

# Polish Genealogical Society of Minnesota NEWSLETTER

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No. 2

## Missing Records for Polish Ancestors of Silver Lake / Hale Minnesota

by

William R. Graczyk

I was continually coming up with missing records for my ancestors from the Silver Lake area of McLeod, Minnesota. I would find information on them from Federal and state census. The time period would consist of the years of about 1870 to 1890. For the St. Adalbert's baptism record book there is an annotation that stated if you couldn't find a record that it may have burned in a fire of the St. George church. Well I was trying to find the death record in church records for my great-great grandfather Valentine Nowak. I was able to find his civil death record but not a lot of information was on it. I had found his marriage record back in Poland.

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**Stone Cross east of Glencoe & north of Knife River**

And also his boat record of his coming to America. The civil record of his death showed he died 26 Aug 1882. And it had a date filed of 10 Dec 1882.

I started to look for information on the St. George church. There was not a lot of info that I could find about it. One break came at the Genealogical library in Minneapolis. I found an article on it. It gave a history of the early settlers of the area and churches. In it was the church of St. George in the town of St. George. As early as 1872 there was a church and a cemetery next to it. By 1877 the town of St. George had decreased in population so much that the church members of the St. George Catholic Church were only organized as a station. In 1890 the station was incorporated into the church of Sts. Peter & Paul. Also in the fall of 1890 a new St. George church was built in Glencoe. It burned down on 21<sup>st</sup> of March 1892. I would suspect that my Valentine Nowak's

*Missing Records ..... (Continued on page 8)*

### ***Polish Genealogical Society of Minnesota***

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Submitting items for publication is welcome and highly encouraged. We require feature-length articles be submitted exclusively to PGS-MN. Articles, letters, book reviews, news items, queries, etc. should be mailed to: Peggy Larson, Editor *PGS-MN Newsletter*, 557 98<sup>th</sup> Lane NW, Coon Rapids, MN 55433 or e-mailed to: [editorpgsmn@gmail.com](mailto:editorpgsmn@gmail.com)

#### **To apply for membership**

**Please use application form on insert page**

Dues are \$20 for one year or \$50 for three years.

#### **Address/e-mail changes or membership questions?**

Contact: Dori Marszalek, Membership Chair  
3901 - 61st Ave. N., Brooklyn Center MN 55429-2403  
or e-mail: [doripgs@comcast.net](mailto:doripgs@comcast.net)

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### ***President's Letter***

After decades of researching my family tree, I finally attended my first official "Family Reunion". It was for my wife's side. I've been emailing her cousin in Colorado off and on for years. Back in January, we both said we should get together and share all our information in person. We picked the town in southern Minnesota that had the most graves and early family history. Then we started emailing the other relatives. We ended up with about 20 people coming in from WA, ND, CO, NE, and several parts of MN. Our TX kin had to cancel at the last minute for medical reasons.

I know that there are entire books written on how to host a Family Reunion. But believe me, it does not have to be that complicated. We met at the local church for services Sunday morning. Used the church building for a meet & greet that afternoon and went out to a restaurant near the hotel for dinner that evening. On Memorial Day, there was a ceremony at the town hall and a military march down to the cemetery where we place wreaths on veteran's graves. After the 21 gun salute, we walked from the cemetery to the church basement for a luncheon fundraiser put on by the Cemetery Association - you have to pay someone to cut the grass all summer! We spent the afternoon on a walking tour of the old neighborhood and at the local historical society. We broke up by dinner time. Some folks flew in earlier and stayed later. But we got lots of visiting in over those two days.

Some things that really helped: name tags; a laptop and projector with extra thumb drives to show and share pictures and trees; a cooler full of drinks and snacks so you can stay together; a sheet with everyone's name and cell number if you get separated, plus emails for contacts before and after.

If you have been thinking of holding a Family Reunion, now is the time to plan. You can pull it off this fall, or start planning now for next summer. You owe it to your relatives – even the ones that aren't born yet.

Jerome Biedny [jaybiedny@juno.com](mailto:jaybiedny@juno.com)



## **Correspondence ... Komunikacja**

### *101 Things Every Polish American Should Do*

I filled out my checklist yesterday and got a 65. Easily a dozen of those were from just being an active PGSMn member! I think I could work on another 15, but realistically don't ever expect to get over an 80 any time soon. Thanks for putting this in the newsletter. I'm going to send it to my really Polish cousin in Buffalo to see how she scores.

Jay Biedny



## **Extra Contributions**

The following members have made at least a \$10 contribution in addition to membership and are hereby recognized as ***Sustaining Members***.

Sandra Batalden  
Jerome Biedny  
Vernon Broll  
Veronica Freihammer  
Adam Geron  
Gerald Keeville  
Dan Schyma

***Dziękuję***

[Thank you!]

A very special thank you goes out to Sustaining Members, ***John and Judy Rys***, who made a substantial contribution to help cover expenses for our participation in the Twin Cities Polish Festival.

## **Recently at PGS-MN Meetings**

On Saturday, May 3, 2014, we had two presentations at the member meeting.

The first presentation speaker was Brigid Shields from the Minnesota Historical Society Research Center. The topic was Genealogical Resources and Methods.

Brigid gave a wonderful presentation on the History Research Society's role in not only the great resources they have available for genealogists, but also the many educational programs and exhibits the Minnesota Historical Society hosts for all members of the family. The presentation included information on the multitude of research records available at the History Center and the help available from their devoted staff.

The second presentation speaker was Jay Biedny, president of the Polish Genealogical Society of Minnesota. This topic was Tracing Your Polish Roots: Starting in America.

Jay has spent more than 30 years researching the records of his 100% Polish heritage. His presentation reviewed basic strategies for finding and organizing Polish-American genealogical records. It was an excellent presentation for both someone just starting out on their genealogy journey and for those who think they have explored every last scrap of paper that exists.

The presentation was full of clear examples to get you moving toward the ultimate goal: finding your ancestral town and parish in Poland, and possibly reconnecting with lost relatives.

## **Upcoming Meetings, Programs, Events**

### **PGS-MN Meetings Calendar**

**September 6, 2014** – Cultural and Socio-Political Art Scene during Communism in Poland

**October 11, 2014** – Jewish Identity and Legacy Project

**November 1, 2014** – The Polish Experience during the period of Martial Law in Poland

See details next page....

## **PGSMN Member Meetings**

### **Saturday, September 6**

10 a.m. – 12 noon

MGS Library, 4<sup>th</sup> floor boardroom

### **The Cultural and Socio-Political Art Scene that Developed Under Communism in Poland**

**Guest Speaker: Dr. Joanna Inglot, Macalester College**

Dr. Inglot teaches Modern and Contemporary Art History at Macalester College in St. Paul, MN where she is the Chair and Associate Professor.

Dr. Inglot grew up just outside of Wroclaw, Poland and immigrated to the U.S. where she completed her B.A. at the University of Illinois, Chicago and her M.A. and Ph.D. at the University of Wisconsin, Madison. She is a recipient of numerous awards and grants including a Fulbright Fellowship, American Council of Learned Societies, International Exchanges Commission Grant and the National Endowment of the Humanities.

She has been writing and lecturing extensively in Europe and the United States and has written several books. She will present on the works of Magdalena Abakanowicz and the environment and myths that persisted under Poland's communist control. Art has played a big role in the lives of Poles and your ancestors throughout history. You will be especially proud of your Polish heritage after listening to a presentation on the pioneering work of the great fiber artist and sculptor Magdalena Abakanowicz.

### **Saturday, October 11**

10 a.m. – 12 noon

MGS Library, 4<sup>th</sup> floor boardroom

### **Jewish Identity and Legacy Project**

**Guest Speaker: Susan Weinberg**

Susan Weinberg is an artist and genealogist who has done genealogy consulting and speaks both nationally and internationally on Jewish genealogy, and her Jewish artwork exhibits.

Susan will share her work on the Jewish Identity and Legacy project, an oral history project with residents from Sholom Home in collaboration with Sholom Home and the Jewish Historical Society of the Upper Midwest.

She began a series of interviews with residents, most in their 90s and spanning those who grew up in early immigrant communities in Minnesota, Russian immigrants and Holocaust survivors. She is continuing her work with a series of cross-generational interviews. She will play brief excerpts of the interviews and share the artwork she developed to tell their stories.

Our ancestors, some Jewish, came from Poland or lived and worked with many Jewish families because Poland had the greatest or one of the greatest Jewish populations in Europe before the holocaust. We are very pleased to have Susan speak to us about that heritage.

### **Saturday, November 1**

Time: TBA

MGS Library Auditorium

### **Joint Meeting with Pommern Group The Polish Experience during the period of Martial Law in Poland**

**Guest Speaker: Dr. Christopher Gehrz, Bethel University**

Dr. Christopher Gehrz Professor of History and Chair of the History Department at Bethel University will discuss what our Polish parents and grandparents experienced in Poland during the period of martial law in Poland under General Wojciech Jaruzelski. Although very controversial, General Jaruzelski just very recently passed away and was awarded an honorable burial in Poland.

Dr. Gehrz received his Ph.D from Yale University with an emphasis on European and diplomatic history. He regularly teaches a course on Poland and has continued his research on diplomacy, war, and especially human rights which will be of special interest to our genealogy researchers who want to know more about how their relatives in Poland lived their daily lives prior to the collapse of the Soviet Union.

Further information about the details of the joint meeting will be included in the next issue of this newsletter as well as the other communication media normally used.

## North Star Family History Conference

The 7th Annual MGS North Star Family History Conference will be held October 3-4 at Colonial Church, Edina. This year's theme is "**New Frontiers in Genealogy.**"



The featured speaker is Judy G. Russell, JD, CG, CGL. The author of The Legal Genealogist blog ([www.legalgenealogist.com](http://www.legalgenealogist.com)), Judy is a genealogist with a law degree. In addition to writing her daily blog, she teaches at the Samford Institute of Genealogy & Historical Research (IGHR), the Salt Lake

Institute of Genealogy (SLIG), the Genealogical Research Institute of Pittsburgh (GRIP), and Boston University's Center for Professional Education.

