



NE  
1721  
G136  
1848

The People's Gallery of  
Engravings : second series =  
Gallery of Engravings.  
cond series  
London : Speter  
Jackson, \$c185?.

NN JUN 1'92











*Portrait of a young lady*  
*from the book*







THE PEOPLE'S GALLERY

ENGRAVINGS.

Second Series



by Sir W. J. P. R.A.



# THE PEOPLE'S GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS.

---

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

A FAIR face, and a fragile arm,  
In England's present hour,  
Assume the Sceptre and the Crown,  
Emblems of Royal Power.  
And he who deems a woman's hand  
Should scarce have strength to sway,  
Let him but gaze on that fair face,  
And it shall say him nay.  
Bold resolution,—frankest truth,  
Courage to dare, or die,  
Live in that snowy brow's expanse,  
That blue imperial eye :  
And England treasures glorious days,  
Link'd with a woman's reign :  
The Past hath given the Future pledge,  
Such trust need not be vain !

Firm planted, like our native Oak,  
(To flourish evermore,)  
Religion rose in Majesty,  
The storms of faction o'er,  
And flung her holy ample shade,  
Along the quiet land,  
When England's destinies were sway'd  
By Woman's Royal hand :

While one by one, like circling stars,  
 That dawn upon the night,  
 Name after name its glory threw  
 Around the Sovereign's might,  
 Sage, Warrior, Poet, Statesman, claim'd  
 Their place in History's page,—  
 And stamp'd that term of Woman's rule,  
 As Britain's "Golden Age."

With many a glorious motive more,  
 And many an error less,  
 Than made the Rainbow and the Cloud,  
 In days of "good Queen Bess :"—  
 Without th' intolerance which blurr'd  
 That yet unsettled time ;  
 (Gross cruelties,—which shall not mar  
 This light triumphant rhyme !)  
 Without the vanity which gave  
 The chrysolite its flaw,—  
 And bade the Courtier-Lovers watch  
 Her will's despotic law :—  
 Without the loneliness which brought,  
 No Heir to England's throne,  
 (But rapid boast of that deep loss,  
 No lovely child to own :)—  
 Blest with the sunshine of dear love,—  
 And Motherhood's proud joy,—  
 Her own and England's hopes renew'd,  
 In many a stately boy :—  
 All holy ties of Life complete,  
 A Woman,—though a Queen,  
 So may Victoria's reign surpass,  
 The glories that have been !  
 May Justice hold with equal hand,  
 The balance of the scale ;  
 Nor Favour, nor Oppression, bid  
 The undue side prevail ;  
 May none be held so proud, that they  
 May impudently dare ;  
 May none be thought too low and mean,  
 A subject's right to share ;

But over all,—since Heaven first gave  
 A kingdom, for a dower,—  
 May Heaven's clear justice still appear,  
 Protection, joined with Power.  
 And God prolong the happy days,  
 To distant lines of light,—  
 And guard that fair anointed head,  
 In every sacred right !

---

T H E B U L L - F I G H T .

THE land of romance and enchantment art thou, oh ! sunny Spain ; so bright with thy citron groves and olive bowers, thy fair myrtle flowers half shaded by dark foliage, thy shining oranges like

“ golden lamps hid in a night of green,”

and thy richly-laden vines with their purple clusters, glowing in the warm sunlight. And the sunbeams fall on thy ruined towers and castles, the glorious remnants of antiquity. There are the proud halls where the Cid held his banquet of state ; once they were filled with all the pomp and splendour of earthly grandeur—they are silent now ; but even their very desolation is beauty itself ; the grass grows within the festal hall ; and wild flowers wreath themselves around the polished marble columns of the regal palaces of a generation long since past away. It is recorded, that the last Moorish monarch who sat upon the Spanish throne, when compelled to abdicate his kingly authority, wept as he took a farewell gaze of the luxuriant valleys and bold rocky heights of his beloved Spain ; and well might he lament, to quit thus ignominiously, the country which his ancestors had claimed for their own by might and by strength—a country, too, in which they had lived as kings and conquerors of the earth, and surrounded by all the pomp and splendour which a long line of voluptuous princes had heaped together from the spoils of surrounding nations. Yes ! Spain is a beautiful country ; and so far as external loveliness is concerned, the fair daughters of Iberia hold a first position in the ranks of grace and beauty. But, alas ! how can we gaze with admiration on the glowing cheek ; the ruby lip ; the dark earnest eye, with its drooping lid, and long silken fringe-like lashes ; the rich raven tresses ; and the queen-like figure so gracefully enshrouded in the folds of the mantilla ; if that “glorious creation” be gladdening her woman's heart with scenes of cruelty and bloodshed ? The Roman matrons of old bent their unwomanly gaze on the fierce gladiator, as he struggled in mortal agony with his relentless foe, and the very soul sickens at the remembrance of their cruel delight. And with equal horror we must turn away from the lovely young Spaniard who adorns her graceful form with rich

robes and glittering jewels, and sets forth all the charms of her resplendent beauty to mingle with—what? with the festive dance, or the thrilling song? No, to mix with a multitude who, like herself, young and fair, are met, with the brave and bold of the sterner sex, to gaze on all the sickly horrors of A BULL-FIGHT.

The hour of the spectacle is arrived; the arena is cleared; in the surrounding galleries are bright eyes and flowing tresses; and light and trifling conversation is passing between the gay young donna and her gallant companion. Soon a silence ensues; the noble animal is driven to the scene of combat; his cruel opponent is ready, mounted on a fiery steed, with spear or lance in hand, to attack his defenceless victim. The unfortunate creature endeavours to retreat, but in vain. The shouts of the spectators and the anguish of his wounds goad him to madness, and he rushes with redoubled rage against his remorseless enemy, who seizes the opportunity to inflict fresh torture; till, at length, from loss of blood, or from some well-directed mortal thrust, the miserable bull expires, and his mangled carcass is dragged forth, to give place to another noble animal, who must, in like manner, suffer, struggle, and die! And this is done in a Christian country!—a country which professes a religion whose first moral principles are love, gentleness, and mercy! Happily this barbarous amusement is now excluded from British shores; but though never so prevalent here as it is in Spain, yet it was once sufficiently practised among us to cause Englishmen to blush for their country. Let us hope, that the day will arrive when the sufferings of any living creature shall cease to give pleasure to beings possessing rational and immortal minds. This, however, can only be when Christian principle shall influence all hearts. If mothers would see their children generous and humane, let them, in the days of early childhood, sow those seeds of piety, which, as it may be hoped, will spring up and bring forth abundantly the fair fruits of love, justice, and mercy.

---

## E N G L A N D ' S   H O P E .

BY MRS. ELLIS.

SAY not that England's glorious days  
 Were those that live in poets' lays,  
 With tales of arm'd or conquering host,  
 Of battle won or banner lost;  
 When scarce a mountain, field, or glen,  
 Was free from bands of lawless men;  
 Nor sturdy hand could guard the soil  
 From tyrant's grasp, or ruffian's spoil.





*The Bull Ring*



When laws were feeble, rights were few ;  
 Great then the name of Champion grew ;  
 And he who donn'd him for the fight,  
 With pluméd helm, and armour bright,  
 Or he who came, his glittering shield  
 And polish'd lance, with grace to wield,  
 Dash'd ou the ground a warrior's glove,  
 And murder'd man for woman's love—  
 These were the hero-champions then,  
 The flower of knighthood—glorious men !

But England needs no Champion now !  
 No helm to bind her patriot's brow,  
 No polish'd lance, or glittering shield,  
 Or tramp of war-horse in the field.  
 Hush'd is the trumpet's brazen call ;  
 And echo from the castle wall  
 No longer tells of gathering bands,  
 Of burning homes, and wasted lands.

Yes ! England owns a wiser creed ;  
 Her fattening flocks now safely feed ;  
 Her fertile vales, with plenteous grain,  
 Pour forth their produce not in vain.  
 But chiefly where her thousands meet,  
 With ready hand and busy feet,  
 With earnest care of actual things,  
 Behold ! a present glory springs ;  
 And pride, which boasted feats of war,  
 Now tells where richer trophies are ;  
 Points to the teeming human hive,  
 Where thousands meet to toil and strive,  
 Not with that combat, fierce and bold,  
 Which stain'd the battle-plains of old,  
 But with the mastery of skill ;  
 The power of well-directed will ;  
 The strength of numbers, when combined  
 To work with harmony of mind.

So let it be. But is this all ?  
 Shall never more the glorious call

To loftier thoughts and nobler deeds  
 Ring through our country's verdant meads?  
 Shall never more the pulse of life  
 Beat higher than with sordid strife?  
 Nor purer bond, nor holier tie,  
 Than interest, bind our destiny?  
 Forbid it, honour—virtue—truth!  
 Forbid it, ye, whose generous youth  
 Gives promise fair of wider scope,  
 And loftier range for ENGLAND'S HOPE.  
 We would not hold one active hand,  
 Nor bid one vast machine to stand;  
 But something we would ask of you,  
 Young British Champions, bold and true,  
 Now that no more the lance and shield,  
 Or warrior's sword, ye need to wield;  
 Now that a nation's trusting eye  
 Looks to the thronéd majesty  
 Of HER who reigns, all fears above,  
 So safely in her people's love.  
 We ask, that from the greedy throng,  
 Where love of gold leads hosts along,  
 Ye stand apart—a separate band,  
 With manly heart and generous hand,  
 To guard the feeble from the strong,  
 And stay the oppressor's guilty wrong.

Bold British youths, we look to you!  
 Your hearts are warm, your lips are true.  
 Awake! arise! Look forth and see  
 THE SOUL hath need of liberty!  
 Look forth! Man's labour is not all—  
 His skill may paint the princely hall,  
 And looms may weave, and workmen frame,  
 What brings a richly-purchased fame;  
 But higher yet! ye British youth!  
 This is not greatness, virtue, truth;  
 For lives there one of meanest birth  
 Whose soul is satisfied with earth?  
 Who never, at the close of day,  
 Has bent his bruised knee to pray

" *Thy kingdom come,*" with inward trust,  
 That come that kingdom would, and must ?  
 Then stand ye forth, brave youths, nor try  
 To still this bold, this onward cry ;  
 This natural impulse, kindly given  
 To help man's upward course to heaven ;  
 To teach him not to fail, or pause,  
 When Champion in a righteous cause.  
 Onward ! for youth beams on your brow,  
 And life's quick pulse is beating now ;  
 And age will come and steal away  
 The freshening impulse of to-day.  
 Laugh ye ! for your's was meant to be  
 The season bright of hope and glee ;  
 But let your frolic and your fun  
 These sober facts be stamp'd upon,  
 That seldom follow words of truth  
 From lips that have been false in youth ;  
 That ENGLAND'S HOPE can only rest  
 With safety, in a generous breast ;  
 Let youth its high behest obey—  
 As virtue's Champion, guard, and stay !

---

 THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

A PEASANT girl stood by the stream,  
 Lost in the mazes of a dream,  
 With thoughtful brow, and beaming smile,  
 The rippling brook she heard the while ;  
 Its voice was one of early days,  
 Which told of childhood's flowery ways ;  
 Familiar every word she caught,  
 And every tone its music brought,  
 As household language to her ear,  
 So full of meaning, soft, and clear.  
 And still she listened, still she smiled,  
 Till answering thus, the peasant child

Betray'd the beatings of a breast,  
No mountain-stream could lull to rest.

“ Sweet mountain-stream, where hast thou been,  
Ere nursed within these banks of green ?  
Perchance amid yon crags so high,  
Whose summits touch the azure sky ?  
There did'st thou leap from rock to rock,  
Now dash'd upon the granite block,  
Now softly sinking, calm, and deep,  
Within thy marble bed to sleep.  
Ah, mountain-stream, I envy thee  
Thy wild, wild life of liberty.  
For I am tired of toil and care,  
Of humble roof, and mountain fare ;  
Sweet mountain-stream, and I would be  
A thing of bounding life like thee ;  
Away, away, to glide and go,  
No hard restraint, no fear to know,  
But ever onward—onward still—  
To feel no impulse but my will.”

“ Ah ! peasant maid,” the stream replied,  
In gentle murmurs by her side ;  
“ Thou little know'st what fate is mine,  
Or scarcely would thy young heart pine  
To lead a life of liberty,  
Mid yon far mountain-heights with me.  
'Tis true I feel the morning light  
Reflected in my bosom bright ;  
'Tis true I bask at noon of day  
Beneath the sun's unshadow'd ray ;  
'Tis true I sparkle, dance, and smile,  
And hurrying onward many a mile,  
My bright and silvery course I wind ;  
But home like thine I never find.  
The peaceful roof that shelters thee,  
Nor shade, nor comfort yields to me ;  
And when thou seek'st thy nightly rest,  
Perchance the storm beats on my breast.  
No, gentle maid, thou knowest not  
The pains, the perils of my lot ;







How much of what thou deemest play,  
 Is strife with things that block my way,  
 The stubborn crag, the granite rock,  
 The precipice, and thunder-shock,  
 The downward plunge in hope to gain  
 Some place of rest—Oh! think again,  
 Young peasant maid, nor wish to be  
 A wandering, homeless thing like me.”

“ Sweet stream,” again the maid began,  
 Then o’er her cheek her fingers ran—  
 To hide the burning blush that came,  
 Yet scarce could be a blush of shame,  
 So pure its tint, so soft its hue,  
 To woman’s bounding heart so true.  
 “ Sweet stream,” she said, “ perchance ’tis not  
 That I would share thy mountain-lot.  
 Enough of sterile crags I see,  
 Of granite rocks, enough for me ;  
 But tell me, for I fain would know,  
 Sweet mountain-stream, where dost thou go ?  
 Say, dost thou, wandering through the vale,  
 List sometimes to the nightingale,  
 Mid shadowy groves, and leafy bowers,  
 And gardens gay with scented flowers ?  
 Say, dost thou kiss the palace walls,  
 Or lave the steps of courtly halls ;  
 Or hear the stir of trampling feet,  
 Where busy thousands mix and meet ?  
 ’Tis there, sweet stream, that I would go,  
 Down to those plains, where softly flow  
 Thy waters ever pure, and bright,  
 Reflecting to the wondering sight,  
 The rainbow hues, the pomp, the pride,  
 The courtly pageants, here denied,  
 The waving plume, the bearing high,  
 The gems, the robes of richest dye,  
 Fair forms adorn’d in silken sheen,—  
 Where those are worn, where these are seen,  
 ’Tis *there* that I would go, sweet stream ;  
 Nay, murmur not, nor chide my dream—

'Tis *there* that I would go, and be,  
Sweet mountain-stream, still pure like thee."

" Ah gentle maid," the stream replied,  
While deeper swell'd its mournful tide ;  
" Thou little know'st what fate must fall,  
Mid those gay scenes, on me—on all.  
Gaze on my crystal waters now,  
Say could'st thou bind a regal brow  
With purer gems of brighter hue,  
To cloudless suns and skies more true?  
See how thy brother's hand may play  
Unsullied by their touch all day ;  
How quench his thirst, his pitcher fill,  
With health from out my sparkling rill.  
Such hast thou ever found me here,  
The same sweet fountain, pure, and clear ;  
But meet me on yon peopled plain,  
Scarce wouldst thou know thy friend again,  
Or where the city's heaving tide  
Swells with the pomp of human pride,  
'Tis there the deepest stains of all,  
The darkest shadows, o'er me fall ;  
'Tis there, a low polluted thing,  
Scarce fit to bathe the wild bird's wing,  
I drag my weary length, and feel  
No ruby lip my waters steal,  
Nor step of childhood wandering near ;  
My wave, no longer cool and clear,  
Invites no village maid to stray  
Along my banks at close of day.  
Ah, couldst thou meet me rolling then  
Among the busy walks of men,  
Their wealth upon my bosom laid,  
A weary burden, gentle maid ;  
Scarce wouldst thou breathe a pitying sigh  
For stream so dark, so stained, as I.

