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The Chester Standard - June 22, 1854

C. Davis Melton

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CHESTER STANDARD.

Devoted to General and Local Intelligence, and to the Political, Agricultural and Educational Interests of the State.

G. DAVID KELTON, Proprietor.

VOLUME V.

A Thrilling Sketch.

STORY BY RACHELLE,

THE MORON PREACHER.

HIS FIGHT WITH CUL-TUR.

WE have often mentioned settled in Missouri in 1839; an enthusiastic young man named Mills was their most popular and ardent preacher. Indeed, as good was his fame, that when he held a meeting, a crowd of the saints were sure to be present.

A strong and violent mob of lynchers had

at that time organized to do the work of Mamon, and to sweep the country of all that

was most despotic and dangerous, men

that Missouri, or in truth any other country,

ever produced. Some of the Mormons were tarred and feathered, some were scourged with long knotty birchicks till they fainted from excess of pain, and lost their limbs—others were flogged down of their clothes, and reduced in a day to the condition of beggars, while others shared a dozen of prairie fires, and were shut down in the public square by many wives.

At last Turk resolved to take some of the converts out of the way of his

young preacher Mills, and gave notice to his wife that he must leave.

It was a dreadful cold night in midwinter,

and although the sky was cloudless, and the full moon shone out in all her splendor, the earth lay in that poor, reddish, and dreary, as a frozen tomb, for a thick sheet of snow covered the entire surface of the land, which lay in deep sleep. It was a night to drive even thievish outlaws into barns and stables for shelter, and to keep honest people by the blare of their own resounding breath.

And yet, strange to say, in a log cabin

within three hundred yards of the Missouri river, there flocked from shore to shore, at

the sound of the bugle, to hold a religious meeting. They were Mormons, you may be sure. No fanatic of old faith would have turned out on such a night; they would be fresh naked; with some new idea, but at its birth, in their hearts, and flaxing like a mentor in their imagination, or a prophet in their dreams, they had an eye to the stars.

The congregation included men and women in about equal numbers, and many of the former carried rifles, which they grasped with one hand even when they had turned down to pray; and such was the imminence of peril, other real need, that

they had no time to be afraid.

The young preacher Mills had

advised to a thrilling level of his eloquent discourse, and was painting in terrible fury, language, the bitter persecution which he

had ever followed the housetops of great reform

since the beginning of time. Never before had he seen such a scene, and he could not help shooting. His blustering glamour like a trumpet, shall as the wind that whistled over the house tops, and his lips seemed literally loaded with amanuensis tears and will shraks from the audience proved the despotic power of his utterance.

Suddenly those rifles exploded in quick succession before the door, and three shots, each, shaking with terror, rushed into the room, rivening out.

"The moh! the moh! Save yourself from Cul-Tur's moh!"

But no man deplored the scene of dismay and consternation more than Cul-Tur.

He had been so ill at ease, so desolate, so alone, as all but his wife despaired.

As if the mere going out of the windows and feel as if pursued by a legion of devils, while

most of those who remained appeared stampeded, and totally powerless either to escape or make ready for resistance. Indeed, those very little signs spoke all the language of despair.

In a few moments, however, to the amazement of Cul-Tur, had surrounded the building, and the matches of fifty loaded guns and pistols were thrust in through the doors and windows, still noise with a loud roar of defiance.

"Are you not here to turn them into a stone?" said Cul-Tur, "at yet here comes the 'Latter Day Saints,' running, and afterwards famous 'Mormon Legion' advanced then only in the imagination of the audience."

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