

THE MINERS' JOURNAL,

AND POTTSVILLE GENERAL ADVERTISER

I WILL TEACH YOU TO PIERCE THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH AND BRING OUT FROM THE CAVERNS OF THE MOUNTAINS METALS WHICH WILL GIVE STRENGTH TO OUR HANDS AND SUBJECT ALL NATURE TO OUR USE AND PLEASURE.—DR. JOHNSON.

VOL. 11.

POTTSVILLE, PA. SATURDAY MORNING NOVEMBER 10, 1838.

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WEEKLY.
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All letters addressed to the editor must be post paid, otherwise no attention will be paid to them.
All notices for meetings, &c. and other notices which have heretofore been inserted gratis, will be charged 25 cents each, except Marriages and Deaths.

ENGLAND.

Exchange at New York, on London 9 a 94 per cent. premium.

Incorporation of Manchester.—We may now congratulate our readers on the favourable decision of this long-pending question. The private bill, introduced on Tuesday last, resolved to recommend the granting of a charter of incorporation to Manchester, and the rest of the townships included in the parliamentary borough, with the exception (as we understand) of Newton, Bradford, and Harpurley, which we presume, are omitted on the ground that they are too much detached from the town to render their inclusion in the municipal borough either necessary or perhaps desirable.

The charter thus recommended by the committee of private bills was, on the following day confirmed by the House of Commons: so that it is fully and finally determined upon, and will be forthwith prepared.—[Aug. 18.]

A Fact for the Physiologist.—A well-comber, named Richard Solomon, of Great Horton, died, at Sheffield, and at his request a post mortem examination was made of his body, when his liver was found to weigh the enormous weight of 22 lb. Deceased had till a year or so before his death, been addicted to liquor, and had become a tea-totaller. Mr. Field, surgeon, who attended him, stated it to be his opinion, that his liver had attained its great size, from his having been used to stimulants, and all at once abstaining from them. He was a Cornish man, and when in health very robust. The symptoms of his disorder were shortness of breath, and the usual concomitants of liver complaints. He had been ill a long time.

Such was the confidence of the moneyed people in the safety of the London and Birmingham Railway company, that when the other railway directors wanted to raise a sum of half a million, it was obtained without the slightest difficulty in a few days. It was, in fact, tendered to the company.

Bishop Auckland and Wearside Railway.—The cutting for the line of the Bishop Auckland and Wearside Railway has commenced, and is going on very rapidly in the neighbourhood of Bishop Auckland.

Doncaster Races.—The note of preparation for the coming Races has already sounded. The cup prize is an extremely elegant piece of workmanship. The celebrated Irish horse, Harkaway, which we see by the York-manshire, has been purchased by Lord George Bentinck, for the sum of £5,000, will be opposed by the stoutest English horses; and a contest, will ensue, which, in point of speed, will rival the trial when Lotery carried off the Londonbury cup—a trial, which, at the time, was deemed of such a character that its like would never be again witnessed. There is every reason to warrant the assertion, that the meeting will be one of great splendour.—[Doncaster Gaz.]

We understand that Mr. C. Ogle's challenge to ride from Doncaster winning chair to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, immediately after the termination of the ensuing St. Leger, in eight hours, for £200 a-side, upon back horses, has been accepted, and that £200 a-side has been deposited with Mr. Radford.—[Tyne Merc.]

A dwarf cow was exhibited at the Strathgairn Cattle Show, as a curiosity. This animal is only thirteen inches in height, though four years old. She has a beautiful pair of horns, and exceedingly quiet.

Dr. Bouring at Kilmarnock.—On Wednesday the people of Kilmarnock presented their Representative with their magnificent testimonial—a colossal silver cup. The learned Doctor was received in the forenoon, by a procession of the inhabitants, on foot, and in vehicles, who conducted him to the Cattle Market, where he addressed an immense concourse from all the country round.

IRELAND.

