

We will suppose the case of a young man who is conscious, that, within his mind, there is something which, in spite of his judgment, causes him, while its influence predominates, to feel or act contrary to his sober sense of what is right. He may, for instance, have a feeling of envy at the prosperity of others, ruling in his mind. He becomes aware of the activity of this feeling, from the uneasiness which it produces within him. Its pain makes it apparent, and indicates that it is wrong. Now, how shall he get free from the influence of such an evil emotion? Or, in other words, how shall he be enabled to govern himself in such a way as to keep this envious spirit so much under control, as never to be influenced by it to injure one more prosperous, in word or action? To subdue such a troublesome bias of the mind, it will be of little importance for him to look it, if we may so speak, full in the face. To perceive, and acknowledge, that he could not feel uneasiness at his neighbour's greater success in business, or the same feeling at his superior reputation for learning and talents, if he had not, in his mind, an evil principle of envy. He must let no feeling of self-esteem blind him to the truth that he is really envious. Upon this struggle for an honest self-acknowledgment of the truth, no matter how painful it may be, hangs all-important consequences. If the truth be acknowledged, as well as felt, then half the battle is gained. But, if, from a principle of false pride, he refuses to acknowledge the real existence of the evil, then he will pass under a more powerful dominion, and be strangely blinded to its existence. Having sought out, and brought into the light of his own perception this moral perversion, and acknowledged that it is an evil, his plain duty, of course, is, to struggle against the entertainment of envious feelings; knowing, that to foster such feelings, he must himself be injured. A consideration that would greatly assist him in this struggle, is the fact, that any evil feelings, cherished, must and will gain strength; and, that he cannot tell how soon, from entertaining those of envy, he may be led to attempt secret injury.

But, let us look at another case. A common fault of young men is an impatience of opposition. They cannot bear to have their own inclinations called in question, nor to have their reasons checked by the interposition of reasons offered by those who are older and more experienced. A young man of a certain temperament gets into an argument with one of his own age, or with one his senior by 20 years. They differ in their views, and he becomes excited. The opposition of opinion, only excites an antagonist principle, instead of convincing him. Too soon, his feelings become excited, and he allows himself to indulge in harsh and unbecoming language. If it happens that he has the best of the argument, and his opponent in the controversy, disregards the weight of his reasoning, or cannot perceive the same result follows. He cannot govern himself. He is impatient of opposition. In moments of sober thought he regrets his weaknesses, and is ashamed of his conduct. But again he is overcome and falls into the same mental condemnation.

For such a one, great watchfulness is necessary. He should never forget his weakness, and, as a primary means of self-control, he should explore his own mind, and endeavor to know why it is that he cannot bear the slightest opposition. In all probability, he will find that he so highly esteems himself, as to be almost unconscious of acting wrong under any circumstances; and this self-esteem is roused whenever there is any opposition to what he says. He must endeavor, if he would correct this error, to remember, that others are as honest in their opinions as he is, and that he should have the same respect for their opinions as he desires them to have for his. Thus acknowledging that others have the same consciousness of being right that he has, he will find that he is actually trenching upon their rights when he becomes angry at opposition, instead of their trenching upon his. He should, for himself, freedom of opinion, but he denies it to others, in becoming angry when they insist upon their own views of a disputed question.

An all-important object of control is inclination. It blinds the judgment, and too often causes our most important decisions, leading to ruin to ourselves, and frequently to others. When we consider, that our very natures are converted from good to evil, how can we wonder, while these natures remain unchanged, that our inclinations can be other than evil? Inclinations should be brought right up before the mind, and considered attentively. No false sense of dignity of character, no blind self-love, should prevent our seeing distinctly that the natural tendencies of our mind are not to be good. Correcting thought, our wrong ideas, and from superficial thought, let us learn to know our inclinations, where any instant matter is concerned, and seriously to consider them. If, upon a rational view of all grounds upon which is an action is contemplated, but one right course, and that is, to do it, is in favor of judgment. It will require a great effort with some, but important considerations demand that this effort should be made.

Let every young man decide, in moments of calm reflection, that he will firmly resist the promptings of inclination, whenever they are in their favor. Such a resolution, kept in the mind, will soon become fixed as a principle, and be ever ready to act when aid is required.

