

FISHER'S
DRAWING ROOM
SCRAP-BOOK.

MDCCCXLVI

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BY

THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Christmas! thou art welcome here—
Christmas comes but once a year.
Come as in the good old time,
With gift and song and tale and rhyme."

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

L. E. L.

EOSS

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LIST OF PLATES, AND CONTENTS.

	PAGE
1. Arcadian Shades	5
2. The Dog's Ambition	7
3. The Opium-Smoker	10
4. Bingen on the Rhine	12
5. Viscount Torrington	14
6. Hardwick Hall	17
7. The Bay of Baiæ	18
8. Court of the Old Palace, Florence	20
9. Canute and his Courtiers	21
10. The Mourning over Jerusalem	23
11. Chinese Marriage Procession	24
12. Lord Fordwich	26
13. Coriolanus and his Mother	28
14. Palace of the Luxembourg, Paris	31
15. Jephthah's Daughter	32
16. Burial Ground, Thyatira	34
17. Could ye not watch One Hour?	36
18. View at Simla	38
19. Convalescence,—Lilla Vannen	40
20. Lady Adela Villiers	43
21. The Voyage of the Bird	45
22. King Charles and his Children	47
23. State Prison of "the Seven Towers"	48
24. Chinese Cat-Merchants	49
25. The Villa Doria, Genoa	51
26. Fountain at Carnelo	53
27. The Right Hon. Edmund Burke	55
28. The City of Cologne	56
29. The Grotto of Camöens	59
30. The Soothing of Saul	61
31. Chinese Sacrifice to the Harvest-Moon	62
32. Sir Edward Codrington	63
33. The Prodigal Son	64
34. The Stillness of the Night	65
35. Morning Prayer	66
36. Evening Prayer	67

L'ENVOI.

SINCE last our Volume was unclasped
Another year hath fled by,—
And still the favoured guest returns,
To charm the ear, and please the eye.

Again, new scenes from other lands,
Lie spread before you, brightly fair ;
Linked, deftly, with companion-words,—
Fresh objects of the Poet's care !

Think of our book, then, as a Harp ;
Its pages are the sounding strings,—
Its pictures, written themes and notes,
To guide and lead the voice that sings.

Mine, is but one of many hands,
With power its music to awake ;
Nor do I boast, with fairer skill,
More willing labour for your sake :

A master-hand may sweep the lyre,
And fail to win attention due :
Some meaner touch may strike the chords,
Whose echo vibrates strong and true :

Familiar words, and simple airs,
Are strongest in their sweet appeal :
These dim the eye,—these thrill the ear,—
For few can judge,—but all can feel !

Then deem not, with a careless touch
My hand hath played the Minstrel's part ;
My themes have been from Human Life,
My Listener is the Human Heart !

And well I know that smiles and tears
Will wait upon the Poet's line ;
And well I know that many a heart
Shall echo back the thoughts of mine :

And they shall say,—the Minstrel-hand,
New-playing to the Christmas throng,
Was worthy of the Winter-Harp
Whose music hath been known so long !

CHESTERFIELD STREET, MAY FAIR,
JULY, 1845.

THE
DRAWING ROOM SCRAP-BOOK.

ARCADIAN SHADES.

“ Et Ego in Arcadia.”

THE Shepherd sits beneath the bough,
With ruddy cheek and even brow ;
The green trees shade his careless head,
Their gnarléd roots around him spread ;
Across the streamlet flowing near
His fluted pipes, sound loud and clear :
Soft springs the moss beneath his feet,—
Sing, “ Oh the Shepherd’s life is sweet ! ”

Tho’ storms may come, with sudden showers,
Tho’ wild winds blow, thro’ darkened hours,
’Tis sweet to watch the clouds, and spy
Blue windows in that leaden sky :
To see the Sun come forth ; the throng
Of wild birds, dip and soar along—
All Nature’s freshened charm to greet,—
Sing, “ Oh the Shepherd’s life is sweet ! ”

Or stretched full length, in Summer's prime,
Upon a bank of scented thyme,
To watch the white flocks nibbling feed,
The swaying of the water-reed,
Where, half a yard beyond the brink,
The cattle, stooping down to drink,
Their own bright shadows bend to meet,—
Sing, " Oh the Shepherd's life is sweet ! "

Those sleek-fed kine, with Juno's eyes,*
So patient-calm, so gravely wise,
I love to watch them onward go
With heavy tread, demure and slow ;
I love to see the maidens come
To milk their charge and guide them home,
With side-long smile, and bare white feet,—
Sing, " Oh the Shepherd's life is sweet ! "

And one young maiden loveth me
With honest meek simplicity ;
And, while the patient creature stands
Beneath her kind familiar hands,
Her blushing cheek bends lowly down,
With half a laugh, and half a frown,
While I my true-love vows repeat,—
Sing, " Oh the Shepherd's life is sweet ! "

And when the daylight waneth fast,
And hours of lightsome toil are past,
And, changing like a pleasant dream,
The sunset melts to moonlight gleam ;
Then ling'ring on our homeward way,
We whisper all the words we say,
And almost hear the heart's loud beat,—
Sing, " Oh the Shepherd's life is sweet ! "

* The comparison common in all classic poetry.

THE DOG'S AMBITION.

VIGNETTE TITLE.

WHAT a pity it is that we dogs should be dumb !
I declare I'd give years, if I had them to come,
To be able to utter one fervent petition,
For I'm dying a martyr to baffled ambition.
While I yet was a puppy (the time's long gone by !)
I was given away with a kiss and a sigh,
By a little Scotch boy, to his little pale cousin,
(Whose squirrels and birds had died off by the dozen ;)
And having the luck while she yet was a child,
And by lilies, or blue-bells, or something beguiled,
Bent over a torrent too rashly to stand,
To plunge to her rescue and drag her to land,—
I was dubbed quite a hero, and made such a treasure,
That my life was a round of perpetual pleasure ;
And the Laird told all Perthshire, I saved his dear daughter,
That terrible day, from the falls of Dunwater !
Well, the pale little cousin grew taller and taller,
Her shoulders much wider,—her waist even smaller,—
And I often heard gentlemen say on the moors,
When we met them by chance, (for we wer'nt much in-doors,)
Tho' her bonnet was off, and her hair out of curl,
“ Who is that ? oh, by Jove, what a beautiful girl ! ”
The Laird kept his house full of comers and goers,
And the awkwardest sportsmen made elegant wooers ;
But all Cupid's arrows glanced harmless the while ;
Her little red mouth kept its innocent smile ;
Not a spark of the light faded out of her eye :
She talked and she laughed, but she never would sigh.
One day,—now begins the hard part of my story,—
When the sun on the blue hills was setting in glory,
As we strolled to the house, I perceived at the door,
Two visitors who had arrived just before :
One exclaimed, “ What a lovely and picturesque sight ! ”
And the other, “ Why, Anne, you've forgotten me quite ! ”

Then she blushed, (how she blushed !) and she gazed, still in doubt,
 Till he said—"I'm your cousin, the secret is out ;
 Give me leave to present Mr. Landseer, a friend
 Who has come a few days at Dunwater to spend."
 She, bewildered a moment, continued to stand,
 Then started—half curtsy'd—half held out her hand ;
 And (omen of what sort of luck would befall me),
 Walked off with the Cousin—*forgetting to call me !*
 Mr. Landseer stood whistling a tune on the lawn ;
 He stooped down and patted me when they were gone,
 And he said, "Shaggy friend, I suspect you and I
 Will be left pretty much to ourselves by and by."
 Yes ! that was the way my acquaintance began
 With that wonderful artist and excellent man !
 I had known him before, by his great reputation,
 (An honour, a glory, and pride to the nation !)
 And I own that my constant ambition has been
 To be painted by him, (like the dogs of the Queen,)
 Ever since I beheld, in the shop of Maclean,
 That exquisite portrait,* half canine, half human ;
 I think it's a spaniel,—he says it's a woman,—
 Where the hair hangs like cars, (it is really a puzzle,)
 All silky and soft round the delicate muzzle,
 Looking so like a lapdog I loved in my youth,
 That I scarce can believe the sly artist speaks truth !
 Now, thought I, if these cousins should happen to marry,
 The point will be gained I so much wish to carry !
 The least they can do, for their old servant's sake,
 Is to tell Mr. Landseer my picture to take.
 And I ne'er shall forget my alarm and dismay,
 When they quarrelled (as Lovers do quarrel) one day ;
 And, wandering out by the side of the torrent,
 That once nearly carried her off in its current,
 The pale cousin wept, with her white arms flung round me,—
 And sobbed, "Would, poor dog, you had left where you found me,
 With the cold stones beneath, and the waters above,—
 I then had not lived to remember his love !"
 Then with tears she imprinted a kiss on my head,
 When her cousin came up, with a quick, hasty tread,
 And looking exceeding unhappy and yellow,
 Said sulkily, "Would I were *you*, my old fellow !"
 I am dumb—but I swear you might read in my eye,
 "Make it up ! make it up !" (which they did, by the by.)

* Lady and Spaniels.

Well, they married at last, and my joy was complete ;
Except that another small dog at her feet
Was constantly lying, and snarling and snapping,
Disturbing my slumbers when quietly napping ;
A ridiculous creature, the maids used to deck
With a bit of blue ribbon tied round its fat neck.
When to town for the season the young couple came,
I heard them both mentioning Landseer by name.
They went to his house—I ran after the carriage ;
Now, thought I, the great scheme that should follow this marriage !
She told the good Painter she never could rest
Till he'd made her a sketch of the dog she loved best ;
And she stood, looking up in his face, smiling brightly,
And Landseer smiled too, and he answered politely—
If he had'nt got time, he would find it, or make it,—
And the palette that would'nt serve *her*—why, he'd break it !
Half frantic with joy, I remained waiting there,
With my tail wagging hard, and my nose in the air,
When,—oh ! that a dog or a poet should sing it,—
She said, “ Very well, Mr. Landseer,—*I'll bring it ' !* ”
Bring what ? Bring the dog that she wished to be painted ?
Oh, Woman ! oh, gratitude ! how my heart fainted !
May each pencil be broken that e'er had a nib on—
'Twas the little fat beast in the bit of blue ribbon !

SONG OF THE OPIUM-SMOKER.

Lord Jocelyn, who accompanied a late mission to China, gives the following painful description of an opium-smoking-house at Singapore :

“ One of the objects at this place that I had the curiosity to visit, was the opium-smoker in his *heaven*, and certainly it is a most fearful sight. The rooms where they sit and smoke are surrounded by wooden couches, with places for the head to rest upon, and generally a side-room is devoted to gambling. The pipe is a reed of about an inch in diameter, and the aperture in the bowl for the admission of the opium is not larger than a pin's head. The drug is prepared with some kind of incense, and a very small portion is sufficient to charge it ; the smoke is taken into the lungs, as from the hookah in India. A few days of this fearful luxury, when taken to excess, will impart a pallid and haggard look to the features ; and a few months, or even weeks, will change the strong and healthy man into little better than an idiot-skeleton. The pain they suffer when deprived of the drug, after long habit, no language can explain ; and it is only to a certain degree under its influence, that their faculties are alive. The last scene in this tragic play is generally a room in the rear of the building, a species of *morgue* or dead-house, where lie sheltered those who have passed into the *state of bliss* the opium-smoker madly seeks—an emblem of the long sleep to which he is blindly hurrying.”

LIFE is sad : let us cheat it by dreaming

Of joys that can never be real !

Bring us opium ; that one panacea

A thousand disasters shall heal !

No lover shall mourn a false mistress,—

No wronged one deep vengeance recall,—

No scheme of success mock ambition,—

No gambler his ruin appal.

Bring the drug,—it shall banish our care !

Blessed Lethe that saves from despair !

Gold is scarce : let us roam with Pizarro,

And wander thro' mines of the West ;

Hew the emerald rock, gather diamonds,

And return to the land of our rest.

Let us fancy we watch from the harbour

The rich freight glide over'the waves,

And lift up our hearts in defiance

Of fortune which made us such slaves !

Bring the drug,—it shall banish our care !

Blessed Lethe that saves from despair !

Love is false : let us conjure up visions
Of the love we imagined in youth,
Made of sunshine, and music, and vowing,
Eternal devotion and truth :
Till eyes wear the glances of passion,
Which only flashed scorn in their ray,
And soft cheeks seem bending to listen
Which coldly turned from us by day.

Bring the drug,—it shall banish our care !
Blessed Lethe that saves from despair !

Man is weak : let the Patriot fancy
His voice has been heard in the land ;
All breathless and hushed be the Senate,
Where triumphant and proud he shall stand ;
By his efforts redeeming his country
From ills which no mortal can cure ;
And avenging those wrongs of her children,
Which they still must resist, or endure !

Bring the drug,—it shall banish our care !
Blessed Lethe that saves from despair !

Oh ! thus shall the spīrit be lightened
Of many a burdensome load ;
And the heart for a while disencumbered
Of thorns that embitter Life's road ;
Till that spell of sweet incense departing,
We recognize Truth by its pain,—
Like a captive, who wakes in the morning,
And hears the dull clank of his chain !

B I N G E N.

A SOLDIER of the Legion, lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears ;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying Soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, " I never more shall see my own, my native land ;
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

" Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely,—and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun.
And midst the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars :
But some were young,—and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,—
And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine !

" Tell my Mother, that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage :
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild ;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would—but kept my father's sword ;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage-wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

" Tell my Sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die.
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame ;
And to hang the old sword in its place, (my father's sword and mine,)
For the honour of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine !



"There's another—not a sister ;—in the happy days gone by,
 You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye ;
 Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,—
 Oh ! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning !
 Tell her—the last night of my life—(for ere this moon be risen,
 My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison,)
 I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
 On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine !

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seemed to hear,
 The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear ;
 And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
 That echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still .
 And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk,
 Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk ; .
 And her little hand lay lightly, confidently, in mine,—
 But we'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the Rhine !"

His voice grew faint and hoarser,—his grasp was childish weak,—
 His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak
 His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled, —
 The Soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead !
 And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
 On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown ;
 Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
 As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine !

"From the heights behind the town the view of Bingen, and of the sublime scenery by which it is surrounded, is most distinctly seen. In the midst of a magnificent panorama, a scene of the most awful grandeur, the river first expands into a broad and placid lake then suddenly assuming a gloomy aspect, pours through the Bingen Loch, passes the Tower of Mice, and hastens by the ruins of Ehrenfels. In the view given, the Roman Ruin stands on the right, the town on the bosom of the mountains and along the water-side, while Hatto's Castle, or the Tower of Mice, is seen in the turbid part of the stream, and the picturesque remains of Ehrenfels, half-way up the steep mountain on the right."

PICTURE - LIFE.

