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9 TO 16

the Father and Founder of the British Mission-One of the Most Active and Indestrious Utah Pioneers-Something of His Sterling Characteristics.

CAREER OF PRESIDENT KIMBALL.

They are emphatically and st sense, children of desseek their origin, and know their truth, we must not side the humble cradle which d their infant cares to rest." We rise on spirit wings above the and vapors of mortality, and surem in the light of an eternal exa life without beginning or wrote Historian Orson F. Whit-

his volume dedicated to his grandsire, whose one hunanniversary was celebrated by ndants at Saltair yesterday as related in another secevening's "News," e Kimball was born Jure

ame from the same state times brought forth the hero of Ticonderoga, ian Whitney states, in he wondrous twain of to the world as Joseph igham Young. The birth other Heber," as he was called by the "Mormon" ast years of his life, was Sheldon, Franklin counen miles from the shores lain. He was the fourth ond son, in a family of ather's name was Solomon aball, a native of Massawhere he was born in the He was "a man of good acter" and, though he proion, taught his children es. His mother's maiden ina Spaulding: she was a terian, lived a virtuous ording to her best knowher children in the ways The Kimballs were cent. Their ancient name, being Campbell. Heber's and a brother came from time to assist in gaining dence of the colonies. In ancestors and those of the h Smith were related by Heber derived his given a Judge Chase, of Massawhom his father was boy, and who chanced to ge soon after his son was dge himself proposed the the parents being nothleher Chase Kimball became

ten like Heber C. Kimball are not | thirteen years old and I can remember his rehearsing to me some of the scenes of the war. He was a captain of a com-pany of militia in Sheldon, and wore a cocked hat of the old English style, a straight bodied coat, short breeches with a knee buckle, long stockings, Suwarrow boots with pair of tassels. He was partly bald, and dark brown hat blocked by bald, and dark brown hair, blue eyes, sandy whiskers with light complexion; he was five feet eleven inches high, and weighed two hundred pounds and upwards. He en-gaged in farming and clearing land,

burning the wood into coal and ashes; he had also a forge and a triphammer, in the manufacture of wrought iron. About the time of the embargo before the last war with England my father lost his property, as it was in-vested in saits, potash and pearlash; the embargo, having shut down the gate of commerce, between the United States and England, left his property in his hands without much value."

In February, 1811, the Kimballs mi-grated from Vermont and settled in West Bloomfield, Ontario county, New York, five hundred miles from their former home, where the head of the family re-engaged in his occupations of a farmer and blacksmith, to which h now added that of builder. The journey was a hard and perilous one and the subsequent privations something terri-fic. "This was in the year 1816," writes Heber C. Kimball, "which was called the cold season; the same year that the black spot was seen on the sun. The

ured." "The elder Kimball was a man of force and energy, qualities which his son He-ber inherited to a marked degree. The latter received a limited amount of schooling only, the school days of his childhood and youth extended from his fifth to his fourteenth year, and was of a quality usually found in the primi-tive schools of the day. He was not an ardent jover of books, but drew his lessons from life and nature in all their multiplied and varied phases. At the age of fourteen he was put to work in his father's blacksmith shop and ac-quired a knowledge of that useful trade. When he was nineteen, his father having met with reverses, he was thrown entirely upon his own re-sources, and now began to face the first bitter experience of his life

"At this time, I saw some days of sorrow; my heart was troubled and I of the Revolutionary ays Heber, "my father was | suffered much in consequence of fear,

following year we had little to subsist upon; for some three weeks we gath-ered milk weeds and boiled and ate them, not having salt to put on them. It was dufficult for bread to be pro-

self cast abroad from the world with-out a friend to console my grief. In these heart-aching hours I suffered much for want of food and the com-forts of life, and many times went two forts of life, and many times went two or three days without food to eat, being bashful and not daring to ask for it. "After I had spent several weeks in

ing bashrul and not daring to ask for it. "After I had spent several weeks in the manner before stated, my oldest brother, Charles, hearing of my condi-tion, offered to teach me the potter's trade. I immediately accepted the of-fer, and continued with him until I was the manner before stated, my oldest the state representation of 1821, about three weeks after Heber and his wife had joined the continued with him until I was the continued with the until the state of the state of the state of the the state the state of the s fer, and continued with him until I was the Laptist church, five "Mormon" El- hearts until the end of twenty-one. While living with my dors came from Pennsylvania to Victor, mortality upon the earth.

