

once more; but he knocked it out of my hand like a feather, and made another hitch and grabbed at my feet. We scrambled up the tree, and he after us, till we got almost to the top of the tree. At last I had to stop a little for Ned, and the old bear clinched my feet. First he stuck his claw into 'em, and then he stuck his teeth into 'em, and begun to naw. I felt as if 'twas a gone case, but I kicked and fit, and told Ned to get up higher, and I got up a little higher too, and the old bear made another hitch and come up higher, and begun to naw my heels again. And then the top of the tree began to bend, for we had got up so high we was all on a single limb as 'twere; and it bent a little more, and cracked and broke, and down we went, bear and all, about thirty feet, to the ground. At first I didn't know whether I was dead or alive. I guess we all lay still as much as a minute before we could make out to breathe. When I come to my feeling a little, I found the bear had fell on my lame leg, and give it another most awful crushing. Ned wasn't hurt much. He fell on top of the bear, and the bear fell partly on me. Ned sprung off and got out of the way of the bear; and in about a minute more the bear crawled up slowly on to his feet, and began to walk off, without taking any notice of us, and I was glad enough to see that he went rather lame. When I come to try my legs I found one of 'em was terribly smashed, and I couldn't walk a step on it. So I told Ned to hand me my gun, and to go home as fast as he could go and get the horse and father, and come and carry me home.

"Ned went off upon a quick trot, as if he was after the doctor. But the blundering critter—Ned always was a great blunderer—lost his way, and wandered about in the woods all night, and didn't get home till sunrise next morning. The way I spent the night wasn't very comfortable, I can tell ye. Jest before dark it begun to rain and I looked round to try to find some kind of a shelter. At last I see a great tree, lying on the ground a little ways off, that seemed to be holler. I crawled along to it, and found there was a holler in one end, large enough for me to creep into. So in I went, and in order to get entirely out of the way of the spattering of the rain, and keep myself dry, I crept in as much as ten feet. I laid there and rested myself as well as I could, though my leg pained me too much to sleep.

"Some time in the night, all at once, I heard a sort of rustling noise at the end of the log where I come in. My hair stood right on end. It was dark as Egypt; I couldn't see the least thing, but I could hear the rustling noise again and it sounded as if it was coming into the log. I held my breath, but I could hear something breathing heavily, and there seemed to be a sort of scratching against the sides of the log, and it kept a working along in towards me. I clinched my fowling-piece and held on to it. 'Twas well loaded with a brace of balls and some shot besides. But whether to fire, or what to do, I couldn't tell. I was sure there was some terrible critter in the log, and the rustling noise kept coming nearer and nearer to me. At last I heard a low kind of a growl. I thought if I was only dead and decently buried somewhere, I should be glad; for to be eat up alive there by bears or wolves, or catamounts, I couldn't bear the idea of it.

"In a minute more, something made a horrible grab at my feet, and begun to naw 'em. At first I crawled a little further into the tree. But the critter was hold of my feet again in a minute, and I found it was no use for me to go in any further. I didn't hardly dare to fire; for I thought if I didn't kill the critter, it would only be likely to make him fight the harder. And then again, I thought if I should kill him, and he should be as large as I fancied him to be, I should never be able to shove him out of the log, nor to get out by him. While I was having these thoughts, the old feller was nawing and tearing my feet so bad, I found he would soon kill me if I laid still. So I took my gun and pointed down by my feet, as near the center of the holler log as I could, and let drive. The report almost stunned me. "But when I come to my hearing again, I laid still and listened. Everything round me was still as death; I couldn't hear the least sound. I crawled back a few inches towards the mouth of the log, and was stopt by something against my feet. I pushed it. 'Twould give a little, but I couldn't move it. I got my hand down far enough to reach, and felt the fur and hair and ears of some terrible animal.

"That was an awful long night. And when the morning did come, the critter filled the holler up so much, there was very little light come in where I was. I tried again to shove the animal towards the mouth of the log, but found 'twas no use, I couldn't move him. At last the light came in so much that I felt pretty sure it was a monstrous great bear that I had killed. But I begun to feel now as if I was buried alive; for I was afraid our folks wouldn't find me, and I was sure I never could get out myself. But about two hours after sunrise, all at once I thought I heard somebody holler—Jack. I listened and I heard it again, and I knew 'twas father's voice. I answered as loud as I could holler. They kept hollering, and I kept hollering. Sometimes they would go further off, and sometimes come nearer. My voice sounded so queer they couldn't tell where it come from, nor what to make of it.

