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THE POLISH REVOLUTION.

The following is an extract from a letter from a lady in Poland to her son, serving in the army of the United States, dated Posen, February 14, 1863 :

My Dear Son: * * * Your interesting letter caused me many tears. It is painful to me to know that you again have shed your blood in terrible war. We read much of it, but unfortunately few of us knew the real causes. You, my dear son, are the first who has enlightened us upon this subject; and oh, how thankful I and all your friends are that you remain true to your principles, and have arrayed yourself on the side of justice, humanity and freedom. God bless and protect you from all future dangers, and your beloved family as well, and grant that I may still have the pleasure to press you to my heart before it pleases the Almighty to summon me before his throne.

It will be, no doubt, gratifying to you to hear something from your native home. In our immediate vicinity (Duchy of Posen, under Prussian rule), although there is no open war as yet, still there is passive war for those rights which were guaranteed to us—first by the Maker of the Universe, and second by the great Powers at the Congress of Vienna in 1815. The most essential of those rights (after our national existence was destroyed) is the free usage and development of our own mother tongue, the Polish.

But will you believe me—even this sacred inheritance, which every babe suckles from its

mother's breast, has been put under ban by our oppressors. We are not even allowed to mutter a complaint or a prayer in a tongue of which our tyrants are ignorant. All, therefore, which remains to us are silent tears and despair; and even those, I am sure, would be resented were they peculiar to the Polish nation.

The state of affairs is different in Russian

Poland. There despair has found vent in a bloody struggle. You probably have already read in your newspapers of the oppressions going on for the last two years in the so-called Kingdom of Poland. Our unhappy brothers are a thousand times worse off than we. Their prayers and pious songs have not only been forbidden to them by an ukase of the Czar, but those who dared to follow the instincts of their hearts were trampled under the feet of horses and sabred down at the very threshold of houses of worship. Many a noble victim fell under the strokes of the barbarians, and for what? For daring to send his grievances before the highest Judge of all nations, after having endeavored in vain to find justice before the tribunals of the world. The blood of the martyrs called forth thousands of new avengers—wherefore the already bloodstained Russian Government, in order to check the rebels (as it calls our heroes) bethought itself of a new scheme. Not satisfied with the apprehension by night time of all those who were clamoring for justice, and filling the overcrowded dungeons with them or peopling the vast plains of Siberia, it concocted a measure worthy of Satan himself.

As the national fire and love of freedom was glowing most strongly in the cities, towns and villages, among men of letters, artificers and peasants, the Government decreed that all young men, without reference to age or occupation, should be taken from among these classes and driven into the mountainous districts of the Caucasus, in order to serve there fifteen or twenty years in the ranks, during which time, if their bodies could not be crushed, they at least would forget their native language and home, and be lost forever to their fatherland. Twelve thousand of our finest youths were destined to meet this terrible fate, and on the 25th of January, 1863, at midnight, they began to carry this scheme into effect all over the land. But these unfortunate ones, foreseeing that they would be deprived forever of their beloved country, friends, and even religion, determined to rise against the tyrant, and rather die than to submit; and consequently the holy fire of National Independence is now in full blaze all over the country, and if other powers will not interfere, the bloodthirsty house of Gothorp may be doomed.

All we want now is experienced leaders and arms. The latter especially are looked for with an anxiety of which an exasperated and outraged people only can be capable, and in case such are not obtained soon, they are deter-

mined to meet their foe as best they may, rather than suffer degradation and oppression. "Death or victory" is their war cry, and indeed they have faithfully adhered to it. In all engagements with the enemy they fought like heroes; where arms were wanting they fought with clubs—nay, even with fists they precipitated themselves upon the enemy and his guns. The whole civilized world expresses its sympathies with, and admiration for such heroes, and our tyrants tremble for their own existence.

Almighty and just God, have mercy upon our unhappy nation.

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