

CIRCASSIAN DECLARATION.

THIS declaration, which appeared some weeks since in the "*Portfolio*," is one of a series of state documents, the publication of which has excited no little of both curiosity and alarm. The genuineness of these documents may be disputed in some instances perhaps. With regard to the "declaration" which I insert, it must be acknowledged that it carries truth upon the face of it: that if really a paper issuing from any portion of the people of the nation it relates to, it is a composition of inimitable simplicity; and that, supposing it to have been written in London or Paris, either by the editor of this English journal or by any Parisian homme de lettres, it is a piece of inimitable art; and, written where, or by whom it may, the only question ought to be, whether the facts be true, and the sentiments ascribed to the people referred to, faithfully represented.

(*From the Portfolio.*)

DECLARATION OF CIRCASSIAN INDEPENDENCE, ADDRESSED TO THE COURTS OF EUROPE.

The inhabitants of the Caucasus, instead of being subject to Russia, are not even at peace with her, but have for many years been engaged in continual war. This war they have maintained single-handed. They have received at no period encouragement or assistance from any power. While the Porte held the supremacy of these provinces they were left for their means of defence to themselves, but lately the Porte has in every way betrayed and abandoned them. One Pasha opened the gates of Anapa to Muscovite gold, telling the Circassians that the Russians marched as friends to support the Sultan against the rebel chiefs of Arminestan. Another Pasha

again betrayed them, and left their country by night. Since then the Circassians have sent repeated deputations to the Sultan, to offer their devotion, to request assistance; they have, however, been treated with coolness. They have also applied to Persia, with no better success; and finally to Mehemet Ali, who, although appreciating their devotion, was too far off then to support them.

In all these cases the deputies of Circassia had been instructed to tell to those who, being at a distance, did not know how intolerable was the oppression of Russia, how hostile she was to the customs, the faith, and happiness of all men (or why should the Circassians have fought so long against her?)—how treacherous were his generals, and how savage her soldiers—that, therefore, it was the interest of no one that the Circassians should be destroyed. On the contrary, it was the interest of all that the Circassians should be supported: 100,000 Muscovite troops occupied now in fighting with us, or in watching and blockading us, will then be fighting with you: 100,000 men now scattered over our barren and steep rocks, and struggling with our hardy mountaineers, will then be overrunning your rich plains, and enslaving your Rayas and yourselves. Our mountains have been the ramparts of Persia and Turkey—they will become, unless supported, the gate to both—they are now the only shelter for both. They are the doors of the house, by closing which alone the hearth can be defended. But, moreover, our blood, Circassian blood, fills the veins of the Sultan. His mother, his harem, is Circassian. His slaves, are Circassian. His ministers and his generals are Circassian. He is the chief of our faith, and also of our race; he possesses our hearts, and we offer him our allegiance—by all these ties we claim from him countenance and support, and if he will not or cannot defend his children and his subjects, let him think of the Khans of the Crimea, whose descendant is among us.

Such were the words our deputies were instructed to pronounce, but they were unheeded. They would not have been so, if the Sultan knew how many hearts and swords he can command, when he ceases to be the friend of the Muscovite.

We know that Russia is not the only power in the world. We know that there are other powers greater than Russia, who, though powerful, are benevolent, who instruct the ignorant, who protect the