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

LORD BYRON

ILLUSTRATIONS

TO THE

WORKS OF LORD BYRON.

THE DRAWINGS BY

CHALON, LESLIE, HARDING, HERBERT, MEADOWS, STEPHANOFF,
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ENGRAVED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF

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CONTENTS.

A PORTRAIT.

THIS faint resemblance of thy charms,
  Though strong as mortal heart could give,
My constant heart of fear disarms,
  Revives my hopes, and bids me live.

Here I can trace the locks of gold
  Which round thy snowy forehead wave,
The cheeks which sprung from beauty's mould,
  The lips which made me beauty's slave.

Sweet copy! far more dear to me,
  Lifeless, unfeeling as thou art,
Than all the living forms could be,
  Save her who placed thee next my heart.

She placed it, sad, with needless fear,
  Lest time might shake my wavering soul,
Unconscious that her image there
  Held every sense in fast control.

A. E. Chalon. R.A. H. Cook.

ZULEIKA.

She saw in curious order set
  The fairest flowers of Eastern land—
"He loved them once; may touch them yet,
  If offered by Zuleika's hand."
The childish thought was hardly breathed
  Before the rose was pluck'd and wreathed;
The next fond moment saw her seat
Her fairy form at Selim's feet.

* * * *

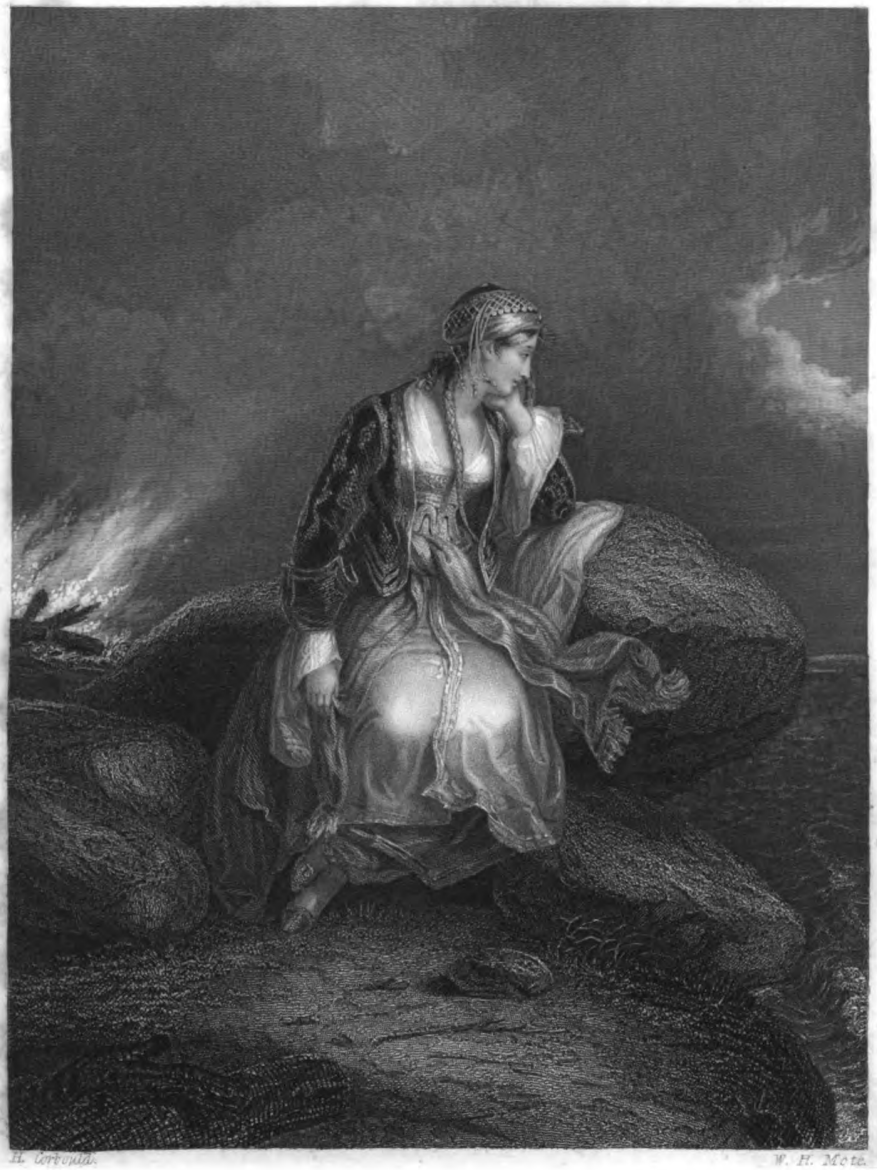
"What! not receive my foolish flower?
  Nay then I am indeed unblest:
On me can thus thy forehead lower?
  And know'st thou not who loves thee best?
Oh, Selim dear! oh, more than dearest!
Say, is it me thou hat'st or fearest?
Come, lay thy head upon my breast,
And I will kiss thee into rest."

J. J. Jenkins

[illegible]

MEDORA.

Oh! many a night on this low couch reclined,
My dreaming fear with storms hath wing'd the wind,
And deem'd the breath that faintly fann'd thy sail
The murmuring prelude of the ruder gale;
Though soft, it seem'd the low prophetic dirge,
That mourn'd thee floating on the savage surge:
Still would I rise to rouse the beacon fire,
Lest spies less true should let the blaze expire;
And many a restless hour outwatch'd each star,
And morning came—and still thou wert afar.
Oh! how the chill blast on my bosom blew,
And day broke dreary on my troubled view,
And still I gazed and gazed—and not a prow
Was granted to my tears—my truth—my vow!
At length—'t was noon—I hail'd and blest the mast
That met my sight—it near'd—Alas! it passed;
Another came—Oh God! 't was thine at last!



H. Corbould. W. H. Mote.

Alone with the return of [illegible]

STILL WOULD I RISE TO RAISE THE HEAVEN FIRE
[illegible]
[illegible]
AND MY [illegible] NAME AND STILL THEM WAIT AFAR

[illegible] & COMP.

THE SHIPWRECK.

He had an only daughter, call'd Haidée
  The greatest heiress of the Eastern Isles;
Besides, so very beautiful was she,
  Her dowry was as nothing to her smiles:
Still in her teens, and like a lovely tree,
  She grew to womanhood, and between whiles
Rejected several suitors, just to learn
How to accept a better in his turn.

And walking out upon the beach, below
  The cliff, towards sunset, on that day she found,
Insensible,—not dead, but nearly so,—
  Don Juan, almost famish'd, and half drown'd;

* * * *

  Yet deem'd herself in common pity bound,
As far as in her lay, "to take him in,
A stranger" dying, with so white a skin.

C. Bentley

J. I. Wilmore

MYRRHA.

MYRRHA. Lo!
I've lit the lamp which lights us to the stars.

SARDANAPALUS. And the cup?

MYRRHA. 'Tis my country's custom to
Make a libation to the gods.

SARDANAPALUS. And mine
To make libations amongst men. I've not
Forgot the custom; and although alone,
Will drain one draught in memory of many
A joyous banquet past.
And this libation
Is for the excellent Beleses.

MYRRHA. Why
Dwells thy mind rather upon that man's name
Than on his mates in villany?

SARDANAPALUS. The one
Is a mere soldier, a mere tool, a kind
Of human sword in a friend's hand; the other
Is master-mover of his warlike puppet:
But I dismiss them from my mind.—Yet pause,
My Myrrha! dost thou truly follow me,
Freely and fearlessly?

