

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME 36

NUMBER 66

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA.

Wednesday Morning, December 12, 1849.

Memoranda from a Portfolio.—No. 8.

MEMORY.

An old man sat in his chair one night,
And by his side a faint lamp shone;
His eye was dim, his head was white;
Around him looked all dark and lone.
Friends of his youth—Oh! where were they?
Hark, the low answer—passed away!

His eye was fixed—within his mind
Memory was waking the dim past;
Forms, some full bright, some undefined
Were through its chambers hurrying fast.
Anon—his thoughts with fairy powers
Had wandered back to childhood's hours.

The farthest stretch—'twas when he knelt
A child his mother's knee beside;
And when, each night's return, he felt
Her lips press his with fondest pride;
And faintly he recalled the day
When that loved mother—passed away!

Next to his mind his school-boy days
With all their fond endearments came,
His youthful friends and cheerful plays—
A thrill shot through each aged vein!
In those dim eyes bright sparkles gleamed,
A mockery, though, almost it seemed.

Now memory turns awhile to view
The heart-sore scene where the dear ones met
Father and brothers, sisters too,
As they were then, he saw them yet.
But why so bright a vision stay?
Since they all had—passed away!

Now, to that sacred day when he,
A lovely maiden at his side,
Vowed fondly, vowed, fore'er to be
"True to him—almost angel bride,
His thoughts passed on—a cherub child
Was his, so fair, so sweetly mild!

Again that old man's eyes grew bright
These were of all his happiest hours—
But soon had gone their meteor-light—
He saw each face with autumn's flowers;
One grave received both—with that day
His hopes, his all, had—passed away!

Yet memory still brought to his mind
The after-scene—his native land
He left, thinking a balm to find
By wandering on a foreign strand,
That should possess the magic power
To soothe his heart in sorrow's hour.

And after years of roving vain—
And aching void, his bosom still—
His former home he sought again,
He saw the mountains, river, hill.
"Those that I knew, oh, where are they?"
A still voice answered—"Passed away!"

As the stern north-wind shakes the leaves
In autumn from the withered limb,
So recollections—oh, like these,
Far, far, too wronely come, or him—
One gasp—and the cold, lifeless clay
Told that he, too, had passed away!

THE EXTANGLED BIRD.—Not long ago, a friend
and myself were walking through an orchard,
when our attention was attracted by the loud
and incessant chirping of a pair of house sparrows,
which kept fluttering over the top of an old ivy-
covered tree. So peculiar were their notes, that
we at once conjectured that they were in distress,
and watched them for some time with much inter-
est. Retiring from the spot, we found that they
were in a one projecting branch of the ivy, and
were continued fluttering for sometime. Our cu-
riosity being excited, we returned and climbed up
the tree, when we found in the branch of ivy before
referred to, a young bird hanging over the nest,
suspended by its leg. Its foot had been entangled
in the hair and other material of the nest, and there
the little prisoner was chained. From the fact of
its being full-grown and feathered, we presume
that it must have been a captive for many days
and nights, and that the old birds must have watched
and fed it with tender care. In its struggles to
escape, the entangled leg had become much lacera-
ted, and the poor little creature must have suffered
great pain. Its companion nestlings had flown,
and left the little captive to endure a painful fate.
But the solitude. May not humanity learn some-
thing from the example of the two house sparrows?
It gave us much pleasure to see the little prisoner
free.—People's Journal.

WHERE THEY LEARN IT.—I don't see where
my children learn such things," is one of the most
common phrases in a mother's vocabulary. A lit-
tle incident, which we happened to be an eye-wit-
ness to, may perhaps help to solve the enigma.—
We smiled a little at the time, but we have thought
a good deal of it since, and we trust not without
profit.

"Bob," screamed out a little bright-eyed girl,
somewhat under six years of age, to a youngster
who was seated on the curb-stone making hasty
pulling of the mud in the gutter: "Bub, you good-
for-nothing little scamp you come right into the
house this minute, or I'll beat you till the skin
comes off."

"Why, Angelina, Angelina, dear, what do you
mean? where did you learn such talk?" exclaimed
her mother, in a wondering tone, as she stood
on the steps contemplating a friend.

Angelina looked up very innocently, and an-
swered:—Why, mother, you see we are playing
and he's a my little boy, and I am scolding him,
just as you did me this morning, that's all."