" Then, peasant-maid, contented be,  
High 'mid these mountain-wilds with me.  
The world looks fair when gazing down  
On peopled plain, and busy town,





*Carole representing his Church*

And many a charm attracts thine eye ;  
 But seek them not, nor fondly try  
 To keep within thy gentle breast  
 The same pure thoughts, the same sweet rest,  
 As dance around thy gentle brow,  
 And meet thee in thy cottage now.  
 If once thy steps should wander there,  
 Remember me ; and, oh ! beware !”

The peasant-girl stood still, and sighed ;  
 Perchance it touched her maiden pride  
 To hear the sermon of a stream,  
 Dispelling every golden dream.  
 But soon her better thoughts came back :  
 And soon again her homeward track  
 With cheerful tread she hasten'd o'er,  
 Content to reach her cottage door ;  
 Content to feel, that high and low,  
 All wide extremes their perils know ;  
 That safety, peace, and comfort, lie  
 Half way between the low and high.

---

#### A VISIT TO THE SCENE OF CANUTE'S REPROOF OF HIS COURTIER'S.

THE evening was far advanced when I reached the celebrated spot where Canute the Dane is said to have given his memorable lesson to the flattering and servile courtiers of his train. There was the shingly shore ; there were the bright waters of the English Channel ; there was the many-coloured sea-weed floating ashore, as the advancing tide swelled higher and higher ; and there were the wild sea-birds, screaming and flitting over the little channels of salt water, which intersected the beach—all nature remained as it was in the time of the Dane. The wind too had risen, and the proud waves were rushing onward, each one displaying its silvery crest as it dashed over rock and sand ; and while the western horizon was glowing with all gorgeous tints, and reflecting its crimson and golden hues on the rippling waters beneath, dark, stormy-looking clouds were rising in the opposite quarter, and lending to the scene a magnificent beauty, as they slowly rose, assuming each moment a more leaden tinge, and contrasting finely with the glorious sunset-dyes in the west. On such an evening it might be, that Canute sat to watch the gathering clouds and the rising

tide; and a fanciful mind might easily forget the intervening centuries, and see in imagination the crowd of servile flatterers gathered round their royal master, the smile of derision and wonder curling their lying lips as they gazed upon him who apparently gave credence to their absurd assurances. And the noble Canute—it were easy to picture him, rising from his wave-encircled seat, and boldly bearing witness to the omnipotent power of HIM who alone can stay the raging of the ocean, and say to its mighty billows, “Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.” How great is the contrast between the Danish monarch and the vaunting, furious Xerxes. Surely it was the softening power of Christianity which caused this marvellous difference; for man naturally is high-minded and vain-glorious, and loves to command all things and all people.

A few days after my visit to this spot, I stood in the Cathedral of Winchester, its solemn aisles and deserted chapels re-echoing my footsteps as I passed along, surrounded by the tombs of the great ones of the earth—and there, beneath the carved roof, and the blazoned heraldries of ancient days, reposed the ashes of the illustrious Dane. Many of his valiant actions are forgotten; the memory of them has perished; but that one speech on the sandy shore of the English Channel is still fresh as ever, and registered in the minds of all. The mighty waves of the sea are still breaking on the weed-bound rocks; the sunset sky still glows with all the rich hues of gems and flowers; but Canute and his lordly train are passed away. A heap of ashes alone remains of that regal form, and even the last resting-places of his followers are forgotten. “So fades the glory of this world,” is written in eternal characters, on every marble sepulchre, and on every scene of departed grandeur.

---

## P O L A N D.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

AFTER the Night—the Day!  
 After the Darkness—Dawn!  
 Trust to thy Star's bright ray,  
 Tho' its light be awhile withdrawn.

Though Ruin and Death are round,  
 And the best of the brave lie slain;  
 Again shall the war-cry sound,  
 And the standard be rear'd again.







Not all the red current is dry,  
 Though blood hath been freely shed ;  
 Not all of the lineage high,  
 Lie heap'd with the slaughter'd Dead.

The dyke of the river is cut,—  
 The branches are lopp'd from the tree,—  
 But the gap shall be mended and shut,  
 The green bough wave freshly and free !

Slain Fathers have left to their Sons,  
 No store but the blood in their veins :  
 Proud, brave, and indignant it runs,  
 And it may not be fetter'd by chains.

Then smile,—little orphan,—and sleep !  
 Though the Mother that rocks thee to rest,  
 Thro' the long nights does nothing but weep,  
 As she lulls thee, in pain, on her breast.

Oh ! smile, till thine arm is grown strong,  
 For the sword, with its gleaming stroke ;  
 Till thy heart comprehends the wrong,  
 Of the mighty oppressor's yoke ;

Till the tale of thy Father's death,  
 And thy Mother's lingering woe,  
 Shall quicken thy heaving breath,  
 And thy flush'd cheek's fever'd glow.

Oh, sleep ! till the dream shall break,  
 Which wrapp'd thy calm childhood round ;  
 Till thy conscious spirit shall wake,  
 As it were, to a trumpet's sound ;

Till thou hearest thy Mother tell,  
 In her low, heart-broken tones,  
 Of the battle's thundering yell,  
 And thy Father's dying groans.

*Then*, slumber and rest no more !  
 Be the task of thy life begun ;

Stand ready, the blood to pour,  
Which that Father bequeathed his son.

Like the goal, that is set afar,  
For the swift in the race to win ;  
Like the beacon-light's changeless star,  
Which guides the worn mariner in :

Let the love of thy country gleam,  
Sole aim and sole end of all ;  
Thy very existence seem,  
But a chance to break her thrall.

Tho' like one whom a shipwreck hath cast,  
On a restless, wandering lot,—  
In exile thy life be past,  
In a land where thy Dead are not :

Thy Poland for aye untrod,—  
And the hymns of her worship sung,  
To thy God, and thy Father's God,  
In an alien and foreign tongue :—

Forget not the land of thy birth !  
Abjure not those memories dear :  
The blood that was soak'd in her earth,  
Do thou in thy heart revere.

Let the mournful and terrible truth,  
Still present, thy thoughts engage ;  
A cloud to encompass thy youth,  
With the soberer visions of Age.

For prison and exile may be,  
The lot of the true and the brave :  
But to smile,—as if glad and free,—  
Is the part of a *willing* Slave.

“ In patience possess thou thy soul,”  
Tho' thy hope may seem faint and far !  
How near is the unseen goal ?  
How near is the beacon-star ?





Yet both may be reached at last,  
 By the steady in heart and eye :  
 Time enough, when all hope is past,  
 For the sake of the cause, to *die*.

But, after the Night—the Day !  
 After the Darkness—Dawn !  
 Trust to thy star's bright ray,  
 Though its light be awhile withdrawn.

---

T H E T E A C H E R .

BY LADY DUFFERIN.

THE long day's done ! and she sits still,  
 And quiet, in the gathering gloom :  
 What are the images that fill  
 Those absent eyes—that silent room ?  
 Soft winds the latticed casement stir :  
 The hard green rose-buds tap the pane,  
 Like merry playmates, beckoning her  
 To join them at their sports again ;  
 And from the hill, a pleasant chime  
 Of bells, comes down upon the ear,  
 That seems to sing—"The evening time  
 Is passing sweet ! come forth !—come here !"  
 But she sits still, and heedeth not  
 The sweet bell, nor the fading light ;  
 Time, space, earth, heaven, are all forgot,  
 In one dear dream of past delight.  
 Oh, letter ! old, and crush'd, and worn ;  
 Yet fresh, in those love-blinded eyes,  
 As on that first delightful morn,  
 That gave thee to her patient sighs ;  
 How hoped for—dreamed of—dear, thou art !  
 What earnest of like joys to come !  
 How treasured near her simple heart,  
 That first fond letter, from her *Home* !

Poor child ! so early com'st thou forth,  
 Like Ruth, to gleau in alien fields ?  
 Cold welcome greets thee, on this earth,  
 And poor the harvest that it yields !  
 No wonder that thy young heart burns,  
 And, with such aching sense of love,  
 To that dear sheltering ark returns,  
 That sent thee forth—poor wandering Dove !  
 The hour will come—tho' far it seems—  
 When school'd by pain, and taught by time,  
 Thou 'lt lose no more, in idle dreams,  
 The good hours of thy golden prime :  
 Each day, with its appointed care,  
 Shall bring its calm and comfort too ;  
 The power to act, the strength to bear,  
 What Duty bids thee bear, or do :  
 And when the eve's repose shall come,  
 Thy tranquil thoughts shall then be given—  
 Not back to that lost earthly home—  
 But *forwards*—to thy home in Heaven !

---

### W A K I N G D R E A M S.

ONE morn a country maiden gay,  
 To market blithely tripp'd her way,  
 With store of eggs ; and as she walk'd,  
 'Twas thus the village-beauty talk'd.

“ These eggs I cannot fail to sell,  
 And what they 'll bring I scarce can tell ;  
 But sure enough to buy a hen ;  
 My future chickens will I then,  
 With their plump breasts and plumage white,  
 Guard from all prowling foxes' bite.  
 My chickens sold, I'll buy a dress !  
 Two founcers—fifteen yards—no less—  
 Ah ! there's a dream of happiness !











Green suits me best ; and many a swain  
 I'll captivate ; but I'll not deign  
 To cast on one a pitying glance,  
 For coldness will my charms enhance."

Thus musing in her virgin pride,  
 Her basket standing by her side,  
 On mossy bank the maid reclined,  
 And future triumphs fill'd her mind ;  
 The hour was sultry, and a doze  
 Soon perfected her soft repose,  
 While in her sleeping features beam'd  
 The brightness of the dreams she dream'd.  
 At length she opes her sparkling eyes,  
 And moves as if about to rise ;  
 Alas ! that movement overturns  
 The precious basket ; and she learns,  
 Her eggs being gone, her hopes are o'er,  
 And WAKING DREAMS are hers no more ;  
 Farewell to all her visions bright,  
 Alas ! delusive was their light !

Where is the youth or maiden fair,  
 Who ne'er hath " castles " built " in air ?"  
 The wisest have their WAKING DREAMS,  
 Where hope with flattering radiance beams ;  
 Our fable but an emblem is  
 Of all such visionary bliss.

---

P R I N C E A L B E R T.

O'ER the broad ocean-wave, Albert, thou camest ;  
 Leaving for this fair Isle thy Father-land,  
 Where gloomy hills, like solemn altars, rise  
 E'en to the sunset clouds ; where the deep rivers  
 Lave, with their clear blue streams, the old gray stones  
 Of castle-fortresses of ancient times ;  
 Where the lone dells and forest-wilds are rich  
 With antique songs, and legendary lore ;  
 Where the black pine-woods frown in darkest awe,

Beneath the mighty mountain's misty brow ;  
 Where ancient battlements, moss-clad, and ivy-wreathed,  
 Still stand in undecaying grandeur stern,  
 Yet glowing, as of old, at eventide,  
 Bathed in the crimson light of parting day ;  
 The old, broad Rhine ; the glorious forest trees ;  
 The ancient halls where once the voice of song  
 Flung forth its melody ; or trumpet-note  
 Of battle floated on the stilly breeze ;  
 The lone, drear rocks ; the mouldering towers  
 Of by-gone years, have deep tones all their own,  
 Telling of deathless deeds of valour wrought,  
 By heroes who have long since slept in dust,  
 Though all unperish'd is the fame they won,  
 And fresh those laurel wreaths that ne'er can fade  
 While the proud mountains stand within their land !  
 Such was thy childhood's home, thy native clime.  
 Thine early hopes, thine early fears were breathed  
 Amid these ancient relics of old time.  
 It was *thy country*, thine own Father-land,  
 And England's children love it for thy sake ;  
 And well may bless it ! for from lonely cell  
 Of cloister'd Erfurt, sprang that star of truth  
 Whose beams pierced through the depths of error's night  
 Blessings be on thee, Albert ! All the joy  
 That fills a tender father's heart be thine !  
 Of princely lineage art thou ; and the sire  
 Of Britain's royal line ; 'Tis thine to claim  
 E'en for thine own, the queen of these proud isles.  
 Oh yes, we bless thee ! and we pray that years  
 To come may be as cloudless as the past ;  
 That the dark storms which linger in the sky  
 May fade away ; and that the warm, glad light  
 Of summer-sunshine may illumine thy path  
 Throughout this transitory world. And when  
 The word shall come to summon thee from earth,  
 Oh ! may it bid thee HOME ! home to a land  
 Where kingdoms never pass away ; and where  
 Unfading crowns encircle deathless brows !  
 May love and peace be thine, and all that Heaven  
 Or earth can give, gladden thy mortal life,  
 Until a brighter world shall dawn for thee,  
 Where thou may'st dwell throughout eternity !

## CORIOLANUS AND HIS MOTHER.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

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

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

Proud one, ruler of the earth,  
 Scorn not her who gave thee birth !  
 Scorn her not : although the day  
 Long hath waned and pass'd away,  
 When her patient lullaby  
 Hush'd thy peevish wailing cry ;  
 When the rocking on her breast  
 Lull'd thee to thy helpless rest ;  
 When, if danger threaten'd near,  
 Thou didst fly, in guileless fear,  
 Doubting not the safety tried  
 By her loved familiar side ;

Doubting not, her circling arm  
 Could protect from every harm.  
 Let this thought thy bosom stir,—  
 She is, what thou wert to her ;  
 Guard her, keep her from all pain,  
 As she sought to guard thee then !

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

And if—(for it may well be so,  
 Since nothing perfect dwells below,)  
 Thy understanding, grown mature,  
 Perceives defect which must endure,—  
*Now* return indulgence given,  
 (Meek and merciful as Heaven,)  
 When *thy* faults her patience tried,  
 Dullness, stubbornness, or pride.  
 Thou,—with all thy strength and lore,  
 Art the child she nursed before,—  
 Also, an imperfect creature,  
 Faulty by thy very nature :  
 If a hard or peevish word  
 From her lips, thou now hast heard,—  
 Bear it—she hath borne with thee  
 When thou hadst not sense to see  
 Her endurance well might prove  
 PATIENCE hath its root in LOVE.



*Corinthians and his Mother*









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

---

 THE DOGE FOSCARI.

THE fearful tragedy to which this plate has reference occurred during the fifteenth century. A murder had been committed; and Giacomo, the only surviving son of Francesco Foscari, a youth who had already given mortal offence to a rival Venetian family, was most unjustly charged with the crime. Torture having failed to wring from the unhappy Giacomo the confession of a crime which he had not committed, the youth was condemned to banishment. This banishment he endured with memorable fortitude, during a period of six years. At the expiration of that time he was seized by an irresistible longing to see once more his native country, and to embrace his kindred. He adopted the desperate resource of addressing a letter to the Duke of Milan, imploring his intercession with the Republic. This unfortunate step led to his being brought back as a malefactor; and on his return, the old scene of horror was re-enacted. Thirty times, even in the presence of his father, Giacomo was stretched upon the torturing cord, and finally doomed to perpetual banishment. He was permitted one last interview with his family—the interview represented in the accompanying plate—and the final parting, as related by different historians, was full of heart-stirring pathos.

