

POETS AND POETRY
OF
POLAND.





GENIUS OF POLISH HISTORY.

Wygnańcy, co tak długo błaznicie po świecie,
Kiedyż znużonym stopom spoczynek znajdziecie?
Dziki gołąb ma gniazdo, robak ziemi bryłę,
Każdy człowiek ojczyznę, a Polak mogiłę

Translation on NIEMCEWICZ's page. (*)

POETS AND POETRY
OF
POLAND.

A COLLECTION OF POLISH VERSE,

INCLUDING A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE HISTORY OF POLISH
POETRY, WITH SIXTY BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF
POLAND'S POETS AND SPECIMENS OF THEIR
COMPOSITION, TRANSLATED INTO
THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

EDITED BY

PAUL SOBOLESKI.



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1881.

*z księgozbioru
Jima Morissey'a*

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POLISH ACCENTED LETTERS.

Besides the common alphabet, the Poles have the following accented letters — and as they may occasionally occur in this work, it is deemed proper to explain their sounds and pronunciation as far as it was possible so to do.

ą (nasal), has the sound of the French *ou* as in *son*, *pardon*, etc.

ć, is pronounced *tsie*.

ę (nasal), has the sound like the French *un*, as in *chacun*, or like *in* as in *main*.

ł **ł**, very nearly as the English *l*, as in *log*, *long*, etc.

ń, is pronounced like the English *n* in *need*, or in French, *gagne*.

ó, is pronounced like the English *oo*.

ś, like the English *s*, followed by *e*, as in *sea*, *seize*.

ź, like the English *z*, in *Zealand*.

ż, is pronounced like French *g* or *j*, as in *genou*, *jambe*, *jardin*.

j, is always pronounced like *y*.

i, like *ee*.

w, like English *v*.

u, like *oo*

cz, like the English *ch*, as in *child*, *chip*, etc.

sz, like *sh*, as in *shall*, *shield*, etc.

rz, very like the French *j*, as in *jardin*.

szez, like *stch*.

ch, very nearly like *h*, or like the German *ch*, as in *machen*, *brechen*, etc.

PRONUNCIATION OF POETS' NAMES.

	PRONOUNCE
BALIŃSKI, - - - -	BAH-LIN-SKEE.
BERWIŃSKI, - - - -	BER-VIN-SKEE.
BRODZIŃSKI, - - - -	BRO-DZIN-SKEE.
BOGUSŁAWSKI, - - - -	BO-GOO-SLAV-SKEE.
DRUZBACKA, - - - -	DROOSH-BATZ-KAH.
DMUCHOWSKI, - - - -	DMOO-HOV-SKEE.
DEOTYMA, - - - -	DEO-TE-MA.
FELIŃSKI, - - - -	FEH-LIN-SKEE.
GAWIŃSKI, - - - -	GAH-VIN-SKEE.
GARCZYŃSKI, - - - -	GAR-TSCHYN-SKEE,
GASZYŃSKI, - - - -	GAH-SHIN-SKEE.
GORECKI, - - - -	GO-RETZ-KEE.
GOSŁAWSKI, - - - -	GOS-LAV-SKEE.
GOSZCZYŃSKI, - - - -	GOSH-TCHIN-SKEE.
HOŁOWIŃSKI, - - - -	HOLO-VIN-SKEE.
JACHOWICZ, - - - -	YAH-HO-VITCH.
JAKUBOWSKI, - - - -	YA-KOO-BOV-SKEE.
JASKOWSKI, - - - -	YAS-KOV-SKEE.
KARPIŃSKI, - - - -	KAR-PIN-SKEE.
KLONOWICZ, - - - -	KLO-NO-VITCH

	PRONOUNCE
KOCHANOWSKI, - - -	KO-HA-NOV-SKEE.
KNIAZŃIN, - - - -	KIN-AZ-NIN.
KONARSKI, - - -	KO-NAR-SKEE.
KONDRATOWICZ, - - -	KON-DRAH-TO-VITCH.
KORSAK (RAY), - - -	KOR-SAK.
KORSAK (JUL), - - -	KOR-SAK.
KORZENIOWSKI, - - -	KOR-ZHEN-OV-SKEE.
KRASICKI, - - - -	KRAH-SITZ-KEE.
KRASIŃSKI, - - - -	KRAH-SIN-SKEE.
KRASZEWSKI, - - - -	KRAH-SHEV-SKEE.
KROPIŃSKI, - - - -	KRO-PIN-SKEE.
LENARTOWICZ, - - - -	LEH-NAR-TO-VITCH.
MALCZEWSKI, - - - -	MAL-TCHEV-SKEE.
MIASKOWSKI, - - - -	MIAS-KOV-SKEE.
MINASOWICZ, - - - -	ME-NAH-SO-VITCH.
MICKIEWICZ, - - - -	MITZ-KEH-VITCH.
MORAWSKI, - - - -	MO-RAV-SKEE.
NARUSZEWICZ, - - - -	NA-RUSH-EH-VITCH.
NIEMCEWICZ, - - - -	NIEM-TZE-VITCH
ODYNIEC, - - - -	O-DEE-NETZ.
OLIZAROWSKI, - - - -	O-LEE ZAH-ROV-SKEE.
OSIŃSKI, - - - -	O-SEEN-SKEE.
POL, - - - -	POHL.
REY, - - - -	REY.
SARBIEWSKI, - - - -	SAR-BIEV-SKEE.

	PRONOUNCE
SIENKIEWICZ,	SEIN-KEH-VITCH.
SŁOWACKI, - - - - -	SLO-VATZ-KEE.
SZYMONOWICZ, - - - - -	SHE-MO-NO-VITCH.
TREMBECKI,	TREM-BETZ-KEE.
UJEJSKI, - - - - -	Ooy-EY-SKEE.
WASILEWSKI, - - - - -	VAH-SEE-LEHV-SKEE.
WENGIERSKI, - - - - -	VEN-GHER-SKEE.
WITWICKI, - - - - -	VIT-VITZ-KEE.
WORONICZ, - - - - -	VO-RO-NITCH.
WYBICKI,	VE-BITZ-KEE.
ZALESKI, - - - - -	ZAH-LES-KEE.
ZAN, - - - - -	ZAHN.
ZIMOROWICZ, - - - - -	ZE-MO-RO-VITCH.
ZMIECHOWSKA, - - - - -	ZMEE-HOV-SKAH.
ZMORSKI, - - - - -	ZMOR-SKEE.



INTRODUCTION.

It has been said that the most interesting phenomenon in the history of a people is the rise and progress of its literature. As in an individual man, so it is likewise in a nation, life manifests itself in a twofold manner: in action and in word. A wise man of antiquity once said to an individual unknown to him: "Speak, that I may know you." Thus we can address ourselves to every civilized people—"show us your literature, that we may judge of the actual state of your civilization, your character and your general qualifications."

It is not enough that a nation has a literature of its own, and that she sets it in sight of the progression of humanity. It is not enough that she has actors appearing on the scene of learning and knowledge; a nation which has a desire to live and to advance with proper dignity to her destiny must also have spectators, hearers and learners in the grand school of social vitality. In these lies her hope that she will not fall, and that she will develop.

People are but collective units arising from individual or single beings united by force of nationality, laws, inherent powers and actions. They grow and flourish in accordance with their natural elements and its development—and this development is the flower and the most beautiful crown of its existence.

As every nation is but a part of the grand division of the human society which it influences by its own characteristics, so is the literature of each nationality a part of the general enlightenment—which, circulating around according to its strength and spirit, tends in the same direction, and contributes toward making the whole human kind more enlightened and more happy.

The literature of such people is a record of their spiritual existence, and hence it becomes their duty—a duty which they owe to themselves and the country of their birth—to disseminate it, though it be in an humble way, among the nations of the earth. Placed in an apothetic light on the heights of time, encompassing the past and the future, it points out the direction, the mind and the feelings of the people from whose hearts it sprung—at the same time erecting imperishable monuments for them which neither passing misfortunes nor the relentless hand of time can ever obliterate.

Years ago there existed a great nation—great in achievements—noble in her bearing toward her neighbors—a warlike and chivalrous people, who once commanded the respect and admiration of the world. That nation was POLAND. Since she began to play an important rôle in the history of nations she could count over 1,500 literary names, many of which were at the time, and are now, illustrious in the annals not only of Poland, but of the world. Prostrate, partitioned, suffering, and blotted out as it were from existence, she awaits the fulfillment of her destiny. Fate sometimes strikes nations as it does individuals, but hope in her case, though it may seem futile to other nationalities, never forsakes the sorrowing hearts of her children. Scattered though they are throughout the confines of the habitable globe, they have never ceased to wait, to hope, and to trust, that she will once more be resuscitated, resurrected, regenerated, and once more counted among the nations of the earth! And we think that we are not mistaken when we say that there are many noble hearts in all nationalities who would respond to this heartfelt longing with an AMEN!

It is not the intent of the compiler and editor of this work to go into a diffuse history of Polish literature; his resources being rather limited, he must do as best he can. The purpose of this volume is only to take a cursory glance, and to present to the American public the names of some of the most distinguished Polish poets, with short biographical sketches and some specimens of their productions translated into the English language—some of which may not be equal to the originals in the easy flow of language and the beauty of expression. The Polish tongue may seem to

other nationalities as somewhat harsh and discordant, but in reality it is one of the most flowery, expressive, and harmonious languages extant. No language can excel it in heroic verse, nor claim preëminence over it in the expression of sentiment.

Although the editor has written and translated a goodly part of *THE POETS AND POETRY OF POLAND*, he availed himself of some translations of Dr. John Bowring, a distinguished English littérateur, and of Dr. Thomas D. English, an American gentleman of eminent poetical talent. He also cheerfully acknowledges assistance and advice of friends well experienced in literary matters.

In presenting this work to the public the editor can truthfully state that he has been patiently waiting for thirty years for some of his learned and able countrymen to come to the front with a work on "the Poets and Poetry of Poland," but up to this period no one has yet appeared, so this important task has fallen to his lot. He cheerfully accepts the situation, and in offering this to the *AMERICAN PEOPLE* and to his countrymen, he regrets that the collection is not more complete and not more satisfactory to himself—for he can proclaim to the world, without any egotistical feeling of nationality, but in all the sincerity of his heart, that Polish literature is a deep mine of precious treasure, although outside of its own people it has been known but little heretofore. There may have been impediments to cause this delay, but as the world advances in knowledge and general enlightenment these hidden treasures will be unearthed and brought to light.

This volume only points out the place where it lies inert, and fortunate will be the hand that will in

the future unearth these untold poetical treasures that have for so many years lain hidden from the sight of one of most enlightened people, the Anglo-Americans; but the way having once been opened, there will be found in the future stronger and abler hands, who can add to this work a great deal of valuable matter which would be interesting, not only to the American people and the Poles, but to the world.

PAUL SOBOLESKI.



THREE GREATEST POLISH POETS.

POETRY OF POLAND.

The rise and progress of Polish Poetry and general literature may be divided in five distinct epochs, to-wit :

First Epoch — Called Piast-Jagellon Epoch, from the year 1000 to 1500.

Second Epoch — That of King Sigismund, and extending from 1500 to 1620.

Third Epoch — The Jesuit Epoch, from 1620 to 1750.

Fourth Epoch — Known as the Classic Epoch (or Konarski's Epoch), from 1750 to 1822.

Fifth Epoch — The Romantic Epoch, commencing with the appearance of Adam Mickiewicz and extending up to the present time.

FIRST EPOCH.

PIAST-JAGELLON. WHICH MAY BE CONSIDERED AS THE MORNING STAR OF POLISH LITERATURE. IT DATES FROM THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY TO THE TIME WHEN PRINTING CAME INTO GENERAL USE — 1000-1500.

Before the tenth century the history of Polish Poetry is rather dim and uncertain. It is only since the introduction of Christianity into Poland, during the reign of Mieczyslas I, that the Polish literature assumed a perceptible shape. With the advance of civilization the idols created in bygone days, before which the people bowed, were one by one demolished, and the prejudices

of the past so thoroughly subverted that in a short time scarcely a vestige of them was left. We have, indeed, old reminiscences of songs, fables, and traditions, but we find them all pervaded in exaggeration and superstition.

In this interesting period we had poems, secular songs, and other kinds of rhythmical compositions, because circumstances surrounding our people—such as wars, victories, and defeats; weddings, funerals, and national ceremonies—naturally called into existence the feeling of poetical inspiration; hence bards appeared who were the creators of these compositions. We had also religious poetry, because from time immemorial our people sung in churches in the Polish language; but the relics of the original sacred poetry are very scarce, since in the progression and refinement of the Polish language these compositions were, so to speak, *made over*, and hence many of them lost the stamp of their originality.

In the fifteenth century Polish Poetry made but little progress; indeed, we may say it stood as it was in the age of Piast—in its infancy. Scholastic philosophy and the Latin tongue stifled, as it were, the native vein of the Polish songs,—scarcely the traces of a few were preserved. Toward the end of the fifteenth century, when our people became more numerous and stronger, our poets also began to assume more distinct and prominent places. We no longer rest on conjectures and inferences, but upon monumental evidences. Sacred poetry was founded upon several renditions of the Psalms, as also upon sacred songs translated from the Bohemian, and the secular rested upon a wider range and continual improvement on the Piast period. Hence the rhythmical compositions of that period not being

characterized by any especial shading of poetry, we will only classify the remaining traces and monuments.

1. Relics of sacred poetry. 2. Of secular rhythmical creations. In fact we could mention some dramatic souvenirs of those ages, but as they are of no great significance, we leave that part to the pen of a special inquirer.

RELICS OF SACRED POETRY.

After the introduction of Christianity, the Polish Poetry, being under the influence of the civilization of Western Europe, began to flourish very early in sacred or church songs; although these songs were chiefly translations from the Bohemian tongue, or, we should rather remark, they were sort of made over.

Of the earliest poetic compositions nothing has yet been found. Whether they had been wholly lost, or were defaced by continual use in handling and transcribing, is uncertain; but as no religion has ever done without songs and chants, we may naturally presume that such had existed. Songs and chants of that kind form the nucleus of every nation's poetry and music, and it was in such rhythmical composition that the Polish language began to put forth its shoots, to refine and improve. Pious simplicity especially characterizes these compositions; intrinsically they have no poetical worth, being as it were only prose unskillfully versified.

From the most important of these compositions which came down to our times, and which deserve notice, is:

1. "Boga Rodzica" (the Mother of God), originally composed by St. Adelbert. This celebrated chant was composed in the Bohemian language, and was sung by the Poles before the commencement of every battle,

and is to this day sung during the divine services in the Cathedral of Gniezno. The author of this celebrated chant was born in 950 in Bohemia, and was the Bishop of Prague. Being persecuted by the Bohemians, he removed at first to Hungary, and then to Poland. That was during the reign of Mieczyslas I, where he was instrumental in spreading the newly introduced doctrines of Christianity. In the year 995, with the advice of Boleslas the Great, King of Poland, he went to Prussia to instruct the pagans of that country in Christianity, and suffered the death of a martyr at Fishhausen. Boleslas the Great bought his body from the Prussians and had it buried with great ceremony at Gniezno. Otto III, the Emperor of Germany, visited his grave.

2. Fiftieth Psalm from thirteenth century.

3. Sorrows of the Mother of God under the Cross of the Redeemer.

4. Psalter of Margaret, the Princess of the Moravians, from fourteenth century; but it is not certain whether the production belongs to Margaret, the wife of Louis, King of Hungary, or to Maria, the King's eldest daughter. From certain passages there are traces giving us to understand that it was the first trial—the first translation of the psalter.

5. The Psalter of Queen Hedwige, from fifteenth century—the two first psalms.

6. Be Praised the Queen (*Salve Regina*), from the year 1406.

Of the names of the authors of religious songs of those days the following are known to us:

JOHN WITOWSKI, the companion of Ladislaus Lokietek, who composed a song on the sufferings of our Lord, which was sung in Poland during Lent.

JOHN OPALINSKI, the bishop of Posen, a great lover of music and good cheer. He wrote a song about the Ascension; the Immaculate Virgin Mary; a song about St. Adelbert; five songs about St. Peter, and six about St. Paul. These songs were sung by the religious brotherhood of Posen.

JOHN PREWORSZCZYK, from fifteenth century, who collected a small volume of "Anthems" (1435). This collection contains originals and translations from the Latin, and the title is also Latin.

ANDREW FROM SŁUPIA, a Benedictine monk, wrote songs of the Queen of Heaven; also hymns to Jesus Christ and others. These compositions are superior to any previously written.

At that period the Poles had not come to full civilization, and yielded to the influences of Western Europe. Their poetry began at once to assume a higher grade, and became more assimilated with music, full of sweet harmony. Between 965-1040, however, they still sang the old songs. The boors guarding the bordering Castles during the reign of Boleslas the Romantic, about King Popiel, were commonly sung by young girls, and were not given up until the death of Boleslas the Great. There were also many *dumas* about the Tartars, who, in the thirteenth century, about every twenty years made incursions into Poland; but after a while these songs fell into disuse.

There were also many ritual songs. The fragments of these compositions attest their antiquity. Many of these were made over into Christian songs, leaving, however, the traces of some primitive words originally used, which plainly identify them as the relics of old times.

The *wedding songs* were preserved the best of any

during almost eight centuries. These songs seem to possess an idyllic tendency, and have come down even to the present time in their primitiveness. From these remnants the following deserve mention :

1. Congratulatory song to King Casimir I, beginning with the words "Welcome, welcome, our dear host."

2. Plaintive songs of Boleslas the Great, which Martin Gallus translated into Latin.

3. Song in honor of Boleslas, surnamed "The Crooked-Mouthed."

4. Song describing the assassination of Ludgarda by her husband Przemyslas.

5. Song about Albert, the Justice of the City of Cracow.

6. Song about Vitold.

7. Song concerning the calamity of Bukowina.

The most distinguished authors of those times are :

ANDREW GAŁKA, the Professor in the Academy of Cracow, and Canon of St. Thomas' Church, lived in fifteenth century. He composed a song about Wickliffe, who encouraged Huss's religious views among the Poles.

ADAM SWINKA, the Cathedral Canon of Cracow, and Secretary of Jagello, lived in fifteenth century. He wrote beautiful elegiac verses in the Latin tongue ; epitaph on the death of Queen Hedwige ; composition on the death of Zawisza*, surnamed "The Black." Besides these he wrote a heroic poem—"De rebus gestis ac dictis memorabilibus Casimiri Secundi Poloniae Regis inclitissimi." These songs were translated into Polish by Louis Kondratowicz.

CONRAD CELTES wrote "Carmen ad Vistulam," de-

* A celebrated Polish hero.

scribing the channel of the river Vistula; "Salinaria ad Janum Terinum," describing the salt mines of Wieliczka. His influence fired the Polish youth to the Roman Classic literature.

Celtes was born in Germany in 1459, and was crowned with a wreath by the Emperor of Germany for his Latin poetry. While visiting for scientific purposes Rome, Venice, Illyria, and Panonia, he came to Cracow to hear Albert, from Brudziowa, lecture on Astronomy. He remained in Cracow two years, dividing his time in the study of astronomy, reading the classics, and writing poetry in Latin, breathing his love to Hasilina, a Cracovian maiden,—as also enjoying the literary society of the young academicians. He died in 1508.

SECOND EPOCH.

CALLED "THE SIGISMUND EPOCH." GOLDEN ADVENT OF POLISH
POETRY—1500—1620.

In the Second Epoch we see another, a wider, and a more beautiful field opening before us. What was only in the bud is in this epoch in full bloom. Formerly it was only the light of the moon struggling to penetrate through the darkness of ages. Now the golden rays of the sun throw a new halo and form enchantingly mingled colors of the rainbow. In those days the historian was anxiously looking for the smallest possible traces, but now in the abundance of productions his task is only to select what is the best.

Weary of traveling amidst the woodless and trackless prairies, we begin with pleasure, and hope to see the accounts of true literature springing up from the

inner life of a developing people and multiplying in the production of poets, orators, and historians. It was still more singular that the advance was made in two different languages — the Polish and the Latin — equally well cultivated. It seemed as if two literatures began to bloom all at once in one and the same people. Thus we begin the sixteenth century.

The characteristic signs of this age were great discoveries and inventions. At no previous time was there so much anxiety and lively desire to study and ascertain the inherent qualities of Nature ; never before the spirit of inquiry and searching after was wider than in this epoch of Columbus, Gama, Raphael, Copernicus, Galileo, and Guttenberg ; the world became broader and more expansive by bold conception of one man ; received a new world from the hands of another, and if in accordance with the system of the Creator himself, it was built over anew as if by the enchanter's hand ; the times of chivalry disappeared ; Art thrusts the barbaric weapon out of the hands of the stronger ; knowledge subverts the idols of scholastics ; and, finally, that the ideal should not be lost, Ariosto, Camoens, Cervantes, and their compeers, appear upon the stage. Perhaps at no period so many eminent men made their appearance at the helm: Leo X, Charles V, Francis I, Sigismund the Old, Henry VIII, Soliman, Shah Ismael, and Shah Akbar. Amidst the turbulence of those days, there was one country beyond the confines of Western Europe occupying the common sphere of knowledge shed by the light of Christianity, which quietly progressed in the general improvement, in the science of government, literature, and general enlightenment.

In their active life the Poles nursed their own ideas,

in shaping and by degrees unfolding their natural character, and thus the Polish Nation, by uninterrupted progression, was nearing to her maturity.

At this epoch Polish Poetry and Polish Music kept even pace with other branches of natural advancement. Poets of great distinction appeared, their compositions shedding a great luster over the national literature—Nicholas Rey, John Kochanowski, Klonowicz, Miaskowski, and others. Besides these there were Polish poets who wrote in the Latin tongue, as for instance :

DANTYSZEK, who is the author of “*De virtutis et honore differentia Somnium*”; “*Carmen Extemporarium de victoria insigni Sigismundi Regis*”; “*De nostrorum temporum Calamitatibus*”; “*Jonas propheta de interitu civitatis Gedanensis*”; “*Epigramata varia,*” etc. etc.

PAUL KROSNIANIN also sung for posterity many memorable things: “*Jureditum Sigismundi I, Regis Poloniae*”; “*De nuptiis Sigismundi Regis Poloniae et Bonae Ducis Mediolani filiae,*” etc. etc.

CLEMENS JANICKI. All of his poetry belongs to lyric compositions. Their smoothness reminds the scholar of Ovid, and on account of the outpouring of a great feeling he can be justly compared to Catullus and Tibullus. This epoch comes down to the year 1620.

THIRD EPOCH.

CALLED THE JESUIT PERIOD—1620–1750.

A distracted state of the country in consequence of internal quarrels and wars caused also the decadence in Polish literature. It is with much regret and reluctance that this fact is stated. The deviation from the right way of a single age caused the retrogression of Poland;

and while all countries surrounding us were advancing in light, we were thrown into darkness and became, as it were, the sport of a relentless fate. Sad, indeed, is the lesson received from our forefathers, that retrogression from light is far more detrimental to the happiness of a nation than the simplicity of ignorance.

After the death of Jagellons and Stephen Batory, many misfortunes came over our people. Incursions of enemies and internal dissensions caused many sufferings to the Republic. As if to compensate for this retrogression, immortal heroes appeared on the stage of action. Żółkiewski, Czarnecki, Chodkiewicz, and John Sobieski shed upon their country a true, heroic luster, as they not only fought for their own country, but for entire Christendom.

We should not very much transgress if we said that in this period we show but few distinguished names in poetry. Zimorowicz, Gawinski, Mortszyn, Kochowski, Elizabeth Drużbacka, and Prince Jabłonowski belong to this period, and we have every reason to be proud of them. This period extends from Sigismund III to Stanislaus Augustus.

FOURTH EPOCH.

PSEUDO-CLASSIC, OR KONARSKI'S EPOCH, OR REVIVAL OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE AND LITERATURE IN POLAND.

The unpropitious times of Sigismunds under the blasts of which the flowers of Polish Poesy began to wither had passed away. The circumstances, however, and elements of this new period were very favorable toward reviving, regenerating, and improving the almost neglected branches of literature. The languishing powers of the Polish Muse were all of a sudden

strengthened and exalted as if by the enchanter's wand. Poets like Karpiński, Trembecki, Woronicz, Kniaznin, Krasicki, Wengierski, Szymonowicz, Dmuchowski, and others appeared in the galaxy. Authors of great distinction in other branches of literature began to multiply with astonishing rapidity. The King himself, being a learned man, encouraged men of genius with great magnanimity.

The beginning of this desirable revival was chiefly owing to Konarski and his companions, who, being educated in France under the protection of Stanislaus Leszczyński, on their return to their native land brought fresh ideas with them regarding social science and literature, and hence it was that a French classic literature was inducted into Poland similar to the French literature existing during the reign of Louis XIV. Konarski compelled the Jesuits to adopt these reforms, and having obtained the powerful assistance of Joseph and Andrew Załuski, — bishops of great learning and influence — was able to thus effect the salvation of their countrymen who through former wars and internal dissension had so unfortunately retrograded from their former greatness.

During the last years of the reign of Augustus III the Polish literature was enriched by works of great worth on history, bibliography, theology, etc. Minasowicz wrote good poetry and translated into the Polish language ancient classics. Nagurczewski translated the works of Homer, Virgil, and Cicero. Jabłonowski rendered into Polish the fables of Æsop and Telemachus.

As the nineteenth century was rapidly approaching, learned men and poets found protection and assistance in the houses of great magnates; and Puławy, the resi-

dence of princes Czartoryiski, became the dwelling-place of the Polish muse.

In the year 1800 there sprung up at Warsaw "The Society of the Friends of Learning." Its members were men of great learning, and vigorous writers; many of the poets enlisted under that auspicious banner. The object of that society was to preserve from oblivion, and enrich, the wealth of the Polish literature. This National Society gave a great impetus to strenuous endeavors by men of genius to write. Such men as Woronicz, Niemcewicz, Albertrandy, Lelewel, Bandtkie, Sniadecki, Czacki, Linde, Ossoliński, and others appeared upon the stage of literary fame. Each of these celebrated men not only contributed much to the general literature of their country, but exerted great influence over the tenor and literary taste of those days. Every one of them had a direct bearing on the progression of literature, and for that reason there was an uncommon advance in poetry, history, and natural sciences.

Although the compositions of at least a part of this period were somewhat affected by French idioms and inflation, yet the strength of the national current prevailed and preserved the native purity of language and ideas unharmed.

FIFTH EPOCH.

PSEUDO-ROMANTIC OR MICKIEWICZ'S EPOCH—EXTENDING FROM
THE YEAR 1822 TO THE PRESENT DAY.

Amidst the many violent political shocks in Europe, which only ended with the downfall of Napoleon the Great and the Congress of Vienna in 1815, there also

came changes in the intellectual world. Europe got rid of mediæval excrescences and conceits!

Thinking men must admit that there are moments in the lives of nations as well as of individuals when the mind, rocked by the storms of adversity, longs for quietness and rest. When we see that the happiness which we had been seeking, the great aims for which we have been striving with so much faith and devotedness, have come to nothing, that all our troubles and endeavors have been of no avail, then it is that we turn our languishing eyes into the past when we thought we were happy, though in reality we were only comparatively so, not knowing that it might and should be better. We look as if into the mirror, into the luster of sweet and pleasing remembrances of departed years, since now they seem to be more beautiful and more poetic, just because they will never return. Such time is propitious to the unfolding and developing into bloom of historical poetry. Such an epoch in modern Europe was the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The political and intellectual storms of the last hundred years left after them banished hopes, a void, and a faintness. From the smoldering ashes and moss-overgrown ruins the mental powers, rent by doubts and a wounded heart which the present could not satisfy, the yearning voice spoke forth for the feeling and faith, for the greatness and poetry of olden times. This was in consequence of a reaction of the past.

As it always happens that when there is a new change to take place in the kingdom of imagination immediately there is born a new generation willing and ready to second and support it, so it was at this period. *Classicism* began to show every day more and more plainly that its time was about over. In the

minds of the highest cultivation it began to lose, gradually, its prestige, and although no one could see at the time what should take its place, everyone felt that its decadence was at hand, when lo! a single bard appeared on a newly erected stage, and pronounced the word *Romanticism*. Literary men gave him a willing ear. The apostles of a new poetic faith began to increase and multiply and with much enthusiasm spread the new doctrine of poetic inspiration, and thus the new Phoenix was born. The originator of the ROMANTIC SCHOOL was ADAM MICKIEWICZ. It will ever be a memorable time in the history not only of the Polish but of European poetic literature. Witwicki, Goszczyński, Zaleski, Gosławski, and others, propelled by the current of their genius, joined the new camp, and having sanctioned the new doctrine, upheld it with the force of their poetic powers. They struck the strings which up to this period were not only untouched but unknown. The self-created spirit broke the shackles of former days—shackles that so strictly bound the freedom and spirit of poetic inspiration to certain laid down poetic rules in composition. Then it was that the poetic flow began to gush out from the eternal spring of love and phantasy. The Polish nationality received this new outgrowth with great approbation and delight, which is still in popular favor, and we think will continue so for generations to come.

The creations of our poets of this period are almost in every instance breathing with a peculiarly happy, heartfelt, and lively serenity of the spirit. Although sadness and tearfulness preponderate in their strains, yet it can be plainly seen that they are pervaded with a strong belief in the guardianship of Providence over the affairs of this world, which in its nature is hopeful



and noble, for it assures sooner or later the additional triumph over the power of falsehood and evil, contending against them and temporarily restraining their influence over the world.

Unlike the literatures of other nationalities, breathing doubts, grief, or repulsive flattery, or replete with metaphysical mysticism, which loses itself in the unfathomable, our ideals had something in them of reality, and in almost all poetic creations of our bards there is an undercurrent of religiously patriotic love of country, deeper, and yet more purely understood, than in any other literature.

As to the introduction of this pseudo-romantic style of writing, its votaries could not precisely define what they wished and where they were tending, because no one precisely understood upon what system this *Romanticism* was founded.

It must be remembered that heretofore the French system stood preëminent in the Polish literature, but now the time had come to cut loose from it, and Polish littérateurs began to consider the poetic elements governing the middle ages and also giving much weight to the German style. Happily for the Poles that the deliberations of these men served as a protection in the incubation of the style purely national.

After the ebullition of the first youthful enthusiasm was over, our poets began to examine their strength, but finding it as yet very undefined they turned their attention to different but inexhaustible sources—the treasures of popular poetry, which led to the love of the supernatural and miraculous, and to the fresh traditions of the great past, which they wished to preserve and to perpetuate by their songs.

But what was the aim of these poets? It was to

bring nearer to the sight the local phenomena of existence, to increase the light, to make the home history more interesting, and to preserve in the mirror of poetic art the hereditary thoughts and feelings, as also the remembrances upon which is founded, and from which emanates, the individuality of national existence. All the above mentioned poets, albeit different in the tendencies of their genius, meet at the same point, that is, in the texture and concatenation of thought, THE NATIONAL *feeling*.

During the existence of the Duchy of Warsaw, and subsequently the Kingdom of Poland, and especially until the year 1825, the whole of our literature flowed as it were in one and the same channel; but since the advent of BRODZIŃSKI different tendencies began to spread over the country. Civilization had extended its blessings all over the Polish nation, and at the same time had awakened great poetic talent.

Small poetical circles were formed in the Kingdom of Poland, in Lithuania and that part of Poland called Little Russia, comprising Podolia, Volhynia and Ukraine, forming as it were so many different and distinct pleiads, but shining in the same heavens and constituting our whole literature. *Padura*, *Zaleski*, *Goszczynski*, *Olizarowski*, *Groza*, and others, but they were all outstripped by *Brodzinski's* "Wiesław" and *Malczewski's* "Marya." The first was well understood, but the other seemed incomprehensible at first, but now he is reckoned among the first poets of Poland.

But the grand center of poetic power was ADAM MICKIEWICZ, the creator of a new and splendid epoch in Polish Poetry, the man who accomplished a twofold task, that of gathering in his own personality the spirit of the whole nation and raising up the Polish Poetry

to the rank of the European muse. This he accomplished most successfully.

In Germany the Goethe epoch was passing away. The era of English poetry was beginning to change by the appearance of Lord Byron and Walter Scott. In France there were Lamartine and Victor Hugo. Between these poets and Mickiewicz there was that kindred relationship which can only exist among men of great genius at the same time and without any regard to nationality.

The imitators of Mickiewicz did not exactly equal his genius. Among the most prominent of these could be counted ODYNEC, ALEXANDER, CHODZKO, WITWICKI, MASSALSKI and JULIAN KORSAK.

With the year 1831 a new inspiration seemed to have taken hold of the whole Polish nation, and the Polish literature also took a new turn, that of a moral and a warm patriotic tendency. From this time Polish poetry assumes the highest possible significance, and becomes the leading and reigning spirit of the whole Polish nationality.

It was about this time that KRASINSKI and SŁOWACKI unfolded the great power of their poetic genius. Then again we have something from what we may term *Siberian* poetry, from CHARLES BALINSKI, and from the literature of CAUCASUS of GUSTAVE ZIELINSKI, and from one of the foremost, MAURICE GOSŁAWSKI, who, during the prostration of the nation raised his voice to the highest and sung the heroic songs, which from this time began to characterize the literature of Poland.

VINCENT POL began also to sing of the past glory and loveliness of the Polish land, and thus was formed a new pleiad of a young generation of Polish poets, the most distinguished of whom were BIELOWSKI, SIEMIEN-

SKI, WASILEWSKI, GROZA, KONDRATOWICZ (Syrokomla), BERWINSKI, ZMORSKI, GASZYNSKI, LENARTOWICZ and HEDWIGE LUSZCZEWSKA (Deotyma).

We come now to a period when the Polish muse takes another decided turn. KRASINSKI, shuddering at the premonitions of death's alarms, reveals to the world in his "Psalms" the mystery of Resurrection, and UJEJSKI, following in his wake, proclaims his "Lamentations." The heroic poetry, too, inscribes upon the pages of immortality the names of IASINSKI, GODEBSKI, KORSAK, SUCHODOLSKI and ROMANOWSKI.

If the poetry of to-day does not flow in any other channel than heretofore, it certainly adds to it the great play upon the feelings, and beautifies it by variegated shadings of the picturesque ; keeping always in the wake of national traditions, it also keeps pace with the inward fitness of national spirit, thereby awakening constant admiration and furnishing material for the tuneful lyre of the Polish bards.

Polish Poetry during the reign of Sigismunds is characterized by classic conciseness and pleasing simplicity. During the time of Stanislaus Augustus, it is marked by accuracy and branching out in the richness of the language. In our times it is distinguished by still greater purity, taste, and general improvement, which may be considered as a remarkable augury of eminent progression, especially so when we consider that the writers, after having regained the original purity of the vernacular tongue, will in future do away with all foreign words which have a tendency to weaken the expression and dignity of poetic compositions in the Polish language. And the object will be fully accomplished if they will avoid imitating the manner of foreign style of composition.

As regards the present spirit of the Polish Poetry, we see the love of country pervades everywhere. Zealous admiration of noble deeds, tempered ecstasy, free imagination untainted by fantastic conceits, mild in tenderness, simplicity, morality of poetical philosophy, and beautiful pictures of rural life and family intercourse.

In this, as it were improvised, literature, the course of which has been lively and rapid, are expressed the feelings of a great people's national records, and the spirit of Poland *long ago*, but these have not yet reached their journey's end,—not to their final destination. It still goes ONWARD AND UPWARD.

REY.

NICHOLAS REY may be considered as the father of Polish poetry. Following in the train of the age he lived in, which was theological Polemics, he participated in all its delusions and its errors. As a poet he was only mediocre, lacking in what is termed the poetical inspiration ; and yet although the reader cannot recognize Rey as a genius, he will discover in his writings sober and substantial thought, healthy and forcible manner, and fresh expressions, somewhat colored but invariably pithy. If his poetical compositions are devoid of high imagery, they show, nevertheless, and pointedly too, that he wished to demonstrate to the book-learned teachers and professional poets the existence of a people's literature, and thereby awaken in them the spirit of inquiry in regard to plebeian or popular poetry,—that important link—writing for the first time the plebeian literature and the literature of the learned.

Rey was indeed a true bard, and did much toward the elevation of the Polish Muse. King Sigismund Augustus held Rey in the highest esteem, and not only patronized and enriched him, but conferred upon him many marks of distinction.

Rey was born in 1505, and passed his youth in frolic and pleasure. He went to school for about five years, but it seems he did not learn there much of anything—not till the twentieth year of his life, when through the influence of his uncle he obtained a place with a very wealthy family of Tenczyński, who generally spent their time in Italy, and associating with the members of the Imperial family, knew how to prize learn-

ing and learned people, and understood how to assimilate the customs of their country with European civilization. Rey being connected with a family of such high standing, began to acquire facility in the writing of Polish letters and learned a little Latin. He amused himself with study and music and began to compose verses, but he never could stay in one place; chiefly spending his time in hunting he cast his lot with Hetman Sieniawski and traveled in different parts of Poland, frequenting political assemblies, courts of justice and meetings of all sorts, being everywhere received with much *éclat* as a man of good cheer and ready wit, fond of good wine and a sumptuous table. Not mixing in any quarrels or contentions of any kind, he was welcome and received hospitality no matter where he turned. Being liked by all except by strict Roman Catholics, he passed his time at the courts of both Sigismunds, who bestowed upon him good pay and munificent gifts. Although he was present at every assembly and almost at every political and religious meeting, he never would accept of any office.

Amidst all the allurements of social circles he did not neglect his calling as a poet, and kept improving as he grew older. He died in 1569.

VIRTUE.

Virtue is the earth's gem of gems,
Rich and poor the diadems.
Though all emeralds formed one star,
Virtue's light is brighter far !
For earth's marts man has not made
Balance which this gem hath weighed,
All other blessings pass or fade —
Virtue till death is undismayed.

VICE.

Vice is a serpent, lying through all weather,
 Coiled up unseen beside life's wayside stone.
 When knave and fool carousing come together,
 With warning hiss it makes its venom known.

The following is Rey's description of what Poland was three hundred and forty years ago :

Cast your eyes around you and behold our glorious kingdom ! Strong within itself, Poland needs no assistance from other nations. It is one of the most powerful nations in Europe, and in martial character is preëminent. The Lord of all has placed it here, and endowed her people with many rare qualities. Is there a nation on earth equal to ours in bravery and endurance? The intrepidity, the unyielding perseverance and daring heroism of Polish soldiers surpasses anything in the annals of history.

In knowledge and progress Poland stands equal if not superior to other nations. In her most brilliant eras she has produced many men eminent in science, among whom we can count at this present time Copernicus, the discoverer of the true system of the universe. Other nations may possess more gold and silver, spices, silks, etc., but can they compete with us in virtue and excellence, in valor and prowess? What nation can stand against the indomitable courage of our valiant soldiers? Many nations now in our memory have called upon us to assist them in time of war, and when they saw our soldiers in their ranks they felt assured of victory. A Polish soldier fights to win, and wherever he shows his open face and brave heart the enemy is forced to yield.

A THOUGHT.

For the improvement of his mind it is necessary that a man should read.

ANECDOTES.

Rey was very witty, and one day while he was fishing a neighbor sent a boy to him with his compliments, and an

empty dish for some fish. Rey understood the drift and remarked : " I will return compliments for compliments, but for the fish I must have *money*, not compliments."

It so happened that the poet was outwitted by an ignorant peasant. While traveling Rey came to a certain village, and meeting a peasant the following dialogue took place :

Rey. Who holds possession of this village?

Peasant. The earth and fences.

Rey. Who is master here?

Peasant. He who has the most money.

Rey. Who is the elder of this place?

Peasant. The oldest person in the place is a man who is one hundred years old, if that is what you mean.

Rey. I mean who occupies the highest place?

Peasant. Oh! yonder linden tree by the church.

Rey. How far is it to noon?

Peasant. It has not passed here yet, so I couldn't tell you.

Rey. It seems to me, fellow, that you are rather impudent, and deserve a slap in your mouth.

Peasant. I wouldn't like *that*, as I am no dog ; but if you would slap something into my *hand* it would be all right.

Rey. " As I live," said the poet, " I have never met so pert a peasant before."

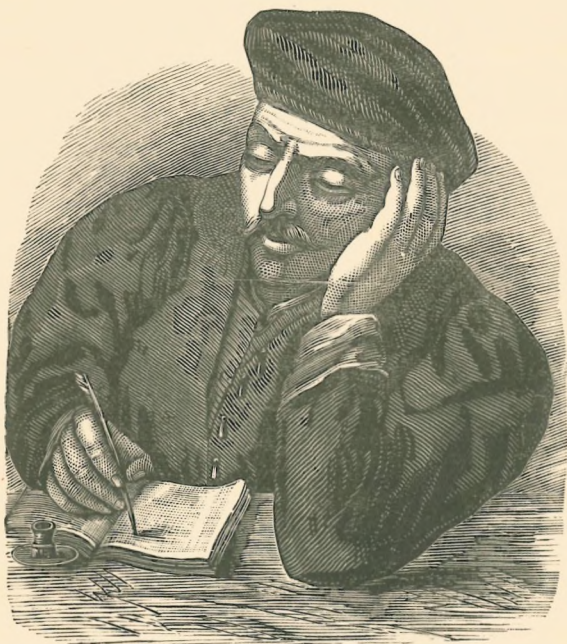
Useless the yield of well worked fields

If but to waste the housewife yields.

The poet tells us that the above has a twofold meaning. One is: no matter how many victories we gain over our enemies in the field, they will be productive of no good if there is discord and misrule at home. And another is : no matter how hard a farmer works in the field if his wife is wasteful, idle and improvident, the farming operations must come to ruin. Which is proven by another proverb:

A wasteful housewife can carry out with her apron more than the farmer can haul in with a wagon.

The light of Holy Truth can never be extinguished.



KOCHANOWSKI.

Wszystko się dziwnie plecie
Na tym tu biednym świecie.
A ktoby chciał wszystkiego rozumem dochodzić,
I zginie, a nie będzie umiał w to ugc dzić.

Translation on the last page of KOCHANOWSKI (*).

KOCHANOWSKI.

JOHN KOCHANOWSKI, who attained great celebrity as a poet, is the type and true representative of the Polish muse of the sixteenth century, for in him were united all the rhythmical elements of that epoch. From the many of his lyrical creations could be mentioned "Sobotka," or the song of St. John's Eve, "Threns (or Laments) on Ursula's Death," "Reconciliation," "Epitaphs," "Inscriptions," "Psalms," "Translations from the Songs of Anacreon," and "Chess."

Kochanowski having had no specimens of Polish literature before him, had himself to break through the first difficulties of rhythmical art. He had himself to invent the form, language, and poetical style. In his compositions as well as his life, two separate and characteristic epochs are perceptible: one of frenzy, frivolity, love matters and pleasure, the other presents peace of the soul, resignation, and a serene, religious feeling.

He was born in Siczyn, in 1530, in Great Poland. Desiring more information he traveled in the south of Europe, in order to get a better knowledge of classical antiquity, and after his return was advanced to many high offices of the state, but he resigned them all for the sake of retirement and peace.

Kochanowski wrote also in Latin, and his poetry in that language was considered superior to that of any of his contemporaries. His poems are full of beauty, and the melodious flow of his verse is truly delightful. Although his writings are various, his reputation is principally founded upon his "Laments" (Treny), in which he mourns the loss of his little daughter Ursula, whom

he represents as gifted, intelligent and lovely; his compositions overflow with expressions of passionate grief. Other gems, like the song on "St. John's Eve," "Nothing Sure in this World," etc., are admired to the present day. He also wrote songs from Horace and from Greek anthology, translated Virgil's "Æneid," and Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered." His poem on John Tarnowski, the celebrated Polish hero, is an epic which entitles him to the highest rank as an author of heroic poetry. Kochanowski also printed a drama, "The Greek Ambassadors," in hexameter measure. His prose works are scarcely less numerous than his poetical, and are equally distinguished for their grace and purity of style. He died in 1584.

THE GREATNESS OF GOD.

O God! What wilt Thou for Thy gifts from us
 For Thy unmeasured goodness bounteous?
 No church contains Thee, for Thou fillest space—
 Ocean and Earth, and Heaven Thy dwelling place.
 We cannot give Thee gold, for gold is Thine,
 All earthly treasures bear Thy seal divine.
 Praise we can give Thee from a grateful heart,
 Thou who above us and beyond us art!
 Thou art the master of the world—hast reared
 The heavens with all its starry orbs ensphered.
 And Earth's foundations, at Thy word straightway
 Arose from nothingness in green array.
 The sea, at Thy commands, despite its fret,
 Remains within the bounds Thy hand has set.
 The countless rivers at Thy mandate flow,
 Thou bid'st the night and day to come and go.
 For Thee the Spring with flowers her brow adorn,
 For Thee the Summer binds her ears of corn.

To Thee the Autumn yields both fruit and vine,
 And winter wreathes red holly for Thy shrine.
 The withered herbage 'neath Thy dew revives,
 Beneath Thy rain the parched up grain-field thrives.
 From out Thy hand all creatures take their food,
 And through Thy bounty all things are renewed.
 O everlasting God! be praised therefor—
 Grant us Thy grace and bounty evermore;
 Shield us while here from every evil thing,
 And fold us close beneath a Father's wing.

THREN I.

Come gather 'round my dwelling, tears and sighs,
 Eloquent woes, and loud-voiced miseries ;
 All tones of sorrow, anguish, and regret,
 Hand-wringing grief, and pangs the cheeks that wet,—
 Yes! gather 'round my dwelling all, and join
 Your plaint, your passion, with these plaints of mine,
 O'er that sweet child whom most unholy death
 Hath smitten, and in one outrageous breath
 Dispers'd all joy!—as when a dragon springs
 On Philomela's nest, who sits and sings
 Heedless, till roused by cries she flaps her wings,
 Flutters around her home, and shrieking tries
 To arrest the spoiler,—idle strife! She flies
 On wearied wing ; in vain—the abandoned one
 Becomes in turn a prey—I'll weep alone,
 Weep bitterest tears. Vain too, 'tis vain I know,—
 All is irreparably vain below;—
 We only grasp delusions, life's a cheat
 Of new deceit, but link'd to old deceit.
 I know not which is vainer,—if to bear
 And struggle with our grief in mute despair,
 Or give the anguish passionate vent, as here.

THREN VII.

Thou angel child! thy mournful dress before me
 Throws bitter sorrow o'er me;
 Thy little ornaments of joy and gladness
 Awake a deeper sadness.
 Never again to wear your splendors,—never;
 All hope is fled forever!
 A sleep, a hard and iron sleep, hath bound thee,
 Dark night has gather'd round thee.
 Thy golden belt is dim; thy flower-wreathed tresses
 Scattered. Thy summer dresses
 Which thy poor mother wrought; she had array'd thee
 For love, and we have laid thee
 In the tomb's bridal bed; and now thy dower
 Is a funeral flower,—
 A little shroud,—a grave. Sweet child! thy father
 Some odorous hay shall gather,
 To pillow thy cold head. Death's dormitory
 Holds thee, and all thy glory.

THREN IX.

My gentle child! and art thou vanished? Thou
 Hast left a dreary blank of sadness now;
 Our house though full is desolate and lone
 Since thy gay spirit and its smiles are gone!
 We heard thy tongue's sweet prattle, and thy song
 Echoed in every corner all day long.
 Thy mother never grieved, and anxious care
 Ne'er rack'd thy father's thoughts while thou wert there;
 Now hers—now mine—thy childish, fond caress—
 The overflow of youth and tenderness.
 But all is vacant now,—all dull and dead;
 All peace, and hope, and laughing joy are fled;
 Our home possess'd by ever present grief,
 And the tired spirit vainly seeks relief.

THREN X.

Whither, O whither fled! in what bright sphere
Art thou, my Ursula, a wanderer?
Say, has thou wing'd above yon heavens thy flight,
A cherub midst the cherubim of light?
Dwell'st thou in Eden's garden?—or at rest
Reposing midst the islands of the blest?
Doth Charon waft thee o'er the gloomy lake,
And bid thee waters of oblivion take?
I know not; but I know my misery
Is all unknown, is all a blank to thee—
Thy gentle form, thy angel thoughts, where now?
A nightingale of paradise art thou;
Thy moral taints all purified—if taint
Could stain the spirit of so fair a saint;
Thou art returned to that same hallow'd spot
Thou didst make holy when earth knew thee not.
But wheresoe'er thou be, compassionate
My misery. If this terrestrial state
Be closed upon thee—pity still—and be
A dream, a shadow, something yet to me!

THREN XIII.

Would thou hadst ne'er been born—or being born
Hadst left me not, sweet infant! thus forlorn;
I have paid lasting woe for fleeting bliss—
A dark farewell, a speechless pang like this;
Thou wert the brightest, fairest dream of sleep;
And as the miser cherishes his heap
Of gold, I held thee; soon 'twas fled, and nought
Left but the dreary vacancies of thought,
That once was blessedness. And *thou* are fled,
Whose fairy vision floated in my head
And play'd around my heart. And *thou* art gone,
Gone with my joys; and I am left alone;

Half of my soul took flight with thee, the rest
Clings to thy broken shadow in my breast.

Come raise her tombstone, sculptor. Let there be
This simple offer to her memory.

“ Her father’s love,—his Ursula lies here,

His love, alas! his tears, his misery.

Thine was a barbarous mandate, death! The tear

I drop for her, she should have shed for me.”

The following epitaph was written on his elder
daughter, who soon followed Ursula to the tomb:

Thou Anna! too, thy sister’s track has trod,
And prematurely sought death’s dark abode;
Grief soon shall call your father to his God,
To brighter worlds beyond life’s dismal road.

FROM CANTO XIII.

Sweet sleep! sure man might learn to die from thee,
Who dost unravel all death’s mystery;
Come, spread thy balmy influence o’er my soul,
And let it soar, beyond the world’s control,
Up to the realms where morning has its birth,
Down to the abyss whence darkness wraps the earth,
Where time has piled its everlasting snows,
Where parch’d by sunbeams not a fountain flows;
Oh, let it count each bright and wandering star,
Or trace its mazy pilgrimage afar;
Sit in the center, while each circling sphere
Pours its aerial music on the ear;
Drink of the o’erflowing cup of joy and peace,
While the tired body sleeps in weariness;
No dreams to hang upon its mortal breath;
And so—undying—let it taste of death.

TALES OF ST. JOHN'S EVE; OR, SOBOTKA FIRE.*

When the first sunbeams Cancer fill
 And tuneful nightingale is still,
 In *Czarny las* † from older days
Sobotka's fire is wont to blaze.

The neighboring swain, the distant guest,
 Around the sacred fire have prest;
 The orchards with the joyous sound
 Of three gay fiddlers laugh around.

On the green turf they take their seat,
 Where twice six maidens fair and neat,
 Their ornaments and dress as one,
 And girdled with the same bright zone,

And skill'd in dance, are all the throng;
 And all are skill'd in gentle song;
 To all the call of music rings,
 And thus the foremost maiden sings:

FIRST MAIDEN.

Sisters! the fire is blazing high,
 And all proclaims festivity;
 Now join your friendly hands to mine,
 And let our mirthful voices join.

* In Poland, as in most Catholic countries, St. John's Day is a time of great festivity, and in the evening the Poles are accustomed in their meadows, and particularly by the side of rivers, to light large fires, and to dance round them singing ancient songs. Kochanowski, to whom the Black Forest belonged as an hereditary possession, used to gather the youths and maidens together in order to celebrate the festival in the very manner in which he has described it. Niemcewiz has published a drama called "Kochanowski," and there introduced the old poet with the nymphs singing around him.

† *Czarny las*—the Black Forest.

Sweet night! be fair and tranquil now,
 No rain-storm rage, no tempest blow;—
 Sweet night! where we may watch and wake
 Until the dawn of morning break,

We learnt it from our mothers—they
 From theirs,—for centuries far away;
 Upon St. John's joy-rousing night
 Sobotka's festal fire to light.

Youths, reverence now, while ye behold
 Mementoes of the days of old;
 Let gleeful hours breathe joy again,
 And gladness revel now and then.

Their festal moments they enjoy'd,
 Yet wisely all their time employ'd;
 Each bore its fruits and gratitude,
 Pour'd forth its praise to heaven all-good.

But now both late and hard we toil,
 Our festivals are but turmoil:
 Our gains are neither much nor sure,
 And though not pious we are poor.

Come sister! then, this holy night
 Is with old time's resplendence bright;
 Blaze! blaze anew, Sobotka's fire!
 Till lull'd by song the night retire.

SECOND MAIDEN.

This is my fault; I'll guilty plead.
 I love to dance,—I love indeed.
 Come, tell me, neighbors, does the love
 Of dancing all your spirits move?

I see your smiles,—your smiles betray
 Your sympathy in what I say;

Come, join the round; why sit ye still?
And dance and leap with hearty will.

I spring, I leap, I cannot be
A statue; and 'tis sweet to me
To hear the beating tambourine;
No mortal could keep still, I ween.

Oh, thou art mighty, graceful one,
That wakest music's thrilling tone;
The village listens to thy lay,
It calls, we hear, and swift obey.

Here, midst the crowd, each maid may start,
Who is the empress of thy heart: —
Say, is she here? Oh, why inquire?
She is not here,—thy heart's desire.

No! join our song; thy twinkling feet
Some other twinkling one's may meet;
And here, amidst our joyous band,
Some maid may yet invite thy hand.

To man, to man alone, has heaven
The privilege of laughter given;
And this, and this alone, has he
In proof of noble ancestry.

Oh, it were foolish,—it were vain,
So high a privilege to disdain;
And let the wretch go whine and weep
Who mirth's gay revel dares not keep.

Laugh on! laugh on! and though at nought,
Still laughter is a pleasant thought:
Laugh at my folly, or my sense;
Laugh on! laugh on! on some pretense.

I am not sad; I can't be sad.
 Be, maidens all, like me, — be glad;
 For sorrow wrinkles o'er the brow
 Ere time tells when, or thought knows how.

But health and youth delight to stay
 Where youth is glad and age is gay;
 Where years may hasten as they will,
 And eld is in its boyhood still.

Come follow, circle — all around,
 Let the light song of joy rebound;
 And maiden sing! be ready,— thine
 The task to waken notes like mine.

FOURTH MAIDEN.

The fairest flow'rets of the mead
 I wreath in garlands for thy head:
 For thee, for none but thee, who art
 The very empress of my heart.

Oh, place upon thy graceful brow
 The blooming wreath I offer now;
 So let me in thy bosom rest
 As thou dost well within my breast.

There's not a moment but doth bring
 Thy memory upon its wing;
 Sleep cannot drive thy thoughts from me,
 For when I sleep I dream of thee.

And may I hope thou dost not deem
 Me worthless of thy heart's esteem;
 That thou wilt hear my passion's tone
 And recompense it with thine own?

But oh, my tongue cannot conceal
 The thoughts, the fears, the doubts I feel,
 That other longing eyes may stray
 O'er charms so beautiful, so gay.

O maiden! if those charms are mine,
 Veil, veil, from all those charms of thine;
 For it were madness should they move
 Other impassioned youths to love.

All other ills I'll calmly share,—
 Injury and insult I can bear;
 But not to see another dwell
 In thine eyes' sunshine,— that were hell.

TWELFTH MAIDEN.

Sweet village! peace and joy's retreat!
 Oh, who shall tune thy praise of song?
 Oh, who shall wake a music meet
 Thy smiles, thy pleasures to prolong!

Bliss dwells within thy solitude,
 Which selfish avarice never stains;*
 Where thought and habit make us good,
 And sweet contentment gilds our gains.

Let others seek a dazzling court,
 Where treachery poisons eye and ear;
 Or to the troubled sea resort,
 With death and danger ever near.

Let others sell their tongues for hire,
 With falsehood and with trick delude;
 Or fame or victory's wreath acquire
 By deeds of darkness and of blood.

* Usury was considered a most degrading vice among the old Slavonians.

The ploughman tills the fertile field,
 His children bless his daily care;
 While the rich fruits his labors yield,
 His well-contented household share.

For him the bee its honey stocks,
 For him its gifts the orchard holds;
 For him are shorn the fleecy flocks;
 For him the lambkins fill the folds.

He gathers from the generous meads
 Their offering to his annual store,
 And winter with her snow-storms leads
 Repose and pleasure to his door.

Around the fire they tell their tales,
 The songs are sung with smiles and glee;
 The lively dance * again prevails,
 The *cenar* and the *goniony*. †

At twilight's hour the swains repair
 To where the crafty foxes hie;
 The hare, the thoughtless fowls they snare,
 And aye! return with full supply.

Or in the stream the baited hook,
 The light and treacherous net they fling;
 While near the gently echoing brook
 The warblers of the forest sing.

The cattle seek the watery mead,
 The shepherd sits in solitude,
 While to his gay and rustic reed
 Dance all the nymphs that grace the wood.

* *Bowing dance*. The old Polonaise, something like a minuet.

† Amusements of the Poles. The *Cenar* perhaps may be translated *Blind Harry*, which is now called in Poland *Slepa Babka*, and in Lithuania *Zmurki*. *Goniony* may be rendered *Hide and Seek*. The whole of this poem is popular throughout Poland.

At home the housewife's busy hands
 The evening's frugal meal provide:
 'Tis all the produce of her lands;
 No wish is breathed for aught beside.

She counts the herds; she knows the sheep
 When from the pasture meads they come;
 Her busy eyes can never sleep;
 Abroad they watch,—direct at home.

The little children reverent bow
 And ask an aged grandsire's love,
 Who tenderly instructs them how
 In peace and virtue's path to move.

So rolls the day,—but many a sun
 Would sink his chariot in the sea,
 Were I to end the tale begun
 Of rural joy and revelry.

EXCERPTS.

However poor and scanty be your fare,
 Forsake not smiling hope for deep despair.
 That sets to-day the last sun do not fear,
 A brighter day to-morrow may appear.

The nightingale sings on the tree, although
 Her heart is aching,—full of tender woe;
 'Tis often thus with man, O Lord! he cheers
 His sinking heart with hope and sings through tears.

- (*) All things in this poor world of ours, 'tis true,
 Are tangled mysteries without a clue;
 And he, however wise, who attempts to solve them will
 Encounter darker, deeper, stranger mysteries still.

* Translation of the four lines under the portrait of KOCHANOWSKI.

KLONOWICZ.

FABIAN SEBASTIAN KLONOWICZ (Acernus) was perhaps the greatest Polish satirist of the sixteenth century. He united Kochanowski's feeling with Rey's satiric spirit, but was superior to both in the arrangement of subject-matter. The most noted of his literary productions are "Memoirs of Polish Kings and Princes in Epigrams," "Judas's Bags; or, The Acquisition of Wealth Dishonestly," "Sepulchral Complaints on the Death of John Kochanowski," "Flis; or, The Floating of Vessels Down the River Vistula," "The Conflagration, and the Exhortation To Quench the Same; or, the Prophecy as to the Downfall of the Turkish Power."

A disinterested lover of truth, Klonowicz boldly attacked misdeeds without regard to persons or their social connections. Persecution did not affect his moral powers nor stifle his inclination to satirize, on the contrary, it only incited him the more and strengthened his spirit of criticism. Strong in didactic poetry, he possessed no great talent for the lyrics. In his didactics he exhibits superiority of reason over imagination and feeling; with him thought was superior to the manner of expression.

In his "Flis," that is, watermen floating boats down the Vistula, we perceive altogether a different phase of this poet's writing. The subject being out of the common track of his former experiences, his mind becomes more easy and lively, and his poetical figures more picturesque. He describes his impressions and his feelings caused by witnessing this novel sight, and unlike his former compositions there is not a shadow of satire in

the whole poem. It is supposed that there is not a poem in the Polish language, written during the reign of Sigismunds, which preserves the national features and the coloring stronger than the "Flis."

"The Bags of Judases" is a peculiar satire, painting with an artistic brush different sorts of people, who by usurious and dishonest practices, their power, artfulness, flattery and stratagems, and by assumed magnanimity deceive and cheat the weaker part of humanity.

Zealous and ardent in the defense of what was good and noble, he boldly attacked misrule and abuse of power of the officials, bribery and avaricious cupidity of the high dignitaries; in fact he pursued with his satires all who were defrauding the republic.

His "Complaints" are only imitations of Kochanowski's Threns on the death of his daughter Ursula, with this difference, Kochanowski's complaints flowed from an aching heart overflowing with grief that only a father can feel, but Klonowicz wrote them straight along, preserving the apparent coolness; for that reason his complaints do not touch the feeling nor call forth even a sigh—because sighs did not produce them, nor were they bedewed with tears.

Klonowicz was born in 1551, in Great Poland, in a village called Sulmierzyce, in the palatinate of Kalish, and received his education in the Academy of Cracow, where he was made doctor of philosophy. He traveled in Hungary and Bohemia, Dantzic and Lemberg, where he spent four years. In 1580 he went to the city of Lublin, where he was a counsellor and judge of Jewish affairs, and finally became the mayor. He also held an office at Isary, the property of Benedictine monks, wherein sprung a great friendship between the

abbot and afterward a bishop of Kijew, Wereszczyński, and it is to this intimacy that we are indebted for the production of his "Flis." Having written against the Jesuits he was bitterly persecuted by them and somewhat apostatized from the faith. Then again he incurred the displeasure of the inferior nobility, his former companions, and the Jews. As if to complete his misfortunes he was constantly harassed by his wasteful and wayward wife, who poisoned his life and brought him to abject poverty. He died in an hospital in 1608.

His works were published in Cracow, Leipsic, and Chełmno. The latest editions are those of Turowski, 1858, and Wentzlewski, 1861.

MERITS OF POLAND.

Poland is rich in green and fertile lands
That in God's bosom, as it were, seem thrown,
What cares the Pole for ocean or its strands?
Content, he ploughs his own.

Here Ceres, harvest goddess, wandered by
After she left her own Sicilian plain,
Here fields of rye abound, and bastion high
Loom up the stacks of grain.

In Poland, high, commodious barns arise,
With harvest bounty amply filled and stored,
Here, for the jolly peasant will suffice
Of rye, a goodly hoard!

Let who will praise the fertile Asian fields,
The yellow maize of Egypt and the Nile,
Upon our shore the oat abundance yields,
For many a mile and mile.

Game is abundant, cattle horned abound,
Fat oxen, horses, sheep with lengthy coat,
And heifers graze within the meadows 'round,
Beside the frisky goat!

From out his herds the farmer gets his teams,
Makes clothing for himself, and servants, too,
And of fresh meat, and milk-meat as it seems,
There is no end thereto.

Then, who could count the flocks of cackling geese,
The greedy ducks the swan whose whiteness charms,
The chickens, too, whose brood each day increase,
And travel 'round the farms.

Of dishes rich a great variety
We get, and dainty food the dovecot gives,
How pleasant 'tis the bacon fitch to see
Suspended 'neath the eaves!

Then, too, the things we gather in the wood,
God's bounty to the open-handed Pole,
He who desires to use these gifts of good
Are welcome to the dole.

Through field and wood flit herds of graceful deer,
On trees the birds sing out their countless lives,
And the industrious bee his honey'd cheer
Bears homeward to the hives.

As to the fish, a million of them speed
Through pond and lake and river seaward bound,
Nor lack the Poles for anything they need,
With much abundance crowned.

Hence, I know not why you should grasp for more
My brother Pole, with such productive soil,—
Why should you seek to gather to your store
Of foreign lands the spoil?

MIASKOWSKI.

KASPAR MIASKOWSKI, a flowery poetical writer. Although his style is somewhat hard and less correct than that of some of his contemporaries, he excels them in bold poetic flights. The most eminent of his compositions are: "The Slavonian Hercules," "The Pilgrim of Easter-Day," "Penitential Elegy," "Duma on the Death of John Zamoyski," "Invitation to Sorrow," etc. He sings of wars and warriors, and complains of misrule of the country, impunity and pleasures; but his religious songs are superior to his worldly ones, yet he exhibits more ardor than simplicity and gracefulness. His religious compositions are permeated with a true and sincere spirit of piety. As to his language, it is strong and pithy; but occasionally he is misty and expresses himself in an unusual way.

Miaskowski was born in 1549 in Great Poland. He lived in close friendship with Gębicki, bishop of Kujawy, Opaliński, bishop of Posen, and Herbert, the proprietor of Dobromil. He died in 1622.

His writings entitled "Collection of Rhymes" were published in Cracow in 1612, in Posen 1622, and the latest in Posen 1855 and in 1861.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN DEATH AND A YOUNG
MAIDEN.

Young M. O Death! why dost thou whet thy scythe anew?

Death. To cut the flower that blithely drinks the dew.

Young M. Why wilt thou cut it now so ruthlessly,
Nor wait awhile its perfect charm to see?

Death. Such early flowers most fragrant are and sweet,
To me most grateful for my chaplet meet.

Young M. Know'st thou the sickle reaps but ripened grain?

Death. After the storm green herbage on the plain
Is likewise leveled.

Young M. Not magnanimous
Is it to fell a tender blossom thus.

Death. It were transgression did I leave the one
That God has called for; nay, it must be done.

Young M. The pangs of death youth can but ill endure.

Death. But the more innocent youth is, and pure,
Swift as the arrow flying to the mark
Will it be wafted up beyond the dark.

Young M. But I have scarce begun to pay the debt
Unto my parents for their kindness yet,
Because my years have been so very few;
Let me remaining love and serve them too,
Nor leave them in their sorrow mourning me.

Death. That is not much for them,— but as for thee,
Thou wilt the better reach them through thy love
When in God's presence thou shalt kneel above
With hands uplifted in unceasing prayer
Before the throne, and ask for them His care,
That they may close their eyes in peace at last,
Untroubled by the shadows I cast.

Young M. If so, O Death! I put away my fear,
My hope grows stronger and my sight more clear.

Death. Then I will pause no more,— to Paradise
This stroke shall send thee! thus the body dies,
But the pure soul with living faith astir
Is wafted heavenward, there to minister.

WHO IS A TRUE SAILOR?

He is not a sailor true who sails
Over tranquil waters with favoring gales;
But he who can skillfully storms outride
Is the conqueror true with courage tried.

SZYMONOWICZ.

