

Literature, &c.

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From the Columbian Magazine.

A FRIENDLY CAUTION.

BY ROBERT A. WEST.

Afloat; upon the limpid stream,
The barque glides gaily on its way;
The flowery banks with verdure teem,
Each songster trills its sweetest lay;
And gilded by the solar ray
The distance seems yet still more bright;
The voyager is blythe and gay
His heart beats high with wild delight.

Be cautious, youthful voyager!
Dangers ahead! Yon sparkling wave
Is but a rock concealing, where
Thy barque may founder ere it brave
The open sea! Ah! such the stream
On which our own frail barque is cast;
The future lit by hope's bright beam,
To which we press with eager haste!

And, fair one, even such is youth,
While fancy wears the garb of truth!
A voyage fraught with mirth and glee,
Yet not from every danger free;
A path beset with many a gem
And lovely flower on pensile stem;
An hour of pleasure and of joy,
Saddened by after cares' alloy;
A dream which future years will tell
Was holding but a transient spell;
A tender bud, which yet may blossom fair,
And fill with fragrance the surrounding air.

And such your journey;—even now
The bloom of youth is on your brow!
That bloom may pass away,—and care
May chance to write a wrinkle there.
Yet may you never, never know
Those bitter pangs of secret woe,
That furrow deep the cheek with tears,
And give us age without its years.
Sorrow may be your lot; your heart
May bleed beneath the painful smart
Of cold neglect; and hope may die,
Or close its blossoms droopingly.

Be not dismayed;—e'en sorrow's night
Will flee before the morning's light.
Cheered by the solar ray, young hope
May yet its drooping head lift up.
Be fearful only when you have
No buffetings from sorrow's wave!
And tremble but when pleasure's ray
Dances too brightly on your way.

Cupid may wound you with his dart
And suitors ask to share your heart.
Trust not the FOR, for his desire
Would never to your heart aspire.
Trust not the FLIRT, he would but gain
Your feelings just to give you pain.
Trust not the BARD, till you discover
That the first glow of feeling's over;
If still he love in sober hour,
Not aught on earth can quench its power.
But trust the man of sober sense,
Whose heart's guest is BENEVOLENCE;
Of temper even; motives, pure;
With him your comfort is secure.

From the Columbian Magazine.
NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

BY MISS CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK.

In the year 183—, when speculation—that
black art evasion of the laws God has instituted
between labour and property, laws for the
protection of human virtue—was at its fever
height in the city of New York, Mr Lyell, a
gentleman whose years and position seemed
to have moored him in one of those bays past
which the stream might rush without dragging
him with the torrent, returned to his home much
excited. He was too much occupied with his
own thoughts to observe that two young per-
sons, whom his entrance disconcerted, were at
that moment threading together one of those
tangled paths that but for his ill-timed appear-
ance might have led them into the bright world
of their hopes. Ellen Lyell threw back the
curls that had fallen over her burning cheek
and resumed her worsted-work, heeding nei-
ther colors nor thread, and Haskett Mercer
snatched the evening paper and seemed devour-
ing its contents.

"I am glad to find you here, Mercer," said
Mr Lyell, "it is not often I leave poor Ellen
alone. Anything new in the paper? Have
you looked at the stocks? Still rising are they
not?"

Mercer turned mechanically to the stock-
table and read it aloud.

"Yes, up—up—up," resumed Mr Mercer.
What is the world coming to? every body is
getting rich. William and Gordon have made
a matter of forty thousand dollars since last
week, Ellen."

"Forty thousand since last week!" repeated
Ellen, without turning her eyes from her work.
"Yes, forty thousand. Is that such every
day news that you answer me like a faint echo.
Forty thousand is worth your lifting your bright
eyes from your work, Miss Ellen. If your
brothers' luck holds, they will soon be the rich-
est men of their name."

"Will they be the happiest?"
"To be sure—that is, they will be so much
the happier as they are the richer. Mercer,
why don't you go out into this shower of gold?
What is the use of always having your plate
bottom side upward?"

"I am afraid, sir, that we are deluded by a
false light, and that which now seems gold will
prove to be mist, and melt away."

"Nonsense, Mercer, nonsense! Don't I tell
you my boys have realized forty thousand dol-
lars?"

"They have capital, Mr Lyell. I have none
—at least none but my regular business educa-
tion and my industry. These afford no basis
for speculation. Indeed that has no basis. The
indolent, ignorant and unscrupulous are the
most daring in these times, and, for the most
part, the most successful."

