

ZION'S TRUMPET,

OR

Star of the Saints.

No. 23.]

NOVEMBER 10, 1855.

[VOL. VIII.

“THE TIMES” WITH ITS CARCASS IN ITS MOUTH!

[Continued from page 344.]

THIS woman puts Joseph Smith on horseback and a woman behind him, he was shot there, in the dead of night, like a head of cabbage without the bullets even touching her! Did not Mr. Lloyd know that it was in Carthage jail that Mr. Smith and his brother Hyrum were shot? did not all the newspapers of the world cotestify of that? They do, but yet Mr. *Times* publishes this contradiction despite that, and it is a great pity that none of the Welsh are licking their lips with this toothsome tidbit says Mr. Lloyd. Where are the minds of the editors who support such shamelessness? As an example of the truthfulness of his chronology he says that the Mormons prepared to leave the town two days before the end of the month following the month in which J. Smith was killed. At the end of *two years* and not at the end of one month following the death of J. Smith did the Saints leave Nauvoo.

This book tells us that the Nauvoo Legion was the regiment that went to war against Mexico, that they went through the Salt Lake Valley to California, and that one of them by the name of Harmer after their return to the States was a guide to the camp of Brigham Young into the Valley. While any lad who knows something of their history knows that the Saints had gone from

Nauvoo to Council Bluffs, about 800 miles to the west of St. Louis before the Government sent Capt. Allen after them to request a regiment of them to go to Mexico, and not through Salt Lake, rather they went a totally different route to Santa Fe; even the *Times* ought to know that Brigham Young and his company had reached the Salt Lake Valley, and had returned back to the States before any of that regiment traveled from California there.

“Our retinue contained about one hundred and twenty wagons, with four mules before each one,” says our historian. But the truth is that there were no fewer than ten times that many wagons of Saints, and not so much as one of them was pulled by mules. But since she was there herself, she must understand the difference between mules and oxen, most certainly! Everyone else believed that oxen were the ones with long horns which they always saw before them! It is surprising that only Mrs. Ward understood they were mules despite that.

Again we have a sweet tidbit,—“When we reached St. Louis there were several other wagons there waiting for us, and after a short stay *we crossed the Mississippi*, and we turned away through the desolate sea of *prairie*.—This foolishness itself proves that the historian had never seen St. Louis, the Mississippi or the western States or even a picture of them. She takes her company from Nauvoo to St. Louis without crossing the Mississippi! That’s a greater miracle than “walking against the flow.” Nauvoo is on the eastern side of the Mississippi and St. Louis is on the western side, or at least that is how we saw them, ever since I can remember, and that is how we left them; but our writer went from Nauvoo to St. Louis without seeing a river between them, and even worse was when she crossed the Mississippi to go to the west of St. Louis! The poor thing, she had lost the way long before, Mr. Lloyd, and had also lost what little sense she had. But what was she looking for in St. Louis, I wonder? B. Young and his company were not within two hundred and fifty miles of St. Louis, or any closer there than they were in Nauvoo. There they crossed that river, and they went ahead from there to the west through Iowa to Council Bluffs. But Mrs. Ward found desolate *prairies* near St. Louis somewhere, while the State of Missouri for very many hundreds of

miles from St. Louis is a wooded land, and thickly populated. But by remembering the left side of the Mississippi being in Missouri, she has just crossed it back to front! Mr. Lloyd, poor thing, we can't stand it any longer; we must put down our pen to hold our sides from laughing, aha, which must be let out despite everything.

This one also complains that her memory is bad, "that she has forgotten the names of some of the smallest rivers." Now that is too much *sham modesty*, seriously, Sir. What, a woman who has traveled over hundreds of miles; who has slept longer than the Cuckoo, yes, for years on end—has eaten the City of St. Louis and swallowed the Mississippi (the father of waters) to wash it down, herself choking on "two or three of the smallest rivers." Again we must laugh a bit, to be sure.

