

# ZION'S TRUMPET,

OR

## Star of the Saints.

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No. 22.]

OCTOBER 27, 1855.

[VOL. VIII.

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### THE TIMES WITH ITS CARCASS IN ITS MOUTH!

THE LATEST FALSE TALE—THE UGLIEST BOGEYMAN and the most loathsome carcass of the dead bodies of this anti-Mormon age is the pamphlet that professes to give “an account of the female life among the Mormons,” by one who names herself “Maria Ward,” and says that, “she has been the wife of an Elder from Utah;” and even though we have read everything that we could lay our hands on of the filth of the scum of authors and editors in every language we understand for over a dozen years, having to hold our nose tightly many times, while we analyzed the malodorous entrails of their anti-Mormon *bug bears* searching for a crumb of truth, we confess that this dirty bag is the filthiest of all. We have detected its stench from afar for many days, while the editors of the other language were feasting on it, as if it were tasty *sauerkraut*. When the western whirlwind blew its savor across the sea, we predicted that the English would consider its foul taste to be excellent *succotash*; but the revulsion we had to deal with such a nest of maggots caused us to delay any contact with it, until we saw that the Editor of the *Times* had taken hold of the carcass with his teeth, sucking the sap, maggots and all down to his greedy gut almost to the point of bursting his stomach; nor afterwards, had we not seen him licking his lips after the meal, and heard him shouting for his neighbors to join him in the feast of the delicacies, would we have tried it, even

with a pitchfork and a blacksmith's tongs to pull it from between his teeth. And we do not wish for that which we give our attention to now to turn the unclean birds away from the carcass for which their stomachs are adapted, but we hope they will feast on the lies they love; they are as necessary in their place and to their suited purpose, to purify the air of the land, as are other *scavengers*. Our only aim in putting our gloves on our hands and sharpening our knife to open the insides of this carcass is to convince the clean birds from afar, by its savor, to beware lest they come too close to it and spoil their taste to desire it, as poor Mr. Lloyd does. Since the *Times* has lost its sense of smell if not its nose as well, and raised up such filth to pollute the healthful air that blew along the hills of Wales, we ourselves will raise up a little breeze from the hills of truth to blow its stench back toward the *rookeries* of the birds of prey.

For years writers and editors have shown some kind of incomparable desire to imagine some kind of rubbish, and to create bogeymen sufficiently frightening to scare people away from looking into "Mormonism." They have been so diligent, that there is no story fabricated in America despite their frequency, nor one accusation despite however black, nor one lie no matter how obvious, that has not been circulated and assisted on its fleeting excursion in their vehicles; and always having sent the latest, with a tail attached they listen attentively for more anti-Mormon lies from across the seas, or across from anywhere, no matter where, essential to have sufficient grease to grease the wheels of their blasphemous spinning wheels; and when their last bottle was about empty—the bottom of the bladder was drying and the skull was puzzled as to how to obtain anything else, behold help had come in time! Hooray, let's have at it now! Their false accusations were proved wrong so effectively that for shame they had to let them go, yet they had to have a new one, and although they do not dare deny the counterproofs, they do not ever publish any of them, but they scour the corners of *hades* itself for filth and soot to blacken and to throw into the eyes of Mormonism. But all is being blown back into their own eyes, and they are complaining that the Mormons are laughing at them. Poor souls! The Mormons should not laugh at anything, especially at the blind who have constantly been trying to throw dirt into their eyes. They call for

help, help from some place by someone who is against that which they hate; but their voices are like depth shouting at the depth—the answer is, the echo of silence. The treachery of President Young has vanished, the dead bodies of Brochus & Co. have gone silent, their hope has ended that Col. Steptoe would kill the Saints and swallow Utah. Instead of proving that the Saints had killed Gunnison, every stain was cleared that was daubed on them and their aristocratic enemies were disgraced in the huts of the natives so that nothing but “Paint, blankets and mirrors,” were what repaid the Indians for the courtship of the American Officers and their *squaws* under their blankets. Despite the harshness of every accuser the truth of many men flowed to drown their anger in the cemetery of lies; but now beware! You Mormons, stand out of the way, flee for your lives, here is Mr. Lloyd and his *Times* against you like a giant, no, like a *female giant* we should say, and though he admits that the account is not “CORRECT,” notice, but then of necessity it must be *incorrect*, namely a lie. Don’t be so *bashful* Mr. Lloyd, although your bully is a lady, she will not blush if you were to speak clearly and as loudly as you speak against the truth, that it is a *lie*; yet we say he promises to publish chapters from time to time in the *Times* of that which she admits are *lies*; and in the same breath he complains that Mormonism is “disgracing Wales!” Here she is “straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel.” Every truthful man will opine, we suppose, that publishing for truth that which she admits are lies is the *most shameful* thing that even an anti-Mormon editor can do. We shall leave it between the old friend and his readers to end the debate as to what is his purpose and his aim in feeding them with chapters of slime and which he admits to be lies; if they can believe that he is benefitting them by doing so, may they have a strong stomach to feast on the corpse.

