

A POOR DELICATE CREATURE.

FROM PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK.

Suppose we go to Lady Gunter's ball.—Do you see that beautiful girl spinning round in the waltz with that Austrian *attaché*—the crystallized foreigner, now opposite to you, who is such a revolting pillar of diamonds? Yes, we see the lovely blonde—if you mean her—with the bare arms and naked shoulders; a costume which, by courtesy, is called full dress. What a rate she is going at! Precisely; the Times steam-engine is, in quickness, a slow coach compared to her! She makes more revolutions in one minute than the French have made in all their lives; and if you notice, she shows no symptoms of fatigue. She will keep up that same speed for hours, and the moment she ceases she is ready to begin again. She is indefatigable; no wheel in a cotton factory could spin round quicker, or work for so many hours with less apparent fatigue. But she is going out on the balcony; why she will catch her death of cold! No; she is accustomed to it. A sailor walking the deck wouldn't trouble himself less about colds than she does. All atmospheres are the same to her.

She is no fragile hot-house plant, but a hardy annual that will bloom any where—up the chimney, if you please, or down in the cellar, or by the side of the kitchen fire, or at the bottom of the well—the small question of temperature doesn't make much difference to a constitution so well seasoned as hers. But does she take no nourishment to keep up this extraordinary fatigue? Yes; ices—plenty of ices and biscuits—varied occasionally with a jelly, and, perhaps, late in the evening, the finest wing of a chicken with a little lobster-sauce, or a plover's egg, or a bit of blanchonage, the whole of it washed down with not more than half a glass of champagne. But I have seen her eat a very good supper—a supper worthy of a guardsman in love—but it has been very late, when there were very few persons in the room, and she had a pleasant companion, who made her laugh, and kept continually filling her glass.

And after that? Why, after that she goes up stairs again, and dances more incessantly than ever. She is insatiable for dancing. To look at her you would think a Tarantula had bitten her, and that she couldn't keep still for a minute. The wonder is how one pair of satin shoes lasts her through the same evening. You would imagine with her rapidity—and it is as much as your eyes can do to follow her—that she would wear out half a dozen pairs at least. And how long does she keep it up? Why as long as she can—till four or five o'clock in the morning—till the wax candles begin to droop—till the musicians have nearly played themselves fast asleep—until she hasn't a partner left to dance with, and then, loth to leave, she goes unwillingly home to begin the same dance the following evening. How often does this occur?—Why, four, or five, and sometimes six times a week; and frequently there are two or three balls on the same evening, and she goes to every one of them, and this, mind you, after she has been to a concert, or *matinée*, or a picnic, perhaps, in the day-time. What, only think of the exercise!

Well, that is something, to be sure—and if the calculations could be made, it is probable it would be ascertained, by the most generous cabman's measure, that that young lady does not dance less than twenty miles in the course of an evening—and that is only allowing at the rate of four miles an hour, which you will acknowledge is absurdly moderate for human valting. Multiply this by 6, and you will have the sum total of 120 miles danced by a young lady in the period of one week. And this, recollect, is independent of fetes, fancy fairs, flower shows, and other amusements that demand some degree of exercise during the day. And now, do you know who this young lady is, who dances her 120 miles a week?—Who is it who goes through an amount of labor only to be equalled by the poor fellows who walk their thousand miles in their thousand hours? You will never guess—and so I do not mind telling you.

She is the same young lady whom we saw stretched out at full length on the sofa, who looked so weak that she would have fainted if any one had asked her to walk across the street; who was so nervous that she could not bare the slightest noise, or endure the smallest key-hole of fresh air, who was so woe-begone that she could not talk, laugh, or open her eyes, or touch a single thing; so helpless that she could not have moved off her couch by herself, not even if the house had been in flames; who looked, in fact, such a lackadaisical bundle of shivis and prostration, that you must have doubted in your own mind whether she could ever stand upright again on her two legs. Yes, sir, that young lady, whose prowess you have been wondering at this evening, is that same Poor Delicate Creature; and allow me to say, sir, (concluded the Doctor, as he gave us a cigar to walk home with) that in the way of fatigue there are very few men—I was nearly saying prize fighters—who can stand half so much as your Poor Delicate Creature.

A clergyman happening to pass a boy weeping bitterly, he halted, and asked, "What is the matter, my little fellow?" The boy replied: "Before, we could hardly get enough to eat, of anything, and now what shall we do for now, there's another one come." "Hush thy mourning, and wipe off those tears," said the clergyman, "and remember that He never sends mouths without he sends victuals to put in them." "I know that," said the boy, "but then He sends all the mouths to our house, and the victuals to your house?"

A friend visiting an unworshipful philosopher, whose mind was his kingdom, expressed his surprise at the smallness of his apartment: "Why you have not room enough here to swing a cat?" "My friend," was the serene, unappreciative answer, "I do not want to swing a cat."

