

Letitia Elizabeth Landon  
(L. E. L.)  
in  
Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap  
Book, 1833

compiled by  
Peter J. Bolton

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Lord and Lady Derby	3
The Queen of Portugal	7
Collegiate Church, Manchester	9
A Legend of Tintagel Castle	11
Tomb of Mahomed Shah	14
Sir Thomas Lawrence	16
Liverpool	19
Sarnat, A Boodh Monument	23
Treryn Castle	26
Thubare, A Port on the Arabian Coast	28
Boscastle Waterfall and Quarry	32
Hindoo Temples at Benares	34
The Princess Charlotte	36
The Love Letter	38
The Assar Mahal—Ruins near Agra	40
Langdale Pikes	42
Lancaster	44
Dartmouth Church	48
The Cootub Minar, Delhi	50
Glengariffe	52
The Right Honourable Lord Durham	54
The Tomb of Humaioon, Delhi	57
Linmouth	61
Hall i' th' Wood	64
Macao	66
Sir Walter Scott	68
The Kylas, Caves of Ellora	72
Fountain's Abbey	74
The Chinese Pagoda	76
The Church of the Carmelite Friary	79
Futtypore Sicri	81
Dartmouth Castle	83
The Tomb of Aurungzebe	85
Admiral Lord Collingwood	87



JAMES STANLEY, 7<sup>th</sup> EARL OF DERBY,  
AND CHARLOTTE DE LA TREMOÛILLE, HIS COUNTESS.

*Artist: Wm. Derby after Vandyke - Engraved by: H. Robinson*

## DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP BOOK.

### LORD AND LADY DERBY.



HE times are peaceful, and we know  
 No unsheathed sword, no bended bow ;  
 No more upon the quiet night  
 Flashes the beacon's sudden light,  
 No more the vassals in the hall  
 Start at the trumpet's fiery call ;  
 And undisturbed the ivy wreath  
 Hangs o'er the battlements beneath.  
 Years have gone by since English hand  
 Spilt English blood on English land.  
 —We see the armed warriors ride,  
 But only in their plumed pride,

The actual agonies of war,  
 Thank God, have been from us afar.  
 We have not seen the silvery flood  
 Run crimson with our kindred's blood ;  
 We have not seen the stranger's tread  
 Profane the church where slept our dead ;  
 Nor watched the red and kindled air,  
 And known our home was blazing there.  
 Our soldiers to a foreign soil  
 Kept the wild warfare's blood and toil,  
 And news of some proud victory  
 Was all that ever crost the sea.

## LORD AND LADY DERBY.

—But England has known other days,  
 Has seen her own home dwellings blaze,  
 Has heard the thundering volleys come,  
 And trembled at the beaten drum.  
 Father and son stood side by side,  
 Yet not as by their blood allied,  
 Each stern in his adopted cause,  
 For feudal or fanatic laws.  
 —Aye led by some high-sounding name,  
 Man has been ever but the same,  
 Fighting for altar, or for throne,  
 For any rights, except his own.  
 —'Tis in such troubled times, the few  
 Find they have powers they never knew ;  
 And yonder highborn dame, who stands  
 With flowerets in her graceful hands,  
 With brodered robe, and ringlet fair,  
 Scarce breathed on by the fragrant air,  
 Dreamed not that she should stand alone  
 When pikes were raised, and trumpets blown,  
 And gathered foes around the wall,  
 And she sole chief in Lathom Hall.  
 But ere she put aside her fears,  
 And woman's weakness—woman's tears,  
 How many a long and anxious hour  
 She must have passed in secret bower,  
 Till she stept forth, the calm and proud  
 To meet and animate the crowd.  
 —Ah, woman's is another lot,  
 Where ruder cares and strife come not ;  
 Her hand upon the silvery lute,  
 Winning sweet answer to its suit,  
 Or bidding mimic flowers arise  
 Mid the embroidery's rainbow dyes ;  
 Her step the music of the hearth,  
 Soul of its sorrow or its mirth,  
 Who hath of time its dearest part,  
 The one charmed circle of the heart.  
 Evil must be the cause and day,  
 That takes her from such life away ;

## LORD AND LADY DERBY.

Then, Lady, while we honour thee,  
 And to thy faith and chivalry  
 Give high and honourable fame,  
 We wish no rival to thy name.

"The story of this illustrious Lady," remarks Mr. Lodge, "exhibits a character so abounding in sagacity, prudence, loyalty, grandeur of spirit, and active heroism, as to beguile us for a moment into a feeling of regret, that the social policy of all climates and ages should have agreed to restrict the amiable sex to the power of pleasing, and to repress those energies which, in spite of its regulations, occasionally burst forth, and always with a degree of splendour, which is rarely found to adorn even the finest of masculine sentiments or actions.

During the absence of the Earl of Derby in the Isle of Man, Lathom was invested by the parliamentary forces in 1644. Sir Thomas Fairfax offered them honourable terms of surrender—the terms, however, to be adjusted by himself. These the Countess indignantly rejected, and forthwith prepared for every extremity, saying, "That though a woman, and a stranger, divorced from her friends, and robbed of her estate, she was ready to receive their utmost violence, trusting in God both for protection and deliverance." Ill supplied with provisions, she yet continued to hold out, though the walls were nearly battered to pieces about her ears. On one occasion, a ball entered into her ladyship's chamber, where she and the children were at breakfast. With as little emotion as Charles the Twelfth on a like occasion, she merely remarked, that "since they were likely to have disagreeable intruders, she must even seek a new lodging, but I will keep my house while a building is left above my head." A MS. journal of the time quaintly states, "The litle ladyes had stomach to digest cannon." At length her constancy was rewarded; for on the approach of Prince Rupert, after his victory at Newark, the siege was raised, and the enemy retreated upon Bolton. Twenty-two of the colours, which three days before had been displayed against the castle, were presented to her from his Highness, by Sir Richard Crane, as a memorial of her deliverance, and "a happy remembrance of God's mercy and goodness to her and her family." *Vide Roby's Traditions of Lancashire.*



DONA MARIA II<sup>a</sup>., RAINHA DE PORTUGAL.

*Artist: J. Holmes - Engraved by: T. Woolnoth*

## THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

YOUNG daughter of a race of kings,  
 Is there no crown for thee,  
 The blood that feeds thy being springs  
 From hoar antiquity.  
 And many are the legends told  
 Of thy proud house in days of old.  
 Methinks 'tis hard to be  
 A wanderer, rifled of thy own,  
 Banished from thy ancestral throne.

It is in vain to say, content  
 Dwells with the lowlier lot;  
 That careless smile, and brow unbent,  
 Are what a king knows not.  
 But who could lay a crown aside,  
 And dream no dreams of former pride,  
 The glorious past forget  
 Of days before the high command  
 Past meanly from their sceptred hand?

The time has been, when for thy right  
 A thousand swords had sprung  
 Forth from their scabbards into light,  
 A thousand trumpets rung;  
 And many a banner, worked in gold,  
 The 'scutcheon on each crimson told  
 Had high in air been flung,  
 And Europe's gallant chivalry  
 Had gathered for thy rights and thee.

Those days are past—we reason now  
 Where we had fought before;  
 And high romance, and knightly vow,  
 Their influence is o'er:  
 'Twere better for earth's happiness  
 If that we calculated less,  
 And felt a little more.  
 I would not call past times again,  
 But wish our present to retain  
 What then had kindled, Queen, for thee,  
 A bold and ready sympathy.





INTERIOR OF THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH, MANCHESTER.

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

## COLLEGIATE CHURCH, MANCHESTER.

DIM, thro' the sculptured aisles the sun-beam falls  
 More like a dream  
 Of some imagined beam,  
 Than actual daylight over mortal walls.

A strain of music like the rushing wind,  
 But deep and sweet  
 As when the waters meet,  
 In one mysterious harmony combined.

So swells the mighty organ, rich and full,  
 As if it were the soul  
 Which raised the glorious whole,  
 Of that fair building vast and wonderful.

Doth not the spirit feel its influence,  
 All vain and feverish care,  
 All thoughts that worldly are,  
 Strife, tumult, mirth, and fear are vanished hence.

The world is put aside, within the heart  
 Those hopes arise  
 Thrice sacred mysteries,  
 In which our earthly nature has no part.

Oh, Christian Fane, the soul expands in thee,  
 Thine altar and thy tomb  
 Speak of the hope and doom,  
 Which leads and cheers man to eternity.



TINTAGEL CASTLE, CORNWALL.

*Artist: T. Allom - Engraved by: W. LePetit*

## A LEGEND OF TINTAGEL CASTLE.



LONE in the forest, Sir Lancelot rode,  
 O'er the neck of his courser the reins lightly flowed,  
 And beside hung his helmet, for bare was his brow  
 To meet the soft breeze that was fanning him now.

And "the flowers of the forest" were many and sweet,  
 Which, crushed at each step by his proud courser's feet,  
 Gave forth all their fragrance, while thick over-head  
 The boughs of the oak and the elm-tree were spread.

The wind stirred the branches, as if its low suit  
 Were urged, like a lover who wakens the lute,

And through the dark foliage came sparkling and bright,  
 Like rain from the green leaves, in small gems of light.

There was stillness, not silence, for dancing along,  
 A brook went its way like a child with a song :  
 Now hidden, where rushes and water-flags grow ;  
 Now clear, while white pebbles were glistening below.

Lo, bright as a vision, and fair as a dream,  
 The face of a maiden is seen in the stream ;  
 With her hair like a mantle of gold to her knee,  
 Stands a lady as lovely as lady can be.

Short speech tells a love-tale ;—the bard's sweetest words  
 Are poor, beside those which each memory hoards :  
 Sound of some gentle whisper, the haunting and low,  
 Such as love may have murmured—ah, long, long ago.

She led him away to an odorous cave,  
 Where the emerald spars shone like stars in the wave,  
 And the green moss and violets crowded beneath,  
 And the ash at the entrance hung down like a wreath.

## A LEGEND OF TINTAGEL CASTLE.

They might have been happy, if love could but learn  
 A lesson from some flowers, and like their leaves turn  
 Round their own inward world, their own lone fragrant nest,  
 Content with its sweetness, content with its rest.

But the sound of the trumpet was heard from afar,  
 And Sir Lancelot rode forth again to the war ;  
 And the wood-nymph was left as aye woman will be,  
 Who trusts her whole being, oh, false love, to thee.

For months, every sun-beam that brightened the gloom,  
 She deemed was the waving of Lancelot's plume ;  
 She knew not of the proud and the beautiful queen,  
 Whose image was treasured as her's once had been.

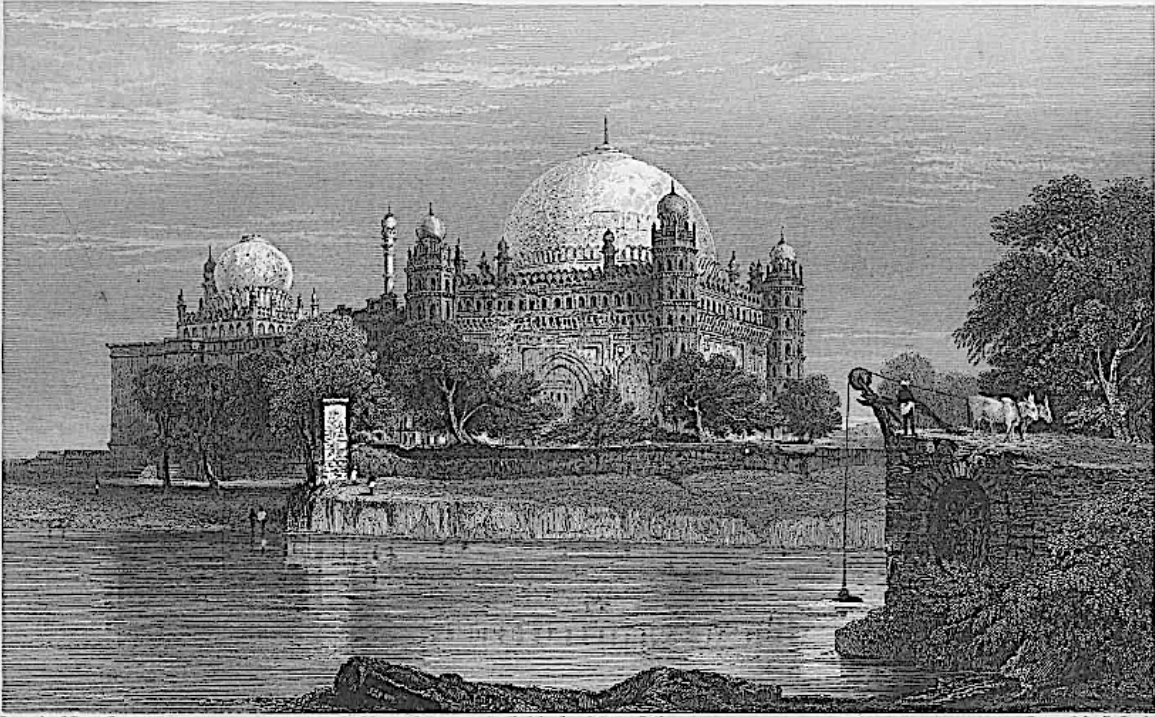
There was many a fair dame, and many a knight,  
 Made the banks of the river like fairy-land bright ;  
 And among those whose shadow was cast on the tide,  
 Was Lancelot kneeling near Genevra's side.

With purple sails heavily drooping around,  
 The mast, and the prow, with the vale lily bound ;  
 And towed by two swans, a small vessel drew near  
 But high on the deck was a pall-covered bier.

They oared with their white wings, the bark thro' the flood,  
 Till arrived at the bank where Sir Lancelot stood :  
 A wind swept the river, and flung back the pall,  
 And there lay a lady, the fairest of all.

But pale as a statue, like sunshine on snow,  
 The bright hair seemed mocking the cold face below :  
 Sweet truant, the blush and the smile both are fled—  
 Sir Lancelot weeps as he kneels by the dead.

And these are love's records ; a vow and a dream,  
 And the sweet shadow passes away from life's stream :  
 Too late we awake to regret—but what tears  
 Can bring back the waste to our hearts and our years !



SULTAN MAHOMED SHAH'S TOMB, BEJAPORE.

