THE POLITICIAN.

WILLIAM IV. AND HIS CABINET.

From the location of this article, (says the National Intelligencer,) and its high merit as a composition, we have no doubt that it is from the pen of one of our distinguished fellow citizens, who has served his country abroad and is now living in honorable retirement in his native state, (Mr. Rush.)

From the York (Penn.) Republican.

A late English journalist has exclaimed, "could it ever have been believed that the Duke of Wellington would have been hooted and hissed, as he passed through the streets of London?"

I answer yes, readily believed. Will the English forget the case of their Duke of Marlborough? We know that this general, who had retrieved the glory of the British arms, won so many battles, taken so many towns, who had humbled the pride and checked the ambition of France, secured the liberty of Europe, (as their historians say,) and chained victory to his chariot wheels, fell, in a few weeks, into an object of hatred and derision; was ridiculed in public libels and reviled in private conversation; that instances were everywhere repeated of his fraud, avarice, and extortion; of his insolence, cruelty, and bloody-minded ambition; that even his courage was called in question, and this consummate commander, represented as the lowest of mankind.

I have taken, in the above summary, almost the very words of Smollet. He is not indeed the first of English historians, but is sufficient for these facts, which are otherwise known to be true. Who then need utter exclamations of surprise, and an Englishman especially, that the Duke of Wellington was hooted at in the streets? He has not been reviled, and by no possibility can he ever be reviled, to the extent of the Duke of Marlborough; because never has the breath of suspicion tainted him, in ways that it often did Marlborough, however the judgment of posterity may nearly have wiped the taint off. All read history, but few care to remember its facts, or apply its precepts. The knowledge of the past, is the best way to suppress wonder at the present, and warn us of the future. The Duke of Wellington really earned as much of hooting as he got; though such rude missiles of the tongue seemed ill flung at one whom the grateful voice of Britain had often extolled to the skies. I am not going to forget his greatness, in his fall from power. There are portions of his renown too solid, as well as too brilliant, ever to suffer any other than a momentary eclipse. They will overshadow greatly the renown of Marlborough. But, when the more modern of these heroes of England, with the seals of first Minister of the Crown in his hands, could gravely rise in the House of Lords, and tell his fellow peers not simply that he had no measure of reform to propose, at which point he ought to have stopped, but that he had never heard or read of any measure that could, in any degree satisfy his mind that the state of representation in the House of Commons could be improved or rendered more satisfactory to the country than it is at present, he challenged so effectually the disapprobation of the enlightened, that no wonder he was assailed by the hisses of a London mob.—*The representation in the House of Commons not capable of improvement!* What a declaration in the face of the fact, passing by all others, that scarcely more than six thousand voters (about as many as we have here in York county) scattered throughout a multitude of small boroughs, chiefly owned by the peers who control every vote, send to the house more than two hundred voters of its members! Cutting and slashing at Waterloo, was all in character; but such cutting and slashing, as first Lord of the Treasury, frightened the boldest. His Grace once called county meetings *a farce*; and here he would have all attempts at equality of representation in the House of Commons, another farce. Doctrines like these, so alarming, so indicative of a military mind, that preferred drilled forces on the benches of the house, to any army of new recruits whose votes might run riot, naturally led to his fall. Public opinion could stagger under it no longer. He had been the Idol of the Nation. Its love, its enthusiasm, he had won, by his triumphant sword. The greatest man of ten centuries, as Lord Holland called Napoleon, had been prostrate at his feet. But now the nation awoke from its trance. Talavera, Torres Vedras, Cindad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, San Sabastian, Pampeluna, Waterloo itself, the trumpets and the drum, the shouts that rent the air, the reiterated and solemn thanks of Parliament, the homage of assembled potentates, who lowered the proud banners of their legions as he passed along, in token of profound admiration of his achievements—all were forgotten in the deliberate verdict of public opinion pronounced against his statemanship. It would not, after the avowal of such doctrines, allow him to remain at the head of affairs, however transcendant had been his deeds at the head of armies; however universal had been the chorus of Nations, and Emperors and Kings, from the Neva to the Mediterranean, to his valour and his generalship. The public reason, suspended, for a while, by the overpowering glare of his illustrious services in the field, re-asserted its empire, and won back the conquest which the captivating but perilous illusions of his martial fame, had gained over it. It stands erect again, disenthralled and refreshed, after a decisive, though temporary prostration.