We heard mention of a book that the taste of which was sufficient to turn one’s stomach—another that deserves to be swallowed, and another which must be chewed, but here is a book that is sweet to the taste of our Editor, and which will turn into wormwood in his stomach. It is remarkably “interesting” he says; yes, exposing the female mystique, telling of their rape, describing circumstances that the chaste man would blush to name, and raising the petticoats of women around their heads; yes, all the harlotry and iniquity of our

country prove that a book full of such insults is very “interesting” for those who are of that inclination, and it is sufficiently interesting for our friend to pour out bowlfuls of it to feed his readers on the table of the *Times*. Goodness gracious! Don’t be surprised at the iniquity of our country while lewd and repugnant *pictures* like these are considered “interesting” by your editors. “He knows of nothing that can be more effective at putting a stop to this flood of corruption.” A *lie* to put a stop to something corrupt, is it, Mr. Lloyd? Oh poor thing, a fire to extinguish a fire—that is *logic!* We have from him also an example of *incorrect* “facts!” How do you know, Sir, “that all of it is based on facts?” You do not value your truthfulness much, when you dare to assert that any tale inside it has been based on fact, and it takes but a short time for us to prove that you have already forfeited your truthfulness in your desire to malign your fellowmen and the religion they love more than their lives. And what proofs do you have that the book is true? Its anti-Mormonism is not sufficient proof now as it was for a host of other tales; everyone knows better now. Mr. Lloyd does not have as much as the name of the author of the book that he takes like Samson’s jawbone of an ass in trying to kill thousands of his fellow nation! A nameless book is really contemptible; his father was embarrassed to claim him as is the case with practically every bastard, but here this one is getting a Lloydian and editorial foster father—a Welshman no less! Well, who is his mother pray tell? Shh! does she herself not confess that she has lost her character, and has been thrown out of her parents’ house, either for her chastity or for something else; at least her family would send her away for disgracing them and for her faults, says she herself, and her lover has become her worst enemy, from whose presence she fled secretly for her life before ever seeing a Mormon. And this is our friend’s authoress! The old proverb is true, “Whore shouts whore first,” and so it is with the man who designed this entire collection of lies that we are raking through who started his story with a whore, and there is hardly anything else in this book he is championing but whoring, whores and whoring, and we cannot believe that it will have credibility with anyone except whoremongers and whores.

She says that a Mormon by the name of Ward charmed her in the carriage at first sight, despite herself. Must she not have been in

the habit of being charmed? But, says the inquirer, who is this Mrs. Ward? Although we cannot answer with certainty we can assure the inquirer through the knowledge we have of Mormonism that there is no one, nor has there ever been anyone who fits or has ever fit the description of that character, nor has there ever been anyone by that name in their midst. There never was a Saint or a female Saint by the name of Ward in Nauvoo, in Kirtland, or Missouri, or going to Utah. We knew one of the mountaineers who had lived among the Snake Indians for about 17 years before the entrance of the Saints into that land, by the name of Barney Ward; we had knowledge of him, and he does not have a wife, rather a *squaw* from that tribe; and we do not think that even Mr. Lloyd will believe that to be his splendid authoress! Again, I challenge him to prove that another of the name Ward has been among the Saints during the timeline of his book. We would have too much respect for the character of the numerous women the public has so generously presented us with as to praise a woman as Mr. Lloyd praises this one, one who admits to living for years among murderers, a close friend of thieves, whoremongers, traitors, and all kinds of evil doers; we think that any woman who would spend years in the midst of such people voluntarily, when she could have left any time she wanted in St. Louis, or anywhere in that free land, has a character too doubtful for anyone to believe her, much less to praise her, or to encourage others to accept her tales as truth; it would be far more appropriate for her to be in the insane asylum, or in the *penitentiary* than to be the wife of any Mormon. She is not only a disgrace to her sex for constantly lifting their petticoats over their heads, but a shame to mankind for attracting their attention to that which their wise creator hid under a cloak.