SIMON SZYMONOWICZ was the first Polish poet who wrote pastorals in his native tongue. Not following the poetic bend of Kochanowski he chose his own original way, and wrote upward of twenty pastoral poems. He did not imitate Virgil, Spanish, or the poets of southern France, but took as his specimen Theocritus, and at the same time continuing to fall in his own way he created an original manner of his own. Szymonowicz composed purely national pastorals, full of truth and harmony. After Theocritus he may be considered as one of the greatest writers of idyllics. Sometimes he exceeds even Virgil. He understood very well that in order to create an original pastoral it was necessary for him to approach the national songs. But he did not exactly make them lyrical; on the contrary, he bent them down more to the dramatic form. As to his versification it has a great resemblance to the versification of to-day. He turns easily from line to line, but cares not for the richness in rhyme.

Szymonowicz deserves all the praise for the sweetness of language and great facility of expression. He mixes in the conversation of Polish shepherds the songs of Theocritus, and in a curious way painting the customs of his age and country mixes the Greek mythology. This fault will show itself less striking when we remember that many learned Poles in those days were well acquainted with ancient literature, and it was for them Szymonowicz mostly sung.

Szymonowicz was born in 1557, at Lemberg, and was educated at the Academy of Cracow. He traveled much, and visited Rome. King Stephen crowned him

with a poetic wreath. He afterward became the secretary of Chancellor Zamoyski, who conferred upon him the estate of Czernce, near the city of Zamosć, and when dying he intrusted the education of his son Thomas to him. Pope Clement VIII sent him in 1593 a wreath, and Sigismund III ennobled him, and made him poet laureate. He died in 1629.

Szymonowicz published several religious dramas, of which "Joseph the Chaste" obtained the most celebrity.

SIELANKA* I. (PASTORAL.)

PASTORAL ECLOGUE.

"Kozy, ucieszne kozy, ma trzodo jedyna!"

DAPHNIS.

Goats of my flock, my sole possessions come,
 'Mid meadows, nut tree, brushwood make your home;
 Eat the green leaves, the tender sprouts, and here
 By the still waters I'll repose me near,
 And lull to rest my grief by sleep, or song;
 My Phyllis has disturb'd the calming throng
 Of gentle thoughts. O cruel! whatsoe'er
 Fate rules, the heart must feed on and must bear.
 Thou hast forgotten all, my broken joy,
 My soul's distraction, and the sharp annoy
 Of a corroding chain; desire intense,
 Faith-plighted, passionate love and confidence.
 For thee my orchards bore their fruits: I bid
 My folds supply the milk, and every kid
 And every snowy lamb was thine. For thee
 I track'd through the woods the honey-bearing bee.
 And I was wholly thine. My ceaseless lays
 Waked thousand shepherds' voices in thy praise.

* Derived from sieło (village).

For thou wert erst unknown, or unesteem'd;
They called thee a mean maiden, and they deem'd
Thy bright eyes a black gypsy's; but my lyre
Gave glory to thy stately footsteps, fire
To thy shrewd glances; thou wert tall and straight
As the unchanging fir-tree, and thy gait
Became majestic; roses and snow-milk
Painted thy cheeks; thy hair was softest silk,
Coral thy lips, and pearls thy teeth: applause
Everywhere greeted thee;—and I the cause—
I tuned thy charms to song: and my reward
Is thy contempt, and the enamored bard
Is left to misery. While the noontide ray
Gilds with its brightness all the charms of day,
While in the woodlands birds and flocks repose,
And from its toils the weary heifer goes,
While the green lizards 'round their dwellings green
Play joyous, I am left to mourn unseen
O'er shattered hopes and shipwreck'd thoughts. I try
To appease their busy tumult fruitlessly.
The lion hunts the wolf—the wolf pursues
The goat—the goat is pleased among the dews
Of the red heath: my sorrow clings to thee;—
All have their passions and pursuits;—none free
From the indwelling worm of grief. I caught
A pair of lovely deer, to whom I taught
Obedience; from my goats they drank their food;
I weaned them from their savage solitude;
And many a maiden covets them;—but thou
Think'st all my offerings poor and worthless now.
Hark! for the woods are full of music! See
O'er the gay fields the flocks sport joyously!
How blest we here might dwell; how calmly go
To the cold boundary of life's toils below.
Wouldst thou but smile upon my humble cot,
And from thy gentle bosom chase me not.

Here the soft mosses o'er the grottoes grow,
And shades and woods repose, and streamlets flow
O'er stony beds; the poplars tall, the wide
And ample lindens; elms and oaks, the pride
Of centuries. But without thy soothing voice
No streams harmonious roll, no woods rejoice,
No charms are charming. Wherefore should I be
So worthless, so indifferent, love, to thee?
I look'd into the glassy stream, I sought
Some hidden cause of thy ungenerous thought,
None could I find. My sheep are in the field,
They feed, they prosper; and my goat flocks yield
Annual increase. I have a rich supply
Of milk, and I am skill'd in poetry
And the sweet lyre, even like that swain of old,
Amphion, watching o'er his ravish'd fold
And waking song; while at his wild harp's sound
The woods and all their tenants danced around.
It matters not; my song is vain and vain
All my bewailing: I must bear the pain
Unmurmuring, for my murmurs are to thee
A selfish triumph, and thy cruelty
Nothing can soften. Dost thou scorn me? Who
Possesses that false heart that once was true?
Laugh on, laugh on! A lion's whelp art thou,
And I a silly lamb. My ice-cold brow
The grave's dull earth shall soon be crumbled over,
And this shall be my epitaph of woe:—
“The cruel Phyllis has destroy'd her lover.”

SIELANKA XIV.

CZARY (WITCHCRAFT).

THE JEALOUS WIFE.

Three nights have pass'd since he left me here,
 And something is amiss, I fear;
 Yes, surely something is amiss;
 And what he does, and where he is,
 I can't divine; and who can bear
 The throb of doubt and woe like this!

Thestyli, bring for magic's rites
 The awful tools—to-night, to-night
 My heart shall summon witchcraft's sprites,
 And revel in the wild delight.
 Why did he marry, thus to leave me?
 He well may grieve, who thus could grieve me.
 I'll pour perdition on the maid
 Who first his faithless passion sway'd:
 She wounded me, it shall return,
 Canker'd within her heart to burn.

Moon! I conjure thee—thou art pure;
 Yet when thou know'st my wrongs, thy eyes,
 Pitying the miseries I endure,
 Will show the midnight's mysteries
 To me the wretched! I was chaste
 And lovely; from my parent's home
 He bore me, in his scorn to waste
 Affection's blush and passion's bloom;
 A wife unstained, a faithful mate,
 He leaves me to be desolate.

Pledged faith! Avenge, avenge me now!
 Thou God above! look down below!
 He sees thee not, he knows thee not,

Be shame and wretchedness his lot!
 His heart is scared—his thoughts rebel—
 Now scathe him with the fires of hell!
 'Tis an unholy task, I know;
 But grief is deaf—it must be so:
 I know damnation's fiends await
 Those who would tear the veils of fate.
 It must be so, I cannot say,—
 Come tardy Thestyli, obey!

Pour white millet on the pan,
 Shake it o'er the glowing fire
 Fan the blazing caldron, fan,—
 Stronger the flame must burn, and higher.
 Husband turn, to thy wife's desire:
 Mighty magic, conduct him home;—
 My grief is mad,—come, husband, come!

He burns my heart;—on his head I burn
 The crumbled leaves of the blister tree;
 And as the leaves to ashes turn,
 So let his heart burn scorchingly.
 Mighty magic! conduct him home;—
 My grief is mad,—come, husband, come!

I melt the wax in the furnace heat:—
 As the earth is softened by summer's rain.
 So let him dissolve in a burning sweat,
 And pass into dew for his cold disdain.
 Mighty magic! conduct him home;—
 My grief is mad,—come, husband, come!

I turn the spindle:—I fain would turn
 His faithless heart. No rest shall light
 On his anxious soul; and visions stern
 Shall be his by day, and dreams by night.

Mighty magic! conduct him home;—
My grief is mad,—come, husband, come!

My head-dress in three-fold knots I tie,
And my hair in tresses; so bind his soul;
Let them tangle; until his heart shall fly
From unhallow'd passion's fierce control.
Mighty magic! conduct him home;—
My grief is mad,—come, husband, come!

Place in the vessel a midnight bat,
Let it burn, let it burn, and the magic spe
Shall bear him to torments worse than that,
Oh, would I could add the fire of hell!
Mighty magic! conduct him home;—
My grief is mad,—come, husband, come!

These poisonous weeds to a loathsome toad
Transform'd an old woman. Away, away
Through the air on a fiery pole she rode:—
Burn—burn—he cannot resist their sway.
Mighty magic! conduct him home;—
My grief is mad,—come, husband, come!

I have a 'kerchief, which erst in dance,
When I was a maid, he threw at me,
While wet with the dew of his countenance:—
As his sweat, the foam of his mouth shall be.
Mighty magic! conduct him home;—
My grief is mad,—come, husband, come!

Grits boil in this apron—boil! It boils!
No fire is there! the spell succeeds.
He comes! he comes! to reward my tous;
I hear the barking hounds through the reeds.
I hear him knock. The boilings cease,

The howling dogs are now at peace.
 'Tis he! 'tis he! they knew him well,
 They knew him by their eager smell.
 So punish'd, he will, perhaps, improve,
 But shall I welcome him with love,
 Or wait till he has rested? He
 Is panting hard—'twas marvelously
 Well done,—for force must act on will,
 Where will rebels. Fire, brighten still!
 Oh, aid me, mighty craft! till grief
 In dark revenge obtain relief.

Burn, tendons! tell me when they smoke:—
 So may the accursed members shrivel
 (As when my heart in anguish broke)
 Of that seducing fiend of evil.
 Revenge, revenge, dark craft! till grief
 In ample vengeance find relief.

Now strip these rags at my behest,
 Her corpse through dirt let hangman draw.
 Let fiery pincers tear her breast,
 And to the hounds her body throw.
 So aid me, mighty craft! till grief
 In dark revenge obtain relief.

Thou owl! that hootest through the wood,
 In vain thou shalt no longer hoot,—
 Before, behind, in solitude,
 And through the world screech 'Prostitute!'
 So aid me, mighty craft! till grief
 In full revenge obtain relief.

Spit thrice, and as the spittle falls,
 Curse her; and let her face be thick
 With plague spots,—sores, and wounds and galls
 Pollute her: let her foul hands pick

The living worms that o'er her creep;—
Then rot upon pollution's heap.

My ears with music ring. I start!
O thou hast triumph'd, mighty art!
Vengeance upon her head descend!
Be welcome—welcome now my friend!
But he is come—is come at last.
He came half-booted—came in haste.
I pity—but forgive. Indeed
The heart is glad he caused to bleed.

EPIGRAMS.

THE HARE.

The hounds pursue me in their cruel course;—
I turn'd; I saw the huntsman from his horse
Fall death-struck to the ground. So perish all
Who plot, or see unmoved another's fall.

THE WOLF.

Ye drag me through the village, peasants! Good!
I have a thousand brothers in the wood:—
Yes! yes! insult the dead! My life you rive,
But thousands to avenge me are alive.

THE OLD COCK.

In my young days full many a fight I won;
But I am old, and all my glory's gone.
The young subdue me, and the vulture's throat
Is now my tomb. I can avenge it not.

ZIMOROWICZ.

SIMEON ZIMOROWICZ was born at Lemberg (Leopol) in 1604. None of his poetical compositions were printed during his lifetime. Being touched by symptoms of incipient consumption he hurried in writing up the "Roxolanki"—that is to say the Russian maidens present at the wedding of his brother Bartholomew. These interesting compositions, although original, are partly imitations of Horace and Anacreon; they show a strong pen and elicit much poetical beauty. He also wrote many songs, but all his compositions are permeated with youthfulness. His selection of subjects and poetical colors shows a young man who feels the worth and charms of life. He had a great admiration for Szymonowicz and imitated him, but possessed more poetical force. He also translated Moschus.

Zimorowicz died very young,—in his twenty-fifth year — and was buried at Cracow, where the following Latin inscription covers his remains :

Subter te, qui legis,
 SIMEON ZIMOROWICZ Leopoliensis
 Omnium Musarum et Gratiarum
 Floridus Adolescens
 Particulam Terræ Roxolanæ
 Cum calculo abjecit:
 Ipse Indole, Litteris, Moribus
 Annos XXV supergressus
 Rediit unde venerat
 Anno 1629, Die 21 Junii.
 Cui

FR. MR. Lachrymas et longum Vale
 Tu Supremum Have da et I.

SONG.

“Widziałem cię z okieneczka.”

I saw thee from my casement high,
 And watch'd thy speaking countenance;
 With silent step thou glidest by,
 And didst not cast a hurried glance
 Upon my mean abode nor me.

Then misery smote me,—but for heaven
 I should have fallen scathed and dead.
 I blame thee not,—thou art forgiven;
 I yet may hear thy gentle tread,
 When evening shall o'ermantle thee.

The evening came,—then mantling night;
 I waited till the full moon tower'd
 High in the heaven. My longing sight
 Perceived thee not; the damp mists lower'd,
 In vain I sought thee anxiously.

Didst thou upon some privileged leaf
 My name record, and to the wind
 Commit it,—bid it charm my grief,
 Bear some sweet influence to my mind
 And set me from despairing free?

Where are the strains of music now,
 The song, the dance, that morn and eve
 We heard around my house,—when low
 And sweet thy voice was wont to heave
 Soft sighs and gentle thoughts for me?

'Tis past, 'tis past, and in my heart
 Is sorrow, silence in my ear;
 The vain world's wonted smiles depart;
 Joy and the springtide of the year,
 Fond youth! are scatter'd speedily.

Thou hast not said farewell! no sleep
 Shall close my mourning eye,—the night
 Is gloomy now. Go, minstrel, weep!
 For I shall weep; and sorrow's blight
 That scathes my heart shall visit thee.

SIELANKA.

Zephyr! that gently o'er Ukraine art flying,
 Go and salute my Maryna for me;
 Whisper her tenderly, soothingly sighing
 "Lo! he has sent these soft accents to thee!"

Why dost thou dwell, my maiden so lonely?
 Why dost thou dwell in so gloomy a spot?
 Think of the palace of Leopol* — only
 Think, my fair maid! though thou visit it not.

There in thy tower is a window, where seated
 Often thou sheddest a smile on thy swain,
 There have my sighs oft an audience entreated;
 Maiden, that window invites thee again.

Lady! the thought of thy absence has shaded
 Even the flow'rets with sorrow and gloom;
 All the bright roses and lilies are faded,
 And my gay orchard is stripp'd of its bloom.

Come, my fair maid, with thy beautiful blushes,
 Shine o'er our turrets,—oh, come for awhile!
 Smile on us, lady; oh, smile, though Red Russia's
 Twice-castled towers may deserve not thy smile.

Lo! it expects thee, its lions† await thee,
 Watching like sentinels fix'd on the height:

* Leopol is the capital of Red Russia, Roxolania, now Austrian Galicia.

† Lions—The arms of Leopol.

Sleepless and eager to welcome and greet thee
 When thy fair vision shall dawn on their sight.

Haste, maiden, haste! scatter blessings around thee,
 Laughter and wit are waiting thee here;
 Courtesies, feastings and smiles, shall be found thee,
 Wanderings and wassails to honor thee, dear!

Here we have centered the graces and pleasures;
 Come thou, bright lady! inherit them now.
 Here Nature pours out her charms and her treasures,
 Nothing is wanted, oh, nothing but thou.

SIELANKA.

“Rozyna mi w taneczku pomarańcze dała.”

Rosina, while dancing, an orange convey'd,
 And promised the garland that circled her head;
 I gave her my hand and with love and desire
 The orange was turn'd to a ball of bright fire.
 It burnt like a coal from the furnace, and made
 Its way to my heart, while it fever'd my head.

Rosina, my flame! that fair orange of gold
 Has kindled a passion which may not be told.
 I have learnt what love is; not Venus the fair,
 But the whelp of a lioness fierce in her lair;
 She-tiger of Caucasus nurtured to scorn
 The hearts that are broken, and souls that are torn.

SIELANKA.

“Roxolanki Ukochane
 Przez usta wasze różane.”

Maid of Roxolania fair!
 By your lips of roses swear,
 Why your lyre's sublimest tone

Sings the graceful Thelegdon?
'Tis that noblest passion's praise,
Merits, aye! the noblest lays.
Light of love whose kindling stream
Shines like morning's dewy beam;
Not so bright the dawn which shakes
Splendent ringlets when she wakes.
Not so rich her lips of red,
When their balmy breath they spread;
Not so glorious is her eye,
Burning in its richest dye;
Not so modest when her face
Shadows all its blushing grace.
Yet if heaven's thick-scattered light
Seeks to be more pure, more bright,
'Tis from her their rays they'll take;
Goddess of the frozen lake,
Genii of the wintry snow,
Warm ye in her beauty's glow.
Not the immeasurable sea,
Not the tides' profundity,
Not the ceaseless years that sweep,
Not the murmurs of the deep,
Shall outlive that maiden pure,—
Shall beyond her fame endure.
Joyous hours again renew,
Songs of praise and rapture, too.
Maid of Roxolania, praise,
Praise the fair one in your lays.

GAWIŃSKI.

JOHN GAWINSKI, one of the foremost of Polish bards, who for ease and harmonious flow of language can be put by the side of Szymonowicz and Zimorowicz. Of his poetical compositions which deserve especial notice we can mention "The Mournful Threns," "Pastorals," and "Epitaphs"; as also "The Epigrams" on different subjects, "The New Pastorals," "The Polish Venus," "Fortune or Luck," and "Idyls of Mopsus."

In the poetry of Gawinski the reader can discover true pictures of life wrought with great skill and marked by pleasing simplicity and excellence of language.

Gawinski was born in Cracow at the commencement of the seventeenth century. After finishing his education at Cracow, in order to still further improve himself he lived at the court of young Ferdinand Charles, although during the stormy reign of John Casimir he studied law. He was compelled to grasp the sword, and fought against the Cossacks in Ukraine. The time of his death is uncertain.

PASTORAL (SIELANKA).

In the fair fields of Rzeczniew a glade
 Was circled by a forest's budding shade;
 There Amaryllis lay, her flocks she kept,
 While in the spreading shrubs in peace they slept.
 There mid the branches of ancient tree
 Damet and Myrtil sat and skillfully
 Waked the reed's music, told the pleasing dream
 Of love and courtship's joys; — and this their theme :

DAMET.

Gay o'er the meadows wends the songful bee,
From flower to flower swift glancing sportively,
Robbing their hidden sweets; yet if decay
Wither the flower, she turns and speeds away.
I am a bee, but seek the sweets whose taste
Is fresh and fragrant, spring-begotten chaste: —
Sweet Amaryllis! my fair rose thou art;
But know, no wither'd rose can charm the heart.

MYRTIL.

A snow-white turtle on a fountain's side
Bends o'er the mirror stream with joy and pride;
He pecks his plumes, and in the water clear
Washes his silvery feathers; fluttering there
He sees another dove, and nods and coos,
And flaps his wings. Poor turtledove! amuse
Thyself with the delusion, the deceit!
Thyself thou dost bewray, thyself dost cheat.
Love has its flatteries,— has its treacheries, too,
And we're pursued when fancying we pursue.

DAMET.

Silently swim the ducks upon the lake,
Silently, in the absence of the drake.
He comes! he comes! the welcoming strains begin;
Round him they crowd, and what a joyous din!
Man is the temple's prop, the temple's base,
On which is raised the pile of woman's grace.
Without him Nature is a shatter'd whole,
A lifeless life, a clod without a soul.

MYRTIL.

From the deep waters Venus has its birth,
And reigns the queen of ocean and of earth.

Charm'd by her influence even the fishes stray
 Wandering enamor'd round her witching way,
 Each fed by love and mastered by desire,
 Even in the wave glows passion's busy fire.
 How should I struggle 'gainst the flame when thou
 Art the bright Venus that inspires me now!

* * * * *

DAMET.

The night bird sings upon the hazel tree,
 The wind sweeps by, the leaves dance murmuringly.
 She speaks,— the nightingale his strains gives't o'er.
 The leaves are still, the rude wind speaks no more.

MYRTIL.

Fair is the rose when laughing in its bud,
 Fair o'er the plain towers the tall cedar wood.
 She comes! the cedars and the rose are dull;
 Even Lebanon bows, though proud and beautiful.

* * * * *

DAMET.

The moon obeys the sun, and every star....
 Pays homage to the moon; the twilight far
 Leads in and out the shifting days; and so
 I dwell with thee, my fair! where'er thou go.

MYRTIL.

On the proud world the sun delighted beams,
 Piercing the blue depth of the rolling streams.
 So would I bathe me in thy azure eyes,
 And drown me in thy heart's deep mysteries.

* * * * *

'Twas thus the shepherds sung. The sky above
Looked smiling on their strains of eloquent love;
And Amaryllis, from the blooming thorn
Tore a white sprig their temples to adorn:
And from that hour t' enjoy their simple airs
She often came, and mixed her flocks with theirs.

BONES ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Traveler, our bones are bleaching on the ground,
And yet unburied. Pity not our doom.
Ours is a grave of glory, shrouded round
In virtue, and the vault of heaven our tomb.

SOLDIER SLAIN.

I fought, my land, for thee! for thee I fell;
On, not beneath, the turf I rest my head.
Witness, my country, that I loved thee well;
Living, I served thee, and I guard thee dead.

THE PLOUGHMAN AND THE LARK.

Sweet lark! the twilight of the dewy morn
Calls me to plough, and to thy music thee.
Blessings be with us! on thy notes be borne
Success: — I toil, I sow for thee and me.

.....



ELIZABETH DRUŽBACKA.

DRUŻBACKA.

ELIZABETH DRUŻBACKA sprung from a very respectable family of Kowalski, and occupies an important rank in Polish literature; in fact, she must be considered as the first Polish poetess. Possessing a true poetic feeling of the heart, she placed herself at once in the first poetic rank of those days. She was able to get rid of the literary contamination of that age, and wrote in pure Polish.

Among her poems deserving especial notice are, "The Christian History of the Princess Elefantina," "The Life of David," "The Praise of Forests," "The Penance of Mary Magdalen," "The Four Seasons," etc. etc. Madam Drużbacka possessed an inborn talent for poetry, but the defective taste of the age taints some of her compositions; still, there is much wit and beauty in her poetic productions. She was not a learned woman, and spoke but her own native tongue, but born with a natural inclination for writing poetry, she exhibits great vigor of conception of thought, liveliness of imagination, and originality in her creations. The buoyant fancy and strong feeling united with piety devoid of fanaticism were the chief traits of Drużbacka.

She was born in 1687, and passed her younger days with Madam Sieniawska, Castelane of Cracow, where she married and became acquainted with the highest circles of Polish society. Her husband being one of the king's officials she lived in Great Poland. After the death of her husband she entered the convent of Lady Bernardines, at Tarnow, but was not initiated into the order. She died in 1754.

SPRING.

O golden season in childlike disguise,
Gay Spring! so gratefully we feel thy smile
We needs must overlook thy vagaries
Whether thy winds blow cold or warmly wile;
Or thou with childlike freedom dost presume
To fright with snow the flowers that earliest bloom.

But shouldst thou frighten thou wilt do no harm,
Neither with freezing cold nor sultry glare;
Thou pleasant season! adding to each charm
An understanding with the sun and air.
Thou knowest when to warm and when to cool,
And age refreshed grows young beneath thy rule.

Thou hast the power to unbind the earth
From frosty chains and give her liberty—
A loving child to her who gave thee birth,
Her fetters fall from her when touched by thee.
And through the warmth that in thy bosom stirs
The icy grasp is loosed at length from hers.

When passes winter's dark, tyrannic sway,
From thee the earth fresh inspiration draws
Thou openest warm thoroughfares each day
Where frozen clod and hardened débris thaws.
When thy soft breath goes forth upon the Earth,
Life conquers death in all renewing birth.

SARBIEWSKI.

MATHEW CASIMIR SARBIEWSKI, who gained much fame as a Polish lyricist in Latin, was born in 1595. He was especially admired for his correctness of expression and the beauty of poetic turns. He was called the Polish HORACE in an age when the knowledge of the Latin tongue was considered as the highest accomplishment. He was so perfect in the handling of Latin that he outstripped all other Latin poets; his poetic flight was one of an eagle, and no one has approached Horace nearer than he.

Sarbiewski entered the Society of Jesuits in 1613, and lectured in the college of Wilno on the rules of oratory. He then went to Rome, where he became very famous, and where he was crowned with a poetic wreath by Urban VII. Returning to Poland Sigismund III named him a court-preacher to his son Ladislaus IV and chose him as his personal companion and friend.

Sarbiewski was quite an artist on the harp, and sang well. With these he amused and cheered the king, and also interested him with his instructive conversation. Inseparable from the king he traveled with him not only through Poland, but also into foreign countries. He died April 2, 1640. During his lifetime he formed many intimate friendships with the literary men of his time, and Dr. Watts translated and imitated many of Sarbiewski's lyrics.

Sarbiewski's works were published in many places, such as Cologne, Wilno, Antwerp, Cracow, Paris, Breslau, and London. Louis Kondratowicz, an eminent

Polish poet and scholar, is the translator of Sarbiewski's Latin poems into Polish.

TO THE CICADA.

Thou, whose voice in the grove's silence is heard aloft,
 While thou drinkest the tear-drops of the heavenly dews,
 Thy sweet music, Cicada,
 In thine ecstasy pouring forth.

Come! come! summer on light wheels is advancing fast,
 While the hastening suns move, be they hail'd but chid
 For their tarrying too long,
 When the frosts of the winter flee.

As days dawn in their joy so they depart in haste;
 So flee, speedily flee; speedily speeds our bliss.

 Too short are its abidings; —
 But grief lingeringly dwells with man.

TO THE POLISH AND LITHUANIAN KNIGHTS.

Poles! O let no foreign customs throw their
 Scandal among you. Teach religious duties,
 Laws of your country, virtues of your fathers,
 Teach to your children.

Sacred your temples, — your tribunals, justice;
 Peace, truth, and love dwell midst you, omnipresent;
 All that is vile and all that is unholy,
 Drive from your country!

Walls screen not crime, and punishment will force its
 Way through the towers and through the thrice-bound portals,
 Smiting the vicious. Thunderbolts but wait to
 Burst on the vile one.

Painted deceit, tyrannical ambition;
 Wealth-seeking lust, and luxury's excesses
 Chase them far from you; let them never hold a
 Throne in your bosom.

Poverty gives to man unwonted vigor,
 Teaches him patience 'neath the weight of suffering,
 Arms him with courage; but the stolen armour
 Wearies, though golden.

Whether your lot be war or peace, ye Poles!
 Still be united, for united brothers
 Stand like a temple on a hundred pillars,
 Firmly supported.

So midst the rocks the sailor in his prudence
 Looks to the stars; and so the friendly anchor
 Steadies the vessel on the heaving ocean, —
 Steadies it surely.

So does the bond that binds the social fabric
 Strengthen; while strife and mighty fraud and rancour
 Overthrow cities, threatening desolation
 E'en to the mightiest.

TO LIBERTY.

Queen of brave nations : — Liberty!
 What land thy favorite seat shall be?
 What land more suited to thy reign
 Than Poland's fertile, charming plain?
 Daughter of council and of bliss
 The mother and the nurse of peace;
 Thou, sought midst many dangers round,
 Midst more than many dangers found;
 Higher than thrones thy throne we see,
 Majestic more than majesty;
 Thou mistress of our country's fame,
 Now stop thy course, — thy smile we claim.
 Arrest thy cloud-encircled car,
 And linger where thy votaries are!

O, see upon thy Vistula
Lithuania's sons in long array,
The Lechan and Littavian ranks
Like sea-waves gathering on its banks;
No servile crowds we bring to thee,
But heirs of ancient bravery :
Sons of the North, whose blood remains
As pure as in their fathers' veins;
Untaught from faith and truth to swerve,
Train'd by the laws their king to serve,
They spurn a stranger's stern commands,
And love their land o'er other lands!

And is there ought so purely bright
As when in truth and virtue's light
Impartial Freedom deigns to shed
Her joys on prince and people's head?
Then the unfettered man disdains
Sloth's soul-debilitating chains,
And Genius, like a conqueror, flies
On to the goal and claims the prize.

No foreign calls our ranks can move;
We but obey the chief we love,
And follow where his footsteps lead,
To freedom's goal and victory's meed;
As o'er Carpathia's hoary height
Our sires achieved a glorious fight;
And on the widespread field of Thrace
Our fathers found their triumph-place;
And when our flags waved smiling o'er
The Bosphorus and the Baltic shore.
And proud Teutonia, bearing all
Her Asian spoils, was forced to fall
Before those iron columns we
Had rear'd to mark our sovereignty;

Those mighty trophies of the brave,
The unconquerable Boleslaw;
And by the Borysthene's side,
And by the Volga's current wide.
And past the Alexandrian's shrines
And to those dark Lapponian mines,
Where the fierce North wind has its birth:
We trod the far Danubian earth.
Saw old Boötes freeze his waves,
And dug for the Meotians, graves.

Are we degenerate? Shall the fame
Of our own fathers blast our name?
Smile on our prayers, O Liberty!
And let the world thy dwelling be.

Urban* and Ferdinand combine,
O Wladislaw, their powers with thine.
And the world calls thee to confer
Her laurels on the conqueror,—
Thou, Sigismund's illustrious son,
Thou of the blood of Jagellon.
O what can darken, what delay
The glory of our future day?

Hail Wladislaw! thou hope of man,
Fav'rite of God, our Poland's van.
All hail! our warrior senate cries.
All hail! a people's voice replies.
A thousand lances shine around,
All hills and vales and woods resound
The song of joy. And raised above
His watery throne, his praise and love

* Urban VIII, who distinguished Sarbiewski by very marked attentions, and when they parted hung around his neck a golden cross to which a miniature of his Holiness was attached.

Old Vistula shouts forth;—their brow
Proudly the Crapack mountains bow
In homage.

Say what projects vast
Struggling in thy great soul hast?
For such a soul unceasing teems
With mighty thoughts and glorious dreams,
And still springs forward to the praise
Of distant deeds and future days:
Nor sloth nor luxury shall impede
That opening fame, that dawning deed;
Or quiet wisdom to o'erthrow
The dark designings of the foe,
Or splendid daring—swift and bold,
Sweeping like surges uncontroll'd,
The heir-loom of thy sires of old.

Thus did the Jagellons, they spread
Their praise, their glory and their dread—
Envied, admired, and fear'd—the son
Soon made the father's fame his own:
And envy's wing could not pursue
A flight so high and glorious, too;
The ambitious son outshone the sire,
As glory's mark ascended higher.
Till to our thought no hopes remain
Their fame and glory to maintain.
This is our noblest heritage,—
A name, bequeathed from age to age.
For thee, from centuries afar
A mingled wreath of peace and war,
Have generations waited,—now,
Wear the proud trophy on thy brow:
Make all thy father's victories thine,
With these thy gentle virtues twine;

Success shall show thee fairer,—woe
Shall bid thy roots yet deeper grow.
Such are Sarmatia's prayers. Her prayers
Up to the heavens an angel bears;
On vows no chance shall e'er repeal
Eternity has set her seal.

A THOUGHT.

(From Saphics.)

He has lived long and well whose death enforces
Tears from his neighbors,—who has made his glory
Heir to himself,—rapacious time will plunder
All, all—besides it.

KONARSKI.*

STANISLAUS HIERONIM KONARSKI belongs to the greatest practical philosophers of the age. It was he who, having ascertained by his learning and comprehensive powers of the mind the vanity and absurdity of the ways and manners of education and enlightenment practiced in the period in which he lived, by his writings scattered to the winds the darkness, reinstated the freedom of thought, and presented to his countrymen fresher models than the old musty Latin works; implanted into the minds of Polish youth new ideas tending to moral improvement, and awakened the true spirit of inquiry after learning. He struck the old pedantism a heavy blow, introducing in its stead freshness and naturalness of expression and modern conceptions. His works written on the subject had a great influence on the reform of Polish literature, because they not only treated on æsthetics but also on moral and practical philosophy. The most prominent of these are "De Emendandis Vitiis" and "Volumina Legum." The first treats extensively of the defective style of writing and oratory, but what is most curious and creditable to him is that in order to have his criticism fall gently upon the works of his predecessors and contemporaries, he very good humoredly criticised some of his own works formerly written, and pointed out his own defects with unsparing justice. In "Volumini de Legum" he endeavored, with much zeal for the public

* Although not a poet was a man of eminent literary talents, and having created a new epoch in Polish literature deserves an honored place here.

good, to collect different statutes and scattered constitutions into a settled code of laws. That successful service to his country accomplished much good, and was of itself enough to immortalize his name. In his "Art of Correct Thinking, Without Which There Cannot Be Correct Speaking," where, in sensible and judicious observations he straightens out the mind of the Polish youth by numerous and well-selected examples, adducing also specimens of beautiful and perfect oratory. The especial merit of this work is that it contains a great deal of useful matter necessary to the Polish people of those days. It was the noble aim of the author to put down prejudices, and fit the mind for the reception of useful truths. The fourth work of Konarski was "Of Successful Way and Manner of Advising." We can place that work among those productions of which the Polish nation has a right to be proud. You can see in it a true citizen, whose heart burns with love to his country, and earnestly engaged with the welfare of his fellow-citizens. In writing this work for a people who were not as yet well versed in political science, and promulgating certain truths contrary to the common prejudices of the majority, he had to use various methods to elucidate, explain, and adapt them to the understanding of all. The fifth production of this distinguished man was "Of Religion, of Honest People, and Against the Doctrines of Deism," wherein the author endeavors to convince his readers that without religion morality cannot have solid foundation; hence, good and virtuous intentions of a community are flimsy and uncertain unless supported by religious convictions.

Taking it as a whole Konarski's writings show genius. His correct views in the matter of presented

subjects; his lively imagination; broad and sensible explanations, and above all his power of philosophical reasoning, emanating from his profound knowledge of the subjects upon which he treats, places him in the highest ranks of Polish writers.

Konarski was born in 1700, and received his initiatory education at the institution of the Order of Piiars, which order he entered in the seventeenth year of his age, and against the wishes of his powerful relatives.

He was soon transferred thence to the College of Warsaw as the professor of philosophy. In the year 1725, with the advice of his uncle Tarło, the bishop of Posen, he went to Italy, where, in the city of Rome, he gave lectures on oratory and history. From Rome he went to Paris, where he closely connected himself by the ties of friendship with the celebrated Fontenelle, the great philosopher, orator, and poet. After a lapse of six years he returned to his country and became professor of history in Cracow, then he occupied the same dignity at Rzeszow, and was made Provincial of his order. In the year 1743 he established a boarding-school for the youth of the nobles, or Collegium Nobilium. He also established similar schools at Wilno and Lemberg. At his Warsaw college he arranged the building so that a part of it was appropriated exclusively for dramatic representations, and dramatic plays of the most celebrated tragic poets were there represented, especially the French: Corneille, Racine, and Crebillon. Konarski had also a great influence in putting down the *liberum veto*, receiving for the great service the hate of second-class nobility.

In 1748 he again left his native land for other countries. He visited France and the most celebrated acad-

emies, and returning to Warsaw employed himself in finishing his "Collegium," which was opened in 1754. In 1749 Komorowski, the *Primas*, sent Konarski to Rome in an important cause, which mission he fulfilled with great credit to himself. He lived on terms of friendship with the most distinguished men of his age, and almost of all countries, who frequently sought his advice. He was personally known to Pope Benedict XIV, to August II and III, as also to Stanislaus Leszczyński, whom he accompanied to Lotaringia (Lorraine). In France he had insured to him by Louis XV the income of two abbacies. Ranks of dignity which were frequently offered to him he would never accept; hence, for the bishopric by Benedict XIV, as also for the bishopric of Przemyśl by August II, and the same dignity offered him by King Stanislaus Poniatowski, in Livonia, he only returned thanks but would not accept of them. The king wishing to honor Konarski for his great labors ordered a medal to be struck in his honor, with the inscription, *Sapere Auso* (To him who dared to be wise). He died in 1773.

His work, "*De Emendandis Vitiis*," was published in Warsaw in 1741; "*Of the Art of Correct Thinking*," also in Warsaw in 1767; "*The Best Mode in Advising*" in 1760, and "*Of Religion*" in 1769.

NARUSZEWICZ.

ADAM STANISLAUS NARUSZEWICZ, although brought up according to the old customs of the country, was nevertheless a quick learner of the new social and political elements which began to permeate through the higher and more advanced social circles in Poland; hence he may be considered as the incarnation of two different epochs. His writings, therefore, are the depositories of two contending intervals. In them he boldly educts the progressive principle, fearlessly attacking the corruption of the age and handling without gloves the pretensions of the nobility, indolence, extravagance, and other national defects.

As a poet he represents two sides, diametrically opposite to each other: — one that of a panegyrist, the other that of a satirist. He wrote odes, satires, fables, and idyls, which in those times comprised about the whole poetical cycle, which he considered as his own, and which would serve him to pave the way to distinction and fame.

Although there is much of the poetic spirit in his odes, yet as a whole, emanating from different circumstances, adverse to poetic inspiration and replete with exaggerated flattery, they do not on that account possess much of poetical value. He had doubtless much power and poetic ardor, and the spirit of his lyric poetry could soar higher than any of his contemporaries. His lively and fiery imagination opened to him a rich depository of bold and exalted thoughts; but this life-giving ardor, this creativeness of imagination, accompany the poet only when their incitement comes

from the deep feeling of truth, and when the theme itself is worthy of poetic inspiration.

Many of his lyrics have only a semblance of declamation, and a superficial luster takes place of emotion. Their taste and style remind one of the compositions of the sixteenth century. He speaks as a true lyricist only when the theme is patriotic citizenship, and the love of his country warms him up.

In his lyric muse Naruszewicz constrains himself to flights of fancy, and in his satires he cannot keep away from exaggeration, though we may say that in his satires he very properly points out national defects, and while furnishing a great many progressive lessons, he at the same time paints a faithful historical picture of the blemishes of the existing social system. His satire of "The Voices of the Dead," as also "The Return of the Senators," are written in an old, constrained style, full of ludicrous images. Naruszewicz was very much addicted to the introduction of mythological personages, which he pours upon his readers without stint. However, it was the failing of all the poets of Stanislaus' Age, but Naruszewicz exceeds them all.

In his satire "The Nobility" Naruszewicz strongly upheld the privileges of birth; indeed, he tried to build a partisan wall between the two different classes which was very distasteful even to his own kindred. In his satire "The Folly" he represents a false devotee, or we may say a downright hypocrite. "The Spoiled Age" is a continual grumbling that things are not as they should be. In his "Flattery" he ridiculed the common national foible of court manners and the bad influence they had on national literature. "The Lean Litterateur" is another unique production, reminding

us of the sad epoch of superficiality when solid sciences were not appreciated, and hence the true litterateur was always lean and poor, and as a characteristic type it went into a proverb.

As to idyllic compositions Naruszewicz had no great talent. Accustomed to court life and a great friend to a fashionable world, he could not understand nor appreciate the charms of rural life; indeed, his pastorals "The Farm-house," "The Happy Marriage," and "Narcissus," have more of a satirical than of a pastoral turn. However, his Polish is pure and correct, and in his power, freshness, and poetical imagery, he is superior to Krasicki. Indeed, we find in his satires many beautiful expressions, — new and pleasing turns with which he truly enriched the Polish literature.

Naruszewicz was born in 1733, receiving first rudiments of education at Pińsk. In 1748 he joined the order of the Jesuits, which sent him to Lugdun. Receiving assistance from Prince Czartoryski he perfected himself in learning in France, Italy, and Germany. Returning to his own country he received the professorship of the Cathedra of Poetry in the Academy of Wilno, and subsequently of Warsaw. He was so liked by the king, Stanislaus Augustus, that after the abolition of the order he resided with him. After receiving the abbacy of Niemenczyn he was admitted to the coadjutorship of the bishopric of Smoleńsk. He afterward held the office of the Clerk of the Grand Duchy of Lithuania; finally he was made a bishop. Stanislaus Augustus honored him with a decoration, and ordered a medal struck with visages of Sarbiewski and Naruszewicz. He died in 1796 at Janowce.

His works were published in Warsaw in 1778–1803, and at Leipzig in 1835. Naruszewicz's biography was

written by Julian Bartoszewicz in his work "Celebrated Men of Poland of the Eighteenth Century," published in St. Petersburg in 1853, in three volumes.

CONSULTATION OF ANIMALS.

In a corner of Africa most remote
 Animals, so runs the anecdote,
 Those beasts that have hoofs and those that have claws,
 Established government and laws.

With that worthy gentry all prospered well
 Or so begun. I'm glad to tell
 That harmony reigned throughout the land;
 And, difficult to understand,
 Friendship, too, dwelled there, which you will agree
 Is what we very seldom see
 Among the masses of human kind
 (Sorry to bring the fact to mind).
 The wolf did not start from his savage lair
 To devour goats, and pigs to snare;
 And not till brother in strife with brother
 Begun to wrong and wound each other
 Was there example harmful in the least
 Set before the misguided beast.

It chanced, when hard times fell, the state
 Its scanty funds to aggregate
 Called council; with care that nothing should pass
 Except in justice to each class
 Of animals: — asses, the goats, and sheep,
 That the apportioned tax should keep
 Of equal weight, 'mong the high and the low,
 And the state burdens ordered so
 That each could easily render his share,
 The lowly and the millionaire.

With preparation and dignity great
 The worthy councillors of state
 A meeting called to settle as they could
 These matters for the public good.

The elephant was first to speak, — said he:
 “ Citizen animals, most worthy!
 Oxen, goats, asses, and mules, and hares,
 Distinguished by the name each bears,
 That matters to all should be without wrong,
 To the meek sheep or lion strong,
 I propose to you in all sincerity,
 Without favor or asperity:
 Let each one who thinks that in small or great
 He has broken the laws of state
 Contribute a mark to the treasury;
 From this a great auxiliary
 Will our country gain, while at the same time
 You must reflect, all sorts of crime
 In our country’s bounds, from west to east,
 From north to south, will be decreased.”

“ That perhaps might do,” said the crafty fox,
 Bowing most humbly to the flocks;
 A good-natured grin on his countenance spread
 And wagging his yellow tail, said :
 “ Greater the income, in my opinion,
 If young and old of this dominion
 Were allowed to apprise their *good* degrees,
 And pay a florin for each of these;
 My fame for judgment I’ll stake in this way,
 A larger sum we could display,
 Which would be with the utmost promptness paid,
 And never any trouble made.

Because, may it please your reverence,
 They'd rather pay than evidence
 Transgression of the law's just scope,
 Your honor sees the point—I hope."

WHO IS FOOLISH ?

He is foolish who, possessing neither strength nor heart,
 With vain empty boasts acts an idle swaggerer's part.
 Who with proud assumption wondrous learning will pretend,
 And seek to teach a language he does not comprehend.
 Or he who marries not as befits his own estate,
 For to fret or be fretted will surely be his fate.
 Who seeks fortune in cards, profit in a bone, nor knows
 Ever that which comes easily as easily goes.
 He is foolish who through craft to defraud others tries,
 And seeks credit for that purpose in honesty's guise.
 He is foolish who drinks when his toes are out, and lives
 Beyond his income, taking all while he nothing gives.
 A simpleton is he who's by trifles filled with fears,
 And he who readily believes each little thing he hears.
 The rich who buy on credit and let their money rust;
 Foolish is the merchant who'll an idle spendthrift trust.
 He is foolish who weekly his losses will bemoan,
 Or weds an old woman for the money she may own.
 Foolish he who with affairs of state will interfere,
 Unfit to aid or council he muddles what was clear.
 Who boldly of his creditor asks a loan, although
 He has failed to pay a debt contracted long ago.
 He is foolish who alone on paper projects makes,
 Who leaves unfinished ever the tasks he undertakes.
 Who's familiar with unequals shows his lack of sense,
 Or who farms from a book or from school gets eloquence,
 Who only speaks truth when there's no falsehood at command,
 Who amusement seeks with that he does not understand,
 Who pays much attention to the talk of common folk,

Who allows a little jest his anger to provoke.

Who—but there! my paper's out, and some perhaps will say

I am making my remarks in a fault-finding way.

Pray excuse me, sirs, if I have said too much; at times

A subject has been borne too far by my erratic rhymes.

Poets, and musicians, too, upon extremes will touch,

Often one will play too long, the other say too much.

KNIAZŃIN.

FRANCIS DYONISIUS KNIAZŃIN was a poet whose writings are characterized by pleasantness, suavity, and purity of the heart. His vivid conceptions, combined with great feeling, eminently qualified him for a lyric poet. He does not soar very high, nor is he carried by sudden flights of imagination, but whenever he follows his own inspiration he charms the reader with his wonderful simplicity. In that respect he may be considered as equal, if not superior, to Karpiński, since his poetry strikes more deeply into the heart and is richer in colors and imagery. He wrote with great feeling and expression.

Among his works we can mention "To a Citizen," "Ode on the Centennial Celebration of John Sobieski's Victory over the Turks at Vienna," "To Grace," "Rosemary," etc. The construction of Kniaznin's verse is peculiar to himself; concise in expression, the selection of soft syllables and natural expression of thought make his verses very harmonious and grateful to the ear.

Kniaznin was born in 1750, and was brought up and educated by the Jesuits; in fact he joined the society, but after the abolition of the order in 1773 he again became a civilian, and labored assiduously in the great library of Załuski. After that he became a secretary to Prince Czartoryiski at Puławy, a hospitable place, which in those days was in reality a shelter for learned men. The changeful events of those years, and an unhappy love, darkened his existence and produced dementia. He died in 1807.

His complete works were published in Warsaw 1828, and at Leipsic 1835.

A REVERIE.

The goddess of darkness, and silence, and dreams,
Hath spread her black wings o'er a slumbering world,
Care holdeth no longer his empire o'er man
But deep in oblivion's abyss has been hurled.

Majestic the moon riseth up in the sky,
With her maidens of honor, the stars, in her train,
The earth is in solitude gloomy arrayed,
And in silence profound reigns o'er hamlet and plain.

Such a lesson as this once could light up my soul,
And forgetting the troubles and cares of the earth
My mind on the wings of conception would fly,
And give to a thousand imaginings birth.

I hovered in joy o'er the gay land of dreams,
Gave to gladness a smile, and to sadness a tear,
And buoyed in safety on silver-winged hope,
Never let thoughts of the future with bliss interfere.

There fiery and bold as the eagle of Jove
My young spirit roved through the paths of the sky,
I gave to the wind all devices of love,
Smiled at languishing simpers, and laughed at a sigh.

But love stole within my cold heart and there placed
An image of her whose cold hardness I mourn;
I loved her—I thought that the world was but her—
I loved—but alas! was not loved in return.

To-day e'en the ghost of my once blessed hours
Has sank in the earth, and departed from view,
And the flowers of love, to which wishes gave birth,
Have my sighs for their air, and my tears for their dew.

For another has plucked the red rose from the stem,
 And the beautiful flower in his bosom will bloom,
 Whilst I, like a spirit from heaven cast out,
 Am sentenced to Erebus, sorrow, and gloom.

ETERNITY.

Holy Eternity! Thou work of wonder!
 In thy belief all virtuous hearts concur;
 Those that have in thee hopeful confidence
 Paint thee in tints of rare magnificence!
 While others trembling for themselves in fear
 Would with doubt's gloom thy sacred light obscure.

The earth and fathomless sea
 Are worthy of God's dignity,
 And thou wilt forever with them endure!

Time, in its broken and unbroken flight,
 Going we perceive not how and whither,
 Is only a small branch from thee grown hither,
 Unfolding till it with thee unite.

RELIGION.

Religion, thou blessed and holy name!
 Thy sovereignty and thy power how great!
 How many virtues rare within thee wait
 For hearts that can thy presence truly claim.

How happy on this earth the man may be
 Whose eyes thy truth and glory can perceive;
 A guard thou art for all that will believe,
 A shield from sin for those that cling to thee.

In trouble, consolation lies in thee;
 Thou bindest man to God with holy chain,
 Misfortune linked with hope forgets its pain!
 Thou bind'st the Present with Eternity.

MORAWSKI.

FRANCIS MORAWSKI differs from other poets in this respect: that he was named "A Soldier Poet." Subsequently we see his easy and unrestrained wit soaring in his fugitive verses, but with such happy turns and skill, and above all such humor, which in our literature is exceptional and rare, and belongs neither to the classic nor romantic school, that we may say he stands by himself. Morawski's mind was very flexible, he being a frequenter not only at camp-societies, but also a welcome visitor of fashionable *salons*, giving him an opportunity to acquire that ease and pleasing mien which never forsook him even to the last moments of his life.

When he was twenty he belonged to the classic school. Between twenty and thirty he waged a literary war with the so-called romantic school, and although his letters and satires were only in manuscript, they circulated freely and had a great repute, as indeed they were very forcible and witty.

In the fourth decade of his life we see him writing ballads and romances; in the fifth he is the translator of "Andromache," and then he finishes his poetic career by "A Visit Into the Neighborhood," and a poem, "The Home of My Grandfather." They were indeed all true Polish pictures, — replete with, and full of, old-time diction, simplicity of language, and faithful delineations of historical figures. And thus Morawski, commencing only as a soldier poet, subsequently goes through other periods, and with a flexibility peculiar to himself, — everything new that came into repute in the literary world.

He was born in 1785 in the Great Duchy of Posen, and received a careful education at Leszno. He afterward attended a law school at Frankfurt, and subsequently at Kalish. In the year 1806 he served in the National army and participated in the great wars of Napoleon, and reached the rank of the chief of staff. His eulogy, delivered at the funeral ceremony of Prince Joseph Poniatowski, 23d of December, 1813, was a splendid effort of oratory. During the existence of the Duchy of Warsaw he served in the Polish army, and in 1819 obtained the rank of brigadier-general. During his sojourn at Warsaw he frequently visited General Vincent Krasiński, whose house was the assemblage of distinguished men representing literature. After the year 1831, having suffered imprisonment at Włogda, in Russia, he retired to Posen, and settled in a village called Lubonia, where he wrote poetry, principally for a literary publication called "The Friend of the People," issued at Leszno. He died in 1861.

His works were published at Breslau; then a collection of poetry in 1841; at Leszno in 1851, and St. Petersburg in 1855. His son published his Fables at Posen in 1862; Five Poems of Lord Byron at Leszno in 1853.

A sketch of his life, written by L. Siemieński in the Polish Review, was published at Cracow in 1866.

GIERMEK.*

Once in Poland's land deep sadness
 Filled the people ev'rywhere,
 For the Swede with war's fierce madness
 Conquered all and none would spare.

* Squire or shield-bearer.

In the lindens' shadows dreary,
Strayed the army's broken band;
By the camp-fires dumb and weary
Mused the warriors of the land.

When a bard with white hair flowing,
Came the shattered ranks among;
Well they knew those accents glowing,
As he touched his lute and sung:

Olden themes can tell a story
Charming every heart and ear;
Olden tales of valor's glory,
Ev'ry patriot loves to hear.

Once we stood a lofty tower,
And a shield firm-fixed and strong
To repel the foreign power
Moved to work our people wrong.

On the foes of other nations
Fast our Polish arrows poured;
Sang we Freedom's exultations
And the peace that we adored.

Clash of armies fierce contending,
Anguished moans and trumpets swell,
With pursuits wild thunders blending,
Formed the hymns we knew full well.

Ev'ning's light serene and solemn
Sets Petrolia's fields aglow;
Comes the army's stately column,
Unappalled to meet the foe.

Wagons, caissons, onward sweeping,
Shake the ground with thundrous pace,

Rich the field for Death's grim reaping,
As the threatening armies face.

On one side in spotless glory
Faith's bright banner fluttered high
O'er brave youths and hetman hoary
For the *right* prepared to die.

Mad with passion's wild commotion
On the other side arrayed,
Raging like a troubled ocean,
Tartar rabble's ranks displayed.

Sank the sun in blood, as warning
Every one that strife is near;
Carnage dire begins when morning
In the flushed East shall appear.

Now the Polish chief, attended
By trained bearer of his shield,
When the first dusk has descended
Mounts resolved to scan the field.

Now the foes' dark camp surveying,
Rides he numbering fires alight,—
Hears their buzz, their horses' neighing,
And in thought has caused their flight.

Chief restrain thy soaring fancies
Tartars fight with desperate zeal;
Swift and changeful war's wild chances,
Hark! those sounds raised peal on peal.

'Tis the Tartars' rabble forces,
All the camp is now alarmed;
Cries the chief: "Quick! to your horses!"
Chief, — shield-bearer, — all are armed.

Through the darkness dense prevailing,
Through tumultuous rising sound,
'Mid the ranks they rush assailing
The fixed rabble that surround.

Now the young shield-bearer breaking,
From his youth merged fire and life;
In his arm while still unshaking,
Brave-souled hetman led the strife.

Hear they coming in the distance,
Polish warriors! glorious bands!
But too late is their assistance;
Destined they for Tartars' hands.

Youth is taken! — hetman taken!
'Mid a savage shout prolonged;
Stubborn Khan with anger shaken
Views the captives he has wronged.

With a fierce revenge that never
Boil'd with greater malice, he
Soon decrees the two forever
Shackled foot to foot shall be.

To the skies above them shining,
Lifted they their tear-dimmed eyes;
Yet why sing I their repining
Reveries sad and hopeless sighs?

He who never had to languish
In fell slavery's chains can know
All a captive's bitter anguish,
In the power of ruthless foe.

Who in grief vain and despairing,
Has bedewed his food with tears,

'Midst a savage rabble bearing
Pain untold, long suffering years.

For a time in mournful dreaming
Sat the bard, depressed and mute;
With the silent tears down streaming,
Then resumed his song and lute.

Soon the hetman gray is sleeping,
Hushed to rest as 'mid his own;
But the youth a watch is keeping,
Wrapped in dreams of home alone.

Full of grief and pain, no sighing
Or embittered tear relieves;
On the ground beside him lying
He a glittering axe perceives.

Trembling, dreaming, thinking, yearning,
Filled with purpose high he stands,
Noble fire within him burning,
Grasps the axe with vigorous hands!

On his iron shackles gazing,
Firm, unfaltering aim he takes
At his foot;—the axe upraising—
Severed 'tis — the chief awakes!

Cries the youth: thy people need thee,
Slumbering guards the way leave clear.
Conquer Khan, for I have freed thee,
Joyfully I will perish here.

Rose the chief,—the youth confided
To God's care while tears flowed fast,
Blest him, from the dungeon glided
And the slumbering sentry past.

Suddenly the guards awaken!
Find no prisoner but the youth,
To the Khan the news is taken,
Hastened he to prove its truth.

Scarce believing what was told him,
In the youth's bold eyes he gazed,
Doubting though he did behold him,
Strove to read him—sore amazed.

Virtue conquers Hate's fell power;
Cure the youth—'tis my command,
Said the Khan,—and with rich dower
Send him to his native land.

Now before the court—all wearing
Radiant robes of royal sheen,
Comes the youth with grateful bearing,
Walking two famed knights between.

With a crutch his form sustaining,
Now the beauteous youth appears,
Wonder in their bosoms reigning,
All the court is moved to tears.

Comes the youth deep homage showing
To the king placed on his throne,
Who a famous sword bestowing
Named him knight, while thro' his own

Circle came the hetman hoary
With a golden foot, and turned
To the youth. "Distinctive glory,"
Said the king, "you've richly earned.

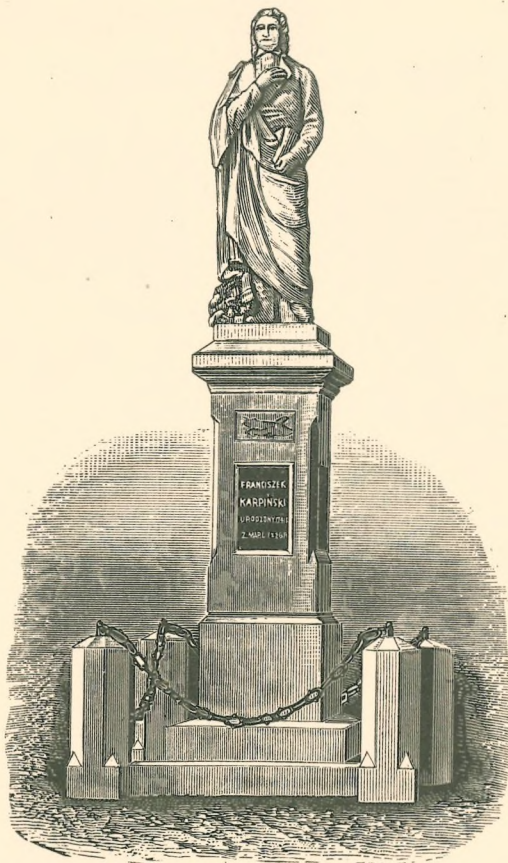
"This your coat-of-arms for wearing,
All in mem'ry of your deeds;

Full of virtue, full of daring."
Then the martyred youth he leads

'Mid the people's shouts up pealing
To the blest altar of the Lord;
And before it humbly kneeling,
There he fervently implored

That success might e'er attend them;
Prays he to the God of heaven
That more heroes he will send them
For their country's glory given.

Then the bard no longer raising
His free song,—his lute has stilled,
While his eyes are deeply gazing
In the hearts his song has thrilled.



KARPIŃSKI'S MONUMENT AT KOŁOMYIA (GALICIA).

KARPIŃSKI.

FRANCIS KARPIŃSKI is one of those few who, during the reign of Stanislaus Augustus, deserve the name of true poets. He differs from the old classical Polish poets in this, that they were artistic and followed certain rules of composition with much strictness, but Karpiński, too sincere to bend that way, chooses no especial system, but sings like a bird, he breathes what he has in his soul, and spreads the feelings of his heart right before us. In his Thyrses and Corydons we can plainly see the rustics of Polish villages with small nobility in the background.

Karpiński's songs breathe the elegiac, rustic spirit, remote from overstrung caressings and fondlings and erratic reveries. He sang with a sincere feeling, describing his emotions almost with a childlike simplicity—though every thought seems combined with feeling, and every feeling is represented by a corresponding pen image. All his original poetry bears a stamp of sadness. Some of these songs can fairly compare with the most beautiful compositions of Goethe. It is almost impossible to find anything equal to them as regards delicacy of feeling and expression. With the most beautiful of these we may include the idyl "Laura and Philon." His religious songs hit exactly the heart of the popular feeling. They are simple and artless, and always worthy of their subject. Among these we can mention "The Morning Hymn," "All of Our Daily Doings," "During the Labor in the Field," etc. All these songs are destined to remain forever on the lips of the people.

As a political poet Karpiński has no significance,

for he never took active part in the troublous movements during the reign of Stanislaus Augustus, although he wrote a few threns, consecrating them to the cause of his country, one of them on "The 3d of May, 1791," and another "The Lament of a Sarmatian Over the Grave of Stanislaus Augustus, the Last Polish King from the House of Jagellons." His song stopped with the sad fate of his country, and he himself said that he laid down his lute on the grave of Sigismund.

Karpiński excels in sad themes and grave subjects. "The Duma of Ludgarda" is a fine specimen of the kind.

He was born in 1741, and commenced his education at Lemberg (Leopol or Lwów), then for a short time he was engaged in law practice, but he soon became tired of it and traveled in foreign countries. He remained in Vienna for about one and a half years, devoting himself to studies. Returning to his own country he for some time followed farming, and then he became an inmate of Prince Czartoryiski's family, and finally held the office of Secretary of the Interior under King Stanislaus Augustus. Retiring from the office the king persuaded him to accept the tutorship of young Prince Radziwił, but after a lapse of a year he left the lucrative place and took in rentage the village of Krośniak and again engaged in farming.

In the year 1807 he went to Warsaw, but soon quit the capital and returned once more to the peace and quiet of a country life, where he passed the remainder of his days in seclusion. Being a single man he left his property to his relatives. He died in 1825. He was called *the poet of the heart*.

His works were published at Warsaw in 1792, 1806,

and 1830, in Breslau 1826, in Leipsic 1836, and by Turowski, in Cracow, 1862.

Besides these his comedy, "The Rent," came out in 1782; the tragedy, "Boleslas III," Warsaw 1790, and "The Memoirs of the Times From 1741 to 1822," published by Moraczewski, Posen 1844, and Lemberg 1849. Anton Kornilowicz wrote "Life and Writings of Karpiński," Wilno 1827.

MORNING HYMN.

"Kiedy ranne wstają zorze."

When the morning stars are rising,
Earth and sea thy glories praising,
Join all nature's voice in singing,
Praise to thee, Oh God, we're bringing!

Man on whom thou'st poured rich treasure,
Endless bounties without measure,
By Thy power redeemed, life given,
Why not praise Thee, God of heaven!

When at morn I first awaken,
On my lips Thy name is taken,
And I call on God profoundly,
Then I seek Him all around me!

Yesternight were many taken,
To the sleep that ne'er shall waken,
While our ling'ring breath is given—
For Thy praise, great God in heaven!

EVENING HYMN.

Through the past day our behavior,
With mercy accept just Savior,
And when we sink to dreamful sleep,
May praise of Thee our visions keep.

As Thy eyes are turned upon us,
 Day and night are looking on us,
 Where feeble and weary mortals,
 Wait for help from out Thy portals.

Turn away the dark night's terror,
 Save us Lord from shafts of error,
 Judge and Guardian in Thy keeping,
 Have us waking, have us sleeping.

YEARNINGS IN THE SPRING.

Full many times the sun has come and gone
 And favored the day with light;
 But from my life all sunshine has withdrawn
 Why must I ever walk in night?

The grain is shooting up so fresh, so fair,
 Almost the heads begin to show;
 So verdant are the wide fields ev'rywhere,
 Why does my precious wheat not grow?

Within the grove sweet sings the nightingale,
 Echoes the grove its melody;
 Gaily the birds sing in the woodland and vale,
 But my bird does not sing for me!

Many flowers have sprung from the moist ground,
 After a reviving shower;
 Bright tinted are the meadows all around,
 Oh! why springs for me no flower?

How long, O Spring! shall I beseech in vain?
 Disconsolate I sigh and yearn;
 While my sad tears have bathed the earth in rain,
 For this, a harvest rich return.

PEACE THAT VIRTUE BRINGS.

Whoever paints virtue sad, has seen
But little of her charms serene;
E'er pleasantly she smiles nor sighs,
Nor turns aside her lovely eyes.
Naught can the deeps of her calmness stir,
Fortune, misfortune, are alike to her.

In vain mishaps to work her ill
Their poisonous darts make sharper still;
She meets them as the steadfast rock
Receives unmoved the sea wave's shock
Or as the fire that burns with ardent glow
In gold's bright semblance more and more will grow.

His country Socrates loved well,
And for its cause drank poison fell,
Nor felt a fear, but strong and brave
To friends beside him counsel gave;
Anitus grumbled in amaze to see
E'en death could not annoy that spirit free.

Why runs he with distracted air?
Why sadly weeps and tears his hair?
He grieves because that has been done
For which no help is 'neath the sun.
Let him a hundred years lament, 'tis vain;
A farthing's worth it helps not to complain.

The chain in ages past begun,
Wrought from the world's swift changes, none;
Can it undo save He whose hand
Linked it together as He planned?
Why grieve then for what is or for what was,
Since all is ruled by just, eternal laws?

Brief are our lives and naught we know
Of the to-morrow. Since tis so,
Why should we borrow care or sour
With needless fears a single hour?
Gold's worshipers may tremble full of fear,
No cause to tremble have God's children dear.

Upon the path with thorns entwined,
Fragrant flowers you'll also find:
Then let us forward bravely go,
Nor mind a little pain, although
We are stung at times, it is said a wound
Heals quick where roses without thorns are found.

WORONICZ.

JOHN PAUL WORONICZ occupies one of the most distinguished places among the poets of Poland. In genius he surpasses many of his contemporaries, characterized by the purely national simplicity of the olden times. At the decline of the old epoch he comes in as a new prophet of other times and other peoples, dissimilar in the outlook of the present generation, but inimitable and incomparable. He did no homage to the new conceptions, innovations, or impressions of the age he lived in, drawing his subjects from historical elements and historical reminiscences, the faith of his ancestors; from the burning feelings of the purest patriotism gushed forth his poetical inspirations, and, like a true bard of the people, he was their interpreter and their embodiment in their grandest national reminiscences.

In many respects Woronicz is allied to the two greatest bards of the Holy Scriptures. He combined the ardor of Ezekiel with the tender emotions of Jeremiah, and it can be truly asserted that no poet was ever more impressed with them than Woronicz, no poet better appreciated them than he did.

The feeling of national pride was the chief theme of his lyrics, but their tenor is sad and the intrinsic construction of his songs is solemn. He paid but little attention to their smoothness, correctness, and finish. Bold and manly conceptions are so molded as to purposely give them the form of perpetuity.

In his "Hymn to God" the bard sings of the wonderful goodness of God to the Polish nation. We see

here as if an apotheosis of the whole people was exalted to the highest and almost gigantic extent. Sublime poetic art flows into a deeply affecting and religious strain; the load of grief is raised heavenward, where buoyant imagination takes its flight into the highest regions of sublimity; for it represents the whole nation chanting the covenant made with God for a thousand years.

His "Temple of the Sybil" is an epopee, a hymn of Poland's glory, sung in praise of national deeds and patriotic remembrances; heroic deeds of valor are unearthed from the ruins of the past—of nine hundred years—its glories and its trophies are the historical themes of this great poetic creation. The style of expression, the ardor, and the extraordinary boldness of imagery are the characteristics of the poem. Similar literary qualities characterize also his "Lech," "The Diet of Wislica," and "The Dissertation on National Songs."

Woronicz was born in 1759, in the province of Volhynia, and was educated at the Jesuit College in Ostrowo. He joined the order when quite young. On account of his unusual talents he was called to a professorship at that college, and filled his duties so well that he received commendations of not only his superiors, but also thanks of those whom he taught.

