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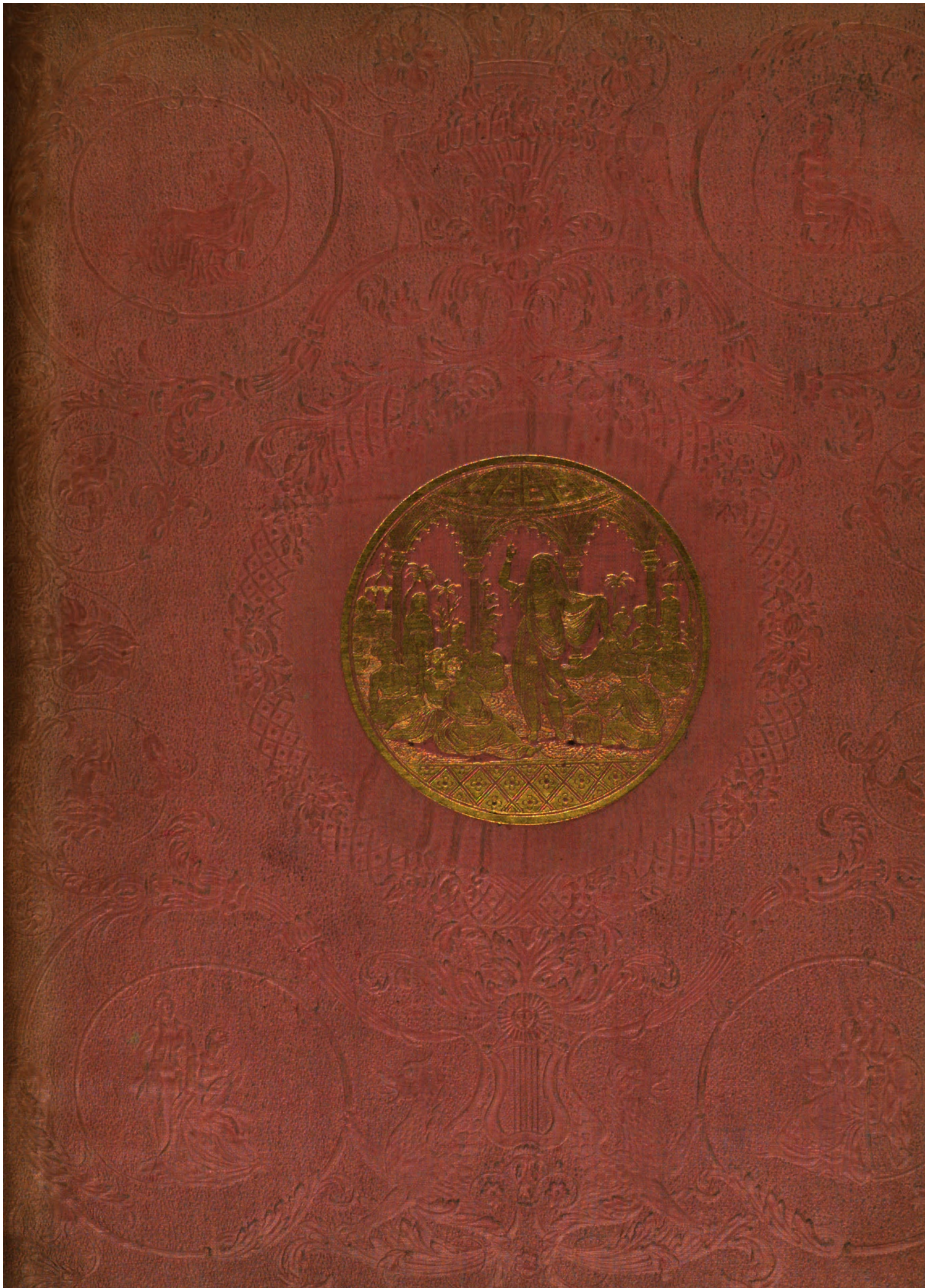
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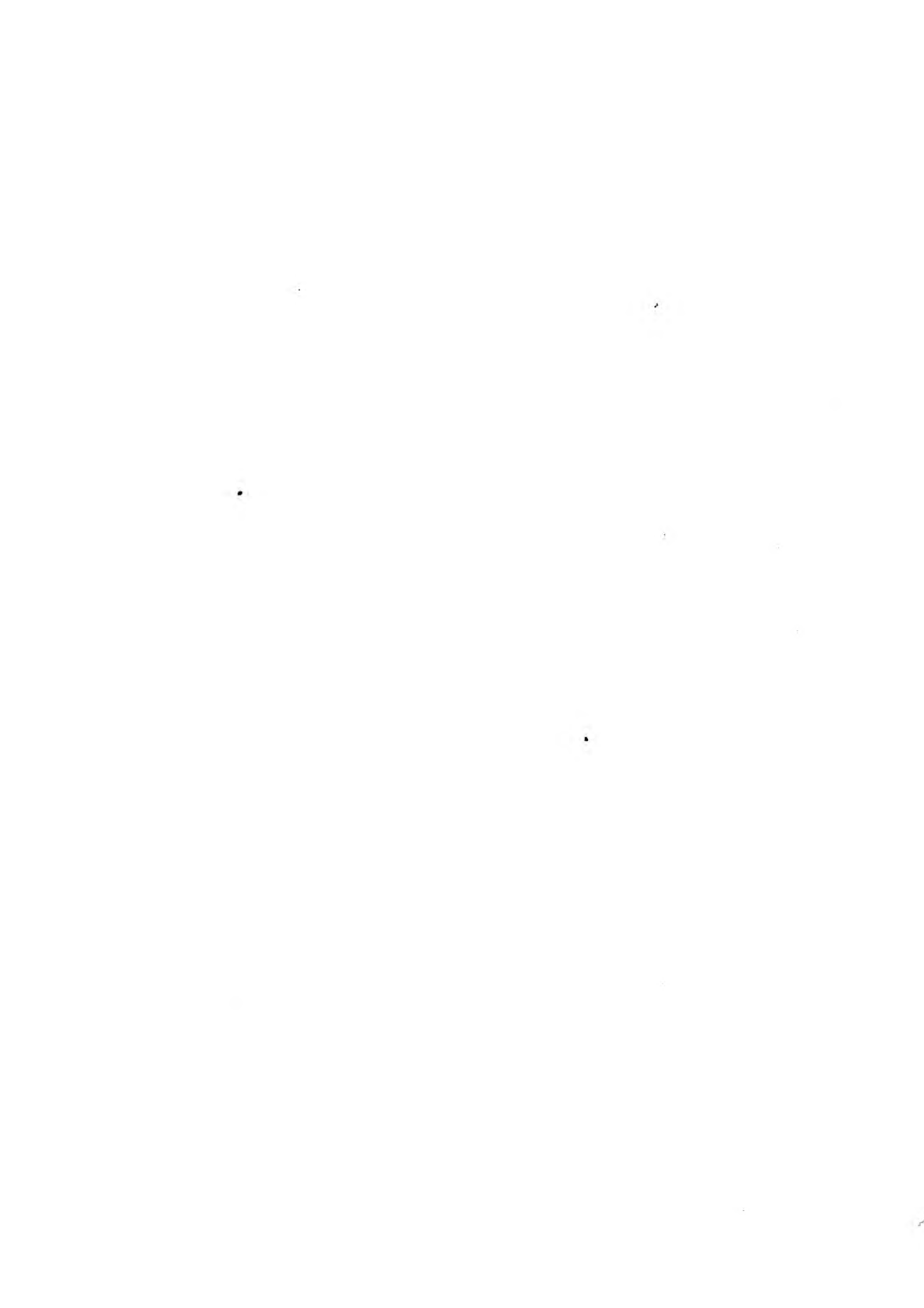


Johnnie ...

L. C. Murry.











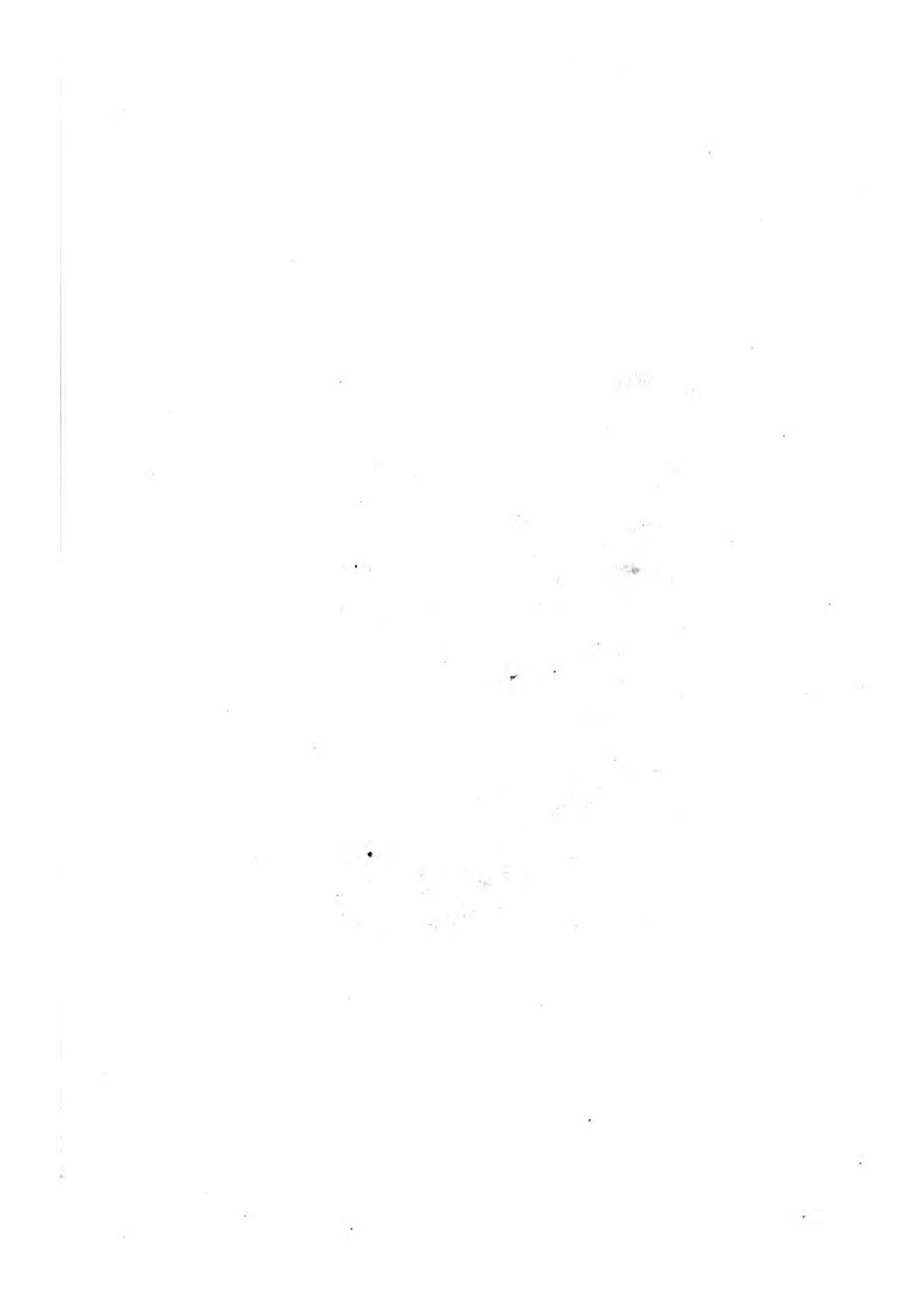




Engraved by W. G. Walker, 1841.









A. Victoria

E. South





FISHER'S  
D R A W I N G R O O M  
S C R A P - B O O K,

1837.

WITH POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY

L. E. L.

FISHER, SON, & CO., LONDON, PARIS, & AMERICA;  
BLACK & ARMSTRONG, AND ASHER, GERMANY.



LONDON:  
FISHER, SON, & CO., PRINTERS.

## INTRODUCTION.

ANOTHER year—again our page  
Goes wandering over sea and land,  
And gathers, in its pilgrimage,  
The shells on many a foreign strand;—

And asks their music and their dreams—  
What of the future, and the past,  
Waking the visionary gleams  
Around the colder present cast.

Two worlds there are—one, chill and stern,  
Is the external world alone,  
Whose lessons all mankind must learn,  
Whose troubles all mankind have known.

It were too harsh, it were too cold,  
But for the world within that lies;  
The spirit, by the clay controlled,  
There yet asserts its native skies.

It is the minstrel's part to fling  
Around the present's common cope,  
The solemn hues on Memory's wing,  
The spiritual light of Hope.

The scene that to a careless eye  
Seems nothing but itself to be,  
Has charmed earth and haunted sky —  
Seen as the minstrel's eye can see.

Himself is but an instrument  
Inspired by that diviner hour,  
When first Imagination lent  
To earth its passion and its power.

Its presence to the heart of man  
Is like the sunshine to the earth :  
The soul of its eternal plan,  
And whence the beautiful has birth.

All things divine and elevate  
Attend its mighty influence here—  
The daylight of our actual state,  
The moral glory of our sphere.

Without its being, earth's fair face  
Has no sweet shadows, flung of yore ;  
The present lacks the sacred grace  
Bequeathed by those that are no more.

Without such lovely light the while,  
Dark, silent, strange, all scenes would be ;  
And Ithaca were but an isle,  
Unknown, upon a nameless sea !

But now a thousand years come back,  
The gift of one immortal line ;  
Each with new splendor on its track,  
As stars upon the midnight shine.

All tender thoughts that fill the heart  
With tears, and dreams more soft than tears,  
Have in imagination part,  
Which sanctifies what it endears.

I only wake the softest chord  
That is upon the dreaming lyre ;  
One low, one love-touched whispering word,  
Which asks its tears, but not its fire.

I ask of every pictured scene  
What human hearts have beaten there ;  
What sorrow on their soil has been,  
What hope has lighted human care ?

I have myself forgot regret,  
Care, trouble, wrong, amid my strain ;  
If I win others to forget,  
My song has not been quite in vain.

L. E. L.



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THE  
DRAWING ROOM SCRAP-BOOK.

“DAUGHTERS OF JERUSALEM, WEEP NOT FOR ME.”

ST. LUKE, CHAPTER XXIII. VERSE 28, ET SEQ.

BY WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.



JERUSALEM'S daughters! for me do not weep:  
Your eyes' bitter waters for other days keep:  
For days of sad sighing, deep wailing and moan;  
For the dead and the dying—for cities o'erthrown.  
When you pray that the mountains may fall on your head,  
Then from those misty fountains salt tears may be shed:—  
But, Jerusalem's daughters, for me do not weep;  
Your eyes' bitter waters for other days keep.

When mothers, soul-mourning, curse the day when was pressed  
The child of long-yearning close, close to the breast;  
When those eyes they are blessing which ne'er saw a son,  
And those arms, which caressing of daughters had none;  
When the maid, thickly sobbing, her own love shall mourn,  
And the father's heart, throbbing, breaks o'er his first-born:—  
Then, Jerusalem's daughters, for me do not weep;  
Your eyes' bitter waters for other days keep.

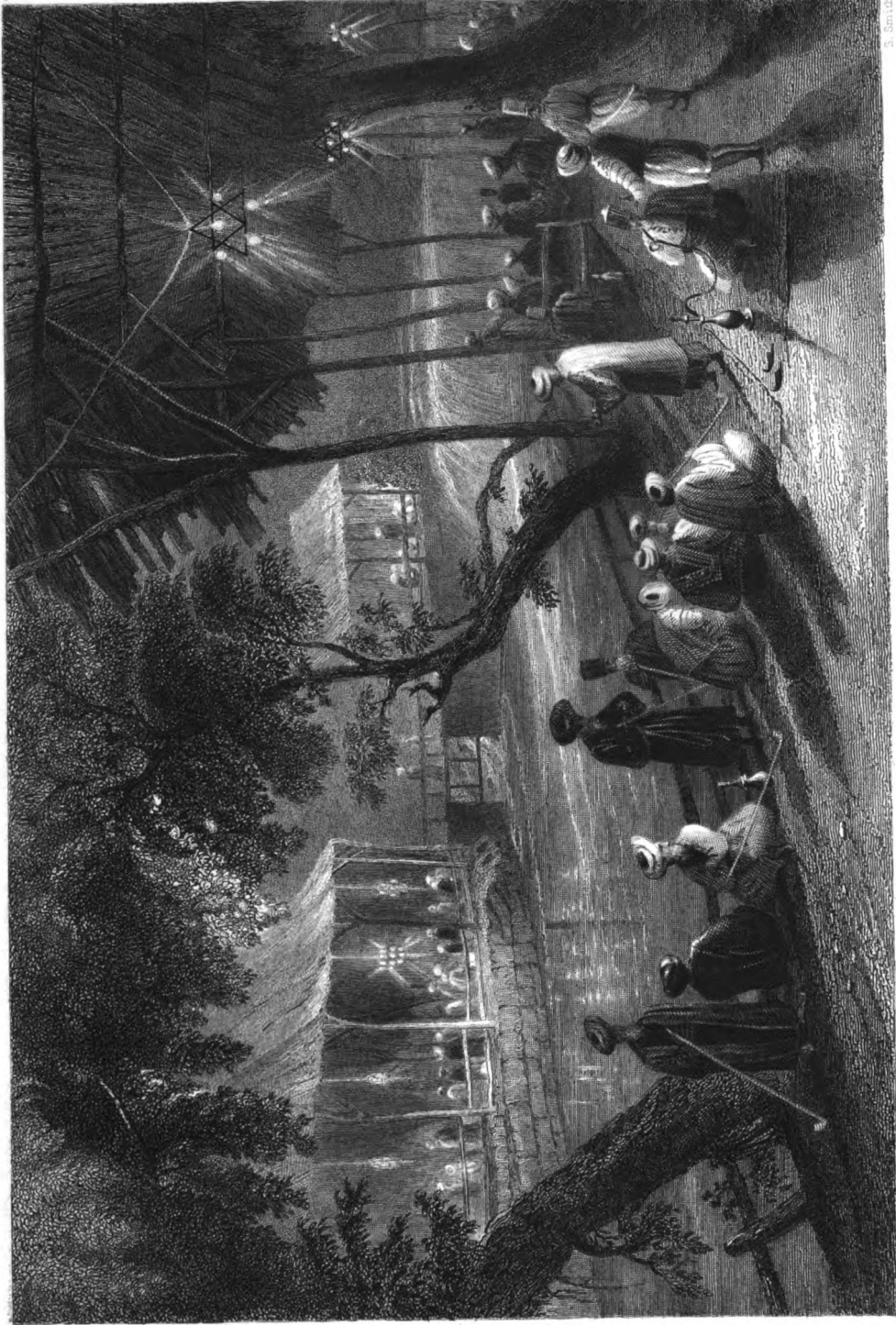
When the helmeted foeman shall stride o'er the wall,  
And TITUS, the Roman, “no quarter,” shall call,  
When his horse through your city proud prancing shall steep  
In blood, shed without pity, his hoof fetlock-deep.  
When the temple is crashing in horror and flame,  
And the priests are down dashing in anguish and shame:—  
Then, Jerusalem's daughters, for me do not weep;  
Your eyes' bitter waters for other days keep.

Weep for strongholds down battered—for vineyards upton—  
For a nation all scattered—a by-word and scorn :  
Weep for chieftains still meeting, where'er be their track,  
Vile words of base greeting, gyve, gibbet, and rack,  
Weep for outrage on woman—for bondage and thrall ;  
For compassion from no man, and spurning from all :—  
So, Jerusalem's daughters, for me do not weep,  
Your eyes' bitter waters for other days keep.

Though, soft-hearted maiden ! you now see that I  
Deserted, cross-laden, stagger onward to die ;  
The cross I am bearing will yet be the gem  
For the lofty knight's wearing, the king's diadem.  
And the words I have spoken, shall, over the earth,  
To the sad and heart-broken, of comfort give birth :—  
Then, Jerusalem's daughters, for me do not weep ;  
Your eyes' bitter waters for other days keep.

Now is ended my mission—I answer the call—  
I fulfil the condition, of one slain for all.  
Sad seems my short story ; the moment is near,  
When, throned in heaven's glory, I beaming appear ;  
From its light ne'er to sunder, till here I am found,  
Amid lightnings and thunder, when the trumpet shall sound :—  
Then, Jerusalem's daughters, for me do not weep ;  
Your eyes' bitter waters for other days keep.





S. Smith

W. H. Barrett

THE FRONTIER SETTLEMENT AT NIGHT  
A SCENE IN THE GREAT PLAINS OF NORTH AMERICA





## CAFES IN DAMASCUS.

“ And Mahomet turned aside, and would not enter the fair city: ‘ It is,’ said he, ‘ too delicious.’ ”



ANGUIDLY the night wind bloweth  
From the gardens round,  
Where the clear Barrada floweth  
With a lulling sound.

