





Drawn by A. Pratt

Sketched by Capt. R. Elliot, R.N.

Engraved by E. Chantrell

EXCAVATED TEMPLE OF KYLAS-CAVES OF ELLORA

WHEATLEY & CO LONDON, 1831.



FISHER'S

DRAWING ROOM SCRAP-BOOK.

1834.



Painted by G. Hartman. Engraved by H. Meyer.

WITH POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS, &c.

BY

L. E. L.

H. FISHER, R. FISHER, & P. JACKSON, LONDON, 1833.

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TO

L A D Y S T E P N E Y ,

§c. §c. §c.

DEAR MADAM,

WILL you accept the Inscription
of this Volume, as a slight mark of affectionate
regard from

Yours truly,

L. E. L.

OCTOBER 1ST, 1833.

P R E F A C E.

Poetry is youth's language ; and the scroll
Whereon is poured the music of its soul,
Is like some long-loved friend, whose image seems
To bring back memory's deepest, dearest dreams.
Methinks such tender yet such mournful page
Suits the last months of the year's pilgrimage.

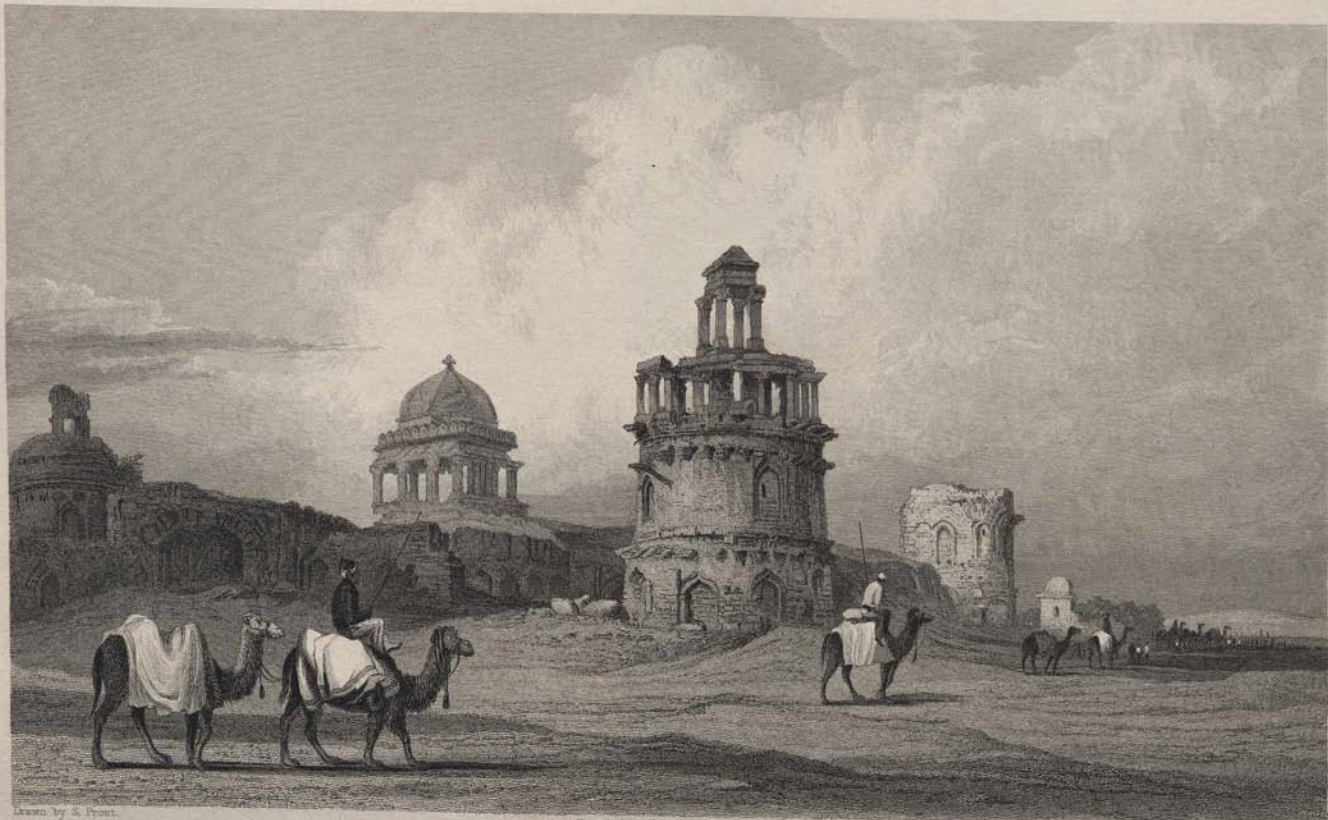
THE present volume is so different from its predecessors, that I shall venture, in a few words, to explain my motive for such alteration. Of all soils, a literary one is the soonest exhausted, and a change of subjects is as much needed as a change of crops. The magnificent ruins in the Indian Views suggested at first so much of melancholy reflection on the instability of human glories, that the poems which sought to illustrate "the fallen temple and the lonely tomb," naturally took a sad and thoughtful cast. But as my knowledge of Oriental history increased, I found it full of rich material for narrative; abounding with incidents of interest and of wild adventure. I therefore determined on accompanying the Plates of Eastern scenery this year with a connected Tale. Hope, love, and sorrow form the staple of the poet's song; and though I have adhered as accurately as possible to character, costume, and scenery, it is on the expression of universal feelings that I place reliance, in any attempt of mine to win the sympathy of my readers. I trust the attempt will be its own apology.

The same motive which caused me to give a continued story, instead of separate sketches, to the Indian Views, has also led me to accompany some of the English landscapes in a different style. I can now only entreat a renewal of the indulgence which has been so often extended to one by whom, at least, it is received with delight, and remembered with gratitude.

L. E. L.

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Drawn by S. Prout.

Sketched by Capt. R. Elliot, R.H.

Engraved by S. Lacey.

RUINS. — OLD DELHI.

FISHER, 226 & 27 LONDON, 1823.

THE
DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP BOOK.

THE ZENANA.



HAT is there that the world hath not
Gathered in yon enchanted spot?
Where, pale, and with a languid eye,
The fair Sultana listlessly
Leans on her silken couch, and dreams
Of mountain airs, and mountain streams.
Sweet though the music float around,
It wants the old familiar sound ;
And fragrant though the flowers are breathing,
From far and near together wreathing,
They are not those she used to wear,
Upon the midnight of her hair.—

Old Delhi.

She's very young, and childhood's days
With all their old remembered ways,
The empire of her heart contest
With love, that is so new a guest ;
When blushing with her Murad near,
Half timid bliss, half sweetest fear,
E'en the beloved past is dim,
Past, present, future, merge in him.
But he, the warrior and the chief,
His hours of happiness are brief ;
And he must leave Nadira's side,
To woo and win a ruder bride ;
Sought, sword in hand and spur on heel,
The fame, that weds with blood and steel.
And while from Delhi far away,
His youthful bride pines through the day,

THE ZENANA.

Weary and sad: thus when again
 He seeks to bind love's loosened chain;
 He finds the tears are scarcely dry
 Upon a cheek whose bloom is faded,
 The very flush of victory
 Is, like the brow he watches, shaded.
 A thousand thoughts are at her heart,
 His image paramount o'er all,
 Yet not all his, the tears that start,
 As mournful memories recall
 Scenes of another home, which yet
 That fond young heart can not forget.
 She thinks upon that place of pride,*
 Which frowned upon the mountain's side;
 While round it spread the ancient plain,
 Her steps will never cross again.
 And near those mighty temples† stand,
 The miracles of mortal hand;
 Where, hidden from the common eye,
 The past's long buried secrets lie,
 Those mysteries of the first great creed,
 Whose mystic fancies were the seed
 Of every wild and vain belief,
 That held o'er man their empire brief,
 And turned beneath a southern sky,
 All that was faith to poetry.
 Hence had the Grecian fables birth,
 And wandered beautiful o'er earth;
 Till every wood, and stream, and cave,
 Shelter to some bright vision gave:
 For all of terrible and strange,
 That from those gloomy caverns‡ sprung,
 From Greece received a graceful change,
 That spoke another sky and tongue,

Dowlutabad.

Dus Awtar.

Dher Warra.
 Temple of Kylas,
 (Frontispiece.)

* DOWLUTABAD.—A mountain fortress, on the road leading to the Caves of Ellora.

† DUS AWATAR.—One of the centre Excavations at Ellora. The compartment of sculpture represented in the plate, has Siva for the principal figure, in the character of Ehr Budr, taking vengeance for an affront that has been offered to his consort Parvati. "One of the right hands of Ehr Budr holds a cup, to catch the blood of the demon that he has transfixed with a spear, lest it should fall upon earth, and demons spring up from it. On the left of the group is Parvati, but mutilated and indistinct, seemingly rejoicing over the scene of vengeance."

‡ The DHER WARRA is the cave at the southern extremity of Ellora.

EXCAVATED TEMPLE OF KYLAS.—It is observed, in Elliot's Views of India, that of all the excavations, that of Kylas is "the most extraordinary and beautiful." This is no place to do more than allude to the wonderful influence of the

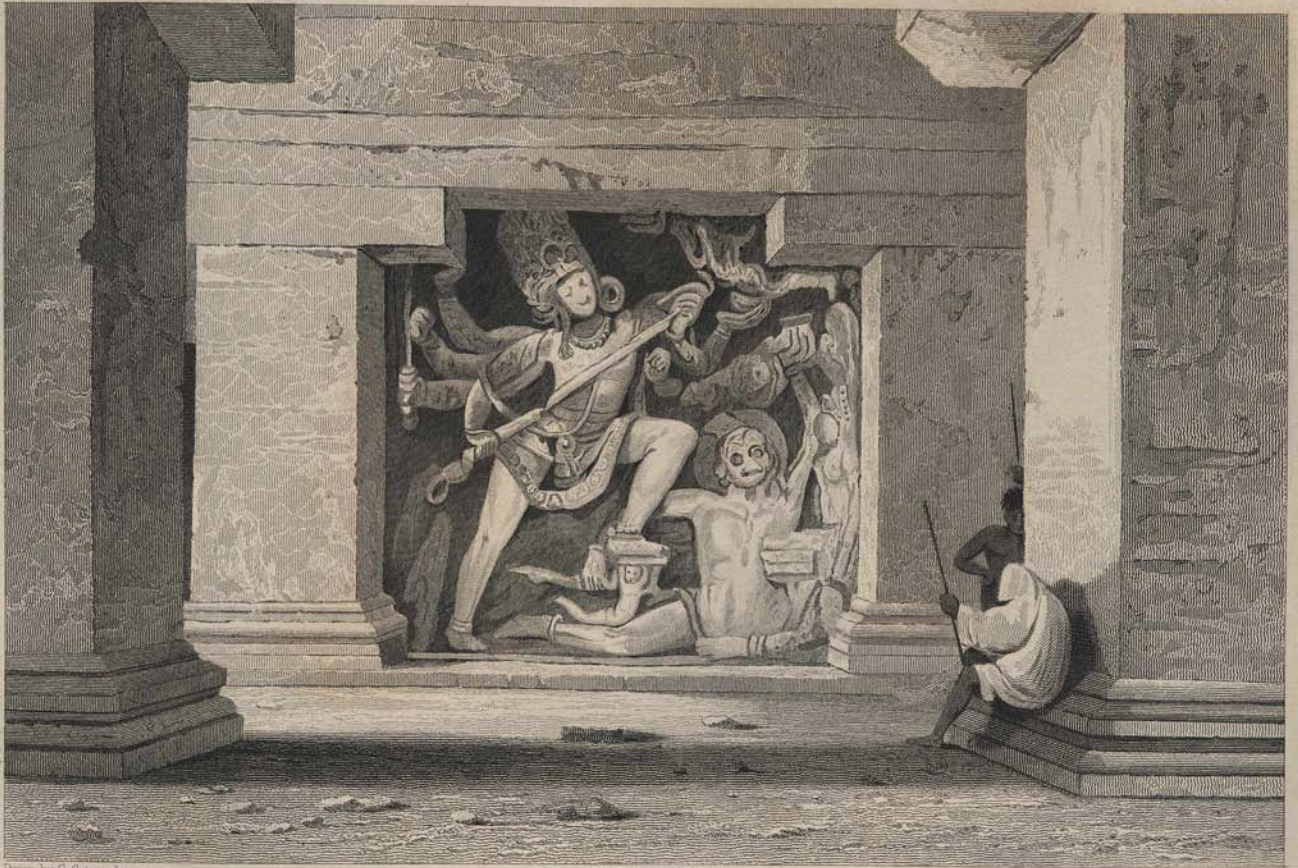


Drawn by W. Purser.

Sketched by Capt. R. Elliot, R.N.

Engraved by R. Sands.

THE FORTRESS OF DOWLATABAD.

