E. Corbould. H. Robinson.

RETIREMENT.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON & PARIS, 1838.

To Agnes.

"Gifts are the beads of Memory's rosary
Wherein she reckons kind remembrances
Of friends and old affections."

L.E.L.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON & PARIS.

FISHER'S

DRAWING ROOM

SCRAP-BOOK.

MDCCCXXXIX.

WITH POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY

L. E. L.

LONDON:
FISHER, SON, & CO, NEWGATE STREET;
PARIS, QUAI DE L'ECOLE.

PREFACE.

I HAVE again to solicit the indulgence which the Public have so often accorded to this Work. I ask it now perhaps for the last time, on my own part. Leaving England for an indefinite period, time and distance may interfere with my completion of a task rendered gratifying by the continued favour which has rewarded my efforts to please. For the last few years, the DRAWING ROOM SCRAP-BOOK has been the cherished record of my poetical impressions, and my only poetical work; and I grew gradually to look forward to June and July, as recalling my first keen delight in composition, and giving words to those fancies and feelings which constitute, especially, a woman's poetry. It was the object of my Publishers to give a selection of Plates from the many expensive Works in which they were engaged; and it has been mine to give their historical and imaginative associations. I shall hope, with all the freshness of new scenes and thoughts, to write for England when far away from its shores; but that hope is indeed an uncertainty. As it is, I cannot but express my deep sense of the kindness I have ever received from the Public, and entreat its continuance for the present volume.

I must, in conclusion, permit myself the gratification of a few words, most cordial in their expression of obligation to my Publishers. Many circumstances may interrupt my future literary efforts; and I may not have another opportunity of offering my thanks for the constant liberality and kindness that I have met from Messrs. FISHER. I have always received the utmost assistance and encouragement; and I cannot better close these pages than by my sincere good wishes and earnest thanks.

L. E. L.

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Drawn by W. Andrews.

Engraved by H.E. Pyall.

THE FAREWELL.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS, 1838.

THE

DRAWING ROOM SCRAP-BOOK.

THE FAREWELL.

I DARE not look upon that face,
My bark is in the bay,
Too much already its soft grace
Has won from me delay.
A few short hours, and I must gaze
On those sad eyes no more,
A dream will seem the pleasant days
Past on this lonely shore.

I love thee not—my heart has cast
Its inward life away;
The many memories of the past
Leave little for to-day.
Thou art to me a thing apart
From passion, hope, or fear;
Yet 'tis a pleasure to my heart
To know thou art so dear.

It shows me I have something left
Of what youth used to be;
The spirit is not quite bereft
That dreams of one like thee.
I know there is another hour,
When I have left this isle,
When there will be but little power
In thy forgotten smile.

When other eyes may fling their gleams
  Above my purple wine;
But little shall I heed the dreams
  I once could read in thine.
Yet not the less soft—gentle—kind—
  Thy presence has renewed
What long I thought was left behind,
  Youth's glad but softened mood.

Thy heart it is untouched and pure—
  I wish it not for mine;
Too feverish and insecure
  Would be such world-worn shrine.
For thou dost need such quiet home
  As might befit the dove,
Where green leaves droop, and soft winds come,
  Where peace attends on love.

I doubt if I shall gaze again
  Upon that tranquil brow;
I turn to yonder glittering main,
  Impatient for my prow.
Battle and revel, feast and fight,
  Spread o'er life's troubled sea;
Then where will be the calm delight
  That here entranceth me?

When other names that are as sweet,
  Perhaps have been more dear,
Shall make gay midnight moments fleet
  Unlike the midnights here.
When they shall ask for pledge or song,
  I shall not name thy name;
Far other thoughts to them belong
  Than at thy charming came.

Thy pensive influence only brought
  The dreams of early years,
What childhood felt—what childhood thought—
  Its tenderness—its tears!
Farewell! the wind sets from the shore,
  The white foam lights the sea.
If Heaven one blessing have in store,
  That blessing light on thee!

AGNES.

It is his hand—it is his words—
Too well I know the scroll,
Whose style, whose order, and whose shape,
Are treasured in my soul.

For months I only asked to see
One line of his, in vain;
Alas! its presence brings to me
But only added pain.

A fearful thing, the granted wish—
The very shape it takes,
By some strange mockery of our hope,
Another misery makes.

Day after day, the hour went by,
And never letter came;
Or rather, every letter else
But that which bore his name.

I wearied Heaven with my prayers,
I wasted life with tears,
While every morning brought me hopes,
And every evening fears.

How often have I said to friends,
Who sought to warn or cheer,
And told the folly of a love,
So desperate and so dear.

How often have I said, I know
The madness of the dream,
That flings its fate on one frail bark,
Alone on life's dark stream.

That knows one only hope on earth,
One hope in heaven above,
That asketh not for happiness,
And only asks for love.

I loved—must love him—that 'twas vain
To reason or to chide—
That life, unless it gave me him,
Could nothing give beside.

Ah! never till it loves, the heart
Is conscious of its powers;
What knows the undeveloped spring
Of summer's golden hours?

I saw him—and my inmost soul
Its stamp, his image, took;
The passion of a lifetime sprang
Upon a single look.

A sudden and a strange delight
Seemed eager at my heart,
A childlike pleasure, which to all
Its gladness must impart.

I found a thousand charms in life
Till then life never wore!
I marvelled, in my deep content,
I had been sad before.

I never knew what music was
Until his voice I heard;
And never beat my heart so fast
As at his lightest word.

I would have rather been his slave
Than reigned alone his queen;
He was my life—and wanting him
What would the world have been?

He shared the dream, or seemed to share—
Days, weeks, and months passed by.
Never more perfect happiness
Was seen beneath the sky.

We parted—not in doubt or fear—
I wondered he could part;
And the first sense of misery
Awakened in my heart.

I listened till I heard his step
Pass from the closing door;
The pang of death can but be like
The pang that then I bore.

Time measures many hours; for me,
He measured long and slow;
I thought the night would never end,
The day would never go.

I took no other note of time,
Than when his letters came.
How often did I ask of them,
Ah! does *he* feel the same?

A letter is an anxious thing,
Made up of hopes and fears;
And still we question does it mean
More than at first appears.

It never satisfies the heart—
We ask for something more.
Alas! we miss the loving eyes
That looked love's truth before.

He ceased to write—day after day
I waited, and in vain;
Fears that were fancies turned to truth—
He never wrote again.

Words—what are words?—I have no words
To tell of my despair.
If ever death was felt in life,
Look in my heart—'twas there.

The summer past—the autumn past—
For all a world so wide,
I would not live those hours again—
I would that I had died.

Again I saw the well-known hand,
How my heart beat to see!
And can such letter be from him,
And can such be to me?

I will not say, where are the words
That once I used to find?
He may be changed—he may be cold—
How can he be unkind?

True love hath many enemies
Upon this weary earth,
Who cannot bear that others share
The light he giveth birth.

Doubts, fancies, fears, and jealousies,
These are the ghosts whose power
Scaring the spirit with affright,
Is on an absent hour.

There has been long and strange neglect,
And cold harsh words are here,
And yet an inward secret hope
Disputeth with my fear.

It is my deep entire love,
Fond, fervent, and alone,
Apart from all life's lighter change
That answers for his own.

He cannot be so much beloved,
And yet not love again;
Strong is the subtle sympathy
That bindeth such a chain.

My life is flung upon a cast,
To lose it were to die.
Ah! let me only hear his voice,
Ah! let me meet his eye.

We then were happy—fancies, fears,
Will vanish when we meet;
I know that we shall meet again—
I know it will be sweet.

Thou lovest me—I know thou dost—
Despite this cold changed line;
The instinct strong in my own heart
Assureth me of thine.

Ja.s J. Jenkins. E. Ingleton

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

THIS world is a valley of tears, we are told,
But it is not all sorrow and gloom;
For Nature delights brighter truths to unfold
By her song-birds, and flow'rets in bloom.

Wouldst thou learn, then, the lore her glad lessons impart,
At morning, or eventide's hours,
With love, hope, and gratitude shrin'd in thy heart,
Go, and muse in a Garden of Flowers!

Oh! there mayst thou see how THE BEING who plann'd
The Universe first by HIS skill!
Whose Fiat divided the Sea from the Land,
In His works is all wonderful still.

Not alone in His *greatest!* The words of His power,
Which fashion'd earth, ocean, and sky,
Is shown in the exquisite form of each flower,
And the tints which enrapture the eye.

Ay, look on the Lilies! they toil not, nor spin,
Yet earth's proudest monarch, arrayed
In the utmost of pomp that ambition can win,
Their beauty and grace might upbraid.

Or turn to the Rose, and the Jasmine's bright stars,
If thy heart would true loveliness know;
Their splendour no lurking deformity mars,
As in lustre unsullied they glow.

In glory and gladness they blossom, and fling
Their perfume around on the air;
Unto them, too, with colours as bright on his wing,
The Butterfly loves to repair.

While the murmuring Bee, every hour of the day,
Comes hither to gather his spoil,
Till, laden with sweets, he flies booming away
To his hive with the fruit of his toil.

Where, then, should a Mother repair with her child,
If she wish her child first to be taught
That truest of wisdom and lore undefiled,
Which is gather'd from feeling and thought?

Let her often retreat to some Garden—where all
To be witness'd—around, and above,
The affections of childhood may gently enthral
Unto harmony, beauty, and love!

B BARTON.

W. H. Bartlett. W. Floyd.

BETEDDEIN,— PALACE OF THE DRUSES.

DEIR EL-KAMAR IN THE DISTANCE.

FISHER, SON, & Co. LONDON, & PARIS. 1836.

THE GATHERING OF THE CHIEFTAINS AT BETEDDEIN,

THE PALACE OF THE PRINCE OF THE DRUSES.

They come from the mountains, in thousands they come—
There breatheth no trumpet, there beateth no drum;
They march in such silence as suiteth the dead,
Their herald the thunder that echoes their tread.

The sun is midway in his morning advance,
His beams kindle musket, and sabre, and lance;
While beneath each white turban flows down the long hair:
For the locks of the Druse are, like northern locks, fair.

They sweep like a torrent the far mountain-side,
Wild and steep is the path which these warriors ride;
But the foot in the stirrup, the hand on the rein,
To them the hill-side is the same as the plain.

Frail and faint is the Emir who leadeth them on,
His heart has not failed, but his prowess is gone;
Yet he comes in a litter,* due homage to yield
To the Pasha, who gathers his force for the field.

In Ibrahim's cause no man may be slack,
Wo, wo to the coward who turneth him back;
His head to the vulture, his roof to the flame,
Were the doom that would wait on himself and his name.

How gallant they look in their gathered array!
While turban and housing reflect the noon-ray.
Afar are their foes, and the field is before—
It will know them as victors, or know them no more!

* "The palace of the Emir Beshir, the sovereign of Lebanon, is a costly edifice, commanding a prospect of the valley and town of Deir-el-Kamar, with a distant view of the sea. When Ibrahim Pasha was about to march into Syria, his ally, the Emir, sent his summons throughout the whole range of Lebanon, and the mountaineers immediately obeyed the call. On former occasions, the Sheich Beshir, or Druse chief, was general of the army, but the Emir, in this instance, exhibited his zeal in the cause of Ibrahim, by accompanying his troops, on their march to Damascus, borne in a litter. The subjects of the Emir are Druses and Christians, both warlike, both attached to their prince, who is a Christian. They are perhaps the only people who do not love music: they possess no musical instruments, and march to battle without trumpet, pipe, or song."

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Moore's name is a history in itself. Is there a single reader of poetry, to whom "Lalla Rookh" and the "Irish Melodies" are not familiar as household words?

If Titania, just wakened from dreams which the rose,
Flung, coloured and fragrant, around her repose,
Yet, haunted by fancies, should ask for a song,
To bear the soft hours of the noontide along—

'Tis thy lute that should keep the bright fairy from sleeping,
The sea-shell had never such tones in its keeping;
Though in its pale chamber of pearl was the birth
Of the earliest music that breathed over earth.

The falling of fountains—the slight summer rain—
The voice of the dove, were less sweet than thy strain;
Till stirred with delight, would her exquisite wings
Beat time on the west wind, to echo thy strings.

