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THE SPELL OF SONG.

When thy burdened spirit falls,
Worn with grief and weary days,
And the purple distance falls
In the fading saffron haze.

Drop thy fringed lids, nor sigh,
Should the gathering tears o'erflow;
Sing again the song that I
Sang to thee long, long ago.

Let thy snowy fingers stray
In among the ivory keys,
While the twilight sinks to gray,
And upwells the sweet night breeze—

They will find the dear old strain,
Wood'd from out the trembling strings;
They will find it, not in vain,
If thy spirit with them sings.

And though the day be overcast,
Starlight glimmers on the sea,
While through darkness dawn, at last,
Brighter days for you and me.

—Chambers' Journal.

GILSON SPEAKS AGAIN.

The following letter by ex-deputy Marshal Gilson appears in the *Herald*:

As the *Tribune* deigns to notice my "humorous" letter, I thought I would review the article and answer the same.

I also wish to state here, that I have the kindest feelings (personally) for Mr. Lannan and the editors of the paper, and I am free to say that I regret being compelled to say anything against either of them. I, however, do not say and have not said, anything against them as rational men. But, of late, for some cause to me unknown, they have apparently become insane, and I have simply attacked their insanity. They have attacked me and the principles of justice in such a manner that compelled me to the course that I have taken.

In no way, gentlemen, have you answered my "humorous" letter, nor the reasons set down for my arraying myself against your party.

In no particular have you attempted to refute the charges of corruption made by me against the party you represent.

I understand it to be the rule of law that all charges specifically made, if not denied, are admitted.

Therefore, you admit that what I stated is true. It is not necessary for me to farther pursue the subject, and I will now refer to your notice of me as a humorist.

In saying that I am a humorist, you have hit the nail square on the head. I have always been considered a man who possessed a great fund of humor. Since early childhood I have noticed with pride that my humor varied to suit the occasions that presented themselves, through the varying scenes of life.

In my letter of August 1, I was not aware that I struck one of my choicest veins of humor, until my attention was called to it by the *Tribune* notice of the 2nd. As soon as I was made aware that I had written a humorous article, I set to work to classify it. I found in looking over the letter that it was the easiest kind of humor to write, because it was truthful. There is an old and true saying that "humor is the truth properly presented." But, gentlemen, I don't think it was the kind of humor that would cause you to injure your diaphragms by excessive hilarity.

I class this kind of humor with the humor expressed by the criminal who was condemned to die in a few days, when he declined to light his pipe by a candle for fear of injuring his health.

You said I was a kicker. I give you full credit for speaking the truth once during the whole campaign.

That I was a kicker twenty-five years ago in Nevada.

This is the truth, and I expect to kick against all wrong-doing during the next twenty-five years, if I am allowed to live that length of time.

I will tell you the reason why I was a kicker twenty-five years ago, and leave the public to judge whether I was justified in the kick.

When the civil war broke out I kicked against the government of the United States. Fifteen million people made the same kick as I did.

I made the kick honestly as many others did. I was raised to believe that slavery was right. I believed that the south did what she should have done when she fought for her rights. I believed this to be a fact until the commission was sent by the Southern Confederacy to treat for peace with Mr. Lincoln; when Mr. Lincoln told

them to go home and lay down their arms, and if they should do so they should come into the Union with their rights unimpaired, and when they failed to accept those terms, I made another kick, and returned to the old flag, and said if they wanted more than their rights I could not stay with them. Which is good enough for me, notwithstanding your statement that no government is good enough for me. It is that flag and that government and the principles of that government which I am now trying to uphold. I do not believe the raising of the bloody shirt as the emblem of an honest government is right either in Utah or elsewhere. I do not believe that, although some of your party rode with Sheridan (and got covered with gore twenty miles away) they have any more rights to fill the offices of the county than those who were born in Utah, some thousands of miles away, and rode beside Brigham Young twenty years ago, providing they are as honest and honorable as their opponents.

I will not speak of my connections with the "Liberal" party, nor the kick I made against it last February. That is before you, and acted upon in your notice, "Gilson as a humorist."

It is true that I have been an officer for many years and have been interested in all grades of criminal and civil procedure, and it does seem to me to be the most supreme gall for you to ask why I did not commence legal proceedings against the fiendish acts of the political vultures! Certainly that is gall. I have a notion to drop my Faber and admit that I am downed.

However, I will answer you by asking one more question: How could I have proceeded?

I give it up.

The government appointed the Utah Commission, granting them almost unlimited power in Utah. The commission appointed the registrars. The convention nominated the registrars to fill the offices. The registrars did the dirty work.

Then the Utah Commission decided that the decision of the registrars was final.

The courts sustained the decision of the commission.

Now, I admit, I am badly mixed,