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MURMURINGS.

(BY ONE OF "LA GRIPPE'S" VICTIMS.)

Oh, Winter, fly quickly, I'm longing to sing,
(Though stale is the subject) the praises of Spring;
Oh, Winter fly quickly and "give us the shlep,"
I'm heartily weary of cold and "La Grippe."
I'm weary of fighting "the latest" disease;
I'm weary of having to sneeze—and to sneeze—
Of "a cold in the head" and of numberless ills,
Of burning with fever, and shaking with chills.
Ah! what can one do for a desperate cold?
"La Grippe," like the Winter, won't loosen its hold:
My bones are too wenty, too nimble my pulse;
I'm tired of myself, and of everything else.
And yet I'm surrounded by kindness and care;
I'm propp'd in the easiest and cosiest chair;
And hard it would seem were there no one to say—
"Good morning; I hope you are better to-day."
Stern conscience oft takes me quite closely to task;
"Why can't you be easy and thankful?"
I'll ask;
"There are others less fortunate—lan't it so?"
"Are they all less deserving? Most certainly no."
"You doubtless have heard, and 'tis verily true,"
"That meanly they murmur who little can do."
"Wise Daniel," I answer, "it's only a shirk—
Who's content to be idle while others must work."
I watch while the sleighs and the cutters flit past,
The bells shake and jingle, the horses fly fast;
Oh! free, merry, mortals, how fast your tongues run;
What tonic so bracing as sleigh rides and fun?"
No wonder the healthy and wealthy and gay
Think Winter is charming and wish it would stay;
But the weary who wade through the slush and the snow,
And the weather-bound, wish that the Winter would go.

I look at yon snow-mantled mountains so high,
Whose peaks interblend with the storm-clouded sky;
And my heart heaves a sigh for the living or dead—
Lost, lost in the snow, 'neath the avalanche dread.
I recall the grim woes of a journey long past,
The terrible storms, and the pitiless blasts;
Poor comrades, I see them, weak, wasted and numb;
Alas! that so many were forced to succumb.
Oh, Winter, begone; thou art certainly rife
With trouble and death, as with laughter and life;
The poor rightly deem thee a merciless thing—
An ill-natur'd tyrant compared to the Spring.
Yet, we'll render thee justice; grim Winter, thou art,
Like evils essential, performing thy part;
But the earth that was thirsty hath taken its fill;
Oh, Winter, fly quickly, thy touch is too chill.
Oh! come Doctor Sunshine! We need something bright;
Come, Nature's grand cure-all, and set us all right;
Oh, Winter, fly hence, take a far-away trip,
I'm heartily weary of cold and "La Grippe."

E. H. WOODMANSEE.

OUR CHICAGO LETTERS.

State papers and public documents of all kinds are the materials from which history is largely compiled. But the historian is not entirely disregarding of the contemporary comment on the documents. When the history of Utah for 1889 comes to be written, the historian cannot pass over the report of Governor Thomas for that year. In many respects it is a remarkable document, but comment on it will be looked for in vain. Not an influential journal in the country has reviewed it in full. The fact is it will not bear touching without revealing the flimsy material it is composed of, and American journals are afraid that by handling it without gloves the cause of "Mormonism" would be helped.

Let us try to anticipate a little of what the historian will find. For 1889 he will find that Utah has forty-five incorporated cities and towns, thirty-four of which are absolutely free from debt, and seven of them with an indebtedness of less than \$1000 each. This fact will not make a bad showing in history.

Further on will be read: "Since 1880 the foreign born population of Utah has been increased by Mormon immigration, 16,094." Here is something to mystify the historian. Were there no foreigners in Utah in 1889 but "Mormon" ones? The Governor's words would lead one to think so. But when we read about Dago that shot the Irishman and the Irishman that shot the shyster lawyer, and the prize fighting affrays and gambling brawls, we will be perplexed, for "Mormon" foreigners don't indulge in any of these amusements. But perhaps Dagos are not considered foreigners because Columbus discovered the country, and the Pope gave it to Spain.

The Governor wants the grazing lands entirely made over to a few cow barons. What charming political economy! Forty years ago Kansas was a desert as much as parts of Utah, and if a few barons got it for pasture, what a nice state of affairs we would have now! Forty-five years ago it was said that an ear of corn or wheat could not be raised in all Utah, and if it were granted then to a baron or two there would be no flour in Utah today to feed miners. Forty-five years hence the recommendation of the Governor in 1889 will be looked on as a mere dream, or as the prompting of one interested in land grabbing.

There is a great deal said about the mining interests of Utah, and of the 125,000,000 recovered from the bowels of the earth. The fact is Utah mining is a myth. It costs dollar for dollar to get the little gold and silver that is got out of the ground. And as the Governor says: "Were the production of lead to become unprofitable, nearly all the mining in the Territory would cease." You see the mining interests of Utah hang by a hair, and the carpet-bags know it. That is why they are so desperate in trying to steal the property of "Mormons," made by hard labor.