But yet to the ear of the fairy, unknown
Were half the deep music that dwells in thy tone:
The patriot's hope, and the minstrel's despair,
To the human heart vibrate—their dwelling is there.

Thy song has its sunshine—perhaps to that sun
It owes half the loveliest wreaths it has won.
It still lofty hopes and sad thoughts has betrayed—
Where on earth is the sunshine that flingeth no shade?

Thou wert not "the wild wind"* that waked for a while
The music and murmur of "Erin's green isle;"
Ah! no: to thy country thy numbers first brought
The burst of strong feeling—the purpose and thought.

From Memnon's dark statue 'twas morning's glad light
That wakened the melody sleeping through night;
So the soul of thine island arose at thy line,
And to wish for her welfare is wishing for thine.

* "Dear harp of my country, in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own island harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song.
If the heart of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbbed at thy song, 'twas thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind passing heedlessly over—
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thine own."

Painted by P. Sicurec. Engraved by G. Adcock.

Thomas Moore.

FISHER, SON & Cº. LONDON. 1838.

J. Franklin. C. Presbury

"BLESS THE LADS."

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS. 1838.

JACOB BLESSING EPHRAIM AND MANASSEH.

" And Joseph took them both, Ephraim in his right hand towards Israel's left hand, and Manasseh in his left hand towards Israel's right hand, and brought them near unto him. And Israel stretched out his right hand, and laid it upon Ephraim's head, who was the younger, and his left hand upon Manasseh's head, guiding his hands wittingly; for Manasseh was the first-born. And he blessed Joseph, and said, God, before whom my fathers Abraham and Isaac did walk, the God which fed me all my life long unto this day, the Angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads."—*Genesis*, chap. xlviii. ver. 13, *et seq.*

THE old man's head is white with age,
Weary has been his pilgrimage;
Yet " few and evil " were the years
Spent amid our vale of tears.

At his side there is his son,
He so long unlooked upon;
And a stately chief is he
Whom the father cannot see.

Two young children with soft hair
Bright as locks of childhood are,
Kneel with sweet uplifted eyes,
Touched with infantine surprise—

Wondering, as they look above,
Who is he that claims their love.
Yet familiar seems the prayer,
Words from childhood heard are there.

Earnest is the mother's gaze—
Hath she gone to other days,
When the father of her child
Was betrayed—oppressed—exiled?

Weak the old man's voice and low,
Through her soul it seems to go,
Piercing many a future hour
With the prophet's mighty power.

Peace upon each spirit came,
As he blessed them in God's name;
Holy are the words and high,—
And the old man turns to die.

THE SISTERS.

The morning light is in their hair,
Golden as ever sunbeams were;
The morning light is in their eyes,
Azure as ever were the skies:

And every thing in each sweet face
Is touched with gladness and with grace;
The tones are such as might beseem
The colours of a noontide dream;

Some dream, that from external things
Borrows the hues that light its wings,
And some young sleeper's head is laid
On violets in a pleasant shade.

So like they are—as roses grow
Self-same upon the self-same bough,
While just some slight shades intervene,
To mark a change more felt than seen—

So like they are—as nature, loth
To make a difference, modelled both
To the same shape—it was so fair
That not a grace was left to spare.

With the same fantasy she hung
Like music upon either tongue;
And when their silver laughter came,
Whose sweet laugh was it, none might name.

So much for every outward sign.—
The inward world hath deeper shrine;
And never beating heart was known
Without a likeness of its own.

Only in face the same—each heart
Had a sweet empire kept apart.
Change infinite asserts its claim—
Like—lovely—loved,—but not the same.

THE TWIN-SISTERS.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON & PARIS. 1839.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A. — Drawn from Nature by G. F. White, Esq. — E. Goodall

SCENE AT COLGONG ON THE GANGES.

Fisher, Son & Co. London & Paris. 1832.

COLGONG ON THE GANGES.

A LONELY tomb — and who within it sleepeth
None knows: old Time has many secret things.
But there her rosy tears the Evening weepeth,
And there the Morn her early sunshine flings.

For ever glideth on that lovely river;
Laden with early wreaths the creepers twine,
While, like the arrows from a royal quiver,
Golden the glancing sunbeams o'er them shine.

Oh, outward world, how beautiful thy seeming!
How lavish in thy luxury! how fair!
A thousand blossoms light the thickets, teeming
With future glories for the kindling air.

Yet less the prodigal loveliness enchanteth,
With all the passing hours from summer win;
Less is the human spirit by it haunted
Than by some link that wakes the world within.

The Hindoo gathered of the purple flowers —
What needeth he? — A garland for his head? —
Not so — he asketh from the summer hours
A tribute for the unforgotten dead.

And not in vain that fragrant wealth is scattered:
For lofty thoughts and noble, haunt the grave.
The selfish chain of actual life is shattered,
And higher thoughts higher existence crave.

It is the past that maketh the ideal,
Kindling the future with its onward ray,
And o'er a world that else would be too real,
Flinging the glory of the moral day.

The melancholy marking the Hindoo character is especially shown in the picturesque sites chosen for their tombs. Strangers will scatter flowers over the dust that, for them, has not even a name. The tomb on the summit of the rocks at Colgong is treated with that tender respect which in India is always the portion of the dead.—"These picturesque rocks, the occasional habitation of a Fakeer, occur at about a day's journey below Janghera, on the Ganges, in the midst of romantic and varied scenery. They are esteemed sacred by the Hindoo devotees, and have been sculptured with rude effigies of their gods."

LOUISE, DUCHESS OF LA VALLIERE.

Louisa Frances de la Baume le Blanc, Duchess de la Vallière, favourite of Louis XIV. descended from the ancient noble family of De la Baume, was lady of honour to Henrietta of England, wife of the Duke of Orleans. For two years she cherished a secret affection for the King, who finally placed her in the possession of power, which she only exercised for benevolent objects, her conduct never contradicting her gentle disposition. Superseded in the affections of Louis by Madame de Montespan, she retired, at the age of twenty-eight years, into a Carmelite convent near Paris, where she assumed the name of "Sister Louisa de la Miséricorde," and died there in 1710. She is the author of "*Reflexions sur la Miséricorde de Dieu.*—The Abbé Choisi applies to her figure this verse of Fontaine, "Grace that charm'd still more than 'beauty:'"—Madame de Sevignè bestowed on her the appellation of "the humble violet:"—Madame de Genlis has founded a romance on the events of her life; and Lebrun executed a penitent Magdalen, the face of which is from her portrait.

ALONE—again alone—ah! let me kneel
In prayer, or rather, penitence, to heaven.
Yet dare I pray for love that still I feel
Sin, and yet ask that sin to be forgiven?

I kneel to pray—I only pray for him,
His coldness more than my own fault bewailing;
Night after night my weary eyes are dim
With vain fond tears o'er passion unprevailing.

My love no longer makes his happiness,
That happiness of which my love thought only;
Back on my heart let its emotions press,
Not their withdrawal that will leave him lonely.

I could not bear his wretchedness—my own
Is but the bitter penalty of loving
As I have loved—flung at an idol's throne,
With the deep voice within the soul reproving.

The shadow darkens round me of my fate,
I hear the choir upon the midnight swelling;
There closes on me the eternal grate,
Where banished and where broken hearts are dwelling.

Ah! but for him, how glad I were to seek
The peace the holy convent cell possesses!
To draw the veil above my cold, pale cheek,
To shred from this bowed head the golden tresses!

Drawn by E. J. Purris.

Engraved by H. Robinson.

LOUISE, DUCHESS OF LA VALLIÈRE.

Afterwards Sister Louise of the Order of Misericordia, in the Convent of the Carmelites

FISCHER, FILS & CIE. LIBRAIRES A PARIS

In the pale Carmelite would be no trace
Of guilty beauty or of guilty splendour;
There might long years with many tears efface
Love still too passionate and still too tender.

Perhaps this grief is merciful, and sent
To win me from a cold and changed affection,
In vain—though hope its sunny wealth hath spent,
Love needs it not—it lives on recollection.

I know that I deserve what I endure;
But harsh it is when such a blow is given
By him for whom I'd die, could that secure
One joy on earth, or win one hope from heaven.

Too utterly beloved! too much adored,
Since first beneath thy eagle glance I trembled!
What griefs have swelled my sorrow's silent hoard!
How many secret tears have I dissembled!

Ah! never yet the heart of woman knew
Love more intense—life had but one emotion.
My God! to thee had this scorned heart been true,
Not so had been repaid its deep devotion.

I never could have left him, had I left
Within his soul the agony of parting;
But I shall be the only one bereft—
Only within my eyes the tears are starting.

How have I hung upon a single look!
How has a single word disturbed my sleeping!
Each hour its colour from thy greeting took—
What days for thee have passed away in weeping!

And thou art changed to me—thou for whose sake
My soul has perilled all it should have cherished.
Ah! dare I to the quiet convent take
The human love, that should long since have perished?

God will forgive what man may well despise:
The mortal step may turn aside, and falter;
But there is pity in the azure skies,
And there is hope on that eternal altar.

I will take with me prayers and tears — if love
  Yet lingers in the heart I cannot harden;
It will but raise a suppliant look above,
  That looks beyond the grave to ask for pardon.

Long penitence may set the worn one free —
  Oh, my lost spirit! make this last endeavour;
Thanks for thy coldness, Louis, but for thee
  I had not borne to say, Farewell for ever!

THE ANCIENT PRUDE.

FROM COWPER.

Yon ancient prude, whose withered features show
She might be young some forty years ago;
Her elbows pinioned close upon her hips,
Her head erect, her fan upon her lips,
Her eyebrows arched, her eyes both gone astray,
To watch yon amorous couple in their play,
With bony and unkerchiefed neck defies
The rude inclemency of wintry skies;
And sails, with lappet head and mincing airs,
Duly at clink of bell to morning prayers.
To thrift and parsimony much inclined,
She yet allows herself that boy behind;
The shivering urchin, bending as he goes,
With slip-shod heels, and dew-drop at his nose;
His predecessor's coat advanced to wear,
Which future pages yet are doomed to share,
Carries her Bible tucked beneath his arm,
And hides his hands to keep his fingers warm.

J. J. Jenkins. J. Brown.

THE ANCIENT PRUDE.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON & PARIS.

H. Melville. SKETCHED FROM NATURE BY CAPT. GRINDLAY. E. Benjamin.

HINDOO TEMPLES ON THE MOUNTAIN _ LAKE OF ABOO.

GUZERAT.

HINDOO TEMPLES ON THE MOUNTAIN-LAKE OF ABOO.

Aboo Gurgh is a mountain-lake in the province of Guzerat, 5000 feet above the level of the sea, in which the Suruswuttee river has its source. It is surrounded by numerous marble temples, of high antiquity, the principal of which is dedicated to Mahadeo, and the district itself is held in the utmost veneration by the Hindoos. "The Olympus of India, the celebrated Aboo, is the source of the tribe of Chohaun Rajpoots. There are no temples in India which can for a moment compete with these, either in costliness of materials or beauty of design."

Grindlay's India.

From the hills they descend, as wild as the river
Which spring hath unloosed, like a shaft from its quiver;
With light on its waters, and foam on its banks,
So gather these free waves—so gather these ranks.

There is gold on the housings, and gold on the rein
That checks the bold courser they guide to the plain.
More precious by far to the warriors are
The matchlock they carry, the sabre they bear.

Red, red is the turban that girdles their brow—
More redly the blood of their foemen shall flow.
Free the wing of the heron, that waves white at its side,
More free are the Rajpoots to battle who ride.

They have kept their old hills unsubdued by a foe—
There is death and defeat in the country below;
But the Rajpoots have kept their ancestral hills
Untrod, like their snows—and unchained, like their rills.

The Moslem sweeps on with his banner of green,
And ruins have marked where the crescent has been;
But here the sole crescent that ruleth on high
Is when the young moon first appears in the sky.

Sail down by the Jumna, and what will ye find
But the horsetail and crescent, that sweep on the wind?
The Ottoman conqueror rules to the sea,
But not o'er these mountains—the fearless and free.

No prayer writ in gold from the wall is effaced—
No altar is levelled—no shrine is defaced:
The sons of Mahomet all else may subdue,
But safe, 'mid their clouds, are the heights of Aboo.

