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THE

PARLOUR SCRAP BOOK

COMPRISING

Sixteen Engravings,

WITH POETICAL AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

EDITED BY

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

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LIST OF ENGRAVINGS.

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PREFACE.

THE great success of various London works, similar to the "PARLOUR SCRAP BOOK," as well as the increasing demand for them in this country, has induced the Publishers to this undertaking.

The literary part of the Work, it is hoped, will not be found inferior to any of its competitors, and the attention of the reader will be drawn more particularly to the poetical portion of it, where the effusions of a highly cultivated female mind, which has already contributed to the literature of our country, may be recognised.

In regard to the mechanical part of the Work, it will be at once observed, that the Publishers have spared neither pains nor expense to make the volume as worthy of approbation as possible. Circumstances beyond their control, and not likely again to occur, have rendered the embellishments less various than was intended. The beauty of the designs and excellence of their execution will however, they trust, make amends for this; and should the present volume be favourably received, a greater variety shall be obtained for those which may follow.

THE PARLOUR SCRAP BOOK.

THE INDIAN FRUITSELLER.

[VIGNETTE.]

BENEATH her frail and flowery shade,
Listening the insect's idle humming,
All day the pensive Indian maid
Silent awaits the traveller's coming.

Heaped at her feet in golden store,
Her smiling treasures well repay
The toil that weary seemed before,
The patient search of yesterday.

Betwixt the jungle's tangled boughs,
Or on the parched and sultry plain—
Or where the mountain streamlet flows
All foaming towards the greener main—

THE INDIAN FRUITSELLER.

Those fruits were sought, that glowing there
Attract the passing stranger's sight;
In fragrant clusters, ripe and fair—
"Do not the humble offerings slight!"

Like her, from many a genial soil
But freshly culled, we offer here
Fruits, flowers, the golden Summer's spoil,
That not less ripe and bright appear.

Accept the gifts; when Summer's past
Her goodliest flowers and fruits decay:
But their enduring tints shall last
While earth-born beauties fade away.

Among the many peculiar fruits which have their birth in India—and the qualities of which appear to be admirably adapted to the taste and physical constitution of the residents, may be numbered many which fail to become exotics in other countries, and are, in consequence, almost unknown to the botanical world. What a glow of enthusiasm would Linnæus or Cuvier have experienced, could many of the productions of India have passed before their eyes! How brilliant would they have rendered the *Jardin des Plantes*, at Paris, or the Zoological Gardens of London! In India, as in Persia, the tinted leaf has a meaning, and the sweet fruits have their office and their moral. As tributes of friendship, they teem with superstitious meaning; and as benefits conferred, transient though they may be, they are treasured as things of value. In the "leafy month of June," a season so rich and beautiful to the eye of the American and the European, parts of India abound with choice and excellent kinds of fruit. Leeches and mangoes, among others, are found in profusion. The first, according to Bishop Heber, is very fine, being a sort of plum, with the flavour of a Frontignac grape; the second, a noble fruit in point of size, being extremely large, and in flavour not unlike an apricot. When not quite ripe, it makes an excellent tart, and is held in much esteem, not alone by the natives, but by foreign residents.

THE RAJPOOTNEE BRIDE.

Pearls well become that white and lovely neck
And that transparent brow. Yet need they not
The aid of starry gems and jewelled crown
To show thy queenlike dignity. A grace
Dwells in the neck that spurns the mantle's fold;
Its regal, swanlike bend — the rounded charm
Of that fair form — the glow of that bright cheek -
The clear calm outline of that lofty front —
And the keen glancing of the eagle eye,
That speaks thee one of Nature's princely dames.
Luxury is around thee; the soft couch
Woos thy reclining form; the pomp of towers
And lordly domes that own thy sovereign sway,
Melts in the sunny distance; — those are near
Who at one nod of thine would bound to give
Their life away; who watch the slightest wave
Of that small hand, as if their destinies
Were in its gift, (and so in sooth they are!)
Studious to shield thee from the sun's hot glance,
And the rough insect's wing. — Yet not to such
As thou, these trappings which to envied power
Direct the vulgar gaze — give aught of pride.

Thy looks are in the distance — far along
The mellowed lines of sunset tracing now
Perchance the forms that visit oft thy dreams,
What time the seeds of slumber close the lids
Into the heart, distilling pleasures past.

What see'st thou there? Perhaps thy native hills,
Where like a stately fawn thou grew'st;—where 'neath
The broad Palmyra's shade, or on the brink
Of some cool stream thou wooed'st the noontide sleep;
Or lightly boundedst o'er the flower-wrought sward,
Thy feet like the white lotus, when it glides
Sparkling upon the lake's pure breast—or blooms
From the pomegranate shaken, when the wind
Plays in the spring-crowned branches. Or thy thought
O'er the plain wanders, where at morning oft
By thy brave father's side, the eager steed
Through the thick jungle spurred—a huntress bold,
Thou won'st the trophies of the sylvan chase.

Or visions of far deeper interest
Perchance absorb thee; visions of an hour
Of danger and of fear—no—not of fear—
For thy high nature knows no coward trait—
When the wild monarch of the woods, incensed
At bold invasion, from his covert sprang,
And thou didst meet unblanched the advancing death—
And visions of a form, as full of grace
As Krishna's self, what time he deigns descend
To sport in palmy grove, dazzling the swains
With his immortal beauty; yet as stern
As India, when he shakes the echoing hills,
And crowned with thunderbolts, hurls arrowy fire
Athwart the startled sky. *He* came to save—
He rescued—snatched thee from the monster's jaws,
And vanished, ere the words of thanks were breathed.
Vanished—but with him bore a virgin heart,
Treasured as yet more jealously than e'er
The miser watched his hoard: sought and denied;
Yet now bestowed unsought, with all its wealth
Of high, pure feeling, and of noble thought,
Henceforth all heaped an offering at one shrine.

'T is woman's lot oftimes to love in vain;
To hoard one image in the bosom's depths,
Till it is twined with every lifestring there
Too closely to be severed; to conceal,
Cherishing still the flame that feeds upon
The wrecks of other passions — and doth grow
The fierce destroyer of its own domain.
Hence the wan cheek — the sad and altered mien —
The pale mute vigil — the unconscious gaze
Upon familiar things — the cold reply
Of words half uttered and unheeding sighs,
While floats the spirit in a visioned world,
Vague, shadowy, by one sole sad light illumed,
Like the revealings of a single star
That shows the phantoms sunlight had dispelled.

Not thine such fate, thou queenlike bride! To some
Of passionate nature, love is like the torrent
Bursting impetuous from its mountain bed,
Chainless and measureless — and sweeping down
Aught that impedes its course. 'T is like the sun
They worship — flooding earth with his sole light,
Quenching each lesser star, and in each stream
And lake, and fount, but multiplying orbs
That image his own brightness, and that borrow
Their lustre and their beauty from himself.

In others, of a prouder mould, love wears
A different aspect. Happy — 't is the stream
That bears fertility to every plain,
Majestic — while upon its breast serene
The blue heaven descends. 'T is like the star
Toward which the seaman turns his doubting eye;
Shining forever motionless above,
While round it beam a glittering train, as fair

And glorious as itself — not like itself
Forever changeless. And such love, if crushed
By fortune's spite, or cold neglect, retires
Deep, deep within itself, unseen, unheard,
Yet living — yet more proudly firm — even as
The yielding clay the all-destroying fire
With stubborn force enduring, doth oppose.
And such was thine, young bride. He who had been
In that dark hour of danger at thy side,
And left thee when delivered, came once more
With princely bearing — with an armed train
To claim thee. Beat thy heart more wildly then,
When waving plumes were bowed before thy glance,
As if they quailed beneath a woman's eye,
Who had reaped crimson fields! When one who ne'er
Before had deigned to sue, did teach his tongue
The unwonted language of a suppliant
Unto the haughty sire, who could bestow
A gem so priceless? Calmly thou didst hear
The prayer, the stern rebuke, the vengeful menace —
That he, the hated Rahtore, should have dared
To ask alliance with proud Hara's line;
Calmly didst hear the fierce defiance flung
Back on his head who gave it — while the guest
Thus welcomed, through the courts his steps retraced,
Nor deigned one backward glance. A kindred soul
Thine own discerned, and pledged itself as firmly
In life and death alone that youth to prize,
To yield him faith and truth, although the vow
None heard but heaven, as if attesting thousands
Had ratified the oath. How nobly kept!
Through danger, through contempt. Though all thy kindred
Showered curses and deep scorn upon the foe
Of all thy father's house, though hate pursued
His steps, — still, with a calm unaltered mien,

Though ne'er his name escaped thy lips, thy heart
Cherished the fond remembrance. "Let him win!
My prayers shall speed his triumph!"—Thou wert won!
Won in the battle's strife, with toil and blood,
How freely poured!—Then by thy warrior's side,
Like an armed, youthful Pallas, thou didst awe
Even admiration: sharing pain with him,
Braving with him the dangers of the wood—
Or waiting his return—his best reward
For every care, thy smile.

Here drop the veil
O'er the young beauty's fate, if all our knowledge
We gain from that serene and marble brow,
And the clear light of that commanding eye.
They speak of happiness, and tell no tale
Of the dread afterdoom that gave such rare
And glorious loveliness, in the warm flush
Of life, to the embraces of the grave.

Her lord was in the battle, and alone
She sate, awaiting his return. The shades
Of evening sank around in solemn gray,
But not a star was in the sheeted vault
Of that deep Indian sky. A sadness fell
One moment on her heart—but she repelled
Indignant, the unworthy gloom. "In life
Or death, we are still one!" A footstep sounded
Through the still court; 't was his; she knew it well—
But moved not—though the rich and crimson flush
That mantled on her cheek was like the tint
Which summer evening gives the calm pale cloud.
He came, a recreant from the fight through love
For her who waited him alone:—for her

He saved a life she scorned. How did he find
The welcome he had bartered all to gain?

She stood upon the funeral pile, long reared
In waiting for that sacrifice, to perish
With her dead lord — for he she loved as such,
She said — could ne'er return from the red field
Where all his comrades fell. — She perished thus —
The calm of high disdain upon her brow
Amidst the fiery death; leaving to him
Who sold his honour for a woman's smile,
Her legacy of scorn.

Drawn by W. Daniell R.A. Engraved by F. J. Havell.

Rajas Gur, Gingee.

RAJE GUR, GINGEE.

PERHAPS there is no region in the world, with which the generality of American readers may be said to be less thoroughly acquainted, than with Oriental climes. To the young they form a land of fairy fable, where tales of genii and enchantment have their scene; where dark spirits, like the Goul in Vathek, do most "breed and haunt;" where the Mirza of the great moralist had his vision of human life; where the Arabian Nights' Entertainments spread forth their attractions, and where

> "——— the exhaustless East, with richest hand,
> Showered on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."

