

LITERATURE, &c.

TO YOUNG MEN.

Modesty is considered one of the chief ornaments of youth, and has ever been viewed a presage of rising merit. When entering on the career of life, it is your part not to assume the reins of government as yet, into your own hands; but to commit yourselves to the guidance of the more experienced, and to become wise by the wisdom of those who have gone before you. Of all the follies incident to youth, there are none which either deform its present appearance, or blast the prospects of its prosperity and greatness, more than *self conceit*. By checking its natural progress in improvement, it fixes it in long immaturity; and frequently produces misery which can never be repaired. Yet this is a vice too commonly found among the young. Big with enterprise and elated with hope, they resolve to trust for success to none but themselves. Having confidence in their own abilities, they treat with contempt the admonition given them by their friends, thinking them to be the rash counsels of a moment, or the timorous suggestions of age. With too much wisdom to be taught, too impatient to deliberate, too forward to be restrained, they plunge headlong with precipitate indiscretion, into all the dangers with which life abounds. Positive as you now are in your own opinions, and your own assertions, be assured, the time will approach when both men and things will appear to you in a different light. Many characters which you now admire, will, by and by, sink in your esteem; and many opinions, of which you are at present most tenacious, will alter as you advance in years.—Distrust therefore, that glare of youthful presumption, which dazzles your eyes. Pride yourselves not in your own sense. Put not yourselves forward with too much eagerness, nor imagine that by the impetuosity of youthful ardor, you can overturn customs which have long been established, and change the face of the world.—Seem not to think more highly of yourselves than you ought to think but to think soberly. By patient and persevering progress, in improvement, you may in due time command lasting esteem.—But, by a person assuming a tone of superiority to which you have no title, you will disgust those whose approbation it is most important to gain.—Forward vivacity, may fit you to become companions of the idle. More solid qualities must recommend you to the wise, and mark you out for importance in subsequent life. There is nothing better calculated to preserve you from the contamination of low pleasures and pursuits, than frequent intercourse with the more intelligence and virtuous portion of the other sex. The society of well educated ladies is sure to give dignity and refinement to the character of a young man. Without such society his manners can never have the true polish of the gentleman, nor his mind and heart the truest and noblest sentiments of a man. Make it an object, therefore to spend some portion of your leisure in the company of intelligent and virtuous ladies.

THE FORGER.

A few years ago I became acquainted with a most interesting family. There was the father and mother and one only child. They were in affluent circumstances, and were both deeply pious. They watched with parents care over the unfolding beauties of their dear little girl. She grew up fair and no chilling blasts were permitted to blow upon the delicate form of Jane. In a few years she sprung up into womanhood. The hearts of the dotting parents became still more attached, and they looked forward with deep anxiety to the future, hoping that they should be attended down to the grave in peace, by their lovely daughter.—She had many suitors, and many offers: but one after another were rejected. At length there came one—he was a stranger from a distant part of the country. His appearance was prepossessing. There was a blandness and softness in his manners, which is sure of gaining an interest in a female's heart. He was reported rich and become the professed admirer of Jane. Her heart was his; and the parents, after many misgivings of mind, concurred that he should have her hand. Preparations were making for the wedding: guests were invited; but three days previous to the celebration of nuptials, he was arrested for forgery and thrown into prison. I visited him many times during his confinement. At length the verdict of the jury was giving against him. He was sentenced by the court to ten years imprisonment in the States prison. After the decree was known, I failed to see him. As I approached the cell the turnkey observed to me, there is a lady within. It was the wretched Jane. In three short weeks she had been thrown from the height of earthly happiness. She appeared wan, and pale, and broken-hearted, the very shadow of her former self. She had come to bid him farewell—the voice of justice condemned him—she alone, that young and lovely creature, was the only human being, save himself, that did not

execrate his name, and desert him in the night of adversity. The scene was truly touching. He tried to palliate his guilt, but he had unknown to her, been accustomed to dig too deep in the accursed bowl; and in an evil hour, while under its baleful influences, he committed the fatal deed that destroyed himself, and blighted the hopes of a sweet family, consigning the beautiful Jane to an early grave.

