

[For the Deseret News.]

## THE THOUGHTS OF HOME.

BY E. R. SNOW.

O is there aught so gently strange,  
By stote reason taught,  
With such strange contrarieties  
Of pain and and pleasure fraught—  
Where, without contradiction,  
The bitter and the sweet,  
With most surprising placidness,  
In combination meet—  
When the extremely opposites  
Of joy and sorrow come,  
Commingle so harmoniously  
As in the thoughts of home?  
The thoughts of home—how strangely dear!  
Yea, fond affection is sincere—  
There hope will sing, in spite of fear,  
And transports brighten with a tear.

Steel tones of pensive playfulness  
Move through each blissful lay;  
Much like the blush of evening  
Amid the blaze of day;  
And all so indelibly,  
They only know, who feel  
The magic of its soft embrace,  
Across the bosom, steal;  
And none but stranger-hearts can feel—  
And only those that roam.  
Can know the sober ecstasies  
That swell the thoughts of home.

The Thoughts of Home—ah who can tell  
The charming music of its spell,  
When memory bids the chorus swell  
Of which recollection lay its dwell.

When busy day, retiring,  
Withdraws its radiant eye;  
And scenes of wild confusion  
In still composure lie—  
When nature's arms are folded  
Upon her slumbering breast,  
With all her usual gaities,  
In sullen sadness drest;  
O then, the stranger's inmost soul  
Exalts to meet the gloom,  
And feed its fond affections on  
The cordial Thoughts of Home.

For then the Thoughts of Home are pte and  
With warmest ardor to the breast;  
When recollection's golden crest  
In night's soft shadowy form is drest.

'Tis now the morning twilight  
Of the millennial day—  
It's dawn is fast approaching—  
We see its cheering ray;  
As on our spirit-pulses,  
The Priesthood's dew distils,  
Bright prospects of our better Home,  
Our waking bosoms thrill;  
Where "holy habitations" are,  
By hands immortal made,  
And with eternal beauties crown'd,  
Whose lustre will not fade.

And while as strangers, here we roam,  
And stem the tide of Satan's foam,  
Like life-inspiring cordials, come  
The Thoughts of our Celestial Home.

Great Salt Lake City, July, 1863.

## RUSSIA AND POLAND.

The independence of Poland is of almost vital importance to the existence of Germany as a nation, with a tongue of its own, and this truth is realized by the thinking portion of the latter country. Hence whatever the sneaking, wily and perfidious policy of the Prussian government may do to persuade its subjects and those of other potentates of the justice and utility of a so-called Russo-mania, the majority of the Germans comprehend the danger of being on intimate terms with the Northern bear. And not only to Germany but even to France and the other European powers the Polish question is a matter of the greatest moment.

As every individual possesses its own peculiar character, so does every nation; and this will show itself both in the rough, quaint drollery of the peasant and the insidious, treacherous refinement of so-called civilization. What a world of living paradox! Here are two words which almost everybody has at its tongue's end, and which in reality mean not what they represent, but simply show the true scale of the moral barometer of human beings. Civilization is said to make people respectable, but what does the latter adjective convey? Why, to say yes and mean no; to steal, cheat and defraud with the ability of avoiding discovery; to understand the policy of hanging the clock according to the wind; to know how to be on intimate terms with those, whether devils or angels, that may benefit us, and to understand how to cast them away when their services are dispensed with; to possess the talent of committing all other crimes "under the rose," that is with kid-gloved hands, painted cheeks and beguiling smiles—in fine to have every appearance of a gentleman or lady, but be in very deed only a highly respectable scoundrel of a good social position.

The preceding paragraph being merely thrown in parenthetically and by way of illustration will give a tolerably good idea of the Czars, when it is remarked that particularly their character contains such moral and intellectual constituents.

Peter the Great, the brilliant luminary of the Russian system, from whom all his successors as minor stars have received

their light, endeavored much to obliterate from his nation the oriental character they had possessed during the reign of her former rulers. Seeing with his keen perception that progress generally tends to prosperity, he resolved upon making his subjects improve in mechanical arts, such as ship building, etc. He desired to blend Russia with the rest of Europe, but above all things his policy consisted in increasing his power by every means, and to this end he laid plans for future aggrandizements. But in all his schemes he neglected the moral culture of his nation.