But it is material in these reflections not to hide from view a fact, which is of the essence of them. It is material to state, that it was never by the *people* of England, that this great commander was placed at the head of the civil administration of the country. Nor, do I think that *their* voice would ever have placed him there, even under the claim of his countless victories. It is rather those who fight the civil battles of the country, the Cannings, the Foxes, the Chathams, the Broughams, who become the popular favourites in England, and whom the people seem most desirous to trust. It was a *King*, who clothed the Duke of Wellington with supreme ministerial power. It was George IV., a king of mixed qualifications for the sceptre that he bore, but always magnificent, always fond of pomp. He made him lord high constable at the pageant of his coronation, adding the *marshal's baton* to his staff. There his warrior plumes, as he slowly rode by the banquet tables of the great gothic hall towards the platform where sat royalty, his steed richly caparisoned and champing upon the bit, whilst the beauty and chivalry of the realm, and the ambassadors of the crowned heads, stood gazing, showed a sight indeed to rivit the eye and fill the fancy of all. There was Anglesea too, known to fame; and Howard of Effingham; and the champion, on whose bright heavy armour, the sunbeams struck. But every heart pointed to England's true champion on that day. Not the rubies nor the sapphires of the throne could rival his plumes—*they* stirred the bosom; *they* called up high and valorous deeds, not as lending golden tints to the visions of romance in the midst of such a scene, but as told in faithful story. The same monarch who then received the fealty of this gorgeous group, afterwards invested his ever favourite *Arthur*, justly and proudly his favourite, whenever or wherever the baton or sword was to be borne, with the whole interest of the premiership. It is the voice of the *people* of England getting up to the throne, through barriers hitherto obstructing it, that has obliged him to retire from that post; a post for which we have his own authority at one time for saying, his former inclinations, pursuits, and habits had not fitted him. From civil posts of inferior degree, that he had held at earlier periods of his life, he had himself voluntarily retired, for his "martial cloak" and glory. He sought adventurous India, and at Argaum and Gawilghat, laid the foundation of that name in arms, which he so built upon in Spain, the land of Moorish gallantry, and to which, on the plains of Belgium before the embattled host of Europe, he put the towering finish.

I have heard an intimation, to which I shall now pass. I have heard that the present King probably accepted the resignation of the Duke of Wellington the more promptly, because of a private reason—a reason growing out of the misunderstanding known to have existed between the two parties when the King, as Duke of Clarence, filled the station of Lord High Admiral. I give no credit to this intimation—it is opposed by considerations fairly deducible from the general character of the King's reign, as far as yet disclosed to us from this distance, in which there seems to have been little of selfishness, and much of a desire to look to the welfare of his people at large. But I rest my disbelief still more upon a specific fact. It is true, indeed, that his father, George the III. refused to let the young Pitt resign, although he had also been left in a minority in the House of Commons; but the circumstances of the two cases are so obviously dissimilar, that I will stop to point them out. The younger Pitt was the friend, at that day, of popular rights and representation, and was really the favourite of the English people.

The fact which I am about to bring into distinct notice, will not be without its interest. It belongs to the history of the times. It is one that should be snatched from its sleep, and placed fresh before the world. I may supply a moral for rulers, in whatever part of the world they may be, and under whatever forms they may dispense the attributes of executive power.

