LITERATURE.

THE CRIMEA.

ITS TOWNS, INHABITANTS, &c. BY A LADY.

According to the representations of the lady writer of this book, night and day scarcely stand in more distinct antagonism to each other, than do the northern and southern parts of the Crimea:—the northern consisting of a series of plains and steppes; while, as if to balance this, Nature seems to have lavished all her grandeur and beauty on the southern part. The lower part of the Crimea towards the south is popularly known as Russian Italy.—The general features of this range are bold crags and ravines, covered with never-ending forests of pine and oak, and which form a striking contrast to the splendid walnut, chestnut, mulberry, and cypress trees, which vie with one another in beauty, lower down towards the sea. As this chain of mountains forms a screen against the biting winds from the north, the climate is much milder here than on the other side: and although an occasional winter's frost destroys many of the plants which have remained unharmed for years, yet the rhododendron, the magnolia, and many delicate plants, may be seen at large size in the open air. It is in these nooks and corners by the sea side, and under the stupendous crags, that the traveller finds the luxurious villas of the Russian nobles. The soil here particularly suited to the cultivation of the vine. The fig tree, the pomegranate with its showy scarlet blossoms, and the lively little caper bush, are everywhere to be seen. Olive groves also are here and there to be met with; but they are not widely cultivated.

THE BEAUTIES OF A TARTAR SPRING.

As we go northward, the steppe assumes its grand characteristic, presenting a huge circle of flatness, where nothing is seen but the overarching sky and the conical shaped tumuli, which rise every here and there, like monster mole-hills, on the surface of the plain. These steppes are very beautiful in spring, when the wide-spread green of the young grass becomes converted into a sea of wild flowers, yielding to the wind, which sways backwards and forwards their masses of varied colour, like waves on the shore. Fancy whole acres of purple larkspur gleaming in the sunshine, intersected with patches of scarlet poppy; and the pink-coloured wild peach shrub, with gaudy tulips and crocuses, contributing also their fine contrasting hues. But, alas! these beauties soon vanish at the approach of summer, and are succeeded by a tall, feathery grass, such as I have often seen grown in gardens in England.

SUMMER.

In summer, the Crimea becomes literally baked with heat: and by the end of June, the grass on the steppe is yellow and parched. It is at this season, that the mirage is most frequent, and it really helps to beguile the way by presenting a temporary excitement to the traveller. Driving along the steppe, suddenly something seems to rise like a city glittering through a mist in the distance; gradually an appearance of towers and trees comes out more clearly; as you advance, new spires arise, and trees, bridges, and rivers appear—a picturesque combination. By-and-by they sink into confusion; and when you arrive there, where stood the city of enchantment, all has vanished away, and you find but the waving of the parched grass as before. From the wear and tear of the clayey soil during the long droughts, which often last for months during summer, there is a great accumulation of dust. This gives rise to another phenomenon, of frequent occurrence on the steppe, reminding one of water-spouts on the sea, but filled with dust instead of water.—Suppose the great flat steppe stretched out beneath the blue sky—nothing visible—no breath of air apparently stirring—the whole plain an embodiment of sultriness, silence, and calmness—when gradually rise in the distance six or eight columns of dust, like inverted cones, two or three hundred feet high, gliding and gliding along the plain in solemn company, they approach, they pass, and vanish again in the distance, like hugh genii on some preternatural errand.

POLITICS AND THE PULPIT.

We have no doubt that a rigorous landlord having thanked it all the week, screwing and ripping among his tenants, would be better pleased to doze through an able gospel sermon on divine mysteries, than to be kept awake by a practical sermon that might treat of the duties of a Christian landlord. A broker who gambled on a magnificent scale all the week, does not go to church to have his practical swindling analyzed and measured by the "New Testament" spirit. Catechism is what he wants—doctrine is to his taste. A merchant, whose last bale of smuggled goods was safely stored on Saturday night, and his brother merchant, who, on the same day, swore a false invoice through the custom house—they go to church to hear a sermon on faith, on angels, on the resurrection. They have nothing invested in those subjects; they expect the minister to be bold and orthodox. But if he wants respec. table merchants to pay ample pew-rents, let him not vulgarize the pulpit by introducing commercial subjects.

A rich Christian brother owns largely in a distillery, and is clamorous about letting down the pulpit to the vulgarity of temperance sermons. Another man bears tax, titles, and nones all the week to see who can be slipped out of a neglected lot. A mechanic who plies his craft with the unscrupulous appliance of every means that he will win, he, too, wants "doctrine" on the Sabbath, not these secular questions. Men with two departments in life, the secular and the religious. Between them a high wall and opaque is to be built. They wish to do just what they please for six long days. Then stepping on the other side of the wall, they wish the minister to assuage their fears to comfort their conscience, and furnish them a clear ticket and incense for heaven. By such a shrewd management, our modern financiers are determined to show that a Christian can serve two masters, both God and mammon, at the time.—*Rev. H. W. Beecher.*

CIVILITY.

