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## THE SOUL'S TRIUMPH.

Out of the depths of sorrow,  
Into the realms of light,  
Speed, O speed my restless soul  
Toward thy heavenly flight.  
O'erleap not the darksome vale,  
Heed not the torrent's cry,  
But ever onward press thy way  
To majesty on high.

Though clouds disperse their volume,  
And lightnings 'round thee flash,  
'Tis love of God broods over all,  
And binds the rainbow sash;  
Then sing His wondrous praise,  
Nor pause thy flight begun,  
But where transcendent glory reigns  
There rest—thy victory won.

JOHNSON M'C. BELLOWS.

## OUR MEXICAN COLONIES.

Lieutenant Schwatka, the author of the following article, written from the Piedras Verdes, Chihuahua, Mexico, is the intrepid traveler who distinguished himself in connection with the *Jeannette* rescuing party. He is described to us by a friend who has met him, as a large, fine-looking man, of genial, kindly and affable disposition. He spent a portion of the spring and early summer in Chihuahua: This paper, from his capable pen, is taken from the *New York Star*:

The Casas Grandes (The Big Houses) valley and river, through and along which we have been traveling for some time, as described in my previous article, is formed by the junction of two rivers, the San Miguel and Piedras Verdes. The former, the San Miguel, is the straight-line prolongation of the Casas Grandes and seemingly the true stream, but the Piedras Verdes is the more important, as its waters are perennially replenished with branches which head in the never-failing springs of the Sierras to the west. On its picturesque banks we now find ourselves.

Just before reaching La Ascension we came to the Mormon colony of Diaz (named by them in honor of the present President of the Mexican republic), numbering about thirty families. A discussion of their religious tenets is clearly and fortunately, out of my province, not only from the heavy, dreamy character of it, but for the reason that

everything, wise and otherwise, about Mormonism has already been put before those who cared to read it. But entirely outside of the subject of polygamy, which has so completely obscured every other point about these people, they have one characteristic which is seldom heard of in connection with them and their wanderings in the western wilderness. I refer to their pioneering efforts, or the building up of new countries. They have no peer in pioneering among the Caucasian races. They are so far ahead of the Gentiles in organized and discriminating, businesslike colonization that the latter are not close enough to them to make a clear comparison and see their inferiority. Of course the Mormons see in their belief an ample explanation for this excellence; but it is far more probable, as I look at it from my Gentile standpoint, that it is due to the peculiar organization of their church, which well fits them for the work of making the wilderness blossom as the rose.

No other Christian church exercises so much authority over temporal affairs of its members as the Mormon, and however debatable this exercise of authority may be in civilized communities surrounded by people of the same kind, there is no doubt in my mind as to its effect upon pioneer associations surrounded by enemies in man and nature. Whoever has grown up on the Gentile frontier and seen the innumerable bickerings between adjacent owners and the internal dissensions in the towns themselves, the rivalry for "booms," the shotgun contests for county seats, the thousands of exaggerations about their own interests and the millions of depreciations about those of others adjoining, needs no second argument to convince him how much more powerful and effective is a much smaller but more binding centralization that judicially settles all such questions for the public good, that determines where colonies shall be from, the character of the soil and the natural routes of travel; where only the good of the people is considered as against nature; and last, but not least, the propagation of the faith. It is not at all wonderful to one amid the scenes, that an organized faith of

almost any character should have flourished surrounded by so much disorganization. In my last article I said that two or three years of quiet was needed after an Indian war to restore confidence among the whites so that they would settle the troubled district in a *bona fide* way. I should have excepted the Mormons; but to have done so then without an explanation would have made the exception look somewhat absurd. Their long frontier experience has taught them how to weigh Indian matters correctly as well as others pertaining to the ragged edge of civilization. Although the Apaches have been subdued a dozen times by Mexican and American governments alternately, they know when the subduing meant subjugation, and before Geronimo and his cabinet were half way to the orange grounds of Florida, Mormon wagon poles were pointed to the rich valleys of Northwestern Chihuahua.

They number here about seventy-five families, a mere fraction compared with all the available land of the magnificent valleys of the Casas Grandes, Boca Grande, Santa Maria and others, and they never will predominate politically or in numbers over the others, counting the Mexican population, which is almost universally Catholic. In fact, those here seem content to settle down and to be let alone, which they can attain here by the purchase of tracts of lands over which they can throw their authority and be a little community unto themselves, neither disturbing nor hoping to be disturbed.

Their success here has already invited the more avaricious but less coldly calculating Gentiles and, while it is putting it a little strong to say there is a "boom," or indication of one, within thirty or sixty miles between villages, yet our conscience is not disturbed in saying that we can at least agree with the great American poet that "we hear the first low wash of waves where soon shall roll a human sea."

Already a railroad is talked of here, and the usual undue excitement is manifested. Every stranger is supposed to have something to do with it. Even *America's* expedition was thought to be a preliminary reconnaissance, and applications and interviews were made based on this