

THE FANATICISM OF HUMAN NATURE.

Below will be found a short account of the origin and first few years of the history of Mormonism. It is doubtless in the main correct but erroneous in some of the particulars. The history of this people clearly proves that in every country, even when blessed with the highest state of civilization, men may be led astray by impostors, and become their blind and willing dupes. After seeing such things in America, and after seeing the idolatry of the French for the Napoleon name in the nineteenth century, let us not wonder at the Asians and Europeans who followed Mahomet—Bhudda—the Grand Lama—Peter the Hermit—Joanna of Ark, and other impostors. The tendency to gullibility and human fanaticism, springing from an improper use of the organs of veneration and curiosity, is as powerful and constant now as two thousand years ago. It is quite possible for some great and cunning impostor at this day to rally around him hundreds of thousands of human beings. The only way to distinguish the counterfeit from the true is by looking at their fruits and the examples of those who preach. Doctrine alone will not do. Mahomet's doctrine, Joe Smith's bible, recommended strict morality. What were their examples? In the end of the following article the writer volunteers a fling at *universal yankee freedom*; but let it be known that a majority of the Mormons are from Great Britain, the originators being Americans. Europeans are more gullible than Americans. Owing to the great vacant territory of the American republic, there is more room for the formation of such new sects. When Mormonism first started there were very few Europeans among them, but after the establishment of the sect at Nauvoo, in Illinois, preachers were sent to Europe and especially England, where by their preaching about the new land of Canaan, flowing in the far off west with milk and honey, some thousands of dupes, men and women were induced to emigrate to better themselves and visit the holy land. In after years others followed. When the troubles broke out between the Mormons and the Illinois people, which resulted in the wanton and cruel murder of Joe Smith, and in their expulsion from that State, a majority of the soldiers of the faithful were from England and European countries, at least such was the then report at Chicago, where we were resident. Interest and speculation had induced many Americans to join them in Illinois, honest belief had also induced many to do so. We have met with intelligent men and women, Mormons, who seemed to believe as firmly in the golden bible as christians do in that of the Jews. At Nauvoo polygamy was not generally practised among the Mormons, it was only so among the leaders. Among the people at Nauvoo there were, and now are in Utah, as handsome women and athletic men as among the same number of any other class of Americans. Polygamy is styled by the writer in the *Globe* a pagan custom. It is not so entirely. It is one common to Asia and Africa, and was looked upon as lawful by Mahomedans and Jewish kings. All the pagan nations did not practice it. The Greeks and Romans generally married but one wife. Mahomet allowed polygamy among his followers. It is, however, a custom highly detrimental to the best interests of human society. It is altogether likely it will continue in Utah, since it is pleasing to the depraved appetites of man. Christianity discountenances it, although it is allowed in Asiatic countries where modified christianity exists. In Abyssinia a sort of christianity exists and polygamy exists there. The *rapping imposture* in the United States is akin to Mormonism. But the Americans as a people are not as superstitious as the English, Irish, and Scotch, from whom they sprang. Joe Smith was not a morose man, he was a hale, stout, merry fellow, exceedingly cunning and clever. It is well known he was murdered in cold blood, about the year 1844, in Nauvoo.

THE MORMONS.

I think it was in the columns of the *Globe* that I the other day read an article on the "Mormons,"—and although the article seemed to me in the main correct, yet, I think some of the early data may be improved by what little I know of the early steps of this curious sect—a sect which originated in fraud has been nurtured by the natural gullibility and knavery of the human heart.

First as to the origin of the Mormon Bible!!

A young fellow in Erie, Pennsylvania, was dying of consumption, and he knew it, so he said away with the world, let me amuse myself while I live. His natural tastes were reading and writing. He naturally read the Bible much, and probably profitably, for becoming imbued with its sentiment and style, it struck him as a fancy to write a book after the style of the Bible—this he did, calling in the neighbors in the evening to hear read the product of the day, and the reader and the audience becoming interested, the work was continued and finished shortly after the poor fellow died. His widow in straightened circumstances thought that the literary production of her husband, which she called a "Romance" might fetch something; therefore she, after first consulting her neighbors, started on a journey to Pittsburgh, the nearest place of book printing, with a view to sell the manuscript or get it printed. The manuscript was refused, but there was in the office a journeyman printer of the name of Rigdon, who drew her to one side after her failure with the principals, telling her to leave her manuscript with him, and he would perhaps be able to do something for her. She did so—this Rigdon I think, was a brother-in-law to Joe Smith—they met shortly after, and on Rigdon showing the sheets, Joe at once struck the idea which originated Mormonism.

