DRAWING ROOM SCRAP BOOK

IV.

J. BOSTOCK. H. COOK

Katherine Airlie

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

FISHER'S

DRAWING ROOM SCRAP-BOOK.

VOL. IV.

May Millington.

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. IV.

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

LIST OF PLATES, AND CONTENTS.

VOL. IV.

Drawn by W. Derby. Engraved by H. Robinson.

James Stanley, 7th Earl of Derby,
and Charlotte de la Tremoüille, His Countess.

FROM THE ORIGINAL BY VANDYKE, IN THE COLLECTION OF

THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

THE

DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP-BOOK.

THE SEVENTH EARL OF DERBY,

AND CHARLOTTE DE LA TREMOUILLE, HIS COUNTESS.

During the absence of the Earl of Derby in the Isle of Man, Lathom was invested by the parliamentary forces in 1644. Sir Thomas Fairfax offered them honourable terms of surrender—the terms, however, to be adjusted by himself. These the Countess indignantly rejected, and forthwith prepared for every extremity, saying, "That though a woman, and a stranger, divorced from her friends, and robbed of her estate, she was ready to receive their utmost violence, trusting in God both for protection and deliverance." Ill supplied with provisions, she yet continued to hold out, though the walls were nearly battered to pieces about her ears. On one occasion, a ball entered into her ladyship's chamber, where she and the children were at breakfast. With as little emotion as Charles the Twelfth on a like occasion, she merely remarked, that "since they were likely to have disagreeable intruders, she must even seek a new lodging, but I will keep my house while a building is left above my head." A MS. journal of the time quaintly states, "The litle ladyes had stomack to digest cannon." At length her constancy was rewarded; for on the approach of Prince Rupert, after his victory at Newark, the siege was raised, and the enemy retreated upon Bolton. Twenty-two of the colours, which three days before had been displayed against the castle, were presented to her from his Highness, by Sir Richard Crane, as a memorial of her deliverance, and "a happy remembrance of God's mercy and goodness to her and her family."—*Vide Roby's Traditions of Lancashire.*

THE times are peaceful, and we know
No unsheath'd sword, no bended bow;
No more upon the quiet night
Flashes the beacon's sudden light,
No more the vassals in the hall
Start at the trumpet's fiery call
And undisturb'd the ivy wreath
Hangs o'er the battlements beneath.
Years have gone by since English hand
Spilt English blood on English land.
—We see the armèd warriors ride,
But only in their plumed pride,

The actual agonies of war,
Thank God, have been from us afar.
We have not seen the silvery flood
Run crimson with our kindred's blood;
We have not seen the stranger's tread
Profane the church where slept our dead;
Nor watch'd the red and kindled air,
And known our home was blazing there.
Our soldiers to a foreign soil
Kept the wild warfare's blood and toil,
And news of some proud victory
Was all that ever crost the sea.
—But England has known other days,
Has seen her own home-dwellings blaze
Has heard the thundering volleys come
And trembled at the beaten drum.
Father and son stood side by side,
Yet not as by their blood allied,
Each stern in his adopted cause,
For feudal or fanatic laws.
—Aye led by some high-sounding name,
Man has been ever but the same,
Fighting for altar, or for throne,
For any rights, except his own.
—'Tis in such troubled times the few
Find they have powers they never knew;
And yonder high-born dame, who stands
With flowerets in her graceful hands,
With broider'd robe, and ringlet fair,
Scarce breathed on by the fragrant air,
Dream'd not that she should stand alone
When pikes were raised, and trumpets blown,
And gather'd foes around the wall,
And she sole chief in Lathom Hall.
But ere she put aside her fears,
And woman's weakness—woman's tears,
How many a long and anxious hour
She must have pass'd in secret bower,
Till she stept forth, the calm and proud,
To meet and animate the crowd.
—Ah, woman's is another lot,
Where ruder cares and strife come not;
Her hand upon the silvery lute,
Winning sweet answer to its suit,

F. Grant. H. Robinson.

Florence De Vere.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.

Or bidding mimic flowers arise
Mid the embroidery's rainbow dyes;
Her step the music of the hearth,
Soul of its sorrow or its mirth,
Who hath of time its dearest part,
The one charm'd circle of the heart.
Evil must be the cause and day,
That takes her from such life away;
Then, Lady, while we honour thee,
And to thy faith and chivalry
Give high and honourable fame,
We wish no rival to thy name.

FLORENCE DE VERE;

OR, SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A GOVERNESS.

Florence de Vere, in the days of her prosperity, had read of poverty, and had thought about it; but she had always associated it with domestic affections, and with a pretty rural cottage covered by roses. Nevertheless, with all her romance, Florence was a heroine. Under her reverse of fortune, she did not abandon herself to sorrow. She knew, that, in a case like hers, there was no medicine so good as constant energetic employment; and she resolved upon taking a situation as governess. Mrs. Stephenson, the wife of a rich merchant who resided at Clifton, had just parted with her governess; and on one Monday morning, Florence, accompanied by her mother, set forth to wait upon her. The young girl was all courage. It is true, a tear sometimes dimmed her eye; but she saw her beloved mother almost sinking beneath her load of care and anxiety, and remembering how much depended upon herself, she smiled, and spoke cheerfully as they came within sight of the mansion which they sought.—The lady was at home; having previously received a note apprising her of the visit, and of its purport.

Mrs. Stephenson sate before a huge embroidery frame. She was a mass of satin, lace, jewels, artificial flowers, and very black ringlets; the drawing-room in which she was seated was crowded by costly furniture, richly-bound books, gorgeous exotics, and rare *bijouterie*. Laying down some skeins of chenille, and looking in a scrutinizing manner at Florence, Mrs. Stephenson said, "You look very young, Miss De Vere; how old are you?"—"I am more than seventeen," replied Florence, rather timidly, "but"—

"But what? Miss De Vere. You have not, I know, been an articled pupil in a boarding-school. I understand that you have been unfortunate. Now, excuse

me, but reduced ladies do make very troublesome governesses."—"I will try to do my best, madam," answered Florence; "and"—

"Ah! you will *try!* All young persons in your situation say *that,* Miss De Vere. Miss King, my first governess, said the same thing. Then, there was Miss Day, who fancied herself delicate, and would not walk out if an easterly wind blew; Miss Burder was never in the school-room before seven o'clock in the morning; and my last governess objected to dressing the children when we had large parties; in short, I have been annoyed and perplexed in every possible way."—Poor Mrs. De Vere longed to rise, and to take her child away; but dreading to condemn her to utter poverty, she listened patiently. Mrs. Stephenson proceeded:

"I will tell you your duties, Miss De Vere. You will be in the school-room by six o'clock. Calisthenics, dancing, and Bible, with explanation, till eight. Half an hour for breakfast; half an hour for recreation. Different studies from nine till twelve; walk till one; dinner and recreation till two; studies again till five; tea till half-past; prepare lessons and exercises for the morrow till seven; then superintend the dressing for the drawing-room; and, if required, play quadrilles, &c. for the company. That is all, I think; except, that on Sundays, I like the young ladies to learn the Collect, Epistle, and Gospel, in French, German, and Italian. I am very particular about religious duties; I hold piety to be of the first importance in the education of young people." [Florence could not exactly see the lesson of piety which might be enforced by learning foreign languages on the Sabbath-day; but she was silent, and the lady continued:] "Observe, Miss De Vere, you must never leave your pupils alone for a moment; and you must never speak English to them. You will have five girls under your charge; Charlotte fifteen, Adelaide thirteen, Georgina ten, Margarita seven, and Evelina five. Then Adolphus, my little boy, comes home from school every Saturday, and remains till the following Monday; so that you will consider him as your particular charge on Sundays."—Then followed a long catechism as to Florence's acquirements; and an examination, from which it appeared that the lady's own ideas on history, geography, and some other subjects, were somewhat confused. Florence could scarcely repress a smile; but Mrs. Stephenson offered a salary of eighty pounds per annum; and that sum would be an excellent addition to her mother's little pittance; so, after much more discussion, it was settled, that Florence should enter the Stephenson family within three days.

Now, for the first time, Florence felt the real sting of poverty; for it involved separation from those whom she loved. The three days passed with marvellous rapidity, and early on the morning of the fourth she repaired to Mrs. Stephenson's; and throughout that weary day she plodded on. Charlotte Stephenson had an audacity of manner which shocked her; Adelaide was hopelessly dull; Georgina was pertness personified; Margarita, the best of the party, was provokingly idle and careless; and as for Evelina, it would have been difficult to produce a more co pletely spoiled child.—At the end of a fortnight, the young governess had grown considerably thinner, and looked at least five years older. Had she been less conscientious, she would doubtless have succeeded better as it respected

her own personal comfort: while both mother and children would have been better pleased.

One morning towards the close of her first month's residence at Mrs. Stephenson's, the governess took her usual place in the school-room, and called Evelina to come and read to her. Evelina was reading a little book entitled "Chick-seed without Chick-weed;" and her prefatory remark was, "I mean to be a naughty girl." Florence took no notice of this, but pointed with her pencil to the first word of the lesson. The pencil was immediately dashed away; and the page, of course, disfigured.

"Mamma will not like you to spoil our books," said Georgina pertly.—"Be silent, Georgina," replied Florence, mildly. "Now, Evelina, try to read this, or I shall be obliged to punish you."—"Don't read it, Evelina," loudly exclaimed Adolphus, who was at home for a week.—Evelina, thus supported, threw herself on the floor, and seemed resolved on battle. Florence felt that a crisis was at hand; and that she must carry her point, or lose her influence for ever. By dint of exertion she raised the little rebel from the floor; but she again sank upon the carpet, crying and struggling, while Adolphus laughed and clapped his hands.—Evelina, at length, exchanged struggling for divers pugilistic demonstrations; and there ensued a scene which need not be here described. Suffice it to say, that the gentle Florence was utterly unable to cope with the rude violence of her pupils. The mutiny was at its height, when Mrs. Stephenson walked into the room. The discomfited governess was for a moment unable to speak; and before she had regained her composure, her refractory pupils had given *their* version of the occurrence.

It was in vain that Florence endeavoured to explain, and to state the truth. Mrs. Stephenson was indignant at the idea that *her* children—her "dear innocent children"—should be accused of falsehood or prevarication! and she finally desired Florence to prepare for her departure on the following day.—So ended poor Florence's first bright dream of independence; and that night, when she retired to her apartment, she sate down on her bed, and wept bitterly.

Still, however, as we have said, Florence De Vere was a REAL HEROINE; and a real heroine is neither one who melts like a snow-wreath at the first touch of grief, nor one who steels her heart against all feeling; but she is one who yields to her trial as to the will of God; and who endeavours, by the patient discharge of the duties to which He has been pleased to call her, to prove that she cheerfully submits to the lot which He has appointed for her ultimate good. A modern poet has said—

> "As one by one thy hopes depart,
> Be resolute and calm."

None, however, but a Christian *can* be resolute and calm, as bright and cherished hopes one after another depart; and Florence De Vere had not been thus "resolute and calm," by any power of her own. She had early been taught, that all strength cometh from on high; and to that strong and abiding Refuge she had turned, and had found shelter from the storm.

THE LAST REQUEST.

BY L. E. L.

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

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

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

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

But his sister, on the bed,
Bendeth her despairing head;
Must her father be resign'd,
He, so careful, and so kind?

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

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

Drawn by J. Franklin. Engraved by G. Presbury

The Last Request.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.

The Jew's Daughter of Pergamus

PETER JACKSON, LONDON

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

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

THE JEW'S DAUGHTER, OF PERGAMUS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

The Jew of Pergamus rose up
From the couch where he was lying,
Before him stood a golden cup,
And his daughter, young Helene,
Bright silken threads was tying.

"Perform'd shall be the marriage rite,"
Said he, "before sun-setting!"
She turn'd on him her dark eyes' light;
Yet spake she not, Helene,
Though tears her cheek were wetting.

Said he, "I've sworn an awful word—
And see that thou be ready!"
Then took the cup from off the board,
Whilst she, the pale Helene,
Advanced three steps unsteady.

Said she, "The youth is wondrous fair;
Mild eyes with true love beaming,
And clustering locks of golden hair."—
No more she said, Helene,
Awed by her father's seeming.

"Now drink thou this, my bridegroom dear;
'Tis of my sire's providing;—
Beloved, I kneel before thee here!"
Said she, the bride Helene,
Perforce her trouble hiding.

"I'll drain the cup for thy dear sake!"
He drain'd each drop within it;—
"'Tis a poison'd cup!" he shuddering spake,
Whilst she, the pale Helene,
Grew paler every minute.

"Oh lay thy head upon my breast!"
Said she, "the daylight's dreary:—
I drank it, too—we sink to rest!"
Said she, the true Helene,
"To rest—for I am weary!"

The Jew of Pergamus came in.
Thou miserable father,
Behold the fruit of thy black sin!
They lie, the pale Helene
And the bridegroom, dead together!

THE PERIS OF THE NORTH.

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

And everything in each sweet face
Is touch'd with gladness and with grace;
The tones are such as might beseem
The colours of a noontide dream;

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

Drawn by J. Hunter. Engraved by J. Thomson.

The Peris of the North.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

Drawn by G. Pickering.

Engraved by J.C. Bentley.

FARNWORTH, PAPER MILLS, &c. LANCASHIRE.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

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

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

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

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

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

FARNWORTH PAPER-MILLS, LANCASHIRE.

The incalculable importance of the invention of the printing-press; and the vast influence of that invention, not only on literature, but on human affairs generally, is universally acknowledged. Perhaps the discovery of the art of paper-making may be fairly regarded as scarcely less important than that of printing. We know not that we can better supply our readers with a fit accompaniment to the view of the Farnworth Paper-Mills, than by presenting to them a slight historical sketch of the art of Paper-making, together with a brief account of the mode in which the process is conducted.

