

From the Anglo-American
DRINKING SONGS.

Whitfield used to say, that he did not see why the Devil should have all the pretty tunes. So he married many of the prettiest that were in profane use, to sacred words; and some of the hymns of this day, were once reels, and hornpipes. Just so, I do not see why much of the best music should be consecrated to Bacchus, in drinking songs. A cold water man, taking his life through, has a much better chance, and a much better right, to be merry than the bibbles either wine or whiskey. Certainly, that "harp of thousand strings," his bodily and mental frame, will keep in tune much longer than that of a toper. It is high time, then, to win over the Muses from their ill office, of hand-maids to Bacchus, and enlist them in a pious service. That they can and will do quite readily on cold water, is proved by many experiments; and among others, by the following parody, mainly taken from a temperance song book.

Airs—"Sparkling and bright."

Sparkling and bright is liquid light,
In the rill from the gurgling fountain;
Clearly it gleams as the rosy beams
Of the sun, that gild the mountain.
Then drink your will of that crystal rill,
And leave the cup of sorrow;
Which, sparkling to light with deceitful light,
Will sting thy soul to sorrow.

Like a gem each drop comes bubbling up;
Then forth from the cool spring flowing,
Reflects Heaven's ray, and pours on its way
Bloom, peace, and joy bestowing.
Then drink your will of the crystal rill, &c.

Touch not the wine, tho' it brightly shine,
When Nature to you has given
A drink so sweet your lips to meet—
A nectar that flows from heaven!

Then drink your will, &c.

The newspapers, 15 years ago, published the following spirited song, written by Mr. (Philip) Hone of N. Y. I have never heard one half so appropriate to a deep carousal; every toast invoking upon the revellers the natural consequences of their potations.

DRINKING SONG.

Come, fill the bowl, and fill the glass,
With wine and spirits high;
And we will drink, while round they pass,
To Vice, and Misery!

Push quickly round the draught again,
And drain the goblet low;
And drink, in rev'ry's swelling strain,
To Reason's overthrow!

Push round, push round, in quickest time:
The lowest drop be spent
In one loud roar, to Guilt and Crime,
And Crime's just punishment!

Fill, fill again! Fill to the brim,
To loss of honest fame;
Quaff, deeper quaff, while now we drink—
Our wives' and children's shame!

Push round and round, with loudest cheers
Of mirth and revelry;
We drink to—Woman's sighs and tears,
And children's poverty!

Once more—while power shall yet remain,
E'en with our latest breath,
Drink—To ourselves disease and pain,
And Infamy, and Death!

THE PISTOL DUEL—THE STUDENT'S FUNERAL.

After the observations we have just made upon the German system of duelling contrasted with our own, it may seem somewhat inconsistent to narrate the following story; but as we could scarcely describe the touching and melancholy scene of the student's funeral without narrating also the circumstances connected with his death, we prefer incurring the semblance of so serious a charge rather than diminish the interest of our narrative; premising, however, as we have already intimated, that the pistol duel is of very rare occurrence in Germany, taking place, when it does occur, only in cases of real injury, where some insult of a grievous nature has been inflicted, and we do not recollect ever having heard of an instance which happened except the one we are about to relate; it is strictly prohibited both by the university and the civil law, the principals and seconds being liable, according to the circumstances of the case, to the punishment of death or perpetual banishment.

