The Remainders of the Memoirs of

# Maciej Rogowski

Regimental Captain of the Bar Confederation

published with an introduction by

**Konstanty Gaszynski**

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## Introduction by the Publisher

Nearly thirty years ago, as a far as I can remember, there lived in the neighborhood of my parents' home a very illustrious citizen, Maciej Rogowski. He was known in the area as the *Captain of Cavalry*; as during the Bar Confederation he had this rank and fought during this five year war. It was considered a rebellion by the Court of King Stanislaw August and the supporters of the Petersburg Tsarina, but every true Pole knew that it was a holy fight for the rights of the nation. Rogowski was also called an *American*, for the reason that he went to that remote part of the world with Pulaski and Kosciuszko, and several other Poles, to fight for American independence under Washington's command.

All respected and loved Mr. Maciej because he was friendly and kind, fun loving and joyful. He saw much of the world, met many people, saw much and had experiences. His talk, therefore, was incredibly interesting and the stories were often laced with humorous anecdotes which were always entertaining to hear. For fifteen miles around, at every name-day party, baptism or wedding among the nobility it was unthinkable not to invite the Captain. And when a party was planned in the neighborhood, all would ask, "Will the American be there?"

The memories of one's youth do not fade easily, so today after so many years, I still can picture the figure of this respected old gentleman clearly and distinctly, as if I had just seen him yesterday. Rogowski wore the old traditional nobleman's attire: a split-sleeve coat, a brocade robe and a woven sash. He was slender and tall, straight like a young man despite his advanced age and bad health. His moustache was long and white as milk, hanging down his thin face, giving seriousness to his animated face that was lit up by large blue eyes. Across his bald head there were scars and traces of old wounds. And many times while drinking he would repeat jokingly that his head was strong — because it had been riveted with lead and steel. Rogowski never married and for this reason he was proud of his title of *March Cavalier* [word play on bachelor / cavalry captain]. His older sister, a childless widow, kept house for him.

On returning back home after a long absence the Captain found that his family's village was deserted and nearly ruined. There were debts, so he sold it and gathering some capital, had to live on rental income and loans. But in time with good husbandry he set himself up and did well; he was not wealthy but did not know want. He could entertain guests, especially on the Day of St. Maciej [Matthew], which celebration usually turned into a three day revel. From this the neighbors would depart well fed and — more often than not — quite drunk. But in this last instance their host would console them with the old Polish proverb, the noble sentiment, that only a dishonest man fears to get tipsy *for while intoxicated he might speak of his own dishonorable acts and treasonous intents.*

Though my father was younger, he lived in great friendship with the Captain. They visited often, and when I was a young boy I listened to their long conversations with interest and enjoyment. Rogowski spoke of the Bar Confederation, while my father talked

about Kosciuszko's Insurrection. And in this fashion I learned the history of our nation, beginning not with Lech, [legendary founder of Poland] but with King Stanislaw August. To me, Casimir Pulaski and Thaddeus Kosciuszko were the greatest of Polish heroes, for I knew of them since childhood and learned their biographies from eyewitnesses who accompanied these great leaders.

Rogowski had a great book bound in red satin, in which he wrote down his entire life, the wars and voyages. When asked, he would fetch the book from his office and read parts of it. These stories were listened to in silence and praised at conclusion. Later, when I was older I would come from Warsaw to vacation at home and started to write poetry and prose, I'd sneak off to Raducz, to see Rogowski, who loved me greatly, and borrow from him French and Polish books. He would sometimes let me read from that great red volume. The title of it was: *A recounting of incidents in which during my youth I took part or witnessed.*

In 1828 Rogowski died, his sister gave the property into rental to others selling the livestock and possessions, and moved to live with relatives in Kujavia. For a time everyone remembered the old Captain with sympathy, then as it is with people, the talk ceased. Even I must admit that I forgot my old friend and his book, whose pages once provided me with such great enjoyment.

Yet soon there were some more important incidents: the night of November 21, the campaign of 1831 and the unhappy emigration that followed. Seeing the country in death throes there was no time to think of dead neighbors. But finally six or seven years ago I received Pasek's memoirs and other documents on family history published in Poznan from manuscripts by Raczynski. Then I remembered the red-bound book of Captain Rogowski and immediately decided to make every effort to find it and have the original, or even a copy, published in France. Difficulties I encountered spurred me on and made me firm in my resolve, even more so because there was nothing in print about Casimir Pulaski's stay in Germany, Turkey, France and America. I found nothing in Kitowicz's memoirs, and Ferrand had only one mention, and that of little significance. But I remembered that Rogowski wrote much about these things.

Therefore, I immediately contacted one of my good friends who lived in the Poznan Kingdom and providing him with the necessary instructions as to the place and persons whom he was to see, I urged him strongly that he himself, or through friends, should try to recover this manuscript.

I waited for a few years, my friend having no relations in Kujavia. But then growing impatient I started to send numerous letters; he made a special trip to the Kingdom, replying in his letter that he was *a new Argonaut in pursuit of another golden fleece!*

He inquired of Mrs. D., the sister of Rogowski who lived in the vicinity of Kowal with her relations, and explaining the matter stated that he was asking in my name, a search started across the house for the manuscript. This would be easily recognized for its red cover and was later found on a shelf in the pantry.

"I grabbed the dusty book (he wrote) lost among the cheeses and vittles with the kind of enthusiasm as was possessed by young Achilles when he snatched weapons from among the feminine baubles where sly Ulysses concealed them. The covers were intact, but unfortunately — *oh, horror, horror* — inside fully half the pages were missing. For the format of the book was large and the paper thick in these Relations so it was used to seal broken windowpanes. And every Easter holiday more damage would be wrought, as it was admitted to me that through ignorance (which proves that ignorance can be a sin) pages of Bar Confederation History were used to line pans for baking cookies and cakes. Most of the pages were missing from the front. However, the housekeeper, obviously not members of the *des bas blues* [upper crust] confraternity, ripped pages from both ends. I had the thought that this rescued middle portion might hold no interest and was not worth taking, but when I looked at it I could not tear myself away from reading. After over an hour of reading I reached the end and was truly sorry there was not more. In that which remained after the barbarous havoc wrought by the illiterate hand, there were many interesting and little known details that could be historical material and also a picture of customs during those times. With permission of Mrs. D. I took your treasure and kept it with me. I have it here in secret, copying it onto thinner paper in a portable format, and when the opportunity presents itself I will send this to you in Paris."

The letter slowly saddened me. How many historical treasures (I thought) gathered by our forebears suffered a similar fate. Fires set by Swedes and Muscovites did consume many interesting manuscripts but the careless fashion of running a household and lack of literary schooling probably caused the loss of many more! I consoled myself with the thought that my efforts saved (after damage in a nobleman's larder) at least half of Rogowski's memoirs. But long was my wait for the expected package, yet at the beginning of the year I received it and now can take to the printer.

The reader will find here the last actions by Pulaski at Czestochowa and his departure from the fortress. Then the story of his first emigration to Germany, which was not unlike our own (at least the bad parts), for there were disagreements, insults, and duels — and even a Prophet. Later, there are interesting details about Pulaski at the head of a Confederate unit during the Turkish war against the Muscovites in 1774. Then his travel through France and arrival in America in 1777. There is mention of his skirmishes with the English where Pulaski and his countrymen fought bravely and gained glory for Polish arms in the world. Finally, a description of the death suffered by this Ajax of Bar during the storming of the City of Savannah at the end of 1779 and the departure of the memoir's author to Europe.

The last part of the manuscript was the most interesting because it may be the only historical document on the subject. In no Polish or French work are any of these details found. *

* In only two books published in America: *The history of the American revolution, by David Ramsay* and the twelve volume correspondence of Washington collected and published in Boston in 1837; before *Jared Sparks* — can one find a few short but very favorable remarks about Pulaski's courage and his heroic death.

We knew only about the place and date of Casimir Pulaski's death. But the hardships he endured, the battles he fought, the discouragement he experienced from the time of his landing on the soil of the United States — there is not a word.

On the few pages missing at the end, there must not have been anything interesting, for I know that Captain Rogowski, during the Kosciuszko Insurrection in 1794 spent nearly ten months ill in bed with a dire sickness. In this new struggle, shorter but more devoted to the national cause, he could have had no part. But we may well regret the loss of the first four books in which, as I remember, there was a detailed account of Pulaski's expedition to Lithuania, the arrival of French officers to aid the Confederation, the taking of the Krakow fortress, and the most detailed information about the long and heroic defense of Czestochowa against attacks launched by Drewicz who, at this place that he called a *hen-house* but lost 2,000 men and from where had to shamefully retreat.

The style of these memoirs is rather naive, sometimes crude, but clear, bright and full of life. The scenes are shown without artistic pretensions yet form dramatic groupings. There are anecdotes, epigrammatic comments, aptly sketched portraits of individuals known from history. Finally, in the writing there something very engaging and reminiscent of Pasek!

In our language we do not have that which the French call the military style in which Balzac wrote his *Historie de Napoleon racontee par un vieux soldat*. But we have something great that is analogous: a style that may be called the *nobleman's* or the *split-sleeve coat style* [reference to the traditional nobleman's attire *the kontusz*]. We have some recently published works in this style, set in various eras, by persons who wrote for themselves not for the public. They had no intent of producing artistic effects — they simply related in a naive fashion, as if they were sitting at their fireside with a pipe or glass of Hungarian red wine in hand, and were telling a story to friends. Among memorials of this type, first place is held by Pasek's *Memoirs*; later there is General Kopec's *Journal of Travels.* Kilinski's *Diaries* and the writings of Rogowski. In many parts of *Pan Tadeusz*, Mickiewicz masterfully seized this type of nobles' language, and preserved it for posterity, cast in the eternal bronze of his rhyme!

This nobleman's style is so commonplace that I will go as far as to say it is *not for use in books.* For in 1828 or 1829 when Pasek's manuscript was given to an editor at one of the literary magazines in Warsaw, the editor, a man who revelled in the well-bred endings as used by Osinski and the tuneful expressions of Stanislaw Potocki, which were rounded by Cicero's file — stated that if he were to use parts of it, he would have to invest much time. *For it is a fine and a good thing but the editing and style must be changed from end to end.* Pasek's work was in danger of this kind of sacrilege; and the incredible verses from the seventeenth century were a hairbreadth from being buried in classical mortar applied by a mason of the Warsaw school!

*Buffon*, though a member of the Paris Academy wrote: *le style c'est l'homme* [the style is the man] but our artisans could not stand individuality. They were the great levellers,

saying “style is the echo of our voice, the modulation of the many works we publish stamped by our seal!” Having the military government of Prince Konstantin as an example they wanted to dress writers in the one and same uniform, arrange them in ranks and have them execute maneuvers under one command. Woe to him who should make an error in a movement; he would be shorn of honor and sentenced*: non dignus est intrare*...

People of the old school reached a point where they would even want to beautify and order nature. They clipped the fulsome branches of trees, dressed shepherds in satin, and placed silk ribbons on the necks of sheep.

I am sure that had the Venus Medici not been carved of Carrera marble, but made of wax, and fell into the hands of *Coysevox, Coustou* or another such sculptor from the time of Louis XV, they would have rounded her arms, given her a broader face, and on her head would be placed, if not a wig then at least a wreath of flowers — and in her hand a freshly blooming rose!

I must apologize to the reader for this romantic sermonizing — I was led to this by considering the danger faced by *Jan Chryzostom Pasek’s* work — and spilled my bile *intra parenthesis,* as Rogowski was wont to say. Now to return to the subject.

These *Remains of Memoirs* that I am publishing have this main virtue and thus become interesting from the historical and literary viewpoint, because they have this *nobleman’s style* giving us a daguerreotype of a man living in the middle of the past century and looking at the world through glasses tinted by the dust of a Jesuit education and the prejudices of his age. Yet he is one who, from the place where he stands, sees things very simply and clearly. He is not an actor appearing on a stage knowing that a large audience has its eyes upon him. Therefore, he puts on no makeup, he does not use shoe-lifts, nor does he drape his tunic into artistic folds. He relates plainly all the incidents to which he was a witness that were worthy of memory. If the telling is sometimes humorous or dramatic — it is natural without effort to create humor or create an effect. The pen is not an artificial stylus, but the recorder of the everyday speech — a horn which transmits sound without beautifying it.

Today when such a *nobleman’s tale* is to be placed in Guttenberg’s form, something never expected to happen, I do not regret the care I endured, nor the troubles and worries that took place over the years during which the manuscript was found and obtained. Persons who are interested in things of their fathers, for whom literary and historical monuments are of higher worth than shares in railroads — will be grateful for the discovery and publication of this surprising story. I myself am happy and have a pride in the thought that there is this edifice to our past, that was built by the dear departed Count Raczynski through his effort and care for today’s Poland — and that I added one more small brick to it!

Paris May 30, 1847

Konstanty Gaszynski

The Remainder of the Memoirs of

# Maciej Rogowski

## End of Book Five

*Zaremba's Desertion - Incursion by forces of Three Neighboring Powers onto Polish lands - Departure of Casimir Pulaski from Czestochowa*

... what alarmed and saddened Pulaski. Because Zaremba, from the skirmish at Koscian (where he totally defeated Captain Olszow as I already mentioned earlier) and the matter of Widawski (where he roughed up Branecki's people) avoided all occasions for battle and did no harm to the enemy — though his going over to the royal side weakened the Confederation and served as a bad example to others. Meanwhile, the awful letter he wrote to Salder put a stain on the national character and tore at the hearts of true patriots.

18. I must here add *in parenthesis* that Zaremba's command by then had distinguished itself by its strictness and military discipline. There was very little rabble there, all the men were well equipped and trained. So did Zaremba love his army that he tended to conserve it, rarely going into battle. Dzierzanowski, a famous wit, had said that Zaremba "did not want the bright guns to get soot on them from firing; nor the white ammunition belts and brass cartridge boxes to get stained with blood."

Sometime it happened that he could have scattered a small Russian or regular army unit but he let them pass right under his nose, preferring to guard his own villages from Cossack raids or looting by such brigands and robbers like Zbikowski, Bachowski and others (who under the guise of the Confederation plied the trade of highwaymen) than to fight for the endangered faith and independence of the Rzeczpospolita [Poland]. In the man there were very many virtues but private interest spoiled everything as he thought of himself only, and not of the common cause. And that is why now he became submissive to Poniatowski. He got friendly with Salder and bowed to the Russian Tsarina; to save his fortune and obtain rank at the court.

