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K. K. Venugopal





J.R. Herbert.

W.J. Edwards.

*The Doge Foscari,
Pronouncing Sentence of Exile upon his Son.*

FISHER'S

DRAWING ROOM SCRAP-BOOK.

VOL. III



Old Elspeth.

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. III.

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THE
DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP-BOOK.

THE DOGE FOSCARI.

“The father again looked on, while his son was raised on the accursed cord no less than thirty times, in order that, under his agony, he might be induced to utter a lying declaration of innocence. But this cruelty was exercised in vain; and, when nature gave way, the sufferer was carried to the apartments of the Doge, torn, bleeding, senseless, and dislocated, but firm in his original purpose. Nor had his persecutors relaxed in *theirs*; they renewed his sentence of exile, and added that its first year should be passed in prison. Before he embarked, one interview was permitted with his family. The Doge, (as Sanuto, perhaps unconscious of the pathos of his simplicity, has narrated,) was an aged and decrepit man, who walked with the support of a crutch, and when he came into the chamber, he spake with great firmness, so that it might seem it was not his son whom he was addressing; but it *was* his son—his only son. ‘Go, Giacopo,’ was his reply, when prayed for the last time to solicit mercy; ‘Go, Giacopo, submit to the will of your country, and seek nothing farther.’ This effort of self-restraint was beyond the powers, not of the old man’s enduring spirit, but of his exhausted frame; and when he retired, he swooned in the arms of his attendants. Giacopo reached his Candian prison, and was shortly afterwards released by death.”

THE mournful picture of the banish’d Youth!
Whose sentence was pronounced by loving lips;
By a familiar voice;—the fondest, first,
That spoke protection to his infancy!
The exiled SON, whose father was a DOGE,
And from the two divided duties, left
To aching choice,—as Parent, and as Ruler,
Merged all the private, in the public, tie.
But who shall dwell upon the bitter theme?
Who follow BYRON?* in whose passionate words

* To such of my readers (if any) as are unfamiliar with Lord Byron’s play of “The Two Foscari,” I recommend its perusal; the more confidently, as its passages of vigour and beauty are not marred by any contrast of evil thought, for which others of his writings have been so often criticized.

The wild lament for Venice,—lovely Venice,—
Breathed by those dying and exhausted lips
From the deep well-springs of a broken heart,
Must live for ever? Let no meaner hand
Sweep the strong chords of that now silent harp ;
Its echo yet hath power to thrill the air,
So that all sound seems discord, which attempts
A variation of its melody !

T H E F L I R T .

Too old ! too old ! You should not flirt
You pipe ; but none will dance ;—
At twenty-eight 'tis rather late
To trifle with your chance.

In the first budding of the teens,
In life's delicious spring,
A little miss may play with hearts,
Like kittens with a string.

At sweet sixteen 'tis pretty, too,
To see the maids aspire
To sport with " sparks," and never burn
Their fingers with the fire.

At eighteen it is dangerous play,
At twenty 'tis a crime—
A heartless waste of life and love—
With you, 'tis loss of time.

We sigh for flirts when they are young ;
But when they 're old as you,
We only laugh behind their backs—
Take warning what you do.

You dart your arrows from your eyes,
But not a wound remains ;
Oh lady fair—in time beware—
You 're laugh'd at for your pains.



Louis David.

C. Heath.

The Flirt.



EDWARD COBOLD.

J. PENSTON.

The Masquerade.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

T H E M A S Q U E R A D E .

BY THE LADY HARRIETTE D'ORSAY.

APART from the tumultuous crowd
Two lovely sisters smiling stand ;
Forwards their heads are gently bow'd,
Their satin masks are in their hand.

The youngest, merriest, of the twain,
Enchanted with her girlish play,
Is asking, o'er and o'er again,
“ Sweet Sister, *does* he come this way ?

“ Not that I care about the man ;
I never saw him in my life,
But once, when he pick'd up my fan,
And ask'd me if I'd be his wife.

“ Of course 'twas but a jest, you know ;
To make a conquest at first sight,
I am not fair enough,—although
They say my eyes are large and bright :

“ And that my figure's slight and tall,
My hair just like the raven's wing ;
My feet and hands I *know* are small,—
And I can dance, and play, and sing.

“ But just conceive the monster saying,
Slight waists were often a *take in* :
That ancient dames were fond of playing
Such tricks—when blest by being thin.

“ That he mistrusted pretty feet,
And small white hands ;—in such a plight
I really thought it was but meet
To raise my mask,—and then take flight.

“ Perhaps he ’s lost us in the throng,
I cannot tell ;—I do not care ;—
Just look behind,—it is not wrong
To see if still the fool is there !”

It was so fair a sight to see
That lovely face, in all the pride
Of conquest, and of girlish glee,—
Her graver sister could not chide.

And even when, in after years,
The flatter’d Beauty proud looks down
And smiles to see what hopes, what fears,
Are waken’d by her smile, or frown :

Fondly will memory yet turn back
To the *first* love-vow that she heard,
And wandering o’er time’s faded track,
Recall each sigh, each look, each word.

Hollow shall sound each flattering phrase
That seem’d so true, so heart-felt then ;
The joy of love’s first-breathéd vow
What power can make us feel again ?

SPEAKING LIKENESSES.

THERE are some portraits which we make our friends,
Although we never saw the form or face
Which genial Art perpetuates so well.
The rolling ages may perchance have dropp’d
The spring-time blossoms and th’ autumnal leaves
Of thrice a hundred years upon the dust
Of painter and of sitter—both alike ;
And yet we throb with inward sympathy.



A. E. Chalon, pinx.

J. Cochran, sculp.

A Speaking Likeness.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.



A. E. Chalm. R.A.

H. Cook.

English Beauty.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.

We know them human, as we know ourselves
By the fine fascination that we feel.
They challenge us to pass them if we dare,
And look upon us with mute-eloquent eyes,
That seem to say—"Come, read our mystery."
Their glances follow us where'er we go;
And so we stand, spell-bound, to give them back
Keen inquisition, and a stare for stare.
We read whole histories in their painted orbs,
And look into the chambers of their house,
And say this woman loved and suffer'd much;
Or this man's heart was wounded to its depths.
We hold communion with them on the wall—
And know them better than our living friends.
Oh wondrous art—more wondrous sympathy!

ENGLISH BEAUTY.

(VERS INSCRITS SUR L'ALBUM D'UNE DEMOISELLE ANGLAISE.)

PAR LE CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN.

Je voudrais être le nuage
Pour te préserver du soleil,
Je voudrais être ton image
Pour te sourire à ton réveil.

Je voudrais être la pervenche
Qui joue avec tes noirs cheveux,
Ou ton beau miroir qui se penche
Quand sur lui tu mires tes yeux.

Je voudrais, lorsque tu reposes,
Être cet ange aux ailes d'or
Qui baise tes deux lèvres roses,
Et veille sur toi, doux trèsoir!

Je voudrais être un de ces songes
Qui ne donnent aucune peur,
Qui te font croire à leurs mensonges
Et te bercent dans le bonheur.



J.K. Herbert.

W.H. Eglston.

False as Fair

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

So let them grow, the highland flowers,
As lovely as the morning ;
So, like the heather on the hills,
A rugged soil adorning ;
Or like the blue-bell of the wood,
And hare-bell of the meadow,
Gleam on the country of their birth
In sunshine or in shadow.

In sunshine or in shadow still,
By northern loch or mountain,
As fair as prouder flowers that grow
By southern grove or fountain.
Fair, and not proud—with Virtue crown'd,
Sweet-scented in the by-lands,
Still may they bloom—the bonnie flowers—
The maidens of the highlands !

“FALSE AS FAIR.”

OH ! False as Fair—'tis THOU !
Well, to thy cheek, the blush may spring,—
Thou wanton, slight, and fickle thing,—
And mantle on thy brow !

Little thou dream'st whose glance
Rests on thy form, *besides* his gaze
Who looks to wonder and to praise—
(Thy conquest, made by chance !)

I watch thee ! *I*,—betray'd
By those same shy dissembling smiles,
Those downcast eyes, and woman's wiles—
Thou false and perjured maid !

I watch thee ! thou shalt rue,
All thy life long, this moment's harm,
When, drunk with consciousness of charm,
Thy beauty met his view !

Thou standest there,—beloved !
His young blood quickens at his heart,
His eyes dilate—his glad lips part—
So much the sight hath moved.

Dost triumph in thy power ?
Know, while thou mad'st *his* heart incline,
The love I bore thee, pass'd from mine ;
Even in the self-same hour !

Thou stand'st condemn'd and lost !
Condemn'd beyond forgiveness,—go !
And take with thee the blight of wo
This hour's abasement cost.

Thou reck'st not of the change :
But suddenly thy life shall seem
Like the dark shifting of a dream,
Mournful, and cold, and strange !

Thou shalt see *me* again !
But never more the glad surprise
That warm'd my cheek, and lit my eyes,
Like sunshine after rain ;

When we two met,—and smiled,—
After our partings of a day,
As though we had been years away,—
Years, in some desert wild !

My face shall grow so cold,—
Thou shalt not glean one thought of thee,
Where once full harvest used to be,
In the bright days of old !

And all thy soul shall feel
Chill'd to such strangeness, thou 'lt not dare,
With mournful, fond, imploring air,
Plead with this heart of steel.

Ask *those who have loved less*,
For pardons ! Oh, thou Serpent-twine,
Thy heart,—thy soul,—thy eyes were *mine* ;
And every light caress,—

Each idle lure of coquetry,
Each smile, each look, that thou hast sent,
"By way of Beauty's blandishment,"
Was treasure stol'n from me!

I know that thou wilt come,
And reason of thy past offence
With a beguiling eloquence
So to avert thy doom:

But I will say, "DEPART!"
The mill-wheel stops, when fails the stream,
The sleeper wakes, when fades his dream,
And barren is my heart,

Of all the gushing love;
The sweet illusion, nursed for years,
That should wake up beneath thy tears,
And help thy voice to move.

Value thy conquest well!
Cherish him! prize him! he was bought
By loss of every happy thought
That in thy heart could dwell.

His price—was my esteem!
My love; who loved thee well and long,
Thought thee incapable of wrong,—
And lost thee, like a dream!

Watch him! lest even he,
Beholding in thy conscious eye
Remorseful thought of days gone by,
Abandon thee,—like me!

Like me,—who go again
To mingle with the herd of men,
And die,—thou'lt not know where, or when,—
For thou and I are twain!

THE FOOLISH QUARREL.

“ HUSH, Juana: 'tis quite certain
That the coffee was not strong;
Own your error—I'll forgive you—
Why so stubborn in the wrong?”

“ You'll forgive me!—Sir, I hate you—
You have used me like a churl;
Have my senses ceased to guide me?
Do you think I am a girl?”

“ Oh, no! you're a girl no longer,
But a woman, form'd to please;
And it's time you should abandon
Childish follies such as these.”

“ Oh! I hate you! but why vex me?
If I'm old, you're older still;
I'll no longer be your victim,
And the creature of your will.”

“ But, Juana, why this pother?
It might happen I was wrong;
But if common-sense inspire me,
Still, that coffee was not strong.”

“ Common-sense! you never had it!
Oh! that ever I was born
To be wedded to a monster,
Who repays my love with scorn.”

“ Well, Juana, we'll not quarrel—
What's the use of bitter strife?
But I'm sorry I am married;—
I was mad to take a wife.”



F.F. Stephanoff.

J. Brain

The Quarrel.

“ Mad, indeed ! I’m glad you know it ;
But if there be law in Spain,
I’ll be tied to you no longer,
I am weary of the chain.”

“ Hush, Juana ! shall the servants
Hear you argue, ever wrong ?
Can you not have done with folly ?
Own the coffee was not strong.”

“ Oh ! you goad me past endurance—
Trifling with my woman’s heart !
But I loathe you and detest you—
Villain—monster—let us part !”

Long this foolish quarrel lasted ;
Till Juana, half afraid
That her empire was in peril,
Summon’d never-failing aid ;

Summon’d tears in copious torrents—
Tears, and sobs, and piteous sighs ;
Well she knew the potent practice—
The artillery of the eyes.

And it chanced as she imagined—
Beautiful in grief was she—
Beautiful, to best advantage ;
And a tender heart had he.

Kneeling at her side he soothed her—
“ Dear Juana, I was wrong—
Never more I’ll contradict you—
But, oh, make my coffee strong !”

T H E B A N Q U E T .

THE MINSTREL'S SONG.

THE great Earl Richard feasted in his tower,
When to the castle-gate a minstrel came.
Well could his tongue rehearse the deeds of old—
Well could he sing the tales of chivalry—
And knightly prowess;—war, and love, and wine
Were still the themes of his barbaric song.
Earl Richard pledged him in a cup of wine,
The Countess gave him her most winning look,
And the good lord, her father, at her side,
Nodded a welcome to his ancient friend ;
While the Earl's son, with childish eagerness,
Sat down to listen to the promised lay.
The Minstrel seem'd of melancholy mood,
And slowly pass'd his fingers o'er the strings,
Preluding pensively ; and thus he sang :—

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

Great King William spread before him
All his stores of wealth untold,
Diamonds, emeralds, and rubies,
Heaps on heaps of minted gold.
Mournfully he gazed upon it,
As it glitter'd in the sun,
Sighing to himself, ' Oh ! treasure
' Held in care, by sorrow won,
' Millions think me rich and happy,
' But, alas ! before me piled,
' I would give thee ten times over
' For the slumbers of a child.'