Clara Von Rosenstein was one of the loveliest maidens not only in Heidelberg, but the whole principality of Baden. Tall, and of matchless symmetry, her graceful figure was just expanding into the bloom of womanhood; her smile was like a sunbeam; her cheek like the delicate hue of the rose; and her soft brown hair waved in glossy curls from a brow bright with intelligence, and fairer than the snow; while her dove-like eyes, of the deepest blue, fringed by long dark lashes, beamed with a gentle light, which, in the days of chivalry, would have sent half the champions in christendom into the lists to strive for one single glance. She was one of those rare beings which seem almost too beautiful for the atmosphere of this every-day world; and her beauty was only to be equalled by her sweet and amiable mind. Of course, the students had by far too much good taste to go half mad for the love of so peerless a damsel; and the gentle Clara had, in fact, turned the heads of half the university. To use the words of Sheridan's beautiful song—
"Friends in all the ages she met,
And lovers in the young."
Whenever a ball was in prospect the young ladies, even the Crown Prince himself, would go to engage her hand for the dance a month before. If you passed along of a summer's night, rising from the old acacia trees which waved beneath her mother's dwelling, the silver strains of the serenade brought by some spellbound lover, would be sure to fall upon the ear. Many a lover had sighed for her in vain; but of all the numerous admirers to her favour the Count Ernst Von Newenberg was the only one who seemed to have a chance of success. Young, rich, handsome, and fascinating, with some of the noble blood of Saxony in his veins, Von Newenberg was the idol of his associates, and the picked man of his choir. One of the first waltzers at the university, his aim at the "valse" was as unerring as his guard at the duel was true. At the revel his laugh was the merriest, and his song the lightest; while his presence and open temper, and the unassuming simplicity of his manner, made his society sought by all. No one was so frequently the gentle Clara's partner in the dance, or her companion in those mountain rambles which were accompanied by her mother and sisters, were her delight; and at length the world gave it out—and we believe the world was once in

the right—that the flower of the "Odenwald" had become the betrothed of the Count Von Newenberg.

As ill-fate would have it, there was then a student at the university, who, it was said, had also been an aspirant for the smiles of the gentle Clara, and who in person as well as character was widely different from the Count. He was a Suabian noble; dark and grim in his aspect, fierce and overbearing temper; in every respect as opposite as possible from his more favoured rival was he who was known by the formidable appellation of the Black Baron. His stormy passions had never brooked control; and when at last, to his dismay, he learned that the beautiful Clara had blessed another with her heart, from that moment an intense and deadly hatred of Von Newenberg seized possession of his whole being, and he eagerly sought some opportunity of fastening a quarrel upon him; which Ernst, though brave as a lion by nature, yet being of a quiet and unassuming temper, took every precaution to avoid. Matters had been going on in this way for some time, when it was announced in the papers that a ball would take place in the Museum upon New Year's Eve. No sooner was this fact made public than the Baron, who, we suppose, wished to have one chance more, repaired to Clara's dwelling, and requested her hand for a certain dance; and as it is not the etiquette of the country in such cases for a lady to refuse, the fair Clara yielded a reluctant assent. Unfortunately, however, she made some mistake, and accidentally marked the Baron's name down for the wrong dance upon the little "karte der balle" which in Germany is furnished beforehand to every lady by the master of the ceremonies. The evening arrived, and never did the "beauty of the Odenwald" appear more bewitching; attired in a robe of snowy white, with no ornament save a solitary rose in the silken tresses of her dark hair. Those who saw her that night floating along in the graceful waltz declared that their eyes never lighted upon a more perfect vision of youthful loveliness. She was just about to dance with the count, when the Black Baron appeared with an ominous and scowling brow. "Fraulein," said he, "I think you promised me this dance." "No," replied Clara, showing him her little tablet, "I have your name down for the next. This one I promised to the Count Von Newenberg." The Baron's eyes flashed fire as he rudely replied, "You must certainly be mistaken. You promised me the second 'Schottisch'; this it, and I cannot let you off." "Well," said Clara, "as the mistake must have been mine, Herr Baron, if the count will be good enough to excuse me until the next dance, I have no objection to dance this with you." "Count Newenberg," replied the Baron, "has no voice in the matter. If you do not dance with me now, you shall dance with no one else to-night." The blood mounted up to the Count's temples at the savage rudeness of this speech; but curbing his indignation, he quietly replied, "The Fraulein dances with me this time, and any such language as you have just used must not be repeated." The poor Fraulein was inconsolable. "She entreated Ernst to allow her to withdraw from the dance, but this the Count would by no means permit. Gaily floated the music's voluptuous swell; round went the dance; beneath the loving light of the Fraulein's beautiful eyes, Ernst forgot his passage with the moody Baron; but that night was the last time he ever pressed the slender waist of the beautiful Clara, and he listened then to the silver tones of that voice whose sound upon earth was never to greet his ear again. Upon arriving at his lodgings, Ernst found one of the Suabian Chores waiting for him, with a cartel from the Baron. He had hoped that the affair was over, but he little knew the fierce and vindictive spirit of his rival.

"Go back," he said, "and tell the Baron that in this case if any message ought to come at all it should be from me; he made use of language which few others would have brooked, but I forgive him, I do not seek his life."

