

## Literature, &amp;c.

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ONE OF THE "UPPER TEN THOU-  
SAND," AND ONE OF THE  
PEOPLE.

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[Concluded.]

## CHAPTER III.

'So it has come at last—ruin, final, ir-  
retrievable ruin—every thing gone—the very  
house I'm in mortgaged. Confusion! But I'll  
not give up yet—no, not yet! I'll see Brown  
to-night—what if we should fail? But that is  
impossible. Brown has been too long enga-  
ged in getting his living from the public to let  
it scrutinize very closely the process by which  
the needful is obtained. If I thought I could  
win anything at play—but I have had such  
an infernal run of ill luck lately that there is  
no chance in that quarter. Well—well!  
There appears to be no alternative—and it is  
once done then ho! for England!

Thus soliloquized Gustavus Tremaine, as he  
sat at a late hour in the morning sipping his cof-  
fee in his room, for his wife and he had long  
ceased to take their meals together. Separate  
rooms and separate tables had served to com-  
plete the estrangement which caprice and ill  
temper had begun, and they now exhibited  
that pitiable spectacle of a house divided  
against itself. And what is more pitiable than  
to see those who should mutually encourage  
and support each other, who should bear one  
another's burdens, and in the spirit of blessed  
charity endure all things, and hope all things  
—what is more pitiable than to see them un-  
kind, self-willed, bandying bitter sarcasms and  
rude reproaches?

Oh, that the duties, the responsibilities, the  
self-sacrifices of wedded life were better un-  
derstood, their sacred character more fully ap-  
preciated, how would each home become a  
temple of love, each fireside an altar, on which  
was daily laid an offering of all the amenities,  
all the sweet charities of social life. How  
would the child who, in his early home, had  
heard none save kind words, had seen none  
other than heart-warm deeds, who had been  
trained to habits of submission, and taught to  
yield the gratification of his own wishes for  
the good or the pleasure of others, taught to  
do this even as a child may be taught, in the  
meek spirit of the gospel—how would such an  
one grow up a crown of glory to the hoary  
hairs of his parents, and a blessing to society.  
But, alas! the spirit of insubordination is rife  
in the world. The child spurns the yoke of  
domestic discipline, sets at naught the counsels  
of his father, and harkens not to the voice of  
his mother—and the man disregards the voice  
of conscience, sets the laws of his country at  
defiance, and becomes an outcast and a fel-  
low!

It was a cold winter evening, and the heavy  
clouds were looming up in broad masses over  
the troubled sea, while the wind howled  
through every cranny, and sent the snow-mist  
which began rapidly to descend, into the faces  
of the stray pedestrians who were either hardy  
enough to venture abroad in search of pleasure  
or wretched enough to be obliged from dire  
necessity to leave their homes. Mr. Tre-  
maine was among the few who were braving  
the fury of the storm. He had left his elegant  
but cheerless mansion in the upper part of the  
city, and sped onward, regardless alike of  
wind and snow, to the place of his destina-  
tion.

It was the haunt of vice, but no dark alley,  
no out-of-the-way nook did it seek to hide it-  
self from public contempt. No—it reared its  
front unblushingly in the public thoroughfare—  
within sound of the church-going bell—it was  
fitted up with every luxury; silver and gold,  
polished marble, and costly hangings in lavish  
profusion, adorned the place which fostered  
every malignant and evil passion, and made  
human beings, endowed with immortal souls,  
ripe for deeds of desperation. The man who  
robbed his employer, the defaulter, the forger,  
the destroyer of female virtue, the murderer,  
the suicide, each and all of these had been  
within its walls—each and all of these had  
taken their first lessons in iniquity in that  
place, so truly and emphatically called a *hell*.  
And it was to this place of pollution that Tre-  
maine was hastening. Here he had staked,  
and lost, and cursed his ill luck; yet, with the  
desperate intonation of a confirmed gamster,  
he had staked again and again, until all was  
gone. On entering he looked round with a  
furtive and eager glance, and, evidently dis-  
appointed, sauntered toward a roulette table  
round which a crowd was standing.

