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HENEY, H.M.E. SOURCES.

P. E. STRZELECKI

For help in tracing sources, my thanks are due to

M. de Melinski, of the Liga Polska, in Warsaw
H. Proszewski, of the Polish Foreign Office
Dr. O. AUSTRALIAN EXPLORER
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H. Turon, of Poznan,
H. Polka, Siupski, and other relatives of the family in
Poland

1797--1873.

The Secretary of the Royal Society, and the Rzeczypospolitej
Library, for signatures,

"Gładkiem wspaniały przez świat kroczył gościńcem: ale na
tym gościńcu jednak pozostał on zawsze 'błędym wędrowcem'"

Zmichowska
(sup. 150 for translation).

Dr. Strzelecki (for bibliography and list of further references)
in New York,



The Curator of the Archives, New York

The Librarian of the Perlinson Library, New York
The Librarians of Auckland, Christchurch, and Dunedin
Universities
in New Zealand,

(Please note: Appendix to this thesis is in separate folder)



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I. SOURCES USED

ORIGINAL SOURCES.

Letters to Strzelecki, see Zaichowska
Letters to Adyna Turno, see Kurjer Poznanaki.
Letter to Polish Consul, see Zaichowska.

For help in obtaining the sources, my thanks are due to
Letter to J. Bielecki - Visit to Yelkno of Kirauas - Archives
of Hawaii "Hawaiiian Spectator" vol. I. no 4
M. St Zielinski, of the Liga Morska, in Warsaw
M. Bronowski, of the Polish Foreign Office
Dr Olszewicz, of the Warsaw University Library
Professor St. Pawlowski, of Poznan University,
M. Turno, of Poznan,
M. Feliks Stupski, and other relatives of the family in
ary Papers, Gipsa to Russel Poland September, 1840.

The Secretary of the Royal Society, and the Raczynskian's
Library, for signatures, on Gipsa and Longmans 1845
The Librarian of the Royal Geographical Society,
British Museum, Somerset House and Home Office,
The Registrars of Oxford And Edinburgh Universities,
in England,
Library.

Mr Strzelecki (for Memorandum and list of further books)
in New York, - Mitchell Library.

The Curator of the Archives, Honolulu
Library.

The Librarian of the Parliamentary Library, Wellington,
The Librarians of Auckland, Christ Church and Dunedin
Universities
in New Zealand,

And in Sydney
The Librarians of the Mitchel and Fisher Libraries.
The Polish Consul.

(This account, written by a distant relation from
family accounts, is the basis of the rest of the sources)
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Tygodnik Ilustrowany 1874. Nr 315-316.
Izandowski A. - Polacy w Australji. Przegląd Emigracyjny
1893 Nr. 3
Mallazowski, Olszewicz, - Mount Kosciuszko w Australji
Przegląd Emigracyjny 1894 Nr. 7
Wianowski Sygurt - Dalesie lat w Australji. Lódz 1873
Fawał Edmund Strzelecki. Przegląd Emigracyjny 1894. Nr. 12
Zielinski St. - Słowy Słownik pionierów polskich 1932
Zielinski St. - Wybitne Czyny Polaków na Obczyźnie.

I. SOURCES USED

ORIGINAL SOURCES.

- Letters to Piotr Strzelecki, see Zmichowska
Letters to Adyna Turno, see Kurjer Poznanski.
Letter to Polish woman, see Zmichowska.
Letter to J. Diell--Visit to Volcano of Kirauea--Archives
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Report on Route from Yass Plains by Australian Alps
and Gippsland--copy in Mitchel, reprinted in Parliament-
ary Papers, Gipps to Russel 28th September, 1840.
PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION OF NEW SOUTH WALES AND VAN DIEMAN'S
LAND--London, Longman Brown Green and Longmans 1845
GOLD AND SILVER--A supplement to A Physical Description
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Library.
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by Strzelecki--Mitchel Library.
Notes of an Excursion in the North-Western Part of
Tasmania--Mitchel Library.
Certificate of Naturalisation--Home Office, London.
Copy of Will--Somerset House.
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In Polish
Narcyza Zmichowska "O Pawle Edmundzie Strzeleckim wedlug
Rodzinnych i Towarzyskich Wspomnien"
Ateneum, 1876. (Out of Print)
(This account, written by a distant relation from
family accounts, is the basis of the rest of the sources)
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Zielinski St.--Wybitne Czyny Polaków na Obczyźnie.

Kurjer Poznanski 10 listopada, 1935
 Sprawa miliardowego spadku nadal Zaprzęta Umysły
 29 listopada 1935
 15 Miliardów złotych Spadku po Emigrancie Polskim
 29 grudnia 1936
 Walka o Spadek po Strzeleckim
 16 lutego 1936
 Kiedy i gdzie urodził się Strzelecki
 Czas 24 grudnia 1935 o Pawle Edmundzie Strzeleckim -Dyboski
 Wychodźca 2 marca 1936.
 Jan Bystron Dzieje Obczajów w Dawnej Polsce wiek.XVI-XVIII

The person probably satirized was Prince Puckler-Fuskau,
In English

who visited England about the end of the eighteenth century.
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 Parliamentary Papers, Vol 64.
 Royal Geographical Society Proceedings, Journal. Vol 14-1844
 Vol 44 London Proceedings Vol 18
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 (These last from the Mitchel Library)

Obituary Notice-The Times October 17. 1873-Given as Appendix
 Memorandum of Petition-Bolesław de Strzelecki--Given as
 Appendix.
 A further list of possible references is given as Appendix.

Note on Statement in Australian Encyclopedia, saying that Charles Dickens drew a portrait of Strzelecki in his famous "Count Smorltalk" at Mrs Leo Hunter's party in the Pickwick Papers. 1797 - 1873

It cannot be absolutely contradicted, so far as I know, but seems on the face of it, to have been a slip. The person probably satirized was Prince Fuckler-Muskau, who visited England about the end of the eighteen-twenties. He inspected everything exhaustively in a visit of three weeks, then returned home and wrote a book describing England very positively. This seems closer to Dickens' picture, than a man who seems to have mixed easily in English society, and in any case never wrote anything about England, even after a visit of twenty years! Strzelecki.

II. SYMBIOTA 1797. Birthplace of Strzelecki-Family-Parents-Childhood of Paul.

III. YOUTH 1809-1820 Explanation of Lack of Material-Sketch of Brother-Paul's Boyhood-Period in Prussian Army.

IV. ALEXANDRA TURKO 1820-1821 The Turko Family-Adyna's Importance for Biographical Material.

V. CHANGE OF SCENE 1821 Strzelecki driven Abroad-Breaking of Personal ties.

VI. THE SAPHIRAS. 1822-1831 Polish Rural Conditions-Position of Palliff-Strzelecki's Dubious

Finances in Light of Later Character-Breaking of National
ties. PAUL EDMUND STRZELECKI

PART TWO. EDUCATION OF A SCIENTIST
1797 - 1873

VII. ENGLAND, 1811-1814. No Information Where Strzelecki

Received Scientific Education.-In
PORTRAIT OF A VICTORIAN

this Period Part Falls Away and Essential Strzelecki
Emerges-He Comes to Know the English, and Shape a Career
by their Standards.

SYNOPSIS

VIII. THE WANDERINGS OF ULYSSES 1814-1816 America-Canada
What a man is, is more than what he does. South America-

PART ONE .BACKGROUND OF AN EXPLORER

I. THE YEAR 1797. The End of the Eighteenth Century-Brief
Survey of England, France, Austria, Prussia,
Russia-Dismembered Poland.
Character. Similarity of Destiny of Catherine and

Strzelecki. THE CROWDED YEARS

II. GZUSZYNA 1797. Birthplace of Strzelecki-Family-Parents-
Childhood of Paul.igion-Its Conditions-Some

III. YOUTH 1809-1820 Explanation of Lack of Material-Sketch

XI LETTERS TO AD of Brother-Paul's Boyhood-Period in
Prussian Army. APPENDIX.

IV. ALEXANDRA TURNO 1820-1821 The Turno Family-Adyna's
Importance for Biographical
Material.ions

V. CHANGE OF SCENE 1821 Strzelecki driven Abroad-Breaking
of Personal Ties.owards the Commercial

VI. THE SAPIEHAS. 1822-1831 Polish Rural Conditions-Position

XIV. RETURN TO ENGLAND of Bailiff-Strzelecki's Dubious

Finances in Light of Later Character-Breaking of National
Ties.

PART TWO. EDUCATION OF A SCIENTIST

VII. ENGLAND. 1831-1834. No Information Where Strzelecki
Received Scientific Education.-In
this Period Past Falls Away and Essential Strzelecki
Emerges-He Comes to Know the English, and Shape a Career
by their Standards.

VIII. THE WANDERINGS OF ULYSSES 1834-1836 America-Canada

XVIII. YEARS AND HONOURS. 1840-1873 Philanthropy-Friends-
South America-
California.

IX. THE PACIFIC 1836-1838 Discussion of Two Accounts of

XIX. DEATH. 1873 Circumstances of Death-Will-Gravestone
Trip to Volcano.-Glimpse of His
Character.

PART THREE. THE CROWDED YEARS

X. THE CROWDED YEARS 1838-1843 The Scope of His Work-Its
Attitude to the Will, Its Recondescence-Its Conditions-Some
Impressions and Comments-New South Wales.

XI LETTERS TO ADYNA. ?-Their Value as Document. Given as
Appendix.

XII. THE DISCOVERY OF GIPPSLAND. 1839-1840 The Journey and
Strzelecki's

Impressions

XIII TASMANIA 1840-1842 Friendship to the Governor-Work
of Importance towards the Commercial
Exploitation of Minerals.

XIV. RETURN TO ENGLAND 1843 Poverty-Death of Gipps-Public-

ation of First Book-Recognition of his Work-Strzelecki as
 an Englishman. Notes, etc. are numbered consecutively throughout, are
 of each chapter.

XV.GOLD. No Date.Strzelecki as First Discoverer of Gold-

Whether he realised the Importance of the
 Discovery-His attitude to it-Strzelecki and Parliament.

PART FOUR. THE PHILANTHROPIST

XVI.THE IRISH FAMINE.1846-1848 English Relief Measures-
 Strzelecki in Ireland.

XVII.FINANCE Summing up of Facts-Difficulties of the Subject

XVIII.YEARS AND HONOURS.1849-1873 Philanthropy-Friends-
 Personal Honours-The

Crimean War.

XIX.DEATH.1873 Circumstances of Death-Making Will-Funeral
 Summing up of Strzelecki and his Career.

XX.THE DISTORTING SHADOW.A Discussion of the Curious
 Circumstances of the Family
 Attitude to the Will,its Recrudescence in our own Day--
 Effect in Poland-Regret that such Stories should be
 connected with an Honoured Name.

Prologue

PORTRAIT OF A VICTORIAN

Notes, which are numbered consecutively throughout, are put at the end of each chapter.

What a man is, is more than what he does.

It was growing dark under the arches of the entrance to Burlington House. The colours of an autumn sunset were already fading behind the roof-tops, while twilight, an invisible fluid poured from above, was forming pools of shadow in the unroofed paved court. A scent of smoke from freshly lighted fires hung on the air already sharp with frost.

Firm steps, not quick, but steady, accompanied by the tap of a stick, sounded on the stones, and two men, going out, met under the street lamp where the stir of Piccadilly gave way to the quiet of the gateway, another coming in the opposite direction.

The man passed, turning to the right in the entrance to the Royal Society rooms. The momentary glimpse showed a figure suggestive of purpose, of incisive energy, concentrated in a head which cried out to be copied in the clean severity of marble; good looks of the type that time, by writing the character on the flesh and bone, can only intensify.

A mane of snow white hair, cut long, and rising lightly from a high white forehead, high cheekbones, a fine clear jaw line, thin lips, jutting straight nose, watchful light eyes under thick dark eyebrows, a total effect, with a spare body of average height, of will and vigour.

One of the outgoing men turned to follow the disappearing figure.

"I thought he recognised you," he said doubtfully. "Who was he?"

"Sir Paul de Strzelecki, the colonial explorer."

The other PAUL EDMUND STRZELECKI striking face, and a

Prologue "Do PORTRAIT OF A VICTORIAN?"

The second man shrugged.

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The other shook his head. "It's a striking face, and a foreign name. Do you know anything of him?"

The second man shrugged.

"Most people know of him, at least. K.C.M.G, member of the R.S and R.G.S, etc. He's well known in London, seems to have been here a long time. Men of action, after all, are more interesting in what they do than in what they are. A man is what he does, or he couldn't have done it. This -- Pole, I think, came to England after he left Australia, got himself accepted, and now belongs here. I leave it to you writers to make up the missing details of men's lives. The recorded facts are enough for me."

His companion laughed. "facts, even in the rare cases when they are true, and not merely believed, mean nothing. Anyone can twist them to his purpose. The true truth, if there were such a thing at all, would be found in the personality of the man who created the facts, the inner motives which made him do this or that things, and no other. The reason why a man explores, the purpose which sends him out, is more to me than the mountains he climbed and the rivers he named. But you seldom find them in biography."

"Is there more truth in your romantic story than in my bare facts? they are both, after all, only a selection of the possible materials."

"Give me my sort of truth, and you may keep your own. What one sees in a life, after all, is probably not so much what is there, as what one sees there. Biography is only fiction under a different name."

The other did not answer. With a peremptory gesture he summoned a cab, which drew up obediently at the curb. He got in, and left the other, with a brief good night, standing in the violet shadow, where

gas lamps and lamps from uncurtained windows were only intensifying the approaching dusk.

I
THE YEAR 1797

The End of the 18th Century - Brief survey of England, France, Austria, Prussia, Russia - Disembered Poland - Similarity in destiny of Catherine the Great and Strzelecki.

By 1797, the eighteenth century was dead, though it had still a year or two to run. Most of its great figures had passed from its stage, but the symbol of its demise, lay, for the common man in two other events, which, by ushering in the French Revolution, marked most vividly the change which was coming into being. These, the capture of the Bastille by the Paris mob, which, with the common ineptitude of crowds, turned its fury against the one prison which had never menaced its ranks; and the execution of that Louis Capet who died in extenuation of those of his faults for which he was least to blame, his kingship and his stupidity. When Burke, declaimed on the death of Marie Antoinette, that chivalry was dead, he was right. But if chivalry had still be alive in the age which saw the Partition of Poland, the extinction in time of peace of a nation with centuries of life behind it, then it was better dead. The eighteenth century, which perpetrated that cynical outrage, was dead, at least. Its part was done, and the curtain was rising, with a synchronisation rarely found between an epoch and a century, on the age of realism, the age brought in by that Napoleon then supreme in Europe. The star of the nineteenth century, which began with general war in Europe and ended with wars as far beyond it as China, India and Africa, had risen, as it was to shine, red above the horizon.

England was still at war, but the prime minister was tired of it, and longed for that peace which he was still far from

PART ONE
BACKGROUND OF AN EXPLORER

I

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achieving. Though the year ended with the failure of the attempted invasion of Ireland, the temper of the fleet was working up for the Spithead mutiny.

France's position was better than it had been for many years. She had signed peace with Prussia and with Spain, Belgium had been incorporated, Holland reduced to the status of a vassal state, and though England was still fighting at sea, and Austria by land, Napoleon's advance from Italy presaged the peace of Campo Formio, the advantage being further strengthened by the arrival of new French armies which had been released for foreign service by the pacification of the Vendee.

Further east, Prussia, Austria and Russia were haggling over the disposition of the fresh territories acquired during 1795.

Prussia, whose ruler had been disheartened by the disappointments of his reign, by the inaction of 1794, the repulse from Warsaw, was feeling its isolation, and consequently was getting the worst of the bargaining. It was still influential enough, however, to enable Catherine to maintain the balance of power between the rival claims of Prussia and Austria, and thus put herself in the strongest position. Before this was formally drawn up, Catherine died (1796). Her

successor Austria, under Francis II, had absorbed Galicia, Russia the rest of Lithuania, and in October 1795, the three states reached an agreement which was finally ratified on January 26, 1797, and this settled the long agony of the country formerly existing between their frontiers, and now dismembered within them. The Partition of Poland was complete; a crime and blunder the consequences of which were among the causes of the world war, and which are still operating within the reconstituted Polish Republic. It was an action very

in the limelight, on the restricted stage of private life. Strzelecki was as

typical of the cynical age which produced its protagonists -- Catherine the Great, foreigner who did more for her adopted country than any single native Russian except Peter; Frederick of Prussia, Stanislaus Poniatowski, Joseph II and Leopold, these completed the group of villains.

And Poland? To all intents and purposes, to the best of the knowledge and belief of the men who ratified the final partition, she had ceased to exist. To make her demise more complete and lasting was the aim of the treaty inspired by Catherine; it decreed that in future there should be no divided allegiance. Every landowner had to settle himself in one or other territory, become a citizen of that region, and sell his "foreign" lands within five years. Boundaries were defined with precision. And, to stamp down the ground over the uneasy grave, the three sovereigns bound themselves by a secret article, recognising "the necessity of abolishing everything which may recall the memory of the existence of the kingdom of Poland" For the furtherance of this aim, which the next hundred years was to prove so futile, all three pledged themselves never to use the name in the territorial titles of any of their rulers. (1)

Before this was formally drawn up, Catherine died (1796) Her successor Paul released the Polish patriot Kościuszko, who withdrew abroad, only returning to Poland when his body was, much later, given burial in the Wawel. Stanislaus August Poniatowski, forced to abdicate in 1795, retired to St Petersburg, and died there in 1798.

The year after the death of the woman who, in her greatness as in her vices, typified the morality, aims and methods of the disappearing epoch, a man was born who summed equally well the new age, its dreams hopes and limitations, though in infinitely less limelight, on the restricted stage of private life. Strzelecki was as

characteristic of the nineteenth century as Catherine of the eighteenth. He shared with her, who in her plans for aggrandisement, gave the vital impetus to the fortunes of a man of whom she would never have heard, the fate of an obscure birth, an unwilling exile, and the destiny of taking the nationality, sharing the life, and furthering the renown of a race to which, like the petty German princess to the Russia of Peter the Great, he was by birth, race, language, upbringing and religion, a stranger.

Page 6

(1) Cambridge Modern History Vol VIII Ch. XVII from Poznań,

in the territory acquired by Prussia in the Third Partition, differs in no way from a thousand villages scattered up and down the flat plains which make up the country. 140 years ago, it was still less remarkable, and hardly more picturesque. It possessed, then as now, the charm of simplicity, the beauty of flat lands, a landscape laid out in a wide chequerboard of colours changing with the seasons, broken by forests, dotted here and there with an occasional lake. The larger fields of the landowners, planted with rye or barley, buckwheat and beet, the smaller inconvenient strips of peasant land among them; in the village itself, under the elms and chestnuts, by the village pond, where a probable St Jan Napomak guarded the water, the community met to discuss, in Polish still untainted by Germanisms, their primitive affairs, while the slow storks flapped overhead to their nests in the thatch, and the zóraw, the windles, creaked as the buckets came up for the evening watering of the horses.

Behind the church, which differed from so many Polish churches, white, baroque, with onion domes like bubbles of cloud on the large horizon, in being ancient Vistula Gothic, and the primitive little shop where travelling peddlars opened their packs, stood a wide gateway, usually open; an evergreen shrubbery to protect the garden from dust. From behind the summer green of lilacs and hawthorns the more sombre evergreen of yews and laurels, the roof of the manor house showed above the white walls and porch of a typical *dwór* of the smaller Polish gentry. Manor house is too pretentious a name, for the oblong white box of a simple house, home of people in reduced circumstances, with narrow resources, but manor house

II

GŁUSZYNA

means a certain place in the social system -- home of a family of gentle blood, which in Poland stood for more than riches. Głuszyzna, "wies koscielna" (2) lying a few miles from Poznan, in the territory acquired by Prussia in the Third Partition, differs in no way from a thousand villages scattered up and down the flat plains which make up the country. 140 years ago, it was still less remarkable, and hardly more picturesque. It possessed, then as now, the charm of simplicity, the beauty of flat lands, a landscape laid out in a wide chequerboard of colours changing with the seasons, broken by forests, dotted here and there with an occasional lake. The larger fields of the landowners, planted with rye or barley, buckwheat and beet, the smaller inconvenient strips of peasant land among them; in the village itself, under the elms and chestnuts, by the village pond, where a probable St Jan Nepomak guarded the water, the community met to discuss, in Polish still untainted by Germanisms, their primitive affairs, while the slow storks flapped overhead to their nests in the thatch, and the zóraw, the windlass, creaked as the buckets came up for the evening watering of the horses.

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The pulse of life, always slow in the country, flows sluggishly through these backwaters, where an intensely restricted country gentry lead the dullest of lives, the men busy supervising their property, absorbed in the price of grain, the illness of animals, the rotation of crops, the complaints of the peasants, the change of the seasons: their wives and daughters, with the care of the indoor servants, the making of traditional dishes, the breeding of poultry and the entertaining of such occasional guests as find their way -- the local priest, come to spend the close of a church holiday at the home of the chief parishioner, or a relative breaking a journey.

At the Strzeleckis, in 1797, there were excellent reasons for a quiet life. The storm of political events had ebbed, leaving the Pznan district subjected, sullen, but uncowed -- reaction and rebellion still in the future, only at the beginning of the bitter lesson of attempted Germanisation, but quiet at a time when too much hospitality was unwelcome.

Mrs Strzelecka expected her third child that year, but even after June and the birth of a second son, poverty and temperament were the main factors which kept the young couple and their small children safely at home.

The husband's family were newcomers to the district, as residence is counted in Poland. Piotr (Peter) Strzelecki had come from the neighbourhood of Galicia, in 1730. Selling the family property of Dziejanka, on the river Dniestr, he had bought one on Great Poland, where he married a member of the Raczynski family, and died

leaving behind him two sons, Andrzej and Franciszek (Andrew and Francis). Of these two, Andrew died unmarried, having lost his own possessions and most of his brothers', so that when Francis married a girl as poor as himself, the two were forced to make sacrifices to buy even the modest farm of Głuszyna, where they settled and brought up their three children, Isabel, Peter and Paul.

The story of Anna Strzelecka z domu Raczynska is itself too typically Polish to be passed over. Her father, owner of extensive estates in Great Poland, was mortified to find himself father of six daughters and no son. So, fearing the obliteration of the position of his family by their marriage, he left his entire fortune to his brothers Kazimierz (Marshall) and Ignacy (Bishop) trusting to them to provide for his orphan children, whom at a stroke of the pen he had deprived of everything rightly theirs (in Poland all children of both sexes have equal right to a share of property, and use of titles). The two magnates took the property, and disposed of the girls, now reduced from heiresses to poor gentlewomen. They were sent to be brought up as unpaid companions, scattered up and down the country in the houses of various relatives, and left to shift for themselves in the matter of marriage. Anna, one of the younger children, and quite small at the time of her father's death, found herself somewhat above the status of a servant, but with no claim to education or consideration, with no future but marriage and no opportunity of attracting -- since she was neither beautiful, talented nor accomplished -- the notice of any man of equal fortune to that in which she had been born, nor -- by the social code of her class and country -- any hope of being allowed to find a husband outside the poorer reaches of the group to which her father's family pride had consigned her. (4)

upbringing; a love of the land, and an understanding of the people on it; the ability to talk French in a drawing room, and to pay a compliment to a woman in any language; a nodding acquaintance with which she was fitted, a life of narrow pleasures, but one hardly limited in duties and usefulness, of lady of the manor -- a position hardly above that of poor gentleman farmer's wife.

It was to this life of physical comfort, of little money, of few opportunities and restricted needs, that Paul Edmund Strzelecki was born -- according to his own account, on June 24th, 1797, actually by church records, on June 20th, and, being delicate, was christened next day, in the parish church of St Jacob, his God parents being Piotr Phoroni and Felicjanna Karwyna.

These details are given because of the fact, in itself significant, that Paul Strzelecki from the time of his arrival in Australia used the title Count. The question of Polish titles (5) is complicated, but in any case, the Strzeleckis were not a titled family, and even if Anna was a countess, Paul claimed it on his father's side, tracing descent from a Galician family of Counts Strzelecki. When abroad, he wrote to his brother, asking him to make inquiries in the matter and without waiting a successful issue of them (unlikely, in the existing state of affairs, for their claims were nil) he annexed the covert connection and called himself count. As we shall see later, this was well in keeping with certain traits in his character, but hardly with the ascertained facts of his immediate relatives.

The life to which he was born was narrow enough. Poverty and political impotence no less than habit and inclination made it so. A man born to the niche of landed proprietor, large or small, needed nothing more than every Polish gentleman acquired by birth or

upbringing; a love of the land, and an understanding of the people on it; the ability to talk French in a drawing room, and to pay a compliment to a woman in any language; a nodding acquaintance with the practical aspect of the problems of his district, a love of horse flesh, hunting, a good seat in the saddle, the ability to carry vodka and the assurance given by the knowledge that a Polish szlachcic is the equal of any man created, the "brother" of any other gentleman. (6)

So much had Peter Strzelecki, but it was not the whole inheritance of Paul, the younger brother. The pictures of his childhood are few, reminiscences hard to collect, but certain traits appear. He was practical (7) witty, intelligent, with a mind always concrete in its projects, passionate, ambitious, restless, gifted with a lively imagination bent on realisable aims. The child was consistent -- he was an original, but only to a point. "From early childhood to advanced age, he had always a sober intelligence, but peculiar; he took extraordinary paths, but always towards practical goals" (8)

One picture of his childhood stands out, and is in itself enough to illustrate the man -- his childish love of making speeches, writing dramas, preaching sermons. Anna Strzelecka, his mother, was well known in the district for her piety, but for piety of a simple and practical kind, lying purely in charitable thought expressed in charitable action. Though tradition says she was considered saintly by the poor and needy, the home was probably no more religious than those of the ordinary gentlefolk of the time; even before the

partitions, national feeling and Catholicism, the benevolent despotism of the landowners and the benevolent autocracy of the church had gone hand in hand.

The priest had been welcome at the manor, attendance at

audience, to himself. A family tradition handed down states they were mass regular, but probably there was no more. Isabel and Peter had practical and full of sound common sense. The child had found a first greeted the priest on his visits with the handkiss of well brought outlet for his unquestionable vitality. It is entirely typical of up children, and had escaped again into the world of horses and dogs the man that the form was at once harmless and bizarre; what would the farmyard and forest interests of healthy country childhood. It have been awkward in a person less pronouncedly virile, because it remained for the sturdy youngest, for Paul, to make of his national religion the first piece of the varied motley he was to wear his fancy and an active, constructive intelligence. life long, one of those veils to hide the spirit -- or reveal it.

The mood soon passed, or gave way to a more mature expression. Being, like many Polish children, chosen by the priest to serve at the altar during mass, the impressionable child, with the dramatic years older, his brother six. He would be, once his growing independence which was never to desert him in life, became for a time in his own eyes a priest -- in the positive and spectacular aspect of the role. It was his favourite game while still quite small. Something in the ritual, the solemnity, may have touched a natural weakness for the impressive, but since there seems to have been no religious case out as arbiter of taste. Paul found a fresh way to hold the quickening with it, it seems more likely it was an expression of stage, this time literally. He began to write plays. When cold or ambition, an early urge to power and self assertion. His father, coming and going, leaving a mark on his surroundings as master, would be easily eclipsed to the eager child by the greater consequence of the priest, the consecrated and set apart. Paul spent whole days in winter nights when darkness falls at 3.30, and the snow laden trees seem to press against the frost flowers on the outer windows, he the sincerest form of flattery, imitation, but not in the pastime of prayer or fasting, still less of good works. In all this there was no touch of morbidity. Nothing could have been further from the restless, active mind of the small boy, just growing conscious of the assertive "I" which, with every fibre of sound brain and body, he needed to affirm against the repressive powers ranged over a child and younger son.

If moderately gifted (looking with the lenient eyes of the horse critic) as a playwright, as an actor he shone. Most Poles are natural actors, and Paul no exception. Grace in gesticulation, free play of hands, a good enunciation, the Polish language gives to its his time, preaching sermons to anyone who would listen, or, failing an

audience, to himself. A family tradition handed down states they were practical and full of sound common sense. The child had found a first outlet for his unquestionable vitality. It is entirely typical of the man that the form was at once harmless and bizarre; what would have been mawkish in a person less pronouncedly virile, became in him no more than the eccentric but reasonable expression of a lively fancy and an active, constructive intelligence.

The mood soon passed, or gave way to a more mature expression of the same motive. Paul was the youngest; his sister was eight years older, his brother six. He would be, once his growing independence lost him the place of petted baby, an unimportant figure, unable to compete physically with his elders. An expanding personality forced him to find something where he, and he only, could shine. The power he felt in himself, resigning the field of arbiter of conscience came out as arbiter of taste. Paul found a fresh way to hold the stage, this time literally. He began to write plays. When cold or darkness kept him indoors, he wrote comedies, of which none have survived, and when the family gathered in the evenings, the long dull winter nights when darkness falls at 3.30, and the snow laden trees seem to press against the frost flowers on the outer windows, he acted them, king of his small circle. He had talent, considering his youth; the same family tradition attributes to these early products written in his native Polish, a certain lightness and wit which his later English works certainly did not possess.

If moderately gifted (looking with the lenient eyes of the home critic) as a playwright, as an actor he shone. Most Poles are natural actors, and Paul no exception. Grace in gesticulation, free play of hands, a good enunciation, the Polish language gives to its

native speakers, and to this he added a flexible voice and the art of reading well aloud. He recited -- in that age no shame -- and these two graces, first developed in the remote Poznan village, survived with him in a larger circle, where his voice had a fuller range and a more critical audience. His social gifts remained with him to the end of his life.

(3) This habit of naming from places results in there being many families with the same name, though not related. To add to the confusion, many noblemen adopted and thus ennobled whole families or regiments of peasants, in recognition of services. Thus the mother of Francis Strzelecki and his wife were both Raczyńskie, but we do not know if they were related (probably distant cousins) nor whether they belonged to the powerful Poznan family of Counts Raczyński. The title is not used of Paul's mother. The decisive family in determining relationship is the crest, which in the old days was held in common by a number of interrelated families, the crests themselves being few in number. The Strzeleckis belonged to the Herb Okaza (name of crest) The New York family, claiming to be his next of kin, belong to the Jastrebies.

Page 10

(4) Poland had then three non overlapping classes (a) peasants, the tillers of the land, in small holdings. (b) the small number of townspeople, mostly descendants of Jews or foreign burghers, and (c) the gentry (Szlachta) all theoretically equal, so far as rights, privileges and rank went, but sharply differentiated in fortune. Nominally brothers, able to carry swords, vote for and be elected to the sejm or as king, there were magnates (rich men who had held nominal offices such as hetman, wojewoda, etc) or titled magnates, Princes, Counts and Barons, these of foreign giving but generally recognised, such as the Princes Sapieha, Counts Raczyński. Below them were the less well known titled families from the marches, the rich but more obscure, and lower, the smaller holders, others poorer, with mere patches of land, and lived like peasants. Others, losing their property, became attached to the houses of their neighbours, where their gentility was still respected. Anna, being in the position almost of servant, would not be wooed by a magnate, nor look at a townsman or peasant. Hence her choice must lie with some such poor gentleman as Francis Strzelecki.

(5) The number of true Polish titles is so limited that most people know all the titled families by name.

(6) Proverb "Szlachciz w zagrodzie rowny wojewodzie" A gentleman on his small holding is the governor's equal.

(7) and (8) Ateneum 1876 "O Pawle Edmundzie Strzeleckim według rodzimych i towarzyskich wspomnień p. 406. The translation is my own.

Page 8.

(2) Wies koscielna means village with a church, centre of a parish.

Page 9

Polish names. The ordinary name is an adjective, the form of the family estate. They are now fixed, but came originally from estates. Hence the man's surname is -ski, and his wife takes the feminine -ska. In other names, foreign or peasant, the wife's form is -owa, the daughter's -owna, added to the whole name. I have used the feminine form Raczyńska, Strzelecka for Paul's mother for exactitude.

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biography at this point begins to be, as it remains, largely conjectural.

III

YOUTH

Paul, at the age of about 14, was sent to Warsaw to school. Explanation of lack of early material - Sketch of brother - Paul's boyhood - period in Prussian army. During the time he stayed there there were in There are gaps in the story. Dates are lacking, the time at which events occurred can only be approximately fixed. When dealing with any Polish subject, the materials are hard to get and harder to verify. The fate of the country was so stormy. The immediate friends and contemporaries of any Pole of Strzelecki's day had other things to do than remember facts of other people's lives -- they were too busy risking or saving their own. Papers of all kinds were possible sources of danger, houses open to ruthless police search at any time, the risings of 1830 and 1863 swept away masses of documents of all sorts. Family records, scattered over a wide country, shared the fate of other moveables in time of riot, uprising or war, and public documents were hardly luckier, even when, in those careless times, they were kept at all. Such of the Strzelecki family papers as survived his time, were in existence in ours; his nearest relative, grandnephew, and grandson of his sister, told me that he knew of numerous letters, accounts, etc, belonging to his grandmother and her brothers, but that all these had been in a house near Warsaw during the Russian occupation, and all were burnt to warm the stoves. This is typical of the usual end of Polish personal records. Peter, the elder brother, went into one of the Polish regiments (9), went through the Austrian campaign, and in 1812 was with Napoleon's army in Russia (10). After this, he became Murat's adjutant, won the Legion of Honour, and was taken prisoner by the Austrians, in whose hands he remained till 1817. This brings his story, where the facts are positive, across that of his brother, whose

biography at this point begins to be, as it remains, largely conjectural.

Paul, at the age of about 14, was sent to Warsaw to school. This took him into Russian Poland. During the time he stayed there he was in the care, and living in the house of a friend of his father. This friend, Ksawery (Xavier) Kiedrzynski, a solicitor, had growing children of his own, but seems to have treated the young Strzelecki with particular kindness and confidence. The boy was in the position of a favoured child, and was free to come and go as he pleased, without being responsible to anyone but his guardian, who made no effort to study his complex character. Certainly his influence could not have been great, since the attractive boy worked so much on his feelings that his shortcomings were always condoned and his more serious offences excused. This brings out a trait which Paul seems to have possessed from birth and which helps to explain many of the improbabilities of his later career. He had --magnetism, the gift of inspiring confidence and trust in the minds of those whom he contacted even casually. He could get what he needed, with no background but his own personality. The fact crops up again and again in his life history.

Now, in a home like his own, where he had more liberty than is usual to growing boys, and less control, he was still not at ease. Already the forces, the restless ambition, the arbitrary will, which were to direct his life by such circuitous paths, were working in him. In or about 1812, when he not more than sixteen, he came home from school one day, in the absence of the family, packed up a few necessities, took money from the unlocked drawer in the office, and disappeared. Between that date (it too is conjectural) and 1817, when Peter, returning through Krakow on his release from Austrian captivity

found him there (in Austrian territory) and took him back to the Duchy of Poznan, there is no record of him. He simply vanished, and the good hearted Kiedrzyński, disappointed in his confidence, was left to make the best excuses he could.

