

Letitia Elizabeth Landon  
(L. E. L.)  
in  
Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap  
Book, 1840

compiled by  
Peter J. Bolton

**TABLE OF CONTENTS**

Preface	3
L. E. L.	4
L'Envoi, from Mary Howitt	7
Interior of a Moorish Palace	8
“Kate is Craz’d”	10
The Portrait of Lord Byron, at Newstead Abbey	12
The Shrine and Grotto of Santa Rosalia	17
The Mosque at Cordova	20
Thomas Clarkson, Esq.	24
The Temple of Juggernaut	28
Scene in Lebanon	30

## PREFACE.

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

MARY HOWITT.

THE  
DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP BOOK.

---

L. E. L.

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And then the fate itself?

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

*Coming events cast their shadows before,*

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

W. H.

#### L'ENVOI.

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

M. H.



INTERIOR OF A MOORISH PALACE, ALGIERS.

*Artist: T. Allom - Engraved by: E. Challis*

## INTERIOR OF A MOORISH PALACE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

L. E. I..





“KATE IS CRAZ’D”.

*Artist: J. J. Jenkins - Engraved by: J. Thomson*

“ KATE IS CRAZ'D.”

COWPER.

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

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

L. E. L.



**GEORGE GORDON BYRON, LORD BYRON.**

A handwritten signature in cursive script, likely reading "G. Byron". The signature is written in dark ink and is centered below the caption.

*Artist: R. Westall - Engraved by: H. Robinson*



## THE PORTRAIT OF LORD BYRON,

## AT NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

INSCRIBED TO LORD BYRON'S SISTER, MRS. GEORGE LEIGH.

It is the face of youth—and yet not young;  
 The purple lights, the ready smiles have vanished;  
 The shadows by the weary forehead flung,  
 The gayer influences of life have banished.

'Tis sad, and fixed—yet we can fancy gleams  
 Of feverish spirits, suddenly awaking.  
 Flinging aside doubts, fancies, fears, and dreams,  
 Like some red fire on startled midnight breaking.

'Tis an uncertain thing—a mind so framed,  
 Glorious the birthright which its powers inherit,  
 Mingling the loved—the feared—the praised—the blamed—  
 The constant struggle of the clay and spirit.

---

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

The youthful poet! here his mind  
 Was in its boyhood nurst;  
 All that impatient soul enshrined  
 Was here developed first.  
 What feelings and what thoughts have grown  
 Amid those cloisters, deep and lone!  
 Life's best, and yet its worst:  
 For fiery elements are they,  
 That mould and make such dangerous clay.

A thousand gifts the poet hath  
 Of beauty and delight;  
 He flingeth round a common path,  
 A glory never common sight  
 Would find in common hours.  
 And yet such visionary powers  
 Are kin to strife and wrath.  
 The very light with which they glow  
 But telleth of the fire below.

Such minds are like the heated earth  
 Of southern soils and skies;  
 Care calls not to laborious birth  
 The lavish wealth that lies  
 Close to the surface; some bright hour  
 Upsprings the fruit, unfolds the flower,  
 And inward wonders rise:  
 A thousand colours glitter round,  
 The golden harvest lights the ground.

But not the less there lurks below  
 The lava's burning wave;  
 The red rose and the myrtle grow  
 Above a hidden grave.  
 The life within earth's panting veins  
 Is fire, which silently remains  
 In each volcanic cave.  
 Fire that gives loveliness and breath,  
 But giveth, in one moment, death!

So framed is such a mind, it works  
 With dangerous thoughts and things;  
 Beneath, the fiery lava lurks,  
 But on the surface springs  
 A prodigality of bloom,  
 A thousand hues that might illumine  
 Even an angel's wings!  
 Thrice beautiful the outward show,  
 Still the volcano is below.

It is the curse of such a mind  
 That it can never rest,  
 Ever its wings upon the wind  
 In some pursuit are prest;  
 And either the pursuit is vain,  
 Or, if its object it attain,  
 It was not worth the quest,  
 Yet from the search it cannot cease,  
 And fold its plumes, and be at peace.

And what were that boy-poet's dreams,  
 As here he went to stray,  
 When evening cast her pensive gleams  
 Around his forest way?  
 Came there "thick fancies" 'mid the gloom,  
 Of war-horse, trumpet, pennant, plume,  
 And all the proud array,  
 When mailed barons, stern and old,  
 Kept state in Newstead's ancient hold?

Or more—was the boy's fancy won  
 By penance and by vow,  
 When hooded monk and veiled nun,  
 The beating heart and brow,  
 Alike concealed from common eyes,  
 Revealed, perhaps, to midnight skies,  
 Dreams that possessed him now?  
 Dreams of a world, whose influence still  
 Prevaileth over human will.

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

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

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

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

L.E.L.



THE SHRINE OF SANTA ROSALIA, ON MONTE  
PELEGRINO,  
*near Palermo, Sicily.*

*Artist: R. Brandard - Engraved by: W. L. Leitch*

## THE SHRINE AND GROTTO OF SANTA ROSALIA.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

L. E. L.



THE GREAT MOSQUE & THE ALCAZAR,  
OR DUNGEON OF THE INQUISITION, CORDOVA, ON THE GUADALQUIVER.

*Artist: D. Roberts - Engraved by: T. Higham*



## THE MOSQUE AT CORDOVA.

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

L. E. L.



*yours truly*  
*Thomas Clarkson*  
—

*Artist: S. Lane - Engraved by: J. Cochran*

## THOMAS CLARKSON, ESQ.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

L. E. L.

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



THE TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT.

*Artist: A. G. Vickers - Engraved by: T. Barber*



## THE TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT.

This is the most celebrated and sacred temple in Hindostan, and was built about the year 1198, by Rajah Anonda Bheem Deb, at a cost of £300,000. The principal entrance is the Singha-Devar, or the "Lion-Gate," immediately in front of which is a beautiful column dedicated to the sun.

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

The ceremony of drawing the car takes place in June, and it is calculated that about 300,000 pilgrims, three-fourths of them females, annually resort to this festival, of whom at least 50,000 perish by sickness, hunger, and fatigue, and by voluntarily throwing themselves under its ponderous wheels.

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

---

*Note: Although this poem is not signed L. E. L., Mary Howitt states clearly in her preface that eight of Landon's poems were prepared. This lies in seventh place between Thomas Clarkson, number six, and Villages of Brumhanna, eighth and last. Moreover, from the style and content alone, there can be no doubt that it is by Letitia Landon.*



VILLAGES OF BRUMHANNA, IN MOUNT LEBANON.

*Artist: W. H. Bartlett - Engraved by: J. Redaway*

## SCENE IN LEBANON.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

L. E. L.