Being aware of the importance of Poland and Turkey, he did all he could to foster dissension in the former and to produce decay in the latter country, asserting that inasmuch as the double-faced Russian eagle pointed both towards the east and west, the march of his power were laying in those directions. And so steadily did the Muscovite empire progress that during the reign of Catherine II. the Marquis of Argenson remarked, "We overlooked its greatness in our contempt of its ignorance and barbarism, but it has become formidable, and it behoves that its excess of power should be repressed."

Owing to the intrigues of that wily, corrupt Czarina, Poland was dismembered; the immediate cause was a close confederacy between her and the sovereigns of Prussia and Austria, and from that time these three northern courts have been united by a bond of common guilt.

From the conference of Jeschen, in which Russia was chosen arbiter and mediator between the emperor of Germany and Frederic the Great, the preponderating influence of Russian power was severely felt in Europe, and so momentous was the progress of this great northern avalanche, that Napoleon I. accepted in 1803 her mediation between himself and England, perceiving that it would be in his power to divide the civilized world with her.

After the star of St. Helena was extinguished, Russia's influence increased more than ever. Full of fresh, active and energetic life, she is entering the lists with France, Germany, Italy, Spain and Portugal, the already decrepit champions of modern civilization. Even England, on account of the great isolation from her colonial empire, might prove an unequal match to the Northern Bear with the enormous resources of his vast empire, which has a better *arrondissement* than some of the great powers whose possessions are frequently scattered throughout the territories of other potentates.

Russia, being jealous of England's power in India, has, for many years, tried to find a convenient road into Bengal, and time will show whether the wily, semi-Greek character of the Muscovite government will prove triumphant over English phlegma and pride.

M. de Bonald, an eminent French statesman and historian, remarks in relation to Russia: "This empire, situated on the confines of Europe and Asia, bears hard on both, and since the Romans no empire has shown greater power of expansion. It is ever thus with all states where the government is enlightened and the people are barbarous, and where a happy conjunction exists between the exquisite skill of the workman and the extreme aptness of the instrument."

M. Thiers, the shrewd premier of Louis Philip, has, with peculiar sagacity, pointed in his historical works to the menacing attitude of Russia towards the west of Europe, but especially next toward Germany.

As long as Poland stands as a bulwark of freedom, as long as the process of Russification or assimilation is not yet carried out, the Russian Bear is still checked in his advance towards the heart of Europe.

But already the Muscovite influence is felt by the Russian administration, and well do the people of that country know, that owing to the remonstrance of the cabinet of St. Petersburg and the docility with which Prussian sovereigns listen to advice from thence, in lieu of the long-sought-for constitution the notorious letters-patent of the 31 of February, 1817, were obtained. It is from this fact that in 1849 and 50, the diet in Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, with Austrian Arch-duke John at its head, did not recognize the supremacy of Russia and entrust her with the guardianship of Germany, with her interests, her high civilization and the constitutional guarantees which many of the States have acquired.

Before, however, Russia tries to re-implement measures against Western Europe, it has to settle her account with Poland, a country that since the reign of Michael Foederovitch, has been her *mauvais genit*, as jealousies and animosities between the two nations have arisen from time to time. The ancient kingdom of Poland owned quite an extensive Territory in Russia Proper, on the borders of the Baltic. They ruled in Smolensko, Dorogobuzje, Poutioli and Schernigoff. There was a time, and if the author of this article is not mistaken, it refers to the memorable reign of Sigismund III., of Poland, when the rulers of the latter country carried a high handed game in the once weak Muscovite empire—when villages, towns and monasteries were pillaged in hope of finding booty; when, in fact, the country, to a great extent, was wasted, the state jewels, crowns of great price, sceptres, precious stones, vases, etc., had been seized and carried into Poland.

When it is known that the King of Sweden and the grand-duke of Lithuania, who had also large possessions in Russia in connection with Poland, were all ambitious to aggrandize themselves at the expense of the Muscovite empire, at a time when the father of the throne apparent, that is Michael Foederovitch,

was a prisoner in Poland—when everything indicated a rapid decline of the weak northern dynasty, need we wonder, then, when the heterogeneous elements of the once foreign but now Russian provinces, have united themselves in a revolutionary movement, such as the Muscovite nation never witnessed before?

