

ZION'S TRUMPET,

OR

Star of the Saints.

No. 3.]

FEBRUARY 3, 1855.

[VOL. VIII.

DISCOURSE OF PRESIDENT B. YOUNG.

*Delivered in the Tabernacle, G. S. L. City, February 20, 1853,
in the afternoon.*

[Continued from page 22.]

I WISH to notice this. We read in the Bible, that there is one glory of the sun, another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars. In the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, these glories are called telestial, terrestrial, and celestial, which is the highest. These are worlds, different departments, or mansions, in our Father's house. Now those men, or those women, who know no more about the power of God, and the influences of the Holy Spirit, than to be led entirely by another person, suspending their own understanding, and pinning their faith upon another's sleeve, will never be capable of entering into the celestial glory, to be crowned as they anticipate; they will never be capable of becoming Gods. They cannot rule themselves, to say nothing of ruling others; but they must be dictated to in every trifle, like a child. They cannot control themselves in the least, but James, Peter, or somebody else must control them. They never can become Gods, nor be crowned as rulers with glory, immortality, and eternal lives. They never can hold scepters of glory, majesty,

and power in the celestial kingdom. Who will? Those who are valiant, and inspired with the true independence of heaven; who will go forth boldly in the service of their God, leaving others to do as they please; determined to do right, though all mankind besides should take the opposite course.

Will this apply to any of you? Your own hearts can answer. Do you know what is right and just, as well as I do? In some things you do, and in some things you may not know as well; but I will explain what I mean, in the following words.—I will do all the good I can, and all I know how to do; and I will shun every evil that I know to be an evil. You can all do that much. I will apply my heart to wisdom, and ask the Lord to impart it to me; and if I know but little, I will improve upon it, that tomorrow I may have more, and thus grow from day to day, in the knowledge of the truth, as Jesus Christ grew in stature and knowledge from a babe to manhood; and if I am not now capable of judging for myself, perhaps I shall be in another year. We are organized to progress in the scale of intelligence, and the least Saint by adhering strictly to the order of God, may attain to a full and complete salvation through the grace of God, by his own faithfulness.

I know how it was in Jackson county. There are families in this city that went to that county 21 or 22 years ago last fall, if I mistake not. I know what their feelings were. All their desire was to get into the town of Independence, Jackson county, where they expected to find all sin and iniquity dried up—heaven begun on earth, and an end to all their mortal griefs. That was the motive that prompted them to go there. Poor souls! How little they knew about salvation and its mode. I might have gone there too, but I wanted to thunder and roar out the Gospel to the nations. It burned in my bones like fire pent up, so I turned my back upon Jackson County to preach the Gospel of life to the people.

Such were the feelings of those who went up to Jackson county; but I did not want to go there; nothing would satisfy me but to cry abroad in the world, what the Lord was doing in the latter days.—After a while this undercurrent began to work two ways, and they

had more trouble in Independence than we had in York State. It came foaming, and bellowing, and pressing upon them until they had to fly.

I wish to ask those persons who were driven from Jackson county, if they suffered as much in the actual driving as they would have done in the anticipations of it a year before it took place? You will all reply that, if you had known it a year beforehand, you would not have endured the thought.

I wish to apply this both ways. You that have not passed through the trials, and persecutions, and drivings, with this people, from the beginning, but have only read of them, or heard some of them related, may think how awful they were to endure, and wonder that the Saints survived them at all. The thought of it makes your hearts sink within you, your brains reel, and your bodies tremble, and you are ready to exclaim, "I could not have endured it." I have been in the heat of it, and I never felt better in all my life. I never felt the peace and power of the Almighty more copiously poured upon me than in the keenest part of our trials. They appeared nothing to me.