six miles north of bioinfield, towards the city of Rochester, where he again established the potter's business." Here Heber finished learning histrade and commenced working for wages. Six months later he purchased his brother's time I heard the fullness of the ever-

A PALATIAL UTAH HOME OF HALF A CENTURY AGO



RESIDENCE OF PRESIDENT HEBER C. KIMBALL, ERECTED IN 1848-49, AS IT LOOKS TODAY.

is a testimonial to the "largeness" of the man; for President Kimball did nothing on a small scale. When the blocks were divided, the property platted and home sites chosen, he selected the ten acres surrounded by East Temple, State, North Temple and First North streets on the brow of the hill leading from the north bench which overlooked the future city of the Saints, to the level plain below.

The residence of President Heber C. Kimball, which today stands practically as it was built by him in 1849-50,

In the construction of the building no effort was made to conform to any particular style of architecture though

THE KIMBALL=WHITNEY CEMETERY Pretty Little Private Burying Ground, Wherein Fifty-Six Bodies,

Including Those of President Kimball and Bishop

Newel K. Whitney, Repose.

The only private burying ground , President Kimball preached the funeral President Brigham Young's is that known as the Kimball-Whitney cemeon north East Temple street. It comprises a greensward plot of 4½x5 rods. and is enclosed by a handsomely ornamented wrought iron fence set in a coping of cut Kyune stone and shaded by stately poplar trees which line the to which is by a gate on the south.

In the very center of the lot stands the monument shown in the above cut and beneath it rests the body of Newel K. Whitney, while a short distance to the north and west are buried the re-the north and west are buried the remains of President Heber C. Kimball himself. A beautiful pine tree today grows over his exact sleeping place, while around him are the bodies of several of his wives and friends. Thirty-two Kimbalis, thirteen Whitneys and braced by him as a message of glad tidin this lot which was dedicated and set apart as a private cemetery by President Kimball and Bishop Whitney in 1848, for the two families. The first body to be interred in the sacred spot was that of Mrs. Ann Houston Whitney, and Bishop Whitney was the second to find repose in it, two years later, The descendants of President Kimball and Bishop Whitney jointly contribute o the expense of maintaining the ceme-

There are many interesting reminiscences associated with this piece of ground, which in the providence of events, has been made sacred by the ashes of at least two races of peoplefirst, the Indians or Lamanites, and second, the Anglo-Saxon; for like the spot upon which the Kimball residence was erected, it comprised a part of an old Indian cemetery, and in it today, it may be singularly enough related, lie the bodies of two Indian girls who were adopted into the family of President Kimball. At that time the var-ious Indian tribes inhabiting the intermountain region were at war with one another and frequently captured and sold the children of their enemies These two fell into the kindly hands of President Kimball's family but like othrs of their race did not thrive well in ivilization. They longed for the freedom of the open air life that has for so many generations characterized the very existence of their own people, and soon pined and died, Among the friends of President Kim-

ball who are buried there, is Joseph Hovey, of the Nineteenth ward, He honored and respected President Kim-

or one a hundred, a thousand, five thousand miles away-what does it mat-

derness and love of the law under a thousand man-made inanities, infinite

Holics in the tent, abode the Ark of the

Covenant: there were the tables of the

law, there the pot of manna, and the rod that budded. In the Holy of Holies

in the temple a Roman soldier strode one day in idle curiosity brushing aside the veil with impious hand. And he saw

an empty place. The ark was gone. The Shekinah had gone out in dark-

e. But there was more "religion" in

it than there had ever been, more "ritual," more bowings and genutlex-

n the city aside from that of sermon. The body of David Smith, who was dragged to death by a horse at Kaysville, was also given interment here, as were the remains tery at the rear of the old homestead | the little child of Prisein ia Huntington Kimball, who was drowned in City Creek.

