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The Weekly Monitor

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H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

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Poetry.

(Original.)

Spring.

Sweet spring has come, so joyous, I hear
her gladsome voice
Far echo'ing o'er the woodland, and the
plain;
The feathered songsters listen, then starting up rejoice
To chant their hearty welcome once
again.

The balmy breezes murmur, and kiss her
gentle brow,
As friends long parted thus each other
greet,
With lowly grace before her the neighboring forests bow,
And rippling brooklets bathe her beauteous feet.

And lo, with hast'ning footsteps, a lovely
form appears,
In airy robes of verdure all array'd,
Spring's call has gladly fallen upon those
willing ears,
And joy on all her being is portray'd.

Who is this youthful stranger? what is her
mission here?
'Tis Nature, and her hands with gifts
abound,
Fresh from her wint'ry slumber, with her
eye so bright and clear,
She comes to scatter fragrance all around

O! glorious, happy season when nature
wakes to bloom,
Fit emblem of that Springtime bye and
bye,
When all who sleep in Jesus shall come
forth from the tomb,
And clad in robes transplendent soar on
high.

In that celestial region the fields are ever
green,
No with'ring blasts sweep o'er those fair
domains,
There nature is unfading—no winter e'er
is seen,
But everlasting spring and summer
reigns.

—*Sadie O. Prince.*

Springfield, N. S. April 15.

Select Literature.

Printed in this paper by special arrangement with the author.

SEALED UNTO HIM.*

A Story of the Early Days of Mormonism.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER,

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF THE SIERRAS," "THE DANITES," "MEMORIE AND RIME," ETC.

CHAPTER V.I

BURIED IN THE LAKE.

The Danite leader now beckoned our party to move on, bidding us leave the heaviest log-chain behind. The horsemen merely glanced at each other. They knew what was to be done, and swung into their saddles as one man. No Cromwell ever had troopers obedient as were these ignorant and desperate fellows of the false religion in America.

If you who have this question to settle, sooner or later, will only stop to consider a moment, you will observe that all such monstrosities that poor human nature has brought forth on the earth have two elements for their establishment: one the father of them, a learned man, a superficially learned man, a 'crank;' and the other element, a densely ignorant mass of mankind to sow his doctrines among, to mature and maintain them when they take root. And these two elements are never wanting in recruits. They never will be while ignorance is so general upon the earth. Of course you cannot destroy the leaders, the 'crank,' men crazy over their books and about religion. But you can utterly destroy their following. Plough up the field, cultivate it, and the tares will perish in time. This is the remedy. Cultivation, intelligence, education, association with others, have already done much, broken off the hard corners of this rock in the sea. But let ignorance prevail there as it did thirty years ago, and you will see renewed all the ferocity, cruelty, and crime in the name of the new religion which we knew then.

Destroy these people by war! No, you cannot destroy them by war, even though you pour in a million of men with guns and all treasures of this universe. You might kill them every one and confiscate their homes. And yet in Europe—anywhere, everywhere where there is ignorance to follow and fanaticism to lead—you might see a Mormon Church.

Our train moved on. The horsemen galloped alongside for a little way after having had some silent orders from their giant and iron-hearted leader. Then they rode back. Then they galloped up the hill alongside again, and so remained until we had reached the top of the steep hill. Here we were ordered to stop and wait, till we were permitted again to move on.

No one had spoken to the girl to say good-by. Hope had been kindled in her heart. She had even taken a step forward to fall in with the moving train and follow us as we started. A heavy hand fell on her shoulder. She lifted her eyes to the missionary's, let them fall, and stopped as still as death.

When we turned about in the full white moonlight on the hill, and looked after the horsemen while they dashed down the hill in a cloud of dust, we could see but dimly. But a man who professed to see clearly, said the giant was leading the girl down toward his own camp, and the ugly coffin hiding away there in the shadows.

One of the horsemen rode down to the mouth of the little stream where it fell into the lake, and drew a boat that was hidden there up into a little cove formed by the waters of the brook. We could not see the girl now. What was being done?

As said before, we could see but indistinctly now. By and by some one saw the monstrous giant once more pushing his long black box before him down toward the lake, and pointed out the dark object to others. The horsemen rode some distance leisurely behind, with their hats in their hands. The girl still could not be seen.

At length a dreadful suspicion crept over us, and a cry burst from one of the women. She wrung her hands, and cried hysterically that the girl was in the coffin and they were going to bury her in the lake.