They parted never to meet again in this world. I stayed with the unfortunate young man until he was carried to the state prison; where he languished a few months and then died, in the morning and prime of his days: a sacrifice to the polluted example of the thoughtless young votaries of fashion, who associate with the vulgar in the midnight revel, and lay the foundation in early life, for a shattered constitution, a ruined reputation, the gaol, the scaffold, and a hopeless death.

Jane never appeared in public again. She gradually drooped like a blighted flower. Her afflicted parents carried her to a more mild and genial climate; but she died in six months. You will now see on the Sabbath the bent form of a female supported on the arm of a feeble old man, taking their seat in the house of God. They have now nothing to live for, on earth. Their sweet child is in heaven.

“She is planted in the realms of rest,
Where roses never die;
Amidst the gardens of the blest,
Beneath a stormless sky.”

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

HOME.

O, HOME! thou art in every place,
O'er all the boundless earth—
The centre of eternal space,
Where'er thou hast thy birth.
They say, ‘a thousand miles from Home,’
As from the dearest thing
That links our souls, the more we roam,
The more to it we cling.

What though ten thousand miles we run,
And add ten thousand more,
There is a Home—’tis like the sun
That travels still before.

Though not for us—though all be strange
Yet fondest hearts there be,
In all the world’s unmeasured range,
No home elsewhere can see.

O'er peopled realms, or deserts vast,
There still One Voice was heard—
’Tis Home—Home there her lot hath cast,
Of man, or beast, or bird.

Within the forest’s deepest shade,
Ten thousand depths around—
Home for each living thing is made,
That creepeth on the ground.

Where life hath neither bed nor lair,
In silence and in gloom,
Home finds the lonely floweret there,
The worm within the tomb.

Home, Home—it is eternal love—
His presence and His praise—
O'er all, around, below, above,
Creation’s boundless ways—

E’en in the poor defiled heart,
The present home of sin,
God said, Let wickedness depart,
And We will dwell therein.

Blest Spirit, thou that Home prepare,
Do thou make clean, secure,
Least Love should seek his dwelling there,
His Home, nor find it pure.

Thou, when this earthly home shall fall,
As built on erring sands—
Me, to that heavenly mansion call,
Prepared, not made with hands.

That Home of love, and joy, and peace,
No sorrow in the breast—
From troubling, where the wicked cease,
And where the wicked rest.

We take the following extract from Mr James’s late work of *Philip Augustus*.

“Welcome, good father hermit!” said De Coucy. “Come you here by accident, or come you to rest for a while at the hold of so poor a knight as myself?”

“I came to see whether thou wert alive or dead,” replied the hermit. “I knew not whether some new folk might not have taken thee from the land of the living.”

“Not yet,” replied De Coucy, with a smile: “my fate is yet unsealed one. But in faith, good father, I am glad to see thee; for, when thou hast broken thy fast in my hall, I would fain ask thee for some few words of good counsel.”

“To follow your own after you have asked mine?” replied the hermit. “Such is the way with man, at least. But first, as you say, my son, I will break my fast. Bid some of the lazy herd that of course feed on you, seek me some crosses from the brook, and give me a draught of water.”

“Must such be your sole food, good hermit?” demanded De Coucy. “Will not your vow admit of some more nourishing repast, after so long a journey, too?”

“I seek naught better,” replied the hermit, as De Coucy led him into the hall. “I am not one of those who hold that man was formed to gnaw the flesh of all harmless beasts, as if he were, indeed, but a more cowardly sort of tiger. Let your men give me what I ask,—something that never felt the throb of life or the sting of death,—hose wholesome herbs that God gave to be food to all that live, to bless the sight with their beauty, and the smell with their odour, and the palate with their grateful freshness. Give me no tiger’s food.—But thou lookest sad my son,” he added, gazing in De Coucy’s face, from which much of the sparkling expression of undimmed gaiety of heart that used once to shine out in every feature had now passed away.