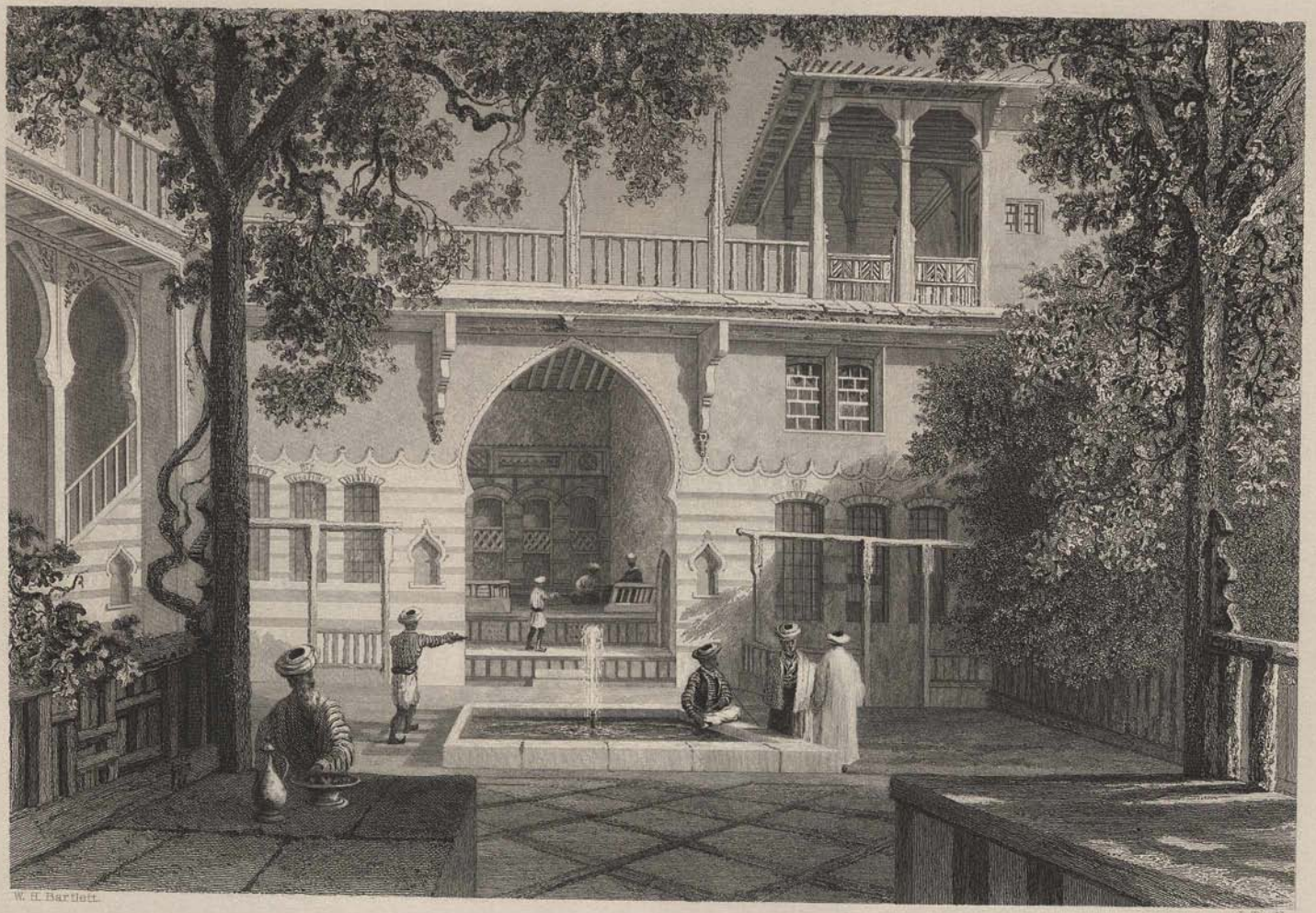
COURT OF A TURKISH VILLA,

NEAR DAMASCUS.

In the midst a fountain
  Singeth day and night,
Each small wave a mirror
  For the changing light.
Now the golden sunshine,
  Softened by the boughs,
Which a doubtful passage
  To the light allows:
    Or the moon seems lingering near,
    As she paused the words to hear
    Of the tales Arabian,
    The old Arabian Nights.

On the wind a murmur
  Seems to float along,
Soft as is the music
  Of remembered song.
Bringing at the moment
  All that dwelt apart
In the lone recesses
  Of the haunted heart.
    So upon her twilight wings
    Memory beareth graceful things
    From the tales Arabian,
    From the old Arabian Nights.

I can see the garden
  Treasured from the day,
Where the young Aladdin
  Took his wondering way.
Pale the lamp was burning
  Which the genii swayed;
Would that at this moment
  I could have its aid!
    All my fancies, now so vain,
    I might with a wish obtain;
    As in the tales Arabian,
    The old Arabian Nights.



W. H. Bartlett. J. Tingle

COURT OF A TURKISH HOUSE AT SALAHYCH.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS 1835

Far away the island
Rises on the deep,
Where the fated Agib
Found the boy asleep.
Soon the old fond father
Came with songs and joy.
Ah! what bears he with him
But his murdered boy!
Still does Fate in some dark shape,
Mock our efforts to escape,
As in the tales Arabian,
The old Arabian Nights.

Next, a summer palace
Gleams with sudden light,
But the lovely Persian
Makes it yet more bright
I can hear her singing
In the lonely tower,
Mournful — oh, how mournful!
Of a happier hour.
Still the same star rules above,
Sorrow still companions love,
As in the tales Arabian,
The old Arabian Nights.

Pleasantly these fancies
Haunt that fountain's fall,
Making its low music
Yet more musical.
Still around its waters
Are adventures told,
Wonderful as any
That I read of old.
Never will their charm depart,
Still a portion of the heart
Dwells with the tales Arabian,
The old Arabian Nights.

MISS JEWSBURY.

I have preferred accompanying this Portrait with some lines of the gifted writer, never, I believe, published before—to any of my own. A few words of enduring affection—of extreme admiration—and of regret—are their fitting companions.

TO L. E. L.—AFTER MEETING HER FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Good night! I have no jewels
As parting gifts to bring;
But here's a frank and kind farewell,
Thou gay and gifted thing!

In the lonely hours of night,
When the face puts off its mask,
When the fevered day is over,
And the heart hath done its task.

When reason mourns the vanities
That stoop the lofty will,
Till the spirit's rack of worldliness
Is struck, and yields its rill.

Then, then, I think of thee, friend,
With sad, soft, earnest thought,
As of a child from fairy land
Into the desert brought:

Forgetting there the visions
That make of childhood part;
And singing songs of fairy land,
Without the fairy heart:

As of a rose at noontide,
Waving proudly to the view,
Yet wanting, in its crimson depth,
The early drop of dew:

As of a tree in autumn,
With its green leaves turned to gold;
But having on the healthy bough
A faint decaying hold:

Painted by G. Freeman. Engraved by J. Cochran.

MRS. FLETCHER.

late

M. J. Jewsbury

FISHER, SON, & Co. LONDON, & PARIS, 1838.

As of rills that run in summer
With bright but hollow glee,
Wilt thou blame me, my too careless friend,
If thus I think of thee?

I would my home were lovely
As some which thou hast sung—
I would there were around it
All lavish beauty flung—

I would bear thee to its bosom,
Thou shouldst dwell with nature free,
And the dew of early truthfulness
Would soon come back to thee.

Thou shouldst dwell in some fair valley,
Amid the true and kind,
And morn should make each mountain
A Memnon to thy mind.

Alas! alas! my dwelling
Is amid a way-worn world;
And my vision, like a banner,
But opened to be furled.

And yet my thoughts turn to thee,
They kind and anxious turn—
I foresee for thee a future
Which will have too much to learn.

Thy life is false and feverish,
It is like a masque to thee:
When the task and glare are over,
And thou grievest—come to me.

M. J. J.

Mrs. Hemans, in describing the effect produced upon her feelings by the tidings of Mrs. Fletcher's decease, uses the following expressive language. "It hung the more heavily upon my spirits, as the subject of death, and the mighty future, had so many times been that of our most confidential communion. How much deeper power seemed to lie coiled up as it were in the recesses of her mind, than was ever manifested to the world in her writings! Strange and sad does it seem, that only the broken music of such a spirit has been given to the earth, the full and finished harmony never drawn forth."

Miss Jewsbury, a native of Warwickshire, was born in the year 1800; married the Rev. Kew Fletcher, August 2d, 1832; and proceeded with him to India, where she died, October 3d, 1833.

VILLAGE OF KOGHERA,

NEAR THE CHOOR MOUNTAIN.

This Indian village is distinguished for the remarkable variety of beautiful shrubs and evergreens that are indigenous to its mountain vicinity, and for the noble trees called *pinus deodora*, which not unfrequently attain a height of 180 feet. The base of the Choor mountain, which hangs over this sequestered spot, is carpeted with anemones, ranunculuses, violets, cowslips, and daisies, while the adjacent forest-scene is luxuriant in the highest degree. The rhododendron with its scarlet blossoms, is succeeded by oak, walnut, birch, elm, and lastly pine. The higher parts of the mountain being snow-clad the greater portion of the year, are destitute of verdure. When the snow has dissolved, juniper and currants make their appearance; at an elevation of eleven thousand feet above the sea, the noblest pine-trees in existence rear their heads; and, some thousand feet lower down, a species of bamboo.

SHE raised her palace of the snows
  Upon the mighty hills,
Whence, in the languid summer, flows
  A thousand shining rills;
And Nature said, This place I'll take,
My deepest solitude to make.

A thousand nameless years went by,
  As silent as their birth;
The clouds that wandered o'er the sky
  Beheld no change on earth:
With one unbroken chronicle,
A thousand years left nought to tell.

The winds afar off heard the voice
  Of man's tumultuous life;
The vultures hurried to rejoice
  O'er his perpetual strife:
With clanging wing and crimson beak,
They gathered round, their dead to seek.

The days were loud with war and toil,
  The nights with fear and care;
The dragon's teeth within the soil
  Made tumult every where.
And senates, met to talk of peace,
Aided the turmoil to increase.

T. Allom. Drawn from Nature by G.F. White, Esq. W. Floyd.

VILLAGE OF KOGHERA & DEODAR FOREST.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS, 1836.

The stars went down amid the deep,
The sun rose up at morn;
There was no quiet for their sleep,
The sounds of life were borne
Far o'er the inhabitable main,
Vexed for man's warfare or man's gain.

But here no tumult ever past,
The wild wind brought no sound,
Saving the mighty music cast
By the dark pine-trees round;
And Nature had one hour's repose
Amid the silence of the snows.

The foot of man these heights hath sought —
What will his coming bring?
What hath his coming ever brought
The world where he is king?
Cares, toils, the universal dower
Both of his presence and his power.

But yet those cares have high reward,
Those toils a noble scope;
Each year that passes has unbarred
The gates of some great hope;
Each height that man can gain brings near
The shadow of a higher sphere.

Hope is a solemn creed and true,
And still keeps looking on;
We only judge what man can do
By that which he has done.
Hope's shadow is before it cast —
The prophet's mirror is the past.

Let none despair, and say, How vain
Man's labour and man's care!
Each hour that passes must sustain
The spirit that would dare.
For not on an unthankful soil
Has man bestowed his time and toil.

Still are his blessings on increase,
If they be borne aright:
Where there was war, there now is peace—
Where darkness, there is light;
And science yieldeth, every hour,
Those gifts to knowledge which are power.

My glorious country! thou whose feet
Are on the mountain's height.
So may thy onward progress meet
The morning's mighty light;
Still to thy great advance be given
The steps that bring thee nearer heaven.

ODE TO RETIREMENT.

"Nor those alone prefer a life recluse,
Who seek retirement for its proper use;
To them the deep recess of dusky groves,
Or forest where the deer securely roves,
The fall of waters and the song of birds,
And hills that echo to the distant herds,
Are luxuries excelling all the glare
The world can boast, and her chief fav'rites share."