Not the lute note's sweetest shiver  
Can such music find,  
As is on a wandering river,  
On a wandering wind.

There the Moslem leaneth, dreaming  
O'er the inward world,  
While around the fragrant steaming  
Of the smoke is curled.

Rising from the coffee berry,  
Dark grape of the South ;  
Or the pipe of polished cherry,  
With its amber mouth.

Cooled by passing through the water,  
Gurgling as it flows—  
Scented by the Summer's daughter,  
June's impassioned rose.

By that rose's spirit haunted  
Are the dreams that rise,  
Of far lands, and lives enchanted,  
And of deep black eyes.

Thus, with some sweet dream's assistance,  
Float they down life's stream ;  
Would to Heaven, our whole existence  
Could be such a dream !

The Cafés of the kind represented in the plate are perhaps the greatest luxury that a stranger finds in Damascus. Gardens, kiosques, fountains, and groves are abundant around every Eastern capital ; but Cafés on the very bosom of a rapid river, and bathed by its waves, are peculiar to this ancient city: they are formed so as to exclude the rays of the sun while they admit the breeze.



## SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Mrs. Hemans' last hours were cheered by the kindness of Sir Robert Peel; and the letter promising an appointment to her eldest son, was one of the latest that she received. This fact is my excuse for having deviated from my general rule of leaving cotemporary portraits to speak for themselves. I frankly confess that I can never write till interested in my subjects. Now, a female writer cannot pretend to even an opinion on the political and public characters of the day. The above incident, on the contrary, belongs to the many who look back with admiration and gratitude to the gifted and the gone.

DIM through the curtains came the purple twilight slowly,  
Deepening like death's shadow around that silent room ;  
There lay a head, a radiant head, but lowly,  
And the pale face like a statue shone out amid the gloom.

Never again will those white and wasted fingers  
Waken the music they were wont to wake of yore,  
A music that in many a beating heart yet lingers,  
The sweeter and the sadder that she will breathe no more.

It is a lovely world that the minstrel leaves behind him,  
It is a lovely world in which the minstrel lives,  
Deep in its inmost life hath the soul of love inshrined him,  
And passionate and general the pleasure which he gives.

But dear-bought is the triumph, what dark fates are recorded  
Of those who held sweet mastery o'er the pulses of the lute,  
Mournfully and bitterly their toil has been rewarded,  
For them the tree of knowledge puts forth its harshest fruit.

Glorious and stately the ever-growing laurel,  
Flinging back the summer sunshine, defying winter's snow ;  
Yet its bright history has the darkly-pointed moral,  
Deadly are the poisons that through its green leaves flow.

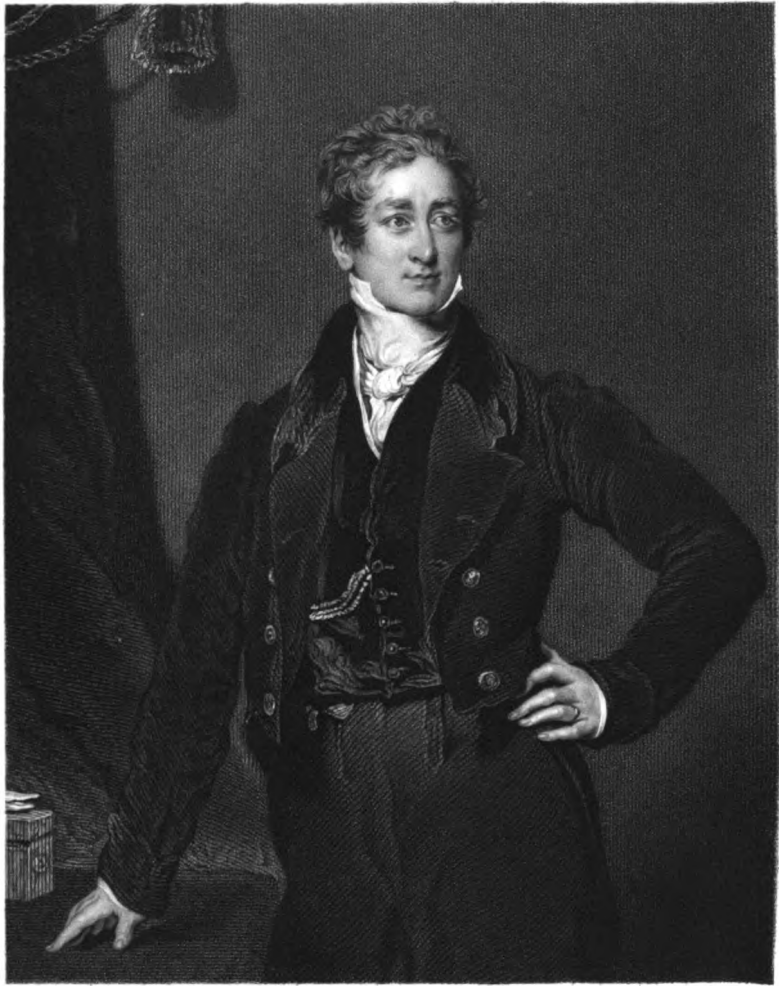
And she, around whose couch the gentle daylight dying,  
Seems like all nature's loving, last farewell ;  
She with the world's heart to her own soft one replying,  
How much of song's fever and sorrow could she tell.

Yet upon her lip a languid smile is shining,  
Tokens of far-off sympathy have soothed that hour of pain ;  
Its sympathy has warmed the pallid cheek reclining  
On the weary pillow whence it will not rise again.

It is the far-off friend, the unknown she is blessing,  
The statesman who has paused upon toils' hurried way,  
To learn the deepest charm that power has in possessing,  
The power to scatter benefits and blessings round its sway.







Painted by Sir Thos. Lawrence P. R. A.

Engraved by J. Cochran

THE RT HON<sup>BLE</sup> SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART

*Robert Peel*

J. DE W. B. S. 1831



R E B E C C A.

SHE looketh on the glittering scene  
With an unquiet eye ;  
The shadow of the wakening heart  
Is passing darkly by.  
The heart that is a woman's world,  
Her temple and her home,  
Which coloureth with itself her cares,  
Whence all her joys must come.

All generous feelings nursed the love  
That out of pity came ;  
Womanly kindness, suffering truth,  
Might sanctify its claim.  
But better had she shared the doom,  
She bade from him depart ;  
Death has no bitterness like life,  
Life with a wasted heart.

Proud—beautiful—she boweth down  
Beneath one deep despair ;  
Youth lingers lovely on her cheek,  
It only lingers there.  
She will command herself, and bear  
The doom by Fate assigned ;  
In natures high as her's, the heart  
Is mastered by the mind.

But not the less 'tis desolate,  
All lofty thoughts and dreams ;  
The poetry, with whose deep life  
All stronger feeling teems.  
These aggravate the ill, and give  
A misery of their own ;  
The gifted spirit suffers much,  
To common ones unknown.

Why did she love? Alas, such choice  
Is not at woman's will ;  
Once must she love, and on that cast  
Is set life's good or ill.  
Sorrows, and timid cares, and tears,  
The happiest entertain ;  
But this world has no other hope,  
For her who loves in vain.

---

THEY TELL ME.

BY H. DAKEYNE, ESQ.

Author of "The Deliverance of Switzerland."

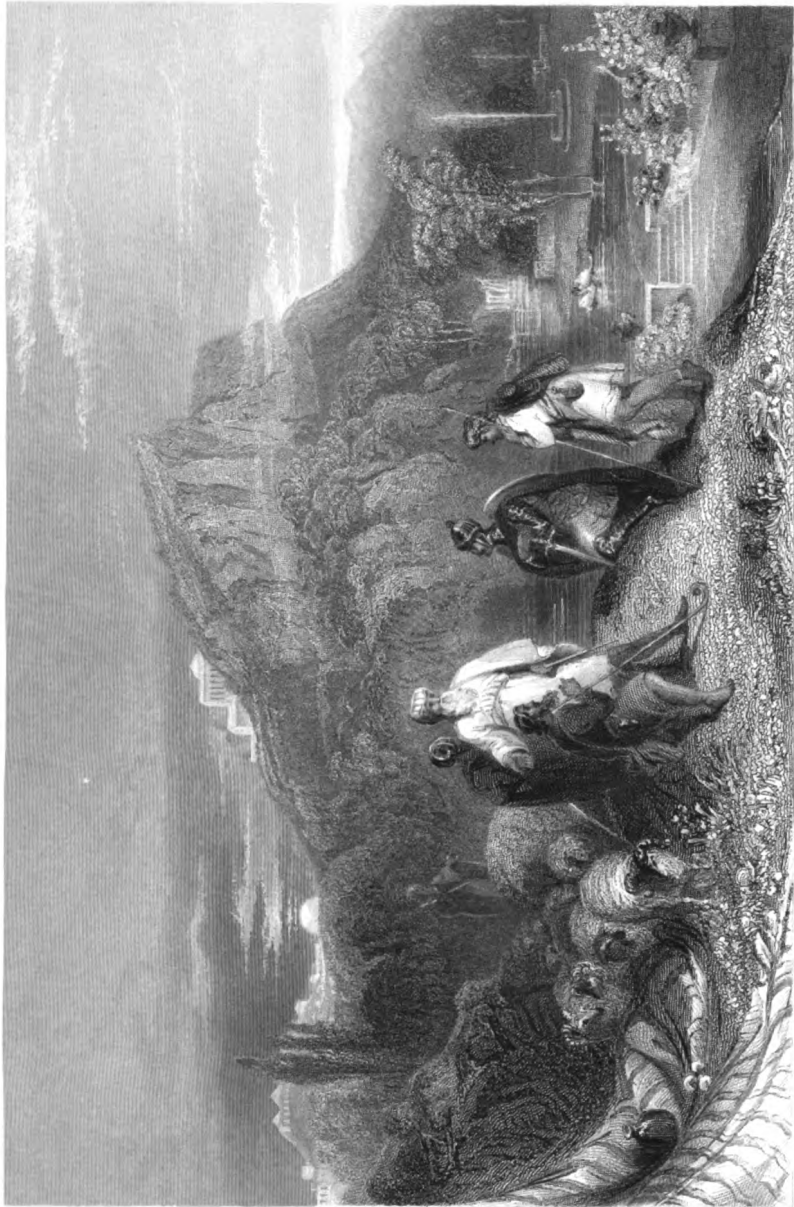
THEY tell me she's no longer fair, that time has swept aside  
The lustre of her youthful brow, her beauty's blooming pride ;  
But if her heart is still the same, still gentle as of yore,  
Then is she beautiful to me, more lovely than before.

They tell me that her cheek is pale, as is the twilight hour,  
And that her eye has lost its light, her glance its former power ;  
But if her soul is still as chaste, still gentleness is there,  
Then is her eye to me still bright, her cheek to me still fair.

For, oh ! 'tis in the shrined soul where beauty purely dwells,  
Where virtue lives, and truth exists, like pearls in ocean shells :  
Give me a feeling, faithful heart, perfection's richest prize,  
This is the temple of all love, where beauty never dies.







Engraved by A. Le Petit.

Drawn by H. Schellie.





THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS.

“ Is this the way to the celestial city ?

“ You are just in the way.

“ —— They went up the mountains, to behold the gardens and the orchards.”

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

OH, far away ye are, ye lovely hills,  
Yet can I feel the air  
Grow sweet while gazing where  
The valley with the distant sunshine fills.

Fair Morning! lend thy wings, and let me fly  
To thy eternal home,  
Where never shadows come,  
Where tears are wiped away from every eye.

I'm weary, weary of this earth of ours ;  
I'm sick with the heart's want ;  
My fever'd spirits pant,  
To cling to things less transient than its flowers.

I ask of the still night—it answers me,  
This earth is not my home :  
Great Father! let me come,  
A wanderer and a penitent, to Thee!

Ye far, fair mountains, echo with my cry.  
Unto your realm of bliss  
The grave the threshold is ;  
Let its dark portals open—let me die!

ROBERT BLAKE,

ADMIRAL AND GENERAL OF THE PARLIAMENTARY FORCES.

WHAT! will they sweep the channels,  
And brave us as they go!  
There's no place in English annals  
For the triumph of a foe.

Thus spoke the English admiral,  
His hand was on his sword;  
Hurrah! was the sole answer  
From every man on board.

The Dutch came o'er the ocean,  
As if it were their home,  
With a slow and gliding motion  
The stately vessels come.

The sky is blue above them,  
But ere an hour be past,  
The shadows of the battle  
Will over heaven be cast.

They meet—it is in thunder,  
The thunder of the gun;  
Fire rends the smoke asunder,  
The battle is begun.

He stands amid his seamen,  
Our Admiral of the White,  
And guides the strife more calmly,  
Than of that strife I write.

For over the salt water  
The grape-shot sweeps around;  
The decks are red with slaughter,  
The dead are falling round.







ENGRAVED BY COCHAAN, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING, BY BREGAS, AT GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

THE KING OF SWEDEN

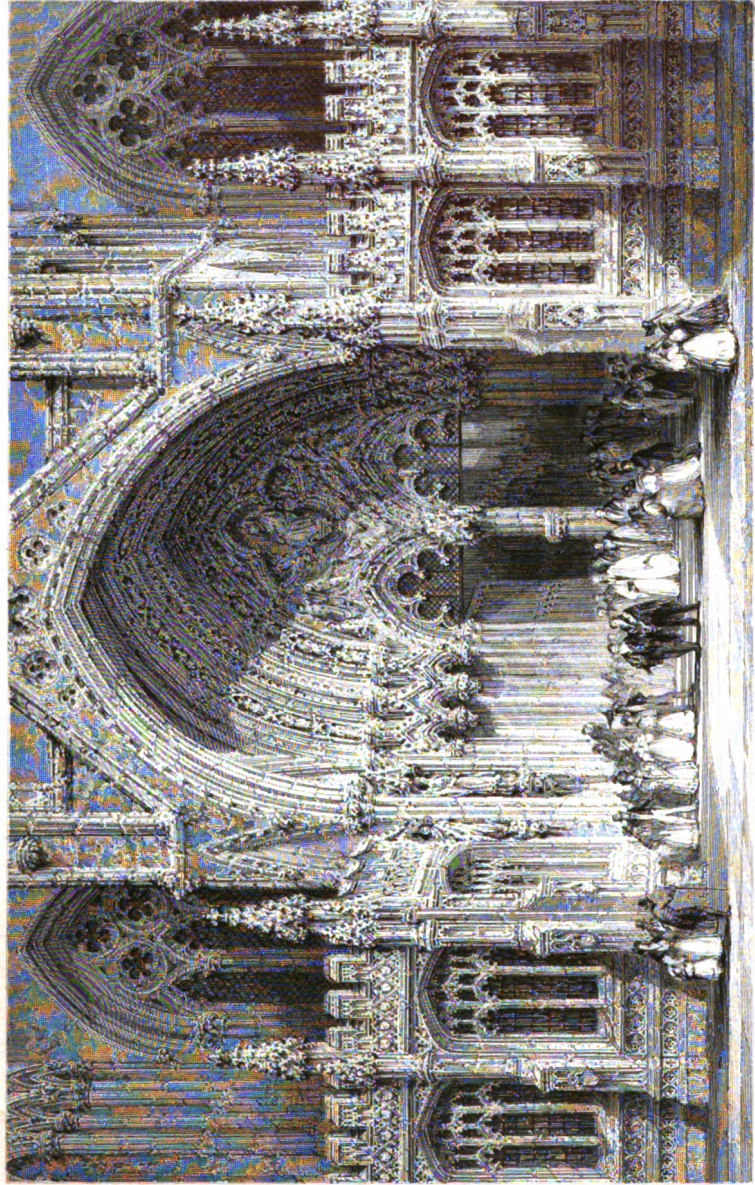
BY JOHN BREGAS, PAINTER, AND JOHN COCHAAN, ENGRAVER.

PRINTED BY J. B. ROBERTSON, 10, N. B. ST.









ENTRANCE TO LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON & PARIS. 1856.





But the bold flag of Old England  
Flies bravely at the mast ;  
The Dutch take down their colours,  
While the cannons fire their last.

From that hour victorious  
Have we kept the seas,  
And our navy glorious,  
Queens it o'er the breeze.

Long may we keep such empire,  
It is a noble debt  
We owe to those past triumphs,  
We never may forget.

The victory over the Dutch was won by Admiral Blake in the time of the Protectorate. Van Tromp sailed into the Channel with a broom at his mast-head, intimating that he would sweep the seas of the English. The result is stated above.

---

#### LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

'Twas the deep forest bodied forth that fane,  
So rose the arches of the old oak trees,  
So wreathed the close-set branches at their side,  
So through the open spaces gleamed the sun ;  
While like an anthem sang the morning birds.  
All nature teacheth worship unto man,  
And the first instinct of the heart is faith.  
Those carved aisles, so noble in their state,  
So graceful in each exquisite device,  
Are of the past ; a rude and barbarous past,  
And yet they rose to heaven. Though the red sword  
Flashed in the sun, and with unholy flash  
Disturbed the silver moonlight's quiet hour ;  
Yet even then men craved for peace and heaven.  
Hence rose these glorious temples, where the Cross  
Still sanctifies its merciful domain.

It is curious to observe how much the aspect of nature has in every country given its aspect to architecture. The colossal proportions of Indian scenery have not more given their likeness to the vast temples of the Hindoos, than our own northern forests have given their own character to the Gothic cathedral.

## CEMETERY OF THE SMOLENSKO CHURCH.

(VIGNETTE TITLE.)

THEY gather, with the summer in their hands,  
The summer from their distant vallies bringing;  
They gather round the church in pious bands,  
With funeral array, and solemn singing.

The dead are their companions ; many days  
Have past since they were laid to their last slumber ;  
And in the hurry of life's crowded ways,  
Small space has been for memory to cumber.

But now the past comes back again, and death  
Asketh its mournful tribute of the living ;  
And memories that were garnered at the heart,  
The treasures kept from busier hours are giving.

The mother kneeleth at a little tomb,  
And sees one sweet face shining from beneath it ;  
She has brought all the early flowers that bloom,  
In the small garden round their home, to wreath it.

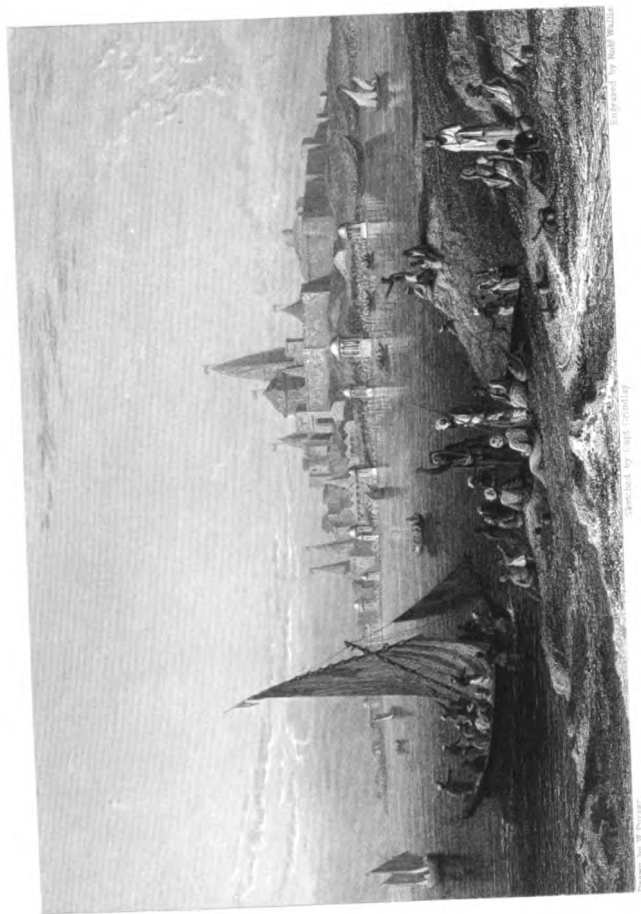
Friend thinks on friend ; and youth comes back again  
To that one moment of awakened feeling ;  
And prayers, such prayers as never rise in vain,  
Call down the heaven to which they are appealing.