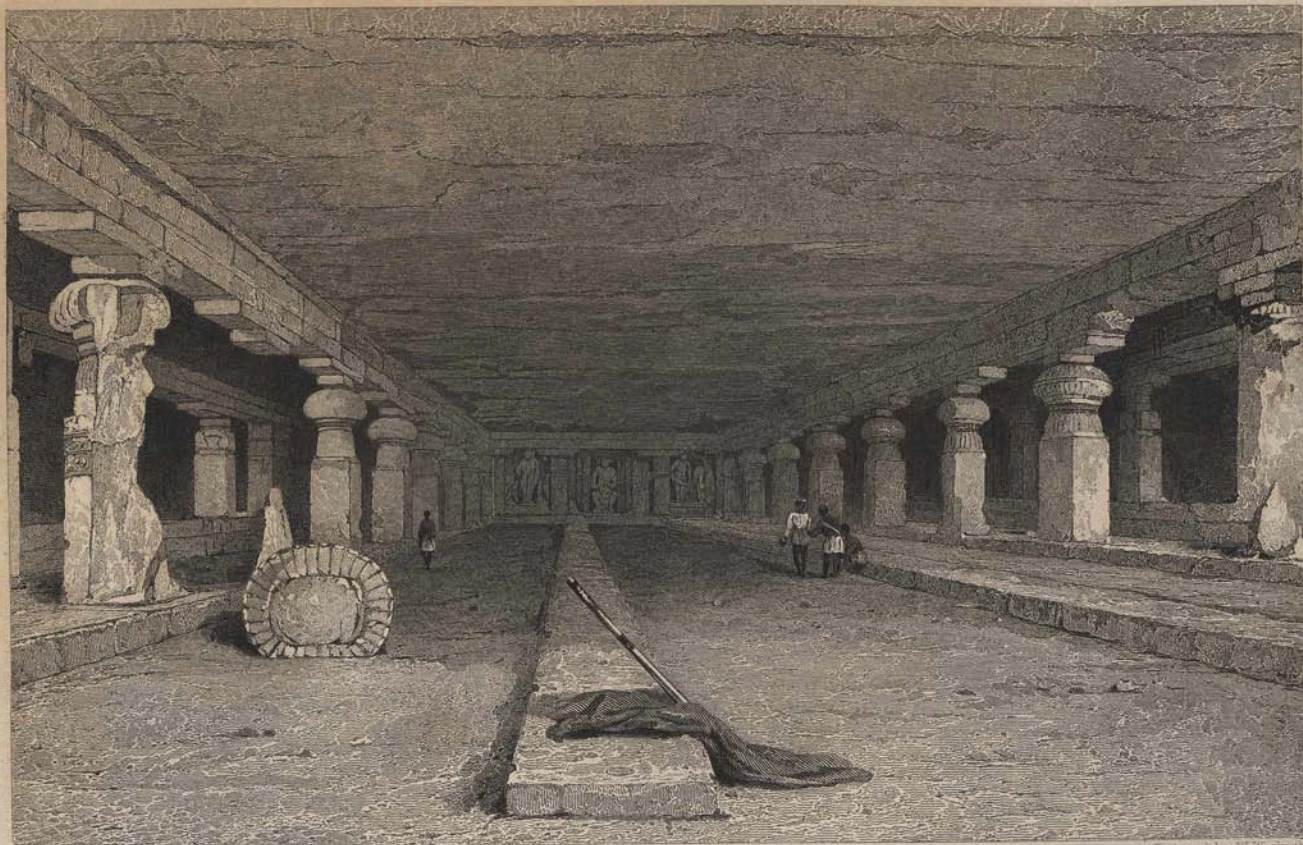


Drawn by G. Catermole.

Sketched by Capt. R. Elliot, R. N.

Engraved by W. Woolnoth.

DUS AWTAH, CAVES OF ELLORA.



Drawn by G. Cameron

Sketched by Capt R. Elliot R. N.

Engraved by W. Woolrich

INTERIOR OF DEER WARRA, CAVES OF ELLORA.

THE ZENANA.

A finer eye, a gentler hand,
Than in their native Hindoo land.

'Twas thence Nadira came, and still
Her memory kept that lofty hill ;
The vale below, her place of birth,
That one charmed spot, her native earth.
Still haunted by that early love,
Which youth can feel, and youth alone ;
An eager, ready, tenderness,
To all its after-life unknown.
When the full heart its magic flings,
Alike o'er rare and common things,
The dew of morning's earliest hour,
Which swells but once from leaf and flower,
From the pure life within supplied,
A sweet but soon exhausted tide.

There falls a shadow on the gloom,
There steals a light step through the room,
Gentle as love, that, though so near,
No sound hath caught the list'ning ear.
A moment's fond watch o'er her keeping,
Murad beholds Nadira weeping ;
He who to win her lightest smile,
Had given his heart's best blood the while.

She turned, a beautiful delight
Has flushed the pale one into rose,
Murad, her love, returned to-night,
Her tears, what reck's she now of those ?
Dried in the full heart's crimson ray,
Ere he can kiss those tears away—
And she is seated at his feet,
Too timid his dear eyes to meet ;
But happy ; for she knows whose brow
Is bending fondly o'er her now.
And eager for his sake to hear
The records red of sword and spear,
For his sake feels the colour rise,
His spirit kindle in her eyes,

Hindustan superstitions ; if they did not create, they at least furnished the material of the Grecian mythology, though softened and beautified by that poetical imagination which formed in the classical time the golden age of poetry upon earth.



Drawn by S. Prout.

Sketched by Capt. R. Elliot, R.N.

Engraved by T. Jeavons.

BEJAPORE.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON, 1853.

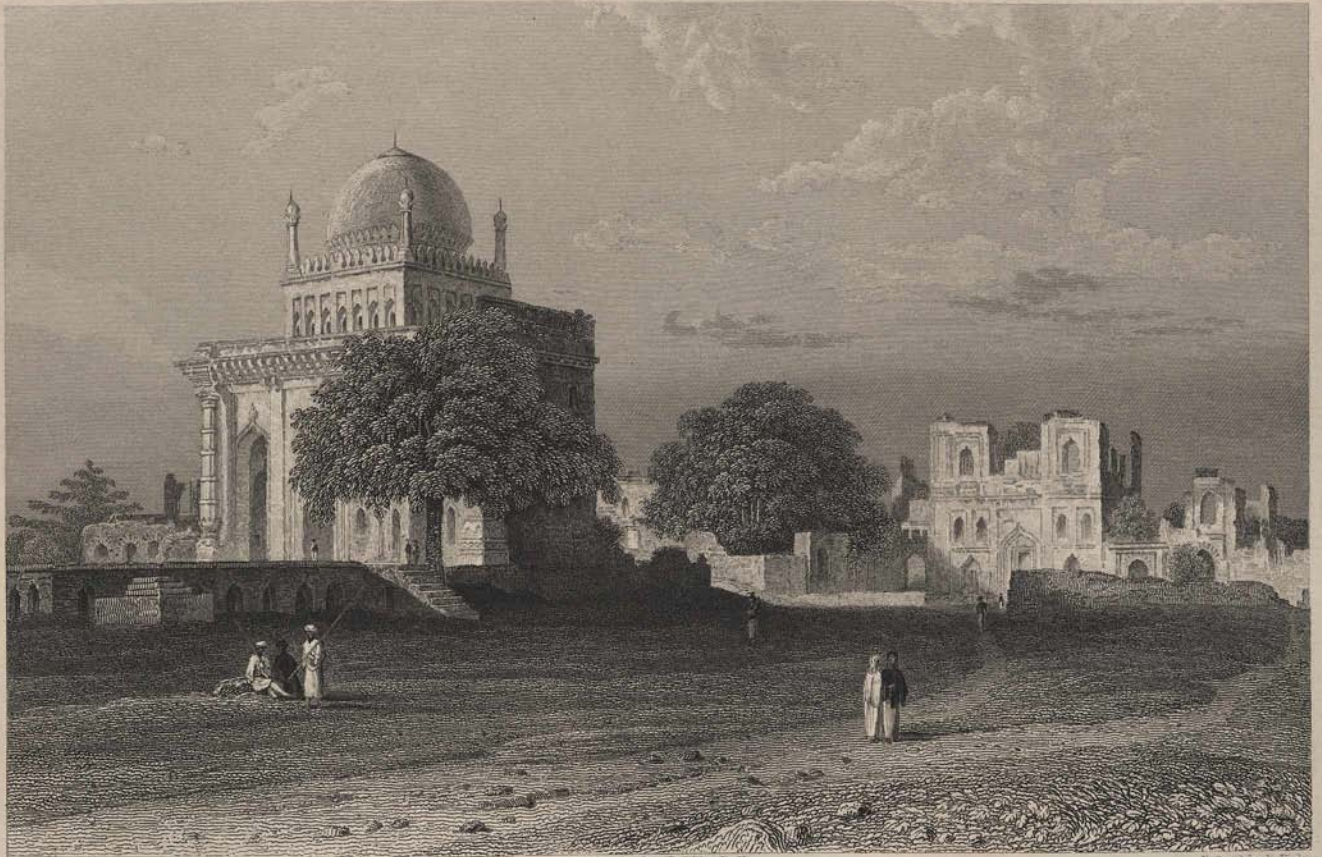


Drawn by J. Frost.

Sketched by Capt. R. Elliot, R.N.

Engraved by J. Hedderley.

TAJ BOWLEE, BEJAPORE.

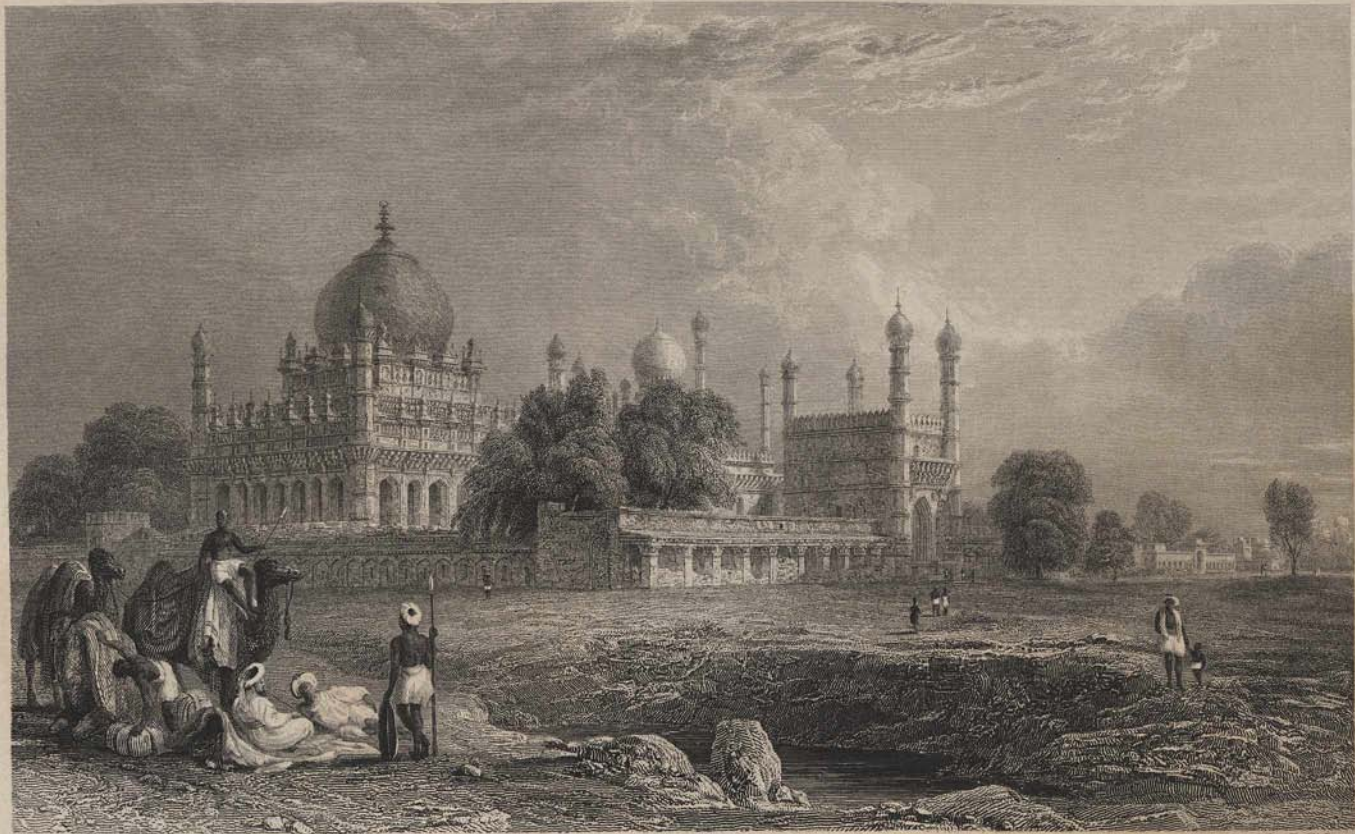


Drawn by W. Purser.

Sketched by Capt. R. Elliot, R. N.

Engraved by E. Finden.

MOSQUE OF MUSTAPHA KHAN, - BEEJAPORE.



Drawn by T. Allam.

Sketched by Capt. R. Elliot, R.N.

Engraved by T. H. Gillam.

TOMB OF IBRAHIM PASHA. — BEJAPORE.

THE ZENANA.

A warrior proud, whose crested head
Bends mournful o'er the recent dead,
And shadows deep athwart the plain,
Usurp the silver moonbeam's reign ;
For every ruined building cast
Shadows, like memories of the past.
And not a sound the wind brought nigh,
Save the far jackal's wailing cry,
And that came from the field now red
With the fierce banquet I had spread :
Accursed and unnatural feast,
For worm, and fly, and bird, and beast ;
 While round me earth and heaven recorded
The folly of life's desperate game,
 And the cold justice still awarded
By time, which makes all lots the same.
Slayer or slain, it matters not,
We struggle, perish, are forgot !
The earth grows green above the gone,
And the calm heaven looks sternly on.
'Twas folly this—the gloomy night
Fled before morning's orient light ;
City and river owned its power,
And I, too, gladdened with the hour ;
I saw my own far tents extend,
My own proud crescent o'er them bend ;
I heard the trumpet's glorious voice
Summon the warriors of my choice.
Again impatient on to lead,
I sprang upon my raven steed,
Again I felt my father's blood
Pour through my veins its burning flood.
My scimeter around I swung,
Forth to the air its lightning sprung,
A beautiful and fiery light,
The meteor of the coming fight.

“ I turned from each forgotten grave
To others, which the name they bear
 Will long from old oblivion save
The heroes” of the race I share.

THE ZENANA.