His official Polish biography states that he was educated "in Heidelberg and in Edinburgh" (11) and if at the later place, it must surely have been during this period, since the university has no record of his attendance during the time he was known to be in England. If so -- it remains a mystery how a boy of sixteen, leaving Warsaw with the equivalent of a few pounds in his pocket, without any knowledge of English (this makes Heidelberg more probable, as he would have spoken German since infancy, and was a German subject) could have journeyed so far or supported himself when he got there, remembering, moreover, that the years 1812-1817 covered the Moscow campaign, the battle of Leipzig, Waterloo.

The motive of his departure is also not quite clear, though an explanation is hinted. Leaving school and setting out, with a light heart and a light purse, to explore a world where his bounding optimism promised him a conspicuous role, would be picturesque, but motiveless, hardly in keeping with his sound common sense. It certainly played a part, and his disillusioning experience may have been at the back of his mind, as first instilling a more practical point of view, when, twenty five years later, he wrote in a letter referring to some proverbial Polish figure "like that Jack, who went out into the world to seek his fortune, and came back with nothing" (12) for this exactly sums up his concrete result from the episode.

In spite of this, his sister's tearful explanation has probably more than a germ of truth in it, besides containing one of the slender threads which are all that remain to give a consistent

pattern to his life. Paul was attractive, and in a masculine way. The head which was no noble in age, must have been commanding in youth. Like most of his countrymen, not tall by our standards, he was well built, with the fine hands and feet, the regular features of the best slavonic types, with blue grey eyes flashing with purpose and energy. At sixteen, a hundred years ago, it is hardly so improbable that he could have flirted with a married woman a few years older than himself, since early marriages, often mainly an affair of business, are common in a land where property is divided by inheritance and reunited by marriage, often among relatives. The story goes on that Paul made himself sufficiently conspicuous for his sister to come to Warsaw and interfere. Her quick tongue brought the erring wife to a more sensible frame of mind, and though the ridiculous story was kept quiet, Paul's young pride, touched, vented itself in resentment towards his sister, proportionate to her success. Isabel later recounted the meagre facts of her brother's history as known in the family, and used to repeat mournfully "From that time he cared less about me" Since she, her husband and her brother Peter were all that remained to the orphaned Paul of parental influence, the fact, if a true one, and it seems highly probable, was enough to be a determining factor. Home, and its inmates, country, the companionship of his age and class, were waning as influences, and he was straining forward towards the new and unknown. All that is certain is the fact of his return, helped out of his financial difficulties by his brother, to Poznan in 1817. During the absence of the two brothers, Isabel's husband, Felex Skupski, lived at, and looked after the poor remnants of the property. There was too little to divide, so the elder Strzelecki, who married

soon after his return, settled down near by, while Paul lived with his sister and brother in law. Left to himself, unpracticed in agriculture, so no help about the farm, not reconciled to the dullness and cramping effects of country life, he made himself a nuisance in the neighbourhood as only an active, discontented young man can.

He gave, ~~neither~~ then ~~nor~~ later, ^{no} ~~any~~ explanation of his departure, and vouchsafed no account of the time he had spent since. His resentment against his sister, though softened by the years which had passed, never permitted the old friendliness, so that affairs can not have been too pleasant at home, and we can understand and sympathise with the action of his brother in law, who, tired of the restless young man as an inmate of his home, finally "gave Paul to the Prussian army" (13) This seems to mean that he brought about, by pressure or influence in a more friendly way, Paul's joining the Prussian army as a volunteer, since the young man was over age, and in any case hardly of a nature, then or at any other time, to yield to force ^{at} ~~major~~. After a few months in the boredom of the sleepy country, with empty pockets and no possibility of indulging the love of fine clothes, horses, hospitality and general lavishness which his masterful spirit craved, and with no chance of being anything but the returned prodigal living on his relatives, the life of a soldier may have seemed independent and colourful by comparison. In any case, he joined the sixth regiment of Uhlans, where there were so many Poles that it was known as the Polish regiment. He joined, and realised at once that he had made a mistake. Military fervour might well have been in his blood, as descendant of a race whom geography has made soldiers from generation to generation, but the ruthless formal discipline of the reconstructed Prussian army, the faults of which Napoleon had shown up, were not to be borne. Like many another

young man, he sought pleasure in his spare time to counteract the intolerable weight of duty; it was beyond his power to live like a gentleman on his pay, his family could not supplement his resources so, to the infinite embarrassment of his relatives, as soon as he rose to be ensign (14) he resigned his commission, arriving home the same restless spirit who had left it, plus a more determined dissatisfaction, the habits of arrogance and command learnt in an army, and the unpalatable addition of a sheaf of unpaid bills. The Słupskis and Strzeleckis may well have sighed, wondering what fresh mischief their troublesome young relative would next brew for himself and them. He did them no other favour but this -- that he lost no time in satisfying their curiosity in the latter regard. Idleness, poverty, and too much energy, the faults of his position, intelligence, charm and his proverbial "luck with people" his three chief trump cards in the gamble of a poor ambitious man in life, were combining to bring about the next dynamic change in his condition, and to weave a fresh significant pattern into the tapestry of his career.

NOTES ON

III

Page 16.

ALEXANDRA TURNO

(9) Probably into one of the Polish regiments raised in the hope that Napoleon would do something for Poland.

(10) The Moscow campaign roused hope in the Poles in Russian Poland, and thousands of Poles enlisted, including those from other parts. Such famous leaders as Joseph Bem and Prince Joseph Poniatowski joined and the troops under their command, as being more used to the climate and conditions of warfare were among the most valuable part of the Grande Armee, covering the retreat as far as Wilno.

Page 18

(11) Zielinski Wybitne Czyny Polakow na Bbczynie p.511.

(12) Letter to Adyna Turno, to be fully quoted later.

Page 20

(13) Zmichowska p.411. My own translation.

Page 21

(14) Podchoraziew

quiet years of the early nineteenth century in Prussian Poland had changed the temper somewhat -- the natural Polish hospitality was beginning to bubble up, especially since their exclusion from all political events, and the unwillingness to mix with the governing Germans, shut Poles into their homes by closing all doors to their talents.

It was not long before Straszlecki found himself welcome at several houses lying further afield, notably at that of the Turnos, rich landowners living at no great distance from Guzazyna.

This was more to the young man's liking. Mr Turno, a widower, knew the world and had mixed in affairs; his wealth and influence, no less than his character, made him home a gathering place for his more intelligent and active neighbours. His sons were already grown up, bringing young life to the house, and though his wife had long been dead, his daughter, at home with a governess, was growing to be an adequate substitute.

Between two ages of political stress, it was a time of open doors, when there was nothing to do but ride from estate to estate for visits, sure always of a welcome, the chance to see, and

ALEXANDRA TURNO

The Turno family -- Importance of Alexandra as recipient of letters which are the only biographical source for Strzelecki's life.

The discontented ensign, finding his brother in law's frowns, his brother's impatience, his sister's reproaches, anything but amusing; the hunting shooting and card playing of his restricted locality, beginning to pall, looked about him for new friends. That to a young man of his sort, was easy, in Poland. Where the attitude of the gentry in the first years after the partition had been sullen, the quiet years of the early nineteenth century in Prussian Poland had changed the temper somewhat -- the natural Polish hospitality was beginning to bubble up, especially since their exclusion from all political events, and the unwillingness to mix with the governing Germans, shut Poles into their homes by closing all doors to their talents.

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her life. Perhaps her silence, by the time the whole account is given ride, English blood horses crossed with Arab blood, to discuss the points of a setter, to organise hunts where the bags would have astonished contemporary English gamekeepers, and to return after them to a loaded table, to mead and vodka, imported French wines, and to dancing, where there were women in the household, or to cards, where larger sums passed than a retired ensign could afford to lose.

Paul shared this carefree life, and was for the moment satisfied. A wider air breathed through the big house, a greater spaciousness lay behind the mask of old Polish simplicity. He too, with the other young visitors, stood in the long clearings in the forests to bring down the red or fallow deer returning from their feeding grounds, or crouched in the rushes as the distant flaps and squawks proclaimed the wild duck about to rise. And, when the guests from Poznan, Turun, Inwrosławek or Gdansk returned home, the neighbour, friend of the eldest son of the house and trusted young companion of the proprietor, shared the quieter pleasures of domesticity. He drove with the master "Pan Dziedzić" about the fields, watching the peasants at work, discussed the harvesting and marketing of crops, was present at the wood cutting, the draining of fish ponds, and inevitably shared the pursuits of his host's young daughter.

Adyna Turno, the heroine of this biography, deserves a formal introduction, since she, and she alone, links the episodes of Strzelecki's career together. To her were written the scanty handful of letters which contain all the inside, the revealing, glimpses he ever gave of himself. She alone, possessing those four letters, and the recollections of the summer of the year she was fifteen, out of all their contemporary world, might have been in a position to tell his true story. She did not tell it, though she loved him all

her life. Perhaps her silence, by the time the whole account is given of their relations, will be his best testimonial. So they came together, in the year 1821, while still no shadow hung over them, and life promised to be no more adventurous than it appeared.

Adyna was then fifteen, Paul twenty four. He may have been a hero in her eyes, she was nothing in his. A schoolgirl sister, inconveniently in the way, and moreover rather apt to assert herself through her influence over her father. Nothing more, but politeness demanded something of show. She must be spoken to, a few jesting compliments passed. The formality of a ceremonial loving race constrained them both; if he found her courtsey ridiculous, combining the gauche schoolgirl knix with the conscious bend of the hostess, he was not able to show it. Perhaps Adyna got her first adult hand-kiss from him, and never noticed his lips were not quite steady. No wonder she failed to see, when the man before her was so personable. Paul, straightening from his bow, saw the plain young face before him transfigured with the most beautifying expression a woman's eyes can have to light them -- heartfelt and genuine admiration of the man at whom she looks.

For she was not lovely. It was to no special physical grace that she captured and held all the earthly affection that her young ensign was ever to give anyone. If his interest began in nothing more vital than happy courtesy, hers was the dawning emotion of a strong nature which never swerved in its choice. Adyna knew what she wanted, a fifteen, and still wanted the same, at seventy.

But, if, she was not pretty, she was unusual, even in a land of energetic women. She had character, which lit her from within, like a lamp. Moreover, she was the daughter of the lord of the manor, of a

large inheritance. And, to a man recently returned from abroad, she may well have summed up the undeniable charm of the Polish country and the country life, of the people from whom he had sprung.

That summer, one of his crises, seemed very tranquil as it passed. The two of them -- he basking in the soothing warmth of admiration and appreciation, so gratifying after the humiliations and disappointments of a career which after such an expenditure of effort, had still got him so little forward, she embarked -- unwarned by her sentimental governess and her own instinct, on the risky course of premature passion, must have been happy. It is probably as much to that landscape --

Kraje dzieciństwa, gdzie człowiek po świecie
 Biega, jak po łące, a zna tylko kwiecie
 Miłe, i piękne; (15)

as to her, that he returned in thought from the mountains of Australia.

The country is lovely in the Polish summer. The fields of willow, pale green, and like the oats and barley, silvered by wind, the red stalks and white flowers of the buckwheat, the mauve glow, warming to rose at sunset, on the tall flexible rye; the more vivid colours of the blue lupin, the scent and orchid like delicacy of the yellow lupin, set among starry grey leaves, cornflowers, red poppies, and daisies, with a host of smaller flowers that make the fields enamelled, while bees blunder from one to another, drunk with the pollen of lime or pine or currant flowers, which give out scent to mix with the mint by the streams and the wild thyme on the sandy lake shores, and geese, as white as the clouds overhead, wander beneath the drooping birch branches, as though leaves and clouds and birds all moved to the peasant airs from the white cottages among the white and grey and rosy silver of the poppy patches.

Such was her background, and he, too, bred to the land, to the flat, minute vast landscape must have responded to its appeal through her. He disclaimed all those associations later, one of the very few Poles who have left their country without agonies of home sick regret, but probably all of it was part of her charm when he remembered her. The greeting of the passing peasants "Praised be the name of Jesus Christ" and Adyna's answer "For ever and ever!" left we know, at least one echo in him, a memory he carried for fifty years which cropped out in the only passage of nostalgia he left on record "To abandon our country for another, where the people have nothing in common with us, but the bond of the same humanity, is to renounce our nation and our race -- two things not given to man that he may cast them off whenever it pleases his fantasy. The language which the one establishes, and the character to which they other gives birth, are insuperable barriers to amalgamation, and constant causes of isolation. We may strive to bend our character, and to assimilate it to that of the country in which we live, but which is not ours; we may make a certain approach towards perfection in a language we can speak but which is not our mother tongue; and, nevertheless, the smallest occasion will serve to make us feel that we are strangers, far from our own soil.... how many difficulties have I not conquered in the study of languages which have no affinity with my own, and yet, whenever the heart and soul have been moved, how difficult have I found it to adapt them to the faintest expression of that which moved me. It is on such occasions that the recollection of country is recalled and the sentiment of nationality revives" (16)

But his sub-debutante, though she played with him a village idyll, Zosia to his Tadeusz, was no simple girl. It was not enough to

be mistress of her father's house and twist him round her finger. She had her place and her obligations. If the grown man, friend of grown men, seemed to condescend to companion a girl in her teens, to suit his speech and ideas, he was already experienced in the world, to chatter French to a child and her governess, the descent, though invisible, was actually all on the other side. Adyna's youth, her chaperon, and the informal situation screened the dangers of their position till it was too late. The father was the last to think of danger, and while he did not, why should an adolescent and a stripling take life too seriously? Even the governess, poor simple soul, long disregarded in a world where women who are not beautiful nor young should certainly be rich, and now, suddenly considered by a man of good looks and breeding, basked in the sun and closed her eyes to the future.

It was Adyna herself who took the situation in hand, and turned its comedy-idyllic flavour to melodrama.

She fell in love, not prettily nor sentimentally, after the fashion of her sex and day, but with the intense and precarious fervour of a strong character. Even at that early age, she showed the nature she was to have in maturity, the force which was to make her a personality in a situation where almost any woman would be a shadow. Adyna looked at her first admirer, and found him good. Friendship, platonic intercourse in the shelter of her father's roof, were not to her mind. Deliberately, she knew what she wanted, and it definitely was not the chivalrous grace of a stilted age. The first impulse came from her, but if Paul could have said, in the words of his future fellowcountryman and Adam, "The woman tempted me" he would have had to admit that he was quite ready to follow. Adyna, like Eve, paid the full price of her indiscretion.

here. Paul at this stage could scarcely be called lacking in self confidence. He was sure of his star and less given than most people to underrate himself and his value, actual or potential. It is likely that in the spacious atmosphere of the Turnos, a sense of potentiality bubbled up within him, but even so, He was no fool. Flirt he may have been --and his adventure with the foolish married lady of Warsaw proves he was not backward at the gentle art --but never, then or later, did he lose his head. He knew, as definitely as Adyna did not, the gulf between their present and future positions. No man as sensible to the actualities of life, no Pole brought up in the atmosphere of snobbishness prevailing among the landowners, was more unlikely to forget the real difference underlying the apparent equality of his place in life, and Alexandras'. She, petted and pampered, surrounded by visitors who would not have entered the house at all if they had not been well born, could at fifteen, ignore the very real gulf between herself, an heiress, and a poor man, with no money and no prospects of making any, deep, moreover in debts which he had no chance of paying. Strzelecki cannot have blinded himself to the Turno's attitude, if the affair came to their ears, or Isabels', or Peters'. Even if Adyna had been ~~af~~ age, she could not have married without her father's consent without serious risk of being disinherited, nor could he, Paul, support her. There was a gulf between them, and only one way out --a risky one. Either he did for once lose his head, infatuated by a schoolgirl, or she overcame his objections. ^{- more likely} Most likely of all, they both wanted it so much that they persuaded themselves and each other that the course was practicable and that Mr Turno's wrath, faced with a fact, would be of short duration. Adyna had no cause to believe her father could withstand any pleading of

hers. evening sounds came from the yard and garden, where the gardener's. The excited governess was ready to help. Adyna had opportunities to further the affair. Paul, for right or wrong, was willing. The recklessness of the situation eased that caged something which had been sleeping, but not assuaged, since the army. The months of marking time were past, he had plans in his brain once more, a fresh hazard to play.

An elopement would meet all the needs of the position, overcome the difficulties, silence opposition, satisfy the hot heads of the principals -- or principal -- with that desperate decisiveness their state of love and rebellion required. Under the cloak of ordinary life, preparations were made. A hundred emergencies, involving hurried meetings and whispered consultations, messages, suborning of servants, small superfluous notes from the lady's side, written in the high flown fluent French which they used for a life's correspondence. Among the flutterings of the romantic governess, the packing was hastily done. The last afternoon came. Paul, under some good pretext, had removed himself and his luggage from under the roof he was about to rob, and had withdrawn to a safe but not too remote distance to await the conjunction of the hour, the place and the lady.

Adyna, suspicious ^{by} bright about the eyes, an unusual flush on her cheeks, went about the house, trying to make this seem no exceptional day. The governess, tearful, was got out of the way under pretext of a ^{headache} ~~lady~~ which was probably real enough when she thought of the wrath of discovery. The luggage was secured, the carriage waiting well out of sight. The time had come to say goodbye to her father. The worthy gentleman, tired by a summer day, was resting in his office with a sheaf of papers screening a palpable doze. The

usual evening sounds came from the yard and garden, where the gardener's boys were swishing buckets over drooping plants. Adyna quaked on the threshold, seeing the defenceless man. An late Georgian-known and best loved in Polish literature, stands to the Poles of Judith, she trembled before the snoring Holofernes in check trousers and drooping moustache.

Page 26

She swallowed, and approached, spoke to him, roused him, then her nerve failed her.

"I must leave you, Papa" she quavered, almost overcome. The life she was leaving was precious and familiar. Even Paul's image wavered an instant.

"I am going to have supper, Papa," she explained brilliantly, to cover emotion.

The sleepy gentleman opened one eye.

"What are you having, my dear?" he asked fondly. Fathers hardly like to admit to being asleep in daylight.

"Homemade macaroni, Papa, and it will spoil. I must go to see about it."

She tiptoed out of the room, the house. The waiting driver whipped up his horses, and the brzyka disappeared among the rye fields, in a whirl of dust the setting sun turned to golden and rosy clouds about its progress. Poor Adyna!

NOTES ON

CHANGE OF SCENE

Unsuccessful Page 25 Present drives Strzelecki abroad. Breaking of personal ties. (15) Mickiewicz, Pan Tadeusz, epilog. This poem, the best known and best loved in Polish literature, stands to the Poles of all classes as the Bible and Shakespeare to us. Possibly, however in England, no single book is equally well known by all classes.

certain genius for preserving form and avoiding the spirit of

Page 26

them has (16) Physical Description of N.S.W.P. 379. This is a quotation, one of the few extant from the manuscript journal kept by Strzelecki throughout his travels.

charm about it. ... and he got up to follow his daughter to the

But the stars were against Miss Turno, leaning back, satisfied with her successful escape. Her mind may even have hovered, complacently, over the artistry of her farewell. She was something of an actress, after all, to have contrived, under such trying circumstances, an answer to her father's questions. Kluski in milk, said calmly, on the evening when she was leaving home for ever, to follow her Paul, to the end of the world, if need be! But the fancy had succeeded, had managed to content her father, to lull his curiosity.

Alas, poor Adyna! from the romantic to the ridiculous is considerably more than a step, it is a crash which resounds unpleasantly in the startled ear of the chief actress. The kluski -- long, thin strips of home made macaroni, boiled in water till soft, then served in a milk sauce with butter and a little chopped chives, was a favourite supper dish with the Turnos. Perhaps it came to her mind so readily because she had inherited her father's weakness for it.

Two long lives turned on that answer. If Adyna had answered biscuits or flaccid, dishes not less typically Polish, but less suited to a hot evening, her life might have taken a very different turn

CHANGE OF SCENE

Unsuccessful elopement drives Strzelecki abroad. Breaking of personal ties.

An elopement should be romantic. Even in Poland, where a certain genius for preserving forms and avoiding the spirit of them has been evolved, the decision of two young people to brave the world and take their lives into their own hands, has a certain charm about it.

But the stars were against Miss Turno, leaning back, satisfied with her successful escape. Her mind may even have hovered, complacently, over the artistry of her farewell. She was something of an actress, after all, to have contrived, under such trying circumstances, an answer to her father's questions. Kluszki in milk, said calmly, on the evening when she was leaving home for ever, to follow her Paul, to the end of the world, if need be! But the fancy had succeeded, had managed to content her father, to lull his curiosity.

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Two long lives turned on that answer. If Adyna had answered bigos or flacci, dishes not less typically Polish, but less suited to a hot evening, her life might have taken a very different turn

and Paul Edmund Strzelecki's life been unworthy of a biography. Probably her family, faced with their marriage as an accomplished fact, would have stomached the unpalatable circumstance, and found him work somewhere on their property, and left her to inherit her estate, tied up from her husband's possible extravagance. In any case, historical conjecture on those lines wastes its time and effort. The macaroni lingered for a few minutes in Mr Turno's mind, hanging in the balance against the rival charms of a longer nap. Then it conquered drowsiness, and he got up to follow his daughter to an early supper.

The long, low roofed dining room, cool in the hot evening, was empty, the cloth unlaid. There was no macaroni, and no daughter. Surprised, her father went in pursuit. No one had seen her. There was no explanation. The angry master began to ask sharper questions. A herd boy, bringing in some belated cows, had seen a dogcart -- the horse, even at that distance, familiar. Mr Turno began to fit disconnected facts into a pattern. The time the young people had spent together, Paul's departure -- so abrupt and uncalled for, a certain strangeness in Adyna's manner. With a roar like a bull, the infuriated father gave orders which subdued sons, with much moustache pulling, and scared servants hurried to obey.

The flight fell with broken wings a very few miles from home. The chase was short. A few hours after her jubilant departure, the discomfited Adyna was brought back to her father's house. Paul, his love snatched from his too eager hands, knew quite well the full consequences of his action, the scandal, hue and cry which would follow him (17) When stealing a magnate's daughter to a penniless marriage, nothing succeeds except success. He went home, and there, sullen, defiant, heard the reproaches of his justly exasperated

still surer announcements of plans. They were however, to the point, family, clamouring to hide their own sense of the enormity he had achieved. This time, and "na serjo" he had made his native district too small to hold his new found reputation.

Paul, even at such a moment, was not too overcome with grief, and too essentially level headed not to see the possibilities of the situation, and exploit them coldly, soberly, under a show of

rage. His sister, shaken by this fresh proof of the devastating effect he produced on any woman he chose to captivate, promised to pay his army debts (poor lady, she had not any too much for herself, but family loyalty required the sacrifice) The more phlegmatic

Peter supplemented her further contribution of four hundred thalers for the journey with a like sum, and Paul vanished again. After a few weeks' absence he wrote to his sister from Karlsbad --the first letter since his departure and the last she was ever to receive from him. Though till the end of her life she believed in his affection, and hoped that if they met again, the old attachment would spring up, his going was a final break. Peter was to get a small number of letters --Paul, with one exception, shared a strange Polish trait often observable by foreigners in being excellent talkers

but bad correspondents --and the traceable letters to Poland of his later life are pitifully few and very impersonal in tone. There were twenty letters spaced at two or three year intervals over forty years. Those rare envelopes, stirring the quiet backwater of his home with foreign postmarks and stamps from the remotest corners of the earth, were uniformly addressed in French (18) to

Monsieur Pierre Strzelecki

à Brzosowiec

and their contents were apt to be laconic statements of places and

still curter announcements of plans. They were however, to the point, as the following example shows;

"Dear Peter,

I am in New Holland. To-morrow I sail for China. I shall be with you in two or four years.

Tout à vous

Paul."

Apart from those chilly epistles, he severed all connection with his home. So far as I have been able to trace, he never saw his relatives again.

With Paul's hurried departure -- hastened by family reproaches and a lively sense of the long arm of Mr Turno's resentment, and with the letter which fluttered back like a pidgeon to the sheltered, circumscribed life he was leaving behind, the preliminary chapter of his life closed. He was a man grown, who had learned several harsh facts by barking his shins against them. A new, final preparatory stage opens with his settling out. The detail which has been devoted to his early adventures only justifies itself if at all, very much later in the narrative.

Page 31.

(16a) The art of elopements were considerably practiced in Poland, as one of the outstanding social historians observes. Apart from the ordinary cases, as here, where two young people try to avoid hindrance by secrecy, there were recognised sets of circumstances in which parents and guardians connived at elopement, either as having changed their minds about a prospective son in law, and wishing to save themselves the humiliation of a public volte face, helped the girl to escape, and even arranged the assignation through relatives or servants, and others where the elopement was to disarm the wrath of powerful relations by ridding themselves of responsibility, or even save the expense of a wedding. Bystron I.

many. At an Page 31 everything is uncertain till we come upon another

(17) His achievement was bruited all over the country, and finally reached the north east of Poland, in Russian territory as a highly exaggerated ballade, most galling to the sensibility of the Strzeleckis and the pride of the Turnos.

still abroad Page 32. Early Polish magnate was fascinated by his. The

(18) Since the eighteenth century, through the influence of French queens and French nuns, French has been the second language of all the Polish upper classes, a position it has not yet lost. I knew of houses during my stay in Poland, though among the old fashioned aristocracy where no other language was ever spoken; a Russian of my own age told me he only picked up Russian from the lower servants, his parents using French with him, his father's valet German, his mother's Dame de Compagnie English, and even in less extreme cases, French is universally used in front of servants in private discussions. Every child learns it before he is ten years of age.

Strzelecki's using it on envelopes would be perfectly natural, since Polish would be incomprehensible abroad and English at home, to postal officials. But, in the cases where he wrote French to Adyna and other Polish women, writing from so far, it suggests an alienation of spirit at variance with the glowing sentiments he expressed in it, though its naturalness to a Pole totally removes the hint of preciousness which would be suggested by two English lovers or acquaintances using a Foreign language in intimate correspondence.

and is -- the ultimate European frontier. The Poles, though purely Slavonic in stock and closely related to the inhabitants of those parts of Russia, were early in touch with the culture of western Europe, and, accepting Christianity from Rome, the nobility of the country consciously regarded themselves as the missionaries of their political and religious institutions among the more barbarous peoples lying north and east.

Like their great ancestor VI, the Teutonic Knights, founders of the Mark Brandenburg and THE SAPIEHAS, Hohenzollern, the Polish

Polish rural Conditions - Position of bailiff - Discussion of Strzel-
ecki's dubious finances and the reasons for his leaving Polish
territory. Breaking of national ties.

After leaving Karlsbad, one of those gaps falls in Strze-
lecki's life, which the destruction of all papers makes it very
unlikely will ever be bridged now. We are not even here sure how
long it lasted. Tradition says he went to Italy, or wandered in Ger-
many. At any rate, everything is uncertain till we come upon another
of those facts, which, like the friendship with the Turnos, was to
influence the course of his life subsequent to it. While he was
still abroad, an elderly Polish magnate was fascinated by him. The
friendship ripened quickly, and Paul found himself, not long after
his strategic flight, once more back in his native country, his past
either forgotten or unknown, and a position of trust opening before
him. This rapid change in his fortunes requires a trifle more
explanation than reiteration of his customary "luck with people."

Poland's history has always been unique. Even to-day, one
of the difficulties to the visitor from abroad is the mass of
contradictions in her structure, and before the sweeping changes of
the last twenty years, she was still more divided between the east
and west, the up to date and the completely mediæval. Poland was --
and is -- the ultimate European frontier. The Poles, though purely
Slavonic in stock and closely related to the inhabitants of those
parts of Russia, were early in touch with the culture of western
Europe, and, accepting Christianity from Rome, the nobility of the
country consciously regarded themselves as the missionaries of
their political and religious institutions among the more barbar-
ous peoples lying north and east.

Like their great enemy, the Teutonic Knights, founders of the Mark Brandenburg and the House of Hollarzollern, the Polish gentry waged unceasing war against the Pagan Lithuanians, whom they converted, the orthodox Russians, and the Mohomedan Tartars; all these territories they overran, and settled, by right of conquest, as military despots, who freely enclosed and occupied the lands they were encouraged by their own kings, German emperors, and the Pope, to annex. Lithuania, by treaty, Zmudz, the "Dzikie Pole" and the Ukraine, were scattered over by their estates, and Polish culture and language, and the Roman Catholic religion, remained paramount among the gentry of these regions, while the peasants kept language, customs, superstitions and in many parts religion, separate (19) This state of affairs, origin of the Galician massacre engineered by the Austrians, during the partitions, and of the bad relations with Lithuania and the friction with the Ukrainian minority in the Lwów districts in our own day, had left the Polish nobility in a feudal position long after centralised despotic monarchies had grown up further west. The aristocracy were great landowners, Grand Seigneurs of the pre-French Revolutionary type. They owned extensive territories, often scattered over a vast tract of country, often remote from other estates in the same hands, inadequately surveyed or wholly uncleared (20) from which they drew the princely incomes which enabled them to live like princes abroad, leaving their wide lands to the care, (usually disastrous) of bailiffs. The constant invasions, war and pillage of the last centuries of Polish independence (Tartars, Turks, Russians, Swedes) had not improved the cohesion of these estates, and the inevitable confusion of the partitions had completed the chaos (the law mentioned at the beginning by which each landowner must decide to which country he would belong and sell the property

which lay over the frontier, flooded the market with cheap land, quarter of the year, and dangerous at all times. Each of these was which the rich as well as officials of Russia, Austria and Prussia separately administered, and each in the charge of a man independent (snapped up) As there were thousands of estates which changed hands entirely responsible, according to his sense of moral obligation, to an in this way, the complexity of land administration was already indulgent, credulous, absentee grandee. The complete charge of one profound, nor was the situation improved by the inadequate knowledge of them, rather graphically estimated at 12,000 souls -- and presumably of the northern and eastern parts of the country, where much of the ground was swampy, and covered with virgin forests, unlinked by roads, hands of a young man, without experience of agricultural methods and its inhabitants demoralised by invasion. (21)

The job of bailiff was to administer an estate for an absentee landlord, send him the moneys produced, and from time to time, on demand, furnish books for some sort of personal auditing.

The family to whose elderly head Paul was now blindly trusted confidential servant, was old, rich, and well known. During the stormy years of the Republic (22) the Princes Sapieha had held

most of the positions which conferred importance and dignity on a family. Not only did they have that distinct standing and general recognition, but the numerous branches of the name were rich, influential and independent to a degree seldom found further west in Europe. The chief of the family, Strzelecki's patron, had in his absolute control territories not less extensive than many of the principalities of Germany or Italy, and there was no one in the world to whom he was responsible for the management or mismanagement of all or any part of them. Prince Sapieha, according

to the system of reckoning real estate in force at that time, was master of 30,000 souls in the province of Mohileff, (now in Russia) in the group of farms called Bychowiec, 12,000, in the Grodzinz district 12,000, in the north of Lithuania, near Riga, in Żmudz, 6000. These holdings were widely separated from each other, days journey by coach or horse at the best of times, over tracks impassable

was still smarting because his fiancée had been taken from his quarter of the year, and dangerous at all times. Each of them was separately administered, and each in the charge of a man independently responsible, according to his sense of moral obligation, to an indulgent, credulous, absentee grandee. The complete charge of one of them, rather graphically estimated at 12,000 souls -- and presumably also, bodies (a large province for one person) fell into the hands of a young man, without experience of agricultural methods nor knowledge of business principles, and with no more understanding of the duties of a position of trust than a cursory observation of his brother in law supervising the working of a few acres away on the Russian frontier, when centuries of civilisation made the level of education, intelligence, morality and outlook of the peasant raw material incomparably different.

When he got this position Strzelecki was about twenty six years of age. When Prince Francis brought him back to Poland (this time, to Russian Poland, for the first time since his flight from the Warsaw solicitor's home, round about 1812) he sent the young manager out to one of the wilder estates, gave authority to him to attend to all affairs needing supervision, and then, satisfied with himself and his choice of a servant, withdrew beyond call appeal, and almost, in those days of slow and clumsy communications, beyond memory, to distant Warsaw or Karlsbad or Italy, whence he had come.

The kingdoms of this world must have looked very good to the impoverished ex ensign, who had never in his life on any occasion had enough money, and who had recently been constrained to have his personal affairs straightened out by a fussy sister at the price of long lectures on his extravagance, and whose pride moreover

was still smarting because his fiancée had been taken from his unworthy -- because poor -- hands.

As Mozley says, some trial meets all men. Using trial in the sense of test, for every strong nature, a proving time comes, a turning point in the career of a man. Sometimes, as for Strzelecki, the dice are loaded.

No defence of action is the object of this discussion, but attempted explanation is needed to make seeming discrepant facts fit together, since we know that such things occurred, it must be the purpose of anyone attempting to record a life, to give it some sort of coherence.

Strzelecki, still in years a young man, was morally untried material. So far, he had been uniformly thwarted. Everything he had undertaken had ended in failure, humiliation and ridicule. Now, faced by a lenient patron and a distant field of endeavour, the new bailiff set himself to the task of administration.

The Sapiehas were indifferent. The family was scattered, and while Prince Francis lived, his sons had no say in his affairs, even if they knew the details of them. Apart from Francis Sapieha, no-one knew or cared what was going on, and he himself probably did no care much.

There are various accounts of the period which immediately follows. The first, the kindest, relates that that the young administrator, who had his employer's interest sincerely at heart, attended so well to his work that the grateful prince left him a considerable amount in his will, so substantial a fortune in fact that the natural heir was suspicious and brought a lawsuit to upset the will, but, being unsuccessful, the ex bailiff went to St Petersburg with his money, where his experience and a good head for finance soon laid

the foundations of the fortune on which he lived for the rest of his life. back to Great Poland from the battlefield, told my brother that I had. That is one version, probably partly inspired by himself. Many years later he gave the following account of it to Adyna, to whose ears at the time, a less favourable rumour of it may easily have come. The quotation is given in full. bitants. How good it is, that my "Francis Sapieha, owner of great estates, lost credit. His fortune was toppling. Being surrounded by thieves, it is hardly strange that he fancied the whole country had joined together to bring about his ruin. That is why he trusted to me, and, entrusted into my hands, as a limited person, who came to him without influence or recommendation, complete control of his properties. I got to work. considerab "I set things in order, reorganised the administration, drove off the hordes of debtors, sold ten thousand peasants (23) paid the debts and restored his credit. I triumphed just where only defeat might have been expected. Many of the families previously injured regarded my arrangements as the greatest injury of all, and consequently did everything they could against me. Eustace took Sapieha, the son, was drawn into this, and when the storm broke out, Francis Sapieha withdrew from the whole affair, and I fell, with a shriek, and wings outspread. Lawsuits were waged. Payment, to the sum of one hundred and eighty six thousand florins, which the father had intended for me, was disallowed by the court at the instigation of the son. In the country where this verdict constituted justice, Eustace, being rich, won, while I, who am poor, lost. Agreement and peace had to follow. I admitted of my own accord, that I resigned my claim, and left the Sapiehas, after four years, that Jack, who went out into the world to seek his fortune and came back with nothing. the books. A vi "During that time, there was no calumny they did not throw

up at me...a certain Mr Breza(24) one of my accursed relations, on his way back to Great Poland from the battlefield, told my brother that I had been arrested, whereas, during that time, I had been once in Moscow, once in St Petersburg....