Pale maiden, that dost sit with downcast eye,
Musing on many things, although thy path
Hath now no more the toil another hath.
This world and this world's things thou hast put by,
A holier and a calmer lot to try.
Beloved art thou of many in their speech,
The goal which is the general hope to reach;
Yet gained, thy sister Weariness stands nigh.
Mistress of mournful thoughts and quiet hours,
Given to Memory more than Hope's domain—
Visions and fancies haunt thy dreaming bowers,
Where life may linger, but may not remain.
Only a shelter art thou on our road,
But never meant for mortal man's abode.

Painted by F. W. Topham. Engraved by C. Lewitt.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

Bidding adieu to his Friends.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON & PARIS 1836.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

Dark the wave, and dark the cloud,
  Yet thy bark is on the sea;
Say "farewell" to other friends,
  Do not say "farewell" to me.

Others may desert thy cause,
  Others may desert thy side—
I cling to thee till the hour
  Death shall me and thee divide.

Fatal is thy doomed house,
  Last of an ill-fated line;
But through exile and through blood
  I will follow thee and thine.

Never more thy step will be
  On thy own, thy English shore;
Let another take thy land,
  It will know thy place no more.

Vainly through a life of care
  Have I struggled for thine own!
Must thy people know thee not?—
  Must a stranger fill thy throne?

Let the old ancestral names
  Which were bound to thee and thine,
Kneel before the rising sun—
  Worship at a newer shrine.

Spurning our dishonoured land,
  In yon bark I cross the wave:
Never will I leave thy side
  Till I leave thee for the grave!

Charles Edward Stuart, called "*the Pretender*," grandson of James II. of England, son of James Edward and Clementine, daughter of Prince Sobiesky, was born at Rome, in 1720. In his attempts to recover the throne of his grandfather, he was supported by the courts of Rome and Versailles, but the battle of Culloden terminated his military career. A reward of £30,000 being offered for his head, he concealed himself in the fastnesses of Scotland until the arrival of a French frigate in Lochnanach, in which he embarked for France, and bade a last adieu to Britain. In the 52d year of his age he espoused a Princess of Stolberg-Gedern, but died, in 1788, aged 68 years. His remains were entombed, at Frescati, with regal pomp.

Oh! do not take the picture,
I pray thee, Mother dear;
It has been the only solace
Of many a lingering year.
I may be wrong, my Mother,
I know that I am wrong;
But I have loved that image
So dearly and so long!
Children we were together—
And with it will depart
All that remains of childhood
Around my wasted heart.

Forgive me, oh! my Mother!
All hope I can resign;
But leave a little memory
Of what no more is mine.
We shall meet no more, my Mother,
As we were wont to meet,
Overhead the long green branches,
The wild flowers at our feet.
I know that he is altered,
That I am altered too,
That we could not if we would, Mother,
Our early love renew.

We meet—it is as strangers—
We part without a word;
But in my heart there vibrates
An unforgotten chord.
It is not love but sorrow,
Wo for the youthful heart,
That sees its fairest fancies,
Its dearest dreams depart.
It will but guard the future
With many a mournful sign:
Then give me back the picture—
Oh, give it, Mother mine.

Drawn by Miss Louisa Sharpe. Engraved by H. Robinson.

THE KEEPSAKE.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS. 1838.

Drawn by T. Allom.

Engraved by W. Floyd.

Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS, 1836.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S ENTRANCE INTO KENILWORTH.

LONELY sits the lovely lady,
Lonely in the tower;
Is the dell no longer shady
Where she was the flower?
Wherefore did she leave that dell?
There she knew no ruder sorrow
Than some childish toy,
Vanished whensoe'er to-morrow
Brought some newer joy.
Captive in a captive cell,
She hath bade her youth farewell.

While the lonely lady keepeth
Vigil sad and lone,
Asking every hour that creepeth
When will night be done,
Watching makes the hours seem long.
Mocking at the mourner's sadness
Rises from below,
Every sound of feast and gladness
That the night can know.
What avails those sounds among—
One low sigh is borne along.

"Kenilworth Castle is one of the most magnificent piles of ruin in England. In the reign of the first Henry it was private property, but its owner taking an unsuccessful part in the civil wars, it fell to the crown, and remained so till the time of Elizabeth, who bestowed it on her favourite Leicester. On the 9th of July, 1575, a banquet was given to Elizabeth, by its ambitious lord, which Langham, an officer of the Queen's household, who was present at the time, has described minutely: 'The queen approaching the first gate, a man of tall person, and stern countenance, with a club and keys, accosted her majesty in a rough speech, full of passion, in metre aptly made for the purpose—demanding the cause of all this din and noise, and riding about within the charge of his office. But on seeing the queen, as if pierced at the presence of a personage so evidently expressing heroical sovereignty, he falls down on his knees, humbly prays pardon for his ignorance, yields up his club and keys, proclaims open gates, and free passage to all:'—immediately the trumpeters on the gate-tower, six in number, each an eight foot high, with their silvery trumpets of a five foot long, sounded up a tune of welcome."—*Vide Langham's Account of the Festivities at Kenilworth.*

From the topmost turret ringing
Comes the giant bells,
Till the very walls are swinging,
Of the sad one's cell—
Deafened with the iron roar—
Loud the fiery cannon sounding,
Seem to rend the skies,
While the multitude surrounding
Answer with their cries.
Loud as waves upon the shore,
Fast the hurrying horsemen pour.

Lute and voices soft are stealing,
Soft and musical;
But the trumpet, proud appealing,
Rises above all.
Proud it welcomes England's Queen.
Slow amid the crowd she rideth
With a stately grace,
While with queen-like art she chideth
Her white courser's pace—
That no one who there had been
But might tell who he had seen.

Blue her eyes are, as the morning
Flashing into day;
Clear as are the falcon's, scorning
Not to meet that ray.
Now its light is soft the while.
In her golden hair are blended
Diamond and pearl;
But that glittering head is bended
To the favourite Earl;
And the Lady of our isle
Listens with a conscious smile.

Suddenly the air is gleaming
With a rosy light,
And thousand rockets streaming
Seem like stars, when night
Shakes them from her raven hair.
Gloriously the golden splendour
Flashes o'er the scene:
Thus the lake and castle render
Homage to the Queen.
Shouts from all the crowd declare
That the Queen hath entered there.

At the royal rein attending,
Does Lord Leicester ride,
To the mane his dark locks bending,
As he keeps her side—
And his voice is soft and low.
Proud he welcomes in his sovereign,
Proud he paceth by,
Yet there was some trouble hovering
O'er his large dark eye.
Mockery of life's fairest show,
Who can read the heart below ?

Where is she, the sorrow-laden,
In this glorious hour ?—
Lonely sits the lonely maiden,
In the haunted tower.
Sadly is it haunted now
By the thoughts that memory bringeth
Most when wanted not;
Wearily her hands she wringeth
O'er her weary lot—
While her golden tresses flow
Loose o'er her neglected brow.

Pale the pitying moonlight gleaming
Shows her sweet pale face,
While the bright hair round her streaming,
Loses not its grace,
Though so carelessly arrayed.
On her hand her white brow stooping,
Leaneth she alone;
With a weary spirit drooping
Over days now gone—
Days ere love the heart betrayed
Thus to solitude and shade.

Ever thus does woman's spirit
Choose the dangerous part;
Still the worst doth she inherit
Of the beating heart—
Much must it abide.
Scarcely has she left her childhood,
She who leans above,
Pining for her native wild wood,
For her father's love.
Better far that she had died
Than another love have tried.

One brief feverish sleep she taketh
From the night's long pain;
But the cruel morning breaketh,
And she wakes again.
Music is upon the air—
Cheerily the horns are ringing
Round the captive's keep;
And the early lark is singing
While her sad eyes weep.
Every sound the wild winds bear
Only bring doubt—death—despair.

AN ONLY SON.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

O! DEAR, how very sick I feel,
And how my head does ache;
The room around me seems to reel,
Yet they *will* make me take
This broth, which might be physic too;
And never will be done:
O dear! they do torment me so,
Who'd be an only Son?

Mother *will* have me swallow all
The draughts the doctors send;
Yet, when they make their daily call,
Nurse says I do not mend.
I know, with powders, and with pills,
They'll kill me ere they've done;
They care not, so they're paid their bills!
Who'd be an only Son?

W. HUNT. W. HOLL.

AN ONLY SON.

CHATTO & WINDUS & CO. LONDON & PARIS. 1876.

C. Stanfield, R.A. DRAWN FROM NATURE BY G.F. WHITE, ESQ. J. Engle.

THE CHOOR MOUNTAINS.

CROSSING THE CHOOR MOUNTAINS.

Lieutenant Moorcroft was the first European who ever crossed the Choor Mountains. After many hardships and difficulties, he died at Andhko. The elevation of this mountain-pass above the level of the sea, is twelve thousand one hundred and forty-nine feet. During a considerable part of the year, the Choor is hoary with snow; and when moonlight falls upon the scene, an effect is produced as if floods of molten silver were poured over the surface. Moonlight in these regions assumes a novel charm. The rugged peaks, stern and chilling as they are, lose their awful character, and become brilliant as polished pearl: the trees, covered with icicles, seem formed of some rich spar; and the face of nature becoming wholly changed, presents the features of a world calm and tranquil, but still and deathlike.

He was the first that ever crossed
  Those pale hills, with their snow,
Whose summits in the clouds are lost,
  From whence the cold rills flow.
He stood — the pines at his right hand,
  The eagle at his side;
He thought upon his English land,
  And Solitude replied.

How strange it must have been to hear
  Our own familiar tongue,
Bringing its home and childhood near
  Those mountain-tops among.
Within that English traveller's heart
  What deep emotions stirred,
As talked their little band apart,
  Each with an English word!

Were they familiar thoughts and fond—
  Thoughts linked with early hours,
That scarcely give a look beyond
  The present's fruit and flowers,
That seem to pass like streams away,
  And yet that leave behind
Music that many an after day
  Will bring again to mind?

'Tis strange how often early years
Will unexpected rise,
And bring back soft and childlike tears
To cold and world-worn eyes.
Soft voices come upon the wind,
Old songs and early prayers,
And feel how much of good and kind
Our weary life still spares.

Or had he lofty thoughts and stern,
Of what before him lay;
Did his aspiring thoughts discern
Honours some future day,
Of science, aided by his toil—
Of knowledge, taught to roam—
Of all the rich and varied spoil
The traveller brings home?

He needed all—the hopes that guide—
The memories that cheer—
For after hours were at his side,
Of care, and pain, and fear.
His was a hard and weary lot,
His hour of wandering past;
Alas! for him awaited not
A welcome home at last.

Strange hands sustained his sinking head,
Strange steps were at his side,
Strange faces bent above the bed,
The bed whereon he died.
I cannot bear to think of this—
Death-lone on that far strange shore;
And yet the death-bed that was his
Awaiteth many more.

Our careless crowds too little think
Of those who work their will;
Of dangers from which we should shrink—
Of toils, while we are still.
Too late some vain regret may wake,
And pity then affords
For some young bold adventurer's sake,
A few vain tears and words.

THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS. 1836.

THE SAILOR'S BRIDE;

OR,

THE BONAVENTURE.

The day is yet rosy with wakening from sleep,
The stars have one moment gone down in the deep,
The flowers have not opened that hide in the grass,
And the hares leave their print in the dew as they pass.
Long and dark on the sand are the shadows that fall
From turret and tower of the castle's old wall;
No fisherman's sail to the morning is spread —
Why leaveth the lady her chamber and bed?

Why leaves she her chamber of purple?—too soon
For its curtains' silk folds to unclose before noon.
Why leaves she her pillow, so soft and so fair?—
The hours of the night are yet cold on the air.
Her maidens are sleeping—her young page, in dreams,
Sees the blue flowers that bend by the far inland streams;
Those flowers each morning his lady receives—
He'll gather them yet with the dew on their leaves.

Upriseth the lady, to ask from the light
The hope of her day, and the dream of her night.
She comes with the morning—she lingers at eve—
For long months has her task been to gaze and to grieve.
No tidings to cheer her—but still she hopes on,
Though the summer he promised their meeting, be gone;
An hundred knights ask for a look, on their knee,
But she turns from them all, and she watches the sea.

Three years have gone by since the ship spread her sail,
Yet she watches the wave, and she waiteth the gale.
There are shells in her chamber—when midnight is lone,
How often her ear has been filled with their tone;
While she asked of the tempest, from warnings that dwell
Like echoes that breathe of their birth, in each shell.
There are flowers, the rarest—but dearer than all
Is the sea-weed that hangeth cold, damp, on the wall.