I thought upon the lonely isle* Shere Shah's Tomb.
 Where sleeps the lion king the while,
 Who looked on death, yet paused to die
 Till comraded by Victory.
 And he, the noblest of my line,
 Whose tomb is now the warrior's shrine,
 (Where I were well content to be,
 So that such fame might live with me.)
 The light of peace, the storm of war,
 Lord of the earth, our proud Akbar. † Akbar's Tomb.
 "What though our passing day but be
 A bubble on eternity;
 Small though the circle is, yet still
 'Tis ours to colour at our will.
 Mine be that consciousness of life
 Which has its energies from strife,
 Which lives its utmost, knows its power,
 Claims from the mind its utmost dower—
 With fiery pulse, and ready hand,
 That wills, and willing wins command—
 That boldly takes from earth its best—
 To whom the grave can be but rest.
 Mine the fierce free existence spent
 Mid meeting ranks and armed tent:—
 Save the few moments which I steal
 At thy beloved feet to kneel—
 And own the warrior's wild career
 Has no such joy as waits him here—
 When all that hope can dream is hung
 Upon the music of thy tongue.
 Ah! never is that cherished face
 Banished from its accustomed place—
 It shines upon my weariest night,
 It leads me on in thickest fight:

* **SHERE SHAH'S TOMB**—is situate at Sasseram, in the centre of a tank of water, about a mile in circumference. The name of so renowned a warrior would be likely to occur to a young and enterprising chief, who must, of course, be familiar with his history. His original name was Ferid, changed to Shere Chan, in consequence of having killed a tiger with one blow of his sabre. At the siege of Callinger he was mortally wounded, by the bursting of a shell. "In this dreadful condition, the king began to breathe in great agonies; he, however, encouraged the attack, and gave orders, till, in the evening, news was brought him of the reduction of the place: he then cried out, 'Thanks to Almighty God,' and expired."—*Dow's History of Hindostan.*

† **AKBAR'S TOMB**.—Of this monarch, his historian, Abul Fazil, remarks, that "His name lives, the glory of the House of Timur, and an example of renown to the kings of the world."



Drawn by S. Prout.

Sketched by Capt. R. Elliot, R.N.

Engraved by W.A. Lo Pett.

TOMB OF SHERE SHAH.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON, 1853.



Drawn by W. Purser.

Sketched by Capt. R. Elliot, R.M.

Engraved by J. Rish.

AKBAR'S TOMB.—SECUNDRÁ.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON. 1832.

THE ZENANA.

All that seems most opposed to be
Is yet associate with thee—
Together life and thee depart,
Dream—idol—treasure of my heart.”

Again, again Murad must wield
His scimeter in battle field :
And must he leave his lonely flower
To pine in solitary bower ?
Has power no aid—has wealth no charm,
The weight of absence to disarm ?

Alas ! she will not touch her lute—
What, sing ? and not for Murad’s ear ?

The echo of the heart is mute,
And that alone makes music dear.
In vain, in vain, that royal hall
Is decked as for a festival.
The sunny birds, whose shining wings
Seem as if bathed in golden springs,
Though worth the gems they cost—and fair
As those which knew her earlier care.
The flowers—though there the rose expand
The sweetest depths wind ever fanned.
Ah, earth and sky have loveliest hues—

But none to match that dearest red,
Born of the heart, which still renews

The life that on itself is fed.
The maiden whom we love bestows
Her magic on the haunted rose.
Such was the colour—when her cheek
Spoke what the lip might never speak.
The crimson flush which could confess
All that we hoped—but dared not guess.
That blush which through the world is known
To love, and to the rose alone—
A sweet companionship, which never
The poet’s dreaming eye may sever.
And there were tulips, whose rich leaves
The rainbow’s dying light receives ;
For only summer sun and skies
Could lend to earth such radiant dyes ;

THE ZENANA.

But still the earth will have its share,
The stem is green—the foliage fair—
Those coronals of gems but glow
Over the withered heart below—
That one dark spot, like passion's fire,
Consuming with its own desire.
And pale, as one who dares not turn
Upon her inmost thoughts, and learn,
If it be love their depths conceal ;
Love she alone is doomed to feel—
The jasmine droopeth mournfully
Over the bright anemone,
The summer's proud and sun-burnt child :
In vain the queen is not beguiled,
They waste their bloom. Nadira's eye
Neglects them.—Let them pine and die.
Ah, birds and flowers may not suffice
The heart that throbs with stronger ties.
Again, again Murad is gone,
Again his young bride weeps alone :
Seeks her old nurse, to win her ear
With magic stories once so dear,
And calls the Almas to her aid.

With graceful dance, and gentle singing,
And bells like those some desert home

Hears from the camel's neck far ringing.

Alas ! she will not raise her brow ;

Yet stay—some spell hath caught her now :

That melody has touched her heart.

Oh, triumph of Zilara's art ;

She listens to the mournful strain

And bids her sing that song again.

SONG.

“ My lonely lute, how can I ask

For music from thy silent strings ?

It is too sorrowful a task,

When only swept by memory's wings :

Yet waken from thy charmed sleep,

Although I wake thee but to weep.

THE ZENANA.

“ Yet once I had a thousand songs,
As now I have but only one.
Ah, love, whate'er to thee belongs,
With all life's other links, has done ;
And I can breathe no other words
Than thou hast left upon the chords.

“ They say Camdeo's* place of rest,
When floating down the Ganges' tide,
Is in the languid lotus breast,
Amid whose sweets he loves to hide.
Oh, false and cruel, though divine,
What dost thou in so fair a shrine ?

“ And such the hearts that thou dost choose,
As pure, as fair, to shelter thee ;
Alas ! they know not what they lose
Who chance thy dwelling-place to be.
For, never more in happy dream
Will they float down life's sunny stream.

“ My gentle lute, repeat one name,
The very soul of love, and thine :
No ; sleep in silence, let me frame
Some other love to image mine ;
Steal sadness from another's tone,
I dare not trust me with my own.

“ Thy chords will win their mournful way,
All treasured thoughts to them belong ;
For things it were so hard to say
Are murmured easily in song—
It is for music to impart
The secrets of the burthened heart.

“ Go, taught by misery and love,
And thou hast spells for every ear :
But the sweet skill each pulse to move,
Alas ! hath bought its knowledge dear—
Bought by the wretchedness of years,
A whole life dedicate to tears.”

* The Indian Cupid.

THE ZENANA.

The voice has ceased, the chords are mute,
The singer droops upon her lute ;
But, oh, the fulness of each tone
Straight to Nadira's heart hath gone—
As if that mournful song revealed
Depths in that heart till then concealed,
A world of melancholy thought,
Then only into being brought ;
Those tender mysteries of the soul,
Like words on an enchanted scroll,
Whose mystic meaning but appears
When washed and understood by tears.
She gazed upon the singer's face ;
Deeply that young brow wore the trace
Of years that leave their stamp behind :
The wearied hope—the fever'd mind—
The heart which on itself hath turned,
Worn out with feelings—slighted—spurned—
Till scarce one throb remained to show
What warm emotions slept below,
Never to be renewed again,
And known but by remembered pain.

Her cheek was pale—impassioned pale
Like ashes white with former fire,
Passion which might no more prevail,
The rose had been its own sweet pyre.
You gazed upon the large black eyes,
And felt what unshed tears were there ;
Deep, gloomy, wild, like midnight skies,
When storms are heavy on the air—
And on the small red lip sat scorn,
Writhing from what the past had borne.
But far too proud to sigh—the will,
Though crushed, subdued, was haughty still ;
Last refuge of the spirit's pain,
Which finds endurance in disdain.
Others wore blossoms in their hair,
And golden bangles round the arm.
She took no pride in being fair,
The gay delight of youth to charm ;

The softer wish of love to please,
 What had she now to do with these ?
 She knew herself a bartered slave,
 Whose only refuge was the grave.

Unsoftened now by those sweet notes,
 Which half subdued the grief they told,
 Her long black hair neglected floats
 O'er that wan face, like marble cold ;
 And carelessly her listless hand
 Wandered above her lute's command
 But silently—or just a tone
 Woke into music, and was gone.

“ Come hither, maiden, take thy seat,”
 Nadira said, “ here at my feet.”

And, with the sweetness of a child
 Who smiles, and deems all else must smile,
 She gave the blossoms which she held,
 And praised the singer's skill the while ;
 Then started with a sad surprise,
 For tears were in the stranger's eyes.
 Ah, only those who rarely know

Kind words, can tell how sweet they seem.
 Great God, that there are those below
 To whom such words are like a dream.

“ Come,” said the young Sultana, “ come
 To our lone garden by the river,
 Where summer hath its loveliest home,
 And where Camdeo fills his quiver.
 If, as thou sayest, 'tis stor'd with flowers,
 Where will he find them fair as ours ?
 And the sweet songs which thou canst sing,
 Methinks might charm away his sting.”

The evening banquet soon is spread—
 There the pomegranate's rougher red
 Was cloven, that it might disclose
 A colour stolen from the rose—
 The brown pistachio's glossy shell,
 The citron where faint odours dwell ;

THE ZENANA.

And near the watermelon stands,
Fresh from the Jumna's shining sands ; Ruins on the Jumna.
And golden grapes, whose bloom and hue
Wear morning light and morning dew,
Or purple with the deepest dye
That flushes evening's farewell sky.
And in the slender vases glow—
Vases that seem like sculptur'd snow—
The rich sherbets are sparkling bright
With ruby and with amber light.
A fragrant mat the ground o'erspread,
With an old tamarind overhead,
With drooping bough of darkest green,
Forms for their feast a pleasant screen.

'Tis night, but such delicious time
Would seem like day in northern clime.
A pure and holy element,
Where light and shade, together blent,
Are like the mind's high atmosphere,
When hope is calm, and heaven is near.
The moon is young—her crescent brow
Wears its ethereal beauty now,
 Unconscious of the crime and care,
Which even her brief reign must know,
 Till she will pine to be so fair,
With such a weary world below.
A tremulous and silvery beam
Melts over palace, garden, stream ;
Each flower beneath that tranquil ray,
Wears other beauty than by day,
All pale as if with love, and lose
Their rich variety of hues—
 But ah, that languid loveliness
Hath magic, to the noon unknown,
 A deep and pensive tenderness,
The heart at once feels is its own—
How fragrant to these dewy hours,
 The white magnolia lifts its urn
The very Araby of flowers,
 Wherein all precious odours burn.



Drawn by W. Parson.

Sketched by Capt. H. Elliot. R. N.

Engraved by W. Taylor.

A RUIN ON THE BANKS OF THE JUMNA, ABOVE THE CITY OF DELHI.

PUBLISHED BY R. S. & CO. LONDON, 1833.

THE ZENANA.

And when the wind disperses these,
The faint scent of the lemon trees
Mingles with that rich sigh which dwells
Within the baubool's* golden bells.
The dark green peepul's† glossy leaves,
Like mirrors each a ray receives,
While luminous the moonlight falls,
O'er pearl kiosk and marble walls,
Those graceful palaces that stand
Most like the work of peri-land.
And rippling to the lovely shore,
The river tremulous with light,
On its small waves, is covered o'er

With the sweet offerings of the night—
Heaps of that scented grass whose bands
Have all been wove by pious hands,
Or wreaths, where fragrantly combined,
Red and white lotus flowers are twined.
And on the deep blue waters float
Many a cocoa-nut's small boat,
Holding within the lamp which bears
The maiden's dearest hopes and prayers,
Watch'd far as ever eye can see,
A vain but tender augury.
Alas! this world is not his home,
And still love trusts that signs will come
From his own native world of bliss,
To guide him through the shades of this.
Dreams, omens, he delights in these,
For love is linked with fantasies.

But, hark! upon the plaining wind
Zilara's music floats again;

That midnight breeze could never find
A meeter echo than that strain,
Sad as the sobbing gale that sweeps
The last sere leaf which autumn keeps,
Yet sweet as when the waters fall,
And make some lone glade musical.

* A favourite Indian flower.

† A tree usually planted by graves.

THE ZENANA.

SONG.

- “ Lady, sweet Lady, song of mine
Was never meant for thee,
I sing but from my heart, and thine—
It cannot beat with me.
- “ You have not knelt in vain despair,
Beneath a love as vain,
That desperate—that devoted love,
Life never knows again.
- “ What know you of a weary hope,
The fatal and the fond,
That feels it has no home on earth,
Yet dares not look beyond ?
- “ The bitterness of wasted youth,
Impatient of its tears ;
The dreary days, the feverish nights,
The long account of years.
- “ The vain regret, the dream destroy’d,
The vacancy of heart,
When life’s illusions, one by one,
First darken—then depart.
- “ The vacant heart ! ah, worse,—a shrine
For one beloved name ;
Kept, not a blessing, but a curse,
Amid remorse and shame.
- “ To know how deep, how pure, how true
Your early feelings were ;
But mock’d, betray’d, disdain’d, and chang’d,
They have but left despair.
- “ And yet the happy and the young
Bear in their hearts a well
Of gentlest, kindest sympathy,
Where tears unbidden dwell.

THE ZENANA.

“Then, lady, listen to my lute ;
As angels look below,
And e'en in heaven pause to weep
O'er grief they cannot know.”

The song was o'er, but yet the strings
Made melancholy murmurings ;
She wander'd on from air to air,
Changeful as fancies when they bear
The impress of the various thought,
From memory's twilight caverns brought.
At length, one wild peculiar chime,
Recalled this tale of ancient time.

THE RAKI.*

“There's dust upon the distant wind, and shadow on the skies,
And anxiously the maiden strains her long-expecting eyes,
And fancies she can catch the light far flashing from the sword,
And see the silver crescents raised, of him, the Mogul lord.

“She stands upon a lofty tower, and gazes o'er the plain :
Alas! that eyes so beautiful, should turn on heaven in vain.
’Tis but a sudden storm whose weight is darkening on the air,
The lightning sweeps the hill, but shows no coming warriors there.

“Yet crimson as the morning ray, she wears the robe of pride,
That binds the gallant Humaioon, a brother, to her side.
His gift, what time around his arm the glittering band was rolled,
With stars of ev'ry precious stone enwrought in shining gold.

