

MAY'S LANDING RECORD

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VOL. I.

TO-MORROW.

The setting sun, with dying flames,
Had waded the purple bill to sea,
And staid and dome and spire
Were gilded by the far-off gleam;
And in and out the pine-tree crept
Full many a slender line of gold;
Gold motes stirred the river sweep,
And gleamed as it onward rolled;
And sunlight fingered, loth to go,
Ah! well, it caressed some shadow
To part from those we love below;
And yet the sun as bright shall glow

To-morrow!
The tide was ebbing on the strand,
And stooping low its silver breast;
The crimson seaweed lay at rest
Upon the amber-ocher sand.
Dashed o'er the rocks and on the sand
Flung parting wreaths of pebbly spray,
Then fled away, yet turned once more
As though it could not bear to go.
Ah! well, it caressed some shadow
To part from those we love below;
Yet thitherward the waves shall flow

To-morrow!
Two hearts have met to part no more
At even when the sun went down;
Each life-bound from the heavy town
Smote sadly as a passing pain.
One whispered: "Parting is sweet pain—
At morn and eve I'll be beside you;
"Nay, parting rends the heart in twain."
And still they linger, loth to go.
Ah! well, it caressed some shadow
To part from those we love below;
For shall we ever meet or no

The Two Portraits.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" exclaimed Ernest Laval, as, throwing himself back in his chair, he contemplated, with eyes half shut, a lovely countenance that smiled on him from a canvas, to which he had just added a few hesitating touches. It was but a sketch—little more than outline and dead coloring, and a misty haze seemed spread over the face, so that it seemed vision-like and intangible. The young artist's exclamation was not addressed to the picture, but to the man who sat before him, who had just finished the portrait of a young Parisian artist, into whose studio he had introduced our readers. The fair original, whose portrait he before us, was Rose d'Amour, a beautiful actress of one of the metropolitan theatres, who had just made her debut with distinguished success. His exclamation was not addressed to the picture, but to the man who sat before him, who had just finished the portrait of a young Parisian artist, into whose studio he had introduced our readers. The fair original, whose portrait he before us, was Rose d'Amour, a beautiful actress of one of the metropolitan theatres, who had just made her debut with distinguished success.

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A word of Ernest Laval, and it shall suffice. He was the son of a humble vine-dresser in one of the agricultural departments of France. His talent for drawing, early manifested, attracted the notice of his parish priest, whose earnest representations induced his father to send the boy to Paris, and give him the advantages afforded by students of art. In the great city, Ernest allowed none of the attractions, by which he was surrounded, to divert him from the assiduous pursuit of his art. His money was passed in the gallery of the Louvre, his afternoon in private study, and his evenings at the academy where he drew from casts and the living model. The only relaxation he permitted himself was an occasional excursion in the picturesque environs of the French capital; and he always took his sketch book with him, this making even his pleasure subservient to his studies. Two prizes obtained, for a drawing and a picture, secured for him the patronage of the academy, at whose expense he was sent to Italy, to pursue his studies in the famous galleries of Rome and Florence. He returned with a mind imbued with the beauty and majesty of the works of the great masters, whose glory will outlive the canvas and marble which achieved it, determined to win for himself a niche in the temple of Fame, or, perchance in his laborious efforts to obtain it. At this time he was in his twenty-second year. A vigorous constitution was his heritage, and his rounded cheek glowed with the warm color of health. His strictly classical features were enhanced by the luxuriance of his hair, which he wore flowing in its native curls, while his full beard and moustache relieved his face from the charge of effeminacy.

Ernest was yet engaged in the contemplation of the unfinished work—rather of dreaming of the bright original—when a light tap was heard at his door. He opened it eagerly, and his poor studio was suddenly illuminated, as it were, by the radiant apparition of Rose d'Amour. She came dressed with charming simplicity, which well became a sylph-like form, that required no adventitious aid from art.

"Good morning, Monsieur Laval!" said the beautiful actress, cheerfully, as she dropped gracefully into the cushion prepared for her reception. "You find me in the best possible humor to-day, thanks to this bright morning sun, and to the success of last night. *Non Diavol!* so many bouquets you can't think! Really, the life of an artist begins to be amusing. Don't you find it so, as a painter?"