Amongst the appointments in the new ministry, is that of Mr. Denman, to be Attorney General. This appointment struck me, the instant I saw it, as the most remarkable, by far the most remarkable, of them all.—Mr. Denman is a lawyer, learned and powerful in his profession. In the midland circuit, he was once the efficient competitor in business and reputation of our countryman, the late Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, and that in itself is praise; a man whom elevation did not intoxicate, and who will not be lost in his fall.—Denman, though generally calm and most gentlemanly in his feelings, is, when roused, of the Brougham school I cannot call the latter *Lord* Brougham, yet; I have too long felt an enthusiasm for his various and extraordinary abilities as a speaker, as a writer, as a statesman, versed in every branch of home affairs, and at home in every branch of foreign affairs; as a lawyer, acquainted with the whole body of the law, and, what is a far higher and more rare attainment, with its *mind*; as a philanthropist, not in his chamber, but of the most unwearied and buoyant public spirit and exertion; as a practical man, as a philosopher, as a scholar; knowing every thing, and knowing it well; doing every thing, and doing it well; intuitive and laborious; its details a master; a master in general reasoning; as accurate as profound, and of the most persevering, sleepless, efficient activity in every one of his characters; I have too constantly indulged in a boundless admiration of him under them all, to recognize him, as yet, under any other than his own simple name. I cannot on the first instant of the change, write him down *Baron* Brougham. Who is *he?* We have never heard of him. It seems like cheating renown of its rights, as Madam de Stael said, when Bonaparte first gave titles to those of his generals who had been winning victories in numberless campaigns all over Europe, under their own name of birth and parentage. But let me come back from a digression wholly unvoluntary; for who can mention this Hercules, without being led off to do him passing homage; and who, in an instance like this, does not see, the difference, as Burke has expressed it, between the perishing honours of the body bestowed by man, and the splendours of an intellect derived from God. Well, then, Denman, with Brougham, *Harry Brougham*, and others, acted as counsel for Queen Caroline, wife of George IV. on the memorable occasion of the bill of pains and penalties against her, under the administration of Lord Liverpool. Like Brougham, he was energetic and fearless in the defence of his client. They both believed her, so their conduct and declarations evinced, to be an innocent and persecuted woman, as she had ever been a most unfortunate Queen. The Duke of Clarence, as a member of the House of Lords, was, of course, one of her constitutional judges. The bill of pains and penalties, I need hardly say, was equivalent to an impeachment before the Lords; like the one now going forward against Judge Peck, in our Senate of the United States at Washington. The political results which the investigation under the bill involved, assumed a far deeper interest from the personal feeling of which the King was the victim; a feeling of keenness and intensity inseparable from the nature of the offences of which the Queen stood arraigned. All who thought well of her case, were supposed to find little favour in the King's sight; whilst his friends, especially those near to his person, became, by a ready sympathy with the throne, her foes. That his royal brothers should feel with him, was not unnatural, however their situations should have imposed upon them silence, if it could not impartiality. The Duke of Clarence, it was strongly rumoured, had sought occasions to express himself with warmth against her, pending the investigation. Whole circles in London rang with these rumours. Denman heard them. At first he is incredulous, then incensed. The glow increases in him, as the presumptious accumulate of this outrage upon justice, from a source so high. Brougham had already spoken; Brougham, who would have thundered out his holy vengeance, not spat out his scurrility, like John Randolph, but have thundered, as from the mountain, crushing every where those whom his magnificent wrath would have struck. But Denman was no great way behind. If not the mighty genius of the storm, he was an attendant, and had caught the inspiration of its blasts. In summing up, he arrives at the point for noticing the rumours. A palpitating silence ensues. Every ear listens—every eye is fixed. Some members move gently out of their seats, taking up a position to hear the better. At length, the advocate, his tone changing, and a dignified, intrepid anger burning on his countenance, thus bursts forth:—