The monument erected to the memory of President Kimball, is in an excellent state of preservation considering the fact that it was reared more than thisty years ago. It has a granite base and a marble shaft with sandstone triminterior of the enclosure, the entrance | mings. Upon it, chiseled into the marble is this wording:

> In Memory of HEBER CHASE KIMBALL,

the town of Sheldon, Franklin county, State of Vermont, and who died in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, June 22, 1958, aged 67 years and 8 days, Early in 1832 the Gospel was cm-

eleven friends of the family are buried ings, and he became its life-long defender and advocate. Chosen by the Lord, to bear His Holy Priesthood, he was ordained an Elder in 1832, and one of the Twelve Apostles in 1835, and af-ter the death of the Prophet Joseph Smith he was called to be the first counsellor to President Brigham Young, which position he heid when he departed this life. He filled many missions honorably and faithfully in his own and foreign lands. He was one of the Camp which in 1834, went up to redeem Zion in Jackson county. In 1837 he carried the Gospel to England, that being the first mission of an Apostle in this dispensation across the ocean to foreign lands. Again called with his brethren, the Apostles, he filled another mission to England in 1839. He was also one of the Pioneers who entered the valley of the Great Salt Lake on July 24, 1847 President Kimball was an effective missionary, a wise counselor, an un-daunted leader, a steadfast friend, a loving husband and a tender father. In times of trial, of difficulty and danger, his knees never trembled, his hand never shook.

"He was a man of as much integrity, I presume, as any man who ever lived upon this earth. I have been personally acquainted with him forty-three years and I can testify that he has been a man of truth, a man of benevolence, a man that was to be trusted."-Presi-

dent Brigham Young. The names of President Kimball's wives who are buried here are likewise engraved upon the shaft, as is also this further inscription:

In Memory



HEBER C. KIMBALL.

Jerusalem of Today BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

I'm sorry now that I went. But the

TOUCHED BY A TACTLESS

So I went in much against my will.

ROBBER.

I one stalwart and pestilential smell as-Jerusalem, April, 1901. serting itself above its fellows, a very Triton in a school of Leviathan odors-"You must always accept the broad] eral statement of history," I once streets carpeted with offal, beast, human and "warious," a city unit for the habitation of white men,a Turkish city, ard President Weston say, in much ter phrase than I can remember, in short-that is a brief, comprehensive and truthful description of it, that's and usually distrust its details." That the City of Jerusalem as it reveals it-"I might-indeed, I must accept the the City of Jerdaal and ay. Oh, once self to the senses today. Oh, once in a space they telf me, you come into a clean place and want to lie down and revel and wallow in it. That's what they tell me. I didn't see any. I didn't want to go into the city at all. title of Gettysburg, but I might tem-"lectle bit" the personal narras of the private soldiers, especially en they dealt with brigade moveand army corps maneuvers. ils is especially true of political hisfamily persuaded me. "What!" they said, "come 15.000 miles , and remarkably so of military to Jerusalem and then not enter the Holy City? What utter nonsense." and in a measure-quite a lowing measure-of religious And yet what a passion peofor details. No matter how with all vital interest, the may be, the audience always ow "if he killed the owl," aby caught the fly," The and hadn't been in the church of the Holy Sepulcher half an hour before aby caught the fly. some pilgrim picked my pocket and lifted a watch worth \$500-if it had been the only one in the world. There minute details the "strainthem, but with the design being some competition, however, my loss was not so great as to make me in for leisurely and enjoy ng, is very evident in this stine, which is history offer a reward of \$8 for it. What made me disgusted with the thief was not so much the fact of his pages of more than 3,000 written years. moral obliquity-you expect that under A DISAPPOINTMENT.