Paper-making is by no means a modern invention. So early as the year of our Lord 704, the Arabians are said to have possessed the art of making paper from cotton; and before the end of the twelfth century, they communicated that art to the Spaniards. The Arabians were also the first to erect paper-mills. During the

thirteenth century, the Italians, French, and Germans became acquainted with the art of paper-making. There exist, at the present day, English manuscripts, of 1340, on *linen* paper, a material said to have been first used by the Spaniards.

At this early period, however, the English imported their paper; nor was it till the year 1588, that a paper-mill was erected in England. This mill was built at Dartford in Kent, by one Spielman, a German jeweller; whose name ought certainly to be held among us in honourable memory.

The principal material employed in the making of paper, is itself a manufacture; that elegant and useful article being, for the most part, made from *rags*. The English rag-merchant in part supplies the owner of the paper-mill. We import, however, yearly, many tons of rags from Italy, Sicily, and Hungary.

The first operation in paper-making, is to throw the rags, in their soiled state, into a large cylindrical frame, called "the dusting machine;" by the revolution of which, furnished as it is with iron spokes, the rags receive some degree of cleansing. This operation finished, the rags are sorted into heaps, according to their quality, by women, who afterwards convey them into what is called "the cutting room," and commit them to the charge of the "rag-cutters." The rag-cutter, who works at a table covered with iron-wire cloth, under which is a drawer, clears the rags from any extraneous substances, as buttons, pins, &c., &c.; any remaining dust or sand passing into the drawer above mentioned. The cleansed rags are then submitted to the "over-lookers;" whose business it is to see that they are duly sorted, and all foreign substances removed. It is now necessary to boil the materials, thus prepared, in an alkaline mixture; and, when cool, they are removed to the "engine-house," to be reduced to pulp. This object is effected by subjecting them to the action of a revolving cylinder, furnished with a number of sharp teeth, or cutters, which, while the rags are immersed in water, rends and tears them in every possible direction. A fine white pulp is thus formed; having the *substance*, though not the *form*, of paper. The "stuff," as the paper-makers call this pulp, passes through a valve in the bottom of the machine, into a pipe, which conveys it to "the draining chest" of "the bleaching house." Here it is bleached by means of chloride of lime; without which powerful agent, coloured rags could not be manufactured into white paper.

The "*stuff*" is subsequently submitted to the action of an hydraulic press, which reduces its bulk by straining out the moisture. It is then once more washed; and, by means of machinery, combed out, as it were, into short fibres; which done, it is ready to receive the form of paper.

To give it this form, the workman, technically called a "vat-man," uses a mould; which is, in fact, a mahogany frame, with a fine wire bottom resembling a sieve. This mould the vat-man dips nearly horizontally into the vat containing the pulp; which in this state is called "half stuff." The mould retains as much of the pulp as is needed for the thickness of one sheet of paper; the superfluity running off through the interstices of the wires. Another workman, called "the coucher," receives the frame from the vat-man; opens it; and turns out the sheet —which has now the *form*, but not the *consistence*, of paper—upon a piece of felt

Loves Inquest.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

placed ready to receive it. In this way, sheets of paper, and sheets of felt, are alternately laid on each other; and the pile being placed under a powerful press, the moisture is squeezed out, and the paper has its due consistence.

Much, however, still remains to be done. The paper must now be hung on hair-ropes to be dried. It must then be *sized;* without which, paper would not bear ink. The sheets after this process are once more hung up to dry. Lastly, they are taken to the "finishing room," where a "finisher examines them anew; presses them in dry presses, in order to give them their last gloss and smoothness; and makes them up into reams and quires. To the finer papers, a peculiar finish is sometimes given, by the processes of "hot-pressing," and "glazing."

Towards the close of the last century, a machine was invented by M. Louis Robert, by which the whole process is rendered almost incredibly short. "By this complicated machinery," writes McCulloch in his 'Commercial Dictionary,' "a process which, on the old system of paper-making, occupied *three weeks,* is performed in *as many minutes.*" By this most ingenious machinery, a species of paper has been made, peculiarly adapted to designs for pottery ware. Of paper thus made, some of the sheets are more than twelve hundred yards in length.

Another important recent improvement in the paper manufacture, is on the principle of *veneering* in cabinet work. Two different webs of paper are made, which are then rendered inseparable by the vast pressure to which they are subjected.

Brown packing-paper is usually made from hemp and straw; and in the library of the British Museum may be seen above sixty specimens of paper made from as many different materials.

LOVE'S INQUEST.

BY THE HON. MRS. T. C. WESTENRÅ.

ONCE, in some bright, sequester'd glades,
There lived three youthful, beauteous Maids;
Such friends! *They* NEVER *disagreed*—
But this was long ago indeed!

One day within their myrtle grove,
They caught a feeble, wearied Love,
Whose drooping wings, like rainbows bright,
Produced o'er all a rose-like light.

Each fair, enchanted, claim'd the prize,
Who first made wrath and envy rise:
For with the dearest female friends,
When once Love comes—all friendship ends!

At length they fix'd, with angry speech,
The boy should pass a month with each:
Prudence, as eldest, claiming power,
The first to nurse him in her bower.

This bower with icy spars was hung—
A chilly taste for one so young—
Here Love first into learning dipt,
And daily, little dunce! was whipt!

Yet he, midst ice and scoldings, throve,
Still at his books sat constant Love!
And when *Capricia* claim'd her turn,
His increased strength all could discern.

Capricia gave him sunshine,—shower—
With fifty changes in an hour:
Kind—cold—cross—gay! Pleased and perplex'd,
Love long'd to know what mood came next!

He took no rest, yet well he throve—
For watchfulness agrees with Love.
So that to *Joya's* care he pass'd,
With strength increasing doubly fast.

This maiden only sought to *please*
Her charge, by soft luxurious ease,
Honey, with fruits, and luscious wine,
With silken couch, and raiment fine.

As Love look'd rosier some few days,
His nurse extoll'd her own kind ways:
In triumph, there, her sisters led
One morn—and found Love lying *dead!*

A Maiden Court was form'd in haste;
Poor *Joya* at the bar was placed:
A female counsel she retain'd,
(Could words suffice,—the cause was gain'd!)

She urged that "*Prudence*—sage and scold—
Hurt Love with cruelty and cold:
And then *Capricia's* whims discover'd,
Love's broken spirit ne'er recover'd!"

Then *Lady Justice*, blind and grave,
Summ'd up the case, and judgment gave:
"Our learned sister fails to prove
Cold—wrath—or whims—have injured Love:

"Ne'er would he die for lack of food,
Although his fast were e'er so rude;
Nor yet of grief, from cruelty,
So wonderfully form'd was he!

"If hardships only he has known,
Hardy and strong he still hath grown:
Prisoner! condemn'd, you guilty prove,
For too much kindness kill'd this Love!"

KATHERINE AIRLIE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Among the old traditions of my own family, is one which always interested me greatly. It is of a gentleman whose name was John Vavasour. He was handsome, and of good fortune, and, about the age of five-and-twenty, married a young lady from the north, by name Katherine Airlie. She was of good family, but without fortune; singularly handsome, and of the most amiable manners. Vavasour was of dissipated habits, and lived much in London, associating with the gayest men of the time. He never acknowledged himself as married, but kept his wife, whom he treated with great neglect, and even cruelty, at a small house in Huntingdonshire. His dissipation led to his ruin; and with broken health, and sorely diminished means, came remorse, and some kindly affection towards his unoffending and ill-used wife. Like the prodigal son, he returned, intending to atone for so many years of unkindness: but he came too late; she had been buried only a few days, having died, as was believed, of a broken heart. His distress of mind at this unlooked-for event overturned his reason, and for about seven or eight years thereafter, he was the inmate of a madhouse. His latter days, however, were calm and comfortable. The beloved chronicler of my family-histories knew him, in her early youth, as a remarkably well-dressed, but taciturn old gentleman, living with two servants in Hammersmith; employing himself in the cultivation of vines, and of balsams, then lately imported into this country. She remembered also, to have seen a portrait, said to be that of Katherine Airlie, otherwise Mrs. Vavasour, and from her description, it could not be unlike the beautiful face to which I have here given her name.

Oh, take that picture from the wall!
Dark shadow o'er my soul doth fall!
The past, the past returneth all!
Why didst thou die so early?

I dare not look upon thy face;
Grief rends my heart like black disgrace;
I think upon thy last embrace,
Ill-fated Katherine Airlie!

Thy father's bending form I see;
Thy gentle mother's trust in me,—
I think of them, then think of thee,
And curse myself severely!
I loved thee in my sinless youth;
Thou gavest me thy maiden truth;
Thy heart, thy love, thy life in sooth,
My generous Katherine Airlie!

Thou never spakest word unkind!
I only bore an alter'd mind;
I, I was fool, perverse, and blind;
Thou lovedst me sincerely!
Thou never spakest word severe;
I saw unmoved thy pleading tear;
Thy words of woe I would not hear,
Heart-broken Katherine Airlie!

Thou art avenged, mine injured wife!
I with myself have bitter strife:
I feel the curse is on my life.
And I deserve it fairly!
I cannot bless thee now I would!
Thou hast departed to the good.
It was not meet, not just I should,
Who wrong'd thee, Katherine Airlie!

Oh, let me go! I feel this room
Like to some prison-house of doom,
More dark, and narrower than the tomb,
Where thou art gone so early!
But little hold of life I have!
My brain is rocking like the wave!
Thou wilt not spurn me from thy grave,
My wife, my Katherine Airlie!

Jos. J. Jenkins J. Jenkins

The Devotee.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

THE DEVOTEE.

BY L. E. L.

Prayer on her lips—yet, while the maiden prayeth,
A human sorrow deepens in her eyes;
For e'en the very words of prayer she sayeth,
A sad and lingering memory supplies.

She leans beside the vault where sleeps her mother,
The tablet has her name upon the wall—
Her only parent, for she knew no other;
In losing whom, the orphan lost her all.

Young, very young, she is, but wholly vanish'd
Youth's morning colours from her cheek are gone;
All gayer and all careless thoughts are banish'd
By the perpetual presence of but one.

And yet that sweet face is not all of sorrow,
It wears a softer and a higher mood;
And seemeth from the world within to borrow
A holy and a constant fortitude.

Early with every sabbath-morn returning,
You hear her light step up the chancel come,
She looketh all the week with tender yearning
To that old church which is to her a home.

For her own home is desolate and lonely,
Hers is the only seat beside the hearth,
Sad in its summer garden, as she only
Were the last wanderer on this weary earth.

But in that ancient church her heart grows stronger
With prayers that raise their earnest eyes above;
And in the presence of her God, no longer
Feels like an outcast from all hope and love.

Glorious the mighty anthem round her swelling,
Fills the rapt spirit, sacred and sublime;
Soon will for her unfold th' immortal dwelling—
She waiteth patient, God's appointed time.

THE RAJAH'S DAUGHTER.

Sumroo! Sumroo!—what song is thine,
Thou daughter of an ancient line?
O lovely princess, on that brow
What shadowy thoughts are resting now?

Are they in pensive pleasure cast
On the long glories of the past?
Or do the future years impart
Their coming sadness to thy heart?

Think'st thou on India's ancient pride,
When ruled thy sires in glory wide?
Seest thou the hour of wo and shame,
In which the conquering Mogul came?

Or, deeper shame and darker hour,
When rose the Christian's sterner power,
And fear and famine in his train
Swept millions from each palmy plain!

Sumroo! Sumroo! what song is thine,
Thou daughter of an ancient line?
Oh lovely princess, on that brow
What shadowy thoughts are resting now?

Ask they why Brahma's wheels delay?
Why still his people melts away?
Why to his foes such grace is shown?
Why shame and sorrow smite his own?

P. P. Stephanoff.

J. Engleh

THE RAJAH'S DAUGHTER.

TILYER JACKSON, LONDON.

Painted by H. Howard, R.A. Engraved by W. Holl.

CUTHBERT, LORD COLLINGWOOD.

VICE ADMIRAL OF THE RED.

Presented to Greenwich Hospital by his Family.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

Joy to thee, princess! night is past!
Cheer thee! the morning travels fast!
A noble day ere long shall shine,
And justice hie to thee and thine!

Meantime, sweet daughter of the land,
Some generous prince shall claim thy hand;
And he, and thou, and yours shall know,
That God is just though time is slow.

CUTHBERT, ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.

Half a century, devoted almost without interruption to the service of his country, invests Collingwood with a claim to national gratitude, scarcely surpassed by the claims of any of our naval heroes. His public services were less brilliant than those of Nelson, probably because he had not the advantage of equal opportunities; but his private character is happily without those stains which sully that of the hero of the Nile and Trafalgar.

Cuthbert Collingwood was born September 26, 1750, at Newcastle-on-Tyne; a town which has sent a greater number of practical sailors to the navy, than any other place in the empire; for the northern coal-trade is the best nursery of British seamen. He commenced his naval career when he was but eleven years old, under the care of captain, (afterwards admiral,) Braithwaite, who had married his mother's sister. He used to relate in after-life, that when he first went on board-ship and found himself alone in a crowd, the feeling of isolation so overpowered him, that he burst into tears. The first-lieutenant on this occasion spoke to him in terms of kindness and encouragement; and with boyish gratitude he offered the officer a share of the plumcake he had in his box. In 1775, while serving under Admiral Graves at Boston, he was sent with a party of seamen to aid in driving the insurgents from Bunker's hill; and, on the very evening of the battle, the admiral gave him a commission as lieutenant. In 1776, he went to Jamaica as commander of the Hornet sloop, from which he was successively removed to the Lowestoffe, the Badger, and the Hinchinbrook. While in this vessel he was united with Nelson in the expedition sent up the river San Juan.