The Doge was now extremely aged and decrepit; he could not walk without the assistance of a crutch; yet when he came into the sick chamber, to pronounce the last sentence upon his ill-fated son, still suffering from his recent torture, and surrounded by his weeping wife and child, he spoke to Giacomo in a firm tone, so that a spectator would have thought that it was not his son whom he was thus addressing—though it was indeed his son, and his only surviving son. When solicited by the sorrowing exile to ask mercy once more from his relentless tyrants, so that he might be permitted to reside in Venice, “Go, Giacomo!” was the old man’s reply, “Go, my son; submit yourself to the will of your country, and seek nothing further.”

The strong restraint which the aged father thus put upon his feelings, was more than his exhausted frame could support; and on retiring, he fainted in the arms of his attendants.

Giacopo, thus deprived of the sole last hope that had supported him through inexpressible torments, both of mind and body—the hope of dying in the bosom of his family and of his country—only lived to reach his Candian prison, where he soon afterwards breathed his last. His afflicted father continued to live during a few wretched days, but buried himself in the seclusion of his chamber, and never more attended the sittings of the Councils.

Lord Byron's drama, entitled "The Two Foscari," is familiar to multitudes of readers :—

" . . . In his passionate words  
The wild lament for Venice—lovely Venice—  
Breathed by those dying and exhausted lips  
From the deep well-springs of a broken heart,  
Must live for ever ! Let no meaner hand  
Sweep the strong chords of that now silent harp ;  
Its echo yet hath power to thrill the air,  
So that all sound seems discord, which attempts  
A variation of its melody !"

---

## F L O W E R S.

SWEET flowers ! how fair your silken petals seem,  
Beneath the bright glad sunlight's golden beam ;  
How fresh ye are ! when bathed in sparkling dews,  
The crystal drops shine o'er your rainbow hues.  
Gently, the young buds fold them on their stems  
When glitter forth night's starry diadems,  
And in the summer twilight's solemn hours  
The faint breeze wafts the breath of summer flowers.  
Ye weave a wreath of beauty through the year,  
Ye lovely ones ! Pure snowdrops—telling here  
Of the cold Alpine mounts so far away—  
Gleam forth like childhood's hopes amidst decay ;  
Then violets with purple leaves half closed,  
Sleeping within their shady, grassy shroud,  
Shed their sweet perfume through the spring-tide hours,  
And smile by primrose tufts, midst April showers ;  
And flowers of rosy broom, or pearly thorn,  
White lilies in the pathless valleys born,  
Waxen azaleas, with their glossy leaves,  
Unfold their buds, where the lone wood-bird grieves,



*Flowers.*



Anemones that droop by murmuring streams  
 O'er whose cool waters chasten'd sunlight gleams,  
 Graceful laburnums waving in the breeze  
 Their golden chains, with bloom of cassia trees,  
 And pure syringa-stars their fragrance spread  
 O'er the soft greensward that we love to tread ;  
 And glowing roses ! fairest of earth's gems,  
 How queenlike are they on their mossy stems !  
 In the wild thickets where the woodbines meet  
 How do they scatter forth their odours sweet !  
 Those pale pink petals, tinged like sea-wave shells,  
 They fling their beauty o'er the silent dells ;  
 They linger through the long bright summer day,  
 Then fade and droop—still lovely in decay ;  
 And the rich clustering roses in the home  
 Of care and culture, where no wild flowers come,  
 How gloriously they shine, when sunsets burn,  
 And to the crimson west their leaflets turn !  
 Their fair white sisters, bending o'er the tomb  
 Of loved, and early lost ones—through the gloom  
 As silent watch they keep—sweet fragrance shed  
 Over the dreamless slumbers of the dead ;  
 Carnation's glowing tints, pure red and white,  
 Blue salvias dazzling with their sapphire light,  
 Geranium, with its scarlet bloom so deep,  
 Gum-cistus, born to beauty frail and brief ;  
 Meek harebells, lifting to their kindred sky  
 One pensive glance ere yet they fade and die ;  
 Pale autumn stars\* with sad and solemn smile,  
 That, though the soft winds go, yet rest awhile ;  
 And with the crimson fuchsia's drooping bell  
 Linger around us, with their flowery spell—  
 Oh lovely are ye ! E'en in death so bright,  
 Ye might be heralds from yon world of light !  
 But ere the blast sweeps o'er the leafless trees,  
 Ere yet we hear the moaning wintry breeze,  
 Those children of the summer-days are o'er,  
 Their glories meet our longing eyes no more.  
 Yet still, fair *roses* blossom, buds unfold,  
 And still their soft pink cups the night-dews hold ;

\* China-asters.

When all our floral treasures pass away  
 Our garden-queen smiles on through drear decay.  
 Fair flowers! ye are too lovely for this earth.  
 Was this, our sin-cursed soil, your place of birth?  
 It cannot be! from Eden's bowers ye came  
 Where first ye blossom'd, ere the hour of shame;  
 And—types of mercy—ye were left to show  
 How God yet loved this rebel world below!  
 Ye share mortality—ye too must die.  
 Surely there is some home beyond the sky  
 Where garlands wither not, nor roses fade;  
 Where never leaves upon the turf are laid.  
 Oh lovely flowers! ye unto us were given  
 To raise our drooping hearts from earth to heaven.

---

#### CHARLES THE FIRST AND HIS CHILDREN.

He sat within his palace walls,  
 In that dark solemn hour;  
 He bow'd his head in bitter woe,  
 A stately, stricken flower!  
 And tears gush'd forth; his hands were closed  
 In such a fervent clasp,  
 As if the griefs that crush'd his soul  
 Could perish in his grasp.

*Once* he had sat upon a throne,  
 And worn a kingly crown;  
*Once* thousands press'd to win his smile,  
 Or crouch'd beneath his frown.  
 And *now*, of all that dazzling throng,  
 How few true hearts were left!  
 But not for *this* those tears burst forth,  
 'Twas not for *this* he wept.

*Once* he had borne in battle-field  
 Aloft his glittering sword;







*Charles the First and his Collection*

Where were they now? those faithful ones  
 Who own'd him for their lord?  
 Of regal state and royal power,  
 Of kingly wealth bereft,  
 A captive in his own fair realm—  
 Yet not for *this* he wept.

He stood before his rebel judge,  
 With brow unmoved and calm;  
 No eyelid flutter'd, no faint pulse  
 Gave token of alarm.  
 He knew that he was doom'd to die  
 A traitor's shameful death;  
 He did not fear to meet that hour,  
 To yield his mortal breath.

But one deep chord yet linger'd there  
 Within that aching breast;  
 The yearning of a father's heart  
*That* could not be repress'd!  
 'Twas nought to him, to gaze no more  
 On star and golden sun;  
 'Twas sweet to think the strife was o'er,  
 The prize so nearly won!

But his *young children* near him stood—  
 And love, that to the last  
 Burns in the soul of mortal clay,  
 Its chains around him cast.  
 'Twas bitterest grief that he no more  
 Might clasp those fragile forms—  
 That all unshelter'd they must brook  
 The wildest earthly storms.

The struggle pass'd—again he raised  
 His heart in trusting prayer;  
 The fair girl marvel'd at the calm  
 Her parent's brow could wear;  
 Once more he held within his arms  
 His lovely infant boy,  
 And swept the rich curls from his face  
 With all a father's joy.

One last embrace, one long farewell,  
 One clasp of those small hands ;  
 One sad, sweet gaze—one lingering thought  
 Of those in other lands,—  
 And he—the martyr-king—return'd  
 To dreams of earth no more ;  
 The bitterness of death was past,  
 Its griefs and pains were o'er.

The morrow's sun went down at eve  
 On England's blushing guilt ;  
 The pale, meek king had bow'd his head,  
 His royal blood was spilt.  
 'Twas meet that wearied frame should lie  
 In peaceful slumber down ;  
 He lost *earth's diadem*, to wear  
 AN EVERLASTING CROWN.

---

### THE LADY BLANCHE EGERTON,

Daughter of Lord Francis Egerton, (brother of the Duke of Sutherland,) lately created Earl of Ellesmere, and  
 Harriet-Catherine, daughter of Charles Fulke Greville, Esq.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

A LIFE-LIKE pencil, his, who thus could trace  
 Thy speaking looks,—fair child of a fair race !  
 As there thou standest, listening with surprise  
 And rapt attention in thine earnest eyes,  
 While thy quaint favourite mocks thy silver tone,  
 And gives thy words a harshness all his own.

Sure a Child's Picture, is a touching thing !  
 For who can tell what after-years may bring ?  
 What storm, slow gathering in the mists of Time,  
 May cloud the moments of untarnish'd prime ?  
 What dark event may make the portrait seem  
 A tearful vision, and a mocking dream !





*W. J. M. 1844*

I know a picture,—hanging far away,—  
 Where, beautiful as Spring, and fresh as May,  
 A young, slight, radiant, happy creature stands ;  
 Poised for the dance, with white uplifted hands,  
 The arch smile playing round her coral lips ;  
 Bending, (with grace that none shall e'er eclipse,)  
 And looking down, with softly mirthful eye,  
 On a young band of brothers, seated nigh.  
 Friends have bemoan'd Her, in a living death :  
 Forsaken sobs have choked her heaving breath :  
 But still that sketch the credulous heart beguiles,  
 There, still she dances,—and there still she smiles ;  
 There, through the long dim course of changeful years,  
 While eyes have gazed upon her, blind with tears,  
 SHE hath look'd forth—all radiant and serene,—  
 Glad,—youthful,—innocent,—and beauty's queen :  
 Oh ! Bud,—thou art not yet a Flower complete,—  
 Who knows what canker to THY heart may eat ?  
 Who knows what grief may wake the fount of woe  
 Which, once unseal'd, so seldom stops its flow ?  
 Who knows what Fate may send, when thou shalt roam  
 From the safe portal of thy shelter'd home ?  
 A woman's lot, is banishment,—at best,  
 Forth from her Paradise of earlier rest :  
 Love,—in the Son,—engrafts the newer claim,  
 On the old home ; with simple change of name :  
 Love,—in the Daughter,—sends the exiled wife  
 Into an untried world, with sorrow rife,  
 Like a transplanted flower, her chance to prove ;  
 To blossom proudly in the glow of love,  
 Or lost to blooming hope, and joyful fruit,  
 Sink withering down, upon a perish'd root !  
 Ah ! may'st THOU never, in the strange years' flight,  
 Pine for the blessed time, when day and night  
 Brought the familiar greetings to thine ear,  
 Of Friends to Childhood's first impressions dear !  
 May'st THOU ne'er deem the Mother's gentle breast  
 A place of refuge,—not a home of rest :—  
 May'st THOU ne'er hold the Father's love and might  
 A strong protection,—not a dear delight :—  
 May'st thou,—with weary heart, that made in vain  
 Its long sharp struggle with opposing pain,—

Ne'er,—like the Dove, whose weak and storm-beat wing  
 Left far behind the long-sought hope of Spring,—  
 Turn to the home which first true shelter gave,  
 Whose Ark yet floats upon the sullen wave !  
 May he, to whom the future lot is given  
 To tread, with thee, the path through earth to Heaven,  
 By thee, with stedfast love, endure to stand,  
 And calmly journey to the Promised Land !  
 Still, as the long companionship endears  
 The constant sharer of his joys and fears,  
 Be Memory's course enrich'd with sands of gold  
 Where Life's quick stream of daily 'nothings' roll'd ;  
 Bright Pactolus ! supplying links which bind  
 Heart closer yet to heart,—and mind to mind !  
 Still may he deem no gladder light can shine  
 Than THY dear smile, to cheer his Life's decline,—  
 With cordial love, and willing help repay  
 The devious windings of the lengthy way,—  
 And, when the allotted time is well nigh o'er,  
 When the bark slackens sail, and nears the shore,  
 Still greet thee fondly, at thy journey's end,  
 As "GUIDE, COMPANION, MONITRESS, and FRIEND !"

---

RICHARD COBDEN, ESQ., M.P.

THIS distinguished man affords a very remarkable instance of the power which great natural talent accompanied by indomitable perseverance seldom fails to command, even though the individual thus eminently gifted may lack the prestige which attends aristocratic birth.

MR. COBDEN is the son of a respectable farmer of Sussex. In his youth he applied himself with industry and success to commercial pursuits, and eventually settled as a calico-printer in the town of Manchester ; where his commanding talents and singular energy, together with the honour and integrity of his character, soon gained for him the respect and esteem of his fellow-townsmen ; in concert with a few of whom he formed the plan for the establishment of the Anti-Corn-Law League—that most gigantic association of modern times ; an association which (however widely people may differ respecting the expediency of its object) has perhaps never been equalled in the harmony and perfection of its vast ramifications ; and which, after a severe and







RICHARD COBDEN, ESQ. M.P.

*Richard Cobden*

protracted struggle of several years' duration, has finally accomplished the overthrow of the Corn-Laws.

While Mr. Cobden was labouring in this cause, the borough of Stockport returned him to parliament; where, by the strength, brilliancy, and logical arrangement of his speeches, as well as by the undaunted firmness of his character, he proved a formidable antagonist of those who opposed his views.

His fame could now be no longer confined within the limits of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, but became rapidly celebrated among all the nations of Europe, as well as throughout the Western Continent, and everywhere his name was hailed as that of the "Apostle of Free-Trade."

The vast mental and physical exertions consequent upon his management of the affairs of the League; his constant attendance at the meetings of that body, and his parliamentary duties, proved, at length, too much even for Mr. Cobden's almost super-human strength; and it became necessary, that in order to promote the restoration of his health, he should, for a short time, leave the scene of his indefatigable labours. With this view he travelled over the Continent; visiting nearly every part of it; and everywhere he was received with the greatest enthusiasm and the most generous hospitality; the aristocracy, and even the sovereigns of Europe, vying with each other in paying honours to the calico-printer of Manchester.

While Mr. Cobden was on this tour, the general election of 1847 took place; and he had then the honour not only of being re-elected by the borough of Stockport, but also of being *unanimously* chosen to represent the largest constituency in the kingdom—that of the West Riding of Yorkshire. As member for the West Riding he took his seat in the House of Commons; and that great constituency he now represents.

This is a brief account of the most prominent features of Mr. Cobden's eventful career.

May not the honours and rewards which he has reaped be regarded as affording a fresh assurance, that in this land of freedom and impartiality, all obstacles may be overcome by genius and perseverance? It is, and, as it may be hoped, will ever be, the glory of Britain, that she values her sons, not by rank or wealth, but by talent and merit.

---

T H E A N G L E R S .

'Twas in the smiling month of May,  
 The flowers were waving fair and gay,  
 The morning sun shone bright on dews  
 That sparkled with all brilliant hues,  
 The birds were singing in the trees  
 Whose green leaves rustled in the breeze,

When lovelier than the dews and flowers,  
And all the buds that twined the bowers,  
Came forth a maiden—passing fair,  
With bright blue eyes, and golden hair.  
Roses were blooming on her cheek,  
The lute would hush to hear her speak ;  
And to the river's brink she sped,  
Nor pluck'd the blossoms round her spread—  
But stay'd not, till she reach'd the stream  
That glitter'd in the sun's glad beam.  
And on the banks there stood a youth,  
A noble goodly one, in truth,  
He came *to fish* ; ('twas so he said,  
By some 'twould not be credited ;)  
And some might say he angled there  
For something very sweet and fair.  
However, be that as it may,  
He left his couch at dawn of day,  
And hurried to the river's brink,  
Ere yet the flowers the dew could drink ;  
The hours pass'd on, the sun was high  
In the calm, cloudless, deep blue sky.  
And there the pair were sitting yet  
Though no fine trout were in the net.  
The maiden learn'd to angle too,  
And in the stream her rod she threw ;  
And there it stay'd, as, side by side,  
She and the youth gazed on the tide.  
He was of noble birth, I trow,  
The castle on yon green hill's brow  
Own'd him for heir ; and he would be  
One day, a baron bold and free.  
For sport he woo'd the village maid,  
Who never in her life had stray'd  
Ten miles from that dear cottage home  
From which she'd never wish'd to roam.  
But now she heard of courtly halls,  
Of ladies' bowers—where fountain-falls,  
And flowerets of another land,  
And gems from far-off Indiau strand,  
And perfumes of an Eastern clime,  
And costly relics of old time,



11. 1. 1. 1. 1.