To the older in years, it is presented to the mind's eye, as a country of "heathenish darkness," where the souls of all are irredeemably lost, and whither all who go from foreign lands go but to die. With the poetical, to whom the beautiful illustrations and fancies of MOORE, in Lalla Rookh are familiar, it is looked upon as the very paradise of the world; where the gardens of Gul, and the banks of the fair Bendemeer, are forever in bloom; and where the sweet numbers of HAFIZ, chanted by his admiring friends, add a fragrance to the lips that sound them. These, and numerous other fancies, are mingled together, in the majority of minds, with a brilliant but indefinite confusion. Another class regard the East, and India particularly, as a vast and as yet almost untrodden field of missionary enterprise. Many a faithful herald of religion has left the shore of America, to pour the light of Divine truth upon the benighted inhabitants of eastern

lands. Many a ship, freighted with messengers of peace and good will, has left our strand, and as the song of adieu trembled in the sails, has seemed to be wafted ocean-ward by the breath of prayer, and the diapason of parting words. Many a heart has said, to such a ship, as her white wings expanded to the gale: —

"Go, in thy glory, o'er the ancient sea,
Take with thee gentle winds, thy sails to swell;
Sunlight and joy upon thy streamers be —
Fare thee well, bark! Farewell!

"For thee, a welcome, breathing o'er the tide,
The genii groves of Araby shall pour;
Waves, that enfold the pearl, shall bathe thy side,
On the old Indian shore!"

In short, romance and poetry have obscured the climes which they hallowed and beautified, and rendered it a matter of supreme difficulty to diffuse correct pictures of these eastern lands. It is true, that a NEWELL and a JUDSON, — amiable and devoted champions of Christianity, — have left us the results of their labours and toils; but the desultory manner in which their records were made, as well as the arduous nature of the tasks in which their benevolent hearts were engaged, rendered brevity essential, and excluded those comprehensive touches of description, which are necessary to give a full idea of any region to those who are separated from it, not only by a wide ocean, but shut out, as it were, from its history, by a foreign language.

In nothing is the East less understood, than in the grandeur and magnificence of her natural scenery. A few of the prominent objects of notice in this vast region of the world have been brought to the imagination of the American reader, by the careless descriptions of casual travellers; but the mighty features of Oriental climes are yet to be depicted. For this purpose something more than words is wanting. Who can convey in syllables, to the eye, the glassy sleep of an Indian river, as it reposes on its golden sand, with the green verdure sloping to its lapsing edge, and the tranquil sunlight playing upon its bosom? Who can paint, with diction

alone, the gorgeous richness of an Indian landscape—the misty hills—the solemn temples—the mysterious groves, where the rites of Vishnoo and Bramah are consummated? What verbal art can grasp the tranquil, indolent foliage of the palmy plain, or the streams where pagans worship,—with all the indescribable characteristics of a land, which is at once gloomy yet cheerful,—fervid yet sublime?

The architecture of India is also indifferently comprehended by those who have never visited that country. We are accustomed to speak with a kind of stereotyped wonder and admiration, of the structures of England, and the continent of Europe; but it is quite true, that India can boast of edifices that might challenge the admiration of the world. Though, in many instances, the character of the architecture is not exhibited as the result of any peculiar style or model, yet the effect, in the majority of cases, must be striking and impressive. The sites of the Indian temples and monuments, and other structures, are generally romantic, and singularly adapted for the display of their great and peculiar proportions. An evidence of this, we think, is afforded in the RAJE GUR, GINGEE. The scenery around is wild and rugged; the dark rock lifts its sombre brow into the air, crowned at the top with a pile, which gives it a castellated and lordly aspect. The erections near the base, and the more elaborate structures in the foreground of the picture, all assist in giving to the principal objects in the scene—the rock and its tower—a most imposing air. The fairy outlines and delicate tracery in the architecture of the first edifice, impart a richness and an elegance to the whole view, of which, in its absence, the scene would be wholly deprived. There is something in this, which reminds the observer of the beautiful creations of architectural skill, which are still exhibited in the galleries and courts of the Alhambra in Spain, where the dainty and precious creations of Moriscan genius yet survive. There is a charm in these grotesque embodiments, arising from their singularity. They cannot be judged of by the rules of art, such as are applied in other countries to works somewhat similar, in some respects, to them; and if they could, the tasteful observer would soon get weary in the comparison. The usefulness of many of the Indian edifices and structures has been often commented upon by intelligent travellers. In this particular, the Raje Gur, Gingee, has received no small degree of eulogy. Discoursing in his journal on this subject, a modern tourist has the following:—"We reached Gingee about two hours before noon. The fort stands upon a lofty and precipitous rock, and is considered impregnable. Gingee has always been regarded as the strongest town in the Carnatic. The hill upon which the principal fort—for there are seven—

stands, is extremely unhealthy, and the mortality among the French, during the ten years that Gingee was in their possession, is said to have been prodigious. The fortified works are admirably constructed, and eminently imposing. The seven gates of Raje Gur, the principal hill-fort, had been destroyed by Tippoo's order, as well as a bridge which connected two of the hills. At the foot of the monument there is a beautiful mosque, built by the Mahomedans on the site of an ancient Hindoo temple, which was a very common practice with them. They spared no pains to mortify their vanquished enemies."

THE BOA-CONSTRICTOR.

If America spreads forth to the researches of the naturalist and the scientific observer, her thousand fields of interest and novelty in the various departments of learned inquiry, she is not *alone* the scene or the arena, where objects of newness or of wonder are congregated. It is true, that in our boundless forests and untrodden wilds, we find native birds, whose plumage is beautiful to behold; who fan the air with wings that dazzle and charm the eye,

——— "like atoms of the rainbow, glittering round:"

—and there, too, a thousand tuneful throats make melody to God, in the green arcades, whose every leaf seems to thrill with a sense of their sweet presence:—it is true, that many of the tribes of which entomology treats, which bourgeon in the daybeam, and

"Turn to the sun their waved coats, dropt with gold,"

abound in the green forests of the West; and that Nature has been lavish in her gifts, both of inanimate scenery and the marvels of natural life. She has given us the prairie-hawk, that

"flaps his broad wings, but moves not," as he drinks the far breeze from Mexico, or feels the rush of that stormy air

> "Which on the Mexic gulf the seaman hears,
> Like scream of the lone seagull in his ears,
> Vexing the black profound,
> With wild and incommunicable sound;"

and the immense *Mastodon*, hugest of animals, whose skeleton alone is a wonder; whose living tread among the dim paths of the wilderness, over autumnal leaves, and moving perhaps to the booming thunders of the cataract, as they gushed in regular cadence upon the wind, might have been likened to the first tremors of a storm. These, we have had, and still have, in America; but to the more sagacious and extraordinary works of animal nature, with which the East abounds, the citizens of this country are as yet comparative strangers, except through the media afforded by books and menageries; the latter being at best but poor expositors of the true nature and character of animals belonging to the same *species* as those which they contain. This point conceded, we have room to boast of our wilds and fastnesses of the far Interior. *There* are treasures for the naturalist, where the foot of man never trod,—in wilds, which have hitherto been to man as inaccessible as the depths of the ocean. Birds and beasts, yet to be enrolled among the records of science, are still volant and couchant in the midst of our mighty solitudes. The thought that these are yet to be discovered, adds to the other solemnities of the wilderness, and leads us to feel that in truth, "the groves were God's first temples."

> ——— "Yes! lightly, softly move!
> There is a Power, a Presence in the woods;
> A viewless being, that with life and love
> Informs the reverential solitudes;
> —The rich air knows it, and the mossy sod,—
> Thou, thou art here, my God!

"And if with awe we tread
The minster floor, beneath the storied pane,
And midst the mouldering banners of the dead,—
Will the green voiceful wild seem less thy fane?
This fane, which thou hast built!—where arch and roof,
Are of Thy living woof!

"The silence and the sound,
In the lone places, breathe alike of Thee;
The temple-twilight of the gloom profound—
The dew-cup of the frail anemöne—
The reed, by every wandering whisper thrill'd—
All—all with Thee are fill'd!"

Aside from the *inherent* beauty and grandeur of American scenery, it cannot be said at the present time to possess such claims to sublimity which a connexion with *danger* usually affords. The Indians are melting away; and every where, except on the very confines of civilization, the tales of desperate beasts are told only by the grandmother to the urchin who sits enthroned upon her knee, and dries his childish tears to hear her legend. With few exceptions, the ferocious and the terrible among animals are not, if we may use the expression, indigenous to the American soil. The tiger, the leopard, the untameable hyena, the lordly lion, the sagacious elephant, are natives of other lands. Beautiful and full of interest are many accounts, given by travellers, respecting this last named quadruped of wisdom, as he moves beneath some royal burden, in the chase, or on the pleasure tour, over the plains or among the green jungles of India. Of the BOA-CONSTRICTOR, which is here depicted in a perilous position, we have specimens in our own clime; but they would seem to be trifles compared with those in the East.—A modern traveller thus describes the scene here depicted:—"A few years before our visit to Calcutta, the captain of a country ship, while passing the Sunderbunds, sent a boat into one of the creeks to obtain some fresh fruits which are cultivated by the few miserable inhabitants of this inhospitable region. Having reached the shore, the crew moored the boat under a bank, and left one of their party to take care of her. During their absence, the Lascar, who remained in charge of the boat, overcome by heat, lay down under the seats and fell asleep. Whilst he was

in this happy state of unconsciousness, an enormous boa-constrictor emerged from the jungle, reached the boat, had already coiled its huge body round the sleeper, and was in the very act of crushing him to death, when his companions fortunately returned at this auspicious moment, and attacking the monster severed a portion of its tail, which so disabled it that it no longer retained the power of doing mischief. The snake was then easily despatched, and found to measure sixty-two feet and some inches in length. The immense size of these snakes has been frequently called in question, but I know not why it should, when the fact has been authenticated by so many eye-witnesses."

SONG OF THE GHAUT MOUNTAINEER.

My kingdom is the forest green,
'T is strong and old and wide;
By the swift torrent's shelvy brink,
Or on the mountain side.
My palace is the sheltered cave,
My roof the moss-grown rock,
My bed the rough and blasted stone
That braved the tempest's shock.

The lion knows me in his path, —
The spotted leopard hies
To seek the thicket's closest shade
When my red arrow flies.
There 's not a bird that swims the stream,
Or scales the sunny air,
Whose gayest plumage I 've not won
To deck my green wood lair.

SONG OF THE GHAUT MOUNTAINEER.

All day the sun is on the hill,
And in the haunted brake,
Where bounds the musk-deer o'er its slope,
Or crawls the painted snake.
He crowns the mountain peaks with light—
They look into the sky
Mantled with glory, like the sun
His golden slumber nigh.