* THE RAKI.—The gift of a bracelet, whose acceptance was expressed by the return of a vest. It is a Rajpoot custom. Where there is both valour and beauty, it were hard not to find something of chivalric observance ; and the one alluded to, excels in devotion any record of the old romances, however their heroes might be voués aux dames. The chieftain to whom the Raki (anglicé, bracelet) was sent, became bound to the service of some unknown dame, whose bright eyes could dispense no reward, inasmuch as he was never to see them ; the “bracelet-bound brother,” and his adopted sister, never holding any intercourse. Humaioon accepted this gage from Kurnavati, the princess of Cheetore, and at her summons abandoned his nearly completed conquest of Bengal, and flew to succour, or at least avenge.

“ Bound by the Raki’s sacred tie, his ready aid to yield,
Though beauty waited in the bower, and glory in the field :
Why comes he not, that chieftain vow’d, to this her hour of need ?
Has honour no devotedness ? has chivalry no speed ?

“ The young Sultana gazes round, she sees the plain afar,
Spread shining to the sun, which lights no trace of coming war.
The very storm has past away, as neither earth nor heaven
One token of their sympathy had to her anguish given.

“ And still more hopeless than when last, she on their camp looked down,
The foeman’s gathered numbers close round the devoted town :
And daily in that fatal trench her chosen soldiers fall,
And spread themselves a rampart vain, around that ruined wall.

“ Her eyes upon her city turn—alas ! what can they meet,
But famine, and despair, and death, in every lonely street ?
Women and children wander pale, or with despairing eye
Look farewell to their native hearths, and lay them down to die.

“ She seeks her palace, where her court collects in mournful bands,
Of maidens who but watch and weep, and wring their weary hands.
One word there came from her white lips, one word, she spoke no more ;
But that word was for life and death, the young queen named—the Jojr.

“ A wild shriek filled those palace halls—one shriek, it was the last,
All womanish complaint and wail have in its utterance past :
They kneel at Kurnavati’s feet, they bathe her hands in tears,
Then hurrying to their task of death, each calm and stern appears.

“ There is a mighty cavern close beside the palace gate,
Dark, gloomy temple meet to make such sacrifice to fate :
There heap they up all precious woods, the sandal and the rose,
While fragrant oils and essences like some sweet river flows.

“ And shawls from rich Cashmere, and robes from Decca’s golden loom,
And caskets filled with Orient pearls, or yet more rare perfume ;
And lutes and wreaths, all graceful toys, of woman’s gentle care,
Are heaped upon that royal pile, the general doom to share.

“ But weep for those the human things, so lovely and so young,
The panting hearts which still to life so passionately clung ;

THE ZENANA.

Some bound to this dear earth by hope, and some by love's strong thrall,
And yet dishonour's high disdain was paramount with all.

“ Her silver robe flowed to her feet, with jewels circled round,
And in her long and raven hair the regal gems were bound ;
And diamonds blaze, ruby and pearl were glittering in her zone,
And there, with starry emeralds set, the radiant Kandjar* shone.

“ The young Sultana led the way, while in her glorious eyes
Shone spiritual, the clear deep light, that is in moonlit skies :
Pale and resolved, her noble brow was worthy of a race
Whose proud blood flowed in those blue veins unconscious of disgrace.

“ Solemn and slow with mournful chaunt, come that devoted band,
And Kurnavati follows last—the red torch in her hand :
She fires the pile, a death-black smoke mounts from that dreary cave—
Fling back the city gates—the foe, can now find but a grave.

“ Hark the fierce music on the wind, the atabal, the gong,
The stern avenger is behind, he has not tarried long :
They brought his summons, though he stood before his plighted bride ;
They brought his summons, though he stood in all but victory's pride.

“ Yet down he flung the bridal wreath, he left the field unwon,
All that a warrior might achieve, young Humaioon had done :
Too late—he saw the reddening sky, he saw the smoke arise,
A few faint stragglers lived to tell the Ranee's sacrifice.

“ But still the monarch held a sword, and had a debt to pay ;
Small cause had Buhadour to boast—the triumph of that day :
Again the lone streets flowed with blood, and though too late to save,
Vengeance was the funereal rite at Kurnavati's grave.”

Deep silence chained the listeners round,
When, lo, another plaintive sound,
Came from the river's side, and there
They saw a girl with loosened hair

* THE KANDJAR.—The Kandjar is a small poniard, set with gems, worn in the girdle of royal females, as a sign of their rank.

Seat her beneath a peepul tree,
 Where swung her gurrah* mournfully,
 Filled with the cool and limpid wave,
 An offering o'er some dear one's grave.
 At once Zilara caught the tone,
 And made it, as she sung, her own.

SONG.

“ Oh weep not o'er the quiet grave,
 Although the spirit lost be near ;
 Weep not, for well those phantoms know
 How vain the grief above their bier.
 Weep not—ah no, 'tis best to die,
 Ere all of bloom from life is fled ;
 Why live, when feelings, friends, and faith
 Have long been numbered with the dead ?

“ They know no rainbow hope that weeps
 Itself away to deepest shade ;
 Nor love, whose very happiness
 Should make the trusting heart afraid.
 Ah, human tears are tears of fire,
 That scorch and wither as they flow ;
 Then let them fall for those who live,
 And not for those who sleep below.

“ Yes, weep for those, whose silver chain
 Has long been loosed, and yet live on ;
 The doomed to drink from life's dark spring,
 Whose golden bowl has long been gone.
 Aye, weep for those, the weary, worn,
 The bound to earth by some vain tie ;
 Some lingering love, some fond regret,
 Who loathe to live, yet fear to die.”

A moment's rest, and then once more
 Zilara tried her memory's store,
 And woke, while o'er the strings she bowed,
 A tale of Rajahstan the proud.

* GURRAH.—The Gurrah is the water-jar which the Hindoo women poise so gracefully on their heads. Heber mentions, that they hang gurrahs on the peepul, a species of sacred tree; and much planted about graves, that the spirits of the deceased may drink the holy waves of the Ganges.



Drawn by J. Austin.

Sketched by Capt. R. Elliot, R.M.

Engraved by J. Kersey.

JUMMA MUSJID, — MANDOO.



Drawn by W. Purser.

Engraved by Hugh H. Elliot, H. N.

Engraved by W. L. Pettit.

THE PASS OF MAKUNDRÄ.

WILKINSON & CO. LONDON. 1850.



Drawn by J. S. Cotman.

Sketched by Capt. R. Elliot, R.N.

Engraved by W. J. Pettit.

PERAWA. — MALWA.

FISHER, SON & CO LONDON. 1853.

KISHEN KOWER.*

" Bold as the falcon that faces the sun,
 Wild as the streams when in torrents they run,
 Fierce as the flame when the jungle's on fire,
 Are the chieftains who call on the day-star as Sire.
 Since the Moghuls were driven from stately Mandoo,† Jumma Musjid, Mandoo.
 And left but their ruins their reign to renew,
 Those hills have paid tribute to no foreign lord,
 And their children have kept what they won by the sword.
 Yet downcast each forehead, a sullen dismay
 At Oudeypoor reigns in the Durbar‡ to-day,
 For bootless the struggle, and weary the fight,
 Which Adjeit Sing pictures with frown black as night :—
 " Oh fatal the hour, when Makundra's dark pass§ Pass of Makundra.
 Saw the blood of our bravest sink red in the grass ;
 And the gifts which were destined to honour the bride,
 By the contest of rivals in crimson were dyed.
 Where are the warriors who once wont to stand
 The glory and rampart of Rajahstan's land ?
 Ask of the hills for their young and their brave,
 They will point to the valleys beneath as their grave.||
 The mother sits pale by her desolate hearth,
 And weeps o'er the infant an orphan from birth ;
 While the eldest boy watches the dust on the spear,
 Which as yet his weak hand is unable to rear.
 The fruit is ungathered, the harvest unsown,
 And the vulture exults o'er our fields as his own : Perawa.

* KISHEN KOWER.—The history of Kishen Kower is of a later period than, properly speaking, becomes to my story. I trust the anachronism will be its own excuse. Without entering into the many intrigues to which she was sacrificed, it is only needful to observe, that her hand was claimed by the kings of Jeypour and Joudpour. A destructive war was the consequence, for marriage with the one must incur the enmity of the other. A weak father, and an ambitious minister, led to the immolation of the beautiful victim ; an unmarried daughter being held to be the greatest possible disgrace.

† JUMMA MUSJID, MANDOO.—Mandoo is the deserted capital of the Mohammedan sovereigns of Malwa, who afterwards gave way to the dynasty of the Rajpoots : it is a proof of its former magnificence, that seven hundred elephants, in velvet housings, belonged to one of its monarchs. "The tiger now hath chief dominion there." The Building represented in the Plate, is said to be the finest and largest specimen of the Afghan Mosque in India.

‡ The court, or divan, to use a term familiar to most English readers,

§ THE PASS OF MAKUNDRA.—A rocky entrance to Malwa, well suited to be the scene of any predatory excursion.

|| PERAWA.—A small town in Malwa ; doubtless, even within the last few years, witness to scenes like those sketched in the text. Like most mountain countries, the whole district was inhabited by a warlike and turbulent race ; a curious anecdote of the inflammable nature of the people, is told in the History of Central India. "The war with the

There is famine on earth—there is plague in the air,
 And all for a woman whose face is too fair.”
 There was silence like that from the tomb, for no sound
 Was heard from the chieftains who darkened around,
 When the voice of a woman arose in reply,
 ‘The daughters of Rajahstan know how to die.’

“Day breaks, and the earliest glory of morn
 Afar o’er the tops of the mountains is borne;
 Then the young Kishen Kower wandered through the green bowers,
 That sheltered the bloom of the island of flowers;
 Where a fair summer palace arose mid the shade,
 Which a thousand broad trees for the noon-hour had made.
 Far around spread the hills with their varying hue,
 From the deepest of purple to faintest of blue;
 On one side the courts of the Rana are spread
 The white marble studded with granite’s deep red;
 While far sweeps the terrace, and rises the dome,
 Till lost in the pure clouds above like a home.
 Beside is a lake covered over with isles,
 As the face of a beauty is varied with smiles:
 Some small, just a nest for the heron that springs
 From the long grass, and flashes the light from its wings;
 Some bearing one palm-tree, the stately and fair,
 Alone like a column aloft in the air;
 While others have shrubs and sweet plants that extend
 Their boughs to the stream o’er whose mirror they bend.
 The lily that queen-like uprears to the sun,
 The loveliest face that his light is upon;
 While beside stands the cypress, which darkens the wave
 With a foliage meant only to shadow the grave.

But the isle in the midst was the fairest of all
 Where ran the carved trellis around the light hall;
 Where the green creeper’s starry wreaths, scented and bright,
 Wooed the small purple doves ’mid their shelter to light;

Pindarries was over, and the country was in a state of tolerable tranquillity, when a sudden agitation was produced among the peaceable inhabitants, by a number of cocoa-nuts being passed from village to village, with a mysterious direction to speed them in specific directions. The signal flew with unheard-of celerity. The potail of every village, wherever one of these cocoa-nuts came, carried it himself with breathless haste to another, to avert a curse, which was denounced upon all who impeded or stopped them for a moment. Every inquiry was instituted; the route of the signal was traced for several hundred miles, but no certain information was obtained; and a circumstance, which produced for upwards of a month a very serious sensation over all Central India, remains to this moment a complete mystery.”
 —*Elliot*. It is really quite delightful to think that there should be such a thing as a mystery left in the world.

THE ZENANA.

There the proud oleander with white tufts was hung,
And the fragile clematis its silver showers flung,
And the nutmeg's soft pink was near lost in the pride
Of the pomegranate blossom that blushed at its side.
There the butterflies flitted around on the leaves,
From which every wing its own colour receives ;
There the scarlet-finch past like a light on the wind,
And the hues of the bayas* like sunbeams combined ;
Till the dazzled eye sought from such splendours to rove,
And rested at last on the soft lilac dove ; †
Whose song seemed a dirge that at evening should be
Pour'd forth from the height of the sad cypress tree.

Her long dark hair plaited with gold on each braid ;
Her feet bound with jewels which flashed through the shade ;
One hand filled with blossoms, pure hyacinth bells
Which treasure the summer's first breath in their cells ;
The other caressing her white antelope,
In all the young beauty of life and of hope.
The princess roved onwards, her heart in her eyes,
That sought their delight in the fair earth and skies.
Oh, loveliest time ! oh, happiest day !
When the heart is unconscious, and knows not its sway,
When the favourite bird, or the earliest flower,
Or the crouching fawn's eyes, make the joy of the hour,
And the spirits and steps are as light as the sleep
Which never has waken'd to watch or to weep.
She bounds o'er the soft grass, half woman half child,
As gay as her antelope, almost as wild.
The bloom of her cheek is like that on her years ;
She has never known pain, she has never known tears,
And thought has no grief, and no fear to impart ;
The shadow of Eden is yet on her heart.

“ The midnight has fallen, the quiet, the deep,
Yet in yon Zenana none lie down for sleep.
Like frightened birds gathered in timorous bands,
The young slaves within it are wringing their hands.

* THE BAYAS.—Small crested sparrows, with bright yellow breasts.

† THE KOKLE.—Miss Roberts, to whose “ Oriental Scenes” I am indebted for so much information, gracefully and fancifully says, “ When listening to the song of the kokle, its melancholy cadences, and abrupt termination, always impressed my mind with the idea, that the broken strains were snatches of some mournful story, too full of wo to be told at once.”

THE ZENANA.