The woman was silenced with effort, and all stood still as death, waiting, waiting. The moon seemed only a little way above us, only a little higher on the hill, and oh, so pale and pitiful and sorrowing she seemed! The far white mountains of snow shone like silver in this whitest and brightest of silver moons this side of Arabia.

Why were we compelled to stand here and see all this? Surely they meant to murder this girl and make us witness it, in order to spread terror and fear of their power to 'judge' and to execute judgement through the land. Here was a murder to which the murderers demanded witnesses and compelled the presence of witnesses. But still, as I said before, we could see but dimly. The moon was sinking fast now. How slow and deliberate they were! The barrow evidently had a heavier load than ever before. The heavy chain and the chained girl! It moved heavily, slowly through the great white girdle of gleaming salt; slowly and sadly, like a funeral march

But at last it touched the edge of the dark waters. All was still, and silent as death. It seemed that some one of these men—two of them, three of them, all of them—must disobey this giant and monster, kill him if necessary, and save this beautiful girl. Even if they had no sense of chivalry or virtue or valor in them to help the helpless, it did seem as if some one, any one, all, might do almost anything to protect her, save her.

The men rode up, dismounted, held their horses by the long tethers as they stood there fretful and knee-deep in the gleaming girdle of salt, and so hastily lifted the long black coffin into the boat.

The giant solemnly and silently took his place at the oar and began to move slowly and certainly toward the dark and desolate rock in the deeps of the desolate lake.

The horsemen remounted, drew back, hats in hand, and so sat with the others looking out at the colossal and silent boatmen with his singular freight. Was he rowing to reach this rock where the corpse had been seen loaded down in the water with chains? Would he not go on, on, on, anywhere, and escape these brutal and blind followers, who believe him a saint engaged in maintaining the Church of Jesus Christ?

But these men who did not doubt for a moment sat their horses in a crescent about the head of the lake and looked on, tranquil, silent, reverential, waiting with certainty the signal of death.

Never fell there such a silence. Never was there such a murder as this. Far away above the gleaming towers of snow the stars stood trembling. The moon began to hasten away and slide swiftly down in the west behind the hill on which we stood, as if terrified and refusing to be a witness.

The man saw the moon was going away, and he dipped his oars with rapid and heavy stroke. The water shone, sparkled, flashed in the moon. The oars dug into the heavy water as if dipping in a sea of molten silver.

The boat struck the rock! You could hear it grate and grind, all was so still.

The giant stood up in the boat a second, then with his broad right hand slowly drew back the covering and looked down as if into a into a face in the coffin. He was so tall, his form seemed like a tree. He cast a black and frightful shadow far out over the sea of silver in the fading moonlight. The mounted Danites loomed up in the mirage larger than heroic statues. At last the colossal figure in the boat leaned over, caught up something long and heavy from the coffin, stood up tall and terrible with it poised in the air, above his head in his two mighty hands. He poised it there a moment, dallied with it, heaved his great heavy shoulders, arched his long strong back, surged to and fro in the failing silvery moonlight, and then with vehement force threw it forward into the depths of the dark water with all the tremendous power that was in him.

The waters dashed up, gleamed like a sunrise, closed over, and all was still again in the heart of the great dark waters of death.

A hand was lifted to us from the nearest horseman, and we passed on over the hill right in the face of the great round moon now settling down to rest in the far-off Sierras, and I never saw the place again for twenty years or more.

And when I did return I came from London to write up the trial of Brigham Young, who was then being tried for his life for complicity in murders like this.

By good fortune I found an old friend of mine was then Governor of the Territory. We searched this spot for the skeletons; but, as before observed, the lake had so filled that, we found the buried rock and little island, and nothing more.

I told a Mormon elder this story, and he earnestly assured me that all we had seen of the end was the mirage—a delusion, that the missionary did not drown the girl, but had taken this course to save her from the Danites; that he had left the girl in the willows, to fall in with the next train that came by, while he had thrown only his bag of bread or something of that sort with the chain about it into the black waters of the great lake. Let us hope so at least.

(The End.)

*Copyrighted by C. H. Miller, 1884.

A Slight Mistake.

Gray and ice cold the twilight had darkened over the Stone Tower, until the ruddy glow of the fire became insufficient to dispel the creeping shadows, and Nannie brought in the lamp.