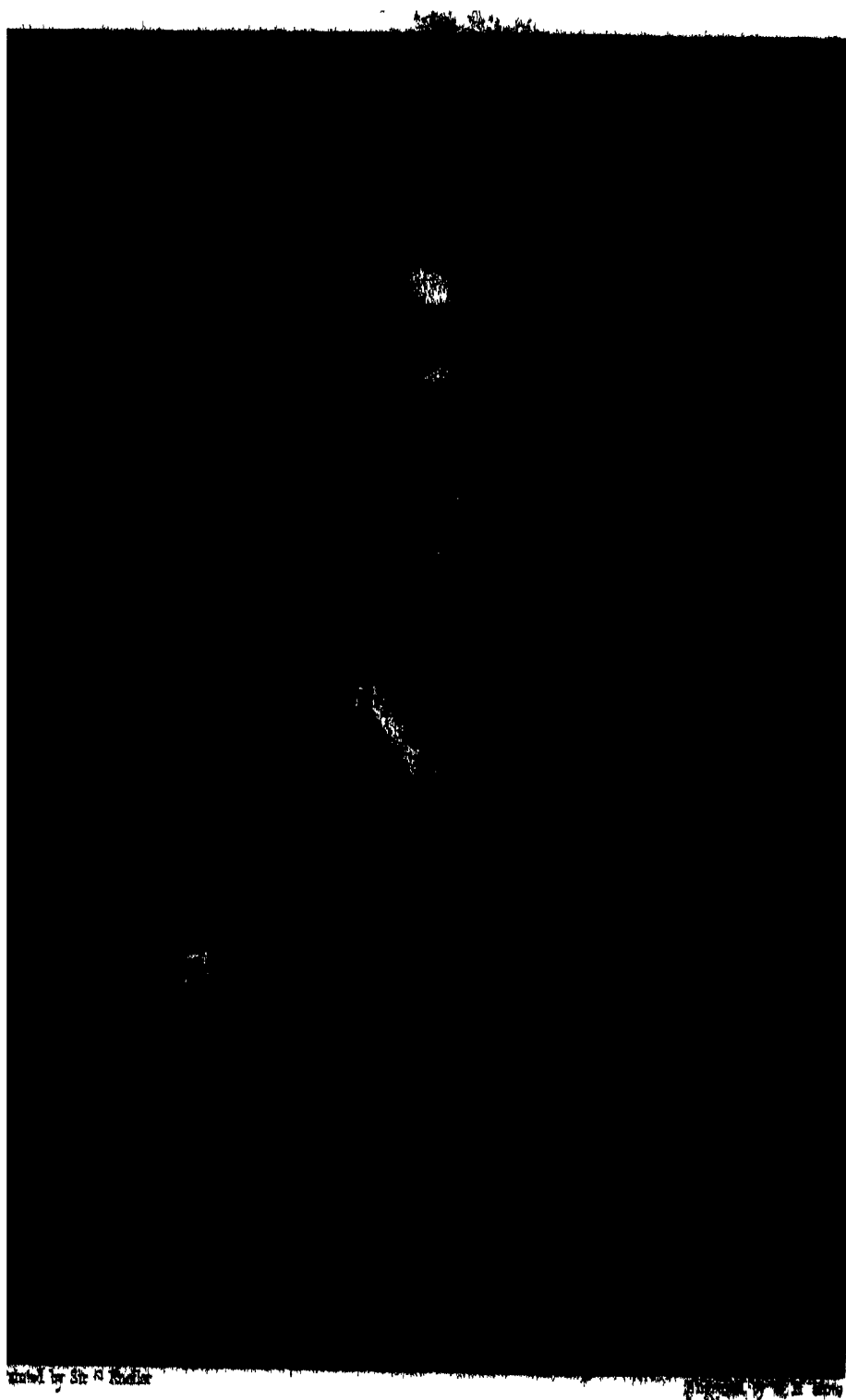
"There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

SHAKESPEARE.

[A superstition exists among the American Indians that it is unlucky to have a portrait taken, as a portion of the life and strength of the person copied is transferred to the picture. The Chief of one of their war-tribes being in prison, endeavoured to prevent the possibility of taking *his* likeness, by hiding his face on his folded arms. This chief died in captivity.]

YOUNG girl, that wanderest musing, pensive, slow,
Through the dim picture-gallery for hours,—
Thy white robe fluttering gently to and fro,
Like a winged insect settling among flowers,—
Why dost thou think of US as of the DEAD?
We are alive, though not with life like thine;
Dumb, but yet conscious, we await thy tread,
Helpless and silent, for thy presence pine!
Canst thou believe the double pulse that stirred
The busy beating of two human hearts,—
The Painter's life, who to a blank transferred
A pictured form which never thence departs,—
And theirs, who sate, full of unspoken dreams,
So mutely still for copying,—while he brought
Into the faint-sketched features, vivid gleams
Of the quick-passing daylight,—went for nought;
And that the silent studio, where he locked
The unfinished task of days of patient care,
Held only dreams the sense of sight to mock,
Cold painted effigies of what was fair?

Ah! poorly purchased with such wealth of pains
The meaner triumphs of his art would be,
But that his work a living spell retains,—
Like gentle Ariel prisoned in the tree!
And hence the haunting-power to pictures given,—
The quaint conceits that force a sudden smile,—
The saint-like forms which lift the thoughts to Heaven,—
The love-dreams which our beating hearts beguile.



~~The, the weak, the young, some unskilful old~~
Unwontedly both hung upon the wall,
Like a weak infant, holds within itself
Some measure of the life which dwells in all.

Look round upon us, young believing heart,
With warm breath sighing on thy fresh red lip ;
Look round upon us, nailed and hung apart,
Clustered and grouped in strange companionship !
Here, Raphael, for ever gazing forth
With passionate and melancholy eyes,
Watches for beauty in the pale cold North,
Or dreams of Southern lands and sunny skies :—
Here the pale Cenci's sorrowful appeal
Subdues the heart to pity as of yore :—
Here the tried Patriarch stays the lifted steel,
And listens to the awful Voice once more :—
Here, little Loves, with eyes that wanton roll,
And garlands flying round them, throng the air :—
Or meek Madonnas fill the inward soul
With deep reflection of unspoken prayer.

And I am here ! who may not woo thy gaze,
Nor call thee, though of all my joy bereft,
In the dim twilight of departing days,
When the long gallery thy feet have left,
No longer echoes to a living sound,
But dark and darker still the shadows come,
Blotting me out, with all the objects round,
And covering with a veil thine ancient home.
Oh, Night ! blank pause, wherein I see thee not,
Nor hear thee—nor await thee : cold, and dull,
And desolate night, embittering my lot,
Which seemed already bitter to the full !
When I,—for ever wakeful,—hear each chime
Of the revolving hours, while thou art sleeping ;
Thro' the slow midnight into morning prime,
Thy closed eyes in a happy slumber keeping ;
Beautiful eyes ! whose tender, humid ray,
Like a spring rain refreshes my worn sight,—
Heaven bless the light that enters them by day,
And the soft lids that cover them by night !
Oh, how I love to see thy sweet form stand,
Musing and pensive, with a statue's grace,

And looking fearless in my pictured face ;
 Not without vague and feminine wish to learn
 What feats of glory crowned my blood-stained sword :
 Ah ! love, had I the power to look less stern,
 And whisper in thine ear one gentle word !

Never again believe the pictured eyes
 That meet thine own with ever-watchful glance,
 Are but the blending of commingled dyes,—
 A combination rare of skill and chance !
 Never again believe the look of woe
 Hath not some sense obscure of mortal pain ;
 Never again believe Love's ardent glow
 Is but the radiance of a painted stain ;
 Believe in Picture-Life ! though thou wert born
 In this prosaic scientific age,
 Which laughs all dreaming mystery to scorn,
 And tears from Nature's book its magic page.
 And, oh ! come often to this long dim room,
 And pause beneath the dull frame where I live ;
 For to my weary life of silent gloom
 Joy, light, and sunshine, thou hast power to give !

Our Portrait represents the brave and accomplished George Byng, first Viscount Torrington, son of John Byng, Esq., of an ancient Kentish family. He was born in 1683, and sent to sea at the age of fifteen, by James, Duke of York, bearing the king's letter—the youths thus distinguished by royal favour being termed "The King's-letter Boys." In 1703 he was advanced to the rank of Rear-Admiral, and in 1705 to that of Vice-Admiral—having, in 1704, received the honour of knighthood from the hand of Queen Anne. The Pretender landing in Scotland in 1715, under the auspices of France, to Admiral Byng was confided the important task of guarding the coast ; and by his vigilance, all the attempts of the French Ministry to land troops, or throw in supplies, to his aid, were effectually thwarted. On the cessation of hostilities with the Spanish court, in 1720, against which nation he had fought with signal success, Sir George Byng was summoned to Hanover, to receive the personal thanks of his royal master, who received him with expressions of the highest esteem and confidence, and, as a mark of his favour, raised him to the peerage, by the titles of Baron Southill and Viscount Torrington. In 1725, his lordship was installed a Knight of the ancient military order of the Bath, and, on the accession of George the Second, was placed at the head of the Admiralty ; over which he presided, esteemed and honoured of all good men, till his death in January, 1738, in the 54th year of his age. Lord Torrington married, on the 5th of March, 1691, Margaret, daughter of Sir Christopher Turner, Kt., one of the Barons of the Exchequer, by whom he had issue eleven sons and four daughters.



HARTWICK HALL, DEERFIELD.

F. J. Havell

THE OLD FAMILY PLACE.

The greatest master of human nature who ever wrote, makes the most ambitious of men, (King-killer Warwick), at the point of death, most lament—

“ My parks, my walks, my manors which I had !”

MATILDA, BY LORD NORMANBY.

YEA, precious are our English homes : most beautiful they are,
By the glad light of the morning sun, or silvery evening star ;
With their oak trees,—and their beech trees,—and their mossy primrose banks,
And their avenues of perfumed limes, that grow in stately ranks :—
And many a one, like Hardwicke,* stands in all its pristine glory,
Kept up, as when it first became renowned in ancient story ;
But here and there old families have come to such decay,
That their ancient territorial rights are lost and past away ;
And hard it is, when Ruin falls, with cold and crushing hand,
To yield th’ hereditary share, of this, our native land ;
To make the bitter bargain, and to see the owner come,
An alien and a stranger, to our birthright and our home,
And to know the very burial-ground that held our fathers’ bones
Will be nothing but a formal heap of disregarded stones !
Sweet Elmwood-Thorpe, I dream of THEE,—for dull and desolate
The grass hath grown along the road seen thro’ thy old park-gate :
Lone, in thy glorious avenues, shines out the summer sun,
With nothing that hath human life to shed his beams upon :
Rank are thy lawns that once were kept so shaven smooth and green,
On urns, and steps, and statues white, the lichen-damp is seen ;
And dismal looks the marble fount where now no waters play,
Its dusty basin choked and dry in ruinous decay !
No sound of children’s voices ; they are vanished,—they are mute,—
No lady singing sweetly in the garden to her lute,—
But the harsh cry of the peacock is heard from time to time,
And the clang of passing quarters from the distant steeple chime,
While the slow sun fadeth westward, and the dew falls on the flowers,
And the ruin that must date by years, divides itself in hours.

* This celebrated Hall, one of the possessions of the Duke of Devonshire, about seven miles from Chesham, is noticed by Walpole, in his “Anecdotes of Painting,” as a remarkable specimen of the noble edifices of the Elizabethan era. Here was passed a considerable portion of the captivity of the unhappy Queen of Scots ; and the apartments, principally on the second floor, in which she dwelt, are still deeply marked by that intense interest with which her beauty, her misfortunes, and her death have encircled her memory. Most of the furniture is known, by other proofs than its appearance, to remain as she left it ; the bed and chairs of the state-room, Mary’s chamber, being of black velvet embroidered by herself.

Around the silent terraces, neglected roses grow,
 Their very beauty making worse the melancholy show,
 As tossed upon the ruffling breeze, untrained the branches fling
 Their flexile sprays, like grieving arms, that seek in vain to cling
 Once more round some beloved support where long ago they leaned,
 Safe shadowed from the summer heat, from wintry tempest screened.
 Closed are the windows, one and all; the house looks blank and blind;
 Within its empty echoing courts no sound but moaning wind;
 Hot, creaking, and uncarpeted, the burnished oaken floors;
 And faded pictures dimly smile along the corridors,
 The only image now, of man, in that forsaken place,
 The lingering memories left of what was once a stately race!
Was once,—hath then that noble park no owner and no heir?
 Where's he, should dwell at Elmwood-Thorpe? oh changeful Fortune, where?
 Beneath a bright Italian sky his infant footsteps roam,
 As happy in that foreign land as though he were at home.
He hath no memories—no regrets—to him it is all one:
 Dear are the radiant flowers—though pluck'd beneath a foreign sun:
 The orange bowers and ilex groves, where he may freely stray,
 The scatter'd olive grounds, which leave blue glimpses of the bay;
 No tears, no aching thoughts, for *him* the landscape hath awoke;
 Unmoved he sees the heavy pine replace the British oak.
 But his mother's look of settled grief no firmness can control,—
 It tells how deep the iron shaft hath entered in her soul,—
 And oft she droops her wailing head upon her wasted hands,
 Then rising up, she leads him forth, who, spoil'd of house and lands,
 Goes, trilling like a little bird, some snatch of merry song,
 Unconscious of her mournful thoughts who guides his steps along,—
 Unconscious that his father's life of wild luxurious joy
 Hath made a beggar of his heir—an exile of his boy!

His father! Oh! how loud the world, how eager in its blame,
 How scornfully and sneeringly it speaks that father's name!
 She only who hath suffer'd most, refrains from speaking ill:
 The one just voice that *might* complain—*that* voice is hush'd and still;
 And wandering with dejected step on BAIX's* lovely shore,
 She weeps for him whose perished faults can vex her soul no more!

"Wild,—selfish,—proud,—extravagant:"—she knows that this is truth;
 But, oh! he was her early choice,—the husband of her youth,—
 And what's the worth of love that straight begins to pause and halt
 As soon as it discovery makes of some untoward fault?

* "What place on earth with pleasing Baiae vies."—HORACE.



What colder thing can strangers do, unknit by ties of blood—
 (With every right to change their mien according to their mood)—
 What colder thing can strangers do, than leave us when they find
 All is not perfect in the heart, or noble in the mind?
 Heaven bless the deep and earnest love, which, like a constant river,
 Where once it frays itself a course, will roll therein for ever!
 Not doling measured kindness out, as if it were *reward*,
 Not keeping tenderness encaged, with reason for its guard;
 Not steering, under careful sail, a calculated course,
 But humbly true to simple vows, “for better or for worse.”
 So loved,—thro’ sunshine, cloud, and storm,—the Lady of my lay;
 So clung, when every other friend thought fit to fall away;
 And even the ruin that hath reached her helpless orphan’s head
 Shall never bid reproaches slur the memory of the Dead.
 No, never! though the hour is come,—to her the bitterest time,
 Her mournful heart hath suffered since she heard his funeral chime;
 When the letters sent from England their anxious news shall tell,
 If yet her boy hath any chance in that dear home to dwell;
 If years of patient poverty, beneath her fostering care,
 May yet avail to make her son his erring father’s heir.