WOMEN AS MEN.—Women in all countries are civil, obliging, tender and humane; they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and prudent, and they do not hesitate like men, to perform a generous action, more liable, perhaps, to err than men, but in general more disinterested, more virtuous and performing more good actions, than men. In my extensive wandering in foreign climes, if hungry, thirsty, wet, cold or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, most uniformly so.—(Ledyard.)

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Truth and Liberty.

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For the News.  
**YOU MUST TRY IT AGAIN.**  
When you go forth to seek for the gold, or the fame,  
To ensure you a place with the great and the wise,  
And alas! like the cob-webs' magnificence, rain  
Are your efforts to catch the big bees by surprise—  
You must try it again.  
When you go out to hunt for good luck, in your way,  
And seek for a chance in the drama of life,  
And behold! as the dog drops his meat in the main,  
For the shadow he saw, you engage a bad wife—  
You must try it again.  
When you go up to battle with time for your rights,  
And fight with the tempest, (the rain and the wind,)  
And alas! like the fool with his eyes on a strain,  
You come back with—"I'm whipt—I have sinned!"  
You must try it again. K. J.

**LITTLE THINGS.**  
Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean,  
And the beautiful land.  
And the little moments,  
Humble though they be,  
Make the mighty ages  
Of eternity.  
So our little errors  
Lead the soul away  
From the paths of virtue,  
Oh! in sin to stray.  
Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Make our earth an Eden,  
Like the heaven above!

NOW.

FROM "HOUSEHOLD WORDS."  
Arise! for the day is passing,  
While you lie dreaming on;  
Your brothers are cased in armor,  
And forth to the fight are gone;  
Your place in the ranks now is yours;  
Each man has a part to play;  
The just and the future are nothing  
In the face of the stern day.  
Arise from your dreams of the future—  
Of gaining a hard fought field;  
Of winning the airy fortress;  
Of hiding the giant to yield;  
Your future has deeds of glory,  
Of honor (God grant it may!)  
But your arm will never be stronger,  
Or need as now—to-day.  
Arise! for the past detain you,  
Her sunshine and storm forget;  
No chains so unworthy to hold you  
As those of a vain regret;  
Sud or bright she is lifeless away,  
Or but her phantom arms away,  
Nor look back, so to learn the lesson  
Of nobler strife to-day.  
Arise! for the hour is passing;  
The sound that you dimly hear,  
Is your enemy marching to battle:  
Rise! rise! for the foe is here!  
Glad to be brighten your weapons  
Or the hour will strike at last:  
And from the dream of a coming battle,  
You will waken and find it past.

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HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH.

NOVEMBER, 1839.

Your Memorialists would beg here to give what they believe a just explanation of the causes of the prejudice and persecution against the "Mormons" related above, and which will follow. That there might have been some unworthy members among them, cannot be denied; but many aver that as a community they were as moral, as upright, and as observant of the laws of the land as any body of people in the world. Why then this prejudice and persecution? Aunswert they trust will be found in the fact that they were a body of people distinct from their fellow citizens, in religious opinions, in their habits, and in their associations. They were numerous enough to make the power of their numerical and moral force a matter of anxiety and dread to the political, and religious parties by which they were surrounded; and which arose not from what the "Mormons" had done, but from the fear of what they might do.

In addition, the "Mormons" have purchased of the settlers, or of the Government, or obtained by pre-emption, the best lands in all those regions of the State; and at the times of speculation, the cupidity of many was aroused to possess those lands by driving off the "Mormons," and taking forcible possession, or constraining them to sell their fear or coercion, at a price merely nominal. After the "Mormons" removed from Clay, they settled in the county of Caldwell as aforesaid. Your Memorialists do not deem it necessary for their purpose, to detail the history of the progress, the cares and anxieties of the "Mormons," from the time they settled in Caldwell in the year 1836, until the fall of 1838. They would however state, that during all that time they deported themselves as good citizens, obeying the laws of the land, and the moral and religious duties enjoined by their faith. That there might have been some failures among the faithful is possible. They would not deny that there might have been some who were scandal to their brethren; and what society they would ask, has not some unworthy member? Where is the sect, where the community in which there cannot be found some who trample under foot the laws of God and man? They believe the "Mormon" community to have as few such as any other association, religious or political. Within the above period the "Mormons" continued to increase in wealth and numbers, until in the fall of the year 1838 they numbered about fifteen thousand souls. They purchased of the Government, or of the citizens, or held by pre-emption, almost all the lands in the county of Caldwell, and a portion of the lands in Daviess, and Carroll. The county of Caldwell was settled almost entirely by "Mormons," and "Mormons" were rapidly filling up the counties of Daviess and Caldwell. When they first commenced settling in those counties, there were but few settlements made there; the lands were wild and uncultivated. In the fall of 1838 large farms had been made, well improved and stocked. Lands had risen in value, and sold for ten dollars to twenty five dollars. The improvement, and settlement had been such that it was a common remark that the county of Caldwell would soon be the wealthiest in the State.

