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Per 2805 d. 35,

1840







T. Allon.

J. Jenkins.



*There's but a little more to say,
and that's the glad tidings come
to us all now, and we're sure no more.*

L. P. L.

Cape Coast Castle October 12



F I S H E R ' S
D R A W I N G R O O M
S C R A P - B O O K .

M D C C C X L .

W I T H P O E T I C A L I L L U S T R A T I O N S B Y

L . E . L .

A N D

M A R Y H O W I T T .

L O N D O N :

F I S H E R , S O N , & C O . N E W G A T E S T R E E T .

P A R I S , Q U A I D E L ' E C O L E .



PREFACE.

ONE of the most melancholy of events has made me the successor of L. E. L. in the editorship of the DRAWING ROOM SCRAP-BOOK. I feel that a responsible and somewhat difficult duty has been laid upon me, less from the intrinsic nature of the work itself, than from being the successor of its former Editor. The pleasant custom of nine years had so associated her name, and her peculiar sentiments and graceful poetry, with these volumes, that, even though it had been possible for me to perform the task more ably, it must take some time to accustom the public to the difference. This consciousness has, I confess, made me perform my part with some anxiety. To the public, however, this volume must be particularly interesting. It contains eight poems which had been prepared for it by its former gifted Editor, and which, for noble sentiment, she never surpassed. I need hardly say how affecting this unfinished labour was to me. I seemed to take up the work, as it were, from the very hands of the dead.

MARY HOWITT.

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THE
DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP BOOK.

L. E. L.

As we place these talismanic letters, L. E. L., which have stood so attractively for not less than eight years on the title-page of the DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP BOOK, at the head of a closing article on the genius of the very interesting and gifted creature whom they represented, we feel it to be a circumstance in which the readers of the Scrap-Book must, more than all others, take the deepest interest. Every succeeding year must have given to L. E. L. a more captivating and endearing hold on their minds, for over none of her numerous works had she cast more lavishly the rainbow hues of her genius, and in none had the evidences of her still rapidly growing intellect, and the expanding and deepening scope of her observation and her human sympathies, become more apparent. Every reader of the Drawing-Room Scrap Book would at once respond to Miss Landon's own candid declaration to the publishers, that she had given "a high literary character to it;" and nothing is more true than her assertion to the same party, "Some of my best poems have appeared in the Drawing-Room Scrap Book."

The circumstance, however, which terminated the intercourse of L. E. L. with the readers of this work, was that only which snapped asunder her connexion with the earth itself—death—an early and melancholy death.

We have, within a few years, felt some of the most vivid sensations which the death of popular writers can, under any circumstances, possibly create. We have not forgotten the electric shock which the death of Byron, falling in his prime and in a noble cause, sent through Europe: nor the more expected, but not less solemn and strongly recognized departure of Sir Walter Scott: but neither of these exceeded that with which the news was received of the sudden decease of this still young and popular poetess. The apprehensions which the climate suggested, on the first tidings of her going out to Cape Coast Castle, did not even abate the abrupt effect of the news of her death. The mysterious circumstances attending it, threw a tragic horror around it, and kindled an intense eagerness to penetrate their obscurity. The strange contrast between the youthful and buoyant spirit of L. E. L.'s genius, and the sombre tone of her views of life and human nature, were not more startling and stimulant than that between her popularity and her fate.

It is not our intention here to pause over this sudden quenching of so lovely and brilliant a luminary, nor to attempt to dissipate a single mystery which hangs over it. Her amiable and excellent friend, Emma Roberts, has drawn, in the introduction to "The Zenana, and Minor Poems of L. E. L." published since her death, an admirable, and admirably just, character of her. Our present object is to take a review of her literary career—rapid, yet sufficiently full to point out some particulars in her writings, which we think too peculiar not to interest strongly her former readers.

The subject of L. E. L.'s first volume was love—a subject which we might have supposed, in one so young, would have been clothed in all the gay and radiant colours of hope and happiness; but, on the contrary, it was exhibited as the most fatal and melancholy of human passions. With the strange wayward delight of the young heart ere it has known actual sorrow, she seemed to riot and revel amid death and woe, laying prostrate hope, life, and affection. Of all the episodical tales introduced into the general design of the principal poem, not one but terminated fearfully or sorrowfully: the heroine herself was the fading victim of crossed and wasted affections. The shorter poems which filled up the volume, and which were, mostly, of extreme beauty, were still based on the wrecks and agonies of humanity.

It might be imagined that this morbid indulgence of so strong an appetite for grief, was but the first dipping of the playful foot in the sunny shallows of that flood of mortal experience, through which all have to pass, and but the dallying, yet desperate pleasure afforded by the mingled chill and glittering eddies of the waters which might hereafter swallow up the passer through, and that the first real pang of actual pain would scare her youthful fancy into the bosom of those hopes and fascinations with which the young mind is commonly only too much delighted to surround itself. But it is a singular fact, that, spite of her own really cheerful disposition, and spite of all the advice of her most influential friends, she persisted in this tone from the first to the last of her works, from that hour to the hour of her lamented death. Her poems, though laid in scenes and times capable of any course of events, and though filled to overflowing with the splendours and gauds and high-toned sentiments of chivalry, though enriched with all the colours and ornaments of a most fertile and sportive fancy, were still but the heralds and delineations of melancholy, misfortune, and death. Let any one turn to any, or all, of her poetical volumes, and say whether this be not so, with few, and, in most of them, no exceptions. The very words of her first heroine might have literally been uttered as her own.

"Sad were my shades; methinks they had
Almost a tone of prophecy—
I ever had, from earliest youth,
A feeling what my fate would be." *The Improvisatrice*, p. 3.

This is one singular peculiarity of the poetry of L. E. L.; and her poetry must be confessed to be peculiar. It is entirely her own. It had one prominent and fixed character, and that character belonged solely to itself. The rhythm, the feeling, the style and phraseology of, L. E. L.'s poetry, were such, that you could immediately recognize it, though the writer's name was not mentioned. Love was still the great theme, and misfortune the great doctrine. It was not the less remarkable, that she retained to the last the poetical tastes of her very earliest years. The themes of chivalry and romance, feudal pageants and Eastern splendour, delighted her imagination as much in the full growth as in the budding of her genius.

We should say that it is the young and the ardent who must always be the warmest admirers of the larger poems of L. E. L. They are filled with the faith and the fancies of the young. The very scenery and ornaments are of that rich and showy kind which belongs to the youthful taste—the white rose, the jasmine, the summer garniture of deep grass, and glades of greenest foliage; festal gardens with lamps and bowers; gay cavaliers and jewelled dames, and all that glitters in young eyes and love-haunted fancies. But amongst these, numbers of her smaller poems from the first dealt with subjects and sympathies of a more general kind, and gave glimpses of a nobility of sentiment, and a bold expression of her feeling of the unequal lot of humanity, of a far higher character. Such, in the *Improvisatrice*, are the *Guerilla Chief*, *St. George's Hospital*, *The Deserter*, *Gladesmuir*, *The Covenanters*, *The Female Convict*, *The Soldier's Grave*, &c. Such are many that we could point out in every succeeding volume. But it was in her few last years that her heart and mind seemed every day to develop more strength, and to gather a wider range of humanity into their embrace. In the later volumes of the *Drawing-Room Scrap Book*, many of the best poems of which have been reprinted with the *Zenana*, nothing was more striking than the steady development of growing intellectual power, and of deep, and generous, and truly philosophical sentiments, tone of thought, and serious experience.

But when L. E. L. had fixed her character as a poet, and the public looked only for poetical productions from her, she suddenly came forth as a prose writer, and with still added proofs of intellectual vigour. Her prose stories have the leading characteristics of her poetry. Their theme is love, and their demonstration, that all love is fraught with destruction and desolation. But there are other qualities manifested in the tales. The prose page was for her a wider tablet, on which she could, with more freedom and ampler display, record her views of society. Of these, *Francesca Carrara*, and *Ethil Churchill*, are unquestionably the best works, the latter pre-eminently so. In these she has shown, under the characters of *Guido* and *Walter Maynard*, her admiration of genius, and her opinion of its fate; under those of *Francesca* and *Ethil Churchill*, the adverse destiny of pure and high-souled woman.

These volumes abound with proofs of a shrewd observation of society, with masterly sketches of character, and the most beautiful snatches of scenery. But what surprise and delight more than all, are the sound and true estimates of humanity, and the honest boldness with which her opinions are expressed. The clear perception of the fearful social condition of this country, and the fervent advocacy of the poor, scattered through these works, but especially the last, do honour to her woman's heart. These portions of L. E. L.'s writings require to be yet more truly appreciated.

There is another characteristic of her prose writings which is peculiar. Never were the feelings and experiences of authorship so cordially and accurately described. She tells us all that she has learned freely. She puts words into the mouth of *Walter Maynard*, of which all who have known anything of literary life, must instantly acknowledge the correctness. The author's heart never was more completely laid open, with all its hopes, fears, fatigues, and enjoyments, its bitter and its glorious experiences. In the last hours of *Walter Maynard*, she makes him utter what must, at that period, have been daily more and more her own conviction. "I am far cleverer than I was. I have felt, have thought so much! Talk of the mind exhausting itself!—never! Think of the mass of material which every day accumulates! Then experience, with its calm, clear light, corrects so many youthful fallacies; every day we feel our higher moral responsibility, and our greater power."

They are the convictions of "higher moral responsibility and greater power," which strike us so forcibly in the later writings of L. E. L.

But what shall we say to the preparation of prussic acid, and to its preservation by Lady Marchmont? What of the perpetual creed of L. E. L., that all affection brings wo and death? What of the Improvisatrice in her earliest work, already quoted:—

" I ever had, from earliest youth,
A feeling what my fate would be."

And then the fate itself?

Whether this melancholy belief in the tendency of the great subject of her writings, both in prose and poetry; this irresistible annunciation, like another Cassandra, of wo and desolation; this evolution of scenes and characters in her last work, bearing such dark resemblance to those of her own after-experience; this tendency in all her plots to a tragic catastrophe, and this final tragedy itself, whether these be all mere coincidences or not, they are still but the parts of an unsolved mystery. If they be, they are more than strange, and ought to make us superstitious. But surely, if ever

Coming events cast their shadows before,

they did so in the foreboding tone of this gifted spirit. However these things be, we come from a fresh perusal of her works, since her lamented death, with a higher opinion of her intellectual and moral constitution, and with a livelier sense of the peculiar character of her genius.

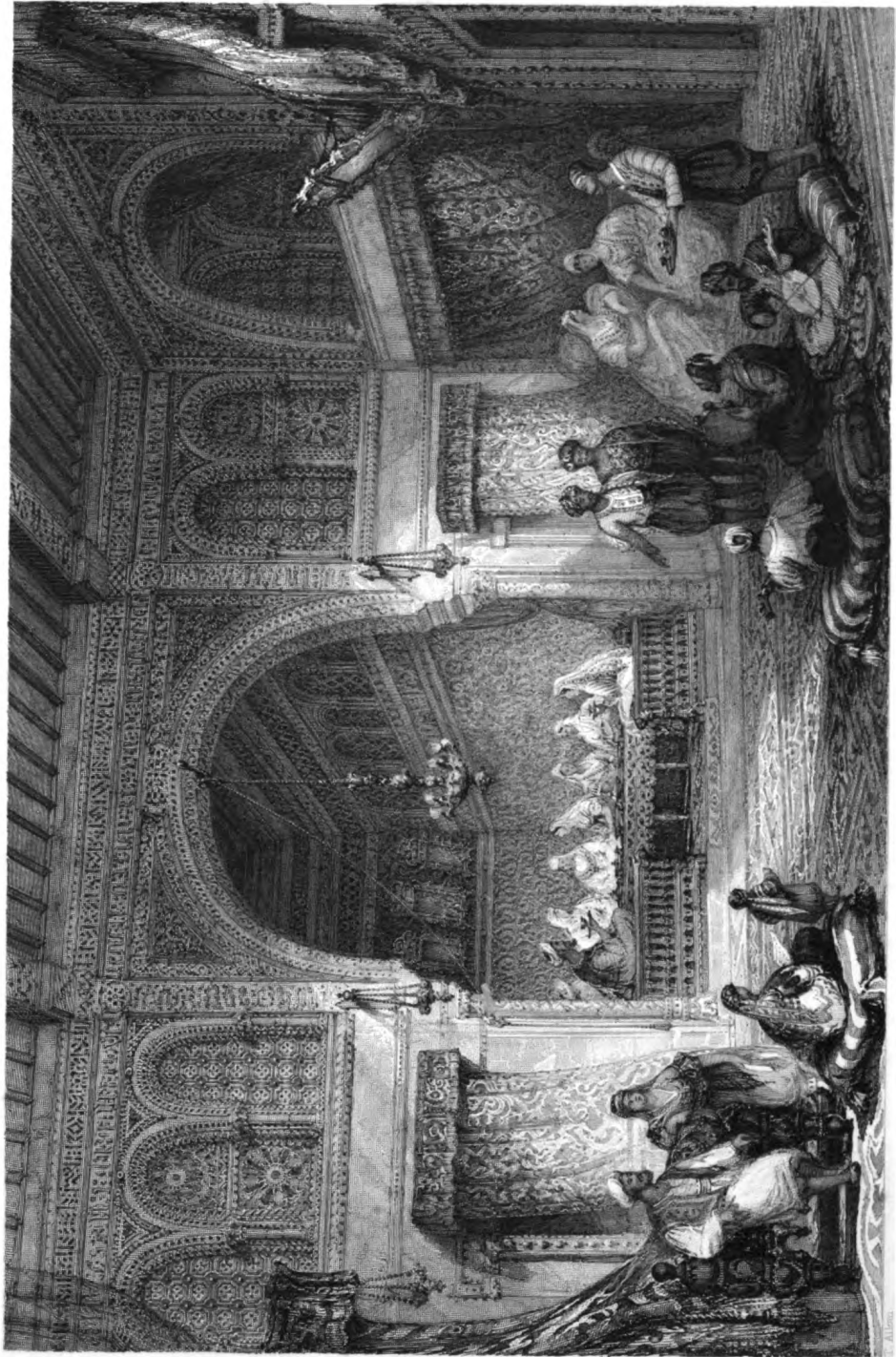
W. H.

L'ENVOI.

Farewell, farewell! Thy latest word is spoken;
The lute thou lovedst hath given its latest tone;
Yet not without a lingering, parting token
Hast thou gone from us, young and gifted one!
And what in love thou gavest, here we treasure,
Sweet words of song penned in those far-off wilds,
And pure and righteous thoughts, in lofty measure,
Strong as a patriot's, gentle as a child's.
Here shrine we them, like holy relics keeping,
That they who loved thee may approach and read;
May know thy latest thoughts; may joy in weeping
That thou wast worthy to be loved indeed!
Farewell, farewell! And as thy heart could cherish
For love, a flower, the sere leaf of a tree,—
So from these pages shall not lightly perish
Thy latest lays—memento flowers of thee!

M. H.





INTERIOR OF A MOORISH PALACE.

The palace, built by Hamooda Pasha, is a magnificent specimen of Moorish architecture.

HAMOODA holds a feast to-night—
Fill ye the lamps with fragrant light;
Burn, in the twilight's dewy time,
The mastic, rosemary, and thyme;
And scatter round the festal chamber
Oils from the rose, the musk, the amber.

And bind ye wreaths to hang the room,
The red pomegranate just in bloom,
The tulip, with the purple glow,
That hides the burning heart below;
The crimson rose beside the pale,
And the white jasmin, faint and frail.

Fling ye the silken curtains wide,
With gold restrained—with scarlet dyed.
And let the colours wander o'er
The polished walls—the snowy floor.
The painted glass has hues to vie
With morning's dew or evening's sky.

White are the walls, but o'er them wind
Rich patterns curiously designed.
The Koran's sentences of light,
Where azure, gold, and red unite;
And like their mirrors, fountains play
To lull and cool the burning day.

See the sherbets be cool with snows,
Flavoured with lemon and with rose;
High in pearl baskets pile the grape
So that no purple bloom escape.
Bring ye the sweetmeats, and serve up
The coffee in a golden cup.

Call in the music, hours are long
Unspeded by the dance and song.
Prepare the fairest slaves, whose eyes
Are stars to light our human skies.
Gather scents, songs, tales, smiles, and light,
The Bey Hamooda feasts to-night.

L. E. L.

“ K A T E I S C R A Z ’ D . ”

COWPER.

“ There often wanders one, whom better days
Saw better clad, in cloak of satin trimmed
With lace, and hat with splendid riband bound.
A serving-maid was she, and fell in love
With one who left her, went to sea, and died.
Her fancy followed him through foaming waves
To distant shores; and she would sit and weep
At what a sailor suffers; fancy too,
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,
Would oft anticipate his glad return,
And dream of transports she was not to know.
She heard the doleful tidings of his death—
And never smiled again! and now she roams
The dreary waste; there spends the livelong day,
And there, unless when charity forbids,
The livelong night. A tattered apron hides,
Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown
More tattered still; and both but ill conceal
A bosom heaved with never-ceasing sighs.
She begs an idle pin of all she meets,
And hoards them in her sleeve; but needful food,
Though pressed with hunger oft, or comelier clothes,
Though pinched with cold, asks never.—Kate is craz’d.”

How wonderful! how beautiful! these words
Are but the usual recompense assigned
To usual efforts of the human mind.
And yet how little jars these mighty chords!
How soon but one uneasy hour affords
Space for disunion and for disarray,
To mar the music of an earlier day!
It is a fearful thing to live, yet be
That which is scarcely life—the spirit fled—
Death at the heart—our nobler self is dead—
The reasoning and responsible, while we
Live, like the birds around, unconsciously.
God! in thy mercy keep us from such doom,
Let not our mind precede us to our tomb!

L. E. L.



J. Jenkins.

J. Thomson.







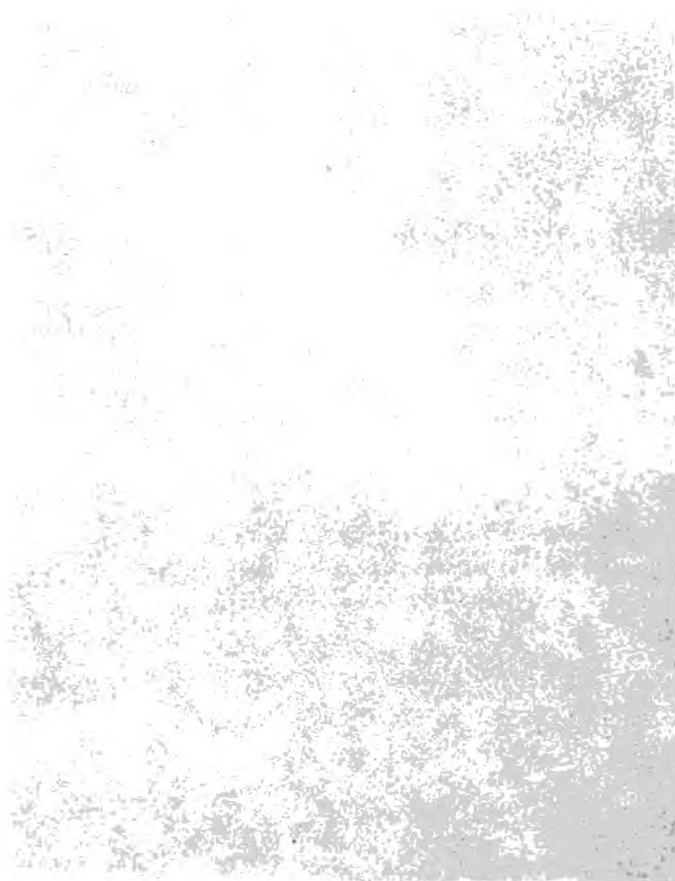
Painted by R. Westall, Esq. R. A.