It is a requisite to urge the necessity of self-control. They are the wild beasts

of the mind, that, when roused, seek to debase and destroy it. The more they are indulged, the more powerful do they become; and the longer they are indulged, the harder will it be to subdue them. Who is more to be commiserated than a man who cannot resist his envious passions? And yet, there was a time when he was not their slave. When he could easily pass from under their brief dominion.

But, by a gradual accession of power, from frequent indulgence, these evil passions continued to gain strength. Until, at last, he was brought into bondage from which it is almost impossible to escape. Slight causes only are required to raise a tempest, over the desolating influences of which he often mourns in vain. Whenever they are aroused into activity, the better principles of his mind seem to retire, as if conscious that opposition would be vain, or as if fearful of extinguishment; and thus, without pilot or helm, the victim of evil passions is driven about until the storm, from having exhausted itself, subsides. In the calm that ensues, how painful must it be to note the marks of the tempest!

Nor is he less to be pitied, who has allowed himself to indulge in evil desires, until he finds himself no longer able to resist their advances. Who has delighted in sensual indulgences, until his mind become brutalized in a degree, painful to contemplate. Once he possessed the power of controlling these evil affections, and suffered them but rarely to bring him into bondage. But, now, a passing thought will kindle up the slumbering fire within him. He is no longer a free man.

One of the most serious subjects of reflection for a young man, is this of self-control. Every thing depends upon it. Its regular exercise will soon create a habit of submission to the dictates of reason. Its neglect will soon bring him into bondage to evil affections. Without a degree of self-control, there is little chance of success in the world, and no hope of freedom from internal commotion and pain. It would be impossible to point out all the varied and evil inclinations of the mind that requires controlling. But there is no one who has not an internal consciousness of some tendencies within him that his judgment does not approve, and who is not, at some time or other, led into acts under their impulse that leave behind them a degree of self-condemnation. It is but a poor compliment to a young man's strength of character for him to say, "I have no command over myself," and yet we hear this uttered almost every day, as a good excuse for conduct that outrages the ordinary courtesies of social life. A man in conversing with a friend, hears sentiments uttered in direct opposition to others which he entertains; he endeavors to controvert them, and his friend maintains his own opinions. Instantly he is warmed up, and allows himself to throw out some harsh remark or personal allusion. After cooler moments have induced reflection, he sees his error; and in atonement for it, says,

"Indeed you must look over my foolishness, I have no command over myself."

But what security has his friend, that he will not, before the next ten minutes expire, again lose control of himself, and again outrage his feelings? The true answer, in all such cases should be,

"Then, my friend, it is time that you had learned to command yourself."

This admonition if urged with the utmost mildness, will in general produce a salutary effect. But it is needless to pursue this subject farther. Enough has been said to bring serious reflections to the mind of every young man, and to make him resolve to begin now, if he have not already commenced the task, to bring his own mind under the control of right principles.

From the same.

STILL GUSH THY TREASURES,  
LIVING SPRING.

Still gush thy treasures, living spring!  
Still in the sunlight play  
Thy silvery waters, murmuring  
Along their pleasant way.

But ah! how soon in darkness glade,  
Or leafy dell, or woodland shade,  
Thy chequered course is seen;  
Whence faintly comes thy wonted song,  
While stealing pensively along  
The changed and darkened scene.

Affection's streamlet! Once I deem'd  
Thy flow would ever be  
Living and bright as first it seem'd,  
As bounding and as free;

But like the stream I loved when young,  
Joyful the crystal waters sprung,  
And gaily danced away;  
But soon dim shadows o'er thee pass'd,  
High rock and tree thy bosom glass'd,  
And twilight on thee lay.

Yet even though hidden in the shade  
Of valley dark and low,  
Rich treasures of the heart are laid  
Where thy deep waters flow.

Nor would I now thy course should be  
Where zephyrs wanton playfully,  
O'er gardens of perfume;  
The diamond's sheen and chrysolite  
Make all thy lonely chamber's bright,  
Thy hidden depths illumine.

Thy rippling surface caught no beam  
Of sunlight pleasantly;  
I was ever but a broken glass

Of quivering rays to thee;  
Now, though the rock hangs beehing high  
And tall trees lift their branches high  
Above thy gloomier shore,  
Down thy pure crystal depths, afar,  
Shines many a ray from many a star  
That veiled its light before.

From Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.  
BRITISH COMMERCE AND NAVIGATION.

From an official statement, recently made, of the exports and imports of Great Britain to the different parts of the world, for the year 1843, some important facts may be gathered, to which we would direct attention. In the trade between Britain and her colonies in the western world, about 80,000 seamen are yearly employed. The amount of wages, and cost of provisions for these cannot be less than £3,600,000 per annum; and the repairs, insurance and replacing of capital in the ships, £4,500,000 more. In the trade between Britain and India, and China, 10,000 seamen are employed at a similar rate. Their wages, provisions, &c., will amount to £500,000; and the replacement of capital, and insurance to £340,000; in all, £1,340,000. The whole, or very nearly the whole of the supplies necessary to maintain these seamen and tonnage are the productions of British soil and labour; and this, in a national point of view, shows the superiority of such a trade over a merely manufacturing commerce. A comparison of the trade of the eastern with that of the western world, taking the value of imports, and exports, stand nearly thus:—

From and to British North America and the West India Colonies, £14,000,000; and from and to China and the East Indies, £16,000,000. It thus appears that the former commerce requires nearly five times more ships, tonnage, and seamen, to carry it on; than the latter; thereby an incalculable advantage to a naval power, and the support of a naval force, and also to the employment of British agricultural labor and capital. It appears that the weight of cotton yarn and goods exported from England annually, is 120,000 tons; and the value in round numbers being £23,500,000, it follows that one-half the tonnage employed in carrying the West Indian exports, (viz. £2,852,141,) would be sufficient to carry the whole cotton export trade of the country; and as regards the North American trade, one-seventh of the tonnage would be sufficient. While the trade with the West Indies and British North America (in exports and imports about £14,000,000 yearly) employs 2,900 ships, 978,000, that with the United States (in exports and imports £22,000,000) gives employment to 350 ships, 235,000 tons. The imports from China are valued at about £5,000,000, brought in 84 ships, about 39,712 tons.

New Works.

From the Crescent and the Cross; or, Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel. By Eliot Warburton, Esq.

Our traveller is next found, having crossed the Levant from Egypt to Palestine; and as his pen had invested "the river" with its own charm, so now does the Syrian desert claim our interest, as it is coloured by the vivid tinting of the tourist's pencil:—

"You are awakened in the morning by the song of birds, which your sleeping ear, all regardless of the jackall's howl, or the ocean's roar throughout the night, yet recognizes as its expected summons. You fling off the rough capote, your only covering, start from the carpet, your only couch, and, with a plunge into the river or the sea, your toilet is made at once.

"The rainbow mists of morning are still heavy on the landscape, while you sip your coffee; but, by the time you spring into your saddle, all is clear and bright, and you feel, as you press the sides of your eager horse, and the stirring influence of morning buoy you up as if fatigue could never come. The breeze, full of flowery smells and songs of birds, blusters merrily around your turban, as you gallop to the summit of some hill, to watch the Syrian sunrise spread in glory over Lebanon, Hermon, or Mount Carmel. Meanwhile, your tent is struck; your various luggage packed upon your horses, with a completeness and celerity that only the wandering Arab can attain to, and a heap of ashes alone remains to mark the site of your transient home.

"Your cavalcade winds slowly along the beaten path, but you have many a castled crag, or woody glen, or lonely ruin to explore, and your untiring Arab courier seems ever fresh and vigorous as when he started. Occasionally, you meet some traveller armed to the teeth, who inquires news of the road you have come, and perhaps relates some marvelous adventure from which he has escaped. He bristles like a porcupine with a whole armoury of pistols, daggers, yataghans, but his first and parting salutation is that of 'Peace!' In no country of the world is that gentle word so often used, or so little understood.

"Well, then, some khan, or convent, or bubbling spring marks your resting place during the burning noon; and you are soon again in motion, with all the exhilaration of a second morning. Your path is as varied as your thoughts; now, over slippery crags upon some view-commanding mountain's brow; now, along verdant valleys, or through some ravine where the winter-torrent was the last passenger.

Oleanders in rich bloom are scattered over the green turf; your horse treads odours out of a carpet of wild flowers; strange birds of brilliant plumage are darting from bough to bough of the wild myrtle and lemon tree; lizards are gleaming among the rocks; and the wide sea is so calm, and bright, and mirror-like, that the solitary ship upon its bosom seems suspended; like Mahomet's coffin, between two skies.