This stood their affairs in the fall of 1838, when the storm of persecution again raged over the heads of the "Mormons," and the fierce demon of the mob drove them forth homeless and homeless, and penniless, upon the charities of the world, which to them, thank God! have been like angels' visits, but not few, or far between. This persecution began at an election which was held in Daviess county on the first Monday of August 1838. A "Mormon" went to the polls to vote. One of the mob standing by, opposed his voting, contending that a "Mormon" had no more right to vote than a negro; one angry word brought on another, and blows followed. They are however happy to state that the "Mormon" was not the aggressor, but was on the defensive; others intervened, not one alone, but many assailed the "Mormon." His brethren seeing him thus assailed by numbers, rushed to the rescue; then came

others of the mob, until finally a general row commenced. The "Mormons" were victorious. The next day, a rumor reached the "Mormons" of Caldwell, that two of their brethren had been killed in this fight, and that a refusal had been made to surrender their bodies for burial. Not knowing at the time that this rumor was false, they became much excited, and several of them started for Daviess county with a view of giving the brethren, whom they supposed to have been killed, a decent interment; where they arrived next morning. Among the citizens this fight produced a great excitement. They held a public meeting and resolved to drive the "Mormons" from the county. Individuals began also to threaten the "Mormons" as a body, and swear that they should leave the county in three days. When the "Mormons" arrived there, they found this state of excitement to exist. They also heard that a large mob was collecting against them, headed by Adam Black, one of the judges of the county court of Daviess county. Under these circumstances, and with a view to allay the excitement, they called on Mr. Beck, and enquired of him whether the reports they had heard in relation to him were true. Upon his denying them to be true, they then requested him to give that denial in writing, which he freely did. This writing they published with a view of calming the public mind, and allaying the excitement. Having done this, they rested in quiet for some days, hoping that their efforts would produce the desired effect. Their surprise can under these circumstances be easily imagined, when a short time after, they learned that said Black had come before Judge King and made oath that he was forced to sign the instrument, by armed "Mormons," and procured a warrant for the arrest of Joseph Smith, jr., and Lyman Wight, which was placed in the hands of the Sheriff. It was also reported that the said individuals had refused to surrender themselves, and that an armed force was collecting to come and take them.

Your Memorialists aver that the Sheriff had never made any efforts to serve the writ, and that the said Smith and Wight so far from making any resistance, did not know that such a writ had been issued, until they learned it first by report, and above related. In the meantime the rumor had run over the whole country, that the "Mormons" were compelling individuals to sign certain instruments in writing, and that they were violating the process of the law. The public mind became much inflamed, and the mob began to collect from all quarters and in large numbers with pretensions of assisting the Sheriff to serve the process; and here let it be observed in passing, that Adam Black had sold the improvement and pre-emption claim on which he then resided, to the "Mormons" received his pay for the same, and that their instrumentality the "Mormons" were driven off, and now retails both their money, and the improvement.

go to Missouri to institute a suit; their lives would be in danger.  
For ourselves we see no redress, unless it is awarded by the Congress of the United States.—And here we make our appeal as *American Citizens*, as *Christians*, and as *Men*—believing that the high sense of justice which exists in your honorable bodies, will not allow such oppression to be practised upon any portion of the citizens of this vast republic with impunity; but that some measure which your wisdom may dictate, may be taken, so that the great body of people who have been thus abused, may have redress for the wrongs which they have suffered. And to your decision they look with confidence; hoping it may be such as shall tend to dry up the tear of the widow and orphan, and again place in situations of peace, those who have been driven from their homes, and have had to wade thro' scenes of sorrow and distress.

And your Memorialists, as in duty bound, will ever pray, &c.  
Saturday, 30th.—Elders Young and George A. Smith went to brother Isaac Haight's at Moravia.

Chinese in California.

Extracts of Letter from Elder James Lewis to Elder George A. Smith.

PAROWAN, Iron County, Utah,  
June 3, 1854.  
A few reflections upon scenes and ideas gathered in other lands may not come amiss. In California there are about 75,000 Chinamen, generally in San Francisco and the mines. They are called the best cooks, washers, and servants in that country. They are capable of performing, and enduring more labor and fatigue than any other people in that land;—have no spirit to retaliate for the many insults and injuries they receive. They, like the Jews, are a distinct people, and work in squads entirely by themselves in the mines, and save every farthing. Their living is brought from China by their own merchants; and all their trading is done among themselves, and they wear their own peculiar costume; few adopt the dress of this country.