Judy will present four keynote sessions:

- Facts, Photos, and Fair Use
- "Don't Forget the Ladies"- a Genealogist's Guide to Women and the Law

- Blackstone to the Statutes at Large - How Knowing the Law Makes Us Better Genealogists
- Where There Is--or Isn't--a Will.

A special pre-conference event focuses on DNA. Judy will present "DNA Goes Genderless" Thursday evening at Colonial Church. Registration for the DNA lecture is separate from conference registration, and there is an additional charge.

The conference offers 20 breakout sessions in four tracks: Minnesota Research Tools, Problem-Solving, Military/Early American Research, and General Genealogy. Breakout speakers include both presenters well-known to MGS audiences and new faces. Speakers include Vickie Chupurdia; Linda Coffin; J. H. Fonkert, CG; Valerie Eichler Lair, the MGS DNA Interest Group; Tom Rice, CG; Michael L. Strauss, AG; Kristie Strum; Paula Stuart-Warren, CG; Joel Watne, and Cathi Weber.

Attendees will be able to browse exhibit tables featuring genealogical societies and other groups of genealogical interest. Lunch is included in the registration price, and each attendee will receive tickets for door prize drawings. Colonial Church has plenty of parking and free Wi-Fi.

For full program and registration information, visit the MGS website ([www.mnngs.org](http://www.mnngs.org)). Registration is now open, with special early-bird pricing through September 7th.

The conference planning committee is always looking for additional volunteers. Several opportunities are available. Contact Cathy Naborowski ([cnaborowski@yahoo.com](mailto:cnaborowski@yahoo.com)) for more information. **PGS-MN**



## Records Translation Day!... Coming Soon!!

Do you have a genealogical document written in a foreign language and would love to know what it says? Noted linguist and Society member, Iwona Srienc has graciously offered to help you. If you have a document in Polish, Russian or Ukrainian she will help you translate it this fall.

### *This is what you need to do:*

Scan the document and attach it to an email and send it to [pgsmnspecialproject@gmail.com](mailto:pgsmnspecialproject@gmail.com)

OR

Mail a copy of the document with a cover letter to:

Translation Project  
6909 West 82<sup>nd</sup> Street  
Bloomington, MN 55438

Please include your name, mailing address, and phone number with a short description of how you received the document and what you think it is.

### **DO NOT SEND THE ORIGINAL DOCUMENT.**

### *This is what Iwona will do for you:*

Read through your document ahead of time. Then, she will meet with you during our member meeting on **Saturday, 11 October 2014**. At that time she will read the contents to you aloud. You can tape record her oral translation and/or transcribe it as she progresses. Unfortunately, she does not have the time to actually type up the full translation to each item. If your document copy was of poor quality, please bring the original with you in October to make the reading go more smoothly.

***Documents are limited to a single submission per member and are limited to two pages. The submissions will be processed on a first received first served basis. Depending on demand, the translation reading may reach into the afternoon or be held at a subsequent meeting. So, grab those old documents and send them in- NOW! PGS-MN***

## UPGS Conference - Genealogy & Technology



United Polish Genealogical Societies  
2014 Biennial Conference - Salt Lake City, UT -  
May 2 – 5, 2014

Oh, how I wish I were rich! Yes, that was my thought in late winter this year. I had two opportunities to travel: 1) Las Vegas with husband and a group of friends the last week of April 2014, or 2) Salt Lake City for the UPGS Conference – Genealogy and Technology the first weekend in May, but I had only enough money for one. Hmm, what's a gal to do?!

Husbands (and friends) are important too, so I chose the Vegas trip. But good fortune came my way when my travel agent called me and said he had a free ticket to anywhere in the contiguous 48 states and would I like to use it? Oh boy, WOULD I!! So after four days in Vegas and then three days back at work, I was off again to Salt Lake City for the UPGS Conference!!

The Conference was from Friday, May 2 to Monday, May 5, 2014. I arrived in Salt Lake City on Thursday so I could spend a day in the Family History Library researching ships before the Conference started. I am pleased to say I located the ship records of my great-great-grandfather and his family and the ship records of his brother and family also. The workers at the Library are extremely helpful.

A great group of people participated in this conference. Very many friendly, helpful, and knowledgeable folks were there from all around the country. I thought one cool thing they had was a map of Poland in the back of the meeting room. On this map, all participants put a pin the area or areas of Poland their ancestors were from. It was cool to see the clusters of pins, and to find the people who

*UPGS Conference .... (Continued on page 8)*

**Missing Records** (continued from page 1)

death record may have been in this church. Since many parishioners of the St. George church of the town St. George also went to the Sts. Peter & Paul church the record may have been there, but that church burned down on 19<sup>th</sup> March 1877, rebuilt and then burned again on 13<sup>th</sup> October 1889.

At some point the bodies of the old St. George cemetery in the town of St. George were exhumed and reburied in the old St. George cemetery of Glencoe. All that remains is a stone cross of the cemetery; it is south of Highway 212 and just north of the cement business Knife River. (See photo on front page.) While asking about the burials of this old St. George church in Glencoe I was told that when the highway 212 was built these bodies were once again dug up and moved. So much for rest in peace!

I have become somewhat of an expert on the Polish settlers of the Hale/Silver Lake, McLeod County. And some of them who moved to other counties from there.

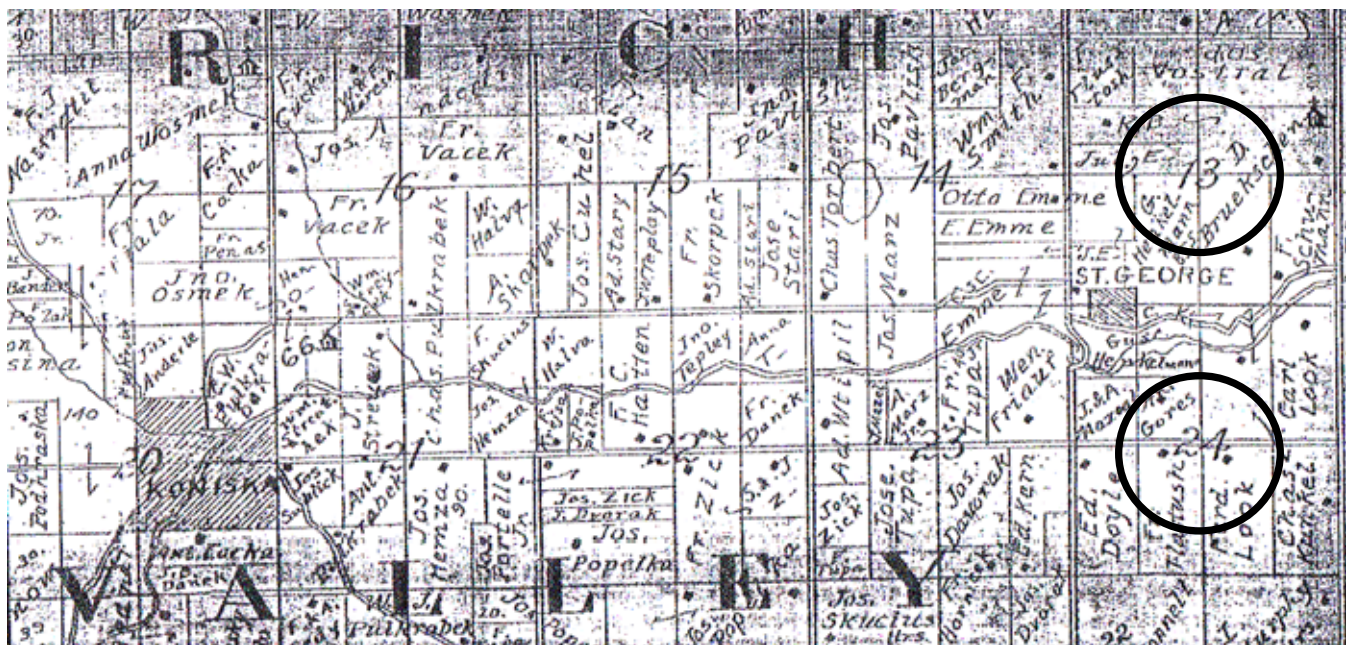
***So I would like to offer my services to help anyone with finding their ancestors from this area.*** I can send them copies of documents from the St. Adalbert's catholic church there as I have access to the microfilms. Also I know of the originating place back in Poland where many came from. I am working on a booklet to list the Polish families and from where they came from in Poland.

Best regards,

William R Graczyk



Looking east at present day land, where St. George town was. (Sec 13 left & Sec 24 right).



Part of township map showing where the town of St. George was. (Right side section 13 & 24)

## ***UPGS Conference*** (continued from page 6)

put their pin near mine and then engage them in conversation and share research tips and hints for our particular part of Poland.

There were a number of sessions:

- *MyHeritage.com* – Mark Olsen
- Advancing Your Polish Research – Sonja Hoeke-Nishimoto
- Maps & Gazetteers for Genealogy - Sonja Hoeke-Nishimoto
- Immigration Agents – Ceil Jensen
- Notary Records in Poland – Tadeusz Pilat
- New Tools & Ideas in Research – Josh Taylor
- The Peasant & the Palace: Research Manor Records – Ceil Jensen
- Searching the 3 Partitions at FHL; LDS Filming Projects in Poland – Greg Nelson
- This is Women's Work—Midwifery – Ceil Jensen

I was unable to attend all the sessions but those that I attended were interesting and very informative. My favorite session was the *MyHeritage.com* session.