As the *New York Times* says, and every other newspaper that has a grain of sense the size of a mustard seed, we do not believe that a woman wrote the book, rather that the name and that which Mr. Lloyd presents as *facts* are entirely fictitious—with no foundation whatsoever in truth. Furthermore, we cannot believe that an American wrote the book, but that some “Reverend” arrived recently from the other side of the world on the verge of fainting, and the first things that satisfied his unclean gaze were some of the thousand little lying pamphlets made against Mormonism, from which he created his crazy person

under scrutiny; one reason for this is the fact, that no twelve-year-old school boy could be found that would not know better about the geography of the country and the Indians' dwellings; the history of the Mormons is quite well known, together with the various places they settled, and their travels. The author of this *Romance* has demonstrated shameful ignorance, as we shall prove directly, about people she accuses, their customs, their religion and all that pertains to them. A glance at any depiction of the States would have spared much of the disgrace and the shame that descend on the one who published this filthy false tale and his backers. "That mine adversary had written a book," says Job. The common sense of man would compel him to believe that there would be no better way to praise Mormonism than to have an *adversary* publish a "book" like this one, even this one that is so "interesting" for the adversaries, so that the bigger the lies the greater their effort to praise it and to disseminate it, to show their foolishness by doing so. We shall give only a few examples this time of the foolishness of this tale, leaving each one to judge for himself the rest of the book. The author has studied a lot to conceal the timeline, the place names besides his own name to purposefully hide the falseness; despite that he betrayed himself sufficiently to condemn himself in that which follows:—

Page 12—We find her in a room in a Mormon meeting after midnight; there was not even one little candle in the furthest corner, nor sufficient light to discern the difference between men and women.—Page 13—Despite that she says that she could see clearly enough to see over it all the countenance of Joseph Smith, and even the color of his eyes; and she says that he had "piercing black eyes!" but all who ever saw him know, and those who have read his story should know that J. Smith had very light-colored eyes. Although the room was too dark for her to see those who were around her, from the furthest corner she saw the dead woman who was brought in, open and close her eyelids, the pulsating of her veins, the movement of her lips and every detail as if she were in the middle of the noon-day light!—Page 15—She tells us that J. Smith was one of the earliest practitioners of Mesmerism; the poor thing! the public knows about many books that were published before her birth, and all who have

read the history of Mr. Smith, know that he was completely opposed to doing anything with Mesmerism, and we know through hearing him warn and preach against Mesmerism that we were to beware of that, and that he had nothing to do with such a thing.

We are told that Mrs. Braddish, the heroine of the tale, has killed two men in New York State. Who were they? What were their names? Who can say? Such public murders are not passed over with such little attention as that in the States. Now Mr. Lloyd, as her backer and translator, you answer for her. Where, when, or who were the two who were killed? From New York State she leads them to the promised land in Illinois? She jumped over Ohio without seeing it, she slept while the Saints were building the City of Kirtland and the Temple there, she had fainted while they went from there to Missouri, and during the years they lived there before ever setting their feet down in Illinois. She jumps over several years of Church history, and she does not give us the account in the meanwhile except that Joseph Smith traveled all the way from New York to Illinois, pretending to be an old man eighty years old! and there was no one during all that distance, although he went through many towns, who saw the difference between a lad and an old gray-haired man. In one place we have a young woman who died on the spot only by his telling her to die! Poo! Mr. Lloyd, where is the sense you must have had at one time? Then, we have the old gray-haired man sitting on a tree stump, a young woman who came to the camp a few minutes earlier from a nearby town, only for his having whispered in her ear for a minute to leave father and mother, brothers and everyone, and even her dear sweetheart who had brought her there, and escaping with these strangers unbeknown to them all! It's a rather poor *compliment* to the female sex to say that one look from a Mormon charms them so far as to take their affection from their husbands, children, parents, home and everything else. Do you believe that someone could charm your wife, or your sisters like that, Mr. Lloyd? I think they would be ashamed to hear you admit that about them. And yet—how much different are they from the general kind of their sex?