She saw the tall ship through the dark waters ride,
With war on her deck, and with death at her side;
She caught the last wave of the captain's armed hand,
And the Bonaventure left our fair English strand.
She was bound for the south, where gold and where war
Await the bold seaman who comes from afar;
But many and strong are the galleons of Spain,
And three years Sir Francis has been on the main.

The white o'er the red rose has somewhat prevailed,
And more slender her form since Sir Francis first sailed;
But lovely, how lovely! that paleness to him
Who knows for his sake lip and cheek are thus dim.
The oriel, whose shrine is of silver, where stands
St. Therese, that lifted the white-sculptured hands,
Might tell how long midnights the ladye has prayed
For that ship in the South seas, her patron saint's aid,

No night is so long, but it breaks into day—
No voyage, that has not an end to its way—
The ladye hath risen with daybreak again,
She watcheth the sky, and she watcheth the main:
She seeth a speck—'tis a cloud in the sky—
Ah, no—'tis a tall ship! it comes—it is nigh—
The flag of St. George is hung proud at the mast,
The Bonaventure is returning at last.

Drawn by J. Franklin. Engraved by G. Presbury

THE LAST REQUEST.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS. 1835.

THE LAST REQUEST.

"The solemnities of a dying chamber are some of the most melancholy scenes imaginable: there lies the affectionate husband, the indulgent parent, the faithful friend, and the generous master. He lies in the last extremities, and on the very point of dissolution. Art has done its all. The raging disease mocks the power of medicine. It hastens, with resistless impetuosity, to execute its dreadful errand: to rend asunder the silver cord of life, and the more delicate tie of social attachment, and *conjugal affection.*"—HERVEY.

SINKING on his couch he lies—
Pale his lips, and dim his eyes;
Yet he hath a little breath—
Love is stronger still than death.

Yet his faltering accents seek
Of the heart within to speak—
Of a love that cannot die—
Of a hope beyond the sky.

Near him stands his youngest one,
Fearing what he looks not on;
Fearing, though he knows not why,
With a strange and downcast eye.

But his sister, on the bed
Bendeth her despairing head.
Must her father be resigned—
He, so careful, and so kind?

Never more with eager feet
Will she haste that sire to meet,
Laden with the early flowers
Which he loved, of April hours.

But the wife beside his bed
Calmly holds his dying head.
Full her heart of tears may be—
They are not for him to see.

For the sake of gone-by years,
Filled with mutual hopes and fears—
For the sake of that loved brow.
She is calm as he is now.

Angel-wings in glory sweep
O'er the coming of that sleep—
Let him close his weary eyes,
They will open in the skies.

SIR THOMAS TYLDESLEY.

THE dew on the forest is steaming and white,
As cold as the moonbeam it mirrored all night.
Pale and ghostlike the stars fade away in the sky,
While a faint misty gleam tells the sun is on high.

The moon in the west with a faint and veiled crest,
Her beauty departed, is sinking to rest;
The sun in the east is still cumbered with night,
No rays are around him, no colours are bright.

And dark, like an omen, the long shadow falls
Of my castle, that threatens, with war on its walls;
The guns on the ramparts — the flag at the keep,
Drooping downwards — their watch, but a sullen watch, keep.

There! — silence those trumpets — they suit not the hour —
My lady is weeping alone in her bower.
I ride not to battle as on I should ride,
With my foe to my face, and my friend at my side.

But the war-cry that rises to answer my own
Will be in the tongue I from childhood have known;
The hand will be English that meets my right hand,
And the soil where we fight is our own native land.

I shun not the combat, but grieve at the cause,
That ever our freedom, our faith, and our laws,
Our heritage old, that for ages has stood,
Should need the dark sanction and cement of blood.

Farewell! my fair castle — farewell! my fair dame —
Farewell! the fair boy—now the last of his name.
My banner I spread — to my saddle I spring —
I fight for my country — I fight for my king.

Sir Thomas Tyldesley was a distinguished cavalier, whose deeds were more suited to the pages of a romance than to those of history, and who, by his affection and steadiness to an unfortunate master, his dauntless courage and chivalrous bearing, has cast a halo round a cause, which of itself, perhaps, has little to recommend it. He was born at Tyldesley, in Lancashire, was bred in the German wars, raised a troop at his own expense to assist Charles I., served with honour at the battles of Edge-Hill, Burton-upon-Trent, Bolton, Lancaster, &c. and fell in the action of Wigan Lane, 25th of August, 1651. A monumental pillar was erected on the spot where he received his death-wound, and he was interred beneath a marble tomb in the Church of Leigh.

ENGRAVED BY J. COCHRAN. FROM A PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF W. HULTON, ESQ. OF HULTON PARK, NEAR BOLTON.

SIR THOMAS TYLDESLEY.

FISHER, SON, & CO. LONDON, 1838.

W. Purser. DRAWN FROM NATURE BY G. F. WHYTE, ESQ. H. Jorden.

CROSSING THE RIVER TONSE BY A JHOOLA.

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON & PARIS. 1836.

CROSSING THE RIVER TONSE BY A JHOOLA.

LIGHT is the bridge across the dark blue river,
Gracefully swinging, far more like a shadow
Flung from a cloud, than the work of man and labour.

Formed of twisted grasses, fragile is the structure—
Seems it as meant to bear no other burthen
Than sunbeams and moonbeams, dreams, thoughts, and fancies.

Light is the line it traces on the water,
Light is the line it traces on the air—
Made to carry over yellow flowers from the champac.

Yet must it bear the weight of many burthens;
Winding around it passes the dark Hindoo—
Often does it bend, though it breaks not with its freightage.

Airy bridge! thou art of airy youth the symbol—
So does its hope bind the present and the future;
So slight is the structure which its heart carries onwards.

Hope's fairy arches cross human life's dark river;
Frail the support—while over it there hastens
All the sweet beliefs that make the morning fair.

Soon the noontide comes, and the hurried hours grow busy
Morning has passed like a bright and sudden vision,
Day has other freightage than its blushes and its dews.

Slight as is the bridge, yet it can well sustain them;
Hope carries on life's passage to the last,
Aiding in its labour, as it aided in its fancies.

The natives of this part of India perform the operation of crossing their rivers by means of a jhoola, or rope-bridge; holding on with the hands and feet, and making a loop of their bodies: but, for those unaccustomed to their exercises, there is a wooden slide attached to the rope. On the left bank of the Tonse, which is rather more elevated than the opposite one, a three-stranded rope is attached to a log of wood, secured among the rocks. The rope being stretched across the river, (which is here eighty yards in width) is passed between the prongs of a wooden fork, planted firmly in the ground; and being again divided into three strands, is secured to the trunk of a tree, steadied by a heavy weight. The slide, of hollowed wood, hangs like a movable scale from the rope, having two handles, and a loop to which a thin cord is attached; by means of the latter, the two-handled chair, or slide, is drawn from the lower to the higher bank, the weight of the passenger being sufficient to accomplish the transit in the opposite direction.

THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH.

"When I behold," said the Monk, "this rich and varied land, (the Vale of Perth, from the hill of Kinnoul,) with its castles, churches, convents, stately palaces, and fertile fields, these extensive woods, and that noble river, I know not whether most to admire—the bounty of God, or the ingratitude of man. He hath given us the beauty and fertility of the earth, and we have made the scene of his bounty a charnel-house and a battle-field. He hath given us power over the elements, and to erect houses for comfort and defence, and we have converted them into dens for robbers."—SCOTT.

A FAIR, pale beauty—with a shadowy lustre
Flung over neck and forehead by her hair,
Gathered behind into a golden cluster,
As if the morning sunshine rested there.

Pensive she was, as if the spirit pondered
On things that rarely make the thoughts of youth;
Upon an angel's wings those white thoughts wandered,
Asking of purer air, diviner truth.

Down to the earth her large blue eyes are bending,
Turned on the inward world which gives their light,
Like the first star upon the eve attending,
Too spiritual for day—too fair for night.

Pale is her cheek, and serious is her seeming,
Unkindled by a blush, or by a smile—
So might a seraph look while mournful dreaming
Over a world it does not share the while.

Oh! there are moments when the full heart, turning
From this life, insufficient, vexed, and drear,
Looks to the skies with an impatient yearning,
And asks the morning for another sphere.

She is full young for this—when hopes lie scattered
Like bridal flowers, above young Pleasure's tomb;
Then may the chain that binds to earth be shattered—
But she knows not this weariness—this gloom.

But not the less the worldly chain is riven—
The world's joys, griefs, and cares behind her thrown.
Such are the spirits that aspire to heaven,
And such the hearts that heaven stamps as its own.

Painted by A. Chisholm. Engraved by P. Lightfoot.

THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH.

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON & PARIS 1838.

Drawn by - Jenkins.

Engraved by J. A. Dean.

A SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

A SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

How many are the fancies
  That joyous childhood hath!
It stoops to gather flowers
  Where'er may be its path.

And age, too, has its fancies,
  As earnest, if less sweet;
It makes but stormy weather
  When fancies chance to meet.

It is an ancient chamber,
  Where he for years has stored
What years have gone to gather—
  The antiquary's hoard.

It is their grandsire's birthday,
  And every child is come
In merriment and secret
  To spoil that guarded room.

One trails a mystic garment
  That once a mummy wore;
One empties a rich casket
  Of coins upon the floor.

In comes the angry grandsire,
  His cane is in his hand:
There seems but little terror
  'Mid that detected band.

Methinks a pleasant lesson
  Is given by the scene—
That age alike and childhood
  Delight in what has been.

They will make, those happy children,
  The old man's heart their own—
There never was a pleasure
  Could be enjoyed alone.

LINES SUGGESTED ON VISITING NEWSTEAD ABBEY.*

WHAT makes the poet?—Nothing but to feel
More keenly than the common sense of feeling;
To have the soul attuned to the appeal
Of the dim music through all nature stealing.

Ah! poetry is, like love, its own avenger;
Sweet thoughts, fine fancies, by its footsteps roam;
It wanders through the world a lovely stranger,
To find this weary world is not its home.

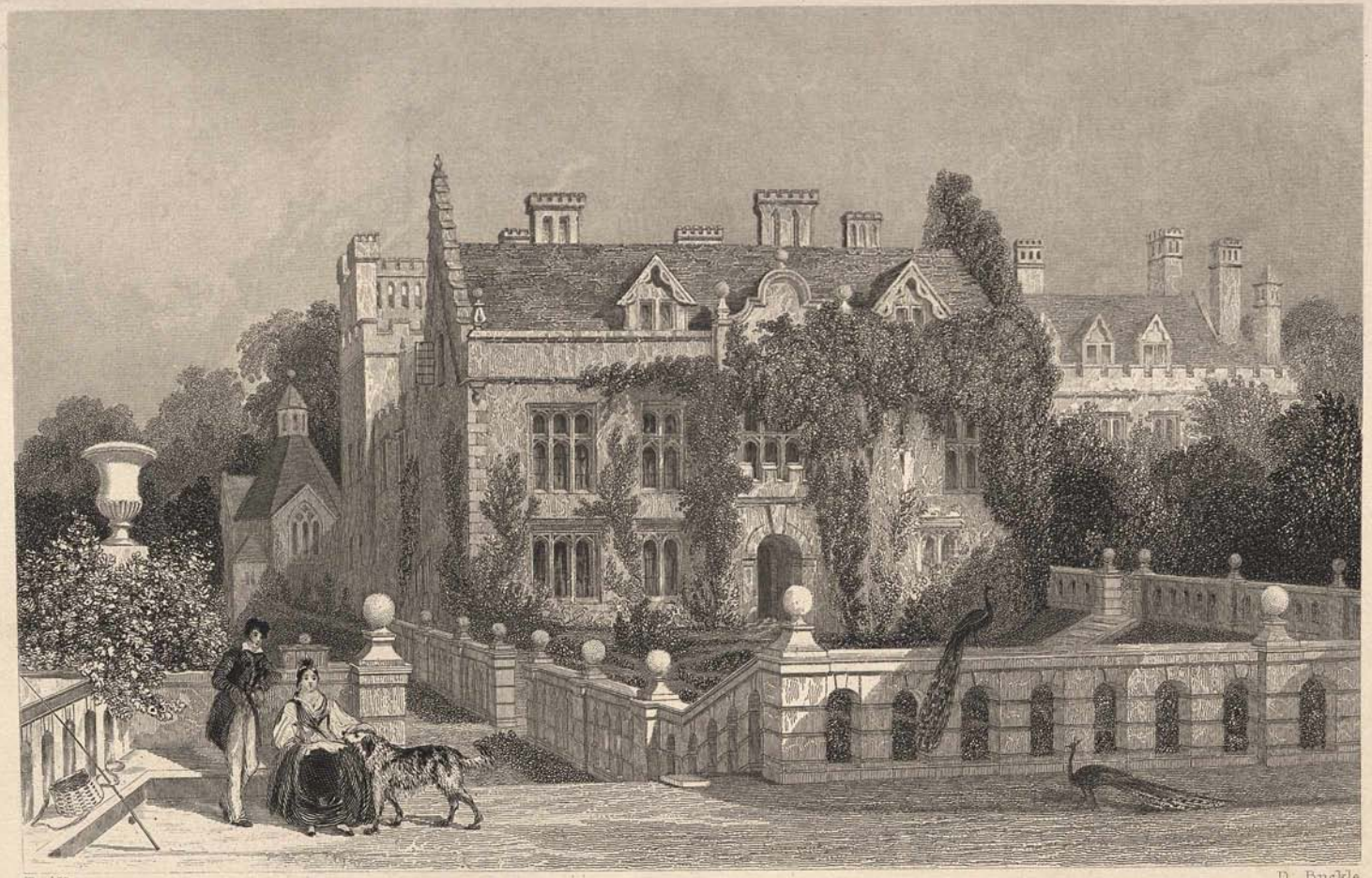
Cares, envyings, blame, disturb its bright dominion;
Fretted, it labours of its own unrest:
The wounded dove folds up its drooping pinion,
And pines and fevers on its lonely nest.