19. Thus Pulaski, wishing to punish Zaremba's lack of loyalty struck him in the place most vital to him, that is his lands, deciding to burn and destroy completely his properties at Kisiele and Rozprza a few miles from Piotrkow. To achieve this end he took with him about five-hundred men and marched from Czestochowa on June 24 on the feast of St. John the Baptist taking the tract leading to Sieradz. We marched about a mile, when Pulaski passing by my unit beckoned to me (for as it was said already he loved me and shared his thoughts). I gave the horse the spur and caught up with him and we rode on the side discussing things, but mostly about Zaremba's treachery. Pulaski was a lively man and quick to anger, so it was said about him with some truth that his blood would boil on occasion. He was very angry at Zaremba recalling his earlier activities that bode no good for the future. How instead of aiding Czestochowa when it was under siege by Drewicz, he uselessly chased after Malczewski; or how later he would not announce the Proclamation of Dethronement among his command. And then his contacts with the pawns of Warsaw, with the Prussian generals and the Russian colonel's wife Renowa, all with great affection and confidences. I cannot forget how sharp the words were that fell

from his lips when he spoke of all these things and could not get over the fact that when Zaremba visited Czestochowa a few months earlier he did not have him arrested and put before a court martial as a plotting traitor (about which there were already rumors.)

20. After a hurried march we reached Radomsk by evening. It was a small town about six miles from Czestochowa and there we made our camp for the night. Pulaski and Captain Wielichowski (who recently left Zaremba and joined us with his men) and I, made our quarters in a brick home of Stacherski, a jurist. But just as we lay down to rest, with Pulaski in the better furnished room, and Wielichowski and I in the other chamber, we heard a knocking at the door. Then someone entered and started a loud argument. I jumped onto my feet, grabbed a pistol in one hand and sabre in the other and asked through the door as to what the noise was about. Then I heard the voice of a messenger saying that he had brought an urgent letter to the Marshal from Radziminski at Czestochowa and had orders to deliver it immediately. Striking a fire and lighting a candle, I drew back the bolt and opened the door. I recognized the face of our companion Osipowski holding a large letter in his hand. While Wielichowski and I were discussing whether we should wake Pulaski or wait till dawn, he came awakened by the noise, and entered our room. Then taking the candlestick and the letter, he started to read. Right away we could see that it was not good news because the color in Pulaski's face had started to run out and while reading he began to tap with his foot while twisting his moustache — which indicated consternation. "Rogowski (he told me) have the trumpeter call the men to horse in two hours — we have no time to rest — just don't oversleep, my brother." Then he went to his room and slammed shut the door, leaving the three of us wondering what was happening, which we guessed was nothing good.

21. Thus, well before sunrise when the squads formed up on the market square, we were most surprised that instead of marching to Piotrkow Pulaski told us to march back to Czestochowa. So Zaremba got away this time but not for long, because God punished him better than could have been accomplished by our sinful hands by burning his mansion and properties. This did not happen right away but a few years later, and I'll mention it here because there will be no opportunity to speak later about his unhappy end. Poniatowski received his submission with joy, but aside from courteous words and promises he gave him no command or any hoped-for favors. On arrival at the capital Zaremba was greeted by catcalls and shouted epithets calling him a traitor. As a deserter, he was pelted with stones and mud. At the court he tried to get into the king's good graces but without avail. With a sour expression on his face he consequently went back to his home in Sieradz where while taking a dry bath he was burned alive. It happened in this way. He was in the wooden tub, closed up to the neck, while through a side opening steam was generated from alcohol that was poured from a ceramic demijohn. The boy handling it, dropped it either accidentally or because it was too heavy. The alcohol spilled partly into the tub, and partly onto the floor and as it broke, upset a candlestick holding a lighted candle. Quickly everything was on fire, the lid of the tub was warped by the heat. There was no way to remove it and free Zaremba who was on fire and screamed to heaven for succor. No one, neither his brother, who was there, nor any of the servants thought to get and axe and smash the tub (which was later done). He was horribly burned and died a few hours later in terrible sufferings. It was also said (but I doubt

it) that it was not the alcohol outside that caught fire, but the liquor which was already in his gut and this caused his death. For Zaremba liked strong drink and especially spirits which he imbibed without measure. Like it or not, the finger of God was in this incident, for here was punished a disloyal man who abandoned friends and went over to the opposite side.

22. We marched quickly on the same road we used the previous day, thinking and speculating as to the reason for our rapid return. The marshal rode in silence, saddened, and spoke to no one. We were afraid to ask, but later learned the bad new in the letter Osipowski brought. The news were as follows. Radziminski (a fine and courageous cavalryman, whom the marshal would place in command of Czestochowa when he left on one of his raids) told Pulaski that immediately after our departure he was informed that the Austrian [king] at last removed his false mask — chasing out the Generality [Command of the Bar Confederation]. Tyniec, Lanckorona, and Bobrek were occupied by his troops and taken by treacherous means. His forces moved into the Krakow, Sandomierz and Wolyn voivodships, knowing already that the Prussians had moved into Wielkopolska and were after the Confederates. It was impossible to oppose all three powers and now one had to see to one's own safety. Pulaski was accused of regicide, which might cost him his head. Radziminski advised that the marshal forget about punishing Zaremba and think about his own position. All these details were revealed to me a few days later as we stealthily made our way through Silesia — and time proved the truth of it.

23. Well after sunset we reached Czestochowa and immediately Pulaski conferred with Radziminski, the two having shut themselves in the old refectory where they talked about an hour. I started to undress in my cell for I was most weary after the two-day march when Pulaski come to see me. I was surprised at his appearance for his face was much changed and instead of his rich hussar's uniform decorated with silver (which he always wore) he had on a grey jacket and a plain navy-blue cap with grey fleece trim. "Maciej, (he said to me) our cause is in a bad way. My brother, I have never despaired, but this time when three powers have declared war against us and our allies do nothing, I see no possibility of defense. One could perhaps break down walls with one's head but the head would get broken instead, but I need my head for the future when these bad times pass. What more, if we desperately hang onto this holy place devoted to the Mother of God, it will be ruined and despoiled by Protestants and Schismatics. So I must cross the border to save myself, and knowing how much you love me, and that I may always count on you, I am asking you to accompany me on this trip. "

"My dear Marshal (I was quite touched by this and said, kissing him on the shoulder [?]) I will follow you to the ends of the earth, even to the Antipodes; as long as I have strength and life I will never abandon you."

He hugged me and said: "I will not thank you for I am sure of your heart," then, putting a finger to his lips: "Say nothing, my brother, of this to anyone for it would not be understood by the regiment whom I am leaving. Remove your uniform and dress plainly. When it gets light, we will leave Czestochowa quietly." Hearing this I could not sleep, though I had felt the need for it, and started to get ready for travel. I wrapped my leather

money-belt around myself, noting that it contained over 100 gold ducats some of which I had from home, others that I took from Cossack saddlebags which were never empty. I put on plain trousers and a dark blue jacket without any decorations and put two pistols in my holsters. Pulaski was not sleeping, he was busy writing a farewell letter to the regiment which he did in a fine and sincere style so that (as we later learned) everyone, even the toughest soldiers, wept while listening to it being read. I saved a copy of this letter and would have quoted it here but I lost it together with some baggage during our unhappy adventures in Turkey (of which I will write later).

24. I had a great desire to say goodbye to my good friend and relative Kalasanty Bzowski, but then I would have to reveal the secret, so with pain in my heart I decided not to. I knelt before my pictured of the Blessed Virgin (which hung above my bed) and prayed with ardor to that Queen of Poland, begging her to protect our unhappy nation and placing myself and Pulaski under her protection, asking her to guard and protect us among the many hazards which we were about to face. I barely finished my prayer when Bohdanek, Pulaski's cossack (who accompanied him from childhood and whom he liked tremendously) came and reported quietly that all were asleep in the fortress and that the horses were saddled and ready for travel. I took the pistols under my arm and went to the second courtyard following the wall, for it was still night, dark and cloudy. In a few minutes Pulaski was there; we mounted and each of us, after making the sign of the cross, started in great silence through a side entrance of the fortress. Once we travelled a distance, Pulaski who had remained silent, stopped his horse and spoke to me pointing with his hand toward Czestochowa. "Had this not been a holy place and had there not been so many mementoes dear to Polish history, I would not let it go, my brother, but would have defended it to the last and been buried in its rubble. I know the men would have been with me, but Radziminski was right. I need no holy grave, this Palladium of the Rzeczpospolita [Polish Republic] may not be given to the anti-papists [Protestants] for their despoiling."

## Book Six

*Travel through Silesia, Saxony, Bavaria, etc. - Meeting the Princess of Courland in Dresden - the Generality in Braunau - Mazowiecki in Turkey*

1. Pulaski's first intent was to make his way to Turkey as the only country in Europe that had made a sincere declaration to support the Confederation and helped it more than the Court of Versailles, taking up war against Russia. But there were great difficulties in making one's way across such a stretch of country that had various armies about. What is more important, the Divan [Turkish Court] was weakening and entering into negotiations with Russia, sending its plenipotentiary to Bucharest for discussions. It was not wise then to get into Turkish clutches and take risks without any advantage for our public cause, and make such a long and hazardous journey. The Prussian border was nearby and in Silesian cities were many of our citizens who were too cowardly to fight and sought safety outside our borders. There were few Prussian army units there because the bulk of them had moved toward Torun. Farther on in Dresden were many Polish malcontents who were part of the Prince of Courland's retinue. For these reasons and others we steered toward Prussia.

2. In Opole (or Oppolen in German) we met a nobleman from Kalisz, whose name today I can't remember. He was an incredible braggart and liar. He told us of his many successes and wartime deeds while under Malczewski's command. He counted fifty Russians whom he killed with his own hand and there were other tall tales in which there was not one word of truth. This was a nobleman who was an obvious coward; who definitely did not care for the smell of gunpowder; and for this reason decided to hide his cowardice in Silesia. But he tripped up most severely when he said that he knew Casimir Pulaski well, having served under him in the expedition to Lithuania. Pulaski had a good laugh listening to the boastful stories told by this braggart but did not contravene him, for there was no point. Moreover, this noble from Kalisz was an entertaining and useful man. When we told him that we were escaping, the Krakow Confederacy having been crushed, and were proceeding to Dresden and to join Prince Charles [Karol of Courland], he made our passage easier by showing us the way and providing a letter to a German friend in Swidnica. He was the first to tell us the news about the coming partition planned by Russia, Prussia and Austria. At first we could not believe this, thinking that this was another fabrication of his, but unfortunately (as it later turned out) it was the pure truth!

3. While we travelled I used my own name while Pulaski identified himself as Jan Karczewski, whereupon the Kalisz noble stated that the Karczewskis were his cousins, by way of his mother. Pulaski had a full money belt and paid for everything, not letting me spend a penny. But when I told him of my money supply he said, "Keep it hidden for when times get bad, I still have some cash and will not let you pay for my expenses." Bohdanek was a faithful and cheerful companion, always sober, always alert, looking after our horses and baggage as if these were his eye teeth. Sometimes to cheer us he would sing the sad Ukrainian tunes, so that on hearing a few notes we nearly cried a

tear. Our conversations were not especially happy, not uncommon among exiles who were leaving their beloved homeland for God knows how long. And the times for the homeland were going to be bad, and to soothe us there was only a bit of hope in the righteousness of our holy cause and God's providence!

4. After five days of travel we reached Swidnica which the Germans call *Szweydne* in their language. The letter written by the Kalisz noble was very helpful, because in the villages the folk speak Polish, but in the cities all is German including the language which we didn't speak. Pulaski knew French and I knew Latin, as much as the Jesuit Fathers had taught me, but in Silesia these two tongues were of no use. Fortunately our German host, a decent human being, spoke Polish well for he was once a practical medic for Lubomirski, starosta of Kazimierz [town] and after his employer died our German returned to his hometown to practice medicine. Here I will say in parenthesis that in those times there were no native doctors in Poland, only Germans or Jews, for local Poles, especially the nobles with crests, had an aversion to this profession; considering work done with a syringe or a lancet below their honor. They did blood-letting only with a sabre, taking it from the trunk or the head — from their own countrymen at the local political meetings or from the enemies of the Rzeczpospolita [Poland] on the battlefield. Thus this German took good care of us for two days, having learned hospitality in Poland — from where he brought back quite a sum of money for his *rhubarb* and other Latin prescriptions. He told us how to reach Dresden, taking the road through Zittawa and Gorzelice, which the latter the Germans call Gorlitz.

5. We made our way to Dresden for there resided the Prince of Courland and his wife, daughter of Krasinski, starosta of Nowomiejsk, whom the prince — son of the dear departed king — did marry in secret during his father's lifetime in Warsaw; and now after his death took to Dresden with him. Pulaski as a sixteen-year-old boy spent time in Starosta Krasinski's house and did fall in love with the one who later became the princess. It is said that she displayed affection toward him, but later when the Lubomirskis brought her to Warsaw and Prince Charles made his sincere sentiments known, young Franciszka — impressed with the rank of a pretender to the throne — forgot about Casimir, the Starosta of Warka. But Pulaski did not forget her, though as a good Catholic and an honest cavalier — seeing that the sacrament of marriage had separated him forever from his love — wanted to maintain for her a loyal heart and a pure friendship. He was not the author of the idea, but he did support those who favored Prince Charles during the Bar Confederation for the Polish throne, consoling himself that his Franciszka will put on the crown and he would make the way to the throne possible for her. We also knew that Rostworowski, starosta of Zytomierz, was in Dresden on Confederation business at the Saxon court and that Lady Moszynska, friend of the Courland princess, a good and respected woman known to Pulaski and me, was there as well. We hoped that these persons would tell us what happened to the Generality when it was chased out of Preszow and where we must go to effectively help our homeland.

6. On 8th of July we entered Dresden, the Saxon capital, an orderly city beautifully built, with wondrous palaces and churches of the finest construction. Rostworowski had already left, but Lady Moszynska greeted us courteously as a true friend. She informed

us that Krasinski, Pac, Oginski, and Bohusz, not knowing where to run, hid for a time in Vienna in the apartment of the ambassador serving the French Cardinal de Rohan. This Monsignor got them papers for travel through the Austrian lands to Bavaria - in which direction they departed meaning to stop at Munich (or Mnichow as we call it). She advised us that we should wait in Dresden to see which way the wind would blow, bringing perhaps some intervention in our plight from either France or Turkey. It was good advice, so we stayed with her, especially that we were most weary from the journey and our anxious hearts needed some kind of solace.

