

## Literature, &amp;c.

## THE AMERICAN MAGAZINES.

From Harper's Magazine.

## THE ARTIST'S SACRIFICE.

On a cold evening in January—one of those dark and gloomy evenings which fill one with sadness—there sat watching by the bed of a sick man, in a little room on the fifth floor, a woman of about forty, and two pretty children—a boy of twelve and a little girl of eight. The exquisite neatness of the room almost concealed its wretchedness; every thing announced order and economy, but at the same time great poverty. A painted wooden bedstead, covered with coarse but clean calico sheets, blue calico curtains, four chairs a straw arm-chair, a high desk of dark wood, with a few books and boxes placed on shelves, composed the entire furniture of the room. And yet the man who lay on that wretched bed, whose pallid cheek, and harsh incessant cough, foretold the approach of death, was one of the brightest ornaments of our literature. His historical works had won for him a European celebrity, his writings having been translated into all the modern languages; yet he always remained poor, because his devotion to science had prevented him from devoting a sufficient portion of his time to productive labor.

An unfinished piece of costly embroidery thrown on a little stand near the bed, another piece of a less costly kind, but yet two luxuriant to be intended for the use of this poor family, showed that his wife and daughter—this gentle child, whose large dark eyes were full of sadness—endeavored by the work of their hands to make up for the unproductiveness of his efforts. The sick man slept, and the mother, taking away the lamp and the pieces of embroidery, went with her children into the adjoining room, which served both as ante-chamber and dining room; she seated herself at the table, and took up her work with a sad and abstracted air; then observing her little daughter doing the same thing cheerfully, and her son industriously coloring some prints destined for a book of fashions, she embraced them; and raising her tearful eyes toward heaven, she seemed to be thanking the Almighty, and in the midst of her affection, to be filled with gratitude to Him who had blessed her with such children.

Soon after a gentle ring was heard at the door, and M. Raymond, a young doctor with a frank, pleasing countenance, entered and inquired for the invalid.

'Just the same, doctor,' said Madame G—. The young man went into the next room, and gazed for some moments attentively on the sleeper, while the poor wife fixed her eyes on the doctor's countenance, and seemed there to read her fate.

'Is there no hope, doctor,' she asked, in a choking voice, as she conducted him to the other room. The doctor was silent, and the afflicted mother embraced her children and wept. After a pause, she said: 'There is one idea which haunts me continually: I should wish so much to have my husband's likeness. Do you know of any generous and clever artist doctor? Oh, how much this would add to the many obligations you have already laid me under.'

'Unfortunately, I am not acquainted with a single artist,' replied the young doctor.

'I must then renounce this desire,' said Madame G—, sighing.

The next morning Henry—so the little boy was called—having assisted his mother and his sister Marie in their household labors, dressed himself carefully, and as it was a holiday, asked leave to go out.

'Go my child,' said his mother, 'go and breathe a little fresh air; your continual work is injurious to you.'

The boy kissed his father's wasted hand, embraced his mother and sister and went out at once sad and pleased. When he reached the street he hesitated for a moment, then directed his steps toward the drawing school where he attended every day; he entered, and rung at the door of the apartment belonging to the professor who directed this academy. A servant opened the door, and conducted him into an elegantly furnished breakfast room; for the professor was one of the richest and most distinguished painters of the day. He was breakfasting alone with his wife when Henry entered.

'There, my dear,' he said to her, as he perceived Henry; 'there is the cleverest pupil in the academy. This little fellow really promises to do me great credit one day.—Well, my little friend what do you wish to say to me?'

'Sir, my father is very ill—the doctor fears that he may die; poor mamma, who is very fond of papa, wishes to have his portrait.—Would you, sir, be kind enough to take it? O do not, pray sir, do not refuse me,' said Henry, whose tearful eyes were fixed imploringly on the artist.

'Impossible, Henry—impossible!' replied the painter. 'I am paid three thousand francs for every portrait I paint, and I have five or six at present to finish.'

'But my dear,' interposed his wife, 'it seems to me that this portrait would take you but little time; think of the poor mother, whose husband will soon be lost to her forever.'

'It grieves me to refuse, you my dear; but you know that my battle piece, which is destined for Versailles, must be sent to the Louvre in a fortnight, for I cannot miss the Exposition this year. But stay, my little

friend, I will give you the address of several of my pupils; tell them I sent you, and you will certainly find some one of them who will do what you wish. Good morning Henry.'

