





Drawn by T. Allom.

Sketched by Col. Cockburn R. Art.

Engraved by R. Sands.

HORSE-SHOE FALL, NIAGARA:

ENTRANCE TO THE CAVERN OF, ON THE ENGLISH SIDE.

FISHER'S

DRAWING ROOM SCRAP-BOOK, 1836.

By L. E. L.



THE HINDOO MOTHER.



FISHER'S

D R A W I N G R O O M

S C R A P - B O O K ,

1836.

WITH POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY

L. E. L.

FISHER, SON, & CO., LONDON & PARIS;

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P R E F A C E .

A PREFACE to a Work so favourably treated as the present, is but a pleasant opportunity of returning thanks. We still go on: for how many beautiful scenes England has for the painter—and what scope do they not afford to the poet!

I have ventured this year to make a slight alteration in my former plan. Several fugitive pieces are introduced, in the hope of giving greater variety. Some Engravings, portraits especially, though attractive as works of art, are unmanageable as subjects. May I hope that my own choice will meet the same approval from the Public, which has been often kindly bestowed on my previous endeavours to deserve such favour.

AUGUST, 1835.

L. E. L.

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THE
DRAWING ROOM SCRAP-BOOK.

THE HINDOO MOTHER.

VIGNETTE.



HE leaves it to the sacred stream,
She leaves it to the tide,
Her little child—her darling one,
And she has none beside.

She used to sit beneath the palm,
Her boy upon her knee;
And dreaming of the future years,
That were his own to be :

She saw him with a stately steed,
The sabre in his hand;
His pistols gleaming at his waist,
The foremost of his band :

She saw him with his father's smile,
Beside some maiden dear;
She smiled to hear familiar words!
Alas! and is he here?

The light has vanished from her day,
The hope gone from her heart;
The young, the bright, and the beloved,
Oh! how could he depart?

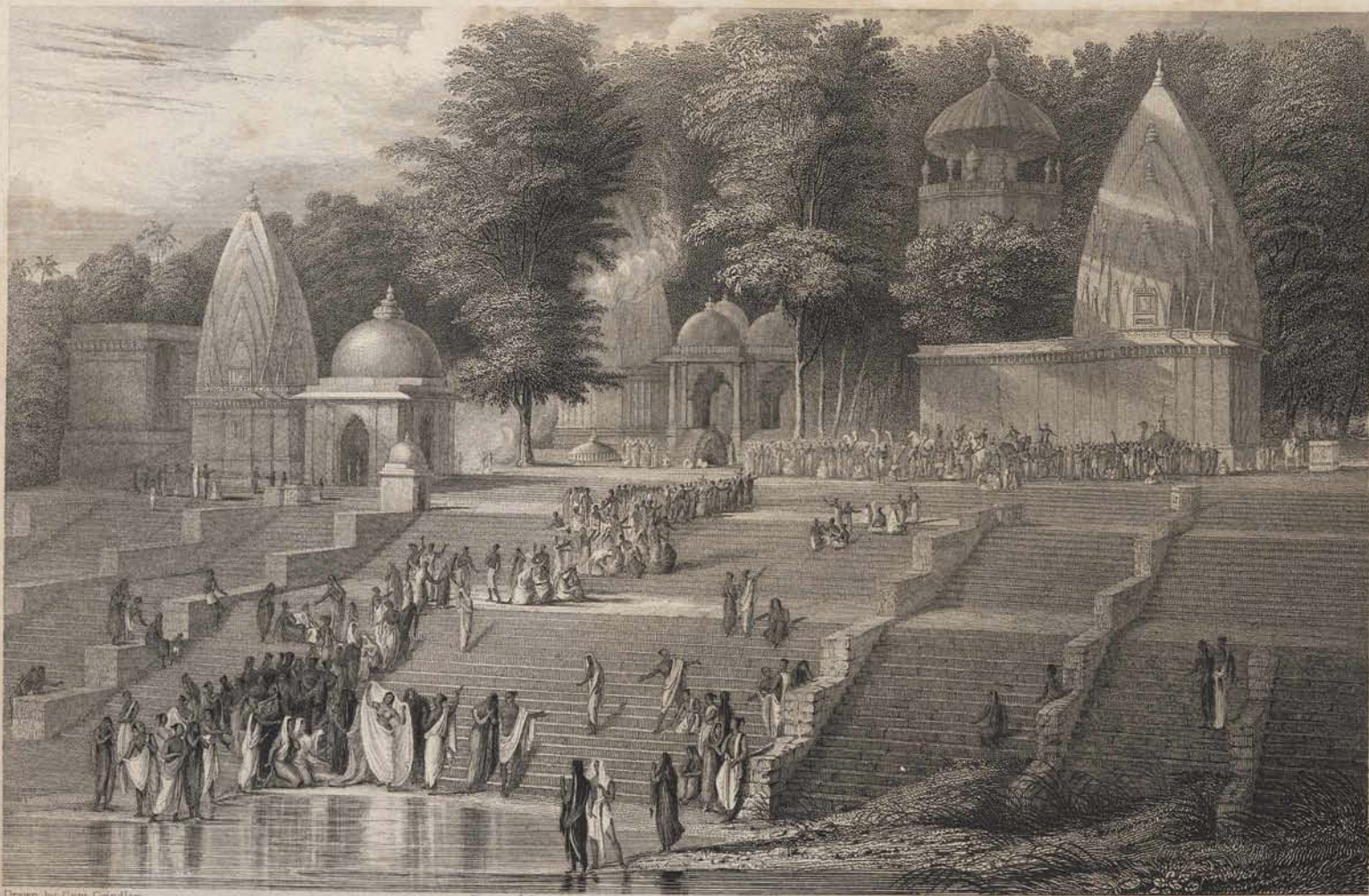
THE HINDOO MOTHER.

No more his sunny smile will make
Her own, her household light;
No more will her sweet voice be heard,
Above his sleep at night.

Her heart and home are desolate,
But for one dearest tie;
But for the father of her child,
She would lay down and die.

The tide rolls on beneath the moon,
Down to the mighty main;
To-morrow may the mother seek,
And seek her child in vain.

Of the custom represented in the engraving, Mrs. Belnos gives the following interesting description:—"Hindoos of high caste burn their dead; but if unable to do so from poverty, are forced to throw them into the Ganges, after having performed the ceremony of burning the mouth with a wisp of straw. The expenses attending the burning of the dead are too great for any but the rich. When the infant of a poor Hindoo dies, the wretched mother takes it up in her arms, and carries it to the river, on the bank of which she lays it for some time on a piece of mat, or on the sands; she stands weeping over the body a little while, then retires a few paces back, where she sits down watching for the return of the tide to wash away the body, and to prevent the birds of prey and Pariah dogs from approaching it; at intervals she breaks forth in loud lamentations (something resembling a chant, which is often heard at a great distance) in the following words:—' Oh! my child! who has taken thee, my child! I nourished thee and reared thee, and now where art thou gone! take me with thee, Oh! my child, my child! thou play'dst around me like a gold top, my child! the like of thy face I have never seen, my child! let fire devour the eyes of men, my child. The infant continually called me mah, mah, (mother, mother;) the infant used to say mah, let me sit upon thy lap! my child, his father never staid at home since he was born, my child! my child! but bore him continually in his arms for men to admire.' What has become now of that admiration! Evil befall the eyes of men! Oh! my life, say mah again, my child, my child! My arms and my lap feel empty, who will fill them again? Oh, my sweet burden, my eye-sight has become darkened, now that thou hast vanished from before it!"



Drawn by Capt Grindlay.

Engraved by permission from Captain Grindlay's Work in 8^{vo} coloured.

Engraved by J. Redway.

A SUTTEE.

PREPARING FOR THE IMMOLATION OF A HINDOO WIDOW.

IMMOLATION OF A HINDOO WIDOW.

GATHER her raven hair in one rich cluster,
Let the white champac light it, as a star
Gives to the dusky night a sudden lustre,
Shining afar.

Shed fragrant oils upon her fragrant bosom,
Until the breathing air around grows sweet ;
Scatter the languid jasmine's yellow blossom
Beneath her feet.

Those small white feet are bare—too soft are they
To tread on aught but flowers ; and there is roll'd
Round the slight ankle, meet for such display,
The band of gold.

Chains and bright stones are on her arms and neck ;
What pleasant vanities are linked with them,
Of happy hours, which youth delights to deck
With gold and gem.

She comes ! So comes the Moon, when she has found
A silvery path wherein thro' heaven to glide.
Fling the white veil—a summer cloud—around ;
She is a bride !

And yet the crowd that gather at her side
Are pale, and every gazer holds his breath.
Eyes fill with tears unbidden, for the bride—
The bride of Death !

She gives away the garland from her hair,
She gives the gems that she will wear no more ;
All the affections, whose love-signs they were,
Are gone before.

The red pile blazes—let the bride ascend,
And lay her head upon her husband's heart,
Now in a perfect unison to blend—
No more to part.

THOMAS AQUINAS.

THOMAS AQUINAS, the Angelic Doctor, confessedly the most eminent of the schoolmen, died in 1274, at the Convent of Fossanova, near Terracina, where he had been compelled to stop by illness, while on his way to the second Council of Lyons, to which he was repairing by order of the Pope. He was son of the Count D'Aquino, and it was with great repugnance on the part of his parents that he entered the Order of St. Dominick. He had been educated at Cologne, under the tuition of Albert, called by his contemporaries, the Great, on account of his scholastic attainments; and it is said, that at the moment of Aquinas's death, Albert, then eighty-four, was with his pupils at Cologne, when he suddenly burst into tears, and exclaimed that Aquinas was dead. The stature of the canonized philosopher, according to his biographers, was vast, bony, and gaunt, which is alluded to in some of the following lines :

I.

HE studies were over—the volumes were closed,—
Albertus the Great from his labours reposed ;
His table was laid by the banks of the Rhine,
Gay laughed his young pupils, gay past round the wine.
But why, on a sudden, has vanished his cheer ?
Why down the wise cheek gushes forth the sad tear ?
Why droops down in sorrow the hoary-locked head ?—
“ Ah ! well may I weep—for Aquinas is dead !



II.

“ My pupils, dear pupils, don't question to know
How come to my heart these dark tidings of wo.

Many tall mountains rise—many dark rivers roll
'Tween Cologne and the spot where he renders his soul !
But in far Fossanova I hear him declare,
That he feels his last haven of resting is there.
I see him laid low on his pain-stricken bed,
And e'en as I speak, my Aquinas is dead !

III.

“ All Europe resounds with the pride of thy fame ;
All churchmen, all schoolmen, bend low at thy name ;
Wherever the wise or the learned may be,
They humbly acknowledge their master in thee.
And can I forget that with me was begun
Thy bright course of glory—thou more than a son !
That the tongue which with learning thy fresh spirit fed,
Now survives to declare that Aquinas is dead !

IV.

“ Thirty summers, my Thomas, have withered and past,
Since I first saw thy figure—tall, bony, and vast ;
When was yielded the hand that was meant for the sword,
To labour in peace for the work of the Lord.
When thy mother in tears to Saint Dominic gave
The young Count of Aquino—the heir of the brave.
Thy youth through the mazes of wisdom I led—
Why live I to say that Aquinas is dead !



Painted by Frank Stone.

Engraved by C.E. Wagstaff.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

V.