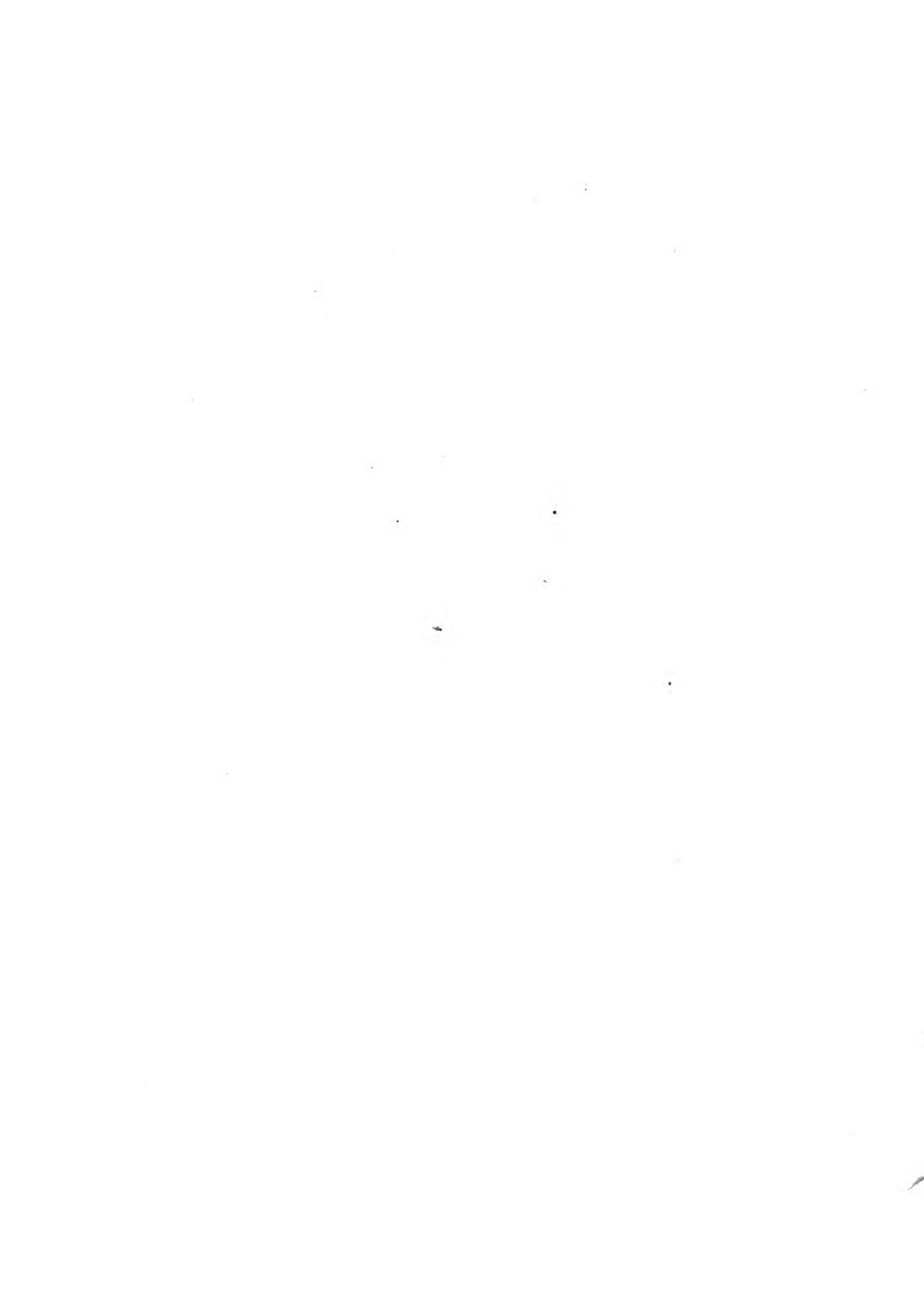
It is a superstitious rite and old,  
Yet having with all higher things connexion ;  
Prayers, tears, redeem a world so harsh and cold,  
The future has its hope, the past its deep affection.

The Cemetery of the Smolensko Church is situated about two versts from Petersburg, on one of the islands on the mouth of the Neva, and less than quarter of a mile from the gulf of Finland. The curious ceremony represented, takes place yearly, when the Russians gather from all parts, to scatter flowers on the graves, and to mourn above the dead, and afterwards proceed to regale themselves with soup, fruit of all kinds, and wine ; in many instances spreading their cloths on the very graves over which they had been bitterly mourning.











## THE SACRED SHRINES OF DWARKA.



UCH was the faith of old—obscure and vast,  
And offering human triumphs unto heaven.  
Then rose the stately temple, rich with spoils  
Won from the vanquished nations. There the god  
Stood visible in golden pageantry ;  
And pride, pomp, power were holy attributes.  
A humbler creed has wandered o'er the earth,  
Known, as a quiet scarce-seen stream is known,  
But by the greener growth upon its banks.  
It is our Christian worship, which doth lead

The heart of man to Heaven by love alone.

Plant ye the Cross then by these ancient shrines :

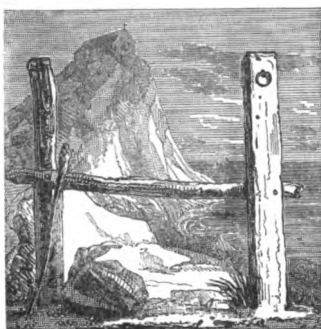
Far let it spread its genial influence—

Peace for its shadow—Hope for its sunshine.

The introduction of Christian Missionaries was always advocated by Sir Alexander Johnston, while President of His Majesty's Council in Ceylon. A leading Brahmin mentioned, while in conversation with him, the following striking fact. "For our toleration," said he, "I refer to the little Roman Catholic chapel of St. Francis, which had for the last 300 years stood under a banyan tree, close by the great Hindoo temple. Not one of the innumerable devotees who resort thither on pilgrimages had ever molested the shrine of another faith."

SITE OF THE CASTLE OF ULYSSES.

SONG OF THE SIRENS.



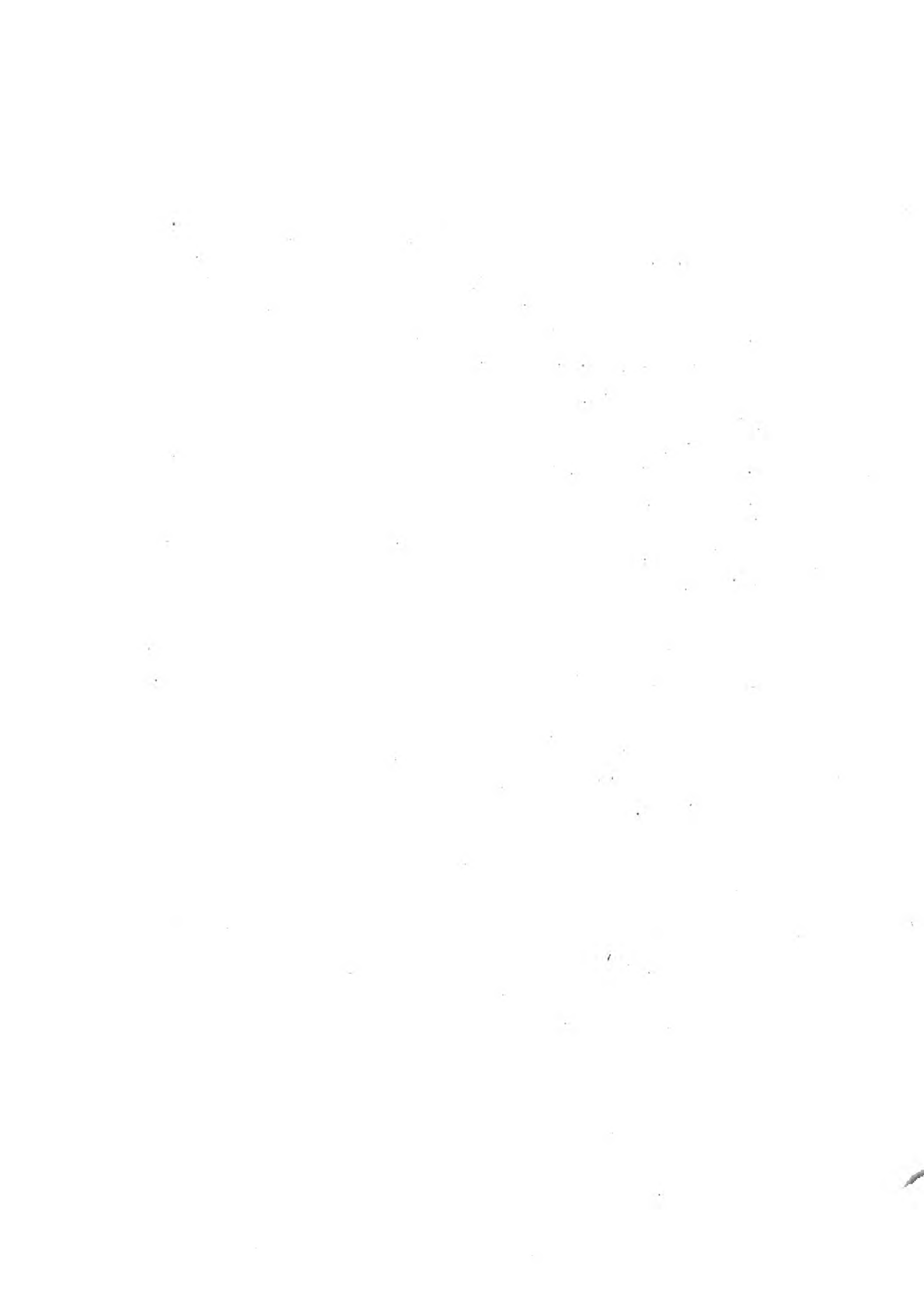
ITHER, famed Ulysses, steer,  
Pass not, pride of Greece, along ;  
To our haven come and hear,  
Come and hear the Sirens' song.

Never did a sable bark  
Coasting by our island stray—  
That it did not stop to mark,  
With raptured ear our honied lay.

Here the seaman, loath to part,  
Ever found a welcome kind ;  
We with pleasure cheered his heart,  
We with wisdom filled his mind.

Well we know each gallant deed  
Done in Ilion's spreading land,—  
When, as gods of heaven decreed,  
Greece and Troy fought hand to hand.

The original verses, eight in number, from which the above song is rather imitated than translated, are perfect models of harmony. They are generally supposed to give Homer's own idea of what an epic poem should be—bland and conciliatory in its opening, but at the same time expressing a thorough consciousness that the poet had the power of doing that which would make all ears listen. Ulysses wandering by, in his "winged pines," as Browne phrases it, is accosted in words of gentle accent, but the Sirens take care to tell him that, much praised and deservedly honoured as he is, he must listen to *their* song, for never yet had man heard them sing, without being subdued. The poet proceeds to promise, that sweetness of melody is to mark











Whatsoe'er beside is done  
In earth's confines know we well ;  
These to thee, Laertes' son,  
Shall our witching numbers tell.

Hither, famed Ulysses, steer,  
Pass not, pride of Greece, along ;  
To our haven come and hear,  
Come and hear the Sirens' song.

---

the flowing numbers of his lay, and that in the honied song are to be conveyed lessons of wisdom. The sailor, they say, dwells here delighted and filled with ampler knowledge. Such are the general promises, but as, after all, we must come to the particular incidents of human life—the soaring poem is to relate whatever is most spirit-stirring, most heart-moving, most thought-awaking in the doings of men. We must not hear of mere abstractions—we must have names and deeds interesting to every bosom ; and we must be shown, too, that these deeds are regulated by powers above human control. The Sirens, therefore, announce that they shall sing of the most renowned event of their time, those wars and battles which took place before the “wind swept towers of Iliion,”—events to which he to whom they were sung had so mainly contributed, and which were done by the impulse of the gods. Such is the lay, continues the poet, I am about to pour into your ear ; and that it may be done with every certainty of affecting all whose intellect or whose feeling can be approached in tone not to be resisted, I, the minstrel, (*we*, say the Sirens, but it is Homer, the one Homer, who speaks,) come to my task prepared with long-stored knowledge of all that can concern mankind. “We know all that is done upon the fertile bosom of earth.”

Such is the ancient interpretation of the Song of the Sirens. It may, perhaps, be fanciful,—but those who consider the song with care will find that there is much in the comment, and will, at all events, agree that the poet who wrote the verses has fulfilled the conditions.

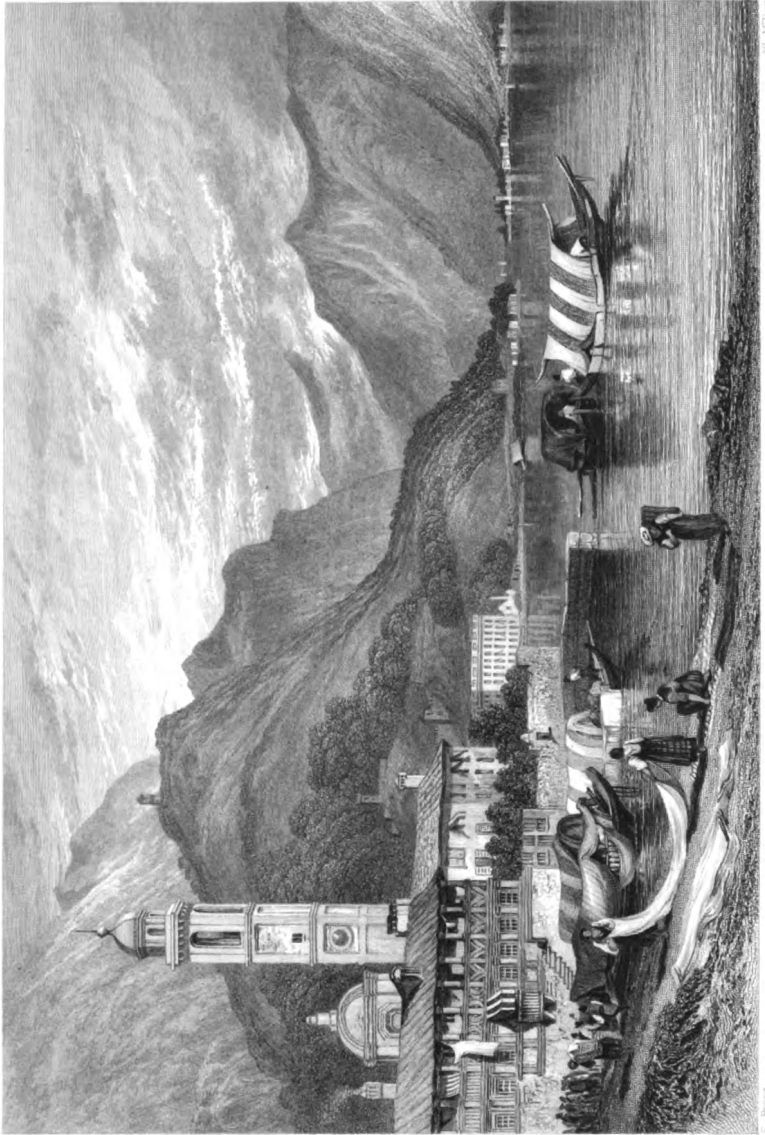
## EXPECTATION.

SHE looked from out the window  
With long and asking gaze,  
From the gold clear light of morning  
    To the twilight's purple haze.  
Cold and pale the planets shone,  
Still the girl kept gazing on.  
From her white and weary forehead  
    Droopeth the dark hair,  
Heavy with the dews of evening,  
    Heavier with her care ;  
Falling as the shadows fall,  
Till flung round her like a pall.

When from the carved lattice  
    First she leant to look,  
Her bright face was written  
    Like some pleasant book ;  
Her warm cheek the red air quaffed,  
And her eyes looked out and laughed.  
She is leaning back now languid  
    And her cheek is white,  
Only on the drooping eyelash  
    Glistens tearful light.  
Colour, sunshine hours are gone,  
Yet the Lady watches on.

Human heart this history  
    Is thy fated lot,  
Even such thy watching  
    For what cometh not.  
Till with anxious waiting dull  
Round thee fades the beautiful.  
Still thou seekest on though weary,  
    Seeking still in vain ;  
Daylight deepens into twilight,  
    What has been thy gain ?  
Death and night are closing round,  
All that thou hast sought unfound.









THE LAKE OF COMO.



GAIN I am beside the lake,  
The lonely lake which used to be  
The wide world of the beating heart,  
When I was, love, with thee.

I see the quiet evening lights  
Amid the distant mountains shine ;  
I hear the music of a lute,  
It used to come from thine.

How can another sing the song,  
The sweet sad song that was thine own ?  
It is alike, yet not the same,  
It has not caught thy tone.

Ah, never other lip may catch  
The sweetness round thine own that clung.  
To me there is a tone unheard,  
There is a chord unstrung.

Thou loveliest lake, I sought thy shores,  
That dreams from other days might cast,  
The presence elsewhere sought in vain,  
The presence of the past,

I find the folly of the search,  
Thou bringest but half the past again ;  
My pleasure calling faintly back  
Too vividly my pain.

Too real the memories that haunt  
The purple shadows round thy brink—  
I only asked of thee to dream,  
I did not ask to think.

False beauty haunting still my heart,  
Tho' long since from that heart removed ;  
These waves but tell me how thou wert  
Too well and vainly loved.

Fair lake, it is all vain to seek  
The influence of thy lovely shore—  
I asked of thee for hope and love—  
They come to me no more.



## THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

A FAIR young face o'er which is only cast  
The delicate hues of spring,  
Though round her is the presence of the past,  
And the stern future gathers darkly fast ;  
As yet no heavy shadow loads their wing.

A little while hast thou to be a child,  
Thy lot is all too high ;  
Thy face is very fair, thine eyes are mild,  
But duties on thine arduous path are piled—  
A nation's hopes and fears blend with thy destiny.

Change is upon the world, it may be thine  
To soothe its troubled way,  
To make thy throne a beacon and a shrine  
Whence knowledge, power, and liberty may shine,  
As yet they have not shone on mortal day.

There is much misery on this worn earth,  
But much that may be spared ;  
Of great and generous thought there is no dearth,  
And highest hopes of late have had their birth,  
Hopes for the many, what the few have shared.

The wind that bears our flag from soil to soil,  
Teaches us as it flies ;  
It carries in its breath a summer spoil,  
And seeds spring up to stimulate man's toil,  
So should our mind spread round its rich supplies.

Thou, Royal child, the future is thine own,  
May it be blessed in thee !  
May peace that smiles on all be round thy throne,  
And universal truth, whose light alone  
Gives golden records unto history.

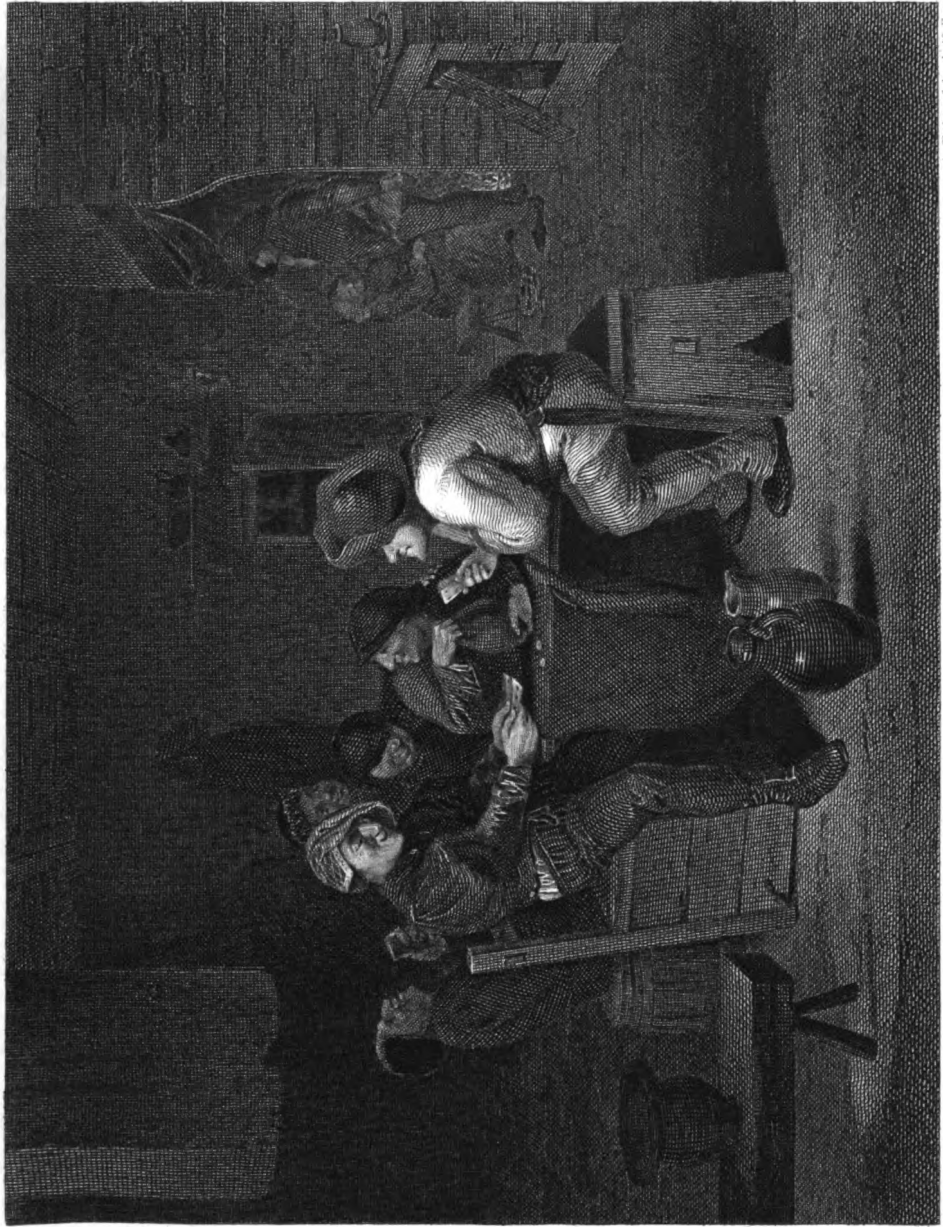












Engraved by Aug. Fox.