Well, let us try again, at last she freed herself and there she is in the middle of the wilderness—there is the river and there they are making a barge. The trees down, they bound them together with ropes and cover that with "*heavy planks*." What did she say that time? with her *heavy planks*? That's not possible! seriously! Where did they get the heavy planks in the wilderness so far from saw mills, I wonder? Surely, Mr. Lloyd, you ought to go with your *Times* wrapped around to answer such reasonable questions as this from the book you praise, for without that it has no credence. But now I recall you have tried to make a rag out of your own old trousers to try to hide all these holes by saying that it is similar to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. But every half-wit knows, Sir, that a lie is the same whether you say in the cabin of your uncle Tom or the cottage of your uncle Jack; in the *Times*, whether from the mouth of the Editor or the mouth of Mrs. Ward, or from wherever it comes, its nature is unchanged, and you cannot make your readers believe that a lie becomes truth because it barks at Mormonism. But we expect an answer as to where the *planks* came from, Mr. Lloyd! This reminds me of the story of the Irishman, who, in answer to someone else's question, if he knew how the mole threw all the dirt in front of him? "I know," said he, "by beginning at the bottom." "But, how did he get there in the first place?" "Oh, that's your own question," said he.

Next she takes us among the Sioux in a wooded land, and

she meets some of the Cheyennes. Now, those two Indian tribes live in lands so destitute of trees that we traveled for days on end without seeing one tree, and for hundreds of miles we could not get anything to make fires except for dry Buffalo dung. So, as every story in this ridiculous book is the wrong way round, it is but a natural consequence that her slime about the Mormons and their families is also completely the wrong way round. After passing the above two tribes our writer takes us to a settlement of the Pawnees. But unfortunately for our historian the public knows that the land of the Pawnees is hundreds of miles this side of the others that she found nearer here than they. Does anyone know when these Indians *swapped* their lands with each other? The Cheyennes inhabit the land near Fort Laramie, but she takes us first to the Sioux, and then she brings us back about 500 miles to the Pawnees while on our journey to the west. Surely, Mr. *Times*, we are tired of following some *Jack-o-Lantern* like this one; this is no laughing matter, but if we were near you when you call on your readers to believe things like this as “facts,” we would be tempted to take you by the elbow and maybe give you a pinch of snuff also. Is it with some rubbish like this that you scare the Welsh against poor Mormonism? if you do not scare your honest readers against yourself instead, we are not a prophet! Despite how ignorant this *ignoramus* is with respect to the dwelling places of the Indians, cities, the greatest rivers of the world, and all other things, as she professes to write about them, she has the *impudence* to boast that she is a “*French Scholar*,” that she experienced no difficulty in conversing with the “*Santa Fe Traders*” (those must have lost their way very clumsily to be in that place), and here is the example she gives of her *French*:—“*Squaw good shoot*.” Now we ask for the sake of *Johnny Crapo* himself, which one of those words is *French*? Let Mr. Lloyd answer, please; for we were so lacking in understanding as to believe that *squaw* is the Indian word for wife; and we did not know English any better than to believe that that is what the words “*good*” and “*shoot*” are also; but to learn where the *French* or truthfulness of his authoress are we must yet wait for Mr. Lloyd to show. And since he has demonstrated so much desire for his readers to understand the book referred to as to fill entire columns of the *Times* with it, he

cannot deny the interest in the proper translation of the sentences that he gives as examples from it, most certainly! We are receiving splendid lessons in this, are we not?

“Many of our *oxen* joined with the Buffaloes,” she says at the last. She said earlier that she started with one hundred and twenty teams of *mules*, but by the time she arrived in the land of the Indians behold the mules having grown horns and been transmigrated into oxen! There is a miracle for you, Mr. Lloyd! Cease to deny the age of miracles any longer. You did not believe us earlier when we said that they were all oxen, and perhaps you still prefer to believe her that they were mules at the outset, and that she made them oxen afterwards! You must either believe this miracle of transubstantiation and be a Catholic or doubt her truthfulness. If she could not tell the truth as to what kind of animals were pulling her, how can you expect her to be able to tell the truth about much more mysterious things such as the romance of the women and the whispering she could not hear unless she had been under the beds eavesdropping?

