

From the Mormon.

WHO ART THOU, MAN!

Who art thou, man, and what may be thy name?
Thou standest here among this motley crowd,
Like some lone bird, or solitary tree.
All look at thee, and most pass by as though
Thou wert not human—some monster, to be
Shunn'd, despis'd, or trodden under foot.

Who art thou, why, a Saint! who should I be?
Is it so strange that Saints should be alone?
'Twas always so in ev'ry age. Those men
Whom God esteem'd have been despised by men;
Hated, cast out as poor degraded things;
As though they were the foulest, meanest
Scum of Nature's filthiest dregs—the very
Excrement and scrapings of the stench of
Corrupt, debas'd, wretched, fallen man.

The Prophets, what were they? poor wretches all,
(If man should be the Judge) cast out, despis'd,
And trodden under foot; they wander'd forth,
Far from the haunts of men; in solitary caves,
In dens, or deserts dwelt; 'mid savage beasts,
Or fed by ravens, fled the face of man:
For so repugnant were the truths they bore
To fallen mortals' ears, who knew not God,
Their testimony always brought disgrace.
Theirs were not sleek, soft, honied, gentle words,
To lull the wanton, profligate, and vile;
They dar'd proclaim the message to them given,
And thunder forth the great decrees of fate;
They spake as men whose inmost souls were fired
With living truth, fresh from celestial realms;
In heavenly visions wrapt, they gazed upon
The great designs of God. The present, past,
And future was to them laid bare; they saw
As Gods and Saints can only see; while Heaven's
Curtains were withdrawn, they gazed through
The opaque, vista of unnumber'd years,
And revelled in the mysteries of God.
And when to erring mortals they proclaimed
The will of Eloheim, 'twas no weak word,
No simple theory, or vague opinion;
They spake things that they knew, the truths of Heaven,
In living, burning words; that drop'd like fire,
Or burning, molten lead, upon the hearts—
If hearts they have—of corrupt, shameless men;
These cut like two-edg'd sword, bare laying
The filth, pollution, mean hypocrisy,
With all their scathing power; he trembled
When the rays of truth laid bare his hideous
Deformity; he saw himself an ingrate,
A corrupt wretch—a rebel against God;
False to himself, his friends, his soul, his God;
A miserable reptile, and no man,
Crawling about, besmiling all he touch'd;
Without that hope that ought to dwell in man,
And elevate him to, among the Gods;
That knowledge of his God; his origin and fate
Perverting and corrupting all his ways;
He knew not God; the future was to him
A dread abyss—a yawning gulf—a blank;
He stood a zero 'midst the works of God,
And liv'd without an object, aim, or hope;
Or worse, a cumberer of the ground, a
Perverter 'mong his race; an idiot, madman,
Reprobate and fool; who barter'd Heaven
And hopes of endless bliss; his claims
Upon eternity, his friends, his all. For what?
A few vain bubbles, bursting ere they form'd,
Or, like the moth that flutters round the flame,
Headlong he'll rush to ruin and to death;
Amused, poor fool, with what does him destroy.
He had not power to rise, retrace his steps;
Resume his dignity, and be a man.
And failing to do this, he hisses forth
His deadly venom'd spite against the man,
Who dar'd to tell him of his devious tracks,
And say he was a venom'd, crawling wretch;
He vents his fury on the man of God,
And hates the precepts he cannot obey.

But I'm a Saint, I glory in the name,
And would not change for all the glittering,
Empty bawbles of this evanescent earth.
Oh! how I love the men that dared to
Worship God, and call their souls their own—men
Who have hearts that swell with sacred truths;
On whom high Heaven looks down and approbates;
In whom the Gods would feel a sacred pride,
And say: "These are our friends; the friends of truth,
Of virtue, God, and Heaven."

These are my choice companions, friends; these
The living, dead, past, present, and to come;
All—all are mine; I'll share their obloquy;
Their path be mine, while here, and through all worlds.
A Saint! a Saint! I am a Saint, and 'tis
My highest aim to live, to die, and be
A faithful Saint; in time, and throughout all,
A boundless, vast eternity.

