecuted Polish patriots on the shores of Britain, flying from new devices of tyranny. The mystery of the convention of Munchengratz has already been solved by the actions of the conspirators. On one and the same day, has a blow been struck alike against the security of the Polish refugees, and the independence of the German soil. Prussia and Austria have shown that they valued less the inviolability of their territory,—that inviolability best shewn by extending the rights of hospitality to exiles for purely political causes, without asking what their political creed might be,—than the preservation of the unholy faith they had pledged to Russia, to cooperate in the extirpation of independent principles from their states. We read that on one day the Polish exiles throughout the Austrian dominions were arrested—the Russian envoys and Austrian authorities co-operating in the arrest—threatened with death if they attempted to escape—and forced either to accept *voluntarily* of the Russian amnesty, or embark *voluntarily* for America. On the same day, the same game was played over in Prussia. There too the Poles were arrested by the local authorities, at the bidding of Russian emissaries, and

forced either, by accepting the amnesty, to acknowledge the power of Russia, or to ship themselves beyond the broad Atlantic. While this was carrying on—and my cheek tingles with shame when I speak it—in Hanover, where a brother of our king sways a delegated sceptre, the records of the Polish Diet were tamely and ignominiously yielded up, on the first demand of the Russian emissary. (*Groans, and cries of indignation.*) The king of Bavaria, grateful for the kingdom of Greece bestowed upon his son, had hastened to express his sycophancy to Russia, by debarring such Poles as were seeking refuge on the free soil of France, the poor privilege of passing through his dominions. Even in Saxony, a country which had long acknowledged the same sceptre as Poland, and where a feeling of brotherhood knit both prince and inhabitant most closely to the exiles, the will of the autocrat of Russia had been reluctantly obeyed. Here, however, an Englishman had vindicated the character of his country. When all the other ambassadors of Europe looked coldly on, Sir Charles Forbes had taken the Polish exiles under his protection, and furnished them with passports, by the sanction of which they had been enabled to reach Britain—(*Cheers, and great applause*)—to tell us that the league of Northern Despots had now most unequivocally demonstrated its resolution to extirpate free sentiment from the territories of its members. They have now thrown down the gauntlet against freedom, and without the power of evasion, stand forward as her foes. They have dared her to a war of extermination.

Gentlemen, when last I had the honour of addressing the Polish Association, I ventured to predict the approach of an European revolution. Since that time, it has been surely though silently approaching; but now it would seem to be sweeping onward. The tide of despotism is setting rapidly in; it is rushing down the Dardanelles; it is pouring along the Baltic; it is swelling and surging over the plains of Poland. Let it! The rock is ready upon which it is destined to break, and be thrown backward in froth and foam. (*Great cheering.*)—Though the governments of France and England may stand tamely by, the people of these nations feel that the cause is their own. From the time that Luther spoke out his burning words, there has existed, along with and despite of all narrower national predilections, a community of feeling throughout Europe. That great republic has ever since been divided into

two parties—that of freemen ready to maintain the rights of all; and that of despots, and their tools, sworn to uphold the self-will of a few. Our party has been daily increasing: its cause is the cause of unfettered private judgment—of the rights of man; and we know that the cause can be assailed in no individual instance without danger to all. Let then the flags of England and France hang idly by the wall; individual exertion may do much. When the hour comes, the soldier can give his sword to the cause of Poland—the citizen can contribute from his wealth—the poor can give their prayers—and they are strong in the eye of Heaven. The analogy of history teaches us, even under the most disastrous circumstances, to augur a triumphant issue to the contest. If we look back to the period when the battle between kings and people first began—to the time when Holland first spurned a foreign despot and his inquisition, we find Philip of Spain acting exactly after the fashion of his successor Nicholas. The constitutional judges and rulers of the land were displaced to make way for foreign and mercenary soldiers. It was declared treason even for the heavy hearts of the bereaved citizens to vent their feelings in a sigh. If there was one mind brave and pure enough to maintain its innate dignity, death or exile was its doom. The royal bigot gave what he called peace to Holland—the peace of a churchyard. As far as the influence of the Spanish Court extended, the exiles were denied an asylum in any neighbouring state. What was the consequence? The Belgian patriots, unable to find rest for their feet on the land, sought refuge on the wide and homeless waters. There they carried on the fight with the same unflinching resolution, as on a more stable element. The treasure ships of their oppressor became their spoil, and furnished them with the means to conquer back their native land. From amid the surging waves, heralded by the “sea-bird’s clang,” they returned in triumph to homes which their red right hands had made free. The story is one of the sixteenth century. Three hundred years have sped their course, and in the widening circle of human events, it is about to be acted over again, for the establishment of a more enduring order of things. Three hundred years have sped their course; liberty is stirring her wings for a fresh flight; and from the vaults of the Escorial, “the royal vampire starts again to view,” prepared to baffle her endeavours.