The mother hath covered her head with her veil,
She weepeth no tears, and she maketh no wail ;
But all that lone chamber pass silently by ;
She has flung her on earth to despair and to die.
But a lamp is yet burning in one dismal room,
Young princess ; where now is thy morning of bloom ?
Ah, ages, long ages, have passed in a breath,
And life's bitter knowledge has heralded death.
At the edge of the musnud* she bends on her knee,
While her eyes watch the face of the stern Chand Bae.†
Proud, beautiful, fierce ; while she gazes, the tone
Of those high murky features grows almost her own ;
And the blood of her race rushes dark to her brow,
The spirit of heroes has entered her now.
“ ‘ Bring the death-cup, and never for my sake shall shame
Quell the pride of my house, or dishonour its name.’
She drained the sherbet, while Chand Bae looked on,
Like a warrior that marks the career of his son.
But life is so strong in each pure azure vein,
That they take not the venom—she drains it again.
The haughty eye closes, the white teeth are set,
And the dew-damps of pain on the wrung brow are wet :
The slight frame is writhing—she sinks to the ground ;
She yields to no struggle, she utters no sound—
The small hands are clenched—they relax—it is past,
And her aunt kneels beside her—kneels weeping at last.
Again morning breaks over palace and lake,
But where are the glad eyes it wont to awake.
Weep, weep, 'mid a bright world of beauty and bloom,
For the sweet human flower that lies low in the tomb.
And wild through the palace the death-song is breathing,
And white are the blossoms, the slaves weep while wreathing,
To strew at the feet, and to bind round the head,
Of her who was numbered last night with the dead :
They braid her long tresses, they drop the shroud o'er,
And gaze on her cold and pale beauty no more :
But the heart has her image, and long after years
Will keep her sad memory with music and tears.”

* THE MUSNUD.—A sort of matress assigned as the place of honour, usually covered with gold cloth, velvet, or embroidery, and placed on the floor.

† Chand Bae was the aunt of Kishan Kower, and on her devolved the task of preparing the unfortunate Princess.

Days pass, yet still Zilara's song
 Beguiled the fair Sultana's hours,
 As the wind bears some bird along
 Over the haunted orange bowers.
 'Twas as till then she had not known
 How much her heart had for its own,
 And Murad's image seemed more dear,
 These higher chords of feeling strung;
 And love shone brighter for the shade
 That others' sorrows round it flung.

It was one sultry noon, yet sweet
 The air which through the matted grass
 Came cool—its breezes had to meet
 A hundred plumes, ere it could pass;
 The peacock's shining feathers wave
 From many a young and graceful slave;
 Who silent kneel amid the gloom
 Of that dim and perfumed room.

Beyond, the radiant sunbeams rest
 On many a minaret's glittering crest,
 And white the dazzling tombs below,
 Like masses sculptured of pure snow:
 While round stands many a giant tree,
 Like pillars of a sanctuary,
 Whose glossy foliage, dark and bright,
 Reflects, and yet excludes the light.
 Oh sun, how glad thy rays are shed;
 How canst thou glory o'er the dead?
 Ah, folly this of human pride,
 What are the dead to one like thee,
 Whose mirror is the mighty tide,
 Where time flows to eternity?
 A single race, a single age,
 What are they in thy pilgrimage?
 The tent, the palace, and the tomb
 Repeat the universal doom.
 Man passes, but upon the plain
 Still the sweet seasons hold their reign,
 As if earth were their sole domain,

THE ZENANA.

And man a toy and mockery thrown
Upon the world he deems his own.

All is so calm—the sunny air
Has not a current nor a shade ;
The vivid green the rice fields wear
Seems of one moveless emerald made ;
The Ganges' quiet waves are rolled
In one broad sheet of molten gold ;
And in the tufted brakes beside,
The water-fowls and herons hide.
And the still earth might almost seem
The strange creation of a dream.
Actual, breathless—dead, yet bright—
Unblest with life, yet mocked with light,
It mocks our nature's fate and power,
When we look forth in such an hour,
And that repose in nature see,
The fond desire of every heart ;
But, oh! thou inner world, to thee,
What th' outward world can ne'er impart.

But turn we to that darkened hall,
Where the cool fountain's pleasant fall
Wakens the odours yet unshed
From the blue hyacinth's drooping head ;
And on the crimson couch beside
Reclines the young and royal bride ;
Not sleeping, though the water's chime,
The lulling flowers, the languid time,
Might soothe her to the gentlest sleep,
O'er which the genii watchings keep,
And shed from their enchanted wings,
All loveliest imaginings :
No, there is murmuring in her ear,
A voice than sleep's more soft and dear ;
While that pale slave with drooping eye
Speaks mournfully of days gone by ;
And every plaintive word is fraught
With music which the heart has taught,
A pleading and confiding tone,
To those mute lips so long unknown.



Drawn by D. Cox.

Sketched by Capt. R. Elliot, R.N.

Engraved by T. Higham.

JERDAIR, — A HILL VILLAGE, — GURWALL.

Ah ! all in vain that she had said,
 To feeling, "slumber like the dead;"
 Had bade each pang that might convulse
 With fiery throb the beating pulse,
 Each faded hope, each early dream,
 Sleep as beneath a frozen stream ;
 Such as her native mountains bear,
 The cold white hills around Jerdair ;*
 Heights clad with that eternal snow,
 Which happier valleys never know.
 Some star in that ungenial sky,
 Might well shape such a destiny ;
 But till within the dark calm grave,
 There yet will run an under-wave,
 Which human sympathy can still
 Excite and melt to tears at will ;
 No magic any spell affords,
 Whose power is like a few kind words.

Jerdair.

'Twas strange the contrast in the pair,
 That leant by that cool fountain's side ;
 Both very young, both very fair,
 By nature, not by fate allied :
 The one a darling and delight,
 A creature like the morning bright :
 Whose weeping is the sunny shower
 Half light upon an April hour ;
 One who a long glad childhood past,
 But left that happy home to 'bide
 Where love a deeper shadow cast,
 A hero's proud and treasured bride :
 Who her light footstep more adored,
 Than all the triumphs of his sword ;
 Whose kingdom at her feet the while,
 Had seemed too little for a smile.
 But that pale slave was as the tomb
 Of her own youth, of her own bloom ;
 Enough remained to show how fair,
 In other days those features were,
 Still lingered delicate and fine,
 The shadow of their pure outline ;

* JERDAIR is a small village situated amid the hills of Gurwall, within fifty miles of the Himalaya mountains.

The small curved lip, the glossy brow,
 That melancholy beauty wore,
 Whose spell is in the silent past,
 Which saith to love and hope, "No more;"
 No more, for hope hath long forsaken
 Love, though at first it's gentle guide,
 First lulled to sleep, then left to 'waken,
 'Mid tears and scorn, despair and pride,
 And only those who know can tell,
 What love is after hope's farewell.
 And first she spoke of childhood's time,
 Little, what childhood ought to be,
 When tenderly the gentle child
 Is cherished at its mother's knee,
 Who deems that ne'er before, from heaven
 So sweet a thing to earth was given.
 But she an orphan had no share
 In fond affection's early care;
 She knew not love until it came
 Far other, though it bore that name.

"I felt," she said, "all things grow bright!
 Before the spirit's inward light.
 Earth was more lovely, night and day,
 Conscious of some enchanted sway,
 That flung around an atmosphere
 I had not deemed could brighten here.
 And I have gazed on Moohreeb's face,
 As exiles watch their native place;
 I knew his step before it stirred
 From its green nest the cautious bird.
 I woke, till eye and cheek grew dim,
 Then slept—it was to dream of him;
 I lived for days upon a word
 Less watchful ear had never heard:
 And won from careless look or sign
 A happiness too dearly mine.
 He was my world—I wished to make
 My heart a temple for his sake.
 It matters not—such passionate love
 Has only life and hope above;

A wanderer from its home on high,
 Here it is sent to droop and die.
 He loved me not—or but a day,
 I was a flower upon his way :
 A moment near his heart enshrined,
 Then flung to perish on the wind.”

She hid her face within her hands—
 Methinks the maiden well might weep ;
 The heart it has a weary task
 Which unrequited love must keep ;
 At once a treasure and a curse,
 The shadow on its universe.
 Alas for young and wasted years,
 For long nights only spent in tears ;
 For hopes, like lamps in some dim urn,
 That but for the departed burn.
 Alas for her whose drooping brow
 Scarce struggles with its sorrow now.
 At first Nadira wept to see
 That hopelessness of misery.

But, oh, she was too glad, too young,
 To dream of an eternal grief ;
 A thousand hopes within her sprung,
 Of solace, promise, and relief.
 Slowly Zilara raised her head,
 Then, moved by some strong feeling, said,
 “ A boon, sultana, there is one
 Which won by me, were heaven won ;
 Not wealth, not freedom—wealth to me
 Is worthless, as all wealth must be,
 When there are none its gifts to share :
 For whom have I on earth to care ?
 None from whose head its golden shrine
 May ward the ills that fell on mine.
 And freedom—’tis a worthless boon,
 To one who will be free so soon ;
 And yet I have one prayer, so dear,
 I dare not hope—I only fear.”
 “ Speak, trembler, be your wish confest,
 And trust Nadira with the rest.”

“ Lady, look forth on yonder tower,
 There spend I morn and midnight’s hour,
 Beneath that lonely peepul tree—*
 Well may its branches wave o’er me,
 For their dark wreaths are ever shed,
 The mournful tribute to the dead—
 There sit I, in fond wish to cheer
 A captive’s sad and lonely ear,
 And strive his drooping hopes to raise,
 With songs that breathe of happier days.
 Lady, methinks I scarce need tell
 The name that I have loved so well ;
 ’Tis Moohreeb, captured by the sword
 Of him, thy own unconquered lord.
 Lady, one word—one look from thee,
 And Murad sets that captive free.”

“ And you will follow at his side ?”

“ Ah, no, he hath another bride ;
 And if I pity, can’st thou bear
 To think upon her lone despair ?
 No, break the mountain chieftain’s chain,
 Give him to hope, home, love again.”

Her cheek with former beauty blushed,
 The crimson to her forehead rushed,
 Her eyes re-kindled till their light
 Flashed from the lash’s summer night.
 So eager was her prayer, so strong
 The love that bore her soul along.
 Ah ! many loves for many hearts ;

But if mortality has known
 One which its native heaven imparts
 To that fine soil where it has grown ;
 ’Tis in that first and early feeling,
 Passion’s most spiritual revealing ;
 Half dream, all poetry—whose hope
 Colours life’s charmed horoscope
 With hues so beautiful, so pure—
 Whose nature is not to endure.

* Bishop Heber mentions a picturesque custom prevalent in one of the Rajpoot tribes. The death of a warrior is only announced to his family by branches of the peepul-tree strewed before his door.

THE ZENANA.

As well expect the tints to last,
The rainbow on the storm hath cast.
Of all young feelings, love first dies,
Soon the world piles its obsequies ;
Yet there have been who still would keep
That early vision dear and deep,
The wretched they, but love requires
Tears, tears to keep alive his fires :
The happy will forget, but those
To whom despair denies repose,
From whom all future light is gone,
The sad, the slighted, still love on.

The ghurrees* are chiming the morning hour,
The voice of the priest is heard from the tower,
The turrets of Delhi are white in the sun,
Alas ! that another bright day has begun.
Children of earth, ah ! how can ye bear
This constant awakening to toil and to care ?
Out upon morning, its hours recall,
Earth to its trouble, man to his thrall ;
Out upon morning, it chases the night,
With all the sweet dreams that on slumber alight ;
Out upon morning, which wakes us to life,
With its toil, its repining, its sorrow and strife.
And yet there were many in Delhi that day,
Who watched the first light, and rejoiced in the ray ;
They wait their young monarch, who comes from the field
With a wreath on his spear, and a dent on his shield.
There's a throng in the east, 'tis the king and his train :
And first prance the horsemen, who scarce can restrain
Their steeds† that are wild as the wind, and as bold
As the riders who curb them with bridles of gold :
The elephants follow, and o'er each proud head
The chattah that glitters with gems is outspread,
Whence the silver bells fall with their musical sound,
While the howdah's‡ red trappings float bright on the ground :

* THE GHURRIE is a sort of gong, on which the hour is struck when the brazen cup fills, and sinks down in the water of the vessel on which it floats. This primitive method of reckoning time is still retained in India.

† One fashion I confess to having omitted : however, here it is in plain prose. The tails of the chargers are often dyed a bright scarlet, which, when at full gallop, has much the appearance of leaving a track of fire after them.

‡ THE HOWDAH is the seat on the elephant's neck ; often formed of pure silver.

THE ZENANA.

Behind stalk the camels, which, weary and worn,
Seem to stretch their long necks, and repine at the morn ;
And wild on the air the fierce war-echoes come,
The voice of the atabal, trumpet, and drum :
Half lost in the shout that ascends from the crowd,
Who delight in the young, and the brave, and the proud.
'Tis folly to talk of the right and the wrong,
The triumph will carry the many along.

A dearer welcome far remains,
Than that of Delhi's crowded plains ;*
Soon Murad seeks the shadowy hall,
Cool with the fountain's languid fall ;
His own, his best beloved to meet.
Why kneels Nadira at his feet ?
With flushing cheek, and eager air,
One word hath won her easy prayer ;
It is such happiness to grant,
The slightest fancy that can haunt
The loved one's wish, earth hath no gem,
And heaven no hope, too dear for them.

Ruins, S. side Old Delhi.

That night beheld a vessel glide,
Over the Ganges' onward tide ;
One watched that vessel from the shore,
Too conscious of the freight it bore,
And wretched in her granted vow,
Sees Moohreeb leaning by the prow,
And knows that soon the winding river
Will hide him from her view for ever.

Next morn they found that youthful slave
Still kneeling by the sacred wave ;
Her head was leaning on the stone
Of an old ruined tomb beside,
A fitting pillow cold and lone,
The dead had to the dead supplied ;

* DELHI.—“The remains of this once magnificent and populous city exhibit so desolate and melancholy a scene, that it has more the look of an assemblage of dilapidated mansions of the dead than the living ; and it is at this time difficult to imagine it to have ever been any thing else than a vast and splendid cemetery.”—*Elliot*.



Drawn by T. Boys.

