

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.

MARSHAL BURT KILLED AND HIS MURDERER LYNCHED—C. H. WILCKEN WOUNDED.

One of the most horrible and thrilling tragedies ever enacted in this part of the country, took place on the public streets of this city between one and two o'clock this afternoon, and never have we beheld such tremendous excitement as was caused by it.

At one o'clock F. H. Grice, a colored man who keeps a small restaurant adjacent to the Old Salt Lake House, telephoned to the City Hall for police officers to arrest a man who was making a disturbance, flourishing a pistol, and threatening to shoot. Marshal Andrew Burt and Charles H. Wilcken immediately answered the summons. They walked to Main Street in search of the man who had been complained of. When they got close to the drug store of Mr. Smith, near the old Elephant corner, Grice pointed to a colored man who was standing on the edge of the sidewalk and said: "That is the man. arrest him," or words to the effect,

THE MURDER.

Marshal Burt, than whom a braver man probably never lived, approached Harvey, this being his name, to make the arrest, when he raised a needle-gun to shoot. Mr. Wilcken sprang upon him with the agility of a tiger, but he was too late. The messenger of death left the weapon, the bullet entering the upper part of Marshal Burt's arm passing not only through it, but the entire body, coming out on the other side. He ran into the drug store, fell and expired almost instantly. Mr. Wilcken grappled the murderer by the throat, but before he could prevent him he drew a large revolver and shot that officer through the fleshy part of the left arm, between the shoulder and elbow.

SECURING THE MURDERER.

During this time the coolness, intrepidity and bravery manifested by Mr. Wilcken were admirable, while the cowardice of a crowd of spectators was calculated to inspire a sentiment of another character. They scampered away in terror in every direction. Finally Mr. Wilcken threw Harvey into the ditch, and after he was overpowered the crowd returned to the scene to his aid.

The body of Marshal Burt which was in the drug store, was covered with a sheet and blanket, and from thence conveyed to his residence adjacent to the City Hall.

THE LYNCHING.

By this time a tremendous concourse of excited people had gathered at the scene of the tragedy. So dreadful was the state of popular rage that it looked irresistible. As Harvey was being conveyed to the jail, the crowd raised deafening yells, demanding that the murderer be strung up and lynched. Then commenced a struggle between the officers and the mob, the latter acting as if they would tear him in pieces. Finally the mob tore him away from the officers who had him in charge, procured a rope, and being unable to find a nearer place convenient for their purpose, dragged him into a shed at the rear of the lawn-plot adjacent to the City Hall, and strung the writhing wretch up over the beams that support the roof. This was summary vengeance wreaked on the red-handed murderer.

COMMENDABLE ACTION OF THE MAYOR.

Hundreds gathered around and gazed at the revolting spectacle presented by Harvey's corpse, the face of which was horrible and repulsive beyond description. The sickening sight and the memory of his awful crime seemed to lash the feelings of the mob into renewed fury, and we never before so vividly realized the terrible frenzy of an unreasoning crowd of enraged people. With a sudden impulse a portion of them rushed, up, cut the body down and dragged it along the street rending the air with angry shouts as they went. Happily Mayor Jennings arrived on the scene, and proved himself equal to the occasion. He pursued the mob, and overtaking

them, commanded them to take the body of Harvey to the City Hall. His direction was obeyed, and he addressed the mob, reasoning with them in such a manner as to allay the storm which had been up to that time raging.

THE DECEASED, ETC.

Marshal Burt, who had the courage of a lion, allied to a heart susceptible of the most tender feelings was beloved by all who were intimate with him, and the scene in the midst of his family was heart-rending. But the sorrow is not confined to that circle, but extends to nearly the entire community. Scores of his friends were unnerved by the dreadful event and were going about with tears streaming from their eyes. In them was not the spirit of vengeance but of lamenting, for the death by sudden and violent means of a man as true as ever man could be. Honest, incorruptible and truthful we knew him to be, and always found at the post where duty called him.

Not only was he a fearless and indomitable officer, but an efficient and active Bishop, who will be greatly missed by the people of the 21st Ward, over whom he presided in that capacity.