

his musket goes off in the fall, which is the prelude to a desperate strife.

A few of the bravest of the Persians had been ordered to dismount, and to creep towards and endeavour to despatch the sentries, whilst the rest, divided into two bodies, were to penetrate the village by the unguarded breaches. A dropping shot or two is first heard, succeeded by loud shouts of Ali! The Russians roused from their slumbers, grasp their arms, and most of them without taking time to accoutre themselves, rush into the lanes. The Persians to augment the confusion, set fire to several of the houses; with the glare of ruddy flames illuminating their ferocious countenances, they charge down on the scattered enemy, confused, and separated from their leaders; gallantly and in despair, the devoted infantry stood back to back and attempted to repel their blood-thirsty foes, but their courage is unavailing, and though the bayonet may pierce the breast of the steed, the keen blade of the horseman lays the foot soldier low.

The work of death continues amidst the cries of the combatants, the groans of the wounded, and the roaring and crackling of the burning roofs; the Russians, quitting the lanes, seek to conceal themselves in the houses, but the Persians, with bared arms, caps thrown back, and tucked up skirts, pursue them on foot, bring them forth from their concealment, and with imprecation slay them without mercy. The Khan saves a handful of prisoners, and some more escape amongst the rocks which borders a stream which washed the village walls.

On the following morning the decapitation of the bodies of the slain, and of many who still breathed, occupied the Persians, whilst the heads of some of their own people, after removing the beards, were added to the bloody heap, which was divided into sacks, placed on led horses, and the whole to be brought in triumph as trophies of a victory to the Shah, who would cause pillars of heads to be raised to commemorate the triumph of the true believers.

FROM THE ENGLISHMAN'S MAGAZINE.

An Audience of the Grand Duke Cesarawitch Constantine, before the Polish Revolution.

BY A DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER.

I HAD scarcely fallen asleep, when I was suddenly awakened by a loud knocking at the Chamber door, and instantly a man entered, dressed in the uniform of a *chasseur*. He came to inform me that I was to follow him to the hotel of the Russian governor of Warsaw, where all the travellers were obliged to make their appearance, who had arrived at the capital, during the absence of the Grand Duke. Thence they were to be conducted to the palace, in order to be presented to his Imperial Highness, who had returned from a tour the preceding evening. In obedience to this untimely summons, I dressed myself hastily, and in a costume half civil, half military, followed my guide. The clock at the hotel of Wilna just struck five, as I paced, in the darkness of a November morning, through the sombre streets, to the audience-chamber of the Cesarawitch. When I arrived at the governor's hotel, I found the vestibule and the ante-chamber filled with a multitude of persons, whose dresses offered so bizarre and varied a sight, that at first I fancied myself in the midst of a masquerade. In one corner was a group of Jews, huddled together; in another, a dozen of general officers; a third nook was occupied by strangers of rank; a fourth, by deserters in chains. The governor had already started for the palace; but had left two of his *aide-de-camps* to conduct us there with the customary ceremonial. These gentlemen arranged us together in pairs, without any regard to character or condition; and our procession, composed of fifty or sixty persons, advanced slowly between two files of mounted Cossacks, who, grasping their long lances, guarded us with as much precaution as if we were on the road to Siberia.

"Can you tell me what this means?" I said to my neighbour, an honest merchant from Hamburg.

"No, Sir," he replied: "I was awakened this morning at four o'clock, by a police officer, who ordered me to accompany him forthwith to the governor's hotel, as the Grand Duke had recently arrived, and

was desirous of seeing me. Accordingly I arose, and put myself on a march through the midst of ice and snow. This nocturnal visit is not very inviting; but it appears that his Imperial Highness sometimes takes it into his head to appoint very singular hours for his audiences."

We soon arrived at the palace. We found the garrison of Warsaw marshalled on the place before the Belvedere, ready to be reviewed at daybreak. At the gate of the palace our escort quitted us; and, for some minutes, we were allowed to promenade, amidst a vast number of Poles and strangers, of every rank and description. I was then placed between a Sicilian general and a soldier who had deserted. Our position was scarcely adjusted, when a confused noise indicated the arrival of the Grand Duke. A door opened, through which several officers passed; and, in a second, Constantine appeared. He wore the uniform of the Russian Imperial Guards. His portraits have made his Tartar visage sufficiently known in Europe, and it is, therefore, superfluous for me to paint him in words.

He commenced his compliments with an air of severity, fully calculated to give those a chill, who were not already half frozen to death. Approaching an Englishman, he asked him a few questions respecting his country, but in a language so harsh and cutting, that the Briton proudly replied, "I have the honor to inform your Imperial Highness that I have a letter of credit for several thousand pounds on a banker, in St. Petersburg. I intended to spend that sum in the Russian capital; but after this prelude, I suppose I shall not be tempted to push my curiosity further."

"Just as you please," said his Imperial Highness, turning on his heel.

The presentations were for a moment delayed by a lady in mourning, who threw herself on her knees before the Cesarawitch, soliciting permission to go to Zamosk, in which fortress her husband, a Polish colonel, was confined. After rudely dismissing the fair suppliant, the Grand Duke addressed himself to my neighbour, the deserter, in a tone equivalent to a sentence of death. He did not leave the poor wretch long in suspense, but doomed him to receive three hundred lashes with the knout, a punishment, which, had he been master of twenty lives, would have abridged them all. No sooner was the condemned man removed, than his Imperial Highness came towards me, and demanded my name. I gave it.

"Where do you come from?"

"From Paris."