'Good-by, my little friend,' added the lady. 'I hope you may be successful.' The boy took his leave with a bursting heart.

Henry wandered through the gardens of the Luxembourg, debating with himself if he should apply to the young artists whose addresses he held in his hand. Fearing that his new efforts may be equally unsuccessful, he was trying to nerve himself to encounter fresh refusals, when he was accosted by a boy of his own age, his fellow student at the drawing school. Jules proposed that they should walk together; then observing Henry's sadness he asked him the cause. Henry told him of his mother's desire; their master's refusal to take the portrait, and of his own dislike to apply to those young artists, who were strangers to him.

'Come with me,' cried Jules, when his friend had ceased speaking. 'My sister is also an artist: she has always taken care of me, for our father and mother died when we were both very young. She is so kind and so fond of me that I am sure she will not refuse.'

The two boys traversed the Avenue l'Observatoire, the merry, joyous face of the one contrasting with the sadness and anxiety of the other. When they got to the end of the avenue they entered the Rue l'Ouest, and went into a quiet looking house, up the fourth storey of which Jules mounted with rapid steps, dragging poor Henry with him. He tapped gaily at a little door, which a young servant opened; he passed through the ante-chamber, and the two boys found themselves in the presence of Emily d'Orbe, the sister of Jules.

She appeared to be about twenty five; she was not tall, and her face was rather pleasing than handsome; yet her whole appearance indicated cultivation and amiability. Her dress was simple, but exquisitely neat; her gown of brown stuff fitted well to her graceful figure; her linen cuffs and collar were of snowy whiteness; her hair was parted in front and up behind a *l'antique*: but she wore no ribbon, no ornament—nothing but what was necessary. The furniture of the room, which served at the same time as a sitting room and studio, was equally simple: a little divan, some chairs, and two arm chairs covered with grey cloth, a round table, a black marble time piece of the simplest form; two engravings, the 'Spasimo de Sicilia' and 'The Maries,' alone ornamented the walls; green blinds were placed over the windows not for ornament, but to moderate the light, according to the desire of the artist; finally, three easels, on which rested some unfinished portraits, and a large painting representing Anna Boleyn embracing her daughter before going to execution.

When he entered, little Jules went first to embrace his sister; she tenderly returned his caresses, then said to him in a gentle voice as she returned to her easel—

'Now, my dear child, let me go on with my painting; not, however, without addressing a friendly 'Good morning' to Henry, who she thought had come to play with Jules.'

Henry had been looking at the unfinished pictures with a sort of terror, because they appeared to him as obstacles between him and his request. He dared not speak, fearing to hear again the terrible word 'impossible' and he was going away when Jules took him by the hand and drew him towards Emily.

'Sister,' he said, 'I have brought my friend Henry to see you; he wishes to ask you something; do speak to him.'

'Jules,' she replied, 'let me paint; you know I have very little time. You are playing the spoiled child; you abuse my indulgence.'

'Indeed, Emily, I am not jesting; you must really speak to Henry. If you knew how unhappy he is.'

Mademoiselle d'Orbe raised her eyes to the boy, was struck with his pale and anxious face, and said to him in a kind voice, as she continued her painting:

'Forgive my rudeness, my little friend; this picture is to be sent to the exposition, and I have not a moment to lose, because, both for my brother's sake and my own I wish it to do me credit. But speak, my child; speak without fear, and be assured that I will not refuse you anything that is in the power of a poor artist.'

Henry, regaining a little confidence, told her what he desired; then Jules having related his friend's visit to their master, Henry added—

'But I see very well, mademoiselle, that you cannot do this portrait either, and I am sorry to have disturbed you.'

In the meantime little Jules had been kissing his sister, and caressing her soft hair, entreating her not to refuse his little friend's request.

Mademoiselle d'Orbe was painting Anna Boleyn: she stopped her work; a struggle seemed to arise in the depth of heart, while she looked affectionately on the children. She, however, soon laid aside her pallet, and casting one glance of regret on her picture, said to Henry:

'I will take your father's portrait—that man of sorrow and of genius. Your mother shall have her wish.'

She had scarce uttered these words when a lady entered the room. She was young, pretty, and richly dressed. Having announced her name, she asked Mademoiselle d'Orbe to take her portrait, on the express con-

dition that it should be finished in time for the Exposition.