Engraved by H. Robinson.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON, LORD BYRON.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, which appears to read "G. Byron". The signature is fluid and elegant, with a prominent flourish at the end.

1809



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 vanished;
The shadows by the weary forehead flung,
The gayer influences of life have banished.

'Tis sad, and fixed—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 feared—the praised—the blamed—
The constant struggle of the clay and spirit.

His name is on the haunted shade,
His name is on the air;
We walk the forest's twilight glade,
And only he is there.
The ivy wandering o'er the wall,
The fountain falling musical,
Proclaim him everywhere,
The heart is full of him, and flings
Itself on all surrounding things.

Or was it some wild dream of love
That filled the summer noon,
And saw but one sweet face above,
What time the maiden moon
Looked on a fairy world beneath,
And waked the hawthorn's sweetest breath,
The fountain's softest tune?
For young love, living on a smile,
Makes its own Eden for a while.

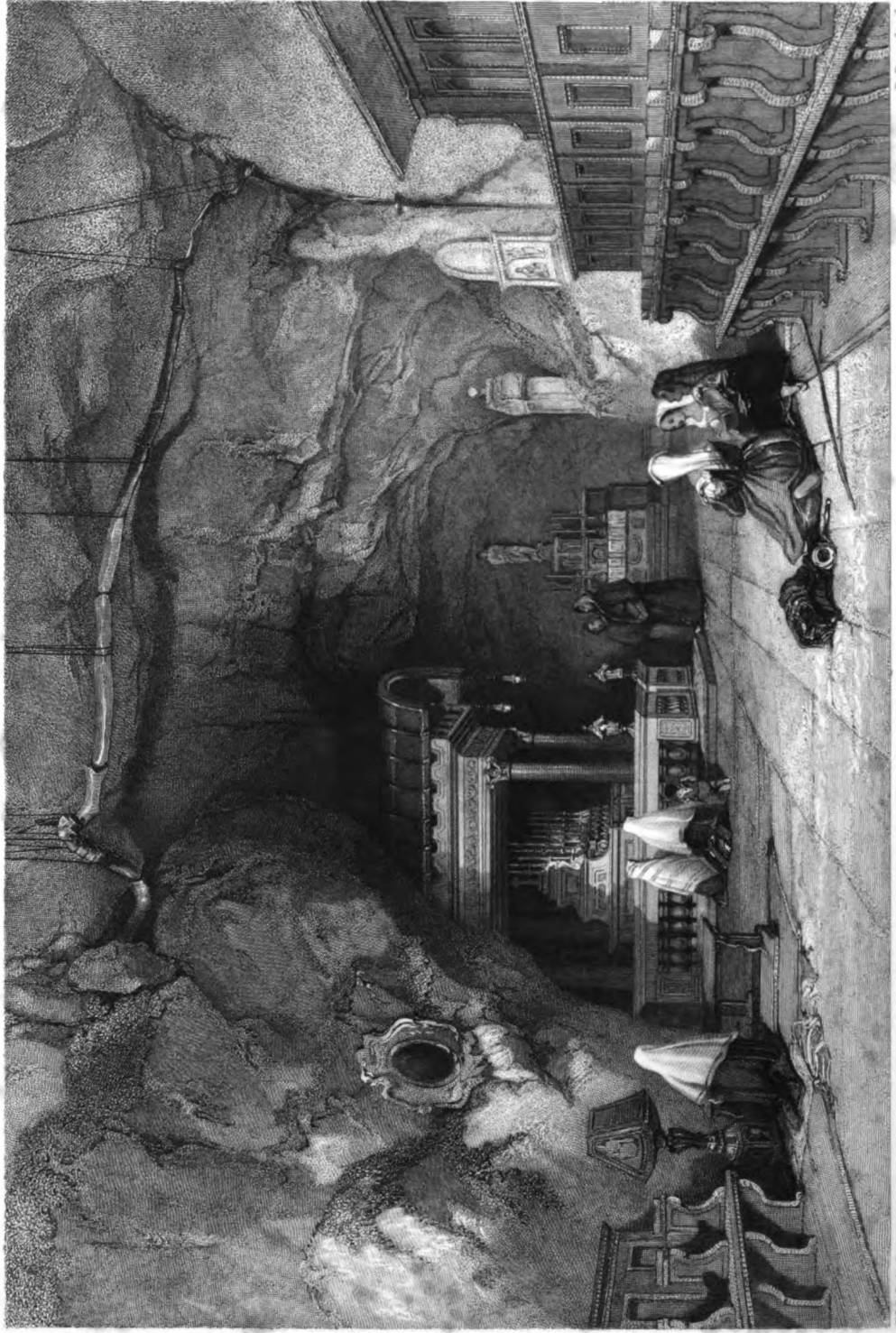
The ancient hall, when winter came,
Gave fantasies to night,
Light by some old lamp's flickering flame,
Or the red embers' light.
The shadows, that have little power
Upon the sunshine's cheerful hour,
Then master mind and sight;
The visionary world appears
Girt with fantastic shapes and fears.

Such was his childhood, suited well
To fashion such a mind;
The feudal sword—the gothic cell,
Their influence combined.
The old oak-wood—the forest stream,
And love soon wakened from the dream
It never quite resigned.
His life contained no after hour
O'er which his boyhood had no power.

Be after scenes with after years—
Here only we recall
Whatever soothes, subdues, endears,
In his ancestral hall.
The deep enchantment we have felt,
When every thought and feeling dwelt
Beneath his spirit's thrall.
Sad, softened, are the hearts that come
To gaze around his boyish home.

L.E.L.





R. Brendani.

W. Leitch.

THE
LIFE OF
THE
LORD

THE SHRINE AND GROTTA OF SANTA ROSALIA.

Tradition relates that the saint, who was niece of William the Good, disgusted with the manners of her uncle's court, at the early age of fifteen retired to a life of solitude and prayer, on the mountains near Palermo, and was not heard of after. The picturesque grotto, in which the bones of the saint were discovered, has, like the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, been enclosed within the walls of a church. The celebrated effigy of the saint is seen peeping through a rounded aperture; and in the inner and darker part of the gloomy cavern, stands her image. There is something so affecting in the attitude, beauty, and expression of the countenance, that it suggests an apology for its infatuated Palermitan worshippers, which can easily be understood by those who have seen Westmacott's "Houseless Wanderer."

HAD she not birth—that gives its place
High honoured in the land?
Her seat at every festival
Was at the Queen's right hand.
Had she not wealth—the wanting which,
Rank is a painful show?
It is the spirit of red gold
That rules the world below.

Had she not beauty—last, best charm
To woman granted here?
Ah! Nature has no other gift
So infinite—so dear!
Yet has she turned away from life,
Alone, apart, to dwell,
Within a mountain-solitude,
Within a mountain-cell.

What feelings and what impulses
Then stirred the human soul,
That gave itself entire, apart,
To solitude's control!
Was it a world of fantasy
Wherein her being moved,
While only of imagined things
She feared, and hoped, and loved?

Did the pale stars that watch at night
Reveal their mystic lore,
And tell the secrets of those days
That earth will know no more?

Did the wild winds amid the pines
Seem as they brought the tone
Of holy and immortal songs
To angels only known?

Her's must have been a life of dreams,
Exalted and sustained
By that enthusiastic faith
Which such a victory gained.
Yet hold I not such sacrifice
Is for the Christian's creed:
I question of its happiness—
I question of its need.

God never made a world so fair,
To leave that world a void,
Nor scattered blessings o'er our path,
Unless to be enjoyed.
Look round—the vales are sweet with flowers
The woods are sweet with song:
The soul, uplifted with their joy,
Says, such joy is not wrong.

Divine its origin—divine
The faith it keeps alive.
Not with the beautiful and true
Should human nature strive;
Each fine sense gifted with delight,
Was to the spirit given,
That, conscious of a better state,
It might believe in heaven.

Too much this weary world of ours
Has fallen since the fall;
And low desires, and care, and crime,
Hold empire over all.
Yet not the less it is our part
To do the best we can:
A better faith—a better fate
Man yet may work for man.

L. E. L.





Engraved by F. Higham.

Drawn by D. Roberts.



THE MOSQUE AT CORDOVA.

This massive and splendid pile of architecture, in its original glory inferior only to the mosque at Mecca, was erected by the Khaliph Abderrahman in the year 786, and finished by his son Hishom about 800; succeeding sovereigns, however, added to its magnitude and splendour; so that the whole edifice was the work of eight monarchs of the house of Ummaiya. There is not, perhaps, upon the face of the habitable globe, any single scene so calculated to impress the mind of the spectator with a variety of distinct and powerful emotions, as that which the skilful and intelligent artist has here presented to our view. Whether we regard the city of Cordova as the ancient seat of learning, the birth-place of the two Senecas and the poet Lucan, or contemplate the heathen, Christian, and barbaric vestiges of former greatness, which it still retains, the mind is led onward in the history of men and nations, from one to another of those great land-marks, which the river of time has left unmoved by its perpetual ebb and flow.

Beyond the mosque, and stretching to the left, is a pile of building formerly called the Alcazor, but more fearfully known to modern times as the dungeon of the Inquisition.

ROUND the purple shadow
Of the twilight falls
O'er the sculptured marble
Of Cordova's walls.
Scarcely is the present seen,
Thinking over what has been—
Over the crowned glories,
Told in ancient stories,
Of the Moslem rule in Spain.

Dark across the waters
Came the gathered power,
Guided by Count Julian
In an evil hour.
Castled height and wooded dell,
Knew the armed infidel.
Maidens in the orange bowers,
Knights within their armed towers,
Owned the Moslem rule in Spain.

Stately rose their city—
Many towns are fair,
None rose like Granada
In the morning air.
There the Moorish princes swayed
Empire which themselves had made.
Like a dream their memory dwells
Where the carved marble tells
Of the Moslem rule in Spain.

Mighty was the palace
Of their royal race,
Still the Hall of Lions
Has its ancient grace ;
Still the silver fountains sing
As they sang before the king,
Murmuring to the mournful night,
As they murmured in the height
Of the Moslem rule in Spain.

Yet the azure colours
On the ceiling shine,
Graved with golden letters
Of the Koran's line.
They are marked with many a stain
From the dew and from the rain.
And each thing is as a sign
In decay and in decline,
Of the Moslem rule in Spain.

Yet what dreams of beauty
Through the midnight glide :
Many a dark-eyed ladye,
Lovely in her pride,
Gliding o'er the perfumed floor,
As she wont in days of yore.
Fantasy with time at war,
Calls dim memories from afar
Of the Moslem rule in Spain.

Yet in old Cordova,
Mid the crowded streets,
Moorish trace and record
At each step one meets.
Not alone the Moorish fane
Brings us back the past again ;
But, like clouds on summer skies,
Fancy-shaped traditions rise
Of the Moslem rule in Spain.

Sacred unto poetry
Is the mystic past,
Hence the fairy shadows
Round the present cast.
Old songs lend their lovely wings
To a thousand lovely things.
And how many haunting songs
Still the charmed reign prolongs
Of the Moslem rule in Spain.

Honoured be each story
Brought from other days,
But for them there were no flowers
On our world-worn ways.
Every land, and every heart,
Turn back to their earlier part.
Let old songs and stories live
While the fanciful they give
To the Moslem rule in Spain.

L. E. L.

THOMAS CLARKSON, ESQ.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX.

NOT to the many doth the earth
Owe what she hath of good,
The many would not stir life's depths,
And could not if they would.
It is some individual mind
That moves the common cause :
To single efforts England owes
Her knowledge, faith, and laws.

Too much by small low interests bound,
We track our selfish way,
Careless if hope to-day still takes
Its tone from yesterday.
We look upon our daily path,
We do not look beyond,
Forgetful of the brotherhood
In nature's mighty bond.

England, how glorious thine estate !
How lovely thine array !
Thou art the throned Island Queen
Whom land and sea obey.
Responsible is power, and owns
The holiest debt on earth—
A strict account it owes that Heaven
From whence it had its birth.

Can such be rendered up by thee ?
Does neither guilt nor shame—
Guilt to redress—shame to efface—
Shade thy imperial name ?
Thou who dost ask for wealth and rule
Wherever rolls the sea,
O Island Queen ! how rests the claim
That millions have on thee ?





Painted by S. Lane.

Engraved by J. Cookson.

yours truly
Thomas Clarkson
—



And yet what grievous wrong is wrought,
Unnoticed and unknown,
Until some noble one stands forth,
And makes that wrong his own !
So stood he forth who first denounced
The slave-trade's cursed gain ;
Such call upon the human heart
Was never made in vain.

For generous impulses and strong
Within our nature lie :
Pity, and love, and sympathy
May sleep, but never die.
Thousands, awakened to the sense,
Have never since that time
Ceased to appeal to God and man
Against the work of crime.

The meanest hut that ever stood
Is yet a human home ;
Why to a low and humble roof
Should the despoiler come ?
Grant they are ignorant and weak,
We were ourselves the same :
If they are children, let them have
A child's imploring claim.

The husband parted from the wife,
The mother from the child—
Thousands within a single year,
From land and home exiled.
For what?—to labour without hope
Beneath a foreign sky ;
To gather up unrighteous wealth—
To droop—decline—and die !

Such wrong is darkly visited ;
The masters have their part—
For theirs had been the blinded eye,
And theirs the hardened heart.
Evil may never spring unchecked
Within the mortal soul ;
If such plague-spot be not removed,
It must corrupt the whole.

The future doth avenge the past—
Now, for thy future's sake,
Oh, England! for the guilty past
A deep atonement make.
The slave is given to thy charge,
He hopes from thee alone;
And thou, for every soul so given,
Must answer with thine own.

L. E. L.

Mr. Clarkson is now in his eightieth year; and so recently as the 15th of April, 1839, had the freedom of the City of London conferred upon him by an unanimous vote of the Corporation.

THE TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT.

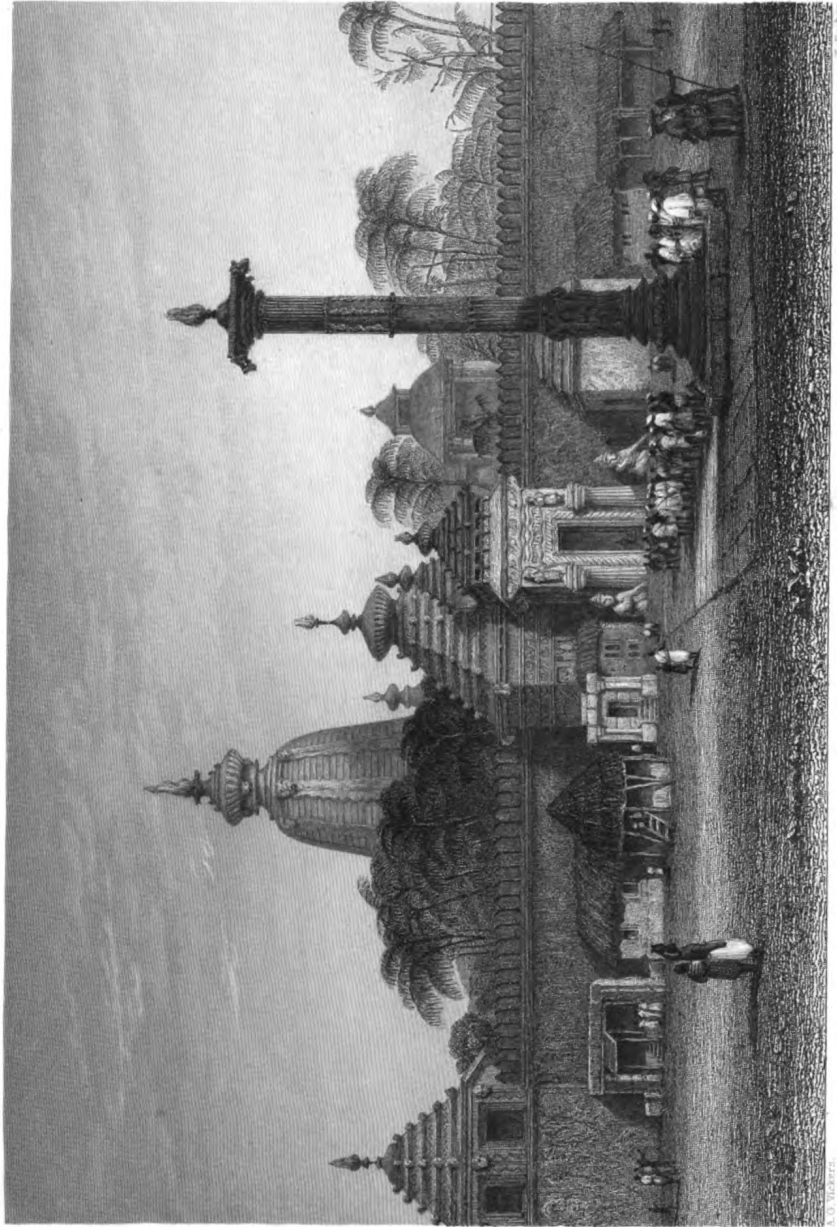
This is the most celebrated and sacred temple in Hindostan, and was built about the year 1198, by Rajah Anonda Bheem Deb, at a cost of £500,000. The principal entrance is the Singha-Devar, or the "Lion-Gate," immediately in front of which is a beautiful column dedicated to the sun.

The chief idol, called Juggernaut, is a huge unsightly figure of wood, bearing some distant resemblance to the human form: it is painted black, with a red mouth, and large red and white circles for eyes.

The ceremony of drawing the car takes place in June, and it is calculated that about 200,000 pilgrims, three-fourths of them females, annually resort to this festival, of whom at least 50,000 perish by sickness, hunger, and fatigue, and by voluntarily throwing themselves under its ponderous wheels.

THE winds are stirred with tumult—on the air
Sound drum and trumpet, atabal and gong—
Strong voices loud uplift a barbarous song.
Vast is the gathering—while the priests declare
The seven-headed god is passing there.
On roll his chariot-wheels, while every roll
From prostrate bodies crushes forth a soul;
Rejoicing such last agony to bear.
Such are thy creeds, O man! when thou art given
To thy own fearful nature—false and stern!
What were we now, but that all-pitying Heaven
Sent us a holier, purer faith to learn?—
Type of its message came the white-winged dove—
What is the Christian's creed?—Faith, Hope, and Love.