"The Name of the Thing."

"What's in a name?" So sang Shakspeare,
the "immortal bard." We do not question for a
moment his right to do so, neither do we dispute
the assertion which follows, viz: "A rose by any
other name would smell as sweet;" but we do
say, that if the poet had lived in these days, it is
scarcely probable that he would have asked such
a question. We do not pretend to know how it
was in his time, but now there is everything in a
name, and the incense of praise is ten times more
grateful to us when yeapt "public opinion."

A young girl just venturing on the confines
of womanhood, gives her hand to a wealthy and
influential man, old enough to be her father, and
whose head is crowned with many a whited
lock. She tries to persuade herself and him that
her heart goes with the hand, and the world says
it is "a splendid match." Time passes, and the
name of the thing veils aching hearts, unhappy
homes and circles, care-worn brows with smiles.

A young man, honest, respectable, and indus-
trious, seeks employment. He is a stranger;

"Unknown his parentage and name,
Unknown the land from whence he came;"

and it would seem as though the fates were in
conspiracy against him. He is looked upon
with a suspicious eye by almost every one to
whom he applies. He is told—"We don't
know you! can you bring testimonials of good
character, and recommendations from some
reliable source?" Another no better than he,
perhaps not as good, has rich relations. He has
letters of introduction from his uncle, the Gov-
ernor, or his grand-father, the Hon. Mr. So-and-
so. With these for an "open Sesame," what
wonder that, assisted step by step by those who
are eager to give him a chance "for his own sake
and that of his friend," he soon climbs the lad-
der of success.

Walk with me a few moments along one of
the principal streets of a capital city. Here, on
the right, stands the residence of Gen. E—,
"a fine old gentleman, very rich and very ben-
evolent." At the time of the great famine in
Ireland he subscribed more largely to the "relief
fund," than did any of his fellow citizens. The
papers lauded "noble charity," public speakers
in the cause held him up as a shining example
of munificence, and the name of the thing ranged
far and wide.

It is a damp, cloudy morning in November,
and the east wind is keen. On the broad mar-
ble steps of this mansion are huddled a group of
ill-clad wretches, on whose haggard faces the
seal of want and wee is set. They are a father,
mother, an infant, and a little suffering boy.—
Strangers in a strange land, without money and
without food, they have found a chill resting
place at the rich man's door. A carriage rolls
over the smooth pavement, the obsequious
servant opens the door, and Gen. E. alights.—
As he mounts the steps he is greeted with
imporing looks and feebly extended hands from
the poor creatures, who would silently crave his
compassion. He heeds them not, but hurrying
on closes the door behind him, and a few mo-
ments after a waiter comes out, and with a surly
voice and rude gestures orders them to depart,
"and not be hanging around gentlemen's door
steps, if they don't want the police after them."

Mr. A.'s family and Mr. B.'s are very intimate
friends, and each is highly esteemed by the
other. Mr. A. becomes unfortunate in business,
and fails; intemperance follows failure, crime
follows intemperance, and Mr. A. is tried and
convicted of forgery. Mr. B.'s family continue
to associate with Mr. A.'s for a time after their
loss of fortune. They say "Mrs. A. and her
daughters are very fine people, and surely none
the less so for the alteration in their circum-
stances." But when the last two evils come
upon the afflicted family, the weak chain of
their friendship, unable to sustain the shock, is
broken, and though they still regard them with
civility, all intimacy is at an end. Why is it?
Are not Mrs. A. and her daughters as amiable,
lady-like and loveable as before? Do they not
now, more than ever, need your sympathy and
kindness? "Oh, yes! very true! but who would
want the name of the thing?"

Let us make a morning call upon a young
heirress, and of course a belle. She is not at
home—how provoking! In reply to your in-
quiry, "Are you sure?" Biddy goes again to see,
and while she is gone a merry face peeps over
the top of the staircase, and a gay voice cries—
"O! 'tis only you! come right up. I'm sorry I
kept you waiting; Biddy did not tell me who it
was."

Where is the shame for bringing falsehood up-
on herself, and upon her ignorant domestic!