'It is impossible for me to have this honor, madame,' replied the artist; 'I have a picture to finish, and I have just promised to do a portrait to which I must give all my spare time.'

'You would have been well paid for my portrait, and my name in the catalogue would have made yours known,' added the young countess.

Mademoiselle d'Orbe only replied by a bow; and the lady had scarcely withdrawn, when, taking her bonnet and shawl, the young artist embraced her brother, took Henry by the hand and said to him—

'Take me to your mother, my child. I will do as you wish.'

Henry flew rather than walked; Mademoiselle d'Orbe could with difficulty keep up with him. Both ascended to the fifth story in the house in the Rue Descartes, where this poor family lived. When they reached the door, Harry tapped softly at it. Madame G— opened it.

'Mamma,' said the boy, trembling with emotion, 'this lady is an artist; she has promised to take papa's portrait.'

The poor woman who had not hoped for such an unexpected happiness, wept as she pressed to her lips the hands of mademoiselle d'Orbe, and could not find words to express her gratitude.

The portrait was commenced at once; and the young artist worked with zeal and devotion, for her admiration of the gifted and unfortunate man was intense. She resolved to make the piece valuable as a work of art, for posterity might one day demand the portrait of this gifted man, and her duty as a painter was to represent him in his noblest aspect.

Long sittings fatigued the invalid; so it was resolved to take two each day, and the young artist came twice every day. As by degrees the strength of the sick man declined the portrait advanced. At length at the end of twelve days it was finished: this was about a week before the death of M. G—.

At the same time that she was painting this portrait, Mademoiselle d'Orbe worked with ardour on her large painting, always hoping to have it ready in time. This hope did not fail her until some days before the 1st of February. There was but a week longer to work; and this year she must abandon the idea of sending it to the Exposition.

Some artists who had seen her picture had encouraged her very much; she could count, in their opinion on brilliant success. This she desired with all her heart—first, from that noble thirst for glory which God has implanted in the souls of artists; and secondly from the influence it would have on the prospect of her little Jules, whom she loved with a mother's tenderness, and whom she hoped to be able to endow with all the treasures of education. This disappointment, these long hours of toil, rendered so vain at the very moment when she looked forward to receive her reward so depressed the spirits of the young artist that she became dangerously ill.

Mademoiselle d'Orbe had very few friends, as she was an orphan, and lived in great retirement; she found herself, therefore, completely left to the care of her young attendant. When Jules met Henry at the drawing school he told him of his sister's illness. Henry informed his mother, and Madame G— immediately hastened to Mademoiselle d'Orbe, whom she found in the delirium of a fever from which she had been suffering for some days. The servant said that her mistress had refused to send for a doctor, pretending that her illness did not signify. Madame G— terrified at the state of her young friend, went out and soon returned with Dr. Raymond.

The invalid was delirious; she unceasingly repeated the words 'portrait,' 'Anna Boleyn,' 'Exposition,' 'fortune,' 'disappointed hopes,' which plainly indicated the cause of her illness, and brought tears into the eyes of Madame G—.

'Alas!' she said, 'it is on my account she suffers; I am the cause of her not finishing her picture. Doctor, I am very unfortunate.'

'All may be repaired,' replied the doctor; 'if you will promise to nurse the invalid, I will answer for her recovery.'

In fact, Madame G— never left the sick bed of Mademoiselle d'Orbe. The doctor visited her twice in the day, and their united care soon restored the health of the interesting artist.

Mademoiselle was scarcely convalescent when she went to the Exposition of paintings at the Louvre, of which she had heard nothing—the doctor and Madame G— having, as she thought, avoided touching on a subject which might pain her. She passed alone through the galleries, crowded with distinguished artists and elegantly dressed ladies, saying to herself that perhaps her picture would have been as good as many which attracted the admiration of the crowd. She was thus walking sadly on, looking at the spot where she had hoped to have seen her Anna Boleyn, when she found herself stopped by a group of artists. They were unanimous in their praises. 'This is the best portrait in the Exposition,' said one. 'A celebrated engraver is about to buy from the artist the right to engrave this portrait for the new edition of the author's works,' said another. 'We are very fortunate in having so faithful a likeness of so distinguished a writer as Mr G—.'

At this name Mademoiselle d'Orbe raised her eyes and recognised her own work. Pale, trembling with emotion, the young artist was

obliged to lean on the rail for support; then opening the catalogue, she read her name as if in a dream, and remained for some time to enjoy the pleasure of hearing the praises of her genius.

