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## THE LAND OF THE LIVING

("Are you still in the land of the living?"  
Inquired a man of an aged friend. "No, but  
I am going there, was the reply.)

O land, so full of breaking hearts,  
O'erhung with shadows blinding.  
Where half the world the other half  
In sheets and shroud are winding.  
We stretch our eyes away—away  
And catch the tiltings on the clouds  
Of an auroral morrow.

Each year we see the brightest leaves  
In autumn's hand the serest;  
Each year the bird-notes die away,  
Which rang for us the clearest;  
Each day the cruel month of Death  
The life to life is giving,  
And yet we call this fading land  
The region of the living!

O angel man, whose silvery hair  
Is like the ring of glory!  
God bless you for that precious truth—  
Our hearts repeat the story;  
And while we sit in vacant homes  
Heaven's golden bells are pealing,  
Along the darkness of the night,  
Making the same revealing.

Emma Rood Tuille.

## OUR CHICAGO LETTER.

Chicago still continues to be the boss sensational city, or rather, sensation-producing city. It was here that the famous Utah Commission report was written last fall. There was something eminently grand in the performance of that work. Of course, it was in harmony with epic morality that such a report should emanate from the city of Dr. Cronin, Dr. Lorimer and Mrs. Snell McCrea. It is true the document was not written over a catch-basin, though it smells like it; nor was it influenced by quinine, though it has a Lorimer ring in it; nor was it dictated by a nigger preacher, though it contains much plantation philosophy.

Speaking of Dr. Lorimer, the poor man is now in sack cloth and ashes. He is a Baptist preacher, and like many others of his brethren easily makes a fool of himself. He came into notice here a few years ago, by preaching a splendid sermon. It was published in full, and issued in pamphlet form. Some crank rummaging among religious literature discovered that Lorimer's sermon was first preached by Dr.

Parker, of London. Both sermons were then published in parallel columns in a daily paper, and poor Lorimer was convicted of plagiarism. His explanation was that he had read the original sermon by Parker, and by a process of unconscious assimilation preached it subsequently as his own. The explanation was received as sufficient. An educated negro who read this sermon and its sequel, was charged with stealing a mule. His plea was unconscious assimilation. He cast eyes on the mule, and gazed at it, until he fancied it was his own. But his plea did not work. He went to Joliet.

Dr. Lorimer came into notice a second time during the Cleveland administration. A postoffice employe who had grown gray in office was removed (not killed) by President Cleveland. A few months after his removal from office this ex-employe died. Dr. Lorimer preached the funeral sermon, in which he appealed to the grand jury to indict the president for murder. And, would you believe it, there were newspapers in Chicago which applauded the drunken preacher, while Cleveland was denounced as a murderer and rebel. Yet there are in Chicago as in Salt Lake City whose pens are the hooked sticks of the rag-picker, whose ink bottle is the ash-barrel or the blind alley, and whose paper is the winding sheet of the corpse-stealer, body-snatcher and ghoul prostitute.

Dr. Lorimer came into notice again a few days ago. He went to New England on a lecturing tour. In one place he was advertised to lecture on "The French Revolution." In due time he appeared on the platform; but with flushed face, unsteady gait and thickened tongue. He launched out into a most incoherent rigmarole on the Pope and Romanists. The people were astounded. Gradually the church was emptied. Friends took Lorimer home. He was called on for an explanation. He gave it, but it was too thin. He said he took a six grain dose of quinine that evening. 'Tis probable he did, but he certainly put six inches of Scotch whisky on top of it. Chicago quinine is not a protected commodity, nor is it under the law of prohibition; that is why it is so effective in sermons,

lectures and Utah political documents. Edmunds cold tea and Lorimer quinine will rank in future as popular tonics.

Mrs. Snell McCrea, the daughter of the man whose murder made Tascott famous, and the Chicago police infamous, furnished a small sensation. By the murder of her father she inherited in her own right an immense fortune. Her first performance after becoming a millionaire was to obtain a divorce. She then tried to buy a play actor to elope with her, but the morality of Phelps was too exalted for her. She led a high and luxuriant life and endeavored to pose as a latter-day Cleopatra. Finally, she rested on a New York broker, a married man and father of a family, and together they went south to be married by a darkey preacher. Both are now in London, and will prove valuable accessories to the Cleveland street rowdies and to Lord Arthur Somerset's gang. Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Rawson and Mrs. Snell McCrea ought to combine and erect in Chicago a magnificent temple to Eros.

The political world of Chicago was astonished this morning by the report that Mrs. Mulligan was removed from the pension office here, where she has acted as pension agent during the last four years. Mrs. Mulligan's husband was killed in one of the early battles of the war. He was colonel of an Illinois regiment, and was known as a brave, patriotic officer. When mortally wounded on the field he perceived that the flag of his regiment was in danger of being captured by the rebels. Turning to those who surrounded him, he besought them to leave him and save the flag. These were his last words. He was a young man and left behind him a young wife and three children. Ever since that dark day, this widow struggled and fought to maintain herself and family without aid or office until President Cleveland recognizing the worth and virtue of the woman as well as the patriotism of her husband, made a pension agent of her in this city. Now comes the news that she is removed to make way for a "Colonel" who took good care not to get killed. Of course, the name of Mulligan is rather unpoetic for peace times. I wonder what that old political harlot, Pat