“There were in the Mormon town but about 50 cabins.” We respond,—that the Saints came to Illinois from Missouri, and not

from New York, and it was to Nauvoo they came; and before being driven from there, the city was five miles long, and from two to two-and-a-half miles wide. It was an enfranchised city, with a Mayor, a city council, and over ten thousand inhabitants. It had many large shops, with steamboats docking daily. But this Mrs. Ward tells us that neither clothes nor goods could be obtained there, rather the majority were barefoot and wearing rags; there was but one needle in the town, and hardly any work for that, and bramble thorns were the pins of the land, while in the same breath she says that J. Smith had a shop there. We know that the land for about twenty miles by twelve was nearly all in the possession of the Saints and was tilled by them, and how can you expect us to believe the rubbish of your book, Mr. *Times*, contrary to what these eyes have seen, and which every knuckle and bone in us knows through experience? You cannot expect us to believe. How can you ask others to do so? Is it their ignorance which turns the lie into truth for them and you? If not, do not quote your *chapters* from such a filthy *sink hole* for the assurance of your readers or else, as surely as you do, they will punish you for it in the prison from which you will never escape, if not sooner. But let us return:—Who ever heard of a “bank” in Nauvoo before the heroine tells us about it? Not a word of that is true either, friend; the Saints did not have a bank anywhere in Illinois. They had had a partnership in a bank for some years before coming to Illinois, while they were in Kirtland, Ohio. But it is not to that one she refers, for she knows nothing of what took place there in the space of the eight years she was in a *trance*, of course. If there was a bank there it likely had bills, and perhaps a man so prominent as the Editor of the *Times* of Wales can get hold of some of the bills as proof of the assertion; until then we shall flatly deny it.—Our historian shows her shameful ignorance for the most public organization of the church she writes about; for example, she claims “that Joseph Smith transacted the business of the church himself, with THREE of his counselors.” This is nothing but *nonsense*, and sufficient proof that the historian never saw Joseph Smith, and that she never knew anything about him or his counselors. He had two; never THREE!

(*To be continued.*)



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# ZION'S TRUMPET,

OR

## Star of the Saints.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1855.

NEWS FROM UTAH.—From the *Mormon*, the *Luminary*, the *Star* together with several letters, we glean from among many other bits of interesting and comforting news that “He who holds a winnowing fan in his hand and purges his threshing floor after blowing an innumerable host of grasshoppers to destroy the crops of Utah; after reinforcing their armies with his locusts to frighten away the ungodly, lately He has sent the potato bugs to eat the potatoes, and after all this together brought devastation to the land so that no hope remained except for famine to destroy the inhabitants; after all these fans had completely swept his threshing floor, we say, of the chaff, the tops and the straw; the hypocrite, the faithless and the fearful, He opened his fist from which he released a tremendous south wind which swept before it all the flying devourers to the Salt Lake, and drowned them there, as he drowned the tormentors of ancient Israel in the Red Sea, until their skeletons are washed by the salty waves along its banks in heaps, in some places several feet deep. Nevertheless, He made sure they had completed their mission, that of driving the ungodly from the land, before finishing their course; and great is the joy of the faithful children of Zion, those obedient to the voice of their “Moses” of the last days, as the Moses of old between the jagged rocks of Baal-zephon and Pi-hahiroth when the Egyptians were galloping after them, and the fierce waves of the Red Sea threatened their going forward and he shouted, “Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord.” It is said that the Saints of Utah felt fully as cheerful and faithful, still in the midst of the battle that threatened to destroy them. Promptly, despite all the predictions and mocking of our own Egyptians their God took care of them—he

delivered them from the chaff, and from the fans that winnowed it away; they planted their seed again, and everyone completely believes that they will have plenty of provisions to sustain them and the Saints who go there to join them; but there will be nothing to sell to another accursed army like the last one, nor to strangers who go there to winter. If all this miraculous care that God shows for Zion is not sufficient to make even the Priests and Editors of Babylon and Egypt, those who prophesied so boldly that all this was the judgment of God, change their tune, and recognize His care over His children in the latest crisis, they must be beyond convincing. At least He is fulfilling that which we said in previous issues of the TRUMPET, and as publicly as we can everywhere, namely, that this was a *blessing not a "curse;"* that this was mercy, not a *"judgment"* for his children, and that He would supply their needs. The rest of our words will be fulfilled also, those that we repeat clearly, namely, that the whole world will come to request food from "Joseph," although they banish him from their borders before he returns to beg for charity from them.