"Count," replied the Suabian, "the Baron is determined, and he desires me to add, that if you show any disinclination to meet him, he will take the first opportunity of insulting you in public."

"Let him, if he dares," replied Ernst, and the Suabian departed.

The next day, however, a collision took place, unnecessary for us to describe; suffice to say that the Baron was so violent and outrageous in his conduct, that a meeting was considered inevitable. The challenged party in such cases has always his choice of weapons, and the Count Von Newenberg selected between the pleasant alternative of the crooked sabre or the pistol; as he knew his opponent was at the very least fully his match with the sabre, and had, besides, the advantages of superior height and strength, he choose the latter, and the Black Baron went nearly mad with rage when he heard of the selection; he stamped about like a maniac, cursed his stars, his sword, and every body else.

not a vestige of any other colour to be seen upon which the eye could rest for an aim. While the count, fingering his cloak, appeared in his ordinary costume, his frock coat flying loosely open, and discovering a light-coloured waist-coat. "Let him have his fair chance," said he, taking a small gold snuff-box from his waistcoat pocket, and handing it to his second, who took the opportunity of advising him, in a whisper, to button his coat. Each party now advanced slowly in the direction of the other, the black Baron covering all the while his opponent with his pistol, now and then lowering it so as to secure his aim. While the count advanced with firm and composed step, with his weapon pointed to the ground; suddenly he raised it slightly; the bright barrel glanced for a moment in the sun, his hand was steady, and his aim true—he fired; a thin puff of blue smoke floated to leeward, and the Black Baron's right arm, shattered by a pistol bullet, dropped powerless by his side. "Stand your ground," thundered the Baron, with a deep imprecation, as he saw Von Newenberg coming forward as if to assist him. Every one stood aghast—they thought the duel was at an end. The count threw away his pistol, folded his arms, and turned with a quiet smile to his second, "Never mind," said he, "he can't do much harm now." The count however had reckoned without his host, for the grim Baron, with a scowl of vindictive malice, taking up the pistol in his left hand, advanced within the nearest limit—the count still retaining his position opposite. At last he raised his weapon—every heart was sick with anxiety—long and steadily was his murderous aim—he drew the trigger—and Count Von Newenberg, with one convulsive spring into the air, fell to the earth with a pistol bullet in his heart. The spectators could hardly believe their senses, but, alas! it was too true, of the brave, the generous, and the high-minded young noble, upon whom the sun rose that morning full of health and hope, all that remained now was a senseless lump of clay. The murderer gazed for one brief moment on his work—then turned to the mountains, and never was the gloomy form of the Black Baron seen in Heidelberg again.

It is only to students who have distinguished themselves at the university that the honor of a public funeral by torch-light is ever accorded, and as the mortality among them is very slight, it is a spectacle which rarely occurs, and is not often seen by an Irishman. The sorrow for the death of Von Newenberg was deep and universal—his own intimate companions and the whole of the chere to which he belonged were inconsolable at his loss; and when the family of the unfortunate young nobleman, having been apprised of the sad event, at length arrived, a day was fixed for conveying his remains, with public honours, to the grave. Every student of the university, and most of the professors, made it a point to attend. The scene was fraught with melancholy interest, and was one which made a deep impression upon us.

At the distance of little more than a mile from the town lies the new burial-place of Heidelberg. It is a quiet spot, embosomed by trees, upon a sunny slope on the mountain's side. We have seldom seen a place in which the spirit, shattered by the disappointments and torn by the storms of this weary world, could find a calmer repose.