"You see how unfit I am to receive company,"
she continues, holding up her arms which are
bare to the elbows, and smeared with varnish
and paint, and her faded wrapper, torn and de-
corated with numerous spots of the same sticky
substances, to which adhere little shreds of
leather—"I'm just completing my leather-work
frame for my last picture; is it not beautiful?—
You have not seen my new shoes yet, have you?
I must show them to you." They proved to be
cloth gaiters of the common kind, the only
thing remarkable about them being that she
made them herself. "It is all the fashion now
for young ladies to make their own shoes.—
They do them more neatly, they fit better, and
by this means they can always have them match
the color of their dresses. Besides it saves a
good deal of money."

"But can you not afford to buy your picture
frames and shoes, and thus save yourself the
trouble of them?" we naturally ask.

"O! certainly, but we like to do them, and we
have plenty of time."

"Then why do you not make some to sell?
you could command a high price for them."

"Mercy! I would not have the name of the
thing. What would people say to Miss Such-
anone's making shoes for a living, or for money
at all. We might make some for a Fair or a
Benevolent Society."

Here, then, is the great difference. So long
as the necessity for labor does not exist, a young
lady or married woman, whose father or husband
is able to support her without work, may boast
of making her own dresses, shoes or picture-
frames, cooking for the family, or may even help
to clean the dirtiest hall for a charity festival,
and it is set down as an evidence of her capabil-
ity and energy of character. But if, by any
reverse of fortune, it becomes necessary for her
to perform these offices, she loses caste at once
among her acquaintances, and becomes half
ashamed to acknowledge that she does that
which was once her boast, unless she is really
possessed of those attributes which the voice of
public opinion once ascribed to her. If she is,
the name will be but an empty sound.

Happening a short time since to be seated
near a young gentleman and lady in the cars,

we were involuntarily made the auditor of the
following delectable little piece of gossip:

"I saw Belle D——to-day," said the gentle-
man, who, by-the-way, did not appear to be
over nineteen years of age, and attired in the
very extreme of fashion.

"Ah! did you, how did she look?" simpered
the lady, a Miss of sixteen or thereabouts.

"Beautiful as ever! but I was surprised and
shocked to see her display a want of good taste
which I did not expect in her. She had on a
pale blue silk bonnet with flowers inside, and on
her hands—deep blue kids!"

"Why, how exceedingly inappropriate!" ex-
claimed the little lady. "I have always thought
Belle a perfect model of taste and elegance in
dress. As to that of which you speak, the very
name of the thing, would banish the idea."

Mrs. F.—is a widow of very limited means,
but very ambitious. She contrives to "keep up
appearances" on a large scale, and what her in-
come will not purchase she obtains on credit.—
Her credit is not the best, and as fast as it grows
threadbare in one place, she is obliged to remove
to another. In this manner she has accumu-
lated debt upon debt which she has neither means
nor intention of paying. Still she gives parties,
sends her children to fashionable and expensive
schools, and though despised, unloved and
unrespected, is seemingly careless of everything
save the desire to be thought a fashionable
woman of the world just for the name of the
thing. O! how unenviable a name!—[Ex.]

Domestic Habits of the Tatars.

The domestic habits of the Tatars are very
simple, and resemble those of other oriental na-
tions, except that they have been to a certain
degree modified by contact with the Russians.
When a stranger (says Clarke) arrives at a Tatar
house, they conduct him to the apartment destined
for the men, and present him with a basin, water,
and a clean napkin, to wash his hands. They
then place before him whatever their dwelling
affords, of curd, cream, honey in the comb,
poached eggs, roasted fowls, and fruit.

After the meal is over, the basin and water
are brought in as before, because all the Tatars,
like the Turks and other oriental nations, eat with
their fingers, and use no forks. Then, if in the
house of a rich Tatar, a long pipe is presented,
of cherry-wood, which grows in the mountains,
and with amber or ivory. After this, carpets and
cushions are laid for the guests, that they may
repose.