"At last, by going round considerable, they found my voice seemed to be somewhere round the holler tree; and bime-by, father come along and put his head into the holler of the tree, and called out—

"Jack, are you here?"

"Yes, I be," says I, "and I wish you would pull this bear out, so I can get out myself."

When they got us out, I was about as much

dead as alive; but they got me on to the horse, and led me home and nursed me up, and had a doctor to set my leg again; and it's a pretty good leg yet."

Here, while Mr. Robinson was taking another sip from his tumbler, Major Grant glanced at his watch, and looking up to Doctor Snow, said, with a grave, quiet air—

"Doctor, I give it up; the bet is yours."

[For the Deseret News.]

## EDUCATION....By Sirius.

No. 2.

Obedience is the first principle that should be instilled into the mind of a child—implicit obedience to the wishes and commands of its parents. This is Heaven's first law—it underlies the foundation of all society whether in heaven or on earth. Without it the universe would be reduced to chaotic confusion; and the family in which this principle does not rule, is but a type—though on a small scale—of what a world, or the universe would be—discord, contention, quarreling, confusion and wretchedness prevailing. Yet how often is it the case, that instead of parents governing their children—the children govern the parents. Young Mr. Charlie, or Harry, or Jemmy, as the case may be, has it all his own way—the whole household is subject to him—and everything must bend to his will. If a visitor enters the house, his voice is the first and loudest heard. He considers it his right to interrupt any conversation, no matter how interesting and important. If his wishes are not immediately complied with, he pulls at his mother's sleeve and keeps up an eternal din until they are gratified. He stamps about the house as though he were lord of the manor, handles and pries into everything he can see, annoys everybody and renders himself a general nuisance, until a visitor is glad to make escape from the mansion ruled by such a little terma-gant. Yet his parents will call him a "smart boy"—his very peccadilloes and vices being so many evidences to them of his juvenile precocity, and of his future eminence.

I have had some little opportunity of observing the "internal condition" of quite a number of families, and the course pursued by many mothers towards their children. As leaning on my stick, I frequently peripatinate round among them, they regard me as a sort of "harmless old bachelor," and consequently admit me into the family "sanctum," where I often see and hear some exceedingly interesting things. Should the dear creatures find out who had so shamefully abused their confidence, I expect I should be greeted by an application of the broom stick on my next visit—but as I am safely entrenched behind my *nom de plume*, I suppose I may courageously fire away, knowing that I am out of danger.

How many parents, especially mothers, are preparing for themselves trying scenes, and bitter experiences in the future, by the manner in which they rear their offspring. How often have I heard them, through the impotency of their children, finally give them permission to do what but a few minutes before, they had positively forbidden them. "Yes, yes, go along; anything to get rid of you and your noise," says the thoughtless and indolent mother—never thinking of the evil and dangerous principle she is establishing in the heart of her child. In order to save herself a little trouble, and the exercise of a little firmness now, she is laying up for herself, perhaps years of remorse and anguish. The time will come when the child must be subject to his parents, or leave their roof and fostering care. What a severe and trying struggle it will be for both. The slender sapling may be bent and trained to grow as we will—but the sturdy oak yields not a hair to our efforts. The little rippling, dancing mountain brooklet is easily turned out of its channel; but the foaming rushing river is uncontrollable. The youthful mind is pliable and easily governed, if a proper course is commenced and pursued towards it; but if not controlled now, by and bye your efforts will be fruitless.