Were gather'd e'en for her delight  
 Whose eyes outshone the jewels bright.  
 Her bosom swell'd, her heart beat high  
 At thought of such proud destiny.  
 She heard him telling of the day,  
 When, deck'd with gems and rich array,  
 She should before the altar stand,  
 The fairest, loveliest of the land !  
 And oft in silent hours of night,  
 She mused with joy, and deep delight,  
 On all the pleasures she should know  
 That wealth and grandeur can bestow,  
 When she should be, in beauteous pride,  
 Lord Walter's loved and loving bride.  
 Poor simple maid ! as by the stream  
 Day after day in that sweet dream,  
 She sat, and listen'd to his tale  
 Of hopes—and vows that could not fail,  
 She ceased to love all else but him.  
 Her cheek grew pale—her blue eye, dim,  
 At thought of parting for a week ;  
 How could she *then* the streamlet seek ?  
 And missing each dear cherish'd tone  
 Feel yet more bitterly alone ?

The glorious summer pass'd away,  
 The anglers came from day to day,  
 Till parting came—that mournful hour  
 When sunbeams fade, and dark clouds lower.  
 He swore that he would come again,  
 His peerless love, and bride to claim,  
 For aye together they should dwell ;  
 So kiss'd her cheek, and bade farewell.

The winter and the spring had past,  
 And flowery May came back at last.  
 The maiden angled in the flood  
 But no fond lover near her stood ;  
 From day to day she gazed in vain,  
 Along the green and shady lane ;  
 He came no more—and soon 'twas said  
 A titled fair one he had wed.

The maiden wept for many a day,  
 'Twas sad to see her fade away,  
 Like a young opening rose that sheds  
 Its beauty, ere its flower unspreads.  
 But time stole on, and once again  
 She smiled and danced, nor thought of pain.  
 Time heal'd her grief—and she was gay,  
 And look'd again as bright as day.  
 Once more, she was the village belle,  
 But gravely oft her tale would tell,  
 And bid young maidens all beware  
 Of oaths and vows though seeming fair.  
 She bade them not believe soft words,  
 Though whisper'd sweetly by proud lords ;  
 Nor trust to love's young summer dreams,  
 When angling in the meadow streams.

---

### ALFRED DIVIDING HIS LAST LOAF WITH THE BEGGAR.

While Alfred and Elswitha were living in that seclusion which surrounding dangers rendered prudent, a scarcity of provisions occurred in his household, and his followers were despatched in search of any species of food that could be procured. During their absence, a pilgrim knocked at the gate, and in the name of God begged a morsel of bread. As there was but one loaf in the house, the queen brought it first to her husband, and represented the consequences of giving it to the supplicant, should the foragers return with empty pouches. "Give the hungry man one half of the loaf," said Alfred ; "He that could feed five thousand with five loaves and two fishes, could, if it so pleased him, cause the remaining half to suffice for our necessities."

In no proud hall, or festive bower  
 The Saxon monarch stood ;  
 But mighty thoughts o'er his sad soul  
 Came sweeping like a flood  
 Hosts of his followers on the turf  
 Like autumn-leaves were strown,  
 And some, like summer singing birds,  
 Had, with the sunshine, flown.

A little faithful band were left  
 To gather round their king ;  
 And still bright hopes of victory  
 Around their dreams would cling.





*What is doing his best to get with the nation*



They were a proud and gallant throng,  
 Royal—or nobly born ;  
 Right trusty hearts, that waver'd not,  
 Nor fled before the storm.

The chilling wintry blast had swept  
 Over the snow-clad world ;  
 While England's monarch grieved to see  
 The flag of war unfurl'd :  
 For mighty towers had kiss'd the dust  
 And forest-glades were red,  
 Not with rich crimson'd leaves or flowers,  
 But blood in battle shed.

The Saxon king, in that sad hour  
 Sat silent and alone :  
 Even to seek their daily food  
 His faithful band were gone.  
 No sound in that deserted bower  
 Awaken'd echo's voice,  
 No gleam of earthly light shone forth  
 To bid his heart rejoice.

An aged pilgrim, wayworn, sad,  
 With care upon his brow,  
 His white hair floating on the wind,  
 Came to that threshold low.  
 His pale lips quiver'd, and his cheek  
 Was wan and deadly pale,  
 As humbly, and in faltering tones,  
 He told his mournful tale.

A shade pass'd o'er the monarch's brow,  
 His clear blue eye grew dim ;  
 And his deep fervent prayer went up  
 For faith to trust in Him  
 Who heareth the young ravens' cry,  
 And giveth them their food ;  
 Who shieldeth the young tender lambs  
 From east winds chill and rude.

He turn'd to his fair Queen, and bade  
 Her bring her little store :  
 " Fear not," he cried ; " The God we fear  
 Will surely give us more.

For he who fed the multitude  
 In the wild desert, lone,  
 Can make our bread and water sure ;  
 He *will* protect his own."

A blessing from the pilgrim's lips  
 Came on that royal head ;  
 A prayer, that God on high would peace  
 And comfort round him shed.  
 And, oh ! those words were sweeter far  
 Than breath of spring's sweet flowers,  
 Than all the smiles of courtly friends,  
 In summer-sunshine hours.

The day sped on ; the wintry sun  
 In crystal skies went down ;  
 The night-wind woke its whispering tones,  
 The hour of rest drew on.  
 But ere had faded quite in gloom  
 The hues where sunset burn'd,  
 All laden with the forest spoil,  
 The gallant band return'd.

And when, once more, the royal crown  
 Press'd on that trusting brow,  
 His kingly heart rose up in praise  
 To Him who quell'd the foe ;  
 And oft he gazed with memory's eye  
 Along the stream of time,  
 And bless'd that Power who sent the gloom,  
 And then bright sunlight's prime.

Oh, Faith ! How beautiful thou art !  
 And when in earthly breast  
 Thou plantest hopes that soar above,  
 How dear, how bright a guest !  
 Through this cold world of doubt and fear,  
 Gilding the gloom with light,  
 The trusting pilgrim thou canst guide,  
 Till thou art lost in sight.





*Handwritten signature or mark*

## H O P E.

WHEN the stormy wind is strong,  
 And the tempest, loud and long,  
 Strews the young leaves on the turf,  
 And crests with foam the silvery surf,—  
 When the tender flowrets die,  
 While the whirlwind waxeth high,  
 Till the veil of darkening clouds,  
 That the clear blue heaven shrouds,  
 Parts away—and sunbeam's smile  
 Mingles with the rain awhile,—  
 Then the glorious bow is bent,  
 Like a lovely herald sent ;  
 And in rose and violet shade,  
 Ere the glowing arch can fade,  
 We may read the Hope of flowers,  
 That shall blush in summer bowers ;  
 When the sunbeams melt the snow,  
 Mantling all the mountain's brow,  
 When the crystal waters gush  
 From their homes of reed and rush,  
 Then we hope ere long to hear  
 Streamlets' music far and near ;  
 Winter may not always stay,  
 Earth shall smile in Spring's glad ray ;  
 HOPE ! bright Hope, is nature's voice,  
 Bidding care-worn hearts rejoice,  
 Summer will be here again,  
 Flowers shall bloom o'er all the plain,  
 Birds shall sing their carols sweet,  
 Pearly hawthorn's birth to greet ;  
 HOPE ! sweet Hope, with rosy wreath,  
 Thou canst promise more than this ;  
 Sorrow may not ever last,  
 Storms will soon be over-past,  
 What though death should close thy grief,  
 Weep not ! for the journey brief

Ends before the golden gate,  
 Where the dazzling angels wait ;  
 And to yonder glorious land,  
 HOPE may point with stedfast hand.  
 Like a star in rayless night,  
 Lovely Grace ! thou smilest bright,  
 And the mourner's throbbing breast  
 Looks to Thee for calm and rest ;  
 Hopes of *earth* are sweet and fair,  
 But the canker eateth there ;  
 Earthly hope may prove in vain,  
 Dearest smiles may end in pain ;  
 But the hope enthroned on high  
 Wears a bloom that cannot die ;  
 Smiles on ever 'mid the gloom,  
 Hovers o'er the darksome tomb,  
 Lives till faith be lost in sight,  
 Hope, itself, in full delight.  
 Heavenly spirit ! with me stay,  
 All throughout my pilgrim-way ;  
 When I bend beneath the storm,  
 May I meet thy seraph form !  
 Amaranthine wreaths are thine,  
 Let such blossomings be mine !  
 Rest with me till life be past,  
 And the haven gain'd at last !

---

V I C T O R I A, P R I N C E S S R O Y A L.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

THOU wert the Morning Star of Hope, fair child !  
 Shining, all lonely, in thy Royal home :  
 On thee a youthful Mother fondly smiled,  
 And glad the expectant nation saw thee come.

But now—a constellation of bright lights,  
 As nascent blessings to thy home are given :  
 And thick as silver stars on summer nights,  
 With a clear glory stud that peaceful heaven !







Now—to one PRINCELY PLANET, eager turn  
 The loyal eyes that welcomed THEE before ;  
 And stars that with a lesser radiance burn,  
 Count as companion-satellites ;—no more !

But to the Parent's heart, no after-days  
 Of richer glory can decrease the love,  
 Felt, oh ! thou gentle light, when first thy rays  
 Shone with a tender radiance from above.

Still shall *this* halo circle thee through life ;  
 Thou wert the FIRST-BORN, of the welcoming heart ;  
 The dearest joy, when hope and joy were rife,  
 Girt with sweet thoughts that never can depart.

THOU wert the first, whose soft and feeble cries  
 Smote on the Mother's thrill'd and listening ear :  
 THOU wert the first, whose closed, unconscious eyes,  
 Her kiss proclaim'd unutterably dear !

---

T H E H E I R E S S .

BY MRS. ELLIS.

'Twas on a bright May morning, when the birds did gaily sing,  
 And the waving woods were vocal with the melody of spring,  
 There stood a youthful maiden before her father's door,  
 All rich in wealth and beauty—what *could* she wish for more ?

Say, little child of penury, what think you did she wish ?—  
 For the earth to yield her silver dew, the ocean, golden fish ?  
 For brighter gems around her brow, where health its garland wreathed ?  
 Or food for thee, thou famish'd one—was that the wish she breathed ?

Oh listen, gentle gales of spring ; and listen, sweet May flowers !  
 There are many kinds of suffering in this fair world of ours ;  
 And she who stands in ermine robes beside the rich man's door,  
 Is sighing to the passing gale—" I wish that I were poor !"

“The lady gay with jewels deck'd—the rich and noble lord,  
 Who come with all their retinue, and throng my father's board,  
 They tell me of their constant wish, to serve me more and more,  
 Oh should I not be happy then, if only I were poor?”

“Yes, I would be a peasant girl, so pretty, and so poor;  
 It would be such a pleasant life, to stray from door to door.  
 The only treasure I would keep, should be my gentle dove,  
 And that because I have not learn'd, to do without its love.

“Oh! I would be a peasant girl, so simple and so neat;  
 I should only have to tell the rich, I had no bread to eat;  
 And all the gifts they promise now, would soon be pour'd on me.”  
 Say, little child of penury, how are they pour'd *on thee*?

Nay, weep not; there are many tears shed on the rich man's floor  
 And she who stands in ermine robe, is wishing she were poor;  
 She is tired of all the luxury, the fashion, and the form,  
 That make her father's hearth so cold, while thine is often warm.

She is tired of all the empty words that fall upon her ear,  
 And fail to make her truly feel to one fond bosom dear.  
 There is a joy she cannot taste, within her halls of pride,  
 A love which want and misery, have sorely proved and tried.

Oh! little child of penury, droop not thy lowly head,  
 Thou hast a thousand, thousand gifts, in rich abundance spread;  
 Thou hast the warmth of nature's heart, wherever thou may'st go  
 And more—thine own, to sympathize in every human wo.

Thou hast the song of summer birds, the wild flowers on the lea,  
 The music of the mountain-rill—these all are gifts to thee;  
 Thou hast along thy lonely path, a Heavenly Father's love,  
 His everlasting arms beneath—his canopy above.



*The Weaver*

THE WEAVER



## R O M E.

Oh! mighty Rome! proud city of the past!  
 I gaze upon thy battlements at last;  
 I see thy glorious domes in bright array,  
 All glittering in the setting sunbeam's ray:  
 I see thy castle-fortress, gray and stern,  
 Thy turrets, where the twilight-gleams yet burn.  
 From northern shores and colder climes I come,  
 To dwell within thy palaces, Old Rome!  
 'Tis eventide, and all is calm and still,  
 Save voice of song, that swells from hill to hill:  
 Thine ancient temples rise against the skies,  
 Radiant with rosy hues and golden dyes;  
 And round thy time-worn walls are marble tombs  
 Clad with bright verdure, and a thousand blooms;  
 And fallen columns, and old terrace walls  
 Are mingling with thy proudest princely halls;  
 And the rich clusters of thy purpling vines,  
 Trailing acanthus, and wild eglantines,  
 All glowing in the crimson light of eve,  
 Their garlands round thy solemn cloisters weave;  
 Along thy ruin'd aisles and lonely bowers  
 The mournful ivy creeps, and star-like flowers  
 Are mantling round the moss-grown sculptured leaves  
 Of arch and column gray; and rosy wreaths  
 Are gilding all with their rich summer glow,  
 Though solemn, drear decay, is round thee now!  
 AND IS THIS ROME? The Rome of ancient time,  
 The Rome that ruled in every realm and clime?  
 Where are her heroes, with their laurel crowns?  
 Where are her sceptres, now, her dazzling thrones?  
 Where are her sages? where, her diadems,  
 All burning with red gold, and sparkling gems?  
 All have departed—all have pass'd away,  
 Their last, faint traces moulder in decay.  
 On ancient Tibur\* now the moonlight falls—  
 Gaze on those voiceless piles, those moss-clad walls;

\* The emperor Aurelian presented his captive Zenobia with a villa at Tibur, or Tivoli.

Zenobia's name still lingers in each gust  
 That sweeps her palace-ruins' mouldering dust;  
 And whispering yet of Ciceronian days,  
 Stands forth that solemn grove of laurel bays.  
 Oh! ancient city! calm and slow decay  
 Hath stolen all thy glorious pomp away!  
 Proud Rome! 'Tis sad to gaze upon thee now,  
 So lovely! but with death upon thy brow!  
 Thou art like beauty meeten'd for the grave,  
 Or some fair vessel sinking in the wave,  
 When storms are past, and sunset calmly shines  
 Along the distant mountain's purple lines.  
 Oh! can it be, that THOU wilt ever stand,  
 Like bright Palmyra, 'midst the desert sand!  
 That on *thy* stones the golden sun may beam,  
 Or moonlight glisten on old Tiber's stream,  
 And not a sound fall on the silent night,  
 Save the cold gushing waters' rippling light?  
 Now, while I stand within thy temples' shade,  
 Where mitred brows in death's last sleep are laid,  
 Thy gorgeous altars, bright with pearls and gold,  
 And dusky banners rich with crimson fold,  
 All gemm'd with stars like thine own azure sky,  
 Still rest beneath that glorious canopy;  
 But, Rome! thy day of majesty is past,  
 And o'er thy towers a shade of gloom is cast;  
 Thy stately pride is gone—on thy seven hills  
 No more the song of triumph proudly swells;  
 Yet art thou glorious even in decay,  
 And never shall *thy memory* fade away!