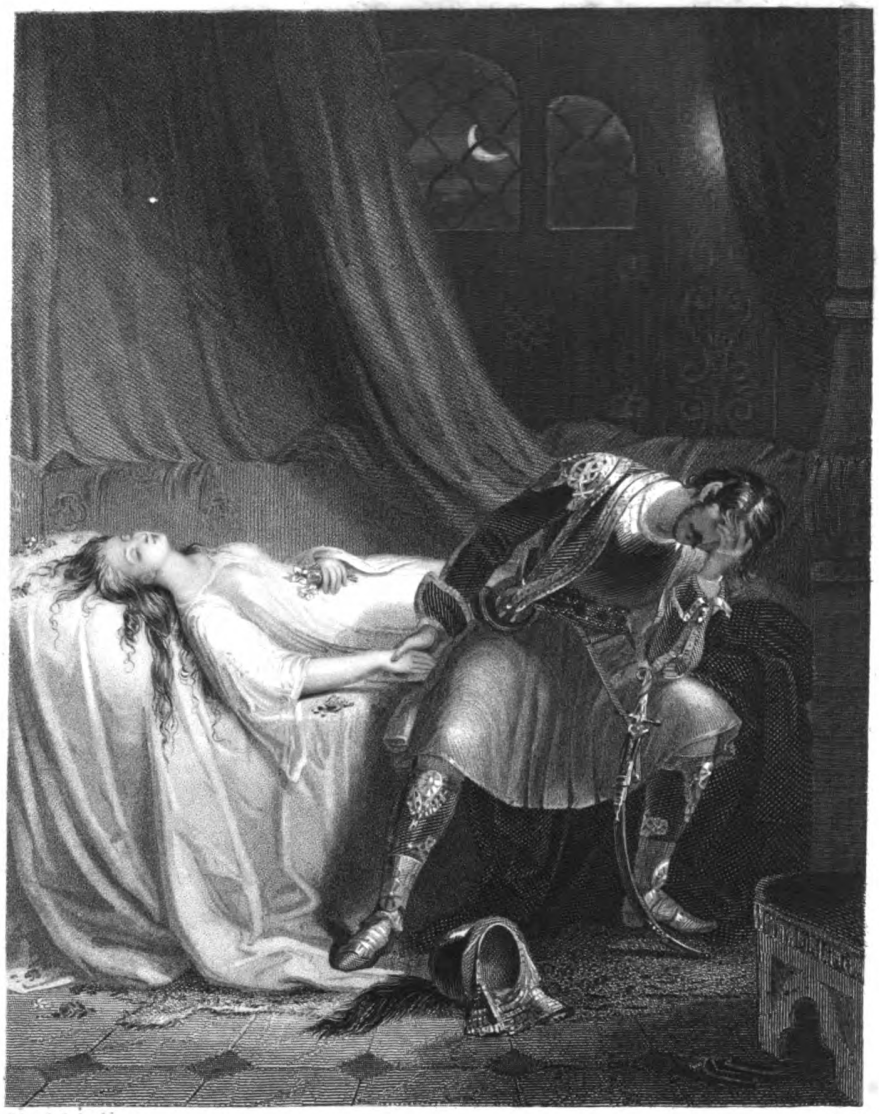
MYRRHA. And dost thou think
A Greek girl dare not do for love, that which
An Indian widow braves for custom?

F. Meadows. W. H. Mote.

THE DEATH OF MEDORA.

In life itself she was so still and fair,
That death with gentler aspect wither'd there;
And the cold flowers* her colder hand contain'd,
In that last grasp as tenderly were strain'd
As if she scarcely felt, but feign'd a sleep,
And made it almost mockery yet to weep;
The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow,
And veiled—thought shrinks from all that lurk'd below—
Oh! o'er the eye Death most exerts his might,
And hurls the spirit from her throne of light;
Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse,
But spares, as yet, the charm around her lips—
Yet, yet they seem as they forbore to smile,
And wish'd repose—but only for a while.

* In the Levant it is the custom to strew flowers on the bodies of the dead, and in the hands of young persons to place a nosegay.



Edward Corbould. W. Cook.

MAID OF ATHENS.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,
*Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.**

By those tresses unconfined,
Woo'd by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

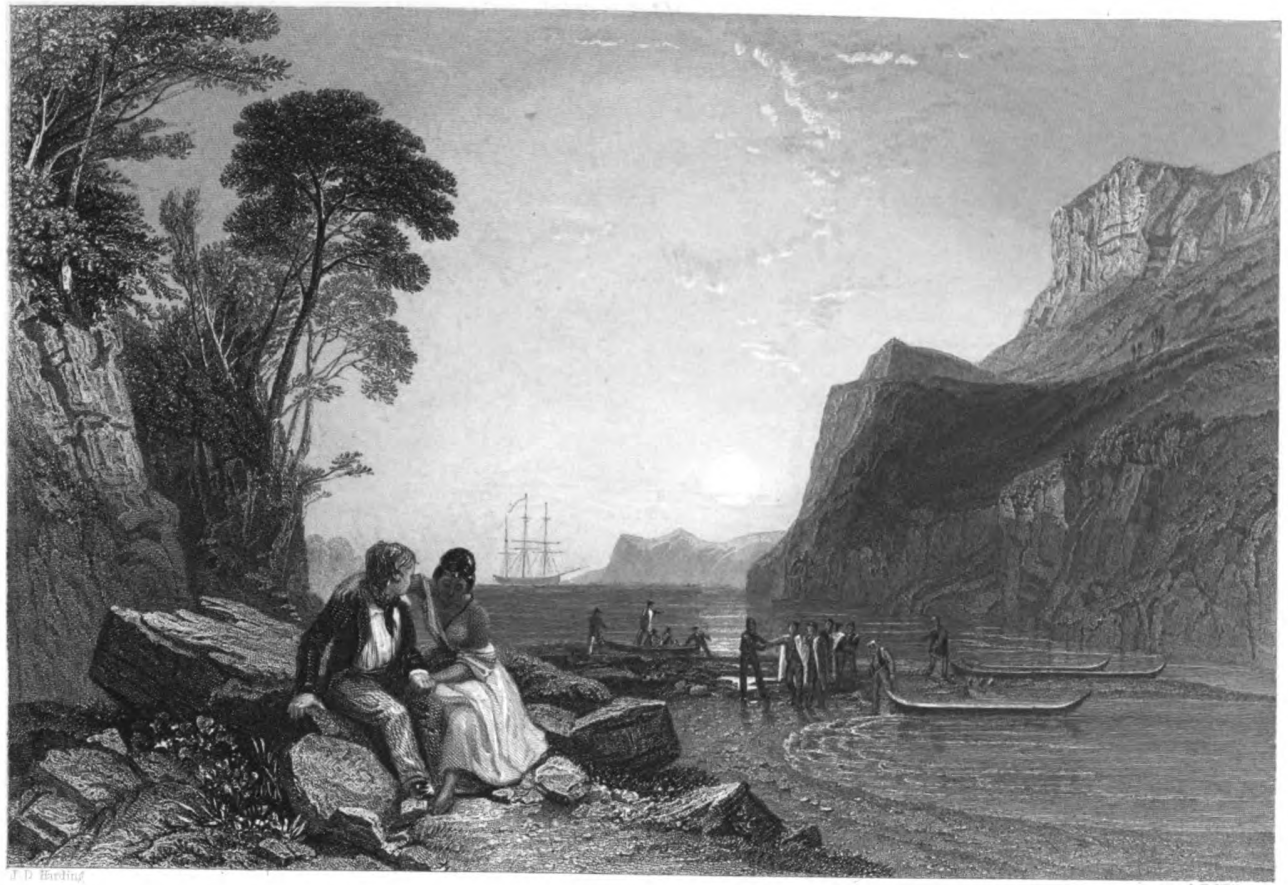
Maid of Athens! I am gone:
Think of me, sweet! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul:
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζώη μοῦ, σάς ἀγαπῶ.

* My life, I love you.

J. Wood. H. Cook.

NEUHA.

