

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 BEAUTIES OF A TARTAR SPRING.

As we go northward, the steppe assumes its grand characteristic, presenting a huge circle of fastness, where nothing is seen but the over-arching sky and the conical shaped tumuli...

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...

POLITICS AND THE PULPIT.

We have no doubt that a rigorous landlord having sharked it all the week, screwing and zipping among his tenants, would be better pleased to doze through an able gospel sermon on divine mysteries...

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 noses all the week to see who can be clipped out of a neglected lot...

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...

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...

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-laborer, and even the beggar who knocks at his door...

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 engrain its spirit upon the young...

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..."

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...

"Here! stop a bit! you may wear this coral bracelet 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 christianian. 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...

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 at work."

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."

SALERATUS.

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 saleratus.

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 housewife 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 unobtrusive housekeeper and spent much