

DRAWING ROOM  
SCRAP BOOK  
—  
II





Ex Libris

---

K. K. Venugopal

---





E. T. PARRIS

H. ROBINSON

*The Sister's Avowal.*



FISHER'S

DRAWING ROOM SCRAP-BOOK.

VOL. II.



*Her Serene Highness*

THE PRINCESS ADELAIDE OF HOHENLOHE LANGENBOURG.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.



THE  
DRAWING - ROOM  
SCRAP - BOOK.

BEING A SELECTION OF THE MOST FAVOURITE SUBJECTS FROM THE  
DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP-BOOKS EDITED BY

THE HON. MRS. NORTON, AND CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

VOL. II.

PETER JACKSON, LATE FISHER, SON, & CO.  
THE CAXTON PRESS, ANGEL STREET, ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND, LONDON;  
H. MANDEVILLE, RUE VIVIENNE, PARIS.



# LIST OF PLATES, AND CONTENTS.

## VOL. II.

	PAGE
1. The Sister's Avowal . . . . .	35
FRONTISPIECE	
2. The Princess Adelaide of Hohenlohe-Langembourg . . . . .	5
VIGNETTE	
3. The Love-Letter . . . . .	6
4. Morning Prayer . . . . .	8
5. The Slave . . . . .	10
6. Canute Reproving his Courtiers . . . . .	11
7. Evening Prayer . . . . .	13
8. Frances Diana Manners Sutton . . . . .	15
9. One Hour of Joy . . . . .	16
10. Allon, the Piper of Mull . . . . .	17
11. William Henry John, Son of Lieut.-Col. John Sidney and Lady Susan North	19
12. A Valentine . . . . .	20
13. Ninette; or, Borrowings and Returnings . . . . .	22
14. The Mother's Grave . . . . .	23
15. The Opal . . . . .	25
16. View of a Bridge over the Ba-Fing, or Black River . . . . .	26
17. Lord Byron's Room in the Palazzo Moncenigo . . . . .	29
18. Mary . . . . .	30
19. Joseph Paxton . . . . .	31
20. The Reply of the Fountain . . . . .	32
21. The Mask (The Domino) . . . . .	34
22. The Princess of Capua (Why is thy Heart so Sad?) . . . . .	36
23. M. de Lamartine . . . . .	37
24. Beauty and Dress . . . . .	38
25. The Old Philosopher's Advice to a Young One . . . . .	40
26. The Anglers . . . . .	41
27. The Withered Flowers . . . . .	43
28. Prince Albert . . . . .	44



LIST OF PLATES, AND CONTENTS.

	PAGE
29. Dress'd for the Ball; or, the Fair Indecision . . . . .	45
30. The Cottage Porch; or, the History of the Eyes . . . . .	46
31. The Queen . . . . .	48
32. The Tryste . . . . .	50
33. The Proud Beauty . . . . .	52
34. The Embassy of the Flower . . . . .	53
35. The Bride . . . . .	54
36. The Parting . . . . .	55
37. Twilight and Poetry (La Poësie) . . . . .	56
38. The Ball . . . . .	57
39. The Duchess of Wellington . . . . .	58
40. Old English Hospitality . . . . .	59
41. The Surprise . . . . .	60
42. The Lover of Shakspeare . . . . .	64
43. Lord Gough . . . . .	65
44. Ellen . . . . .	66
45. The Grave of Pride (The Bard's Request) . . . . .	67
46. Lady Jane . . . . .	70
47. Napoleon III., Emperor of France . . . . .	71



THE  
DRAWING ROOM SCRAP-BOOK.

---

HER SERENE HIGHNESS  
THE PRINCESS ADELAIDE OF HOHENLOHE-LANGENBOURG.

(VIGNETTE TITLE.)

SWEET child of a right royal race, thy brow is clear and calm;  
No shadow of life's toil and care, no throbbings of alarm,  
Have cross'd its infant purity, or dimm'd the budding rose,  
That, mantling on thy dimpled cheek, in childhood's beauty glows!

*What art thou*, little lovely one? A merry, merry child,  
Along whose bright and gleesome path, the sun hath ever smiled;  
Thou dwellest in thy father's halls, in thy fair mother's bower,  
With the summer blooms around thee, *thysself* the fairest flower!

The mountain-stream that boundeth through the forest, wild and free,  
Goeth not, than thou, along its way with more of blithesome glee;  
The music of the warbling birds is sweet among the trees,  
But not so sweet as thy young voice, borne on the gentle breeze.

To ears that love to listen to thy childish tones of glee,  
To hearts of love that constantly and truly beat for thee,  
Not flashing diamonds from the mine, not pearls, nor opal stone,  
So precious are, as *thou* to those, who claim thee for their own.



Long may the flowerets round thee bud, the roses round thee bloom,  
The waxen lilies haunt thy path, with all their rich perfume ;  
The little birds sing merrily their woodland songs for thee,  
The winds and gushing waters make thee sweetest melody !

WHAT WILT THOU BE ? We cannot tell ; 'twere better *not* to know ;  
'Twere sad to picture shade of care upon that brow of snow ;  
'Twere sad to see those laughing eyes, so innocently bright,  
Lose all their brilliant lustre, in the tears of sorrow's blight.

'Twere sad to watch thy blooming hope, thy trusting faith, decay ;  
To see thee weep for dreams of bliss, that, dreamlike, melt away ;  
To mark the rose-tint fading from that ruby lip and cheek,  
The smile depart, thou wearest now, from woe thou can'st not speak.

God bless thee ! little one, and keep such sorrows from thy way !  
He hath guarded thee through infancy, He guards thee at this day ;  
May His shield still protect thee, babe ! through all thy coming years,  
His Father-smile still chase away thy future doubts and fears.

And though thine *earthly* trust depart, gaze upward to the sky !  
*There* may thy steadfast faith be fix'd, throughout eternity ;  
The joyous laugh, that ringeth now, so wild and sweet, may cease,  
But, oh ! not so may pass away heaven's own enduring peace.

All blessings of the earth below, and of the glorious heaven,  
All love, and hope, and trusting faith, to thy young heart be given !  
May peace for ever rest upon that brow so clear and mild,  
God keep thee, bless thee, strengthen thee ! thou fair and royal child.

---

## T H E L O V E - L E T T E R .

“ Miss me when I'm gone,  
When my life shall be  
Blank, and waste, and lone  
As a shipless sea ;  
Whose untravell'd waves  
Daylight shineth o'er,  
Vainly, as it laves  
A cold, unpeopled shore !”





EDWARD COLEBOLD.

W. H. MOSE.

*The Love-Letter.*

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.



“ Miss me, when the crowd  
Makes me feel more lone ;  
With its murmur loud  
Wanting one sweet tone ;  
When no smile shall wreathe  
Lips that pass me by,  
And my heart shall breathe  
An unregarded sigh.”

“ Miss me, when my head  
O'er the page shall bend,  
Which of yore was read  
With an absent friend :  
Let my image steal  
Near thee once again—  
Lone and sad I feel,  
Miss me, now and then !”

“ When the airs I loved  
Other voices sing,  
Let thy heart be moved  
As in Love's first spring ;  
When in music's chords  
Some deep spell shall seem,  
Miss me, while the words  
Haunt thee like a dream !”

“ And when slow the sun  
Fades along the west ;  
Till, the daylight done,  
All things sink to rest :  
When the flowers lie curl'd  
In the lap of Night,  
Miss me, from thy world,—  
As we miss the light !”



M O R N I N G P R A Y E R .

CALM fell the golden sunbeam's early ray  
Upon the yet unclouded springtide morn ;  
And primrose flowers smiled on the bright young day,  
Their pale meek petals, still unstain'd by storm ;  
And childhood's merry smiles were chasten'd now,  
While thoughts of heaven were breathed o'er things below ;

And sweetly rose the matin hymn of praise,  
From silvery tones of children clustering there ;  
Sweet as the bird's clear warbling midst the haze,  
Were the soft hymn-notes of the matron fair ;  
And the deep voice that led that loving throng,  
Through the rich melody of sacred song.

Hush'd were the tuneful chords !—Too soon must cease  
Our earthly anthems sung beneath the sky ;  
Too soon must fade the hours of holy peace  
That cheer the path of frail mortality.  
Yet but a little while—the song no more  
Shall die away on yonder blissful shore.

And then was spread the blessed sacred Book—  
While the loved accents of a father's voice,  
With brow serene and reverential look,  
Told of the truths that bade his heart rejoice,  
While o'er the hallow'd page his head was bent,  
As there he traced the words divinely sent.

“ Love one another ”—“ love in deed and truth,”  
So solemnly he said—then paused awhile,  
As if sweet Charity, of heavenly growth,  
Came near to bless them with angelic smile ;  
And the young children sat with earnest gaze,  
To hear of wisom's peaceful, happy ways.





H. Prentiss.

F. Holl.

*Morning Prayer.*

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.



The volume closed—they meekly bent the knee,  
The while the voice of prayer ascended high,  
And thoughts and feelings of eternity  
Dispell'd the dreams of ought below the sky.  
To the One Lord of earth, and King of Heaven,  
Their grateful praises fervently were given,

For the rich blessings of the dark still night,  
For thousand mercies in the years gone by,  
For the bright dawning of returning light—  
Emblem of rising to Eternal joy—  
For strength renew'd and given hour by hour,  
And worlds to comé where clouds shall never lower.

For balm in sorrow—for the might to cope  
With all the fears and trials round them cast,  
For all this green earth's bounties, and the hope  
Of endless bliss when mortal life is past—  
Praise to the "Father of all mercies" rose,  
That Father from whose love "all blessing flows."

And then—strong supplication for the power  
To meet the struggles of the coming day,  
For strength to look above, when tempests lower  
With trusting faith to hope, and meekly pray ;  
Such holy words were breathed in that still room,  
Where shone child's innocence and woman's bloom.

Blest hours of purest and unearthly joy !  
When mortal cares are banish'd from the breast,  
With scarce a thought of this cold world's alloy  
To mar that foretaste of eternal rest ;  
When beams of heav'n seem mingling with the bright  
And dazzling hues of rosy orient light.

And blest the bond that binds those loving hearts,  
As round their household-altar calm they kneel,  
A sacred holy tie, that never parts,  
That clasps their trusting souls for woe and weal ;  
It comes not from a world where fade and die  
All loveliest hopes—but from Eternity !



T H E S L A V E .

BY MRS. ELLIS.

“LEILA,” said the sultan’s daughter,  
With a look of girlish bliss,  
“I have saved from wanton slaughter,  
Many a fluttering fool like this.

“Far I chased the wingéd rover,  
O’er the mead and through the grove ;  
Now its wandering life is over,  
Scarcely dare the rebel move.

“Take, then, take the gilded beauty,  
Hold it in thy faithful hand,  
Teach it all a captive’s duty,  
How to yield, when I command.

“Teach it how to shine, and glisten,  
By my smiles, and by my frowns ;  
See ! the creature seems to listen ;  
Even now my power it owns :

“See, my Leila, see what splendour  
By that movement was display’d ;  
Let thy touch be kind and tender,  
Lest some fairy charm should fade.

“Leila, art thou not beholding  
With a joy as light as mine,  
How those radiant wings unfolding,  
Mock the sunbeams when they shine ?

“How those purple hues are blending  
With the brighter tints of gold ;  
While a velvet robe depending,  
Softens still thy gentle hold ?





J. Brown.

H. Cook.

*The Slave*





Painted by R. E. Fine.

Engraved by E. Holl.

*Canute reproving his Courtiers.*



“Take, then, take my captive treasure,  
Let no touch its beauty stain,  
’Tis alike my will and pleasure,  
Every charm it should retain.”

Leila answer’d, sadly, slowly,  
“Lady, I would do thy will;  
But the captive’s heart is lowly,  
Can her robe be splendid still?

“Lady, can the broken-hearted  
Bloom in bondage, and alone?  
Can the charms which hope imparted  
Live, when every hope is gone?”

Why that voice like sorrow dreaming?  
Why that look so meek, and grave?  
Ah! too deep, too true their meaning—  
Leila was HERSELF a Slave!