7. A few days later, kind Lady Moszynska took Pulaski in her carriage to see the Princess of Courland who did not live at the Elector's palace — as she by law deserved — but at a separate manor on the outskirts of Dresden. Though her marriage to the Prince was publicly announced, the Saxon court did not want give her the title or rank of princess. How the meeting between the two lovers went after thirteen years of separation, I can't say for I was not an eyewitness. Because of discretion, I did not ask for details, but after a few hours Pulaski returned depressed and sad. He said that he had seen the Princess and that they spoke long and with affection for the Confederation, he added with a sigh: "Maciej! The purple [royalty] and honors give no contentment and poor Franciszka is most unhappy." Later, I somehow learned that Prince Charles' old love for his wife had cooled and he neglected her, chasing after other women; though the princess was still young having but thirty years and being uncommonly beautiful.

8. In Dresden there were many Poles some of whom supported the Saxon court, and the others were travellers who had sought to find a safe haven during the troubles in their homeland. All would come to Lady Moszynska's or to the Mniewski home, greeting each other in person, but telling bad things about each other in private. Everyone had a point of view and it happened that one Lisiecki started saying to others that Casimir Pulaski was bribed by Salder with the sum of two-thousand red zlotys to leave the Confederation. There is in our nation such a flaw that through envy or vanity they like to make foul gossip about persons who have done service to the homeland. This is not the only example. When in the times of king Jan Kazimierz Stefan Czarniecki chased the Swedes out of the country and saved the Rzeczpospolita; some of the magnates looked at him cross-eyed and said *how was it possible for such a petty noble to possibly deserve a seat in the Senate* while sowing various lies about him. And what about Smigielski, of honorable memory, who during the time of Augustus II, beat the Saxon army — was he not accused of being a traitor? Not so long ago, [Jozef] Pulaski Starosta of Warka, a gray-haired old man, like old Priam of Troy, sacrificed himself and his sons in the service of his homeland; and did he not run afoul of the intrigues the Potockis hatched, and was he not put under arrest where from worry and grief did he not suffer the end of his virtuous life? Should it then be that his son, the great cavalier and worthy warrior of Poland, would not escape the evil of human tongues! After all these years my heart breaks when I write of this great injustice. Our Lord Christ said that Jerusalem murdered its prophets; so our Rzeczpospolita should weep that we do stone our finest sons. Forgive them Lord, for they do not know what they do!

9. I did not know about these calumnies but Lisiecki was so persistent in spreading these

lies that they got back to Pulaski who immediately challenged him to a duel and so did he punish this villain that he had to take back all his foul accusations and then sneak out of Dresden where everyone tormented him by repeating insulting jokes about the duel. The thing went like this. They dueled with swords and we know that Pulaski was a master in fencing, so had he wanted he could have split Lisiecki's skull but merely contented himself with carving off his right ear. Thus, Lisiecki, by losing an ear came out (so they said) shamefully and attracted the laughter of the populace for it was repeated that he whose tongue wags too much shall be shorn of an ear. This and other remarks caused him to flee and so there was peace among us for a time. Even though all respected Pulaski and no one believed these accusations, they were repeated thoughtlessly, so had not Pulaski punished Lisiecki there might have been a few simple minded sops who would have believed the rumor. But the amputated ear put a stop to all of this. Pulaski, however, was most affected, for he was a fiery man and felt it all deeply, especially the injustice of it. Sometimes when mentioning it he had tears in his eyes, and it took all of my persuasions, the goodness of Lady Moszynska and the good advice of the Prince of Courland to calm him down.

10. There took place in Dresden another duel caused by a pun, and this is how it happened. A few of us went to the Hungarian [tavern?] to empty a few bottles of wine, not to get drunk but to take on a better humor. In the discussion it came up that Lithuanian surnames are usually short; for example: Pac, Los, Karp etc. While those in the [Polish] Kingdom are long and end in *ski*. Two different peoples, to be sure, but Kulinski, a ready wit, said: "So that if a person of the Kingdom had the name Kiepski [the pun is that the word "kiepski" means "shoddy"] — and if he lost the *ski* he would become a Lithuanian!" All roared with laughter, except for one, because in the company we had but one Lithuanian, and he had a short name, that being Szczyt. This man was offended by such characterization of Lithuanians and challenged Kulinski to a duel. They used pistols and shot twice, both times without effect, even though the second time they stood six paces apart. After that their seconds and other Poles were able to settle the matter, stating correctly, that the matter was a jest while drinking, and it was not worth to have two such fine cavaliers kill each other just to prove their manhood and determination. They shook hands and went off happily.

11. The important political happenings then taking place took our attention away from these trifles. The partition of the Rzeczpospolita by three powers was no longer a secret. Sir von Effen, the Saxon representative in Warsaw, had sent news of it to the Court and all of Germany was buzzing with the news. We were most unhappy about the coming of this great storm cloud, hoping that the rain which may fall would be gentle. Meanwhile, we got thunder and lightning aimed with great power at our unhappy country. So it is that speculations are mainly in error and Almighty God often punishes the innocent for the sins of their fathers. May His holy will be blest! In that time our commanders who were the Generality, had settled in Bavaria and wrote a protest, that came from Bohusz's pen, sending it to the Sultan in Stanbul and to the Dutch newspapers.

12. I once went with Pulaski to dinner with the Princess of Courland. She lived in her manor but not in a showy way — enough for the daughter of a Polish magnate but not

enough for the wife of a prince. Here was a lady of rare wisdom and virtuous sentiments, and uncommonly beautiful. Her body was lean, her face smooth but pale — possibly from worry. Her eyes were lively and engaging, with a voice that was most pleasant and captivated the soul. Pulaski, a man of courage and solid constitution, trembled in her presence as if standing before the Father Rector [at school ?]. I did pity him for I knew that it was concealed sentiment which brought on this timidity. We spoke much about this and that, but mostly about the situation in the Rzeczpospolita. The princess knew well about the wartime deeds of Pulaski and heaped upon him well-deserved praises and urged him to endure. She mentioned that Prince Charles was truly loyal to Poland, which was not his second, but his first homeland. There were other discussions of former times when the princess was but a simple Starosta's daughter and spent time with Pulaski. Knowing their secret I looked at her carefully and noticed that, while speaking of this, her cheek reddened, but Pulaski also blushed. But both maintained proper manners as required of a virtuous lady and a true cavalier who were separated by the sacrament of marriage!

13. We had already spent a few months in Drezden when a new companion arrived, Captain Wielichowski; who had grown very much attached to Pulaski. He told us that he was an eyewitness when, a few days after our departure, Suvarov and a large army came to Czestochowa demanding its surrender. Radzimiski answered he would only surrender to the Polish king, and would only give the Jasna Gora into the charge of the royal forces. So the Russians stormed the walls several times but were always repelled suffering losses. Finally, on August 15th there came orders from Warsaw that the fortress should be surrendered. So Radziminski, with pain in his heart, obeyed the king's order. The Russians did not harm the defenders (as they did when taking the Krakow fortress, that I already mentioned). All were allowed to go freely. Suvarov, though of the Orthodox Church, made an example of praying before the altar of the Sacred Virgin and did not let anyone harm the monks. In this way he showed himself better than the Protestant Drewicz who threw blasphemies at the Mother of God, and for this he did suffer punishment at our sinful hands.

14. Not much later, Pulaski received letters from the Generality bidding him come to the city of Braunau in Bavaria where Krasinski, Pac and others who left Munich were staying. He was asked to attend a council on the fate of the endangered Rzeczpospolita. To this call he could not shut his ears, but hurried there forthwith. Though Dresden was a paradise to us, we went on our way bidding farewells to Prince Charles and the Princes, and Lady Moszynska who was like a mother to us. Likewise, with the other Poles who poured blessings upon us, wishing us a safe journey an a rapid return. The trip went well but the return never took place for God had other things in mind! We had come to Dresden rather unhappy, and now we left with our hearts even sadder, for we were leaving behind a whole group of dear friends and going out into the world, farther and farther from our beloved homeland.

15. The details of our journey are not worth writing down, for what is there to say? Our coach turned over once, but God preserved us from harm. During our overnight stay in Pilzen, Bohdanek beat up four Czechs — and there were similar insignificant incidents.

I'd prefer to get down to brass tacks and give a picture of our Generality which we found in Braunau. The chief persona were: Michal Krasinski, the blood brother of the Kamieniec Bishop, the Royal Marshal; General Michal Pac, Marshal General of Lithuania; and Ignacy Bohusz, secretary of the Confederation. All three well fattened, of short stature but combative, especially Krasinski and Bohusz. The first was friendly, humorous and a reveler; the other full of information and very eloquent. Both were men of energy, of such there are few; and dressed in the Polish fashion. Michal Pac had a plain face, but was educated, and his manner was so courteous and sweet that he would be a balm to place on a wound. Pac dressed in French clothes with a whig and short jacket and with his gentle manner mitigated his two more pugnacious companions. Oginski had already departed for London, but we met there two other gentlemen, Wiesolowski and Lninski.

16. Each of these men had a fair supply of money, in addition to which the Vienna based banker Brear, sent them the remaining amount from the French subsidies deposited with him. Thus they could live in a grand style, in the noble manner, giving receptions and parties. Just as locust will go into an open beehive, all the Poles from various places in the German Reich came to dine at their tables in Braunau. There were many there and among them some persons not known to anyone, hangers-on, idlers and fops worth nothing and of bad character. I will give one sad example here. Shortly after our arrival in Braunau the decent and worthy Mr. Lninski died and was laid out in his home on a catafalque dressed quite properly. On the day of the funeral we came to the house and saw that the crucifix he had in his folded hands, as was proper for a Catholic burial, had been removed and a Jack of Clubs inserted in its place. One of the young idlers made an improper jest because the dead man had been an inveterate card player. We were most offended by the sacrilege. I don't know which one did it but I'm sure that God had punished him — for a dead body is a holy thing, even for the Protestants and the Moslems.

17. We spent several months in Braunau. Pulaski went to the councils but there was no agreement. The two impulsive men, Krasinski and Bohusza, were now joined by Pulaski, who was also quick to action and an outspoken fellow besides. It was no use for Pac to try to calm them; the Generality was boiling over like a pot of overheated water. Bohusz respected Pulaski and even loved him, but the two magnates could not forget that at one time the elder Pulaski represented the Czartoryskis in court. So many times they let Pulaski know their displeasure — not openly but in devious ways, because he would not let himself be teased — but in a noble and courtly manner. Tired of this and seeing that his presence there would do no good, Pulaski decided to leave Braunau (especially since he was not a member of the Generality, but was only called to consult).

18. We left in the middle of January in the year of Our Lord 1773 for Frankfurt where Karp and Wielichowski were staying and after crossing much of the German country, we stopped. There we learned that a Manifesto had been published by the Three Powers about the partitions. Russia released our senators who were kept in Kaluga, and that an extraordinary Sejm [Congress of the Polish Nobility] was convened for April 19th. Each day brought worse news. The Sejm had transformed itself into a confederation under the command of Poninski, a man of poor reputation a sycophant of the king and a Russian sympathizer; thus he had the support of Sztakelberg. The deputies from Nowogrod, the

well remembered Tadeusz Reytan and Samuel Korsak, protested bravely and eloquently, opposing this violence like Cato the Roman did of old. But when the armies of the Three Powers entered Warsaw and surrounded the place where the deputies met — Poniatowski became frightened and wept (the only real talent he had was in being able to cry — a virtue in a beaver, but not in a king) begging the Sejm not to worsen the situation with useless opposition. Then a delegation was chosen which later shamefully approved the action of the Tree Powers.

19. Each day brought new alarms. Every newspaper, every letter reported new disasters and unhappiness. Only one letter contained hope. It was from Mazowiecki, Commander of the Confederation in the Dobrzyn lands, a good man and a determined cavalier. After the Bar Confederation was scattered Mazowiecki and several officers made it to Turkey and while staying in Sylistrya with his men, learned from a French traveler who happened by, that the Generality and Pulaski were in Braunau in Bavaria, so at the next opportunity he expedited a letter which Bohusz then forwarded to Frankfurt. In the letter Mazowiecki stated that the Turks will be making war on Russia; and the Poles are being treated fairly and there is the promise of protection and care from the excesses of the Three Powers. Already some of our Confederates gathered around him (some were in Turkey since 1768) waiting to take up arms against our common foe alongside the Ottoman army. He invited Pulaski to come and lose no more time among the Germans, but hurry to Sylistrya and take over command of the Poles who await his coming like rain in the desert. Pulaski and all of us were glad to hear this news and grabbed onto this hope which was as a gossamer spider web that could easily break and make all our efforts useless and only cause more misery (about this later).

20. On the same day as we received Mazowiecki's letter there arrived at our place a strange man who was telling incredible and miraculous things. He was a Pole, but would not tell us his family name. He was dressed like a priest in a broad hat, in a long black robe much like that the Jews wear, and was wrapped about the middle with a rope like a monk. He said that he had a vision of St. Stanislaw Bishop and Martyr, protector of the Rzeczpospolita, who told him to preach to the Poles that the Three Partitioning Powers, soon will be punished. That St. Petersburg will be subject to destruction by water, Vienna by the air [plague], and Berlin by fire. Poland would be ruled by a king born on an island with great power and have extensive borders, etc. He spoke easily and with force while in his eyes was something frightening and it seemed he was a madman. But when Pulaski made an accurate observation that since the prophet had a mission from St. Stanislaw then he should preach his message in Poland not in the German lands; the man repled (lifting up his finger heavenward) that such was the will of God and there the star leads him. This strange man spent a day in Frankfurt and then went to some unknown locality. The money we offered him to pay his way he refused, but only partook of food and rest with us. Then we heard no more of him. No doubt he was caught and put into the loony-bin, for his speech and behavior certainly qualified him for it.

21. At about this time we learned from the newspapers that the investigation into the king's abduction had been concluded. Lukaski and Cybulski were beheaded in Warsaw and Pulaski, though absent (and on whom the entire blame was placed) was also con-

demned to death. This unjust verdict did sadden Pulaski and he wrote a protest against this verdict, which in its first version was clear and honest. But unfortunately, Karp through overzealousness and bad advice persuaded him to deny any participation in this unfortunate affair. Despite my advice, the Marshal let himself be turned, and wrote a second version according to Karp's suggestion, sending it to e Dutch newspaper where I read it as printed (for having nothing to do I decided to study French and was pretty good at it). In time Pulaski regretted it but it was too late, for it was already on the printed page, and it did not change public opinion at all.