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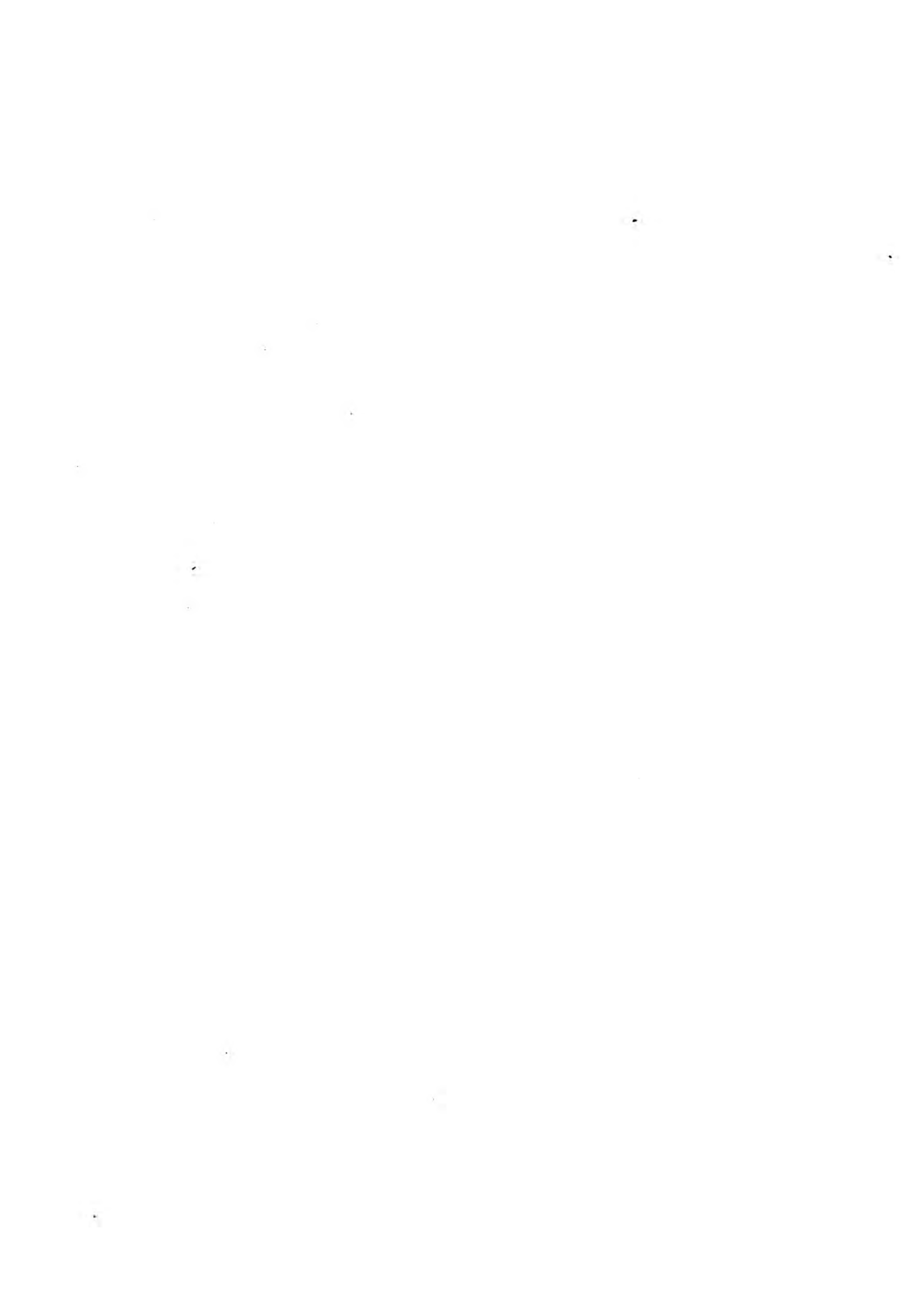


THE TEMPLE OF JUDICEMENT









SCENE IN LEBANON.

“THE PRETTIEST AND ONE OF THE BOLDEST PASSES IN LEBANON.”

YE mountains, gloomy with the past,
Ye dark ancestral heights,
Whereon the gleams of morning cast
The earliest of their lights.

The stars shine out above your snows,
Until the world seems made
For that one hour of dim repose
Of solitude and shade.

What have ye witnessed, since ye prest,
Beneath the new-born sun,
That shadow, type of those which rest
All human things upon.

Change has passed over all below,
But none has passed o'er thee.
Oh, mighty mountain! thou art now
What thou wast—and wilt be.

The proud Assyrian's purple host
Swept through thy dark defile,
Their banners by thy winds were tost,
Which mocked their pride the while.

Persian, and Ottoman, and kings
Far from the northern seas,
And knight and monk tradition brings
'Neath these ancestral trees.

There was earth's first-born offering made,
And there the Cross has past;
God's earliest altars knew their shade,
And they shall know the last.

L. E. L.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

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'erbrimmed
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 felled?

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!

My heart is filled 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,
Gleaned from the east and west,
These living, loving human things,
Are still the rich man's best!





E. T. PARRIS.

J. THOMSON.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.



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 symbolleth
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 blessed ye while on earth,—
I bless ye in His name!

THE SOURCE OF THE JUMNA.

“ By dint of untiring perseverance, we at last reached the confines of eternal snow. We found the river gliding under arches of ice. The most holy spot is upon the left bank, where a mass of quartz and silicious schist rock sends forth five hot springs into the bed of the river, which boil and bubble at a furious rate. The height of the snow-bed at Jumnotree, is about ten thousand feet.”

OH for some old mystery !
Something that we could not know—
Something that we could not fathom,
As it was long time ago !
Marvels strange have ceased to be—
There is now no mystery !

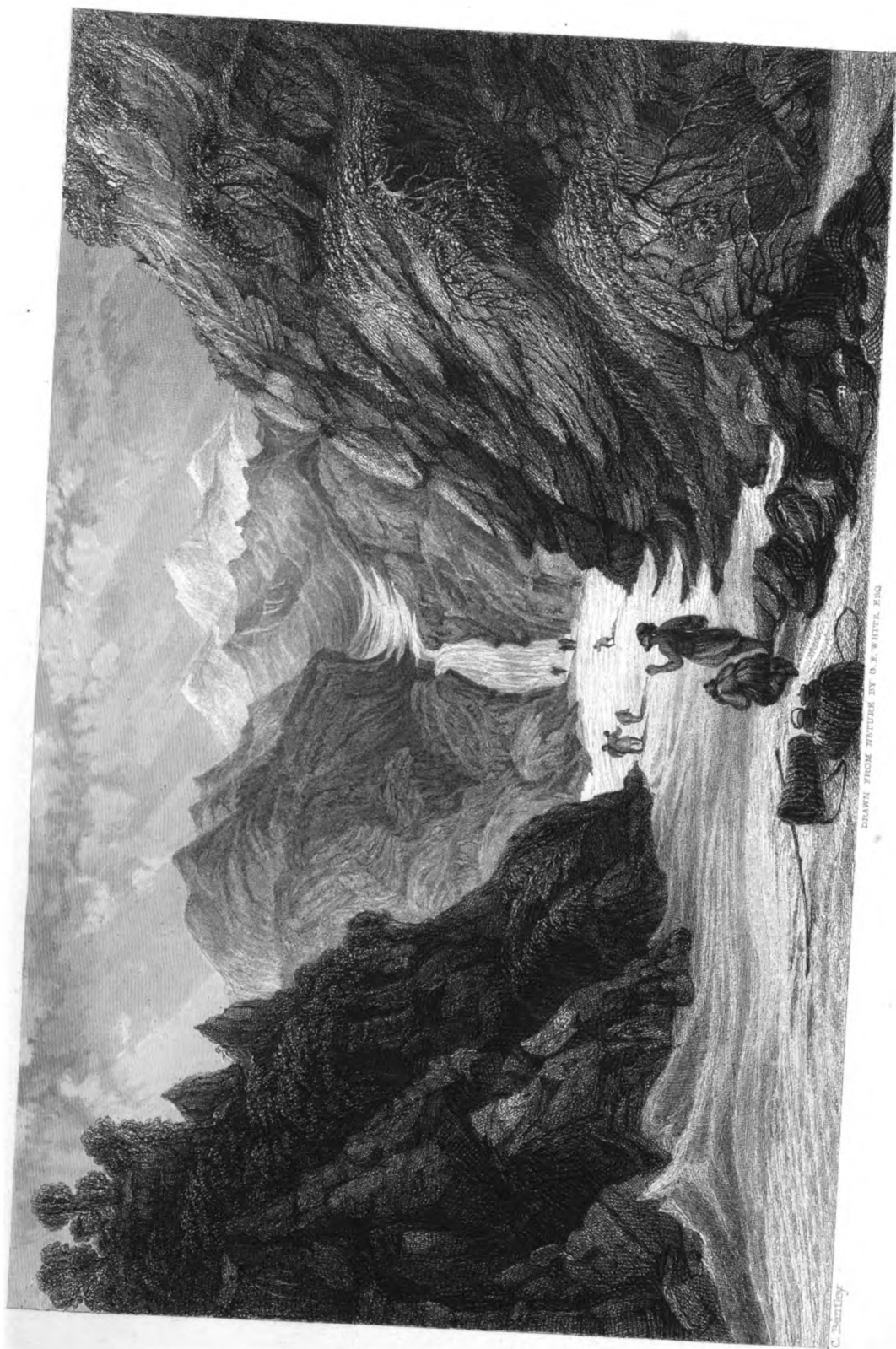
There were islands in the ocean,
Once upon a glorious time,
Fair, Hesperian islands blooming
In a golden clime !
Rich and bright beyond compare,
Mid the waves, we know not where !

There were cyclops once, and giants ;
There were unicorns of old ;
There were magic carbuncles,
And cities paved with gold ;
How the world has changed since then !
When will wonders come again !

Once there was a mystery
In a mighty river's springs ;
Once, the cloudy tops of mountains
Veiled mysterious things !
Wondrous pleasant did it seem,
Of the vast and veiled to dream !

Once, together side by side
Sat the father and the child,
Telling by the glimmering firelight,
Histories strange and wild !
But philosophy and art
Thrust the child and man apart.





C. Sharpley

DRAWN FROM NATURE BY G. F. W. HILL, F.R.S.

W. Taylor

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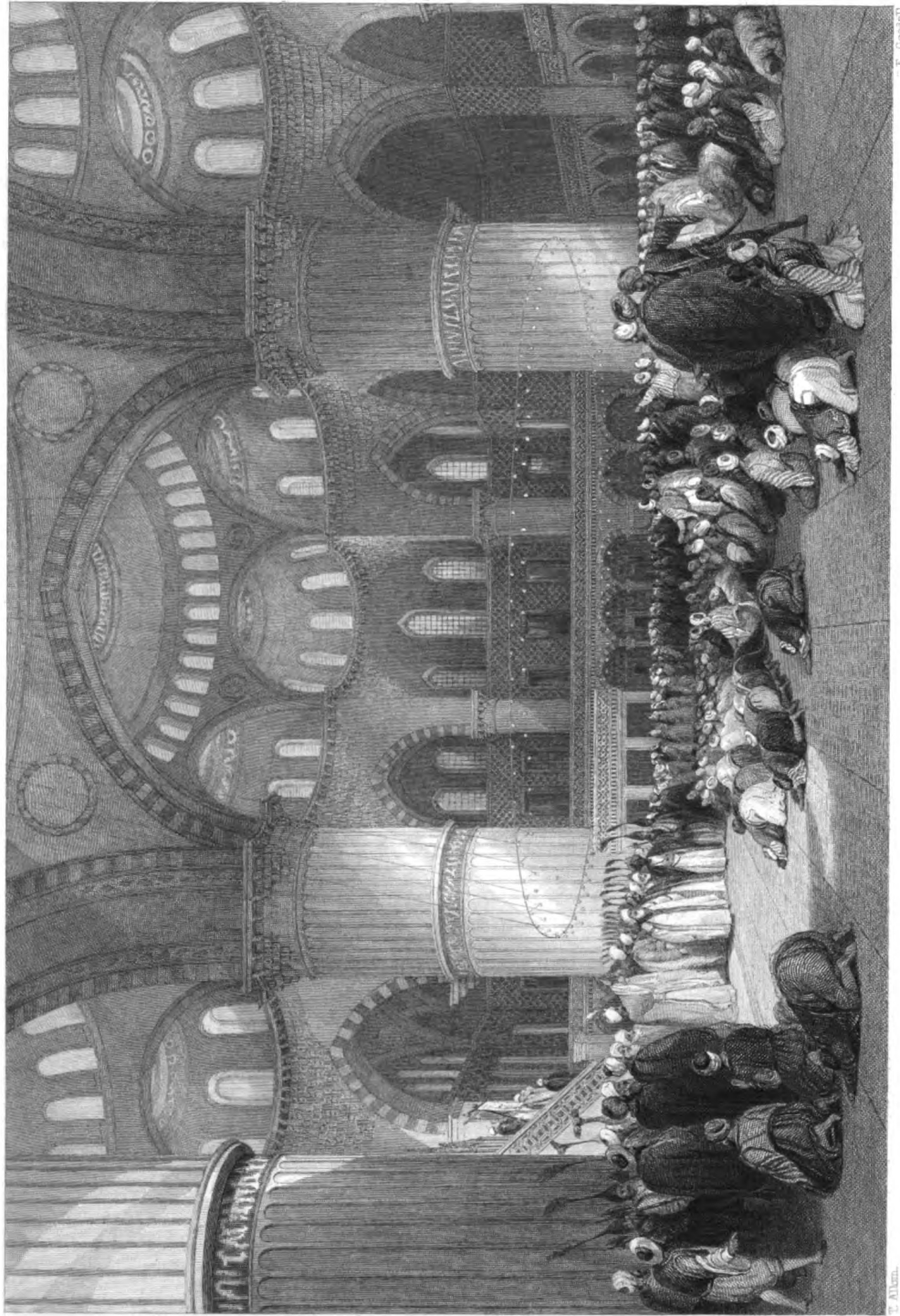
Great Philosophy and Art !
This is now the wondrous pair
That have compassed earth and ocean,
That have travelled air !
That with outstretched, pitiless arm
Have dispersed each fairy charm !

Have dissolved the carbuncle ;
Turned the cities' gold to dust ;
Slain the unicorns and giants ;
Ta'en our ancient trust !
And that even now are gone
To the realms of Prester John !

They will ransack all the land ;
Soar above, and peep below ;
They will rend the rocks asunder ;
Melt the eternal snow ;
Not a stone unturned will leave
Each old mystery to unweave !

They have been where ne'er before
Human foot hath ever trod ;
They have found the real cradle
Of the Hindoo's river-god !
Jumna's now and Ganges' springs
Are no longer sacred things !

Oh for some old mystery ;
Something that we could not know ;
Something that we could not fathom,
As it was long time ago !
Pray, ye disenchanting pair,
Some old pleasant mystery spare !



E. Goodall

E. Allart

View of the interior of the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, Rome, during the Jubilee of 1850.



The Hadjee bowed low, and he said he could fix
Without question the number; the number was six;
He had counted them often, morn, noonday, and night,
Six tall, slender minarets piercing the light!

The Mufti arose in great anger, and swore
By his beard, that the minarets only were four:
He had seen them himself; he had counted them oft;
Four crescent-tipped minarets shooting aloft!

The young Sultan Achmet laughed loud, and replied,
“That a band of good pilgrims the truth should decide;”
And as they reported, so soothly should be
His minarets’ number—twice two, or twice three!

Twelve months and a day went the slow caravan
O’er the desert, the Mufti still placed in the van;
And still every day by the Prophet he swore,
That at Mecca the minarets only were four!

At length the day came when the pilgrims should spy
At distance the minarets piercing the sky:
The Mufti rode first on a fleet-footed steed,
And the pilgrims pressed after with new-wakened speed.

Why standeth the Mufti like one all aghast!
What vision of terror before him hath passed!
He seeth the mosque—he hath counted them o’er—
“Allah Kerim! six minarets!—Once there were four!”

The Sultan Achmet, during the time of the caravan’s march, had obtained two new minarets to be added to the original four of the mosque at Mecca, so that he accomplished his design of crowning his own erection with six minarets, without offending the piety of the true Mussulmen. So eager was he in the building of his mosque, that for an hour every Friday, after prayers, he laboured with his own hands, in order to stimulate the workmen by his own example. It is a remarkable fact, that the final extirpation of the janissaries, who had been the personal enemies of the Sultan Achmet, two centuries afterwards was effected in this mosque.

The artist has chosen, in the illustration, the moment when the reforming Sultan Mahmoud, who had determined on counteracting the influence of the janissaries, had ordered the *sandjak-sheriff*, or sacred standard of the Prophet, an object exhibited only on the most solemn and important occasions, to be unfolded with great pomp in the mosque of Achmet. No true Mussulman, to whom this was told, dared to resist the summons; thousands, and tens of thousands, rushed to the temple. The banner was displayed from the lofty pulpit of the Imaum, and the Sultan exhorted the people, by the faith they owed the Prophet, to rally round the sacred standard. A deep murmur of assent filled the dome, all fell prostrate in confirmation of their resolve, and from that moment the cause of the janissaries became desperate.

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 !

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.



THE PRINCESS OF PALATINE.

1711. 1712. 1713.



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 learned 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.

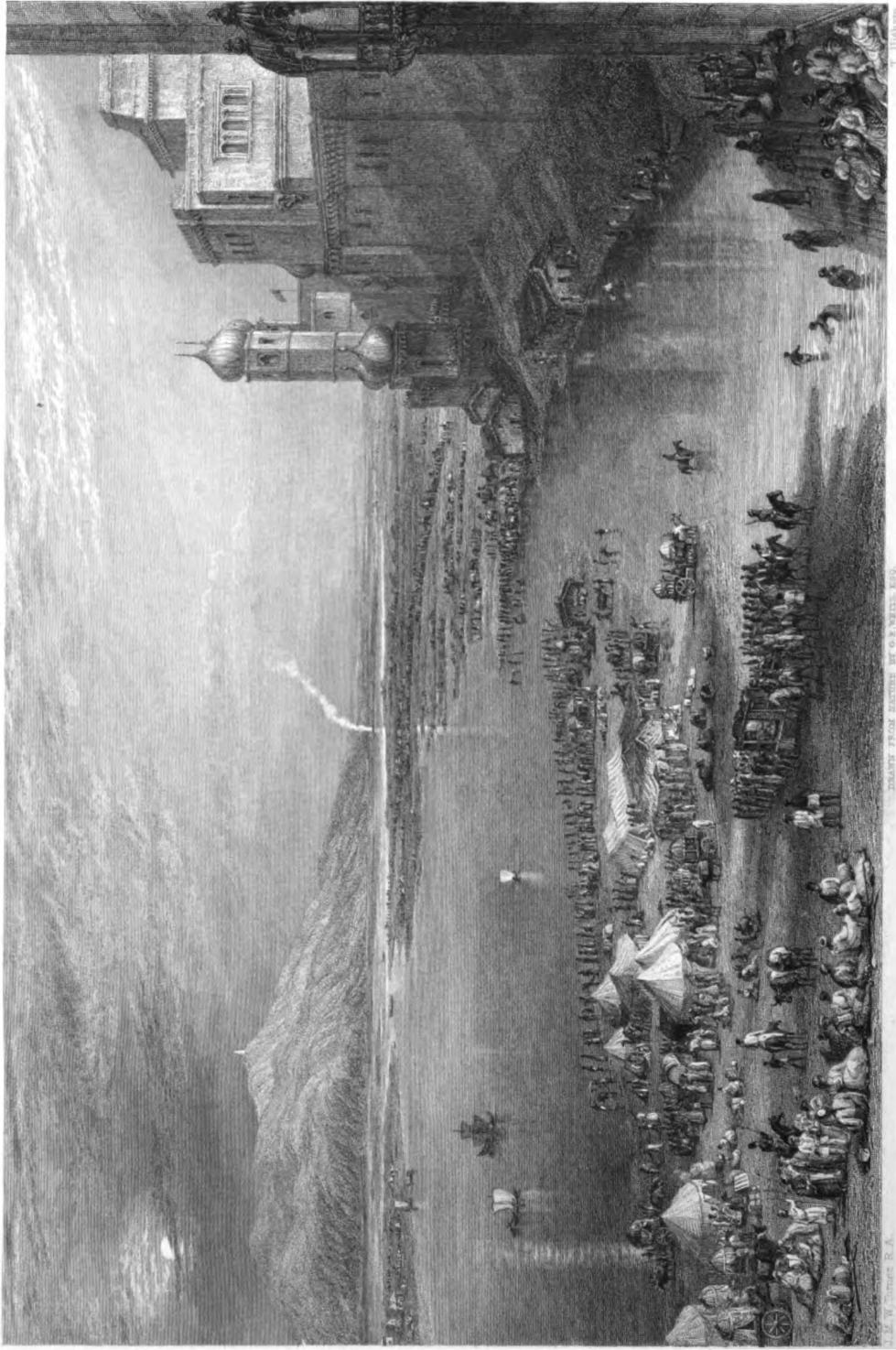
Walking 'neath the stars at even,
Walking 'neath the summer's noon;
Spring's first leaves of tender green,
And fair flowers sweet and boon:

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

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 garnered in the soul,
The wealth of poesy—
Have made me, high-born Madeline,
Not quite unworthy thee!





