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THE SEER.

I hear the far-off voyager's horn, I see the Yankee's trail-- His foot on every mountain peak, On every stream his sail. He's whistling round St. Mary's Falls, Upon his loaded train; He's leaving on the Pictured Rocks His fresh tobacco stain. I hear the mattock in the mines, The axe-stroke in the dell, The clamor from the Indian lodge, The Jesuit's chapel bell. I see the swarthy troopers come From Mississippi's springs; And war-chiefs with their painted bows, And crests of eagle wings. Behind the squaw's birchen canoe, The steamer smoke and raves; And city larks are stalked for sale Above old Indian graves. By forest lake and water-fall, I see the pedlar's show; The mighty mingling with the mean, The lofty with the low. I hear the tread of pioneers Of nations yet to be; The first low wash of waves where soon Shall roll a human sea. The rudiments of empire here, Are plastic yet and warm; The chaos of a mighty world Is rounding into form! Each rude and jostling fragment soon Its fitting place shall find-- The raw materials of a state, Its muscles and its mind! And westering still the star which leads The new world in its train, Has tipped with fire the icy spears Of many a mountain chain. The snowy cones of Oregon Are kindled on its way, And California's golden sands Gleam brighter in its ray!

SOMETHING ADVANTAGEOUS, Or a Family Fracas.

Once attended a very poor old man, of the name of Jordan, in his last illness. I call him poor, yet he was not in want, and had about him the comforts of life. When he was near his end, he said unto me: "Doctor, I want to know the truth-- I am not in the habit of being flattered by the world. There was a time indeed, when it when it fooled me to the top of my bent; but that was long ago. Do not flatter me, but tell me your real opinion. Shall I soon die, or shall I yet linger on a brief career in a world I am quite willing to be done with?" "You desire me," replied I, "to be candid with you, and I will. You are on your death-bed." "How soon shall I be immortal?" "That I cannot say. But your hours, as far as human experience can teach me to predict, are numbered." He was silent for a few moments, and a slight spasm passed across his face. "Well, he said, it is the lot of all. I have lived long enough." "Is there no friend or relation, Mr. Jordan," said I, "to whom you would wish to send? You are here, as you have often told me, quite alone in lodgings. Perhaps you would like to revive some old recollections before you leave the world?" "Not one," he said. "Are you so completely isolated?" "Most completely. I have tried all relations and found them wanting. But still I have remembered them, and made my will. It is now between the matras and the sucking of this bed, and Mr. Shaw, the only honest attorney I have met with, and who resides in Lincoln's-inn-fields, will carry my intentions into effect. I was rich once in early life. How dark a day!" "What day?" "To-day. How dark and misty it has come over, doctor!" His sight was going fast, and I felt certain that it would require but little patience, and a small sacrifice of time, to see the last of Mr. Jordan. "Yes," he continued, speaking in an odd, spasmodic fashion. "Yes, I was rich, and had many a crawling sycophant about me; many smiling faces at my board; but there came a reverse, and like fair flowers at a sudden frost, my friends hid their heads. I was nearly destitute, and thinking and believing that the tie of blood would be strong enough to bind me, in my distress, those with whom I claimed kindred, and who had been delighted with me, I went to them a visitor." "And failed?" "And failed, as you say. They dropped from me one by one. Some remembered slight offenses, some were never at home, some really thought I must have been dreadfully imprudent and until they were convinced I had not