22. As we know, Pulaski was not the author of the plot to abduct the king, but when Strawinski told him of this plan, he did not object and even promised his aid. On the designated day he took a troop of men toward Warsaw where the conspirators were to meet. But there was no intent to murder the king, the best proof being what Pulaski said to Radziminski in my presence after the plot failed: "I'm glad that is happened this way, Sir, because what would I do with this *Ciolek* [ciolek = calf] (for this was the Poniatowski crest)." When Radziminski replied "Had they killed him, it would have been no great loss, for any other successor would have been better. And if Russia put Repnin on the throne of the Rzeczpospolita, he might have been better than this greedy incompetent." On hearing this Pulaski barked at him: "I could agree to dethronement but never to murder! Let the English kill their kings, but Polish and Catholic hands have not and never will be stained with such blood." Then he added that he would have received the king in Czestochowa with proper respect and through persuasion he could lead him to see a better way, avoiding any violence. Those who accuse Pulaski of regicide, should see if those would be words spoken by a murderer.

23. Meanwhile, war broke out in Turkey. When the negotiations in Bucharest broke, down Rumiancow crossed the Danube at the head of the Russian army at the beginning of June and went against a large and strong Turkish army, led by the blundering Vizier Muzum-Oglu. So at the beginning the Russians had the better of it, they beat the Turks twice, but when they reached Sylistrya and started a siege on the city they found it a nut too hard to crack. The garrison commander was a man of great heart and military talent. Meanwhile, Mazowiecki and his confederates did not just sit there like a bunch of painted beauties, but built up the Turks by giving them plenty of examples in courage. Many raids were made out of the city, so that the Russian army recently enjoying easy success and became dispirited — having to take the city and getting beaten repeatedly — ceased the siege retreating toward the Danube. During this unhappy retreat General Weymarn's corps was totally scattered, and the commander fell on the field of battle. Had the Turks been able to take advantage of these victories, probably not one live Russian would have escaped. These news reached us in Frankfurt and encouraged our rapidly beating hearts. We started to make serious preparations to go to Turkey.

24. Our Generality moved from Braunau to Augusburg, and from there to the free city of Lindau, sending from there two well written and strongly argued petitions authored by Bohusz to the Sultan in Stanbul, and also had them printed in the papers. Pulaski being in communication with Bohusz and the Princess of Courland told them about his intent of going to Turkey, and this idea was praised in Lindau and Dresden. The kind princess,

though not rich and having no obligations toward us, sent to us via banker Kuntz, a thousand red zlotys to pay for the costs of the journey. These funds came as if from heaven, and were most useful as Pulaski (who paid for everything) was beginning to run short of cash. Karp, who was of ill health but had a chest full of Lithuanian thallers (which he tried to conceal but we well knew) stayed in Germany. Meanwhile, Pulaski, Wielichowski and I, with our faithful Bohdanek, placing ourselves under the All-mighty's protection, left Frankfurt to meet new and unexpected dangers (about which I will write in the next book).

# Book Seven

*Arrival in Turkey - At the Camp of the Grand Vizier at Szumla - Scattering of the Turkish Army - Stay at Adrianopol and Rodosto*

1. We left Frankfurt at the end of December and did not arrive in Sylistrya until March 10th in the Year of Our Lord 1774 on the day of the Forty Holy Martyrs, which was also a prophecy of our future fate; for it seemed that we were but a handful of Christians tossed out to be martyred among the Muslims. If I had wanted to write out all the details of our long journey, partly by ship but mostly by land on horseback and in carriages, I would run out of vellum. For we saw many interesting things, foreign countries and cities aplenty. The people we met - Germans, Swiss, Italians, Venetians, Dalmatians, Bosnians, Serbs, Bulgars and others. But since I decided that in these books I would write only about political incidents connected to our country, thus I will not mention these things which are more suitable to and better left for geographers and scientists than to me, a soldier. I would like to add in parenthesis that the city I liked best was Venice where we spent about a week resting.

2. Venice is called *beautiful* by its inhabitants and rightly so. It is built on water, probably on oaken pilings and has palaces and churches so richly and finely built that there are none like them in Warsaw or Krakow. Never did I see any like them in the German states. In addition to a market ringed with shapely buildings, there is no place to walk, save the bridges. Even the oldest of the inhabitants cannot remember that there was ever in Venice a carriage or a horse while for getting around; they use long black painted boats covered with a canopy that are called *gondolas.* The people are very busy and the women are unusually beautiful, having great affection for foreigners. We visited the churches of which the choicest was that of St. Mark, patron saint of Venice; and also the state arsenal which was arranged for us by the French representative as the local government is very suspicious and often does not want foreigners looking at their secrets and sources of power.

3. Mazowiecki and other Confederates staying in Sylistrya received us with open arms, crying with joy. On the next day Pulaski went to see the Pasha who was commander of the garrison (for Sylistrya is a strong fortress). The interpreter was a certain Suski, a Mazurian living in Turkey who left Bar in 1768 and wandered around, eventually becoming a Moslem (which he denied before us, making the sign of the cross and repeating the cardinal articles of faith). The Pasha knew about Pulaski, me, and Wielichowski (that we were all noblemen and *Effendym* [lords], as the Turks say) and he received us most sincerely, speaking of this and that; about the unjust occupation of our country, about the Generality, about Poniatowski, the Russian army, about Rumiancow etc.; all with great intelligence and propriety. He had us come and light up gilded pipes filled with a strange tobacco and to drink he offered us coffee in small cups which the Turks savor greatly. We Poles would have preferred Hungarian wine over this, or even some old mead. When we left, he sent to our house four fine horses with complete equipment for war. This was a great boon for aside from pistols we had no weapons.

4. Pulaski took command over the Confederate forces, only forty in number but consisting of determined and brave men. (We had hoped that this regiment would grow, because in Poland there were news of it and many volunteers were making their way to join us.) All went along a military schedule with Pulaski exercising the troops in the German manner which he liked and wanted us to learn. But when Sulmirski, a fearsome fighter and a rider of the old school, started to mutter under his nose about what use these German maneuvers were going to do us when we had good old Polish *fencing techniques* and *accuracy in firing pistols.* Hearing this muttering Pulaski shouted at him saying: "This fencing of yours was good in the past but now our enemies have gotten ahead of us, so we must learn their secrets to defeat them in the field. Whether good or bad, it is my will. I have no intention of being a figurehead, and since I have command you must listen to me." Hearing this Sulmirski reflected on his words and shut-up asking the marshal's forgiveness and exercised the German maneuvers with us; forming up by threes and other new practices.

5. So with God's grace and in good health we spent our time well occupied. Once in a while there was a bit of drinking or feasting but only to cheer us up and put us in a good mood, as we would not offend God with dissipation. Saddest of all was that in the Turkish city there was no church or Catholic priest, so we could not go and hear Holy Mass. So we adopted the following manner. We gathered in a large hall and had Sulmirski, the eldest, read from a *mass book* the prayers that were used at service, and then the litanies and antiphonies, to which we answered as was necessary. Thus doing, we served God and our homeland — praying first and then preparing for war, ready to spill our sinful blood; for which the occasion came, and this I will soon relate.

6. The Russian army received significant reinforcements in men (who for greater speed were transported in wagons to the borders of the [Russian] Empire and to Wolyn and started to move forward. Marshal Rumiancow and his Generals Ungern, Potemkin and Dolhoruki organized their army and led it across the Danube above Sylistrya, near a large lake. Pulaski advised the Pasha that we should deny them passage; and this would have been an easy thing to do, causing confusion and damage to the Russians. But the Pasha had faith in his *Allah* — what the Turks call God — and said: "That which is to happen, will be. If Allah wishes it, the Russians will drown, if not they will come here." There was no argument against this Moslem theology. Allah did not deign to drown the enemy, and they crossed with their feet dry and without any trouble. Soon Ungern's corps came to attack Sylistrya, but he had no luck with it, for the Turks fought him from the walls and by sending out sorties. In these our regiment performed excellently, fighting like noblemen. We did lose one of our men, Jan Ruszkowski, who was hit in the heart with a bullet and Wielichowski was cut on his arm but not seriously. So Ungern ceased the siege, and Pulaski took advantage of it (with the Pasha's permission) taking us out of the fortress into the field, toward where the Grand Vizier's army was camped with all its baggage trains near Szumla, where we could be of better use. After a few days march we successfully reached them.

7. Pulaski had written documents from the Pasha in Sylistrya to the Grand Vizier which

gave him ready access to this Turkish commander. Muzum-Oglu received us sincerely and with honors, having tents given to us and indicating our position in the camp. But at this first conference Pulaski saw that things will be taking a bad turn, because the Vizier was a soft and effeminate man, without any toughness or determination. Returning from the meeting he said to me: “There will be no bread from this flour; these Turks are good for nothing, their blood has thickened in their veins, they are fat and sleepy. The Russians will wake them up, but by then it will be too late.” We looked with admiration at the magnificence of the camp, the fabulous horses, cannon and other military trappings. The tents of the Pashas and Colonels (whom they call *Czobardis*) shone from the silk and gold thread; and the men were numerous like ants, all the biggest men, choice soldiers, but for all that they had such a weak commander. Here Pulaski found Osman Aga, leader of the janissaries whom he knew well in Chocim during his first stay in Turkey after Bar fell. Osama was a friendly man of good will and of true noble character. Great service he did for our regiment in obtaining food for our men and horses. He rendered even greater service on another sad occasion (which I will relate below).

8. While the Turks just sat there inactive, as if in the garden of Allah, Rumiancow deployed his corps and approached quietly in an enveloping movement. It happened that the Vizier’s army was cut off from its supplies. Soltykow at the head of a few thousand men moved to the side and surprised a strongly armed Turkish convoy bringing food to the camp. There were thirty thousand Turkish troops whom he totally scattered, part of them laid dead in the field. He captured several thousand wagons of flour, biscuits and other provisions, taking some away and burning the rest. It is hard to imagine the fear that arose in the Muslim camp when they heard the sad news, even more when they saw Rumiancow right before them. There was a chance to save them from hunger and final destruction, taking on a general battle and winning (which could have happened). But the Turks, once their foot slips, loose their heads and despair and then go down to their own destruction without any resistance.

9. So it happened. It is hard to tell it in words or understand, if you were not an eye witness. Perhaps it will be like this on the terrible day of the Last Judgement and Resurrection, something my sinful eyes have not seen before. For there was such confusion and such terrible screaming and lament that the human ear has not ever heard, except perhaps on the day of the Great Flood or when fire fell upon Sodom. Pulaski and I mounted and went to skirmish with the forward guard of the Russian army. One of their officers recognized us and shouted: “Sobaki (Lachy) [that is Poles] as Mazowiecki was at him and sliced his head with a sabre whereupon the officer cursed and dropped dead on the ground giving up his unclean spirit. This was the one success of Polish arms, for not seeing any reinforcements and the enemy forces coming in strength, we had to retreat to the camp from whence came sporadic cannon fire. But even that stopped as we passed the outpost and found the entire camp in great disorder. All were fleeing in chaos, leaving the cannon and tents — throwing away their weapons. Pulaski broke through to the Grand Vizier’s tent asking for orders as what to do, but the incompetent Muzum-Oglu, already on horseback, told him: “I have no particular orders for you, do as you see others do.” Meanwhile, the others were fleeing in desperation so, with pain in our hearts, we did — as they say — *skedaddle*. Getting into company with crows one must crow; and

with Turks one must run, though in the past it was not so!

10. The huge Turkish army left the place of battle hardly firing a shot or offering resistance and fell apart. Rumiancow had an easy victory, seized rich booty, spilling a lot of Muslim blood without any damage to himself. A few miles from the camp they stopped the chase but the Turks kept running, still frightened. This was done in no military order but in groups, and all shouting, both those mounted and on foot, to Allah for succor and lamenting to high heaven. Our regiment moved in order without any great hurry, while those who fled passed us and shook their fists at us, saying something in Turkish. Those who understood translated that: it was we who caused the defeat for Allah and his prophet has punished them for associating with Christians. In vain we shouted at them: *Dost* and *Kardasz*, that is "friends, brothers!" They comprehended nothing, throwing accusations at us. So unenlightened is this nation that is has no understanding; like cattle with human faces.

11. It was well into the evening when we reached the bank of a small river where we intended to make our camp for the night. At this time a group of mounted Turks came toward us — about fifty men of their cavalry. As they reached us they shouted threats, one being the loudest, yelling: *Issewa hazyr* at the top of his lungs. I asked Suski what was meant and he says: "the man is calling you a Christian swine." Oh, wait you pagan! (I thought). And when he continued his insults I was seized by impatience, my right palm itching something awful, I grabbed my saber and had at him. The Turk raised his weapon and we exchanged strokes. Then I struck him with great force, his head went down and he fell from the saddle. Unfortunately, my impetuosity drew some unhappy consequences. The Turks, on seeing their companion slain, went at the Poles and we had an intense fight. I thought: "Now that I've brewed some bitter beer, at least I should have a drink" and went at them. The fight lasted about half-hour. Six of our men fell, among them Sulmirski, but there were twenty dead Turks without counting the wounded, and they withdrew. Then a new regiment came up, they took heart and were at us again. It was getting plenty hot, for now they had a swarm of about two-hundred while there were but thirty of us Poles. Fortunately, God's providence was with us for the commander of this new regiment was Osman Aga, Pulaski's friend who recognized us and stopped his men. When our interpreter explained things, how we were abused with insults and had to defend ourselves for no reason, the matter was settled! But this did not return life to our dear departed. We buried them decently, though without church ceremonies and in unhallowed ground.

12. And in this way I caused the deaths of these people. Pulaski gave me real chiding and many a time I begged God for forgiveness and may He let it pass. For any nobleman and cavalry man worthy his crest being in my place, would have done the same — to protect his honorable Christian name good and proper, and punish the barking of a Muslim dog. As for the rest, like it or not, as Wielichowski said "what is done cannot be undone." And a God who saved me from this fray (where I was quite active and risked by neck) knew my innocence for I was saved from death, and never got even a scratch from it! May His Holy name be blest!"