After the abolition of the order in 1773 he obtained a situation at the Mission at Warsaw, and giving himself up to arduous labors he became so erudite in learning that he commanded the respect of the most distinguished and learned heads of the church. Adam Ceczowski, the bishop of Kijow, as also of Garnysz, the bishop of Chełmno, frequently consulted with him in regard to church affairs. In this way the young

chaplain paved his way to the acquaintance of the king, Stanislaus Augustus. In 1795 he left Warsaw, and was satisfied with the modest parsonage at Liwo, and with much ardor gave himself up to the duties of a country pastor. From Liwo he was assigned to the curacy of Casimir, in the neighborhood of Puławy, where the sight of "The Temple of the Sybil" filled with so many national souvenirs and relics furnished him the materials for composing the celebrated poem of that name. The society of "Friends of the Sciences" at Warsaw made him a member. Being again assigned to a new curacy at Powsinie, near Warsaw, and before he had yet settled at his new parish, Frederick August called him to fill the office of a dean at the cathedral at Warsaw, and a counsellor of state. In this new situation he soon was known as an orator of great distinction.

When the remains of the heroic Prince Poniatowski, who perished at the battle of Leipsic, in 1813, were brought to Warsaw, Woronicz delivered a funeral oration which stands up to this day as the highest effort of the kind. Afterward the Emperor Alexander I made him bishop of Cracow. In the year 1829 he was assigned to the archdiocese of Warsaw, to which was attached the dignity of the Primate, and while holding that high office he presided and conducted the coronation of Nicholas I as the King of Poland. Soon after Woronicz left Warsaw for Vienna in order to recover his failing health, but unhappily soon after his arrival there he died, December 4, 1829.

A collection of his poems was published in Cracow 1832, and in Leipsic in two volumes in 1833.

FROM THE TEMPLE OF THE SYBIL.*

Oracle of Hesperian lands! fame crowns thy brow
 Of vast and sacred groves, all-powerful abdess thou!
 To whilom lost and scattered Trojan bands, once more
 Hast shown the welcome headland of safe fortified shore.
 Later, with wonderful mysteries hast led apace
 To glory grand and great their ever-conquering race.
 Now having forsaken Cumæan rock renowned
 Thou hast on Vistula's shores a shining temple found!
 Let me in my song praise of thy new abode proclaim,
 And praise of the people long extinct—and of their name!

Here shepherds gather from all the heaths by winding ways,
 Remind one of the olden, happy, vanished days,
 That he possessed the name of fortunate, whose soul
 Could not the whole world govern, but could himself control,
 Who faithful as a friend, and as a father kind and wise
 Wiped full many bitter tears from sorrowing eyes—
 His riches counted he in sheaves and in herds alone—
 But far more than these the wealth of love was all his own.
 His nature serenely high was also gently bland
 And worthy of the virtuous Amarylla's hand,
 With whom in affection and peace for aye lived he,
 In concord sweet unruffled by adversity.
 Craved he no other's goods—but wholly was content,
 His old age was adorned by love and honors blent,
 And when called to his last resting place, calmly slept—
 Regretted by all in truth—by all sincerely wept.†

* Temple of the Sybil. A lofty building in the garden of Puławy, erected in imitation of the Temple of Tiburtine Sybil on the river Teverone, in Italy, by Princess Isabella Czartoryska, as a depository of Polish national souvenirs by a cove of the river Vistula, and at the base of a mountain among beautiful trees. It bears an inscription: "THE PAST OF THE FUTURE."

† Prince Adam Czartoryski. The family of Czartoryski comes from the lineal of a royal family of Gedymines.

LOVE AND VIRTUE.

He that can feel within his heart true love
Is virtuous already—or such will prove.

THE POLES.

Poles! my dear brethren your high laws are all the same—
Virtue is your element and valor is your name!



ARCHBISHOP KRASICKI.

KRASICKI.

IGNATZ KRASICKI, the celebrated archbishop and poet, is an acknowledged representative of his period. He was not one of those geniuses who have their mind's eye fixed upon their own greatness and glory in the distant future; on the contrary he was a true citizen, endeavoring in the happiest possible manner to lift up, not himself, but his fellow-countrymen and the age he lived in. If even Mother Nature had not fitted him with that facility and pleasant ways, his own good heart would have led him to seek the way to conquer superstition, bad taste, and especially the carelessness and indifference to learning. He appeared on the stage exactly in the right time, when sciences in Poland had not yet assumed a definable shape, and of course had not reached the point of desired amplification. The spirit of philosophy of the eighteenth century, with its erroneous teachings, was in the ascendant; but Krasicki overcame that difficulty by boldly yet pleasantly pointing out a different and a better way. Although he himself had been brought up under its baneful influences, he was able by his writing to gradually reinstate the old-time customs, faith, and manners of his ancestors.

Krasicki occupied a high place in Polish literature. He was very witty, and although he did not display great creative powers in his comic composition, he had a way of his own to sing with the harmony of a bird, adding to it a precision and a consummate finish. Being an excellent judge of the human heart, he had a happy faculty of seeing men and things exactly as they were;

hence he was pertinent and practical. He was an excellent delineator of the faults and foibles of the living pictures of society.

Among the poetical works of Krasicki his satires are entitled to the first place and consideration; except their pungency they have no real bitterness in them, and always a tendency to correct the existing state of things. In them he paints in a humorous manner the customs, ways, and manners so precisely that such a description was something very uncommon in those days. While castigating the ways and manners he invariably brought up an ideal how they should be. If he ridiculed anything funny, sluggish, or what deserved reprimand, he at the same time set forth types worthy of imitation. By such course he plainly proved that whoever undertakes to point out others' faults he must love them.

His satires are of two different kinds — some touch the weaknesses and defects of the humanity at large, as for instance "Malice, Hidden and Open," "The Happiness of Rogues," and "Drunkeness"; in others again he points out the national shortcomings, as in "The Fashionable Wife," "The Journey," "Prodigality," "Praise of Age," and "Court Life." Some, however, contain irony and sarcasm, as "The Spoiled World."

His "Monachomachia, or the War of the Monks," was written when he and Voltaire lived together at the Palace of Sans-Souci. It was a happy occurrence that when Krasicki embraced Voltaire's philosophical ideas he did not reach as deeply as Voltaire himself. Having been born in the southern part of Russia-Poland he was by nature true to himself, and did not possess that virulence of character. Being himself an Ecclesiastic,

he knew the defects and digressions of the clergy, and inflicted his castigations accordingly. In this production he distinguishes himself in pleasant but harmless wit, nice imagery, accuracy, and grace of expression. Throwing the mantle of fun, and even ludicrousness, over high thoughts, the author exerted great power and influence in that direction. When it was ascertained that his intent was misunderstood and misconstrued, and looked upon as a lampoon on the clergy, and that many minds were vitiated thereat, Krasicki composed “Antimonachomachia”—sort of a revocation of the former poem; but “Monachomachia” had nevertheless the desired effect in correcting the existing evils. The subject of the poem was the confederation of the clergy against the author of the offensive literary production.

“Myszeis” is a playful poem containing within it a hidden moral and satirical comparisons in regard to national defects. This contention for the preëminence, or we should say “Who shall be greatest?” between rats and mice, means probably the old political wrangles in Poland, — misunderstandings or quarrels between the Senate and the Chivalry of those days.

Besides the satirical writings of Krasicki we can place his *Letters*, — the subject matter and the style of which very much approach his satires. These, being written in verse after French models, palpably remind us of the haste and defects of the literature of that period.

In his “Doswiadczyński” (the man of experience), a moral tale written in prose, Krasicki paints the social defects of that time. Thoughtlessness, prodigality, litigation, bribery, the law intrigues, court eloquence, are pictured in vivid colors. This jocular but highly

interesting production hits somebody or something every time, and shows in the author an uncommon talent and discrimination of how and where to castigate national blemishes.

From all of Krasicki's writings his *Fables* were perhaps the most popular; they all contain truths, expressed with great conciseness and wit, comprising at the same time deep meaning, sound practical philosophy, replete with the spirit of reflection, humanity, and frequently patriotism. They are all short, practical tales, allegories, or witty anecdotes. "The War of Chocim" Krasicki composed to show that a good epopee could be written in the Polish language.

His "Pan Podstoli"* we consider a valuable depository, and it stands as a living monument of Polish ancestry. In this work Krasicki rises higher in philosophical tendency than any painters of characters or novel-writers have ever led us. In the representation of *Mr. Podstoli* he did not follow any especial ideal, or the originality of any person; he simply and plainly painted a characteristic portrait of a citizen, husband, father, and neighbor, who in the fullness of his own and his family's happiness conquers old impediments and defends himself from the new ones; prizing knowledge, liberal in his household, generous in his frugality, an indulgent moralist, glad in the goodness of his heart, sincere in his moderation, and awakening in every heart a longing desire for happiness similar to his own.

Krasicki is the man of his epoch, not only of the age he lived in, but for all ages to come, so long as we will think, feel, and write in Polish. Krasicki had

* *Under-carver* — An honorary title among the ancient Polish nobility.

within him every quality to raise him to so high a sphere. He possessed immense creative powers, an original mind, and original ways of looking at things,—qualities which in reality constitute a true poet. He created a sphere to which he attracted the people without any resistance on their part,—so much so that his poetry became a necessary element in their existence.

The great archbishop stands on the borders of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; but the creation and preparation of a boundless poetical sphere, and bringing a general use of his ideas into different strata of society, make him a poet not only of his age, but also of the present time.

Krasicki was born in 1734 at Dubiecko, now in the southern part of Russia-Poland. After finishing his studies at Lemberg he resided at Rome. Returning to his country he became a canon, and then a curate at Przemysl. When hardly thirty years old he presided over the Ecclesiastical Tribunal at Lublin, and it was not long after that the king, Stanislaus Augustus, made him coadjutor of the old bishop, Grochowski, and when he died in 1767 Krasicki succeeded him as the Bishop of Warmia, with the title of a prince. In 1772, after the first partition of Poland, when Warmia, with the western part of Prussia, came under the reign of Prussia, Krasicki became a vassal to Frederick II, who having a sort of penchant to surround himself with learned men took him to his side and invited him to reside in his palace of Sans-Souci. When, after the last partition of Poland, a considerable part of the kingdom of Poland came under the Prussian dominion, Krasicki was made the archbishop of Gniezno, in 1795, and occupied that high place till his death. In 1800

he was made a member of the Society of the Friends of Learning at Warsaw. He died in 1801.

All his works were published at Warsaw in 1803 and 1804, in ten volumes; in Paris, 1830, ten volumes in one; in Leipsic, 1834. Besides his encyclopædic collection of the most important information, alphabetically arranged, his comedies "The Liar," "The Politician," and "Solenizant" (the solemnizer of his birthday) were published under a pseudonym of Michael Mowiński.

THE WAR OF CHOCIM.

CANTO I.

Long in the murderous rolls of conquering fame
 The Osmanlis,—scourge of God,—in proud success,
 Had triumph'd. Devastation, blood and flame
 They scatter'd in their fury, merciless.
 Unsated even by slaughter they became
 Prouder in power,—encouraged to oppress;
 Half the wide world had recognized their sway,
 And their stern scepter bade the rest obey.

Fall'n Greece! on thy majestic ruins, high
 The haughty Moslem rears his tyrant throne;
 How many desolated nations lie
 In dust!—how many suffering kingdoms groan!
 Towns, towers in ashes sink; by his stern eye
 Dismay'd, their terror trembling millions own,
 Shuddering in dread, when with half-stifled breath
 They see him wave the scimitar of death.

Before him fell the holy city's walls.
 Thy daughters, Zion! wept in slavery long;
 Whelm'd in the dust thy palaces and halls.
 No more Mount Calvary's sacred scenes among

Kneel pious pilgrims;—drear desertion palls
 The Savior's sacred tomb; an impious throng
 Insulting trampled where to fallen man
 Salvation's marvelous mystery began.

The valiant Osman then the throne possess'd,—
 Osman, whose conquests like the ocean spread;
 To daring deeds adventurously he press'd,
 And joy'd his sire's ambitious path to tread.
 His busy love of conquest found no rest,
 But in devoting every Christian head.
 Impious! to deem a tyrant's peevish rod
 Could raze or blast what has been raised by God.

Such thoughts he cherishes; the powers of Hell
 Fan his ambitious flame: before his eyes
 They bid fresh wreaths of shadowy laurels dwell—
 A filmy web; though victory's heedless cries
 Ring in his ears like music, sorrow's swell
 Seems joy, while in his soul stern thoughts arise.
 'Twas thus deluded warrior bands became
 A scourge to nations,—to the world a shame.

So from the palace happy quiet flies,—
 The seat of peace is in the shelter'd cot;
 When cares disturb the mind, sleep shuns the eyes,—
 Sleep, not the monarch's, but the peasant's lot:
 Though on a couch of down proud Osman lies,
 Repose his weary eye-lids visits not.
 'Twas dawn,—the star of morn palely shed
 Her beams, when o'er him slumbers faintly spread.

The great Arch-fiend approach'd him,—he of old
 Hurl'd down from highest heaven,—who bids abound
 On earth both guilt and guile. A cloth of gold,
 From distant India brought, encurtain'd 'round

The tyrant's bed:—in form of human mould
 The dæmon wrapp'd him; and with human sound,
 While the false prophet's visible shape he took,
 Thus to the deeply-slumbering monarch spoke:

“Nay! on a soft and an effeminate bed,
 This is no fitting time, my son! to taste
 Oblivious sleep. Aurora blushing red
 Heralds the morn; the pale stars sink to rest;
 The sun uprises bright:—Awake! and lead
 Those conquering bands who wait thy high behest:
 Awake! and let thy great example tell,
 Sloth cannot in the minds of heroes dwell.

“Awake! let them behold in thee whate'er
 Befits a conquering nation's monarch; scorn
 Of sloth; delight the steely mail to wear;
 A wakeful eye anticipating morn:—
 Thine arm'd host waits thee, nought is wanting there
 To valor, but a leader; fierce they burn
 For the wild joy of battle:—thus of yore
 Their sires won fame; and lo! they pant for more.

“By glory led, whose brightly beaming light
 Shines all propitious by the hero's side,
 Each step is certain conquest; to the fight
 A hero leading heroes; terror's tide
 Shall whelm the Christians; and thy power shall blight
 Each bud of hope for them; thy falchion dyed
 With blood shall on the Faithful joy bestow,—
 That sword which flashes death upon the foe.”

As when the savage boar outstretch'd in sleep,
 In his dark covert hidden, hears the horn
 Of the sharp hunter, and from slumbers deep
 Awakes in bursting wrath, and rage, and scorn,—

Bristled and panting see the monster leap
 Forth from his den; foaming and fury-torn
 He dashes tow' rds the sounds,—so Osman sprung,
 While round his dreaming eyes the vision hung.

And fierce and fatal were the threats which call'd
 His troops around him then; the battle cloud
 Spread darkly gathering. Armies were enthral'd;
 Viziers and Agas at the mandates loud,
 And seldom-check'd Pachas, by fear appall'd,
 Brought their attendant hordes, and meekly bow'd;
 While scarce one welcoming, one approving glance
 Escaped the frowning despot's countenance.

He stood among them like a pyramid
 O'er-darkling with its shade the plain around,
 And thus unveil'd his daring purpose,—hid
 Till then; while at the valor-stirring sound,
 Prostration mute, and eager rapture bid
 Meet utterance:—"Thou, the Koran's moat and mound,
 Stretch out thy blade; thy foes shall pass away.
 And prostrate earth adore the Prophet's sway.

"Nobly thou hast begun, and so proceed!
 Let thy sword herald on the law divine;—
 Destroy the impugners of the Prophet's creed,
 But on the faithful let thy favor shine.
 Thy glory shall encircle earth; the meed
 Of pious triumphs,—thou shalt raise a shrine
 To victory. And as Rome was victory's queen,
 Stamboul shall now become what Rome has been."

Skinder Pacha was there,—'twas he who won
 Cecora's bloody day,—and thus he gave
 His monarch humble counsel: "Thy proud throne
 Towers above all thrones, and thus thy slave

Presumes t' advise. Since Poland's bravest son
 Sleeps mouldering in his melancholy grave,
 Be Poland thy first spoil: for Poland lies
 Crouch'd at thy feet,—and at thy frown she dies.

“ Żółkiewski was their chief: his fame in war
 Was mighty: toils and time had made him gray:
 His band look'd proudly on their country's star;
 His countless band; and in the glimmering ray
 Of faded recollections twinkling far
 Sought hope! Thou gav'st them to us as a prey,—
 Thou, Prophet! whom they dared blaspheme. They fell,
 As ever falls the insulting infidel.

“ And now dismay has crowded on defeat,
 And terror holds them in its heavy chains;
 Send forth thy mandate, and they shall retreat,
 O'erpower'd and scatter'd, as across the plains
 An atom in a whirlwind. It were meet
 To whelm in dust their wasted, weak remains,—
 Their wives, their children, slavery's bonds await,—
 All yield to fate,—and they must yield to fate.

“ They have despised thee in their insolent pride;
 They have rebell'd against thy sovereign will;
 Laugh'd at thy awful frowns; and turn'd aside
 From thy bright smiles: and undespairing still,
 Their obstinate zeal supports them. Chiefs divide,
 And factions tear them; yet by force or skill
 They hang together: and these stubborn foes
 The only barrier to thy sway oppose.”

Thus the fierce Skinder spoke: their lord's behest
 Anxious the whole divan awaited. He
 The wild, rude anger of his eye suppress'd;
 While bursting joy, dim dreams of victory,

And restless passions struggled in his breast.

He bow'd assent; and with proud dignity
Threw round him a dark glance of light afar,
And utter'd, "War, my warriors! nought but war!"

He said that he himself his troops would head,
And lead them on to triumph. At the word
A murmuring concert-tone of gladness spread,
And loud eulogiums on their valiant lord;
For armies when by hero-monarchs led,
Know no defeat. A sultan's self-drawn sword
Flashes with victory. A chieftain brave
Makes all his followers spurn the gaping grave.

Then to the camp vast crowds of warriors throng,
From every quarter summon'd. Shouts of joy
And the gay music of the battle-song
Bid the heart leap, and light the ebon eye.
There young and old, children and sires, among
The gathering band are mix'd tumultuously;
And many an oath is heard, and many a vow
To Allah and the Prophet utter'd now.

And o'er the palace portal high unroll'd,
The Prophet's banner, deck'd with pearls and gems,
Floated. It was a sheet of broider'd gold,
Sparkling with jewels fit for diadems,
Which dazzle when their brightness we behold:
And the sublimest of all apothegms:
"There is no god but God,—and Mahomet
His Prophet is," on the bright field was set.

And proudly to the wind its folds it flung,
And million voices blended all around;
The clashing cymbals high aloft were flung.
The *spahi's* shouts, and the strange babel-sound

Of countless voices uttering joy, o'er-rung
 All heaven; the war-steeds stamp'd the dusty ground,
 Eager for battle. Osman bent his head,
 And to the crowds the white-lock'd Mufti said:

“Ye have been chosen, Faithful! from the crowd
 Of nations, sacred duties, mighty deeds
 Triumphant to accomplish. Victory loud
 Calls to the noble strife where victory leads;
 Heaven blesses Ismael's sons; their banner proud,
 With glory seated on its shrine, proceeds;
 The Prophet's standard blinds the Infidel,
 And God's bright smiles of light around it dwell.

“Yes, Osman! glorious thy reward shall be!
 Bright as the dreams that play around thee now
 Shall be the future's dazzling victory;
 And high as night's proud stars thy fame shall glow
 O'er thy ruin'd foes. At thy decree
 Cecora's scatter'd fragments swift shall go
 Into oblivion. Thou shalt reign alone,
 And all the prostrate world thy mandates own.”

Then the mysterious Koran-tome he took,
 And read its dark and deleterious page;
 Mingling new cheats with that all-cheating book,
 He pours his blasphemies; then strove to engage,
 With a devout but most dissembling look,
 Heaven's smiles upon the tyrant,—to assuage
 Heaven's frowns; and on the chiefs, and on the crowd,
 Saints*, Mulahs, and Imams, pour'd blessings loud.

Then to his palace he return'd, and soon
 Warriors from every quarter join'd his train;
 From whence Euphrates, lighted by the moon,
 Bursts through his cliff-bound way; and from the plain

* Santons.

Where rolls the yellow Tigris 'neath the noon,
 Rushing in rapid depths toward the main;
 And from the jagged and the granite shores,
 Where fierce Araxes through the hard rocks roars.

And whence the solemn Nilus rolls his tide,
 Enriching at each step Egyptian lands,
 To where in seven-mouth'd eloquence of pride
 He breaks impatient from his earthly bands
 Into the Ocean's bridal bed. The wide
 And scorch'd Sahara, and Numidia's sands,
 Sent forth their sons, and Ethiopia's eye
 Look'd proudly on her troops of ebony.

From Yemen came a sturdy shepherd race,
 Bronzed in the fierceness of the burning sun;—
 The tribes of Fez, who deem it a disgrace
 To spare or sympathize where gore-streams run;
 From Mecca; from Medina—hallow'd place!
 Scene of the Prophet's birth: from Lebanon
 And from Mount Carmel's sides;—impatient all,
 Panting for fame, and reckless though they fall.

But who can count them,—who,—when all array'd
 They pass'd before the sultan's raptur'd eye?
 He saw his million vassals who display'd
 Their gorgeous pomp; and hope's light ecstasy,
 Scepters and crowns and mighty kingdoms laid.
 At his proud feet by victory. To the sky
 Tower'd his ambitious thoughts; his frowns he hurl'd
 And pour'd his threats of insult o'er the world.

HOW MUCH TO DRINK.

You may drink of wine three times at a feast,
 The first small glass won't hurt you in the least.
 The second you drink to the health of friends,
 And if you stop there, all pleasantly ends.

But suppose you drink the third to the guest,
 Be sure that at this point you will rest —
 For the fourth begets a coarseness of speech,
 Words rude and vulgar your converse will reach;
 At the fifth your anger is uncontrolled,
 Loudly you talk — not knowing where to hold;
 And if, after all these, a sixth succeed,
 You are left in a wretched state indeed;
 And one's perception need not be acute
 To see you've reached the level of a brute!

DRUNKENNESS.

A SATIRE.

Where were you? I can hardly go. Are you sick? Yes,
 You know I never humor myself to excess;
 But such a headache as I've had words can't convey.
 You must have surely had a gay time yesterday —
 That's why you are sad to-day, how was it? I think,
 After a luscious meal, water is good to drink.
 Nay, not so good my friend,—and may that man be cursed
 (I'll tell you how it was) who used that proverb first.
 Day before yesterday I got drunk — wife's birthday;
 I regret it not — that occasion should be gay.
 'Tis a great day you know — nor is it very wrong
 To raise your neighbor's spirits — wife was full of song.
 We had lots of wine, and its quality was prime,
 So you can bet we drank and we had a big time.
 Till morn the feast continued, about noon I woke —
 Head like a chunk of lead — to cough and spit and choke;
 Madame proposed tea, but that's sickening, you know;
 Somehow, 'twas but a chance, I passed a drug store. So
 I took a drink of bitters, as anybody would,
 Then I drank again, thinking it would do me good.

Still sick, again I drank, then I felt better quite,
And thus, then, happened two guests of yesternight;
Under such conditions a treat I could not shun—
And then how can one treat and yet himself drink none?
That wouldn't do. I drank, it happened, so you see,
The liquor was A No. 1, and hot as it could be.
That's good for the stomach, and as my good luck willed,
The nausea was stopped — that dreadful headache stilled.
Well, again, to happy home with my friends I went,
We found dinner ready, and it was excellent.
Mr. Andrew said temperance was a thing he prized,
Aye, long live temperance! drunkenness we despised.
At hand stood the bottle, the cork beside it laid,
Mr. Albert of dyspepsia somewhat afraid,
After the ham eaten, proposed a little wine.
One or two glasses drank for the health is fine,
Especially when the wine is pure and past its youth.
We acceded all to such self-evident truth —
Talked of manly spirit, of bold and grand designs,
Talked of gold and silver, of digging in the mines.
And so the bottle dried up — how? we scarcely knew,
And so another came — and while our ardor grew,
Disappeared the third, the fourth, and then the fifth came on,
Then the sixth and seventh and eighth and the tenth was gone!
And when our arguments grew louder and more free,
Mr. Andrew dared to fling the name of *fellow* at me.
I, a *fellow*! I'll teach you not to be so bold —
At me he goes, and I at him, we took fierce hold.
Albert interposed, and the servants next appeared,
I really do not know how the quarrel cleared —
Certes it is a bottle was broken on my head,
Be drunkenness below to darkest regions sped!
What is there in it? There is trouble, strife and pain,
Nausea, bruises, plasters — these are its only gain.
Well said: a pastime 'tis to which the lowest cling,
An upright man will scorn it as a shameless thing.

All sorts of feuds and trouble from its reign outcome —
Mem'ry grows dull — reasoning powers grow numb;
Health suffers, and its victim hastens to life's brink.
Just look upon a man who is a slave to drink!
A man but in appearance — really a brute.
When a man is drunk 'tis fitting to compute
Him with senseless cattle — justice, not abuse.
If heaven thought fit to place wine here for man's use,
It was to help him, not to incapacitate —
The use of God's great gifts should e'er be moderate.
Though dumb brutes are senseless we oft are shamed by them.
Intemperance is a sin that animals condemn
In men who drink but not alone to slack their thirst.
Brutes drink what is needful — man who calls them accurst
Is worse indeed than they are, more abject and low.
Heed not the wounds and plasters; the meed of guilt is — woe!
Far greater punishment than those bruises is meet
For those that keep transgressing in their blind conceit.
Knowledge, which distinguishes man from animal,
They often disregard for causes small.
What gain is sufficient to balance its neglect;
For its loss what profits sufficient can collect.
In those who commit not excesses base and vain
You'll find good sense and comfort — and freedom from all pain.
See the results that with temperance agree —
Perfect health, cloudless brain, and a mind gay and free;
Strength exceptional, and energy for their tasks;
Property in order, in smiles their household basks;
Cash to meet each needful and sensible expense, —
These are the inducements to follow temperance;
And aught but total abstinence is risky,
It is: Good-bye — I go to take a drink of whisky.

FABLES.

THE KING.

A certain king there was of projects grand
Would register *the wise ones* of the land,
The names likewise of all the *happy* found,
And set the scribes to search the kingdom round.
The seeker for the happy found but few,
But great the multitude of wise ones grew,
So great the scribe beheld his labor vain,
No paper left the number to contain!

THE LAZY OXEN.

The first commission of an ill
Delight is no less;
'Tis in the effect it brings about
That lies the bitterness.
As easily is proven by
This most veracious history.
In spring the oxen all refused
To plough the grassy plain;
When autumn came they would not haul
From out the fields the grain.
In winter, being scarce of bread,
They knocked the oxen on the head.

THE MOSQUITO AND THE FLY.

If we must fly at all, I know
We should soar neither high nor low,
Mosquito said, who, buzzing by,
Saw in a pail a drowning fly.
And sadly he bemoaned its fate,
That it had not been fortunate,
And, like himself, had wings to fly
Where'er he willed, or low or high,

And mourning o'er its fate he turned,
Fell in the candle and was burned.

THE BOYS AND THE FROGS.

At evening a small lake beside
A group of boys with hop and stride
Watching to see the frogs, ran by;
And when a frog with motion spry
Popped up, knowing of naught to dread,
They dealt a blow upon its head
Their love of sport to gratify.

But one frog, bolder than the rest,
With courage thus the boys addressed,
The while he rose into their sight:
"You'd better stop, — it is not right
For you to play the way you do;
It is but senseless sport for you,
For us 'tis death, or wounds and fright."

THE RAM AND THE JACKASS.

The ass complained in moving words
It was a shame and sin
To cast him from the stable out
And let the ram within;
But while the loudest were his moans
Thus spake the ram in bitter tones:

"Be quiet, pray, my long-eared friend;
With anger be less rife,
A butcher's standing by my side
With ready, sharpened knife.
Comfort yourself with this conceit;
'Mankind will not eat jackass' meat!'"

THE STANDISH AND THE PEN.

Betwixt the standish and the pen
A dreadful quarrel rose,
Which came to words of bitter kind,
Black looks and almost blows,
As to which penned a certain fable
That lay just written on the table.
Its author in the meanwhile came
The library within,
And, finding out the cause of this
Most sad and dang'rous din
Exclaimed: "How many bards at war
Just like this pen and standish are!"

THE DOG AND HIS MASTER.

A certain dog of watchful kind
To scare the thief away
Barked from the setting of the sun
Until the dawn of day.
His master at the morning light
Flogged him for barking thus all night.
Next night the dog in kennel slept
Sound with prodigious snore,
The thief broke in and seizing all
Made exit by the door.
When morning came they flogged the brute
Because the lazy dog was mute.

THE TALLOW-CANDLE AND THE TORCH.

A tallow-candle and a torch,
Both in a narrow place,
Were lighted, when the first began
To speak, with fancied grace:
"Fear not the dark, my glimmering brother,
My light shall the darkness smother."

“ Fool! ” said the torch, “ and thinkest thou
 That all the world are blind,
 That thy pretensions will deceive
 A sensible mankind?
 Or that they do no difference know
 ’Twixt my bright light and thy faint glow! ”

THE FOOL AND THE SAGE.

A fool one day a wise man asked
 What good was there in learning,
 If it improved one’s happiness
 And ought diminished mourning;
 E’er mended coats or broiled a goose,—
 In short, what was its aim or use?

At first the sage refused to speak,
 But for a long time pressed,
 In angry words yet courteous tones
 This answer apt expressed:
 “ It becomes us this, its chiefest rule,
 To give no answer to a fool.”

THE TORTOISE AND THE MOUSE.

A tortoise crawling o’er the plain,
 Bearing her shelly house,
 Met ’fore she long had traveled
 A fat and pompous mouse,
 Who said: “ I pity one past telling,
 Who hath to carry such a dwelling.”

“ Reserve your pity, pray, my friend,”
 The tortoise calm replied,
 “ And hie you to the palaces
 Of man, to bloat your pride;
 Though mine is formed of clumsy bone,
 And is not handsome—’tis my own.”

THE HAUGHTY RAT.

Upon the altar, during mass,
 One Sabbath morn there sat,
 Surrounded by admiring friends,
 A consequential rat.
 "For me," said he, "the incense floats,
 And peal yon swelling organ notes."

 E'en as he spoke, the incense cloud,
 Borne by the summer breeze,
 Came curling o'er the altar top
 And made his ratship sneeze.
 Hearing the sound, a wary cat
 Leaped up—adieu, my haughty rat!

THE CAT AND THE HOUND.

A pussy who in corner sat,
 Devouring dainty mice,
 Was by a mighty stag-hound asked
 Why lived she not more nice?
 Said he, "I eat no mice-like gear,
 But seize and slay the stately deer."

 The cat replied with modest look,
 "I grant my mice are small,
 But please, my friend, to recollect,
 That I consume them all;
 Preferring for myself a mouse,
 To a deer for my master's house."

THE TWO PAINTERS.

Two painters once, 'tis said, there were,
 Each bore a wond'rous name;
 But one far o'er the other stood
 In point of noisy fame.

The best no cash nor blessing got,
The worst one had them both, I wot.

The first his portraits made from nature,
True to the copied one;
Correct in every form and feature,
With faithful care 'twas done.
The last drew little on truth's store,
Embellishing from fancy more.

THE CHILD AND THE ROD.

The father whipped his child because
He was so slow to learn;
Imagining the smart would make
Him smarter to discern.
But e'er that way again he trod
His son and heir had burned the rod.
Next time when little John deserved
A heavy punishment,
The father, to the usual place,
To find his weapon went.
And, as 'twas missing, he was fain
To use instead his walking cane.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS SHEEP.

A shepherd shearing sheep one day
Declaimed most zealously
Upon the care was ta'en of sheep,
From utter charity.
How they had homes to rest their feet
And in the winter food to eat.
The sheep he held was mute —
The angry peasant cried,
"Ungrateful! no acknowledgment?"
When calmly it replied —

“ Well, God must pay men for their care:
From what is made the coats they wear?”

THE CAPTIVE BIRD.

“ Why weepest thou?” a youngling bird
To older one appealed,
“ Art thou not better in this cage
Than in yon dangerous field?
For me the prison-house and care,
’Fore danger and the open air.”

“ Peace!” said the elder bird, “ be still!
Within this thou wert born;
But I have known the hallowed sweets
Of freedom in life’s morn.
Bright liberty once sunned my brow,
I weep that I’m a prisoner now.”

THE PHILOSOPHER.

There lived somewhere, in olden time,
A proud philosopher,
Who, fixed in his opinions, thought
That he could never err.
Progressed through life without assistance,
And scoffed the thought of God’s existence.

But sickness came, and with its pangs
Came loss of fortitude;
And he who measured heaven’s space,
And farther’st planets viewed,
Came not alone a God to know,
But all the fiends of hell, also.

WENGIERSKI.

THOMAS KAJETAN WENGIERSKI, the Polish PIRON, was born in Podolia in 1755, and educated by the Jesuits at Nowe Miasto, as also at Warsaw. He became a chamberlain to the king Stanislaus Augustus, but his unbridled passion for satires and epigrams caused him many bitter enemies. All his writings are distinguished for smoothness and great wit. His "Calash" and "The Philosopher" are short poems, but excellent. He is also the author of "Organy" (the organs), a poem of great power and bitter satire. His satirical attacks of persons connected with the king's court caused his dismissal, and he was obliged to leave the country.

He traveled in England, Italy, France, Martinique, Hayti, St. Domingo and the United States of North America. He gave a lucid account of his travels in Southern France and Italy in the French language, but the rest of his peregrinations were written in his native tongue.

There is no denying that Wengierski was a poet of great genius, but his language is occasionally somewhat loose. He died at Marseilles quite young (at the age of thirty-two), having impaired his health and shortened his life by all sorts of excesses.

Lucian Siemieński, in his "Literary Portraits," published in 1850, wrote an article on the "Travels and Reminiscences of Wengierski," mentioning many interesting incidents in the poet's life, softening greatly the asperse criticisms on Wengierski, and acquainting us with the unknown part of his life and character.

MY WIFE.

A DREAM.

Strangely 'wilder'd I must seem,
 I was married in a dream,—
 Oh, the ecstasy of bliss!
 Brother! what a joy it is!
 Think about it and confess
 'Tis a storm of happiness,—
 And the memory is to me
 Sunbeams,— but sixteen was she.
 Cheeks of roses red and white;
 Mouth like Davia's; eyes of light,
 Fiery, round, of raven hue,
 Swimming, but coquettish too;
 Ivory teeth; lips fresh as dew;
 Bosom beauteous, hand of down,
 Fairy foot. She stood alone
 In her graces,— she was mine,
 And I drank her charms divine.

* * * * *

But in early years our schemes
 Are but showy, shadowy dreams;
 For a season they deceive,
 Then our souls in darkness leave.
 Oft the bowl the water bears,
 Yet 'tis useless soon with years;
 First it cracks, and then it leaks,
 And at last — at last it breaks.
 All things with beginning tend
 To their melancholy end —
 So her beauty fled.

* * * * *

Then did anger, care and malice
 Mingle up their bitter chalice.

Riches like a whirlwind flew,
 Honors, gifts, and glories too;
 And my lovely wife, so mild,
 Fortune's frail and flattered child,
 Spent our wealth, as if the day
 Ne'er would dim or pass away;
 And — O, monstrous thought! — the fair
 Scratched my eyes, and tore my hair;
 Nought but misery was our guest,
 So I sought the parish priest.

“ Father! grant me a divorce —
 Nay, you will grant it me, of course:
 Reasons many can be given,—
 Reasons both of earth and heaven.”

“ I know all you wish to say:
 Have you wherewithal to pay?
 Money is a thing of course,—
 Money may obtain divorce.”

“ Reverend father! hear me, please ye,
 'Tis not an affair so easy.”

“ Silence, child! where money's needed
 Eloquence is superseded.”

Then I talked of morals; but
 The good father's ears were shut.
 With a fierce and frowning look
 Off he drove me,—

And I woke.

WHAT ONE LIKES.

“ Co kto lubi.”

Let the toper his empty glass fill,
 And the gambler throw his dice with skill;
 Let the huntsman gallop his steed at will,
 And the warrior other warriors kill;

Let the courtier buzz in the palace gate,
 The usurer eat the youth's estate;
 The lawyer pillage and prose and prate,
 And rob even beggars, with looks sedate;
 The monk may leave his sandals where
 They tell strange tales,—I nothing care,
 If of this world's follies I get my share;
 Let each just as he likes — that's fair.

The end of life is happiness.—Pursue
 That end life's transitory journey through,
 Nor fear, on earth, while happiness pursuing,
 That thou art storing up for heaven thy ruin.
 But if thou fear the future, oh, beware
 At every step, and tread with cautious care;
 For in this world, to sin and sin unheeded,
 A very decent character is needed;
 So get a character, and then just do
 Whate'er you please,—the world will smile on you.

Helter skelter, a dandy scuds over the streets,
 With his hot, foaming steeds, helter skelter,
 The dread and annoyance of all that he meets,
 Who fly at his coming for shelter.

His horses he flogs and cries "Out of the way,"

As they tear up the pebbles and stones, sir;
 And he thinks it a great condescension to say
 "Be off! or I'll break all your bones, sir."

I saw him once knock a poor mendicant down,

And laugh as the luckless one stumbled;
 And I said, "E'er he reaches the verge of the town
 That cold-hearted pride will be humbled!

Sure a tyrant like this, one so reckless and base,
 Should be curl'd to be cautious or quiet."

But still he dash'd on in his life-scorning race,
 Till he rattled toward *Nowy Swiat*,*

* *Nowy Swiat*," the New World,—a fashionable part of Warsaw.

When he struck on a stone at a corner — and smack
Went the axle, and down came the hero.
He was thrown like a stone from a sling, on his back,
And his pride sunk at once below zero.
I have seen him on crutches, and hope he has found
This secret — I need not reveal it, —
'Tis easy indeed to occasion a wound,
But not very easy to heal it.

TREMBECKI.

STANISLAUS TREMBECKI was a man of extraordinary powers of mind. He possessed the greatest facility of being easily impressed with all kinds of literary creations. He was well versed in Latin literature, wrote in French as well as in Polish, and was thoroughly learned in all Slavonic languages. In life, and in the world around him, objects presented themselves to him only as themes for writing poetry upon. He praised many people and many things, but he loved no one and nothing. He never had a soul-attachment to any one. Persons and things that interested him he loved but for a little while. Not having the popularity of Krasicki, he was superior to him in taste and poetic talent. Among the learned he had a great repute. He composed satires, letters, fables, on common and political subjects. We must also add that he was distinguished in epic poetry. In his lyrics he was cold and constrained, but occasionally he warmed up with patriotic feeling, but even then he was more eloquent than poetic. His satires were the fruits of momentary impressions and tools of contention. Open and habitual derider, he comes out with bitterness and severity, never trying to smooth things over with harmless wit or even irony, frequently using common and even coarse expressions. In his panegyrics he frequently piles flattery with great profusion. Epic poetry was his chief pursuit, in which he distinguished himself as the poet most conversant with the patterns of the masters of antiquity. Initiated into the mysteries of poetic spirit, in the riches and adaptation of his native

tongue he was gifted with æsthetic feeling and a delicate taste. Although an imitator and a disciple of a new school, he did not know how to become a national writer, neither did he wish to approach the grateful simplicity and freshness of the poets of Sigismund's times, yet he equaled them in power, dignity, and fertility, but in the outward smoothness and polish considerably outstripped them.

His most celebrated poem is "Zofiowka" (Sophia's Park or Garden), a description of a garden of that name, the property of Count Potocki, situated close to the city of Humań, in Ukraine. In this park of magnificent proportions and great beauty is a grotto, on entering which your senses are struck with a delightful sight of rare works of art and many wonderful curiosities. As you gaze around it the spell of enchantment only increases, and you almost imagine that you have entered the gates of Paradise. The following inscription in Polish may perhaps be seen up to this day over the grotto, the meaning of which is this:

Before you enter here leave your troubles all behind,—
If you're already happy, more happiness you'll find.

The conciseness of presenting high thoughts, the power, skill, and the appropriateness in description, the inimitable skill in the outer form of the verse, distinguish him from all his contemporaries. Trembecki has been called more of an artist than a poet.

He was born in 1723. While yet very young he traveled over nearly all Europe, and resided for some time in Paris, where he contracted a friendly intimacy with many distinguished French poets. It was there that he was impressed with the philosophy of the eighteenth century, and with the manners and customs of

the French court of Louis XV. He fought thirty duels, the cause of almost every one being women. Returning to his country he became chamberlain to King Stanislaus Augustus; from this time hence he lived at Warsaw, and was engaged in the composition of different kinds of verses. After the abdication of King Poniatowski he remained with him continually at Grodno and St. Petersburg. After the king's death he resided at Tulezyn, in the Province of Podolia, at Count Potocki's manor. For thirty years he never ate meat nor drank any wine. Toward the end of his life he associated with but very few, and scarcely left his house. He spent one day in the week giving alms. He died in 1812.

All his works were published in 1828, in two volumes, at Breslau, and in Leipsic in 1806 and 1836. Quite a learned dissertation on Trembecki's poetry was published by Hippolitus Klimaszewski in 1830. "Zoflowka" was translated into French by De Lagarde.

BALLOON.

Where the eagle in his rapid flight
With strong pursuit the birds do scare—
And lurid thunderbolts with angry might
Rush through the regions of the air.

A strange pair whom fear has never checked,
Resolved to o'ercome Nature's laws;
And striking the road where Icarus wrecked,
Soared through the clouds without a pause.

With gas the vehicle the pair inflate,
Upward the air its course inclines—
Its chains are threads, its rudder is fate,
They are competing with the winds.

The lofty, gorgeous houses, one by one,
Lessen and disappear from sight,
And looking from the trap of the balloon—
A ruined heap they all unite.

The broad Vistula, so august and grand,
Looked like a stream whose drops would fail,
Its width like a finger from a child's hand,
Though it flowed grandly in the vale.

Yet some attribute wonders strangely great
To this unsafe and crazy craft,
Perhaps 'tis so, yet I may truly state,
Wise men have at their judgment laughed.

Yet we admit that Nature's giant might
Has burst strong walls of stone and steel,
Man's wisdom, too, all obstacles shall smite—
But give him time with work and zeal.

With gallant ships his fertile brain has filled
The stormy and the pathless main,
Of gems to rob the ocean he is skilled—
Eternal rocks he rends in twain.

The mighty elements their wrath forego
Under his skilled and wise command;
He bids the waters leave the valleys low,
And mountains sink to level land!



NIEMCEWICZ.

NIEMCEWICZ.

With pleasure Heaven itself surveys
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with the falling state. POPE.

JULIAN URSIN NIEMCEWICZ, secretary to the senate of the kingdom of Poland, and soon after a senator, president of the Royal Society of Science of Warsaw, and member of many literary societies in Europe and America, was born of an ancient and respectable family in Lithuania, in the year 1758. As citizen, statesman, author, historian, and poet, he shone with an *éclat* unparalleled since the days of Crichton. While still very young he was elected representative of the palatinate of Polish Livonia to the diets of 1788 and 1792. Much civil courage was requisite in those assemblies to combat the menaces and intrigues of the factions, and much activity to repress the turbulence of the people; for in addition to the dangers to be apprehended from exterior enemies, the ambition, interest, and prejudices of the great, and the ignorance of the people, were opposed to the efforts of the patriots.

The young Niemcewicz, endowed with a generous mind and superior talents, knew how to merit this double praise. Amidst the representatives of his country his eloquence was poured forth in defense of the sacred cause of rational liberty, and sustained the rights of the peasant against the usurped privileges of the aristocrat when this important question was before the house. To disseminate his principles he united with two of his colleagues,—the castellan Thadeus

Mostowski, and the representative of Livonia, Joseph Weyssenhoff, in publishing a political journal; and notwithstanding the short duration of "The Foreign and National Gazette" (1st January, 1791), it rendered important service to the public cause. The muse of Niemcewicz, by chanting in spirited strains the exploits of the heroes of his country, kindled the torch of patriotism in the breasts of their compatriots. The laurel that entwines the brow of the hero would wither in his tomb if, like that of Achilles, it were not preserved by the bard in unfading freshness. Niemcewicz also made the theater subservient to his ruling passion. One of his comedies, the "Return of the Representative," displays equally his talents and public spirit. During the public fêtes on the anniversary of the 3d of May, 1791, a new drama (Casimir the Great) had the honor of embellishing the national rejoicings, adding to his fame, and acquiring lasting and deserved popularity. The memorable day on which it was enacted was the last of Poland's happiness. A handful of traitors, bribed by the empress, Catharine III, supported by her troops, and encouraged by the shameful irresolution of King Stanislaus Augustus, with the deadly blight of their treason blasted the councils of the brave, and prepared for the ruin of their unfortunate country. But Poland did not yield without covering herself with immortal glory during the last moments of her political existence. The illustrious Kosciuszko raised the standard of independence, and placed himself at the head of those brave men who resolved to bury themselves under the ruins of their country. The young Niemcewicz became aid-de-camp to the generalissimo. It was he who composed the proclamations, orders of the day, and bulletins of the battles, — all

dictated by ardent love for Poland and for glory. But when, after un hoped-for success, the fatal day of the 10th of October, 1794, covered Poland with mourning, and Kosciuszko, pierced with wounds, fell into the hands of the enemy on the field of Macieiwice, the brave Niemcewicz, also grievously wounded, shared his fate. They were sent, with a number of other illustrious victims, to the dungeons of St. Petersburg. In their solitary confinement they mourned over the fate of Poland until the accession of Paul I to the throne of Russia restored 14,000 Polanders, dispersed through Siberia and the different strongholds of the vast Russian empire, to liberty. But the virtuous Niemcewicz seemed destined to form an exception to the amnesty of 1797. Niemcewicz still inspired the new czar with suspicion. "I fear," said Paul, "that his ardent mind, vast intellectual powers, and persuasive eloquence will excite new troubles in my empire." The entreaties of Kosciuszko overcame the fears of the czar, and Niemcewicz followed his immortal friend into that refuge of oppressed virtue, the hospitable land of America. In exile, as well as in captivity, he found in letters his chief consolation. It was in his Russian prison that he composed his beautiful translation of the "Rape of the Lock," and of "Racine's Athalia." Desirous of seeing his family he sailed for Warsaw in 1809, and there published his works in twelve volumes. Received into the Scientific Society, he joined in their labors, and wrote some political tracts, which are greatly esteemed. It was in Paris, in 1803, that he was invited into Russia, where the government offered him employment; but disdaining to serve the spoilers of his country, he refused the offers of Alexander, and returned to America, where he married a lady native of

New Jersey, whose talents and agreeable qualities formed the frequent theme of his muse during his short visit to Europe. During his former visit to America he had, with his general, Kosciuszko, been admitted into the friendship of the immortal Washington. In the verdant groves of his charming residence in Mount Vernon, and on the banks of the superb Potomac, Niemcewicz mused on the condition of his beloved Poland, or contemplated the august figure of the most virtuous of Americans, until his sentiments of respect and veneration for this hero found utterance in his biography of George Washington. The events of 1806, the creation of the grand duchy of Warsaw, and their hopes of the complete restoration of Poland, caused many of her patriots to return thither, and among the rest Niemcewicz, who was nominated secretary to the senate—an office he filled until 1830. The muses were his relaxation, science and his duties as a statesman his occupation, and the veneration of his compatriots his solace. Frederick Augustus, King of Saxony and Grand Duke of Warsaw, conferred upon him the order of St. Stanislaus. He was afterward nominated a member of the Directory of Public Instruction; he devoted himself to this honorable office, which he retained until 1821, when an absolute system adopted anew by Stanislaus Grabowski, senator and minister of public instruction, made him resign it. His retirement was requisite to enable the government to stifle every germ of liberty. Niemcewicz was always odious to Russia, both from his services to Poland and from his avowed hatred to her oppressors. His "Lithuanian Letters," published periodically during the war of 1812, to promote a revolt in Lithuania, contributed much toward increasing this feeling. All

his works aimed at the one point, that of keeping Polish patriotism alive. His national melodies, his historical pages glowing with love of his country, and ingenious allegories equaling La Fontaine's, which his fertile imagination offered periodically to his countrymen, all breathed the same spirit.

The retirement of Niemcewicz from the directory did not deprive him of all means of serving his compatriots. Called by the choice of the inhabitants of Warsaw to the presidency of the beneficent society of that city, he found a sweet pleasure in exercising his philanthropic feelings. Another proof of public regard awaited him. The Royal Scientific Society honored themselves by raising him to the office of president, vacant by the death of the learned and philanthropic Stanislaus Staszyc.

Niemcewicz was equally illustrious as historian, journalist, romancer, and poet. His romances "Dwaj Sieciechowie" and "Leyba i Siora" (Levi and Sarah) are of great importance, and were not without influence on the public mind. Following is a list of his works:

- 1st. The Secret History of John of Bourbon; translated from the French in 1779, 2 vols. 8vo.
- 2d. The History of Margaret of Valois, Queen of Navarre; translated in 1781.
- 3d. Odes on quitting England (1787).
- 4th. Casimir the Great, a drama in three acts, acted at Warsaw May 3, 1792.
- 5th. The Rape of the Lock; translated into Polish verse from the English of Pope in 1796.
- 6th. Wladislas, King of Poland, a tragedy, acted at Warsaw in 1796.
- 7th. King John Sobieski's Page, a farce, written in 1808.

- 8th. Lithuanian Letters, written in 1812.
- 9th. The Public Prisons, written in 1818.
- 10th. Reign of Sigismund III, King of Poland (1819), 3 vols. 8vo.
- 11th. Two historical romances (1819).
- 12th. Odes of the Polish Army in 1792.
- 13th. Historical Melodies in 1819.
- 14th. Fables and Tales (1820).
- 15th. Historical Recollections of Poland as it has been (1822), 4 vols. 8vo.
- 16th. John de Tenczyn, an historical romance; translated into German in 1826.
- 17th. Leyba i Siora, a Jewish romance; translated into German, English, and Dutch.
- 18th. What Pleases Ladies, a tale of Voltaire; translated from the French.
- 19th. Odes of Pope and of Dryden on music; translated into verse.
- 20th. The Miseries of Human Life; translated into Polish.
- 1st. Athalia, a tragedy of Racine's; translated into verse.
- 22d. Hedwige, Queen of Poland, an opera in verse; the music by Kurpinski.
- 23d. The Return of the Representative, a comedy in three acts, in verse; this work, twenty years after its publication, excited the resentment of the Grand Duke Constantine.
- 24th. Traits of the Life of General Washington.
- 25th. Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia; translated from the English.
- 26th. The Suspicious, a comedy in five acts and in verse, acted during the revolution.
- 27th. The Vain Man, in five acts.

28th. Kochanowski, a drama.

And a number of other works of great interest.

In 1830, the day preceding our revolution, the supreme counsel of the kingdom having felt the necessity of being supported by names dear to the natives, called upon Niemcewicz to join its ranks. It was to his venerable appearance, and the words of wisdom and eloquence that he addressed to the people assembled under the windows of the hall of government, that the accomplishment of a revolution, unstained by crimes or excesses, may be in a great measure attributed. As a member of the national government until the creation of the dictator, he assisted in all the deliberations of the senators, of whom he was the secretary. He had the signal honor of being elected senator without the formalities prescribed by law, the senate wishing to confer on him a mark of national gratitude and veneration. The day of glory again dawned in Poland, and the veteran of seventy-two embraced with all the ardor of youth the cause of liberty; but to him the revolution shone like an expiring lamp, for eternity was opening before him. With a self-devotion and energy of mind that neutralized the assaults of age, Niemcewicz, deputed by the national government, undertook a journey to London to interest the British cabinet in the cause of liberty and of Poland; but the days of reverses arrived, and, exiled with the more virtuous among his countrymen, he returned no more to Poland. After living for a long time in retirement in London, he went to Paris to rejoin the greater part of his friends and colleagues, and from time to time published little tracts or poems analogous to his circumstances. In 1841 he ended his career with the tranquillity resulting from a life of duty. The Polish,

French, American and English residents in Paris united in paying him the last tribute of respect due to man, and accompanied his honored remains to the cemetery of Montmorency.

Among the spectators at this melancholy scene we find Mr. Gibbs, an American gentleman, who thus said to the assembled friends of the deceased: "Gentlemen, the noble Polander to whom we pay the last tribute has the sympathy of all my fellow-countrymen; as to the American citizen, companion of Kosciuszko and to the friend of liberty, I outrun, I am sure, and express their wishes, when in their name and mine I pay to his memory due tribute of profound esteem. Firm in his principles, magnanimous and unconcerned for himself in the hopes of prosperity for the cause of mankind, his memory deserves the eulogies of good men of all countries. His name will be placed among those of my fellow-countrymen who are honored with the name of benefactors of mankind."

The professors and members of the Princeton College (N. J.), at a meeting called expressly for that purpose, passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That this society has learned with profound grief the death of their respected member, Julian Ursin Niemcewicz;

Resolved, That this society, with numerous friends of the departed, mourn his death, and as a proof of his services and regard to his memory will wear usual mourning for thirty days;

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to the "Princeton Whig," "National Intelligencer" and "New York Journal of Commerce."

In a poetical epistle addressed to his old friend, Gen. Kniaziewicz, thus he describes

AMERICA AND GENERAL WASHINGTON.

With my wounded commander* compelled to depart
From thee, oppressed Poland, the pride of my heart;
An asylum I sought o'er the dark rolling sea,
In the land of the noble, the brave and the free;
But e'en there the sad thought of my country would rise,
And the tears of deep anguish would roll from my eyes.

In boundless savannas, where man never strayed,
Amid woods that ne'er echoed the axe's keen blade;
In the foaming abyss, where the clouds of bright steam
Round the falls of the roaring Niagara gleam;
And on the deep sea, when the white sails are spread,
Lo! the shade of my country, all gory and dead.

Full of bliss to my heart is the thought of that day
When to Washington's mansion I wended my way;
To visit the warrior, the hero and sage,
Whose name is the day-star to each coming age;
By his valor the new world rose happy and free,
And her glory his endless memento shall be.

His features are still on my memory defined,
With the fadeless and delicate colors of mind.
Full, noble, majestic, with a crown of swan-hair,
And a brow deeply writ with the finger of care:
Old Roman simplicity marked his fine face,
Expressive of dignity, grandeur and grace.

How oft on his accents with rapture I hung,
While wisdom and kindness distill'd from his tongue;

And whene'er the sad tale of our fall I'd relate —
 How brilliant our struggle, yet awful our fate —
 A sweet tear-drop of sympathy stole down his cheek —
 Better pledge of affection than language could speak.

Precious tear! a rich proof of his sorrow for thee,
 Loved home of my fathers! once peaceful and free.
 And oh, could I that gem which so peerlessly grows,
 In some costly and beautiful crystal enclose,
 So priceless a treasure a witness I'd keep,
 That o'er Poland's sad ruin a great man could weep.

And further down, such a picture he makes of his
 abode in the

UNITED STATES:

When an exile from home, with deep sorrow oppressed,
 In the new world a pilgrim, unknown and unblessed,
 With no light to illumine the shadows that spread
 Like the gloom of the sepulcher over my head,
 My lonely condition made woman's bright eye
 Mould the beautiful tear-drop of sweet sympathy.

But the feelings of pity were soon changed to love,
 That bright seraph of mercy bequeathed from above!
 With the gift of her fond heart she sweetened my woe,
 Making hope's dying embers with sweet brightness glow;
 Since then my neat cottage, the meadow, parterre —
 Rich pleasures of freedom! — have been my sole care.

How oft has Aurora, from his soft couch of blue,
 Found me cutting fresh grass, all so pearly with dew;
 Or engrafting a shoot on the thriving young tree,
 While nature was smiling in beauty and glee.
 O delightful employment! — with pleasure how rife
 Are the exquisite scenes of a pastoral life.

Far away from the crowd of the giddy and vain,
 From the thralldom of tyrants, the rude and profane;
 From the folly of idlers that cumber the earth,
 Wasting life's precious season in profitless mirth.
 Ambition and av'rice disturb not the breast,
 While hope points the soul to the realms of the blest.

So pure were the joys and so peaceful the life
 That I shared with my lovely and beautiful wife,
 I might have been happy, could man but forget
 When his country with deadliest foes is beset.
 But too oft the sad thoughts would convey me away
 In the stillness of midnight, the bustle of day,
 Thro' the foam-crested waves of the dark rolling sea,
 To thee, distressed Poland — once peaceful and free!

DUMA.*

GLIŃSKI.†

“W okropnych cieniach pieczarów podziemnych.”

In a dark, dreary dungeon, where the beam,
 The gladdening beam of sunlight never shone:
 Where from the dismal roof its little stream
 Of twilight pour'd a pendent lamp; — alone
 And conscience-tortured — sat, to misery bound,
 Gliński — in victory and in crime renown'd.

His forehead years and grief had furrow'd o'er,
 His grey hair hung disorder'd on his brow;
 His bloody sockets saw the light no more;
 Plough'd were his wasted cheeks with scars and woe.
 He sat and lean'd upon his hand: — his groans
 Were echoed by the dungeon's gloomy stones.

* A Duma, an elegiac poem; a plaintive song.

† Gliński was a Polish chief who flourished at the beginning of the sixteenth century. The events referred to in this Elegy took place in 1515.

With him his only child, his daughter fair,
 A very gem of virtue, grace and youth.
 She left the smiling world and the free air,
 Her miserable father's woes to soothe;
 Pleased in that fearful solitude to stay,
 While life's young bloom fled silently away.

"Father! I pray thee by these tender tears" —
 . So spake the maid — "be comforted, and chase
 Despair; though chains hang heavy on thy years,
 Yet hope deserts not e'en this desert place.
 Time may smile upon thee; thou may'st rest
 Thy gray old age upon thy country's breast."

"My country! breathe not that dread name to me,
 For crimes rush down upon my tortured thought,
 And wakened conscience gnaws the memory,
 And gentle sleep these eyes will visit not.
 Did I not head her foes! — And can the name
 Of 'traitor' but be link'd to death and shame?"

"All that can raise a man above mankind, —
 All that is good and great in war or peace, —
 Power — riches — beauty — courage — strength of mind, —
 Yes! nature gave me these, and more than these.
 I wanted nought but laurels — which I found —
 And glory's trophies wreathed my temples round.

"The locust-swarmling hosts of Tartans broke
 Upon Lithuania and Volhynia's land,
 Plundering, destroying; their terrific yoke
 Spared neither sex nor age; the fiery brand
 Of desolation swept the country o'er —
 Children and mothers drown'd in fathers' gore.

"I sought the invaders' ravage to withstand.
 Proud of their strength, in widespread camps they lay;

But they were scatter'd by my victor hand.

The misty eve look'd on the battle fray,
While corpses on the Niemen's waters rode,
And Infidel blood the thirsty fields o'erflow'd.

"When Alexander on his dying bed
Lay, mourn'd by all his children-subjects, came
The news that the defeated Tartars fled,
Upon his clouded brow joy's holy flame
Kindled sweet peace. 'Now let me, let me die,
For I bequeath to Poland victory!'

"My deeds, my monarch's praises, warm'd my breast,
And love of daring violence grew. The fame
Of Zabrzezynki oft disturb'd my rest.

I—a most foul and midnight murderer—came
And butcher'd all in sleep. My Poles rebell'd—
I join'd with Poland's foes, by rage impelled.

"Flagitious sin, and memory's fiercest smart;
The eagle blended with the hurrying steed*
From cruelty and crime won not my heart,
Nor sheath'd the sword that did the cruel deed.
The foemen Russ I bent to my control,
And fought 'gainst Poles—e'en I—e'en I—a Pole!

"I look'd upon the battle-field; I saw
Many a well-known corpse among the dead.
Then did fierce agony my bosom gnaw;
Then burning tears of conscious guilt were shed:
And I implored forgiveness— from my king,—
Forgiveness for a vile and outcast thing.

"I told my penitent tale. My foes had wrought
Upon the czar, and roused him to distrust.

* The arms of Poland are a *white eagle*. Those of Lithuania are a *horse galloping*, with a rider holding a sword ready to strike. The latter is called *Pogon*, from *pursuing*. *Gonic* means to *pursue*.

He met indignantly my honest thought,
 Dash'd my awakening virtue to the dust;
 Bid them tear out my eyes, and bind me here
 In galling fetters to this dungeon drear.

“ Ten years have pass'd; and yet I live. The sun
 And the gay stars shine on, but not for me.
 Darkness and torments with my being run;
 My strength decays; my blood flows freezingly
 Through my chill'd veins; and death — not gentle death —
 Lays its rude hand upon my weakening breath.

“ Yet a few days — this corpse, my grief's remains,
 Will ask a handful of unfriendly earth.
 Leave then, my child, these foul and foreign plains,
 Blest who can claim the country of his birth.
 The Poles forgive,— and thou shalt be forgiven.
 My child, be blest, and I be left to heaven.

“ Yes! thou shalt see thy country, and its smile
 Shall chase the memory of these gloomy days;
 Thy father's princely hall shall greet thee, while
 Thy thought o'er long-departed glory strays;
 Thy friends, thy countrymen, shall welcome thee,
 Give thee their love,— but pour their curse on me.

“ Yet e'en my death may hallow'd thoughts inspire;
 From this scathed trunk may wisdom's blossoms grow.
 My history shall check revengeful ire,—
 None other Pole shall join his country's foe.
 Why should a traitor live when he hath bound
 His veil'd and sorrowing country to the ground?”

Thus spake the miserable man. A groan,
 A dark and hollow groan the dungeon fill'd;
 On her pale breast his snow-white head was thrown;
 Death's shade o'ershadow'd,— and all was still'd.

So died the mighty Glinski:— better lot
Might have been his,— but he deserved it not.

This *Duma* is one of the most popular in Poland. It is also the subject of one of the best of the Polish tragedies by Wenżyk.

DUMA.

POTOCKI.

“Słuchajcie rycerze młodzi.”

Come, listen youthful warriors, now,
While my sad tale of grief is told;
And let it kindle glory's glow
While it records the deeds of old.
For I will sing the glorious wreath
Which erst the patriot hero wore
Who nobly died a hero's death
While crown'd with laurel'd victory o'er.

Chmielnicki's fierce and savage band
Had ravaged our Podolia's vales;
The cries of mothers fill'd the land,
Wide-echoed round from hills and dales.
Our ploughmen from their fields are torn,
Our maidens shameless slavery prove,
Our shepherds are to exile borne,—
Not to be exiled from their love.

Potocki — old and hoary — stood
Proud in felicity and fame,
When the loud shrieks, the cry of blood,
Like soul-disturbing tempests came.
He sigh'd; a stream of tears roll'd down
His venerable cheeks, while thought
Rush'd on the brighter moments gone.
But age had come, and left him — nought.

The will, but not the power, was there.
 Down dropp'd the falchion from his grasp.
 But see his hero son appear —
 Spring on his steed — the war-brand clasp.
 Why should he waste in ease and sloth
 The brightness of his morning star,
 When virtue and when valor both
 Had charm'd his ear with tales of war?

“ My son,” — his eyes with tears were fill'd —
 “ Thy country groans! Go, warrior! be
 Thy bosom now thy country's shield,—
 Be worthy of thy sires and me!
 Go! — for thy country live! Be blest
 With triumph glorious and renown'd!
 So calmly shall I sink to rest
 When I have seen thee victory-crown'd.”

A fond farewell sent forth his son,
 When he had bound him to his breast.
 He put the heavy armor on;
 The while a golden helmet prest
 The raven ringlets of his hair:
 Yet ere he sought his warriors he
 Saw midst many a maiden fair
His maiden at a balcony.

She was a maid of beauty rare —
 The loveliest maid Podolia knew —
 Fair as the morning rose is fair
 When blushing and when bathed in dew.
 And she was true to love and fame,
 And young, — and pledged her hand and heart
 To him whose valiant sword should claim
 In battle fray the bravest part.

Then drew the ardent hero nigh,
 And lowly bent on reverent knee:

“O thou, my heart’s felicity,
All, all life’s sweets I owe to thee!
Now bless me in the field of death,
And smile upon me, struggling there.
My heart’s best blood, my latest breath,
I’ll pour for fame and thee, my fair!”

His heart was full — he spoke no more.
Her eyes were wet — the maid unbound
The snow-white scarf her bosom wore,
And girt the hero’s shoulders round.
“Go! rescue what is lost! My vow
By this pure pledge shall fail thee never!
Be crown’d with bright affection now,
Be crown’d with bliss, with fame, forever!”

Meanwhile the piercing clarions sound,
The dust-clouds o’er the plains arise;
The troops of warriors gather round,
While helms and armor dim the eyes.
The courts, the gates, the lofty walls
A thousand anxious gazers show.
The slow-descending drawbridge falls,
While to the gory fight they go.

’Twas evening. Through a gloomy night
Toward the *Yellow Lake* they sped.
The morning came, but not in light,—
’Twas wrapp’d in clouds opaque and red.
The mighty army of Bogdan
Spread countless o’er the extended land;
The brave Potocki led the van,
To smite the innumerable band.

Then dreadful havoc’s reign was spread,
The murd’rous fires of death were there;
Swords cleft the helm and helmed head,
And hissing arrows fill’d the air.

The dauntless chieftain fought,—he press'd
 The foremost on the foe,—when deep
 A deadly arrow pierced his breast;
 He fell,—fell lock'd in endless sleep.

Yet victory crown'd our arms. 'Twas vain;—
 It was no triumph;—He away,
 Courage and joy were turn'd to pain.

They throng'd around him in dismay:
 They bathed his wounds; they wash'd the gore
 With tears,—while round the corpse they stand
 Then on their shields that corpse they bore,
 Their hope—and of their fatherland.

And on a green and woody glade
 'Neath a proud tomb his dust they set;
 They hung his armor and his blade,
 And that white scarf,—with blood 'twas wet.
 And there through many a day forlorn,
 His joy-abandon'd maiden went;
 And from the evening to the morn
 She pour'd—she wept—love's sad lament.

Sleep, noble hero! sweetly sleep
 Within this dark and sacred wood;
 The silent moon her watch shall keep
 Upon thy gravestone's solitude.
 And should some future warrior come,
 And the decaying trophies see,
 His eye may linger on thy tomb,
 And learn to fight and die from thee.

* Translation of the four lines on the frontispiece:

Ye exiles, roaming through the world so helplessly and long,
 When will your weary feet find rest, O broken-hearted throng!
 The wild dove finds its hidden nest, the worm its native clod,
 But Poland's son can only claim of earth a burial sod!