Instead of the “*Pacific Springs*,” near the *South Pass*, being “wide and shallow and running full and quickly along a rocky bed” as she says; we say that there is no such thing there. The *Pacific Springs* are nothing more than a bog or muddy ground for miles around, and although it is a hard journey to arrive there from the last camp on the *Sweet Water* in one day, the place is so muddy that we were obliged to water our animals in vessels lest they sink in the mud, and we preferred to tie them up to the wagons without food throughout the night than to let them graze in such a place. Thus must all do; and one does not “cross” the *Pacific Springs*, rather one leaves them to the south side of the trail. Again she is seen to be completely the wrong way round!

The book referred to tells us that so many families went with Brigham Young to the Valley, that there were among them plenty of young women who supposedly charmed practically every woman's husband throughout the camp, and that they would get married, &c., along the journey; while all who have published anything about the topic should know that Brigham Young had chosen a certain number of men to go with him to search out the Salt Lake Valley

and had left all the families and several thousand Saints in *Winter Quarters*, Missouri, and so for over a thousand miles from there to the Valley, there was not so much as one young woman in their midst at all. An account of the journey is public before the world, and are you not ashamed, yes ashamed, Mr. Lloyd to call such lying nonsense facts? She also tells us that other Companies of Saints had left a month after Brigham, and had arrived in the Valley before him; but the truth is that Brigham had left a part of his company in the Valley, and had returned half the way back to the States to fetch his family and the rest of the camp when he met with the next camp that started after him; and he did not return to the Valley before the end of the year, until a year after leaving the first ones there. Thus, the story is so completely contrary to the truth in everything that those who believe it must love lies instead of the truth.

We are tired of discussing this woman's fabricated old tales; they stink in our nostrils of *reverendish* hypocrisy, and the breath of the "godly" *Reverends* is as strong on the following words that she puts in the mouth of every woman "after being refused by her husband," as on "Filth of the d—I" wherever he is; i.e., "Oh, that I had listened to the warnings of my godly pastor." "Woe is me for not having taken the warning I received from my respected minister," &c. If the devil smelled worse in anyone's nostrils than the filth of his *Reverends* on this rag in the nostrils of every lover of the truth, goodness gracious! save us from its odor!—But hold your nostrils while we drag the polecat out of his hole once again with his belly up: listen carefully—"The common punishment for revealing a family secret, &c., is imprisonment of the wife for a month in a *cellar*." Here again she forgot to tell us where the *cellars* were carried with them while traveling for a number of months through the wilderness. Or did they dig a *cellar* every night after making camp to keep the guilty ones in? If so she could not be in her prison during the day. "But," says this *supporter* of hers, "it was after arriving there that the punishment was administered." Very well, but still we ask, was it under their wagons, or their tents that they dug these prison *cellars*, we wonder? Was digging a hole like a mole as a prison for his wife under the floor of his cottage a man's first task? What do you say, Mr. *Times*? Could

you yourself do that? Again, after years of associating with the men who are accused of such cruelties as these, our response is that you yourself by publishing things like these about your fellow men are a hundred times more cruel a man than anyone we ever saw in that country. And anyone who believes such a thing about another is sufficiently crazy to dig a hole in the ground for his own wife.