"My Lords, we have heard—we daily hear—with alarm, that there are persons, and those not of the lowest condition, not confined to individuals connected with the public press, not even excluded from your august assembly, who are industriously circulating atrocious calumnies against her Majesty. Can this be? Is it credible—is it possible? If a juryman be found to possess any knowledge of the subject under trial, the law tells us that we may call him as a witness to the bar. This is our law in England, and our shield. Come forward, we may say, and let us confirm you—let us see if no explanation can be given of what you allege; no refutation effectually applied. But to any man, who could even be suspected of so base a practice as imparting calumnies to judges, distilling leperous venom into their ears, the Queen might well exclaim, "Stand forth, thou Slanderer—let me see thy face; if thou would'st equal the respectability even of an Italian witness, stand forth before these noble judges and speak out what you know. As thou art, thou art worse than an assassin, for whilst I am meeting my accusers, face to face, thou art stabbing me unseen, and converting thy poisoned stiletto into the semblance of the sword of justice." I would fain say, my Lords, that it is utterly impossible that this can be true, but I cannot say it, because the fact meets me every where. I read it even in the public papers, and had I not known of its existence, for the dignity of human nature, I would have held it to be impossible that any one with the heart of a man, or with the honour of a peer, should so debase his heart and degrade his honour. I would impeach him as a judge; and if it were possible for the blood royal of England to stoop to such a course, I would fearlessly assert, that it is far more just that it should deprive him of his right of succession to the throne, than that all the allegations against the Queen, taking them to be true to the last letter, should warrant your Lordships in passing this bill of degradation and divorce against her."

The House was aghast! A shock went through and through it. The public echoed back the speaker's words. Every body knew that the Duke of Clarence was the man. Nobody denied—nobody doubted it.—The attack cannot be said to have been masked under a hypothetical case, like Junius's upon King, or Sir William Wyndhams, in Walpole's time, upon George II. It was palpable—it was beaming. There was a *flush* all over the House; an impulse of conviction, universal, thrilling. The newspapers teemed next day with the orator's terrible denunciation. STAND FORTH THOU SLANDERER, was every where heard. It was cried about in hand bills; in private circles it passed in whispers, or in titters; the boys shouted it in the streets; and in the windows of carricature shops, to which thousands flocked, you might read in capitals, under a figure, the likeness of which could not be missed, even if an Admiral's half dress and the insignia of a prince royal had been wanting, STAND FORTH THOU SLANDERER.

