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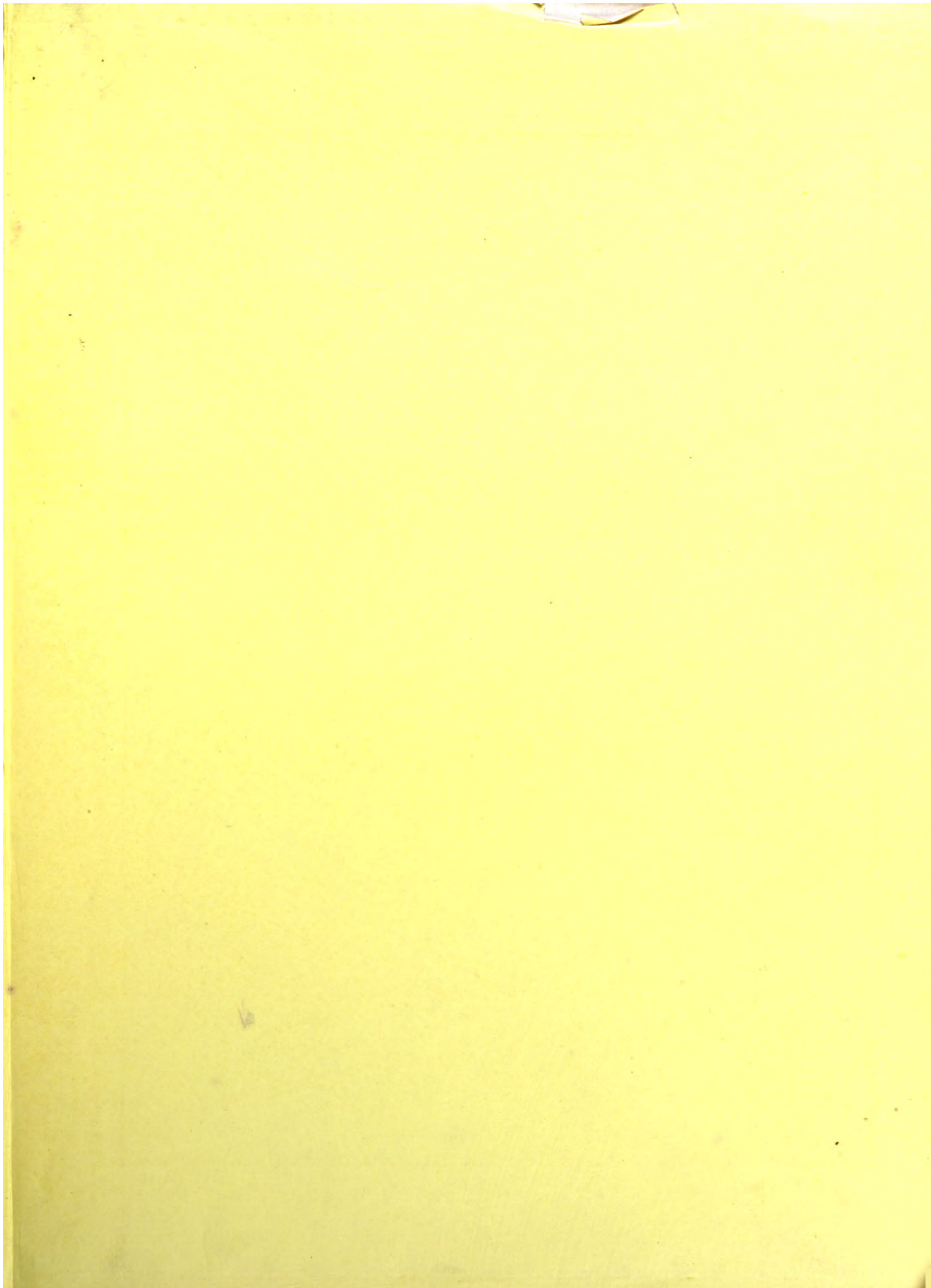
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W. A. Wood

W. A. Wood

Portrait of a Young Woman

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ENGLISH PEARLS;

OR,

PORTRAITS FOR THE BOUDOIR.