FASTIDIANA:

(GUZDRALSKA.)

A HUMOROUS TALE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

In an old tatter'd chronicle, whose pages
 Had been defaced and stain'd by ruthless time,—
 A dusty fragment of departed ages,
 When Casimir, the monk, o'er Poland's clime
 As sovereign ruled,—but older far than he,—
 I found this strange, recorded history.

Near Łenczyca, upon a flowery mound,
 A proud and noble mansion look'd around,—
 Its name I have forgotten; and 'twere vain
 To rack my broken memory again.
 But an old manuscript that long was hid,
 Moth-eaten, 'neath a crumbling coffer-lid;
 It tired my weary eyes,—though I possess'd
 A microscopic glass,—the brightest, best,
 Which magnified a hundredfold, at last
 Gave me some light,—and my reward was vast.

There lived a noble, whose proud wish aspired
 To honor,—and he found what he desired.
 A *Truchses** now,—and next a *Stolnik*†. His
 Were piles of wealth,—and towns and palaces.
 That matters not: his pride, his boastings were
 Of his fair daughter. She was passing fair;
 And bounteous Nature o'er that maiden threw
 All charms man loves, and all he honors too.
 She was a very queen of grace, whose skill
 Play'd with the heart and wielded it at will.

* Wine-bearer: † Plate-bearer;—titles at court.

The story of her beauty, like a breeze
That bears perfume, spread through the provinces,—
Spread o'er the land; and many a raptured youth
Laid at her feet the vows of love and truth.

They saw her, and were lost: a single glance
Of that bright, lovely, laughing countenance
Won all the soul. No wonder;—the control
Of wit and beauty ever wins the soul.
And was she faultless? No! one little sin—
For she was human—one alone crept in;
One little fault or error, which—Heaven knows—
Was a dust-atom on a scarlet rose.
What could this little dangerous error be?
Time and the *maiden* never could agree.
She knew not wherefore years should be divided
In days and nights and hours,—and years derided:
She thought that time, to please a maiden's whim,
Mighty tarry:—little knew the maid of him.
She deem'd her smile should stop the hurrying day,
When in delights and feasts it sped away;
And the wing'd hours in their swift flight restrain,
And to a rock time's slippery spirit chain.
E'en thus she lived, and dreams like these employ'd
The shifting moments which those dreams enjoy'd.
Her dawn was noon,—time's dawn her middle night,—
Always too late; her place, though noblest, might
Remain unfill'd. At table she first came
When all was over; and 'twas just the same
E'en when a new piece charm'd the theater;
At the last act's last scene she would appear
Nor at the church, O mortal sin! before
The careful beadle closed the sacred door.
She was her parents' hope, her parents' bliss,
So no reproaches smote the maid for this.

Yet there is pleasure,—so the record says,—
 Sweet pleasure in these lingerings, these delays:
 And none of her admirers loved her less,—
 Many and noble,—for her tardiness.
 But one was privileged o'er the rest,—and he
 Was the young Wojewod of Kujawy;
 He bore Guzdawa's arms. (And those who bear
 These old insignia, Paprocki* supposes
 Were long distinguished for their length of noses,
 Their large, bright eyes, their crisp and curly hair.
 Unwearied in all enterprise, in war
 Supremely valiant,—rather superstitious,—
 Amorous as born beneath love's famous star.)
 Indeed our Wojewodzie† was ambitious
 To be a true Guzdawa; and the youth,
 In size, form, virtues, was their heir, in truth.
 His life was stainless, and 'twas decorated
 With all the gems of talent. Happy fated,
 He won the lady's promise to be his,
 And parents' blessings crown'd the promised bliss.
 Then his brains swam in joy, and rapture threw
 Her sunshine on the moments as they flew.
 Four weeks before the paschal feast began
 The nuptial preparations. Mad desire
 Made days and hours and moments as they ran
 Linger like years, whose lingering footsteps tire;
 But hope, and meditations, and soft sighs
 Relieved their tardy passage, as he brought
 Her paramount wit, her gentle voice, to thought;
 The million graces playing round her eyes,
 And her white hands, 'bove all, so purely fair,
 No ivory with their brightness could compare.

* A famous heraldist of old time.

† *Wojewodzie*, son of the *Wojewod*; and so *Sedzie*, son of the judge; *Choronzye*, son of the ensign;—*ie* is here synonymous with the Russian *wicz*, or *vich*, or *vitch*.

A thousand and a thousand times he said,
"She is indeed the sweetest, loveliest maid!"
And then a thought,—sad thought,—would oft intrude:
"She's so forgetful, though so fair and good!
'Tis surely not her fault, but time's; who may,
And no doubt does, mistake the time of day.
But let us wed,—this weakness shall be check'd;
'Tis a slight fault, and easy to correct.
Watches and clocks shall hang on every wall,
And silver hammers all the hours recall;
Hours, minutes, seconds,—monitors like these
Will chase the maid's obliviousness with ease."
So was he satisfied,—and his doubts were gone.
The marriage contract sign'd, and all was done:
And the church doors were open'd for the pair;
Gorgeous and great was the assemblage there.
The bridegroom sallied forth from his abode,
And no unhappy omen stopp'd his road:
He came with friends and relatives who wore
Their sable furs—adorn'd, as well became
Men who did honor to so proud a name,
With dazzling gold and sunny scarlet o'er.

The chronicle describes the gay parade,
And well-plann'd order of the cavalcade.
Twelve trumpeters in Flemish garments clad,
Which many a splendid decoration had.
And, as the Wojewodzic long had headed
His father's hussar troops, a numerous band
Of spearmen the procession next preceded;
Upon their shoulders wings of eagles flapp'd
And quivers full of silver arrows rattled
Behind them as they forward moved embattled;
Round each a leopard skin was loosely wrapp'd,
Its claws and tusks were fasten'd on the breast.
The standards revel'd with the winds, and prancing

Their richly saddled steeds appear'd advancing,
 Their riders all in martial sternness drest.*
 Then came a troop of Tartars,—such as sate
 With the lord's household, or watch'd round his gate;
 And each his bows and arrows bore,
 And a wide-flowing mantle wore,
 Bending his proud and sprightly Bachmat† o'er. .
 Next thirty youthful squires led thirty steeds
 To decorate the scene;—their race proceeds
 From most renown'd Arabia, and the shore
 Of the Euphrates,—whence to Poland's plains
 Transferr'd their fame, their ancient fame, remains;
 So proud, so ardent, that the wearied hand
 Of their tired rider could restrain no more
 Their noble spirits to his mute command.
 They toss'd their hoofs in air;—the golden bit
 Was cover'd o'er with foam;—their nostrils broad
 As if with glowing sparks of fire were lit:
 Proud were their trappings, as the knights who rode;
 The saddles were all set in turquoises,
 And the rich housings swept the very ground:
 Pearls were profusely scatter'd o'er the dress;
 A target at the saddle hung; and near
 A truncheon and a crooked scimitar;
 Rubies and sapphires sparkled all around,
 With smaragds, topazes, whose lights and dyes
 Blinded the eyes.
 Next came a troop of friends, sedate but gay;
 Their silk and velvet garments fill'd the way,
 Bound with resplendent girdles; and they held
 Their battle-axes,—for their rank was high;
 Then six proud, dappled steeds the car impell'd,
 Where sat the bridegroom in his ecstasy,

* This description, though rather grotesque, is a correct delineation of the costume of the old Polish hussars.

† Bachmat;—a Tartar horse.

Eight golden columns bore a canopy
Of richest velvet, and the youth was clad
In most superb brocade; his under vest
Of crimson, which a row of buttons had
Of sapphires and of rubies of the East.
There was a clasp, whose glorious brightness never
Could be described—so I shall not endeavor:
It was a carbuncle so large that kings
Might envy,—brighter than the sun which flings
His glories o'er the noon. Upon his head
High plumes above a splendid bonnet spread.
Two noble youths sate by him: one the son
Of the Wyszogrod pennon-bearer; one
Grod's wealthy heir; but both of brilliant eyes,
And gay in humor; and their heads were bare.*

Next a long train of squires and knights appear,
With their attendants in rich liveries;
Each wore a splendid scarf with garments meet.
The cavalcade was closed by a long suite
Of six-horsed heavy-laden coaches, which
Bore presents for the bride, superb and rich.
Beautiful pearls from Uria, ear-rings, gems,
Bracelets, and jewels fit for diadems,
And fit a lady's eyes to please: nor were
The richest clocks and watches absent there.
While thus the sun toward the church was bent,
His busied father stay'd at home, intent
On the approaching festival. He stored
With giant goblets the capacious board,
With plates of silver and with cups of gold;
Emboss'd tureens, and rich-carved bowls, to hold
Medals of ancient days,—the cups and vases,
Gilded and rich, had their appointed places.

* It was an old custom with the Poles to shave their heads.

From distant forests, wagons brought vast stores
 Of their wild tenants, deer and fawns and boars.
 Game without number,— which six master-cooks
 Who bore their German caps, prepared with all
 The due formalities of cookery books.
 Mincemeats and spices;— but I'll not recall
 These long details. The noblest thing they did
 Was to erect a mighty pyramid
 Of almonds crusted o'er with sugar. Can
 Aught in the art exceed a *Marcipan*? *

A curiously-constructed lynx portray'd
 The escutcheons of the bridegroom and the maid,
 Gordowa's and Rogala's: and a brand
 Of Cupid's fire they held in either hand.
 The table was weigh'd down by luxuries rare,
 And all the neighboring men of rank were there;
 Prelates and senators; our *Truchses* vow'd
 To give the act its due solemnity,
 And went to Skirniewic with a crowd
 Of friends and of dependants, but to see
 The venerable primate, and entreat
 That he would honor his poor house, and be
 The officiating minister, as meet.

So the guests came at last. You wish to know
 How they were housed;— I cannot tell you how.
 The dwelling had four rooms and one saloon;
 (A splendid mansion, then!) the guests were driven
 To rather closish quarters; but 'twas soon
 Arranged. One chamber to the primate given;
 The others where they could repose their head;
 And all slept soundly, though they had no bed.
 Then dawn'd the happy moment. At eleven

* *Marcipan*. A large round cake adorned with various emblematical figures. It is still used by the peasantry at wedding festivals.

'Twas fix'd the nuptial pledges should be given
Before the sacred altar. Parents, friends,
Were seated in the church; the clergy led
The primate, with his mitre on his head,
His pastoral staff in hand,— who now ascends
His throne. The tapers are enkindled. Where,
Where is the bride?—They wait an hour,— they sent
To ask what cause, what luckless accident
Delay'd her. Lo! he comes!— the messenger
Begs for a short delay. One stocking she,
The lady had got on, and speedily
Would finish with the other. Well! they wait;—
Time lingers, lingers still. The clock strikes *Three*;
They send again. 'Twas strange she should forget
The hour, she said;— but she would braid her hair,
And in a very twinkling would be there.
One hour,— and yet another,— five o'clock,
When other heralds at her chamber knock;
She just was fixing on her robes a wreath,
And would come instantly. The well-bred sun
Linger'd; but as his patience soon was done
He sank the occidental hills beneath.

But love had made the bridegroom angry, while
Hunger attack'd the guests; their empty skins
Began to be rebellious; 'tis a vile
Peace-breaker, that said hunger;— they had thought
Of the rich feast; some little, and some nought
Had taken; so they suffer'd for their sins.
Oh, had they but some bread and sausage brought!
At last the ladies yawn'd; a senator
Open'd his gasping mouth from ear to ear;
The primate was observed to whiten,— then
The bridegroom rose, and to the castle fled,
Entreating on his knees the lingering maid
To hasten, though undress'd: “ Just tarry; when

I've tied this bow," the lady said, "I'll come,—
I'll come indeed."

He hasten'd back,— he heard
A blending of strange sounds which struck him dumb;
He enter'd;— first the primate's form appear'd
Sunk in the canon's arms;— he look'd around;
Knights, senators, were stretch'd upon the ground,
Two palatines, three barons,— vanquish'd all
By heat and hunger; tears of anguish fall
Down the parental cheeks;— his love turn'd cold,
"Ere thou art dress'd," he said, "I shall grow old;
And if to-day thou trifle thus, to-morrow"—
He said no more; but sprung with silent sorrow
Into his car, and fled. Such haste was wrong;
But young men's passions are perverse and strong.
His hurry did no good;— and those who marry
Should ne'er fall out with things that make them tarry.
Yet a few hours,— even though impatient,— he
Had been rewarded. 'Twas exactly three,
Three in the morning, when the lovely lady
Dress'd for the altar— all adorn'd and ready.

DMÓCHOWSKI.

FRANCIS XAVIER DMÓCHOWSKI was born in the year 1762, in the province of Podlasie. He attended the school of the fathers Piiars, and in 1778 joined the order, and was employed as teacher in Radom, Łomża, and Warsaw. He then lived with Kołontaj, through whose influence he obtained a parsonage at Koło. Dmóchowski was very active during the great Diet, and published "The Official Gazette" up to the 1st of November, 1794. Having left Poland to travel in foreign countries he did not return till 1800, when he was married to an estimable lady, Isabélla Mikorska, and they published during the following five years a literary review. He translated Homer's "Iliad," Milton's "Paradise Lost," and Virgil's "Æneid," as also letters and satires of Horace. His funeral oration on the death of Archbishop Krasicki is one of the finest efforts of the kind. He died in 1808.

In the year 1826 the miscellaneous writings of Dmóchowski were published at Warsaw in two volumes. Dmóchowski has rendered great services to Polish literature, and in fact he was counted among the most distinguished writers of the day. His verse is very smooth and harmonious, and we may justly add that he greatly contributed toward the spread of literary knowledge among the masses. He lived long enough to see several editions of his works, which serves as a proof of his popularity as a writer of those days, for he has indeed left an indelible impression upon the pages of Polish literature. During his whole life Dmóchowski endeavored to be useful in the cause of literature and national advancement.

CRACOW'S ENVIRONS.

Dear to my heart is every spot of earth
On Poland's bosom, where her sons had birth.
For me, on Cracow's fair surroundings fall
A charm, which makes them loveliest of all!
At every turn, where'er the footstep strays,
So many souvenirs arrest the gaze;
So many records of the past which tell
Of Poland's day of glory ere she fell.

CASTLE OF OYCOW.

Ye who have wandered thro' each foreign land
Have marked the Seine and Tiber's silver course,
And raised the eye to Alpine summits grand,
Should ye not blush to seek for beauty's source
In other countries than your own? Behold
Where scenes as beautiful arrest the eyes
In Oycow's groves and forests manifold —
Its river's flow, its rocks that grandly rise!

MINASOWICZ.

JOSEPH DIONISIUS MINASOWICZ (b. 1798, d. 1849). In this distinguished litterateur we find two talents combined, which are considered as diametrically opposite to each other, to wit, *Law* and *Poetry*—a combination of a similar kind is seldom found in one and the same individual. While a professor in the University of Warsaw he was a learned expounder of the history of the Roman and commercial law, and then again he appears before the world as an elegant poet and a translator of Schiller's works, which difficult task he accomplished most successfully. Many of his fugitive pieces are written with peculiar correctness of style and elegance of expression. All of his works were published at Leipsic, 1844. Mr. Minasowicz was a man of refinement, generous disposition, and a profound scholar.

THE MAIDEN AND THE ROSE.

I the strong resemblance see
Between a blooming rose and thee;
Yet when the charms of both I view
My fancy gives the wreath to you.
The rose its loveliness displays
At most a few short passing days,
Then fades—as I behold it now,
And it will shortly die. Whilst thou,
The theme of my poetic strain,
Unchanged forever shalt remain!

WHAT YOU ARE.

(WRITTEN WHEN A LAD.)

The flower stays in the same place
And hardly moves at all,
Waits for the rain to wet its face,
Till wind the dust makes fall.

But who is blessed with legs can flee,
Swiftly and with power
Can run; so, O God, I thank Thee
I am not a flower.

And animals have legs also,
As our dog has — our Tray;
But they such converse must forego
As folk may use alway.

Between a goose and sheep tell me
How converse could be brought?
Impossible! I thank Thee, God,
An animal I'm not.

No animal — a man am I,
Language can hear and heed —
Can send my happy prayer on high,
And also I can read.

My elders know in great degree,
And in a few years' span
I'll be like them. God, I thank Thee
That I was born a man!

FELIŃSKI.

ALOIZY FELSIŃKI, the celebrated translator of Derrida, left after him a historical drama entitled "Barbara Radziwił," the appearance of which awakened a desire in all the poets of that time to study history. This famous drama was rendered with such great adherence to historical truth, such consummate knowledge of manners, customs, and traditions, that it created the greatest admiration in the public mind. Feliński was a poet who was capable of infusing into his Tragedy of Barbara more nationality than any of his contemporaries. On that account Barbara Radziwił will ever remain a lasting monument of Polish literature. He was also the author of a "Dissertation on Orthography." In his epoch Feliński was considered as the brightest literary star.

Feliński was born in 1771, at Luck, in the province of Volhynia. He went to school in Dombrowice, established by the Order of Piiars, and in 1790 became an intimate friend of Thaddeus Czacki, the great friend of learning. In the revolution of Kosciuszko he was that chieftain's aid. After the war he spent some time in Germany, and on his return to Poland he settled in the village of Osow, where he resided till 1815. In that year he came to Warsaw, where he was called to the professorship of literature. In 1819 he became the director of the Lyceum of Krzemieniec, as also the professor of literature. He died in 1820.

POLISH NATIONAL HYMN.

"BOŻE COŚ POLSKĘ."

O Lord, thou hast to Poland lent thy might,
And with a Father's strong, protecting hand

Hast given fame and all its glory bright,
 And through long ages saved our fatherland.
 We chant at thy altars our humble strain,
 O Lord, make the land of our love free again!

Thou who in Nature's deepest gloom inspired
 The strife to save the holy cause from shame,
 The world's esteem for our brave deeds desired,
 And filled it with our glory and our fame.
 We chant at thy altars our humble strain,
 O Lord, make the land of our love free again!

Renew, O Lord, we pray, her old renown!
 Make rich her soil,—life to her fields convey,
 With happiness and peace our future crown;
 O angry God, grant us this boon we pray!
 We chant at thy altars our humble strain,
 O Lord, make the land of our love free again!

Not long our freedom has been lost, but flows
 In rivers, blood which heroes' hearts outpour;
 How bitter, then, the sufferings of those
 Whose liberty is lost forevermore!
 We chant at thy altars our humble strain,
 O Lord, make the land of our love free again!

O gracious Lord! whose mighty hand doth hold
 The scales of justice o'er world's rulers vain,
 Crush out unholy aims of tyrants bold
 And hope awake in our poor souls again.
 We chant at thy altars our humble strain,
 O Lord, make the land of our love free again!

Thou, holy Lord! thy wond'rous might we praise,
 Oh may it freedom's blissful sun restore,
 On Polish soil the tower of peace upraise
 Which foes shall tremble and recoil before!
 We chant at thy altars our humble strain,
 O Lord, make the land of our love free again!

O Lord! who rules o'er all the wide world hath,
 At thy command we raised from dust may be;
 If in the future we deserve thy wrath
 Turn us to dust—but let that dust be free!
 We chant at thy altars our humble strain,
 O Lord, make the land of our love free again!

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF BARBARA RADZIWIŁ.

ISABELLA, SISTER OF SIGISMUND AUGUSTUS, TO BORATYŃSKI.

Yes, she has all my friendship, I glory in that truth,
 She was a most beloved companion of my youth;
 When I felt life a burden and fainted 'neath its weight,
 She was the first to show me life's joys were also great.
 When the czar with all the power of the East and North
 To blot out the Polish Nation drew his dread sword forth,
 Her sire hastening to his post at the army's head,
 To Lithuania's frontiers whence his duty led,
 To risk the doubtful issue of a battle, all knew
 Must be fierce and final, in my presence bade adieu
 To Sigismund, the king, and these were the words he said:
 " 'Tis Victory or Death, freely shall my blood be shed
 For thee and for my country a grateful offering,
 And thou shalt soon behold me a conqueror, my king,
 Or thou wilt never see me outside the land of souls,
 My lips shall never tell thee of the defeat of Poles;
 But let my only daughter, this favor I would crave—
 With no one to protect her,—her mother in the grave,—
 When her father, too, is lost, a father find in thee."
 Alas! the dreadful stroke, which he seemed then to foresee
 Fell heavily upon him, that warrior true and tried,
 He went, he fought with valor, he conquered, and he died.

KROPIŃSKI.

LOUIS KROPIŃSKI is placed in the first rank of Polish poets principally because of his authorship of the tragedy "Ludgarda," the incidents of which were founded upon fiction instead of historical truth. Yet it is so well written that it was compared with Barbara Radziwił of Feliński. It contains indeed many beautiful passages, but, on the whole, it reminds one that it is an imitation of French tragedies. At this present time, aside from fine poetic verses, it has no value. In its own time, however, it caused a great sensation on account of its powerful dramatic effect.

He is also the author of a novel, "Julia and Adolph, or Extraordinary Love of Two Young People on the Bank of the River Dniester." In this novel it was the purpose of the author to show that the Polish language was capable of equal harmony and expressions of the most delicate shades of feeling with any French production of a similar kind. He also composed many beautiful fugitive pieces.

Kropiński was born in Lithuania in 1767. During the reign of Stanislaus Augustus he entered the military service, and as a lieutenant-colonel participated in the battle of Maciejowice in 1794, and received in that memorable battle thirteen wounds. After that event he went to Italy, and as a true connoisseur he collected many valuable works of art, and brought them to Poland. On his return he acted as secretary of war. In 1812 he was named general of brigade, and soon after advanced to the rank of a general of division. After the end of the war he married, and gave himself up

entirely to domestic life. He was honored with the friendship of Thaddeus Czacki, and made inspector of schools and colleges. He was also a distinguished member of the "Society of the Friends of Learning" in Warsaw. Ten years before his death he became blind, and died in 1844. His "Ludgarda," written in 1809, was brought out on the stage in 1816. It was translated into German by Melish and Pol de Pollenburg (brother of the poet Vincent Pol). Goethe gave a flattering opinion of "Ludgarda." All of Kropiński's writings were published at Lemberg in 1844.

HUMAN LIFE.

As by eternal decree,
 Four seasons in the year there be,
 So has a man —
 Four seasons in life's span.

 In the spring,
 Fearless and rejoicing —
 We bask in youth's glad beam;
 Our eagle souls are like the birds:
 We sing, we soar, we fly,
 Ever loftier and more high —
 And in this joyful career,
 Sweeping through life on rapid wing,
 At errors of our sires we sneer —
 But into the same traps we spring!
 For youth has many a trap and net,
 Crag and lures its path beset.

In summer, too, it still is pleasant.
 With beams divine,
 When the bloom is most bountiful,
 The moon does shine —

Far o'er,
 We soar —
 But not so fleet
 During the heat:
 Begin we then the shade to prize,
 Within whose depths experience lies.

In autumn,
 Less bright the fields of green become —
 Leaves grow sere, and fall here and thither,
 And with them our hopes begin to wither.
 No longer gaily do we sing;
 And tears at times bedim the eye.
 Still later — 'though the sun shines high,
 And upon its rays at times
 Sends a breath of balmy climes;
 That breath reminds us of the spring,
 But ah, it is no more the same thing!
 The memory of those vanished days
 Whispers: "We ne'er will come again!"
 This thought a poignant torture has:
 No longer we do soar and sweep,
 But oft, alas! in silence weep.
 But even that season chimes
 With pleasantness at times.
 It is a sort of "talking matters over,"
 The Past, and what future time does cover;
 Chatting with friends, prospects and aims,
 This or that, the heart most dearly claims.

At last the winter reigns,
 Nature is held in frosty chains,
 And the white grass-plots
 Glisten with diamond dots,
 As if to amuse children.

But then, we can't so easily be beguiled,
 Since unlike in the spring, summer and autumn,
 By growth of green forgotten,
 Life to death seems reconciled.

We begin to complain of the present,
 And only the Past we call pleasant—

We prate,
 And ruminate;

Our senses we can scarce employ,
 Like hours the moments slowly ebb;
 And like a spider from its web,
 From stuff of flimsy make,
 Which any little wind may break,
 We draw our joy!

We exist only by a fear
 Lest something should break—
 We know not which course to steer,
 Uncertain which road to take.

Where are we to live? what does await?
 Thus by the eternal decree,
 Man's stay on earth does terminate;
 In life's fourth goes he.
 And in his journey woe betide
 Who to the realms of endless bliss
 Has not pure conscience
 For a guide!

A FRAGMENT FROM HIS ELEGY ON HEDWIGE,
 QUEEN OF POLAND.

Too soon she drained the cup of bitterness,
 Though her life's op'ning days seemed born to bless;
 And with a sadness sweet she bore each bitter grief,
 Religion was her shield, pure conscience her relief.

OSIŃSKI.

LOUIS OSIŃSKI was not only a superior poet, but also a learned *litterateur* and a distinguished orator. He was born in the province of Podlasie in 1775, and received the first rudiments of education at the institution of Piiars, at Łomza, where he endeavored to fit himself for the profession of a teacher. Unfavorable circumstances, however, connected with political changes in Poland, changed also his purpose in that respect. But he was always industrious, and never slacked in his literary pursuits.

During the Prussian government of that part of the country he published a volume of poetry which was well received by the public. But the poetical field was not the only one he traveled. He acquired great fame as an orator. His legal argument delivered before the high court in defense of Col. Siemianowski was not only very learned, but also one of the most eloquent efforts of the day. Another effort of Osiński — “Eulogy on Xavier Dmóchowski,” a distinguished Polish poet — delivered before the society of “Friends of Learning,” only increased his fame as a national orator. His command and skill in the effective use of the Polish language was considered as something extraordinary. When he lectured on literature hundreds, and we may say thousands, of the most refined and learned people listened to him with admiration.

During the existence of the “Duchy of Warsaw” he was called into the public service as a secretary in the department of justice, and subsequently as chief clerk of the court of Cassation. In 1818 he was chosen as

a professor of literature in the University of Warsaw. Osiński also published a literary journal with a Latin motto: "Omnes tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci" (Containing all the points — the useful with the pleasant).

His poetical compositions and translations of dramas and comedies, together with his lectures on literature and his eloquent orations, were published at Warsaw in 1861 and 1862. He died in 1838.

IN PRAISE OF COPERNICUS.

I.

The highest sphere of mortal glory lies
 In power to read the heavenly signs aright.
 My song is worthy of Olympian height
 To speed its flight. Urania, arise!
 The fickle power of man to me is known —
 Such little grandeur I unworthy deem.
 My thought upreaches to the star-girt throne.
 I sing COPERNICUS — the world my theme!

II.

Free from earth's fetters, following on his track
 I from unerring starry ways look back
 And measure nature's breadth. In air upheld
 These bodies by mysterious powers propelled
 Roll on, ascend, attract, and then revolve,
 The one grand end harmoniously to solve.
 Shall I not reach at last where Deity
 Himself, an august presence, guardeth space,
 And holds the countless worlds unweariedly
 Within his bosom — their abiding place!

III.

Insolent man, and perishable race!

Dust raised by pride which called the heavens its own,
And deemed that nature's aim likewise was base —

To grasp all worlds, and rear to self a throne!

O Men, mistaken, and of judgment blind!

Hath not the world recorded age on age

To man unknown, where failed the clear-eyed sage
To fathom God's unfathomable mind!

IV.

“ Must we for all high knowledge vainly pray

To Thee, O God, whose omnipotence lies

Veiled in these outspread heaven's immensities?

Rend thou from them the veiling clouds away!

Show us thy wonders! Man, though frail he be,

Moved by Thy spirit, grows more like to Thee!”

Thus spoke one man — not having any thought

Of what the envious night withheld from us.

Thus, after lapse of ages that had wrought

Their work in darkness — came COPERNICUS.

V.

Even as the power of the creating word

To nature's shapeless germs gave life and force
While all the listening void of chaos stirred,

And moved to music in harmonious course,

So in the gloom by ages darkly shed,

Kindled by Thee, Copernicus, a spark

Of truth arose — by no illusion bred —

To overcome the world's abysmal dark!

VI.

'Twas night. The pale and queenly moon arose.

Man slept, forgetful of his troubled days.

All earthly creatures breathed a calm repose
 Save one alone, who watched with upturned gaze
 From where the Baltic's welcoming shore outspread
 The wondrous course of planets overhead.
 Never had he beheld so grand a sight!
 On him a sense of glory seemed to smite.
 O hour supreme! O soul-inspiring thought!
 To crush the error by the ages wrought.

VII.

O sudden change! Is it but nature's power
 Revealing all these mysteries to his sight,
 Or changes order with the changing hour?
 Does God unseal his eyes to read aright?
 The eternal structure shines resplendently,
 Its secret workings to his gaze revealed —
 More wondrous in their grand simplicity
 Than in their vast immensity of field.

VIII.

From the unending, in a moment's space
 Nature to fairer form and stature grew.
 Behold, ye shades immortal! from your place,
 How man's exploring mind creates anew!
 O Mind, that sought creation's bound to span!
 What thoughts enchained thee — what emotions fired
 When nature's triumph, joined to that of man,
 Placed thee on heights to which thy soul aspired!
 Science! thy power o'er nature reaches wide —
 Brings close the worlds that distance separates —
 And gives to dust the fashions that abide.
 Strength and perfection on its presence waits,
 And through thy skill, as by enchantment swayed,
 The multitude of forms around us change.
 Yet sought Copernicus of thee no aid —
 His skill and vision took a higher range.

His were the inner forces that unite
To break all fetters — his the power to soar
Beyond this world of sense in upward flight
To conquer all unconquerable lore!
Higher he reached than any of his race,
And the grand problems over which he wrought
Shall in all after ages take their place
But as the consummation of his thought.

IX.

As wreck and ruin leave their trace behind
When hurricanes, that sweep in fury blind,
Level and overthrow with fearful shock
Both fragile structure and unyielding rock,
So ruin marks the ages in their flight.
Races are born and perish from the earth.
Earth changes form before the wondering sight,
Her old achievements grown of little worth.
But thou, Copernicus! whose living fame
Becomes our glory — thou shalt conquer Time,
While the unnumbered ages bear thy name
Into eternities that roll sublime!
And while the Pole around which planets flame
Performs the ponderous task by thee foreseen,
Thine own remembered — fills the space between!

JOSEPH WYBICKI.

“POLAND IS NOT YET LOST” is the most celebrated Polish historical song extant. After the third partition of Poland, in 1795, her enemies said: “There is no Poland,” but very soon after the sons of Poland, who, under the command of the renowned General Dombrowski fought in Italy, began to sing “Poland is not yet lost,” which was a strong protest against the partition of our country. That patriotic song was composed by Joseph Wybicki. General Dombrowski, the organizer of the Polish legions in Italy (born 1755, died 1818), actually entered Poland at the head of his legion in 1807, and crossed the river Warta, and thus the prediction of the song was verified.

This patriotic Polish song has been in bygone years, and is up to this day, sung all over Europe, and we may say in all parts of the habitable globe wherever a Pole is found. It is always sung with a longing cheerfulness while hope is strengthening the realization of the happy future in store for his suffering country.

Wybicki was born in 1747 near Dantzic. He took an important part in the four-years Polish Diet, in the revolution of Kosciuszko, and in 1806-7. During the existence of the Duchy of Warsaw he was a senator, and in 1818 held the high office of the supreme judge. He died in 1822. Wybicki left very interesting memoirs, which were published by Raczyński in Posen, 1840.

Many years ago the editor of this work had the song set to music and published in the city of Philadelphia.

POLAND IS NOT YET LOST.

(Jeszcze Polska nie zginęła.)

While we live she is existing,
Poland is not fallen;
We'll win with swords resisting,
What the foe has stolen.

March, march, Dombrowski,
From Italy's plain;
Our brethren shall meet us
In Poland again!

We'll cross where Warta's surging
Gloomily its waters,
With each blade from sheath emerging
Poland's foes to slaughter!
March, march, etc.

Hence unto the field of glory,
Where the life's blood's streaming;
Where with talons red and gory,
Poland's eagle's screaming!
March, march, etc.

Poland! shall the foe enslave thee
Sadly and forever;
And we hesitate to save thee?
Never, Poland, never!

March, march, Dombrowski,
From Italy's plain;
Our brethren shall meet us
In Poland again!



MICKIEWICZ.

IN YOUNGER DAYS.

MICKIEWICZ.

ADAM MICKIEWICZ, one of the greatest of Poland's poets, and indeed considered by many *the greatest* of all. Almost simultaneously with the daybreak of the morning star in Polish literature, there appeared in the firmament of poesy a pleiad of most extraordinary poetic minds. New bards stepped forward, and their songs in sounds of delightful harmony penetrated almost every corner of Poland with melodies full of feeling and ardent love of their country.

At that time, especially, circumstances surrounding the nation were at once exciting and uncertain, furnishing adequate elements, from the sources of which countless inspiring themes were drawn and sung with patriotic boldness throughout the land. And the people looked at the bards with astonishment and pride,—and well they might. They began to discover in these new creations deep and philosophic truths, though hidden in the imagery of poesy. They could see better their past, and began to unveil their future. Indeed, under these poetical figures, in perfect harmony with the national spirit, were brought to light the nation's genius and its future destiny. Thus a new and fertile evolution of Polish poetry created new bards of uncommon genius, who produced works of exalted order which will be immortal as themselves.

Mickiewicz is one of those who is indebted to this creative genius, in which he so prominently distinguishes himself, and he was fortunate enough to understand how to govern the elements of this peculiar time. His poetic conceptions, supported by reasoning

and proofs, balanced in the scales of extraordinary genius, accomplished what he wished; and hence he created a new epoch in his country's literature known as "PSEUDO-ROMANTIC." It can be said of him what was once said of Herder, "That he was the first to lift the world of Poesy on his shoulder, and that he still carries it." In their feelings of admiration the Polish people had it at the time that Mickiewicz was "called" to be the greatest creative genius of their nation, and they were right—for he had lifted them higher than they were ever before. In this respect Mickiewicz is really the representative not only of the people but also of their feelings. Happily, too, for him, that the materials for the epoch had already been prepared for him; and that he understood its spirit is shown in his "Primrose." Being as it was, it is not to be wondered at that his poetry permeated the hearts and souls of the whole people, an occurrence seldom to be met with in historical annals.

When Mickiewicz's poetry first appeared it created an unprecedented *furor*. Poetic inspiration took complete hold of the people. Everyone, and especially those possessed of fine feelings and who could understand him, read his verses with unusual enthusiasm, and committed many striking pages to memory so as to recite them to others. All felt as if they were inspired and enchanted by his poetry.

Mickiewicz exceeds all the poets in the power of phantasy and beauty of expression. It is true that he frequently indulged in allegory and mysticism, which at times are unintelligible, but it is the opinion of the masses these things did not detract an iota from their merits. His poetry is so multifarious and diverse, and written under so many different circumstances, that it

may be said there is not a branch which he had not touched and in which he did not excel.

When Mickiewicz was creating such tremendous impressions on the young men and women, there was, of course, as it generally happens in similar cases, a feeling of jealousy engendered among the amateurs of the pseudo-classic school against this innovation in poetry. The disaffected ones met at dinner circles, coffee-houses and club-rooms, to discuss and decry this new state of things gotten up without their advice and consent, but their adverse deliberations were in vain and fell harmless by the way. Even some newspapers begun severe criticisms, but the pulse of the public heart beat too strong. They could neither stifle the enthusiasm for the young and gifted bard nor their admiration for his splendid and inimitable poetic creations. But what is equally interesting to note is that these gentlemen *littérateurs* began themselves to wheel into the popular ranks, and eventually became devotedly attached to the new Pseudo-Romantic school.

Of all poetical creations of Mickiewicz as regards themes and forms which present themselves to the learned critic is a poem bearing the title "The Ancestors." The intention of this poem is ostensibly the education of philosophic thoughts in regard to man's relations to the world. His "Grażyna" is also a great poem, but relating to the incidents of olden times. "Conrad Wallenrod" is a historical poem, the subject of which is the crusade against Lithuania, exhibiting great sacrifice and love of country. "Pan Tadeusz" is a national epopee, in which Mickiewicz's genius as a poet is fully shown. "Crimean Sonnets," written under most pleasing impressions during his sojourn in that charming peninsula. "Erotic Sonnets" and

“Farys” bear a stamp of foreign climes. Mickiewicz also translated Byron’s “Giaur.” “The Book of the Polish Nation and the Pilgrimage of Its People” is written in biblical style, and very beautifully, too, because of its solemn and impressive eloquence. That was the last and the crowning labor of the poet.

The entire groundwork of Mickiewicz’s poetry is *feeling*, which, if we may thus express ourselves, he has communicated to his countrymen in a burning state; letting them know their greatness as a people, and their misfortunes, and pointing out to them a lesson. In this Mickiewicz has done, perhaps, the greatest service to his countrymen, because if a nation has no such bards they cannot possibly have a full knowledge of themselves.

Mickiewicz was born on the 24th of December, 1798, in a town called Zaosie, in Lithuania. He received the first rudiments of education with the Order of Dominicans at Nowogród (Newtown). In 1815 he entered the University of Wilno, where he contracted the most friendly and affectionate ties with Thomas Zan, a young man of rare qualities of the heart and mind. It was a happy circumstance in Mickiewicz’s life to have met young Zan (of whom we will speak under the proper head), for this young man having discovered great poetic genius, took him under a brotherly care and stimulated him to noble actions and to the unfolding of his poetic powers. The editor of this work remembers well reading in younger days this interesting incident of friendly attachment, and the impression lasted through life.

After finishing his studies in the university he was obliged to accept the professorship of Polish and Latin literature at Kowno; then he returned to Wilno again.

Even at this period (in 1822) Mickiewicz had already a great reputation as a poet, gained by his "Ballads," "Romances," "Grażyna," and the fourth part of "The Ancestors," which we mentioned above. About this time the Russian Government suspected some political irregularity among the prominent young men of Wilno, and instituted an investigation. The consequence was that over a dozen of the best and most intellectual young men were arrested and sent into the depths of Russia. Mickiewicz and Zan were among them. In 1824 he was carried to St. Petersburg, but on account of his already great fame he was well received by the educated Russians. Among many friendships contracted in the capital of Russia was one of the renowned Russian poet Puschkin. Here Mickiewicz wrote his "Ode to Youth." After a while he was transported to Odessa, and was employed in Prince Woronzow's office. Prince Woronzow, being an enlightened and polished gentleman, treated the poet with much kindness. Here he commenced his "Conrad Wallenrod," and "Crimean Sonnets." In the year 1825 he was sent to Moscow, where he had a place in the office of the military governor, Golibyn. Here it was where, through the instrumentality of Princess Zeneida Wołkońska, the *salons* of the most distinguished families were open to him; the princess took him under her protection and procured for him from the Russian Government permission to reside at Moscow. She nursed him in sickness, and translated his poems into the Russian language. In the year 1828 he was again transferred to St. Petersburg, was well received there, and became acquainted with Alexander Humboldt. On account of his "Wallenrod" he was accused by the government, but through the influence of Princess

Zeneida received an unlimited passport to Italy, Germany, and France. His friend Olenin facilitated his journey to Cronstadt, from whence the poet sailed for Lubeck. In a few days after his departure orders were received for his arrest, but the government officials were too late.

In his travels through foreign countries he was accompanied by Odyniec, with whom he visited Berlin, Dresden, Carlsbad, and Praga, and returning to Germany he stopped at Weimar and made a visit to Goethe, who received him with great hospitality, respect and admiration. From Weimar through Rhenish provinces he returned to Switzerland, whence, through Splügen, Como, Milan, Verona, Padua, Venice, and Florence, he arrived at Rome, where he remained till May, 1830, and was received with marks of great distinction by the highest society, and invited to the "Tuesday Assemblies" at the house of Queen Hortense (mother of Napoleon III).

From Rome he visited Naples, Messina, Palermo, and lighted his cigars in the clefts of the Crater on Mount Vesuvius; later, returning by way of Rome to Switzerland, he stopped at Milan, and became acquainted with the most celebrated Italian poets, Gross, Manzoni, and Fosti. Through Lago Maggiore and Chamouni he went to Geneva, where for the first time he learned of the "July Revolution" at Paris, which he had months before predicted. Here, too, he made the acquaintance of Sigismund Krasiński, the illustrious Polish poet. Parting at this place with Odyniec, his personal friend and companion of his travels, he started for Rome. It was here and at this time that the most intimate and affectionate friendship sprung up between him and Stephen Garczyński, a

young Polish poet of great genius. In 1831 he left Rome and journeyed through Switzerland to Paris, from whence, in company of Anton Gorecki, the poet, he left for Dresden, and visited the Grand Duchy of Posen. In the same year he returned to Dresden, where he wrote his "Pan Tadeusz." In the following year he went to Geneva, where he composed the third part of "The Ancestors." It is from this place that Mickiewicz took his friend Garczynski to Avignon, where he closed his eyes in eternal sleep. He was so overcome by his friend's death that he thought of going to America and seek seclusion; but his friends dissuaded him from the idea, and he returned with them to Paris. He shortly married Miss Celina Szymanowska, a lady of great worth and many accomplishments. This interesting event occurred in 1834. From this time hence he became a husband and a father of a family, but he never again touched the strings of his lute, — at least his countrymen never heard its sounds. In 1839 he was called to the professorship of Ancient Literature at Lussanne, which in about a year he left to accept a professorship of Slavonian Literature at the College de France, in Paris, where he lectured for about four years.

It was here and about this time that he became acquainted with a certain Andrew Towiański, who pretended to possess extraordinary powers of clairvoyance, and who by strong magnetic powers exerted a great influence over the poet, but fortunately it was but for a short spell. In the early part of 1855 he lost his wife, and in June was commissioned by the French Government to proceed to Constantinople in order to investigate the condition of the Slavonic races under the Turkish Government. Armand Levy, a Hebrew,

and Henry Służalski accompanied him on this mission. After arriving at their destination they visited the camp of Sadyk Pasha (Michael Czaykowski), but inconvenient life and the prevailing cholera laid the poet on his dying bed, from which he arose only to be taken to his last resting place. His death occurred the 28th of November, 1855, in the presence of his two faithful companions and friends, Służalski and Levy. The mortal remains of the greatest poet were taken to Paris and buried in the cemetery of Montmorency. Through the endeavors and influence of Dr. Matecki, of Posen, a monument was erected to the immortal poet in 1859, executed by the artistic chisel of Stanislaus Oleszczysński, the Polish sculptor.

There are many editions of his works issued at different times and at different places, such as Wilno, Moscow, Warsaw, St. Petersburg, Paris, Posen, Leipzig, Wadowice, Thorne, etc. The most complete edition of Adam Mickiewicz's works has been published in several volumes by his children in Paris—1869.

PRIMROSE.

(Pierwiosnek.)

Scarce had the happy lark begun
 To sing of Spring with joyous burst,
 When oped the primrose to the sun —
 The golden petaled blossoms first.

I.

'Tis yet too soon, my little flower,
 The north wind waits with chilly breath;
 Still capped by snow the mountains tower,
 And wet the meadows lie beneath.

Hide yet awhile thy golden light,
 Hide yet beneath thy mother's wing,
 Ere chilly frosts that pierce and blight,
 Unto thy fragile petals cling.

PRIMROSE.

Like butterflies our moments are,
 They pass, and death is all our gain;
 One April hour is sweeter far
 Than all December's gloomy reign.

Dost seek a gift to give the gods?
 Thy friend or thy beloved one?
 Then weave a wreath wherein there nods
 My blossoms — fairer there are none.

I.

'Mid common grass within the wood,
 Beloved flower, thou hast grown,
 So simple — few have understood
 What gives the prestige all thy own.

Thou hast no hues of morning star,
 Nor tulip's gaudy turban'd crest —
 Nor clothed art thou as lilies are —
 Nor in the rose's splendor drest.

When in a wreath thy colors blend,
 When comes thy sweet confiding sense
 That friends — and more beloved than friend,
 Shall give thee kindly preference?

PRIMROSE.

With pleasure friends my buds will greet,
 They see Spring's angel in my face;
 For friendship dwells not in the heat,
 But loves with me the shady place.

Whether of Marion, beloved one,
 Worthy I am — can't tell before?
 If she but looks this bud upon,
 I'll get a tear — if nothing more!

ODE TO YOUTH.

(Oda do Młodości.)

Without soul-life but skeletons are we —
 On me, O Youth, bestow thy wings!
 To soar about this hopeless world,
 Into the regions fair to see,
 Where mind-created imagery
 Strews flowers with fancy's dew impearled,
 Arraying hope anew in life's imaginings.

Let him bowed down by weight of years,
 With brow that bears time's furrowing touch,
 See only of the world as much
 As to his dull, dim sight appears!

O Youth! above this level send
 The sunny glances of thine eye,
 And penetrate from end to end
 Humanity's immensity.

Now look below where the eternal mists unfold
 The dark expanse that chaos does o'erwhelm;
 The earth behold!

Look where above its waters dead
 A shell-clad reptile lifts its head,
 Who is himself both ship and steersman at the helm,
 Chasing the smaller elemental fry;

Once he ascends, then down again he sinks —
 The waves cling not to him, and from their clasps he shrinks;
 Then as a bubble bursts — collapsing suddenly.
 None of his life knew aught, and neither is he missed —
 It was an Egotist!

O Youth! the nectared wine of life for thee
 Is only sweet to taste when shared by others;
 As heavenly joy unites the heart, and we
 Are drawn by chords of love more closely to our brothers.

Together then unite, my friends!
 The joy of one alike on all attends —
 In union strong, and wise in frenzy's heat,
 In one all our purpose blends.
 And happy he who fails to win a name
 If by the sacrifice of self he seat
 Another on the topmost round of fame.

Unite for nobler ends!
 Though perilously steep the path,
 And violence with weakness guard the gate,
 Let violence contend alone with wrath,
 With weakness youth may strive, and striving conquer fate!

He who in childhood crushed the hydra's head,
 Will later on strike the centaurs down,
 Will wrest from hell its dead;
 Then soaring up, win laurels for his crown!
 Will strain his gaze beyond all human sight,
 Crush barriers that reason cannot shake.

O Youth! thy course is as the eagle's flight,
 Thy strength like thunderbolts that round him break!

Then shoulder to shoulder linked, as by one common chain,
 This earthly globe we will surround,
 And in one focus drawn of thought profound
 One purpose and one end maintain!
 Earth! move from thy foundations old,
 To the progression of our thought,
 And breaking through the crust that time has wrought,
 Let germs of greener years unfold!

As in the region of chaotic night,
 Where warring elements contended,

'Mid whirlwind's roar and torrent's thundering call,
 To the "Be thou" of God's creating might,
 A living world sprung up, and over all
 Illuming stars ascended!

So darkness in the realm-soul prevails,
 The elements of will are still at war;
 But love's breath of living fire
 Behold the spent life unveils!
 Through which youth's heart conceiving shall aspire,
 Joined by eternal bonds forever more!

The icy clod revivifies,
 With light prejudice disappears.
 Arise, O star of freedom, rise!
 The morning of Redemption's near!

NEW YEAR'S WISHES.

The old year is dead, and from its ashes blossoms bright
 New Phoenix, spreading wings o'er the heavens far and near;
 Full of hopes and wishes, earth salutes it with delight.
 What should I for myself desire on this glad New Year?

Say, happy moments! . . . I know these lightning flashes
 swift,

When they the heavens open and gild the wide earth o'er,
 We wait the assumption till the weary eyes we lift
 Are darkened by a night sadder than e'er known before.

Say, 'tis love I wish! . . . that youthful frenzy full of bliss
 Bears one to spheres platonic — to joys divine I know.
 Till the strong and gay are hurled down pain's profound
 abyss,

Hurled from the seventh heaven upon the rocks below.

I have dreamed and I have pined. I soared and then I fell.
 Of a peerless rose I dreamed, and to gather it I thought,

When I awoke. Then vanished the rose with dream's bright
spell —

Thorns in my breast alone were left — Love I desire not!

Shall I ask for friendship? . . . that fair goddess who on earth
Youth creates? Ah! who is there who would not friend-
ship crave?

She is first to give imagination's daughter birth.

Ever to the uttermost she seeks its life to save.

Friends, how happy are ye all! Ye live as one, and hence

Ever the self-same power has o'er ye all control,

Like Armida's palm whose leaves seemed separate elements

While the whole tree was nourished by one accursed soul.

But when the fierce and furious hail-storms strike the tree,

Or when venomous insects poison it with their bane,

In what sharp suffering each separate branch must be

For others and itself. . . . I desire not friendship's pain!

For what, then, shall I wish, on this New Year just begun?

Some lovely by-place — bed of oak — where sweet peace
descends,

From whence I could see never the brightness of the sun,

Hear the laugh of enemies, or see the tears of friends?

There until the world should end, and after that to stay

In sleep which all my senses against all power should bind,

Dreaming as I dreamt my golden youthful years away,

Love the world — wish it well — but away from human-
kind.

TO M——.

“Precz z oczu moich — posłucham od razu.”

Hence from my sight! — I'll obey at once.

Hence from my heart! — I hear and understand.

But hence from memory? Nay, I answer, nay!

Our hearts won't listen to this last command!

As the dim shadows that precede the night
 In deepening circles widen far and near,
 So when your image passes from my sight
 It leaves behind a mem'ry all too dear.

In every place — wherever we became
 As one in joy and sorrow that bereft —
 I will forever be by you the same,
 For there a portion of my soul is left.

When pensively within some lonely room
 You sit and touch your harp's melodious string,
 You will, remembering, sigh in twilight's gloom
 "I sang for him this song which now I sing."

Or when beside the chess-board — as you stand
 In danger of a checkmate — you will say,
 "Thus stood the pieces underneath my hand
 When ended our last game — that happy day!"

When in the quiet pauses at the ball
 You, sitting, wait for music to begin,
 A vacant place beside you will recall
 How once I used to sit by you therein.

When on the page that tells how fate's decree
 Parts happy lovers, you shall bend your eyes;
 You'll close the volume, sighing wearily.
 'Tis but the record of our love likewise.

But if the author after weary years
 Shall bid the current of their lives reblend,
 You'll sit in darkness, whispering through your tears,
 "Why does not thus our story find an end?"

When night's pale lightning darts with fitful flash
 O'er the old pear tree, rustling withered leaves
 The while, the screech-owl strikes your window-sash,
 You'll think it is my baffled soul that grieves.

In every place — in all remembered ways
 Where we have shared together bliss or dole —
 Still will I haunt you through the lonely days.
 For there I left a portion of my soul.

(From the "Improvisation.")

A MOMENT AND A SPARKLE.

What is my life?
 Ah! but a moment short as a sigh!
 What is my feeling?
 Ah! but a sparkle soon to die!
 Whence comes the little man that plays such mighty part?
 From a sparkle!
 What'll be the time that'll crush my thoughts and my heart?
 But a moment!
 And those thunders that shall to morrow roar
 To-day what are they? But a sparkle!
 What are the world's events of years, and my lore?
 But a moment!
 What was He then when in his bosom held this world?
 But a sparkle!
 What'll be the time when all will crash and be hurled
 Into the abyss of forgetfulness?
 But a moment!

(From the "Ancestors.")

She is fair as a spirit of light
 That floats in the ether on high,
 And her eye beams as kindly and bright,
 As the sun in the azure-tinged sky.
 The lips of her lover join hers
 Like the meeting of flame with flame,
 And as sweet as the voice of two lutes,
 Which one harmony weds the same.

(From "Paris.")

No palms are seen with their green hair,
 Nor white-crested desert tents are there;
 But his brow is shaded by the sky
 That flingeth aloft its canopy;
 The mighty rocks lay now at rest,
 And the stars move slowly on heaven's breast.

(From the same.)

My Arab steed is black —
 Black as the tempest cloud that flies
 Across the dark and mutt'ring skies,
 And leaves a gloomy track.
 His hoofs are shod with lightning's glare,
 I give the winds his flowing mane,
 And spur him smoking o'er the plain,
 And none from earth or heaven dare,
 My path to chase in vain.
 And as my barb like lightning flies,
 I gaze upon the moonlit skies,
 And see the stars with golden eyes,
 Look down upon the plain.

FATHER'S RETURN. (A BALLAD.)

(Powrót Taty.)

Go, children, all of you together,
 To the pillar upon the hill,
 And there before the miraculous picture
 Kneel and pray with a fervent will.

Father returns not. Mornings and evenings
 I await him in tears, and fret.
 The streams are swollen, the wild beasts prowling,
 And the woods with robbers beset.

The children heard, and they ran together
To the pillar upon the hill;
And there before the miraculous picture
Knelt and prayed with a fervent will.

“Hear us, O Lord! Our father is absent,
Our father so tender and dear.
Protect him from all besetting danger!
Guide him home to us safely here!”

They kiss the earth in the name of the Father,
Again in the name of the Son.
Be praised the name of the Trinity holy,
And forever their will be done.

Then they said Our Father, the Ave and Credo,
The Commandments and Rosary too;
And after these prayers were all repeated,
A book from their pockets they drew.

And the Litany and the Holy Mother
They sang while the eldest led —
“O Holy Mother,” implored the children,
“Be thy sheltering arms outspread!”

Soon they heard the sound of wheels approaching,
And the foremost wagon espied.
Then jumped the children with joy together.
“Our father is coming!” they cried.

The father leaped down, his glad tears flowing,
Among them without delay.
“And how are you all, my dearest children?
Were you lonesome with me away?”

“And is mother well — your aunt and the servants?
Here are grapes in the basket, boys.”
Then the children jumped in their joy around him,
Till the air was rent with their noise.

“Start on,” the merchant said to the servants,
“With the children I will follow on;”
But while he spoke the robbers surround them,
A dozen, with sabers drawn.

Long beards had they, and curly moustache,
And soiled the clothes they wore,
Sharp knives in their belts and swords beside them,
While clubs in their hands they bore.

Then shrieked the children in fear and trembling,
And close to their father clung,
While helpless and pale in his consternation,
His hands he imploringly wrung.

“Take all I have!” he cried; “take my earnings,
But let us depart with life.
Make not of these little children orphans,
Or a widow of my young wife.”

But the gang, who have neither heard nor heeded,
Their search for the booty begin.
“Money!” they cry, and swinging their truncheons,
They threaten with curses and din.

Then a voice is heard from the robber captain,
“Hold! hold! with your plundering here!”
And releasing the father and frightened children,
He bids them go without fear.

To the merchant then the robber responded:
“No thanks — for I freely declare
A broken head you had hardly escaped with,
Were it not for the children’s prayer.

“Your thanks belong to the children only;
To them alone your life you owe.
Now listen, while I relate to you briefly
How it came to happen, and go.

“I and my comrades had long heard rumors
Of a merchant coming this way;
And here in the woods that skirt the pillar
We were lying in wait to-day.

“And lying in wait behind the bushes,
The children at prayer I heard.
Though I listened at first with laugh derisive,
Soon to pity my heart was stirred.

“I listened, and thoughts of my home came to me;
From its purpose my heart was won.
I too have a wife who awaits my coming,
And with her is my little son.

“Merchant, depart — to the woods I hasten —
And children, come sometimes here,
And kneeling together beside this pillar
Give me a prayer and a tear!”

CHILDE HAROLD'S FAREWELL TO HIS NATIVE
LAND.

(FROM LORD BYRON.)

I.

Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight:
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native land — good night!

II.

A few short hours and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall:
My dog howls at the gate.

III.

Come hither, hither, my little page,
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
Our ship is swift and strong;
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along.

POŻEGNANIE CHILDE HAROLDA.

(Z LORDA BYRONA.)

Tłómaczył ADAM MICKIEWICZ.*

I.

Bywaj mi zdrowy, kraju kochany!
 Już w mglistej nikniesz pomroce;
 Swisnęły wiatry, szumją bałwany
 I morskie ptactwo swiegoce.
 Dalej za słońcem gdzie jasną głowę
 W zachodnie pogrąża piany —
 Tym czasem słońce bywaj mi zdrowe
 Bywaj zdrów kraju kochany!

II.

Za kilka godzin rożane zorze
 Promieńmi błysznie jasnemi:
 Obaczę niebo, obaczę morze
 Lecz niezobaczę mej ziemi.
 Zamek, na którym brzmiało wesele,
 Wieczna żałoba pokryje;
 Na wałach dzikie porośnie ziele
 U wrót pies wierny zawyje.

III.

Pojdź tu mój pażiu-pażiu mój miły,
 Co znaczą te łzy i żale?
 Czyli cię wichrów zdąsane szwały,
 Czy morskie lękają fale?
 Rozwesel oko, rozjasnij czoło!
 W dobrym okręcie, w pogodę —
 Lotny nasz sokoł nie tak wesoło
 Iak my polecim przez wodę.

*Translated by Adam Mickiewicz.

IV.

“Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
 I fear not wave nor wind;
 Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
 Am sorrowful in mind;
 For I have from my father gone,
 A mother whom I love,
 And have no friends save these alone,
 But thee — and One above.

V.

“My father bless'd me fervently,
 Yet did not much complain;
 But sorely will my mother sigh
 Till I come back again.”
 Enough, enough, my little lad,
 Such tears become thine eye;
 If I thy guileless bosom had,
 Mine own would not be dry.

VI.

Come hither, hither, my stanch yeoman,
 Why dost thou look so pale?
 Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
 Or shiver at the gale?
 “Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
 Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
 But thinking on an absent wife
 Will blanch a faithful cheek.

VII.

“My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
 Along the bordering lake,
 And when they on their father call,
 What answer shall she make?”—

IV.

“ Niech fala szumi, niech wicher głośzy,
 Niedbam pogoda czy słota:
 Te łzy wyciska z głębi mej duszy
 Nie bojaźń ale tęsknota.
 Bo tam mój stary ojciec zostanie,
 Tam matka zostanie droga,
 Tam wszyscy moi prócz ciebie, panie
 Prócz ciebie tylko i Boga.

V.

Ojciec spokojnie mię błogosławił,
 Nie płacze ańi narzeka;
 Lecz matka którąm we łzach zostawił,
 Z jakąż tęsknotą naz czeka?”
 Dość, dość, mój pażiu! te łzy dziecinne
 Zrenicy twojej przystoją;
 Gdybym miał równie serce niewinne,
 Widziałbyś we łzach i moją.

VI.

Pojdź tu mój giermku, giermku mój młody!
 Skąd ci ta bladeść na twarzy?
 Czy rozhukanej lękasz się wody,
 Czyli francuzkich korsarzy?
 “ O nie Haroldzie! niedbam o życie,
 Niedbam o losów igrzyska:
 Alem zostawił żonę i dziecię
 To mi łzy z oczu wyciska.

VII.

Żona na końcu twójgo sioła,
 W zielonej mieszka dąbrowie;
 Gdy dziecię z płaczem ojca zawoła
 Coż mu nieszcześna odpowie?”

Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
 Thy grief let none gainsay;
 But I, who am of lighter mood,
 Will laugh to flee away.

VIII.

For who would trust the seeming sighs
 Of wife or paramour?
 Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes
 We late saw streaming o'er.
 For pleasures past I do not grieve,
 Nor perils gathering near;
 My greatest grief is that I leave
 No thing that claims a tear.

IX.

And now I'm in the world alone,
 Upon the wide, wide sea;
 But why should I for others groan,
 When none will sigh for me?
 Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
 Till fed by stranger's hands;
 But long ere I come back again
 He'd tear me where he stands.

X.

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
 Athwart the foaming brine;
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
 So not again to mine.
 Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!
 And when you fail my sight,
 Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves!
 My native land — good night!

Dość, dość mój giermku! słuszna twa żalność;
 Ia choć tej ganić niemogę,
 Mniejszą mam czułość, czy większą stałość:
 'Smiejąc się puszczałam się w drogę!

VIII.

Kochanki, żony płacz mię niewzruszy —
 Bo nim zabłyśnie poranek,
 Z błękitnych oczu te łzy osuszy
 Nowy mąż, nowy kochanek —
 Nieżał mi ziemi gdzieś młodość strawił,
 Nie straszne podróże wodne;
 Załuję tylko żem niezostawił
 Nic coby było łez godne.

IX.

Teraz po swiecie błędzę szerokim,
 I pędzę życie tułacze;
 Czegoż mam płakać zakim i pokim
 Kiedy nikt pomnie nie płacze?—
 Pies chyba tylko zawyje z rana,
 Nim obcą karmiony ręką,
 Kiedyś swojego dawnego pana
 Wsciekłą powita paszczką.

X.

Iuż okręt piersią kraje głębinę,
 I żagle na wiatr rozwinął;
 Niedbam ku jakim brzegom popłynę
 Bylebym nazad niepłynął,
 Gdy mnie twe jasne znudzą kryształy,
 Ogromna modra płascyzno,
 Powitam lasy, pustynie, skały —
 Bądź zdrowa luba Ojczyzno!

BRODZIŃSKI.

CASIMIR BRODZIŃSKI is one of the poets who appeared on the stage at the outset of this period. He cast his searching eye upon the just expiring century and felt in his heart the voice calling for a new state of things. His elaborate ideas, combined with deep reflections, he transferred into a charming world of poesy. He argued the whole thing out, and gave his feelings a tangible and poetic form. His talent was not of the flashy kind, but rather retiring and modest, resembling the light of the morning star casting upon the world its soft, sad, and longing rays; but this light was not seen nor understood by all; he shared the common lot of all creative minds, and of those who wished to implant new ideas into the popular heart. The public admired him; men of letters appreciated him for his artistic skill; it was acknowledged that his dissertations were full of rendition; but the masses were deaf to Brodziński's voice, — it failed to make any impression on their minds. In a short time he was as it were completely forsaken by them, and he became as a target to be fired upon by the youth of Poland. A mistaken and ill-advised impression was spread that in his works were concealed dangerous elements. Thrust aside, found fault with, he was almost forgotten. But the revolution of 1830 lifted him up at once. Heaven granted him a gift of looking far into the future. Brodziński's poetic genius did not lift him into the empyrean spheres; it did not carry him beyond the limits of the occasion; but every one can see that his feelings are not constrained; that honesty of purpose and a yearning feeling

knocks gently at the heart of others. His preponderant ability was in his inquiring mind, which carefully reveals the unknown road, working cautiously around, consulting his own judgment, and profiting by the experience of others. Being well acquainted with German literature, he preferred to look there for examples to cultivate his own talent; but above all, while fathoming the popular songs and the characteristics of the Slavonian peoples to correctly delineate the national spirit of Slavonian poetry seemed to be his chief aim. But this innovation caused in those days great opposition, especially among the votaries of Laharpe and Boileau, who considered themselves as infallible judges of every unfolding talent. Brodziński suffered patiently all sorts of personal taunts, and while forgetting himself he did not cease defending the cause. He published a highly interesting dissertation on Classicism and Romanticism, which was printed at Warsaw. This dissertation proved to be a species of watch-word for a subsequent stormy literary war, which gave the contending parties two separate names, to wit: Classicists and Romanticists. Brodziński very modestly put himself on the neutral ground, and would not participate in this polemic struggle; but by occasional publication of his poetical compositions in the "Review," and finally by publishing them in a volume (1821-2), subdued all prejudiced minds, and favorably inclined them toward his innovations in the literature of his country, at the same time opening a way to a complete reform, not only in the art of writing itself, but also in the conceptions necessary to the innovation. These innovations and conceptions were taken up by another genius, and very soon after put into practice.

Brodziński's poetical compositions breathed like the gentle breezes of the wind, which seemed to send into the popular heart a new life; it was a genuine national breath, awakening in poetry pure native feeling and turning attention to the land of our birth — its inherent qualities and its beauties; he chose for his images simple and more accessible objects, — rural life and scenery, and beautifully painted their simplicity, their innocence and charms.

Thus is his "Wiesław" planned. It is like the first flowers in the spring, which are not the prettiest in outward appearance, — but then one of these is the violet, and who plucked the first violet in our literature was the first to welcome the spiritual spring of the nation. "Wiesław" is the most beautiful pastoral, — the most charming rural epopee, — and after its publication it created a sensation such as no other poem ever created before. The youth of the country could repeat it by heart, and even to this day the poem is known and loved by all classes. It was welcomed at its first appearance as a harbinger of a bright star of future poetry which was to rise over the whole Polish nation. This "Wiesław," singing forth with the accompaniment of a country fiddler, the Cracovian dancers, the bride-men, the para-nymphs, came out with charms unknown before. If Brodziński had not written anything else but that, it alone would have contributed greatly to the Polish literature, and would have placed him in the first ranks of Polish poets. He infused into his poetry all the gentleness of his nature, his feeling, and his sincerity.

Brodziński was born on the 8th of March, 1791, in Galicia. In consequence of the early death of his mother, and neglected by his stepmother, he grew up

amidst rural people and rural scenes. Later he was sent to school at Lipnice. He finished the gymnasium at Tarnow, from where he ran away with his brother Andrew, and enlisted in the artillery in 1809. He served in the campaign of 1812, and the year after was wounded at the battle of Leipsic, and finally taken prisoner by the Prussians. In 1814 he was released, and returning to Warsaw he left the military service, and gave himself up to learning. At that time (1818) he wrote his dissertation "Of Classicism and Romanticism," which called out, as before mentioned, the celebrated literary war. Laboring on the committee of the department of the interior he, at the same time, gave private lessons in Polish literature. In 1821 he taught at the Lyceum, and the succeeding year was called to a professorship at the University of Warsaw. His failing health compelled him to seek milder climes, and in 1826 he left for Italy, visiting Switzerland and France. Returning again to his country he continued in his usual labors till 1829. In the following year he published "The Latin Elegies" of John Kochanowski. Falling sick again he went to the Bohemian waters, and died at Dresden on the 10th day of October, 1835.

The first collection of his poems, in two volumes, was published at Warsaw, 1821. Afterward "The Miscellaneous Writings," containing critical and æsthetic dissertations was also published at Warsaw, 1830. A complete edition of his works was published in ten volumes at Wilno, 1842-4. Besides that the translation of the tragedy of "Raynouard," Warsaw, 1819; "Latin Elegies," Warsaw, 1830; "Of Literature," in Turowski's Library, at Sanok, 1856.

THE FATHER AND HIS SON.

My son, give me my spade and plow —
To labor is our lot,
And though a lonely being now,
I'll guard our little cot.

Within the valley of thy birth
Lies armor we will raise;
'Tis hid within our native earth,
Awaiting better days.