Sketched by Capt. R. Elliot, R. N.

Engraved by G. Hamilton

RUINS SOUTH SIDE OF OLD DELHI.

THE ZENANA.

The heart's last string hath snapt in twain,
Oh, earth, receive thine own again :
The weary one at length has rest
Within thy chill but quiet breast.
Long did the young sultana keep
The memory of that maiden's lute ;
And call to mind her songs, and weep,
Long after those charmed chords were mute.
A small white tomb was raised to show
That human sorrow slept below ;
And solemn verse and sacred line
Were graved on that funereal shrine.
And by its side the cypress tree
Stood, like unchanging memory.
And even to this hour are thrown
Green wreaths on that remembered stone ;
And songs remain, whose tunes are fraught
With music which herself first taught.
And, it is said, one lonely star
Still brings a murmur sweet and far
Upon the silent midnight air,
As if Zilara wandered there.
Oh ! if her poet soul be blent
With its aerial element,
May its lone course be where the rill
Goes singing at its own glad will ;
Where early flowers unclose and die ;
Where shells beside the ocean lie,
Fill'd with strange tones ; or where the breeze
Sheds odours o'er the moonlit seas :
There let her gentle spirit rove,
Embalmed by poetry and love.

JOHN KEMBLE.

OH ! glorious triumph, thus to sway at will
All feelings in our nature ; thus to work
The springs of sympathy, the mines of thought,
And all the deep emotions of the heart.

To colour the fine paintings of the mind,
And bid them move and breathe. Our island bard,
He who flung human life upon his page,
How much he owes the actor. Kemble once
Made Hamlet, Cato, and the Noble Moor,
Our own familiar friends—they lived, they looked,
And left an actual image on the soul.
I would I could remember them, but he
Who looks yon pale and melancholy prince,
Was past before my time—yet still the stage
Is fancy's world of poetry to me—
For I have heard the pathos of the Moor
Tremble in broken music, when he bids
His last farewell to Venice, and implores
For charity and rest :—and I have wept
When the stern father slays his only child,
That he may keep her memory a thing
To shelter in his heart. Nor is she least
Amid these haunting shapes—that gentle wife,
Who kept one stainless faith through long, long years,
Of utter hopelessness, and yet loved on ;
Till Mantua ranks within my memory,
With those Italian cities which have been
The visions of my youth.
I know not how it acts on other minds,
But this I know, my most enchanted world
Is hidden when the curtain falls, and leaves
Remembrance only of its gorgeous dreams
And beautiful creations.



Painted by Sir Tho: Lawrence, P.R.A.

Engraved by G. Adcock.

JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, ESQ.

J. P. Kemble

FISHER, SON & CO LONDON, 1855.

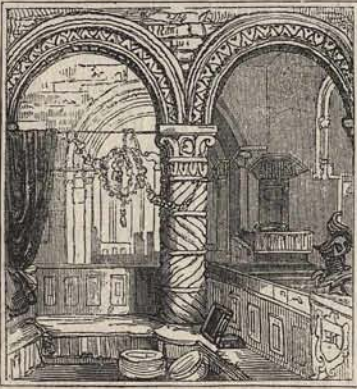


Drawn by T. Allom.

Engraved by J. W. Lowry.

SEFTON CHURCH, LANCASHIRE.

SEFTON CHURCH.



HERE are very many devices wherewith we delude ourselves—indeed, human life has never seemed to me any thing more than a series of mistakes. It is a mistake to be born—another to live—and a third to die. However, there is one other mistake, more absurd than all the three—and that is marrying—and which is made worse by the fact, that the other three we cannot very well help, but the last we can. I say nothing of your matches of convenience, for I do not understand how any thing in existence can be other than inconvenient; nor of your marriage for money, as money, like patriotism, is an excuse for every thing; but I speak of your love matches.

Now, a love match is like that childish toy which consists of various boxes enclosed one within another, and yet contains nothing, after all. I wonder where Experience got its reputation?—it has been very easily obtained—but it does not deserve it: they say, that it teaches fools; it may teach them, but they do not learn. Every year, one sees a young woman in a white gown, and a young man in a blue coat, adventuring on what is called “the happiest day of one’s life;” so called, perhaps, as they are never very particularly happy afterwards. Equally, every year, does one witness couples who, in like manner, begin in blue and white, continuing in green and yellow melancholy: yet no one takes warning by the example; all seem to expect a miracle from fate, in their own favour—what business they have to expect it, I don’t know; but we do flatter ourselves strangely. I must, however, do fate the justice to acknowledge its strict impartiality—all are disappointed alike. I hold that, in marriage, love augments the evil: contrast in such cases is an aggravation of ennui; it is so peculiarly provoking, to reflect how much pleasanter you used to be to each other. Hope and Love are the passions of the heart; the difference between them is, that Hope does not come to an end, but Love does. Love has two terminations; it concludes either in profound indifference, or in intense hate. Now, in the general run of human natures, there is not energy enough for hate; therefore, the usual finale is profound indifference; the most insipid state of existence that can be devised. No wonder that the household gods, like the images on a chimney-piece, often get broken. Quarrels are only the refreshing necessities of married life: but for their valuable aid, a whole city, like that in the Arabian Nights, might get up some fine summer morning, and find itself turned into stone. It being the universal, therefore laudable fashion, on the principle of that never sufficiently to be commended concentration of the whole doctrine of expediency, that “whatever is, is right;” to destroy all delusions, whether of piety, poetry, or loyalty; and the universal demand being for facts, I hold, that the vain lights thrown round “the temple of Hymen” ought to be put out, as only false meteors luring to the slough of despond, taking the ignis fatuus shapes of white gloves, silver favours, wedding excursions, and wedding cakes. I have seen many young

people immolate love on the shrine of mutual affection—but it is the reckless sacrifice I have witnessed this morning, that has induced my thoughts to take the more tangible shape of words. One goes out visiting for pleasure; a fallacy belonging to that melancholy mania for change which has recourse to stage-coaches, and steam-boats, as if change of scene were change of self. For the last week I have been made, if not exactly miserable, very uncomfortable; and the only difference between them is, that the last wants dignity,—“wearied with sameness of perpetual talk” about the marriage of a Miss Merton. She could not be more glad when the wedding day came than I was—once over, the ifs and buts, the whys and wherefores, of this eternal marriage, would subside into silence. But the worst was yet to come—I love lying in bed, am an invalid, and like the world to be thoroughly aired before I venture into it; yet up was I dragged at seven o'clock, and a rainy morning, merely because my friends were quite sure I should like to see Miss Merton married. What right have people to be sure of any thing in this life? Of course we had no breakfast; nobody seemed to think of it but myself. Off we set through the rain, and arrived in church just by eight o'clock—the bride, though, was before us. There she sat, smiling in ignorant happiness; but what woman could put on a new white bonnet, with orange flowers, a *gros des Indes brodè en colonnes*, and a blonde veil, and not feel—

“Let what will come, I have been blest.”

I found the time very long, and myself very chilly: even as I had wished for the arrival of the wedding day, did I now wish for the arrival of the bridegroom. Nine o'clock struck, every body counted it in silence, then a little talk recommenced—some persons have such spirits! I read the inscription on a marble monument (marble enough in it for three chimney pieces—very extravagant,) erected to the memory of a major killed in the American war; it informed us, that a grateful country would long preserve his name—I cannot say that the information was correct: then I walked up and down the aisle, endeavouring to remember all the happy couples I could; at last I recollected one, and they were very happy indeed; she lived at Amsterdam, and he in Demerara; they used to write each other such affectionate letters! Ten o'clock struck; every body counted it again. Dead silence was succeeded by a thunder-storm of words: one mentioned an interesting fact, how a bridegroom had overslept himself one morning, and shot himself the next; another recollected, that a friend of his had been thrown from his gig, and had broken his neck; while a third stated, that his gardener had been detained too long shaving, and, when the damsel rejected him in consequence, made a vow he would never shave again, and “has now a beard worthy a Jew or a Turk, excepting that it is red.” The misfortunes of others beguiled the time, as they always do. Eleven o'clock struck; the matter now became serious—the very youngest of the bride's-maids ceased to laugh—the bride herself began to cry. At length, a piece of advice I had been offering for the last two hours was taken—a messenger was sent to the inn where the bridegroom was staying. I augured ill, from the rapidity with which he returned:—good news stops to take breath on the road; bad news never requires it. The recreant lover had taken fright and post horses, and had set off at six that morning “over the hills, and far away.” We shall now go home to breakfast, thought I: but there was still a deal to be done; all sur-



Dancing Girl.

FISHER, SON, & CO LONDON. 1833.

rounded the lady, and, as the most effectual method of consoling her, began to abuse the departed—a common custom all the world over. More effectual comfort was, however, at hand: a young lieutenant in the navy—a handsome young man he was, too—stepped forward, and addressed her thus—“Madam, I never could bear to see a lady disappointed, that is, if she was pretty. Mr. ——, (hang the fellow, I forget his name, and you will forget it, too,) he is off, but I am ready to take his place; and I have been in love with you a long time, though I did not know it till this morning.” The lady looked at the clergymen, then at the lieutenant, and then on the folds of her white veil. “Well,” said she, “it is a pity to be drest for nothing—I shall be very happy.” And married they were. True, that at last I got home to breakfast; but, that over, my feelings needed the relief of expression. I must protest against the outrageous recklessness of the young sailor—what can he expect from the future?

“Needs must the chariot wheels of destiny
Crush one who flings him in its onward path
Patient and prostrate.”

THE DANCING GIRL.

A LIGHT and joyous figure, one that seems
As if the air were her own element;
Begirt with cheerful thoughts, and bringing back
Old days, when nymphs upon Arcadian plains
Made musical the wind, and in the sun
Flashed their bright cymbals and their whitest hands.
These were the days of poetry—the woods
Were haunted with sweet shadows; and the caves,
Odorous with moss, and lit with shining spars,
Were homes where Naiades met some graceful youth
Beneath the moonlit heaven—all this is past;
Ours is a darker and a sadder age;
Heaven help us through it!—’tis a weary world,
The dust and ashes of a happier time.

A LEGEND OF TEIGNMOUTH.

A STORY of the olden time, when hearts
Wore truer faith than now—a carved stone
Is in a little ancient church which stands
Mid yonder trees, 'tis now almost defaced ;
But careful eye may trace the mould'ring lines,
And kind tradition has preserv'd the tale ;
I tell it nearly in the very words
Which are the common legend.



OME few brief hours, my gallant bark,
And we shall see the shore ;
My native, and my beautiful,
That I will leave no more.

And gallantly the white sails swept
On, on before the wind ;
The prow dash'd thro' the foam, and left
A sparkling line behind.

The sun look'd out thro' the blue sky,
A gladsome summer sun ;
The white cliffs like his mirrors show
Their native land is won.

And gladly from the tall ship's side,
Sir Francis hailed the land,
And gladly in his swiftest boat,
Row'd onward to the strand.

“ I see my father's castle walls
Look down upon the sea ;
The red wine will flow there to-night,
And all for love of me.

“ I left a gentle maiden there :
For all the tales they say
Of woman's wrong and faithlessness
To him who is away ;



T. Allom.

J. C. Bentley.

TEIGNMOUTH, FROM THE NESS.

FISHER, SON, & CO LONDON, 1833.

A LEGEND OF TEIGNMOUTH.

“ I'll wager on her lily hand,
Where's still a golden ring ;
But, Lady, 'tis a plainer one
That o'er the seas I bring.”

His bugle sound the turret swept
They meet him in the hall ;
But 'mid dear faces where is hers,
The dearest of them all ?

Ah ! every brow is dark and sad,
And every voice is low ;
His bosom beats not as it beat
A little while ago.

They lead him to a darkened room,
A heavy pall they raise ;
A face looks forth as beautiful
As in its living days.

A ring is yet upon the hand,
Sir Francis, worn for thee.
Alas ! that such a clay-cold hand,
Should true love's welcome be !

He kissed that pale and lovely mouth,
He laid her in the grave ;
And then again Sir Francis sailed,
Far o'er the ocean wave.

To east and west, to north and south,
That mariner was known ;
A wanderer bound to many a shore,
But never to his own.

At length the time appointed came,
He knew that it was come ;
With pallid brow and wasted frame,
That mariner sought home.

A LEGEND OF TEIGNMOUTH.

The worn-out vessel reached the shore,
The weary sails sank down ;
The seamen cleared her of the spoils
From many an Indian town.

And then Sir Francis fired the ship ;
Yet tears were in his eyes,
When the last blaze of those old planks
Died in the midnight skies.

Next morning, 'twas a Sabbath morn,
They sought that church, to pray ;
And cold beside his maiden's tomb
The brave Sir Francis lay.

Oh, Death ! the pitying that restor'd
The lover to his bride ;
Once more the marble was unclosed,
They laid him at her side.

And still the evening sunshine sheds
Its beauty o'er that tomb ;
Like heaven's own hope, to mitigate
Earth's too unkindly doom.

ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND,

BORN MAY 24TH, 1765,

Married September 4, 1785, to George Granville, Marquis of Stafford, created Duke of Sutherland January 14, 1833. This illustrious Lady is descended from the most ancient house in Scotland. The first of her ancestors of whom we find any mention, was Thane of Sutherland, whose name is rendered interesting to us by his having fallen a victim to the revenge of Macbeth.



Painted by T. Phillips, Esq. R.A.

Engraved by S. Freeman.

ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.



T. Allom.

J. C. Bentley.

AIREY FORCE, CUMBERLAND.

AIREY FORCE.

AYE, underneath yon shadowy side
I could be fain to fix my home ;
Where dashes down the torrent's pride,
In sparkling wave, and silver foam.

No other sound is waking there,
But that perpetual voice, which seems
Like spirit-music on the air,
An echo from the world of dreams.

They were more wise in other days ;
Then turned the hermit to his cell,
And left a world where all betrays,
Apart with his own thoughts to dwell.