*Artist: S. Prout - Engraved by: R. Sands*

## TOMB OF MAHOMED SHAH.

THE tomb of the Sultan lies under a wooden canopy, in the centre of the room, on a platform of granite eighty feet square, and is raised four feet above the level of the floor. Over a lofty door-way, through which you enter on the southern side, are some Arabic inscriptions in Togra letters, which are sculptured in alto-relievo. The characters are gilded, and the ground is granited with a liquid preparation of rajaward, or lapis lazuli, which gives the whole an appearance of a beautiful distribution of gold and enamels. All the inscriptions that I shall have occasion to mention are sculptured and ornamented after this fashion; and being disposed in all varieties of shape and figure, have a very elegant effect. They are said to be all extracts from the Koran, but the characters are so entwined and interwoven with each other, that the quickest reader of this hand would find some difficulty in deciphering them. I was, however, successful in discovering a Persian inscription line, which is a chronogram on the death of the Sultan Mahomed. The line translated is, "The end of Mahomed was happy."—*Elliot's Views in India.*

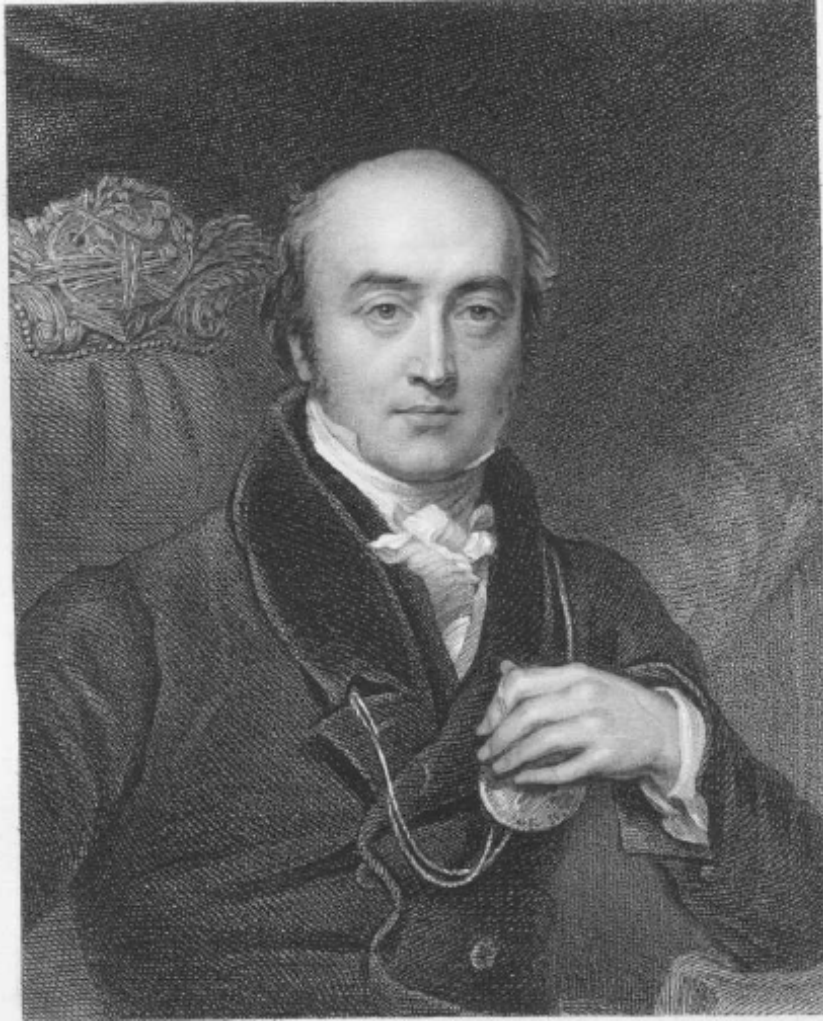


HAT do they call a happy end,  
 How did the monarch die?  
 The purple for his winding sheet,  
 His courtiers standing by;  
 A shadow upon every brow,  
 A tear in every eye.

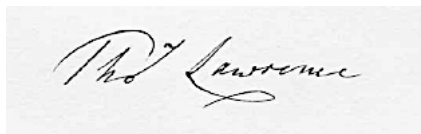
Methinks if I could choose my death,  
 Such end should not be mine;  
 I'd rather fall where banners wave,  
 And muskets glittering shine,  
 While onwards to its vengeance prest,  
 My own embattled line.

I could not bear to see around,  
 The faithful and the fond;  
 The faces that I dearly loved,  
 I could not look beyond—  
 The deep affection of this earth  
 Would be too dear a bond.

He died, and by his death-bed stood  
 The wife, the child, the friend,  
 And saw pale cheek and anxious eye  
 O'er him in fondness bend.  
 Oh, agony!—how could they, King,  
 Call thine a happy end?



**SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.**  
(LATE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.)



*Artist: Charles Landseer - Engraved by: J. Thomson*



## SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

DIVINEST art, the stars above  
 Were fated on thy birth to shine ;  
 Oh, born of beauty and of love,  
 What early poetry was thine !

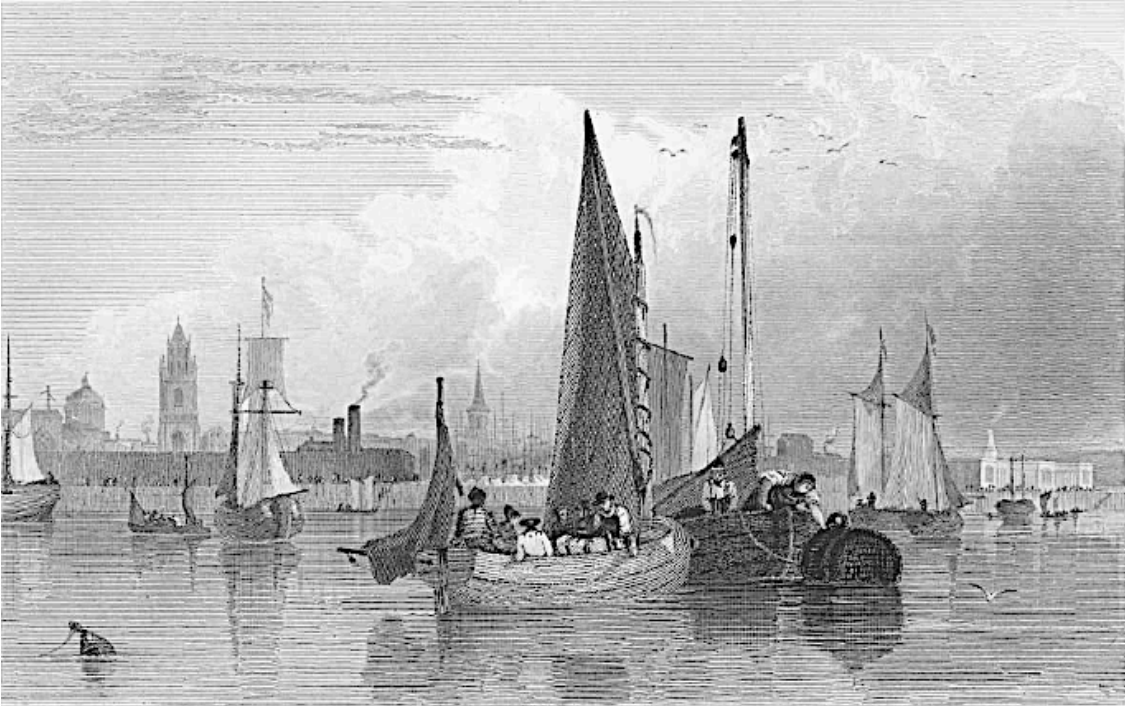
The softness of Ionian night  
 Upon Ionian summer lay,  
 One planet gave its vesper light,  
 Enough to guide a lover's way ;  
 And gave the fountain as it played,  
 The semblance of a silvery shower,  
 And as its waters fell, they made  
 A music meet for such an hour ;  
 That, and the tones the gentle wind  
 Won from the leaf, as from a lute,  
 In natural melody combined,  
 Now that all ruder sound was mute ;  
 And odours floated on the air,  
 As many a nymph had just unbound  
 The wreath that bound their raven hair,  
 And flung the fragrant tresses round.

Pillowed on violet leaves, which prest  
 Filled the sweet chamber with their sighs,  
 Lulled by the lyre's low notes to rest,  
 A Grecian youth in slumber lies ;  
 And at his side a maiden stands,  
 The dark hair braided on her brow,  
 The lute within her slender hands,  
 But hushed is all its music now.  
 She would not wake him from his dreams,  
 Although she has so much to say,  
 Although the morning's earliest beams  
 Will see her warrior torn away.  
 How fond and earnest is the gaze  
 Upon these sleeping features thrown,  
 She who yet never dared to raise  
 Her timid eyes to meet his own.

## SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

She bends her lover's rest above,  
     Thoughtful with gentle hopes and fears,  
 And that unutterable love  
     Which never yet spoke but in tears ;  
 She would not that those tears should fall  
     Upon the cherished sleeper's face,  
 She turns, and sees upon the wall  
     Its imaged shade, its perfect grace ;  
 With eager hand she marked each line,  
     The shadowy brow, the arching head,  
 Till some creative power divine,  
     Love's likeness o'er love's shadow spread :  
 Since then, what passion and what power  
     Has dwelt upon the painter's art ;  
 How has it soothed the absent hour,  
     With looks that wear life's loveliest part.

Oh, painter of our English isle,  
     Whose name is now upon my line,  
 Who gave to beauty's blush and smile  
     All that could make them most divine ,  
 The fair Ionian's ancient claim  
     Was never paid, till paid by thee,  
 And thou didst honour to her name,  
     By showing what her sex can be.



LIVERPOOL, FROM THE MERSEY.  
*COMMENCING AT THE PRINCE'S PARADE*

*Artist: Samuel Austin - Engraved by: Robert Brandard*

## L I V E R P O O L .

WHERE are they bound, those gallant ships,  
 That here at anchor lie,  
 Now quiet as the sleeping birds,  
 Beneath a summer sky?

Their white wings droop, their shadows rest,  
 Unbroken on the deep,  
 As if the airy elements  
 Had their own hour of sleep.

A little while the wind will rise,  
 And every ship will be,  
 With plashing prow, and shining sail,  
 Afar upon the sea.

Some will go east, and some go west,  
 Some to the Indian isles,  
 Where spring is lavish of her bloom,  
 And summer of her smiles ;

And some will seek the latitudes  
 Where northern breezes blow,  
 And winter builds a throne of ice  
 Upon a world of snow :

Some will come back with plume, and pearl,  
 The attar, and the gem ;  
 Little do the gay wearers think  
 How brave men toil for them.

The product of far distant lands,  
 Nurst by far distant skies,  
 Are here the triumph and reward  
 Of human enterprise.

## LIVERPOOL.

Amid the ships that bear around  
 The wealth of half the world,  
 Are those that, for the Quorra bound,  
 Have just their sails unfurled.

Freighted with goods that new-found climes  
 May envy English skill,  
 They bear no thunders o'er the deep  
 To work our nation's will.

In peace they go, with pure intent,  
 And with this noble aim ;  
 Barbaric hordes to civilize,  
 By traffic to reclaim.

Not as they went in former days,  
 To bear the wretched slave ;  
 To pine beneath a foreign sky,  
 Or perish on the wave.

They go for knowledge, and in hope  
 Such knowledge may avail,  
 To draw the savage and unknown  
 Within the social pale.

A deep and ardent sympathy,  
 The heart has with the bold ;  
 The cheek is flushed, the eye is bright,  
 Whene'er their deeds are told.

We half forget the conqueror's crime,  
 In honour of the brave,  
 And raise the banner and the arch,  
 Although upon the grave.

But here the danger and the toil  
 Of no false light have need,  
 Tho' courage and tho' constancy  
 Deserve the highest meed.

## LIVERPOOL.

The dreary day, 'mid trackless wood,  
 The lion at their side,  
 The gloomy night, when rocks, and foes,  
 Were on the faithless tide.

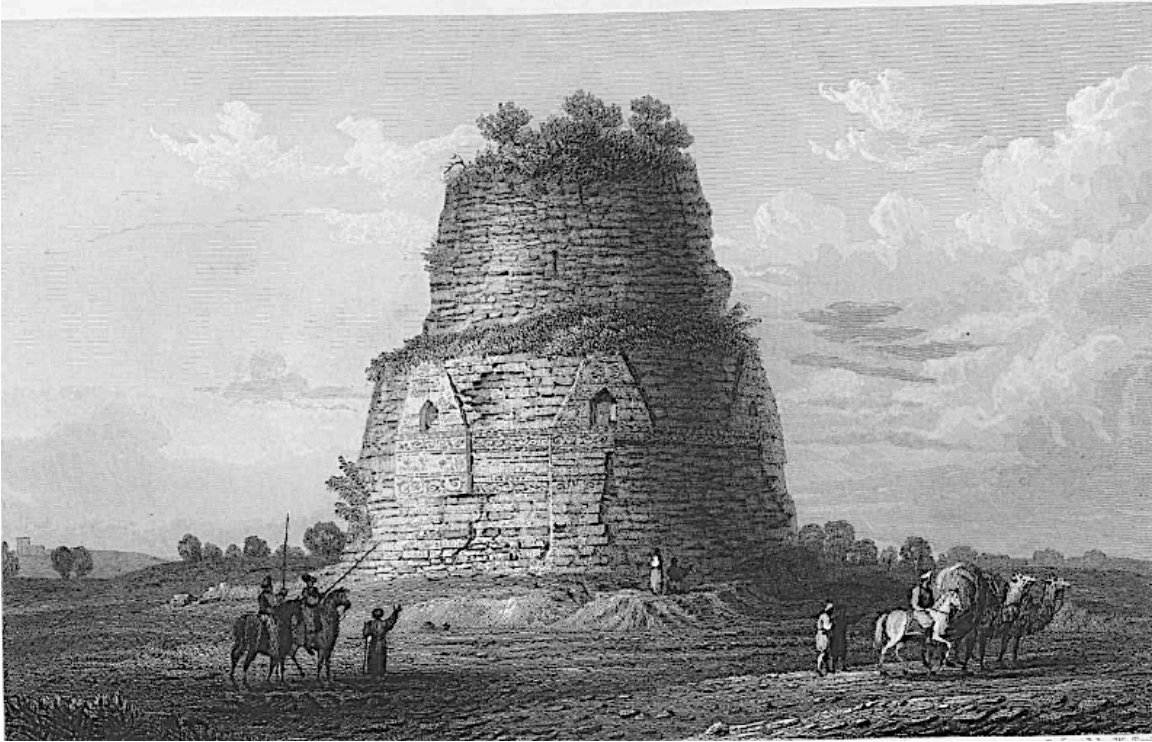
Mid slav'ry, suffering, deserts, death,  
 It has been theirs to roam,  
 Led onward by that general thought,  
 "What will they say at home?"