"All that has been an increasing justification for my former hatred of the country and its inhabitants. How good it is, that my prosperity and happiness do not depend on them...."

Another account is, that the custom of administration prevailing at that time demanded that the bailiff furnish annually a certain stipulated sum, which was given to his employer; he was fully within his rights if he kept whatever he made over and above it. Strzelecki, by good management and industry made his income so considerable that the death of his employer left him exposed to the jealousy and greed of the heirs who brought an unsuccessful lawsuit.

Another story (the most detailed and picturesque, if the least creditable) puts Strzelecki in 1828 in charge of the estate Bychowiec, where something unpleasantly like dishonest dealing took place. Strzelecki sold part of the property to certain friends of his for a mere song. According to this version he took into nefarious partnership two other men working on the estate, and sold them farms to make accomplices of them. Joseph Szaniawski, Slawenski and Kiersnowski (who got Sahadów) while Strzelecki kept for himself by a nominal sale the farm called Horodzce(25) This transaction, which disposed of 9000 souls (on an estate of this size a man could make a comfortable fortune) had gone thus far when Prince Sapieha died abroad. His son and heir Prince Eustace, hearing what was going on, went to Bychowiec in person and very naturally demanded to see the books. A violent and unseemly scene took place. The angry prince,

accusing Strzelecki of embezzlement, corruption and theft, demanded that the books wherein the transactions were recorded, should be immediately forthcoming. Strzelecki -- through conscious innocence or conscious guilt, in any case with pride touched to the quick, refused with no less heat. The outraged Sapieha, unaccustomed to defiance, tried to seize the books, which the bookkeeper and bailiff, both as far beyond control as the injured heir himself, snatched out of his very hands. There were no consequences for such high handed proceedings. Strzelecki, poor as before, without even the reasonable legacy left him by the old prince's will, went to Warsaw. There was no lawsuit.

One more disconnected fragmentary statement remains. It reads (26) "A certain gentleman, who met Strzelecki on his way from the prison to the court, saw with his own eyes that he was in chains" many more psychological difficulties than the other accounts.

So much for the stories, which at this distance of time it seems hard to reduce to coherence. Before discussing them in turn, their authority might be cited. I took the whole of the foregoing from two sources -- the account collected by Zmichowska, who wrote her article in 1876, being then an old woman, and basing it on family records and papers no longer available, but mostly on recollections heard many years before from a relative, sister of Anna Strzelecka, Paul Strzelecki's mother. Naturally these, hearsay at second hand, tend to put Strzelecki in a favourable light. The second source, the letter which I translated into English from the Polish text of letters written in French, and written clearly to justify himself, suffers from the same definite partial basis. But there could be no greater mistake than to accept the other versions unreservedly. Poland is a country where family relationships and family loyalties are stronger done no more than many another did unchecked -- and if the reports

than with us, and gossip devastatingly virulent. An injury to the Sapiehas, to the magnate class, was an injury to a large group of their equals and dependants. A poor man seldom has friends when he is in trouble. Besides, his position here put him in the wrong in public opinion. "Administrator (one exercising power of attorney) and abuse (of that trust) form a powerful combination of ideas in human concepts" (27) and some trouble there definitely was.

The picture given in the first story, and in Strzelecki's letter would be the pleasantest to accept, the third -- of barefaced dishonesty and abuse of the privileges of his position hardly seems to square with what we know of the mature Strzelecki. To accept it would be to postulate the assumption that a man can completely and wholly change his character, once formed, to another, and that in a short time, between the ages of thirty and forty, and presents many more psychological difficulties than the other accounts. The Strzelecki in Australia and England stood out in an age of searching inquiry, in a circle of men as disinterested as George Gipps and Sidney Herbert, as above temptation and above greed, modest and unselfish, fit for the honours he earned by being, among so many strong men, one of the best qualified to carry out the same task as here he seems to have failed in so signally -- the administration of funds for an absentee proprietor. It seems strange, and it is possible that this contradiction was so. Between the young hungry man, burning with a very fever of unconsumed ambitions and energies, and the man, poor, but buoyed up by the sense of life work achieved and reputation earned, lies a great gulf. But, in that case, even allowing that, the change is too fundamental to be accepted. There are still explanations lying between the two extremes. Strzelecki may have done no more than many another did unchecked -- and if the reports

of his maladministration came so quickly to the ears of the young Prince Eustace, why did no wind waft them to the old prince, who, though easy going and probably despotic, possibly senile, can yet have liked being cheated flagrantly and openly by a man he trusted, no better than the average. If Strzelecki, in the matter of the legacy, did influence the prince unjustly, then the lawsuit would probably have been won against him; if he stole the money by false sales to confederates, carrying them on through the usual legal channels, the suspiciously low sums paid and the fact that he was among the purchasers would have given the bailiff in chief a weapon against him (28) and would have been enough to condemn the illegality of his proceedings. Paul Edmund Strzelecki, son of Francis Strzelecki, a poor gentleman of Poznan, in the Duchy of Poznan, in the territory of Prussia, was a nobody, whose only influence would be that of his family, people as unimportant as himself, and distant. The only way his name would have been known would hardly strengthen his case or improve his reputation. After running away from school, leaving the army burdened with debts, he had committed a serious offence against that same magnate class he had again provoked. Now having failed with the daughter of one rich man, he was in trouble with the heir of another. His accuser was a prince, and in his own country, Strzelecki, as formal Prussian, an alien. Yet, if it came to a lawsuit, the scales turned in favour of Strzelecki. This does not unfortunately, prove him guiltless, but is still an ambiguous argument in his favour. If he came by the money dishonestly -- which the Sapiehas, in spite of their overwhelming advantages, were not able to prove -- he did it so subtly and showed so much skill in the doing of it, that his own generation could not bring the offence home to him, which frees us from the obligation of believing it.

Every landowner --then so important a class that even the Russian officials might be inclined to take their side against the other Poles --would be against a suspected bailiff, since embezzling was

a favourite pastime of administrators. If Strzelecki came dishonestly by his money, he did it so skillfully that neither unpopularity, public opinion, influence nor money could prove the fact against him. And though this hardly acquits him of the charge, legally a man is innocent till proved guilty. Proof against him was never forthcoming.

(20) Poland still possesses tracts of primeval forest, notably in the eastern frontier, moreover, have escaped all the war version, though in a much less highly coloured form, is the true story. He probably worked well, and in protecting the old man against those anxious to exploit him, certainly made enemies among people and die along narrow cleared strips edging waterways through the able to injure him, specially with the heir. Slander which twists and the Russian border.

true facts into damaging accusations is almost impossible to fight. That would be enough to explain the stories. The positive fact is that Strzelecki left Poland about 1830-31, and never returned. His departure was hastened by the cumulative misfortunes which had meet Polish designation for the kingdom. After the extinction of the him there, and in going he broke all ties with it. As to the circumstances of his going, one strong proof of his blamelessness is the man himself. In confutation of the charges, Strzelecki rises up. We are still back across a gulf, dealing with the early developements of our man, who has not yet fully emerged. But, yet, Strzelecki at sixty, throws the cloak of his probity over Strzelecki at thirty. He would succeed in condoning worse crimes.

(21) Poland had been the favourite battlefield during the (Confederacy of Targowica 1794 (Sack of Praga) 1806 (siege of that Strzelecki left Poland about 1830-31, and never returned. His state of the country can be imagined. Polish designation for the kingdom. After the extinction of the inter pares. The revival of the title today under a president is stances of his going, one strong proof of his blamelessness is the man himself. In confutation of the charges, Strzelecki rises up. We are still back across a gulf, dealing with the early developements of our man, who has not yet fully emerged. But, yet, Strzelecki at sixty, throws the cloak of his probity over Strzelecki at thirty. He would succeed in condoning worse crimes.

(22) The Brazas a well known Poznan and Ukrainian family, knows the use of it. The letter from which the quotation is taken was written by the father of this name from the locative form, and probably the nominative given here is wrong.

(23) A story which illustrates this came to my ears while in Poland. A runaway Russian monk was taken in by a Polish family who shattered him, which he requited by reducing them to a state of

NOTES ON

VI.

Page 35.

(19) This separate intensely patriotic Polish class in unPolish regions is easily illustrated by such books as The Deluge describing Antonina, the great estate of the Potockis, in Russia, or Storm from the East (I believe, untranslated into English) giving pictures of Polish manor houses, with uncounted artistic treasures, lying round Kiev. (Kieff) Another illustration is the fact that Mickiewicz, the best loved and known Polish poet, writing his national epic Pan Tadeusz while exiled in Paris, begins a poem constantly on Polish lips with the words "Lithuania, my native land"

Page 35.

(20) Poland still possesses tracts of primeval forest, notably Bielowice, where the rare European bison are conserved. Parts of the eastern frontier, moreover, have escaped all the wars of the centuries by their power to repel penetration, and are only being for the first time, surveyed by government planes, flying low. There are large districts where the peasants know only two means of transport -- boats and aeroplanes, the latter by sight only. Wheeled vehicles are beyond their mental concept, since they live and die along narrow cleared strips edging waterways through the forested swamp country between Brześć Litewski (Brest Litovsk) and the Russian border.

Page 36.

(21) Poland had been the favourite battlefield during the centuries, notably in 1655-60 (Swedes) 1768-72 (Confederacy of Bar) 1773 (Confederacy of Targowica 1794 (Sack of Praga) 1806 (siege of Danzig, Preussisch-Eylau, Friedland, Leipzig in 1813. The consequent state of the country can be imagined.

(22) Republic, to us a misleading term, was the official Polish designation for the kingdom. After the extinction of the Jagiello dynasty, the kingship was elective, and the king only primus inter pares. The revival of the title today under a president is hence quite natural.

Page 39.

(23) This seeming brutal statement refers to the practice of land calculation spoken of above.

Page 40

(24) The Brezas, a well known Poznan and Ukrainian family, possessed the title count. Strzelecki here does as many Poles do, ignores the use of it. The letter from which the quotation is taken was written at the time when he was already using Count of himself.

(25) I took the form of this name from the locative form, and probably the nominative given here is wrong.

Page 41

(26) Zmichowska. P. 420.

Page 42.

(27) Zmichowska .P. 420.

Page 43.

(28) A story which illustrates this came to my ears while in Poland. A runaway Russian monk was taken in by a Polish family who sheltered him, which he requited by reducing them to a state of

hypothesis, where the proprietor and his heir signed away sales of forest land for a mere song. As they lived in the country and were known to be unfriendly and eccentric, the transactions only came to light through their Wilno lawyer noticing the small sale prices for valuable timber. The only way the sales could be upset, having valid signatures, was by proving the two noblemen insane and unfit to administer their estates! where Strzelecki received scientific education. The Year 1830 - In this period past falls away and the essential Strzelecki emerges. Coming to know the English, he shapes a career by their standards.

This brings the account to the year 1831, and Strzelecki's final departure from Poland, but to anyone knowing Polish history something is incomplete. What he was doing in the year 1830 must be asked, to make his later actions clear.

The Congress of Vienna had assigned the large part of Poland to Russia, to be governed as a constitutional state, with the Czar as king. He sent his brother, the Grand Duke Constantine to Warsaw as governor, and conveniently forgot the constitutional part of the programme, considering it an insult to the autocrat of the vast Russian dominions to brook any restrictions in a small part of them. The crassness and brutality of Constantine, and a series of intolerable aggressions on their liberties, led to a rising in November 1830, when a group of young officers planned to capture and kill the Grand Duke and set their country free. This insurrection, which began well and promised ^{able} reasonable chances of success, dragged on for some months, and petered out in scattered fighting, and was followed by wholesale executions, Siberian exile and mass confiscations of property, the class affected being the gentry.

Since the fighting was done by volunteers, who crept away secretly to join in, it is specially hard to trace the activities of any one person during this period, since only those caught and recognised could be identified. Thousands of men fell in unrecorded

skirmishes, or were betrayed PART II Russians by peasants greedy for reward, and their des EDUCATION OF A SCIENTIST various pretexts, to save their mothers, wives and VIIren from destitution following

Lack of positive information where Strzelecki received scientific education. The Year 1830 - In this period past falls away and the essential Strzelecki emerges. Coming to know the English, he shapes a career by their standards.

Impression is that Strzelecki did not take part in the November Rising. His quarrel with the Sapiehas may have prevented this, by final departure from Poland, but to anyone knowing Polish history preventing his volunteering, but a later passage in a letter would something is incomplete. What he was doing in the year 1830 must be seem to read like an excuse, for though the reference has been asked, to make his later actions clear.

The Congress of Vienna had assigned the large part of which appears in various English biographies and which he did not Poland to Russia, to be governed as a constitutional state, with the contradict) at the hands of the Russians, it is more likely that Czar as king. He sent his brother, the Grand Duke Constantine to he is actually speaking of his treatment at the hands of the Warsaw as governor, and conveniently forgot the constitutional part resentful Sapiehas. He clearly speaks of dissatisfaction with his of the programme, considering it an insult to the autocrat of fellowcountrymen, which took some time to fade from his mind. In a the vast Russian dominions to brook any restrictions in a small letter already quoted, he speaks of an "increasing justification part of them. The crassness and brutality of Constantine, and a for my former hatred of the country and its inhabitants" and again series of intolerable aggressions on their liberties, led to a he says "I love, too, our unhappy country, and am ready to dedicate to rising in November 1830, when a group of young officers planned to her much, but not your love and you. Everything which relates to it capture and kill the Grand Duke and set their country free. This brings back to me only bitterness, injury and mort^{able} insurrection, which began well and promised reason chances of success, dragged on for some months, and petered out in scattered I not suffer from my fellowcountrymen: Among those sufferings fighting, and was followed by wholesale executions, Siberian exile which deluged upon me, some of them were so great, that they might and mass confiscations of property, the class affected being the have overwhelmed and killed hundreds of people sensitive to slander gentry.

and deception; they are still raging today, because the lower they Since the fighting was done by volunteers, who crept away tried to crush me, the higher they raised me up. secretly to join in, it is specially hard to trace the activities This rather exaggerated manner of writing, years after the of any one person during this period, since only those caught and wrote described, shows how deeply the insult went: written to Adyna, recognised could be identified. Thousands of men fell in unrecorded contained with the phrases which I have omitted here and put in

skirmishes, or were betrayed to the Russians by peasants greedy for reward, and their deaths were kept secret under various pretexts, to save their mothers, wives and children from destitution following the total confiscation of rebels and traitors (29)

Although there is no positive information, my general impression is that Strzelecki did not take part in the November Rising. His quarrel with the Sapiehas may have prevented this, by preventing his volunteering, but a later passage in a letter would seem to read like an excuse, for though the reference has been taken to describe his sufferings as political exile (an account which appears in various English biographies and which he did not contradict) at the hands of the Russians, it is more likely that he is actually speaking of his treatment at the hands of the resentful Sapiehas. He clearly speaks of dissatisfaction with his fellowcountrymen, which took some time to fade from his mind. In a letter already quoted, he speaks of an "increasing justification for my former hatred of the country and its inhabitants" and again he says "I love, too, our unhappy country, and am ready to dedicate to her much, but not your love and you. Everything which relates to it brings back to me only bitterness, injury and mortification.

"What did I not have to bear from the family, how much did I not suffer from my fellowcountrymen! Among those sufferings which deluged upon me, some of them were so great, that they might have overwhelmed and killed hundreds of people sensitive to slander and deception; they are still raging today, because the lower they tried to crush me, the higher they raised me up."

This rather exaggerated manner of writing, years after the events described, shows how deeply the insult went; written to Adyna, combined with the phrases which I have omitted here and put in

the problem of his education, since it must have taken place before later, it reads as a justification of his non participation in the 1831, and therefore the only comment is the strangeness of his Insurrection. It has been given such length because that fact in having possessed a liberal education of which he made so little itself is proof how completely Strzelecki had broken with his use as a young man while it filled his whole subsequent life. As for national ties. Paul was one of the few members of his family who did the High School, it is possible -- if a school for boys at that time strike a blow for national independence.

The question of Strzelecki's leaving Poland well to do deny having had him as undergraduate, and their registrars should is a further argument in favour of his neutrality. He took money know. In fact, the tradition of the Royal Geographical Society, whence with him at a time when almost all Poles leaving Russian Poland most of the later English biographical notices took their data, is were very poor indeed. Most of them were worse than poor, they were based on his own statement. He ought to know, better than anyone hunted, in hiding, in Russian prisons, or having the greatest difficulty else, when and how he studied, but his claim is here open to refutation, and in other places too there is a suspicion of colouring in dyodging from place to place, starving, exposed to the rigours of his accounts.

the cold. Meanwhile, he went to England and went with enough money to live several years there.

Strzelecki visited Scotland, since he makes notes and comparisons between the agricultural methods prevailing on an estate he stayed at, with those in force in Courland, but his going Some of his biographical notices, notably that of Zmichowska, the is definitely more ^{le} keeping with the other generally accepted address of Sir Bartelmy Frere, Zelinski in his Mały Słownik, Professor Dyboski, in his article in "Czas" and various English sources, give details of Strzelecki's education as having taken place at Krakow its owner, while Strzelecki was frequenting London society. His (Dyboski quotes this as a "tradition" but gives no authority or interest in sheep farming, it seems was grounded in experience proof) Heidelberg, Oxford University, Edinburgh University, and the gained of the same science on the estates of Prince Biron of Cour-High School at Edinburgh. Further details add he spent his vacations land -- a place where the Sapiasas' administrator may easily have making walking tours for geological research in the Alps. Like the gone on business.

experience of banking in St Petersburg, all this seems rather what he should have done, or what he let it appear by inference that he and cultured young foreigner, of title, travelling as a result of had done, than what he did.

unhappy political disturbances at home, and interested in those Two sources of education I have not followed up -- the pursuits which occupied him in his native land. The grace of his High School in Edinburgh and Heidelberg University. The latter has address, the charm of his person readily securing him a place in already been discussed, and like the Krakow tradition, hardly affects

the problem of his education, since it must have taken place before 1831, and therefore the only comment is the strangeness of his having possessed a liberal education of which he made so little use as a young man while it filled his whole subsequent life. As for the High School, it is possible -- if a school for boys at that time would accept a foreign student aged thirty four. Oxford and Edinburgh deny having had him as undergraduate, and their registrars should know. In fact, the tradition of the Royal Geographical Society, whence most of the later English biographical notices took their data, is based on his own statement. He ought to know, better than anyone else, when and how he studied, but his claim is here open to refutation, and in other places too there is a suspicion of colouring in his accounts.

Strzelecki visited Scotland, since he makes notes and comparisons between the agricultural methods prevailing on an estate he stayed at, with those in force in Courland, but his going is definitely more in keeping with the other generally accepted legend of how he spent his first three years in England. His Scotch sojourn, as guest on a big estate, followed his acquaintance made with its owner, while Strzelecki was frequenting London society. His interest in sheep farming, it seems was grounded in experience gained of the same science on the estates of Prince Biron of Courland -- a place where the Sapiehas' administrator may easily have gone on business.

The picture is charming, and characteristic. A popular and cultured young foreigner, of title, travelling as a result of unhappy political disturbances at home, and interested in those pursuits which occupied him in his native land. The grace of his address, the charm of his person readily securing him a place in

Poland and leaving England, he got a detailed specialist education English society, and, under the pomp of fashionable life, feeling the urge of his manly nature driving him on to accomplish his destiny.

But, as usual in the piecing together of Strzelecki's life, many of the stories will not fit in, and the real and vital account is missing. Strzelecki came to England not later than 1831, and left for the continent at the end of 1833, and left Europe in 1834. Between those dates, the most important change in his career took place, and neither then nor later do we come upon any tangible peg on which to hang it. The only clues are those of inference. I could well spare the society accounts for concrete facts as to how when and where that fundamental alteration took place.

"What a charitable act it would be for us today if, by even one detail, one small casual reference, by a word even, we could see those years of chemical change when the prince's bailiff, of dubious character, was made over into an English gentleman, into a geographer, explorer and discoverer," (32)

Career

The skeleton of his life up to this, the thirty fourth year of his life, has been already sketched out. In his age and class, English was a language little known (33) French he knew (but this would hardly be useful except among the higher aristocracy in England) Strzelecki would have had to learn English thoroughly -- the proof of the hardness of that task is that ten years later he still wrote it like a foreigner, and even in his book apologises for it being unidiomatic. When he knew enough of the language to understand and be understood, he had to do a harder thing, the first real act of the new Strzelecki. He became a scientist. His Polish biographer says she had information to prove he was three years at Oxford, passed his examinations, and got his degree there (34) The university denies that, but there or elsewhere, between leaving

Poland and leaving England, he got a detailed specialist education of sufficient standing to command his market as scientist all over the world.

These few years then are critical. During that shadowy period, no one is sure where or how, the essential man crystallised. All the foregoing facts, with their violent discrepancies of intention and character, with gaps to be bridged only by conjecture and inconsistencies to be stated and left unreconciled, belong to the youth of the man. He disappeared three times before this, from school, from marriage and from sharp practices; this time he dives deeper into the sea of invisibility and emerges -- another character. The soldier, the lover and the bailiff do not disappear -- Strzelecki kept a surprising consistency throughout his life -- they are changed, transmuted, almost as though he had been acting a part. From this time on, we have the same talents and gifts, seen in their constructive side, and they create a new figure, with none of the old shifts -- with one exception. The new Strzelecki is far from perfect, there are still shadows, and blemishes, but in some way he has become solid, and on his life the brightest light can shine. Yet, he himself remains the only document. Even when the figure, grown familiar, walks plain in our view, explaining in slightly heavy but entirely faultless English his sentiments (always of the loftiest) and his aims (without exception the most laudable possible to evince) there are still no facts. Apart from the Adyna letters, we have only testimonials of men who praised officially, recorded or rewarded the events which rested on Strzelecki's own statements. It is no wonder there exists a certain difficulty. Such first hand documents as were not destroyed by his order were censored by expediency; the Russians and Prussians did for all papers in Poland what he

those
 prescribed for ~~what~~ he had in his possession. All our authorities are second hand, and at the end of research and investigation we are able to trace everything we know except a handful of bare dates, to two sources, or rather to a single source; Strzelecki, explaining himself and his achievements in a favourable and sympathetic light to a few chosen people in Poland; and Strzelecki, explaining himself still favourably and still sympathetically, with a veil of becoming modesty, to a few chosen people in England. The Count (who was not a count) and political exile (exiled for nonpolitical reasons) is, as it were, chief showman. But the exhibit is masterly. In spite of the naive tone of some of his letters, a shade of reserve in others, we are convinced. In any case, we never get behind them. Whether it be the complete Strzelecki explaining his maturity in justifiably favourable terms to the native land he abandoned, or Strzelecki explaining (perhaps a trifle less justifiably) in a kindly but -- might it be hinted, mildly fictitious? -- way, the circumstances of his youth to the native land he adopted, he believes everything he said. And so, almost -- here is his tribute, do we.

Under the explanation, the somewhat rhetorical turn of his autobiography, the real man comes into sight. He confronts us with a reality which remains, complete within itself, distinct from what he says, a piece with itself, till the end of his life. Before the plunge into English invisibility, there is everywhere ambiguity; all his events may have been honest, but there is a shadow over them of a less pellucid construction. After that time, we have a character of cool determination, a suave assurance, a will like metal, bright but hard. The better self had risen to command, and cleared everything -- almost -- before it. With his boyhood, Strzelecki had shed his impetuosity, his disregard for other people and disregard for the

consequences of his own actions. The young Polish exponent of "Złota Wolność" has hardened into the self exacting exponent of much that was best in Victorian England -- before the Victorian ideal was not yet born. Consider the mere fact that Strzelecki came to England, if not poor, certainly not well to do, since he exhausted his resources in three years. Not rich enough, certainly, to buy his way into a society much more exclusive than our own. At his best, with vitality and good spirits, health and energy, to back the attraction of his personality, Strzelecki may have possessed the weapons necessary to overcome the inevitable prejudice against him as a foreigner. That was in such an age of insularity and narrowness, no small achievement, and enough to turn a weaker head. But Strzelecki made it only one of his victories. During the time when he was laying the foundations of a wide and influential acquaintance, he was out of sight and without leaving records, doing a feat many times more difficult, moulding himself to the habits of character and thought required by a man of science. Hard work, concentrated and stretched over years, with the barrier of a foreign language as medium, is never a small self conquest. He made it, with the added temptation of society to a mind starved for just such victories of personal success, for such opportunities to shine as English social life gave. He did it at an age when studious habits and concentration are not easily regained, and he had never possessed them at all. He had had an education much less thorough than the average, leaving school at sixteen, and the mental effort must have been severe.

It was probably during this training of the faculties he was now conscious he possessed, that he took stock of his situation, and began to consolidate it. Polish refugees, even with titles higher

than count, were only too common and tedious, then. Strzelecki was too shrewd to let the matter rest there. Even if, being himself, the mantle of a patriot count was becoming, it was not enough. In English society there were all too many titles. Irish peers, younger sons with courtesy titles, and the backwash of pre Revolutionary and post Napoleonic princes, viscounts, marshals, were all too common, and to be distinguished, some better claim to attention was needed. Byron, the deepest English influence of Poles of Strzelecki's generation, ^{was} was more famous as poet than as peer. Being the son and heir of a baronet had not saved Shelley from censure. Strzelecki was clever enough to realise quickly that his science was his best claim to the notice of the country where fate had placed him. We are reminded in all this gravity of deliberate thought, of the passionate child preaching prattling sermons to emptiness, in a chapel made from a nursery, of the infant playwright before a family audience. Strzelecki was none too abundantly possessed of a sense of humour, and his histrionic instinct was too deep seated in him ever to come consciously to him. The role was more suitable and more difficult, the scene more extensive, but in the young man solemnly adjusting himself to the claims of his self chosen world, there is more than an echo of the baby acting with no hint of detachment his inappropriate part.

Strzelecki comes out at the end as a man of science, versed in chemistry, physics, gifted as geologist, but above all skilled as minerologist. He is ready and fully visible at last, and steps forward into a broad day which follows him, faithful as limelight, till, with the last flicker of consciousness, the last effort of a vast unconscious consistency, Paul Edmund Strzelecki slips back fifty years and escapes again, this time for ever.

But meanwhile, the sober man of small property and pure

science goes about the worlds --more than one --he has conquered,
VII
frequenting not only society but societies of learned men. He goes

Page 46.

north, to Sutherland, then back to London. ^{is, was told me from the}
Ukraine, by a relation of that "certain Mr Breza, one of my accursed
relatives" Three years after coming to England, all ties behind and
Paris, while his mother, who wanted to protect her daughter from the
only his star ahead, Strzelecki inaugurates his odyssey and steps
into history. ^{save out that the son was ill at home. A loyal priest and the house}
up the fiction, but the Russians threaten to search
the house, whereupon the mythical illness grew worse, and the patient
died. A mock funeral, attended by Russian police was in progress,
when a horseman galloped up to the cemetery, with news for the
mother that a wound had grown worse and that the young man had died
in Paris. The travesty turned to earnest was kept up, however, though
the strain on the mother's feelings caused her to shut herself up
as a religieuse for the rest of her life.

Page 47.

(30) Zmichowska, part II p.540.

To the R.G.S in Journal of R.G.S Vol 44(1874)

Stan. Zelinski P.513.

Dyboski. "Gzas" 24th December 1935.

Page 48.

(31)

University Registry
Oxford

March 6th, 1936

Dear Madam,

In reply to your letter of March 4 I

have to inform you

(1) that Paul Edmund Strzelecki does not appear
to have been an undergraduate at Oxford;

(2) that no record of any speech made when he
was created D.C.L. (on 20th June, 1860) is in existence.

Yours Faithfully.

6th March 1936

Dear Madam,

With reference to your letter of 4th
ultra., I have to inform you that Count Paul Edmund Strzelecki was
not a student of this university. The Australian Encyclopedia
states that he was educated at Edinburgh, but it does not state
that he was educated at the University of Edinburgh. I understand
he was a pupil at the Royal High School, Edinburgh, so that the
statement is probably quite correct.

(The rest relates to references to Strzelecki)

University of Edinburgh.

Page 49.

(32) Zmichowska Part II P.540

(33) Bystron.

(34) Zmichowska Part II. P.540

NOTES ON

VII

Page 46.

(29) One story illustrating this, was told me from the Ukraine, by a relation of that "certain Mr Breza, one of my accursed relatives" The son had taken part in the rising, and had escaped to Paris, while his mother, who wanted to protect her daughter from the effects of losing her home in consequence of the brother's action, gave out that the son was ill at home. A loyal priest and the house servants kept up the fiction, but the Russians threaten to search the house, whereupon the mythical illness grew worse, and the patient died. A mock funeral, attended by Russian police was in progress, when a horseman galloped up to the cemetery, with news for the mother that a wound had grown worse and that the young man had died in Paris. The travesty turned to earnest was kept up, however, though the strain on the mother's feelings caused her to shut herself up as a religieuse for the rest of her life.

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Dear Madam,

With reference to your letter of 4th ulto., I have to inform you that Count Paul Edmund Strzelecki was not a student of this university. The Australian Encyclopedia states that he was educated at Edinburgh, but it does not state that he was educated at the University of Edinburgh. I understand he was a pupil at the Royal High School, Edinburgh, so that the statement is probably quite correct.

(The rest relates to references to Strzelecki)

University of Edinburgh.

Page 49.

(32) Zmichowska Part II P.540

(33) Bystron.

(34) Zmichowska Part II. P.540

hypnosis, where the proprietor and his heir signed away sales of forest land for a mere song. As they lived in the country and were known to be unfriendly and eccentric, the transactions only came to light through their Wilno lawyer noticing the small sale prices for valuable timber. The only way the sales could be upset, having valid signatures, was by proving the two noblemen insane and unfit to administer their estates!

For his travels, before reaching Australia, we have few references apart from short passages in the Adyna letters, and footnotes reproduced from his journal, given in the Physical Description of New South Wales. His first destination was New York. On the eve of his departure, his own summary of his journey may be quoted: "I left Europe on June 8th, 1834, taking ship at Liverpool. I reached New York, explored the eastern states and their capitals, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Charleston, going up the Hudson as far as Albany, and saw the huge waterfall of Niagara. Then I retraced my steps to the shore of Lake Ontario and down the St. Lawrence through Montreal, Quebec and all their districts. I made a short stay in Canada, passing through St. Jean to the north east of Montreal, then back to New York by Lakes Champlain and Toba--" the breathless sentence trails off to plunge his wondering reader into another new continent.

Strozlecki's departure was in keeping with his earlier and later departures. He kept his plans to himself, and went off without any elaborate goodbye, and without stating the projected length of his stay outside Europe. When he had prepared himself for travel, he spent a few months abroad, in the capacity of tourist, and visited France, Italy, and possibly Switzerland. He did not go anywhere near Polish territory, though Austrian Poland was still open to him, and would have brought him within visiting distance of his relatives. From Naples he went back to England only to make his final preparations, and from there set out, saying no more than that he was going to America. He still had enough money to travel comfort-

ably, and he went well provided with VIIIth letters of introduction, but yet as there is no English THE WANDERINGS OF ULYSSES till he touched British

His travels in North America and Canada, South America. California. behind. For his travels, before reaching Australia, we have few references apart from short passages in the Adyna letters, and footnotes reproduced from his journal, given in the Physical Description of New South Wales. their first intimation that he had put another

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of Congress. Strzelecki's departure was in keeping with his earlier and later departures. He kept his plans to himself, and went off without any elaborate goodbye, and without stating the projected length of his stay outside Europe. When he had prepared himself for travel, he spent a few months abroad, in the capacity of tourist, and visited France, Italy, and possibly Switzerland. He did not go anywhere near Polish territory, though Austrian Poland was still open to him, and would have brought him within visiting distance of his relatives. From Naples he went back to England only to make his final preparations, and from there set out, saying no more than that he was going to America. He still had enough money to travel comfort-

ably, and he went well provided with letters of introduction, but yet as there is no English record of his travels till he touched British territories again, he can hardly have left very intimate friends behind. --the study of the languages and customs of the Indian tribes Strzelecki as tourist managed to make the most of his opportunities. A faint echo of his American stay floated back to his home, and gave his family their first intimation that he had put another continent between himself and them. Some poor emigrants, returning from America to Poznan, spread a story of the circumstances which made it possible for them to come back. A certain, at Polish nobleman, travelling in America, and possessing influence there, had helped them, securing the necessary papers and had given them money towards their fare. They did not know his name, they explained, but he was from Poznan, a scientist; the description tallied with Paul as he was remembered at home. Years later, Adyna received confirmation of the fragmentary story, though it has become somewhat grander. "Wherever I was able to help prisoners, I hastened to do so. I did it in the United States, I interested the President, the whole of Congress was moved to pardon them" (35) a passage through the virgin The letters of introduction or his personality had carried him into high places, and he had at least one interview with President Andrew Jackson (36) That is the limit of our knowledge of his social career in the states, but the scientific record is fuller. its own peculiar beauty of form and colour, --to examine and to It must have been about this time, possibly helped by generosity to poor Poles, that Strzelecki's money began to run short, and he was forced to put his scientific knowledge to serious use. In his visit to the upper Lakes region he was motivated not so much by curiosity as to desire to examine its mineralogical wealth.

His researches were successful, copper being among the mineral deposits he found, and here he began a new course of study which he continued when opportunity offered through his subsequent voyagings -- the study of the languages and customs of the Indian tribes(37)

His interests in America were not of long duration, and by the late summer of 1835 he was ready to move on, and in a position to do so. By this time he had collected by paid investigation or sale of specimens procured by him, enough money to finance the next stage of his journey, for the autumn found him in South America, at Rio de Janiero.

There, he immediately found congenial occupation in exploring the virgin forests of the Sierra Estrella Range, a region which moved him to one of the few descriptions of natural scenery which he thought fit to preserve in his published writings.

"To explore, as it were, the recesses of the magnificent picture which we contemplate from the bay of Rio de Janiero with an ever increasing pleasure, to penetrate the ravines, to scale the mountains, to cross the valleys, to force a passage through the virgin forests which seem to exhale the inspiring atmosphere of the fresh created -- to survey there the reaches of vegetation and the boundless munificence of nature -- to observe how each hill -- each valley, varies in character -- how each trunk, branch, leaf and flower has its own peculiar beauty of form and colour, -- to examine and to contemplate all this, so strikes the mind with admiration of the terrestrial wonders, as to cause it involuntarily to rebound towards its creator" he says, in his cumbrous English(38)

He next mentions being the guest of General Rosas, but the society of a South American Republic as little satisfied his rest-

lessness as the London of William IV or the Washington of President Jackson, for in August, 1836, he set out to lead an expedition up the River Parana, into the territory of Paraguay.

That passed off successfully, he being welcomed on his arrival by the dictator, and he then continued through the Gran Chaco to Santa Fe, and across the Argentine to Mendoza, where he resolved upon a more hazardous adventure. He stayed at the latter place to collect his resources, then embarked on one of those expeditions of his which had already fallen into the habit of being successful. Like everything else he attempted during his phase of action, this was to turn out well for him, hardships and hindrances being powerless against his masterful will.

