

THE EFFECTS OF TRAINING.

WE have lately seen extracts from a "report of the Hon. G. B. Hubbell, on the prisons of England and Ireland," in an article in that excellent paper, *Hearth and Home*, which are worthy of attention. The lesson to be learned from the perusal of this article is most excellent, as it exhibits, in the clearest possible light, the wonderful power which a correct system of training exerts upon the most depraved of our race.

Captain Alexander Machonochie originated what is called the mark system, by which a series of marks for industry in work, progress in religious and secular knowledge and general good conduct among criminals confined in prison were noted. He suggested that these marks should have a money value in the prison, and should serve for the purchase of food, clothes and other comforts and indulgences during the incarceration of the prisoner—the surplus, after defraying all his prison expenses, to be applied to his liberation upon an earlier day than the full term of his sentence. The Captain was permitted to test his theory upon the penal colony of Norfolk Island, in the South Pacific. To this Island the vilest, the most brutal and refractory convicts were sent as a final punishment. If a convict could not be managed at any other penal colony, he was sent to Norfolk Island. After four years' trial of his system, he thus reports respecting the results:

"I found this Island a turbulent, brutal hell; I left it a peaceful, well-ordered community. The most complete security alike of person and property prevailed. Officers, women, and children traversed the Island everywhere without fear; and huts, gardens, stock-yards, and growing crops, many of them, such as fruit, most tempting, were scattered in every corner without molestation."

This experiment, resulting so successfully, drew the attention of philanthropists, and Sir Walter Crofton, Chairman of the Directors of Prisons in Ireland, originated a system of prison discipline known as the Irish system. It was only the enlargement of Captain Machonochie's mark system, adapted to criminals not so low in the scale of crime as the convicts of Norfolk Island. The prisons of Ireland were in a most deplorable condition, and the moral and physical condition of the convicts was as wretched as could be. But Crofton recognized them as human beings, treated them as such in the plan which he adopted, sought to inspire them with hope and lift them from the degraded brutishness into which they had fallen.

There are three distinct stages in his system. The first is punishment itself, without much to alleviate it. The prisoner is sentenced to eight months solitary confinement, in the first four of which he has no other bed but a plank, with a box for a pillow. He is allowed no meat, and his only work is picking oakum. He is told in the beginning that he holds in his own hands the power to alleviate or shorten this confinement. At first prisoners are usually defiant and violent. But they have a power to deal with greater than they, and they soon feel this. During the second four months of this first stage, a bed and bedding are allowed the convict, his diet is improved, other employment is provided for him and his door is left partially open; if his conduct, as shown by the mark book, is worthy of favor, this stage of his imprisonment is shortened. But if, on the contrary, he has behaved badly, he is turned back to the hard diet, hard work and hard sleeping of the first stage. Convicts, however wicked, are sensible enough to see that misconduct does not pay. By indulging in it they do not spite their jailors, they only hurt themselves.

In the second stage, the convicts who have passed through the first are transferred to prisons, where they are employed on government structures, or, if artisans, are set to work at in-door trades. They are allowed to work together, but they are not allowed to speak to each other. Officers watch them closely, and any infraction of the rules is marked against them. Here again the convict is made to feel that he will get a reward for his conduct and be punished for his misconduct, and sees that his fate is in his own hands. As the prisoner gradually improves in his conduct and learns the art of self-control, he is preparing himself for the third stage.

In this latter class the prisoner is no longer under a rigid supervision, and he is surrounded by many of the temptations of ordinary life. If he passes a

year in this exemplary class, his right to self-government is restored to him. In this condition he enjoys almost as much freedom as laboring people in civil life. He almost ceases to be a prisoner. He labors without an overseer, is trusted to go errands anywhere on in the city of Dublin and through the country, and is only locked up at night, and even then not in a solitary cell. In this stage that which he should have been taught in early life is imparted to him; he is taught to avoid the wickedness and danger of criminal pursuits. All the educational resources of modern times are placed before him—schools, lectures, books and advice to show him the course he should take to amend his life. The dress which he wears is that which is usually worn by other mechanics. Respecting the effect of this discipline, the report says:

"It is wonderful what a waking up of the dormant powers of intellect, what a development of all the elements of manhood, is effected even in the most vicious and degraded by this course of training."

When the training is completed employment is obtained for the man. At first there were many prejudices against employing these men; but time and perseverance have broken these down. They have been found to be better able to withstand the temptations that beset ordinary workmen than those who have not had this training. At the present time no man, well recommended by the prison agents, need want employment in Ireland, the demand for such is so great.