“I am sad, good hermit,” replied the young knight. “Time holds two cups, I have heard say, both of which each man must drink in the course of his life:—either now the sweet, and then the bitter; or the bitter first and the sweet after;—or else, mingling them both together, taste the mixed beverage on through existence. Now, I have known much careless happiness in the days past, and I am beginning to quaff of the bitter bowl, Sir Hermit.”

“There is but one resource,” said the hermit: “there is but one resource, my son.”

“And what is that?” demanded De Coucy. “Do you mean death?”

“Nay,” replied the old man; “I mean Christ’s Cross. There is the hope, and the succour, and the reward for all evils suffered in this life! Mark me as I sit here before thee:—didst thou ever see a thing more withered,—broken—worn? And yet I was full of green strength, and flourishing—as proud a thing as ever trampled on his mother earth: rich, honoured, renowned;—I was a very giant in my vanity! My sway stretched over wide, wide lands. My lance was always in the vanguard of the battle; my voice was heard in courts, and my council was listened to by kings. I held in my arms the first young love of my heart; and, strange to say! that love increased, and grew to such absorbing passion, that, as years rolled on, I quitted all for it,—ambition, strife, pride, friend, ship,—all.”

“Methinks surely,” said De Coucy, with all his feelings for Isadore fresh on his heart’s surface, “such were the way to be happy!”

“As much as the way for a gambler to win is to stake all his wealth upon one cast,” replied the hermit. “But, mark me!—she died, and left me childless—hopeless—alone! And I went out into the world to search for something that might refill the void her loss had left,—not in my heart, for that was a sepulchre to my dead love, never to be opened again,—no, but to fill the void in my thoughts—to give me something to think of—to care for. I went among men of my own age (for I was then unbroken) but I found them feelingless or brutal, sensual, and voluptuous; either plunderers of their neighbours, or mere eaters and drinkers of fifty. I then went among the old, but I found them querulous and tetchy, brimful of their own miseries, and as selfish in their particular pains as the others in their particular pleasures. I went among the young and there I found generous feelings and unworldly thoughts; and free and noble hearts, from which the accursed chisel of Time had not hewn out the finer and more exquisite touches of Nature’s perfecting hand: but then, I found the wild, ungovernable struggling of the war horse for the battle-plain; the light, thoughtless impatience of the flower-changing butterfly; and I gave it all up as a hopeless search, and sunk back into my loneliness again. My soul withered; my mind got twisted and awry, like the black stumps of the acacia on the sterile plains of the desert; and I lived on in murmuring grief and misanthropy till came a blessed light upon my mind, and I found that peace at the foot of Christ’s Cross which the world and its things could never give. Then it was I quitted the habitations of men, in whose commune I had found no consolation, and gave myself up to the brighter hopes that opened to me from the world beyond!”

FROM THE GAZETTE DE FRANCE.

LADY ESTHER STANHOPE.

OUR readers are no doubt aware, that Lady Esther Stanhope is a celebrated English woman, who, after having wandered for a long time in the East, and even reigned over some wandering tribes of Arabs, settled at the foot of Mount Lebanon, where not long ago she still exercised a most sovereign influence over the population of those countries. Few travellers have traversed, for eighteen years past, Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, without having visited Lady Stanhope, and having received from that intrepid Amazon the most important information of the physical and moral condition of these different countries. The following amongst other curious facts, is an anecdote related by her ladyship to a traveller, who has kindly communicated it to us. We give it in the words of the traveller:—

In the course of several conversations which I had with Lady Stanhope, the intrepid Lady related to me several anecdotes of the people of the East which presented a faithful picture of their manners, and superstitions: I shall prefer reciting one relative to the Sultan Mahmoud and Mehemet Ali, the two greatest Men of whom these religions can boast.

“For some years the always increasing power of the Viceroy of Egypt was a cause of disquietude to the sublime Porte.