He crossed the Cordilleras of Chile by a route through the La Cuimbre Pass, and then through Santa Rosa to Valpariso. And all this at a time when modern science had done little to help solve the difficulties of health and climate, when South America must still have been infinitely more dangerous to explore than it is as present. He had found at last work which occupied all his other paths. Strozlecki had exhausted the interests of America, and was questing new territory to explore. From Chile he embarked with Captain Elliot on H.M.S. Fly, en route for the islands of the Pacific. In the same letter already quoted for his North American itinerary, he gives the route taken in South America: "from there I went to the ^{plunging} diving into their fastnesses which he flung behind him like waves closing behind the descent of a diver, and ever as he reappeared, a new difficulty lay behind. His indomitable figure, so small in the vast untenanted spaces, had the resolution of a soldier breasting over a field of battle.

Minas Gerais (Vila Rica) then going up the La Plata, I reached Monte-
video

stayed a A passing reference shows him at Sonora, where the way of life moved him to raptures not untingered by the idyllic pleasures of primitive society drawn by the fancy of Rousseau. The simplicity prevailing there, was of the golden age, the harmony, peace, and affluence, the absence of suffering and poverty, were worthy of a better world. Strzelecki, after scenes of cruelty and brutality paused for a moment to admire and praise, then passes on (39)

away
 He was carried away from this remote earthy paradise by the Cleopatra, a British ship commanded by George Grey, and on board her, renewing acquaintance with the English after his years abroad, he remained while she worked up the coast of both Americas, from Chile to California and back to Valpariso. While in California he left the ship, and went to the gold diggings, where he did a certain amount of prospecting. He does not explain whether he profited much financially by the experiment, but the knowledge gained was destined to be useful.

Back in Valpariso, after ten months cruising, he separated from the hospitable Captain Grey, whose work was taking him into other paths. Strzelecki had exhausted the interests of America, and was questing new territory to explore. From Chile he embarked with Captain Eliot on H.M.S Fly, en route for the islands of the Pacific.

In the same letter already quoted for his North American itinery, he gives the route taken in South America; "from there I went to the Antilles, to Havanna, I stopped in Vera Cruz, went to the town of Mexico, left it and went to Tampico, then across to New Orleans and up the Mississippi and Ohio to Cincinnati, and back to Baltimore. Then I left the United States and went by ship to Brazil, visiting Rio de Janiero, exploring the provinces of San Paulo and Minas Gerais (Villa Rica) then going up the La Plata, I reached Monte video

stayed a while in Buenos Aires, crossed the Argentine Republic, getting as far as Cordoba, going towards the south, reached Mendoza, where I examined various minerals, crossed the Cordilleras or Andes till I reached St Jago in Chile, and from there to Coquimbo, in the north and in the south, Concepcion. From Valpariso I went up the Pacific coast, visiting Lima, Guajaquil, Punta, (on the west of Panama) San Salvador, Acapulco -- St Blas -- Mazatlan and Guaymas -- I explored the Californian Peninsula, approaching Avispe on the north, visited the most famous mines, withdrew to Tepu-Xalisco, thence back to St Blas and by boat to Chile. Immediately after my return to Valpariso, I left it again for the islands of Oceania" (40)

That list gives the outline of his time in South America. The purpose apart from the pieces of exploration seems to have been the collecting and selling of mineralogical specimens, as this paid his expenses. Throughout the time spent there, he seems to have become very shadowy, and there is nothing to add to the picture except the observation of a Poznan professor that the places he visited were almost exclusively such as would interest a geologist, each of them being associated with the investigation of some mineral.

VIII
THE PACIFIC

Page 56.

The Volcan compared - (35) Letter to Adyna from Tasmania, during 1840 or 41.
(36) Speech to R.G.S London. Vol 44. p. 1874.

Page 57.

(37) This versatility of interest, occupation with all sorts of subjects is very characteristic of Polish mentality. His interest in natives, first aroused by the Canadian Indians, was carried over a passages to be discussed later, to the Australian aborigines.

(38) Physical Description of N.S.W. P. 243, which nearly

Page 59

involved t (39) Speech to R.G.S VOL 44 P. 1874

Page 60.

(40) Letter to Adyna, fragment and undated (in Poznan paper)

arriving from a British war ship, and vouched for by Captain Elliot, received a surprisingly cordial welcome. Accounts (most of them, probably, distorted versions of his own story, given when he returned) are conflicting, and almost certainly wrong. One -- that given by Sir H Bartle Frere -- attributes to him the introduction of the jury system, but at least it is reasonably sure that he was present as foreman of the first mixed jury held on the island, to try the case of the murder of an Englishman by a native (41)

After that, the Tahshte record is blank, and he next touched at the Hawaiian Islands, where he made an ascent of the volcano of Kiramae, and published an immediate account of his expedition in the Spector, a paper published there. Some years later, apparently from the notes in his journal, he rewrote the account and published it in a scientific magazine in Tasmania. The first I reproduce by courtesy of the Board of Commissioners of the Public Archives in Honolulu, because of its interest in conjunction with the second. Pictures of the thought and emotional processes of Strzelecki during this time are rare enough; this revised record, though the first is only of scientific interest, is unique.

"My Dear Sir,

Your kind request to supply the valuable publication

THE PACIFIC

The Volcano of Kirauea --Strzelecki's early and later accounts compared --Futher details of his Pacific wanderings.

The first port on the new journey was Taheite, where Strzelecki arrived during that period of strained relations between France and England known as the Pritchard Difficulty, which nearly involved the two countries in war.

Queen Pomare was on the throne, and the Polish explorer, arriving from a British war ship, and vouched for by Captain Elliot, received a surprisingly cordial welcome. Accounts (most of them, probably, distorted versions of his own story, given when he returned) are conflicting, and almost certainly wrong. One --that given by Sir H Bartle Frere --attributes to him the introduction of the jury system, but at least it is reasonably sure that he was present as foreman of the first mixed jury held on the island, to try the case of the murder of an Englishman by a native(41)

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"My Dear Sir,

Your kind request to supply the valuable publication

of the Spector, with an account. NOTES ON visit to the Volcano of Kirauea on Hawaii, both pains and flatters me; for I regret much that my limited stay here, the daily current and accumulating objects of new and interesting inquiries render any circumstantial descriptions of it realizable to me. A few facts, and fewer observations which a fact taken from Sir H. Bartle Frere's address to R.G.S in Vol. 44 of the proceedings, P. 1374. you the slightest impressions which the awful sublimity of the volcano produced. This account given me by courtesy of the Board of Commissioners for Archives in Honolulu. not reproduce sensations; the rapture The de Strzelecki used here needs a word. As Poles are very proud of their nobility, most of them even now when abroad use de to show themselves as well born as French families with a right to it. Influence of mighty objects upon me are the difficulties I had to state. (43) Taken from the Tasmanian Journal of Science in the Mitchel Library. ecstatic gazing with which I regarded the great whole, down Page 65. analytical part of the wondrous and unparalleled scene before me. (44) Ibid. say unparalleled, because having visited most of the European American volcanoes, I find the greatest of them inferior. (45) and (46) Ibid. intensity, grandeur, and extent or area. Page 67

(47) Letter to Adyna, Kurjer Poznanski 29. Jan 1935. N.R.S. well of the (48) When in New Zealand I applied to the Professor of Geology and the Head Librarian of the University of Auckland, and on their recommendation to the Librarian of the Parliamentary Library in Wellington and the Rectors of Christchurch and Dunedin, but all stated that there were no first hand documents and the few references given me were from books already consulted as being English or Australian sources. stirred sea, violently beating the edge of the caldrons like an infuriated surf, and like surf spreading all around its spray in the form of capillary glass which fills the air, and adheres in a fisky and pendulous form to the distorted and broken masses of the lava all around; five caldrons each of about 3,700 square yards, almost at the level of the great area, and containing only the twelfth part if the red liquid; the sixth caldron is encircled by a wall of accumulated scoria of fifty yards high, forming the S.S.W. point -- the Hale Mau Mau of the natives to which the bones of the former high chiefs were consigned -- the sacrifices to the goddess Pele offered -- the abyss of abysses, the caldron of caldrons -- exhibiting the most frightful area of about 300,000 square yards, bubbling red hot lava -- changing incessantly its level -- sometimes rolling the long curved waves with broken masses of cooled crust to one side of the horrible laboratory -- sometimes, as if they had made a mistake, turning them back with spouting fury, and a subterraneous, terrific noise of a sound more infernal than earthly; around are blocks of lava, scoria, slabs of every description and combination, here elevated, by the endless number of superimposed layers, in perpendicular walls of 1000 feet high -- there torn asunder, dispersed, cracked, or remoulded, -- everywhere, terror, confusion, -- mighty engine of nature -- and nothingness of man.

"No where does the solution of the great problem of volcanic fires by Sir Humphrey Davy, receive a more palpable illustration than here; the access of the water to the ignited masses of these minerals of alkaline and earthy bases, by which that great philosopher explained the convulsions of volcanic fires, is displayed here

of the Spector, with an account of my visit to the Volcano of Kirauea on Hawaii, both pains and flatters me; for I regret much that my limited stay here, the daily current and accumulating objects of new and interesting inquiries render any circumstantial descriptions of it really impossible to me. A few facts, and fewer observations which a hasty and rough sketch brings forth, is all I am able for the moment to supply you with. I cannot even attempt to give you the slightest idea of the impressions which the awful sublimity of the volcano produced upon my imagination; that part of our being does not yield as easily as memory -- it does not reproduce sensations; the rapture -- the enthusiasm once gone by, is lost forever.

"What I remember, and long shall recollect, as showing the mighty influence of mighty objects upon me are the difficulties I had to struggle with before my eye could be torn away from the idle, vacant, but ecstatic gazing with which I regarded the great Whole, down to the analytical part of the wondrous and unparalleled scene before me; I say unparalleled, because having visited most of the European and American volcanos, I find the greatest of them inferior to Kirauea crater in intensity, grandeur, and extent or area.

"The abrupt and precipitous cliff which forms the N.N.E. wall of the crater, -- found, after my repeated observations, to be elevated 4,104 feet above the level of the sea -- overhangs an area of 3,150,000 square yards of half-cooled scoria, sunk to the depth of 300 yards, and containing more than 328,000 square yards of convulsed torrents of earths in igneous fusion, and gaseous fluids constantly effervescing -- boiling -- spouting -- rolling in all directions like waves of a disturbed sea, violently beating the edge of the caldrons like an infuriated surf, and like surf spreading all around its spray in the form of capillary glass which fills the air, and adheres in a flaky and pendulous form to the distorted and broken masses of the lava all around; five caldrons each of about 5,700 square yards, almost at the level of the great area, and containing only the twelfth part of the red liquid; the sixth caldron is encircled by a wall of accumulated scoria of fifty yards high, forming the S.S.W. point -- the Hale Mau Mau of the natives to which the bones of the former high chiefs were consigned -- the sacrifices to the goddess Pele offered -- the abyss of abysses, the caldron of caldrons -- exhibiting the most frightful area of about 300,000 square yards, bubbling red hot lava -- changing incessantly its level -- sometimes rolling the long curved waves with broken masses of cooled crust to one side of the horrible laboratory -- sometimes, as if they had made a mistake, turning them back with spouting fury, and a subterraneous, terrific noise of a sound more infernal than earthly; around are blocks of lava, scoria, slags of every description and combination, here elevated, by the endless number of superimposed layers, in perpendicular walls of 1000 feet high -- there torn asunder, dispersed, cracked, or remoulded, -- everywhere, terror, convulsion, -- mighty engine of nature -- and nothingness of man.

The volcano lay on the north side of Mount Loa, twenty

"No where does the solution of the great problem of volcanic fires by Sir Humphrey Davy, receive a more palpable illustration than here; the access of the water to the ignited masses of these minerals of alkaline and earthy bases, by which that great philosopher explained the convulsions of volcanic fires, is displayed here

in most portentous, most awful effects. It is only to those millions of vents all around the crater, through which the superabundance of steam escapes (I don't know whether this is Strzelecki's spelling or typist's error)--to the millions of fissures through which the sulphurous and sulphuric acids liberate themselves from beneath, that the preservation of Hawāi from utter destruction, by the expansive force of steam and gasses, can be ascribed.

"The nature of the volcano, with its uncommonly intense heat, and so many wide and easy openings, is, to eject nothing without alteration, and to sublime every variety of substance which the concomitants of the volcanic fires embrace. Thus; here is the rare volcanic glass in capillary forms, and many perfect vitrifications; the muriate of ammonia in efflorescence, often conchoidal, often in elongated hexahedrals --and in one single instance, even in that rare form of cubic crystal; thus, the sulphuret of arsenic, both as realgar and orpiment; the sulphur itself in most beautiful incrustations, crystallised in cubic or truncated octahedrons; the petroaluminaris of Ssolfa (Italy) or alkaline sulphate of alumine imbedded (I transcribe literally) sometimes in crevices of lava, sometimes in argillaceous earth; thus, the singular and rare cavernous lava known hitherto to exist only in Iceland --its large tumefactions in blisters and bubbles, from a crust of the finest gloss to an arch of four feet thick, forming caverns through which the superabundance of lava in the crater discharges itself, as through subterranean tunnels, in all directions of the island.

"A prolific imagination can find here a vast field for fanciful speculation on the origin, duration and probable or possible results of the continued operations of this frightful and gigantic volcano. Science will never tire in the study of Nature; but, alas! beyond what she sees, and what strict inductive forms allow her to conclude, she must stop --admire --bow and repeat
Sapientia hujus mundi stultitia est.

With the greatest respect and consideration
believe me, my Dear Sir,

Your most obedient servant

Paul Edmond de Strzelecki
(42)

To the Rev. J Diell, Honolulu.

The second account is from the Tasmanian Journal of Science Vol 2, (43) I have paraphrased it, omitting the parts which are purely scientific, or which repeat too closely the account given above.
western

The volcano lay on the north/side of Mount Loa, twenty miles from the summit of the mountain, and forty from the Bay of Hiko. Strzelecki states that it was, at the time of his visit, the largest volcano known, but that it was so destroyed by successful eruptions

that it was only one third of its original size. The first thing the party did on its arrival was to attempt a reconstruction of the original size and shape, by walking from one landmark to another, measuring and collecting scattered materials. It is interesting to note here that in the later account, reconstructed years after the visit, the explorer has no difficulty in recollecting the impression made on him by the awful natural power revealed, though it was just this he believed gone for ever a few days after the occurrence. After determining the highest point by repeated calculations, they scattered for a detailed examination of the broken walls of the crater whence all the molten lava had escaped, and specimens were taken for later analysis. The lava bed was measured, and its contents when full estimated.

They must have spent some days at the site, or at least more than one, since the temperatures of the vapours rising from the crater were measured and day and night temperatures given. When they reached a point where they safely look down into the heaving bed of the active crater, and again in his mature report Strzelecki found it worth while recording the difficulty he had in recalling himself from observation of the extraordinary sight to the occupations of science. At last they descended down a precipitous slippery surface with "a thousand openings which vomit forth hot vapours, and displaying an area of 9,450,000 square feet compressed within perpendicular walls, and thickly strewn with masses of smoking lava, half congealed and, like the masses of ice in a blocked up channel pitched one against another, either standing on end, heaped in horizontal or half raised bed...here concealing a suppressed agitation

under ground, there gaping in fearful cavities which, clamorous, resound with the agitation of the molten matter. Six of these cavities were in violent activity while I was exploring the crater ... No pen or pencil can ever represent the sublime effects which the violence and intensity of the heat produce in the reservoirs. The spectacle of these ceaseless and varied movements, which are carried, through all the stages of a storm at sea, to a still higher pitch of impetuosity and fury, produces splendid scenes before which all human greatness fades, and a sense of humility and a few earnest thoughts are all the mind can find room for. Even in the breast of the natives the magical influence has not been unfelt... man in his primitive state can only see his littleness, his nothingness, -- he can only feel the presence of an invincible and angry Power, whom he must appease, conciliate and render propitious" (44)

It was most dangerous, because of the gas exhaled but out- even more by the possibility of falling into the liquid massality which flowed on every side. The surface seemed solid, but was actually flowing, and the danger was increased by the special nature of the lava, which formed bubbles all over its expanse, and many of these were just below the surface, only covered by a thin crust which a step would break, so Strzeleck records many painful falls. "Nevertheless, the advantages which were met with from the fall repaid the bruises it cost; the interior of the caverns alone can furnish for examination the most interesting incrustations of sublimated minerals, or give an adequate impression of the wonderful power of the heat of this volcano, which in the bosom of a tumultuous furnace seeming to produce nothing but terror and destruction on the most enormous scale, forms crystals whose perfection can hardly be appreciated without a microscope, and whose delicacy can scarcely

bear a breath"(45)

After further analysis of the chemicals and processes at work "all going on at once, to the astonishment of man, who can only admire the Unseen Hand which guides them"(46) he concludes on a note well in keeping with his time, the mournful rationalism of the age of Darwin. "An imagination fond of percing into the abyss of

conjecture"(was he thinking here of himself?) "finds here a vast field for its speculations on th origin, duration and possible results of the continued action of this gigantic volcano. Reason, alas! can only admit in sobriety of what the Inductive Method allows, and, arrested at every step, must be content to wonder and admire, and to say with the ancient--

"Sapientia hujus mundi stultitia jest'"

The quotations above belong to the new Strzelecki, and in every sentence one feels the full extent of the change in his outlook. The personal note has dwindled, and a reasonable impartiality taken its place. The final quotation, repeated, is itself a mark of the new man. In the course of the transformation from rebellious Polish soldier to English scientific rationalist, Strzelecki had acquired the English upper class taste for sententious quotation, and the Latin in which it might be gratified. He was by this time not only scientist, but already fully fledged gentleman of philosophically reflective bent and culture.

After leaving the Hawaiian group, Strzelecki continued his wanderings about the many islands of the north and south Pacific. The same chronicle to Adyna already quoted gives the order of his travels and stops "I set out for the islands of Oceania --I was once on the Marqueras Islands --once at the Sandwicke Islands, I

went to Otahelie, where the Friendly Islands are and from there to New Zealand, whence I sailed for New South Wales, where I have been for the last four days. In this route march I have given you only the actual names. I crossed the Equator six times, saw much and felt more" (47)

The bald sentences cover a great deal. This all took place before 1838, and Pacific conditions were still pretty primitive.

Steam ships, if present, were in their infancy, and most travel was still done in small boats, in conditions of extreme discomfort. What is more important, however, than the conditions, was the object of his continued voyaging, but this is never divulged. He may have been at work as a minerologist, or geologist, but curiosity would seem to be the principal motive which urged his restlessness; that, and the superabundant energy of his nature, which was only satisfied when overcoming difficulties and suffering hardships.

The last stage of his journey to Australia is the least documented of all. Tradition suggests he was searching for gold, but either he was unsuccessful, or his investigations were purely academic, and few if any records of his stay in that country are forthcoming to support or disprove any claims. ((48))

Page 61

(41) Fact taken from Sir H. Bartle Frere's address to R.G.S in Vol 44 of the proceedings, P (of this, I am not sure) 1874.

Page 63

(42) This account given me by courtesy of the Board of Commissioners for Archives in Honolulu.

The de Strzelecki used here needs a word. As Poles are very proud of their nobility, most of them even now when abroad use de to show themselves as well born as French families with a right to it.

(43) Taken from the Tasmanian Journal of Science in the first Mitchel Library.

Page 65. in Australia, and his work in Ireland during the

(44) Ibid.

Page 66 work he did in New South Wales and Van Diemen's

(45) and (46) Ibid.

Page 67 is the basis for the first of these two, and to it

(47) Letter to Adyna, Kurjer Poznanski 29. Jan 1935.

(48) When in New Zealand I applied to the Professor of Geology and the Head Librarian of the University of Auckland, and on their recommendation to the Librarian of the Parliamentary Library in Wellington and the Rectors of Christchurch and Dunedin, but all stated that there were no first hand documents and the other few references given me were from books already consulted as being English or Australian sources. obvious next stop after New Zealand.

We do not know if he had any plan in mind in coming, or whether his journey was still aimless, and we do not know if he was definitely drawn to the country for any purpose beyond curiosity. But from this state of uncertainty emerges the fact that, once being in Australia, he found a field for his activity which carried it beyond the value of his previous journeys, into exploration of definite historical importance. But it should be remembered that his most important discoveries were not made directly, but as incidents in work of other scope. To substantiate that statement, his sojourn in New South Wales needs to be sorted out and put into such order of purpose as can be, and it is only the nature of his work which can give it any coherence at all.

The arrival of the French barque Justine, from South America, via Tahiti and New Zealand, reaching Sydney on April 25th,

1839, caused no particular in PART III the Sydney Gazette of 27th April mentioned a passenger who THE CROWDED YEARS Monsieur la Comte Trelecki (49) late of the Polish army, and X other items of news. That is all.

Impressions on Arrival --Scope of Work--Book regarded only as a Document--Troubles of the Governor--Need for Such Work as Strzelecki could do --Division of the Examination only for Convenience.

"Since my arrival in Sydney, I cannot cease asking myself, am I really Strzelecki has two claims to his place in the Dictionary represented as "the Community of Felons", as "the most demoralized of National Biography --his work as a scientific explorer and first discoverer of gold in Australia, and his work in Ireland during the potato famine. The work he did in New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land in 1839-1843 is the basis for the first of these two, and to it the story has now come. Unfortunately, as is usual with Strzelecki's biography, the most important periods are just those which are hardest to unravel. We have no knowledge what brought him to Australia, other than the fact that it is the obvious next stop after New Zealand. We do not know if he had any plan in mind in coming, or whether his journey was still aimless, and we do not know if he was definitely drawn to the country for any purpose beyond curiosity. But from this state of uncertainty emerges the fact that, once being in Australia, he found a field for his activity which carried it beyond the value of his previous journeys, into exploration of definite historical importance. But it should be remembered that his most important discoveries were not made directly, but as incidents in work of other scope. To substantiate that statement, his sojourn in New South Wales needs to be sorted out and put into such order of purpose as can be, and it is only the nature of his work which can give it any coherence at all.

The arrival of the French barque Justine, from South

America, via Tahiti and New Zealand, reaching Sydney on April 25th,

1839, caused no particular interest. The Sydney Gazette of 27th April mentioned a passenger who arrived on her, Monsieur le Comte Treleski (49) late of the Polish army, among other items of news. That is all.

Strzelecki however, has rather more to say of his disembarkation. His impressions were full.

"Since my arrival in Sydney, I cannot cease asking myself, am I really in the capital of that "Botany Bay" which has been represented as "the Community of Felons", as "the most demoralised colony known in the history of nations", as "a possession which adds a tarnish rather than a lustre to the British Crown" etc, etc.

"Let the authors of these and other epithets contained in the numerous works which they wrote on New South Wales congratulate and applaud themselves; my mystification was complete. The evening I effected my disembarkation in Sydney, I did it with all imaginable precaution, leaving my watch and purse behind me, and arming myself with a stick; being resolved to encounter inevitable and imminent dangers with the least possible risk! . . .

"I found, however, on that night, in the streets of Sydney, a decency and a quiet which I have never witnessed in any other port of the United Kingdom. No drunkenness, no sailors's quarrels, no appearance of prostitution were to be seen. George Street, the Regent Street of Sydney, displayed houses and shops modelled after the fashion of those in London; but nowhere did its lamps and the numerous lights in its windows, which reflected upon the crowd, betray any of those signs of a corrupt state of society common to the streets of other capitals. Since then, how many nights like the first did I not witness, in which the silence, the feeling of perfect security, and the delicious freshness of the air, mingled with nothing that could break the charms of a solitary walk! At ten o'clock, all the streets are deserted; to the bustling industry of the day succeeds a happy repose, and to that again a day of fresh struggles, successes or failures! Extraordinary race! the only people who, to speak the language of one's own craft--seem subject to atomic laws, immutable and independent of the varieties of climate; aggregating by a kind of molecular attraction, constantly in the same order, and expanding, however dispersed, into a similar social structure, thus everywhere preserving those properties and tendencies which nature assigns to their primitive forms.

"Other races, like true children of the soil, identify themselves with it, or draw from it their sustenance, their power and their nationality; call it country; love and cherish it as such, and cling to its bosom, though at the cost of freedom, of comfort, of property, and even of life. Banished from it, they become but lost wanderers, and soon degenerate; like the Alpine rose, which when transplanted even to more genial climates loses its blossoms and sends forth only thorns.

"The hardy nature of the Anglo Saxon race is proof against the effects of transplantation; for it does not depend upon the soil

either for its character or its nationality; the Anglo Saxon reproduces his country wherever he hoists his country's flag.

"The United Kingdom is far from furnishing a just idea of this race. The traveller there is like one buried in the entrails of a colossus. It is in the United States, in the West Indies, in the factories of South America and China, in the East Indies, and in this town of Sydney, that the prodigious expansion of the Anglo Saxon life, the gigantic dimensions of its stature and the energy of its functions are fully perceived and appreciated."(50)

That description, quoted at length for its later psychological implications, is hardly exact, and owes its colours to the writer's mind, to his attitude towards England and the English, rather than to the observable facts of Australian life in the third decade of last century. The physical picture is infinitely more Utopian than common sense or other documents justify. If he had cared to look about him for vice, the Rocks would soon have enlightened him; it is curious that he was able to shut his eyes at all to what was so glaringly apparent to others. The order in the streets--which other writers found freely sprinkled with grog shops filled with the scum of the population, male and female--and the quiet descending at ten o'clock point to the dead hand of prison discipline rather than any innate sense of order and decency in the colonists. It must have been a very bland observer, one determined to see only what he wanted and no more, who recorded only the good side of a convict settlement. Nor does his scientific analysis of Anglo Saxon character exemplified "in this town of Sydney" reflect such praise on the British as he doubtless intended. Sydney, as might have been expected from a settlement serving as sewerage system to the hulks and prisons of England, stank to heaven.

"A society at war with itself, a little community of 98,000 persons, divided into rival cliques. Minor officials fought with major officials; merchants resented the pretensions of all officials; squatters despised the townsmen; the exclusive free proprietors ignored the lessees; freemen fought emancipists; emancipists tried to widen the gap between their past and their present by oppressing

convicts, and the convicts resented all free or freed men" (52)

Nor were affairs in the colony any more simple or attractive than this quotation would suggest. The years Strzelecki spent in Australia --1839-1843--saw little but struggles and changes, quarrels, rancours, betrayals, enmities and recriminations.

The governor was harried to the edge of the grave by opponents without a fraction of his virtues or principles, and the issues he fought for were frittered away by the very men on whom he should have been able to rely for support. Convict transportation flourished, and reduced the labour conditions of the colony to those of the most iniquitous slave market Strzelecki denounced in America. The squatters were using every tool at their disposal to effect a land monopole almost as absolute as the monopole of power the English Civil War overthrew. Politically, men like Lowe and Wentworth were changing their parties and their loudly enunciated principles as often as they needed to trim their sails to the veering winds of self interest. Economically, the boom with its abundant capital and wild speculation, was giving way to the slump with its bank failures and bankruptcies. Droughts continued, year after year, with their consequent misery and loss, and the aborigines, emboldened by Sir George Gipp's protection, became a menace which preceded and outdid the later ravages of bushrangers. Murderous natives, and convicts in conditions ranging from acute discomfort to hopeless desperation, but in any case, slaves; an unproductive town proletariat, an unhappy small farmer class, clamorous squatters, intolerant and intolerable aristocrats, disloyal officials and a harassed governor, hardly make up a composite picture likely to inspire a foreigner with unbounded respect for the English as colonial administrators, yet Strzelecki seems to have written in all good faith. What makes it the more extraordinary is that the man

who wrote it kept a journal and worked it up afterwards into a chapter with an eloquent plea for them, reflecting bitterly against the religion and government which could so abuse them. This was the same man who was later to distinguish himself in philanthropy and deserve humanity's gratitude by his own humanity, whom no tale of woe was to leave unmoved. Yet, at this stage, he seems impervious to any faults in the administrative system of Australia.

Strzelecki's attitude is taken from his book "Physical Description of New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land", which is the record of the time he passed in scientific exploration, and the results of it. But before going on to see the scope of his investigations, certain omissions may be noted here.

He makes no reference to the convict system at all, in spite of his later philanthropy and his life long detestation of slavery. Travelling widely about the state, spending months in Tasmania, where the penal conditions were at their worst, associating in his journeys with one or two convict servants who shared the strains and privations of exploration with him, he has yet no protest to offer. To the hardships of the natives, and the essential injustice practiced towards them, he was keenly alive, and spoke in their defence in no measured terms. Here, in fact, in that division of the "Physical Description" which relates to them, he expresses his only concrete criticism of New South Wales. Realising that civilisation inevitably condemned them to extermination, he deplored the treatment they received. Their decline could have been slower and less painful if the government had treated them better, and restrained the settlers abuses. They should, he thought, have been treated as minors, conquered, and preserved. Legislation came too late, and, being confused, only furthered the disorganisation of the tribes which alone could have kept them in existence. He wanted to see them free, and which it only can explain. With some of these we have

allowed to live out their lives in natural conditions, and ends his chapter with an eloquent plea for them, reflecting bitterly against the religion and government which could so abuse them.

Complete indifference to men of his own colour and culture and keen solicitude for a few thousand men of a lower race looks a grave inconsistency. But it had a reason. Sir George Gipps, friend and patron of Strzelecki, felt strongly on the native question, and threw the full weight of his position on the side of better treatment for them. Nobody seemed particularly interested in the convicts at that stage; this is not to suggest that Strzelecki simply went with the wind of public opinion. Nothing would be more untrue, but Strzelecki who from a sense of his own dignity and his own grievances, put himself in the painful position of a man who is not driven from his country, but who voluntarily separated himself from it, was bound to justify that action to himself by an inner and outer expression of unity with the national group he adopted. I submit here that the significant fact that he, member of a race naturally critical, never in his criticisms of England went further than individual abuses, who attacked details but never assailed the system, who exaggerated in his letters to Adyna the wrongs he suffered in Poland (53) was doing this by a psychological necessity of self justification (54) He adopted the English for better, for worse, and to the latter, he never voluntarily drew attention. Strzelecki by the needs of his too excessive personal dignity, was driven into a position which cost him no small pains to preserve. Because the Turnos and the Sapiehas had humiliated him, he fled to England, and from their original offence he set his whole life into paths which worked and reworked through out almost every activity of his career. That is put forward as explanation of the inconsistencies with which his latter years abounded, and which it only can explain. With some of these we have

immediately to do.

must be traced by steps. This chapter deals with New South Wales, the next with Gippsland, and then with Tasmania, not because they were

When Strzelecki stepped ashore in Sydney, the most important work of his active life lay before him. When, five years later, he left Australia to continue his aimless journey, that work was done. In the exertions of that short time, the Polish voluntary exile laid this country under an obligation of gratitude, and won himself a place among the important later explorers. Australia has never recognised his work in any way; few people here know of him, and even in history books, the credit of his discoveries are often given to others.

Since the proof of the claim to count Strzelecki among the important inland explorers of Australia rests on his own book, it

must be used to show his work from its inception to the end of his practical stage. In the course of his scientific investigations,

Strzelecki came to the conclusion that the geological formation of the east coast of New South Wales (Victoria was not then separated) continued across the islands of Bass Strait into Tasmania, and in examining that tract of country as a whole, he made certain important discoveries--the highest peak in the Australian Alps, the fertile district called Gippsland; he was the first to state as fact the existence of gold in Australia; he measured various heights, reported (in Tasmania) on the commercial exploitation of certain minerals, chiefly coal; the favourable report he gave of the fertility of Gippsland, as against Angus Macmillan's dog in the manger silence for monopoly squatting, and certain observations on Australia's value as agricultural country (in an age exclusively pastoral in outlook)--these are the sum of his contribution to Australia. It is not a small one. To follow the progress of these conclusions, his work

is exhausted, as not now to be found.

must be traced by steps. This chapter deals with New South Wales, the next with Gippsland, and one with Tasmania, not because they were separate, for all formed items in a larger single unit of work, but for convenience. As basis, apart from a few letters, the source is his own book, already referred to, and articles in scientific journals. No attempt is made to criticism or evaluate the "Physical Description" in any other light than as a document. It is scientific, and its value probably entirely superceded by now. In any case, it is only useful to someone knowing the various branches of science--minerology, physics, geology, etc, into which it is divided. Its only interest to me then, is the light it throws on general exploration or the character of its writer. He was ripe for such work as Sirzelecki could do.

Of what his aim was, when he had been a short time in New South Wales, he had better explain. "The main object of my visit to New South Wales" (this passage would seem to suggest he came to Australia for that express purpose) "was to examine its minerology. The excursions undertaken with a view to that object led me through a very wild and broken country, often difficult of access, rarely permitting a rapid progress, or affording compensation for no slight degree of labour, fatigue and privation. Indeed, the scarcity of simple minerals was such as might have discouraged the most ardent and persevering minerologist who ever devoted himself to the science. But, although the scope for extensive mineralogical research was thus narrowed, the country was soon found to present a vast field for a most exciting and interesting geological investigation... I entered therefore, eagerly on a geological examination of New South Wales, as on a terra incognita, without guide or guide book" (55)

That task, the geological examination of the east coast, to furnish materials for a geological map of it (published in London on his return. A copy is at the Lands Office, Sydney) involved him in a series of zigzag journies through and across the country.

The aim of his work was purely scientific, and his explorations were for the most part by the way. Thus he belongs rather with

was, should say. As not new to be found.

Cunningham or Leichhardt than with Bourke and Kennedy.