All the houses of the Tatars, even the cottages
of the poor, are extremely clean, being often
whitewashed. The floor is generally of earth,
but smooth, firm, dry, and covered with mats
and carpets. The meanest Tatar possesses a
humble dwelling, one for himself and his guest,
and the other for his women. They do not allow
their most intimate friends to enter the place al-
lotted for the female part of the family.

With so much cleanliness, it is surprising to
find the itch prevalent. It is also difficult to es-
cape venomous insects and vermin. The taran-
tula, the scorpion, cockroach, lice, bugs, fleas, and
ants, are more or less to be met with everywhere,
but, with proper precautions, the traveler need
not be much incommoded by them.

A favorite beverage of sour milk, mixed with
water, the yaourt of the Turks, is found in re-
quest with the Tatars, as among the Laplanders.
They all shave their heads, both young and old,
and wear in their houses a sort of scull cap, over
which, in winter, is placed a kind of helmet of
wool, and in summer a turban. Their legs in
winter are swathed in cloth bandages, like those
worn throughout Russia, and their feet are cov-
ered by a kind of sandal. In summer, both legs
and feet are naked. Their shirts, like those of
Turkey, are wide and loose at the sleeves, hang-
ing down below the ends of their fingers. If they
have occasion to use their hands, either to eat or
work, they cast back the sleeve of the shirt upon
the shoulder and leave the arm bare. The jacket
or waistcoat is generally of silk or cotton, and
the trousers being made very large, full, and loose,
though bound tight below the knee, fall over in
thick folds on the calf of the leg.

They have no chairs in their houses, and a
little short stool, about three inches high, is used
for supporting a tray during their meals. This
stool is often ornamented, either by carved work
or inlaid mother-of-pearl.

During the summer months the chief delight of
the men consists in the open air, sleeping at night
either beneath the shed before the door, or under
the shade of the fine spreading trees which they
cultivate near their houses. In the principal part
of a Tatar dwelling there is a particular part
which bears the name of Sopho. This is a plat-
form raised twelve inches from the floor, occu-
pying the entire side of the apartment, not for
the purpose of a seat, but as a place for their
household chests, the *dii domestici*, and heaps of
carpets, mats, cushions, and clothes.

The same custom may be observed in the tents
of the Kalmucks. In some things the Tatars
display a taste for finery. Their pillows are cov-
ered with colored linen, and the napkins for their
frequent ablutions, which hang upon their walls,
are embroidered and fringed. If one of their guests
falls asleep, although but for a few minutes, and
by accident, during the day, they bring him
water to wash himself as soon as they perceive
he is awake. In their diet they make great use
of honey, and their mode of keeping and taking
bees accords with the normal simplicity of their
lives. From the trunks of young trees, about
six inches in diameter, they form cylinders, by
scooping out almost all except the bark, and then
closing their extremities with plaster or mud;
they place them horizontally, piled one upon
another, in the gardens for hives. They often
open these cylinders to give their guests fresh
honey, and the bees are detached merely by be-
ing held over a piece of burning paper, without
any aid of sulphur. The honey of the Crimea is
of a very superior quality; the bees, as in Greece,

feeding on blossoms of the wild thyme of the
mountains, and such flowers as the garden spon-
taneously affords.

Every Tatar cottage has its garden, in the cul-
tivation of which the owner finds his principal
amusement. Vegetation is so rapid that, in two
years, vines not only shoot up so as to form a
shade before the doors, but are actually laden
with fruit. They delight to have their houses as
it were buried in foliage. These, consisting only
of one story, with low flat roofs, beneath trees
which spread numerous branches quite over
them, constitute villages, which, at a distance,
are only known by the tufted grove in which
they lie concealed. When the traveler arrives,
not a building is to be seen; it is only after pass-
ing between the trees, and beneath their branches,
that he begins to perceive the cottages over-
shadowed by an exuberant vegetation of the wal-
nut, the mulberry, the vine, the fig, the olive, the
pomegranate, the peach, the apricot, the plum,
the cherry, and the tall black poplar; all of which,
intermingling their clustering produce, form the
most beautiful and fragrant canopies that can be
imagined.

