

The English Mission.

We have been favored with the perusal of a letter from br. Thomas Williams, of the *Star* Office, to br. John Kay, from which we extract the following:—

"42 ISLINGTON, Liverpool,
Feb. 2, 1859."

MY DEAR BR. KAY:—

I am thankful to say matters are progressing fine in this mission. The Saints continue steadfast in the truth, the best of feeling prevails universally, and a desire is manifest all around to serve God and keep his commandments.

The work has certainly made great strides in these lands during the past year; the favor and blessing of God has manifestly attended the labors of his servants; they all seem devoted to the cause, and have much influence for the accomplishment of good among the Saints.

The financial department of the mission is in good condition. The Saints work well to the counsel given and the results are quite cheering and satisfactory.

There will be a great effort made this year towards their own emigration as well as attending to the Church requirements. The Penny Fund is now in active operation and I have no doubt many thousands of pounds will be forthcoming this year towards the Saints' individual emigration.

I am glad to say the work of reformation that commenced when we enjoyed your society and labors, has been kept alive ever since and it has brought to us the favor of our Heavenly Father.

We have, after much faithful labor with them, had to cut off a great number in this branch, but we do better, feel better, and now begin to add to the Church.

I do not anticipate the emigration will be at all large this season, the notice has been short for many to dispose of their business, etc. There are a great number that have considerable means deposited on account of their emigration, but not sufficient to go this year.

War! is again the topic of the day and it's looking rather alarming all over the continent of Europe. France and Austria, Italy and Sardinia are supposed to be on the eve of going to war. It does really seem that France and Austria are bound to have a dig at each other before long, and it will doubtless involve the whole of Europe in war. It will result, however, in good for the onward progress of God's kingdom, and the gathering out of the House of Israel.

Brs. Calkin, Ross and Budge are feeling fine, busily engaged in their several callings. Br. Calkin travels considerable, as his other duties permit, visiting the conferences and counseling and instructing the people.

"The people," says br. Williams, "are sick and tired of lectures against 'Mormonism'—as was fully attested in the case of an apostate, from Utah, who, after endeavoring to kick up a rumpus by his false representations, and signally failing therein, joined the 'New Jerusalem' church in London and managed to obtain a weekly pitance for disseminating its doctrines.

I think trade will be pretty brisk in this country during the present year, it has been very dull all the past season.

Br. Calkin desires a kind remembrance to you and all of his valley friends and acquaintances.

Your friend and brother,

THOMAS WILLIAMS."

The Seminoles.

It seems, at last, after years of war and the expenditure of millions to conquer that small tribe of Indians, and induce them to leave their native swamps and go to the place that government had provided for them, west of the Mississippi, that most of those remaining in Florida have been persuaded, by Col. Rector, to leave the land of their fathers and follow those of their tribe that have gone before them to their new home in the west.

The Philadelphia *North American* says:—

"Advices from the South inform us that there is a prospect of the few remaining Seminoles being soon carried off from Florida, to join their compatriots at the west. Col. Rector had succeeded in inducing the greater part of them to assemble at Fort Myers, to be ready to embark on the 12th instant for New Orleans. This result is attributable to the influence of a reliable delegation of the Seminoles of the west, taken back to Florida by the government agents, for the purpose of representing to the denizens of the everglades how much better off they were on the prairie lands of the west than they ever had been in their native swamps, and how foolish it was to refuse any longer to join the main body of the new tribe, in its new home. After deliberating upon the matter, it seems that the contents have at last agreed, and, to the number of sixty, will be deported by steamboat, bidding a long farewell to the land of their forefathers, who so bravely resisted the comrades of Ponce de Leon and Fernando De Soto, to say nothing of later eras.

There is something peculiarly mournful in this departure of the last remnant of a heroic race from the land so much cherished and so courageously contested. For the most of the Indian tribes, native to our soil, we entertain none of the cheap sympathy so often expressed by sentimental commentators. There are exceptions, however, such as our own almost invincible Delawares, who, exiled from their homes hereaway, have become the most valiant warriors of the great plains. They are the finest race of men among our aboriginal races.

Of such composition, too, were the Seminoles of Florida. No people could possibly have better

attested their devotion to the land of their birth, than they did, in their long and obstinate struggle against the troops of the United States. We have, in the course of this struggle, spent more than the value of the whole peninsula of Florida, twice told. We have wasted hundreds of precious lives in battle and by disease. We have tried, by turns, all the generals of the army, and each successively failed. The savages were too much for us, and we were obliged to coax, and entrap, and bribe them to go away.

