

THE INSURRECTIONARY NATIONALITIES OF EUROPE.

Several of the great powers on the Eastern hemisphere are troubled with insurrectionary nationalities, over which their authority extends, or with which they are in one way or another associated. Russia has to keep the Poles in an iron grasp to crush the revolutionary element which exist among that oppressed people; yet, like the smouldering embers of a buried fire, it will burst forth, and can only be again brought under by being drenched with the blood and covered with the bodies of a hecatomb of victims. Austria still finds in Hungary a source of trouble, and the concessions made to the popular will there, have not satisfied the demands of the insurrectionary spirit which exists among the people. Italy seems to have become a land of revolutions, and threatens the peace of Europe. The popular feeling that Rome must be the Capital of an entire and united Italy, excites a wider and deeper antagonism than if it were merely a city that was the subject of contention.

It is not Rome that excites such profound agitation in Europe, and brings the armed legions of France to Civita Vecchia; but the centre and head of the papacy, the temporal power of that ecclesiastical authority which is recognized and sustained by so many millions in both hemispheres. The tiara may be worn by a feeble old man, but the myriads who believe that there is a power in his withered frame which can strike even beyond the grave, however false their belief may be, give to the subject a force and greatness which the peril of no ordinary potentate could excite. The time has been when the ecclesiastical power of the papacy was much more absolute than it is at present; but we are inclined to think that it is much underrated, for the faith keeps growing, and in the heart of protestant countries it is rapidly adding to its proselytes. And however much it may be shorn of its former almost illimitable power, it seems to possess vitality enough to drench Europe in blood before the temporal power of the Pope can be swept away.

The past few years have shown that the insurrectionary spirit of Ireland is neither dead nor weakening in vigor. The Fenian organization moves with an audacity that proves its members have learned daring and recklessness elsewhere than under the espionage of governmental authority in Ireland. However impotent they may be to accomplish the objects which they may have in view, they represent ideas which are growing on the other side of the Atlantic. They claim for Ireland the right of self-government. They publish her wrongs and grievances to the world. They declare she has suffered under English misrule, as Poland has suffered under Russia, as Hungary has suffered under Austria; and beyond all question the great majority of their countrymen, believe, endorse and sustain those declarations. As Ireland and its condition becomes better known to Englishmen, they recognize her wrongs, and many of them draw a parallel between the Fenians and the Italian revolutionists under Garibaldi, asking where is the difference, while this latter are almost worshipped and the former are execrated. An influential English journal in a leading article lately, treating on this subject, says—

"What sacrifices would not most of us be willing to make if we could only give prosperity and contentment to our fellow citizens there (in Ireland). We are

resolved, perhaps, to begin afresh, to redouble our exertions, to act upon Parliament, to rouse public opinion, and not to rest till 'justice to Ireland' shall be merely the record of an accomplished fact. But what a host of difficulties lie in the way? How fettered and crippled we are by the material results of former legislation, by the blind prejudices and bad deeds of past generations? In the meantime Ireland is impatient. Millions of Irishmen have crossed the Atlantic, carrying with them the bitterest resentment for wrongs acknowledged, but unredressed, and memories keenly hostile to our rule. The republicanism of America at once fosters these sentiments, and suggests methods of action."

This is plain language, a candid statement, an honest view of the case. But it is questionable if such sentiments do not come too late to be of much good.

Ireland is recognized as one of the insurrectionary nationalities. Her people alternately sang revolutionary and sorrowing strains, as the national mood stirred to outbreak or grieved over their patriotic dead. But their fiery and often fleeting impetuosity has a more enduring stimulus than they have hitherto had. Millions of their compatriots have learned republicanism in this country, and with it freedom, the rights which man may claim and should enjoy. And with that growing knowledge of freedom and the possession of liberty they have fostered a hatred of England and English rule in Ireland, which bodes mischief in the future. In the United States they have wealth, numbers and influence. The past two years show that, however rash and unwise they may be, they have persistency of purpose; and there is danger to the peace of England in their growth, as already they have seriously disturbed her tranquility.

The discordant elements in Europe are increasing in power and magnitude. And these insurrectionary nationalities are not among the least of them. As the spirit of revolution ran from nation to nation in 1848, like a lighted train of gunpowder, so may the disjointed and spasmodic attempts of the past few years culminate, at any time, in an outburst that will astonish the world and make a battle field of Europe.

Correspondence.

PERILOUS ADVENTURES ON GREEN RIVER.