And who the first that, springing on the strand,
Leap'd like a nereid from her shell to land,
With dark but brilliant skin, and dewy eye
Shining with love, and hope, and constancy?
Neuha—the fond, the faithful, the adored—
Her heart on Torquil's like a torrent pour'd:
And smiled, and wept, and near, and nearer clasp'd,
As if to be assured 't was *him* she grasp'd;
Shudder'd to see his yet warm wound, and then
To find it trivial, smiled and wept again.
She was a warrior's daughter, and could bear
Such sights, and feel, and mourn, but not despair.
Her lover lived,—nor foes nor fears could blight
That full-blown moment in its all delight:
Joy trickled in her tears, joy fill'd the sob
That rock'd her heart till almost heard to throb;
And paradise was breathing in the sigh
Of nature's child in nature's ecstacy.



J. D. Harding

J. T. Willmore

CONRAD.

He pass'd the portal—cross'd the corridore,
And reach'd the chamber as the strain gave o'er:
"My own Medora! sure thy song is sad—"

"In Conrad's absence wouldst thou have it glad?
Without thine ear to listen to my lay,
Still must my song my thoughts, my soul betray:
Still must each accent to my bosom suit,
My heart unhush'd—although my lips were mute!

P. P. Stephanoff. H. Robinson.

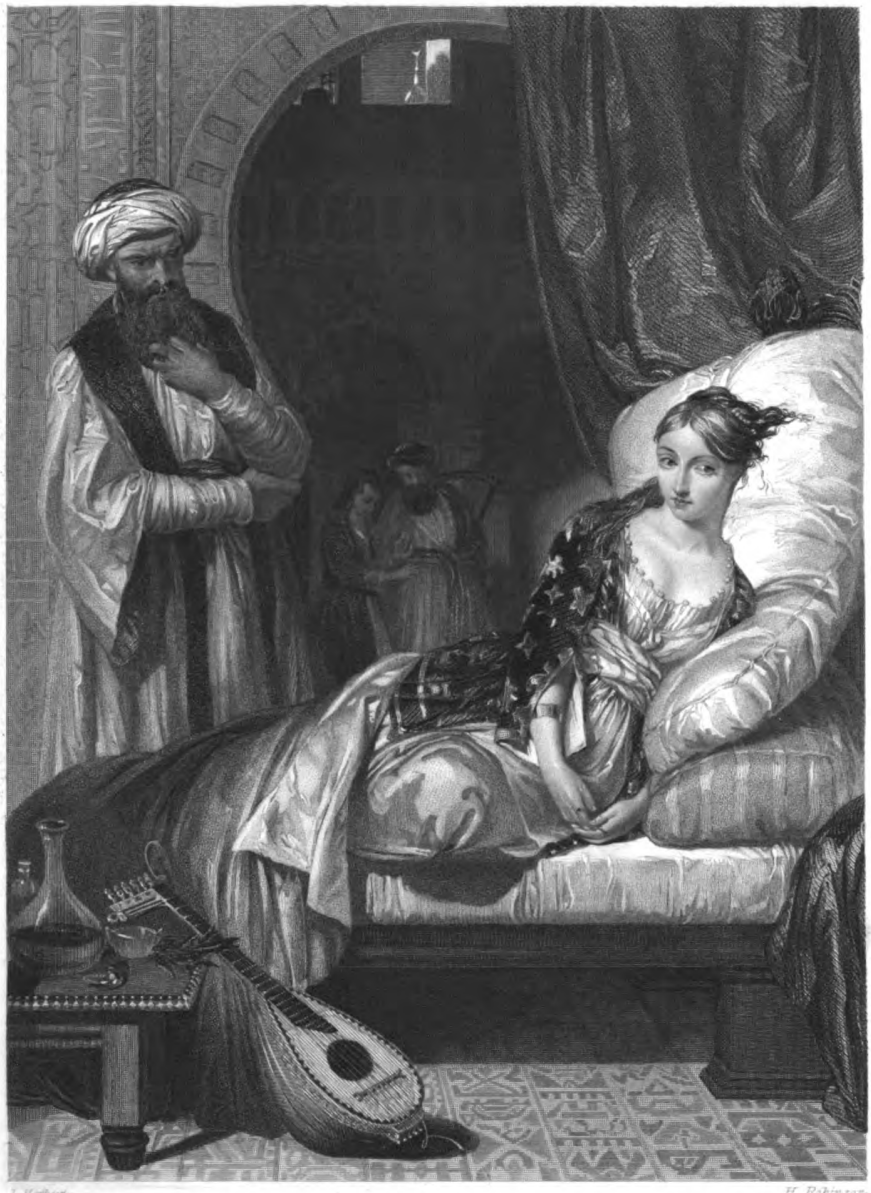
THE DEATH OF HAIDEE.

She woke at length, but not as sleepers wake,
  Rather the dead, for life seem'd something new,
A strange sensation which she must partake
  Perforce, since whatsoever met her view
Struck not her memory, though a heavy ache
  Lay at her heart, whose earliest beat still true
Brought back the sense of pain without the cause,
For, for a while, the furies made a pause.

She look'd on many a face with vacant eye,
  On many a token without knowing what;
She saw them watch her without asking why;
  And reck'd not who around her pillow sat;
Not speechless, though she spoke not; not a sigh
  Relieved her thoughts; dull silence and quick chat,
Were tried in vain by those who served; she gave
No sign, save breath, of having left the grave.

Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not;
  Her father watch'd, she turn'd her eyes away;
She recognized no being, and no spot,
  However dear or cherish'd in their day;
They changed from room to room, but all forgot,
  Gentle, but without memory she lay;
At length those eyes, which they would fain be weaning
Back to old thoughts, wax'd full of fearful meaning.

Twelve days and nights she wither'd thus; at last,
  Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show
A parting pang, the spirit from her past:
  And they who watch'd her nearest could not know
The very instant, till the change that cast
  Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,
Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—
Oh! to possess such lustre—and then lack!



J. Harbert. H. Robinson.

INEZ.

Nay, smile not at my sullen brow;
  Alas! I cannot smile again:
Yet Heaven avert that ever thou
  Shouldst weep, and haply weep in vain.

And dost thou ask, what secret woe
  I bear, corroding joy and youth?
And wilt thou vainly seek to know
  A pang, ev'n thou must fail to soothe?

It is not love, it is not hate,
  Nor low Ambition's honours lost,
That bids me loathe my present state,
  And fly from all I prized the most:

It is that weariness which springs
  From all I meet, or hear, or see:
To me no pleasure Beauty brings;
  Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me.

J. J. Jenkins. H. Cook.

NAY, MEE NOT AT MY GOLDEN BROW
ALAS! CANNOT OUR LOVE MEAN,
YET SEAVES MEE LOVE, AND CROWN
SHOULD I WEEP, AND DAYNE MEE IN VAIN.