been, could not assist me. Doors were shut in my face--window blinds pulled down as I passed. I was shunned as a pestilence--my clothes were in rag--my step feeble from long want of common necessities; and then an old school companion died in the West Indies, and left me twenty thousand pounds, which I received through the hands of Mr. Shaw. A large fortune. And your relation?" "Heard it, and was frantic. I disappeared from them all. From that day to this, they have not heard of me. Do you love wild flowers?" "Wild flowers?" "Yes. Here are herbs, just from the teeming garden. Look, too, how your cherub twines them in her hair. The stream flows deep to eternity." "Mr. Jordan, sir, I cried, Mr. Jordan, do you know me?" "Come hither, laughing, gentle spirit," he said. Bring with you your heap of floral gems. Yes, I know this is the sweet violet, Mary, my Mary! God knows that I loved you." It was a strange thing at that moment, but the blind of the window which I had drawn up to the top, came suddenly rattling down, and the room was quite dark. I raised it again, and then turned to the bed; Mr. Jordan was a corpse! What a remarkable change had in those few moments come over the old man's face! The sharp lines of age had all disappeared, and there was a calm, benign expression upon the still features, such as in life I never saw them wear. "A restless spirit is at peace," I said, as I felt for the will where he told me it was placed, and found it. It was merely tied up with a piece of red tape, and addressed to Mr. Shaw, 29 Lincoln's-inn-fields; so I resolved to trust to no other messenger, but to take it myself. I told the landlady of the house that her lodger was no more, and that she would do no doubt hear immediately from his solicitor; and then I left. "Well, Mr. Shaw," I said, after I had mentioned to him the manner of Mr. Jordan's death, "there is the will, sir; I presume I have nothing further to do than to thank you, for your courtesy, and to bid you good evening." "Stop a moment," he said. Let me look at the document. Humpf! a strange will. He leaves the farm of an advertisement here, which is to be inserted in the morning newspapers, calling his relations together to hear the will read." "Indeed?" "Yes. Well, I shall, as I see that I am named trustee, do as he wishes. He states that he is very poor." "Why, he spoke to me of £20,000!" "Did he, really? A delusion, sir, quite a delusion. £20,000! He had that amount twenty five years ago. But, sir, as you have attended him, and as I happened to know he had a high opinion of you, I should like you, as his friend, to be with me, as it were, in future proceedings connected with this will." "In which there is a mystery, eh, Mr. Shaw?" "A little--perhaps a little post mortem revenge, that is all, which I am not at liberty to discuss upon. But I will take care to coincide with you, and I shall hope that you will follow an old friend to the grave." I promise that much, and duly attended the funeral. It was a quiet, walking affair, and from the manner of it I felt quite convinced that there was no funds to make it otherwise. A mound of earth alone marked the spot, in the little church yard at Barnes, where Mr. Jordan slept the sleep that knows no waking. A drizzling rain came down. The air was cold and eger, and I returned home from the funeral of Mr. Jordan about as uncomfortable as I could. The next day the following advertisement appeared in the morning paper, and caught my eye as I eat a breakfast: "If any of the relations of Mr. John James Jordan, deceased, will call at the office of Mr. Shaw, 29 Lincoln's-inn-fields, they will hear of something advantageous." I made up my mind to call upon Mr. Shaw during the day, and about three o'clock reached his chambers; or rather, I reached the staircase leading to them, and there I had to stop; for it was quite besieged by men and women, who were all conversing with great eagerness. "What can it mean?" said one old woman; "I'm his aunt, and of course I speak for my Ned!" "Well, but bother your Ned," said a man; he hardly belongs to the family. I'm his brother, Think of that Mrs. Dean!" "Think of what? ye two legged geese!" "Poh, Poh!" said another man. "I knew him very well. I'm his cousin. Hillo! What's this? Who are you?" A woman in tattered garments, but who still looked like a beautiful one, stood hesitatingly at the foot of the stairs. "Is this Mr. Shaw's?" said she. "Hush, Mary, hush! don't my dear." "But I'm hungry, mamma, said the little girl, who was holding by a handful of her dress.