I hear people talk about their troubles, their sore privations, and the great sacrifices they have made for the Gospel's sake. It never was a sacrifice to me. Anything I can do or suffer in the cause of the Gospel, is only like dropping a pin into the sea. The blessings, gifts, powers, honor, joy, truth, salvation, glory, immortality, and eternal lives, as far outswell anything I can do in return for such precious gifts, as the great ocean exceeds in expansion, bulk, and weight, the pin that I drop into it.

Had I had millions of wealth, and had I devoted it all to the building up of this people, and said, take it, and build temples, cities, and fortifications with it, and left myself penniless, would it have been a sacrifice? No, not to my feelings. Suppose I should be called to preach the gospel until my head is white, and my limbs become weak with age, until I go down into my grave, and never see my family and friends again in the flesh, would it be a sacrifice? No, but one of the greatest blessings that could be conferred

upon mortal man—to have the privilege of calling thousands, and perhaps millions, from darkness to light, from the power of Satan and unrighteousness to the principles of truth and righteousness in the living God.

(To be continued.)

Trans. WILLIAM LEWIS.

A WORD FROM SALT LAKE CITY TO THE SAINTS IN WALES.

G. S. L. City, Oct. 31, 1854.

DEAR BRETHREN,—I now enjoy the loveliness of greeting you from the valley of the mountains. I arrived here safely on the 25th of September, myself and my family; and to my great happiness, I perceived that the city excelled in beauty and size over anything I had imagined. I found myself soon surrounded by the old brethren of former times; and at once I felt myself completely at home. I was delighted to see the Prophet, and to have the honor of associating with him several times. He has a sharp eye, and an upright opinion; and in his presence many a one recognizes himself. He is kind and gentle with the humble and honest, and a roaring lion with the fearful and wicked. He recognizes a man's actions from afar, and it is not easy to deceive him in anything; and it appears as if all gifts have come together in him.

There are plenty of ways for everyone to make a living in this valley, and plenty of unclaimed land to support more than three times as many inhabitants, without counting the other broad valleys round about. After spending the first winter the poor can be seen lifting up their heads, and coming into possession of houses, lands, and oxen; and who else but they! They can be seen smiling as they behold the newly arrived shopkeeper happily digging a ditch, the lawyer fetching wood from the canyon, the doctor spreading plaster, the scribe gathering potatoes, and the gifted preacher remaining silent. Nevertheless, there are many, like myself, who follow their own craft, with no need to learn a

new one. A man must be satisfied with everything here, and do his best to build the kingdom of God: if anyone comes here with any other objective, it would be better for him to stay home, and serve mammon.

If time permitted, I could give an account of our journey here, and the knowledge that I gained through experience: but, perhaps many would prefer to learn for themselves, since travelers coming here differ greatly from one another in their opinions. Suffice it to say, that the journey is long, the weather gets quite hot, the oxen are stubborn, and men sometimes are even more stubborn, the benefactor is paid with unkindness, the servant sometimes becomes master, the maid becomes mistress, and abundance becomes scarcity. But, everything is fine; all this tends to prove and perfect the Saints, and prepare them to suffer greater things. All who come to Zion must come for better and for worse, and not to enjoy all they wish. Remember that we must build Zion, before all the things that are sung about can be enjoyed. Until now, the kingdom of heaven is like a net, full of all kinds of fish, from the desirable little trout to the great, predatory *shark*.

The work of God is succeeding, knowledge is increasing, and the devil and his host are raging. Let the honest hasten to Zion in time, so they will not be left behind; for the dreadful day is drawing nigh. May the kingdom be built, and may wealth and riches be secondary things. May justice be done, and may one do to another as he would have his fellow men do to him. Let us not wish to shrink the whole, and oppress the poor, for we are all brothers of the same blood, and joint heirs of God's estate. Let us act as if we were worthy of the prize, and not a rebuke. It is to God that our success belongs, and not to ourselves; for the designs and purposes of man often fail. Come here to be the Lord's, and not your own; and then the smiles of God will be upon you, and your success will be obvious.