Painted by Teniers.

THE FISH MARKET AT BRUSSELS.

W. S. WOODWARD DEL.







## A DUTCH INTERIOR.

THEY were poor, and by their cabin,  
Pale want sat at the door ;  
And the summer to their harvest  
Brought insufficient store.

On one side, the fierce ocean  
Proclaimed perpetual war ;  
On the other, mighty nations  
Were threatening from afar.

Foes and seas denied a footing,  
On the very ground they trod ;  
But they had their native courage,  
And they had their trust in God.

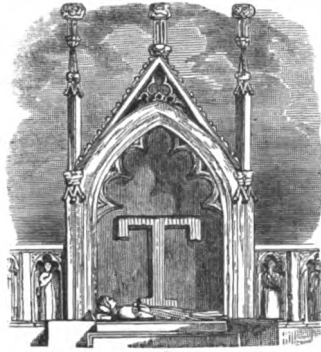
They made the sea defender  
Of the lately threatened shore,  
And their tall and stately vessels  
Sailed the conquered waters o'er.

To the poor and scanty cabin,  
Poured wealth from East and West ;  
And Freedom came with commerce,  
From all old times her guest.

Dyke by dyke they beat their enemies,  
As they had beat the sea ;  
Till Faith stood by her altar,  
Secure—triumphant—free.

The brilliant theory of a republic has never been reduced to more rational practice than in the history of Holland. Commerce, religious toleration, security of life and property, and universal instruction—these have been the principles of the States from the very first. Liberty can have no securer foundations. We know of nothing finer in all history, than their unequal but triumphant struggle with the *le Grand Monarque*. The spirit which animated the young and gallant Prince of Orange, was that of the whole nation. “ You will see the ruin of your country,” was the prophecy of those who looked to the inferior means, not to the superior spirit. “ Never,” was the heroic reply, “ for I will die in her last ditch.”

## THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.



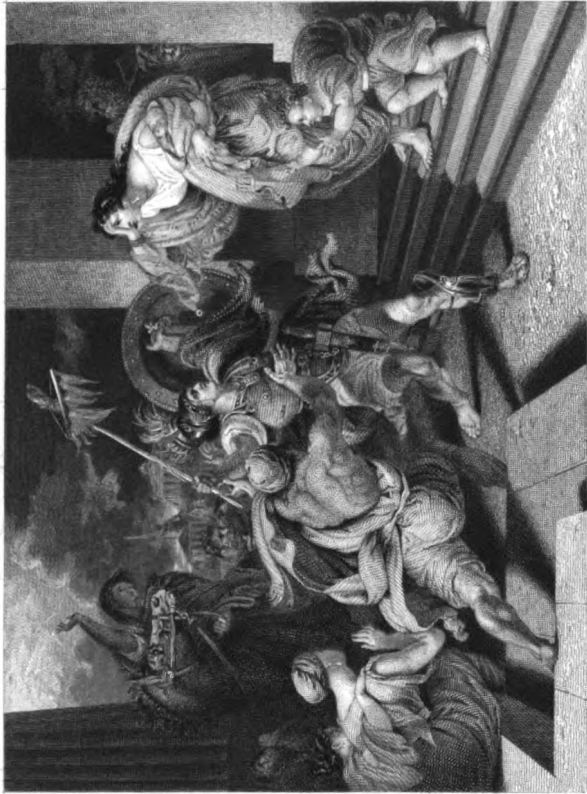
HERE is a little lonely grave  
Which no one comes to see,  
The foxglove and red orchis wave  
Their welcome to the bee.  
There never falls the morning sun,  
It lies beneath the wall,  
But there when weary day is done  
The lights of sunset fall,  
Flushing the warm and crimson air  
As life and hope were present there.

There sleepeth one who left his heart  
Behind him in his song;  
Breathing of that diviner part  
Which must to heaven belong.  
The language of those spirit chords,  
But to the poet known,  
Youth, love, and hope yet use his words,  
They seem to be his own.  
And yet he has not left a name,  
The poet died without his fame.

How many are the lovely lays  
That haunt our English tongue,  
Defrauded of their poet's praise  
Forgotten he who sung.  
Tradition only vaguely keeps  
Sweet fancies round this tomb;  
Its tears are what the wild flower weeps,  
Its record is that bloom;  
Ah, surely nature keeps with her  
The memory of her worshipper.

One of her loveliest mysteries  
Such spirit blends at last  
With all the fairy fantasies  
Which o'er some scenes are cast.  
A softer beauty fills the grove,  
A light is in the grass,  
A deeper sense of truth and love  
Comes o'er us as we pass;  
While lingers in the heart one line,  
The nameless poet hath a shrine.

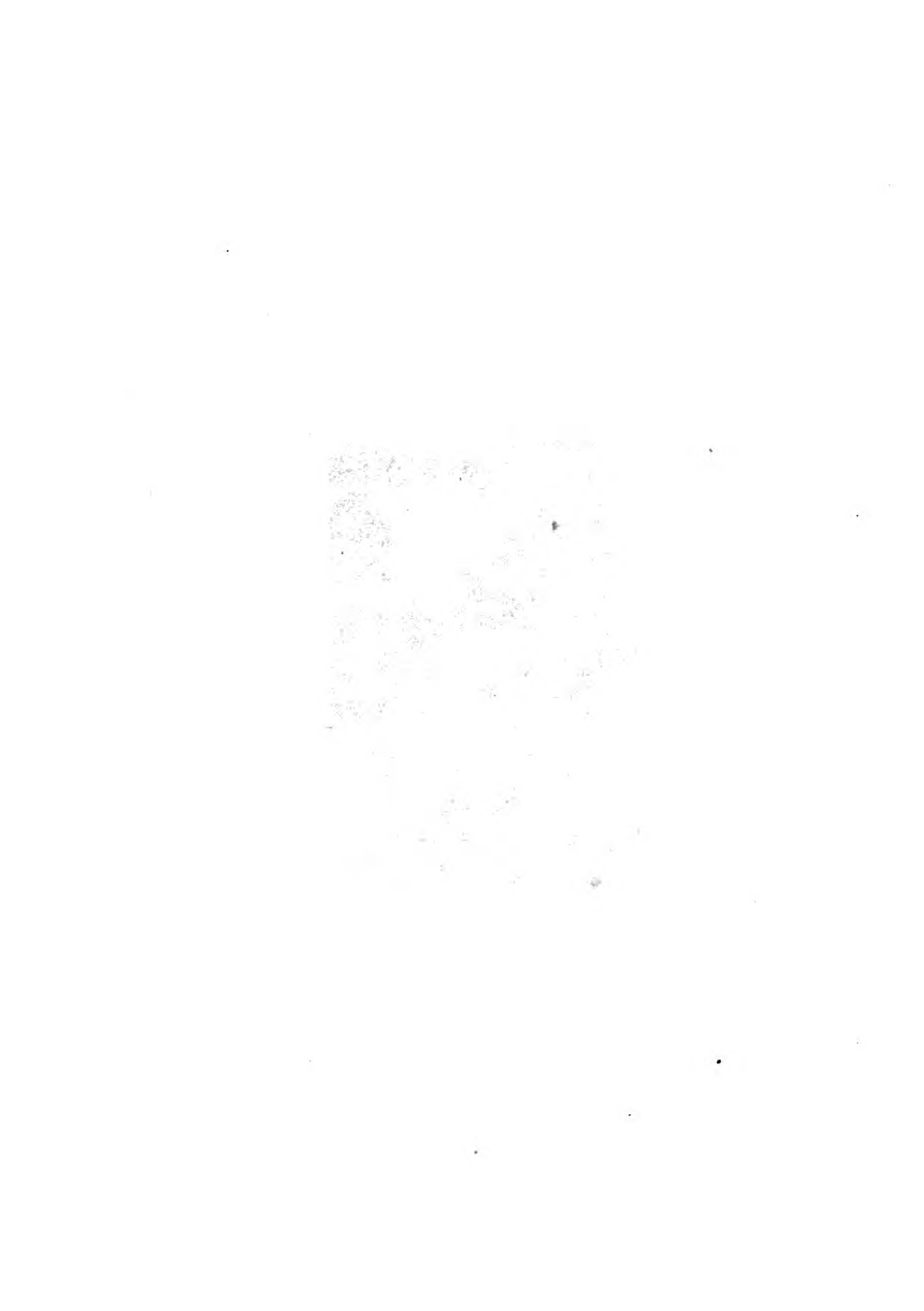




Engraved by S. Saugher.

Painted by E. Reynolds.





EUCLES ANNOUNCING THE VICTORY OF MARATHON.



He cometh from the purple hills,  
Where the fight has been to-day ;  
He bears the standard in his hand—  
Shout round the victor's way.  
The sun-set of a battle won,  
Is round his steps from Marathon.

Gather the myrtles near,  
And fling them on his path ;  
Take from her braided hair  
The flowers the maiden hath,

A welcome to the welcome one,  
Who hastens now from Marathon.

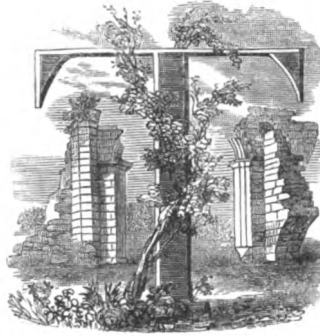
They crowd around his steps,  
Rejoicing young and old ;  
The laurel branch he bears,  
His glorious tale hath told,  
The Persian's hour of pride is done,  
Victory is on Marathon.

She cometh with brightened cheek,  
She who all day hath wept ;  
The wife and mother's tears,  
Where her youngest infant slept,  
The heart is in her eyes alone,  
What careth she for Marathon ?

But down on his threshold, down !  
Sinks the warrior's failing breath,  
The tale of that mighty field  
Is left to be told by death.—  
'Tis a common tale—the victor's sun  
Sets, in tears and blood, o'er Marathon.



THE WOODLAND BROOK.



How art flowing, thou art flowing,  
Oh, small and silvery brook ;  
The rushes by thee growing,  
And with a patient look  
The pale narcissus o'er thee bends  
Like one who asks in vain for friends.

I bring not back my childhood,  
Sweet comrade of its hours ;

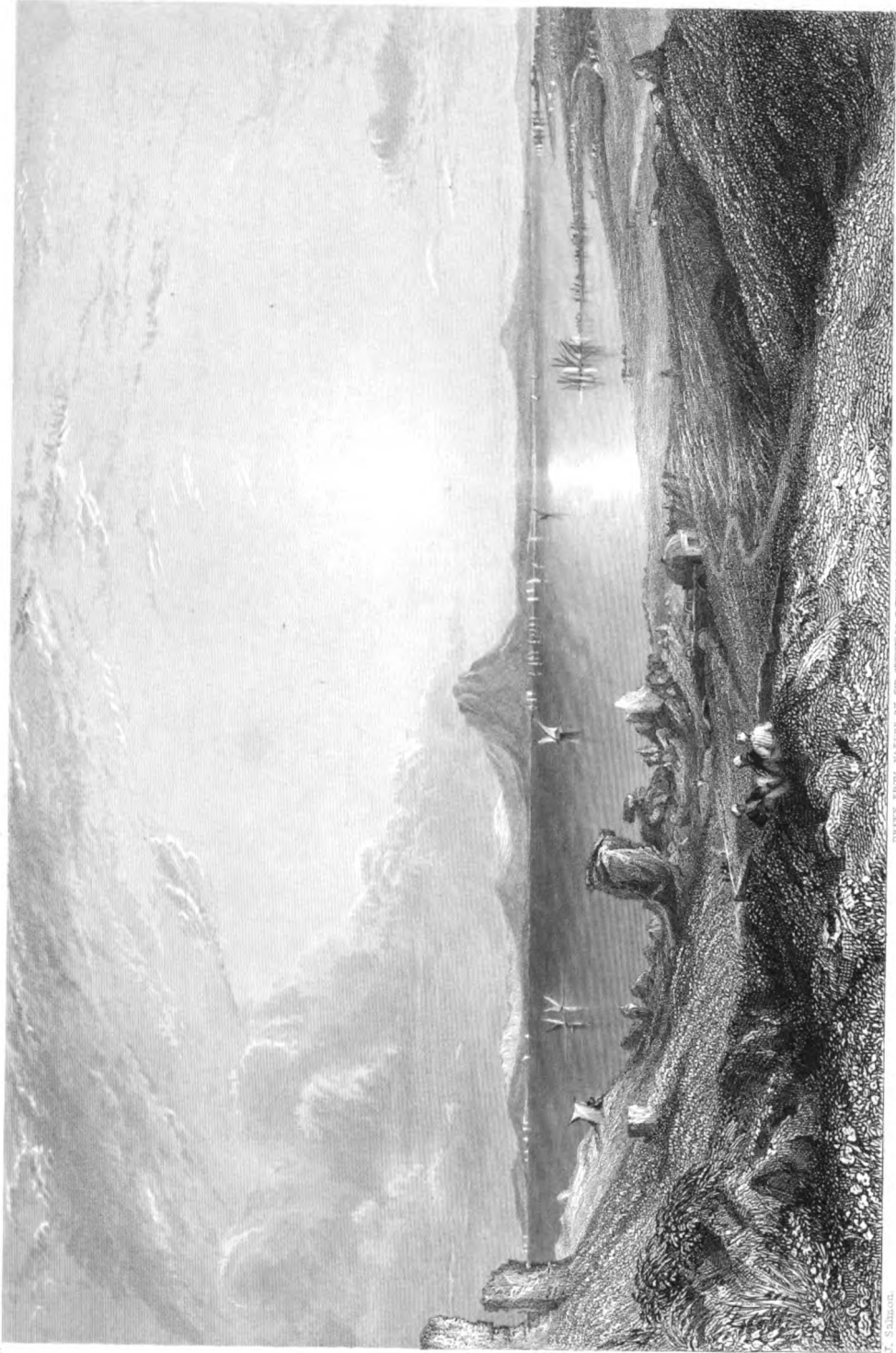
The music of the wild wood,  
The colour of the flowers ;  
They do not bring again the dream  
That haunted me beside thy stream.

When black-lettered old romances  
Made a world for me alone ;  
Oh, days of lovely fancies,  
Are ye for ever flown ?  
Ye are fled, sweet, vague, and vain,  
So I cannot dream again.

I have left a feverish pillow  
For thy soothing song ;  
Alas, each fairy billow  
An image bears along,  
Look where I will, I only see  
One face too much beloved by me.

In vain my heart remembers  
What pleasure used to be,  
My past thoughts are but embers  
Consumed by love for thee.  
I wish to love thee less—and feel  
A deeper fondness o'er me steal.





H. Albert.

DRYING FISHES, MARKET BY THE SEASIDE, VALPARAISO, CHILE.

J. Schmitt.

ALONG THE SEASIDE, VALPARAISO, CHILE.

THE SEASIDE, VALPARAISO, CHILE.





## CARTHAGE.

“Early on the morning following, I walked to the site of the great Carthage,—of that town, at the sound of whose name mighty Rome herself had so often trembled,—of Carthage, the mistress of powerful and brave armies, of numerous fleets, and of the world’s commerce, and to whom Africa, Spain, Sardinia, Corsica, Sicily, and Italy herself bowed in submission as to their sovereign—in short,—“Carthago, dives opum, studiisque asperrima belli :” I was prepared to see but few vestiges of its former grandeur, it had so often suffered from the devastating effects of war, that I knew many could not exist; but my heart sunk within me when ascending one of its hills, (from whose summit the eye embraces a view of the whole surrounding country to the edge of the sea,) I beheld nothing more than a few scattered and shapeless masses of masonry. The scene that once was animated by the presence of nearly a million of warlike inhabitants is now buried in the silence of the grave; no living soul appearing, if we occasionally except a soldier going or returning from the fort, or the solitary and motionless figure of an Arab, watching his flocks from the summit of the fragment of some former palace or temple.”—SIR G. TEMPLE’S EXCURSIONS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.



ow it lieth—earth to earth—  
 All to which that earth gave birth—  
 Palace, market-street, and fane;  
 Dust that never asks in vain,  
 Hath reclaimed its own again.  
                                 Dust, the wide world’s king.  
 Where are now the glorious hours  
 Of a nation’s gathered powers?  
 Like the setting of a star,  
 In the fathomless afar;  
                                 Time’s eternal wing

Hath around those ruins cast  
 The dark presence of the past.

Mind, what art thou? dost thou not  
 Hold the vast earth for thy lot?  
 In thy toil, how glorious!  
 What dost thou achieve for us,  
 Over all victorious!

                                God-like thou dost seem.

But the perishing still lurks  
 In thy most immortal works;  
 Thou dost build thy home on sand,  
 And the palace-girdled strand  
                                 Fadeth like a dream.

Thy great victories only show  
 All is nothingness below.

“The small dome in the centre belongs to the lesser set of cisterns; on the left are the ruins of a palace or church; and on the extreme left the remains of an ancient edifice, on which now stands Burj Sidi Boo-Saeed, or Fort St. Louis. To the right is seen part of the ancient Cothon, Halek el Wad, the lake of Tunis and the bay; and beyond these the Hammam ’Enf, and the Boo-kurneen; and in the distance the Jabel Zaghwan.”—SIR G. TEMPLE’S JOURNAL.

LORD MELBOURNE.

It is a glorious task to guide  
The vessel thro' the dashing tide  
When dark is the tumultuous sea  
And thunder-clouds are on the lea,  
While war-notes mount upon the wind  
From the fierce storm that rides behind.

And such a task it is to steer  
A people in their high career,  
When old opinions war, and change  
Is sudden, violent, and strange ;  
And men recall the past, to say,  
So shall not be the coming day.

Such time is passing o'er our land,  
New thoughts arise—new hopes expand,  
And man knows in his own strong will  
It is his purpose to fulfil :  
In the fierce contest of such hour,  
How mighty is the leader's power.

More glorious than the conqueror's brand,  
The rule entrusted to such hand.  
From it the past and present claim  
The rights they teach, the hopes they frame :  
Do what the island of the free ;  
What England should expect of thee !









Painted by Sir Tho<sup>s</sup> Lawrence P.R.A.

Engraved by S. Freeman

THE RT HON<sup>BLE</sup> WILLIAM LAMB, BARON MELBOURNE.

*W. Lamb*







J. Appleton

Whaling, from a sketch by the artist J. Appleton

Saltzman

Whaling, from a sketch by the artist J. Appleton





B O N A.

T H E P I R A T E ' S S O N G .



o the mast nail our flag, it is dark as the grave,  
Or the death which it bears while it sweeps o'er the wave.  
Let our deck clear for action, our guns be prepared ;  
Be the boarding-axe sharpened, the scimeter bared :  
Set the canisters ready, and then bring to me,  
For the last of my duties, the powder-room key.  
It shall never be lowered, the black flag we bear ;  
If the sea be denied us, we sweep through the air.

Unshared have we left our last victory's prey ;

It is mine to divide it, and yours to obey :  
There are shawls that might suit a sultana's white neck,  
And pearls that are fair as the arms they will deck ;  
There are flasks which, unseal them, the air will disclose  
Diametta's far summers, the home of the rose.  
I claim not a portion : I ask but as mine,  
'Tis to drink to our victory—one cup of red wine.

Some fight, 'tis for riches ; some fight, 'tis for fame :  
The first I despise, and the last is a name.  
I fight, 'tis for vengeance. I love to see flow,  
At the stroke of my sabre, the life of my foe.  
I strike for the memory of long vanished years ;  
I only shed blood, where another sheds tears.  
I come, as the lightning comes red from above,  
O'er the race that I loathe, to the battle I love.



## THE CHURCH AT POLIGNAC.



NEEL down in yon chapel, but only one prayer  
Should awaken the echoes its tall arches bear ;  
Pale mother, pray not for the child on the bed,  
For the sake of the prisoner let matins be said ;  
Old man, though the shade of thy grave-stone be nigh,  
Yet not for thyself raise thy voice to the sky ;  
Young maiden, there kneeling, with blush and with tear,  
Name not the one name to thy spirit most dear.  
The prayer for another, to Heaven address,  
Comes back to the breather thrice blessing and blest.

Beside the damp marsh, rising sickly and cold,  
Stand the bleak and stern walls of the dark prison hold ;  
There fallen and friendless, forlorn and opprest,  
Are they—once the flattered, obeyed, and carest.  
From the blessings that God gives the poorest exiled,  
His wife is a widow, an orphan his child ;  
For years there the prisoner has wearily pined,  
Apart from his country, apart from his kind ;  
Amid millions of freemen, one last lonely slave,  
He knoweth the gloom, not the peace of the grave.

