

pull altogether and achieve for the popular cause in Rich County an overwhelming triumph.

Truly yours,

JOSEPH IRWIN.

### DEATH OF A WORTHY MAN.

The subject of this sketch, David Speegle, was born July 15, 1806, and departed this life July 16, 1890, at 4 o'clock p. m. without a struggle. He had been tolerably feeble for about two weeks, but was able to get about. He had enjoyed the presence of most of his children, grand children and great grand children at the celebration of his 84th birthday. About 200 other people came to see what they could and enjoy themselves on the occasion.

He was born in Lincoln County, North Carolina, and came to Alabama with his father while he was a boy. He married Winifred Crawford October 7th, 1830, by whom he raised nineteen children, ten boys and nine girls. They all lived to be grown. Five of them are now dead, four boys and one girl.

Winifred, his first wife, departed this life November 23rd, 1867. He joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in August, 1870, of which he was a faithful member and a servant of the Lord until death. Nearly all the Elders who labored in North Alabama know him and have been entertained by him. He married Nancy C. Garran October 30th, 1870, who survives him with six living children, and one dead. Shortly after he married his last wife she was baptized by him into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and soon afterwards he sold out to move to Utah, to live with the Saints of God. But some of his eldest children and neighbors persuaded his wife not to sign the land deeds. This caused him to live the remainder of his days away from the most of his brethren where the church houses were shut against him and where his name was cast out as evil. He had to hear all manner of falsehoods about himself and his brethren; and, worst of all, only two of his sons and one of his sons-in-law ever honored or respected him in his religion.

It seems to me that God has surely blessed him by lengthening his days and by taking him away so gently. He had eaten his dinner only a few hours before the Lord took him away, and was sitting under a shade tree talking with his son Elzaphan about government affairs, when he gently dropped his head, and was dead without falling out of his chair. He was 84 years and 16 hours old. His name was never entered upon any criminal docket, and he never was accused of being a tale-bearer or a dishonest man. His name was cast out as evil as the Lord said it would be when he joined the Church of God. He was interred in Brushy Creek graveyard at 12 o'clock Friday, July 18, 1890, a place consecrated for that purpose by him several years ago.

F. W. H. SPEEGLE.

### SAM GILSON SPEAKS OUT.

I had not intended to say anything, either on the stump or through the press, but I have been forced to do so by the slurs and imputations cast upon me by the Carpet-Bag party. It is also due to some of my friends that I should give the reasons for the stand I have taken in the present contest.

The reason I am opposing this burlesque carpet-bag parody on Liberalism, is that I am an American in every sense of the word, and I propose to exercise my rights as an American citizen.

I come of a family who came to America in 1612. In every war, both internal and with foreign powers, since their arrival in America, some of the family blood has been spilled. My father fought through the war of 1812, against the armies of England; in 1830-1, he was in the war against the Sacs and Foxes in Illinois. My life has been passed at the outposts of civilization, battling to advance the interests of mankind, and in the establishment of the laws of our country. In 1853, a boy of seventeen, I crossed the plains to California. I worked in Marysville, Oroville, Lynchburg, Sacramento, Gibsonville, Downieville, Shasta, and have been known in nearly all the cities and towns of that state; in all portions of Nevada, I am known and have been for years. It is an easy matter to trace my record back. My record in this Territory is a part of the history of Utah. For the past twenty-one years, I have been acquainted with all the acts of the "Liberal" party; also with all the actors who took part in that great drama, in which a few men were pitted against the entire "Mormon" Church. I know the record of every man, both good and bad, who took part in what we considered the struggle for liberty. There was a small number whose watch-word was honor. We had, at times, fair minded judges and district attorneys, good as well as corrupt marshals, corrupt judges at times; at times sets of officers who were all willing to do what was right, to work honestly and fearlessly. A change of administration would send us dishonest judges and marshals who would undo what had taken years to accomplish. Railroads were built and mines developed; the tide of emigration was set towards Utah; we filled our ranks; some men were honest, while others were dishonest. In the past, men sacrificed their business, donated their money, allowed themselves to run for office, and be sacrificed—with success. All this, for American principles.

What were the claims of the "Liberal" party in early days?

We claimed that the laws of the country must be obeyed; that no theocracy should or would be planted on the American continent; that the power of the "Mormon" Church must be abolished; free government must be established in Utah, that the ballot box must be pure and represent the will of the people; church and state must be separated,

and entire freedom of speech and press must prevail. We simply demanded what our Constitution guaranteed.

This I, with the rest of you, fought for, believing then, as I do now, that we were right. I saw no change in the sentiments of my friends and co-workers until 1888, when there seemed to be a chance for electing some of the officers of the Territory.

Corruption commenced to creep in; men with unsavory records were employed to defeat the ends of justice; men whose records would put to blush anything that infested the west in early days. Then it was that after the little band of patriots had made it possible to live and have the rights of American citizens, the newcomers, like the vultures and hyenas of the desert, swooped down after the battle had been won to devour the slain.

What has become of the little band of patriots? Most of them have disappeared from the scene. Some few, however, are seen standing on the high plane of honor and honesty, looking down from that exalted position upon the sickening scenes going on below. Some of the old guard have joined the band of the devouring fiends, and by every possible means are endeavoring to besmirch and throw filth on those who have taken an honest position. Among those who are wallowing in the filth of the rule or ruin mob, who once stood side by side with us, is that despicable paper, the *Daily Tribune*. The men who own and are running that paper have been personally acquainted with me twenty-five years, and they know when they say that I have never done a day's work in my life, or that I am not known to them to be a workman, that they wilfully and maliciously lie. They know they lie when they say that I am now or ever have been connected in any way with Mr. O'Brien. They know they infamously lie when they say that I am a sorehead, and mad because I did not receive an office at the last city election.

I say that each and every one of them are liars when they try to lead people to believe that I am influenced by any but strictly honest convictions.

Let a discriminating public judge.

Mr. Lannan, Mr. Goodwin, Mr. Nelson, do you not know that before the registration closed for the February election, that I came to you and told you of felonies and frauds being perpetrated? Did I not plead with you to stand by our old platform and discountenance frauds? Did I not tell you that after making the fight of twenty years, as honorable men, that we could not afford to come into office by fraud? Did you not agree with me that if what I told you was true, that you would oppose it? Do you not know that these felonies and frauds were committed, as I told you? Has there ever been a word, or a line, in the *Tribune* discountenancing the wrongs perpetrated by the registrars by registering votes in three counties outside of Salt Lake county? Have you ever said anything in