G. Cattermole.

J. Braun.

The Banquet.

PRINTED BY JAMES NISBET & CO. LONDON & PARIS.

Great King William from his turret
Heard the martial trumpets blow,
Saw the crimson banners floating,
Of a countless host below ;—
Saw their weapons flash in sunlight,
As the squadrons trod the sward ;
And he sigh'd, ' Oh ! mighty army,
' Hear thy miserable lord ;—
' At my word thy legions gather—
' At my nod thy captains bend—
' But with all thy power and splendour,
' I would give thee for a friend.'

Great King William stood on Windsor,
Looking from its castled height,
O'er his wide-spread realm of England,
Glittering in the morning light ;
Looking on the tranquil river,
And the forest waving free,
And he sigh'd, ' Oh ! land of beauty,
' Fondled by the circling sea,
' Mine thou art, but I would yield thee,
' And be happy, could I gain,
' In exchange, a peasant's garden,
' And a conscience free from stain.'

"Thou'rt sad to-day, Sir Minstrel," said the Earl,
"And yet I like thy song. The Abbot's self,
On fast-day after mass, ne'er preach'd from text
A better homily on pride and state.
But when thou comest next to grace our board,
Sing us, O Minstrel, something merrier."

THE OFFERED FLOWER.

TAKE the flower—and with it
All its meanings deep ;—
Fancies and emotions
In its petals sleep.
To thy heart she sends it
To evoke a spell,
Full of tender secrets,
Which she may not tell.

Take the flower—true lover
Read it like a book :—
Aid th' interpretation
By her earnest look ;
Not as flower—but symbol
Is it offer'd thee,
Of a thought unspoken—
And a mystery.

Take the flower :—it carries
Feelings pure and new,
Hopes and aspirations,
And a love most true ;
Send her back an answer ;—
Let thy speech avow,
What she may not utter,
Though she feels as thou.

Take the flower ;—its message
Challenges reply ;
Vows as well as questions
In its petals lie.
Send her back no questions,
But let vows alone
Tell her what she wishes ;—
Thou wilt be her own.



J. W. Wright.

W. H. Egleton.

The Offered Flower

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.



Liveridge.

Charles Heath.

The Serenades

T H E S E R E N A D E,

AND THE SERENADED LADY.

“ I LOVE my Love in the morning,
“ For eyes that pale its ray ;
“ I love her in the noon-time,
“ For smiles as warm as day.
“ I love my Love in the evening,
“ For whispers soft as dew ;
“ And I dream of her at midnight,
And love her ever true.”

Go home and sleep then, booby !
And dream till morning wake,
Your love 's not worth the slumbers
Which cruelly you break !

“ I love my Love in the spring-time,
“ For tears like passing showers ;
“ I love her in the summer,
“ For thoughts like bursting flowers.
“ I love my Love in the autumn,
“ For virtues ripening new ;
“ And my heart grows warm in winter,
“ To know my Love is true.”

Go warm it in the bed-clothes,
It would be wiser far,
Than squalling in the moonlight
Oh ! stupid that you are !

“ I love my love in gladness,
“ For all her kindly deeds ;
“ I love my Love in sadness,
“ For sympathy she needs.
“ Uprising or downlying,
“ Whate'er I think or do,
“ I dream and doat upon her,
“ And love her ever true.”

Oh, when will love learn wisdom ?
When will this discord cease ?
What fools the men are growing !
Oh let me sleep in peace !

LADY OF THE COURT OF LOUIS XV.

THE MESSAGE.

BY MISS REYNETT.

WHEN thou, dear Bird, art privileged to stand
On the white fingers of that fairy hand,
Forget not then, thy Master's fond behest,
Who pines far off, and knows nor joy nor rest.
Say that I trust her, who was borne away
By nearer friends, to shine in conquest's ray ;
Say, though the tinsel chain of Fashion bind
Her outward form, I know her heart and mind ;
Say that I love her, tho' we meet no more ;
Say that I prize her, tho' hope's dream is o'er ;
Say that I think of her—where'er I go ;
Say that I sigh for her, in joy or wo ;
Say when I stand amidst the gayest throng ;
Say when I listen to the sweetest song ;
Say when I feel soft music's magic tone,
I hear her, see her, think of her, alone ;



Lady of the Court of Louis XVth



Sir W. C. Roß R.A.

H. Robinson.

The Queen of the Belgians.

Say, (tho' I dare not breathe my thoughts aloud,
A solitary soul—amidst the crowd ;)
That her loved form, which fills at once my heart,
Holds me, for ever, from that crowd apart :
My guardian Angel breaks all earthly spells,
And purifies the temple—where she dwells !

ELLE N'EST PLUS!

ELÉGIE AUX MÂNES DE S. M. LA REINE DES BELGES.

PAR LE CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN.

“Floscule pallide, matris in horto, falce recise,
I, vola ad angelicos, Floscule blande, choros :
Hic, quod vita rosæ est, vixisti, Floscule : cælo
Æternum vives ; hæc ibi vita rosæ est.”

ELLE était jeune, elle était belle,
Fille d'un Roi puissant,
Les amours voltigeaient près d'elle
D'un souffle caressant.
Voilà qu'un jour, selon l'antique usage
Un Roi voisin,
Fit demander en mariage
Sa main.

Elle était belle, elle fut Reine,
Et son aménité
Installa comme souveraine
La douce Charité.
Le malheureux retrouva l'Espérance ;
Et puis la Foi
Vint enfanter la confiance
En soi.

Elle était Reine, elle fut mère,
Mère de trois enfants,
Au ciel monta l'humble prière
Ainsi qu'un pur encens.
Chacun fêtait la Royale épousée,
Et plus d'un cœur
Lui souhaita dans sa pensée
Bonheur !

Mais le bonheur est éphémère,
Et souvent ici bas
La foudre abat la cime altière
Du plus vieux chène, hélas !
Quand l'arbrisseau ployant sous la tempête
Résiste au choc
Qui va frappant, broyant la tête
Du roc.

Espoir de sa noble famille
Il conduisait son char,
Voilà qu'un cheval indocile
L'étend sur un brancard.
Un seul instant a suffi pour réduire
Sans nul effort,
L'avenir d'un puissant empire
A mort.

Tandis que du trépas d'un frère
De cet affreux malheur,
Elle cherchait de son vieux père
A calmer la douleur,
Le ciel se voile—il se forme un orage
Qui détruit tout,
Et ne laisse rien dans sa rage
Debout !

Ah ! plaignons la douce Princesse !
Sa vie était d'aimer,
Son cœur d'une immense tristesse
A du se consumer.
Elle n'est plus ! . . . mais son nom sur la terre
Restera doux
Et comme fille, épouse et mère
A tous !



L. Stocks

Eugene Lami

The Soiree

PETER JACKSON, LONDON. H. MANDEVILLE, PARIS.

T H E M U S I C A L S O I R É E .

BY LEOPOLD WRAY.

LONG dinners, when follow'd by yet longer speeches,
Are tedious enough when you've eaten your fill—
And so are your balls, where the hostess beseeches
You'll not miss one polka or single quadrille.
But what's each of these, or e'en both put together,
Compared to a musical soir e, I ask,
When a bevy of misses, in very hot weather,
Your applause and attention exact as a task?
What I've heard—oh ye gods!—from these fair amateurs,
Would surpass all belief—were it not so oft heard—
If their songs are the baits spread as spouse-catching lures,
They'll sooner catch tartars than make sure one bird.
Save me then from young ladies who think it is easy
With popular singers their laurels to share,
To warble like Sontag, or emulate Grisi,
Start with "Vergin Vezzosa," nor stick at Rode's air!
One who cannot attain to the heights of B flat,
And who ne'er studied roulades chromatic, nor trill,
Yet will venture on Norma's grand air, for all that,
Doubtless thinking there's "right divine" even in skill.
Mamma says she sings it so finely, she'll tell ye,
(Besides she had lessons of Garcia this spring,)
While papa, who has paid both for him and Crivelli,
Cries—the deuce must be in't if the girl cannot sing!
Another will wear her locks cropt like Alboni—
As you label a flower, so she labels her voice—
'Tis a harmless device just to say—"Be it known I
In a semi-male register proudly rejoice."
And perhaps these two damsels, (the first time they've met,)
Who ne'er sang, much less practised, together before,
Will unite both their voices to sing a duet,
Not doubting their talents can win an encore.

“ Now then—what shall we sing ? ” the soprano first cries,
“ ‘ Vanne se colei ’ is pretty and easy—
The roulades so liquid they cannot but please ye ”—
And then a cadenza she hummingly tries.

“ Or what do you say, ” cries the alto more gruffly,
“ To the ‘ *Giorno d’orror* ? ’ I think that will just suit.”
For contraltos will always affect to speak roughly,
And have mostly a masculine *tournure* to boot.

“ No, no—’tis not easy, *per Bacco!* ” cries out
The maestro Solfini who’s sat down to play—
“ So mind, Signorine, mind what you’re about,
And choose one of Gabussi’s duets for to-day.”

But they toss up their heads, and his counsel reject,
Won’t hear of Gabussi, but want the grand school,
And at length a most difficult *morceau* select,
Just to show they are clever and he is a fool.
“ This piano I’m sure’s a full tone above pitch, ”
The soprano exclaims in a dozen bars’ rest,
(An *a parte*, was this to account for a hitch.)
“ No, no, ” cries the alto, “ you’re wrong, I protest,
Au contraire the piano is tuned much too low,
For at home I am sure I can sing down to Do.”
Which, freely translated, might thus be express’d—
She had gone down until she could no further go.
But the innate conceit of a singer o’errules
Each objection by sense or by reason that’s made ;
And the fault must of course on the piano be laid,
As bad workmen will always complain of their tools.
And the luckless conductor—how hard his position !
While one cries *stringendo*, the other avast !
For he’s pull’d fifty ways quite against his volition,
Stunn’d and hamper’d, and then reaps no thanks at the last

Bravo ! bravo ! ’s the cry, when they’ve now scrambled thro’,
And faintly Solfini adds his *bravo!* too—
Not that he thinks it fine, but a politic measure
To hold out a candle to demon or sprite ;
And, besides, your Italian at all times with pleasure
Can praise with the left hand and stab with the right.
“ But the piano, Signor—was the pitch much too low,
Or too high ? pray declare which of us was at fault.



W. Bartley, Engr.

Henry Brun, Sculp.

The Parting Word.

PETER JACKSON LONDON.

The same as Persiani's, my copy's in Do ;
But how was it you once or twice came to a halt ? ”

“ And *my* copy ('tis Boosey's edition,) says Si ;”
The contralto exclaims—while her beau cries, “ hear, hear ”—
“ The piano is just as a piano should be ;”
Answers Signor Solfini, “ the matter is clear—
Your duet would have been quite perfection, you see,
If you had but agreed to sing both in one key.”

Then save me, say I, from these musical dears,
From all amateur concerts of similar stamp,
From the music Bob Fudge would call that of the “ spears ;”
And save me, as tho' from the ague or cramp,
From e'er choosing a wife 'mongst such fair dilettante,
Who instead of uplifting your soul to the spheres,
And of trimming its flame like the wick of a lamp,
Would, I fear, drag it down to th' *inferno* of Dante ;
What with unresolved discords no respite would grant ye,
And your *ménage* thro' harmony set by the ears.

T H E P A R T I N G W O R D .

THAT parting word, I hear it yet,
As on the day it first was spoken ;
And thou couldst breathe it, and forget
Thou left'st with me no tenderer token.

In youth's sweet dawn of golden light,
We two were happy friends together,
And many a day, from morn till night,
We laugh'd away life's sunny weather.

Thus lived we on—the fond, the free—
Nor guess'd I, till the hour of parting,
How close the bond had grown to me,
While in thine eye no tear was starting.

Did there not, with my girlhood, come
To all thy faults a partial blindness ;
And when I bade thee welcome home,
A tone of something more than kindness.

Was there not ever on my brow,
When thine was dark, a shade of sadness ?
Or fail'd I once, from selfish wo,
To laugh with thee, and share thy gladness ?

And dawn'd not on thy heart *some* truth ?
Ah ! now, methinks 'tis well there did not ;
For such was then my guileless youth,
That thought of kindest care I hid not.

Though bitter seem'd our parting hour—
Though still that one cold word can pain me,
'Tis better, than with feeble power,
And unrequited love, to chain thee.

Farewell ! and blesséd be thy lot !
Though happy friends yon sun has seen us,
'Tis better, since thou lovest me not,
That yon wide sea should roll between us.

MARINO FALIÉRO, DOGE OF VENICE,

ENRAGED AT THE LENIENT SENTENCE PASSED BY THE COUNCIL OF FORTY ON THE
TRADUCER OF HIS WIFE.

Oh ! false,—but not the less a blight
Upon thy slander'd name,—
How vainly shall thy wrath protest
Against this weight of shame !
How vainly shall thy gnashing teeth,
“ With curses deep, not loud,”
Pursue the recreant wretch who dared
To mock thee from the crowd !



J.P. Herbert

H. Robinson

Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice.