In December, 1780, Lieutenant Collingwood was appointed to the command of the Pelican, in which he captured the French frigate Le Cerf, and retook the Blandford, a richly-freighted merchantman. He was rewarded by being promoted to the Samson; and when that vessel was paid off, (in 1782,) he was sent in the Mediator to the West Indies, where he zealously co-operated with Nelson, in putting an end to the smuggling carried on under the American flag.

Having returned to England in 1786, Captain Collingwood enjoyed a brief interval of leisure. At this period he married Miss Blackett, who, like himself, was a native of Newcastle; and during the brief time that he remained on shore, was remarkable for his attachment to domestic enjoyments. At the commencement of the French revolutionary war, Collingwood commanded the Prince, which bore the flag of Rear-Admiral Bowyer on the memorable 1st of June; displaying great skill and bravery in the action. No mention, however, was made of his services in Lord Howe's dispatches; and the mortification which he naturally felt on the occasion was shared by the whole fleet.

After this engagement, Collingwood commanded in succession the Barfleur, the Hector, and the Excellent, of seventy-four guns. In this latter ship, after having convoyed the East India fleet to a safe latitude, he returned in time to take an active part in the battle off Cape St. Vincent, February 14, 1797. On this occasion his eminent services were not unnoticed; but when informed by the admiral, that a medal had been awarded to him for his skill and bravery in the action, he refused to receive it so long as that which he had honourably earned on the 1st of June should be withheld. The two medals were subsequently sent to him by the First Lord of the Admiralty, with a civil apology for the former omission. In 1799, he was made Rear-Admiral of the White; and in 1801, Rear-Admiral of the Red; soon after which, the peace of Amiens enabled him to enjoy a year's relaxation in the bosom of his family.

On the renewal of the war, he was sent to aid Admiral Cornwallis in the blockade of Brest; thence, as Vice-Admiral of the Blue, he was sent on the same service in the Bay of Cadiz, where he remained until the arrival of Nelson. In the battle of Trafalgar, October 21, 1805, Collingwood led the division of the British fleet which first came into contact with the enemy, running his ship, the Royal Sovereign, so close to the Santa Anna, that the lower yards of the two vessels were locked together. Nelson, who saw this brilliant manœuvre, could not avoid exclaiming—"See how that noble fellow Collingwood takes his ship into action; how I envy him!" By one of those singular coincidences which mark the harmony of noble souls, Collingwood is said to have exclaimed at the same moment—"What would Nelson give to be here!"

In the midst of the triumph occasioned by so brilliant a victory, to which his own achievements had eminently contributed, Collingwood learned, that in consequence of the death of Nelson, the chief command had devolved upon himself. He countermanded the order to anchor, which had been given by the fallen hero, and a tempest having arisen, four only of the captured ships were preserved to return to England.

For his signal services at Trafalgar, Collingwood was promoted to the peerage; pensions were settled on him, on his wife, and on his two daughters; but of an amount scarcely adequate to his merits. His earnest request, that his title should descend to the heirs of his daughters, was ungenerously disregarded.—Although the naval power of France was virtually annihilated by the battle of Trafalgar, the duties which devolved upon him as commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean fleet,

Retirement.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

were of the most harassing nature. He frequently slept in the open air, on a gun, from which he would frequently rise, to sweep the horizon with his glass, lest the enemy should escape. But when asked to quit the deck by his friend and companion, Clavell, he used to reply—"I fear you are exhausted, Clavell,—you have need of rest; so go to bed, and I will watch by myself."

Discipline during a blockade cannot be maintained without the exercise of great forbearance and discretion. Lord Collingwood, like every good officer, had a perfect horror of the lash; and successfully substituted for this barbarous torture, employment on extra duty, and other punishments. His conduct to his sailors was paternal; he visited them when sick, and took care that their strength should not be too early tasked, after their restoration to health. At length his iron constitution broke down; and on the 7th of March, 1810, he expired without a groan. His body was conveyed to England, and deposited by the side of Lord Nelson's in St. Paul's Cathedral, where a monument has been raised to his memory at the public expense. Another monument has since been erected as a memorial of him, and very appropriately placed on a rocky eminence overlooking the sea, not far from Tynemouth Priory, and within a few miles of his native town of Newcastle.

ODE TO RETIREMENT.

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

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

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

BY L. E. L.

"A fair young face—yet mournful in its youth,
Brooding above sad thoughts."

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

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

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

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

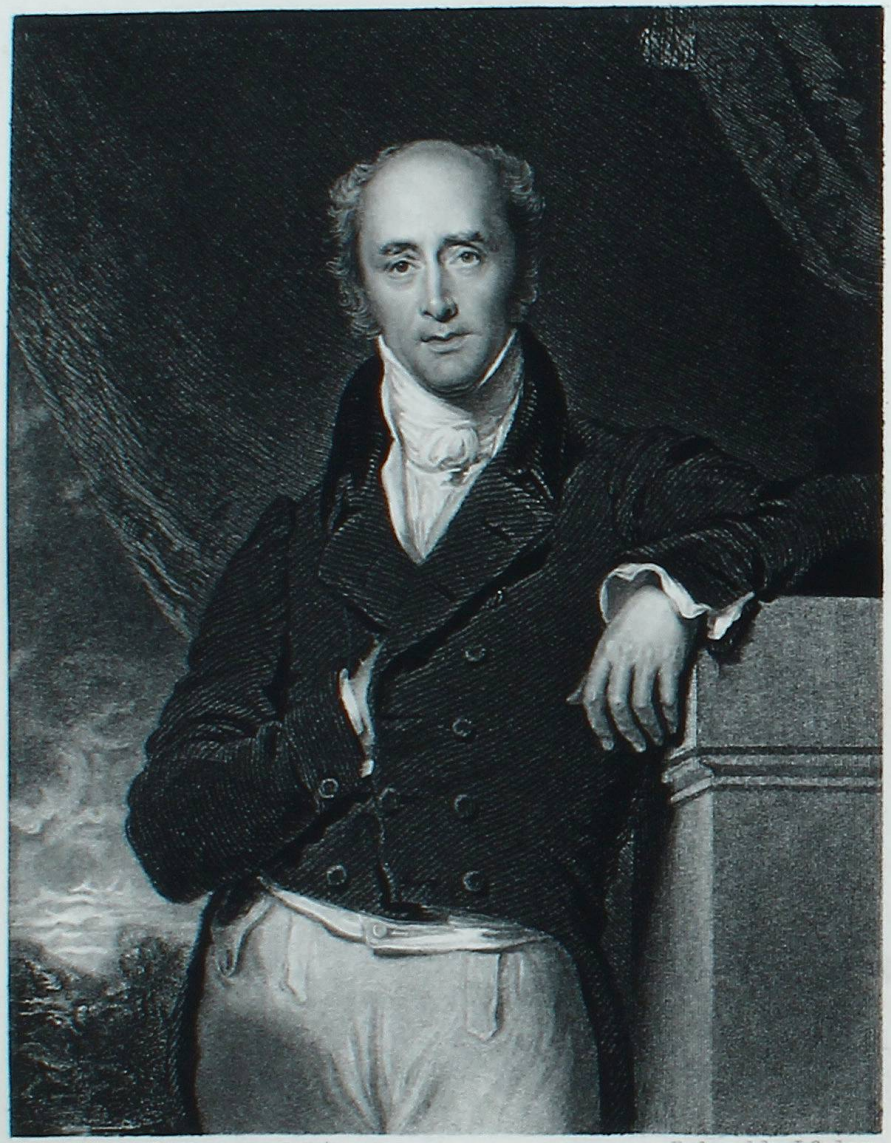
No other can know thee as I, Love, have known;
No future will show thee a love like mine own.
That love was no passion that walketh by day,
A fancy—a fashion that flitteth away.

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

Painted by Frank Stone. Engraved by C. E. Wagstaff.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.



Painted by Sir Thos Lawrence, P.R.A. Engraved by J. Cochran.

THE Rt HONBLE CHARLES GREY, EARL GREY.

Grey.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE RIGHT HON^{BLE} CHARLES GREY, EARL GREY.

BORN MARCH 13, 1764.——DIED JUNE 17, 1845.

This nobleman was descended from an ancient Norman family, which possessed the lordship of Tancarville, in Normanville, anterior to the Conquest. Of him it has been worthily said, "He was a great man, and has left a great example."

"Such men are raised to station and command,
When Providence means mercy to a land;
He speaks, and they appear: to him they owe
Skill to direct, and strength to strike the blow;
To manage with address, to seize with power,
The crisis of a dark decisive hour." COWPER.

FORGOTTEN DAYS.

I HAD forgot my infant days
Amid the world's rude storm and strife;
I had forgot the flowery ways
Where first I walk'd in early life.

I had forgot those joyous hours,
For darker days have come to me,
The leafy shades, the rosy bowers,
Where once I laugh'd in infancy.

I had forgot how sweet it was
To weave the cowslip wreaths of spring;
Or, lost among the waving grass,
To hear the stranger-cuckoo sing.

I had forgot the bounding lamb
That used to know my welcome voice,
The bird that warbled when I came,
And made my thankful heart rejoice.

All these, with every joyous thought,
I had forgot in present pain;
Till happy scenes of childhood brought
That golden picture back again.

Ah! treacherous world! what dost thou give
Worth half the wealth thou takest away?
We laugh at childhood's sports, and live
To wish we had the power to play.

We laugh at infant love that clings
Around its birds, its plants, and flowers;
Yet few would scorn the bliss it brings,
If once more could that love be ours.

Ah! long-forgotten days of joy!
Array'd in beauty and in light;
What colouring could the hand employ
To paint your golden hours too bright.

H. H. Pickersgill, Jun.

H. Cook.

Forgotten Days.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

J. Jenkins J. Thomson.

"KATE IS CRAZ'D."

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

FELICIA HEMANS.

BY L. E. L.

No more, no more—oh, never more returning,
Will thy beloved presence gladden earth;
No more wilt thou with sad, yet anxious, yearning
Cling to those hopes which have no mortal birth.
Thou art gone from us, and with thee departed,
How many lovely things have vanish'd too:
Deep thoughts that at thy will to being started,
And feelings, teaching us our own were true.
Thou hast been round us, like a viewless spirit,
Known only by the music on the air;
The leaf or flowers which thou hast named inherit
A beauty known but from thy breathing there:
For thou didst on them fling thy strong emotion,
The likeness from itself the fond heart gave;
As planets from afar look down on ocean,
And give their own sweet image to the wave.

And thou didst bring from foreign lands their treasures,
As floats thy various melody along;
We know the softness of Italian measures,
And the grave cadence of Castilian song.
A general bond of union is the poet,
By its immortal verse is language known,
And for the sake of song do others know it—
One glorious poet makes the world his own.
And thou—how far thy gentle sway extended!
The heart's sweet empire over land and sea;
Many a stranger and far flower was blended
In the soft wreath that glory bound for thee.

Painted by W. E. West. Engraved by W. Holl.

Felicia Hemans

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

The echoes of the Susquehanna's waters
Paused in the pine-woods words of thine to hear;
And to the wide Atlantic's younger daughters
Thy name was lovely, and thy song was dear.

Was not this purchased all too dearly?—never
Can fame atone for all that fame hath cost.
We see the goal, but know not the endeavour
Nor what fond hopes have on the way been lost
What do we know of the unquiet pillow,
By the worn cheek and tearful eyelid prest,
When thoughts chase thoughts, like the tumultuous billow,
Whose very light and foam reveals unrest?
We say, the song is sorrowful, but know not
What may have left that sorrow on the song;
However mournful words may be, they show not
The whole extent of wretchedness and wrong.
They cannot paint the long sad hours, pass'd only
In vain regrets o'er what we feel we are.
Alas! the kingdom of the lute is lonely—
Cold is the worship coming from afar.

Yet what is mind in woman but revealing
In sweet clear light the hidden world below,
By quicker fancies and a keener feeling
Than those around, the cold and careless, know?
What is to feed such feeling, but to culture
A soil whence pain will never more depart?
The fable of Prometheus and the vulture,
Reveals the poet's and the woman's heart.
Unkindly are they judged—unkindly treated—
By careless tongues and by ungenerous words;
While cruel sneer, and hard reproach, repeated,
Jar the fine music of the spirit's chords.
Wert thou not weary—thou whose soothing numbers
Gave other lips the joy thine own had not.
Didst thou not welcome thankfully the slumbers
Which closed around thy mourning human lot?

What on this earth could answer thy requiring,
For earnest faith—for love, the deep and true,
The beautiful, which was thy soul's desiring,
But only from thyself its being drew.

How is the warm and loving heart requited
In this harsh world, where it awhile must dwell?
Its best affections wrong'd, betray'd and slighted—
Such is the doom of those who love too well.
Better the weary dove should close its pinion,
Fold up its golden wings and be at peace,
Enter, O ladye, that serene dominion,
Where earthly cares and earthly sorrows cease.
Fame's troubled hour has clear'd, and now replying,
A thousand hearts their music ask of thine.
Sleep with a light the lovely and undying
Around thy grave—a grave which is a shrine.

RATHER QUEER.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

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

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

W. Hunt. W. Holl.

Rather Queer!

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.

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

The Keepsake.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

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

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

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

HAPPY DAYS.

Oh! happy were the days,
The gleaning days of old,
When the sun's unclouded rays
Shone o'er the fields of gold;
When the merry harvest laugh'd
Beneath the reaper's smile;
And the foaming bowl was quaff'd
To cheer his heart the while.

And childhood gather'd flowers,
While the maiden's jocund song
Told how the sunny hours
So lightly danced along;
And we were blithe and gay,
Sweet sister of my youth.
How have they pass'd away,
Those days of love and truth!