Far off—so far that its noise can scarcely reach the ear—roll on the bushes and toil of life; the plaintive and soothing murmur of the Neckar is heard in the distance, as with a sound like breakers in a dream, it ripples past, sweet and musical enough in fancy; tall trees cast their shadows across the quiet grass;—but these alone, but the rose, the lily, and the violet, planted and tended by careful hands, mark where the loved and the lost ones sleep. A German burial-place is indeed an instructive study, and one which fills the mind with sad but pleasant thoughts. No marble monuments, once rich with carving and decorated by the curious tracery of art, but mouldering and neglected by the hand of time, are there; no emblazoned stone fresh from the artist's hand, tells in letters of gold the history of the life and the many virtues of the dead which lies beneath it; no rank weeds wave over neglected graves; but a square place of earth, amid the green turf, smooth as velvet, with a rustic cross with three sweet flowers, afford a simple and touching proof that they who sleep beneath are not forgotten, nor even remembered and wasted upon the bed of death; but that survivors with the fresh and beautiful things turning again with the breath of spring, replanted as if to testify that the spirit has quit-tered its tenement of clay for a land where the dill and solemn tone of the funeral-bell comes thead, as the mournful train which accompanied the departed student to his resting-place draws near. It is preceded by a band of music, and the trumpets fall with a wailing cadence upon the ear. On it comes!—the flaming torches cast a fitful glare through the darkness—now lighting up the faces of the spectators—now falling with an uncertain gleam upon the "Toten bahre," or hearse, which, drawn by six horses clothed in black, with white plumes nodding at their heads, sweeps slowly past. It is a long, long funeral car without a canopy, upon which the coffin, covered with black cloth trailing in the dust, is laid. It is usually preceded by a company of torch-bearers. Crosswise upon the coffin were laid two "schlagers," fastened together with the chere band and the cap of the young noble, the gay chere colours of the basket-hilts being closely muffled with black crape. The Senior of the chere, attired in full dress—a hat, with white plumes, deep white leather gloves, and with his sword trailing behind him on the ground, followed the funeral car. Then comes the whole chere, drawn up in two lines, marching in single file, each man clad in black, and carrying his drawn sword, with its point turned to the ground. The remainder of the students, marshalled in separate cheres, come next, every one carrying in his hand a torch of blazing pine.

"Behold the sound of their measured tread,
As silent and slow they follow the dead."
Garlands of flowers are laid on the coffin, and as the procession passes on its way, the wall of the trumpets, the strange costume of the students, the blue steel glancing in the

torch-light, formed altogether a spectacle not inferior in interest to anything we had ever seen, though wanting the muffled drum and the well-arranged trappings of martial pomp; it is even a more touching sight than the soldier's funeral. The train reached at last the Fredhof, or churchyard, and the chere of the departed student, assembling round the open grave, lowered the coffin with chords to its last resting place; each man then threw a handful of earth upon it; a short address was pronounced by the clergyman, eulogizing the many virtues of the deceased, setting forth his simple and manly virtues, and deprecating the act by which he met his untimely end. The companions of the chere then lowered their swords on the grave, and clashed them together twice or thrice, a burst of music rose from the band, and every voice joined in singing the beautiful words of Schiller's song—

THE GRAVE.
"Deep yawns the grave to mortals—
On its brink dark horrors stand;
A black veil shrouds the portals
Of that unvisited land.
"The nightingale's sweet singing,
In its breast can never sound
Nor love, her roses flinging,
Break through the mossy ground.
"Nor can the bride forsaken,
As she wrings her hands in woe,
Nor the wailing orphan waken
The dust that sleeps below.
"But still, in that place so lonely,
Can the peace we have sought for come
And men through their dark gates only
Rest in a quiet home.
"And the heart that with grief is riven,
Finds ever in that still shore,
From the storms of life a haven,
Where its pulses beat no more."

This song concluded, the party then bent their steps homewards, and left him whom they had seen among them but yesterday, in the full flush of youth and happiness, alone with solitude.

When we reached the town, we proceeded to the Museum Platz, or grand "place" of the town, when the whole array was marshalled into a hollow square, the seniors of the respective cheres occupying the different corners. The spectacle was now truly magnificent; one vast square of light was formed by the blazing torches which flashed strangely upon the fanciful costume, the white plumes, and gleaming schlagers of the students. The trumpets rang forth in plaintive music—a thousand voices joined in a magnificent chorus—a thousand swords in the pauses of the music clashed together—at a given signal every one flung his torch on high into the air, whirling about through the deep darkness of the night, they looked like so many fiery meteors, each emitting, in its descent, a shower of sparks; crossing each other in the air they all fell together, forming in the centre of the square a brilliant pile, which flared for one brief moment, up into a blaze of light, and then suddenly died away, no unfitting emblem of the career of him whose light of life they had so lately seen extinguished. The assembly then dispersed. This sad story, the features of which are doubtless familiar to any one who has happened to be a traveller in Germany within the last two years, will be recognized by many a reader. Two noble families were plunged into the deepest affliction by the mournful event, and in the course of the last summer, at Berlin, a beautiful girl, in whose faded cheek the hints of sorrow were still recent, was pointed out to us as the once celebrated "flower of the Odenwald."

