

NEWS FROM THE IMMIGRATION

In a letter to President B. Young, under date of the 6th inst., President F. D. Richards writes that the ship *John Bright* cleared with 720 souls on board. Of that number 175 were from Scandinavia; the remainder from Great Britain. While the passengers were coming forward to be booked, and also on the day of clearing, the weather was delightfully pleasant. Everything, so far as human observation could extend, appeared most propitious for a pleasant and prosperous passage across the Atlantic. Numbers of those who sailed on this vessel have been in the Church twenty-five years and upwards, and two of them were members in good standing thirty-one years since the year the President first arrived in those islands with the gospel. Elder James McGaw was appointed President of the company on the *John Bright*, with C. O. Folkman and F. C. Anderson as his Counselors.

President Richards says that he has succeeded in chartering two sailing vessels—the *Emerald Isle* and the *Resolute*—for passengers, the first to sail on the 20th inst., and the latter on the 24th inst. The *Emerald Isle* will be filled with passengers from Scandinavia. The price of passages on steam vessels was very high—too high to admit of many of the people coming who were anxious to immigrate, and who could come on sailing vessels. Owners of steam vessels have entered into a combination, and have made it severely penal to depart from its rigid rules, one of which is, that they will not carry passengers at any time of the year for less than the sum they have agreed upon, even though their vessels have to sail without passengers.

At the present time everything connected with the immigration of the people from Europe is interesting. It is not the long, tedious and difficult journey it was once to travel from England to this point. Letters reach here now from that country in less than twenty days, and there is a prospect, ere long, of even this being considerably lessened. It will be much easier for the teams sent from here this year to bring up the people than it was in previous years, the distance being lessened more than one-half.

THE 27TH OF JUNE, 1844.

The anniversary of a very eventful day in the history of this last dispensation has just passed. Joseph and Hyrum Smith were murdered on the 27th of June, 1844. On that day, at one fell stroke, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was bereft of its leader—its President, prophet, seer and revelator—and of its Patriarch. On a trumped up charge of treason they were arrested, while at Carthage, on June 25th, and confined in the jail at that place. They were accompanied by a number of their friends; but these were all sent away on business and with messages, excepting Elders Willard Richards and John Taylor, two of the Twelve Apostles, who remained with them.

Governor Thomas Ford had pledged the faith of the State of Illinois that they should be kept in safety. The mob were like ravenous wolves; they thirsted for their blood, and were determined to kill them, and so expressed themselves repeatedly. Their threats and plans were told to the Governor by those who knew their feelings, and the necessity of taking precautionary measures to insure the safety of the prisoners was urged upon him; but without effect. He was evidently determined to let the mobocrats have their own way; and that their plans might not be interfered with, he, himself, went into the City of Nauvoo, to divert the attention of the friends of Joseph and Hyrum and to make a speech to them, the burden of which was to impress upon them the necessity of being law-abiding and the dreadful

consequences they would experience if they would not be. In leaving Carthage he took all the troops with him, excepting a company, called the Carthage Greys, who were notorious mobocrats, and they were left to guard the jail. The mob knew of all these arrangements. They came to the jail with their faces painted. A pretended struggle ensued, a few shots were fired, and then the work of death began. Dr. Richards published a brief and graphic account of the scene in the *Nauvoo Times and Seasons*, under the title of **TWO MINUTES IN JAIL**. As many of our readers may never have seen it, and it will possess interest to them, we republish it.

Carthage, June 27th, 1844.
A shower of musket balls were thrown up the stairway against the door of the prison in the second story, followed by many rapid footsteps.

While Generals Joseph and Hyrum Smith, Mr. Taylor and myself, who were in the front chamber, closed the door of our room against the entry at the head of the stairs, and placed ourselves against it, there being no lock on the door, and no catch that was useable.

The door is a common panel, and as soon as we heard the feet at the stairs head, a ball was sent through the door, which passed between us, and showed that our enemies were desperadoes, and we must change our position.

Gen. Joseph Smith, Mr. Taylor, and myself sprang back to the front part of the room, and Gen. Hyrum Smith retreated two thirds across the chamber directly in front of and facing the door.

A ball was sent through the door which hit Hyrum on the side of his nose, when he fell backwards, extended at length without moving his feet.

From the holes in his vest, (the day was warm and no one had their coats on but myself,) pantaloons, drawers and shirt, it appears evident that a ball must have been thrown from without, through the window, which entered his back on the right side, and passing through, lodged against his watch, which was in his right vest pocket, completely pulverizing the crystal and face, tearing off the hands and mashing the whole body of the watch; at the same instant the ball from the door entered his nose.

As he struck the floor he exclaimed emphatically, "I'm a dead man." Joseph looked towards him and responded, "O dear! brother Hyrum!" and opening the door two or three inches with his left hand, discharged one barrel of a six shooter (pistol) at random in the entry, from whence a ball grazed Hyrum's breast, and entering his throat, passed into his head, while other muskets were aimed at him, and some balls hit him.

Joseph continued snapping his revolver, round the casing of the door into the space as before, three barrels of which missed fire, while Mr. Taylor with a walking stick stood by his side and knocked down the bayonets and muskets which were constantly discharging through the door way, while I stood by him, ready to lend any assistance, with another stick, but could not come within striking distance, with out going directly before the muzzles of the guns.