What have they left behind,
But the furrow'd brow of age!—
But thoughts perchance less kind,
And griefs that none assuage!
Would we not give the gold,
The fame that years have bought,
For the gleaning days of old,
And the happy dreams they brought?

SELIM AND ZULEIKA.

(THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.)

"What, sullen yet? it must not be—
Oh! gentle Selim, this from thee!"
She saw in curious order set
The fairest flowers of eastern land—
"He loved them once; may touch them yet,
If offer'd by Zuleika's hand."

J. Brown. H. Cook

Happy Days

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

Drawn by H. Andrews. Engraved by H. T. Ryall.

Selim and Zuleika.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

The Chamois Hunter's Faith.

The childish thought was hardly breathed
Before the rose was pluck'd and wreathed;
The next fond moment saw her seat
Her fairy form at Selim's feet;
"This rose, to calm my brother's cares,
A message from the Bulbul bears;
It says to-night he will prolong
For Selim's ear his sweetest song;
And though his note is somewhat sad,
He 'll try for once a strain more glad,
With some faint hope his alter'd lay
May sing these gloomy thoughts away.

"What! not receive my foolish flower?
Nay, then I am indeed unblest:
On me can thus thy forehead lower?
And know'st thou not who loves thee best?
Oh, Selim dear! oh, more than dearest!
Say, is it me thou hatest or fearest?
Come, lay thy head upon my breast,
And I will kiss thee into rest,
Since words of mine, and songs must fail,
Ev'n from my fabled nightingale." BYRON.

THE CHAMOIS HUNTER'S FAITH.

THEY said the Chamois-hunter his faith would never hold;
They said that all his promise was but like autumn's gold,
Forgotten, long forgotten in winter's snow and cold!

They said the spring would come back; the swallow to the eaves,
That young, green corn would shoot up where stood the autumn sheaves,
And the woods again be quivering with ten thousand leaves!

But of the Chamois-hunter, that I had seen the last,
When on our eve of parting my tears were flowing fast,
And dim into the distance his lessening figure pass'd.

They do not know what I know! and, spite of all they say,
My heart is full of gladness as is a summer's day;—
I know the Chamois-hunter better far than they!

Last week he sent a letter; and was the letter cold!
Said he would come on Monday, and bring a ring of gold:—
I knew he made no promise that he would not hold?

I've set the house in order, though no one guesses why:—
How watch I for the sunset, till tears are in mine eye—
I think this weary Sunday never will pass by!

The sun's behind the mountains! I'm glad he's gone at last!
Dear Heaven! to-morrow evening he'll only sink too fast!
Oh happy, happy morrow, what joy for me thou hast!

Now bless thee; bless thee, Lieschen!—the sunset blinds one quite—
I scarce can speak a single word! I tremble for delight:—
'Tis he, 'tis he, sweet Lieschen! Dear Heaven! this Sunday night!

THE AFRICAN PRINCE.

The accompanying plate exhibits two interesting and real portraits. One, of an African prince, who was brought to this country some years ago; the other, of a young lady, the daughter of a gallant officer a relative of the late Sir Stamford Raffles; who, while the African stranger was a visitor here, taught him to repeat the Lord's Prayer, and endeavoured to instruct him in the religion of the Bible.

BY L. E. L.

It was a king in Africa,
He had an only son;
And none of Europe's crownéd kings
Could have a dearer one.

With good cane arrows five feet long,
And with a shining bow,
When but a boy, to the palm woods
Would that young hunter go.

Painted by H. Meyer. Engraved by B. Hicks

THE AFRICAN PRINCE.

PETER JACKSON. LONDON.

And home he brought white ivory ;
  And many a spotted hide,
When leopards fierce and beautiful
  Beneath his arrows died.

Around his arms, around his brow,
  A shining bar was roll'd ;
It was to mark his royal blood,
  He wore that bar of gold.

And often at his father's feet,
  The evening he would pass ;
When, weary of the hunt, he lay
  Upon the scented grass.

Alas ! it was an evil day,
  When such a thing could be ;
When strangers, pale and terrible,
  Came o'er the distant sea.

They found the young prince mid the woods—
  The palm-woods deep and dark ;
That day his lion-hunt was done—
  They bore him to their bark.

They bound him in a narrow hold,
  With others of his kind ;
For weeks did that accursed ship
  Sail on before the wind.

Now shame upon the cruel wind,
  And on the cruel sea,
That did not with some mighty storm,
  Set those poor captives free ;

Or, shame to those weak thoughts, so fain
  To have their wilful way ;
God knoweth what is best for all—
  The winds and seas obey.

At length a lovely island rose,
  From out the ocean wave,
They took him to the market-place,
  And sold him for a slave.

Some built them homes, and in the shade
Of flower'd and fragrant trees,
They half forgot the palm-hid huts,
They left far o'er the seas.

But he was born of nobler blood,
And was of nobler kind;
And even unto death, his heart
For its own kindred pined.

There came to him a seraph child
With eyes of gentlest blue;
If there are angels in high heaven,
Earth has its angels too.

She cheer'd him with her holy words,
She soothed him with her tears;
And pityingly she spoke with him
Of home and early years.

And when his heart was all-subdued
By kindness into love,
She taught him from this weary earth
To look in faith above.

She told him how the Saviour died,
For man upon the tree;
"He suffer'd," said the holy child,
"For you as well as me."

Sorrow and death have need of faith—
The African believed,
As rains fall fertile on the earth,
Those words his soul received.

He died in hope, as only those
Who die in Christ depart—
One blessed name within his lips,
One hope within his heart.

J. Brown. H. Cook

The Favoured One.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

THE FAVOURED ONE.

I know thou art the favour'd one
Where many forms are fair;
Thy cheek a rosebud in the sun,
A wave of gold thy hair.

I know that o'er my darker brow
No lingering look would rest,
If one so soft, so sweet, as thou,
In love's own smiles were dress'd.

Yet never in this heart of mine
Came other thoughts, than those
Which round a sister's form might twine
To soothe a sister's woes.

I could not wish thy cheek less fair;
Thy sunny locks less bright;
I would not cast one cloud of care
Around thy step so light.

Go then, thou favour'd one, and bind
Rich gems upon thy brow;
Thou hear'st no sound but accents kind,
No voice but flattery now.

Yet sure as summer flowers must fade,
And night obscure the sky,
Will fall upon thy cheek a shade
A shadow o'er thine eye.

And silver-white thy hair among,
Time's witness, cold and stern,
Will tell the once-admiring throng
What all who live must learn.

Nor music then will sound thy name,
Nor flattery charm thine ear;
But fond affection, still the same,
Will dry thy falling tear.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS, K.G.

The late Duke of Buckingham was born in London on the 21st of March, 1776, being the eldest son of George first Marquess of Buckingham, by Mary Elizabeth, Baroness Nugent, only daughter and heiress of Robert Earl Nugent.

He matriculated at Oxford as a member of Brazenose college, in December 7, 1791; and at the installation of his uncle, Lord Grenville, as Chancellor of that University, on the third of July, 1810, he received the honorary degree of D.C.L. He married, on the 16th of April, 1796, the Lady Anna Eliza Brydges, sole daughter and heiress of James, third and last Duke of Chandos, and co-inheritor with the Marquess Townshend of the barony of Bourchier. The Duchess departed this life on the 16th of May, 1836. It is through his mother that the present Duke (her only child) represents the younger sister of Henry the Eighth, Mary, Queen-dowager of France, and Duchess of Suffolk, to whose issue, by the last will of that monarch, the crown of these realms was limited in remainder, on the contingency of a failure of issue in other lines. Hence the Duke's name of Plantagenet, (in connection with those of Grenville, Brydges, and Temple;) he being the eldest representative of the line of our ancient kings unmixed with any foreign blood.

On his coming of age, a seat in Parliament for the county of Buckingham was opened for him, (then Earl Temple,) by the resignation of his cousin, the Right Honourable James Grenville. On general politics, he supported his kinsman, Mr. Pitt, during the first French war; but afterwards sided, for the most part, with the party in opposition.

On the formation of the ministry of his uncle, Lord Grenville, in February, 1806, Earl Temple was appointed Deputy President of the Board of Trade, and Joint Paymaster-general of the Forces under that administration. He continued to represent the county of Buckingham until the death of his father, February 11, 1813, when he became Marquess of Buckingham.

His Grace was elected a Knight of the Garter on the 7th of June, 1820; and on the 4th of February, 1822, he was created Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, and Marquess of Chandos, by King George the Fourth, as a mark of his majesty's personal friendship; he being the only peer elevated to ducal rank during the reign of that monarch. The creation of Earl Temple of Stowe took place at the same time, with limitation on the failure of heirs male, under a patent granted in 1749, to Anna-Eliza-Mary, and to her heirs male. On the 28th of July, the Duke was appointed Lord Steward of the Household of King William; but he resigned that office on the change of ministry in the following November.

Saunders. Adcock.

RICHARD TEMPLE_NUGENT_BRYDGES_CHANDOS_GRENVILLE

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM & CHANDOS, K.G.

Buckingham & Chandos

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.

To Agnes.

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

L.E.L.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

If in the late Duke of Buckingham the arts lost a friend, and artists a munificent patron, the poor had no less reason to lament their kind-hearted employer and benefactor.

The political efforts of the late Duke were honourably enlisted in carrying to completion that great measure of national justice, the "Abolition of the Slave-Trade," the crowning act of an administration, at the head of which was his illustrious relative Lord Grenville.

His only son and successor, Richard Plantagenet, now Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, was born in 1797; and married in 1819, the Lady Mary Campbell, second daughter of the late Marquess of Breadalbane, by whom he had issue a daughter, Lady Anna-Eliza, and one son, Richard-Plantagenet-Campbell, now Marquess of Chandos, born in 1823. The present Duke was for many years M.P. for Buckinghamshire, and has distinguished himself as the constant and able advocate of the Agricultural interest.

The mortal remains of the late Duke of Buckingham were interred in the family mausoleum at Wotton, on the 25th of January, 1839. It was his Grace's particular wish to be buried with as little parade as possible, although he desired that the whole of his tenantry should be invited to attend. They did so, to the number of between four and five hundred. The chief mourners were the present Duke; his son, the Marquess of Chandos; and his uncle, Lord Nugent.

The miniature by Saunders, after which the portrait which we give is engraved, is regarded by those who knew him best, as presenting an excellent likeness of the late noble Duke.

AGNES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He shared the dream, or seem'd to share—
Days, weeks, and months pass'd by.
Never more perfect happiness
Was seen beneath the sky.

We parted—not in doubt or fear—
I wonder'd he could part;
And the first sense of misery
Awaken'd in my heart.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

H. Loring. H. Cook.

The Orphan Sisters

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

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

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

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

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

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

THE ORPHAN SISTERS.

They were alone—those orphan girls,
  The world was cold around them;
Thus closer to each youthful heart,
  They drew the cords that bound them.

And thus they spoke so tenderly,
  And smiled upon each other;
For both had wept a father's death,
  And both had lost a mother.

The same soft hand in childhood's hour
  Had smoothed their nightly pillow;
And now they venture forth alone
  Upon life's stormy billow.

But like two vessels side by side,
In calm or boisterous weather,
They sail beneath the same blue sky,
Or meet the blast together.

The world has not a sunny spot,
Or sterner path of duty,
But they would share its weariness,
As they would share its beauty.

And ever, if a cloud appears,
Or shade comes o'er their pleasure,
They turn to where a casket fair
Secures their mutual treasure.

In gentle words of deepest truth,
Traced by a dying mother,
They read her last—her parting prayer,
Her charge to LOVE EACH OTHER.

Nor can they look upon the page
Without a tear-drop stealing;
For life has nothing left to them
Like that fond mother's feeling;

Save that a sister's tenderness
A mother's smile may borrow,
And thus may cheer the darkest hour,
And soothe the deepest sorrow.

Then gently guard a sister's love,
'Tis richly worth thy keeping;
Nor let it first be sought when thou
An orphan's tears art weeping.

J. Brown. H. Cook.

The Bridal Morn.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

THE BRIDAL MORN.

Place that wreath of snowy whiteness
O'er the maiden's brow,
Youth is there, with all its brightness
Beaming now.

Wealth has laid his golden treasure
At the maiden's feet;
Friends are whispering tales of pleasure
Soft and sweet;

Hope has told her favourite story
To the maiden's ear,
Love has dipp'd his wings in glory:
Why that tear?

Hark! she hears her mother singing
At her father's door;
Where her own sweet flowers are springing,
Hers no more.

Hers no more that home of gladness
Where her childhood grew;
Where the hours that knew no sadness
Swiftly flew;

Where the chain of love entwining
Not one fragment gone,
Brothers—sisters—all combining,
Link'd in one.

Who shall say what fate impending,
Maiden, may be thine;
When those arms no more befriending
Round thee twine?

Take thy bridal robe of splendour,
And thy jewels gay;
But those friends, so kind and tender,
Where are they?

Where are those who well might greet thee
Happier than before?
Tried—and trusted—they shall meet thee
Never more.

THE VILLAGE BELLS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"HOW SOFT THE MUSIC OF THOSE VILLAGE BELLS."