I plead not their errors, my heart's in the cause,  
Which bows down the sword with the strength of the laws ;  
But France, while within her such memories live,  
With her triumphs around, can afford to forgive.  
Let Freedom, while raising her glorious brow,  
Shake the tears from her laurels that darken there now,  
Be the chain and the bar from yon prison removed,  
Give the children their parent, the wife her beloved.  
By the heart of the many is pardon assigned,  
For, Mercy, thy cause is the cause of mankind.

Mr. DUNCOMBE, in his eloquent speech which first excited the sentiment I have faintly endeavoured to express above, after giving most painful details of the prisoners in that fortress, says, " I put it to the house and to the public, whether persecution like this be necessary to the ends of national justice ! The same feeling which prompted us on a former occasion to address our allies in the language of congratulation, should now induce us to advise the French people to temper triumph with clemency." Surely, the matter cannot be allowed to merge in that selfish carelessness with which we are too apt to regard the sufferings of others. Political enlightenment has yet many steps to make, while justice and vengeance are synonymous terms. But an appeal was never yet made in vain to the generous sympathies of " La Belle France."





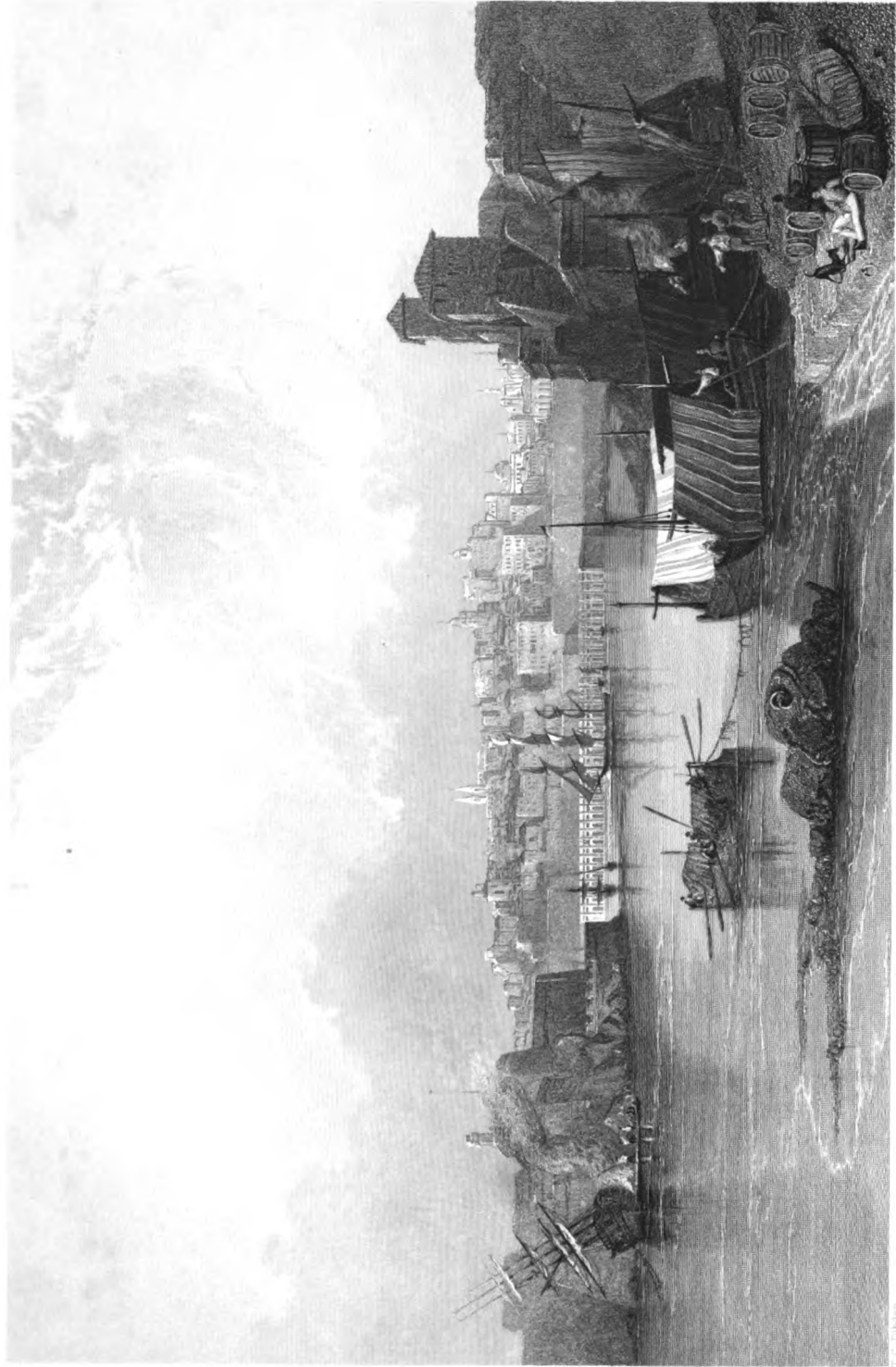


J. P. Harding.

T. Higham.







7. English.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

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CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.







VALETTA, CAPITAL OF MALTA.



HE vessel swept in with the light of the morn,  
High on the red air its gonfalon borne ;  
The roofs of the dwellings, the sails of the mast  
Mixed in the crimson the daybreak had cast.

On came the vessel :—his sword in his hand,  
At once from the deck leapt a stranger to land.  
A moment he stood, with the wind in his hair,  
The sunshine less golden—the silk was less fair.

He looked o'er the waters—what looked he to see !  
What alone in the depths of his own heart could be.  
He saw an old castle arise from the main,  
The oak on its hills, and the deer on its plain.

He saw it no longer ;— the vision is fled ;  
Paler the prest lip, and firmer the tread.  
He takes from his neck a light scarf that he wore ;  
'Tis flung on the waters, that bear it from shore.

'Twas the gift of a false one ;—and with it he flung  
All the hopes and the fancies that round it had clung.  
The shrine has his vow—the Cross has his brand ;—  
He weareth no gift of a woman's white hand.

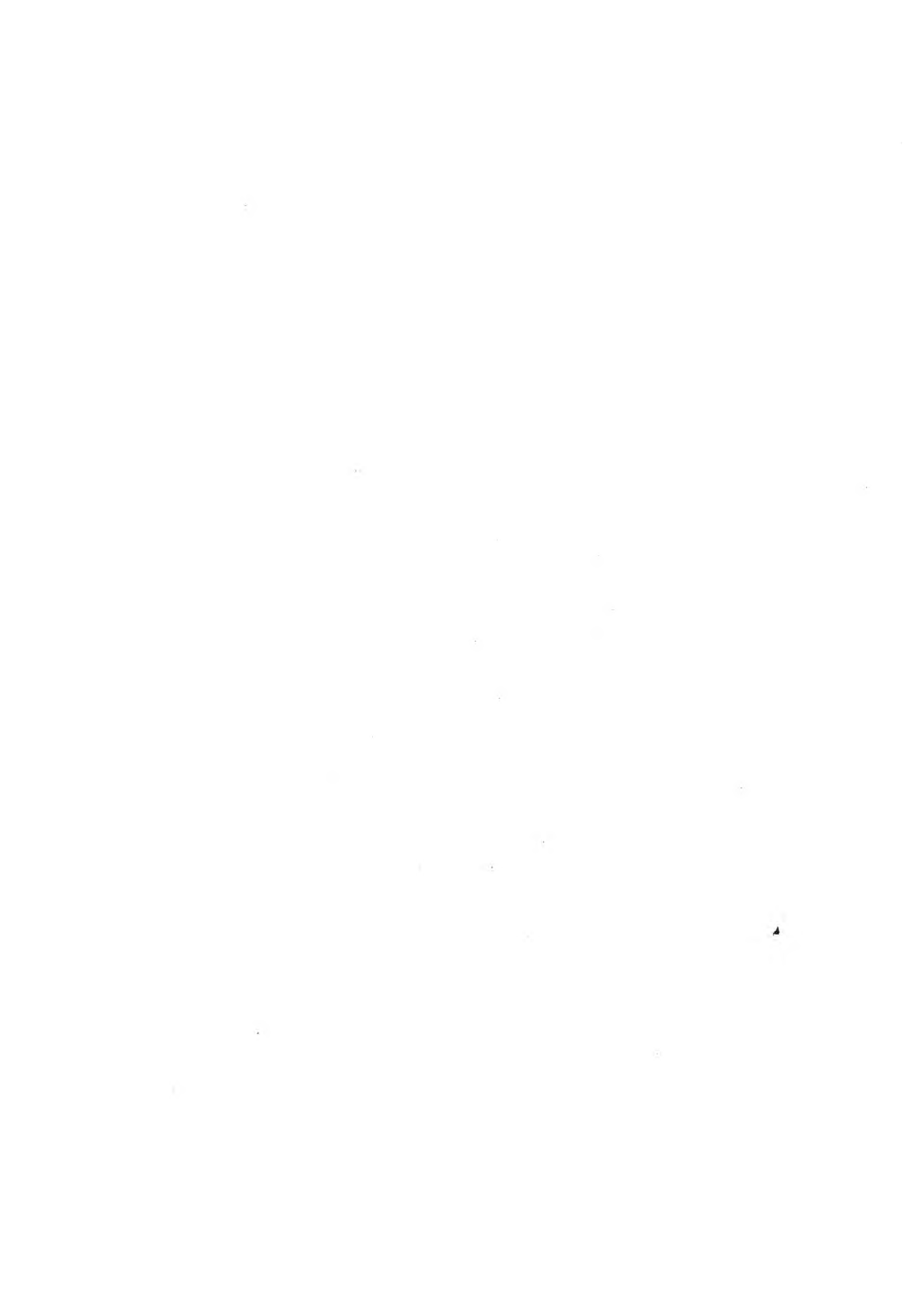
A seal on his lip, and an oath at his heart,  
His future a warfare—he knoweth his part.  
The visions that haunted his boyhood are o'er,  
The young Knight of Malta can dream them no more.

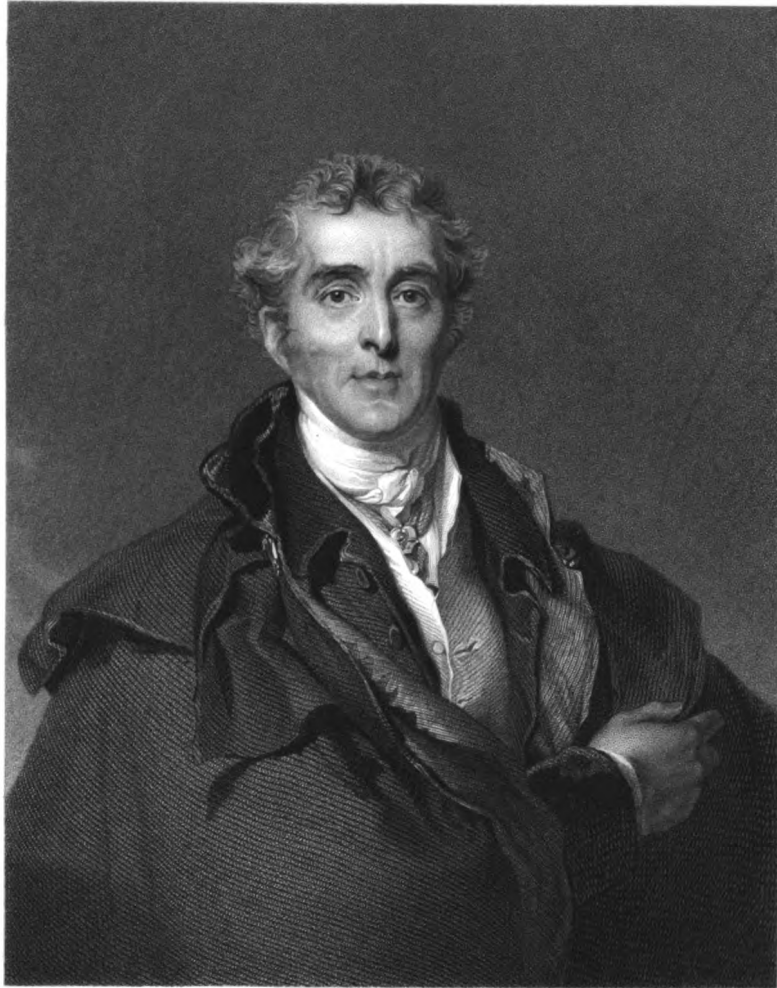
ARTHUR, DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

BY LADY E. STUART WORTLEY.

OH! what a noble nature's stamp is there!  
Through those commanding features, through that eye,  
Shines forth a soul, brave, generous, firm, and high—  
A soul girt up to do, and steeled to bear.  
Calm, principle-strengthened—free as the unchain'd air!  
On that proud forehead, throned, sits VICTORY!  
And on that countenance may we descry  
All bright expressions loftiest aspects wear.  
The nations' whirlwind-cry hath swelled thy name  
Up to Heaven's ringing heights, re-echoing round  
With wild shouts jubilant, and proud acclaim.  
But there's a still small whisper, whose faint sound  
To thee more precious is, I deem, than fame,  
Judging from that calm mien—clear, eloquent, and profound.







Painted by Sir Tho<sup>s</sup> Lawrence P.R.A.

Engraved by B. Robinson

*Wellington*









FIGURE 1. L. J. REYNOLDS, "THE GREAT RIVER," 1850.



*[The text in this section is extremely faint and illegible. It appears to be a list or a series of entries, possibly names or dates, arranged in a vertical column. Some faint words like "1911" and "1912" might be visible.]*



## DERWENT WATER.

I KNEW her—though she used to make  
Her dwelling by that lonely lake.  
A little while she came to show  
How lovely distant flowers can go.  
The influence of that fairy scene  
Made beautiful her face and mien.  
I have seen faces far more fair,  
But none that had such meaning there.  
For to her downcast eyes were given  
The azure of an April heaven ;  
The softening of those sunny hours,  
By passing shadows, and by showers.

O'er her cheek the wandering red,  
By the first wild rose was shed.  
Evanescent, pure, and clear,  
Just the warm heart's atmosphere.  
Like the sweet and inner world,  
In that early rose-bud furled.  
All whose rich revealings glow  
Round the lovelier world below.  
Light her step was, and her voice  
Said unto the air, rejoice ;  
And her light laugh's silvery breaking  
Sounded like the lark's first waking.

Return to that fair lake, return,  
On whose green heathlands grows the fern ;  
And mountain heights of dark grey stone,  
Are bright with lichens overgrown.  
Thou art too fay-like and too fair  
For our more common clouded air.  
Beauty such as thine belongs  
To a world of dreams and songs ;  
Let thy image with us dwell,  
Lending music to farewell.

## THE SPANISH PAGE,

OR, THE CITY'S RANSOM.



HE was a chieftain's daughter, and he a captive boy,  
Yet playmates and companions they shared each childish joy ;  
Their dark hair often mingled, they wandered hand in hand,  
But at last the golden ransom restored him to his land.  
A lovely town is Seville amid the summer air,  
But, though it be a little town, Xenilla is as fair ;  
Fair are the glittering minarets where the purple daylight falls,  
And rosy the pomegranates of the gardens in its walls.

But its pleasant days are over, for an army girds it round,  
With the banner of the red cross, and the christian trumpets sound ;  
They have sworn to raze the city that in the sunshine stood,  
And its silvery singing fountains shall flow with Moslem blood.  
Fierce is the christian leader, a young and orphan lord,  
For all the nobles of his house fell by the Moorish sword ;  
Himself was once a captive, till redeemed by Spanish gold,  
Now to be paid by Moorish wealth and life an hundred-fold.

The sound of war and weeping reached where a maiden lay,  
Fading as fades the loveliest, too soon from earth away,  
Dark fell the silken curtains, and still the court below,  
But the maiden's dream of childhood was disturbed by wail and wo.  
She questioned of the tumult ; her pale slaves told the cause ;  
The colour mounted to her cheek, a hasty breath she draws ;  
She called her friends around her, she whispered soft and low,  
Like music from a wind-touched lute her languid accents flow.

Again upon her crimson couch she laid her weary head ;  
They looked upon the dark-eyed maid—they looked upon the dead.  
That evening, ere the sunset grew red above the town,  
A funeral train upon the hills came winding slowly down ;  
They come with mournful chanting, they bear the dead along,  
The sentinels stood still to hear that melancholy song :  
To Don Henrique they bore the corpse—they laid it at his feet,  
Pale grew the youthful warrior that pale sweet face to meet.







ENGRAVED BY T. WOOLNOUTH, FROM THE ORIGINAL BY MURILLO, AT CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF







STRADA REALE—CORFU.



AM weary of the green wood  
Where haunteth the wild bee,  
And the olive's silvery foliage  
Droops o'er the myrtle tree.

The fountain singeth silvery,  
As with a sleepy song,  
It wandereth the bright mosses,  
And drooping flowers among.

I will seek the cheerful city,  
And in the crowded street,  
See if I can find the traces  
Of pleasure's winged feet.

The bells are ringing gaily,  
And their music gladdens all,  
From the towers in the sunshine,  
To the date and orange stall.

Gay voices are around me,  
I seem to gladden too ;  
And a thousand changing objects  
Win my wandering eyes anew.

It is pleasant through the city  
In a sunny day to roam ;  
And yet my full heart turns to thee,  
My own, my green-wood home.







S. Prout, F. S. A.

DRAWN FROM SKETCHES BY ALBERT R. ALLEN, R. S. A.

S. Prout, F. S. A.

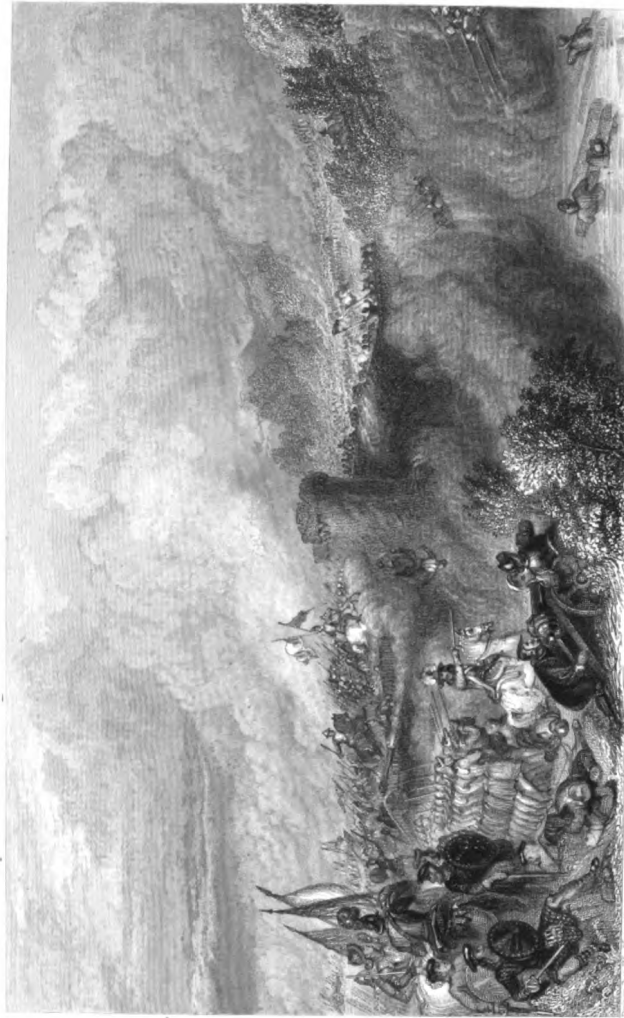
THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY

THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY









Engraved by J. B. Allen.

*Battle of Bunker's Hill.*

*The Battle of Bunker's Hill.*

1776-1777





CLAVERHOUSE AT THE BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIG.

HE leads them on, the chief, the knight ;  
Dark is his eye with fierce delight,  
A calm and unrelenting joy,  
Whose element is to destroy.

Down falls his soft and shining hair,  
His face is as woman's fair ;  
And that slight frame seems rather meant  
For lady's bower than soldier's tent.

But on that kindled brow is wrought  
The energy that is of thought,  
The sternness and the strength that grow  
In the high heart that beats below.

The golden spur is on his heel,  
The spur his war-horse does not feel ;  
The sun alone has gilt the brand,  
Now bared in his unsparing hand.

But ere the sun go down again  
That sword will wear a deeper stain ;  
Sun and sword alike will go  
Down o'er the dying and the foe.

Never yet hath failed that brand,  
Never yet hath spared that hand ;  
Where their mingled light is shed,  
Are the fugitive or dead.

Though the grave were on his way,  
Forward, would that soldier say ;  
And upon his latest breath  
Would be, " Victory or Death."