13. This sudden retreat by the Turkish forces put paid to any ideas that the Turks could beat the Russians which would benefit our homeland. It also caused us personal loss and depression. During the general alarm in camp all of us mounted and then during the confusion and retreat there was no time to go back to the tents and pack the wagons. Thus we lost all our baggage, and whatever clothes and possessions we had. We were (as the saying goes) as naked as a Turkish saint. Pulaski left all his money in the tent and probably Rumiancow's cossacks took it, together with our dear Bohdanek who was guarding it. It turned out that from all our wealth, only my money belt was left, which I wore twisted about me like a snake. For several days we rode very hungry, but not cold, through some great mountains and empty valleys, tired, plagued by want, and sunk into dark thoughts. It was the faithful Osman Aga (who saved us from the recent troubles) who accompanied us with his men and tried to console us with his Muslim theology — that all this was Allah's will.

14. On the fifth day sorely tired and half dead with hunger we came to Adrianopol, a great Turkish city, situated among green gardens, which was a welcome sight after the Balkan deserts. Many Christians live in this city, mostly French and Venetian merchants who, on learning that a group of Poles racked with want and unhappiness has arrived, gathered about us not too see an unhappy sight, but like brothers in Christ, to give a helping hand. They did as the Holy Writ commanded, feeding the hungry and giving drink to the thirsty. They divided us among themselves, as they were able, taking us into their homes to give us great affection and to aid us in our sufferings. The Turks are merciful even to animals (one must give them that) but such a sincere welcome could have only been given to us by Christians.

15. Pulaski and I were quartered with a wealthy French man named Arnoux who conducted a great trade in wheat and had his storehouses and offices in Stanbul. Our host was glad to find that Pulaski spoke his language well, while I managed only so-so, but still had to recount the details of our miserable journey and unfortunate adventures. Here I must add in parenthesis that the French are very curious and talkative people — but have great affection for our country, especially since the time that their [Prince Henri] Valois came to the Rzeczpospolita on invitation to take the Polish throne, though we know he did not long stay there. But that was not our fault! Mr. Arnoux took good care of us, in a noble way as it seemed (him being a merchant) though not having a crest. But in France people of all stations and rank are wont to act out of noble sentiment. His wife, a serious matronly woman, was most courteous to us, while his most uncommonly pretty daughters took to us like two domesticated kittens, giggling and singing various French airs with us to the accompaniment of a guitar. In a word, since Dresden, we never had it so good.

16. Our Confederation companions also had it good in their lodgings; all had comforts aplenty. Those that knew Latin (and more than half did) had the better of it for by this means they could communicate with the French and Venetians easier than by using Polish. This cheered us in our sad situation, but the greatest joy was the return of Bohdanek whom we thought lost forever. This faithful servant, seeing what was going on, with the whole camp panicked and fleeing, packed all of his master's things, placed them on a

horse and sought to find us in the crowd, but to no avail. So he went ahead and for ten days wandered among the scattered army, not knowing the language, and with no bread to eat. Feeding only on unripe fruit, at last he reached Adrianopol. Turkish marauders seized his horse, but luckily he had a purse under each arm and these he faithfully saved for his master and returned intact.

17. After arriving, Pulaski had a meeting with the Pasha in command of the garrison, but this man did not greet him kindly at all, being informed about our little tussle with the Turks; and we could not count on his protection. That is why our Marshal [Pulaski] having recovered his money decided to go immediately at his own cost to Stanbul and there through the intervention of the French representative work something out with the Divan [Turkish authorities] so that we would have food and living quarters; as it was not fit to continue being a burden on our very kind Christians. In this journey (for which the Pasha gave him permission and an open letter) I was to accompany him, but God decreed otherwise, striking me with an illness which was a fever with the shivers and for three days I was in bed with a headache and shakes. Like it or not I had to stay and Pulaski took Bohdanek to Stanbul along with his drogman, that is interpreter.

18. A Venetian doctor prescribed some powder that was as bitter as absinthe and told me not to consume food, especially fish, cheese or eggs. After a few days of this therapy, the fever abated somewhat, the attacks were shorter and less intense. Because the weather was beautiful I, Mazowiecki and Wielichowski walked about the city admiring various buildings especially the great mosque or Turkish church, built of fine materials and funded at great expense by Sultan Selim. It has a powerful many minarets all straight and tall like candles, surrounded by galleries and so delicately wrought in stone that they seem translucent and appear as if, looking from the bottom, they were made of ruffles of Belgian lace. We went also into the fields, reaching even some of the nearby villages. The soil is rich and fertile but the farms are neglected; because the Turks just love fruit and vegetable gardens, and don't care much to plant grain. Here and there you see a bit of wheat, barley or corn, the rest lies fallow. But the gardens are beautiful, full of orange and fig trees — and in the rows are vegetables, mostly onions, cucumbers, and sweet pumpkins.

19. From a Frenchman we learned some interesting things. That is: all the peasants in the vicinity of Adrianopol are descended from Ruthenian folk of Podole and Ukraine, who during the Turkish wars were taken into *iassyr* [bondage] with their wives and children and forced to settle there. These people have become Moslems and forgot their beginnings. When Mazowiecki (who knew Turkish quite well) talked with them, they shook their heads with disbelief. But they don't speak the pure Turkish speech using many words from their former dialect. They call their homes not *hane* but *chat*a; father is *batko*; and a wife is *zona*. These words are all that remain as a heritage from their unhappy fathers. Our hearts would break when we saw this strange result of barbarian invasions and our near-brothers forced with violence from the Christian faith and now ignorant of their beginnings despite those crumbs of remembered speech, which without their knowledge remain like the carved letters on a worn stone taken and carted far away from an ancient Roman monument!

20. After nearly a month of absence, Pulaski to my great joy returned from Stanbul. He brought good and bad news, mostly bad, such as is usual in the world. The French representative Monsieur de Saint-Priest received him most courteously and helped him gladly. Under his influence the Divan allocated funds and support to us, and sent us to the garrison town of Rodosto, located on the Marmara Sea, twenty some miles from Stanbul and nearly as far from Adrianopol. We had to go there. The political news were as follows: the Turks were much frightened and wanted an armistice from Rumiancow. He agreed but on condition that negotiations take place immediately and he sent Repnin to Sylistrya to make peace with the Turkish plenipotentiaries, but under conditions most unfavorable to the Porte. Nothing was said about the condition of the Rzeczpospolita in Europe. None of the powers made any protest. The cabinet at Versailles washed its hands of it, not wanting to get involved. The French representative was most embarrassed when speaking of this to Pulaski. Our entire hope was put upon Turkey, which unfortunately, during he rule of the new Sultan (for I forgot to say previously that Mustapha, the great ruler who was so well inclined toward Poland, died a year ago, and his place was taken by Abdul-Hamet) did loose its influence. After the last campaign against Russia, it was forced to adopt the sad alternative.

21. I was loath to leave Adrianopol and the house of our dear Mr. Arnoux, for truth be told, I fell in love with the younger of his daughters, Marie. But what to do, when a man was still young and the girl was very pretty — and when one is in sadness, the heart tends to love all the more. So, for some unknown reason love found me during my French lessons and so captured me that from a resolute man I became timid, as if ashamed of myself, especially in the presence of those who knew my normal attitude. As far as I could tell the young lady did return my affection and if not for this departure, who knows how this would have ended — perhaps at the altar. But God ordained it otherwise! At the farewell there was sadness aplenty; dear Marie had tears in her eyes and I, may God be my witness, was ready to weep but held back bravely, for what would people think if a Captain of the Confederates, a cavalier, would cry like an old woman or a school child.

22. Rodosto is a town that is not large, but quite dirty, with a small guard castle at the edge of the sea — but its port is quite busy. Merchants, sellers, sailors of various nationalities, move to and from each trading in his own fashion. The commandant was not some cocky Pasha (as in the large cities) but one of the Sultan's lesser officers named *Beglir-Bey*. He had already received orders from Stanbul as to our disposition. He put us up in a large empty government building and paid us an allowance that had been sent up from the capital by the *Kisnadar-Aga*, that is the treasurer general. These quarters were used by the poor among us, but we, who still had some cash left, hired lodgings in the city, in the homes of Christians. We were very bored in Rodosto. Our only entertainment was walking on the seashore and looking at this natural wonder that is quite foreign to Poles (especially to those, like me, who had never sailed on grain barges to Gdansk). We collected seashells and other water curiosities; and were amused by looking at the exercises performed by the Turkish military, from which we had much laughter. It was like this. There was an artillery unit and they set up a small cannon outside the town for

practice, and started shooting at a target pained on a board and propped up against a rock outcrop some distance away. We could see that one shot after another was hitting the outcrop three yards away, not the target. What did these impatient Turks do? They moved the target to the place where the cannonballs were striking and started to fire again. But now the shots went farther to the left, one even landing in the sea. Then they stopped firing and returned to their fort with drawn faces. We had a good laugh, but not too loudly, for these Moslems might have aimed the cannon at us, and their aim might have been better than at their target.

23. Meanwhile, a treaty between Turkey and Russia had been signed in Kaynardzia, in Rumiancow's tent and was unfavorable to the Sultan because he had to recognize the independence of Crimea, give Russians the right to unimpeded sailing on the Black Sea and pay reparations of forty-million from his treasury. In this treaty there was no mention of Poland, and Repnin demanded that the old conventions, guaranteeing the sovereignty of the Rzeczpospolita, be canceled, and this was agreed to. So our last hope faded when Turkey, our last protector, forsook our cause. Now only Almighty God could lift us out of the situation and save us from the disaster! We stayed in Rodosto for a while, desperate, making various plans but this was for naught. The beginning of the Year of Our Lord 1775 saw us in the same place — wondering what to do. Sad news came from all sides, while the indifference of the world made it even harder to bear for those suffering persecution. What went on in our souls then could be understood only by one who had gone away from his family to a foreign land and cried over the fate of his homeland, not being able to give it any help or solace.

24. Various plans, discussions and councils — but mostly poverty (for the allowances given us were small) — convinced us that we should consider returning home, for some said that they would waste away here and perhaps even turn Moslem. Therefore Mazowiecki, in the name of the group, composed a petition to Poniatowski in writing and sent it to Warsaw where it was delivered to the king. All this was done with Pulaski's knowledge and consent, who made no protestation against the king but did not sign this submissive document. He never asked for any favors or forgiveness for himself. Wielichowski, because of his friendship with the Marshal, and I because of duty, followed his example, promising to share his fate come what may, for which he thanked us sincerely. A few months later came a favorable reply from Warsaw; so our fellow sufferers already tired of the daily view of the sea and grown thin on Turkish cucumbers and corn, gladly departed for Poland while I and Pulaski left Rodosto for Stanbul. This took place at the end of November 1775.

## Book Eight

*Stay in Stanbul - Sailing to France - Toulon - Paris - Visit with Benjamin Franklin - Ship journey and arrival in America*

1. Stanbul is a large city, and from afar (especially from the water) is unutterably beautiful; but when you enter inside there is a different world. Except for the palaces of the Sultan, the military barracks, and the Bazaars where the merchants ply their trade — it is a city of wooden buildings, small without windows and porches. The narrow streets are teeming with dogs, donkeys, horses and Turkish ragamuffins — dirty and ragged, like our Polish Jews. There is the stench of corruption in the air and deadly vapors which no doubt helps to spread the plague. In the Christian quarter it is seemingly better and tidier, but not much. In a word, Stanbul can be admired but one must hold one's nose and look at it from afar; only then can one see the white towers and the domes of the mosques which are very fine structures, and when the sky above is fair and of a dark blue hue — then the landscape is eerily attractive. For our quarters we hired a small house with a garden which Monsieur Arnoux had for the use of visiting officials and let us use for a time. It was a bit small, but peaceful and at least the odors and foulness of the city did not reach us.

2. We stayed in Stanbul about thirteen months and had the time to see practically everything; except two things: the inside of a mosque (where *giarow* or Christians are not allowed) and the face of a Turkish lady. These go on the streets so wrapped as to only have a slit to see through. This custom is not because of any timidity or modesty on the part of the ladies, but because of the great jealousy of the bearded Turks. While we were bored, among our favorite pleasures was the company Monsieur de Saint-Priest, a fine and very courteous man, as are all the French. He was a great admirer of our country, and had heard much about Pulaski also reading about him in the newspapers, thus he was sincerely friendly and considerate toward him. Being often with this gentleman, I had ample opportunity to converse and improve my French language to perfection. Only Wielichowski, though not particularly hard-headed, could not master this language, and spoke better Turkish than French.

3. Time galloped by and we had to spend money to live — thus the funds that Pulaski had were much diminished; my money belt half emptied. It was getting lean, with the future ahead looking unhappy, cold and hungry. Therefore Wielichowski decided to go back to Poland where a general pardon had been announced for the Confederates (except for the highest commanders). Taking advantage of a merchant caravan to Brodno, he departed with them. He bade farewell to me and Pulaski, placing us under the protection of Almighty God. It was sad to see our companion go, especially since he was departing not from lack of determination but, as he secretly told me, not to be a burden to Pulaski. This took place in October of the Year if Our Lord 1776.

4. Monsieur de Saint-Priest received French newspapers where there was always fresh news of happenings in the world. But the most noise in Europe was caused by the rebel-

lion of the American Colonies against the English, that started over a year ago because of heavy taxes, and other injustices, force and violence. The American Congress, that is their Sejm, named George Washington as commander in chief, a man of great energy and military talent. He took steps against the enemy and had a few successes. The French had been enemies of the English for uncounted years and always looked askance at that power. They were happy over this diversion, but only in private, for the French government did not want yet to become embroiled in this matter, but later did (about this later). Monsieur de Saint-Priest spoke with great affection and praise about the Americans fighting for freedom against English tyranny. This got Pulaski excited and he decided to cross the ocean to reach that country — and offer his services.

5. I was not against this, being fully determined because I was bored from sitting uselessly and looking at minarets and day-dreaming. But to make the journey required the most important thing — that is money. Here the providence of God intervened, as it often does among sinful men; and a miracle saved us from the situation. After dinner I was resting on the sofa with Pulaski, smoking pipes and discussing our forthcoming journey, wondering whether to approach the Divan for aid or ask France for a subsidy. I heard that Bohdanek was speaking with someone in the anteroom. I went there and saw a man dressed not in the Moslem fashion, but like a Greek, speaking the dialect that Christians use in Stanbul, that is broken French (which is the language of the *Franks*). He asked if a Polish gentleman named Pulaski was there. I replied in the affirmative and he told me that banker Zizinia would like to have Monsieur Pulaski come and get his dinars — that is money. Pulaski was most surprised when I told him and tried to imagine who would have sent him some cash; after which we went to see the banker.