We fear that the reader's stomach would turn were we to quote much more of the filth of this "interesting" book; for anyone who can stand to taste more of such stuff, we refer him to the book itself, offering assurance, for his encouragement, that it is as full of such rubbish in the other places as in those we have noted. But let us leave all the tales of "John Gilpin," "Wil o' the Wisp," "Baron Munchausen," and the fairy tales that are woven throughout it, and the other lies that they tie together in the capable hands of the *Times*; for, no doubt he is a sufficiently skillful weaver to make of them coats of as many colors for his readers as was the variegated coat of Joseph of old. We believe that we have already lifted enough of the toothsome carcasses of the *Times* to the wind to prove that it is thoroughly false; its author does not understand enough about the history of Mormonism in any of its connections to have established it on "facts;" rather it is a *catch-penny* for which the Reverends were too lazy to work for their bit, and if anything were to cause a surprise to us in this surprising age, the shamelessness of the Editors urging such filth as food for their readers would surprise us most! And the only explanation we can find for the reason behind this is, that it is merely the custom of the one who himself loves lies more than the truth—blindness from the "father of lies" so that light may not shine on his readers any more. The poor blind men, they feast on the carcass until bursting their stomachs; we would not wish to despoil them of a single *joint* of it. But again we say, the author of that book did not go with Joseph Smith to Nauvoo nor to any other place, and if he had seen his eyes, he would not have said that they were black; if he had seen his backside, he would not have said he had one; he did not walk a step with Brigham Young from Nauvoo toward the valley; he knows nothing accurate about the land of the Indians, the rivers, or even the way they took to the valley; he does not know

of the feelings or the customs of the 'Mormons,' and there is not a single tale or view that the book contains that is even based on fact, and we challenge the Editor of the TIMES together with every supporter he has to prove otherwise.

The Editor of the "Times" proves himself totally unfit to edit any publication, and unworthy of the trust of the public by lowering himself with this shameless stream of lies, and not a single man or woman who possesses a grain of true religion will ever believe him again, we should think, whenever he delivers his opinion about any religion of his fellowmen. Every Editor should understand what is true and what is not true better than to lift up some filthy posy like this to the wind to "move away the disgrace that Mormonism has brought on the nation of the Welsh!" Were anyone else to publish the hundredth part of these lies about some other denomination in Wales, he would most certainly shout that that would be disgracing the nation most of all, and there is no denomination in our land that is more innocent of the accusations that he dubs "Mormonism" than is she herself. The poor soul! This is how the disgrace of the nation is hidden, is that it! That would be the same thing as for the *sweep* to attempt to clear away the soot from off the face of the sun. And a similar work in vain is for him to attempt to wash away the "disgrace" of his "Times" anymore with a lying solution as the one he summoned against Mormonism as it was for those women to attempt to wash the negro baby white—it would be easier for the leopard to change his spots, Mr. Lloyd. Your voracious desire and that of others for the entrails of the little pamphlet under scrutiny reminds us of a man who saw a small packet on the road wrapped neatly in paper; he clutched it whispering to himself, "It is similar to an ounce of tea. Hey, with luck it might be tobacco; perhaps it's sugar." And after raising it to his nose to be sure, he cried out, "Ugh, it is dung!" Thus Mr. "Times," drop this filthy packet of yours, and with this a treatise will be sent to you about that "Unclean, corrupt and damnable plural marriage" which you say "throws the deadly poison of corruption to the well of society, and is a disgrace on the Welsh name." Do not let your stomach turn, Sir, as no one is forcing the bitter *pills* on you, though we believe that the best way

to cleanse the dirty things from the stomach of the "Times" would be to give it a dose of these *pills* once in a while until the *purging* and the *puking* lessen. At least, we believe that it was *Cholera Morbus* that the ancient Patriarchs called the disease that caused such pangs and excretions the "Times" has, and we believe that it was pills like these that they gave also except when they considered the *case* incurable. Take counsel kindly, Mr. "Times" from a man of equal "status" and as pure as you could boast of and do your best—administer a couple of doses of these pills to your "Times" lest the dangerous *malaria* kill it. A longer list of names could be given of persons of the "class" which climb into the pulpits and into the "great seat" of every denomination through the land who were completely cured by taking them than are named in your columns in favor of "Halloway's," "Worsdell's," or even "Parr's Life Pills"; and we show our desire for your recovery from the effects of that deadly poison by giving you these for nothing, and we have a great stock on hand of the same nature; yes, plenty to *purge* all the *anti-women* poison from the intestines of anyone who has a soul and who swallows them, regardless of how unclean he was.

ZION'S TRUMPET,

OR

Star of the Saints.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1855.