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

L. E. L.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon, better known in the world of literature by the initial letters of her name, under which she so modestly published her poems, was born at Chelsea, from which place she was removed, while yet an infant, to Trevor Park, near East Barnet, in Middlesex. There she first exhibited that gift of poesy, with which she afterwards so much delighted the world. Her first essays to please were made in the columns of the Literary Gazette, but her best writings will be found in the Drawing-Room Scrap-Book. The beauty of her published poems soon drew the attention of the best society to herself, and it was then found that the charms of her conversation were unequalled. After a life (if some ten or twelve years can be so designated) passed amidst a multitude of admirers, yet certainly not happily passed, Miss Landon gave her hand to Mr. Maclean, Governor of Cape Coast Castle, and proceeded to that insalubrious climate with her husband. But, before the public regret for her voluntary exile had been fully told, intelligence of her death reached England; not the effect of a noxious atmosphere, but of a poison-draught, which it is believed she took as a remedy for some temporary ailment. The circumstances of her last moments, however, are not wholly free from mystery. The accompanying poem, addressed to this interesting woman, is the production of Miss Jewsbury, and was written under an excitement of feeling produced by a first interview with its subject. It is not a little remarkable, that both these interesting writers, after having acquired distinction in poetic literature, and conspicuous regard in the highest classes of society, became the wives of persons much less known than themselves, and whose public duties lay in distant lands; and that both—submitting to those bonds their marriage-vows imposed upon them—quitting their native country with their husbands, sunk but too early into the tomb.

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

In the lonely hours of night,
  When the face puts off its mask,
When the fever'd day is over,
  And the heart hath done its task—

D. Maclise. J.Thomson.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

L. E. L.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Alas! alas! my dwelling
Is amid a way-worn world;
And my vision, like a banner,
But open'd to be furl'd.

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

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

THE LOVED, BUT NOT THE LOST.

BY THE REV. T. DALE, A.M.

The loved, but not the lost!
Oh, no! they have not ceased to be,
Nor live alone in memory;
'Tis we, who still are toss'd
O'er life's wild sea, 'tis *we* who die:
They only live, whose life is immortality.

The loved, but not the lost,
Why should our ceaseless tears be shed
O'er the cold turf that wraps the dead,
As if their names were cross'd
From out the Book of life? Ah, no!
'Tis we who scarcely live, that linger still below.

The loved, but not the lost!
In heaven's own panoply array'd,
They met the conflict undismay'd;
They counted well the cost
Of battle—*now* their crown is won;
Our sword is scarce unsheath'd, *our* warfare just begun.

Drawn by Jos J Jenkins. Engraved by J Cochran.

The Loved but not the Lost.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

T. Phillips. R.A. W.H.Mote.

Lord Byron.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.

Have they not pass'd away
From all that dims the tearful eye;
From all that wakes the ceaseless sigh:
From all the pangs that prey
On the bereaved heart, and most
When conscience dares not say, "the loved, but not the lost!"

This is the woe of woes!
The one o'er-mastering agony;
To watch the sleep of those who die,
And feel 'tis not repose;
But they, who join the heavenly host,
Why should we mourn for them, the loved, but not the lost?

The spirit was but born,
The soul unfetter'd, when they fled
From earth, the living, *not* the dead,
Then, wherefore should we mourn?
We, the wave-driven, the tempest-toss'd,
When shall we be with them, the loved, but not the lost?

THE PORTRAIT OF LORD BYRON, AT NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

INSCRIBED TO LORD BYRON'S SISTER, MRS. GEORGE LEIGH.

It is the face of youth—and yet not young;
The purple lights, the ready smiles have vanish'd;
The shadows by the weary forehead flung,
The gayer influences of life have banish'd.

'Tis sad and fix'd—yet we can fancy gleams
Of feverish spirits, suddenly awaking,
Flinging aside doubts, fancies, fears, and dreams,
Like some red fire on startled midnight breaking.

'Tis an uncertain thing—a mind so framed,
Glorious the birthright which its powers inherit,
Mingling the loved—the fear'd—the praised—the blamed—
The constant struggle of the clay and spirit.

THE BRIDAL EVE.

She'll be a bride to-morrow!
The village is astir;
Old dames, and men and maidens,
They talk of nought but her!
They look upon the sunset,
And speak the morrow fine,
For the bride she hath good luck, they say,
On whom the sun doth shine!
And the laughing brawny ringers
Are drinking to the peal,
With which, upon the morrow,
The old church-tower shall reel,
In honour of the bridal!

She'll be a bride to-morrow!
The evening sunset sheds
A glory on the shaven grass,
And on the flower-beds,
And on the dark-green cedars,
That come athwart the light,
And on the temple in the wood
With marble pillars white.
And fountain, grove, and wilderness,
A joyful aspect wear;
The dullest passer-by can feel,
Some present joy is there;—
Some joy like this great bridal!

She'll be a bride to-morrow!
The guests are thronging in,
And the grave, punctilious father,
Is busied 'mong the kin;

E. T. PARRIS. J. THOMSON.

The Bridal Eve.

"Her eye doth emulate the diamond"

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

With a brave old English welcome,
He maketh them right glad,
As if, than of these kinsfolk,
No other thought he had;
But he thinketh on the dowry,
All counted out in gold;
And he thinketh on the bridegroom's lands,
Those manors rich and old,
Which dignify the bridal!

She'll be a bride to-morrow!
Like Christmas-flowers in bloom,
The stiff-brocaded maiden aunts,
Sit in some inner room;
And the portly mother sweet accord
Of grace to all doth show;
And like one greatly satisfied,
She moveth to and fro;
White roses, bridal favours,
She knoweth where they be,
And cake-piled silver baskets,
All under lock and key,
To come forth for the bridal!

She'll be a bride to-morrow!
There's gladness in her heart,
And with her young bride-maidens
She sitteth all apart;
No thought of after sorrow,
Hath shaded o'er her brow,
She liveth in the joyfulness,
That is but token'd now,—
The yet more joyful morrow,
With bashful, blissful sighs,
And he, the handsome bridegroom,
Looking love into her eyes!
Oh, happy be that bridal!

THOMAS CLARKSON, ESQ.

The venerable Thomas Clarkson, to whose exertions the world is mainly indebted for the abolition of the Slave Trade, and of Slavery in the British colonies, had his attention first directed to the subject when a student in the University of Cambridge. Dr. Peckard, who held the office of Vice-Chancellor of the University, in 1785, gave out as a thesis for the prize-essays of that year—"*Anne liceat invitos in servitutem dare?*"—"Is it lawful to make slaves of others against their will?" Clarkson, who had gained the prize for a Latin dissertation as a middle bachelor in the preceding year, believing it necessary to maintain his reputation as a senior bachelor, became a competitor for the prize, though then ignorant of the subject. He was successful, but the pleasures of victory were saddened by reflections on the painful and revolting facts which his studies had disclosed to him; he felt that it was time for some one to attempt to put an end to such calamities. On his return to London, he found that several benevolent individuals of the Society of Friends had anticipated him in the determination to efface this dark stain on civilization, against which their Society had, as a religious body, recorded a solemn protest. At their instigation, he translated and published his prize-essay. Although the subject was not very popular, the publication procured Clarkson an introduction to the most eminent philanthropists of the period; and at the house of Sir Charles Middleton, afterwards Lord Barham, he solemnly devoted his life and energies to redressing the wrongs of the injured Africans. His first labour was to obtain accurate knowledge of the nature of the traffic, and for this purpose he visited several slave-ships, and found that the facts were even more horrible than his imagination had conceived. On the 22d of May, 1787, Mr. Clarkson and eleven friends formed themselves into a committee to procure such information and evidence as would tend to the abolition of the Slave Trade. Mr. Wilberforce offered to bring all the evidence collected by the committee under the consideration of Parliament, and Clarkson visited Bristol, Liverpool, and other ports, to collect information from persons who had been actually engaged in the trade. His inquiries soon attracted notice, and attempts were made on his life in Liverpool, where a large proportion of the inhabitants was interested in this horrid traffic.

In consequence of Clarkson's exertions, petitions for the abolition of the Slave Trade were sent to Parliament from Manchester and other places; the king directed that a committee of the Privy Council should inquire into the matter, and, on the 9th of May, 1788, the subject was for the first time introduced into the House of Commons. On the 12th of May, in the following year, Mr. Wilberforce, in a com-

Painted by S. Lane. Engraved by J. Cochran.

yours truly

Thomas Clarkson

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.

mittee of the whole house, proposed a series of resolutions condemnatory of the traffic; but the partisans of slavery insisted on having evidence heard for the defence, and thus contrived to adjourn the discussion for another year. In the interval, Clarkson visited Paris, to promote the cause of abolition in France, and had great success in procuring the adhesion of some of the most able of the popular leaders, including Mirabeau and the Marquis de la Fayette.

It is not necessary to write the history of the twenty years of agitation which elapsed before the Slave Trade was finally condemned by the legislature. The alarm produced by the French Revolution disinclined many to support philanthropic schemes which seemed to recognize the abstract rights of man; others were alarmed by the excesses committed during the negro insurrection in St. Domingo; and not a few were misled by the fear that such a measure would be injurious to the commercial interests of the country. At length, in March, 1807, the efforts of the philanthropists were crowned with success, and the Slave Trade abolished in the British dominions.

But Clarkson's labours did not end here; he had to watch against an illegal traffic in slaves both by British and Foreign vessels, and he had to secure some amelioration of the unhappy lot of the negroes in the West Indies. It was evident that the great work of humanity could not be completed until Slavery had been abolished, as well as the Slave Trade; and to effect this great work, Clarkson again returned to the career of benevolent agitation. The judicial murder of the missionary Smith, in Demerara, excited such public indignation, that a strong hatred of slavery became manifest throughout the country, and at length, in 1833, the liberation of the negroes was voted by Parliament, and the acquiescence of the West Indians was purchased by the ample bribe of twenty millions of money. Unfortunately, it was believed politic to prolong slavery in a mitigated form under the name of apprenticeship; the owners of slaves continued to abuse their power; but the attention of the British people was soon directed to the evil, and in August, 1838, the complete emancipation of the slaves was effected.

The publication of Wilberforce's Life by his sons involved Clarkson in a painful controversy. The reverend biographers wished to arrogate the whole merit of the abolition to their father, and they made some unworthy insinuations against the first great mover of the agitation. Clarkson vindicated himself triumphantly, and his adversaries were unable to reply. From that time he lived in retirement, but, before the close of his valuable life, evinced the deep interest he still felt in public affairs by publishing a clever pamphlet against Puseyism.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the philanthropy of Thomas Clarkson expended itself exclusively on the miseries of the slave. At his death, the poor in the vicinity of Playford Hall, where he spent the latter years of his life, lost a beloved and benevolent friend; many schools lost their founder and supporter; and the widowed tenants of more than twenty almshouses were deprived of a generous benefactor and protector. Emphatically might it be said of this friend of Africa, that in his own immediate neighbourhood "the blessing of him who was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

The venerable subject of this memoir, having been instrumental in effecting an incalculable amount of good, and having lived to see the labours of his eventful life crowned with brilliant and permanent success, was removed from this scene of existence at the age of eighty-seven years. He died on the 26th day of September, 1846; and was buried in the churchyard of Playford Church, near Ipswich. Nothing beyond a perfectly private funeral was intended; but at the gate of the domain of the departed philanthropist, a considerable number of the neighbouring gentry joined the mournful procession; and the poor of Playford and its neighbourhood paid their last tribute of affection and respect, by attending as spectators.

GOOD NIGHT.

BY LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Why tremble, Inez?—all are hush'd—asleep—
None see us save the stars, those eyes of heaven,
And they attest my love—this dear, dear hand,
So soft, so white, that flutters in mine own
Like frighted bird—they know it shall be mine!
And then, farewell to fear,—to stolen hours
Farewell! farewell to tremblings, even for thee!
Would that bright hour were come! thy cheek is pale,
And terror's on thy brow,—when I am with thee
Love only should be there! Why must I go,
And leave my tender secrets half untold?"

"Oh! should they find thee—Hark!—I pray thee, fly!
Each whisper, murmuring through the air of night,
Sounds in my ear a knell—yet, when thou'rt gone,
How shall I say, 'Ah me, thou silly heart,
That let thee bid thy hope, thy guardian go,
When we do meet so seldom?'"

"Angels guard
(They will, for Heaven is just,) my stainless love!
Her rest be gentle as an infant's sleep,—
One only earthly vision cross her dreams—
One only—can'st not guess its form?
Farewell!"

EDWARD CORBOULD. W. H. EGLETON.

GOOD-NIGHT.

A thousand times, – good night!

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

E. T. PARRIS. J. THOMSON.

THE ARRIVAL.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

THE ARRIVAL.

SCENE—A Castle in the Scotch Highlands.

Time, five o'clock in the afternoon—LOUISA and CECILIA in morning dresses.

LOUISA. Of what availeth blonde and lace
Here in this melancholy place!
My pearls have never seen the day;
Your emeralds they are stow'd away;
And my white satin! I declare it
Will be quite passée ere I wear it!
I can't conceive whate'er possess'd
Papa to take this eagle's nest,
Perch'd among mountains bleak and drear,
Without a de ent neighbour near!
I wonder more what men can find
So vastly suited to their mind,
In riding o'er those moorlands dreary,
Through wild ravines so black and eerie;
Past highland huts of turf and stone,
Whence peeps forth many a wither'd crone;
Through spongy bog, o'er mountains high,
To shoot at grouse that they might buy!

CECILIA. I'm sure our English country-seat
Was quite enough of a retreat;
A solitary grand old hall,
Shut up within its high park-wall!
And there, at least, was no despair
O'er robes of price too good to wear.

LOUISA. No, what with Henry's friend Sir John,
And the young Lord of Erlington,
And Lady Peter's guests, and all
The people from Combe-Merival,
And Captain Matthews and his bride,
And all our London friends beside,

One ne'er pined for a human face,
Nor mourn'd o'er unsunn'd pearls and lace!
But I protest it was unkind,
To bring Court-Apsley back to mind,
With guests for ever on the floor,—
Even poor Miss Weld I now adore!
I can't think how they spend their lives—
These dull Scotch nobles and their wives—
The Macnamara and Mackay!
Ah! I'd a dream at break of day,
Nor hath the charm yet pass'd away!—
Why do you smile, sweet sister, say?

