

MEMOIRS, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

Journey from Cracow to Warsaw.—Appearance of that capital.—Want of police and regulations.

—The Vistula.—Praga.—Signs of decay and ruin.—Jews.—Restlections on the state of Poland.

WARSAW, June 28, 1778.

offer fewer objects of information, curiofity, or amusement, in the common acceptation of the terms, than that which extends from the gates of Cracow to the suburbs of Warsaw, a distance of at least two hundred miles through the central provinces of Poland. It may however be justly said, that the appearance of the VOL. II.

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country itself, the aspect of its inhabitants, and the face of every individual, excite reflexions, which if not pleafing, are nevertheless important. In the midst of a soil naturally rich and fertile, they are in want of common necessaries. I could scarcely procure bread in any of the wretched posthouses at which I stopped, except of a kind fo black, four, and execrable, as not to be eaten. Inns there are none which merit the name: but the Jews, who form the majority of the people in the villages, feem to keep alive the little subfishing industry. The Poles, among whom depopulation, oppression, and misery, appear under every possible shape, manifest in their looks and whole appearance the utmost poverty: even the churches are composed of wood, and the hovels of the peafants are of the fame materials. I fcarcely faw a nobleman's or gentleman'shouse of any kind; and the roads are either left in their natural state, or are made, where the ground is marshy, by fir trees laid across them close to each other.

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as in Russia. The very water is mostly unwholesome and stagnant. It must however be admitted that the posts are tolerably well served; and though the horses are small and weak, yet as numbers supply the defect of strength, a traveller cannot reasonably complain of the want of expedition. As I drew near Warsaw, I saw no marks of opulence, cultivation, or luxury, such as usually bespeak the approach to a capital. A wide open plain, interspersed with little woods of fir or birch, and equally destitute of natural as well as artificial beauty, extends quite to the entrance of the city.

This metropolis itself seems to me, like the Republic of which it is the head, to unite the extremes of civilization and of barbarism, of magnificence and wretchedness, of splendor and misery; but, unlike all other great cities of Europe, these extremes are not softened, approximated, and blended by any intermediate gradations. The middle orders of men, who every where else form the most numerous class

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of citizens, the most useful, and the most industrious, appear hardly to have any existence here. Palaces and sheds, the mansions of the great, and the cottages of the poor, compose exclusively the larger portion of Warsaw. It is like an assemblage of nobles and flaves, of lords and vassals, such as the darkness of the middle ages when feudal tyranny prevailed univerfally, might have exhibited; but which, happily for mankind, is now no where to be feen except in Poland. Even Constantinople is in this respect far less barbarous; and the genius of the Ottoman government is more favourable to commerce, ingenuity, and the arts that humanize fociety, than the city from which I am now writing. The despotism of one man, however pernicious, is yet less destructive than the tyranny of a thousand petty despots; and the Turks, though fallen from their antient fplendor, do not present a picture of national degradation or humiliation, fuch as the Poles at present offer to the world.

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As I walk through the streets of Warfaw, I continually imagine myself in some scattered and half ruined village. All the municipal defects of Cracow exist here in a greater degree. I am no longer furprised that a King, in his own carriage, furrounded by guards and attendants, could be feized and carried off in the midst of his capital, as was Stanislaus scarcely feven years ago. In a city where there are no lamps in winter, and no precautions taken for general fecurity, any desperate banditti, protected by the night, may commit the most atrocious crimes. I am not amazed to hear Mr. Wroughton, the English Minister, say, that he has seen Prince Radzivil, one of the greatest Polish noblemen, when coming to court in his own coach drawn by the finest set of horses in the kingdom, so completely fluck fast in the mire at a hundred yards from the Royal Palace, as to make it necessary for him to be taken out, and carried thither in the