"To Peck Horses.—Horses should be fed with
cut hay among their oats, and some cut straw
is a good mixture. This makes them chew their
oats. Never let a horse's feed get sour, nor feed
musty hay. The best food should be fed like this:

The Benefits of society are various; but
the fact that one must throw away a good hat or
coat, because it is unfashionable, is not peculiarly
consolatory to people of small means.

We have heard of a fellow who was deter-
mined to commit suicide even if he perished in the at-
tempt.

THE LEGACY.

"I never in my life knew any people so lucky
as George Andrews and his wife," observed Mr.
Henderson one evening to her husband in a tone
which bordered strongly on complaint.

"What has happened to them now, Sophia?" en-
quired he, suspending his pen, and looking up with
a stronger sense of interest in his wife's feelings,
however, than in his neighbors' fortunes.

"Have you not heard, Philip, that a cousin of
his has died in India, and left him six or seven
thousand pounds. Only think of receiving such a
legacy from a person one has never seen, and
secretly ever heard of!"

"I am glad to hear it," replied Mr. Henderson.
"One may congratulate him on his accession of
wealth without fear of giving rise to painful re-
grets. Six thousand pounds would not console one
for the loss of a very dear friend."

"Six thousand pounds would be very pleasant
to inherit, Philip," replied the lady in a tone
which seemed to imply that it would console her for
a great deal. "I wish somebody would leave as
much to you: how happy it would make us!"

"I am not sure of that; such an addition to our
income might possibly make us neither happier or
richer than we are at present."

"Not richer! Why Philip, you are joking—
Would not three hundred a year—and, if properly
managed, it would produce that—make us a great
deal richer? What an advantage it would be!"

"What do you need, Sophia, that you do not
at present possess, that you are so extremely desir-
ous of a larger income?"

"Oh, a dozen things at least; we would put Ed-
ward to a first-rate school, and have a capital gov-
erness for the others. What a pleasure that would
be! I should be no more tied to teaching, as I am
now, but should be as independent of the nursery
as Mrs. Andrews and then, perhaps, you would in-
dulge me with a week in London; and I am dying
to hear an opera? I am sure you could afford that
once in a way."

"I hope we shall manage to put Edward to a
good school, my dear," said her husband rather
gravely; "though, as to the tuition of the girls, I
think you must still be contented to act the part
of a mother towards them. And permit me to say,
that I trust your desire of going to London is an
visionary as your expectation of a legacy. Your
happiness does not depend on either event, I should
imagine; certainly not near so much as on the cul-
tivation of a cheerful and contented spirit, such as
you have always hitherto exhibited."

No more was said on the subject, and Mr. Hen-
derson trusted that, as the first excitement of this
intelligence subsided, his wife's inclination to dis-
cuss it would likewise die away, and that she
would gradually resume the use of her reason and
her habits of active usefulness.

The inheritor of this unexpected legacy, mean-
time, did not view the affair in the bright colors
that dazzled Mrs. Henderson. On the contrary, he
had many and serious thoughts on the subject. He
was at the first moment, it is true, much pleased
with this sudden accession of property, but when
he came to consider the matter, he experienced a
great revulsion of feeling; and he began to doubt
whether he was so lucky a man as his acquaintances
universally denominated him. It was, after
all, so small a sum—only six thousand pounds—
it would hardly add to his income or increase his
credit. Why had it not been ten thousand? He
would, he thought, have been quite satisfied with
that; that would have been a handsome legacy, a
something worth talking about, a gift to be grate-
ful for. Perhaps, had it been ten thousand, he
might have risen a step in the world, and from se-
nior clerk of the extensive firm to which he be-
longed, he might have been admitted as partner; a
change which he ardently desired. Why could
not his cousin have made the legacy larger? How
proyoking that, either from a want of interest in his
welfare, or from any other cause, he had stopped
short of a sum which would certainly have proce-
dered him, as he imagined, perfect happiness.

The gloom which overspread his brow was not
unmarked by his affectionate wife; and supposing
that he was over-wearied with his work, and stand-
ing in need of relaxation, she one day proposed
that he should beg a short holiday from the office,
and spend it with them at the sea-side.

"I cannot afford any such extravagant pleas-
ures," was his reply, somewhat impatiently, to her
suggestion.