*MyHeritage.com* was presented by Mark Olsen, Biz Dev Manager. I had used MyHeritage.com several years back. At that time, they claimed *MyHeritage.com* could and would search dozens of genealogy websites all at once saving me search time, much like Orbitz or Travelocity does for airline tickets. So I tried the site. I didn't care for using it. Yes, it did what it claimed but it took all day and sometimes into the evening to complete its searches. Plus, the results weren't actual records but mostly a list of sites that *have* records I'm seeking. Unfortunately, many of those sites were

fee-based; or they were "free" for a limited number of records but then required a membership or fee.

*MyHeritage.com* has come a long way! They now have 5 billion (actual) records! Ancestry.com has twice that number. However, where Ancestry.com gives you hints (those little leaves on your screen), *MyHeritage.com* sends you actual record matches. No hints, but REAL matches, and with 97% accuracy!! It literally searches while you sleep! They send you the match, you confirm it, and attach the record to your tree. Sourcing is automated for you.

Conference attendees were given a six month free trial to try it out. I've been using it and have been amazed at the number of records that are matching. I even got a match from a family tree originating in Poland! I can't wait to find out if and/or how we are related! I'm quite sure it'll be very distantly but I'm still thrilled to get this match, and I'm quite certain I wouldn't have located it on my own!

*MyHeritage.com* also has genealogy software entitled, Family Tree Builder 7.0, on their website which you can download for free. And you can load a GED-COM file into it so you don't have to re-enter all your data manually.

I also attended *Advancing Your Polish Research – Using Polish Websites* and *Maps & Gazetteers for Genealogy* which were both presented by Sonja Hoeke-Nishimoto, Germanic/Polish Research Consultant FamilySearch at the Family History Library. Sonja had a very long list of websites and books and guides. Only some of them were discussed in the session or we'd still be there☺.

I thought it would be good to share the lists with the PGS-MN membership via this newsletter so I have written to the appropriate authorities to request permission to reprint the list. If and when I get documented permission to reprint, I will certainly share the list with newsletter readers. In the meantime, here are some URLs I hand wrote in my notes I can share:



[www.kartemeister.com](http://www.kartemeister.com) - place name change website

[http://www.usc.pl/s\\_urzedy.php](http://www.usc.pl/s_urzedy.php) - look here to get e-mail addresses to parishes and civil registry offices in Poland.

[www.list.genealogy.net/mm/listinfo](http://www.list.genealogy.net/mm/listinfo) - helpful lists - groups to join, people write back answers to your questions you post.

When I did research in the Family Search Library on Thursday, I found the ship manifest with my great-great-grandfather's name (Wawrzyniec Wiczorek) on it, along with his wife (Katarzyana) and sons, Johann and Stanis. The record listed their destination as Pennsylvania. I thought was peculiar because as far as I know they came straight to Minnesota. That Pennsylvania in the record made me question whether that really is their record.

Then at Saturday's **Immigration Agents** session presented by Ceil Wendt Jensen, I learned it's very possible my ancestors were recruited to come to America. In this session, we learned that "during the 19<sup>th</sup> century many Midwestern and Western states employed immigration commissioners and agents who competed for immigrants from Europe. The states wanted suitable new citizens who could clear and till the land, and become taxpayers. Wanting to separate the workers from freeloaders before they came to America agent M.H. Allardt wrote: 'others who think that they only need to open their mouths and they will be filled with roasted pigeons will find that even over there pigeons must be shot, plucked, and placed in the pan to be roasted.' These agents solicited rail and ship packages in Europe for passage to their states and communities." Most immigrants paid their own way while the agents received free passage if they booked a set number of immigrants.

According to Ceil Wendt Jensen, researching the agents' duties, their recruitment materials, and their records will shed light on your ancestor's passage to America. This gives me another avenue to pursue

in determining why what I believe is my ancestors' ship manifest lists Pennsylvania as their destination.

A couple of notes from the **Notary Records in Poland** session by Tadeusz Pilat. Notaries were obligated to record non-confrontational cases or items. Such documents can be of great value and may add to family history data which cannot be found in any kind of parish or civil register. The following is a list of types of notary records Tadeusz considers could provide the most information, in order:

1. Inheritance cases (may find detailed family connections)
2. Purchase – sale contracts
3. Premarital agreements
4. Wills/testaments
5. Guardianship cases
6. Signature Acknowledgements
7. Interrogations

Some vocabulary to know when doing this type of research, especially if you're actually in Poland, is to know that a "fond" is a group of records of the same origin and "sygnatura" is what we'd call a "call #" in our library systems.

Unfortunately I had to depart for home before the Conference ended so I missed a few sessions including the Keynote Address, **"Family History in Pop Culture"** at the banquet Monday evening. Still all in all it was a great trip and I'm ready to go again! Well, after I save up some \$\$ that is. ☺

Peggy Larson  
Editor, PGS-MN Newsletter  
**PGS-MN**

† †

## **“Black Cross” presented at the 2014 Twin Cities Polish Film Festival, August 8-31**

As part of the Twin Cities Polish Festival (August 8-10), The Film Society of Minneapolis St. Paul presents great Polish films. This year the Festival presents *Martin Scorsese Presents: Masterpieces of Polish Cinema*.

One of the films in this collection is a film entitled, “Black Cross.” Released in September 1960, this film was the first post-war historical epic produced in Poland. It was the first Polish blockbuster having 14 million viewers in the first four years and was exported to 46 different countries. The film remains the most popular film ever screened in Polish cinemas.

*Black Cross* is an historical romance set in medieval times and features battles galore, political maneuvering, and tragic love. The film is an adaptation of Nobel Prize winner Henryk Sienkiewicz’s novel, *Krzyżacy* (aka *The Teutonic Knights*). The novel follows the adventures of Macko, a resourceful and wise veteran of war, and his young nephew, Zbyszko, the symbol of a maturing nation, as they struggle, along with the unified peoples of Poland and Lithuania, against the oppressive religious military order, the Teutonic Knights.

Read the first two chapters here and then attend the screening of the film during the Twin Cities Polish Film Festival to get the rest of the story. Show times at St. Anthony Main Theater on Saturday, Aug. 16 at 1:00 PM, or Wednesday, Aug. 20 at 6:30 PM

*Editor’s note: In lieu of having any original articles submitted for publication this quarter, I am publishing the start of this novel similar to how it was originally published, that is, as a serial. The serial publication started in February 1897 and concluded in 1899; published in book format in 1900. Yes, it is a very long story.*

*I certainly hope to receive members’ articles, stories, inquiries, photos, etc. soon so I don’t end up publishing this serial until 2016!!!*

*Please send in your original written works to [edtorpgsmn@gmail.com](mailto:edtorpgsmn@gmail.com). soon!!! Thank you!*

† †

## **THE KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS**

**or, KRZYZACY**

Historical Romance

By HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

† †

HON. WILLIAM T. HARRIS, LL.D.

Commissioner of Education

My Dear Doctor:--

This translation, of one of the greatest novels of Poland's foremost modern writer, Henryk Sienkiewicz, I beg to dedicate to you. Apart for my high personal regard for you, my reason for selecting you among all my literary friends, is: that you are a historian and philosopher, and can therefore best appreciate works of this kind.

SAMUEL A. BINION,

New York City.

To the Reader.

Here you have, gentle reader--old writers always called you gentle--something very much more than a novel to amuse an idle hour. To read it will be enjoyable pastime, no doubt; but the brilliant romance of the brilliant author calls upon you for some exercise of the finest sympathy and intelligence; sympathy for a glorious nation which, with only one exception, has suffered beyond all other nations; intelligence, of the sources of that unspeakable and immeasurable love and of the great things that may yet befall before those woes are atoned for and due punishment for them meted out to their guilty authors.

Poland! Poland! The very name carries with it sighings and groanings, nation-murder, brilliance, beauty, patriotism, splendors, self-sacrifice through generations of gallant men and exquisite women; indomitable endurance of bands of noble people carrying through world-wide exile the sacred fire of wrath against the oppressor, and uttering in every clime a cry of appeal to Humanity to rescue Poland.

It was indeed a terrible moment in history, when the three military monarchies of Europe, Russia, Austria and Prussia, swooped down upon the glorious but unhappy country, torn by internal trouble, and determined to kill it and divide up its dominions. All were alike guilty, as far as motive went. But Holy Russia--Holy!--since that horrible time has taken upon herself by far the greatest burden of political crime in her dealings with that noble nation. Every evil passion bred of despotism, of theological hatred, of rancorous ancient enmities, and the ghastliest official corruption, have combined in Russian action for more than one hundred and fifty years, to turn Poland into a hell on earth. Her very language was proscribed.

This is not the place to give details of that unhappy country's woes. But suffice it to say, that Poland, in spite of fatuous prohibitions, has had a great literature since the loss of her independence, and that literature has so kept alive the soul of the nation, that with justice Poland sings her great patriotic song:

"Poland is not yet lost  
As long as we live...."

The nation is still alive in its writers and their works, their splendid poetry and prose.

It is a pity that so few of these great writers are widely known. But most people have heard of Jan Kochanowski, of Mikolaj Rey, of Rubinski, of Szymanowicz, of Poland's great genius in this century, one of the supreme poets of the world, Adam Mickiewicz, of Joseph Ignac, of Kraszewski, who is as prolific in literary and scientific works as Alexander von Humboldt, and of hundreds of others in

all branches of science and art, too numerous to mention here.

And it is remarkable that the author of this book, Henryk Sienkiewicz, should of late have attained such prominence in the public eye and found a place in the heart of mankind. It is of good omen. Thus, Poland, in spite of her fetters, is keeping step in the very van of the most progressive nations.