CECILIA. I, too, had dreams—but, what is better,
I even now have had a letter!

LOUISA. A letter! and from whom and whence?

CECILIA. You'll see the writer two hours hence!

LOUISA. Ah, by your blush I know!—Sir John!

CECILIA. And with him comes—

LOUISA. Lord Erlington?

CECILIA. The very same!

LOUISA. Oh joyful day!

CECILIA. But let us dress; time wears away;
In two hours' time, or even less,
They will be here!

LOUISA. Ah, let us dress!

Two hours later—LOUISA and CECILIA dressed.

LOUISA. You wear no ornaments to-night,
Not even a ring!—well, you are right,
You know his taste;—you can't do better
Than please a lover to the letter.

CECILIA. Lovers we satisfy with ease,
'Tis husbands that are hard to please,
But truce to thought! You look your best,
Come when they will, you're sweetly drest;
Marshall has used her utmost care;
How well those pearls become your hair!
But let us to the turret-stair,
We get a glorious prospect there!

LOUISA. One little glimpse sufficeth me,
I see the view I wish to see,
Two horsemen riding merrily!

CECILIA. 'Tis but my father and my brother!
Look, sister, 'tis indeed none other!

Jas. J. Jenkins. P. Lightfoot.

The Flower Garden.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

LOUISA. Now may your beauty fair befall!
Look just below the castle-wall;
Who rides bare-headed?
CECILIA. 'Tis Sir John,
And by his side Lord Erlington!
LOUISA. And now I hear my father's laughter,
As he and Henry gallop after!

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TO MARGUERITE, COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

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

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

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

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

Engraved by E.J. Dyall

Marguerite, Countess of Blessington.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE YOUNG DESTRUCTIVE.

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

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

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

* "The Victims of Society."

Drawn by C. Wrankmore. Engraved by W. C. Wrankmore.

The Young Destructive.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

W. Perring. H. Cook.

The Fair Maids of Einerslie.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

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

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

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

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

THE FAIR MAIDS OF EINERSLIE.

There sat two maidens all alone,
The ancient nurse to rest was gone ;
The porter slept and the ban-dog true ;
None were awake save only two,
In the dreary house of Einerslie !
What kept them up so late at night ?
Had they no fear of evil sprite—
Of monk in black, of dame in white,
The two fair maids of Einerslie !

The wind blew low, the wind blew high ;
The screech-owl made a dismal cry ;
The rusty weathercock turn'd round—
Still with a harsh and screaming sound,
On the ivied tower of Einerslie !
All was so hush'd within the house,
From out its corner came the mouse,
On what was left to make carouse,—
There was feasting good at Einerslie !

If any robber had been there
He would have fear'd to tread the stair:
All was so still, one heard below
The great clock's pendulum come and go,
As it noted the time at Einerslie;
And now and then, an ancient floor,
Or some old cabinet's carved door,
Creak suddenly, and then give o'er!—
Folks said there were ghosts at Einerslie!

Some of the sleepers were dreaming then
Ghastly dreams of murder'd men;
Others were snoring low and deep—
The very flesh on the bones might creep—
To listen by night in Einerslie!
Yet there they sat, those maidens fair;
Each one in an ancient chair!
It could be neither grief nor care,
That kept them awake in Einerslie!

Yet there they sat, those maidens young,
They neither read, nor work'd, nor sung,
But listen'd for every sound that stirr'd,
Look'd on each other, but spake no word—
Through the dead midnight in Einerslie!
It must have been love that rest delay'd—
That left their souls so unaffray'd;
They must have awaited a serenade
In the moonlit gardens of Einerslie!

THE BARON'S DAUGHTER.

THE LAY OF A LANDLESS POET.

Lovely Lady Madeline!
High-born Lady Madeline,
What a heavenly dream had I
'Neath the moon but yester-e'en!

J. Hollins. T. Posselwhite

THE BARON'S DAUGHTER.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

In thy gracious beauty bright,
  In thy bower I saw thee stand,
Looking from its casement out,
  With my verses in thy hand.

Birds were singing all around thee,
  Flowers were blooming 'neath the wall,
And from out the garden alleys
  Chimed the silvery fountain's fall.

But thy thoughts were not of these;
  Loveliest Lady Madeline,
Would that, in that blessed hour,
  I the folded scroll had been!

Madeline, thy race is proud,
  Fierce thy brethren, stern thy sire;
And thy lady-mother's scorn
  Withereth like consuming fire.

How is it, sweet Madeline,
  That thou art so kind of cheer,
That the lowliest in the house
  Thinks of thee with love, not fear?

Even the sour old gardener,
  Through the winter's iciest hours,
Works with cheerful-hearted will
  If it be to tend thy flowers.

As for me—Oh, Madeline,
  Though thy brethren fierce and high
Scarce would deign to speak my name,
  'Twould, for thee, be heaven to die!

Madeline, my love is madness!
  How should I aspire unto thee;
How should I, the lowly-born,
  Find fit words to woo thee!

Every goodly chamber beareth
  Proudly on its pictured wall,
Lords and ladies of renown,
  Richly robed, and noble all.

Not a daughter of thy house
But did mate in her degree;
'Twas for love I learn'd by rote,
Long years past, thy pedigree!

And in those old chronicles,
Which the chaplain bade me read,
Not a page, but of thy line
Telleth some heroic deed.

And within the chancel aisle,
'Neath their banners once blood-dyed,
Lie the noble of thy house,
In their marble, side by side.

As for me—my father lieth
In the village-churchyard ground,
And upon his lowly head-stone
Only may his name be found.

What am I, that I should love
One like thee, high Madeline!
I, a nameless man and poor,
Sprung of kindred mean.

Without houses, without lands,
Without bags of goodly gold;
What have I, to give pretence
To my wishes wild and bold!

What have I? Oh, Madeline,
Small things to the poor are great;
Mine own heart and soul have made
The wealth of mine estate.

Walking 'neath the stars at even,
Walking 'neath the summer's noon,
Spring's first leaves of tender green,
And fair flowers sweet and boon:

These, the common things of earth,
But, more, our human kind;
The silent suffering of the heart;
The mystery of mind;

W.H. Mote.

THE RIGHT HON^BLE ROWLAND HILL, BARON HILL, G.C.B. G.C.H. &c.

GENERAL COMMANDING IN CHIEF.

By permission of the Lord Chamberlain, from the original Picture in the Waterloo Gallery, Windsor Castle.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

The lowly lot of peasant folk,
  Their humblest hopes and fears;
The pale cheek of a woman,
  And even children's tears;

All circumstance of mortal life,
  The lowly though it be;
And pure thought garner'd in the soul,
  The wealth of poësy—
Have made me, high-born Madeline,
  Not quite unworthy thee!

•

GENERAL, THE RIGHT HON. LORD HILL, G.C.B., ETC. ETC.

Knight Grand Cross of the Bath; and Knight of the foreign Orders of the Guelphs of Hanover; the Tower and Sword of Portugal; Maria Theresa of Austria; St. George of Russia; Wilhelm of Holland; and the Crescent of Turkey; Privy Councillor; &c., &c., &c.,—was born 11th of August, 1772; raised to the peerage in consequence of his distinguished military services, in 1816; appointed General Commanding in Chief of the Army, in 1828; died December 10th, 1842.

It is a glorious privilege to be great;
  To rise above the herd who live and die,
  And are like clouds amid the summer sky,
Passing to nothingness: "to stand and wait,"
Mere servitors, is a far nobler state
  Than doing nought, or having nought to do:
  Great men stand forth as landmarks to the view
Of distant centuries, and their deeds, like fate,
  Influence all generations yet to be:
Such was Napoleon; such was Wellington!
  And thou, in those red days of victory,
Didst win unto thyself a high renown,
Placing thy name in history's living page,
Among the mightiest captains of the age.

THE SAILOR'S BRIDE;

OR,

THE BONAVENTURE.

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

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

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

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

THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON

Drawn by - Jenkins. *Engraved by T.A. Dean*

A SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

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

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

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

A SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

BY L. E. L.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE MORN OF LIFE.

The Portrait of Henrietta Amabel Theodosia Vyner, daughter of Henry Vyner, Esq., and the Lady Mary Gertrude, second daughter of the Earl and Countess de Grey.

Thy morn of life is splendid, may its day
Reflect prosperity's most vivid ray;
And when thy placid evening yields to night,
May new worlds wake thee to celestial light!

Painted by Sir W. C. Ross, R.A. *Engraved by H. Cooke*

The Morn of Life.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.

Drawn by F. T. Parris. *Engraved by H. Robinson.*

LOUISE, DUCHESS OF LA VALLIERE.

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

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

LOUISE, DUCHESS OF LA VALLIÈRE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MAY MILLINGTON.

(VIGNETTE TITLE.)

Oh! tell me, sweet May Millington,
  What makes you look so gay;
While the early dew is on the grass,
  And the mountain-peaks are gray?

I've seen a smile as bright as thine,
  I've seen a brow as fair,
But I met them in the evening throng,
  Where jewels deck'd the hair.

I never saw the same soft smile
  So bright at morning's dawn;
Nor the feet that danced at midnight's hour
  So light upon the lawn.

Oh! tell me, sweet May Millington,
  Where hast thou found the rose
That o'er thy gently-rounded cheek
  Its crimson beauty throws?

I've seen a blush as deep as thine,
  But, oh! not half so pure.
The flattering lip had call'd it forth;
  How should such bloom endure?

It pass'd—I saw an alter'd thing
Of every charm bereft;
That flattering breath had scorch'd the bloom,
A wither'd flower was left.

Then tell me, sweet May Millington,
Where hast thou been to-day;
To drink of some enchanted rill,
With fairies at their play?

Or hast thou been where summer flowers
In rich luxuriance grow,
And, gazing, brought their gladness back,
Reflected on thy brow?

No answer has May Millington:
Her secret let me tell;
And would, that every blushing cheek,
Could bear the truth as well.

For she has been where want and wo
Their dismal curtain spread,
To cheer the peasant's heart with hope,
His scanty board with bread;

And she has spoken gentle words
Of kindness, warm and true,
Where thoughts of kindness seldom come,
And gentle words are few;

And she has told of lowly prayers
Ascending up to Heaven,
From rich and poor—both welcome there—
Both rich—if both forgiven.

And thus she treads with lightsome foot
Along the dewy lawn;
And thus she smiles with heart of hope
To meet the early dawn;

And thus a radiance gilds her brow
More glorious than the light;
A beauty beams upon her cheek,
More lovely and more bright.

Drawn by A. Chisholme. Engraved by P. Lightfoot.

Oliver Cromwell.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

Thus, gentle reader, if thou lov'st
Th' admiring glance to win,
Think—think of sweet May Millington,
Like her the day begin;

Go forth like her at early dawn,
On earnest thought intent;
Thyself a lowly messenger
On kindly errands sent.

For even the slighted child might own
Some beauty if she would;
And forms less fair this charm might wear—
The charm of doing good.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The offspring of a troubled time;
The appointed human instrument
Of mighty change; the agent sent
To work Heaven's will, in whom even crime
Becomes to good subservient,
Such wert thou, Cromwell, in thy day,
The needful scourge, perhaps no less
The slave of thine own worldliness,
But still a mightier, loftier sway
Meted the work that on thee lay.

Thou wert of those who, in the turn
Of a great nation's fate, arise,
Her scorpion-whip, her teachers stern,
From whom she hath, in blood, to learn,
Through suffering, to be wise!
Man of a million, not alone
For thine own will, thyself to please,
Gave God unto thy hand the keys
Of empire; made the ancient throne
Of kings thy servile stepping-stone.

A higher power controlleth man
Than his own self; his direst deed
Assisteth the benignant plan
Of the Supreme; his fiercest ban,
Of after-mercy is the seed!
We are not what we were before;
The melancholy monarch fell,
And Cromwell's spirit, like a spell,
Works at the nation's heart. Restore,
O God, without their crime, those steadfast souls once more.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

BY MARY HOWITT.

What are they? gold and silver,
Or what such ore can buy?
The pride of silken luxury;
Rich robes of Tyrian dye?
Guests that come thronging in
With lordly pomp and state?
Or thankless, liveried serving-men,
To stand about the gate?

Or are they daintiest meats
Sent up on silver fine?
Or golden-chased cups o'erbrimm'd
With rich Falernian wine?
Or parchments setting forth
Broad lands our fathers held;
Parks for our deer; ponds for our fish;
And woods that may be fell'd?

No, no, they are not these! or else,
God help the poor man's need!
Then, sitting 'mid his little ones,
He would be poor indeed!
They are not these! our household wealth
Belongs not to degree;
It is the love within our souls—
The children at our knee!

E. T. PARRIS. J. THOMSON.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

My heart is fill'd with gladness
When I behold how fair,
How bright, are rich men's children,
With their thick golden hair!
For I know 'mid countless treasure,
Glean'd from the east and west,
These living, loving human things,
Are still the rich man's best!

But my heart o'erfloweth to mine eyes,
And a prayer is on my tongue,
When I see the poor man's children,
The toiling, though the young,
Gathering with sunburnt hands
The dusty wayside flowers!
Alas! that pastime symboleth
Life's after, darker hours.

My heart o'erfloweth to mine eyes,
When I see the poor man stand,
After his daily work is done,
With children by the hand—
And this, he kisses tenderly;
And that, sweet names doth call—
For I know he has no treasure
Like those dear children small!

Oh, children young, I bless ye,
Ye keep such love alive!
And the home can ne'er be desolate,
Where love has room to thrive!
Oh, precious household treasures,
Life's sweetest, holiest claim—
The Saviour bless'd ye while on earth,—
I bless ye in his name!

MRS. HARRIS'S SOLILOQUY, WHILE THREADING HER NEEDLE.