"I thought this legacy you have received would
have enabled you?" replied she rather timidly—
then paused.

"Legacy!" repeated he; "I am sick of the
word. After all the congratulations with which
I am pestered, as if I had inherited the Indies,
to be owner of only six thousand pounds—it is too
bad!"

"Nay, dear George, I cannot agree with you:
six thousand pounds is a large sum for us, and will
make a most comfortable addition to our income.
I am sure I feel grateful for it."

"Grateful—pooh! If Edward Davis wished
me to be grateful, he should have left me some-
thing worth naming. Uf on my word I was asham-
ed to own this legacy, which has made so much
noise, was only six thousand pounds when the eld-
est Walker asked me about it to-day. How con-
temptible it most appear to him, who makes more
than that clear profit every year!"

"But these things are all by comparison, Geo-
ge, and a sum which would be nothing to your employ-
ers may be very important to you. You would not
I am sure, like to lose this six thousand again, al-
though you speak of it now so slightly!"

He did answer, and, after waiting a moment,
ventured to continue—"You are tempted to take
this gloomy view of matters, George, because you
feel more than usually harassed with business. I
am certain that is the only reason. Pray, for once
take my advice, and try if the change of scene
and little holiday I propose would not give you re-
newed strength and vigor for your work." She

spoke in the most gentle and persuasive accents,
but they were lost on a mind which listened only to
the whisper of a newly awakened avarice.

Mr. Andrews, after pacing the room for some
minutes, seated himself again by his wife, and
tried to make her understand the ambitious projects
he had formed, and the great promotion he believ-
ed he had so narrowly missed. But she was too
clear-sighted and well-principled to encourage visi-
tary projects, which tended only to disquiet his
mind, and prevent him enjoying the blessings
which were lawfully his. To his plan of laying by
the whole of this addition to their income she did
not of course object, if it was to enable her hus-
band at some future time to retire from business;
but his wish to become proprietor of the concern
to which he belonged made her sigh, as she thought
of the increased responsibility he desired
for himself; and she dreaded the sudden pas-
sion for accumulation which had now seized him,
might lead him farther in the road of covetousness
than he at all anticipated. But his project was
fixed, and he resolved at all events to become pos-
sessor of ten thousand pounds, a preliminary step,
as he imagined, to his great advancement; and
seeing that the most submit, she wisely submitted
with a good grace, and resigned her hopes of
change of air for herself and children without a
murmur.

Mr. Andrews and Mr. Henderson were clerks in
the same concern; but the former, both in station
and income, was considerably the senior, and Mrs.
Henderson had long been accustomed to envy with
something approaching to envy the superior com-
forts and even elegancies which Mrs. Andrews en-
joyed. Not that there was anything approaching to
ostentation in his manner of living; and in truth
most of the indulgences which Mrs. Henderson
commented on or coveted were purchased from the
comfortable portion which Mrs. Andrews had
inherited from her father. It was this which en-
abled them to send their eldest son to a superior
school, and it from this fund that the excellent gov-
erness was paid, who shared with the mother the
task of educating a numerous and increasing fami-
ly. That people already possessed of so much
should inherit more, seemed an unnecessary addi-
tion, and almost an unfair division of worldly goods
to the jealous apprehension of Mrs. Henderson.—
But had she known the truth, her envy must have
subsidied into pity. From the possession of that
fatal legacy was the wife forced to date a melan-
choly and most distressing alteration in her hus-
band: his whole nature seemed changed, and ev-
ery honorable, generous, and even affectionate
feeling appeared smothered in a passion for gain.
Quickly to accumulate the desired capital was his
thought by day, his dream by night; and to accel-
erate this object, he tried in every possible way to
curtail all expenses not strictly unavoidable. Grad-
ually, but surely, Mrs. Andrews found herself de-
prived of numerous trifles which her delicate health
seemed to require; their household was dimini-
shed, subscriptions to charities withdrawn, their
pleasant and commodious house exchanged for a
cheaper abode in a less healthy situation; and
when it appeared that it was of too much contrac-
ted dimensions to receive them all, she was told
that she must therefore give up the governess. By
degrees the whole expenses of the household were
reduced to the sum which was in truth her own,
and her husband was not to be prevailed on to ex-
tend its limits or allow her to touch his salary.—
Had honor, honesty, or prudence dictated this pro-
ceeding, Mrs. Andrews would have submitted
without a remonstrance; her zeal in economy
would even have exceeded his; but to feel herself
and her children deprived of those advantages to
which they had been accustomed from birth, only
to gratify a fatally increasing disease of her hus-
band's mind, was bitter. But bitterer far was
the loss of his affection and confidence—the painful
coldness which had insensibly grown up between
them. It was after a few years of such a system
that a new prospect was suddenly opened, in an
offer of a partnership from another and a rival
house. The prospect was alluring in every re-
spect, the concern was supposed to be peculiarly
flourishing, and the terms in which it was made
were as flattering as they were advantageous.—
Eagerly was the proposal grasped by Mr. Andrews,
it being superior to his hopes, and much beyond
his expectations; and the important step was
taken which raised him from servitude to a master's
place.