Turkish misrule anywhere: you would be grievously disappointed if you didn't see it; the shock might preve fatal. It dirty, crowded, filthy. Misonous with multiplied and com-instead stenches, with now and then I was the utter tactlessness of the beggar

the long sweeping porches and commodious accommodations partook of the colonial character. It covered considerable ground and was two stories high and had many conveniences that were absent from the Pioncer homes of Utah. Roominess was one of the objects aimed at, and on the south side were the double parlors eighteen by forty feet in size. In these many notable gatherings of ecclesinstical, civil and social character were held, and in them several of President Brigham Young's birthday anniversaries were celebrated, as were also a number of those of Mrs. Vilate Kimball, wife of President Heber C. Kimball, whose birthday also occurred on the first of June. Colonel Kane, Judge Kinney and other well known characters of that day were frequently entertained here. All funerals of the family took place here, and here the mother of President Joseph F. Smith died, and from here she was buried. In these rooms President Kimball every morning, when at home, called his family and hired help together to engage in family prayer and to be instructed in their respective and collective duties. On the upper floor was another large room 24 x18 feet. It was known as the "West Chamber." Almost any day one could enter it and find from three to five spinning wheels and two looms in full operation, in the manufacture of the plain yarns and homespun goods that clothed the inmates, all of whom were as industrious as the hives of bees that swarmed in the great orchard, and garden, which covered the block and from which hundreds of bushels of the finest apples and other fruit and vegetable products were annually gathered and packed away for winter use. A very excellent water system connected the premises with City Creek canyon. To be sure the pipes were not of fron as they are today, but were of logs which had their centers bored out and through which a beautiful stream of cold, clear water, continually flowed. President Kimball continued to live in this house until the day of his death in 1868. It is now owned by Mrs. Phoebe T. Kimball, the widow of his son, Heber P. Kimball, and looks just as shown in the above ploture. At the rear of the house, some of the additions, have been torn down, otherwise there is no change in the general appearance of the dwelling than that which was presented half a century ago. The adobe barn which stands to the south and east of the Kimball lot is now owned by Hon. Henry W. Lawrence, but was built by President Kimball.

That was a road to be robbed on. Why This act of vandalism gave the impulse That was a road to be robbed on. Why Fols det of vandalism gave the impulse couldn't he have waited one day? What a story we might have had, No: he must go and pick my pocket right in church—with as little compunction as though it had been a church fair. And what he wanted with a watch was And what he wanted with a mover missed it, another mystery. I never missed it, after I found it was gone. That is, after I didn't find it. Time is of no after I didn't find it. Time is of no value over here. Nobody keeps any value over here. Nobody keeps any note of it. The Mohammedan day begins reasonably enough, at sunrise rather than at midnight. You glance winged peace has brooded over at a clock tower; the position of the hands pointing to the frenzied vagaries pilgrims seem to be unusually active and wide-awake, and eyes are blacked, which stand for Arabic numerals-fo oddly enough, although we use the Arabic figures, the Arabs do not use anything that ever so remotely resemble them-tell you that it is 7 o'clock by that timepiece, which is correct, al-though you know very well that it is half-past twelve, noon. But that does ot surprise you at all. Nothing that

"KEEP OUT."

place in the list.

noses punched and heads broken in spite of the Turkish bayonets. And occasionally a man gets himself killed, THE MOHAMMEDAN AND HIS MOTIVE. We enter the church by the courtesy

s contradictory or paradoxical sur-prises you in this country. You are of the Mohammedan doorkeeper, who had indeed rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than to dwell in the tents of wickedness, because there is more backshish in it-Oh, a great nerely astonished when you run up against something natural and ration-