How remarkable this whole incident—I will say how glorious! A victory won is nothing to it—not Wellington's at Waterloo, Rome, republican or imperial, in her sternness, or in her grandeur, has nothing to overmatch it. It is full of richness in its particulars, in its aggregate; in its individuality, in its nationalness; in the feelings that it may draw forth; in the high lessons that it may instil. There is no mistake in my narrative. I have not done, as Livy or Botta, made a speech for Mr. Denman—I have given his own words, from a report of the trial. It does so fall out too, that one of the carricature prints lies before me, with *stand forth thou slanderer*, underneath. Surely, the incident is fit for history; for, what is the spectacle that we behold? THE DENOUNCED has become a Sovereign; THE DENUNCIATOR, one of his high officers; appointed by his SOVEREIGN WILL, commissioned by his SOVEREIGN HAND. What a field for full commentary! But no, I will not so comment. I will be silent. I will reflect. So let the reader. I live in a land of freemen; in a land of men of intelligence and of public spirit; men who know how to distinguish between the boy writers, in whatever form they carry them; men who will be ready to spend and be spent in the cause of rational freedom, in defence of exalted sentiment and conduct such as I have seen in one of royal birth, since these pages were begun, especially the vital elements of their own proud republic, without which, though it may live for a while, it must soon perish. I will not comment upon the merit of this advocate, who, feeling for the wrongs of his illustrious yet wretched client, could so throw the bolts of his eloquence at a prince of the blood, even then at the footstool of the throne, waiting for all its power to devolve upon him. Nor will I speak of the spirit of bold liberty that must exist in a country where a plain individual has such a voice to exert in the midst of its whole aristocracy; face to face, to its very throne—the former, eagerly, though calmly, listening, without interruption or reproach—the latter not daring to touch or remove a hair of his head. Less still would I desire to dwell upon whatever of error or infirmity it may have been, that could have surprised this prince of the blood into the course reprehended. The last I choose to forget, as the world will forget it, in the kindly virtue which shows that *he* could forget all that the advocate said. What might have been a blot upon the prince, the king effaces. He does more. He converts it into a positive, an effulgent addition to his glory. Better for him, that the whole scene occurred. Greatness mounts on eagle's wings, above resentment.—Those who ascend the heights of power, should carry up with them this virtue. It was in with our immortal Washington. It was so, in part, that he gained, not the transient adulation of the day, which is not always just, if honest, and is often the more fulsom, as the more venal, but a name that will last as long as time, and is as spotless as it is resplendant; a name that stands out in history, and stands alone; a name of which future Plutarchs will say, here is an example of all that is great, and all that is good; a standard of full orbed excellence, that must not be lowered by rash or unholy parallels. It is the true divine right to govern, that begins by being able to govern ourselves; to have the mastery over all passions that might mislead; to extinguish all selfishness; to beware of favoritism; to discard all private griefs; to abhor all personal malice. This power of control, the chief virtue in rulers, because the root of all other virtues necessary to their governing well, and which makes them models for mankind, has been signally illustrated in the present monarch of Britain; as it even was in our beloved Washington. It is an augury so far, that his reign is to be swayed by expanded and liberal maxims, the more cheering from the lowering aspect of the political horizon around him, portending explosions that may shake the earth to its centre. True wisdom lies, after all, in the heart. The beautiful prayer that we raise before the altar of the Deity is, "incline our *hearts* to wisdom." The elevation of Mr. Denman to the Ministry, shows that the King of England's heart is sound. It shows, noble lesson! that he has no memory of dislikes as the Duke of Clarence, none of affronts to the Duke of Clarence, to refresh with eager malignity, or to hug in grovelling revenge; that with the lustre of the diadem sparkling, whilst its weight presses upon his brows, he has consigned them all to an immediate, a magnanimous oblivion; that he looks exclusively to his country and its immense interests, which are drawing into them the interests of Europe also, at this crisis of dismay; that whomsoever he may discharge from his counsels, he will do it upon this simple basis, without any unworthy low-minded intrusions of self, in the momentous business of his empire; that he has no hungry passions of any kind to glut, in the sanctuary of his country. This, I say, shoots gleams of hope into the despair that predominates in my mind, greatly predominates for the peace of Europe, though Earl Grey be the English Premier. Such are England's means of aggression now, even beyond any she has ever wielded before, notwithstanding her great debt, that other nations, the Colossus of the North amongst them, will watch her decisions with anxious alternations of hope and dread. It is a remark of Sir William Temple's, that he could never find a better way of judging of the resolutions of a state, than by the personal temper and passions of the sovereign, for the time being, at its head. May the resolutions of England than bear auspiciously upon the cause of human rights and liberty. Let us hope it, whatever our fears. Her present monarch has done an act which attests, if nothing else did, that his passions are under government; as to the magnanimity of his temper, that it is worthy to be classed with that of a Titus, a Vespasian, or a Washington.

January 12, 1831. TEMPLE.

On the foregoing article, the New-York *Albion* remarks;—"We are always glad to receive American authority in favour of England, her people, and her institutions, and in the present instance we are particularly gratified from the consideration of the eminent rank and distinguished respectability of the presumed author. [Mr. Rush.] The article, which is elaborately, and, in its style of composition, ambitiously written, is valuable as an historical record. The facts relating to Mr., now Sir Thomas Denman, and the Duke of Clarence, his present Majesty, are very accurately stated;—and most of the facts and speculations on the ministry of the Duke of Wellington are not less authentic."

UNITED STATES.

STATE OF NEW YORK.—We gather from Mr. Butler's Anniversary Discourse before the Albany Institute, the following interesting facts respecting the State of New-York.

In 1790, the population was 34,000. It is now about 2,000,000! Being an increase in 40 years of one million, six hundred and sixty thousand! There are in the state 8 million acres of improved land. The number of counties, seperately organized, is 56. There are 757 towns, 93 incorporated villages; and 5 incorporated cities, one of which contains more than two hundred thousand inhabitants. The canal navigation constructed and owned by the state, is 481 miles, and 81 by an incorporated company. From salt springs in the state, nearly a million and a half bushels of salt are made yearly. There are 1406 post-offices—70 steam boats—211 newspapers, 14 of them daily—314 incorporated manufacturing companies, and several hundred not incorporated—44 banks, and 53 insurance companies now in operation—150 turnpike and bridge companies—5 saving banks, and a militia of nearly 200,000.—*New-York Sentinel.*