---

## CANUTE REPROVING HIS COURTIERS.

“Walking on the sea-shore, Canute’s attendants expressed their admiration of his grandeur and dominion, observing, that nothing was beyond the reach of his power: upon which the monarch ordered his chair to be set within reach of the rising tide; and as the waters approached, he commanded them to retire, and to obey the voice of him who was lord of the ocean. He feigned to sit some time in expectation of their submission; but when the sea still advanced towards him, and began to wash him with its billows, he turned towards his courtiers, and remarked, that every creature in the universe was feeble and impotent, and that power resided with one Being alone, in whose hands were all the elements of nature; and who only could say to the ocean, ‘Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.’”

THE wild cry of the curlew,—  
The dashing of the spray,—  
No other sound broke silence  
On that memorable day,  
When the King sat with his Courtiers  
By the margin of the sea,  
While the waves came rolling onward  
Round the Island of the Free!



The waves came rolling onward ;  
None dared to speak or move ;  
Though the storm-froth gather'd whitely,  
And the clouds grew black above :  
For the King sat gravely patient,  
While the still-advancing Sea  
Wash'd the pale sand with its billows  
Round the Island of the Free !

The waves came rolling onward,  
Till the white spray touch'd his feet,—  
Then uprose that stately monarch  
From the throne that was his seat ;  
And reproved the Flatterers' folly,  
Whose servile voice could be  
Uplifted with such falsehood  
In the Island of the Free !

“ Blaspheme no more God's glory,”  
The Danish monarch said ;  
“ In HIS hand are the foundations  
Of the firm earth where we tread :  
HE set the changeless limit  
Which shall bar both land and sea,—  
And he circleth with his power  
The Island of the Free !

“ Let the Infidel and Despot  
With blinded Folly boast—  
HIS Spirit moves the Ocean  
Who built the time-worn coast :  
Who hung the Lamp of Heaven  
When the first Moon saw the Sea,  
A world of shipless waters,  
Round the Island of the Free !”

Now may every heart that cringes  
Like a coward and a slave,—  
And may every voice that speaketh  
With the false tongue of a knave,—  
By the fair Truth proudly spoken,  
Still rebuked and silenced be,—  
Whoever reigns as Monarch  
In the Island of the Free !





E. Prentis.

W. Holl.

*Evening Prayer*

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.



## E V E N I N G P R A Y E R.

THE burning sun is sinking in the West,  
The young flowers sleep upon their tender stems,  
The fading light proclaims the hour of rest,  
And Night will soon unfold her starry gems ;  
The dark blue wave is rippling on the sand,  
And loveliness reigns calm o'er sea and land.

Yes ! 'tis the hour of rest—the hour of prayer !  
Ere yet the crimson clouds have pass'd away,  
Eschewing worldly thoughts and earthly care,  
Oh ! raise the heart, and bow the knee in prayer !  
And though ye tread no minster's hallow'd aisle,  
All homes are sacred, bless'd by God's own smile.

List ! how the hymn ascends to yonder sky !  
A full, rich chorus of harmonious song ;—  
Perchance pure spirits, from their homes on high,  
With their bright wings around that altar throng,  
Where offerings meet of mingled prayer and praise,  
From humble hearts their precious incense raise.

Sweet vesper-hymn ! no songs of earth can be  
So calm ; none breathe such soothing, heavenly peace ;  
Yon Evening star, that shines so lustrously,  
Beams brighter ere the blended voices cease ;  
And the soft, summer-moonlight's silvery ray  
Seems meekly blessing the departing day.

The day is o'er—its cares and trials past ;  
There have been mourners 'neath its golden sun :  
Time's waves speed on—erelong must come the last,  
And then, how sweet ! to find the haven won !  
But yonder kneeling group in that still room,  
Have felt no grief, have known no shade of gloom.





J. Bostock

H. Robinson

*Frances Diana Manners Sutton  
Daughter of Viscount Canterbury*



FRANCES DIANA MANNERS SUTTON.

A Musing face is thine, fair child !  
A face of gentle thought ;  
As if thy young and untried heart  
Some brighter vision sought ;  
Some purer joys than earth may yield  
To those of mortal clay,  
Some longing for the golden dreams  
That cheer'd thine infant day.

Young children's dreams are very sweet ;  
Glimpses and songs of heaven  
Light up their long dark midnight hours,  
And strange surprise is given,  
Which parts the red lips with a smile,  
And almost opes the eye,  
That marvels at the angels bright,  
Whose wings are flitting by.

Surely some happy memory  
Of such fair dreams is thine ;  
So glad thy spirit seems to be,  
So radiantly shine  
Thine earnest, softly-glancing eyes,  
As through the summer-hours  
Thy hands cull blossoms fresh and gay,  
And wreathe the blooming flowers.

Dear child ! thy future life will be  
Alternate flower and thorn ;  
And dim, gray twilight *must* succeed  
The sunbright hopes of morn ;  
I read upon thy brow, thou wilt  
Feel deeply, and love well ;  
And many pensive thoughts *must* rise  
Within thy bosom's cell.



May He who form'd each leaf and bud  
That charms thee even now,—  
Who framed the lily's snowy bell,  
And gave the rose its glow,—  
May He smile on thee evermore,  
And guard thee through life's wild ;  
E'en till Death's sleep be on thee laid,  
God keep thee, gentle child !

---

O N E H O U R O F J O Y .

BY MRS. ELLIS.

ONE HOUR OF JOY ! how fleetly  
That hour will glide away !  
Hark to the dance ! how sweetly  
The merry minstrels play !

Then bind her brow with roses,  
Less brilliant in their hue,  
Than the cheek where health reposes,  
And smiles are ever new.

And let the diamond glisten  
Amongst her shining hair ;  
Hark to the dancers !—listen !  
Her step will soon be there.

But watch that step returning ;  
And watch that weary eye,  
When lamps are dimly burning,  
And daylight gilds the sky :

And ask her on the morrow,  
What thoughts her breast employ ;  
Whether an age of sorrow,  
Or one short hour of joy ?





F. Perrais

*One Hour of Joy.*





Painted by E. Goodall.

Engraved by H. Robinson.

*Allan, the Piper of Mull.*

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.



# ALLON, THE PIPER OF MULL.

BY THE LATE BERNARD BARTON.

THE guests were bidden to the feast,  
The chieftain's board was spread,  
In the ample hall, with its vaulted roof  
High-arching over-head ;  
Both fish and flesh have been removed,  
On which they met to dine,  
And now they drink the mountain-dew,  
Or quaff the mantling wine.

One moment, and within that hall  
Each revel sound was heard,  
As the brimming stoup pass'd to and fro,  
With many a mirthful word ;—  
One moment, and that lordly hall,  
Hush'd as the vault of death,  
Echoes each page's light foot-fall,  
Each chieftain's deep-drawn breath !

For Allon,—in the Vestibule—  
Whose fame through Mull is known—  
His bagpipes has in order set,  
And waked their proudest tone ;  
That tone which speaks to Scottish heart,  
Of " Auld lang-syne," they hear ;  
And each and all, with one accord,  
Delighted, lend an ear.

The notes, now piercing shrill and loud,  
The lofty roof ascend ;  
And now, with lower, deeper strains  
Of harmony they blend ;  
Or loud and shrill, or deep and low,  
Accordant still they prove  
To music's power, whate'er the theme,—  
Or wassail, war, or love.



For Allon has, of each and all,  
An aged Piper store,  
Strains that may reach the widest range  
Of legendary lore ;  
From those that led their fathers forth  
To conquer or to die,  
To those which, in the olden time,  
Taught ladies' hearts to sigh.

And well may Island Chieftains love,  
And Island Ladies too,  
The melodies his skill can make  
Thus peal their castles through ;  
Their proudest, or most pensive key,  
Recals full many a sound  
From childhood's bright and by-gone hours,  
By nature echoed round.

What Southern ears, or Mainland taste,  
Might reckon harsh or rude,  
Has harmony to those who dwell  
In sea-girt solitude ;  
For they have known from infancy  
The wheeling eagle's cry,  
And heard the caverns, rocks, and cliffs,  
Re-echo its reply.

And they have heard on Mull's lone coast,  
Or Col's more rocky shore,  
When roused by tempests in their pride,  
The bursting breakers' roar ;  
And listen'd to the anthems peal'd  
By mingling wind and wave,  
Joining their choral harmonies  
In Staffa's mighty cave !

The storms which strew with wrecks the shore  
Of many a Western Isle,  
Or fitful gusts like those which sweep  
Around Iona's pile ;  
The doleful songs, tradition tells  
The plaintive mermaid sings,  
All these have fact or fancy made  
To them familiar things.





A.E. Chalon F.A.

W.H. Morse.

William Henry John.  
Son of Lieut.-Colonel John Sidney and the Lady Susan North.



Thus train'd by nature to admire  
The sad, the grand, the wild,  
Well may their hearts by Allon's Pipes  
Be spell-bound and beguiled ;  
And who can look at him, nor wish,  
E'en though the wish be vain,  
To hear him, in the Chieftain's Hall,  
Pour forth his Island strain ?

---

WILLIAM HENRY JOHN,

SON OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN SIDNEY, AND THE LADY SUSAN NORTH.

THOU hast a bright face, fair child,  
Full of glee and gladness wild,  
And thine eyes are soft and clear,  
Though perchance a sudden tear  
Sometimes clouds their beauty o'er,  
Like a fitful April-shower :  
But such little griefs as thine  
Quickly pass, and sunbeams shine,  
In thy sweet and radiant smile,  
Parting thy red lips awhile.  
Nursed in tenderness and love,  
Welcomed, as a gift above  
Costliest gems of earth or sea,  
Who that gazes now on thee,  
Can but pray God for thy weal !  
Pray that manhood may reveal,  
All unfolded, the sweet flower  
Budding now in parent-bower.  
Noble boy ! thou bear'st a name,  
High in bright historic fame.  
Many a tongue and page can tell  
How *one* gallant Sidney fell,  
Fighting on a foreign strand  
For his own beloved land :



May thy spirit prove as brave ;  
But may no untimely grave  
Blight the flower in its full bloom,  
Howe'er glorious be its tomb :  
May thy heart be true and strong,  
Stedfast, this world's snares among ;  
Though thy childhood's blessed light  
Cannot always be as bright,  
As it beameth on thee now,  
Yet may peace be on thy brow ;  
Such a calm, as passeth glee,—  
Passeth e'en *thy* gaiety !  
May thy Father throned on high,  
Ever guide thee with his eye,  
O'er thy way His love be cast  
Till thou reach the end at last !

---

A V A L E N T I N E .

OH fair and true my lady seem'd,  
And on thy day, St. Valentine,  
She wrote a little crowquill note,  
And ask'd me "to step in and dine."

With coral lips,—and blue, bright eyes,—  
And roseleaf cheek,—and golden hair,—  
And nymph-like shape,—how could I dream,  
What made that Lady's daily fare ?

It seems a fable—only fit  
To tell to simple nuns in cloisters,  
But I declare—by all that 's good,  
The lovely lady's food was—*Oysters !*

I swear it by the Powers divine,  
By Venus and the rival Graces,  
By Cupid and his roguish wiles,  
His coaxing smiles, and soft embraces,





J. W. Wright.

J. Braun

*Valentine's Day*

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.



I *saw* them ! In their rugged shells,  
The little shapeless monsters lay,  
Flabby, and cold, and colourless,—  
Before a creature bright as May !

And still she stoop'd her radiant head,  
While, all-amazed, I watch'd and fear'd,—  
And every time the head was raised,  
One oyster more had disappear'd !!

Oh ! coral mouth ! I whisper'd low,  
Can this be done to humour *thee*,  
Because some coral reef hath been  
Some oyster's neighbour in the sea ?

Or, floating hair, whose threads of gold  
Lie gleaming on that neck so white ?  
Is it to prove the *Pinna's* shell  
Hath silken tresses not so bright ?\*

The lady smiled :—the coral door  
That prison'd in her even teeth,  
Unlock'd, and gently stood ajar,  
And show'd the pearly gems beneath.

Ah ! then, the reason of those meals  
My dull soul comprehended well :  
The little mouth,—on oysters fed,—  
Had stolen a pearl from every shell.