The annexed plate presents a view of the Bridge and Castle of St. Angelo, the Palace of the Vatican, and the Church of St. Peter. The bridge crosses the Tiber opposite to the *Moles Hadriani*, to which it was designed as an avenue. The piers and arches are ancient; but having given way with a vast crowd of people during the jubilee in 1450, the bridge was renewed by Nicholas V., and again by Clement IX., who erected the balustrade. The Castle of St. Angelo, the fortress and state prison of Rome, is constructed from the remains of the celebrated *Moles Hadriani*, or mausoleum, erected by Hadrian. It was converted into a fortress during the siege of Rome by the Goths in 537, when the besieged cast down from its walls the statues and other ornaments of the place upon the assailants. It is a circular building, two hundred and ninety feet in diameter. But, like the celebrated Church of St. Peter, this remarkable edifice has been too often described at length, in the works both of early and modern tourists, to call for more than a reference here.











*Beauty's*

## B E A U T Y A N D D R E S S .

BY THE HON. EDMUND PHIPPS.

SPARE not, fair maid, each glittering gaud to seek,  
 Grudge not the wasted hour ;  
 Tinge with a borrow'd rose thy tender cheek,  
 Heightening thy beauty's power ;  
 Summon more maidens for the mystic rites,  
 To aid thee at thy call ;  
 Arrange the mirrors, and dispose more lights,  
 Then deck thee for the Ball.

It was not always thus. In days gone by,  
 Simplicity, not art,  
 Was thy first charm ; not to attract the eye,  
 But to subdue the heart.  
 Thoughtless of admiration, how could men  
 Not worship such as thou ?  
 Success was certain to attend thee, then,  
 As sure, as failure, now.

A modest blush supplied the frequent rose,  
 Flowers deck'd thy flowing hair ;  
 No labour'd arts delay'd the toilet's close ;  
 No foreign aid was there :  
 Then thou wert simple, innocent, and free ;  
 Would thou wert so again !  
 Free—for the world had not then trammel'd thee,  
 With self-accepted chain.

Now let thy flowing flounces' ample round  
 Thy empty pride convey ;  
 And thy fair locks, where ornaments abound,  
 A faulty taste display ;  
 Let the imprisoning whalebone aptly show  
 Thy intellect confined,  
 The feather, with its restless, dancing flow,  
 Present thy fickle mind.

The softest satin of the loom shall e'en  
 Thy polish'd skin outvie ;  
 And diamonds of Golconda, with their sheen,  
 Outsparkle thy bright eye ;  
 Thus deck'd, thou wilt attract each passing look,  
 But not one heart retain :  
 The gaudiest bait that floats, without a hook,  
 Would, floating, float in vain.

---

THE GLEANER.

I GAZED upon a sunny field,  
 Where golden grain was waving fair,  
 And cloudless skies shone soft and calm,  
 On the bright poppies glowing there ;  
 Blue corn-flowers smiled like summer heaven,  
 And scarlet weeds, in gorgeous bloom,  
 Laugh'd in the sunlight's burning ray,  
 Unconscious of their coming doom.

Th' ethereal arch of glorious blue  
 Cloudless and stainless stretch'd above,  
 No speck upon its bright expanse,  
 Save silvery wing of fitting dove ;  
 While through the wood-paths' leafy shade  
 A thousand birds their music flung,  
 And o'er the banks of flowery thyme  
 Hover'd the wild bee's thrilling hum.

:

And many *stricken flowers* were there,  
 Where'er the reaper's hand had been,  
 And ears that graceful waved at morn,  
 Were scatter'd ere the noon-tide beam ;  
 The joyous sound of "harvest-home"  
 Came on the balmy summer-breeze,  
 While rosy children sported on,  
 Beneath the spreading hawthorn trees.

But one fair girl sat lone, and still ;  
 Her silken curls with untaught grace,







Mantling upon her earnest brow,  
 And shading her sweet, gentle face.  
 No dream of care, no thought of grief,  
 Had dimm'd her sunny, meek, blue eyes,  
 That through their silken fringes beam'd,  
 As soft and clear as sapphire skies.

Her golden tresses like a veil,  
 Hung o'er her graceful child-like form ;  
 Sure, form so fair could ne'er have bent  
 Beneath earth's grief, or sorrow's storm ;  
 The rose-leaf tinge upon her cheek  
 Had never paled at touch of woe,  
 And peace shone forth in that sweet smile,  
 And joy in that soft warbling low.

Bright, lovely child ! All things are fair  
 That meet thy innocent young gaze !  
 The stream that bathes the willow-leaves,  
 The hills, half hid in purple haze ;  
 The forest-trees' rich emerald hue,  
 The moss whereon the rock-springs fall ;  
 All, all, are calm and beautiful,  
 But Thou, the fairest of them all.

Young Gleaner ! surely thy sweet face  
 Tells not of rude or rustic bower ;  
 No peasant race is thine, fair child,  
 Thou, surely, art a *cultured* flower.  
 It may be, that thy parents' hopes  
 Have all been blighted, save of thee ;  
 And in this lonely, woodland vale,  
 They dwell in toil and poverty.

Oh ! be to them a sunbeam bright,  
 Though all things else have pass'd away ;  
 Thy gentle love, and low, sweet voice  
 Can cheer, though wealth no longer stay.  
 Cling to thy Mother, Lovely one !  
 Hide not from her one passing thought ;  
 In doubt or sorrow, shelter there—  
 Her heart with tenderness is fraught.

Go homeward now, young Gleaner, home,  
 To thine own rose-wreathed, humble cot ;  
 Thou camest like a lovely dream,  
 Unknown alike, thy name and lot.  
 Go ; gather up thy treasured store,  
 Part back the ringlets from thy brow ;  
 The sun is sinking in the West ;  
 Calm twilight steals around thee, now.

Lift up thy young unburden'd heart,  
 In this calm hour of dewy eve ;  
 No longer chant thy merry song,  
 Cease, now, the corn-flower buds to weave.  
 Look upwards now ; far, far beyond  
 That glowing crimson in the West ;  
 Raise thy young voice in prayer and praise  
 To Him who gives the hour of rest.

Farewell ! Oh ! may'st thou ever glean  
 Hope, truth, and joy through all thy way,  
 As freely, fully, as thou hast  
 Nature's rich gifts, this sunny day !  
 And though I gaze on thee no more,  
 Yet thy young face will ever dwell  
 'Mid the bright visions of the past :  
 Farewell, sweet Gleaner ; Fare thee well.

---

### THE RIGHT HON. HENRY, VISCOUNT HARDINGE, G.C.B.

LATE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

COULD we take a review of the career of those, who, in this country, have risen, by their own merit, to high and responsible offices of state, it would, perhaps, be found, that by no class of men have such offices been more honourably or more effectively filled, than by soldiers of high character, and acknowledged ability in their own profession. The personal history of the eminent subject of this memoir, affords an illustration of this observation.

The present LORD HARDINGE is the grandson of Nicholas Hardinge, Esq., long known and respected as chief clerk of the House of Commons ; and the third son of the Rev. Henry Hardinge, rector of Stanhope, in the county of Durham. He was





*[Faint, illegible text, likely a name or title]*

born on the 30th of March, 1785; and being, from his childhood designed for the profession of arms, he devoted less time than is usually given by men of his degree, to the study of classical literature. At the age of sixteen he obtained a commission in the army, and thenceforward gave himself up, with singular ardour, to the duties of the military profession.

Having been placed by Sir John Moore on his staff, Captain Hardinge accompanied that lamented general throughout his Spanish campaign, and shared his disastrous retreat to Corunna; and into his arms, it was, that Sir John Moore fell when struck by the shot which caused his death.

Under the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, the subject of this memoir served throughout the campaigns of Spain and Portugal, being present at the battles of Busaco, and Albuera; at the ever-memorable storming of Badajos; and at the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, Nivelles, Nive, and Orthes. His gallant services on these occasions secured for him a high military reputation, together with the honourable title of K.C.B.; and various orders, both British and foreign. In company with Wellington, he terminated his career of active service on the field of Waterloo; and in the action which there secured the liberties of Europe, lost his right arm.

In November, 1821, Sir Henry Hardinge married the Lady Emily, daughter of Robert, first Marquis of Londonderry; and about the same time entered into political life. In 1823, he was appointed clerk of the ordnance; which office he filled till, in the year 1828, he was made Secretary at War. In the mean time he had entered parliament as member for Durham; and he subsequently sat for the Cornish boroughs of Newport, and St. Germain; and for the town of Launceston. In 1830, Sir Henry Hardinge was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland, but, of course, lost office on the breaking up, in that year, of his friend the Duke of Wellington's ministry. In 1834, he was again appointed Secretary for Ireland, but resigned that high office in April, 1835.

The great talents which he had displayed in these various situations led to the selection of this eminent man as the fittest person to whom to entrust the government of our Eastern possessions; and on the recall of Lord Ellenborough in 1844, Sir Henry Hardinge was appointed to succeed that nobleman as Governor-General of India. He was sworn into his high office early in May, 1844, and, within about three weeks, was on his way, overland, to the seat of his government.

Our space forbids us to enlarge upon the peculiar difficulties and dangers which awaited the new Governor-General, on his arrival at Calcutta, or to do more than touch upon the main points of his subsequent career. It may suffice to observe, in general, that a more critical period than that during which he presided over British India, has not occurred in the history of that country since the days of Warren Hastings.

It is true, indeed, that when Sir Henry Hardinge reached the seat of his government, an apparent but delusive tranquillity had succeeded to the recent troubles which had disturbed the north-eastern frontiers of our Indian Empire. The disasters of the Affghan campaign had been redeemed; Scinde, our most recent acquisition, appeared

to be a secure possession ; and the distracted condition of the court of Lahore seemed to preclude the probability of any outbreak on the part of the Sikhs. The keen eye, however, of the newly-arrived Governor-General discerned the clouds of war which were gathering beyond the Sutlej. The Punjab, from the time of Alexander the Great, had been the scene of a series of fierce wars and bloody revolutions ; the immense army of the Sikhs, recently organized and disciplined by the late Runjeet, presented a body of vast power ; and the fact, that the protected Sikhs on the British side of the Sutlej had become disaffected—a fact well known to Sir Henry Hardinge—convinced him that the danger was more imminent and extensive than might previously have been imagined.

The occurrences which ensued, bore witness to the soundness of the Governor-General's judgment, as well as to his valour and military skill.

The principal events of the war of the Punjab ; the names of MOODKEE—indissolubly connected with the memory of Sale, the hero of Jallalabad—and of FEROUZESHAH, are in the recollection of every reader ; nor need we dwell upon the generosity of the Governor-General, in proposing to serve as second in command to the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Hugh Gough ; nor upon the frank and manly spirit in which that proposal was received. Honour be to both those noble soldiers ! for well have they earned their coronets.

The terrific fight of Ferozeshah began on the evening of the 21st of December, 1845. The Sikhs outnumbered the English more than four-fold ; and the issue was doubtful, when darkness suspended the combat. The night was spent by Generals Hardinge and Gough in making preparation for the tremendous struggle of the morrow, and in encouraging their forces ; and when the signal victory was won, and the Sikhs and their country lay at the mercy of the conquerors, these Christian commanders, remembering, amid the triumph of their great achievement, the only source whence all strength and all glory are derived, invited the survivors from the fight to assemble near the Governor-General's tent, and unite with him in returning thanks to the Lord of Hosts for the success with which He had crowned their arms.

LORD HARDINGE, who, in common with his gallant coadjutor, Sir Hugh Gough, has most deservedly been raised to the peerage, used his great victory so as to promote the happiness of the vanquished. He organized for the Sikhs the best native government of which circumstances admitted ; and having successfully applied himself to the development of the agricultural and commercial resources of the Punjab, he resigned the government of an empire, to which, under Providence, he had given security and stability. Lord Dalhousie, the present Governor-General, having reached Calcutta, and having been installed in his high office, LORD HARDINGE quitted India on the 18th of January, 1848, esteemed and applauded by all classes of the community. The Crown and the East India Company have vied with each other to do him honour ; and his name—linked with that of his brave companion in arms—will be gratefully remembered so long as valour, patriotism, and devotion to the calls of duty, shall be esteemed among men.

## L O R D B Y R O N.

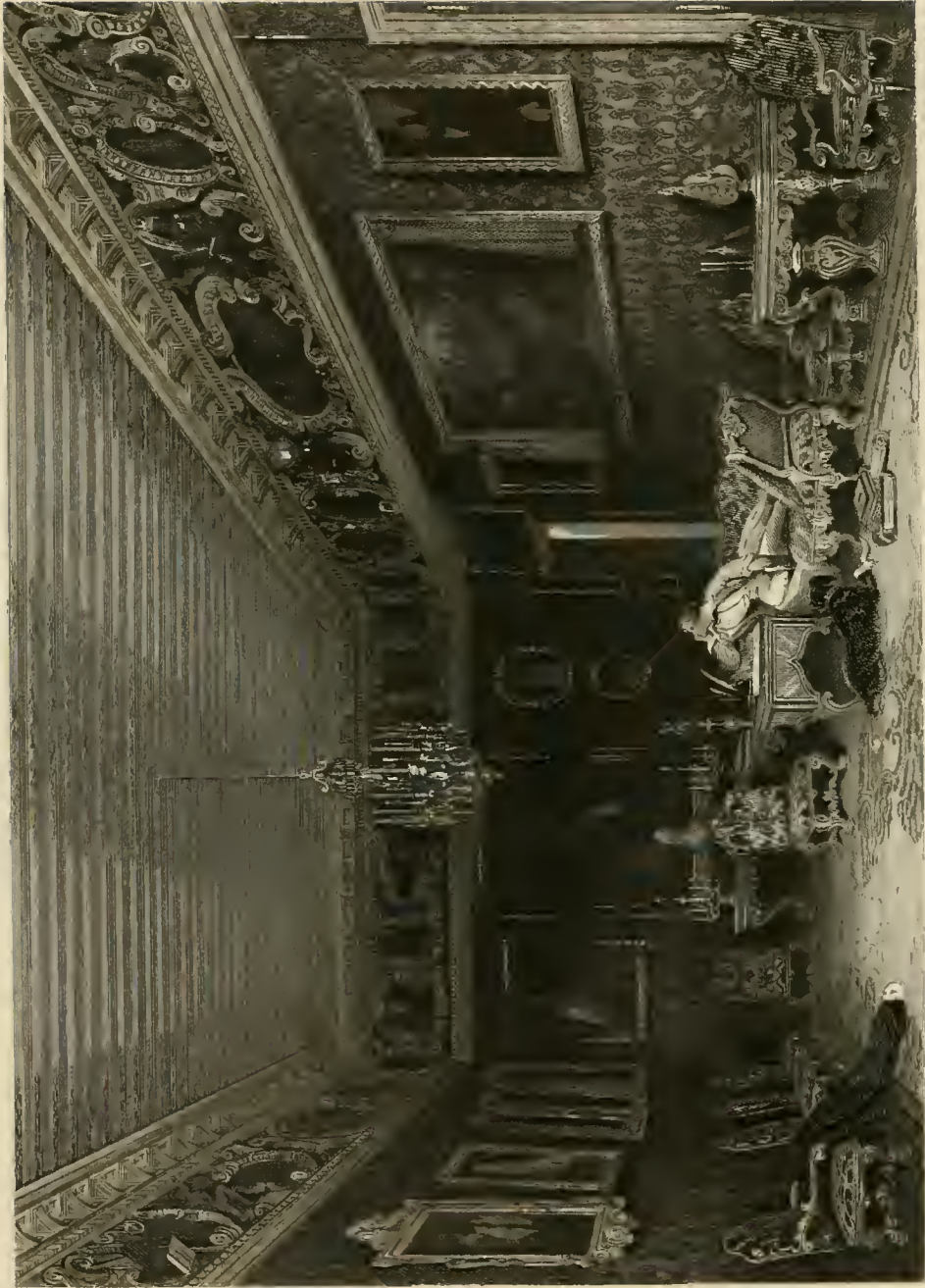
OH, glorious Genius! what might was thine!  
 Proudly thy Poet-name shall ever shine!  
 How didst thou soar away in realms of song,  
 As if some wondrous spell were o'er thee flung,  
 Embalming in thy verse old Grecia's shore,  
 Where Beauty lingers yet—though never more  
 Shall glory scatter laurels on her plain,  
 Nor wake again that long-forgotten strain  
 That rang from Marathon, or Leuctra's field,  
 With voice of trumpet, clang of sword and shield!  
 Sad was thy dirge-like music, o'er the tomb  
 Of that which once had boasted matchless bloom;  
 And like the sound of song o'er waters cast,  
 Thy sweet bewailings of the cherish'd past!  
 Oft, too, in Alpine glens, beneath the shade  
 Of some dark, wither'd pine, thy footsteps stray'd;  
 Thou heardst the Avanlanche's sullen roar,  
 Then, death-like silence reign'd the glaciers o'er.  
 'Mid mighty mountains with their solemn brows  
 Shrouded in dazzling, deep, eternal snows,  
 And awful in their grandeur, hast thou stood,  
 Gazing in solitude on Lemn's flood.  
 And there was Venice! "city of the sea!"  
 Amid her halls of ancient revelry,  
 Thou linger'dst long; watching the wax and wane  
 Of many moons upon her azure main;  
 Loving that wave, in wild and starless nights,  
 When the fair Island-city's thousand lights  
 Flash'd on its murky waters, for a brief  
 And sudden space, like passing smile on grief.  
 Thou trod'st Ravenna's dreary solitude,  
 Thou mingledst with the stormy southern feud,  
 Echoing the cry for Liberty, that rang  
 Along Etruria's shores, with martial clang.  
 Italia's cause thine own, bold hast thou stood,  
 Conqueror or victim; while the threatening flood,  
 That in the distance lifted up its voice  
 All stern and hoarse, bade thy worn heart rejoice.