Although his arrival was unobtrusive enough, Strzelecki received a hospitable welcome as soon as he landed. Perhaps a scientific reputation had preceded him, since most of his voyages in the Pacific had been done on British men-of-war, some of which may easily have touched at Sydney, or perhaps, as earlier in America, he had letters of introduction. In any case, he was soon introduced to Sir George Gipps, governor of the colony, and the latter, preoccupied as he was with the difficulties of his administration, was an astute judge of the qualities of a man. The Polish scientist pleased him; his energy, gravity and determination matched those traits in himself. The time was ripe for such work as Strzelecki could do. The actual work of exploration had been pushed far in earlier governorships, and now, in the age of squatting, when a swift silent penetration of the country was in progress, was no longer necessary. But Sir George Gipp's fundamental position with regard to land settlement and the problem of auction sale, squatting licences and an adequate price for Crown land, made the work of the surveyor and geological explorer of vital necessity to the government. At a time when sheep were the paramount consideration of every section of the community, when land for pasturage was the pressing need of the hour, Gipps took longer views, and though he had not fully grasped the future agricultural development of the country, he was essentially fighting for posterity when he tried to hold out against the locking of the land in the interests of the present against the interests of the many who would follow. Every report of the possibility of the land for agriculture--that is, for closer settlement in the hands of a larger population of small holders--which Strzelecki brought in, must have been to the troubled overworked man a further justification

for the course on which he was staking so much. The governor welcomed Strzelecki, and showed himself anxious to do all he could to help him. Yet that was little enough. Gipps just then was in no position to give help to anybody. Rather did he need aid for himself in the difficulties of a term of office which was a perpetual conflict against, not so much powerful opponents, as overwhelming economic forces. Gipps did what he could. He offered Strzelecki facilities in the form of letters, and convict servants, and small supplies from the store. He went further (how he must have regretted the verbal commitment when the dispatch answering his announcement of the million pound bounty bill arrived!) and promised that the English government would refund half of the money which Strzelecki spent in the expeditions he undertook. Beyond that promise he could not go. But considering that Strzelecki, for all his experience in other parts of the world, was only a wanderer, with no proof that he would prove successful in Australian conditions, and considering the difficulty of the times when the friendship was made, it is a considerable tribute to the power of his personality that an overburdened and badgered man like Gipps should pledge himself at all. Strzelecki's aim was soon crystallised. Even when mineralogy failed, he had a vast field before him. Australia was almost a virgin continent. His predecessors had been mostly, like Banks, Caley and Cunningham, botanists, or surveyors, like Mitchel and Oxley. There had been, apart from the unfortunate Prussian Ludwig Leichhardt, no specialist geologists working specifically in that science. The resources of Australia of every natural kind were still hardly guessed at, even its agricultural possibilities unexplored save close round Sydney, the country being exclusively pastoral. Huge

tracts of country, in spite of the outward expansion of the sheep, were not only unmapped but untrudged, their soils unanalysed, their rocks unclassified, their heights unmeasured, their configurations unsketched. Under foot, the treasure of the earth was unsuspected. Researches into climate were in their infancy, and the potential wealth to be achieved by scientific agriculture lay in the brains of such men as the one now come to the task -- geologist, mineralogist, meteorologist, with the courage to explore, the perseverance to compile, and the intuition to infer. Strzelecki had found the place where his considerable gifts could find their fullest expression. Between a quiet arrival and an unobtrusive departure lay a phase, one of many for him, which would have satisfied most men. He mapped out the district he meant to analyse, and set out to go over it in detail, treating it from many points of interest, and doing as he went such work as he found to his hand. For materials, he had a set of instruments made under his own supervision and instructions, which he carried as carefully as he could and safeguarded where possible from the dangers of disarrangement or accident (not always successfully) For moral equipment, he had experience, patience and a constitution which thrived under hardship and exertion, and for supplies, the clothes and food a packhorse could carry and the comforts a convict servant assigned by Gipps could provide. Lack of money was an ever present handicap, forcing him for the most part to travel on foot, with very modest resources and the frequent necessity to interrupt the task in hand and turn aside wherever an opportunity to supplement forces occurred. He did various paid scientific jobs, such as collecting specimens, surveying for squatters, giving an opinion as to possibilities of permanent water, etc.

His extensive survey began with Sydney, and spread from

there in widening circles till it had taken in the whole area of the nineteen counties. Then, he had to take longer journeys. But before going on to his longest trip on the mainland, this first phase cannot be best illustrated by one of his few extant letters, not in itself vitally important, but interesting for the light it throws on conditions of exploration at the time, and a sidelight on the man. (1839)

"My dear Donaldson
 Since my prambling and rambling in the mountains --Wallerawang of Mr James Walker is the first civilised place I came across --which offers decent means of scribbling a letter--pen, paper, sealing wax are luxuries --mental I mean, I longed for, with much more anxiety than for the natural ones of which, during four weeks I was most d. deprived --It is odd that with my health which now a days is not the best and clearly in the decline --I could have undergone privations and fatigues which put my two most robust servants hors de combat. I arrived this moment here from Mount George over the wickedest most crooked and sharp edged range of mountains --with toes peeping out from shoes, drenched every day and almost frost bitten on Mount Tomah --at any rate I was stiff, that is, my clothes were, because ducked at the foot, when at the top of the mountain, the sudden change of temperature transformed them into a sheet of ice which, through the almost impenetrable reeds and ferns rattled on me like the scales of a rattle snake. I am glad I have explored this part of the range as I have done; but nothing in the world would let me rebegin it--and retrace my steps --love except--as a woman could alone repush me into the gullies--starvation--bathing over and over again!"

He complains of lack of letters, and describes his intended route for the next few days. "To-morrow I shall be underway again for Bathurst and for the Goulburn river and the Hunter and Port Stephens and from there, helm up for Sydney." The letter ends playfully, and after sending greeting to various friends, he slips in a pure Polonism(56) "Do pray give a good hearty shake to McKensie by the hand"

The postscript gives a thumbnail sketch of life in outlying farms in 1839.

"Just as I was closing this letter Mr James Walker returned from the bush with three of the bushrangers which spread terror and confusion in this neighbourhood and whom he with domestic retinue and assistance of two policemen happily caught this morning at daylight. One of them, they say, is Lambert the Famous--If you like to know why famous--inquire at the records of Bushranging Heroism"

In this stage he did considerable measuring of heights, some of the peaks he measured being, the King's Tableland, Mt Cook, Mt Kay, Mt York, the Vale of Clywd, Wallerawang, and others. He examined Lake George and Lake Omeo, and gave time to meteorological observations and magnetism, but the natural deviation of instruments carried over rough country rendered these latter valueless. In fact, of much of his work he says mournfully "Neither perseverance nor devotion were wanting but give only a consciousness of how little I have done. All I have collected through five years of labour I can view only as the rudiments of what scientists may expect at a future period" (58)

Page 71. The Squatting Age in Australia p. 116 (58)

Page 73

(53) See appendix which gives full text of such letters as have been published.

(54) In the later part of his life, and in letters taken from this period, he showed a philosophical attitude which heightens the impression of the reiterated complaints to "dyna" which appear in the letters. "o no, they are too exaggerated to be justified by the treatment he had received in Poland, regarded normally and point to a morbid sensitivity on the subject, to which the inner struggle which any man must undergo in voluntarily changing his nationality. In the case of a Pole during the partition period, when fanatical love of "Oczyzna" was common it is more marked.

Page 75

(55) Physical Description, p. 51

Page 79.

(56) In the case of the Physical Description, Strzelecki seems to have got an editor to correct his proofs, as the English of his published articles and books is much above the standard of his letters. In the latter, anyone knowing even a smattering of Polish can trace the polonisms, since that language differs materially from English in almost every point of syntax and grammar. The present instance, giving "by the hand" is a translation of the Polish "ręka" ablative of instrument. The same can be said in certain cases of Conrad; not only are there Polish turns of speech and metaphor, but actual grammatical twists observable to anyone who knows the Slav idiom, and the whole structure of Conrad's style, with its repetitions and long sentences, takes on a national colour.

(57) Letter to Donaldson, in Mitchell Library.

Page 80

(58) Physical Description, p. 53

(57a) Interesting to compare with this letter, which reads simply, is a passage taken from his manuscript journal, where it reads more elaborately "Night approached-the heavens lowered-the rain continues to pour"(he sees a house "To perceive it-to utter a cry of joy-to encourage my exhausted and helpless servant -and to fly towards it, was the act of the same moment. To recognize our state of destitution and to relieve it, was a part the owner of the dwelling performed with equal promptitude" this was the stay he cut in the letter to Donaldson.

LETTERS TO ADYNA
X

Page 69.
(49) Here we have Strzelecki already using the title Count. Poles abroad customarily use the French prefix "de" to show their gentle birth. The name Treleski is one of the variants of this difficult name, others being Trelski, and Streleki. The actual Polish pronunciation is something rather Streletsky than the Australian version Strelecky. The same change has taken place in the name of the Australian mountain by which Kościuszko (Koshcheushko) becomes Kosciusko, pronounced Kozyasko!

Page 70
(50) Physical Description of New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land. Various footnotes taken from the manuscript journal of Strzelecki, of which the original has been destroyed, are scattered through it, and are generally more personal than the narrative.

Page 71. The Squatting Age in Australia p. 116 (52)

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LETTERS TO ADYNA

Importance of these letters as giving inner account of his life--
Other personal records.

By the "Physical Description" Strzelecki depicted himself as a scientist should be, impersonal, objective, tireless. But behind that image lay the personal life of the man apart from his work, and there, if anywhere, the explanation of his motives as opposed to his activities.

Strzelecki reached Sydney when he was forty one, having wandered without any settled abode since 1819. A few laconic letters had reached Pznan, to his family, and a reference or two to him had appeared in German newspapers. But, somewhere along the route, he had remembered Adyna. Years had passed since their love affair, and she herself a woman of thirty three; then he broke the silence.

We do not know when the first of these letters were written, but it seems likely to have been not long before he came to Australia. She kept all he sent her, and they are the most important documents relating to his life. And even those, we have not entire. For personal reasons, (59) only a small number of them, and a few extracts, have been published (60)

It is hardly to be expected that Alexandra remained vividly in his mind through the years of separation. New impressions must have crowded her out for months and years from his memory. Yet suddenly she came back to him with such force that she became the reason of his career, the one very close personal tie which remained constant however he changed his other associates.

That in itself is not so strange as it seems at first glance. Strzelecki was no longer a young man. Mature in mind and body,

moved me. It is on such occasions that the recollection of country he must have realised that his choice of paths for the future was recalled, and the sentiment of nationality revives, growing less. Accidental circumstances had directed his wanderings; perhaps it was largely chance which had sent him to England from France in spirit to return to the country he has left. There was by Poland, rather to France or elsewhere. It is hard to find any consistent aim in his zigzags through Canada, America and the Pacific. His work in Australia, though the largest he had undertaken, was not end- less. He was brought by his way of life and his age to a point where he had to take stock of his position, not for the present but for a future which his health promised to make a long one. As he went gathered over his youthful misdeeds. His name was forgotten in about his "pramblings and ramblings" he was facing one of the most decisive steps in his career. It is that which gives his letters group of relations and Adyna, a woman of thirty three old enough significance, deepened by small indications in other letters and in his manuscript journal.

The first incident is that impression, to which reference a reputation. He would be the returned traveller, to whom such a has been made, at Camden Park, home of his friend James Macarthur, in December 1839. Strzelecki, to summarise, on a visit there, was taken out but it was growing dim. The regret and nostalgia of the above passage to see a colony of German vine dressers recently imported to improve the wine produced on the estate. The Prussian subject spoke to them in their own language, to have them all, men women and children, at once clustered round him, eyes alight, begging for news of the native land they had left. Strzelecki did not undeceive them. "I felt truly their friend and was willing they should call me their countryman, consider ourselves free agents. The way is still novel, and its and treat me as such" (61) The reflection of the emigrants' homesick- disadvantages, being voluntarily borne, are light. It is only after ness passed over to him. From his account of the incident, already a passage of time that the ties of nationality begin to draw us, and quoted, I take only a few phrases. "The country in which we live, but which is not ours" he accents mournfully. "The smallest occasion will it is too late. The pattern had been altered, and there is no way serve to make us feel that we are strangers, far from our own soil. Whenever the heart and soul have been moved, how difficult I have it is gone. Our sons inherit us, our looks are strange" But even if found it to adapt them to the faintest expression of that which

moved me. It is on such occasions that the recollection of country is recalled, and the sentiment of nationality revives."

Those are not the opinions of a young man, nor of a man free in spirit to return to the country he has left. There was by this time no reason why Strzelecki should not go back to any part of Poland. His sister was still living, and his brother, to welcome him home. His share of the family property was there for him when he should come to claim it. The mists of nineteen years--and the Poles are a volatile race, quick to forget scandals--had conveniently gathered over his youthful misdeeds. His name was forgotten in Russian Poland, and in Prussian was remembered only by a faithful group of relations and Adyna, a woman of thirty three, old enough surely to know her own mind. He would go back there, poor,--but he was poor in Australia: and in Poland he would have the glamour of a reputation. He would be the returned traveller, to whom much is allowed. He still had perhaps in his mind, some faint plan of return, but it was growing dim. The regret and nostalgia of the above passage lies in its underlying recognition of the fact that he would never go back. No one else knew that, and he still struggled against it--even later than this he wrote (already quoted) to Peter Strzelecki, fixing a date for his return,--but the truth was crystallising.

The first five or so years abroad are easy. We still consider ourselves free agents. The new is still novel, and its disadvantages, being voluntarily borne, are light. It is only after a passage of time that the ties of nationality begin to draw us, and jerk us to a sense of loneliness and homesickness. And by that time it is too late. The pattern has been altered, and there is no way back. The old environment is there, as it always was, but our place in it is gone. "Our sons inherit us, our looks are strange" But even if

there still a niche, we would not fill it. At home, a stranger and a foreigner abroad, the break is absolute. When that is realised, there is a period of despairing longing for the preferred and unattainable security of the place which has ceased to be home, then an adjustment. In the loneliness of the years 1838-39-40, when Strzelecki reached across the gulf of distance and time to clasp the receding security of Adyna's affection, his decision, ^{was made} which was to be the symbol and perhaps the cause, of their ultimate separation.

In the same letter which describes his explorations, from which a long quotation has already been made, he reverts to the subject of his loneliness, evidently so much on his mind that it overflowed into his talk and writing. Only a woman, so he expressed it could repush him into the gullies of the rough country he had passed.

"but in this blessed country of Yours (62) I don't risk any such push; their minds, their hearts are too much cribbed and cabined by biblicious contemplations, retrospections and prospectations -- which I respect. I respect the Shakers posture (?) and everything connected with religious affection -- but meanwhile cannot kindle my amorous disposition or propensities at the torch of such devotion: since I left Sydney I saw a good deal here and there of them -- all alike; the men, or the gentlemen, ~~xxxx~~ as you please, just as in Sydney shut up hermetically within a dry circle of ability, and most infernally "inoculated with the disease of domestic felicity" -- that's all right, perfectly correct and as laudable as admirable for them -- but for a poor peregrinating solitary dog like myself, such a system of life does not leave even a bone of that happiness they enjoy --" (63)

This was the attitude in which he wrote to Alexandria Turno. By the time that the available letters were written, he had told her of his plans, aims and hopes, which all aimed at nothing less than marriage with her. The bar to their coming together lay only, he makes clear, in his poverty. The arduous life he has chosen is the one which will bring about independence and happiness for both. He speaks of "the career towards which" he is working "a career

which suits my likings....I would work with twice the enthusiasm I would study,even stay up late nights,I would fear neither poverty or fatigue --if I were certain that the fight would increase my small fortune and insure our independence."

The next paragraph is important. Adyna, it should be remembered, was rich. By this time, her brothers could hardly be likely to prevent her marrying whom she pleased, least of all the man for whom, as an heiress, she had already refused to marry other suitors. The real bar in the way was Strzelecki's pride, not probably that vulgar inability to come home less than he hoped to be in money and reputation, but a deeper, subtler sense of something in himself which he had to justify. At whatever cost, he could not show himself again in the place where he had been humiliated for being a poor man, until he had satisfied a knowledge of something due to himself. As usual, in the record of their mutual affairs, Adyna paid for Paul's feelings.

"Minerology does not bring wealth, or still less lead to a fortune. But it gains a certain rank for its adherents, leads them to security,"

At the end of the letter he gives that cry of bitterness so strange after the lapse of twenty years. "Everything pertaining to it (to Poland) reminds me only of bitterness injustice and sorrow" That last line is extraordinary to anyone knowing Poland and the Poles. Whatever the faults of the Polish gentry were--and they were great and disastrous--patriotism was their redeeming virtue. Whatever mistakes they committed while their country was independent, they or their descendants atoned for them during the partitions. It is only necessary to compare this quotation with one from Conrad, to see its force and to realise how unusual was its expression.

"That country which demands to be loved as no other country

has ever been loved, with the mournful affection one bears to the unforgettably dead and with the unextinguishable fire of a hopeless passion which only a living, breathing warm ideal can kindle in our breasts for our pride, for our weariness, for our exultation, for our undoing" (64) or with Mickiewicz

anyone interested in Strzelecki's biography and letters is very important for chief di. "To-day, for us, unbidden guests in the world, in all the past and in all the future --to-day there is but one region in which there is a crumb of happiness for a Pole: the land of his childhood! That land will ever remain holy and pure as first love; undisturbed by the remembrance of errors, not undermined by the deceitfulness of hopes, and unchanged by the stream of events." story of Alexandra and Paulina love, with Those quotations, which could be multiplied indefinitely, America. The matter was settled both written by men in more or less voluntary exile, and in one case possession the letters were by a man who naturalised as British, are chosen as showing the general tone in which Poles during the "Polish Captivity" spoke of their native land. Strzelecki lived in the Generation of Messianism, and that the others were not suitable for cult of the motherland was a religion. I have no where else, in reading the letters or memoirs of Poles, found such a strong expression of rancour. I maintain it is personal, and a characteristic of Strzelecki.

(60) The wrong was done to him in his personal dignity, in his feelings, those, or extracts which I have already by Poles, and so strong was the impression that not even the love

of a Polish woman could quite efface it, and it sufficed to set him on a path which led him further and further away from Poland and

her. But --and here is his misfortune, he could not bend or forgive or forget, but he could suffer. Nationality, he said, was not given to men to be thrown away for a fantasy. He lost his Polish roots, and

(64) The quotation from Conrad is particularly significant grew others, but the results of the conflict remained ingrained in Favel Strzelecki. The lives of the two are interesting for the him till the end of his life.

so dissimilar, and the life of the man living in our own age helps to explain the peculiarities of the Polish nature and position in the Victorian, since the writer, with his "personal record" and the oral tradition of relations, is in so good a position to illustrate the less articulate scientist.

First, it is worth comparing with Strzelecki's account of his impression of Australian and the English community, which was personal, the literary outburst towards England, in the "Higger of the Narcissus" p. - "A great ship! For ages had the ocean battered in vain her enduring sides; she was there when the world was yester

Page 81

(59) The matter of these letters is very important for anyone interested in Strzelecki's biography, and is one of the chief difficulties.

The Turno family, which is still influential in the Poznan district, possesses the letters which Strzelecki sent to Adyna Turno, who never married, but lived with her married brother till her death as an old woman. For reasons which will be discussed later, these letters have caused the family unpleasant publicity. The story of Alexandra and Paul has been served up as a sensational love, with embroideries and fabrications, in the Polish press and in America. The matter was settled as far the surviving relations were concerned, when one of them, the present head of the family, in whose possession the letters were, made a selection of them, choosing those most likely to be valuable to the biographer, which were published in the Poznan newspaper "Kurjer Poznanski" in four issues of November and December, 1935, and January and February 1936. The same letters were published in translation in the Sydney Morning Herald in two issues in June, 1936. When I wrote to the family, I was told that the others were not suitable for publication, so am left to make inferences as complete as may be with uncomplete materials; though anyone wanting the whole story must be disappointed at the omission of those later letters which might explain much which at present remains inexplicable, I can sympathise fully with the family feelings and concur in their right to withhold.

(60) Others, or the same, to which I have not had access, appeared in the I.K.C. of Cracow, but I am inclined to believe them those, or extracts which I have already from the Poznan and Australian sources

Page 82

(61) Manuscript Journal quoted in the Physical Description page 379.

Page 84.

(62) Yours, with a capital, another example of Polish usage where in letters personal pronouns, second person, are written with a capital.

(63) This is that same letter to --Donaldson, from which quotation has already been made, the original in the Mitchel Library.

Page 86.

(64) The quotation from Conrad is particularly apposite, since Jozef Korzeniowski was in a position more parallel to that of Pawel Strzelecki. The lives of the two are interesting for the similar nature of their ultimate solution, though otherwise so dissimilar, and the life of the man living in our own age helps to explain the peculiarities of the Polish nature and position in the Victorian, since the writer, with his "personal record" and the oral tradition of relations, is in so good a position to illustrate the less articulate scientist.

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and darker, when the sea was great and mysterious, and ready to surrender the prize of fame to audacious men. A ship mother of fleets and nations! The great flagship of the race; stronger than the storms! and anchored in the open sea" LAND

Conrad was the son of parents exiled to Siberia, where his mother died and his father contracted the illness which killed him. His sea faring was done in British ships, his books published in the English language, his wife an Englishwoman. Yet he did not make the formal change of his nationality without extreme reluctance and regret. One book at least has been written about that change, in an attempt to make it a sort of central motif, influencing him so deeply that the feelings engendered by it worked in him till they found symbolic expression in "Lord Jim" where the author found in Jim's leap from the sinking Patna=Polska, a re-enactment of Conrad's abandoning of sunken Poland. This is going much too far, but it at least shows how vital a thing this matter of nationality can be. I used to hold that for certain difficult natures, the nation in which they were born was not spiritually theirs, so that they were driven by an inner need to find their real affinity, and thought that Conrad and Strzelecki, who assimilated so well to their new environment, were examples. Rereading Strzelecki's papers, I think otherwise, and find here the explanation--in default of that possible explanation which the unpublished letters contain--the reason for much puzzling matter cropping up in his later years.

The Mickiewicz quotation is from the Prologue to "Pan Tadeusz"

When the journey through Gippaland was over, Strzelecki summarised its object in a report which the Governor enclosed in a dispatch to Lord John Russell (65)

"To south of latitude 31' 48's an investigation to geology, minerology of New South Wales, and the geognostic character, and to ascertain the course of the dividing range, the configuration, elevation, ramification, connection with the subordinate protuberances, and the nature of the simple or compound minerals removed by the rise from the entrails of the earth to the present surface" had given his data for his map, but the country beyond beckoned.

"From the Murrumbidgee however, there still remained for me to wind my course through a country unsurveyed, uninhabited, in a great measure unknown, untrodden even by the foot of a white man. A survey, became therefore, indispensable to the main object in view and it is that survey of the predominant characteristic features of the country, partly trigonometrical, meteorological and minerological observations so seemed naturally to belong to it, that I take the liberty to lay before the Colonial Government of New South Wales, confident that my great devotion and the obligation every Pole finds himself under to the English nation, will serve to excuse and render legitimate my somewhat uncalled for communication"

Why he prefaces his report on this note of humility, with its

THE DISCOVERY OF GIPPSLAND

The district already examined in New South Wales was not enough; the essence of the theory of the geological formation of the rocks lay in their continuance in a single line right down the length of the south coast to the extremest point of the mainland, across the strait, and down the east coast of Tasmania. The materials arduously collected in his journeys round Sydney as centre were complete, but he had to link them to the work done elsewhere. If the survey was to have any value, it must be widespread. The expedition which furnished the missing pieces of the map was that which put him among the list of Australian explorers. In one expedition he opened up Australia's highest peak, and made public knowledge of one of her most fertile provinces.

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curious reference to the obligation of gratitude of all Poles to the English nation (for what? our conduct at the Congress of Vienna, or later comparative indifference to the fate of Poland?) is not very clear. His previous experience and his personality had made his opinion on territorial matters a help to a governor seeking any knowledge of the unknown interior into which the squatters were flowing in a steady but unaccountable tide. The probable reason behind his apologetic tone was most probably his cautious defense-- characteristic of the abnormal sensibility of the man on point of dignity -- against the criticism which a certain aspect of the result of this journey produced in Melbourne on its completion.

This part of Strzelecki's work differed from the previous excursions both in extent, manner of undertaking, and object. It was probably his longest trip, in one stretch; it was not taken alone with convict servants, but instead with a party of equals, one of them his friend, and although the Pole was primarily concerned with scientific exploration, the expedition as a whole partook largely of the overland forays, in search of new grazing grounds, which are characteristic of the phase of opening up the country going on at the time. Strzelecki, the friend of Sir George Gipps, for the duration of the journey, joined that large, inconstant, variable, but relentless wave of men who were opening up the land, beyond the verge of settlement and outside the reach of Land Commissioners, out of the control of the Governor, and in defiance of his land policy. Opening up Gippsland simply spread the tide a little further afield, and to that Strzelecki was unconsciously a party, here most directly, but to a lesser extent every time that he returned from outlying districts with favourable reports which his scientific responsibility made more potent as a lure to draw men, already determined on expansion,

with a geological endorsement of "better land further out"

The discovery of Mt. Kościuszko occupied the first part of the expedition, but the most hazardous part of the journey was the trek through Gippsland. Some detail must be given to the account of this part of the work, since explanations have been given which reflect unjustly on Strzelecki.

The man who claims to have forestalled the Pole was a Scotch settler, Angus McMillan who, with his nephew and manager, McAlister had a station Nuntla Mungu on the Tambo river. A year before Strzelecki's attempt he had penetrated a certain distance into this region, and a few weeks before the arrival of Strzelecki's party he had gone far enough inland to reach the plains which were afterwards called ^{the} Barry Plains. He realised their grazing possibilities, and wished to name the district Nova Caledonia. His trip coincided with Strzelecki's stay at his estate, and the latter followed advice given by his manager.

McMillan thought that the Pole's party had failed, and proceeded to get his stock to the freshly discovered plains before knowledge of their existence should tempt other settlers, and so he seems to have kept the news of his share in the discovery of Gippsland secret till after the immediate publication of Strzelecki's account, which robbed him of the right of priority as regards the credit of the discovery. For this, Strzelecki was abused, and in no mild terms. The whole situation arose through a misunderstanding, and even if Strzelecki's name of Gippsland won its place on the map and drove out McMillan's Nova Caledonia, this is a circumstance few people can regret, even Gipps' most vocal enemies. As regards the material benefits, the Scot came out definitely best, for though

from Mr King--that Phillip King's descendant passages of the explorer one of his party returned and settled in the new province, McMillan took up a large run without competition. But because the story crops up, not only in contemporary books, but in later histories, the successive steps of the journey are worth tracing in detail.

The expedition consisted of James Macarthur, of the well known family, one of Strzelecki's closest friends in New South Wales. As a sheep breeder, the successful outcome was important to him, and he financed it, paying costs to the amount of £500. The second free man was a youth called Riley, later one of the pioneer settlers of Gippsland. Macarthur took one convict servant, Strzelecki one, and there was an aboriginal, Charlie, from Goulbourn.

Macarthur in his account of the plan, mentions having heard from McAlister, McMillan's nephew, of the district, but this is doubtful, so that the concrete scheme -- apart from Macarthur's need of fresh grazing land -- lay in Strzelecki's precisely defined intention to "strike from the crossing place on the Murrumbidgee, to the south, along the meridian of 148 degrees east, to bisect the Dividing Range in latitude 37 degrees south, to resume the southern direction and follow the windings of the range to Wilson's Promontory, then to re-bisect it in the direction of Western Port"

The going was hard. The horses, not accustomed to the mountains, slipped and stumbled at every step, although only retaining their foothold with difficulty. Strzelecki, who had already known the danger zone by such country to delineate the excursion at the suggestion of the Governor (65) though this is unlikely in the face of his whole scheme of the geological map, and one servant, with one packhorse, joined them on 17th January at Gunong near the Goulbourn Plains, where he had previously been at work. On February 5th they reached a station of Macarthur's on the Tumut River.

In the first part of their journey they received help

from Mr King--that Phillip King's descendant perhaps of the exploration by sea, when as a young man, the early Governor's son settled in Australia. He too, was a friend of Strzelecki, who had helped him in meteorological observation. At this time, King was settled between the Murrumbidgee and the succeeding range of mountains. They were searching for the source of the Dumut (possibly Tumut?) and incidentally traced two other streams, the Auburn and the Adelong, to their rise, finding on the way excellent pasturage country. Strzelecki halted to measure the various peaks in sight, which he found to vary between 1200 and 1800 feet, for the nearer hills, and the more distant 2500 to 3000.

From the Manes Range, passing Mt Aitkin, the little party found themselves in grander scenery but rougher country, among the broken, scrub covered valleys leading from the source of the Tingella Creek to the Eastern Dividing Range --the Australian Alps. The splendour of the rugged slopes compelled the awe and admiration of even so experienced a traveller as was Strzelecki, with its "stupendous peaks and domes" (66)

The going was hard. The horses, not accustomed to the mountains, slipped and stumbled at every step, dislodging stones and only retaining their foothold with difficulty. Strzelecki, who had already known the damage done by such country to delicate instruments, was compelled to carry the more fragile of them on his back, while they picked a cautious way from crevice to crevice up the steep shoulder of the highest peak. (67)

Their efforts were rewarded; on "15th February about noon, I found myself on an elevation of 6510 feet above the level of the sea, seated on perpetual snow, a lucid sky above me, and below an uninterrupted view over more than 7000 square miles" (68)

At the view which lay beneath them, standing when white men were now for the first time in the history of the world's oldest continent, they may well have been silent in admiration. In that clear air, the country extended for miles, spread out like a map from the base of the steep peak where they stood. The Three Brothers were visible, the head waters of the Dumut and the Murrumbidgee, the shining loops of the Marray, shrunken with the heat of summer, but still easily to be traced winding away towards the south west.

But, when the first excitement of wonder was over, there was work to do. Getting out instruments, they measured the heights of the peaks they could see, and then laid down the plan for the continuation of their journey. But to Strzelecki, whom the other two recognised as head of the expedition, lay the task of naming the conquered mountain.

"The mountain reminded me forcibly of a tumulus elevated in Krakow over the tomb of the Patriot Kościuszko" (69)

"Although in a foreign country, on foreign ground, but among a free people who appreciate freedom and its votives(?) I could not refrain from giving it the name of Mt. Kościuszko" (70)

In his private letters to his former fiancée, he describes his feelings with less reserve. "Here is a flower from Mt Kościuszko (71) the highest peak of the continent -- the first in the New World bearing a Polish name. I believe that you will be the first and only Polish woman to have a flower from that mountain. Let it remind you ever of freedom, patriotism and love" (72)

The party then retraced its steps to Cowrang Creek, and reached Lake Omeo, where another stop was made, so that Strzelecki could make observations. He found it interesting, because the low level of the water enabled him to make a thorough examination of the basin, the shape of which reminded him of the configuration of Lake George and Lake Bathurst. The land in this district -- the Murray

valley, round Lake Omeo, the valley of the Murrumbidgee, the country round Cowrang Creek -- impressed them favourably, as being well suited to settlement. provisions were running out. Already for some time

they had. On the 26th March, the party reached the station of Angus McMillan, Nuntla mungu. They found the owner absent, exploring in the very country where they were preparing to follow him, but his nephew and manager received them hospitably, explained his uncle's project and after providing them with provisions and a camp kettle, rode out with them one day on the outward journey, showing them the blazed trees and marks left by the other party. In the evening, having further helped them by pointing out a ford in the river they had reached, he left them and turned back. Strzelecki and his friends followed the tracks of the earlier party down the Tambo as far as the river which they called Riley after their youngest companion. This was on April 6th. They crossed the river that day, and from then on, found no traces of a kind to show that anyone had gone that way before them.

The country could not but make a good impression, undulating, with rich plains and open forests, watered by rivers. On April 12th they were on a fine tract of plain, to which Strzelecki--to whom, as leader, the task of naming discoveries fell--named after a friend of all three men--Barney Plains. For the next three days they continued in good conditions, but on April 15th they entered on a new phase of their journey. By that time they had crossed the open country with the eight rivers, all of which they named, thinking in good faith that McMillan had turned aside or even gone back, since no trace of his passing was to be found. Their difficulties began when they left the open country and plunged into the dense scrub typical of Gippsland. Strzelecki was an explorer of experience, but even in the tropical

forests of South America, he had never found conditions more difficult. Not only was the rate of their progress slowed up by the nature of the country, but provisions were running out. Already for some time they had been rationed to one biscuit and one slice of bacon per day (no very adequate fare for men engaged in strenuous physical exertion) but now, with all their stringency, that had given out in its turn. For the twenty two agonising days which followed they were dependent for food on what animals they could shoot, these being chiefly koalas (which Strzelecki called monkies) and wild dogs. These they were obliged to eat raw or partly cooked, without even salt to make the revolting mess more palatable, since rain had come to add to their troubles, drenching every thing, till even the comfort of a fire to cook by or relieve the chilly damp of the nights was beyond the resources of the starving men. On April 27th, the horses having become weakened, they had to be turned out to fare for themselves. This was one of the bitterest moments of the journey; not only with them went the last aid they had beyond their own bodies, but with them went all the scientific instruments, that set which Strzelecki had had made with such care to fit his own requirements, and representing to a ~~power~~ man a considerable outlay. With them, too, went all the specimens previously collected, and here too it was more than a scientific loss, for on the sale of specimens Strzelecki had been supporting himself and financing his work. But there was no alternative. The horses were past the struggle in that heavily timbered country, and the men too exhausted to aid an ounce to the burden which represented their only chance of escaping alive.

In these desperate circumstances, they held a council, and decided to make for the nearest point where they could strike human beings, and so get help. Western Port was then fifty miles away, but

in the state of the party, that was almost beyond them.

The next few days were a long drawn out torture. Strzelecki before abandoning his instruments (he kept only a small compass) had drawn a straight line as their route, and would suffer no slightest digression from it. It was the shortest way, an important point to consider when every mile lessened their chances, but it was directly over the mountains to the coast, and led through a nightmare of lianas, fern, brushwood, fallen trees, darned and woven and spun by creepers into a living wall.

The Pole was the wiriest of the three leaders, and apparently of the servants too. Always spare and hardy, he thrived under exertion, and was physically at his best when living strenuously. The months he had spent in easier variants of the same difficulties had reduced him to muscle and bone, but his "demoniac energy" did not fail him. Upon his strength of purpose as leader, and Riley's rifle and the bush sense of the native, their lives depended. None of them failed. The tired starving men, drenched by dew and rains, their clothes, already ragged, torn to a fringe by branches and thorny plants, made a precarious way forward; at times, breaking a path by throwing, first singly then collectively, their bodies against the scrub to beat down an opening, at times cutting down thin sapplings, which were aimed to fall in the general direction of their march, and were then used as bridges along which the men in single file, edged their way over the tops of the matted tangle beneath them.

Their terrible journey ended on May the twelfth, when, almost exhausted, they emerged on the coast at the old Western Port settlement. Kindly people, Berry, Ross and Massie, took them in, fed them,

gave them the clothes rest and shelter they so much needed, and above all, that sense of safety, of friendliness, and freedom from responsibility for life against the savagery of the bush. In a few days, when their strength had come back, their hosts took them as far as Tooraden, and from there, the party set out on foot for Melbourne, via the present sites of Cranbourne and Dandenong. Their arrival caused considerable excitement, since the projected expedition had been well known, and the delay in their coming, the long silence, had led to the belief that they had lost their way and starved, or fallen to the spears of the natives, as was not uncommon at the time. Strzelecki at once published, through a friend of his, a certain H. Gisborne, an account of their journey, which was put together from the diary he had kept. This was published and discussed by the Fort Phillip Herald, which lavished praises on the explorers. The article, after extolling the work Strzelecki had already done "For the services of a man, who, for years and years, has pursued scientific research through danger, and toil, are not services to this age alone, or to this country, but benefits to posterity and to the world" (73). The paper goes on to hope that the English names he gave would be preserved, since they reflected so creditably on the foreigner who had bestowed them, and on the subject of the one exception, gets positively lyrical. "We trust that there is not one man in Australia who will not deeply sympathise in the feelings of the expatriated noble, when his eye rested on the snow capped summit which recalled to his mind the grave of his country's hero. The naming of Mt Kosciusko will long remind us of a mingled love of freedom and patriotism, cherished in a foreign land, and we trust that its crest may long look down on a people actuated by both"

It was not long however before a disorienting note crept

Strzelecki without loss of time prepared and forwarded a report to the Governor of his journey--which lends colour to the rumour previously mentioned of his having taken part at the Governor's suggestion. That paper Gipps forwarded to Lord John Russell in a dispatch. The request of honouring the new country with Gipps' name was granted, but the document must have been of interest on its merits, both to the Governor and the Secretary, since a disinterested man's account of the potentially of the land could not but be of value at a time when land policy was of paramount importance for the future of the colony.