The romance of Sienkiewicz in this volume is perhaps the most interesting and fascinating he has yet produced. It is in the very first rank of imaginative and historical romance. The time and scene of the noble story are laid in the middle ages during the conquest of Pagan Lithuania by the military and priestly order of the "Krzyzacy" Knights of the Cross. And the story exhibits with splendid force the collision of race passions and fierce, violent individualities which accompanied that struggle. Those who read it will, in addition to their thrilling interest in the tragical and varied incidents, gain no little insight into the origin and working of the inextinguishable race hatred between Teuton and Slav. It was an unfortunate thing surely, that the conversion of the heathen Lithuanians and Zmudzians was committed so largely to that curious variety of the missionary, the armed knight, banded in brotherhood, sacred and military. To say the least, his sword was a weapon dangerous to his evangelizing purpose. He was always in doubt whether to present to the heathen the one end of it, as a cross for adoration, or the other, as a point \_to kill with\_. And so, if Poland \_was\_ made a Catholic nation, she was also made an undying and unalterable hater of the German, the Teutonic name and person.

And so this noble, historical tale, surpassed perhaps by none in literature, is commended to the thoughtful attention and appreciation of the reader.

SAMUEL A. BINION.

NEW YORK, May 9, 1899.

## KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS.

### PART FIRST

#### CHAPTER I.

In Tyniec<sup>1</sup>, in the inn under "Dreadful Urus," which belonged to the abbey, a few people were sitting, listening to the talk of a military man who had come from afar, and was telling them of the adventures which he had experienced during the war and his journey.

He had a large beard but he was not yet old, and he was almost gigantic but thin, with broad shoulders; he wore his hair in a net ornamented with beads; he was dressed in a leather jacket, which was marked by the cuirass [*torso-protecting armor*], and he wore a belt composed of brass buckles; in the belt he had a knife in a horn scabbard, and at his side a short traveling sword.

Near by him at the table, was sitting a youth with long hair and joyful look, evidently his comrade, or perhaps a shield-bearer, because he also was dressed as for a journey in a similar leather jacket. The rest of the company was composed of two noblemen from the vicinity of Krakow and of three townsmen with red folding caps, the thin tops of which were hanging down their sides to their elbows.

The host, a German, dressed in a faded cowl with large, white collar, was pouring beer for them from a bucket into earthen mugs, and in the meanwhile he was listening with great curiosity to the military adventures.

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<sup>1</sup> The Benedictine Abbey at Tyniec was in Poland as important and rich, relatively, as the Abbey of Saint-Germain des Pres in France. In those times the order organized by Saint Benoit (Benedictus) was the most important factor in the civilization and material prosperity of the country. The order contained 17,000 abbeys. From it came 24 Popes; 200 Cardinals; 1,600 Archbishops; 4,000 Bishops; 15,000 Writers; 1,500 Saints; 5,000 Beatified; 43 Emperors, and 44 Kings. These figures are material facts showing the importance of the order. About its influence on art, literature and culture one could write a volume.]

The burghers were listening with still greater curiosity. In these times, the hatred, which during the time of King Lokietek had separated the city and the knighthood, had been very much quenched, and the burghers were prouder than in the following centuries. They called them still *\_des allerdurchluchtigsten Kuniges und Herren\_* and they appreciated their readiness *\_ad concessionem pecuniarum\_*; therefore one would very often see in the inns, the merchants drinking with the noblemen like brothers. They were even welcome, because having plenty of money, usually they paid for those who had coats of arms.

Therefore they were sitting there and talking, from time to time winking at the host to fill up the mugs.

"Noble knight, you have seen a good piece of the world!" said one of the merchants.

"Not many of those who are now coming to Krakow from all parts, have seen as much," answered the knight.

"There will be plenty of them," said the merchant.

"There is to be a great feast and great pleasure for the king and the queen! The king has ordered the queen's chamber to be upholstered with golden brocade, embroidered with pearls, and a canopy of the same material over her. There will be such entertainments and tournaments, as the world has never seen before."

"Uncle Gamroth, don't interrupt the knight," said the second merchant.

"Friend Eyertreter, I am not interrupting; only I think that he also will be glad to know about what they are talking, because I am sure he is going to Krakow. We cannot return to the city to-day at any rate, because they will shut the gates."

"And you speak twenty words, in reply to one. You are growing old, Uncle Gamroth!"

"But I can carry a whole piece of wet broadcloth just the same."

"Great thing! The cloth through which one can see, as through a sieve."



But further dispute was stopped by the knight, who said:

"Yes, I will stay in Krakow because I have heard about the tournaments and I will be glad to try my strength in the lists during the combats; and this youth, my nephew, who although young and smooth faced, has already seen many cuirasses on the ground, will also enter the lists."

The guests glanced at the youth who laughed mirthfully, and putting his long hair behind his ears, placed the mug of beer to his mouth.

The older knight added:

"Even if we would like to return, we have no place to go."

"How is that?" asked one of the nobles.

"Where are you from, and what do they call you?"

"I am Macko of Bogdaniec, and this lad, the son of my brother, calls himself Zbyszko. Our coat of arms is Tempa Podkowa, and our war-cry is Grady!"

"Where is Bogdaniec?"

"Bah! Better ask, lord brother, where it was, because it is no more. During the war between Grzymalczyks and Nalenczs,<sup>2</sup> Bogdaniec was burned, and we were robbed of everything; the servants ran away. Only the bare soil remained, because even the farmers who were in the neighborhood, fled into the forests. The father of this lad, rebuilt; but the next year, a flood took everything. Then my brother died, and after his death I remained with the orphan. Then I thought: 'I can't stay!' I heard about the war for which Jasko of Olesnica, whom the king, Wladyslaw, sent to Wilno after he sent Mikolaj of Moskorzowo, was collecting soldiers. I knew a worthy abbot, Janko of Tulcza, to whom I gave my land as security for the money I needed to buy armor and horses, necessary for a war expedition. The boy, twelve years old, I put on a young horse and we went to Jasko of Olesnica."

"With the youth?"

"He was not even a youth then, but he has been strong since childhood. When he was twelve, he used to rest a crossbow on the ground, press it against his chest and turn the crank. None of the Englishmen, whom I have seen in Wilno, could do better."

"Was he so strong?"

"He used to carry my helmet, and when he passed thirteen winters, he could carry my spear also."

"You had plenty of fighting there!"

"Because of Witold. The prince was with the Knights of the Cross, and every year they used to make an expedition against Lithuania, as far as Wilno. Different people went with them: Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, who are the best bowmen, Czechs, Swiss and Burgundians. They cut down the forests, burned the castles on their way and finally they devastated Lithuania with fire and sword so badly, that the people who were living in that country, wanted to leave it and search for another land, even to the end of the world, even among Belial's children, only far from the Germans."

"We heard here, that the Lithuanians wanted to go away with their wives and children, but we did not believe it."

"And I looked at it. Hej! If not for Mikolaj of Moskorzowo, for Jasko of Olesnica, and without any boasting, if not for us, there would be no Wilno now."

"We know. You did not surrender the castle."

"We did not. And now notice what I am going to say, because I have experience in military matters. The old people used to say: 'furious Litwa'<sup>3</sup>--and it's true! They fight well, but they cannot withstand the knights in the field. When the horses of the Germans are sunk in the marshes, or when there is a thick forest--that's different."

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<sup>2</sup> Two powerful families.

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<sup>3</sup> Lithuania.

"The Germans are good soldiers!" exclaimed the burghers.

"They stay like a wall, man beside man, in their iron armor. They advance in one compact body. They strike, and the Litwa are scattered like sand, or throw themselves flat on the ground and are trampled down. There are not only Germans among them, because men of all nations serve with the Knights of the Cross. And they are brave! Often before a battle a knight stoops, stretches his lance, and rushes alone against the whole army."

"Christ!" exclaimed Gamroth. "And who among them are the best soldiers?"

"It depends. With the crossbow, the best is the Englishman, who can pierce a suit of armor through and through, and at a hundred steps he will not miss a dove. Czechowie (Bohemians) cut dreadfully with axes. For the big two-handed sword the German is the best. The Swiss is glad to strike the helmets with an iron flail, but the greatest knights are those who come from France. These will fight on horseback and on foot, and in the meanwhile they will speak very brave words, which however you will not understand, because it is such a strange language. They are pious people. They criticise us through the Germans. They say we are defending the heathen and the Turks against the cross, and they want to prove it by a knightly duel. And such God's judgment is going to be held between four knights from their side, and four from our side, and they are going to fight at the the court of Wacław, the Roman and Bohemian king."<sup>4</sup>

Here the curiosity so increased among the noblemen and merchants, that they stretched their necks in the direction of Macko of Bogdaniec and they asked:

"And who are the knights from our side? Speak quickly!" Macko raised the mug to his mouth, drank and then answered:

"Ej, don't be afraid about them. There is Jan of Włoszczowa, castellan of Dobrzyn; there's Mikolaj of Waszmuntow; there are Jasko of Zdakow and Jarosz of Czechow: all glorious knights and sturdy fellows. No matter which weapons they choose,--swords or axes--nothing new to them! It will be worth while for human eyes to see it and for human ears to hear it--because, as I said, even if you press the throat of a Frenchman with your foot, he will still reply with knightly words. Therefore so help me God and Holy Cross they will outtalk us, but our knights will defeat them."

"That will be glory, if God will bless us," said one of the nobles.

"And Saint Stanislaw!" added another. Then turning toward Macko, he asked him further:

"Well! tell us some more! You praised the Germans and other knights because they are valiant and have conquered Litwa easily. Did they not have harder work with you? Did they go against you readily? How did it happen? Praise our knights."