more. This office is hereditary and the You can best see the Holy City by keeping outside the unholy one. There you find clearliness and order and de-cency. The quarters above Hughes Mohammaden family which holds it has no use for civil service reform. They show us the stone on which the body of the Savior was laid for anointing: hotel are especially neat in their civilithe altar of Adam, and in the wall a recess in which we were shown the rock zation, and is a very popular center of Calvary with a crack in it which was made when the life on the cross for American travelers. In fact, if you are a traveler you simply have to lodge outside. There is no place for you in vent out with a cry of agony. Through the city. But after you have seen it you are glad indeed that there is no the crack the blood of the Savior iropped down upon the skull of Adam which is buried here in a small cave. How did it get here, when Adam died law which can compel you to sleep in it er to remain in it any longer than i takes you to get out of it. Oh. people do live in Jerusalem I know. And peo-ple also live in Constantinople, And in Iail. And also in China, I believe. But I t Aliam just swam here, that's all-xcept that it burled liself when it of here. I believe that is all, You could wouldn't care to live in any of those places and I don't know that I care t. From here we go on to the where Jesus was nailed to the very much which one takes first or last or 10. cross; then we steep down and see the EVERYTHING IN A CLUSTER. in the rock in which the cross Perhaps the chief attraction about stond: it is lined with metal, Black tones in the floor mark the spot where the Church of the Holy Sepulcher is its great convenience for the pilgrim with stood the crosses of the two thleves the one on the north is the place of the great desires and little time-one of the impulient thief. Then we go to the infunction the space of the fifle space where the women stood as the body of Jesus was placed in the tomb. And here we enter the Chapel kind who sees everything and goes ev ery place on a ten-day ticket. about all the places connected with acred history in Jerusalem are clustered right here in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, It is a sort of depart. of the Angel and see, used as the altar, the stone which "the angel rolled away" ment store among the churches. The church was builded by the Emperor from the door of the sepulcher. There also in a very narrow chamber in the tomb in which the Lord Iay. There are Constantine in the year A. D. 326. In about 300 years the Persians burned it two round holes in the wall of this , chapel through which every Easter town. It was rebuilt on a reduced scale. hely fire miraculously flashes, from

that grieved me. Because the very being a later addition. In 400 years the Nicodemus are also in this church, next day we planned to go to Jericho. Turks demolished all these buildings. And the place where Mary met Jesus And the place where Mary met Jesus after His resurrection; there is a ring on the floor where the Sawlor stood. and another where Mary stood. What you admire about all this arrangement was rebuilt, and in 1898 it was des-troyed again by fire. In 1868 the last work of restoration was done, a Turk-ish soldler was placed on guard in the sacred edifice to keep the peace between is the exactness and absolute certainty of things. You are not left "guessing. And here also is the stone pillar to which the Savior was bound when He was scourged. Do not fail to see the the worshiping Christians, who appear to be all sorts of Christians-Greek, clive branches in which Abraham found the ram caught by the horns as he was Abyssinan, Latin, Armenian, Celtic, Syrian and unassorted-and whitestayed in the act of offering up Isaac. I did not ask to see the ram, but I have no doubt he was around somewhere, the sanctuary ever since, except at Easter, when the belligerent passions of the THE LIMIT REACHED.

> markable and miraculous things to be seen in this most wonderful church, but in order to get through this country without any undue strain. I have been obliged to limit myself to believing just so much per day, and by the time I got to the olive branches of Abraham'sram, I had reached my limit for that day. That's why I didn't ask to see the ram I couldn't have believed it, and what's the use of asking to see something that you don't believe? Now the next time I go to Jerusalem I will begin at the ram, and go on the other way And that will just shut me out at Adam's skull. However, that won't matter, because I got that in this time. It takes about three trips to believe everything you see in this church. That is, when you are alone, or in a small party

There are many other wonderful, re-

large party of course can divide things You see, it isn't a church at all, or as I have suggested, it is a sort of "de-partment church." It consists of many churches, chapels, convents, work-rooms, kitchens and lodging houses belonging to all sects of the great Catholic church, of which there are about half far away? Well, when the flood church, of which there are about hall a dozen. There is but one entrance to all this community of churches and convents, the door at which sits the Mohammedan guard. When that is ve more in this country if you asked shut there is neither entrance ner r it. From here we go on to the egress. But if you are locked in the hospitality of the monks of one order or another will give you a cup, and crust, and pillow. The fare is abundant. the hospitality gracious, and the sleep is sweet. I have tried it, and never found it better. The sleep, that is, Not in this church, but in Protestant church at home. You know, yourself, the de liciousness of a nap in church on a ho Sunday morning with all the window closed and the sermon droning along at about "fifthly.