The seabird skims the distant foam—
His song is in my ear,
From morning's dawn upon the deep,
Till evening shades are near.
The bulbul's plaint, when daylight dies,
Enthrals the livelong night,
As sweetly as in groves of balm
It woos the rose's sight.

No bondsman to the landed prince,
I cumber not his dome;
No silks of costly texture wave
Around my forest home.
My curtains are the drooping leaves,
My canopy is heaven:
Yet are the willing fruits of earth
To me in tribute given.

Drawn by W. Daniell R. A.

Cape Lemaire

CAPE COMORIN.

THERE are few objects around which clusters so deep an interest, both for the eye and heart, as a cape from the sea. Thither, the fond looks of the outward-bound wanderer to other climes, are turned through the springing drops of affection; and the bosom thrills and trembles with emotion as the faint blue outline, growing every hour less and less rugged to the sight, sinks at last below the horizon, leaving the yet gazing traveller to say, in the despondency of the moment —

——— "Why is my spirit sad?
Because 't is parting, each succeeding year,
With something that it used to hold more dear
Than aught that now remains;
Because the Past, like a receding sail,
Flits into dimness, and the lonely gale
O'er vacant waters reigns."

To the homeward-bound, how sweet the opening view of some bold headland, which fronts the wave, like a barrier guarding his native shore! Behind that towering eminence, the sunlight is playing upon the landscapes of his youth; the friends of that golden age are by the hearth of home; fond eyes and gentle greetings await his coming; and the thought of meeting them again, after his long sojourn on foreign strands, comes to his heart like the breath and fragrance of summer,

——— "As when to those who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambique, off at sea, south-east winds blow
Sabean odours, from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest."

By none can these feelings be appreciated, but by those who have "gone down in ships upon the great waters of the sea." They have passed in safety over scenes of peril, and crossed the track where many a stately argosy has sunk among the caverns of the deep; and as the dimly-descried pinnacles of their native land appear, they review their voyage with that feeling

of delight which suspense removed and hope assured, bring so warmly to the heart. So BYRON felt, when he sung, as he neared the shore of Greece—

"Pass we the long, unvarying course, the track
Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind;
Pass we the calm, the gale, the change, the tack,
And each well-known caprice of wave and wind;
Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,
Cooped in their wingéd sea-girt citadel;
The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind,
As breezes rise and fall, and billows swell,
Till on some jocund morn—lo, land! *and all is well.*"

The Cape here depicted, with all the beauty and finish of the engraver's art, rises into the sky, in the vicinity of Panamgoody; and is spoken of by those who have "been i' the Indies twice," as a magnificent spectacle. "The peak of this mountain," says an intelligent tourist in the East, "overlooks a beautiful and extensive tract of country on one side, and the mighty waste of waters on the other. The ascent towards the summit is so precipitous, that no one has ever succeeded in surmounting it. On the eastern side the land is flat and in a state of tolerably good cultivation, while on the western it is mountainous and almost covered with jungle. The cape is frequently surrounded by a broad belt of clouds towards the top, and rises above this delicate drapery with a bold sharp outline, looking as if it were poised in mid-air by some invisible agency, its grand cone towering in quiet relief against a brilliant sky, and realizing the sublime description of the poet:—

"'As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.'

"It is a remarkable coincidence, that the highest part of this celebrated promontory is within a few feet the same as the Table Land at the Cape of Good Hope, the one being the most southern point of the Indian peninsula, the other the southern extremity of the African continent. The highest point of the promontory is some miles from the sea, the land gradually subsiding until it runs in a low headland into the ocean.

"The scenery from Cape Comorin through the Tinevelly and Dindigul districts, is superior perhaps to any on the Indian peninsula, independently of the beautifully varied forms of the mountains, which are almost covered with wood of the most stupendous growth. The smaller hills which skirt the plain are here and there graced with some exquisite specimens of art in the shape of temples, and choultries are here just as numerous as they are higher up the coast. Throughout this neighbourhood Nature exhibits herself on a vast scale. Elephants abound in the mighty forests, where trees of immense bulk rise from their dark recesses to the extraordinary height of from a hundred and fifty to two hundred feet, nearly three times the stature of the English oak. They are stately and grand beyond conception."

THE FAVOURITE OF THE HARAM.

A DRAMATIC SCENE.

ZINGHA.

THROW up the casement. Draw the curtains' folds,
And let the evening sunlight in. In sooth
The air comes balmy from yon spicy grove,
We 'll hope it bears some gentle messenger
To drive away the sadness from those eyes
That hold the world in chains. Our sweet Sultana!
Look on those white and sunny palaces
O'ertopped with palmy leaves, and wreathing flowers,
And say if she, the sovereign over all,
Should not be ever glad?

NOURJEHAN.

Minion, prate on;
I have no heart to stay thee.

ZINGHA.

What means this?
Your brow is clouded, and methinks, a frown
Would strive to hide itself betwixt your eyes,
If it might dare as yet to venture on
A spot unfrequented by such dark guests.
It will be bolder soon. What has occurred?
Has Lilla slighted your command to keep
Your arbor from the tread of feet profane?
Hath Kailyal let your flowers fade i' the sun,
Or plucked untimely buds? Or aught befallen
The golden fishes, which with princely care
Your noble hand hath fed, — that the World's Light*
Should waste itself in gloom?

* Nourjehan signifies Light of the World.

NOURJEHAN.

No — none of these.

ZINGHA.

Or hath the lordly Jehanguire ———

NOURJEHAN.

Hush — hush!

ZINGHA.

Nay — well I know our royal master loves you,
As the oak loves the sunshine. What if now —
Absorbed perchance by cares of state — his step
Is heard less often in your rich pavilion?
What if he call not on your name, as erst
He did? — he loves you ne'ertheless ——

NOURJEHAN.

Be silent!
Slave! what is 't to thee? Who said I grieved,
Or craved his presence? What is it to thee
How oft he comes? — Or if, perhaps, I choose
To wear a pensive aspect — or to bid
My lord be absent for a time — must thou! ——
— Why weep'st thou, malapert?

ZINGHA.

Alas! dear mistress,
You never spoke so harshly!

NOURJEHAN.

Go to, girl;
Thou prat'st too idly. Nay — nay — wipe thy tears;
Go, take thy lute.

ZINGHA.

Its strings are broken, lady;
Would you hear music?

NOURJEHAN.

Aye, some joyous strain;
Somewhat of sweet Cashmere. Yet no — methinks

Some mournful legend would suit better now
Thy mood and mine. Bid Rezia hither.

REZIA.

Lady,
Thy slave obeys. I have a tale, pertains
Unto these very gardens, of old time,
When those tall ancient trees were slender shafts,
And those bright fountains had not learned to spout
Fresh from their marble basins. You remember
The legend of the Jewess?

NOURJEHAN.

As a dream;
I heard it in my childhood.

ZINGHA.

It was told,
But as a grandsire's story. She was loved,
'T is said, by one of royal Selim's line,
None e'er knew whence she came. One day the slaves
Of the great Emperor, wandering in his gardens,
Saw her beside a fount; beneath the shade
She sate, so bright and beautiful, they deemed her
One of those houris who in Paradise
Wreathe their fair brows with sunbeams. They conveyed her
A willing captive, to the sovereign's throne;
O'er whom, e'en from that hour, she only reigned.

REZIA.

Yes, but mysterious as her coming was,
'T was not more wondrous than the influence
Of her strange beauty on the monarch's heart.
She often played the suppliant; yet did seem
Whene'er she sued, her words so like command,
Though soft and thrilling, that his will was bowed
Even in his own despite. Her dark rich eyes
Were never motionless, but glanced on all
Oftimes with light so sad, so very sad,
You would have thought she pined with secret wo;
Yet other glances had she for her lord
When none observed—the fascinating gaze

Wherewith the serpent wins his guileless prey;
The look of scornful triumph, as she saw
His nature quail before her own.

NOURJEHAN (*sighing*).

He loved,
And therefore was a slave!

REZIA.

Ay, changed indeed
Their state; she was the sovereign—he the slave;
And like a fiend she used her power. She moved
Her lord to murder all his haram. One
By one the innocent victims were devoted
To an inhuman death. Each morn the Jewess
Sate at her casement, and beheld the sack
That held some living sufferer sink beneath
The bubbling waters; clasped her snowy hands
In exultation, while her glorious eyes
Flashed forth redoubled fire. There was one maiden
Within the fatal walls, whose life the king
Would fain have saved. She was divine!
Her fair cheek wore the rose's freshest tint—
Her locks were of the palest gold; her eyes
So blue and lovely, you might think the heaven
They imaged dwelt within them. Nay—'t was said
When those mild eyes beamed fondly on the monarch,
Their soft light could dissolve the hateful spell,
His thraldom to the Jewess; and he breathed
Freely—and spoke of gentler things; but soon
The sorceress resumed her sway.

NOURJEHAN.

What fate
Was hers at last?

REZIA.

Alas! the murderess triumphed!
Yet rued she long that victory. The young girl,
Like all the rest, was thrown into the sea.
Her struggles burst the sack; she rose and floated

Upon the waves, her long fair hair entangled
In hideous sea weeds. There, while watched the lady
Her death, and saw her sink exhausted down,
A something in the waters like a star
Flashed in the sun; she sent a slave to fetch it;
It was a sandal, curiously wrought
And fashioned with a gem, whose sparkling beauty
Betrayed it on the wave. The Jewess took it;
And from that hour within her bosom kept
The relic, while a secret, strange desire
Seized her to find the other. Day by day
The palace slaves sought in the treacherous deep,
And angled for the praise; full many a weed
They rifled thence, but none the sandal found.
Meanwhile the lady pined and pined; in vain
Her lord devised new pleasures, and laid down
Wealth at her feet, like burning Ophir's gold:
By day — by night, in dreams, one keen desire
Enthralled her soul, mysterious and resistless;
Craving — consuming! By the curtained casement
All day she gazed upon the spot where late
Her victim disappeared, and sighed and wept.
Vainly the artists of the city strove
To fashion sandals like the one she prized:
The *gem* could not be rivalled! Months thus passed;
Paler and paler waxed the lady's cheek
With that vain passionate longing! Vigils sad
Wasted her beauteous frame, till you might deem
You saw the moonlight through her pallid hands;
Her dark eyes gleamed with fierceness yet more wild,
Ever and ever fixed upon the sea.

NOURJEHAN.

Just Allah's vengeance!

REZIA.

One lone night she left
Her palace, and forbade her slaves to follow.
They dared not disobey — but raised a cry
Of horror and dismay, when they beheld,
By the faint starlight, floating on the wave
In bark too slight ought human e'er to hold,

Their mistress, steering fast her eager course
Toward the spot where sank the drowned maid.
She reached the spot, then stepping from the boat
Upon the water's green and glassy breast,
Went slowly down, as if herself to search
Among the sea weeds for the prize she craved.
The sandal, 't is the same that now you see —
The sandal she had carried until then
Was left within her chamber; nor was trace,
Save that, e'er found of the ill-fated lady.