"A kindly air—a gentlemanly bow,
And all the forms of mild civility."

It is an easy thing to be civil, and although, in the language of the old proverb, "fine words butter no parsnips," they frequently, nay, almost invariably, have a kindly effect, and influence the mind as well as the heart. Nevertheless, there are certain persons who go through the whole world, as if determined never to utter a civil turn.

They are naturally rough, harsh, peevish, and dissatisfied, and even when appealed to in matters of business, they will indulge in such a spirit, and assume such an air, as to make the intercourse cold, formal and repulsive. A sad mistake, in every point of view. All of us are more or less dependent upon civility. It softens and sweetens the intercourse between man and man—it breaks down barriers and impediments that would otherwise exist—it appeals to the higher and more refined qualities of our nature, and it bespeaks not only intelligence and polish, but clearness of head and goodness of heart. A man who would, one who has travelled, or enjoyed the advantages of a thorough education, and especially a gentleman, is rarely uncivil. To be so, is to be rude, discourteous, and insulting. Nothing, indeed, is more agreeable, nothing more fascinating, and nothing better calculated to smooth our path in life or society, whether in the social or the business world as unwavering civility. It touches many a heart, it impresses many a mind, it removes many an obstacle; and, while it is calculated to gratify thousands, it can offend no one.

The man of finished manners and elegant taste, of cultivated mind and gentlemanly instincts, is civil, not only to the millionaire, the banker, and the merchant, but to the mechanic and day-labourer, and even to the beggar who knocks at his door. He respects himself, and hence he respects the feelings of others. He looks for kindness and good-will at the hands of his fellow-creatures, and he manifests these qualities himself. He may have his errors and infirmities, his prejudices and his passions, his follies and his excitements; but, at all times and occasions, his language and his manners are civil, or if having unwittingly committed an offence against propriety, he is the first to make the *amende honorable*.

Civility is not only one of the virtues, but it is one of the essentials of social and civilized life. It cannot be cultivated too sedulously. We should as much as possible, endeavour to engraft its spirit upon the young, and thus render it a feature and an embellishment of character. The effect cannot fail to be salutary. If this quality be calculated to adorn and dignify age, what a grace and a polish will it impart to the ingenuousness of youth. It at once softens and refines, elevates and beautifies. Often, too it opens the road to prosperity, and leads the way to conquest and power. With the sterner sex it has a magic and a charm, and with the gentler it is almost irresistible.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION FROM A FASHIONABLE MOTHER.

"Jane, What's the chief end of man? Don't know? Well, it's the most astonishing thing that that Assembly's Catechism don't stay in your head any better! It seems to go into one ear and out of the other. Now pay particular attention while I tell you what the chief end of man is. The chief end of man is—is—well—I—why don't you hold still! you are always puttings! You had your body out, better run up stairs and get your book. Here, stop a minute, and let me tie your sash straight. Pink is very becoming to you, Jane; you inherit your mother's blonde beauty. Come away from that glass, Jane, this minute; don't you know it is wicked to look in the glass on Sunday! See if you can say your "creed" that your Episcopal teacher wants you to learn. Come, "I believe"—(in less than one week your toes will be through those drab gaiters, Jane.) Goodness! if there isn't the bell! Why didn't you get your lesson Saturday evening? Oh! I recollect: you were at dancing school. Well —you needn't say anything about that, to your teacher; because—because there's 'a time to dance,' and a time to go to meeting, and *now* it is meeting time; so come here, and let me roll that refractory ringlet over my finger once more, and then, do you walk *solemnly* along to church, as a baptized child should.

"Here! stop a bit! you may wear this coral braclet of mine, if you won't lose it. There! now you look *most* as pretty as your mother did, when she was your age. Don't toss your head so, Jane; people will call you vain, and you know I have always told you that it makes very little difference how a little girl *looks*, if she is only a little christian. There, good bye; repeat your catechism going along; and, don't let the wind blow your hair out of curl.

A PENNY.

Thirty years ago there was seen to enter the city of London a lad about fourteen years of age. He was dressed in a dark smock-frock, that hid all his under apparel, and which appeared to have been made for a person evidently taller than the wearer. His boots were smothered with dust from the high road. He had an old hat with a black band, which contrasted strangely with the covering of his head. A small bundle, fastened to the end of a stick and thrown over his shoulder, was the whole of his equipment. As he approached the Mansion-house, he paused to look at the building and seating himself on the steps of one of the doors, he was about to rest himself, but the coming in and going out of half a-dozen persons before he had time to finish untying his bundle, made him leave that spot for the next open space, where the doors were in part closed. Having taken from the bundle a large quantity of bread and cheese, which he seemed to eat with a ravenous appetite, he amused himself by looking at the building before him with all the eager curiosity of one unaccustomed to see similar objects.