Science, thy own adventurers  
 Again are on their way—  
 And but for thy most glorious hopes,  
 What were our mental day?

Sail on, proud bark, a lofty aim  
 It was that freighted thee,  
 And for their sake who tread thy decks,  
 God speed thee o'er the sea!

July, 1832.

It need scarcely be stated, that the above verses refer to the Expedition which has been equipped by the enterprising merchants of Liverpool, to carry British commerce to the interior of Africa; and which is accompanied by the elder Lander, the faithful companion of the lamented Captain Clapperton. Although the direct object of this Expedition is to establish, by means of the river Quorra or Niger, an intercourse with hitherto inaccessible nations, the advancement of our geographical knowledge has not been neglected, as a naval officer, distinguished for his scientific attainments, proceeds with it, in order to take observations and make surveys.



SARNÂT, A BOODHI MONUMENT, NEAR BENARES.

*Artist: S. Prout - Engraved by: W. Taylor*

## SARNAT, A BOODH MONUMENT.

DIM faith of other times, when earth was young,  
 And eager in belief; when men were few,  
 And felt their nothingness; not then elate  
 With numbers, science, and the victories  
 Which history registers o'er vanquished time.  
 For time is vanquished by discovery,  
 By arts which triumph over common wants,  
 By knowledge, which bequeaths the following age  
 All that its predecessor sought and won.  
 But thou, oh ancient creed, hast nought of this.  
 Others have given immortality  
 To their bold founders; he who worshipped fire,  
 And taught the Magi how to read the stars,  
 The Persian Zoroaster, left a name;  
 And he, too, of the crescent and the sword,  
 Who sternlike swept on his appointed way,  
 Is still his followers' war-cry. These beliefs  
 Are obvious in their workings; we can trace  
 The one great mind that set the springs in play,  
 By which the human puppets rise and fall.  
 Ambition, avarice, cruelty, and fear,  
 The natural inmates of the heart in man,  
 Are stirred by some adventurer, who knows  
 How superstition can be made the bond  
 To fetter thousands; I can understand  
 The rise and progress of such earthly creed.  
 Oh, vanity of vanities is writ  
 Upon all things of earth—but what can wear  
 The writing on its forehead like this shrine?  
 It is a mighty thing to teach mankind  
 A new idolatry, to bind the weak  
 In their own fancies, to incite the strong  
 By high imaginations, future hopes,  
 Which fill the craving in all noble hearts  
 For things beyond themselves, beyond their sphere.  
 All human gifts must concentrate in Him  
 Who can originate a new belief—



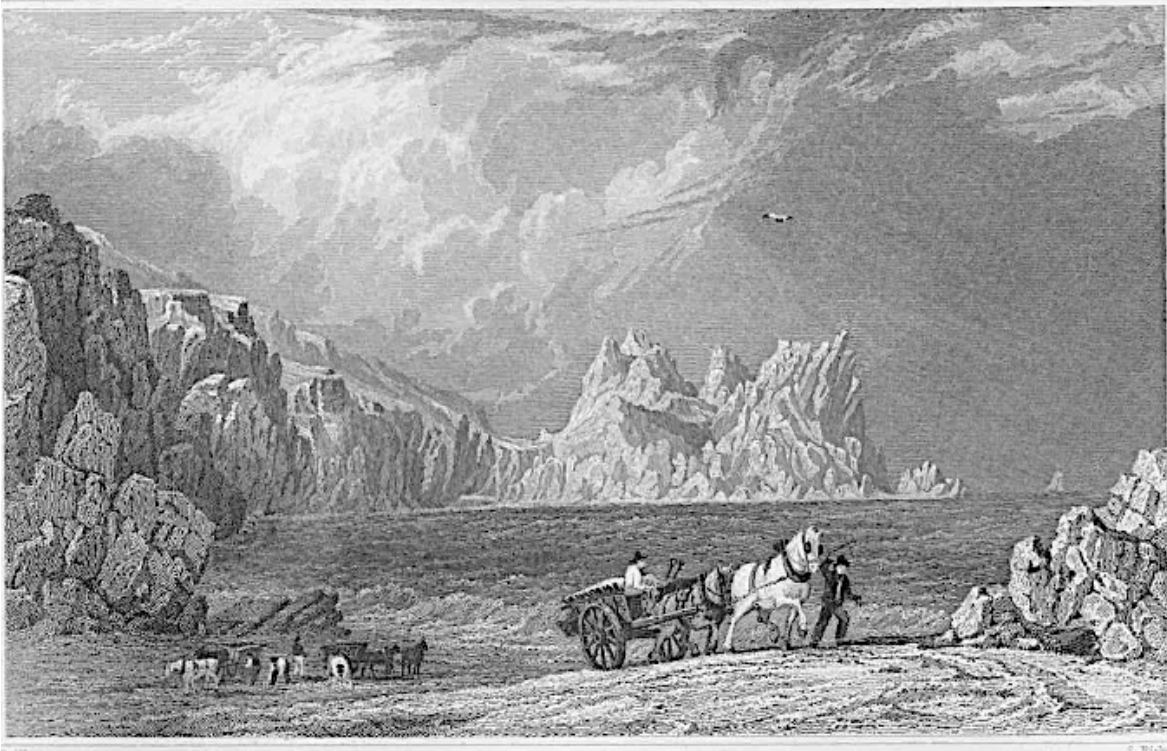
## SARNAT, A BOODH MONUMENT.

The fiery eloquence that stirs the soul,  
 The poetry that can create a world  
 More lovely than our own, and body forth  
 Its glorious creation, and yet blend  
 This fine enthusiasm with an eye  
 Worldly and keen, which sees in others' faults,  
 Frailties, and follies, but the many means  
 Which work to its own ends : yet, out on pride !  
 Such men may live, fulfil their destiny,  
 Fill a whole land with temples and with tombs,  
 And yet not leave a record of their fame ;  
 Forgotten utterly ; and of their faith,  
 No memory, but fallen monuments,  
 Haunted by dim tradition.—

" All accounts of the Hindoos speak of a most dreadful persecution carried on by the Bramins, the sect of Bhud, many years ago, and the subsequent expulsion of the latter, whose doctrines extend over Ceylon, Thibet, Tonquin, Cochin China, throughout China, exists largely in Japan, and is without doubt the religion which has the most numerous followers in the world. Next to this, I suppose, the Christian can boast the greatest number of believers ; then the Mahometans ; and, lastly, the Braminical—being the four principal religions which divide the habitable world.

" As to the antiquity of the two religions, if we allow the figure of Bhud to be the personification of fire, as some of the statues representing this deity have a small flame on the tops of their heads, and that one of the earliest religions amongst mankind sprung from natural respect towards the sun, and also grant that the Bramins come, according to their own admission, from the northward, the preference seems due to that of Bhud."

See Colonel Fitzclarence's (now Lord Munster's) *Journey Overland from India* ; one of the most interesting and able works of the time.



TRERYN CASTLE, FROM PORT CARROW COVE, CORNWALL.  
THE LOGAN ROCK, UNDER THE BIRD, IN THE DISTANCE

*Artist: T. Allom - Engraved by: S. Fisher*

## TRERYN CASTLE.

A MONARCH, who had lost his crown,  
 As crowns have been so often lost,  
 By kindred treachery, or worse,  
 The price his own fond blindness cost,—  
 Methinks were fitting guest to be  
 Alone, thou rugged scene, with thee;  
 Magnificent, yet desolate,  
 In harmony with thought and fate.

The sky is dark with gathered clouds,  
 As if night struggled still with day;  
 A single sea-bird seems to bear  
 The sunshine on his wings away;  
 The heavy rocks o'er-hang the flood,  
 As if the sacrifice of blood,  
 Poured by the Druids, left the gloom,  
 That ever haunts the human tomb.

Their shadow falls, while at their feet  
 Dashes and foams the restless main,  
 Still beating like the human heart,  
 And, like that beating, still in vain:  
 Aye, lean upon the granite stone,  
 And muse o'er empires overthrown;  
 How thrones first tremble, and then fall,  
 And for the purple spreads the pall.

There's nothing here to win the eye,  
 Or waken calm and pleasant thought;  
 No early flowers, no springing leaves,  
 Are ever here by summer brought.  
 The stormy sky, the sullen sea,  
 Spread out in drear immensity:  
 Oh! suited to man's thoughtful mood,  
 It seems ambition's solitude.

Treryn Castle is the name given to some of those gigantic rocks, from which the idea of architecture would seem to have originated; though it is remarkable, that most mighty edifices have always been the work of flat countries. Perhaps those most accustomed to the presence of rock and mountain, shrank abashed before them. There are old legends which give the Druids Treryn Castle; but, as Dr. Paris observes, "Geologists readily discover, that the only chisel ever employed has been the tooth of time—the only artist engaged, the elements."



THUBARE.

A SMALL HARBOUR ON THE ARABIAN COAST, UPPER PART OF THE RED SEA.

*Artist: S. Austin - Engraved by: Wm. Miller*

## THUBARE, A PORT ON THE ARABIAN COAST.



HOW lovely port of Araby,  
 Of Araby the blest,  
 I think of the time, when thy summer clime,  
 Was bright on my midnight rest ;  
 And the gates uprose, which at evening close,  
 Lest they harbour forbidden guest.  
 Oh! I must let my thoughts go back,  
 O'er the charmed spots in memory's track ;  
 Back like a bark that at random sails,  
 Or the dreamings of those delicious tales.

Now, was not that a beautiful dream,  
 Of the prince who pined for love,  
 And who sought on his way, so mournfully,  
 For the arrow he shot above.  
 On he went through the gloomy wood,  
 Where the heavy boughs were sweeping,  
 Dark with a century's solitude,  
 Whose watch they had been keeping.  
 The moss was gray on each aged tree,  
 And the sound of the branches was that of the sea,  
 When, girt by the rocks, and stirred by the wind,  
 It moans like a giant in fetters confined.

Next he came to a gloomy cave,  
 But, oh! 'twas a cave like night ;  
 For the spars a trembling radiance gave,  
 Like the stars in the morning light ;  
 And a gentle meteor glided around,  
 It seemed like a living thing,  
 So soft was the gleam of its moonlit eyes !  
 So bright was its shadowy wing.  
 It moved with a song that was sweet and low,  
 As the waters when over white pebbles they flow ;  
 Around and before Prince Ahmed it shone,  
 And it looked a kind welcome, while guiding him on.

## THUBARE, A PORT ON THE ARABIAN COAST.

It was a radiant garden,  
 To which the cavern led,  
 Heavy with early roses,  
 A thousand thickets spread ;  
 Roses that breathe of summer,  
 To colder climes unknown,  
 With the burning sigh and colour  
 Of the lovely southern zone :  
 And there were silver fountains,  
 That in the noontide hours,  
 Fell down o'er marble basins,  
 In cool and fragrant showers ;  
 For the dews of evening fed them,  
 With the life of many a bloom,  
 Till blended with their waters  
 Was every flower's perfume.

And there were graceful cypress-trees,  
 That drooped above a lake ;  
 Oh, love, how much of loveliness  
 Was given for thy sake !  
 And buoyant on the liquid plain,  
 Which threw their image back again ;  
 A float of water-lilies reared  
 Their temples to the sun,  
 Shrines where some insect conqueror keeps  
 The red gold he has won ;  
 Or it might chance some victor bee  
 Made them his ivory treasury.

Glittering with light, a palace bright  
 Now rises on the air,  
 The meteor's blaze sinks 'mid its rays,  
 Oh! prince, thy home is there.  
 He enters, and a thrilling song  
 Rises those shining halls among ;  
 The first one was with amber lined,  
 Like that upon the west,  
 When one pale line of tender light  
 Shows where the day hours rest :

## THUBARE, A PORT ON THE ARABIAN COAST.

The next was of the sapphire stone,  
 The third with precious metals shone ;  
 The fourth was like the midnight sky,  
 When every star shines out on high ;  
     The roof was bright with pearl and gem,  
     Golconda's king might choose 'mid them  
     The glory of his diadem.

A lady leant upon the throne,  
     But pale with love, and pale with fear ;  
 For love and fear are at her heart,  
     The bright and mighty mistress here ;  
 The words are dying on her mouth,  
 A red rose opening to the south ;  
 The long lash hides her downcast eye,  
 Downcast, though glorious as the sky :  
 Whate'er her power, whate'er her will,  
 A woman is but woman still :  
 Her raven hair falls o'er her brow,  
 She's thankful for its shadow now ;  
 Her white hand clasped within his own,  
 The prince is kneeling at her throne.

Thou lovely port of Araby,  
     A vision and a dream,  
 Is on thine own enchanted shore,  
     Is on thy charmed stream :  
 Oh! glory to thy fair date-trees,  
 And to their thousand memories  
 Of moonlit walks, of midnight tales,  
     Of all our earlier world,  
 When all the colours of its youth  
     Like banners were unfurled ;  
 And fancy, at whose feet take birth  
 A thousand blossoms o'er our earth,  
 Was young, and ardent, and sublime,  
 Ah! little like our actual time.

It is scarce necessary to say, that the story to which the above poem refers, is that of the Fairy Pari-Banou and Prince Ahmed.



WATERFALL AND STONE QUARRY, NEAR BOSCASTLE.

*Artist: T. Allom - Engraved by: Wm. LePetit*



## BOSCASTLE WATERFALL AND QUARRY.



H, gloomy quarry! thou dost hide in thee  
The tower and shrine.

The city vast and grand and wonderful,  
And strong, is thine.

Look at the mighty buildings of our land,  
What once were they?  
Ere they rose fashioned by the cunning hand,  
In proud array.

One fronts me now, a temple beautiful,  
Touched by the light  
Which has so much of heaven—the light of eve,  
Golden and bright.

In dull relief against the cloudy sky

These turrets rise :

Our fine old Abbey, where the dust of kings,  
Tranquilly lies.\*

Winning the eye amid the crowded street,  
To other thought,  
Than that the haste, the noise, the changeful scene  
Around me brought.