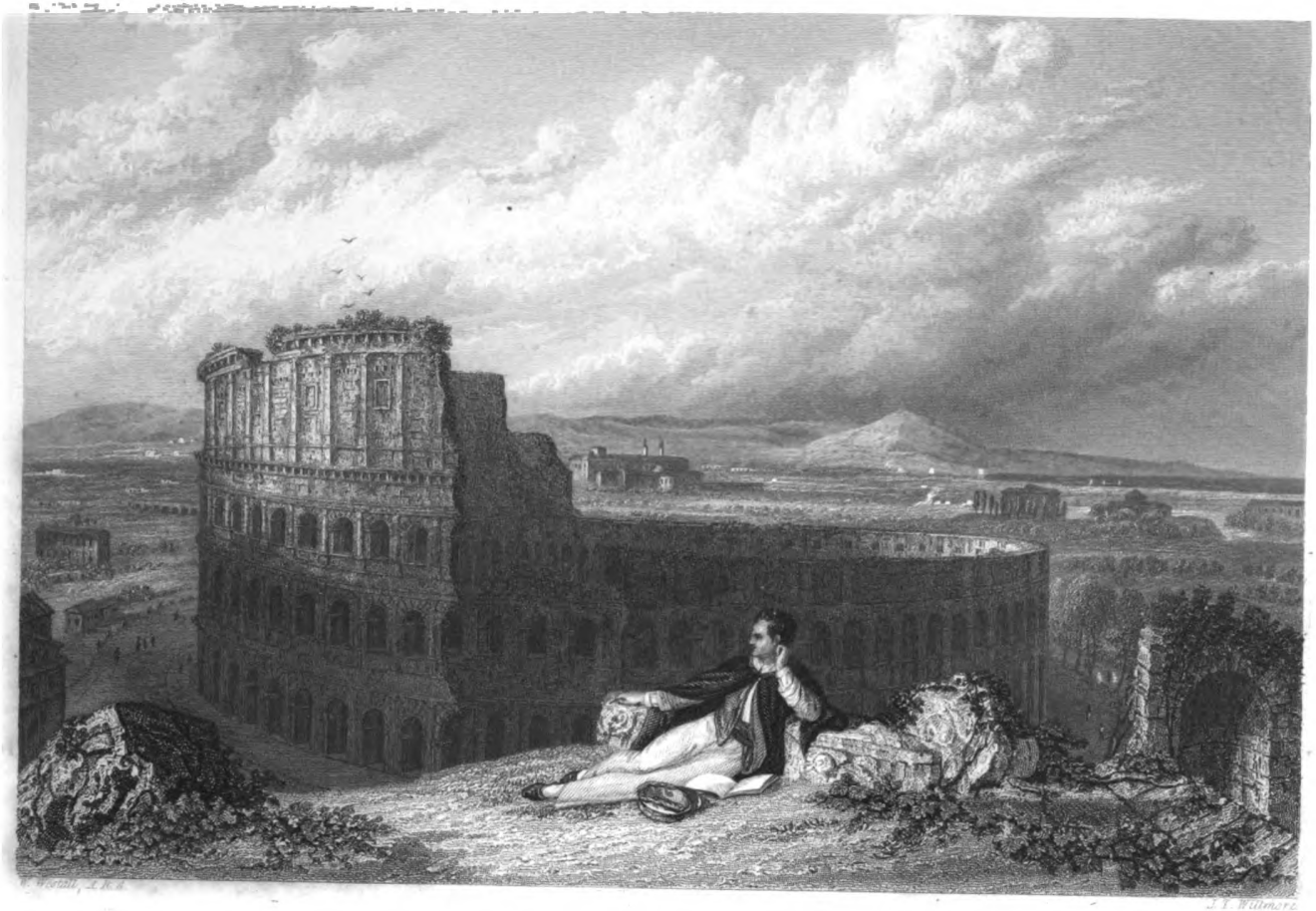
A. E. ARCHBOLD, W.S.

RUINS OF ROME.

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls—the World." From our own land
Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall
In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
Ancient; and these three mortal things are still
On their foundations, and unalter'd all;
Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,
The World, the same wide den—of thieves, or what ye will.

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—
Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,
From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time;
Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods
Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods
His way through thorns to ashes—glorious dome!
Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and tyrants' rods
Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
Of art and piety—Pantheon!—pride of Rome!

Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts!
Despoil'd yet perfect, with thy circle spreads
A holiness appealing to all hearts—
To art a model; and to him who treads
Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds
Her light through thy sole aperture; to those
Who worship, here are altars for their beads;
And they who feel for genius may repose
Their eyes on honour'd forms, whose busts around them close.


J. T. Willmore

LAURA.

. . . . 'Twas some years ago,
It may be thirty, forty, more or less,
The carnival was at its height, and so
Were all kinds of buffoonery and dress;
A certain lady went to see the show,
Her real name I know not, nor can guess,
And so we 'll call her Laura, if you please,
Because it slips into my verse with ease.

She was not old, nor young, nor at the years
Which certain people call a "*certain age*,"
Which yet the most uncertain age appears,
Because I never heard, nor could engage
A person yet by prayers, or bribes, or tears,
To name, define by speech, or write on page,
The period meant precisely by that word,—
Which surely is exceedingly absurd.

Laura was blooming still, had made the best
Of time, and time return'd the compliment,
And treated her genteelly, so that, dress'd,
She look'd extremely well where'er she went;
A pretty woman is a welcome guest,
And Laura's brow a frown had rarely bent;
Indeed she shone all smiles, and seem'd to flatter
Mankind with her black eyes for looking at her.

J. J. Jenkins. F. W. Wise

HUGO AND PARISINA.

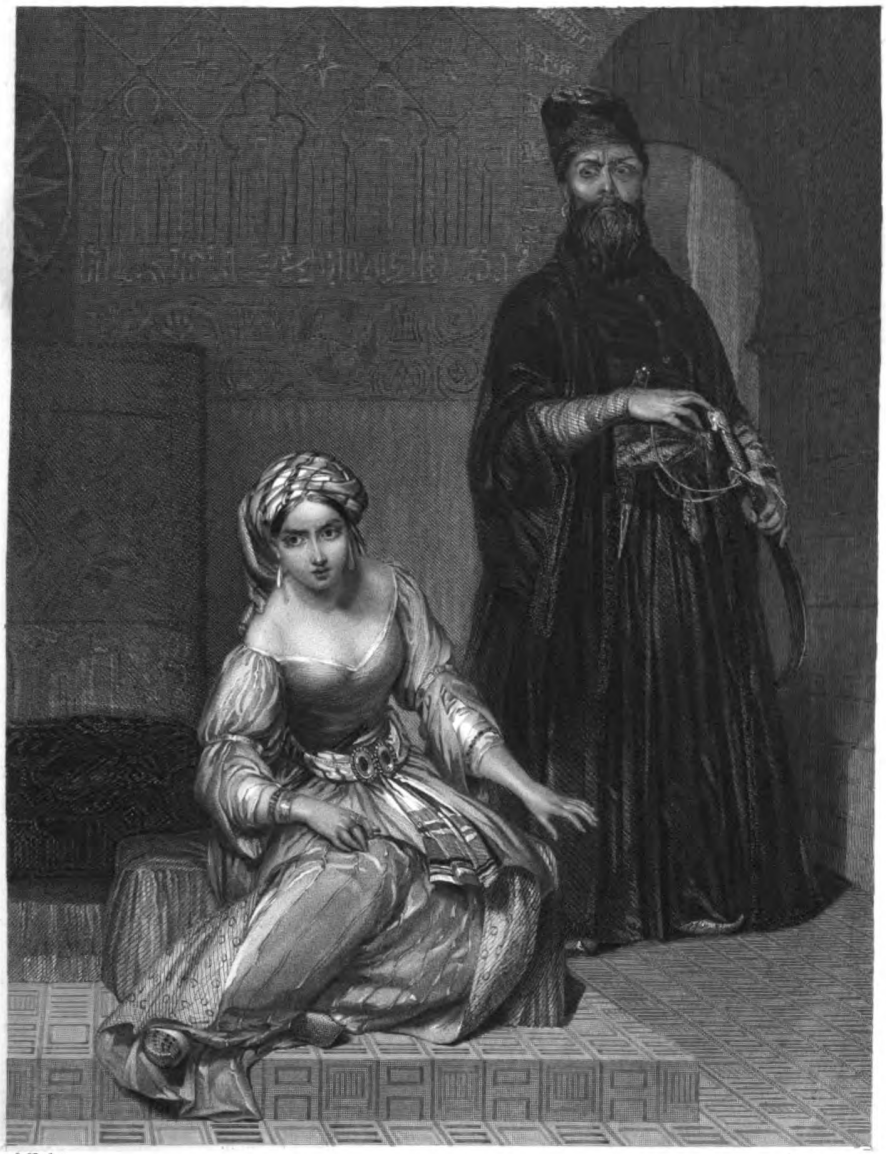
But it is not to list to the waterfall
That Parisina leaves her hall,
And it is not to gaze on the heavenly light
That the lady walks in the shadow of night;
And if she sits in Este's bower,
'Tis not for the sake of its full-blown flower—
She listens—but not for the nightingale—
Though her ear expects as soft a tale.
There glides a step through the foliage thick,
And her cheek grows pale—and her heart beats quick.
There whispers a voice through the rustling leaves,
And her blush returns, and her bosom heaves:
A moment more—and they shall meet—
'Tis past—her lover's at her feet.