Notwithstanding their success the poor woman never got a farthing for the manuscript.

Now, Joe Smith was the son of a knavish old fellow who believed in seeking for treasure, such as for Kidd's pirate wealth on

Long Island, and Joe followed in his footsteps; neither ever settled down to aught legitimate; they lived on a small farm in Western New York, and there one night after Rigdon presented the manuscript, Joe had a dream, in which the Almighty told him to dig under a certain tree and there he would find a box with certain brass plates therein. Joe did so; but not being a scholar, and the language on the plates being in, to him, a foreign language, he was in despair; thereupon he went to bed, and again had a dream, in which he was instructed to take pen, ink, and paper, and the spirit of the Almighty would translate for him; and thus the poor fellow of Erie lost the credit of authorship, which henceforth was given to the brass plates.

The book was immediately published, and a sect organized by Rigdon, Cowdery, and Smith, not for the purpose in which it has resulted, but to make a commercial fortune out of it. Smith suggested, and Rigdon and Cowdery joined in carrying out, the idea that fanaticism might gather enough together to support a crack store, and furnish the means at the same time to start and stock it. It began well, but not progressing satisfactorily, they thought a bank might be based upon the sect, out of which they should pocket a competence for each of them, and then abandon the affair at once. I believe if the bank had succeeded in getting a start and circulation, that Mormonism would have been defunct ere they left Ohio; but it was no go, as the Yankees say, and they—that is Smith, Rigdon, and Cowdery—were too deeply in debt to merchants for goods to escape; so extended fanaticism was the only chance left, hence they bolted for Illinois. The remainder of their history you have already published.

I knew the originators personally—had to do with them in trade, and in their attempted bank. I have read their Bible, and mixed with them socially in their own "diggings," and knew Joe best of all. He was a genius but not a plodder. He was a lank, lean, jaundiced knave in his look, and in his dealings I found him so. Rigdon and Cowdery were slow coaches, but shrewd and persevering plodders in knavery. The flock were, to a man, coarse, ignorant, and dull, and in the whole flock of several thousands I did not see a single good looking man or woman, nor one genteelly dressed.

Since these days they have probably improved in Church matters, but the following came within my own knowledge; and, although too profane to write or print, yet it may paint the knavery of their ways at first. Thus, one of their apostles preached at an outside village, where he told the audience that they were notoriously wicked, and that our Saviour had told him (when he last saw him) that he must visit them and warn them of their condemnation, if they did not reform and become Latter Day Saints. Up started a sturdy blacksmith, and asked the preacher when he last saw our Saviour. The preacher pausing, said a fortnight ago. Then, said the blacksmith, you lie, for I saw him a week ago and asked him about you, and he said he knew you not. Forthwith they kicked the Mormon out of doors.

My only apology for this scribbling is, that a "State" of polygamy and paganism (for it is no better), included as it may be one of these days, as one of the United States of North America, presents in political amalgamation one of the wonders of "universal freedom" which, without comment, I hand over to the reader.—*Con. to the Globe.*

From the Massachusetts Life Boat.

A NEW TABLE OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Tax Table.

One Glass of Rum	makes one Bribe.
One Bribe	makes one Vote.
One Vote	makes one Mayor.
One Mayor	makes 600 Grogshops.
Six hundred Grogshops	makes 6000 Drunkards.
Six thousand drunkards	make one Prison full of Convicts
One Prison full of Convicts	makes one pay Heavy Taxes.

WHISKEY MEASURE.

One Mean Man	makes one application.
One application	makes one license.
One license	makes one temptation.
One temptation	makes ten sots.
Ten sots	whip ten wives.
Ten whippings	break ten hearts.
Ten broken hearts	make ten deaths.
[One Advertizing Editor	causes the sale of ten barrels of whiskey, ten do rum, and 1000 cocktails each month.—Ed. Sox.]

Once upon a time, during a debate in the U. S. House of Representatives, in a bill for increasing the number of hospitals one of the west members arose and observed:

"Mr Speaker, my opinion is, that the generalty of mankind—in general, are disposed to take the disadvantage—of the generalty of mankind in general."

"Sit down," whispered Crockett who was near him, "you are coming out at the same hole you went in at."

