

NEWSPAPER CLIPPING
The Deseret Weekly, Saturday, January 5, 1889,
quoting the Nauvoo Independent, December 28, 1888

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 in Salt Lake City. His father, Rufus Beach, built the house at present owned and occupied by Mr. Chris. Bruegger, 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 resided 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. . . 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 almost 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 h--l, 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 stuck 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, "every one of them. I did all I could for your people, and we want you to come back here."

. . . I also visited what is known in Nauvoo as the "old Mormon burying ground." It is in bad condition, many headstones having been broken down by stock, which has been allowed to pasture on the place. I enjoyed my whole trip

east, it being the first I hav made there. I did not fail to embrace the many opportunities of bearing my humble testimony to the divinity of the Gospel as revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith.

While I was at my father's place I discovered, the possession of Mr. Bruegger, who occupied the house, an old painting of the Nauvoo Temple. It is, as you see (the picture is 27 by 28 inches), a very good painting, though it has become slightly dimmed and dusty by time. I purchased it from them, and shall preserve it as a valuable relic of Nauvoo days. I shall have it cleaned up and varnished, and put it in a new frame, when it will look very well.

Mr Beach left for his home in Eagle rock on the morning of New Year's day.