"Oh, Mary, do not, dear, we--we shall soon go home. Hush, dear, hush! Is this Mr. Shaw's?" "Yes," said a fat woman; "and who is your pray?" "I--I saw an advertisement. I am his Grace's only child. My name is Mary Grantham. This is his child. She--she is fatherless and has been so for many a day." "What," cried a man, "do you the Mary that he broke his heart about?" "Broke his fiddlesticks," said the fat woman; "he was fifty when he died." "Broke his heart for me!" asked the poor looking woman with the child. "Good God, do I live to hear that?" "You had better get up to the solicitor at once," whispered I. "Come, I will show you his door." "I made a way for her through the crowd of persons, and we soon reached the chamber. "Here is another of Mr. Jordan's relations Mr. Shaw," said I. "I find that you have had quite a levee." "I have, indeed, doctor. You must come at 12 o'clock next Monday, madam, when the will of Mr. Jordan will be read by me to all around." "I thank you, sir." She was about to leave the chamber when I interposed. "Parion me madam, I said. But as I was the only person with Mr. Jordan at the time of his decease, I wish to ask you a question. If I mistake not, your name was the last that passed his lips. "Mary, my Mary," he said, "God knows that I loved you!" She sank into a chair and burst into tears. "You, then," I added, "are the Mary whom he loved. And, were you not, if you can weep for him now, recapture the passion?" "I did love him," she cried; "God knows, and he is now with his God, how I loved him. But evil tongues came between us, and we were separated. He was wedded to me, and I was wedded by entreaties and tears until I married another. She who has turned me from him, and severed two hearts that would and should have been all the world to each other, confessed the sin upon her death-bed." "Who was it?" said Mr. Shaw. "His mother! I mean no other source could I have believed the girl as that I was told. But I did not then know enough of the world to think that there were mothers who could malign their own children. We were separated--my husband died, leaving me that last little one of mine. We are very, very poor--no one will help us--an acquaintance showed me the advertisement, and urged me to come--it was a false hope. But I find there are strong arms and braiding tongues below, that I cannot contend against." "Never mind that," said the solicitor, "it is my duty to read the will on Monday, and as a relation, it is your duty to attend at the same time. I tell you have no expectations?" I saw Mr. Shaw try to slip some money into her hand, and I saw a crimson flush come over her face as she said, "We can still work, and then fearing that she had been harsh to one who wished to be kind, she shook his hand in both of hers, and said, "God bless you, sir; I thank you from my heart." "Bang, bang!" came to the door of the chamber, a minute after Mary left, and upon its being opened, a man of about five or six and thirty made his appearance. "Something advantageous!" he gasped, for he was out of breath, "what--what is it? How much? Good God! don't let anybody else have it. I'm his youngest brother--give it me!" "If you will attend here at twelve, on Monday, the will will be read." "Bang, bang, bang!" "I'm thoroughly besieged," said Mr. Shaw. Now, madam, who are you?" "Something advantageous," screamed a masculine looking woman. "Um-a-re-lax--what is it--come on my dear. Here's my five dear daughters and my baby--some along!" "Be off with you," cried the youngest brother. "Did you speak to me, you wretch," said the lady, and she planted a blow in his face that made him reel again. "Take that; I know you are a sneaking bound, you used to be called the chimpanzee in the family, you poor scorch'd up looking bundle of cat's meat." Several more arrivals now took place, and poor Mr. Shaw was fairly bewildered. Sounds of contention arose on the staircase. Shrieks from family combatants came upon our ears, and finally, I advised Mr. Shaw to paste a placard on the outer door of his office, on which was written, "The will of Mr. Jordan will be read here on Monday next, at twelve o'clock, precisely." The riot gradually subsided. The evening came on, and all the relations of the deceased had been gone. Mr. Shaw and I supped together, and I promised to be with him punctually at 12 o'clock on Monday, for I was as curious as anybody could be to hear the will read, and at all events, anticipated a bustling scene upon