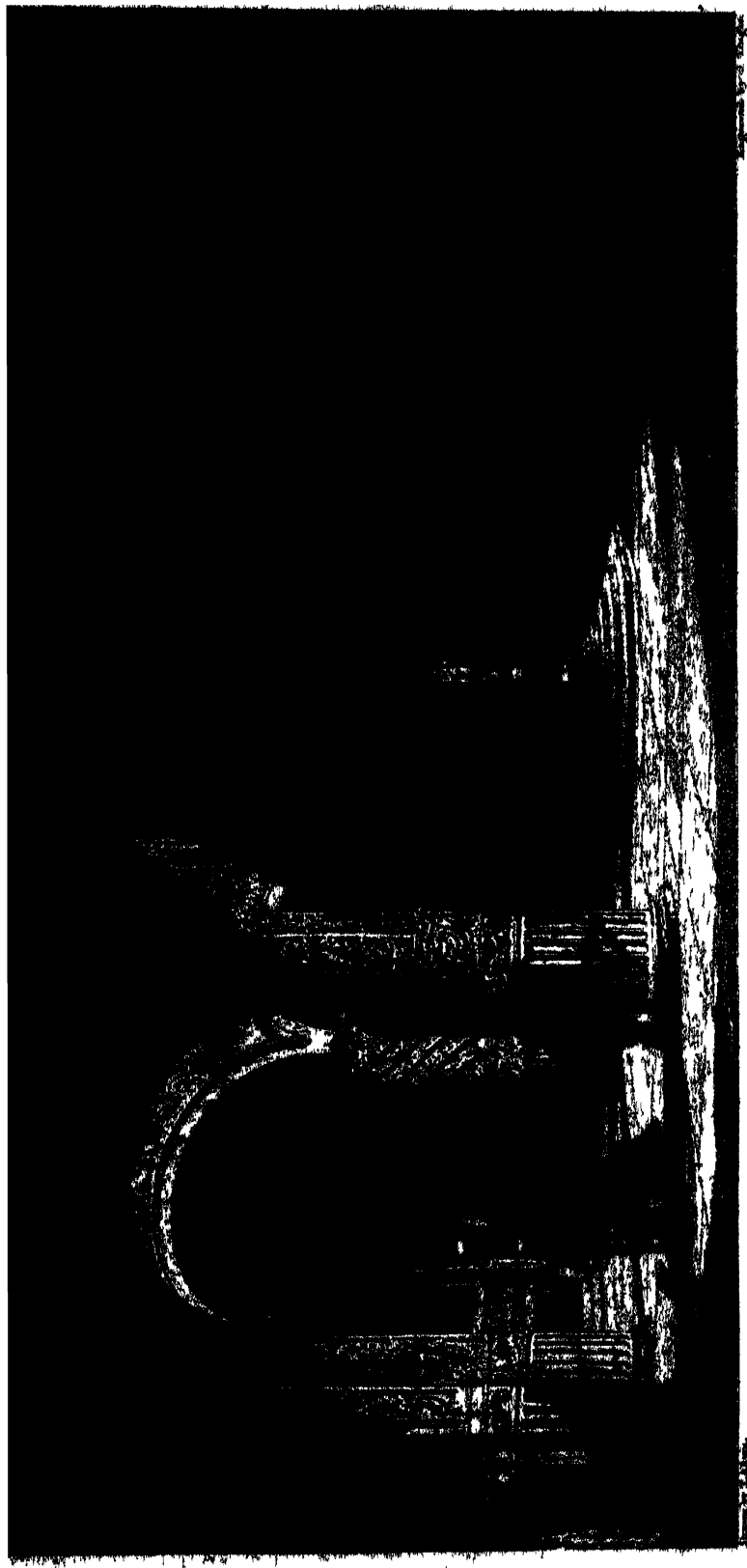
The letter, with unbroken seal, is in her nerveless hand,
 Betwixt her and that blue bright sea, is visionary land;
 Old terraces, old happy walks, old English lanes arise,
 And force the colour from her cheek—the tear-drop to her eyes.
 In vain she stifles all she feels, and struggles *not* to think—
 She sees the glades in Elmwood Park, where deer came down to drink;
 The long cool twilight seems to hang above the river side,
 The sheep-bell tinkles from the hill, the white swans gently glide;
 The children plaiting rushes by the water-lilied pool,
 Or standing in their classes, in her well-trained village school,—
 The simple glad young faces, from many a cottage door
 Where the word of grateful welcome shall never greet her more,—
 The sights of home—the sounds of home—they haunt her once again:
 She cannot bear it,—she *must* weep, or die of inward pain!
 And her tears gush like a fountain, ere she takes that letter up,
 To drain the last and bitterest drops of Sorrow’s bitter cup,
 To learn, set down in legal phrase,—in formal words and cold,—
 No chance—no hope—no future—sweet Elmwood-Thorpe is sold! *

* A portion of this poem, with some alterations, appeared in one of the earlier numbers of Ainsworth’s Magazine.

FLORENCE.

"Of all the fairest cities of the earth,
None is so fair as Florence!"*——So wrote one
With whom the Spirit of true Beauty walks
Attendant and familiar: he who made
His "Italy" our guide-book and companion
To all the memories of that sunny land,
Which now, and ever, in compatriot hearts
Must co-exist with memory of Him.
Therefore I quoted him; when, leaving Florence
With three companions, (one a Sculptor,—one
A Painter yet unknown to future fame,—
And one a gentle maid;) we four agreed,
Half jesting, half in earnest, to look back,
And speak farewells to that delightful spot.
"Farewell!" the Sculptor said; "a long farewell,
City of Statues! Farewell Parian Venus,
Whose form of beauty cannot fade or change!
We drop and wither like the autumn leaves,
Closing the eyes that saw thee, in blind Death,
As age succeeds to age; but thou, sweet Marble,
Shalt greet the generations yet to come
With freshness of imperishable charm!"
"And farewell," said the Painter, "Lovely City!
That liest in the glow of southern light,
Holding within thy bosom pictured stores
Of richest value: farewell Ancient City,
Where Raphael and Angelo looked forward,
In the strong hope of an inspired youth,
To glory all the world looks back upon!"
Then spoke the Maid; but after much persuasion,
And blushing even to her downcast eyes:
And still the lower sank her voice, the more
Our hearts stood still to listen: yet she said
Nothing but "FAREWELL FLORENCE!" Farewell Florence!
How often, when I wake, and when I dream,
The unutterable shadow of sweet thoughts
That passed across her brow,—the gentle tone
Which, like a chord of music singly struck,
Held several parts of melody,—the blush
Of innocent confusion on her cheek,—
Return to haunt and thrill my inmost soul,
As in the silence following those words!

* Rogers's Italy.



Entrée of the Hall of Heroes

Entrée des héros de la guerre

Court du Héros, Paris, 1900



Chambers, representing his Counters.

WISSE, SON & CO LONDON & PARIS

CANUTE REPROVING HIS COURTIER.

“ Walking on the sea-shore, Canute’s attendants expressed their admiration of his grandeur and dominion, observing, that nothing was beyond the reach of his power: upon which the monarch ordered his chair to be set within reach of the rising tide; and as the waters approached, he commanded them to retire, and to obey the voice of him who was lord of the ocean. He feigned to sit some time in expectation of their submission; but when the sea still advanced towards him, and began to wash him with its billows, he turned towards his courtiers, and remarked, that every creature in the universe was feeble and impotent, and that power resided with one Being alone, in whose hands were all the elements of nature; and who only could say to the ocean, ‘ Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.’ ”

THE wild cry of the curlew,—
The dashing of the spray,—
No other sound broke silence
On that memorable day,
When the King sat with his Courtiers
By the margin of the sea,
While the waves came rolling onward
Round the Island of the Free !

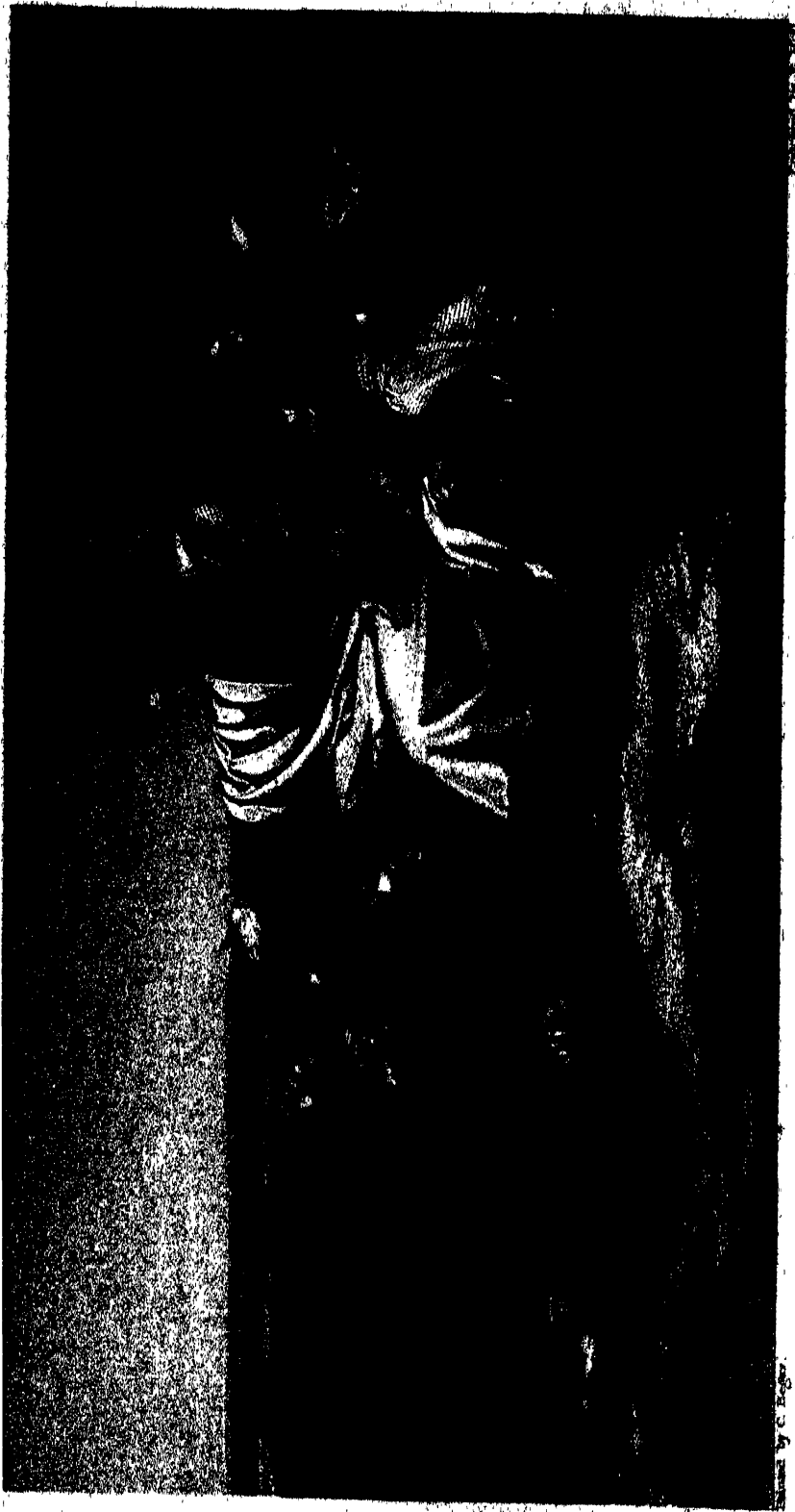
The waves came rolling onward ;
None dared to speak or move ;
Though the storm-froth gathered whitely,
And the clouds grew black above :
For the King sate gravely patient,
While the still advancing Sea
Washed the pale sand with its billows
Round the Island of the Free !

The waves came rolling onward,
Till the white spray touched his feet,—
Then uprose that stately monarch
From the throne that was his seat ;
And reproved the Flatterers’ folly,
Whose servile voice could be
Uplifted with such falsehood
In the Island of the Free !

“ Blaspheme no more God’s glory,”
The Danish monarch said ;
“ In His hand are the foundations
Of the firm earth where we tread :
He set the changeless limit
Which shall bar both land and sea,—
And He circleth with his power
The Island of the Free !

“ Let the Infidel and Despot
With blinded Folly boast—
His Spirit moves the Ocean
Who built the time-worn coast :
Who hung the Lamp of Heaven
When the first Moon saw the Sea,
A world of shipless waters,
Round the Island of the Free !”

Now may every heart that cringes
Like a coward and a slave,—
And may every voice that speaketh
With the false tongue of a knave,—
By the fair Truth proudly spoken,
Still rebuked and silenced be,—
Whoever reigns as Monarch
In the Island of the Free !



Mr. Murray over. Jerusalem.

Printed by C. B. Rogers.

JERUSALEM.

THOU City, unto which the Saviour came,
In the meek likeness of a human child ;
Who was sought, sorrowing ; chid with gentle blame ;
And made reply, mysterious and mild ;—*

Thou City, over which the Saviour wept,
With a prophetic pity for that woe,
Whose lurid thunderbolt Heaven's vengeance kept
For destined anguish, and great overthrow ;—

Thou City, in the which that Saviour died
A malefactor's ignominious death ;
And by deep stress of mortal suffering tried,
Prayed for his murderers with his latest breath ;—

Vainly thy pleasant palaces are waste,
The fountains of thy gardens dried in dust,
Thy temples and thy spacious streets defaced
In the blank ruin sentenced by the Just :

Glory yet dwelleth in thy ruined walls,
Tho' stone from stone the battlements were hurled ;
And to our hearts thy name more loudly calls,
Than prosperous cities of the pompous world.

Still, thou Sepulchral City, round thee lies
The haloed light of a departed day,—
Which the true Pilgrim sees with pious eyes,
And worships, ere he takes his homeward way.

Still, through the struggling change, and warring loss,
Of earthly sceptres, held by failing hands,
A Holy Power supports the constant Cross,
Slow gathering to *that* Kingdom, all the lands.

And, through the mists of earth, to days afar,
Wills, that the Eastern City shall afford
A light like that which filled the wondrous Star,—
Attesting still the Presence of the Lord !

* Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business ? Luke ii. 49.

THE BRIDAL DAY.

“ In China, on the day appointed by the astrologer for the marriage, a procession, consisting of a variety of objects, and a vast multitude of performers, hired for the occasion, attends at the residence of the bride, to conduct her home with every demonstration of joy and congratulation. Articles of household furniture, chairs of various forms, cushions, garments, lanterns, pavilions, and other valuables, are borne by the procession-men.”

Go forth, young Bride ! The future lies before thee ;
Hidden in clouds, are all the coming hours ;
None, none can tell what lot is brooding o'er thee,
How much thy path contains of thorns and flowers.
Thy childhood's home, where thou wert late reposing,
In happy slumbers, innocent and free,
This night excludes thee, when its doors are closing,
Only a visitor henceforth to be !

Leaving that Home,—hast thou secured another,
Standing wide open to receive thy feet ;
Loved by his Sisters,—welcome to his Mother,
Shall kindly smiles thy gracious presence meet ?
Or holdest thou in fear, that dreadful treasure,
Love's lonely anchorage in one human heart,—
Learning its strength of silver links to measure,
When friends and foes alike conspire to part ?

Art thou beloved, and dost thou love him truly,
By whom—with whom—thy lot of life is cast ?
Or hast thou rashly, weakly, and unduly,
In wrath, or scorn, or grief, thus sealed the past ?
If, stung by memories thou must dissemble,
Of one who left thee, (fickle and unkind !)
Thy pride thus seeks to wound the inconstant,—tremble !
Back to *thy* heart that shaft its way shall find !

Woe for the bitter day, too late repenting
Th' irrevocable step,—the broken rest,—
When thou shalt lean thy weary head, lamenting,
On the lost refuge of thy Mother's breast !
There, in the recklessness of early sorrow,
Holding no hope of brighter days to come,—
Yearning to die before the darkened morrow,
And be calm-buried near thy childhood's home !

Shalt thou, in this strange world of serpent slander,
Escaping all its venom and deep shame,
In tranquil paths obscurely happy, wander,
Where none shall point thee out, for praise or blame :
Or shalt thou dwell in mingled smiles and frowning,
Half envied, half enshrined, by Fashion's slaves,
Then, shipwrecked sink, like one who suffers drowning
After vain struggle with opposing waves !

Will *He*, thy mate, be true, to vows of duty,
Or shalt thou weep, with eyelids veiled and dim,
The lost advantage of thy powerless beauty,
Which, praised by others, kept no hold on *Him* ?
Shall some fair temptress, like a dazzling meteor,
Teach him thy more familiar charms to slight—
Thy deep love weighed against each novel feature,
A balance, sated custom renders light ?