## ANTI OCH.

This View of the City is taken from a burial-ground, called, in the picturesque phraseology of the East, "The City of the Dead." There was a vulture perched on one of the tombstones.

WHEN the vulture on the wind  
Mounted as in days of old,  
Leaving hope and fear behind,  
What did his dark flight behold !

Conquest, in its crimson car,  
Reddening sword and broken spear,  
Nations gathering to the war,  
These were in his wide career.

When the thunder and his wing  
Swept the startled earth below,  
Did the flight prophetic bring  
Omen of the world we know.

Vainly did the augur seek  
In its path the will of heaven ;  
Not to that fierce eye and beak,  
Was the fated future given.

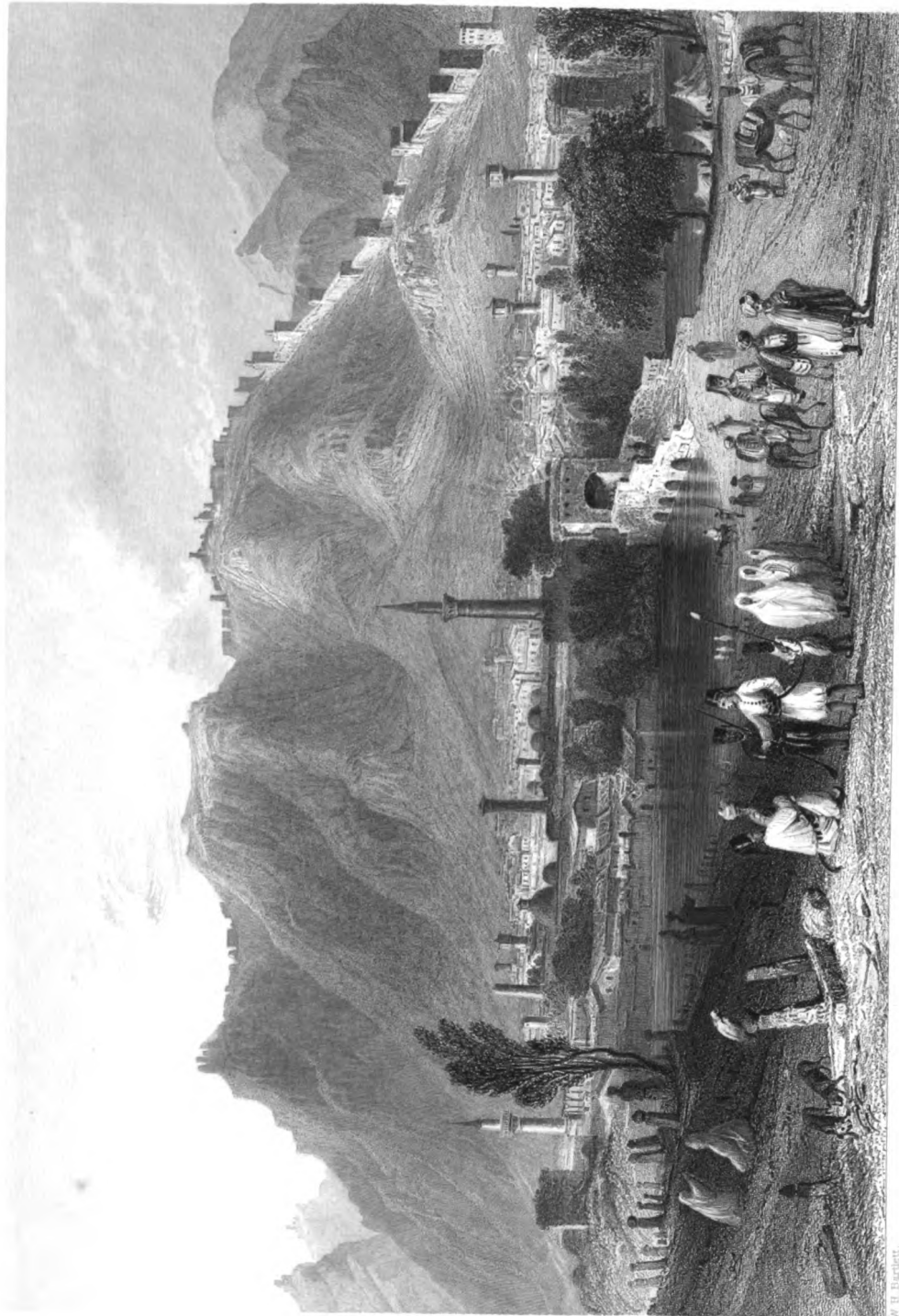
No, the future's depths were stirred  
By the white wings of the dove ;  
When the troubled earth first heard  
Words of peace, and words of love.

Now, far other hopes arise  
Over life's enlarging day,  
Science, commerce, enterprise,  
Point to man his glorious way.

Where those distant deserts wind,  
Even now an English band  
Urge the triumphs of the mind  
Through a wild and savage land.







W. H. Bartlett.

J. Redaway.

© 1858. S. S. & C. 10, N. 2nd St. N. Y.





Mind, and only mind, could gain  
Such a conquest as they ask ;  
Stormy wind, and sandy plain,  
Doubt and death attend the task.

They will make their gallant way,  
Must achieve their glorious goal ;  
It is night subdued by day,  
'Tis the mastery of the soul.

Let the dark Euphrates bear  
English keel and English sail ;  
Not alone o'er wind and air  
Will the enterprise prevail :

But our flag will bear around,  
Faith and knowledge, light and hope,  
Empire with no other bound  
Than the wide horizon's scope.

Honour to the generous band,  
Bearing round our name and laws,  
For the honour of our land,  
For humanity's great cause.

I allude to the voyage down the Euphrates. Conquest and commerce have been the two great principles of civilization. It is only of late years that we have seen the superiority of the sail over the sword. The expedition, whose advantages I have ventured above to prophesy, is in the noblest spirit of enlightened enterprise. We must take with us our knowledge ; and so disturb, and eventually destroy the darkness, mental and moral, too long gathered on the East. The generous earnestness of science, and the enthusiasm of enterprise, were never more nobly marked than in the concluding passage of Colonel Chesney's letter to the Admiralty, announcing the loss of the Tigris steamer :—

“ We are, therefore, continuing our descent and survey to Bussorah, hoping not only to bring up the mail from India within the specified time, but also, if it pleases God to spare us, to demonstrate the speed, economy, and commercial advantages of the river Euphrates, provided the decision of Ministers shall be, in the true spirit of Englishmen, to give it a fair trial, rather than abandon the original purpose in consequence of an unforeseen, and, as it is proved, an unavoidable calamity.”

WM. WILBERFORCE, ESQ.

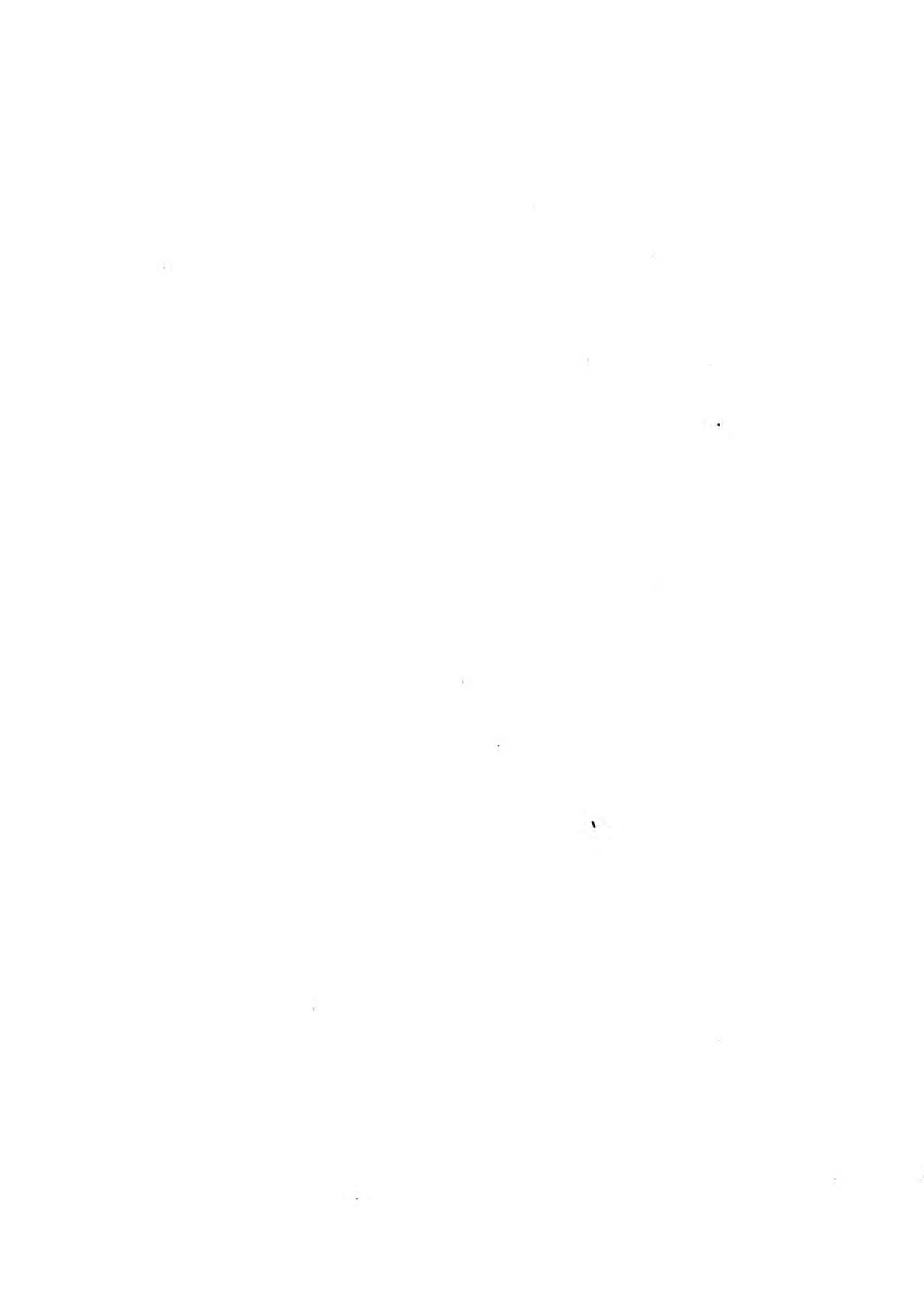
BORN AUGUST 24<sup>TH</sup>, 1759.—DIED JULY 19<sup>TH</sup>, 1833.

“THERE are those who first started this mighty question, (slave emancipation,) and broached its godlike principles, who have not lived to see the triumph which is reserved for it in these our days. They laboured in their generation strenuously and vigorously for that fulfilment which we are now about to accomplish,—they were satisfied with the foundation which it was their fortune to lay, and they trusted that it would be strong enough to support the glorious superstructure which is now about to be reared upon it. Like the prophets of old, they hailed the day-star from on high, and exulted in that prospect, which they saw through a glass darkly, and not, as we do, face to face. It is not, however, without feelings of the deepest and most heartfelt satisfaction that I recall to your recollection the fact that one man, the most religiously inspired, the most conscientiously influenced of all who laboured in the dawn and the rising of this great and glorious cause—Wilberforce,—still remains, to witness the final consummation of that important triumph to which his last energies were devoted, and to exclaim, like the last of the prophets to whom I have before alluded, ‘Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.’—*Lord Stanley’s Speech, May 14th, 1833.*”

The following anecdote is very characteristic of this truly great and christian philanthropist :

“A friend told me that he found him once in the greatest agitation, looking for a despatch which he had mislaid, one of the royal family was waiting for it :—he had delayed the search to the last moment ; he seemed at last quite vexed and flurried. At this unlucky instant, a disturbance in the nursery overhead occurred. My friend, who was with him, said to himself, Now, for once, Wilberforce’s temper will give way. He had hardly thought thus, when Mr. Wilberforce turned to him and said, ‘What a blessing it is to have these dear children !—only think what a relief amidst other hurries to hear their voices, and know they are well.’—*Christian Keepsake for 1836.*”

He sleeps—yet little of him sleeps below,  
Earth has its share, dust unto dust we throw.  
His soul is in its native heaven, his mind  
Remains with us, to benefit mankind.







Painted by G. Richmond.

Engraved by J. Jenkins

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, ESQ.

*W. Wilberforce*

W. & A. G. & Co. London









Engraved by T. Higham.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD.





## LANCASTER CASTLE.



ARK with age these towers look down  
Over their once vassal town ;  
Warlike—yet long years have past  
Since they looked on slaughter last.

Never more will that dark wall  
Echo with the trumpet's call,  
When the Red Rose and the White  
Called their warriors to the fight.

Never more the sounding yew,  
Which the English archer drew,  
Will decide a battle-day  
Past like its own shafts away.

Never more those halls will ring  
With the ancient harper's string,  
When the red wine passed along  
With a shout and with a song.

Trumpet, harp, and good yew bow  
Are so many memories now,  
While the loom, the press, the gun,  
Have another age begun.

Yet that old chivalric hour  
Hath upon the present power  
Changed—and softened and refined  
It has left its best behind.

What may its bequeathings be ?  
Honour, song, and courtesy.  
Like the spirit of its clay,  
Yesterday redeems to-day.

## SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.

The man was old, his hair was grey—  
And I have heard the old man say,  
'Keep thou from royal courts away ;'  
In proof thereof, he went to tell  
The Stanley's fatal chronicle.



King Henry sat amid his court, and of the nobles there  
Not one with William Stanley for favour could compare ;  
He was the royal chamberlain, and on his bended knee  
Within King Henry's silver cup the red wine poured he.

There came a knight in presence there, he named my master's name,  
As he stood betting golden coin upon the royal game.  
And on Sir Robert Clifford's word, they took his sword away,  
And William Stanley to the Tower was prisoner sent that day.

God only knows the hearts of men, but 'twas a wondrous thing  
My noble master should conspire against the crowned king ;  
For well I know on Bosworth Field it was his red right hand  
That placed upon Earl Richmond's brow King Richard's royal band.

But ancient service is forgot ; and he, the Wiseman, said,  
Think thou no evil of the king upon thy lonely bed ;  
And therefore little will I name of what I then heard told,  
That my good lord's worst treasons were his broad lands and his gold.

I saw him on the scaffold stand, the axe was gleaming bright,  
But I will say he faced its shine as best became a knight ;  
He prayed a prayer—he knelt him down—there smote a sullen sound,  
I saw my master's severed head upon the dark red ground.

No nobles bore the noble's pall, there was no funeral bell,  
But I stood weeping by the grave of him I loved so well.  
I know not of the right or wrong, but this much let me say,  
Would God my master had been kept from kings and courts away !







ENGRAVED BY H. ROBINSON. — FROM THE PICTURE AT WESTBORTH HOUSE, YORKSHIRE.

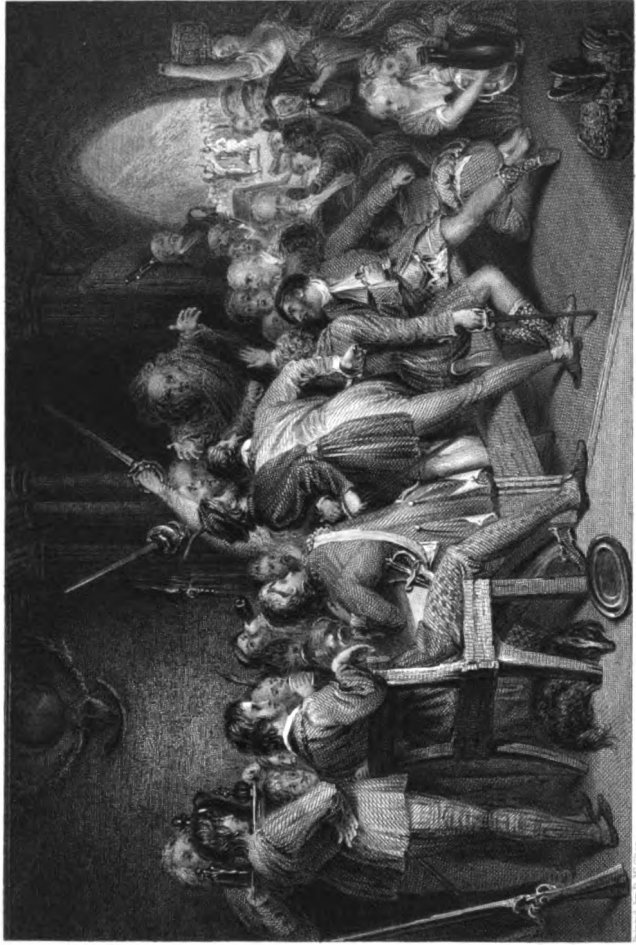
THE PICTURE AT WESTBORTH HOUSE, YORKSHIRE.

1851





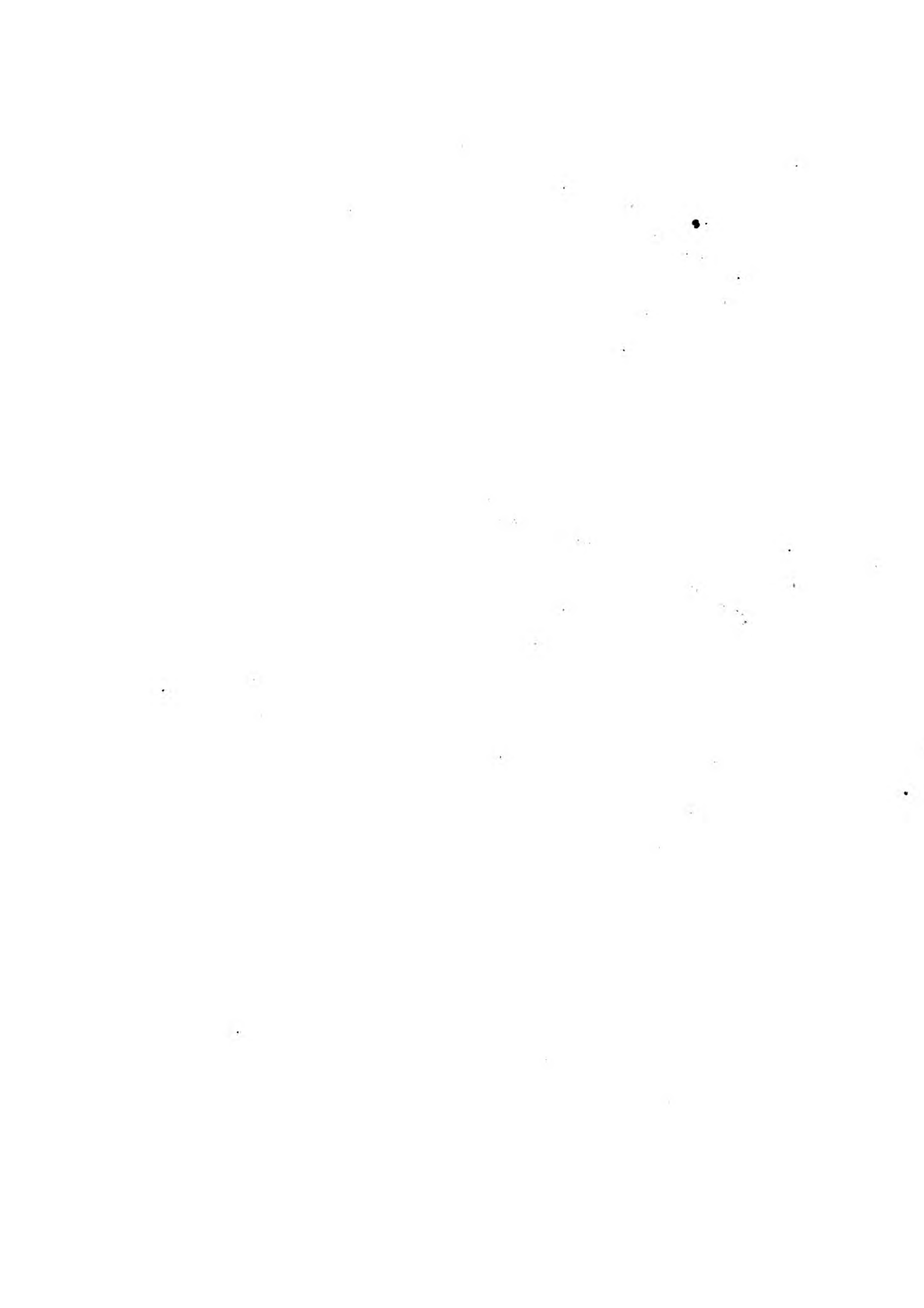




Engraved by R. Seymour.

THE ... ..

THE ... ..





## THE HALL OF GLENNAQUOICH.



O MORE the voice of feasting is heard amid those halls,  
The grass grows o'er the hearthstone, the fern o'ertops the walls ;  
And yet those scenes are present, as they were of our age—  
Such is the mighty mastery of one enchanted page.