Through this beautiful valley, now devastated
by contending armies, the high road, called the Wo-
ronzof road, leads past the villages of Miskomia
and Arnoutka, to reach the southern coast, and
crosses the mountain barrier, which shuts out the
valley from the sea by the pass of Phoros, which,
till the road was made, was only accessible by
stone stars cut in the rock, perilous alike to man
and beast.—[Russia on the Black Sea and Sea of
Azof. By H. D. Seymour, M.P.]

[From "Gerstacker's Travels."] HATU

How the Apes Catch Crabs in Java.

After walking close up to the old campong,
they were on the point of turning back, when a
young fellow emerged from the thicket, and said
a few words to the mandoor. The latter turned,
with a laugh, to Frank, and asked him if he had
ever seen the apes catch crabs. Frank replied in
the negative, and the mandoor, taking his lead, led
him gently and cautiously through the deserted vil-
lage, to a spot which the young fellow had point-
ed out, and where the old formerly planted
hedges rendered it an easy task for them to ap-
proach unobserved.

At length they reached the boundary of the
former settlement—a dry sandy soil and strip of
beach, where all vegetation ceased, and only a
single tall pandanus tree, whose roots were thick-
ly interlaced with creeping plants formed, as it
were, the advanced post of the vegetable kingdom.
Behind this they crawled along, and, cautiously
raising their heads, they saw several apes, at a
distance of two or three hundred paces, who were
partly looking for something as they walked up
and down the beach, while others stood motion-
less. It was the long-tailed brown variety, and
Frank was beginning to regret that he had not his
telescope with him, to watch the movements of
these strange beings more closely, when one of
them, a tremendously large fellow, began to draw
nearer to them.

Carefully examining the ground, over which he
went on all fours, he stood at intervals to scratch
himself, or to snap at some insect that buzzed
sound him. He came up so close that Frank
fancied that he must scent them and give the
alarm to the other monkeys, when, suddenly pass-
ing over a little elevation covered with withered
reedy grass, he there discovered a party of crabs,
parading up and down on the hot sand. With a
bound he was amongst them, but not quickly
enough to catch a single one; for the crabs,
though apparently so clumsy, darted like light-
ning into a quantity of small holes or cavities,
which made the ground here resemble a sieve, and
the ape could not thrust in his paw after them,
for the orifices were too narrow.

The mandoor nudged Frank gently, to draw
his attention, and they saw the ape after crawl-
ing once or twice up and down the small strip of
land, and peering into the various holes, with
his nose close to the ground, suddenly seat him-
self very gravely by one of them, which he fan-
cied most suitable. He then brought round his
long tail to the front, thrust the end of it into the
cavity, until he met with an obstacle, and sudden-
ly made a face, which so amused Frank that he
would have laughed loudly, had not the mandoor
raised his finger warningly—and directly after
the ape drew out his extraordinary line with a
jerk. At the end of it, however, hung the desired
booty, a fat crab, by one of its claws, and swing-
ing it round on the ground with such violence as
to make it lose its hold, he took it in his left paw,
picked up a stone in the other, and after crack-
ing the shell, devoured the savory contents with
evident signs of satisfaction.

Four or five he thus caught in succession, on
each occasion when the crab nipped him mak-
ing a face of heroic resignation and pain; but
each time he was successful, and he must have
found in the dainty dish and the revenge for the
nip, abundant satisfaction for the pain he endured,
or else he would not have set to work again so
soon.

Thus then the ape, quite engaged with the
sport, and without taking his eye off the ground,
had approached to within about twenty paces of
the party concealed behind the pandanus tree.
Here again the ground was full of holes, and
looking out the one he conjectured to be the best,
he threw in his line once more, and probably felt
that there was something alive within, for he
awaited the result with signs of most eager atten-
tion.

The affair, however, lasted longer than he anti-
cipated, but being already tolerably filled by his
past successful hauls, he pulled up his knees, laid
his long arms upon them, bowed his head, and
half closing his eyes, he assumed such a resigned
and yet exquisitely comical face, as only an ape
is capable of putting on under these circumstan-
ces. But his quiet was destined to be disturbed
in a manner as unexpected as it was cruel: he
must have discovered some very interesting ob-