Content to curb the heart, to be
Indifferent, quiet, mournful, cold,
With hopes turned into memory,
With feelings that had lost their hold.

Far better this, than such vain life
As is in crowded cities known ;
Where care, repining, grief, and strife,
Make every passing hour their own.

There, by yon torrent's rushing wave,
I'd pass what yet of time remain'd ;
And feel the quiet of the grave
Long ere that grave itself were gain'd.

THE REPLY OF THE FOUNTAIN.



OW deep within each human heart,
A thousand treasured feelings lie ;
Things precious, delicate, apart,
Too sensitive for human eye.

Our purest feelings, and our best,
Yet shrinking from the common view ;
Rarely except in song exprest,
And yet how tender, and how true !

They wake, and know their power, when eve
Flings on the west its transient glow ;
Yet long dark shadows dimly weave
A gloom round some green path below.

Who dreams not then—the young dream on—
Life traced at hope's delicious will ;
And those whose youth of heart is gone,
Perhaps have visions dearer still.

They rise, too, when expected least,
When gay yourself, amid the gay,
The heart from revelry hath ceased
To muse o'er hours long past away.

And who can think upon the past
And not weep o'er it as a grave ?
How many leaves life's wreath has cast !
What lights have sunk beneath the wave !

But most these deep emotions rise
When, drooping o'er our thoughts alone,
Our former dearest sympathies
Come back, and claim us for their own.

Such mood is on the maiden's mind
Who bends o'er yon clear fount her brow ;
Long years, that leave their trace behind,
Long years, are present with her now.

Yet, once before she asked a sign
From that wild fountain's plaintive song ;
And silvery, with the soft moonshine,
Those singing waters past along.



Painted by H. Laverseege.

Engraved by Edw^d Smith

THE REPLY OF THE FOUNTAIN.

FISHER, SON, & CO LONDON, 1833.

REPLY OF THE FOUNTAIN.

It was an hour of beauty, made
For the young heart's impassioned mood,
For love of its sweet self afraid,
For hope that colours solitude.

“ Alas,” the maiden sighed, “ since first
I said, Oh fountain, read my doom ;
What vainest fancies have I nurst,
Of which I am myself the tomb !

“ The love was checked—the hope was vain,
I deemed that I could feel no more ;
Why, false one, did we meet again,
To show thine influence was not o'er ?

“ I thought that I could never weep
Again, as I had wept for thee,
That love was buried cold and deep,
That pride and scorn kept watch by me.

“ My early hopes, my early tears
Were now almost forgotten things,
And other cares, and other years
Had brought what all experience brings—

“ Indifference, weariness, disdain,
That taught and ready smile which grows
A habit soon—as streams retain
The shape and light in which they froze.

“ Again I met that faithless eye,
Again I heard that charmed tongue ;
I felt they were my destiny,
I knew again the spell they flung.

“ Ah ! years have fled, since last his name
Was breathed amid the twilight dim ;
It was to dream of him, I came,
And now again I dream of him.

“ But changed and cold, my soul has been
Too deeply wrung, too long unmoved,
Too hardened in life's troubled scene
To love as I could once have loved.

“ Sweet fountain, once I asked thy waves
To whisper hope's enchanted spell ;
Now I but ask thy haunted caves
To teach me how to say farewell.”

THE WISHING GATE.

She leaned her head upon her hand,
She gazed upon that fountain lone
Which wandered by its wild flower strand
With a low, mournful, ceaseless moan.

It soothed her with a sweet deceit
Of pity, murmured on the breeze ;
Ah deep the grief, which seeks to cheat
Itself with fantasies like these.

THE WISHING GATE.*

WISHES, no ! I have not one,
Hope's sweet toil with me is done ;
One by one have flitted by,
All the rainbows of my sky.
Not a star could now unfold
Aught I once wished to be told.
What have I to seek of thee ?
Not a wish remains for me.

Let the soldier pause to ask,
Honour on his glorious task ;
Let the parting sailor crave
A free wild wind across the wave ;
Let the maiden pause to frame
Blessings on some treasured name ;
Let them breathe their hopes in thee,
Not a wish remains for me.

Not a wish ! beat not my heart,
Thou hast bade thy dreams depart ;
They have past, but left behind
Weary spirit, wasted mind.
Ah ! if this old charm were sooth,
One wish yet might tax its truth ;
I would ask, however vain,
Never more to wish again.

* I believe, that to this haunted gate, a common superstition is attached, namely, that to wish, and to have that wish fulfilled, is the result of such wish being uttered while passing.



Painted in 1797 by S. F. Serres Esq, Marine Painter to His Majesty George the III, & Engraved by W. Floyd.

THE ANCIENT "WISHING-GATE," LIVERPOOL.



G. Pickering.

C. Mottram.

GRASSMERE LAKE & VILLAGE, WESTMORLAND.

FISHER, SON, & CO. LONDON. 1833.

GRASMERE LAKE.

A SKETCH, BY A COCKNEY!



ERTAINLY when one is young, one is taught a great deal of useful knowledge; why it is called useful, I can't tell; it has never been of any use to me: but among other things which I then learnt by heart, is a piece of ancient history. Plato ordained that poetry should not be permitted in his republic. I wish I had lived under such a well-regulated government, I had not then been the victim of an over-excited imagination. Some persons have had their happiness destroyed by their wives; others by their children; others, a still more numerous class, by their creditors. Mine has been destroyed by poetry. Oh!

that I had never read Cowper's Task, or Thomson's Seasons; or that the days of my youth would return, attended by my present experience, or they would be no good to me. The truth is, that I am an unfortunate individual smitten with

“The sacred loves of nature and of song.”

Not that I ever wrote verses; I respected them too much, to dream of attaining unto them myself. No, I merely read them at every leisure moment; was never without a book in my pocket; and resolved to practise their precepts at my earliest convenience, the country became

“My hope by day, my dream by night.”

I never passed through the Strand, without repeating

“Oh, for a home in some vast wilderness!
A boundless contiguity of shade,
Where noise of human suffering or guilt
Might never reach me more.”

I never drove out in my gig on a Sunday, and saw a cottage with a green door, a pear-tree nailed against the wall, and French-beans growing naturally in the garden, without wishing,

“Oh, that some home like this for me would smile!”

My taste for the beauties of nature, as pointed out by the poets, showed itself even in the arrangements of my shop window. I always whispered to myself as I watched the graceful ribbons mimic some gay parterre,

“Such beauties does Flora disclose,
When she smiles on the banks of the Tweed.”

Red ribbons always suggested,

“The rose, which here unfolds
Her paradise of leaves.”

And white satin was like

“The lady-lily, paler than the moon.”

At length, my brother died. I should have been sorry, only he left me a legacy. A house in the country was worth "fifty thousand brothers." I flung aside my blue gauzes, and thought of violets,

"Which come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty."

I folded up my maize silks, and thought of the yellow daffodil,

"Bending its image o'er the watery clearness,
Wooping its own sad beauty into nearness."

I dismissed my foulards, intent on those radiant foulards of the garden :

"Tulips, that every shade of colour wear."

Let me not be ungrateful—I was happy for a month, which is as long as a honeymoon, perhaps longer : here I can't speak from experience ; the poetry by which I have regulated my existence is eloquent upon love, but silent upon matrimony. Moore says, no great genius ever yet lived happily with his wife. I thought it too great a risk, as their disciple, to try ; some of the evil influence might have descended on me, their devout worshipper ; and they have done me quite harm enough without that. Mr. George Robins was my Mephistopheles, and the copyhold of a cottage near Grasmere my bond. It was a sweet pretty place, quite removed from the high-road, with a porch hung with honeysuckle, roses that looked in at the window, and a garden "well stocked with fruit-trees and vegetables : " here, I thought, I may copy Wordsworth, and enjoy

"The harvest of a quiet eye,
That sleeps and broods on its own heart."

The influence of the Lake poets was on "the haunted air." I went to bed, and dreamt of getting up early, and really had new-laid eggs, and milk from the cow, for breakfast ; but—for the truth may be told, when we are tired to death of keeping it to ourselves—I am a miserable man : I really do not know what to do with myself, the nights are so long ; for I go to bed soon, and get up late—and the days are yet longer. In vain I remind myself, that I have realized my former dreams of human felicity ; that I bake my own bread, grow my own vegetables, and kill my own mutton. In vain

"My banks they are furnished with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep."

I cannot accept the invitation more than fourteen hours out of the twenty-four ; and what to do with the remaining ten, I cannot tell. Why did Wilson give "Hints for the Holidays," unless they could be taken ? but I own, walking tires me, fishing makes me swear, and I catch cold by going on the water : as to shooting, that is quite out of the question, unless, in my extremity, I shoot myself—and I don't want to die ; I only want to live, and live poetically. If I had but taken a house near the high-road, I should at least have seen the stages pass ; or if there were even an apothecary in the neighbourhood, or an officer on half-pay, or a curate, I might sometimes get them to dine with me, and not be doomed to watch my shadow on the wall, or in the glass ; I have tried each side of the room, to avoid it.

"Oh solitude ! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face ?"



Painted by F. Howard.

Engraved by J. Cochran.

THE RT REV^d DANIEL WILSON, D.D. LORD BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

Daniel Calcutta

I lean day after day over the little gate of my garden, and the lane is my Sister Anne; I keep asking it, "Is any body coming?" and I only get the same answer as the unfortunate heroine in Blue Beard,

"'Tis the sun that shines bright, and the grass that grows green."

I would sell my house, but no one will buy it; and besides, there is such a thing as shame in the world: I wish I had not said so much about my happiness on leaving London. People ought to be grateful: I have done a great deal for the poets; is there not one among them to do something for me? I entreat them to recollect that I have read them, which is a great deal; I have bought them, which is still more; and I have reduced their theory to practice, which is most of all. They owe me a recompense, and I have a plan in my head. I want one of them to come and commit suicide in my garden, and leave a paper behind requesting to be interred in that very spot. He might assign any reason his imagination suggested, and I would take care that religious attention should be paid to his last wish; indeed, it is for that I desire his death. He shall be buried under my fine old apple-tree: think how beautiful the pink and white blossoms will strew his grave in spring! and I will plant over it my finest double violets, with a succession of polyanthus and pinks; besides going to the expense of a handsome tablet in white marble; or I would not even grudge an urn, with a veiled figure, like that on the lid of a black teapot, weeping over it. My house would then be put down in the guide-books, and all travellers informed "that it would be very desirable for them to go a little out of their way, to see the beautiful monument erected to the memory of the well-known and unfortunate Mr. —, so celebrated for his genius, his misfortunes, and his death." I might then hope to see a little company. I would keep a book in the summer-house for them to write their names and reminiscences, also some of Bramah's patent pens, and an inkstand. Moreover, if the worshippers of talent should bring their provisions with them, (pic-nics, I am told, are common among the ruins of Rome,) they should be welcome to the use of the grass-plot; and I would lend them glasses, and knives and forks, articles which, being indispensable, are always forgotten on such occasions: however, when it rains, which it usually does on all parties of pleasure, they should be indulged in the use of my two parlours, and the passage between them.

Nota bene, Visitors are at liberty to take what flowers they might want to strew over the grave.

THE RIGHT REVEREND DANIEL WILSON, D.D.,

LORD BISHOP OF CALCUTTA,

Born, July 2d, 1778. Appointed Bishop of Calcutta, March 28, 1832.

HEBE.

YOUTH! thou art a lovely time,
With thy wild and dreaming eyes;
Looking onwards to their prime,
Coloured by their April skies.
Yet I do not wish for thee,
Pass, oh! quickly pass from me.

Thou hast all too much unrest,
Haunted by vain hopes and fears;
Though thy cheek with smiles be drest,
Yet that cheek is wet with tears.
Bitter are the frequent showers,
Falling in thy sunny hours.

Let my heart grow calm and cold,
Calm to sorrow, cold to love;
Let affections loose their hold,
Let my spirit look above.
I am weary—youth, pass on,
All thy dearest gifts are gone.

She in whose sweet form the Greek
Bade his loveliest vision dwell;
She of yon bright cup and cheek,
From her native heaven fell:
Type of what may never last,
Soon the heaven of youth is past.

Oh! farewell—for never more
Can thy dreams again be mine;
Hope and truth and faith are o'er,
And the heart which was their shrine
Has no boon of thee to seek,
Asking but to rest or break.



Hevel



Drawn by W. Purser.

Sketched by Capt. R. Elliot, R.N.

Engraved by Percy Heath.

S H U H U R . — J E Y P O R E .

FISHER, SON & CO LONDON 1831

SHUHUR, JEYPORE.

A LONELY grave, far from all kindred ties ;
Lonely like life, and that was past afar
From friends and home. 'Tis well that youth has hopes
That gladden with the future present hours ;
Or else how sorrowful would seem the time
Which parts the young bird from its parent nest,
To wing its passage through the dreary world.

Alas ! hope is not prophecy,—we dream,
But rarely does the glad fulfilment come :
We leave our land, and we return no more ;
Or come again, the weary and the worn.

But yonder grave, where the dark branches droop,
The only sign of mourning, early closed
O'er the young English stranger ;—former love
And other days were warm about his heart,
When it grew cold for ever
And many are the tombs that scattered lie
Alone neglected, o'er the Indian plains—
'Tis the worst curse, on this our social world,
Fortune's perpetual presence—wealth, which now
Is like life's paramount necessity.
For this, the household band is broken up,
The hearth made desolate—and sundered hearts
Left to forget or break. For this the earth
Is covered with a thousand English graves,
By whose side none remain to weep or pray ;
Alas ! we do mistake, and vainly buy
Our golden idols at too great a price.
I'd rather share the lowest destiny,
That dares not look beyond the present day,
But treads on native ground, breathes native air,—
Than win the wealth of worlds beyond the wave ;
And pine and perish 'neath a foreign sky.