It is difficult to contemplate the acts of Nicholas, without seeing in him the very spirit of the old monkish monarch animating another frame. The one saw, and the other sees, in men, nothing but a horde of soulless animals, who, without wills of their own, ought mechanically to work out his behest, in the eternity above and around him, nothing but the shadow of his own soul, magnified by the cloudy atmosphere into more gigantic power, and more relentless self-will. To such pretensions the free mind of man never can submit. There is a spirit-enduring opposition burning in the hearts of the Polish nation, as pure and as unquenchable as lighted the Belgians on to victory. There is a sympathy for their sufferings yet more universally diffused. If the Colignys and Montmorencys of France had, even in their comparatively rude age, generosity and penetration sufficient to identify the cause of the Dutch Protestants with that of the Huguenots, surely the leaders of liberal opinion in our day will not lag behind them. The tyrant feels that such a spirit exists; he feels that the knowledge of its existence lends to his victims fresh strength to persevere in the struggle. This stern, low whisper has rustled through his regal halls, chilling his heart, and making him grow pale, amid his guards. We read his consciousness of the truth in his very efforts to conceal it. His care to prevent one sob of Poland being heard in Europe—his eagerness to banish from our hemisphere the exiles, living monuments of his tyranny—all bespeak the desperate determination of a man to shut his ears against the whispers even of his own heart. But the very energy of his struggles must frustrate his intentions. Like men scattering firebrands in attempting to tread out a fire, he but spreads the conflagration more widely. Every new act of oppression but kindles more fiercely the flame of hatred against him—every Pole, driven to seek a new resting place, but widens the circle of his foes. Let this be the encouragement of all who are called upon to take an active part in the struggle against him. Let them believe that they must succeed. If they feel their strength fail, let them strive to struggle one step farther; if they fall, let it be forward, with their arm outstretched towards their enemy. Gentlemen, if the sentiments I have expressed be also yours, I need not doubt that you will agree to embody them in the resolution I am about to read for your adoption. (*Tremendous cheering.*)

That this Meeting recognise, in the words of Nicholas, the spirit revived which animated Philip of Spain in his crusade against the infant liberties of Holland; that they gladly augur a similar triumphant issue to the struggle, and fervently hope that the leaders of liberal opinion in the France and England of the nineteenth century, may be to Poland what Coligny and Sydney were to the Belgian provinces in the sixteenth.

MR. WOOD seconded the resolution, and remarked, that the day of hope was past, and the day of action come. He would appeal to their pride. Supposing Napoleon had been in life, and in power, would he have paused a moment in sending an armed force against Russia? Would he have delayed in sending a fleet to frighten Russia into a proper treatment of Poland? He would not have hesitated a moment, and shall we? No.

MR. THOMAS DAVIDSON then rose, and addressed the Meeting as follows:—It had been asked what this association and others of a similar description could do for ameliorating the condition of the brave Poles. He answered, they could do much; they had been the means of directing the attention of the public towards those exiles who had sought our shores for safety, and to whom a people who sympathised with them in their misfortunes, had generously given support. In this view alone, these associations were of great utility. But, besides these, they also tended, nay, they were the only means of keeping the wrongs and sufferings of Poland fresh in the public memory, as topics of abiding interest to this country, for Polish politics were identified with British politics. He believed that the struggle which had terminated so unsuccessfully for the cause of freedom, was a blow aimed at our own liberty, and the liberty of Europe. Russia, with a will of iron, a heart of adamant, and a front of brass, was attempting to crush the extension of liberal principles, and to increase her power and territory; but he trusted that the people of Britain and France would always consider their own freedom to be incomplete, so long as Poland was enslaved and oppressed. All indeed might seem lost at present for Poland, but her honour, and the memory of her wrongs,

But these shall be her resurrection—men shall see
Again that brightness in her eye she had when she was free.