“ I am proud to remember how, hour after hour,
Beneath me thy mind budded forth like a flower :
Till matured every talent, sublimed every thought,
And thy teacher vailed cap to the boy he once taught.
But the eye that was bright it was mine to see dim,
Grey the once glossy lock—shrunk the giant-like limb.
Thou hast sunk in the light that thy genius has shed,
And thy old master wails that Aquinas is dead.”

VI.

Long the fathers at Lyons in council may wait,
Ere the chosen of the church shall alight at the gate ;
Deep the shadow of sorrow o'er the college and school,
When they know that the wisest lies low as the fool.
How vain is philosophy ; long, as a chief
Of the wise, have I taught how unmanly is grief :
Idle lessons ! they check not the tears that are shed
From those time-stricken eyes, when Aquinas is dead.

WILLIAM MAGINN.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

“ A fair young face—yet mournful in its youth—
Brooding above sad thoughts.”

It is the last token of love and of thee !
Thy once faith is broken, thou false one to me.
I think on the letters with which I must part ;
Too dear are the fetters which wind round my heart.

Thy words were enchanted, and ruled me at will ;
My spirit is haunted, rememb'ring them still.
So earnest, so tender—the full heart was there ;
Ah ! Song might surrender its lute in despair.

I deemed that I knew thee as none ever knew ;
That 'twas mine to subdue thee, and thine to be true.
I deemed to my keeping thy memory had brought
The depths that were sleeping of innermost thought.

The bitter concealings life's treacheries teach,
 The long-subdued feelings the world cannot reach—
 Thy mask to the many was worn not for me;
 I saw thee—can any seem like unto thee?

No other can know thee as I, love, have known;
 No future will shew thee a love like mine own.
 That love was no passion that walketh by day,
 A fancy—a fashion that flitteth away.

'Twas life's whole emotion—a storm in its might—
 'Twas deep as the ocean, and silent as night.
 It swept down life's flowers, the fragile and fair,
 The heart had no powers from passion to spare.

Thy faults but endear'd thee, so stormy and wild;
 My lover! I fear'd thee as feareth a child.
 They seemed but the shrouding of spirit too high,
 As vapours come crowding the sunniest sky.

I worshipped in terror a comet above;
 Ah! fatal the error—ah! fatal the love!
 For thy sake life never will charm me again;
 Its beauty for ever is vanish'd and vain.

Thou canst not restore me the depth and the truth
 Of the hopes that came o'er me in earliest youth.
 Their gloss is departed—their magic is flown,
 And sad and faint-hearted I wander alone.

'Tis vain to regret me—you will not regret;
 You will try to forget me—you cannot forget.
 We shall hear of each other—oh! misery to hear
 Those names from another that once were so dear!

What slight words will sting us that breathe of the past,
 And slight things will bring us thoughts fated to last.
 The fond hopes that centred in thee are all dead,
 But the iron has enter'd the soul where they fed.

Like others in seeming, we'll walk through life's part,
 Cold, careless, and dreaming,—with death in the heart,
 No hope—no repentance; the spring of life o'er;
 All died with that sentence—I love thee no more!

SCENES IN LONDON :—PICCADILLY.

THE sun is on the crowded street,
It kindles those old towers ;
Where England's noblest memories meet,
Of old historic hours.

Vast, shadowy, dark, and indistinct,
Tradition's giant fane,
Whereto a thousand years are linked,
In one electric chain.

So stands it when the morning light
First steals upon the skies ;
And shadow'd by the fallen night,
The sleeping city lies.

It stands with darkness round it cast,
Touched by the first cold shine ;
Vast, vague, and mighty as the past,
Of which it is the shrine.

'Tis lovely when the moonlight falls
Around the sculptured stone,
Giving a softness to the walls,
Like love that mourns the gone.

Then comes the gentlest influence
The human heart can know,
The mourning over those gone hence
To the still dust below.

The smoke, the noise, the dust of day,
Have vanished from the scene ;
The pale lamps gleam with spirit ray
O'er the park's sweeping green.

Sad shining on her lonely path,
The moon's calm smile above,
Seems as it lulled life's toil and wrath
With universal love.

Past that still hour, and its pale moon,
The city is alive ;
It is the busy hour of noon,
When man must seek and strive.

The pressure of our actual life
Is on the waking brow ;
Labour and care, endurance, strife,
These are around him now.

How wonderful the common street,
Its tumult and its throng,
The hurrying of the thousand feet
That bear life's cares along.

How strongly is the present felt,
With such a scene beside ;
All sounds in one vast murmur melt
The thunder of the tide.

All hurry on—none pause to look
Upon another's face :
The present is an open book
None read, yet all must trace.

The poor man hurries on his race,
His daily bread to find ;
The rich man has yet wearier chase,
For pleasure's hard to bind.

All hurry, though it is to pass
For which they live so fast—
What doth the present but amass,
The wealth that makes the past.

The past is round us—those old spires
That glimmer o'er our head ;
Not from the present is their fires,
Their light is from the dead.

But for the past, the present's powers
Were waste of toil and mind ;
But for those long and glorious hours
Which leave themselves behind.



T. Allom.

M. J. Starling.

WARKWORTH HERMITAGE, NORTHUMBERLAND.

FISHER, SON, & CO LONDON, 1835.

WARKWORTH HERMITAGE.



HE LONELY cavern, like a chapel carved,
Is situate amid the lonely hills ;
The scutcheon, cross, and altar hewn in rock ;
And by the altar is a cenotaph.
In marble there a lovely lady lies ;
An angel, with a welcome at her side,
A welcome to the soul he beareth heaven.
And near a warrior stands—the desolate !
The wide earth only holds one tomb for him.

Such must have been his history, who first
Cut this sad hermitage within the rock :
Some spirit-broken and world-weary man,
Whose love was in the grave—whose hope in heaven.
Yet a fine nature must have been his own ;
A sense of beauty—and a strong delight
In the brave seeming of the visible world,
Whose loveliness is like a sympathy.
Winds the fair river thro' the vale below,
With sunshine on its waters. Green the woods
Hang the far summits with their changeful shade.
In the soft summer fields are many flowers,
Which breathe at evening on the scented wind.
Still the wild cherry-trees are growing round,
Which first he planted,—yet he loved the world—
The bright—the beautiful—the glorious world—
But loved it as those love who love on earth,
Only the hope that looketh up to heaven.

Warkworth Hermitage is situated about half a mile above Warkworth castle, on the brink of the Coquet river. This venerable retreat is probably the best preserved and the most entire work of its kind now remaining in the kingdom. It contains three apartments, all of them formed by excavation of the solid rock, and impends over the river clothed in a rich mantle of ancient trees, remains of the venerable woods which in olden times sheltered the inmates of this romantic solitude. Mr. Grose, in his *Antiquities*, “ventures to call the three apartments, by way of distinction, the chapel, the sacristy, and antechapel.”

The chapel is eighteen feet in length, by about seven and a half in width and height ; and is beautifully modelled in the Gothic style of architecture. The sides are adorned with neat octagon pillars, branching off to the ceiling, and terminating in small pointed arches at the groins. At the east end is a plain altar, ascended by two steps ; and behind is a little niche, in which was probably placed the crucifix.

The sacristy is a plain oblong apartment running parallel with the chapel. The remains of an altar may still be seen at the east end, at which mass was occasionally performed. Between this room and the chapel is a small opening whence the hermit might make confession, and behold the elevation of the host. Near this opening is a door leading into the chapel, and over it a small escutcheon with all the emblems of the passion—the cross—the crown of thorns—the nails—the spear—and the sponge. On the south side of the altar is a cenotaph supporting three figures ; the principal one being that of a female, over whom an angel is hovering ; the remaining figure is a warrior, in an erect position, at the lady's feet.

The beautiful ballad by Bishop Percy, in which he has recorded the traditional history of this hermitage, is familiar to the readers of English poetry.

THE ASTROLOGER.

ALAS ! for our ancient believings,
We have nothing now left to believe ;
The oracle, augur, and omen
No longer dismay and deceive.

All hush'd are the oaks of Dodona ;
No more on the winds of the north,
As it sways to and fro the huge branches,
The voice of the future comes forth.

No more o'er the flow'r-wreathed victim
The priest at the red altar bends ;
No more on the flight of the vulture
The dark hour of vict'ry depends.

The stars have forgotten their science,
Or we have forgotten its lore ;
In the rulers, the bright ones of midnight,
We question of fortune no more.

Oh folly ! to deem that far planets
Recorded the hour of our birth ;
Too glorious they are, and too lovely,
For the wo and the weakness of earth.

Now the science of fate is grown lowly,
We question of gipsies and cards ;
'Tis a question how much of the actual
The fate of the vot'ry rewards.

'Tis the same in all ages ; the future
Still seems to the spirit its home ;
We are weary and worn with the present,
But happiness still is to come.



Painted by Geo. Clint. A.R.A.

Engraved by S. Devonport.

THE ASTROLOGER.

THE SNOWDROP.

THOU beautiful new-comer,
With white and maiden brow ;
Thou fairy gift from summer,
Why art thou blooming now ?
This dim and sheltered alley
Is dark with winter green ;
Not such as in the valley
At sweet spring-time is seen.

The lime-tree's tender yellow,
The aspen's silvery sheen,
With mingling colours mellow
The universal green.
Now solemn yews are bending
Mid gloomy firs around ;
And in long dark wreaths descending,
The ivy sweeps the ground.

No sweet companion pledges
Thy health as dew-drops pass ;
No rose is on the hedges,
No violet in the grass.
Thou art watching, and thou only,
Above the earth's snow tomb ;
Thus lovely, and thus lonely,
I bless thee for thy bloom.

Though the singing rill be frozen,
While the wind forsakes the west ;
Though the singing birds have chosen
Some lone and silent rest ;
Like thee, one sweet thought lingers
In a heart else cold and dead,
Though the summer's flowers, and singers,
And sunshine, long hath fled :

'Tis the love for long years cherished,
Yet lingering, lorn, and lone ;
Though its lovelier lights have perished,
And its earlier hopes are flown.
Though a weary world hath bound it,
With many a heavy thrall ;
And the cold and changed surround it,
It blossometh o'er all.

THE HINDOO GIRL'S SONG.

This song alludes to a well-known superstition among the young Hindoo girls. They make a little boat out of a cocoa-nut shell, place a small lamp and flowers within this tiny ark of the heart, and launch it upon the Ganges. If it float out of sight with its lamp still burning, the omen is prosperous; if it sinks, the love of which it questions, is ill-fated.

FLOAT on—float on—my haunted bark,
Above the midnight tide;
Bear softly o'er the waters dark
The hopes that with thee glide.

Float on—float on—thy freight is flowers,
And every flower reveals
The dreaming of my lonely hours,
The hope my spirit feels.

Float on—float on—thy shining lamp,
The light of love, is there;
If lost beneath the waters damp,
That love must then despair.

Float on—beneath the moonlight float,
The sacred billows o'er:
Ah, some kind spirit guards my boat,
For it has gained the shore.

THE PILGRIMS.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

A HUMBLE Pilgrim Band,
Seeking their home above,
Have left DESTRUCTION'S Land
For one of Light and Love.

Behind them, wrapt in Night,
That CITY doom'd survey;
Before them bursts the light
Of everlasting Day!



Drawn by H. Melville.

Engraved by G. Frebory.

THE PILGRIMS.

THE PILGRIMS.

The Spring of Joy and Life,
Leaps up their hearts to cheer ;
The Harp of Praise is rife
With music to their ear.