The report, from its attitude as well as for the statement of facts, is an endorsement of Strzelecki's sound scientific deductions and the modernity of his attitude towards his work. Australia's value to England and herself at that time was not agricultural, but as the home of sheep and cattle exclusively. The 1847 Order in Council --seven years later, when much water had already flowed under the bridge, still did not see further into the wheat producing future of the country than to allow for production on estates for home consumption. But Strzelecki is clear in his indication of the suitability of the land not only for sheep and cattle breeding but for modern scientific agriculture, and in this direction he ranks Australia high in her possibilities. His report of Gippsland is very favourable; he praised the scenery, the climate, the good harbours the two hundred and fifty miles of coast line, the abundant waters --he crossed and named eight rivers --the good qualities of the plains for pasturing sheep and cattle, the good commercial quality of the timber, the valley slopes adaptability for cultivation, and the ease with which communication could be established.

It was not long however before a discordant note crept

in the pleasant chorus of enthusiasm and applause. A critic found too complacent an accent of self praise in the articles which Strzelecki had allowed to appear, and the Colonist launched a sharp attack on him, accusing him of a deliberate attempt to steal the credit due to Angus McMillan, the real explorer of Gippsland with the prior claim to the honour of having put the new territory on the map. We have seen how the idea arose, and it is plain that there is a difference between a private attempt to claim exclusive rights through exclusive knowledge to a new sheepwalk, and the planned, public exploration in a scientific spirit of a fresh tract of country. But the attack was delivered at a point where Strzelecki as a Pole, was open to attack.

"There is something very disingenuous in this concealment: it may correspond with Strzelecki's notions of honour to usurp or pirate another man's discovery, but it is anything but handsome in the estimation of a genuine Englishman" (74)

That blow was one to which he had no reply in its deeper implication. Explanation of how the difficulty arose would not take away the sting from the personal slur, and Strzelecki was just the man to writhe under an aspersion which he could not refute. But there is no record of any answer. The incident was small, but not without importance. When a man is on the way to a decision, happenings small in themselves shape the way to it.

One fortunate circumstance lightened the resentment he must have felt at being publicly censured by the press -- the recovery of his specimens. Riley, who, though very young, had more bush sense than the scientist, gathered a small rescue party and retraced the party's route to the place where the horses had been turned loose. He found one of them still not far away, and recovered the instruments and specimens left behind on the outward journey. The notes Strzelecki

incorporated in his map, which was now complete so far as materials for the mainland were concerned.

The stay in Melbourne was short. The other two were still at Port Phillip when Strzelecki left the country for Tasmania, and the islands of the strait, where he needed a few months work to marshal the missing data for the geological survey. Sir George must

There is a small human touch at the end. The expedition was over, and part of history. How deep a bond it had forged between the two elder men who went through its hardships together, is shown by references to it made in a letter written some year or two years later by Strzelecki, then in Tasmania, to Macarthur, back on one of his stations.

"On the 12th inst. anniversary of long remembered cry of 'craft at anchor' I was in the bush --and took an additional pot of tea and thought of you and our tribulations and pleasures, as it were, through all their stages of agay starting from Ellerslie, cheering prospects at Lake King, gloomy anticipations at Riley's River, hopes again at Macarthur's Valley--speed through Barney Plains, obstructions at Latrobe, difficulties, loss of horses, want of provisions--scrub--wet---hunger--destitution--exhaustion--sight of Western Port and the periwinkles and the tail of a kangaroo wrested from a native dog and finally the sight of the craft and Berrys' and our arrival at Berrys--Since that, you went to Sydney and I to Van Dieman's Land--you have returned and settled and I, like a wandering Jew still moving and roving from one corner to the other" (75).

That parting, and going their separate ways, so common in the life of a traveller, was at hand. "Farewell, my Monkey-eating friends!" the stiff little joke, phrased and spoken with an accent still foreign, still unEnglish, and the explorer leaves the continent where his best work was already done, which he knew so well, of which he had covered seven thousand miles on foot, and where he had undergone risks, physical loneliness, but much more that deeper loneliness which echoes mournfully over and over again in his letters. He was only to return to Australia for a short time on the eve of his leaving the south for ever.

Page 87.

(65) Given in Papers Respecting New South Wales, p. 12
Dispatch Gipps to Russel 28th Sept 1840. Strzelecki's report was
enclosed as appendix.

Page 90

(65a)

There are many little indications that Strzelecki kept
in close touch with the Governor, and reported the results of his
various journeys. In the case of gold, for instance, Sir George must
have been one of the first to hear of the discovery of gold, since
the story was so easily kept quiet. Knowing he could rely on the
Governor, it is natural to suppose he used him to keep informed of
circumstances of settlement, rumour and reaction of men inland such
as a private individual, travelling inconspicuously and meeting all
sorts of men, would be in a position to supply.

Page 91

(66) Papers Relating to New South Wales.

(67) In the Physical Description he speaks of the injury
incident to travelling invalidating the accuracy of his observat-
ions.

The point here "highest peak" is important. The American branch
of the Strzelecki family, of whom more mention is made later, have
misunderstood the episode. The Strzelecki party was the first to
make the ascent of the chief peaks of the Australian Alps, and, as is
quite possible in such circumstances, made a mistake, thinking them-
selves on the highest point when actually they were on one a few
feet lower. When this was realised, the name Kosciusko was given to
the highest mountain, and that of Mt Townsend to the lower height,
the intention being thus preserved and the accidental error
rectified, to the credit of the Australian government who kept the
foreign name for the more famous mountain.

(68) Papers Relating to New South Wales.

Page 92.

(69) A quotation from the report furnished to Gipps, like
the others, it contains a slight inaccuracy. The tumulus in Krakow
-- copy of the tumulus of Wanda, and Krakus, legendary prince and
princess in the same place, is a Polish expression of respect for
the memory of their great men (one is in course of erection to the
memory of the late dictator Józef Piłsudski) and does not cover the
grave. Kosciuszko, who died in Switzerland, is buried in the crypt of
the Wawel cathedral, the hill stands a few miles out of the town.

(70) From one of the letters to Adyna. (72) See (73) See
Page 96 Port Phillip Herald. above.

(73) Port Phillip Herald Tuesday, 3rd June, 1840

Page 98

(74) The Sydney "Colonist" of 9th July, 1840

Page 99

(75) Letter to James Macarthur Launceston, 22nd May 184-2



TASMANIAN EXPLORATION

Completion of Scientific Work. Personal Relations with Governor. Stage in Process of Anglicisation.

The crossing of Bass Strait marked an important step in Strzelecki's forward progress, and took him into a circle from which he never departed. In America, he had met the president, in South America, the most distinguished generals and heads of governments; in Sydney, he had enjoyed the confidence and made himself useful to the Governor. But there is no evidence remaining of deep personal friendship with these men. He has left no personal record of his feelings for them, nor they for him. Even Gipps' death, under the cloud of England rejecting those principles for which he had fought so long and so gamely, drew no retrospective notice from Strzelecki, which argues a lack of intimate knowledge or genuine liking. But in Tasmania, it was different. Strzelecki found himself at once among congenial people, who returned the friendliness he felt, so that the time he spent there is a foretaste of the later part of his life. It was the beginning of the personal phase of early middle age, and already was rich in the pleasanter aspects of such a time. His own life, as distinct from his work, became mellowed by the warmth of companionship of similar natures, and the delight of being able to share his intellectual world with like minded men and women.

Outwardly, the departure and arrival were unostentatious enough. The examination of the rocks of Tasmania was part of the original plan, since his investigation was based on the assumption that the mainland and islands were structurally one. He left behind him a few friends, many acquaintances, and the smart of his recent notoriety. But, although he was still poor and obliged to travel

cheaply, he was no longer an unknown explorer, trailing a cloud of past expeditions, vouched for chiefly by himself. He came as a man known and respected in New South Wales, one who had passed into the small group governing the colonies. He had with him the surest passport into British confidence, letters of introduction from people whose names were everywhere familiar and in the right way, for the right things; Sir George Gipps had given him a letter to the Governor of Tasmania, Macarthur one to a friend, Henry Gisborne, another.

Sir John Franklin, the Arctic explorer, was none too happy in his high office. He was at once too kind and too fine, too trusting to govern the destinies of desperate men and the harsh human material in charge of them. A penal settlement like Van Dieman's Land was too severe a trial for a man accustomed to the brutalities exclusively of nature. Sir John, and, to aim a shrewd blow at him, also his wife, were in a difficult position. She was censured by people clever enough to realise their position forbade defence, and he was plagued by the state of the place, by his councillors, his friends, his servants, and above all his secretary, the uncomfortable Maconochie, who, in the midst of many other vexations, had developed supremely inconvenient views of the treatment of convicts.

Sir John struggled on manfully in a labyrinth of difficulties, and when he could escape the importunities of advisers and the impertinences of his enemies, took refuge in science, in which he dabbled happily, encouraged by his wife, and surrounded by a small coterie of men of like taste.

Of these, Strzelecki was perhaps the dearest; both Sir John and his wife found it a relief to be able to talk freely to some-

one who was a private individual, outside cliques or politics or policies. Strzelecki not only shared their tastes, but his foreign blood gave him an advantage. The downright Governor found in his continental lack of hypocrisy and ability to call a spade a spade a relief after his ordinary associates, his lively wife in Strzelecki a vivid conversationalist, a man of wide interests and wider observation, a sharer of her love for excursions into the bush, sketching studying the natives, whom she wished to befriend (in the person of a gentle half civilised aboriginal girl)

Their society was at once serious and simple. Living among brutalities unsurpassed in quantity and quality in the world, they remained by familiarity, indifferent to them. In sight of the road gangs in their chains, with Port Arthur never long forgotten as a plague sore, their movements spied on by the sullen eyes of assigned servants in the houses, and watched by unseen bushrangers when they travelled, they treated all this as a necessary evil of this country where fortune had put them; the natives were dying out (Strzelecki was moved to protest) the native plants and animals were in danger of doing the same, and everywhere, convicts were dying, under the lash, on the gallows, in the madhouses of the model prison settlements, in the jaws of sharks and bloodhounds, without protest raised, except by the boring Maconochie. The others, including that Strzelecki, whom an accidentally visited slave ship had moved to bitter eloquence, went their way without comment.

Meanwhile, the ladies and gentlemen met together and played at science, contributed to the Tasmanian journal of science, and made plans for Lady Franklin's museum. They attended regattas, and horse races, on which the betting (in an age of gentlemen riders) was heavy. Life lacked luxury, but also weariness. The picture it leaves

gratitude, and for that, human nature being what it is, he must have in the imagination, in an age of gallantry, when men protected women done more than he thought.

with unfeigned courage from unfeigned dangers, is graceful, even if it rested, like Versailles on peasant misery, on a background of heights, collected specimens, used the laboratory in Hobart, checked unrelieved darkness. Tasmania's upper class, escaping except for the meteorological observations at the Observatory, and took short trips, most vigorous, the more strenuous alarms and upsets of the mainland, for his geological survey. But his most important work was the study lived a life which had something of the Trianon, but not certainly its luxury; like the old South, it had slavery, but unlike it, no taken from the view point of their commercial exploitation. This langour. It was a world built on privilege, and, lagging behind the object was near the Governor's heart, especially in the matter of sea continent itself, was then in the unhurried afternoon of penal and on this mineral Strzelecki worked faithfully and hard in the settlement. It was an oligarchy, an aristocratic stronghold, and its future interests of the Tasmanian people. inhabitants had the defects of that system of life.

The time Strzelecki spent there was not without significance for him. In some way, his friendship with the Franklins, who, if worried by their subordinates, were still the chief people in the little state, was a formative force in him. Again, after years of wandering,

he saw the Pisgah world of security, respect and comfort, which money the central plains, the Hampshire Hills, Eau Claire, Circular Head, Cape and reputation made possible. He was admitted to it through his Grim, and the Arthur River.

local renown as a scientist, and his old choice, made as a young man in England was being justified by its fruits.

On the third trip he went south of Beasragie and the lakes, sighted Frenchman's Cap, went to Macquarie Harbour, and returned He did not stop work, but had to admit when he left, that along the valley of the Derwent and New Norfolk, past Mount Wellington, what he had done on the island was comparatively unimportant. That ten and Tasman's Peninsula, Research Bay, Richmond, Jerubales, Jericho, means no more than this -- he made no spectacular discoveries, nor and Outlands. Then he went from the estuary of the Ross towards anything likely to open fresh fields of knowledge. But he continued and rounded off his own work, which gained by its wider scope. He helped the Governor with the weight of his advice, when opportunity offered he satisfied his curiosity as to Tasmania's structure, minerology,

he studied its natives in the manner of his day, and he made friends. He laid, in spite of his disclaimer the Tasmanians under a sense of varieties of Australian Coal" which classifies the various

gratitude, and for that, human nature being what it is, he must have done more than he thought.

Most of his work can be shortly dismissed. He measured a few heights, collected specimens, used the laboratory in Hobart, checked meteorological observations at the Observatory, and took short trips, for his geological survey. But his most important work was the study he made of the natural wealth and mineral resources of the island, taken from the view point of their commercial exploitation. This object was near the Governor's heart, especially in the matter of coal and on this mineral Strzelecki worked faithfully and hard in the future interests of the Tasmanian people.

He made three principal journies alone. The first was eastwards from Launceston, along the coast between George Town and Cape Portlands, down to St George's River, along the south and north Esk, over Ben Lomand and Ben Nevis, then back to Launceston.

The second was to the west, through Westbury, Port Lovell, the central plains, the Hampshire Hills, Emu Bay, Circular Head, Cape Grim, and the Arthur River.

On the third trip he went south of Desaragie and the Lakes, sighted Frenchman's Cap, went to Macquarie Harbour, and returned along the valley of the Derwent and New Norfolk, past Mount Wellington and Tasman's Peninsula, Research Bay, Richmond, Jerusalem, Jericho, and Oatlands. Then he went from the estuary of the Ross towards Vivian Port and Campbelltown, thence back to Launceston, having covered a distance of two thousand miles, much of it through very difficult country.

His geological analysis of coal he embodied in a paper published in the Tasmanian Journal of Science, Vol I "On Certain Varieties of Australian Coal" which classifies the various kinds

to be found in the island.

Sir John Franklin considered this question of such value to the future of the colony that he kept himself fully informed of the course of Strzelecki's work, asked his advice as to the best way to tap the seams, how best to transport the coal, whether by water or rail or both, and details of its most economical exploitation. More than this, he took Strzelecki with him on his tours of inspection and relied on him in every way.

So this Tasmanian stay was protracted because of its pleasantness. The work he was doing was no longer of that strenuous sort he had found so abundant in New South Wales; months of cold or bad weather he passed peacefully in the rooms the Governor had allotted him as laboratory, where he sorted and put in order the valuable parts of his journeys in preparation for the completion of his map. And from that leisurely packing and analysing, he let himself be called to the Governor's home as favourite guest. To the man who had long felt his isolation, his perpetual wandering homeless life, the importunities of friends must have had power to draw. He was always welcome to the limited resources of Government House--a tent in the grounds, or a neighbour's hospitality, asked in Lady Franklin's name. When he protested, they brushed aside his objections "Never mind your bush dress, we are all travellers here" Lady Franklin, to whom he was particularly congenial, lamented his absence from the opening of her museum, and puts his name on one of the notices inside, and the letters show how real was the cordiality they extended to him.

But still, in spite of this, Tasmania was only a stage. He summed up the country and its inhabitants in a letter which shows

Strzelecki left Australia in 1843, and went through China,

him ready to go. part of Africa, making a stay in Egypt, then back to

"I like Van Dieman's Land --that is, what nature and the industry has done and is about to do --all beautiful and surprising and surpassing the expectations --in these points Van Dieman's Land is superior to New South Wales, inferior to it as to the political and social man."(76)

By the middle of 1842, he felt he had finished his work there. His decision to go came as a blow to the Franklins. Sir John tried to dissuade him, and when he failed, wrote his sincere regret in a letter dated Sept 16, 1842.

"On reading your letter this morning I felt a renewal of that regret with which I received the first communication of your intention to leave the Island notwithstanding the hope which I cherish of meeting you again at no very distant period in the Old Country as you happily term it, I cannot let you go without appraising you that in your departure I shall miss the comfort of having a sincere and highly judicious friend to whom I could freely impart many of my inward thoughts and find sympathy and sound advice on subjects of deep interest to me and the colony.

The colony itself is indebted to you for the valuable contribution you have made to its information during the progress of your researches --and it has yet to learn the full amount of what they owe to you."

Personally, the Governor felt the loss of discussion "with the unrestrained range which, except for the few like yourself, prudence would forbid our doing here--Ever yours most affectionately"

Towards the end of that year, 1842, Strzelecki left Tasmania. Early in the next year, he was back at Port Stephens, staying with his friend King. Already there he must have put his materials into comparative order, since we find him writing to Tasmania for sketches of aborigines to be used as illustrations. Lady Franklin, herself on the eve of departure, wanted to travel back to England under Strzelecki's care, saying playfully she would have no fear in the charge of such an "Experienced traveller" But this could not be arranged, as she was going round Cape Horn, he through the east.

Strzelecki left Australia in 1843, and went through China,

India, and some part of Africa, making a stay in Egypt, then back to his starting point in London, without an apparent stay on the continent. He had spent twelve years of almost continuous travel, undergoing exertions and dangers beyond even the run of those who cross vast distances by sea and land. He had visited every part of the world, except the north and south Poles, and had spent money, energy and time unstintingly, with little return. Henceforth, his life was to fall into a new phase, and he did not go beyond Europe again.

NOTES ON

XIV

THE RETURN TO ENGLAND

XIII

His poverty--Publication of his first book --Recognition of his work --Strzelecki as Englishman.

Page 106

(76) The letter to James Macarthur, already quoted. Dated Launceston 22nd May.

wrote to his brother in Poland the letter already quoted, which spoke clearly of a plan to revisit Poland after his return, two or four years after his embarkation for China. His later account of the stages of that journey, to which an outline has already been given, mentions Java and the East Indies among his stopping places. In any case, when he got back to England, he was a poor man, having exhausted his funds on the later stages of the voyage.

This point is stressed, because it is from this time on that a curious dualism appears in Strzelecki's affairs. We must remember--and a glance at the authorities consulted for the foregoing chapters emphasises it --how very little first hand information can be collected about Strzelecki even in the later part of his life, when facts are well known. He tells English scientific men a little about himself, and the picture is a gentleman of easy circumstances, travelling for disinterested scientific zeal; writing to Adyua, he paints another view of himself --the nature lover, working to breast the difficulties --chiefly lack of money, which prevented their marriage. Objective financial facts, therefore, are the only clue to the real truth behind these discrepant presentations. This was one of them. On his return he was too poor to publish the twenty-five foot geological map, to whose preparation, so much work and travelling had been expended. Another circumstance is the means by which this difficulty was overcome --a subscription got up by Tasmanian citizens, prompted and headed by Sir John Franklin. Owing a lively sense of gratitude for the good the Poles had done

the colony XIV. is THE RETURN TO ENGLAND

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life, when facts are well known. He tells English scientific men a little about himself, and the picture is a gentleman of easy circumstances, travelling for disinterested scientific zeal; writing to Adyna, he paints another view of himself --the mature lover, working to breast the difficulties --chiefly lack of money, which prevented their marriage. Objective financial facts, therefore, are the only clue to the real truth behind these discrepant presentations. This was one of them. On his return he was too poor to publish the twenty-five foot geological map, to whose preparation, so much work and travelling had been expended. Another circumstance is the means by which this difficulty was overcome --a subscription got up by Tasmanian citizens, prompted and headed by Sir John Franklin. Owing a lively sense of gratitude for the good the Pole had done

the colony by his examination of its mineral wealth, the generous Franklin got up this contribution. He himself, headed the list of subscribers, with £100; in the then state of his own popularity in Van Dieman's Land, the remaining £300 represent no small sacrifice to friendship. The money was accompanied by a watch, and with it, Strzelecki was able to finance the publication of the book "Physical Description of New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land" from which so much material has here been used.

That, however, did not end his money troubles. By his own account, he had been travelling by hand to mouth methods -- collecting and selling in one place enough to get him to the next. One Australian account shows his poverty out there -- the intense surprise with which a group of men greeted the arrival of the Count (a title they associated with wealth and grandeur) who joined their party poorly equipped and on foot.

Now was the time when Strzelecki felt himself justified in hoping for help from the British government. Some years before when Strzelecki had first reached Australia and had begun mineral analysis, Gipps had encouraged him with the promise that the government would refund one half of the money he spent in research and there the matter rested. That was before the reception given to Gipps Bounty bill, and the Governor was probably quite sure that the matter would be settled in the way he thought. Many events, including the depression, followed, and the position had altered considerably even before 1843. Strzelecki must have known that the government would hardly be in a favourable mood for receiving a bill for work done in the colonies, no matter how valuable for the crown or state he might prove it to be. He had trusted to Gipps, but the later himself lacked the support of the secretary for the colonies. It is

no wonder Strzelecki failed to secure it. He had travelled as economically as possible, but those were times of soaring prices, prices which astonished him, as he records in a letter to Adyna. The seven thousand miles he had gone in Australia, necessitated horses, food, stores, clothing for himself and his servant; travel, by sea or coach was dear, lodging dear; he returned with a total expenditure of £5000, and in spite of the troubles in New South Wales, of which he had been a witness, he hoped to recover half from the Treasury.

For he had a trump card, in the form of a signal service he had rendered Gipps and the government. Gipps represented Strzelecki had made the Governor a promise, and kept it, at some cost to himself. He had injured himself materially and had let the aspersion of a serious omission rest on his scientific reputation, of which he was very sensitive, and now expected to have that constitute a claim on Gipps and the government.

When Sir George reached London, in 1846, he was not only in failing health, but his position was gone. In spite of sops to his pride, it was generally known that he had fallen before the onslaughts of the parties he had attacked, and, as protector, his was a sinking star. Although, for the last few weeks of his life, his advice was asked about the bills (Order in Council 1847 and Waste Lands Occupation Act, 1846) his influence had wained, and an application with his backing would not gain by the association of his name. Even that small support was withdrawn in February 1847, when he died suddenly. The matter of Strzelecki's debt was left outstanding, and the government refused to refund him so much as a penny.

relatives

the younger He was left then, high and dry, financially, stranded in London, not penniless, but with very little money. The book naturally did not bring in royalties in cash. We do not know what he did, for no record survives, but here is the explanation why he did not go back to Poland to see his family, and why he did not triumphantly as planned in his letters, in Paris or Berlin or Geneva, claim his patient fiancée.

Instead, time passed, long enough to bring the "Physical Description" to the notice of people interested in exploration and geology. The year which saw it launched on its career marked one of the crucial points in Strzelecki's life. In 1845, he saw the book through the press, and on the 28th of November, 1845, he completed his naturalisation as an English subject (77)

Naturalisation is a date in a man's biography almost as important as birth, and owing much more to the doer's volition. I have tried to show the formal acknowledgement of a new allegiance was the outcome of a long course of change of thought, the fruit of experience, reflection and self searching, and no whim. Strzelecki was always consistent with himself; the more one studies his life, the more clearly the early development of his traits appears. Over and over, an early act foreshadows a later; as an old man he does what as a young man he wanted to do or planned to have done if certain circumstances arose. He became English in legal fact, as he was already English by conviction. It only marked what was already so, but still, for a nineteenth century Pole, it was significant.

The time was possible for such a step; the Rising of 1830 was long since stamped out, that of 1863 not begun, but Polish nationality was not sleeping between the two. Strzelecki's own

relatives

the younger generation of cousins and nephews who had grown up in his absence, were all at work on the task of keeping the idea of Poland alive. When Strzelecki renounced his right to call himself a Pole, he did more than the citizen of a happy country would have done in leaving it; to abandon a mother in misfortune is a deeper break than to depart from her prosperous; he gave up the right to work and feel for that liberty of which he had said so glowingly that he would sacrifice for it everything but his love. He did it because his feelings had grown to the state when he could do it.

With that act, the ghost of his youth was finally laid. Though he kept the foreign sounding name with its too complicated spelling, there was nothing else to mark his difference from the people around him. A spare, erect figure, browned by hot suns, with the piercing eyes of a man accustomed to finding a road where there had been none before, a Pole become Englishman, who had mastered the idiom and learned the customs, won the friendship and earned the respect of the nation on earth least friendly to foreigners, there was nothing of the old unregenerate Strzelecki left, to outward showing. Perhaps a shadow of him lingered in the memory of that sister whom he never revisited, and in the heart of the woman who loved the young Strzelecki for half a lifetime, and remained true to him for the rest of it. Only underneath, beneath the superficial differences, the qualities, good and bad, which had been in him at the beginning, were the same which moved him when he was old.

He never went back to Poland. As soon as he was naturalised there would have been no trouble in his doing so. Financially, he could have done it, since money he seemed to have at this time and later, enough for trips to Paris, to Geneva, to Spa. It was in Geneva that the elderly lovers played out the last act of their long

tragi-comedy. It took place, this long hoped for, long deferred meeting (the dates are hard to establish) somewhere between 1866 and 1868. She was then sixty, he seventy odd. There is no reason given why he should have let so many years pass between his brave promises and this final frustration of them, when their earlier parting was renewed, with no hope of coming together again. They realised that they had left it too late, and separated.

She went back to Poland, to spend the last thirteen years of her life in the same futile patience as had filled the rest of it, and died an old woman, having survived her stillborn elopement by sixty years. Her impetuous wooer, who, after having been unable to wait even a day to possess his bride, had let forty eight years pass without decisive action, withdrew to England, to his club, his friends, his honours, and his whole comfortable bachelor existence. The earlier bright spirit had indeed burned down, and his subsequent adventures were to be of a subtler kind.

This rounding off of the unfortunate Alexandra's part in Strzelecki's life has outrun the actual date of the publication of the "Physical Description" which was back in the year 1845.

The world into which Strzelecki settled seemed safe enough, with few clouds on the horizon. The Queen, attended, shaped, guided by the decorous Teutonic Albert, with his black ringlets of almost Hebraic luxuriance, was the happy young wife, surrounded by a nursery every dutiful year saw extended, and the nation took from her the tone of the domestic virtues. Gladstone and Disraeli were still young men, Palmerston serving his long apprenticeship to power, the familiar figure of the Duke, stoop and jutting nose complete, presided at state ceremonies. Those in power were somewhat

concerned with the failure of the Irish potato crop. Peel's mind was veering towards free trade, but the veteran statesman stood like a rock. "Rotten potatoes have done it all" he grumbled: "they have put Peel in his damned fright" but the affair was not yet serious enough to rouse general interest. A few Irish in trouble, more or less, was no novelty. The new thing under the sun would have been a lack of trouble across the Irish Channel.

In short, once resigned to losing his £2500, life in London flowed temperately for the returned wanderer, whom England had accepted as her new son without emotion, but with considerable notice of the sort he craved most. Strzelecki, not yet famous, was at least becoming known.

The publication of his book brought him into a new circle. The Royal Geographical Society, in honouring him, drew him into the fold of all that was most safe in that securest of all possible decades. The Society, which invited him to its meetings, was like a club, revealing to him within its doors an institution only England could have produced. It received him, not as a foreign honorary member, but as one who could seek admission on his merits on the same terms as those who had been admitted before him. The man who had cut his way through scrub, or tottered uncertainly on sapplings swaying on its top, starved, and burned in barren gullies and tropic jungles, or frozen in the Lithuanian forests, the peaks of Polynesia or the eternal snows of Chile, had his first glimpse of the wages of scientific virtue--the comfortable library, the soft carpets, the well fitting doors of a bulwark of Victorian solidarity.

At the meeting of 1844, and again in 1845, Sir Roderic Murchison made him complementary reference in his annual address,

and praised the "Physical Description" which he recommended to the favourable notice of members.

The greatest triumph came in 1846, when the Royal Geographical Society held a meeting in May, and solemnly conferred on Strzelecki--"Count Strzelecki"(78) the gold "Founders Medal" for the discovery of gold in Australia, the details of which are summarised next chapter. It was a dignified occasion, rounded, completed; heavy with the gravity of the period. Over the group of sage, reputable men gathered to honour one of their peers, hung that aroma of sobriety, morality, rectitude, which the place and the occasion made inevitable. A pity the Sapiehas were missing, to see their errant bailiff, Mr Turno, to observe his impetuous friend!

The members made the appropriate speeches, the requisite compliments in full, sonorous, Victorian prose. Lord Colchester presided. Strzelecki's fame, his scientific reputation, his achievements, were the theme of his address. The guest of honour, the medal laureate replied suitably, thanking the donor and members for the "great and brightest honour that I could ever expect in this adopted country of mine" and promises more fruit of his researches which his published works had not exhausted. "Should my health allow me to cope successfully with the evils of a sedentary life--" --he had mastered by this time the language of his contemporaries, caught the very tone--"I shall be but too proud to lay before the Royal Geographical Society further results of those researches and thus justify perhaps the generous sentiments with which your Lordship and the Geographical Society have this day honoured me"

When the meeting broke up, cabs jingled to the door, and the members drove home through the spring night, past the flowering

chestnuts of Hyde Park, lighted up by the gaslamps, in the streets made orderly by the police, and back to their decorous homes. They were to gather again, in Strzelecki's honour a few years later, when, in 1853, he was elected member, Fellow of the Royal Society, proposed by Sir Roderic Murchison, on a meeting in June, 1853.

They accepted him at his own valuation. The modesty he professed did not prevent a tinge of romance creeping in. Having firmly established himself as member of the Strzeleckis, Galician counts, he joined his mother, the unworl^d disinherited Anna Raczyńska to the proud Poznan family of Counts Raczyński, and made Głuszyna part of her dowery, a manorhouse where once at least, the French staff held its headquarters, and housed General Marmont. It was all very natural, given Strzelecki's temperament. His simple way of living, his comparative poverty, which well became a man of science, were still brighter against the background of a rich and splendid descent. Cincinnatus himself, leaving a palace for the delights of scientific agriculture, could hardly have worn his philosopher's mantle more becomingly.

But, in that mild evening of his receiving the Founders' Medal, as the fellows dispersed over London, thoughtful and farsighted men were watching the spread of a disease, prevalent in obscure corners of Central Europe; it came, they did not know whence, and it attacked potatoes. Those who knew, looked grave.

Page 111

(77) The fact of his naturalisation has been questioned, so I went to the home office and had the document verified. The naturalisation record is No. 278, dated 28.11.45. Though I did not see it, there is no reason to doubt the fact of its existence.

Page 115

(78) The retaining and use of a foreign title after naturalisation in a country where Count implied a foreigner is certainly striking as a matter of bad taste, though a Pole may not grasp the implications of such an aristocracy as that of England. In Poland, titles were almost always foreign, and implied that some member of the family bearing one had distinguished himself in the service of his country abroad or in the services of a foreign prince. As Poles moreover, are accustomed to add a title when travelling to stress the high standing of Polish nobility since there are few if any true Polish titles, allowance must be made, but the writer's own view is that Strzelecki had a feeling for a title, as such, which must be imputed to him for a breach in taste.

first discovery, others dismiss his claims slightly (79) but it is Strzelecki, the geologist, who, as he specifically claims, came to Australia for mineral examination of the country, to whom the credit for the actual discovery of gold is due. Edward Hammond Hargraves, who got the credit and the cash reward, was responsible for the practical application of a method of working gold, and for this commercial exploitation of the mineral, he deserves the notice and prize money he got, but it is unjust to deny the credit of priority to a man who found the presence of gold twenty years before Hargraves ever went to California to see cradles in use.

It was as early as 1839, when Strzelecki, returning from one of his exploring trips in the interior, came to Sir George Gipps with momentous news. He reported the discovery, in the Vale of Clwyd that he had detected the presence of gold. Even so, he was not the first man to mention it. Some years before, a convict had been found with small fragments, which he said he had picked up in the streets for theft. But, as it is possible that the judge's verdict was a true

His second book written to prove priority of claim.--Strzelecki's attitude to gold.

The discovery of Gippsland and Mount Kosciusko make up one of Strzelecki's achievements in the annals of Australian exploration. For them, he has received little enough recognition beyond the ephemeral praise of a newspaper, a testimony from a small part of the community of Tasmania, and a few complimentary references at meetings of a learned society in London. For his second important discovery he received a medal from that same Royal Geographical Society, and nothing else. Most histories deny him the bare fact of first discovery, others dismiss his claims slightly (79) but it is Strzelecki, the geologist, who, as he specifically claims, came to Australia for mineral examination of the country, to whom the credit for the actual discovery of gold is due. Edward Hammond Hargraves, who got the credit and the cash reward, was responsible for the practical application of a method of working gold, and for this commercial exploitation of the mineral, he deserves the notice and prize money he got; but it is unjust to deny the credit of priority to a man who found the presence of gold twenty years before Hargraves ever went to California to see cradles in use.

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one, and the man had stolen his scraps, and in any case, since, when asked to prove his claim, he could not show the place where he said he had found it the first time, even if it was a lucky accident, the man was more like a jackdaw, picking up anything bright, than a man who could appreciate and use his discovery, so the existence of gold remained virtually unsuspected till Strzelecki's time.

This was something different. The two men, Governor and explorer, looked at each other with grave faces as the full implications of it dawned on them both. The Governor was the more concerned; Sir George Gipps was more qualified to see the danger confronting them. Much depended on the character of the man who had brought the news. Gold meant blind lust, passion, excitement, crime; it meant in the forties what it proved in the sixties, with another element thrown in. In the time of Gipps, New South Wales was a penal colony, the home of violent and desperate men. The knowledge of gold would sweep from end to end of the country like fire, and like it, too, leave destruction behind it. The convicts would be beyond control, and all that had been built up--little enough the disilluminated Gipps may have found it, but still sixty years of work--would crash in the freeing of one of man's oldest, strongest passions. So the situation appeared to the Governor. The frail dam against all that his imagination painted him of horror and desolation depended on the character of the man before him, who was, moreover, poor.

Gipps had trump cards, and played them. Strzelecki, he knew, would not see the danger of convict riot as darkly as he did--the Pole saw the colony and its involuntary colonists in too rosy terms. But Strzelecki admired England, and the English, and that specimen of the governing class of England who confronted him in perplexity. A

request from the Governor would carry weight. Sir George began, carefully, to put the matter before him. And came up against a curious mixture. The explorer was ready to sacrifice himself for the public good. Gold, to him, was not so important as the wellbeing of the colony. He would waive his claims, as a man and as an explorer; but -- he owed himself something, as a geologist. He had a reputation, and a duty to it. The result of the strange impasse shows in the dead and gone files of the time--report to the Governor, incorporated as a dispatch to Lord John Russell, a letter to the Herald, a cautious letter or so. The whole drama of this discovery of a smoking bomb, suppressed for twenty years, lies in a passage in the Report, where honesty, scientific dues, and the Governor's fears find a delicate balance. Strzelecki mentioned, in a safe drift of other minerals, "an aureiferous sulphuret of iron, yielding a very small quantity of gold, although not enough to repay extraction" That sentence contains the clue to much that, unrevealed by it, remains puzzling in Strzelecki's story. Was it careful subediting, a model piece of understatement, safe to put into the hands of even the most optimistic-adventure seeker, and never blow up? Did Strzelecki realise at all the full significance of his discovery, or was he like the man who held the Philosopher's stone, and threw it away, unknowing?

