

MEMORIAL AGAINST LEGALIZING IMMORALITY.

The following memorial to the New York Legislature has been prepared and put into circulation against the enactment of any laws to license prostitution—

MEMORIAL.

To the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York:—

Your memorialists, residents and citizens of the City and State of New York, have learned with much regret and apprehension of the official recommendation of the Committee on Crime to your honorable body to enact laws, "regulating," "permitting," or "licensing" prostitution. We respectfully, but earnestly represent—that prostitution is condemned as an unmitigated evil, by enlightened science and by Divine law; that nothing which is morally wrong either needs or should receive the sanction of the State; that experience abroad has abundantly demonstrated the failure of licensing prostitution as an alleged sanitary measure; that with a large population of prostitute women and men, only a relatively small number of women are licensed and subjected to medical inspection, and dissolute men are neither inspected nor restrained; that the proposed governmental inspection can be of no general value unless applied impartially to men and women alike; that laws licensing prostitution are as readily ignored and perverted by an inefficient or corrupt police, and as easily evaded by the evil minded, as those which declare it to be unlawful and criminal; that such laws are especially liable to gross abuse and injustice towards women; that women as a class ask for no such legislation, but generally abhor and oppose it; that, as prostitution, so theft and murder prevail and have long abounded, but they are not, therefore, to be "regulated" by State ordinances as to times and places, where, by the payment of "fees" and under government supervision, theft and murder may be committed; that it is wrong for the State to license immorality and thereby, in effect, to say to its citizens, "You may sin with impunity;" that licensed prostitution is opposed to the sanctity of marriage, and to the gospel injunction to "sin no more," and to "overcome evil."

We therefore pray that you will enact no law giving to prostitution legal status and guaranteeing to it the protection of the State; but that you will provide by adequate penalties for its effectual restraint and abolition as a hideous immorality and crime.

THE MORMONS AND THEIR TEMPLE AT NAUVOO.

Seeing lately the petition of the Mormon women, * * brought to mind a visit once paid to Nauvoo, and the sight of the Mormons themselves on their winding way to they knew not where.

It was, I think, in the spring or early summer of 1846, that a small party, of whom I was one, chartered, at St. Louis, a small steamboat for a journey up the Upper Mississippi. The destination of the party was a prairie in the northern part of Illinois.

It was the time of the trouble between the people of that State and the Mormons. The latter, in consequence of an arrangement with the authorities of the State, were leaving it in detachments, and proceeding to the Great West.

Upon our little craft reaching Quincy, a man, his wife and two children made application for passage to Nauvoo. The man came aboard, driving a yoke of fine oxen, to purchase which, he stated in conversation, he had sold all he possessed. His object was to secure a home at Nauvoo by disposing of his animals to the Mormons. He had heard they were parting with houses and lands for beasts of burden.

He told marvelous stories of this strange people, averring there were dungeons under their great temple, used for cruel purposes, and insisted that their vast baptismal font was put to other than sacramental purposes.

The sun was declining as we came in sight of Nauvoo, which, with its broad streets and green gardens, lay in the curve of the Mississippi as though it was a sheltering arm thrown about it. Over the flat and

up the hill which sloped from the river stood workshops and dwellings. High above them, overlooking all, gleamed the temple, its white front glistening and its gilt spire sparkling in the sunset.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed a gentleman; "it is but a few years since I last saw this place, then it was a dirty, insignificant village."

"Yes," remarked the pilot, for we had gathered in a knot near the pilot-house, "they are an astonishing people. I have an uncle among them. He was a sensible man, well-to-do in York State, but they got hold of him, and he sold out and joined them. I thought, sure, he would quit them when Joe Smith was killed, but, bless you, he is going with them to the wilderness."

The captain informed us he had freight to put off, and some little business to attend to, and he thought we would have time to visit the temple.

We made haste to profit by this information and took our way ashore, going up the hill through the town, stopping occasionally to admire the gardens, in their early spring freshness. Soon we were before the great structure, which was the glory of Mormondom and the wonder of the rest of the world.

One of the gentlemen met an acquaintance in an official on duty in the town, and he volunteered his services to show us the building.

We were not prepared to see so grand a pile. It was built of fine white stone which resembled marble, and was lighted by four rows of alternate arched and round windows, and compassed by thirty pillars of hewn stone. I think we were told that its length was 150 feet. Upon the front was the inscription:

The House of the Lord,
Built by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.
Holiness to the Lord.