Give way, old man, thou canst not lift
The burden of this pain :
Thy weak hand clench'd,—thine angry grief,—
Thy pride,—are all in vain !
Vain as her beauty, and her worth,
Her pure and girlish love,—
All vain ! the arrow hath gone forth,
And smote thy nestling Dove.
Foul Slander hath a wingéd shaft,
But heavily it lies,—
And where its witchcraft works, all there,
Is changed to human eyes.
Thy life is poison'd,—clouds shall hang
On Morning's sullied light :
And gloom, 'till now unknown, shall fill
The darkness of thy night.
Thy young, and true, but slander'd wife,
Shall seem an alter'd thing ;
Though there she stands, as yesterday,
In beauty's blooming spring.
Her child-like merriment, that caused
Thy anxious brow to smile :
Her soft and winning ways, so full
Of love that knew no guile :
Her pretty pride, that made her seem
So stately, and so tall,
As she glided through admiring crowds
In many a festive hall :
Her kindness, that made her fear
To wound e'en with a word,
So that the veriest trifling fool
At least was gently heard :
All that, to thee, was charm untold,
Shall rise against her now,—
To justify the daring stamp
Of WANTON, on her brow.
All shall remember evil things,
Which out of nothing grew :
And men shall whisper all they thought,—
And women all " they knew."

Nor dream that Justice' even hand
Shall hold the balance there :
Malice shall stand by Slander's side,
And bid her smite,—not spare.

Envy shall set her climbing foot
 On Beauty's curbéd neck ;
 And stretch her spiteful arms to throw
 All round her into wreck :
 And measureless Revenge shall rise,—
 A watcher of the night,—
 And choose his moment to repay
 Some real or fancied slight.
 Her talent shall be held a trick,—
 Her love, a lie, at best,—
 And thou, her Lord, shalt be the theme
 Of ribaldry and jest.
 Oh ! human love, that seem'st so strong,
 How weak thou art, when tried !
 This Prince of Venice cannot shield
 The woman by his side :
 That frame of majesty and strength,
 So full of quivering scorn,
 Can curse—but cannot make her feel
 Less lost, and less forlorn.
 Oh ! human love, that seem'st so strong,
 How little thou canst do,
 Uprising, in thy dwarf'd degree,
 Against the might of wo !
 Where is thy power for those held dear ?
 They die—and they depart—
 And the meanest snake that crawls on earth,
 Can sting them to the heart !

THE LADY TO HER LOVER'S PICTURE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

O DARK, deep, pictured eyes !
 Once more I seek your meaning,—as the skies
 Were sought by wizards, once, from eastern towers,
 When signs of fate dawn'd through the night's bright hours.
 O master of my soul, to whom belong
 These starry lights of love ! thou dost me wrong—



E. T. PARRIS

W. H. NUTT

The Portrait.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

Thy *heart* doth wrong me, if it hath not told
That she who loved of old
So deeply, still awaits thee,—loving yet :
She loves, she watches,—why dost *thou* forget ?

Upon what pleasant shore or summer waters
Dost thou repose ? Hath Time,
Or the dark witchery of the Indian daughters,—
Or some luxurious clime,—
The natural love of change,—or graver thought,
Or new ambition, all my misery wrought ?

Why art thou absent ? Is not all thy toil
Done, on that burning soil ?
Are thy dreams unaccomplish'd ? Let them go !
She who stood by thee once, in want and wo,
And *would* have dared all dangers, hand in hand,
Hath risen ! A maiden peeress of the land,
She woos thee to behold and share her state,
And be by fortune, as by nature, great.

Still am I young ! but wrinkled Age will steal
Upon me unawares, shouldst thou delay ;
And Time will kiss these auburn locks to gray ;
And Grief will quench mine eyes : and I shall feel
That thou canst love me not, (all beauty flown,)
And so I shall depart,—and die alone.

And then,—thou 'lt hear no more of one whose course
Hath been so dark ; until too-late remorse,
Half 'wakening love, shall lead thee, some chance day,
To where the marble hides my mouldering clay,
And there thou 'lt read—not haply without pain—
The story of her who loved, and lived in vain !

J E R U S A L E M

THOU City, unto which the Saviour came,
In the meek likeness of a human child ;
Who was sought, sorrowing ; chid with gentle blame ;
And made reply, mysterious and mild ;—*

Thou City, over which the Saviour wept,
With a prophetic pity for that woe,
Whose lurid thunderbolt Heaven's vengeance kept
For destined anguish, and great overthrow ;—

Thou City, in the which that Saviour died
A malefactor's ignominious death ;
And by deep stress of mortal suffering tried,
Pray'd for his murderers with his latest breath ;—

Vainly thy pleasant palaces are waste,
The fountains of thy gardens dried in dust,
Thy temples and thy spacious streets defaced
In the blank ruin sentenced by the Just :

Glory yet dwelleth in thy ruin'd walls,
Tho' stone from stone the battlements were hurl'd ;
And to our hearts thy name more loudly calls,
Than prosperous cities of the pompous world.

Still, thou Sepulchral City, round thee lies
The halo'd light of a departed day,—
Which the true Pilgrim sees with pious eyes,
And worships, ere he takes his homeward way.

Still, through the struggling change, and warring loss,
Of earthly sceptres, held by failing hands,
A Holy Power supports the constant Cross,
Slow gathering to *that* Kingdom, all the lands.

And, through the mists of earth, to days afar,
Wills, that the Eastern City shall afford
A light like that which fill'd the wondrous Star,—
Attesting still the presence of the Lord !

* Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business? Luke ii. 49.



Painted by C. Beza.

Lamentations 1. 8. Matthew 1. 8.

Engraved by F. Hull.

*Jesus predice la ruina de Jerusalem.
"Jerusalem hath grievously sinned, therefore she is removed."*

Lamentations 1. 8.

JÉSUS PRÉDIT LA RUINE DE JÉRUSALEM.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.



C. A. De Val.

J. Cochran.

THE HON^{BLE} CHARLES PELHAM VILLIERS, M.P.

C. P. Villiers

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.

THE HON. CHARLES PELHAM VILLIERS,

Eldest surviving brother of George William Frederic Villiers, Earl of Clarendon. Born Jan. 19, 1802.
M.P. for Wolverhampton.

A BATTLE must be fought,
In the clear and open plain,
Ere their long-debated right
Freedom's soldiers can obtain :

But the road is dark and cumber'd, where they go ;
The feeble halt and doubt,—
The rash are put to rout ;—
There are Pioneers of Progress wanted now.

Let the cowardly despair ;
TIME shall aid the working hand ;
What shall baffle those who dare
Be the first to lead the band ?

Not Prejudice, with darkly scowling frown !
Though her sentinels have long,
Like scarecrows, awed the throng,—

Where her moss-grown wall was built, pull it down !

Where the crumbling ruin falls,
And scatters blank and wide ;
Pile the remnants of the walls,
Far apart on either side :

If the stones are in the way, leap across !
Cut the brambles round your feet,
Though the wounding thorns may meet,—
Buy the glory of great gain, with a loss.

Then, " onward " be the word,
For many a levell'd mile ;
Let the marching troops advance,
Over mountain—through defile :

Marshall all, to the weakest and the last ;
Till unwearied arms begin,
The battle they shall win,—
And their struggle, be a memory of the past !

But forget not, in that hour,
When the strife is all gone by,
The earnest hearts, whose power
First led you on to try
What the might of gather'd multitudes might do :
Turn back, and let your cheer
Sound gladly in their ear—
“ We never should have conquer'd, but for you ! ”

CHARLES THE FIRST AND HIS CHILDREN.

WHEN,—in the presence of that iron Cromwell,
Before the might of whose resistless sword
Holy Authority, prescriptive Right,
And loving Reverence, were swept away,—
The pale sad form of a discrownéd king
Stood up amongst his children ; pray'd he not
To God to bless their future ? Hoped he not
The lineal Heir once more the land should rule ?
And warn'd he not his little cherish'd one,*
Not to permit the shadow of advancement
To mock him with assumption of the crown
That was his Brother's ? Blindly do we pray
For those we love ! most blindly would we choose
To shower down temporal blessings on their heads !
The happiest fate, the one most enviable,
Of those poor children, was *her* lot † who died
In that fair Island which contain'd her Prison.
Yea, where the roofless walls of Carisbrook
Crown the lone hill ; and, steep'd in summer sunshine,
Show with a smiling mockery to the world,

* The Duke of Gloucester, then only three years of age.

† Princess Elizabeth died at Carisbrook, after a somewhat long confinement. She was a child of great and promising talents, and of a sweet disposition.



Charles the First and his Children.



Caroline Norton

How vain and temporary man's oppression
Of those whom God sets free; *there* lies the one,
Who dying young, and dying innocent,
Suffer'd the least of all! Her name shall make
No blot on History's page: her life could leave
No stain of shame to sully its brief course;
And evermore when summer days come round,—
When the leaves quiver, and the wild birds sing,—
And round the bright shores of the happy island
Swift white-wing'd vessels flit across the sea,—
Many shall seek that ruin hoar, and dream
Of the poor Prison'd Child, whose Martyr'd Father
Bade her "fare-well," and perish'd!

THE HON. MRS. NORTON,

Second Daughter of Thomas Sheridan, Esq., (son of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan and his first wife, the celebrated Miss Lindley) and Caroline Henrietta Callander, (daughter of Colonel Callander of Craigforth, and Lady Elizabeth Mac Donnell.)

BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

THE queenly Spirit of a Star,
That long'd to tread the earth,
Pass'd into mortal mould—the hour
Made holy by thy birth;
And kept its lustre and its power,
To teach the earth,
The wondering earth,
What shapes immortal are!

No human beauty ever bore
An aspect thus divine:
The crown the brows of seraphs wear,
Hath left its mark on thine;—
Th' unconscious glories round thee, bear
The stamp divine,
Of One divine,
Who trod the spheres of yore.

Ah, radiant Stranger ! dost thou dream
That thine may ever be,
The hopes and joys of human things ?
They were not made for thee !
Thy soul is pining for its wings :
Below for thee,
No home for thee,
Bright Daughter of the Beam !

The yearning in thine absent eyes,
Is for thy native shore ;
And Heaven is heard in every wind
Thy heart-strings wandering o'er :
In vain thou 'st sought with us to find
The life before
The light before
Thy being left the skies.

And Mirth may flash around, and Love
May breathe its wildest vow ;
But neither Mirth nor Love shall chase
The shadow from thy brow :
There's nought in Fate that can efface
From that pale brow,
That stately brow,
The memories born above.

To mortals, mortal change is given—
The sunshine as the rain !
To them the comfort and the care—
The pleasure and the pain !
To thee and thine, our very air
Is silent pain,
A heavy pain !
On earth thou askest Heaven !



Rich^d Redgrave. R.A.

Charles Heath.

The Teacher.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

T H E G E R M A N T E A C H E R .

BY LADY DUFFERIN.

THE long day's done ! and she sits still,
And quiet, in the gathering gloom :
What are the images that fill
Those absent eyes—that silent room ?
Soft winds the latticed casement stir ;
The hard green rose-buds tap the pane,
Like merry playmates, beckoning her
To join them at their sports again ;
And from the hill, a pleasant chime
Of bells, comes down upon the ear,
That seems to sing—" The evening time
Is passing sweet ! come forth !— come here !"
But she sits still, and heedeth not
The sweet bell, nor the fading light ;
Time, space, earth, heaven, are all forgot,
In one dear dream of past delight.
Oh, letter ! old, and crush'd, and worn ;
Yet fresh, in those love-blinded eyes,
As on that first delightful morn,
That gave thee to her patient sighs ;
How hoped for—dream'd of—dear, thou art
What earnest of like joys to come !
How treasured near her simple heart,
That first fond letter, from her *Home* !
Poor child ! so early com'st thou forth,
Like Ruth, to glean in alien fields ?
Cold welcome greets thee, on this earth,
And poor the harvest that it yields !
Thy thoughts—lone, wandering where they list,
Still seek that village on the Rhine,
Where thou art long'd for, loved, and miss'd,
With yearnings as intense as thine :—

No wonder that thy young heart burns,
And, with such aching sense of love,
To that dear sheltering ark returns,
That sent thee forth—poor wandering Dove!
The hour will come—tho' far it seems—
When, school'd by pain, and taught by time,
Thou 'lt lose no more, in idle dreams,
The good hours of thy golden prime:
Each day, with its appointed care,
Shall bring its calm and comfort too;
The power to act, the strength to bear,
What duty bids thee bear, or do:
And when the eve's repose shall come,
Thy tranquil thoughts shall then be given—
Not back to that lost earthly home—
But *forwards*—to thy home in Heaven!

THE LADY BLANCHE EGERTON,

DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF ELLESMERE.

A LIFE-LIKE pencil his, who thus could trace
Thy speaking looks,—fair child of a fair race!
As there thou standest, listening with surprise
And rapt attention in thine earnest eyes,
While thy quaint favourite mocks thy silver tone,
And gives thy words a harshness all his own.

Sure a Child's Picture, is a touching thing!
For who can tell what after years may bring?
What storm, slow gathering in the mists of Time,
May cloud the moments of untarnish'd prime?
What dark event may make the portrait seem
A tearful vision, and a mocking dream!