In his first book, "Physical Description of New South Wales" etc there is no reference made to it. He pursued his life on the lines described, till after the next important group of events which are concerned with the potato famine in Ireland, came back to England, and took up the tenor of his sheltered existence again.

In 1856, Strzelecki broke his long silence with a second book. By that time, events had moved him to reply, and the book called

"Gold and Silver; A Supplement to the Physical Description of New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land" was a defence of his claim to the right of priority of discovery.

The foreword is the public Strzelecki, the model of disinterested conduct, and in itself, an extraordinary document.

"My object in publishing this supplement is less to claim honour or credit as a discoverer of gold in Australia, than to protect myself against the imputation of negligence or incapacity as a geological and mineralogical surveyor.

If the maps, sections and specimens of rocks which illustrate my survey of New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land were such that their examination in London and subsequent comparison with analogous evidence from the Ural mountains, led to the scientific conclusion that gold existed and probably abounded in certain districts of Australia, I must have been wholly unfit for the undertaking, if, when I made that survey, which cost me £5000--that loss was still remembered, it seems--and five years of labour, no glimmering of this important truth broke on me. The following pages will show, however, that in 1839, on the spot, I arrived at the same conclusion to which, five years later, the distinguished author of "Siberia" was led, without the aid of personal inspection of the ground"

That needs a word or two of explanation. When Edward Hargraves showed the use of the cradle, and interest was aroused in the matter, information was at once forthcoming from various sources about Australian gold. Clark, who claimed with Strzelecki priority of discovery, told his experiences; Sir Roderic Murchison, who had long been Strzelecki's friend, wrote a book giving the result of his findings in the gold bearing Russian Urals, and drew the inference that in Australia, which he never visited, exactly similar conditions would show the presence of the same metal. Hargraves was acclaimed and rewarded, and this little book, now forgotten, was Strzelecki's broadside in reply, heavily weighted as we shall see, in favour of his reputation, which he considered in jeopardy. It was that, it is important to notice, and not his lost fortune, for which he was moved to take up arms.

The affair was important, and well in the public interest;

it was being aired in the Australian parliament--that of New South Wales, where his friend James Macarthur was vocal in his behalf. The time had come to hear Strzlecki himself.

"I have long delayed this publication in the hope of being able to add to it from official sources; but as these have remained closed to me, I am obliged to rely principally upon the reported debates in the Colonial Legislature. It may be collected from these that in 1839 I mentioned the existence of a gold field in the Bathurst district to Sir George Gipps, the then Governor General of New South Wales, who requested me to keep the matter secret for fear of the severe consequences which, considering the condition and population of the colony, were to be apprehended. Of course I complied with this request; and I deemed it my duty, whether right or wrong to be also silent on the subject in my book and in my communication with learned bodies in Europe; although I did not consider myself restricted from mentioning what had occurred to the private friends of Sir George Gipps and myself in Sydney.

"This is not the place to speculate on the wisdom of the course adopted by the Governor, but it will be admitted that if he had ordained or authorised the immediate prosecution of the requisite researches in the district indicated by me, the prosperity in which the colony is now revelling, together with the reflected benefit which the mother country enjoys, would have been accelerated by several years, and (what more especially concerns me) no doubts would ever have been raised as to the respective priority or precedence of discoverers.

"The little eagerness I have shown to advance my claims (be they what they may) will, I hope, render it almost superfluous for me to state that I am actuated by no wish to dispute or depreciate either the value or the originality of the scientific deduction which preceded and prologed the practical development and confirmation of my views. The sagacity and eminent attainments of Sir Roderic Murchison were never more strikingly nor usefully displayed than in compelling attention to the hidden richness of Australia, and the history of science abounds with instances of ~~the~~ competing claims to the honours of discovery, each of which may be recognised to a certain degree without impeaching the soundness or originality of the rest"

With that careful setting out of his absolutely disinterested motives, he goes on the position which had developed out of the action of the Legislative Council of New South Wales, at a sitting held on 5th October, 1853. His friend Macarthur was a member, and when another landowner rose to propose that a substantial grant of money should be made to Hargraves, as first discoverer of gold, Macarthur got up to prove that the present claimant to priority was

many years behind the actual event. He read out a letter from Strzelecki, written in 1839, which mentioned the discovery of gold, and also silver "both serving as strong indivation of the existence of these precious metals in New South Wales. It was beyond my power to trace these veins, or possibility to ascertain their gage. I would have done so with pleasure pro bono publico --but my time was short, so were the hands. I regret that the government, having reserved all the mines for its benefit, did not send a scientific man truly miner and minerologist, to lay open those hidden resources, which may prove as beneficial to the state and industry as the rest of the branches of colonial industry"

It appeared, too, that even if Strzelecki were out of the way, Hargraves could still only claim adaptation of the cradle to gold washing in Australia, for at the same time as the Pole found his gold field, the Rev W.B. Clark had suspected the existence of gold, and he had exchanged a few letters with Strzelecki on the subject before being in his turn sworn to secrecy by the cautious Gipps.

Strzelecki, moreover, though honourably silent in his published work, wrote to James Walker about the same time as he did to James Macarthur. He even sent one or two guarded letters to the Sydney Herald of the time. All these facts Macarthur pointed out in support of Hargraves' reward being limited to one made for the value of cradle washing, and a like sum going to the real discoverers. He was not successful. The session ended in the grant being made to Hargraves for the practical use to which he had put his discovery, while the scientists who preceded him were bidden be content with their "considerable reputation" and it was all they could do. Thus, if Clark and Strzelecki wanted material advantage, they found themselves badly out of pocket for the loyalty with which they had kept Gipps' order

having only the philosophical truth that virtue is not only its own reward, but frequently its only one. James Macarthur commended their disinterestedness, that must have been a comfort; Strzlecki dearly loved the mantle of incorruptible scientific virtue; Macarthur expressed himself forcibly on gold as a curse, not a blessing to the young colony, paralysing industry, and promoting restless adventuring. The gold rush conditions amply justified his fears.

The Times of January 16th 1854 reviewed the foregoing debate in a leading article, and roundly condemned Gipps' excessive caution by which that aid, which might have lifted the embarrassed colony out of its difficulties and set it on its feet with much lessened suffering during the depression of the early forties, had been withheld for ten years. Sir David Brewster in the North British Review for August 1854 (page 530) gives the following statistics of what the discovery meant in cash:

(Figures for March 1852)

In Victoria

Gold shipped and ready to be shipped - - - - -	700,000 ozs.
Value at £3 per oz	£2,000,000
Value of licences issued - - - - -	£49,386
Average monthly earnings of each miner = = - - - - -	£42.10.

In N.S.W.

Amount of gold - - - - -	320,000 ozs
Value at £3 per oz - - - - -	£960,000
Licences issued - - - - -	£30,781
Monthly average of each miner - - - - -	£31.3

Out of all this, the man to whom the actual and undeniable credit of being the first discoverer is due, got not one penny, nor

an inch as claim of the valuable gold fields at Bathurst whose existence he first made known. Paul Edmund Strzelecki acquiesced in this, and made no comment, either then or later, save his dignified protest on behalf of his scientific judgement, with which he prefaced his second book. And this, at a time when he was badly in need of money--I refer to the time when he was actually in Australia, hoping to find a financial way to marriage.

When the quotation given above was written, Strzelecki was living quietly in London, contented, as far as we can see, and busy about his scientific work, but still not very well to do, and still unmarried. Yet there is no trace of rancour, even concealed, beyond his dislike that men should think him an incapable geologist. While he was indifferently watching the action of the New South Wales Legislative Council, he knew that gold "poison to men's souls" was pouring out of Australian goldmines under the very soil over which he had tramped, poor; where he had scraped a bare living by risking his health and life, men were making fabulous fortunes of easy money. The man who, for lack of money, had risked a very ugly blot on his honour, back in Lithuania, was now, older, though hardly richer, able to despise it and let it lie. Such are the facts.

Did Strzelecki, when he mentioned gold to Gipps, realise how much there was of it? Was his analysis as its being in no sufficient quantity to make its working repay the effort, a remark dictated by the Governor, or was it Strzelecki's considered opinion? I believe it was Strzelecki's own view. The gold deposits of Australia were patchy; we hear over and over of men starving for a few grains a bare foot or so removed from the place where rich nuggets came to the surface. If that is so, it explains a number of details hard

Strzelecki brushed the edge of a great discovery, which in

to reconcile. If he did actually find gold--and there is no doubt of this --in the place he mentioned, it may easily have been in a very small quantity. He reported the circumstance, simply, as it struck him. Gold was present, in small quantities. Gold for him was a mineral, like any other he might find cause to report. In the amount he found it, it was nothing more. But to the Governor, no geologist, but a layman, gold meant what it would mean to the men he governed --what it meant to the men who rushed California, the Klondyke, Ballarat. He knew the word would be enough to rouse men to dream of impossible things, and to lose in the young state all the least governable elements. His prohibition to the Pole would have been against the speaking of such an inflammatory name in such an unstable society. He, probably no more than Strzelecki, realised the magnitude of the thing they were handling. This being so, and this sobering doctrine spread abroad, Strzelecki and Clark were harmless gentlemen of scientific interests, whose business was with stones and specimens of rocks. The thought of Strzelecki's gold was not alluring enough to have James Macarthur send out a shepherd and a boy or two to the place his friend had indicated, to hasten the gold rush by many years. That, and the known fact that Strzelecki talked of his discovery in Sydney; yet in such terms that he fired no man to go and see; that is proof that he was almost as ignorant, except in the analytic, scientific sense to which I have referred, as the men about him. If he had known, and, wanting Adyna, had been silent, he would have been more than a man. If he had guessed the importance of the deposits, and left them unexplored for lack of a little time--when he was willing to fritter away a few years on aimless voyaging, he would have been a fool.

Strzelecki brushed the edge of a great discovery, which in

its entirety, was not to be revealed at his hands. Like Murchison, he reasoned correctly from his given materials, and his conclusion was sound, but it was not Strzelecki's role in Australian mineralogy to do the practical thing. He pointed out, advised and stated the absolute truths of agriculture, geology. The credit for the putting of Australian gold into the hands of the people, was Hargraves' and the money he received was a just recognition of his work in doing that. But -- Strzelecki was the actual man to whom the credit for the first authentic recording of the presence of gold belongs. He did not seek money, and did not get it. He looked for his rights in the subtler coin of recognition, which the Australian government of his time denied him, and Australians have continued to belittle his share ever since. That is not just, and it is time that he had his full meed of praise and acknowledgement, even now, when the issue is of no practical importance to anybody.

Page 117

(79)Ruisden Vol II Chapter XIV PP.506 and on.

THE IRISH FAMINE

Strzelecki was completely at home in his new role. The world to which he had attached himself voluntarily, was serious and well meaning. It was conscientious to a fault, and the question of moral responsibility engaged such men as education and leisure marked out for managing the affairs of the less fortunate, to the full expectation of Victorian earnestness. Untroubled by the doubts of a latter generation, they ranged themselves unquestioningly on the side of the angels in a universal affirmation; man was at heart good, and releasable from vice. With improvement of his material condition, the millennium was not so far distant. If opportunity for culture and self improvement, for sweetness and light, were put in the way of the hustler classes of society, improvement must inevitably follow. Only the outward means were lacking. Accepting such a theory, philanthropy "the most friggish of hobbies" must follow no less inevitably than improvement of the lower orders. Strzelecki, the mild mannered and law abiding man of science, was now ready to distinguish himself in a fresh field. Seldom had anyone such a terrain for experiment. Strzelecki, who had been ambitious from childhood, was fortunate in this above the general run of men; he no sooner determined on a course than unprecedented possibilities revealed themselves before him. As a mineralogist, gold, as explorer, the Australian alps and uncharted Gipsyland; as philanthropist, Ireland.

As early as 1845, there had been trouble with the potato

PART IV

A VICTORIAN PHILANTHROPIST

XVI

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As early as 1845, there had been trouble with the potato

crop. The blight which had done such awful damage in Hungary, Belgium, France and Germany, reached Ireland. The summer was unusually wet that year, and the incessant rain made the early crop scanty; when the later crop, which had been put down apparently healthy into pits, was redug, instead of food there were only masses of black slime. And the ruined supply was the staple food of the poor of Ireland, that class whom Catholicism, with its insistence on early marriage had increased and spread over the undrained bogs and stony fields of a country at best poor. relief rose steadily in the months that

followed. Things were bad enough in Ireland at ordinary times, but they were now infinitely worse. The situation brought Peel round to see the advantages of free trade, but even though the corn laws were repealed in 1846, the result could not be immediate, and the Irish continued to starve, and the level of living of the worst housed, worst clothed and fed peasantry of the world dropped to a state which shocked public opinion among people even used to normal conditions in Ireland. At the best of times, the poor were not far from starvation, and now they were starving in grim earnest, on a scale which roused an instant response in England and America. A wave of sympathy went over these countries, and people set themselves to relief measures. But it was not easy to help on such a huge scale.

"The relief of a nation suddenly deprived of its food supplies and without the means of substituting others is a stupendous task. It requires constructive genius, colossal organisation and heavy financial aid" (80)

in the English public service were put on the job" (82)

A Royal Commission was immediately appointed to inquire into the problem of relief, and its first measure was to spend the creation of a "British Relief Association" to administer the money. £100,000 on Indian corn. But it was not so easy to help the Irish. The peasants were so ignorant, so downtrodden, and so accustomed to fear anything new, that a wall of suspicion and doubt separated

collected to help the destitute. Many leading English farmers and merchants were on the committee, among Mr Jones Lloyd, better known as Lord Overstone, who was elected chairman.

them from those trying to help them. The idea was strongly held that anything from England, even corn was an attempt to undermine their religion. So the corn did not help. The next attempt was the organization of public relief works. But these did not solve the difficulty -- the famine was too big to be checked. In 1846, five thousand pieces of work were in progress, and the committee was receiving eight hundred letters or appeals for help every day. In October, 114,000 people were employed, in November 285,000. The figures of those wholly dependent for life on relief rose steadily in the months that followed. In December, there were 440,000. In January, 470,000, in February, 570,000, and in March the figures went up to 734,000. The cost went up to £1,050,772. 3000,000 were aided monthly. The country was divided into districts, the local effort headed by landowners on the spot, while each parish was put in the charge of a group of English women, who did all they could to collect and send things needed to aid the victims.

When it became clear that the relief works were not always helping the right people (81) commissioners from England then began direct relief in the shape of food. 3,020,712 people got a separate issue of rations, and of these 755,178 were children.

The Queen proclaimed a day of prayer. £1000,000 was privately subscribed while the government gave £3,371,529 as a free grant and £7,132,268 as loan, which was not demanded back. "The best brains in the English public service were put on the job" (82).

One of the first reactions of British opinion was the creation of a "British Relief Association" to administer the money collected to help the destitute. Many leading English bankers and merchants were on the committee, among ^{them} Mr Jones Loyd, better known as Lord Overstone, who was elected chairman.

He was a friend of Strzelecki's, and the latter, on his proposal, was chosen as one of the persons of trust to go to Ireland as active agents and see that the supplies were distributed to reach the people who needed them most. They were besieged by crowds of star-

The committee immediately set itself to the practical aspects of relief. The generous response the public made to their appeal for funds put them in a position where they could act quickly and adequately. Food, and agents to distribute it, was sent at once.

Strzelecki was put in charge of the counties of Mayo and Sligo. He arrived, and was appalled at what he saw. Like all the commissions, his experiences surpassed anything of horror he had been able to imagine. The conditions were so terrible that there was only one thing to do -- work, and work, to bring some sort of order even into the parcelling out of relief. Food was waiting, at certain points; a few miles away, people in desperate need were dying for want of it the problem was how to reach them all quickly enough.

Strzelecki's first report shows the impression his surroundings made on him. "No pen can describe the distress by which I am surrounded. It has actually reached such a degree of lamentable extremes that it becomes above the power of exaggeration and misrepresentation. You may now believe anything which you hear and read, because what I actually see surpasses what I ever read of past and present calamities" (83)

The sincerity of his shocked surprise gave him an eloquence he did not usually command.

The work went on; clerical work, on the one hand, the worry and responsibility of administering public money, keeping accounts, ordering and checking supplies, and on the other the more urgent work--the giving out of food, felt to be so pressing that every minute away from it meant human lives. The practical work was back breaking as well as heartbreaking. The worst cases had to be found

studied and relieved, work to be superintended, the ignorant
 protected from themselves and the badness of others, saved, restrain-
 ed and guarded from stupidity, superstition and crime. Whenever the
 commissioners stirred abroad, they were besieged by crowds of starv-
 ing, naked, desperate creatures, beseeching them, like God, for aid,
 and their progress was followed by blessings, and curses. The respon-
 sibilities were as heavy as the work. So much to do, and the conse-
 quences of failing in any particular so ghastly.

They did not fail, if in such circumstances, faced by illness
 and famine, anyone could have succeeded. But Strzelecki was not to
 escape without having something personal by which to remember the
 famine years. He got an attack of the terrible fever which came as
 a result of the famine. He, who had so often complained of failing
 health, now, when too busy to think of it, underwent such a severe
 attack that he never fully recovered the health he had possessed
 before.

At the end of the year 1846, it was decided to withdraw the
 agents, for the biggest part of the work had been done; relief had
 been organised, and though the degree of misery was still extreme,
 measures against it had gone so far that the English commissioners
 were no longer urgently needed. But though, as Strzelecki wrote
 "the affecting and heart rending crowds of distitutes had disappear-
 ed" those directing from London the distribution of food, decided
 to keep him longer, and transferred him to Dublin as sole agent to
 supervise the work carried on during the winter of 1847.

The press of immediate, day by day, work was over, however, and
 he set himself with the patient, careful thoroughness which had
 become characteristic of what he did, to lay foundations to prevent

any famine which might come later from doing so much damage. He aimed at laying foundations for better conditions in the future. Here was a task where Strzelecki had individual gifts to use in the service of his adopted country. He was particularly well fitted. As a foreigner, he would be more welcome than an Englishman; a Pole, friend and ally of the French, traditional friends and allies of Ireland, gave him weight. As a nominal Catholic--there is no evidence that he practiced his religion, but he was definitely not Protestant in the view of the Irish priesthood--he would be less likely to wake suspicion among the clergy, and rouse them to stampede the peasantry against his reforms with the age old coupling of English and anti Catholic. He had another trump card. As landowner and bailiff, he had had experience of dealing with a totally ignorant, illiterate, dirty peasantry, on whom the recent famine and his share of relief work had given him some sort of hold.

He planned for the future. His scope was limited, since he had only to do with the funds of the British Relief Association, so it is not surprising his influence did not go far. But he aimed at certain salutary reforms. Against the danger of renewed famine by failure of the staple article of Irish food, the potato, he tried to work by introducing other cheap foods into the diet of the poor--a modern, sensible viewpoint, not too widely understood at that time. To enforce that, and to supplement it, he tried to introduce habits of cleanliness, specially among the younger generation. Doing that, and recovering from the fever, years passed, and he did not leave Ireland till 1849. He had grown to be English out of England. He returned what the English most easily absorb--a familiar figure, part of the established order of life. More than that, he returned

NOTES ON
XVI

"to find himself"(in a mild way) "famous" and he was still young enough to enjoy it. But the great remedy for Ireland, that relieving of stress by decreasing the population, immigration, observed during the famine, he did not forget, back in the charmed circle of his London life. Ireland converted him to the possibilities of immigration, and showed him one source of settling material. Australia taught him a destination for the stream of voluntary migration overseas.

Page 128
Page 129
Page 130

When revising, I found the reference...
appendix.

NOTES ON

XVI

Page 128

(80) Sir James O'Connor History of Ireland.

Page 129.

(81)(82) Ibid.

Page 130.

(83) Report sent by Strzelecki to the Commission. That is the only reference I have for it, but imagine it is quoted in the "History of Modern England" by Herbert Paul.

When revising, I found the reference among those sent me from representatives of the family in New York, and added as an appendix.

thing to do here is to marshal the facts occurring here and there through the description of his life.

From his Polish background we get that his father was a poor man, almost ruined by the bad administration of his brother. The estate he bought with the remains of his money was small, and the income of it small.

Anna Raczynska, Paul's mother, though the daughter of a rich man, was herself penniless, brought up by relatives, and bringing to her husband no dowry. The scale of living in their home was simple.

Paul left his guardian in Warsaw with a handful of clothes and money, and was brought home from destitution.

As soldier he could not keep within his income, and the debts he ran up were paid with difficulty by his family.

He was too poor to aspire to a match with a Turko.

When quarreling with Eustace Sapieha, his poverty prevented him clearing himself from the charges.

The money which he brought from Poland with him--in any case, whether legacy or wages (the fact he was not condemned is a reasonably strong proof it was not stolen) could not have been very great, and was exhausted by the time he reached America. The last act of independent gentleman there was his siding against

FINANCE

An attempt to reconcile certain facts about money--contradictions and discrepancies.

This is the most baffling and contradictory of all the questions one must ask oneself in collecting the facts of Strzeliecki's life. No amount of rearranging and manipulating can make the scattered and mutually cancelling pieces into a whole. The only thing to do here is to marshal the facts occurring here and there through the description of his life.

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soldiers. After that, he lived by working his way from place to place earning enough to carry him to the next stopping point.

While in Australia, he lived as a poor man, surprising people by the simplicity of his possessions. In his letters to Adyna, he expressly states how he lived by sale of specimens. Poverty is the bar to marriage. Prices in Australia he finds very high. Gipps, seeing something of his hardships, promised to refund part of his expenses.

Still, here he was able to save, for he speaks in a letter of money deposited with his bankers in Paris, and seemed to believe in the marriage, though feeling their life would be a humble and quiet one. "The worst that can happen--according to present circumstances--is, that upon being united, we shall have to sail near the shore while others have the entire sea" That argues provision.

When he returned to Europe, and failed to get the money from the government, he was definitely poor for a time, which Franklin's timely gift tided over. Then, during the quiet years of little event and few chronicles which followed, a material change for the better took place. Strzelecki during the last fifteen years of his life, was well to do. He lived well, at a good address; Saville Row is hardly the home of a poor man, even in those cheaper days. He had his own house, a secretary, servants, horses, a carriage; he went abroad, subscribed to charities--Zmlchowska mentions a regular yearly contribution of three hundred francs for Polish exiles, and there must have been others to the English charities in which he was interested.

These things are facts on record. Yet there is no ascertainable source of income, after the reference to enough money for marrying, mentioned above. The scale of Saville Row was hardly that

It is easy to say "this and this he did" it is impossible to say

of a couple--Strzelecki chose to ignore that she had money--forced to sail close to the shore. Something must have come in between the pinched return and the comfortable late middle age. It was not his work. Neither the Physical Description nor the second, smaller Gold and Silver would be a source of income from royalties. And, apart from work on charitable organisations, committees, and so on, he did not work, so far as we can trace. Materials he certainly had, but did not work them up, at any rate not to publication stage.

Where did the money come from? Not Poland, since he did not claim ~~his~~ share of the family property. Not from Australian gold, for he did not claim any of the gold bearing ground, and the government did not compensate.

And as the money came mysteriously, so it went without trace. Strzelecki's will, sworn for probate, was under ten thousand pounds. At a good rate of interest, it would hardly bring him more than five hundred a year, and he could hardly have lived so well on that sum. There is a gap here, somewhere. In the will, he spoke vaguely of bonds, but did not state what they were, or to what amount. He left his property without specifying the sums involved, except for small bequests which prove nothing more than that his house was run on a lavish scale. Each servant who had been with him more than a certain time, got a hundred pounds. The wording of it is all we have to go on for the size of the staff, but it does not square with five hundred a year. That is the important fact, for later consideration.

It is, this financial puzzle, another one of Strzelecki's consistencies. His life brought him from the eighteenth century, to within a life span of our own day, but bringing him nearer has not made him clearer. Something in him eludes us, in this as other aspects. It is easy to say "this and this he did" it is impossible to say

"this--or that--he was"

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those things he had dreamed of as a boy, and sought so sternly as a young man. And they had come when he still kept the naivety to appreciate, not only what he was, but what he had. He was well known in a land which boasted many renowned men; to his scientific writings his explorations, he had added his philanthropy; Ireland had given him his standing in that group of men which included the great names; to Sir Bartle Frere and Sir Roderic Murchison, Lady Franklin and Lord Overstone, he added the Herberts and the Gladstones.

The society of his day was smaller than our own and money had less power over it. A man like Strzelecki, with the background of his travels, his book, his services in Ireland, was easily accepted and welcomed into a world quieter, better bred and infinitely more earnest than the society of our own day. It was able to rise superior to fortune, but morals were indispensable, and opinions carried more weight. Strzelecki passed the test on all counts. His gravity, his seriousness, the solidity of his views, won him a welcome. The dubious Strzelecki was dead and forgotten, and the middle aged man who survived him was respectable in the full almost awful sense of the Victorian word. The best section of the English upper classes, those grave and disinterested men and women who dreamed of improvement and reform, had taken him to themselves. It was the truth, and no empty compliment when, in conveying to him the resolution of thanks of the British Relief Association, Lord Overstone said he (Strzelecki) had given "abundant proof that he possessed those

YEARS AND HONOURS

He had it all now. His return from Ireland, shaken in health, was a personal triumph in its way. In his grasp lay all those things he had dreamed of as a boy, and sought so stormily as a young man. And they had come when he still kept the naivety to appreciate, not only what he was, but what he had. He was well known in a land which boasted many renowned men; to his scientific writings his explorations, he had added his philanthropy; Ireland had given him his standing in that group of men which included the most famous; to Sir Bartle Frere and Sir Roderic Murchison, Lady Franklin and Lord Overstone, he added the Herberts and the Gladstones.

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high moral qualities which the British people always hold in the highest esteem"

The first honour given him was that of Commander of the Bath, which he received on 21st November, 1848.

By 1853 he was settled in No. 9, Suffolk Street, and his time passed in a round congenial to the man he had become. This brought with it two further honours, of the sort he loved. March 1st, 1853, saw him elected Fellow of the Royal Society, and the Royal Geographical Society paid him the same honour in June of that year. Where before he had been a guest, he was now himself at home. He became a familiar figure in the Society's rooms, and ready with advice or reminiscence when the talk turned on those parts of the world he knew, and specially anxious to further and aid any plan to help Australia.

To the portrait of a calm middle age, touches may be added. Sir Paul Edmund de Strzelecki (such was the rather clumsy form adopted) had not lost his interest in philanthropy. The cause of the Irish was not forgotten, and this brought him in touch with Sidney Herbert. Strzelecki's knowledge of Australia, its needs and opportunities were a definite asset here. Transportation had passed, killed by the discovery of gold, and free settlers were encouraged. It was a wide field for sending families to reap the advantages of the new world, and many people and agencies were active in the task of sending those classes of the English and Irish poor as would make good colonists. The Herberts and Strzelecki sponsored Irish immigration, and many families chose Australia instead of the nearer Canada or America on their recommendation. They were in touch with Caroline Chisholm, and dispatched to her (the hand of the Gladstones, here) many destitute girls, rescued from the streets, and many sempstresses whose conditions in England then were very bad.

Relations with Poland were not quite broken during this short respite of quiet, though they were in themselves rather strange. Strzelecki was in the habit of going abroad, to France and Switzerland and Belgium, where he often met his countrymen, since there were Polish colonies scattered all over Europe. Some Poles were sent to him in England with letters of introduction. Yet the earlier homesickness had disappeared so completely that not even his native language and talk of home could rouse him to cordial warmth, but rather tended to have him erect a barrier between himself and memory. He kept visitors at bay; Poles who brought letters were received by him, but not invited to his home. He treated them with formality, and had them to his club, as though he did not wish to let them advance beyond the furthest hospitable circle into possible friendliness and confidences. Since he did the same to his relatives when they visited England, the stiffness of it suggests a fear lest his own deep memories, his nationality, should stir again. When a young man came to him for help and advice--he said something which taken at its face value, rings very harshly. He told him to go home. Certain commissions were however sent out, apart from the visit of Sir John Kennell and General Tullock, in 1835, and Strzelecki knew what life in Poland was, it would be brutal, if it did not have an echo of sadness which redeemed it from calousness. To go home to Poland, with all it entailed, meant at least this--homogeneity of feeling; slavery, but with an undivided allegiance. One relation he helped by giving him a passage on a boat where Strzelecki either owned part or had influence, but shipwreck with loss of all hands broke even that slender thread of kinship.

The peaceful trend of life lasted till 1855, when public events again cut sharply across it. The Crimean War broke out.

His friends being involved, so was he. Sidney Herbert, Secretary at War for the first critical months, was hard at work to remedy as quickly as possible the state of muddle and inefficiency for which he bore with the public so much of the blame when the ghastly state of affairs on the battlefields were made known at home.

In connection with the events of this time, the Dictionary of National Biography makes an incomprehensible statement to the effect that Strzelecki accompanied Lord Lyons to the Crimea in 1855 as member of the Crimean Army Fund. This seems to create immediate difficulties, because Sir Edmund Lyons was second in command to the admiral in charge of the Black Sea fleet at the outbreak of war, and wrapped up in the considerable duties and responsibilities of such a position. He was the originator of the plan to attack the north fort at Sepastopol, and later he took command of the fleet--this was in 1854--so it is unlikely that a civilian would be with him, or that he would be able to join a relief fund expedition, or leave his post with the navy at all.

Certain commissions were however sent out, apart from the visit of Sir John Macneil and General Tullock, in 1855, and Strzelecki may easily have gone with one of them, but it seems more probable that he accompanied Mr Macdonald who went out in charge of the distribution of the money (£15,000) collected by the Times as soon as news of the soldiers' hardships reached home. A Sanitary Commission was appointed in 1857, with Sidney Herbert as chairman, and in the course of 1858 its members visited almost every military hospital in Great Britain and Ireland, and many in France. It is very likely that Strzelecki, who spoke French, and had plenty of experience of

of distributing funds. Alternatively, there is the Royal Patriotic Fund, which was instrumental in sending out Florence Nightingale. I cannot find in the books I looked at (84) any reference to any Army Fund Commission, but if Strzelecki went to the Crimea (a fact made more likely by the enemy being Russians, a people whose ways and language he knew better than the average Englishman ever could) it is most likely that he went with Macdonald, where his previous experience would have made him most useful.

By 1861, he was back in London again, living as before. Reading, lectures, visits to committees and societies of which he was a member filled such of his time as was not spent with his friends. In July of that year, he went abroad with the Herberts, Lord Herbert being then seriously ill and trying Spa as a last resort. Sir John Franklin had died in June, 1847, when Strzelecki was in Ireland, though the news was not known in England till much later. This blow was a heavier one. Sidney Herbert, both by his charm and their mutual interest in emigration, left a big gap, though his death brought his friends together for his memorial, Florence Nightingale at their head. Her memorial was shown to Strzelecki, who was in favour of publishing it. This interest of his in her writings put him in the way, later to do her a service, for it was his influence with Delane of the Times, which led to her articles on reform of medical conditions in India, coming out in that paper.

In June 1860 (85) Oxford gave him the degree of D.C.L., in recognition of his services to England and her colonies, and when the Order of St Michael and St George was extended to people distinguished for colonial affairs, Gladstone sent in Strzelecki's name among the earliest nominations, as Knight Commander "in

recognition of his great services in Her Majesty's Australian Colonies" and this was conferred in June, 1869. demands on others

The summit was reached. Sir Paul enjoyed it to the full, with that added appreciation of an ambitious man not born to the circumstances where his own efforts have brought him. Proof of his pleasure still exists, a little pathetic, a little funny. A woman in Warsaw, hearing of his nationality, wrote to him asking where she could get a copy of his book. He sent her one, and there was a short exchange of letters between them, on her side a flattering interest in him and his affairs, on his an acceptance of it as a pretty whim, which however pleased him enormously. In one letter, answering a request for an explanation of the letters after his name, which were incomprehensible to her, he set out, in order, what he had, and why obtained. In its stilted French, the letter is a curious comment on its writer.

"K.C.M.G. confere par la Reine pour mes explorations de 5 annees en Australie pour la decouverte de l'or, la decouverte (86) de nouvelles regions accessibles a la colonisation et finalement pour les constructions des cartes topographiques et goloogiques, basees sur des observations astronomiques.

"C.B. Accorde par la Reine pour mes services de 4 ans en Irelande pendant la desolation de ce pays en 1846 ou j'adminisrais ces souscriptions de 15 millions de roubles (600.000 livres sterling) que l'empire a souscris.

"D.C.L. Distinction academique dont l'Universite d'Oxford m'a honore pour mes services.

"F.R.S. a laquelle je suis elu en consequence des recherches scientifiques.

"F.R.G.S. election due a l'ouvrage que j'avais publie en 1845.

"Elles ne font que representer une serie des services et des travaux bien serieux et fatiguants et qui me reduisent au moment, ou je vous ecris a l'etat d'une cartouche epuisee" (87)

That is almost the last glimpse of him, complaining as usual of his health, but seeming to be well enough to get a good

deal of pleasure out of life. Time was thinning the ranks of his friends, but many remained, and with time, his own demands on others were lessening. To all appearances, he was completely happy in the world he had chosen. He had all he wanted -- except the one thing he had tried to snatch. That, too, he might have had. Why he did not, and what he really felt about it, is the secret between the calm and noble face he turned to the world. It is too late to say now. One can only conjecture.

Page 139. In this letter, a word of explanation is needed. As the only source for it was out of print, I was obliged to copy the reference, in pencil, and made abbreviations which I trusted I could write out when the time came. That time was later than I expected, and I cannot be sure of what was written in the case of French. The errors in the letter therefore are my fault rather than Strzelecki's.

(87) Strzelecki was particularly fond of lamenting his exhausted nature. It occurs in so many of his letters that it must have been a habit with him.

145
NOTES ON

XVII

Page 138.

(84) Morley Life of Gladstone.

Paul History of Modern England

Stanmore Life of Sidney Herbert

Lytton Strachey Eminent Victorians

-----Life of Florence Nightingale (Author not copied)

Page 138.

(85) A curious fact is the month of June in Strzelecki's life. F.R.S June 1853. D.C.L. June 1869. K.C.M.G June 1869.

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As the leaves fell that autumn, he sat at his window, and watched, who had seen so many autumns, and the leaves of so many trees fall; perhaps he, the survivor of so many journeys, pondered the extent of his next inevitable one. Once or twice, on the eve, he had been reluctant to get out, but not, probably, this time. He was ready

Last months--Destruction of papers--conclusion.