Might thought its accents tell,
This should their burden be,—
"SPRING UP TO US, O WELL !
AND WE WILL SING TO THEE !"

Whom does that Band comprize,
Which greets thy vision now ?
YOUTH, with its kindling eyes,
Its frank and fearless brow ;—

Decrepit AGE is there,
Bold in infirmity ;
And CHILDHOOD void of care,
Wise in its infancy ;

ARM'D MEN are in the throng,
Prepar'd for Truth to fight ;
And WOMANHOOD made strong
By Virtue's gentle might.

Their Leader, in the van,
Not mindless of his train,
Does all a Great-Heart can,
Their confidence to gain.

His sword is in his hand !
His shield is on his arm !
His eye is on his Band !
And who shall do them harm ?

Believe it not a dream !
Or, counted such in youth,
Let riper thought esteem
More worthily its truth.

We are all but Pilgrims—bound
To a better Land unknown ;
And OUR CAPTAIN would be found
Far more than here is shown !

LEON THE TEMPLAR.

THE sound of the clarion hath died on the blast,
The long sweep of banners and trumpets is past ;
The hoof of the charger is restless no more—
And Leon the Templar is stiff'ning in gore.

He died not by sabre—he died not by spear—
But hush'd is the voice that men trembled to hear.
Shine comes with the summer—flowers spring after rain—
But Leon the Templar returns not again.

At morning he led his bold band in their pride—
A conqueror he came back at evening's red tide.
The hand of his comrades inflicted the blow,
And Leon the Templar in dust is laid low.

We mourn o'er his error—we name not his love ;
And we trust that his soul may find mercy above.
We curse the fair face that his soul could subdue,
For Leon the Templar was brave knight and true.

The Cross on his shoulder shot forth like a star,
And his white mantle led us—the meteor of war.
Fold his cloak for a shroud—place the cross on his breast—
For Leon the Templar is laid to his rest.

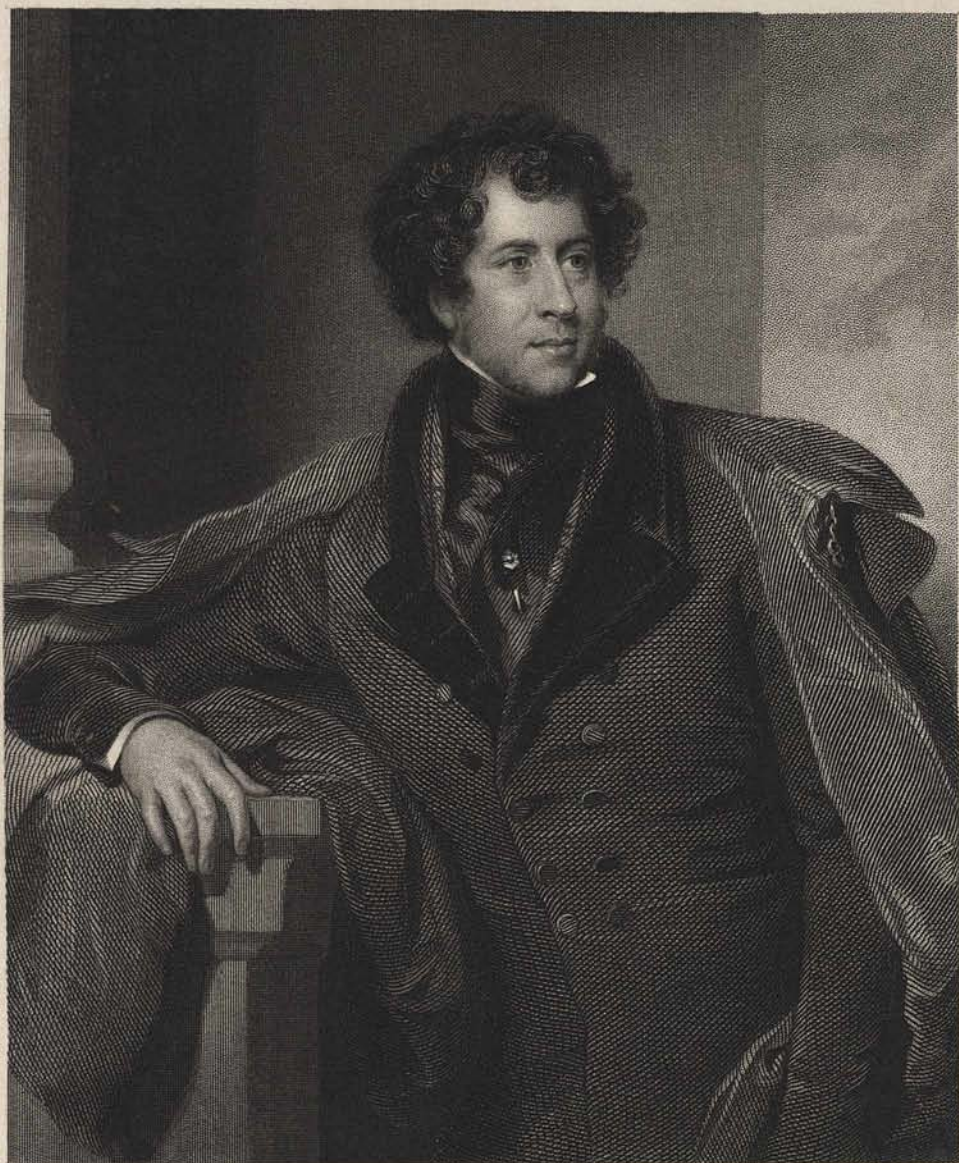
From earth he has pass'd in the prime of his years,
He is gone from our triumphs, our trials, our tears ;
But his memory never can from us depart,
For Leon the Templar lives shrined in each heart.

M. E. L.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CONSTANTINE-HENRY PHIPPS,
EARL OF MULGRAVE, F.S.A.

Lieutenant-General, and General-Governor of Ireland.

Born May, 1797. Married to the Honourable Maria Liddell, eldest daughter of Lord Ravensworth, in his 21st year; appointed Captain-General and Governor of Jamaica in 1831, and Viceroy of Ireland in 1835. Author of "Matilda," "Yes and No," "The Contrast," &c.



Painted by H. P. Briggs, R.A.

Engraved by H. Robinson.

THE RT HON^{BLE} CONSTANTINE-HENRY PHIPPS, F. S. A. EARL OF MULGRAVE.
Lieutenant General and General Governor of Ireland 1835.

Mulgrave

HORSE-SHOE FALL, NIAGARA.

IN the centre of the Fall, a vast body of water rushes in an unbroken sheet; but towards the extremities, the fluid mass is shivered by rocky projections into minute particles, assuming a variety of forms, and radiant with prismatic hues. The volume of air carried down by the waters in their descent, so greatly diminishes the sustaining power of the element, that only substances of the greatest buoyancy will float in the chasm beneath. The spectator can advance to a great distance behind the cascade, by traversing a ledge of rock connected with the overhanging cliff; and having arrived at the customary limit, a scene of wonderful and fearful interest displays itself before him. A curtain of waters separates him from the world, a rocky canopy rises far above his head; "his feelings are those of a prisoner, but never, surely, was there so magnificent a dungeon!"

The concussion of the waters at Niagara strikes less forcibly on the ear than might be supposed; within a very short distance of the Falls, conversation may be maintained without any great exertion of the voice. The sounds of the cataract combine with none other; they would be heard amid the roaring of a volcano, and yet do not drown the chirping of a sparrow.

The view of the Falls represented in the engraving, derives much additional interest from an event detailed in the following extract from the *Literary Gazette*, May 9th, 1835:—

"A recent letter from New York announces the fall of the Table rock, at the Falls of Niagara. This immense mass of stone was on the Canada side of the river, projecting so as to afford the spectator a front view of the Horse-Shoe Fall. It was considerably undermined, and fissures on the surface had, for some time past, indicated the disruption. A larger mass was detached two or three years back, by the total fall of the most favourable position for viewing the magnificent appearance presented by that stupendous fall of waters."

THE INDIAN GIRL.

SHE sat alone beside her hearth—
For many nights alone;
She slept not on the pleasant couch
Where fragrant herbs were strown.

At first she bound her raven hair
With feather and with shell;
But then she hoped; at length, like night,
Around her neck it fell.

They saw her wandering mid the woods,
Lone, with the cheerless dawn,
And then they said, "Can this be her
We called 'The Startled Fawn?'"

Her heart was in her large sad eyes,
Half sunshine and half shade;
And love, as love first springs to life,
Of every thing afraid.

The red leaf far more heavily
Fell down to autumn earth,
Than her light feet, which seemed to move
To music and to mirth.

With the light feet of early youth,
What hopes and joys depart!
Ah! nothing like the heavy step
Betrays the heavy heart.

It is a usual history
That Indian girl could tell;
Fate sets apart one common doom
For all who love too well.

The proud—the shy—the sensitive,—
Life has not many such;
They dearly buy their happiness,
By feeling it too much.

A stranger to her forest home,
That fair young stranger came;
They raised for him the funeral song—
For him the funeral flame.

Love sprang from pity,—and her arms
Around his arms she threw;
She told her father, "If he dies,
Your daughter dieth too."

For her sweet sake they set him free—
He lingered at her side;
And many a native song yet tells
Of that pale stranger's bride.

Two years have pass'd—how much two years
Have taken in their flight!
They've taken from the lip its smile,
And from the eye its light.

Poor child! she was a child in years—
So timid and so young;
With what a fond and earnest faith
To desperate hope she clung!

HORSE-SHOE FALL, NIAGARA

His eyes grew cold—his voice grew strange—
They only grew more dear.
She served him meekly, anxiously,
With love—half faith—half fear.

And can a fond and faithful heart
Be worthless in those eyes
For which it beats?—Ah! wo to those
Who such a heart despise.

Poor child! what lonely days she pass'd,
With nothing to recall
But bitter taunts, and careless words,
And looks more cold than all.

Alas! for love, that sits at home,
Forsaken, and yet fond;
The grief that sits beside the hearth,
Life has no grief beyond.

He left her, but she followed him—
She thought he could not bear
When she had left her home for him,
To look on her despair.

Adown the strange and mighty stream
She took her lonely way;
The stars at night her pilots were,
As was the sun by day.

Yet mournfully—how mournfully!—
The Indian look'd behind,
When the last sound of voice or step
Died on the midnight wind.

Yet still adown the gloomy stream
She plied her weary oar;
Her husband—he had left their home,
And it was home no more.

She found him—but she found in vain—
He spurned her from his side;
He said, her brow was all too dark,
For her to be his bride.

HORSE-SHOE FALL, NIAGARA.

She grasped his hands,—her own were cold,—
And silent turned away,
As she had not a tear to shed,
And not a word to say.

And pale as death she reached her boat,
And guided it along;
With broken voice she strove to raise
A melancholy song.

None watched the lonely Indian girl,—
She pass'd unmark'd of all,
Until they saw her slight canoe
Approach the mighty Fall!

Upright, within that slender boat
They saw the pale girl stand,
Her dark hair streaming far behind—
Uprais'd her desperate hand.

The air is filled with shriek and shout—
They call, but call in vain;
The boat amid the waters dash'd—
'Twas never seen again!



T. Allom.

J. Redaway

THE RUSHBEARING AT AMBLESIDE, WESTMORLAND.

THE RUSH-BEARING AT AMBLESIDE.