T. Hildner.

INDIAN RIVER SCENE BY G. W. H. K. N.

W. H. H. H. H. H.

THE SACRED FAIR AT HURDWAR.

WHO'E'R would wish to see a sight,
A medley of all strange delight—
A chaos of all living shapes—
Men, camels, elephants, and apes,—
Men of all climates and all creeds,
Aloft in howdahs or on steeds,
And Indian dames that snugly go
In curtained cars with oxen slow ;
Whoe'er would wish to hear the din,
Of Indian holiness and sin,
Its merry music, trade, and care,
Must take the way to Hurdwar Fair.

'Tis April's pleasant month, when blow
The breezes from the hills of snow,
And pilgrims from all Hindoostan,
Woman, and child, and swarthy man,
In crowds on crowds, all castes and ranks
Are gathering towards the Ganges' banks.
Through Khunkul street the concourse pours
Right onward towards the holy shores.
And on these shores, on Hurdwar height,
Whoever saw so strange a sight !

Thousands on thousands there are met ;
The throng is wild, the din is loud ;
There tents are pitched, there booths are set,
And round about them press the crowd.
The fainting pilgrims shrilly scream
As bursts to view the holy stream—
Wide, stately, smiling, as it fills
The valley to the distant hills.
While thousands, who like them have trode,
Vast weary leagues of burning road,
Rush to the stream with speechless glee,
Drink, lave, pour tears like rain-drops free,
And send their sins all down to sea.

But these dark pilgrims make but part
Of the huge concourse—'tis the mart
Where gather merchants from all places—
All wild costumes, all dusky faces.

Gems, drugs, and gorgeous things are there,
For mighty chief, or lady fair.
Who Toorkies need, there buy them can,
From far Cabool or Torkistan;
Or Arab steeds of purest blood;
Peacocks and monsters of the wood,
Pearls, bracelets, bangles, rosaries,
Rich chouries to create a breeze;
Idols of ivory and gold,
And bales of shawls of worth untold;
On English wares there dark eyes glance,
There breathe you the perfumes of France.
Priest, soldier, noble, beggar-saint,
Mix in that crowd of figures quaint,
And deafening is the din that swells
From trumpets, drums, and gongs, and bells,
While camel, elephant, and bull,
Grunt, trumpet, bellow, till the full
Roar of confusion fierce is heard,
With jackal's yell and scream of bird.
And mid the hubbub, rich and clear,
Britain's high martial notes you hear.
Sounds which here heard at such an hour,
Wake wondering thoughts on Britain's power.

But through the crowds sedate and slow,
The turbaned chiefs of India go,
On elephant of royal height,
In silvery howdahs blazing bright—
Rajahs, Newaubs, or Begums proud,
With martial trains and following crowd.

But night drops down—and what a change!
An Eastern dream of beauty strange!
Forest and islet, street and shore,
With magic lights are blazoned o'er;
Mid the green foliage soft lamps glow;
Down Ganges, lights of worship flow;
Each palace-house is opened wide,
Midst light which gushes like a tide,
And dancing forms and music sweet,
Fill house and garden, tent and street.
Whoe'er would wish to hear the din
Of Indian penance, Indian sin,
Its merry music, trade, and care,
Must take the way to Hurdwar Fair.

W. H.





SMYRNA.

A STREET in Smyrna! Let me think—
Of Smyrna nought I know,
Except that Homer was a child
In Smyrna long ago!

I care not although seven towns
Contended for his birth,
Smyrna shall bear the palm away
From all the towns of earth!

And who shall say that when a boy
He played not in this street,
Or sat beside his mother's door
And sung his ballads sweet?

Yes, it was in this very street,
Where stands that open door,
Crictheis sat, and spun for bread—
The poet's mother poor.

And there her boy sat at her side;
"And tell me more," said he,
"Sweet mother, of the wars of Troy—
They please me mightily!

"And tell me of the godlike man,
Ulysses and his woes,
For I love the tale, and seem to be
With him where'er he goes!"

And so Crictheis told the tale
Unto her sightless boy,
About Ulysses and his woes,
And of the wars of Troy.

There sat she all the day and spun ;
And Phemius on his way,
Morning and night unto his school
Beheld them every day.

The mother she was meek and young ;
The boy was blind ; but ne'er
Had Phemius 'mid his scholars seen
A child so wondrous fair ;
With such a glorious countenance ;
With such a thoughtful air.

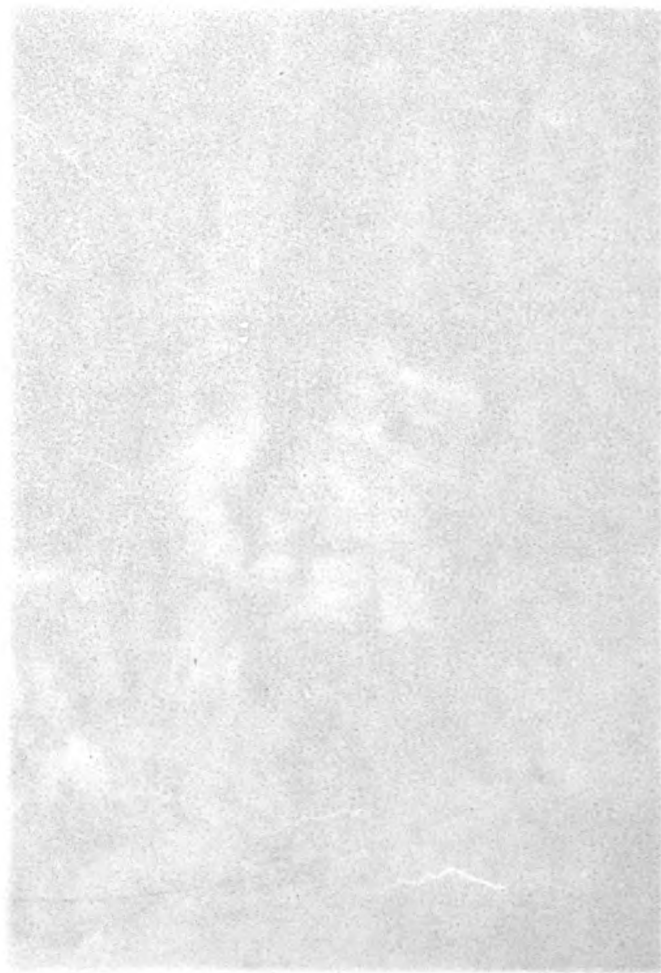
And thus the mother and the boy,
Became a pleasant thought,
In the good heart of Phemius
The while his school he taught.

And ever on his homeward way
He stayed his willing feet,
To hear the boy a lesson say,
Or sing his ballads sweet.

Oh, city by the Lesbian sea,
Great glory 'tis to know
That Homer sang within thy street
Some thousand years ago !







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!

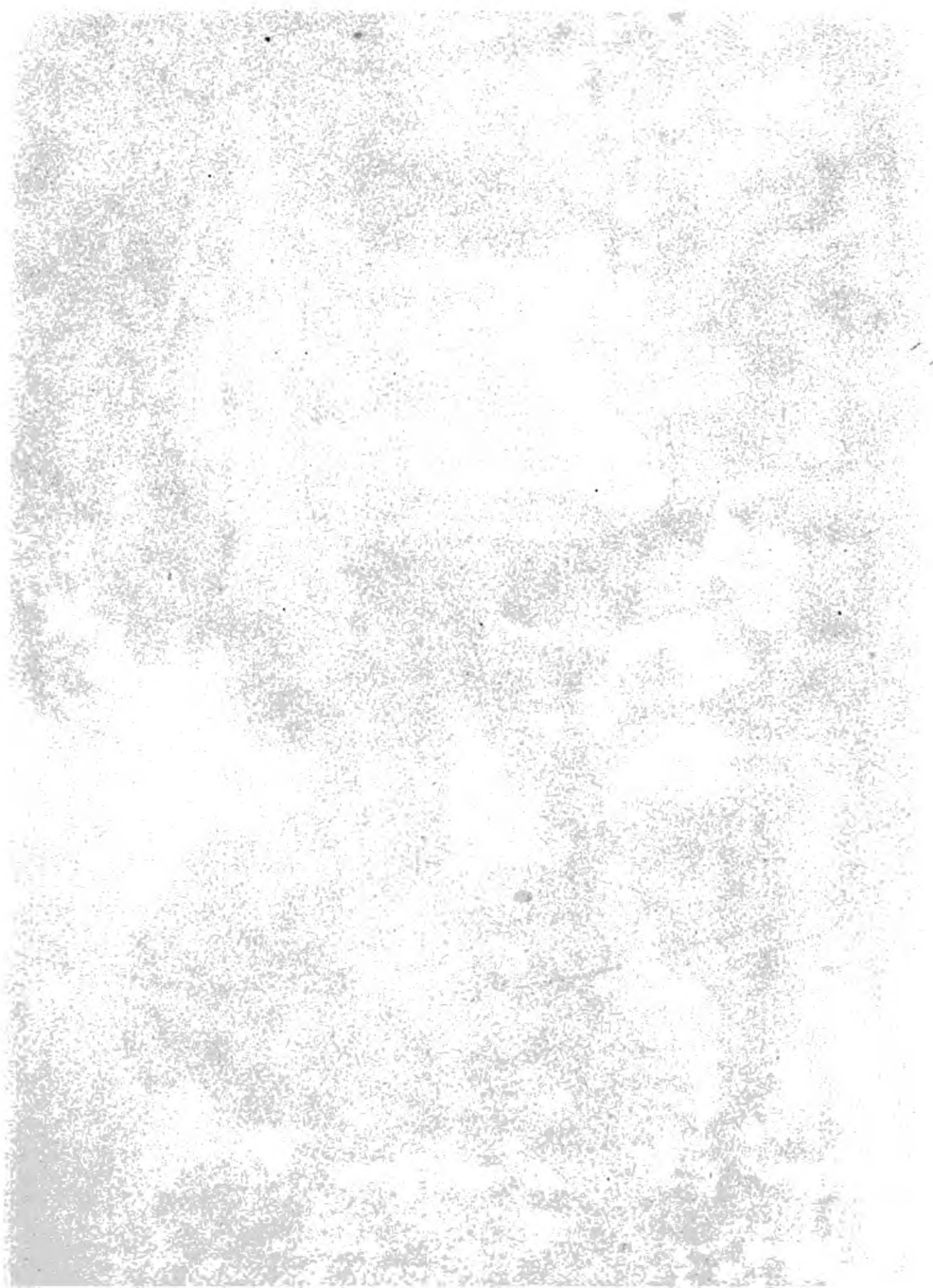
THE VALLEY OF THE SWEET WATERS.

"Sweet Waters" does not imply that they are distinguished by any remarkable sweetness of taste, but simply that they are not salt. Two rivulets are so named by the Franks, one in Europe, and the other in Asia: their banks are rich and verdant, enamelled with flowers, and are places of resort, where gay and festive parties meet for recreation. At these pic-nics, even the members of a family never mix together. The unsocial jealousy of a Turk so separates the sexes, that the father, husband, and brother are never seen in the same groups with their female relatives. The women assemble on one side round the fountain, and the men on the other.

ALL cities have their outlets of delight ;
We have our Greenwich, Richmond, Hampstead, Harrow,
To appease the popular rural appetite,
For which the crowded city is too narrow ;
Thither the people throng, in dust's despite,
Of happiness to suck the very marrow ;
Thither throng rich and poor, the grave, the merry,
In steam-boat, omnibus, and cab, and wherry.

The streets are stifling, bustling, noisy, dry ;
Hot are the pavements as an oven-floor,
Dingy-red brick grows tiresome to the eye ;
The bell, the knocker, and the green street-door
The weary senses quickly satisfy ;
And then we send our gadding fancy o'er
Rich golden meadows deep in summer grass,
To leafy trees, and rivers smooth as glass.

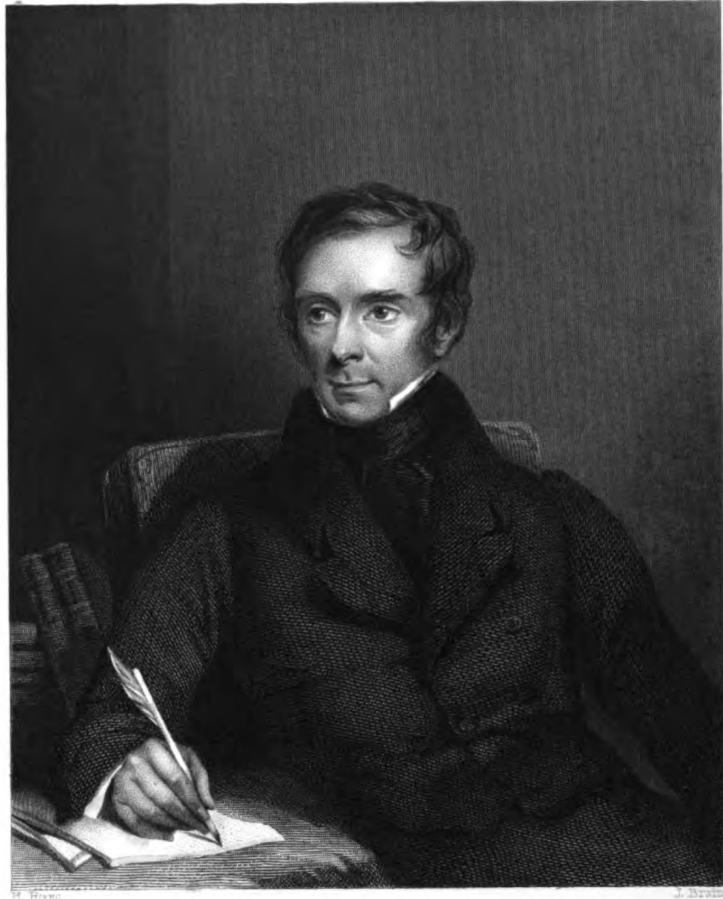
And then we rush into the popular stream,
And find ourselves with very prompt good-will,
Borne down the silvery Thames on wings of steam,
Or dragged by horses up the Hampstead hill.
The Turkish people, solemn as they seem,
Of the dense city likewise get their fill,
And sally forth, athirst for flowers and trees,
To drain the cup of pleasure to the lees.



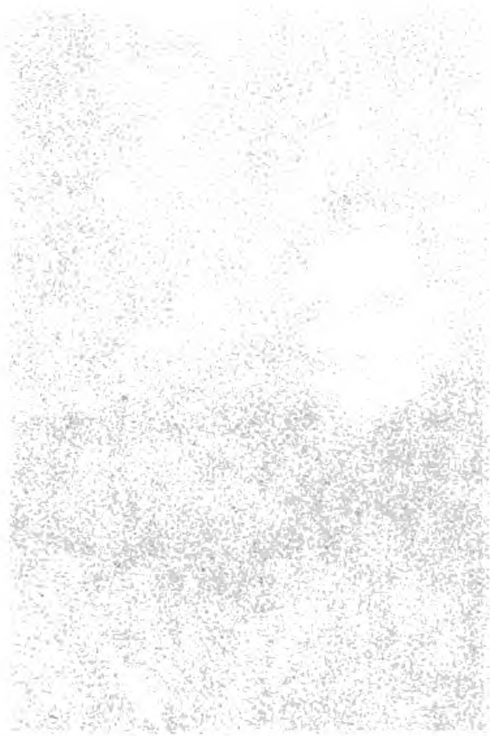








P. L. Brodie



Unto the Valley of Sweet Waters bound,
Sails forth, brim-full of men, the smart caïque;
And in their curtained chariots' depth profound
The women go in crowds, mouth, brow, and cheek
In muslin veil and shrouding *yashmac* wound:
'Tis wonderful how they can breathe or speak!
But 'tis the mode; and forth the chariot goes,
Guarded by negroes, drawn by buffaloes.

Although the cups of *yaourt* may be full,
Although each soul for pleasure deeply delves,
A Turkish pic-nic must be rather dull;
And these poor ladies, grouped in tens and twelves,
Can only tiny sprigs of pleasure cull,
Muffled and cushioned, sitting by themselves,
Especially when just at hand they see
The men who *might* be talking pleasantly.

Well, Mahmoud Second loveth reformation,
He hath done mighty wonders in his day;
He slew the standing army of his nation,
He threw his soldiers' turbans all away;
Perchance he'll make another innovation—
The best of all!—and, if he like, he may—
Ordain that henceforth, in the summer weather,
Women and men may sit and talk together.

SIR BENJAMIN COLLINS BRODIE, BART., F.R.S.

SERJEANT-SURGEON TO THE QUEEN.

THIS eminent surgeon was born on the 9th of June, 1783. He is the third son of the Rev. Peter Bellinger Brodie, rector of Winterslow, and deputy-lieutenant of South Wilts.

Sir Benjamin, in 1803, became a pupil of Sir Everard Home at St. George's Hospital, and has filled successively the various offices of lecturer, assistant-surgeon, and surgeon, in that institution. Upon the death of Sir Everard Home in 1832, he was appointed one of the Serjeant-Surgeons to the King; which appointment he held under George IV., William IV., and still holds under the Queen. He was created a Baronet in 1834. His talents and experience have now deservedly raised him to the first surgical practice in the metropolis.

THE BURIAL-GROUND AT SIDON.

“ The burial-ground in the plate, with the old ruin, supposed to be the castle of Louis IX., is without the town: the tall trees cast their shadow on the sepulchres, some fallen and ruined, others newly whited and gilt, and covered with sentences in the Turkish character, the head-stones usually presenting a turban on a pedestal. Several women had come to mourn over the graves of their relatives, in white cloaks and veils that enveloped them from head to foot: they mostly mourned in silence, and knelt on the steps of the tomb, or among the wild flowers which grew rank on the soil. The morning light fell partially on the sepulchres, and on the broken towers of the ancient castle; but the greater part of the thickly-peopled cemetery was still in gloom—the gloom which the Orientals love. They do not like to come to the tombs in the glare of day: early morn and evening are the favourite seasons, especially the latter. This Burial-ground of Sidon is one of the most picturesque on the coast of Syria. The ruin, of Louis, tells, like the sepulchres, that this life's hope and pride is as “ a tale that is told.” When the moon is on its towers, on the trees, and tombs beneath, and on the white figures that slowly move to and fro, the scene is solemn, and cannot be forgotten.”

THE dead are everywhere !
The mountain-side; the plain; the woods profound ;
All the wide earth—the fertile and the fair,
Is one vast burial-ground !

Within the populous street;
In solitary homes; in places high;
In pleasure-domes where pomp and luxury meet,
Men bow themselves to die.

The old man at his door ;
The unweaned child murmuring its wordless song ;
The bondman and the free; the rich, the poor ;
All, all to death belong !

The sunlight gilds the walls
Of kingly sepulchres enwrought with brass ;
And the long shadow of the cypress falls
Athwart the common grass.

The living of gone time
Built their glorious cities by the sea,
And awful in their greatness sat sublime,
As if no change could be.





J. Rodaway

R. H. Bartlett

THE FISH MARKET AT BRISTOL.



There was the eloquent tongue ;
The poet's heart; the sage's soul was there ;
And loving women with their children young,
The faithful and the fair.

They were, but they are not ;
Suns rose and set, and earth put on her bloom,
Whilst man, submitting to the common lot,
Went down into the tomb.

And still amid the wrecks
Of mighty generations passed away,
Earth's boonest growth, the fragrant wild-flower, decks
The tombs of yesterday.

And in the twilight deep,
Go veiled women forth, like her who went,
Sister of Lazarus, to the grave to weep,
To breathe the low lament.