A GLANCE AT THE CONDITION OF THE CHURCH IN WALES. Having had the privilege of spending ten Sabbaths in a row in as many Conferences through the South and Gwynedd, we are in a situation to understand something of the nature and condition of the work of the Lord in those places, and we live in hope of having the pleasure of visiting the other Conferences before long. We feel gratitude in our heart to the One who owns the work for his protection over

it and for its success, and for the unity and the love, the zeal and the devotion shown everywhere. All this, no doubt, stems from the goodness of God—He deserves and receives the praise. We cannot find the space now to go into detail concerning the most praiseworthy characteristics of each Conference separately; and let not the Saints think that our observations are flattery, rather exhortation to emulate. All the Presidents we saw are in unity with their counselors, and so it is with all the Priesthood; this is an indescribable blessing, and this is why the Saints enjoy such love for one another and for the work. May the Spirit of love increase in all of us to make us completely united in Him. The Saints in all places are now determined to devote themselves with all their might to selling pamphlets to the world and spread sufficient knowledge of this divine religion by so doing with their testimonies to either save or condemn their neighbors; to pay all the old debts to the Offices; to finish paying their commitments toward building the Temple of the Lord in Zion; and we trust that no branch or person will be behind from doing that before the end of the year; and to make all other preparations they can to emigrate toward Zion. Zion is their home, and thanks to our Father for preparing in advance such a safe haven for the time when it is desperately needed: let us hasten to go there. There is an earnest call from there to all the world for all of the Saints who can go next time, and we are glad to report that there is hope for some hundreds of the race of Gomer to be able to break their bonds and flee toward Zion this coming season.

In Brecon, Monmouth, Merthyr, Swansea, and Llanelli, we received excellent company and teachings from President J. Ferguson; the main point of his teachings was for all to prepare to emigrate, and to assist in building the Temple. Certainly the strong Spirit of his office is with him in abundance. May the Lord keep him safe on his return to Ireland, and prosper his mission there. In all the above places, we found the brethren awake to the work of gathering in the old book debts, &c., and if the Church allows, as it did last year, this old money will be used toward emigrating the poor to Zion; no doubt this will be a blessing on the heads of many for their zeal in this matter. Do not give this up Brethren, until it is completely fulfilled. One great pleasure we had in

visiting with our brethren was to understand that they perceive more and more frequently the importance and the benefit of having, and of obeying the counsels of the Priesthood; we were told of interesting examples of the work of God as proof of that; his remarkable blessings to the obedient, and lamentable happenings to the opponents—He is the best teacher of all. On our journey we had the pleasure of seeing increases in numbers, but it was even more gratifying to see the growth in kindnesses, virtues and holiness; in several places our administrations and those of our brethren were blessed to the great comfort of the sick; and in practically every branch of the Church the Saints were rejoicing in the enjoyment of the spiritual gifts. In every place the great desire—the greatest is for emigrating to Zion; “Oh, when may I go there?” was the first question and practically the last by many, and with such intense longing also as to cause heartfelt sympathy, and to form the subject of constant prayer, and for the “One who began this good work in us to finish it,” by gathering home the lame and the poor to Zion before the tempest and calamity come.

Throughout our entire journey we had great pleasure in the goodness of God to his children and their love for him and his work, and for us despite how unworthy; and we had more proof than all the hardness of the disbelievers' hearts, and the clouds that darken our atmosphere, that our work of warning the world is nearing the end, and that God wishes to cut it short in righteousness. Every characteristic that appears pleasantly in this work and in the world tends to increase our gratitude to our God for the privilege we have had of sowing this “good seed” in the Welsh garden, and to increase our determination to be more energetic for the short season that remains of our course here to “gather the wheat to his storehouse” before the harsh winter comes.

NEWS FROM UTAH.

(From the “Deseret News.”)

“THE CROPS.”—From the north we hear good news about the wheat crop, when we consider the damage that was done by

grasshoppers; in their destructions they were totally impartial—some fields were completely eaten, while others next to them were untouched.

In Utah county, especially in Provo and its neighborhood, we understand that the crops will be normal with abundant irrigation and the Lord's blessing in abundance.