When the revolver failed, we had no more fire arms, and expected an immediate rush of the mob, and the door way full of muskets—half way in the room, and no hope but instant death from within.

Mr. Taylor rushed into the window, which is some fifteen or twenty feet from the ground. When his body was nearly on a balance, a ball from the door within entered his leg, and a ball from without struck his watch, a patent lever, in his vest pocket, near the left breast, and smashed it into "pi," leaving the hands standing at 5 o'clock, 16 minutes and 26 seconds—the force of which ball threw him back on the floor, and he rolled under the bed which stood by his side, where he lay motionless, the mob from the door continuing to fire upon him, cutting away a piece of flesh from his left hip as large as a man's hand, and were hindered only by my knocking down their muzzles with a stick, while they continued to reach their guns into the room, probably left-handed, and aimed their discharge so far around as almost to reach us in the corner of the room to where we retreated and dodged, and then I recommenced the attack with my stick.

Joseph attempted as the last resort, to leap the same window from whence Mr. Taylor fell, when two balls pierced him from the door, and one entered his right breast from without, and he fell outward, exclaiming, "O Lord, my God." As his feet went out of the window my head went in, the balls whistling all around. He fell on his left side a dead man.

At this instant the cry was raised, "He's leaped the window," and the mob on the stairs and in the entry ran out.

I withdrew from the window, thinking it of no use to leap out on a hundred bayonets, then around Gen. Smith's body.

Not satisfied with this I again reached my head out of the window and watched some seconds to see if there were any signs of life, regardless of my own, determined to see the end of him I loved; being fully satisfied that he was dead, with a hundred men near the body and more coming round the corner of the jail, and expecting a return to our room, I rushed towards the prison door, at the head of the stairs, and through the entry from whence the firing had proceeded, to learn if the doors into the prison were open.

When near the entry, Mr. Taylor called out, "Take me;" I pressed my way till I found all doors unbarred, returning instantly, caught Mr. Taylor under my arm, and rushed by the stairs into the dungeon, or inner prison, stretched him on the floor and covered him with a bed in such a manner, as not likely to be perceived, expecting an immediate return of the mob.

I said to Mr. Taylor, this is a hard case to lay you on the floor; but if your wounds are not fatal, I want you to live to tell the story. I expected to be shot the next moment, and stood before the door awaiting the onset.

WILLARD RICHARDS.

EXPRESSIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

The following expressions of condolence have been received, and cannot but be solacing to the family of President Kimball.

FROM SALT LAKE CITY COUNCIL.

At the regular meeting of the City Council of this city, on Tuesday evening last, the 23d inst., his Honor, the Mayor, announced the death of the Honorable Heber C. Kimball, and on his suggestion a committee was appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the feelings of the Council on the occasion.

Councillor Burton, on behalf of the Committee, presented the following preamble and resolution, which were read and unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased the Almighty, in the dispensations of His Providence, to remove from our midst, by the hand of death, our esteemed fellow citizen and much beloved President, Heber C. Kimball, who with unwavering integrity and untiring zeal, has ever been a faithful laborer in the cause of truth, and an earnest advocate of civil and religious liberty and of every principle calculated to ennoble and elevate humanity; Therefore, be it

Resolved, That while we recognize the hand of the Lord in all things, we deeply feel the loss which the community has sustained in his death, and in common with the citizens of this City and Territory and the Latter-day Saints throughout the world, we most sincerely sympathize with his family and friends in this their sad bereavement.

The Council adjourned without the transaction of further business.

DANIEL H. WELLS, Mayor.
ROBERT CAMPBELL, Recorder.

Council Chamber,
Salt Lake City, June 23, '68.

FROM PRESIDENT ORSON HYDE, SANPETE.

Springtown, June 23.

To the Bishops of Sanpete County:

A great and worthy man in Israel is fallen—Pres. H. C. Kimball—not by transgression, but by the providence of God. The distance is too great for us to attend his funeral to-morrow. This, therefore, is to request your congregations to meet to-morrow at 2 o'clock p. m., and offer up their prayers and condolence in behalf of the bereaved family, as a tribute of respect to the memory of the illustrious dead, thereby respecting ourselves.

ORSON HYDE.

Meeting will be held here to-morrow at 2 p. m. All business is suspended to-morrow. Flags are now at half-mast, with other tokens of heartfelt sorrow and respect.

FROM PRESIDENT E. SNOW, ST. GEORGE.

St. George, June 24.

President B. Young:

The Saints of the South are assembled in St. George Bowery mingling their hearts with yours in the funeral obsequies of our lamented brother, Pres. H. C. Kimball—with his bereaved family we deeply sympathize—with all Israel

we mourn for his loss—with him we rejoice that he has entered into his rest.

ERASTUS SNOW.

FROM HON. W. H. HOOPER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington, June 24.

Governor B. Young:

I have just learned of President Kimball's death. Accept of my sympathies for his bereaved family and the Saints for their irreparable loss of so good a man, friend and brother.

W. H. HOOPER.