ON THE HILLTOP.

It is refreshing to get out of the church, away from the dark, narrow crooked, filthy, ill-smelling streets, pas out of the unholy city through the Damascus Gate, and climbing the slopes of "the green hill" above the "grotte of Jerusaiem" watch the sun But still all the sacred places which Constantine had platted within its walls were retained. This restoration was made in four separate churches-the Church of the Resurrection, the Church of the Cross, and the Church of Calvary, the Church of Virgin Mary

ball very much and when his last illness came and when he knew that the hand of death was upon him he sont a special messenger to President Kimball and "ein the plot. President Kimball, in the goodness of his heart, readily granted the dying man's request. The next day Mr. Hovey died, and at the obsequies

NEWEL K. WHITNEY, Presiding Bishop over the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, born February 5, 1797, in Mar boro gh, Wind-ham county, Vermont, died Supremuer ham county, Vermont; died Supremner 23, 1850, at Great Salt Lake City, Deseret, having been a member Church twenty years, and faithfully officiated in his office eighteen.



medan-for they mutually surpass each | of "holy" places-more of everything other in those respects. On this green hill Christ died for men; or on that one "religious" except the majesty of the ark and the glory of the Shekinah. All farther south; or this one to the west;

that was gone. THE FARTHER VIEW.

The air is pure and sweet on the green hill, and the day is purpling into the shadows of the twilight. It will be ter? We are all of us such idolaters in the nature of us that we find it much easier to worship a sacred stone, a holy hill or a tree that can never rebuke the night in a moment, but before the thought can write "Ichabod" upon the mawkish and empty sentimentality of our adoration than it is to serve a splendor of the departed day, the glory of the stars shine out and fill the righteous God, whose eye plerces our hollow pretentions, who will not accept heavens with majesty and beauty. Nothing has changed except the city, and God didn't make that. It used to be said of the Christ that "the comour hypocrisy as devotion, who rebukes with his thunders our lying protesta-tions of loyalty when our hearts are false to his teaching-God who knows us through and through, and who hates mon people heard him gladly." Something there was in the wayside preach-ing of this Carpenter that attracted the the shams we sometimes call our re-ligion. When the Christ came to this people whose hands were calloused with toll and whose garments here the marks City of Jerusalem, the church had grown from a tent in the wilderness to of poverty. And just now one hears a great deal about the attitude of the the mignificence of a temple in the heart of a great city. And men in the name of religion had crushed and smothered all the sweetness and tenworkingmen toward the church which somehow doesn't seem to be favorable. It is much pleasanter and better out here on the hill than it was down there in the church. One can't see so many littleness, traditions, fables, lies, and lifeless formalities. In the Holy of hely sticks and stones, but one can see the sky, and the stars, and the moun-tains, which is much better.—Los An-geles Sunday Times.

Ada: "Why does Clara speak of George as her intended? Are they en-gaged" Alice: "No, but she intends they shall be."-Credit Lost.

She: "Left her husband, has she? Why, she used to say he was the light of her existence." He: "Yes, but the light began to go out at night."-Tit. Bits.

ions, more sacrifices and more offerings; more priests, more elaborate millinery "Some men," remarked Uncle Eben, and regalia; more and fuller chests of "has jes enough activity in 'em to keep treasure, more of everything that goes 'em fum bein 'any good foh hitchin' to make a well-appointed "temple" full posts."-Washington Star.