And when I see thee draw once more
Thy father's conquering sword,
I'll dream our night of slavery is o'er,
And freedom is restored.

And oh, my son, weep not for me;
These aged hands can toil
For our support — but 'tis for thee
To guard our native soil.

My hope on God and thee depends,
And God will me reward;
My corn will grow to feed the friends
Whose swords our freedom guard.

See where yon trees their branches wave,
And shroud the church in gloom,
There, sooner than become a slave,
Thy sire will find a tomb.

And if returned from foes o'ercome,
To me be tear-drops given;
If not, thy arms must share my tomb,
And seek thy sire in heaven.

THE OLD MAN.

Young Man. Old man, tell me where to get bread.

Old Man. In early morning leave your bed,
And as the way is long and steep,
'Tis best the ploughshare's path to keep.
It will be somewhat wearisome,
But thereby health and peace will come.

Young Man. Where are your recreations here?

Old Man. No road through six days brings them near;
Through six days to your work attend;
To make a home your mind must bend,
And boldly then when earned your pelf
On Sunday you enjoy yourself.

Young Man. Where are your schools and teachers here?

Old Man. Schools and wise teachers both are near;
But you'll lose time to go and ask,—
Be giddy-headed with the task.
But for beginners, full of worth,
Are charts of sky and charts of earth;
And there is, too, Dame Nature's book,
That children learn from as they look.
People there are who lose or gain,
Whose hearts are full of joy or pain;
And they each other teach in turn,
With pluck and spirit go and learn.
Search without idleness; refrain
From asking oft. The way is plain.

Young Man. Tell me where can I find a friend.

Old Man. That great boon none but Fate can send;
With golden nets he is not caught,
With skill nor flattery is bought.
He who has found, indeed, a friend.
Whose heart with his through life may blend,
Blessed is he beyond compare!
For as the body needs the air

E'en so the true heart needs a friend,—
 He who will a few words extend,
 If they be kindly and sincere,
 Though *why*, may not to you appear.
 Time passes, and day follows day,
 Year after year will slip away;
 But still your heart will yearn for him,
 He reigns o'er you in silence dim.
 Will all your hidden troubles guess
 In fancied luck or hopelessness.
 Your friend rejoices or he grieves,
 If your devotion he receives.
 To state a truth there consequent
 To your voice let your heart be lent,
 Exclaiming: I a friend have found.

Young Man. Tell me where pleasure does abound?

Old Man. 'Tis long since from it I have heard,
 Others can tell you scarce a word.
 Something of it I knew in youth,
 Its mother was good health and truth.
 Innocence it had for a wife,
 Possessed goods many of this life;
 Except with children it is found
 'Tis vanished now from sight and sound.

Young Man. Pray tell me where's Virtue now.

Old Man. It's lying ill and very low.
 It prays for all most fervently,
 Its own reward it used to be,
 Quietly breathing its pure breath,
 But now it weeps as if for death,
 And terrible is its distress!

Young Man. Where then can I find happiness?

Old Man. In this direction it lies not,
 By every one the way is sought,
 But ah! no one knows happiness,
 And so, I think, all will confess;

In search of it they still must roam.
 You have left it in your sire's home;
 Only in God you'll find it now,
 Speak gently—teach your heart to bow.
 Seek peace in many a noble task,
 And last of all your conscience ask,
 And that will the whole story tell.

Young Man. Where does Faith about here dwell?

Old Man. If from your mother you learned not
 By children you can best be taught.
 The straightest path to it would be,—
 Not to inquire of men you see,
 Who happy seem, nor those world-wise,
 Seek if in love for all it lies
 In loving deeds and kindly thought,
 And when all else has come to naught
 It will, when troubles fast succeed,
 Itself into your succor speed,
 And to its home in safety lead.

SLANDER.

Unlucky he who stands in slander's power!
 Though great,—for worms a lion may devour.

FRIENDSHIP.

Like the morning sunbeam's shade,
 Friendship with the evil made
 Lessens every hour with time;
 As the shade of evening lengthens
 Friendship with the virtuous strengthens,
 Till the sun sinks down sublime.

WIESŁAW.*

I.

Old Stanisław came from his chamber-door,
 His wife upon his arm,—two bags he bore;
 Whence thrice a hundred florins he told o'er,
 And said, "Take these, my Wiesław, and depart;
 And bring a pair of steeds from Cracow's mart;—
 A well-matched pair.—My son was slain in fight,
 And grief and grievous age o'erpower me quite:
 I've none to trust but thee, the prop, the stay
 Of my old house. When I have pass'd away
 Be thou its head;—and if (Heaven grant the prayer!)
 My daughter e'er should win thy love, thy care,—
 Twelve years—rare beauty—thou mayst wait;—my tongue
 Must not betray my heart;—but *thou* art young."
 "Yes! yes!" cried Bronisława, "'tis for thee
 I watch and train the maiden tenderly."
 (She smoothed Bronika's cheeks while this she said;
 And deeply blushed the young and simple maid.)
 "I have no sweeter thoughts for her;—and this
 Were the full spring-tide of a mother's bliss;
 O! I was twice a mother. God above!
 Can I weep out the memory of *her* love?
 The fifth fruit scarce had blossom'd;—*she* was reft,
 And not a solitary vestige left.
 Twelve wintry winds have stripped the forest tree,
 And still her visions haunt that memory.
 When war had ravaged Poland,—when its brands
 Fired our low cots, and razed our smiling lands,—
 When even the forests perish'd in the blaze,
 And terror like a whirlwind met the gaze,
 As if all heaven were frowning;—overturn'd

* Pronounced Viesław.

Our houses; rooted up, and tore, and burn'd
Our sheltering woods;—'twas as if judgment-day
Had gather'd all its terrors o'er our way.
Midst sobs and sighs and shrieks and wailings loud,
Through the wild tempest of the fiery cloud,
Our peasants rush'd to save us; while the foe
Fed upon plunder, scattering fear and woe.
Our father's cottage in the smoke-clouds fell,—
And that beloved child,—O horrible!
That sweet, soft maiden disappear'd;—no trace
Was left;—'twas all a bare and blazing place:—
I sought her through the villages and woods:
There was no voice in all their solitudes.
No! she was lost forever! as a stone
Into th' unfathom'd trackless ocean thrown;
And I found nought but silence. Year by year
The harvest maidens wreath'd with flowers appear,—
But she appears not;—Oh! she is not there.
Heaven's will shall be Heaven's praise.—I fix'd on thee,
My son, her representative to be.
Thou wert an orphan, and of old 'twas said,
That he who housed a homeless orphan's head
Should ne'er want comfort;—and perchance my child
May yet have found a home,—and 'neath the mild
And holy smile of a maternal eye
May dwell with other children joyously.
So have I train'd thee,—so have I fulfill'd
A mother's duties,—and my grief was still'd
With thoughts that mercy should for mercy pay;
For Heaven's rewards flit o'er our earthly way
In strange and wandering light. Perchance the mound
Lies on her head o'er the dark grave profound,
While her freed spirit in the realms of rest
Sits dove-like on the Heavenly Mother's* breast;

*The Virgin Mary.

And thence by prayers and tears on our abode
 Sends down the smiles of angels and of God."
 She could no more;—her cheeks were drench'd in tears,—
 Tears,—the prompt eloquence of hopes and fears;
 Her daughter's heart seem'd bursting. Tears deny
 Their soothing influence to man's sterner eye.
 So Stanisław, whose soul was full as hers,
 Cried, "God in heaven directs weak man's affairs,—
 God, whose all-penetrating sight can rend
 The curtains of all time and space;—a friend
 And ever-present Father. None too mean
 For his regards;—he rules o'er all unseen.
 Let grief give way to pious confidence!
 Provide for Wiesław now, and speed him hence,
 And give him counsel and thy blessing;—youth
 Is ever hasty. Boy! some pledge of truth
 Thou'lt bring to thy betroth'd."—In reverence meet
 He bow'd, and then embraced the old man's feet;
 Then pass'd the threshold, grateful to high Heaven,
 Who to the orphan such kind friends had given.

II.

Sweet evening with its twilight bathed the earth,
 And lo! the gladdening sounds of village mirth
 Fell upon Wiesław's ear, as home he rode
 Upon his new-bought steeds,—the shouts were loud,
 And gay the music;—swift the horses speed:
 He saw the bride-maids sporting in the mead,
 All crown'd with myrtle garlands. Youths around
 Stamp'd their steel heels upon the echoing ground,*
 Then sprung to greet the stranger. First of all
 The *Starost* † spoke: "Tis well to claim, and call
 A stranger, friend: from Proszow welcome thou;

* To stamp with the feet is the accompaniment of the Cracowiak dance.

† The head of the wedding festival.

Despise not the kind thoughts that hail thee now.
Come, share our joys,—the joys which time and toil,
And God's good blessing, and our flowery soil
Confer;—and thou Cracovia's maids shalt see,
Their dances, dresses, and festivity.
Come, join their sports; though thou art tired, perchance
Thy weariness may fly at beauty's glance,
For thou art young." The fair Halina,—fair
As morning,—she the queen, the day-star there,
Approach'd;—she blush'd, she blush'd, but nearer drew,
And proffer'd cakes and fruits of varied hue
From her own basket:—"Stranger, deign to share
Our fruits, our bread, our unpretending fare."
The stranger's vivid eye toward her turn'd,
And with a magic smiling brightness burn'd;
Aye! from that very moment eye and soul
Were spell-bound by that simple maid's control,
And joyous sped he to the dance. The band
Of youth, with wine-fill'd goblets in their hand,
Bid him a welcome; and the Starost's word
Thus order'd:—"Let precedence be conferr'd
Upon the stranger. Let him choose the song;
Be his to lead the mazy dance along.
Let him select a maiden,—courtesy
Must on the stranger wait,—and this is he
Wiesław had seized her hand whose eye had shed
On him a heavenly influence, and he led
Halina forth,—a long and laughing train
Of youths and maidens to the music's strain
Beat their responsive feet,—and heel on heel
Like fitting shadows on the water, steal.

His hands were on his belted girdle, while
He gaily danced in that bright maiden's smile:
Into the vial silver coins he threw,
And bowing to the seated sires, anew

Struck with his foot the ground, and lower'd his head
And thus pour'd forth his music to the maid :

“ Beautiful damsel! often I
Have seen what seem'd almost divine,
But never brightness like thine eye,
But never charms, sweet maid! like thine.

“ Look on my face, and see, and see,
As my warm heart to Heaven is known,
How that fond heart would spring to thee,
And blend its passions with thine own.”

Again he led the maiden forth, and danced
Like a young god by joy and love entranced;
Again the gladdening peals of music rang,
Again he stopp'd, and bow'd, and sweetly sang :

“ O! had I known thee in the plain
Where Proszow rears his forest shades,
I should have been most blest of men,
Thou happiest of Cracovian maids.

“ The blood that flows within our veins
Can all our fond desires enthrall:
Man plants and waters, toils and pains,
But God in Heaven disposes all.”

With dancing step before the youth she flew,
With joyous ecstasy his steps pursue.
Again he takes her hand, and smiles;— again
His thrilling lips resume the raptured strain : —

“ O fly not, fly not, maid divine!
My life, my chosen one, art thou:
My heart shall be thine own bright shrine,
And never lose thine image now.

“ So in the solitary wood
 The little warbler finds its rest;
 And consecrates its solitude,
 And makes its own, its homely nest.”

Now in his turn before the maid he flies,
 And she to track his footstep gaily hies:
 He stops, and laughs;— again his lips repeat
 Words of light eloquence to music sweet :—

“ Gospodar*! I have dearly bought
 My steeds;—my money all away;—
 Perplex'd and pain'd my rambling thought
 And my poor heart is led astray.

“ But wake, O wake the song!—despair
 And darkness gather o'er my mind:
 I seek my home;— my body there
 I drag,— my soul remains behind.”

She stretch'd her hand;— again he sings,— the throng
 Of youth hangs raptured on his ardent song.
 Strike up, musicians!—'Twas too late; for they
 Had sunk to rest beneath sleep's lulling sway.
 And now Halina fled;— her blush to hide
 She sought the village matrons' sheltering side.
 And Wiesław to the Starost and to these
 Made many a bow, and utter'd courtesies;
 And many a whisper fell; and late and long
 He linger'd midst the hospitable throng;
 Linger'd until the bride-day whitening fell
 In twilight on the hills,—then said farewell!
 His ears were full of music and of mirth,
 His heart seem'd big with thoughts, yet void with dearth;
 One thought in varied imagery was there,
 One all-possessing thought,— the thought of her.

* Landlord.

III.

Wiesław o'er the field, the waste, the wood,
Sped swiftly; yet his bosom's solitude
And his love-grief were with him :— for when love
Is seated in the heart no thoughts can move,
No reason drive it thence. And now should he
Divulge his love, or fan it secretly?
He would tell all to Stanislaw. He rode
To the court-yard, and to his loved abode
Was warmly welcomed by th' expectant crowd;
Sire, mother, daughter,— some with voices loud,
And some with silent smiles. They smooth'd his horse
And tied him to the hedge; and praised of course
His bargains and his quick return. The steeds
Old Stanislaw with looks approving leads
To their appointed stall;—but first his care
Bids Bronisława homely feast prepare.
And Wiesław reach'd the cot, and seated him
Pensively. “ Art thou ill?—thine eyes are dim! ”
Inquired the anxious women. No word pass'd
His lips: he stretch'd his hand, and gave at last
A present to Bronika:—still he kept
Silence. Just then a curious neighbor stept
Over the threshold,—it was John, the seer
Of all the village, and though learned—dear:
Prudent in council he; yet free and gay,
He sway'd the peasants, but with gentlest sway:
Honest and wise in thought,—in language wise.
Yet why does gloom hang thick on Wiesław's eyes?
The father came, and all were seated round
Their sober meal;—John's jests and jokes abound.
Yet Bronisława could only dream and guess
What Wiesław's silence meant. “ O now confess,
Confess what clouds thy heart and stills thy tongue,
For gloom and silence ill become the young;

Thou'rt brooding on some grief." The words pierced thro'
His heart;—his cheeks were stain'd with roseate hue;

O'erpower'd he fell at Bronisława's feet.

"Yes! I will speak,—say all. Indeed 'tis meet
To veil no thoughts from aged friends; for they
May guide the wandering youth that walks astray,
With words of wisdom. Better I had ne'er
Left this kind home, your kindness and your care.
Content I walk'd behind your cheerful plow,
And never knew the war of grief—till now.
But man can only travel in the road,
Or smooth or rough, which is mark'd out by God.
His oracles are swift as rays of light,—
Unseen as spirit,—unopposed in night,—
I pass'd a village, where a maiden stole
My heart, and charm'd my senses and my soul,
And holds them now. My parents rest in heaven;
You to the orphan a kind home have given—
A shelter to the orphan's misery:
Yes! you unbarr'd your friendly gates to me;—
Repent not now your kindness and your love.
Ye taught me toil, and fear of God above;
And gave your only daughter, a wreath'd* bride
To hang with fondness on the orphan's side.
Even when I rock'd her in her cradle, ye
Have often said, 'That babe thy wife shall be!'—
And am I then ungrateful? Is my heart,
My obdurate heart, of stone, that thus would part,
Your hopes, my dreams? Nay! let me, let me speak,
For love is strong, and language is but weak.
Why must I grieve ye?—why my shame declare?
No longer can I claim your fostering care;
For I must dwell with strangers. Come what may,
I cannot live where that fair maid's away;—

* Wreath'd, affianced. A wreath is synonymous with a *dower*.

I hate myself; I'm useless to mankind;—
Give me your blessing. Let me leave behind
Eternal gratitude. Your blessing give;
For who beneath a patron's curse could live?
Farewell! and God shall judge us." Tears of woe
Good Bronisława's aged eyes o'erflow.
The old man bends his head,—but not t' approve,—
And utters these sad words of solemn love:
" 'Twas on thy father's death-bed that he gave
Thee to my care,—and then he sought his grave;
And from that hour I loved thee tenderly:
Yes! nothing was more dear than thou to me.
Know'st thou old age is on me; and canst thou
Leave me to struggle with its miseries now,
And rush upon life's perils?—quit the cot
Where sorrow and unkindness enter not,—
Quit every future hope?—Oh, if thou go,
Thou shalt bear with thee shame and tears and woe!
Thine is a dangerous course:—I cannot say
'God bless thee!' Stay, my best-loved Wiesław, stay!"
All wept, except the village seer. His head
He wisely shook, and thus he gaily said:
"How can the old man understand the young?
Freedom is in their heart, and on their tongue
Sweet change; tempt them with love, with riches' cares,
Still they look further,—for the world is theirs:
For them restraint is weariness and woe;
And as the spring-bird scours the meadows, so
Proud, free and gay, rejoicing in his might,
O'er rivers, woods, and cliffs he takes his flight,
Until attracted by some gentle strain
He seeks the green and leafy woods again,
And by his mate reposes. Such the laws
Which nature round the star of youth-time draws.
In vain you stop his course,—and why should he
Be check'd, when God and nature made him free!

He holds no influence o'er Bronika's doom;
 'Tis mutual love makes happy wedlock bloom;
 She is a lovely floweret, to be placed
 On some fair stranger's bosom. Father, haste
 And give thy blessing to thy son;—for each
 Should seize the bliss that grows within his reach."
 To whom old Stanislaw,—“Not so! not so!
 I cannot let my son, my Wiesław, go:
 Thou'rt full of knowledge; but thou canst not know
 A father's fondness, and a father's woe,
 When the dear object of his grief, his cares,—
 With whom he lived, and loved, and labor'd,—tears
 His heart away, and leaves a dark abode
 The once love-lighted dwelling where he trod;—
 Forgetting all — all, e'en the tears they pour'd
 In solitude,—while at a stranger's board
 The daughter sits. O no! I long had dream'd
 Of bliss to come,—and sweet and bright it seem'd
 To think her mother, when death's curtain fell
 Upon my silent grave, in peace should dwell
 In her own cottage;—but 'twas vain to build
 Such visions;—Be the will of Heaven fulfill'd!
 Go— with my blessing, Wiesław — go; let John
 Escort thee, counsel thee;—Heaven's will be done!
 Go to thy loved one's dwelling. If the maid
 And the maid's friends consent love's wreaths to braid,
 Then bring her hither;—John thy guide shall be,*
 And she be welcomed when betroth'd to thee.”

So John and Wiesław left their home at length:
 And Wiesław, sped by love and youthful strength,
 Flew o'er the mountains, through the fields and dells,

* Among the peasantry it is the custom in Poland for the young man who asks a maid in marriage to take the most venerable of his friends to plead for him. He is called the *Swat*. The ceremony of betrothing follows, and rings are pledged in exchange.

And reach'd the dwelling where the maiden dwells;
 While thus beneath her window, where they stood,
 Their strains of music on her ear intrude:

“The beds are cover'd with flowerets sweet,
 And rue and rosemary bloom in pride;
 A garland lies in the window-seat,
 And a maid walks forth to be a bride.

“A youth from a distant land will come,
 And soon to the maiden's parents speak;
 The daughter will pluck the flowers that bloom,
 And swiftly another mother seek.

“O rosemary! wear thy gems of blue,
 And garland once more the maiden's brow;
 And wake again, thou emerald rue,
 For none shall water thy springing now.

“The cottage is neat, though poor it be,
 The blessing of God beams bright on care,
 The magpie cries on the old elm tree,
 And the maid in her morning robes is there.

“Awake, and open!—the guests draw nigh,
 O welcome them in a day like this;
 Receive the strangers cordially,
 They come to shed and to share in bliss.”

The mother from her spindle rose, and drew
 The bolt,—the creaking door wide open flew;
 Old John and youthful Wiesław entered then,—
 Wiesław of giant height and noble mien,
 Whose head reach'd e'en the ceiling. Jadwicz said,
 “Welcome, our guests! Sit down and rest, and spread
 The news ye bring.” Next came the bright-eyed maid,
 Blushing, yet bending like a flower that's weigh'd

By heavy dews. John hail'd her: "Maiden, stay!
Those rosy cheeks an old man's toils shall pay."
Then she blush'd deeper, and from Wiesław took
His traveling-basket, and his traveling-crook
From the good sire;—she drew the settle near,
And bid them rest; while whispering in her ear
Jadwicz gave speedy orders: "Light the hearth,
Prepare the meal." While with a smile of mirth
The old man said, "I would not now transgress
The customs of our fathers,—I confess
I love old usages;—so with your leave,
An ye will lend your goblets, and receive
A draught from our own flagon, I will pledge
My landlady, for wine gives wit its edge;
It cheers and it emboldens; tears the veil
That hides the heart, and bids us see and feel:
And, as when children in the crystal brook
Upon their own, their very image look,—
So the red wine's the mirror where we see
Our very souls. The honey-gathering bee
Is a bright emblem of our cares; he goes
Busy o'er all-providing earth, and shows
What order, care and zeal can do;—in spring,
From fragrant flowers and orchards blossoming
To his hive brothers bears the gather'd stores:
So in his maiden's lap the fond youth pours
His passions, his affections. How sincere
Is the pure offering of a villager,
Who offers honest, ardent love! The bee
Its emblem,—labor,—concord,—purity."
The mother reach'd the goblets. John's discourse
Delighted all; for in it shone the force
Of a clear intellect, which God had given.
He had bound many ties, and had made even
Many strange odds;—at every wedding feast
He was the *Starost*, and of course the guest:

And hundred children call'd him "Father"; he
 Call'd every happy home his family;—
 And he was always welcome. Now he took
 The goblet in his hand, and o'er it shook
 The liquid honey.* "Take it, gentle maid!
 It grew in distant fields," he smiling said:
 "Take it, for thou deservest all that's sweet
 And beautiful in life." Her glances meet
 Her mother's eye, and with averted look
 'Neath her white apron hid,† the maiden took
 One solitary drop. The rest old John
 Drank to the dregs;— while like a summer dawn
 That brightens into light with blushing hue,
 The maiden stood; and the old man anew
 Thus said: "The maiden's silence speaks; and now
 I'll turn me to her mother:—Wayward youth,
 Both blind and passionate, wants our guide: in truth
 It cannot penetrate futurity,
 But hangs on love, and trusts to destiny.
 Let's lead them then,— they wander far astray;
 We'll take their hands, and guide them on their way,
 And watch their happiness,— foresee, control
 Their path; and God, who watches o'er the whole,
 Will turn all ill to good.—You see the son
 Of honest sires,— though they, alas! are gone,
 And sleep beneath the turf;— yet other sires
 Have, pity-touch'd, fann'd all affection's fires,
 And taught him virtue. They have given him food;
 Trained him, an orphan, to be wise and good;

* Mead is a national beverage of the Poles, and has been so for many centuries. The best is made in the month of July, when the lime trees are in flower, at which period the honey is called *Lipiec*. Kowno, on the banks of the Niemen, is particularly renowned for its honey.

† The Polish peasants, as a general thing, always turn away and cover their faces when they drink in the presence of others.

To labor, to obey them,— in the fear
 Of God and duty. He became so dear,
 They call'd him 'Son'; they made him jointly heir;
 And well he has repaid their pious care.
 Their harvests go not from the scythe to seek
 The tavern;— Sunday wastes not what the week
 Has earn'd;— God's blessing smiles upon their way.
 Rich wheat is gather'd from their cultured clay;
 Their fields are white with sheep, and full their stall.
 They have four steeds that bear to Cracow all
 The produce of their land.— From them I come.
 And ask yon maid to decorate their home
 Her Wiesław saw, and seeing, flew and pray'd
 Their sanction to espouse that blushing maid.
 And Stanislaw has sent me to demand
 From thee, from her, the lovely damsel's hand.
 He said: 'Go bring her here; his guide be thou;
 She shall be welcome if she love him now.'
 Now, mother, thou hast heard me. Give the maid,
 And heaven shall blessings with new blessing braid
 I'll praise the youth, though he be here,— though praise
 Too oft beguiles us, and too oft betrays.
 They deem too easily to win their end;
 And counsel hurts, and kind reproofs offend.
 Wiesław was modest and laborious; still
 He sometimes was a Szpak* and had his will;
 He once stopp'd even the Wojewode: his delight
 Has been to revel in an inn at night;
 And he has driven (O sin!) th' imperial troops,
Cesarские Woiaiki † thence; and at the loops
 And sandals of the wandering highlanders ‡
 He grinn'd and laugh'd till his mouth reach'd his ears.
 He was a sad wild fellow, but he grew

* Starling, a bold, noisy fellow

† Austrian soldiers.

‡ Gorale, the mountaineers of Carpatia.

With time both wiser and sedater too:
For as in spring the swelling stream rolls by,
Foams, dashes o'er its borders furiously,
Then flowing further glides serenely on,
So youth is gay and wild till youth is gone;
Till, taught by thick anxieties and years,
It sheds the excess of blossoms which it bears,
And, shaken by the winds of want and woe,
Its flowers drop off upon the sod below.
And he has known the smiles and frowns of Heaven;
To him has sorrow all its lessons given;
And now, to crown his blessings, he requires
A good and steady wife; and his desires
Upon Halina dwell. With her the rest
Of life shall all be tranquillized and bless'd.
My mission is discharged.— Behold my son!
Give a kind ear to Wiesław; — I have done.”
The observant maiden stood aside, and traced
Each shadowing thought and secret jest that pass'd
Across the good man's mind and countenance.
He could not, would not, wound her; for his glance
Had watch'd the influence of each playful word.
But Wiesław bow'd in silence, and he pour'd
A stream of suppliant tears, that said “Forbear!”
Then there was silence,— silence everywhere,—
Till a full torrent o'er Halina's cheeks
Pour'd, as when many a pregnant spring-cloud breaks
Over the Vistula, and flowers are dew'd
With freshen'd joy; while the bright sun renew'd,
Towers glorious o'er the mountains. So the eyes
Of the fond children sparkled. With surprise
And with delight the mother watch'd them,— proud
And joyful. But some gloomy memories crowd
Upon her thoughts. Halina, she had naught;
Nor dower, nor parents, nor parental cot,
Nor hope of wealth. So Jadwicz heaved her breast,

And thus spoke frankly to her listening guest:
“There is a God in heaven who judges all;
He tries us when we rise and when we fall:
And, raising or depressing, his decrees
Follow our deeds and guide us as they please.
Halina is an orphan! at my side
E'en from her childhood wonted to abide.
The sun has risen on our abode; its fire
Is far too bright; for how should she aspire,—
She a poor maid,—to wed the wealthy son
Of a rich peasant! Father she has none,—
No friends,—not one,—to counsel or to care.
O noble youth! May God reward thee here.
Thy generous heart,—this kind design;—yet tell
This story of Halina,—and farewell!
When Poland's crown was by disasters rent,
My husband and my brothers swiftly went,
Though arm'd with scythes alone, our land to save;
But they return'd not,—they but found a grave.
The cruel stranger all our country razed,
Our palaces destroy'd, our village blazed.
How dreadful is the memory of that day.
E'en now the thought is death! We fled away,—
Old men, young mothers,—to the blazing woods,
That scared us from their frightful solitudes.
O! 'twas a hideous,—'twas a hideous sight;
When life's last beam went out and all was night;
Till blazed for leagues the horrid flames again,
Children and mothers straggled o'er the plain.
I saw them, and I wept,—I look'd, and wept
Till tears had dimm'd my sight. A child had crept
Tremulous to my side. I seized it. Press'd
The trembling little orphan to my breast,
And ask'd its name, its parentage, its home.
It answer'd not; it knew not; it had come
(So said the sobbing child) from fire and flame,

But it knew not its nation, nor its name.
Strangers had led it thither: — and no more
The infant said. I seized the child. Though poor,—
I was a mother once; — I thought of God,
And led the orphan to my mean abode,
And watch'd it; and her smiles, her toils repaid,
Ten-fold repaid, the sacrifice I made.
She grew,— industrious, healthy, prudent, fair,
And we have toil'd together many a year,
With self-same wants and with the self-same care.
We bore our mutual poverty, and smiled,
Though to a stranger's borrow'd cot exiled,—
Nothing possessing. Soon our wealth increased;
Two cows, one heifer, and six sheep at least
Were our own store. At last, by care and toil,
We won an interest in our country's soil.
We sow'd our land with flax; at night we span
For raiment, and the remnants soon began
A little pile for age. And so we pass
Our life away. We have our morning mass,
Our joyous evening sports, and once a year
Our merry carnival; but not for her,—
The rings are bought, the wreaths are wov'n for them
Whom fortune crowns with her own diadem,—
But not for her! An orphan,—how should she
Attract the wealthy, or enchain the free?
She has no parent, has no dower. If Heaven
Shed down its light, Oh, be its blessings given
To no unthankful bosom!—but while I
Shall live, Halina may not, cannot fly.”
Hot tears broke forth, and show'd the pangs she felt,
While the fair maid before her mother knelt,
And clasp'd her knees: —“ Dear mother! mother, thou—
Thou art my dower, my wreath, my all things now!
Though mines of gold were mine, though castles fair,
And silken wardrobes; yet wert thou not there

All would be naught;— without thee, all appears
A blank, and life's bright charms a scene of tears."

And so in silence they embraced. A gleam
Pass'd through the old man's mind as in a dream,
Then fix'd itself in light. His raptur'd soul
Look'd through the future's maze, and saw the whole
Future in glory. Struggling thoughts broke through
His changed regards, betraying half he knew;—
And Wiesław fain would speak; but John imposed
Peace, and thus spoke:—"The Almighty has disclosed
His purpose, and inspires me. Now I see
His brightness beaming through the mystery.
Mother, confide in my advice,—sincere,
And from the soul. Go, summon swiftly here
A carriage and two steeds; we will repay
The service nobly,—for we must away,
We must away,—the hour of joy is come;—
Halina shall be welcomed to our home."

And swiftly, white with foam, the horses fly,
And forests, meadows, bridges, plains, run by.
But all are sad and pensive—all but John,—
The proverbs, jokes, and tales are his alone.
The maiden veil'd her eyes in doubt and dread;
He fann'd his growing joy though hid, and said
To his own heart, "How blest, how sweet to bring
Bliss to two houses!" Now the lime-trees fling
Their lengthen'd shadows o'er the road,—the ridge
Of the brown forest, like a heavenly bridge,
Shines with pure light. The breezes blew like balm,
And the fair morning dawns serene and calm.

They hasten'd toward the village;—but awhile
They tarried,—marshy pools for many a mile
The path impeded;—those on foot may make

In one short hour their way; equestrians take
 Three hours at least. On foot they gaily bound;
 The carriage raised the dust, and hurried round.
 What joy, what gladness lights Halina's eye!
 Why talks she now so gay and sportively?
 They cross the planks,—the brushwood maze they thread,
 The sheep and shepherds play upon the mead:
 She listen'd to the artless pipe; her ear
 Appear'd enchanted. Was it that her dear,
 And now far dearer Wiesław had portray'd
 This scene, when singing to the enamor'd maid?

John watch'd her looks intensely. Was the scene
 One where her early infant steps had been?
 Now rose the village steeple to the view;
 The vesper-bells peal'd loudly o'er the dew; *
 They fell upon their knees in that sweet place;
 The sunset rays glanced on Halina's face.
 And she look'd like an angel. Every vein
 Thrill'd with the awaken'd thoughts of youth again,
 And longings which could find no words. The bell
 Had burst the long-lock'd portals of the cell
 Of memory; and mysterious visitings,
 And melancholy joy, and shadowy things
 Flitted across her soul, and flush'd her cheek,
 Where tear-drops gather'd. To a mountain peak
 They came;—the village burst upon their view.
 They saw the shepherds lead their cattle through
 The narrow bridge; the ploughmen gaily sped
 From labor's cares to labor's cheerful bed.
 The village like a garden rear'd its head,
 Where many a cottage-sheltering orchard spread;
 The smoke rose 'midst the trees; the village spire
 Tower'd meekly, yet in seeming reverence, higher

* The Poles, in some localities, believe that the bells peal more loudly while the dew is falling.

Than the high trees. The yew-trees in their gloom
 Hung pensive over many a peasant's tomb;
 And still the bells were pealing, which had toll'd
 O'er generations mouldering and enroll'd
 In death's long records. While they look'd, old John
 Bent on his stick, and said "Look, maiden, on
 Our village:—doth it please thee? Wiesław's cot
 Is nigh at hand." She heard, but answer'd not:
 Her looks were fix'd upon one only spot;—
 Her bosom heaved, her lips were dried, her eye
 Spoke the deep reverie's intensity.
 Remembrance of some joy had bound her soul:
 She breathed not, but moved on;—a cottage wall
 Soon caught her eye, and near a cross appear'd:
 'Twas ivy-clad and crumbling;—for 'twas rear'd
 In the old time;— a willow-tree, a sod,
 Where the gay children of the village trod
 On holidays, were there. She could no more:
 She dropp'd o'erpowered upon the grassy floor,
 And cried, "O God! O God!—'twas here, 'twas here
 I lived! Where is my mother? Tell me, where?
 If she be dead, I'll seek her grave, and weep
 My orphan soul away to rouse from sleep
 Her blessed form.—'Twas here I play'd of old;—
 'Twas here I gather'd flowers:—but I behold
 My mother's cot no longer,—thought flies o'er
 Its memory;—but that cot exists no more!"

John answer'd thus: "The God who shelter'd thee,
 Shelter'd thy parents;—when the misery
 Of that fierce war was over, they return'd,
 And joy beam'd o'er the fields where they had mourn'd.
 They lost their cot, they lost their child; but Heaven
 Their dwelling and their daughter now hath given;
 And they shall take thee to their longing arms.
 Thank God, who saved thee from all hurts and harms,

Who, when thy helplessness had lost a mother
Gave thee with generous tenderness another,
And now restores thee to thine own." She knelt,
And clasp'd his knees, while luxury's tear-drops melt
Into the light of joy. And one by one
They enter'd the court-yard; but all were gone
Forth to the fruitful fields. Halina's eye
Wander'd some old memorials to descry,
And grew impatient. Soon the sire appears
With his sharp scythe; and next his wife, who bears
A truss of clover for the stall. Before
Ran young Bronika, gaily turning o'er
A basket of blue corn-flowers; with her hand
Beckoning, she bid her parents understand
That guests were come. "Go," said old John, "my boy,
And tell your happy parents all your joy."
And what fond welcome sprung from breast to breast;
How oft they kiss'd each other; how they prest
Bosom to bosom, heart to heart; what greeting,
What questions, answers, thanks, engaged that meeting;
And how the laughing neighbors gather'd round,
And how Bronika, full of rapture, bound
Her sister to her soul,—for though she ne'er
Had known her loss, her gain she felt,—I fear
No words of mine can compass. Could I speak,
Your hearts in sympathy would almost break
With the bright joy:—but ye have souls to feel,
And they will vibrate to love's proud appeal.
Yes! ye have hearts, with which ye may confer,
And they shall be my best interpreter.

KRASIŃSKI.

SIGISMUND KRASIŃSKI is the zenith of Polish poetry in Poland's land. It is not only a loving heart, an inspired soul, not only a fantasy or art—it is the spirit of the Pole—the spirit of true manhood; yes, it is the spirit of poetry changed into the spirit of an angel and entered into the soul of the inspired poet-prophet. While writing he thought of ages, and ages alone can judge him. The most prominent stamp of Sigismund's writings, distinguishing him from other poets contemporaneous with him, is the true prophetic spirit, not under the influence of any play or fantasy, or any combination, but the expression of apocalyptic visions; hence he is an uncommon phenomenon not only with us but in the history of the universal spirit. He possesses such qualities and gifts as God seldom grants even to poets. From the times of antiquity he took what Plato had. From the law of Moses and the Jewish history he took the harp of David. From the new law he took the apocalyptic visions of the future. With such strange elements, living in the midst of Europe, amidst our people, and in the middle of the nineteenth century, he transformed all these into original poetic creations. Krasiński was second after Mickiewicz who restored the high poetic type of the poetic priesthood in literature where frequently are found thoughtless leaders, carrying with them the doubting and feverish community into the regions of chimera, bad examples and deceitful prophecies. It was he who took those who leaned toward egotism,

plunging about in the evanescent pleasures of reality, and carried them into the beautiful world of love and self-sacrifice. "The Undivine Comedy" is, as it were, a thunderbolt sent to crush the doctrine of egotism and human pride, which renounces allegiance and obedience to God. The time, place and persons of the comedy are all created by the buoyant imagination of the poet. This fantastic comedy occasionally breaks off and snatches at moments which are expected but have not yet arrived. Krasieński was the first who ventured to compose a prophetic drama to represent persons and incidents that were to come to pass at some future time. The scenes, however, are enacted in Poland, and the time is not very far distant from us, because persons there introduced speak as we do, have our prejudices and our customs; we can recognize them as belonging to our generation and to the Polish people, although the author does not stamp them with any nationality, neither does he introduce anything indicating locality. Krasieński comprehended and grappled the current of stormy conceptions which, in but a few years later, ran through the whole of Europe, and in which were found phases and figures drawn by the hand of the immortal poet. This remarkable production, planned on the broad background of modern social times, takes the point of argument that the causes of evil arise from social perverseness which permeates the different grades of society, and from which humanity is yet to suffer for a long time; and that the possible union of so many contradictory elements can only be effected by the influences of christianity.

The soaring imagination of Krasieński had at its call beautiful and brilliant language, breaking out in new

turns and harmonious words. His christian feeling was very pure and deep. The poet loves the whole of humanity, and he reminds them of the holy truths of faith, and that the world can only be regenerated by love.

The "Day-Break" is an ethereal lyric composition replete with transcendent beauties. A woman (Beatrice) is introduced in the poem to quicken into life the whole creation of exalted order, and above all the individuality of the poet. There beams the pure and powerful inspiration of truth, which spreads its thousand poetic colors as the morning star of the day which the poet represents to his people. "The Dream of Cesara" is classed with prophetic writings, and is not indispensably a poetic creation, but rather a description of the poet's vision, yet it is plainly seen that it bears the stamp of truthfulness and can claim preëminence over all writings of that class.

"Irydion" is a magnificent poem representing olden times, when Rome was in its decline—its great power being undermined by the light of Christianity. The incidents are drawn from the epoch of Heliogabalus, and the persecutions of the first Christians. The author tries to work out the idea that Christianity neither accepts nor condemns feelings of national revenge for intentionally inflicted wrongs. In his "Psalms" the author explains to the world the mysteries of resurrection. He reveals his beautiful, though perhaps illusive, dreams of the destiny of his suffering Fatherland; he praises heroism and voluntary devotedness and self-sacrifice. Here we can imagine that he anticipated the sad events which took place in Galicia in 1846 (see Ujejski's biography).

"The Unfinished Poem" is connected with "Undi-

vine Comedy," and, according to the plan of the author, was to constitute the first part of the trilogy, of which only the second part was elaborated. This poem consists of five grand episodes, which are not connected with one another very closely, but yet are put together so as to form a sufficiently prominent whole, and, although unfinished, it is nevertheless replete with resplendent imagery and sublime thoughts, shining forth with unequalled hue of style. The principal purpose of the poem is to show the tendency of humanity toward truth and perfection, and the unceasing attempts and conspiracies against the power of truth and the spirit of God in this world.

"The Present Day" is a fantastic exposé of society going astray from the true path, but warned and enlightened by the words of the angel from Heaven. The poem, being a creation of youthful imagination, is an historical romance, yet having the color of the sublimest poesy.

"Agaj Han" is taken from the history of Marina Mnich, and Demitry the pretender. Although there is much poetic fire in the poem, yet it is pronounced by the critics as occasionally offending with exaggeration.

Krasiński was one of the greatest moral philosophers of the nineteenth century, as well as the most inspired poet, whose prophetic vision comprehends not only the past and future ages, but also the present century. He is clearly a poet of humanity, who wholly understood all the relations of society; he was more than others; it is perhaps for that reason that he has invented a language of his own to express pain and inspiration which he saw in the sufferings of humanity. The power of Krasiński's poetic genius is so immense

that we have no scale in our literature to weigh it. The characteristics of his poetry are deep religious feelings; they in reality constitute the background of the manner in which he viewed the past and the future; the sufferings of a people as well as of individuals he considered as mediums through which come cleansing and merit.

Krasiński was a stately and ethereal form of a recluse, or an anchorite, doing penance for the transgression of his ancestors, blessing the people, teaching them, and showing unto them signs for the future. Plunging into prayerful spirit, and looking toward the stars, he viewed the earth not with the eye of a man, but with the one of an inspired prophet. Pleasures and amusements of this world had no charms for him. Having passed through purgatory of life, he was free from the prejudices of his people; but after deep and silent suffering, which was plainly seen on his marble face, he tried to conceal from the human eye the many wounds from which he so intensely suffered that he often threw a veil of mystery over himself, desiring only to appear to the people as their brother mortal, who was at all times burning offerings at the altar of his country, and held in his heart her sufferings and her hopes. He was indeed a guardian angel of the national spirit, and a physician of hearts torn to pieces by misfortune and sufferings, and he poured upon the wounds of the Polish national body the balm of faith, love, and hope.

Krasiński was born on the 19th of February, 1812, of a rich and influential family. His father, Vincent, was aide-de-camp to Napoleon the Great, and afterward the general of the Polish army. Up to the thirteenth year of his life Sigismund's cultivation was

under the immediate supervision of his parents, and under the guidance of the poet Joseph Korzeniowski, and other distinguished teachers. In 1825 he entered the Lyceum at Warsaw, where Linde, the lexicographer, was the rector. Even at that early period of his life he wrote a composition, "The Grave of Reichstall's Family," from which it was inferred that he possessed a natural inclination for dramatic imagery; then he wrote "Ladislas Herman," in imitation of Walter Scott's style. In this very fine romance he painted the Past in a truly masterly manner. From the Lyceum he went to the University; but on account of certain unpleasant circumstances he thought it best to quit it. He went then to Geneva, in Switzerland, where he wrote his "Black Zawisza," but it was lost in its transmission to Warsaw. It was there that he became personally acquainted with Mickiewicz and Odyniec, two Polish poets, and in their company visited the mountains of Switzerland. In 1830 he again met Adam Mickiewicz at Rome. In 1832 he was compelled to answer personally a call at Warsaw, although his state of health could hardly permit of so long a journey. From Warsaw he was sent to St. Petersburg, where he was kept all winter, although very ill. He was suffering so badly from a disease of the eyes that they at last permitted him to go to Graffenberg, from whence, after getting quite well, he went to Vienna. Here he wrote "Agaj-Han," and had it published at Breslau. He left Vienna in 1836 and went to Italy and Rome; here he became acquainted with Julius Słowacki, and wrote "Irydion." In 1838 he went to Warsaw, but on account of illness was again obliged to return to Italy. In 1843 he was married to Countess Elizabeth Branicka at Dresden, whence they visited the places of their

birth, and then again went to Warsaw. In 1845 he went to Nice, where he wrote one of the most beautiful poems, "The Psalms," in consequence of which a controversy ensued between himself and the poet Slowacki. In 1847 he once more visited Rome, and there again met Mickiewicz. In the following year he resided at Heidelberg, Paris, and Baden, when he again was called to Warsaw in 1849; but the eye disease coming upon him with greater severity than ever, he once more, with the permission of the Government, returned to Heidelberg, and then to Baden. Toward the last of that year he was very assiduously occupied with the antiquities dug out by the Appian Way, and the following year he spent some time on the picturesque banks of the river Rhine, from whence for the third time he was ordered by the Government to return to Warsaw. When his health began to fail and the eye disease grew worse, he went once more to Heidelberg, and on the death of Czar Nicholas, having received a permission to reside in foreign countries, he stopped at Baden, and in 1856 at Kissingen. Later he journeyed to Paris, and from there visited his father at Potok; but soon after he went to Plombières and Ems to try the water-cure. In the same year he returned to Paris; there he learned of the death of his father, which had so great an effect upon him that he fell hopelessly ill, and died on the 14th of February, 1859.

Krasiński's works were published at Warsaw, Paris, Breslau, Leszno, Leipsic, and Posen.

PRAY FOR ME.

Pray for me — when I mourn in sore depression
 Sins of my fathers, and my own transgression;
 Pray for me that when death at last shall doom me,
 Regrets for thee arise not to consume me.

Pray for me — that when with my God in Heaven,
 After long ages passed, it shall be given
 My weary soul to rest with thee forever,
 For here much sorrow mars its high endeavor.

Pray for me — vain my life if, worst of changes,
 Thy heart grown cold from mine itself estranges;
 Oh, pray for me, for I through years have treasured
 Thy name with love unfathomed and unmeasured.

Pray for me — for my life is dry and scentless,
 My heart is faithful though my fate relentless;
 Pray for me — let thy words breathe healing thro' me,
 Though thou canst only be a sister to me.

Pray for me — other prayers are unavailing,
 Thine only calm my heart in its bewailing;
 All other prayers save thine the pang would double;
 Pray for me — for I cling to thee in trouble.

On earth without thee I am lost and lonely;
 My thoughts are thine, I dream upon thee only;
 Dream that in far eternities now hidden,
 My soul with thine shall mingle unforbidden.

EVER AND EVERYWHERE.

Say not of me when I am in my grave,
 I only wounded where I should forbear;
 'Twas that I drank from sorrow's bitter wave,
 Ever and everywhere.

Say not of me calm-voiced when I am gone
That I have marred your life that else was fair;
I walked with sunshine from my own withdrawn,
Ever and everywhere.

Say not of me as colder hearts would say
When I am dead, that life had proved a snare
Because misfortune followed on my way,
Ever and everywhere.

When I am gone, then kindly speak of me,
Say that my heart was frenzied by despair;
I loved thee from my soul, if bitterly,
Ever and everywhere.

TO A LADY.

Hearts you may lure to you with ardent glances,
Or crush beneath unsympathetic sway;
Yet will you fall below the fair ideal
Of womanhood, for which we wait and pray.

Eyes downward cast, and cheek whose roseate glowing
Tells not of knowledge, are to-day as nought;
Attain to womanhood through slow ascension,
Through scenes of sorrow rise to heights of thought.

And when through tears and pains of aspiration
A ray of Deity outflowing warm
Shall touch your soul with its living splendor,
And buds that blossom in the day of storm
Unfold to crown your pale and thoughtful forehead,
Then will your beauty take ideal form.

ONCE I ASKED THE DAY.

(Never before included in Krasiński's Collections.)

Once I asked the day why it was so bright,
 I asked the thought why it soared so free,
 And the heart why the world should so narrow be,
 And the stars why they shone with such lustrous light.
 I am son of the sun, replied Day, so am bright;
 Being children of spirit, Thought answered, we soar;
 The world is narrow, said Heart, since perverse evermore;
 We shine, the Stars answered, as the great King of light.

I asked a gentle maiden's beaming eyes
 Whence came such marvelous outlines of her face,
 And whence to her soul such beauty and such grace,
 Whence the rays of light and fires of feeling rise.
 No word she spoke — her beauteous face alone
 With the expression of her sweet spirit shone,
 Her eyes' light touched her face with crimson rays,
 And played in her feelings; pure spring displays
 The sunlight in depths of the clear summer rill,
 We can only solve feelings with feelings still,
 And the works of God with the Heaven-sent mind;
 But if 'tis not understood by humankind,
 Oh, do not their dull comprehension resent.

The world should never chill your feeling from Heaven sent;
 Let not earthiness a shade on thy soul's glory cast.
 And when my sad star has removed me far from thee,
 Remember it to thee could never permitted be.
 By mem'ry of the dear hours we have together passed,
 And by the memory of all feeling most divine,
 Of all my inspirations holiest and most bright.
 To cast aside the rays of radiant, sacred light,
 Which even in the lowliest grave will o'er me shine
 As it shone in the glad morning of my life's fair day,
 On the threshold of eternity 'twill shed its ray;

And though on the earth it parts us with stern behest,
 'Twill surely in God once more unite us, ever blessed!

RESURECTURIS.

The world's a graveyard, kneaded with tears and gore,
 Where none his Golgotha avoids. Evermore —

Vain is the spirit's strife
 When sorrow's shaft descends;
 Against the storms of life
 No refuge here defends.

Abysses dark ingulf the brave,
 At every step fate mocks at us,
 The pure, the loved, sink in the grave,
 The hated live,—'tis ever thus.

All is tangling in a maze which naught divines,
 And death is near and far away:
 O'er waves of future ages shines
 Resurrection's Day.

Heartless and insensible, then, must we be,
 Murder with murderers setting passion free,
 'Mid the vile grow viler, and though conscience yearn,
 Make it's soft voice be still,
 Lie, hate, blaspheme, and kill,
 And evil for evil to this world return.

In this alone must all our power consist;—
 Let us eat and drink, and sate the body well,
 Chasing from the brain each noble thought, and swell
 Of fortunate and fools the length'ning list.

Oh! no, that must not be.
 Oh! pause, my soul, for we
 Can never in that way
 At humanity's head
 Stand. No force can hold at bay
 But sacrifice the dread

And unrelenting fate
 That crushes us to naught.
 That is the lion great
 Of history; — all pride
 And servility are;
 But idle straws that caught
 By passing breath may glide
 To nothingness afar.

Oh! learn thyself to know;
 Seek not omnipotent,
 Like Him in heaven, to grow,
 And to bend thee like a brute, ne'er give consent,
 Knowing no good save some fat pasture-land on
 This side the tomb; e'er breaks the radiant dawn
 Of Resurrection. Oh! be thou constant still,
 Though worlds should crash unmoved with dauntless will.
 Be tireless. Patience, which 'mid every ill
 Slowly rears from naught the edifice complete,
 And which e'er prepares, unshaken by defeat,
 The future, certain, and final victory.
 Oh! amid the storm be thou tranquillity,
 Order in chaos, in discord harmony;
 Amid this life's combat, that no respite hath,
 Be thou the eternal Beauty, calm and bright.

For cowards and for Pharisees be wrath,
 And menace or silent contempt, pure as light,
 Angelic inspiration for all men be.
 The rich nourishment that nourishes the heart,
 A sister's tear when suffering thou dost see,
 A manly voice when courage, long tried, forsakes,
 Home, birthplace, wandering exiles find in thee.
 Be hope for the despairing,—thunder that wakes
 The drowsy souls lulled in corpse-like repose.

Be thou the force, always and everywhere,
 That reconciles,— force of self,— devotion rare,
 Stronger than death, and in the strife that no end knows,—
 Against the mad world's abyss of hate, Oh! be
 Abyss of love, pure and free.

Ne'er cease to give
 Thyself unto thy brethren in form sublime
 Of teaching and example; in acts that live
 Still multiply thyself; thus for all time
 Thousands of men shall be outweighed by thee.
 Even in irons performing acts that bless,
 Learn to bear pain and bitterest agony;
 Thy whole nation living in thy breast shall be,—
 Be the miracle joins heaven to earth,— naught less,—
 In slavery,— holiness.

Seek not death till, like the buried seed that starts,
 Thy grand thoughts be sown and germinating in the hearts
 Of thy compatriots,— till martyrdom alone
 A pledge of certain victory shall be known.

Strive not with others' goodness, but thine own,
 Shun martyrdom's renown,
 And false vain-glory's crown
 Leave to fools; for in this,
 Danger's dreadful abyss,
 Plunge only heroes brave.
 Loftiest souls ne'er gave
 Heed to siren's voice of bliss.

When the tocsin of events at last shall swell,—
 Signal for thy final holocaust,— a knell
 Both sad and wild, from thy native land, then
 Kneel down on eternity's threshold;—When,
 So deep within thy humble and contrite soul,

Thou hear'st the voice that only comes from God above,
 Rise, like a strong athlete who wins the goal.

Shake off thy feet earth's dust. With infinite love
 Stretch forth thy arms to Heaven, which still will bless.
 Without complaint, wail, inward bitterness,
 Bravely to meet thy executioners advance,
 Saluting them with inmost pitying glance
 Of high immortality, which glorifies.

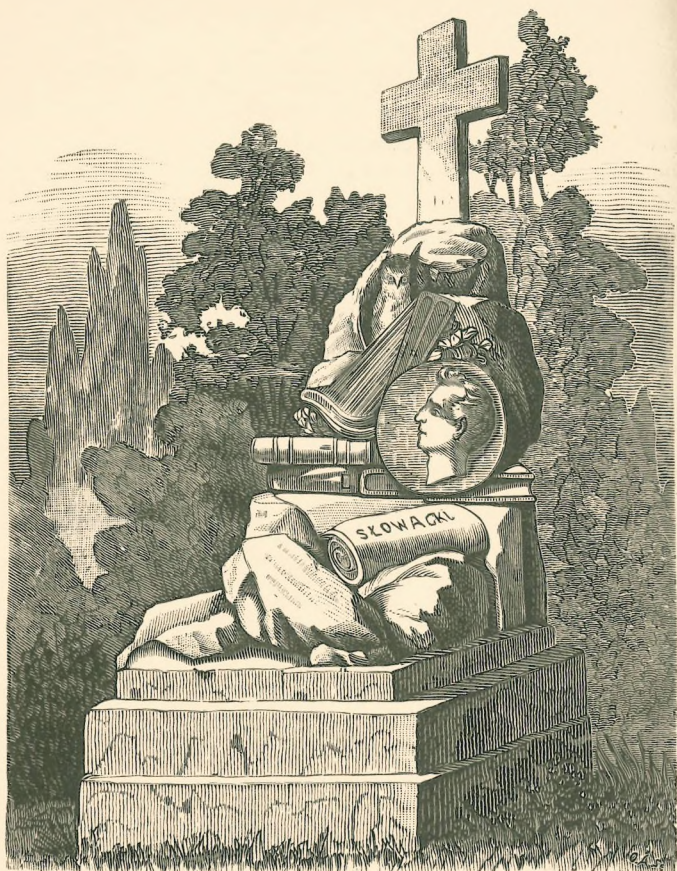
Thus for the future thy sacrifice shall be
 The most fruitful witness. From thy death shall rise
 The germ of life, for all men glorious, free.

The hopes the world deems idle dreams,
 Oh! make them real,—
 In justice, faith,—
 To see and feel;
 Which, like a probe that deeply darts,
 Sink in men's hearts,

And dwell forever there.
 Be its touch light as air,
 A breath, a sigh's soft thrill.
 The world, thy murderer, will
 Kneel to thee in remorse,
 Confessing brutal force;
 Is impotent to strike
 Country and God alike
 From the conscience and care
 Of nations ev'rywhere.

When the blood which thy wounds shall spill
 Sanctifies thy thought, that thought will
 Draw the light of God's judgment strong
 On the impious throng.
 Troops and bayonets are vain,
 Kings, lies, corruption,— aught;
 No people shall attain
 Power against that thought.

When the third day shall dawn
O'er thy agony, on
Thy martyrdom's white tomb,—
At last the boon shall bloom
For nations,— undefiled,—
JUSTICE,— God's own fair child.



SŁOWACKI'S MONUMENT IN PARIS (FRANCE).

SŁOWACKI.

JULIUS SŁOWACKI tried his strength at all kinds of poetry. There are beautiful lyrics of his; others again are epics, and also dramas. In each and every one of these his creative mind shines with a resplendent luster. Everywhere he is new, fresh, and poetic; always exhibiting extraordinary strength, always soaring high.

For a long time Słowacki was not understood, although he was a poet belonging to all humanity; but some of his poems were not understood, and others did not come into general use. Almost thirty years had elapsed before the people could look into them and fully comprehend them. But as everything of the highest order will ultimately find its vindication with the people, so it was with Słowacki's writings; they at last found their deserved acknowledgment and justification.

Of all the poets from Krasicki to Krasiński, no one possessed greater power of fantasy than Słowacki. This was shown in a volume of poems written at the time of the Polish Revolution (1831), and since its fall. Another poem, "Zmija" (the Viper), is also a fantastic production. But there is much higher and truer poetic merit in his "John Bielecki." The subject is taken from the Polish Chronicles, partly oral, of a certain occurrence having taken place in eastern Galicia. Here the portraiture of the Polish nobility are striking, and scattered throughout the poem very happily, showing the greatest force, and with it the characteristics of his own individuality as a man of uncommon genius. "The father of the stricken with the plague,"

in El-Arish, contains in it a power likening to the suffering of the Laocoon not carved in wood nor chiseled in marble, but in the painting of poetic genius. Among all the creations of Słowacki, nor in the whole Polish literature, is there anything that could equal it in finish, conciseness, power and truth, and finally the incomparable mastery in the diversification of the particulars of this awe-inspiring poem. What the statue of Laocoon or the groups of Niobe is in sculpture, "The father of the plague-stricken" is in Słowacki's poetry. If it concerned the vivid representation of accumulated strokes of misfortune heaping thunderbolts upon the head of a doomed human being, weeping till its tears are dry, and moaning under the weight of misery until the last vestige of human feeling is gone; when it becomes a lifeless statue, unable to weep or feel more — to reflect over its unutterable misery — then surely Słowacki's design is fully accomplished.

Then comes "Hugo," tales of the Crusades, followed by "Balladyna," and "Lilla Weneda." The first one a beautiful epopee, not exactly in the Homeric style, but somewhat in the manner of Ariosto; prehistoric account of Poland is the subject. "In Switzerland" is a charming idyllic intermixed with tragic incidents, so abstruse and yet so truthful that it is not possible to find any such love-dream in any foreign tongue. Truth and fiction, reality and poetry, man's love and genius of the artist, all here strike hands to produce a poetic creation, and one knows not which to admire the most. In "Wacław" is a full confession of beautiful motives, such as are seldom to be found. This poem is equal to any of Lord Byron's in the masterly carving out of each particular. "The

Arab" and "The Monk" are also wrought in an artistic manner. "The Silver Dream of Salomea" seems to be only a dramatized tale concerning two different pairs of married people, who, in order to accomplish the desired end of being united in marriage, have to wade through a sea of misfortunes and fears caused by national troubles, which so ruthlessly passed over their devoted heads. It is for that reason that the poet called it "The Romantic Drama." The tragedy "Mindowe" is one of the latest of the poet's productions. In this tragedy the incidents relate to the times when Lithuania had not yet the light of christianity. It represents the renegacy and the return to the faith of his sires of Prince Mendog. The tragedy "Mazeppa" is full of tragic incidents, and of vivid and passionate poetry; where the most delicate shades of human nature are wrought up to perfection. The background of "Kordyan" is the age, which, from the very beginning, the poet reproaches and chastises for its dwarfishness, condemned to pass away as unworthy of mention. The poet here creates a character which is too exalted, and outgrew the littleness of the spirit of the present generation. He feels keenly the misery of this life, and desires to fill it with something more noble, and hence throws himself about, here and there, to attain the desired object. Słowacki's "Kordyan" unites almost all the characteristics of greatness and the contempt of life—ready for all sacrifices, desire for fame, bravery and noble pride.

In the historical drama "Maria Stuart" the frame of the picture is tolerably narrow. It was not the intention of Słowacki, as it was of Schiller, in the tragedy of the same name, to draw within the confines of it the whole history of the given epoch, but for all

that there are in it splendid passages that enchant the reader. The verse is flowery and masterly, and his language sparkles with diamonds of the first water. The epopee "Sambro" proves Slowacki's great power of fancy and a great gift of poetical invention. The subject is taken from Greek history, that is to say from the last part of it of last century. He tries to represent a hero endowed with every necessary condition, and to excite for him the wonder and admiration of the reader, whereas it is discovered that from under these artificial coverings appears a man full of moral corruption — the more unpleasant to the eye since it is plainly seen that he comes out with gigantic pretensions which nothing can justify.

It being impossible for our poet to travel all the time in the realms of poetic fantasy of the past, and hearing the subterranean moanings and weeping of the people, he created, with a power at once charming and genial, "Anhellim," where the infernal regions of Siberia take a shape of strange illusion which makes it beautiful and fearful, dismal and at the same time enticing. In this production the poet gives a portraiture of the fate of the whole people, and a review of their relations which we suffer for the guilt of others, as also of transgression of which we ourselves are guilty. It was the poet's fancy to call a Siberia the whole of our social condition. The doctrine advanced in "Anhellim" is turbid and fantastic,—it loses itself in the unfathomable depth of mysticism, and is written in biblical style. In "Bieniowski" one is reminded from its construction of Byron's "Don Juan," but in spirit it resembles the creations of Ariosto. The poem uncovers to the reader the bloody wars toward the end of the last century, in which Poland has manifested

her patriotism, which are shown by various drifts in the poem. Here, in imitation of an English bard, Słowacki marks strongly his own individuality. Besides the strophes marked by deep moral feeling, colored mostly by the poet's fancy, we find others in which is seen a most extraordinary power of language in form, and unlimited bitterness of feeling. This powerful poem by turns causes tears to flow, astonishes, cheers up the public, and moves their passions. Being deeply engaged in the investigation of questions beyond the comprehension of human understanding, brought about by Towiański (a votary of whose doctrines Słowacki became), it engrossed his mind to such a degree that in his last composition their influence is obvious. It is plainly seen in his "Priest-Mark," a drama in which the character and stamping of the Jewess Judith answers exactly the conception of Towiański's sect as regards the mission of the Jewish people. From the plot and characters introduced it is evident that the poet was intent upon the conquering of the evils of the world, and the erecting upon their ruins of a great epoch of the future for the people and for humanity itself.

"The Spirit King" was the first great national epopee in song wherein the author puts aside the veil and presents to view his grand philosophical thoughts in regard to his country; and in order to legitimize it the author gives us to understand that he thoroughly comprehends the long sufferings of his nation; and we further infer that the poet knew the way to solve the problem of the nation's future destiny. The author makes this production an offering upon the altar of art for humanity, but not for the real interest of a perishable generation. "The Spirit King" displaces but does not divide the

vital parts of his country. His plan comprehends the eternal future, history corroborates it; the present bears witness to it, and the future will demonstrate its truth. All of Słowacki's works possess a powerful feeling, exalted thoughts, and stormy passions. Oftentimes he pours out to the world the bitterness of his heart; but above all his fancy is so active that his mind and feeling can hardly keep pace with it.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that he reaches with so much tenderness the hearts of the Polish youth. He was their songster and their spiritual leader. The spirit of youth, like the gentle breezes of spring, breathes from every one of his songs. The age of dreams, the inward emotions of the soul, and sudden but noble impulses, permeate each of his creations.

Słowacki was born in 1809 at Krzemieniec, where his father, Euzebius, was a professor of the Polish language. He received the rudiments of education at Wilno, and after finishing the course there, in 1824 entered the University. In 1826 he went to Odessa, and after completing his academic studies he entered in 1828 as assistant in the treasury department in Warsaw. Here he wrote "The Mother of God," and the tragedy "Mindowe." Owing to the revolution of 1831, and adhering to the moderate party, he left for Dresden, from whence he was made a member of the diplomatic mission going to Paris. Then he went to London, and after the taking of Warsaw, being forbidden to return to Poland, he went again to Paris and lived in seclusion, but ardently engaged in the cause of Polish emigration. In 1832 he left for Geneva, where he took up his abode on the shores of Lake Geneva, and wrote the poem "Lambro," "The Hour of Thought," "Duma Wacław Rzewuski," and "Paris."

He then went to Greece, the East, and Italy. At Rome he met Sigismund Krasiński, returned to Greece again, and in 1856 went to Egypt. From Cairo, on a camel, he travels to Gaza, through the desert, and reaches Jerusalem, and from there he visits Palestine, Mount Lebanon, Damascus, and the ruins of Balbek. At Beyrout he wrote the celebrated poem "The Father of the Plague-Stricken," founded upon facts of sad adventure, in which he, with his associates, took a prominent part during two weeks' quarantine at El-Arish. At Beyrout he went in a sail-vessel in 1837 to Livorno. In the following year he resided at Florence, where he published his "Anhelli." In 1839 he returned to Paris, where he resided till his death; and though amidst many members of the Polish emigration, he lived most of the time in seclusion. He looked with somewhat envious eye upon Mickiewicz's reputation, between whom and himself there was apparent coolness,—Mickiewicz in his lectures on Literature having his name mentioned but once, and that, too, rather indifferently. This year he published his "Balladyna," and in the following year "Lillia Weneda" and "Mazeppa" were also brought out. Under the influence of a morbid feeling he published "Bieniowski," in 1841, where he bitterly complains of the indifference of some people,—Mickiewicz and the critics receiving their share. In the same year he joined Towiański's sect, and a happy reconciliation took place between himself and Mickiewicz; but shortly after the proud and independent feeling of Słowacki caused him to leave the Towiański Union, and the poet himself became the head of a separate sect, small in number, but surpassing even Towiański in mysticism. Under the deep impression of the doctrines of this sect

he wrote "Priest-Mark," and also the drama "The Silver Dream of Salomea."

The occurrences of 1848 reanimated him once more; so much so that he left Paris for Posen, but did not remain long. While returning through Breslau to Paris, after the wandering of years, he saw and pressed to his heart his beloved mother. Returning to Paris he fell into a dangerous illness and never recovered from it. Seeing that he was about to end his earthly career he united himself with God, and expired the 3d of April, 1849.

His poems were published at different times and different places, but the most complete edition of his works, in four volumes, was published in a library of the Polish writers in 1861. In 1866-7 Professor Małecki published at Lemberg, with an addition of a biographical studium, several literary productions of Słowacki hitherto unknown. The following are the titles: "Wallace," a tragedy; "Krakus," and "Beatrice di Cenci"; "Wallenrod," a drama; "The Black Zawisza," a drama; "John Casimir," a drama; "The Incorrigibles," whilom entitled the "New Dezanira," a drama; "The Golden Cup," a drama; "The Poet and the Inspiration," a fragment liryco-dramatic; "Samuel Zborowski," a fantastic poem; "Journey to the East," continuation of "Bieniowski"; "Conversations with Mother Makryna," a poem; and "The Genesis of the Spirit," a prayer in prose.

I AM SO SAD, O GOD!

I am so sad, O God! Thou hast before me
 Spread a bright rainbow in the western skies,
 But hast quenched in darkness cold and stormy
 The brighter stars that rise;

Clear grows the heaven 'neath thy transforming rod,
Still I am sad, O God!

Like empty ears of grain with heads erected
Have I delighted stood amid the crowd,
My face the while to stranger eyes reflected
The calm of summer's cloud;
But Thou dost know the ways that I have trod,
And why I grieve, O God!

I am like to a weary infant fretting
Whene'er its mother leaves it for a while,
And grieving watch the sun, whose light in setting
Throws back a parting smile;
Though it will bathe anew the morning sod,
Still I am sad, O God!