The name of SCOTT awakens a world within the heart ;  
The scenes are not more real wherein ourselves have part.  
Beneath the tree in sunshine—beside the hearth in snow,  
What hours of deep enjoyment to him and his we owe !

And yet recall the giver—recall him as those saw  
Before his glorious being obeyed our nature's law ;  
His strength has soon departed—his cheek is sunk and wan—  
He is, before his season, a worn and weary man.

The fine creative spirit that lit his path of yore,  
Its light remains for others—it warms himself no more.  
The long and toilsome midnight, the fever and the haste,  
The trouble and the trial, have done their work of waste.

And such is still the recompense appointed for the mind,  
That seeketh, with its eyes afar, the glory of its kind.  
The poet yields the beautiful that in his being lives :  
Unthankful, cold, and careless, are they to whom he gives.

They dwell amid his visions—for new delights they cry ;  
But he who formed the lovely may lay him down and die.  
Then comes the carved marble—then late remorse is shown,  
And the poet's search for sympathy ends in a funeral stone.

STRADA ST. URSOLA,—MALTA.

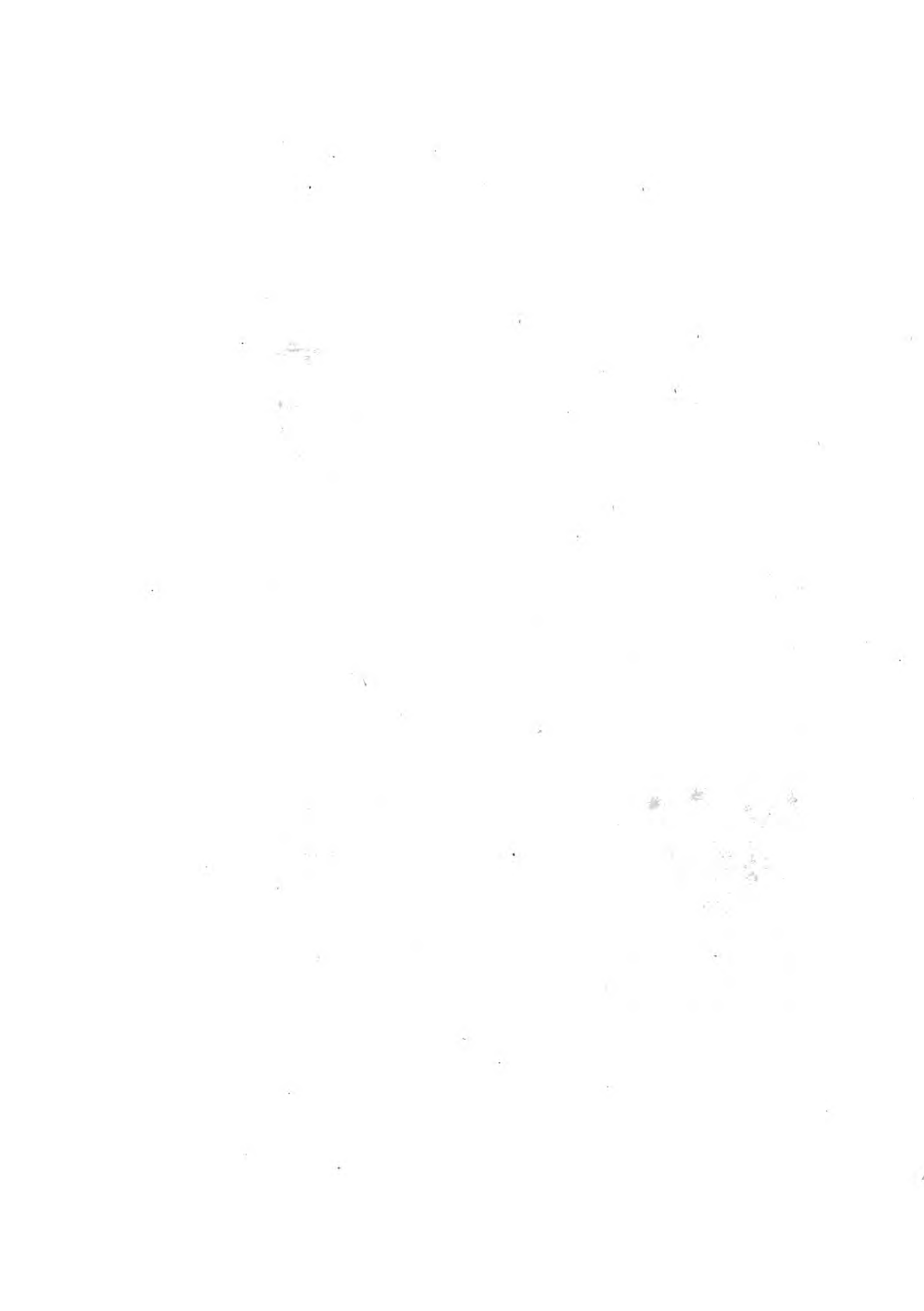
“ A View of many dwellings, long tenanted by the last remnants of Chivalry.”

YOUNG knight, that broidered cloak undo,  
And break that golden chain in two ;  
Take from your hand its jewels fair,  
Shear those bright curls of sunny hair,  
And offer up at yonder shrine  
All vanities that once were thine.

No more the victor of the ring,  
Thy triumphs will the minstrel sing ;  
No more upon thy helm the glove  
Will ask of fame to sanction love.  
The saraband untrod must be,  
The lists, the dance are closed for thee.

Look to the past—if present there  
Be visible one great despair :  
Look to the future—if it give  
Nothing which charmeth thee to live.  
Then come—the present knows its doom ;  
Thy heart already is a tomb.

Thy cheek is pale—thy brow is worn—  
Thy lip is bitter in its scorn.  
I read in them the signs that tell  
The heart's impassioned chronicle.  
'Tis past !—and Malta's iron vow  
To thee is less than nothing now.









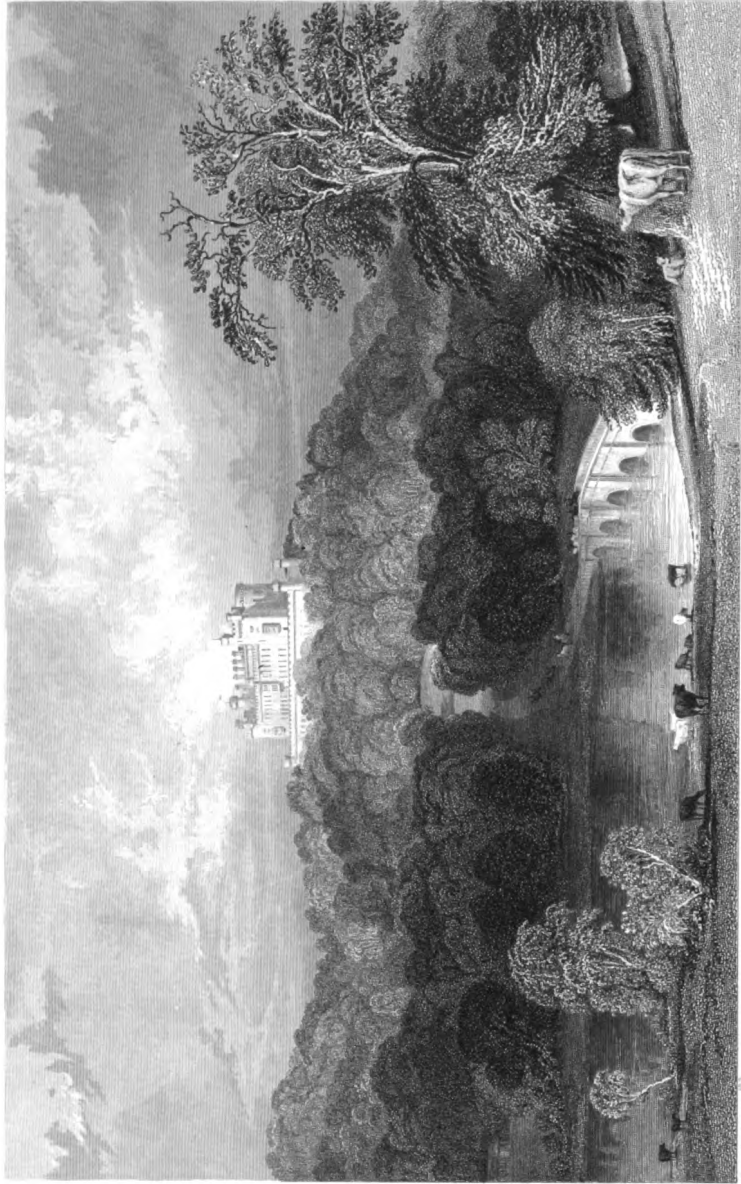
S. Prout, F.S.A.

DESIGNED FROM NATURE BY LEONARD W. ALLEN, IN BRONZE.

J. Carter.







J. Sandie.

E. Allon.

THE BRIDGE AND HOUSE, IN THE PARK OF ST. JAMES, LONDON.

THE BRIDGE AND HOUSE, IN THE PARK OF ST. JAMES, LONDON.





BELVOIR CASTLE,—SEAT OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

INSCRIBED TO

LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.



is an old and stately castle,  
In an old and stately wood ;  
Thoughts and shadows gathered round it,  
Of the ages it had stood.

But not of the ancient warriors,  
Whose red banners swept its towers,  
Nor of any lovely lady,  
Blooming in its former bowers—

Think I now ;—but one as lovely,  
And more gifted, haunts my line.  
In the visions round yon castle  
Is no fairer one than thine !

I can fancy thee in childhood  
Wandering through each haunted scene,  
Peopling the green glades around thee  
With the thoughts of what had been :

Asking of each leaf its lesson,  
Of each midnight star its tale,  
Till thy fancy caught revealings  
From the music of the gale.

Yet, whence did thy lute inherit  
All it knows of human grief ?—  
What dost thou know of the knowledge  
On life's dark and daily leaf ?

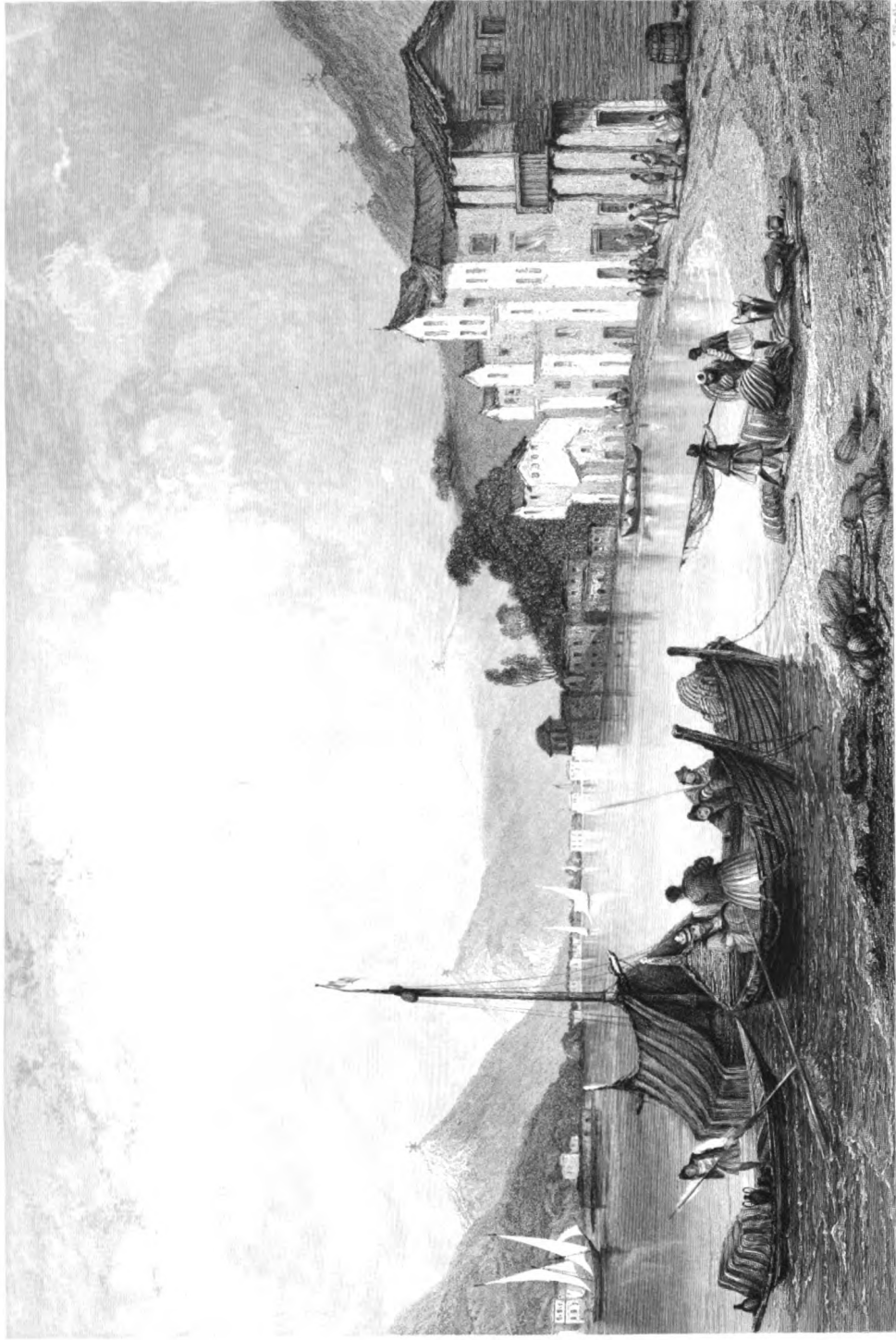


In thy woman-hearted pages,  
How much sympathy appears  
With the sorrowful and real,  
All that only speaks in tears !

Have those large bright eyes been darkened  
By the shadows from below ?  
Rather would I deem thee dreaming  
Over grief thou canst not know.

But thou hast the poet's birthright,  
In a heart too warm and true.  
Wreath thy dark hair with the laurel—  
On it rests the midnight dew !





J. H. B. 1848

DRAGON FROM SOUTH BY LIEUTENANT G. B. BROWN

C. Bentley





TOWN AND HARBOUR OF ITHACA.

By another light surrounded  
Than our actual sky;  
With the purple ocean bounded  
Does the island lie,  
Like a dream of the old world.

Bare the rugged heights ascending,  
Bring to mind the past,  
When the weary voyage ending,  
Was the anchor cast.

And the stranger sails were furled  
Beside the glorious island  
Where Ulysses was the king.

Still does fancy see the palace,  
With its carved gates;  
Where the suitors drained the chalice,  
Mocking at the Fates.  
Stern, and dark, and veiled are they.

Still their silent thread entwining  
Of our wretched life;  
With their cold pale hands combining  
Hate, and fear, and strife.  
Hovers the avenging day  
O'er the glorious island  
Where Ulysses was the king.

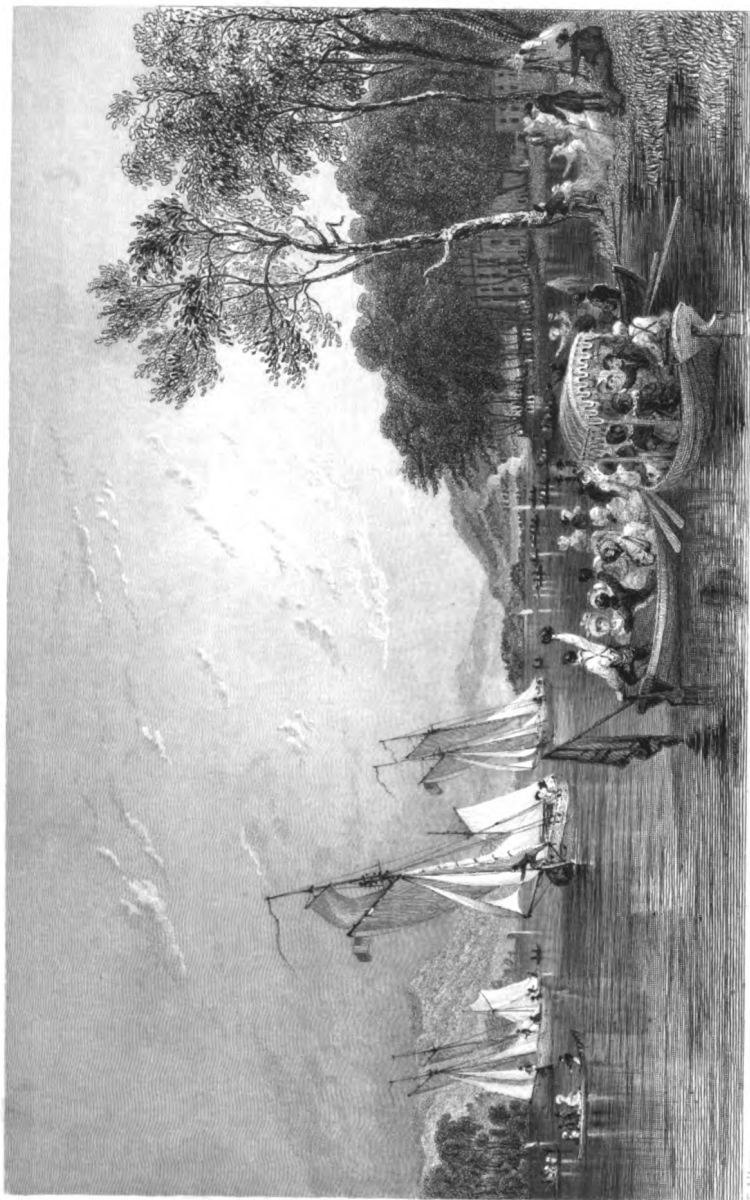
Grant my fancy pardon,  
If amid these trees  
Still it sees the garden  
Of old Laertes,  
Where he met his glorious son.

The apple boughs were drooping  
Beneath their rosy fruit,  
And the rich brown pears were stooping  
To the old man at their foot,  
While his daily task was done  
In the glorious island,  
Where Ulysses was the king;



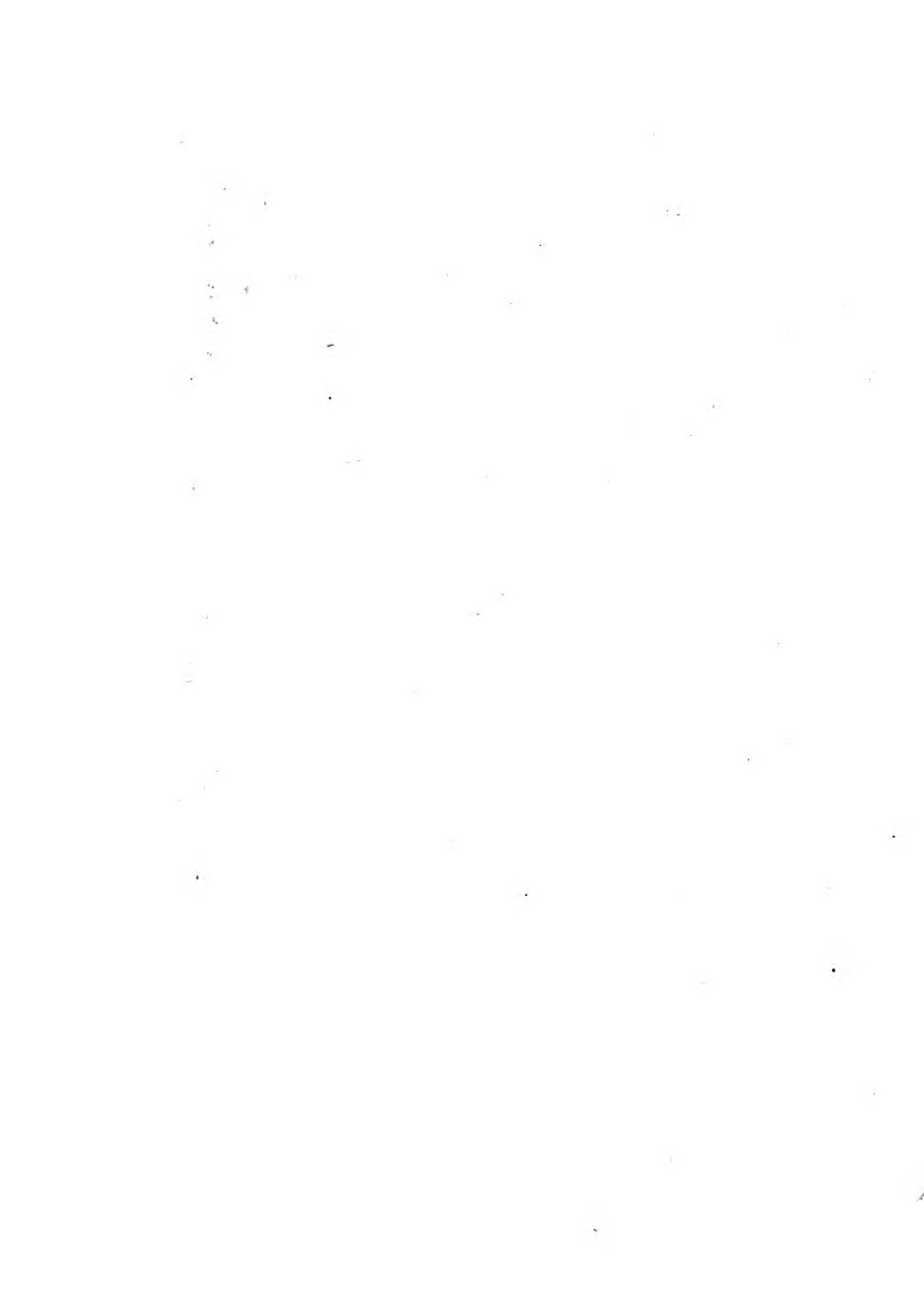






J. Starling

T. Allom





REGATTA,—WINDERMERE LAKE.