From the New-York Observer.
Revolt in Poland: its Effects on Europe.
FRANCE, April, 1846.

Preliminary observations.—Iber Russia, Austria, and Prussia general Poland. Unattempted national insurrection.—Austrian cities committed by the Russian and Austrian governments.—Importance of the late events.—Sympathy of Europe for Poland. One topic has absorbed, for some weeks the attention of France and of a great part of Europe: the revolt which has occurred in Poland. This new attempt of an unhappy nation to recover its independence, is indeed a sight deserving of universal sympathy. It does not intend to examine now the right of revolt in an abstract point of view. Christians are divided in opinion in this respect. Some say that, in no case, in no circumstances, does the Gospel allow a nation to resist the established government. Others answer that it is sometimes a duty to defend their rights, even with arms, and that it is lawful to break the yoke of tyrants, who respect neither divine nor human laws. Much can be said on both sides; but, I repeat it, I shall not now examine the theory, and I add that if ever a nation was authorized to fight against its oppressors, Poland is that nation.

An idea can hardly be formed of the sufferings the Poles endure. Correct and full information is lacking, because the Russian and Austrian governments exercise the strictest scrutiny over newspapers and do not allow to the inhabitants the liberty of speech. The police agents penetrate even the domestic circle, prevent all confidence, shut the mouth of the boldest and would forbid the very thoughts, if the sanctuary of the heart were not inviolable. All classes of the population are subjected alike to this tyranny, the noble as well as the peasant must undergo cruel chastisements, if he show feelings of independence. Still some information reaches the rest of Europe, in spite of this double barrier of soldiers and police-men, and I shall attempt to describe to you how Poland is governed.

You know that this country which has acquired so glorious a name in the history of modern times, was basely and cruelly divided, nearly eighty years ago between Russia, Austria and Prussia. The other European powers raised no remonstrance against this odious measure. England was then occupied with her colonial quarrels. France had a king without dignity or force, who wasted in low pleasures the time he ought to have given to business. Thus the three great states of the North did as they pleased, and sundered a generous nation with the point of their sword.

Russia had the chief part in this iniquity. She took for herself about two thirds of Poland. Austria obtained Galicia, and Prussia had the Grand Duchy of Posen. Each of these governments introduced into the provinces which fell to its share, its own spirit, and laws; and hence the differences which it is well to point out.

lowed the country a sort of national representation. At the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, it was even formally stipulated that Poland should have a separate government, that she should retain her nationality, her language, schools, hereditary customs, and should be placed under the protection of a representative assembly. The emperor Alexander, it is but just to say respected the promises which had been made to the Poles. But Nicholas, after the revolution of 1830, trampled under foot all the stipulations of treaties, and governed this nation by brute force. No deliberative body; no independent courts of law, no respect for the most sacred rights; in a word a government more despotic than that of the ancient kings of Asia or Constantinople.

The Muscovite czar built at the gates of Warsaw a citadel bristled with cannon; and one day, the inhabitants of this town coming to offer him their respects, he said to them angrily: "Beware! make not the least movement, show not the least resistance; for on the first attempt at insurrection, I have guns which will reduce Warsaw to ashes, and I forewarn you that I shall not rebuild it." The poor Poles went away, broken-hearted, with tears in their eyes, and groaning over the ruins of their country. What could they reply to this ferocious tyrant?

It would be long to relate all the acts of injustice and oppression committed by the czar Nicholas. A well-informed writer has published a list of men of good condition, who have been obliged to go into exile, or been dragged to Siberia; there are more than six thousand names on this dark catalogue. The value of their property which the emperor has confiscated amounts to four hundred millions of dollars. This is not all. The Russian government tries to introduce the Russian language into the schools and colleges of Poland. It employs bribery and other means to make converts (what converts) to the Greek religion. No family is safe. The ill will or caprice of subordinate agents, the mere suspicions of a Russian magistrate may bring upon a whole house the most terrible treatment. A mother dare not ask the news of her exiled son, for fear of being suspected. A son dare not send to his mother testimonials of his affection, lest they should endanger her. The emissaries of the Muscovite tyrant respect neither the rights of nature nor families, nor the obligations of conscience, nor honor, nor shame. They desire a nation of slaves; and means of punishment are ever at hand for the refractory. Such is a fair account of the Russian government.