Editor Deseret Evening News.—Having a few leisure moments at my disposal, I thought I could not better employ them than in sending you the following truthful account of a series of actual adventures, which, although they may almost be considered "local items," have never, that I remember, been published. Fiction is now much drawn upon for the purpose of filling the "waste places" in newspapers, and the imagination is tasked to its utmost for Munchausen-like productions and sensational stories—of the Miss Braddon and Sylvanus Cobb, jun., order—such as that story of the gentleman, who for punishment was heaped up in a barrel at sea, and was accidentally washed overboard, accidentally kept right side up with ease, so that water did not invade the premises—accidentally washed ashore at a safe place, where a cow came and—accidentally thrust its tail in at the bung-hole, which the gentleman firmly seized and held on by until the barrel was dashed to pieces against a stump—of course without injuring the occupant, and he was thus providentially rescued from a lingering death by starvation. The following account, although not "facts stranger than fiction," is sufficiently unusual, independent of the information it contains, to make it somewhat interesting to the casual reader.

It was about the year '49, if I am not mistaken, that the events transpired which I shall relate as well as I can remember, as I received the account from the lips of the adventurer. The gold fever was still at its height, and thousands of adventurous souls were wending their toilsome way toward that fascinating Eldorado on the golden shores of the vast Pacific. Among others who thronged the path through that then

howling wilderness west of the Missouri was a gentleman named Field. Two companions accompanied him as far as Green river, that quiet stream which flows onward in such apparently tranquil beauty toward the evergreen savannas of the beautiful south.

Mr. Field and his companions had what is termed a pretty good "fit out," yet the journey was long and tiresome, and their animals exhibited weariness and fatigue, altogether too marked to admit of doubt. Then there were the "Mormons" about 150 miles in advance, who were reported as formidable obstacles to any wayfarers not of their persuasion. Still they could see in their "mind's eye" visions of the colossal fortunes which could be accumulated as by magic, rising like the fabled Alladin's palace on the glittering coast of California, and their impatience could brook no delay. While cogitating one day, as their animals rested, a bright thought struck one of the party, who was somewhat acquainted with the geography of the country as laid down on the maps. Green river, which was beside them, was represented as flowing into the Colorado, and the Colorado was known to empty its turbid waters into the Gulf of California. If they continued their journey according to the usual course pursued by emigrants to San Francisco, they had nearly a thousand miles of mountains and deserts to traverse; why not make themselves a raft and float quietly down the currents of Green river and the Colorado. They consulted among themselves, and soon determined to dispose of their animals for what they could get in the shape of provisions and ammunition, and immediately set themselves at work upon a raft of sufficient size to comfortably transport themselves and their effects. About the 1st of October it was finished, and they launched it successfully. After loading it with their blankets, provisions for last two months, guns, ammunition, etc., they embarked upon one of the most perilous adventures perhaps, ever undertaken on this continent.

They floated along calmly the remainder of the first day, without any difficulty worthy of mention, and when night threw her sable mantle over them, they were resting tranquilly on the western shore, with their efforts around them, and the raft, which had borne them so gallantly, lashed firmly to a rock beside them. They congratulated themselves on the progress they had made, and the ease with which it was accomplished, and conjectured the probable time required to convey them to the haven of their hopes. True, it was near the middle of October, rather late in the season, yet they were moving rapidly southward, and the stream they were on would of course grow broader and more tranquil the farther it went, as the natural result of its various affluents, until they should emerge on the broad waters of the great Colorado.

On the 12th of October the sun arose in all his autumnal splendor, gilding the lofty summits of the distant mountains, and illuminating the western world with unusual radiance; the birds twittered their glad matins, and all nature seemed to beckon them on and cheer their adventurous undertaking. Over the hot coffee at breakfast, they cracked their jokes about the "slow coaches" who feared to venture with them, and pitied them for tolls they must encounter on their desert journey. The breakfast things were soon cleared away, and they once more embarked upon the tranquil current of their beautiful highway to the Pacific.

As they proceeded leisurely on their journey, it was enlivened by frequent glimpses of verdant hills, lofty pines and occasional droves of antelope feeding quietly in the unbroken solitudes. Flocks of wild geese and ducks frequently arose before them in tumultuous confusion. They had many opportunities to shoot game; but they remembered that they were in an Indian country, and, consequently, concluded that "discretion was the better part of valor." A shot which might bring down a few geese and ducks, might also bring down a band of hostile savages, which was not a thought calculated to impart much pleasure. Three men upon an open raft, borne slowly along the course of the current are not in a position to combat successfully with a band of Indians sheltered by the trees and the banks of either shore.

To be Continued.