I know a picture,—hanging far away,—
Where, beautiful as Spring, and fresh as May,
A young, slight, radiant, happy creature stands;
Poised for the dance, with white uplifted hands,



E. Landseer. R. A.

H. Robinson.

The Lady Blande Egerton.

The arch smile playing round her coral lips ;
 Bending, (with grace that none shall e'er eclipse,)
 And looking down, with softly mirthful eye,
 On a young band of brothers, seated nigh.
 Friends have bemoan'd Her, in a living death :
 Forsaken sobs have choked her heaving breath :
 But still that sketch the credulous heart beguiles,
 There, still she dances,—and there still she smiles ;
 There, through the long dim course of changeful years,
 While eyes have gazed upon her blind with tears,
 SHE hath look'd forth—all radiant and serene,—
 Glad,—youthful,—innocent,—and beauty's queen :
 The sweetest mouth, that Nature ever made,
 Smiling, unmoved : as when some ghostly shade,
 The angel-form of one we loved in youth,—
 Smites the blank darkness,—copying vanish'd truth !
 Oh ! Bud,—that art not yet a Flower complete,—
 Who knows what canker to THY heart may eat ?
 Who knows what grief may wake the fount of woe
 Which, once unseal'd, so seldom stops its flow ?
 Who knows what Fate may send, when thou shalt roam
 From the safe portal of thy shelter'd home ?
 A woman's lot, is banishment,—at best,
 Forth from her Paradise of earlier rest :
 Love,—in the Son,—engrafts the newer claim,
 On the old home ; with simple change of name :
 Love,—in the Daughter,—sends the exiled wife
 Into an untried world, with sorrow rife,
 Like a transplanted flower, her chance to prove ;
 To blossom proudly in the glow of love ;
 Or, lost to blooming hope and joyful fruit,
 Sink withering down, upon a perish'd root !
 Ah ! may'st THOU never, in the strange years' flight,
 Pine for the blessed time, when day and night
 Brought the familiar greetings to thine ear,
 Of Friends, to Childhood's first impressions dear !
 May'st THOU ne'er deem the Mother's gentle breast
 A place of refuge,—not a home of rest :—
 May'st THOU ne'er hold the Father's love and might
 A strong protection,—not a dear delight :—
 May'st thou,—with weary heart, that made in vain
 Its long sharp struggle with opposing pain,—
 Ne'er,—like the Dove, whose weak and storm-beat wing
 Left far behind the long-sought hope of Spring,—

Turn to the home which first true shelter gave,
 Whose ark yet floats upon the sullen wave !
 May he, to whom the future lot is given
 To tread with thee, the path thro' earth to Heaven,
 By thee, with stedfast love, endure to stand,
 And calmly journey to the Promised Land !
 Still, as the long companionship endears
 The constant sharer of his joys and fears,
 Be Memory's course enrich'd with sands of gold
 Where Life's quick stream of daily 'nothings' roll'd ;
 Bright Pactolus ! supplying links which bind
 Heart closer yet to heart,—and mind to mind !
 Still may he deem no gladder light can shine
 Than THY dear smile, to cheer his Life's decline,—
 With cordial love, and willing help repay
 The devious windings of the lengthy way,—
 And, when th' allotted time is well nigh o'er,
 When the Bark slackens sail, and nears the shore,
 Still greet thee fondly, at thy journey's end,
 As "GUIDE, COMPANION, MONITRESS, and FRIEND !"*

THE PORTRAIT OF MRS. FAIRLIE.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

AWAY with Fancy's song of pleasant chime
 The holy book that resteth on thy knee,
 Like sacred amulet, should charm from thee
 All that abides not test of Truth and Time :—
 Let strangers, then, with flowery praise oppress thee,—
 I know thee as thou art, and say, "God bless thee !"

Because a wife's devoted heart is thine ;
 Because a mother's love in boundless measure—
 Because thine every thought, thine every treasure,
 Thou hold'st submissive to the Will Divine :
 —Thy friends revere thee, thy sweet babes caress thee ;
 What wouldst thou more?—I *dare* but say, "God bless thee !"

* See some closing lines, of unequalled beauty and tenderness, in a brief Poem on Eastern Travel, by Lord Francis Egerton, now Earl of Ellesmere.



Stonehouse

H. Robinson

No. 13 Fairlies

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.



F. T. PARRIS.

H. ROBINSON.

Polande

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

P O L A N D.

BY DESIRE OF, AND DEDICATED TO,

MARIE

AFTER the Night—the Day !
After the Darkness—Dawn !
Trust to thy Star's bright ray,
Tho' its light be awhile withdrawn.

Though Ruin and Death are round,
And the best of the brave lie slain ;
Again shall the war-cry sound,
And the standard be rear'd again.

Not all the red current is dry,
Though blood hath been freely shed ;
Not all of the lineage high,
Lie heap'd with the slaughter'd Dead.

The dyke of the river is cut,—
The branches are lopp'd from the tree,—
But the gap shall be mended and shut,
The green bough wave freshly and free !

Slain Fathers have left to their Sons,
No store but the blood in their veins :
Proud, brave, and indignant it runs,
And it may not be fetter'd by chains.

Then smile,—little orphan,—and sleep !
Though the Mother that rocks thee to rest,
Thro' the long nights does nothing but weep,
As she lulls thee, in pain, on her breast.

Oh! smile, till thine arm is grown strong,
For the sword, with its gleaming stroke ;
Till thy heart comprehends the wrong,
Of the mighty oppressor's yoke ;

Till the tale of thy Father's death,
And thy Mother's lingering woe,
Shall quicken thy heaving breath,
And thy flush'd cheek's fever'd glow.

Oh, sleep ! till the dream shall break,
Which wrapp'd thy calm childhood round ;
Till thy conscious spirit shall wake,
As it were, to a trumpet's sound ;

Till thou hearest that Mother tell,
In her low, heart-broken tones,
Of the battle's thundering yell,
And thy Father's dying groans.

Then, slumber and rest no more !
Be the task of thy life begun ;
Stand ready, the blood to pour,
Which that Father bequeath'd his son.

Like the goal, that is set afar,
For the swift in the race to win ,
Like the beacon-light's changeless star,
Which guides the worn mariner in :

Let the love of thy country gleam,
Sole aim and sole end of all ;
Thy very existence seem,
But a chance to break her thrall.

Tho' like one whom a shipwreck hath cast,
On a restless, wandering lot,—
In exile thy life be past,
In a land where thy Dead are not :

Thy Poland for aye untrod,—
And the hymns of her worship sung,
To thy God, and thy Father's God,
In an alien and foreign tongue :—



The Mistakeon Hand.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

Forget not the land of thy birth !
Abjure not those memories dear :
The blood that was soak'd in her earth,
Do thou in thy bosom revere.

Let the mournful and terrible truth,
Still present, thy thoughts engage ;
A cloud to encompass thy youth,
With the soberer visions of Age.

For prison and exile may be
The lot of the true and the brave ;
But to smile,—as if glad and free,—
Is the part of a *willing* Slave.

“ In patience possess thou thy soul,”
Tho' thy hope may seem faint and far !
How near is the unseen goal ?—
How near is the beacon star ?

Yet both may be reachéd at last,
By the steady in heart and eye :
Time enough, when all hope is past,
For the sake of the cause, to *die*.

But after the Night—the Day !
After the Darkness—Dawn !
Trust to thy star's bright ray,
Though its light be awhile withdrawn.

T H E M I S T A K E N H A N D .

WAS thy beauty worth it ?
One man lieth dead :
By his Mother,—Sister,—
Bitter tears are shed.
In the home he gladden'd
Deep the gloom shall be,
And his hearth be desert,
All for love of thee !

Was thy beauty worth it ?
Lo ! this is not all !
In a heart once human,
Blood hath turn'd to gall :
Fierce and frenzied passion
Leads to deadly crime,—
And a soul hath perish'd
To the end of time !

Was thy beauty worth it ?
Hide thy fatal face !
How came men to perish
For thy vain embrace ?
Fold thy hands together,—
Lift them up in prayer,—
Seek some saintly cloister,
Oh ! thou deadly Fair !

There, at vespers, sadly
Listen to the bell,—
Which, to thee, for ever
Rings a ceaseless knell :
And at dawn, lamenting,
Turn thee to the light,
Thinking of the morrow
Of that fatal night !

So live on, forgotten ;
And be thankful yet,
If, amid the yearning
Of a vain regret,
Thou canst bid Heaven witness,
Spite of all that gloom,
None of *thy* misleading
Brought about their doom.



D. Mackie, A.R.A.

W. H. Motte

Elizabeth James
Daughter of Sir W. and Lady Maria Somerville

ELIZABETH JANE,

DAUGHTER OF SIR WILLIAM AND LADY MARIA SOMERVILLE.

BY LADY DUFFERIN.

SWEET Elf! with fingers soft and round,
Wild wandering o'er the shifting keys,—
With gay eyes glistening at the sound,
As conscious of thy power to please:
The gracious forms that Love will take,
How well this "graven image" shows:
The fond idolatry—can make
Even discord sweet,—for *thy* sweet sake,—
And yet no miracle disclose!

Thy smiles, and playful gestures, tell
Glad tales of a most happy lot;
And pleasant home; wherein there dwell
Good Angels,—tho' thou seest them not!
That Patience, Zeal, and watchful Love
Are ever near thee,—night and day,—
A thousand nameless trifles prove:—
The grace with which those small hands move,—
Those eyes, at once so good and gay.

God grant, dear child! thy smile may long
Adorn and bless that happy home;
And to those lips—so form'd for song—
May nought but mirth and music come.
No wonder that the painter took
Thy fair, round face, thus turn'd, this way—
(Unconscious of the music book!)
Such harmony is in thy look,
We would not *hear*,—but *see* thee play!

And when, perhaps, in after-days,
 Grown learned in thy lovely art,
 Thy graceful skill shall challenge praise
 More smooth in word,—less warm in heart ;
 Still value *most*, the fond applause
 That greets thy infant efforts now,—
 For now, thy skill is not the cause
 That tears of fond affection draws !
 Thy *music* charms us not,—but *thou* !

BELISARIUS, THE ROMAN GENERAL.

It is stated by Gibbon, that “ in the last of the many battles fought by Belisarius for the preservation of his country, he conquered the Bulgarian army, consisting of ten thousand soldiers, with a force of no more than three hundred veterans ; the inferiority of his numbers being concealed by fires, and clouds of dust artfully contrived, and maintained by the friendly peasants.” After the recovery of Rome from the Goths, the emperor’s jealousy of Belisarius increasing with his years, he pretended to suspect him of participating in a conspiracy against his throne and his life, and caused him to be publicly tried for these offences. Being judged guilty, although upon false testimony, the veteran who had served his country with fidelity for forty years, was sentenced to privation of his fortune and of his sight. It is in this humiliating situation he is represented as seated on the bridge in the great thoroughfare of the capital, soliciting the passers-by “ to give an obolus to Belisarius the general, whom fortune had forsaken, and envy blinded.”

See this anecdote in the Chiliads of John Tzetzes, the Monk.

THEY come ! they come with vengeance dire,
 Bulgaria’s ranks behold
 A plain of dust—a field of fire,
 In front a veteran bold.

Ten thousand voices shout “ to arms ! ”
 Ten thousand foes are there ;
 What fear of treachery’s false alarms,
 Three hundred warriors hear.

And he whose arm, itself a host,
 Deals death at every blow ;
 What fear of Roman standard lost,
 When he defends it so ?



Painted by David

Engraved by F. Holl

Give an Obolus to Belisarius.

What though beneath his warrior's crest
Are locks of silver hair,
A patriot's fire inflames his breast,
A lion's heart is there.

For whom that fire? for whom that zeal?
Degenerate Romans, say
How one alone remain'd to feel
Your glory pass'd away.

How he had raised your battle-cry
Victorious in the field;
His name a nation's destiny;
His conquering arm her shield.

Behold him now—a sightless form
Beside the Roman gate,
He seeks a place with sunshine warm
For pity's mite to wait.

In vain the jealous tyrant rends
His name—his wealth away;
That glorious heaven some comfort lends
To cheer his parting day.

And happier sits the veteran there
With heart so bold and true—
No roof to shield his hoary hair—
No friends to bear him through—

Than he who wields a tyrant's power
Upon a hated throne,
Defended still in danger's hour
By slaves, and slaves alone.

CHILDREN OF
THE LADY ELIZABETH AND CHARLES SCRASE DICKINS, ESQ.

THE LITTLE BARK.

BY MISS REYNET

GAY is my little Bark,
 Courting the breeze,
With all its sunny sails
 Dancing o'er seas,
Smooth as the summer stream,
 Tranquil and clear ;
"Sail on, my little Bark,
 There's nought to fear."
Whence is that flattering voice ?
 Mark how you steer !
Look to the helm there ;
 Danger is near.
Watch ! youthful mariner,
 And vigil keep ;
Shallows and breakers
 Are in the deep.
Trust not the ocean,
 Calm tho' it be ;
Storms may o'ertake thee,
 Far ! far ! at sea.
Take in a reef there,—
 Crowd not the sail,—
Trim well the vessel,
 She'll weather the gale.
Rich is the freight on board,
 Worthy of care,—
Three pearls, of price untold,
 Spotless and fair,—
LOVE,—TRUTH,—and INNOCENCE !
 Where is the gold
Could purchase the treasure
 That lies in the hold ?