It was a great low-ceiled room, with an antique-carved cornice and a wainscot of oak which reached above Nannie's shoulder—a room where the faded crimson hangings shut out the dying daylight, and the pattern of the carpet had long became indistinguishable.

And the three blooming, bright-eyed young girls in this ancient room seemed as much out of their element as a cluster of rosebuds would have been lying on an Egyptian sarcophagus. But Col. Copely liked seclusion and antiquity. Moreover he liked economy. And when he brought his three motherless daughters down to the Stone Tower, he grimly gave them to understand that they too must teach themselves to like these three aspects of life.

'There's one thing,' Col. Copely, who was a man-hater, added to himself, 'they'll get no beaux here! No girl ought to dream of a beaux until she is twenty-five years old, at the very least!'

Which was rather hard on Ada and Nannie, who were nineteen and seventeen, and had their pretty heads full of vague visions of love and letters. And even little Bess, the youngest, who had barely turned fifteen, had an imaginary ideal in her brain, with dark, melancholy eyes and a brow like ivory, which she hoped one day might be realized in a suitor.

And upon this windy March night, when Col. Copely was in the city, and Miss Baird, the governess, was confined to her room with an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, Ada and Nan were going to a surreptitious party.

'Of course papa wouldn't let us go if he were at home,' said Ada.

'And we couldn't manage it if Miss Baird wasn't laid up, either,' sagely added Nan.

'But everything happens for the best,' said Ada. 'Do look at this lovely, gold colored silk, Nan. Wasn't it good of Mary Sinclair to lend us the three dresses to choose from? I think I'll wear the gold colored silk, with this black lace mantle.'

'And I,' said Nan, who was pink and plump, with china blue eyes and radiant, bronze-brown hair, 'shall wear the white, all brocaded over with pink rose-buds, and the rose-colored satin slippers. Oh, Ada darling'—pouncing upon her sister with a little, ecstatic kiss—'we shan't know ourselves, shall we?'

'Couldn't I go, too?' pleaded Bess, whose gypsy beauty gleamed in between the apple-bloom faces of her sisters like a Jacquenminot rose among white moss-pinks. 'Couldn't I wear the pretty garnet silk that you've neither of you chosen?'

'Nonsense!' cried Ada. 'You are only a child, Bess!'

'I shall be sixteen in nine months,' urged Bess. 'And I'm almost as tall as you and Nan. And I never, never was at a grown-up party in all my whole life!'

'Bess,' said Nan, with autocratic severity, 'hold your tongue. It's quite out of the question. You are to stay here with Miss Baird—'

'But Miss Baird is always asleep in the evening!' whimpered Bess.

'So much the better for you!' pronounced Nan. 'And you can look after the house.'

'The house won't run away,' pouted Bess, still rebellious.

'That isn't the question under discussion,' said Ada. 'Get the work-basket now, like a darling, and help us tuck up these dresses a little, for Mary Sinclair is at least half a head taller than we are. And there is no time to lose!'

Bess drew a deep sigh and obeyed.

'Why was it,' she urged within herself, 'that she must always be put down and subdued, and kept in the background, because she was the youngest, and wore short frocks and her hair braided in two Chinese tails down her back? If ever she was a grown-up young lady, she'd show them!'

But Bess got a little better natured when she was allowed to make waffles her own self for tea, in the absence of Eliza, their sole domestic, (whose brother had bethought himself to fall of fever, half a mile or so up the mountain, at this auspicious time, of all others), and to select a jar of raspberry jam by way of accompaniment.

For Bess, tall though she was, had not quite outgrown the age of tea-sets and delight in playing at housekeeping. And she arranged the tea-rose buds in her sisters hair, and gave the last dainty touch to their dresses—Bess was a born lady's-maid, the girls declared, laughing,—and looked regretfully after them, as, with their splendor all shrouded in black serge cloaks, they hurried down the frozen road, two merry, fleeting shadows.

'Oh dear!' said Bess, aloud, 'how I wish I was going, too!'

Then she winked the tears down, and ran back into the oak-wainscot room, where the lamp still glowed, and the logs blazed and snapped on the hearth, so hurriedly that she never once remembered Ada's farewell caution as to the locking and double locking of the outer door.

Miss Baird was asleep, after her supper and her medicine. There was no use going to her for companionship; for she snored and slept with her mouth open, and was not in the least an ideal slumberer. And the kitchen was very lonesome without Eliza, and even the cat was too drowsy to purr or frolic with a ball of knitting-yarn.