The vacancy this change occasioned was offered
to Mr. Henderson, and by him thankfully and
gratefully accepted; but his wife, though now raised
to the situation which she had long coveted,
found it by no means replete with all the advan-
tages she had been accustomed to ascribe to it, and
she sighed as she reflected how little probable it
was that any legacy would ever bestow on them
the happiness which she believed Mrs. Andrews
to enjoy. Satisfied with his own advanced pos-
ition, her husband paid little regard to her mur-
murs, for he was now enabled to procure for his
children such additional advantages in education
as he considered useful or desirable; and he per-
sued his daily avocations with increased attention
and satisfaction, in spite of the restlessness of his
wife, whom he vainly tried to assuage with a like
contented spirit; by reminding her of the superior
advantages they now enjoyed to those with which
they commenced life. A single glance into Mrs.
Andrews' mind would have rendered his argu-
ments a work of supererogation, and done more to
convert his wife to his way of thinking, than half
a year's lecturing.

Being a woman of quick perception of charac-
ter and great penetration, poor Mrs. Andrews could
not, from the first, avoid feeling some degree of in-
trust for her husband's partners. Lavish in their
own expenditures, indeed indulging in an unbor-
ded profusion, they yet took every possible method
of flattery and strengthening the very oppo-
site of George Andrews, praising his pretensions,
envying his strength of mind, and protesting that if
circumstances allowed, they would certainly im-

itate his fire sight. These congratulations he receiv-
ed with triumphant smiles, which seemed to speak
of one's own self-approbation, and his contempt for
his weak-minded companions.

Unwilling as she was to judge any one harshly,
the wife could not think favorably of those who thus
fostered a weakness, or rather a vice, so completel-
ly at variance with his best interests and the happi-
ness of all those connected with him. She feared
the flatterers, though unable to divine their motive;
and being now more than ever deprived of her
husband's society, she occupied herself solely in
directing her household and given her children the
best education in her power. She imagined that
her husband must long ago have realized the sum
of ten thousand pounds, which he had asserted
would be the extent of his ambition; yet she saw
no symptom of relaxation in his avocations, habit,
or improvement to herself in her own situation.—
All was grasping, grinding economy, rendered more
bitter by the contrast which her husband's compari-
sons exhibited.

But a startling and complete termination was at
length put to his trials and sorrows, for it sudden-
ly became known that the two senior partners in
the business were dead, taking with them every
pound on which they could lay their grasp and
leaving the whole concern in a state of complete
ruin. Debts to an enormous amount appeared due
on every side, and it was evident that the business
had long been on the verge of bankruptcy, which
had only been kept off for a brief interval by the
capital Andrews had brought them. Of course,
though clear of their guilt, he was involved in their
ruin, and at one blow the labors of the last six
years were destroyed, and the money on which
he had set his heart swept away for ever. The leg-
acy, the source alike of pleasure and of pain, was
become as if it had never been; and the vain de-
sires and ardent hopes which had been founded on
it had proven vanity of vanities. But it was happy
blow for him; he awoke as from a dream, and with
the demolition of his ambitious projects there came
other and better plans and feelings. After honest-
ly giving up every farther he possessed to the
creditors, he looked around for employment to
provide bread for his family; nor did he seek in
vain. A situation was once more offered him in
Mr. Walker's house and here he began the world
again as at the first.

"Well," said Mr. Henderson to his wife, "I
agree with you in thinking Andrews a very fortun-
ate man. It is true that he has lost the legacy, but
he has gained a lesson which he will probably never
forget. And when I see him now so quietly
pursuing his business, and his wife with a content-
ed, or rather a happy look, I must class him among
the most fortunate men of my acquaintance."

