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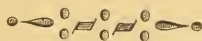
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MORMONISM,



A Serio - Comic Poem,

BY

PETER F. DODDS.





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MT. PLEASANT, MICH.
NORTH-WESTERN TRIBUNE.
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PREFACE.

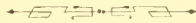
The person who is sufficiently interested in the subject "Mormonism," to examine the following verses, will find, that however unworthy in other respects, they are not to any great extent, incorrect in description, or unfaithful to history.

If (as it must be admitted) some of the illustrations are inapt, some of the facts exaggerated and some of the conclusions "far-fetched," it is hoped that the reader's "sense of the ludicrous," and the right of the author to be accorded that privilege always enjoyed by his Celtic ancestors,—viz: "to be judged by what he means, rather than by what he says—" may perhaps, to some extent, allay criticism.

No apology is offered for the crudity, (and possibly, lack of delicacy) apparent in many parts, as it is thought that the subject cannot be arrayed becomingly, in garments of very fine texture.

P. F. D.

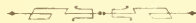
MORMONISM.



A Serio - Comic Poem,

BY

PETER F. DODDS.



Essential, my friends, to a clear understanding
Of this fertile subject, is this: (notwithstanding
You've paid some attention to things of the kind)
That you call to your aid, the rich treasures of mind
Which you hold in reserve, and of which you're so proud,
(Though you would not, of course, dare to breathe it aloud.)
"Let us reason together," if reason we can,
Rememb'ring that sin is inherent in man,
And, "proving all things" as all righteous men should,
Be careful to "hold fast to that which is good."

There's a people whose baseness Christianity paints,
That are known both as "Mormons" and "Latter Day Saints,"
Who were led by the Fates, in their trouble, to make
Their terrestrial home beside Utah's great lake,
Where some years ago, to avoid persecution,
They moved their *remarkably queer* institution.

All consider their choice both the wisest and best,
In selecting, for home, the Queen Vale of the West,
For, though their near neighbors were very terrific,
They soon proved themselves so extremely prolific
That their numbers outnumbered the whole savage host,
And who dared to oppose them soon "gave up the ghost."
(This phrase I have used in its scriptural sense,
Though to scriptural learning I make no pretense.)

First, eager supporters of zealous Joe Smith,
Who made no distinction 'twixt history and myth;

A man, it is said, who was very erratic,
And bordered on what has been called "the fanatic;"
Still, it cannot be said of the sheep-stealing thief,
That he did not hold *sacred* this shameful belief,
For one who was *simply* a liar and cheat,
In the struggle that followed, was sure of defeat;
Yet this singular creature, at no time affrighted,
By the tempest of wrath, that his preaching excited,
Never veered from his course for a friend or a foe,
But completed his scheme ere fell death laid him low;
And left to this nation, "for better or worse,"
A legacy voted the world's greatest curse,—
A monster well known as of barbaric fame,
Brought forth in pollution, and reared up in shame.

At the time when this *quasi* religion was hurled,
By its strange devotee, in the face of a world;
It was claimed that an angel from heaven had come,
Proclaiming to mortals, great works to be done;

And that one of the things, which this messenger did,
Was to point out the place where those records were hid,
That contained the true gospel of God, to his own,
Made *plain*, in a language entirely unknown;
But, by means of the spectacles God had invented,
The prophet was able, as through them he squinted,
To give to his people the Word of the Lord
At a price that the humblest could always afford;
And prove to the world, that the Savior of old,
Didn't leave this great continent "out in the cold,"
But appeared in the West, as He did in the East,
And taught the same doctrines, and rode the same beast;
Instructed the Nephites, as well as the Jews,
And granted salvation to all who might choose;
Established His Church, and appointed His Priest,
Precisely the same as He did in the East;
Provided like teachers, laid down the same rules,
That He did far away in His Palestine schools,
Performed the same wonders, displayed the same powers,
He had shown in Jerusalem's mightiest hours;

Distinguished the Gentiles from some of the others,
Though claiming His doctrines would make all men brothers;
And not only made inward changes in men,
But also succeeded in coloring their skin,
With the very same object, that ages before
"Wicked Cain" had been marked.—to be shunned evermore.
In short, that the Lord, with a firm resolution
Had started on *this* side, a branch institution,
For just the same purpose, on just the same plan,
And to manage the thing, sent the very same Man;
And they heeded His teachings on all points, of course
Excepting His notions on marriage and divorce;
But on this vexing subject, seemed rather inclined
To consider King Solomon more to their mind,
And thought they were choosing by far the best part,
In aping King David, the "man of God's heart."