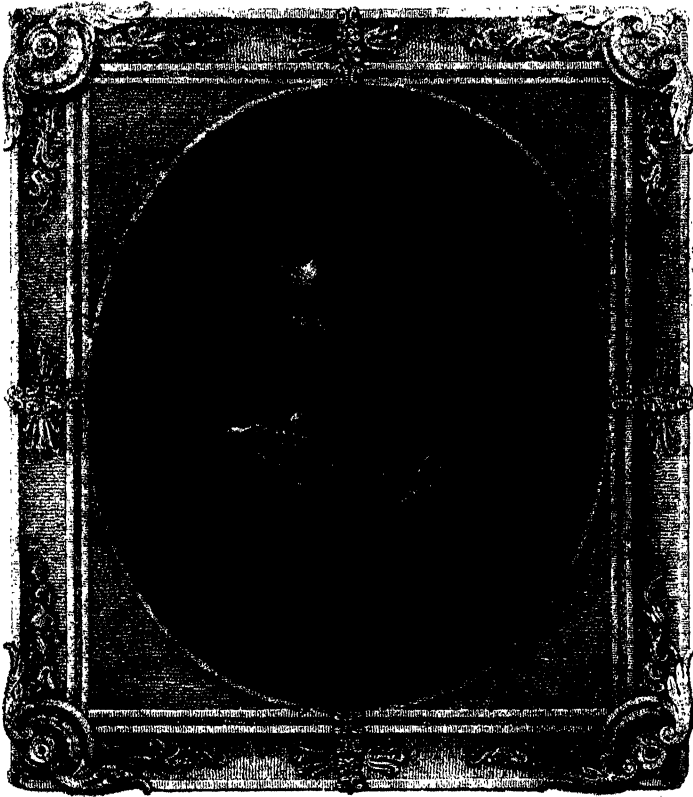
Who shall decide ? Thy Bridal Day ! Oh, make it
A day of Sacrament and fervent Prayer ;
Though every circumstance conspire to take it
Out of the common prophecy of care !
Let not vain merriment and giddy laughter
Be the last sound in thy departing ear,—
For God alone can tell what cometh after,
What store of Sorrow,—or what cause for Fear !
Go forth, young Bride !

LORD FORDWICH,

Eldest son of Earl Cowper and the Lady Anne Robinson, daughter of Earl and Countess de Grey, unites in his paternal and maternal ancestry two families amongst the most renowned for beauty in England and Ireland.

FAIR is thy youthful face, and well combines
The different beauty of two lovely lines ;
Earnest the light that fills thy Poet-eyes,
Thoughtfully turned toward the distant skies :
In a rose-path of life thy fate hath found thee,
Beauty, and rank, and wealth, and love surround thee
But what the destiny of ripen years,
He knows, who mocks our hopes, abates our fears,—
Frustrates the expectations of the crowd,—
Lifts up the lowly, and casts down the proud.
And early thou hast cast thy anchor where
No storm can reach, nor touch of trivial care ;
So shalt thou yet thy hopeful trust retain ;
So shalt thou be successful, and not vain ;
So shalt thou suffer, and yet not despond ;
This world *may* fail thee,—not the world beyond !

And tho' in after days it should be told
Of thee—as of the lovely Knight of old—
Thou wert the fairest of the courtly throng ;
The gracefullest that led the dance along ;
The bravest man that ever drew a sword ;
The stateliest vision of a belted lord ;
The warmest heart that ever sued for love ;
The kindest, when Pity sought to move ;
The frankest friend that ever clasped a hand ;
The openest giver owning breadth of land ;
The sternest champion of thy country's laws ;
The gentlest listener to the poor man's cause ;
Still would remain the greater, holier praise,
In the first blessing of thy younger days,



Painted by Sir W. L. P. 4

Engraved by G. S. 100

Ere yet these proud distinctions round thee smiled,
And thou wast but a simple, pious child ;—
That, from the dawning of thy tempted day,
To the last setting of its mellowed ray,
Thou wert the truest Christian,—so to speak
Of one by nature sinful made, and weak,—
That ever, in this world of storms unblest,
The Self-denying peaceful creed profest !

See in the " *Morte d'Arthur*," the incomparable lament of Sir Ector over the body of Sir Launcelot du Lac:—" Ah, Sir Lancelot, thou wert head of all Christian knyghtes—now there thou lyest ! Thou wert never matched of none earthly knyghtes hands ; and thou wert the curtiest knyght that ever bare shield ; and thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrood horse ; and thou wert the truest lover of a sinfull man that ever loved woman ; and thou wert the kindest man that ever strook with sword ; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among the press of knyghtes ; and thou wert the meekest man and the gentlest that ever eat in hall among ladies ; and thou wert the sternest knyghte to thy mortal foe that ever put speare in rest."

C O R I O L A N U S.

Dissensions having arisen between the Patricians and people of Rome, Coriolanus took part with the former, and was eventually sentenced to perpetual banishment. Determined on revenge, he joined the enemies of his country, took many of the towns, and encamped within five miles of the city itself. A deputation was sent out to treat with him, but was received with haughtiness, and thrice returned, without the slightest hopes of a reconciliation. At length his mother, wife, and children, came out, and pleaded their country's cause. To their entreaties he could no longer refuse assent. Raising his venerable parent from the ground, he exclaimed, "You have saved Rome, my mother, but you have destroyed your son." He retired to his tent, and took immediate measures for a retreat.

ALL,—the Soldier's heart withstood,
With a hero's dauntless mood ;
Till that ONE voice smote his ear,
(Choked with agony and fear)
Which from childhood's hour had proved
Most revered, and best beloved !
Deem it rather praise, than blame,
If that man of mighty fame
Yielded to the suppliant tongue
Which his cradle-hymn had sung,
Leaving, linked with all his glory,
That most sweet and touching story,
How the Warrior's heart could melt,
When the Son so deeply felt !

Proud one, ruler of the earth,
Scorn not her who gave thee birth !
Scorn her not : although the day
Long hath waned and past away,
When her patient lullaby
Hushed thy peevish wailing cry ;
When the rocking on her breast
Lulled thee to thy helpless rest ;
When, if danger threatened near,
Thou didst fly, in guileless fear,
Doubting not the safety tried
By her loved familiar side ;
Doubting not, her circling arm
Could protect from every harm.

Engraved by W. F. Hill

Constance and her Mother



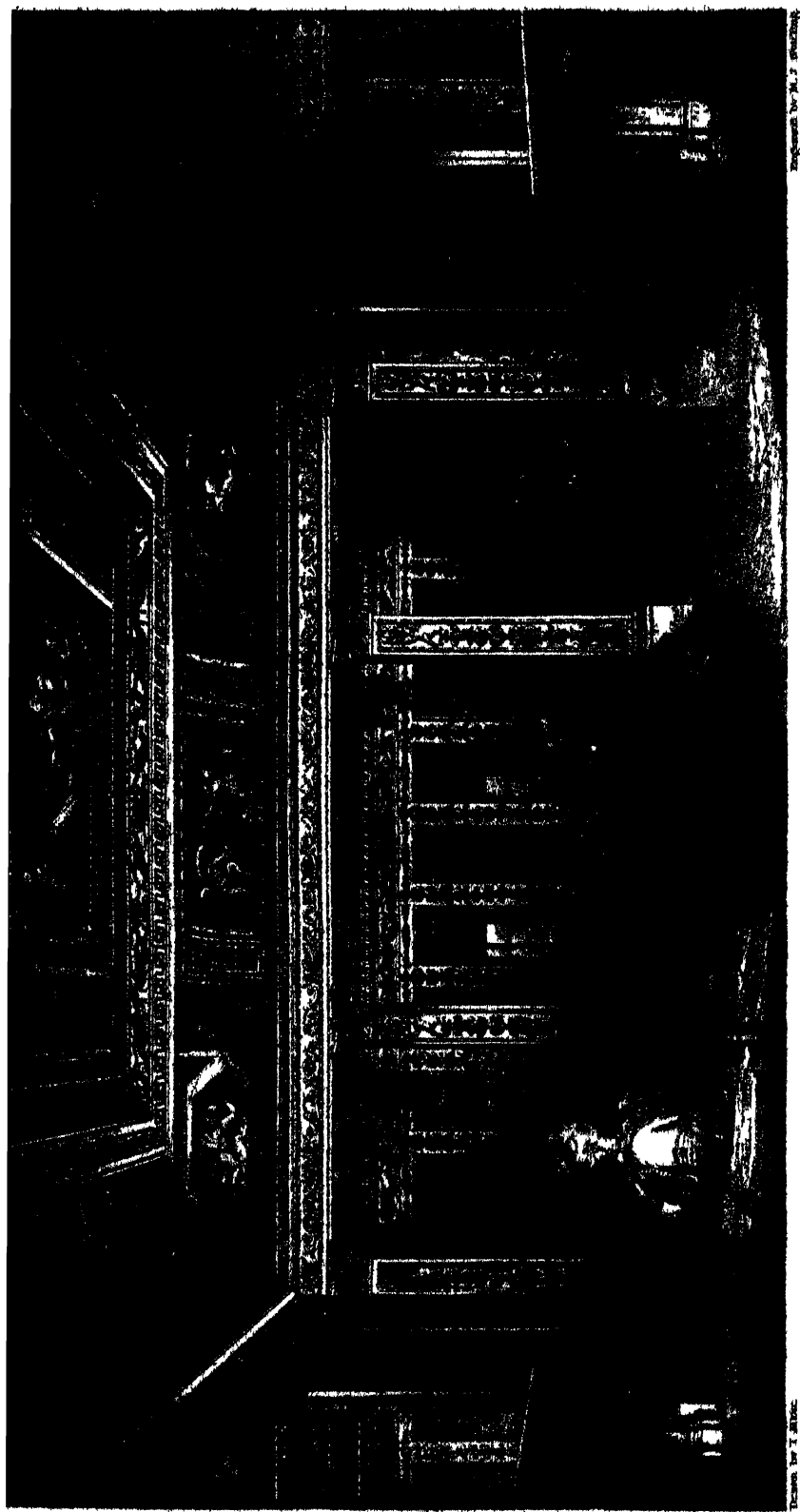
Time's swift river rolls along,—
She is weak,—and Thou art strong !
From her fair face day by day
Lingering beauty fades away ;
And her step is lifted slow,
And her tresses streaked with snow ;
Her little stock of worldly lore
Thou hast outstripped, and knowest more ,
She who led thine earlier age
To dwell upon the pictured page,
Bends with strained attention now,—
With perplexed and anxious brow, —
While of politics, and wars,
Of the course of moon and stars,
Of discoveries by which
Science shall the world enrich,
(Things beyond her scant dominion)
Thou dost give thy grave opinion.
If, while thou dost wisely speak,
SHE seem ignorant and weak ,
Let this thought thy bosom stir,—
She is, what thou wert to her ;
Guard her, keep her from all pain
As she sought to guard thee then !

Now return the patient care,
When her curls of glossy hair
Bending down with Mother's love
Shadowed thy young brow above !
Now return the watches kept
When thy cradled childhood slept,
And her smooth and glowing cheek
(Rosy as the apple streak,)
Scarcely showed a tinge less bright
In the Morning's coming light,
So full she was of youthful strength,—
So brief appeared the wan night's length,—
When full of love, and hope, and joy,
She rocked to rest her slumbering boy !

And if—(for it may well be so,
Since nothing perfect dwells below)
Thy understanding, grown mature,
Perceives defect which must endure,—

Now return indulgence given,
(Meek and merciful as Heaven,)
When *thy* faults her patience tried,
Dullness, stubbornness, or pride.
Oh ! that loving heart was human ;
Not a goddess, but a woman,
Watched thy course of weaker years,
Guarding them through smiles and tears :
Thou,—with all thy strength and lore,
Art the child she nursed before,—
Also, an imperfect creature,
Faulty by thy very nature :
If a hard or peevish word
From her lips, thou now hast heard,—
Bear it—she hath borne with thee
When thou hadst not sense to see
Her endurance well might prove
PATIENCE hath its root in LOVE.

Love her therefore ! shame not thou,
Like the Hero to avow
That thy Mother's voice hath power
In thy fate's decisive hour.
All the love that thou canst give,
All the days ye both shall live,—
Warm altho' the pulse it stirs,
Trust me, will fall short of HERS !



Palace of the - Invention of

THE LUXEMBOURG.

"It was in the Palace of the Luxembourg that Napoleon and Josephine passed their happiest and most honoured days ; it was there they both exhibited such extraordinary powers of conversation, such knowledge of court ceremonies, and taste in etiquette, as astonished the most refined classes of society. Here Josephine was living, admired by France, beloved by her ambitious husband ; it was here she received his flattering letters from the battle-fields of North Italy, declaring 'that while he was winning battles, she was winning hearts ;' and it was from the period of her quitting this scene of her early happiness, that she herself has dated the decay of Napoleon's affections."

THOU stately Hall of Mirrors,—that hast seen
The Royal generations come and go
Through the long fading of uncounted years,—
Answer,—where are they ? Where the glancing feet
That delicately trod thy marble floors ?
Where the proud eyes that flashed with sudden light ;
Or veiled themselves from weariness of joy ?
Where the grand forms whose high majestic bearing
Made the earth seem a humble pedestal
Whence they, fair statues, might enchant the world ?
Where the smooth cheeks, and darkly pencilled brows,
The rich red lips, the white and dainty hands,
The ringleted and essence-scented hair,
Which still, from time to time, have cast their pictures
Between those mirrors and reflected light ?
All dust and ashes ! the obsequious Page
And Royal Mistress ; the still fretting Courtier
(Crawling and climbing with alternate skill ;)
And the imperious Ruler, whose rare smile
Was set more store by, than Heaven's open sunshine,—
All are departed to their several graves ;
There the same worms devour,—the same dark earth
Covers and blots the progress of decay,
In High and Low ! Oh ! glittering Splendour, why,
Why must we leave thee, loving thee so well ?
Or why so love thee, being doomed to leave
And yield thee up, a cold inheritance,
To thankless and inalienable heirs ?

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

IN the young light of her beauty she came forth !

Who is me !

With her bracelets, and her jewels, and her rings,

Fair to see :

In clothing proud and gay

As was meet for rich array,

When a warrior won the day

Gallantly !

In the hurry of her welcome she came forth !

And she smiled ;

For she deemed her Father's triumph should be hers,

(Hapless Child !)

And with white and twinkling feet

She came dancing on, to meet

The Death-word she must greet,

Dark and wild !

To the sound of gladdening music she came forth !

With a song,

Which her young companions chorussed, as they flew

Light along !

Darkly glooms her Father's brow

As he looks upon her now ;

He is thinking of his vow,—

Rash and wrong !

She shall never greet his proud return again !

Never-more !

He shall never hear the welcome sweetly said

Heretofore !

He shall never see her come

From the portals of his home,

For her place is in the tomb,—

Life is o'er !



Epithetals Inverted

He hath doomed her,—in his rash ambitious hope :

(Hear him groan !)

Was the Victory over thousands, worth the loss
Of that ONE ?

Will it nerve him so to bear
All this weight of dreadful care
That he dies not of despair
When ALONE ?

Oh ye Fathers, YE can answer with what pangs

He was tried,

When the Rosebud in the Desert of his home
Roughly died ;

By the innocent young face,—

By the cordial soft embrace,—

By the daughter's simple grace,—

At your side !

THE INVOCATION OF DEATH.

COME to the Grave's quiet slumber,—
Passionate Heart !
At the dread sound of thy dooming,
Why dost thou start ?
Oft didst thou sorrow and languish,
Willing to go ;
Wearily weeping,—lamenting,—
Heavy with wo ;
Now is the time of thy calling,
Why dost thou shrink ?
Why dost thou turn with such loathing
From the grave's brink ?

Soft is the depth of its shadow,
See thou, and mark ;
Peaceful the bed now preparing
In the chill dark !
Here the wild Sea of Life's tumult
Ceaseth to roar ;
Here the vain fever of loving
Vexeth no more ;
Here, shall no sound of reproaches
Bitterly said,
Filling the heart with hot aching,
Trouble the Dead !

Here are no partings,—no leaving
Friends dearly joined ;
Here, is no sobbing and moaning
Borne on the wind ;
Here, shall no hope, fondly cherished,
Crumble away ;—
Calm in its white shroud, and painless,
Lies the still clay,
Tho' all the schemes it was planning
On the high earth,
Wrecked, ere the hour of fulfilment,
Die in their birth !



S. Fisher

F. Allen

Come ! with what thought dost thou linger ?
Hast thou not tried
All the world's promising pleasures ?
Which doth abide ?
Which of them blest thy attainment ?
Water on sand !
Wild-flowers, whose stalks have been broken
By a child's hand !
Which of them failed thee not always
When most desired ;
Mocking with unsought fruition,
When the heart tired ?