MRS. P. CORNELL

W. H. ST. JOHN

Children of
The Lady Elizabeth & Charles Francis Dickens Esq



H. Mosley.

F. Holl.

Major General Sir Robert H. Sale, G.C.B.

Sail on, thou little Bark,
Watchful, tho' gay ;
Good Angels guide thee
In peace o'er thy way.
What tho' the winds and waves
Make thee their sport ?
Hold thy course steadily,
Heaven is the port.

S I R R O B E R T S A L E .

Major-General Sir Robert Henry Sale, G.C.B., &c., was the second son of the late Colonel Sale, for many years an active officer in the East India Company's service, by the daughter of Henry Brine, Esq., of Buckden, Huntingdonshire. He was born in 1782, entered the army as ensign, in the 36th regiment of foot, in 1795, and after nearly fifty-two years' active service, and being present in twenty well-contested actions, he closed his career in the arms of victory, on the banks of the Sutlej, December 18, 1845, at the advanced age of sixty-three. By his death, the Anglo-Indian army is deprived of one of its brightest examples of heroism, and one of its most valuable officers, in point of experience and practical ability. In 1809, he married the daughter of the late George Meyrick, Esq., who, with a family, survives him.

Thy courage and thy worth were truly shown
In pages written by a woman's hand ;*
Meet helpmate for a soldier ! Brave, like thee :
Patient and hopeful still, in dreadful times,
And afterward their Chronicler. The death
Which daily threaten'd, then, thou didst escape ;
And once more in thine own, thy native land,
Heard the glad tones and gratulating words
Of earnest welcome : all is over now !
Thou liest cold, where it shall little reck
That English voices sound no longer near,
In the far Indian land. So best ! so best !
For, if thy heart knew *how* to shape a fear,
It was to die more tamely : glorious lives
Should end in glorious death ;—as thine has ended ;
And they that lose thee, heavy though their loss,
May feel too proud for grief.

* A Journal of the Disasters in Afghanistan, 1841—42. By Lady Sale.

C O R I O L A N U S .

Dissensions having arisen between the Patricians and people of Rome, Coriolanus took part with the former, and was eventually sentenced to perpetual banishment. Determined on revenge, he joined the enemies of his country, took many of the towns, and encamped within five miles of the city itself. A deputation was sent out to treat with him, but was received with haughtiness, and thrice returned, without the slightest hopes of a reconciliation. At length his mother, wife, and children came out, and pleaded their country's cause. To their entreaties he could no longer refuse assent. Raising his venerable parent from the ground, he exclaimed, "You have saved Rome, my mother, but you have destroyed your son." He retired to his tent, and took immediate measures for a retreat.

ALL,—the Soldier's heart withstood,
With a hero's dauntless mood ;
Till that ONE voice smote his ear,
(Choked with agony and fear,)
Which from childhood's hour had proved
Most revered, and best beloved !
Deem it rather praise, than blame,
If that man of mighty fame
Yielded to the suppliant tongue
Which his cradle-hymn had sung ;
Leaving, link'd with all his glory,
That most sweet and touching story,
How the Warrior's heart could melt,
When the Son so deeply felt !

Proud one, ruler of the earth,
Scorn not her who gave thee birth !
Scorn her not : although the day
Long hath waned and past away,
When her patient lullaby
Hush'd thy peevish wailing cry ;
When the rocking on her breast
Lull'd thee to thy helpless rest ;
When, if danger threaten'd near,
Thou didst fly, in guileless fear,
Doubting not the safety tried
By her loved familiar side ;
Doubting not, her circling arm
Could protect from every harm.



Painted by L. Schiavone.

Engraved by W. Holl.

Coriolanus and his Mother.

Time's swift river rolls along,—
She is weak,—and Thou art strong!
From her fair face day by day
Lingering beauty fades away;
And her step is lifted slow,
And her tresses streak'd with snow;
Her little stock of worldly lore
Thou hast outstripp'd, and knowest more;
She who led thine earlier age
To dwell upon the pictured page,
Bends with strain'd attention now,—
With perplex'd and anxious brow,—
While of politics, and wars,
Of the course of moon and stars,
Of discoveries by which
Science shall the world enrich,
(Things beyond her scant dominion,)
Thou dost give thy grave opinion.
If, while thou dost wisely speak,
SHE seem ignorant and weak;
Let this thought thy bosom stir,—
She is, what thou wert to her;
Guard her, keep her from all pain,
As she sought to guard thee then!

Now return the patient care,
When her curls of glossy hair
Bending down with Mother's love
Shadow'd thy young brow above!
Now return the watches kept
When thy cradled childhood slept,
And her smooth and glowing cheek
(Rosy as the apple streak)
Scarcely show'd a tinge less bright
In the Morning's coming light,
So full she was of youthful strength,—
So brief appear'd the wan night's length,—
When, full of love, and hope, and joy,
She rock'd to rest her slumbering boy!

And if—(for it may well be so,
Since nothing perfect dwells below)
Thy understanding, grown mature,
Perceives defect which must endure,—

Now return indulgence given,
(Meek and merciful as Heaven,)
When *thy* faults her patience tried,
Dullness, stubbornness, or pride.
Oh! that loving heart was human;
Not a goddess, but a woman,
Watch'd thy course of weaker years,
Guarding them through smiles and tears:
Thou,—with all thy strength and lore,
Art the child she nursed before,—
Also, an imperfect creature,
Faulty by thy very nature:
If a hard or peevish word
From her lips, thou now hast heard,—
Bear it—she hath borne with thee
When thou hadst not sense to see
Her endurance well might prove
PATIENCE hath its root in LOVE.

Love her therefore! shame not thou,
Like the Hero to avow
That thy Mother's voice hath power
In thy fate's decisive hour.
All the love that thou canst give,
All the days ye both shall live,—
Warm altho' the pulse it stirs,
Trust me, will fall short of *HERS*.

R E M E M B R A N C E .

OH! tell me not of smiling skies,
And a tideless, azure sea;
Oh! tell me not of gorgeous flowers,
That bloom so radiantly;
Speak not to me of fragrant bowers,
Where Love and Joy may stay;
I long for the bright skies and seas,
That smile far, far away.



F. Corbux

W. H. More

Remembrance.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

What reck I of thy skies of light,
Or of thy sunny strand?
I *know* thee fair, bright Italy!
But *dearer* mine own land!
E'en while thy fragrant breezes fan
My faded, care-worn brow,
I think upon the far-off home,
I never more may know.

My heart is sad, my pulse is low,
My lute is all unstrung;
I feel no more the visitings
Of melody and song.
Chalice and bell around me glow,
Their fragrance scents the wind,
But the fair blossoms that *I love*,
On earth, no more I find.

I sit and watch the eventide,
And see the purple flush
Pass from the distant hills away,
With sunset's crimson blush;
And voices wake in lonely streams,
And in the quiet glades;
And all the bright hues of the hour
Melt in the gathering shades.

But, oh! REMEMBRANCE cannot fade!
The memory of the past,
With all its vivid colouring,
Comes stealing o'er me fast;
The lost home of my early years,
My country's flowery sod—
I see them all, as *once* I saw,
I tread where *once* I trod.

Again the loved ones of my youth,
Whom I must meet no more,
Rise up around me, speak, and smile,
Just as they did of yore;
My cottage-home comes back to me,
I see its sheltering trees,
I sit again beneath their shade,
And feel the balmy breeze.

I see my little sister's face,
Her eyes so darkly bright,
The smile of her young innocence,
Her hair of shining light.
My mother, too ! Full many a year
Has o'er me sadly roll'd—
But *thy* sweet looks of patient love
Smile on me as of old.

Dreams of the past ! How mournfully,
How redolent of pain,
And yet, how tinged with golden light,
Ye throng my wearied brain !
Dreams of the past ! The secret fire
Long smouldering on the hearth,
In those sweet visions, burns once more,
O'er-mastering pain and death !

Oh ! many moons have shed their beams
Across the boundless sea,
Since last I gazed with anguish'd tears,
Land of my birth ! on Thee.
And THOU—on whom was freely pour'd
The deep love of my heart,
Thou gallant, brave, yet gentle one,
I know not where thou art.

I know not if on this green earth
Thou hast thy dwelling-place ;
It may be, oh ! thou dauntless one,
Thou son of lofty race—
It may be, thou hast pass'd away
To the shadowy spirit-shore ;
Thy love, thy grief, thy constancy,
Thy strife on earth, all o'er !

And I—I too—with chasten'd soul,
Am passing hence away ;
The wasted cheek, the fever-glow,
All speak of quick decay ;
The strange wild lustre, and the fire
Of these long tear-dimm'd eyes,
Are they not like the dying light
Of evening's fading skies ?

So let it be—I wait the hour
When death shall break my chain ;
A still, small voice now breaks on me,
And whispers, “ death is gain.”
Let pain-fraught memory wake no more ;
My onward path is bright ;
I hasten to that “ better land ”
Where all is Love and Light.

DONNA INEZ' CONFESSION.

BY LADY DUFFERIN.

“ DONNA INEZ, CONSUELO,
DE ASCUNHA Y BELVOR,”
Kneeleth by the patient Friar,
Saying her “ Confiteor.”
Greatly puzzled is the Father—
At the truth he can but guess—
Donna Inez being rather
Apt to wander and digress ;—
With transitions instantaneous—
(Which in Ladies seldom fail,)
Mingling matters quite extraneous,
With her interesting tale.
“ Well, good daughter, pray continue ;
Candour doth repentance prove,—
How did this Don Pedro win you
First to listen to his love ?”
“ Father, yes !—as I was saying—
I was prudent and reserved,
All his flattering vows repaying
With the scorn they well deserved :
“ Sir !”—I said—and I was going
To say something still more strong—
By my distant manner showing,
That I thought him—really—wrong !

When, at this important minute,
 Looking toward the chamber door,
 Who should put her head within it,
 (So unlucky! such a bore!)
 But my Cousin Natalita,
 With her hair all out of curl!
 I confess I could have beat her—
 Horrid, flirting, odious girl!
 'Twas the greater inconvenience,
 For, of course, Don Pedro caught
 From my involuntary lenience,
 More assurance than he ought.
 Well! next day, (a great bull-baiting
 Was arranged the night before,)
 Natalita kept us waiting
 Full two hours, I'm sure, and more.
 Nothing could be more annoying—
 Really now I wish'd for wings—
 Pedro all that time employing
 Saying fifty foolish things.
 Nothing could have been discreeter
 Than my answers—quite sublime!—
 Still I think that Natalita,
Might have dress'd in proper time;
 But you know, when people's faces
 Are by nature but so-so,
 It takes time, in certain cases,
 Just to make them fit to show!
 Not that *some* folks' estimation
 Of their charms is very just—
 Had you seen that girl's flirtation,
 'Twould have fill'd you with disgust!
 Such vile ogling, and coquetting—
 Staring in Don Pedro's face;
 All propriety forgetting,
 Due to every public place!
 He (to do him justice, merely)
 Show'd great sense of what was right,
 And, to prove his meaning clearly,
 Only danced with *me* that night.
 If, since that time, Holy Father,
 My forbearance has been more,—
 If his visits have been rather
 Longer than they were before,—

Why, indeed, it is for *this* chief
Reason—as all Seville knows—
Just to keep him out of mischief.”
(Here the Father rubb'd his nose.
“ Not much more than half a dozen
Visits, has he paid this week ;
But, of course, my charming cousin,
To a dozen more would speak :
Every kind of base invention,
She maliciously has spread ;
But I don't think fit to mention,
All the odious girl has said.
As for me, a temper sweeter,
Job himself could hardly keep !
But my Cousin Natalita ”——
(Here the Father dropp'd asleep.)

Back again, in time for dinner,
In her chair, fair Inez goes ;
At each vile pedestrian sinner,
Turning up her ivory nose ;
Comforted beyond expression,
(See, what peace such candour wins !)
By her full and true Confession
Of all—Natalita's sins !

THE SONS OF THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH.

OH ! fair ye are, young playmates ! and welcome to my sight,
With your glad eyes full of sunshine, and innocent delight ;
Not for your noble lineage,—though in those lovely sons,
The best blood of all Scotland, its course unsullied runs ;
But for that ye are CHILDREN ; and in Life's dawning hour,
Beauty, and love, and happiness, seem perfect in their power.
Oh give me children's voices ! the sweet, the clear, the kind ;
Their bursts of merry laughter that float upon the wind ;
Give me the tranquil glory that shines from children's eyes ;
Their eager restless questions,—their playful keen replies ;

And when the daylight waneth fast,
And hours of lightsome toil are past,
And, changing like a pleasant dream,
The sunset melts to moonlight gleam
Then ling'ring on our homeward way,
We whisper all the words we say,
And almost hear the heart's loud beat,—
Sing, "Oh the Shepherd's life is sweet!"

ALFRED DIVIDING HIS LAST LOAF WITH THE PILGRIM.