Edward Corbould.

GULNARE AND THE SEYD.

" I HAVE a counsel for thy gentler ear:
I do mistrust thee, woman! and each word
Of thine stamps truth on all Suspicion heard.
Borne in his arms through fire from yon Serai—
Say, wert thou lingering there with him to fly?
Thou need'st not answer—thy confession speaks,
Already reddening on thy guilty cheeks;
Then, lovely dame, bethink thee! and beware:
'T is not *his* life alone may claim such care!
Another word and—nay—I need no more.
Accursed was the moment when he bore
Thee from the flames, which better far—but—no—
I then had mourn'd thee with a lover's woe—
Now 't is thy lord that warns—deceitful thing!
Know'st thou that I can clip thy wanton wing?
In words alone I am not wont to chafe:
Look to thyself—nor deem thy falsehood safe!"

He rose—and slowly, sternly thence withdrew,
Rage in his eye and threats in his adieu:
Ah! little reck'd that chief of womanhood—
Which frowns ne'er quell'd, nor menaces subdued;
And little deem'd he what thy heart, Gulnare!
When soft could feel, and when incensed could dare.



J. Hatar

[illegible]

[illegible] WONT TO CHAFE
[illegible] SAID
[illegible]
[illegible]

IANTHE.

Oh! let that eye, which, wild as the Gazelle's,
Now brightly bold or beautifully shy,
Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells,
Glance o'er this page, nor to my verse deny
That smile for which my breast might vainly sigh,
Could I to thee be ever more than friend:
This much, dear maid, accord; nor question why
To one so young my strain I would commend,
But bid me with my wreath one matchless lily blend.

Such is thy name with this my verse entwined;
And long as kinder eyes a look shall cast
On Harold's page, Ianthe's here enshrined
Shall thus be first beheld, forgotten last:
My days once number'd, should this homage past
Attract thy fairy fingers near the lyre
Of him who hail'd thee, loveliest as thou wast,
Such is the most my memory may desire;
Though more than Hope can claim, could Friendship less require?

Miss E. Corbaux.

W. H. Mote.

THE CORSAIR.

But who is she? whom Conrad's arms convey
From reeking pile and combat's wreck—away—
Who but the love of him he dooms to bleed?
The Haram queen—but still the slave of Seyd!

Brief time had Conrad now to greet Gulnare,
Few words to re-assure the trembling fair;
For in that pause compassion snatch'd from war,
The foe before retiring, fast and far,
With wonder saw their footsteps unpursued,
First slowlier fled—then rallied—then withstood.
This Seyd perceives, then first perceives how few,
Compared with his, the Corsair's roving crew,
And blushes o'er his error, as he eyes
The ruin wrought by panic and surprise.
Alla il Alla! Vengeance swells the cry—
Shame mounts to rage that must atone or die!
And flame for flame and blood for blood must tell,
The tide of triumph ebbs that flow'd too well—
When wrath returns to renovated strife,
And those who fought for conquest strike for life.

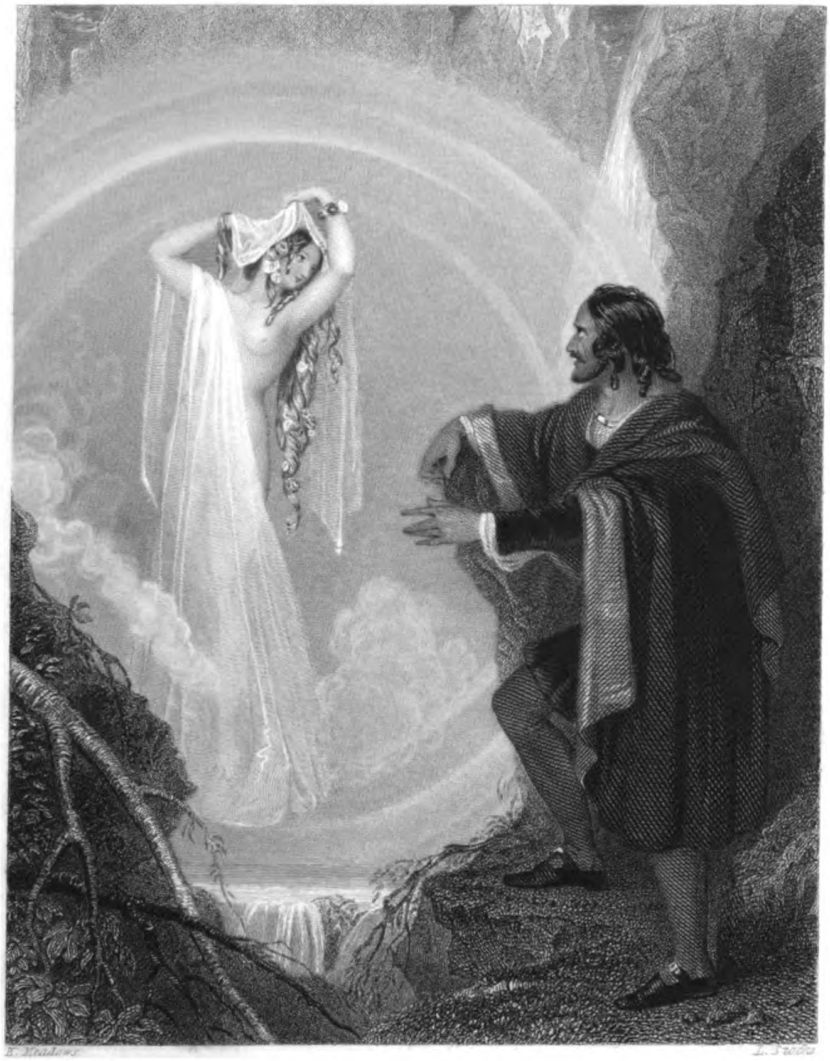
Edward Corbould. H. Robinson.

THE WITCH OF THE ALPS.

MANFRED. Beautiful spirit! with thy hair of light,
And dazzling eyes of glory, in whose form
The charms of earth's least mortal daughters grow
To an unearthly stature, in an essence
Of purer elements; while the hues of youth,—
Carnation'd like a sleeping infant's cheek,
Rock'd by the beating of her mother's heart,
Or the rose tints, which summer's twilight leaves
Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow,
The blush of earth, embracing with her heaven,—
Tinge thy celestial aspect, and make tame
The beauties of the sunbow which bends o'er thee.
Beautiful Spirit! in thy calm clear brow,
Wherein is glass'd serenity of soul,
Which of itself shows immortality,
I read that thou wilt pardon to a Son
Of Earth, whom the abstruser powers permit
At times to commune with them—if that he
Avail him of his spells—to call thee thus,
And gaze on thee a moment.

WITCH. Son of Earth!
I know thee, and the powers which gave thee power;
I know thee for a man of many thoughts,
And deeds of good and ill, extreme in both,
Fatal and fated in thy sufferings.
I have expected this—what wouldst thou with me?

MANFRED. To look upon thy beauty—nothing further.


E. Meadows
L. Stocks

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MAIDA.

When late I saw thy favourite child,
  I thought my jealous heart would break;
But when the unconscious infant smiled,
  I kiss'd it for its mother's sake.

I kiss'd it,—and repress'd my sighs,
  Its father in its face to see;
But then it had its mother's eyes,
  And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu! I must away:
  While thou art blest I 'll not repine;
But near thee I can never stay;
  My heart would soon again be thine.

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride
  Had quench'd at length my boyish flame;
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,
  My heart in all,—save hope,—the same.


Mrs F Corbaux
H. Robinson

MANFRED.