UMMER is come, with her leaves and her flowers—
Summer is come, with the sun on her hours;
The lark in the clouds, and the thrush on the bough,
And the dove in the thicket, make melody now.
The noon is abroad, but the shadows are cool
Where the green rushes grow in the dark forest pool.

We seek not the hedges where violets blow,
There alone in the twilight of ev'ning we go;
They are love-tokens offered, when heavy with dew,

To a lip yet more fragrant—an eye yet more blue.
But leave them alone to their summer-soft dream—
We seek the green rushes that grow by the stream.

Away from the meadow, although the long grass
Be filled with young flowers that smile as we pass;
Where the bird's eye is bright as the sapphires that shine
When the hand of a beauty is decked from the mine.
We want not their gems, and we want not their flowers,
But we seek the green rush in the dark forest bowers.

The cowslip is ringing its fairy-like chime,
Sweet bells, by whose music Titania keeps time;
The rose-bush is covered with cups that unfold
Their petals that tremble in delicate gold.
But we seek not their blossoms in garlands to blend,
We seek the green rush where the willow-trees bend.

The green rush, the green rush, we bear it along
To the church of our village with triumph and song;
We strew the cold chancel, and kneel on it there,
While its fresh odours rise with our voices in prayer.
Hark the peal from the old tower in praise of it rings,
Let us seek the green rush by the deep woodland springs.

IN the olden time, when the churches were strewn with rushes, the ceremony of changing them was a yearly religious festival. The custom, once universal, now lingers only in some of the remote northern districts. There, bunches of rushes, gaily ornamented, attended by banners and music, are still borne in triumph by the young people of the village. Last remains of that pastoral poetry which once characterised "merrie England."

THE YOUNG DESTRUCTIVE.

IN truth, I do not wonder
To see them scatter'd round ;
So many leaves of knowledge—
Some fruit must sure be found.

The Eton Latin Grammar
Has now its verbs declin'd ;
And those of Lindley Murray
Are not so far behind.

Oh! days of bread and water—
How many I recall,
Past—sent into the corner ;
Your face towards the wall.

Oh! boundaries of Europe !
Oh! rivers great and small !
Oh! islands, gulfs, and capitals !
How I abhorr'd ye all !

And then those dreadful tables
Of shillings, pence, and pounds !
Tho' I own their greater trouble
In after life abounds.

'Tis strange how memory lingers
About those early hours ;
And we talk of happy childhood,
As if such had been ours.

But distance lends enchantment
To all we suffer'd then ;
Thank Heaven, that I never
Can be a child again !



Drawn by C. Wrangmore.

Engraved by W. C. Wrangmore.

The Young Destructive.



Drawn by Clarkson Standfield, R. A.

Engraved by permission from Captain Grindlays' Work in 8^{vo} coloured.

Engraved by E. Goodall.

BOMBAY HARBOUR:— FISHING BOATS, IN THE MONSOON.

FISHING BOATS IN THE MONSOON.

THE western coasts of India abound with a great variety of fish, of excellent quality; and a considerable population in the villages along the sea-shore is occupied in catching it, and, in a great measure, subsist upon it. The mode of catching the fish is as follows: piles or stakes, of considerable size and length, are sunk and secured at certain distances from the shore, extending sometimes several miles out to sea; these are driven or forced down by fastening boats to them at high water, heavily laden with ballast, which, by their own weight as the tide falls, force the stakes deeper into the sandy or muddy bottom. This operation is further assisted at the same time by a number of boatmen swaying upon ropes made fast to the upper part of the stake. To the stakes are attached nets of great length, and of very tough materials, capable of sustaining the weight of such draughts as occasionally appear almost miraculous, exhibiting a motley assemblage of varieties of fish and other marine productions.

BURN yet awhile, my wasting lamp,
Though long the night may be;
The wind is rough, the air is damp,
Yet burn awhile for me.

The peepul tree beside our door,
How dark its branches wave;
They seem as they were drooping o'er
Its usual haunt, the grave.

Why was it planted here to bring
The images of death?
Surely some gladder tree should spring
Near human hope and breath.

O dove that dwellest its leaves among,
I hear thee on the bough;
I hear thy melancholy song,
Why art thou singing now?

All things are omens to the heart
That keeps a vigil lone,
When wearily the hours depart,
And yet night is not flown.

I see the lights amid the bay,
How pale and wan they shine;
O wind, that wanderest on thy way,
Say which of them is mine.

A weary lot the fisher hath
Of danger and of toil,
Over the wild waves is his path,
Amid their depths his spoil.

I cannot hear the wind go by
 Without a sudden fear;
 I cannot look upon the sky,
 Nor fear that storms are near.

I look upon the sunny sea,
 And think of rocks below;
 Still present are the shoals to me
 O'er which my love must go.

I cannot sleep as others sleep,
 Night has more care than day;
 My heart is out upon the deep,
 I weep—I watch—I pray.

Ah, see a speck the waves among,
 A light boat cuts the foam,
 The wild wind beareth me his song,
 Thank God, he is come home.

WILLIAM SMITH,

Bishop of Lincoln, Lord President of Wales, and co-founder of Brazen-nose College, Oxford, of which university he was also Chancellor in 1500.

“ His advancement and success were ascribed by himself to the liberal hand of Providence, and not to personal desert or high pretensions: his bounty was therefore disinterested and extensive, and many had reason to bless his beneficence, to whom his person and the origin of their good fortune were alike unknown.”

“ His love of letters was so ardent, that he encouraged and enabled men of genius to cultivate the liberal arts in foreign countries as well as at home. To the joint service of literature and religion, in hoary age and in hopeful youth, his permanent munificence and occasional donations were alike devoted. His institutions live and flourish; and grateful posterity, in justice to his merit, assigns him an eminent place among the benefactors of his country and mankind.”



ENGRAVED BY J. COCHRAN.—FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE HALL OF BRASEN-NOSE, COLLEGE, OXFORD.

BISHOP SMITH.



Drawn by W. Purser.

Sketchd by Col^d Cockburn R. Art^y

Engraved by S. Lacey.

MONTMORENCY WATERFALL & CONE, NEAR QUEBEC.

THE MONTMORENCY WATERFALL AND CONE.

“WHEN the river St. Lawrence is frozen below the Falls, the level ice becomes a support on which the freezing spray descends as sleet; it there remains, and gradually assumes the figure of an irregular cone, which continues to enlarge its dimensions till, towards the close of the winter, it becomes stupendous. The height of the cone varies considerably, in different seasons; as the quantity of spray depends on the supply of water to the Falls—the spray, of course, being most dense when the rush of water is strong and impetuous. In 1829 and 1832, it did not reach a greater altitude than one hundred and thirty feet. The face of the Cone, opposite to the Fall, differs from the rest of its surface, in being composed of stalactites; this formation arises from the dashing of the water against its base, which freezes in its descent, and by the continual action produces enormous icicles.”—“The formation of this Cone may serve to explain the origin of glaciers.”

“To the inhabitants of Quebec, the Cone is a source of endless amusement. When the weather is temperate, parties in single-horse curricles and tandems are seen hurrying to the spot, to enjoy the beauty of the scene, and to make descents, upon small sleighs, from the top of the Cone to the plain below.”



E do not ask for the leaves and flowers
That laugh as they look on the summer hours;
Let the violets shrink and sigh,
Let the red rose pine and die:
The sledge is yoked, away we go,
Amid the firs, o'er the soundless snow.

Lo! the pine is singing its murmuring song,
Over our heads as we pass along;
And every bough with pearl is hung,

Whiter than those that from ocean sprung.
The sledge is yoked, away we go,
Amid the firs, o'er the soundless snow.

The ice is bright with a thousand dyes,
Like the changeful light in a beauty's eyes.
Now it weareth her blush, and now
It weareth the white of her marble brow.
The sledge is yoked, and away we go,
Beneath the firs, o'er the soundless snow.

We are wrapped with ermine and sable round,
By the Indian in trackless forests found;
The sunbeams over the white world shine,
And we carry with us the purple wine.
The sledge is yoked, and away we go,
Beneath the firs, o'er the soundless snow.

SCENES IN LONDON.—THE SAVOYARD IN GROSVENOR SQUARE.

HE stands within the silent square,
That square of state, of gloom ;
A heavy weight is on the air,
Which hangs as o'er a tomb.

It is a tomb which wealth and rank
Have built themselves around—
The general sympathies have shrank,
Like flowers on high dry ground.

None heed the wandering boy who sings,
An orphan though so young ;
None think how far the singer brings
The songs which he has sung.

None cheer him with a kindly look,
None with a kindly word ;
The singer's little pride must brook
To be unpraised, unheard.

At home, their sweet bird he was styled,
And oft, when days were long,
His mother called her favourite child,
To sing her favourite song.

He wanders now through weary streets,
Till cheek and eye are dim ;
How little sympathy he meets,
For music or for him.

Sudden his dark brown cheek grows bright
His dark eyes fill with glee,
Covered with blossoms snowy-white,
He sees an orange tree.

No more the toil-worn face is pale,
Nor faltering step is sad ;
He sees his distant native vale,
He sees it, and is glad.

He sees the squirrel climb the pine,
The doves fly through the dell,
The purple clusters of the vine ;
He hears the vesper bell.



Whitlock

Fenner.

BEVERLY MINSTER.

FISHER, SON, & CO LONDON, 1835.

BEVERLEY MINSTER.

His heart is full of hope and home,
Toil, travel, are no more ;
And he has happy hours to come
Beside his father's door.

Oh charm of natural influence !
But for thy lovely ties,
Never might the world-wearied sense
Above the present rise.

Blessed be thy magic every where,
Oh Nature, gentle mother ;
How kindlier is for us thy care,
Than ours is for each other.

BEVERLEY MINSTER.

BUILT in far other times, those sculptured walls
Attest the faith which our forefathers felt,
Strong faith, whose visible presence yet remains ;
We pray with deeper reverence at a shrine
Hallowed by many prayers. For years, long years,
Years that make centuries—those dimlit aisles,
Where rainbows play, from coloured windows flung,
Have echoed to the voice of prayer and praise ;
With the last lights of evening fitting round,
Making a rosy atmosphere of hope.
The vesper hymn hath risen, bearing heaven,
But purified the many cares of earth.
How oft has music rocked those ancient towers,
When the deep bells were tolling ; as they rung,
The castle and the hamlet, high and low,
Obeyed the summons : earth grew near to God,
The piety of ages is around.
Many the heart that has before yon cross
Laid down the burden of its heavy cares,
And felt a joy that is not of this world.
There are both sympathy and warning here ;
Methinks as down we kneel by those old graves
The past will pray with us.

THE LAND OF BEULAH.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

“ In this place, the children of the town would go into the King’s Gardens, and gather Nosegays for the Pilgrims, and bring them to them with affection.”

How much, when first on Prilgrimage they went,
Had these their joy to check, their hope to chill;
Despondency’s dire Slough, the steep ascent
And toilsome path of Difficulty’s Hill.

Lions were in their way ; and, fiercer yet,
Giants equipp’d from head to foot in mail ;
At Vanity Fair by Pleasure’s lures beset,
By sterner terrors in Death’s shadowy Vale !

These have been safely pass’d :—and they have trod
Mountains Delectable, by Shepherds blest :—
Now, near the City of their King and God,
In Beulah’s pleasant Land awhile they rest !

Here they behold the splendour, day by day,
Of that bright City they have sought from far ;
Hope of its bliss has cheer’d them on their way,
Faith in its truth has been their polar star.