A SERIES OF

HIGHLY-FINISHED ENGRAVINGS,

FROM DRAWINGS

BY EMINENT ARTISTS.

ENGRAVED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF MR. CHARLES HEATH.

With Poetical Illustrations.



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THE QUEEN.

THOU music of a nation's voice,
Thou grace of old Britannia's throne,
Thou light round which all hearts rejoice,
God save and guard thee, England's own!
While thousand, thousand hearts are thine,
And Britain's blessing rests on thee,
Pure may thy crown, Victoria, shine,
And all thy subjects *lovers* be!

Long mays't thou live to prove the best
And noblest crown a Queen can wear
Is that a people's love hath blessed,
Whose happiness is in her care!
God save the Queen! ring high ye bells!
Swell forth old England's joy afar,
She reigns! all earth her glory tells,
She reigns!—God bless the Queen! hurrah.



Faint, illegible text, likely a title or caption, possibly including the name 'Miss' and a date.



ENGLISH HOMES.

SEE these flow'rets how they twine
Round this casement:—'tis a shrine
Where the heart doth incense give,
And the pure affections live
In the mother's gentle breast
By her smiling infant press'd.

Blessed shrine! dear, blissful home!
Source whence happiness doth come!
Round by the cheerful hearth we meet
All things beauteous—all things sweet—
Every solace of man's life,
Mother,—daughter,—sister,—wife!

England, Isle of free and brave,
Circled by the Atlantic wave!
Though we seek the fairest land
That the south wind ever fann'd
Yet we cannot hope to see
Homes so holy as in thee.

As the tortoise turns its head
Toward its native ocean-bed,
Howsoever far it be
From its own beloved sea,
Thus, dear Albion, evermore
Do we turn, to seek thy shore.





Portrait of a Queen
in the style of the 15th century
by the artist [Name]



THE WREATH OF FAME.

WHAT mortal plant that grows
Should wreath immortal fame?
The Rose? it darkens ere it blows,
Its glory's but a name!
Its blush which meets the morn's young beams
Must bear night's tears ere long;
Find fitter emblem for Fame's dreams,
The poet's soul and song.

The Laurel? Shall its sombre leaves
Fame's lofty brow entwine?
Which living light from heaven receives,
And mirrors thoughts divine!
No! Cast it o'er some dismal wave,
Where human hopes ne'er breathe;
The glorious songs the poets gave
May ask a nobler wreath.

The Bay? Oh! still its hues proclaim
The same prophetic mark;
All things that speak of after fame
Are gloomy, stern, and dark!
The lovelier—still the briefer lot—
They blossom and depart!
Their dead leaves lingering o'er the spot,
Like memories round the heart.

Away! of human feelings twine
The garland that shall live.
Hopes, thoughts, affections,—all divine;
Be those the wreath ye give!
The Heart's the flower that meetest glows,
And bears the dearest name!
What other mortal thing which grows
Should wreath immortal fame!





Portrait of a Young Woman

Engraved by [Name] from a drawing by [Name]



SIMPLICITY.

I.

O! let not gems of woven gold
Confine thy waves of shadowy hair;
Nor art arrange each modest fold,
Which lightly shades thy bosom fair:
Fix not the hues that delicately fly,
Deepening thy soft cheek's pure though paler dye.

II.

Who ever hangs the simple rose
With glaring gems or golden thread,
Deepens with paint the blush that glows
On every leaf; or perfume shed
To scent the flower that such rare sweetness flings,
Where'er the wild breeze waves his viewless wings.



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THE SMILE.

LET others love the pearly tear,
The blushing cheek adorning,
And, say 'tis like the dew drop clear
That gems the rose of morning.

Let others love to see the fair
With pensive mien appearing ;
Be mine to hail the sprightly air,
The dimpled smile endearing.

It speaks good humour's mild controul,
With magic fascination ;
It tells the feelings of the soul
With sportive animation.

Superior to the brightest eyes
Or cheek with roses blooming,
A warning charm it still supplies,
The lovely face illuming.

'Twas Hebe taught fair beauty's queen,
The gay bewitching wile,
And still her glowing lips are seen
To wear a playful smile.







TO A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT.

