

Literature, &c.

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From Graham's Magazine.

ONE OF THE "UPPER TEN THOUSAND," AND ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

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CHAPTER I.

At the annual commencement of one of our colleges, the youth who delivered the valedictory had, by the vigor and beauty of thought displayed in his address, and by his polished graceful elocution, drawn down the applause of the large audience assembled on that occasion. Not a few eyes were moistened as he bade farewell to the venerable men under whose care and tuition he had gained the highest honors, and to the schoolmates with whom he had passed so many happy hours, and who now, like barks again put forth to sea that had long been safely moored in one quiet haven, were each to stem alone on life's great deep.

'He! he! he! that's Bobby Dunning, his father keeps a grocery-store,' said a foppish-looking stripling who wore the academic gown as he pointed with his finger to the speaker on the platform, and at the same time seated himself beside a young lady in the gallery.

'He! he!' echoed his companion, 'I dare say he has weighed many a pound of sugar in his time. A grocery-store! What queer associates you have at college, Gus.'

'Associates! No indeed, Sophy, when Bob first entered I thought him a fine, generous fellow, and was just about to ask him to our house, when I found out what his father was. A lucky escape, by Jupiter! I soon cut his acquaintance, and made him feel by my cool, contemptuous manner that the son of a grocer was no fit associate for the son of a gentleman.'

Again the young lady tittered, 'That's just like you, Gus, you are always so high spirited.'

'So my father says; he often calls me his 'gallant Hotspur,' and laughs heartily when he hears of my waggish pranks.'

Many honors were that day borne away by the ambitious youths who had late and early sought to win them, but none had been awarded to Gus, or as he liked best to write himself, Gustavus Adolphus Tremaine.

'Why, Gus, you're a lazy dog,' said his father on their return home; 'come, you must do better next time. And so Bob Dunning, the grocer's son, graduated to-day, and carried away more honors than any of the other students; rather strange that!'

There was nothing strange about it, father Bobby knew he had to get his living somehow or other, and as Latin and Greek smacked more of gentility than brown paper and pack-thread, he abandoned the latter, and took to the former with such avidity, that he has grown thin and pale as a shadow. A capital village pedagogue Bob will make, to be sure! But something more manly than poring over dusty old books, or flogging ragged little boys, must be my occupation through life. I say, father, when does that race come off between Lady Helen and Bluebeard?'

'Next week,' answered Mr. Tremaine, who was a member of a jockey club—'next week. Well remember, Gus—I dine with the club to-day, and this devilish college concern had nearly driven the engagement out of my head. We are to have splendid arrangements on the race ground for the accommodation of the ladies—a fine stand erected, covered with an awning—wines, ices, pates, and I do not know what all. Sarah, turning to his wife, 'I expect you to be there; mind, none of your vapors—and, Gus, do you bring Sophy Warren; she is a spirited creature, and would make a capital jockey herself.' And with this equivocal compliment to Miss Sophia Warren, the elder Tremaine left the house.

A tyrant at home, a capital fellow abroad, was Oscar Tremaine. Over his wife, a mild, gentle, creature, he had exercised his authority until she had become a perfect cipher in her own house, and, unnatural as it may appear, he had encouraged their son to flout his mother's opinions and scorn her advice. It was not strange, then, that Mrs. Tremaine had remained silent while her husband and son were speaking, but now, looking on the boy with tenderness, she said,

'I regret, my dear Gustavus, that you have not been more successful in your studies; how happy and how proud I should have been had you brought home some token of reward, some prize, on which I might have looked, and said, 'My child has won it.'

'Fudge! this is all nonsense, mother. What do you know about such matters? Father has more money than I ever can spend, and why should I be compelled to mope away my lifetime over the midnight oil, as they call it? I'd rather have a canter on Fancy in the afternoon, and then to the theatre or opera at night—that is the life for me!' and, humming a fashionable air, he turned from the room.

His mother gazed after him sorrowfully. 'God help thee, my child!—alas! I fear the worst God help thee!' she repeated in anguish, and, feeling how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child, she bowed her head on her hands, and wept bitterly.

In less than a month after the commencement, Robert Dunning began the study of the

law, and Gustavus Adolphus Tremaine was expelled from college.

CHAPTER II.

Confound the fellow! I can't take up a newspaper without having his name staring me in the face. Eminent lawyer, superior talents—superior—nonsense; I do not believe a word of it. I always hated him; and the speaker flung the offending paper on the floor, apparently unconscious that very hatred made him blind to the merits of the man whom he so berated.