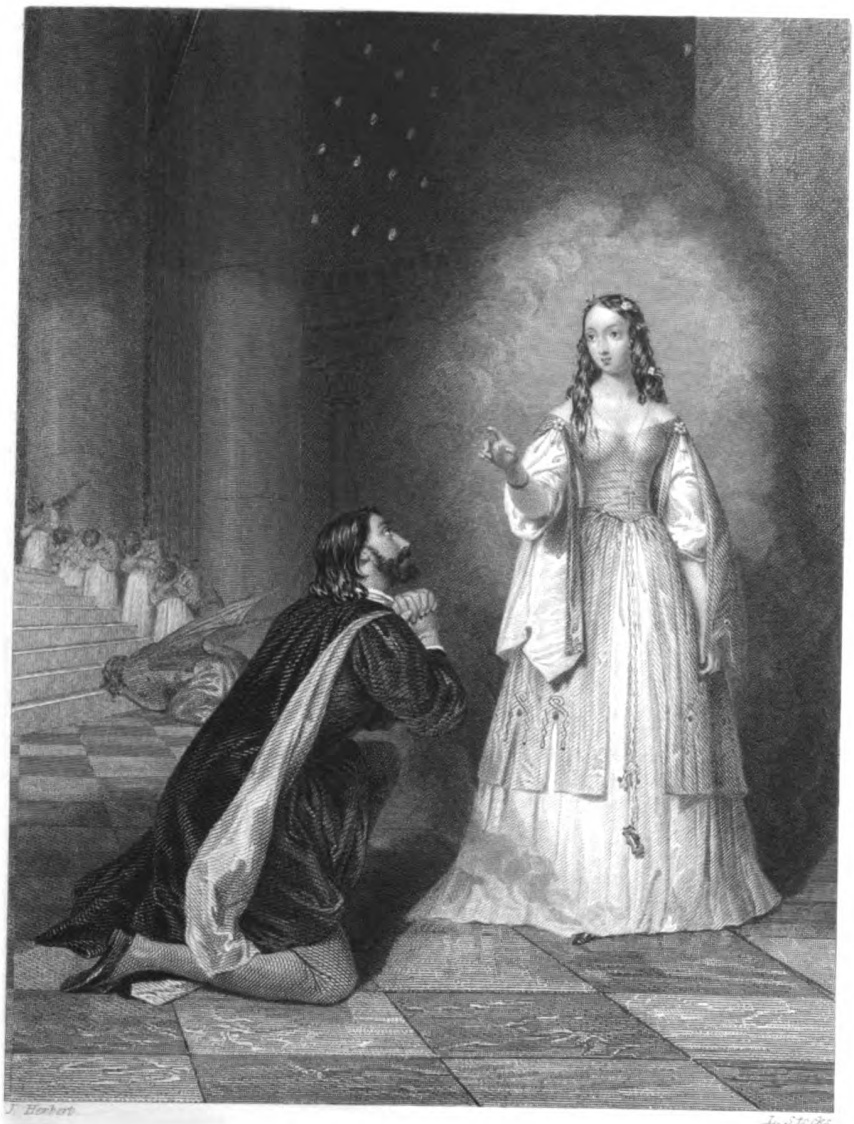
MANFRED. No, none: yet stay—one moment, ere we part—
I would behold ye face to face. I hear
Your voices, sweet and melancholy sounds,
As music on the waters; and I see
The steady aspect of a clear large star;
But nothing more. Approach me as ye are,
Or one, or all, in your accustom'd forms.

SPIRIT. We have no forms beyond the elements
Of which we are the mind and principle:
But choose a form—in that we will appear.

MANFRED. I have no choice; there is no form on earth
Hideous or beautiful to me. Let him,
Who is most powerful of ye, take such aspect
As unto him may seem most fitting—Come!

SEVENTH SPIRIT. (*Appearing in the shape of a beautiful female figure.*) Behold!

MANFRED. Oh God! if it be thus, and *thou*
Art not a madness and a mockery,
I yet might be most happy. I will clasp thee,
And we again will be—— [*The figure vanishes.*
My heart is crush'd!



J. Horsley

L. J. to Sc

VENICE.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away—
The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

TO

THE COUNTESS GUICCIOLI.

LADY! if for the cold and cloudy clime
  Where I was born, but where I would not die,
  Of the great Poet-Sire of Italy
I dare to build the imitative rhyme,
Harsh Runic copy of the South's sublime,
  THOU art the cause; and howsoever I
  Fall short of his immortal harmony,
Thy gentle heart will pardon me the crime.

Thou, in the pride of Beauty and of Youth,
  Spakest; and for thee to speak and be obey'd
Are one; but only in the sunny South
  Such sounds are utter'd, and such charms display'd,
So sweet a language from so fair a mouth—
  Ah! to what effort would it not persuade?

BYRON.

RAVENNA, JUNE 21, 1819.

The Portrait Gallery &c.

THOU, IN THE PRIDE OF BEAUTY AND OF YOUTH,
SPEAKEST, AND FOR THEE TO SPEAK AND BE OBEY'D
ARE ONE;

A. FULLARTON & COMP.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

He turn'd to the left—is he sure of sight?
There sate a lady, youthful and bright!

He started up with more of fear
Than if an armed foe were near.
"God of my fathers! what is here?
Who art thou, and wherefore sent
So near a hostile armament?"
His trembling hands refuse to sign
The cross he deem'd no more divine:
He had resumed it in that hour,
But conscience wrung away the power.
He gazed, he saw: he knew the face
Of beauty, and the form of grace;
It was Francesca by his side,
The maid who might have been his bride!

The rose was yet upon her cheek,
But mellow'd with a tenderer streak:
Where was the play of her soft lips fled?
Gone was the smile that enliven'd their red.

J. D. Harding. A. L. Wilmore.

BEPPO.

The Count and Laura found their boat at last,
And homeward floated o'er the silent tide,
Discussing all the dances gone and past:
The dancers and their dresses, too, beside;
Some little scandals eke: but all aghast
(As to their palace stairs the rowers glide)
Sate Laura by the side of her Adorer,
When lo! the Mussulman was there before her.

"Sir," said the Count, with brow exceeding grave,
"Your unexpected presence here will make
It necessary for myself to crave
Its import? But perhaps 't is a mistake;
I hope it is so; and, at once to wave
All compliment, I hope so for *your* sake:
You understand my meaning, or you *shall*."
"Sir," (quoth the Turk) "'t is no mistake at all.

"That lady is *my wife!*" Much wonder paints
The lady's changing cheek, as well it might;
But where an Englishwoman sometimes faints,
Italian females don't do so outright;
They only call a little on their saints,
And then come to themselves, almost or quite;
Which saves much hartshorn, salts, and sprinkling faces,
And cutting stays, as usual in such cases.

J. Herbert. C. Rolls

"SUCH CHILDLIKE LOVE WAS NO MISTAKE IN ALL
THAT LALLA IS MY WORLD" MUCH WONDER PAINTS

A. HULMEAU & CO.

ZULEIKA BEFORE GIAFFIR.

Her graceful arms in meekness bending
  Across her gently-budding breast;
At one kind word those arms extending
  To clasp the neck of him who blest
  His child caressing and carest,
  Zuleika came—and Giaffir felt
  His purpose half within him melt:
  Not that against her fancied weal
  His heart though stern could ever feel;
  Affection chain'd her to that heart;
  Ambition tore the links apart.

"Zuleika! child of gentleness!
  How dear this very day must tell,
When I forget my own distress,
  In losing what I love so well,
  To bid thee with another dwell.
Enough that he who comes to woo
Is kinsman of the Bey Oglou:
His years need scarce a thought employ:
I would not have thee wed a boy.
And thou shalt have a noble dower:
And his and my united power
Will laugh to scorn the death-firman,
Which others tremble but to scan,
And teach the messenger what fate
The bearer of such boon may wait.
And now thou know'st thy father's will;
  All that thy sex hath need to know:
'T was mine to teach obedience still—
  The way to love, thy lord may show."

E. B. Sugharoff

H. Robinson.

MARY.

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
  With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
  Is thy sweet voice to me:
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming.

And the midnight moon is weaving
  Her bright chain o'er the deep;
Whose breast is gently heaving,
  As an infant's asleep:
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

C.R.Leslie. J.Thompson.

