

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Chamber's Journal.
ALONE.

PATIENT and faithful, and tender and true,
Praying and thinking, and working for you—
Bearing all-silently sorrow for years—
Hopefully striving to conquer my fears—
Say, did my patience, my tenderness, truth,
Merit not more than the blight of my youth?

Give me once more my wild energy back,
Give me the hopes that illumined life's track;
Give me the faith that I wasted on you—
Give me the love that I squandered thereto—
You cannot; too lightly you cast them aside
And for you and all others those feelings have
died.

Yet, though the hopes that I cherished are dead,
Though the light from my spirit for ever hath
fled,

Though 'twas doubting in God when I doubt-
ed in you
As my standard and type of the real and the
true;
O'er the wreck of my life I would never re-
pine,
If the peace I have lost were but added to thine.

THE SAILOR OR ARTIST.

BY MRS. M. A. DENNISON.

'THERE, now, I can breathe!' exclaimed a tall, dark man, as he flung aside his discoloured brush and leaned heavily against a hammock, swung up between deck on board a man of war. 'Be blessed if I ain't a little proud of that,' he muttered again in an undertone, his dark eye kindling as he gazed, and his swarthy face lighting up with sudden inspiration.

A soft, mellow light, streamed down the hatchway, and glowed over a square surface on which was sketched, with vivid coloring, the face of a beautiful infant. It was painted upon wood, the surface of which was smoothly finished and polished; but one indifferent to art could not but be startled at the exceeding perfection of the coloring, the sweet repose of the features, and an infant grace, which, diffused over the countenance, gave it that rapt expression which the face of an unconscious babe sometimes assumes.

'Hulloa, my boy, just in time,' exclaimed the sailor roughly, lifting his noble head, and exposing beneath the rim of his blue collar, a neck almost as white as snow.

'Now be off with you,' he continued, placing the picture in the hands of a small, timid looking lad, 'and see if you can't make a better bargain than you did with my last. I'm going ashore to-morrow, and I mean to have a spree and no mistake.'

'Jack, speeding will be the death of you yet,' said a small, sprightly tar, as he sprang from the hammock where he had been napping, 'it's too bad to see a fine fellow like you going to ruin.'

A frown and a half muttered curse was the only reply of the reckless sailor. He knelt down and gathered up the materials of his work, and placed them away in his chest.

Meanwhile, the boy, who had been rowed ashore, took his accustomed station on the square. Through the long perspective street, the waters of the Mediterranean could be faintly seen by the vivid sparkle of sunshine on their calm surface. For an hour the child stood patiently with the picture in his hand, holding it forth to every passer by; some gazed curiously, some started with astonishment, and all appeared to be struck with the beauty of his face, but none purchased.

Almost discouraged, little Kit, as he was called among the sailors, was about to give up and go to his humble home for his dinner; but he saw in the distance a gentleman coming along, accompanied by a beautiful young lady, and feeling a sort of presentiment that they would be customers, he placed the picture in the best light and anxiously awaited their coming. As they drew near and caught sight of the painting, they moved more slowly and finally stopped directly in front of little Kit.

'Why, Henry,' exclaimed the sweet looking girl, in slow, measured and surprised tones, 'it is the very image of sister's little Alice; who could have known? Who could have painted this?'

'It is, indeed, a most surprising likeness,' said her companion, abstractedly; 'yet what a holy face, it has the expression her's wore just before she died; do you remember?'

'Perfectly, little darling!' whispered the maiden, softly and tenderly, while her eyes filled with tears; 'it seems as if she was before us now.'

'It is a very superior painting,' murmured the gentleman, scrutinizing it more closely. 'Where did you get it, boy?' he inquired, looking suspiciously at the child.

Jack Haliday gave it to me to sell it for him,' replied Kit; 'he says he is going on a spree to-morrow, he added artlessly.

'Who is Jack Haliday?'

'Why, a man of war's man, on board the Falcon, lying out here in the stream.'

'How came he by it, I wonder?' continued

the gentleman, taking up the picture to examine it.

'Oh! he made it,' said the boy carelessly. 'Humph!' exclaimed the gentleman, he must be a rare sailor, how much does he ask for it, boy?'