NOURJEHAN.

Just punishment!

REZIA.

On many an afternight,
For so averred the menials of the palace,
A sheeted form was seen, than the pale moon
Yet paler, hovering o'er the fatal wave,
Which ever stooped, as searching in the deep,
And then beneath the affrighted gaze sank down
And disappeared.

KAILYAL.

The story 'minds me of
A relic like the one you have described,
Which I saw yesterday. The young Circassian,
Zingha, thou know'st ——

ZINGHA.

Brought hither yesterday.

KAILYAL.

Whose beauty pleased our prince, so that he swore ——

ZINGHA.

Silence! What knows she of the sandal?

KAILYAL.

She!
She hath one which no artist's skill could equal,
And treasure it as if 't were made of diamonds.

NOURJEHAN.

But *one*—say'st thou?

KAILYAL.

Aye, lady. There 's a legend
She said, that made the relic precious to her.

NOURJEHAN.

Ho! let the slave be summoned.

[*Exit* ZINGHA.

'T would be strange——
But no! it cannot be!

(*After a pause, re-enter* ZINGHA, *with* TALIPHA.)

ZINGHA.

Sultana—lo!
The sandal!

NOURJEHAN.

'T is the same! Mysterious Allah!
Whence came it?

ZINGHA.

She will tell. Sit, gentle maid,
You know not our Sultana!

TALIPHA.

Nay—no marvel
My eyes were dazzled, gazing first upon
The rival of the sun, the world's fair light!
Lady, what would your highness with your slave?

NOURJEHAN.

A few brief words. How came you by that wonder?

TALIPHA.

It was a gift from my lost mother.

REZIA.

Ha!

TALIPHA.

'T was to an ancestor of mine
By an old woman whom she succoured, nigh
A desolate wood. She gave the wretched crone
Fresh life and food, and, in return, received
A pair —

REZIA.

A *pair!*

NOURJEHAN.

Proceed!

TALIPHA.

They had been wrought,
She said, with spells; and they could boast a virtue
Would make the owner happy — while she kept
Both; but whoe'er possessed but *one*, should know
Misfortune as a sister.

ZINGHA.

Speak — how lost she
The charmed gift?

TALIPHA.

She, —
The tale is told to me, —
A prisoner in a royal haram, doomed
To die, to glut the malice of a fiend —
Bound in a sack, and thrown into the waves
As slaves are wont to be. By miracle
Preserved — an humble peasant rescued her,
Yet senseless, from the watery death, and bore her
Far from the tyrant's court, and reared her kindly.
His son the grateful fair espoused, but knew
Herself for sorrow marked, for she retained
But one of the charmed relics.

REZIA.

By our Prophet,
A most amazing tale!

NOURJEHAN.

Why do you keep
A thing that bodes so much disaster?

TALIPHA.

Sooth,
I know not—but it was my mother's gift.
For this I've kept it—and full well I ween
On me the wrath of those invisible powers
Has been poured amply out. Who owns it next
Must be perforce more fortunate.

ZINGHA.

And what
The virtue that you spoke of?

TALIPHA.

She who wore them,
Should have the power to win all love she sought,
And reign unrivalled sovereign in the heart
She would enchain.

NOURJEHAN.

Oh, envied power! Yet, tell me
How was it the possession then did fail
To save herself?

TALIPHA.

All hell was leagued against her,
They sa'd—in person of a Jewish lady.
Yet baffled oft the sorceress, and still
The charm had been ascendant, if by chance
It had not been one fatal day forgotten,
That day she was condemned! and saw no more
Her lord.

NOURJEHAN.

Fair maiden, say, what royal gifts
Can I bestow on thee for this?

TALIPHA.

Alas!
'T is little worth to me. And Allah shield
Your highness from the fate that clings about it!

NOURJEHAN.

But if I find the other!

TALIPHA.

'T will be nought
To me. I have no hopeless love.

NOURJEHAN.

Yet—yet—
Thou saidst thou wast unhappy.

TALIPHA.

I adore
In dreams the flowery fields, the spice trees green
Of my sweet country—and my mother's home
By the blue river.

NOURJEHAN.

Thou shalt see them all!
And that strange gift——

TALIPHA.

Is yours—may it bring joy!
Thanks—for *your* boon! Nay—let me kiss your robe;
Shall I depart to-morrow?

NOURJEHAN (*abstractedly*).

If it please thee.

TALIPHA.

Heaven bless thee—I am free, I am repaid
For every sorrow.

[*Exit* TALIPHA: NOURJEHAN *draws from the cushions the other sandal; measures and compares them.*

NOURJEHAN.

My love! my Selim! Mine again!

[*Voices without.*

ZINGHA.

The prince!

He comes!

NOURJEHAN.

Quick—quick! my shawl! We would receive him
With duteous care!

(*Enter* JEHANGUIRE.)

My lord!

JEHANGUIRE.

Sweet Nourjehan!

'T is an eternity since we have met. But thou—
There is more beauty on that queenly cheek
Than when I wooed thee first. What ho! depart,
Slaves! I would be alone!

[*Exeunt all but* NOURJEHAN *and* JEHANGUIRE.

NOURJEHAN.

My lord!

JEHANGUIRE.

Oh, music!

List—bird of beauty—we've too long been parted;—
Tears have lain in those eyes. Nay—never look
Such soft reproach—they shall not need, henceforth—
I mean to be the tenant of thy bower
At every sunset.

NOURJEHAN.

And its flowers shall shed

More fragrance for your presence.

JEHANGUIRE.

So *one* flower,

Earth's brightest, blooms before me, I 'll not ask
For Syrian perfumes. Nay—look up—thy face

NOURJEHAN.

Then you *have* wandered from me?

JEHANGUIRE.

So return
E'en more thy slave than ever! I will tell thee
Anon; now to the banquet; come—it waits:
(*They rise to go.*)
Those SANDALS well become thy feet—my love!
[*Exeunt.*

Drawn by W. Daniell R.A.

The Cataract at Pappanassum

LEGEND OF THE CATARACT.

Mark yonder cliff, whose rugged height
Seems in the sad moon's waning light,
A haunt for spirits of the sea,
To wake their midnight minstrelsy.
And hark — amid the water's roar,
Scarce heard upon its jutting shore,
Some echo of no mortal strain
Is heard — and all is mute again.

Stranger! the rocks that crown the dell
Full many a wond'rous tale can tell; —
Of ghouls imprisoned in their caves —
Of spirits dancing upon the waves;
Of shrieks and curses in the air,
So terrible, that none might dare
Approach the spot, save those who came
Storm-driv'n, in prostrate fear to claim
Stern mercy from the vengeful god;
Then, from his tempest-crown'd abode,
A voice like far-off thunder's moan
Muttered his parting malison;
And all the shuddering caves would quake
The while that voice of terror spake.
Nought human dwelt the mountain near,
Save one who mocked at mortal fear;
A lonely youth he was, and he
Seemed formed, in sooth, for mystery.
He gave his confidence to none;
He lived unloving and unknown;
There was a pride upon his brow
That brooked no softer passion's glow;

Time had not quenched his eye's fierce light,
And fearful were its glances bright;
So bright and meaning, few would dare
To wake the lightning's slumber there.

All shunned him; and in truth, he seemed
To walk midst men like one who dreamed;
But oft on yon wild rock, 't is said,
When day-light from the world was sped,
Deep joy his sullen front o'ercast;
And louder than the sweeping blast,
Unearthly converse would he hold,
While round the conscious waters rolled.

Some said that dark and nameless crimes
Had banished him from other climes —
That the heart which earthly feeling spurned
With Guilt's avenging plague-spot burned;
That fire which leaves the tortured breast
A seared and desolated waste.

I saw him once; my lonely boat
Above the rapids chanced to float,
Close to the Cataract's edge; — to save
My bark, I dared approach the wave,
And when 't was safely brought to shore,
Looked back on peril braved before.
Loud did the troubled waters dash,
Wreathed by the tempest's fitful flash —
And broad and burning bolts of heaven
Across the shrouded deep were driven.
I saw him, stranger, then; he stood
And looked upon the angry flood
Listening the welcome that it sent, —
The voice of the stern element!
The spray dashed on his sullen brow,
But calmly he looked on the tumult below; —
The death-bolts rattled around his head;
But their lightnings past him all harmless sped.

Morn came with her seraph witchery,
Her golden clouds, — her bright blue sky —

But he, who dreaded, shunned, so late
Had moved alone and desolate,
No more was seen; weeks, years passed on,
And yet he did not come.

Some say, upon that fearful night
When he stood alone on yonder height,
Dark spirits, like his own, did come
To bear him to their mystic home.
I know not if the tale be sooth,
But listen, stranger, mine is truth;
At night, strange tones are heard to swell
From depths of that mysterious dell;
And ne'er will wandering peasant dare,
At twilight hour, to linger there;
And the fisherman, as he hears the cry
Of the wild storm-spirit, fluttering nigh,
Will rather brave the tempest's roar
Than moor his bark on that lonely shore.

A HINDOO FEMALE.

THE intelligent and lamented American traveller, LEDYARD, in his volume of Travels, pays a tribute to women, which a residence in all countries under the sun, with scarce an exception, will not fail to confirm. He says, that wherever he sojourned — among nations barbarous or civilized, the tender ministry of the better sex to his comforts and his wants — their humane feelings — their devotedness to the welfare of friends or of dependants — and their endeavours, under all circumstances, rather to increase than diminish the happiness of those around them, were constant and uniform. And the testimony of thousands, who have been but sojourners and travellers, — cosmopolitans, from choice and habit, for the best portions of their lives, — might be added to this true, though flattering, tribute. Even those who are supposed by many to be the most unprepossessing and repulsive of the human species, have been described, vividly too, by the great poet of nature, — to whom all the passions of the heart seem to have been as familiar as an open book, — as capable of awakening commiseration and love in the brightest of the sex. When Othello, the Moor, met his much-desired Desdemona in Cyprus, after surviving storm and shipwreck, and having been charged even with sorcery in obtaining her mysterious affection, with what profound and absolute content of heart did he exclaim —

——— "Oh, my soul's joy,
If after every tempest, come such calm,
Let the winds blow till they have wakened Death;
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus high, and duck again as low,
As hell 's from heaven!"

We believe, however faint the authority of the record, or the legend, from which Shakspeare may have drawn this consummate tragedy — which is supposed by many to have been the latest

production of his immortal mind — that he saw with the quick eye of his spirit, the peculiar fitness of the tale, to illustrate the tenderness, the irresistible affection, and the unquenchable constancy of Woman, whose characteristics, making certain allowances of course for customs and education, are in all countries the same.