The dead are everywhere !
Where'er is love, or tenderness, or faith ;
Where'er is power, pomp, pleasure, pride ; where'er
Life is or was, is death !

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 stowed away ;
And my white satin ! I declare it,
Will be quite *passée* ere I wear it !

I can't conceive whate'er possessed
Papa to take this eagle's nest,
Perched among mountains bleak and drear,
Without a decent 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 withered 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 mourned o'er unsunned pearls and lace !

But I protest it was unkind,
To bring Court-Aspley 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—



E. T. PARROT.

FLUCHER, BON & CO. FONDEN & PARIS.



The Macnamara and Mackay !

Ah ! I'd a dream at break of day,
Nor hath the charm yet passed 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 !

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 !

AN ENGLISH GRAVE AT MUSSOOREE.

Mussooree, the site of a station which is now one of the chief resorts of the visitors from the plains, stands at an elevation of seven thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and is situated on the southern face of the ridge called the Landour Range, and overlooking the village of that name, which has been chosen for the establishment of a military sanitarium, for those officers and privates belonging to the Bengal army, who have lost their health in the plains.

Nothing can be imagined more delicious to an invalid, half dying under the burning sun of India, than the being removed into the fine, bracing, and cool atmosphere of this station. All round him are the most sublime natural objects—the most stupendous rivers and mountains of the world, but all subdued into a character of astonishing beauty; while the growth of the hills, and of the very ground under his feet, must transport him back into his native Britain.

“TELL me about my son, dear friend, for I can bear to know,
Now that my heart is stayed by prayer, that history of wo !
But whence was it, of seven sons, all men of strength and pride,
This only one—the gentlest one—forsook his mother’s side !

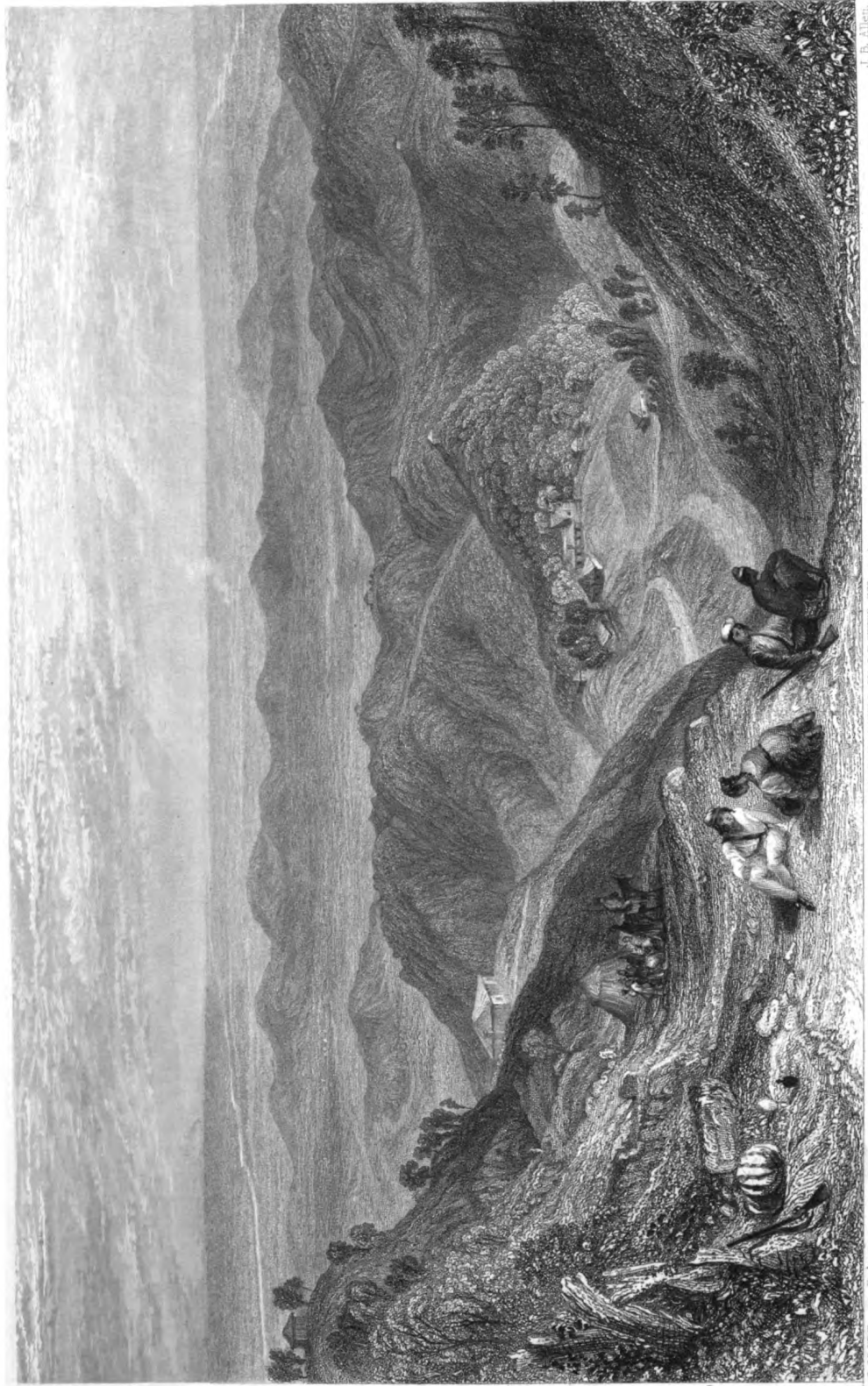
“That he in whom a flower, a star, a love-inspired word,
The poet’s heart, all tenderness, even from his boyhood stirred ;
Who was my dearest counsellor, in his dead father’s place ;
Who was a daughter unto me, who ne’er did one embrace.

“How was it that he only left his home, his native land,
He only, kindest, gentlest, and youngest of my band ?
That he whom I had looked to close mine eyes—to lay me low,
Died first, and far away ! Oh God, thy counsels who shall know !

“But murmuring thus, I sin ! Dear friend, forgive a mother’s grief,
And tell me of my son ; thy words will bring assured relief :
Tell me of each minutest look—even of his sufferings tell,
My heart takes comfort from thy voice, for thou didst love him well !”

“I loved him well, oh, passing well ! all he had been to thee—
Friend, counsellor, the spirit’s life—so had he been to me !
Yet murmur not, thou broken heart, our vision fails to show
The scope of that mysterious good whose base is human wo !

“Thy best-beloved murmured not, his faith was never dim,
And that strong love which was his life, sprang everywhere for him.
We saw him droop, and many a one, else scarce to love beguiled,
Watched him, as tender parents watch a favourite drooping child.



J. B. Allen,

DRAWN FROM NATURE BY O. F. WHITE, KIN.

J. M. W. Turner, R. A.



“ From the hot plains where he had lain, by cureless wounds oppressed,
We bore him to the northern hills, to a sweet land of rest.
Oh, what a joy it was to him to feel the cool winds blow,
To see the golden morning light array the peaks of snow !

“ What joy to see familiar things where'er his footsteps trod ;
The oak-tree in the mountain-cleft ; the daisy on the sod ;
The primrose and the violet ; the green moss of the rill ;
The crimson wild-briar rose, and the strawberry of the hill !

“ How often these sweet living flowers were bathed in blissful tears,
For then his loving spirit drank the joy of bygone years ;
And sitting 'mong those giant hills, his boyhood round him lay—
That sunny time of careless peace, so long since past away.

“ He told me of his English home ; I knew it well before ;
Mine eyes had seen its trees, or ere my shadow crossed the door ;
The very sun-dial on the green, I knew its face again ;
And this small summer parlour with its jasmine-wreathed pane.

“ And thou ! all thou hadst been to him, he told me ; bade me seek
Thy face, and to thy broken heart dear words of comfort speak :
Oh, mother of the blessed dead, weep not ; sweet thoughts of thee,
Like ministering angels at the last, the joyous soul set free !

“ Oh, mother of the dead, weep not as if that far-off grave
Possessed thy spirit's best beloved—‘ thy beautiful, thy brave ;’
The gifted, loving soul lies not beneath that Eastern sod,
All thou hast cherished liveth still, and calleth thee to God !”

MARSHAL SOULT.

THE MEETING OF THE WARRIORS—SOULT AND WELLINGTON.

THEY met amid the bloody fields of Spain,
When the swart peasant left his reaping-hook,
And, heedless of the ripe ungarnered grain,
A sharper weapon in his right-hand took,
For other harvests; when the green hills shook
With battle's thunder, and the carnage flood
Swelled to a river many a mountain-brook.
There met they, and like gods of battle stood,
Each girt with armed hosts, and all athirst for blood!

Again they met—'twas on a summer's day,
And half a million people with them met,
Not girt with arms in slaughterous array,
With crimson banners torn, and swords blood-wet;
But each in his high place of honour set,
When all the bells of joyous London rung;
When window, balcon, roof, and parapet
Were thronged with people, and with garlands hung,
And one "God save the Queen!" pealed from the nation's tongue!

There met they; and like brethren, side by side,
Swelled the glad pomp of that great jubilee.
—Oh proudest triumph of that day of pride,
When met the nation's ancient chivalry,
With ceremonial old, to reverence thee,
Thou young and favoured Queen of many lands—
That every neighbour-land and every sea
With an according gladness clapped their hands,
And, that those mighty warriors met with sheathed brands!



Scullin

W. H. More

General Scullin, 1811

M^d W. H. More

SCULLIN, GEN. 1811



THE ODALIQUE,

THE FAVOURITE OF THE HAREM.

LARGE the eye, and dark as night;
Smooth the skin, as ivory white;
Small the foot, and fair as snow;
Rich the voice, yet soft and low;
White the neck, and round the arm;
Small the hand, and soft and warm;
Red the lip, and fair the cheek
Of the favourite Odalique !

Let her robes be silks and gold,
Round her waist the cashmere fold;
Let her velvet boddice shine
With the treasures of the mine;
Let her turban, pearl-inlaced,
On her queenly brow be placed;
And her ivory finger-tips
Be rosy as her rosebud lips.

In the harem's brightest room,
Hung with silks of Iran's loom,
Breathing odours rich as those
Of the summer's sunniest rose;
Silken carpets 'neath her tread,
Arabesques above her head,
One of four she lingers there,
Fairest far where all are fair.

Odalique, the years were few
Which thy blooming childhood knew
In the vales Circassian,
Ere thy troubled life began !
Scarcely wert thou ten years old
Ere to strangers thou wert sold;
Parted from thy willing mother,
Parted from thy shepherd brother,
Parted from thy sisters twain,
With no hope to meet again !

Months went on, and years came by,
And the tear had left thine eye ;
Grief was gone, save what but lent
To thy beauty sentiment :
And thy laughter might be heard
Joyous as a singing-bird ;
And thy rich voice keeping time
To the zebec's merry chime.

Wherefore this? for thou wert still
Slave unto another's will,
Chosen for eye, and lip, and cheek,
Not the wife, but odalique !
Wherefore then the joyous measure
Of thy heart's unceasing pleasure ?
Wherefore then the love that lies
In thy bright but serious eyes ?
And the voice whose lightest word
Is like soul-touched music heard !
Wherefore this? thou art but still
Slave unto a master's will !

This it is that maketh thee
Beautiful exceedingly—
That thy woman's heart pines not
With an unpartaken lot ;
That the one thy love doth bless
Truly loveth thee no less !
This it is that makes thy hours
Like a sunny path of flowers !
That in eye and brow doth speak,
Thou beloved Odalique !





M. J. Stangor

W. H. Woodcut

View of the Harbor of the City of San Francisco
from the Cliff of the Golden Gate

THE TOMB OF ST. GEORGE.

“ This romantic spot is on the route from Beirout to Tripoli, in the bay of Kesrouan, the shores of which display an exquisite verdure, cultivation, and cheerfulness; the villages and convents, one situated above another up the declivities, have a most romantic appearance. This strange excavation appears to have been once a chapel, and is commonly called the Tomb of St. George, our tutelar saint, whose combat with the dragon is said to have taken place at no great distance. On the opposite side of the bay is a Roman arch, and a beautiful rocky promontory. This spot is between Nahr-el-kelb and Batroun. The villages on the hills are neatly built, all flat-roofed, with little latticed windows; two or three of the larger edifices are convents, with a pleasant aspect towards the sea, each having its garden and vineyard: the soil is very fruitful. In the hills in the interior of Asia Minor, the rocks are not unfrequently excavated into a kind of chambers, anciently sepulchral, but now inhabited by peasants and shepherds, and which offer to the traveller a warmer shelter than a ruined khan; the woods supply a good fire, and neither wind nor rain find a passage. Many of these rocks, pierced with ancient catacombs, present, at a small distance, the exact appearance of towers and castles: the people, as in the time of Job, “ embrace the caverns of the rock for shelter, and dwell in the cliffs of the valley, fleeing into the wilderness desolate and waste.”

THE wondrous days of old romance
Like summer flowers are fled;
Their mighty men; their lovely dames;
Their minstrels all are dead!

The ancient times are gone indeed;
And where their forests grew
The corn waves green, and busy towns
Are thronged with people new.

Tintagel is a heap of stone;
And where Caerleon lay
We know not, all beside its name
Hath passed from earth away.

Gone are the knights of Italy;
The paladins of Spain;
And brave king Arthur in the dust,
Lies low as Charlemagne.

Sir Bevis and Sir Lancelot,
In England or in France,
Would meet with no adventure now
Worth lifting of the lance.

Throughout the land of Lybia
Were good St. George to speed,
No fair king's daughter would he find,
From dragons to be freed.

The Guys of Warwick all are dead,
Or if they linger still,
No brave achievements they perform,
No dire dun-cows they kill.

The breast-plates and the caps of steel,
'Mongst common things are laid;
Even Wallace's two-handed sword
Is now a rusty blade.

The earth is not what once it was;
Its caves and castles strong;
Its monsters and its mighty men
Live but in ancient song!

Oh! wondrous days of old romance,
How pleasant do ye seem;
For sunlit hours in summer bowers,
For winter-nights a theme!

How have I loved from childhood's years
To call to life again
Brave prince, and paladin, and peer,
And those Caerleon men!

To see the steeds whereon they rode,
It was a goodly sight;
Such horses are not now-a-days,
So coal-black and so white!

Oh, 'twas a wondrous pleasant thing,
When I was but a child,
To live in those old times, to meet
Adventure strange and wild!

And even still the charm is strong;
But 'tis not now as then,
For I see the tombs wherein they lie,
And not the living men!







VESPERS IN THE CAPELLA REALE.

1282.

“ TWAS on the Easter Monday, in the evening,
After the Sabbath of the Saviour’s rising—
Twelve hundred years, and eighty years and two,
From this same Easter Monday—that at vespers,
The blessed Saviour, who had not ascended
Yet to the Father, walked upon the sea-shore.
There met he six of his forlorn disciples,
Who, spirit-crushed and heart-sore, had that even
Gone out a-fishing. With them went the Master.
—Oh, love surpassing human understanding !
Oh, Friend, Instructor, Comforter, and Saviour,
Thou didst that night, when heaven was opened for thee,
When angels and archangels were awaiting
Thy coming to the Father,—with thy children,
Thy mourning, desolate, heart-broken children,
Yet go a-fishing !

“ Friends, as was the Lord then,
Full of sweet love and pity for the afflicted,
So is he still ! He pitieth all our sorrows ;
He knoweth all our inward tribulations !
Ye who have trouble, call upon the Saviour !
Ye who are hopeless, fearful, or afflicted
In mind or body, call upon the Saviour !
Oh, all of ye, and I, for we are sinners,
Let us bow down and call upon the Saviour !
Oh Guide, oh Friend, oh crucified Lord Jesus,
Be with us, all of us, now and for ever !”

Such, in the royal chapel of Palermo,
Such was the sermon on that Easter Monday
Whereon the bloody Pedro, thence the *Cruel*,
Ordained at the holy time of vespers
To slay eight thousand Christian worshippers !

Low bent the crowd within the royal chapel,
White-headed men, mothers, and little children,
To bless the Lord ! Even then the armed ruffians
Entered the holy place, and the white marble
Ran down with streams of blood !

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

This town has the distinguished honour of being the birth-place of Lords Eldon and Stowell, who were also both educated at its grammar-school. The eighth anniversary of the British Association for the Advancement of Science was held here during the autumn of 1838. On that occasion Dr. Buckland, referring to the many noble literary and scientific institutions which now adorn the place, remarked, that "twenty-five years ago he was in Newcastle, and the Literary and Philosophical Society was the only institution of a literary or scientific character; but in subsequent years many other societies had sprung up. It was in the recollection of persons now living, that before any of these societies existed in Newcastle, cock-fighting, and bull and bear baiting, were the recreations of the inhabitants; but in this latter day, how great a change! In the former period, Newcastle was chiefly famous as the centre whence radiated physical heat, and for its transcendent grindstones, which were celebrated from China to Peru: but now it gave out to afar, mental light and heat—and was an intellectual whetstone for the minds of men."

A CITY-STREET.

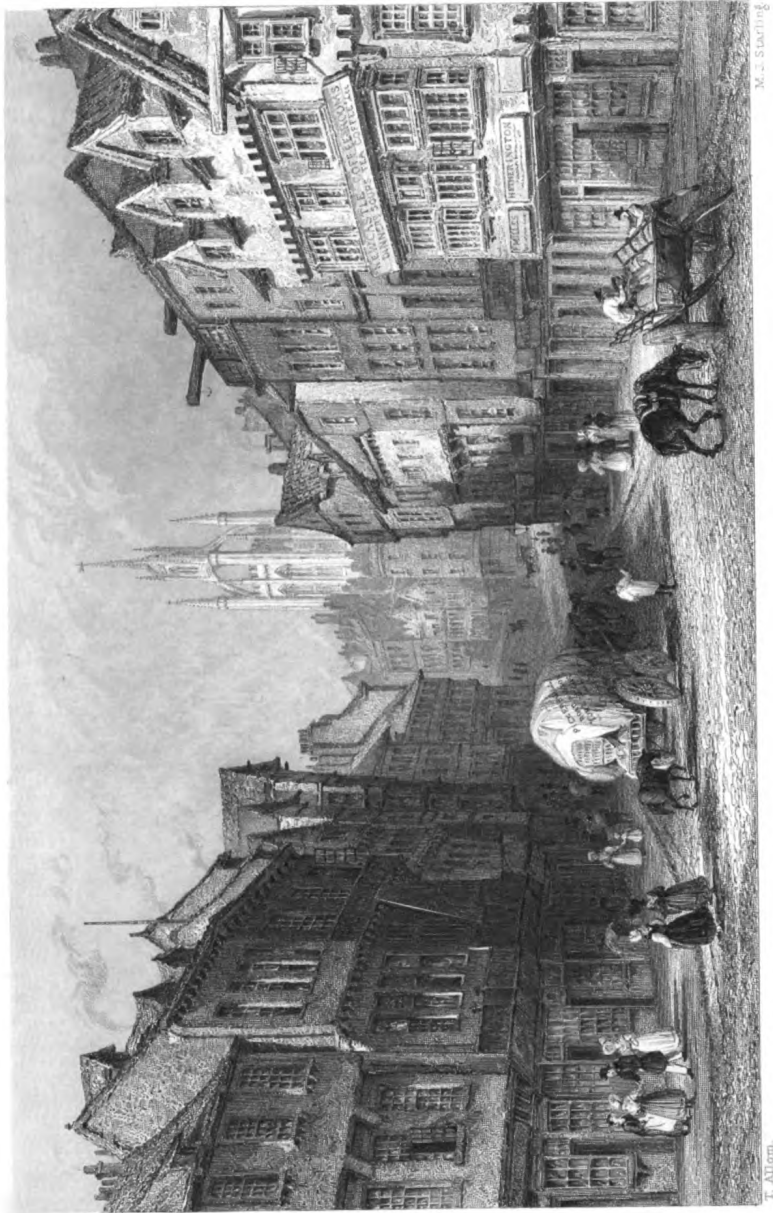
I LOVE the fields, the woods, the streams,
The wild-flowers fresh and sweet,
And yet I love no less than these,
The crowded city-street;
For haunts of man, where'er they be,
Awake my deepest sympathy.