A vein of rich copper ore has been discovered upon the property of Mr. O'Connell, at Caherscove. On the mines of Berehaven and Castle-town, Kerry, there are 600 men employed.

The present amount of the population of Ireland is estimated, by taking the census of 1834, as a basis, and assuming the rate of increase to be the same that existed in the interval between 1821 and 1843, or one and a third per cent. per annum; computing on this principle, the report estimates the actual population at this moment to be 8,523,750. The present population of England, Scotland, and Wales, similarly estimated, would amount to 18,226,725;—whence it appears (says the Railway Commissioners) that the population of Ireland is at this time within 600,000 of being equal to one-third of the population of the United Kingdom.

Last week, in consequence of some ore being discovered on Madafodda, the estate of Mr. Sanford Palmer, in the parish of Aughaghy, barony of Aallybritt, a scientific gentleman, and one of the medical profession, repaired thither for the purpose of examination. After trying specimens in various ways, they were both of opinion that it was a mixture of gold and silver, with a trifling portion of copper. We have visited the newly-discovered source of treasure. The vein from which the ore is extracted is under a stratum of marl, with a moist boggy surface, but the ground admits of a fall of 21 feet for the water.—*Nenagh Guardian.*

Currents of the Ocean.—A bottle was found, on the 2d inst., at Ramore, near Donaghny, county Donegal, after traversing the Atlantic from the banks of Newfoundland, which contained the following note:—"On board the ship Hercules, Thos. Warth, of Chatteris, Cambridgehire, and Jas. Hatterpen, of Lidington, Cambridgehire, England, from London, New York, and on the banks of Newfoundland. We have 198 passengers on board—they are all well. If this paper be found on any shore, by publishing it will oblige. May 24, 1837." Thus, after a voyage of 466 days, it crossed the Atlantic in safety, and, although it is to be hoped, that the friends of two individuals mentioned above have received tidings of them through some other channel, yet, this brittle voyage is not without its use, as it shows, that the prevailing current of the western ocean runs in a northeasterly direction.—*London-Derry Sentinel.*

The Earl of Mansfield will, it is said, succeed Sir Colin Campbell as Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia, and that the latter will proceed to Canada, as Commander of the Forces, in consequence of the resignation of Sir John Colborne.—*Limerick Chronicle.*

Wm. Reid, Esq. of Ballymoyer, is the owner of a pony which has now attained to the age of 39 years. It is capable of travelling 40 miles a day with ease. It has been used by several gentlemen (now advanced in life) as their first pony. Roger Hall, Esq. of Narrowater was taught to ride on it.—*Newry Telegraph.*

SCOTLAND.

We understand that for some time past a number of workmen have been employed in excavating a part of the long-buried ruins of the once magnificent and still venerable Abbey of Dundrennan, in the parish of Rerwick, a few miles south-east of Rirkcudbright. Some specimens of beautiful sculpture, and also several inscriptions, have been discovered, which are highly interesting to antiquarians. This far-famed pile is the finest in the south of Scotland, and part of it is in a state of tolerable preservation; and to contemplate the magnificent yet dilapidated walls awakens a train of mournfully pleasing associations, while it forcibly presents to the instability of human greatness. It was here that the battle of Mary soon after the battle of Langside, lasted for one night while on her way to the inhospitable shores of her treacherous friend Elizabeth.—*Dumfries Herald.*

Mr. Hawkins' canvass for the representation of Forfar has come to a melancholy close. The unfortunate gentleman was attacked with a most violent insanity while in his progress, and was brought to the Lunatic Asylum at Glasgow.

Donna's Straits Whale Fisheries.—The Princess Charlotte, Captain Deuchas, arrived in the Bay on Tuesday from Donna's Straits. She left the ice on the 1st of August; but accounts have been received by other vessels to the effect, that the whaling Mary soon after the battle of Langside, lasted for one night while on her way to the inhospitable shores of her treacherous friend Elizabeth.—*Dumfries Herald.*

We are happy to learn that a subscription has been commenced at Dundee for the purpose of rewarding Mr. Darling and Miss Darling for the heroic and humane manner in which they proceeded, in the midst of the storm, to the rescue of the passengers and crew of the Forfarshire, left on the wreck.