The influence of Woman in countries and conditions which it is customary to define by the word *uncivilized*, is oftentimes more favourable for the development and expansion of some of the finest feelings of the heart, than is usually apprehended. Among our own Indian women, there have been a thousand instances of deep and lasting affection; of enduring devotion to their nation; of strong and irrepressible sympathy for the prisoner and the captive. The story of the warm-hearted POCHAHONTAS, which has been handed down to us from the early times of the South, in song and legend, is a touching evidence of female love and heroic sentiment. That was a sweet and beautiful saying of the Indian woman, — recorded in some one of those casual and transient American annals which, in a full and collected form, would possess much interest, — made over the graves of her husband and her babe. As she sat with her dark locks trembling to the winds of the forest, by the green turf which concealed the beloved idols of her soul from view, she said, — "The great Spirit has taken from me the delight of my eyes, and the core of my heart, and hid them in these two graves. I will water the one with my tears, and the other with the milk of my breast, until I meet them among the happy hunting grounds, in that blessed country where sun never sets."

In Massachusetts, there is a tradition, called the Legend of Monument Mountain. It is situated in one of the most delightful counties in that romantic and story-haunted State. The legend is of an Indian girl, who, if we rightly remember, became enamoured of a student. She was, we believe, beloved in return; but the inexorable fiat of parents and friends broke off the passionate attachment. The young man died, or went abroad, — adding one evidence to the many which the world, from Sappho to this day, has afforded, of the truth of great SHAKSPEARE'S moral: —

"Ah, me! from all that I could ever read,
Could ever hear, by tale or history,
The course of true love never yet ran smooth:
For either it was different in blood,
Or else misgraffèd in respect of years;
Of, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream."

It is not wonderful that the charms of romance and song, should have been scattered profusely over the women of the East. MOORE, BYRON, and SOUTHEY have thrown abundant light upon the fascinating forms, the speaking eyes, and the indescribable grace of oriental females. To those who are familiar with the productions of these gifted men, it were useless to point out the superior beauty of their imaginative writings, whose scenes are laid in the regions of the sun. And sober history itself, the records of those who journey in those far climes, would seem to corroborate these glowing pictures, — and to prove, that though like the rainbow they were but illusions to the actual eye, yet like that glorious arch they seemed to rest upon a sound and probable foundation. The females of India, of the higher castes, are women in many cases of extraordinary loveliness. It is true, they wear in their complexions "the shadowed livery of the burnished sun," — but in the language of the soul, as it looks forth from the eyes; in the delicious languor which, like the breath of some happy slumber seems to linger around their footsteps, — in the passionate influence of their smile, or the glossy darkness of their locks, they resemble the breathing creations of some master-hand, long tutored in the sculptor's art. Gazing intently upon the sketches of these, one might almost be tempted to become a neophyte in the doctrine of Mahmoud, and believe that the houris of Paradise were not always secluded in that brilliant *terra incognita* of oriental faith; and to see, that more than mortal glances shot from eyes,

> "Whose bland allurements all, but now were hid
> 'Neath the soft lash of a voluptuous lid."

Even among the lower caste of Indian females, there are many who in any country would receive the meed of praise, for great expressiveness of feature, for intelligence of the eye, and gracefulness of movement. Numerous are the testimonials of travellers upon the positive elegance of many who engage daily in subordinate and menial employments; and the HINDOO FEMALE, which the adjacent sketch so capitally illustrates, fully explains our own meaning and description. The accessories of the picture are beautiful in the extreme.

Windsor

Drawn by W. Daniell, R.A.

Engraved by W. ...

MADRAS.

EVERY traveller knows the feeling of newness, the novelty of imagination, with which a foreign city is approached. As the ship expands her snowy wings, and bends onward before the gale; as the busy wharves and piers come in view, and the accustomed pilot bids you welcome to new scenes and strange forms and faces, there is an indescribable tumult of emotion in every bosom. WASHINGTON IRVING depicts it as a sort of heart-sickness to a stranger, with which, however, many pleasant and unfamiliar sentiments are commingled. If this be the predominant item in the experience of the tourist who arrives in England, or makes the continent of Europe, as the termination of his outward-bound voyage from the New World, what peculiar emotions should thrill the wanderer over a trackless ocean, when he reaches the haven, where he desires to be, in an Eastern clime? A long and weary residence upon the deep, prepares him to relish, with peculiar delight, the scenes that greet his eye on land; and if they are unlike any which he has ever before witnessed, the impression which they make upon his memory is indelible as life. We submit, as the best comment upon the truth of what we write, the testimony of an eye-witness, descriptive of the spirited and most faithful picture, which it so ably illustrates. It is the evidence of an intelligent English artist, who seems, during his sojourn in India, to have "looked on all things with a poet's eye:"—

"We coasted within four leagues of the land, under easy sail, with light breezes, passing the island of Ceylon, with its thickly-wooded hills and broken line of beach, covered with tall palms and tufted cocoa-nut trees, until the whole mass dwindled into a pale speck in the distance, and was finally lost in the shadows of evening. After a most delightful sail of four days, we anchored in the roadstead of Madras, and a most imposing scene it presents to the contemplation of a stranger! The splendid edifices, and at a distance they have an appearance of extreme splendour, with their lofty verandas and terraced roofs; the tall white columns, which are seen in striking relief against a clear blue sky, and these surrounded by the broad massy fort; the lashing surf, foaming and hissing over a long unbroken line of beach, which the eye follows

until its powers of perception are baffled by the distance; the variety of barks dotting the smooth surface of the waters, beyond the influence of the surge; the groups of dark and busy figures gathered at intervals upon the strand: — all these are objects not to be beheld with indifference by a stranger, pointing, as many of them do, to a new page in the vast and varied volume of nature. The extent to which the city, when first observed from the offing, seems to stretch beyond the walls, gives it an appearance of vastness at once singularly unexpected and imposing. The low sandy beach, over which the violently agitated waters are continually chafing and roaring with a din and turbulence that must be heard and seen to be conceived, apparently offering an insurmountable impediment to your passage beyond the perilous barrier which they oppose to your landing; the varieties of the shipping and smaller craft, from the smartly-built fishing-smack to the unsightly catamaran; the uncouth-looking Massoolah boat, labouring along by the side of the buoyant yacht and lighter wherry — severally afford an agreeable relief to the dull uniformity of a four months' voyage."

Of the Monsoon, a representation of which forms so striking a portion of the engraving, the same author has the following graphic sketch: — "As the house which we occupied overlooked the beach, we could behold the setting in of the monsoon in all its grand and terrific sublimity. The wind, with a force which nothing could resist, bent the tufted heads of the tall, slim cocoa-nut trees almost to the earth, flinging the light sand into the air in eddying vortices, until the rain had either so increased its gravity, or beaten it into a mass, as to prevent the wind from raising it. The pale lightning streamed from the clouds in broad sheets of flame, which appeared to encircle the heavens as if every element had been converted into fire, and the world was on the eve of a general conflagration, whilst the peal, which instantly followed, was like the explosion of a gunpowder-magazine, or the discharge of artillery in the gorge of a mountain, where the repercussion of surrounding hills multiplies with terrific energy its deep and astounding echoes. The heavens seemed to be one vast reservoir of flame, which was propelled from its voluminous bed by some invisible but omnipotent agency, and threatened to fling its fiery ruin upon every thing around. In some parts, however, of the pitchy vapour by which the skies were by this time completely overspread, the lightning was seen only occasionally to glimmer in faint streaks of light, as if struggling, but unable, to escape from its prison, igniting, but too weak to burst, the impervious bosoms of those capacious magazines in which it was at once engendered and pent up. So heavy and continuous was the rain, that scarcely any thing, save those vivid bursts of light which nothing could arrest or resist, was perceptible through it. The thunder was so painfully loud, that it frequently caused the ear to throb; it seemed as if mines were momentarily springing in the heavens, and I could almost fancy that one of the sublimest fictions of heathen fable was realized at this moment before me, and that I was hearing an assault of the Titans. The surf was raised by the wind and scattered in thin billows of foam

over the esplanade, which was completely powdered with the white feathery spray. It extended several hundred yards from the beach; fish, upwards of three inches long, were found upon the flat roofs of houses in the town during the prevalence of the monsoon, either blown from the sea by the violence of the gales, or taken up in the water-spouts, which are very prevalent in this tempestuous season. When these burst, whatever they contain is frequently borne by the sweeping blast to a considerable distance overland, and deposited in the most uncongenial situation, so that now, during the violence of these tropical storms, fish are found alive on the tops of houses; nor is this any longer a matter of surprise to the established resident in India, who sees every year a repetition of this singular phenomenon."

THE TALIPAT TREE.

THE distinctive and varied character which trees impart to different countries, is perhaps one of the first impressions made upon the mind of the traveller. In the East, the feathery cocoa, fringing the calm bays along the ocean; in continental Europe, the olive, the fig tree, or the pine, shadowing with dark belts the highland region of the Alps or Appenines; in Turkey, the melancholy cypress, waving to the breeze from the Bosphorus above the tombs of Istamboul;—these are associations, even in the mind of the untravelled reader, which he is in a measure unable to disconnect from the scene described to his mind's eye by the tourist's page or pencil. That trees teem with sermons, as Shakspeare wrote, is, in one sense, true,—as those who cherish in their memory the foliage around their homes, even through a long lapse of years, can bear earnest witness. In the elm, Virgil, the tuneful Mantuan, places shadowy dreams and reveries, as in a home; and Byron, as he paused under the verdant boughs that whispered above the grave of HOWARD, saw in them a *memento mori*, when he sung—

"There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
And mine were nothing, had I such to give;
Yet when I stood between the fresh green tree,
Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,
And saw around me the green field revive
With fruits, and fertile promise, and the Spring
Came forth, her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought, to that she could not bring."

The reverence for trees in the East, amounts often to a passion. In countries where idols are worshipped, and the instinct of life supposed to be in them, even by their makers, it is not difficult for the natives to stretch their fancy enough to believe that there is a spirit in trees.

The Talipot Tree.

The *Talipât* is of a class which, above all others, might claim such a belief, since it not only exhibits all the outward signs of vitality, but its very leaves and blossoms are vocal. It is not common to find it in bloom; but when it is thus found, the effect is exceedingly beautiful. A modern writer, sojourning in India, portrays its aspect in the following animated description: — "The scene in which we witnessed this remarkable effort of nature was very novel and imposing. It opened upon a confined valley, through which the river winds its irregular way, and upon whose transparent bosom were several boats, pursuing their quiet course to the rough but not discordant song of the Cingalese mariner. These boats are long and narrow, so much so as to require outriggers in order to prevent their upsetting. These outriggers are long pieces of wood, pointed both at the head and stern, and attached to the boat at right angles by bamboos, thus staying her fore and aft. This simple contrivance is applied to one side only. Our attention was also particularly arrested by several rafts on this river, over each of which a complete canopy was thrown, formed by a single leaf of the talipât tree, that entirely covered both the freight and the crew.

