

To continue our extracts from the all-absorbing news, brought by the last mail. Though they do not present the same picture, under different lights; still the details are not stripped of interest; they come at least with the stamp of novelty, as much as they have not generally been before the public eye. Belgium has so often allowed herself to be *protacted* and *reproached* by the five powers, represented by the English cabinet; she has so frequently been lured by the popular movements held out by France, but to be deceived in her expectations; that the high-toned feelings, which she had lately enlisted in her cause, have in a large proportion, centered on the valorous Poles, whose prowess in the field and devotion to freedom have won the admiration of the most reluctant.

Russia too—shaggy Russia, has felt the noble impulse—and freedom, through the lips of a semi-gentry veteran, cuts on the soil-bound serf to smother the chains of feudalism and rise to glorious independence. The millennium of freedom, predicted by the Tyrones of Italy, the patriotic Dante, is fast approaching; and will may the enslaved nations of Europe paint their banners with the label of the poet:

Liberum est recordari, et sic securus

Ita vici!

INSURRECTION IN RUSSIA.

From the Warsaw State Gazette, March 23.

We hasten to publish a proclamation just found on an officer, decorated with the order of St. George, who was killed in a recent affair, that Paris.—Letters from Riga of the 23rd of March, received yesterday in Paris, say that

“Smirnov, Jan. 29, on the banks of the Volga

“It is an old man, seventy years of age, who has lived during the reign of four Sovereigns, and who now, towards the end of his life, disgusted with the despotism with which he is surrounded, revives in your hearts sentiments of national liberty, and will die free. Raise you, heads, All-Polishans! All-Europeans, and particularly that part which is the most civilized and enlightened, acknowledge that there is nothing so despicable as to support slavery, and the yoke of despotism.—Use you not vigorous arms, have you not gods inaccessible to earthly power, shall you not be able to shake the chains with which you are fastened?

“Russia, the Queen of the North of Europe, having saved the liberty of others, will not fail to gain for herself; do you tremble without the daring of courage, you slaves of a despotic Czar? You tremble at the very name of liberty; and the idea of it is, in your eyes, the greatest of crimes. Is it then possible, that those who were the terror of the world, can bear to remain the slaves of prejudice and ignorance?

“Russia, the eyes of all Europe are turned towards you; the world knows the bravery of Russian heroes; the straightforward sober and the high-spirited noble are known; but of what use are these qualities, where despotism reigns in the name of legal power—where pride rules its bold front, meets its neighbor with disdain, and, spreading its wings, tries to smother liberty and honor? What is it that stops your course? Why do you fly to obtain insensate liberty? This, perhaps, prejudices which prevents you. Your ancestors were brave and died slaves. Do you now fly from the light of liberty, the shadow of slavery? They tremble at the idea of liberty; but they look for a people they might give them; they sigh in silence—they await the moment to conclude their liberty.

“There is no example in the history of man, that those who are firmly determined to obtain their liberty, do not succeed. You protest at their efforts. Look at the happiness of our race, while you remain the victims of an execrable despotism. You see even at home the love of a people for a sovereign who commands his reign with justice and clemency; but, as it was with the commencement, for a length disturbed by price, nourished by vice flat-toppers, he easily deceived the hopes which he raised. Look to the fruits of that justice and clemency. We must suffer punishments till time unknown; victims of his sanguineous, but neither tried nor convicted; and all this only in order that he might reign despotically. Our warriors are scattered; their forces overthrown; their laurels; all are torn back; many are missing. Where are they? They are beyond the Bosphorus; their ashes lying in a foreign land. If at least, the same could say they have perished; but they have sacrificed for their country. But alas! no! They are sacrificed, offered up to pride and the baseness of two desots. Where are our fathers, our brothers, our children? They will never return; but in their last moments—such as these, the arms of their tomb—sickened and the plague which, as auxiliaries, will end in giving the death-blow to those who would obtain their liberty. You will see the vengeance of an outraged and insulted God; these insults increasing,到了 the degree, even in our holy Church, from the reign of the Czar Alexander, Fedorowicz.

