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IN THE FIRE-LIGHT.

The Fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere;
Like troubled spirits, here and there
The firelight shadows fluttering go.
And as the shadows round me creep,
A child's treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from a further room
Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And, somehow, with that little prayer
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thought goes back to distant years
And lingers with a dear one there;
And as I hear the child's amen,
My mother's faith comes back to me;
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hands again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place—
Oh, for the peace of that dear time,
Oh, for that childish trust and love,
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone—
Sweet music of that treble tone
And "Now I lay me down to sleep!"

EUGENE FIELD.

AN IMIGINARY CASE.

Editor *Deseret News*:

My attention was yesterday called to an editorial, which appeared in the *Salt Lake Tribune* of December 22nd, and which was devoted to a supposed case from Copenhagen. I was earnestly asked, in behalf of many Scandinavians in this city, to enter a protest against the slanderous insinuations contained therein. It is with some hesitation that I endeavor to do so, because it is well known among the respectable part of the community, that the paper named has long ago placed itself, both with regard to morality and literary qualifications, far below the criticism of any gentleman. Its products belong to what in Scandinavia is known as "gutter-literature," and it is always more or less unpleasant to stir the contents of receptacles for filth. Still, the exposure of the product referred to may assist in opening the eyes of some, who may require to see what kind of friends they have in the quarter from which such an article emanated:

The article reads thus:

Imagine a case: A man is at work in the slums of Copenhagen, he has a

wife and five children; they breakfast every morning on black bread and a little piece of bologna sausage; they know nothing of any other country, except their own; through the dull brain of the man there has more than once stolen a thought that if he were to die it would be a hard time for the wife and children. A Mormon missionary comes along he tells that man if he will only have a change of heart; if he will only accept the conditions of the Mormon faith, he will be helped to another land; that the Mormon Church there will secure for him a farm where he can raise his pigs, his chickens, his vegetables, his fruit and where the everlasting fear of starvation will be taken from his soul. All that will be required from him in return, will be obedience to the power which gives him all this, and it will take his note, moreover, for what is advanced, and on easy terms he can pay it up and he and his children after him will be land-holders. That man, that assisted emigrant with his wife and children, are brought over and put down in Salt Lake City. They know nothing of this country, it is not possible for them to learn anything of it; they are given nothing to read but Mormon publications, they are taught from the start that their full obedience must be to their creed."

After some more language in the same style, the concluding words are:

"We would make it impossible for such men to lay their hands on the American ballot, and we would do it on the same principle that our government is now forging guns and building battle ships, on the principle that every nation has a right to be jealous of its sovereign power and suspicious of every man who will not give to it true and faithful allegiance."

The intent of the article is to convey the idea that the Church is made up of ignoramuses who are willing to sell their souls and their bodies for a small consideration and that such idiots are transported from Denmark, and this is a ground why such should be denied the privilege of citizenship. In order to support this groundless assumption an unsupportable case is supposed. It never has had any existence in reality, nor can it have any.

Now, let me remark here, that no warfare is easier than that which is waged against imaginary enemies. It requires no heroism to conjure up a foe and to attack that spectre. It is sometimes done by those deplor-

able beings who have no heroism whatever, but whose brains have been soaked in whisky and permeated by the fumes of opium, until delirium tremens has taken hold of them. Yet, in this kind of warfare the writer of that imaginary Copenhagen case engages. He modestly only mentions one case, but he, no doubt, sees in his wildly excited visions scores of them. How they hunt him! I can see them in my mind's eye, those idiots from the "slums" of Copenhagen, where they crawl round him, grinning at him, haunting him, endeavoring to steal the ballot from him, and sink him into the grave of Korah, Dathan and Abiram. And he is fighting for his life and liberty, and the salvation of the country. Don Quixote on his famous Rosinante was not more in earnest, when he fought against the wind mills, taking them to be giants, than is this scribe in fighting the case he has conjured up before him.

Those who are familiar with Copenhagen and with the work of the missionaries of the Church when abroad, know that there is not the least semblance of truth in that imaginary case.

Copenhagen, the beautiful capital of Denmark, has no "slums" at all, compared to the so-called "slums" of New York and some larger cities of the United States. Those who want to go to the "slums" somewhere miss the mark, if they go to Copenhagen.

The laborers of Copenhagen are a respectable class of people, everything considered. True, they have not such liberal wages as the laborers have in this country, but they are, as a rule, able to find something besides "black bread and sausage" to eat. And more than that, for a few cents they are able to enjoy various kinds of ennobling amusements. In their public gardens, their Tivoli, their rich art collections, they have means of enjoying and educating themselves to a degree that might be envied by many laborers in America. And they do enjoy themselves. "How did you enjoy yourself?" is a common question in Copenhagen instead of "How do you do?" a sufficient indication of the prevalent spirit. And one thing is certain, you never find the