Sleighing in New York.—We do not recollect the time, when there was such a general turning out, or better sleighing. A gentleman who resides at the upper end of Broad-way, counted, after 12 o'clock on Monday, 643 sleighs going out of town through one of the numerous outlets of the city. Among them were several with four horses attached—the great majority were what are called *Pungs*, with one horse; and there were many common sleds, having on them carts, dry-good boxes, hogsheads, boats, baskets, hampers, &c. filled with men women and children. We saw three men riding along very gravely, standing up in a hogshead, which was lashed to a sled. Such a jingle of bells was never heard. It is calculated that about 2000 of these vehicles were in motion on Monday. The taverns in the country are doing a good business, and would do much better if their accommodations were more extensive. Thousands of dollars each hour change hands during this fine sleighing, both day and night. The horses have no rest, except perhaps a few that are killed by hard driving.—*N. York Gaz.*

The Observer.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1831.

PRO REGE, LEGE, ET GREGE.

The 9th of December *last year*, continues to be the date of our latest advices from Europe. Colonial and American papers of very recent dates, do not give us one step of advance. A vast influx of matters, composed both of foreign and *home* intelligence, and of debates in our own Provincial Legislature, may soon be expected, and thus as Winpenny expresses it, "we have either a hunger or a *burst*." Our Honorable Representatives have now fairly reached the arena, have no doubt chosen their SPEAKER, and received the opening Speech of His Honor the PRESIDENT, which, we regret to say, has not reached town, and consequently, our readers must suspend their curiosity. The intelligence, patriotism, policy, and independence of our Parliament-men, will now be put fairly to the test of public opinion, and we may well suppose they will be more than ever on their guard, seeing

"There's a chield amang them takin notes,
And faith he'll print them."

Thus far we had written, when Boston papers of Friday last were put into our hands, containing accounts of

ANOTHER REVOLUTION!

of which Russian Poland is the scene. CONSTANTINE has been obliged to fly—Warsaw is in the hands of the people—Prussia is trembling—France is all alert, &c. And what may be the result of such "shaking of the nations," GOD only can determine. In great haste we lay the following particulars before our readers.

From the N. York Journal of Commerce, Jan. 31.

The packet ship Sovereign, arrived Yesterday, bringing London papers to Dec. 19th inclusive, being ten days later than our previous advices. They contain the highly important intelligence of a

REVOLUTION IN POLAND,

And Flight of the Grand Duke Constantine to Russia.

The revolt appears to have been led on, like that of Paris, by the lads of the military school. In its other features, too, it resembles the movements in France and Belgium; the people rising upon the military and overpowering them by superior numbers and enthusiasm. The Grand Duke, it will be recollected, after having abdicated the Imperial Throne in favour of his younger brother, Nicholas, was appointed to the government of Russian Poland. The sympathies of every man who knows any thing of national or individual right, will be warmly enlisted in favour of the much injured Poles.

In the House of Commons Dec. 17th, the second reading of the bill fixing the duties on American produce imported into the British W. I. Islands was postponed to Feb. 11th.

In England, the Courier of the 18th says that the accounts relative to the state of the country are of a more favourable nature. At Liverpool, Dec. 15, the cotton market was dull and price looking down. American flour at Liverpool on the 16th, 29 a 36s and dull. At London Dec. 14, 31 a 32s.

Prince Talleyrand was to be recalled from England, at his own request, soon after Christmas, and was to be succeeded by Count Flahault.

From Bell's Weekly Messenger, Dec. 19.

The foreign intelligence of the week is of more interest than usual, inasmuch as it brings information of a great REVOLUTION which has taken place in a part of Europe where the sun of Freedom seemed to have set forever.—We allude to the revolt of the Poles in the Russian provinces, the flight of the Archduke Constantine, and the establishment of a Provisional Government at Warsaw.

