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LINES TO A BABE.

A rose leaf curled,
A dewdrop pearled,
A flash of light in darkness veiled!
A joy that's pain,
A hope that's gain,
A spark of light with death entailed!
Two azure eyes, with wondrous light replete;
Two grasping hands, two hesitating feet,
Reaching after something which they dare not meet.
Oh, mystery of life!
In this young soul, unblemished yet and fair,
We strive to read the riddles written there,
But ah! the light behind us has grown dim
And the light before
From Heaven's door
We see like Saul and are made blind like him.
These limpid eyes,
In mild surprise,
Gaze down the lengthening vista of the coming years;
And through pearly tears
They catch the radiance of glory won
Reflected on the bloodless battle just begun.
This soul so bright,
'Tis Heaven's light
That shines unsullied on your crystal height;
The glory of a day begun,
The mirage of a setting sun
Are thus all melted into one.
This child—this prince—this angel,
Do we dare to call it ours?
And fondle it and treasure it
As we would the fading flowers?
This breath of God's own life,
The image of His face,
This fair expression of His holy love and grace?
He is heir of all the sages,
The wisdom of past ages,
Opens wide its musty pages
To the treasures of the coming years, perchance
He holds the key.
Should the splendor of His glory,
Shame the brightest page in story,
Or should His guilt soul languish dark in mediocrity?
Sure when death shall end the story,
Be it shame or be it glory,
'Tis but the prelude of a strain that will fill eternity.

ELIZABETH MILLER.

—Ogden Standard, Ogden, Feb. 10, 1892.

ONE OF FROISSART'S CHRONICLES.

In our busy day of electricity and progress we are becoming somewhat rusty in the history of the past and appetites for the quaint old ways and wars of our ancestors are less keen than

they used to be. Is it that our tastes and manners are so different or is it that in the whirl of trying to keep up with our own times and social customs (a "country cousin" cannot call them "duties") we find never a moment left for the study or contemplation of the hazy past? Not being in publishers' secrets, we cannot say from knowledge, but imagine that a publisher of our day would find slow business in the sale of Froissart's Chronicles, or even of Milton or Scottish Chiefs. Yet where is the young heart that would not bound and burn in the character of William Wallace? To be sure, the strong-headed class of women might accidentally smile at the weak, clinging character of Lady Helen Mar, whose special faculty seemed to be a tendency to swoon in every scene of moment or importance; nevertheless, Scottish Chiefs will never lose its highland freshness, Paradise Lost its sublime grandeur, Froissart's Chronicles their quaint historic interest in depicting the scenes of the past.

We believe that reference to Scottish Chiefs will find response in the memory of many readers of the NEWS. Our Territory and people have many representatives of the race over which that work and the works of Sir Walter Scott have thrown a romantic charm, which cannot be readily lost even in the modern whirlpool.

Readers of Scottish Chiefs will remember the insolent and arrogant character of the English ambassador, Sir Hugh le de Spencer, of whose fate the work does not dispose; the sensational and, in one sense, amusing scene between King Edward II. and his beautiful queen, Margaret of France, when the former became jealous of the mysterious and wonderful minstrel who was none other than William Wallace in disguise, will also be remembered.

While carelessly glancing over the pages of Froissart, a few days ago, the name of Sir Hugh Spencer brought to mind the dear old story, read more than a decade before, and curiosity fixed attention to the page which proved to be a sequel.

Shall we not, kind reader, wander together, with the chronicler, for a few moments over the sands of those long dead years and trace, if but for amusement, a few of the events and the final fate that befel some of the men and women whose very breath we seemed to feel, the flashing of

whose eyes we seemed to see in those younger days while wrapt in Scottish Chiefs? Froissart and other historians give Queen Margaret the name of Isabella. Why she is called Margaret by the author of Scottish Chiefs we have not taken the trouble to investigate.

It seems that in after years Isabella became the mother of two sons and two daughters. The elder son ascended the English throne as Edward III and the elder daughter, Isabella, married King David Bruce of Scotland, a son of Robert Bruce, the handsome and noble minded young prince who was scarcely less fascinating in the story than Wallace himself and for whose instalment on the Scottish throne, the latter lost his life. Thus we find the two kingdoms allied and reconciled by a marriage-union of the children of the two contending kings.

The court intrigues who stirred rage, jealousy and distrust against his queen in the weak breast of King Edward II were such mischievous parasites as are incident to almost every royal court. They were the bane of Isabella's life. Scarcely had she cleared herself of one false charge before her irritable and suspicious lord had swallowed another from the mischievous lips of his favorite. Among these troublesome parasites was Sir Hugh Spencer—as wicked and perfidious as any of the criminal rascals of his time and more powerful than others through his greater ascendancy over the king. He succeeded in causing a quarrel between the king and queen which estranged them effectually and at last the queen was advised to leave the kingdom if she wished to preserve her head. She knew that the menacing danger of which she had been warned was probably more than idle fear, for the hatred of Sir Hugh had already fallen with deadly effect upon several of the nobles of the realm. Taking her eldest son, she stealthily left the kingdom and went to France to seek the protection and assistance of King Charles, her brother. She had not seen her native land since the day she had left it to become the bride of him whose suspicious cruelty had driven her to return after years of heart-aches, and the brother into whose arms she threw herself as she poured into his ears her tale of sadness, welcomed her, not as a wily prince but as a fond brother rejoicing to see a sister who had been so long separated from him.