I see within the city-street
Life's most extreme estates,
The gorgeous domes of palaces;
The prison's doleful grates;
The hearths by household virtues blest,
The dens that are the serpent's nest.

I see the rich man, proudly fed
And richly clothed, pass by;
I see the shivering, homeless wretch,
With hunger in his eye;
For life's severest contrasts meet
For ever in the city-street!

And lofty, princely palaces—
What dreary deeds of wo,
What untold, mortal agonies
Their arras chambers know!
Yet is without all smooth and fair,
As heaven's blue dome of summer air!



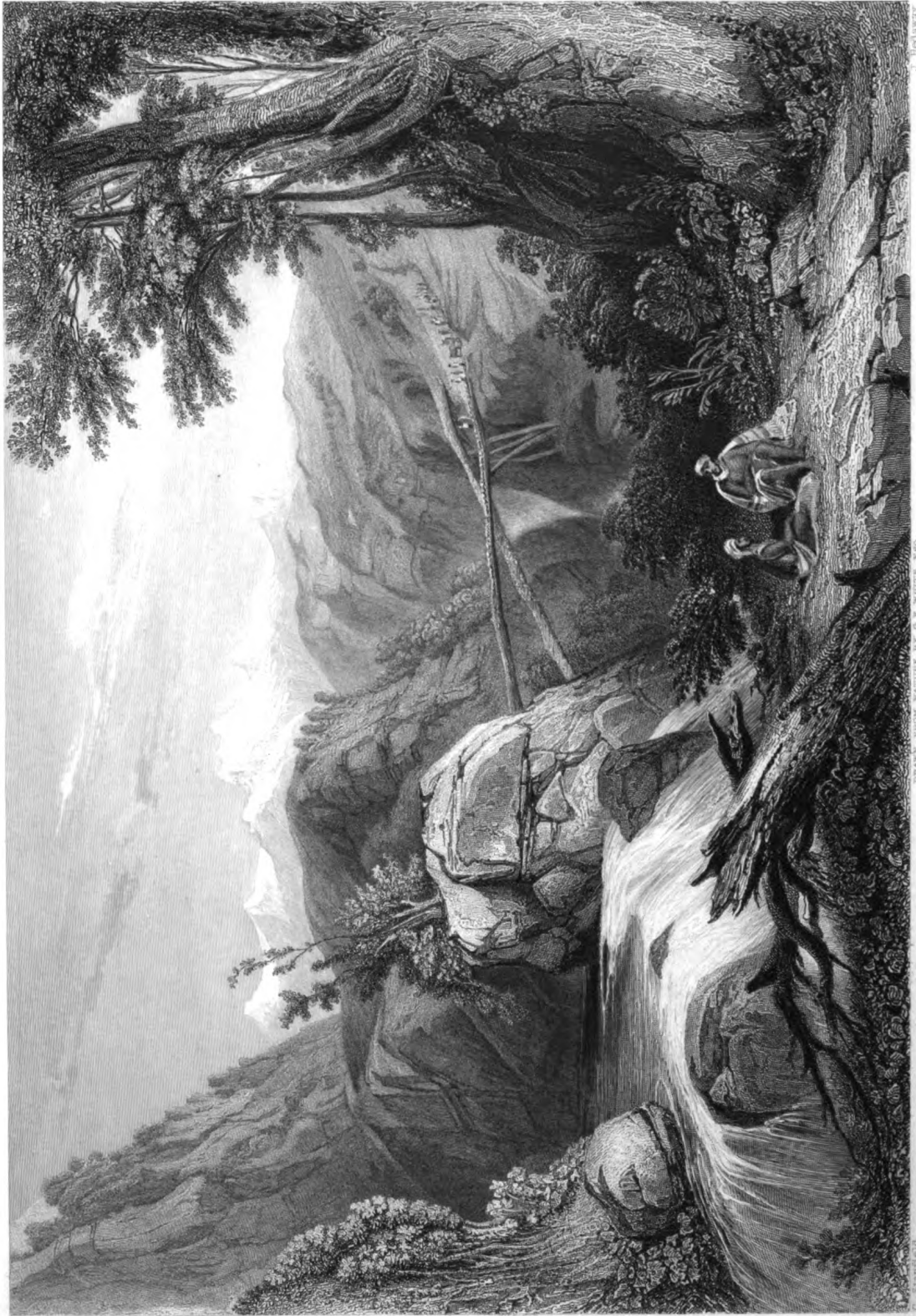


NEWCASTLE, FROM THE DRAWING BY M. J. STARLING

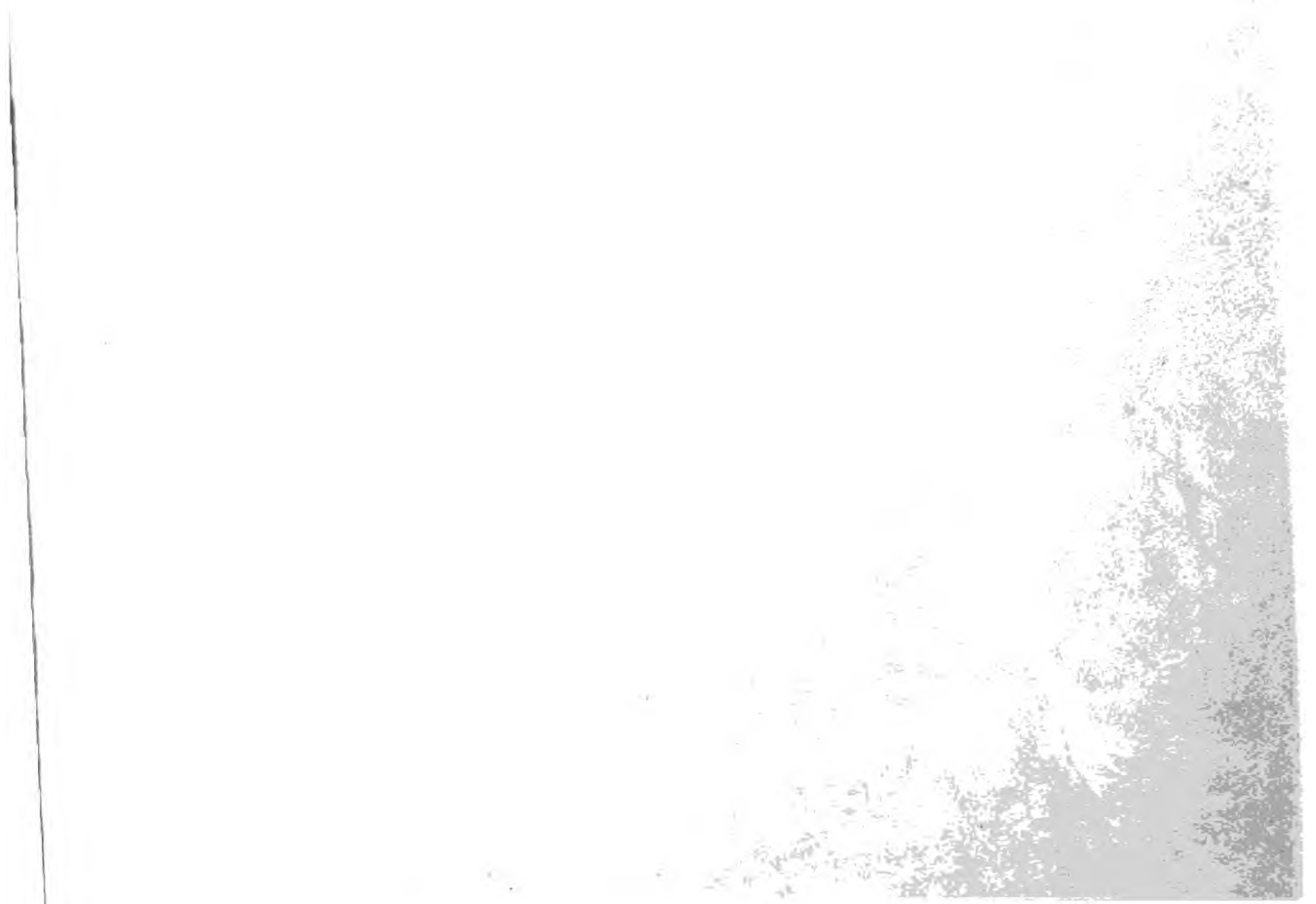
M. J. STARLING & CO. LONDON 1855







L. SHUTTLEWORTH. DRAWN FROM NATURE BY G. E. WHITE, Esq. J. HODGKINSON.



And even the portliest citizen,
 Within his doors doth hide
Some household grief, some secret care,
 From all the world beside :
It ever was, it must be so,
For human heritage is wo !

Hence is it that a city-street
 Can deepest thought impart,
For all its people, high and low,
 Are kindred to my heart ;
And with a yearning love I share
In all their joy, their pain, their care !

VIEW NEAR DEOBUN, AMONG THE HIMALAYAS.

A SUMMER DAY-DREAM.

I sit 'mid flowery meadows,
 I list the cuckoo's cry ;
I see the oak-tree shadows
 Athwart the green grass lie.

Hard by, a little river
 Runs shimmering in the sheen ;
And silvery aspens quiver
 Along its margent green.

I hear the warbling linnet ;
 The wild bee humming round ;
And every passing minute
 Gives some sweet English sound.

I see in green nooks pleasant
 Small children at their play ;
And many a cheerful peasant
 That toileth all the day.

'Tis English all ! birds singing,
 Cool shadows, flowers, and rills ;
And the village-bells' low ringing
 Among the sleeping hills !

The quiet cattle feeding
In meadows bright as gold,
In pastoral vales exceeding
Their Arcady of old,—

Are England's, and surround me;
But far-off regions gleam
In golden light around me,
And shapes as of a dream.

Old realms of Indian story,
By witchery of thought,
Wrapt in a hazy glory
Before my soul are brought !

The Himalaya mountains,
The heavenly lands below,
The Ganges' sacred fountains
Beneath the eternal snow !

I see them like the vision
That fills the poet's eye,
A cloudland-world elysian
Built in the sunset-sky.

I see them in far ages
In primal splendour shine,
Peopled by kings and sages,
Earth's oldest, proudest line.

With them the great World-Giver,
As they believed, abode,
And, symbolled in their River,
Diffusing blessing, flowed.

The cities which they builded
With gold were overlaid,
The sceptres which they wielded
To rule the world were made.

Earth kept no hidden treasure,
Gold, marble, or rich gem;
And the water without measure
Poured out its wealth for them.

Upon their silken raiment
Was set the diamond-stone;
And kingly-given payment
Was but in gold alone.

While England yet was forest,
And idol-gods adored;
While yet her wounds were sorest
Beneath the Roman sword;

These kingliest of earth's children
Sate on their ivory thrones,
Their golden sceptres wielding
O'er myriad-peopled zones.

But the glory hath departed!
Earth's oldest, proudest born,
Gold-robed, imperial-hearted,
Lie in their tombs forlorn!

And the great River's waters
Are swollen with blood, not rain!
And Brahma's sons and daughters
Cry from the earth in vain.

Oh, Himalaya mountains,
Still, still ye stand unshaken;
Nor have the river-fountains
Their ancient bed forsaken!

Thou wast no god, oh River,
Or thou hadst risen in power,
Thy people to deliver,
The spoiler to devour!

But, than the mountains stronger,
And greater than the River,
Ariseth the avenger,
To smite, and to deliver!

The God of earth and heaven
Ariseth to set free!—
Oh, England, thou hast striven
Against him! wo to thee!

THE RAJAH'S DAUGHTER.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

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 ?
See'st 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 !

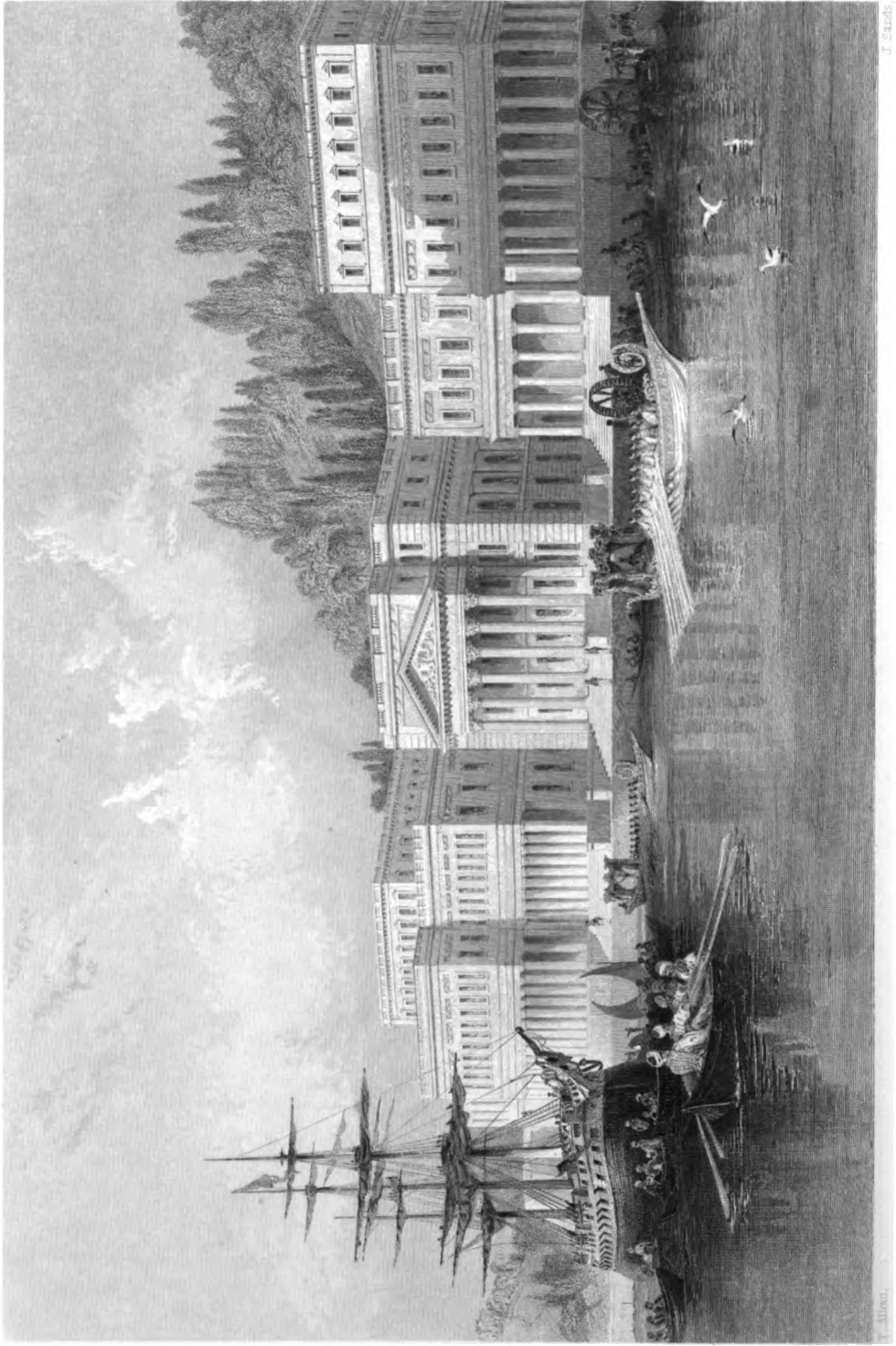
Sumroo ! Sumroo ! what song is thine,
Thou daughter of an ancient line ?
Oh lovely princess, on that brow
What shadowy thoughts are resting now ?

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 ?

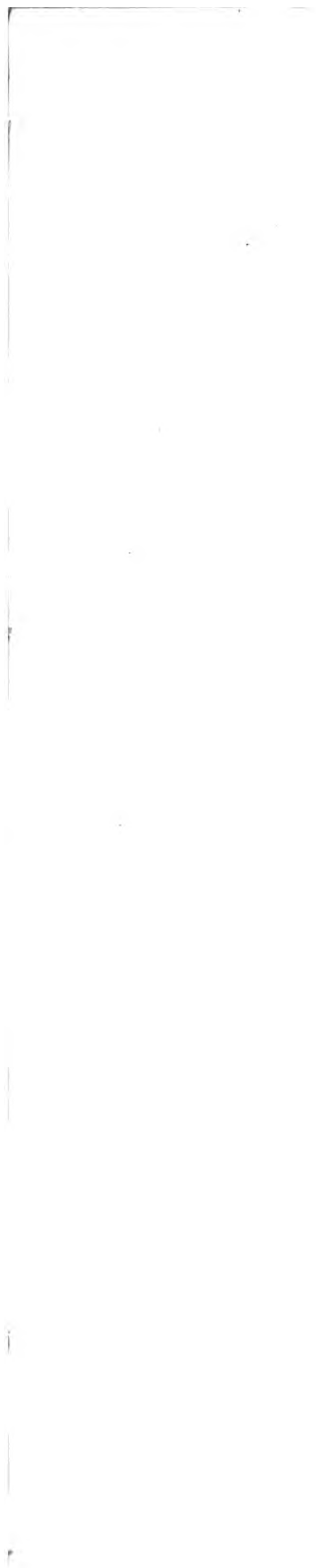








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Joy to thee, princess ! night is past !
Cheer thee ! the morning travels fast !
A noble day ere long shall shine,
And justice hie to thee and thine !

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.

Soon shall ye know that Britain's heart,
Is not the source whence comes your smart,
Deceived, but not unjust, see England stand,
Love in her heart, and blessings in her hand !

THE NEW PALACE OF MAHMOUD II.

A MIGHTY spirit is abroad ! The same
That gave th' unknown to Galileo's ken ;
That guided Luther's world-awakening pen ;
Whence Milton, Hampden, Sidney, souls a-flame
With liberty and light, drew strength and aim !
The same that to the great-souled Genoese,
Compass in hand, and dreaming of far seas,
With glorious visions of the New World came !
Oh, moral renovation, that dost shake,
And overturn ; dost often bathe in blood
The earth's most gracious bosom, yet dost make
All change, all desolation bring forth good,
Spirit of love, thou hast lit thy torch benign
Within the city of the Constantine !

THE MONASTERY OF SANTA SABA.

“ The monastery of St. Saba is in the wilderness of Ziph, and a few hours' distance from Jerusalem. A more dreary situation cannot be conceived ; its walls, towers, and terraces, are on the brink of precipices ; but could the world afford a more sublime or memorable home ! We sat down and gazed on the deep glen of the Kedron far beneath—the wilderness on every side, where David fled from the pursuit of Saul ; and the Dead Sea and its sublime shores full in front, illumined by the setting sun. It was founded by this saint in the middle of the fourth century, and has ever since been a religious retreat of great fame. St. Saba died when nearly a hundred years of age. Feeling his end approach, he implored to be carried to his beloved retreat, that his bones might rest there ; and here they have been preserved to this day.”

SAINT Saba's hours were drawing to their close ;
And, “ carry me, my pious friends,” said he,
“ Into the chapel of my last repose,
Nigh to the waters of the dark Dead Sea !