FOSCARI.

DOGE. You behold me:
I cannot weep—I would I could; but if
Each white hair on this head were a young life,
This ducal cap the diadem of earth,
This ducal ring with which I wed the waves
A talisman to still them—I'd give all
For him.

MARINA. With less he surely might be saved.

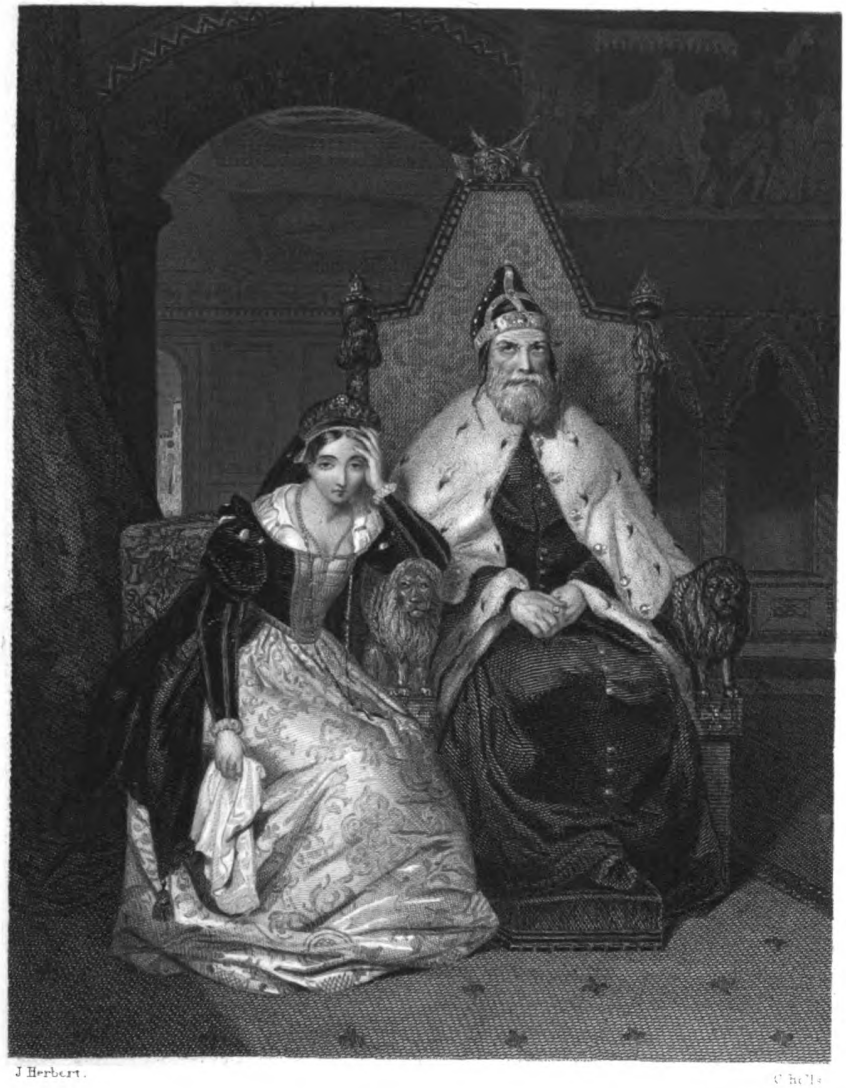
DOGE. That answer only shows you know not Venice.
Alas! how should you? she knows not herself,
In all her mystery. Hear me—they who aim
At Foscari, aim no less at his father;
The sire's destruction would not save the son;
They work by different means to the same end,
And that is——but they have not conquer'd yet.

MARINA. But they have chrush'd.

DOGE. Nor crush'd as yet—I live.

MARINA. And your son,—how long will he live?

DOGE. I trust,
For all that yet is past, as many years
And happier than his father.



J Herbert. C Bell

MARINO FALIERO

TAKING LEAVE OF HIS WIFE.

DOGE. Then farewell, Angiolina!—one embrace—
Forgive the old man who hath been to thee
A fond but fatal husband—love my memory—
I would not ask so much for me still living,
But thou canst judge of me more kindly now,
Seeing my evil feelings are at rest.
Besides, of all the fruit of these long years,
Glory, and wealth, and power, and fame, and name,
Which generally leave some flowers to bloom
Even o'er the grave, I have nothing left, not even
A little love, or friendship, or esteem,
No, not enough to extract an epitaph
From ostentatious kinsmen; in one hour
I have uprooted all my former life,
And outlived every thing, except thy heart,
The pure, the good, the gentle, which will oft
With unimpair'd but not a clamorous grief
Still keep——Thou turn'st so pale!—Alas! she faints,
She has no breath, no pulse!—Guards! lend your aid—
I cannot leave her thus, and yet 't is better,
Since every lifeless moment spares a pang.
When she shakes off this temporary death,
I shall be with the Eternal.—Call her women—
One look!—how cold her hand!—as cold as mine
Shall be ere she recovers.—Gently tend her,
And take my last thanks——I am ready now.

J Herbert

Lab.

Marina Sheweth to her father the Duke

JOHN SAM. NAP. MARC. & CAMPIN

LITH. WOOD & CO. LONDON

HASSAN'S GRAVE.

A TURBAN carved in coarsest stone,
A pillar with rank weeds o'ergrown,
Whereon can now be scarcely read
The Koran verse that mourns the dead,
Point out the spot where Hassan fell
A victim in that lonely dell.
There sleeps as true an Osmanlie
As e'er at Mecca bent the knee;
As ever scorn'd forbidden wine,
Or pray'd with face towards the shrine,
In orisons resumed anew
At solemn sound of "Alla Hu!"
Yet died he by a stranger's hand,
And stranger in his native land;
Yet died he as in arms he stood,
And unavenged, at least in blood.