It is all for the best, no doubt. Florida ought to be a great and prosperous State, and now that she is at least free from the Indians, who always were the dread of emigrants, the tide of settlement may take a start. The peninsula has probably no more swamp land than Louisiana, it is as much, and yet, while the latter has six hundred thousand inhabitants, the former has scarce a sixth of that number. Ten years hence the state of affairs may be very greatly changed, for land is cheap down there. As the soil is better adapted to the culture of sugar than of any other southern product, and as it is adjacent to the two great sugar growing regions of Louisiana and Cuba, its speedy settlement would be likely to enhance, very sensibly, the sugar crop of the United States. At present Florida is of very little value to us, but, with a large agricultural population, it would soon exercise an important influence in the commerce of the Gulf.

DRESS AND MARRIAGE IN PARIS.—The Paris correspondent of the *Boston Traveler* writes as follows upon these kindred subjects:—

I heard the other day the story of a young man of fortune and great personal advantages, who, pressed to marry, declared that if he continued a bachelor at eight-and-twenty it was not his fault, but simply because he could find no parents willing to accept the condition he advanced as precedent to the marriage. He stated that he had sued for seven or eight ladies' hands. The condition he urged was simply this. He insisted the parents of the lady should enter into a formal contract, duly recorded in a notary's office, to pay all the mantua-makers', milliners' and jewelers' bills run up by their daughter—in fine, to provide for all her dressing expenses. He told them if they would accept this condition he would leave her whole dowry in their hands. This young man said, as I have already stated, that he could not find a single parent willing to accept his offer, although one of the young ladies had a dowry of a hundred thousand dollars.

You will approve the discretion of the young man when you think wives at present find six thousand dollars a year an inadequate sum of money to supply their expenses of dress. M. Alex. Dumas tells incidentally of the Countess in whose suite he traveled from Paris to St. Petersburg, that she has eighty dresses and thirty-six bonnets. Reckon the money those dresses cost, I dare say you would find it nearer twenty thousand dollars than any other sum of money.

As long as I have been here, and as hardened as I have become to extraordinary sights, I am still surprised at the money wasted here on dress. I have had scores of lorettes pointed out to me in the Bois de Boulogne who never wear the same dress twice, and habit themselves in two new dresses the days they go to the theatres. By this stupid extravagance, 'rich marriages' not unfrequently prove the ruin of the husband."

Toquerville.

From a letter written by J. T. Willis, dated March 11th, we learn that the people in that small settlement, consisting of only 19 families, were prospering remarkably well, and busy in getting in wheat and other kinds of grain, fencing, etc.

It has been represented that the best molasses from Chinese sugar cane made in the Territory was produced at that place last season, and preparations are being made to cultivate that useful and remunerative article very extensively the coming season.

This settlement was commenced last year, and is about 40 miles from Cedar city, on the new road to Washington and the Santa Clara.

On looking over our mail lists, we find that every family in this new and thriving little settlement has subscribed for the current volume of the *Deseret News*.

WITTY.—An American sloop-of-war had put into an English port and the first lieutenant went ashore to reconnoitre. In the course of his travels he went into a tavern where a number of British officers were carousing. They at once recognized the lieutenant's nationality, by his dress, and resolved to amuse themselves by bullying him.

"Well, comrade," says one, "you belong to the United States, I see."

"Right," was the answer.

"Now, what would you do to a man who should say that your navy did not contain an officer fit for a bumboat?" continued the Englishman.

"I would blow his brains out!" returned the lieutenant with great coolness.

There was silence among her majesty's servants for a moment; but finally, one of them, more muddled than the rest, managed to stammer out:—

"W-well, Yank, I say it!"

The American walked to his side, and replied, calmly:—

"It is lucky for you, shipmate, that you have no brains to blow out!"

Struck by the dignity of the answer, the offender at once apologized, and our hero was invited to join the party.

The First State Prisoner.

BY GRANT THORBURN.

I landed in New York, June, 1784; by trade a rough nailmaker, in the 23d year of my age. In October following, (at that time the Park was out of town, and only 20,000 inhabitants) with 10,000 fools, some bigger and some smaller than myself, we stood watching the vibrations of the rope and iron hook, during two long hours.—Then the sheriff stood on the scaffold and read a reprieve. I confess I was much disappointed. I expected to see a hanging, but no hanging was there.