To-day o'er the wide waste of ocean sweeping
Hundreds of miles away from shore or rock,
I saw the cranes fly on, together keeping
In one unbroken flock;
Their feet with soil from Poland's hills were shod,
And I was sad, O God!

Often by strangers' tombs I've lingered weary,
Since grown a stranger to my native ways,
I walk a pilgrim through a desert dreary,
Lit but by lightning's blaze,
Knowing not where shall fall the burial clod
Upon my bier, O God!

Sometime hereafter will my bones lie whitened,
Somewhere on strangers' soil, I know not where;
I envy those whose dying hours are lightened,
Fanned by their native air;
But flowers of some strange land will spring and nod
Above my grave, O God!

When but a guileless child at home they bade me
 To pray each day for home restored, I found
 My bark was steering—how the thought dismayed me—
 The whole wide world around!
 Those prayers unanswered, wearily I plod
 Through rugged ways, O God!

Upon the rainbow, whose resplendent rafter
 Thy angels rear above us in the sky,
 Others will look a hundred years hereafter,
 And pass away as I;
 Exiled and hopeless 'neath thy chastening rod,
 And sad as I, O God!

EXTRACTS FROM SŁOWACKI'S TRAGEDY OF MIN-
 DOWE,* OR LEGATE'S REVENGE.

Mindowe, King of Litwania, having embraced the Christian religion, his mother, who is blind, together with his nephew Troinace, conspire to effect his death. Mindowe has banished Ławski, the Prince of Nalzhaski, and essayed to win the affections of his wife. Ławski, not being heard of for some time, is supposed to be dead. The scene opens just after the baptismal rites of the monarch.

ACT I.

SCENE II.—*The royal presence-chamber.*

Enter CASIMIR and BASIL, from different sides.

Basil. Saw you the rites to-day, my Casimir?

Casimir. I saw what may I never see again,

The altars of our ancient faith torn down,

Our king a base apostate, groveling

Beneath a —

* Pronounce Mindoveh.

Basil (interrupting him). Hold! knowest thou not
The ancient saw that "*palace walls have ears!*"
The priests throng round us like intruding flies,
And latitude of speech is fatal.

Casimir. True —

I should speak cautiously — But hast seen
The Prince?

Basil. Who? Troinace?

Casimir. The same.

Ha! here he comes, and with the queen-mother —
It is not safe to parley in their presence. Hence
Along with me, I've secrets for thine ear.

[*Exit CASIMIR and BASIL.*]

RONELVA enters, leaning upon the arm of TROINACE, and
engaged with him in conversation.

Troinace. Thou hast a son, Ronelva, crowned a king!

Ronelva. Is he alive? with sight my memory fails.

Once I beheld the world, but now 'tis dark —

My soul is locked in sleep — O God! O God!

My son! hast seen my royal son? The king,

Thy uncle, Troinace? How is he arrayed?

Troinace. In regal robes, and with a jeweled cross
Sparkling upon his breast.

Ronelva. A cross! — what cross?

'Tis not a symbol of his sovereignty —

Troinace. It is a gift made by his new ally,
The Pope.

Ronelva. The Pope! — The Pope! I know none such!

Who is this Pope! — Is't he who sends new gods

To old Litwania? Yes — I've heard of him — (*A pause.*)

Enter MINDOWE, crowned, and arrayed in purple, with a dia-
mond cross upon his breast, and accompanied by HEIDENRIC,
the Pope's Legate. HERMAN precedes them bearing a golden
cross. ŁAWSKI, disguised as a Teutonic knight, with a rose
upon his helmet and his visor down, bearing a casket.
LUTUVER attending the king. ŁAWSKI stands apart.

Ronelva. I feel that kindred blood is near, Mindowe!
Thy mother speaks! approach! [*He approaches.*

Hast thou returned
From some new expedition? Is thy brow
Covered with laurels, and thy stores
Replete with plunder? Do I hear the shouts,
Th' applause of the Litwanians, hailing thee
As conqueror. Returnest thou from ŻMUDZIE,
From Dwina's shores triumphant? Has the Russian Bear
Trembled before thy sword? Does Halicz fear
Thy angry frown? Speak! with a mother's tears
I'll hail thee conqueror.

Mindowe. My mother! why
These tones and words sarcastic? knowest thou not
That victory perches on another's helm?
I am at peace, and am — a Christian king.

Ronelva. Foul shame on thee, blasphemer!
Hast thou fallen
As low as this? Where is thy bold ambition!
To what base use hast placed thy ancient fame?
Is't cast aside like to some foolish toy
No longer worth the hoarding? Shame upon
Thy craven spirit! Canst thou live without
That glorious food, which e'en a peasant craves,
Holding it worthless as thy mother's love,
And thy brave father's faith?

Mindowe. Nay, mother, nay!
Dismiss these foolish fancies from thy brain.
Behold! my jeweled brow is bent before thee.
Oh, bless thy son!

Ronelva. Thou vile apostate! Thou
Dare ask for approbation? Thou! — I curse thee!
Sorrow and hate pursue thy faltering steps.
Still may thy foes prove victors; subjects false;
Thy drink be venom, and thy joy be woe.
Thy mind filled with remorse, still mayst thou live.

Seeking for death, but wooing it in vain;
 A foul, detested, blasted renegade —
 I have bestowed to earth a viper, but
 From thee shall vipers spring, who like their sire
 Shall traitors be unto their native land,
 And eager plunge them into ruin's stream!
 Depart! and bear thy mother's curse!

Mindowe. Mother,
 My mother —

Ronelva. Call me not mother, viper!
 I do disclaim thee:— thee,— and all thy seed!

[*Exit RONELVA, leaning on TROINACE.*]

Mindowe (*speaking as though awe-stricken*).
 Heard ye that curse?

Heidenric. What are the frantic words
 Of a revengeful woman? Empty air —

Mindowe. A mother's curse! It carries pestilence,
 Blight, misery and sorrow in its train.

No matter! It is, as the Legate says,
 But "empty air." (*To HEIDENRIC.*) What message do you bear?

Heidenric. Thus to the great Litwanian king, Pope Innocent
 (Fourth of the name who've worn the papal crown)
 Sends greeting: Thou whose power extends
 From farthest Baltic to the shores of Crim,
 Go on, and prosper. Though unto thy creed
 He thinks thy heart is true, still would he prove —

(*MINDOWE starts, and exclaims "Ha!"*)

Send thou to him as neighboring monarchs do
 An annual tribute. So he'll bless thy arms
 That ere another year elapses Russ' shall yield,
 And Halicz fall before thy conquering sword.

Mindowe. Thanks to the Pope. I'll profit by his leave;
 I'll throw my troops in Muscovy, and scourge
 The hordes of Halicz, move in every place
 Like an avenging brand, and say: The Pope
 Hath giv'n me power. But, hark ye! Legate,

What needs so great a priest as he of Rome
 With my red gold to buy him corn and oil?
 Explain! I do not understand the riddle.

Heidenric. He merely asks it as a pledge of friendship,
 But nothing more. The proudest kings of Europe
 Yield him such tribute.

Mindowe. Tribute! base priest!

Whene'er thy master asks for *tribute*, this —

(*Striking his sword.*)

Is my reply. What hast thou there?

Heidenric. A gift —

A precious relic of most potent virtue.

Thou'st heard of St. Sebastian? holy man!

He died a martyr. This which brought him death

Is sent unto thee by his holiness —

(*Presents a rusty spear-head.*)

Mindowe. Fie on such relics! I could give thy Pope
 A thousand such! This dagger by my side
 Has hung from childhood. It has drank the blood
 Of many a foe that vexed my wrath; and oft
 Among them there were men, and holy men,
 As holy, sir, as e'er was St. Sebastian.

Heidenric. Peace, thou blasphemer!

Mindowe (angrily). How! dost wish thy head
 To stand in safety on thy shoulders?

What means this insolence, sir Legate?

Think'st thou that I shall kneel, and bow, and fawn,
 And put thy master's iron yoke upon me?

They act not freely whom the fetters bind,

And none shall forge such galling chains for me!

There's not one more *Mindowe* in the world,

Nor is your Pope a crowned Litwanian king.

Heidenric. I speak but as the representative
 Of power, supreme o'er earthly monarchs

Mindowe. Thou doest well to shelter thus thyself
 Under the shield of thy legation. Hast

Aught more to utter of thy master's words,
Aught more to give?

Heidenric. I have a gift to make
Unto thy queen.

Mindowe. The queen hath lain, sir prince,
In cold corruption for a twelvemonth back.
What means this mockery?

Heidenric. Pardon, my lord!
It was not known unto his holiness.
The forests of Litwania are so dark
They shut her doings from her neighbor's ken.
If then the queen be dead who shall receive
This goodly gift?

Mindowe. My mother —

Heidenric. If I may judge
By what I heard e'en now, she'd not accept
Our offering.

Mindowe. Then give the gorgeous gaw
To Ławski's widow — she who soon will be
My crowned queen. Summon her hither, page.

[*Exit PAGE.*

Attendants, take from hence these costly gifts,
And give them in the royal treasurer's care —

[*Exit Attendants, as ALDONA enters.*

Here comes my spotless pearl, the fair Aldona,
The choicest flower of the Litwanian vales.
Address thy speech to her.

Heidenric. Beauteous maid,
Accept these golden flowers from Tiber's banks,
Where they have grown, nursed by the beams of faith.
Nor deem less in value that they are
By the bright luster of thine eyes eclipsed.

Aldona. These costly jewels and the glare of gold,
Albeit they suit not my mourning weeds
May serve as dying ornaments. As such
I will accept them.

Heidenric (aside). Ay! I warrant me.

Like to most women she accepts the gift.

No farther questions. Gold is always — *gold*.

(*Motions to ŁAWSKI to approach ALDONA. He does so, tremblingly.*)

Mindowe (to ŁAWSKI). Thou tremblest, Teuton!

(*ŁAWSKI raises his visor as he approaches ALDONA. She recognizes his features, shrieks, and falls. Exit ŁAWSKI.*)

Mindowe. Help here, she swoons.

Without there.

(*Enter Attendants.*)

Bear her hence. Pursue that knight.

[*Exit Attendants with ALDONA.*

(*To HEIDENRIC.*) What means this mystery?

Heidenric. I know not, sire.

He said that he had vowed whilst in our train

For certain time to keep his visor down.

He's taciturn. This with his saddened air,

Together with the rose upon his helm,

The emblem of the factious house of York,

Bespeak him English. To my thought, at least.

Mindowe. Think ye such poor devices can deceive?

He is a spy — a base, deceitful spy.

Begone! for by my father's sepulcher

I see a dagger in my path. Begone!

[*Exit HEIDENRIC and HERMAN.*

Approach Lutuver. Didst thou see that knight

Who left so suddenly?

Lutuver. I did so, sire,

But 'f all the group I least suspected *him*

Of treasonable practices. He's silent,

For no one understands his language here;

He keeps aloof from men, because he's sad;

He's sad, because he's poor; so ends that knight.

Mindowe (not heeding him).

I tell thee that my very soul's pulse throbb'd,

And my heart cast with quicker flow my blood,
 When that young knight approached Aldona. (*Muses.*)
 Now, by the gods, I do believe 'tis he —
 The banished Ławski, here to dog my steps —
 What thinkst thou, Lutuver?

Lutuver. Slay him, sire!
 If it be he, he's taken from thy path,
 If not — to slay a Teuton is no crime.

Mindowe. Thou counselest zealously. But still, thy words
 Fall not upon an ear which thinks them good.
 I tell thee that this Ławski is my bane,
 A living poison rankling 'fore mine eyes.

Men prate about the virtues of the man.
 And if a timorous leaning to the right
 From fear to follow where the wrong directs
 Be virtue, then is he a paragon.
 No wonder we are deadly foes. To me
 The brightness which is shed o'er all his deeds
 When placed in contact with my smothered hate
 Seems as the splendor of the noonday sun
 Glancing upon some idol's horrid form,
 Making its rude appearance ruder still.

One word of mine, Lutuver, might destroy
 This abject snail, who crawling near my hope
 Hath scared it off. But I would have him live,
 And when he meets his adorable wife,
 When in th' excess of 'raptured happiness
 Each fiber fills with plenitude of joy
 And naught of bliss is left to hope for — then
 At fair Aldona's feet shall he expire,
 And the full heart just beating 'gainst her own
 Shall yield its living current for revenge.
 And she — his wife — to whom I knelt in vain,
 Who oft has said she courted my dislike,
 And wished I'd hate her:— she shall *have* her wish.

[*Exeunt* MINDOWE and LUTUVER, as the curtain falls.]

GARCZYŃSKI.

STEPHEN GARCZYŃSKI, the imitator and a great personal friend of Adam Mickiewicz, was gifted with marked poetical abilities, but a long residence in foreign countries had a great influence over them. His poetry when not considered from a national, artistic standpoint, possesses unusual merits. His fantasy being full of feeling, and his imagery of the richest spirit, are the two greatest characteristics of his poetical creations; but their German mysticism and other outlines, tinged with foreign literature, are their weak points. Mickiewicz, in his lectures on Slavonic Literature, places Garczyński in the front ranks of Polish poets; but it is doubtful whether he could maintain the place now, because he died too young to compete for so high a place on the Polish Parnassus; and yet, as a poet, he stands high. His beautiful poem "Wacław's History" is an extensive philosophical creation, but founded upon ideas of which he drank deeply while in Germany. It is a description of an individual life in many phases and changes of all sorts, all of which seem to exert a great influence upon his moral condition; this constitutes about the whole theme of the poem. Here Garczyński reminds one of Byron's heroes. It is an unhappy young man for whom the world has no longer any charms,—who amidst riches and amusements, dying from grief, looks for relief and diversion in learning. We see in him something akin to "Faust" or "Manfred," but neither the unlimited desire for knowledge nor passions consumes him. He does not chase about the world as "Lara" or "Cor-

sair," in search of prey, lust, or booty. He is unhappy only because he is a Pole; he is unhappy because he does not see any moral cause for the existence of his country; because in philosophy only he could find the apotheosis of the powers which destroyed his country. Besides that, he wrote war sonnets and lyrics, most of which are replete with a devoted love to his country.

Garczyński was born in 1806, in Great Poland, received his first education at Trzemeszno, and at a Lyceum at Warsaw; then he attended the University at Berlin, where having imbibed the philosophical doctrines of Hegel he drowned in them the remnants of the faith of his sires, which he carried away with him on leaving the home of his youth. Traveling in Italy in 1829 he met Mickiewicz, the poet, at Rome, and here were formed between them ties of the closest and most sincere friendship. Mickiewicz warmed up Garczyński's faith, and awakened within him the great inborn powers which up to this time were misdirected. During the revolution of 1831 he took an active part in national movements. He was aid-de-camp of General Umiński, fought in several battles, and received a golden cross for bravery and meritorious conduct. After the unfortunate result of the revolution he went to Paris, France, and from there to Rome, where he again met his beloved friend Adam Mickiewicz. In his company he went to Geneva, Switzerland. His health beginning to fail he sought relief at Avignon, where he was taken by Mickiewicz in person. Here, after a month's illness, he died—1833, Mickiewicz closing his eyes.

Garczyński's works were published in Paris by Martinet in 1860, in Posen by Mertzbach, and by Brockhouse in Leipsic; also in the "Library of the Polish Authors" in 1860.

MILITARY SONNET.

With signal of attack each separate line
 Like two black clouds ere bursts the thunder peal
 Advance,— each moment closer yet they steal,
 Thirsty for blood, the battle's crimson wine.
 With manes outshaken at the second sign
 The horses snort, glance proudly,— bold with ire,
 Strike with their hoofs,— raise dust with sparks of fire,
 As though the coming victory they divine.
 March! march! the third sign giv'n; what billows rise!
 The sea itself is not more tempest-tost
 With horse and rider;— earth in smoke is lost.
 A clash of arms! friends mingle in the host
 With foes. Who conquers? from the turmoil fled,
 The vanquished leave the victors with the dead!

CONVERSATION.

Come here my girl; and then she ran to me.
 Do you love me? *Oh yes, indeed I do.*
 As mother?— brother? far more fond and true;
 To you a help I ever wish to be.
 All that I have, or will have, fain would I
 Divide with you and for you make all light.
 Ah! when I hear the rustling trees at night,
 And windows rattling as the breeze sweeps by,
 'Tis dark, and I alone sad vigil keep;
 I think you are not with me — then I weep.

'Tis very wrong, my child, — it is a sin.
Sin, did you say? Ah! that is never true,
 For when at morn I do not mention you
 In prayer, no heavenly joy do I win
 At eve. I think of words you spoke to me,
 And to myself give them a meaning strange.

I weep, but am so happy I would change
That moment — time into eternity,
And weep forever with a blissful sense
Of happiness most pure and most intense.

'Tis wrong, my child;— your thoughts had better rest
On some one else — more fitting it would seem
God so ordains. Ah! no; whene'er I dream
Of Heaven, you are there among the blest.
Once said I to myself that it was wrong,
But sweet and clear as chime of silver bell
Kind voices spoke to me:— *Love! love! 'Tis well.*
Long as you have a heart — Oh love so long;
And to my soul came joy unknown before,
And doubt can never cloud its sunshine more.

Then I was silent;— sank the sun and fell
Calm ev'ning dim with shades of coming night.
My heart was timid, but a new delight,
With some strange change about it, wove a spell
When I repeated "it is wrong," I prest
With fervent kiss the maiden's lip and hand;
The rapture, none save lovers understand,
Kindl'd a warmth divine within my breast,
For as our lips in that warm pressure met
A star rose in my sky that ne'er can set.



ZALESKI.

ZALESKI.

JOSEPH BOHDAN ZALESKI, at first the worshiper and a scholar of Brodziński, and whom he also tried to imitate, at least in the external construction of his verse, became in the end an original poet in the true sense of the word. Ukraine, the province of his nativity, is almost the sole theme of his song. It is from her heroic deeds that he takes all his subjects, and from her natural wealth all the embellishments and charms of his poetry. Naturalness, feeling, and grandeur of imagery constitute the inborn music of his song. Zaleski is one of the greatest lyric poets; he possesses an unusual gift of poetic vision of every thought and every feeling, which he skilfully shapes, tunes, and transforms at his will. The unrest of the soul, touching meditations, and the clothing of his thoughts with peculiarly deep mystery, are the chief characteristics of his creations. Occasionally he rises above the bounds of the natural world and soars in the ideal; then again he descends into the innate qualities of nature, and surrounding himself with the light of reality he seems to remain with himself only in thoughtfulness and longing as if awakened from a temporary illusion or a broken spell. His manner of writing is solely his own, bearing the stamp of an incomparable artist. Liveliness of imagery, sincerity of feeling, and the outward form of expression, are blended in him in delightful harmony, so that it is difficult to determine whether he is a greater poet or a greater musical artist.

Zaleski was born on the 14th of February, 1802, at

a place called Bohaterka, in Ukraine. His youth was spent on the steppes (prairies) amidst the people of that region. He attended school in the city of Humań from 1815 to 1819. Humań is situated within but a short distance from the most beautiful garden in Europe, from which the poet Trembecki drew his inspiration when he wrote his famous poem "Sofiowka." The garden is so named, and one would not go much amiss to infer that the resplendent beauties of the garden might have first awakened Zaleski's poetic genius. It is not an unpleasant fact for the editor of this work to here record that he, too, rubbed his back against the walls of that famous institution, and remembers well the severity of its rules. He knows not whether the institution is still in existence, but at the time when he was a student there the professors' chairs were filled by the most learned and ablest men of the order of Basilians.

In 1820 Zaleski went with Severyn Goszczyński to Switzerland, and thence to the University of Warsaw. Later he was a private teacher with a Mr. Górski and the son of General Shembeck, until 1830. In that year he left Poland and went to Paris, then to Italy. Returning to Paris he filled the office of the Superintendent of the Polish School at Batignolle, where we believe he still resides.

His work "Poetry" was published by Edward Iełowicki in 1841; "Dumy and Dumki," published by Raczyński in Posen; "Poetry," at St. Petersburg in 1851. The Poet's Oratorium in "Dumy and Dumki" was dedicated to his wife,—published at Posen, 1866. No nation had a sweeter and more feeling poet than Zaleski — not even excepting Petrarch.

THE POET'S SONG.

When Spring unfolds her foliage green,
And birds their songs begin to breathe,
My strain, like theirs, is free from care;
I fly above,—descend beneath!

I fly and haunt the vanished past,
'Mid tempests' low and wavering moan;—
I gaze upon the regions vast,
And listen to the whirlwind's tone!

I feel the world's bright aspect 'round,
From flowers sweet I take my life;
I list to angels' praising sound,
And soon forget all earthly strife.

And if my heart at times complains,
In spite of all its earthly joys,
I try to soothe its bitter pains,
As children do with pleasing toys.

If for a while my bosom beats,
And trembles, filled with pain and fear,
My mind to Heaven then retreats,
And there dispels each bitter tear.

Thus then I pass away my time,
In joy my moments quickly glide;
Not fond of solving mysteries,
I smile at human thoughtless pride.

But when I end life's short career,
And bid this world a last adieu,
Another world again will cheer
The heart that seldom sorrow knew.

Although the body pass from hence,
The soul immortal shall not die;
A few remaining thoughts on earth
May tell I soared beyond the sky.

'TIS DIFFERENT WITH US.

“U nas inaczej.”

'Tis sad, brethren, sad, beyond the Danube's tide,
 Moist are our eyes, but our feelings we must hide;
 Irsome is the world, the people weary me;
 How strange 'mid bustling crowds look all things I see!
 Here the Kozak's* spirit must pleasureless roam;
 'Tis so different all from our own loved home!

'Tis different with us! ah, the Polish land
 Is our mighty queen — 'tis a Slavonic band;
 At a sign from her, brethren, death we will dare,
 And ever we'll dream of Ukraine the fair.
 Here the Kozak's spirit must pleasureless roam;
 'Tis so different all from our loved home!

'Tis different with us! blithe and buoyant instead,
 Away with mounds sepulchral whose shadows outspread;
 The eagle eye desires ev'ry thing to see,
 Bathing in wild grasses contented and free!
 Here the Kozak's spirit must pleasureless roam;
 'Tis so different all from our loved home!

'Tis different with us! 'neath the dark blue skies
 O'erhanging Ukraine plaintive songs arise
 From many sweet singers wand'ring far and near;
 O God, their sad strains ever deafen the ear!
 Here the Kozak's spirit must pleasureless roam;
 'Tis so different all from our loved home!

* See annotations to Malczewski. We can only add here that the word “Kozak” applies figuratively especially to those who were born in Ukraine; hence when one says he comes from “Kozaczyzna,” it means that he comes from the land of the “Kozaks,” that is to say, from “Ukraine.” Here the poet, though a nobleman calls himself a *Kozak*, being born and brought up in Ukraine.

U NAS INACZEJ.

(Bohdana Zaleskiego.)

Smutnoż tu — smutno, bracia, za Dunajem,
 I w oczach mokro, bo sercami tajem;
 Ludzie nas nudzą — i świat cały nudzi;
 Cudzo — och pusto — wśród świata i ludzi!
 Nie ma bo rady dla duszy kozaczej;
 U nas inaczej — inaczej — inaczej!

U nas inaczej Och! Ojczyzna Lasza,
 To wszech słowiańska i królowa nasza,
 Bracia, zginiemy za nią, kiedy skinie,
 Ale śnić będziem o swej Ukrainie.
 Nie ma bo rady dla duszy kozaczej;
 U nas inaczej — inaczej — inaczej!

U nas inaczej! I bujnie i miło,
 Hej! nie zastępuj na drodze mogiło!
 Nie ściel się cieniem! niech sokole oko
 Kąpie w burżanach lubo a szeroko!
 Nie ma bo rady dla duszy kozaczej;
 U nas inaczej — inaczej — inaczej!

U nas inaczej! Po nad Ukrainą,
 Wskroś okolicą jarzącą się, siną,
 Boże śpiewaki ciągną w w różne strony;
 Aż w uszach klaszcze, taki gwar zmącony!
 Nie ma bo rady dla duszy kozaczej;
 U nas inaczej — inaczej — inaczej!

'Tis different with us! what I've secretly planned,
Or in Duma sing, my horse can understand;
He neighs in his way; of his tabun * thinks he?
Ah, he and I are twins, both yearning to be free!
Here the Kozak's spirit must pleasureless roam;
'Tis so different all from our own loved home!

'Tis different with us! sad notes e'er are sung,
Because 'tis sepulchral, and the graves among;
They breathe the spirit of our great sires and praise
Glories and victories of their olden days!
Here the Kozak's spirit must pleasureless roam;
'Tis so different all from our own loved home!

'Tis different with us! far more glad and gay,
Lively beats the heart; pour out no wine I pray!
Intoxication seems the air itself to fill;
When I wish to carouse I shall with a will!
Here the Kozak's spirit must pleasureless roam;
'Tis so different all from our own loved home!

'Tis different with us! love and longing here
As two strands of the thread of this life appear.
With tears, O God, I entreat a boon of Thee,
That in Heaven Thou'll give Ukraine to me!
Here the Kozak's spirit must pleasureless roam;
'Tis so different all from our own loved home!

* A herd of wild horses.

U nas inaczej Co zaśpiewam w dumie,
Co w głowie knowam — brat koń mój rozumie;
Rży po swojemu:— czy tabun pamięta?
Och! za wolnością tęsknimy bliźnięta!
 Nie ma bo rady dla duszy kozaczej;
 U nas inaczej — inaczej — inaczej!

U nas inaczej! Wciąż nuta żałoby,
Bo namogilna, bo pomiędzy groby
Ku duchom ojców przygrywa wspaniale
O ich minionych i bojach i chwale:
 Nie ma bo rady dla duszy kozaczej;
 U nas inaczej — inaczej — inaczej!

U nas inaczej! Jakoś lżej weselej,
Krew gra burzliwiej:— oj wina mi nie lej!
Samem powietrzem po pianemu żyję;
A kiedy hulam — to na łeb, na szyję!
 Nie ma bo rady dla duszy kozaczej;
 U nas inaczej — inaczej — inaczej!

U nas inaczej! Miłość i tęsknota,
To jak dwie prządky naszego żywota.
Bożeż mój, Boże! łzami modłę Ciebie!
Jak umrę, daj mi Ukrainę — w niebie!
 Nie ma bo rady dla duszy kozaczej;
 U nas inaczej — inaczej — inaczej!

TO MY GUITAR.

Thou dear companion of my spring,
My soul confides its grief to thee;—
Let the sad plainings of each string
Drown all my sighs melodiously.

And let thy murmurs, joined with mine,
A soothing as of dreams impart,
While from these walls at day's decline,
Their notes rebounding thrill my heart.

Sweetly intoxicate each sense,
Chase from my eyes this mist of pain;—
From earth's cold desert bear me hence,
My only solace! on thy strain.

Through all my sad and vanished years
Few happy hours to me were known;
Hope's longing only joined to fears
And disappointment were my own.

One moment comes,— another goes,
My years like autumn leaves grow dry;—
When will this pilgrim journey close —
This exile and an end draw nigh?

I do not dread Eternity;
Death in my soul awakes no fear:—
There wait the golden days for me,
Which I have sought so vainly here.

Companion of my life's sad spring,
My soul confides it's grief to thee;—
Let the low plainings from thy string
Drown all my sighs melodiously.

JACHOWICZ.

STANISLAUS JACHOWICZ was born at Dzikow, in Galicia, 17th of April, 1796. His father (who was a plenipotentiary of Count Tarnowski) died when Stanislaus was but a child; but his pious mother took great care in his education. The boy exhibited excellent qualities of heart and mind from his very childhood; no punishment was ever resorted to in bringing up the lad; an appeal from the mother to her son's heart sufficed in every instance. He went to the gymnasium at Stanisławow, where he was always the first among the scholars in learning and deportment, and afterward attended the Faculty of Philosophy in the University of Lemberg from 1815 to 1818. The celebrated Professor Maas prized him very highly, and corresponded with him. In the latter part of 1818 he went to Warsaw, where he entered in an official capacity the department of Procurator-General of the Kingdom of Poland. It was here that he became acquainted with the poet Brodziński. But the duties of an official life had no charms for him; the bent of his mind led him altogether in a different direction; he soon gave himself up to the occupation of a private teacher. His first fables were published at Płock in 1824. Five of his smaller works passed through two editions; one passed through three, and his fables through six, different editions. Then came the publication of "Thoughts in Regard How to Gain a Correct Knowledge of the Foundations of the Polish Language"—Warsaw, 1828. Jachowicz left in manuscript "Sketches of Polish History," in verse; also a spelling-book, copiously illustrated with wood-cuts.

All who knew Iachowicz personally testify to the nobleness of his nature, and to his great friendship of children; and so long as the little rising generation will speak the language of their grandmothers they will carry his name to the remotest posterity. His fables and proverbs can be found in almost every house in Poland. The last edition of his works was published in Warsaw in four volumes—1848. Besides these he published a new collection entitled “A Hundred New Stories” —Warsaw, 1853. The substance of his fables is an invention adapted for the understanding and the necessities of children. In these little stories we find the children’s world dramatized; their subjects do not touch the concerns of grown people, or any intricate relations of life; they simply concern the relations of children, their little adventures, contacts, and relations with their parents, society, etc. The author endeavors to imbue the little folks with virtues of religion and pleasing shadings of their every-day situations. He pursues their little shortcomings and their little foibles in the same good-natured way and degree of childishness; the form, too, in which they are written possesses also its peculiarly interesting manner. Jachowicz understood that the essence of a fable is not an allegory, but an example, and that allegorical examples are not practical for children; for a child there is no better example than to show it the doings of another child. Jachowicz also comprehended the truth that the heroes of his stories were not animals or trees, but children. His manner of telling things is so easy and lucid that every child can understand him without any trouble, although sometimes he moralizes too long. He died in Warsaw the 24th of December, 1857.

SUNSET.

The sun went down, with it one more day has passed away;—
 The church-bell heralded its death through the twilight grey;
 To-morrow, at the same time and hour, with bell-tones clear,
 Another day shall disappear;
 And after that a third, and so
 Our whole life day by day shall go
 An old man thought,—up and down he paced with feeble tread.
 What does the old man mutter? the thoughtless children said.

THE OLD MAN.

Gaily with your pastimes you amuse yourselves to-day,
 But your life is fleeting imperceptibly away.
 See you the sunset, children fair?
 Only look! see over there:
 The clouds with red and gold inwrought,—
 Their play a moment was forgot.
 And while they looked with earnestness
 The old man spoke of sinfulness
 Repentance and a saving grace,
 How swiftly day to day gives place;
 And of the vanities of earth,
 They understood not then its worth.
 In riper years alone their might
 The sunset shone upon their sight.
 They thought of what the old man said many years ago,
 And finer feelings filled their hearts all with a holy glow.
 The world's snares deceived them no more,
 Love of wealth and glory was o'er;
 Flown away as if with the wind,
 And if for earthly joys they pined
 The old man's sunset crossed their mind.

THE LITTLE ORPHAN.

Mother! but speak, dispel my dread,—
'Tis your own daughter, hear her plea;
I kneel and weep beside your bed,—
Awake and say a word to me!

Mother! the hands my lips have pressed
Are cold as ice. Oh, for God's sake
No longer in this coffin rest;
Open your eyes, mother, awake!

I cannot think you will not rise,
They say you will waken never;
O mamma dear, open your eyes,
Don't you love me well as ever?

Arise, arise, from that white bed,
It looks as if it were a tomb,
And press me to your breast instead,
My heart will break within this gloom!

Ah, you keep still, my mother dear,
You wish me all alone to stay;
Must I be left an orphan here,
Torn from my mother's arms for aye?

I have never been away from you,
Oh, may I never, never be;
But to the grave let me go, too,
Can you seek Heaven without me?

You are so good, mother, I plead
That you will look on me with love,
And with the good Lord intercede
To join us in his home above!

MOTHER'S WARNING.

My son, said a mother, if you would be my delight,
From thy soul's depths love truth and right;
Teach your heart to loathe deeply every form of wrong,
Shun evil when alone as when 'mid a watchful throng.
The youth promised his mother, and in his eye shone clear
The light of truth — she knew that his promise was sincere.
In a few days thereafter it happened on his way
The youth passed a neighbor's garden filled with blossoms
gay
Just at that time of summer when fragrant buds disclose
In its charming beauty the queen of flowers, the rose,
To reach and pluck the fairest the eager youth essayed,
When something whispered him of the promise he had
made.
His hand dropped — he paused to think — he listened to the
voice,
A future life of right or wrong waited on his choice.
But another voice said: what does one rose signify?
The owner will forgive it, no harm therein can lie,
If you leave them as they are their hours of bloom are few;
Reach and pluck one, you shall take a sweet rose home with
you.
No one will reprove you; there are plenty, take your choice;
And he almost believed for a time that evil voice.
Your promise to your mother,—'twas his heart's voice he heard,
He who is good and honest will never break his word.
He resisted the temptation, the flowers untouched remained,
He heard his mother's warning, and a victory was gained!

THE LITTLE JEWESS.

A little Jewish girl, pale and thin, in humble guise,
Was walking, with her hands covering her eyes,
When a lady from her window marked her feeble tread,
And sent her maid to her with a piece of bread.

Thus having done her duty she felt much happiness.
 What is more pleasant than easing the distress
 Of the poor orphan? But out of breath the maid came back.
 "Do you know," she said, "my mistress dear,—alack!
 That is a Jewish girl;—who e'er thought to help a Jew?"
 The good lady was offended. "Shame on you!
 She is poor, and therefore she deserves our aid," she said;
 "Go forthwith, I bid you, give to her the bread.
 She is a fellow creature;—the creeds don't signify;—
 The sun shines upon us all,—impartially."

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

A money-box was fastened up in a public place,
 And many with indiff'rence as they passed apace
 Read "Offering for the Poor;" thereon they turned away
 Without putting in a penny for many a day.
 It stood quite empty, till at last
 A poor woman dropped her mite, a penny, as she passed.
 Next, seeing her, a rich man stopped,
 Who some ducats dropped.
 The less wealthy, moved by the sight, added to the store
 Each a florin more.
 Another one, who had seen the widow give her mite,
 Dropped a dollar bright.
 Whence comes this liberality,—this golden shower?
 'Tis the example of the good. It is virtue's power
 That brings the penny shining gold.
 Perhaps to this hour time had rolled,
 And the money-box, now burdened, remained empty quite
 Had not the poor and humble widow given her mite.
 Good example works wonders for the right!

KORZENIOWSKI.

JOSEPH KORZENIOWSKI, at the beginning of his career, was a poet of purely classic character, but when the inspiration of new ideas came upon him he was regenerated in the spirit. Still this awakening was not spontaneous, but was caused by side influences, and it was doubtless for this reason that his own influence on the Polish literature, at the beginning of this change, was so inconsiderable. He was one of the young poets who began to write originally for the stage. He shifted, however, from classic tragedy to a new style of dramas, in which he imitated Shakspeare. His classic tragedy bears the name of "Pelopids," but his "Clara" and "Angelique," written in measured rhyme, are of a different cut. "The Carpathian Mountaineers" is a drama which is considered a masterpiece in Polish literature. The same merit claims "The Monk," telling of a life of temptation and the death of Boleslas the Bold. But perhaps still greater is his historical drama, "Andrew Batory," where, for the first time, Korzeniowski endeavored to awaken the remote past and enrich the literature of his country with an historical play, and in this difficult task he came out victorious. He delineated in a masterly manner all the characters of the drama with great historical truth, with which he embellished this remarkable production.

In the comedy "The Jews" the poet shows unmistakably that he is well experienced in the ways of the world and a superior judge of the human heart. He is the first, too, who showed what significance comedy had in a social point of view. In his comedy "The

Moustache and the Wig" old Polish types stand in bold relief alongside of Frenchified ways of the times of Stanislaus Augustus.

Although Korzeniowski is a perfect master of the language in all his pieces, he evinces great carelessness in interesting his reader or spectator. In the old dialogues of the prologue it was announced at the beginning what the subject of the play would be; so it is with Korzeniowski. He tells us in advance what will be the text of the drama, weakening thereby the interest of the play; and unmindful about carrying out the intrigue he loses the power of the comic. On that account he is placed below Fredro,* but his lyric poetry belongs to the first class.

Korzeniowski was born in 1797, in Galicia, and was educated at Czernovitz, and then at Krzemieniec. After finishing his studies he went to Warsaw, where he accepted a situation as a private teacher, offered him by Gen. Vincent Krasieński, and later he obtained a position as librarian in the great library of Count Zamoyski. In 1823 he was called to the professorship of Polish literature at Krzemieniec, where he lectured till 1830. The year after he entered the cathedra of literature and Roman antiquities at the University of Kiev, and in 1836 of Polish literature, where he lectured only a few months, the cathedra being abolished. In 1837 he was one of the directors of the University of Charkow, and in 1846 was appointed the director of the state gymnasium at Warsaw. He then was honored with the dignity of the office of Visitor of schools and colleges, and still later was made a commissioner of creeds and instruction. While occupying this important office he was greatly influential in the arrange-

*A distinguished Polish dramatist.

ment of plans for the chief school at Warsaw. In 1862, suffering from ill health, he journeyed to a Bohemian water-cure, but that availed him not, and he died at Dresden in 1863.

His dramas were for the first time published at Poczajow, in 1826; "The Carpathian Mountaineers" at Wilno, 1843; "The Monk" at Warsaw, 1830; it was translated into Hebrew by Julian Klaczko; "Andrew Batory," Warsaw, 1846; "The Jews," Wilno, 1843.

THE LAST LABOR.

(DUMA.)

Through thicket and through brush and field
Traveled a man whose form revealed
The weight of years. His eyes anon
Fell on the staff he leaned upon.
Slowly he walked — his native strength
Trouble and age had sapped at length
With many deep and cruel wounds
Gained on forgotten battle-grounds.

Every day he this path would trace,
On his shoulder bearing a spade.
In the graveyard, resting a space,
To dig a grave he then assayed,
Till, weary with his work, at length
Again he rested in the shade
And at his feet he placed the spade.
Once refreshing his wasted strength,
He thus reposed with his dim eyes
Resting heavenward on the skies,
As if he sought throughout the space
The bright shades of his past to trace,
The pleasures of his by-gone days
That never more shall meet his gaze.

Filled with emotion as he thought,
 His faint and trembling voice awoke,
 Called back the past with mem'ry fraught,
 And thus unto himself he spoke:

Evening's hush the valleys keep,
 The sun descends behind the hill;
 O'er the grass the dew-drops creep,
 The fragrant wind sighs soft and still,
 While utter silence reigns alone.
 No stir about; all life seems past
 Save that my heart, so weary grown,
 Beats, oh! so loudly, and so fast!
 The spell of utter silence round
 Most grave and solemn thoughts recall.
 Here is the inevitable bound!
 This is the heritage of all!
 For all the roads are leading here,
 And wafted on their wings we come.
 Every earthly hope and fear
 Endeth here their weary sum.
 Entrance 'tis to the spirit home,
 Welcome resting place for mortals,
 I would gladly pass its portals,
 Never more to toil and roam.

Willingly would I meet the change —
 Happily lie upon thy breast,
 Not feeling that the land is strange,
 But as I were at home and rest.
 I have lived through many a year,
 Have seen on earth much change and gloom;
 Relations, brothers, friends so dear,
 Are sleeping in the silent tomb.
 My voice, that sleep can never wake,
 But through the gloom this thought steals o'er,
 Life's billows bearing me shall break,

And cast me on the unknown shore.
My hold upon the earth is weak,
My sunset rays so dimly blend,
A few more tears upon my cheek,
A few more sighs, and then the — end!

All the phantoms of younger days,
And all delusions of the heart,
Pleasures of glory, love's sweet ways,
Like sounds of yesterday depart.
Long lines of years have disappeared
Like a cloud scattered by the blast,
Troubles that vexed, pleasures that cheered,
All come to nothing at the last.
Few the memories that we gain
From such a harvest large and full —
From the abundance there remain
Few roses mid the thorns to pull.

All was silent. He ceased so speak,
And with tears on his pallid cheek
Rose to his feet, and tremblingly
Began to dig his grave once more,
Till, growing weary as before,
Reposed again beneath the tree,
With the spade lying at his feet.
Thus toiled and rested he each day,
When shades of night the sunset meet,
And o'er the world in darkness lay
His last rude shelter in the land
He dug with his own trembling hand.
Thus in the graveyard he was found,
His head uplifted from the ground,
His eyes in his last sleep composed
And his blue lips were tightly closed.
Still was his voice — at rest each limb —
And his grave was — ready for him.

WASILEWSKI.

EDMUND WASILEWSKI was a poet of the heart. He seemed to prefer being shut up within himself to external glistening. He appeared to suffer mental pain, and whenever he smiled his smile seemed to mingle with yearning and grief. His faith and his prophetic ken seemed wavering and uncertain. Edmund's world and life were painted in dark and somber colors. Although his poetry sprung from the purest sources, yet it was oftentimes permeated with bitterness. Personal disappointments made him at times cold and indifferent as to his fate. He began to doubt about any happiness being in this world, so that even if he saw a bright beam of it to him it was but a piece of rotten wood glistening in the dark, without possessing any real light or warmth.

The collection of his poetry represents three different turns or kinds—egotistic, popular, and social,—with an occasional touch of historical coloring. His burning soul loved to pour out, in short lyrics and in sonnets, all his dreamings, his reveries, and his frenzy. "The Child of Frenzy" is his confession before the world, where in painful strains he sings the history of his life. Pure but unhappy love is the reigning theme extending throughout many tropes. Now and then it connects itself with observations about the world and peoples, and then again he complains with Werther,—then philosophizing in the Childe-Harold style. Such erotic feeling needs a highly creative individualism to express in the usual way the feelings of an enamored heart, and at the same time to impart to them

the witching tone of poesy. Such is his "Dream! O My Soul, Dream!"

Wasilewski is altogether a different man when he forgets his troubles and looks upon the surrounding objects with a pleasant eye and good humor, when he seeks a subject to which he could grow with his heart. Such a subject he found in the Cracovian people. The poet looked into their life, their customs, and their manners, and their native character; he heard their songs and was permeated with them through and through, began to love them and wrought a beautiful wreath for them in his collections—"The Cracovians." Far from his own personal fancy, which other poets would have tried to put into the people's conceits, he was on the contrary not only a faithful but also an ideal interpreter of their feelings in their different and most minute shades. His "Cracovians" are so purely natural that you can see them in their huts and houses just as they are, only the description is embellished by a beautiful diction. "The Mariner's Song" depicts different phases of life with uncommon tenderness. His "Cathedral on the Wawel" is truly worthy of the author. This mountain, around which are collected so many recollections of the past and so many souvenirs of national life, is to our poet an Olympus or a Hebron;—in a word the central point of the world; he turns to it continually, for there he sees every foot-path, every bush, every relic, brings to his mind a thousand pleasing visions, and as Wasilewski is on the field of popular poetry so is he here a true poet. He exercised but little care as to the outward smoothness of his verse; being driven by the warmest current of feeling he wrote whatever came to his mind without stopping, giving slight heed to minor objects. In his "Cathe-

dral on Wawel " no art is visible but the ardent feeling of truthfulness. Thoughts that led him on in this poem pervade all other of his labors, for they were his inseparable domestic idols. He worshiped them with a faith and devotedness that cost him his life.

Wasilewski was born on the 16th day of November, 1814. While a child he came with his parents to Cracow, and it was here that he was brought up and educated. After finishing his collegiate education he accepted the situation as a librarian offered him by Wielkopolski in the Kingdom of Poland; but after a lapse of one year he returned to Cracow, where he seems to have been persecuted by a relentless fate, and had to labor hard to support those dependent upon him. In 1844 he was married to his beloved and much sung "Helka" (Helen). God had given them a son, but he soon took the child away from them. Edmund was twice attacked by mortal sickness, but on the third attack he succumbed and gave his spirit up to God, November 14, 1846.

A collection of his poems was published at Cracow, 1839; at Posen, 1849; again at Cracow, 1849, and at Warsaw, 1859. "Cathedral on Wawel" was published separately in 1840.

UPON THE ROCKY SHORE.

Upon the lonely, rocky shore
 An old man walketh to and fro,
 His head is bent 'neath tresses hoar,
 His heart is heavy with its woe.

With eyes uplifted to the sky
 And gray locks to the breezes tossed,

He calls his children. None reply
To him; they are forever lost!

O lonely is the castle old,
And lonelier still his aged breast,
For life is drear to him, and cold,
Spent thus from those he loveth best.

Upon their names he fondly calls;
For them he weeps, alas! in vain;
Brave children! to their father's halls
They never more return again!

MEMORY'S TEAR.

Do you know the tear, lady,— the sweetest tear on earth,
Which remembrance e'er forces from the heart into view,
Which one pours out in silence or deeply hides at birth,
For memory of native land or friends tried and true,
Which tenderness must shed be we bashful or severe,
'Tis the tear above all others — it is memory's tear.

Do you know the reveries,— the meditations sad
Which carry us at will to the future or the past?
Do you know the power that makes that sorrow glad,
As your thoughts flow backward or coming time forecast?
Like the faithful ivy-green winding the ruins 'round
'Mid thoughts of future time and past these memories' dreams
are found.

JAŚKOWSKI.

JOHN NEPOMUCEN JASKOWSKI. We regret that we cannot furnish to our readers anything definite about this poet's life. We only know that he was an elegant writer of ballads, elegies, and dithyrambics. One of his ballads, which is given below, is a specimen of the naturalness of his style; as to its application to our own times, the reader may form his own conception.

A TALE.

One Sunday, at eventide,
 The old village church beside,
 An old man stood and slowly tolled the bell,
 When a man, young and unknown,
 With grey dust all his clothes o'erblown,
 In wonder list'ning to the solemn knell,

Paused to bashfully inquire:
 "From this village, agéd sire,
 Who takes thus solemnly his last adieu?"
 "Though the circumstance is sad,
 Since you are curious, lad,
 Listen, and I'll tell the tale to you.

"There lived with us, years ago,
 In this village, you must know,
 A peasant. Wealth he'd honestly acquired;
 His board was amply spread,
 Never lacking salt nor bread;
 He was happy, much beloved, and admired.

"In the household three there were:
 His good wife and himself, sir,

Were two; an only son made up the three,—
 A bright, rosy, cheerful lad,
 He was always finely clad,
 As wealthy farmers' sons are wont to be.

“One eve the father came
 From a house of noble name,
 And said to his wife, as deeply he sighed:
 ‘My God! what a change is this
 From the mansion's stateliness;
 A peasant's hut is pitiful beside.

“‘A commoner among those
 Of whom each one something knows,
 Am I here. It does nothing signify.
 God has given us a son;
 Why, then, may he not be one,
 I ask you, of the nobles, great and high.

“‘For two oxen we can sell.—
 He shall go to school, learn well;
 And who can say what he may be in time?
 He might even get a place
 At the manor, by his grace,
 Or to a preacher's office he might climb.’

“And they did accordingly;
 But they erred most terribly,
 For happiness from farm life may outgrow.
 Learning in itself is good,
 But whoever seeks it should
 Seek it not from pride, sir. Is that not so?

“Every year more and more
 Lessened still the farmer's store;
 The grain went, and the stock its number lacked.
 While the son in learning grew
 His false pride was growing too,
 And this was for his parents a sad fact.

“ So year after year was gone,
 And no one, as time went on,
 Saw him in his old home; and they began
 'Round to whisper, on the sly,
 That he in a city nigh
 Was playing the rôle of a gentleman.

“ No priest; on the other side,
 He was vain and puffed with pride,
 Ashamed that his father's clothes homespun were.
 God sends on him judgment dire
 Who regards with scorn his sire.—
 Is't not so?—What's the matter with you, sir?

“ In the meantime, as they say,
 Through the window and doorway
 Into the cottage did poverty stare;
 Taking wings, the riches flew,
 While the old folks older grew,
 And no assistance came from anywhere.

“ Though the old man's fertile field
 In his youth gave ample yield,
 Through it since had the tares and cockles crept.
 So his need was often great,
 And, bewailing the sad fate
 Of himself and son, oft the poor man wept.

“ Till, unhappy, tired, and worn,
 With affliction overborne,
 He fell in the field, prostrate, by his plow,—
 He fell, never more to rise;
 There were none to close his eyes;—
 Why is this, young man? You are weeping now!

“ But the tale is not yet told.
 There was left the mother old,—

Yes, she remained, entirely bereft,
 Woe to ev'ry one thus thrown
 On the dreary world alone,
 And greatest woe when a woman is left.

“She requested one to write
 To her son of her sad plight:
 ‘My son, your vain and empty dreams release.
 Have respect for my gray hair!
 The estate requires your care;
 Come, and you will find competence and peace.’

“Vainly were her prayers consigned,
 ’Twas like preaching to the wind!
 The poor old mother quit her native spot.
 Old and penniless from home
 She departed, thence to roam,
 A wanderer, ’mong people she knew not.

“So this morn, at break of day,
 Dead they found her, as she lay
 On her native heath, with her home in view.
 And it is for pity’s sake
 The bells this requiem make.—
 For God’s sake, sir, what is amiss with you?”

As the tale closed the young man,
 With expression wild, began,
 While from his eyes the tears were flowing fast:

“The sole murderer am I
 Of my parents; dead they lie
 As lies my happiness while time shall last.

“Much I fancied, and I dreamed,—
 Vain and empty visions beamed;—
 But the wind scattered them, and now I see,—
 Having wakened to the truth,—
 In the home of my lost youth
 Utter desolation! Have pity on me!

“ In this village, on this day,
Full amends for all I'll pay,—
Repent in sackcloth, with ashes on my head!
I will eat the humble crust,
And will murmur not; 'tis just.—
Say, but say that my mother is not dead!”

Falling prostrate on the ground,
From the depths of grief profound
Rained bitter tears from suffering so great.
The old man withdrew apace,
In his hands he hid his face,
Saying “Alas! it is too late! too late!”

ZAN.

THOMAS ZAN was one of the most exemplary and high-minded young men who attended the University of Wilno, 1820-3. After great political catastrophes there always follows in our literature a review of historical elements, social as well as literary. That very thing occurred in the century preceding this and in the first two decades of the present century. People began to reflect upon the past, not only the nearest to them, but also into the more remote periods of their existence as a nation. The result of these reflections was that all over the nation there began to form scientific and literary societies. The learned and the litterateurs commenced establishing small circles, and though they were scattered they worked together in the common cause of enlightenment. Thus, in this modest and quiet manner, little societies were formed in Warsaw, in Russia-Poland, in Lithuania, Ukraine, Podolia, Volhynia, and in Lemberg (Galicia), and thus the progress of knowledge spreading throughout the Polish nation gave a great impetus and prestige to these associations. For these there were extraneous causes, such as the general movement in European literature, which about this time, having shaken off the classic robes, began to assume in the writings of several poets and writers altogether a different direction. Another cause of the impending change was the mental movement in the universities. In Germany especially this feeling of enthusiasm was created a few years before in order to incite young men to join the ranks against Napoleon I, and it was then, for the first time in the annals of the

world, that young men became political factors or exponents. This spirit was brought home from the French wars, and was spread almost over all universities of Europe; hence since that time there grew a sort of self-reliance, independence, and we may say spontaneous manner and ways which the young men marked out for themselves—a thing which in the preceding ages had never occurred. This being begotten during French wars was continued after their cessation.

This spirit of self-reliance took hold of the Polish youth also, and was very palpable in the Kingdom of Poland, in Russia-Poland, and formed a powerful bond among the Polish youths in several prominent points. Young men came there to stay at least a year to acquire further knowledge, to be examined, and to receive degrees of learning. The most important of these places was the University of Wilno. Here, at the head of all young men, was Thomas Zan, a young man of rare virtues and the noblest qualities of the heart and mind, his pure morals and extraordinary mental capacities, and his eloquence, and withal being very gentle and urbane in his manners, he attached to himself all the youths; he imparted lessons of wisdom and general light to all around him. In this select circle were established literary labors in almost all branches. Some were studying natural sciences, some philosophy, others again were deeply engaged in historical lore, and those who possessed a talent for poetry composed songs, verses on all subjects, tales, and moral essays. From this famous circle came almost all celebrated Polish authors, and it was from this circle appeared, as it were, the patriarch of our epoch, Adam Mickiewicz.

In the galaxy of prominently unfolding talent around him Zan perceived especially the extraordinary

poetic genius in Mickiewicz. An intimate and most affectionate friendship sprang up between them. Being two years older than Adam, Zan, in a most delicate and affectionate manner, assumed a careful guidance over the future poet, stimulating him all the while by the noblest examples from history, and by his own ideas, reflections and suggestions. These efforts, still further stimulated by a patriotic love of country, burning within the breast of both, had the desired effect, and Mickiewicz's poetic powers burst forth with a resplendent luster.

Thomas Zan was born on the 21st of December, 1796, in the neighborhood of Mińsk. Shortly after the taking of Praga by storm by the Russian army, his father, Charles, then the mayor of Radoszkowice, was compelled to conceal himself, while his mother had to flee her home and seek protection at the homestead of her husband's brother, called Miasota, where she brought Thomas into the world. He was educated at Mińsk and Mołodeczno. After finishing his collegiate education he went, in 1815, to Wilno, where, at the university, he pursued the study of natural sciences, and where in a short time he obtained a degree of master of arts. During a judicial inquiry against certain young men of the University, brought about by Senator Nowosielcow, he was arrested in 1823, imprisoned, and condemned in 1824 to be exiled; the order was executed, and he was sent to Orenburg, in Russia, where he devoted himself to the study of natural sciences, and, by the order of Governor Perovski, established a museum. In 1826, through the influence and protection of Perovski, he obtained a position of librarian in the mining corps at St. Petersburg. In the year 1841 he returned to Lithuania, settled in a country

village called Kochaczyn, in White Russia, and died there the 7th of July, 1855.

Zan translated into the Polish language Washington Irving's "Life of Columbus," and published in the Russian language "The Geographical Researches" of travels in the Ural mountains and the steppes of Kirghiz. He also wrote fugitive verses which were published in different periodicals at Wilno. The most noted of Zan's literary compositions is "The Kitten," a tale in two parts. We could get only a few of Zan's "Triolets," part of which Mickiewicz has included in his poem "The Piper."

TRIOLETS.

I.

For whom do you wreath the nuptial wreath
 Of roses, lilies, and thyme?
 Whose radiant brow shall lie beneath
 The blossoms wreathed in this nuptial wreath,
 Woven in Love's warm clime?
 Tears and blushes from them outbreathe.
 For whom do you weave the nuptial wreath
 Of roses, lilies, and thyme.

You can only bestow the wreath on one
 Of roses, lilies, and thyme.
 And what though another's heart be won?
 You can only bestow the wreath on one,
 Can only give tears to the heart undone
 That will throb to your marriage chime
 When the wreath is given to the happier one
 Of roses, lilies, and thyme.

II.

Tell me why did I fear
 When my eyes beheld thee first?
Why so cowardly appear?
 Tell me why did I fear?
No tyrant wert thou, dear,
 Yet I, shrinking, feared the worst.
Tell me why did I fear
 When my eyes beheld thee first?

III.

We can love but once in life,
 Once only and sincerely;
And but once feel Love's sweet strife;
 We can love but once in life.
No words with wisdom rife
 Can change the matter; clearly
We can love but once in life,
 Once only, and sincerely.

GASZYŃSKI.

CONSTANTINE GASZYŃSKI has not left any great poems behind him, but in all his effusions there is a soul — and with that he won the hearts of all his readers. The chief quality of his composition is *feeling*. Of those poetic effusions where he did not imitate anyone, but let his heart take its natural inclination, we can truly say that they are beautiful, and will never cease to appeal to the finest feelings of our nature. Amidst the changes of his life many a song flowed spontaneously from his heart. Some of his first compositions remind us by their sweetness of Stephen Witwicki, and are noted for their beautiful rhythmical form. “Three Inspirations,” “Soldier’s Death,” “Black Dress,” “Death of General Sowiński,” and “The National Air,” will always reach the national feeling and be repeated by all; indeed, they have already become national songs. Albert Sowiński, and even Chopin, composed airs to them. They coursed throughout the whole nation, and the generation of those days held them as household songs. Who is there among the Poles who does not know “When by the Shores of Your Beloved Land” and “Usque ad finem”? The Polish youth committed them to memory and sung them throughout the realm.

To the better poems of Gaszyński belong “Idyls of Youth,” “Cards and Card-players,” “A Satire,” “Horse Races,” etc. His translations from Beranger and Heine are splendid, and are all distinguished by polished and correct language. Sigismund Krasiński had so high an opinion of Gaszyński’s rhythmical

knowledge that he would not publish anything before first reading the manuscript to him. Besides those elegant poems he also wrote romances, tales and memoirs. After the revolution of 1863 he grasped his pen once more, but only with a feeble hand. He composed, however, several songs.

Gaszyński was born in 1809 at Íeziorno, not far from Radom, and received his education at the Lyceum and the University of Warsaw, and in the company of many distinguished litterateurs often visited the *salons* of Vincent Krasiński. From the year 1828 to 1830 he edited with Zienkowicz "A Review for the Fair Sex." With the outbreak of the revolution of 1831 he joined the national ranks, and was through the whole campaign; and after the downfall of the cause, with the rank of first lieutenant, he emigrated with others into foreign countries. The poet's health requiring southern climate, he chose Provence as the place of his residence, and settled at Aix, where he passed many years, leaving the place only to meet his attached friend, the poet Sigismund Krasiński, or to make occasional visits to Italy.

The museums and the collections of arts at Aix engaged most of his time. In 1852 he traveled extensively through Italy, and his letters from that country to a friend in Cracow formed a separate volume, which was published at Leipzig in 1853. Speaking the French language as well as the Polish, he, soon after he came to reside at Aix, began to publish his literary labors in the "Gazette du Midi" and "Le Memorial d'Aix," and after a few years became the chief editor of the last named.

Being broken down in health, and suffering other strokes of ill fortune, he died on the 8th of October,

1866, surrounded by many of his distinguished Polish friends, as also by the first citizens of Aix, who truly appreciated his genius and had the highest respect for him personally as a high-minded and honorable man.

The first collection of his works was published in Paris, 1833, entitled "Songs of a Polish Pilgrim;" "Mr. Desiderius," also in Paris, 1846; "Other Memoirs," 1847; "A Chat Among the Olden-time Poles," 1851; "Idyl of Youth," 1855; "Horse Races at Warsaw," Paris, 1856; "Poems," Paris, 1856; "A Collection of Poems pro bono Publico," 1858; "Card-playing and Card-players," Paris, 1858; translation of Krasiński's poem into French, "Before Daybreak;" "The Last," and "Resurrecturis," Paris, 1862. He is also the author of many works and dissertations written originally by him in the French language, the most noted of which is "The Monograph," "Les Cabinets de Tableaux Artistiques de la Ville d'Aix." He left in the manuscript "Sigismund Krasiński and My Inter-course with Him," but those interesting memoirs cannot be published until a certain time after his death.

SHAKSPEARE (A SONNET).

Thou eagle! who with mind's audacious aim
 Hast touched the stars where none have reached before,
 And left us grand memorials in thy lore,
 Hast known man's heart, as Phidias knew his frame.
 Not Dante-like wert thou — he reached for fame,
 And gave his youth thoughts mysteries to explore.
 Not like Byron, who roved from shore to shore,
 To rest at last where Grecian stars outflame.
 Thou stoodst alone, and from the wells of thought,
 As Moses from the rock set waters free
 Whose currents flow into eternity,

In thine own heart gigantic voices wrought
 Echoes to reach with most harmonious note
 The wondering ear of ages far remote.

WHEN BY THE SHORES OF YOUR BELOVED LAND.

(Gdy na wybrzeżach twojej Ojczyzny.)

When by the shores of your beloved land
 You chance to see a shattered vessel fill,
 Wrecked by the pilot's lack of judging skill —
 Through shallow waters driven at his command —
 Give it, oh! give it at least a tear,
 For thus is hapless Poland imaged here.

If you should chance upon an orphan child,
 Alike of home and mother's love bereft,
 Who, mourning in a foreign land, is left
 To wait the hope's return that once beguiled,
 Look in his tearful face, and you will see
 Of Poland's sons a hapless refugee.

And if your glance should ever chance to rest
 On some high mountain of volcanic fire
 Whose flames through smoke and lava floods aspire,
 Sent up from heat eternal in its breast,
 Think then, 'Tis thus the ardent flames upstart
 From love of country in the Polish heart.

And should your thoughts to other countries wend,
 And find a people that are glad and free,
 A land of plenty and fertility
 O'er which no bloody scepter shall extend,
 O! raise your hands and supplicate in prayer
 That Poland too such happiness may share!

THE YOUNG WARRIOR AND THE SWALLOW.

A gallant young warrior in far foreign land,
 By strangers surrounded, misfortune oppressed,
 Unable his sad, bitter thoughts to command
 Of his country so dear, he by sad fate distressed,
 Beheld from the West a wee swallow flying,
 And said, with expression of great pain and care:
 You surely flew over where Poland is lying —
 What message or news do you bring me from there?

Perhaps it so happened you rested a spell,
 And built 'neath the eaves of my cottage your nest,
 Near by where the waters of Pilica fell;
 Where groves are sweet and vales full of rest —
 There where my good mother each day sheddeth tears,
 And fondles the thought of my speedy return
 With hopes rising high — chased away oft by fears.
 What news from my mother so dear can I learn?

Perhaps, too, you rested on Vistula's shore,
 Where my lonely heart ever calls me to fly;
 Where happiest bliss I first gathered in store,
 And heaven I beheld in a sweet angel's eye.
 Ah! does my beloved one think of me ever,
 When the winds gently from the Easter-land come?
 Does she send me her longing sighs! Alas! never!
 What news do you bring me from my beloved one?

And my comrades, alas! who with me did go
 To fight for our freedom in same rank and file
 At the bayonet's point — do they press to the foe?
 And I here, alas! lying idle the while.
 Are they living? or who of my friends was it said
 Are folded away in the cold, cruel tomb?
 It may be, perchance, all are perished and dead.
 What news can you bring me of friends from my home?

Perhaps 'midst my household with voice of command
 The cruel foe rules my dear kindred to-night,
 While fond mother's weeping and prayers they withstand,
 For savage hearts now — not a feeling of right.
 Here I change me to joy — from joy back to pain,
 When stories so varied, uncertain I hear.
 O, swallow! pray tell of my country again.
 What news do you bring me of Poland so dear?

EN V Y.

A refugee within a stranger land,
 I marked, while mingling with the proud and grand,
 The rare profusion in their homes displayed;
 I saw the riches which surrounded them,
 But envied not this wealth of gold and gem —
 It was far other wealth for which I prayed.

I have known those who with a thrilling word
 Could sway the thousand answering hearts that stirred.
 Crowds knelt before them, moved to joy or bliss,
 Though such may be a mighty power to wield,
 My mind aspired not to so wide a field.
 I did not crave the glory like to this.

I knew two lovers once whose pulses beat
 To one harmonious tone of love complete;
 Whose blended lives a flower-like fragrance wrought.
 Yet though I lived and moved through crowds alone,
 I envied not the joy they made their own.
 It was another type of love I sought.

Once o'er the sea a sailor boy returned
 From a long voyage, while his bosom yearned
 For kindred welcome, and his eyes grew dim;
 When 'mid the throng appeared his mother's face,
 And tears were mingled in a fond embrace.
 Ah! then it was I felt — I envied him!

BOGUSŁAWSKI.

THE subject of this short biographical sketch was the son of a very distinguished dramatic writer of that name, and was born in 1805. As a writer he possesses great talent in the delineation of comedy, and it places him in the foremost ranks of dramatic authors. He served in the Polish army, and since 1833 has become a successful dramatic artist.

His comedies were published in three volumes at Warsaw in 1854, entitled "Original Comedies." Among the most noted of these are "My Relations," "Cracovians and Mountaineers," "The Lioness of Warsaw," and "She Hates Him." All these comedies were received with great applause. We give one of his lyrics.

SHE ONLY LAUGHED.

Once a little girl and a little boy
 Played gaily together on the same lawn,
They sang the same song in their childish joy,—
 John with Halina, Halina with John.

Johnny plucked tryony red, to entwine
 Mid her bright golden hair with boyish craft,
And when back from the well they saw it shine,
 She and Johnny laughed,— she and Johnny laughed.

In harvest time, so encouraged was he,
 Like flashes of lightning his sickle fell,
When he was with her it was plain to see,
 Though the sweat ran down, he could work right well.

To the church together they used to go
 On each Sunday and every holiday;
Halina looked merrily to and fro,
 But Johnny looked into her eyes alway.

When service was done and on coming out,
The boys and girls and the people would say:
"A very nice pair they will make, no doubt."
Halina, of course, laughed such thoughts away.

Johnny grew to a lad as years rolled by,
True hearted and handsome, with active brain;
The maidens looked after him with a sigh,
But 'twas all in vain,— it was all in vain.

For Halina rivaled a rose's grace,
With cheeks red and blooming and almost daft;
Johnny, half trembling, looked into her face,
But she only laughed,— but she only laughed.

No longer he sang at night and at morn,
Nor decked her with flowers as when they played;
He was sad at his work, he felt forlorn,
For he loved the maid,— for he loved the maid.

Once he said for her sake, without a fear,
He would plunge in the fire if she willed so;
His language was heartfelt and most sincere,
But she laughed at his words,— laughed at his woe.

Then the poor boy covered his face from sight,
And bitterly wept in his wretchedness;
His eye became dim, and his face grew white,
So deep was his suffering and distress.

He faded as withers the grass in fall,
As flowers, when touched by the frost, decay;
He bade an eternal farewell to all,
And passed from sorrow and grief away.

On Johnny's coffin, when three days had passed,
A handful of earth Halina spread;
In the evening her tears of grief fell fast,
But she laughed again when the night had fled.

LENARTOWICZ.

THEOPHILUS LENARTOWICZ was the first who followed the footsteps of Julius Słowacki. In him we see the songs and the feelings of the Polish people majestically raised heavenward; and when he proclaimed that love, prayer and labor were the three shining stars guiding the christian and national life, his honest voice was heard, and its beautiful and truthful sounds were received with unanimous acknowledgment by the whole Polish nation. Lenartowicz has in him something so rural and home-like that it makes it a pleasant task to read his writings. Most of his poetry has so much music and harmony in it that he could be compared with Bohdan Zaleski, the great favorite of the Poles.

