

THE DISTRESS IN WALES.

HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT.

Dear wife, I am troubled; hope yields to despair,
But I think of the woes we may yet have to bear;
Black war-clouds are gathering and threatening to burst,
I'm afraid, my dear Gwenny, we've not yet seen the worst.

WIFE'S REPLY.

O, Rees, do not say so, how can times be worse?
You are out of employment, no gold in your purse;
No bread in the pantry, no victuals to eat,
No means to buy clothing, no shoes for our feet!

No shadow of hope for an acre of land
To raise the essentials our bodies demand;
No cottage to dwell in without paying rent,
And the hard-hearted landlord feels not to relent,

But presses for payment of all the arrears;
He threatens eviction, he heeds not my tears.
Our holiday clothes in the pawnshop are fast,
Oh, merciful heavens, how long will it last?

How little I thought, but a few years ago,
When work was abundant and money did flow,
That the time was at hand when we should have to stoop
To go to the alms-house for gruel and soup!

Yet the elders have warned us again and again
That the judgments were coming on Babylon's domain.
But I've one consolation, we've always been true
To the gospel of Jesus and his servants too.

We have nourished and clothed them, and strengthened their hands,
When they traveled and preached in these sin-laden lands.
Many times, the last shilling we've cheerfully given,
And received, for so doing, the blessings of heaven.

HUSBAND.

Aye, Gwenny, 'tis true, and it gives me some hope
That in Babylon's darkness we shall not long grope,
Yet I cannot help thinking of still greater woe
Than the pinchings of famine we now undergo.

When Britain, in warfare, will use all her might,
Our son may be taken to share in the fight;
And the seaports be closed to prevent able men
From leaving the country; where will we be then?

[The child, in bed, wakes up and cries.]
Oh Mother, dear mother, pray give me some bread,
I am hungry and cold in this now and hard bed.

We used to have plenty of good bread to eat,
If I could have some now, oh, it would be so sweet!

Dear father and mother, how long will it be,
As the elders have promised, before we're set free?
And we journey to Zion, the land of the pure,

Where saints can have plenty and rest quite secure,
While earthquakes and pestilence, famine and sword
Are poured on the wicked who fear not the Lord?

The saints fast increasing and spreading abroad,
Will be tutored and led by the Priesthood of God.

I wish, O, I wish, just for one Sunday fair,
I could be with the children in Sunday school there,
And could tell our dear friends of our woe-ful complaints;
And how much we would like to be one with the saints.

I would drink the pure water, and eat the nice bread,
And gaze at the charming blue sky overhead;
I'd see cities and temples, and mountains and vales,
Then sadly return to my bondage in Wales

I would bring a report of the horses and sheep,
And the thousands of cattle our good brethren keep,
Of their houses and lands and their millions of wealth,
And their thousands of children, the pictures of health.

I would tell you, my parents, to be of good cheer,
That the good Saints in Zion will not leave us here,

To hunger and famish in pain and suspense,
But will use all their power to bring us from hence.

[The family kneel; the father prays.]

Oh, Lord God, our Father, in mercy, look down,
And bless us with patience while angry clouds frown;
Hope points us beyond them, our fears to beguile,
And bids us to gaze on thy wise hidden smile.

We pray thee to open the hearts of thy Saints,
May they know our condition and learn our complaints,
And stretch out in season a kind helping hand,
To gather thy loved ones to Zion's fair land.

May they who assist us in this time of need,
Be blessed with abundance; and may not their seed
Ever beg for their bread, but may their sure reward
Be marked with their names in the Book of the Lord.

When the judgments begin in the household of God,
May thy Saints feel but lightly thy chastening rod;
May the promptings of love which thy spirit imparts,
Like the dew-drops of heaven be shed in their hearts!

Kaysville, Davis County, U. T.

W. S. L.

Local and Other Matters.

FROM TUESDAY'S DAILY, MAY 7.

Departure.—Elders F. J. May and Thomas S. Shreeve left this morning, en route for Australia. They purpose sailing on the City of Sydney. Bon voyage.

Gone East.—Superintendent Sharp, left this morning for the east, on a business trip. He will probably be absent about four weeks.

Wanted.—Brother Edward Brain, master mason on the new Tabernacle building, requests us to state that he is in want of about half a dozen more good stone layers and the same number of laborers.

Cattle Case.—According to the Territorial Enquirer, John J. Thomas and James Gove, accused of cattle stealing, had an examination, last Wednesday, before Justice Booth, of Provo, who held both to answer to the grand jury.

The Wind.—It appears the wind storm of Sunday night was pretty general throughout the Territory. The settlements of the central part of Davis County did not suffer much this time, as it did not blow from the eastern mountains. It came from the south-west.

Kicked.—About a week ago President William R. Smith, of Davis County Stake, was kicked in the thigh by a colt, inflicting a painful injury, causing him to be laid up for a day or two. He is now able to get around again, but with some difficulty.