Now, dear brethren, I shall end this letter by exhorting you to faithfulness and brotherly love. Respect the Presidency that is over you; uphold your TRUMPET, and listen to its sound. May the blessing of God follow all of you. My fondest regards to all of you, from

Presidents D. Jones, Thomas Jeremy, and Daniel Daniels, and the presidents of the Conferences and the Branches, down to the most humble member within your boundaries. Amen.

Your brother in the new covenant,

JOHN DAVIS.

ACCOUNT OF THE SWANSEA CONFERENCE EISTEDDFOD.

DEAR PRESIDENT JONES,—At the earnest desire of several I send the following to you to be published in the TRUMPET.

Gentle compatriots,—The above Eisteddfod, according to the announcement that was given, was held on Christmas Day, in the Saints' Hall, Orange Road, Swansea.

The chair was taken promptly by J. J. Thomas (Dark Nathan from Llywel). He arose and greeted the Eisteddfod with a lively, skillful and appropriate discourse. Also his "Greeting Poem" was recited to the pleasure of the congregation. Then the Eisteddfod was addressed by D. E. Jones, in a brief, comprehensive, and uplifting discourse to the young bards. Then the judging was carried forth on the various compositions, briefly, openly and fairly, and a fair judgment equal to the quality and merit of the contestants' poetic works.

THE TOPICS, AND THE COMPOSITIONS.

The Emigration—Three contestants, namely Greyman under the Yoke, Outcast from Cardigan, and Pilgrim. The prize was awarded to Greyman under the Yoke; the name was called, and Joseph P. Prosser, Aberaman, answered. Outcast from Cardigan was second best.

Patriotism, Freedom, and Truth—Three contestants, namely Bard of the Dawn, Grey-faced bait, and John Reynolds. Bard of the Dawn was judged the best, namely J. P. Prosser, and John Reynolds as second best. There would have been a hot competition between him and Bard of the Dawn, had he not restricted the poem to such a short composition, on such an interesting topic. Let care be taken henceforth.

Efforts of the Saints in Wales—Two contestants, namely Old Saint, and Native of Flint. Native of Flint was the best, but undeserving

of the prize. Their own experiences are of too small a scope to imagine the circumstances corresponding to the Saints' efforts in Wales.

Longing for Zion—Six contestants, namely Erastus, Homesick from Flint, Mournful, R. Conwy, J. Davies from Caernarvon, and Jupiter. Erastus was the best; J. P. Prosser responded to the name, and the last three tied for second best. The best was quite faulty, but the others are nothing but a kind of mournful and sorrowful satire, and not pleasant, longing poems for Zion. We suggest that they read a little of "The Mystery of the Bards of the Isle of Britain," by Iolo Morganwg; it will do them good.

Strivings of the Saints in the West Glamorgan Conference—One contestant, but not successful.

The Perpetual Emigrating Fund—Two contestants, namely Heber, and Men of Gwent. Heber was the best by far, and worthy of the prize. The name was called, and J. P. Prosser answered.

The Slanderer—Three contestants, namely Nicholas of Russia, Phantom, and Devil-hater. Nicholas of Russia portrayed the Slanderer quite well, but not to the required mark to deserve the prize.

We are glad to see the inclination, the objective, and the effort of young poets and bards. We found many and diverse faults in the best compositions, and many worthy things in the weakest compositions. We encourage them to a revision, in writing, accentuation, syllabification, rhyme, versification, and construction. This is spoken in the honesty of the "Truth against the world," in word and conscience.

DEWI ELFED,
DARK NATHAN.

The prizes for the sale of pamphlets were awarded to Thomas Perkins, Llansamlet, Henry John, Morriston, and Mrs. Davies, Swansea.

The best recitation of the Dream of Apostle Woodruff was that of Mrs. Walters, College St. She was awarded the prize.

The best reciter of the Nauvoo Massacre, was Dan Jones, a 12-year-old boy, son of D. E. Jones. He was awarded the prize.