That Faith and Hope their guerdon now obtain ;
They walk in the bright Sun’s unclouded rays ;
And not a breeze floats by, but wafts some strain
Which seems an echo of glad Songs of Praise !

Here flowrets blossom, beautiful as those
Which Eden’s loveliness uncultur’d crown’d ;
While many a crystal fountain sweetly throws
Its brightness and its melody around.

Here, too, are Gardens, by their Lord and King
Prepar’d to yield His Pilgrims peaceful shade ;
Whence guileless Children with affection bring
Flowers whose unearthly beauty cannot fade.



Drawn by H. Melville.

Engraved by W. Floyd.

THE LAND OF BEULAH.



Painted by Holmes.

Engraved by Dean.

MARIE THÉRÈSE, PRINCESS ESTERHÁZY.

THE LAND OF BEULAH.

If such the loveliness of this retreat
To hearts that still retain some earthly leaven,
What glories shall immortal spirits greet
When these shall reach their final home in heaven ?

When, the dark stream once past, they shall behold
That City without sunshine, ever bright ;
And see its Gates of Pearl for them unfold,
Opening to endless Love, and Life, and Light.

LIGHT—that can know no shadow of a shade ;
LOVE—which can every fear and doubt defy ;
And LIFE—which Death itself cannot invade,
Born as it is for IMMORTALITY !

HER SERENE HIGHNESS, MARIE THERESA.

PRINCESS ESTERHAZY,

Married June 18, 1812, to His Highness Prince Paul Antoine Esterhazy, for several years Ambassador Extraordinary from His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Austria to the British court. The Princess is first cousin to the Empress of Russia, the Queen of Bavaria, and the hereditary Prince of Prussia ; and is related to most of the royal reigning families in Europe.

DUNOLD MILL-HOLE,

In the village of Kellet, about five miles from Lancaster.

I FLY from the face of my foe in his might,
I ask from the sky but the shadow of night,
I am lonely, yet dread lest the wandering wind
Should bring me the step or the voice of my kind.

I hear the soft voices that sing in the cave,
When from the rent limestone out-gushes the wave ;
While the echoes that haunt the dim caverns repeat,
The music they make in repeating more sweet.

There are colours like rainbows spread over the wall,
For the damps treasure sunbeams wherever they fall ;
In each little nook where the daylight finds room
Wild flow'rets like fairy gifts burst into bloom.

The small lakes are mirrors, which give back the sky,
The stars in their depths on a dark midnight lie,
I gaze not on heaven—I dare not look there,
But I watch the deep shadows, and know my despair.

From the sparry roof falls a perpetual shower,
Doth nature then weep o'er some evil-starred hour,
While memory all that it mourns for endears,
Such sorrow is gentle, for blessed are tears.

I weep not, I sit in my silence alone,
My heart, like the rock that surrounds me, is stone,
Beside me for ever a pale shadow stands,
My hands clasp for prayer, but there's blood on those hands

I rue not my anger—I rue but my shame ;
Let my old halls be lonely, and perish my name !
She made them lonely, 'twas she flung the stain,
I slew her while sleeping—I'd slay her again.

O sweet bird, that lovest in that old tree to sing,
Whose home is the free air, I envy thy wing,
Yet where'er those wild wings my spirit might bear,
She still must be with me, the false and the fair.

A rugged path leads to this beautiful and spacious cavern, which may well in former days have been the place of refuge supposed in the following poem. The brook which runs through it is broken by the pointed rock into many waterfalls, and also feeds several small lakes ; a spring trickles from the roof, and the sides are covered with a profusion of moss, and weeds, and wild flowers. Like most of these caverns, the walls are covered with sparry incrustations.



Drawn by G. Hickering.

Engraved by H. Sans.

DUNOLD MILL-HOLE, NEAR LANCASTER.



Drawn by W. Westall, A.R.A. — Sketches by Capt. C. Amber.

Engraved by permission from Captain Grimalaya's Work in 8^{vo} coloured.

Engraved by A. Le Petit.

FORTRESS OF BOWRIE, IN RAJPOOTANA.

THE FAREWELL.



RESH over the Foreland the wind's blowing fair,
And my sailors impatient are waiting me there.
One moment, one moment, one moment I stay,
It is only a moment, and then I'm away.
Once more to my lips, let thy dear lips be prest,
Lay thy head, Leonora, once more on my breast!
My boat's in the river, my ship's on the sea,
And for ever farewell, my dark ladye, to thee!

Where we wander I know not, our orders are sealed,
Bear they peace or defiance, no tongue has revealed:

But I pray from my soul that wherever we are bound,
There the hoarse voice of slaughter shall ruthlessly sound.
That in fight soon the mantles of death shall enfold
These eyes which have nothing now left to behold.
For my boat's in the river, my ship's on the sea,
And I never look more, my dark ladye, on thee!

I don't bid thee check the sad tears that stream down
That much-beloved cheek, I can't master my own;
O that I could make, without hurt to thy fame,
Thy couch to be my couch, and my name thy name.
But I cannot, I cannot; how cruel the fate
That thus makes me meet thee, and meet thee too late!
My boat's in the river, my ship's on the sea,
And I press the last kiss, my dark ladye, on thee.

W. M.

THE FORTRESS OF BOWRIE, IN RAJPOOTANA.

The province of Rajpootana, including the unconquered remnant of the ancient Hindoo princes, is situated in the centre of Hindoostan, in the immediate vicinity of the Tatar and Mogul dominions. This tract of country was never thoroughly subjugated, though repeated efforts were made by the Patan and Mogul emperors to annex it to their territories. A nominal subjection, the payment of a certain tribute, or the furnishing a number of Rajpoot mercenaries for the imperial army, is the utmost concession that the province has ever yielded.

The Fortress of Bowrie is one of the military depôts with which this country abounds; and derives interest less from its own extent, than from the picturesque and advantageous situation it occupies.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

It is the fruit of waking hours
When others are asleep,
When moaning round the low thatched roof
The winds of winter creep.

It is the fruit of summer days
Past in a gloomy room,
When others are abroad to taste
The pleasant morning bloom.

'Tis given from a scanty store
And missed while it is given:
'Tis given—for the claims of earth
Are less than those of heaven.

Few save the poor feel for the poor,
The rich know not how hard
It is to be of needful food
And needful rest debarred.

Their paths are paths of plenteousness ;
They sleep on silk and down,
And never think how heavily
The weary head lies down.

They know not of the scanty meal
With small pale faces round ;
No fire upon the cold damp hearth,
When snow is on the ground.

They never by their window sit,
And see the gay pass by ;
Yet take their weary work again,
Though with a mournful eye.

The rich, they give—they miss it not—
A blessing cannot be
Like that which rests, thou widowed one,
Upon thy gift and thee !



Drawn by A. Chisholm.

Engraved by E. Portbury.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

FISHER, SON, & CO LONDON, 1835.



Drawn by S. Austin.

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

Engraved by E. Chalkin.

RUINS ABOUT THE TAJ MAHAL, - AGRA.

RUINS ABOUT THE TAJ MAHAL.

AN arid plain leads to the luxuriant gardens which still adorn the mausoleum where Nour Jahan and the lovely partner of his throne "sleep the sleep that knows no waking." Ponds of gold and silver fish are the common ornaments of a great man's grounds in India. They are covered after sunset with a gauze frame, to protect them from their various nightly enemies. Notwithstanding the care taken for their preservation, they often become the prey of the kingfisher. Tombs in India are palaces, vast and immutable as the slumbers which they cover. As if to add the contrast of natural fertility to human decay, the garden always surrounds the grave.

MOURNFULLY they pass away,
The dearest and the fairest ;
Beauty, thou art common clay,
Common doom thou sharest.
Though the rose bestow its dyes
For a blush too tender ;
Though the stars endow thine eyes
With their midnight splendour.

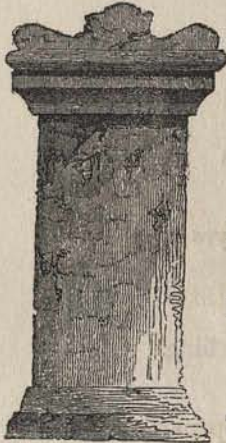
Though thy smiles around thee fling
Atmosphere elysian ;
Though thy presence seems to spring
Like a poet's vision ;
Though the full heart worship thee,
Like a thing enchanted ;
Though the cold earth common be,
When thy touch is wanted :

Yet thou dost decay and die,
And beside thee perish
All that grew beneath thine eye,
All that we wont cherish,
Every gentle hope and thought
Which thou bearest hither ;
Hues from thine own heaven brought,
Hues thou takest thither.

Fare thee well—thou soon art flown
From a world that loved thee ;
Heaven, that claims thee for its own,
Soon from us removed thee.
Here thy shadows only come,
Fleeting, though divinest ;
But in thine eternal home
Stedfastly thou shinest.

SCENES IN LONDON :—THE CITY CHURCH-YARD.

If there be one object more material, more revolting, more gloomy than another, it is a crowded churchyard in a city. It has neither sympathy nor memory. The pressed-down stones lie heavy upon the very heart. The sunshine cannot get at them for smoke. There is a crowd; and, like most crowds, there is no companionship. Sympathy is the softener of death, and memory of the loved and the lost is the earthly shadow of their immortality. But who turns aside amid those crowds that hurry through the thronged and noisy streets?—No one can love London better than I do; but never do I wish to be buried there. It is the best place in the world for a house, and the worst for a grave. An Irish patriot once candidly observed to me, "Give me London to live in; but let me die in green Ireland: "—now, this is precisely my opinion.



PRAY thee lay me not to rest
Among these mouldering bones;
Too heavily the earth is prest
By all these crowded stones.

Life is too gay—life is too near—
With all its pomp and toil;
I pray thee, do not lay me here,
In such a world-struck soil.

The ceaseless roll of wheels would wake
The slumbers of the dead;
I cannot bear for life to make
Its pathway o'er my head.

The flags around are cold and drear,
They stand apart, alone;
And no one ever pauses here,
To sorrow for the gone.

No: lay me in the far green fields
The summer sunshine cheers;
And where the early wild flower yields
The tribute of its tears.

Where shadows the sepulchral yew,
Where droops the willow tree;
Where the long grass is fill'd with dew—
Oh! make such grave for me!

And passers-by, at evening's close,
Will pause beside the grave,
And moralize o'er the repose
They fear, and yet they crave.



F. H. Barker.

J. Verrill.

ESKDALE, LOOKING TOWARDS SCAWFELL, CUMBERLAND.

ESKDALE, CUMBERLAND.

Perhaps some kindly hand may bring
Its offering to the tomb ;
And say, as fades the rose in spring,
So fadeth human bloom.

But here there is no kindly thought
To soothe, and to relieve ;
No fancies and no flowers are brought,
That soften while they grieve.

Here Poesy and Love come not—
It is a world of stone ;
The grave is bought—is closed—forgot !
And then life hurries on.

Sorrow, and beauty—nature—love
Redeem man's common breath ;
Ah ! let them shed the grave above—
Give loveliness to death.

ESKDALE, CUMBERLAND.

OH ! no : I do not wish to see
The sunshine o'er these hills again ;
Their quiet beauty wakes in me
A thousand wishes wild and vain.

I hear the skylark's matin songs
Breathe of the heaven he singeth near ;
Ah ! heaven, that to our earth belongs,
Why is thy hope so seldom here ?

The grass is fill'd with early flowers,
Whereon the dew is scarcely dry ;
While singing to the silent hours,
The glittering waves are murmuring by.