Fair Valentine ! dear Valentine !  
If you to other food should rove,  
Remember what Will Shakspeare wrote,—  
“ AN OYSTER,—may be cross'd in love !”

\* The shell of the *Pinna Marina* is found covered with long silken hair ; gloves have been woven of this curious material.



# N I N E T T E ;

OR,

## B O R R O W I N G S   A N D   R E T U R N I N G S

### I.

THOU borrowest from that heaven of blue,  
    Oh, maiden dear,  
The depth of that cerulean hue  
    In which thine eyes appear ;—

Within their orbs the sunshine lies  
    Without eclipse,  
And smiles, like meteors of the skies,  
    Run races on thy lips.

Thou borrowest from the rising morn  
    The colour fair,  
In which thy temples to adorn  
    Streams thy o'erflowing hair ;—

And from the summer-evening's glow  
    On Alpine peaks,  
The mingling roses strewn on snow  
    That decorate thy cheeks.

Thou borrowest from all nature's store  
    Some charm or grace ;  
And hill and plain, the sea and shore,  
    Yield tribute to thy face.

### II.

Pay, pay them back with usury,  
    Oh, maiden dear ;—  
With heaven-blue eyes look piously  
    On heaven's o'er-arching sphere.





F. J. Stephanoff.

W. Hill.

*Ninette.*

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.





*The Mother's Grave.*

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.



Nature has lent thee smiles of light ;  
    Repay in kind,  
With fair Contentment ever bright,  
    And sunshine of the mind.

If she have lent thy cheeks a hue,  
    The fairest wrought,  
O pay her back with feeling true,  
    With Love and happy thought.

For every gift, a gift impart :  
    For face and form,  
Give her a soul serene—a heart  
    Pure, sympathetic, warm ;

So shall thy debt be overpaid  
    With tribute free,  
And Man and Nature, happy maid,  
    Be both in debt to thee.

---

## T H E M O T H E R ' S G R A V E .

BY MRS. ATHERSTONE BIRD.

EVENING threw her lengthening shadows  
O'er a ruin, gray and lone,  
Where a pair of faithful lovers  
Sate upon a mossy stone.

He was lord of countless acres,—  
But a poor man's daughter she ;  
And the tongues of evil speakers  
Named their passion slightly.

So she ask'd him there to meet her  
When the hour of sunset came ;—  
Much he marvell'd at the summons,  
And the place she chose to name.



And his throbbing heart misgave him  
When he reach'd the abbey's shade,  
And upon the tombstone sitting  
Saw the figure of the maid.

“ You must think it strange,” she falter'd,  
“ That I ask'd to meet you here ;  
But I have a grievous sorrow,  
Which 'tis fit that you should hear.

“ As I pass'd along the village,  
When we parted yester-morn,  
People turn'd their faces from me,  
Or but look'd at me in scorn.

“ Others, jeering, laugh'd and whisper'd—  
Laugh'd and jeer'd—and spoke my name,—  
Though they whisper'd, I could hear them,  
And their words were words of shame.

“ 'Tis to tell you this I've sought you  
Here, upon my mother's tomb ;  
Here her spirit seems to hover—  
Here, amid this ruin's gloom.

“ If it be in guile you've woo'd me,  
As these village gossips say,  
By her memory I conjure you,  
Cease your idle court to pay ;

“ But if, as my heart assures me,  
All your vows of love be true,  
Oh, dispel the foul suspicion  
That their malice casts on you !”

Then his eyes with anger kindled,  
And his heart with sorrow beat—

“ Oh, mine Alice ! lovely Alice !  
None this slander shall repeat.

“ Ere to-morrow's eve shall darken,  
At the altar we will stand,  
Lady Mowbray—mine for ever !  
Wealth and title—heart and hand !”





E. J. FAIRBANKS

W. H. MOSE

*The Opal*



## T H E O P A L .

There is an ancient Eastern legend, which imports, that the opal, when worn as a personal ornament, gives forth or withholds its flashing rays in mysterious sympathy with the fortunes or emotions of the wearer who may consult it as an amulet, or charm. If a betrothed maiden, for instance, on gazing upon the opal clasp of the fillet which confines her tresses, perceive the jewel to be dim and lustreless, she has, according to this legend, but too much cause to doubt the constancy of her absent lover.

NAY, Lady, do not deck thy brow  
With that famed Eastern gem ;  
Far rather be the orange-wreath  
Thy maiden-diadem !

Believest thou, that stone of fear  
Can hidden secrets show ;  
And would'st thou rashly, madly, dare  
Such mysteries to know ?

The happy *present* is thine own ;  
Receive it thankfully ;  
Nor seek to rend away the veil  
That hides futurity !

Th' unseen and distant from thy ken  
Are hid ; why bring them near ?  
If dark, prize thou the love that leaves  
The soul's *home-prospect* clear.

Thou whisperest, " I fain would test  
My loved one's constancy ;  
One glance upon this magic stone,  
Would solve the doubt for me."

Forbear that glance ; and trust *his* truth,  
To whom is pledg'd thine own ;  
Nor rest thine all of earthly peace  
Upon a flashing stone.



Would'st weave a chain that will not fail  
To bind the fickle soul?  
A charm that stronger, brighter grows,  
As fleeting seasons roll?

Such priceless charm may be thine own;  
Faith, Love, and changeless Truth  
Will bind to thee in age, the heart  
That thou hast charm'd in youth.

And not on earth alone *this* charm  
Its matchless worth shall prove;  
For Truth and Love have their best home,  
In the bright world above.

---

## VIEW OF A BRIDGE OVER THE BA-FING, OR BLACK RIVER.

NOTHING can be conceived more romantic than the situation of the ever-to-be-lamented Mungo Park, when, on the night of the FIRST OF MAY, 1796, he found himself, in the company of naked savages, on the banks of that branch of the Senegal which bears the name of the *Ba-Fing*, or Black River. Above the benighted wanderer shone the brilliant stars of an African sky, "glowing like living sapphires;" around him stood, in their majesty, the everlasting hills. Surely, in that hour, he must have felt, that—

"The estate of man would be indeed forlorn,  
If false conclusions of the reasoning power  
Made the eye blind, or closed the passages  
Through which the ear converses with the heart!"

Surely amid those grand solitudes of nature—

"His soul, the hidden Being of his Life,  
Received a shock of awful consciousness;  
In that calm season, when those lofty hills,  
At night's approach, stood 'neath th' unclouded sky,  
That rested on their circumambient walls,  
A temple framing of dimensions vast,  
And yet not too enormous for the sound  
Of human anthems, choral song, or burst  
Sublime of instrumental harmony,





Engraved by W. Daniell R.S. after the sketch by J. Park.

*View of a Bridge over the Bar-Ting or Black River*

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.



To glorify the Eternal! And if these  
 Did *never* break the stillness that prevails  
 Here,—if the solemn nightingale be mute,  
 And the soft woodlark here did never chant  
 Her vespers, Nature fails not to provide  
 Impulse and utterance. The whispering air  
 Sends inspiration from the shadowy heights  
 And blind recesses of the cavern'd rocks ;  
 The little rills and waters numberless,  
 Inaudible by daylight, blend their notes  
 With the loud streams ; and often at the hour  
 When issue forth the first pale stars, is heard,  
 Within the circuit of this fabric huge,  
 One voice—the solitary raven flying  
 Athwart the concave of the dark-blue dome,  
 Unseen, perchance above all power of sight—  
 An iron knell ! which echoes from afar  
 Faint—and still fainter—as the cry with which  
 The wanderer accompanies her flight  
 Through the calm region, fades upon the ear,  
 Diminishing by distance, till it seems  
 To' expire, yet from th' abyss is caught again,  
 And yet again recover'd.”

“Descending,” however, from these “Imaginative Heights,” which, as the poet justly observes, yield

“Far-stretching views into Eternity,”

let us contemplate for a moment the singular scene which, on the night in question, actually presented itself to the view of Mungo Park.

The river, in this place, as he observes in his journal, is smooth and deep, and has very little current. Two tall trees, when tied together by the tops, are sufficiently long to reach from one side to the other ; the roots resting upon the rocks ; and the tops floating in the water. When a few trees have been in this manner placed across the stream, they are covered with dry bamboos ; and thus form a sufficient bridge. Such a bridge is represented in the accompanying engraving, and being in keeping with the romantic scenery around, its appearance is highly picturesque. This bridge is every year, as it is needless to say, carried away during the rainy season, by the swelling of the Black River. It is, however, as constantly rebuilt by the inhabitants of the neighbouring village of Manna ; who, in consideration of this service, demand a small tribute from every passenger who avails himself of the accommodation thus afforded.

Similar bridges are, in all parts of the world, common among the wild recesses of mountain-scenery ; and often bear witness to a degree of mechanical skill on the part of those who construct them, which could scarcely be excelled among civilized architects.

Poor Mungo Park ! His memory will long be held in affectionate respect. Who can think of his lonely wanderings, his laborious efforts in the cause of geographical science, and, above all, of his “exile’s grave,” without feelings of melancholy regret !



Far from his father-land  
In Afric's solemn wild,  
Her boundless sands around his path  
Like rising sea-waves piled,  
'Twas his to trace her rivers' course,  
From their dark, silent hidden source.

With dauntless heart, and brave,  
Boldly did he press on ;  
Not halting on the weary road,  
Until his task were done ;  
Yet thoughts of home within him burn'd,  
To'ards that far shore his bosom yearn'd.

In visions of the night,  
When all was calm and still,  
Bright memories would fondly rise,  
Of many a vale and hill,  
In that loved country o'er the wave,  
Where he might never find a grave.

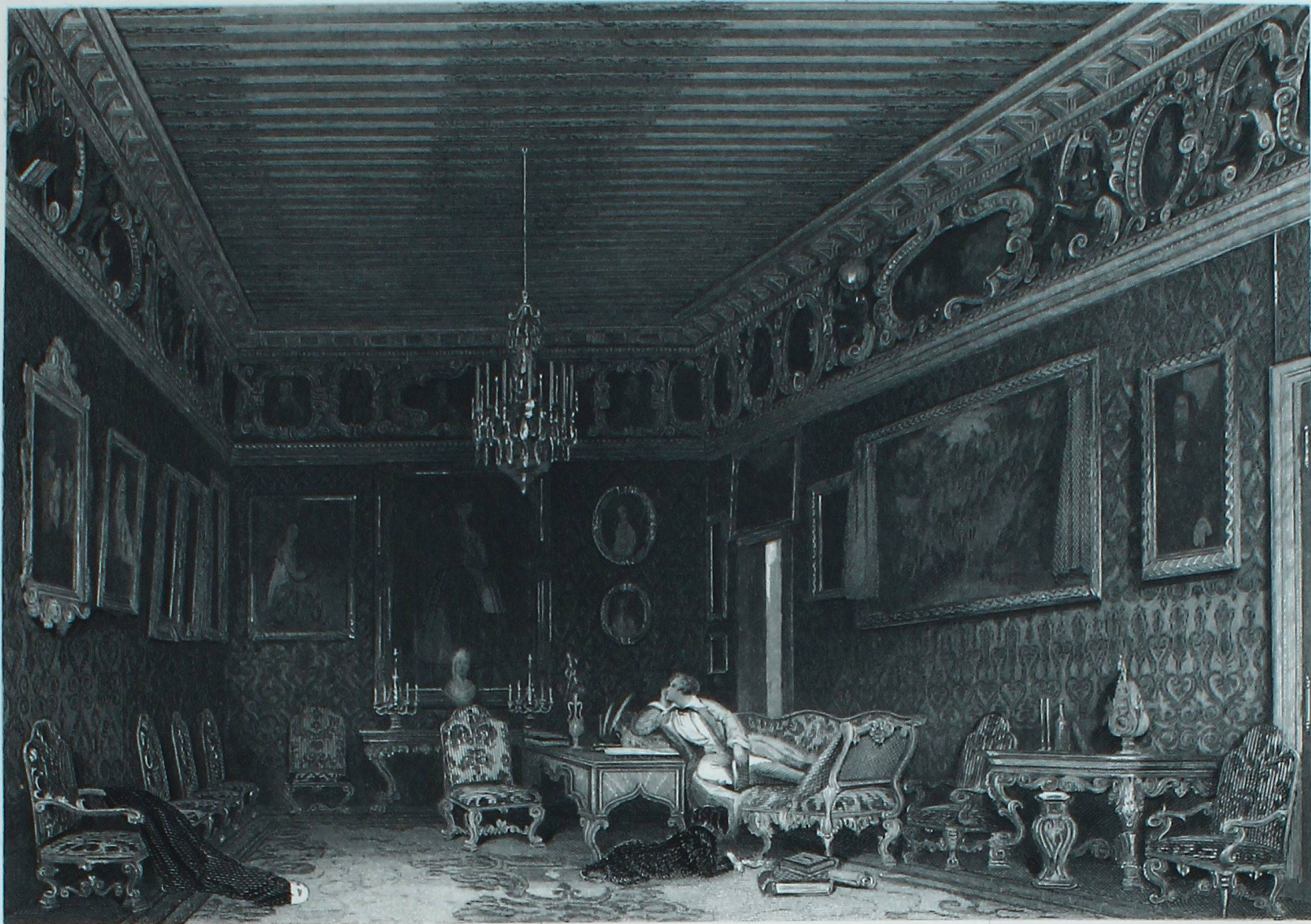
While treading that frail bridge,—  
The dark, deep stream beneath,—  
Perchance sweet thoughts of mountain-rills,  
And wild-flowers' fragrant breath  
Stole o'er his soul ; while dreams of home  
Would to his longing spirit come.

