

THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

Few nations have in their career passed through so many revolutionary phases as Poland,—the birth-place of Kosciuszki, Dembinski, Mazepa and other heroes,—and no other country has for so long a time threatened to disturb the balance of European power and the famous *entente cordiale* of tyrants swaying the sceptre of despotism over millions of oppressed subjects.

Thrones, dynasties and armies that were employed to combat, conquer and demolish the banner of Polish freedom, have been disgracefully baffled, defeated and are fast sinking in the all-absorbing abyss of Time, while that small country, surrounded by the most powerful nations of the earth, stands still as a bulwark of European liberty, as a memento of a glorious past,—struggling with the hireling cohorts of autocratic rulers.

History does not contain a more disgraceful act than the dismemberment of Poland in 1773, in which spoliation drama Peter III. of Russia, Joseph of Germany and Frederick II. of Prussia took their shameful parts, each of the three potentates securing a portion of that unfortunate country for himself. At the time that the Russian armies marched into Poland, that ill-fated but brave nation numbered about nine millions, and after dividing that kingdom and placing Russian vice-roys and governors over the same, the sun of the Polish nation was believed to have set forever, and so overwhelming were the reverses at the commencement of that memorable struggle between freedom and tyranny, that even the brave and noble-hearted Kosciuszki while falling wounded from his charger during a fearful battle, exclaimed on being made prisoner, "*finis Poloniae*" (this is the end of Poland.)

And in order to facilitate the work of Russification, by an *ukase* issued in 1840 by the emperor Nicholas, the use of the Polish language was strictly forbidden in schools, churches and in courts; thus the Muscovite tyrant tried to compel the Poles to give up their mother tongue and learn the hated Russian. The rising generation from the age of twelve to thirty were drafted into the Russian army and marched into the interior of that vast empire, to die either in distant garrisons broken-hearted, or to find their untimely grave by the bullets of the wild Circassians with whom the Czar had been waging war for upwards of fifty years.

The darkest pages of the world's history, with the exception of that of the early Christians by the Romans, do not show a parallel to the treatment of the Poles by their rulers. Those that have seen the sun of their birth rise in America or England, do not comprehend fully the meaning of *stern oppression*, only now and then they may be permitted in a hideous dream to realize, to a certain extent, the condition of wretched beings in the hands of iron despotism.

Did the Poles ever experience mercy at the hands of their government? Never. If the hearts that have been broken at the unheard cruelty of having children taken at the midnight hour from their beds, and husbands wrenched from the embrace of their wives by the cruel hands of the *Cossacks*, in order to be taken to the nearest military station,—we repeat it, if those broken hearts could find language in the agony of their sufferings, they would shake their grey heads doubtfully at your idea of there existing mercy and commiseration in the world.

Mothers and wives who besought the commanding officer of the district on their knees and bathed their hands with tears to soften the oppressor's heart, that their children and wives might be spared, will tell you, we might sooner move a stone than those vile and cruel hirelings; and pointing their withered hands to Heaven, they will say, "we expect no mercy but from God."

Is it then to be wondered at that with such treatment, the Poles expressed themselves in their manifesto to the different nations in these remarkable words: "We rather die than submit to such tyranny." And they kept their promise, hundreds of thousands have laid their bodies down at the altar of Poland's freedom and their heroic deeds have been celebrated by the ablest pens of almost all nations. The intervals of peace in that country, may only be considered as ominous lulls or calms before a storm.

In the great risings of 1830, 45, 46 and 47, desperate attempts were made to sunder the shackles of tyranny, and thus emancipate mind and body, so that the people might walk forth in light and liberty, but their enemies proved too powerful. Towards the end of 1847, prince Mierolawski succeeded in having a well-equipped and appointed army of 80,000 men to meet the Prussians and Austrians, while other Polish leaders kept the Russians at bay, but the sad events of Kosciuszki's fall brought about a campaign disastrous to the Polish nation. It is well known that the great Hungarian dictator heartily sympathized with his oppressed neighbors, and promised timely succor but fate was against him.

Since that eventful period, the majority of the expatriated Poles were partly residing in England and partly in France and Switzerland, while others emigrated to the United States. We have been in Poland and France and to our knowledge the ties of friendship and sympathy between those two countries are great as far as the masses are concerned, and the government is obliged to wink at it. After the defeat of 1848, prince Mierolawski and other principal Polish leaders took up their residence in Paris, and to the great chagrin of the Austrian, Prussian and Russian police,

those refugees remained unmolested in the capital of the Seine.