And fancies from afar are brought
By magic lights and wandering wind ;
Such scene hath poet never sought,
But he hath left his heart behind.

It is too sad to feel how blest—
In such a spot might be our home ;
And then to think with what unrest
Throughout this weary world we roam.

In the midst of these secluded mountain districts, says Mr. Warren in his Northern Tour, lives one of the most independent, most moral, and most respectable characters existing, the Estatesman, as he is called in the language of the country, whose hospitality to the wayfarer and traveller has been thus touchingly illustrated :—" Go," said an estatesman to a person whom he had entertained for some days at his house, " go to the vale on the other side of the mountain, to the house of ——, (naming the party,) and^d tell him you came from me. I know him not, but he will receive you kindly, for *our sheep mingle on the mountains.*

SIR THOMAS HARDY,

GOVERNOR OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

SILENCE is now upon the seas,
The silent seas of yore ;
The thunder of the cannonade
Awakes the wave no more.

The battle-flag droops o'er the mast,
There quiet let it sleep ;
For it hath won in wilder hours
Its empire o'er the deep.

Now let it wave above their home,
Of those who fought afar ;
The victors of the Baltic sea,
The brave of Trafalgar.

Upon a terrace by the Thames,
I saw the Admiral stand ;
He who received the latest clasp*
Of Nelson's dying hand.

Age, toil, and care had somewhat bowed
His bearing proud and high ;
But yet resolve was on his lip,
And fire was in his eye.

I felt no wonder England holds
Dominion o'er the seas ;
Still the red cross will face the world,
While she hath men like these.

And gathered there beneath the sun
Were loitering veterans old ;
As if of former victories
And former days they told.

No prouder trophy hath our isle,
Though proud her trophies be,
Than that old palace where are housed
The veterans of the sea.

Her other domes—her wealth, her pride,
Her science may declare ;
But Greenwich hath the noblest claim,
Her gratitude is there.

* His favourite Captain ;—Nelson died in Sir Thomas Hardy's arms. Too long for extract here, the account of that battle and death is at once the most exciting and yet touching record I know in English history.



Painted by R. Evans Esq.

Engraved by H. Robinson.

SIR THOMAS-MASTERMAN HARDY, BART. K.C.B.

T. M. Hardy



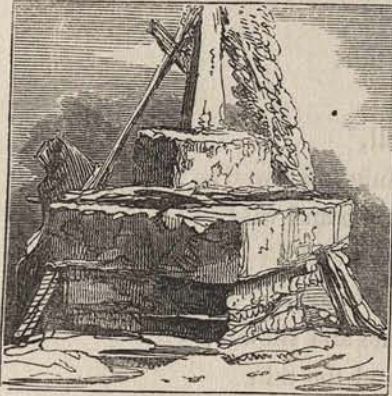
Drawn by W. Purser

Sketched by J. C. Newman Esq.

Engraved by S. Hradshaw

BORRO BOEDDOOR.

BORRO BOEDOOR.



N ancient temple of an ancient faith,
When man, to shew the vanity of man,
Was left to his own fantasies. All life
Was conscious of a God;—the sun, the wind,
The mighty ocean, and the distant stars,
Become his prototypes. At length there came
The great appointed hour; the Truth shone forth,
The living waters of the Gospel flowed,
And earth drank life and hope. The work is still
Gradual and incomplete;—it is man's task,

And more his glorious privilege, to aid.
Our England is a living fountain now,
Whence flow the waves of life,—eternal life.

Oh, what a power and duty is our own!
'Tis ours to shed upon man's present day
The blessing of the future and the past.
How much of India yet in darkness lies!
We must dethrone the idol, and dispel
The shadows that but herald the true faith.—
We must give peace, love, charity, to earth;
And from old superstitions, vain beliefs,
And false religions, realize the true:
So morning springs from out the depths of night.

The temple of Borro Boedoor was in former days the most celebrated Budha temple in the Island of Java, equally distinguished for its extent and its magnificence.

These remarkable ruins, representing in a high style of Indian architecture a number of small Hindoo sacred buildings with their several idols, so peculiarly combined as to form one place of worship, are engraved from a drawing forming part of the collection brought to England by Sir Alexander Johnstone, to shew the moral and political influence which the religion of Budha had exercised in former days, and still continues to exercise; and the importance of instructing the two High-priests of Budha, (whose portraits are given in this volume,) whom he had brought over with him at the same time, in every branch of European science and literature, in order that they might, upon their return to Ceylon, be made use of as a powerful engine for enlightening those who professed their creed.

THE PHANTOM.

I COME from my home in the depth of the sea,
I come that thy dreams may be haunted by me;
Not as we parted, the rose on my brow,
But shadowy, silent, I visit thee now.
The time of our parting was when the moon shone,
Of all heaven's daughters the loveliest one;
No cloud in her presence, no star at her side,
She smiled on her mirror and vassal, the tide.

Unbroken its silver, undreamed of its swell,
There was hope, and not fear, in our midnight farewell;
While drooping around were the wings white and wild,
Of the ship that was sleeping, as slumbers a child.
I turned to look from thee, to look on the bower,
Which thou hast been training in sunshine and shower;
So thick were the green leaves, the sun and the rain
Sought to pierce through the shelter from summer in vain.

It was not its ash-tree, the home of the wren,
And the haunt of the bee, I was thinking of then;
Nor yet of the violets, sweet on the air,
But I thought of the true love who planted them there.
I come to thee now, my long hair on the gale,
It is wreathed with no red rose, is bound with no veil,
It is dark with the sea damps, and wet with the spray,
The gold of its auburn has long past away.

And dark is the cavern wherein I have slept,
There the seal and the dolphin their vigil have kept;
And the roof is encrusted with white coral cells,
Wherein the strange insect that buildeth them dwells.
There is life in the shells that are strewed o'er the sands,
Not filled but with music as on our own strands;
Around me are whitening the bones of the dead,
And a starfish has grown to the rock overhead.

Sometimes a vast shadow goes darkly along,
The shark or the sword-fish, the fearful and strong:
There is fear in the eyes that are glaring around,
As they pass like the spectres of death without sound:
Over rocks, without summer, the dull sea-weeds trail,
And the blossoms that hang there are scentless and pale;
Amid their dark garlands, the water-snakes glide,
And the sponge, like the moss, gathers thick at their side.



N. Whitrock

J. Rogers

THE CLOISTERS, FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

FOUNTAIN'S ABBEY.

Oh! would that the sunshine could fall on my grave,
That the wild flower and willow could over it wave;
Oh! would that the daisies grew over my sleep,
That the tears of the morning could over me weep.
Thou art pale 'mid the dreams, I shall trouble no more,
The sorrow that kept me from slumber is o'er:
To the depths of the ocean in peace I depart,
For I still have a grave greener far in thy heart!

FOUNTAIN'S ABBEY.

ALAS, alas! those ancient towers,
Where never now the vespers ring,
But lonely at the midnight hours
Flits by the bat on dusky wing.

No more beneath the moonlight dim,
No more beneath the planet ray,
Those arches echo with the hymn
That bears life's meaner cares away.

No more within some cloistered cell,
With windows of the sculptured stone,
By sign of cross, and sound of bell,
The world-wor'n heart can beat alone.

How needful some such tranquil place,
Let many a weary one attest,
Who turns from life's impatient race,
And asks for nothing but for rest.

How many, too heart-sick to roam
Still longer o'er the troubled wave,
Would thankful turn to such a home—
A home already half a grave.

The remains of Fountain's Abbey are considered the finest in England. The cloisters are a vast extent of straight vault, three hundred feet long, and forty-two broad; divided lengthways by nineteen pillars and twenty arches; each pillar divides into eight ribs at the top, which diverge and intersect each other on the roof. Here is a large stone basin, the remains of a fountain.

DR. ADAM CLARKE AND THE TWO PRIESTS OF BUDHA.

I HAVE rarely been so interested as by the account Sir Alexander Johnstone gave me of the two young Priests, whose enterprise had as many difficulties, and a far higher object, than our forefathers' pilgrimages to the Holy Land. They waited on Sir Alexander, to consult him as to the means of reaching England. Lady Johnstone's health rendering an instant return imperative, he had fitted out a small vessel, whose accommodations were too limited to admit more than his own family and suite. In this ship, however, they worked their way as common sailors. Before we can appreciate this sacrifice, we must understand that they were of birth, education, and high standing in their own country. Let us for a moment suppose one of our prelates working before the mast on a mission of Christian faith; we shall then comprehend the depth and sincerity of the belief that urged the young Cingalese. Sir Alexander placed them under the care of Dr. Adam Clarke, of Liverpool, rightly judging that London, with its usual selfish and stimulating course of lionization, would defeat the high purposes of their visit. The progress of the strangers was so satisfactory, that at the end of two years Dr. Clarke publicly baptised them. They returned to Ceylon, where one is employed as a Missionary, and the other is an officer in the civil service. The benefit of their example and instruction may be more easily imagined than calculated.



HEY heard it in the rushing wind,
They read it in the sky;
They felt it in the thousand flowers
That by the river sigh;

That there must be some holier faith
Than they themselves had known,
Whose temple was within the heart,
And not of brick nor stone.

They saw this world was very fair,
And questioned of what hand,
That with the beautiful and good
Had gifted sea and land.

Their idols answered not—the mind
Asked something more divine
Than ever breathed from carved wood,
Or from the golden shrine.

They heard of more exalted hopes,
Revealing God above,
That spoke a universal creed,
Of universal love;

And looked beyond the little space
That is appointed here,
And made of yonder glorious heaven
Men's own and native sphere.



Engraved by Robinson, from a Painting by Moises in the possession of The Royal Asiatic Society.

DR ADAM CLARKE & THE PRIESTS OF BUDHA FROM CEYLON.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON, 1834.

They craved for knowledge, whose pure light
Might pierce the moral gloom ;
They left the temple of their race,
They left their father's tomb ;

They left them for a distant isle,
Far o'er the distant main ;
But they were strong in faith, and felt
It would not be in vain.

What high and holy thoughts sustained
Their progress o'er the sea,
They left their home, which never more
Again their home might be ;

A power far mightier than their own
Was with them night and day ;
They feared not, and they faltered not,
God kept them on their way.

At last they reached our English isle,
The glorious and the free :
O England, in thine hour of pride
How much is asked of thee ?

Thy ships have mastered many a sea,
Thy victories many a land ;
A power almost as strong as fate
Is in thy red right hand.

A nobler enterprise awaits
Thy triumph and thy toil ;
'Tis thine to sow the seeds of good
In many a foreign soil.

Freedom, and knowledge, justice, truth,
Are gifts which should be thine ;
And, more than all, that purer faith
Which maketh men divine.

Those strangers sought an English home,
And there they learnt to know
Those hopes which sweeten life and cheer,
Yet have no rest below.

They learnt to lisp in foreign words
The faith of foreign prayer,
Yet felt it a familiar faith,
That every one should share.

They bear it to their native land,
And labour to impart
The Christian knowledge that subdues
Yet elevates the heart.

Oh, noble enterprise! how much
For man by man is won!
Doth it not call on all mankind
To see what two have done?

Oh, fair thou art, thou lovely isle,
The summer loves thine hours;
Thy waves are filled with warm white pearls,
Thy groves with spice and flowers.

But nature hath no gift assigned,
Though prodigal she be,
Like that pure creed of Christian love
Thy sons have brought to thee.