Years have roll'd on since then,  
But he return'd no more  
To dear familiar scenes of youth ;  
His patient toil is o'er.  
None closed his eyes who loved him best,—  
Enough—the traveller is at rest.

In the death of the amiable and enterprising Mungo Park, this country not only suffered the loss of one of the most distinguished travellers of modern times, but had also to lament the failure of an expedition no less interesting to humanity than to science.

Since his days, however, the ever-execrable slave-trade has been, so far as England is concerned, abolished ; and the great scientific designs which he doubtless contemplated, having of late engaged the attention of other celebrated and enlightened travellers, will, it may be hoped, in due time be fully accomplished !





Lake Price.

J. T. Willmore A.R.A.

*Lord Byron's room in the Palazzo Mocenigo.*

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.



# BYRON IN THE MONCENIGO PALACE.

BY LORD JOHN MANNERS, M.P.

“If your soul were in my soul’s stead,”  
The patient Patriarch said,  
“At your reproaches I might cast—  
Shake the reproving head!”

Methinks he needs to learn those words  
Of gentleness and love,  
Whom, standing in these silent halls,  
No thoughts to pity move.

How clear the chart, how straight the course,  
Down life’s unvarying tide,  
For prosperous dullness, careless wealth,  
And self-respecting pride!

But let not erring man condemn  
His erring brother’s fall;  
Whom guideless youth, or Love’s despair,  
Or Syren Pleasure’s thrall,—

Tempts from the meek and holy ways,  
Of Christian righteousness:  
Enough for him—if tempted—his  
Own fall is something less.

Then gently think of him, whose name  
Rests on these ancient walls;  
Whose wayward will, and chequer’d fame,  
Yon pictured room recalls.

An English maiden’s unmoved heart,  
May Genius thwart and turn,  
Till Love and Gentleness expire  
In flames that aye shall burn.



By Trent's green banks, in Sherwood glades,  
The words that millions treasure,  
Touch'd not the simple heart that beat  
To life's more common measure.

And Moncenigo's silent courts  
Receive the moody man ;  
Self-exiled from his island home,  
By a self-utter'd ban.

The poet—fond idolater—  
Endows with inward grace—  
With charms of mind, and purest soul,  
Some fair and youthful face ;

And will not quit his glorious dream  
For life's less glorious truth :  
Years may roll on, and Beauty wane—  
His heart is still with youth.

'Midst all the wreck of shatter'd hopes,  
And outraged household gods ;  
When each ancestral bower and hill,  
Each fane to ruin nods ;

When Fortune flies, and friends fly too ;  
When Life is but despair :  
That image ne'er deserts the heart,  
But sits enthronéd there.

---

M A R Y .

“ AND do you love me ?” little Mary said—  
Mary with eyes of blue and cheeks of red,  
And laughing lips. ‘ Oh yes ; I love you well,  
My sweetheart, nine years old, my little *belle*.’

“ Why do you love me ?” ‘ ’Tis not hard to say—  
’Tis not for beauty which may fade away ;  
And what is more—the tale I tell is true—  
I know some maids more beautiful than you.





A. E. Chalon, R.A.

H. Robinson

Mary





W.E. Kilburn, Photographer.

Engraved by J. Jenkins.

Yours very truly  
Joseph Paston



‘ And yet not so :—if Beauty always wear  
Sweet Temper for its garb, my Mary’s fair ;  
If Innocence and Beauty be akin,  
She has sufficient all our hearts to win.

‘ If Beauty be devoid of scorn and guile,  
There is a fount of Beauty in her smile ;  
If it be purity that knows not harm,  
My little Mary has a constant charm.

‘ You ask me why I love you—now you know ;—  
Think on the words—and as to age you grow,  
Preserve these childish graces in your heart,  
And so be beautiful though youth depart !’

C. F. H.

---

J O S E P H P A X T O N .

BY MARK LEMON.

WHAT shall the garland be with which to bind  
The broad brow of my friend ?—Of rarest flowers,  
With pendulous and cluster’d grapes entwined,  
Fresh cull’d from Chatsworth’s ever-teeming bow’rs.  
For thou hast talk’d with Nature thro’ long hours,  
And with her mysteries art familiar grown,  
Ruling the varied soils and airs and showers ;  
For as you will, the alien bud is blown,  
As though thy strong behest were mighty Nature’s own.

Or shall we gather olive boughs, that all  
May know the labourer in the cause of Peace ?  
Or fashion thee a Crystal coronal,  
To mark thy latest triumph ? Or if these  
All fail to tell thy glories’ great increase,  
Let me turn to thee, Man of lowly birth !  
Who dignified the toil that won thee ease,  
And bid mankind do homage to thy worth,  
Where’er the eternal sun looks down upon the earth.



## THE REPLY OF THE FOUNTAIN.

BY L. E. L.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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





Painted by R. Liveridge

Engraved by Edw<sup>d</sup> Smith

*The Proply of the Fountain.*

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.



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

Yes ! once before she ask'd a sign  
From that wild fountain's plaintive song ;  
And silvery, with the soft moonshine,  
Those singing waters pass'd along.

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

“ Alas ! ” the maiden sigh'd, “ since first  
I said, Oh ! Fountain, read my doom ;  
What vainest fancies have I nursed,  
Of which I am myself the tomb !

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

Sweet Fountain! once I ask'd thy waves  
To whisper hope's enchanted spell;  
Now I but ask thy haunted caves  
To teach me how to say farewell!"

She lean'd her head upon her hand,  
She gazed upon that fountain lone,  
Which wander'd by its wild-flower strand,  
With a low, mournful, ceaseless moan.

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

---

## T H E D O M I N O.

### THE MASK.

OH! veil those eyes, for mercy's sake!—  
If through that safeguard of mankind,  
Thy mask—which dims but does not blind  
The glowing splendour which they take  
From the bright soul that in them gleams  
We cannot gaze at them unharm'd—  
What should we do, if, lightning-arm'd,  
They darted on us all their beams?





J. J. Jenkins.

M. H. Moss.

*The Masker*



Thy lover, did he stray alone  
With thee in such a starry night,  
To whisper all his true love-plaint,  
And hear thee answer with thine own ;  
Might ask removal of th' eclipse  
That veils their tender mysteries,  
Nor be contented till thine eyes  
Confirm'd the promise of thy lips.

Love, like a Salamander true,  
Can live unscathed in light and heat ;  
But we, who may not love thee, sweet,  
Are damaged by too close a view.  
And since thy heart is given and won,  
And love is hopeless ; we'll admire ;—  
But, oh ! in mercy veil the fire,  
And throw a cloud upon the sun.

---

T H E S I S T E R ' S A V O W A L .

UNLESS he sing the song to me,  
It may not touch my heart—  
Unless he read the minstrelsy,  
It is but rhyming art.

Unless my evening walk he share,  
His true hand clasp'd in mine,  
The landscape ceases to be fair,  
And heaven forgets to shine.

But when he reads, or speaks, or sings,  
The world is robed in light,  
And trees and grass, and trivial things,  
Grow lovely in my sight.

Sister ! I love !—I am not sad ;—  
I dwell with hopes—not fears ;  
I am too happy to be glad ;—  
Mine eyes are full of tears.



# WHY IS THY HEART SO SAD

BY A. BAILLIE COCHRANE, M.P.

WHY is thy heart so sad  
And thy voice, once blithe and glad,  
Pensive and low?  
Why dost thou mournful pause,  
Why sometimes without cause  
Will warm tears flow?

Sorrow it cannot be,  
Not grief, at least, for thee,  
With all things to bless.  
Friends who but kinder grow  
If a dark cloud should blow  
Moment's distress.

Oh! strange indeed! I weep  
Because my soul doth sleep  
Too happily here;  
Because I feel no more  
As I have felt before,  
Darkness and fear.

Awful mysterious things,  
Angels with golden wings,  
I still believe in:  
But this belief is cold,  
And my heart hath grown old,  
Silent and grieving.

I do not tremble now  
When the night-wind bloweth low  
The storm through the vale.  
My spirits do not sink  
When the day is on the brink,  
And the bright world grows pale.





A.E. Chalon R.A.

W.H. Mote.

*The Princess of Capua*

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS





*Alphonse De Lamartine.*

*Lamartine*



To the world I cling much more  
Than I ever did before,  
    With time at my command.  
And though the waters wide  
Roll stronger every tide,  
    I still write on the sand!

Sorrow has lost its power,  
And the pleasures of the hour  
    Fail to please now.  
And spots I once so loved  
I gaze upon unmoved,  
    With a cloudless brow.

Because the struggle's o'er,  
And on life's rocky shore  
    Careless I sweep.  
Because all things around  
Do not bind me as they bound,—  
    For *this* I weep!

---

M. D E L A M A R T I N E.

LEND me thine eyes, Posterity!—A cloud  
Gathers between my vision and the men  
Whose voices echo o'er this breathing world.  
Lend me thy sight:—lend me thy placid soul,  
Free of this mean contemporaneous scorn,  
That I may know what mighty spirits walk  
Daily and hourly in my company,  
Or jostle shoulders in the common crowd,  
The thinkers and the workers of the time.

I'm sick of Apathy, Contempt, and Hate,  
And all the blinding dust which Envy stirs,  
To shroud the living lustre from our sight.  
Lend me thine eyes, grateful Posterity!  
Upon the hill-tops I would stand alone,



Companion of the vastness, and keep watch  
Upon the giants passing to and fro :  
Small to the dwellers in the vales beneath,  
But great to me. Oh, just Posterity,  
I strive to penetrate thy thought ;—to soar  
Beyond the narrow precincts of To-day,  
And judge what men now wanting crusts of bread,  
Shall in thy book stand foremost, honour-crown'd ;—  
What scorn'd and persecuted wretchedness  
Shall shine, the jewel on a nation's brow ;  
And what unfriended genius, jeer'd, impugn'd,  
Shall fill the largest niche of Pantheons.

I would behold, daily, for my delight,  
The clear side of the greatness, the full size,  
Shape, glory, majesty, of living men.  
Why should our envy dim these orbs of heaven ?  
Why should our malice dwarf the giant's height ?  
Our scorn make black the white robes of the sage ?  
Lend me thy sight—I will see marvels yet,  
Gold in the dust, and jewels in the mire.  
And LAMARTINE, the eloquent and wise,  
Shall be to me, what History shall proclaim,  
The true, good man of an unhappy Time.

---

## B E A U T Y   A N D   D R E S S .

BY THE HON. EDMUND PHIPPS.