Lenartowicz resembles in his song the whole people,—he is simple, quiet, and deep. In his humble cottage is contained his whole heaven and his earth. He knows nothing of the artificial bounds of societary intercourse, which often attract the learned and refined. With him God is everywhere; hence his heaven is everywhere. Heaven to him is as dear as the earth on which he sojourns, only it is higher and more perfect. To him the earth without heaven would be an unintelligible problem; he could not understand heaven without the earth. His heaven is earthly, and he considers the earth as a living image, a probationary place, and an ante-chamber of heaven. Among all the Polish poets Lenartowicz is the poet of the future. He is the lover of the new era just exactly as are the people for whom he sings. The kingdom of God—which according to the prediction of seers and bards is yet

to come—which Krasiński contemplates with a reflex glass and Pol expects to reach by the sword, while Słowacki endeavors to dream it out by the process of imagination, Lenartowicz sees with his own naked eye of intuition.

The Polish nation, prostrated by fearful vicissitudes of fortune,—their energies benumbed by so many bloody catastrophes,—were glad to listen to his quiet muse, and if occasionally it lulled them to sleep, it was all the more welcome on that account. These beautiful fugitive verses, appearing now and then in newspapers and periodicals of the day, were like the gentle breezes wafting their fragrance and cooling the feverish brow of the people. There is much feeling in them, much purity and originality. This originality some may think monotonous, but it is like the flowers of the prairie, growing separate and apart and scattered over a great expanse, when made into a single bunch apparently lose their brightness; but although the theme is changed, whether the strings are tuned higher or lower they always emit the same pleasant tones.

Lenartowicz was born in 1822 in Warsaw. After finishing his education he entered a law office as a student. In 1837 he became a pleader in the highest courts, and three years after was named a chancellor. In 1848 he was offered the office of referee in the National Commission of Justice, but would not accept it, and in consequence of the events which then transpired left Poland for foreign countries. During several years following he alternately resided at Cracow, Breslau, and Posen. Having in 1851 obtained a passport he went to Paris, and from there to Fontainebleau, and still later to Rome. Here his health seemed to fail,

hence he removed to Florence, where he married the celebrated artiste of painting, Sophie Szymanowska, and where he probably resides at the present time.

Among the chief literary productions of Lenartowicz are "The Polish Land in Portraits," published in Cracow, 1848, and in Posen, 1850; "The Enchantment" and "The Blessed," Posen, 1855; "New Little Lyre," Warsaw, 1859; "Saint Sophia," Posen, 1857; "Poems," in two volumes, Posen, 1863.

EVER THE SAME.

With the snow disappearing the ice melts away,

And the rivers their flowing begin unaware,

And the swallows that sing in the sun's cheery ray

Rise flock after flock in the air.

They whirl on their pinions, rise high, and dive low

O'er a stream, crystal clear, where the pebbles gleam white,

Then around and around in a circle they go,

More swiftly each time in their flight.

On the green of the grass overspreading the shore

Graze the cows and the sheep, clad in snowy white fleece;

On his fife plays the shepherd;— the sun rays explore

Earth's bosom and give her increase.

The gentle winds murmur and sweep through the grass,

Sway the boughs of the trees in their frolicsome play,

Grow stiller as on to the forest they pass,

And then in its depths die away.

The little birds pause in their hymns for awhile,

Then the church bell begins its slow toll solemnly

For the prayer whose faint murmur is heard in the aisle.

Then ceases the bell, and the bee

Begins its low hum on the blossoming green,

To and fro 'mid the flowers on its golden wing borne,

While the little girl's song rises trembling between.—

O my God! in the spring's fresh morn
How graciously all things Thy hand doth adorn!

In the shade of an old linden tree I recline,
That is scarcely beginning to burgeon and shoot;
I list, as he flits through the boughs of the pine,
How the cuckoo is cooing his suit.

O cuckoo! O cuckoo! Of years that remain
How many are there you shall number for me?
When, O bird!—my dear bird of the prophet-like strain,—
Will the end of this counting be?
It is twelve already, if rightly I heard;
You have counted too many for me, my bird!*

Low each bough of the apple and pear tree drops;
All too heavily laden with fruit are they;
And over the meadow the girls bring the props
To grandpa, who whittles away.

I watch as he gives them a welcoming smile;
'Tis a picture to treasure on memory's page.
How happy I feel, though the tears start the while;—
God! give me such happy old age!

O'er the fields hung with mist see the shadows increase;
The day's labor ends as the sun westers low;
No sound greets the ear save the cackling of geese,
No sight save the white fences show.
Now and then the slow wheel of a wagon is heard;
From some creature estrayed comes a sound now and then,
Or a creak from the well when the old crane is stirred,
And then falls the silence again.

*There is a remarkable superstition in some parts of Poland in regard to this bird, and it has its influence with almost every rank in society; namely, when it makes its appearance in the Spring, each one listens, the first time they hear it, with rapt attention, believing that the number of times it utters the word "*cuckoo*" indicates the number of years they are to live.

In the garden-patch brother is hoeing around,
Grandpa whittles and whittles, his back to a tree;
Two sisters are spreading the flax on the ground,
And chanticleer crows cheerily.

When 'tis cloudy without we are happy within;
Our roof is secure when the tempest makes strife;
And sweet is the bread that through labor we win
For father, for children, and wife.

There's pleasure in all things surrounding me here;
My country, my people, are precious to me.
In the home of the farmer dwells sunshine and cheer,
And a bird that sings constantly.
Where a wife spins and sings to the wheel's drowsy tune,
Where the rich soil yields us a bountiful crop,
Where the star bathes its ray in the well, and the moon
Rises up o'er the forest top.

Is there pleasanter looks than our neighbors can give?
Water purer than that which wells freshly from earth?
Aught more sweet than in memory of kindred to live,
More dear than the land of our birth?
And what better gift than a mind of content?
A heart open,— honest; — all else is above.
What more sad than the days of our youth, lost and spent?
What more holy than labor and love?

This world is made up of the good and the ill,—
Of all sorts of people, with natures diverse,
And they each go their ways, and they each work their will
As maybe,— for better or worse.
I spend the spare time with my children and song,
With father and grandsire,— a life free from blame;
And the days they pass smoothly, if slowly, along,—
Pass brightly,— though ever the same.



DEOTYMA.

DEOTYMA.

(HEDWIGE ŁUSZCZEWSKA.)*

HEDWIGE ŁUSZCZEWSKA (Deotyma) is known in the Polish literature as a lady of extraordinary poetic talent; she is in reality a wonderfully gifted *improvisatrice* and *rhapsodist*; hence she must be considered as an uncommon phenomenon of our age. She is so gifted that she can apparently, with scarcely an effort, incarnate an idea into a living being,—not a being that throbs, quivers, and palpitates,—but she can embellish it with such an illusive language that it seems so. Her lyricism is not of a slender and nauseous kind, but a quiet and yet sublime comprehension of the subject, united with bright imagery and loftiness. The lyric art of our poetess consists not only of the characteristics of epic poetry, but also possesses a finished dramatic turn. The most admired improvisations of Deotyma are “Spring,” “Sculpture,” “Stones,” “Birds,” “Painting,” and “Flowers”; perhaps the best of all is “The Highest Love.” Deotyma feels, perhaps, involuntarily an inclination to the dramatic Muse, as is plainly shown in her fantastic creations: “The Mystery of Fruits,” “Tamira,” and “Stanislas Lubomirski,” of which it can be remarked that aside from some forms and turns resembling the monologues of Goethe’s “Faust,” there is not much of dramatic art, and there is an uncertainty whether Deotyma’s genius is thus adapted. From these dramatic specimens she went into epopee as “Poland in Song,” and “Poetry.”

* Pronounce Hedvig Łoosh-tchev-skah.

Deotyma's improvisations are written mostly under the influences of occurring circumstances; but the multitude of images introduced in them makes one feel restive under the pressure, and at other times one gets weary of the frequent introduction of philosophical views, which oftentimes are but cloudy mysticisms. Some of her allegorical compositions are wrought up in a highly poetic and finished style; such are "The Mysteries of Fruits," "Pilgrim," "May Visions," "Storm in the Desert," "Wreaths," "A Dream," "The Power of Song," "The Inspiration," and others; perhaps the finest and the most finished of all is "The Prayer." The chief idea of Deotyma's composition is of a religious cast,—an anticipation that society can be regenerated only by faith.

Deotyma always surrounds herself with phantasm; it is her strongest *forte*, and yet the weakest. Her notions of society, her ideas of history, and the unfolding of human spirit in form and action, are always rosy, well meant, and possess unaffected simplicity. They are like the smiles of a child, unsuitable to well-wrought ideas, and not consonant with the life of reality; but after all one cannot but admire her many precious gems of genius, which shed a great luster upon the national literature.

Deotyma was born before 1840, at Warsaw. She is the daughter of Waclaw Łuszczewski, counsellor of state, and the director of the commercial and industrial department. Her first education was under the supervision of Dominick Schultz, and Anton Waga, the celebrated Polish naturalist. She traveled in Germany and other countries, and made an excursion into the Carpathian Mountains. Descriptions of her travels were published in "The Warsaw Gazette," and

“The Illustrated Weekly.” In 1865 she returned with her father from the far-off regions of Russia to her native place.

Her poetry was published in Warsaw in 1854, 1856, 1859 and 1860.

SYMPHONY OF LIFE.

A LYRIC SCENE.

WRITTEN BY DEOTYMA ON THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF
BEETHOVEN'S BIRTH;

Performed at Warsaw on the 17th day of December, 1870.*

Allegro con brio. Op. 67.

* The following poem was written on the one hundredth anniversary of Beethoven's birth, which was celebrated with great solemnity in the city of Warsaw on the 17th of December, 1870. In this beautiful lyric scene Krolikowski played Beethoven, and Madam Palińska represented the genius of Music. The newspapers of those days write about the event as follows: "We will not even attempt to give a correct account of the charms of the Polish verse, sublimity of ideas and unassumed inspiration. Our opinion is, however, that the performance was the most creditable representation of homage to the memory of Beethoven ever given in our city.

From Beethoven's dialogue his desire is plainly shown to write a Symphony of Life. While he sits down to the composition of his work an unseen orchestra plays the first part of the symphony. After that is finished another dialogue takes place before "Adagio," and a third one before "Scherzo," with a finale. In this way the idea of the composer, represented by scenery and poetical elucidation, exerted a magic influence on the audience. No one remem-

A portico. Back in the distance a grove. Toward one side a column, on which stands Beethoven's bust. In the middle a small table, having on one side the column, and on the other a chair. On the chair sits Beethoven, leaning on the table, with his face covered by his hands. On the table before him there is inkstand and pen and musical note-paper. From the column side *Music*, in a classic dress, with a laurel branch in her hands, approaches Beethoven, and lays her hand on his shoulder.

MUSIC.

Beethoven, awake! I would address thy soul.

BEETHOVEN.

I am not sleeping.

MUSIC.

Not sleeping? Commonly
Life seems one half a dream to be —
Until Inspiration with a high control
Awakens the soul to real life, pure and free.

BEETHOVEN (*raising his head*).

Under the fondling of that heavenly hand
I feel . . . my spirit wakes from mists of sleep —
Oh, my dream 'mid people fearful was and deep!
I thank thee, Music, for thy influence bland;
It has awakened me. O seraph, stay!
Come, my own beloved, and my soul possess,
I will follow thee even into endlessness.
I am forever thine!

bers such perfect stillness and such emotion during any concert before.

One of the reportorial corps questioned the poetess why the genius of Music did not crown Beethoven himself, but only his bust? The poetess replied, in the words of Naruszewicz, the poet:
"True greatness is never crowned with glory during this life,
The crown is put on after they are gone — upon their monuments."

MUSIC.

All words that thou dost say
 Music hears and changes into melodies —
 As genius loves genius with spontaneous glow
 Thus I love thee! I take thy soul and show
 To thee Creation's marvelous mysteries —
 For thee I came down from regions of the sun
 Into this darkness.
 Come with thy beloved into infinity.
 What is it thy heart would solve to day? tell me,
 For Music no secrets hath from thee — not one!

BEETHOVEN.

All to me is happiness when thou art near —
 But amid the people tones discordant sound,
 The stars revolve harmoniously around,
 But a chaos still does human life appear.
 Hearts are sobbing, and desolate spirits moan.
 The songs of the world are fully known to me,
 And thus sadly ask I why should Harmony
 Ev'rywhere exist, save in man's life alone?

MUSIC.

Ah, thou'rt wrong! There's harmony thou must hear,
 Voices of more worlds than one to comprehend —
 Life is a symphony loud that rises clear —
 Where voices of earth, of hell and heaven blend.

BEETHOVEN (*unfolding a roll of paper*).

Stay. I would write thy utterances — that when
 I shall return to the world half-dreaming still
 I may show thy revelations unto men —
 Awakening those whose souls thy words can thrill.

(*A moment's silence.*)

MUSIC.

Hark! some one comes thro' darkness and silence drear . . .
It pauses now, say you — what hear you?

BEETHOVEN.

I hear —

Three strokes . . . deep are they and very ominous;
The bravest must tremble . . . when that sound is heard.

MUSIC.

Even the spirits with sudden dread are stirred,
Destiny knocks at the gates to Heaven thus.

BEETHOVEN.

What does it wish?

MUSIC.

With all earth's voice, in solemn tone
It calls: "Young soul! it is thy turn, come thou away."
At that sound (to none save the happy known)
The heavens are disturbed with subtle sway.
The powers of Paradise as guests regret
The interruption of the feast whisp'ring low
"Who will then open to him?" but none will go,
Although Destiny knocks loud and louder yet.
But here look! a radiant young soul alone
By the firm voice of its own destiny led —
Suddenly rises aglow with fire of dread —
And runs to the door. . . .

BEETHOVEN.

The portals wide are thrown!

MUSIC.

The guest goes in. "'Neath that mysterious cloak
What bearest thou — perdition's or glory's key?"

'Twas thus the soul in trembling accents spoke.
 He answered: "What wouldst thou choose—oh, come
 with me
 On a journey toward Fame's beckoning light;
 To a rehearsal on the planet—come to-night."
 With feeling of regret the heavenly choir yearn,
 Spirits at the portal hold her and repeat
 "Oh, as thou leavest us—say wilt thou return—
 Wilt ever return?"

BEETHOVEN.

Amid the voices sweet
 I distinguish one . . . 'tis innocent as yet—
 Pure young soul, with sad complaint I hear it dwell
 With weeping on the farewell strophes—her farewell
 To Heaven as though she and death had met!

MUSIC.

Because he who is born for one world, ever dies
 For another, with tears and sighs.

(Long silence.)

BEETHOVEN.

Oh, winged sweetheart! perchance that soul no more
 Was young? Perchance from Eternity's dim spheres
 Too many times that road she had traveled o'er,
 Or it may be sad forebodings caused those fears?
 Such forebodings like sad memories seem to be.

MUSIC.

Perhaps you guess aright.

(Silence.)

But list! life does not wait:
 The soul still with fond complaint against its fate
 Sinks in the embraces of its Destiny.
 He grasps and covers it with its mantle fold,

Bears it 'mid praise and worship from Paradise —
Behold! even worlds now from their thrones arise
By admiration and respect controlled!

BEETHOVEN.

Yes! let them rise, and thou, Destiny, stern guide,
Be humble. The soul going where trials wait
Is greater than the sun — than cherubims more great.
Spectators these — the soul strives in arena wild.

(Long silence.)

MUSIC.

The soul through misty abysses falls to earth from the skies,
Drowned by night and the silence far and nigh;
Then she slowly forgets by whose desire she downward flies—
From whence she came,— whither she goes,—and why.

Awake, O soul! thy world is near;—'tis rock high and steep,
Thrown out upon a lake that has no strand,
And at Life's portals angel guards their faithful vigils keep,
And they take her from Destiny's stern hand.

Two exiles from heaven,— two beloved of angels are they;
'Tis hard to choose between them: — one so fair,
The sunny love,— and the other eternal pain . . . Always
When they go they go together ev'rywhere.

Though the young soul knows them not by sight, yet it comes
to lie

And dream upon their bosoms, and the Muses sad
Bring them into this dark world;— look! how bitter and yet
how glad;

They to waken her with fiery kisses try.

Advance stripling into life! then he took at this decree
The trav'ling staff like pilgrim 'neath a sky

Dim with the twilight, gazed abashed, saying What troubles
me?

Vainly seeking through mem'ry for reply.

Where are these lights without shadows, the truth that no
change knows?

And where the lovely kindred spirits, to whom
He bade a sad farewell? here the mist profounder grows;
Yet still amidst the earth's intensest gloom.

BEETHOVEN (*with enthusiasm*).

He will preserve his hope that the light lives somewhere still,
And that he remembers her as in a dream;
Although outwardly bedimmed, she exists in him, and will,
'Neath the guise of conscience, though accursed she may
seem.

MUSIC.

He prepares for life's battle, armed with hope, against all fears,
As for a dance with joy imagining
Works of might for the world, arranging plans for coming
years;
But years cunningly disappear. Scarce a young genius shows
Promise of bloom when time claims it for its own;
Scarcely has the soul accomplished aught when weary grown
To youth's *Allegro* sings it the sad close.

BEETHOVEN.

And thou, too, art weary;— take a rest, bend down thy brow,
My oracle's words shall be in notes enchanted now.

(*Here Music sits down on the steps of the column and begins to entwine a wreath from laurel leaves. During this time the orchestra, hidden in the grove, plays "Allegro," from Beethoven's Symphony. After the "Allegro" is finished Beethoven lays down his pen;— then Music rises.*)

MUSIC.

Now the soul for the first time sits to rest beside the way,
 Begins to look around . . . but by sadness is oppressed;
 Although nothing seems to pain her, what tortures still her
 breast?

BEETHOVEN.

Thought!

MUSIC.

When she begins to think endlessly her thoughts hold sway;
 In life's symphony thought plays the *Andante* with grave
 sound,

Looking at the world that is shut closely all around:
 Seeing causes without effects, confession she seeks,
 Upon elements, books, mankind, and boldly asks "Why?"
 And when she has asked once o'er and o'er, the word she
 speaks

To ev'ry one and ev'rywhere.

BEETHOVEN.

And who will make reply?

MUSIC.

The people's answers differ,— so the mystery remains,
 And Nature, who her wonders so willingly explains
 Except to this "Why?" has reply for everything;—
 Then to Destiny the soul turns with its questioning.
 Is Destiny responsive? — will this an answer bring?
 See! she grows a Titian;—so quickly soars the mind;
 She sends herself ambassador to God from mankind,
 She criticises His laws, is astonished at His sway;—
 But why ever from these laws do all things go astray?—
 What light from her country in her conscience can she find?
 Deepest melancholy envelops her.

BEETHOVEN.

So soon.

MUSIC.

Now is the dark hour. She is in doubt amid her gloom
 As to the aims of life she has cherished long and well;
 E'en dreams of eternal light these doubts dispel.
 Ah! she keeps silence and even ceases asking "Why?"

(Music sits down again on the steps of the column and continues wreathing the laurel crown.)

BEETHOVEN.

I will take this moment while she is speaking not
 To enchant in notes the mystery of human thought.

(He grasps the pen and writes. During that time the orchestra is performing the "Andante" of the Symphony. With the finishing of the "Andante" Beethoven also stops writing.)

BEETHOVEN *(laying down his pen)*.

Here is the "Andante," bitterly solemn in truth,
 I am as a player who counts an Enchantment's cost. While
 I am listening to it I cannot in sooth
 Forbear indulging in a bitter smile.

MUSIC *(rising)*.

You are not alone who thus smiles. Nay!
 Every one will thus smile who questions truth too near,
 Ev'ry thinker bears with him a sign of sneer;
 As an interrogation mark it stands for aye!

(After a while.)

Terrible soul's voice with irony rife;
 Her pois'nous tears e'en through a stone will go;
 In the grand symphony of life
 She strikes the frantic *Scherzo*.

BEETHOVEN (*grasps the pen*).

Wait . . . I will write Scherzo. The serpents beneath my
pen
Already with venom hiss. . . .

MUSIC.

Hold on a moment then,
In the soul open to the great
And pure light of inspiration this sneering may flit
With simple innocence, but it
Should ne'er be placed on a page separate.

(*Beethoven pushes his pen and paper aside. A short silence.*)

MUSIC (*continues*).

Now the pilgrim of life behold!
Having thrown the bitter smile from his heart
He rose, by longing thought controlled,
And withdrew into Mystery's realms apart.
He was unconscious while his thought did progress,
Powers unknown before within him woke to life;—
Of life's problems from this day he will think less,
And he will live better, and more free from strife.

(*With growing warmth.*)

Man wonders with how many changes fraught
Life seems, when on it his full vision brought.
He touches it. The world is different far!
The rock of grief is harder than the thought,
But its flowers of pleasure more fragrant are.
The brave soul raised its head and looked around
As 'twere her element herself she bore.
Symphony! the brassy trumpet sound;—
Life's a battle evermore.
See the man of destiny; his touch the keys obey;
He bears the standard away!

BEETHOVEN (*sadly*).

And sometimes loses standards.

MUSIC (*with a smile*).

All the suns with their trembling rays,
 Every angel with a beating heart,
 From the skies with interest lean and gaze
 On man in life's struggle bearing a part.

(*Draws back as if in fear.*)

It is a dreadful sight! . . . Oh! what's doing there?
 The angels are pale, . . . the suns no more are bright. . . .
 Too many temptations! — the spirit in despair. . . .
 Man, before half fallen, . . . now is fallen quite!
 Do you hear his moanings?

BEETHOVEN (*with warmth*).

God! wilt Thou
 Arrest the fate that overwhelms him in this hour?
 Will no hand rise to his assistance now?

(*Reproachfully.*)

Lives there for him no saving power?

MUSIC (*raising her hand*).

Only one power can help him to rise,
 Of which hell is jealous. Above
 A vision bright appears from out the skies;—
 That vision is beauteous LOVE!

BEETHOVEN (*gets up and raises his hand*).

Above all his misfortunes now is he!
 That which brought him to the world and nursed him too
 Resurrects him now. In life's symphony,—'tis true,—
 Love is a hymn of victory!
 O Love! thou mother of faith! 'Tis through thee

Man agrees with truths of eternal birth;
 He who but once loved truly on this earth
 From doubt of Heaven's joy is free.

(He becomes thoughtful, sits down slowly, and leans his head on his hands. After a short interval of silence he raises his head, as if awakened from a dream.)

BEETHOVEN (*continues*).

And the pain?

MUSIC.

Pain? It is not needful that a mortal
 Call for it from Heaven's portal.
 He will find it here.

BEETHOVEN.

Every day it will appear,
 In every-day tear, in his daily bread,
 In that which is changing, in that which is dead;
 But it is most fearful with conscience in its face.

(Long silence.)

MUSIC.

Up to this time man everything has tried,
 But since in Love sublime harmony he perceived
 He ends all there. His symphony's run achieved
 Great *Finale* and is glorified!

In life it is long and difficult to bear,
 But the end receives its reward ev'rywhere.
 The longer the years the stiller are they grown,
 And remembrances speak in the loudest tone.

Some weep bitter tears, that bitter tears succeed;
 Others in prayer watch beside the dear ones' tomb.
 The days flit away, . . . time flies with the greatest speed,
 And the soul hastes on to the gaol of its doom.

It clasps it, and with mantle o'er it spread
 It raises it by funeral bells' deep tones,
 And while on its way worlds rise from their thrones
 With emotions of expectation and dread.

Then Destiny before the heavenly gates
 Halted. Now it knocks, but not alone it waits.
 This time it brings with its return a soul.

BEETHOVEN.

Happy spirits! Will you not open the door?
 Then, my beloved one, tell me.

MUSIC.

No. As to this
 I am silent. This laurel for witness I take.
 I promised to reveal *life* by song, but more
 Beyond that is a problem
 That death can break.

BEETHOVEN (*folding his hands*).

I will reveal God's mystery so great!
 Even if o'er an abyss the spirit stood,—
 Even if love and pain followed her. They would
 Of themselves ope the heavenly gate!

(*He grasps the pen and writes. MUSIC sits down on the steps of the column and finishes the wreath. During this time the orchestra plays SCHERZO and the FINALE of the symphony. As the last strains of the FINALE die away BEETHOVEN throws his pen aside and, weary, hides his face in his hands, and falls into a deep reverie.*

MUSIC arises, and with the laurel wreath, which is finished, crowns BEETHOVEN'S bust on the column. She looks once more upon BEETHOVEN, and, throwing him a hand-kiss, disappears.)

BERWIŃSKI.

RICHARD VINCENT BERWIŃSKI was born in Great Poland in 1819; finished his education at the Lyceum of Leszno, and at the Universities of Breslau and Berlin. He was for a long time a contributor to several periodicals published in Great Poland, and was himself the editor of a daily journal at Posen.

In 1845, while traveling toward Galicia, he was arrested, and thrown into a political prison at Wisnica, where he was kept for a year, and being given up to Prussia he was again imprisoned at Berlin. In 1847 he was released, and in 1848 made a member of the National Committee. In 1852 he was sent to the Diet in Berlin.

Leaving Polish soil he went to Turkey, and from 1856 served as an officer in the Ottoman army, under the command of Sadyk Pasha (Michael Czaykowski). He wrote a work entitled "The Book of Light and Illusions;" "The Book of Life and Death;" "The Last Confession at the Old Church;" "The Tower of the Mice;" "Don Juan of Posen;" "Wawel;" "Cracow;" "Duma of a Polish Soldier in the Turkish Army in February, 1863." Part I of his poems was published at Posen, 1844, and Part II at Brussels the same year; also in the "Collective Almanack," 1854, and in "The Friend of the People" at Leszno and Posen. Still another was published at Breslau, 1840.

He died toward the end of 1879 at Constantinople. Berwinski was a man of high poetic talents, and a true lover of his country.

THE EXILE'S SONG.

Within my mother's orchard wide
The rose and lily drank the dews,
Field poppies and blue-bottles vied
To blend with sweeter flowers their hues.

The nightingale poured out its song
In many a sad, harmonious note;
The brooklet's murmur all day long
Through dream and waking seemed to float.

I wandered here in childhood's hours,
To me a paradise it seemed;
Lightly I ran amid the flowers
Or on the earth's soft carpet dreamed.

But now, a homeless refugee
Of bitter fate, I feel the smart;
Footsore I wander wearily,
And bleeding is my exiled heart.

I think how there at home to-day,
The poppies and the cornflowers bloom;
Perchance the roses breathe away
Their sweetness on my mother's tomb.

Shall I again those blossoms see,
Or kiss my mother as of yore?
A voice prophetic answers me:
Thou shalt behold thy home no more.

ON THE LAKE GOPŁO.*

Amid my native waters deep,
From a shattered bark,

* A large lake in Prussia-Poland, about thirty-five miles long and eleven miles broad, by the cities Strzelno and Kruszwice.

Among the billows wild I leap
Into the distance dark.

Around, above me, boundless space,
I swim in distance vast;
In all the world I hold no place,
My thoughts are on the Past.

Above me moon and stars are bright,
Here is a somber grave;
Dark doubt enshrouds me with its night,
Corpses are 'neath the wave.

Where do I swim I ask? Oh, where?
With pain to earth I bend;
A living corpse am I— Despair
And Hope my bosom rend.

Where'er I go Hope's falcon goes,
Oh, bark swim safe and sure!
If I must die I would repose
In native waters pure.

In elements of native waves
Fly my good bark away;
Oh, rise, ye corpses, from your graves,
All in my star's dim ray.

Rise, and sepulchral fragrance send
Through the chill air to me,
And star above thy glory lend
That I some hope may see.

The star now shines; the corpses fast
Beneath my feet arise—
The corpse majestic of the Past
Most fearful in my eyes.

He rises, looks, and all around
Now one by one they stand;
Deep saber-cut and bullet-wound,
And paws of lion's grand.

Dread shapes and colors strange are these,
Many a gory spot;
The dreadful masks my life-blood freeze —
Avaunt! I know you not.

Away from me! for my sad heart
Is pierc'd with icy pain;
Bid all your threat'ning looks depart,
And never come again.

Take them away, and then to me
Direct your steps, I plead;
Why gaze you sadly, angrily,
Nor my entreaties heed?

Lions of life eternal — vain
I call on you to go.
From me what do you wish to gain?
Speak quick! for I would know.

Give back our household gods once more —
The countless hosts that knew
Our might and strength in days of yore —
'Tis this we ask of you.

They bent to us and prayed for us,
O horror! can it be?
Our people sunk in waters thus,
Poor reptiles tread to see.

Our people? shine with hopeful gleam,
O star in clouded sky!

All household gods a trouble seem —
Fly fast, my bark — oh, fly!

Oh, shine my star! 'tis not for me
'Neath native surge to lie;
Old household gods may perish, we
Immortals cannot die.

Hark! their sepulchral voices hear
In hollow, humming sound;
In fault they think me — far and near
With frowns they gather round.

O household gods! what is your want?
And corpse, what is your will?
Avaunt! old gods, and corpse avaunt!
O bark, fly faster still!

Onward, onward, without delay;
The old god, what is he?
But weak and old — he need not stay
To bar youth's pathway free.

Against the surge in crowds they swim;
My words are all in vain —
Then peace be with you phantoms grim,
These tears and all this pain.

In vain, in vain, you wish to stem
Time's stern, relentless tide,
Since fate does to this world condemn
By laws that fix'd abide.

O ancient god! forgetfulness
No hope for thee can lend;
New light of faith that shines to bless
Descend on me — descend.

Night's shadows all shall vanish fast
If thou descend on me;
And ere another day is past
The people sav'd shall be.

'Twas thus I spoke, and like a knell
I heard a moaning rise;
On the grave of the god there fell
Two tear-drops from my eyes.

Oh, lightly may the earth, I pray,
Lie on thee evermore;
So shines my morn a little way
And sweet salvation's shore.

MALCZEWSKI.

ANTHON MALCZEWSKI is one of the brightest stars in the horizon of Polish literature. It is a curious fact in the annals of Polish poetry that, without any previous efforts, unaided by anyone, unheralded by any poetical composition of his own, he sprung into celebrity at once, simultaneously with his "Marya" (Mary). He stood at once as a prophet emerging apparently from a dark and unlearned crowd. He sent upon the world a poem of great power and beauty, founded upon a tradition of great significance, and left the crowd without being understood or appreciated by them. "Marya" is a poem of Ukraine, and there is not now a single dissenting voice in the praise of that extraordinary poetical production, replete with so many beauties and touching incidents; the boldness of expression strangely commingling with unsurpassed pathos and faultless versification placed him at once in the first rank of the most distinguished Polish poets.

The plot of "Marya" is this: A proud old Palatine betroths his son to the daughter of a friend, and, as is usual in such cases, neglects to ascertain previously the mind of the young count. The son falls in love with the daughter of a noble of inferior rank, between whom and his own father a hereditary hatred exists. The father of "Marya," seeing that his daughter's happiness is at stake, reluctantly overcomes his ancient enmity, and allows a marriage to take place between the young couple, which, though concealed for a long time, is finally discovered by the old Palatine. He hides his burning anger under the mask of approbation, and invites Marya to his castle. His son is

then, in company with Marya's father, sent to repel the invasion of the Pagan Tartars at some distance from the castle. On his return, after having conquered the enemy, he finds that his wife is murdered. He deserts his home, and is never heard of more.

This remarkable poem created but a feeble impression at first. The critics of the day alleged against the poet that his taste was unrefined, and that the way he chose was a way leading only to error, but it was not long before these impressions were dispelled and utterly annihilated.

This poem, woven on the circulating local tradition, was written in a bold and artistic style; the scenes and incidents painted as with the brush of a great master. Here we see, for the first time, on the Russian background, led out into sight two figures, after the ancient Polish fashion—the ideals of Polish feelings, truly national, presented as if taken living from the history, sinking rapidly into the past,—an apparition, as it were, of a Polish Palatine,—the ideal of a Polish aristocrat—and a sword-bearer, the father of Mary, also an ideal of a Polish nobleman. Mary, again, is the ideal of a Polish young woman who, with a pure and lofty feeling, unites resolution and extraordinary courage, then adding to it the thought of the invasion of the Tartars, taken from the very heart of the annals of Polish history—magnificent picture of Ukraine and its delightful scenery, all brought out in almost tangible shapes and embellished by the deepest feelings and loftiest thoughts and nicest shadings, makes one think that Lord Byron, whom Malczewski knew personally, had exerted powerful influence over the Polish poet. In “Marya” there is a tearing of the spirit to pieces by strokes of adversity and grief that characterize some

of Lord Byron's poems; but still it is not the grief of an English lord, but of a deep and earnest thought over the misfortunes of native land, and a reëcho of the intense feeling and the sorrows of Ukraine's vast steppes,* all this being brought out in the beautiful Ukraine. With poetical feeling and native qualifications he was, as it were, permeated by surrounding nature; he dreamed himself into the local traditions and souvenirs, and turned their native hues into poetry — and there we see the first strong impressions of romanticism. This great poem breathes with pure feelings of religion and morality, overspread with the expression of plaintive and painful sadness which the readers see through their tears. Mishaps and disappointments of life are the intrinsic strength and charm of the poem. Freshness, coloring, and almost tangible plasticity are the external qualities. A strange historical reverie, introduced for the first time into Polish poetry by Malczewski, became the characteristic of other poets; not only the mystery of the scene which, besides the hidden objects and gradual unfolding adds to it a great power, but also the avoiding of the elucidation, as if on purpose, by scattering the particulars, and fantastic visions are interspersed throughout this renowned production. When this poem was once understood it spread throughout the nation by several successive editions, and finally became so popular it mattered not where a Pole's foot trod he could not do without it. "Marya" is written after the manner of an epepee. Malczewski wrote also other compositions in verse: "A Journey to Mont Blanc;" "The Carnival of Warsaw;" "To Julia;" "To Peter and Paul." Besides, he wrote the tales of "Iphigenia," "Atenais," and "The Journey."

* Prairies.

Malczewski was born in 1792, in the province of Volhynia, and came from a distinguished family. His father was a general in the Polish army. He received his initiatory education at Dubno, and then went to college at Krzemieniec, where he attended lectures on mathematics by Joseph Czech. In 1811 he entered the army, and in a few years became quite distinguished as engineer under Col. Malet; but breaking one of his legs, he in 1816 left the ranks. During the following five years he gave himself up to literary pursuits, and traveled in France, Switzerland, Italy and Germany. In 1824 he returned to Warsaw, but the experience of living in a large city taught him to appreciate the mode of life that was not degenerate; hence he quitted Warsaw and rented an estate, the village of Hrynów, in the county of Włodzimierz, and thus avoiding noisy amusements and social gatherings, he gave up his time to literature.

An interesting love affair between himself and a Polish lady by the name of Ruczyńska forms quite an episode in the distinguished poet's life. Having for a long time lived in a state of magnificence he finally, by being very generous to those who needed his assistance, became reduced in circumstances. He died in 1826.

His "Marya" went through thirty different editions; the last was published (illustrated) by Żupański in 1865. The poem was translated into several languages.

EXTRACTS FROM "MARYA."

The Kozak* passing through the ravine wide,
Where only howling wolves and Tartars hide,

* Here Kozak does not mean *Cossack*, a Russian soldier, but a sort of an attaché of noblemen in Ukraine, and we may add in the provinces of Podolia and Volhynia. These Kozaks were generally selected from the comeliest and best developed young peasants, and being trained as messengers to duty, were, as occasions required, sent

Approached the statue where dark shadows throw
 Likeness of specters buried long ago;
 Took off his cap, and thrice the cross he signed,
 Then with his message hastening like the wind
 Upon his snorting horse away he flew
 Where Buh glides on, a streak of silvery blue.

As the bold Kozak fleetly rides along
 He hears the hidden foes that round him throng;
 But his good horse, as though he understands,
 Bears him through blooming fields and thistly lands.
 Naught speeds more swiftly underneath the sun;
 Like to an arrow from the bow he wings,
 His head bent low his horse's neck upon.
 And through wild causeways rush these desert kings,
 Rider and steed — two forces blent in one.

Thus loses Wacław* all — no more to find
 His happiness and faith in human kind.
 He cannot wake his loved one from her rest —
 She who was all to him of dear and best;
 Whose noble spirit and angelic grace
 Could shed illusion over falsehood's face.
 How dark her death makes all the world appear!
 Alone he strays, as in a desert drear,
 Or by the statue on his loved one's tomb
 He mourns the malice that has wrought her doom
 And chased all tenderness from out his soul.
 One bitter thought therein holds dark control —

even to distant places with important dispatches and messages of all sorts, also carrying letters to and from postoffices. They had a peculiarly picturesque dress, and were the heroes of many interesting love affairs among the pretty girls of those beautiful provinces. Each Kozak had a fine horse and a splendid equipment, including a "*nahayka*," a sort of a short whip made of several strands of leather woven together, and a fancy handle. These Kozaks were also the heroes of many love songs and *Dumkas*, and form an interesting chapter, especially in the history of the Ukraine.

* Wacław, the betrothed of Mary; pronounce Vatz-lav.

“ Why did I leave her to another’s care? ”

When in the pallid face that greets him there
 He reads of all the struggles she has known,
 Then deep reproaches make his heart their own.
 Of her destruction and his own, the cause,
 Before this thought his life’s pulsations pause—
 Then in his hands he hides his face to weep.

This mood is over soon, but all too deep
 The wound within him festers, poison-frought;
 Leaves in his once exalted soul a thought—
 Shared by the exiles— that will never sleep.

This noble youth, is he the earth’s disgrace?
 Ah! rather ask wherefore hath goodness place
 Here, where all good with evil is defiled,
 Where death of parents profits to the child,
 Where love of fellow beings is assumed
 By those with envy of their joy consumed.
 Where lofty rôles and aspirations fail,
 Revealing hypocrisies ’neath the veil,
 And where but few the faithful hearts that blend
 In love’s divine ecstasy to end.

In describing “ Marya ” the poet says:

Though young, the winds of earthly pain
 Have cast their breath upon her soul,
 And, like the weary autumn blasts
 That o’er the earth in anger roll
 And wither flowers within the grove,
 Have robbed her early hopes of love!

Within her beaming eye no more
 Conflicting war of thought we see;
 The flame that burned from lamp of love
 And shone so happily on me
 Now beams not, shows not e’en one spark,
 Though with its smoke her brow is dark.



GOSZCZYŃSKI.

GOSZCZYŃSKI.

SEVERIN GOSZCZYŃSKI is different in qualifications as a poet from other bards of the Ukraine. The choice of his genius was the more gloomy side of her history and the inherent qualities of her nature. It is the creative spirit leading vice to a feast of revenge. Dark clouds of fantasy ever avoiding the serene sky and searching everywhere charms overcast with dismalness, are his characteristics. Wild transports of passion, battles, treason and murders are the usual themes of his poesy. His pictures and figures are not put forth as the ideals of a mere illusion, as Zaleski's; not in any melancholy, dissolving itself over a landscape, as in Malczewski; but they are thrown on the background of wild nature with a complete truthfulness and reality. Such elements he has introduced in his poetry with impassioned delight, and yet he does not offend æsthetic feeling nor morality. We have no poet who could excel him in painting so truthfully the scenery of nature—nor one who could more admire and appreciate its beauties. His genius is still more to be appreciated when we learn the fact that it is not given to one and the same individual to excel in two different things,—to fathom the depths of passion and to comprehend the grand and sublime respiration of nature. "The Castle of Kaniow" represents scenes of bloody adventures which filled the whole of Ukraine with horror and pain. Here the poet brought together all the horrible events of that painfully memorable epoch. He dramatized this tale, interweaving into it incidents at which the soul is horrified, not at all re-

lieved by introduction of any of the softening influences of heroic love at least burning faintly in the depth of grief and revenge. He delineated, however, the appalling reality, and placed its pictures in the sight of his own poetical fastasy, illumed only by a flame of a night's conflagration. Yet these wild and terrible beauties are in fact the true beauties of a creative artist,—the conception of the poem and its finish of genius—but perhaps its most striking features consist in the prominence of figures and characters,—uncommon individuality. Only great mental powers could produce a poem like it.

Goszczyński's poetic spirit is strong, inflexible, deep and fiery; wide as the river Dnieper, and boundless as the limitless steppes: hence his poetic creations are likenesses unto himself. Occasional incorrectness of expression and the lack of clearness in the elucidation of subjects is alleged against him, as also great haste and precipitancy; but his buoyant spirit would not at all times submit to certain precisions in composition. While soaring through his beloved Ukraine, with its beautiful scenes engraved upon his heart, he breathed forth his inspirations untrammled by any small obstacles that lay in his way. Ukraine was his mother, who nursed and fostered his poetic spirit; and it was there where he spent his youth.

When Goszczyński came into the Carpathian Mountains, and having surveyed their gigantic proportions, their scenery and their beauty,—a lone wanderer amidst this grandeur,—he wrote a poem, "St John's Eve," and proved himself, as in "The Castle of Kaniow," to be a master artist in the delineation of nature's grandeur.

Severin had a different task from almost any other

poet before him. He cut loose from despondency and ideals, and was the first to approach reality in the spiritual world. He was the forerunner of bloody and violent commotions; and Mickiewicz's "Ode to Youth" was a sort of a political manifesto; so was Goszczyński's "Feast of Revenge,"—a watchword calling to action. His "Three Strings" is also a poem of great inspiration, of loftiness and harmony. His latest poem, "The Mother of God," turns the heart and mind to those blessed sources whence flow faith and life.

Besides these he wrote "The King of the Castle," in which he has shown that even in our prosaic age and in every-day spheres of our lives there is poetry; but the genius of the poet is here intensified to bring into plain sight poetry where a common eye cannot see it, by representing objects in charming and enchanting colors.

Goszczyński belongs to that class of bards who, whenever they strike with their rods there immediately appear rich treasures of poesy. If he had not written anything else beside "The King of the Castle," it would be enough testimony that the soul of the author possessed the power of the enchanter's wand, who has awakened poesy in stones, and, like the second Moses, can draw a spring of pure water to refresh and strengthen the enfeebled and waning vital powers of the dying Israelites.

His talent of presenting his characters in bold relief is worthy of great admiration. With the artistic brush of a Shakspeare he takes objects of ordinary kind and lifts them up to higher ideal powers. In some of his poems we can see a certain degree of exaggeration, but he is never deficient in presenting facts

on the foundation of historical truths. His style, with its customary freshness and beautiful coloring, is occasionally unpolished and sometimes rough, but it is always in harmony with the spirit and substance of the subject. Goszczyński comes out in his poems not only as an artist, but he also represents himself as a political individuality. In all his compositions he paints prominently his youth, his dreamings, his tendencies and action. From these we can discern his physiognomy.

Goszczyński was born in the city of Lince, in Ukraine, in the year 1803. From 1811 to 1814 he attended school at fathers Piiars; later he attended the school at Winnica, and in 1816 at Humań; but his education was completed at Warsaw, where he formed ties of mutual friendship with such distinguished men as Bohdan Zaleski, Louis Ziolkowski, Maurice Mochacki and Michael Grabowski. With the latter he went to Vienna in 1818. Returning to Warsaw, he was active in the general national agitation. After the downfall of the revolution of 1831, toward the end of the year he went to France, and immediately joined the so-called sect of Towiański and became one of the most ardent of his adherents. He was heard of from France by publishing in Posen, in 1842, a tale, "The King of the Castle." In 1864 he wrote a beautiful but somewhat mystic poem, "The Mother of God." In 1867, on the 4th of May, he sent his oration to the cemetery of Montmorenci, at Paris, on the occasion of unveiling the monument erected to the memory of Adam Mickiewicz. He died in 1879.

His works were published: "The Castle of Kaniow," Warsaw, 1828; "Writings," in three volumes, Breslau, 1852; "The King of the Castle," Posen, 1842; "The Mother of God," 1864.

CONSCIENCE.

In living body drest,
 And yet a corpse, I keenly feel that I
 Have long outliv'd myself, and vainly try
 To find a place of rest.
 Adverse my fate, most sad my doom;
 I fear all things,— all things fear me.
 This radiant world to me is as a tomb;—
 A specter cloth'd in mourning must I be.
 Suffering as a penitent,
 I roam the world with weary feet,
 Where'er I turn some grief I meet.
 Shunned by all things innocent,
 While all most bitter 'neath the sun
 Forever to me closely clings;
 But more than all my sufferings,
 The phantom-like, nude skeleton
 Of conscience comes a specter dire.
 'Tis in the way before my eyes;
 It ever eats my heart as fire,
 And "*suffer*, son of baseness!" cries.
 Endure life that's a living death;
 One time you courage lack'd to yield your breath
 For your own glory and for others' good.
 Fate brought you to a tyrant's presence then.
 The impulse Heaven gave you you withstood,
 Though with oppression moan'd your fellow men.
 Eyes that the people's chains beheld
 Overflowed with pity mild,
 But the brave heart, with throbbing wild,
 Almost tore the breast wherein it swelled.
 Of action then had fully come the time;
 Before you lay a new and noble life,—
 Perhaps a tomb,— but *freedom's* tomb sublime,—
 The famous bed of glory after strife;

Triumph's bright wreaths had budded for you sweet,
 Hymns prepared your ears to greet
 From grateful people you had sav'd. But, no!
 You would not let your poor life go.
 A cold ordeal yours has been,
 Yet dark and dreadful was your sin.
 Your duty you neglected. When I cried,
 My voice to stifle long you tried.
 Suffer yourself,—struggle with dread,—
 Torment yourself,—let your heart bleed.
 Since you'd not die when there was need,
 Die while you are dead!

NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

God! who art above the skies,
 Wanderers we come. Most wise,
 To Thee to bring
 Our prayers, and sing
 For our dear country's sake.

O God! our dear people bless,—
 Poland's sons save from distress.
 Break thralldom's chain!
 And slavery's bane
 From our dear people take!

O God! Wilt Thou bless our land,—
 Bless Poland's wandering band!
 In freedom yet
 May she forget
 Grief ere her sun goes down!

Bless, O Lord, every one
 Whom Poland claims her son,—
 Who strives with zeal
 That greater weal
 May his loved country crown!

Oh, then, God of mercy! bless
Our sad watches with success.

 May they be brief,
 Our days of grief,
Leave to return — never!

Look upon our sore distress.
Grand in Thy forgiveness,
 May rays divine
 Of Thy grace shine
Round our land forever!



POL.

POL.

VINCENT POL occupied the first place among the true national poets. From the beginning of his poetic career he was a faithful exponent of experienced impressions. Pol is an inspired traditional bard, and exquisite delineator of quiet scenes, of the home-hearth, of patriarchal life, and always a lover of simplicity. His poetical character is apparent in his "Songs of Ianusz," "Pictures of the Mountaineers," in his "Fugitive Pieces," and "Songs of Our Home." His "Songs of Ianusz" are not only nicely adapted to the present generation, but they are that class of compositions which future ages are waiting for—because one can see in them a whole living nation in its past, the present, and the unfolding of the future. It has been said of him that, if in the memory of men all traces of national life were obliterated, and the little golden book containing the "Songs of Ianusz" were preserved from destruction, the inspired historian could guess correctly the character of Polish history that was, and a new bard could equally draw his materials from the same source, and could reveal its future.

"The Pictures from Life and Travels," in which the poet presents his songs to the people through a smiling tear, does not fall behind the "Songs of Ianusz," for, even if their limits are somewhat narrower, they have enriched the people with treasures hitherto unknown, for they have struck deeper into the heart than anything of the kind before. Nothing is more beautiful than these pictures. With a heart full of love Pol went into the mountains, looked over and

around, guessed all and comprehended everything. He makes the language of gigantic nature his own. "The Songs about Our Land" are so many diamonds, which, although glistening with various colors of different Polish dialects, constitute nevertheless one bright and luminous light for every part of the Fatherland.

In writing these songs it was the aim of the poet to demolish the walls that separated different parts of Poland by dialects and customs distinguishing them from one another; to get them acquainted with each other; lift their spirits above the common level surrounding them; to place them together on high, and to show them the beautiful land flowing with milk and honey, and to say to them: "See, here! here is your Canaan!"

It can be asserted with truth that stillness is the most charming Muse of Pol. She always delights in calm tranquillity. She leads him into the shades of eternal woods, so that they might tell him of their immemorial history. She takes him to the ancient cloisters, where their somber appearance tells him of events of long ago. Wrapped up in reveries of charming tranquillity he sings in elegiac tones of fertile fields, of meadows, mountains, and the magnificence of Polish rivers. These songs are not vain Jeremiads, but the expressions of grand reality, and as they are founded on truth they only charm the more. Pol can, in a thousand ways, present his native land in the most interesting and beautiful colors.

With ever-present freshness Po. charms his readers and insures his compositions a deserved reputation; he knows how to knock at the heart, and the feeling of his readers always approvingly responds. His diction is stamped with manly age, comporting with the epoch

of which he is a distinguished representative. In him one finds a certain fullness of form and vitality of internal powers, ever accompanied by a peculiar peace of mind and an equilibrium between ardor and reflection leading the spirit into a world of calm resignation. His family attachments are very strong, as is his attachment to his fatherland and his native heath. In his retrospection of the Past one can see the sorrows and mourning of an orphan, but without any bitterness, or any apparent feelings of deep affliction.

Thus far Pol has passed his life in literary pursuits, not only with the greatest credit to himself, but also to the pleasure and satisfaction of his countrymen. Some of his poems are wrought with the skill of a great artist, for, frequently while reading them, it seems as if he sung them himself with a harmonious and charming melody.

Pol was born in 1807 in Galicia, where his father occupied a place in the judicial department. He was educated at Lublin, and after finishing the course he traveled in Rhenish provinces. After the events of 1831, in which he took an active part, he returned to his native surroundings, and then traveled over the Carpathian Mountains, and resided for some time among the mountaineers. In 1846 he experienced fearful strokes of misfortune. In 1847 he organized the chronological publication of the library of Ossolińskis. In 1848 he obtained a diploma of "Doctor," and became a professor of geography in the University of Cracow. He afterward retired to Lemberg, where, we suppose, he still resides, full of years and honors.

His works were published in Posen, Cracow, Leipzig, Warsaw, and Lemberg. Among these we can mention "Poetry of Vincent Pol," "Mohort," an he-

roic rhapsody, "Getting Home after a Storm," "Pictures of the Mountaineers," "Song of a Prisoner," "Memoirs of Winnicki," "My Aunt," "The Word and the Fame," "The Street Organ," "Songs of Our Home," "A Tale without an End." Besides these we can mention his "Dissertations on Natural Science" and "Geographical Lexicon." "The Songs of Ianusz" (*Pieśnie Ianusza*) were all written by Vincent Pol.



SONG OF THE MOUND.

"Leci liście z drzewa,
Co wyrosło wolne."

O tree nursed by freedom!
Thy leaves are fast falling;
Over the mound yonder
A lone bird is calling:
There never was— never —
One hope for thee, Poland;
The dream is departed,
Thy children have no land!

Flame wraps ev'ry village,
Destroyed is each city,
And voices of women
Rise calling for pity.
From home and from hearthstone,
In swarms all are hasting,
In fields of their labor
The ripe grain is wasting.

When children of Warsaw
Repeated her story,
It seemed as if Poland
Would conquer with glory.
They fought through the winter
To summer's sad waning;
To welcome the autumn
None — none were remaining.

The struggle was ended
For hearts vainly burning —
To hearths of the native
No feet are returning.
Some earth cover'd over,
In dungeons some languish,
Some scattered in exile
Of home dream in anguish.

No help comes from Heaven,
No aid from hands human,
We weep o'er the waste lands
That flowers vainly bloom in.
O dear country Poland!
If 'mid thy despoiling
The children who loved thee
Had taken while toiling

Of earth but a handful,
 By fatherland nourished,
 Rebuilt on lost Poland
 Another had flourished!

LITTLE STAR.

O thou little star that sparkled
 When I first saw light,
 Wherefore has thy brightness darkled?
 Why so pale to-night?

Wherefore shin'st thou not as brightly
 As when I, a child,
 On my mother's bosom nightly
 Slumbered, dream-beguiled?

Swiftly, swiftly, hast thou sped thee
 Through the blue beyond;
 In bewild'ring way hast led me
 Ways I should have shunn'd.

Through the heavens thou speedest gaily,
 Followed I thy lure;
 Of my life bloom weaving daily
 Garlands premature.

But the roses in them faded—
 Yellow grows my May;
 With the life so darkly shaded
 No illusions stay.

On the vistas spread before me
 Look I now through tears;
 Since in heavens stretching o'er me,
 Pale thy light appears.

O my little star! restore them
With thy sparkling rays;
Still my soul is longing for them,
For those happy days.

With them yet I fain would linger,
Past delights I crave
Ere my fate's relentless finger
Beckons to the grave.



KONDRATOWICZ.

(SYROKOMIŁA.)

KONDRATOWICZ.

(SYROKOMLA).

LOUIS KONDRATOWICZ, known under the pseudonym of *Syrokomla*, is one of those youthful poets who in their time stood at the head of the bards of greatest literary power. He was equally a learned scholar and a profound thinker; he did not chase after fame on account of his originality, but as a master of the forms already in existence; he adorns them with the pearls of his poetic spirit, besides an uncommon ease and simplicity which throws charming surroundings around the reader. The lyrico-epic mantle of his "Chit-Chats" is the same as Pol's and Zaleski's, gushing from the sources of inspiration. To the minds seasoned to the glistenings of eternal youth of the pictures of long ago his compositions proved welcome visitors. In this species of poetic creations consists Syrokomla's fondness. From his "Chit-Chats," in which the historical narrator and sad-feeling lyrist unites in himself the different qualities, we find almost in every line — in every thought,—fresh fragrance of nature and truth; we perceive everywhere natural colors of simplicity, happily conceived, and so plainly expressed that even a man unacquainted with the past history of his country and literature, if he were only possessed of pure feeling, would be immediately initiated in Syrokomla's tenderness and simplicity. As are the "Chit-Chats" so are also his "Fugitive Rhymes," which we find in great variety, but always marked by expressions of fidelity to nature and tender-

ness of feeling; but when we still further consider the beautiful intellectual principle and honest intentions we still more admire their intrinsic value. There we find a true love of God and humankind, honest and appreciative feeling of beauty, and a noble incitement to everything that is good, and always an upright tendency toward progression.

Perhaps the most feeling of all of Kondratowicz's poetic creations is "The Death of Acernus." He took up very skillfully the beautiful and yet very mournful scene of the death of the Polish poet Klonowicz (q. v.), of the sixteenth century. The poet, impressed with the solemnity of the hour, sings with great feeling and tenderness the sad demise of the bard, who in the hour of God's inspiration rebuked the sinners, and tried to turn his beloved countrymen to truth, contrition, and repentance.

Another great service rendered by Kondratowicz to Polish literature was the translation of Polish-Latin poets, such as Kochanowski, Sarbiewski, Szymonowicz, and others, which were published in his "History of Polish Literature." Kondratowicz was one of the most fertile of Polish poets, and although he did not excel in everything, he could, with his simplicity and deep feeling, draw tears from the eyes of his readers. Enlivened by true poetic spirit, he excelled almost all of his contemporaries in the depth of feeling and the love of his native land. In these wonderful "Chit-Chats" we hear the roar of the old Lithuanian forests; we plainly perceive the winding of the grand blue rivers; we again converse with our old and noble ancestors; we see the old battles, victories, and joyous feasts;—in a word, whatever this tender poet sings from his pain-stricken breast breathes with love of

everything that is true, familiar, and natural. In peace and harmony with the whole natural brotherhood, he saw the salvation of the Polish land, and upon this he founded the happy futurity of the people. He rebuked and satirized the old foibles and chimeras of the nobility, and tried to eradicate these stumbling blocks so that the people could be once more united by the reciprocal ties of brotherly affection. The chiefest stamp of Syrokomla's poetry is the characteristics of a people governed more by the impulses of the heart than the mind.

Kondratowicz was born in 1822 at a place called Smolkow, near the city of Mińsk. He received his education from Fathers Dominicans at Nieswieżo. At twenty-one he was married and settled in a rural district. In 1853, having lost by death several children, and suffering himself from ill-health, he went to Wilno, but in a short time returned again into rural life, not far from where he resided formerly, and lived almost in seclusion. After a while he gave his property up to his parents and settled in the city of Wilno. In 1858 he traveled in Great Poland and visited Cracow, where he was received with much cordiality and distinction. Returning he lived again at Wilno, from whence he went to Warsaw. Being overpowered by bodily sickness and great mental depression, he succumbed to the accumulated vicissitudes and died the 15th day of September, 1862.

All the writings of this distinguished poet belong to that class that are truly popular. Although eighteen summers are passed away since his death, the Polish Nation can hardly realize that Syrokomla will sing for them no more — forever!

The following are among his works that were already

published: "Chit-Chats," and "Fugitive Rhymes," Wilno, 1853; "Baka Regenerated," St. Petersburg, 1854; "John Demborog," Warsaw, 1854; "Cottage in the Woods," and "Margier," Wilno, 1855; "Death of Acernus," 1856; "Johnnie Cmentarnik," 1856; "The Old Gate," "Easter Thursday," "Days of Penitence and Resurrection," 1858; "Wanderings in My District," "Ulas," a war pastoral, 1858; "Sophia, the Princess of Sluck," 1858; "Poetry of the Last Hour," Warsaw, 1862. Also "The History of Polish Literature," and a most beautiful translation of the songs of Beranger. All the known and unknown writings of Kondratowicz were published by Iagielski, at Posen.

DEATH OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

(Smierć Słowika.)

Shut in a wire cage amid the great city's roar
 Was once a nightingale;
 But his desire to sing grew on him more and more;—
 So strong it must prevail.

Here is no shade,— no elder trees,— no hazel bush
 His little head to hide;—
 No sweet companion here,— for here no streamlets gush
 And through the meadows glide.

No dear ones here to hear him sing, though he should die
 Amid his bursts of song.

In the congenial open air he may not fly,
 His narrow cage is strong.

Instead of gentle winds the wheels' harsh rumbling blends
 With shaking walls' loud jar;
 From carriages of rich men, finely drest, ascends
 The dust-cloud near and far.

Murmurs of a noisy crowd instead of streamlet clear
 In busy, bustling ways;
 Oh! where is peace and quiet? where is freedom here,
 Prophetic songs to raise?

His soft breast almost bursts; now his small head shakes,
 He chokes with blinding dust;
 But born into the world a nightingale, he makes
 One effort— sing he must.

With sweet increasing melody he lifts his song,
 Sings out his longings vain;
 But soon his voice is drowned by hurrying throng,
 Intent but on some gain.

His notes soar higher and higher, o'er all the noise
 In musical despair,
 Thrilled by the memory of vanished joys,
 When he was free as air.

His little wings are weak,— he flaps them all in vain;
 He flutters with faint breath;
 His warm and tender heart just warbles one more strain,
 But 'tis the note of Death!

THE SOLDIER WANDERER.

(Na tem twardem szczudle mojem.)

With this hard crutch to lean upon
 I have wandered all the wide world o'er
 Mourning the ills I've undergone,
 My countless woes and trials sore.

God only knows how much I've borne
 While fighting boldly in the war;
 And proofs of valor I have worn
 Where balls were flying thick and far.

How oft on picket I've remained,
 Pinched with hunger, chilled with cold,
 Yet murmured never nor complained,
 But did my duty true and bold.

And at my general's behest
 I've waded to the fortress' wall
 Through blood of comrades I loved best,—
 Could aught more terrible befall?

Though I was not a soldier long,
 I've fought on famous battle-grounds;
 Have lost a limb,—once good and strong,—
 And suffered honorable wounds.

Now I must beg from door to door.
 Ye rich! with ample fortune blessed,
 Though fate has granted goodly store,
 Ye harken not to the distressed!

Such is the recompense of all
 Who nobly acted, nobly fought.
 And happily does it befall;—
 My spirit grieves, but changes not.

THE PLOUGHMAN AND THE LARK.

'Tis morn! You sing already, lark, and I begin to plough,—
 For man must dearly purchase life by toil and sweat of brow.
 He labors for his household beneath the heavens so broad,
 While ye, who toil not, live. Still we are children of one God.

You are my companion now, though different is our lot.
 You dream of love and pleasure; but, oh! I know them not.
 You are gay and happy ever, and when the morning breaks
 You fly to swell the grand "Hosanna" the angel wakes.

Your sweet song pleases heaven, and your thanks are very dear
 To our God, who gives the little that you require here.

And your joyous chatterings, oft repeated, o'er and o'er,
To all the world announce the praise to God forevermore!

You sing already, lark, and I with aching heart must plough.
As you heavenward rise, dear bird, pray for the ploughman
now.

Say that, sailing o'er the village, you saw much misery,
And hunger, too.* Spring is not as kind as your sweet melody.

Rising early in the morning, we scarce can lift our hands
To praise our God. Our breasts are chilled, and sorrow by
us stands.

The sight of spring nor morning star can bring us gladsome
cheer,

When every morn the church bell tolls the death of loved
ones here.

The children cry, men suffer, and the world is hid by tears;
For the lark the spring is life, but death the ploughman fears.
Pray for us, lark, that pitying God may take us in His care,
And grant us heaven to sing His glory forever there!

COUNTRYMEN, I BEG ASSISTANCE.

(Pomoc dajcie mi Rodacy.)

Countrymen, I beg assistance,
Trouble sorely has bereft me;
I must beg for my subsistence,
Since for toil but one hand's left me.

Countrymen, in this land royal,
A poor wand'ring fellow mortal,
A bold soldier, true and loyal,
Begs for aid without your portal.

Both my aged parents leaving,
Leaving home and wife so cherished;

* Written during great scarcity.

Leaving my poor children grieving,
Fought I where I might have perished.

On the battle-fields most gory
Fought I 'neath my country's banner;
Blood I've shed on fields of glory,
Now to beg beside your manor.

Of my wealth a thief bereft me,
Storm and fire my home molested;
Brother, mother, wife have left me,
In the grave they long have rested.

'Neath a cruel fate's oppression,
Scorn and need with grim persistence
Leave me nothing in possession,
Save one hand to beg assistance.

Joy and hope no longer burning —
I but wander, wander ever,
For my native heath I'm yearning,
But I shall behold it — never.

Some old friend my mem'ry keeping,
Mayhap thinks of me with longing;
Some perchance may fall to weeping,
Their sad thoughts toward me thronging.

Where steel clashed and balls were ringing
When I fought the foe, if only
Some swift ball from mercy winging
Had but stilled this heart so lonely.

Sword in hand death would have found me
Fighting 'mid the leaden shower;
But to-day grief closes round me,
Which no weapon can o'erpower.

MATTHEW'S UNLUCKY TURNS.

“(Przyszła kryśka na Matyska.”)

Matthew lived in days now olden;
His like since has ne'er existed —
Handsome, with a fortune golden,
Of rare joy his days consisted.
He was loved and knew no trouble,
And though some with envy burning
Saw his fortune, none thought Matthew's
Golden tide would e'er be turning.

And a maiden, black-eyed, handsome,
Loved him with a love confiding,
Vowed Dear Matthew, my own darling,
My true love shall be abiding!
But another chap with money
Came and bought her heart's affection;
Matthew, spurned, received this cruel
Stroke of fate in deep dejection.

My dear Matthew, never mind it —
Sorrow not for such a trifle;
To the tavern come and join us,
Quickly all this trouble stifle!
Thus his chums beguiled his sorrow
With their words of cheer and gladness;
“Right, friends,” Matthew said; this folly
Paid he for in grief and sadness.

In the bowl he drowned his sorrow,
Half a week he drank for pleasure —
Treating all who came around him,
Treating without stint or measure.
But in paying for the liquor
All his money was expended —
To his wretched home he wandered,
Ill-luck every step attended.

From his trouble and hard drinking
 Matthew sickened unto dying —
 Then the doctor came to see him
 All his trouble multiplying;
 For his visits and prescriptions
 Took three horses from the stable.
 Then poor Matthew left the country —
 To endure his fate unable.

Ere he died he thus concluded:
 By my friends to be remembered,
 In my will I must leave something
 To each one for service rendered.
 In his hut, alas! was nothing
 But some matting old and tattered.
 And poor Matthew sighed perceiving
 All his plans by ill-luck shattered!

At last dying, as Job's turkey,
 Poor was he, and ruined wholly;
 The old remnants of his wardrobe
 Formed the rest for head so lowly.
 At his funeral was no mourner;
 Who has seen aught so depressing?
 Four old beggars bore the coffin —
 Now was fortune most distressing.

'Neath the grave-sod in the churchyard
 He was buried; ah, poor fellow!
 His demise no bells were tolling
 In their tones so sad and mellow.
 By the side of a small chapel
 Is a fir-tree cross; the path you
 Trace and read thereon as written:
 "The last turn has come to Matthew."

ODYNIEC.

ANTON EDWARD OODYNIEC, born 1809, is the author of a few lyric productions, such as "The Wedding," etc., but he distinguished himself chiefly by his translations. He translated Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," "The Bride of Abydos" of Byron, "The Fire Worshipers" of Moore, "Corsair" and "Heaven and Earth" by Byron, also "Mazeppa," and rendered into Polish the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," by Walter Scott. The translation of ballads from Bürger, Zukowski and Pushkin, as also Schiller's "The Maid of Orleans," revert greatly to the credit of Oodynec. His satiric poem, "The Specters," combines elegance with great wit, and a wholesome moral to the would-be poets. When nothing could drive away ghosts from a haunted building, the declamation of an indifferent poet of one of his compositions at the witching hour of night set the ghosts to yawning, and so disgusted them that they left the premises, positively and forever. Mr. Oodynec resides at present in Warsaw. His "Felicita, or The Martyrs of Carthagen," a drama in five acts, as also "Barbara Radziwil," are esteemed as productions of very high order.

PRAYERS (A LEGEND).

"Des Herzens Andacht hebt sich frey zu Gott,
Das Wort ist todt, der Glaube macht lebendig."—SCHILLER.

The sight of a lake! Oh! how beautiful!
At evening's hush in summer's time,
When over it gently the soft winds lull
The waves to sleep with a mystic rhyme.

Oh! how gratefully then the billows' roar
Sounds in the ears of lookers on;
They glisten with blue near the further shore,
Slowly fade as they near anon.