"I confess to you, *mademoiselle*, I have my moments of despondency,"

"With your fine talent! Think better of yourself. I hope, at least, that I have not been so unlucky as to surprise you in one of those inopportune moments."

"Ah, *mademoiselle*," said the painter, "if it were so, one of your smiles would dispel the cloud in a moment."

"Really!" replied the actress, gaily. "Are you quite sure there is no flattery in the remark? I am aware that flattery is an essential part of an artist's profession."

"Not a true artist," replied Ernest. "The aim and end of all art is truth; and he who forgets it is untrue to his high mission."

"True," said the lady. "Well, then, *faites votre possible*—as Napoleon said to his friend David—for I am anxious that this portrait shall be a *chef-d'œuvre*. I desire it for a present."

"With such a subject before me," replied the painter, "I could not labor more conscientiously, if the picture were designed for myself."

The sitting passed very rapidly, for the artist, and he was surprised when the lady, after consulting her watch, rose hastily and exclaimed: "That odious rehearsal! I must leave you, but you ought to be satisfied, for I have given you two hours of my valuable time. Adieu, then, until to-morrow."

With a smile that seemed natural to her, the beautiful girl vanished, taking with her half the sunshine of the room. The painter continued his labor of love. Indeed, so absorbed was he in his employment, that he did not notice the entrance of a visitor, until he felt a light tap on his shoulder, accompanied by the words:

"Bravo, mon cher! You are getting on famously. That is Rose herself—as radiant as she appears on the stage, when the focus of a *torchiere* has excluded all the stupid and *emphase* figures that surround her."

The speaker was Sir Frederic Stanley, an English baronet, some months in Paris, where he had plunged into all the gaieties of the season. He was a handsome man, of middle age, whose features bore the impress of dissipation.

"You know the original, then?" asked the painter, somewhat coldly.

"Know her! My dear fellow, I don't know anybody else, as the Yankees say. Why, I have the entry of the *Gaité*, and pass all my evenings behind the scenes. I chatter myself—but matter. I have taken a fancy to that picture, what do you say to a hundred louis for it?"

"It is not for me to dispose of it," "You have succeeded so well, you wish to keep it for yourself—eh?" "Double the price and let me have it."

"Impossible, Sir Frederic. It is painted for Mlle. d'Amour herself, and she designs it for a present."

"Say no more," said the baronet, with a self-satisfied smile. "I think I could name the happy individual."

Ernest would not gratify his visitor by a question, and the latter, finding the artist reserved and distant, suddenly recollected the traces at Chantilly, and took his leave.

"Can it be possible," thought the painter, "that Rose has suffered her affections to repose on that conceited, purse-proud, elderly Englishman? O woman, woman! how readily you better the wealth of your heart for a handful of gold!"

Another tap at the door—another visitor! Really, Laval must be getting famous? This time it is a lady—a lady of surpassing loveliness—one of those well preserved English-women, who, at forty, are as attractive as twenty. This lady was tall and stately, with elegant manners, and perhaps a thought of sadness in her expression. She gazed long and earnestly upon the portrait of Rose d'Amour.

"It is a beautiful face," she said, at length. "And one that indicates, I should think, goodness of heart."

"She is an angel!" said the painter. "You speak warmly, sir," said the lady, with a sad smile.

"You are true to your appointment, Sir Frederic," said the actress, gaily. "And your punctuality shall be rewarded."

She advanced to the farther easel, and lifting the curtain, disclosed the features of the English lady.

"This is for you!" said she laughing. "My wife! by all this wonderful!" exclaimed the baronet.

"Accompanied by the original!" said Lady Stanley, as she unveiled and advanced. "Sir Frederic! Sir Frederic! when you were amusing yourself, by paying unmeaning attentions to this young lady, I am afraid you forgot to tell her that you had a wife in England."

"I thought it unnecessary," stammered the baronet.

"How could you disturb the peace of mind of a young lady, when you could not requite her affection?" continued Lady Stanley.

"It was only a flirtation, to pass the time," said Sir Frederic; "but I acknowledge it was culpable. My dear Emeline, I thank you for your present. I shall ever cherish it as my dearest possession."