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.—Ah! what so refreshing,
so soothing, so satisfying, and the placid joys of
home! See the traveler—does duty call him for a
season to leave his beloved circle? The image of
his early happiness continues vivid in his re-
membrance, it quickens him to diligence, it makes
him hail the hour which sees his purpose accom-
plished, and his face turned towards home; it com-
munes with him as he journeys, and he bears the
promise which causes him to hope—"Thou shalt
know also that thy tabernacle shall be in peace, and
not sin." Oh the joyful reunion of a divided fami-
ly—the pleasures of renewed interview and con-
versation after days of absence! Behold the man
of science—he drops the laborious and painful re-
search—closes his volume—smooths his wrinkled
brow—leaves his study, and unbending himself,
stoops to the capacities, fields to the wishes, and
mingles with the diversions of the children. Take
the man of trade—what reconciles him to the toil
of business!—what enables him to endure the fati-
guedness and impatience of customers!—what
rewards him for so many hours of tedious confine-
ment? By and by the seasons of intercourse will
behold the desire of his eyes and the children of
his love, for whom he resigns his ease; and in
their welfare and smiles he will find his recom-
pense. Yonder comes the laborer—he has borne
the burden and heat of the day—descending sun has
released him of his toil, and he is hastening home
to enjoy repose. Half-way down the lane, by the
side of which stands his cottage, his children run
to meet him. One he carries, and one he leads.—
The companion of his humble life is ready to fur-
nish him with his plain repast. See his toil-worn
countenance assume an air of cheerfulness! His
hardships are forgotten—fatigue vanishes—he eats,
and is satisfied. The evening fall, he walks with
uncovered head around his garden—waters again
and retires to rest; and "the rest of a laboring man
is sweet, whether he eat little or much." Inhabit-
ant of this lowly dwelling, who can be indiffer-
ent to thy comfort! Peace be to this house!—Re-
sp. Joy.

IDENTITY OF THE GERMAN.—The United States
Journal furnishes the following interesting stati-
stical information of German ingenuity. It will be seen
how largely we are indebted to this race of people
for many of the most useful inventions now in use
amongst us.—the Native, who would exclude them
from our shores, to the contrary notwithstanding.

A. D. 350 saw mills; 398 sun dials; 996 Foll-
ing; 1070 tillage of hops; 1100 wind mills, oil
paintings; 1720 spectacles; 1300 paper of linen
rags; 1212 Organs; 1218 gun powder, cannon;
1250 wire making; 1230 hats; 1279 pins; 1289
grist mills; 1458 wood engravings; 1486 printing;
1489 printing press; 1490 copper plate engraving;
1490 printing ink; 1493 cast types; 1487 chiming
of bells; 1600 watches, letter press or mail, etch-
ing; 1500 bolting apparatus; 1527 gun locks; 1538
spinning wheels; 1546 alarmans, stoves, sailing
wax; 1580 telescope; 1610 wooden bowls;
1620 microscope; 1638 thermometers; 1643 mes-
saging engraving; 1650 air pumps; 1656 pendu-
lum clocks; 1654 clarinet; 1706 white China
ware; 1707 prussian blue; 1708 masonry; 1718
invented the thermometer; 1719 piano forte; 1728
cotton machinery; 1729 the gun.

GENIUS IN POOR.

On I not the beggar who seeks your door,
In his father's washstand, bedight;
But Geniety's sensitive, suffering poor—
Shall welcome my song to-night.

For better the beggar may hear his fate
In the crowded and sullied street;
And bold as your portal he knocks, and begs
For sustenance and food to eat.

I know he is friendless and starved and cold,
And the storm whistles through the chinks;
But never he boards his woe untold,
Nor fears what his neighbors think.

And never he shrinks in the world's turmoil,
Where Geniety strives for bread;
And nothing he knows of the wearisome toil
Of the secret needle and thread.

The beggar is honest, content, forlorn,
Too truthful to need your care;
But he knows not the dun and fears not the scorn
That waits on the empty pail.

The beggar is lean—want nipseth him so,
Pain causes his sinews to shrink.
But nothing he recks of the brain-wasting snow-
Of poverty's slow pen and ink.