arms of his fervants. At the close of the

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late reign, in 1763, Warsaw was almost wholly unpaved. Even at prefent, and in this feason of the year, after violent rain, many of the streets are totally impassable on foot, and nearly fo on horseback, or in a carriage. The buildings are fo irregular, scattered, and disjoined, that great fpaces remain unoccupied, and even unlevelled, in the most frequented parts of the metropolis. In front of Stanislaus's palace, fo indecently neglected are the fewers, that the fmell is pestilential. nation too indolent to remedy fuch nuifances, or fo accustomed to them as not to perceive how incompatible they are with fafety, comfort, and falubrity, feems not far removed from barbarism: yet, by a fingular contradiction, Warsaw presents under other aspects all the refinement of Paris, the arts of Florence, and the splendor of Petersburgh.

The Vistula, though considerably broader than the Thames at Windsor, wants beauty, depth, and every artificial aid or improvement.



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Its fides are in general low and fandy; its channel obstructed by banks which continually shift; and the colour of its waters is thick and muddy, like those of the Tyber. The Poles feem fcarcely to be confcious that it is navigable; and it is rare to fee upon it a vessel of any kind. A bridge of boats laid across the stream, conducts to Praga, a town or fuburb on the eastern Praga is a wretched collection of cottages or huts, built of wood, and scattered irregularly in the fand without order or plan; fuch as Tartars, and only Tartars, would construct or inhabit. Yet this is the principal object scen from the windows of the royal palace, which stands on the opposite bank. It is large, but cannot be esteemed a regular, or a magnificent edifice. The two last Kings, Augustus the Second and Third, not chusing to inhabit it, erected another, in which when at Warsaw they commonly resided and held their court, still denominated from them, "the Saxon Palace." Hardly a fingle B 4

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fingle public monument of art, taste, or devotion, exists in this metropolis. The very churches and palaces are unfinished, or falling to decay. Among the latter are many which want inhabitants; not more than a fourth part of the great families who resided here at the death of Augustus the Third, being now in a state to maintain their dignity. Prince Radzivil's palace, one of the most superb, is converted into a playhouse. Such is the wretched state of the capital of Poland; a country which previous to the late dismemberment, was larger than the nine Circles of the German Empire.

The people accord in their appearance too well with the aspect of every thing around them. I never beheld so many objects of horror or compassion, as present themselves in the streets: many of these are a disgrace to humanity, as well as a reproach to the national police. Warsawis likewise crowded with Jews, who form a considerable proportion of the inhabitants. They wear



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wear a distinguishing dress, and derive a very precarious subsistence from the arts of fraudulent commerce, most of them being extremely poor. From time to time they are plundered, exiled, imprisoned, and massacred: yet, under such accumulated vexations, they continually multiply, and are here found in far greater numbers than even at Amsterdam.

After this disgusting description of Warsaw, you will be associated when I add, that
notwithstanding the picture of public misery
which it displays, I am highly pleased with it
as a temporary residence. Many circumstances conduce to render the place more than
ordinarily agreeable to a stranger. The King
is, of all the Princes whom I have ever seen,
the most accessible, easy, pleasing, and even
captivating in his manners. I have been
in his society; and I am not surprised, when
I consider his person and address, at the
partiality of Catharine for Count Poniatowski. The Polish nobility of both sexes,
whatever may be their essential desects

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of character, want none of the exterior graces of deportment. In the palaces of the Oginskis, Czartoriskis, and numerous others, is still to be found every display of refinement, hospitality, and magnificence. Many of the great families continue to live in a style almost royal, amidst the ruins of their expiring country. In no court or capital of Europe are to be found men more accomplished, nor women more beautiful, polished, and agreeable. As an Englishman, I have the greatest personal obligations to Mr. Wroughton, his Majesty's Minister, who has rendered my stay here at once delightful and informing. His long refidence in Poland; his intimate acquaintance, or rather friendship with the King, both before and fince his elevation to the throne; his perfect knowledge of this country, whose decline and partition he has witnessed; the variety of curious and interesting anecdotes with which his converfation abounds; these circumstances, added to numerous proofs of his regard, have

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