The men who engage in such a work of redemption as this deserve and will receive a great reward. They have faith in humanity, and their conduct praises God. They prove that man has within him powers of development and expansion that show he is of divine descent. If degraded creatures, such as these convicts are when first imprisoned, can, by correct training, be made respected and useful members of society, to what a pitch of perfection the whole race might be raised if proper laws were taught and practiced.

Correspondence.

Logan, July 25, '69.

Editor *Deseret News*:—Seeing my name in your columns respecting the Indians stealing G. W. Thurston's child, I deem it proper to give you the particulars respecting the matter as far as I know them, that the minds of the public may be corrected. About a month after the child was lost, the Indian chief, Sige-Witch, informed me that he had heard through other Indians that Po-ka-tel-lo's second mother (stepmother) stole the child. From that time up to this day every exertion has been made by President Benson and myself, with our interpreters, to find out the truth or fallacy of that statement. On hearing of a white child among the Indians at Snake River, we sent friendly Indians to see about it, who, on their return, said that such a child was there, but assured us that it was with its own mother, a squaw, its father, a Frenchman, had left his red wife and gone to California. They could hear nothing of the Mormon papoose. Many attempts of a like nature have been made to get track of the lost child, but with no effect really satisfactory to us.

On the 19th of last May Po-ka-tel-lo admitted to me that he believed an Indian named Yam-bi-ah, and a squaw named Tic-a-mah stole the child; they did not belong to any tribe but roamed about from place to place as seemed them good; also that a friendly Snake Indian told him they had traded the Mormon papoose to a white man at Salmon River. Since then Indian George, or Blackbeard, tells me that Po-ka-tel-lo's stepmother's name is Tic-a-mah. Some time ago she left Po-ka-tel-lo's father and ran off with another Indian (whose name he did not know) to the mines, on very disreputable business. It would seem to me, after considering the sources of the above items of testimony or information that there is a probability of Bro. Thurston's child still being alive in the north country.

Bro. Thurston may reasonably ask why did I not spread this before the world sooner? I will simply say that every means has been resorted to in our power to save the child (should it still live) and have it returned to its parents, except publishing in the newspapers which, as a last resort, was our intention to do; that every Editor in our neighboring Territories, might publish the news and every tongue inspired

with humanity, repeat the sound till a restoration of the lost one was effected.

Various propositions have been submitted to us by unthinking men, which had they been carried out would have plunged this north country into an Indian war. Permit me here to say, "not boastingly," we are not afraid of Indians, as some vain scribblers have asserted. They say we "feed them." I say yes, we do feed them. We have fed them thousands and thousands of dollars in wheat, beef, flour, vegetables, &c., &c., not through fear but through a sense of humanity, realising that they look upon the very lands we occupy as a portion of their inheritance, bequeathed to them by their forefathers, consequently our policy has thus far secured to us, through the blessing of God, that peace which enables our boys to roam over these mountains and canyons, and our women to travel from place to place unmolested.

I will conclude by saying, should it really be proved that a vagabond among the red men has stolen a white child, let us look at the catalogue of crimes perpetrated by the whites themselves, and ask who should cast the first stone.

Yours truly,
PETER MAUGHAN.

LINES

Suggested while sitting in the Tabernacle July 24th, 1869, on the occasion of the Anniversary of the entrance of the Saints into the Valley. Respectfully inscribed to President Geo. A. Smith, Historian.

BY THE LANSING RANGER.

Back, through the troubled mist of years,
From out this bright and happy throng;
(And though my eyes are filled with tears)
I trace your pilgrim steps along.
And, as the organ's stirring tones,
Swell on my fired and raptured soul:
In contrast with the stifled moan,
Which urged you to this mountain goal,

I see across the sandy Plains,
A track, all traced by bleeding feet!
Are these the first and only stains,
The Christians' sorrowing gaze shall greet?
No! backward trace this mournful train,
To Carthage's clustering ruins where
The Prophet's life-blood leaves a stain,
Which Heaven has marked with sacred care.

I see them on a desert waste—
Black mountains rising to their view;
Hands clasped in hands, with wives embraced,
To bear them safe the journey through.
And as they thread the devious way,
In hope, some friendly land to gain;
A jealous Congress spies the prey,
And apes a heartless Pharaoh's reign.

Though torn from these, their fainting lambs,
The manly arms that should sustain,
Like shepherds—He whose holy balms
Supply all aids—with them remain.
God's promises, which never fail;
Rings in each ear, and nerves each heart;
And doubts are given to the gale
While sires from wives and children part.

Though dark this hour, the boding lines,
That lie along the horizon,
Shall yield to morn, when brightly shines
The Son, the gathering Saints upon.
And He who crowns with victory,
The faithful in His chosen way;
Now wreathes with flowers the lovely brows,
Of Zion's virgins here to-day.