Hath not the friend of thy bosom
Broken his trust ?
Were not the loved of thy kindred
Laid in the dust ?
Did not thy foes and oppressors
Rise, and grow proud ?
While the heads sank of thy kind ones,
Humbled and bowed ?
Why wouldst thou mournfully linger
In a bad world ?
Bark, which the storm-blast hath beaten,
Get thy sails furled !

Come ! thou shalt know the deep quiet
Yearned for in vain,
When thou wert maddened with striving,
Weary of pain :
Come ! thou shalt meet all thy dear ones,
Lost, long ago,
In the old days, when their dying
Wrung thee with wo !
Earth—for thy burial, lorn one—
Opens her breast :
Deeply thy bed hath been hollowed,
Come, to thy Rest !

"COULD YE NOT WATCH ONE HOUR?"

COULD ye not watch one hour of wakeful prayer,
While He, your Lord, in deep mysterious pain,
Knelt in the stillness of the evening air,
Strength for impending Death, from Heaven to gain?
While the dread anguish o'er his soul had power,
Could ye not watch one hour?

How often hath some mortal passion held
Your unsealed eyes wide open till the morn!
Some trivial hope on which ye sought to build;
Some small ambition, or some petty scorn;
Had the reproach of God inferior power?
Could ye not watch one hour!

How often for the sickness of a friend,
Have ye kept watch till stars grew pale above!
How often o'er a cradled child to bend—
How often in the restlessness of love!
Is the deep love of God the lesser power?
Could ye not watch one hour!

How often for the triumph of a king,—
Increase of conquest for a nation's sway,—
Have ye caroused with sleepless rioting,
Till the red sunrise flushed to spreading day?
Doth fainter glory crown Almighty power?
Could ye not watch one hour!

How often hath the idly lettered page
Filled with the bounded wealth of human lore,
Sufficed that deep attention to engage,
Which found night's moments past, and sighed for more!
Had He who taught "the word" less magic power?
Could ye not watch one hour!



Designed by H. K. H. H.

Engraved by H. Robinson.

Could we not watch one hour?

How often have ye watched, through storms at sea,
When the white foam lay surging on the waves,
When the wild winds blew loud and terribly,
And the dark billows showed like yawning graves :
 Had the great fear of God less vivid power ?
 Could ye not watch one hour ?

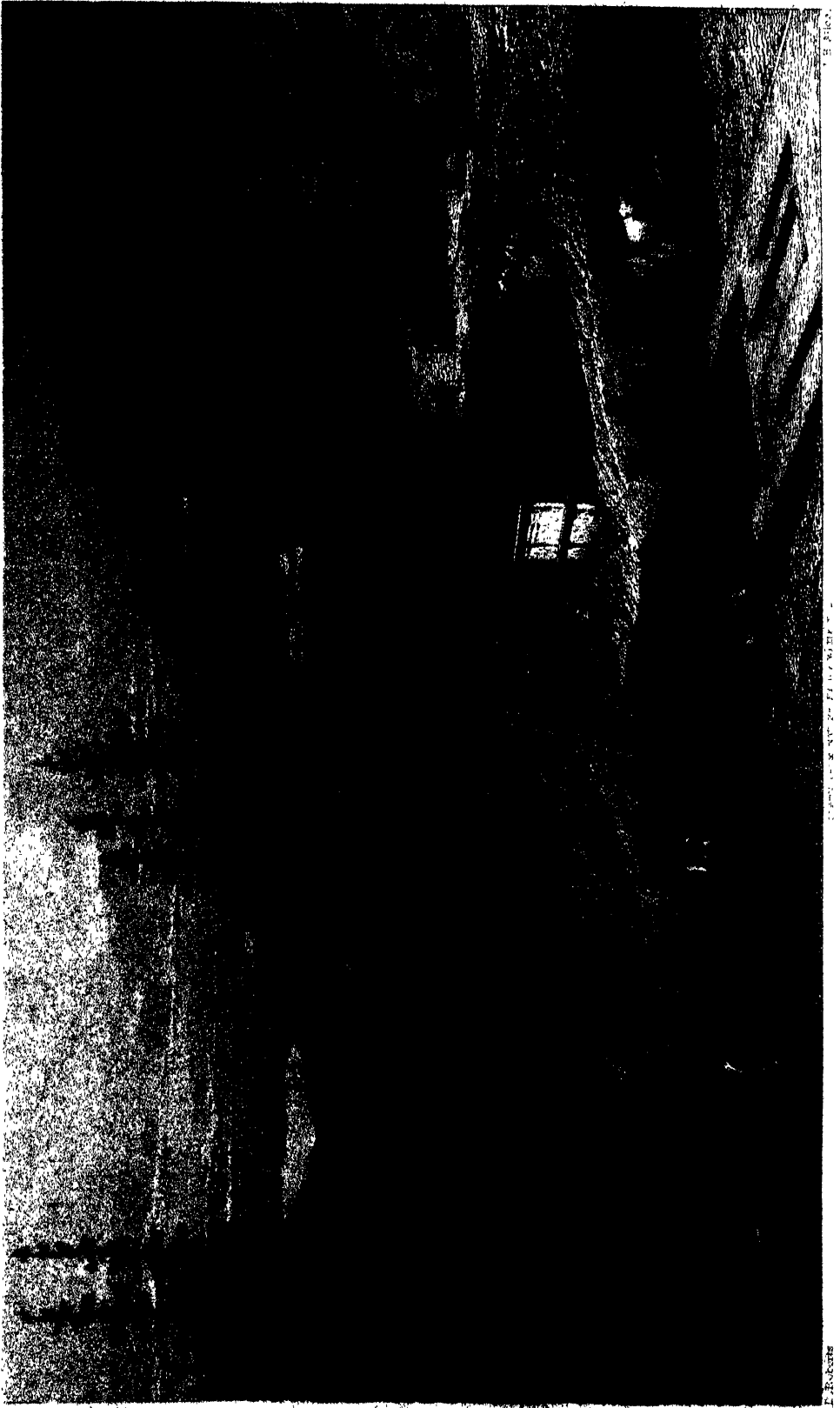
Sleep on, and take your rest ! Oh, sentence dire !
Showing the ill-watched time a fearful loss,
When to Heaven's mercy we might yet aspire,
Faithful to Him who suffered on the Cross !
 Wo ! if God's great command prove weak in power,
 Wo, for the unwatched hour !

HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS, INDIA.

The Anglo-Indian is frequently sent to this district, when enervated by the climate, to recover, or be "given over" by the doctors. The place most frequented by Europeans, is Simla, the hills round which are studded with "bungalows," as represented in the subjoined view. Nothing can be more intolerably dreary and depressing, than illness, thus endured at a distance from all friends, sometimes without one fellow-countryman with whom to exchange a few words of companionship and consolation.

DREAMING of Old England, and the days gone by,
Dreaming of Old England,—with a heavy sigh,
Lies the youthful Exile, far from every friend,
Far from that fond Mother who would o'er him bend
With more earnest service than a hundred slaves,
Guessing all his wishes ere the faint tongue craves.
Sultry is the summer of that Indian clime;
Languid pass the hours of his useless time;
Struggling with the fever, parching all his veins,
Fruits with pleasant juices in the cup he drains:
Sinking faint and nerveless all the burning noon,
Gazing wild and restless on night's splendid moon;
Yearning for Home-letters,—thinking soon to die,
Dreaming of Old England,—with a heavy sigh!

Heavier, yet more heavy, grows his aching head:
Hateful, and yet helpful, that eternal bed:
Seek the Himalaya; try the healthy change;
Cool air from the mountains; from "the Snowy Range!"
Ah! the sky seems losing half its torrid glow
At the sweet sound spoken of that welcome Snow:
For it brings dear pictures from his native land,—
In his Father's garden now he seems to stand,—
Full of children playing, (happy, merry throng!)
Listening in the summer to the cuckoo's song,—
Flinging sparkling snow-balls on a winter's day,—
Laughing, leaping, shouting,—wild with frolic play!
Now the old swing fastened 'neath the mulberry tree,
And his sister bending, with her eyes of glee,



Timid, yet exulting in the height she goes,
With her light robe floating, brushing past the rose,
Scattering blossom-showers on the lawn beneath,
Smiling as he pauses, tired and out of breath.
Darling little Sister,—now to woman grown,—
Is that young heart given, once so much his own?
Art thou Bride and Mother?—oh, how time rolls by!
England! happy England! must your exile die?

Keep the fair dreams round him; they may lift his heart,
When the pang is on him, and the fever-start;
Blow, ye cooling breezes! blow, and with you bring
Visions of the freshness of an English spring;
Primroses and cowslips, violets that come
Peeping through the hedges of his northern home,
Rivulets of water, like a silver thread
Gurgling with low music o'er their pebbly bed.
Oh, to be beside them! to be home once more!
Not to die midst strangers, on a foreign shore!
Sisters, do you miss him, whom ye loved so well?
Mother, dost thou weep him, where he used to dwell?
Pray that he may greet you, as he prayeth now,
With a cheek grown hollow, and a pallid brow;
Pray at morn and even, for that precious life,
Which with sickness holdeth such a mortal strife;
I pray for him who lieth, 'neath the Indian sky,
Dreaming of Old England,—with a heavy sigh!

LILLA VANNEN.

[*Vannen*, in Norwegian, signifies *Friend*; and *Lilla*, little or lowly; the expression *Lilla Vannen* would answer to the term, in our own language, of *Humble Friend*.]

I WAS ill, and thought of Thee,

Lilla Vannen !

My Soul dwelt mournfully,

Lilla Vannen !

On the well-remembered times,

When we heard the village chimes

Thro' the avenue of limes,

Lilla Vannen !

In my sickness and great pain,

Lilla Vannen !

The old light shone again,

Lilla Vannen !

The child-like faith in God

When we two together trod

O'er the daisy-spangled sod,

Lilla Vannen !

The lowly church stood there,

Lilla Vannen !

And I saw thee kneel in prayer,

Lilla Vannen !

While a glory and a grace

Shone in lieu of beauty's trace

On thy pale and homely face ;

Lilla Vannen !

In thy pure and quiet eye,

Lilla Vannen !

Dwelt a light that could not die,

Lilla Vannen !

No sparkle of vain joy

Which an hour could fade or cloy,

But glad hope without alloy,—

Lilla Vannen !



To a worldly path I strayed,—

Lilla Vannen !

Thou didst keep the tranquil shade,—

Lilla Vannen !

Thou didst keep thy simple faith,

Girded firm for Life or Death,

With calm pulse and even breath,

Lilla Vannen !

Thou hadst courage then to blame,

Lilla Vannen !

(Tho' thy soft words gently came,)

Lilla Vannen !

And to say the World's Success

With no aim that God could bless

Was a life of bitterness,

Lilla Vannen !

Thy gentle words came true,

Lilla Vannen !

All was altered to my view,

Lilla Vannen !

I was vain, and sought to charm,—

Yet I wished no mortal harm,

And my love was deep and warm ;

Lilla Vannen !

But the dark days came at last ;

Lilla Vannen !

They were bitter ; they are past ;

Lilla Vannen !

And I rose against the blow,

But my heart is broken now,

Very dreary is my wo !

Lilla Vannen !

Would I had thee here to-day,

Lilla Vannen !

By my side to kneel and pray,

Lilla Vannen !

But thy funeral bell hath tolled

And thou liest still and cold,

'Neath the churchyard's heavy mould,

Lilla Vannen !

I mourned thee not at night,

Lilla Vannen !

I was dazzled by false light,

Lilla Vannen !

A few impassioned tears
Marked the love of many years,
All that Memory endears,

Lilla Vannen !

Now my life is ebbing fast,

Lilla Vannen !

And my pulse beats slow, at last,

Lilla Vannen !

And my past career doth seem
Like a wild and drunken dream,
All its joy a lurid gleam,

Lilla Vannen !

But I dare not pray alone,

Lilla Vannen !

I can only weep and moan,

Lilla Vannen !

I need thy voice to cheer
The deep fainting of my fear,
And to tell me God will hear,

Lilla Vannen !

In the evening of each day,

Lilla Vannen !

When the hot light dies away,

Lilla Vannen !

And the soft dew comes to rest
On the green Earth's quiet breast,
Like a thing which God hath blest,

Lilla Vannen !

From my casement, lone and still,

Lilla Vannen !

I look out on plain and hill,

Lilla Vannen !

And I watch the Evening Star
Shining bright from worlds afar,
Where thou art,—and angels are,

Lilla Vannen !



Drawn by S. W. Chapman.

Engraved by J. P. Smith.

MARY ABIGAIL C. WILKINSON

LADY ADELA-CORISANDE-MARIA VILLIERS,

(DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF JERSEY.)

THE beauty of thy starlike eyes,—as radiant as the summer skies,—
I first beheld in early years, before my own grew used to tears.
And if thy picture had been sent, for meed of printed compliment,
In those, my inexperienced days,—I might have given it vaguest praise,
Writ with a tame and girlish pen. But I have seen “the world” since then,
Have seen the world, and taken measure, of hearts that lead a life of pleasure,
And rather should compassionate, the dangers of thy brilliant fate,
Wondering who thy bark shall guide,—while tossing on that sea of pride,
What may be thy after fruit, flower with poison round thy root,
What the blossom thou shalt bear, in that world’s cold atmosphere.
Wilt thou dwell in peace apart,—happy in thy own young heart?
Gentle mother,—faithful wife,—star of a retired life?
Or will charm and beauty be, things of notoriety,
Like hers, whose haughty pow’r defied, the coming of the Royal bride? *
Wilt thou in thy beauty’s bloom,—learn to rule, yet not presume,—
Keeping safe the meeker way,—loved and honoured ;—who shall say ?
At this moment pictures rise, vividly before my eyes,
Of the Ladies I have known, occupying Fashion’s throne,—
Some were meek and wise and good,—some seemed made of painted wood,—
Jointed just enough to move,—not enough to live and love,—
Some but empty ciphers were,—some like angels pure and fair,—
Two, above the rest, I mark ; one for light and one for dark.