6. Zizinia said that Tepper, a Warsaw banker, sent him two thousand red zlotys with the command that they be handed over to Pulaski personally; and to obtain a receipt. When we asked from whom this money was sent he could not answer. Pulaski had some reluctance about accepting these ducats given by an unknown hand; yet I persuaded him that they were not a present either from the Russian Tsarina or Poniatowski. Thus, he would not soil his hands or burden his conscience by accepting them. He accepted this argument and took a sum that was most helpful to us. Back then, or even now, I was at a loss to learn who was our anonymous donor and benefactor — but always suspected that it might have been Prince Radziwill, also known as *Panie Kochanku* [My Dear Sir] (who was by no stretch a savant and barely could sign his own name; but he did love our country and did help his brother nobles in need, especially patriots); or another magnate who was not connected to the St. Petersburg cabal (but truth be told there were few such and those could be counted on the fingers of one hand).

7. After we got the money all went smoothly. Monsieur de Saint-Priest praised the idea of our journey and informed us that recently an American plenipotentiary, one Franklin, a fine and learned man, arrived in Paris to look after the interests of his country and send volunteers back across the sea. So the Frenchman advised us to sail from Stanbul to Toulon and from there travel to Paris to obtain information and advice on how to continue our noble enterprise. The French representative also gave Pulaski a letter to his older brother (who had the title of Count and a position at the court in Versailles) with a very

friendly recommendation to him. We sailed from Stanbul on February 4 Year of Our Lord 1777 under the protection of God and the Holy Patron Saints in whom we had our Christian faith. Before departure Pulaski, in both our names, wrote a most courteous farewell to Monsieur Arnoux and his family. At the end I appended a few sweet and sincere words for my Marie, whom, unfortunately, I would never see again.

8. The voyage lasted nearly two months due to unfavorable winds. Meanwhile I was able to see many natural wonders and interesting sights. First the famous Dardanelles, a very strong military position and the archipelago of islands settled by the Greeks, sitting on the blue surface of the sea like a flock of ducks or swans. Further on were the shores of Italy and Vesuvius — the fiery mountain at whose peak smoke is always belching like a chimney of a smelter (they say this fire-mountain sometimes throws fire and coals but this we did not get to see). Our ship also crossed between Scylla and Charibdis, these two monsters which from the time of Ovid have been peaceful and no longer bother travellers — so we passed them by unharmed. At last the shores of France came into view and we entered the port of Toulon where we were immediately taken and bathed in vinegar to remove any traces of the Turkish contagion. Seeing that we had no defect they let us go. The commander of the garrison, to whom Pulaski also had a letter, received us kindly and speaking of this and that, told us among other things, that a young Pole named *Koszuko* had left Toulon for America at the end of the previous year.

9. For some time we strained our brains to recall who that Pole with the strange name might have been, but only after reaching America did we find out it was Thaddeus Kosciuszko, the same one who later would gain such great fame in both hemispheres. Since most may not be aware of the original reason for Kosciuszko's leaving Europe, I'd like to include the following story, given by reliable witnesses. It was like this. Kosciuszko was stationed in Lithuania with his regiment and fell in love with the daughter of the Great Marshal Jozef Sosnowski. The young lady took his attentions kindly, he declared himself asking the parents for the honor of becoming their son-in law. Sosnowski, wealthy and proud, answered sourly "Turtledoves are not for sparrows, and magnates' daughters are not for the lesser nobles." The two lovers, feeling themselves mistreated, decided to elope; and attempted to do so. But they were overtaken two miles down the Grodno road by Sosnowski's men. They seized the lady and because the young man tried to defend her; they beat him and left him wounded and bleeding in the road. After this adventure, which caused much furor in the Great Kingdom and the Royal Lands, a desperate Kosciuszko resigned and went to America.

10. Between Toulon and Paris the chief cities are: Marseilles famous for trade and beautiful port buildings; Avignon, a possession of the Pope, where at a hilltop church we saw with awe the tombs of two popes beautifully made of marble; Lyon, or the French Lwow [Lion town] located on two rivers where they manufacture silk cloth and ribbons, so prized by our ladies. But we easily forgot about these places after we reached Paris. Here was a city above all cities! What impressive buildings, what a richness of costume, in carriages, in harness. What motion, what merriment! Stanbul and all the German towns can go and hide. This is real life! Here's something that animates a man and forces him to act. If you took Lot's wife, the one that became a pillar of salt, and planted her on a Paris

street, she would have come alive and ran to laugh and make merry with the others. We stopped at a decent tavern, under the sign of a swan, on a river near a great masonry bridge that they call *New Bridge*, but it looked pretty old to me.

11. In Paris at the time there were a few of our Confederates including the steward Wielhorski and starosta Miaczynski. Pac was also in France but he was in Strassburg on the German border. Miaczynski lived large and in a fine house, not far from the church where the body and heart of our king Jan Kazimierz are buried. He knew many French dignitaries, was attached to the court at Versailles and had hopes of getting an army commission. He took Pulaski to Monsieur de Saint-Priest, who on reading his brother's letter, received him most kindly and offered him his help in all things. Learning that we intended to sail for America he introduced us to a handsome young man from a good home, Monsieur de Noailles, who a month ago was ready to make this very journey, but was diverted due to difficulties. Knowing the American agents, he promised to take us to them, a promise that was soon kept.

12. There was much talk in France then about the escapades of a young officer who belonged to one of the finest families, the Marquis de Lafayette a relative of Monsieur de Noailles. He left his family, a young wife, and equipping a ship secretly, sailed to America to fight the English. The king was most angry, the family lamented, and there was all kinds of talk in the court; but public opinion was on the side of the young man and his noble determination. In general, I'll say in parenthesis, that all the French cheered for the Americans. News about what success Washington was having against the English was quickly snatched up from newspapers or private letters. Since we were going to be involved in this war, we were received everywhere with the greatest consideration.

13. A few days after our arrival we were found at our tavern by one Lazowski who claimed that he had been in the Confederation, but after listening to him, it seemed that he was not in any regiment and never took part in battle. Instead this young blade went adventuring and made it as far as Paris where he was having a fine time, because he liked to drink and dance. After giving him some money we let this bird go, because I never liked the looks of him for he looked to be an impulsive man and some bad light shone from his eyes. That day Miaczynski gave us a fine dinner inviting Monsieur de Noailles and a few other Frenchmen from among the top nobility. Among them was Dumourier, our old acquaintance. Since relations between him and Pulaski were not quite straightened out, and I was never his admirer, few words were exchanged. The victuals were practically Polish and there were many toasts at the end: including the health of Washington, Lafayette and to the success of the Americans. The French government was being constantly admonished by their representative. Lord Stormont, and forbade any public displays in this vein, but as this was a private party, it could not interfere. Anyway this was being done everywhere.

14. On the 5th or 6th of May Monsieur de Noailles took us by carriage to Passy, a village outside Paris, where lived the American agents: Benjamin Franklin and Silas Deane. We stopped at a small house surrounded by a garden, on a hill near a river. That day Deane was in Paris and Franklin had gone out for a walk, so we were alone with the secretary

Mr. Carmichael. He told us that Franklin would be back soon, for he had been out walking for nearly two hours. In a few minutes the door opened and an older gentleman came in leaning on a cane. He was serious looking, grey and with a very pleasant and open face. This was Franklin, the famous savant who with the help of science found a way to protect against lightning; now he had to find a way to protect his country from the tyrannical English. Later, I saw a portrait of this famous American with the following note: *Eripuit coelo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.* [ ...] The words may be a bit sinful, but the concept is good.

15. Franklin was quite good at speaking French, better than his secretary. Learning who we were and our intentions; he shook our hands very hard after the custom of his country and was very happy to have met us. He asked Monsieur de Noailles about Lafayette but the answer was that besides a letter written from the Spanish port from which he departed, there were no further news of him. “We need such people (said Franklin), people with a warm heart and noble attitude. I expect that you Polish gentlemen, who have such a reputation as great warriors will be of help to our poor country.” To this Pulaski said: “Our nation has a particular dislike toward all tyrants, especially foreign ones — so then wherever there is a fight for freedom anywhere on the globe, it is also our cause.” The old man liked this response very much, he said also that in the first days of June a ship will sail from Havre to America with weapons, ammunition and a few volunteers on which we may travel. He asked us to keep this a secret, adding that the English representative had many spies, who in Paris, and especially in Passy, went about like bloodhounds, sniffing and tracking the intentions of the friends of American independence.

16. We also had news about our homeland. From Wielhorski and Mialczynski we learned that after the unhappy partition, a movement started in the now smaller country to get organized and think about introducing some order. As the saying goes: “a Pole is only wise after he suffers a loss.” This wisdom has at last come to stay. The public treasury has been reinforced by money from new taxes and offerings freely given; attention was directed to writing new laws and organizing a national system of education. The weakling Poniatowski straightened up, promoting education; and fine scientists, and writers appeared giving some luster to the nation. Unfortunately, outside its borders Poland was not being given any political consideration. This saddened us greatly in Paris where all the European powers, and even the smaller German and Italian principalities, had representatives — Poland had none. The French king did not send an ambassador to Poland, but supposedly had an agent in Gdansk to help the merchants from his country.

17. We had a fine time of it, touring all the interesting places in Paris and the vicinity; beautiful churches, rich palaces with gardens, where are wonderful fountains and statues of marble and copper so finely wrought that they seem alive. This was especially true in Versailles where Louis XVI lived with his young Austrian wife and the entire court. We also went outside the city to a famous factory that manufactured porcelain whiter than that made in Saxony [Dresden] which is painted in strangely wonderful patterns; not only waves and flowers (like at home or in Turkey) but human figures from present or past history. We were always being invited to dinner, by Monsieur de Saint-

Priest, Monsieur de Noallies and other persons, who received Pulaski with friendship and respect. To attend such receptions we obtained karabellas [Polish sabres] and traditional Polish clothes, which the French (used to their short jackets and stick-like swords) had reason to admire.

18. Pulaski often went to Passy, with me or by himself, to deliberate with the Americans who had grown to like him very much for his stance and cavalryman's determination. Deane, a provident and clever man, once told us in confidence that things were going well; that the court at Versailles was quietly getting ready to go to war against the English, and would try to get Spain as an ally. The last time we visited them was on May 29 on which day Franklin and Deane, on parting with us, gave letters to us for Washington and a request directed at the captain of their ship, that he should give us passage. Monsieur de Noailles wrote to his relative, the Marquis de Lafayette, for whom we were to take news from his wife, a young and pretty lady. Having these recommendations in hand, we bade farewell to our friends and on the following day went to the port city of Le Havre.

19. Having set sail on the open sea in a ship called *La belle Louise*, that is Beautiful Louise, we started looking at our companions. In addition to the captain and crew there were five French volunteers, but they were not much to speak of, rather inauspicious fellows. One of them, named Girod, seemed to be valiant, but turned out to be a braggart. This man, with graying hair and a tanned faced, had wandered across the world. He served in the Seven Years' War in an Austrian dragoon regiment. Not being able to stay in one place he went to St. Petersburg to seek a commission and rubles; later he changed his mind and came to France having no possibility of getting a position — decided to go to America, hoping to find mountains of gold. If all he said was true, this Girod would have been quite the hero; but he over praised himself and we know that a cow which moos too much, gives little milk. He was a Gascon, and people from that province (as the French say among themselves) are very talkative but cowardly also.

20. In Paris, Pulaski and I purchased English grammars and lexicons with English vocabularies (for the Americans use this language in conversation), so that during travel we could study the language. The first word that Pulaski found was *forward* which in Polish means *naprzód*, very necessary when giving commands. Slowly, day by day, we complied a list of the most important words in our heads. Though this was the season most favorable to sailing, we had contrary winds and bad storms, during which it seemed that judgement day was nigh, for the waves were surrounding the ship on all sides and it seemed they would swallow it up. Our friend Girod, the resolute warrior, went white in such moments, and one could see that he had fear under his collar. I must also admit that these water dances were not to my liking at all. Only Pulaski kept a steady countenance and a calm eye when looking upon the fury of the raging ocean.

21. The regions which we traversed are very hot and we were bothered by heat and it seemed that live fire was gushing from the heavens. The water in barrels began to spoil, and for food we only had dry bread and salted meat; not the best of fare. To save our bellies the captain decided to stop at an island in the possession of the French king, called

Saint-Domingue, where were most glad to get ashore. Only here one can tell one is not in Europe, as there are different trees, animals and birds; while most of the people are black like coal, that is Negroes. Their faces seemed to have been disfigured by nature, and the Europeans living there use them for the heaviest work, worse than oxen or horses. These black unfortunates, both men and women, go about practically naked, at most wrapping an apron about their middle. Shame is totally unknown in this land; the dissipation is great and an offense unto to God.

22. On this interesting island, where we remained for a week, a sad incident took place which did much sadden myself and Pulaski. It was like this. Our dear and faithful Bohdanek, who was an excellent swimmer and loved water exercise; was bathing near the shore and went swimming out into the depths where he was eaten by a sea monster, called a *requin* [shark] in this land, a kind of sea-wolf. Pulaski then said: "This is an ill omen, my friend!" and later it did come true (about which I will later write). But Pulaski did not fall into desperation and I, not expecting anything, calmed down. For pleasure, or rather amusement, I would go hunting with a flintlock, shooting at the screaming monkeys or the birds whose plumage was so beautiful to behold that I was truly sad at having to kill these fine birds.

23. Taking on food and fresh water, as much as was needed, we departed from Saint-Domingue. The remaining segment of the voyage was short but dangerous, for along the shores of the colonies the English have stationed their war ships to catch any ships that would bring aid to the rebels. That is why our captain, knowing full well of this danger, maneuvered carefully as not to fall into their hands. We were to make land as close as possible to Philadelphia, where the American Congress was meeting and were Washington was camped with his army. Such was our intent and the captain carefully looked through a long telescope to spot any danger. Fortunately, we were near the shore when a storm broke out and drove us back, but it must have also scattered the English picket ships. For this reason, after the wind died down, we steered for the shore and with the setting sun stood on American soil, giving thanks to God that we had reached the end of our voyage. This happened on August 20, Year of Our Lord 1777. And thus the promise I gave to Pulaski five years ago at Czestochowa came true when I said *I would go even to the Antipodes with him*. I had no idea then that we would go that far, but it happened and we were in the Antipodes, on the other side of the earth's globe.

24. We landed in some poor village near the mouth of the Delaware where our captain, well versed in English, learned from the inhabitants that General Washington with his army was encamped at Wilmingtown near Philadelphia about 20 miles from where we were. There we went after resting. Right after arriving I wanted to try out my knowledge of English and impress others with the fluency of the vocabulary which I had learned, but no one person could understand me, nor I anyone else. The reason was as follows: the English language is pronounced differently from that which is written and is more difficult than French. Here was the error and our useless effort. But the Americans don't even speak Latin, so initially it was difficult to converse with them.