'What shall I do?' said Bess. 'Oh, I know! I'll try on the garnet silk dress, and fancy I'm a grown-up young lady going to a ball!'

She was walking up and down the floor, trying to see herself in the old Venetian mirror that hung above the tall, wooden mantel, when the creaking of a board in the hall startled her. Flying to the door, garnet silk, train and all, she came face to face with a man.

'I beg your pardon!' he said, apologetically; 'but you did not hear the knock, and—'

'What do you wan't?' cried Bess, all in a panic. 'Go away, at once!'

'I called to see if the young ladies—'

Bess waited to hear no more. Vague ideas of peddlers, tramps, burglars, midnight assassins, floated through her brain.

'Yes,' said she with assumed coolness, 'they are at home. Please walk in.'

And, opening the nearest door, she motioned him to enter. As it was dark therein, how was he to know that it was the coal-cellar, or that the next minute the door would be shut and bolted upon him?'

'There!' cried Bess, exultantly, her dark eyes shining like balls of fire, her cheeks turned from deadly pale to glowing red.

'But stop a minute!' pleaded a stifled voice from the other side of the door. 'There's a mistake. I wish—'

'Yes,' said Bess, 'there is a mistake! You are mistaken in supposing that I am to be imposed upon. Now, stay there until I call the coachman and the two stable hands, and unloose the dog!'

(Which four last, be it understood, were entirely a fiction of Miss Bess's imagination).

She stood a second or so, to consider Miss Baird must not be excited or disturbed—at least, so the doctor said. Beside, of what use could Miss Baird possibly be?

'I'll go for the girls,' said Bess. 'I'll be at the ball, after all!'

So, folding a shawl about her pretty, taper shoulders, away she shot, like an arrow, quite heedless of the lace-lined train of the garnet silk dress.

Hazel Hill, where the ball was being held, was not more than a quarter of a mile from Stone Tower, and, lighted from garret to cellar, it presented a very pretty sight to Bess's wondering eyes.

She posted herself on the veranda, just where a casement had been opened to cool the perfumed atmosphere of the dancing room, and there, with big, sparkling eyes and cherry cheeks, half hidden by the shawl drawn over her head and ears, she watched to catch a glimpse of Ada and Nan.

They were dancing. Bess would scarcely have known them, so radient they seemed—their exquisite borrowed dresses set off by lights, their faces flushed by happy excitement—and at last Ada sat down by this very open casement, smiling and fanning herself, while her partner hurried to bring her some refreshments.

All of a sudden a cold little hand fell on her dimpled shoulder. She started and looked around.

'Bess! Goodness me! it can't be possible?' she exclaimed. 'What on earth has brought you here? Is Miss Baird dead? Has papa come home?

'No,' answered Bess, sepulchrally. 'But I've caught a burglar! Call Nan, and come home at once; because maybe, he'll break loose.'

And so Ada never got her refreshments, and Nan didn't finish her waltz with a whiskered young gentleman from Montreal. And Harry Sinclair, the brother of the hostess, accompanied them back to the Tower, with the tallest of the waiters, two revolvers, and a blackthorn stick which would have done credit to Rory O'More himself.

'Come out, you villain!—come at once!'

Whereupon a tall, rather pleasant-looking young fellow emerged, shivering with the cold, and having the traces of coal dust on his white shirt-collar and light kid gloves.

'Who are you?' savagely demands Harry Sinclair.

The gentleman presented his card.

'My name is Stafford,' said he. 'Col. Copley requested me to call here and bring his daughters back to New York with me. Here is a letter from him. He has taken a house in Forty-seventh street, and—'

'Goodness me!' gasped Bess, clasping her hands over her eyes. 'And I shut him in the coal cellar!'

For one dread second there was silence, and then they all burst into a peal of contageous laughter, which broke up all ceremony at once, and rendered them all excellent friends.

Mr. Sinclair, with the tall waiter, and the blackthorn stick, departed; and Bess, with a little of Nan's amateur assistance, served up an impromptu supper of bread and toasted cheese, which was pronounced a decided success. Eliza returned in a little while, and the household was restored to order.

The next day commenced the packing for removal. Eliza was to remain in the Stone Tower until Miss Baird's convalescence, and the three girls re-

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