the occasion. I was not doomed to be disappointed. It is a habit of mine rather to be too early than to be too late, and in the present instance I found it most useful, for I really almost doubt if I should have got into the chambers of Mr. Shaw at all if I had been later than I was. I had fairly to push Mrs. Mary Grantham in, despite a vigorous opposition, and a man slipped my own entrance, trying-- "Who are you? What relation are you?" "His grandfather's uncle," said I; "and if you don't make way there, I'll pull the nose off your face!" It was well that Mr. Shaw occupied very spacious chambers, or otherwise he could not have accommodated one-half of the persons who came to the reading of the will, and never in my life did I see such a magnificent looks pass from one to another, as shot from the eyes of the reader. "I was a most pitiful picture of human nature." "Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Shaw, "I am glad to see you all in respectable mourning." "There was a death-like stillness. "Ladies and gentlemen, I am commissioned to read to you the--what shall I call it? It is hardly a will--of the late Mr. Jordan. No, it certainly ought not to be called a will, properly speaking, is a testamentary." "Read, read, read!" cried a dozen voices. "Well, ladies and gentlemen, I am glad to see you all in respectable mourning." "Except one," said the younger brother, "there's his Mary that he was so fond of. Oh, dear me, she only comes for what she can get!" Mrs. Grantham burst into tears. There was a little shabby piece of black crape upon her arm, and another upon the arm of her sister. "I could not do more," God help me; I had not the means." "Read, read!" cried all the voices. "Amen," said Mr. Shaw, reading; "I, John James Jordan, being very poor, and having in vain called upon every relation I have in the world for assistance, and found none, have to state that my heart was filled with bitterness and uncharitableness towards them. But still I think they are not dead to all feeling; and this being my last will and testament, I desire that my debts, amounting to the sum of one pound, three shillings, and eight pence, be paid forthwith out of my estate; but my funeral be strictly private in Barnes' churchyard, where I last parted with one whom I loved, but who has gone abroad. I am old, and to one of my relations who will erect a tomb-stone, I bequeath--" "Hark! will you?" cried one; "the quiet. Go on--yes, yes. Oh! you wretch, where's your feelings? G to the--" "Really, ladies and gentlemen," said I, "it is most indelicate." "I beseech," I commanded Mr. Shaw, "my dying blessing and forgiveness." Mr. Shaw then folded up the will, and put it in his pocket, saying-- "I wish you all good morning, ladies and gentlemen. I sold the few clothes and other matters he had possessed of, and paid for the funeral, and his debts; being myself minus one shilling and fourpence, which I hope you will some of you pay." It is quite impossible by any words to fairly depict to the reader the appearance of Mr. Jordan's relations at this moment. If the fabled Gorgon's head had suddenly appeared and transformed them all to stone, they could not have looked more completely paralysed and panic-stricken. "A tombstone," said Mr. Shaw. "A small one would not cost much. You could put on it a suitable inscription. Here lies--" "Lies here--never mind," said the brother. "You are a humbug," said the masculine woman, to Mr. Shaw, "and so was old stupid Jordan." "Go to the deuce, all of you," shouted another. "A tombstone, indeed!" Mr. Shaw was wiping his spectacles. "Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to add--" "Oh, stuff, stuff; bother. A tombstone indeed. I shan't stay another moment. An old thief. A tombstone ought to have been down his throat. Come on. A sell." "But ladies and gentlemen!" They were quite deaf to the remonstrances of Mr. Shaw, and in a few moments the chambers were quite clear, with the exception of Mrs. Mary Grantham, who was sobbing bitterly. She then rose and looked at me hesitatingly. Then she looked at Mr. Shaw, and she seemed to be struggling to say something. She placed her hand in her bosom, and drew forth a ring tied to a black ribbon, and then with a convulsive effort she spoke-- "This--this ring--it is my only valuable possession. It was given to me thirty years ago by him who is now no more

