

Literature, &c.

The American Magazines
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From the Columbian Magazine.

WILT THOU LOVE HER STILL?

Wilt thou love her still, when the sunny curls
That over her bosom flow,
Will be laced with the silver threads of age,
And her step fall sad and slow?
Wilt thou love her still, when the Summer's
smiles
On her lips no longer live?
"I will love her still,
With right good will!"
Thou wilt love her still? then our cherished one
To thy sheltering arms we give.

Wilt thou love her still, when her changeful eyes
Have grown dim with sorrow's rain:
When the bosom that beats against thine own,
Throbs slow with the weight of pain:
When her silvery laugh rings out no more,
And vanished her youthful charms?
"With free good will,
I shall love her still!"

Thou wilt love her still? then our dearest one
We give to thy loving arms.

Remember, no grief has she ever known,
Her spirit is light and free;
None other, with falterless step, has prest
Its innermost shades—but thee!

Then, wilt thou love her still, when the thoughts
of youth
In their blushing bloom depart?
"Thro' good and ill,
I will love her still!"

Thou wilt love her still? then our darling take
To the joy of thy noble heart!

Remember, for thee does she willing leave
The friends of her early days—
No longer to meet their approving looks,
Nor their fond, unfeigned praise.
Forgive her, then, if the tears fall fast,
And promise to love her well!
"I will love her still,
With right good will!"

Thou wilt love her still, then, with peaceful
trast,
We our sobbing sorrow quell.

When her father is dead, and the emerald sod
Lies soft on her mother's breast;
When her brother's voice is no longer heard,
And her sister's hushed to rest—
Wilt thou love her still? for to thee she looks,
Her star on life's troubled sea!
"I will love her still,
Through good and ill!"

With the marriage vow on her youthful lip,
Then, we give our child to thee!

From the Columbian Magazine.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

BY MISS CATHERINE K. SEDGWICK.

[Continued from our last.]

We did not get at Gretchen's thoughts by any necromancy. She was one of those liberal people who inflict the reveries of their solitary moments upon the first doomed ears they encountered, beginning their social chat with 'I was thinking.'

The basket was brought and Ellen arranged the gifts she had prepared for her brother's children on the beautiful lauristina whose top, as it stood in the corner of the room, brushed the ceiling. Net purses, gay colored bags, embroidered suspenders for a favourite little nephew, and dainty little bright slippers peeped from among the rich clusters of white flowers.

'There is something for you, my good Gretchen,' said Ellen. Gretchen's eyes sparkled as she took from her mistress' hand a small, pretty plaid silk shawl. A shower of thanks was pouring from her lips when Ellen said, 'do not you see there is something in the shawl.' Gretchen unpinned and opened it. It was a picture, a coloured view of a small town on the Rhine, done with great exactness of coloring and drawing, by a young artist friend of Ellen Lyell, at her request. Gretchen's words were checked for a moment, but tears, more eloquent than words, gushed from her eyes as she turned them from the picture to Ellen.

'Oh, dear Miss Ellen,' she said, 'who but you would have thought of this? and now don't you believe the blessed moon this morning was a true token. Ah, Branbach! my dear old home! Ah, Miss Ellen, look here just under that part of the castle. That is where we lived; there all the Wepels lived back and back in the ages when the old castle that stands there now, on the very top of the rocks on that high hill—Oh, many's the time Brant and Hildergund and I have climbed to it—What was I saying? Yes when the castle that's as old as St. Mark, had its knights, the Wepels lived in the cottage below it, and when it was a prison of state it was one of my forefathers that kept the keys of the discarded room of torture, and when it

was turned into a hospital it was my grandmother's mother that tended the sick. There is the old chateau too, and there the chapel, and there the old stone bench, and those parings; and there the very pile of dirt always before old Weisen's door; and there is the terrace garden to the old chateau, and there you turn and go up to the vineyard planted among the rocks, and so steep that they go on ladders to the vines. Oh, my beautiful land!—my home—dear old Branbach! Poor Gretchen had forgotten herself, the picture of her home had worked a spell upon her imagination, and her last exclamations were in German.

'What is all this lingo about?' exclaimed Mr Lyell, entering the room and effectually breaking the spell. 'The dirty little village of Branbach,' he added, turning his eye to the picture. 'I remember it well, and the greasy dinner I got there. I see no sign of breakfast, Ellen. Do you think I can eat your New-Year's gifts?'