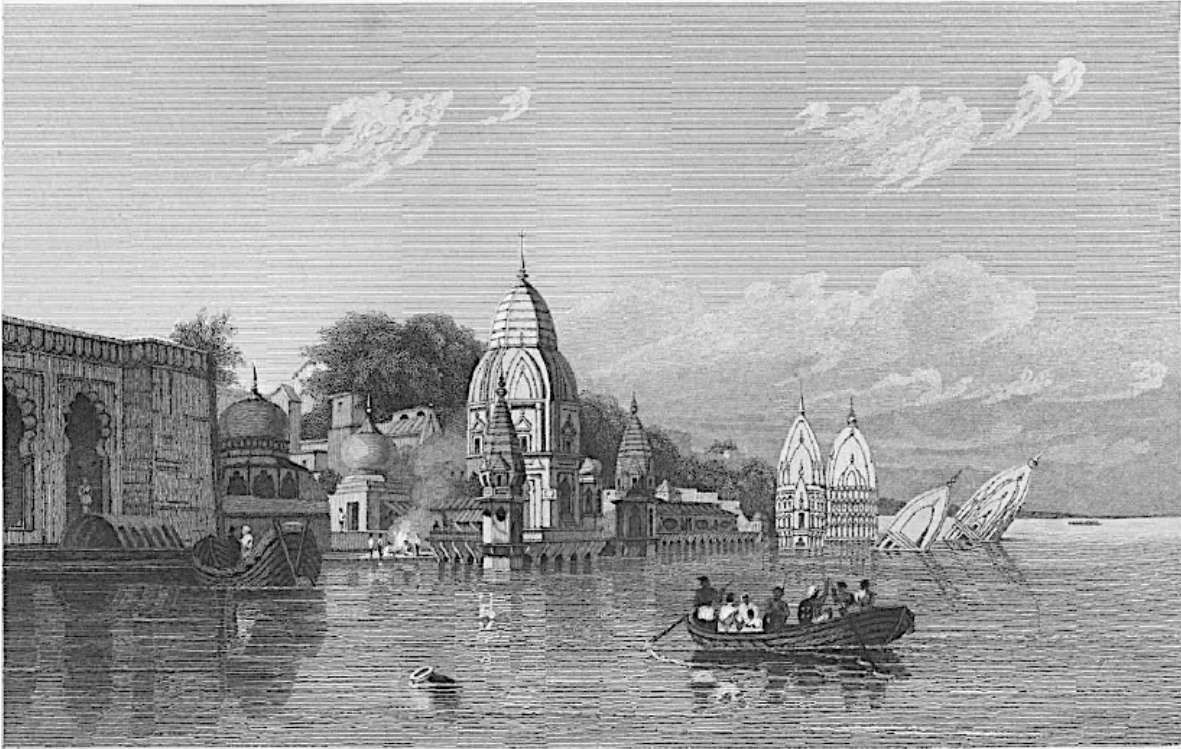
Mingling in air, the twin-born spires  
So nobly stand :

They seem eternal, yet are they the work,  
Man, of thy hand.

Yet, must they first have, in some quarry lain  
Rude, shapeless, lone,  
Until the mind of man inspired his hand  
To work in stone.

Alas! the contrast between us, and what  
We can create;  
That man should be so little in himself,  
His works so great.

\* We talk of the beauties of nature, I must own I am more pleased with those of art. I know no spectacle more impressive than a great street in a great city,—take Piccadilly, for instance; the immense variety of faces that hurry past, each without interest in the other, for how rare it is to remark the greeting even of acquaintance; indeed, you may often walk for days, and not meet a creature you know. The houses, with all their daily life—associations of comfort, force you to think how man's ingenuity has been exerted for man's pleasure. The shops, where every article is a triumph of ingenuity—some curious, some beautiful. The sweep of the Green Park: grass close beside the worn pavement,—the beautiful garden of Lord Coventry,—the royal gift destined for the solace of the blind and of the aged friend. Westminster Abbey rising in dim and dusky grandeur,—Westminster Abbey, where history becomes poetry, and whose illustrious dead are familiar to every memory. The many carriages, each like a grade in the complicated grades of society; the wealth few pause to envy, the poverty still fewer pause to pity. The gradual closing in of night, whose empire is here disputed by the lamps linked in one long line of light,—each holding its imprisoned flame, and, last, the triumphal arch at Hyde Park, while the open space behind is shrouded in unbroken darkness.



HINDOO TEMPLE, - BENARES.

*Artist: T. Boys - Engraved by: J. Thomas*

## HINDOO TEMPLES AT BENARES

AND day by day, and hour by hour,  
 The sacred stream floats past,  
 And rises higher o'er the shrines,  
 Doomed to its depths at last.

And soon above those stately domes  
 The fatal tide will flow,  
 And carved spire and sculptured tower  
 Sleep in the depths below

The temples have no worshippers,  
 The altar be unknown,  
 And weed and ooze in darkness rest  
 Upon the polished stone.

Oh, likeness of humanity,  
 'Tis thus that life flows on,  
 Till every fabric which we built  
 In early youth is gone.

The sacred and the beautiful,  
 The mighty and sublime ;  
 Alas, in vain, the heart would save  
 One single wreck from time.

The Temples to which the above lines allude, are already half immersed in water; a few more years, and the stream which was once their mirror, will be their shroud.

It is curious to observe how general is the tradition of man's deterioration: the Bramins say, that the Ganges first rose at Benares—a more sinful generation saw it recede to Hurdwar—a third had to follow it to Burahat—and the fourth age finds it still further off, as it has now its source amid the heights of Gungoutri.



**HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.**

A small, rectangular inset showing a handwritten signature in cursive script. The signature appears to read "Charlotte" followed by a flourish.

*Artist: Sir Thomas Lawrence - Engraved by: Wm. Fry*

## THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.



HE tears of a nation were shed for her doom,  
The wail of a people rose over her tomb.  
From palace and cottage one funeral cry,  
Asked—So gay and so lovely, oh, how could she die ?

Scarcely a year since her bridal had gladdened the land,  
The wreath on her forehead, the ring on her hand :  
When forth went the summons, and down came the blow ;  
And the young hope of England in dust was laid low.

Alas, for her husband, though others may weep,  
Ah, what is their sorrow, to what he must keep !

A dream for his midnight, a shade for his day,  
For which time has no comfort, and hope has no stay.

Love may be forgotten, when false or when vain ;  
And pride may recover its calmness again.  
But where is the solace for tears that are shed  
O'er the hope of a life-time, the loved and the dead.

Oh ! folly of deeming aught earthly can last,  
Life never knew sorrow whose reign has not past.  
Oh ! mockery of mockeries, to trust human heart,  
Whose grief is a shadow, to come and depart :

For he, the heart-broken, hath joy at his side,  
And again at the altar he stands with his bride.  
Oh ! dark shades of Claremont, find brightness and bloom,  
For the widower desolate returns a bridegroom.

" It is said, that Leopold and his young bride intend visiting this country, when they will spend a fortnight at Claremont."—*Morning Paper.*



THE LOVE LETTER.

*Artist: H. Richter - Engraved by: Chas. Rolls*

## THE LOVE LETTER.

'PRAY thee, maiden, heed him not,  
 Is not thine a happy lot?  
 Darling of my aged heart,  
 Canst thou be so glad to part,  
 Where thou art the sole delight,  
 From a home by thee made bright?  
 These are selfish words, and vain,  
 'Tis not thus I would restrain  
 Her, whose will I never curbed,  
 Whose young joy I ne'er disturbed:  
 But, for thine own sake, I say,  
 Fling that faithless scroll away.  
 Dost thou wish for nights that keep  
 Weary watch, to wake and weep?  
 Wouldst thou have thy bright cheek bear  
 Witness to its own despair,  
 With a dim and sunken eye,  
 Which is fain to close and die?  
 And, yet are not these the things,  
 Soon or late, love ever brings?  
 I have seen a careless smile  
 Hide a breaking heart the while,  
 Watched so much of youth and bloom  
 Sink to an untimely tomb;  
 Dearest one! and must there be  
 Such a destiny for thee?  
 Spare thyself such burning tears,  
 Pity thou thy own few years.  
 Vain these words! love never yet  
 Shunned or spared its own regret:  
 Thou art saddened and estranged,  
 And thy whole sweet nature changed;  
 Love has other love exiled,  
 Fare thee well, alas, my child.



ASSAR MAHAL, - BEEJAPORE.

*Artist: Thomas Boys - Engraved by: G. Hamilton*



## THE ASSAR MAHAL—RUINS NEAR AGRA.

ALAS, o'er the palace in ruins,  
 Time has past with a terrible trace—  
 Yet still the vast shrine and the temple  
 Seem to speak of a mightier race  
 Than ours, which exists by the minute,  
 And builds but by contract and steam,  
 Till the spirit has no where to wander,  
 And the heart has no rest for its dream.

But here in the desolate palace,  
 So stedfast amid its decay,  
 With its vast halls and sculptures remaining,  
 The builder alone past away:  
 What visions arise up before us,  
 The infinite and the unknown,  
 Now hidden and vague as the meaning,  
 Concealed in each strangely carved stone!

Who knows but those mystical letters\*  
 Might yield every secret of time—  
 Could the past be restored to the present,  
 Methinks 'twere a union sublime:  
 The past—dreaming, high and ideal,  
 The present—keen, selfish and wise,  
 'Twould be like the glorious old Grecian,  
 And again steal the fire from the skies.

We now make existence too actual,  
 'Twere better to float down the stream,  
 At the will of the wind and the current,  
 The best of our being a dream.  
 Alas, did I judge from experience,  
 Whatever the future may be,  
 I'd but ask of the past its illusions,  
 They were all that are precious to me.

\* Most of the ancient buildings are covered with hieroglyphics.



LANGDALE PIKES, WESTMORLAND.

*Artist: T. Allom - Engraved by: T. Jeavons*

## LANGDALE PIKES.

And through that valley winds a little stream like a pleasant thought, 'mid the gray rocks, and the purple heath; its banks are the only green things, as if the spring loved them for the sake of seeing her face mirrored in the clear stream. Some alders grow beside, and a profusion of wild flowers; also there is good sport for the angler.



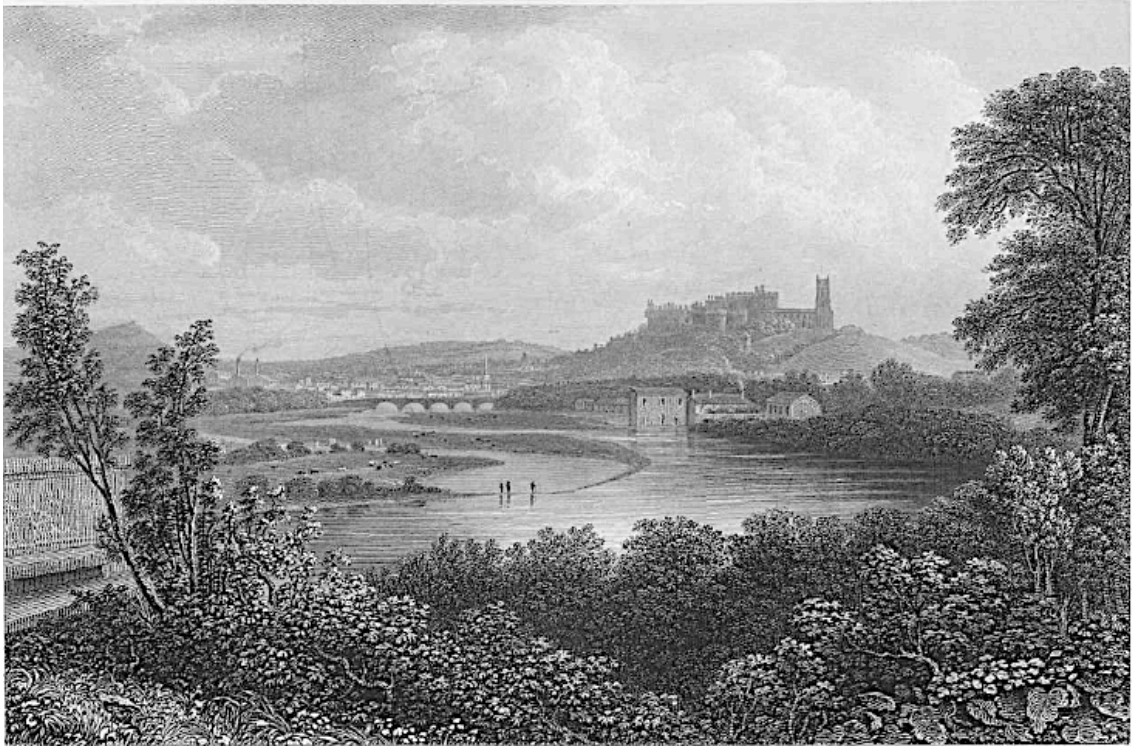
RISE up, rise up, the cheerful sun  
Has his golden race begun;  
Though low from your cottage eaves,  
Hang the thick vine's clustering leaves,  
Many a sunbeam has found way,  
Shining messengers of day:  
What can be the dream, whose power  
Keeps you at so late an hour?

All the trouble has been mine,  
Ready is your rod and line,

All prepared the rainbow flies,  
Tyre ne'er knew such radiant dies  
As the purple and the gold,  
Which their filmy wings unfold:  
Fairer baits were never cast—  
Ho! you sluggard, up at last?

What a silvery mist around,  
Rises from the dewy ground!  
Hot will be the noontide hours,  
May it soon come down in showers:  
But for shower or for shine,  
I know of a woodland shrine,  
Moss and leaves;—the fairy queen  
'Mid its blossoms must have been.

Glittering in the morning beam,  
Crystal runs our little stream,  
See the flag-flowers bright and blue,  
Tinge the small waves with their hue;  
Azure, like a maiden's eye,  
Surely there the trout will lie:  
Shadowy hangs the alder bough  
Hush! we must be silent now.



LANCASTER.

*Artist: J. Henderson - Engraved by: W. Finden*

## LANCASTER.



H, pleasant on a winter night,  
To see the fagot blaze,  
While o'er white wall and sanded floor,  
The cheerful firelight plays.

Rebecca sat beside the hearth,  
The wheel was at her knee,  
Round, round it went with ceaseless hum,  
And cheerfully worked she.

For company she had old songs,  
The simple and the true ;  
And as she sang, she felt her heart  
Its gladsome youth renew.

At first she sang unceasingly,  
And with a cheerful tone,  
Then paused, to ask the cuckoo clock,  
How much of night had flown.

The notes grew sorrowful, then ceased,  
She let her wheel stand still,  
And forth she looked, the quiet moon  
Was bright above the hill.

She blessed the blue and tranquil sky,  
And closed the cottage door ;  
Again her wheel turned busily,  
Her song arose once more.

But broken now by start and pause,  
And oft her wandering eye,  
Turned to the clock, and anxiously  
Watched each long hour pass by.

My mother she is late to-night,  
God keep her on her way ;  
Again Rebecca turned to watch  
The moors that round them lay.

## LANCASTER.

But now the moon had hid her light  
 Behind a heavy cloud,  
 Which o'er the azure face of heaven  
 Had darkened like a shroud.

The wind was howling, as it howls  
 O'er some sea-beaten strand :  
 So utter was the darkness round,  
 You could not see your hand.