"My son," said Mr. Spriggins to his little boy, who was de-vouring an egg—it was Mr. Spriggins' desire to instruct his boy.—"my son, do you know that chickens come out of eggs?"

"Ah, do they, father?" said the young hopeful; "I thought that eggs came out of chickens."

The elder Spriggins drew back from the table, and gazed sadly on his son, then put on his hat and went to work.

Kiss-s.—A young lady at school, engaged in the study of grammar, was asked if "kiss" was a proper or common noun. After some hesitation, she replied, "It's both common and proper."

Girls, remember that the man who bows, smiles, and says many soft things to you, has no genuine love; while he who loves most sincerely, struggles to hide the weakness of his heart, and frequently appears decidedly awkward.

Marriage is like a flaming candle light,
Placed in the window on a summer night,
Inviting a lithe insects of the air
To come and singe their pretty winglets there,
Those that are real butt heads against the pane,
Those that are in butt to get out again.



Ladies' Department.

The following verses have been sent by some affectionate and dutiful son. The writer did not send his real name as he should have done, which circumstance would have warranted us in refusing the verses an insertion. It frequently gives an editor much trouble to punctuate and correct poetry sent. Poets should send their poetry in such a state as to require no revision. This paper has the name of containing superior pieces of selected and original poetry and that name it must maintain.

ON THE DEATH OF MY MOTHER.

Oh mother thou art gone—forever gone,
Thy pilgrimage is closed below,
These lines a feeble tribute from thy son
Affection gives, from sorrow flow.

Once thy lot look'd bleak, life a dreary way,
Thy daily labors made them flee,
Thy sons and daughters, infants, made thee stay
And bless their God, mother for thee!

Oh mother dear thine was an unequal fate,
Thou toiledst early toiledst late,
An honest living, comfort to create,
For us in thy lonely widowed state.

Our God has said there is a heaven above,
Where angels chant seraphic songs,
Where spirits blessed in heavenly love,
Worship God in glorious throngs.

Dear mother thy sainted form is there,
Thy God has call'd thee to a home,
To meet thee mother thy children will prepare,
We'll love thee e'en beyond the tomb.

Farewell dear mother we now are parted,
But for a time to meet again;
In hope of this I'll dry the tear that started,
And hush my bosom's aching pain.

J. C.

Mrs. THOMAS of Brooklyn, has sent us the following prospectus and very strongly recommends this work to the support of the Canadian public, especially the female part of it.

PROSPECTUS OF THE "UNA."

Usage makes it necessary to present our readers with a prospectus, setting forth our plans, purposes, aims and object.

Our plan is, therefore, to publish a paper monthly, devoted to the interests of woman, as long as such a paper shall be needed; or until there shall be necessity for its more frequent appearance.

Our purpose is, to speak clear earnest words of truth and soberness, in a spirit of kindness; to discuss the rights, sphere, duty, and destiny of woman: fully and fearlessly; and our aim shall be heard, it shall be ever on the side of freedom. We shall not confine ourselves to any locality, set sect, class or caste; for we hold to the solidity of the race, and believe, that, if one member suffers all suffer, and that the highest is made to atone for the lowest.

Our mystical name of the "UNA," signifying truth, will be to us a constant suggester of fidelity to all.

Our terms will be one dollar per year, in advance. All communications designed for the paper, or on business, to be addressed to the editor Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis, editor and proprietor, Providence, R. J.

JIMMING FOR A HUSBAND.—Alexander Brown, a Scot-man in his 73rd year, who had been a sailor, had served in all the maritime battles against France, and passed many years in that country as prisoner of war, to finish his career thought to take a wife, which he did by a most novel method. Promenading one day near Whitley Park, between Shields and Hartley, he encountered a group of joyous young girls. Some pleasantness were exchanged between them, one of the girls asked him playfully whether he would not envy the man who should marry her? He replied affirmatively. "Ah, well," said she, "which one of us all would you choose?" This was embarrassing; Brown was not a Turk, he would not think of permitting himself the plurality, permitted by the Koran, and all the young ladies were equally handsome. "I will marry," said he, "that one among you who shall jump the highest." The originality of this proposition so inspired the girls, that they were instantly commencing with each other for the victory of conquering a husband. A young and pretty creature by the name of Neabin proved the victor, and the old salt married her on the following day. They lived happily together and reared a family of blooming children.

A young lass was told by a married lady, that she had better precipitate herself off Niagara falls into the basin beneath than marry. The maiden replied, "I would if I thought I could find a good husband at the bottom."