The old man seemed in his general state of good health, at the beginning of 1873. He broke the worst part of the winter by going abroad to escape the cold, but came back to England for the summer, and when the autumn brought most people back to town, he was quietly established in the round of daily life--trips to see friends, visitors at home, walks in the park, drives. He still went to meetings, had not given up anything of his former wide interests. He did not neglect his favourite charities. There was nothing to mark this autumn as in any way different from the others.

In August, he was not so well, but still able to write a few letters, and take an interest in life, though at a lessened tempo. Soon afterwards, feeling himself failing, he shut himself up in his own house. He was not ill, but no longer well. His secretary and confidential servant looked after him; reassuring bulletins were issued, and visitors, calling to inquire, were given cheerful accounts of him, but no-one admitted. Even Lady Herbert, a friend of many years standing, was not allowed to show him the friendship he had done for her husband in like case. She got a message but did not reach his room. She, perhaps, was closest of those remaining to him; many were dead. Others, like the Macarthurs and Walkers, and Adyna, distant.

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The days of his enforced seclusion were solemn, but peaceful. He was given the blessing of a quiet death, prefaced by a respite, in which he could set his house in order. Like most people who live long, he had a great deal to do. At seventy seven, little remains to be done. If work has been left unfinished, it is too late to repair the omission--strength is wanting for attempts to fill the gaps. What should have been said or done must remain incomplete. There is no time to make a whole of the different parts of a life. But to unmake is a shade easier.

The invalid, confronted with the mass of materials--studies, sketches, notes, letters, the papers relating to the eight sections of his book, the manuscript of the second,--watched the growing pile as his secretary brought them from the drawers where they had rested so long, and turned them over, wondering mildly at the distance measurable in miles, his pen had travelled. They were part of his life, and only his brain held the key. Most important of all was the manuscript journal where he written himself, all the dead selves, the eager man who set out, the man who returned, and the man who had survived both these. Here, if anywhere, was the real link which held together all the men he had been, each embalmed in vanished situations, like insects held in amber. It, too, was too vivid. He did not want the ashes stirred. There was only one way to unify the mass. With a slight smile on his thin lips, the old man recalled, out of the past which every year became more the present than the narrowing world he inhabited, a letter, that he had once written, ordering the destruction of his papers in case of his death. Now the time had come to repeat that order. He told his secretary to burn them. As the man gathered them up, the dry sheets gave out a rustling, like the fallen leaves in the street beyond the window. The sick

man felt lighter when they had gone. But he had a task still to do. Like most people who live long, he had made a series of wills, only to change them with the fluctuations of his affairs and the vicissitudes of his friends. This paper was to round off the collection which in its way, summarises one aspect of a life--what a man remembers to dispose of, in leaving it, and to whom.

The man who had been child, student, lover--all seven of the ages of man--had rehearsed his terms before he set them down. The long lonely sea voyages, the nights of discomfort in tropical forests deserts, beaches, caves, wind swept mountain tops; all the hours of desolation and self communion of an explorer's life, lay behind the clauses he dictated:

"that my funeral expenses should be reduced to a minimum, and that on no account he should allow a monument or tombstone or any other sign Christian or pagan bearing my name to mark my last resting place, for death being oblivion and time respecting nothing, a grave with a bit of turf over it thus ignored by all, is the most consistent and desirable"

The man taking down the draft must have glanced up surprised. The words, in balanced, weighed sentences, sounded like the summing up of a ripened, matured judgement on life, a bitter comment on the things a man is taught to care for.

It was no hasty opinion, yet it marked a profound change which must have come over him at some stage of his mental life. The old man had come a long way from the child Paul, playing at priest, delivering sermons, or more publicly, taking part in the service of the

Mass. The influence of his home, and his deeply religious mother had probably disappeared early, but a deep sense of an Omnipotent Being had remained with him through all his wanderings, in whose existence every marvel of nature quickened his belief (89) Back in England, he must have kept that idea, for, as the close friend of Sidney Herbert, he could hardly have been too much out of sympathy with the church to have belonged to a group containing Florence Nightingale and the Gladstones. Yet, at a moment when the secret grudges, the disappointments, the inward bitternesses of men come out with unrestrained force, when prejudice or expediency has no more to say, when they stamp the image of their spirits the more firmly in the disposition of their clay, the old Strzelecki revealed an inner lack, an inner insufficiency that casts a thin beam of light back over his busy, constructive life. No man who has satisfied his inner urge cares much about the fate of his body. A meticulous care for the disposal of the least important part of oneself is in itself a confession of failure, and the bitterness of Strzelecki's order, so little consistent with the liberal generosity of his attitude, is a clue to the thing which his biography reveals in general rather seldom -- the real mind of the man. (90)

What was it he lacked? Was there anything more in his last wishes than the rationalism so common in his time? Was it not perhaps, consistent with his standing as a man of science to regard the soul as non-existent, a scepticism becoming in a contemporary of Darwin? There was; the bitterness is too apparent, especially shown by a man who, when already mature, marvelled at the handiwork of God revealed in the intricacy of a volcano's workings, and solemnly invoked his protection for the woman he loved.

"No sign either Christian or pagan, for death being oblivion

and time respecting nothing, a grave ignored by all is the most consistent and desirable" and he did it, to be something (a much harder thing) With what, was it consistent? Not the belief of his childhood, to which so many Roman Catholics return in the hour of death; not with the beliefs of a Pole, for whom Poland, buried but not dead, was only awaiting a glorious resurrection. The consistency lay with Strzelecki himself, the desire of a deeply disappointed man, a man who had, on all the paths he had followed, missed the one road which might have brought him to the place where he wanted to be.

His generation were dead. The friends of his youth, the relations he kept at a distance, were hardly likely to haunt his tomb, and the friends of his middle life and old age would hardly do more than the dues of respect to a distinguished man. It was not curious heirs, nor importunate admirers, relatives or disciples from whom the lonely old man was seeking to hide. The paragraph in the will is the key to an explanation of what Strzelecki had looked for in life, and what he had found, much deeper and profounder than the epitaph which the Times published a week after his death, which took place on October 6th, 1873. The instructions were carried out. His personal possessions were scattered, his body given private burial (the general opinion is, in Kensal Green Cemetery, but this is not definite) his will filed for probate and put among the other wills in Somerset House. The long life was boiled down to a short summary in books of biography, where most of the facts were incorrect or misleading, and to blurred images in the brains of middle aged people. Only an old woman, in Poland, remembered the young Paul Strzelecki. That memory would soon fade and nothing would remain; nothing of the man except those achievements for which he gave up so much of the real stuff of life, for the sake of which the

intangible essence which is life, slipped between his fingers. He set out to do something, and he did it, to be something (a much harder thing) and that too, he attained; prosperous, well thought of, rich in friendship, titles and honours, he revealed the insufficiency of these and, on the final count--incomplete, failing the knowledge hidden in the unprinted Adyna letters which might make everything plain--merited the summing up his first biographer gave of him:

"An Englishman in his place would have become Viceroy of India or founded somewhere a new Pennsylvania for the Irish, but he lacked the consistency for that. He had a good heart, by Slavonic standards; if an Englishman had been equally good hearted, he would have discovered those new regions and used them for the unfortunate of the world, but (Strzelecki) lacked the practical power to do such things... He had a talent for wandering, but not one for settling. He had the great success, but missed the small detailed, happiness, the need of domestic happiness for himself.... the flowers of joy fell from the tree of his life, and there remained the thorn, eternally renewing itself, of an involuntary regret and a longing denied.

His highway through the world was easy and splendid, but on that road he remained always a "wandering wayfarer" we might almost say a "lone wayfarer" (91)

Page 150

(91) I have translated as literally as I could but the use of inverted commas implies some familiar figure from literature or legend, which I cannot interpret correctly, so let it stand as it was. *S. Michewska 275 p. 11*

NOTES ON

THE DISTRESS IN IRELAND
XIXI

Page 145.

(88) The letter which he wrote to his friend Donaldson in December 1839 is interesting here for two reasons. He says

"I am as you see ~~xx~~ always as one may say one foot in the stirrup, without hurrying or rushing to lift the leg and spur the steed. Meanwhile prepared for the departure which the longer delayed the better--May you delay yours to the longest term of human life"

The same letter contains a passage which throws light on the highly questionable burning of the papers.

"I enclose you again the key of the portmanteaux; in case of my taking a sudden departure for the other world--send the papers of the violet portefeuille to Mm. Andre and Cottier Bankers in Paris, apprising them meanwhile of the great loss the world sustained by my bolt--put at once in the fire the thick red portefeuille and all the correspondence particularly that with womankind:--do what you please with the package of notes and books--dont let them fall into strange or foreign hands"

That was written in Australia, and has been long in the possession of the Mitchel Library. Strzelecki had probably forgotten its existence when he ordered the destruction of his papers in London. Yet, between 1839 and 1873--thirty four years--the same wish was uppermost in his mind when confronting the idea of death. It is an interesting case of that consistency with himself I have stressed. Reference on the next page is to the same letter.

Page 148.

(89) See the chapter on the Pacific and the volcano expedition.

(90) The letter I received from Mr Turno, refusing the rest of the letters as unsuitable for publication, though I assured him they would be subject to any restrictions he put upon their use or quotation, inclines me to the belief that here lies the key to Strzelecki, and until they are open to inspection, the life will always remain incomplete on the side of motive. There, if anywhere, an explanation of the inconsistencies and puzzles must be found.

Page 150

(91) I have translated as literally as I could but the use of inverted commas implies some familiar figure from literature or legend, which I cannot interpret correctly, so let it stand as it was. *Z. Michawska 275 part II.*

For the letter of distress in Ireland in 1847, which too serves I
beg of Lady Herbert to accept as a remembrance of one who has
admired and valued to his last the memory of

THE DISTORTING SHADOW

Death is usually the last chapter in a biographical study. After the best flight of rhetoric the writer can command, he leaves his subject on that lonely height, and closes the record.

But Strzelecki refuses to yield to this treatment. His ghost, if less terrifying than Banquos', less revengeful than the elder Hamlets', is equally restless and equally pervasive. His saddened attempt to attain oblivion by an unmarked grave has had the opposite effect, and involved him in more notoriety, mostly of an unpleasant kind, than the greatest bid for public attention would have done.

The use to which his name has been put since his death, the fantastic, somewhat silly legend which has grown out of it, must be traced in detail, and brought back to the point on which it turns--Strzelecki's will. The full text runs as follows:

"This is the last will and testament of me, Paul Edmund de Strzelecki, of no. 23 Saville Row, E.C.

"First, I direct that all my just debts, funeral and testamentary expenses be paid and satisfied by my sole executor hereinafter named, as soon as conveniently may be after my death.

Second, I give and devise to the Baroness Herbert of Lee, of Wilton House in Salisbury, the silver tea service contained in two rosewood chests which I have received as a testimonial from the gentlemen composing the committee of the British Association for the relief of distress in Ireland in 1847, which tea service I beg of Lady Herbert to accept as a remembrance of one who has admired and valued to his last the memory of her lamented husband

Sidney Herbert, and her own uniform kindness and friendship to him. Besides that, I beg that Lady Herbert should have the first choice of my original drawings which she may fancy and books etc, which she may like to possess.

"Third. And I give and devise and bequeath to my faithful servant Mr Henry Stokes the sum of one thousand pounds sterling for his own use and benefit absolutely, to be paid to him within one calendar month after my decease, free from legacy duty, as also my wearing clothes and linen, my bedstead and bedding, and I give and bequeath to my other servants who at the time of my death to be in receipt of yearly wages, two hundred pounds to each.

"Fourth. And I nominate, constitute and appoint my excellent friend Mr John Lamb Sarver(?) (92) of the firm of Messrs Charles Devaux and Co, of 52 King William Street, to be my residuary(?) legatee and Executor of this my last will and testament.

"Fifthly. Of the rest and remainder of my property of all and every kind, my household furniture, books, plate, pictures, horses and carriages and also of all and every sum and sums of money due to me at the time of my decease or be payable by the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt and also of all my stocks, funds and securities remaining from the sale and payment of my legacies above named as also of every other, my Estate and Effects whatsoever and whosoever both real and personal whether in possession or revision, remainder or expectation, and I give and devise and bequeath the above to him Mr John Lamb Sarver for his own use and benefit absolutely.

"Sixthly. And I hereby entreat and beg of my excellent friend and sole executor and legatee, Mr John Lamb Sarver, to burn all my papers and manuscripts, extracts, scraps, notes, memoranda or

other hereto subscribe our names as witnesses Thomas Ellwright
 journals and letters addressed to me and I also request of him that
 Commercial Place Lewisham W. S. Andrew Wesley 55 Highley St
 my funeral expenses shall be reduced to minimum and that on no
 account he should allow a monument or tombstone or any other sign,

Proved at London 15th October 1873 by the oath of
 Christian or pagan bearing my name to mark my last resting place.
 For death being oblivion and time respecting nothing, a grave with a
 bit of turf over it thus ignored by all is the most consistent and
 desirable.
 less than ten thousand pounds.

"Seventhly. And I give and devise to my dear friend Mr
 Thompson -----(word undecipherable) the silver salver I received
 from the Poor Law Commission in Ireland during the time of distress,
 as also my book of autographs and my riding horse which he liked
 and I beg of Mr Thomson of -----to accept my own star of St
 Michael and George, the -----set with a pendant. The Order of the
 Bath to be returned to the Herald's Office as in duty bound and I
 beg of my universal legatee to allow Mr Thomson Hankey(?) to choose
 any drawing and any books which he may fancy and I beg of my univer-
 sal legatee to return to Mrs Alexander Devaux the diamond ring
 which her husband in memorial of his brother Charles Devaux has
 kindly offered me.

"Eighthly. And I hereby revoke all my former or other
 wills and testaments by me at any time heretofore made, and I declare
 this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof I the said
 Paul Edmund de Strzelecki have to this last will and testmanet set
 my hand the third day of October in the year of our Lord one
 thousand eight hundred and seventy three--Paul Edmund de Strzelecki
 Signed by the said Paul Edmund de Strzelecki the testator and by
 him declared to be his last will and testament in the presence of
 us who at his request in his presence and in the presence of each

other hereto subscribe our names as witnesses Thomas Allwright 1
Commercial Place Lewisham Rd. S.E. Andrew Wesley 6 Mithley (St)
Kennington Park. ~~events had changed conditions in Poland. Our~~
~~knowledge~~ "Proved at London 15th October 1873 by the oath of John
Lamb Sarver the sole executor to whom was granted above. ~~"~~
~~his quiet~~ One other statement on the Somerset House index which did
not appear in the photostat (93)--the will was sworn for probate at
less than ten thousand pounds. ~~proof of any interest he displayed~~
~~even from~~ Such in full is the famous document over which so much
ink has been poured out. Relations of the explorer claim, and near
relatives have claimed for some time, that the will is a forgery. ~~is~~
This view has by this time divided into two branches of thought--
the relations in Poland, who remember fuss and trouble in the past,
but are now content to let the matter rest, and dislike the actions
of the second party, who claim various things against the British
government and the Australian government, as heirs and legatees of
Strzelecki. As papers setting out the present state of the affair
reached my hands before leaving Poland, I interviewed or wrote to, all
the relatives accessible, and tried to piece together their version.
The historical growing of the will forgery case grew up in the ~~did~~
following way. ~~The woman who played the largest part in his life,~~
~~who rec~~ The claim is based on the will itself. Strzelecki leaves
nothing to his relatives, which seems to have surprised them more
than it does us. It was over fifty years since he had left Poland,
and most of his own generation were dead--there was no one to whom
it would be natural to leave money. His not doing so seems quite in
keeping with his policy of keeping visiting connections at a distance
during his life. Filial and family affection had never been a
~~reason for the silence is probably to be found in the unpublished~~

characteristic of his; besides, he may have thought that years of use of his share of his father's property was enough to give (94) Moreover, events had changed conditions in Poland. Our knowledge of Strzelecki for the year 63 is scanty, but the mere absence of evidence to the contrary suggests that he was leading his quiet sheltered life at a time when his countrymen were lavishing blood and treasure in a vain bid for political existence. He was too old to fight, but there seems no proof of any interest he displayed even from afar in the contest. But the tide had swamped the Strzel- eckis left at home, though the trouble as always was in Russian Poland. It had drawn in the Poznan Strzeleckis. The second son of his brother Peter vanished, like so many young men of that time. Jan Strzelecki of Łodz fell (no evidence is forthcoming to show whether or not he was related) The same fate was shared by Sebastian Strze- lecki, a distant cousin. Peter was dead, before 1873, and Isabel, though one son of the former and sons of the latter survived. But these were all aliens of habit, mind and life. There was no link between the old man and the children born after his departure. But there was a serious omission. Adyna was living. He did not mention her. The woman who played the largest part in his life, who received from him letters which were such paens of praise as to be almost embarrassing reading from a man of his age, does not even receive the cursory attention of a presentation tea tray or coffee cup. To have left her money, who was rich (how often, in the letters he so ruthlessly burned, must have begged him to waive pride and take of her plenty) would have been unnecessary, but the failure to mention her name does not shake the validity of the will. The reason for the silence is probably to be found in the unpublished

letters, and must remain unexplained till their secret is made public. If his will is genuine, he did not mention her, though he had other women in his thoughts. But it shows, as it stands, the completeness of his severance with Poland, which seems to have had very little place in his mind, those last few weeks.

The will does not go into detail, though certain facts about it are curious -- the smallness of the sum, as sworn for probate is completely at variance with the style of living the items indicate. Riding horse, carriage horses, in Saville Row -- one thousand pounds, and other two hundred pound legacies, this makes the under ten thousand puzzle of how he lived on it enigmatic indeed. John Lamb Sarver, of the firm of Charles Devaux, one member of which was a personal friend, mentioned in the will, must have been that secretary mentioned elsewhere. Who drew the will is not clear, since Sarver or Sawyer could hardly do so, if genuine, being legatee and executor. The witnesses names are a shade singular -- they appear nowhere else, and must have been servants, too recent^{ly} employed to get bequests, or casual persons, for we find no other mention of them.

So much for the will itself, at first view. Three years after Strzelecki's death, in 1876, the family were ready to take action. Then, the Szupskis and Strzeleckis engaged a Prussian lawyer who went to England and claimed that the will was a forgery, to benefit some person or persons unknown concealed by the ^{al} false name of John Lamb Sarvant, or that this person (it might or might not be his real name) had forged all the necessary documents, and put in the clause about burning the papers to cover his tracks. The evidence they brought forward was that Strzelecki had been good to the family helped them, kept in touch and would never have left the bulk of his

property away from them to strangers. They pointed to the date of the will, made only a few days before his death, at a time when he was too weak to leave his room and when his secretary Sarver had sole access to him, denying even Lady Herbert, who surely could have seen him for a moment if he was well enough to do a big bit of work like dictating a long will. Then, the man who profitted by the will was his secretary--the man most easily able to arrange his seclusion, forge his will, or alternatively, suborne a helpless man to sign a prepared paper. The small value of the will seemed suspicious, and the vagueness of its terms. The evidence for their case was wanting, as the proof of it was beyond me. Without the date of the death of John Lamb Sarver, or particulars, of his life, there is no way of proving anything now. Sarver appealad, and in a second hearing, the validity of the will was upheld. I talked this over with M. Feliks Sypski, grandson of Isabel Strzelecka, and his version seems highly likely; the lawyer, a Prussian, and though the best the family could afford, probably a provincial at best, did not know English law, or any too much of the English language, so was unable to make his points tell. In a letter from another member of the family, it appears that certain members of the family went to London, to make inquiries on the spot, but were soon discouraged (proably not understanding the language) and gave it up in despair. This phase seems to have cost a great deal of money and left most of the surviving kin in the position they are to-day indifference. But it is important as showing that the first generation, those having at least an oral tradition, accounts of visitors to London, those who got at least as far as the club and Strzelecki, believed that Paul Strzelecki died rich. To me it seems that the

whole case was hopeless from the start. If Sarver was dishonest, the money was in the hands of a clever and resourceful scoundrel. In any case, possession was nine tenths of the battle. If the Słupskis had known enough of England to pay a young ambitious lawyer with a name to make, something might have come out of it. At that stage, for an Englishman, there were still friends and eyewitnesses alive who knew Strzelecki and something of his affairs and who could have settled details which are hopeless at this date. The affair put the Polish relatives out of the race, and left them too poor to contend further. John Lamb Sarver was in possession of his gains, well or ill gotten.

There the matter rested, and the years passed, and with them took away any chance which remained of getting to the facts of anything connected with Strzelecki. Papers belonging to him, which had been in his sister's care, letters, early and more recent, were kept by the Słupski family, and finally stored in an old house near Warsaw. M. Słupski distinctly remembers a mass of old family papers stored in a leather bag, in the early years of the war. Then the Russians came, used the house, and used the furniture and with it everything inflammable, to heat the stoves. Other members of the relatives had nothing left of their parents and grandparents except a few, rambling, family legends.

Then, recently, came a recrudescence of interest. A few years ago, a family of the same name, relatives, or another branch--with a different crest, though this is not conclusive either way, began to revive stories of Strzelecki. These soon grew to fantastic proportions, since the journalists of America and Poland were equally ignorant of each other's countries, and equally ready to spread a

given in the chapter on finance do not substantiate, and consequently a story which promised the romantic exaggerations of the Arabian Nights. The year 1935, when, according to English law, any claims to property left by Strzelecki would lose their validity, saw the American press breaking out into wild articles. Next year, it had attracted attention in Poland, and the press there was printing highly coloured stories under sensational headlines.

The American branch of the family has published a pamphlet, where the claims are set out. A copy of this was sent to me by the head of the family in New York, and another has been sent to the Mitchel Library. For this reason, it should be discussed and some of the points raised gone into.

It begins by quoting Howitt's History of Discovery of Australia and Tasmania, and Boase's Modern English Biography and after the usual biography of Strzelecki (certain facts of which, as I have tried to show, have little documentary evidence or even oral tradition to support them) he passes on to make certain demands.

The first of these states that when Strzelecki did his exploratory work in Australia, he was a citizen and patriot of Poland. Apart from the dubious story, to which I have not paid any attention, of his having naturalised as an American, which certain writers on Strzelecki refer to, without giving it an original source, there is no possibility of claiming Strzelecki as a Pole in the legal sense. Of Polish family he was, but being born in Poznan, he was technically a Prussian. The Prussians certainly claimed him as one. I have a cutting from a German newspaper headed: Das neuste Werk eines Preussin uber Australien--a paragraph appearing in the Berlinische Nachrichten of 2nd May 1845. It further asserts that he paid his own expenses with the help of his family--which the facts

given in the chapter on finance do not substantiate, and consequently demands that the Commonwealth of Australia and Great Britain should refund the family those costs amounting to five hundred and sixty thousand dollars (\$560,000) (printed as \$560,000.00)

Count Strzelecki discovered the highest peak and gave it the Polish name of "Mt Kosciuszko (94) and annexed (?) this region as a Polish possession. Because at that moment (I am quoting from the Memorandum) Poland was not legally existent, he could claim that territory on the legal strength of "Priority Rights of Discoverer". Therefore the writer claims one hundred quadratic miles in New South Wales, also the issuance of a free and clear title of ownership, free from any liens and encumbrances.

On the same basis we demand the return of "Strzelecki Province" in the State of Victoria, which is the property of the legal heirs.

That does not seem to need discussion. Anyone interested in Strzelecki's own attitude to Australia and the ground he covered there, is referred back to the preface to Gold and Silver, quoted extensively in the part referring to gold.

The paragraph referring directly to the discovery of gold mines is curious: "Discovery of Fields and Gold Mines in Various Parts of Australasia.

"In the year 1839 Count Strzelecki discovered in the districts of Wellington, Bathurst and Hartley, stratas of gold, in large and small quantities. On the 26th day of October, A.D. 1839, he officially notified the governor of New South Wales (Country contiguous to the newly discovered province) Mr George Gipps of this fact. Mr George Gipps, as the official representative or delegate of the

English Authorities, notified his superior in London (Colonial Office) of Count Paul Edmund Strzelecki's discovery.--Governor George Gipps then received instructions from London which prohibited the extracting of gold to Count Strzelecki, besides obliging him to keep secret the discovery of said bullion, in the aforementioned provinces. By that order Governor Gipps violated the international law of the right of discoverers.

There are a few discrepancies here. In the Mitchel Library is the original copy made by the Secretary's department of Strzelecki's report on the momentous discovery. When Strzelecki reached Melbourne after the journey through Gippsland, he at once wrote a report on the trip, to which he added an analysis of the metals and minerals he had encountered. Either, two copies of it were made, and sent to the Governor, or else, one draft was sent which the office copied and sent to Strzelecki for signature, and which it then filled. At any rate, the Mitchel report has attached to it a letter stating it was to be copied and returned, and it is signed (95) P.E. de Strzelecki and dated "the 26th of June 1840" (96)

It is the same as the report published among the Australian Parliamentary Papers Vol 29. No. 4 and has already been quoted. It definitely states that the gold is not in quantities to repay working. In connection with the conclusion drawn from this, the preface to "Gold and Silver" should be remembered. "On the strength of facts mentioned in the second article of this petition, the administration demands the full return, and without any obligation the gold mines... or the payment for the same in the United States currency, the sum of One Billion, Three hundred and Fifty Million Dollars; (\$1.350.000.000.00)

The third point is the use of the flag."Count P.E. Strzelecki in his discoveries of Aust alasia never employed an English flag. "The provinces discovered by him in Australia at that time were no one's possessions, because they were unknown to anyone, "Any man's land and no man's land" Basing this contention on International Law, Count Strzelecki discovering unknown provinces, automatically became their proprietor." It continues in the same sense. It is hard to believe any educated person could be quite serious in publishing sentences like the above. But the analogy could be brought home to anyone knowing Poland. In the centre of the Russo Polish frontier, east of Minsk and Brest Litewski, there are huge areas of swamp, heavily wooded. In that region, among primeval forests, peasants live who have no word in their language for wheel; to whom wheeled traffic is unknown, who understand boats and --aeroplanes, since the Polish government has recently used these to carry out a first survey of the district. Peasants lived there and did not know a war was on. So one can claim it as unknown, and, off the narrow strips of cleared river bank, "Any man's land and no man's land." Were an Australian, arriving in Poland with passport and visas in order, and doing some botanising, to raise the Australian flag, the cases would be parallel. As a sincere admirer of Strzelecki's work and its value one is sorry to see statements of this sort associated with his name.

"We are again calling your attention to the fact that Count Strzelecki never changed his citizenship, nor was he ever the subject of Great Britain, nor any of the Australian States, when labouring in Australian explorations, in fact to the moment of his death, notwithstanding he was granted various titles carrying with them

the same rights and privileges as were given to subjects of Great Britain."

The date and registration number of Strzelecki's naturalisation were verified at the Home Office, where the original document is kept.

Damages to the Strzelecki family as result of Gipps' forcing the explorer to keep secret his knowledge are estimated at two hundred fifty million dollars. Further sums of one million and five hundred thousand dollars are also claimed, and another one million and five hundred thousand dollars spent on lawsuits in London, and another fortune, left by the Count at the time of his death is also to be added to a total already formidable.

Immediate renewal and permission of Polish immigration to the estates remaining after Strzelecki, known as Strzelecki Province is also a condition, and the original names given by him should be retained. The heirs of the family want the right to settle freely in Australia and to bring with them a thousand persons.

Then the Memorandum goes on to give the reasons for the various claims it puts forward against the Australian Government. The important point is the assertion of invalidity of the will. The grounds it gives have for the most part been already touched on. The name John Lamb Sarwant (97) was false, no such person could be located in Great Britain in the years 1873-1876. The witnesses were not present when the testament was signed, but signed it several days after his death, and these witnesses could not be located.

^{not} How these statements were proved I do not know, but cannot make any comment except as to the difficulty of proving the matter now. If John Sarwant was not represented by counsel or present when

the Prussian lawyer brought his petition against the validity of the will, I should imagine the verdict would have been other than it was. A sum of money which were lying waiting to be gathered up,

It adds that the Strzelecki family were not notified of the decision of the English court, but this must be an oversight, since courts do not act without having at least a case before them, hence somebody must have been appearing for the claimants, and this person should have informed his clients of what was the result of his work. "A Famous Name" The writer gives the known facts of Strzelecki. There are other demands--the revealing of the grave of Strzelecki, the returning of medals and family mementos and a reference to a demand made by Queen Victoria for the invalidity of the will to be recognised. not attached to him personally. He regrets that the reputation. Inside this Memorandum is a picture of Strzelecki (looking somewhat like Kosciuszko in Matejko's picture, outside the Sukiennice) immaculately dressed in Wellingtons and top hat, unfurling the Polish Eagle among a band of shaggy companions who seem to have felt the privations to which their leader was blessedly immune. On the cover is the portrait of Strzelecki in old age, of which I have seen the original in the possession of relatives in Warsaw. like that a life like This Memorandum, though remarkable in itself, would not have received such detailed examination, had it been a purely personal matter, but it has had repercussions in Poland. The average Pole knows little of Australia, and not very much of England, so the notice this wild and picturesque story has attained in the press has ^{not} only roused silly and false ideas of Strzelecki's work, his status, and, in a wider sense, stupid ideas of Australia, its wealth, of its treatment of visitors, the principalities to be carved out of

"No Man's Land". It raised hopes of fabulous fortunes in a number of people who, as relations, considered they had a right to the share in vast sums of money which were lying waiting to be gathered up, and as a result of its failure, embittered and disappointed them.

To such lengths did the newspaper campaign go on both sides of the Atlantic that an article has recently appeared in a reputable Polish paper, written by someone who has sifted the evidence fully and carefully. Its title sums up its attitude "Unworthy Rumours round a Famous Name" The writer gives up the known facts of Strzelecki's life, deplures the sensational revelations in the Polish press, and says justly enough that all this is a purely private matter, affecting the family and descendants of a well known man but definitely not attached to him personally. He regrets that the reputation of a great Pole, whose work reflected credit on his native land, and gave him standing abroad, should be connected with cheap publicity. He ends by expressing his sorrow that falsifications of the facts should be published where people not knowing the truth may be influenced by them. Strzelecki, more than any other Polish scientist, ought to link Poland and England in bonds of sympathy.

All that is true, and a pity. The deeper pity lies that a life like Strzelecki's, where all the mistakes and troubles were personal, where he honoured and lived at peace in his adopted country, should serve as a tool for creating bad feeling. Poland, a nation with a high birth rate, is becoming increasingly aware of her coming need for a place in the sun. Colonially speaking, she is a "have-not" In the same paper which contained the article to which I was just referring, the leading article was "On a Revision of the Colonial Mandates" and the issue is a burning one, to which the

Strzelecki Legend, as opposed to the Strzelecki facts, can only add fuel; it is surely not necessary, in a time of so many political rancours, to pile up one which has no necessity, between two countries whose relations should be entirely friendly. And these claims, in themselves, are the worst possible tribute to Strzelecki's memory; to the man who did not take for himself, one foot of the miles of unclaimed land over which he passed, one stone, other than a specimen of all the territory he surveyed, and who was content with the only payment he ever got, in the coin of renown.

He does not deserve such treatment. Like the rest of humanity he had his vanities: the title count, the heartening roll of his decorations and honours sounded sweet to him; his life and circumstances were not of his making more than are other men's for he, like the rest of humanity, was the result of his nature and the impact of outward forces upon it. These formed the character he had and from it came the events of his long career. Asking no more than he got in life, after it he needs no more honour than he earned honestly, received freely, and accepted with pride. If, a Pole of the Age of the Captivity, he missed the two greatest titles in Mickiewicz's famous epitaph, and was neither soldier nor poet, he was at least exile. To that absence from the place where he should have been, for happiness, he added the honourable rank of explorer, scientist and philanthropist, and was a man who without any advantage of birth or chance, with nothing to recommend but himself, in a strange country, created a niche in its social life, a place in its history, and wrote the names of his chosing across a continent. With so much outward success he must be content in that unmarked grave which, whether

decreed by his own wish, or by a trick, becomes very well the wanderer over so many lands, resting at last in the narrow island of his certain words, see photostat of it given as appendix.

Page 152.

(92) Sarver seems the nearest to the name I can make out. Mr Strzalecki in his Memorandum gives it as Sarvent. Both seem extraordinary names.

Page 154

(93) This was made for me when in London, and the statement about the ten thousand was not on it but on the entry in the book where the particulars of the wills were kept.

Page 155.

(94) As there is no primogeniture in Poland, Strzalecki had a right to the third part of Wyszyna, or its equivalent in money. This he never took, unless the money given him to leave home after the Turno affairs can be regarded as part payment, which it was too small to be.

Page 160.

(94a) Kuchluszko is the actual Polish name what form Strzalecki actually gave I cannot trace, as the letters to Adams being translated would naturally have the real form. Where the corruption crept in, it is now hard to say.

The Memorandum, attached as appendix was sent to me from America in reply to a letter asking positive information on one or two points. At the same time I received a list of references which I also append, and a letter asking me to defray part of the cost of collecting information. As I could not do this, I have treated the Memorandum as I would have done any document which related to the subject.

Page 161.

(95) The signature is interesting. I have seen various authentic signatures, all from late in Strzalecki's life, and they show some variety. The one in the Physical Description presented to the Macynski Library in Poznan, that in the list of members of the Royal Society, are like this. In some places he uses Edward, in others Edmund. Always the "de" is shown.

(96) Strzalecki often wrote the date as "26th of June". If it was not a custom of the time, it was probably a false date. 25 Czerwca--genitive of June.

Page 163.

(97) Sarvent. This time I have used the form of the Memorandum

NOTES ON

XXX

For full draft of will, in which I could not make out certain words, see photostat of it given as appendix.

Page 152.

(92) Sarver seems the nearest to the name I can make out. Mr Strzelecki in his Memorandum gives it as Sarwant. Both seem extraordinary names.

Page 154

(93) This was made for me when in London, and the statement about the ten thousand was not on it but on the entry in the book where the particulars of the wills were kept.

Page 155.

(94) As there is no primogeniture in Poland, Strzelecki had a right to the third part of Głuszyna, or its equivalent in money. This he never took, unless the money given him to leave home after the Turno affairs can be regarded as part payment, which it was too small to be.

Page 160..

(94a) Kościuszko is the actual Polish name what form Strzelecki actually gave I cannot trace, as the letters to Adyna being translated would naturally have the real form. Where the corruption crept in, it is now hard to say.

The Memorandum, attached as appendix was sent to me from America in reply to a letter asking positive information on one or two points. At the same time I received a list of references which I also append, and a letter asking me to defray part of the cost of collecting information. As I could not do this, I have treated the Memorandum as I would have done any document which related to the subject.

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(95) The signature is interesting. I have seen various authentic signatures, all from late in Strzelecki's life, and they show some variety. The one in the Physical Description presented to the Racynski Library in Poznan, that in the list of members of the Royal Society, are like this. In some places he uses Edmond, in others Edmund. Always the "de" is shown.

(96) Strzelecki often wrote the date as "26th of June" If it was not a custom of the time, it was probably a Polonism since 26 Czerwca--genitive of June.

Page 163.

(97) Sarwant. This time I have used the form of the Memorandum