The rain upon the casement beat,  
 And yet she flung it wide ;  
 And with dry brushwood, and with furze,  
 The blazing hearth supplied.

She knew their cottage was for miles  
 Seen shining thro' the night—  
 " God grant," she said with faltering voice,  
 " My mother sees the light."

She could not bear her agony,  
 For she could hear afar  
 The tumult of the rising flood,  
 With the wild wind at war.

With desperate steps she hurried forth ;  
 The lanthorn's feeble ray,  
 And the strong purpose of her heart  
 Sufficed her dangerous way.

How past with her that anxious night  
 To God is only known,  
 For reason in that fearful search  
 Was utterly o'erthrown.

At morning light the ebbing flood  
 Had yielded up its prey,  
 And there, by some strange impulse led,  
 Rebecca bent her way.

## LANCASTER.

They found her with her mother's head  
 Raised childlike on her arm,  
 And carefully her cloak was wrapt  
 To keep the dead one warm.

The cottage now is desolate  
 Upon that lonely moor ;  
 No firelight through the lattice gleams,  
 No rose climbs up the door.

By day and night Rebecca's steps  
 Upon the wild moors roam ;  
 Still bears the wind one piteous cry—  
 " Oh, mother dear, come home !"

In the neighbourhood of Lancaster, are the dangerous sands alluded to in the above poem. They are fordable at low water ; but darkness, fogs, or unexpected tides, have led to many melancholy accidents. Vide " Views and Illustrations in Lancashire."



DARTMOUTH CHURCH, DEVONSHIRE.

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



## DARTMOUTH CHURCH.

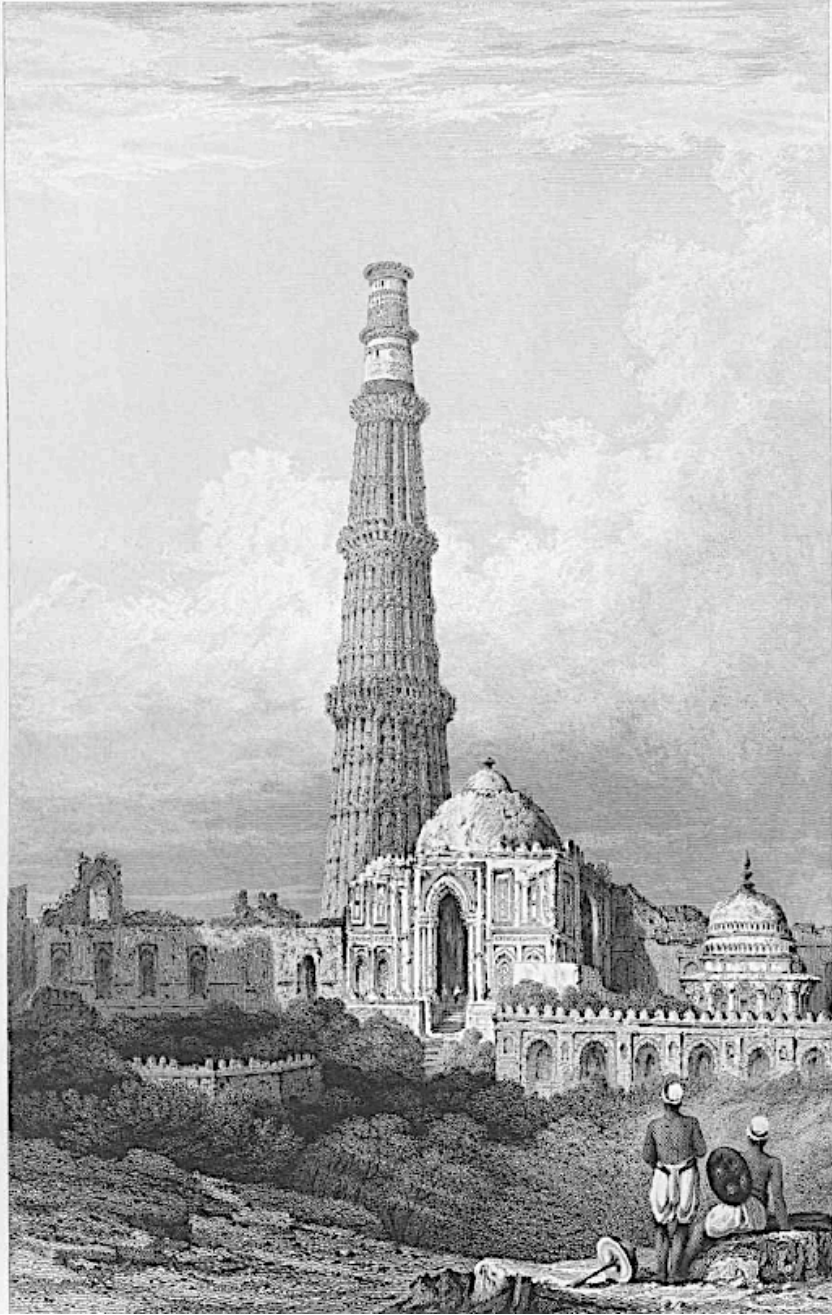


JUST where the evening sunbeams rest, there hangs  
 A simple tablet with a maiden's name,  
 And with a common history—alas,  
 That such things should be common! There are some  
 In youth so full of youth's divinest part,  
 Its hope, its ready sympathies, its joy,  
 That grief (our natural portion) seems to have  
 No part in them. Edith was one of these.  
 The morning gave its blushes and its light  
 To that sweet face, which shone upon us all  
 With an unconscious gladness. Never mouth

Had such a gay variety of smiles,  
 Her very hair was bright, and o'er her neck  
 Wandered like sunshine. Many an aged ear  
 Would listen for the music of her step,  
 For frequent was her visit to the old,  
 Who grew more cheerful, and thanked God that gave  
 A creature of such loveliness to earth:  
 The heart spoke in her countenance, and shewed  
 The inward beauty. Long before you saw,  
 You heard her glad voice singing like a bird,  
 E'en from the fulness of its own delight.  
 She passed away from us, as fades the flower  
 That bears the secret of its own decay.  
 Her cheek forgot its rose, or only wore  
 A hectic flush, and in her eyes there shone  
 A feverish radiance: from the first she knew  
 That on her was the shadow of the grave;  
 And as it darkened, she but grew more meek,  
 More calm, more earnest, and more spiritual,  
 As if she felt that heaven was her home,  
 And she but hastening thither.

In the melancholy occupation of turning over the note book of a deceased friend, I met with the following copy of, or idea for, a monumental inscription:—

“ EDITH RICHARDSON,  
 AGED EIGHTEEN YEARS AND THREE MONTHS.  
 SHE DIED YOUNG AND HAPPY.” *Dartmouth.*



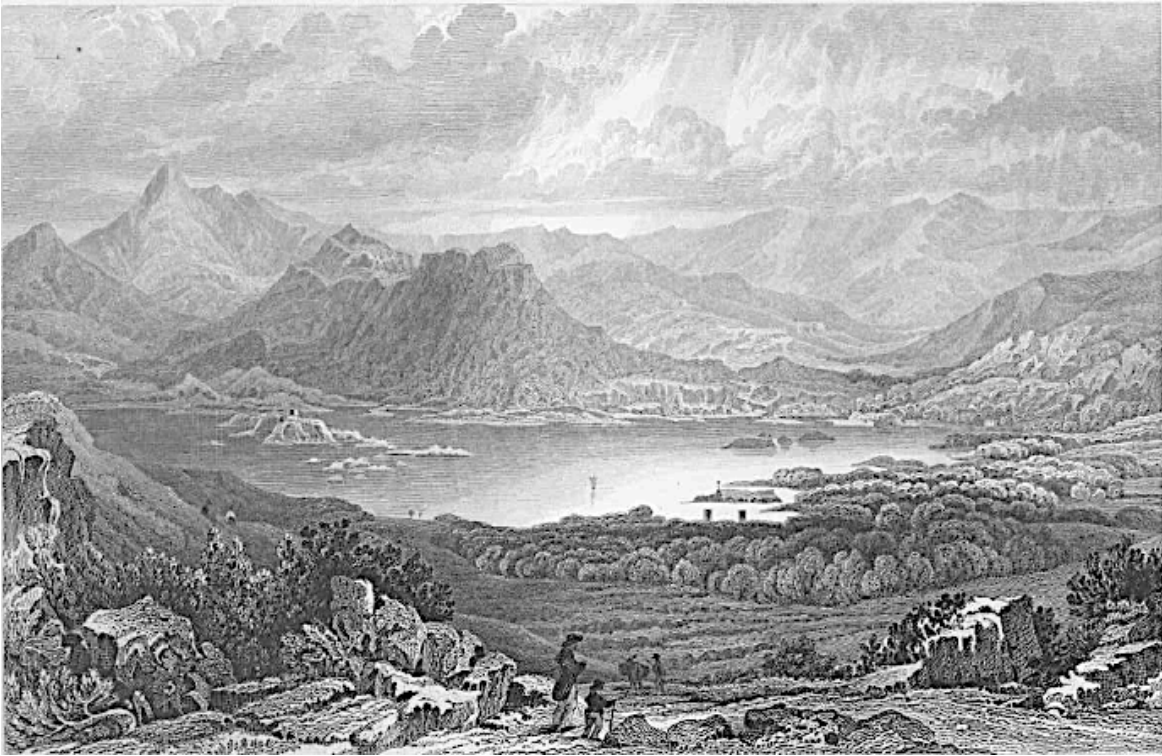
QUTUB MINAR, DELHI.

*Artist: S. Prout - Engraved by: E. Challis*

## THE COOTUB MINAR, DELHI.

"I HAVE forgotten," 'tis a common phrase  
 Said every hour, and said of every thing;  
 Objects of sight and hearing pass away,  
 As they had not impressed the eye nor ear:  
 Faces we loved, the voices we thought sweet,  
 Go from us utterly; the very heart  
 Remembers not its beatings; hopes, and fears,  
 In multitudes, leave not a trace behind.  
 One half of our existence is a blank;  
 A mighty empire hath forgetfulness!  
 History is but a page in the great past,  
 So few amid Time's records are unsealed.—  
 Here is a mighty tower: ere it was raised  
 Its builders must have had wealth, power, and time,  
 And a desire beyond the present hour.  
 Do not these mark a period and a state  
 Refined and civilized? a people past  
 Through each first process of humanity?  
 No dwellers these in tents, who only sought  
 A palm-tree and a well; and left behind  
 No sign, but a scant herbage. They who built  
 This lofty tower, which still defies decay,  
 Must have left many traces; yet not so—  
 This tower is all, and that has long since lost  
 All evidence of former times and men,  
 It has not one tradition.

It is curious to observe the complete oblivion that has attended all man's greatest efforts; those which asked their immortality of brick and stone. Architecture is the earliest and the most forgetful of the sciences. The pyramids remain as eternal as the earth that bears them; but the name of their founder has long since perished. The work is mightier than its master. The least intellectual effort has a memory far more lasting than that shrined by temple or tower. To me this seems the triumph of mind over matter.



GLENGARIFFE, CO. CORK, IRELAND.

*Artist: W. H. Bartlett - Engraved by: J. C. Varrall*

## GLENGARIFFE.

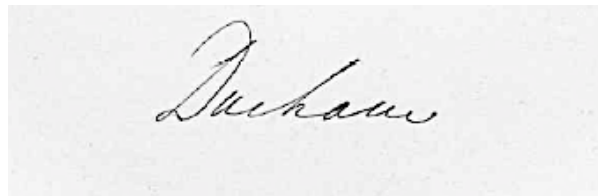


H LOVELY Picture, thou art one to haunt  
 The mind in feverish moods of discontent,  
 When noise and multitudes afflict the heart  
 With bitter sense of personal nothingness.  
 How beautiful the summer solitude  
 Of that lone water, which the mountain heights  
 Girdle as if from love! How sweet it were  
 To spend an August day in that small wood,  
 And listen to the sea! A glorious noon,  
 The earth, the heaven, the year, all in their prime,  
 When not a leaf has fallen from the trees,

And the rich green is deepest : scarce the sun,  
 Though shining as he shines on harvest's month,  
 Can penetrate the shadowy boughs, and give  
 Colour to small bright myriads of wild flowers,  
 That fill the grass. And when a shower falls  
 Amid the upper boughs, like music playing,  
 You hear, but feel it not. The sunny spots  
 Are where some tree, or time or thunder stricken,  
 Clad in gray moss, not foliage, leaves a place  
 Filled by the sunshine. Strange to think that death  
 Thus lets in light and life. Thou lovely bay,  
 I dream of beauty which I have not seen,  
 And yet I know : thanks to the art divine  
 Which haunts the eye with summer ; fills the mind  
 With natural love, and sweet and gentle thoughts,  
 Morning, and flowers ; green grass, and aged trees—  
 All that can soothe, and calm, and purify,  
 E'en 'mid a busy wilderness of streets.



**THE RIGHT HONBLE. JOHN GEORGE LAMBTON, BARON DURHAM.**



*Artist: Sir Thomas Lawrence F.R.A. - Engraved by: J. Cochran*

## THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD DURHAM,

NOW ON AN EMBASSY AT THE COURT OF RUSSIA.