"It was while Alfred and Elswitha were living in that seclusion which surrounding dangers rendered prudent, that a scarcity of provisions occurred in his household, and that his followers were despatched in search of fish, or any other species of food that could be procured. When they were gone, a pilgrim knocked at the gate, and, in the name of God, begged a morsel of bread. As there was but one loaf in the house, the queen brought it first to her husband, and represented the consequences of giving it to the suppliant, should the foragers return with empty pouches. 'Give one half the loaf,' said Alfred, 'to the hungry man. He that could feed five thousand with five loaves and two fishes, could make, if it so pleased him, the remaining half suffice for our necessities.'"

LET the proud Roman boast his hour
Of battle's fierce alarms;
There is in human life a power
Beyond the force of arms.
There is a silent majesty
In goodness, when it gives
To virtuous deeds, and purpose high,
A fame that ever lives.

Or let th' exulting Roman say,
"Behold these mighty walls!"
By mightier power—by slow decay
The crumbling ruin falls;
But tell some tale of manly truth
Long ages past and gone;
And see—the cheek of spotless youth
Attests that truth his own!

Or let that tale attention hold
Mid pleasant household mirth,
How once a patriot king was told
To guard the peasant's hearth ;
Long as that favourite story lives
In British matron's breast,
A welcome doubly kind she gives
To every courteous guest.

A minstrel in a hostile camp—
With foes begirt around—
What thrilling interest seems to stamp
That harp's melodious sound !
And ever in the youthful mind
High thoughts of daring rise,
To guard a king so good and kind,
From danger in disguise.

But chiefly in his hour of need,
By famine sorely press'd,
Behold his hand stretch'd forth, to feed
A strange and humble guest !
And warms not virtue at the tale ?
And feels not selfishness
A thought—a wish his heart assail
That *he* might also bless.

Yes. Let the relics of the past
Attest barbaric might,
There is a power that still shall last
When these are lost to sight ;
There is a theme that bards will sing
Through every age that lives ;
The virtue of a patriot king
Eternal glory gives.

THE YOUNG PRINCESS.

BRIGHT babe, I look on thee,
A laughing, happy child,
Singing thy songs in merry glee,
Like wood-birds' warbling wild :
Shelter'd within affection's bowers,
And rear'd amid life's fairest flowers.

Sweet buds of richest bloom
Are scatter'd round thee now,
Thy heart is light ; no care or gloom
Hath dash'd thy cup of joy.
Long may'st thou keep thy youth's soft glow,
The calmness of thine infant brow.

No load of earthly care
Weighs thy soft eyelids down ;
No dreams hast thou or rev'ries fair
Of coronet or crown.
Thy sceptre is the tall, green rush
That grows where sparkling streamlets gush.

Thou hast thy diadem,
Pressing thy shining curls,
But not of costly gold or gem,
Or pale and gleamy pearls :
Thy wreath is woven of bright flowers,
Thy gems are drops of May-dew showers.

When childhood's years are past,
How beauteous thou wilt be !
How rich the spell around thee cast,
How high thy destiny !
Earth's great ones thou wilt dwell among,
The theme of many a flattering tongue.



H. B. Ziegler

H. Austin

The Young Princess.

Alas ! could queenly bowers
From out their silence speak,
Would they not tell of weary hours,
Salt tears that wash the cheek ?
Of lonely void within the breast,
Of yearnings for a home of rest ?

Ah ! well ! 'tis fruitless all
To weep o'er treasure gone ;
Yet must the floods of sorrow fall
To know that light *has* shone,
And worldly glitter quench'd that light,
And turn'd its brightest beams to night.

Fair infant ! hadst thou been
A simple cottage child,
The wiles of dazzling courtly scene
Had ne'er thy heart beguiled ;
To fame unknown, and free from strife,
Calmly had pass'd thy stream of life.

But why distrust His love,
Who marks the sparrow's fall,
And from his glorious throne above
Hears e'en the faintest call ;
Fair daughter of a line of kings,
Trust fearlessly beneath His wings.

Sceptres and crowns may fade,
Earth's honours may decay ;
But hopes that are on heaven stay'd
Shall never pass away :
There, where the flowers immortal shine,
Princess ! a fadeless wreath be thine.

THE FIRST MEETING.

It is an established old English axiom, that "a kind action never loses its reward." Every reader will recollect so many exemplifications of this proverb, that it may seem superfluous that we should add another to the number; however, as the annexed plate has been chosen for publication in "The Drawing-Room Scrap-Book," it may not be amiss to accompany it by a new illustration of the oft-repeated maxim.

It was early in the present century, and of course during the war which then existed between England and France, that the son of an English nobleman, having been taken prisoner, and retained several years in captivity, at last succeeded in making his escape. His little stock of money was soon exhausted, and he did not dare to solicit aid, lest his English accent should betray him. He had travelled for nearly a fortnight, alone, in poverty, on foot, and with a constitution enervated by long and close confinement; and at length, his strength failing, this unfortunate child of nobility, who had been reared amid every comfort and luxury, found himself totally unable to proceed further on his toilsome and dangerous journey. Early one morning, he quitted an outhouse, in which he had found shelter during the night; but in passing through a retired street in the town of Auxerre, he became so utterly exhausted, as to be compelled to rest upon the steps of a dwelling-house, whose inmates did not appear to be as yet astir. A young French lady, however, inhabiting the sombre-looking mansion, had risen betimes, with the intention of taking an early walk. On opening the door of the house, attended by her mother's confidential servant, she discovered the wandering exile, reduced by hunger and fatigue to a state of complete insensibility. The kind and lovely Mélanie instantly hastened to procure refreshment, and desisted not from her benevolent efforts, till they had proved successful for the poor pilgrim's restoration to consciousness. Although it was of course highly dangerous to shelter an escaped English prisoner, Mélanie and her mother were not to be deterred from an act of Christian charity. They nursed the sufferer, fed him, supplied him with sufficient money to prosecute his journey, and finally aided him in a plan for embarkation. With a grateful heart, the youth left their hospitable roof; and, in due time, was restored to his sorrowing parents, who had long mourned him as dead.

Three years passed away. Mélanie lost her fortune, and—a much greater misfortune—lost the excellent mother, who was her only surviving parent. Peace with England was ratified; and in the family of a gentleman who resided in London, she found a home, as governess to his three daughters. Her situation was arduous; her pupils were indolent; and her employers cold-hearted and



Emr. Carbouid.

Charles Death.

The first meeting.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.



W. Forrest

H. Cook

Love and Prudence

haughty : so that within a few months, the gay and happy Mélanie could scarcely be recognized in the pensive but elegant French governess of Portman Square.

One evening, Mélanie, more dispirited and paler than usual, was in the drawing-room with her pupils, who were paying in that apartment their customary evening visit. Among the guests she recognized the helpless wanderer, whom, three years before, at every hazard, she had befriended. The recognition was mutual ; Mélanie was introduced to the parents of the young nobleman ; and by them every kindness and attention which gratitude could suggest, were lavished upon her. She frequently visited them ; and their son, from whose memory Mélanie, with her goodness, her talents, and her beauty, had never passed away, soon learned to love her with a deep and lasting affection. She became his happy wife ; was honoured and beloved by his noble relatives ; and often, in after years, did her devoted husband revert with joy and thankfulness to their sad, yet most blessed FIRST MEETING.

L O V E A N D P R I D E .

Proud Beauty, they tell me 'tis love
That kindles the fire of thine eye ;
But when did affection e'er prove
A passion so towering and high ?

They say that a rival has won
Her way to the heart that was thine.
No wonder ; when thou canst put on
An aspect so far from divine.

It is not—it cannot be love.
Affection is lowly, and deep ;
All groundless suspicion above,
It knows but to trust, or to weep.

To weep such sad tears of distress,
As wither the cheek where they fall.
Thine is not an anguish like this,
The bitterest anguish of all.

Thou know'st not the meekness of love :
How it suffers, and yet can be still ;
How the calm on its surface may prove
What sorrow the bosom can fill.

No ; thine is a transient shock,
Of feeling less tender and kind.
Like the dash of the wave on the rock,
It leaves not a vestige behind.

Proud Beauty, this comfort then take,
Whatever misfortune betide,
Believe me, that heart will not break
Whose love is less deep than its pride.

LADY ADELA-CORISANDE-MARIA VILLIERS,

(DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF JERSEY.)

THE beauty of thy starlike eyes,—as radiant as the summer-skies,—
I first beheld in early years, before my own grew used to tears.
And if thy picture had been sent, for meed of printed compliment,
In those, my inexperienced days,—I might have given it vaguest praise,
Writ with a tame and girlish pen. But I have seen “the world” since then,
Have seen the world, and taken measure, of hearts that lead a life of pleasure,
And rather should compassionate, the dangers of thy brilliant fate,
Wondering who thy bark shall guide,—while tossing on that sea of pride,
What may be thy after fruit, flower with poison round thy root,
What the blossom thou shalt bear, in that world’s cold atmosphere.
Wilt thou dwell in peace apart,—happy in thy own young heart ?
Gentle mother,—faithful wife,—star of a retired life ?
Or will charm and beauty be, things of notoriety,
Like hers, whose haughty power defied, the coming of the Royal bride ?” *
Wilt thou in thy beauty’s bloom,—learn to rule, yet not presume,—
Keeping safe the meeker way,—loved and honour’d ;—who shall say ?
At this moment pictures rise, vividly before my eyes,
Of the Ladies I have known, occupying Fashion’s throne,—
Some were meek and wise and good,—some seem’d made of painted wood,—
Jointed just enough to move,—not enough to live and love,—
Some but empty ciphers were,—some like angels pure and fair,—
Two, above the rest, I mark ; one for light, and one for dark.

* See the account given of the arrival of Caroline of Brunswick, in the Letters of the Earl of Malmesbury, and other memoirs of the time



LADY ADELA C.M. VILLIERS.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

Striving, restless, angry, loud ; pushing thro' a yielding crowd,
 With a kind of reckless force, (as a horseman clears a course ;)
 Balancing excess of scorn, for the crowd not greatly born,
 By excess of humble crouching, (inner slavishness avouching,)
 To the Magnates and the Stars,—Generals of successful Wars,—
 Princes of the Reigning Houses,—with Serene or Royal Spouses,—
 All the greater idolizing,—all the weaker tyrannizing,—
 Now with knees on stiffen'd hinges,—now with servile supple cringes,—
 Learning easily to bend—to a Prince, but not a friend,—
 Setting Virtue's limitation, not by conduct but by station,—
 Proving, spite of Truth's effulgence, Fashion's catholic Indulgence
 Stands on sale for fair requital, in a coronet and title,
 And the rugged path of sinners, (greatly smooth'd by giving dinners,)
 Can be paved and rail'd away, for the feet of finer clay :—
 Such a one,—in earnest truth,—I remember, from my youth !

Gentle, gracious, quiet, meek—with the frank light on her cheek,
 Of an ancient noble line, that needs no mask of playing ' Fine,'
 Or bold assumption to determine, the claim to several bars of ermine.*
 Too highly bred, too highly born, to put on airs of vulgar scorn,
 Too certain of her own degree, to grudge the meed of courtesy,
 (That meed, so small a thing to give,—so kindly pleasant to receive ;)
 Still speaking in sweet undertone,—with nothing in her to make known
 To the crowds who round her bow,—She is High, and they are Low,—
 Except that Nature gave her face, such natural majesty and grace,
 That they who watch to see her pass, confess distinction in her Class,
 Something more dignified and fair, and more serene than others are :—
 Inclining from her own good heart, to pause and take the weaker part :
 No warring, climbing, and resisting, *accepting* homage, not *insisting*,—
 And gaining more than ever yet, was granted with displeas'd regret,
 To all the plotting and contriving, of those for Fashion's empire striving :—
 This also I have seen ; and know,—the picture faithful, painted so.

Now, which of these shall seem to thee, the better worldly path to be,
 Lies folded in the future years, which hold thy joys, thy hopes, and fears.
 The good choice lies far off, before thee—thy Life's young angel watcheth o'er thee,—
 And kindly, yet, thy star-like eyes, reflect the glow of summer skies ;
 Oh ! never may their tarnish'd light, by worldly contact grow less bright ;
 Nor the sweet fount of light supplied, grow dim with tears, or cold with pride !

* The last remnant of the old Sumptuary Laws respecting the dress of different classes, in this country, may be traced in the trimmings of ermine on the robes of our peers ; the rank of the wearers determining the number of stripes (or bars) of minever, with which they are to be adorned.

FRIEND OF MY YOUTH.

FRIEND of my youth, we oft have roam'd together
At early dawn ;
Sporting, through many an hour of sunny weather,
O'er field and lawn.

Light was thy step, when bounding in thy beauty
With matchless grace,
Thou madest pleasant pastime of thy duty,
First in the chase.

Bright eyes were there to gaze upon thy fleetness ;
And words of praise,
From rosy lips whose very breath was sweetness,
In thy young days.

Where are they now—those happy friends, admiring
That sport, and thee ?
Am I the only one unchanged, untiring,
Thy friend to be ?

They're gone again o'er many a verdant meadow,
With hawk and hound,
Tracing in joyous mood the wild bird's shadow
O'er the same ground.

They're gone ; and thou and I are left together,
Our truth to try.
But heed them not ; we have the same bright weather—
The same blue sky.

Heed not the echo of the wild steed prancing
O'er yonder hill ;
Nor start. 'Tis but the leaves and sunbeams dancing ;
Rest, and be still.