But evidently Macko of Bogdaniec was not a braggart, because he answered modestly:

"Those who had just returned from foreign lands, attacked us readily; but after they tried once or twice, they attacked us with less assurance, because our people are hardened and they reproached us for that hardness: 'You despise,' they used to say, 'death, but you help the Saracens, and you will be damned for it.' And with us the deadly grudge increased, because their taunt is not true! The king and the queen have christened Litwa and everyone there tries to worship the Lord Christ although not everyone knows how. And it is known also, that our gracious lord, when in the cathedral of Plock they threw down the devil, ordered them to put a candle before him--and the priests were obliged to tell him that he ought not to do it. No wonder then about an ordinary man! Therefore many of them say to themselves:

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<sup>4</sup> Historical fact.

"The kniaz<sup>5</sup> ordered us to be baptized, therefore I was baptized; he ordered us to bow before the Christ, and I bowed; but why should I grudge a little piece of cheese to the old heathen devils, or why should I not throw them some turnips; why should I not pour the foam off of the beer? If I do not do it, then my horses will die; or my cows will be sick, or their milk will turn into blood--or there will be some trouble with the harvest.' And many of them do this, and they are suspected. But they are doing it because of their ignorance and their fear of the devils. Those devils were better off in times of yore. They used to have their own groves and they used to take the horses which they rode for their tithe. But to-day, the groves are cut down and they have nothing to eat--in the cities the bells ring, therefore the devils are hiding in the thickest forest, and they howl there from loneliness. If a Litwin<sup>6</sup> goes to the forest, then they pull him by his sheep-skin overcoat and they say: 'Give!' Some of them give, but there are also courageous boys, who will not give and then the devils catch them. One of the boys put some beans in an ox bladder and immediately three hundred devils entered there. And he stuffed the bladder with a service-tree peg, brought them to Wilno and sold them to the Franciscan priests, who gave him twenty skojcow<sup>7</sup> he did this to destroy the enemies of Christ's name. I have seen that bladder with my own eyes; a dreadful stench came from it, because in that way those dirty spirits manifested their fear before holy water."

"And who counted them, that you know there were three hundred devils," asked the merchant Gamroth, intelligently.

"The Litwin counted them, when he saw them entering the bladder. It was evident that they were there, because one would know it from the stench, and nobody wished to take out the peg to count them."

"What wonders, what wonders!" exclaimed one of the nobles.

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<sup>5</sup> Prince.

<sup>6</sup> Lithuanian.

<sup>7</sup> Money—it is difficult to tell the value exactly.

"I have seen many great wonders, because everything is peculiar among them. They are shaggy and hardly any \_kniaz\_ combs his hair; they live on baked turnips, which they prefer to any other food, because they say that bravery comes from eating them. They live in the forests with their cattle and snakes; they are not abstinent in eating nor drinking. They despise the married women, but greatly respect the girls to whom they attribute great power. They say that if a girl rubs a man with dried leaves, it will stop colic."

"It's worth while to have colic, if the women are beautiful!" exclaimed Uncle Eyertreter.

"Ask Zbyszko about it," answered Macko of Bogdaniec.

Zbyszko laughed so heartily that the bench began to shake beneath him.

"There are some beautiful ones," he said. "Ryngalla was charming."

"Who is Ryngalla? Quick!"

"What? You haven't heard about Ryngalla?" asked Macko.

"We have not heard a word."

"She was Witold's sister, and the wife of Henryk, Prince Mazowiecki."

"You don't say! Which Prince Henryk? There was only one Prince Mazowiecki, elect<sup>8</sup> of Plock, but he died."

"The same one. He expected a dispensation from Rome, but death gave him his dispensation, because evidently he had not pleased God by his action. Jasko of Olesnica sent me with a letter to Prince Witold, when Prince Henryk, elect of Plock, was sent by the king to Ryterswerder. At that time, Witold was tired of the war, because he could not capture Wilno, and our king was tired of his own brothers and their dissipation. The king having noticed that Witold was shrewder and more intelligent than his own brothers,

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<sup>8</sup> Bishop.

sent the bishop to him, to persuade him to leave the Knights of the Cross, and return to his allegiance, for which he promised to make him ruler over Litwa. Witold, always fond of changing, listened with pleasure to the embassy. There were also a feast and tournaments. The elect mounted a horse, although the other bishops did not approve of it, and in the lists he showed his knightly strength. All the princes of Mazowsze are very strong; it is well known, that even the girls of that blood can easily break horse-shoes. In the beginning the prince threw three knights from their saddles; the second time he threw five of them. He threw me from my saddle, and in the beginning of the encounter, Zbyszko's horse reared and he was thrown. The prince took all the prizes from the hands of the beautiful Ryngalla, before whom he kneeled in full armor. They fell so much in love with each other, that during the feasts, the clerici<sup>9</sup> pulled him from her by his sleeves and her brother, Witold, restrained her. The prince said: 'I will give myself a dispensation, and the pope, if not the one in Home, then the one in Avignon, will confirm it, but I must marry her immediately--otherwise I will burn up!' It was a great offence against God, but Witold did not dare to oppose him, because he did not want to displease the ambassador--and so there was a wedding. Then they went to Suraz, and afterward to Sluck, to the great sorrow of this youth, Zbyszko, who, according to the German custom, had selected the Princess Ryngalla to be the lady of his heart and had promised her eternal fidelity."

"Bah!" suddenly interrupted Zbyszko, "it's true. But afterward the people said that Ryngalla regretted being the wife of the elect (because he, although married, did not want to renounce his spiritual dignity) and feeling that God's blessing could not be over such a marriage, poisoned her husband. When I heard that, I asked a pious hermit, living not far from Lublin, to absolve me from that vow."

"He was a hermit," answered Macko, laughing, "but was he pious? I don't know; we went to him on Friday, and he was splitting bear's bones with an axe,

and sucking the marrow so hard, that there was music in his throat."

"But he said that the marrow was not meat, and besides he had received permission to do it, because after sucking marrow, he used to have marvelous visions during his sleep and the next day he could prophesy until noontime."

"Well, well!" answered Macko. "And the beautiful Ryngalla is a widow and she may call you to her service."

"It would be in vain, because I am going to choose another lady, whom I will serve till death, and then I will find a wife."

"You must first find the girdle of a knight."

"Owa!"<sup>10</sup> There will be plenty of tournaments. And before that the king will not dub a single knight. I can measure myself against any. The prince could not have thrown me down, if my horse had not reared."

"There will be knights here better than you are."

Here the noblemen began to shout:

"For heaven's sake! Here, in the presence of the queen, will fight not such as you, but only the most famous knights in the world. Here will fight Zawisza of Garbow and Farurej, Dobko of Olesnica, Powala of Taczew, Paszko Zlodzie of Biskupice, Jasko Naszan and Abdank of Gora. Andrzej of Brochocice, Krystyn of Ostrow, and Jakob of Kobylany! Can you measure your sword against the swords of those, with whom neither the knights here, nor of the Bohemian court, nor of the Hungarian court can compete? What are you talking about? Are you better than they? How old are you?"

"Eighteen," answered Zbyszko.

"Everyone of them could crush you between his fingers."

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<sup>9</sup> Priests.

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<sup>10</sup> An exclamation of trifling.



"We will see."

But Macko said:

"I have heard that the king rewarded those knights munificently who returned from the Lithuanian war. Speak, you belong here; is it true?"

"Yes, it is true!" answered one of the nobles. "The king's munificence is known to the world; but it will be difficult to get near him now, because the guests are swarming to Krakow; they are coming to be in time for the queen's confinement and for the christening, wishing to show reverence to our lord and to render him homage. The king of Hungary is coming; they say the Roman emperor will be here also, and plenty of princes, counts and knights, will come because not one of them expects to return with empty hands. They even say that Pope Boniface, himself will arrive, because he also needs favor and help from our lord against his adversary in Avignon. Therefore in such a crowd, it will be difficult to approach the king; but if one would be able to see him and bow at his feet, then he will liberally reward him who deserves it."

"Then I will bow before him, because I have served enough, and if there is another war, I shall go again. We have taken some booty, and we are not poor; but I am getting old, and when one is old, and the strength has left his bones, one is pleased to have a quiet corner."

"The king was glad to see those who returned from Litwa with Jasko of Olesnica; and they feast well now."

"You see I did not return at that time; I was still at the war. You know that the Germans have suffered because of that reconciliation between the king and \_Kniaz\_ Witold. The prince cunningly got the hostages back, and then rushed against the Germans! He ruined and burned the castle and slaughtered the knights and a great many of the people. The Germans wanted revenge, as did also Swidrygello, who went to them. There was again a great expedition started. The grand master Kondrat himself went with

a great army; they besieged Wilno, and tried from their towers to ruin the castles; they also tried to capture the city by treachery--but they did not succeed! While retreating there were so many killed, that even half of them did not escape. Then we attacked Ulrich von Jungingen, the grand master's brother, who is bailiff in Swabja. But the bailiff was afraid of the \_kniaz\_ and ran away. On account of this flight there is peace, and they are rebuilding the city. One pious monk, who could walk with bare feet on hot iron, has prophesied since that time, that as long as the world exists, no German soldier will be seen under the walls of Wilno. And if that be so, then whose hands have done it?"

Having said this, Macko of Bogdaniec, extended his palms, broad and enormous; the others began to nod and to approve:

"Yes, yes! It's true what he says! Yes!"

But further conversation was interrupted by a noise entering through the windows from which the bladders had been taken out, because the night was warm and clear. From afar thrumming, singing, laughing and the snorting of horses were heard. They were surprised because it was quite late. The host rushed to the yard of the inn, but before the guests were able to drink their beer to the last drop, he returned shouting:

"Some court is coming!"

A moment afterward, in the door appeared a footman dressed in a blue jacket and wearing a red folding cap. He stopped, glanced at the guests, and then having perceived the host, he said:

"Wipe the tables and prepare lights; the princess, Anna Danuta, will stop here to-night."

Having said this, he withdrew. In the inn a great commotion began; the host called his servants, and the guests looked at one another with great surprise.