In San Francisco whole streets are occupied by them. They have their own hotel keepers, wholesale and retail merchants, grocers, and physicians. In fact they do their own business, independent of others. After obtaining sufficient to make them independent at home, they usually return. They take little or no notice of strangers, only when for their interest; are greatly addicted to gambling, and have gaming establishments and houses of prostitution publicly open day and night, like their neighbors. Thousands of women are brought from China to this market, hired by the more wealthy of their own countrymen, for ten, and often three dollars per head each year. On any money advanced for outfit or passage, if not paid the first year, it doubles the second on principal and interest. Young females of from 14 to 16, as well as children, are brought in China at from 30\$ to 50\$ each, and brought to California to swell the already enormous amount of crime, prostitution, degradation, and corruption.

Thousands of laborers are hired in China for the wages of that country, (a few cents per day) and their passage paid; and they work in the mines their term of service, (generally for years) after which they are sent home; thus one class preys upon another to enrich themselves. It was informed that thousands are thus in bondage, under their different overseers,—sent out for this purpose.

In California there are already large and extensive establishments for the sale of the fine and costly fabrics, as well as many manufactured articles, and paintings of rare workmanship, and of exceeding fine finish, which find their way into the houses, or are worn by the wealthy.

I visited many of their leading men, to ascertain if possible, the situation of their country, and gather books, to forward the work in which I was engaged; but I found they were not disposed to give any information, and seemed surprised that we were desirous of knowing anything about them, tho' few could speak English so as to be understood. They require a high price for information, and carry their distinctness to a great length. In their deal with others, they are very unscrupulous.

I found the Chinese in California with a prejudice of feeling, caused by their ill treatment from their citizens, which is not confined to miners, but includes their legislators. They are trampled, vilified, and abused on every hand. Yet they thrive, increase, and will ere long wield a powerful influence, particularly relating to trade. They are controlled by men of intelligence, and are far from being what Christians call them; for their ideas of the Supreme Being their Father, their government, the laws and obligations they are under to each other, with their code of morals, are in advance of the sectarian world; and have their peculiarities, which seem truly strange to us.

They are rapidly increasing, as many of the barriers are being broken down, which have so long separated them from the white race, with other, and neighboring nations. Undoubtedly, upon their return to their own land, they will carry more liberal principles, which, with the extension of the spirit of liberty and reform pervading almost every land, will shortly, under the directing hand of the Almighty, who has said by his servants that when the gospel, the re-organization of his kingdom in the last days, should commence, then his work should begin among all nations. This is truly the case with that people.

After completing our arrangements, we left San Francisco in the barque San Van Hooem, March 9th, and arrived at Hong Kong after a passage of 43 days.

By letters of some date, we learn that the Indians around Parowan continue friendly, and the inhabitants prosperous; and that they are enclosing the old fort, which was fifty six rods square, with a wall around 112 rods square, to be 12 feet high, and 6 feet thick.

Sandwich Islands.

Extracts of a Letter from Elder B. F. Johnson to Pres. H. C. Kimball.

HONOLULU, OAHU, Sandwich Islands,  
March 28, 1854.

All our missionaries are still in the enjoyment of comfortable health, and with the blessing of our Father in heaven, extending their ministry;—their efforts meet with much opposition. Upon some of the islands, the spirit of persecution is boldly manifest. Since the imprisonment (by one of the Rev. Government Officers) of the island of Hawaii, under the pretence of a quarantine, one of our native meeting houses in the same district has been destroyed; and thro' the same influence, the children of the Saints are fined and imprisoned for refusing to carry, one day out of each week, wood, snail and stone, for the construction of a Presbyterian meeting house, and for the support of this same priestly dignitary; and his influence so far controls the civil magistrates, that no appeal to the higher courts can be obtained; altho' for such proceedings there is not even the shadow of legality.

These, with many other similar transactions, upon that and the other islands, have been for the last few months annoying and vexatious. Within the last few days we have learned that brother J. H. Kouwahi, an educated and highly useful Native Elder, has been arrested on the Island of Kouai, thro' the combined influence of a band of priests, who not only make merchandise of the gospel, but also sit in the judgment seat. Finding no other method to protect their craft against the influence of truth, which he so successfully taught, they have confined him in jail, under one thousand dollar bonds, thro' the pretence of his illegal marriage,—he having married a second wife some years after the legal divorce, and second marriage was overlooked all the licentiousness and corruption which exists so universally among the chiefs and native population,—rendering these islands, as they have been justly called, the "brothels of the Pacific," to honor the law, and sanctify this woefully polluted country, by venting their religious and political ire upon one who, from every evidence, is strictly keeping the law of chastity; and in honoring his marriage relation, has no doubt set an example worthy of imitation by those thro' whom he is condemned.

Such is the influence against which we have to contend, that it seems difficult at times, to smother