"For you, sir," said the beautiful actress, turning to Ernest. "I cannot think of depriving you of your best effort. Take the portrait. I wish the subject were worthier." And she drew the curtain from her picture.

"I am ungrateful," said Ernest, in a low and tremulous voice. "Much as I prize the picture, I can never be happy without the original."

"It is so!" replied the actress, in the same low tone of emotion; then, placing her hand timidly in his, she added, "The original is yours!"

Who can describe the pleasure and delight, the peace of mind so tranquilly which we feel in the balmy air, and among the green hills and rich woods of an inland village? Who can tell how scenes of peace and quietude sink into the minds of pain-worn dwellers in close and noisy places, and carry their own freshness deep in their jaded hearts? Men who have lived in crowded pent-up streets, through whose lives of toil and never wished for change; men to whom custom has been second nature, and who have come almost to love each brick and stone that formed the narrow boundaries of their daily walks—even they, with the hand of death upon them, have been known to yearn at least for one short glimpse of nature's face; and carried far from the scenes of their pains and pleasures, have seemed to pass at once into a new state of being, and crawling forth from day to day, to some green, sunny spot, have had such memories wakened up by within the heart, that the sight of sky and hill, and plain, and glistering water; that a foretaste of heaven itself has soothed their quick decline, and they have sunk into their tombs as peacefully as the sun whose setting, they watched from their lonely chamber window but a few hours before—faded from their dim and feeble sight.

The memories which peaceful country scenes call up are not of the world, of its thoughts or hopes; their gentle influence may teach us to weave fresh garlands for the graves of those we loved, may purify our thoughts, and bear down before it old enmity and hatred. But beneath all this there lingers in the least reflective mind a vague and half-formed conviction, that having held such feelings long before in some remote and distant time, which calls up solemn thoughts of distant times to come, and bends down pride and worldliness beneath it.

The question as to what becomes of the oyster and cockle shells has long ago been solved by the artist, and used to give several purposes. The crushed cockle shell is invaluable as a bed on which to rest flower pots in the conservatory or forcing-house, and the oyster shell makes capital gravel for garden walks and "rubbish" for builders' purposes. What becomes of all the pins is a question more difficult to answer. Millions of these useful objects are daily manufactured, and yet the demand increases. Export orders cannot possibly keep pace with the supply, and consequently the number absorbed for home consumption must be something fabulous. But what becomes of the broken bottles, my well-beloved? Thousands of tons of bottles must be broken every year in London alone, and the difference between the value of the sound and the broken bottles must amount to something very considerable. Broken "wines" and broken "sodas" are converted to many useful purposes, the latter especially. The best soda-water bottles come from Yorkshire, and the "fingers" are long sent to the metropolis packed in crates, as formerly. In the crate they were pilfered to a great extent route to their destination, and the cost of carriage was higher. They are now transported in bags made of coarse canvas packed in layers of straw. Each bag holds eight dozen. The broken bottles are subsequently utilized for the manufacture of cheap jewelry, chimney ornaments, and inferior household glass for the manufacturing districts. They are also used for the manufacture of emery powder, glass paper, etc. Rose's idea of the number of "sodas" broken in the process of filling, corking, clogging, and distributing, is not to be despised. From the circumstance that one great mineral-water manufacturer (Mr. H. D. Ravings) told last year 100 tons. The value of the "methyl," as it is styled, is somewhere about 1s. per ton, but it varies according to demand. When the market for fancy goods is active, broken bottles command a higher price. A revival of trade and a consequent increase in the number of bottles broken, and broken bottles are everywhere to be seen. In fact broken glass and broken bottles serve many purposes, though it is only lately that economical women have learned how to turn them to account.

The artist who painted the portrait of Rose d'Amour, and the actress who presented herself to him, were both children of the period before the French revolution, and as Irishman and Venetian they might very naturally have been allied in temperament; the American traveler is nowhere more vividly reminded of the past than in the city of Goldsmith, indeed, left the law and several other useful and grave employments for these shades which are not haunts of flowery ease, after all. But these authors are even more alive in certain quarters of their lives. 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