GRACEFUL phantom of delight!
Glorious type of beauty bright!
Such as haunts the poet's vision,
When his dreams are all elysian;
When his musing fancy brings
Shadows of all lovely things;
And, famed Zeuxis' art excelling,
He hath formed a second Helen—
Wanting but the power of speech—
From the glowing traits of each!

But she may not vie with thee!—
There's a sweet simplicity
Flitting round thine open brow.
Sporting on thy ripe lips now,
Mantling o'er thy maiden cheek
(In hues that leave description weak),
With a brightness all too real
For a poet's *beau ideal*!

Though an angel's grace is thine,
Though the light is half divine
That with chasten'd lustre flashes
From beneath thine eyes' dark lashes.
Yet thy thoughtful forehead fair
And that sweetly pensive air
Speak thee but of mortal birth—
An erring, witching child of earth—
In each varied mood revealing
Human hope and human feeling.
Glad some now—now vow'd to sorrow—
Glad to-day, if sad to morrow!









LOVE'S FIRST DREAM.

BRIGHT is the foam of an eastern wave,
As it plays in the sun's last glow;
Pure is the pearl in its crystal bed,
Gemming the worlds below;
Warm is the heart that mingles its blood
In the red tide of glory's stream;
But more flashingly bright, more pure, more warm,
Is love's first dream!

Hope paints the vision with hues of her own,
In all the colours of spring;
While the young lips breathe, like a dewy rose
Fann'd by the fire-fly's wing.
'Tis a fairy scene, where the fond soul roves,
Exulting in passion's warm beam;
Ah! sad 'tis to think we should wake with a chill,
From love's first dream!

But it fades like the rainbow's brilliant arch,
Scatter'd by clouds and wind;
Leaving the spirit, unrobed of light,
In darkness and tears behind.
When mortals look back on the heartfelt woes
They have met with in life's rough stream,
That sigh will be deepest which memory gives
To love's first dream.





W. Taylor

1857

Miss M. W. W.

Published by M. W. W. in New York



LOVE'S ASPIRINGS.

I.

THE flower thou lov'st—the flower thou lov'st ;
Oh! would I were that blessed flower,
To be with thee where'er thou rov'st,—
Thine own young breast my beauteous bower.
To feel thy warm lips soft and sweet,
Breathe fondly o'er my crimson blooms ;
'Twere bliss to die, if thus to meet
So kind a death—so fair a tomb.

II.

The flower thou lov'st—oh! 'twere indeed
A fate of unalloyed delight,
Thus on thy beauty's breath to feed
And gently fade in thy lov'd sight.
For oh! when every leaf was gone
That once thine eyes with light could fill,
In spirit I would linger on,
And float in fragrance round thee still!









1856

1856

Portrait of a Lady

Engraved by J. G. Thompson from a drawing by J. G. Thompson



WHENCE IS THIS SADNESS?

WHENCE is this sadness? why that mournful gaze?
Art thou not happy, and so passing fair?
I thought that blessed were the beautiful.
Thy face is lovely, yet joy dwells not there.

Thy form is radiant in its purity;
And who could deem it was a thing of earth,
But for that shade of care upon thy brow,
That tells us this sad world hath given thee birth.

Has hope deceived thee with her gay mirage,
And borne thee on her soft delusive wing
Towards scenes of joy too bright for mortal heart,
Then left thee to despair and murmuring?

'Tis ever thus with nature's loveliest things!
Sorrow will scathe them with her with'ring spell,
And youth and joy will spread their fairy wings,
Bidding to earth and her's a *long farewell!*









LOVE.

'Tis well to wake the theme of love
When chords of wild ecstatic fire
Fling from the harp, and amply prove
The soul as joyous as the lyre.

Such theme is blissful when the heart
Warms with the precious name we pour;
When our deep pulses glow and start
Before the idol we adore.