A short time since I was stopping with some friends who had an exceedingly interesting little family, but the mother, however many other good qualities she possessed, lacked the firmness and moral courage necessary to enable her to command obedience and maintain order in her family. On one occasion, her little girl, a very smart observing child between three and four years of age, asked for something on the table, which her mother refused to give her. But the child continued whimpering and importunately to ask for it. "It's no use, W." again spoke the mother, "for you shan't have it." At this, W. judging no doubt from past experience that her mother's resolution could be shaken, made the house resound with her cries, till her mother turned and gave her what she wanted, remarking to me at the same, "It's no use to refuse her anything Mr. —, she will have it. I never saw such a child in my life." Indeed, thought I, but I have seen many such mothers—and of course she will have what she wants, so long as a few tears will get it. But I said nothing, because I knew it would do no good. This is but one instance of what was continually taking place in that family. I could not but reflect with pain upon the bitter future in store for that child should she live to become herself a wife and mother. I have seen the sorrowing father and the broken hearted mother, weeping over the waywardness and obstinacy of their children, when they themselves had been the cause of their own misery. I have seen the son, who ought to have been the pride, joy and blessing of his parents, turn round and curse them. A tree is known by its fruit. Had good seed been implanted in the mind of that youth, it surely would not have produced such bitter fruit.

Mothers, if you value the happiness of your children, never allow them to disobey you with impunity. Teach them to obey you implicitly from their earliest infancy, and it will always be easy and delightful for them to do so. The use of the rod will seldom if ever be necessary, if the right treatment be adopted in infancy. Never, through mistaken kindness, indulgence or any other motive, allow your child to do that which your judgment tells you he ought not, or what you have forbidden him. Children often want to know "why" they are told to do so and so. I knew a father who used to tell his children—"Do what I tell you, asking no questions—then, when you have done so, and wish to know my reasons for requiring you to perform that duty, come and ask me, and if it is possible and right for me to do so, I will tell you." It is well occasionally to give children your reasons for telling them to pursue a certain course, as it begets confidence in their minds when they see you are not governed by caprice, but have their own welfare at heart. It may sometimes be painful, and cost you a severe effort to be firm with them. But subdue your feelings—remember you are working for their good—maintain your authority now at whatever cost or hazard, and depend upon it they will yet rise up and bless you for exercising that very control, which, perchance, now seems irksome and even tyrannical to them.

[For the Deseret News.]

## A Simile.

Orson Hyde says:—"A man standing in the clear sunshine causes his shadow to appear on the earth upon which he stands, and that any act or motion performed by any limb or member of his body that he may choose to employ simultaneously produces a corresponding act or motion in the shadow of that limb or member thus employed."

Singular, yet strictly philosophical—the shadow always appears in an opposite direction from him to that in which the sun does.

In like manner, the servant of God, clothed with the holy Priesthood and Apostleship of his Son, standing in the light of his calling, and acting officially in the name of the Only Begotten, causes his acts to be reflected and recognized in heaven simultaneous with their performance by him on earth. Though heaven be in a direction from him opposite to earth, yet philosophical and scriptural truth is not thereby impaired. "What ye bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and what ye loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

Do this generation know that their destinies in the future hang upon the action of the faithful and humble Latter Day Saints, whom they so much despise? A Priesthood that has not this power—that has not this connection with and relation to the powers above, may, indeed, possess a form, but not sufficient substance to produce a shadow and even if it does, the clouds that obstruct its spiritual vision will not permit that shadow to be reflected in heaven.

## The Capture of Schamyl.

Le Nord contains the following letter from St. Petersburg, of Sept. 17:

"Lieutenant-Colonel Grabbe, who has just returned from the Caucasus, has brought details of the capture of Schamyl. He has made no written report, but has verbally communicated to the Emperor what has taken place, which is as follows: After a series of defeats, Schamyl, finding no other means of safety, was obliged to shut himself up in the fortified village of Gonnib, with 400 Murides who remained faithful to him. This place was considered by the Russians as completely impregnable, and so strong that a single company of well trained soldiers might have defended it for months against a whole army. The only approach to it was a steep path, so narrow that only two men could walk abreast. In presence of these difficulties Prince Bariatin-ski determined to make the attack by means of having the surrounding rocks scaled, and several hundred men volunteered for this desperate service. The assault took place on the 7th. While one column advanced by the narrow path above mentioned, which the Murides had prepared to defend to the last extremity, the volunteers bravely scaled the rocks on the opposite side of the fort, and in spite of all the difficulties which impeded their ascent, suddenly appeared in the rear of the small band, and a desperate struggle took place. The Murides saw that retreat was impossible, and fought with fury.