"This extraordinary tree, certainly among the most singular productions of the vegetable kingdom, grows sometimes to the height of two hundred feet. It blossoms only once during its existence, then dies, and in dying, like the fabled Phœnix, sheds the seeds of a future generation around it. The flower, which bursts forth with a loud explosion, is occasionally thirty feet long.

"The talipât, or rather palm, (observes a work, published under the sanction of Sir Alexander Johnstone,) is a native of Ceylon, where it occurs among the mountains in the interior. It also grows in the Burman empire, and other parts of the East Indies. The leaves are eighteen feet or more in diameter: they are of a coriaceous texture when dried, capable of being folded and again opened repeatedly like a fan. They readily receive an impression from any hard point. Advantage is taken of this property to use strips of them, prepared in milk, instead of paper, to write upon; which is one of the most important uses of this palm. Their ribs are of the texture of cane, which adds greatly to their strength. When cut at the extremities of the petioles, they are said to be used to protect the heads of travellers and fighting men who have to force their way through the jungle. For this purpose only a portion of the leaf is used; the thicker part which was attached to the petiole is placed forward, and the sides hanging over the ears, a kind of wedge or inverted keel is formed which forces the branches aside as the wearer pushes forward."

THE CHOULTRY OF TRIMAL NAIG.

In the varying belief of every nation under heaven, there is a mystery and an awe. Wherever the souls and sympathies of a people are concentrated in worship, whether it be in idolatry, or in that benign religion revealed in Christendom, from whose cherished presence come light and immortality; — whether among the heathen or educated and Bible-reading believers, there must exist, in the forms of every mode of reverence, something to interest and subdue. Who can deny, that the solemn and sanguinary Juggernaut, rolling in blood over its prostrate victims on the banks of the Ganges, has not been an object of deep and awful wonder to the stranger's eye? It seems to be the aim of every living spirit, to lean for its support and consolation, upon some invisible power; and with this yearning after the Infinite — these fond aspirations for securing happiness to come, there is blended the desire to perpetuate, when one has left the world, the memory of his deeds and existence. For this, in civilized and barbarous life are

"Domes and piles on swelling columns heaved;"

— for this, the affluent spend their lives, and offer their munificent donations — endowing, in Christian lands, colleges, asylums, and hospitals, — and in barbarous nations, rearing the monument and temple, or the choultry.

One of the vast fabrics in Hindostan, answering to the last-mentioned name, — and which is strikingly illustrated in the engraving thus entitled, — was built by an Indian Prince, whose name was Trimal Naig. He selected Madura for its site, because it was a focal spot, where the pilgrims met from all parts of India, to the celebrated sanctuary on the island of Ramisseram. Here he hoped to perpetuate his name, and receive the tributes of heathen devotion. In this grand aim, he was not disappointed. This choultry, and other magnificent erections, are said to have immortalized his name in the native chronicles of the southern peninsula of India.

" The choultry is in the form of a parallelogram, three hundred and twelve feet in length, by one hundred and twenty-five in width. It consists of one vast hall, the ceiling of which is supported by six rows of columns twenty-five feet high, most of which are formed of single stones, and the whole composed of a hard grey granite. The labour in carving these immense masses must have been prodigious, especially with the rude tools employed by the native workmen, and when the inflexibility of the material upon which they worked is taken into account. Their execution of the figures is extremely clean, and, save where the rude hand of spoliation has defaced them, they are nearly as perfect as at the first moment of their completion. The stubborn nature of the matter from which they were shaped has been their security against the ravages of time.

" The view exhibited in the engraving represents half the length of the area between the two central rows of columns. On the second pillar, to the right of the spectator as he faces the door at the bottom, is the figure of Trimal Naig, the founder of this gorgeous structure, in a group with six of his wives, three on one side and three on the other, to whom, on account of their lord's munificence, the Hindoos continue to pay divine honours, as well as to himself. Of the principal wife in the front group a fact is recorded which will convey some idea of the wealth and magnificence of eastern Princes: she was daughter of the Rajah of Tanjore, a Prince who possessed immense treasure and exercised a prodigal liberality.

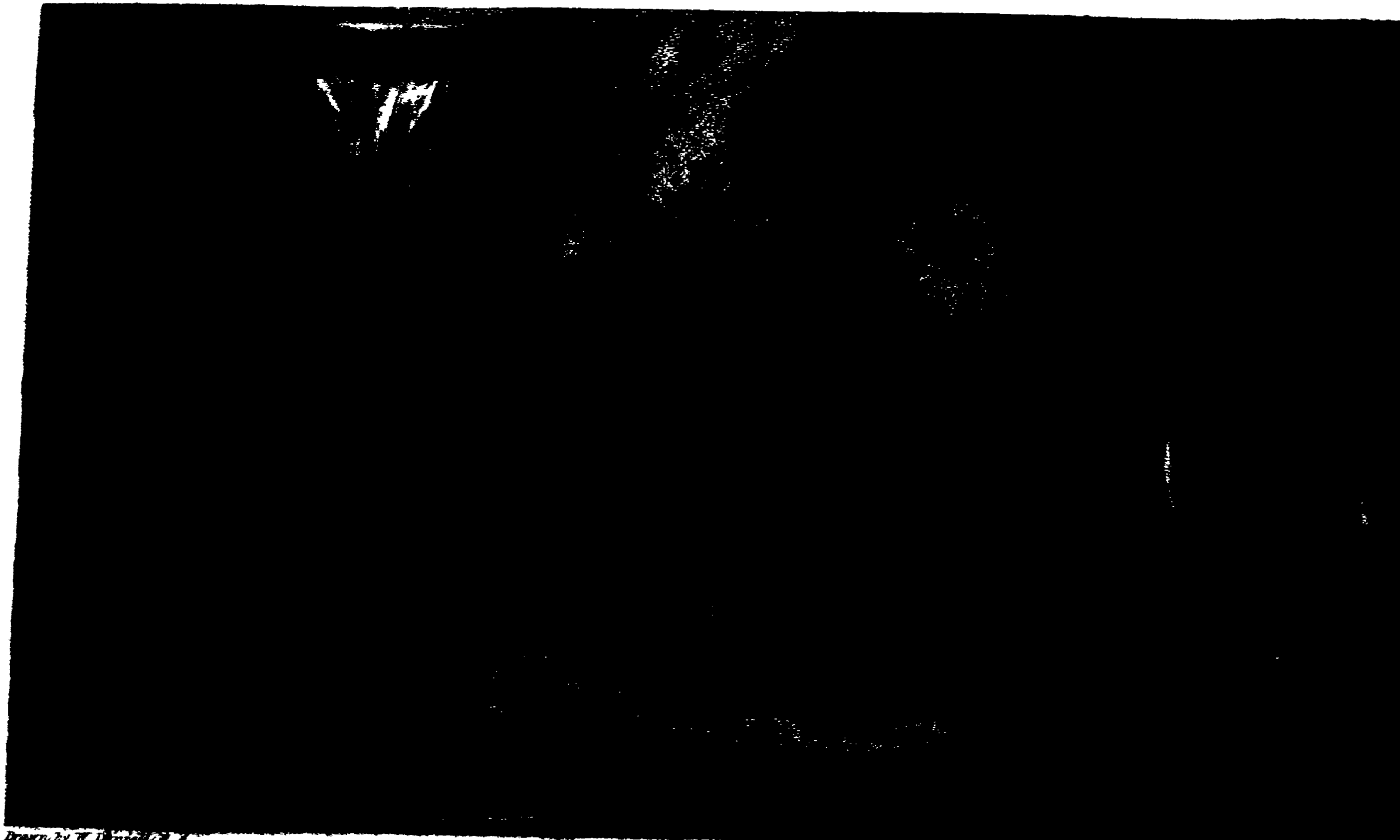
" When the choultry was finished, upon which Trimal Naig had lavished an enormous sum of money, he conducted his wife into it with a certain air of ostentation, as if he expected she would be struck by the extraordinary grandeur of the edifice. Upon his asking her what she thought of it, she coldly cast her eyes around, and told him, with an unmoved countenance, that it was far inferior in splendour to her father's stables. This mortifying declaration so exasperated the royal husband, that he instantly drew a dagger from his girdle and plunged it into her thigh. Trimal Naig has himself preserved the record of this event, as the figure representing his favourite wife, and standing nearest on the pillar to his own effigy, has a large gash below the hip on the left side. Upon this occasion, when his rage had subsided, he did not suffer the hint given by his royal consort to be lost, but increased the magnificence of the choultry by considerably adding to the richness of its decorations."

WILD ELEPHANTS.

Among animals, this stupendous race has always, like the leviathan in the watery world, sustained great eminence. If not "created hugest" of quadrupeds, its sagacity, its formation, its tremendous strength, have been by turns the theme not merely of the novelist, but the poet. When our first parents sojourned in their innocence before the fall, in the elysian bowers of Eden, among the various animals that gambolled before them—

> ——— "the unwieldy elephant,
> To make them mirth, used all his might, and wreathed
> His lithe proboscis:"

and it has ever been an object of interest to the naturalist, and to every observant eye accustomed to find instruction in the woods and fields; and, beneath the open sky, to "look through nature up to nature's God." Among the jungles of India, these immense beasts roam their thick recesses like moving mountains. The instances of absolute *reason*, as it may with propriety be called, which they exhibit when tame; their great usefulness to man, and their regard for friends,—if collected in one record, would fill a goodly-sized book. The Rev. Hobart Caunter, in some remarks upon the dangerous nature of a jungle, through which he had to pass near the Fall of Gungavapettah, in India, has illustrated in words, better than any that we could employ, the scene which the engraver's *burin* has so vividly transferred to the adjacent picture. The jungle, he declares, "was so infested with tigers and wild elephants, that we considered it prudent to obtain a guard of sapoys from the British resident, who was kind enough to add to our escort a number of peons, armed with long spears. Though we had considerable confidence under so strong a convoy, we nevertheless could not but occasionally feel a few disquieting apprehensions as we every now and then heard the distant yell of the tiger, or the crackling of the bushes under the heavy tramp of the elephants, which invariably retreated upon our approach. For the last three miles before we reached the cataracts, the jungle was so thick that we were frequently



Drawn by W. Daniell R.A.   Engraved by T. S. Englehaart.

Wild Elephants

obliged to get out of our palankeens and make our way through it, forcing back the matted undergrowth with our hands, or following our more alert guides the peons, who made the passage clear before us with their tulwars and spears.