Shuhur is a small town, in a wild part of Jeypore. The recent death of a young acquaintance in its neighbourhood, led to the above lines. Every traveller alludes to the melancholy appearance of European burying-grounds ; without mourners or memorial, and almost without the common decencies of sepulture.

PRESTON.

IN the year 1715, the friends of the Pretender were defeated here by the forces of George the First, under the command of Generals Willis and Carpenter. Having been joined by disaffected people, great numbers of them were made prisoners, brought to trial, and found guilty of high treason. Richard Chorley, Esq., of Chorley, was one of the number. *Fisher's Lancashire.*

Lo! the banquet is over,—but one, only one,
Remains when the mirth of the revel is done ;
His forehead is dark as he paces the hall,
He is bound by an oath which he cannot recall.

The youngest, though chief of his house and his line,
He has pledged the Stuart's health in his own Spanish wine ;
The sword on the wall must start forth from its sheath,
For Richard of Chorley is bound to the death.

He is brave as the bravest that ever wore brand,
Yet downcast his eye, and reluctant his hand.
He lingers enthralled by that tenderest tie,
For whose sake the bold are unwilling to die.

A step in the silence, a shade on the gloom,
And a lady thrice lovely hath entered the room ;
He can see her lip quiver, can hear her heart beat,
She kneels on the floor, and she sinks at his feet.

He dares not look on her, he turns from her now,
For the moonlight falls clear on her beautiful brow :
One word from those lips, one glance from those eyes ;
'Tis for life, or for death—if he leave her, she dies.

'Tis for love or for honour—a woman for love
Will yield every hope upon earth, or above ;
But a soldier has honour—life's first and best chord ;
He may die for his love, but he lives for his word.

He belts on his sword, and he springs on his steed,
And the spur is dyed red as he urges its speed ;
The road flies before him, he passes the wind,
But he leaves not the thoughts that oppress him behind.



Drawn by T. Allom.

Engraved by W. Le Peit.

P R E S T O N .

PRESTON.

Alas for the White Rose! its hour is gone by
Its soil is unfriendly, inclement its sky;
The day of its pride and its beauty is o'er,
The White Rose in England will blossom no more.

Alas for its victims! the green fields are spread,
The green fields of England, with dying and dead;
But deeper the wail where these prison-walls stand,
Where the captives are gathered with gyves on each hand.

The day-break is bright, as with joy over-spread,
The face of the east wears a glorious red;
The dew's on the hawthorn, the early wild flowers
Smile out a sweet welcome to morning's glad hours.

But dark looms the gibbet on high in the air,
While the shudd'ring gaze turns from the sight that is there:
Dishonoured—degraded—a mock for the crowd,
Can this be the doom of the young and the proud?

'Tis over—the traitors are left on the tree!
One sits 'neath their shadow, her head on her knee;
A cloak o'er the face of the mourner is spread,
They raise it to look—and they look on the dead.

Young Richard of Chorley, she followed thee on
But thy life was her own, and with thine it is gone;
Both true to their faith, both so fair and so young,
Woe, woe, for the fate which on this world is flung!
Now for their sake, when summer's sweet children unclose,
Give a moment's sad thought to the fatal White Rose.

THE MISSIONARY.

It is a glorious task to seek,
Where misery droops the patient head :
Where tears are on the widow's cheek,
Where weeps the mourner o'er the dead.

These are the moments when the heart
Turns from a world no longer dear ;
These are the moments to impart
The only hope still constant here.

That hope is present in our land,
For many a sacred shrine is there ;
Time-honoured old cathedrals stand ;* Exeter Cathedral.
Each village has its house of prayer.

O'er all the realm one creed is spread—
One name adored—one altar known :
If souls there be in doubt, or dread,
Alas ! the darkness is their own.

The priest whose heart is in his toil
Hath here a task of hope and love ;
He dwells upon his native soil,
He has his native sky above.

Not so beneath this foreign sky :
Not so upon this burning strand ;
Where yonder giant temples lie,† Triad Figure :
The miracles of mortal hand. Cave of Elephanta.

Mighty and beautiful, but given
To idols of a creed profane ;
That cast the shade of earth on heaven,
By fancies monstrous, vile, and vain.

* The Cathedral of Exeter.

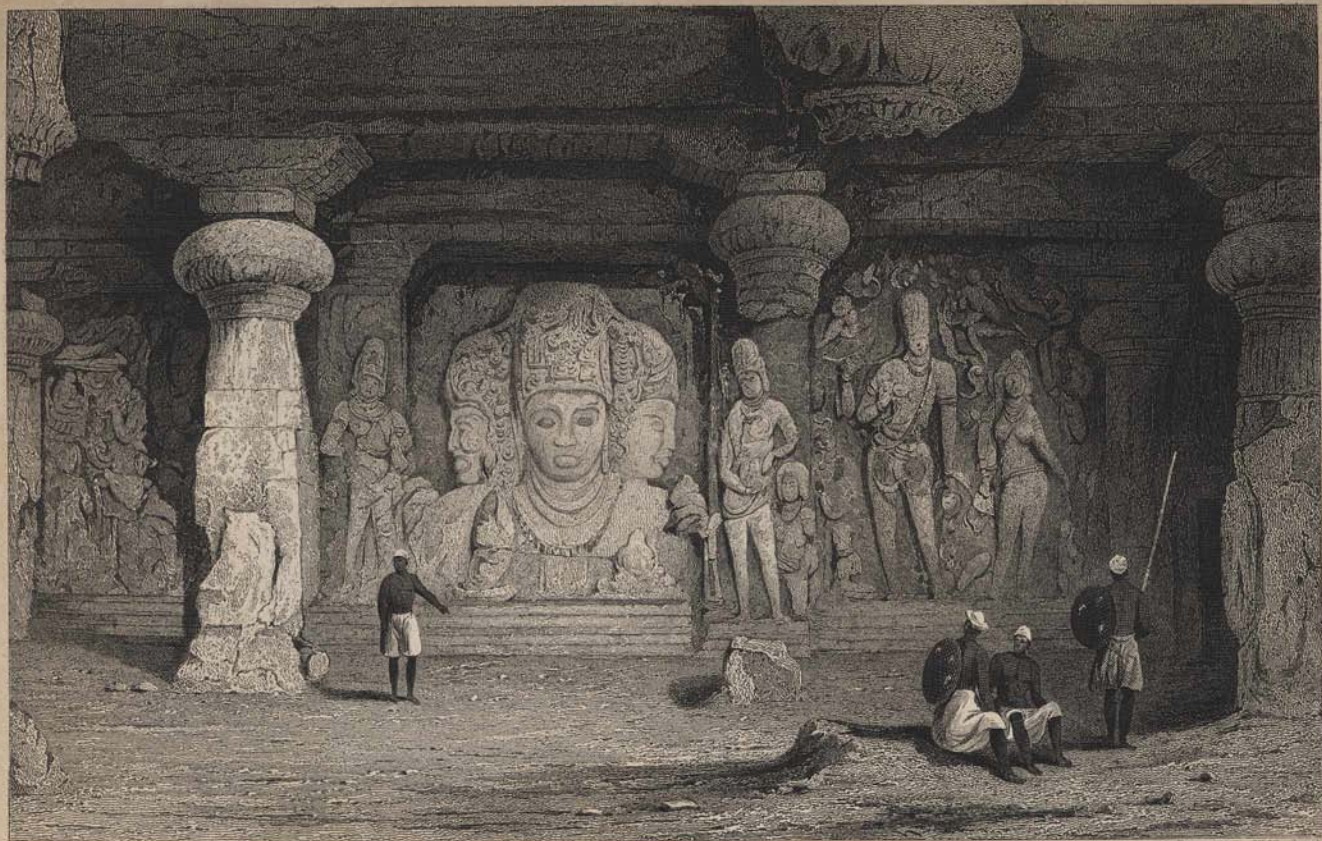
† TRIAD FIGURE. INTERIOR OF ELEPHANTA.—“The figure that faces the entrance is the most remarkable in this excavation, and has given rise to numberless conjectures and theories. It is a gigantic bust of some three-headed being, or the three heads of some being to whom the temple may be supposed to be dedicated. Some writers have imagined that it is, what they have called the Hindoo Trinity of Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva ; and very strange historical conclusions have been deduced from this hypothesis. The Hindoo Trimurti, or Trinity, as it has been called, does not occupy a very remarkable place in the theology of the Brahmins ; the word Trimurti means three forms, and is applied to any three-headed figure.”—*Elliot*.



T. Allom.

E. Chalfin.

INTERIOR OF EXETER CATHEDRAL.



Drawn by S. Prout.

Sketched by Capt. R. Elliot, R. A.

Engraved by W. Woolnath.

TRIAD FIGURE, INTERIOR OF ELEPHANTA.

FIGURE, 508. A. C. LONDON: 1833.



Drawn by S. Frost.

Sketched by Capt. H. Elliot. R.N.

Engraved by C. Mottram.

C A W N P O R E .

FISHER, SON & CO LONDON 1833

THE MISSIONARY.

Here the pale priest must half unlearn
The accents of his mother-tongue ;
Must dwell mid strangers, and must earn
Fruits from a soil reluctant wrung.

His words on hardened hearts must fall,
Hardened till God's appointed hour ;
Yet he must wait and watch o'er all,
Till hope grows faith, and prayer has power.

And many a grave neglected lies,
Where sleep the soldiers of the Lord ;
Who perished 'neath the sultry skies,
Where first they preached that sacred word.

But not in vain—their toil was blest ;
Life's dearest hope by them was won ;
A blessing is upon their rest,
And on the work which they begun.

Yon city,* where our purer creed
Was as a thing unnamed, unknown,
Has now a sense of deeper need,
Has now a place of prayer its own.

Cawnpore.

And many a darkened mind has light,
And many a stony heart has tears ;
The morning breaking o'er that night,
So long upon those godless spheres.

Our prayers be with them—we who know
The value of a soul to save,
Must pray for those, who seek to shew
The Heathen hope beyond the grave.

* CAWNPORE.—“ At this place, the excellent missionary, Henry Martyn, laboured for some months, in the years 1809 and 1810, both among the Europeans in the cantonments, and among the natives in the town. In the life of Martyn there is an account of his first effort to preach the gospel publicly to a mixture of the Hindoos and Mohammedans at Cawnpore. This attempt to make the word of God known to these people, seems to have had a peculiar blessing upon it ; and at times he drew together a congregation of eight hundred souls, who frequently burst into loud applause at what he said. Surely, the word of the Lord shall not return to him void.”—*Elliot*.

CONISTON WATER.

THOU lone and lovely water, would I were
A dweller by thy deepest solitude !
How weary am I of my present life,
Its fashoods, and its fantasies—its noise,
And the unkindly hurry of the crowd,
'Mid whom my days are numbered ! I would watch
The tremulous vibration of the rays
The moon sends down to kiss thy quiet waves ;
And when they died, wish I could die like them,
Melting upon the still and silvery air :
Or when the autumn scatters the wan leaves
Like ghosts, I'd meditate above their fall,
And say, " So perish all our earthly hopes."
So is the heart left desolate and bare,
And on us falls the shadow of the tomb,
Before we rest within it—

THE VISIONARY.

I PRAY thee do not speak to me
As you are speaking now,
It brings the colour to my cheek,
The shadow to my brow.

I pray thee do not look at me,
I cannot bear that gaze ;
Though downcast be my eye, it still
Too much my heart betrays.

I feel the past is written there,
The past, long since gone by—
The past, where feelings, fancies, hopes,
Alike unburied lie ;

Unburied, for their restless ghosts
Still haunt the sad domain,
And, mockeries of their former selves,
Come thronging back again.



Drawn by T. Allom.

Engraved by W. J. Peck.

CONISTON WATER, FROM NORTHWAITT, LANCASHIRE.

FISHER, SON, & CO. LONDON. 1833.



Painted by H. Liversidge.

Engraved by F. Engleheart.

THE VISIONARY.

FISHER, SON, & CO LONDON, 1833.

THE VISIONARY.

But changed as I and thou are changed,
Or rather me alone,
I never had your heart—but mine,
Alas ! was all your own.

Oh, magic of a tone and word,
Loved all too long and well.
I cannot close my heart and ear
Against their faithless spell—

I know them false, I know them vain,
And yet I listen on—
And say them to myself again,
Long after thou art gone.

I make myself my own deceit,
I know it is a dream,
But one that from my earliest youth
Has coloured life's deep stream ;

Frail colours flung in vain, but yet
A thousand times more dear
Than any actual happiness
That ever brightened here.

The dear, the long, the dreaming hours
That I have past with thee,
When thou hadst not a single thought
Of how thou wert with me—

I heard thy voice—I spoke again—
I gazed upon thy face,
And never scene of breathing life
Could leave a deeper trace,

Than all that fancy conjured up,
And made thee look and say,
Till I have loathed reality,
That chased such dream away.

Now, out upon this foolishness,
Thy heart it is not mine ;
And, knowing this, how can I waste
My very soul on thine ?

Alas ! I have no power to choose,
Love is not at my will ;
I say I must be careless, cold,
But find I love thee still.

THE VISIONARY.

I think upon my wasted life,
And on my wasted heart,
And turn, ashamed and sorrowful,
From what will not depart.

Thy haunting influence, how it mocks
My efforts to forget !
The stamp love only seals but once,
Upon my life is set.

I hear from others gentle words,
I scarcely heed the while ;
Listened to, but with weariness,
Forgotten with a smile.

But thine, though chance and usual words,
Are treasured, as we keep
Things lovely, precious, and beloved,
O'er which we watch and weep.

I scarcely wish to see thee now,
It is too dear a joy ;
It is such perfect happiness,
It must have some alloy.

I dream of no return from thee—
Enough for me to love ;
I brood above my silent heart,
As o'er its nest the dove.

But speak not, look not, mock me not,
With light and careless words ;
It wounds me to the heart, it jars
My spirit's finest chords.

I'll not forget thee ;—let me dream
About thee as before.
But, farewell, dearest ; yes, farewell,
For we must meet no more.

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