Out of the 400 men forming the garrison, only 47 remained alive, and five pieces of cannon fell into the hands of the Russians. As to Schamyl he had shut himself up in one of the houses cut in the rock. All the ground before it was covered with dead bodies; the Russians had 100 men killed. Prince Bariatin-ski soon after arrived, and gave orders for the firing to cease. He then summoned Schamyl to surrender. The Iman, showing himself at an opening cut in the wall of the house, asked what conditions would be given to him. "Surrender unconditionally," replied the Prince and he came forward, the officers round the general advising him to be on his guard, and not expose himself to the danger of being a victim to the treachery of Schamyl. When the chief advanced, the Prince said, "Are you Schamyl?" "Yes," replied the Iman. "Well, then," said the Prince, "your life shall be saved; you shall keep your riches and your wives. I shall send you to-morrow to St. Petersburg, for it is on the Emperor that your fate will depend." Schamyl bowed his head without speaking a word. The Prince added, "I have long expected you at Tiflis, where I had hoped you would have come of your own

accord to make your submission; but you have compelled me to come and fetch you." Then turning to Colonel Grabbe, the Prince said, "Set off immediately for St. Petersburg, and report to the Emperor all that you have witnessed. A detailed report will be sent to-morrow at the same time with Schamyl himself." Such has been the denouement of the sanguinary drama which has been so long going on.

## DESERET ALPHABET.

Long	Short	Y	h	L	eth
o	e	t	7	p	x the
3	a	u	g	b	8 s
g	ah	u	7	t	6 z
o	au	w	g	d	o esh
o	o	r	c	che	s zhe
o	oo	q	g	4	ur
h	i	o	k	u	l
g	ow	o	ga	7	m
u	woo	p	f	4	n
y	ye	e	v	u	eng

\* In the following example when the name of a letter occurs, as for instance 7 in TEARS, instead of 7046 it is 746.

at 7746474727, 777 8.

18. 877 88 0707 4074784 8  
 7046 88 0707; 704 77 76 70 877  
 0746 88 784 70 077 707, 877  
 70 73 877877 77 76 0767477  
 7777 70 8774 7770 88 70846,  
 76 77 76 878 83.

19. 746 77 0707 8, 77 88 80 77  
 07 704077 8 7046 88 0707, 746  
 707 0777 777 0707, 746 846  
 87, 8 787777 70487 777 878 83  
 877 77 0707 777077 77777.

20. 76 8730746 7777 8 7046  
 8774077 8704 7777 738, 80  
 0707 77 77777; 8006 77 777 777  
 8 088777 7770 8 8078 76 8  
 7046 7777 0707.

## A Parable.

A certain tyrant sent for one of his subjects and said to him:

"What is your employment?"  
 He said: "I am a blacksmith."  
 "Go home," said he, "and make me a chain of such a length."

He went home; it occupied him several months, and he had no wages all the while he was making the chain, only the trouble and pains of making it. Then he brought it to the monarch, and he said:

"Go and make it twice as long."  
 He gave him nothing to do it with, but sent him away.

Again he worked on, and made it twice as long. He brought it up again, and the monarch said:

"Go and make it longer still."

Each time he brought it, there was nothing but the command to make it longer still. And when he brought it up at last, the monarch said:

"Take it and bind him hand and foot with it, and cast him into a furnace of fire."

These were his wages for making the chain. Here is a meditation for you to-night, ye servants of the devil! Your master, the devil, is telling you to make a chain.

Some of you have been fifty years welding the links of the chain; and he says "go and make it longer still."

Next Sunday morning you will open that shop of yours, and put another link on; next Sunday you will be drunk, and put another link on; next Monday you will do a dishonest action, and so will keep on making fresh links to this chain; and so when you have lived twenty more years, the devil will say, "more links on still!" And then, at last, it will be "take him and bind him hand and foot, and cast him into a furnace of fire;" "for the wages of sin is death." There is a subject for your meditation. I do not think it will be sweet; but if God makes it profitable, it will do you good. You must have strong medicines sometimes, when the disease is bad. God apply it to your hearts.—[Spurgeon.]

KING WILLIAM'S ISLAND, the spot where the remains of Franklin's expedition were found, is one of the southernmost islands of the Arctic Ocean. It is but a little north of the upper shores of Hudson's Bay; is twelve degrees further south than are the Danish settlements in Greenland. Its southern location doubtless prevented the previous searchers from visiting it. Dr. Kane's opinion was that Franklin had passed through the Wellington Channel into the supposed great Polar Basin, and had never returned.