The corn of India promises to be good, and there are good signs for a fair crop throughout the entire Territory, and in some parts that will be the main labor. In many fields in the neighborhoods of this city (G. S. Lake), we saw signs of huge damage to the crops by the destructive locusts, and it will be good for farmers to examine their corn, if that will be feasible, to prevent a greater loss, for it is certain that we will need all that can be raised.

POTATOES are coming along very well; and with sufficient corn of India and potatoes there will be no danger of starving.

The oats, according to what we understand, will yield a more sparse crop than usual. The oats were cut in many fields while they were still green for feed, so that the grasshoppers will not have the task of destroying them.

Regarding the recent reseeding, that which was irrigated generously appears hopeful; but where there was not sufficient water, which is the case with several parts of this county, the yield will be sparse; but for the most part, good animal feed will be raised from that, which will be gratifying this season.

MELONS, are plentiful on the market, despite being very late, because of the early failures, and the following reseeding at a late time. While the weather continues warm we can enjoy them; but those who value health should not eat late melons during the cold weather.

The SUGAR BEET crop will have almost completely failed in some places, since it was damaged greatly by the grasshoppers.

SUGAR PRODUCTION in Provo, as we are pleased to understand, continues to be a profitable endeavor. Cannot the *saccharine* be extracted from the leaves without leaving their taste on the sugar? To a few tests in this new art, there would certainly be results through

which a good kind of sugar would be produced.

FRUIT, in the highest parts of the city, will be fairly abundant; in the lowest parts it will be a bit sparse, since it was cut away by the late frosts. There are lands in the highest part, or to the northeast of the city, the soil of which is very appropriate for fruit cultivation, since they require only the skillful touch of the gardener, together with the faith of the Saints, to bring forth fruit of every variety, and in its greatest perfection.

But the Saints in every part of this city, and in every city throughout the Territory, should earnestly get involved in the cultivations of fruits of all kinds. Endeavor to determine what varieties will be nurtured best on your own land, and cultivate them according to that.

Thus your hearts and those of your children will rejoice as you partake of the sweet fruits of the earth, which are more beneficial to man than the meat of animals.

In short, produce and raise all things that are pleasing to the eyes, or good to feed on—flowers to beautify and decorate your paths, peas, beans, melons, corn, potatoes, *squash* to satisfy the taste in their own season,—cattle, pigs, and fowls, all of which will add to your happiness and your comfort—but do not allow your chicks to destroy the gardens of your neighbors.

The best place to raise chicks is on your farms; but it is strange that no one is desirous of having them in the city; keep them safely closed in, from the time the first seed is sown until your crops are harvested.

We call the attention of our readers to the notice of brother C. H. Oliphant, on page 183 [of the *Deseret News*, that brother O. follows the trade of grafting fruit trees.] We counsel those who wish to have luscious fruits to take advantage of this opportunity without delay.

SHADE TREES are, as we are glad to point out, becoming quite abundant throughout our city, and grow splendidly. This coming autumn is a good time to plant trees of every kind. Cottonwood trees are the best and the most certain to grow in the valley after being replanted. The earth should be dug up and the plant should have

plenty of roots; put the plants 12 or 15 feet from each other, and give them plenty of water, especially during the season of replanting.

THE WEATHER, for the last few days, has been clear and lovely during the day; the evenings are frequently very cold—high winds are quite frequent.

THE FIRES IN THE MOUNTAINS continue still despite the rain, and because of them, our visibility is greatly limited by the clouds of smoke that cover the mountains, and fill the valley at times.

A TEMPORARY COVER of the Bowery with willows is being completed.

CUTTING HAY is being done without difficulty. Now is the time—secure hay for your animals.

THE TEMPLE.—An architect's projection of this beautiful building can be seen hanging in the Governor's Office. The work of preparing the rock for the walls is going forward without difficulty.

The plastering and finishing of the wall of the Section of the Temple is moving forward—the northern part is finished, and close to half of the eastern side.

SPLENDID HOUSES are being built in various parts of the city; and while the building of splendid houses, and the spirit of improvement that is commonly shown is a satisfactory demonstration of the effort and enterprise of the Saints, let them not in the abundance of their own causes forget the House of the Lord. We say to the Saints, let the finishing of the House be constantly before you, and do not fail in giving such help to the work that God has put within your reach.