Proud Genoa, too, and Pisa's letter'd walls  
 Welcomed thee gladly to their stately halls ;  
 But oft, at sunset-hour thou lovedst to roam  
 'Mid desolate ruins, moss and ivy-grown ;  
 Or when the last rich rays of day were gone,  
 To sit upon some fragment of huge stone,  
 And there to gaze upon the placid sea,  
 Its low faint murmur mingling tranquilly  
 With the pale light of eve, and western breeze,  
 That scarce could fan the fragrant orange trees.

But now, again, Greece claim'd thee for her guest,  
 Oh ! little recking, that 'neath her green breast,  
 The exiled King of Song would sleep in death !  
 Oh ! little dreaming that his pilgrim breath  
 Should breathe its last sweet dying swan-notes there,  
 His eagle-eyes close on that land so fair !

Yet was it so.—On Grecian shores he stood,  
 And midst the roaring of old Ocean's flood,  
 Demanded FREEDOM for that classic ground,  
 And all Ionia's isles gave back the sound.  
 With dying breath, for Liberty he cried ;  
 The Exile wept for Greece enslaved—and *died*.  
 He died ! departed !—Would that Hope had shed  
 A clearer radiance round that solemu bed !  
 'Tis sad to know not, that he look'd on high,  
 To worlds beyond the blue Morean sky !  
 Not like a star, but as of meteor birth,  
 He dazzled, for a while, this lower earth ;  
 To Earth *alone*, his genius was given ;  
 Unlike the stars, it lent no light to Heaven.  
 And yet no scornful voice shall mock thy doom ;  
 Great Poet ! none may trifle near thy tomb ;  
 Who would not grieve to see the minster aisle,  
 Once proudly glorious, stand a ruin'd pile ?  
 Who would not mourn to see within the grave  
 All that had once been beautiful and brave ?  
 And such wert Thou.—A genius rare was thine ;  
 Thy mighty thoughts, like jewels from the mine,  
 Shone forth, and charm'd the wondering souls of men,  
 Whose meed of praise was thy bright diadem.







Thy love, alas! was fixed on things below,  
 No flowers *celestial* twined thy laurel'd brow;  
 But now thy race is run; we will not chide  
 The ashes that beneath the marble hide:  
 Deep, deep regret *must* cast a shade of gloom—  
 But be thy failings buried in thy tomb.

---

S I R R O B E R T S A L E.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ROBERT HENRY SALE, G.C.B., late Quarter-Master-General of the British Forces in India, was the second son of the late Colonel Sale, many years an active officer in the East India Company's service. His mother was the daughter of Henry Brine, Esq., of Buckden, Huntingdonshire. He was born in the year 1782; and, having early discovered an inclination towards the profession of arms, he entered the army as an Ensign in the 36th regiment of foot, in 1795, having at that time but just completed his thirteenth year. His education had, of course, been in some measure professional; yet, early as was his entrance upon the active life of a soldier, he had attained no small proficiency in literary pursuits. India was from first to last the scene of his services. There he entered upon his military career; and there, after half-a-century's active service, and after having taken part in not less than twenty important actions, he ultimately fell in battle, in the hour of victory.

In the year 1799, and at the early age of seventeen years, the late Sir Robert Sale first drew his sword, during the wars against Tippoo Sultan, at the siege and storming of Seringapatam, and received a silver medal for his gallant conduct on that occasion. He served throughout the campaigns in the Wynaud country in 1801; and after a series of less imposing but not less important services, he took part, in 1809, in the storming of the lines at Travancore. He was an active agent in the capture of the Isle of France in 1810; and served, with distinguished honour, throughout the Burmese war, in the years 1824, 1825, and 1826. He was present at the capture of Rangoon; and while in command of his regiment there, drove the enemy from the vicinity of the place, stormed the stockades near Kemundine, and also those near Kumaroot and Pagoda Point, receiving, during the latter service, a severe wound in the head. He next commanded a brigade employed in the reduction of Bassein, which service, together with subsequent operations, occupied the months of February, March, April, and May, in the year 1825. In the December of that year this heroic soldier repulsed the Shaans and Burmese at Prome; on the following day he reduced the neighbouring heights; and in January, 1826, stormed the lines at Melloon, in which last gallant action he received a second severe wound. At the close of the Burmese war, he was admitted to the Companionship of the Bath.

At the opening of the Affghanistan campaign, the gallant Sale, being one of our most experienced officers in Indian warfare, was appointed to the command of the first Bengal Brigade of the army of the Indus, which brigade took the lead throughout the whole of that memorable campaign. To his bold and experienced guidance was entrusted the command of the detachment of 2,500 men, sent to Girishk in May, 1839; and on the 23d of the following July, he commanded the storming party at Ghuznee, on which occasion he received a sabre-cut on the face, and various other wounds. In September, 1840, he took charge of the force sent to subdue the Kohistan country; and, by a series of most brilliant operations, attacked and took the town and forts of Tootumdurrah, as well as those of Jhoolghur, Baboo Koosh Ghur, and Kardurrah; drove the enemy, under the command of Dost Mohammed Khan, from the strongholds of Perwan, and compelled that commander himself to surrender to Sir William Macnaghten.

A success so decisive might have been expected to put an end to the war; but the warlike tribes of the Affghans had mountain-fastnesses to which they could resort. Sir Robert Sale, however, triumphing alike over natural as over artificial obstacles, stormed the Khoord Cabool Pass, drove the enemy from the heights of Tezeen, reduced the fort of Mamoo-Khail, and finally intrenched himself at Jellalabad—a place, the name of which his heroic gallantry has immortalized.

Jellalabad was invested by the wild and savage Affghans from the beginning of November, 1841, to the beginning of April, 1842: Lady Sale was, during this period, a prisoner; and was given to understand, that she and her companions in captivity would be released, on condition that she should induce her husband to abandon his post. The heroic lady knew her duty better. She conjured Sir Robert to defend Jellalabad to the last extremity; declaring that she would rather die than be the means of tempting him to the slightest departure from the path of honour and duty.

On the destruction of General Elphinstone's army, the wild Affghans rushed, with fresh fury, to the attack of Jellalabad. Till April, 1842, as we have said, the brave Sir Robert Sale remained on the defensive, satisfied to repulse the assaults of the fierce enemy. On the seventh of that month, however, being aware that General Pollock was advancing to his relief, he resolved to make a sortie, and to attack Akbar Khan in his camp. He did so, and completely routing the adverse forces, captured their guns, burned their camp, and drove them from every point of their position. The English captives were subsequently released, and Sir Robert Sale and his heroic wife were reunited.\*

After the conclusion of this memorable war, Sir Robert Sale and his Lady returned to England, where they were welcomed by the applause of the nation at large, and by the warm congratulations of their personal friends. In the midst, however, of his enjoyment of the approbation and gratitude of his country, he was recalled to India, to join the army on the Sutlej; and on the 19th of December, 1845, at the age of sixty-three, he closed his honourable and arduous career, on the hard-fought

\* Vide Lady Sale's "Journal of the Disasters in Affghanistan."



*General [Name] [Rank]*

*[Small text, possibly a publisher's mark or date]*









field of Moodkee. The joy of the victory of that day was damped by the loss of many a gallant soldier; but of none, perhaps, more worthy of his country's gratitude than was SIR ROBERT SALE.

“ His courage and his worth were truly shown  
 In pages written by a woman's hand;  
 Meet helpmate for a soldier! . . .  
 . . . . All is over now!  
 He lieth cold, where it shall little reck  
 That English voices sound no longer near,  
 In the far Indian land! . . .  
 But they that lose him, heavy though their loss,  
 May feel too proud for grief.”

---

E A R L Y L E S S O N S.

SWEET shade of thought on that young brow!  
 Sweet hisping tones so meek and low!  
 Sweet mother, with thy deep blue eyes,  
 Clear as those crystal sapphire skies;  
 How lovely are ye, in this shade,  
 Where through the leaves the sunbeams fade!  
 Sweet, too, the thought that mother's love  
 In tones as gentle as the dove,  
 Should sow fair wisdom's earliest seeds,  
 Before have sprung the noxious weeds.  
 A thousand flowers are round thy feet,  
 Fair matron—and their bloom is sweet,  
 But none so lovely is to thee,  
 As the young bud upon thy knee!  
 Now, mother! lay aside the book,  
 And point to yonder rippling brook,  
 And to that calm blue heaven on high,  
 Or primrose tufts that round thee lie.  
 The warbling birds, the honey-bee,  
 The wild wind rushing far and free,  
 The gentle, balmy, western breeze,  
 Scarce fanning trembling aspen trees,  
 Rich coronals of roses flung  
 Where the wood-strawberries are strung,

The clustering hyacinth's perfume,  
 Mingled with snowy hawthorn-bloom,  
 The fountains where the faint lights fall—  
 And say "OUR FATHER MADE THEM ALL."  
 And thou, sweet baby! listen now,  
 Nor heed the flowers that round thee blow;  
 Treasure those words of earnest love;  
 It *may* be thine, sometime, to prove  
 The hollow guise of brightest smiles,  
 Of this cold world's false, honied wiles;  
 And broken faith *may* cast a gloom  
 Around thee, dreary as the tomb;  
 And tears *may* pale that rose-leaved cheek,  
 And dim those blue eyes' radiance meek;  
 And those rich ringlets, care and grief  
 With silvery threads may, one day, streak.  
 Oh! then, through years of shade and light,  
 Look back upon thy childhood bright;  
 And though, like woodland buds, have flown  
 True-seeming friends, and round are strown  
 The blossomings of life's green spring;  
 And day by day some silvery string  
 Is snapp'd asunder, till the mind  
*On earth* no hope of rest may find;  
 Then glance adown the stream of time,  
 To this calm morn of summer's prime.  
 Remember all these gentle words,  
 That voice, like music's richest chords,  
 That tells thee of a Father's love,  
 Who dwelleth in the world above;  
 A tender Father, reconciled,  
 Who claims thee for His favour'd child;  
 And light across the gloom shall beam,  
 To cheer thy spirit with its beam;  
 And faith shall spring within thy breast,  
 Though *earth* be not thy place of rest,  
 That yet thy Father throned on high,  
 Still looks on thee with watchful eye;  
 And though thy weary footsteps roam,  
 Ere long, will surely call thee HOME.  
 Then, listen, child of lofty race,  
 Gaze on thy mother's gentle face;





F. H. Mo.

*Handwritten text, possibly a signature or title.*

No teachings can be half so meet,  
 For none are with such love replete ;  
 And what to thee may e'er betide,  
 Though joy or grief with thee abide,  
 Through all the mazy paths of life  
 Still shalt thou bless, through peace or strife,  
 These holy EARLY LESSONS given  
 Beneath the azure vault of heaven.

---

ELIZABETH - JANE,  
 DAUGHTER OF SIR WILLIAM AND LADY MARIA SOMERVILLE.

BY LADY DUFFERIN.

SWEET Elf! with fingers soft and round,  
 Wild wandering o'er the shifting keys,—  
 With gay eyes glistening at the sound,  
 As conscious of thy power to please :  
 The gracious forms that Love will take,  
 How well this "graven image" shows ;  
 The fond idolatry—can make  
 E'en discord sweet,—for *thy* sweet sake,—  
 And yet no miracle disclose !

Thy smiles, and playful gestures, tell  
 Glad tales of a most happy lot ;  
 And pleasant Home ; wherein there dwell  
 Good angels,—though thou seest them not !  
 That Patience, Zeal, and watchful Love,  
 Are ever near thee,—night and day,—  
 A thousand nameless virtues prove :  
 The grace with which those small hands move,—  
 Those eyes at once so good and gay !

God grant, dear child ! thy smile may long  
 Adorn and bless that happy home ;  
 And to those lips—so form'd for song—  
 May nought but mirth and music come.

No wonder that the painter took  
 Thy fair, round face, thus turn'd, this way—  
 (Unconscious of the music book !)  
 Such harmony is in thy look,  
 We would not *hear* but *see* thee play !

And when, perhaps, in after-days,  
 Grown-learnéd in thy lovely art,  
 Thy graceful skill shall challenge praise  
 More smooth in word, less warm in heart ;  
 Still value *most* the fond applause  
 That greets thy infant efforts now,—  
 For now thy skill is not the cause  
 That tears of fond affection draws !  
 Thy *music* charms us not,—but *thou* !