'What's the matter now, Gus?—angry again? Was there ever such a man!' exclaimed an ultra-fashionable lady, who swept into the apartment 'with all her bravery on.' 'Come I want you to go with me this morning, to select a new jewel-case. I saw a superb one the other day for a few hundred dollars; but it is no matter what it may cost.'

'It is a matter, and a serious one, too, Sophia. I told you, six months ago, we should be ruined by your extravagance, and, by heaven! you must put a stop to it.'

'And I told you, twelve months ago, Mr. Tremaine, that if you did not quit betting at the race ground and the gambling table, we should certainly be ruined. You spend thousands, for no earthly good whatever, while I only make use of hundreds, to purchase things absolutely necessary for one holding my position in society. Once for all, let me tell you, Mr. Tremaine, I will have whatever I want; and, turning to the piano, the amiable lady ran her fingers over the keys, with the most provoking indifference.

'Mrs. Tremaine, you are enough to drive a man mad. Do you think I am a fool, that I will bear to be treated thus?'

'Oh no, Gussy dear, I should be sorry to suppose such a thing, but you know the lesson by which I profited was learned in your home. There I saw how well your father could enact the tyrant, and how your gentle mother was treated like a slave; and I silently resolved, that from the hour we were married, I would be mistress in my own house.'

'Where is the use of repeating that nonsense continually? I have heard the same story a dozen times before.'

'And shall hear it a dozen times again, or at least as often as I hear the word must from your lips, Mr. Tremaine. But come, you have not yet told me why you were so angry when I came in. Let me see,' she continued, taking up the newspaper, 'let me see whether this will not solve the mystery. Ah, now I have it—Robert Dunning, Esq.!'

'Yes, now you have it—that upstart, whom I so hate—to see his name paraded in this manner before the public, is enough to drive me mad.'

'No wonder you hate him, Gus. Only to think of his being retained as counsel for the heirs of old Latrobe, and gaining the suit by which you lost one hundred thousand dollars! Now this reminds me of what I heard yesterday, that Dunning was about to be married to Fanny Austin.'

'Nonsense, Sophia, the Austins move in the first circles.'

'So they do, my dear, but Fanny has strange ideas, and there is no knowing what freak she may perform. However, I shall drive there to-day, and ask her about it. I ordered the carriage at one—ah! there it is—will you assist me with my cloak, Mr. Tremaine, or I shall ring for my maid? Thank you—thank you—I don't know when I shall return.'

'And I don't care,' muttered her husband as she drove from the door. For a few moments he stood under the heavy crimson curtains at the window, looking listlessly in the direction in which the carriage had gone, and then taking his hat and cape left the house.

Just one little year had passed since Gustavus Tremaine and Sophia Warren were wedded—but one little year since he had promised to love and cherish her as his wife, and she had vowed to love and obey him as her husband, and yet such scenes as the one above related were daily occurring. The mother of young Tremaine had long since sunk broken-hearted to her grave, and his father had died in consequence of injuries received by falling from a staging erected on a race-course.

Shortly before the death of the elder Tremaine, the law-suit had terminated, by which he lost one hundred thousand dollars, and on the settlement of his affairs it was found that but a comparatively small fortune would be possessed by his heir. Sophia Warren, 'the capital jockey,' prided herself on her marriage with being wife to one of the richest men (that was to be) in the city, and it was a bitter disappointment when she found her husband's income would not be one-third of what she anticipated.

As the union had not been one of affection—where heart and soul unite in uttering the solemn and holy vows—where 'for richer for poorer, is uttered in all sincerity—as it had not been such a union, but one of eligibility—a question of mere worldly advantage, no wonder the peevish word, and the angry retort, were daily widening the breach between spendthrift husband and an arrogant wife—no wonder each sought refuge in the world, from the ennuis and the strife that awaited them at home—no wonder that the wife was recklessly whirling through the giddy maze of fashion, while the husband was risking health, honor, reputation on the hazard of a die.

When Mrs. Tremaine reached Mr. Austin's young Dunning was just leaving the house, so here was a fine opportunity for baiting Fanny Austin. 'Ah! I've caught you, my dear, and Madam Ramor is likely to speak truth at

last—ha! blushing; well this is confirmation strong—and it is really true that Mr. Dunning and Miss Austin are engaged.'