"It was so in the beginning, I admit,"
said Mr Lyell, "but now everybody sees the
crimes are peculiar and all are putting into the
lottery. Town and country are alive! Prudent
old merchants that have gone on in a jog-trot
way the last thirty years are studying charts of
new lots and maps of Western lands; lawyers
are getting up monied institutions; literary men
are in Wall street and widows are speculating
in the stocks. Common rules won't do now,
Mercer. Every thing goes by a succession of
accidents. I am sure nobody can explain why
property, real property, should be worth fifty
per cent more than it was two or three years
ago."

"Perhaps sir, if you were to say why it
should sell for fifty per cent more, next year
it may solve the riddle. The present prices
cannot be sustained. Land is at this moment
selling upon a hypothesis of our having in a few
years some millions of population on this is-
land."

"Well, if it be a delusion, why not take ad-
vantage of it, Mercer? My sons offered me a
share in a purchase they are to make to-mor-
row. I promised them to consider of it. I
have done so during my cool walk home this
evening and come to the concluding to follow
the good old rule and let well enough alone.
At my age the care of new riches would be
burdensome. I have been just as I am all my
life, which, in this up and down city, few can
say. I am not far from the end and I had rath-
er finish as I began. I have enough for Ellen
and me and my sons are getting rich on their
own account. But you, Mercer—you are a
young man; without a money capital, you will
have a long struggle of it. You will grow gray
before you dare ask a woman to marry you, if,
instead of taking advantage of this strange state
of thing, you plod on?"

"But what am I to do, Mr Lyell?" replied
Mercer, whose pulses were quickened by some
of Mr Lyell's suggestions. "I have no money
for the venture, and if I could obtain credit I
would not without property to sustain it.
There is too much of this dishonourable mode
of business carried on among us."

Ellen for the first time put in her word to say;
"It seems to me this universal passion for riches
is vulgar. Surely there is something better
and nobler in this world to struggle for."

"Whew, Miss Ellen! Love in a cottage is
it? That is 'bon pour la campagne,' as the
French say; 'very well out in the bush,' as
your old Dutch granddame, would have had it,
but in town (and Mr Lyell winked at Mercer)
love can't live in a cottage; it must have at least
a neat two story house, with money enough to
go to market in the morning and pay the ser-
vants on Saturday night."

"Now, Mercer, I am a prudent man and have
no fears I will endorse your note. You shall
go into this speculation with the boys, and, as
matters are going, you may sell out at the end
of a month a very decent little fortune. Your
share of the purchase will be about twenty thou-
sand dollars."

"Enter not into temptation, Mr Mercer," said
Ellen with an arch smile. But Mercer had al-
ready entered in. His castle was already built
in the shape of a neat two story house, and the
conviction that Mr Lyell had discerned his
hopes and had presented the only mode of at-
taining them took possession of him. After a
short silence and a stolen glance at Ellen,
which conjured up intoxicating images in his
brain, he snatched his hat, saying, "I will see
your sons this evening, Mr Lyell, and if they
are disposed to let me into this partnership I will
accept your very kind offer."

"Not so very kind; no, if there were the
slightest risk I would not make it—for twenty
thousand dollars is nearly two thirds of all I am
worth in the world."

"And if there be risk, I would sooner cut off
my right hand than take it, be assured of that,
Mr Lyell."

And never was there a more conscientious
assurance, but unfortunately Mercer was begin-
ning to feel intoxication. He found the young
Lyells eager to admit him an equal partner in
their speculation. They particularly liked him.
They suspected their sister was not indifferent
to him. They knew he was not to her. They
were elated with their recent success, and fan-
cied Mercer had only to embark with them, to
launch on the flood that led to certain fortune.
But, alas! the ebb-tide had even then, unper-
ceived, begun.

The purchase was made, all the late gains of
the brothers invested and the father's name
pledged for it—left Mercer.

Shortly after Mercer was employed by a
company in New York to go to Illinois to ex-
amine some recent purchases of 'fancy lots' made
there. Before leaving the city he went to Mr.
Lyell's to take leave of Ellen. It was four
o'clock the steamer left the wharf at five. He
had but fifteen minutes to spare. He had no
purpose what to say, but he was in that excited
state of mind when fifteen minutes gives the
color to one's life. Nature is in some
minds more rapid than the magnetic tele-
graph.

"Miss Ellen is not at home," said the servant
who answered to Mercer's ring. "She and
the old gentleman have gone down to Mr. Gor-
don's."