“Our Russians, fear that each minute will make your situation more terrible; every thing foretells that the wisdom which is the dawn of national happiness is smothered amongst us. Commerce is left without protection, the merchants are oppressed with enormous taxes, the cultivators are almost forced to purchase his subsistence, as it was the gift of the Czar; the ancient Russian citizens are despised, and strangers will print the capital places in the State; it is not, therefore, as astonishing that they oppress, and ruin us, for they are not our brethren. And what has become of our mutual spirit? where are the ancient Russian heroes? where are those who armed themselves in the name of God, the nation and the Czar? They have all perished, and now we have been chosen to be the vile instruments of despotism. No, no, to us! And are we to be blind, deluded? We all complain, we shed bitter tears in vain; are these then, the arms the brave children of Russia ought to use? No, it is with sword in hand we must go into the centre of the capital, into the midst of the field of battle; we ought to demand our national liberty. What can oppose our courage. The idol of despotism will fall before us, the Czar will become a father, and we shall cease to be orphans; we shall again find a country, like our brethren to Jesus Christ, the Greeks, we shall become free, and immortalize ourselves. Nations less warlike and less populous have arisen with success, although surrounded by empires interested in their destruction. This hour has struck. God who has in his hands the fate of kings and of people, will protect us also. Ten thousand! O my countrymen, the bands of fanaticism, we have sworn to be faithful, but the Czar has sworn to be your father? He has broken his oath, we are free from ours. Let us, notwithstanding, respect our Czar as the representative of God, as the highest authority. Change only the form of Government, and demand a Constitution.

“Russians, let all those who desire their happiness, and that of their descendants, profit by the present moment, and hasten to the banks of the Volga; there the work has commenced. Citizens and warriors have taken the oath, in the name of the whole world, to die or to be free. Those who distinguished proofs from innumerable others, have, like us, waited for fifteen years under the Dutch yoke! It does not clearly appear whether the purchased Belgians intend simply to declare war against the five Powers who are parties to the offensive protocols,

inhabit, Liberty and a Constitution. But it is principally to you, Russian warriors, that I address myself, and it is towards you that the country holds out its arms; it is from you that it is from that it expects deliverance, do not allow that it will be any longer the plaything of despotism. The throne has no other defenders than the slaves that surrounded it. They will follow for money in the field of battle as they have done in the council. We must be free, and the throne will tremble; but if the despot will arm our enterprise, and that by the aid of those accomplices on whom he bestows all favors, in forgetting that he is our Monarch and theirs—in forgetting that he is the father of all the Russians—then the whole world will see that the Russians are not made for slavery—and they must have their liberty; they can be free, and they will be free.

GENERAL JERMOLOFF.

FRANCE.

From the National of Tuesday.

PARIS.—Letters from Riga of the 23rd of March, received yesterday in Paris, say that

“Warch, received yesterday in Paris, say that

“Russian officers, wounded by the revolted pa-

ny, where daily brought in. This would

prove that the insurrection had extended to

Coupland.

From the Constitutionnel of Tuesday:

PARIS.—Mr. Duraud, a Member of the Chamber of Deputies, received yesterday letters from a commercial house in Danzig, confirming the news of the insurrection in Lithuania.

The Ministry which had at first hesitated to decide on the question of Algiers, determined in the Council held on Wednesday last, to retain the possession of the country, and to enlarge it.

There was a report that the troops of the German Confederation had entered the Grand Duchy on the 6th inst.

Gen. Bellard has gone back to Paris, and private letters state that he had brought information that England is going to take possession of the Scheldt, and that Prussia is in session of the fortresses of Belgian Belgian affairs are finally arranged.

The Prussian State Gazette of April 7, (only one day later than that received by the Edinburgh steamboat) has no news from Poland.

From the Journal des Débats of Tuesday:

The St. Petersburg Official Journal of March 26, states the Emperor has issued a ukase to disband the sixth regiment of Carabiniers of Finland, and the General Staff of that province. The facts, published without any names lead us to believe that all is not right in Finland:

IRELAND.

From the Liverpool Chronicle of 14th April, from which

habitually shrink with feelings of loathing and aversion, so sickening is the spectacle of want, suffering, turbulence and outrage, misery and degradation which that unhappy

country too, is the mirror

of fatigue, the men, and particularly the horses, which were without sufficient food for some

days. It is now admitted on all hands, that the Russians are suffering from the scarcity of provisions. If the theatre of war were Bavaria, Wittenberg, or Saxony, which are fertile countries, intersected with good roads, where constant communications might be kept, the difficulties which effect their movements, some of being followed by their convoys, and to find in other respects, from the resources of the country itself, subsistence for their men and horses. It is quite different, however, in Poland; and particularly on the plain back of the Vistula, where communications are meager and ill-made.

The following statement repeated, in Polish

which now prevails in certain districts, as to

unwilling to meet the attention of the most

mind. At a meeting lately held in

Quidin, was feminine and Falwy, and

surprised to learn that

the Polish army had

and to add a de-

nominator to which

the population of

Quidin, and Falwy, and

had to be sent to the

front, which was

and severe a strain

as any in Ireland.

The Peasant, and since it is said, have

them in point of status, have adopted a

front, which prevents their

from acting. No castle can be

now wrights exempted, and no writs executed.

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