'Too honest-hearted to prevaricate, too delicate-minded not to feel hurt at the familiar manner in which Mrs. Tremaine alluded to her engagement, Fanny remained silent, her cheek glowing, and her bright eye proudly averted from the face of her visitor.

A woman of more delicate feeling than Mrs. Tremaine would have hesitated on witnessing the embarrassment caused by her remarks, but she had no such scruples, and continued

'I contradicted the statement; for it was impossible to believe anything so absurd.'

Fanny Austin looked up inquiringly, and the glow on her cheek deepened to crimson as she said,

'Absurd! may I ask your meaning, Mrs. Tremaine?'

'Why, I mean that you would not render yourself so ridiculous in the eyes of society. You marry Bob Dunning—the son of a grocer—you, who belong to the first families, and who ought to make a most advantageous match! Why, Fanny dear, no wonder I contradicted it.'

'I regret that you took the trouble.'

'Oh! it was none at all, and our families had been so long on friendly terms, that I thought it but right to say you would not throw yourself away.'

'What a question! Why the man has neither family or fortune to boast of, while you have both.'

'As far as money is concerned, I grant you I have the advantage; but as for family, few of us republicans can boast on that score. My grandmother, and yours too, Mrs. Tremaine, superintended their own dairies, made butter and cheese with their own hands, and sent them to market to be sold, nor did I ever hear that the good ladies were ashamed of their domestic employments. Your father and mine commenced life with naught save probity and perseverance; they were first clerks then junior partners, and at last great capitalists, and we their children have thus been placed at the head of society.'

'I know nothing at all of this nonsensical grandmother story about butter and cheese. I never heard of such a thing in our family.'

'No, I suppose you did not. You have been taught to look on praiseworthy industry as derogatory to your ideas of gentility; but my father has always delighted in recurring to those days of boyhood, and he venerates the memory of his mother, whom he regarded while living as a pattern of domestic virtue.'

'Oh, it is all nonsense talking in this way, Fanny. I wonder what Baron d'Haut ton will say when he hears that the lady he wooed so unsuccessfully has been won by the heir of a man in the sugar line?'

'Pardon me, Mrs. Tremaine, if I say you are forgetting yourself, or at least that you are presuming too far on our long acquaintance. My parents have no such ideas as yours, about fortune and family, and with their approval my heart is proud of its choice—proud, too, that it has been the chosen of the gifted, the noble-minded Dunning.'

'Well, Fanny,' persisted Mrs. Tremaine, nothing abashed by the gentle rebuke which had been given—'well, Fanny depend upon it you will place yourself in a false position. The friends who are now eager to court the society of Miss Austin, will stand aloof when invited to the house of Mrs. Dunning.'

'Friends! did you ever know a true friend do aught that would deprecate the husband in the eyes of his wife, or lessen the wife in the esteem of her husband? For such of my so-called friends as would not honor the man I had chosen, when he was well worthy of their highest regard, I can but say the sooner we part company the better. It is not the long array of names upon my visiting list of which I am proud, but the worth of those who proffer me their friendship.'

'Two o'clock!' said Mrs. Tremaine, glancing at the pendule on the chimney-piece—'two o'clock! Good morning, Miss Austin. How surprised Tremaine will be to hear that you are really going to marry Bob Dunning.'

And Robert Dunning and Fanny Austin were married—and never was there a happier home than theirs. The wife watched for her husband's step as the maiden watches for that of her lover. Daily she met him with smiles while her heart throbbled with a love as warm and as pure as that she had vowed at the altar. And Robert Dunning idolized his wife, and his fine endowments drew around him a host of admirers and friends, until Fanny's former acquaintances, including Mrs. Tremaine, contended for the honor of an invitation to the gifted circle, which weekly met at the house of Mrs. Dunning.

[To be concluded.]

From the New York Observer.

MOUNT PISGAH.

Moses was denied entrance into the land of Canaan. Though he had braved the wrath of Pharaoh, renounced his worldly expectations, periled his life, and led on the hoasts of Israel for forty years through the wilderness, for the sole purpose of reaching the promised land, his eyes were never to be gladdened by the sight. He had escaped the wrath of his pursuers—the pestilence that swept so many thousands to death—the bite of the flaming serpents that strewed the camp with so many thousands more—even the decay of the body itself—to die at last by special decree in sight of the very object of all his toils—the anticipated rest from all his labours. The sea had passed—the murmurs of the people borne with

—the long, weary desert travelled over—forty years of the prime of life exhausted, to secure one single object, and then he died with that object unreachd, though spread out in all its tempting loveliness before him.