Though in a more distant quarter of Europe, we confess that we look to this revolution with more satisfaction than to that which has recently occurred in France or Belgium. Poland has been oppressed by the unrelenting hand of despotism for many years. It had not the least shadow of free institutions, but was under the sway of a pure unmixed despotism—a despotism not contented with a mere civil tyranny, but besetting the paths of domestic life, and polluing even the privacy of the chamber with a degrading system of espionage.

The oppression which the Russians practised in Poland can scarcely be believed. No man in any station of life was permitted to marry or to dispose of his inheritance without a license from the government. Most persons of any influence were compelled to live in solitude upon their own estates, and not permitted to pass even the frontiers of one province to another without a passport obtained from the most degrading applications. Thus, whilst the Russians were travelling in every quarter of Europe, a Polish traveller was scarcely so much as seen. Poland was imprisoned, as it were, within her own frontiers, and kept for the gloomy pleasure of Russia, who exhausted every species of tyranny and exaction upon the people.

Every mind of common feeling must rejoice at the attempt made by such a people, be the event what it may, to regain their freedom. Whatever sympathy may be excited for France and Belgium, it must be recollected that they were already in possession of liberal forms of government; whilst the Poles were almost the only unemancipated slaves in Europe, the "adscripti glebœ" of the dark feudal ages; the monuments of those barbarous times when the common multitude of mankind was as little regarded as the beasts of the field.

That the day of vengeance would come upon the descendants of Catherine the Great, for the infamous spoliations of Poland forty years ago, no man, who trusted in the providential course of human events, could for a moment doubt; but we did not think it so near at hand. It is our sincere wish that another Sobieski or Kosciusco may arise to direct the arms and councils of the Poles in this great struggle for their freedom. Europe, we hope, will stand by as an impartial spectator, though in such a case it will be impossible to be an indifferent one. Austria and Prussia will not dare to interfere, first, because they will apprehend the extension of the insurrection to Silesia and Pomerania, their own unholy portion of the original spoil of Poland: and next, because they must naturally dread the resentment of every free-born mind in Europe, and the honest discontent and opposition of their own soldiery and people, if they should interpose, and in the flagitious attempt of riveting anew the chains of Russia upon these gallant insurgents.

In looking at Europe at the present moment, we cannot but perceive that the ground trembles and quakes in all quarters, and that a general and mighty convulsion is about to take place. Whilst the earthquake is felt from beneath, the burning lava is seen to flow, and the stream takes that direction where it is least likely to meet with opposition or impediment. The disposition of France at this moment is evidently warlike, and under the pretext of defending herself she is preparing to make aggression upon others. The present stock-jobbing ministers are indeed indisposed for war, but the proposition made by Lafayette in the Chamber of Deputies, on Tuesday last—"that in case Austria or Prussia should interfere in the affairs of Poland, it would be the duty of France to prohibit them," was received with loud acclamations.

BERLIN, Dec. 6.—The following details are given from Poland. The pupils at the Military School at Warsaw assembled at dinner, thought proper to toast several men distinguished in Polish History, and especially Kosciusko. Constantine being informed of this by spies, ordered an examination, and although no criminal intention was discovered he directed the young men to be severely punished. This, with some other acts of violence, exasperated the public.

The young men rose in a body, and having been joined by the citizens, forced their way through the troops towards the residence of the Grand Duke, half a mile from Warsaw. Many Russian officers fell under the blows of Polish vengeance, and Constantine only escaped by a back passage.

The movement immediately spread to the country, which was soon in arms for the assistance of their countrymen in Warsaw. A Provisional Government was organized, and on the 6th of Dec. all was quiet.

The following is dated Warsaw, Dec 4.—The subjoined Proclamation was issued by the Grand Duke Constantine, previous to his departure.

I grant permission to the Polish troops who remained faithful near my person to the last moment, to rejoin their comrades. I am setting out with imperial troops to proceed to a distance from the capital, and I hope from Polish good faith that they will not be harrassed in their movements to reach the empire. I likewise recommend all the establishments, property, and individuals to the protection of the Polish nation, and place them under a safeguard the most sacred.

(Signed) CONSTANTINE.