Poor Mercer turned away thinking how in-
terminable the four weeks of his absence would
seem, but vainly casting the fashion of the un-
certain future, he little thought that was the
last time his foot would be upon Mr. Lyell's
door step.

As he hastened up the street he met an old
mercantile friend of Mr Lyell's, one of those
men infallibly weather-wise in the trading
world.

"I hope," he said, "the Lyells have not
made the purchase they were talking of?"

"They have."

"I am sorry for it. It will be a bad con-
cern. I am glad, at any rate, that my old
friend's neck is out of the scrape. It may prove
a good lesson to the young men."

Mercer had no time to hear further. He
went on his way, and carried with him a load of
remorse and anxiety.

His journey was long and painful. Where-
ver he went the demon of speculation had been
before him and ruin was following in his train.
His business was perplexing and detained him
through the sickly season. He took the fever
of the country, bad enough under any circum-
stances, but alarmingly aggravated by his com-
plicated anxieties. Happily his ravings of El-
len Lyell, of an angry father, and of bankrupt-
cy fell on the ears of strangers. His discreet
physician withheld the letters that came for
him, till, though still staggering with debility,
he was on the eve of beginning his homeward
journey. There were several from the bro-
thers Lyell, one from their father, and one
from Ellen. This last was read first and ran as
follows. "My dear friend, my father told me
yesterday that he had written to you. I fear
his letter is filled with reproaches. You will
not be surprised that disappointment and loss
should irritate his too susceptible temper.
Your agency in this unhappy affair will, I
know, grieve you, but you should be consoled
by remembering that you embarked in it at my
father's urgent request, and with expressed re-
luctance."

"For myself I have nothing to regret, our
condition is yet far above want. The wise
people tell us that fortune and ease are not the
best ministers to the human character, and I
already find that enforced occupation, if it does
not end the evils it opposes, at least furnishes
a panoply divine against ennui and repining."
"My brothers have waked from their dream
of illimitable fortunes and have entered upon a
career of patient industry. This early check
is like to prove a great blessing to them. Al-
ready they have time and tranquillity for do-
mestic enjoyment. We have heard of your ill-
ness. Do not let your friends continue in igno-
rance of your precise condition."

This letter was four weeks old. If the tears
were unmanly that fell upon it they must be
divided between the weakness of his heart. Its
generous tone fortified him for the shock that
was to follow.

The father's letter began: "Your scoundrel-
ly conduct, Mercer, in sneaking out of town
and hiding yourself in the Western woods,
while I was left to bear the brunt of this ru-
inous business is not to be forgotten. Never pre-
sume to come into my presence again, nor, on
any pretence, to speak to my daughter. Past
friendships are forgotten—past injuries, which
have involved me in remediless ruin, can never
be."

The brothers' letters were filled with details
of mercantile disasters. They informed Mer-
cer that in default of his payment of his portion
of the purchase money, their father, at a great
sacrifice of his property, had met his engage-
ments, and that, after satisfying the debt, no-
thing remained to him but his house and a few
thousand dollars. They absolved Mercer from
blame and wrote with the courageous hope of
youth.

But Mercer could not absolve himself. He
had weakly yielded to the first temptation to
join the rash and wicked throng who 'make
haste to be rich.' He had departed from the
principles which he had adopted as the rule
of his life—the principle that fortune is the legiti-
mate result of labor and the representative of
the economical virtues, and that it stands low
in the scale of human felicities.

Expiation of his faults was all that now re-
mained to him, and he determined to waste no
time in weak inaction and vain repining. "I
have lost," he said, as his thoughts reverted to
Ellen, with an anguish that cut through his
heart, "the greatest blessing within grasp of
man. I will not too lose true honor."

It was a brilliant New-Year's morning in
184—. Many may still remember it. Ellen
Lyell was still Ellen Lyell, but how changed
since that memorable evening five years before,
when love and its bright train filled the imagi-
nation of the young woman of nineteen! Sud-
den and sharp disappointment had followed,
and to that softened, thoughtful regret, which
gave rather a pensive aspect to a life filled with
rigorous duty. She occupied with her father a
very small house in Madison street, where by
the rent of their nice house in Chamber street,

the income of the wreck of her father's property
and her own earnings she contrived to continue
to him the comfort of his more prosperous
days. She had risen early to arrange her house-
hold for the day and make her preparations for
this pleasant gift season. She and her little
German housemaid, her maid of all work, had
before the day dawned put the last polishing
touch of studious neatness, that adornment of
a modest condition, to her two small commu-
nicating parlors.