H. Warren

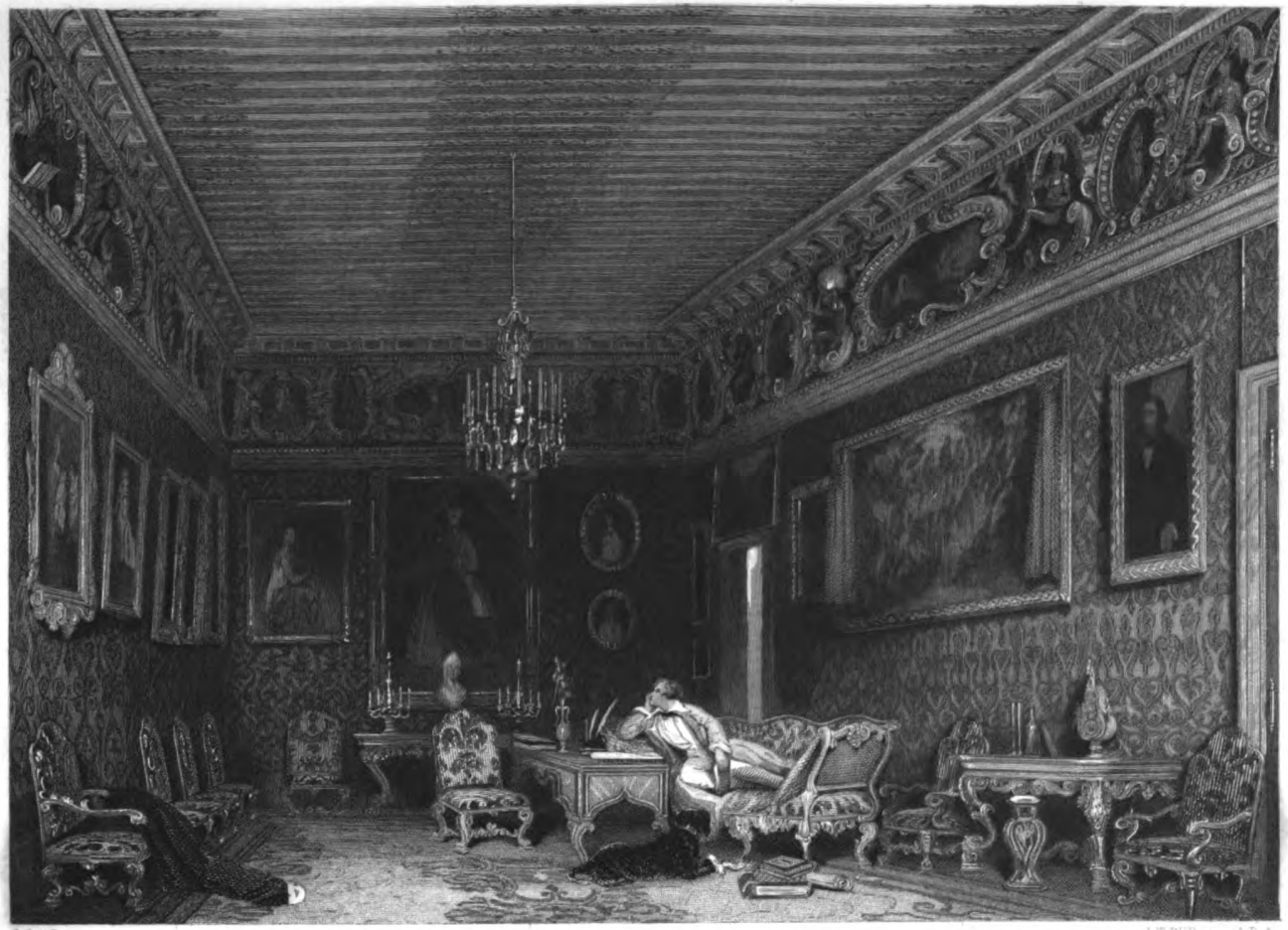
Lidora's Grave

A TURBAN CARVED IN COARSE STONE
A PILLAR WITH LONG WELLS [illegible]

[illegible]

LORD BYRON'S ROOM.

Ah! who shall say what bitter thoughts were his
Within this chamber, or how oft its walls
Have echoed back the sighs that heav'd his breast—
An exile from his land, and that fair child
He yearn'd to see? How, by injustice wrung,
His heart, that kindness could so swiftly move,
Encased itself in coldness, or in scorn,
To meet detraction, envy, jealousy,
With pride that hurl'd defiance on his foes,
But left him in his solitude, alive
To fond regrets, and tender sympathies,
With all that 's noblest in the human breast,
Which calumny and wrong could ne'er destroy,
Nor fame, with all its triumphs, e'er console.

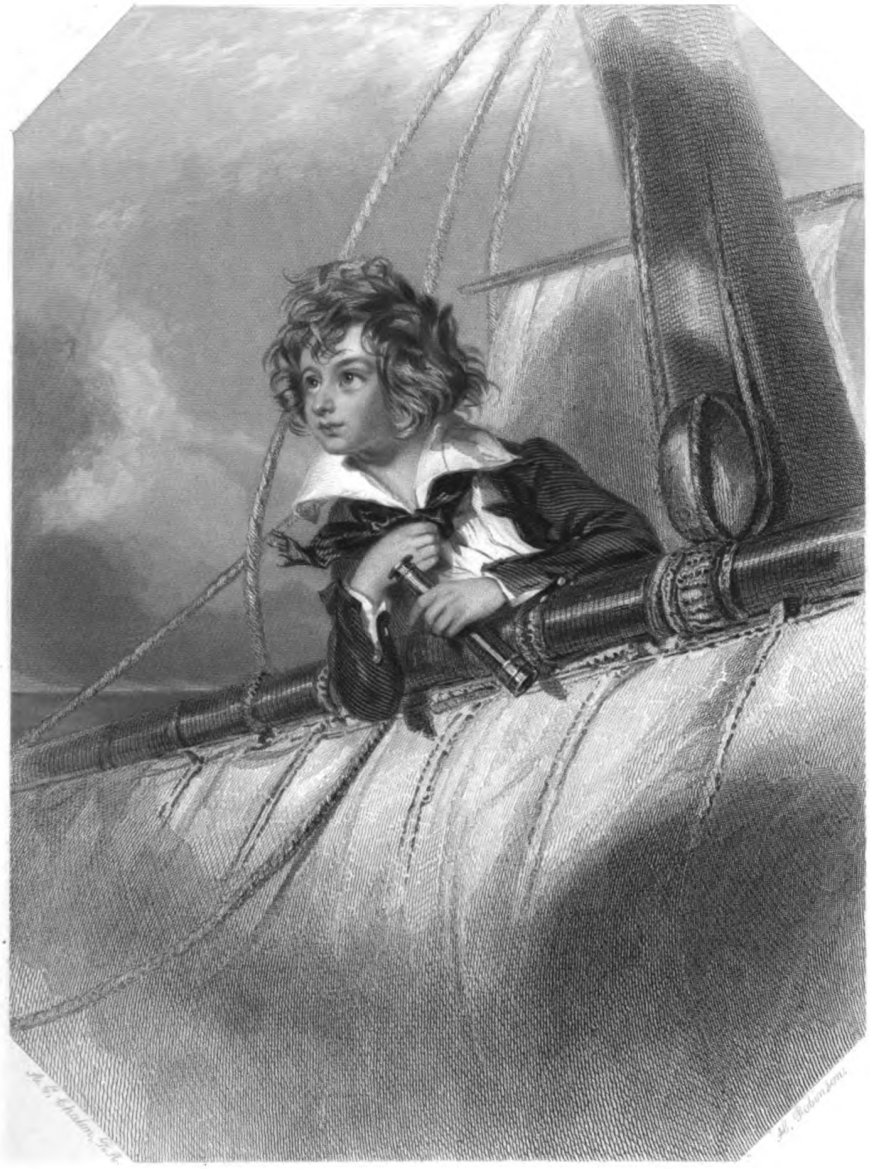


Lake Price. J. T. Willmore A.R.A.

THE MIDSHIPMAN.

He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea
Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight;
Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,
So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.

And oh, the little warlike world within!
The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy,
The hoarse command, the busy humming din,
When, at a word, the tops are mann'd on high:
Hark, to the Boatswain's call, the cheering cry!
While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides;
Or schoolboy Midshipman that, standing by,
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.



HAIDÉE

ENTERING THE CAVE.

And Haidée met the morning face to face;
  Her own was freshest, though a feverish flush
Had dyed it with the headlong blood, whose race
  From heart to cheek is curb'd into a blush,
Like to a torrent which a mountain's base,
  That overpowers some Alpine river's rush,
Checks to a lake, whose waves in circles spread;
Or the Red Sea—but the sea is not red.

And down the cliff the island virgin came,
  And near the cave her quick light footsteps drew,
While the sun smiled on her with his first flame,
  And young Aurora kiss'd her lips with dew,
Taking her for a sister; just the same
  Mistake you would have made on seeing the two,
Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,
Had all the advantage, too, of not being air.

Edwd Corbould — Alfred T. Reath

REMEMBRANCE.

'Tis done!—I saw it in my dreams:
No more with hope the future beams;
My days of happiness are few;
Chill'd by misfortune's wintry blast,
My dawn of life is overcast,
Love, Hope, and Joy, alike adieu!—
Would I could add Remembrance too!

F Corbaux W H Mote

SAINT MARK.

DOGE. Away then!
See that they strike without delay, and with
The first toll from St. Mark's, march on the palace
With all our house's strength: here I will meet you—
The Sixteen and their companies will move
In separate columns at the self-same moment—
Be sure you post yourself at the great gate:
I would not trust "the Ten" except to us—
The rest, the rabble of patricians, may
Glut the more careless swords of those leagued with us.
Remember that the cry is still "Saint Mark!
The Genoese are come—ho! to the rescue!
Saint Mark and Liberty!"—Now—now to action!

Lake Price. Wm Radclyffe.

Interior of the Church of St. Marc,
Venice.

A FULLARTON & COMPY