'I sold the last one for five dollars, he wants me to get seven for this and not let it go under,' was the reply.

'Well,' said the gentleman, taking out his purse, 'if he is calculating on a fine spree out of the money, five is enough; but I'll give you seven for it, as it resembles very much a little relative of ours who has lately died. You can come along to our boarding place and bring it; it is but a square off.'

'I don't half believe the boy,' he continued, in a lower tone to the lady, 'but Frank is second Lieutenant on the Falcon, you know, and we are to visit the ship to-morrow, by his request I can find out if there is such a famous painter as Jack Haliday in the service.'

Busy preparations were in progress on board the Falcon. Music, banners and streamers of many a gay color, alternately attracted and delighted attention. The crew had been hard at work, (for company was expected abroad) and were now 'rigged out' in their best attire; the officers wore full uniform; walking the spotless upper deck of the proud vessel, one of them in close conversation with Emiline McPherson and her brother. He was the second Lieutenant of the Falcon, and cousin to the lovely Emiline; and he had urged them to come earlier than the rest, that he might have their company to himself for an hour at least.

'By the way,' exclaimed Henry McPherson, after a short chat, 'have you a sailor on board by the name of Haliday?'

'Haliday! Oh! yes; an eccentric genius and a noble fellow, too, in the bargain, only he is an incorrigible drunkard. The man has talents that would give him position and influence in any society. He is a scholar reading Latin, German and Portuguese, fluently; he is a gentleman in manners and habits, when himself, and yet an unfortunate failing cribs him down to a fore-castle and a tarpaulin. Poor Jack! I wish to my heart he had permitted Providence to make him what it designed, a statesman or hero, one or the other I am sure.'

'I bought a picture that is his work, I suppose yesterday.'

And if you did you bought no common piece daub; our cabin walls will convince you of his talents. On our last long voyage he really did wonders in the way of painting. His time is up in a few months; I am sorry that he will have multiplied freedom for that appetite of his, and shall be glad to see him emancipated from the thralldom of a sailor's life, on board a man-of-war. I wish he was my brother, spite of his failing I should be proud of him.'

'I should like to see him,' said Emiline, timidly, looking full upon her cousin's face, with her dark blue eye, and blushing as maidens at sixteen so quickly do.

'You shall, cousin,' replied the Lieutenant, and turning to the purser, who was just passing, he said, 'tell the boatswain to order up Jack Haliday.'

In a few moments a sailor appeared, and bowed with all the grace of a finished gentleman; he touched his hat to his superior officer, and stood with his eyes riveted upon the fair Emiline.

'Have you any sketches or paintings down below?' asked the Lieutenant carelessly.

'A few sir,' replied Jack; his high, bold brow flashing, and a transient light making his dark blue eyes glitter as he observed the interest which Emiline, almost unconsciously regarded him.

'Bring them up here, will you, Haliday? or stay, Emiline, may be you would like to go between decks and see where the sailors live; let me conduct you.' Jack got your drawings ready for inspection, perhaps you will find a market for some of them; and the three went below.

'O, did you draw that?' asked Emiline delightedly, holding up to the light a Swiss home scene; 'why, it is very much better than the one that my drawing master finished yesterday; and he is considered a superior artist too.'

These words of commendation from such fair lips, made the heart of the neglected sailor jump into his bosom. 'God bless her,' he thought again and again, though he did not dare say so loud, 'if I had a sister like that, surely I should be a better man; and with the tender thought came tears to his eyes. The beautiful girl saw his emotion and she looked earnestly upon him as if her heart was replying to his thought; and then she exclaimed impulsively, 'if you could only study and travel, why don't you? you would most certainly make a great painter, I am sure.'

Again that quick bright thought of intellect passed over the sailor's face, but he could not reply; a strange emotion took from him the power of speech; his blood coursed wildly through his veins, and he was forced to steady himself against the huge chest, that the quivering of his frame might not be noticed. Mists passed before his eyes, succeeded by visions of unearthly beauty, and then came burning thoughts of his own frequent disgrace. Memory stirred up the yearnings of his boyhood, when he so often sat in his lowly home and dreamed of fame—dreams that, when he told them, awa-

kened no sympathy, only derision and cruel laugh and scorn, and now an angel had said to him, he had heard from the lips of the purest and sweetest being he had ever seen, 'you will make a great painter, I am sure.'