SPARE not, fair maid, each glittering gaud to seek—  
Grudge not the wasted hour ;  
Tinge with a borrow'd rose thy tender cheek—  
Heightening thy beauty's power ;  
Summon more maidens for the mystic rites,  
To aid thee at thy call ;  
Arrange the mirrors, and dispose more lights,  
Then deck thee for the Ball.





EDWARD CORRIE.

W. H. MOSE.

*Beauty & Dress.*



It was not always thus : in days gone by,  
Simplicity, not Art,  
Was thy first charm. Not to attract the eye,  
But to subdue the heart.  
Thoughtless of admiration, how could men  
Not worship such as thou ?  
Success was certain to attend thee then,  
As sure as failure now.

A modest blush supplied the frequent rose,  
Flowers deck'd thy flowing hair ;  
No labour'd arts delay'd the toilet's close—  
No foreign aid was there !  
Then thou wert simple, innocent, and free—  
Would thou wert so again !  
Free—for the world had not then trammell'd thee  
With self-accepted chain.

Now let thy flowing flounces' ample round  
Thy empty pride convey,  
And thy fair locks, where ornaments abound,  
A faulty taste display ;  
Let the imprisoning whalebone aptly show  
Thy intellect confined ;  
The feather, with its restless, dancing flow,  
Present thy fickle mind.

The softest satin of the loom shall e'en  
Thy polish'd skin outvie ;  
And diamonds of Golconda, with their sheen,  
Outsparkle the bright eye.  
Thus deck'd, thou wilt attract each passing look,  
But not one heart retain :  
The gaudiest bait that floats, without a hook,  
Would, floating, float in vain.



## THE OLD PHILOSOPHER'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG ONE,

WHO WAS AFRAID TO SPEAK HIS MIND ON A GREAT QUESTION.

SHAME upon thee, craven spirit !  
Is it manly, just, or brave,  
If a truth have shone within thee,  
To conceal the light it gave ?  
Captive of the world's opinion—  
Free to speak—but yet a slave.

All conviction should be valiant ;—  
Tell thy truth—if truth it be ;—  
Never seek to stem its current ;—  
Thoughts, like rivers, find the sea ;—  
It will fit the widening circle  
Of Eternal Verity.

Speak thy thought if thou believ'st it,  
Let it jostle whom it may,  
E'en although the foolish scorn it,  
Or the obstinate gainsay.  
Every seed that grows to-morrow,  
Lies beneath a clod to-day.

If our sires, the noble-hearted,  
Pioneers of things to come,  
Had like thee been weak and timid,  
Traitors to themselves, and dumb—  
Where would be our present knowledge—  
Where the hoped Millennium ?

Where would be triumphant Science  
Searching with her fearless eyes,  
Through the infinite creation  
For the soul that underlies—  
Soul of Beauty, soul of Goodness,  
Wisdom of the earth and skies ?





*The Old Philosophers*

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.





*The Anglers.*

PETER JACKSON LONDON



Where would be all great Inventions,  
Each from by-gone fancies born,  
Issued first in doubt and darkness,  
Launch'd 'mid apathy and scorn?  
How could noontime ever light us,  
But for dawning of the morn?

Where would be our free opinion—  
Where the right to speak at all,  
If our sires, like thee mistrustful,  
Had been deaf to duty's call,  
And conceal'd the thoughts within them,  
Lying down, for fear to fall?

Though an honest thought, outspoken,  
Lead thee into chains or death—  
What is Life, compared with Virtue?  
Shalt thou not survive thy breath?  
Hark! the future age invites thee!  
Listen! trembler, what it saith!

It demands thy thought in Justice,  
Debt, not tribute of the free;  
Have not ages long departed  
Groan'd, and toil'd, and bled for thee?  
If the Past have lent thee wisdom,  
Pay it to Futurity.

---

T H E A N G L E R S.

BY W. M. THACKERAY, ESQ.

As on this pictured page I look,  
This pretty tale of line and hook,  
As though it were a novel-book  
Amuses and engages:  
I know them both, the boy and girl,  
She is the daughter of the Earl,  
The lad (that has his hair in curl)  
My lord the County's page is.



A pleasant place for such a pair !  
The fields lie basking in the glare ;  
No breath of wind the heavy air  
    Of lazy summer quickens.  
Hard by you see the castle tall,  
The village nestles round the wall ;  
As round about the hen, its small  
    Young progeny of chickens.

It is too hot to pace the keep ;  
To climb the turret is too steep  
My lord the Earl is dozing deep  
    His noonday dinner over ;  
The postern-warder is asleep ;  
(Perhaps they 've bribed him not to peep)  
And so from out the gate they creep ;  
    And cross the fields of clover.

Their lines into the brook they launch ;  
He lays his cloak upon a branch,  
To guarantee his Lady Blanche  
    's delicate complexion :  
He takes his rapier from his haunch,  
That beardless doughty champion staunch—  
He 'd drill it through the rival's paunch,  
    That question'd his affection !

O heedless pair of sportsmen slack !  
You never mark though trout or jack  
Or little foolish tickleback  
    Your baited snares may capture.  
What care has *she* for line and hook ?  
She turns her back upon the brook,  
Upon her lover's eyes to look  
    In sentimental rapture.

O loving pair ! as thus I gaze  
Upon the girl who smiles always,  
The little hand that ever plays  
    Upon the lover's shoulder ;  
In looking at your pretty shapes,  
A sort of envious wish escapes  
(Such as the Fox had for the Grapes)  
    The Poet your beholder.





J. J. Jordan

T. Stoddart

*The Withered Flowers.*

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.



To be brave, handsome, twenty-two ;  
With nothing else on earth to do,  
But all day long to bill and coo ;  
    It were a pleasant calling.  
And had I such a partner sweet ;  
A tender heart for mine to beat,  
A gentle hand my clasp to meet ;—  
I'd let the world flow at my feet,  
    And never heed its brawling.

---

## THE WITHERED FLOWERS.

DIE ! flowerets, die !  
Fade ! leaves of summer, fade !  
    Thus on the ground I strew  
    Red rose, and violet blue,  
    Emblems on earth to lie  
Of all my wasted love, and all my hopes decay'd.

Fair as the rose  
My youth put on its bloom ;  
    But like these rose-leaves wan  
    Its joys have come and gone,  
    And from their withering flows  
No fragrance after death to sanctify their tomb.

HOPE was a flower  
Fairer, ye buds, than you ;  
    But Hope, so sweet and bright,  
    Has shrivell'd in the blight  
    That smote its vernal hour,  
Nor Spring, nor all its balms, its freshness may renew.

And Love, young Love,  
Fairer than all the rest !  
    It blossom'd at my feet,  
    And with its odours sweet  
    Made rich the air above ;—  
I pluck'd it where it grew, and wore it on my breast.



But woe is me !  
Hid in that chalice fair,  
A poisonous aspic crept,  
That stung me when I slept,  
And fill'd with agony  
The bosom that ne'er dreamt to find such traitor there.

Die, flowerets, all !  
Fade, leaflets, on my heart !  
Joy withers where it rose,  
Hope's fading eyelids close,  
And Love's sweet blossoms fall ;—  
The light of Life is dim—and all its blooms depart.

---

## P R I N C E   A L B E R T .

ONE of thy Princely Race already came  
To England's shores, a Royal Bride to claim !  
Rich in all gifts of Nature and of Youth,—  
Early beloved, with tenderness and truth,—  
The stately Bridegroom of a fair young bride,—  
Bright rose his star, on Fortune's favouring tide ;  
And where Time's onward course, in prospect roll'd,  
Tinged the glad waters with its hues of gold !

Till, with a sudden shock, the storm came on :  
Death's shadowy horror blotted out his Sun .  
In colourless sad clouds above his head,  
The many-colour'd Bow of Promise fled ;  
And Hopes that hover'd round with radiant birth,  
So near, they almost seem'd to touch the earth,  
Ere to th' expectant heart their joy was given,  
Melted away,—and floated back to Heaven !

May'st Thou,—so like, in gifts which won HER love,  
Who now is happy in the realms above,—  
With fate so like the promise of that bliss  
HE lost so soon,—be yet unlike in this :  
That where the Sunshine left him, Thine may stay,  
And glow with steady light until the close of day !





Sr W. C. Ross, R.A.

W. Holl

*His Royal Highness  
Prince Albert.*

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.





Sir William C. Roefs R.A.

H. Robinson.

*Dressed for the Ball.*

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.



D R E S S ' D   F O R   T H E   B A L L ;

OR,

THE FAIR INDECISION.

DRESS'D for the Ball!—Thou wilt not go:—

A sorrowing friend demands thy care,  
And asks for sympathy in woe,  
And comfort which thy words can bear.  
The crowd will miss thee;—Beauty's throng  
Will shine to-night with paler ray,  
And many a heart 'mid dance and song  
Will chide thine absence or delay.

Sweet Indecision!—tell thy beads—

Debate and judge—let thought be free;—  
Wherever vagrant Fancy leads,  
We know what the result will be.  
Thy mild eyes beam such holy light,  
Thy lips, though mute, such thoughts express,  
We know thou wilt decide aright,  
And make thy duty, happiness.

Thou wilt not go:—thy friend in pain

Would clasp thy hand, and hear thy voice,  
And Pleasure shall appeal in vain  
To woo thee to another choice.  
The Indecision—fancy-bred—  
At Duty's summons shall depart;—  
Thou 'lt hasten to the sufferer's bed,  
And take thy counsel from thy heart.

C. F. H.



# THE COTTAGE PORCH;

OR,

## THE HISTORY OF THE EYES.

“ You—tell the history of mine eyes?”

“ Well—some men’s fancies *are* unruly!  
’Twould take three volumes at the least—  
Aye—twenty—if you told it truly.”

“ No matter; let me try the task,  
Though possibly my heart may rue it,  
If gazing on their light meanwhile,  
I strive to render justice to it.”—

“ One morn, ’twas twenty Mays ago,  
The meadows gleam’d with flowery whiteness,  
When on the world those eyelids oped,  
And show’d their inner orbs of brightness.  
Two little gem-like spheres they were,  
That knew no change of day or morrow;  
Yet shone ’mid tears, as if to prove  
The joy that had been born of sorrow.

Ere May a second time return’d,  
Those little worlds were worlds of graces,  
They look’d upon the earth and sky,  
And knew the light of loving faces.  
They wept—they glitter’d—wept again—  
And friends from strangers could remember,  
And garner’d smiles beneath their lids,  
To dart like meteors of November.





Edward Corbould.

Alfred Heath.

*The Cottage Porch.*



Seven springs and summers cheer'd the earth—  
Seven winters howl'd with stormy bluster,  
And every season as it pass'd,  
Left on those eyes increasing lustre.  
They glow'd with many a baby-joy,  
Suffused with tears of childlike gladness,  
And sparkled with affections pure—  
With hopes, and sympathies, and sadness.

Ten years ;—and then on Nature's face,  
Their long and silken lashes under,  
At sunlight, starlight, and the moon,  
They gazed with pleasure, or with wonder.  
They loved all lovely things of earth—  
They beam'd with every sweet emotion—  
Turn'd to the ground with modest grace,  
Or look'd to Heaven with young devotion.

But sixteen seasons wrought a change :  
They learn'd a secret—by this token—  
That they could read in others' eyes  
The admiration never spoken.  
They learn'd what tell-tale mirrors show'd—  
That whosoe'er might flout their bearer,  
There might be maids as fair perchance,  
But not a living maiden fairer.

The knowledge brought its natural fruit,  
But being link'd with gentle feeling,  
With sense, and modesty, and truth,  
And virtue, past my wits revealing,  
Men's hearts were overthrown at once,  
And through the world, you bright enslaver,  
You walk'd—a thing of love and light—  
On whom to look was joy and favour.

The hearts you wounded who shall count ?  
Talk of three volumes of romances !  
A hundred could not chronicle  
The hurts, fatalities, mischances !  
I cannot tell such endless tales  
Half through, or quarter ; who could read 'em ?  
Then oh, be spiteful—heartless—vain—  
And leave, oh, leave us to our freedom !



But while, as now, you win our hearts  
By sense and virtue, wit and kindness,  
We gaze—we dote—we kneel—we pray—  
The wisest worst, for utter blindness.  
Take pity, Clara—make your choice—  
The story of your eyes I've told you ;  
The sooner wed, the better fate  
For those who hope as they behold you."