Since the last fourteen years the German nation has been gradually awakened out of its lethargy, the seed of liberty which was sown during the revolution of 1848, is germinating and will, under the hands of skillful and experienced men, bring forth a momentous harvest. It is not for us to prognosticate the coming history of continental Europe, but the things which transpire now are like a forerunner of a terrible storm, and, if we are not mistaken, there is greater activity among the masses of the people than ever. It is very true the sun is still shining and royalty is still reveling in the labor of oppressed subjects, but an unnatural gloom prevails over the political horizon and portends a great and mighty upheaving of nations.

In Prussia, the people, according to the latest news, are much embittered against the government and the king, while the latter sides with his ministers and prepares to meet the storm. The same feelings are manifesting themselves throughout the German States; Italy is in a very unsettled condition, and in Hungary the fire of the late revolution is still smouldering and needs only a little breeze to blaze up in full force.

While thus the deepening gloom of a coming storm is settling over central Europe, Poland has risen once more like a Phoenix out of its ashes. Although the news concerning that important event is very meagre, we learn sufficient to know that the insurrection is apparently gaining ground. From the policy of the Russian government we are well aware that no news of moment is allowed to transpire across the wire or be conveyed by some other channel to the neighboring nations. The information we receive comes simply from private sources, from which by the German press the news by the Censor's advice is dished up in homeopathic doses.

According to European advices, the present insurrection is originating in the contemplated compulsory enrolment of the Polish youth *en masse*, for the purpose of accomplishing more expeditiously the fiendish work of destroying the Polish nationality, by making mere machines of the best men of that trodden-down nation. The movement commenced on the 22d of January by fierce assaults upon the separately quartered detachments of Russian troops. Those of the wretched Muscovite soldiers billeted in houses, were killed in their beds. Simultaneous engagements took place in all the principal towns of the kingdom, and quite a number of staff-officers were killed and wounded. Two thousand conscripts have deserted, the further enrolment of men is postponed, and throughout the Russian-Polish provinces martial law is proclaimed. The Russian garrison of Warsaw, a city of 180,000 inhabitants, numbers now 40,000 men, who are ready to take the field at a moment's warning.

THE TRUTH.

The following beautiful illustration of the simplicity and power of truth is from the pen of S. H. Hammond, formerly editor the *Albany State Register*. He was an eyewitness of the scene, in one of the higher courts:

"Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for a felony committed in her father's house, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your Honor," said the counsel, addressing the Court, "is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the Judge. "Come here, my daughter."

Assured by this kind tone and manner, the child stepped towards him, and looked confidently up in his face, with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank, that it went straight to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the Judge.

The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face, as she answered,

"No, sir."

She thought that he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.

"I do not mean that," said the Judge, who saw her mistake. "I mean, were you ever a witness before?"

"No, sir; I never was in court before," was the answer.

He handed her the Bible open.

"Do you know this book, my daughter?"

"She looked at it, answered:

"Yes, sir; it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the Judge.

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say," and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses.

"Now," said the Judge, "you have sworn as a witness; will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in the State Prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the Judge.

"I shall never go to Heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the Judge again.

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.' 'I learned that before I could read.'

"Has any one talked with you about your being a witness in court here against this man?"

"Yes, sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room and asked me to tell her the Ten Commandments, and then we kneeled down together and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before him. And when I came up here with father, she kissed me and told me to remember the Ninth Commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the Judge, while tears glistened in his eye, and his lip quivered with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of its truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child," said the Judge; "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such witnesses as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony. The prisoner had intrenched himself in lies, till he deemed himself impregnable. But before her testimony—falsehood was scattered like chaff. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her, and the sublime and terrible simplicity—terrible I mean to the prisoner and his associates—with which she spoke was like a revelation from God himself.

GUMPTION.

There is nothing a man so much needs to help him along in the world as the faculty expressed in the above homely phrase. To the Yankees it expresses the natural tact which a prosperous, go-ahead man of the world is supposed to possess in a good degree. A man may have intelligence, honesty and good judgment, but without this nondescript, inherent quality, he is always, like the sea-crab, going ahead backwards. How many hard heads and obtuse brains we find pushing along like a locomotive just because they have that certain something, which nobody can describe, to help them along. This "gumption" works unseen like the lightning on the magnetic wires; and the greatest things are often produced by it, when not the slightest external action is perceptible. Somebody has made some pretty acute remarks on this subject, and arrived at the conclusion that gumption is gumption and "nothing else." Here they are: "This is a Yankee word which we always admired as singularly forcible conveying a definite meaning which cannot be otherwise expressed save by the circumlocutory sentence which should always be avoided if possible. We say of a man, 'he wants gumption,' and we could not more clearly depict his mental character were we to write a volume on the subject. A man who lacks gumption is generally a very harmless man, or more fool than rogue. He is a credulous man, and is easily imposed upon. He may be a business man or a scholar, but he is deficient in decision of character, and will always be destitute of that tact or insight into human nature which constitutes what in every day language is called 'a knowledge of the world.' In a word he is a man who—lacks 'gumption.'"