H. Ferring

H. 1842

The Friend of my Youth.

Rest ; for thy day of youthful sport is over,
 Why then repine ;
If, when no more through woods and fields a rover,
 Such rest be thine ;

If, when thy bounding step would soon be weary,
 Thy strength would fail,
I call thee here, to comfort, and to cheer thee
 In this green vale ;

If, when old age has laid his icy finger
 Upon thy breast,
And thou, neglected and alone, might'st linger
 Behind the rest ;

I bid thee come, in tones as kind as ever,
 Close to my side ;
And hold thee with a love no time can sever
 Whate'er betide.

Art thou not grateful for my fond caressing,
 Friend of my youth ?
Yes ; in thine eye there is a look, expressing
 Deep feeling's truth.

Friend of my youth, the day may soon be coming
 When I shall be
Weary, and lone, and all-unfit for roaming,
 And left like thee.

Will then some faithful heart to mine united
 In life's first stage,
Keep the fond memory of the love we plighted
 Warm in old age ?

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

"FLORA, dear Flora," eagerly exclaimed Helen Mac Nairn, as she rushed, one lovely August evening, into an apartment furnished in the taste most approved by Scottish ladies of rank in the middle of the eighteenth century, "think no more of the adjusting of that plume. I have news for you worth every feather of all the herons that ever soared. Sir John Cope has been completely routed at Preston Pans, and Charles Edward is to give such a ball to-morrow night at Holyrood, as the old palace has never seen since the days of Queen Mary. Oh! he *is* a prince!"

"He is, Cousin Helen," replied Flora Stuart, the only daughter of a highland chieftain, who himself claimed affinity with the exiled family, and who, with his clansmen, had joined the standard of the young Pretender; "he is; and yet"—

"And yet," interrupted the lively Helen, "there is a certain officer in the service of the Elector of Hanover, for whom Flora Stuart, notwithstanding her royal blood, has more regard than she entertains for King James himself, and the gallant chevalier to-boot."

"No, Helen, no! you mistake me quite. Only hear me while I explain to you"—

"Nay, Flora, not just now. Why, ma belle cousine, have we not to-morrow's ball to think of? Will there not be all the knights and beauties of the White Rose, the Græmes, the Mac Ivors, the Lochiels,

" ' All the host of highland beggars,
Macleans, Mackenzies, and Macgregors,'

each one of the women vying with every other, not only in doing all loyal homage to the chivalrous prince, but also in exhibiting her own charms to the best advantage. Come with me to my room, and we will call Jeanette to council. There's not a man that wears the tartan, as young Lochiel told me yesterday, that has a keener eye for beauty than this same royal adventurer, Charles Edward; and though Sir Henry Beauchamp may not be there to see, it is worth something to win the admiration of a prince; ay, even of a prince *errant*."

"Well, Helen, I will accompany you,—as our late *gouvernante* of stately memory would have said,—to your tiring room; and I almost envy you the gay temperament which seems to furnish you with a continual feast; but you ought to know, and you *do* know, as well as Henry Beauchamp himself knows, that in the present state of affairs, nothing would induce me to grieve my dear, good father, whose loyalty to the Stuarts is his ruling passion, by marrying an officer in arms against this adventurous prince."



E. T. FARRIS.

H. COOK

The Chieftain's Daughter.

“ ‘*In the present state of affairs:*’ THAT, my dear Coz., is a very convenient saving clause. Many things may happen to change the present state of affairs ; *nous verrons*. But see, here is Jeanette.”

The ball took place. The ancient palace of Holyrood blazed with lamps and diamonds, and resounded with the mirth-inspiring strains of the harp and the viol ; and among the high-born beauties there congregated, Flora Stuart and Helen Mac Nairn stood pre-eminent in loveliness. Flora, who had received a part of her education as a *pensionnaire* in a foreign convent, was particularly distinguished by Charles Edward ; and, need we say, that a beautiful girl thus honoured by the notice of a prince, lacked not admirers of lower degree ?

Among these, however, there was but one whom Flora Stuart feared. FEARED ? yes ; *feared*. The gallant and accomplished Lochiel, though he had not as yet declared himself her suitor, had, on this brilliant evening, been so struck by the sensation which Flora had excited, and so enchanted by the distinction conferred upon her even by the chevalier himself, that the character and object of his attentions could no longer be matter of doubt. Charles Edward observed them ; congratulated the chieftain in a flattering audience, the scene of which was a deep recess partly shaded by the drapery which had been hastily arranged so as to give to the dismantled apartment somewhat of the air of a royal presence-chamber ; and, finally, shook hands with the lover, observing, in a whisper sufficiently loud to be heard by his intended father-in-law, that in an alliance between a Stuart and a Lochiel, it was difficult to determine which party conferred or received the greater distinction. After this, need we wonder that Flora *feared* lest her father might urge Lochiel’s suit in a manner which she might find it difficult to parry ?

Many a noble heart beat high with loyalty and hope, when the royal adventurer, soon after midnight, dismissed, with a grace becoming the descendant of a hundred kings, the brilliant assemblage of nobles and beauties who had assisted at this courtly entertainment. One act of the important drama had been terminated ; for the Pretender was in possession of the Scottish palace of his fathers. Another act was about to commence ; but the splendid scenery which, with London and the throne of England in the far perspective, glittered before the imagination of the actors, was about to fade away like a mirage in the desert !

The chieftain failed not to press Lochiel’s suit with his daughter. A coronet, should fortune favour his pretensions, had been promised to his devoted adherent, by the errant prince ; and in imagination the father already saw the golden circlet on Flora’s brow. That the union should be delayed was unavoidable. The march to London was undertaken ; and Lochiel must of necessity head his followers in person. The invaders, however, advanced in triumph till but one hundred miles intervened between them and the English capital. The promised coronet gleamed brighter and brighter in the chieftain’s eyes ; and poor Flora’s heart quailed within her. HE, however, by whom kings reign, was pleased to throw the shield of his protection around the Protestant monarch and constitution of this land. Charles Edward’s army became divided against itself ; and a blight settled upon the brilliant prospect which had been spread before him. The leaders of his host wavered

in their counsels; the march to London was relinquished; the Duke of Cumberland was sent in pursuit of the rebels; a decisive battle was fought; and Charles Edward, who, but a few brief months before, had received, as Prince Regent, the homage of knights and ladies in the royal halls of Holyrood, fled from the field of Culloden, a wretched and solitary wanderer escaping for his life!

Great as was the reward set upon the head of this unfortunate prince, not one of the few adherents, to whom the huts and caves, wherein, in the course of his escape, he took refuge, were known, was found sufficiently dishonourable to betray him. It chanced, however, that returning one dark evening to a cottage in which a poor widow had given him shelter, and which he had quitted but about an hour before, he found the humble door closed against him, and was met by his hostess with an earnest entreaty, that for that night, at least, he would endeavour to find refuge elsewhere.

"I cannot, my good woman," said the prince, pushing aside the door and entering. "There is no place of shelter, as you know, for miles round; the night is wet and dark; my strength is hourly failing; I can die but once. If you have a Hanoverian soldier here, give Charles Edward up to him, and let my earthly troubles be ended."

"Heaven forgive your highness! My two sons died in arms for what they, like their mother, believed to be your rightful cause; and I would willingly die to save you if I could. But now, may Providence have mercy upon you! The words which you have spoken have been heard; and you are in King George's power!"

The words *had* been heard. An English officer of rank, whom, in the obscurity of the apartment, the royal fugitive had not observed, rose somewhat feebly from the pallet-bed on which he had been reclining, and directed the woman to secure the door.

It was Sir Henry Beauchamp. He had been wounded at Culloden; and was sojourning for the recovery of his health, in the family of a Protestant relative—a magistrate—in the neighbourhood. On this evening, having ventured on a longer ramble than usual, he had narrowly escaped a rencontre with a party of Jacobite highlanders, and had taken temporary shelter in this cottage; well knowing, that its owner, although an adherent to the Stuart cause, would gladly afford him the protection of her roof.

Sir Henry mentioned his name, and his rank in the English army.

The spirit of a king's son was aroused at once in the breast of the royal outcast. "I can lay claim," he said, "to no merit, Sir Henry, in surrendering myself to you, as your prisoner; for flight, as you have just heard me say, is impossible. One boon only I would entreat of you; and I ask it less as the descendant of an anointed sovereign of Great Britain, than as a fugitive in distress, at the hand of a brave enemy. This poor woman! can you promise me that she shall not suffer for the charity which she has extended to a forlorn and helpless wanderer?"

"On that point," replied the English officer, "your royal highness may be at ease, if you will but give a soldier in King George's service credit for some small portion of the generosity which you have received at the hands of some of the low-



E. Poole.

C. Heath.

The Gleaners.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

liest inhabitants of these highland hovels. For myself, I have rested sufficiently; and, with your royal highness's permission, shall retire. As to the rest, your royal highness may be assured, that I deem it no part of my duty to betray the unfortunate." So saying, with a deep obeisance, Sir Henry Beauchamp left the cottage.

Need we give the *denouement* of this simple tale? It is soon told. The chieftain was so highly gratified by the chivalrous generosity displayed by Sir Henry Beauchamp towards the object of his devoted loyalty, that he no longer opposed the union of the highly-connected Englishman with his heiress, the beautiful Flora; an instance of paternal consideration to which he was, perhaps, in part moved, by the circumstance that Sir Henry Beauchamp was the heir-apparent to one of the finest estates in England; and that, in the overthrow of the young Pretender's fortunes, his own visions of a countess's coronet for his daughter had likewise

" Melted into thin air,
And left not a wreck behind."

T H E G L E A N E R .

I GAZED upon a sunny field,
Where golden grain was waving fair,
And cloudless skies shone soft and calm,
On the bright poppies glowing there;
Blue corn-flowers smiled like summer heaven,
And scarlet weeds, in gorgeous bloom,
Laugh'd in the sunlight's burning ray,
Unconscious of their coming doom.

Th' ethereal arch of glorious blue
Cloudless and stainless stretch'd above,
No speck upon its bright expanse,
Save silvery wing of flitting dove,
While through the wood-paths' leafy shade
A thousand birds their music flung,
And o'er the banks of flowery thyme
Hover'd the wild bee's thrilling hum.

And many *stricken flowers* were there,
Where'er the reaper's hand had been,
And ears that graceful waved at morn,
Were scatter'd ere the noon-tide beam;

The joyous sound of "harvest-home"
Came on the balmy summer-breeze,
While rosy children sported on,
Beneath the spreading hawthorn trees.

But one fair girl sat lone, and still ;
Her silken curls, with untaught grace,
Mantling upon her earnest brow,
And shading her sweet, gentle face.
No dream of care, no thought of grief,
Had dimm'd her sunny, meek, blue eyes,
That through their silken fringes beam'd,
As soft and clear as sapphire skies.

Her golden tresses like a veil,
Hung o'er her graceful child-like form ;
Sure, form so fair could ne'er have bent
Beneath earth's grief, or sorrow's storm ;
The rose-leaf tinge upon her cheek
Had never paled at touch of woe,
And peace shone forth in that sweet smile,
And joy in that soft warbling low.

Bright, lovely child ! All things are fair
That meet thy innocent young gaze !
The stream that bathes the willow-leaves,
The hills, half hid in purple haze ;
The forest-trees' rich emerald hue,
The moss whereon the rock-springs fall ;
All, all are calm and beautiful,
But Thou, the fairest of them all.

Young Gleaner ! surely thy sweet face
Tells not of rude or rustic bower ;
No peasant race is thine, fair child,
Thou, surely, art a *cultured* flower.
It may be, that thy parents' hopes
Have all been blighted, save of thee ;
And in this lonely, woodland vale,
They dwell in toil and poverty.

Oh ! be to them a sunbeam bright,
Though all things else have pass'd away ;
Thy gentle love, and low, sweet voice
Can cheer, though wealth no longer stay.



H. Corvillat.

W. H. Metc.

Medora watching the return of Conrad.

Cling to thy Mother, Lovely one !
Hide not from her one passing thought ;
In doubt or sorrow, shelter there—
Her heart with tenderness is fraught.

Go homeward now, young Gleaner, home,
To thine own rose-wreath'd, humble cot ;
Thou camest like a lovely dream,
Unknown alike, thy name and lot.
Go ; gather up thy treasured store,
Part back the ringlets from thy brow ;
The sun is sinking in the West ;
Calm twilight steals around thee, now.

Lift up thy young, unburden'd heart,
In this calm hour of dewy eve ;
No longer chant thy merry song,
Cease now the corn-flower buds to weave.
Look upwards now ; far, far beyond
That glowing crimson in the West ;
Raise thy young voice in prayer and praise
To Him who gives the hour of rest.

Farewell ! Oh ! may'st thou ever glean
Hope, truth, and joy through all thy way,
As freely, fully, as thou hast
Nature's rich gifts, this sunny day !
And though I gaze on thee no more,
Yet thy young face will ever dwell
'Mid the bright visions of the past :
Farewell, sweet Gleaner ; Fare thee well.

MEDORA WATCHING THE RETURN OF CONRAD.