'Do you play to-night?' The speaker was  
a tall slender young man, scarcely past his mi-  
nority, but with a wan, sickly countenance,  
and the premature stoop of old age. 'Do you  
play to-night?' he repeated.

'I—I believe not,' answered Tremaine,  
again glancing round the room.

'You are a foolish fellow; the fickle goddess  
may even now be turning the wheel in your  
favor. Come,' he continued, laughing, 'if  
you have not been at your banker's to-day, I  
have and can accommodate you with a few hun-  
dreds,' and he took the roll of bills from his  
pocket, and handed the money to Tremaine.

'But when shall I return this Gladsden?'  
Oh, a fortnight hence will be time  
enough.

Tremaine turned to the table and staked the  
money—he won; staked the whole amount

—won again the third time. 'You had better  
stop now,' whispered a voice in his ear. He  
turned, and saw the person for whom, a short  
time before, he had been looking so eagerly;  
but he was elated with success, and paid no  
heed to the speaker. The fourth—the fifth  
time, he won. Such a run or luck was most  
extraordinary; he trembled with excitement,  
and now determined that he would try but  
once more, and, if successful, he might yet re-  
trieve the past.

'Are you mad Tremaine?—you surely will  
not risk all?' whispered the voice.

'All or nothing. I am fortune's chief favor-  
ite to-night. All or nothing,' repeated the  
gamster, as if communing with himself, 'all  
or nothing!'

The bystanders looked on earnestly; for a  
few moments there was a dead silence—then  
Tremaine's face became livid, his brow con-  
tracted, and his lips compressed. He had  
risked all; he had gained—nothing!

'What a fool you have made of yourself!'  
once more whispered the ominous voice.

'Not a word, Browne; perhaps it needed  
this to make me wholly yours,' replied Tre-  
maine, as he walked through the crowd which  
opened to let him and his companion pass.  
When in the street, the two walked on for a  
time in moody silence, which was first broken  
by Browne.

'Well, Tremaine, that last was a bad stake  
of yours, and may cost one of us the halter.'

'Why, I thought you told me there would be  
no blood spilt.'

'Well, blood is rather ugly looking, I must  
confess; but if the man should wake.'

'Did you not say you would have him well  
drugged?'

'I did, but by the slightest possible chance, I  
find it cannot be done.'

'How so?'

'You know it was expected that he would  
sail in the packet from this port, but I find he  
has determined on going by the steamer, and  
will start to-morrow morning by the Long Is-  
land railroad; so that we must do it now or  
never.'

'Now or never be it, then. I am a ruined  
man, and ripe for mischief.'

'Again the two walked on in silence, until  
they reached a fine looking house in the vicini-  
ty of the Battery. Here Browne applied his  
key to the night latch, and in a few moments  
he and Tremaine had entered one of the upper  
rooms and locked the door.

'Where does he sleep?' abruptly inquired  
Tremaine.

'In the opposite room,' answered Browne.

'And you are sure that you can effect an  
entrance without arousing any of the board-  
ers?'

'Sure! I wish I was as sure that he would  
not wake,' and Browne smiled contemptuously.  
'But you are not growing faint-hearted,  
eh, Tremaine? Come, here is something will  
give you courage, man,' and taking a bottle  
from a side closet, he placed it on the table be-  
fore him, and continued—'fifty thousand dol-  
lars! I saw him count it over this afternoon.  
What fools some men are! Because I flattered  
him, and pretended to take an interest in his  
love affair, he opened his whole heart, and  
was of far more value, his purse, and displayed  
its contents before me. But it grows late, and  
we must to business.'

Remember, when I have secured the money  
you are to take it and make your escape out  
of the house, while I shall return quietly to bed  
to lull suspicion, and to-morrow evening will  
meet you where we met to-night. Now do  
you hold this dark lantern while I open the  
lock. That will do—put it in my room again  
—so—all right; come in a little further,' con-  
tinued he, in a low whisper, 'we must be  
cautious—the money is under his pillow.'

