

**Meeting of the Pacific Polish Association.**

Last evening there was held a large meeting of the Poles of San Francisco, at the headquarters of their Association.

Capt. Corvin Piotrowsky called the meeting to order, and on his motion Capt. Biadowsky was elected Chairman, and Mr. J. W. Andrzejewsky, Secretary.

The Secretary read the report of the Executive Polish Committee for the Pacific Coast. The report was accepted, and duly approved.

A communication was read from the General Delegate for the United States, appointed by the Polish National Government, said delegate residing in Washington; also, a communication from the Central Polish Committee in Paris, together with a communication from the Central Polish Committee of New York. These were read and placed on file. The answers to these communications were read by the Secretary, and approved.

Addresses were made in Polish, English

and German, which were received with great enthusiasm by the meeting. The speakers were J. W. Andrzejewsky, Joseph Neumann, Dr. L. J. Czapkay, C. Vellimiro, J. Wolfson and Corvin Piotrowsky. The latter spoke as follows:

*Countrymen:* The object of our mission

*Countrymen:* The object of our reünion here is well known to every one of you. Sweet but stern duty of a son to his mother, hard sometimes, but the sacred obligation of a citizen to his native land, gathers us to-day to help the noble struggle of Poland. Polanders! you bear a proud name, but you must prove yourselves worthy of it. Sons of Bobslas and Zotkienski! those conquerors of Moscow—fearlessly you must breast and beat off our present tyrants, once the humble slaves of your ancestors.

Our sires slain! Our mothers widowed! Our virgins outraged! Our youth butchered or transported! Our fields destroyed! Our fire-sides in ashes! Our freedom, our very language annihilated! All nearly lost. All cry for redress, for vengeance!

Poles! shall we, heartless and degenerated, remain deaf to such an appeal? God forbid! Our brethren are watering with the noblest blood our sacred soil, defending her rights. Eleven months already, the Polish valor and the Polish breasts stayed the power and the rage of our oppressors! But our heroes at home need help of God and of men—our help more than any body else, because it is our sacred duty. Are we not Polanders? At home they fight, bleed and die for our interest and in our stead. Deep seas and broad lands divide us from our dear brethren. We cannot stand by them and die with them, crying Poland! Freedom for ever! Still, can we not, must we not help them otherwise? The wants of our brave soldiers are numerous. They lack arms, bread, clothing, hospitals. Money buys all these. Brethren! have you not some money to spare for your struggling country—for your bleeding warriors? Can you not spare a day's labor here to no nourish a starving orphan family, a whole week there? Can you not sacrifice one day's gain here, to buy a musket, which may slay a murderer of your own brother, or avenge the despair of your beloved sister there? Poles, you may do it! You will do it! I see in your flashing eyes, in your quivering lips, in your clenched fists, that honor and love of your country dwelleth yet, unimpaired, in your bosoms, even in this far off country! Think of the justice, of the holiness of our enterprise, and of our duty! Imagine the unparalleled joy of our return, or of our children's return, to a free and independent Poland! See the proud step of those noble exiles through the thoroughfares of our heroic and free Warsaw! Hailed, surrounded by thousands of fathers, mothers, youths and maidens, all happy because free—congratulated, welcomed, with those dear words. You and your fathers have helped to all this! Who is here? Who would not give the balance of his life for a day of such joy, such a rapture of happiness? Well, men! Poles! that noble reward is in your reach; give freely, give largely for struggling Poland, and you will rank among the liberators of your country, the benefactors of your families, beloved and blessed by all, the proudest of mankind! Now is the crisis—now is the time! You know the efforts of our brethren have astonished, have stupified the Old World, so stupendous, so improbable were they. Even now the heartless, the blind diplomacy of old Europe, awakened at last, asserts that if Poland can hold out till spring they will fight with her and for her. What will enable Poland to hold out till spring? Money! they want at home—money we must send them! Brethren! mind this, that a dollar which you have economized, and refused for this cause, might have saved, perhaps, your own brother, sister, father—even Poland herself! Remember, it is the last drop which overflows a vase.

Polanders! your families, your country, the world looks on you! Do your duty, and subscribe, as the sons of Kosciusko and Piotrowski ought to do.

After the speeches were made, a subscription was taken up and liberally responded to.

The "outside" sympathizers with the Polish cause may expect to be called upon at an early day, and it is hoped and believed that they will contribute freely and generously.

The thanks of the Association were extended to the press, for their kindness in noticing the call for the meeting.