ALONE she sat upon the " tower-crown'd hill ;"
Around her lay the night ; not calm and still,
With moonlight sleeping on the placid deep,
And silvery waters laving rocky steep ;
She gazed above upon no star-lit sky,
Calm as her own bright-flashing azure eye ;

No gentle breezes fann'd her marble brow—
A brow as pure and fair as unstain'd snow—
But while above, around, the rushing storm
Swept wildly o'er her fair and fragile form,
Unmoved she sat, all mute and lonely there,
The while the night-wind caught her long, bright hair,
The salt spray dash'd on rock or shelly strand,
And moan'd the tempest over sea and land ;
Waves, sullen as the sable pall above,
Boom'd with their briny waters in the cove
Where oft, in brighter days at eventide,
Medora sat with Conrad by her side.
Why strains she those dark eyes across the sea,
Through the black darkness gazing hopelessly ?
Alas ! she waits for one belovéd form,
And scarcely feels or hears the sweeping storm.
In vain she waits, in vain prolongs her stay ;
Although he left her side but yesterday,
A captive doom'd and chain'd, on distant shore,
He may not hear her loving accents more.
His lawless band return to Conrad's home,
While o'er the beach Medora's footsteps roam ;
Their tale is told with burning cheek and heart,
For though they dread to speak it, yet no part
They dare withhold from that calm piercing eye—
Calm mid the heart's own speechless agony !
She spake no word ; no shriek of anguish broke
From those pale lips beneath that fearful stroke ;
A smile that like the lightning o'er the wave
But shows the drowning wretch his watery grave,
Came o'er that marble face, the while she said,
" With nothing left to love, there's nought to dread."

The morn arose in all its dazzling light,
Glisten'd the sunbeams on the waters bright ;
The raven-wingéd storm had pass'd away,
In other lands to cloud the noon of day ;
And she—Medora—could she gladly gaze
On that sweet morning's fast receding haze ?
She gazed—but saw not the blue sky above,
Nor yet Anselmo's bark within the cove :
What reck'd it that the homebound wind had sprung,
When o'er her soul more than night's veil was flung ?



J. Lucas.

E. Scriven.

Lord Cavendish.
Son of the Earl of Burlington.

What reck'd it, that her flowery isle was fair?
HER world was Conrad's self; and he was—where?
With each long hour her life-springs ebb'd away,
And pass'd her spirit ere the sunset-ray.
At length—the story tells—HE came again!
A woman's hand had loosed his captive chain;
But, oh! the flower he loved was wither'd now,
Grief's passionate wild storm had laid her low.
He loved but her on earth; and she was gone!
Reckless, he wish'd his own wild life were done:
He went his way; but whither, when, or how,
A careless world knew not, will never know.
But many a tear was shed o'er that sad tale,
And many a young and rosy cheek grew pale,
The while the Poet sang his mournful part
Of poor Medora's loving, broken heart.

And now the tempest beats along that beach,
Wild, dashing, mingling with the sea-bird's screech,
But no red, lurid flame from rock or tower,
Is struggling on: nor from Medora's bower
The faint light of her fragrant lamp is seen;
Nought lives to tell the traveller what *has been*:
The eyes that watch'd throughout that fatal night
Have closed their lashes o'er their sapphire light;
No greeting voice may sound along that shore,
Nor ever burn that lonely beacon more!

L O R D C A V E N D I S H.

'Tis a child's face; but kind and wise
As many a face of riper years,—
With thoughtful brow, and earnest eyes,
And such a smile as Love endears.

I know thy smile,—I know thy glance,—
Fair boy, although thyself unknown,
'Tis a familiar countenance
Thy picture to my eyes hath shown.

So many of thy gentle blood
Have welcomed me in former days ;
So many, beautiful and good,
Have pass'd before my eager gaze—

That with a friendly joy I met
This face,—that gives no smile again,—
For sake of eyes that never yet
Look'd coldly on my joy or pain.

For sake of all the healing words,—
The welcomes spoken long ago,—
The voice whose tones held music-chords,—
Like David's harp,—to conquer wo.

And with the feudal love, that clung,
In good old days, around a name,
And gave each separate branch that sprung
From one great stem, a hearty claim :

So thou to me, fair stranger-child,
Unknown, unseen, art yet endear'd ;
One of the race whose features mild
The good have loved—the bad have fear'd.

And now,—as bright through Memory's glass,
Those gentle shades glide swiftly on,—
Thy fair young Mother seems to pass
Beyond the picture of her son !

An angel-form, that died in youth,
And looketh with untarnish'd eyes
Full of meek tenderness and truth,
From forth her blissful native skies.

For who shall limit human love ?
Oh ! lovely dream—(if dream it be—)
That from her happy home above
She watcheth still *thy* home and thee !

That when thou pray'st for help Divine,
To *her* pure spirit, power is given,
To hover so much nearer thine,
As thou,—that hour,—art nearer heaven !



W. Ferring

H. Cook

A Dream of Life.

Let it be so! And when thy heart
Some strong temptation prisons round,
May she have power to say "Depart!"
And turn it into holy ground.

Young as thou wert, when orphan'd first,
Still may some saintly memory come,
Of gentle hands that fondly nurst,
And eyes, that vanish'd from thy home.

So, in thy worldly-troublous times,
Her half-remember'd voice shall be
Like distant sound of church-bell chimes,
On stormy Sabbaths, out at sea!

A DREAM OF LIFE.

CHILD.

MOTHER, I've look'd the picture-bible through,
And dwelt upon the pictures I love best—
Ishmael and Hagar in the wilderness,
When Ishmael cried for water, and the angel
Told them hard by there was a bubbling spring:
And good Elijah and the little son
Of the kind Shunamite. Would there were prophets
In these days, oh my mother: or that we
Had lived when Jesus Christ was on the earth!
He heal'd the sick, thou knowest, and from the grave
Call'd forth the dead!

MOTHER.

Alas! my child!

CHILD.

Thou saidst even now, thou thought'st he would not die
And now thou sighest, and the tears are streaming
Adown thy cheeks.—I wish we had but lived
When the Lord Jesus was upon the earth!
I would have gone to him and pray'd him thus—
Oh, dear Lord Jesus, come and heal my father,
For he is sick! not even Mary's brother,

Although I saw them not ! But do not weep,
Or else I cannot tell thee what came next.

MOTHER.

Nay, tell me all !

CHILD.

Methought I was a woman—
Was all at once become as tall as thou :
And that sweet spirit that had been our guide,
Made me aware that now the time was come,
When we must part—when thou and I must part ;
“ For thee,” said he, “ there was another guardian,”
Another life-companion for my side.
There was a garland of white roses set
Upon my head. Thou didst let go my hand.
I wept. And so I woke :—and even now
I weep in very memory of my dream !

T H E H E I R E S S .

'Twas on a bright May morning, when the birds did gaily sing,
And the waving woods were vocal with the melody of spring,
There stood a youthful maiden before her father's door,
All rich in wealth and beauty—what could she wish for more ?

Her father's lands around her stretch'd far on every side,
His flocks and herds were grazing in pastures deep and wide,
He had grain within his garner, and splendour in his hall,
And she who sigh'd for something else, was youthful queen of all.

Say, little child of penury, what think you did she wish ?—
For the earth to yield her silver dew, th' ocean golden fish ?—
For brighter gems around her brow, where health its garland wreathed,
Or food for thee, thou famish'd one—was that the wish she breathed ?

Oh listen, gentle gales of spring ; and listen, sweet May flowers !
There are many kinds of suffering in this fair world of ours ;
And she who stands in ermine robes beside the rich man's door,
Is sighing to the passing gale—“ I wish that I was poor !”



The Harp

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

“ I wish I was a peasant girl, clad in a russet gown,
And trudging barefoot on my way, along the grassy down ;
I'd pluck the wild rose for my hair, the violet for my breast,
And seek the stately halls again, where oft I've been a guest.

“ The lady gay with jewels deck'd—the rich and noble lord,
Who come with all their retinue, and throng my father's board,
They tell me of their constant wish to serve me more and more,
Oh should I not be happy then, if only I was poor?

“ They say it is a shame that I should be a rich man's child,
That my looks alone might win a throne, so beautiful and mild ;
That one such gift had been enough to make me more than blest ;
And thus, I fain would take their word, and throw away the rest.

“ Yes, I would be a peasant girl, so pretty, and so poor,
It would be such a pleasant life, to stray from door to door.
The only treasure I would keep, should be my gentle dove,
And that because I have not learn'd to do without its love.

“ Oh I would be a peasant girl, so simple and so neat,
I should only have to tell the rich, I had no bread to eat ;
And all the gifts they promise now, would soon be pour'd on me.”
Say, little child of penury, how are they pour'd on *thee*?

Nay, weep not ; there are many tears shed on the rich man's floor ;
And she who stands in ermine robe, is wishing she was poor ;
She is tired of all the luxury, the fashion, and the form,
That make her father's hearth so cold, while thine is often warm ;

She is tired of all the empty words that fall upon her ear,
And fail to make her truly feel to one fond bosom dear.
There is a joy she cannot taste, within her halls of pride,
A love which want and misery have sorely proved and tried.

Oh ! little child of penury, droop not thy lowly head,
Thou hast a thousand, thousand gifts, in rich abundance spread ;
Thou hast the warmth of nature's heart, wherever thou may'st go,
And more—thine own, to sympathize in every human wo.

Thou hast the song of summer birds, the wild flowers on the lea,
The music of the mountain-rill—these all are gifts to thee ;
Thou hast along thy lonely path, a Heavenly Father's love,
His everlasting arms beneath—his canopy above.

W A K I N G D R E A M S.

BY THE LATE HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE.

I WAS a boy, and she was fair
As you are when you smile,
And her voice came forth as summer air,
With a tone that did beguile ;
And her two blue eyes refreshing were,
As two trees on an Indian isle.

Her dancing shape I cannot tell,
But never may forget ;
The heart remembers all too well ;
Sweet girl,—I see her yet.
But I was hers, by a holy spell,
In the soul's deep cavern set.

Ah me ! what blissful rambles then
(Children in childhood's band)
Had we, through many a lonesome glen,
And many a fairy strand !
Now these scenes are faded ; we busy men
Are travelling from that land !

A little shepherdess by birth,—
An orphan on that plain ;
She drank the beauties of the earth,
And never knew of pain ;
But the breezy song of her maiden mirth
Shall ne'er be heard again.

Oh ! can it be that *she* should lie
In a grave of cold, cold clay !
Whom I have known as fluttering high
As a new-born thrush in May,—
And yet as quiet, as the sky
In the morn of a summer-day.

With fairest maidens I have been,—
And they were lovely things,—
When they danced upon yon hidden green,
Like fairies in their rings ;
But a fairer still my heart hath seen,
In her lone imaginings.



R. Redgrave R.A.

Charles Heath.

Waking Dreams.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON & PARIS.

Nay, Chloris,—'twas a boyish love,
And desolated soon ;
A longer life hath a woodland dove,
Longer the rose of June ;
And now she's gone, far, far above,
Or sun, or stars, or moon.

Chloris, I'm thine,—yea, by those eyes,
So soft, so bright, I swear !
Yet sometimes will a thought arise
Of one that was as fair ;
Yea, my heart is thine, though from the skies
An angel visit there.

ELSPETH OF THE CRAIGBURNFOOT.

(VIGNETTE TITLE.)

Elspeth. "Then I'll unlade my mind, come o't what will."—*The Antiquary.*

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

OLD Elspeth sits in the fisher's cot,
By the wood-fire's ghastly ray ;
The sea-wind shrieks, but she hears it not—
Her thought is far away,
With a haunting voice from a distant grave
Shrieking more wild than the wild sea wave !

Old Elspeth sits in the fisher's cot,
And a weary mind hath she ;
A dismal deed in a dreary spot
Is with her memory !
Haggard she sits, with each guilty hand
Wrinkled and hard as the old sea-sand !

For ghostly forms in the red light sit,
And trace on the cottage floor
The Name that her conscience oft hath writ
On her quailing heart before !
"Years cannot clear it," the beldam cried ;
"Fathoms of seas cannot guiltiness hide !

“ Our first-born in his crib was burn’d,
Our boat wreck’d in calm light ;
All things from weal to woe have turn’d
Since that accurséd night !
Wind wave and fire their parts have wrought,
Nothing can thrive ’neath that withering thought.

“ Proud blood—it had a cruel spring !
It flow’d not from the heart ;
’Twas hard to break that poor dove’s wing,
With none to take her part !
And yet sin wove her shroud and Pride !
What knew we of Glenallan’s bride ?”

A hideous form ’twixt life and death
Old Elspeth rose, and said,
“ Quick !—tell me where is he who saith,
That Joscelind is dead !
Lands, lordship, lineage, gone ? who made
The tomb wherein such pride was laid ?”

“ In the ruins of St. Ruth she rests,”
Auld Ochiltree replied ;
“ Where pomp and state receive their guests
Till worms their claim divide !
The Countess sleeps where prince and crown,
Beggar and scrip, alike lie down !”

“ Hie to Glenallan’s lord my suit ;
And with this ring long known,
Say Elspeth of the Craighburnfoot
Hath speech for him alone !
Charge him to speed—ere fast and well
Death hides the secret I would tell !”

Nor answer more gray Edie made,
But on his mission sped ;
Old Elspeth, like a corpse outlaid,
Or vision of the dead,
Her old accustom’d seat slow found—
Nor heard the winds which howl’d around.