Striving, restless, angry, loud ; pushing thro’ a yielding crowd,
With a kind of reckless force, (as a horseman clears a course ;)
Balancing excess of scorn, for the crowd not greatly born,
By excess of humble crouching, (inner slavishness avouching,)
To the Magnates and the Stars,—Generals of successful Wars,—
Princes of the Reigning Houses,—with Serene or Royal Spouses,—
All the greater idolizing,—all the weaker tyrannizing,—
Now with knees on stiffened hinges,—now with servile supple cringes,—
Learning easily to bend—to a Prince, but not a friend,—
Setting Virtue’s limitation, not by conduct but by station,—

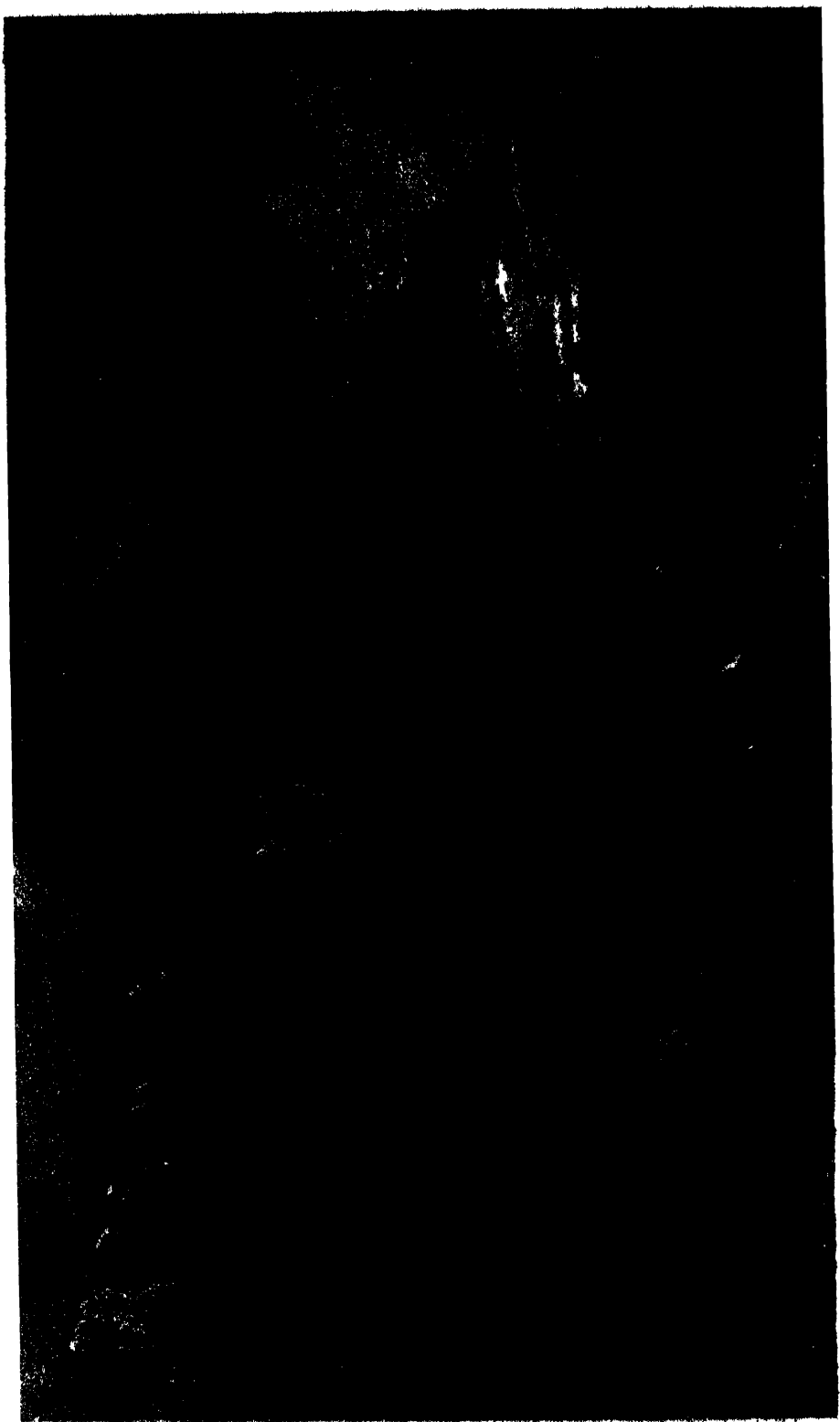
* See the account given of the arrival of Caroline of Brunswick, in the lately-published Letters of the Earl of Malmesbury, and other memoirs of the time.

Proving, spite of Truth's effulgence, Fashion's Catholic Indulgence
 Stands on sale for fair requital in a coronet and title,
 And the rugged path of sinners, (greatly smoothed by giving dinners,)
 Can be paved and railed away, for the feet of finer clay :—
 Such a one,—in earnest truth,—I remember, from my youth !

Gentle, gracious, quiet, meek—with the frank light on her cheek,
 Of an ancient noble line, that needs no mask of playing 'Fine,'
 Or bold assumption to determine, the claim to several bars of ermine.*
 Too highly bred, too highly born, to put on airs of vulgar scorn,
 Too certain of her own degree, to grudge the meed of courtesy,
 (That meed, so small a thing to give,—so kindly pleasant to receive ;)
 Still speaking in sweet undertone,—with nothing in her to make known
 To the crowds who round her bow,—She is High, and they are Low,—
 Except that Nature gave her face, such natural majesty and grace,
 That they who watch to see her pass, confess distinction in her Class,
 Something more dignified and fair, and more serene than others are :—
 Inclining from her own good heart, to pause and take the weaker part :
 No warring, climbing, and resisting,—*accepting* homage, not *insisting*,—
 And gaining more than ever yet, was granted with displeased regret,
 To all the plotting and contriving, of those for Fashion's empire striving :—
 Thus also I have seen ; and know,—the picture faithful, painted so.

Now, which of these shall seem to thee, the better worldly path to be,
 Lies folded in the future years, which hold thy joys, thy hopes, and fears.
 The good choice lies far off, before thee,—thy Life's young angel watcheth o'er thee,—
 And kindly, yet, thy star-like eyes, reflect the glow of summer skies ;
 Oh ! never may their tarnished light, by worldly contact grow less bright ;
 Nor the sweet fount of light supplied, grow dim with tears, or cold with pride !

* The last remnant of the old Sumptuary Laws respecting the dress of different classes, in this country, may be traced in the trimmings of ermine on the robes of our peers ; the rank of the wearers determining the number of stripes (or bars) of minever, with which they are to be adorned



THE VOYAGE OF THE BIRD.

The Bird here described was the property of MAJOR WAYMOUTH, to whose wife, ELIZABETH, this poem is affectionately inscribed. It was the most beautiful creature I ever saw ; and was, I believe, the only one of the species ever brought to England.

“ A THANKLESS gift is beauty rare”—
So you will say, when you have heard,
With patient ear my history ;
The Voyage of a Foreign Bird !

In sunny lands,—far, far away,
My wings forsook the fragile shell,—
Where gorgeous flowers are blooming wild,
And light and sunshine ever dwell :

Even there, my beauty was a thing
More dazzling than of common kind ;
And when I soared, and flew, I seemed
A moving rainbow on the wind !

Pale brilliant green my plumage was,—
But shaded with a darker hue,
And round my throat a necklace rare,
Of feathers of a sapphire-blue :

And I could move those sapphire gems
When joy or passion filled my breast,—
As the proud peacock lifts his plumes,
Or cockatoo, his kingly crest.

And cool grey touches, here and there,
Softened the brilliant emerald tone,
As tho' a fairy's pencil drew,
And marked some feathers for her own.

Ah ! woe is me ! again I say,
“ A thankless gift is beauty rare ! ”
For I was watched, and captive made,
And borne a pris'ner thro' the air !

In darkness and in dreadful doubt,
I shuddered 'neath his grasping hand,
Who put me in a dismal cage
With but a little scattered sand :

A little sand, to mock the earth,—
A weed of green, to mock the trees,—
And harsh strange voices startling me,
In lieu of woodland melodies.

And far away they bore me thence
Across the heaving cold green sea !
I saw wild seabirds as we past,
And envied them,—for they were free !

But who shall speak my sufferings dire,
Each feather quivering on my form,
'Mid flashing lightning, beating spray,
And howlings of the northern storm !

And when on England's distant shore
I found a place of rest, at last,—
How then I moped and longed to die,
And wished each day might be my last !

No sun—no warmth—no pow'r to fly—
No gorgeous flowers—no tempting fruit—
No broad-leaved woods—no purple sky,—
No mate—all desolate, and mute !

Until one day, while sickening thus,
I yearned each hour for present Death,
Fate partly rescued me from woe,
And gave me to ELIZABETH !

Not mine the first dejected heart
Her kindly nature sought to raise ;
I heard her name,—'twas whispered round
With many a word of love and praise.

And from my cage, with pitying looks
She took me forth, unnumbered times,
And placed me where the sunbeams shone,—
Because I came from southern climes :

And quite consoled by all her care,
I dressed my plumage, as of yore,
And strove to whistle English words,
And please my mistress more and more.

And when my health and strength declined,
'Twas still a pleasant thing to rest,
(Knowing myself beloved and prised,)
So warmly on her cherished breast !

Ah ! soon that refuge shall be lost !
I feel and know I may not stay,—
A choking at my heart declares,
The Foreign Bird must flee away !

I perish in this alien clime,—
I shiver on this foreign shore,—
Soon must I fold my drooping wings,—
The Voyage of the Bird is o'er !



CHARLES THE FIRST AND HIS CHILDREN.

When,—in the presence of that iron Cromwell,
Before the might of whose resistless sword
Holy Authority, prescriptive Right,
And loving Reverence, were swept away,—
The pale sad form of a discrowned king
Stood up amongst his children ; prayed he not
To God to bless their future ? Hoped he not
The lineal Heir once more the land should rule ?
And warned he not his little cherished one,*
No to permit the shadow of advancement
To mock him with assumption of the crown
That was his Brother's ? Blindly do we pray
For those we love ! most blindly would we choose
To shower down temporal blessings on their heads !
The happiest fate, the one most enviable,
Of those poor children, was *her* lot† who died
In that fair Island which contained her Prison.
Yea, where the roofless walls of Carisbrook
Crown the lone hill ; and steeped in summer sunshine,
Show with a smiling mockery to the world,
How vain and temporary man's oppression
Of those whom God sets free ; *there* lies the one,
Who dying young, and dying innocent,
Suffered the least of all ! Her name shall make
No blot on History's page : her life could leave
No stain of shame to sully its brief course ;
And evermore when summer days come round,—
When the leaves quiver, and the wild-birds sing,—
And round the bright shores of the happy island
Swift white-winged vessels flit across the sea,—
Many shall seek that ruin hoar, and dream
Of the poor Prisoned Child, whose Martyred Father
Bade her "*fare-well*," and perished !

* The Duke of Gloucester, then only three years of age.

† Princess Elizabeth died at Carisbrook, after a somewhat long confinement. She was a child of great and promising talents, and of a sweet disposition.

STATE-PRISON OF THE SEVEN TOWERS.

of mystery are still told to visitors respecting this noted Prison. A cavity is shown, called 'the ood,' which imagination still pictures as overflowing with human gore, and its stained and dark-countenance the tradition. In another place is 'the Cavern of the Rock,' where confession was from prisoners. A number of low arches are also pointed out, into which the wretched victims were forced to force themselves, too low to admit their bodies through the aperture, and from whence not again extract them, and they were left to perish with hunger."

DR. WALSH'S CONSTANTINOPLE.

How can they bear it? When in dungeon-cells
The narrow sections of that glorious sky
Break, with a small clear stripe of purple light,
The dull blank walls, from windows barred and high,—

When, in that dreadful silence which appals
The strongest heart to maddest misery,
Thy hear the free winds blowing past the towers,
And the far-dashing of the boundless sea ;—

When the glad Summer of their native land
Returns in all its beauty, as of yore,—
When the slack sail flaps idly at the mast,
And, steeped in glory, basks the silent shore,—

Do they not, with a desperate anguish, yearn
For that God-given birthright—LIBERTY,
Tossing their wild imploring arms to Heaven,
And shrieking loud, tho' none may hear their cry !

Do they not curse the walls, the bolts, the chains,
Which man invented to annul God's light,
Conquer the beauty of His teeming world,
And blot division of His Day and Night ?

Methinks if I were pent within those towers,
Sooner than eat my restless heart away,
While hopeless dreams of all the fair earth round me
Worked gradual sinking, and infirm decay,—

Like the caged eagle, who, untamed and sad,
Beats, till he breaks, his wild wing in the strife,
So would I dash myself against the wall,—
And gain my liberty by losing life !





CHINESE CAT-MERCHANTS.

“ In China the voracity of the people obtrudes itself continually ; every object of industry or occupation seems to have such a tendency to the appeasing of appetite, that it becomes rather a disgusting contemplation. The rich and elevated are decided epicures ; the middle and lower classes as decided sensualists. The tastes of the one are scarcely limited by the extent of their revenues ; the voracity of the other unrestricted by the most nauseous species of food. Being the most omnivorous people in the world, there is not an animal or plant that can be procured by art or industry, and eaten without risk of life, that is not pressed into the service by these gastronomers ; the flesh of wild horses is highly prized ; dogs, cats, the larvæ of the sphinx-moth, bears’ paws, and the feet of other animals, brought from Tartary, Cambodia, and Siam, are deemed delicious ; and edible birds’ nests are esteemed at the banquets of the mandarins, for which they are occasionally made into a soup.”

EMIGRATE, Pussy ! and come to Old England,—
Here, we are kind to our Cats and our Dogs ;
Laws to protect them are made very strictly,
Cruelty punished to insects and frogs !

Come, for we kill only beef, veal, and mutton,—
Dogs are our friends, and the Pussy our care,
Tho’ we have battues for shooting at rabbits,
And course down your poor little cousin, the hare.

Come, the sly fox who was earthen in the valley,
Cunning and shapely hath sped on his way,—
With hounds and with horses and men we pursue him,
And seldom indeed does the fox win the day !

Come, the rough otter is down by the water,
Panting and weary and bleeding he lies,—
The spear of the hunter hath sharply gone thro’ him,
And dogs raise a chorus of terrible cries :—

Come, the proud red-deer is slain on the mountain,—
The weasel is nailed, with the mole, on the door ;—
And the smart little terriers playfully worry
The rats as they scamper across the barn-floor.

Duck-hunts may sometimes our moments enliven,
Badger-hunts yield us most excellent sport,—
But, though our mercy is rather a puzzle,
Believe me, *you’ve* nothing to fear of the sort !

You shall sit safe by the side of the fire,
While the good Spinster prepares for her tea,—
Lapping up the milk in the real china saucer,
Which held her deteriorated Bohea !

You shall bask warm in the bright cottage-window,
The children alternately tease you, and pat,—
And the ladies who stop at the door in their carriage,
Shall notice the beautiful tortoise-shell cat !

You shall walk free into Buckingham Palace,—
Roam o'er the leads of the nobleman's roof,—
Vexing the ears of the slumbering nation,
Whose pity seems made for your special behoof.

Come ! and when diet of milk, meat, and butter,
Is scarcely sufficient to spare you a part,—
We'll kill our old racers, and hackney-coach horses,
And bring their chopped bodies about in a cart,—

Selling for pennies, and selling for farthings,
What the good purchasers happen to need ,
Come ! for the animal slaughtered in China,
Here, upon others, is destined to feed !



THE DORIA PALACE, GENOA.

This delightful marine Pavilion derives its name from one of the noblest families and one of the most genuine patriots that ever devoted himself to the liberation of his country. The great Andrew Doria, created Doge of Genoa, died at the advanced age of ninety-three years, crowned with laurels and with glory. Sinking quietly into an honoured tomb at the home of his fathers, he was lulled into his last long sleep by the plashing, against his chamber-wall, of those blue waves, on whose glittering surface he had nobly earned his imperishable renown.

THE LOVER'S PINING.

“*Dahin! mit Dir!*” . . . *GOETHE.*

Av! Genoa, I know thee! there thou liest,
Thy white arms flung around the azure bay,
With thy old gardens, where the pleasant fountains
Murmur cool music at the close of day.
And, as I gaze, my heart grows sick with longing
For the blue waters of that distant sea;
For the far land that sleepeth in the sunshine;—
I would be there, Beloved! be there,—with THEE!
The Northern Spring is coming on in beauty,
But what avails its paler, weaker charm,
To quench my thirst for that Italian Summer,
Its gladder glory, and its radiance warm?
Cold are our orchards, and our English gardens,
Faint is the colour of our clouded sky;
Chill run our rivers through their banks of rushes,
Where the stork wanders and the bitterns cry!
Where is the sunset on the purple mountain?
The golden light that fired the Cedar's stem?
The rays that filled the ancient Palace windows,
Till the glass sparkled like a topaz gem?
Where, the blue sea, whose tideless waves came rippling
In curved sweet lines to reach the even shore?
The long white terraces, the graceful statues,
The orange groves, and garden walks of yore?

Beautiful Land ! when first mine eyes beheld thee,
 Leaped not my heart as tho' it knew thee well ?
 As tho', returning from a weary exile,
 In my own home I came at length to dwell !
 All my life long, beholding Beauty's fragments,—
 A southern smile on proud impassioned lips,—
 A southern shadow 'neath some dreaming eyelid,—
 A southern glow, in mist and dull eclipse —
 Till round me all at once, beloved,—familiar,—
 Lay the clear glories of the sunny clime,
 And my soul thrilled and trembled with a rapture
 Unknown, unrecked of, in the former time !