WHAT are the glories, which on history's page  
 Make nations proud ; not that her fleets can sweep,  
 Like fate, above the ocean ; not that lands,  
 More mighty than herself, yet own her sway ;  
 Not that her armies might subdue a world ;  
 Not that strength sits within her walls, and wealth  
 Pours its abundance forth : these are but means,  
 And humble instruments, to work renown.  
 Look to what use she puts them. Does her flag  
 Extend protection ? Is her sword but drawn  
 For righteous uses ? Does her strength supply  
 Force to the weak ? and does her wealth relieve  
 The want which follows it ? England, these things  
 Are now demanded of thee :—Far away  
 A ship is sailing over northern seas,  
 And in that ship is one who comes from thee,  
 An English statesman, one who lately stood  
 And pledged himself to the immortal cause  
 Of the unalienable rights of man.  
 He goes—and in thy name, and with thy power,  
 To greet the Czar, he, whose far rule extends  
 —“ Even to Asia. Will he bear no word  
 Of wrath to the oppressor, and of hope  
 To the oppressed ? and will he raise no voice,  
 O gallant Poland ! in thy generous cause ?  
 A fearful state—that of society,  
 When all its natural order is o'erthrown,  
 By the o'erwhelming pressure of some fear,  
 More terrible than death ; and by some hope,  
 Desperate, but determined : then are changed  
 All common rules, children have thoughts like age,  
 While men 'merge every aim in one attempt ;  
 And all hands grow familiar with the sword.  
 E'en woman leaves the couch by which she watched,  
 The lute o'er which she leant, the home which owed  
 To her its happiness, and seeks the trench,  
 The guarded wall, or mounts the fiery steed ;

## THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD DURHAM.

The sabre glances, and along the line  
 Runs the red flashing of the musketry :  
 The cannon shakes the ground, she trembles not,  
 Her whole sweet nature altered by despair—  
 But stands her ground, and dies as heroes die.  
 This was the struggle—then the triumph came  
 Of the ferocious victor, blood was poured  
 Like wine at some gay feast; the fire arose  
 A wild illumination, for it came  
 From castles, destined ere the morn to be  
 A heap of ashes, and from cottages  
 The clustering vine would never cover more.  
 Crime and captivity were common things,  
 And tortures strange were heralds unto death.  
 'Twas an unequal struggle; but for that,  
 Should a free people have bent down the knee?  
 Is the expedient, then, our only law?  
 Must we give up the right, because we feel  
 That we are weak, and the oppressor strong?  
 Forbid it, England—by thine own great self,  
 By thine own yet unviolated hearths,  
 By the proud flags which in thy churches wave,  
 Each one a victory by land or sea,  
 Witnesses and thanksgivings to that God,  
 Whose arm upheld thee; by thy future hopes  
 Of peace, of plenty, and of liberty—  
 Let not thy minister go forth in vain :  
 The fate of Poland now is at thy will ;  
 The Autocrat will hear and heed thy voice ;  
 England, my glorious country, speak, and save !





TOMB OF HUMAION, - DELHI.

*Artist: W. Purser - Engraved by: W. Miller*

## THE TOMB OF HUMAIOON, DELHI.

THE Emperor Humaioon\* was the founder of the Mogul dynasty, the father of Akbar, and grandsire of "the magnificent son of Akbar Jehanghire," so well known as the kingly lover of Nourmahal, in "The Feast of Roses." In his early life he was much given to a solitude engrossed by the study of astrology. The rebellion of his brother called his attention from the heavens to the earth: he endured many vicissitudes of fortune, and was at one time an exile in Persia; he, however, triumphed at last, reascended his throne, where he was remarkable for all those finer qualities of mildness and humanity which generally belong to a more advanced period of civilization.



He stood alone upon a hill,  
Where he had built a tower,  
That he might watch in solitude  
How worked the midnight hour;

The blue sky spread above his head,  
As if indeed it were  
Another world to that sad earth,  
Man's heritage of care.

As yet the moon was in her youth,  
Her hour of strength untried,  
One white cloud round her, like the veil  
That hides an earthly bride.

From drooping leaves, and bending flowers,  
Exhaled the midnight dews!†  
Like love that from its inmost thoughts  
Its own sweet life renews,

Like floating islands on the air,  
The palm-tree's feathery crest  
Rose high and lone; there was no wind  
To stir its shadowy rest.

## THE TOMB OF HUMAIOON, DELHI.

White as the snow which never falls  
 On these delicious plains,  
 The marble city reared aloft  
 Its palaces and fanes ;

So delicately carved, so fair,\*  
 The graceful buildings stand,  
 Such as to us are like the dreams  
 Of some enchanted land.

Our northern shores have sullen skies,  
 The mist, the frost, the rain,  
 And soon the fairy fabric wears  
 The shadow, and the stain.

But here there is a purer air,  
 There is more genial sky,  
 As if the sun remembered still  
 His first bright infancy.

The monarch looked not on the scene,  
 Although it was so fair,  
 The stars are out upon the sky,  
 And every thought fixed there.

He looked upon them as the scrolls  
 Prophetic of our life,  
 The chronicles where Fate inscribes  
 Our sorrow, sin, and strife ;

All that we struggle with in vain,  
 All that we seek to shun,  
 The weird of that stern destiny,  
 Whose will must aye be done.

Who may deny that on the soul,  
 The coming hours may cast  
 Their shadow, till the future seem  
 As actual as the past.

## THE TOMB OF HUMAIOON, DELHI.

There are strange mysteries in night,  
 Its silence and its sleep ;  
 The pale moon, with the magic power  
 She has upon the deep.

What, though our common nature holds  
 No intercourse on high,  
 Though given not to common eyes  
 To read the starry sky ;

There may be lofty sympathies  
 Allowed to lofty minds,  
 And it may be to such that Fate  
 Her shining scroll unbinds.

Alas, for them, save misery,  
 What can such knowledge give ?  
 Had life no mystery, and no hope,  
 Oh ! who could bear to live !

\* Humaioon is the hero of a very interesting poem in Miss Roberts' interesting "Oriental Scenes," a volume, whose vivid descriptions of eastern landscape, could only have been written on the spot.

† In Sir William Herschell's "History of Natural Philosophy," one of the most delightful volumes that ever had attraction for even so unscientific a reader as myself, there is a theory of the origin of dew, which is there stated to be an exhalation from the plant itself. The many similes which poets have found in "the falling dews," are therefore erroneous ; mine may at least claim the merit of truth.

\* "The Patans," remarks Bishop Heber, "built like giants, and finished like jewellers."



LINMOUTH, NORTH DEVON.

*Artist: T. Allom - Engraved by: J. C. Bentley*

## L I N M O U T H.

Oh lone and lovely solitude,  
 Washed by the sounding sea !  
 Nature was in a poet's mood,  
 When she created thee.

How pleasant in the hour of noon  
 To wander through the shade ;  
 The soft and golden shade which June  
 Flings o'er thy inland glade :

The wild rose like a wreath above,  
 The ash-tree's fairy keys,  
 The aspen trembling, as if love  
 Were whispered by the breeze ;

These, or the beech's darker bough,  
 For canopy o'er head,  
 While moss and fragile flowers below  
 An elfin pillow spread.

Here one might dream the hours away,  
 As if the world had not  
 Or grief, or care, or disarray,  
 To darken human lot.

Yet 'tis not here that I would dwell,  
 Tho' fair the place may be,  
 The summer's favourite citadel :—  
 A busier scene for me !

I love to see the human face  
 Reflect the human mind,  
 To watch in every crowded place  
 Their opposites combined.

There's more for thought in one brief hour  
 In yonder busy street,  
 Than all that ever leaf or flower  
 Taught in their green retreat.

## LINMOUTH.

Industry, intellect, and skill  
 Appear in all their pride,  
 The glorious force of human will  
 Triumphs on every side.

Yet touched with meekness, for on all  
 Is set the sign and seal  
 Of sorrow, suffering, and thrall,  
 Which none but own and feel :

The hearse that passes with its dead,  
 The homeless beggar's prayer,  
 Speak words of warning, and of dread,  
 To every passer there.

Aye beautiful the dreaming brought  
 By valleys and green fields ;  
 But deeper feeling, higher thought,  
 Is what the city yields.

Pope's hackneyed line of "An honest man's the noblest work of God," has a companion in Cowper's "God made the country, but man made the town;" both are the perfection of copy-book cant. I am far from intending to deprecate that respectable individual, "an honest man," but surely genius, intellectual goodness and greatness, are far nobler emanations of the Divine Spirit than mere honesty. This is just another branch of that melodramatic morality which talks of rural felicity, and unsophisticated pleasures. Has a wife been too extravagant, or a husband too gay, all is settled by their agreeing to reform, and live in the country. Is a young lady to be a pattern person; forsooth, she must have been brought up in the country. Your philosophers inculcate it, your poets rave about it, your every-day people look upon it as something between a pleasure and a duty—till poor London has its merits as little understood as any popular question which every body discusses. I do own I have a most affectionate attachment for London—the deep voice of her multitudes "haunts me like a passion." I delight in observing the infinite variety of her crowded streets, the rich merchandise of the shops, the vast buildings, whether raised for pomp, commerce, or charity, down to the barrel-organ, whose music is only common because it is beautiful. The country is no more left as it was originally created, than Belgrave Square remains its pristine swamp. The forest has been felled, the marsh drained, the enclosures planted, and the field ploughed. All these, begging Mr. Cowper's pardon, are the works of man's hands; and so is the town—the one is not more artificial than the other. Both are the result of God's good gifts—industry and intelligence exerted to the utmost. Let any one ride down Highgate Hill on a summer's day, see the immense mass of buildings spread like a dark panorama, hear the ceaseless and peculiar sound, which has been likened to the hollow roar of the ocean, but has an utterly differing tone; watch the dense cloud that hangs over all—one perpetual storm, which yet bursts not—and then say, if ever was witnessed hill or valley that so powerfully impressed the imagination with that sublime and awful feeling which is the epic of poetry.



HALL I' THE WOOD, NEAR BOLTON.

*Artist: William Linton - Engraved by: Thomas Higham*



## HALL I' TH' WOOD.



HANGE, change, wondrous change,  
Mighty is thy power, and strange ;  
Summer sleeps beneath the snow,  
Fading follows autumn's glow :  
Time, what has its chronicle,  
But of thee and thine to tell ?

What can yonder house record ?  
First it had the feudal Lord,  
He whose banner swept the land,  
Which he held with red right hand ;  
He of 'scutcheon, shield, and plume,  
Rule of iron, will of doom.

Next there came the Cavalier,  
Light of word, and gay of cheer ;  
He who held the right divine,  
Floated best in good red wine :  
Reckless reveller died he,  
In his exile o'er the sea.

Followed him, the Squire who found,  
Chief delight in horse and hound :  
Merry then was Christmas time,  
Kept with carol, masque, and mime ;  
Glad the red hearth lit the hall,  
There was welcome then for all.

Last there was the Man of skill,  
Wind and wave were at his will :  
Thought and industry combined,  
One whose hand was taught by mind ;  
Toil and science, unto those,  
Vast the debt that England owes.

Such the change yon House hath seen,  
Surely best the last hath been :  
Such the blessings brought by peace,  
Patient toil and its increase.  
Better far than broil and brand,  
Art and labour in the land.

"Considerable obscurity invests the ancient history of this antiquated edifice: of several dates existing upon various parts of the building, the earliest is 1591."—<sup>6</sup>In 1770, part of this old mansion was inhabited by Mr. Samuel Crompton, an inhabitant of the parish of Bolton; and it was here that he invented and constructed a machine, which, from its combining the principles of the spinning-jenny and the water-frame, was named a *mule*." The progressive improvement in the manufacture of muslins and cambrics, that resulted from Mr. Crompton's scientific labours, occasioned the latter to be brought under the consideration of parliament, when a grant of £5000 was awarded to the inventor.—*Fisher's Illustrations of Lancashire*.

It is, therefore, no poetical fiction, to suppose that this house has had occupiers who would represent the various social changes in England.

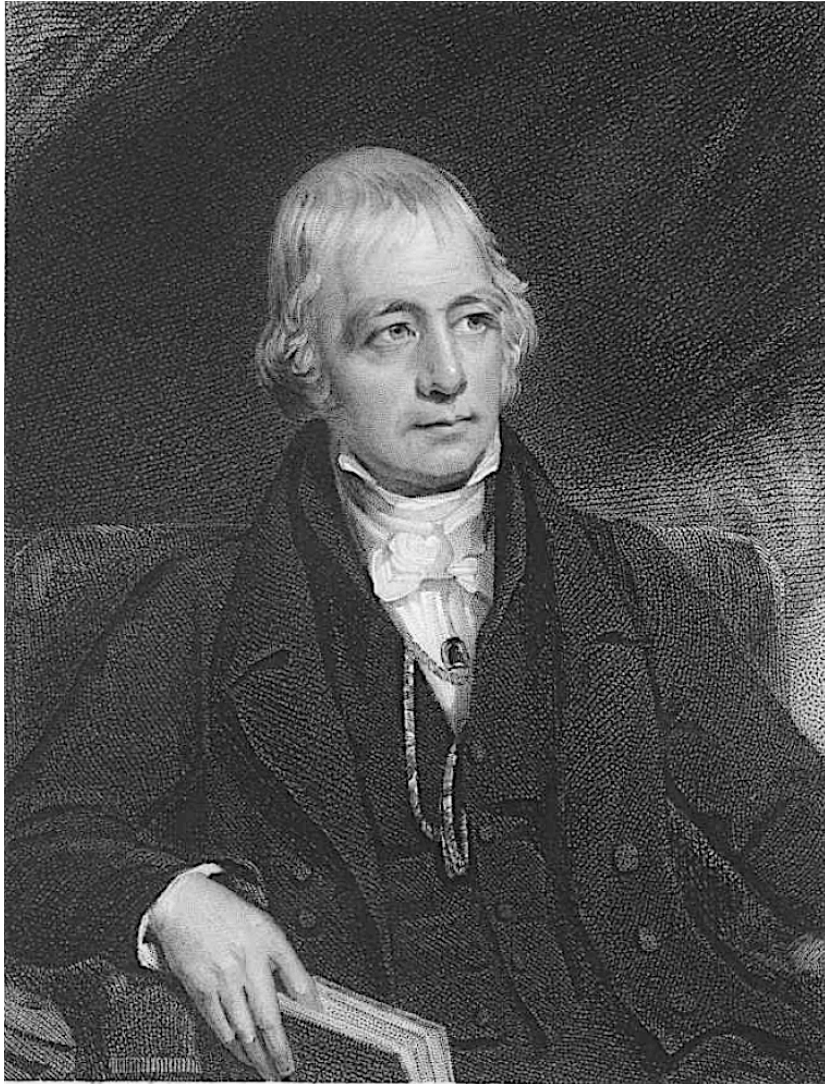


MACAO, CHINA.

*Artist: W. Harwood - Engraved by: W. Floyd*

## M A C A O.

GOOD Heaven! whatever shall I do?  
 I must write something for my readers:  
 What has become of my ideas?  
 Now, out upon them for seceders!  
 Of all the places in the world,  
 To fix upon a port in China;  
 Celestial empire, how I wish  
 I had been christened Celestina!  
 The wish however's served for rhyme,  
 But here again invention falters:  
 Had it but been a town in Greece;  
 I might have raved about its altars,  
 And talked of liberty and mass,  
 Of tyrants and Romaic dances,  
 Of Athens with a German king,  
 And fifty thousand other chances:  
 Or had it only been in Spain;  
 A few night-stars the midnight gemming,  
 And a guitar, I might have scribbled  
 The rest from Contarini Flemming:  
 Or Italy, the land of song;  
 Of myrtle, pictures, and of passion—  
 Ah! that was for mine earlier lute,  
 I write now in another fashion:  
 Or France, which, like an invalid,  
 Goes patching up a constitution;  
 Those three most glorious days in June,  
 Might have lain under contribution:  
 Or had it only been Madeira;  
 I might have made a charming fiction,  
 Of some young maiden crossed in love,  
 And dying of the contradiction.  
 I'm like a sailor sent to sea,  
 Sent with "no, nothing" for his sea-board;  
 What on earth can I find to say,  
 Of a pagoda, or a tea-board?  
 No love, no murder, no description,  
 Their only "old association"  
 Is with the willow-pattern plates,  
 That on the dresser have their station.  
 I give it up in pure despair;  
 But well the muse may turn refractory,  
 When all her inspiration is—  
 A Chinese Town, and an English Factory.



**SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART..**



*Artist: T. Graham, Esq. - Engraved by: J. Thomson*

## SIR WALTER SCOTT.

DEAD!—it was like a thunderbolt  
 To hear that he was dead;  
 Though for long weeks the words of fear  
 Came from his dying bed;  
 Yet hope denied, and would deny  
 We did not think that he could die.



HE poet has a glorious hold  
 Upon the human heart,  
 Yet glory is from sympathy  
 A light alone—apart;  
 But there was something in thy name,  
 Which touched us with a dearer claim.

The earnest feeling borne to thee  
 Was like a household tie,  
 A sunshine on our common life,  
 And from our daily sky.  
 Thy works are those familiar things  
 From which so much of memory springs.

We talked of them beside the hearth,  
 Till every story blends  
 With some remembered intercourse  
 Of near and dearest friends,  
 Friends that in early youth were ours,  
 Connected with life's happiest hours,

How well I can recall the time  
 When first I turned thy page,  
 The green boughs closed above my head  
 A natural hermitage;  
 And sang a little brook along,  
 As if it heard and caught thy song.

## SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I peopled all the walks and shades  
 With images of thine ;  
 The lime-tree was a lady's bower,  
 The yew-tree was a shrine :  
 Almost I deemed each sunbeam shone  
 O'er banner, spear, and morion.

Now, not one single trace is left  
 Of that sequestered nook ;  
 The very course is turned aside  
 Of that melodious brook :  
 Not so the memories can depart,  
 Then garner'd in my inmost heart.

The past was his—his generous song  
 Went back to other days,  
 With filial feeling, which still sees  
 Something to love and praise,  
 And closer drew the ties which bind  
 Man with his country and his kind.

It rang throughout his native land,  
 A bold and stirring song,  
 As the merle's hymn at matin sweet,  
 And as the trumpet strong :  
 A touch there was of each degree,  
 Half minstrel and half knight was he.

How many a lonely mountain glade,  
 Lives in his verse anew,  
 Linked with associate sympathy,  
 The tender and the true ;  
 For nature has fresh beauty brought,  
 When animate with life from thought.

'Tis not the valley nor the hill,  
 Tho' beautiful they be,  
 That can suffice the heart, till touched  
 As they were touched by thee ;  
 Thou who didst glorify the whole,  
 By pouring forth the poet's soul.

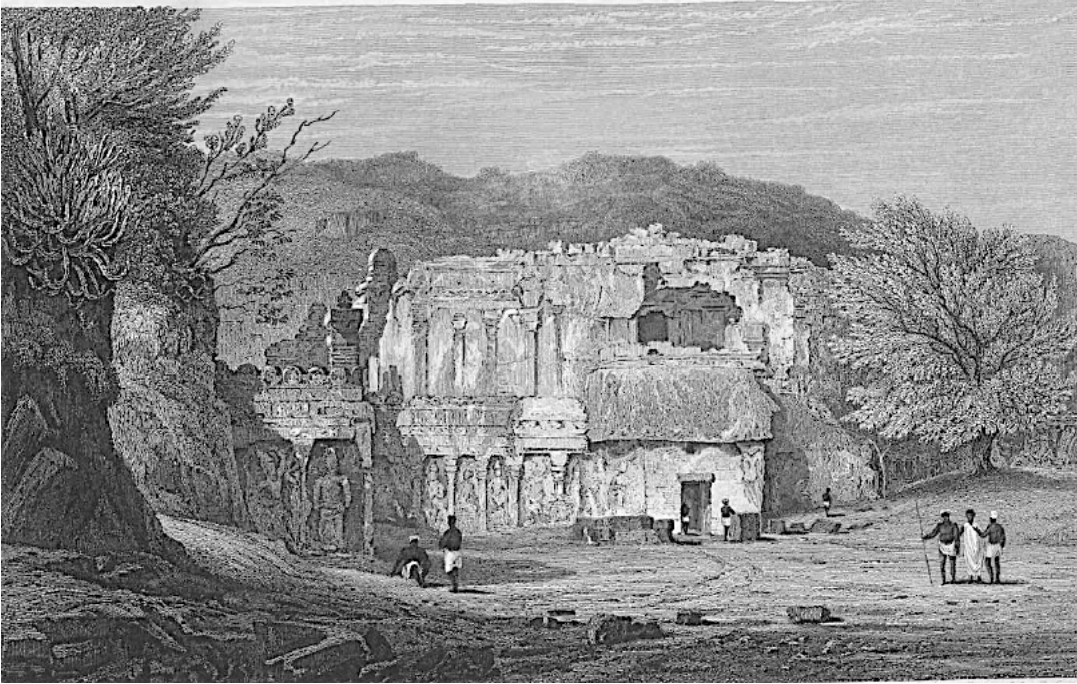
## SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Who now could stand upon the banks  
 Of thine own "silver Tweed?"  
 Nor deem they heard thy "warrior's horn,"  
 Or heard thy "shepherd's reed?"  
 Immutable as Nature's claim,  
 The ground is hallowed by thy name.

I cannot bear to see the shelf  
 Where ranged thy volumes stand,  
 And think that mute is now thy lip,  
 And cold is now thy hand;  
 That, hadst thou been more common clay,  
 So soon thou hadst not passed away.

For thou didst die before thy time,  
 The tenement o'erwrought,  
 The heart consumed by its desire,  
 The body worn by thought;  
 Thyself the victim of thy shrine,  
 A glorious sacrifice was thine.

Alas, it is too soon for this—  
 The future for thy fame;  
 But now we mourn, as if we mourned  
 A father's cherished claim.  
 Ah! time may bid the laurel wave—  
 We can but weep above thy grave.



FRONT VIEW OF THE KYLAS, CAVES OF ELLORA.

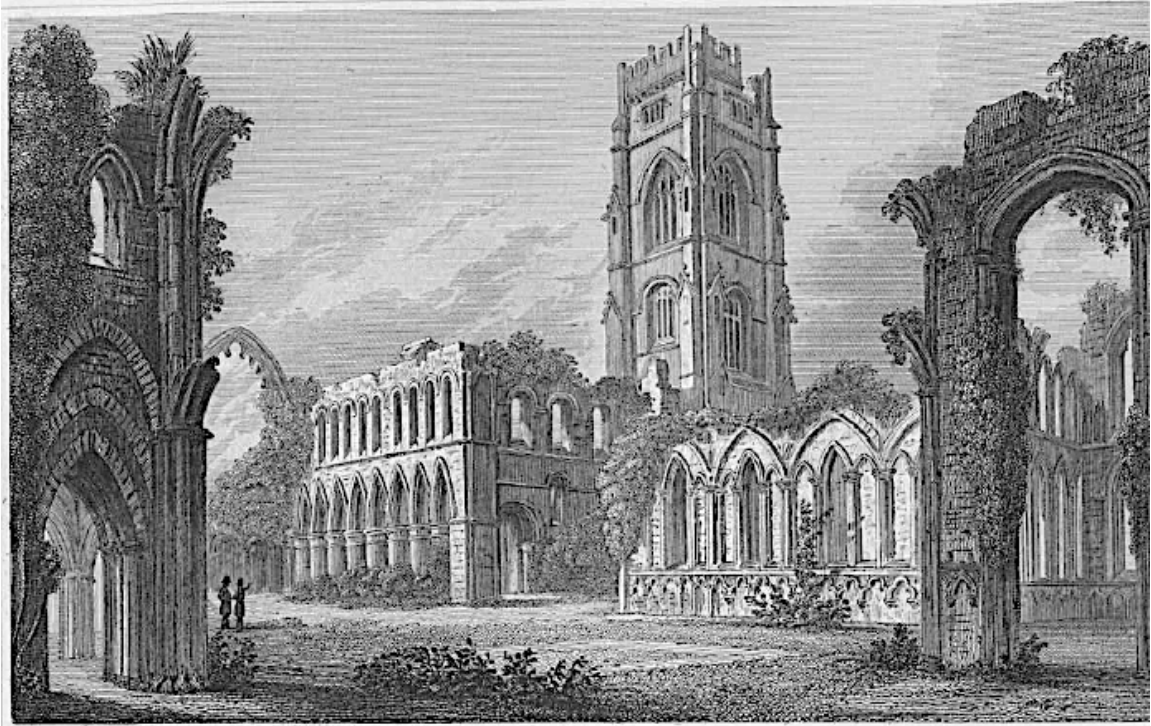
*Artist: S. Prout - Engraved by: R. Sands*



## THE KYLAS, CAVES OF ELLORA.

THE East, it is thy birth-place, thou bright sun ;  
 There, too, the mind of man first felt its power,  
 And did begin its course. These mighty fanes  
 Were of its earliest efforts : that fine skill  
 And high imagination, which called forth  
 These giant temples, have, in other shapes,  
 Gone forth to civilize the world—oh! sun,  
 Still following in thy track, and, like thy light,  
 Leaving thick darkness when it past away.  
 All things are signs in nature, still there are  
 Subtle analogies we dimly trace.  
 Perhaps our moral world has but its day,  
 Of which the great sun is the glorious type ;  
 And intellect will run its course, and set.  
 If so, we touch on the extremest verge  
 Of our horizon ; and our arts, our power,  
 Our conquests o'er the many realms of mind.  
 Wealth, painting, sciences, and poetry,  
 Are but that rich magnificence of hues  
 Which heralds in the closing of our day.  
 These giant fabrics were the first great signs  
 Of man's dominion o'er his mother earth :  
 We have had other triumphs, have achieved  
 Victories o'er all the other elements ;  
 And having run mankind's appointed race,  
 Perchance the night comes on, and what we deem  
 Meridian is our setting.

Lord Munster, in his "Overland Journey from India," observes, when speaking of his visit to the Caves of Ellora—"I felt a sensation of gratitude, and almost of esteem, towards the religion which had effected a labour so immense and so remarkable. Every thing around me spoke of other times, of individuals, nations, and arts long since past away ; and I took a hurried view of the present state of India, looking in vain for any power or class of men, great, or I may almost say omnipotent enough, to venture on so prodigious an undertaking." — — — "As I stood in Keylas, casting a rapid glance from those ages concealed in impenetrable darkness, in which the stupendous monuments of art before me had arisen, down to the present moment, I sought in vain for any incident in the lapse of time, which could convey an equal conception of the power of man over matter." The writer might well proceed to ask, "Whether the object of amazement, next to this, in the history of India, was not that of the inhabitants of an island in the outskirts of Europe, unknown even by name in these regions, till they were first seen as merchants, and then as conquerors ; and who, during little more than half a century, had, by a gradual extension of military operations, established over the country an influence or dominion which may now be said to be universal."



FOUNTAIN'S ABBEY.

*Artist: N. W. Hook - Engraved by: J. Rogers*

## FOUNTAIN'S ABBEY.



EVER more, when the day is o'er,  
Will the lonely vespers sound ;  
No bells are ringing—no monks are singing,  
When the moonlight falls around.

A few pale flowers, which in other hours  
May have cheered the dreary mood ;  
When the votary turned to the world he had spurned,  
And repined at the solitude.

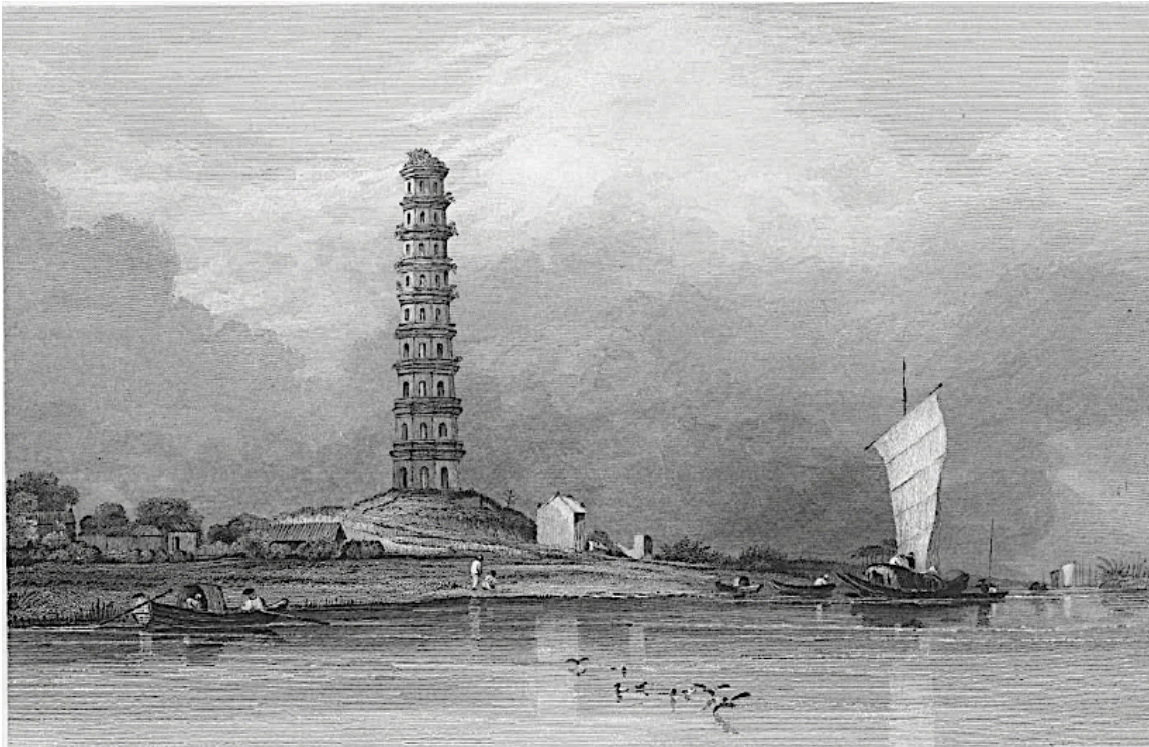
Still do they blow 'mid the ruins below,  
For fallen are fane and shrine,  
And the moss has grown o'er the sculptured stone  
Of an altar no more divine.

Still on the walls, where the sunshine falls,  
The ancient fruit-tree grows ;  
And o'er tablet and tomb, extends the bloom  
Of many a wilding rose.