Angry when the people clamoured for water, daring to carry out the commands of the Lord in a petulant manner—assembling the people hastily, without sanctifying them for the great miracle about to be performed—addressing them roughly, and claiming the credit of the miracle, though, perhaps unintentionally, saying, 'Must we bring water out of the rock?' and smiting, in his vexation, the rock twice, instead of once, as he had been commanded, and thereby injuring the antitype—Moses had so displeased the Lord that he denied him entrance into Canaan.

In whatever relations we behold Moses, with the above single exception, he is ever the same sublime and majestic character. Noble by nature, great by his mission, and greater still by the manner in which he accomplished it, he ever maintains his ascendancy over our feelings. We see the fiery promptings of the heart that could not brook oppression, in the bloody vengeance he took on the Egyptian who would trample on his brother. Preferring the desert with freedom to the court of Pharaoh, in sight of injustice, he led the life of a fugitive. Called by a voice from heaven to go back to deliver her people, he again trod the courts of the king of Egypt.

But not in the presence of Pharaoh when he withstood the monarch to his face, and brought down the thunders of heaven on his throne—not on the beach of the sea, when one arm upraised toward heaven and the other stretched out over the water, while the waves that went surging by, stopped and crouched at his feet—not in the midst of the raining manna—not in the lifting of the brazen symbol in the midst of the flying serpents, while the moan of suffering and the cries of the dying struggled up from a mighty encampment—not when, between the mountains, his stately form shone in the light of the blazing, fiery pillar, while the tread of the mighty multitude shook the earth behind him—nor even when he stood on shaking Sinai, his guard the thunder, and his vesture the lightning, and talked with the Eternal, as friend talketh with friend—not in all these awful relations does he appear to be so majestic and attractive as in the last event of his life.

Behold the white tents of Israel, stretched over the plain and swelling knolls, at the foot of Mount Nebo. It is a balmy, glorious day. The sun is sailing over the encampment, while the blue sky bends in love over all things. Here and there a fleecy cloud is hovering over the top of Pisgah, as if conscious of the mysterious scene about to transpire there. The trees stand green and fresh in the sun-light; the lowing of cattle rises through the still atmosphere, and Nature is lovely and tranquil, as if no sounds of grief were to disturb her repose. Amid this beauty and quietness, Moses assembled the children of Israel for the last time, to take his farewell look, and leave his farewell blessing. He casts his eyes over the leaders beside him, and over the host while a thousand contending emotions struggle for the mastery in his bosom. The past, with its toils and sufferings, rose up before him; and how could he part with his children, murmuring and ungrateful though they had been, whom he had borne on his brave heart for more than forty years? Self collected and calm he stood before them, and gave them his blessing. He made no complaints—never spoke of his hardships in their behalf; made no allusion to his anguish in leaving them on the very verge of Canaan, the object for which he had toiled so long. He did not even refer to his death. In the magnanimity of his great heart, forgetful of himself, or else not daring to treat his feelings in an allusion to his fate, he closed his sublime address in the following touching language:—'The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms: and he shall thrust out the enemy before thee. Israel! then shall dwell in safety alone. Happy art thou, O Israel! who is like unto thee: O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency! Noble language—noble heart! Carried away in the contemplation of his children's happiness, he burst forth into exclamations of joy in the moment of his deepest distress. But did not that manly voice falter, and that stern lip quiver, as he advanced to bid them his last adieu? For a moment perhaps, the rising commotion checked his utterance. They had been the companions of his toil—the objects of his deepest solicitude. A common suffering, a common fate, had bound them to him by a thousand ties. He looked back on the desert; it was passed. He looked forward to Canaan; it was near. He turned to the people; they were weeping. He cast his eyes up to Nebo, and he knew he must die. Although no complaint escaped his lips—no regret fell from his tongue, a deeper paleness was on his cheek, and a sterner strife in his heart, than he had ever felt before. Though outwardly calm, his stern nature shook for a moment like a cedar in a tempest, and then the struggle was over, his farewell was echoed in melancholy tones from lip to lip through the vast host as he turned to ascend the mountain. As he advanced from rock to rock, the sobbing of the multitude that followed after tore his heart-strings, like the cry of a child for its parents, and it was long before he dare trust himself to turn and look below. But at length he passed on a high rock, and gazed a moment at the scene at his feet. There were the white tents of Jacob glittering in the sunlight, and there the dark mass of Israel's host, as they stood and watched the form of their departing