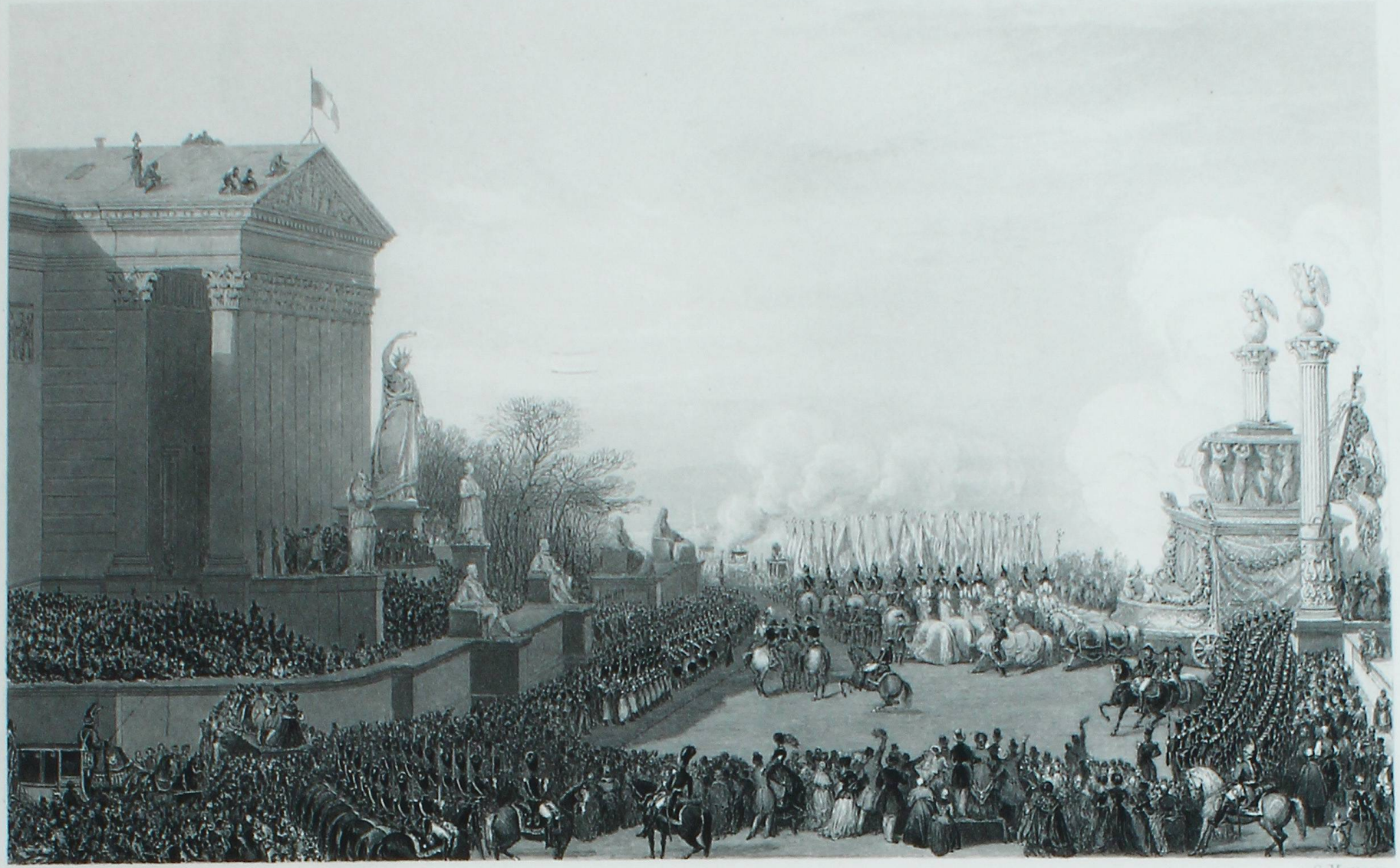
BY LADY DUFFERIN.

Ah deary me! what needles!—well really I must say,
All things are sadly alter'd—(for the worse too) since my day!
The pins have neither heads nor points—the needles have no eyes,
And there's ne'er a pair of scissors of the good old-fashion'd size!
The very bodkins now are made in fine new-fangled ways,
And the good old British thimble—is a dream of other days!
Now that comes of machinery!—I'm given to understand,
That great folks turn their noses up, at all things "done by hand,"
Altho' its easy proving to the most thick-pated dunce,
That things ar'nt done the better—for all being done at once.
I'm sure I often ponder, with a kind of awful dread,
On those bold "spinning-jennies," that "go off, of their own head!"
Those power-looms and odd machines,—those whizzing things with wheels,
That ever-more "keep moving!"—besides, one really feels
So superannuated-like, and laid upon the shelf—
When one sees a worsted stocking, get up, and *knit itself!*

Ah! that comes of those Radicals! why, Life's a perfect storm,—
A whirlwind of inventions! with their "Progress," and "Reform!"
The good old days—the quiet times, that calmly used to glide,
Are changed into a steeple-chase,—a wild 'cross-country ride!
A loud view-holloa in our ears—away! away! we go;
A-leveling all distinctions, and a-mingling high and low:
All spurring on, with seats so tight, and principles so loose,
Whisk! over this old prejudice!—slap-bang! thro' that abuse!
No matter why,—no matter where! without a stop or hitch,
And nobody has time to help his neighbour in the ditch!
And then, what turns and changes! Good lack! I'd rather be,
A joint-stool in a Pantomime,—than some great folks I see!
Because in Pantomimes, a stool, may turn to any thing,
You're not surprised, if chairs step out to dance a Highland fling!
A coffee-pot perhaps becomes a mitre by-and-by,—
And every thing is something else—and nobody asks *why?*

Threading the Needle.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.



Eugene Lami. C. Mottram.

Funeral of Napoleon.

Cérémonie des cendres de Napoléon. *Napoleon's Leichenbegängniss.*

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

But there's a rage for questioning, and meddling now-a-days;
And what one *does*, don't matter half so much as what one *says*;
And a minister can't change his mind, without such stir and fuss,
That one would think the "public voice" was some huge omnibus
Which takes you to a certain point, whereat you must remain,
Until the same old *Buss* may choose—to take you back again!
For, (odd enough,) in all this change, they keep some order still,
And when they turn,—turn all at once,—like soldiers at a drill;
But won't allow a public man, a private pirouette,
When once his part of Harlequin, or Pantaloon, is set.
And that's what makes their Pantomime so dull, and such a bore,
That *their* joint-stool must still remain—a joint-stool ever more.

Now that comes of Newspapers! I know in my young days,
"Least said, and soonest mended," was a maxim worthy praise;
But were I to give counsel to the Public—as a friend,
"Little said—and nothing written," is the rule I'd recommend.
Such snapping-up—and setting down! Reporters, left and right!
All bent on pinning down a man *to lie*, in black and white!
Such raking up of Hansard! such flinging in one's face,
Any little "lapsus linguæ" that may once have taken place!
Such a-fending, and a-proving,—and a-calling over coals,
As if it really matter'd to our poor immortal souls,
That Thingumbob should think or say, on question so and so,
The foolish things he thought and said—some forty years ago!
There's one thing in those papers, tho', I'm very glad to see,
That many more *old women*, think very much like me:
I'm even told that certain Dukes, will echo back my groan,
And sigh for those dear golden days, when we "left—*well*, alone!"

THE FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON.

It will be remembered, that in the year 1840, M. Guizot, at that time the French Ambassador at the British Court, waited upon Lord Palmerston, with a request that the body of Napoleon Buonaparte should be resigned to the French nation, in order that the ashes of the deceased Emperor should at last repose in the soil of France, the country over which he had once held absolute sway. This matter being arranged, the French proceeded to determine the place of sepulture, and, after some debate, it was settled that the remains of the illustrious departed should find their final resting-place beneath the vast dome of the Eglise des Invalides.

On the 1st of July, in the year already mentioned, La Favorite, corvette, and La Belle Poule, frigate, quitted the harbour of Toulon, and arrived, on the 8th of the following October, in that of James Town, St. Helena. The 15th of the same month was fixed on as the day of exhumation, that being the day on which, a quarter of a century before, Napoleon had first set foot on the island of St. Helena.

Operations commenced at the hour of midnight; the English Commissioner, together with Bertrand, Gourgaud, and Las Cases, three intimate friends of the late Emperor, being present at the disinterment. After the recital by a French Abbé of certain prayers, the coffin, which contained all that was mortal of Napoleon Buonaparte, was carefully removed, and, with all possible tokens of respect, was carried by a detachment of soldiers into a tent previously prepared for its reception, where, after the due performance of the religious ceremonies prescribed by the Romish Church, the receptacle, to which had been committed the remains of one for whom "the world had been too small," was opened.

It was a moment of intense interest. Friends, who had regarded Buonaparte with affection, and who had shed bitter tears over his lonely exile, now stood to gaze on all that remained of the illustrious dead. The features of the face were somewhat changed, but were perfectly recognizable. A sorrowful sternness seemed to shadow the brow, though the eye, the once keen, speaking eye, no longer told of the mighty workings of the spirit within.

On Sunday, the 18th of October, the Belle Poule, with her precious deposit, left St. Helena, and arrived at Cherbourg on the 30th of the following month; the grand entry into Paris being fixed for the 15th of December.

Great indeed were the changes which had taken place since Napoleon Buonaparte had looked his last on that proud city! Many who then stood around him had passed away from this mutable world. Poor Josephine—his deserted, but devoted wife—she could not rejoice in the honours paid to his memory by the land she loved so well, for she too had departed to "that bourne whence no traveller returns." There was a grand procession—and that was all!

At daybreak guns were fired at Neuilly, and the body was transferred to the car destined to convey it to its last resting-place. The coffin, covered with violet crape, was surmounted by the imperial crown, and the horses, superbly accoutred, were led by attendants clad in the livery of the deceased Emperor. At the head of the procession came the Gendarmerie of the Seine, then the Municipal Guard, with various military squadrons and battalions; the Prince de Joinville, and the five hundred sailors of the Belle Poule, marching in double file on each side of the chariot of death.

The funeral cortège passed the Arc de Triomphe and the Champs Elysées, and finally halted at the Eglise des Invalides. The windows of the church were closely curtained, and ten thousand tapers shed their light on the gloomy drapery, the gorgeous insignia of departed royalty, the dun banners of other days, the whole of the stately and solemn *catafalque*, spread forth beneath the towering dome.

Painted by M.W.Sharp. Engraved by J.Jenkins.

The Chelsea Pensioner.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

The service for the dead was performed; Napoleon was laid to his rest, to be aroused by the archangel's trumpet; the long aisles of the crowded church were again deserted, and the parting gleams of the wintry sun alone visited the solitude where reposed the dust of one who, but a few brief years before, had been—

"The foremost man of all this world."

The career of NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, the rise of his fortunes, his renown, his ambition, his fall, his years of exile, his lonely island-grave, and finally, the vain honours which were paid to his mouldering remains, form a story of wonders which will be as imperishable as history itself. While ambition and the lust of power led him to form projects and pursue ends subversive of the well-being of his fellow-men, he was doubtless an instrument in the hands of Him who "sitteth above the water-floods;" "in whose hands are the issues of life;" and who, when it pleased him, could say to the haughty and unsparing conqueror, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further!"

THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

THE OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

TRANSLATED FROM FREIDRICH RUCKERT, BY OTTO VON WENCKSTERN.

THE old streets of Bernburgh ring again,
With clanking steps, and a warlike strain,
And the march of Dessàu rings through the air;
Duke Leupold and his men are there.

For his daughter dear hath written to him;—
"At my side, my Lord, sits Death so grim,
My heart and my best hopes heavenward tend,
May the Lord God give me a peaceful end!

"But before I die,—and heaven obtain,—
Thee, father, I would see again;
With thy regiment, in grand parade,
Under thy conquering banner's shade."

And the Duke Leupold,—the hero old,—
Though he seems to stand unmoved and cold,
From the farthermost end of this grieving earth,
Would have march'd for her who owed him birth.

"The 'larum, drummer, I bid thee beat!"
His eyes the well-known Bernburgh greet;—
And the streets of the old town ring again,
With clanking steps, and a martial strain.

The colours that braved the battle's frown,
In front of the Burgh are lower'd down;
From a window is waved a kerchief small,—
His daughter knows he hath come at her call!

The father stands like a statue there,
With a Soldier's proud, determined air;
He only lifts his sword on high,
With the greeting of martial courtesy.

And grim his look; I'd call it a frown
But for the tears that trickle down
From his anxious eyes to his beard so gray,—
(For he careth not the drops to stay.)

And when his men have all march'd past,
On a corner-stone he sinks at last;
His face, and his tears, with his hands hides he,
And loudly he weeps,—and bitterly;

Then folding those hands,—(unused to pray!)
The Scoffer doth these words essay:
"Oh! Lord of Heaven, whose dreadful power
Can save or slay in this troubled hour,—

"I am not one of the canting set,
Day after day in thy temples met;
Seldom, or never, I yet have bow'd
At thy altars high with the herding crowd:

"But for once,—since life is thine to give,—
Oh! hear my prayer! Let my daughter live!"
But when from this prayer the Duke did rise,
Jehovah had ta'en her to Paradise!

Drawn by T. Allom.

Engraved by S. Fisher.

Cauterets, in the Pyrenees.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.

THE MOUNTAINEER.

Oh! well I remember him,
Though now my eyes are old and dim,—
His smile,—and the clasp of his hand!
And fair was my Mountaineer,
My merry-hearted Mountaineer,
Who died in the Indian land!

The Soldiers march'd, (unhappy men!)
With music thro' our silent glen,
And 'listed him as one of their band:
He follow'd them; my Mountaineer,
My merry-hearted Mountaineer,
And sail'd for the Indian land!

