which add so not a single a always so man. The med both to

e Temple of buildings in hin the lime architect, on the buildy-eight feet the extreme feet. It is , somewhat as a portico, h pilasters; d, while the orted by two ver in front of the Lord. Day Saints. l." In the erges to the oxen, large irways lead de are two o less than or are three r side eight rone, is this ic after us." oms, approght circular ery particuhe hall of a

ar windows,

and a massive lock on each door. At the two front corners of the edifice are two winding stairways, which meet at the base of the tower, and lead to the summit,—while the roof of the main building is arranged for a place of promenade; and the walls of the noble edifice vary from four to six feet in thickness.

Estimating the manual labor at the usual prices of the day, it is said that the cost of this Temple was about \$800,000. The owners now offer to sell it for \$200,000, but it will be a

long time, I fancy, before a purchaser is found.

The history of Mormonism is among the wonders of modern times. The delusion, or shallow imposition, originated with Joe Smith, while he was a tavern idler in Palmyra, New York, about twenty years ago. The "Mormon Bible," or "Book of Mormon," is a jargon of nonsense, which the Prophet cooked up out of what he called the Golden Bible, and which he pretended to have found in the cleft of a rock, to which he had been guided by a vision. Smith's first convert was a substantial, but weak-minded farmer, named Harris, at whose expense the book was first printed in Rochester; and the bloody scenes which attended the sudden death of the Great Impostor, seem only to have increased the number of his blind followers.

The Mormon, who took me over the Temple, and gave me the above information, was nearly broken-hearted. Like the majority of his brethren, remaining in the city, he was without money, and without friends; and yet, it was to be his destiny, in a few days, to push his way into the wilderness, with a large family depending upon him for support. It was in a most melancholy tone, indeed, that he spoke to me the following words: "Mine, sir, is a hard, hard lot. What if my religion is a false one, if I am sincere, is it not cruel, in the extreme, for those who call themselves the only true church, to oppress me and my people, as they have done? My property has been stolen from me, and my dwelling been consumed; and now, while my family is dependent upon a more fortunate brother for support, my little children cannot go into the streets without being pelted with stones, and my daughters cannot go to the well after a pail of water, without being insulted by the young