---

### T H E C I T Y O F N A H U N .

NAHUN is one of the principal towns of Sirinagur, or Sirmoor, a province of India, bounded on the north and north-east by the mountain-chains of Thibet and Himalaya ; on the south by Delhi, and on the north-west by Lahore. Though comparatively a small place, Nahun is considered to be, in point of situation, and style of architecture, one of the finest cities of Northern India. Nothing can be more magnificent than the scenery in this part of Asia. Nahun, in particular, occupying the summit of a rock, and being approached by a picturesque, well-watered, and richly-wooded valley, commands on all sides extensive prospects of the most surpassing beauty. The immediately surrounding country is interseeted by numerous valleys and ravines, clothed in all the luxuriance of oriental vegetation, and irrigated by the picturesque waters of the Deyrah Dhoon, a stream subsidiary to the great Ganges, which noble river enters the province of Delhi, a little below Nahun ; while in the distance, low belts of hills give to the landscape all the variety and beauty of mountain scenery. The road leading to Nahun is exceedingly steep and narrow, and forms a most inconvenient and precipitous ascent, up which, however, elephants, even when heavily laden, contrive to climb. The streets of the city present somewhat of the appearance of stairs ; so numerous are the steps, which the height and irregularity of the rock on which the town stands have rendered necessary. Ill-adapted as streets so constructed would seem to be to the exercise of riding on horseback or *elephant-back*, the principal inhabitants of Nahun, with the ordinary Eastern disdain of difficulties of such a nature, are accustomed to the use of horses and elephants, and appear perfectly at







their ease when thus mounted. This circumstance is peculiarly striking to European observers.

The Rajah of Sirmoor, who is indebted to British aid for the security of his dominions, is exceedingly assiduous in his attentions to Europeans generally, and to English travellers in particular, who may pass through his territories. His district being mountainous and thinly populated, his revenues are not large; but notwithstanding their scantiness, he contrives to keep up such an appearance as may be likely to impress European visitors with an idea of his dignity and importance.

Few things are more apt to provoke a smile than the formal interviews which occasionally take place between native Indian potentates and the European travellers, civil or military, who may chance to pass through some remote principality. The English visitor is perhaps in the last stage of dishabille; a long journey, too, has deplorably deteriorated the appearance of his equipage and his attendants; and most willingly would he avoid the honours that are thrust upon him. The rajah, on the other hand, is most anxious to exhibit himself as a person of importance, and having first given due notice of his approach, he pays his respects to the representative of Great Britain, with all the pomp and circumstance which he can command. The native cavalcades on these occasions are often exceedingly picturesque; affording an imposing display of elephants handsomely caparisoned; of ornamented litters; gaudily dressed troopers; and crowds of men on foot, brandishing swords, and silver maces; while the deep roll of the drums, and the shrill blasts of the trumpets, come upon the ear in wild and warlike music. The European dignitary, on the contrary, having none of these "appliances and means to boot," and being, moreover, conscious of many awkward circumstances, in the shape of ragged attendants, and perhaps even of a personal costume unsuited to occasions of state, finds it difficult, yet most necessary, to preserve a steady countenance; since laughter would be deemed unseemly; and would, certainly, be attributed to a wrong cause. The Rajah of Nahun is rather proud of his fortress, and never fails to invite Europeans to visit it, and to inspect his troops, which, however, are neither numerous, nor in a high state of discipline.

Within view of the city of Nahun is the hill-fortress of Attock, which stands four thousand eight hundred and fifty-four feet above the level of the sea, and which is memorable as having cost the lives of four British officers on the occasion of its capture during the Ghoorka war. The fall of these brave men is commemorated by a lofty obelisk which stands in the very centre of the town of Nahun, and marks their graves. It is superfluous to say, that this obelisk is an object of great, though melancholy interest to Englishmen, who, in their foreign wanderings, find themselves thus suddenly reminded of the services and death of those brave fellow-countrymen who have here their remote place of rest.

Nahun is at no great distance from the residence of an English agent; and on the intervening road there are convenient bungalows for the accommodation of travellers. The city is considered to be healthy; but notwithstanding its elevated position—upwards of three thousand feet above the level of the sea—Europeans suffer there

from the heat of the atmosphere. It is also exposed to unwholesome hot winds; and during one season of the year, the jungles in its neighbourhood are productive of malaria, and the consequent diseases.

The accompanying plate presents an admirable view of Nahun and its vicinity. While we regret that a country externally so lovely should be subject to the natural evils above mentioned, how much more should we lament the spiritual darkness which still, to a great extent, continues to overshadow that fair portion of "this beautiful visible world."

---

THE HON. ANTHONY ASHLEY,

Eldest son of Lord Ashley (son of the Earl of Shaftesbury) and Lady Emily Cowper, (daughter of the Countess Cowper, now Viscountess Palmerston.)

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

If every effort for the right  
 Made by the SIRE, could nerve thy youth  
 To battle in Temptation's hour,  
 For holy Righteousness and Truth :

If every prayer which humble lips  
 Have breathed with simplest eloquence,  
 For HIM, (whose heart was with the Poor,)  
 Could be THY shield and THY defence :

If every self-denying act,  
 And solemn thought, HIS spirit gave  
 Through dazzling, careless, flatter'd years,  
 Could make thee wise, and keep thee brave :

Safe, through a world of many storms,  
 And amply guarded, thou might'st tread ;  
 While delegated blessings made  
 A halo round thy noble head.

So let it be ! A lovely life  
 Is his, who from the earliest dawn,  
 Ne'er found the averted face of God,  
 Like sunlight from his course withdrawn ;



1840

1840







*The Love Letter*

Ne'er felt a late repentance sting,  
 And mused, while gazing sadly back,  
 Which were the old delightful paths ;\*  
 Which was the true, the glorious track :

Ne'er gave to Sin his noonday strength,  
 And turn'd, with feeble, wayworn feet,  
 And downcast eyes, that weeping prayed,  
 At Eventide his God to meet :

But from the first with cheerful heart,  
 Uprose, the tasks of Life to do :  
 Keeping the steadfast hope of Heaven,  
 Through cloud and shine—through weal and woe :

Deject, nor dazzled, overmuch :  
 Consulting only God's high will,—  
 As mariners, through changeful days  
 Watch the abiding compass still !

---

T H E L O V E L E T T E R .

PALER she grew from day to day,  
 As, fading from her cheek away,  
 The rose-tinge left her gentle brow  
 All fairer than the mountain-snow.  
 The glossy ringlets once so bright,  
 So dazzling in their golden light,  
 Were parted back from that sweet face,  
 Where blossom'd beauty's every grace,  
 As if no more they cared to stray  
 Around a brow no longer gay.  
 Each morn the Lady Christabel  
 Gazed over wood, and stream, and fell ;  
 She sat alone within her bower—  
 Its casement wreathed with bud and flower—  
 And watch'd the golden sun arisc,  
 Painting with rosy hues, the skies,

\* " Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."—Jeremiah vi. 16.

While dewdrops, scatter'd by the breeze,  
Like showers of pearls fell from the trees ;  
She watch'd the river's glassy stream,  
The wavelets dancing in the beam,  
That quiver'd 'mid the depths below,  
Where iris-flags, and lilies grow.  
And noon-tide came ; bright, sunny noon !  
Its glories fading all too soon  
For hearts that know no care or grief,  
Or only mourn for joy too brief.  
And still the Lady Christabel  
Within her turret-bower would dwell,  
And still her anxious gaze would stray  
Along the wood-path's shady way ;  
She watch'd the setting sun go down ;  
The forest trees ; and distant town,  
Bathed in the crimson light of eve ;  
While garlands that the roses weave  
Were radiant in the western light,  
Ere yet they slept at fall of night :  
And then the Lady sadly turn'd  
From where the ruby rays yet burn'd,  
And while the moonbeams dimly fell  
O'er donjon tower, and mossy dell,  
She sigh'd and wept the night away,  
And loathed the cheerful morning-ray.  
For months before, her virgin heart  
Had learn'd what sorrow 'tis to part  
With those we love—and scarcely know  
If e'er to meet again below.  
Her lover fought in distant land,  
The leader of a gallant band ;  
And when he left his Christabel,  
With earnest vows he promised well  
To send her tidings of his fate,  
Living or dying, soon or late.  
But days and weeks were gliding on,  
And the ninth moon was almost gone ;  
Nor messenger nor letter came ;  
And fill'd with grief, and doubt, and shame,  
Sweet Christabel was drooping fast,  
And deem'd those summer days her last !



The Lady sat alone—dismay'd,  
Nor page nor maiden near her staid ;  
She felt her faintest hopes were o'er,  
And dream'd of happiness no more ;  
When smiling, and with joyous mien,  
Her tiring-woman's face was seen,  
A thrice seal'd packet in her hand,  
And safely bound with silken band.  
The Lady scarcely drew her breath—  
Perchance it told her of his death ;  
With frantic hand she burst the fetter,  
And gazed upon her first LOVE LETTER !  
“ He loves me yet ;” she murmur'd low ;  
“ Oh yes ! I cannot doubt it now ;  
Ere long, whatever may betide,  
He'll claim me for his own loved bride.”  
And long she sat, with crimson'd cheek,  
Her violet eyes, so soft and meek,  
Fix'd on those dearly valued lines ;  
And though the sunbeam round her shines,  
And flowers perfume the halmy breeze,  
And birds are warbling in the trees,  
All—all *her* world is center'd there,  
In words that love's own impress bear.  
Her tiring-woman stood behind,  
And sadly wish'd, and long'd, and pined  
To know the news the letter brought ;  
But unavailingly she sought  
To rouse the Lady from her dream  
Of bliss, an ever-flowing stream ;  
And then she gazed again once more,  
As Christabel was bending o'er  
The precious missive in her hand,  
The token from a far-off land,  
And gently stepp'd behind her chair,—  
The characters were clear and fair—  
A little nearer ! that is better—  
The waiting-woman read the letter.  
“ Alas ! alas !” she deeply sigh'd,  
“ 'Tis sad that I should be denied  
A suitor who might send to me,  
A billet penn'd so lovingly,

So fairly written, and so well ;  
I would that I were Christabel !”

Again the Lady's face was gay,  
And swiftly fled each happy day ;  
She tuned her lute, and twined her flowers  
Throughout the long bright summer hours,  
Till, faithful to his plighted word,  
And girded with his trusty sword,  
Her gallant lover hasten'd home,  
No more from Christabel to roam.  
And when, a graceful matron, she,  
With fair-hair'd children on her knee,  
Turn'd to her lord, who by her side  
Loved the wife better than the bride,  
She told him how she mourn'd and wept,  
When day by day so sadly crept,  
While he was journeying far away ;  
When though sweet summer round her lay,  
Nought e'er could calm her anxious breast,  
Nought give her sickening spirit rest,  
Till that long-wished-for letter came,  
Which all her doubtings overcame ;  
“ But then,” she whisper'd in his ear,  
“ 'Tis sweeter far to have thee here ;  
To listen to thy voice is better  
Than e'en that first and last LOVE LETTER.”

---

#### SNOWY RANGE FROM LANDOUR.

CENTRAL ASIA has been well described as being one vast platform of irregular shape, raised to a considerable height above the surrounding country, and bounded by a stupendous mountain-wall, the peaks of which are covered by perpetual snow. Of the table-land thus shut in by “cloud-capp'd” hills, the great range of the Himalayah, or Snowy Mountains,\* one of which towers higher than any other mountain in the world, is the southern boundary. The Himalayah ridge, which is extended from Cabul across the whole of Hindostan, eastward, forms a chain of nearly a thousand miles in length, and of about one hundred and fifty miles in breadth. This mountain-range

\* The word Himalayah is derived from the Sanscrit, and signifies snowy.





VIEW OF THE MOUNTAINS OF THE HIMALAYAS

consists, in many parts, of bare and rugged rocks, towering aloft into the clear sky, and divided by dark chasms, or by wild ravines, which are in some cases richly wooded, but in others, altogether void of vegetation, and bearing the appearance of having been worn by water-courses, or reft asunder by some great convulsion of nature. "Here," says a powerful writer, speaking of the Himalayan range, "is concentrated all that is sublime in the scenery of nature. On every side rise snowy summits of stupendous height and various forms, mingled with conical volcanic peaks, regularly rounded hills, and rugged and frightful precipices."

In some parts of this stupendous mountain-wall, "the traveller has to scale the most terrific heights, by a path which is so narrow as not to admit two abreast, and which winds along the mountain, and often along bare and perpendicular precipices, by a narrow and irregular flight of steps, or by natural irregularities on the face of the polished marble rock, and sometimes by a projecting ledge not more than a foot broad." The steps, at certain prominent points, where the rock is perpendicular, wind in zigzag lines, at angles so sharp, that, in a length of twenty-four feet, the actual height gained is not more than ten feet; these steps, too, are placed at most inconvenient distances; a circumstance which greatly increases the tourist's danger and difficulty.

In some parts of this magnificent mountain-ridge, European travellers can only make their way by the help of the natives, who carry them on their backs, seated in wooden chairs. Sufficiently fearful must be even this comparatively easy mode of travelling across mountain-passes, skirting precipices perhaps of six or seven hundred feet in depth, and in a region where, to use the words of Bishop Heber, "the horizon is terminated by a vast range of ice and snow, extending its battalion of white and shining spears from east to west, as far as the eye can follow it; the principal hills rising like towers in a glittering rampart."

In the neighbourhood, however, of Landour, from whence is taken the accompanying view of the Snowy Range of the Himalayah, there has been cut, at an elevation of seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, a road, by means of which the inhabitants of the district may make excursions, either on horseback or on foot, to the extent of more than four miles, and through a country rich, almost beyond comparison, in objects of beauty and interest. The oak, the pine, the holly, the walnut, and the cherry, are here mingled with the standard apricot, which grows in great abundance upon these heaven-kissing hills; raspberries, strawberries, and blackberries, spring around in rich luxuriance; the wild rose scatters its glowing leaves in crimson showers, and daisies, primroses, and violets, while they "broider the ground" in this garden of nature, forcibly remind the English traveller of the dear land which he has left. It may seem perhaps extraordinary, that objects comparatively so humble, should arrest the attention of the wayfarer in the midst of scenery so magnificent as that which in these regions continually meets the eye of the observer. Such, however, is the beneficent arrangement of Providence, that "the meanest flower that scents the gale," has a beauty and a glory peculiarly its own; and bears, equally with the monarch of the forest, the impress of the creative power of an Almighty hand. It would appear, too,

that the more minute beauties of the vegetable world never strike us more forcibly than when we view them in connection with the luxuriant and gigantic productions of a tropical climate.

From no place can the Snowy Mountains of the Himalayah be seen to greater advantage than from the western side of Landour. Their distance from this place is about thirty miles ; and viewed at this distance they produce a *completeness* of effect, and are marked by a character of sublimity and repose, which is lost when the eye of the spectator, by a nearer approach, becomes as it were perplexed by the number and various outline of the peaks which form this mighty mountain-barrier. It should be observed, also, that in consequence of the extreme clearness of the atmosphere in this "clime of the sun," this range of mountains, when viewed at the distance above-mentioned, is seen, especially at sunrise, with a distinctness scarcely conceivable by those who have had experience of none but our own comparatively sombre skies. When the Snowy Range is contemplated under such circumstances of time and distance, the country which intervenes between it and the spectator is veiled in a lake-like mist, and the snowy eminences, apparently rising on its opposite margin, seem, when illuminated by the slanting rays of the sun, and tinged with all the glories of heaven, as if their rose-tinted summits could be easily gained ; nor is it until the mists of early morn have been cleared away, and the sun shines forth in his strength, that this illusion is dispelled.

The highest mountains of the Himalayah chain are the Chumularee and the Dhawala-gliri, or White Mountain ; and both of these being between twenty-eight and twenty-nine thousand feet in height, they are believed to be the highest mountains on the globe. The summit of neither of them has, as yet, been reached. The Jum-noutri and the Gungoutri, where the Jumna and the Ganges take their rise, are considered to be the next in point of altitude, both of them exceeding twenty-four thousand feet. The Gungoutri is the most highly honoured by the poor natives, who affirm that on its summit their god Mahadeo has established his throne.