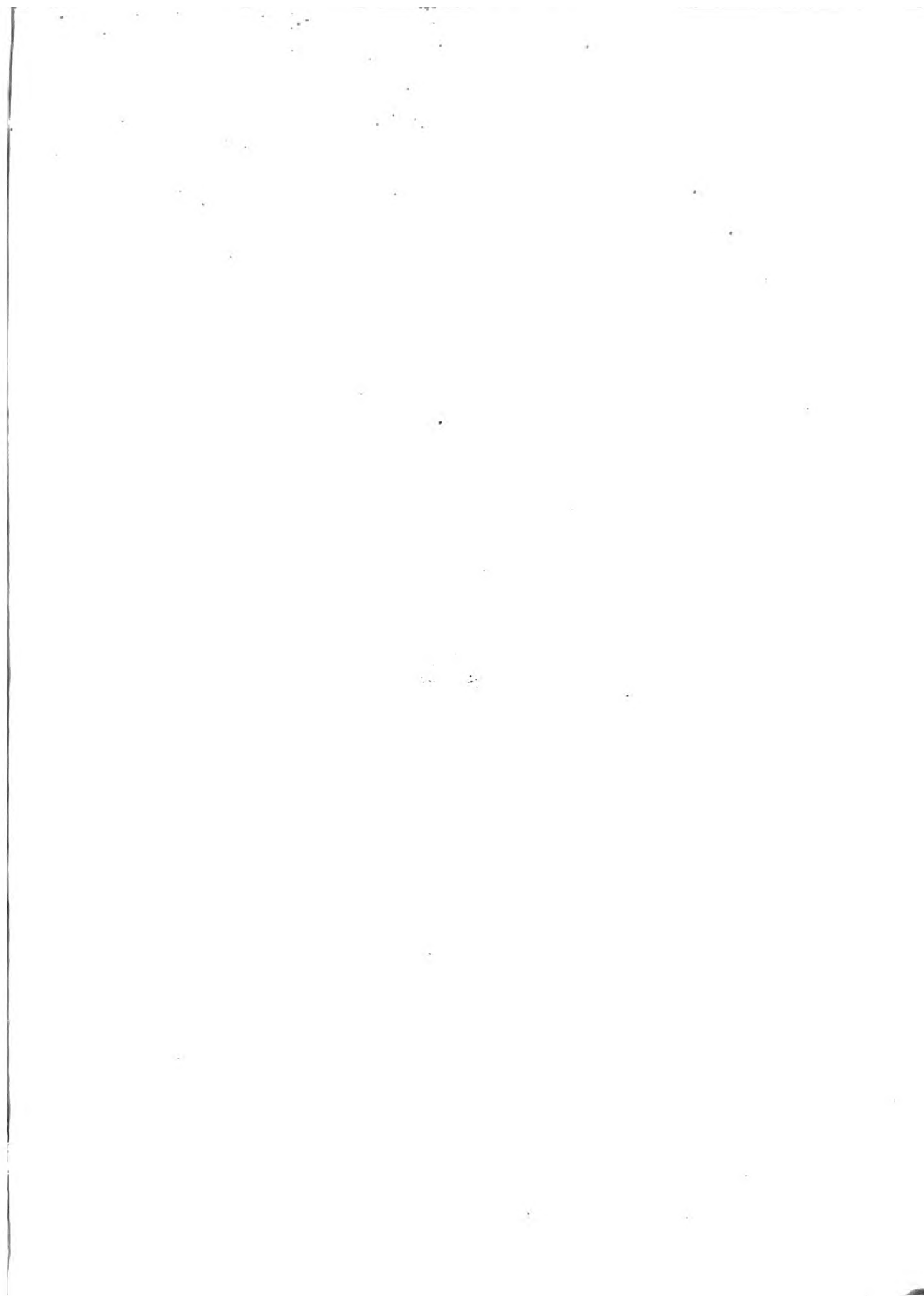
Sing ye, whose doating eyes behold,
Whose ears can drink the dear one's tone,
Whose hands may press, whose arms may fold,
The prized, the beautiful—thine own.

But, should the ardent hopes of youth
Have cherish'd dreams that darkly fled;
Should passion, purity, and truth,
Live on, despairing o'er the dead.

“Sing ye of love in words that burn,”
Is what full many a lip will ask;
But love the dead, and ye will learn
Such bidding is no gentle task.

Oh! pause in mercy, ere ye blame
The one who lends not love his lyre;
That which *ye* deem ethereal flame
May be to *him* a torture pyre.







BOUND BY
WESTLEYS &
CLARK.