He would take another view of the matter. Many things had been said about the timidity of the present government, but there were four letters which stared them in the face—letters as fearful and threatening in their nature as were those presented to the eye of Belshazzar—they were D-E-B-T. Now unless this intolerable burden was considerably lightened in its pressure, Britain could no longer assume that proud and imperative station which she once held, nor be able to support or give refuge to the oppressed. It was of great importance that the friendly feeling with which the people of England and France now looked towards each other as friends who had too long been kept separate by a faction which encouraged ancient animosities, should be expressed through the medium of these associations for the oppressed Poles. The noise of the first cannon fired upon the banks of the Po, would reverberate to the shores of the Vistula, and would be the signal for the resurrection of the liberties of Europe. While the association had these objects in view, it was surely good for them to be here, and having gained freedom for themselves, he considered it to be their duty to attempt to spread it over the world. (*Great cheering.*)—Mr. Davidson then read the Fourth Resolution :

That this meeting hail with joy, the active exertions of every kindred Association in Great Britain and France, as tending to bind Poland more firmly on the memory of the free, keep awake the guilty fears of the oppressor, and thus accelerate the hour of retributive justice.

MR. SOUTHERDEN seconded the motion. He congratulated the meeting on having among them a Chief Magistrate, whose love of liberty was above suspicion. Above all, he rejoiced that he saw the mothers and daughters of Scotland, joining heartily with them in the cause of Poland, conscious that where the bright eye of beauty shone, in approval of any cause, and particularly the cause of Freedom, it could never fail. (*Cheers.*)

MR. M'GREGOR then proposed—*That the following Gentlemen be appointed the Committee of Management of the Glasgow Polish Association for the succeeding year:*

President.

THE HON. THE LORD PROVOST.

Vice-Presidents.

JAMES LUMSDEN, ESQ.
 WILLIAM WEIR, ESQ.
 JAMES SALMON, ESQ.

Council.

Messrs. Thomas Muir,
 John Douglas,
 Wm. Dixon,
 Daniel M'Nee,
 Wm. Bennet,
 Wm. Gilmour,
 Wm. Craig,
 James Beith,
 Wm. Keddie,
 Wm. Lyon,
 Wm. Thomson,
 John Reid,

Dr. Scouler,
 Messrs. T. Davidson, Jun.
 James Reid,
 Andrew Lang,
 David Allan,
 Robert Baird,
 Wm. Lumsden,
 J. A. Fullerton,
 Charles Callam,
 W. W. Watson,
 Alex. Miller,
 Henry Birkmyre.

Treasurer.

MR. ROBERT STUART.

Hon. Secretary.

MR. JOHN GULLAN.

MR. ANDREW LANG seconded the motion.

MR. BEITH was glad that it had fallen to his lot, on this interesting occasion, to submit to them a motion which he was sure would be acceptable to them all, not only on account of the important and interesting object for which they had met, but by being, for the first time, presided over by the Lord Provost of Glasgow; he therefore moved that the thanks of the meeting be given, not to the Lord Provost, but to their own Lord Provost, which was received with loud and continued applause, and carried by the acclamation of the meeting.

The meeting then broke up a little after 10 o'clock.

Appendix.

ADDRESS OF THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE OF THE POLISH EMIGRATION, TO THE POLISH ASSOCIATIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

FRIENDS OF POLAND!

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

“He makes a desert, and he calls it peace.”

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

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

Friends of Poland!—Believe us, that moment is not so distant as may be imagined. Divine Providence will accomplish what earthly justice and humanity have begun. Honour to those who aid the oppressed against the oppressor! History will hallow their memories, and the triumph of the holy cause they protected, will be graven on the breast of posterity for ever! The emigrants of Poland deplore, with calm and dignity, the misfortunes of their beloved country, but they despair not. No—their energy, their perseverance, is even equivalent to

the afflictions of their natal soil! The rapid progress of the Polish cause in England, the fountain of numerous Polish Associations; the petitions which flow in from every quarter in favour of Poland, and which by their unanimity give such a powerful impulse to the government; the address to the Polish nation, signed by nearly a hundred thousand persons, are eloquent and positive manifestations of public opinion in England, and excite the most grateful sympathy in every Polish heart.

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

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

Done at Paris, 25th Feb. 1833.

(Signed,) { THE PRESIDENT DWERNICKJ, GENERAL.
LE LIEUTENANT GENERAL REMINSEEZ.
LE GENERAL DE BDE. J. SIERAWSKIJ.
CHEV. MORAWSKI, DEPUTY.
JONES LECLOCHOWZKI, DEPUTY.
FRANCIS WOTOWSKI, DEPUTY.
ANDRE PLICHTA, CONSEILLER D' ETAT.
THE SECRETARY ANDREW SLOUACZYNSKI.

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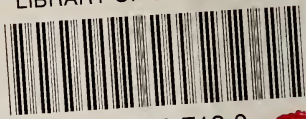
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