"Now, Miss Ellen," said Getchen "every-
thing is ready and right."

"Not quite, Getchen; this window curtain
has been pulled out of its place. There, now
the folds are even; do you hold it while I tie
it."

This was done, and both mistress and maid
turning their eyes towards the sky at the same
moment saw the moon still shining through the
immeasurable depths of a clear winter sky.

"There," exclaimed Getchen, "is the waning
moon seen over the right shoulder of us both on
a New-Year's morning, the best token of all the
year, and sent not sought—for no eye but
yours, Miss Ellen, would have seen the cur-
tain was not straight, and but for your seeing
that we should not have seen the moon."

"Well, dear Getchen, what particular hap-
piness of the happy New-Year does this lucky
sight betoken?"

"Ah that the day must show, Miss Ellen. If
you have a betrothed he will bring you the
gifts you desire, or if you have not one, the
day will show him to you. Something will
chance concerning what maidens think most of.
I see you don't believe a word of it, Miss
Ellen, but it is so in my country. Among my
people there are signs and omens for every day
in the year, and unseen spirits for every dark
hour, but here you only see and hear with the
eye and ear of flesh, not even the blessed
Christchild, that comes to prince and peasant
in my country, comes to this dreary land."

"Dreary and disenchanted it seems to you,
Getchen, but our matter of fact lives save us
from idle expectations. Now, for instance, if
you and I, believing in this sign of yours, were
looking out for our betrothed or his gifts to-day,
it would be all moonshine."

"Oh, as to me, Miss Ellen, I am away from
my people, and I have left my luck behind me;
but you, what does Mr. Lawrence come every
day for? and why is it that one bunch of flowers
has never time to fade before another comes in
the place of it?"

"Nonsense, Getchen, we are wasting time;
bring me down the covered basket from my
bureau."

"Miss Ellen," thought Getchen, as she pro-
ceeded to obey her, "thinks I don't know, but
I can tell her there are some things that speak
the same in all languages. I can tell what
that look in the eye and that melt in the voice
means as well as another. Well, Mr. Law-
rence is nice man; good, every body says,
young and rich, and that is what few ladies
despise, and Miss Ellen knows the worth of it
by the want of it. It's only by working and
sparing from year's end to year's end, that she
gets wine for her father's table, and cigars for
him to smoke. It's strange how some people
do all the work in this world and other all the
play. The old man is often fretting and Miss
Ellen never is. The workers are the happiest
may be after all?"

[To be concluded.]

From Warburton's "Crescent and the Cross."
THE APPROACH TO JERUSALEM.

Our path necessitated one perpetual climb,
scramble, or slide; slippery rocks, yawning in-
to deep fissures, or so round and smooth as to
render firm footing impossible, constituted the
only road. Yet this has been, for four thousand
years, the highway between Jerusalem and the
western plains that border on the sea. Chariots
never could have been used here; and it would
be impossible for cavalry to act, or even to ad-
vance against a hostile force.

The scenery resembled that of the wildest
glens of Scotland, only that here the gray crags
were thickly tufted with aromatic shrubs, and,
instead of the pine, the sycamore, the olive,
and the palm, shaded the mountain's side.

We passed by the village of Jeremiah, and
"the Terebinthine Vale." In the last we re-
cognize the scene of David's combat with Go-
liath, and its little brook still sparkles here as
freshly as when he picked pebbles thence to
fight the Philistine. Generally speaking, the
river beds were as dry as the path we trod;
and this was the only stream but one that I saw
between Jaffa and the Jordan. A large caravan
was assembled on its banks, with all its pictur-
esque variety of laden camels, mules with gay
trappings, mountain cavaliers with turban and
embroidered vest, veiled women on donkeys,
half-naked Arabs with long spears, dwellers in
cities with dark kaftan, or turreted pelisse. All,
however various their nation, profession, or ap-
pearance, were eagerly quaffing the precious
stream, or waiting under 'the shadow of a
high rock' for the caravan to proceed.

The hills became more and more precipitous
as we approached Jerusalem; most of them
were of a conical form, and terraced to their
summit. Yet on these steep acclivities the
strenuous labour of the Israelite had formerly
grown corn, and wine, and oil; and on the ter-
races that remained uninjured, the few present
inhabitants still plant wheat, and vineyards, and
olive groves. There was no appearance of
water, except the inference that might be drawn
of wells within the few villages that hung upon
the mountains' side.

The pathway continued as rough as ever,
while we wound through the rocky defiles lead-
ing to the upper plains; but it was much more