Stealthily approaching the bed of the uncon-  
scious sleeper, Browne put his hand softly un-  
der the pillow and drew forth a wallet. Thus  
far they were successful, but in groping their  
way out of the room Browne stumbled and fell;  
the noise awoke the sleeping man, and the cries of  
'Help!—robbers!—help!' rang  
through the house. In one moment Brown was  
on his feet, in another in his room, where the  
money was given to Tremaine, and in the noise  
and confusion of hastily opening and shutting  
doors, the latter escaped.

It is unnecessary to detail the causes which  
led to the suspicion and arrest of Browne,  
and the implication of Tremaine. Suffice it  
that on the following evening, when entering  
the place in which he had appointed to meet  
his accomplice and divide the booty, Tremaine  
was taken into custody, and the money found  
in his possession.

Sophia was dressing for the opera. It was  
the first night upon which she had laid aside  
the mourning worn for the loss of her parents,  
and, determined on appearing in a style of al-  
most regal magnificence, she had placed a  
circuit of jewels on her brow, and a diamond  
bracelet was seen flashing on her arm amid  
the rich lace of a demi-sleeve as she reached  
out her hand to receive a note brought in by  
the servant. On opening it her agitation was  
extreme, and, hastily dismissing her attend-  
ants, she read over word by word the news  
of her husband's crime, and subsequent im-  
prisonment.

And now was she tortured by conflicting  
emotions. She had never believed that her  
husband's affairs were in the ruinous state in  
which he had represented them to be—but she  
could no longer doubt. Crime had been com-  
mitted—disgrace had fallen upon them—and  
then came the thought, 'Have not I helped  
to lead him on to ruin?' and pity for him  
brought a momentary forgetfulness of self—the  
woman was not wholly dead within her!

The next day the hateful news was bruited  
abroad that Tremaine, the dashing Tremaine,  
was imprisoned for robbery! His fashionable  
friends wisely shook their heads, and raised  
their hands, and uttered sundry exclamations.  
But they stood aloof—not one offered to go for-  
ward as bail for the unfortunate man. Not one  
of Mrs. Tremaine's gay lady visitors went to  
speak a word to the humbled woman as she  
sat writhing under her disgrace. But we for-  
get—there was one! Fanny Dunning, like a  
ministering angel, strove to soothe and comfort  
her, promised that her husband would do his  
utmost to aid Mr. Tremaine, and, when the  
mortgage on the house was foreclosed, took  
the weeping Sophia to her own home and was  
to her as a sister.

## CHAPTER IV.

It was not in human nature to forget the re-  
peated slights and insults with which Tremaine  
had sought to wound the feelings of his old  
school-mate; but it was in human nature to  
imitate the divine exemplar, to forgive injuries,  
and to return good for evil, and Robert Dun-  
ning promised Sophia, that he would do all  
in his power to effect the liberation of her hus-  
band. For this purpose it became necessary  
that he should visit Tremaine in prison.

But the culprit obstinately refused to see  
him, until at length, finding the time draw  
near when he would be publicly arraigned at  
the bar, he consented to his admittance.  
Dunning gave him to understand that he must  
know the facts of the case, at the same time  
assuring him that he would plead his cause  
with pleasure, and that there was no doubt of  
his acquittal.

'The thing can be easily managed,' said  
Tremaine, doggedly—I intend to plead an  
alibi.

Dunning started.

'Is this necessary, Mr. Tremaine? I thought  
the charge could not be proved against you?'

'Nor can it, if you are the expert lawyer  
you are said to be.'

'Mr. Tremaine, let us understand each  
other. Is it important that you should plead an  
alibi?'

'It is.'

'Then I regret that I cannot undertake  
your cause. I was still under the impression  
that you were innocent.'

'And who dares say I am not? Did you,  
sir, come here to entrap me in my words?  
Who will dare say I am not innocent, when  
the most famous lawyer in town shall have  
proven that I was far from here on the night  
of the robbery?'