"Princess Anna Danuta," said one of the townsmen, "she is Kiejstutowna,<sup>11</sup> Janusz Mazowiecki's wife. She was in Krakow two weeks, but she went to Zator to visit Prince Wacław, and now she is coming back."

"Uncle Gamroth," said the other townsman, "let us go to the barn and sleep on the hay; the company is too high for us."

"I don't wonder they are traveling during the night," said Macko, "because the days are very warm; but why do they come to the inn when the monastery is so near?"

Here he turned toward Zbyszko:

"The beautiful Ryngalla's own sister; do you understand?"

And Zbyszko answered:

"There must be many Mazovian ladies with her, hej!"

## CHAPTER II.

At that moment the princess entered. She was a middle-aged lady with a smiling face, dressed in a red mantle and light green dress with a golden girdle around her hips. The princess was followed by the ladies of the court; some not yet grown up, some of them older; they had pink and lilac wreaths on their heads, and the majority of them had lutes in their hands. Some of them carried large bunches of fresh flowers, evidently plucked by the roadside. The room was soon filled, because the ladies were followed by some courtiers and young pages. All were lively, with mirth on their faces, talking loudly or humming as if they were intoxicated with the beauty of the night. Among the courtiers, there were two rybals;<sup>12</sup> one had a lute and the other had a gensla<sup>13</sup> at his girdle. One of the girls who was very young, perhaps twelve years old, carried behind the princess a very small lute ornamented with brass nails.

<sup>11</sup> Prince Kiejstut's daughter.

<sup>12</sup> Slave minstrels.

<sup>13</sup> A kind of guitar.

"May Jesus Christ be praised!" said the princess, standing in the centre of the room.

"For ages and ages, amen!" answered those present, in the meanwhile saluting very profoundly.

"Where is the host?"

The German having heard the call, advanced to the front and kneeled, in the German fashion, on one knee.

"We are going to stop here and rest," said the lady. "Only be quick, because we are hungry."

The townsmen had already gone; now the two noblemen, and with them Macko of Bogdaniec and young Zbyszko, bowed again, intending to leave the room, as they did not wish to interfere with the court.

But the princess detained them.

"You are noblemen; you do not intrude, you are acquainted with courtiers. From where has God conducted you?"

Then they mentioned their names,<sup>14</sup> their coats of arms, their nicknames and the estates from which they received their names. The lady having heard from wloodyka<sup>15</sup> Macko that he had been to Wilno, clapped her hands, and said:

<sup>14</sup> The names of the noblemen of every country are derived from the estates which they possess--hence the particles before the name of a true nobleman: *\_de\_* in France, for instance, *de Nevers*, means that the name comes from the place called Nevers; *\_of\_* in England, for instance, *Duke of Manchester*; *\_von\_* in Germany has the same signification; in Poland *z*, for instance *Macko z Bogdanca*--means that the estate Bogdaniec belonged to his family and to him;--in the following centuries the *z* was changed to *\_ski\_*, put on the end of the name and instead of writing *z Bogdanca*, a man of the same family was called *Bogdanski*; but it does not follow that every Pole, whose name ends in *\_ski\_* is a nobleman. Therefore the translation of that particular *z* into English *\_of\_* is only strictly correct, although in other cases *z* should be translated into English *\_from\_*: to write: *Baron de Rothschild* is absurd and ridiculous, because the sign "red shield" was not an estate, and one cannot put *\_de\_* before it.]

<sup>15</sup> A wealthy possessor of land--they were freemen and had serfs working for them--some of them were noblemen, and had the right to use coats of arms.

"How well it has happened! Tell us about Wilno and about my brother and sister. Is Prince Witold coming for the queen's confinement and for the christening?"

"He would like to, but does not know whether he will be able to do so; therefore he sent a silver cradle to the queen for a present. My nephew and I brought that cradle."

"Then the cradle is here? I would like to see it! All silver?"

"All silver; but it is not here. The Basilians took it to Krakow."

"And what are you doing in Tyniec?"

"We returned here to see the procurator of the monastery who is our relative, in order to deposit with the worthy monks, that with which the war has blessed us and that which the prince gave us for a present."

"Then God gave you good luck and valuable booty? But tell me why my brother is uncertain whether he will come?"

"Because he is preparing an expedition against the Tartars."

"I know it; but I am grieved that the queen did not prophesy a happy result for that expedition, and everything she predicts is always fulfilled."

Macko smiled.

"Ej, our lady is a prophetess, I cannot deny; but with Prince Witold, the might of our knighthood will go, splendid men, against whom nobody is able to contend."

"Are you not going?"

"No, I was sent with the cradle, and for five years I have not taken off my armor," answered Macko, showing the furrows made by the cuirass on his reindeer jacket; "but let me rest, then I will go, or if I do not go myself then I will send this youth, my nephew,

Zbyszko, to Pan<sup>16</sup> Spytko of Melsztyn, under whose command all our knights will go."

Princess Danuta glanced at Zbyszko's beautiful figure; but further conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a monk from the monastery, who having greeted the princess, began to humbly reproach her, because she had not sent a courier with the news that she was coming, and because she had not stopped at the monastery, but in an ordinary inn which was not worthy of her majesty. There are plenty of houses and buildings in the monastery where even an ordinary man will find hospitality, and royalty is still more welcome, especially the wife of that prince from whose ancestors and relatives, the abbey had experienced so many benefits.

But the princess answered mirthfully:

"We came here only to stretch our limbs; in the morning we must be in Krakow. We sleep during the day and we travel during the night, because it is cooler. As the roosters were crowing, I did not wish to awaken the pious monks, especially with such a company which thinks more about singing and dancing than about repose."

But when the monk still insisted, she added:

"No. We will stay here. We will spend the time well in singing lay songs, but we will come to the church for matins in order to begin the day with God."

"There will be a mass for the welfare of the gracious prince and the gracious princess," said the monk.

"The prince, my husband, will not come for four or five days."

"The Lord God will be able to grant happiness even from afar, and in the meanwhile let us poor monks at least bring some wine from the monastery."

"We will gladly repay," said the princess.

When the monk went out, she called:

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<sup>16</sup> Pan—Lord.

"Hej, Danusia! Danusia! Mount the bench and make our hearts merry with the same song you sang in Zator."

Having heard this, the courtiers put a bench in the centre of the room. The *\_rybalts\_* sat on the ends, and between them stood that young girl who had carried behind the princess the lute ornamented with brass nails. On her head she had a small garland, her hair falling on her shoulders, and she wore a blue dress and red shoes with long points. On the bench she looked like a child, but at the same time, a beautiful child, like some figure from a church. It was evident that she was not singing for the first time before the princess, because she was not embarrassed.

"Sing, Danusia, sing!" the young court girls shouted.

She seized the lute, raised her head like a bird which begins to sing, and having closed her eyes, she began with a silvery voice:

"If I only could get

The wings like a birdie,

I would fly quickly

To my dearest Jasiiek!"

The *\_rybalts\_* accompanied her, one on the *\_gensliks\_*, the other on a big lute; the princess, who loved the lay songs better than anything else in the world, began to move her head back and forth, and the young girl sang further with a thin, sweet childish voice, like a bird singing in the forest:

"I would then be seated

On the high enclosure:

Look, my dear Jasiulku,

Look on me, poor orphan."

And then the *\_rybalts\_* played. The young Zbyszko of Bogdaniec, who being accustomed from childhood to war and its dreadful sights, had never in his life

heard anything like it; he touched a Mazur<sup>17</sup> standing beside him and asked:

"Who is she?"

"She is a girl from the princess' court. We do not lack *\_rybalts\_* who cheer up the court, but she is the sweetest little *\_rybalt\_* of them all, and to the songs of no one else will the princess listen so gladly."

"I don't wonder. I thought she was an angel from heaven and I can't look at her enough. What do they call her?"

"Have you not heard? Danusia. Her father is Jurand of Spychow, a comes<sup>18</sup> mighty and gallant."

"Hej! Such a girl human eyes never saw before!"

"Everybody loves her for her singing and her beauty."

"And who is her knight?"

"She is only a child yet!"

Further conversation was stopped by Danusia's singing. Zbyszko looked at her fair hair, her uplifted head, her half-closed eyes, and at her whole figure lighted by the glare of the wax candles and by the glare of the moonbeams entering through the windows; and he wondered more and more. It seemed to him now, that he had seen her before; but he could not remember whether it was in a dream, or somewhere in Krakow on the pane of a church window.

And again he touched the courtier and asked in a low voice:

"Then she is from your court?"

"Her mother came from Litwa with the princess, Anna Danuta, who married her to Count Jurand of Spychow. She was pretty and belonged to a powerful family; the princess liked her better than any of the

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<sup>17</sup> A man coming from Mazowsze—the part of Poland round Warsaw.

<sup>18</sup> Count.



other young girls and she loved the princess. That is the reason she gave the same name to her daughter-- Anna Danuta. But five years ago, when near Zlotorja, the Germans attacked the court,--she died from fear. Then the princess took the girl, and she has taken care of her since. Her father often comes to the court; he is glad that the princess is bringing his child up healthy and in happiness. But every time he looks at her, he cries, remembering his wife; then he returns to avenge on the Germans his awful wrong. He loved his wife more dearly than any one in the whole Mazowsze till now has loved; but he has killed in revenge a great many Germans."

In a moment Zbyszko's eyes were shining and the veins on his forehead swelled.

"Then the Germans killed her mother?" he asked.

"Killed and not killed. She died from fear. Five years ago there was peace; nobody was thinking about war and everybody felt safe. The prince went without any soldiers, only with the court, as usual during peace, to build a tower in Zlotorja. Those traitors, the Germans, fell upon them without any declaration of war, without any reason. They seized the prince himself, and remembering neither God's anger, nor that from the prince's ancestor, they had received great benefits, they bound him to a horse and slaughtered his people. The prince was a prisoner a long time, and only when King Wladyslaw threatened them with war, did they release him. During this attack Danusia's mother died."