So sang a knight of olden time,  
The eyes he praised with pleasure shining ;  
And Clara, tripping from the porch,  
Unloosed his arms around her twining—  
"I've made my choice, for love is blind,  
And it has proved my wits' undoing ;  
So fix the day, you foolish knight—  
I'll marry you—and stop your wooing !"

---

## T H E Q U E E N .

A FAIR face, and a fragile arm,  
In England's present hour,  
Assume the Sceptre and the Crown ;  
Emblems of Royal Power.  
And he who deems a woman's hand  
Should scarce have strength to sway,  
Let him but gaze on that fair face,  
And it shall say him nay :  
Bold resolution,—frankest truth,  
Courage to dare, or die,  
Live in that snowy brow's expanse,  
That blue imperial eye :  
And England treasures glorious days,  
Link'd with a woman's reign :  
The Past hath given the Future pledge,  
Such trust need not be vain !





Sir W. C. Ross. R.A.

W. H. H.

*Her Most Gracious Majesty  
Queen Victoria.*

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.



Nor Favour, nor Oppression, bid  
The undue side prevail ;  
May none be held so proud, that they  
May impudently dare ;  
May none be thought too low and mean,  
A subject's right to share ;  
But over all,—since Heaven first gave  
A kingdom, for a dower,—  
May Heaven's clear justice still appear,  
Protection, joined with Power.\*  
And God prolong the happy days,  
To distant lines of light,—  
And guard that fair anointed head,  
In every sacred right !

---

T H E T R Y S T E .

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

SHE has forestall'd the hours which luxury  
Still grants to slumber, for she cannot sleep ;  
So, timorous she steals clandestinely  
Her plighted love-tryste, and her first, to keep.—  
An innocent and hesitating maid,  
She glides along with slow and noiseless tread ;  
As if suspicious, lest the crumpled blade  
Of the crisp grass should utter where she sped.

\* The great anomaly of HER MAJESTY'S position, compared with that of every other woman in the British dominions, is a subject worthy of reflection. Some time ago, a case of felony was quashed, by an error in the indictment, which stated the money stolen to have been the property of the woman robbed, *whereas a married woman could not have half-a-crown of her own* ; on which principle the thief was acquitted. At the time of the discussion (and consequent alteration) of the law affecting the Custody of Infants, LORD BROUGHAM enumerated the hardships which women endured under the law of England. That versatile nobleman also declared his deliberate intention, at that time, of reviewing and amending such laws ;—and thus (I regret to say) by one enormous "Breach of Promise,"—deceived the whole Sex : well aware that the many-headed Hydra could not "sue him on general grounds," but must prove "special injury," to entitle them to compensation. For LORD BROUGHAM'S able exposition and proof, that there is scarcely any possible wrong or grievance for which either remedy or protection at present exists, whether in matters of fortune, reputation, or social rights ; I refer my readers to the Parliamentary debates, in the *Times* of July 31, 1838, and subsequently ; they will there find those speeches given at length ; extracts from which would perhaps appear misplaced in a work like the present.





Edward Colburn

Stuart

*The Tryst*

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.



Her robe of snowy hue, and azure zone,  
 A veil transparent as Arachne wove ;  
 (When she, misled by vanity alone,  
 In emulation with Minerva strove ;)  
 Her auburn tresses negligently wreath'd  
 With new-pluck'd garland white as virgin snows,  
 On which the dew yet glitter'd, and whence breathed  
 The balmy odour of the damask rose.  
 Such her attire ;—beneath the friendly veil  
 The changeful colour of her cheek she hid,  
 Red as the corn-field poppy, then as pale  
 As snowdrop, blanch'd at thought of what she did !  
 Her eye, her ear, her brow, her lips apart,  
 Her finger so articulate with life,  
 Reveal the intense listening of the heart :  
 With hope, fear, love, obedience, all at strife.  
 “ She ’ll not proceed—her soul is on the rack !  
 She feels so guilty, timid, and ashamed ;  
 Oh ! she will hurry to her mother back.”  
 But, list ! whose voice her gentle name hath named ?  
 Whose hand clasps hers—whose eyes look in her eyes ?  
 Whose lips assure her that she need not fear ?  
 Whose tears now thank her for this blest surprise ?  
 (Those tears which prove us to the heart so dear ;)  
 Who leads her, half reluctant, to the bower,  
 Then on the earth in adoration kneels,  
 To consecrate to joy the first bright hour  
 Which blushing love from sterner duty steals ?  
 Oblivious to the fleeting moments now,  
 In mute delight, her soul she wholly gave  
 To the enchantment of the thralling vow,  
 Which made her soul affection’s willing slave !  
 Sudden the spell was broken, darkly rose  
 The shade portentous of her former fears ;  
 And falling on his breast, her child-like woes  
 To him she murmur’d, sobbing ’mid her tears !  
 He sooth’d her as a friend—the lover’s hope  
 Sunk in his bosom, marking her despair ;  
 And call’d on the pure heaven’s cerulean cope,  
 In witness of the loving oath he sware :  
 “ Oh ! never more, e’en for this perfect joy,  
 Will we thus meet again, oh ! never more.—  
 O cease those tears ! think’st thou I would destroy  
 The purity I dote on and adore ?



If I must purchase pleasure at thy cost,  
 If, for my rapture, thou must suffer pain ;  
 Rather, for me, be bliss for ever lost—  
 Rather, my cheeks, let tears for ever stain !  
 Rather let gloom my spirits still oppress,  
 Than thou, for whom my constant prayers ascend,  
 Should'st lose one moment of thy happiness,  
 And think thy lover had not proved thy friend.  
 Yet there is happiness of love in store  
 For us below ;—I catch a distant sight  
 Of the calm haven, on whose tranquil shore  
 Blossoms for us the Island of Delight !  
 Thy father will take pity and relent ;  
 Oh ! he will soften to thy prayers and mine—  
 He'll own our love's unconquerable bent,  
 And crown our wishes with consent divine !  
 We'll meet no more in secret and in pain ;  
 I will forego all earthly hopes but one ;  
 The present loss shall be to-morrow's gain,  
 And we shall wed with thy sire's benison.  
 Dry up thy tears—take comfort—love is strong—  
 Against its patience weak is adverse will ;  
 Thy sire has loved—he will not do us wrong ;  
 Thy mother pleads—and Love shall conquer still.

---

## T H E P R O U D B E A U T Y .

PROUD Maid, thou lov'st thyself too much  
 To give thy love to me,  
 Thou art too distant for my touch,  
 I've lost my faith in thee.

Though thou art splendid as a star,  
 Thy beams are little worth,  
 They come too coldly from afar  
 And cannot warm the earth.

I want no star amid the gloom  
 To light my mortal way,  
 I want a taper in my room  
 When twilight groweth gray.





J. Wood.

H. Cook.

*The Proud Beauty.*

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.





F. P. Stephanoff.

H. Robinson.

*The Embassy of the Flower.*



I want no proud majestic tree  
To shade my cottage o'er,  
I want a honeysuckle free  
To clamber at the door.

I want no diamond sharply set  
Upon my forehead press'd,  
I'd rather have a violet  
To carry at my breast.

Thy charms may rivalry eclipse,  
And all men may admire,  
I'd rather have a pair of lips  
To kiss beside the fire.

I've lost all hopes I ever built,  
Of being loved by thee—  
So, Lady, dazzle whom thou wilt,  
No more thou'lt dazzle me.

---

## THE EMBASSY OF THE FLOWER.

I CANNOT speak—I may not tell  
What I would fain impart,  
For fear my foolish lips betray  
The secret of my heart.  
My tongue, if it disclose my thought,  
Too garrulous may prove,  
And my full eyes too indiscreet,  
Might tell him all my love.

So, little flower, to thee I'll trust  
To make mine errand clear,  
Thou wilt not sigh when he is nigh,  
Or drop th' accusing tear.  
Neither too little, nor too much,  
The message shall convey—  
Oh mute ambassador of love,  
I speed thee on thy way!



## T H E B R I D E .

MAIDEN, thou wear'st the orange wreath,  
In all its fragrant pride ;  
The silvery veil, too, speaketh thee  
A gentle, thoughtful bride.

Thy smiles, though radiant, are dimm'd  
By the soft mist of tears ;  
Hope riseth high within thy breast,  
But not unmix'd with fears.

Hast thou, through life, for weal or woe,  
Promised thy heart's deep love ?  
And dost thou know that sacred vow  
Is register'd above ?

No marvel, then, that on thy cheek  
A deeper rose should glow,  
No marvel, that a shade of care  
Should cloud thy snowy brow.

Yet falter not ! be strong in trust ;  
Look hopefully on life ;  
And dearer than the bride shall be  
The matron and the wife.

*Look upward*, still, in all thy cares,  
Not *back* to youth's bright hours ;  
Droop not, but cheerily press on,  
Through thorns as well as flowers.

Treasure the bright encircling ring,  
The precious " golden sign " all eyes  
That tells thee that another's weal  
Is link'd for aye with thine.

Be thine Faith, Truth, and Constancy,  
Priestess art thou of love ;  
Would'st thou thy mission well fulfil ?  
Seek aid from Heav'n above !





*The Bride*





G. Cattermole.

W. Hatcliffe.

*The Parting.*

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.



T H E P A R T I N G

“ WITH thee the moments fly so fast,  
That days but hours appear,  
Oh Time, be kind to loving hearts,  
And fondly linger here.  
Parted from thee, each weary hour  
Will lengthen to a day—  
Oh Time, be kind to loving hearts,  
And speed such hours away.”

“ I go—but when I roam afar—  
Behold the evening sky,  
And think if morning shall return,  
That so, my love, will I.  
Think in the wintry hours, that Spring  
Earth’s blossoms shall restore,  
And that I’ll journey with the flowers,  
To part from thee no more.”

“ Farewell! Farewell!”—Their mutual hearts  
Throb sympathetic pain :—  
“ Farewell! Farewell!—dry up thy tears,  
I’ll soon come back again !”  
Her tears and kisses, more than words,  
Betray her bursting heart ;  
“ Not yet !”—she sobs, “ one minute more—  
’Tis agony to part.”—

He’s gone!—“ Ye holy saints !” she cries,  
“ Be his a charmed life,—  
Shield him in peril and distress ;  
Preserve him in the strife ;  
Oh turn his steps from Glory’s paths ;  
Watch o’er him, night and day,  
And till I see his face again—  
I’ll think on him, and pray.”



# L A P O È S I E .

PAR LE CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN.

PAR notre siècle bannie  
Dis-nous, belle Poésie,  
Dis-nous, où vas-tu cacher  
Ton auréole divine  
Dont la splendeur illumine  
L'âme que tu viens toucher ?

Où vas-tu cacher les larmes  
Que font répandre avec charmes  
Les plus profondes douleurs ?  
Dans quel temple, et sous quel voile  
Va se cacher ton étoile,  
Et se dérober tes fleurs ?

Ne verrons-nous plus la nue  
Où, sylphide suspendue,  
Tu te laisses emporter  
Par ton aile diaphane  
Que le regard du profane  
Ne vit jamais s'agiter ?

Ne pourrons-nous plus entendre  
La voix angélique et tendre  
De ton luth harmonieux ?  
Pour toujours quittant la terre  
Avec dédain, toute entière  
Vas-tu remonter aux cieux ?

## LA POÉSIE.

Non : Pour l'âme qui m'adore  
Ici bas je reste encore ;  
J'y reste pour consoler  
Celui qui gémit et pleure,  
Alors qu'il voit venir l'heure  
Où l'on voudrait m'exiler.





Mrs. F. Gerbaux.

W. H. Motte.

*Twilight & Poetry.*

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.





*The Ball*



J'ai choisi mon sanctuaire  
Où l'amour plaça son aire,  
Où Dieu fit le ciel plus beau ;  
Poëte aux celestes flammes,  
C'est au cœur aimant des femmes  
Que j'ai caché mon flambeau !

---

T H E B A L L .

COME deck thy brow with roses,  
Braid pearls into thy hair ;  
Pleasure her court is keeping,  
And calls the young and fair.