my cousin John, who loved me. I have clung to it in pain and sorrow, in difficulty and distress. I have never parted with it. I seemed to be not nearly separated from him while I had it near my heart. But now, great distress forces me--to part with it. Will neither of you, gentlemen, buy it of me. I shrink from its going into the hands of utter strangers." "Humph," said Mr. Shaw. "There are a couple of sovereigns for it." She took the money, and then, after one long, lingering look, and a fervent kiss at the ring, she laid it on the table, and tottered from the place. I was about to follow her, but Mr. Shaw held me back. "Hold, hold!" he said. "You're a brute, sir," said I. "Take your hands off of me; I will buy the ring of you and give it back to her. Her heart breaks to part with it." "I shan't part with it," he said; "you are a very busy man, doctor." I was very angry, and bounced out of the office. I looked enviously after Mrs. Grantham, but I did not see her. I walked hurriedly across the square, and as chance would have it, I went in the same direction she did. My first impulse was to speak to her, and my second to follow her, and see where she went. She crossed Holborn, and traversed some of the long streets that head in the New Road, where she arrived at last, and finally paused at a stone mason's yard. "I was started to my eyes, for now I felt why she had parted with her cherished ring. She stayed about a quarter of an hour at the stone mason's, and then she came out, and walked slowly away. I did not follow her further, but went into the mason's yard, and said to him-- "Did that lady give you an order?" "Why, yes, sir, such a one as it was. She has got me to do a stone for two pounds, and she's paid me. I'm to meet her at the churchyard at Barnes, to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, with it, and put it up. It's only to have on it the name of John James Jordan, and under that, God bless him!" I walked away with a sort of a mist about my eyes, and it was an hour before I recovered my composure. "I will meet her," thought I, "at the grave of her last love, and I will be a friend to her if she has never another in the world. She shall have it. I'll go and get it once." I suppose I looked in a very tolerable passion when I got back to Mr. Shaw's chambers, for he got behind a table when he table with he saw me, and said, "Come, come, no violence." "Hark you, sir," said I; "you have got the ring. There is your money. Give it to me directly, sir. Mrs. Grantham, poor thing, is going to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock, to place a stone at Jordan's grave, and I intend to be there, and give her her ring." "Oh, very well. Bother the ring--I don't want it. It ain't worth half the money I gave for it. There it is; don't bother me." I took up the ring, and then put down two sovereigns, and cast upon him a withering look, which, to tell the truth, he did not seem to care much about, I left the chambers. A soft, damp, mist covered up all objects and made the air uncommodiously raw and chilly, as on the following morning, just as the clock of the church at Barnes chimed the three quarter past 8, I entered the church yard. The first thing I then did was to fall over somebody's grave, for I was looking for Mrs. Grantham, instead of minding where I was walking; and then a voice said-- "There you are again, violent as usual, doctor, and in the dim mist I saw Mr. Shaw, the solicitor, to my great surprise. I was going to say something, but at that moment I was nearly knocked down again by somebody brushing past me. A gleam of sunshine came out, and mist began to clear away, when a most singular scene presented itself. A few yards off was the grave of Mr. Jordan, and kneeling by it was Mary, his first love, with her child by her side, Mr. Shaw stood at my left, and at her feet there knelt a respectable looking young man, I recollected as Mr. Shaw's clerk. "Good God! Richard," said Mr. Shaw, "is that you? What is the matter?" "Oh, sir," said Richard, "I have come to ask your forgiveness. The spirit of my poor old father stood by my bed all night. Oh God! Oh, God! it was dreadful, and I knew what it was for. Oh, sir, forgive me. I peeped into the will while you went out to dinner--Mr. Jordan's will--and went round to all the relations, and sold the secret for two pounds apiece, and--" Mr. Shaw gave a jump that astonished me. "Doctor, doctor," he shouted "for God's sake run down the London road and bring the man with the grave stone. Oh, good gracious! Oh, curse you, Richards. Ha, ha, ha. Oh, here he is. Oh, bless you for a prudent stone mason; you shall go well paid for this job. Hip, hip, hip--hurrah!"