FRANCES TROLLOPE,

Author of "Tremordyn Cliff," "Belgium and Western Germany," &c. &c.



Drawn by Miss L. Adams.

Engraved by W. Holl.

MRS TROLLOPE.

F. Trollope



Drawn by H. Melville.

Engraved by J. Sands.

DESTRUCTION OF DOUBTING CASTLE.

DESTRUCTION OF DOUBTING CASTLE.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

“ BUT Great-Heart was his death ! for he left him not 'till he had sever'd his head from his shoulders.”



REAT-HEART hath slain Despair !
And onward goes to storm his gloomy Hold ;
And liberate from his Lair
The hopeless Captives it may yet enfold.

The battlemented Tower,
Where that stern Giant held his ruthless reign,
Hath Victims of his Power,
Still kept in thralldom by his iron chain.

Despondency, poor Man !
Will pluck up heart, hearing his Tyrant's slaughter ;
Smiles light the cheeks, now wan,
Of Much-afraid, his much-enduring Daughter !

Haste, bring them forth ! and raze,
From turret to foundation-stone, the Keep,
Whence rose no song of praise
From weary Captives, wont to doubt and weep.

'Tis done—in Bunyan's page !
The Giant slain, his Castle overthrown :—
But still, from age to age,
Despair and Doubting Castle yet are known.

Man's unbelief and sin,
That once demolished pile can yet repair ;
And HE preside therein,
“ Whose castle's Doubting, and his name Despair !”

Great-Heart must be his death !
And God will give him, as a Guard and Guide,
To all whom simple faith
Shall render steadfast-hearted, single-eyed.

For unto such, if driven
To doubt, and transient prisoners of Despair,
A key shall yet be given,
Which can undo each lock and fetter there.

GOD'S PROMISE, like the sword
Of Great-Heart, can that mighty Giant slay ;
And these shall prove HIS WORD
Abides—though Heaven and Earth may pass away !

THE COLERAINE SALMON LEAP.

“So numerous are the fish frequenting this river, that the average amount is estimated at £1,000 per annum; and on one occasion 1,500 salmon were taken at a single drag of the net.”—I, however, have only celebrated the exploits of a single fisher.

I remember a curious exploit of a gentleman, who went out in the morning to shoot, and shot a salmon; in the afternoon to fish, and caught a hare. The fact was, there had been a flood, which had dashed a salmon on the banks, where a *gun* was the readiest means of despatching it. The same flood had swept away a hare, and the *line* furnished the means of its capture.

I WAS dreaming that I went
Through the ocean element,
Like a conqueror on my way,
Shark and sword-fish were the prey;
With a spear I smote the waves
Down amid the coral caves.
I have wakened,—let me go
Where the mountain torrents flow.

I will realize my dream
In the dashing of the stream;
Pouring mid the summer woods
All the gathered winter floods;
When the ice and when the snow
Melt into a sunny flow:
Mid the bright waves leaping forth
Comes the salmon from the north.

Let the meaner angler seek,
In the willow-hidden creek,
For the trout whose spotted side
Crimsons like a star the tide;
Let him mid dark waters search
For the carp and for the perch;
While the silver graylings shiver
Like bright arrows in a quiver.

Mine a nobler prey shall be,
Guest from yonder sounding sea,
Comes the salmon proud and strong,
Darting like a ray along.
For his lure, the artful fly
Does the peacock's plume supply;
Royal bird, whose radiant wing
Suiteth with the river king.

See, he bears the line away,
Round him flies the snowy spray.
I have given him length and line,
One last struggle, he is mine.
Fling the green arbutus bough
On the glowing ashes now;
Let the cup with red wine foam,—
I have brought the salmon home.



T. M. Baynes.

S. Lacey.

THE COLERAINE SALMON LEAP, C^O LONDONDERRY.



Drawn by H. Metcalf.

Engraved by E. Smith.

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

WYCOLLE HALL, LANCASTHIRE, 1650.

FISHEN, SON, & CO LONDON, 1834.

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME, 1650.

“ At Wycoller Hall the family usually kept open house the twelve days at Christmas. Their entertainment was, a large hall of curious ashler work, a long table, plenty of furmenty like new milk, in a morning, made of husked wheat, boiled and roasted beef, with a fat goose, and a pudding, with plenty of good beer for dinner. A round-about fire-place, surrounded with stone benches, where the young folks sat and cracked nuts, and diverted themselves, and in this manner the sons and daughters got matching without going much from home.”—*Family MS. of the Cunliffes.*

You must come back, my brother,
For Christmas is so near,
And Christmas is the crowning time,
The purple of the year;
He calls his court about him,
He is the fairy king,
Whose revel is at midnight
Within a charmed ring.
Christmas is coming, my brother dear,
And Christmas comes, my brother, but once a year.

The last leaf hath departed
From off the old oak tree,
But there is the wreath of misletoe
Where the green leaf used to be.
And we'll hang up the charmed coronal
Above the highest door,
And strangers all must pay the fine
Ere they tread the fairy floor.
Christmas is coming, my brother dear,
And Christmas comes, my brother, but once a year.

The trees are white with hoar-frost,
And snow is on the ground,
But there are yet some roses
Beside the casement found ;
And the terrace yet has myrtle ;
Both shall be saved for you ;
And you shall give them, my brother,
But I must not guess to who !
Christmas is coming, my brother dear,
And Christmas comes, my brother, but once a year.

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

The willow lake is frozen,
You will have such skaiting there ;
And the trees, like lovelorn maidens,
Hang down their glittering hair.
The holly's scarlet berries,
Amid the leaves appear ;
It is an elfin armoury,
With banner and with spear.
Christmas is coming, my brother dear,
And Christmas comes, my brother, but once a year.

We shall gather every evening
Beside the ancient hearth,
But one vacant place beside it,
Would darken all its mirth.
At any time but Christmas
We give you leave to roam,
But now come back, my brother,
You are so missed at home.
Christmas is coming, my brother dear,
And Christmas comes, my brother, but once a year.



T. Allow.

J. Tingle.

INTERIOR OF SIZERGH HALL, WESTMORLAND.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON, 1855.

THE QUEEN'S ROOM, SIZERGH HALL, WESTMORLAND.

Tradition has conferred on the room in the annexed engraving the name of the Queen's Room. Catherine Parr, the last queen of Henry VIII., is said to have occupied this apartment for several nights after the king's death.



Y, regal the chamber, and stately the gloom
That the old oaken panels fling over the room ;
The carving is gilded—the hangings are rare ;
Yet, stranger, I warn thee—oh ! slumber not there.

For when the lamp dies in the dead of the night,
And when the wan moon has exhausted her light,
By that mirror of silver a pale lady stands,
And rends her long tresses and wrings her white hands.

Years have pass'd since that lady smoothed back her bright hair,
And asked of the glass if her image was fair :
It was not for her husband she braided its gold,
Or flung from its brightness the veil's silver fold.

He slew her while watching her cheek where the rose
Was reddening in beauty, like sunshine on snows.
He slew her—the glass was yet warm with her breath—
She turned to her lover—she turned to her death.

Less crimson the wine-cup that stood at her side,
Than the red stream which gushed with her life on its tide,
A groan and a gasp, and the struggle is o'er—
The blood which he spilt is yet there—on the floor.

No prayer by her death-bed—no mass for her soul—
No bell on the depths of the midnight to toll ;
Unshrouded, uncoffin'd they laid her to rest,
The grave was unholy—the ground was unblest.

She comes with the midnight—meet not her cold eye,
It shines but on those who are fated to die.
She comes with the midnight, when spirits have power—
She comes with the midnight, and evil the hour.

She comes from the grave, with its secret and pain,
The grave which recalleth its truant again.
The chamber grows damp with the charnel-like air ;
Then, stranger, I warn thee—oh ! slumber not there.

HINDOO TEMPLES AND PALACE AT MADURA.

LITTLE the present careth for the past,
Too little,—'tis not well !
For careless ones we dwell
Beneath the mighty shadow it has cast.

Its blessings are around our daily path,
We share its mighty spoil,
We live on its great toil,
And yet how little gratitude it hath.

Look on these temples, they were as a shrine
From whence to the far north
The human mind went forth,
The moral sunshine of a world divine—

That inward world which maketh of our clay
Its temporary home ;
From whence those lightnings come,
That kindle from a far and better day.

The light that is of heaven shone there the first,
The elements of art,
Mankind's diviner part ;
There was young science in its cradle nurst.

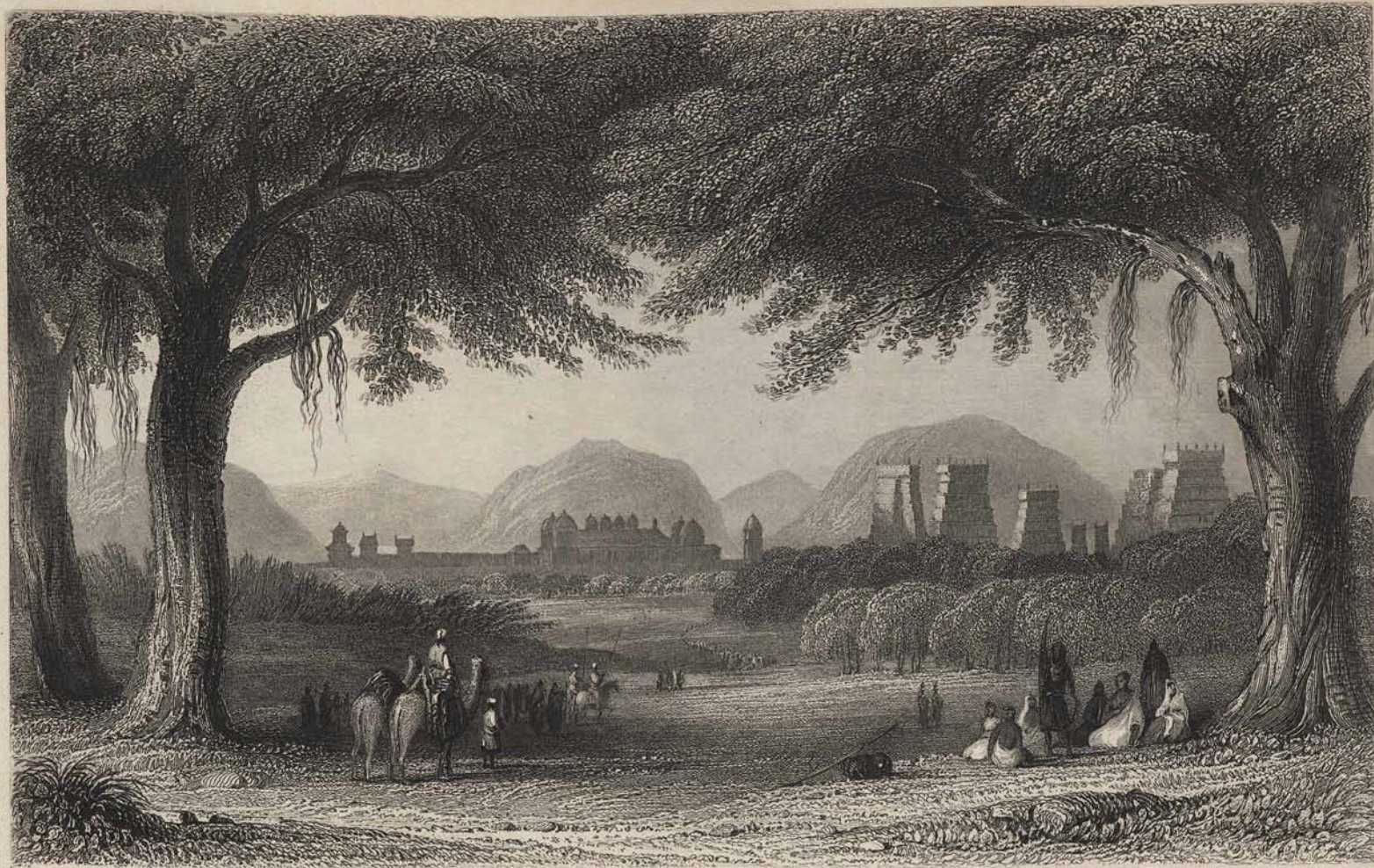
Mighty the legacies by mind bequeathed,
For glorious were its pains
Amid those giant fanes,
And mighty were the triumphs it achieved.