The psychological phenomenon we observe in individuals manifests itself more powerfully in whole nations. Wrongs may be forgiven, but they will not be forgotten. The *razzias* of the oligarchical republic of Poland within the sacred presence of the Kremlin, in Moscow, that ancient and solemn pile, hoary with age, where the mortal remains of princes, czars, metropolitans and canonized martyrs, honored and revered by a nation, are deposited, is looked upon by the faithful Russians as a desecration that could only be atoned by an entire subjugation of the Polish nation after a long and fierce struggle.

As little as the Germans will ever forget the defeat of Jena, in 1806 and the French the battle of Waterloo, in 1815, as little will the Poles forget their downfall by the hated Muscovites. Yet with all the principles of enlightened, heroism and patriotism to be found in the Polish nation, it would be a nice question, almost amounting to a historic critical disquisition, to ascertain the real instigator of that unhappy struggle which has lasted for centuries.

Suffice it to say, the curtain of a new and bloody drama has risen before the eyes of the whole world. The banner of Polish freedom is again struggling with the double-faced eagle of the Russian autocrat, and whatever the results of this momentous struggle will be, they are still hidden in the womb of time.

European advices state that the sympathies of Sweden had been enlisted in behalf of the Polish insurrection. From an old grudge dating as far back as Peter the Great, through whom Sweden lost large possessions on the Baltic, in Russia, the cabinet of Stockholm is much inclined to assist in increasing the embroglio and to prepare for a *coup de guerre*, in consequence of which Kronstadt is being fortified.

Cialdini, the Italian minister of War, in answer to a note of Napoleon, premises that 60,000 men would form the auxiliaries of France if needed.

To comprehend the rapidity of the present movement, the reader will have to bear in mind that directly after the first outbreak at Warsaw, on the 20th January, the insurrection was spreading like a wild-fire all over the country, carrying the important tidings on the wings of the wind, through forests and swamps, to every nook and corner, so that ten days after the first blow the bloody standard of war had been raised in all the five administrative divisions of the Grand Duchy of Poland, embracing five millions of inhabitants.

Outside of the Grand Duchy of Poland, the insurgents hold the principal towns in Lithuania and the large forests of Bialowier. From there the line of operations extends east of the forests up to the famous Pink marshes that occupy an area of thirty square miles, and are entirely inaccessible to regular troops. In the midst of the Pink marshes, which are situated between Black and White Russia and Volhynia, Gen. Racinski has intrenched himself.

In the various engagements the Poles have frequently fought a *l'arme blanche*—that is to say, with scythes and swords, against the Russians, who have been defeated several times. The mode of warfare adopted for the present by the insurgents is that of the Spanish guerrilla.

On the Russian frontier an army of 130,000 Prussians is ready to assist their Muscovite allies and to prevent insurrectionary movements from extending into Prussia. Yet with all the vigilance of the latter government, large numbers of the Prussian-Polish militia are joining the ranks of the insurgents.

Whatever the issue may be, it will be a desperate struggle—full of momentous questions and results, and truly remarks M. Chateaubriand, the celebrated author and statesman, "Russia will never extinguish Poland, unless by making her a desert."

In no country the onward march of material industry has been so prodigious as in Russia, and this necessarily affects the finances thereof. At the commencement of the reign of Alexis Mikhailovich, father of Peter the Great, that is since 1645, according to Strahlenberg the German historian, the revenues amounted to \$5,000,000 R. S. money. On the death of Peter the Great they had doubled. At the present day the revenues of the empire are about 170,000,000. The gold, silver and other mints of the crown yield about 20,000,000. The remainder 150,000,000 are easily produced by so immense a population as that of 70,000,000. The taxes are, consequently, with the exception of the duty on some imported articles, small. The public debt amounts to about \$250,000,000, and is by no means as heavy a burden as the enormous sums contracted by the present administration of the United States.

## INDIAN REMEDY FOR SMALL POX.

BY DR. HERBERT MILES, SURGEON IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

Early in the last winter, a small coasting vessel landed a portion of her crew at an obscure village a few miles from Halifax, N. S. These persons were sick with small pox, and the disease soon spread, first among the cottagers, with whom the fishermen mixed, and subsequently among those from the capital, who resorted to the village for the purpose of trade. Through the early weeks of spring rumor constantly asserted that vast numbers of the seafaring population were attacked

with the complaint; but it was not until early in March, that the large Civil Hospital of Halifax, by the number of its admissions for variola, began to corroborate the rumor, and to authenticate the justice of public anxiety. The disease, in process of time, extended to the troops in the garrison. While certain portions of the inhabitants of Halifax were suffering from the epidemic, alarming accounts reached that place, relative to the terrible ravages of the scourge among the Indians and colored people generally. Variola is the special plague of the Indians, and when they are invaded by this pestilence, it sweeps them off by scores.