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WALES.

Hops.—The hop yards in Herefordshire are in a wretched condition, being a complete failure.

Railroad.—The Chester and Birkenhead Railway is progressing rapidly.

Iron Trade.—The proprietors of the Pentwyn and Gwynn Iron Works have united their operations.

Copper.—A mine of copper in Oswestry, lately discovered, is likely to turn very lucrative.

Political Union.—A branch of this Birmingham Society has been established at Newton, in Montgomeryshire, and upwards of 300 members have already joined.

THE LEEK.

The Cheltenham Cambrian Concert Committee have offered a medal for the best Welsh air adapted to the following stanzas on the Leek:
Up with the Leek! 'tis the emblem of honor,
When the bands of the Saxon were rushing upon her,
And Cadwallon stood firm as a rock on the shore.
Up with the Leek! 'twas a record of glory,
Ere roses or shamrocks were famous in song;
'Twas the light of the bard, and spirit of story,
The darling of freedom, the pride of each tongue.
Up with the Leek, and the lip that would scorn it
Had better scorn death on the edge of the grave,
For heroes and Statesmen, and ministers have
Worn it—
The daughters of beauty, the sons of the brave,
Up with the Leek! while it's green leaf shines
O'er us—
Whilst nature rejoices to welcome its birth;
We will cherish it still, as our sires did before us,
As an emblem, the proudest and noblest on earth.

AGES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

George Washington was born 1732; elected President in 1789; installed the same year at the age of 57, served eight years, and retired to private life at the age of 65.

John Adams was born in 1735; elected 1796; 63 years of age when installed; served 4 years; retired in 1801, at the age of 66.

Thomas Jefferson was born in 1749; elected in 1800; installed in 1801, at the age of 58 years; served 8 years; retired from office in 1809 at the age of 66 years.

James Madison was born in 1751; elected in 1808, installed in 1809, at 58 years of age; served 8 years; retired in 1817, when he was 66 years old.

James Monroe was born in 1758; elected in 1816, installed the next year, when he was 58 years of age; served 8 years; retired from office in 1824 at the age of 66 years.

John Quincy Adams was born in 1775, elected in 1824; installed the following year, at the age of 60 years; served 4 years; retired in 1829, being then 64 years of age.

Andrew Jackson was born in 1767; elected in 1828, went into office in 1829; at the age of 62; served 8 years, retired in 1837, at the age of 70 years.

Martin Van Buren was born in 1782; elected in 1836, installed in 1837, at the age of 55 years. It will be seen by the foregoing that four of our presidents were sixty-six years of age when they retired from public life, one sixty-five one seventy, and one (John Q. Adams) sixty-four when he left the presidential chair, but he is still in public business.

The following are the ages of three other distinguished individuals, who are spoken of as candidates for the exalted station of President of the U. States, viz.

William Henry Harrison was born in 1773, Henry Clay in 1776, and Daniel Webster in 1782.

Mr. Van Buren is the youngest President we have ever had, and should he serve the second term, he will then retire to private life, younger than any of his predecessors. But should General Harrison be elected in 1840, he would go into power at an age more advanced than any before.

Mr. Clay is now in his 61st year, and Mr. Webster in his 56th.

Messrs. Webber and Young, two of the seconds in the fatal duel at Wimbledon, between Captain Elliot and Mr. Mirfin, have been tried and found guilty of murder. The Judge, in passing sentence of death, told the prisoners that their lives would be spared, but that they would have to undergo a long term of imprisonment. The verdict produced not little consternation among the young fashionables of London.

SAM WELLERISM.

