

THE DESERT WEEKLY

PIONEER PUBLICATION

ESTABLISHED

TRUTH AND LIBERTY

ROCKY MOUNTAIN REGION.

JUNE, 1850.

NO. 6.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1889.

VOL. XXXIX.

CLOUDS WITH SILVER LINING.

As I sat in the twilight, 'mid shadows of gray,
I dreamed of the past which seemed as a day,—
The past with its sweetness and longings in vain,
And memory's quick pulses renewing my pain.
As the clouds dark and threatening rose out of the West,
Hope folded her wings and sank in my breast.
Faith faded and vanished in shadows of night,
When lo! on the clouds shone a rainbow of light;
Then my heart that was fainting with anguish, again
Was refreshed like the flowers when kissed by the rain.
Though the vision of old thro' memory still weaves,
I no longer can say there is "nothing but leaves."
For the hope that was born in the sunset's last gleams
Is a beautiful omen of happier dreams;
The gloom and the darkness have all fled away
As the rosy-lined dawn blooms in o' full day.
Joy and love filled life's chalice, once brimming with pain,
And the grace of that day never faded again.

MARY W. STILES.

St. Louis Magazine.

FRANCISCO MIRANDA.

There is an old building with thick adobe walls at Caracas which is as sacred in the eyes of South American patriots as Independence Hall in Philadelphia is to the people of the northern continent, and for similar reasons. One side faces the Plaza Bolivar, and from the windows can be seen the ancient cathedral, the equestrian statue of the great liberator, which is modeled after that of Andrew Jackson in front of the White House at Washington, and the Casa Amavillas, or "Yellow House," in which the president of Venezuela resides. Opposite the west walls of the old building, across a wide, shaded street, is the Palacio Federal, or capitol of the republic, in which the congress sits and official ceremonies

are held. It is now the city hall, the seat of the municipal government, but it used to be the residence of the governor when the country was a colony of Spain.

WHEN INDEPENDENCE WAS PROCLAIMED.

In this building, in the large council chamber at the corner, on the 5th of July, 1811, a "junta" or mass-convention of the leading citizens was assembled and formally proclaimed their independence. It was the beginning of the great revolution in which all the Spanish-American colonies threw off the yoke of Spain—the first step toward freedom on the southern continent. There had been considerable disturbance previously, just as the people of Boston threw the tea overboard, and the Spanish governor had been driven away, after being forced to abdicate in April of the year before; but this was the first time any citizens of Spanish America had assembled publicly and in a solemn, formal manner declared that they would no longer submit to the exactions or obey the decrees of the king. The original document, in the handwriting of Francisco Miranda, hangs upon the wall today, bearing his own signature and those of sixty or more of his fellow-patriots, representing the best families of Venezuela. It is faded and frayed, and some of the lines are almost illegible, but it is the most precious historical relic in the country, and is preserved with religious care. At the end of the room hangs a large painting, perhaps the finest work of art at Caracas, representing the scene with approximate accuracy, although some of the many figures were painted from memory. It resembles in the grouping of the characters and in the general treatment of the subject, a similar picture that hangs in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington—the signing of our own declaration of independence. The foremost figure, and the most conspicuous, is that of a slender man with striking features and soft, white hair worn in a cue. He is Francisco Miranda, the first leader in the revolution for independence in South America, a native of Caracas, and the most romantic character in the history of Venezuela. Dr.

Ernst, the German scholar and scientist, who knows the country and its records better than any one else, and can judge from an impartial standpoint, being a foreigner, regards Miranda as the ablest and most brilliant figure in South American history, and by far the greatest man Venezuela has produced, although he was not so successful a soldier as Simon Bolivar.

FRANCISCO MIRANDA.

Miranda was born in 1754. His parents belonged to one of the oldest and wealthiest families of the colony, and, according to the customs of their class, the son was sent to Spain to receive his education. He was given the commission of a lieutenant in the Spanish army, and served for a time in Guatemala. He was very young, but even at that age his patriotism revolted at the treatment of the colonies by the court at Madrid, and he declined to participate in such outrages. Therefore he resigned his commission and went to France, where the Marquis de Lafayette was preparing to leave for North America to aid Washington and the continental army. The young marquis had been once to America, had served two years as a soldier, and at this time, 1778, had returned to Paris to secure funds and reinforcements for Washington. Miranda, who was about the same age, twenty-five years old, and in the same social plane with Lafayette, was familiar with the latter's career in the colonies, and from his friends as well as from Franklin, Dean, and Arthur Lee, the revolutionary commissioner at Paris, had become inspired with sympathy for the struggling colonies and a desire to assist them. Thus when Lafayette called for assistance he was the first to volunteer. In January, 1779, he sailed from Havre to Boston, and served under Washington until the end of the war, most of the time in the staff with the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

THE WASHINGTON OF VENEZUELA.

It was during this service that the ambition was conceived in him to be the Washington of Venezuela, the liberator of his native land, and as soon as the war in the northern continent was over he sailed for South America and raised the standard of