Or rather say, it is the falcon, scorning
The shaft by which he met his mortal blow:
Stately he rose to meet the golden morning—
Ere noontide came, the gallant bird lay low.

Ah! who may know what gloomy guests, unbidden,
Await such spirits in their unstrung hours!
Thoughts by the better nature vainly chidden,
Forcing allegiance to the darker powers.

And who may know how sad and how subdued
When, with its own o'ertasking, faint and weary,
The mind sinks down into that gloomy mood,
To which all future hours seem dark and dreary!

* Newstead Abbey, celebrated as having been the paternal estate of Lord Byron, is situated in Nottinghamshire, within a short distance of Mansfield. It was founded in 1170, by Henry II. as a priory for Black Canons, and was granted, at the period of the dissolution of religious houses, to Sir John Byron, lieutenant of Sherwood forest, in Henry the Eighth's time. The grantee incorporated part of the Abbey with his dwelling-house, but suffered the Church to fall to decay. Although the estate continued in the Byron family until 1815, the mansion and offices, which are all in the ecclesiastical style, were much neglected, and the antique and valuable furniture of the chief apartments, alienated by the representatives of the family. The eccentric author of Childe Harolde disposed of this patrimonial inheritance to T. Clawton Esq., for the sum of £140,000, by whom it was resold to Colonel Wildman for £100,000. It is now in the most perfect state of repair, and, independent of the interest it derives from having once belonged to, perhaps, the first of English poets, it possesses very considerable claim to admiration, as a splendid and beautiful private residence.



T. Allom. D. Buckle.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

FISHER, SON, & Cº LONDON & PARIS. 1838.

The soul is out of tune — its sweet notes scattered —
Vexed — irritable — harsh — its power is flown:
Like some fine lute, whose higher chords are shattered
By forcing too much music from their tone.

But few can pity such a mood as this,
Because they know it not — calm is their sadness,
Tranquil their joy; they dream not how it is
Genius is feverish in its grief and gladness.

It has no quiet; for it could not live
In the far sunlight of some placid ocean:
It asks the warring winds and waves that give
Need for its strength, and life to its emotion.

And then it suffers bitterly — consuming
With the fierce struggle which itself hath sought;
While fame the future's mighty world illuming
Is never wholly by the present bought.

Fame is a noble vision, fixed for ever —
Praise is its mockery — for one word of praise
A thousand come, of blame for each endeavour
That turns the mind's pure light on coming days.

All daily ills beset its daily path:
Poverty — toil — neglect — dislike — and sorrow;
The many visit it with scorn and wrath —
Its hopes come never nearer than the morrow.

Vainly did he resist — half mirth — half rage, —
The weight with which the world on genius presses;
What bitter truths are flung upon his page,
Truths which the lip denies — the heart confesses.

Life is a fable, with its lesson last;
Genius, too, has its fable and its moral:
Of all the trees that down their shadows cast,
Choose you a wreath from any but the laurel.

RUINS OF A CHRISTIAN CHURCH AT TORTOSA,

SYRIA.

'Tis in ruins, choir and altar,
Where the blessed board was spread;
Only midnight's echoes falter
Where the sacred words were said.

'Tis in ruins — where the weeping
Bent in anguish 'bove the dead:
Gone, the placid glory sleeping
On each saint's inspired head.

'Tis in ruins — where the weary
Lifted up the heart in prayer;
Looking through life's vista dreary,
To the future promised there.

Where is gone the music, swelling
High in notes of solemn praise?
Of the earth's Redeemer telling,
As if angels swelled the lays.

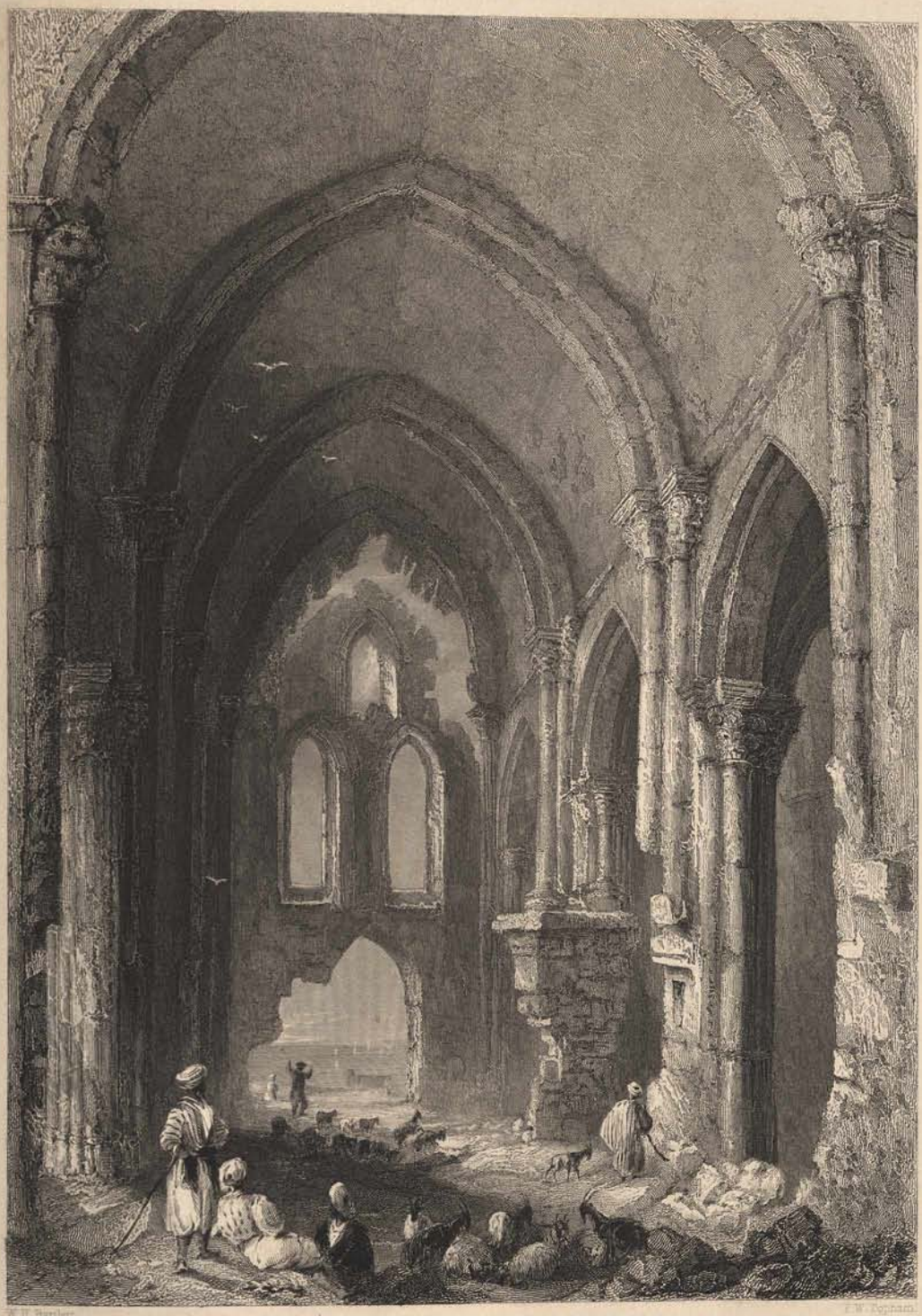
Where hath passed the rich light, streaming
Through its arched aisles of yore,
From its painted windows gleaming
Over the mosaic floor?

Peers and princes have knelt, praying,
Where the hungry dog may roam,
And the careless child is playing
O'er a monarch's dreamless home.

Not so has the creed departed,
Once the glory of yon shrine—
Still it cheers the lowly-hearted,
Still it maketh earth divine.

M. L. L.

The architecture of this church is extraordinary. The pillars are ornamented with Corinthian capitals, while the style of the building is Gothic. The walls, arches, and columns are of a coarse marble, and all still so entire, that a small expense would suffice to restore it into a beautiful church again. It stands alone on the shore, a short distance from the town of Tortosa, and is desecrated into a fold for cattle. The crusaders, most probably, were the founders.



CHRISTIAN CHURCH AT TORTOSA.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS, 1838.

Drawn by Jos. J. Jenkins. Engraved by J. Cochran.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON & PARIS, 1838

THE POET'S GRAVE.

'Tis his tomb — and trails around it
Wild flowers, fragrant, sweet, and dim;
Summer with a wreath hath bound it —
With a wild wreath worthy him.
Children of the sunny weather,
Nurtured by the careless air;
Fitting flowers are they to gather
O'er the wild one sleeping there.

Lovely are they in the morning,
Opening to the dewy wind,
Lifting up their sweet heads, scorning
Common culture of their kind.
But, ere evening comes, has perished
Fragrant breath and early glow:
None their fragile life has cherished—
None did his who sleeps below.

Even so did he inherit
Gifts that nature gives alone;
Frail as lovely was the spirit
Which too soon from earth has flown.
Many a line of his yet lingers,
Many a careless heart among:
For he was of earth's sweet singers,
Whose whole soul is poured in song.

I remember him in childhood,
With his large and earnest eyes,
Wandering amid the wild wood,
Watching where the violet lies.
Or when the clear stars, united
Round the midnight's solemn throne,
Gazing till his pale face lighted
With a beauty like their own.

Soon our valleys knew his singing —
Singing that was half divine;
From all fair things round him bringing
Tribute for his lovely line.
There he paid the rose sweet duty,
Linking love with every leaf;
And again the lily's beauty
Lived, that else had been so brief.

And he sang of others' sorrows,
Till his own each sorrow seemed:
Strange how soon the poet borrows
All of which he has but dreamed!
Yet it is this gift inspires him
In that holy shrine, the heart;
And the general love endears him,
For in all love he hath part.

But such gift is bought too dearly
By a heart too prone to melt,
Griefs and troubles touch too nearly,
Where another scarce had felt.
And, alas! too much dominion
Has a passing look and word;
Rude the empire of opinion
O'er the soul's too fine-touched chord.

Soon he perished — weary-hearted,
From the cold and the unkind;
Yet what gifts hath the departed
Left a world he loved behind,
Lofty thought, and soft emotion —
Fancies exquisite as new;
And a generous devotion
To the beautiful and true.

Let the wild flowers droop above him,
Let the dews of twilight weep —
They are fitting things to love him,
They are comrades for his sleep;
Human tears were unavailing,
Grief were an unsuiting guest.
Death against the world prevailing,
Hath but given him to rest.

