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A HAMLET OF THE DEAD.

A dark, majestic wood is on one side,
While close-cropped meadow fields stretch far
away;
The rank grass springs, the graves to hide,
And gloomy cedars bar the light of day.
No sculptured marble lifts its columns toward
the skies,
To mark the peaceful sleepers' earthy bed;
No wordy epitaph parades its group of lies
Within this quiet hamlet of the dead.

A thousand mounds, like emerald billows
frozen in a gale,
Are green-topped tents wherein a people doth
reside;
And each inhabitant, so quiet and so pale,
Dwells with his peaceful neighbor, side by
side.

Nogiddy turmoil e'er disturbs their holy rest;
No men of trade with busy, roisy tread,
And love of gold within each scheming breast,
Invades this modest hamlet of the dead.

Along the leaf-strewn walks the wild flower
smiles,
The thistle nods across the ruined fence;
And flitting through the green and shady
aisles,

The lone bird chirps within the forest dense.
But neither sight nor sound will e'er awaken
these,

Who rest unconscious of the wintry wind e'er
head,
Or of the summer morning's balmy breeze—
These dwellers in the hamlet of the dead.

Full many years have passed since first a few,
Like hardy pioneers upon a foreign shore,
Did rear their humble dwellings to view.
In time there followed many, many more;
And soon this quiet, verdant village full will
be;

Room only for the stealthy night wind's tread,
As passing swiftly on from tree to tree,
It sings a requiem to the silent dead.

—S. Q. Lapius.

THE MAYOR AND THE MARSHAL.

Editor Desert News:

DEAR SIR—I have thought that in justice to Ex-Mayor Armstrong and myself, a statement of facts should be laid before the public in regard to our cases, wherein in Dec., 1889, twelve indictments were found by the grand jury, six against each of us, for misappropriating public monies of Salt Lake City. Every few weeks our names have been brought before the Courts, and heralded by the Press from one end of the land to the other. We

have asked repeatedly for a trial, but it has been passed from one term of Court to another until the present.

When Mr. Armstrong and myself were elected to fill the offices of Mayor and Marshal of this city, there were five notorious houses of vile repute doing a thriving business. The names of the proprietors of these houses were very familiar to the public. Sunday liquor selling was carried on to a considerable extent, although not with open doors. In 1886 a petition was received by the City Council asking that the city marshal be empowered to employ two detectives for the better protection of its citizens and enforcement of the ordinances of this city. A motion was made and passed at the next council that the mayor, with the marshal associated, be authorized to employ detectives (no number mentioned) for this purpose. It has been claimed there was no authority given to the mayor or marshal to employ detectives.

After our installation in office, these public houses of prostitution were broken up and the proprietors and inmates scattered to the four winds, and a public house of that character was not known thereafter in this city while Mayor Armstrong was in office. Strange women would come to our city and undertake to establish such places, and Sunday liquor selling caused a continuous fight on the part of the city. Sometimes the proprietors of saloons would be halfway decent in their actions, at others they would band together and defy the city to stop them, making threats against the officers and detectives.

The system adopted by the saloon men in most cases was to have two men as spies, one inside the saloon at the window, the other on the outside. As soon as an officer came within a half or quarter of a block of their places of business word was passed inside, the counters were cleared of glasses and everything suspicious removed. A rule was adopted by the mayor and myself that no police officer should visit saloons to drink, but only in the discharge of their duty. When officers violated this rule they were discharged.

A better set of officers in regard to this matter would have been hard to find, but these circumstances made it difficult for the police to detect Sunday liquor selling. It was for this purpose,

seeing our own officers could not gain admittance to these places, that detectives were employed.

Mr. Z. Coltrin, whose name has figured before the public many times in these cases, was employed and a commission given to him by me as a detective for Salt Lake City. He employed sub-detectives, who were strangers to me and the police, until cases were brought before the court in which these men were witnesses. Offenses being proven to the satisfaction of the court, fines were imposed and the proceeds paid into the city treasury.

I received an order from the city recorder on the treasurer as the marshal's contingent fund out of which Mr. Coltrin was paid, and a voucher taken. These vouchers at the end of the quarter were examined and "OK'd" by the mayor, and presented with the marshal's quarterly report to the Council. They were then referred to the committee on police and found to be correct, and approved, and were so recommended to the Council and acted upon and filed.

Now this is in full the proceedings wherein we have been charged with misappropriating the public monies. It was demanded of us by the public and press that prostitution and Sunday liquor selling should be suppressed, and we determined to do it, even as the mayor wisely said, if it cost the city double the money that was made by fines collected in these cases. How well we succeeded we will leave the public to judge. We believed what we were doing was for the support of the morals and good government of the city. Now we are called upon to come into court and prove there was no criminal intent on our part, or suffer the penalty of the law for misappropriating public funds.

Whether I have done wrong in making this public, or whether we should have borne this stigma in silence, I leave to the public.

—ALFRED SOLOMON.
SALT LAKE CITY, March 12, 1891.

Later dispatches confirm the report that a Portuguese gunboat has attacked and captured a British merchant steamer in the Limpopo River, in Africa. If the British were not on the verge of trouble with Venezuela over the Guiana boundary question, Portugal would hardly venture upon such a bold move.