A woman's triumph* mid them is imprest,
One who upon the scroll
Flung the creative soul,
Disdainful of life's flowers and of its rest.

Vast was the labour, vast the enterprise,
For she was of a race
Born to the lowest place,
Earth insects, lacking wings whereon to rise.

How must that youthful cheek have lost its bloom,
How many a dream above
Of early hope and love
Must that young heart have closed on like a tomb.

* When I speak of "a woman's triumph," I allude to the celebrated Avyia. She was a Pariah of the lowest class, but obtained such literary distinction, that her works are to this day the class-books of the scholars of the highest rank and caste in all the Hindoo schools of the peninsula of India.



Drawn by W. Purser.

Sketched by Capt. Chapman, Royal Engineers.

Engraved by W. Floyl.

THE CELEBRATED HINDOO TEMPLES, & PALACE, AT MADURA.

Such throw life's flowers behind them, and aspire
 To ask the stars their lore,
 And from each ancient store
 Seek food to stay the mind's consuming fire.

Her triumph was complete and long, the chords
 She struck are yet alive ;
 Not vainly did she strive
 To leave her soul immortal on her words.

A great example has she left behind,
 A lesson we should take,
 Whose first task is to wake
 The general wish to benefit our kind.

Our sword has swept o'er India ; there remains
 A nobler conquest far,
 The mind's ethereal war,
 That but subdues to civilize its plains.

Let us pay back the past the debt we owe,
 Let us around dispense
 Light, hope, intelligence,
 Till blessings track our steps where'er we go.

O England, thine be the deliverer's meed,
 Be thy great empire known
 By hearts made all thine own,
 By thy free laws and thy immortal creed.

MADURA was at one period the centre of "might, majesty, and dominion" in India. One of its ancient monarchs in the second century sent an embassy on a splendid scale to Augustus Cæsar at Rome. It was also the spot, from the meridian of which the Hindoo astronomers made their calculations. The mode of calculating by the ten numerals, after having been invented and long practised here, was first introduced into Europe by the Arabs. Here, too, was the celebrated college whose influence was exercised so beneficially on the intellect of India ; though at present much decayed, it is still in great repute for the magnificent ruins which surround it, and for the fine pagoda and choultry in its neighbourhood.

Among other anecdotes connected with the spirit of improvement now alive in India, Sir Alexander Johnstone, whose kindness in communicating information I cannot sufficiently acknowledge, told me one, of his relative, the late Mrs. Damer. The question of female education was much disputed, and popular opinion was certainly against it. Sir Alexander, however, brought this instance of a connexion of his own, who united birth and all social advantages with the highest degree of cultivation. At his request, Mrs. Damer made a bust of Nelson, and sent it as a present to the king of Tanjore. It was received with great attention, and the skill with which it was executed made a strong impression in favour of female education.

THE AISLE OF TOMBS.

The interior of Chester-le-Street church, Durham, contains a singular collection of monuments, bearing effigies of the deceased ancestry of the Lumley family, from the time of Liulphus to the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

THE quiet and the chillness
Of the aisle of tombs ;
The shadow and the stillness
A rosy light illumes :
Like the memory of the past,
On the carved arms delaying,
On the marble pall
O'er the blood-red scutcheon playing
With a crimson fall,
Into sudden sunshine cast
Are the ancient warriors,
The warriors of olden time.

So with kindled heart we love them,
Dwelling on their fame,
So doth memory fling above them
Its shadow of a name ;
Noblest shadow flung on earth :
We remember many a story
Of the old chivalric day,
When the red-cross, like a glory,
Shone above the fray ;
'Twas a glorious age gave birth
To the ancient warriors,
The warriors of olden time.

Tho' the sword no more be trusted,
As it was of old ;
Tho' the shining spear be rusted,
And the right hand cold ;



T. Allam.

J. Smith.

AISLE OF THE TOMBS, CHESTER-LE-STREET CHURCH, DURHAM.

FISHER, SON & CO LONDON, 1835.



ENGRAVED BY W. HOLL. FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE HALL OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD.

BISHOP OLDHAM.

THE AISLE OF TOMBS.

They have left their fame behind,
Still a spirit from their slumbers
Rises true and brave ;
Asks the minstrel for his numbers,
Music from their grave :
Noble, gentle, valiant, kind,
Were the ancient warriors,
The warriors of olden time.

All their meaner part hath perished,
In the earth at rest ;
And the present hour hath cherished
What of them was best.
What a knight should be we keep ;
For the present doth inherit
All the glories of the past ;
We retain what was its spirit,
While its dust to dust is cast,
All good angels guard the sleep
Of the ancient warriors,
The warriors of olden time.

HUGH OLDHAM, LL. B.

BISHOP OF EXETER, 1504.

THE PALACE CALLED BEAUTIFUL.

“ HE lifted up his eyes, and behold there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was ‘ Beautiful.’
Looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two lions in the way.”—*Pilgrim's Progress*.

HE wandered on a weary way,
A weary way he wandered on ;
Till eagerness and fortitude—
Till all but hope were gone.

The night fell dark around his steps,
And terrible is falling night,
For cheerful thoughts of enterprise
Attend on morning's light.

And there were Lions in the way—
The lion mighty in his wrath—
No marvel that the traveller shrank
From such a dreary path.

Then spake the Porter of the house,
The house that was so fair,
The house whose name was BEAUTIFUL,
And bade him not despair.

Chained were the Lions on his way,
And he could safely pass along,
If that he had a steadfast hope,
And if his faith were strong.

He entered in the lovely place ;
Four maidens at the door,
With wine, and bread, and pleasant words,
His fainting soul restore.

Next morn they furnished him with arms,
That in the sunshine glowed.
Who were the maidens setting forth
The Christian on his road ?

Prudence and Piety, intent
On every work of Love,
And Charity, whose youthful heart
Is tender as the dove.



Drawn by H. Melville.

Engraved by J. C. Bentley.

THE PALACE CALLED BEAUTIFUL.



T. Allom.

J. C. Bentley.

VALLEY OF LINMOUTH, NORTH DEVON.

VALLEY OF LINMOUTH, NORTH DEVON.

'Tis a gloomy place, but I like it well ;
There would I choose, alone, to dwell ;
The rocks around should friends supply,
Less cold, less hard than those I fly.

I do not care for the rosy flowers,
On them is the shadow of other hours.
I gathered a rose beneath the sun,
In an hour its lovely life was done.

No ! here I will find for myself a cave,
Half a home, and half a grave ;
Dark in the noontide hour 'twill be—
Dark—and the darker the fitter for me.

The hills are rough, and the hills are bare,
More like the heart that harboureth there.
I shall hear the storm as it rolleth by,
I shall watch the clouds that shadow the sky.

All I ask is never to hear
Of human hope or of human fear ;
I have had enough of both in my day,
And I know how their seeming passes away.

The wind may sometimes bear along
The distant sound of the shepherd's song ;
I shall rejoice that no more I share
In fancies and follies that make his care.

The falling leaves will make my bed,
The granite stone will pillow my head ;
The cave in the rock is a fitting shrine
For heart so wither'd and worn as mine.

PULO PENANG.

THE sail from Penang to Singapore presents the loveliest succession of scenery which ocean can produce. The sea is studded with tracts of fairy-land, glittering like emeralds in the golden sun, where the waving trees dip their long branches into the water ; where the smooth sands are covered with shells, sparkling with all the hues of the prism. Birds, too, of Orient plumage, skim over the surface of the silver sea, or glance in and out from groves laden with fruit and flowers. The ocean-land, locked by these flowery labyrinths, retains its tranquillity even during the summer tempests.

NEVER—that fairy isle can be
No lengthened resting-place of mine ;
I love it dearest when I see
Its shadow lengthen on the brine :
And then my heart with softness fills ;
I think upon its palmy groves,
I hear the murmur of its rills,
I hear the singing of its doves.

I see the white catalpa bend,
As when beneath thy whiter hand,
The buds in snowy showers descend,
To wreath for thy dark hair a band :
And then I sigh to be on shore,
To linger languid at thy side,
I think that I will part no more
From thee, my own, my idol bride.

Oh, only those who part can know
How dear the love that absence brings ;
O'er wind and wave my fancies go,
As if my very heart had wings :
And yet, when listless on the land,
Impatient in my happiness,
I long again to grasp my brand,
Again I long the deck to press.

I love to see my red flag sweep ;
I love to see my sabre shine ;
Almost as much I love the deep
As I love those sweet eyes of thine.
I bring thee treasures from afar ;
For thy dear sake I sweep the sea ;
But for the honour won in war,
I should be too unworthy thee.



Drawn by S. Austin.

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

Engraved by S. Lacey.

PULO PENANG.

SCENES IN LONDON : OXFORD STREET.



LIFE in its many shapes was there,
The busy and the gay ;
Faces that seemed too young and fair
To ever know decay.

Wealth, with its waste, its pomp, and pride,
Led forth its glittering train ;
And poverty's pale face beside
Asked aid, and asked in vain.

The shops were filled from many lands,
Toys, silks, and gems, and flowers ;
The patient work of many hands,
The hope of many hours.

Yet, mid life's myriad shapes around
There was a sigh of death ;
There rose a melancholy sound,
The bugle's wailing breath.

They played a mournful Scottish air,
That on its native hill
Had caught the notes the night-winds bear
From weeping leaf and rill.

'Twas strange to hear that sad wild strain
Its warning music shed,
Rising above life's busy train,
In memory of the dead.

There came a slow and silent band
In sad procession by :
Reversed the musket in each hand,
And down cast every eye.

They bore the soldier to his grave ;
The sympathising crowd
Divided like a parted wave
By some dark vessel ploughed.

SCENES IN LONDON : OXFORD STREET.

A moment, and all sounds were mute,
For awe was over all ;
You heard the soldier's measured foot,
The bugle's wailing call.

The gloves were laid upon the bier,
The helmet and the sword ;
The drooping war-horse followed near,
As he, too, mourned his lord.

Slowly—I followed too—they led
To where a church arose,
And flung a shadow o'er the dead,
Deep as their own repose.

Green trees were there—beneath the shade
Of one, was made a grave ;
And there to his last rest was laid
The weary and the brave.

They fired a volley o'er the bed,
Of an unconscious ear ;
The birds sprang fluttering over-head,
Struck with a sudden fear.

All left the ground, the bugles died
Away upon the wind ;
Only the tree's green branches sighed
O'er him they left behind.

Again, all filled with light and breath,
I passed the crowded street—
Oh, great extremes of life and death.
How strangely do ye meet !

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