All this time, too, you are travelling in the steps of prophets, conquerors, and apostles; perhaps along the very path where our Saviour trod. What is yonder village? 'Nazareth.' What is yonder lake? 'The sea of Galilee.' None but he who has heard these answers from a native of Palestine can understand their thrilling sound.

"But evening approaches; your horse's step is as free, but less elastic than fourteen hours ago. Some way-side khan, or village, affords a sort of security for the night's encampment; but, more frequently, a fountain, or a river's bank is the only indulgence that decides you to hold up your hand. Suddenly, at the sign, the horses stop; down comes the luggage; and, by the time you have unbridled and watered your horse, a carpet is spread on the green turf, and a fire is already blazing. As you fling yourself on the hard couch of earth, with a sensation of luxury, one of your attendants presents you with the soothing chibouque, while another hands a tiny cup of coffee, which at once restores tone to your system, and enables you to look out upon the lovely sunset with absorbing satisfaction. Meanwhile, your tent has risen silently over you; the baggage is arranged in a crescent form round the door; the horses are picketed in front.

"Your simple meal is soon despatched, and a quiet stroll by moonlight concludes the day. Then wrapped in your capote, you fling yourself once more upon your carpet, place your pistols under your saddle-pillow, and are soon lost in such sleep as only the care-free traveller knows.

Journeying on in such a daily routine, although the traveller stands before the city of Zion:—

"It was indeed Jerusalem—and had the Holy City risen before us in its palmiest days of magnificence and glory, it could not have created deeper emotion, or been gazed at more earnestly, and with intenser interest.

"The whole cavalcade paused simultaneously when Jerusalem appeared in view; the greater number fell upon their knees, and laid their foreheads in the dust, whilst a profound silence, more impressive than the loudest exclamations, prevailed over all. Even the Moslem guides and servants, holding their arms on their bosoms, gazed reverently on what was to them also a holy city, and recalled to my mind the pathetic appeal of their forefather Esau—'Hast thou not a blessing for me, also, O my Father?'

"Apart from all associations, the first view of Jerusalem is a striking one. A brilliant and unchequered sunshine has something mournful in it, when all that it shines upon is utterly desolate and drear. Not a green spot or tree is visible; no sign of life breaks the solemn silence; no smile of nature's gladness ever varies the stern scenery around. The flaming, monotonous sunshine above, and the pale, distorted, rocky wastes beneath, realise, but too faithfully the prophetic picture—'Thy sky shall be brass, and thy land shall be iron.'

To the right and left, as far as the eye can reach, vague undulations of colourless rocks extend to the horizon. A broken and desolate plain in front is bounded by a wavy, battlemented wall, over which towers frown, and minarets peer, and mosque domes swell; intermingled with church turret and an indistinguishable mass of terraced roofs. High over the city, to the left, rises the Mount of Olives; and the distant hills of Moab, almost mingling with the sky, afford a back ground to the striking picture.

"There was something startlingly new and strange in that wild, shadowless landscape; the clear outlines of the hills, and the city walls so colourless, yet so well defined against the naked sky, gave to the whole a most unreal appearance; it resembled rather an immense engraving than anything which nature and nature's complexion had to do with.

"I am not sure that this stern scenery did not present the only appearance that would not have disappointed expectation. It was unlike anything on earth—so blank to the eye, yet so full of meaning to the heart; every mountain round is familiar to the memory; even you blasted fig-tree has its voice, and the desolation that surrounds us bears its silent testimony to its fearful experiences. The plain upon which we stand looks like the arena of mighty struggles in times gone by—struggles in which all the mighty nations of the earth took part; and in which Nature herself seems to have shared.

"Each of our party had waited for the other to finish his devotion, and seemed to seek each pilgrim's feelings with a Christian sympathy, perhaps inspired by the spot. At length, all had risen from their genuflections and prostrations, and we moved slowly forward over the rugged yet slippery path which human feet had worn in the solid rock. Countless had been the makers of that path—Jebusites, Chaldeans, Assyrians, Egyptians, Romans, Saracens, Crusaders, and pilgrims from every country under heaven.

To be always jocose, is buffoonery; always pathetic, silly; always wise, sententious; always grave, tiresome.