When the Exposition closed she hastened to Madame G—, and heard that it was Dr. Raymond who had conceived the happy idea of sending the portrait to the Louvre. 'My only merit is the separating myself for a time from a picture which is my greatest consolation,' added Madame G—.

From this day the young artist became the friend of the poor widow, whose prospects soon brightened. Through the influence of some of the friends of her lost husband, she obtained a pension from government—a merited but tardy reward. The two ladies lived near each other, and spent their evenings together. Henry and Jules played and studied together. Marie read aloud, while her mother and Mademoiselle d'Orbe worked. Dr. Raymond sometimes shared in this pleasant intercourse. He had loved the young artist from the day he had seen her renounce so much to do a generous action; but an orphan like herself, and with no fortune but his profession, he feared to be rejected if he offered her his hand. It was therefore Madame G— who charged herself with pleading his suit with the young artist.

Mademoiselle d'Orbe felt a lively gratitude toward the young doctor for the care and solicitude he had shown during her illness, and for sending her portrait to the Exposition. Thanks to him, she had become known; commissions arrived in numbers, a brilliant future opened before her and her Jules. Madame G— had, then, a favorable answer to give to her young friend, who soon became the husband of the interesting young artist whose generous sacrifice had been the foundation of her happiness.

From Harper's Magazine.

## SKETCHES OF ORIENTAL LIFE.

By F. A. Neale, Esq.

## LIVING IN ANTIOCH.

ANTIOCH is, beyond dispute, the cheapest place in the world, as well as one of the healthiest; and if it were not for the ragged little boys who hoot at every stranger, and throw stones at his door, annoying you in every possible way, I should prefer it, as a place of residence, to any spot I have visited in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America.

My house was of perfectly new construction, well planted, and well situated, and proof against water, as well as wind. I had four rooms—a sitting room, a dining room, a bed room, and a dressing room. I had walled inclosure of about eighty feet square, where roses and geraniums vied in beauty with jessamines and lilies. There was also a poultry yard, a pigeon house, stables for three horses, a store house, a kitchen, and a servants' room. I had in the garden a grape vine (muscatel), a pomegranate tree, a peach tree, a plum tree, an apricot, and a China quince; and, in addition to all these, a fountain perpetually jetting up water, and a well, and a bathing room. For all this accommodation, I paid three hundred and fifty piastres—about three pounds sterling—and this was a higher rent than would be paid by any native. Of course, the house was unfurnished, but furniture in the east is seldom on a grand scale; a divan, half a dozen chairs, a bedstead, a mattress, a looking glass, a table or two, and half a dozen pipes, and narghilies are all one requires. Servants cost about three pounds a head per annum. Seven and a half pounds of good mutton may be had for a shilling.—Fowls—and fat ones, too—twopence each. Fish is sold by the weight—thirteen rotolos for a beshlik, or about seventy pounds weight for a snilling. Eels—the very best flavored in the world—three halfpence each. As for vegetables, whether cabbages, lettuce, *dis as-pages*, celery, watercresses, parsley, beans, peas, radishes, turnips, carrots, cauliflowers, and onions, a pennyworth would last a man for a week. Fruit is sold at the same rates; and grapes cost about five shillings the horse load. Game is also abundant. Dried fruit and nuts can be obtained in winter. In fact, living as well as one could wish, I found it impossible—house rent, servants, horses, board, washing, and wine included—to exceed the expenditure of forty pounds per annum.

Under these circumstances it may appear marvellous that many Europeans, possessed of limited means, have not made Antioch their temporary home; but every question has two sides, and everything its *pros* and *cons*. The *cons*, in this instance, are the barbarous character of the people among whom you live; the perpetual liability of becoming at one instant's warning, the victim of some fanatical *emeute*; the small hopes you have of redress for the grossest insults offered: the continual intrigues entered into by the *Ayans* to disturb your peace and comfort; the absence of many of the luxuries enjoyed in Europe; the want of society and books, and the total absence of all places of worship, which gradually creates in the mind a morbid indifference to religion, and which frequently degenerates into absolute infidelity. It is better to choose with David in such a case and say, 'I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than dwell in the tents of iniquity.'

From the International Magazine.

## VISION OF CHARLES XI.

We are in the habit of laughing incredulously at stories of visions and supernatural apparitions, yet some are so well authentica-