The man was Noah Gardner. He kept a large shoe store in New York; he committed forgery, which at that time, was death by the laws of these United States. The State prison of New York was in the course of erection at the time; this was the first prison erected in the world for reform, instead of hanging. The Society of Friends were the chief promoters of this humane system. One room in the prison was nearly ready to receive criminals. The Friends had procured from the Governor a commutation from death to the State prison for life.

Being a shoemaker by trade, they gave him a stool, wax, lasts, and awls, and here commenced the State prison shoe manufactory. Next court, six vagabonds were sent to keep him company, whom he learned to make shoes. I visited the prison three years after this. In one large room sat three hundred shoemakers.—Noah was provost marshal, walking through the ranks with cane in hand, punishing evil doers and praising them that did well. Seven years having passed over him, the Friends waited on the Governor. "Friend," said they, "seven years ago you would have hung this man—now here is a reformed member saved to society."

He received an unconditional pardon, and came out. The Friends found him a store on Pearl street, found him money, endorsed his notes, and gave him their custom. Immediately he was in a thriving way. He joined the Society of Friends, and said thee and thou with the best of them. He had a wife, and children arrived at maturity.

His journeymen were chiefly men of family, and wrought at their own houses. One day he gave to a man a pair of boots. "Now, friend," said he, thee must bring home these boots on the evening of the fourth day." Says he, "You shall have them."

The boots did not come home until the evening of the fifth day. Noah was wroth. He gave the man a long lecture on the evils of disappointment and want of punctuality. When he drew up to breathe, the man replied:

"Sir, I am a poor man—have three children—the youngest forty-eight hours old. I had to tend to my wife and cook for my children. It was not in my power to finish the boots sooner." Noah still continued to magnify the horrors of disappointment. The man grew angry; the Scotch blood boiled in his veins, he struck the counter with his fist like a sledge-hammer, and answered, "I know," said he, "it's a terrible thing to be disappointed. I remember going up to the Park to see you hung, and I never was so disappointed in my life as when I saw the reprieve."

Now, this was a knock down argument, as an Irishman would say. It was a case in point, as they would say in court; and a fact beyond all controversy, as they would say in Congress.—Noah was dumb, he opened not his mouth. He gave the man another pair to make, kept him in his employment, treated him kindly, but the man said he never heard the word disappointment drop from his lips thereafter.

Noah went on prospering and to prosper. One day he borrowed various sums of money, and obtained a number of endorsements. The bills he charged for gold; the endorsements he got shaved in Wall st. That night he was off for parts unknown, taking with him a dear sister, the wife of a young friend to cheer him on the way. The story is true to the letter, and being the first subject of State prison reform, the day dreamers of the present time may settle the question, whether hanging or State prison reform is the surest way of curing a consummate villain. His family and friends never heard from him.

Origin of Chess.

The following tradition will be interesting to many of our readers just at this time:

About the commencement of the fifth century of the Christian era, the sovereignty of a large kingdom, near the mouth of the Ganges, devolved upon a very young monarch. Experience had not yet taught him that he should consider his subjects as children, and that their love was the only solid prop of the state. It was in vain that those important truths were held up to his view by the sage Brahmins and his Rajahs. Elated with power and grandeur, he swayed the land with unnatural severity.

Sissa, the son of Dahur, the most venerable of the Brahmins, on whom the splendor of philosophy and wisdom shone from his infancy to his 70th year, saw that there were virtues in this monarch which required only the culture of reason to bring them into life; and afflicted at the miseries of his country, he undertook to display to the monarch the cause of them. Sissa, aware of the disrepute into which the precepts of morality and virtue had fallen, from the evil examples held up by those who taught them, was led to devise a mode of instruction whereby his lessons should appear the result of the Prince's own reasoning, rather than the instruction of another.—With this view he invented the game of "Shalk," or the "King." In the game he contrived to make the King the most important of all the pieces, but yet the easiest to attack, and the most difficult to defend; and only to be defended by the next in rank or consequence in the game in gradation.

The game was first spread abroad among some

of the leading men, and, from the great fame of Sissa, became soon in vogue. The Prince heard of it, and directed that the inventor should be his instructor. The sage Brahmin had now attained his desire, and, in the course of his instruction, took seasonable occasion to point out the dependence of the King on the Pawns, and other seasonable truths. The Prince, born with genius, and capable of virtuous sentiments, in despite of the maxim of courtiers, applied to himself the morality the game so strongly exhibited, and reformatory his conduct, his people soon became happy.