On this occasion, the most painful details were given of whole families being carried off by this loathsome disease. After some time, it was said, that the disease was stayed. One of the Indian race, it was asserted, had come into the disease-stricken camp, possessed of a preparation, which had the extraordinary power of curing the kind of cases which had hitherto proved so fatal. This remedy was believed by the Indians to be so efficacious, that if given to them when attacked with the small pox, they looked forward with confidence to a speedy and effective cure. An old weird Indian woman was the fortunate possessor of the remedy in question. She had always been known as the Doctress of her tribe, and had enjoyed celebrity for many years in consequence of her reputed knowledge of medicine and wonderful acquaintance with the herbs and roots of the woods. So well established was her fame among the Indians, that when sick they resorted to her in preference to the white doctors, whom they considered to be "No-good." Capt. Hardy, of the Royal Artillery, an accomplished and intelligent officer, who has for years been among the Indians, says that "the old squaw's remedy had long been known to them as an infallible cure for small pox," and that "the Indians believe it to be successful in every case." From the information gathered from among the Indians, the following observations have been carefully sifted:

1. In the case of an individual suspected to be under the influence of small pox, but with no distinct eruption upon him, a large wine-glassful of an infusion of the root of the plant "*Saracenia Purpurea*," or pitcher plant, is to be taken. The effect of this dose is to bring out the eruption. After a second and third dose, given at intervals of from four to six hours, the pustules subside, apparently losing their vitality. The patient feels better at the end of each dose, and, in the graphic expression of the Micmac, "knows there is a great change in him at once."

2. In a subject already covered with the eruption of small pox, in the early stage a dose or two will dissipate the pustules and subside the febrile symptoms. The urine, from being scanty and high colored, becomes pale and abundant, while from the first dose, the patient's feelings assure him that "the medicine is killing the disease." Under the influence of the remedy, in three or four days the prominent symptoms of the constitutional disturbance subside, although as a precautionary measure, the sick person is kept in the camp till the ninth day. No marks of the eruption, (as regards pitting, etc.) have been left in cases examined, if treated by the remedy.

3. With regard to the medicine acting, (as believed by the Indians) in the way of a preventive, in those exposed to the infection, it is curious to note, in the camps, where the remedy is used, the people keep a weak infusion of the plant prepared, and take a dose occasionally during the day, so as to "keep the antidote in the blood."—*Druggist's Circular*.

Frederick W. Morris, M. D., resident physician of the Halifax Visiting Dispensary, in a letter sent to the editor of the American Medical Journal, says:

You have probably heard something of an extraordinary discovery for the cure of small pox, by the use of "*Saracenia Purpurea*," or Indian cap, [or pitcher plant] a native of Nova Scotia. I would beg you, however, to give full publicity to the astonishing fact, that this same humble bog-plant is the remedy for small pox, in all its forms, in twelve hours after the patient has taken the medicine. It is also as curious as it is wonderful, that however alarming and numerous eruptions, or confluent and frightful they may be, the peculiar action of the medicine is such, that very seldom is a scar left to tell the story of the disease.

I will not enter upon a physiological analysis now; it will be sufficient for my purpose to state, that it cures the disease as no other medicine does, not by stimulating functional re-agency, but by actual contact with the virus in the blood, rendering it inert and painless; and this I gather from the fact that if either vaccine or variolous matter be washed with the infusion of the *Saracenia*, it is deprived of its contagious property.

The dose of the medicine—the powdered root, is about a dessert spoonful, simmered in a pint of water down to half a pint; this is divided into two doses, one taken immediately, the other in six hours—no sugar shall be given with it. The "*Saracenia*," I have reason to believe to be a powerful antidote for all contagious diseases—lebra, measles, plague, contagions, typhus and syphites, also a remedy for jaundice.

Why is a blade of grass like a note of hand? Because it is matured by falling due.

—If you have a large family of vices to maintain, don't think of getting married.