## Book Nine

*American Army Camp - Washington, First meeting with the English - Pulaski named Brigadier General - Winter Quarters at Trenton - Thaddeus Kosciuszko - Intrigues and personal disputes - Pulaski resigns command and forms separate corps - Small skirmishes - Charlestown*

1. In Wilmingtown there were about nine thousand soldiers living in huts made of branches and set in several lines. From a distance it looked like a great village, but surrounded by an earthen wall and moat. On first sight, the American army did not impress me at all, having no uniforms and seeming like a rabble. Most of the soldiers wore grey jackets, others had canvass coverlets. Some had boots, others shoes, and some were barefoot. In sum not much of an army but rather rag-tag and if not for the muskets and cartridge boxes it was more like a crowd of simple peasants. That was my first impression, but later when I saw these ragamuffins under fire and fighting back bravely, I changed my mind and gained some respect for them. Pulaski also said, “They have no boots, but they have heart — and with that, my brother, you can go far, even barefoot!”

2. We found the Marquis de Lafayette, who was most happy to get a letter from his wife. After reading the writing from his relative, Monsieur de Noailles, he received us in the French manner — that is most courteously, nobly and sincerely. He was at a loss as to where to sit us and was most attentive to us. He immediately took us to the quarters of the American commander, George Washington, who also had a hut; though bigger than the others it was modest without any wall hangings or other unnecessary decorations. I looked with interest and admiration at this man about whom all Europe had been talking loudly for three years; who was so loved and respected by his subordinates and the American nation. Then Washington might have had about 45 years. He was tall, broad shouldered, of fine build and pleasant of face. His clothing was proper but not showy, without any bangles or embroidery. It seemed that the American agents in Paris praised us greatly for after he looked at their writings, he greeted us with consideration asking whether we would like to serve in the cavalry or the infantry? Pulaski said that he grew up in the saddle, and that Poles have an inborn desire to ride — and he would prefer to be assigned to the cavalry. It happened that the colonial cavalry was without a commander, as General Reed did not want this duty. So Washington stated he would write to Congress and propose that this job be given to Pulaski.

3. Everyday more adventurers would arrive from Europe and all wanted high rank, that is why not everyone was accepted. The fact that Washington gave us such distinctions created much envy among the French who had been turned away. Most angry was Girod who had not been accepted — but as he made a large protestation, yelling and lamenting, he was given some money to see him on his way. Franklin and Deane, seeing us in Paris among Dukes, Marquises and other nobles gave us titles of *Count*, that the Germans call Graff, turning us into Count Pulaski and Count Rogowski. It is true enough that every noble born in Poland is a candidate for the crown, thus having a greater potential than the highest of the nobles abroad — so we let them give us these titles after

they learned about our abilities. Pulaski's name gave the Americans little trouble in pronunciation, but mine they just could not manage, twisting it around and calling me Kokoski, or Kolkoski, but never Rogowski.

4. I was given a hut near that of Lafayette, and there stayed for ten days waiting for Congress to make its decision. Then we got news from spies that the English generals Cornwallis and Howe, sailed from New York with a powerful contingent, and landed near Philadelphia threatening to take the city. So the Americans went out to greet their uninvited, but quite expected guests. The Marquis de Lafayette, Pulaski and I, though still not assigned to any command, went with the army as volunteers. On September 10 we met the enemy at the muddy shores of the Brandywine Creek, and a fight started. The colonists stuck green sprigs into their hats which created a strange but pretty sight; they advanced with vigor, and encouraged each other with merry shouts. It started with an artillery bombardment, switching to swords and bayonets. The well trained English regiments stood their ground like a wall, but our lines wavered and could not stand up to them, yet they fought bravely with true cavalier spirit. In this skirmish Lafayette was wounded in the leg; and I was struck in the head by a red-coated dragoon whom I quickly dispatched into the next world. My wound was not dangerous, he struck my hat and chopped off some skin with hair. But it was my poor head again, and speaking in parenthesis, from the time of the battle in Lomza (of which I already wrote), when a cossack stuck it with a pike, it was damaged on nearly every occasion. But in all my life no other part sustained injury.

5. Retreating after sustaining losses and moving toward Philadelphia, Washington received messages from Congress, and among them was the appointment of Pulaski as Brigadier General and of me as Major of Cavalry. Each of us took over his command, eager to act and show the Americans what two Poles could do. A few days after fording the Shuylkill river, the two armies met again, but rain interfered and drove the two groups apart. For forty-eight hours it rained by the bucketful and we were drenched to the skin. All the ammunition was wet, turning into a black paste. But the English got just the same, so were not able to attack us, nor we them. But they did maneuver to get behind us but this did not work as Washington was alert, having eyes not just for show. The difficulties, however, were many in marching through the forests, wetlands, and crossing rivers, of which there are many in this country, all wider than the Wisla [Vistula] or Niemen.

6. Moving always toward Philadelphia, on October 4 Washington came upon about a thousand English in a fortified position at Germantown, and decided to attack them. It rained that morning, then there was fog during the attack. Moreover, our General Conway (an Irisher by birth) who led the left wing, sent his riflemen — that is the choice sharpshooters — forward and struck at the redoubts which were not built up too high. In the beginning the thing went well. Pulaski and his dragoons rode through the camp striking at anyone who got in their way, so that I saw his blade covered with blood. I did not let up, and my head managed to come through unscathed. But then the English counter-attacked and chased us far. During the battle Cornwallis brought up a great force and after breaking up our right flank turned on us. Our first two battles on Ameri-

can soil did not go well; but as they say nothing ventured — nothing gained; third time pays for all. In any case we did our duty, so there was no burden on our consciences. Congress, after this defeat moved quickly out of Philadelphia. The English took the city; while the American army, after much marching, stood camp about twenty miles away, at a place called Valley Forge, among the forests, near the Shuylkill river.

7. It was well that among all these misfortunes there came some good news. The American General Gates totally defeated the English General Burgoyne and on October 17 accepted his surrender at Saratoga. The eight-thousand man corps lay down its arms putting itself at the mercy of the victors. This news improved the morale of the nation, for hearts were beginning to sink low down toward the heels; so that even we foreigners felt the shame. At that time Pulaski and his command was sent to Trenton on the other side of the Delaware River, to the town of Trenton were we were quartered until the next spring. Now is the time to tell about the American cavalry. It consisted of two regiments, one composed of dragoons, the other of riders — together not quite four-hundred men. The first regiment was so-so, but the second was total rag-tag, not unlike Zbikowski's band. Neither had any practice in maneuvering; military regulations and following orders was about as well known as the *Our Father* among the Turks.

8. So, Casimir Pulaski, stuck in winter quarters decided to put his command in order and teach these soldiers the proper exercises; but it was not easy to accomplish this honorable enterprise. The Colonel of dragoons (where I was appointed Major) was one Molens, a disagreeable man full of jealousy against the Poles. He found Captain Riganti, an Italian, as an assistant and the two of them started secretly spreading gossip against Pulaski among the officers and men. They were most angry about the fact that Pulaski made them post regular guards and continued to hold exercise maneuvers, in which (as was said) they had no talent at all and did not like; being wastrels used to drink and dissipation. Soon the two of us could understand English and caught onto their plotting and murmuring. As the Italian Riganti was most active in the intrigues, I called him Captain Intriganti. Pulaski seeing how things went, was not able to hide the truth and when someone went against him he would speak right up — so Colonel Molens had the truth explained to him in a hot way; and forced into submission.

9. These misunderstandings and disputes depressed and annoyed Pulaski, and of these we had a few; with them we had other difficulties, shortages and misery. Often the army would have its pay held up and food was not delivered — and it was a bad winter, very intense frost — where our poor soldiers had nothing to eat or warm themselves with. We had to draw on our own funds as not to feel the hunger. But everything was most expensive, the locals not wanting to take our paper money, with which the Congress paid us. At last at the end of December, for the Christmas holiday we had some respite. Tadeusz Kosciuszko, serving as an engineer in the army up north, on the Canadian border, learned that Pulaski was encamped in Trenton and came to visit us during his furlough. Kosciuszko did not have a moustache like Pulaski, but one could see on his face a noble kindness and openness. In addition he was a sweet man, full of news, so that his company and conversation was most pleasant. Though he was of equal age to Pulaski, they did not know each other in Poland (for the former was still at study when the latter was

already fighting Russians). But here on foreign soil they met and did feel affinity to each other, swearing eternal friendship. After ten days of enjoyment, during which despite poverty we managed to eat like Poles, Kosciuszko returned to his corps and my eyes never again beheld him, not until the battle at Dubienka in 1792 (about which I will write later). I can say proudly, that in America I saw, not quite together, the three greatest heroes of my time: Washington, Pulaski and Kosciuszko; but I truly don't know which was the greatest.

10. We stayed in Trenton unemployed until the first months of the Year of Our Lord 1778. Then at the end of February Pulaski received orders from General Wayne to make some forays into the vicinity of Philadelphia and get forage and cattle; to take these away from the English who were feasting in Philadelphia. We went out with a few dozen horses to do as ordered, and whenever we met the enemy and it came to a tussle we were always on top. Once, while with General Wayne we happened into the middle of a three thousand man corps; and our rear way was blocked, but we called upon God for help and cut our way through the surrounding English column. Here Pulaski showed what he could do; just as in Poland, here and now, he was in the first line on attack, and the last on retreat. He moved with grace and purpose, so that one was inspired just looking at him. His courage and awareness saved our small unit, and he came out of the fray with no harm, though his horse was wounded. Wayne could not find the words enough to praise him, while Washington on this occasion wrote him a letter of praise and affection.

11. Arriving in Trenton we met Scudder, an officer of the dragoons, who had been given a furlough of fifteen days whereupon he spent two months with his family in Pennsylvania without permission. Pulaski then, to make an example, put the man under arrest. This upset the Americans who were being incited by the Italian Riganti, who said that they were fighting for freedom and here they were being tyrannized. Colonel Molens had him released taking the responsibility on himself. When Pulaski learned of this, never being one to let someone tweak his noise, called the Colonel and in no uncertain terms dressed him down, sending him to the arrest. But this unruly man not only disobeyed the order but without anyone's say-so left town. Pulaski was most offended and sent a report to Wayne, requesting a court martial. The court met, but — what can be said — the Americans supported each other, and freed the Colonel. Pulaski saw in this as an affront to his honor and rank; immediately put in his resignation, asking for permission to sail to Europe — and he sent me with his letter to Valley Forge where the main headquarters was located.

12. Washington read the letter and asked me for details, then understood how Pulaski was ill treated, but said that according to the law of this country he could not call another court-martial. He only added that it was sad that such a fine warrior, who had given ample proof of his courage, would leave the army at such a critical moment; but if he was resigning command of the cavalry why not take on another? I had no power to make any agreements, and telling him I did not know, took his response and returned to Trenton. Pulaski greatly respected Washington and would have been glad to do much as to make him content — as we say "that the wolf be sated, and the goat remain whole." In this way he would not have to quit the service and still retain his honor. After deliberat-

ing with me, Pulaski formed a project for creating a small independent corps, consisting of one-hundred riders and two-hundred foot, This would not be dependent on anyone and would conduct cossack-style warfare. After reporting to General Wayne and resigning our commands we left for Valley Forge. Washington liked Pulaski's plan and on March 28th it was accepted by Congress, then meeting in Yorktown. There were some objections when it came to the enlistment of deserters (Germans by birth who came to us in droves) but it was eventually allowed.

13. We located ourselves in a place called Fishkill and started to form the legion. Pulaski did not want to have any American officers, so Frenchmen were sent to him, and among these, to command the infantry, was Colonel Armand (whose true name was Marquis de la Royerie, and I know not why he used only his Christian name). This Monsieur Armand, as is common to Frenchmen, was a most courteous gentleman and a determined cavalier, so we were on good terms with him as well as with all the other officers. Our uhlans, that the Americans called *lancemen*, had ling pikes with flags, and the infantry was given light equipment. Most of the soldiers were Hessians, tough looking men, not very agile but well schooled in obedience and in military maneuvers; so it went as smooth as butter.

14. Soon we received important news. The French king recognized the independence of the United States — and signed a treaty with its plenipotentiary on the day of February 6 in Paris. A fleet with ammunition and soldiers was sent under the command of Count d'Estaing, to give us aid. This happy event was celebrated with all indications of joy across he country. Washington wanted the army to show its sentiments and to this purpose sent instructions to all the commanders of corps and units. On the appointed day there were prayers — the army marched with its weapons, there were cannon salutes and the bands played. In the evening there was a plentiful meal with orders to have the soldiers shout "Long live the French king." Even our Hessians had to shout, though not so long ago they were trumpeting the praises of king George. This is how it is in this world — it you are riding on someone's cart, then you have to sing his song. The English, sensing what was afoot, sent emissaries to treat with Washington and made all possible concessions to the colonists. But Congress did not accept any of their proposals and it was well. Because two days after making this bold decision we received this good news from France.

15. The English corps stationed in Philadelphia saw the threat presented by the French, so they marched out to the shore to board ships and go to New York where they would hide like mice in a hole. Washington understood perfectly the position in which the enemy would be, when they moved across swampy and forested terrain with their baggage and supplies. He ordered General Lee, as not to lose time (while he moved the main army) to harass the English during the march, not giving them time to rest, but continuously pick at their flanks and rear. We also received such orders to chase the enemy force (this was near the end of June) but the expedition was not successful because of slowness, stupidity, or betrayal by the General [Lee]. Some said that since Lee was an Englishman by birth, he should be under suspicion. A court-martial was convened over the fact that he had let the enemy go free, while he could have destroyed it or

at least severely harmed it. He was put on suspension from command for a year.

16. After this affair our legion was sent in pursuit of various bands commanded by English officers but consisting of wild Indians and *tories* (as the sympathizers of the English king were called). These bands were like those found in the Ukraine and committed various crimes, violence and similar outrages — burning, robbing, and murdering innocent people — not even letting children or dogs escape. The wild Indians (of whom it is said they eat human flesh) were painted up and dressed up in an unimaginable way, and were incredibly cruel toward the poor population — and teamed up with American rabble, made up a worthy combination. This rabble fought savagely and to the death for they knew that if they fell into our hands we would make short work of them. And so it was — no pardon was given to the enemy, and those that gave up were hung from the nearest tree. There was no shortage of branches in America, as it is a forested country.