President Young's new house is already practically complete, hosts are busily working on the temple, and its foundations have already reached a height of about eight feet; the new office of the Scribe and Historian are progressing rapidly; splendid Schoolhouses and Senate houses are in a race for completion in Great Salt Lake City, and in several other counties.

General unity, love and prosperity are spread throughout all the rest of the faithful Utahns and there is more of the Spirit of God among them than ever before. Nor is it just among them alone, rather God is pouring out his Spirit mightily on the Lamanites according to his promise to Abraham, sending his angels among them and with visions and dreams he is preparing their hearts to receive the missionaries sent among them, to the point that practically entire tribes in some places are obeying the gospel. Lately W. W. Willes baptized over two hundred of the Pa-Utahs in one service. Another says that over three thousand of the *Cheyennes* wish to be educated in Agriculture, Theology and all other things that will benefit them. The red children of the forest are rejoicing in the enjoyment of the divine blessings that false "Christians" trample under their feet,

and while the latter consider President Young the worst man in the world, the tribes of Ephraim throughout the continent are coming to understand very well that "the Great Spirit" speaks through him for their benefit as some of them have proved by coming along the way from Oregon to him to ask his counsel in times of trouble. Disease like the plague is running through some entire tribes practically where the missionaries have gone, and as soon as they place their hands on their heads they are healed immediately almost without exception, which greatly strengthens their faith. They are not only healthy but are rapidly becoming brethren of the same faith and of the same heart as the Saints.

Thomas Williams took close to two hundred thousand dollars worth of goods to Utah this year, besides over a thousand head of cattle and 130 wagons. Livingston and Kinkade brought 80 wagons, containing one hundred and forty thousand dollars worth, besides 50 loads from Gilbert and Gerrish; 20 from S. M. Blair; 25 from Snow, &c. Thus, we see that the Saints need not be lacking either clothes or food after all that has been predicted about their famine; and neither are these Merchants giving any credence to the prophecies of the false prophets of Britain, that the Mormons will have to leave Utah!

We lament to report the passing of Chief Justice Leonidas Shaver, on the 29th of June, of a sickness in his head caused by infection. The Honorable Shaver earned great trust and honor in Utah; and the respect due to his impeccable conduct, his righteousness and his remarkable philanthropy was shown to his remains through an honorable funeral. All the authorities of the Government and the Church came together to show their last respects to his memory.

President Snow writes, from Ash Hollow, on August 14, while on his journey to the Valley, with the speed of the Mail, that all the camps of the Saints that he saw are healthy and traveling along comfortably. The first five camps were yet ahead of him, and he expected to catch up to overtake the last of them at about Fort Laramie. The Indians behaved very kindly to all the immigrants, and yet the anti-Mormon travelers and even the Mail feared to travel among them without a military escort. The Government made hasty preparations by transporting food and soldiers to the various Forts

on the plains to war against the Indians; they were made ready to begin on a war campaign for 60 days against the Indians. The Yellow Fever is sweeping before it the people of Norfolk and Portsmouth to the other world so quickly, that it is scaring away practically everyone who is able to leave the place; complaints are that the sectarian "Pastors" are the first to escape and leave their flock in such distress.

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#### LETTER FROM ELDER THOMAS C. MARTELL.

*Salt Lake City, June 30, 1855.*

DEAR BROTHER JENKINS,—The first part of our company arrived in the Salt Lake Valley on the 23 of September. After coming within sight of the valley with the first part of the company, brother John Evans and I returned to meet the last part, and we reached the city on the 25th. Who can describe the joy which filled our breasts when we caught a glimpse of the place? We fell to our knees in gratitude before God. Great is our duty to praise him for his wondrous goodness and his grace on those who obey his commandments. Let every sensible being be filled with awe as he perceives the wisdom and the power which the Lord manifests in Zion! That which was considered desert a short time ago is now blossoming like a rose. Not only is the land fertile, the climate healthful, and the place amiable, the behavior of the inhabitants is heavenly; valuable and heavenly teachings are given here! Here every man has the opportunity to know himself. This is the city of the faithful—a refuge to every honest man; but let the hypocrites, the whoremongers, and anyone who takes the name of God in vain beware! There is no eternal city here for anyone who corrupts himself. Since I have been here I have had the chance to associate with the President several times.