The best rendering of "Joseph the Seer," was that of Miss Sarah Walters of this Town. She was given the prize.

Those in attendance had the great pleasure of hearing Capt. Jones, &c., greet them in wise and sensible expressions; and to fill the various deficiencies of the contestants, all had the pleasure of hearing the compositions of Dewi Elfed, and Dark Nathan. Dewi recited his composition on the strivings of the Saints in the West Glamorgan Conference, and another very skilful one about the Slanderer. Dark Nathan recited and sang his own very nice compositions.

Interspersed with the various works of the Eisteddfod the choir skillfully sang several songs.

In a perfect imitation of the *clarinet*, Mr. Henry John, Morriston, sang several very entertaining songs. Eos, and Bronwen, Glantaf, Dyfed, sang for us with such sweetness, that we imagined we were hearing "Voice or praise of the heavenly court." Dan Jones (the Welsh Songster), and Elen Angharad Jones (Nightingale of Wales), his sister, a girl of just over eight years of age, sang for us "*Lord, what love have I,*" as lovely as the harp. Also Dan Jones sang "Longing for Zion," and the song "Pure bird," to the satisfaction of all.

Since the foregoing did not sing according to the topics of the Eisteddfod, a prize could not be awarded to them. Nevertheless, for their faithfulness and their efforts, some recognition was given to them by the Eisteddfod Committee.

This, together with the rendering of several songs by various persons, in connection with the sweet sounds of the harp, filled the bosoms of all those present with happiness, in which feeling of rejoicing we adjourned promptly, while the choir sang "*God save the Queen.*"

A. L. JONES, *Recorder.*

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Star of the Saints.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1855.

THE EMIGRATION.—In addition to the directions given in our last number about the Emigration, and to which we beg the *special attention* of the Presidents, so they may properly direct the emigrants,

we say that it would be wise for the Saints who intend to emigrate this year from Wales, to prepare to leave early in March, if they wish to travel together to Utah. Since the wise planning of the present emigration supervisors secures the funding and directions of the American Elders who have returned to the British Saints more than before, we urge the Welsh Saints to make preparations, so that they may enjoy the instructions of Elder T. Jeremy during the journey.

Those who opt for President Snow to buy animals and wagons for them should send the money as soon as possible,—by the 14th of this month, or by the end of the month at the very latest.

President Richards urges those who have more money than necessary to carry them to the end of their journey, to present that to him, and they will receive his receipt so they can receive it back from President Young; and thus, not only will they be safe from robbers along the journey, they will be of great benefit to emigrate the poor Saints to Zion earlier by so doing. Much money is spent by the Saints yearly to purchase expensive clothing, tools, china dishes, and many things they could do without, especially now when all these things are available there far more cheaply; if the money for those things were loaned to the Fund to emigrate the poor, many of their costs and trouble to transport the things would be spared, and an indescribable benefit would be done by emigrating the poor with the money. No doubt the money would be more useful to its owner there than its value in goods purchased when their need was yet undetermined.

The following call coming from President Richards shows to the Saints the need there is for them to hasten to fulfill their covenants with the world and the church, and do their duties toward God and their fellow men, so they may be ready to become acceptable before their own consciences,—the Church authorities, and by the Spirit of God. This proves, as do all other things, that our days are no time to slumber,—nor is the period of the remarkable conclusion far from us, and each one who wishes to “enter in before the door closes,” across the Atlantic Ocean, should do with all his might that which he has committed to do, whether to warn his neighbors by distributing tracts, testifying and living a good life, or by fulfilling any other duties that may be requested of him. Who has finished

his work, and is ready to answer the following invitation by saying, "Behold, I am completely ready now"? Furthermore, who of the Saints are ready to leave if a call were to come now from the Valley for all to come home in the embrace of the Emigrating Society? Would not many plead earnestly to wait a little, because they have not paid for their books—paid their contributions, &c., as is the case with some of those who are sent for now? In their own view the "foolish virgins," had a very reasonable excuse against the closing of the door of that wedding chamber of old; yet their negligence in preparing, when they had time to do so, is what closed the door against them. Who of the Saints will imitate them now and blame others if because of their negligence they are left behind, when the last call comes, "Let all the Saints come, the ship is waiting?" Let us strive to "seize the day for the days are bad." But to return, we quote the words of our President:—