The whole building was surmounted by a tower and spire. Near the top of the spire was a glittering angel with a trumpet in his hand.

The walls within the Temple were bare, the only ornaments being those cut in the wood or stone. In the basement was the wonderful font used for immersion. It was a white marble basin immensely deep, supported by twelve finely sculptured oxen as large as life. In a room somewhat retired from this was a deep, dark well. It was easy to imagine the interpretation which could be given to these by the ignorant and superstitious.

The gentleman who acted as our guide told us the conduct of the Mormons was inexplicable. After the arrangements were made for their leaving the State they turned to work as one man and completed the Temple. It cost nearly a million dollars, and every Mormon contributed either in labor or money. When finished it was profusely ornamented on the inside, and dedicated by the most solemn services; these over, it was despoiled of its ornaments and abandoned.

The river was dangerously low and our boat, a little stern-wheeled affair, not in the best of order. The next morning we were told we must stop for repairs, the wheel was broken. One of the gentlemen passengers had ascertained that a detachment of the Mormon emigrants were encamped on the opposite side of the river some little distance above, and interest was made with the captain to let us land there, that we might see them en route.

The grass was still wet with dew when we went ashore, but the Mormons had milked and breakfasted, and were getting ready for a start. The women were putting up their dishes, pouring the milk left from their morning meal into jugs or churns, and packing them in their wagons. The little girls watched the babies, and the boys kept the herds together, the bells on the necks of the animals keeping up a pleasant jingling in the morning air. Old men and young were busy about the teams, yoking up oxen and harnessing horses.

Some of the women seemed sullen, and much less inclined to talk than the men. The latter answered our questions courteously.

This was the largest detachment that had yet left, they told us, and numbered some fifteen hundred. The pioneers had gone ahead to make the rough places smooth for the faithful who followed. They

did not know their destination. The Lord would lead his Israel.

As they finished their preparations, wagon after wagon fell into line and moved slowly off. Many old men, women, and children walked beside the wagons, easily keeping up with the oxen, that moved with patient stubbornness, though they knew the way was long and weary.

Among their possessions were numbers of cows and sheep which they intended to pasture on the prairies, and there were some few horses. Some families seemed to be well fitted out for the journey, while it appeared hardly possible that the vehicles of others could proceed any distance at all. The bearing of all was characterized by stubborn determination, and their speech by blind faith. They made no complaints.

The wheel was repaired, and, called aboard, we were soon steaming up the river again. Standing upon the upper deck we look back upon the encampment; not one of us but thought they would be lost or destroyed, or scattered in the wilderness, and thus their delusion would end. As far as our eye could reach were to be seen the wagons that had started earliest that morning laboring on in line, two or three perhaps keeping close together, a gap, and several straggling ones, another gap, followed by a long line drudging forward.

Every few minutes another would be added to the procession, the dog and children bringing up the rear.

Now as I read of Salt Lake City and of the wealth of the desert they have made blossom, I wonder and call to mind that bright morning, and the picture they presented as they went on their way, lead by neither pillar nor cloud. The faces of several of them are photographed in my mind, as seemingly, with steady premeditation, they passed into the wilderness without a look behind.

M. M. T.

Cincinnati Times.

Missionaries in Illinois.—Here is how Elder Joseph Standing, a young man of this city, writes from Illinois, Feb. 25th, to a friend in this city—

"I left St. Louis on the 11th inst., for Normal, Illinois, where I arrived after seven hours travel. I stopped over night with the parents of Brother John Morgan, who told me he was at a place twelve miles distant, called Money Creek. I joined him next day, finding him in good health and spirits. The same evening we held meeting in a private house."

"When I have heard the Elders at home tell of their missionary experiences, and the many different stories and misrepresentations that were told of us as a people, I could not realize that they were facts. But since I came to the State of Illinois I can understand things as they are. The past week Brother Morgan and myself held five meetings, four of which were in private houses, the public ones being closed against us, for fear that some unfortunate being might possibly believe in 'that horrible doctrine.' We, nevertheless, had very good meetings, and bore our testimonies in a manner that the honest in heart could fully understand."