"And you, sir, were you there? What do they call you? I have forgotten!"

"My name is Mikolaj of Dlugolas and they call me Obuch.<sup>19</sup> I was there. I saw a German with peacock feathers on his helmet, bind her to his saddle; and then she died from fear. They cut me with a halberd from which I have a scar."

Having said this he showed a deep scar on his head coming from beneath his hair to his eyebrows.

There was a moment of silence. Zbyszko was again looking at Danusia. Then he asked:

"And you said, sir, that she has no knight?"

But he did not receive any answer, because at that moment the singing stopped. One of the *\_rybalts\_*, a fat and heavy man, suddenly rose, and the bench tilted to one side. Danusia tottered and stretched out her little hands, but before she could fall or jump, Zbyszko rushed up like a wild-cat and seized her in his arms.

The princess, who at first screamed from fear, laughed immediately and began to shout:

"Here is Danusia's knight! Come, little knight and give us back our dear little girl!"

"He grasped her boldly," some among the courtiers were heard to say.

Zbyszko walked toward the princess, holding Danusia to his breast, who having encircled his neck with one arm, held the lute with the other, being afraid it would be broken. Her face was smiling and pleased, although a little bit frightened.

In the meanwhile the youth came near the princess, put Danusia before her, kneeled, raised his head and said with remarkable boldness for his age:

"Let it be then according to your word, my gracious lady! It is time for this gentle young girl to have her knight, and it is time for me to have my lady, whose beauty and virtues I shall extol. With your permission, I wish to make a vow and I will remain faithful to her under all circumstances until death."

The princess was surprised, not on account of Zbyszko's words, but because everything had happened so suddenly. It is true that the custom of making vows was not Polish; but Mazowsze, being situated on the German frontier, and often being visited by the knights from remote countries, was more familiar with that custom than the other provinces, and imitated it very often. The princess had also heard about it in her father's court, where all eastern

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<sup>19</sup> Back side of an axe.

customs were considered as the law and the example for the noble warriors. Therefore she did not see in Zbyszko's action anything which could offend either herself or Danusia. She was even glad that her dear girl had attracted the heart and the eyes of a knight.

Therefore she turned her joyful face toward the girl.

"Danusia! Danusia! Do you wish to have your own knight?"

The fair-haired Danusia after jumping three times in her red shoes, seized the princess by the neck and began to scream with joy, as though they were promising her some pleasure permitted to the older people only.

"I wish, I wish----!"

The princess' eyes were filled with tears from laughing and the whole court laughed with her; then the lady said to Zbyszko:

"Well, make your vow! Make your vow! What will you promise her?"

But Zbyszko, who preserved his seriousness undisturbed amidst the laughter, said with dignity, while still kneeling:

"I promise that as soon as I reach Krakow, I will hang my spear on the door of the inn, and on it I will put a card, which a student in writing will write for me. On the card I will proclaim that Panna Danuta Jurandowna is the prettiest and most virtuous girl among all living in this or any other kingdom. Anyone who wishes to contradict this declaration, I will fight until one of us dies or is taken into captivity."

"Very well! I see you know the knightly custom. And what more?"

"I have learned from Pan Mikolaj of Dlugolas that the death of Panna Jurandowna's mother was caused by the brutality of a German who wore the crest of a peacock. Therefore I vow to gird my naked sides with a hempen rope, and even though it eat me to the

bone, I will wear it until I tear three such tufts of feathers from the heads of German warriors whom I kill."

Here the princess became serious.

"Don't make any joke of your vows!"

And Zbyszko added:

"So help me God and holy cross, this vow I will repeat in church before a priest."

"It is a praiseworthy thing to fight against the enemy of our people; but I pity you, because you are young, and you can easily perish."

At that moment Macko of Bogdanice approached, thinking it proper to reassure the princess.

"Gracious lady, do not be frightened about that. Everybody must risk being killed in a fight, and it is a laudable end for a *\_wlodyka\_*, old or young. But war is not new nor strange to this man, because although he is only a youth, he has fought on horseback and on foot, with spear and with axe, with short sword and with long sword, with lance and without. It is a new custom, for a knight to vow to a girl whom he sees for the first time; but I do not blame Zbyszko for his promise. He has fought the Germans before. Let him fight them again, and if during that fight a few heads are broken, his glory will increase."

"I see that we have to do with a gallant knight," said the princess.

Then to Danusia, she said:

"Take my place as the first person to-day; only do not laugh because it is not dignified."

Danusia sat in the place of the lady; she wanted to be dignified, but her blue eyes were laughing at the kneeling Zbyszko, and she could not help moving her feet from joy.

"Give him your gloves," said the princess.

Danusia pulled off her gloves and handed them to Zbyszko who pressed them with great respect to his lips, and said:

"I will fix them on my helmet and woe to the one who stretches his hands for them!"

Then he kissed Danusia's hands and feet and arose. Then his dignity left him, and great joy filled his heart because from that time the whole court would consider him a mature man. Therefore shaking Danusia's gloves, he began to shout, half mirthfully, half angrily:

"Come, you dog-brothers with peacock's crests, come!"

But at that moment the same monk who had been there before entered the inn, and with him two superior ones. The servants of the monastery carried willow baskets which contained bottles of wine and some tidbits. The monks greeted the princess and again reproached her because she had not gone directly to the abbey. She explained to them again, that having slept during the day, she was traveling at night for coolness; therefore she did not need any sleep; and as she did not wish to awaken the worthy abbot nor the respectable monks, she preferred to stop in an inn to stretch her limbs.

After many courteous words, it was finally agreed, that after matins and mass in the morning, the princess with her court would breakfast and rest in the monastery. The affable monks also invited the Mazurs, the two noblemen and Macko of Bogdaniec who intended to go to the abbey to deposit his wealth acquired in the war and increased by Witold's munificent gift. This treasure was destined to redeem Bogdaniec from his pledge. But the young Zbyszko did not hear the invitation, because he had rushed to his wagon which was guarded by his servants, to procure better apparel for himself. He ordered his chests carried to a room in the inn and there he began to dress. At first he hastily combed his hair and put it in a silk net ornamented with amber beads, and in the front with real pearls. Then he put on a "\_jaka\_" of white silk embroidered with

golden griffins; he girded himself with a golden belt from which was hanging a small sword in an ivory scabbard ornamented with gold. Everything was new, shining and unspotted with blood, although it had been taken as booty from a Fryzjan knight who served with the Knights of the Cross. Then Zbyszko put on beautiful trousers, one part having red and green stripes, the other part, yellow and purple, and both ended at the top like a checkered chessboard. After that he put on red shoes with long points. Fresh and handsome he went into the room.

In fact, as he stood in the door, his appearance made a great impression. The princess seeing now what a handsome knight had vowed to Danusia, was still more pleased. Danusia jumped toward him like a gazelle. But either the beauty of the young man or the sounds of admiration from the courtiers, caused her to pause before she reached him, drop her eyes suddenly and blushing and confused, begin to wring her fingers.

After her, came the others; the princess herself, the courtiers, the ladies-in-waiting, the \_rybalts\_ and the monks all wanted to see him. The young Mazovian girls were looking at him as at a rainbow, each regretting that he had not chosen her; the older ones admired the costly dress; and thus, a circle of curious ones was formed around him. Zbyszko stood in the centre with a boastful smile on his youthful face, and turned himself slightly, so that they could see him better.

"Who is he?" asked one of the monks.

"He is a knight, nephew of that \_wlodyka\_" answered the princess, pointing to Macko; "he has made a vow to Danusia."

The monks did not show any surprise, because such a vow did not bind him to anything. Often vows were made to married women, and among the powerful families where the eastern custom was known, almost every woman had a knight. If a knight made a vow to a young girl, he did not thus become her fiancé; on the contrary he usually married another;

he was constant to his vow, but did not hope to be wedded to her, but to marry another.

The monks were more astonished at Danusia's youth, and even not much at that, because in those times sixteen year old youths used to be castellans. The great Queen Jadwiga herself, when she came from Hungary, was only fifteen years old, and thirteen year old girls used to marry. At any rate, at that moment they were more occupied looking at Zbyszko than at Danusia; they also listened to Macko's words, who, proud of his nephew, was telling how the youth came in possession of such beautiful clothes.

"One year and nine weeks ago," said he, "we were invited by the Saxon knights. There was another guest, a certain knight, from a far Fryzjan nation, who lived there on the shores of a sea. With him was his son who was three years older than Zbyszko. Once at a banquet, that son began to taunt Zbyszko because he has neither moustache nor beard. Zbyszko being quick tempered, was very angry, and immediately seized him by his moustache, and pulled out all the hair. On account of that I afterward fought until death or slavery."

"What do you mean?" asked the Pan of Dlugolas.

"Because the father took his son's part and I took Zbyszko's part; therefore we fought, in the presence of the guests, on level ground. The agreement was, that the one who conquered, should take the wagons, horses, servants and everything that belonged to the vanquished one. God helped us. We killed those Fryzes, although with great labor, because they were brave and strong. We took much valuable booty; there were four wagons, each one drawn by two horses, four enormous stallions, ten servants, and two excellent suits of armor which are difficult to find. It is true we broke the helmets in the fight, but the Lord Jesus rewarded us with something else; there was a large chest of costly clothing; those in which Zbyszko is now dressed, we found there also."

Now the two noblemen from the vicinity of Krakow, and all the Mazurs began to look with more respect on both the uncle and the nephew, and the Pan of Dlugolas, called Obuch, said:

"I see you are terrible fellows, and not lazy."

"We now believe that this youngster will capture three peacocks' crests."

Macko laughed, and in his face there really appeared an expression similar to that on the face of a beast of prey.