'Not eat them, but wear them, sir,' replied Ellen, placing at his feet a pair of new slippers. We have set the breakfast table in the next room; it is quite ready. Bring up the coffee and cakes, Gretchen.'

'It will be cold there; it's always cold there in the morning. What did you put it there for?'

'The children begged to have their presents hung on a tree, and I could not move my lauristina.'

'And they must have it their own way. It used to be 'first come first served,' but now the very last come is first and best served; the brat of a baby before its grandfather.'

Ellen made no reply, but opened the door into the next room, where, the fire having been kindled long before daylight, the air was genial, warm, the coals glowing in the full grate, the coffee sent up its aromatic perfume—incense fit for the gods—and the lightest buckwheats were smoking upon the table. There was a sausage too, (Mr Lyell's *sine qua non*), and fresh honey and Scotch marmalade, his favorite dainties, got by Ellen with some trouble by way of a New-Year's treat to her father. His frosty humour melted; the slippers he said 'were a nice fit, the room was warm, and, on the whole, he did not care if the children for once had it their own way, and it was thoughtful of you, Ellen, to get this delicious honey for me.'

Ellen was not hardened to the caprices of her father's temper. She was fortified by the resolution not to resist but to endure. She had long ago made up her mind that it was an infirmity not to be cured, but that patience was armour of proof against it. Patient continuance in well doing is a sovereign remedy against most of the evils of life and a certain salvation from its worst remorse.

'Where is the morning paper, Gretchen,' asked Mr Lyell. 'Can't you remember to put it on the table? You know I always want it.'

'There is no morning paper on New-Year's, Mr Lyell.'

'Ah, true! Give me last evening's paper then.'

'The old gentleman must have his morning and his evening paper,' said Gretchen to a visitor in the kitchen, 'though Miss Ellen would not even buy her self one new gown this New-Year's; well, she looked pretty enough in her old ones. It seems as if her beautiful soul came out more and more every day into her face.'

Mr Lyell's eyes ran over the paper carelessly. Suddenly his attention was arrested, as Ellen observed, by something keenly interesting. He knit his brows, bit his lips, throw down the paper, lighted his cigar, smoked a few whiffs, then throw it away, walked up, and down the room biting his nails according to his habit when excessively vexed, and was leaving the room when at the door he met Gretchen, all smiles, bringing in a very beautiful lady's writing-desk of ivory inlaid in ebony.

'Where did that come from?' he asked.

'It is for Miss Ellen, sir, and the servant that brings all Mr. Lawrence's flowers and things, brought it.'

'John, from the Astor house; was there no message?'

'None, sir.'

'It is from Lawrence, of course, Ellen; splendid, is it not? Do you hear, Ellen? Do you see?'

'Yes, sir,' replied Ellen, looking cold and impassive.

'I would not advise him to waste his gifts here. Strange—strange,' he muttered 'that the only man you ever cared for should have been that rascal!'

'I do not deserve that, nor does Mercer,' she thought. 'I wish Lawrence would send no more of his gifts here; they ruffle my father, and are embarrassing to me; my father was just getting into the spirit of the day. But it was something in the paper that turned the current. Stocks have fallen, I suppose, but what is that to us? She was familiar with the stock-table for she read it over every evening to her father. She looked it over. Stocks were rising, and she came to the natural conclusion that her father was vexed that he no longer had any interest in the prosperous turn the affairs of the city had taken.'

That an old age which should have been serene and grateful should be chafed by sordid cares—that all her pains to soften it with the luxuries that habit made necessary should be unfelt, filled Ellen's bosom for a moment with sadness and a sense of injustice. It was but for a moment; she wiped away the gathering tears and turned to receive with smiles and caresses the children who were bursting into the room with their clamorous happy New-Year's

to Aunt Ellen. The stream must deposit a portion of the golden sands its channel is bearing onward. Ellen Lyell could not be unhappy while she was the source of happiness or cheerfulness. There are those who would have reckoned it a hard fate to minister to a thankless, fretful, exacting old man; to have been cut off in the prime of youth from the dearest expectations; to receive, as Ellen did at first, employment as favour and patronage; to see her gay young friends and fashionable acquaintance falling away from her; to be obliged to contract the circle of her wants, to cut off the accustomed gratifications of her past position and the pleasures natural to her time of life. In all this there were elements enough of discontent to a common character.

