Daily Appeal.

THE MOCKING BIRD.

AS SUNG BY A. G. HULL.

From the rain, when mournfully pouring
Pale the flame in the lighted room,
On the ocean, exhausted, singing
Spirit of silver and delight!
Over magnolia, lone and cedar,
Flash you forth your long music,
Like the chant of a crusader,
Or the carol of silver bells.
Listen! I come. Listener is!
Reverent sounds were never heard
To the ear of that wild poet
Kindle and enamored—Mocking Bird

See him, entranced in his place,
Of his legitimate leading tone,
Circling the mystic circle,
Like some wild Greenlet's hymn!
Now it is sweet as the breeze
As the lone low note of love!
Now it breaks in mad exaltation,
All the musical tale alone!

Down I come, and,
Why let him, Oh! let that Poet's
Fancy or rapture be wrecked?
To the mute grand woodland Lute,
Mute as silence all are quiet,
But he, Ranger for his treasures—
Who knows how long—
Joys, the joy, and minute pleasure—
Wind down from all the North!
Hush! Dearest, an

Kind of music, wit and sadness,
Tender dirge of sunny chime,
Plaintive lament of all sweetness,
Proud Dirge of wave in my rhyme,
Over the heart that's resting by me,
I would wave a spell divine;
Is there night who could deny me,
Breaking to such strains as these?
Listen! dearest, do.

MR. GREELEY ON MORMON POLYGAMY.

Mr. Greeley writes from Salt Lake City:

I do not believe the plural-wife system can long endure; yet almost every man with whom I converse on the subject seems intensely, fastidiously devoted to it, deeming this the choicest of his earthly blessings. With the women, I am confident it is otherwise; and I wanted their faces as Elder Taylor, at a social gathering on Sunday night, was expatiating humorously on the fine feature of the Mormon system, to the great delight of the men; but not one responsive smile did I see on the face of a woman. On the contrary, I thought they seemed generally to wish the subject had been passed over in silence. Fanaticism, and a belief that we are God's especial, exclusive favorites, will carry most of us a great way; but the natural instinct in every woman's breast must teach her that to be some man's third or fourth wife is to be no wife at all. I asked my neighbor the name of a fair, young girl who sat some distance from us with a baby on her knee. "That is one of Judge Smith's ladies," was his quiet, matter of course answer. Of course, no woman ever spoke publicly—I believe none ever spoke in a Mormon assemblage—and I shall not ask any one her private opinion of polygamy; but I think I could read an unfavorable one in most faces.

Yet polygamy is one main pillar of the Mormon Church. He who has two or more wives rarely apostatizes, or ceases to be a zealous worker in its activity and its comfort as an apostate as I dare not take his wives elsewhere. I have heard of but a single instance in which a man with three wives proposed to remove thither and live for California, where he experienced no difficulty; "for," said my informant, (a woman,) "she introduced his two younger wives, (girls of 19 and 14,) as his two daughters, and married them both off in the course of six weeks."

I am assured by Gentiles that there is a large business done here in assassinating as well as marrying; some of them assure me that the Church exists a few of $10 on the marriage of each wife after the first, but charges a still heavier fee for divorcing. I do not know that this is true, and I suspect my informants were no wiser in the premises than I am. But it certainly looks to me as though a rich dignitary in the Church has a freer and fuller range for the selection of his sixth or eight wife than a poor young man of ordinary standing has for procuring his first. And I infer that the more sharpness of young men will not always be content with this.

Since the foregoing was written, I have enjoyed opportunities for visiting Mormons and studying Mormonism, in the houses of its votaries, and of discussing with them what the wide world regards as its distinguishing feature, in the freedom of friendly social intercourse. In one instance, a veteran apostle of the faith having first introduced to me a worthy matron of fifty-five or sixty—the wife of his youth, and the mother of his grown up sons—as Mrs. T., soon after introduced a young and winning lady of perhaps twenty-five summers, in these words: "Here is another Mrs. T." This lady is a recent emigrant from our State, of more than average powers of mind and person, and of a family, who came here with her brother, as a convert, a little over a year ago, and has been the sixth wife of Mr. T. since a few weeks after her arrival. (The intermediate four wives of Elder T. live on a farm or farms some miles distant.) The manner of the husband was perfectly concrete—not cold and formal throughout; but I would not be well mistaken in my conviction that each lady felt or divined a general dissatisfaction with their position in the eyes of the virtuous half of the world. They seemed to feel that it needs vindication. Their manner instead each other was most cordial and sisterly—perhaps so, I doubt not—but this is by no means the rule.

A Gentile friend, whose duties require him to travel widely over the Territory, informs me that he has repeatedly stopped with a Bishop, some hundred miles north of this, whose two wives he has never known to address each other, or evince the slightest cordiality during the hours he has spent in their company. The Bishop's house consists of two rooms; and when my informant asked their wives if they would prefer that the husband spend one night with a Gentile friend, the lady herself, one night with the other, the same apartment with him rather than in that occupied by her double. I presume that an extreme case, but the spirit which impels it is not unusual. I saw this evening a large party of young people, consisting in nearly equal numbers of husbands and wives; but no husband was attended by more than one wife, and no gentleman addressed or inquired of one wife in preference to another.

Well and admitted the system of polygamy, that he had more than one wife. And I was again struck by the circumstances that husband, or heretofore, no woman indicated by word or look, her approval of any argument in favor of polygamy. That many women acquiesce in it as an ordinance of God, and have been drilled into a mechanical assent to the logic by which it is upheld, I believe; but that there is not a woman in Utah who does not in her heart wish that God had not ordained it, I am confident. And quite a number of the young men treat it in conversation as a temporary or experimental arrangement, which they do not contemplate or yet entertain. Small wonder! Experience shall demonstrate its utility or mischief. One old Mormon farmer, with whom I discussed the matter privately, admitted that it was not the system for poor working men to have a well-ordered, well-governed household, where his children had two or more mothers, and where the husband was a drunkard and left for California, where he experienced no difficulty; "for," said my informant, (a woman,) "she introduced his two younger wives, (girls of 19 and 14,) as his two daughters, and married them both off in the course of six weeks."

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