T. Allom.

S. Lacey.

MATLOCK, DERBYSHIRE.

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON & PARIS, 1838.

MATLOCK.

TO THE MEMORY OF A FAVOURITE CHILD (THE DAUGHTER OF A FRIEND) WHO DIED THERE.

Her voice is on the haunted air,
  Her face is in the scene;
To me there is no other trace
  But where her steps have been.
Not with the passionate despair
  With which I turned from Heaven,
And asked how could it take again
  The treasure it had given;
Not with that earlier wild despair,
Now gaze I upon earth and air.

A meeker sorrow now subdues
  The soul that looks above,
Soothed by the sanctity that dwells
  Around departed love.
I do not grieve as once I grieved,
  When by thy funeral stone
I flung me in my first despair,
  And knew I was alone.
Gradual thy God has given me
To know this world was not for thee.

Thy angel-nature was not made
  For struggle or for care;
Thou wert too gentle and too good
  For Heaven long to spare.
Thou wert but sent a little while
  To soothe and to sustain;
The angels missed thee from their band,
  And asked for thee again:
But not till thou hadst given birth
To many a holy thought on earth.

Thy influence is with me still,
My own beloved child;
For thy sake hath my spirit grown
Calm — hopeful — strong, yet mild.
I look to heaven as to thy home,
And feel that there must be —
So deep the tie that draws me there —
Some lowly place for me.
The faith that springeth from the tomb
Nor mortal fears nor doubts consume.

I think upon thy early years
Not as I used to think,
With bitterness and vain regret,
And hopes that sprang to shrink,
But with a solemn fond belief
That we shall meet again:
Thy piety — thy sweet content —
Could never be in vain;
Taken alike wert thou, and given,
To win thy kindred unto heaven.

It was the lovely autumn time
When hither thou wert brought;
Not for the lovely scenes around,
But for thy health we sought.
For there was in thy large blue eyes
Too beautiful a light,
And on thy young transparent cheek
The rose was over-bright;
And the clear temples showed too plain
The branching of each azure vein.

Too soon we saw it was in vain
That we had brought thee here:
For every day thou wert more weak,
And every day more dear.
Thy hand — how white and small that hand! —
Could scarcely hold the flowers
Which yet were brought thee, with the dew
Of early morning hours.
I seem to look upon them now —
Yet, where are they? — and where art thou? —

Where art thou?—if I dare to ask,
'Tis more with hope than fear;
In every high and tender thought
I seem to feel thee near.
I gaze upon the silent stars,
While lone and still they shine,
As each one were a spirit's home,
And ask, Which home is thine?
I feel as if thy tranquil eyes
Were watching earth from yonder skies.

God bless thee! my beloved child,
As thou hast blessed me;
Faith, hope, and love, beyond the grave
Have been thy gifts to me.
For thy sake dare I look above,
For thy sake wait below,
Trusting with humble confidence,
And patient in my wo.
To me thy early grave appears
An altar for my prayers and tears.

Matlock and its vicinity, on the banks of the Derwent, in Derbyshire, are celebrated for their thermal springs, and romantic scenery. The waters, which resemble those of Clifton, were discovered in 1698, and are useful in rheumatic affections, and incipient consumption. The "Heights of Abraham" are a pile of picturesque rocks, in the fissures of which the roots of the most luxuriant trees are able to find sufficient nourishment. The beautiful mineral, called Derbyshire spar, from which vases and chimney ornaments are formed, is obtained here.

TO MARGUERITE, COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

I PRAY thee, ladye, turn these leaves,
And gaze upon the face
Whose lineaments no artist's skill,
Methinks, could truly trace.
The outline knows art's fine control,
There are no colours for the soul.

And thou wert his familiar friend,*
Whose kindness and whose care
Bore with, and tenderly would soothe,
The mood it could not share.
Ah! all who feel that poet's powers,
Should thank thee for his pleasant hours.

If I can read that face aright,
'Tis something more than fair:
Ah! not alone the lovely face,
The lovely heart is there.
The smile that seems to light and win,
Speaks of the deeper world within.

Amid Ravenna's purple woods,
Purple with day's decline,
When the sweet evening winds around
Were murmuring in the pine—
Did that dark spirit yield to thee
The trouble of its melody.

How gentle and how womanly
Thy soft mind must have reigned,
Before it could have won from him
The confidence it gained!
For chords like his, so finely strung,
With but a single touch are wrung.

* Lady Blessington's "Conversations with Lord Byron."

Drawn by A. E. Chalon, R.A.

Engraved by H.T. Ryall.

MARGUERITE, COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON & PARIS, 1836.

Thy own quick feeling must have taught
The key-note to his own;
For only do we sympathize
With what ourselves have known.
The grief, the struggle, and the care,
We never know until we share.

The proud — the sensitive — the shy —
And of such are combined
The troubled elements that make
The poet's troubled mind.
He dreameth of a lovelier earth,
But he must bide where he had birth.

Beneath that soft Italian sky,
How much must thou have heard
Of lofty hope — of low despair —
Of deep emotions stirred —
Thy woman's heart became to thee
Memory and music's master-key.

He must have looked on that sweet face,
And felt those eyes were kind;
No need to fear from one like thee
The mask, the mock, the blind.
Where he might trust himself he knew —
The instinct of the heart is true.

Thy page is open at my side —
Thy latest one, which tells,*
How in a world so seeming fair
What hate and falsehood dwells.
A dangerous Paradise is ours,
The serpent hides beneath its flowers.

Hatred, and toil, and bitterness,
And envyings, and wrath,
Mask'd, each one in some fair disguise,
Are round the human path.
May every evil thou hast shown
Be safely guarded from thine own!

*"The Victims of Society."

THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS,

AFTER THE PAINTING, AT ANTWERP, BY RUBENS.

"THE famous Descent from the Cross, is, of all Rubens' works, that which has the greatest reputation. The chief peculiarity of the composition is, the contrivance of the white sheet, on which the body of Jesus lies. He well knew what effect white linen, opposed to flesh, must have, with his powers of colouring. The Christ, in this picture, is one of the finest figures that ever was invented: it is most correctly drawn, and in an attitude of the utmost difficulty to execute. The hanging of the head on his shoulder, and the falling of the body on one side, gives such an appearance of the heaviness of death, that nothing can exceed it. The principal light is formed by the body of Christ and the white sheet: there is no second light which bears any proportion to the principal; however, there are many little detached lights distributed at some distance from the great mass, such as the head and shoulders of the Magdalen, the heads of the two Marys, the head of Joseph, and the back and arm of the figure leaning over the cross: the whole surrounded with a dark sky, except a little light in the horizon and above the cross. The historical anecdote relating to this picture says, that it was given in exchange for a piece of ground, on which Rubens built his house: the agreement was only for one picture, which was to be a representation of St. Christopher with the infant Christ on his shoulders, but the artist generously presented five to the arquebusers."—*Sir Joshua Reynolds' Tour in Flanders.*

PETER PAUL RUBENS was born at Cologne, in the year 1577; the day of his nativity being the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, he received, at the font, the names of those apostles. After the cessation of the troubles that shook the Low Countries, he accompanied his father to Antwerp, where he received his education, and became, successively, the pupil of Vestraecht, Van Oort, and Otho Venius. His talents having recommended him to the notice of Archduke Albert, governor of the Netherlands, that prince employed him to paint several designs for his own palace, and, on the completion of this task, introduced him to the Duke of Mantua. During the six years which he passed at the court of Mantua, he studied the works of Giulio Romano, and attached himself to the style of colouring peculiar to the Venetian school. Rubens executed three noble designs for the church of the Jesuits at Mantua,—painted a celebrated portrait of Philip III. of Spain,—received a commission from Mary de Medicis, to adorn the gallery of the Luxembourg with a series of designs, illustrative of the events in her own history,—was intimate with George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, from whom he received £10,000 for his museum of antiques and paintings. In 1628, he was sent as a diplomatist to the court of Madrid, by the Archduchess Isabella; and was directed, by the King of Spain, to paint four pictures for the Carmelite convent, just then founded by the Duke de

Painted by Sir Peter Paul Rubens.

Engraved by G. Presbury.

"IT IS FINISHED."

Olivares. He also painted eight grand pictures for the saloon of the palace of Madrid, all classical subjects. In 1629, while on a political mission to England, Charles I. engaged him to paint the Apotheosis of his father, James I., in the Banqueting-house at Whitehall, for which he received three thousand guineas. He also painted King Charles as St. George, and Henrietta-Maria as Cleodelinde, with a view of Richmond and the Thames in the distance. For these performances he was knighted on the 21st of February, 1630. On his return to the Netherlands, he espoused the beautiful Helen Formann, his second wife, was appointed secretary to the council for the Low Countries, and maintained a dignified station until his death, which took place at Antwerp, in 1640, when he attained the age of sixty-three years. He was buried, with great pomp, in the cathedral church of that city, where his widow and children erected a monument to his memory,—a memory sufficiently perpetuated by that masterpiece of his genius, "The Descent from the Cross," which he designed in 1620, and with which every traveller, connoisseur, and artist is now familiar.

"IT IS FINISHED!"

JOHN xix. 30.

IT IS FINISHED!—All is done
As the Eternal Father willed;
Now His well-beloved Son
Hath His gracious word fulfilled:
Even he who runs may read
Here accomplished what was said,
That the woman's promised Seed,
Yet should bruise the serpent's head.

It is finished!—Needs no more
Blood of heifer, goat, or ram;
Typical, in days of yore,
Of the one incarnate Lamb!
Lamb of God! for sinners slain,
Thou the curse of sin hast braved;
Braved and borne it—not in vain
Thou hast died—and man is saved!

It is finished!—Wrath of man
Here hath wrought, and done its worst,
Still subservient to HIS plan,
Greatest, Wisest, Last, and First!
God shall magnify his praise
By that very act of shame;
And, through hatred's hellish ways,
He shall glorify his name!

It is finished!—From the tree
Where the Lord of Life hath died,
His attendant mourners, see,
Gently lower The Crucified!
With a sister's tender care,
With a more than brother's love,
Manhood, womanhood are there,
Truth's devotedness to prove.

It is finished!—By the veil
Of the temple, rent in twain;
By the yet more fearful tale
Of the dead, uprisen again;
By that dense and darkened sky,
By each rent and rifted rock,
By that last expiring cry,
Heard amid the earthquake's shock!

It is finished!—Bear away
To the garden-tomb its dead:
Boast not, Death! thy transient prey;
Watchers! vain your nightly tread.
Shining ones are there, who wait
Till their Lord shall burst his prison,
To ascend in glorious state:—
IT IS FINISHED!—CHRIST HATH RISEN!

B. BARTON.

W. H. Bartlett. J. Sands.

PILLARS OF THE GREAT TEMPLE AT BALBEC.

FISHER, SON, & Co. LONDON & PARIS. 1834.

RUINS AT BALBEC.

THE crowned monarch sat on his throne,
He looked on the plain, it was bare and lone;
Saving the palm-tree waving on high,
Nothing was there but the sand and the sky.
He called his slaves—and thousands stir,
For he was a king and a conqueror;
And he bade them dig deep in the earth
Where the white and veined marbles have birth.
And he said, I will build me a city whose fame
Shall keep to the end of all time my name.

Ships brought ivory— ships brought gold,
And the carved woods were fair to behold.
They built the temple, they built the tower,
And they hung with purple a royal bower.
There was corn and wine in the market-place,
And the streets were filled with the human race.
When the king died—even conquerors must—
Mighty the tomb they raised o'er his dust.
His throne was filled by his eldest son,—
He went on as his father had done.

Years have grown into centuries grey,
The king and his people, where are they?
Where are the temples of carved stone?
Look in the dust—to dust they are gone.
Five or six pillars alone remain
Of the thousands that crowded that marble plain.
The palm-tree that stood by the buildings of yore
Standeth as green as it did before.
But the dust is heaped o'er the works of men—
And so it hath been, and will be again.