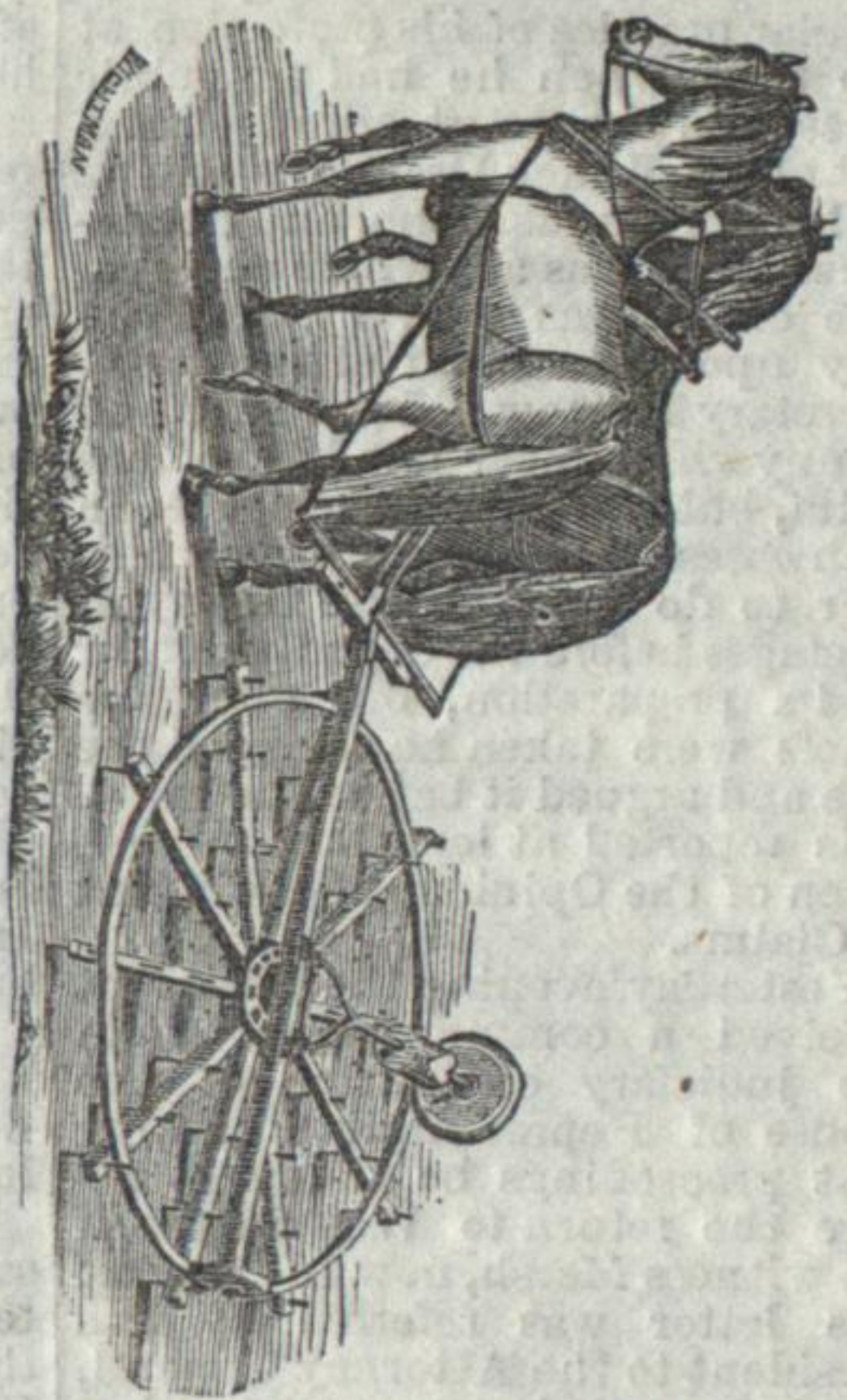
I had heard tell of the 'Mourner's Bench' when at home, but I never fully understood the definition of it till one night, at Normal, when, in company with Brother Morgan's brother, James, I attended a Methodist revival. I cannot say that I enjoyed the meeting, for to me it was something new and strange to see men and women, to the number of thirty or forty, stamping, shouting and crying at the top of their voices. I have been taught to believe that 'God's house is a house of order,' and any house different from that I do not want. There are great revival meetings being held throughout all this (McLean) county, and it needs them, for out of a population of some 50,000 there are over 2,700 cases on the docket for trial.

"Some of our whole-souled sectarian friends have expressed a desire for us to leave this vicinity, and they think a mob armed with eggs would help us materially on our journey. If the eggs are dished up in the right style I will not object to them. There is a great deal of prejudice against us and against those whom God has raised up to befriend us, and that by those who

have never turned out to listen to our teachings. All kinds of absurd stories are circulated about us by beings who probably had a hand in the expulsion of the Saints from Nauvoo.

