

planation of Mr. Sutherland dispenses with the idea that a pardon can be bought, though the sum named, \$100, is too small to even suggest such a proceeding. But there are other considerations, some of them of a grave nature, connected with the circumstances of the lynching, which require that a careful investigation be made as to whether the ends of justice have been served to an extent to punish Harrington for the part he took in the affair, and to have an effect in deterring others similarly inclined from endeavoring to wreak summary vengeance upon offenders. The Governor will doubtless give all these matters proper consideration before he reaches a conclusion.

Henry Clews, the great banker, is a small and very nervous man.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

MANY stories are told to illustrate the sublime perseverance and unsurpassable assurance of book agents and lightning rod vendors. An instance in point: A book peddler called at the residence of Bishop Thomas H. Cutler, in Lehi, Utah County. He wanted to sell him a book, but discovered that the Bishop was in the penitentiary serving a term for unlawful cohabitation under the Edmunds law. "All right," said he, "I'll go there and see him and get his subscription." Sure enough the fellow appeared at the "pen," to the inexpressible disgust of Brother Cutler, who brought the interview to as speedy a termination as practicable.

EVERY public speaker of experience has in his time perpetrated some egregious blunders, in the haste of utterance. One of the most stupendous and steep ever made by the writer was in the town of Sheffield, England, in the early part of 1864, just about a quarter of a century since. The subject under treatment was the gathering of the elect in the latter days, predicted by the ancient prophets. In showing that Isaiah, where he speaks of the Lord's house being established in the last days in the tops of the mountains, must have had reference to the Latter-day Saints, the speaker entered upon a description of the elevated location of Utah, exclaiming, with much fervor, that its altitude was over 4000 miles above the level of the sea. It is needless to state that this surprising announcement caused the audience to

be lighted up with a smile of considerable width, to correspond with the height of the mistake.

THE Nauvoo *Independent* of Dec. 28, 1888, contained the following:

"A. W. Beach, of Salt Lake City, Utah, spent several days the latter part of last week in this city. The gentleman claims to have been the first male child born in Salt Lake City. His father, Rufus Beach, built the house at present owned and occupied by Mr. Chris. Bauegger, on Mulholland street, where he conducted a small store and the 'Travelers' Inn' during the reign of the Mormons in the city."

Brother Beach at present resides at Eagle Rock, Idaho. On December 31st he was met in Salt Lake City by a representative of the NEWS, who inquired concerning his eastern trip, of which he gave an account as follows:

I left Salt Lake City on Nov. 26, 1888, traveling on the D. & R. G. Railway, for a visit to my mother's relatives at Burlington, Iowa. I stayed there a few weeks, and on the 20th of December made a trip to Nauvoo, Illinois. I called on F. Kimball, Esq., to whom I made myself known, and stated that I had come to see the former home of the Latter-day Saints. He received me very kindly, and invited me to make my home at his house during my stay in Nauvoo. I was pleased to accept his hospitality, and, after answering his inquiries regarding Utah and her people, he ordered his buggy and took me for a drive.

We went to what used to be my father's house, now known as "Beach's Tavern," or "Travelers' Inn," which is occupied by a German and his family. "Here," said Mr. Kimball to me, "was our headquarters at the time of the battle between the Mormons and the mob, when the latter attacked and threatened to destroy us. We took articles from my foundry and made them like cannons. These were stationed in that corner," pointing to a spot about a quarter of a mile from my father's house. "and there," continued Mr. Kimball, "with our guns we made ready for business. You know we meant to defend ourselves from the mob.

"While in that corner on that day my brother, Hyrum Kimball, came to me and said, 'Here, Fin, give me that gun, and you get in that buggy and go to the Temple after cartridges.' I went as directed, and on returning with the cartridges I saw Hyrum with his head and face al-

most covered with blood. He was ramming a bullet home in the gun. Said I, 'Hyrum, for God's sake get in the buggy and go back to the house.' "No, I won't," was his reply, "I'll stay here and give them hell yet." He had been hit by a musket ball, which had plowed a furrow from his forehead over to the back of his head.

"Right in the corner was where Captain Anderson was killed. He was over by the blacksmith shop, and was doing his duty like the brave man that he was when a cannon ball fired by the mob struck and killed him."

After the narration of these and other instances we drove away. I also conversed with quite a number of people in Nauvoo. Of several of these I asked the question, "What was the cause of the Latter-day Saints being driven from Nauvoo?"

"Jealousy," was the reply they made to me. "The anti-Mormons knew that if the Mormons were left alone they would soon control the state elections; they would build up a large and beautiful city, and Nauvoo would become the State capital. We have found out since those days that the Latter-day Saints were lied about; that it was not for their bad behavior they were driven from their homes, but that it was because of jealousy, they were so prosperous and united. We want you people to come back and build up this country, for we cannot do it. We believe you people must have left a curse upon this place, for nothing prospers here now."

Major Bidamon was one of those upon whom I called, and he expressed himself as pleased to meet me. I asked him, "What do you know about the 'Mormons'?"

"I know," said he, "that they are the most honest, upright, and abused people that I ever saw."

"Major Bidamon," said I, "what about the statements made by Elder Stevenson and others who were here with him, and recently published in the DESERET NEWS?"

"They are true," said the major, emphatically, "everyone of them. I did all I could for your people, and we want you to come back here."

The major is in rather poor health. He remarked, "If I live till the 3rd of February next I will be ninety-nine years old." As I arose to take leave of him, he took me by the hand and said, "God bless you. Give my kind regards to your people."