BALBEC, or *Baalbec*, the ancient Heliopolis (City of the Sun) in Cœlosyria, is seated at the foot of Anti-libanus, forty miles from Damascus. It is a small town, surrounded by ruinous walls; contains about five thousand inhabitants, Christians and Jews; and is under the government of an *Aga*, who asumes the title of *Emir*. Here are the finest ruins in the East. Amongst the most remarkable are the remains of the Temple of the Sun, built either by Antoninus Pius, or Septimius Severus, upon whose medals it is represented. Of fifty-four columns there are but six standing; their shafts are sixty feet high, twenty-two in circumference, and, including the pedestal and capital, have a total height of seventy-two feet. The dimensions of the stones with which the Temple walls were built, are such that no modern architectural machinery could place them in their present positions. Under Constantine, this building was converted into a Christian church, and so continued until the Arab irruption, after which it was neglected. The remains of the palace of Antoninus Pius also possess distinguished beauty; and every where around, bas-reliefs and marble statues of Jupiter, Diana, Leda, Roman emperors, &c. all of exquisite finish, may be seen. There are few, but they are conspicuous landmarks, in the records of this ancient city. Its original rulers were expelled by Obeidah, a general of the Caliph Omar. In 1401, Tamerlane became its sovereign: and, in 1759, modern Balbec was almost entirely overthrown by an earthquake.

THE DEATH OF HEBER.

" So unexpected was the event by those who had a few minutes before seen the Bishop walk, in perfect health, to the bath, that the bearing of his body to the house scarcely disturbed those of the retinue who were loitering around."

He left a calm and pleasant home,
A home of peace and rest,
Beneath whose green and quiet eaves
The swallow built her nest.

For an uncertain troubled path,
And for a foreign shore,
He left the lovely English home
He was to see no more.

The wild winds filled the swelling sails
That bore him o'er the main;
Did he look back to that dear land
He never saw again?

He might look back with tender care,
And thoughts of other years,
But higher hopes aside had cast
All weak and human fears.

The good man in the appointed time
Reached the appointed land—
Joy was beside his onward path,
And blessings in his hand.

He died—and strangers hurried round
To raise his drooping head;
The sorrow of a multitude
Was round that dying bed.

Glorious the lesson that arose
From sorrow and from scaith;
Death! thou hast now no victory—
This is the Christian's faith!

H. Melville. J. Sands.

THE BATH IN WHICH BISHOP HEBER DIED.

AT TRICHONOPOLY.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS. 1836.

J. Franklin. J. Cochran.

"HOW SOFT THE MUSIC OF THOSE VILLAGE BELLS."

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON & PARIS, 1835.

THE VILLAGE BELLS.

" How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling, at intervals, upon the ear
In cadence sweet,—now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on!
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where mem'ry slept."

THERE is a lovely English sound
Upon the English air,
It comes when else had silence found
Its quiet empire there.

All ordinary signs of life
To-day are hushed and still;
No voice of labour or of strife
Ascends the upland hill.

The leaves in softer music stir,
The brook in softer tune;
Life rests, and all things rest with her
This Sabbath afternoon.

How fair it is! how English fair!
No other land could show
A pastoral beauty to compare
With that which lies below.

The broad green meadow-lands extend
Up to the hanging wood,
Where oak and beech together blend,
That have for ages stood.

What victories have left those trees,
What time the winged mast
Bore foreign shores and foreign seas
St. George's banner past.

Each oak that left yon inland wood
In some good ship had part,
And every triumph stirred the blood
In every English heart.

Hence, each green hedge that winds along
Filled with the wild flowers small,
Round each green field, is safe and strong
As is a castle wall.

God, in his own appointed time,
Hath made such tumult cease;
There ringeth now in that sweet chime
But only prayer and peace.

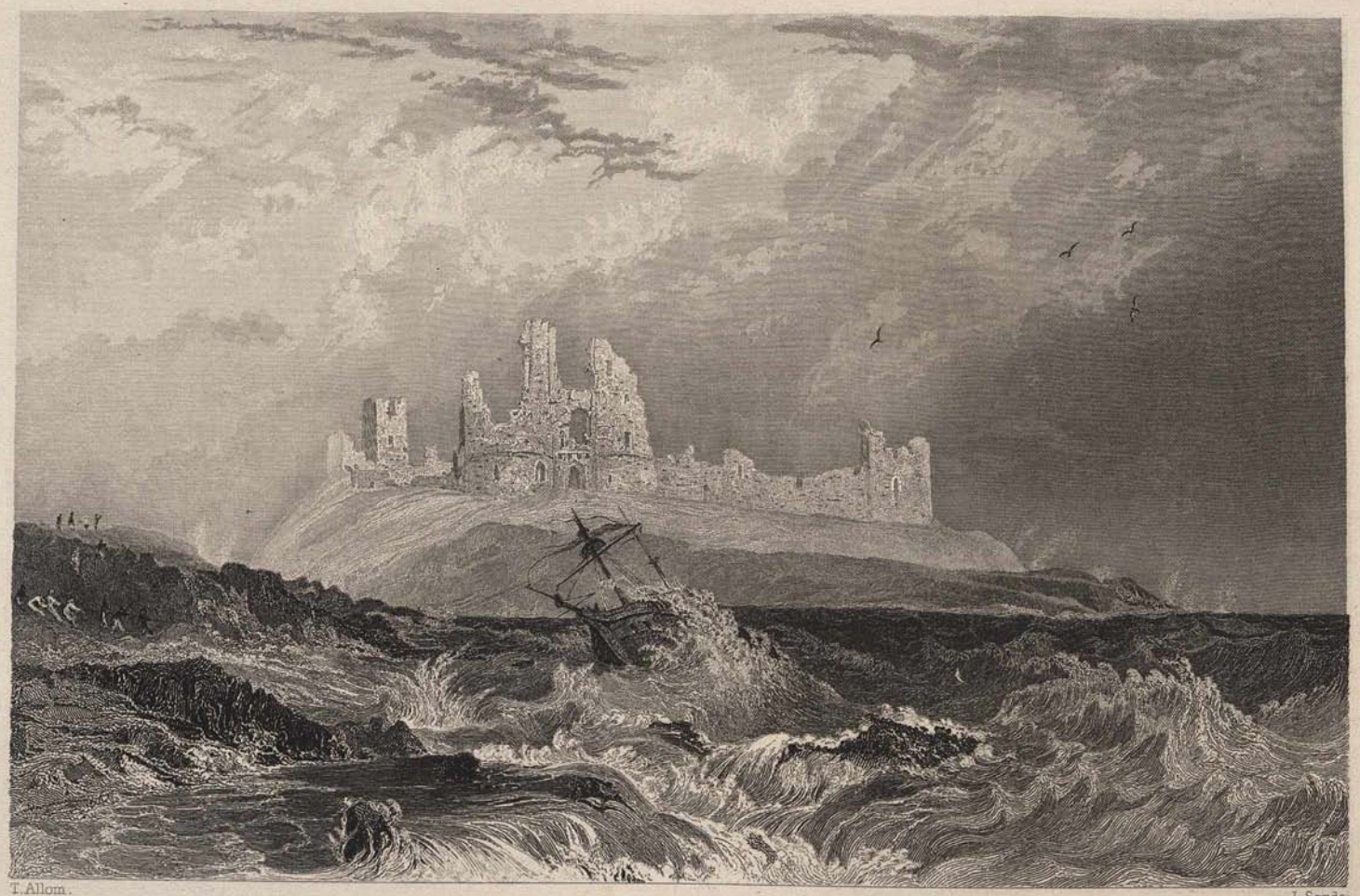
How still it is! the bee — the bird —
Float by on noiseless wing.
There sounds no step — there comes no word,
There seems no living thing.

But still upon the soft west wind
These bells come sweeping by,
Leaving familiar thoughts behind,
Familiar, and yet high.

Ringing for every funeral knell,
And for the marriage stave;
Alike of life and death they tell,
The cradle and the grave.

They chronicle the hopes and fears
Upon life's daily page;
Familiar to our childish years,
Familiar to our age.

The Sabbath bells upon our path,
Long may their sound endure;
The sweetest music England hath —
The music of the poor.



T. Allom.

J. Sands.

DUNSTANBURGH CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND.

FISHER, SON, & Cº LONDON, & PARIS, 1837.

DUNSTANBURGH CASTLE.

This commanding position was originally occupied by a British fortress, to which a Roman *castellum* succeeded: it was strengthened subsequently, at several periods, and rebuilt on a still more extensive plan, by Thomas, Earl of Lancaster. In the year 1642 it was unroofed by order of Edward IV. from which period its decay has proceeded with a rapidity to be expected from a position so exposed. The castle and outworks covered nine square acres: the cliffs on the north side present a mural precipice of considerable height: and on the east front of the rock is a deep wave-worn excavation, called the *Rumble Churn*, into which the tide rushes with so much violence, that the report of its lashes is heard at the distance of a mile from the spot.

THERE was no flag upon the mast,
None knew the vessel's name,
What were the seas where she had past,
The country where she came.
The first grey dawn of morning light,
Shone through the sky of clouds;
But yet the darkness of the night
Was on that vessel's shrouds.

The night now passing from the west,
But only served to show
The tumult of the ocean's breast
The deeper night below.
Men gathered fast upon the sands
With eager aid—in vain—
What is the might of human hands
To struggle with the main?

The beacon-fires upon the height
Are stronger than the day;
In vain their warning gleam was bright,
They could not point the way,
On high their crimson gleam is tost,
High on the hill-tops shed;
The first faint light of day is lost
Amid their fiercer red.

The crimson tints the sea-bird's wing
  At every downward sweep;
Yet even they in mid air spring,
  As if they shunned the deep.
How white and wan their wings appear
  Amid the dusky air!
One pale, as if with conscious fear—
  One dark, as with despair.

On struggles still the gallant ship,
  But every time more weak:
Amid the waves her rent sails dip,
  The billows o'er her break.
No human hands are on her deck,
  No cry is on the air,
The waves have swept above the wreck—
  Death is the monarch there.

Darker and darker grows the sky,
  And darker grows the sea,
And darker grows the human eye,
  That such a sight must see.
There rises an appealing cry,
  But only from the shore.
One last black wave has burst on high—
  That ship is seen no more.

For many days to come were flung
  Strange relics on the strand,
Wealth over which wild whispers hung,
  And foreign gun and brand.
And of a dark and mingled race
  The bodies washed ashore;
Hardships were marked on every face,
  And wild the garb they wore.

Day after day the waves restore
  To land th' unburied dead;
And old men, as they came ashore,
  Watched each dark face, and said,
That God was good—and still his power
  Avenged the course of ill;
That winds and waters knew the hour
  In which to work his will.

THE SACK OF MAGDEBURGH.

BY DR. MAGINN.

When the breach was open laid,
Bold we mounted to the attack;
Five times the assault was made,
Four times were we beaten back.

Many a gallant comrade fell
In the desperate *melée* there;
Sped their spirits ill or well,
Know I not, nor do I care.

But the fifth time, up we strode
O'er the dying and the dead;
Hot the westering sunbeam glowed,
Sinking in a blaze of red.

Redder in the gory way
Our deep-plashing footsteps sank,
As the cry of "Slay! Slay! Slay!"
Echoed fierce from rank to rank.

And we slew, and slew, and slew—
Slew them with unpitying sword;
Negligently could we do
The commanding of the Lord?

Fled the coward—fought the brave—
Wailed the mother—wept the child;
But there did not 'scape the glaive
Man who frowned, or babe who smiled.

There were thrice ten thousand men
When the morning sun arose,
Lived not thrice three hundred when
Sunk that sun at evening close.

Then we spread the wasting flame,
Fanned to fury by the wind;
Of the city, but the name—
Nothing more—is left behind!

Hall and palace, dome and tower,
Lowly shed and soaring spire,
Fell in that victorious hour
Which consigned the town to fire.

All that man had wrought — all — all —
To its pristine dust had gone:
For, inside the shattered wall
Left we never stone on stone.

But it burnt not, till it gave
All it had to yield of spoil:
Should not brave soldadoes have
Some rewarding for their toil?

What the villain sons of trade
Earned by years of toil and care,
Prostrate at our bidding laid,
By one moment won, was there.

There, within the burning town,
'Mid the steaming heaps of dead,
Cheered by sound of hostile moan,
Did we the joyous banquet spread;

Laughing loud, and quaffing long,
With our glorious labours o'er:
To the sky our jocund song
Told the city WAS NO MORE!

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