"Brother Morgan has done much good here, and the testimony he has borne will not soon be forgotten, and, jointly, we will be of great help to each other, and, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, be the means of doing good to our fellow-men. We are traveling toward the Indiana border, and preaching at every opportunity."

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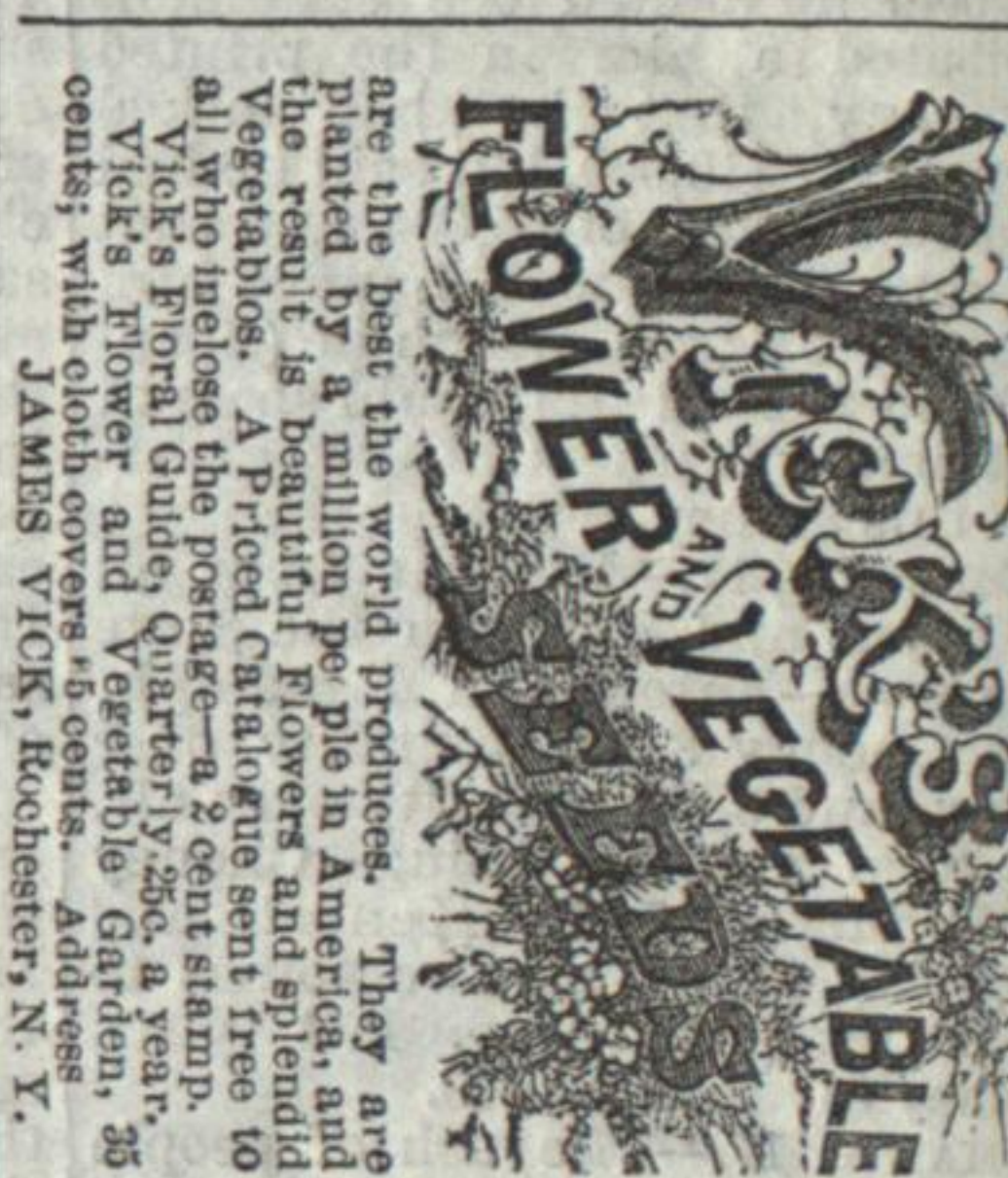
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JOHN PARKER, Administrators.
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Virgin City, Jan. 17th, 1876. w1



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