Then let your heartfelt songs resound,
And swelling, fill this airy dome,
(They rise on Mormon's peaceful ground,
You sing where Christ has fixed your home.)
And oft amid your songs of joy,
On each returning festal scene;
Let Brigham's name one thought employ,
Pray Heaven to keep his "garments clean."

What craven soul could sit and hear,
Your swelling anthems fill the hall;
And not accord your past a tear;
Denying God has given it all.
I envy not his stony heart—
His worse than Saul's unyielding soul,
Let me from such a heathen part,
"And ocean's storms between us roll."

SANDWICH ISLANDS' SUGAR AND SYRUP.

Bro. Geo. Nebeker has shown us a specimen of his grades of sugar and syrup, which he has brought with him from the plantation of Laie, on the island of Oahu. These articles were produced by himself and those of our people who are with him. He has two grades of sugar—No. 1 and No. 2. No. 1 is a light straw color, and is sold as "grocery" sugar in California. We may be a little prejudiced in its favor, but we like its taste better than that brought from the East. It is made out of the best of cane, is unrefined, is very sweet and is clean. No. 2 is very dark, and is the grade which is furnished to the refineries. There is nothing unpleasant about its taste, only it smacks a little of molasses.

The syrup is of good quality, and we doubt not will sell well here. If it should not prove advisable to bring this article here in the future, Bro. Nebeker will extract the sugar (No. 2) from it, and sell it to the refinery, and dispose of the molasses. With the machinery which he has at Laie he can extract four pounds of sugar from a gallon of syrup; but with improved vacuum pans seven pounds can be obtained from a gallon. Of course, after this amount of sugar has been extracted the molasses is much inferior to the syrup; but it is bought in San Francisco and is manufactured into rum.

We can not at this time say what these articles can be sold at here; but we can say this much that they will be sold at lower figures than we have known here. Bro. Nebeker is confident that he can supply this Territory with the article known as No. 1 at a lower rate from the Sandwich Islands than it can be brought here from any other point, and he hopes to make the necessary arrangements to furnish all that is necessary to supply the Utah market.

THE SOUTHERN COMPANY.—We were much gratified this morning at greeting our old friend and fellow-laborer, Elder Henry G. Boyle, who arrived this morning from his mission to the United States, bringing a company of Saints, numbering about 160 souls. One hundred and nineteen of these are Southern people, with whom he started from Wytheville, Virginia, on the 9th instant; the remainder are American and English families, who joined the company at New York. Elder Boyle left this city for the East on the 20th of May, 1867, and proceeded directly to St. Louis, where he labored for a month and was successful in baptizing several. While here he was joined by Elder Howard K. Coray, who also left the city on a mission a short time after he did, and they proceeded together to Virginia and North Carolina. In these States they continued to labor with excellent success until they were released. Our readers are familiar, through Elder Boyle's letters, with the results of their efforts. Elder B. is an old missionary, but he thinks this mission has been as successful as any he ever was upon. He never was better treated in his life than he has been by the people with whom he was brought in contact. The last labor they performed before leaving their field was to baptize ten persons. Elder Haden W. Church was left in charge of the branches in North Carolina. The company of Saints has had excellent health, and have met with no accident or loss of any kind. About one hundred of them express the wish to settle together at Payson, the place of Elder Boyle's residence, and have left the city for that place to-day. We bid these Elders and Saints welcome to Zion.

SCANDINAVIAN IMMIGRANTS.—By a dispatch, received this morning by President Young from Elder Wm. C. Staines, dated New York, 28th, we learn that he had just arrived at that port from London with a company of 600 Danes. They were all well, and were to leave to-day for the West.

FRATERNAL CALL.—We had a very pleasant call from Dr. G. L. Miller, Editor of the *Omaha Herald*, Mr. John T. Thomas, Mr. Joseph Thomas, Mr. W. A. W. Gault, Mr. C. D. Woolworth, Mr. B. A. M. Froiseth, correspondent of the *Daily Skandinavisk Post*, of New York, and one or two other gentlemen whose names we do not remember. The party was accompanied by Hon. Wm. H. Hooper. These gentlemen admire the beauty of our city, and the substantial improvements which they see on every hand. This is Dr. Miller's first visit, and though, as an editor, he has been as familiar with the condition of things here as men can well be from reading, his conception of affairs here, the improvements, the beauty of the scenery, etc., fell short of the reality, and he derives great pleasure from his trip and visit.

Died:

At Panacea City, Meadow Valley, Washington Co., U. T.; on Tuesday July 13th, Sarah Ellen, daughter of Joseph and Louisa Davies, aged 1 year, 7 months and 29 days.—*Mt. Star* please copy.
At Lehi, July 20, 1869, Wm. David Webb, of group, son of Wm. and Harriett Webb, aged years, 8 months and 6 days.