The following, in common parlance, "Wellerisms," we transcribe from "Harry Austin," one of the best of the late novels. They are put in the mouth of a London Bow street police man, a very quaint and amusing character.

At small matter of business, as the hangman said to the culprit when he fitted the halter.

Things will out sometimes, as the terrier said to the pickpocket.

Don't be long about it, as the bride said to the parson.

I see no fun in this here, as the prig said when he stood in the pillory.

Now it's all down hill work, as Mr. Saddler said when he fell out of the balloon.

I'm blow'd if I'm as fond of you as you are of me, as the cake said to the school boy.

Know me better like me more, as the fox said to the turkey.

All living creatures has got feeling, as the lobster said to the cock when she was a biling him.

Not long about that, as the snail said to the garden roller when he crushed him.

Glad to see you, as the spider said to the fly, when he caught him.

I should rather think not, as the goose said when the fox asked him to supper.

Times is changed, as Lord Ferrers said when they hanged him.

A creature of infinit merit, as the playactor said of his harlequin.

All 'n't gold that glitters, as the chap thought when he passed the bad guinea.

Why not, as the judge said when the murderer asked him if he was to be dissected.

I see'd no fun in touchin' him, as the skinned cat said of the porcupine.

All this comes of play, as the child said when his brother poked his eye out with the needle.

Your life don't seem all a round of pleasure, as the sand seller's ass said to the horse in the cider mill.

JACKSON, (MISS.) Oct. 13.

POSTSCRIPT.—By yesterday evening's northern mail, we learn from the Argus of the 9th inst. that during the past week the GAMBLERS in Columbus, Mi. have kept the town in great excitement. Arm'd men paraded the streets, and were stationed at corners with double barrel guns, bowie knives, &c. and every day a general fight was anticipated. The gamblers put law and public indignation at defiance. The militia were called out, to aid the civil authority in preserving peace.—*Sun.*

Few men in Congress can bring an argument to a point sooner than Dr. Duncan.—*Pennsylvania Examiner.*

Few can sooner bring a gallon of whiskey to a pint.—*Louisville Journal.*

EGGS AND POULTRY.

Among all nations, and throughout all grades of society, eggs have been a favorite food. But in all our cities and particularly in winter, they are held at such prices that few families can afford to use them at all; and even those who are in easy circumstances, consider them too expensive for common food.

There is no need of this. Every family or nearly every family, can with very little trouble, have eggs in plenty during the whole year; and of all the animals domesticated for the use of man, the common dunghill fowl is capable of yielding the greatest possible profit to the owner.

In the month of November, I put apart eleven hens and cock, gave them a small chamber in a wood-house, defended from storms, and with an opening to the south. Their food, water and lime were placed on shelves convenient for them, with nests and chalk next-eggs in plenty. These hens continued to lay eggs through the winter. From these eleven hens I received an average of six eggs daily during the winter; and whenever any one of them were disposed to set, viz. as soon as she began to cluck, she was sep-

erated from the others by a graded petition, and her apartment darkened; these cluckers were well attended and well fed; they could see and partly associate through their grates with the other fowls; and as soon as any one of these prisoners began to sing, she was liberated, and would very soon lay eggs. It is a pleasant recreation to feed and tend a bevy of laying hens; they may be tamed so as to follow the children and will lay in a box.

Egg shells contain lime, and in winter, when the earth is bound with frost or covered with snow, if lime is not provided for them, they will not lay on, if they do, the eggs must of necessity be without shells. Old rubbish lime, from chimneys and old buildings, is proper, and only needs to be broken for them. They will often attempt to swallow pieces of lime plaster, as large as walnuts.

I have often heard it said that wheat is the best grain for them, but I doubt if they will sing over Indian with more animation than over any other grain. The singing hen will certainly lay an egg, if she finds all things agreeable to her; but the hen is much a prude, as watchful as a weasel, and as fastidious as a hypocrite; she must, she will have secrecy and mystery about her nest; all eyes but her own must be averted; follow her watch her, & she will forsake her nest; and stop laying; she is best pleased with a box covered at the top, with a backside aperture for light, and a side door by which she can escape unobserved.