"Those Saints who have not the means of going as far as Philadelphia, Cincinnati, or St. Louis, may feel free to stop there until such time as they can go further. They will have the approbation and blessing of the authorities of the Church in doing so. They will be under the guidance of wise and good men sent from the Valley to preside over them and watch their interests.

"We say to all the Saints, do not tarry here if you have the means of crossing the sea. After your arrival in the United States, continue to go forward on the route designated as fast as your circumstances will permit. Keep your faces Zion-ward. Labor diligently and live faithfully before the Lord, and your way shall open before you, often in a remarkable manner; and sooner than many of you now think possible, you will be in the place that the Lord has chosen for the safety of his people."

ASSASSINATION OF JOSEPH AND HYRUM SMITH!

(Excerpt from the pamphlet that is now at the Press)

OH! WHAT a mournful sight was seen on the day of the funeral for J. and H. Smith. There never was, and there never will be, its like; everyone sad in the streets, all the shops closed, and all business

forgotten. Onward I quickened my steps, until I reached the house of the late Joseph Smith. I pushed through the grieving crowd, until I reached the room where his body and his brother's had been placed (for they had been brought from Carthage the previous day); there they lay in their coffins, side by side—noble men, as they had suffered, side by side, from one prison to another for years, and had worked together, shoulder to shoulder, to build the kingdom of the Immanuel; eternal love had bound them steadfastly to each other and to their God until death; and now my eyes beheld the blood of the two godly martyrs mingling in one pool in the middle of the floor—their old mother, pious and sorrowful, on her knees in the middle of it between the two, with a hand on each of her sons who lay in blood—her heart almost breaking with excruciating agonies and indescribable grief. At the head of the deceased sat the dear wife of each one, and around their father stood four of Joseph's little children, and six of Hyrum's children, crying out from time to time, "My dear father," "And my dear father, too," said the others, with no reply but the echo from the walls, "Oh my father," and from the hearts of the mothers,—“My husband killed;” and the old mother groaning sadly, “Oh my sons, my sons.”

Eagerly and sorrowfully the thousands pushed forward in turn, to have a last look at their dear brethren, whose profound counsels, and heavenly teaching, had been music to their ears, a light to their paths, and a joy to their hearts many times. In the streets round about, there reigned almost the stillness of the grave; but all, rich and poor, had crystal tears streaming down their cheeks. Even the sun and the elements had become still as if in surprise, and all of nature looked at the man's fury toward the finest on earth in every age and part of it. I shall always remember my feelings at the time. Now I saw the two men of greatest virtue and wisdom on earth without doubt, whom I saw just now it seemed preaching tenderly, from between the iron bars of their prison, the gospel of peace to those who sought to kill them; the two stood like two reeds in the midst of storms as witnesses to Jesus, despite the jealous rage of the press, the pulpits, and the *mobs* of the age, straightening like the reed with its head up after each breeze by despising profit and worldly fame, they held steadfastly to their aim until they finished their work, and like their elder brothers, and their Leader before them, they did

not love their lives unto death, they did not refuse to face knowingly the slaughter; but leapt on the bloody altar which *they saw* awaiting them in Carthage, "that they might have a better resurrection." But what pen can describe that scene and the feelings of the thousands of mourners? The only comfort which sustained them from sinking under the oppression and the loss was that a day of swift reckoning on this was coming soon,—that he who has the just scales in his hand perceives it all and will——, but I shall restrain myself. It is easier for the reader to imagine this scene and its consequences than it is for me to describe them.