Faintly the voices commenting on his graceful performances rang on his ears; almost unconsciously he listened as the Lieutenant took some of his sketches, and told him he would bring back whatever sum he obtained for them; his eyes followed the sweet girlish figure of Emiline as she left the deck, abstractedly, but his whole soul was with her; she had stirred fountains in his soul whose waters had never before been troubled; her artless and earnest encouragement had made him a man—bad put high and glorious resolves into his strong heart, and he was free from the thralldom of slavish appetite for ever.

All day, Jack Haliday sat listless and apparently absorbed in thought, when not attending to his special duties. At sunset, some of the crew were making preparations to go ashore, having obtained twenty-four hours release.

'Where is Jack?' was the universal question, as the boat was in readiness, and Haliday did not appear.

'Don't know,' answered one of the men; 'he has been dumpish enough all day, hardly spoken a word, go after him some of you, we can't get along without brandy Jack, he'll stand a treat longer than any fellow I ever knew.'

There was a universal dismay when Jack calmly said, 'I shall stay on board; and what made the refusal seem more singular, was, he had his hands full of money. The second Lieutenant had procured forty dollars for his sketches, among the company of the wealthy families that had graced the splendid dinner table of the Falcon.

Oh! Jack Haliday made a famous resolve over those forty dollars.

In three months he was free from the Falcon, and in that time not a drop of liquor or an oath had passed between his lips.

'You say you have the original of this painting,' exclaimed the gray haired man to a tall, stately, foreign looking artist; will you do me the favor to show it to me?'

The young man rather reluctantly moved to the side closet and opened the door, took from the shelf an ancient picture, the design of which could just be discerned through smoke and the tinge of time.

His visitor reached his hand out nervously and grasped the painting. 'How much? how much,' he eagerly exclaimed, after examining it closely. 'will you take for this?'

'I cannot sell it,' replied the artist coldly.

'I will give you four hundred for it,' said the old man hesitatingly.

'Four thousand could not buy it,' was the prompt answer.

'Pshaw! I will give you two thousand.'

The painter shook his head.

'Lord Elgin has already offered me five thousand.'

'Ha! I put it down, then, to six thousand; I will pay you in cash.'

'I know it is of great value,' said the artist, 'because it is the only work of the kind extant, and the production of one of the old masters.—I am ambitious to keep it in my possession, and though I am not wealthy, as I tell you, nothing will tempt me to part with it at present.'

'Very well,' exclaimed the old gentleman, bending his tall figure to scrutinize the painting again, 'then I suppose I must be contented with a copy. You will do me the favor to call on me this evening as you promised; my niece who is by birth an American lady, has often wished to be introduced to her talented countrymen.'

The artist bowed assent and his patron left him.

Edwin Alger strode rapidly back and forth in his richly furnished studio. His mind was far from his occupation, although every few moments he would cease his walk and change the position of a statue, that the light might fall on it more softly, or trace the imaginary line of beauty with his finger upon the half covered canvass that stood in the centre of the room.

'Yes, I am exalted—I, the once neglected sailor,—the poor man-of-war's man, he murmured audibly; 'I am comparatively independent, and had I an object for which to labor, I could coin wealth. But I am alone, and destined to be forever, for I cannot love; and yet my dream,' he exclaimed suddenly, 'why should it not be fulfilled?'

A gay party in Pemberton Square impatiently awaited the entrance of Edwin Alger, whose few but choice productions in the late exhibition had elicited almost extravagant admiration. Sir Edward Perkins, the old baronet in whose house they had assembled, sat near the blazing fire, and beside him his lovely niece, simply yet richly attired, with one soft hand resting on the back of his chair, while she was eagerly listening to his description of the old picture.

'I declare to you my love, I would give almost my whole fortune to possess it; for I see by an ancient illuminated manuscript that I have, that it is by a Flemish master—his name has passed from my memory now—by the description I am certain I am correct. I only hope young Alger will not be bribed by Lord Elgin to part with it, he has already a superb collection.'