Also! for the needleman, pride-restrained
From the worthy whose sneer we dread—
For the pride like the ancient criminal, chained
The living unto the dead.

Also! alas! for Geniety's bele,
Unstared in work-day thrif, whose
Whose p rition is poverty, striving and ead,
And to live by making a shift.

John Mills the Mormon Preacher—His Fight with Col. Turke.

When the Mormons settled in Missouri in 1833,
an enthusiastic young man named Mills was their
most popular and admired preacher. Indeed so
great was his fame that whenever he held meet-
ings a crowd of the saints were sure to be present.
A strong and violent body of lynchers was about
this time organized to put down the Mormons, under
the command of Colonel Turke—one of the most
dangerous men that Missouri, or in truth, any other
country, ever produced. Some of the Mormons
were tarred and feathered, some were scoured
with long knotted hickories, till they fainted from
the excess of torture and the loss of blood—others were
forcibly deprived of their property, and reduced in
a day to the condition of beggars—while others still
shared a doom of more misery and were shorn out
on the prairie like so many wolves. At last Turke
resolved to take some of the conceit out of the
young preacher Mills, and he gave notice to his
men accordingly.

It was a dreadful cold night in mid-winter, 1833,
and although the sky was cloudless, and the full
moon shone out in all her splendor, the earth lay
in that frosty radiance, chill and dreary as a frozen
tomb; for a thick sheet of snow crusted its surface,
and the north wind howled over its dismal glare.
It was a night to drive even thieves and outlaws
into barns and stables for shelter, and to keep hon-
est people by the blaze of their own roaring hearth.

And yet strange to say, in a large log-cabin,
within three hundred yards of the Missouri River,
then frozen from shore to shore, at least one hun-
dred people had assembled to hold a religious meet-
ing. They were Mormons, you may be sure—
No fanatic of old faith would have turned out on
such a night; they must be fresh zealots, with some
new idea, but at its birth in their hearts, and flam-
ing like a meteor in their imaginations, or they
never could have ventured to face such an icy blast
as that. The congregation included men and wo-
men in about equal numbers, and many of the for-
mer carried rifles, which they grasped with one
hand, even when kneeling down in prayer; such
was the imminence of peril, either real or imagi-
nary, as they deemed pending over them.

The preacher—the enthusiast, Mills—had ad-
vanced to a thrilling head of his eloquent discourse,
and was painting in terrible fire-language the bitter
persecution which has ever followed the footsteps
of all great reformers since the beginning of time.
Never before had he been half so animated or half
so effective. His blue eyes gleamed like a star—
his voice pealed like a trumpet, shrill as the wind
which whistled over the bones top; and his beard-
less lip seemed literally loaded with music—Groans,
tears, and wild shrieks from the audience, proved
the despotic power of his utterance.

Suddenly three rifles exploded in quick suc-
cession before the door, and three sentinels, shaking
with terror, rushed into the room, crying out: "The
mob! Save yourselves from Colonel Turke's mob!"

No person can depict the scene of dismay and
confusion that ensued. The females screamed
and fled as if all hope had departed. Several of the
men sprang out of the windows and fled, as if pur-
sued by a legion of devils, while most of those who
remained appeared stupefied and totally powerless,
unable to escape or make ready for resistance. In-
deed there was little space allowed for preparation.
In a few moments a mob amounting to hundreds
had surrounded the building, and the muzzles of
fifty cocked guns and pistols were thrust in through
the doors and windows. Still none within lifted a
finger for defence—few seemed to have turned
them into stone. Persecution had not yet hande-
d the "Latter Day Saints" into veterans, and the
afterwards famous "Mormon Legion" existed then
only in the imagination of the prophet.

Presently the lynchers, headed by the all-dread-
ed and gigantic Colonel Turke, rushed in, and be-
gan to beat the people furiously with the iron ram-
mets of their rifles, with very little distinction of
mercy as to the age or sex. The cries and vain
entreaties of the poor sufferers swelled to a wall
higher than the howling of the wind without. At
length Colonel Turke roared—

"Turn out the women and seize the men, and
let us have the hickory switches and the tar and
feathers!"

And the drunken mob shouted, and bounded to
execute the brutal mandate.