The headquarters of the U. P. R. R. Engineer Department, are established at Fort Sanders.

A Detroit man has made a thousand-dollar wager to walk twenty miles consecutive hours with only five minutes rest for each hour.

SEXTON'S REPORT.

G. S. L. City Sexton's Report for the month ending Dec. 31, 1867.

Males..... 13
Females..... 10 23

Adults..... 10
Children..... 13 23

DIED OF THE FOLLOWING CAUSES AS REPORTED.

Teething..... 1
Consumption..... 3
Whooping Cough..... 3
Diphtheria..... 1
Diarrhea..... 1
Canker..... 1
Brain fever..... 1
Croup..... 1
Dropsy..... 2
Child bed..... 1
Intermittent Fever..... 1
Died at birth..... 1
Strangled femoral Hernia..... 1
General debility..... 2
Old age..... 3

Total interments..... 23

Total interments for the year 1867, 377

Deducting those brought from country places for interment 66

Transient residents 5 71

Would leave the total mortality of this city at 306

Jos. E. TAYLOR, Sexton.

CALENDAR FOR JANUARY, 1868.

First Quarter, 2d day, 8h. 57m. P.M.
Full Moon, 9th day, 3h. 47m. P.M.
Last Quarter, 16th day, 9h. 53m. A.M.
New Moon, 24th day, 0h. 12m. P.M.
Perigee 9d, 7h. P.M. Apogee 23d, 9h. M.

D	M	W	Th	F	S	S	Signification of Signs.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.
1	W	24	X	56			Feet & Toes	7 25	4 43
2	T	7	7	24			Head and Face	7 25	4 44
3	F	20	16					7 25	4 45
4	S	8	8	32			Neck & Throat	7 25	4 46
5	S	17	18					7 25	4 46
6	M	1	1	34			Arms, Should'rs	7 25	4 47
7	T	16	17					7 25	4 48
8	W	1	1	20			Breast, Stomach	7 25	4 49
9	T	16	37					7 25	4 50
10	F	1	5	35			Heart & Back	7 24	4 51
11	S	17	8					7 24	4 52
12	S	1	1	54			Bowels & Belly	7 24	4 53
13	M	16	20					7 23	4 54
14	T	1	1	19			Reins & Loins	7 23	4 55
15	W	13	51					7 22	4 57
16	T	28	58					7 22	4 58
17	F	9	1	45			Secret Members	7 21	4 59
18	S	22	14					7 20	5 1
19	S	4	7	29			Hips & Thighs	7 20	5 2
20	M	16	34					7 19	5 3
21	T	23	31					7 18	5 4
22	W	10	8	23			Knees & Hams	7 18	5 5
23	T	22	14					7 17	5 6
24	F	4	8				Legs & Ankles	7 16	5 7
25	S	15	53					7 16	5 8
26	S	27	47					7 15	5 9
27	M	9	46				Feet & Toes	7 14	5 11
28	T	24	53					7 13	5 12
29	W	4	11				Head and Face	7 13	5 13
30	T	16	42					7 12	5 15
31	F	29	33					7 11	5 16

LOCAL ITEMS.

Alexis M. Cannon is the General Business Agent of this Office, and is authorized to make all collections and settlements connected therewith.

SABBATH, MEXICO.—Bishop Phineas H. Young spoke of his personal faith and feelings, referred to his early experience in the Church, and expressed desires to do the will of God and walk in obedience to His commandments. He advocated the importance of obeying the teachings given through the servants of the Lord. Referring to the last fast day, he said although the weather was most unpropitious, the meeting-house of his own ward was filled to overflowing, and the people brought freely their donations for the fast.

Elder Brigham Young, jun., followed, urging a whole-souled and energetic performance of our duties, and full obedience to the counsels of God communicated through His servants, that we may approximate more speedily to that oneness of faith and action which He requires us to reach.

Afternoon.—Elder Orson Pratt preached. His discourse was reported.

THEATRICAL.—On Saturday night Mr. and Miss Condoek made their last appearance, when "Lost in London" was repeated. As John McNamee and his erring wife Jessie, they were natural and effective; and at the close were called for and appeared, bowing their acknowledgments to a very good house. Indeed we were surprised to see so good a house, considering the stormy evening, although it was the last appearance of these excellent artists. Mr. Har die deserves much credit for his impersonation of Marauder. He played the character with a good deal of style. Mrs. M. G. Clawson also played Daisy very well, and Mr. Margaretts was particularly good as Mark. The dancing and singing were well executed, and everything went off smoothly and with pleasing effect. "Milky White" is one of Mr. Condoek's great