But whether or not tablets were really found,
As the prophet proclaimed, on the side of a mound,

The scheme has proceeded with just the same force
As if it were true as a matter of course;
And, with courage, defending their singular creed,
They have multiplied forms at incredible speed;
And *seem* to have faith that when life's toils are past,
And "Gabriel's trump" sounds, they will not be the last
To enter that home, in the realms of the blest.
"Where sorrows ne'er trouble, and the weary find rest."

They next chose as leader, the great Brigham Young,
Who had, they all say, a bold, flattering tongue;
So beguiling he was, it is said with great truth,
That he had most remarkable power over youth;
So persuasive he was, that he found little trouble,
His numerous proselytes, yearly, to double;
So subtle he was, he improved every chance,
Both this, and the Future World's claims to advance;
So favorably placed, that he often could greet
A multitude, down on their knees at his feet:

So firm were his mandates, so fixed were his creeds,
That they rivalled the "laws of the Persians and Medes";
So powerful his will, he would never desist
From his purpose, while even *one* dared to resist;
So keen was his glance, and so searching his look,
That he read women's hearts, as a boy reads his book:
So fatal his grip, one might almost as well
Take her chance to escape from the "Ruler of Hell;"
And, in short, might conclude, if but once in his power,
That she knew not the year, nor the day, nor the hour
When her spirit, detached from the cumbersome clay,
Would take its bright flight, to the realms far away.
And here let me say, (though it seems out of place
To be babbling of goals, in the midst of a race,
Yet since what is not right, may not always be wrong,
It may sound as well here, as concluding my song,
And it often is said, that a thought is more terse,
When somewhat removed from its kindred, in verse),
That when Brigham at last, laid his form down to die,
His kindred did mourn and so bitterly cry,

That the Lake rose much higher, increased by their tears,
Rose higher, indeed, than it had been for years,
And now when his body, is laid in its vault,
It is found, strange to say, that the Great Lake is salt.

Their thoughts had been troubled, no place could they find,
That answered their purpose, or suited their mind,
Till to this fair abode, in the year "forty-six,"
They were forced, to escape from the terrible fix
Which they found themselves in, in proud old Illinois,
When they sought to establish the creed: "That a boy
May of his own motion and notion, acquire
The hand of each maid he may chance to admire;
That wives are great blessings, and he who has most,
May well of his wealth and prosperity boast;
That man being possessed of an infinite soul,
A fraction thereof, is as great as the whole;
That it has been established by close observation,
That his joys depend largely on multiplication,

And his usefulness grows by his being 'much married',
As the physical system by exercise varied,
For though it perhaps, is impaired by abuse,
More quickly and surely it fails from disuse.
That love is controlled by supply and demand,
Contenting itself with the numbers on hand;
And it thus is a matter of mere computation,
(Attended indeed with but little vexation)
That its volume contracts, as demand becomes small,
And when demand fails, has no volume at all:
That its stocks, below par when the market is light,
If held for advances, 'go up out of sight.'"

But to me it seems clear, beyond question or doubt,
That the truth of these precepts will scarcely hold out:
For as love has its limits, with saint and with sinner,
As its objects increase, it must, needs, grow the thinner:
And when shared in by many, a wife may "just bet"
That but few of its blessings, she's likely to get.

And now giving even "the devil his due,"
And judging these men, as you'd have them judge you;
Let us give them all praise for their labor and toil,
In peopling a desert and tilling its soil;
For their courage in quelling their dark savage foe,
And their lessons of patience,—as far as they go,
But while we give thanks, for the good they have done,
And praise for each virtue, —e'en every one—
We should vow *endless* war, 'gainst that terrible gnome
That desolates households, and ruins the home;
Makes Modesty blush, causes Innocence pain,
Claims Chastity's loss is but spiritual gain;
Brands wedlock a farce, degrades love to a sin,
Makes *slaves* of our women, and *brutes* of our men;
Does away with true pleasure, increases life's woes,
And scatters destruction, wherever it goes,
Ah, soon may this cloud on Columbia's name,
Be removed, as a blot, from her banner of fame!

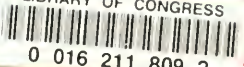
We hail thee, New Zion, Great City of fame!
Sweetly nestled where Jordan divides the great plain;
May thy future be great, and each daughter and son
Be privileged to teach all their dogmas but *one*:
May thy people adopt the original plan:—
“One man for each woman, one wife for each man:—”
Then proudly thou’lt shine, like a star in the West,
With thy strife at an end, and thy people at rest:
And the hatred now nourished against thee and thine,
Will quickly and surely be seen to decline,
And when years have passed by, say: one hundred and ten
From this year eighteen-hundred and ninety, Oh, then
Will thy sons “looking backward” exult at the change,
And deem *that old practice* offensive and strange:
And thy beauteous daughters “rejoice in their day,”
That this foe to their sex has long since passed away:
And *thy* days will be long, and *their* lives ever blest,
In their mountain-bound home, in the far-away West.







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