But my friend Ellen's was not a common character. She began with the great truth that it matters not so much how we are as what we are—that it is not our circumstances, but what we make of them, that is our great concern; not the agreeable sensations of to-day that are of most import to us, but the retrospect of to-morrow. If her father was more than usually unreasonable, she redoubled her patience. She smiled at the superciliousness of the late friends (friends after common parlance) become patrons, and she received gratefully employment from those whose respect was enhanced by the manifestation of virtues which the change of her condition brought into action. If her gay young friends fell away from her she felt no asperity towards them; they had their pleasures, she her duties; there were few points of real sympathy between them, and in her secret heart she might well have thought she was rather the gainer than loser by the change in their relations.

One evil there was in her condition which was a serious unhappiness to her. The Mr. Lawrence to whom we have adverted was her persevering lover. His sister was her favourite friend. He had an immense fortune. He was a young man of good principles and good feelings. The world said 'a splendid match for Ellen Lyell.' 'You know the most fervent wish of my heart,' Margaret Lawrence had once said to her, and she said no more.

'You must do as you choose; all young people do so now-a-days,' said her father, 'but I would lay any wager you are the only woman in the United States who would not snap at Arthur Lawrence.'

'Do as you think best, my dear sister,' said her brother Gordon, 'but I must say there are few worthier men than Arthur Lawrence.'

'You misunderstand me, William,' she replied, provoked to express the feelings her delicacy had restrained, 'I would not marry Lawrence were he the only man in the world. I do not love him, that should be reason enough. I cannot love a man whose character in no sense accords with mine. Arthur Lawrence is, you know it, William, a common man—nothing more nor less; of virtuous habits, no doubt; amiable and well disposed; but would you, would my father, would Gordon, would any of my friends esteem him a suitable match for me were he stripped of his fortune? I may seem to you proud or vain, or both; but I should require in my husband some correspondence of endowment, of cultivation, of taste to my own, and I hold that only to be a pure marriage where this exists. 'I have not forgotten,' she added, blushing to her temples, 'that such a marriage was once within the circle of my hope; nor do I forget that it no longer is. I cherish no vain wishes nor vain regrets. I see no danger of uselessness or dreariness in single life; no danger of wanting objects for my affections while yours and Gordon's families are multiplying every year.'

'Forgive me, dear sister,' said her brother, 'we have erred in measuring you by common women.'

'That is not all you mistake, William; women are not allowed to use their powers of independence. The vulgar world has made marriage necessary to them, and they dare not follow the true impulses of their hearts—the honest demands of their nature; and thus it comes that marriage, God's own most blessed institution, is so often perverted to what it is.'

But we have left too long the conclusion of our short story. The day went on; Ellen's visitors were not numerous, but they were old and well tried friends, with a sprinkling of young ones, who were attracted out of the fashionable heat by Ellen Lyell's charms and graces, which, if they had lost the effect of novelty at twenty-four, in our world Spring blossoms, had gained by their maturity, expression and force.

Arthur Lawrence came with the first and lingered to the last.

'I have not seen your father to-day,' he said to Ellen.

'You can see him,' said little Nelly Lyell, 'for I saw him take a big parcel of papers off the entry table, and go up stairs with it, and I went up to show him Aunt Ellen's new desk; I could not make him look up from his papers; but he did not look cross, and he did not scold me, though I spoke twice to him.'

'Have you seen Aunt Ellen's new desk; Mr. Lawrence?'

'No, Nelly, I did not know your aunt had a new one.'

Ellen looked at him with surprise; but as Lawrence was one of those people who never ambush their actions, she was convinced he was innocent of the gift.

'Don't you know, Aunt Ellen, who sent you the desk; pursued the little girl.

'No, Nelly, I cannot even guess.'

'Oh, she does know, she does know,' insisted the child, mischievously, 'she knows it's you—because you know you send her every

thing; lots of flowers, and lots of books. I should love you if you gave me so many things; don't you love him, Aunt Ellen?'

To Ellen's infinite relief the door opened and her father appeared at it, not lowering as he had left her in the morning, but bright and smiling as a clear October sky at mid-day.