A farmer may keep an hundred fowls in his barn, may suffer them to trample upon and destroy his mows of wheat and other grains, and still have fewer eggs than the cottager who keeps a single dozen, who provides secret nests, chalk, dates for the exalted station of President of the U. States, viz.

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A dozen dunghill fowls, shut up away from others means of obtaining food, will require something more than a quart of Indian corn a day; I think fifteen bushels a year a fair price for them. But more or less, let them always have enough by them; and after they have become habituated to find enough, at all times a plenty in their little manger, they take but few kernels at a time, except just before retiring to roost, when they will take nearly a spoon full in their crop; but just so sure as their provision comes to them scanted or irregularly, so surely they will gape up a whole crop full at a time, and will stop laying.

A single dozen fowls, properly attended, will furnish a family with more than 2,000 eggs in a year, and 100 full grown chickens for fall and winter stores. The expense of feeding the dozen fowls will not amount to eighteen bushels of Indian corn. They may be kept in cities as well as in the country, and will do as well shut up the year round as to run at large; and a great many from any stable or other out-house, is sufficient for the dozen fowls, with their roosting places, nests and feeding troughs.

At the proper season, viz. in the spring of the year, five or six hens will hatch at the same time, and the fifty or sixty chickens given to one hen. Two hens will take care of 100 chickens well enough, until they begin to climb their little stick roosts; they should then be separated from any other fowls. I have often kept the chickens in my garden; they keep the May bugs and other insects away from vines, &c.

In cases of confining fowls in summer, it should be remembered that a ground room should be chosen; or it will do just as well to set into their pen, boxes of dried sand or kiln-dried, well pulverized earth, for them to wallow in, in warm weather.

ORIGINAL TALE.

FOR THE MINERS' JOURNAL.

Alexis Platoff.

A SKETCH OF REVOLUTIONIZED POLAND.

BY JAMES S. WALLACE.

When leagued oppression pour'd to northern wars,
Her whisker'd pandours and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum; and twang'd her trumpet horn,
Tomultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Pressing wrath to Poland—and to man.

Then shook the hills with thunder vivan,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery.

Morn was breaking over Warsaw; it was the dawning of that day ever memorable in the annals of Poland, the 25th February 1831. Already had the shrill reveille sounded to arms; the still yet watchful night was passed, and many a patriot's head arose from its pillow, which was ere oval to be lowly laid on the grim battle field; many an orison was breathed, invoking blessings on the holy cause of liberty, and many a high and noble vow inscribed on the bright altar of their country's hopes. The dreams of peace and love were broken as by a magic spell; the lover started from his couch, and the whispered vow of faith was drowned in the martial summons of the bugle; the father dashed aside a tear, as the loud rolling of the drum called him from the fancied carresses of his wife and children; the patriot rushed forth, to realize the dreamy visions of his country's freedom, but found a tyrant host of countless myriads opposed!

Sweet sleep! how like an angel's whisper came that spread thine influence o'er the mid! how calm, how pure thy pencilling! all that is bright and beautiful, is pictured by thy touch! thou pourest thy balm into the mourner's heart, excitest with ecstasy the youthful hopes, and wreathest the patriot's brow with the full flush of victory! Thou comest in rainbow hues, gorgeous and bright, decked with the sun-

beam's irised ray, but born mid tears and showers! Like hope thou showest a fairy future to the mind, but storms and clouds and tempests are between, to shut out all its fleeting loveliness!

The day had broken on one fond pair in Warsaw, and found them watchers; love's vigils never sleep. To lover's eyes, night hath peculiar charms: there is a beauty in the moonlit sky, which breathes of peace—it is so soft, so tender, it steals the heart away, and lulls all thoughts of earth! the swimming eye gazes all tearfully! and the chaste orb is love's own image—now obscured by clouds, which when they pass, are tinged with mellow light imparted by its lustre; and thus love's trials past, are rendered sweeter, brighter, by its unchanging glow of constancy.