But to return to Carthage with the story, from whence I escaped about three o'clock in the afternoon, on the 27th. The following picture will show the attack on the jail, and the situation of the place, clearly; it was written by one of the four who were there at the time, namely Dr. Willard Richards.

"TWO MINUTES IN THE JAIL.

"Possibly the following took three minutes to be accomplished, although I do not think it was more than two; and I wrote it at the request of, and as an explanation to my friends.

Carthage, June 27th, 1844.

"A shower of bullets was shot up the stairway to the door of our prison in the second story, and we heard the sound of many footsteps rushing up. We closed the door, and stood inside against it, to keep it closed, there being no lock or *latch* on it that was usable. The door is of thin *pine*; as soon as the sound of footsteps reached the top of the stairs, they fired through the door, and the first ball passed between us, and showed that they were assassins. At this we changed our attitude. Mr. Joseph Smith, Mr. Taylor, and myself sprang back to the other side of the room, and Mr. Hyrum Smith retreated two-thirds across the chamber opposite, facing the door, when a ball was fired from the door, which went through his head; then he fell backwards extended at length, without moving his feet. From the holes in his clothes and subsequently his body, it appears that another ball shot him through the window at the time, which entered his back, passed through his body, lodging in his watch, which was in the right pocket of his *waistcoat*, shattering it into

pieces. The two balls must have hit him at the same instant. When he fell, he said clearly, 'I'm a dead man.' Joseph looked at him, and then said, 'Oh! my dear brother Hyrum!' Then, opening the door a few inches with his left hand, he discharged a six shooter at random into the entry, from whence at that moment came a ball, which tore open Hyrum's breast, and entered his head under his jaw, and went out through the top of his head, while other muskets were aimed at him simultaneously, and some other balls went through him from the door. Joseph continued to fire his revolver in their faces, standing to one side, and reaching his hand around the casing of the door, but three barrels missed fire. Mr. Taylor stood by his side with a stick in his hand, with which he hit the points of the bayonets and the muzzles of the guns that were pushed in the door. By his side I stood with another stick, but I could not come within striking distance without being in the muzzle of the guns. After the revolver failed, we had no means to defend ourselves; and as we expected a rush of the mob into the room at any minute, and the door was already half full of muskets, pushing forward into the room, and with no hope from anywhere of saving our lives, Mr. Taylor rushed to the window, which is some 12 or 15 feet above the ground outside. When he was about to jump out, a ball from within was shot into his thigh, and at the same instant another ball from without was fired, which hit his watch, which was in the left pocket of his *waistcoat*, shattering it into pieces, and leaving the hands standing at 5 o'clock, 16 minutes, and 26 seconds. The force of this shot threw him back into the room, and he fell to the floor, and rolled under the bed which stood by his side, where he lay as though dead. Nevertheless some at the door continued to fire upon him, and tore away a piece of flesh from his thigh bigger than a man's hand, although I tried my best to save him by hitting and knocking down their guns with my stick. As a last resort, Joseph ventured to the window from which Taylor had fallen; but almost before he reached it, two balls pierced him from the door, and another from outside through the window which entered near his heart; and he fell outward, where bayonet points received him, and he cried out clearly, 'O LORD MY GOD.'

"No sooner had his feet gone out of the window than my head went in, the balls whistling all around. At this the cry was raised, 'He's