The Prince, eager to recompense the Brahmin for the good derived from his ingenuity, requested him to demand what he thought competent. The Brahmin asked only a gift of corn, the amount of which should be regulated by the number of houses (or squares) on the Chess board; putting one grain on the first house, two on the second, four on the third, and so on, in double progression, to the sixty-fourth house.—The apparent moderation of the demand astonished the King, and he unhesitatingly granted it.—But when his treasurer had calculated the amount of the donation, he found that the King's revenues were not competent to discharge it. For the corn of 16,384 towns, each containing 1084 granaries of 173,762 measures each, and each measure to consist of 32,768 grains, could alone answer the demand. The Brahmin then took the opportunity of pointing out to the Monarch how necessary it was, especially for Kings, to be guarded against the arts of those who surround them, how much they owed to their subjects, and how cautious they should be of inconsiderately bestowing the goods wastefully.

My Sunday.

Sunday morning again. How many pleasant breakfast tables it looks down upon. No need to hurry away to office, or store, or counting-room. Fathers come leisurely down in dressing gown and slippers, and sip their coffee without danger of choking. They have time to look round and see how tall the children are growing, and that nothing in this world is so beautiful as a rosy baby fresh from slumber. Mother, too, has the old girlish smile that comes not often on a weekday, or if it does, father has not time to notice it, and that perhaps, after all, is the reason it comes so seldom. It is pleasant, after eggs and coffee, to sit comfortably down by the fire, the centre of a ring of happy faces, and hear the church bells chime. Time enough yet to go, for this is the first bell.

Church bells are not to my ear "an impertinence." One is a free agent. I am free to go, which I like to do; you are free to stay, if you prefer; though I may think you make a mistake. I don't say that I should go every Sunday to hear a man who was always binding doctrines together like bundles of dry sticks, and thrusting them at his yawning hearers. I want to hear a sermon that any poor soul who straggles into church, from any by-lane or alley, can understand, and carry home with him to his cellar or garret; not a sermon that comes on chariot wheels, but apt, and with a warm, life-like grasp for every honest—aye, and dishonest—hand in the assembly, defaulter or Magdalen, for who bade you slam Heaven's gate in their faces?

I want a human sermon. I don't care what Melchisedek, or Zerubbabel, or Kerenhappuk did, ages ago; I want to know what I am to do, and I want somebody beside a theological bookworm to tell me—somebody who is sometimes tempted and tried, and is not too dignified to own it; somebody like me, who is always sinning and repenting; somebody who is glad and sorry, and cries and laughs, and eats and drinks, and wants to fight when they are trodden on—and don't. That's the minister for me. I don't want a spiritual abstraction, with stoney eyes and petrified fingers, and no blood to battle with. What credit is it to him to be proper? How can he understand me? Were there only such minister in the pulpit, I wouldn't go to church either, because my impatient feet would only beat a tattoo on the pew floor till service was over; but thank God there are! and while they preach I shall go to hear them, and come home better and happier for having done it.

So I pray you don't abolish my Sunday, whatever you may do with yours. Don't take away my blessed Sunday breakfast, when we all have time to love one another. Don't take away the Sabbath bells, which I so love to hear. Don't take away my human minister, whose God is no tyrant, and is better pleased to see us go smiling home from church, than bowing our heads, like a bulrush, and groaning back to our dinners, still all you anti-Sabbatarians are mad to abolish Sunday—and no wonder.—[Fanny Fern.]

BENEFITS OF EDUCATION.—Two men in New Hampshire went a fishing. One was totally ignorant of figures, the other, probably, had been to the "Rule of Three." After catching a large quantity of the finny tribe, they proposed to divide them and return. In counting them, it was found they had forty-nine hickory shad, (a small fish very full of bones, and worthless) and one large, fine, fat bass. They were puzzled to know how to divide them, as both wanted the bass.

After awhile, a happy thought struck the man of figures, and he told his companion he would divide them according to the rules of arithmetic, which proposition was eagerly agreed to. He then, with pencil and paper, and with a knowing look, commenced: "Twice five is ten. Five times ten is fifty. Forty-nine from fifty leaves one; and, with astonishing gaze, said to his companion: "The bass is mine." The other, picking up his shad, started off, and remarked: "What a great thing it is to have a little education!"