At that instant the door was opened, and the expected Alger was announced. The young lady was introduced; a glad, frank smile lighted up her features as she held forth her hand. The artist turned deadly pale; his brain reeled; in this beautiful being he had recognized sweet Emiline McPherson, but she had forgotten him. Nevertheless she was struck with his appearance—more interested than she had ever been in a stranger—and when they parted there was a sweetness in her 'farewell,' and a sudden tinge on her fair cheek, that gave glorious dreams to the slumbers of the young artist on that night.

Weeks and months passed by, and Alger had won the fair American; it only needed the consent of her proud uncle to make them the most blessed of mortals.

'So you are still stubborn,' said the Baronet, one day, alluding to the picture; 'you will not part with it?'

'Give me the price I ask and it is yours,' said Alger.

'Name it young man,' exclaimed the Baronet, eagerly grasping him by the shoulder.

'The hand of your niece,' whispered Alger, hardly above a breath.

'An unexpected honor, truly,' said the Baronet, heartily; 'My dear sir, take her; I shall be proud of the connection—so young, so successful, who knows to what height you may ascend? She is too republican to marry a title, and if you love her—why, take her; but wherever you go remember, I claim that beautiful picture.'

It was not long before a wedding took place at the Baronet's princely mansion, and Alger, being strongly pressed to prolong his stay in London, consented to pass a few years more among those who had so well appreciated his genius. Riches poured into his coffer; his wife was a fortune, as he termed it, but to him a fortune herself alone. 'Why do you wear such a puzzled look, my dear?' he asked Emiline, one day, as she sat gazing strangely at him.

'Why, ever since I knew you,' she replied, 'there has been at times an expression on your face that reminds me of something I can't remember what, if you can make that out,' she added, laughingly.

Her husband smiled mysteriously.

'Something that must have happened when I was very young, is connected with that singularly yet joyful expression; there, that is it, now your eyes flash again; I wish I could think.'

'Be thinking, my dear, while I leave you for a few moments,' he replied, as he left the room.

In a short time a servant came to tell her that her husband wished her to come into the little east room. It was a favorite cozy place, where the newly married pair often sat together overlooking the Thames with its burdens of treasure.

As she opened the door, she fairly screamed with astonishment; the room had been ingeniously fitted up so that it resembled a portion of a ship, that great oaken chest was paraded with open lid against the wall, and there stood Jack Haliday, a tarpaulin on his head, and a navy collar, worked with white stars, thrown out from his finely moulded throat.

'My husband! can it be possible?' exclaimed Emiline, springing forward and falling on his bosom; 'now I remember it all.'

'And now, my precious wife, I can truly tell you how much I love you, and the great work you have done for me. But for your beautiful smile, but for your sweet encouragement, I might to-day have been living a dishonorable life, or filling a dishonorable grave; but those dear words, 'you will make a great painter, I am sure' have been my excelsior from the day I met you.'

'But your name, Edwin, I remember now, they called you Jack Haliday.'

'It was not my real name; I would not disgrace that which had never been dishonored by my ancestors. Emiline, are you sorry you married the poor sailor?'

'Not the poor sailor,' said the fond wife, looking up lovingly into his face, but the real and true nobleman; the man to whom God has given wonderful genius—one that can create beauties where chaos existed before, and stamp his name imperishably upon the scroll of his nation's fame.'

'Thank you, my wife, for your eloquent compliment; but I will strive to merit; and with such a companion, how can I but reach the high standard of excellence which I have long ago marked out for myself?'

And Emiline never regretted her choice.—Her husband is one of the gifted of the land and poets have sung his praises. Has she not reason to bless the day she gave one lofty soul such an impetus by a word of kindness, that he rose from real degradation to immortal honors!

ANTIQUITIES IN AMERICA.

THROUGHOUT the entire length and breadth of the country—washed as it is by the waters of two mighty oceans, and abounding in natural resources—enormous beyond what is possible to conceive—we find much to admire in the aspect and beauty of nature; and whether we travel from the distant shores of Maine and New Brunswick, to the golden shores of California, and the shores of the great Pacific, or from the