The cabinet of Vienna showed little more moderation and reserve. That astute, adroit man, fertile in expedients, skillful to conceal his secret designs, prince de Metternich, (for I speak not of the emperor Ferdinand, who is only a crowned automaton)—Mr. de Metternich, I say, had succeeded in persuading Europe that he governed Galicia with mild and paternal laws. No bloody punishments; no acts of atrocity. But by a shameful perfidy, which excites now the execration of the world, he had employed indirect means to nourish the hatreds of one part of the population against the other; and his measures had been so judiciously calculated that he could, at a critical moment, instigate the peasants to butcher the nobles and the landholders. Besides, to accomplish more surely his plans, he had kept the lower classes in the most complete ignorance. Schools were few, books still fewer, and thick darkness shrouded the whole country. The priests were even forbidden to preach without leave of the government against drunkenness! Mr. de Metternich tried thus to form a degraded populace, addicted to the lowest vices, in order to use them in a day of revolution.

Prussia treats better than the other powers the provinces which fell to her lot in the partition. There are in the Grand duchy of Posen some means of instruction, impartial justice in ordinary affairs, humane laws, and even something resembling a political constitution. But this last is only apparent. The deputies of the duchy of Posen have only the right to bring their complaints to the king of Prussia, who decides then as he thinks proper. Yet, compared with what exists in the other provinces of ancient Poland, the situation is tolerable. So, during the late insurrection, the defenders of the national liberty testified very special regard for the Prussian magistrates. Some journals assert that they were disposed to offer to the king of Prussia the crown of Poland, if he would accept it.

Such were the respective positions of the parties interested, when the city of Cracow raised the standard of the Jagellons. Cracow is a petty republic, which belongs neither to Russia, nor Austria, nor Prussia, because these three powers have not been able to agree to whom it shall be assigned. But its independence is only nominal. In reality, Cracow is governed by the ambassadors or residents, as they are called, who impose on this people the laws of their governments, and the Senate of Cracow is a high sounding name which conceals complete subjection.

The Polish conspiracy had been plotted for a long time. The exiled nobles who lived in Paris and in London have never abandoned the hope of recovering their country. They publish journals and pamphlets, which they try to circulate secretly in the provinces of Poland. They have active and devoted emissaries, who, in spite of Russia and Austria, penetrate into the cottage of the peasant, the shop of the mechanic, the dwelling of the gentleman, revive their drooping spirits, and hold up the prospect of a better fortune. Thus the plan had been prepared for several years. The kingdom of Poland, Galicia, the Grand duchy of Posen had formed an extensive organization, one another, in order to avoid betrayal. The whole conspiracy was in the hands of a few skillfully chosen leaders.

Two things should be remarked in this plan of insurrection: First, that the nobles generously sacrificed their feudal privileges, as appears in the proclamation published by the revolutionary government. They consented to give to the peasantry all the rights of free citizens, and to establish complete civil equality. This fact shows a happy progress of opinion among the aristocratic families of Poland. During the Revolution, which ended in 1832, the nobles had refused to emancipate their serfs. Now, they proclaim themselves this emancipation; generous conduct, which will sooner or later yield its fruits. The other fact worthy of notice, is that the conspiracy embraced, not only

Poland properly called, but the countries inhabited by the Slavonian race, that is to say, Kussasia, the Ukraine, Hungary, Bohemia, and even Moldavia. All these descendants of the Slavonians form a population of more than thirty millions. They have been separated, parcelled out by political events, but now they incline to come together. They find that they have one origin, the same notions, the same manners, and that they speak nearly the same language. I wrote you, two years ago, a letter on this internal movement among the Slavonians. Political men in Europe are now watching its progress; they call it significantly *pan-slavonism*. When the king of Prussia learnt the insurrection of Cracow, he said: "The Slavonian epoch is begun;" and all Germany echoed the words of this monarch.