But in the meanwhile, the servants of the monastery had taken the wine and the dainties from the willow baskets, and the servant girls were bringing large dishes full of steaming boiled eggs, surrounded by sausage, from which a strong and savory smell filled the whole room. This sight excited everybody's appetite, and they rushed to the tables.

But nobody sat down until the princess was seated at the head of the table; she told Zbyszko and Danusia to sit opposite her and then she said to Zbyszko:

"It is right for you both to eat from one dish; but do not step on her feet under the table, nor touch her with your knees, as the other knights do to their ladies, because she is too young."

To this he answered:

"I shall not do it, gracious lady, for two or three years yet, until the Lord Jesus permits me to accomplish my vow, and then this little berry will be ripe; as for stepping on her feet, even if I would like to do it I can not, because they do not touch the floor."

"True," answered the princess; "but it is pleasant to see that you have good manners."

Then there was silence because everybody was busy eating. Zbyszko picked the best pieces of sausage, which he handed to Danusia or put directly into her mouth; she was glad that such a famous knight served her.



After they had emptied the dishes, the servants of the monastery began to pour out the sweet-smelling wine--abundantly for the men, but not much for the ladies. Zbyszko's gallantry was particularly shown when they brought in the nuts which had been sent from the monastery. There were hazel nuts and some very rare nuts imported from afar, called Italians; they all feasted so willingly, that after awhile there was heard no sound in the whole room but the cracking of shells, crushed between the jaws. But Zbyszko did not think only about himself; he preferred to show to the princess and Danusia his knightly strength and abstinence. Therefore he did not put the nuts between his jaws, as the others did, but he crushed them between his fingers, and handed to Danusia the kernels picked from the shells. He even invented for her an amusement; after having picked out the kernel, he placed his hand near his mouth and, with his powerful blowing, he blew the shells to the ceiling. Danusia laughed so much, that the princess fearing that the young girl would choke, was obliged to ask him to stop the amusement; but perceiving how merry the girl was, she asked her:

"Well, Danusia, is it good to have your own knight?"

"Oj! Very!" answered the girl.

And then she touched Zbyszko's white silk "\_jaka\_" with her pink finger, and asked:

"And will he be mine to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, and Sunday, and until death," answered Zbyszko.

Supper lasted a long time, because after the nuts, sweet cakes with raisins were served. Some of the courtiers wished to dance; others wished to listen to the \_rybalt\_ or to Danusia's singing; but she was tired, and having with great confidence put her little head on the knight's shoulder, she fell asleep.

"Does she sleep?" asked the princess. "There you have your 'lady.'"

"She is dearer to me while she sleeps than the others are while they dance," answered Zbyszko, sitting motionless so as not to awaken the girl.

But she was awakened neither by the \_rybalt\_ music nor by the singing. Some of the courtiers stamped, others rattled the dishes in time to the music; but the greater the noise, the better she slept.

She awoke only when the roosters, beginning to crow, and the church bell to ring, the company all rushed from the benches, shouting:

"To matins! To matins!"

"Let us go on foot for God's glory," said the princess.

She took the awakened Danusia by the hand and went out first, followed by the whole court.

The night was beginning to whiten. In the east one could see a light glare, green at the top, then pink below, and under all a golden red, which extended while one looked at it. It seemed as though the moon was retreating before that glare. The light grew pinker and brighter. Moist with dew, the rested and joyous world was awakening.

"God has given us fair weather, but there will be great heat," said the courtiers.

"No matter," answered the Pan of Dlugolas; "we will sleep in the abbey, and will reach Krakow toward evening."

"Sure of a feast."

"There is a feast every day now, and after the confinement and tournaments, there will be still greater ones."

"We shall see how Danusia's brave knight will acquit himself."

"Ej! They are of oak, those fellows! Did you hear what they said about that fight for four knights on each side?"

"Perhaps they will join our court; they are consulting with each other now."

In fact, they were talking earnestly with each other; old Macko was not very much pleased with what had happened; therefore while walking in the rear of the retinue, he said to his nephew:

"In truth, you don't need it. In some way I will reach the king and it may be he will give us something. I would be very glad to get to some castle or grodek<sup>20</sup> - --- Well we shall see. We will redeem Bogdaniec from our pledge anyhow, because we must hold that which our forefathers held. But how can we get some peasants to work? The land is worth nothing without peasants. Therefore listen to what I am going to tell you: if you make vows or not to anyone you please, still you must go with the Pan of Mielsztyn to Prince Witold against the Tartars. If they proclaim the expedition by the sound of trumpets before the queen's confinement, then do not wait either for the lying-in, or for the tournaments; only go, because there will be found some profit. Prince Witold is munificent, as you know; and he knows you. If you acquit yourself well, he will reward you liberally. Above all, if God help you, you will secure many slaves. The Tartars swarm in the world. In case of victory, every knight will capture three-score of them."

At this, Macko being covetous for land and serfs, began to fancy:

"If I could only catch fifty peasants and settle them in Bogdaniec! One would be able to clear up quite a piece of forest. You know that nowhere can you get as many as there."

But Zbyszko began to twist his head.

"Owa! I will bring hostlers from the stables living on horse carrion and not accustomed to working on the land! What use will they be in Bogdaniec? Then I vowed to capture three German crests. Where will I find them among the Tartars?"

"You made a vow because you were stupid; but your vow is not worth anything."

"But my honor of \_wlodyka\_ and knight? What about that?"

"How was it with Ryngalla?"

"Ryngalla poisoned the prince, and the hermit gave me absolution."

"Then in Tyniec, the abbot will absolve you from this vow also. The abbot is greater than a hermit."

"I don't want absolution!"

Macko stopped and asked with evident anger:

"Then how will it be?"

"Go to Witold yourself, because I shall not go."

"You knave! And who will bow to the king? Don't you pity my bones?"

"Even if a tree should fall on your bones, it would not crush them; and even if I pity you, I will not go to Witold."

"What will you do then? Will you turn \_rybalt\_ or falconer at the Mazowiecki court?"

"It's not a bad thing to be a falconer. But if you would rather grumble than to listen to me, then grumble."

"Where will you go? Don't you care for Bogdaniec? Will you plow with your nails without peasants?"

"Not true! You calculated cleverly about the Tartars! You have forgotten what the Rusini<sup>21</sup> told us, that it is difficult to catch any prisoners among the Tartars, because you cannot reach a Tartar on the steppes. On what will I chase them? On those heavy stallions that we captured from the Germans? Do you see? And what booty can I take? Scabby

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<sup>20</sup> A town surrounded with walls and having a peculiar jurisdiction or a kind of a castle.

<sup>21</sup> Inhabitants of Rus'—part of Poland round Lwow—Leopol (Latin), Lemberg (German).

sheep-skin coats but nothing else! How rich then I shall return to Bogdaniec! Then they will call me \_comes\_!"

Macko was silent because there was a great deal of truth in Zbyszko's words; but after a while he said:

"But Prince Witold will reward you."

"Bah, you know; to one he gives too much, to another nothing."

"Then tell me, where will you go?"

"To Jurand of Spychow."

Macko angrily twisted the belt of his leather jacket, and said:

"May you become a blind man!"

"Listen," answered Zbyszko quietly. "I had a talk with Mikolaj of Dlugolas and he said that Jurand is seeking revenge on the Germans for the death of his wife. I will go and help him. In the first place, you said yourself that it was nothing strange for us to fight the Germans because we know them and their ways so well. \_Secundo\_, I will thus more easily capture those peacock's crests; and \_tercio\_, you know that peacock's crests are not worn by knaves; therefore if the Lord Jesus will help me to secure the crests, it will also bring booty. Finally: the slaves from those parts are not like the Tartars. If you settle such slaves in a forest, then you will accomplish something."

"Man, are you crazy? There is no war at present and God knows when there will be!"

"How clever you are! The bears make peace with the bee-keepers and they neither spoil the beehives, nor eat the honey! Ha! ha! ha! Then it is news to you, that although the great armies are not fighting and although the king and the grand master stamped the parchment with their seals, still there is always great disturbance on the frontiers? If some cattle are seized, they burn several villages for one cow's head and besiege the castles. How about capturing

peasants and their girls? About merchants on the highways? Remember former times, about which you told me yourself. That Nalencz, who captured forty knights going to join the Knights of the Cross, and kept them in prison until the grand master sent him a cart full of grzywien;<sup>22</sup> did he not do a good business? Jurand of Spychow is doing the same and on the frontier the work is always ready."

For a while they walked along silently; in the meanwhile, it was broad daylight and the bright rays of the sun lighted up the rocks on which the abbey was built.

"God can give good luck in any place," Macko said, finally, with a calm voice; "pray that he may bless you."

"Sure; all depends on his favor!"

"And think about Bogdaniec, because you cannot persuade me that you go to Jurand of Spychow for the sake of Bogdaniec and not for that duck's beak."

"Don't speak that way, because it makes me angry. I will see her gladly and I do not deny it. Have you ever met a prettier girl?"

"What do I care for her beauty! Better marry her, when she is grown up; she is the daughter of a mighty \_comes\_."

Zbyszko's face brightened with a pleasant smile.

"It must be. No other lady, no other wife! When your bones are old, you shall play with the grandchildren born to her and myself."

Now Macko smiled also and said:

"Grady! Grady!<sup>23</sup> ---- May they be as numerous as hail. When one is old, they are his joy; and after death, his salvation. Jesus, grant us this!" **PGS-MN**

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<sup>22</sup> Money;--marks.

<sup>23</sup> Hail—the war-cry of the family, either because it was numerous like hail or struck sharply like hail.

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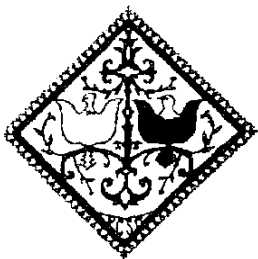
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