'Ellen, my dear,' he said, 'I am going out to ask my friend to come home and dine with me; don't ask any other company. You have a good dinner, I hope. Oh, Mr. Lawrence, I did not observe you; good day, sir.' He stood for a moment as if wavering then he beckoned Ellen to him and whispered—'if you want to know what company you are too have, look over the arrivals in last evening's paper.'

But last evening's paper was not to be found, and Ellen could get no solution of her father's sudden good humor and extraordinary abstraction; for most extraordinary it was that he should have remained for one minute unconscious of Mr. Lawrence's presence.

'There is no use,' said Lawrence that very evening to his sister, 'in thinking any longer of Ellen Lyell; she is as cold as an icicle to me.'

'You are right, my dear brother,' replied his sister, 'Ellen knows her own mind, and is not a woman to be won by perseverance.'

'No, that is proved—well, it will be all the same a hundred years hence!'

This veritable conclusion of Mr. Arthur Lawrence's love-tale proved that he was not matched with Ellen Lyell in heaven, where, as we honestly believe all true matches are made.

All the Lyells—sons, wives and children remained as was their custom on New Year's day, to dine with their father. The communicating doors between the rooms were thrown open. One table was arranged for the little people and their nurses, and the other for their elders.

'You see what your Aunt Ellen has done for you, my children,' said Gordon Lyell. Mind and keep quiet, or my father will stand a chance of having rather too much of what your Aunt Ellen calls the 'music of your voices; but why does he not come? I never knew him to delay a dinner before. Who upon earth can this newly arrived friend of his be? Some old crone of an India merchant whom he knew forty years ago—oh, it's that old Harvey, who was a school mate of his and who had been consul this hundred years at—, what do you call the place? I heard yesterday he had come home.'

'Whoever it may be,' said Ellen, 'we should be grateful to him, for his arrival seems to have made it really a happy New-Year to my father.'

'He must be a special dear friend to reconcile my father to making another place at our small table. You know his notion of heaven, Ellen?—that there's plenty of elbow-room there!'

'Hush, Gordon—they are coming; ring the bell for dinner, Willie!'

'Now for a reverend white head,' said Gordon, 'make your best bows and curtsies, children, to grandpapa's friend, and don't speak above your breaths.'

The door opened and old Mr. Lyell, his face smiling all over, ushered in—not an 'old crone,' but a tall young man of six-and-twenty, with his head covered with bright chestnut hair—his large dark eye brightened and moistened with mingled emotions. Gordon and William Lyell sprang forward and grasped his hand. 'Is it you Mercer? My dear fellow, welcome—most welcome!'

Ellen's first impulse was to run out of the room but her feet refused to move. She became frightfully pale, and little Nelly, whose eye, on all occasions, first turned to her aunt exclaimed, 'what is the matter, Aunt Ellen?'

The exclamation produced a reaction. She rallied and the eloquent blood rushing to her cheek expressed the welcome she could not utter; she gave Mercer her hand; neither spoke. The awkward chasm was filled by Mr. Lyell. 'Mercer deserves our welcome, boys,' he said; 'he is a good man and true. He has worked hard for five years, and lived out of humanity's reach in China. I know what it is to live there, and here is some of the fruit of industry—here are the documents.' Mr. Lyell threw on the table a parcel of papers. 'He has paid his debt to me, with interest and compound interest—God bless him!'

'A little too much of this, my dear Mr. Lyell,' said Mercer, deprecatingly.

'Not a syllable too much; my children and grandchildren shall know who of all men living, they should most love and honor.'

'This is much more,' said Mercer rather embarrassed by Mr. Lyell's excessive enthusiasm, 'than an act of simple honesty deserves.'

'Not a bit—not a bit. Simple honesty do you call it? Well—yes paying one's debts is simple honesty; but I can tell you it is the rarest of virtues now-a-days. You have not heard of *reputation* out in China, have you? our new way of paying old debts. I hate these new fangled words and doings. But come, come to dinner, my children.'

A few days after when Ellen imparted to her loving maiden Gretchen, the secret of her engagement to Haskott Mercer, 'Ah, ha! Miss Ellen,' she said, 'I knew when that mysterious desk came the true love would soon come after it. Remember the waning-moon of New-Year's morning, and don't laugh at my country signs again.'

Love attempts much for God, looking to the command; and Faith expects much from God, looking to the promise.