Many a day I sate alone,
And bitterly I made my moan
Thinking how we parted on the strand!
And I pray'd for my Mountaineer,
My merry-hearted Mountaineer,
Who fought in the Indian land!

But vain was the Widow's prayer
To God above, to guard and spare,—
(His will be done,—for we are in his hand!)
They slew my bonny Mountaineer,
My merry-hearted Mountaineer,
He died in the Indian land!

Now, oft in the gloaming time
I think of that sultry clime,—
Where his lone grave was hollow'd in the sand!
And I mourn for my Mountaineer,
My merry-hearted Mountaineer,
Buried in the Indian land!

And should the soldiers march again
With warlike music through our glen,
My heart will break, to see their careless band,
For never shall my Mountaineer,
My merry-hearted Mountaineer,
Return to his native land!

RICHARD COBDEN, ESQ., M.P.

"And after all, who is Mr. Cobden?"—*Morning Paper.*

The Master-Mind! What means the Master-Mind?
One who hath strength to rule and sway mankind,
The purple and the sceptre shall not need;
The man, and not the dress achieves the deed:
And every man whom God was pleased to lift
Above the level of a common gift,
Receives, a chieftainship, and rules on earth;
Though he may boast no complex tree of birth;
No patent grant, an ermined robe to wear;
No velvet crown, to make the vulgar stare;
No bawbles, like a children's Christmas game:
Nor even the music of a lofty name!
For Power dwells not in these,—as oft they find
Who pit such strength against the power of mind,—
Which single-handed holds the world at bay,
Which Man can neither give, nor take away,
Unwon by Prince's smiles, or merchant gold,
For none would sell it—(if it might be sold!)
Even could the proffer'd sum's immense assets
Buy one Duke's towers,—and pay another's debts.

Scorners of individual might! look back,
At the great landmarks set in History's track.
When were oppressive boundaries swept away?
When did the long defenceless build their stay?
When some one rose, with heart too proud and strong
To bear oppression, or to bow to Wrong:
When some one rose, too active in his might
To slack the struggle in behalf of Right:
When some one lifted, by his own free choice,
That mightiest oracle, the human voice,

C. A. Du Val. G. Adcock.

RICHARD COBDEN, ESQ: M.P.

Richd Cobden

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.

And spoke aloud the deep prophetic words
That reach'd men's hearts, and thrill'd their inmost chords;
Cheer'd them to ford some turbid gulf of Time,—
Roused them to conquer, in a strife sublime,—
Woke them to watch the dawn, ere day stole on,—
And sway'd their minds, to tasks which *must* be done.

When, as of old, some scaffold-sentenced King,
Despoil'd of all that Royalty could bring;
Prescriptive Reverence,—Anointed Right,—
Lost in foul darkness of revolted night;
Discrown'd; imprison'd; guided to the place
Where the last sun would shine upon his face;
With gleaming spears and matchlocks bristling round,
And sentries tramping on the guarded ground,
Hath stood,—the scaffold set,—the axe laid bare,—
What has been fear'd?—His Breath upon the air!
The power God gave the Voice, to reach the heart,—
The tears—(or swords)—which at the sound might start.
Vainly the Royal Victim's pallid brow,
No jewell'd sign of Majesty could show:
Vainly the hard-bound cord confined the hand
Whose wrested sceptre ruled no more the land:
Vainly, despised, insulted, faint, and weak,
By pain made weary,—and by sorrow meek,—
Have such stood up, among out-numbering foes!
These trembled still,—until the scene should close:
The Soul's deep power controll'd them; and they fear'd,
Lest, though the King was gone—the Man might yet be heard!

Oh! Fools,—who, knowing this, deny the creed
Of power that ne'er was crown'd! It doth not need
Preface of Deposition,—nor the chance
Of miseries that weave a sad romance,—
It dwells amongst us, common-place and calm;
The proud man's terror, and the poor man's balm;
It rises where Heaven pleases,—like the stars,—
Which Earth's authority nor makes nor mars;
And every mind whose strength can match desire,
Lives, like the torch that lights the Beacon fire.
Round it, in troubled times, shall gather still
Those that stood watching on the distant hill:
And when the cause is won,—the battle fought,—
The firm Voice silent,—and the Watch-fire out,—

Then rests the Master-Mind,—as ships may rest,
On the smooth water of the harbour's breast:
Ready,—if England's service call,—once more
To leave the harbour, and the sheltering shore;
Upheave the anchor,—and unfurl the sail,—
And brave anew the chance of every adverse gale!

DINNER PARTY AT A MANDARIN'S HOUSE.

TOASTS.

When an admiral takes a great enemy's fleet,
And our flag is triumphant—which might have been beat:
When a general, fighting in countries afar,
Sends home an account of victorious war:
When a friend, from whose kindness it grieves us to sever,
Departs for long years—or it may be, for ever:
When a Railway Enchanter succeeds in each scheme,
As though 'twere the course of a fortunate dream,
And nothing his plans or his courage can damp,
But he seems to be rubbing Aladdin's old lamp:
When a Member contents his constituents well,
And proves that returning him was not "a sell:"
When a Premier, whose party has lately come in,
Is as dear to our hearts as the hopes we would win:
When a bachelor marries:—a baby is born:
Or Cobden succeeds in the league about corn:
We have still but one possible way of revealing
The extent, and the depth, and the strength of our feeling:
Whether poor as a church-mouse,—or rolling in wealth,—
We give a great dinner, and drink to his health!
And therefore, from habit, (although I don't know
Why these quaint Chinese people have bid their cups flow)
I say, "hip, hip, hip," and "hurrah" without end,
And I drink to the health of the Mandarin's friend!

"These entertainments are encumbered with ceremony; the master of the feast drinks to his company, and they to him; he even eats to them, and his every movement is noticed and respected. Refusal of an invitation is unpardonable, unless in case of sickness, or the demands of public duty; and under such circumstances the absentee's portion is sent to his house with a pomp that is utterly ludicrous."—Fisher's *China Illustrated.*

Drawn by T. Allom

Engraved by G. Paterson

Dinner Party at a Mandarin's House.

China.

Dîner de cérémonie chez un Mandarin. *Gastmahl im Hause eines Mandarins.*

PETER JACKSON, LONDON

Painted by Sir Thos. Lawrence, P.R.A. *Engraved by Charles Heath*

Lady Peel

From the Original Painting in the Gallery at Drayton Manor

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.

Painted by Sir Thos Lawrence P.R.A. Engraved by J. Cochran.

The late Rt Hon.r Sir Robt Peel. Bart.

Robert Peel

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.

SIR ROBERT AND LADY PEEL.

O'er his untimely grave Detraction dies—
For him the tears gush in a nation's eyes,
And stubborn hearts, that never throbb'd before,
Except for private sorrow which they bore,
Melt at his name, and feel a pang as great
As if a brother's or a father's fate
Were his, unhappiest man of all his time.—
Unhappy?—Yet not so:—His soul sublime,
Calm in the consciousness of strength and worth,
Pursued two objects, noblest upon earth—
The welfare of a people great and free,
And high reward in good men's memory.
He wrought them both:—Unhappy?—Ah! not so;
The unborn ages at his name shall glow;
In their Walhalla shall his image stand,
And overshadow the admiring land;
In History's brightest page his deeds shall shine,
And pour a halo on th' inscribing line,
That tells the mighty sacrifice he made,
When Truth invincible and Conscience bade.
Unhappy?—So it seem'd;—and so to thee,
Sad Lady, must his fate for ever be;
But not perchance to him. If through our mists
He can discern the champions in the lists,
And see that evermore the brave and good
Honour him most; and that the multitude
Of toiling men revere and bless his name,
His soul may glory ev'n in mortal fame.
Happy—aye, happy!—Let his ashes rest;—
His heart was honest, and he did his best;
In storm and darkness, evil and dismay,
The star of Duty was his guiding ray;
And when he died—inscribe it on his tomb—
All Europe felt the shock, and stood in gloom.

THE DOCTOR'S SKILL.

Have you faith in Doctors?
Keep it, if you can.
All the ills worth curing
Pass the skill of man!
Frenzy-wild Ambition,
With its sudden start;
Love, whose sick dream leaveth
Palsy at the heart:
Envy, slowly eating,
Canker-like away:
Grief, that fades youth's blooming,
With a sure decay:
Toil, that wastes the body:
Care, that kills the mind:
Madness, which, like lightning,
Leaves scathed wrecks behind:
Sorrow, shedding poison
On Life's blighted course:
Jealousy's slow fever;
Restless, dread Remorse:
Dull despondent fancies,
Born in hopeless hours,
Springing up like nightshade
From Life's wither'd flowers;
Mental toil, whose struggle
Racks our aching brains;
Temples full and throbbing,
Wandering starts and pains:
Pangs, that owe their sharpness
To some haunting thought,
Which the evening brings us,
As the morning brought:
Weariness of all things,
When we grope for light,
And the darkness deepens,
Like a moonless night.

These, can Doctors alter?
Can they lift one grain
Of the weight of torture
Off the burden'd brain?

Drawn by T. Allom.

Engraved by P. Lightfoot.

An Itinerant Doctor at Tien-sing

China

Docteur ambulant à Tien-sing

Der wandernde Doctor, zu Tien-sing

PETER JACKSON, LONDON.

No, not they! The simples
Of the hedge and field,
Hold the utmost power
All their skill can yield.
For the body's fever,
Brew some cooling drink:
Drop the calming potion,
Let it *sleep*—not *think*:
For, while in that body
Works a brooding soul,
So long shall its ailments
Spurn at your control.
Much ye talk of doing,—
Little ye achieve,—
But the weak and hopeful
Still your craft believe;
Still gaze in your faces,
With appealing eyes,
When on Death's dark borders,
Some beloved one lies:
Deeming some great secret
Of immortal power,
In your frail hands resting,
Can delay that hour:
That a spell more potent,
Stays the flickering breath,—
And the Doctor's magic
Exorcises DEATH!

"Behind a counter, (in the Illustration,) is seen an itinerant doctor, dilating on the virtues of an antidote against the bite of serpents; one of his coadjutors is actually putting the head of the *cobra capella*, or hooded snake, into his mouth, while a less intrepid, but equally useful assistant, is exchanging the miraculous drug for *cash* or *tseen*. The great impostor himself, mounted on a stool, his head protected by a conical hat of split bamboo, a vestment of thick, coarse, compact cloth enclosing his arms, and a similar covering being secured around his waist by a silken girdle, holds a serpent in one hand, and the antidote to its venomous bite in the other;

'Thus is he doubly arm'd with death and life:
The bane and antidote are both before him.'

So perfect is the education of this mischievous reptile, that it essays to bite its owner, and submits to disappointment with the appearance of reluctance. Having proved that this particular enemy of mankind still retains its propensity to injury in the most entire manner, and requires to be guarded against with caution, the doctor takes a medicated ball from one of the packets with which the counter is strewn, and, when the snake renews its attempts, presents the ball to it, upon which it instantly recoils, and endeavours to escape from his grasp. Should this demonstration be insufficient, the efficacy of the charm is still more convincingly established by merely rubbing the forehead, cheek, hand, or any other unprotected part, with the antidote, and presenting it to the reptile, which appears to retreat with the same dislike and precipitation as when the entire ball was shown to it."

THE MEDÂK, OR EASTERN STORY-TELLER.

"Our illustration presents the most distinguished story-teller of the capital, who may be considered the Matthews of Constantinople. He is called Kiz-Achmet, or "Achmet the Girl." He keeps a coffee-house himself, and adds to his profits by entertaining his company; but at festivals he is invited to others, and paid liberally for his exhibition. There stood opposite the gate of the British palace, before the district was consumed by fire, one of the most celebrated and frequented coffee-houses in Pera; during the Bairam he continued telling stories there without intermission, and with unabated skill, till after midnight, to an unwearied audience, sitting on joint-stools in the street before the coffee-house. His auditors indulge as usual in coffee and tobacco, during his recitations; but sometimes his details are so interesting, that even this luxury is suspended while they listen with profound attention. It is only when he pauses, and descends with a coffee-cup to collect paras, that the click of flints is heard, chiboques are lighted, and refreshments served, when he remounts, and pursues his tale to his impatient hearers."

He speaks with voice low-toned yet clear,
And hundreds crowd around to hear.
Grief there may be—it is forgot;
Black hate—the bosom feels it not;
The weariest cares are hush'd awhile,
Even sad despair will wear a smile;
And miser-hearts forget their gold,
To hear Kiz-Achmet's stories told.

The Greek laughs loud at what he hears,
Or turns aside to hide his tears;
The cool Armenian's feelings show
In quiet smiles or looks of woe;
The Turk, he cannot quit the place,
Although no feeling marks his face;
Among the listeners takes his stand,
The travell'd Frank with book in hand;
He comes a hasty sketch to take;
But not a stroke the Frank shall make:
Kiz-Achmet sits in all his glory;
Kiz-Achmet tells his primest story!

T. Allom. J. Jenkins

The Medak, or Eastern Story Teller.

Le Médak ou le conteur de l'Orient.

PETER JACKSON, LONDON & PARIS.

The Frank, he is a boy once more;
Gone times his memory pass before:
The quiet orchard where he lay
Through many a livelong summer's day,
Regardless of the master's blame,
Nor how the school-hours went and came;
Entranced by mirth, or bathed in tears,
O'er those same tales which now he hears!
And as they charm'd when he was young,
Now from Kiz-Achmet's wondrous tongue,
They charm still more, and he must stand,
His useless sketch-book in his hand,
Until the very day doth fail,
If still Kiz-Achmet tell a tale!

THE END.

PETER JACKSON, LATE FISHER, SON, & CO.,
THE CAXTON PRESS, ANGEL STREET, ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND, LONDON.