Sweet music, joy-inspiring,  
Swells on thy raptured sense,  
And flowers are round thee smiling,  
Emblems of innocence.

Bright gems, and eyes yet brighter  
Shed forth their flashing ray,  
And night array'd in lustre,  
Outshines the sober day.

Full many a high-born lady  
Will grace the sparkling throng,  
And noble halls will echo  
With jocund dance and song.

No cheek than thine more glowing,  
No foot than thine more light ;  
Whence comes it, gentle maiden,  
Thou wilt not dance to-night ?

Is it that thy young spirit  
Hath found a deeper spring  
Of happiness, than Pleasure,  
With her best arts, can bring ?



Is it that thou would'st rather  
List to the lark's blithe lay,  
Than hail with waltz or gallope  
The dawn of summer-day?

Or would'st thou rather gather  
The violet gemm'd with dew,  
Than wear such flowers as copy  
Of Nature's but the hue?

Or is it that thou deemest  
Thy quiet home more meet  
For maiden's gentle presence  
Than Fashion's brightest seat?

If thus thou judgest, Fair one,  
I would not bid thee leave  
The pure delights thou lovest,  
For aught the world can give.

But since there *may* be harbour'd  
In rural cot more pride  
Than ever ball-room foster'd  
In maiden, or in bride;

Do not thou judge thy sisters,  
With other eyes who see;  
The very queen of graces  
Is meek-eyed Charity.

---

## THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON.

LADY ELIZABETH HAY, fourth daughter of the Marquis of Tweeddale, married 9th of April, 1839, to Arthur, Marquis of Douro, eldest son of the Duke of Wellington; who succeeded his illustrious Father, September 14, 1852, as Duke of Wellington, &c., &c., &c.





J. R. Swinton.

J. Thomson.

*The Duchess of Wellington.*

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.





G. Cattermole.

S. Bull.

*Old English Hospitality.*

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.



## OLD ENGLISH HOSPITALITY.

WE may not praise the good old times  
For all that they record,  
When wrong was right, if saucy might  
Affirm'd it with the sword.  
The gate and bridge, the moat and tower,  
Were best defences then,  
Rough hearts were served by sturdy hands,  
And Force was king of men.  
But though our sires had errors great,  
Their virtues let us own,  
They made the poor their welcome guests,  
They hush'd the widow's moan.

When redbreasts sought the garden-plot,  
To pick the scanty crumb ;  
When winds blew cold o'er frozen wold,  
And all the groves were dumb ;  
When poverty and age were sad,  
To see the drifting flakes ;  
When widows kiss'd their orphan babes,  
And shudder'd for their sakes ;  
Then glow'd the fire upon the hearth  
In many an ancient hall,  
The tables shook—the platters smoked—  
The poor were welcome all.

The Ancient Virtue is not dead,  
And long may it endure ;  
May wealth in England never fail,  
Nor pity for the poor.  
Though cold, inhospitable skies  
O'erarch us as we stand,  
They cannot dull the genial hearts  
That glow within our land.  
And evermore when winds blow cold,  
We'll imitate our sires—  
We'll spread the board—we'll feed the poor—  
We'll light the cottage fires.



## T H E   S U R P R I S E .

The following ballad recently came to light, (in MS.,) in searching through a family muniment-chest in the county mentioned in the verses. From their reference to well-known incidents, they would appear to have been written late in the reign of King George the Second. They have no great literary merit, but are much in the style of many ballads of the time, which have obtained a reputation. Any credit or discredit arising from their resuscitation belongs to—

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

DAN PHŒBUS had not drove his steeds  
Beyond the middle stage,  
And royal G—— had scarcely flown  
Into his twentieth rage ;

By which two signs you'll understand  
The hour was twelve at most,  
When a great Earl of Gl—st—rshire  
Look'd white as any ghost.

He smote his hand upon his brow,  
He lean'd upon a chair,  
And on his true and wedded Wife  
Distractedly did stare.

Yet, sooth to say, the Lady's form  
Was form an Earl might love,  
She show'd like Hebe when she brings  
Wine to her patron, Jove.

Her eyes shot shafts of deadly light,  
Most fatal to beholders,  
And Poet cannot praise aright  
The marble of her shoulders.

Not Orpheus than her gentle voice  
A sweeter tune might frame :  
The Earl had made a lordly choice,  
And Flora was her name.





Edward Corbould.

Alf<sup>d</sup> Heath.

*The Surprises.*



Now why his Lordship stamp'd and stared  
The while his lady spake,  
The doleful tale shall be reveal'd,  
That Earls may warning take.

“ Good sooth, my Lord,” the dame began,  
“ I've sought you, to declare,  
From no created Nobleman  
This treatment will I bear.

“ My father was a Baron old,  
When your's was but a Knight ;  
(And Knight 'tis thought he would have died,  
But for his guineas bright.)

“ A Marquis, and of Viscounts two,  
Five Baronets beside,  
When fondly I made choice of you,  
Had sought me for their bride.

“ I brought you, too, no empty hand,  
To give you right to say,  
' I've bought her china, monkey, page,  
I'll please me as I may.'

“ Sylvanus Urban mark'd me down :  
In Gl—st—rshire is wed,  
' The Lady Flora S—lv—ngt—n,  
Portion—a plum—'tis said.'

“ I waste no fortunes on the town,  
As is the way of some ;  
Do I see Masks a dozen times  
A year, or give a Drum ?

“ And when in chains Jack Sheppard lay,  
And ladies throng'd to stare,  
Did I once visit Newgate, pray,  
To beg a lock of hair ?

“ When the Ridotto half the world  
To Foxhall Gardens drew,  
Did I rush there with all the rest,  
Or stay to go with you ?



“ Or when, in Goodman’s Fields, Odell  
Open’d his Playhouse door,  
And hostile preachers made the place  
More tempting than before ;

“ Although we heard that we should see  
(So went St. Botolph’s tales)  
Some day, the Prince of Darkness there ;  
Most days, the Prince of Wales ;

“ I never went. I never lose  
Your money at Quadrille.  
For smuggled laces, fans, and shoes,  
Who tenders you my bill ?

“ In every article of life  
Which doth become a spouse,  
I do my duty as a Wife,  
As all the world allows.

“ But what return you make, my Lord,  
I’ll see the town shall know ;  
The Mall and Clubs shall judge your right  
To use your Lady so.

“ Your days are pass’d in making love,  
Though none on me you waste ;  
Miss Jenny S—— ! indeed, my Lord,  
I wonder at your taste.

“ Your nights at play with J—— and V——\*  
Most wickedly are past,  
Until half sober—or much less—  
You swagger home at last.

“ You shock my maids with your discourse,  
(At least they tell me so,)  
And speak much gentler to your horse,  
Than to your footman, Joe.

\* I regret that my editorial researches have not enabled me to assign these initials to anybody in particular. It is to be feared, that at the period in question, there were a good many gentlemen addicted to amusements such as those the context describes.



“ And I, your poor neglected Wife,  
In you no fault must spy,  
But sit mumchance, and think it right—  
In sooth, my Lord, not I.

“ But since I see these mild remarks  
Serve but as aggravation,  
I’ll only say, with your good leave,  
We’ll have a Separation.”

’Twas then his Lordship smote his brow,  
And lean’d upon his chair,  
And on his true and scolding Wife  
Distractedly did stare.

“ O Heaven ! O Earth ! ” his Lordship cried,  
“ What words are these from you ?  
My Flora ! ” but his Lordship’s speech  
Was here cut clean in two.

For at that nick of his discourse  
The door did open fly,  
And enter’d with a headlong course,  
A virgin, suddenly.

And sliding on the polish’d floor,  
Some steps that virgin roll’d,  
And prostrate lay before the pair,  
Unseemly to behold.

’Tis thought against that door she lean’d,  
To listen to the fray,  
And pressing hard, the treacherous lock  
Beside her weight gave way.

’Twas she who told the doleful tale,  
Which thus to end she brings ;  
For as the Poet knows no more,  
No more the Poet sings.

---

Now Heaven preserve our royal G——,  
Our liberties and lives ;  
And let all Earls, and other men,  
Mind how they treat their wives.



T O ———

ON HER SAYING THAT SHAKESPEARE WAS THE ONLY WRITER WHO GAVE  
HER ANY PLEASURE.

BY A. HAYWARD, ESQ.

Your boundless love for Shakespeare's strain,—  
That 'tis your only joy to bow  
Devotedly before his fane,  
Lady, you fearlessly avow.

Because th' immortal poet's page  
With wisdom, wit, and feeling fraught,  
Impassion'd, fanciful, and sage,  
Responds to every chord of thought.

Just so, my wayward heart can find  
True sympathy alone in those  
Rich ever-varying stores of mind,  
*Your* bright imaginings disclose.

And both our destinies are such,  
That all emotion must be still—  
Torpids until th' enchanter's touch  
Diffuses its electric thrill.

Then, as the bard's seraphic numbers  
Bring *thee* bright thoughts in every line,  
My fancy quits its leaden slumbers,  
To revel in the light of thine.

But does not now and then your idol,  
Though pure as if of heaven's revealing,  
Raise dreams and thoughts you cannot bridle,  
And wake to too intense a feeling?





*The lovers of Shakespeare.*





J.R. Jackson.

H.B. Hall.

*The Right Honorable Viscount Gough, K.C.B.*

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.



And would you not reply, despite  
Of fools who talked of joys undoing,  
That one who follow'd things so bright  
Were blameless, though they led to ruin?

Oh! should I copy you too nearly,  
Do not your wonted smile refuse,  
And should I think of you too dearly,  
Admit me to the same excuse.

---

L O R D   G O U G H.

How small a thing is Popularity,  
Born of a breath—the wind of a caprice  
Bestow'd, apportion'd, or withheld by Chance.  
Who for the cheer of an impulsive crowd  
Would sell his soul? Who, emulation fired,  
Would give the labour of a life to reap  
The barren harvest of the popular voice?  
Not thou, true soldier. Good or ill repute  
Lavish'd upon thee by the arbiters  
Of men's opinions, never sway'd thy deeds.  
Honour and Duty were thy monitors,  
Valour thy guide, and Conscience thy reward.  
So led, so prompted, and so satisfied,  
It matters not if daily at thy heels  
The many-headed monster howl or cheer.  
So is it ever with the true of soul,—  
They have rewards the grateful did not give,  
And which, sustain'd by inward rectitude,  
The most ungrateful cannot take away.

I have no reverence for soldier-craft  
Like that which fired the Macedonian's mind,  
Or urged the mighty Corsican to slay.  
I loathe their foul ambition, and deplore  
The selfish principle that sends mankind  
One after other, host on top of host,



To the great shambles of insatiate War ;—  
But soldiers such as thou,—the high police  
That keep the wicked in the bounds of law,  
And fight great battles, not for sake of strife,  
But for the sake of Peace which bad men break,—  
I honour and esteem. Such wert thou, Gough,  
And such our Wellington. Upon you both  
The generous nation in its cooler hour,  
Unsway'd by party judgment of the mob,  
Has pour'd the tribute of its gratitude.  
Long may it last—and long may soldiers feel  
The mighty Truth that Wellington express'd,  
The battle-gaining, war-detesting chief :—  
*“A glorious victory!”* quoth he, *“ah, no—  
Naught is so dreadful as a Victory,  
E'en in a righteous cause, except defeat.”*

---

E L L E N.

WHEN thou art grave, and castest down  
Those beaming eyes of heavenly beauty  
And speakest low the kindly words  
That make our admiration duty ;  
When with thy gentle woman's voice  
Some tale of grief I hear thee telling,  
Till all thy heart with pity throbs,  
I love thee, and I call thee Ellen.

But when thou'rt gay and sheddest smiles,  
Like sunlight on the place thou fillest,  
When to delight the very air  
Some snatch of melody thou trillest ;  
When like a little silver bell  
Thy merry laugh rings musically,  
And thy sweet eyes respond to mine,  
I love thee, and I call thee Nelly.