leaped the window,' and those who were near the door, and on the stairs, ran out. I withdrew from the window when I saw it would be of no use to follow him, and leap on over a hundred bayonets, which had by now gathered around Joseph Smith's body. Still unwilling to leave him, I again reached my head out, and watched carefully for a while to see if there were any signs of life in him; regardless of my own safety, I made up my mind that I would see the end of him I loved as myself. Being satisfied that he was already dead, with over a hundred of the rioters rushing toward him, and more coming from the other side of the jail; and as I expected every second that they would return to the jail, I ran to the iron door of the cell which was next to the door of our room, and where they still stood shooting, to see if it was locked. When I was near it, Mr. Taylor shouted to me, 'Take me with you;' and having seen that that door was open, I returned, and carried Mr. Taylor there, that is to the inner prison, and stretched him on the floor, and covered him with a mattress, so that he would not be noticed, for I expected the mob to come in any second. I remarked to Mr. Taylor,—'This is rather a hard bed, but if your wounds are not fatal, I hope you can live to tell the story.' I expected to be shot every instant, and I stood in the door ready for whatever might come.

"WILLARD RICHARDS."

LETTER FROM SISTER JEREMY.

Salt Lake City, September 31, 1854.

DEAR HUSBAND,—I take this opportunity to send a letter to you, lest I not have another chance this year. We as a family are well, and I am very thankful to my Heavenly Father for his goodness and his constant care over us. I know that your prayers are being answered on our behalf as a family; nor do we forget you in our prayers: my desire is for my Heavenly Father to strengthen you and the other brethren in every circumstance that confronts you.

We had a remarkably good Conference here, and I would like for you to have heard the sermon of President B. Young the last day of the Conference. We got to hear things we have never heard before,

but I shall not go into detail: if the sermon comes out in print, I shall send it to you.

The last company of the Saints came in last week, and among them was Brother Bywater. T. C. Martill and Henry Harries are lodging with us; they are well and wish to be remembered to you.

Yesterday a *bowery* was begun to be built on the front of the Tabernacle, which will be sufficiently ample to hold everyone who is in the Conference. In the Tabernacle there are good meetings every Sunday. I think of you often, and how eagerly you would receive the teaching. Many strange things are taking place, as we have heard lately from President Young.

William S. Phillips and his wife were here for supper when they arrived; they have gone to live in a valley that is further away than Box Elder. Many of the Welsh have stayed here.

I am glad to hear that you have enjoyed good health, which is a great blessing. We as a family send our best to you, especially your dear Sarah. The families of Brothers Jones and Daniels are well. Give them my fondest regards.

This from your dear wife,

SARAH JEREMY.

NOTICE TO EMIGRANTS.

THE following came to hand when this issue was going to Press.

Liverpool, Jan. 30, 1855.

Because of the unusual scarcity of ships sailing to Philadelphia, we are unable to send out the first shipload of Emigrants before the end of February, or the beginning of March. Nevertheless, the candidates should continue to send their names and their money to me, and I shall do what I can to send out the emigrants at the time they desire. I already have a sufficient number of candidates to fill one or two ships, and I shall send the Emigrants to the same place, at the same time, to the extent possible. The Emigrants should make their arrangements with me before the 15th of March, for it

is important for them to sail from this port before the end of that month.

The emigrants should not come here before I send word for them to come.

The Pastors and Presidents will please announce this publicly throughout the Branches of the church, at the earliest opportunity.

FRANKLIN D. RICHARDS.

MISCELLANEOUS, &c.

PERHAPS some bard will enjoy giving a response to the following Verse:—


Great is the sound of bickering,—and heated
 Crossing throughout the countries:
 Who sees the location,—where will be
 The open space of a peaceful place?

D. ROBERTS.

VERSE TO THE CLOUD.

Smooth servant of husbandmen,—is the cloud,
 With its mingled veils;
 It swims to its journey when it drinks the wave,
 To shed its moist drops. THE SAME.

RECEIPTS FOR BOOKS FROM JAN. 15 TO THE 31.—John Williams, Jr., £1; Chas. Harmon, £1 10s 8³/₄c; E. Middleton, £3 6s 6c; G. Roberts, £1 1s.

 We were again obliged to omit many interesting things from this number, and that because of lack of space.

. Send all letters, containing orders and payments to *Capt. Jones*, “*Zion's Trumpet*” Office, *Swansea*.

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SWANSEA:

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