"Before we entered the last deep recess of the wood, we crossed several fields where it was evident that sugar-canes had lately grown, but which, on the evening preceding, as we afterwards ascertained, had been entirely destroyed by the wild elephants. These animals frequently commit the most frightful depredations upon the cultivated spots that skirt the forests. They prostrate every thing before them, so that a whole field of sugar-cane is often entirely laid waste by them in the course of a few hours. A man and his wife, who had been stationed in a hut to look after the plantation through which we passed, and to frighten off any of the forest ravagers that might appear to carry on their work of destruction, had been compelled to mount upon the upper branches of a large tree as the only place of security; for their enemies were not only many, but terrible also in their might and energy. Here the watchers remained all the time that the work of devastation was going on, which they distinctly saw, for there was a clear moonlight, without the slightest power of interrupting it. As soon as the plantation had been entirely laid waste, the elephants retired, when the terrified couple, who had so long lodged in the branches of a teak-tree, descended from their painful elevation to communicate the unwelcome intelligence to the landed proprietor.

"This herd of quadruped giants was only at a short distance from us as we were making our way through the jungle. We distinctly heard them forcing a path for their unwieldy bodies, and tearing down the large branches of teees that interrupted their progress. They seemed to be conscious of our vicinity, for they never came in sight of us, though we could continually hear that they were almost close at hand. We had, however, very little apprehension about them, as they are known never to attack except when molested. It is, in truth, a wise ordination of Providence that animals are generally mild in their character, and gentle in their habits, in proportion to their bulk. How admirably is this merciful distribution of nature adapted to the condition of things since the fall of man in Paradise! If the elephant were ferocious in proportion to his might, every country in which he could find a refuge would soon become a scene of devastation. If the tiger had the elephant's amazing bulk and prodigious strength, combined with the lion's courage and his own peculiar fierceness, what would become of the population of those countries where he now prowls in search of baser prey than man, only because he fears the highest order of God's creatures upon earth, and is by nature as cowardly as he is ravenous? The crocodile, indeed, and the shark, are ferocious in proportion to their size and strength, but their sphere of action is circumscribed; so that man, under any circumstances, could have comparatively little to apprehend from those tremendous powers of destruction with which they are gifted."

TEMPLE AT MAHABALIPOOR.

WELL placed! amid the shock
And whirl of tempests, while the thunders roll;
Fit emblem to direct the storm-tossed soul
Unto the Eternal Rock!

To thee the seaman's eye
May turn when danger rides the crested wave,
And know that refuge from the billowy grave,
His sheltering home, is nigh!

So, by sore trial press'd,
Devotion towards the steadfast haven flies,
Seeking, though frowns despair from angry skies,
Life in the Temple's breast!

Still in thy grandeur stand,
And heavenward point, by rushing blasts unstirred;
Still in thine aisles, a solemn voice, be heard
Hymns of a grateful land!

Drawn by W. Daniell R.A.

Engraved by W. J. Cooke.

Temple at Mahabalipoor

IDEA OF THE DEITY UNIVERSAL.*

STILL in man's breast, where'er his pulses beat,
Where'er hath trod the wanderer's weary feet,
Where the pale stars on frozen seas recline,
Or tropic suns o'er burning India shine,
Dwells the vast thought of one Eternal Lord,
In various climes, in various tongues adored!

The Indian, while he lifts his eye
Towards his deep heaven of glorious blue,
Adores the eternal flame on high
Which its pure light from Godhead drew.
Ever at morning's earliest beam,
Bending, he hails with votive hymn
The Source whence gush the springs of day: —
And at the evening hour of gloom,
O'er the departed sunlight's tomb,
Mourns with fond tears its sad decay.

Where the Nile's genial billows flow,
The desert's all-believing child,
Shunning the sunlight's fiercer glow,
Worships a heaven more mild.
Pale lover of the midnight lone,
Mystery and faith to him are one;
He watches darkness pall the sky;
And from his sands where aye life dies,
Bids his proud pyramids arise,
And counts his gods more nigh.

* This Poem, with the exception of the first stanza, is imitated from the French.

Fair Greece adores the lovely dreams
Born of her own pervading thought;
Her phantoms, whose mysterious gleams
Are shadows with high truth o'erfraught.
Her plastic genius doth enrol
As many gods as hath the soul
Of passions or desires.
Her fancy, that in idols lives,
A life to every symbol gives,
To every sigh the breast expires.

Sahara! o'er thy stormy sands,
From south and north, and east and west,
Where pass thy mighty caravans,
Countless as dust upon thy breast?
The Prophet's trusting sons are they,
Who dare the long and dangerous way
Kneeling to kiss his sacred stone,
The desert vainly rolls between —
Still 'neath the storm — the war-steel's sheen,
They cry — "Our God is God alone!"

By green Euphrates' willows borne,
Why do an exiled people weep?
'T is not their Canaan lost they mourn,
Or Siloa's fountains pure and deep;
It is the worship of their sires,
Their temples — priests — their holy fires —
Their God who now forgets to hear:
His name in every hymn is heard,
And their sad harps, by misery stirred,
Speak but of One, no longer near!

Nor have they yet forgot his grace,
Though wanderers outcast and forlorn
From Zion far, that banished race
Sustain the vengeful nations' scorn!
Weary of persecution now,
With pitying smile in vain the foe
Pursues the race all ill who know;
Drinking the wave of bitterness,
A hope more strong they yet possess
Than their two thousand years of wo!

The savage children of the wild,
Poor outcasts of humanity,
Fashion, ere yet their huts are piled,
With their own hands a Deity.
If, banished from the river's brink
Where the grim bear and tiger drink,
'Neath other skies they rear abodes,
Charged with the sacred load, they cry—
"On! here our fathers' bones must lie—
Our country lies where dwell our gods!"

What utter ye, bronze, marble, vestibule,
Columns of Tadmor or of Delhi old,
Fanes shrouded 'neath the sand, or ocean cold,
So empty now, in other days so full?
And you, whose very language is unknown,
Faint relics of the immemorable past:
Mysterious records of the mysteries none
May fathom now:—and you that tower on high,
Temples yet landmarks to the pilgrim's eye.

Ye speak of Gods—a God—a mighty Lord!
Ye all an altar have, by men adored:
Offerings eternal from all shrines ascend!
The elements—man—with this mystery fraught,
Have but on earth one work—one glorious thought,
To know this Being, ere existence end!

If man, whose life this wondrous work should claim,
Exhaust all languages to name that Name,
How nature, in her silence eloquent,
Speaks to the heart upon such knowledge bent!
Mortals! would you this God behold and trust?
Go! trample 'neath your feet the Pantheon's dust,
The book where Pride in vain her name displays:
In this high mystery morning's palest rays
More light upon your anxious soul will shed
Than the false lamp that burnt when Plato read!

Mount yonder summits whence the streams descend,
Where seas of azure bathe their feet of gold,
When daylight's beams along their slopes extend,
Like some fair river o'er the meadows rolled.
When all around of beauty breathes and light,
When the soft fleecy mists of noontide's hour,
Enfolding you as in some mantle bright,
Cool the quick pulse as with a balmy shower —

When earth, sweet odours from her breast distilling,
With vital perfume every sense o'erpowers,
And insects, their wild songs of rapture trilling,
Murmur of love upon the budding flowers —

When glances, floating in the uncertain air,
Like sportive dolphins in the billows blue,
Hang betwixt ocean and earth's forests fair,
'Twixt crystal seas and skies of sapphire hue —

List to each sense — list to the soul o'erfraught,
To the pure beam that lights vast Nature's shrine;
Say if the Name that fills the poet's thought
Is not proclaimed here — living and divine!

The Queen of Candy

THE QUEEN OF CANDY.

"A queen! Earth's regal moons have set!"

"UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown,"
Said he of Avon; and in sooth, 't is sad
The melancholy round of sovereignty
Should press on brows so gentle; formed, 't would seem
But to sustain the dark and glossy waves
Of those smooth tresses, or perchance, a wreath
Light as the morning's smile, of roses woven
With dew-like tears upon their blushing leaves,
To which the bulbul hath all night been singing
His lay of love. On that mild front doth sit
No regal sternness; no command doth frown
Upon the chiselled lip, nor from the eye
Flash in triumphant pride. Thou wast not made
For rule, sweet dame, save in the hearts that melt
In the warm glances of fond eyes, or smiles
Of beauty worshipped for itself alone.

Rocks crown the mountain summits; tempt with bare
And rugged peaks the storm whose blasting wing
Had swept to ruin the retiring vale.
Thus is it with the souls of essence wrought
More hardy than the multitude, — who climb
Ambition's chilly steep — the pinnacle

Who hold, despite the frown of threatening skies
Or tempest's wrath, powerless to hurl them thence.
There is a godlike vigour in those spirits
That humbler intellect subdues, and moulds
To the superior will. Exempt from weakness
That makes the wo—and oft the happiness
Of frailer hearts, they yet have pangs to bear
Unknown to other bosoms, and the sweet
Calm sunshine of an untumultuous joy
That gladdens all around them, ne'er in warmth
Descends beyond their cold impassive surface.
So on the cloudless heights where golden rays
Of morning first repose, and last the light
Of partial evening rests, bloom not the flowers
That throng the valley's depths, where the slant beam
Through shadowing foliage rarely comes.
Peace dwells
In the still groves of life. There gush the springs
Of innocent pleasure, and green meads extend,
And palmy branches wave, and blossoms fling
Their fragrance on the air, and o'er them hangs
The sunshine of pure skies. There blends the tone
Of memory and of fancy—summoning back
To the rapt soul, forms of the mellowed past,
And colouring all the future with the lines
Of golden joy. There walk the sisters fair,
Hope eagle-winged—and Love—and meek-eyed Faith,
Strewing the path with flowers. Be such domain
The lot of woman, and the crown she wears
The sacred wreath by those bright sisters wrought.

Drawn by W Daniell R.A.

Engraved by T H Kern[illegible]

Hindoo Temples at Tritchencore

EVENING HYMN IN THE TEMPLE.

FROM LAMARTINE.

Hail to thee, sacred fane!
Where God descends, a mortal's voice to hear;
Mysterious altar, hail,
Which Faith to seek her food divine draws near,
And oracles, though mute, oh! questioned ne'er in vain!

When the last hour of day
Fades in thy turrets vast,
When on the summit dies his lingering ray;
When the meek widow with her child hath passed,
And poured repentant tears upon thy stone,
And takes her homeward way
Like some pale phantom, silent and alone—
When the far organ's faintly murmured hymn
Seems to expire as evening's smile grows dim,
To wake with morn its strain;—
When through the aisle the measured step and slow
Of priests that watch the holy tapers' glow,
We listen for in vain.

At such still hour, beneath thy arches deep,
When not a beam of sunlight breaks,—
I come, when Nature 'round is wrapt in sleep,
To meet the Eye which ever wakes!

And you that shroud the holy place,
Too holy for a sinner's eye,
Before your bases motionless,
Columns! I come to sigh.