It cannot be known what will be the changes produced in Europe by the union of the Slavonians. It will be one of the greatest events which has occurred since the world's origin. Austria and Russia will lose their largest provinces; the balance of Europe will be destroyed; and a new race admitted into the family of nations. The Slavonians say themselves that they will establish a liberty such as mankind never yet has seen. Perhaps the union of all the Slavonians into one national body is still distant. We cannot pry into the mysteries of Providence; but when the moment shall come, free nations will hail with enthusiastic eagerness the appearance of this heroic race, which has preserved its manly virtues under its chains of despotism.

No wonder then that, at the news of the insurrection of Cracow, the Northern powers called out their military forces, and took the most rigorous steps to conquer the rebels. Only Prussia forms an honorable exception. Russia called out regiments of Cossacks and Cuirassiers; barbarous soldiers, who seem to have nothing human but the form, and who do not know what civilization means. These wretches took pleasure in inflicting on the vanquished the most cruel punishments and were ready to renew the devastations of Attila, and of the hordes of Huns and Vandals who ravaged the Roman empire in the fourteenth century, and putting all to fire and sword.

The Russian government has declared the whole kingdom of Poland to be in a state of siege; that is to say, that no law now exists there but the sword. Military tribunals are established. The prisons and castles are crowded; private houses are taken to hold these thousands of victims. Several nobles have been beaten with rods, others hung, and very many banished to the frozen deserts of Siberia. The people dare not utter a word of complaint. Untidely, when some generous citizens were about to be taken to death in the public square of Warsaw, an immense crowd attended, and at the fatal moment, sublime sight! the whip cracked, fell on their knees, silent and compassed as if witnessing the death of a martyr! Ah! there is justice in heaven; there is an all-mighty and holy God, who punishes the crimes of tyrants, and the hour will come when this unfortunate nation will no longer be pained to behold her noblest sons in the tread, without having even the right to bid the executioners leave!

Austria has gone even farther than Russia in acts of vengeance. It will not relate to you all that has transpired in the province of Tarnow; you have read it in the newspapers, and the pen would fall from my hands, if I should try to describe these crimes which have hardly a name in any language. You must go back several centuries to the night of St. Bartholomay, to the massacre of the Albigenses to find anything like this. Twelve to fifteen hundred landholders in Galicia butchered; butchers in their own houses, butchered by peasants drunk with rage and blood, butchered by the authority, perhaps the formal orders of Austrian officers of government, who gave a sum of money for each head brought them. Women and children were included in this massacre; dead bodies everywhere; streams of blood which filled the ditches by the way side; and then, pillage, fire, every barbarous unknown even among savages. Tarnow! execrable name, which will remain in the memory of men till the latest posterity, which will be repeated as the watchword, when Poland shall awake to regain her independence!

The insurrection was stopped by these cruel measures. A few bands of insurgents only remain, according to the German newspapers, still wandering in the forests and inaccessible retreats of the Carpathian mountains. Cracow is captured and occupied by the armies of the three powers. But if the late conspiracy has failed, it is yet of much importance. Poland has given new signs of life. While we regarded her as sleeping in the tomb, and said: "She is dead! she is dead! she is up, facing her oppressor, and says to the wailing world: 'See I am alive still!'"

The fact, I repeat it, is important. It shows that a great nation cannot sink into barbarism, that it guards its nationality as a sacred trust. The Northern Powers have smothered, gagged Poland; but she is not dead. She will revive one day like Greece, which has resumed her name and independence, after being for four centuries subjected to the Mussulman yoke. The enthusiasm awakened in Europe by this Polish insurrection is great. Germany herself has joined in these expressions of sympathy. She seems to understand that the cause of nations is her own, and that above the interests of princes is to be placed that of nations. In Berlin, Breslau, Koenigsberg, Dresden, Cologne, admission and pity for the Poles have been in every form. This fact is important. If Germany is well disposed in favor of Poland, she will open the way to France to carry succor to these oppressed heroes. France can do nothing without Germany; but with her aid, she can do everything. Every step of the Germans towards liberty will break a link in the chain of the Poles; and when the voice of freedom can be heard in Berlin, the country of Sobieski will live again.

At the bottom of all these movements is the idea of right. The right. The right of Poland, her right of independence, her right of nationality has been despised by European diplomacy; but it remains, because it does not belong to kings to annihilate rights, because it is not in their power to obliterate it from the conscience. This right cannot perish; sooner or later it will triumph. Injustice is only for a day; right is forever.