17. In general the war was fought fiercely on both side, no clemency being shown by either side. As both sides were Protestants, little can be said! Our legion had few Americans and all the officers were either Polish or French (the latter are not too pious, but after all are Catholics) so we did not go in for cruelties. We hung only the tory leaders (for such was the order) letting the other prisoners go. In time Washington sent a new Pole, recently arrived from Europe, to our unit. He was named Jerzmanowski, a hardy and brave young man who brought us fresh news from Poland. He was most dutiful in his assignment on guard and during raids — so Pulaski grew to like him and predicted he would become an excellent warrior.

18. During our time in winter quarters, not much new happened, except that once on a raid to Egg Harbor we were surprised at night by the English, who nearly wiped us out. On that occasion the vigilance of Pulaski and Colonel Armand saved the legion, so it was the attackers, having caused the alarm had to flee for their lives. They were ready to take us, but with God's help we chased them like a bunch of mangy old cats. The enemy who was once content to sit in New York and sometimes caused us trouble between the Shuylkill and Delaware Rivers, moved to continue the war in the American southern provinces, invading Georgia and the Carolinas. He took cities, burned villages and organized new bands of tories under the leadership of Colonel Boyd; which committed much mayhem and violence on the innocent populace. Washington immediately sent General Lincoln with a strong force and in February in the Year of Our Lord 1779; Pulaski also got the order to join his command — so we travelled south.

19. There was in Georgia, with the American militia, a preacher named Moyse Allen. Though Protestant he was a very determined, well spoken man, and a great patriot. Much was said about his praiseworthy deeds — how during the skirmishes he was always in the front line encouraging the men to fight; patching up the wounded, burying the dead, etc. I often heard Pulaski say: "Here's another Father Mark! I'd be glad, gentlemen, to know this brave soul and though he be an anti-papist, give him the praise he deserves!" But it was not to be. During a raid by General Prevost, this Reverend Allen was captured and the English put him aboard ship from whence he made an escape —

but as he swam to shore his strength failed and he drowned. He was much mourned by the people.

20. While making a rapid march to join General Lincoln's corps, already camped on the shores of the Savannah River, Pulaski learned that a strong English force was threatening the city of Charlestown, capital of Carolina. Since it was on our way, we went to relieve them, even though we were not asked. The city of Charlestown is solidly built; located on a peninsula that enters the sea so that it is surrounded by water on three sides. On the fourth side, from land, General Rutledge (in command of the local militia) burned down the houses in the suburbs and dug redoubts with a palisade, to use as a defense. On May eleventh, a thousand English soldiers crossed the Ashley River and set up camp opposite the fortifications. On the same day we crossed the Cooper River on a ferry (as in this country it can be said that there are more rivers than villages) and arrived at the city where we were greeted by General Multrie, a brave warrior and great admirer of Pulaski. The inhabitants, seeing our determined faces, gave us a feast.

21. But Pulaski, not wishing to have Charlestown become our Capua [a military reference, not quite understood in this context], gave us only two hours to rest. Then he planned an expedition that was quite cleverly conceived. Usually in life he liked to be straight and open, but in war he would often use a stratagem and was happy to play a trick on his opponent, which Drewicz at Czestochowa had repeatedly tasted (as I already wrote above). The expedition was arranged as follows: Captain Fleury and one-hundred soldiers were stationed behind an embankment with orders to lay down on their bellies and not rise until the appropriate time. He and a cavalry unit, including myself and Jerzmanowski, were to approach the English camp and engage them for a moment — then pretend to flee toward the city. This was supposed to draw them into the trap, the way a young wolf is lured into a covered-over pit.

22. Things went as Pulaski predicted. Seeing that our small unit was coming, General Prevost sent one-hundred horsemen in reply. We chased them this way and that, but without results on either side. Finally Pulaski decided that he had the fish nibbling on the hook so we started to gallop away with the English behind us. It was still about a furlong and a half to the place where our people concealed. Pulaski said to me, "We'll get them, my brother, they will get caught in the trap." But Fleury, not waiting for the signal came out into the open and readied our men on the rise. "May ducks trample down that Frenchman, (shouted Pulaski in anger) he has spoiled my plan, that idiot." I looked around and saw that the English quickly understood what was up and gave up the chase. They turned about so quickly that we had no opportunity to go after them. Pulaski blamed Fleury, telling him without any reservation, that it was his fault. The Frenchman said that he thought he had heard the signal. And so the thing went wrong, but not because any fault of the Poles.

23. The English General, not having any heavy cannon with him, decided to forgo any attack on the city and departed a few days later, placing his army on little islands along the shore, where he did much mischief and violence to the poor inhabitants; burning their homes with the livestock — killing defenseless old men, women and children. It

was later said that these brigands even dug up graves looking for valuables in the coffins, and committed other acts of sacrilege on the dead. We soon started moving south toward General Lincoln to whose command (as I earlier stated) Congress had assigned us, and we reached him after a few days. The French fleet returned at the beginning of September from its expedition against English possessions in the Indies and was stationed off the Georgia shores. A plan was then conceived, to attack the city of Savannah from both land and sea, where the English were holed up in a fort.

24. During this time the heat was unbearable, we were tired form continual marching; but solaced ourselves with the thought of taking a large town, of which all in the army were sure; because the combined forces of both countries were to act together against a common enemy. The French everywhere, even in America, are renown as a fighting folk; and Count d'Estaing left only sailors and gun crews aboard ship, taking all his infantry ashore and volunteered to lead the charge himself. There was no doubt of success! Pulaski was happy, he was making plans for the future, not expecting that his grave was to be here in Savannah on unhallowed ground, far from his beloved homeland; and that his death would be sudden, and without the sacraments... Just like a soldier. (About this I will write in the next book).

## Book Ten

*Storming the City of Savannah - Death of Pulaski - I resign and travel to Europe - Meeting at Saint Domingue with Bieniewski on his way to America - In Paris with Miaczynski - In Dresden with the Princess of Courland - Arrival in Poland*

1. The City of Savannah is located on a river by this same name (near where it flows into the sea) which is a deep and wide, being able to accommodate ships. The city was open, only having a strong fortress on one side, furnished with redoubts and many cannon. On the other side the English put up several batteries and stationed soldiers. At the end of September (as I already said) the Americans came to Savannah with their French allies and sent a parley to General Prevost, asking him to surrender because he would not be able to withstand their force. The Englishman was clever and asked for twenty-four hours to think it over, stalling (as we learned later) to give General Maitland time to come with reinforcements; which took place. Then, our enemies feeling strong, laughed at the proposal and decided to have a battle. So we started to make the siege as per form. Our engineers dug trenches; the French ships moved in toward the shore. Meanwhile, the English made many forays. Twice they were repulsed with losses; but the third time they got better and killed many of our people.

2. Here I must mention one odd circumstance. I remember it as it were today, on first of October, seeing that Pulaski was out of sorts, I asked him at to what was the matter. “Oh, my brother (he answered me), yesterday I lost my scapular — and this is a bad omen.” Pulaski, like all the knights was in sodality, and wore a scapular touched to the miraculous icon of the Blessed Virgin which was blest by the same Papal nuncio who visited us at Czestochowa (about which I already wrote). He was greatly saddened by this loss of a holy object which, as a true-believing Catholic, he treated with great piety. I tried to cheer him as I could and wanted to give him one of mine; but he declined not wishing to deprive me of this *heavenly shield* adding: “If such is the will of God, that here I must pay with my head; a sinful man may not stand against a verdict from on high; *fiat voluntas tua Domine* [let your will be done, Lord].” I was sad, but to tell the truth, I did not draw any prophecy from this; only later. Anyhow, Pulaski did not lament over this any longer, and on seeing this I stopped thinking about the incident.

3. Four days later the bombardment of the fortress started, from the sea and land, but without any gain nor any great loss, on either side. A French Major named Lenfant behaved in a very brave manner; taking five soldiers with him and despite many shots being fired, sneaked up to the enemy fortress and set their palisade on fire; but the wood was rotten and the fire went out. Otherwise, we would have smoked them out like foxes from a burrow. On October 9th we were to make a general attack. The militia feinted an attack, but the main American and French forces went for the batteries located in a place called Spring Hill. It was hot there indeed — for over half an hour the cannons roared and blood flowed. Pulaski saw that there was an open space between the redoubts and decided to take a small unit of Georgia cavalry and break through there; get into the city and divert the enemy in this way. General Lincoln praised his bold plan. So calling on

the help of God, Pulaski shouted *forward* and we, about two-hundred horse, followed him, galloping so that the earth thundered.

4. The first two minutes went excellently well, we sped onward to perdition, but with grace, like noblemen. Only when we passed the two batteries between which the gap existed, we were halted by cross-fire and the entire group went into confusion like water that flowed quickly until it hit a closed sluice gate. I look — oh! painful moment never to be forgotten! — Pulaski is on the ground. I raced over and dismounted rapidly, running to him, thinking the wound may be minor. But here was a great tragedy! A cannon ball had ripped his leg, and from his chest blood was also pouring forth, from another hit. When I knelt and started to raise him, he said with a deathly voice, "Jesus, Mary, Joseph." I heard nothing more nor did I see anything else for in that moment a musket ball slid along my skull, blood blinded me and I totally fainted. Our kind soldiers, urged by Jerzmanowski, retreating toward our lines bore away Pulaski and me (despite a lively fire), as well as other wounded. In the evening, after being bandaged by the medic, I regained consciousness, Jerzmanowski told me that Pulaski lived for yet another hour, but spoke deliriously as the ill are wont to do in fever — about Poland, about the future, and about someone named Franciszka! ... He asked that a cross with the figure of Jesus crucified be handed him, which he kissed and gave up his soul.

5. So he perished on this unfortunate day, October ninth of the year 1779, being not yet thirty-six years of age, the greatest Polish hero after Stefan Czarniecki. To properly remember and honor him one would need a writer like Virgil or someone as expressive as the Greek Plutarch. Here I am a military man, great of heart but not of intellect, more apt to grab a sword than turn to eloquence; could I create such a work? I will not be silent, but will tell it the best that I can. Pulaski greatly loved God, his homeland, and his fellow countrymen; he was courageous unto insolence and though of short stature, had an incredible strength in his hand — and fought with a sabre like none other. He never let anything slip by or fail to see it; he was rigorous in duty, and would not have forgiven his very brother a military blunder. He had no personal interests whatsoever, he did everything for the good of all; and would have shared his very last shirt gladly. In a word, his sentiments were chivalrous and beyond praise. He was a true Polish noble, as they say: "quick to anger, but wise at council; good for dancing and for serious matters; full of piety and steadfast in war." If he had a fault, it was that his blood tended to run hot and had no talent for dissembling; thus putting himself in offense and anger of others unintentionally! *

> * Let us see how Lafayette, who knew Pulaski personally, spoke about our Bar Confederation cavalier. In the first volume of his memoirs published in Paris in 1837 after his death, we read on page 29: *Pulaski confedere polonais qui seul avait refuse sa grace: intrepide et vertueux chevalier - meilleur capitaine que general , il voulait etre polonais partout, et Monsieur de Lafayette apres avoir contribue a sa reception, travaillait souvent a ses raccommodements...* It is clear that *il voulait etre polonais partout* is wonderfully analogous to the words of Rogowski: *he was a true Polish nobleman*. And the frequent *raccommodements* signify that in Pulaski, as Rogowski says, *blood tended to run hot*. (Publisher's Note)

6. After this unfortunate enterprise in Savannah during which our combined armies lost

about a thousand men, Count d'Estaing — twice wounded — took his Frenchmen aboard ship and sailed away with God's grace. We, with General Lincoln, crossed a river and reached the province of Carolina. Command of our legion passed to Colonel Armand who was the senior officer. For me after Pulaski's death, though I healed from my wounds, everything seemed distasteful in America and I started to long for our home country; so much so I was unable to carry on, as a man whose body is well but who is injured and ill of mind. The loss of Pulaski, my companion of three years, a brother whom I loved, stuck a wedge into my heart and caused me unbearable sadness. Becoming an orphan, I now remembered where I was, an exile, and felt a loathing toward those around me, and a longing for those who were far away!

7. In truth, no fear of death drove me from America, for sinful man is born once, and dies once only. It is far better for a cavalier to finally close his eyes while in the saddle and under the clear sky, than to die in a feather bed behind a curtain. At least then one is spared the sadness and fear that is visited on the faces of one's friends and relatives. You need not be fed Latin prescriptions, and your body does not die by degrees. In war, one moment and all is done! And if you have not had a chance to confess your conscience and receive absolution and extreme unction — then there is God's mercy. ... ... ...

**THE END**

## Publisher's Post-Script

Nearly seventy years have passed from the era in which these Memoirs end. The face of the old and new world has changed. New heroes have come and left the scene, leaving the luster of their fame on history's pages. Yet the memory of Casimir Pulaski that lives so strongly among us Poles is also preserved untouched in the hearts of the American people.

Ingratitude often lives in individuals, but in the collective nation, never! Nations always remember those who had sacrificed for the common good — those who in the defense of rights and freedom laid down that, which after honor was most precious — their lives!

That is why Pulaski has not been forgotten in the United States. His name lives in folk tradition and is still known; as is the name of Prince Jozef Poniatowski in France.

Our countryman Mr. Rudolf Gutowski spent a few years in the United States and made me happy with his stories of how Americans continue to remember our Bar Confederation cavalier.

In Georgia, between Savannah and Augusta is a small town called *Pulaski*; while a great many of the steamboats that travel among the southern provinces, also bear the name of this hero.

In the city of Savannah, in the main room of the City Hall, Mr. Gutowski saw a portrait of Kazimierz Pulaski that hangs there, painted in oil by a famous painter contemporary to the War of Independence; Mr. Stuart. In a square designated for public promenade, there is an obelisk of granite, and though it has no words engraved upon it, is called *Pulaski's Monument* by the city's inhabitants.

These details are small and of less significance — I place them here for the edification of all — because I am sure they will be pleasing to every Pole.

The blood spilled in the only cause of freedom is not lost; sooner or later each drop will yield a bountiful harvest; like fertile grain laid in the bosom of mother earth!

After so many years, many of our countrymen have wandered even to the New World — and even if among the cold (as European opinion would have it) American nation they can find a bit of sincere hospitality and real sympathy — then the cause of it, without denial are none other than the excellent services rendered by Tadeusz Kosciuszko and the death of Casimir Pulaski!