Pilowed upon a fond and loving bosom, Ulrica saw the morn steal on their secret conference; with the first trumpet's blast, Alexis started from a reverie, in which both lovers had been wrapped.

"Hark Ulrica! tis the summons, I must away."

"Nay, not yet Alexis, let me gaze once more into thy face—let me once more hear from thy lips those vows which have made me so blest."

"Nay, trembler, do not fear! evening will see my return triumphant—the Polish Eagle perched upon the victor's plume, and once again our country free! fear not I say, let us but drive the despot Russian from our walls, and we will have those hallowed rights performed, which will give me a husband's claim to protect thee."

"Dearest," sobbed the weeping girl, "I feel that I am selfish in not freely giving thee to thy country! heaven knows, were it for myself alone, how freely would I sacrifice my life for her; but thou Alexis, are more dear to me than life or country; thou art the God of my young heart's idolatry, and parted from thee, all is dark and cheerless!"

"Nay love, let us hope; be not distrustful, for Providence will protect the patriot battling in his country's cause, and love will turn the bullet harmless by: the thought of thee Ulrica will nerve my arm, and heavily shall it fall on tyrant heads! Come cheer thee love—hark! again the bugle summons me! I must away! this dalliance unmans me—unloose thy grasp beloved one—there—thus gently let me disengage myself! farewell, Ulrica, I will return more worthy of thee, or leave my corpse upon the battle field!"

Imprinting a long, long kiss upon her brow, which was as pure and bloodless as mountain snow, he tore himself from her arms, and rushed from the apartment.— With strained eyes and beating heart, the fair girl watched his receding steps; and as he entered a long corridor which separated him from her view, she exclaimed,

"Gone! gone! the beacon light to guide my bark of hope removed! what then is left me? to weep! to weep! oh no," continued she with fervor as she fell upon her knees, "rather let me pray that heaven may guide and guard him! Oh thou, who in the battle's heat, can rush unarmed between opposing ranks, protect the patriot, warring for his country—interpose thine arm of might to be the shield of him, who struggles to be free! and if it is thy will that he should fall, but no—no! it cannot be, thou wilt not suffer it—guard, protect and cheer him! Oh holy mother, and Thou that hast felt the pangs and pains of death, intercede for him at thy father's throne!"

She rose and approached the casement; Alexis was mounting his gallant steed, which was impatiently champing the bit, as his high-mettled blood was roused by the sounds of war. She waved her kerchief to him; he returned the salute with his lance, and dashing the rovels in his horse, galloped away, to ally in the excitement of the battle's preparation the thoughts of that sad parting. He soon joined his troop, and was received with a shout of welcome by his brave comrades, and in the duties of his command, all feelings of minor influence were soon merged.

By the cold grey light of the morning, the gallant Shryznecki reviewed his Spartan band, arranged their lines of attack and defence, and spoke words of ardent encouragement and hope. Peal after peal followed in protracted shouts of dejection, as he exhorted them to remember the stake they had at issue in the approaching encounter: "Shall we my countrymen," continued he, as the fire of patriotism kindled additional lustre in his dark eye, "Shall we, permit the Russian despot to sack our town and desecrate our hearts? Shall we dread the overwhelming force he brings against us, to awe us to submission? Shall we forget the years of ignominious wrong, our nobles exiled, and our peasants bound in contumelious chains? Shall we forget the cause hallowed by Kosciusko's blood, and accept conditions from a power built on the mouldering corpses of Poland's best and bravest? Never! compatriots, we will conquer or die! When once we draw the sword or catch the lance, let us swear to strike for

our country's cause while life remains, or make the gates of Warsaw a second time-hallowed Thermopylae! Yes Poles and countrymen! the proud Debsitch, the dreaded "crosser of the Balkin," shall find upon the plains of Gorkow a monument to tell the world, that liberty is not yet fled the sphere, or the fires of patriotism yet extinguished! Now friends prepare! and let but two thoughts enter your firm bosoms, the first is due to heaven, the next to Poland! We stand between our foe and those we are sworn to guard by every tie! remember then that if we fall, we forge new chains for those we love, and turn their prayers to curses! Let but one sacred impulse animate each heart, and be the word of battle, "Our country free, or glorious death!"