I thought to be sure that Mr. Shaw must have gone mad. There was a man looking over the railing of the church yard with a spade on his shoulder, and to him Mr. Shaw, said "Five guineas for that spade." The man thought he was mad, and tried to run away, but he dropped the spade, and in another moment Mr. Shaw's coat was off and he was digging away like fury. "Where's the stone?" he cried, "bring the stone. That's right. Poke it in--prop it up. That's the thing--all's right. Here we are--Another knock. All's right--all's right." "Lor," said the stone mason, as he lifted up his hands, "look there." I looked in the direction he indicated, and there to my astonishment, I saw arriving cabs, carriages, cabs, and wheel barrows, and each contained a tombstone. A regular fight occurred at the entrance of the church-yard, and engaged in the fight I recognised the relations of Mr. Jordan. Heavens how they cuffed each other. "Hold," cried Mr. Shaw, "you are all too late, although you had information you ought not to have had. There is already a stone on Mr. Jordan's grave, and placed too, by one who knew not what all you knew. Listen to the conclusion of the will: 'And to that one of my relations who will erect a tombstone to my memory, I bequeath blessing and forgiveness, and eighty thousand pounds in bank stock.' Madam,"--to Mrs. Grantham--"I congratulate you." "And there is your ring," said I. Mr. Shaw let us shake hands. I understand you now." "Ha, ha!" said Mr. Shaw. Ladies and gentlemen, you had better all of you keep the tombstones for yourselves. You can get the name altered, for if you don't, I'm very much afraid you will not find them "something advantageous."

Mormonism as it is. Joe Smith, the Prophet, in his early vision, condemned polygamy; but in his later days, after decreeing a special visit to himself proceeded to lay down the general law, as it is now received by the Mormons, as he prime article of their faith and the corner-stone of their social policy. Thus it runs: "And again, as pertaining to the law of the priesthood, if any man espouse a virgin, and desire to espouse another, and the first give her consent; and if he espouse the second, and they are virgins, and have vowed to see no other man, then he is justified; he cannot commit adultery, for they are given unto him; for he cannot commit adultery with that belonging unto him, and to no one else; and if he have ten virgins given unto him by this law, he cannot commit adultery, for they belong to him, and they are given unto him, therefore he is justified. "Lest the first wife should not give her consent, provision is made for dispensing with it. "And again, verily, verily, I say unto you, if any man has a wife who holds the key of this power, and he teaches unto her the laws of my priesthood as pertaining to these things, then shall she believe and administer unto him, or she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord your God; for I will magnify my name upon all those who receive and abide in my law. Therefore, it shall be lawful in me, if she receive not this law, for him to receive all things whatsoever I, the Lord his God, will give unto him, because she did not believe and administer unto him according to my word, and she then becomes the transgressor, and he is exempt from the law of Sarah, who administered unto Abraham, according to the law; when I commanded Abraham, according to the law, when I commanded Abraham to take Hagar unto a wife. And now, as appertaining to this, verily, verily, I say unto you, I will reveal more unto you hereafter, hereafter, let this suffice for the present. Behold! I am Alpha and Omega. Amen. "Let us look a little at the practical workings of the system, as seen and described by Mr. Ferris in his book just published. DOMESTIC ECONOMY. "Polygamy," says Mr. Ferris, is introducing a new style of building at Salt Lake City. A man with a half dozen wives builds, if he can, a long, low dwelling, having six entrances from the outside, and when he takes a new wife, if able to do so, adds another apartment. The object is to keep the women and babies, as much as possible, apart, and prevent those terrible cat-fights which sometimes occur, with all the accompaniments of Billingsgate, torn caps and broken broomsticks. As the 'divine institution' extends, these buildings increase, and in few years the city will look like a collection of barracks for the accommodation of soldiers. Some have separate buildings in parts of the city remote from each other, and others have farm-houses and the wives are thus kept separate, the husband dividing his time between all. EFFECT OF POLYGAMY UPON POPULATION. "The effect of polygamy upon popula-