Why did we leave that land ? for vanished beauty
 With a vain longing evermore to burn !—
 To pine while waking,—and to dream when sleeping,—
 Of its fair gardens ! Can we not return ?
 Oh, to be yet again in those rich bowers,—
 And half in weariness, and half in love,
 Lean with shut eyes upon thy gentle bosom,
 While the caressing sun shone warm above !
 Vainly around me wakes the world of blossoms,—
 Where is the white magnolia's rich perfume ?
 Where the pale olive, and the broad-leaved fig-tree,
 The lovely citron, and the myrtle bloom ?
 The grey gaunt poplar, with its thin leaves rustling,
 Shows like a ghost of that delightful shade,
 Which the rich cypress, in her dark green mantle,
 Cast o'er those dim walks where the fountains played,
 Those dim walks where the little light that entered,
 With bars of glory chequered all the way,—
 Those dim walks where, by all the world untroubled,
 In pleasant converse we were wont to stray !
 Oh, my Belovéd ! let us leave the flowers
 Now slowly budding on this colder shore,—
 Let the nipped roses wake to half a summer,—
 Let us behold the warmer land once more !
 Let me but see its sky's unsullied radiance
 Glow on thy lip,—and glisten in thine eye,—
 Once more in those fair glades beside thee wander,
 And there, a willing exile, let me die !



THE FOUNTAIN OF CARNELO, ITALY.

THE LITTLE WANDERERS.

In one of the gazettes this year, an affecting account is given of the discovery of two little Savoyards frozen to death, on the road to Dijon. One of these children was found with his hands clasped, and kneeling, in the attitude of prayer.

INNOCENT and pious heart !
By that act revealing
What had been thy last good thought,
And thy dying feeling,—
When the numbing death and cold
Through thy veins was creeping,
And the sense of danger woke
Sense of Holy keeping.

God, the Father ! HE could guard †
Though no mortal harkened :
God, the Father ! HE could see,
Tho' the storm-cloud darkened :
God, the Father ! HE could guide
Children doomed to wander :
On His mercy, and His love,
Did those young hearts ponder :

When the wild blast, charged with snow,
Heavily swept by them ;
And in all the bleak blank world,
Not a friend stood nigh them ?
Till within a child's weak heart,
In the midst of peril,
Rose the practical true faith,—
Not profession sterile.

And the real undoubting prayer
To His throne ascended,
Who for ever bends to hear
Those by men unfriended.
Yea, He heard thee :—tho' thy doom
Wake the tears of woman :
(Judging with a human heart
Of a sorrow human.)

Happier wert thou, to depart,
(In thy meek prayers dying,)
Than to live a life of woe,
Poverty and sighing
Happier, from a world more cold
Than the snow-drift,—taken ,
In a world of glorious light,
And sunshine, to awaken '

Year by year, from^d distant climes,
To seek uncertain Fortune,
Thy little comrades travel here
Our pity to importune ,
With music of a foreign land,
And half-tamed prisoned creatures ,
Begging,—with imploring smiles
On their sunburnt features

Often beaten,—often made
Slaves of cruel Masters , *
Hungry, exiled, helpless, faint,
Full of sad disasters
Often, in their troubled sleep,
Of the far-land dreaming,†
Where kind faces, friendly eyes,
And native suns are beaming ,—

Yet each Mother for thy death
Weepeth, while she readeth,
Thinking of the tender care
Which her own child needeth ,
Looking on the soft glad eyes
With unclouded glances ,
And the light quick fairy step,
Which around her dances —

See the melancholy accounts of the treatment of Italian and Savoyard boys in this country, by the
s who import them for gain , notice of which has lately been taken by our legislature, with a view to
vention

Some most beautiful verses "On an Italian Boy Sleeping," may be found in Ainsworth's Magazine,
the pen of Mrs Gore, whose gay and brilliant wit as a romance-writer, contrasts curiously with the deep
of the lines in question



Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds

8 7

THE RT HON^{BLE} EDMUND BURKE

Edm Burke

While *thy* home-friends, perished child,
Picture happy meetings ;
Knowing not thy fate, they dwell
On imagined greetings ;
Praying often, it may be,
For those little strangers,—
Long since taken, by God's will,
Out of this world's dangers !

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EDMUND BURKE.

THE voice is silent : In the grave long since
The noble heart hath crumbled into dust :
And the forgotten features dwell alone
In pictures and traditions of old time :
But the Great Mind yet dwelleth among men !
The strong controlling Reason ; the clear thought ;
The holy indignation against Wrong,
And Fraud, and mean Oppression ; the proud spirit
(Proud, in the sense of that which is most noble,)
Which argued equal Justice due to all,
And showed the valid exercise of Power
To be PROTECTION, and not TYRANNY :
These live : these yet survive man's fragile mould !
The body,—which was but a lump of clay,
Whercin the Soul might show a light divine,—
Is gathered to its everlasting Rest :
The Lamp is broken,—and the light is out .
But even as the student's task holds good,
Altho' his midnight watch be past away,—
So doth the work done by that light remain,
The light itself being gone :—and still, when men
Of noble hearts and intellectual minds
Would argue with convincing eloquence,
They build foundation for their arguments
On the fair pillars, and deep sunken shafts
Of his recorded words : proving it true—
Because BURKE wrote—BURKE said it !

THE CITY OF COLOGNE.

THE BROKEN HEART.

[From the German of H. Heine]

THE Mother at the lattice stands,—
The Son in bed doth lie,—
Rise, William ! the procession,
Is slowly wending by.

“ Alas ! I neither hear nor see,
So deep my grief ; so sore ;
I think of my dead Margaret,
And my heart aches more and more ! ”

“ Rise ! take thy rosary and book,
To Kevlaär let us go ;
The Holy Virgin,—she can cure
Thy sick heart of its wo ! ”

The Holy Banners flutter wide ;
The Litanies are sung ;
And from Cologne to Kevlaär,
Pass on, both old and young.

The mother leadeth in the crowd
Her sick son, tenderly ;
And both join chorus in the hymn :—
“ Blessed be Thou,—Marie ! ”

The Virgin stands at Kevlaär,
Arrayed in vesture fine ;
And many a sick and grieving wretch
Kneels humbly at her shrine ;



Photograph by J. H. J. B. B. B.

Photograph by J. H. J. B. B. B.

They bring her simple offerings,
For simple worship meet ;
Wax figures of diseased limbs,*
Wax hands, and waxen feet.

And he who brings a waxen hand
Is healed of hurt or wound :
And he who brings a waxen foot
Straightway his foot is sound :

Lame men came into Kevlaär
Who might go dancing thence :
And crippled fingers wake the harp
To music's eloquence.

The mother took a waxen torch
And shaped it to a heart ;
"Take that to Her who healeth all,
And she shall cure thy smart !"

Sighing, he took the imaged Heart,
And at the shrine he bent ;
His tears and words together gushed,
With passionate lament.

"To Thee, oh Blessed One of Heaven !
To Thee, oh ! Virgin pure,
Humbly and sadly I make known
The sorrow I endure !

"I dwelt beneath my Mother's roof,—
Where Cologne's spires ascend,
And many a church and chapel there,
Thy worshippers attend.

"And near us dwelt poor Margaret,—
But she is dead and gone !
Virgin ! I bring a waxen heart,
Cure Thou,—oh ! cure my own !

* This is a common species of votive offering in Catholic churches ; the sides of the walls adjoining the altars of favourite chapels are frequently covered with them.

“Heal my sick heart! and I will pray
Early and late to Thee,—
And gladly and devoutly sing,—
‘Blessed be Thou,—Marie!’”

The sick son and the mother, both
In one low chamber slept,
The Holy Virgin entered there,—
Without a sound she stept.

She bent above the sick man’s bed,—
She lightly laid her hand
Upon that young and aching heart,—
Her smile was soft and bland!

Dreaming, the mother saw her come,
And dreaming saw her go,—
And waking, heard the watch-dog bark,
And saw the sunrise glow

And there her son lay motionless,
Stretched out all pale and dead,
While on his cheek the morning sun
Shone with a life-like red!

Bewildered—sad,—she clasped her hands,
And sank on bended knee,—
But soon, with faltering voice she sang,—
“Blessed be Thou,—Marie!”

“Petrarch, who visited Cologne in the year 1339, thus enthusiastically describes it in a letter to Cardinal Bonifazio — ‘How glorious is this city! How wonderful to find such a spot in a barbarous land! What nobility in the men! What grace and tenderness in the women!’”



Photo by J. Allen

Photo by J. Allen

THE GROTTA OF CAMÔENS, MACAO.

“ Amongst the many interesting memorials in the vicinity of Macao, is the cave or grotto of Camoens, the most celebrated poet of the Portuguese. It is a rudely-constructed temple, standing on the brink of a precipice, and commanding a most glorious prospect over the peninsula, and the sea that embraces it, and the mountains that rise rapidly on the opposite side of the roadstead. Visitors are led to the pleasure-grounds of a private seat, ‘ the Casa,’ with no inconsiderable degree of vanity, and thence to the little pavilion on the rock, where a bust of the poet is preserved. Should they, by any accident of education or defect of memory, be unacquainted at the moment with the chief labours of the poet, they are exultingly informed, that ‘ here Camôens wrote the greater portion of his *Lusiad*.’ ”

They stripped thee of all happiness,
They banished thee afar,
They quenched the sunshine of thy life,
But left one burning star :
They gave thee sorrow and disgrace,
Thy portion here to be,—
But thy pow’r to thrill the human heart,
They could not take from thee !

Thy dreams of love, were dreams of woe ;
Their cold hands drew aside
The garlands which the altar bound,
Thy heart had deified.
Thy Catherine’s sweet familiar face
Thine eyes no more might see,—
But the consciousness thou wert beloved,
They could not take from thee !

They exiled thee to foreign climes,
The foreign flowers grew round :
The very billows beat the shore,
With unfamiliar sound :
But glorious dreams thou didst create,
Of Lusitania, glad and free,—
Those visions of thy native land,
They could not take from thee !

A moment yet thy star shone out,
 (To sink again in gloom !)
 When young Sebastian's earnest love
 Reversed thy mournful doom
 And tho' too soon his spirit fled,
 This truth the world might see,—
 The sympathy of kindred hearts
 They could not take from thee !

And now the stranger views with grief
 Thy grotto o'er the wave,
 And wreaths that should have bound thy brow
 Are flung upon thy grave,
 Translated into many a tongue
 Thy music yet shall be,—
 The pow'r to weave immortal verse
 They could not take from thee !

Louis de Camoens, the son of a ship-captain, was born at Lisbon, about the year 1524. After leaving the College of Coimbra, he fell passionately in love with Catherine d'Attayde, a lady of the palace and was banished to Santarem, in consequence of a dispute in which this attachment involved him. Urged on by despair, he became a soldier, joined the Portuguese expedition sent against Morocco, and, at the siege of Ceuta, was deprived of his right eye by an arrow. Filled with indignation at receiving no recompense for this wound in 1558 he embarked for India whence under the plea of an appointment as judge, he was banished to Macao, in consequence of a bitter satire written against the government. Here the *' Lusiad* was composed. Recalled at length by his countrymen he sailed for Europe, was shipwrecked at the mouth of the river Mecon, in Cochin-China, saving himself by swimming to the shore and—like Julius Cæsar, when he swam with his inestimable Commentaries from Alexandria to his galley that was lying in the harbour—preserving the MS of his poem by holding it above his head with one hand, whilst buffeting the billows with the other. Returned to his native country Sebastian, the youthful monarch of Portugal manifesting great admiration of his poems, desired the *Lusiad* to be dedicated to himself, and carried its author with him in an expedition against the Moors. Sebastian being killed, the poet became a prey to poverty and suffering, being actually supported by alms received in the public streets by a poor slave, who remained faithful to him. Admitted at length into the chief hospital of Lisbon, this great ornament of his country expired in the sixty-second year of his age. Fifteen years afterwards, a splendid monument was erected to his memory.



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not a bit of it

THE SOOTHING OF SAUL.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

On ! magic spell that rulest o'er the heart
Of old and young,—of ignorant and wise,—
Spirit that liest hidden in the chords,
From which no wingéd form is seen to rise :

Whence art thou ? Wherefore canst thou soothe, or rouse,
Enchant to rapture, or subdue to grief ?
Whence the faint pining for vague melodies
To give the sad and burdened soul relief ?

The old man heareth suddenly by chance
Some air familiar in his vanished years,—
Dim falls the shadow 'neath his drooping lids,
And all his melting soul dissolves in tears !

The Switzer serving in a foreign land,
Under the milder glow of southern skies,—
The mountain-music of his childhood hears,
And straightway sickens, pines away, and dies ! *

Quick grows the beating of the Lover's heart ;—
A woman's pulse sinks fainting in the throng ;—
The one hath heard a ballad that he knows,—
The other listens to a cradle-song !

The one beholds a visionary face
Uplifted to his own for loving praise,—
The other sees a little curly head
Low buried, long ago, in hopeful days !

And many a heart, tho' firmly nerved to bear,
Will open to that key of magic sound ;
When tones that never more can thrill with life
Come with pale ghosts of memory crowding round.

Then, while the unknown echoes wander by,
Which strangers hear not, in our own sad breast,
We look on things around with vacant eye,—
Dreaming of those who dwell in silent rest !

* Some of the Swiss airs, and more especially the Ranz des Vaches, have been forbidden by military orders, "as causing desertions, fevers, and deaths."

THE HARVEST-MOON.

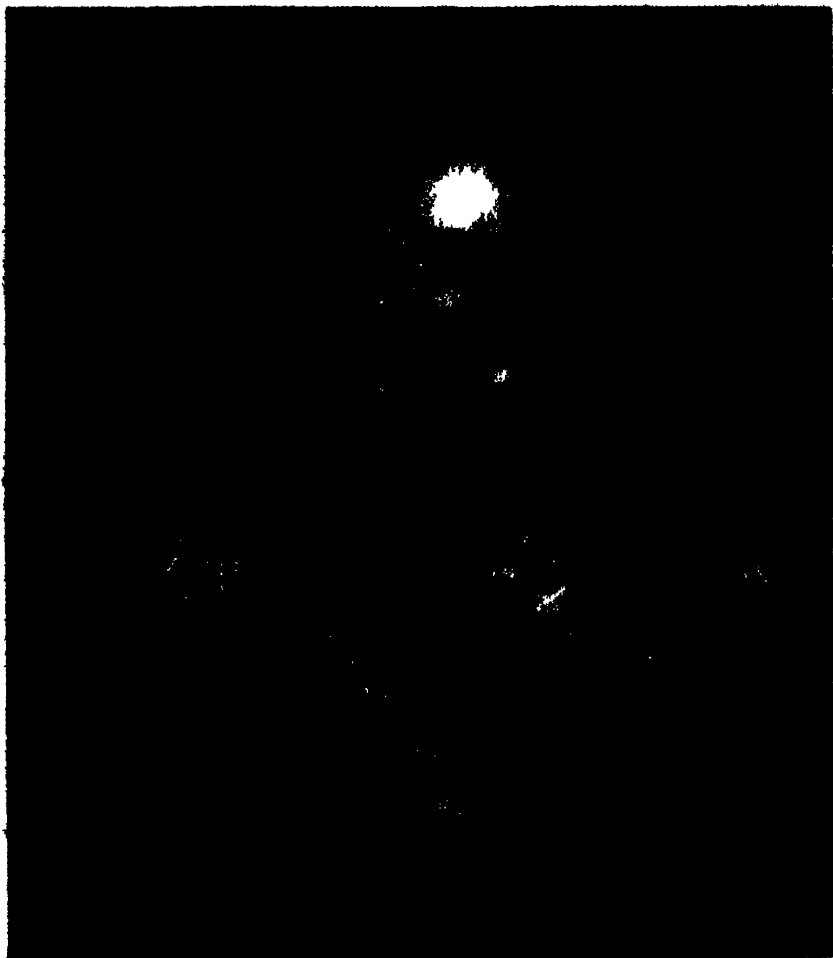
ROUND Harvest-Moon ! no wonder if they worship
Thy glorious presence, shining bright and clear ;
As though thou wert of all that wealth the giver,
And brought the plenty they would bid thee share.
No wonder, if, with Nature round them smiling,
And hearts benighted, ignorant they stand,
And dimly conscious of some pow'r benignant,
Do homage to the gods—" of grain and land !"*

ROUND Harvest-Moon ! in this enlightened England,
We offer nothing of our gathered store ;
But gaze delighted on thy radiance gleaming
The rich green meadows and the cornfields o'er :
And often wand'ring with enamoured glances,
True lovers breathe the balmy-breath of eve,
And vow by all thy light (incessant waning !)
Never to change, and never to deceive.