IF YOU MEAN NO, SAY NO.—When a man has made up his mind to do or not to do a thing, he should have the pluck to say so plainly and decisively. It is a mistaken kindness—if meant as kindness—to meet a request you have determined not to grant, with "I'll see about it," or "I'll think the matter over," or, "I cannot give you a positive answer now; call in a few days and I'll let you know." It may be said, perhaps, that the object of these ambiguous expressions is to "let the applicant down easy;" but their tendency is to give him useless trouble and anxiety, and possibly, to prevent his seeking what he acquires in a more propitious quarter until after the golden opportunity has passed. Moreover, it is questionable whether the motives for such equivocation are as philanthropic as some people suppose. Generally speaking, the individual who thus avoids a direct refusal, does so to avoid himself pain. Men without decision of character have an indescribable aversion to say No. They can think no—sometimes when it would be more creditable to their courtesy and benevolence to think Yes—but they dislike to represent their thoughts. They prefer to mislead and deceive. It is true that these bland and considerate people are often spoken of as "very gentlemanly." But is it gentlemanly to keep a man in suspense for days, and perhaps weeks, merely because you do not choose to put him out of it by a straightforward declaration? He is only a gentleman who treats his fellow men in a manly, straightforward way. Never seem by ambiguous words to sanction hopes you do not intend to gratify. If you mean No, out with it.

ABSTRACT

Of Meteorological observations for the month of March, 1863, at G. S. L. City, Utah, by W. W. Phelps.

MONTHLY MEAN.

Barometer, (out of repair.)

Thermometer attached.		
7 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.
38	48	39

Thermometer in open air.		
7 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.
31	47	33

Dry Bulb.		
7 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.
40	48	41

Wet Bulb.		
7 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.
34	36	35

The amount of snow that fell during the month, measured $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches; the snow and water during the same time, measured .660, which is half an inch, and 160—of water on the surface or face of the land.

MONTHLY JOURNAL.

1. Cloudy and warm.
2. do do Night clear.
3. Clear and warm.
4. Cloudy.
5. Clear.
6. Cloudy most of the day.
7. Cloudy and snowy.
8. Cloudy.
9. Clear.
10. Mostly cloudy.
11. Clear.
12. do
13. do
14. do
15. do
16. Mostly cloudy.
17. Day cloudy and windy; evening clear.
18. Cloudy.
19. Clear.
20. A.m. hazy; p.m. clear.
21. Cloudy and snowy.
22. Cloudy. Snow-squall.
23. Clear most of the day.
24. Clear.
25. A.m. clear; p.m. cloudy.
26. Mostly clear.
27. Cloudy.
28. Clear.
29. do
30. do
31. do

I DON'T LIKE MY BUSINESS.—There is no greater fallacy in the world than that entertained by many young men that some pursuit in life can be found wholly suited to their tastes, whims and fancies. This philosopher's stone can never be discovered, and every one who makes his life a search for it will be ruined. Much truth is contained in the Irish man's remark: "It is never aisy to work hard." Let, therefore, the fact be always remembered by the young, that no life work can be found entirely agreeable to man. Success always lies at the top of a hill; if we would reach it, we can do so only by hard persevering effort, while beset with difficulties of every kind. Genius points nothing in the battle of life! Determined, obstinate, perseverance in one single channel, is everything.

Hence, should any one of our young readers be debating in his mind a change of business, imagining he has a genius for some other, let him at once dismiss the thought as he would a temptation to do evil. If you think you made a mistake in choosing the pursuit or profession you did, don't make another by leaving it. Spend all your energies in working for, and clinging to it as you would to the life boat that sustained you in the midst of the ocean. If you leave it, it is almost certain that you will go down; but if you cling to it, informing yourself about it until you are its master, bending your every energy to the work, success is certain. Good, hard, honest effort, steadily preserved in will make your love for business or profession grow; since no one should expect to reach a period when he can feel that his life work is just the one he could have done best and would have liked best. We are allowed to see and feel the roughness in our own pathway, but none in others; yet all have them.—[Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.]

"A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS"—Well, what of that? Who wants to be a mossy old stone away in some damp corner of a pasture, where sunshine and fresh air never come, for the cows to rub themselves against, and for snails and bugs to crawl over, and for toads to squat under among poisonous weeds.

It is far better to be a smooth and polished stone, rolling along in the brawling stream of human life, wearing off the rough corners, and bringing out the firm crystalline structure of the granite, or the delicate veins of the agate, or the chalcedony.

It is the perpetual chafing and rubbing in the whirling current that shows what sort of grit a man is made of, and what he is good for. The sandstone and soapstone are soon ground down to sand and mud, but the firm rock is selected for the towering fortress, and the diamond is cut and polished for the monarch's crown.