The last words were said in a sneering and  
contemptuous manner.

'I must repeat my regret that I cannot un-  
dertake your cause, while at the same time I  
assure you that I shall be silent as to what  
has transpired between us.'

'Puppy' exclaimed Tremaine, thoroughly  
enraged. 'Who asked you to undertake it?  
Who asked you to come and thrust yourself  
upon me? Puppy—plebeian! did I seek ad-  
vice or assistance from you?'

'Mr. Tremaine,' replied Dunning, with a  
calm and gentlemanly dignity—'Mr. Tremaine  
it is in vain talking in this manner. I came  
to you in the spirit of kindness—but my errand  
has been a fruitless one.'

Before Tremaine had time to reply the door  
was opened by the keeper, and Dunning passed  
out of the cell.

It was with a heavy heart Fanny heard from  
her husband that he could not undertake to  
plead for the accused, and, gently as she could  
she broke the sad news to Sophia. Browne  
and Tremaine were tried; convicted and sen-  
tenced to the State Prison. And now the  
hand which had sinfully lavished thousands—  
the hand that had been kept so daintily  
white and soft—the hand of the 'son of a  
gentleman' was roughly manacled, and linked  
to the brown, hard, weather-beaten hand of a  
fellow convict. He who had been the pam-  
pered heir of luxury was now to be the parta-  
ker of coarse fare—the daily companion of all  
that was base and vile—and the nightly dwell-  
er in this lone dark cell of a prison. He, the  
once flattered, courted and caressed, was to pass  
shamefully from the haunts of his fellow-men,  
and, after a few exclamations of wonder and  
reproach, was finally to be forgotten.

But there was one secretly at work, one who  
had been spurned, one whose noble hand had  
been flung aside with contempt—and that one  
was now busily employed in writing petitions,  
in travelling to and fro, and doing all in his  
power to obtain the liberation of the man who  
had ever treated him with insult and scorn.  
At length he was successful, and Tremaine  
was pardoned on condition of his leaving the  
State. But for Browne, who had been recog-  
nized as an old offender, there was no attempt  
made to procure his release.

It was with mingled feelings of shame and  
defiance that Tremaine ungraciously received  
the assurance of his freedom from the mouth  
of Dunning; for, the better to avoid observa-  
tion, the latter went himself for the prisoner,  
took him from his convict cell, and conveyed  
him to the warm hospilities of a happy home,  
where he was received by Mrs. Dunning with  
that refined delicacy and unobtrusive kindness  
which soon placed him comparatively at ease  
in their society.

A strange and embarrassed meeting was that  
of Tremaine and his wife. Sophia's first im-  
pulse was to break out into invective against  
him who had thus brought disgrace and ruin,  
not only upon himself, but upon her. Better  
feelings, however, prevailed, for she had  
learned many a lesson of late, and had already  
begun to catch the kind and forgiving spirit

of these with whom she dwelt; so, after a few  
moments' hesitation, a few moments' struggle  
between pride, anger and womanly tenderness,  
she drew near her husband, laid her head up-  
on his bosom, and sobbed in very grief and  
sorrow of heart. 'Sophia! Tremaine!' were  
the only words uttered during that first out-  
burst of anguish. But soon the fountain of  
thought was unsealed, when, instead of taunts  
and mutual upbraidings, the bitter lessons learn-  
ed in that school of adversity made them self-  
accusing, and willing to excuse each other.

But little time was given to make arrange-  
ments for the departure of Tremaine, who had  
determined not only on leaving the State, but  
the country. Mr. and Mrs. Dunning wished  
Sophia to remain with them, at least until her  
husband had procured some situation which  
might afford him a competent support. But  
Sophia would not listen to this—she would go  
with him—she could do many things,'  
she said, 'to aid him.' Fanny Dunning smiled,  
but she knew that Sophia was right in  
thus fulfilling her wifely duties, and both her-  
self and her husband prepared every thing ne-  
cessary for the comfort the voyagers.