"Upon the return of the Polish regiments to Warsaw, they were received by the whole capital with acclamations. No idea can be formed of the enthusiasm displayed on this occasion. The commotion has found the warmest sympathy among the nobles and the inhabitants of all classes. The people are taking arms in all directions to fly to the succour of Warsaw, as was the case in the French Departments as soon as the revolution at Paris was known."

The Government, the composition of which has been several times partially changed, consists, to day of the following persons:—Prince Adam Czartoryski; the celebrated poet Neimcewicz; the senators Kochanowski and Dembrowski, Gen. Count Fac; and the Deputies Lelewell and Ostrowski.

Prince Lubecki and M. Ostrowski will set out to day as Deputies to St. Petersburgh.

The Diet is summoned for the 18th of this month.

WARSAW, Dec 6.—Tranquillity and security are, in appearance, perfectly restored, and the state of uncertainty will not be of long continuance. Our paper currency is immediately cashed if required, and the interest of the bonds due at Christmas is already paid.—Count Thomas Lubienski is appointed Chief of the Police.

The following is the account of the immediate cause of this revolution, as published in the *Journal du Paris* of December 14th:—

It was in the evening of the 29th November that the insurrection was commenced by the under Ensigns. It was excited by the abhorrence which they had to witness the ignominious death of twelve students, who had been sentenced by a court martial to be shot for having sung the Marsellois hymn. The first point to which the ensigns directed their course was to the arsenal; they took possession of that post, which contained 70,000 guns and 100 pieces of cannon. The Grand Duke Constantine was then at Belvedere, about three miles from Warsaw. The fight continued during the whole of the night, and on the following morning the people remained masters of the city. The regiment of engineers was the first to revolt. The French tri-colored cockade was instantly adopted, with cries of "Vive Lafayette, the friend of Kosciusko, for ever!" They went to the house of the French Consul in search of the tri-colored flag; and having found it, although the Consul (M. Durand) was suspected to be a Congregationist, and attached to the fallen dynasty, they joined the Polish white flag and the tri-colored one together, and hoisted them in that state. The National Guard is being raised.

Further particulars of the Revolution.—On the evening of the 29th Nov. an insurrection broke out at Warsaw. It began in the military school of ensigns. The young men to the number of 500 to 600, took up arms and spread themselves through the town, calling the citizens to arms. A multitude of students and inhabitants soon joined them. They proceeded to the barracks of the infantry and the arsenal, which was taken by 10 o'clock. The immense quantity of muskets and sabres it contained were distributed to the people. The insurrection had previously gained the barracks of the infantry. The engineer regiment was the first that rose, and several other regiments soon followed.—The Grand Duke Constantine, on the point of being surrounded in his palace, effected his retreat upon Praga, with his guard—two Russian regiments and a regiment of Polish cavalry, who followed him from a sense of military honor, but will remain neutral if the soldiers do not disband themselves and join their fellow citizens. The exasperation, for a long time smothered, was so very considerable at the moment of insurrection, that some Polish detachments, who at the commencement refused to give up their post of arms to the people were massacred as traitors.—Forty one colonels or majors were killed in endeavoring to keep the troops in obedience. It is added that two aids of the Duke were slain. The opinion at Warsaw was, that the defection of the Polish army would become general. The chief of the municipal police, and two Russian Generals, were killed. The German General Hauch, and Count Stanislaus Potosky, was killed, in endeavoring to rally the troops. The military chest, and the house of the Paymaster General were plundered. General Clopiecki has taken command of the Polish troops, and is endeavoring to restore order. It is said, that he has already 16,000 troops of the line under his command.

The French tricolored cockade was adopted at the beginning of the insurrection, but it was soon replaced by the Polish cockade. A corps of National Guards was organizing. The Council of Administration established by the Emperor of Russia, in conjunction with Prince Lubecki, minister of finances, Prince Adam Czartoriski, and Prince Michael Radziwill, from the Provisional Government, have issued a proclamation, in which they acknowledge the rights of sovereignty of the Emperor Nicholas, but on condition that the separation of the two States shall be complete, and that no Russian military corps shall keep garrison in the king-