The appearance of the youth soon attracted my curiosity, and gently opening the door, I stood behind him without his being the least conscious of my presence. He now began rummaging his pockets, and, after a great deal of trouble, brought out a roll of paper, which he opened. After satisfying himself that a large copper coin was safe, he carefully put it back again, saying to himself, in a low tone—

"Mother, I will remember your last words: 'a penny saved is two-pence earned.' It shall go hard before I part with you, old friend."

Pleased with this remark, I gently touched the lad on the shoulder. He started, and was about to move away when I said—

"My good lad you seem tired, and likewise a stranger in this city."

"Yes sir, he answered, putting his hand to his hat—he was again about to move forward.

"You need not hurry away, my boy."

"I observed, "Indeed, if you are a stranger, and willing to work, I can perhaps help you to find what you require."

The boy stood mute with astonishment; and coloring to such an extent as to show all the freckles of a sunburnt face, stammered out,

"Yes, sir."

"I wish to know," I added, with all the kindness of manner I could assume, "whether you are anxious to find work, for I am in want of a youth to assist my coachman."

The poor lad twisted and twirled his bundle about, and after only placing his hand to his head, managed to utter an awkward answer, and said he would be very thankful.

I mentioned not a word about what I had overheard with regard to the penny, but inviting him into the house, I sent for the coachman, to whose care, I entrusted the new comer.

Near a month had passed after this meeting and conversation had occurred, when I resolved to make some inquiries of the coachman regarding the conduct of the lad.

"A better boy never came into the house, sir; and as for wasting anything, bless me sir, I know not, where he has been brought up, but I really believe he would consider it a sin if he did not give the crumbs of bread to the birds every morning."

"I am glad to hear so good an account," I replied.

"And as for his good nature, sir, there is not a servant among us that doesn't speak well of Joseph. He reads to us while we sup, and he writes all our letters for us. Oh, sir, he has got more learning than all of us put together; and, what's more, he doesn't mind work, never talks about our secrets after he writes our letters."

Determined to see Joseph myself, I requested the coachman to send him to the parlour.

"I understand, Joseph, that you can read and write."

"Yes, sir, thanks to my poor dead mother."

"You have lately lost your mother, then?"

"A month that very day when you were kind enough to take me into your house an unprotected orphan," answered Joseph.

"Where did you go to school?"

"Sir, my mother has been a widow ever since I can remember. She was a daughter of the village school-master, and, having to maintain herself with the needle, she took the opportunity of her leisure moments to teach me not only how to read and write, but to cast up accounts."

"And did she give you that penny which I saw you unroll so carefully at the door?"

Joseph stood amazed, but at length replied with emotion, and a tear stood in his eye—

"Yes, sir, it was the very last penny she gave me,"

"Well, Joseph, so satisfied am I with your conduct, that not only do I pay for a month's wages willingly for the time you have been here, but I must beg of you to fulfil the duties of collecting Clerk to our firm, which situation has become vacant by the death of a very old and faithful assistant."

Joseph thanked me in the most unassuming manner, and I was asked to take care of his money, since I had promised to provide him with suitable clothing for his occupation.

It will be unnecessary to relate how, step by step, this country lad proceeded to win the confidence of my self and partner. The accounts were always correct to a penny; and whenever his salary became due, he drew out of my hands no more than he absolutely wanted, even to a penny. At length he had saved a sufficient sum of money to be deposited in the bank.

It so happened that one of our customers who carried on a successful business, wanted an active partner. This person was of eccentric habits, and considerably advanced in years. Scrupulously just, he looked to every penny, and invariably discharged his workmen if they were not equally scrupulous in their dealing with him.

Aware of this peculiarity of temper, there was no person I could recommend but Joseph: and after overcoming the repugnance of my partner, who was unwilling to be deprived of so valuable an assistant, Joseph was duly received into the firm of Richard Fairbrothers and Co. Prosperity attending Joseph in his new undertaking, and never suffering a penny difference to appear in his transactions, he had so completely won the confidence of his senior partner, that he left him the whole of his business, as he expressed in his will, "even to the very last penny."

SALÆRATUS.

Mrs. Stowe, in her "Sunny Memories," and other travellers, tell us of the health and beauty of the English being so much more lasting than that of the American ladies. This is attributed among other things, to their freedom from the use of salæratus.

The journals of the day send forth warning notes against its far too common use in our country. I wonder if its manufacturers and dealers yet discover any diminution in orders and sales? How many of our housewives have said, we will not allow it in our kitchens—we will tax our ingenuity, and contrive, without its assistance, to have variety as well as sweetness and lightness in our cookery. Where can we find a "Cook Book" in which it does not rank an indispensable ingredient, in most of the plain receipts?

I knew a house wife who used it as freely as salt. It was always in her light bread, and everything that issued from that generous oven was baked just right—"light as puff," and of beautiful hue. She was a most untiring housekeeper and spent much