ROUND Harvest-Moon ! they best should love thy beaming
Who thus behold the new and gentle grace
Which thy pale glory sheds upon sweet features,—
Making a dream of some familiar face !
So would I wander, with the cool breeze fanning
The cheek whose outline looks so soft by night ;
With my whole heart inclined to humblest worship,—
Tho' not, fair Moon, the worship of thy light !

* When the day of the full harvest-moon arrives, Chinamen, wherever they may be, or however engaged, make their oblations to the gods of grain and of land, in every city, usually where the highways meet. In the vicinity of farm-buildings a portico is constructed, in a style of peculiar neatness, for the reception of the image selected by the patriarch of the family. A table in front of the niche, in which the rude figure is set up, serves as an altar, on which flowers, and pastiles, and tapers are ranged, with cups of tea or rice. Here the mother of the family presents herself, holding in her apron such produce and grain as she deems most suitable for a first-fruits offering. Behind and beside her, on a mat spread out before the rustic temple, her husband and children attend, and second her entreaties that the offering may be accepted, by prostrations, genuflexions, and silent prayers. This surely is a scene of gratitude and affection : it implies the presence of the finest feelings, it is exemplary in its observance, and the actors betray the influence of no motive that is susceptible of an anti-moral tendency. Is it not therefore encouraging to those whose Christian duties demand the diligent exercise of their abilities in expelling the long night of idolatry from China ?





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

Engraved by T. Agnew

SIR EDWARD CODRINGTON C. C. B. & A. C.
VICE ADMIRAL OF THE WHITE

Edw. Codrington

ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD CODRINGTON.

Yes, let us boast, our island coast,
Doth queen it o'er the wave,
That from all time, no other clime
Bred heroes half so brave.
If foreign tongue would do us wrong,
And say, too much we dare,
Why, let us meet that nation's fleet,
And give the answer there !

If foreign blame, dispute our claim,
Let foreign valour try,—
And England then, with gallant men,
Will give them brave reply.
The hands we tried in days of pride,
Are not all helpless yet,
And we can teach (in deeds, not speech),
The lesson some forget.

There's not a crew, but staunch and true,
Shall hold their colours fast,
A desperate stake shall only make
Us nail them to the mast.
Full many a sail shall brave the gale,
A rent and useless rag,
Ere men shall see bold tyranny
Pull down St. George's flag !

Then let us say, as well we may,
Whatever else must be,—
Old England's race will hold her place
As Mistress of the Sea.
If any like a blow to strike,
Our men know how to fight,
While I, for one, will say "Come on,"
And "God be with the Right !"

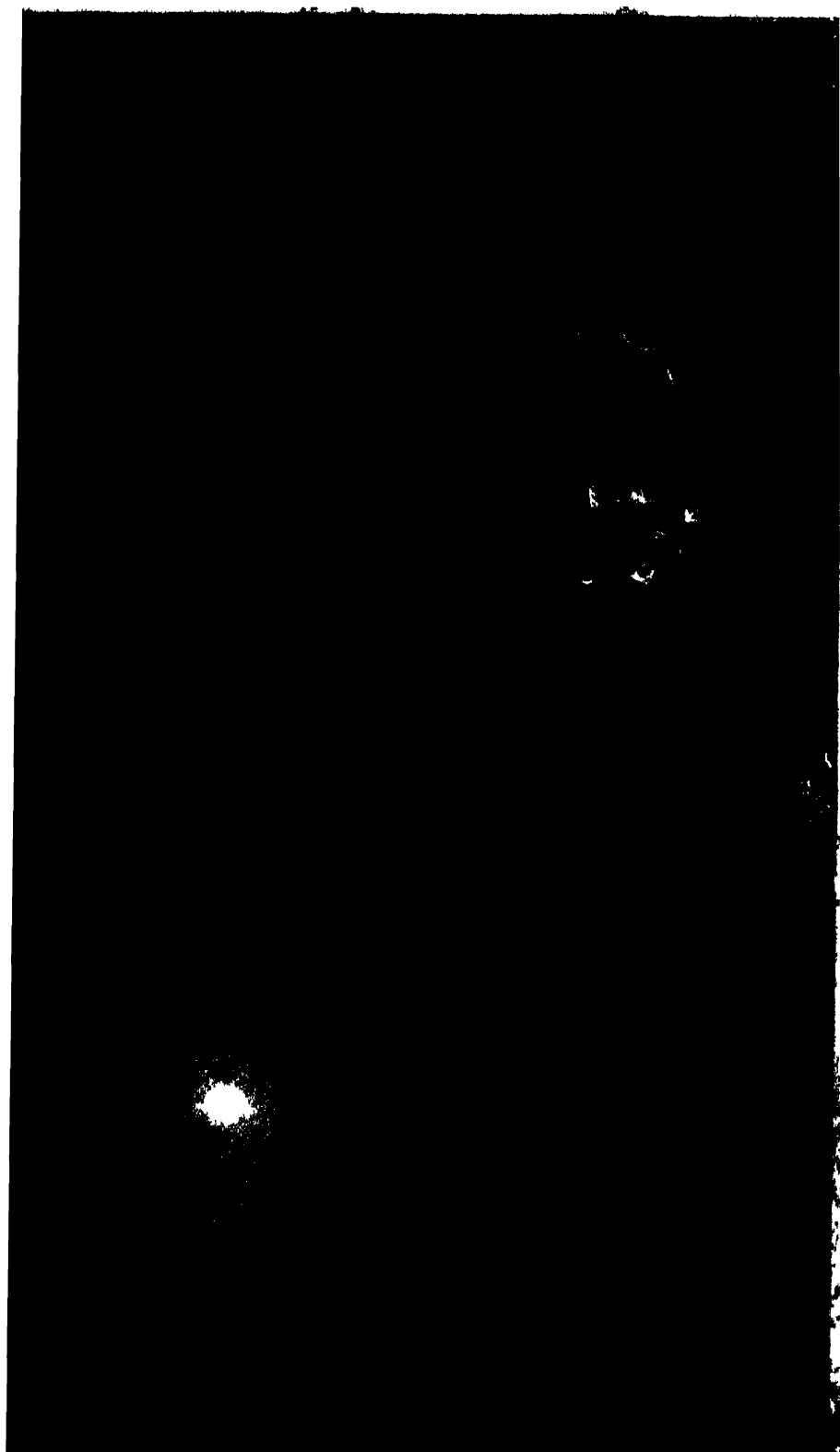
THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

Oh ! my Father, lowly at thy feet I bow,—
Haughty and rebellious, I am humbled now,—
Spurn me not in anger, just tho' anger be—
I return, my Father, I return to THEE !

Long have I been yearning for this fearful day,
Haunted by home-voices, sounding far away ;
Haunted by vain dreaming of a place of rest,
Finding peace and pardon on a Father's breast ;
All my wild rebellion, (paid with bitter price !)
Obstinate persistence in a path of vice,—
Impious dreadful courses, which 'twere shame to tell, —
These, alas ! my Father, these thou knewest well.
But the secret moaning in the dead of night,—
But the darkness sweeping thro' the dazzling light,—
But the heart's deep inward sense of bitterness,
Shrinking e'en while seeking Luxury's caress,—
But the sting of conscience, when, half mad with wine,
Quiet memories haunting, made me weep and pine,—
All the contradictions of my outward lot,—
These, oh pitying Father, *these* thou knewest not,—
Or thy voice had called me, thro' the desert wild,
As in infant dangers—"Come to me, my child !
Since the world's temptations, hollow, false, and vain,
Crumble 'neath thy footsteps, come to me again !"
Once I seemed to hear thee, (how I longed to hear !)
And my man's heart shuddered with a boyish fear,
Till I rose, and girded my remaining strength,—
And I hoped and trusted ; yea, I *hoped*, at length !
For a dawn seemed breaking out of my despair,
And my eyes looked upward with a sense of prayer !

Oh ! my Father,—worthless is the heart I bring,—
Faded into winter, ere the close of spring ;
Joyless, starving, humbled, feeling faint and strange,
Pleading not the merit of enforced change,—
Pleading my repentance,—Sinner tho' I be,—
Weeping, wan, and weary,—I return to THEE !





THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT.

THE stillness of the night ! Is it so still ?
When the pale moon pours out her quiet light,
And the hushed valley, and the silent hill,
Lie slumbering calmly in her radiance bright ?

Tho' the tumultuous sounds of Earth depart,
And busy tasks of Labour die away,
Is there not more of movement in the Heart,
Than in the open light of honest day ?

Is it not then, we passionately speak
The names we dare not breathe in noonday hours,—
And tears, long checked lest men should deem us weak,
Fall in the friendly gloom, in helpless showers ?

Is it not then, the strong remorseful prayer
Rises aloud to God who pities all ?
Is it not then, we crave, with vain despair,
For those who answer not, nor hear our call ?

Is it not then, we watch the dying bed
With bitterest grief until the morning comes ?
Is it not then, the midnight robber's tread
Wakes up strange echoes in unguarded homes ?

Is it not then, the reveller's drunken song
Faint in the distance, mocks the shrinking ear ?
Is it not then, the wail is borne along
Of houseless wanderers, hopeless, sad, and drear ?

Is it not then, the low and piteous sigh
Rises from many a young o'er-laboured breast,
While the lone midnight task they sadly ply,
And envy Luxury nothing but its rest ?

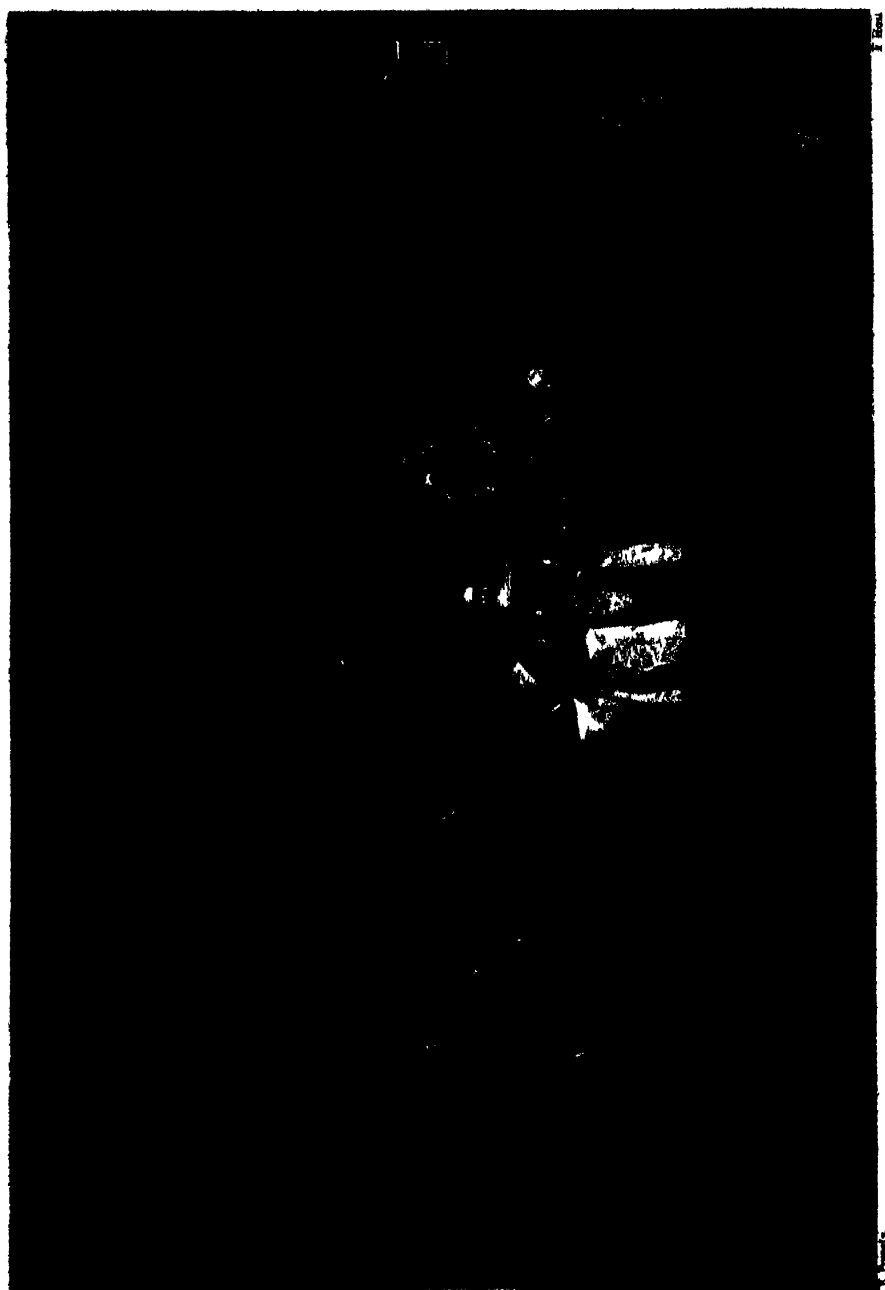
Oh ! awful stillness ! that doth vaguely blend,
In its confused low murmur, all the sounds,
Which prove the day's controlling at an end,
And that the human heart hath broken bounds !

Oh ! awful stillness ! When the pale Moon gives
Unnoticed light, far shining from above,—
Emblem of that great sleepless Eye, which lives,
And watches all our grief, and crime, and love !

P R A Y E R.

MORNING.

Is the Morning of thy days,
When thy youth is glad and strong ;
When thine eye hath glancing rays,
And thy light step leaps along ;
When thy cheek is red with health,
And thy locks are glossy bright ;
When in poverty or wealth
Thou canst equally delight ;
Holding in thy heart a store
Of fresh hopes to bear thee on,
(Waves all rolling to the shore,
Glittering in the rising sun !)
When a circle of home-friends
Yet unbroken, hems thee round ;
And each voice its welcome sends
With a sweet familiar sound ;
When the future, yet untried,
Seems all promise, and all joy ;
Love rewarded,—want supplied,—
Happiness without alloy ;—





Then,—tho' brilliant be thy morn,
Cloudless and serene thy sky,
From the day when thou wert born,
Look to that when thou must die.
Many a cloud of sin and strife
Must obscure the distant Heaven,
Ere thou yieldest up thy life
To the God by whom 'twas given !
Therefore, in the morning light,—
In the sultry noontide glow,—
Yea, till evening dew doth fall,—
Pray to Him, through joy and woe !

EVENING.

IN the Evening of thy day,
When thy step is slow and weak ;
When thy locks are silver-grey,
And thy tongue must feebly speak ;
When thine eyes can scarce discern
Faces most familiar dear ;
And thy deaf ears vainly turn
Where the song resoundeth clear ;
When thou creepest to the fire,
Warming thy poor withered form ;
And the stretch of thy desire
Is safe shelter from the storm ;
When thy years are garnered up
In the harvest of the past,
And the dregs of life's low cup
Are brief days, that cannot last ;
When thy home-friends, one by one,
Have departed to their rest ;
THOU, the last leaf, fluttering on
Boughs no more in verdure drest ;
When,—the summons heard at length,—
Death's strange shadows round thee close,—
In thy weakness shall be strength ;
In thy weariness, repose !

If thou did'st remember still,
Thy Creator in thy youth,—
Doing all His gracious will,
Walking by the Light of Truth,—
Fear not thou, to lose thy way,
When the evening gloom hath come,—
God,—whom thou didst serve all day,—
Bids His angels guide thee Home !