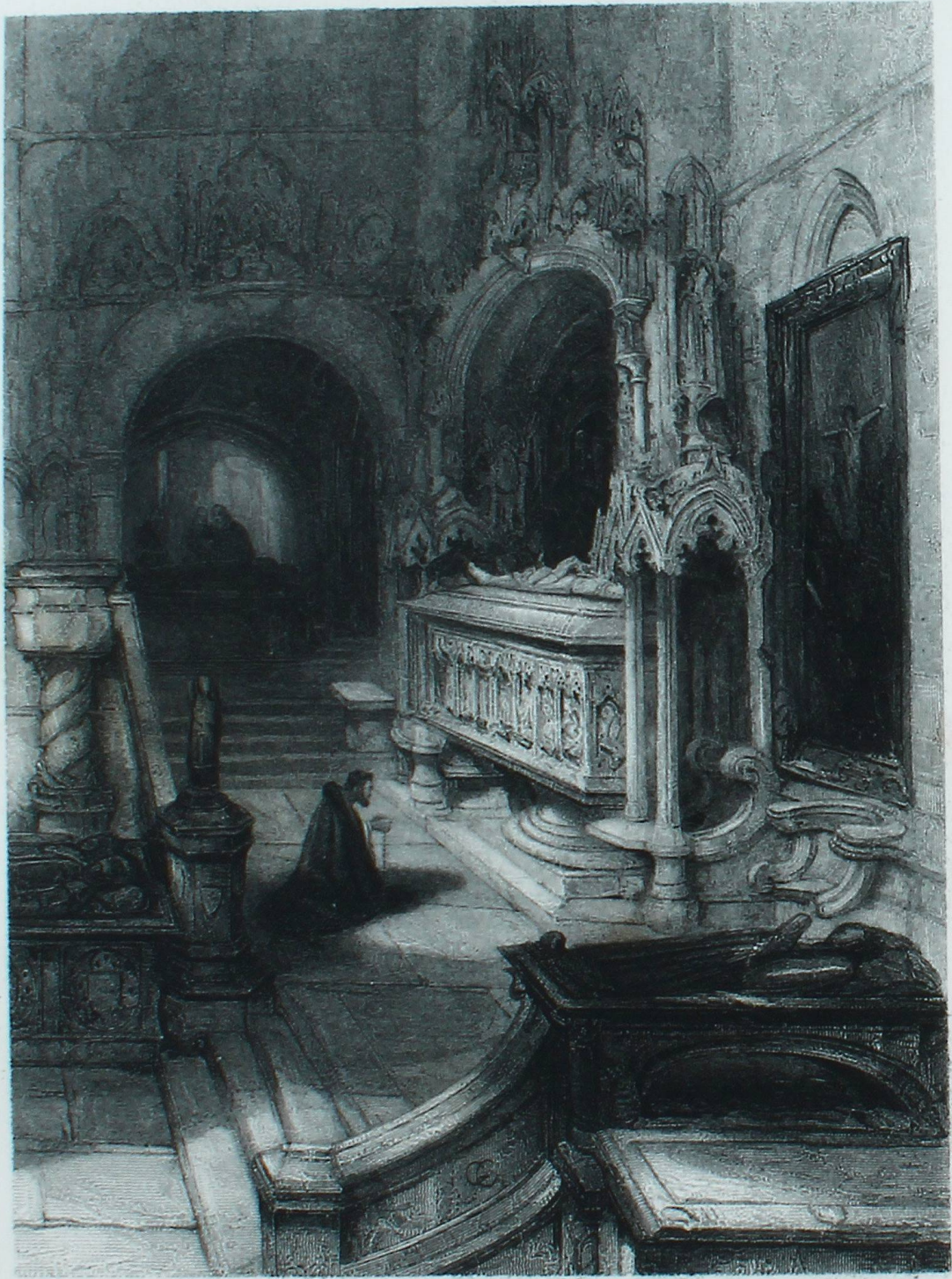


J. Hayter

W. H. Motte

*Ellen Evelina*





G. Cameron del.

F. Radcliffe sculp.

*The Grave of Brides.*



# T H E   B A R D ' S   R E Q U E S T .

## THE GRAVE OF PRIDE.

WHEN I lie cold in death,  
Bury me where ye will,  
Though if my living breath  
May urge my wishes still,  
When I shall breathe no more ;—  
Let my last dwelling be,  
Beneath a turf with wild flowers cover'd o'er,  
Under a shady tree,—  
A grave where winds may blow and sunshine fall  
And autumn-leaves may drop in yearly funeral.

I care not for a tomb,  
With sculptured cherubim,  
Amid the solemn gloom  
Of old cathedrals dim.  
I care not for the pride  
Of epitaphs well-meant,  
Nor wish my name with any pomps allied,  
When my last breath is spent ;  
Give me a grave beneath the fair green trees,  
And an abiding place in good men's memories.

But wheresoe'er I sleep,  
I charge you, friends of mine,  
With adjuration deep,  
And by your hopes divine ;  
Let no irreverent pen,  
For sake of paltry pay,  
Expose my faults or follies unto men,  
To desecrate my clay :  
Let none but good men's tongues my story tell,—  
Nor even they,—I'd sleep unvex'd by any knell.



Why should the gaping crowd  
Claim any right to know  
How sped in shine or cloud,  
My pilgrimage below?  
Why should the vulgar gaze  
Be fix'd upon my heart,  
When I am dead, because in living days  
I did my little part  
To sing a music to the march of man—  
A lark high carolling to armies in the van?

But still, if crowds will claim  
A moral to be told,  
From my unwilling name,  
When slumbering in the mould,  
I'll tell the tale myself—  
A story ever new—  
Yet old as Adam—Oh, ye men of pelf,  
Ye would not tell it true—  
But I will tell it in my day of life,  
And wave the flag aloft ere I depart the strife.

I wasted precious youth,  
But learn'd before my prime,  
The majesty of truth—  
The priceless worth of Time;  
I hoped, and was deceived—  
I built without a base—  
I err'd—I suffer'd—doubted—and believed—  
I ran a breathless race,  
And when half way toward the wish'd-for goal,  
Despised the bauble crown for which I'd given my soul.

I thought that I was wise,  
When folly was my rule,  
But with late-open'd eyes,  
Confess'd myself a fool.  
I strove in vain to flee  
The penalty of sin;  
I pluck'd the apple, Pleasure, from the tree,  
And found it dust within.  
I sow'd ill-seed in spring-time of my years—  
And reap'd the natural crop of agony and tears.



I never did a wrong  
That brought not punishment,  
In sufferings keen and long,  
By chastening mercy sent.  
I never did the right  
Without a sweet reward  
Of inward music and celestial light  
In beautiful accord.  
I never scorn'd but with result of scorn,  
Nor loved without new life when I was most forlorn.

I think I loved my kind,  
And strove to serve it too,  
And in my secret mind  
Adored the good and true.  
I know I never dipp'd  
My pen in slime or gall,  
Or wrote a sentence which the purest-lipp'd  
Would scruple to recall ;  
I think my lyre gave forth a manly tone—  
I know I never preach'd opinions not my own.

I found, as man or boy,  
Delight in wild woods green,  
And reap'd perpetual joy  
From every natural scene.  
I nursed amid the crowd  
My human sympathies ;  
To heart and brain they made appeal aloud,  
With voice of mysteries.  
And in the forest paths, or cities throng'd,  
Nature was in my soul, and to my soul belong'd.

In all my life I felt  
God's presence evermore,  
And reverently knelt  
To love and to adore ;—  
Such let the record be—  
I charge ye, friends of mine,  
Add but a date to this life-history—  
Th' obituary line—  
Say that I lived and died—and did my best—  
But spare my secret heart, and let my ashes rest.



L A D Y J A N E.

OH, Lady Jane, dear Lady Jane,  
Those beautiful and earnest eyes  
Have shot their beams through many a brain,  
And prompted many a world of sighs.  
No wonder!—stony-hard and cold  
Were he, who, gazing on their light—  
Aye, were he eighty winters old—  
Felt no pulsation of delight.

But tell us, dearest Lady Jane,  
What secret witchery and spell  
Hast thou to rule the hearts of men,  
That not the hardest can rebel?  
The hearts of men?—Not theirs alone—  
For women do not love thee less;  
Thou hast some secret of thine own,  
Thou saucy little sorceress!

The blind old beggar on the road,  
Fed by thy bounty, loves thee more  
For gentle sympathy bestow'd,  
Than for the tribute from thy store.  
The peevish beldame, sour'd by want,  
And teased by urchins far and near,  
Selects thee for her confidant,  
And breathes her sorrows in thine ear.

The kittens on the hearth prefer  
Thy soft caress, than ours more sweet;  
And jealous hound and snarling cur  
Frolic with pleasure at thy feet.  
The parrot swinging to and fro,  
That sulks at others, talks to thee;  
And tearful babes forget their woe,  
And cuddle, happy, round thy knee.





W. Drummond

H. Austin

*Lady James*

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.





Martin.

Jenkins.

*Napoleon III, Emperor of the French.*

*Napolin Bonaparte*



In fact, there's something, Lady dear,  
In thee, and on thee, and about,  
A power—a charm—an atmosphere—  
A fascination in and out,  
That make all creatures, high and low,  
Love thee and trust thee ;—Tell us, then,  
The reason why we love thee so—  
Thou little fairy, Lady Jane !

What can it be?—for I confess  
I know of beauty great as thine ;  
Yet if it be not loveliness,  
'Tis something in thee more divine.  
'Tis not thy wit—or eloquence—  
And thou hast both in ample store ;  
'Tis not thy birth—or wealth—or sense—  
That makes us captive evermore.

What is it, then?—Thou canst not say—  
Then let me tell thee, Lady Jane :  
'Tis bright good-humour, warm as day—  
'Tis sympathy for others' pain—  
'Tis heart—and mind—and patience rich—  
'Tis loving-kindness, failing never ;—  
These are thy spells, thou potent witch—  
We can't resist—we're thine for ever !

---

## N A P O L E O N   I I I .

EMPEROR OF FRANCE.

LOUIS-NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was born in Paris, at the palace of the Tuileries, on the 20th of April, 1808. His father was the third of the four brothers of the Emperor Napoleon I. ; and his mother was the Queen Hortense, daughter of the Empress Josephine by her first husband, the Count de Beauharnais. After the death of his brother, in 1831, the prince signed his name Napoleon-Louis Bonaparte, in conformity with the will of the Emperor, who had decided that the eldest of the family should always bear the name of Napoleon.

Endowed with considerable activity of mind, and stirred by a laudable ambition, his first endeavours were to surround his name with such a degree of celebrity



as literary efforts might obtain; thus, while in Switzerland, his labours in the field of authorship produced an Essay on that Confederation, and a work on Artillery, which gained him a certain measure of applause, and the honorary citizenship of the canton Thurgau.—His fortunes have been greatly chequered; and the principal incidents in his remarkable career are well known. Of these may be noticed, as most prominent, his two unsuccessful attempts to excite revolutionary movements against the Orleans dynasty:—first at Strasburg in 1836; failing in which, he was, after a brief detention, removed to the United States, where he resided for a short time;—the second attempt was made from London, in an expedition to Boulogne, in 1840: the issue of this ill-judged enterprise threw him at once into the power of his enemies, who sentenced him to perpetual incarceration in the fortress of Ham; from which captivity, however, he at length escaped by a well-managed stratagem in 1846, and subsequently spent much of his time in London.

After the revolution which dethroned Louis Philippe, Fortune no longer frowned upon the prince, and he was elected President of the French Republic on the 10th of December, 1848; but that government, after a feverish existence of three years, was abolished, much after the fashion that his illustrious Uncle, then General Bonaparte, disposed of the Directory and established the Consulate, in 1799; and with a like result—that of investing him with dictatorial power in order to consolidate the new regime, and of ultimately submitting his own elevation to imperial dignity to the suffrages of the nation. The success of such an appeal could not be doubtful, from the charm of his name with the French people; he was accordingly elected by a vast majority, and proclaimed Emperor on the 2nd of December, 1852, under the style and title of Napoleon III.

With a view to add splendour to the throne, and in the hope of establishing a Bonapartean dynasty, his marriage shortly followed: early in 1853 he was united to the Countess Teba, of Spain, now Empress of France.