tion is decidedly deleterious. The prophet Joseph had over forty wives at Nauvoo, and the rest of the priesthood had various numbers, corresponding with their standing and inclinations, and nearly all the children of these polygamous marriages died at that place--indeed, it is alleged by Mormons that not one was taken to Utah. Brigham Young has thirty children, of whom eight are by his first and second lawful wife, the remaining twenty-two are by his spirituals. He has about fifty wives, some of whom were widows of Joseph Smith, and are probably past the time of having children; but supposing him to have thirty who are capable of having issue--which is below the true number--the twenty-two children would be less than one child to a concubine. If each of these degraded females could have been the honored wife of one husband, the aggregate number of children according to the usual average of four to a family, would be one-hundred and twenty, showing a loss in population of ninety-eight. The children are subject to a frightful degree of sickness and mortality. This is the combined result of the gross sensuality of the parents, and want of care toward their offspring. As a general rule, the saintly pretenders take as little care of their wives as of their children, and of both less than a careful farmer in the states would of his cattle; and nowhere out of the Five Points, in New York City, can a more filthy, miserable, neglected-looking and disorderly rabble of children be found than in the streets of Great Salt Lake City. The Governor, again, whose attention to his multifarious family we are bound to suppose greater than the average, affords a fair illustration. He was twice lawfully married, and has eight legitimate children by his concubines--no one knows how many--it is only known that there are only twenty-two surviving. These females do not reside in the Governor's House, so called, but in different establishments, from one up to a dozen in a place. Their system of plurality has obliterated nearly all sense of decency, and would seem to be fast leading to an intercourse open and promiscuous as the cattle in the fields. A man living in common with a dozen dirty Arabes, whether he call them wives or concubines, cannot have a very nice sense of propriety. It is difficult to give a true account of the effects which have resulted from this course, and at the same time, preserve decency of language. The Saints are progressive. Last year, (1853,) they seriously discussed the subject of introducing a new order into the church, by which the wives of absent missionaries might be sealed to Saints left at home. There are a number of cases in which a man has taken a widow and her daughter for wives at the same time. There are also instances of the wives being sealed to the uncle, and they excite no more attention than an ordinary case. How far the plague-spot is to spread in this direction remains to be seen. Brigham Young stated in the pulpit, in 1852, that the time might come when, for the sake of keeping the lineage of the priesthood unbroken, marriages would be confined to the same families; as, for instance, the son of one mother, would marry the daughter of another by the same father. There has been some talk of going even beyond this, and allowing the father to seal his own daughter to himself. THE HAREMS OF THE PRIESTHOOD. The high priest dignitaries of the church are exceedingly skillful in procuring young girls for wives. They incur the idea that elderly members, who have been tried and found faithful, are sorer instruments of salvation than the young, who may apostatize; and as marriage to one who remains steadfast is essential to escape from the fate of being mere angels, a great many young women are lured into this bubbling and scolding cauldron of prostitution. Elder Wilford Woodruff, one of the twelve apostles, has a regular system of changing his harem. He takes in one or more young girls, and so manages, after he uses of them, that they are glad to ask for a divorce, after which he beats the bush for recruits. He took a fresh one, about fourteen years old, in April, 1853, and will probably get rid of her in the course of the ensuing summer. These manoeuvres are practised more or less by the whole gang; the girls discarded by one become sealed to another, and so travel the entire circuit; and when they accomplish the whole circuit, and are ready to start anew, they have a profound 'realizing sense' of female modesty, to say nothing of some of its adjuncts. THIS WOMAN WIFE. A wife, in Utah, cannot live out half her days. In families where polygamy has been introduced, she suffers an amount of apprehension of the subject which scarcely can be conceived, much more described. There is a sad, complaining, suffering look which is obvious to the most ordinary observer, which tells the story, if there were no other evidence on the subject.