Farmers, bring in your tithing wheat, butter, cheese, chick, &c., so that your brethren who are working on the temple may rejoice, that they may continue diligently with their labor. And Bishops, you and your various wards have the call for more teams to transport stones to the Temple. Meet this call with a satisfactory answer.

SALT, in great packets is being put in the Tithing Storehouse; and from present signs, we shall have sufficient not only to save ourselves, but perhaps others who wish to have it. There is no space to store any more at present, so you may rest with your salt for a spell, and

transport rock to the Temple if you see fit to do so.

The salt is obtained from large lakes, which during the high water form part of the Great Salt Lake, but when the waters lower, the salt stays on the face of the earth in a thickness of from three to six inches, in endless lumps, from the distance of two to three miles from the Lake. It is clean and very white, but somewhat rough.

THE HEALTH OF THE CITY is generally good, though among the children there is quite a lot of sickness, and some death. Pyrexia in the eyes is what has ruled and continues to do so. No doubt but what children's health has greatly improved through wiser treatment from their mothers. But while babies are given tea, coffee, meat, bread, &c., no matter how little of them, they are completely unable to digest such food—or any other nourishment except that which nature supplies them with—and our children get sick and die.

DESERET ALPHABET.—*Punches, matrices, and moulds* are prepared by brother Sabins, to cast the type letters of the New *Alphabet*; and we are confident that we shall see before long a *font* of beautiful type letters, and books bound in the new *style*, printed for the use of our scholars.

Large letters of this alphabet were cut here by two clever young men from this office, which together with an illustrative sheet, can be obtained in the *Post-office*.

NEW SCHOOL.—Professor Orson Pratt, elder, has generously offered his service free of charge to the citizens of this city and environs, to oversee a school in the highest branches of the liberal arts, namely, Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Electricity, *Algebra*, Surveying, Geometry, Trigonometry, Engineering, *Differential and Integral calculus*, together with the use of a variety of instruments—the scholars are to supply a room, books, &c.

We can do no less than encourage our citizens to rejoice in this advantageous opportunity of obtaining understanding of these important branches.

The qualifications of Prof. Pratt are too well known to require our additional observations; suffice it to say that every facility now

for those who seek wisdom like hidden treasures, can be obtained nearly without money—close to without money and without price; and we trust that this generous offer will be appreciated, and soon accepted.

Zion is blossoming, and her sons and daughters are rejoicing in its success. Peace reigns in Utah, and great is the peace of those who keep the law of the Lord.

*Payments toward the Debt of the West Glamorgan Conference from
October 23rd to November 8th.—(The First Promises.)*

	£	s.	c.		£	s.	c.
George Watkins, Cyfyng	0	7	0	Rees Williams, Ystrad.....	0	2	6
Esther Williams, ditto.....	0	2	6	Jenkin Dafydd, Cefn Cenffig..	1	0	0
David Davies, Swansea.....	0	10	0	Wm. Williams, St. Brides.....	0	1	0
Mary Roberts, ditto.....	0	5	0		£2	8	0

N. B. We have delayed for yet one issue to publish the names of those who have not paid their first commitments, but let those who have not paid earlier expect to see their names in the next issue. The “second commitments” will be recognized in the next.

RECEIPTS FOR BOOKS FROM OCTOBER 23 TO NOVEMBER 8.—Thos. Evans, £1 10s; G. W. Davies, £25; Hugh Roberts, £2; Griffith Roberts, £1 1s; Benjamin Jones, £1 11s; John Richards, 2s 4c; John Gibbs, 15s; Isaac Jones, £6 2s 4c; Thomas Morgan, £2; Wm. Lewis, West Glamorgan, £1 2c.

DIRECTOR.—Thomas Harries, “Zion’s Trumpet” Office, Swansea.



Let the Emigrants to the States send their deposit, and they shall hear through the TRUMPET when the first ship sailed.

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

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