Around me pour your sacred shade;
Render the darkness yet more dread,
The gloom more deep; let murmurs cease;
Forests of marble! e'en the air
The soul inhales your feet before
Is full of mystery and peace!

Let Love and sad Inquietude,
Spreading to every ear their grief,
Seek for their shade and solitude
Where waves the forest's palmy leaf.
Oh! darkness of the holy shrine!
The pious eye your gloom divine
Prefers to woods where breezes sigh;
No autumn wind your foliage dyes,
Your moveless shadow images
Immutable eternity!

The heart that 's crushed by suffering,
Earth's promises too sad to greet,
Coy Hope that flies on rapid wing,
Pursues unto the altar's feet.
In moanings roll the waves of time;
Man clings unto these shafts sublime,
Even as the panting pilot, pressed
By billows foaming, wild and dark,
The most of his own shipwrecked bark
Clasps frantic, to his trembling breast.

Where, pillars speaking of the past,
The hands that built your ancient forms?
Answer, ye vaults obscurely vast!
Dust scattered to the sweeping storms!
Our hands that shaped the marble, first
Crumble again to parent dust;
Nor grieve that such a lot is given;
Man dies — but holy thought, his own,
Lives in the cold unconscious stone,
And points with this his work to Heaven!

Forums and palaces decay —
Time o'er them treads with mocking stride,
The traveller's foot upon the way
Pushes by chance their wrecks aside.

But when the rude and shapeless block
Struck from the highway's blasted rock,
Becomes, O LORD! a dome of thine,
'T is sacred! Thou, the worm to bless,
Dost on our works the seal impress
Of immortality divine!

The thunder's voice in wailings deep,
Or sunk to low and muttering tone,
The winds o'er ocean's waves that sweep,
The forest's sad majestic moan —
The cannon's mouth that vomits death —
The river's roar, while far beneath
In the abyss its waters fall, —
Are far less solemn than the sound
Of praise that fills these vaults profound,
When nations on their Maker call!

And when the burning hymn, which breaks
From thousand lips that here rejoice,
The dim and ancient silence wakes
As if with but a single voice
Strong as the tempest car on high; —
With incense wafted toward the sky
When the wrapt prophet's chants ascend,
Heardst not, with them, these portals old,
These tombs — the ages bygone, cold,
Their spirit voices blend?

Lord! I have loved my soul's deep thoughts to pour
On mountain peaks, amid the desert's night —
Where burst the sea-wave on the lonely shore,
In Heaven's own presence, while your orbs of light
Studded the fields of air, proud creatures of thy might!

And there it seemed my spirit, self-oppressed,
Before immensity dilated grew;
Till o'er the winds, o'er flame, o'er ocean's breast,
From thought to thought it flew,
To lose itself in thee — thou source of endless rest!

I sought to mount — but thou hast deigned descend!
Ah! hath the creature of thy goodness need
To soar so high, so far his thoughts to bend?
Where hearst thou *not* — or tak'st of us no heed?

Now of thy fane I love the obscurity,
An isle of peace upon the world's wide sea,
A beacon guiding to a better shore;
By death and thee inhabited alone,
We hear time's billow break with fainter moan,
Upon the strand where time shall be no more!

Here seem the voices lost in air's wide space,
Closed by the walls of this majestic place,
More powerfully to our hearts to speak;
And the deep echoes of this temple bear
Warm from the bosom's depths, unto thine ear,
The sighs which in yon heaven thy presence seek.

As sinks in peace the stormy wave
Just as it meets the destined strand,
As greets at length the vessel brave
The shelter of the long sought land —
Even as the wandering swallow flies,
Shunning the vulture's threatening eyes,
Beneath her dam's protecting wings —
So at thy feet, her destined goal,
The fugitive and trembling soul
Unto thy love, Almighty! clings.

Thy word unto my heart hath sped —
My prayers have mounted to thine ear —
Thou, drop by drop, hast numbered,
With pitying eye, each anxious tear.
Lost in the universal flame,
I am, like nature's feeble frame,
Voiceless before thy Being high;
Yet feel a loftier nature's scope,
But that the hour so fraught with hope
Passes into eternity!

Imports it in what language pours
The soul its worship measureless?
The heart in ecstacy adores,
What tongue could e'er its depth express?
What my lips utter — e'en the same
Is spoken in this throbbing frame,
These warm and mantling veins;
This breast that heaves with glorious thought —
These eyes with silent tears o'erfraught, —
Prayer in my being reigns.

So heave the billows of the sea,
By morning freshening airs caressed;
So stars, all mute and tremblingly,
Sink downward to old ocean's breast;
So shoots the spiral flame on high —
So move the pillars of the sky;
So floats the breeze when day is dim;
So roll thy thunders through the sphere —
And thou, without a word dost hear
Their silent, votive hymn!

Like them thy servant also know;
And hear my yet unuttered praise;
Silence speaks best the heart's warm glow
Dazzled beneath thy glory's blaze.
I am but frail, adoring clay,
With thee pass space and time away,
Myself, the universe forgot:
And this pure flame that girds me round,
This weight that awes, divine, profound,
'T is thou — still, Thou! all else is naught.

Why closed thy gates — Oh, house of prayer?
Is there an hour, of all that mortals share,
When hearts pray not, through weariness or pride?
When man, whose every vow to thee is sped,
Has not some perfume at thy shrine to spread,
Some suffering to confide?

EVENING HYMN IN THE TEMPLE.

'T is done! with slow and measured pace
I leave the high and holy place!
Thy shadow followeth me!
Scarce on the echoing ground my foot is heard,
Hushed is my heart: — my lips, my breath unstirred,
Break not by words that still solemnity!

Till morning leaves her cell,
Upon my front shall dwell
The solemn aspect caught from that abode!
And as from Sinai's height, still fraught with thee,
Thy prophet dared not seek too soon the plain —
So fear I to profane
With human words that sacred mystery,
The soul yet glowing with the breath of God!

Drawn by W. Daniell R.A

12 A

THE BANYAN TREE.

Among the wonders of the vegetable kingdom, the Banyan Tree has no common distinction. The distant view of such a tree, from an oriental river, must be beautiful in the extreme. The delicate tracery of the smaller limbs; the fairy neatness with which they cross each other, and mingle with the ground, and the rich contrast between the verdant foliage, so profuse and heavy, and the slender shafts which seem to drop like ribbons from it; — all combine to give it the finest character of grace and strength. An air of patriarchal grandeur reposes in the massy trunk, — while, in the process by which it increases itself, the mind is carried forward to coming ages, when that tree, endowed as it were with the power of self-creation, shall continue to prolong its own existence, — fastening its young shoots into the ground, to be, in their turn, aged and stately trees —

> "The silent growth of many centuries
> Making a hallowed time for hapless moods:
> — A Sabbath in the woods."

The same eastern tourist to whom we were indebted for a written and pictorial sketch of the Talipât tree, has also furnished the annexed description of the Banyan:

"We passed a beautiful Banyan tree, at a short distance from Mizapoor, under which, from the sanctity of the situation, a most excellent piece of sculpture had been originally fixed. Around this the tree had twisted its strong and sinewy arms, lifted it completely from the pedestal, and carried it up in its growth, throwing round it a frame formed by its own picturesque and convoluted branches; thus rendering it a natural curiosity well worth beholding. The effect was as singular as it was striking. The tree from which the accompanying engraving is taken, was a much finer specimen of this extraordinary production of the vegetable kingdom, than that to

which I have just referred; it grew a few miles farther up the river. It had two stems of nearly equal circumference, forming a junction at the root, and from these stems there branched laterally two large arms, from which numerous strong fibres depended; these two arms throwing out horizontal shoots in all directions, and covering a prodigious space with thick and verdant foliage. The tree afforded daily shelter to men and cattle, to pilgrims and travellers, who at times congregated in great numbers beneath its branches. It appeared to be in the full vigour of its maturity, as not a single portion of it had begun to decay.

"As the Banyan tree has always been an object of great interest to travellers, I shall make no apology for introducing a short account of it here. The boughs grow horizontally from the stem, and extend so far, that in the ordinary process of nature they would be unable to support themselves. To supply this support, small fibrous shoots fall perpendicularly from them, and take root as soon as they reach the ground, thus propping the parent bough, while the lateral branches continue to throw out new sprouts, from which other fibres drop, until, in the course of years, one tree forms a little forest. The perpendicular stems put forth no shoots, and vary in circumference from a few inches to eight or ten feet. Before they reach the ground they are very flexible, and seem to dangle from the parent boughs like short thick thongs. The leaves of the Banyan tree are of an elliptical shape, smooth, crisp, and glossy. They are about the size of a lettuce-leaf, and grow in regular alternations on each side of the branch. The fruit, which adheres to the smaller twigs, has no stem; it is about the size of a hazel-nut, and its colour a deep bright red. It is eaten by monkeys, paroquets and other birds, but is insipid, and therefore seldom made use of by natives, and never by Europeans, as an article of food. The seeds are said to pass through birds uninjured; on the contrary, their germinating properties are improved by the process. They are thus deposited in various parts of the country, and frequently on buildings, where they take root, and by these means the tree becomes extensively propagated. It is held in great veneration by the Hindoos, and has been therefore confounded with the 'ficus religiosa,' a tree altogether different in its growth and properties."

THE SYBIL'S GARLAND.

Unfold my doom! it is the hour
To exercise the Sybil's power;
Daylight hath died; the siltim* now
Haunts the dark wood, and mountain's brow;
The mystic garland near thee laid
Doth fill with scents the charmed shade.
Hemasagaras there unfold
With sunlike gleam, their leaves of gold;
Sephalicas, within whose eye
The laden bee loves best to lie; —
The silver lotus sparkles there,
And Amra flowers, like moonlight fair;
And the tube rose, so soft and bright,
'T is named the "empress of the night;"
And that sweet tree whose blossoms line
Love's quiver — when the boy divine
Comes down from the celestial grove
To bless or cross a mortal's love.
Bright amaranths their garlands twine
That might the rainbow's wreath outshine;
And flowers that love the craggy steep,
Far gleaming o'er the silent deep,
Like the pale, lofty stars which show
The path to mariners below: —

And flowers that float upon the waves,
Or scent the ocean's coral caves —
Twining their snowy petals there
With mouldering bones, or dead men's hair;
And those that with their rich perfume
Make glad the chambers of the tomb;
The rosemary and basil sweet
And ivy leaves, that ruins greet; —
The jumbu proud, whose stately tree
Bears gifts of immortality —
From which th' amreeta juice is given
To favoured souls that taste of heaven —
All, all are here; culled at the time
When twilight spells obey the chime
Heard from some lone, mysterious shell,
Where oft the sleeping Peris dwell.
The imprisoned spirits now command,
Bound in each bud that courts thy hand,
And they the hidden fate will show,
Which none but such as those may know!

* Wood demon.

THE END.