I do not know how to give a description of him except to say that if all good qualities have ever been combined in the same person, that person is Brigham Young. The wisest, the most supreme, and the most similar to God of anyone which your heart has ever imagined. There is not under the sun a better people than the majority of the inhabitants of this valley, and from one

pole of the earth to the other there are none like them except the Saints. Although this place excels perhaps over every other place, there are here some grumblers just as there have been in Israel in every dispensation of the world. Some who received strong testimonies of the divinity of the faith while in the old country were so enthusiastic as to form incorrect and unreasonable ideas about Zion. They supposed that the Lord would send angels to build houses, plant vineyards, &c., and the Saints would have no other task except to eat the fruits, drink the wine, and enjoy the sweet smell of the plants and flowers, &c. When such came to understand that the inhabitants of Zion plant and harvest, and that through milking the cows here are cheese and butter made, they were greatly disappointed. I understand that some Welshmen in such disappointment have slandered the country. But they are now repentant and wish to call back that which they wrote in their impatience to their relatives. One from Llanelli confesses that he has been guilty of writing such things in a passion, and giving his parents to understand that he was in dire circumstances, when in fact he was the owner of two oxen, two cows, a calf, a horse, a pig, a good garden, and plenty of food in the house for at least a year. Where in Carmarthenshire can a man with nothing to start, come to own so much in a few months, unless he is a craftsman or a merchant, just by doing farm work for a while? Strange, is it not, how men are guided by such passions! Dire circumstances, are they not! Lately I visited the northern cities, i.e., Ogden, Ogden Hole, Box Elder, etc. Ogden Hole is about 45 miles from this city. Brothers Thomas Evans, Henry Evans, David Jones, John Davies, and their families live there, and are doing extremely well. Box Elder is about 15 miles further to the north. There are several families from Wales there. Your sister, Martha, and her husband are doing fine there. Your uncle and your cousin have been living there for a few months now. They have built a house and are living very comfortably. There are also brothers W. S. Phillips, Capt. D. Evans from Llanelli, R. G. Evans from Pembrey, William Thomas, Llanybydder, and many others from Wales too numerous to mention, all of them

farming and gaining in wealth rapidly. About six miles still further to the north brother Thomas Thomas, his two sons and Jeremiah Thomas and his families are living, and they have very large farms. Several of the brothers and sisters whom you knew around Carmarthen and Llanelli have settled in this city. There are brothers Henry Harries from Talog, Thomas Job and John Davies, the printer; also Sister Margaret Edwards from Ffynnon Drain, all of them happy and wishing to be remembered to you. I think often and talk a lot about the Saints there, and I pray earnestly that you will be delivered from the captivity of great Babylon, and that you will be brought safely to this blessed place.

I am glad to understand that the way is being opened to you and your brother to emigrate next season through the assistance of your sister. Brother John Nicholas wishes for you to be sure to write back without delay, if you are leaving next season. I remember with pleasure the time that you and I worked together there; it is sweet to think that we did not give unworthy examples for the Saints to emulate. Continue faithful in the good work, and you shall have everything that will be to your good. Give my regards to your worthy President Jones, to faithful brother Daniels, and the dear brethren who preside over the various conferences in Wales. Also give my fond regards to the branches of Carmarthen, Brechfa, St. Clears, Trefechan, Pencader, &c.

Give my best to the brethren in Llanelli, without naming persons, I greet all the Saints; may God in Heaven bless you and bring you safe to Zion. I would be so glad to get a letter from you; I should like to know the success of the work in the old country. The post office is about to close; consequently, I must finish for now lest I be too late. Remember me to my parents, when you have a chance; what bliss if they could but see the glory of the Saints' religion and could flee from the wrath which is to come on the disobedient. Be happy; great is the reward of the faithful.

May the blessings of heaven be with you is the earnest prayer of,

Your Brother in the Lord,

THOMAS CHARLES MARTELL.

## THE SCRIPTURAL TREASURY!

WE have a small number of the Treasury on hand that we would like to be in other hands; especially we wish for the Saints who are without it to awaken right away, and send for it through their distributors before they lament their negligence. If another were its Author we would shout at the top of our lungs, that it is a treasure too valuable for anyone to be without if it were five pounds, for a mere *half a crown*. Were it not for fear of being accused of egotism we would say that it is the best of all gifts we have given to the Saints; and if we were as sectarian as we once were, we would not hesitate to call it an almost infallible way to get hold of a hundred majestic principles that the laymen of our country know nothing about; but since we are confident that there are plenty of examples throughout the land to prove what kind it is, and since we intend to leave this country once again before long so there will be no other printing of it, we warn those who think they can obtain it whenever they wish that they will be disappointed if they do not *hurry!*

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 MISCELLANEOUS, &c.
 