Up to this time young Mills had stood stout and
brave.

ling with the Bible of their prophet in his hand,
but unsteady pale and strangely excited, his lips
trembling, his teeth clenched, and his bright eyes
glistening in a halo of fire. Suddenly he uttered a
bound for an adjacent window, and notwithstanding
more than twenty endeavors to seize him, he ef-
fectually escaped from the house.

"Chase him—shoot him—make him, alive or
dead!" cried Turke, in a transport of rage, waving
the example by commencing the pursuit himself.
The flight of Mills was directed in a straight line
for the river, and his marvellous agility, added to
the start he got, soon placed him at some distance
ahead. They fired both rifles and shot-guns at him
as he ran, and happily without effect. When he
came to the river-side, he stooped down and hasti-
ly fastened on a pair of skates, which he had carried
in his pocket for the last few days to be ready
for any extraordinary emergency; and then taking
the ice, skinned over the frozen stream, with the
swiftness of the wind.

"Has nobody a pair of skates?" shouted Col.
Turke, striking his forehead with a gesture of wrath
and vexation.

"I have," answered one of the mob; "but I
shall certainly not try them on the ice such a night
as this."

"Be quick—give them to me!" exclaimed Turke,
in a tone of fiery impatience.

The skates were produced; the eager crowd
tied them on; and then, swearing a dreadful oath
that he would bring back the preacher's scalp, or
leave his own, he began the perilous chase. Oh!
there is no daring like the courage inspired by the
passion for revenge!

In the meanwhile, Mills had approached the far-
ther shore, when he discovered the startling apparition
of armed men on the bank. He knew at a
glance what it meant. The mob, to prevent any of
the Mormons from escaping, had stationed a guard
beyond the river. He instantly turned his course
down the stream, when a whole platoon let off their
rifles, but the distance was too considerable. A
hail of bullets rattled around him on the ice without
injury.

"I will foot the fiends yet," he said to himself,
and put forth all his speed. Mills flew away, when
he became conscious that some one was pursuing
him. He slackened his velocity, and gradually
wheeled about to obtain a view of his enemy. But
the latter was still too remote for an accurate sur-
vey, and the Mormon uttered aloud a mad prayer—
"God grant me that it be Col. Turke, and I am
willing to die!"

On rushed the persecutor—on, still on, like an av-
alanche. The noise of his iron skates could be
heard above the roar of the northern blast, and his
dark form loomed in the glittering moonbeams,
large in stature as a giant. As he drew nearer,
the young preacher smiled venomously. He recog-
nized the arch persecutor, Col. Turke, and he
laughed outright a laugh that rung over the frozen
river like the wild cack of some demon, when he
saw the other unsheath his gleaming knife. Mills
then immediately pulled his own from its scabbard,
and started off, so as to avoid the coming shock,
which might otherwise prove fatal, by the mere
force of the collision, to both.

And then began a series of rapid and cunning
evolutions to secure the advantage in this new
method of combat, the most terrible ever conceived.—
They marked the smooth surface of the ice with
circles, ellipses, angles, squares, parallelograms,
and almost every possible figure of plain geometry;
but each seemed a perfect square, and could not
find the other at fault, or take him unprepared.—
They passed repeatedly within three feet of each
other, and made quick thrusts which pierced to
the bone! And still the cold grew more intense,
and the wretched wind howled on, while their man-
oeuvres and flights somehow carried them farther
down the river, where the crusted ice was thinner,
and cracked fearfully beneath their tread.

Finally, the Mormon took the desperate resolve
to terminate the strife by sacrificing his own life so
as to make sure of that of his foe at the same time.
In the following rush, he no longer turned aside to
avoid a direct collision, and frustrated the attempt
of the lyncher to that end by averting slightly in-
wards from a right line.

They met at full speed, and the shock was like
that of the crash of adverse comets. At the mo-
ment of their fall the quaking ice split beneath their
weight, with a deafening roar, and the wild waters,
boiling and hissing like a bell, swallowed them
forever—the persecutor and his victim, both victims
now!

But the river still rolled on its way to the sea;
the stars all shone as bright and beautiful as of old
in the morning of creation, when the angels of God
chanted their birth songs, and the wretched wind
of winter howled on over the icy grave of the en-
emies no more.—Savday Times.

FRONTIER ON EQUAL TERMS.—I will tell you a lit-
tle incident that occurred in Georgia, many years
ago. Judge T., a