With just such weather, the skies were bright,
Gently sighed the evening wind,
When a worthy pastor, at edge of night,
Beside the lake his way inclined.

Already the last bright rays of the sun
Behind the mountains strove to hide;
But from the West appeared a single one,
That strangely charmed the waters wide.

The pastor to heaven lifted his eyes,
And long he gazed in holy thought.
How good! how mighty is He! and how wise!
Who all these stars to being brought!

The sun's fiery course to His will He bends,
Compels the moon along her way;
To fill the soundless depths the water sends;
Bids them remain, and they obey.

Why is the grass upon the earth so green?
The night so dark? the day so light?
Who gave spring flowers? autumn's scene?
Sweet fruits and grain for man's delight?

Whose mandate,—“Let there be,”—created all?
And whose breath caused this world to be?
Thus musing did the pious pastor fall
Before his God on bended knee.

After a moment's pause, upon the tide
He turned his eyes once more, and then
A peasant, leaping over a log, he spied,
And saw him jumping back again.

“That’s for you, God,” at ev’ry jump he cries,
And, jumping back, “this is for me.”
The pastor viewed the act with much surprise.
“What are you doing?” questioned he.

“I pray.” “How’s that?” the pastor said; “’tis odd.
Can it be you know not your prayers?
Have you no church? Have you no house of God?
No pastor who the Word declares?”

“I knew not from my childhood’s early day.
Amidst the woods I’ve lived alone,
Nor wander hence. I have no time to stray,
But praise my God as best I’ve known.

“Whether I sow, or gather sheaves of grain,
Or whether I am making hay,
Whether the sun shines bright, or falls the rain,
I praise and thank my God alway.”

The pastor marveling his knowledge spare,
Began the worth of prayer to tell,
Explained its nature, taught him the Lord’s prayer,
And spoke of God and virtue well.

And when he deemed that he had well impressed
His teaching on the peasant’s heart,
And said the prayers once more with him, he blessed
The boor, and went his way apart.

With a slow pace traveling o’er the sand
He passed at length around the lake,
And saw the evening star in luster grand
Above the hills in beauty wake.

Through the immensity of heaven’s blue,
Swimming in the effulgent light,
Its rays from the lake’s bottom glitter through,
Like memories of past delight.

Its brightness seemed close to the bottom clasped,
Like virtue to an upright heart;
It will last unchanged, though by whirlpools grasped,
Though billows over it roar and dart.

As the mist of the valley upward goes
By sunbeams from the meadow caught,
So the pastor's spirit heavenward rose
On wings of happy, pious thought.

Then he heard a voice. From afar it spake,
And, ah! he is filled with sudden fear.
For, walking on waves of the rolling lake,
He saw the peasant drawing near.

"Wait, O father! wait!" the peasant besought.
"Repeat the prayers before you go
Once more; for what you told me I forgot,
Although I wish them well to know."

The pastor, seeing such strong evidence
That in God's grace he had a part,
Said to him: "Son, in your own way pray hence;—
More than the words God loves the heart.

"Before the throne, my son,—first precedence,—
Your virtue and industry take,"
The pastor said. The happy peasant thence
Returned in safety o'er the lake.

JULIAN KORSAK.

JULIAN KORSAK has a peculiar characteristic of his own in a certain style of lyrical boldness and loftiness, and laudable competition in translations; and another fact which is not to be overlooked is his noble endeavors (in which he was successful) to beautify the Polish verse with flowers of Eastern poesy. The whole is stamped with these attractions, and forms quite a large volume — “Poetry of Julian Korsak.” In this volume his lyrics are flashing with resplendent light. The two-sided soul of his poetry is glistening toward the West with lyrics, and to the East with “Beyram.”

Korsak has done great service to Polish literature by his translation of the “Divine Comedy” of Dante, upon which he labored for twelve years,— and we may say the best part of his life. In this work, permeated and carried away by the spirit of the great master’s Christian poesy, we find many explanations of points in the poem very difficult to understand.

In the translation of this poem Korsak had not alone in view his own personal fame, but also a conscientious responsibility; uniting his own spirit with the spirit of Dante, he seemed to have acquired new poetic strength as well as inspiration; all conceptions and thoughts — in fact all the spiritual powers — unfolded within him on the grandest scale, befitting the bard who sung the great theme of Eternity.

He was born in 1807, and after finishing his education in the University of Wilno, from 1826 to 1830, he resided alternately at Warsaw and St. Petersburg, de-

voting his time to still further improvement and culture. After the death of his father he succeeded as heir to a large landed estate in the county of Słonim, and was made the president of the county court; but at the expiration of his term he returned into rural seclusion and devoted himself to literature and sciences. In the year 1853, in order to improve his failing health, he went to Nowogrodek (Newtown), and after a few months' illness died on the 30th of September, same year.

His work "Poetry" was published at Posen, 1833, and at St. Petersburg, 1839; "Lara," from Byron, 1836; "New Parnassus," translation of Shakspeare's tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet"; "Twardowski the Sorcerer," "Dramatic Dialogues," "Camoens in the Hospital," and many fugitive pieces. The "Divine Comedy" was published in 1840.

THE FROZEN TEAR.

Soft o'er the white bed falls the moon's pure light;—

'Tis bleak and chill, but Love its vigil keeps,
As maiden hither comes each dreary night,
And at her loved one's tomb till morn she weeps.

'Tis bleak and chill, but neither drifting snow
Nor wintry storm the maiden's heart appalls.
She seeks his grave to pray — her sad tears flow,
And one bright drop upon the gravestone falls.

The tear was hot, but, chilled by the cold blast
And storm at night, was frozen to the stone
Like drops of sleet to tree limbs frozen fast,
Through all the night all, all the day it shone.

An angel saw it and with joy divine
Within his hand the frozen tear-drop bore.

Pity in heaven willed that it should shine
A pearl in her bright crown forevermore !

MY BELOVED ONE.

Her lips are ever streaming
Sweet kisses unto me,
Her eyes which light are beaming
Are light as eyes can be;—
How beautiful is she!

Oh! when to me she's speaking
My soul her accents hears,
And though my heart were breaking
She'd soothe my grief and tears;—
How tender then is she!

Whene'er her true love greeting
She moves in airy grace,
Their lips in kisses meeting
And clasped in close embrace,
How passionate is she!

When change's wing soars over
Joys green and springing heath,
Misfortune finds her lover
And blasts him with his breath,
How constant then is she!

Before a week be flying
Another love she'll take,
And scorn her first love's sighing,
Although his heart should break;—
How fickle then is she!

She bids her lover smother
His feeling, and depart;
Her hand she gives another,
But no one owns her heart;—
How curst, how curst is she!

WITWICKI.

STEPHEN WITWICKI was born at Krzemieniec, in the province of Podolia, where his father was a professor in the Lyceum. After finishing his education he went to Warsaw, where he obtained a position of great honor and importance, being appointed one of the chiefs in the "Commission of Learning." In the literary fights of those days between the *Classics* and *Romantics* he joined the ranks of the latter. He left his lucrative office, preferring to go to France, where he became personally acquainted with Mickiewicz and Zaleski, and turned his mind to the awakening of the true religious feeling of the Polish people.

Witwicki was a thoughtful, careful, and a finished poet. He wrote ballads, pastorals, and biblical poetry; also tales in verse, as, for instance, "Edmund," his "Life's Account of a Country Gentleman," "Spring," "A Change," and "The Voices," the last especially of great Christian humility, but full of poetic power. His moral and literary miscellanies are pleasing and instructive. His "Evenings of a Pilgrim," and in fact all of Witwicki's poetical works, were published in Warsaw, Paris, as also in Leon Zienkiewicz's "Library of Polish Poets," Leipsic, 1866; his "Gadu-Gadu" (Chit-Chats), at Leipsic in 1850, and at St. Petersburg, 1852. This honored bard died in Rome, 1847.

CUPID.

A little boy of curious ways,
With brilliant eyes and rosy lips,

With golden hair and damask cheeks,
 I met with on my morning trips.
 I gazed upon him for a while,
 Thinking he had a tale to tell —
 When with a lurking, meaning smile,
 He asked me "If my heart was well?"
 But gazing at my visitor
 I saw some arrows 'neath his wing;
 Aha! said I, there's danger here,
 With this mischievous little thing!
 Again he asked, while there I stood,
 If to his pangs I was a stranger?
 I answered not, but quickly ran
 From such a sudden, threat'ning danger!
 With panting breast and bosom thrilling
 At having 'scaped from such a storm,
 I fled unto my Anna's dwelling,
 To hide beside her lovely form.
 But know ye what befel me there,
 How I was caught in Cupid's snare?
 I fell exhausted at her feet,
 And lo! the little rogue was there.

THE WARRIOR.

("Rzzy mój gniady, ziemię grzebie.")

Yonder stands my sorrel neighing —
 Parting time draws near;
 Farewell father — farewell mother,
 Farewell sisters dear.
 Haste my steed! the voice calls loudly
 To the battle plain —
 On the field thou lookest proudly,
 Proudly shak'st thy mane.

To the field where hosts assemble,
 With the wind away!
 Let the foe before us tremble —
 We shall win the day!

'Mid the ranks of dead and dying
 If I chance to fall,
 Take thy way, my steed, in flying
 Homeward free from thrall!

Hark! I hear my sisters calling —
 Shall we turn my steed?
 No! to where the foe is falling
 Let us haste with speed!

JOSEPHINE.

I.

If thou shalt ever meet
 Spring's sweetest, loveliest rose,
 With balmy breezes sweet,
 Whose cheek with brightness glows
 Like Orion's purest light,
 Whose words breathe but delight,
 And if she ask with love for me
 'Tis Josephine — be sure 'tis she!

II.

If like the silent stream,
 When flowing without noise,
 Or like the moon's sweet beam,
 From thoughtless crowds she flies;
 To all she knows is kind,
 Pure, noble, and refined —
 And if she ask with love for me
 'Tis Josephine — be sure 'tis she!

III.

If thou shalt see a tear
Roll down her rosy cheek,
And if she doth appear
With feeling pure to speak;
And in her brightest eye
Thou shalt see modesty,
And if she ask with love for me
'Tis Josephine — be sure 'tis she!

IV.

If thou shalt ever see
Some orphans or the poor,
Who driven by poverty
Enter her welcome door;
And if her heart doth beat
With sympathy replete,
And if she ask with love for me
'Tis Josephine — be sure 'tis she!

V.

But if thou e'er of love
To her by chance shalt speak,
And if a tear of sorrow
Do not bedew her cheek;
And not a sigh she give,
Her bosom does not heave,
And if she does not ask for me,
My Josephine,— it is not she!

GOSŁAWSKI.

MAURICE GOSŁAWSKI was born in 1805; a man of the noblest heart and most exalted mind; not only one of the greatest Polish poets, but also one of the truest of Poland's sons. Being concerned in the revolution of 1831, he was never remiss in duty as a soldier, nor neglected the cause of his country as a patriot. He was so honest and honorable besides, that he had the love of the whole country, and when he died we may truly say that Poland lost not only one of her greatest poets, but she also lost one of the most high-minded and honorable of her sons. His death took place in Stanisławow (Galicia), 1839.

Almost all of his poetry breathes with most devoted love to his country and a friendly and brotherly attachment to the whole people. He is the author of "Podolian Wedding," "Renegat," "Banco," and many others. His fugitive pieces are full of great poetic spirit and pathos.

HAD I THE ROYAL EAGLE'S WING.

"Gdyby orłem byé."

Had I the royal eagle's wing
 How soon Podolia's air I'd breathe,
 And rest beneath that sunny sky
 Where all my thoughts and wishes wreathe.

'Tis there I first beheld the light,
 There passed by happiest, earliest years;
 'Tis there my father's ashes lay,
 Sunned with my smiles, dewed with my tears.

Oh! were I but the regal bird,
I'd fly to where my steps once trod,
And where my hopes are buried up;
Then change me to an eagle, God!

Oh! would I were a brilliant star
Whose light illumines Podolia's groves,
That I might gaze throughout the night
On her, the girl my spirit loves!

Then from the silvery clouds I'd send
Unto her eyelids visions bright
As those soft rays which Luna beams
Upon the lakes in summer's night.

To watch with eyes unseen her steps,
To gaze upon her form afar,—
My soul's transported with the thoughts ;
Change me, O heavens, to a star!

Why dream the thought, my bursting soul,
Thy aspirations are in vain;—
Exiled to far and foreign land,
Ne'er shall I see my home again.

Accursed am I ! yon eagle soars,
The star of night rolls glittering on;—
My home is far,— my soul is chained,
Tears flow around me,— hope is gone!

UNCERTAINTY.

Dearest! I keep a secret still —
A holy secret, all my own;
My eyes with tears for sadness fill,
I smile and make my rapture known.

But darling! in those eyes of thine
 There glistens neither tears nor joy;
I see not there the doom divine
 Which shall uplift me or destroy.

Thou hast no need to tell me twice
 Of the destruction held in store,
One look from thee will still suffice:
 In it are all my hopes — and more.

My soul 'tis easy to upraise
 To that which makes it paradise;
Its only need or wish to gaze
 Into the heaven within thine eyes.

RAYMUND KORSAK.

RAYMUND KORSAK was born in 1767, in White Russia, and was a colonel in the Polish army. As a poet he is mostly known by his elegant effusions "To Poetry," as also by his "Introduction" to the poem of Rev. Baka on "Infallible Death."

He died in Podolia, 17th of November, 1817. His friend, Bohusz, erected a monument to his memory, with this inscription: "The memory of a virtuous man shall outlive ages." He distinguished himself in lyric poetry, especially in the composition of hymns.

ODE TO GOD.

Avaunt! ye empires, powers, kings,
 That this too-little earth contains;
 My Muse a higher theme now sings,
 Heaven's pure regions she attains!

To her, my Muse, the Alpine height
 Is as the valley spread below;
 From turbulence she taketh flight,
 From crash of storms that overthrow.

She speeds aloft on soaring wings,
 And loses in aerial realms;
 All monuments of earthly things
 Before the glory that o'erwhelms.

Thou sovereign of birth and death!
 At Thy command,—supreme, divine,—
 Rose suns and stars and worlds beneath,
 But never was beginning Thine!
 And what our feeble thoughts transcend,
 Thou neither yet shalt have an end!

Thou sittest on majestic throne;
Time at Thy word begun its course;
All omnipotence is Thy own;
Of wisdom Thou Thyself a source.

Stern justice rests within Thy hand,
For us Thy mercy still provides.
O Lord of all! whose sole command
Creates, exalts, upholds, divides!

Thou on unaided power dost rest,
Before whose thunder angels quake,
And through the heavens manifest
The might that stills when storms awake.

Thou lightest stars, and dost create
The rocks that hide not from Thy face;
Thou rulest o'er all human fate,
And with Thy presence fillest space.

In the beginning, self sustained,
Thy will itself created Thee,
Thy wisdom in its breadth contained
Of worlds the vast immensity!

Above the chaos spread around,
Mid elements confusion rent,
O'er darkness all unpierced by sound
Thy living breath, Thy touch, wast sent.
Then rose the sun with glowing ray,
And nature saw creation's day!

EXTRACT FROM A RELIGIOUS POEM.

For gifts bestowed since earth I trod,
That to my saddened heart were given,
I thank Thee mostly, O great God!
That but a mortal I am here.

GORECKI.

ANTON GORECKI was a writer of lyric poetry and fables. The distinguishing marks of Gorecki's fables are that they are in reality little satires, with a view of pointing out the weak side of the society in which he lived, and to correct faults and foibles in a general way. His ballad "The Doom of the Traitor to His Country" is truly beautiful. "The Taking of the Pass of Samo-Siera" is also an uncommon production. All his fugitive compositions are permeated by genuine wit and patriotic feeling. As a poet his name will always occupy a high place in Polish literature.

Gorecki was born in 1787, in the province of Wilno. His education began at home and in the schools of Wilno, and later he entered the University of Wilno. In spite of the Russian government's orders he made his way through to Warsaw and joined the army. In the campaign of 1812 he distinguished himself as an officer in the battle of Smolensk, and received the cross of the Legion of Honor and participated in all battles. After Napoleon's return he went to Cracow to be healed of his wounds. He settled in the country with the rank of captain, and gave himself up to farming pursuits, literature and poetry. After 1815 he traveled in foreign countries, visiting Germany and Italy. Returning, he settled in Lithuania, and was one of the most active members of the so-called society of "Ragamuffins," but in reality a club of young men of great talent, who published a newspaper called "The Street News," a very celebrated institution of its day. After the breaking out of the revolution of 1830 Gorecki, being a

member of the national committee of Wilno, was made agent, and went to Switzerland, London and Paris, where, after the end of the revolution, he remained till after his death. He was in close connections with Mickiewicz, Zaleski, Witwicki and other distinguished men, and shared with them the vicissitudes of a life generally experienced by refugees. He died the 18th of September, 1861.

His works were published in Paris. "Poetry of a Lithuanian," 1834; "Fables," 1839; "Seyba," 1837; "New Collection," 1858; "Another Little Volume," 1859; and "Miscellaneous," 1861.

DOOM OF THE TRAITOR TO HIS COUNTRY.

"Smieré Zdrajcy Ojczyzny."

The night was dark! The gloomy silence poured
 Calmness on Nature's breast, to peace restored;
 Then the pale moon arose to view,
 And nearer the appointed moments drew
 When spirits, on their tireless wings,
 Descend beneath the star-beamed glow
 To soothe with sleep the sufferings
 That mortals know.

 Beside the river
 Which flows forever,
 Whose turgid billows moan unrest,
 A stately castle rears its crest.

There a loathsome traitor lies
 On gilded bed, that gives no ease,
 And waits for sleep to close his eyes,
 And bring his guilty bosom peace.

Now and again the glimmering light
That from the costly lamps outshone
Showed through the shadows of the night
The wealth obtained through crime alone.

With care and labor, year by year,
Of gold he hoarded many a store.
The treasures of the world were here,
But, lacking peace, he slept no more.

The moments fly!

The town clock, striking solemnly,
Tolls twelve — but yet no blessed sleep
Doth o'er his weary senses creep.

Yes! from his pillow sleep goes hence
To huts, and lets its blessing fall
O'er those who lived in affluence
Ere for their country they lost all.

But he, his land's degenerate son,
Waits still for sleep to bring relief,
And, trembling like an autumn leaf,
Remorseful shivers through him run.

Sleepless, he leaves his gilded bed,
Bends o'er the coffers filled with gold,
And thinks to soothe the spirit's dread
With glittering treasures there untold.

Hark! through the heavens a roll of thunder crashes!
The lightnings blaze in ire!
The flickering lights expire!
Backward the door, unhinged, the whirlwind dashes!

Then the pale moon gleams through,
Disclosing to the view

A stately form, and staid,
 In mourning garb arrayed.
 A still and somber guest,
 With pale hands folded on a bleeding breast.

Beholding that pale form,
 The traitor trembles. Whether it is warm
 With life he knows not, nor can comprehend.
 His hair stands up on end,
 And he cries out, "Who tries to frighten me?
 Speak, or die instantly!"

But from the form is heard
 In answer not a word.
 It only nearer draws, with silent tread,
 And sighs instead!

The traitor then, despite his soul's alarms,
 Growing more confident, resorts to arms.

The trigger pulls in ire!

The weapon flashes fire!

The bullet, in its eager thirst for blood,
 Echoes through the air its thud,
 And strikes the apparition — but it draws
 Nearer, with noiseless pace,
 A noiselessness that awes,
 And stands before the traitor face to face.

The phantom on his trembling shoulder lays
 A hand whose chill dismays,

So death-like is its clasp!

His brow is dewed!

He sinks subdued,

Another weapon clutching in his grasp.

Then spoke a voice in gentle tones,
 Like brooklet purling o'er the stones,

As musical as sound of lute,
 As sad as winds in church-yard mute.
 "Hold! for the ball is vainly sped.
 I live not in this world, but with the dead.
 Son, tho' thou wouldst doom me to the grave,
 Yet still I live, and am here to save!
 I see thy soul with keen remorse oppressed,
 And I would win it to eternal rest,
 And I forgive. No mother's heart is won
 To turn against a son!"

But as she spoke the dwelling rocked,
 As by an earthquake shocked.
 The shades of night made moan,
 And through their shadows thrown
 A dark-winged shape appears,
 And in an awful voice of thunder says:
 "Forgiveness there is none for him who slays!
 Who sheds his brother's blood must reap in tears,
 Stand up therefor
 Before God's judgment evermore
 Then ceased the spirit. On the couch he cast
 The traitor's lifeless form.
 His soul he bore away through clouds and blast;
 While moaned the wind, and lightning rent the storm.

"TO A LADY LAUGHING AT A STAMMERING POET."

Within these few lines are forever recorded
 Two errors: I stammering, you manners unheeding.
 Posterity's judgment will thus be awarded:
 My error was nature, your's lack of good breeding.

FABLES.

THE OXEN AND THE SPANIEL.*

About a certain farm there arose a dispute.
A judicial tribunal undertook the suit.
All the oxen belonging to the farm involved
Anxiously regarded the question to be solved:
Who would be their future master? Wishing a report,
They asked the spaniel to please hasten to the court,
To ascertain the facts, if anybody knew.
But the spaniel answered, "Why should that concern you?
'Tis of no consequence to you, respected friends,
Who obtains the farm; for, howe'er the matter ends,
Be it John or Peter, or whatever the name,
You will be commanded to work on, just the same."

THE BIG SHIP AND A SMALL BOAT.

It so happened once beside a coast,
A small boat, wise in its own conceit,
Lying in port, tied up to a post,
And seeing, far out, the wild waves beat
A large ship, as the storm beset her,
Said: "Shame! that it can swim no better!"
Just then more fiercely the wind up blew;
Lo! the small boat's line was snapped in two;
And helpless against the rock it crashed,
Till into small fragments it was dashed.

THE DROP OF WATER.

"What would it avail for me, one drop alone, to go
Away from my cloud-companions to the earth below?
Uselessly would I perish, and do the earth no good."
Thus reasoned every drop of the rain brotherhood.

*Written during the Vienna Congress, 1815.

In consequence of this did a fearful drouth succeed,
 Till one of the little drops, perceiving the earth's need,
 Said: "Whether I'll help or not, I'll make a sacrifice."
 So down to earth she dropped from her cloud-home in the skies.
 Then the heavens sent after her to the parching plain
 Many more; till, drop by drop, there came a cheering rain
 That revived the farmer's fields, and saved him from distress,
 And made his heart o'erflow with joy and thankfulness.
 'Tis noble to give a good example to others,
 And make sacrifices for the good of our brothers.

SPARROWS.

A FABLE.

Old sparrows grouping on a tree,
 Very learnedly conversed,
 Finding fault with ev'ry bird, whate'er it be.
 Hoopoo's tuft-head provoked their gossip first.
 The jay, thinking he is pretty, is so vain.
 The golden oriole, like the thrush, is plain.
 The dove pretends modesty, but when she flies
 Her aspiring flight her gentle mien belies.
 The cuckoo, most selfish all the birds among,
 Slips slyly in other nests her helpless young.
 The bullfinch alights upon the highest tree,
 Goldfinch thinks his song the finest melody.
 And a crazy-head, the wagtail he flies,
 As soon as the morning's light begins to rise,
 Out to each nook and corner — everywhere,
 With turned-up tail and eager, prying air.
 But as these birds themselves were only sparrows,
 They at others shot their arrows.
 But idlers they through summer sweet,
 Who but consumed the farmer's wheat.

BALIŃSKI.

CHARLES BALIŃSKI was a poet in every sense of the word. He looked into the future, and wove it into pains and disappointments, longings and anticipations of his own life. In this respect he resembles leaves which, when crushed, give fragrance they could not do before being thus destroyed.

His poems, modestly entitled "Writings of Baliński," are very well known wherever the Polish language is spoken. Among them are contained some compositions pertaining to the first epoch of his life, when he was expelled to Siberia. These poems are of remarkable beauty. "Faris, the Bard" occupies the most prominent place. "The Prayer for a Cross" is equally distinguished for poetic power. His translations from Calderon secured for him the first rank among translators. Other original creations of Baliński, as "The Voice of the Polish People," "A Brotherly Word to the Songster of Mohort," "The Cross-Road," "Penned Up," stand high in poetic merits. The rhythmical construction of the verse and the beauty of expression remind one of the painstaking and exactness of classic poets.

A year before his death he sent a part of the poem entitled "The Sufferings of the Redeemer" to the library of Ossolinskis. This splendid literary production, though incomplete, is written on a more extended poetic scale, well and happily conceived, and rendered with great harmony in a truly masterly manner — a composition which could inspire its author with a just pride. He also left, in manuscript, sketches of Polish

literature, or rather the development of the national poetic spirit, including specimens of poetic and prosaic Polish authors.

Baliński was born the 27th of May, 1817, in a village near the city of Lublin. While at the Lyceum at Warsaw, and after the death of Arthur Zawisza, one of the scholars wrote on the blackboard "*Exoriare nostris ex ossibus ultor.*"* On account of this verse the whole school would have been subjected to the strictest investigation, but the noble youth (Baliński), wishing the scholars of the Lyceum to go unharmed, took the blame upon himself, and was imprisoned, but after a thorough investigation released. However, not long after that occurrence, he was suspected of participating in certain patriotic doings, was arrested, imprisoned, and finally sent to Siberia, where he remained until 1844, but on the birth of the present successor to the Russian throne he was released. While in Siberia Charles lost not only his comely looks, but also his health. The result of this untoward event was that his affianced, after seeing such marked change in his looks, recanted her promise. In the year 1848, being threatened with another persecution, he fled into Galicia (Austria), then into the Duchy of Posen, and at last found a shelter in France, devoting himself to poetry and literary labors. In 1863 he returned to his native land to take care of his brother, who was severely wounded, and lay very ill at Cracow. From here he went to Lemberg, and found generous assistance in his literary pursuits. The columns of "The Annals of Ossoliński's Library" having been opened to him, he continued his poem "Life and Death of the Redeemer," but death pre-

* May an avenger arise from our bones.

vented its finishing. He died on the 10th of January, 1864. He was a near relative of Baliński the historian.

His "Writings" were published at Posen, 1849; "A Few Literary Labors," Warsaw, 1846; "Tales for the People," Warsaw, 1846; "Brotherly Word," London, 1857; "A Collection of Poetry," 1856; "The Sufferings of the Redeemer," Lemberg, 1864, etc. etc.

EXILE'S PRAYER IN THE SPRING.

Our Father! Thou hast brought the spring again;
 Again Thy hand strews gifts and makes us glad;
 Joyful in rich profusion smiles the plain,
 Yet Father, we are sad!

The winter gloom has swiftly winged away,
 The heavens above us don their clearest blue;
 But with the grass that springs in fresh array
 No hopes for us renew.

Earth hears the birds that throng in joyous troops,
 Reviving dew upon her bosom lies;
 Behold the primrose of our hope! it droops —
 For lack of dew it dies!

Birds in returning home beyond the sea
 Dip wings with tuneful song in ocean's foam;
 But we, poor pilgrims — when, alas! shall we
 Returning find a home?

The new sun lighting up the world to-day
 Makes beautiful earth's bosom cold and stark
 But for the exiled sheds no cheering ray —
 All, all for us is dark!

But we, so long as any strength is left,
 Will with sad hearts united as in one
 Pray with the voice of millions thus bereft,
 Give us more sun — more sun!

WHAT'S THE USE OF DREAMING?

What's the use of our love-dreams
 Of plucking roses — promise beams?
 Roses shun our quest;
 Now here like the migrating bird
 We are on the outpost afterward —
 There perchance to rest.

Hearts, cease your dreaming! it is wrong;
 Bearing our cross with cheerful song,
 As to a dance go;
 No more the sword-hilt we shall clasp,
 But hands shall say in friendly grasp
 God sends joy below.

Pleasure may come to us at last;
 Thou knowest, God, the future vast —
 What will meet us there;
 Thou knowest to whom smiles are dear,
 And whose grave in the coming year
 Flowers shall make fair.

THE LIVING CORPSE.

Near a city there is a grave;
 Sadly Vistula, wave on wave,
 By it ripples, but in the mound,
 Look you! a living corpse is found.
 Do not wonder — the world is rife
 With life in death and death in life.

The corpse looks forth and courage takes,
Sees the people pass to and fro;
Friends' kind faces that come and go,
Newly hope in his heart awakes.
They come to see me then, said he,
Ev'ry one sighs and thinks of me.

But thinking naught about the dead,
Pass the people with rapid tread;
Life is short — it were all in vain
To fill their time with thoughts of pain.
Let the dead rest in peace, they say
And let who lives enjoy his day!

At last one comes, nor passes by
He gazes mournfully around,
Throws a flower upon the mound —
His brow is pale and sad his eye,
Yet hastes he on as others do;
Is he afraid of corpses, too?

Then thought the corpse — oh, thanks to thee
My brother, none have thought of me,
But all have coldly passed me by,
Light of heart, with averted eye,
All save thou alone, moaned he.
Alas! they've all forgotten me.

KORNEL UJEJSKI.

KORNEL UJEJSKI, the bosom friend of one of the most renowned Polish poets (Julius Słowacki), was born in 1823 in the county of Czortkow, in Galicia. He wrote with great perspicuity and finish. His poems are very chaste and classic. The poem written on the death of Adam Mickiewicz only increased his celebrity as a poet. His "Enamored Bride," "The Dreadful Night," "The Funeral March," and the biblical melodies "Rebecca and Jeremiah"; as also the "Plough and the Sword," are contributions to the Polish literature of the greatest value. We may also add that he is the author of "The Flowers Without Fragrance," "The Withered Leaves," — compositions of great popularity; but the most popular poetical production of Ujejski, known and sung as it were in every palace and cottage, is his "Hymn of Complaint"—"Z Dymem Pożarów,"—which was written during the terrible uprising of the peasantry, instigated by rascally officials, in Galicia in 1846, when towns and villages were burned and sacked by the infuriated mob.

At this present time he occupies the honorable position of a member of the Chamber of Deputies in Vienna, Austria. Mr. Ujejski is a gentleman of high scholarly attainments, urbane and childlike in manner, and highly respected by all classes of his countrymen. Editions of his works in the Polish language have been published in London, Paris, Leipsic, and Posen.

HYMN OF COMPLAINT.

(Z Dymem Pożarów).

With smoke of burning — with blood outpouring,
 O Lord! our voice we raise to-day
 In fearful wailing, in last imploring,
 In bitter sorrow that turns us gray!
 Songs without murmur we have no longer,
 Pierced are our temples with thorny bands,
 Like Thy monuments of wrath grown stronger,
 To Thee imploring we raise our hands!

O Lord! how often Thy hand has scourged us,—
 Our red wounds bleeding and yet unhealed;
 We sought Thee vainly when anguish urged us:
 Thou art our Father, and Thou shouldst shield.
 But when we call Thee with hearts confiding
 Then does the mocker, with fury shod,
 Trample upon us and ask, deriding,
 Where is that Father? where is that God?

We search the heavens for sign or token,
 But suns of omen no signs unfold;
 The silent azure is only broken
 By eagle pinions that soared of old!
 Our dreams grow fearful — with shadows teeming,—
 By doubts distracting our souls are stirred;
 By hearts that suffer not rash blaspheming,
 Judge us, O judge not each frenzied word!

O Lord! what horrors, what woes surround us!
 What days of terror upon us come!
 The Cains are many whose deeds confound us,
 The blood of brothers will not be dumb!
 But judge not sternly,— their eyes are blinded,
 Nor see the evil they do, O Lord!

O punish instead the baser minded
 Who roused the anger that grasped the sword!

In our misfortunes Thou still dost hold us
 Close to Thy bosom. We pray for rest
 Like birds grown weary:—Thy pinions fold us,
 Thy stars shine over our household nest.
 Thy future favor reveal unto us,
 Thy hand protecting above us spread;
 Let flow'rs of suff'ring to slumber woo us,
 And sorrow's halo surround the head!

With Thine Archangel to go before us
 We'll march to battle and win the fight;
 In hearts of Satans who triumphed o'er us
 We'll plant Thy standard of victor's might!
 Then erring brethren — of error shriven
 At Freedom's symbol their knee shall bow;
 To vile blasphemers — the answer given,
 "God is almighty and reigneth now!"

UNDER THE GROUND.

(Pod Ziemię—Pod Ziemię.)

Under ground, under ground,—far away from the crowd,
 Let me seek for a peaceable corner;
 This laughter disturbs me — this voice is too loud,
 That sound is like the voice of a mourner.

I would heap on my threshold sharp thorns to repel,
 Place near it a lion for warder;
 All alone with my thoughts undisturbed I would dwell,
 With only my God for recorder.

Around me this every-day prattling should cease,
 All voices of slander and scheming;
 Naught to darken the light of my sweet reverie
 When, hand on my head, I am dreaming.

O how happy to rest from this turmoil, away
From cynical sneers,— a calm sleeper,
Hearing not of the envies — the feuds of the day,
Or who in the mire has sunk deeper.

I am happier far in beholding them not,
Our souls are so widely unmated;
That I shame when I look on their nature's foul blot
To be in man's image created.

My hand seldom meets in this sycophant throng
The pressure of brotherly fingers,
And I feel in my heart while its pride surges strong
That I am the last of God's singers.

Surround me with quiet and stillness,— surround,
Save but for the kindred outpouring
Of spirits, who soaring on pinions unbound
Break out into tuneful imploring.

Where no one will enter to listen to me,
Where silence around me shall hover:
Six feet under ground let my resting-place be,
With one narrow board for the cover.

IGNATZ HOŁOWIŃSKI.

IGNATZ HOŁOWIŃSKI, Archbishop of Mohilev, and metropolitane of Roman Catholic churches in the Russian empire. He was born in 1807, in Volhynia. In 1825 he entered the seminary at Łuck, and after finishing his theological studies at Wilno he became a chaplain in 1831. In 1839 he made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and in 1842 was made a rector to the Roman Catholic academy at St. Petersburg. In 1848 he was named a bishop; three years later (1851) he was advanced to the high office of Archbishop of Mohilev. He died 7th of October, 1855.

Among his works we can mention: "Relations of Philosophy to Religion and Civilization," and several poetical compositions of great merit. He was not only a good poet, but also a distinguished orator. How deeply and effectively he could work upon the feelings of his congregation, the orator at his funeral, who knew him personally, said: "From his lips breathed the Holy Spirit, and his powerful eloquence bore down and crushed superstition and unbelief. He softened the hardest hearts, and awakened from deadly lethargy the most obdurate sinners. He warmed with his piety, and those who shed tears he carried them up to heaven."

His sermons are the deepest treatises of subjects he tried to preach, and they were delivered in the purest and most charming eloquence.

THE ORPHAN.

Hard, indeed, is the orphan's life.
 The orphaned soul has much to dread;
 To labor on with heart at strife,
 To earn the bitter crust of bread.
 Oh, fearful lot with sorrow rife!

Little Josie was left alone
 In her fifth year,—bereaved too young.
 She from that time had only known
 The charity from strangers wrung.
 O God! save all beneath Thy heaven
 From charity by strangers given.

Though pretty as a flower to see,
 Her soul with richest virtue fraught,
 What hand is offered helpingly?
 Who for the orphan taketh thought?
 Whether her face be bright with glee,
 Or tears arise from sadd'ning thought,
 Poor orphan! all is wrong,—for she
 Can satisfy or please in naught.

Parents in this God's world below
 Caress the children that He gives;
 But she for whom no parent lives
 Doth grieve for all she must forego.
 While all things smile for those around,
 In homes by hope, with blossoms crowned.
 For her alone the world is drear,
 The faces 'round her strange and cold;
 What flowers upon her path unfold
 She plucks and wets with many a tear.
 Love, sympathy, for her are not.
 Oh, dreary is the orphan's lot!

When the world shunn'd her in neglect,
Her soul she raised in fervent prayers,—
In heaven her consolation sought,—
In Him who for the orphan cares,
The only happiness she knew
Her sweetest moments were when she
Would kneel beside her mother's grave
And pray to God most fervently.
And it was then that the white dove
Direct from heaven to her drew near,
Caressed her with its snowy wing,
Coo'd tenderly within her ear.
Driving her sorrows all away,
Until her heart with joy would swell,
And then the bird would gather up
The tears that from her eyelids fell,
And gently fluttering her wings,
Carry them up to paradise.
Whether her mother's spirit bore
These tears to God from out her eyes
Who knows? but after every prayer
This scene, repeated, strengthened her,
For further struggles with her fate
She stronger grew and readier.
But when she reached her sixteenth year
They wearied of her where she dwelt,
And on her coldly shut the door,
So by her mother's grave she knelt,
Dewed it with tears in farewell shed,
Then turning from her native place
She followed where her vision led.

Not far beyond the forest road
There rose a castle grand and gray,
On either side the river flowed,
And further on a village lay.

With two attendants at his side
 Its lord was riding, pensive eyed,
 Across the bridge. Though young, a trace
 Of sadness lingered on his face.
 Then slackening his horse's rein,
 In silent thought he seemed to brood;
 Slow paced the steed with drooping mane,
 As though he shared his master's mood.

And thus, in melancholy-wise
 He neared a grove that lay apart
 And lifting up his downcast eyes,
 Fear took possession of his heart.
 For he beheld a stranger maid,—
 Who walked with folded hands and prayed,—
 By white-robed angels circled round,
 And in their midst, with heavenly mien,
 One clad in robes of brightest sheen,—
 Her brow with starry halo crowned.
 The youth gazed, wonderstruck, and saw
 How from the maiden's lips, at close
 Of every prayer,—oh, sight of awe!—
 Came forth a beautiful red rose.
 How with each Ave Maria said
 Fell from her lips a lily white,
 And these the angels gatheréd
 And wove into a chaplet bright,
 And offered it unto their queen,
 Who placed it with a smile serene
 Upon the orphan's bended head.
 Then passed the vision from his eyes,
 With fragrance left of paradise.

The young man fell upon his knees
 Before the maiden then, as she,
 O'ercome by fear, had turned to flee
 Because that she was unaware

Of all these heavenly mysteries
That happened round her while at prayer.

“Oh, do not be alarmed, but stay,”
Cried the abashed and trembling youth.
“God’s mercy sent you here this day
A consolation sweet,—in truth.
Hear me while I recount to you
How two brief years ago it was,
Heaven took my parents hence; I, too,
Up to this hour have mourned,—alas!
With tears that still mine eyes bedew.
So deeply was the burden laid
On me, my life began to fade.
But listen: last night in a dream
My parents came and said to me:
‘Oh, why oppose God’s will supreme
In mourning thus incessantly?
Know then that we are happier here
Than when we lingered on the earth,
That thou didst love us and revere?
God will reward thee; though the maid
That for thy wife He destineth
Is poor and but of humble birth.
His mother, unto whom she prayed,
Will stoop and crown her with a wreath.’
And I indeed have witnessed how,
Amid an angel band but now,
She placed the wreath upon thy brow.”

Trembling the maiden looked at him,
While blushes dried each falling tear,
Then as from spheres of seraphim
Came down the snowy plumaged dove
To whisper words of peace and love
Into the orphan’s listening ear.

Then Josie raised the youth, who still
Kneeled waiting humbly at her feet,
And faltered in confusion sweet:
"God's will be done if 'tis His will."

And long before the day was done
Beside the little chapel's shrine
The youth and maid together stood.
God joined forevermore as one.
And Josie to her life's decline
Relieved the wants of orphanhood.





KRASZEWSKI.

KRASZEWSKI.

JOSEPH IGNATZ KRASZEWSKI, born in 1812, is one of the most prolific not only of Polish *littérateurs*, but of the world. Only Lopez de Vega and Père Dumas could approach him in literary fertility. Incredible as it may appear, over two hundred volumes of his miscellaneous writings have been published; and still more astonishing, that all of them are works of great erudition and merit. The most discriminating critic could hardly designate which is *the best*.

But that is not all: Kraszewski, who at the present writing of this biographical sketch resides in Dresden, Saxony, is a man of rare qualities of the heart and mind, respected and honored not only by his own countrymen, but also by all the literary men of the world who are personally acquainted with him. His literary creations always aimed to correct the heart and the spirit of his nationality, and to lift up the heart and the spirit of humanity at large. It is for these reasons that the heart of the Polish Nation justly swells with pride that Kraszewski is a Pole, and the son of the same country as themselves.

Kraszewski labored in almost all branches of literature, and whatever he wrote he wrote upon the foundation of truth; truly it may be said that the famous Amalthea was always standing by his side with her "Horn of Plenty," and poured out the poet's thoughts gracefully and with a generous profusion.

The most extraordinary phenomenon in the history of Kraszewski's life is the ovation which he received year before last (1879) in the city of Cracow, on the

fiftieth anniversary of his great literary labors. Hundreds, and we may say thousands, without distinction of creeds, parties, or opinions, turned out to greet this distinguished veteran of literature, and this great national demonstration lasted for several days. Two monarchs honored him with tokens of their esteem. Kraszewski received these congratulations with modesty becoming a great man, representing a great people. This great celebration was also participated in by many distinguished representatives of other nationalities; and the interesting fact will go down into history that the pulse of the Polish national heart beat in the year 1879 with as much patriotic fervor as in the days of Poland's glory or her — misfortunes!

We may add here that the memorable event was also celebrated by the Poles almost all over the United States of America. In the city of Chicago especially the celebration, under the auspices of two Polish societies—"Gmina Polska in Chicago," and "Kosciuszko," was of large proportions and attended by hundreds; not only Poles, but other nationalities.

A handsome memorial was gotten up, with an appropriate inscription, and sent to Dresden to the veteran of Polish literature by his admiring and grateful countrymen.

The following are some of his works: "Miscellaneous Poems," Wilno, 1838; "Anafielas," or songs from the legends of Lithuania; "Witolorauda," "Hymns of Pain," "Metamorphoses," "Wonders and Failings of the Age," "Lancers and Bondurak," "Four Weddings of Charles," "Iaryna," etc. etc. The works of Kraszewski will prove a precious mine to a future historian.

AH ! MY DEAR ANGEL !

“ O mój Aniele! pójdziem połączeni ”

WRITTEN IN YOUNGER DAYS

Ah! my dear angel! united we'll be
Through the world, through life, through pleasure and
grief;

As the green vine that clings 'round the oak tree,
And fondles the bark with its tender leaf,
Thus will we ever together be!

As two clear tear-drops that rest in the eye,
As two deep sighs from the heart that is true
Together we'll journey till death draws nigh,
You ever with me, I ever with you,
In this world, in heaven, in the grave!

Ah! my dear angel! together we'll go
Through this cold world and through life's changful rôle,
Through storms of autumn, though whirlwinds may blow,
Ever together thou friend of my soul
Like unto two crystal tears!

THE SEA.

What has the earth, O sea! more beautiful than thou?
Where in creation dwells a majesty like thine?
Nought can destroy in thee the charm to which we bow;
In sight of earth and heaven thy grandeur is divine.
Thy boundlessness evolved from the creating will
Forecasts eternity, and says to pride “ Be still ! ”

Whether the sun looks down into thy billowy green
Or sinks its burning rays in thy translucent breast,
Suffusing thee in flames of gold and crimson sheen,
Or with the opal glow wherein the dove is dressed:—
Whether dark night comes on or Menes pale draws near
To leave upon thy waste his traces silver clear,

Still art thou beautiful — still wonderfully grand!

The human eye that rests on thy immensity
 Draws from thy depth high thoughts, to which our souls
 expand,

More precious than the pearls and corals hid in thee;
 And to thy witching sounds the ear does list amazed;
 In them we seem to hear how God, the Lord, is praised.

Thy silence is sublime, and terrible thy roar

When thy blue field puts on its somber-green attire;
 In storms thou hurlest thee against the rugged shore,
 Throwing thy snow-white foam from out thy breast in ire;
 Thou fill'st man's heart with dread lest in thy wild unrest
 Thou shouldst engulf the earth within thy angry breast!

BIORO DRAWER AND THE HEAD.

A certain man renowned
 For learning most profound
 His bioro drawer showed to me.
 "Behold these papers! what a store
 I have for thirty years or more
 Been putting in this drawer," said he.

"My worthy friend, I tell you true
 They're full of wisdom — learning too."
 But one who notice chanced to take
 Of all their talk said: "What a pity"
 (I don't know as it was witty
 For him such a remark to make).

That which we ever look to find —
 Wisdom and learning — in the head
 Were by this gentleman instead
 To his bioro drawer consigned.

SIENKIEWICZ.

CHARLES SIENKIEWICZ was born in Ukraine, and received his education in the city of Humań; then he went to Winnica, and finally finished his studies at Krzemieniec. Very soon after he went in company of Zamoyskis and traveled for several years in Europe, but the most of his time was passed in England and Scotland. After his return to his native land he superintended the extensive library of Prince Adam Czartoryski, at Puławy. After the downfall of the revolution of 1830 he joined the emigration, and leaving Poland, settled in Paris, where he was very diligently engaged in the cause of the Polish emigration. Through his own and Niemcewicz's influence there was established, in 1838, in Paris, a Polish historical department, which finally was stocked with a library of 30,000 volumes. In his younger days he gave himself up to poetry. His translation of Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake" ranks among the best translations of English poetry into the Polish language. While the chief superintendent of the library of Puławy he employed himself with great self-denial in completing a catalogue of the duplicates of the library. Then he wrote an addition to Bentkowski's "Polish Literature." Besides these he wrote on political economy and "An Account of the Present State of Greece," which he finished in 1830. While in Paris he gave himself up entirely to historical labors, and it was through his exertions that "The Chronicles of the Polish Emigration" were published, from 1835 to 1838, in eight volumes, three of which were exclusively his own labor. He

then wrote "Treasures of the Polish History," in four volumes — 1839-42 — with valuable additional materials to the history of Poland, which he elucidated in a very learned and interesting manner. In 1854 he published a work in the French language, "Documents Historiques relatif à la Russie et la Pologne," in three volumes. Just before his death he finished a manual of Polish history for the high Polish school at Batignolle. He died in Paris in 1860. After his death his writings and literary labors were published, in 1864.

VARSOVIENNE.

"Oto dziś dzień krwi i chwały."

I.

Poles, awake! 'tis your day of glory.
 Arise, oh arise in your might!
 You will live in deathless story
 Should you fall in your country's fight.
 Where the rainbow in heaven is beaming
 As he basks in July's brilliant ray,
 Your white eagle's eye is gleaming
 As he calls to the glorious fray.
 On, true Poles! See, the foe is before us!
 Sound the charge and the day is won!
 With our sacred banner spread o'er us,
 On for freedom and Poland, on!

II.

The fierce Cossack has mounted his legions,
 Our young freedom to crush in its birth;
 But soon o'er his mountain regions
 We'll trample his hopes in the earth.
 Barbarians! Your visions of booty,
 Though ye triumph, will soon be fled;

For the Pole knows a soldier's duty,
And will leave you nought but the dead.
On, true Poles! etc.

III.

Kosciuszko, arise! and aid us
To root from the soil our foe,
Who has promised, deceived, betrayed us,
Steeping Praga in carnage and woe.
Let the blood of the murderer flowing
Enrich each grassy tomb
Where our flow'rets of victory growing
Shall more gayly, more gorgeously bloom.
On, true Poles! etc.

IV.

Parent land, thy children returning
This day would deserve thy smile,
Thy altars with wreaths adorning
From the Kremlin, the Tyber, the Nile.
Years have passed since each exiled brother
His native land has press'd;
Should he fall there now, oh mother!
On thy bosom he will sweetly rest.
On, true Poles! etc.

V.

Gallant Poles, to the battle rally,
To humble the tyrant czar!
And in each heroic sally
Bear the ring in the front of the war;
Let that gift of our Poland's daughters
Be the charm to freeze to foe,
While gemmed in an hundred slaughters
Our symbol of victory will glow.
On, true Poles! etc.

VI.

O ye French! what bloody arena
Did the Poles shun in fighting for you?
Was it Wagram, Marengo, or Jena,
Dresden, Leipzig, or Waterloo?
When the world had betrayed to enslave you
Did the Pole yield to the coward's fears?
O brethren! our life-blood we gave you;
In return you give us but tears.
On, true Poles! See, the foe is before us!
Sound the charge and the day is won!
With our sacred banner spread o'er us,
On for freedom and Poland, on!

ZMORSKI.

ROMAN ZMORSKI, besides possessing great poetic talents, should also be credited with another inestimable quality,— his great ability as a translator. But that is not all. In rendering translations he preserved the spirit and colors of the originals, a fact acknowledged by all who read his renditions from the Serbian into the Polish, and who well understood both languages. He was so great an adept in the art of translation that he invariably preserved even the original form. Everything he attempted in literature he infused into it a peculiar literary freshness, and this rare virtue especially pervades his translation of the legends taken from the literary treasury of peoples still young and unripe in civilization, but strong in the faith of heaven and the love of earth.

The following translations of Serbian poetry by Zmorski may be mentioned: 1. "National Songs of Serbia," published at Warsaw, 1853; 2. "The Castle of Seven Chiefs," founded on tradition, Lemberg, 1857, and a second edition, illustrated by Gerson, Warsaw, 1860; 3. "The Royal Prince, Marko," Warsaw, 1859; 4. "Lazarica," Warsaw, 1860. Mr. Zmorski, having lived in Serbia and knowing the people and their tongue well, could appreciate the beauty and value of their many songs, and we acknowledge that he has rendered a great service to Polish literature by his conscientious translations, for it has been of great importance to the Polish nation to obtain a correct knowledge of these valiant people, which in our times have been called into a new life.

The translator, however, for better and more faithful rendition, used the blank verse, and if in one respect he deprived them of exterior ornaments, on the other hand he preserved strictly the original spirit and the true meaning. He is also the author of "Lestaw," a fantastic tale.

Mr. Zmorski was quite a distinguished Polish poet; was born at Warsaw in 1824, and died in 1866.

SIGHS FROM A FAR-OFF LAND.

In a strange and cold land,
 Strangers on ev'ry hand,
 Sadly, wearily, time passes o'er.
 Oh! billows pearly white,
 Vistula's sands gold bright,
 When, oh when shall I see you once more?

The weary soul must stay,
 Though fain would fly away,
 For all the time her dreams are of thee;
 Narev's and Buh's* shores afar
 My mem'ry's flowers are
 Remembrance of happy days. Ah, me!

As with Masovia's † song,
 So sad, so wild, and strong,
 The old woods roar in my ears alway;
 In cemeteries' shade,
 From graves where sires are laid,
 I listen to what their spirits say.

Dear brethren, kindred band!
 Woods of my fatherland!

* Narev and Buh, names of two rivers.

† Masovia, a province of Poland

Ye plains! and our godly world and best!
 I with my thoughts and heart
 Am ne'er from you apart,
 Your own spirit breathes within my breast.

My strength and sword ye are,
 My chief and brightest star
 Midst storms, heat and cold and wandering;
 When grief has passed away,
 God at some future day
 A resurrection hymn will let us sing.

IN PEASANT'S CLOTHES.

Like peasants, brethren, let us dress,
 If you wish the people to lead;
 Our love alone does not express
 Enough. To dress like them we need

Minds o'er whom folly holds the sway,
 Who feel the ridicule of fops,
 Let them speak in a foreign way
 And put on clothes from foreign shops.

Whom fashion vain a god has made,
 And whose contempt the people know,
 Let him in foreign clothes arrayed,
 Wear the apparel of the foe.

Where Kosciuszko's steps have led
 Let's follow in the people's dress;
 Let spirit and appearance wed
 The Polish nation, bind and bless.

Like peasants, brethren, let us dress,
 If you wish the people to lead;
 Our love alone does not express
 Enough. To dress like them we need.

ZMICHOWSKA.

NARCISSA ZMICHOWSKA (Gabryela), a sweet and charming poetess, was born at Warsaw on the 4th of March, 1819. A sepulchral mound raised to her memory only two years ago will be a place of pilgrimage to all who appreciate genius and unblemished character. Three days after she was born her mother died, and Narcissa was left an orphan. This orphanage has left traces of deep sadness on her; she was not, however, left without a good guardianship; her aunt took her and brought her up with the greatest care. Under her eyes the young flower of a maiden began to bloom and develop most charmingly. She very early evinced extraordinary capabilities for learning and quickness of comprehension, and gave great promise of future distinction. Besides that, another great and exalted feeling began to unfold itself in Gabryela, and that was the patriotic love of her country. One of her brothers, who was concerned in the revolution of 1831, was compelled to emigrate into foreign lands, and for him, the unfortunate wanderer, she felt the greatest affection.

She received her initiatory education at the home of her aunt, and then she was sent to the Young Ladies' Pension, under the supervision of Madam Wilczyńska, the best institution of the kind in Warsaw. Under the guidance of this distinguished preceptress, fitting herself for a teacher, Narcissa finished her course with eminent success. She was then employed in the family of Count Zamoycki as a private teacher, and finally settled in Paris. Here for the first time she tried her hand at composition and wrote a few pictures

of her travels — “Gibraltar,” and “The Ruins of Luxor,” which were published in the “Warsaw Library” in 1842. The third piece, entitled “The Storm,” was published in the periodical called “The Star.” These poetic pictures attracted great attention; the scenes, the word-painting, the richness of fancy and loftiness of thought, were greatly admired by all, *littérateurs* not excepted. Jachowicz, the poet, was enchanted with these novel effusions, and while reading the effusion “The Storm” predicted great fame to the young authoress.

The residing in Paris had a great influence in unfolding Narcissa’s genius. Paris in those days was the place of abode of the most distinguished Polish poets. Mickiewicz, Słowacki, Krasiński, and Goszczyński were still living, and Narcissa became acquainted with them all. Bohdan Zaleski, who is still living, was also among them. Her poem “Happiness of the Poet” was published in “The Violet,” where the influence of Mickiewicz is plainly seen; but aside from that, we here discover in the sound of this young poetess’ lute a combination of the manly power of expression with woman’s tenderness of feeling.

The originality of her poetic talent is still more strongly depicted in her later compositions. A copious collection in prose and verse was published at Posen in 1845, entitled “Idle Hours of Gabryela.” They contain larger poems, fugitive pieces, and also tales in prose. The critics welcomed their appearance unanimously. They justly saw in Gabryela a new shining star in the heavens of native literature.

The poetess, who carried in her heart the ideal of justice and love, oftentimes touches in her creations the strings of social degradation, misery, and egotism.

Whenever she mentions these subjects her heart swells with feeling either of contempt, pity, misery, or unrest. A great knowledge of human nature characterizes all her writings, especially her tales written in prose. Indeed, there are but few authors who possess a deeper feeling and a more extensive store of psychological knowledge. Returning to the enumeration of her works we can mention the following: "The Curse," "The Problem," "Uncertainty," "Certainty," "Weary," "Reality," "The Kind Maiden," "Longing," "Enchantment," "Impossibility," "The Gift," "What I Would Give You," "For the Loved Ones," "The Orphan," and "To My Little Girls," which we give below.

Although the ideal principally illumed her path, yet with her exalted thoughts and quick comprehension of the great problems of humanity, she united everyday practical knowledge of life; her life was a unity of all these, and hence the reason why it was so harmonious and beautiful. At this time there was no lack of distinguished women in Poland; yet Zmichowska did not occupy a second place among them for reasons above mentioned.

There is considerable similarity between Gabryela and George Sand; there is a striking resemblance between the richness of their language and loftiness of their style; they were alike in the deep knowledge of the human heart; there was a similarity in their noble thoughts and sympathies. If there was any difference between these two genial women it falls to the credit of Gabryela. She was a true Polish woman, and that preserved her from unbelief and the fanciful attempts as to the emancipation of women. Religion and the old Polish traditions, which put women on the highest

possible plane, kept her mind away from traveling the pathless track. It cannot be denied that her mind had somewhat traveled through the philosophical causeways of doubt as other reflecting and independent minds do travel ; but she returned to the path of faith and affirmation, led by the above mentioned Polish traditions.

Much of her time was occupied in the education of young ladies, and that gained for her a great reputation as one of the most accomplished and successful teachers in the country. Besides the invaluable influence she exerted by her writings and educating young ladies, she had still greater influence upon society by fostering and keeping up the patriotic spirit. She was kind, affable, and winning in her manner, and knew how to address the young generation in her familiar conversations with them. In fact, she was sure to improve the hearts and minds of all those who came in contact with her.

She lived alternately in the provinces and in Warsaw, and after the year 1863 she went to France to attend the funeral of a beloved brother, who died there while a wanderer in a strange land. Her brother's death seemed to have thrown a shadow over her life, and those who personally knew her in her own country, always full of energy and activity, could hardly realize the change that had taken place in her, she became so unspeakably sad. Yet toward the end of her life her wonted energy returned. The sight of many young persons who grew up, as it were, amidst the ruins without losing their patriotic spirit, revived her energies, and she again became an arduous and tireless co-laborer for the general good and usefulness of the whole country.

In her elegiac poem "Why Am I So Sad?" which

is one of the most touching compositions of the kind in the Polish language, guessing at the many probable causes of her sadness, she intimates in the most feeling and yet the most delicate manner that she loves some one, but not being allowed to divulge the secret to the world, she says she can confide it only to God. Her last labor was a tale, printed in the newspaper "Wiek" (The Age), entitled "Is This a Tale?" She wrote it with almost benumbed hand, and when she was not able to write herself on account of long-suffering pain, she dictated it from a bed of sickness, and was very anxious and much concerned about this last literary effort of her life, it being a testament of a living spirit. Upon this story one could expand a studium upon the development of her mind and its fullness at the last hour.

With little diminutive analyses of feeling as to the relations of every-day life, there existed in the mind of Gabryela a lofty soaring of the mind, encompassing great expanse and numerous visions. She was, as she herself says, very bashful and at the same time audacious in her spirit conceptions, which gave to her writings a stamp of independent originality. Her works carry one away into the regions of fancy, and then again furnish a solid food for reflection. They appear like the antique cameos, of which one is uncertain which to admire the most—the striking expression of the sculptured relief or the unaffected subtlety of the finish.

Zmichowska expired on the 26th of December, 1876, surrounded by a great but mourning circle of relatives and sincere friends. Before her death she received many heartfelt tokens of respect and gratitude of people advanced already in years, as well as from the

younger generation, as a woman whose task to labor for the good of all was the chief and only aim of her noble life, full of trials and sacrifices.

Gabryela was buried in Warsaw on the 28th, from the Church of All Saints. She was followed to the grave by a great concourse of people, almost all representatives of mental and patriotic life. The youth of the University carried the precious remains from the catafalque to the grave.

FANCY FLIGHTS.

He. I'll take a candle, lantern, and a burning brand,
To search if there's an honest girl in the land.

She. I'll take the moon, the stars — I'll take the bright sun,
To find a man with loving heart — perhaps there's one.

He. I have looked, I have searched, till convinced in the matter,
To find a good girl man must shake his gold at her.

She. I've looked with persistence, and it's plain to be seen
That men can love deeply — love themselves, I mean.

He. I have found one very honest — one I could adore;
Quiet and pretty, — a painted doll in a store.

She. After much painstaking I've found the one I thought,
A handsome, gay warrior, but on canvas wrought.

He. Just let the painted doll show feeling in her eyes,
The warrior might to horseback from canvas arise.

She. If the young warrior on the horseback sat
He might find the painted doll's heart went pit-a-pat.

LONGING.

I yearn in winter for the flowers to blow,
And when they give me greeting in the spring,
I long for the while bind-weeds blossoming,
And with its blossoming a flake of snow.

For brotherly companionship I yearn,
 When with my brother — then for you I long.
 With you the yearning for my God grows strong
 With Him my longings for the world return.

The good and evil that constrains my soul
 Whate'er I long for — whatsoe'er I fear,
 My thoughts and impulses from year to year,
 As my own life, are but a longing whole!

TO MY LITTLE GIRLS.

My little girls, you haste too much your gaze
 Into the future and believe its days
 Will like paymaster just to pay all due
 From its stores large interest render you.
 But o'er this thought old people shake their heads,
 The hope of happiness a false light sheds
 To them; yet listen! there *is* happiness,
 It even comes *this* weary world to bless;
 Your years is happiness — so innocent
 The childish and the youthful sweetly blent;
 Without experience but without care
 Your bread for coming morrows to prepare,
 Whether exhausted pleasure's sources bright,
 Whether till eve will linger morning's light.
 Blessed the first spring days so glad, so free;
 Blessed the joyful days of youth; for thee
 The trees' perfume, the nightingale's refrain;
 Bodah, the poet, sings for thee this strain:
 "Thou'rt a dream of flowers, a golden dream;
 Ideal of faith and virtue — pure, supreme."
 But o'er these dreams,— o'er freedom, too, in truth,—
 There's still a greater happiness, O youth!
 Yes, 'tis still greater, more alluring still.
 It's voice is soft and innocent. It will,

With prayer to God,—pure, earnest and sincere,—
 So softly breathe “I love thee,” sweet and clear.
 Yet waits a greater happiness than this,
 When love for love is given. That is bliss!
 Then will your heart with stronger pulses beat,
 And warmly throb with rapture new and sweet,
 And in it find new strength, and talent wake
 As from a dream, high tasks to undertake.
 But there is happiness e’en this above.
 ’Tis that of great Humanity’s best love,—
 Real love of Christ that warms us as the sun;
 In God’s word is bread for every one,
 In life on earth amid the crowd always,
 In light of wisdom and the light of day;
 In thoughts of our ancestors we recall,
 In labor and salvation unto all;
 In merciful forgiveness of our sins
 Through that surpassing love that gently wins.
 My little girls, let ev’ry one believe
 That happiness like this she will receive.
 Let each pursue it, look for it, and know
 That beauty, joy and study, even woe,
 Were given you as help most wise and kind
 That you at last sad happiness might find.

EPITAPH.

Here at all times all things are full of gloom.
 He who indifferent is will grieve you.
 He whom ardently you love will leave you,
 And who loves you is laid within the tomb.

Here there is naught to comfort or to cheer;
 Here suffering is your portion ever.
 Oh! better ’tis to sleep and waken never;
 ’Tis better in the quiet grave than here.

OLIZAROWSKI.

THOMAS OLIZAROWSKI, a prolific and popular writer of poetry, such as "Dumki" (mournful poems) and Sonnets. He also wrote several humorous pieces, which were much admired. His greater poems, such as "Solemn Praises," "Psalms," and "Complaints," gained for him a wide reputation. His "Tales in Verse," the best of which is "The Storm," and a poem in the romantic spirit, "Bruno," are classed among the first productions of the kind.

It is a matter of regret that we have no particulars of this poet's life. His works were published at Cracow, 1836-9, and at Breslau, 1852. He also composed a drama, "Vincent from Szamotul," which was published in 1850.

BE' MINE.

How difficult to gain
 From your sweet lips one word,
 Must I seek in vain,
 Content with hope deferred?

How dearly I love thee;
 Speak! let me know my fate.
 I can no longer wait
 Whate'er my sentence be.

Beauty must have her way,
 Yet grant to me some sign;
 Quite wild with love I pray,
 Ah! darling, be thou mine!

LUCINA AND THE STREAM.

My Lucina doth resemble
This clear stream, whose waters tremble;
'Tis her lovely image surely,
For it flows so gently, purely.

But when I recall how yonder
Streamlet parts its banks asunder,
I incline to think I wrong her,
That the likeness holds no longer.

For I know her nature tender,
Kindest service seeks to render;
That she would if in her power
Join these severed banks this hour.

Therefore she cannot resemble
This clear stream, whose waters tremble;
For these shores she would not sever
Keeping each apart forever.

CHLOE AND THE STUMP.

Oh, how much this object here
Reminds me of my Chloe so dear;
I mean this quiet, silent stump,
As crooked 'tis as she and plump.

But then this stump in silence rests,
Secluded from all noise and strife,
And no bad temper manifests;
It leads a peaceful, quiet life.

Not so with my beloved Chloe,
From quiet she is far, I know;
In angry tones she scolds at me
If things are not as they should be.

No, I am sure 'twas a mistake;
No real resemblance can I make;
Would she like it were free from guile,
Nor storming at me all the while!

A. A. JAKUBOWSKI.

IN closing this collection of poets and poetry of Poland, the editor introduces one more name, which will ever remain green in his memory, and which so vividly reminds him of his own life's changes and its vicissitudes. Young Iakubowski was his political fellow prisoner at Brünn and Trieste, and the companion of his youth, and, what is more, born and brought up in the same part of Poland. He was a young man of great poetic genius, and by his early death Polish literature has lost much. Moreover, he possessed nobleness of character and kindness of disposition such as are rarely found. He composed many fugitive pieces of great poetic beauty, some of which were translated and published many years ago in a small volume entitled "Remembrances of a Polish Exile," but we could not obtain a copy.

Iakubowski prided himself much in being a relative of the poet Malczewski, and while engaged as a teacher at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, he heard that the brother of the poet was a general in the Mexican army. He went to Mexico and found him, but the haughty manner of his proud relative wounded the spirit of the youth, and he returned to the United States very much depressed. He never seemed to recover from this check to his sensitive and poetic soul, and amidst unsatisfied aspirations and ruined hopes death claimed him for his own at the age of twenty-two years.

ODE TO NAPOLEON.

I.

Great as thou wert, Napoleon! thou lost but little blood
In the mighty cause of liberty, the holy and the good.

Thou thoughtst alone on how another gem
Thou'dst place upon thy empire diadem,
Or how another pearl thou'dst find
To add unto thy wreath,
That, placed in Fame's high towering dome,
Shall never yield to death.

II.

Like some volcano on the plain,
Thou poured on earth thy burning rain,
Made monarchs tremble at thy word,
And balanced Europe on thy sword.
Gay wert thou with honor,
Sad with glory, too, wert thou,
For the darkness of ambition
Sat enthroned upon thy brow.
Not only kings didst thou hurl down,
But for a while
E'en fate did wait upon thy smile
And tremble at thy frown.

III.

E'en as the ocean, wave on wave,
Fights 'gainst the rocks its waters lave,
And vainly makes its surges roll;
So did those base and paltry things,—
Europe's hereditary kings,—
Fight 'gainst thy adamant soul.

IV.

And e'en when exiled o'er the sea,
They trembled at the thoughts of thee;
And though the iron bolt of fate
Had crushed and left thee desolate,
There was a magic in thy name
No spell on earth could e'er resemble,
To make the wildest monarch tame,
The boldest conqueror tremble.

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