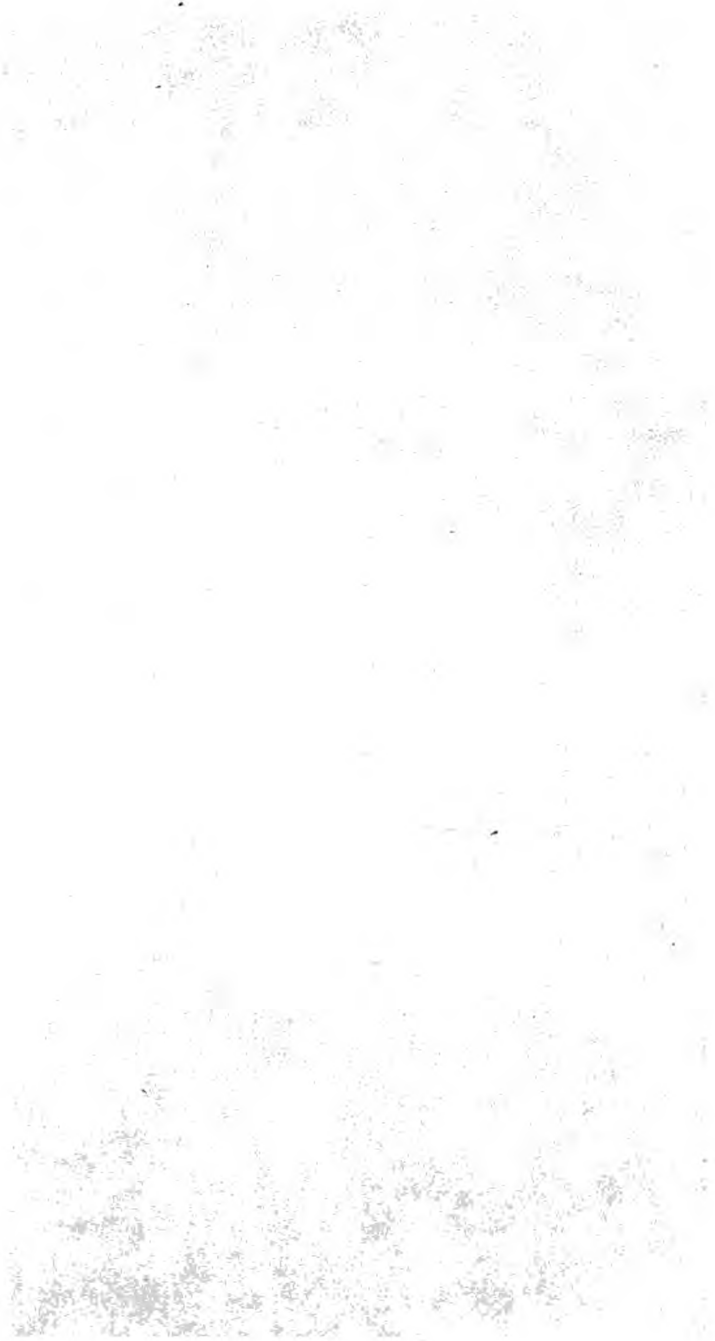
“ There have I gathered for my latest need,
Many a sweet token of the faith we hold,
Let us depart ! my spirit will be freed
From its clay prison ere the day be told !

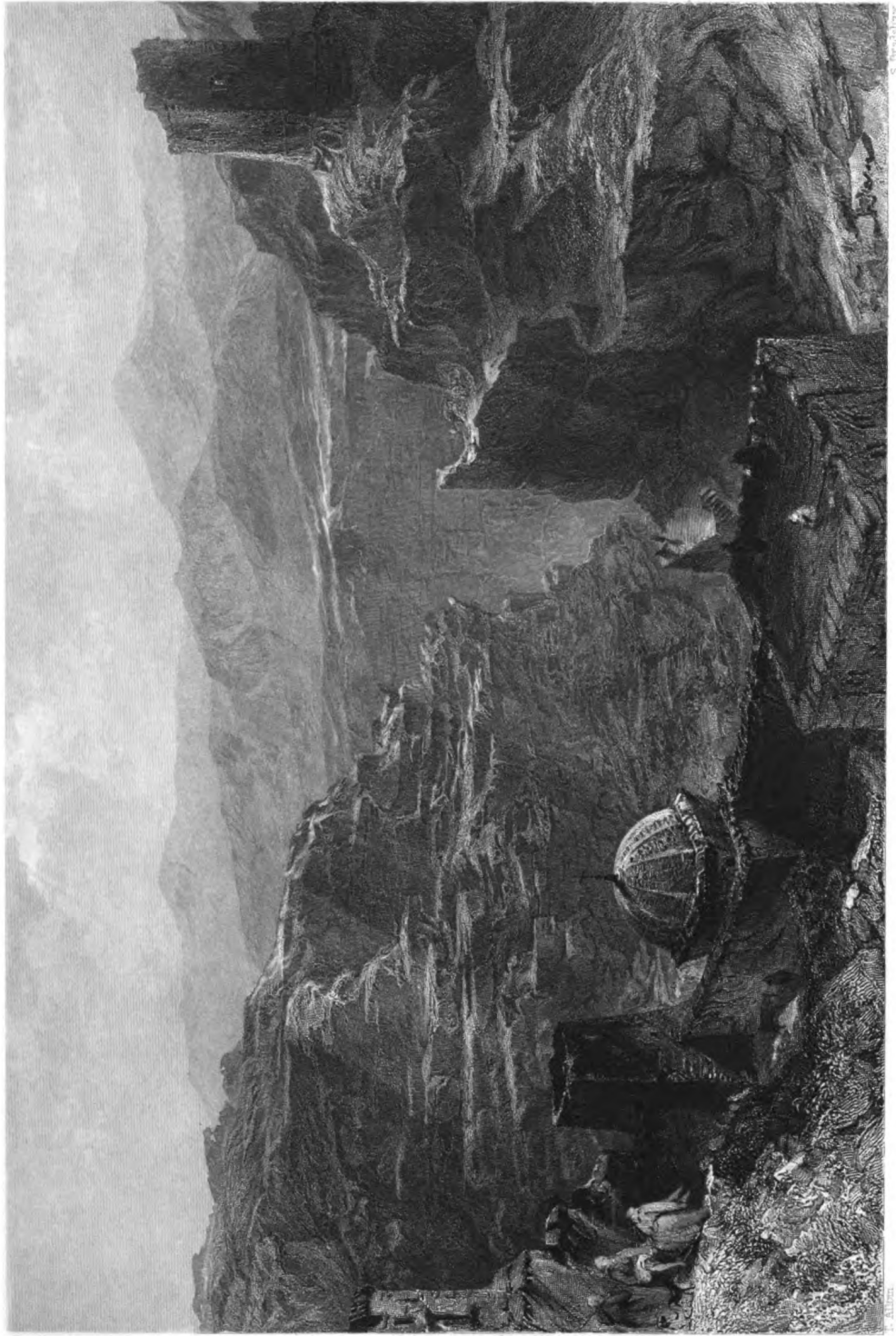
“ And I would see, before mine eyes grow dim,
The mountains and the Dead Sea's desert shore ;
And I would hear the brethren's vesper-hymn
Chime to the Kedron's melody once more !

“ Oh friends, the Saviour in the desert-place,
Sustained the fainting multitude with bread ;
And in my mountain-cavern, with his grace
Have I, his humblest little one, been fed.

“ The voice of God, while I was yet a child,
Called me from man and from his works to part ;
I left my father's house, and in the wild
Wandered three days with meek, submissive heart.

“ Upon the fourth I found an ancient man
Stretched on the rock, as if in mortal pain ;
Friends, I am old, but his life's lengthened span,
One-half my years had numbered o'er again.





THE MOUNTAIN OF THE GREAT SPIRIT, IN THE MOUNTAINS OF THE GREAT SPIRIT, IN THE MOUNTAINS OF THE GREAT SPIRIT, IN THE MOUNTAINS OF THE GREAT SPIRIT.



“ At sight of me he slowly raised his head,
And gazed upon me with a kindling eye;
‘Tis well; I knew that thou would’st come!’ he said,
‘ Now list my missioned words, and let me die !’

“ Therewith he told a blessed history ;
As how his father had the gardener been,
Who kept the garden where the Lord did lie,
And who the ascending from the tomb had seen.

“ Of the Lord’s friends on earth, how much he told,
For them he knew, or they who had them known ;
Far more than any written book could hold,
That day to my enlarged mind was shown !

“ And of the Lord such living form he brought,
It seemed that I beheld him in that place ;
That there I saw the miracles he wrought ;
That I had converse with him face to face !

“ Oh, wondrous knowledge ! and from that day forth
I have not ceased to preach the blessed word ;
For fourscore years and upwards, through the earth,
Have I proclaimed glad tidings of the Lord !

“ But in the city, mid the crush of men,
I would not ye should dig my lowly grave,
But carry me unto the Kedron’s glen,
And lay me in the mountain’s chapelled cave !

“ For there I laid the old man’s bones in peace,
And there would I my earthly part should rest !
Carry me hence ! for ere the daylight cease
I must be with the Lord, a marriage-guest !”

THE ORDEAL OF TOUCH.

“ On occasion of these practices upon the credulity of the ignorant, the face of the corpse was bared, as well as the breast and arms ; the body was wrapped in a winding-sheet of the whitest linen, so that if blood should flow, it would be instantly observed. After a mass peculiarly adapted to the ordeal, the most suspected, calling down the signal vengeance of heaven if they spoke falsely, successively approached the bier, and made the sign of the cross upon the dead man's breast.’

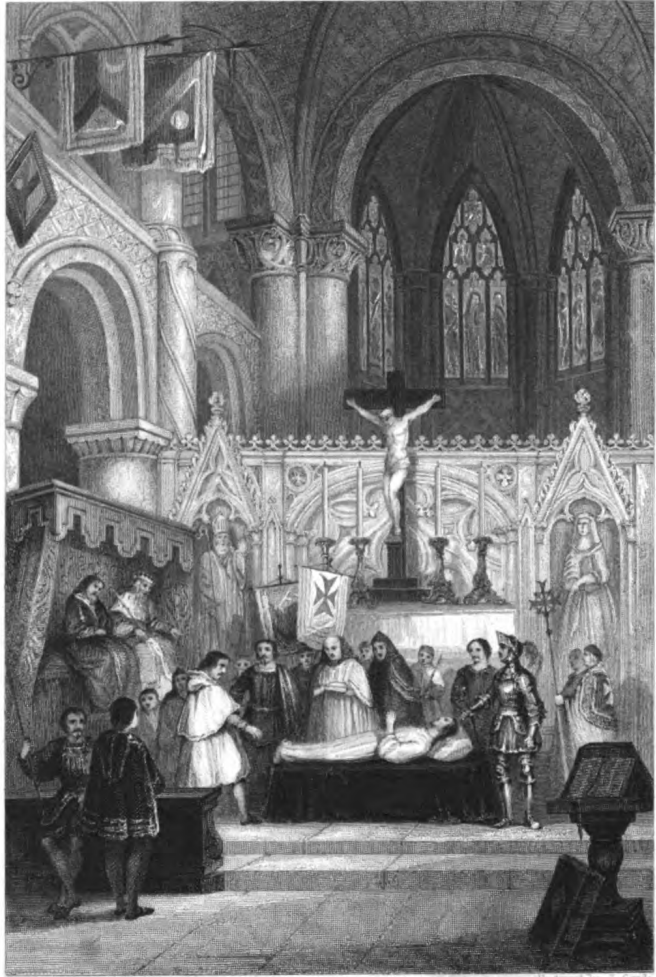
“ STAND back ! and let me pass
On to the holy place !
Stand back, my friend, if such thou be ;—
Stand back, my slanderous enemy ;—
Impede me none ! and let me see
The dead man face to face !

“ Oh body stiff and stark,
If I have done thee ill,
Let every cruel wound of thine
Pour to the earth the sanguine sign !
Hide not the guilt if it is mine,
Oh, body stark and still !

“ I that have been thy friend,
And with thee counsel ta'en,
To whom thy secret thoughts were shown ;
Whose soul was precious as mine own—
Oh ! if this deed were mine, make known
By blood outpoured like rain !

“ Here, on thy stony brow,
My bared right-hand I lay ;
Here, on thy loving, wounded breast,
Into thy wounds my hand is prest !
Oh, body, by black wrong distrest,
If I am guilty, say !





Engraved by J. P. ...

Engraved by J. P. ...

THE ... OF ...







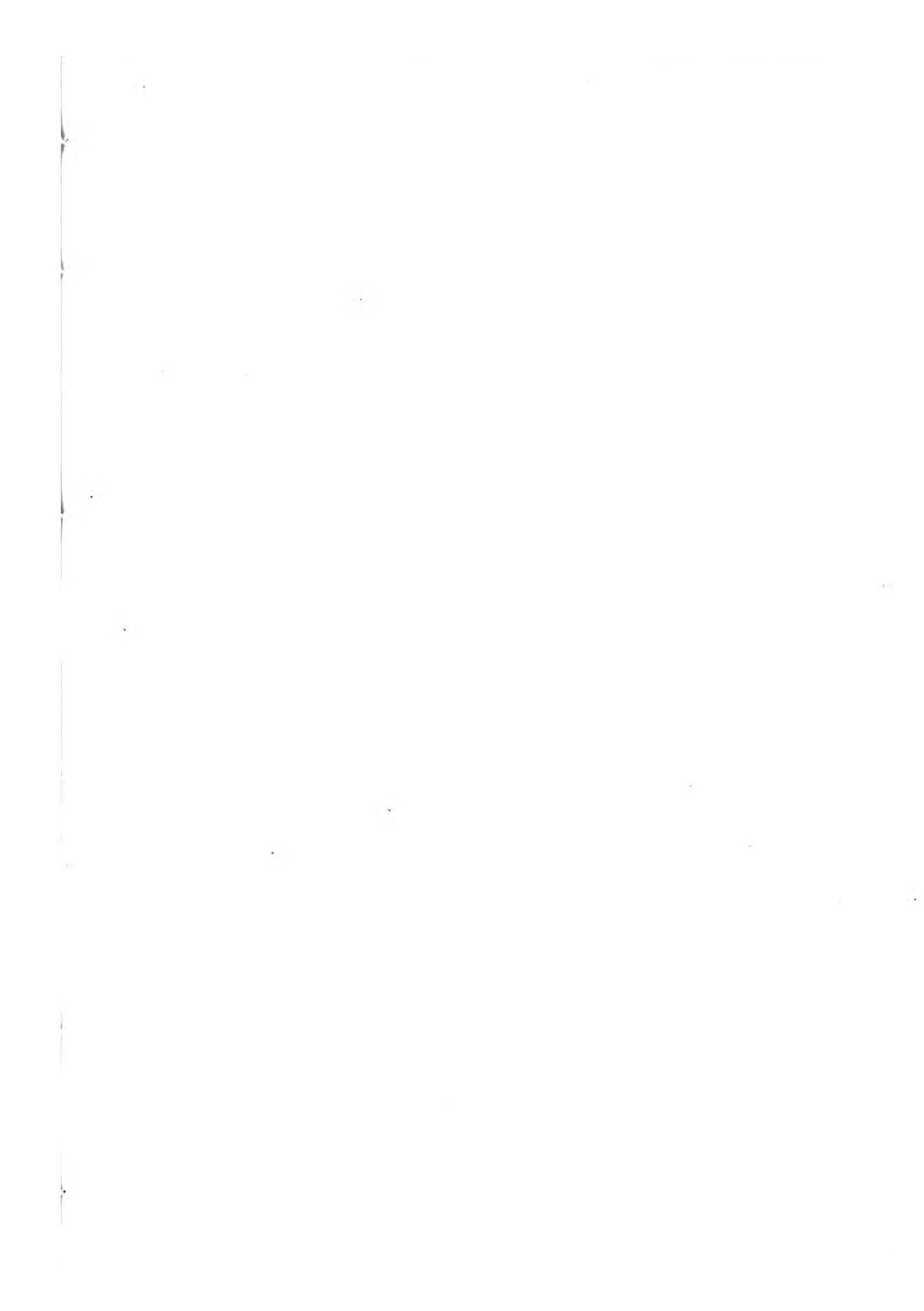
Painted by C. R. Leslie, R.A.

Engraved by H. J. Robinson.

HENRY-RICHARD VASSALL, BARON HOLLAND, F. R. S.-F. S. A.

Vassall Holland

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.





“ My hand hath not a stain !
The death-robe yet is white !
Now slanderer, come forth, an thou dare,
And here upon this altar-stair,
Stand, with firm foot, and right-hand bare !
So heaven attest the right !

“ I challenge thee to proof !
I know the secret wood,
Where thou and thine accomplice ran !
Here lieth he, thy murdered man !
Now, touch that body stark and wan,
And dare the accusing blood !”

HENRY-RICHARD VASSALL, BARON HOLLAND.

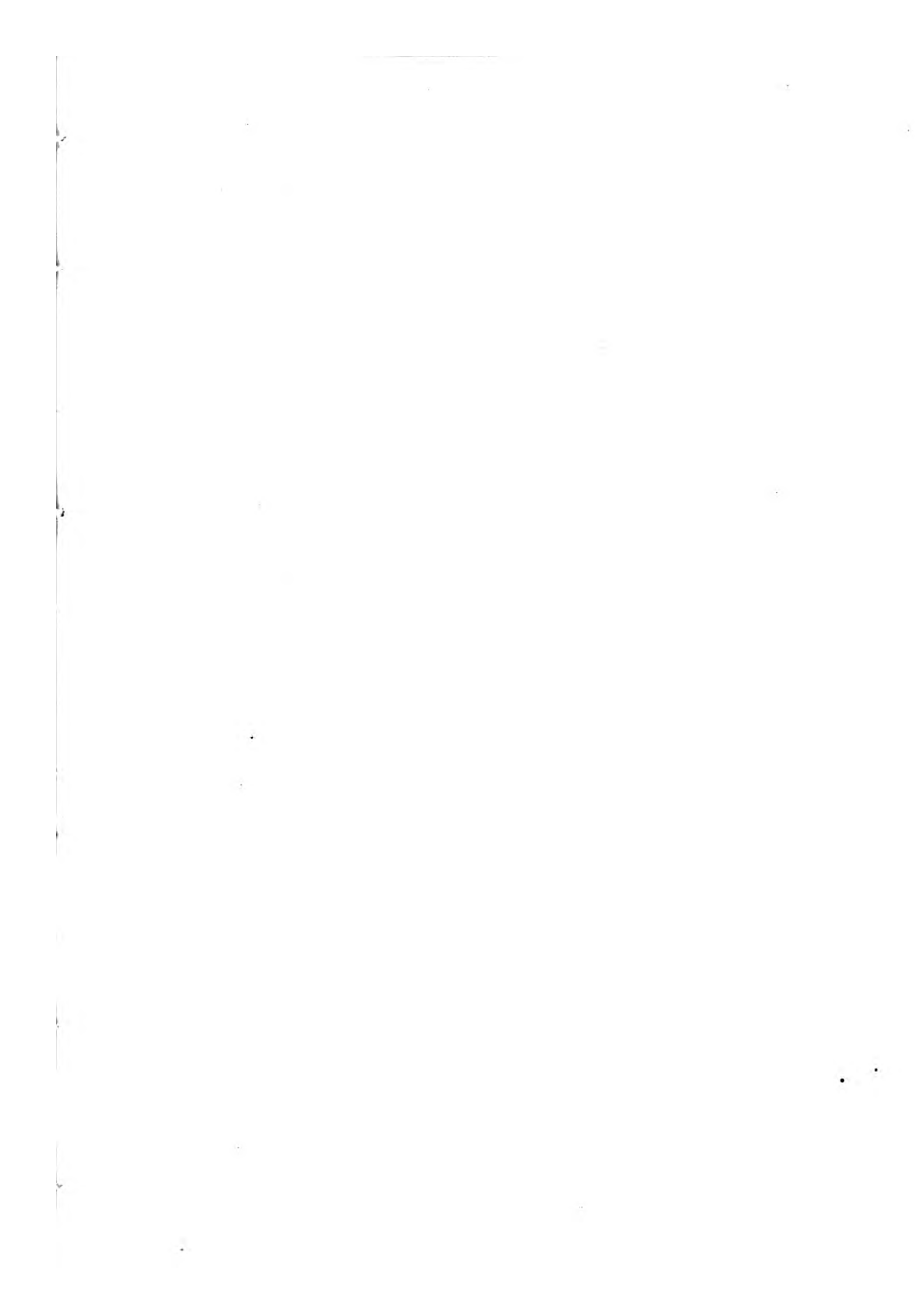
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster ; a Lord of Trade and Plantations ; a Commissioner for the Duchy of Cornwall ; a Commissioner for Building Churches ; Recorder of Nottingham ; F.R.S. and F.S.A.
Born Nov. 21st, 1773 ; succeeded to the title December 26th, 1774 ; married July 9th, 1797.