WITH sunshine on their canvass,  
And sunshine at their side—  
Like court beauties at a pageant,  
The stately vessels glide.

The sound of shout and music  
Comes from the boats behind ;  
And the peal of youthful laughter  
Makes glad the summer wind.

But we will not go with them,  
My loved one and my own ;  
We never are so happy  
As when we are alone.

Yet when the purple shadows  
Of the quiet eve come on,  
And the ripple of those vessels  
From each still wave is gone :—

When stars with silver footsteps  
Pass like angels o'er the sky ;  
When the breath of leaf and blossom  
To the lulling winds reply :—

Then let our boat, my sweet one !  
To yonder shore depart,  
When not a sound is louder  
Than our own beating heart.

Like a dream beneath the moonlight,  
Our fairy float will be ;  
Let the weary crave the many—  
I ask only for thee !

THE EARL OF SANDWICH.

THEY called the Islands by his name,\*  
Those isles, the far-away and fair ;  
A graceful fancy linked with fame,  
A flattery—such as poets' are ;

Who link with lovely things their praise,  
And ask the earth, and ask the sky,  
To colour with themselves their lays  
And some associate grace supply.

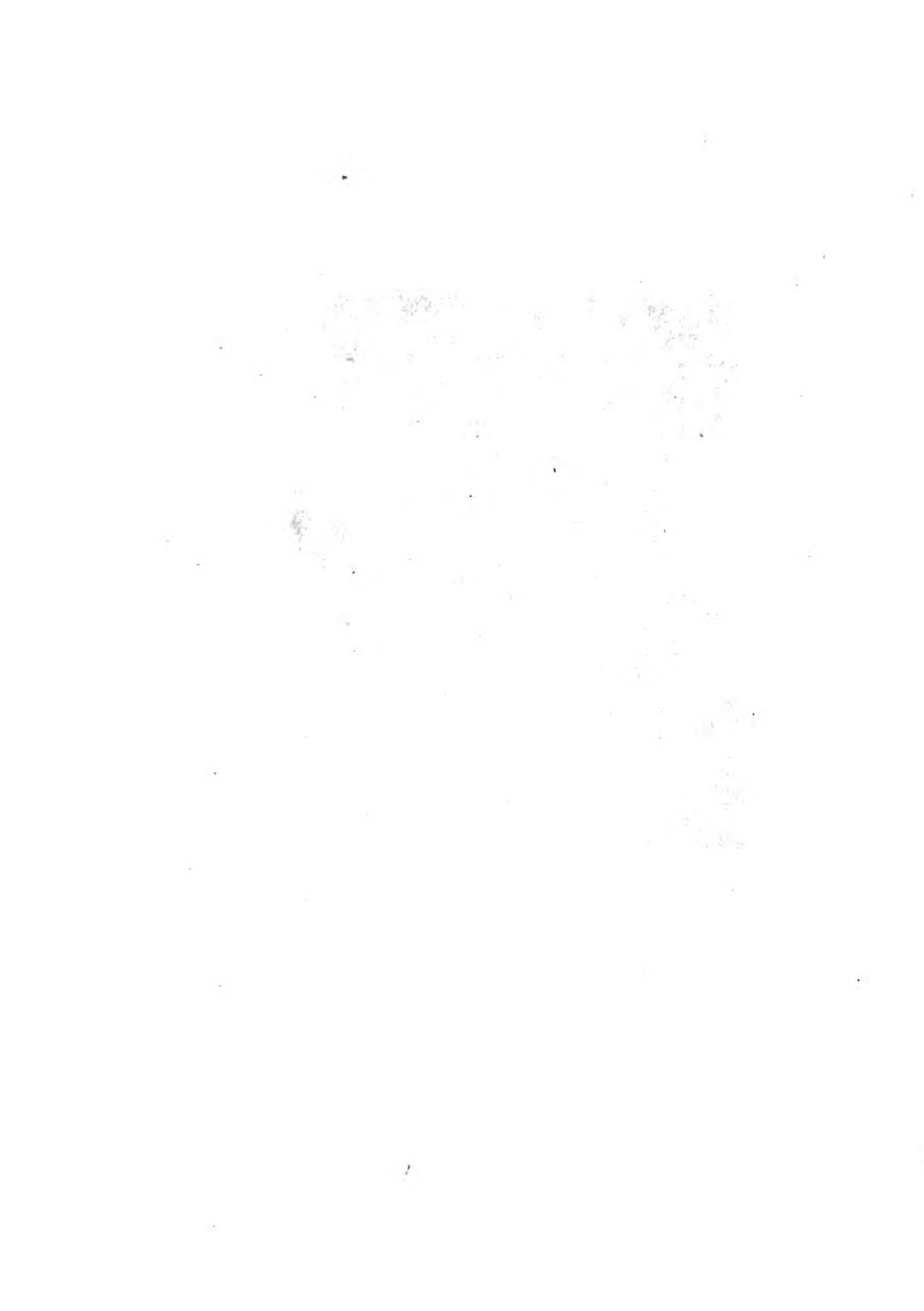
But here it was a sailor's thought,  
That named the island from the Earl—  
That dreams of England might be brought  
To those soft shores, and seas of pearl.

How very fair they must have seemed  
When first they darkened on the deep !  
Like all the wandering seaman dreamed  
When land rose lovely on his sleep.

How many dreams they turned to truth  
When first they met the sailor's eyes ;  
Green with the sweet earth's southern youth,  
And azure with her southern skies.

And yet our English thought beguiles  
The mariner where'er he roam.  
He looks upon the new-found isles,  
And calls them by some name of home.

\* The Sandwich Islands were so called in honour of the Earl of Sandwich, then first lord of the Admiralty.







Portrait of John Paul Jones.

Engraved by H. T. Ryall.

# Sandwich

PUBLISHED BY THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES, COLLEGE PARK, MARYLAND

1963 OCLC 1000000000













## GIBRALTAR.

### SCENE DURING THE PLAGUE.

AT first, I only buried one,  
And she was borne along  
By kindred mourners to her grave,  
With sacred rite and song.  
At first they sent for me to pray  
Beside the bed of death :  
They blessed their household, and they breathed  
Prayer in their latest breath.  
But then men died more rapidly—  
They had not time to pray ;  
And from the pillow love had smoothed  
Fear fled in haste away.  
And then there came the fastened door—  
Then came the guarded street—  
Friends in the distance watched for friends ;  
Watched,—that they might not meet.  
And Terror by the hearth stood cold,  
And rent all natural ties,  
And men, upon the bed of death  
Met only stranger eyes :  
The nurse—and guard, stern, harsh, and wan,  
Remained, unpitying, by ;  
They had known so much wretchedness,  
They did not fear to die.  
Heavily rung the old church bells,  
But no one came to prayer :  
The weeds were growing in the street,  
Silence and Fate were there.  
O'er the first grave by which I stood,  
Tears fell, and flowers were thrown,  
The last grave held six hundred lives,\*  
And there I stood alone.

\* A fact, mentioned to me by a clergyman, Mr. Howe, whose duty enforced residence during the ravages of the Yellow Fever.

## SCALE FORCE, CUMBERLAND.

This cascade, distant about a mile and half from the village of Buttermere, exceeds in extent of fall the renowned Niagara, yet, owing to a difficulty of access, it is frequently neglected by the tourist.

It sweeps, as sweeps an army,  
Adown the mountain side,  
With the voice of many thunders,  
Like the battle's sounding tide.

Yet the sky is blue above it,  
And the dashing of the spray  
Wears the colour of the rainbow  
Upon an April day.

It rejoices in the sunshine,  
When after heavy rain  
It gathers the far waters  
To dash upon the plain.

It is terrible, yet lovely,  
Beneath the morning rays:  
Like a dream of strength and beauty,  
It haunted those who gaze.

We feel that it is glorious,  
Its power is on the soul;  
And lofty thoughts within us  
Acknowledge its control.

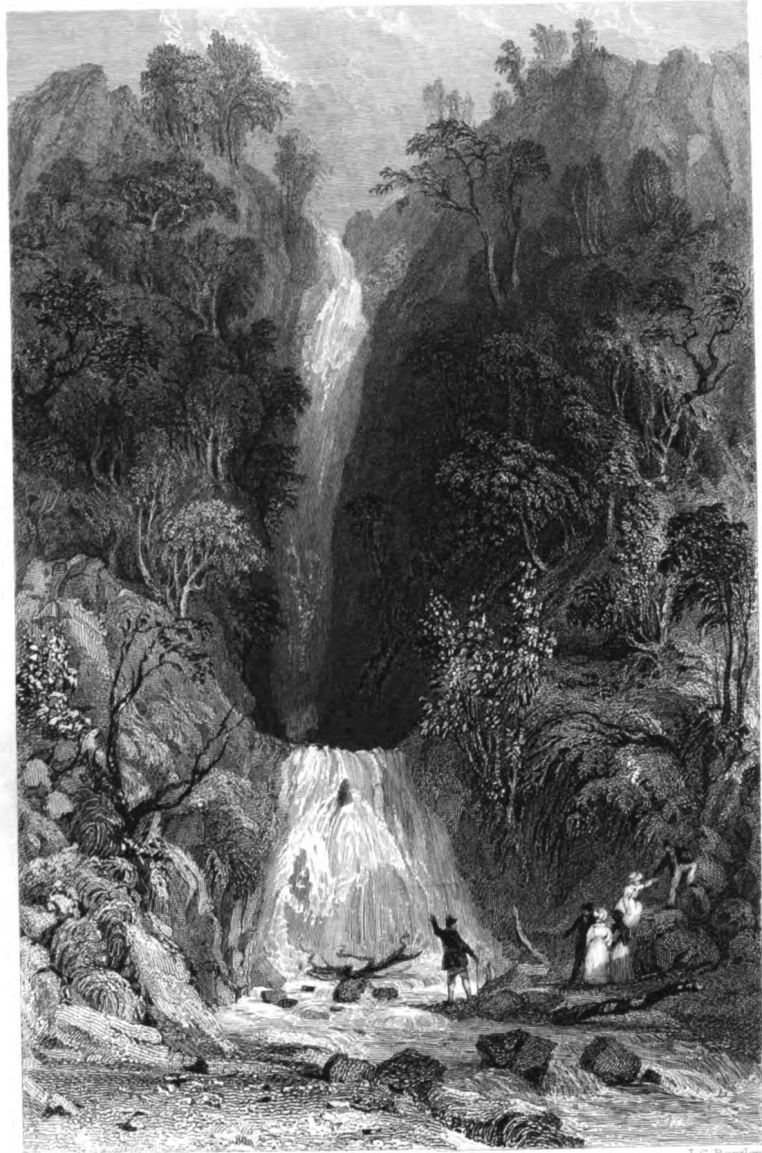
A generous inspiration  
Is on the outward world;  
It waketh thoughts and feelings  
In careless coldness furled.

To love and to admire  
Seems natural to the heart;  
Life's small and selfish interests  
From such a scene depart.









T. Allan.

J. C. Bentley

THE WATERFALLS OF THE MOUNTAINS.

THE WATERFALLS OF THE MOUNTAINS.





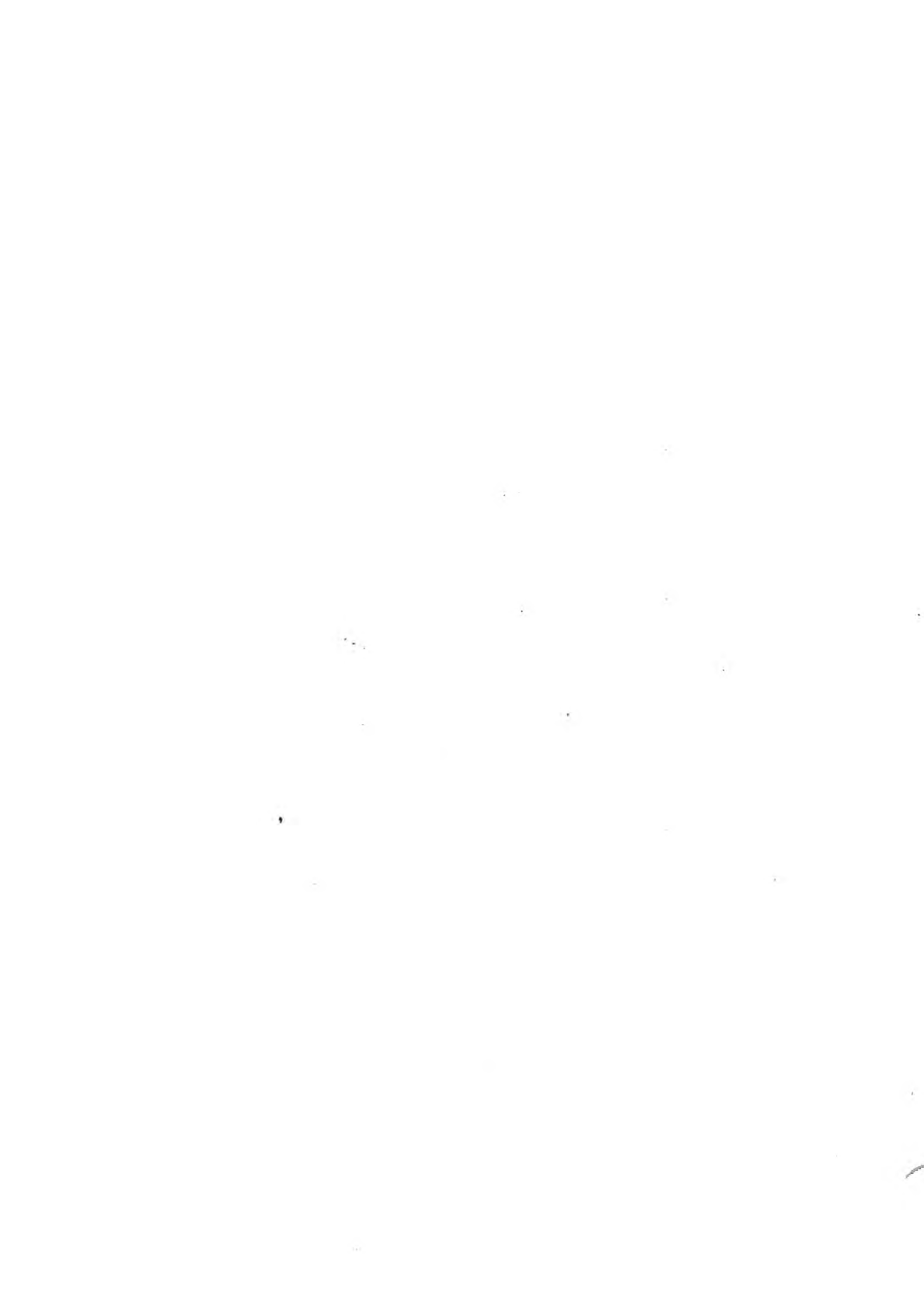


Engraved by T. S. Englemann

*Le Linné Noir de Linnéboten*

*The Black Linné of Linnéboten*

LITTON, 207 & C. LONDON & PARIS 1874





## BLACK LINN OF LINKLATER.

“Toujours lui—lui partout.”—*Victor Hugo.*



ut of Himself, Him only speak these hills!

I do not see the sunshine on the vale,  
I do not hear the low song of the wind  
Singing as sings a child. Like fancies flung  
Around the midnight pillow of a dream,  
Dim pageantries shut out the real scene,  
And call up one associate with Him.

I see the ancient Master pale and worn,  
Tho' on him shines the lovely southern heaven,  
And Naples greets him with festivity.

The Dying by the Dead:—for his great sake,  
They have laid bare the city of the lost.  
His own creations fill the silent streets;  
The Roman pavement rings with golden spurs,  
The Highland plaid shades dark Italian eyes,  
And the young King himself is Ivanhoe.

But there the old man sits—majestic—wan,  
Himself a mighty vision of the past;  
The glorious mind has bowed beneath its toil;  
He does not hear his name on foreign lips  
That thank him for a thousand happy hours.  
He does not see the glittering groups that press  
In wonder and in homage to his side;  
Death is beside his triumph.

When Sir Walter Scott arrived at Naples, the picturesque imagination of the south was all alive to do him honour. Contrary to established etiquette, the king called upon him—

“Nice customs curtsey to great names.”

A fête was then given in his honour, and Pompeii was chosen for its site. All the guests took some character from the Waverley novels. The deserted city echoed with music; lamps flung their light over walls so long unconscious of festivity. The city of the Dead suited well the festal of the dying. Sir Walter was present, but unconscious; he sat wan, exhausted, and motionless,—“the centre of the glittering ring” formed by his own genius. The triumph had its usual moral—it came too late.



THE EVENING STAR.



Oh, loveliest! that through my casement gleaming,  
Bringeth thy native heaven along with thee,  
Touching with far-off light that lovelier dreaming,  
Which but for that, all earthly else would be.

The smoke is round the house-tops slowly wreathing,  
Until upgathered in one gloomy cloud,  
It rises like the city's heavy breathing,  
Material, dense, the sunshine's spreading shroud.

Night knows not silence, for that living ocean  
Pants night and day with its perpetual flow,  
Stirring the unquiet air with restless motion,  
From that vast human tide which rolls below.

Trouble and discontent, and hours whose dial  
Is in the feverish heart which knows not rest;  
These give the midnight's sinking sleep denial,  
These leave the midnight's dreaming couch unprest.

But thou, sweet Star, amid the harsh and real,  
The cares that harass night with thoughts of day,  
Dost bring the beautiful and the ideal,  
Till the freed spirit wanders far away.

Then come the lofty hope—the fond remembrance,  
All dreams that in the heart its youth renew,  
Till it doth take, fair planet, thy resemblance,  
And fills with tender light, and melts with dew.

What though it be but a delicious error,  
The influence that in thy beauty seems,  
Still let love—song—and hope—make thee their mirror,  
Oh, life and earth, what were ye without dreams!

## LOVE AND HOPE.

ONE day beside a limpid pool,  
Cupid and Psyche, full of bliss,  
Fondled and toyed and played the fool,  
And practised "bo-peep" for a kiss;  
When Cupid, with malicious taste,  
Seized suddenly the Soul's fair daughter,  
And clasping with both hands her waist,  
Dropped the young Beauty in the water.

Loud Psyche screamed, loud Cupid laughed,  
Down sunk Psyche like a Naiad,  
It was no nectar that she quaffed,  
But pure cold water, I'm afraid;  
Then, then came Cupid's turn; he stared,  
And looked as white as alabaster,  
His Loveship was not quite prepared  
For such a terrible disaster.

He wrung his hands—his wings he shook,  
And called on Venus for assistance,  
She heard him not, just then she took  
With Mars a walk at too great distance;  
But at the climax of his woes,  
Hope's shallop shot across the water,  
And as the third time Psyche rose,  
She seized by th' hair the Soul's sad daughter.

Thus ever since have Hope and Love  
United been in wicked scheming;  
Whilst Hope with Cupid's "hand and glove,"  
Love fosters coy Hope's wildest dreaming;  
Th' unshielded heart is now their game,  
As every thing in nature shews it,  
Young Love first lights the subtle flame,  
Then Hope most kindly fans and blows it.

H. C. D.

I O N A.



WHEN thy young brow that now is bright  
As sun-rise on the Indian Isles,  
And those blue eyes as full of light  
As thy sweet lute-lips are of smiles.  
When they o'er sorrow's font reveal  
The rain-drop of thy bleeding breast,  
Iona, there's a bosom still,  
Shall lull thee, love thee into rest.

To thee all seems a summer hour,  
The breeze is like an angel's sigh,  
And Oh! how sweetly each coy flower  
Is coloured by thy raptured eye.  
No clouds now shadow the rich bloom  
That clothes thy earth's parental shrine,  
Earth, heaven, and home are all perfume,  
Lovely as every thought of thine.

But flowers will fade and summer wane,  
And breezes into whirlwinds start,  
And clouds the sun's bright palace stain,  
And sorrow rifle thy young heart.  
Oh! when at last thou'rt forced to feel  
The lone tear soil thy sobbing breast,  
Iona, there's a bosom still  
Will lull thee, love thee, into rest.

H. C. D.



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