It was a bright morning in May, when  
these true and tried friends accompanied Tre-  
maine and his wife in the noble ship which  
bore them down the bay, and with many  
a warm tear and repeated blessing wished them  
a prosperous voyage to England, and returned  
to the city.

And now we cannot better conclude their  
story than by giving an extract from a letter,  
written some time after the occurrence of the  
events already related, by Mr. Tremaine to his  
friend Judge Dunning.

'I must congratulate you, my dear Dunning,  
on your elevation to the bench; but I must not  
allow myself to utter all the praises that are  
swelling at my heart, nor does it require words  
to convey to you my respect, my esteem, my  
gratitude, and my love—ay, my love—for I do  
love you as a brother.'

'Sophy bids me haste and tell you our good  
fortune—softly, my dear wife, I will do so in  
a moment or two. You may perhaps recol-  
lect, my dear friend, that I wrote you how  
difficult it was for me to procure employment  
on my first arrival in Liverpool, and that this  
was mainly owing to my total ignorance of any  
kind of business. Indeed, had it not been for  
the few valuables belonging to my wife, which  
she cheerfully parted with, and had it not been  
for her kind and encouraging words, I should  
have yielded to despair. You know, too, my  
dear Dunning, that, glad to do anything in  
honesty, I at last obtained a situation as a  
clerk in a grocery store.'

'How often has my cheek burned with  
shame in the recollection of my silly contempt  
for trades-people, when I was worse than  
idling away my time at college? How often  
has my heart smote me when I thought of my  
conduct toward you, my noble minded, my  
best earthly friend? But why repeat all this?  
You have long since forgiven me, and yet I  
never can forgive myself. And now for my  
good fortune. My employer has enlarged his  
business and taken me into partnership, so  
that I am in a fair way of being once more a  
rich man, (and may I not add a wiser one?)  
and your little namesake here, Robert Dunning  
who is standing at my knee, is an equally  
fair way of remaining what he now is—the  
son of a grocer. Heaven grant that he may  
in every thing resemble the man to whom his  
father once used the words as a term of re-  
proach.'

There is now my highest earthly ambition  
for my boy, and I pray that my own lessons  
in the school of adversity may enable me to teach  
him to place a juster estimate on the empty  
distinctions of society, and to learn how true  
are the words of the poet.

'Honor and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part there all the honor lies.'

## THE MORMONS.

We take the following interesting informati-  
on from a forthcoming volume of Mr. Chas.  
Lanman about the Upper Mississippi. It is  
dated at Nauvoo in July, 1836. The author  
says:—

'On my way up the Mississippi, I tarried  
a few hours at the far-famed city of Nauvoo;  
and when I resumed my course, I felt like one  
just awakened from an incomprehensible  
dream. Surely, Fanaticism is a most fool-  
ish fiend, and we ought to rejoice with exceeding  
joy that He who reuleth the armies of heav-  
en is yet the protector of earth, and its inhabitants,  
and that He will not leave all mankind alone  
to the mercy of their idols.'

The Mormon City occupies an elevated po-  
sition, and, as approached from the South ap-  
pears capable of containing a hundred thousand  
souls. But its gloomy streets bring a most mel-  
ancholy disappointment. Where lately resi-  
ded no less than twenty five thousand people,  
there were not to be seen more than about five  
hundred; and these, in mind, body and purse,  
seemed to be perfectly wretched. In a walk  
of about ten minutes, I counted several hun-  
dred chimneys, which were all, that at least  
that number of families had left behind them,  
as memorials of folly, and the wickedness of  
their persecutors. When this city was in its  
glory, every dwelling was surrounded with a  
garden, so that the corporation limits were ex-  
tremely extensive; but now all the houses  
are in ruin, and the lately crowded streets  
actually rank with vegetation. Of the houses  
left standing, not more than one out of every  
ten is occupied, excepting by the spider and  
the toad. Hardly a window retained a whole  
pane of glass, and the doors were broken, and  
open, and hingeless. Not a single laughing  
voice did I hear in the whole place, and the