"Where are you going to?"

"Into the Ukraine, on a visit to the Countess Potocki."

"Good Bye."

Then turning to the Sicilian general, who stood near me, and who was decorated with the grand *cordon* of the order of St. Januarius, he allowed him twenty-four hours to quit Warsaw, and eight days to withdraw from the kingdom of Poland.

Such were the courtesies of the deceased despot. I felt as if I were treading on bristling bayonets, until I had turned my back upon his hateful presence. —How long will men continue to uphold the sovereignty of scorpions?

ORIGINAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GLEANER,

SIR,

THE following is an extract from the works of that learned, and ingenious writer, Mr Gilbert Wakefield, and contains a lesson which may be serviceable to many of your readers—if you think it not improper in these days of obsequiousness, to give it a place in your journal. It is at your service, and the publication of it will oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

"I will deserve," (says Mr Wakefield) "the applause of every true Briton, and honest patriot, by recording the memorable exertions of two individuals in private life, which will sanctify their remembrance to the worshippers of Liberty, in ages yet unborn.

Two village Hampdens, that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrants of their fields withstood.

The first of these incomparable heroes is Mr Timo-

thy Bennett, of Hamptonwick, near Richmond, Surry: the foot passage from this village through Bushy Park (a royal demesne) to Kingston upon Thames, had been for many years shut up from the public. This honest Englishman, *'unwilling'* (it was his favourite expression) *'to leave the world worse than he found it,'* consulted a lawyer upon the practicability of recovering this road, and the probable expense of a legal process; 'I have seven hundred pounds' says he 'which I should be willing to bestow upon this attempt; it is all I have, and has been saved through a long course of honest industry.' The lawyer informed him that no such sum would be necessary to produce this effect, and Timothy determined accordingly to proceed with vigour in the prosecution of this public claim. In the mean time, Lord Halifax, Ranger of Bushy Park, was made acquainted with his intentions, and sent for him. I am, adds Mr Wakefield, possessed of an excellent engraving, which represents this worthy, of an inimitably firm and complacent aspect, setting down in the attitude of his conversation, with his Lordship. 'And who are you, that has the assurance to meddle in this affair?' 'My name, my Lord, is Timothy Bennet, of Hampton wick, shoemaker: I remember, please your Lordship, to have seen, when I was a young man, setting at my work, the people cheerfully pass (by my shop to Kingston market; but now, my lord, they are forced to go round about, through a hot sandy road, ready to faint beneath their burdens, and I am *'unwilling to leave the world worse than I found it;'* this my Lord, I humbly represent is the reason of my conduct.' 'Begone, you are an impertinent fellow,' replied the Lord. However, upon mature reflection, his Lordship convinced of the equity of the claim, notwithstanding the advice of his friends to persist, began to compute the ignominy of defeat—Lord Halifax, the noble, at suit of Timothy Bennett, the shoemaker, —verdict for the plaintiff—improbability of success—desisted from his opposition, and opened the road; which is enjoyed without molestation to this day.

The other patriotic hero, was Mr Lewis, of Richmond, who nobly resisted some meditated royal encroachments. For the particulars I must however, refer to Mr Wakefield's memoirs, page 250, first edition.

Such disinterested instances of public virtue, redeem the age in which we live, from an universal imputation of scurrility and corruption.

HISTORY OF POLAND

CONTINUED.

AUGUSTUS died, after a turbulent reign, in 1733, having done all he could to ensure the succession of Poland, to his son Augustus II. (or as he is called by some III.)

This occasioned, in which the French King maintained the interest of his father-in-law, Stanislaus, who was actually re-elected to the throne by a considerable party, of which the Prince-primate was the head. But, Augustus, entering Poland with a powerful army of Saxons and Russians, compelled his rival to retreat to Dantzic, whence he escaped with difficulty into France.

Though Augustus was a mild and moderate Prince, and did every thing to satisfy the Poles, he never could gain their hearts; and all he obtained from them was merely shelter, when the King of Prussia drove him from his capital and Electorate.

Augustus died at Dresden in 1763, upon which Stanislaus Poniatowski was chosen King, by the name of Stanislaus Augustus; though it is said that the election was conducted irregularly, and that he obtained the Crown chiefly through the influence of the Empress of Russia.

He was a man of abilities and address, but from various encurring circumstances, he had the unhappiness to see Poland, during his reign, a scene of desolation and calamity.

In 1776, a petition was presented to the King in the name of all the Protestant nobility, and in behalf also of the members of the Greek Church, conjointly called the dissidents, in which they demanded to be re-instated in their ancient rights and privileges, and to be placed on the same footing in every respect as the Roman Catholic subjects of the kingdom. The King gave no answer to the petition of the dissidents; but the matter was referred to the diet which was held the next year, when the Ministers of the Courts of London, Russia, Berlin, and Copenhagen, supported their pretensions. The diet received the complaints of the dissidents with great moderation, as to the free exercise of their worship; which gave some flattering expectations that the affair would be happily terminated. But the intrigues of the King of Prussia appear to have prevented this: for though he openly professed to be a zealous defender of the cause of the dissidents, it was manifest, from the event, that his great aim was to promote the views of his own ambition.

The intervention of the Russians in the affairs of Poland, also gave great disgust to all parties in the kingdom. The whole nation ran into confederacies formed in distinct Provinces; the popish clergy were active in opposing the cause of the dissidents; and this country became a prey to the most cruel and complicated of all wars, partly civil, partly religious, and partly foreign. The confusion, devastation, and civil war continued in