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SOME newspapers proclaim that about 300 of the Indians have attacked a camp of the Emigrants near "Devil's Gate" and have killed about 150 of them, taken their spoil, and that the rest have reached the Salt Lake Valley; but we do not believe that or the *fish story* either. If the telegraph, the dove, or the crow with the white beak that brought the news to them so soon from Salt Lake, before the lead company has had time to arrive there, they did not see fit to inform us, and we prefer to delay swallowing that tidbit, despite how sweet it is in the mouths of some people, for the Mail Utah for September came to our hand today disproving the tale.

THE WAR.—Gortschakoff is defending himself with determination on the north side of Sevastopol, and judging by the hot fire that is raging among the alliances that are on the south side, he does not intend to retreat soon. A numerous army of the French and the Turks have driven the enemy back in flight to the country, which fights every step of the land it leaves behind. It is intended to cut off

Sevastopol's reliance on reinforcements, but they have another way to obtain them that was not known about, and according to all signs, that will not easily be closed off to them. While the Russians boast that they have won a praiseworthy victory over the Turks in Asia, in which they killed 400, the news came lately that in their attack on Kars they lost 4,000.

*Payments toward the Debt of the West Glamorgan Conference from  
October 10th to the 23rd.*

	£	s.	c.				
Eleanor Thomas, Cwmavon .	0	3	0	Margaret Davies, ditto.....	0	2	6
..... Aberkenfig..	0	10	0	Rachel Jones, ditto.....	0	2	6
Mary J. Davies, Alltwen.....	0	3	6	Jane Lloyd, ditto.....	0	2	6
Mary W. Jones       "	0	0	6	David Roberts, ditto.....	0	10	0
Griffith Jones       "	0	1	0	Thomas Morgan, Treboth...	0	10	0
Thomas Evans, Cyfyng.....	0	10	0	Edward Richards, Wick.....	0	2	0
George John, Cwmbwrla.....	0	2	6	Barbara Richards, his wife..	0	2	6
Mary John, his wife.....	0	2	6	Thomas Davies, Ystrad.....	0	10	0
Thomas Thomas, Cwmbwrla	0	10	0	Elizabeth Davies, his wife...	0	10	0
Thomas Evans, Cwmafon.....	0	0	6	Thomas R. Davies, ditto.....	1	0	0
..... Cyfyng.....	1	0	0	David Evans and his wife....	1	0	0
Henry John, Morriston.....	0	5	0	Joseph Jones, ditto.....	0	10	0
Anne John, his wife.....	0	2	6	Anne Jones, his wife.....	0	5	0
Wm. Jenkins, Neath.....	0	5	0	David Jones, ditto.....	0	5	0
Ben. Phillips, Neath.....	0	4	0	David Jones, sr, ditto.....	0	2	6
Evan Davies, Pyle.....	0	10	0	David R. Jones, ditto.....	0	5	0
Anne Davies, his wife.....	0	2	6	William Lewis, ditto.....	0	5	0
Evan Richards, Pyle.....	0	5	0	Mary Lewis, his wife.....	0	5	0
Wm. James, St. Brides.....	0	5	0	John Williams, ditto.....	0	5	0
Wm. Llewellyn, ditto.....	0	4	0	Roderick William, ditto.....	0	2	0
M. Dyer (Eng. Br., Swansea)	0	5	0				
Richard Knight, ditto.....	0	2	6			£13	3
J. Tuckfield, ditto (Welsh)....	0	10	0				6

RECEIPTS FOR BOOKS UP TO OCTOBER 23rd.—G. W. Davies, £13 6s. 6½c; J. Davies, £1 7s. 1c; Lewis Davies, £2 17s. 2½c; William Lewis, Glamorgan, £29 16s. 10½c; Edward Middleton, £16.; B. Jones, £7 8s. 9½c; Griffith Roberts, 5s. 8c; Thomas Morgan, £1.; Isaac Jones, £1 4s. 4½c; Evan S. Morgan, £1 3s. 3c

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