"Our country free or glorious death!" was the response from the assembled thousands! Women and children on the walls, who overlooked the scene, caught up the burden of the shout, and mingled with the prayers which rose to heaven on that eventful morn, the rallying words of "victory or death!"

And now the din of war commenced; a tremendous charge was made by the right wing of the Russians, levelled against the Polish left. Like the rush of the mighty hurricane, lashing the furious waves to madness, came that shock! The Poles received the deadly galling fire, and though more than quadrupled by the foe, both in numbers and weight of metal, stood like the earth rooted rock! the vapor of human blood arose to heaven—dark, sanguinary and fierce was the encounter; the demonic workings of revenge and hatred nerved each heart! mercy shrieking fled appalled! the sword unsated with the maddening draught of blood, would gleam on high, ere it pierced a fallen foe's heart, but not a ray of mercy blessed the defenceless head, but the voice of compassion was drowned in the hellish, fierd-like laugh of the conqueror! Foot to foot, and hand to hand, they battled from day-break till near mid-day! batteries were concentrated on particular spots, and as the roar of near four hundred pieces of artillery mingled with the triumphant shout or dying groan, it seemed as "Aie! hot from hell!" was roused to action! The rivers ran with blood—their streams were bridged by the dead and expiring, and battalions marched over their comrades corpses to the renewed attack!

Once and once only was the firm line of Polish patriots seen to waver; it was when the Russian Generals made a concentrated effort against its centre, covered by a murderous discharge of grape shot. Like the convulsions of a post-up earthquake, the mighty mass wavered and reeled, and in an instant more, the fate of Poland had then been decided, had not a young officer of lancers, rushed before them and both by word and action cheered them to renewed exertion.

"Stir not, move not friends! in God's name, move not!" shouted Alexis, for he it was with noble devotedness had thrown himself before his countrymen. "One receding step, and you entail upon our name and race an heritage of ignominy! stand and be free! we are not slaves nor cowards! are we not grit with swords, have we not yet remaining strength, and have we not these Russians. Look at the tall rock cradled oaks of our native land, rear their proud heads to the blast mid fire and carnage! they shake their free sky-kissing tops in shame and mockery at us! On! on! I say! cry blood and havoc—let each sword eat a hundred lives, and gut like hungry cannibals on human gore! strike one more blow for Poland! liberty or chains! empire or exile! victory or death!"

With a loud shout the renewed attack was made, and the mighty mass of the Russian army was appalled by the impetus. It soon however recovered itself and in few moments the valley of the Vistula, was covered with their swarming ranks, as they debouched from the Forest of Elders where the reserve under the Grand Duke Constantine had been placed. "It was their policy if possible to break the centre of the Polish line: nine times therefore did they renew their attack, and nine times were they repulsed! In vain did the Russian "Balkin crosser" devise new modes of advance: in vain was the artillery brought like cavalry, within thirty yards of their lines; in vain did they belabor forth their murderous thunder—each foot of the assailed and devoted Poles was upon their native soil, each heart was thinking of its guarded fire-side, each arm was striking for liberty!

The noble brave, and chivalric Schryznecki was unhorsed, and like most of the other Generals was fighting on foot at the head of their troops, but their efforts were apparently useless, as far as regarded the termination of the contest. As one line of the Russian advance would be mowed down by their obstinate resistance, others would fill their places, with an alacrity which seemed interminable. He then determined on a retrograde movement, for the purpose of drawing the Rus-