IN his earliest youth, LORD HOLLAND discovered an ardent desire to mingle in his own person the pleasures and distinctions of literature and patriotism. On coming of age, he hastened to the continent, carrying with him letters of introduction from his illustrious uncle, Charles James Fox, to the principal courts, at many of which he resided a considerable time, especially those of France, Italy, and Spain, making himself familiar with every thing relating to them, which might become of essential importance to a British statesman.

His Lordship was particularly happy in his marriage with Elizabeth Vassall, a lady of congenial taste, and of great personal and intellectual endowments.

LORD HOLLAND has given us, as the fruit of his Spanish studies, the Lives of Lope de Vega and De Castro, besides several translations from the Italian, and various letters and papers on English subjects, and, as it is said, not a few articles in the Edinburgh Review. It is not the less certain, that we owe to LADY HOLLAND much countenance and encouragement to the spirit of literature ; and, not least of all, the successful introduction to our gardens of that splendid flower, the dahlia.

Few, we think, in looking back into their existence, can discover a more happy, honourable, or useful career than that of LORD HOLLAND.







EDWARD COBBOULD.

W. H. FOLEY.

THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY OF LONDON.

JOHN W. PEARSON, SON & CO. LONDON & PARIS.



MRS. ALVA.

So he's thought,

But to my taste is neither; scarce above
The middle stature, and too grave by far;
And as for cleverness, all men are taught
To make some show of learning.

MRS. ASH.

Is he moral?

A good son, and a generous landlord, is he?

MRS. ALVA. Oh, most absurd! Landlord! He has no tenants!
Why, *the poor Westwoods* is a county proverb:
The father wasted all his patrimony;
He sold and mortgaged his broad, ancient manors,
And by illegal means despoiled the heir,
Till, at his death, the very furniture—
Costly as that of any ducal mansion—
Was sold to pay his debts. Landlord indeed!
Why, the old house and grounds alone remain,
And how they're kept up is a miracle!
It makes one melancholy but to drive
Past those old gates, where never carriage enters—
Which only will be opened for the hearse!

MRS. ASH. But said you not he had a mother living?

MRS. ALVA. Oh yes! she was a Cavendish, and brought
A noble fortune.

MRS. ASH. True—poor Margaret Cavendish!

We were at school together; a fine creature,
A generous-hearted, noble-minded girl
Was Margaret Cavendish!

MRS. ALVA.

But now none see her;

She keeps no company; she has no carriage,—
Has lived so long out of society,
That no one misses her.

MRS. ASH.

'Tis the world's way!

Well, but her son, I hope, is dutiful.

MRS. ALVA. No doubt on't—I ne'er heard a word against him;
But with a ruined name and broken fortune
He is no match for Lucy Alvarez!
—Why does he enter not the church or army,
And get preferment there!—'twere nobler far—
'Twere manlier far, than being a fortune-hunter!

MRS. ASH. Now, daughter Alvarez, one little word:
And Lucy, you may lay your book aside—
But small attention have you given your book—
And take this footstool. Now recall your youth,
Dear daughter Alvarez!





The Mother and Child
A scene of domestic life
in a rural setting
with a view of a building in the distance.



Mrs. ALVA. (*Kissing her.*) No, my dear girl! But had you known
your father,

You could not laughingly have spoken of him!

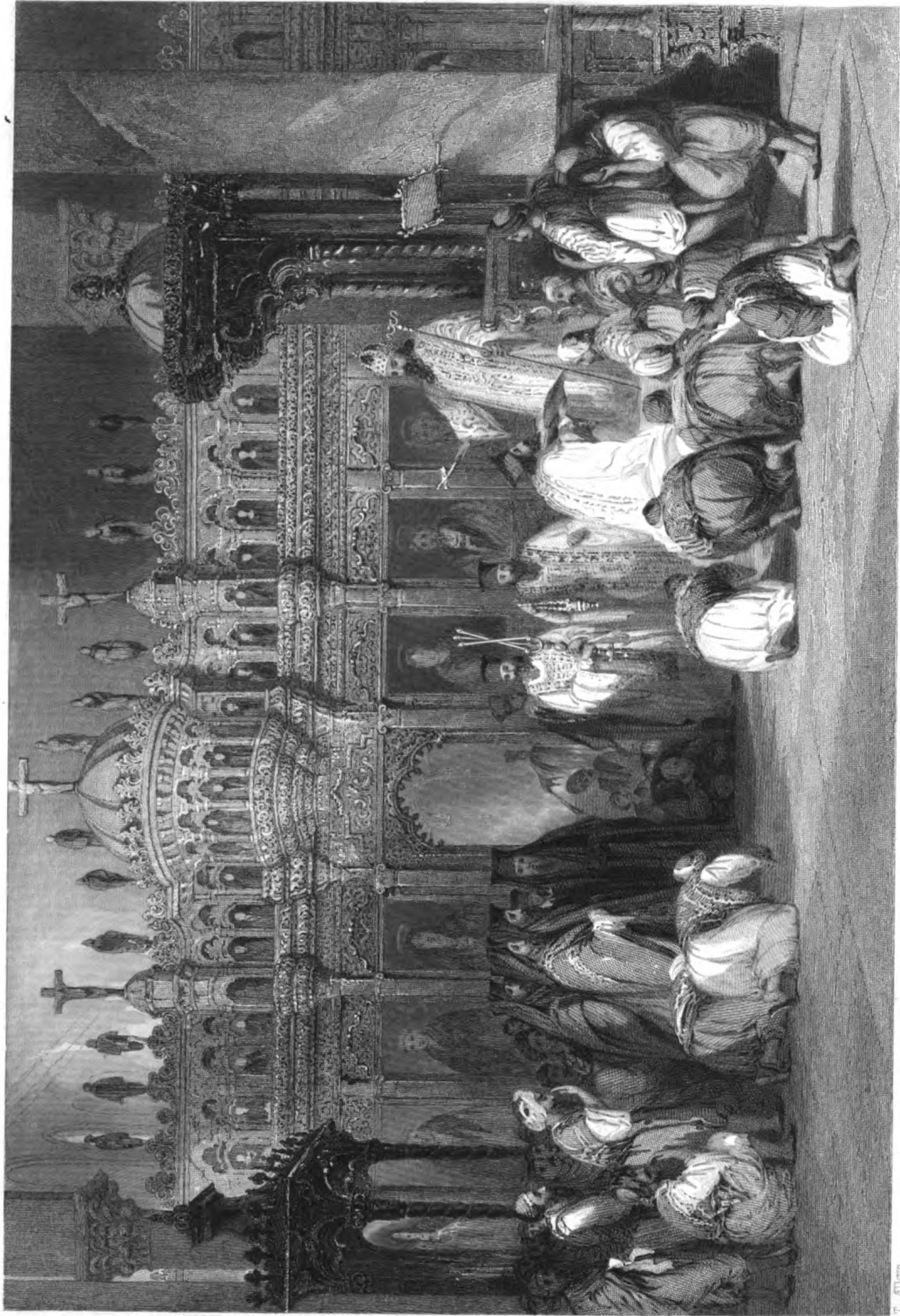
Mrs. ASH. My Alice, let these memories of the past
Bring blessings to your daughter! Good Don Pedro
Was worthy of your never-dying love;
And Arthur Westwood—nay, I'll have my will—
Is not less worthy Lucy's.

Come, this day
I'll visit my old friend who hath been schooled
By hard adversity, good Margaret Cavendish;
And you shall go with me!

THE GIPSY MOTHER'S SONG.

THE merry miller's rosy dame
Hath not a wish her heart to tame;
The baron's lady, young and fair,
Hath gold to spend, and gold to wear;
The Queen of England, richer still,
Hath all the world to do her will!

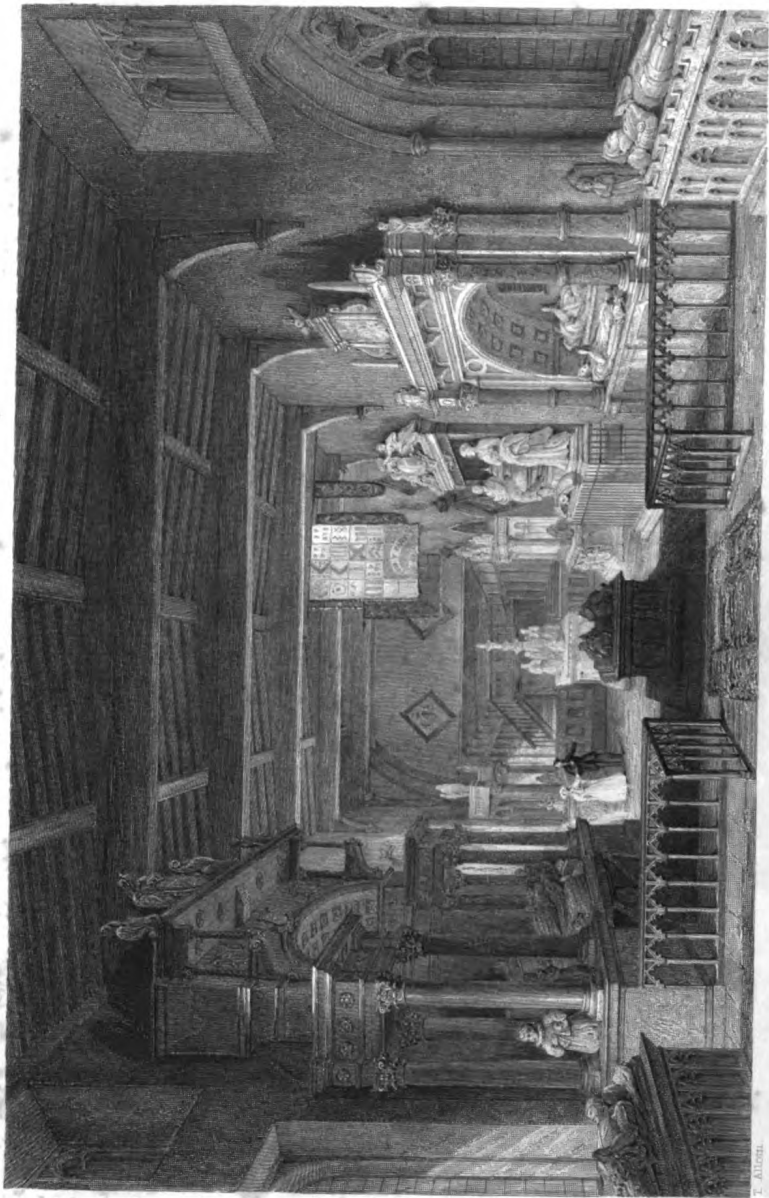
But England's Queen, with all her state,
Nor baron's wife, nor miller's mate,
With all their wealth, are blest as we,
Within the tent, beneath the tree,—
As thou and I, my bright-eyed dove,
And he, the father, whom we love!



A representation of the Church of the Holy Spirit, London, during a service.



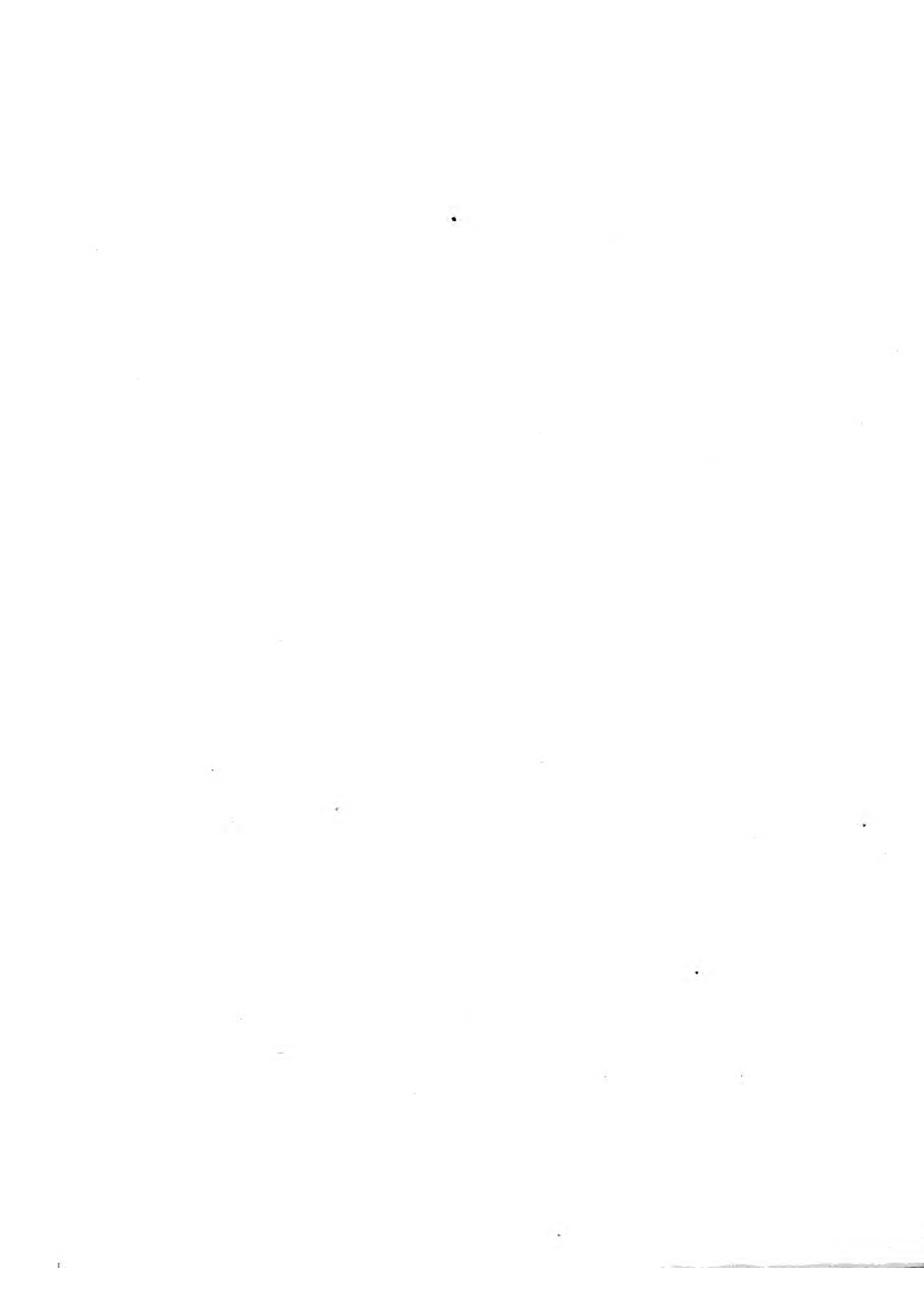




M. J. S. 1870

THE GREAT HALL OF THE PALACE OF THE DUKES OF BRUNSWICK

W. J. S. 1870



CHURCH MONUMENTS.

THERE is nothing more English, and pregnant with English feeling, than an old English church. Who shall wonder that our great families have a fair share of ancestral pride? If they look into our national history, they find the names of their ancestors distinguished amongst those who have raised the great fabric of the laws, the learning, and the constitution of their country; who fought the battles and maintained the creeds of our fathers; who have pursued into every region of the earth the opening course of discovery and adventure, and placed new lands, new people, and new commerce under our dominion. Within their own halls they see around them the portraits of those who, from age to age, won the family honours which they now wear; but it is when they enter the parish church that they become most exposed to the flatteries of the past. The very temple of God has grown in the progress of time into a temple of family greatness. They go to worship, and find themselves worshipful. When we tread the aisles of St. Paul's or of Westminster Abbey, it is with a national consciousness, but in the village church it is with a consciousness of family distinction.

On all sides, the walls of the ancient village church are enriched with the sculptures of family renown. From the oaken roof depend banners rich with armorial bearings, and heavy with the dust of ages. Tattered remnants of banners shivered with the blasts of battle, but worse rent and dimmed with the decay of years, speak of achievements which cannot be called to mind without a sudden throb of the heart, and a flushing of the cheek. Even the sable hatchment fixed aloft, though it speak of death, yet presents the emblazonments of those who lived only for glory and power. They proclaim family alliances of high and princely mark, and spread the feeling of self-importance through many a distant county, and through channels of soaring consciousness. The very sun cannot stream through the old windows "richly dight," but he lights up kindred splendours, and casts them glowing on the walls and pavements around them;—windows, as John Keats has described them, "high and triple-arched,"—

" All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask wings;
And, in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon flushed with blood of queens and kings."

But what numbers of monuments has the sculptor raised around in this ancient church! Upon richly panelled tombs, beneath arch and pediment of fairest marble, lie the effigies of the long line of knights and ladies, the judges, and the prelates of their family. Time has there deposited the dead of eight hundred years, with all their monuments and memorials; some which have again crumbled into oblivious dust, or present worn and shapeless masses of stone. But yet how fair, how quaint,

how solemn and imposing those which remain! Those massy figures of ancient knights in armour, pillowing their heads perhaps upon their helmets, and resting their feet against some heraldic creature—the family crest; some of them with crossed legs, denoting their having fought in the Holy Land; many with their fair ladies by their side—all with upraised hands joined in an everlasting prayer. Below them are rows of their kneeling children, little quaint figures ranged in front of their gothic-traceried tombs; and above them their shields, and the records of their deeds, in carved tablets, and in letters of brass or gold.

What a simple and household piety is made apparent in both these painted and these sculptured figures! These kneeling and praying groups, even amid all the ostentation of their family standing, seem to be the true personages of the times of old English stateliness and simplicity, when to fear God and honour the king were held the two great aims of life; when hospitals and bead-houses rose on the breath of vows, and princely colleges and churches were the fruits of penance. What a rigid stonyness there is, too, about those supine figures! They make the awe, the silence, and the chillness of death palpable and perpetual. We might tread over a grassy grave, garnished with dewy flowers, and swept by the breeze, and forget that it covered the wrecks of humanity; but here death and pride, mortality and the assumption of greatness, are strangely blended together, and force upon us sternly all the past and future, the folly and the loftiness of our nature. / 7

I love these dim old churches, clustered with those ancestral tombs. They are not only the mausolea, but the historic galleries of this country. It is in them that many a trace of costume, the vestiges of many a curious custom, the confirmation of general history, and the existence of touching and curious family facts, are preserved. Art and literature owe them much. We come in them, ever and anon, to the monument of some one of those great men whose combined glory is the glory of the nation,—to the tomb of Shakspeare, Cowper, Scott, or Byron; to the resting-place of kings slain in battle, or minister fallen from his high estate, like Wolsey; and on no other occasion are the reality of their lives and the solemnity of their fate so riveted into our souls. The tombs of the martyrs and the patriots, too, are in our resting fanes. Hampden and Algernon Sidney, and the bones of those who perished at the stake, lie there, and freedom and holy faith walk above their dust, amid the household virtues, the fading garlands of village maidens, and the memorials of the young and innocent.

“ Their souls, and all the faithful’s, rest in peace ;
And light beam round them, never more to cease.”

Moile’s State Trials

W. H.



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