Bad Accident.—On Sunday night a miner named McNulty was brought down from Little Cottonwood and placed in St. Mark's Hospital, for treatment. The night previous, by the accidental discharge of a giant-powder blast, in the Flagstaff Mine, one of his eyes was blown out, the other injured and his face marred. One of his hands was also badly shattered.

Germania Works.—The Germania has commenced refining again, after a cessation of three or four years. They expect to make 400 or 500 tons of lead a month, and to find a market for it in China. The price at which it can be bought in London and taken either by sailing ships or by steamer through the Suez Canal to China, is such as to leave them a fair margin.—*Utah Commercial*, for May.

Married.—To-day, May 7th, in this City, Mr. Charles S. Burton and Miss Julia Young were united in marriage, Counselor D. H. Wells performing the ceremony. The bridegroom is the oldest son of General R. T. Burton and the bride the daughter of the late President Brigham Young.

We unite with the numerous friends of the handsome and interesting couple in wishing them long life, happiness and prosperity.

Jurors.—The following is the panel of the petit jury for the April

term of the District Court: Charles Bailey, Henry Hinchman, S. Maltese, Thos E Taylor, George Stringfellow, Thos Alsop, A J Riley, Jr, R A Wells, Jas Anderson, Jos Covey, John S Lewis, Jos Selig, John Sharp, Jr, Peter G Burt, Nathaniel Montgomery, Chas Smith, Moroni Edwards, John Beans, John Deardon, Wm Waddell, Geo Robinson, Ezra M Cummings, Geo Doane, Henry Pascoe, Mark McKimmin, Joseph Woodmansee.

The Nephi Accident.—By letter from Brother L. A. Bailey, we have further particulars of the disaster that occurred at Nephi, during the wind storm of Sunday night. When the adobe house of W. D. Norton was blown down, the family were in bed, the incident occurring at ten o'clock. While Brother Norton was exerting himself to rescue his children, one of whom was killed, the wall fell in upon him, burying him in the debris. Sister Norton, with a child in her arms, by great exertion, removed the rubbish from and released him. He was badly injured in the back. The little girl who was hurt is expected to recover.

For Europe.—The following missionaries left for Europe this morning:

Wm. Bramall, John R. Twelves, George Openshaw, Henry Walsh, M. B. Wheelright, Thos. Child, J. O. Young, James Kippin, Geo. R. Emery, T. A. Halgren, Lars P. Nelson, John G. Jones, John Maycock, John Connelly, Lewis Bunce, Isaac Smith and R. G. Frevel.

James Reed and Mrs. Hopgood, who go on a visit to friends, were also with the party.

Elders John L. Blythe and Jos. Hyde left a few days in advance, and will join their fellow missionaries at New York.

Thomas Lerwill, who goes on a visit to friends in England, was expected to join the company at Morgan.

Sunday Schools.—The meeting of superintendents and teachers of Sunday Schools, at the Fourteenth Ward Assembly Rooms last evening was numerous attended. Some very fine singing was done by the 8th Ward choir. William Sheldermine, superintendent of the 8th Ward school, delivered an address, upon prayerfulness as a necessary qualification to render a person an efficient teacher. He was followed in a few appropriate remarks, in a similar strain, by James Woods, superintendent of the 10th Ward school. Elder Wilford Woodruff, of the Quorum of the Twelve spoke upon the greatness of the Sunday school mission. Elder Joseph E. Taylor, of the Presidency of the Stake, addressed the meeting upon the necessity of answering frankly and correctly any questions that might be asked by the youth in relation to the doctrine of Christ. Brother George Goddard spoke upon the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

A Yankee genius out west, conceiving that a little powder thrown upon some green wood would facilitate its burning, directed a small stream upon the smoking pile; and not possessing a hand sufficiently quick to cut this off at a desirable moment, he was blown into pieces. The coroner thus reasoned out the verdict: "It can't be called suicide, because he didn't mean to kill himself; it wasn't a visitation of God, because he wasn't struck by lightning; he didn't die for the want of breath, for he didn't have anything left to breathe with. It's plain he didn't know what he was about, so I shall bring in 'Died for the want of common sense.'"

A little four and a half year old belonging to a personal friend of ours desired one day to "go out and play." His mother told him that it was not best for him to go. The child sat down in his little chair and remained silent for some minutes. Then he said, in a sad tone of voice, "Mamma, would you like to have me tell you a story?" "Yes," said his mother, "I should like to have you tell me a story very much." He began: "Once there was a little boy, and he wanted to go out and take a breath of fresh air. But his mother thought it was not best. He pleaded with her, but she thought it was not best. So the little boy was taken sick, and in less than two weeks he died." The mother was conquered, and the boy got his "breath of fresh air."

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