Fair though they be, yet they seemed to me  
To mock the wreck below ;  
For mighty the tower, where the fragile flower  
May now as in triumph blow.

Oh, foolish the thought, that my fancy brought ;  
More true and more wise to say,  
That still thus doth spring, some gentle thing,  
With its beauty to cheer decay.

'Many a garden flower grows wild;' amid the ruins of the old monasteries, many a weary hour may their cultivation once have beguiled. At Fountain's Abbey there is still preserved a species of pear peculiar to the place.



CHINESE PAGODA, = BETWEEN CANTON AND WHAMPOA.

*Artist: J. Copley Fielding - Engraved by: Thos. Jeavons*

## THE CHINESE PAGODA.

WHENE'ER a person is a poet,  
 No matter what the pang may be;  
 Does not at once the public know it?  
 Witness each newspaper we see.

“The parting look,” “the bitter token,”  
 “The last despair,” “the first distress;”  
 “The anguish of a heart that's broken—”  
 Do not these crowd the daily press?

If then our misnamed “heartless city,”  
 Can so much sympathy bestow;  
 If there is so much public pity  
 For every kind of private woe;

Why not for me?—my care's more real  
 Than that of all this rhyming band;  
 Whose hearts and tears are all ideal,  
 A sort of joint-stock kept on hand.

I'm one of those, I do confess,  
 Whom pity greatly can console;  
 To tell, is almost to redress,  
 Whate'er the “sorrow of my soul.”

Now, I who thought the first\* vexatious,  
 Despaired, and knew not what to do,  
 Abused the stars, called fate ungracious—  
 Here is a second Chinese view!

I sent to Messrs. Fisher, saying  
 The simple fact—I could not write;  
 What was the use of my inveighing?—  
 Back came the fatal scroll that night.

“But, madam, such a fine engraving,  
 The country, too, so little known!”  
 One's publisher there is no braving—  
 The plate was work'd, “the dye was thrown.”

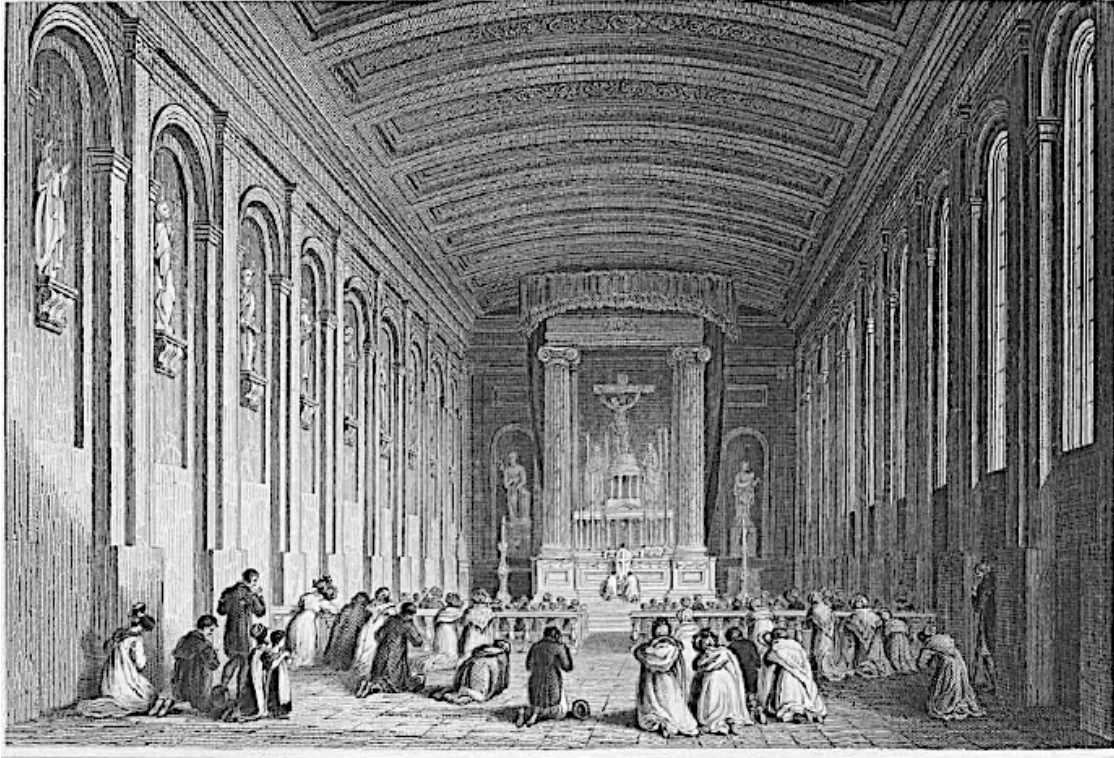
## CHINESE PAGODA

But what's impossible, can never,  
By any hazard come to be,  
It is impossible that ever  
This place can furnish hints to me.

O Captain Elliot, what could make you  
Forsake the Indian fanes of yore ?  
And what in mercy's name could take you  
To this most stupid Chinese shore ?

If in this world there is an object,  
For pity which may stand alone,  
It is a poet with no subject,  
Or with a picture worse than none.

---



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE CARMELITE FRIARY.

*Artist: Geo. Petrie, Esq. F.R.A. - Engraved by: J. Rogers*

## CHURCH OF THE CARMELITE FRIARY.



LONG years have fled away since last  
 I stood upon my native land,  
 And other longer years have past  
 Since here I raised a suppliant hand ;  
 And yet how oft the sacred shrine,  
 How oft the holy vesper song  
 Again in slumber have been mine,  
 Upon the night hour borne along ;  
 And wakened in the wanderer's mind  
 His early hope, and early fear,  
 All that my youth had left behind,  
 All that my youth held more than dear :  
 Methinks it has not all been lost,  
 The influence of that holy fane ;  
 How often has its image crost,  
 And checked when other checks were vain.  
 Rage and revenge, and worldly care,  
 Have all been calmed and purified,  
 By memory of the childish prayer  
 I whispered at my mother's side.  
 Again I see the sunbeams fall  
 Upon the sculptured aisles' array ;  
 Again the marble saints recall  
 The feelings of my earlier day.  
 Still be their holy presence given,  
 Still be their faith alive in me,  
 For he hath need to hope in heaven,  
 Whose home is on the stormy sea !

These lines refer to an anecdote told me by a young Naval Officer, respecting the capture of a piratical vessel, off the coast of Brazil, about eight years since. The crew consisted of a mixture of all nations, among whom there were two Irishmen and a Scotchman. They all fought with desperation, and several were killed in the action which took place between the boats of the English ship and the pirate. "I was made prize-master," said the gallant relater to me, "and amongst some papers which I found on board, was an unfinished letter in English, which made me lament the fate of the writer, who, no doubt, was one of the unfortunate trio of our fellow-subjects on board. The Scotchman made his escape; one of the Irishmen died of his wounds; the other was hanged at Rio, and, from his demeanour at the place of execution, I have always considered him to be the writer of the letter which I found."

I was afterwards presented with the original letter. It appears to have been addressed to an early friend in the West Indies, and from it the following passage is extracted:

"Amid all the chances of warfare, and through the changes of desperate years, I have never forgotten that holy chapel where first I was taught to pray, and its memory has often come over me with a blessed and saving influence. Fortune has made me not only the sport of the elements, but the companion in arms of daring and unprincipled men. I have been so familiar with scenes of murder, as scarcely to shudder at them; to this my evil destiny has forced me, but, though compelled to be a sharer in them, my heart has never scoffed at its Maker, nor has my hand been raised but in self-defence; or, what was the same thing, in the duty I was obliged to perform—in which disobedience, or even hesitation, would have caused instant death."





FUTTIPORE SICRI.

*Artist: W. Purser - Engraved by: W. Brandard*

## FUTTYPORE SICRI.

THE FAVOURITE RESIDENCE OF THE EMPEROR ACKBAR.



HE summer palace of the king,  
 Whose lightest word was enough to bring  
 Every gem and every flower,  
 To light his hall—and to wreath his bower.  
 Can you not fancy the summer-time,  
 Such as it is in a southern clime?  
 Can you not fancy the glorious home,  
 To which the conqu'ring monarch would come,  
 When the sabre was sheath'd, and the struggle was done,  
 And the red banner waved for the victory won,  
 And the rudest of sights or of sounds on the gale,  
 Was the fall of a footstep—the wave of a veil?

I cannot; I think of the victor's red hand,  
 Which swept its own kindred in blood from the land,  
 Which sundered the ties that in youth are entwined,  
 When the heart is most warm, and the temper most kind.  
 The grave has its vengeance—the dead have their power  
 In the terrible silence of midnight's dark hour,  
 When each shade is a spectre—and winds have a tone,  
 To the ear of the innocent sleeper unknown;  
 When the visions ascend from the depths of the tomb,  
 And strange shadows flit thro' the spectral room.  
 Spread ye the purple, and pour ye the wine,  
 Let the incense arise till the room be a shrine;  
 Wreath the bright tresses—let sweet voices sing.  
 They chase not the past from thy spirit, O king;  
 From the dead and their shadows thou never may'st flee,  
 And the blood thou hast shed is for ever with thee.



DARTFORD CASTLE & HARBOUR.

*Artist: T. Allom - Engraved by: J. Thomas*

## DARTMOUTH CASTLE.

I SHOULD like to dwell where the deep blue sea  
 Rock'd to and fro as tranquilly,  
 As if it were willing the halcyon's nest  
 Should shelter through summer its beautiful guest.  
 When a plaining murmur like that of a song,  
 And a silvery line come the waves along :  
 Now bathing—now leaving the gentle shore,  
 Where shining sea-shells lay scattered o'er.

And children wandering along the strand,  
 With the eager eye and the busy hand,  
 Heaping the pebbles and green sea-weed,  
 Like treasures laid up for a time of need.  
 Or tempting the waves with their daring feet,  
 To launch, perhaps, some tiny fleet :  
 Mimicking those which bear afar,  
 The wealth of trade—and the strength of war.

I should love, when the sun-set reddened the foam,  
 To watch the fisherman's boat come home, \*  
 With his well-filled net and glittering spoil :  
 Well has the noon-tide repaid its toil.  
 While the ships that lie in the distance away,  
 Catch on their canvass the crimsoning ray ;  
 Like fairy ships in the tales of old,  
 When the sails they spread were purple and gold.

Then the deep delight of the starry night,  
 With its shadowy depths and dreamy light :  
 When far away spreads the boundless sea,  
 As if it imaged infinity.  
 Let me hear the winds go singing by,  
 Lulling the waves with their melody :  
 While the moon like a mother watches their sleep,  
 And I ask no home but beside the deep.



AURUNGZEBE'S TOMB, ROZAH.

*Artist: S. Prout - Engraved by: W. Woolnoth*

## THE TOMB OF AURUNGZEBE.

" Oh, fleeting honours of the dead,  
Oh, high ambition lowly laid."

" A MIGHTY tomb, fit for a mighty king,  
One last great mockery, a thousand slaves  
Dug marble from the quarry, then arose  
The slow foundation—men put forth their skill  
In rich devices, and in ornament,  
Then towered the rounded column, and the walls  
Shone with red gold and many-coloured stones.  
Then spread the brodered purple for a pall,  
And all for what ?—to hide some grains of dust."  
So might the cynic say ; so say not I.  
It is a glorious thing for man to war  
With time, by some great work. Wherefore was skill,  
And energy, and industry, bestowed,  
If that he use them not ? How many hearts  
In the completion of this building throbbed  
With the fine pride of art—that pride which leads  
To all that can redeem or civilize  
Our human nature. Now, what solemn thoughts  
Brood here ! an atmosphere from which we draw  
Such lessons as the dead alone can give,  
And only they when present to the mind,  
As they are present in this monument—  
Oh, build tombs for the dead, they're mightier there  
Than in their living palaces !

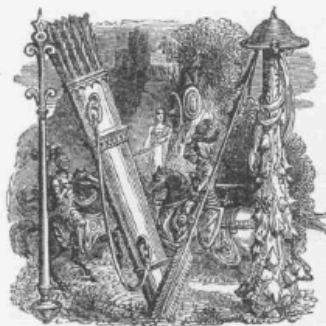


**CUTHBERT COLLINGWOOD. BARON COLLINGWOOD.**

A rectangular box containing a handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Collingwood".

*Artist: F. Howard - Engraved by: W. Finden*

## ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.



ETHINKS it is a glorious thing,  
 To sail upon the deep ;  
 A thousand sailors under you,  
 Their watch and ward to keep :

To see your gallant battle-flag,  
 So scornfully unrolled,  
 As scarcely did the wild wind dare  
 To stir one crimson fold :

To watch the frigates scattered round,  
 Like birds upon the wing ;

Yet know, they only wait your will—  
 It is a glorious thing.

Our Admiral stood on the deck,  
 And looked upon the sea ;  
 He held the glass in his right hand,  
 And far and near looked he :

He could not see one hostile ship  
 Abroad upon the main ;  
 From east to west, from north to south,  
 It was his own domain.

“ Good news is this for Old England,”  
 Forth may her merchants fare  
 Thick o'er the sea—no enemy  
 Will cross the pathway there.

A paleness came upon his cheek,  
 A shadow to his brow :  
 Alas, our good Lord Collingwood,  
 What is it ails him now !

Tears stand within the brave man's eyes,  
 Each softer pulse is stirred ;  
 It is the sickness at the heart,  
 Of nope too long deferred.



## ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.

He's pining for his native seas,  
 And for his native shore :  
 All but his honour he would give,  
 To be at home once more.

He does not know his children's face,  
 His wife might pass him by,  
 He is so altered—did they meet,  
 With an unconscious eye :

He has been many years at sea,  
 He's worn with wind and wave :  
 He asks a little breathing space,  
 Between it and his grave :

He feels his breath come heavily,  
 His keen eye faint and dim ;  
 It was a weary sacrifice,  
 That England asked of him.

He never saw his home again—  
 The deep voice of the gun,  
 The lowering of his battle-flag,  
 Told when his life was done.

His sailors walked the deck, and wept ;  
 Around them howled the gale ;  
 And far away two orphans knelt,  
 A widow's cheek grew pale.

Amid the many names that light  
 Our history's blazoned line,  
 I know not one, brave Collingwood,  
 That touches me like thine.

There is a brief but most affecting memoir of Lord Collingwood, in Fisher's National Portrait Gallery. Feeling every hour his health failing him, he repeatedly petitioned to be recalled—his services were too valuable, and he died in his "high command." I know nothing more touching than the affectionate regrets he expresses in his letters to his children, that they are growing up in ignorance of their father.