Villages are to be found among the Himalayah mountains at the elevation of fourteen thousand feet ; but a site of this altitude is not healthy, and the inhabitants of places so situated have a wretched appearance. Cultivation has been carried, in some instances, five hundred feet higher, and vegetation does not totally cease, till arrested, at an elevation of sixteen thousand feet, by that eternal barrier of snow which forbids all human access to the sublime wastes which lie beyond it. From some points in the vicinity of Landour the eye can trace, amid the alps on alps which here arise around, the impetuous course of the sacred river,\* now fretting along a comparatively narrow channel, worn by itself in the rocks,—now leaping in its own flashing light from height to height, as if exulting in its increasing strength,—and at length emerging into the level country, and winding peacefully along, till its silvery thread is lost in the dim distance.

The valleys of the Himalayahs are thickly clothed with wood ; the pine and the fir here attaining their noblest growth, and charming the eye with the rich purples and browns, or, as the sun may shine upon it, the yet more brilliant tints of their luxuriant

\* The Ganges, worshipped by the natives as a divinity.

foliage. The rocks also are often covered by splendid orchideous plants of the most gorgeous colours, and of ever-variegated forms. The birds and insects, too, exhibit a splendour of colouring utterly unknown in northern climes.

Alas ! that a land so rich in nature's most beauteous gifts, should still be, in a great measure, spiritually dark. Surely, as it respects our Eastern possessions, we may say, with one who devoted his best energies to the cause of Christianity in India—

“ From many an ancient river,  
From many a balmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain !”

### M O R N I N G P R A Y E R.

CALM fell the golden sunbeam's early ray  
Upon the yet unclouded springtide morn ;  
And primrose flowers smiled on the bright young day,  
Their pale meek petals, still unstained by storm ;  
And childhood's merry smiles were chasten'd now,  
While thoughts of heaven were breathed o'er things below ;

And sweetly rose the matin hymn of praise,  
From silvery tones of children clustering there ;  
Sweet as the bird's clear warbling midst the haze,  
Were the soft hymn-notes of the matron fair ;  
And the deep voice that led that loving throng,  
Through the rich melody of sacred song.

Hush'd were the tuneful chords !—Too soon must cease  
Our earthly anthems sung beneath the sky ;  
Too soon must fade the hours of holy peace  
That cheer the path of frail mortality.  
Yet but a little while—the song no more  
Shall die away on yonder blissful shore.

And then was spread the blessed sacred Book—  
While the loved accents of a father's voice,  
With brow serene and reverential look,  
Told of the truths that bade his heart rejoice,  
While o'er the hallow'd page his head was bent,  
As there he traced the words divinely sent.

“ Love one another ”—“ love in deed and truth,”  
 So solemnly he said—then paused awhile,  
 As if sweet Charity, of heavenly growth,  
 Came near to bless them with angelic smile ;  
 And the young children sat with earnest gaze,  
 To hear of wisdom's peaceful, happy ways.

The volume closed—they meekly bent the knee,  
 The while the voice of prayer ascended high,  
 And thoughts and feelings of eternity  
 Dispell'd the dreams of ought below the sky.  
 To the One Lord of earth, and King of Heaven,  
 Their grateful praises fervently were given,

For the rich blessings of the dark still night,  
 For thousand mercies in the years gone by,  
 For the bright dawning of returning light—  
 Emblem of rising to Eternal joy—  
 For strength renewed and given hour by hour,  
 And worlds to come where clouds shall never lower.

For balm in sorrow—for the might to cope  
 With all the fears and trials round them cast,  
 For all this green earth's bounties, and the hope  
 Of endless bliss when mortal life is past—  
 Praise to the “ Father of all mercies ” rose,  
 That Father from whose love “ all blessing flows.”

And then—strong supplication for the power  
 To meet the struggles of the coming day,  
 For strength to look above, when tempests lower  
 With trusting faith to hope, and meekly pray ;  
 Such holy words were breathed in that still room,  
 Where shone child's innocence and woman's bloom.

Blest hours of purest and unearthly joy !  
 When mortal cares are banish'd from the breast,  
 With scarce a thought of this cold world's alloy  
 To mar that foretaste of eternal rest ;  
 When beams of heav'n seem mingling with the bright  
 And dazzling hues of rosy orient light.





*Morning Prayer*

E. P. 1850







*An Engraving of a Street in Peking*

And blest the bond that binds those loving hearts,  
 As round their household-altar calm they kneel,  
 A sacred holy tie, that never parts,  
 That clasps their trusting souls for woe and weal ;  
 It comes not from a world where fade and die  
 All loveliest hopes—but from Eternity !

## AN ITINERANT DOCTOR AT TIEN-SING.

HE boasted of a magic rare,  
 A far-spread fame beyond compare,  
 A talent and an inclination,  
 To cure all evils of the nation.  
 Nor could he only *cure*—his skill  
 Could drive away the coming ill ;  
 And if men took his wondrous potions,  
 And daily used his healing lotions,  
 They might be sure, in spite of fears,  
 Their lives would reach two hundred years.  
 But chiefly poisons claim'd his care ;  
 And though his countrymen might stare,  
 He told them how vast power was given,—  
 It matter'd not from hell or heaven,—  
 To him who stood before them now,  
 Ready at their command to bow ;  
 To do their will, and instant show  
 His power to charm the snakes, and how.

The audience gazed with eager eyes,  
 Now upward, to fair Pekin's skies ;  
 Now temples hung with bells, they trace ;  
 Now fix upon the Doctor's face.  
 Their pig-tails hung behind them, flat,  
 All nicely oil'd in twist and plait ;  
 They spake no word, scarce drew their breath,  
 The while the quack gave laws to Death.  
 His page, as previously taught,  
 A *cobrá di capella* brought :  
 Its eyes were bright, its skin was sleek ;  
 Surely those eyes must mischief seek !

Dread horror thrill'd the trembling crowd,  
 Despite the charmer's boasting proud.  
 Suppose his charm should not be true—  
 What could they then for safety do?  
 For snakes to spring and bite are able;  
*That one* might leap from off the table.  
 But now their fears the quack dispell'd;  
 Some cabalistic words he spell'd,  
 Some wondrous drugs he sprinkled round,  
 Mutt'ring the while some mystic sound,  
 And, straight, the snake lay dull and still,  
 As if his words had power to kill.  
 The Doctor and his slave stood forth,  
 That all might see the might and worth  
 Of his strong spells and matchless charms,  
 To guard mankind from serpents' harms.

The *cobrá di capella* hung  
 Round the slave's neck, like necklace strung;  
 Then coil'd, like bracelet, round his arm,  
 Then danced upon his open palm;  
 And soon the crowd became so bold,  
*They* grasp'd the snake, and gave their gold,  
 That they might share such potent power,  
 Nor fear,—should vipers round them shower.  
 The Doctor gravely rubb'd each hand,  
 Then cross'd it with a mystic band,  
 And pour'd his incantations round,  
 And strew'd his drugs upon the ground,  
 Then vow'd that each might safely take,  
 In his charm'd hand, the deadly snake.  
 The gaping multitude beheld  
 The cobra, as it proudly swell'd,  
 Erect its crest, and fork'd its tongue,  
 Nor hurt the hand on which it hung;  
 They shouted, and with loud acclaim,  
 Proclaim'd the Doctor's skill and fame.

Just then, with sage and steady face,  
 An old Chinese, with solemn pace,  
 Walk'd to the table of the quack,  
 And begg'd to have the serpent back,

Just for a moment—just once more,  
 To try this vaunted magic power.  
 He was a man for wisdom famed—  
 Of royal race, he had not shamed—  
 Straightway he turn'd the reptile o'er,  
 And found its fangs all gone before ;  
 Then roundly all the people told,  
 How they had thrown away their gold :  
 Extracted was each poisonous tooth—  
 What fools they all had been, forsooth !  
 The Doctor and his page turn'd pale,  
 He could not mock the sage's tale ;  
 For " facts are stubborn things," 'tis said,  
 And sure he thought, " e'en from the dead,  
 Confucius must be risen now ;  
 None else could be so wise, I trow."  
 He turn'd to fly—but all too late ;  
 The bastinado was his fate :  
 The angry men of Peking came,  
 And jeer'd him in his grief and shame :  
 But then the sage stepp'd forth again,  
 To save th' impostor from his pain ;  
 And rescued from his suffering state,  
 He limp'd towards the city gate.  
 And then the wise man bade beware  
 Of words so seeming true and fair ;  
 Addressing thus the listening crowd,  
 Whose wrath again was waxing loud ;  
 " Let none despise the Doctor's skill,  
 Because this cheat hath done us ill ;  
*True genius* ever must commaud  
 Praises and thanks on every hand ;  
*True science* must for ever shine,  
 And all pay homage at her shrine.  
 But, evermore, beware of those,  
 Who boast of curing all our woes,  
 Without the wisdom *only* given  
 To *studious* men, who aye have striven,  
 To heal the sorrows of mankind,  
 And balm for human griefs to find.  
 Thus, while *all juggling* ye despise,  
 Yet GENUINE TALENT ever prize."

## MARINO FALIERO, DOGE OF VENICE.

WHILE we read the spirit-stirring history of the Doges of Venice, our thoughts, perhaps, very rarely revert to that conquering barbarian, who, although he was accustomed, in his ferocious pride, to boast, "that the grass never grew on the spot where his horse had trodden," did nevertheless, though undesignedly, lay the foundations of the celebrated Venetian republic. The name of Venice, or Venetia, formerly belonged to a large and fertile province of Italy, reaching from the confines of Pannonia to the river Addna, and from the Po to the Julian Alps. Before the irruption of the barbarians under Attila, fifty Venetian cities flourished within this district, in peace and prosperity. Aquileia occupied the most conspicuous station, and Padua, in consequence of its agriculture and its manufactures, was the richest among these cities; and from these, as from the adjacent towns, many families fled from the sword of the Huns, and found a safe, though an obscure refuge, in the neighbouring islands. At the extremity of the Gulf of Venice, where the waters of the Hadriatic feebly imitate the tides of the ocean, nearly a hundred small islands are separated by shallow water from the neighbouring continent. Till the middle of the fifth century, these sequestered spots had remained without cultivation; but at that period the Venetian fugitives carried thither their arts and their government; their manners they gradually adapted to their new situation; and their condition, as it existed about seventy years later, may be considered as exhibiting the primitive form of their subsequently famous republic. Having—to adopt the quaint style of an ancient writer—"fixed their nests like wild-fowls on the bosom of the waves," these fugitive Venetian families, free, indigent, laborious, and almost inaccessible, gradually coalesced into a republic, the first foundations of which were laid in the Island of Rialto, and the government of which was ultimately vested in a Duke, or DOGE.

Among these Doges, there were some, in subsequent times, whose history is fraught with great and varied interest; and among these, MARINO FALIERO may claim especial notice

The celebrated MARINO FALIERO was a man of lofty mind and cultivated intellect, who, having raised himself to the highest dignity of the state, fell suddenly from his pride of place, and nearly destroyed the Venetian government itself, by his fall. After a career of brilliant successes, as well in war as in diplomacy, and after having consolidated his extensive conquests, he was presented in the year 1354 with the ducal coronet; and in addition to the numerous dignities which he already enjoyed, received the title of "Duke of the Commonwealth of Venice;" an honour which was the more marked, inasmuch as it was conferred upon him during his absence from Venice, as ambassador to the court of the Roman Pontiff, Clement VI.; and communicated to him while on his return homeward from Rome, by a deputation of twelve persons







H. Robinson

H. Robinson

of eminence, who were sent to congratulate him in his country's name. On his arrival at Venice, he was received with all those demonstrations of honour which were deemed to be the fitting reward of a man who had extended the power of his country beyond the pillars of Hercules, established various colonies, and planted the Venetian Lion—the banner of the republic—in every quarter of the globe. One individual, however, above all others, rejoiced in the return of the noble Doge, and in the honours which were paid to him. This was Angiolina, his youthful and beauteous bride. She, the orphan daughter of his dearest friend, had preferred the great Faliero, bending though he was under the weight of twelve lustres, to any among the gay and the youthful of the nobles of the land, who had vied with each other in offering to her the incense of love and admiration. In short, Marino Faliero stood on the very topmost pinnacle of earthly power and happiness. By destroying her most formidable enemies, he had bound his country in the golden fetters of willing gratitude and affection; and never, perhaps, did power and greatness, achieved by a career of arduous and active service; fame, the reward of noble and perilous deeds; and woman's love, the myrtle crown of manhood, combine to give brighter and more hopeful assurance, that a calm and delicious evening of life would succeed to the burden and heat of a day of honourable toil, and well-merited success.

We may well imagine, that as Faliero approached the shores of the Queen of the Sea, a sensation of rapture swelled his bosom when he reflected, that having devoted to his country's service his youth and manhood, an old age of peace,

“With all that should accompany old age—  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends;”

now lay before him. Doubtless, too, he anticipated with fond delight, his re-union with her, who had bestowed upon him the treasure of her young affections, and in whose sweet companionship he expected to find the solace of his declining years. It is not, however, for man to “boast of to-morrow.” Even in this moment of delightful retrospection and brilliant anticipation, it was appointed, that the sun of Faliero's prosperity should set for ever!

When, on the 5th of October, 1354, the newly-created doge, attended by a magnificent retinue, was about to land at Venice on his return from his Roman embassy, there came on a fog so dense, that it utterly baffled the skill of the mariners; and it was subsequently considered as a very disastrous omen, that they were ultimately compelled to land at the Place of St. Mark, and precisely on the spot on which malefactors were accustomed to be executed. It is easy to prophesy evil, when the fortunes of a great man are manifestly and sensibly on the wane; and accordingly, when soon afterwards the downfall of the Doge was obviously at hand, this ill-omened landing began to be spoken of, as betokening the fulfilment of a prediction which, in a moment of anger, had been uttered many years before, respecting the Doge, by the Bishop of Treviso; to the effect that, “Heaven, in its due time, would deprive Marino Faliero of his right senses, in order to bring him to an ignominious death.”

The circumstances which led to the downfall and death of the Doge Faliero, were briefly these :

At a splendid festival, which was given by Faliero in commemoration of his accession to the ducal dignity, a poor, but daring patrician, by name Michele Steno, gave offence to the Duchess Angiolina, by his demeanour towards one of her ladies. The Doge instantly gave orders that the offender should be forcibly removed from the apartment ; and these orders were carried into effect before the whole splendid assembly. This indignity, as he considered it, sank deep into the revengeful breast of Steno ; who, in consequence, watched his opportunity, and, stealing unperceived into the audience-chamber, traced upon the ducal chair certain words implying a false and wicked aspersion on the Duchess. The atrocious calumny met the eye of the Duke, and aroused in his breast feelings of the sternest indignation. Angiolina was summoned, and on becoming aware of the character of the charge, flung herself, in an agony of distress, into the arms of her husband ; who, on his part, as if inspired with all the energy of youth, raised his clenched hand, and while he supported the almost fainting form of his wife, invoked, with frightful vehemence, the vengeance of heaven upon the perpetrator of so vile a deed.\*

In vain did Angiolina endeavour to mitigate the uncontrolled passion of the Doge. The affair was brought before the senate ; a reward was offered for the discovery of the culprit ; and Michele was soon arrested, and confessed his guilt. The council, however, took a lenient view of the circumstances of the case, and condemned the offender to no punishment more severe than two months imprisonment, and subsequent banishment from Venice, during the term of one year. In this merciful sentence, which the Doge—who had desired and expected the execution, or, at least, the life-long banishment of the culprit—regarded as a mark of gross contempt of the ducal dignity, the subsequent deplorable events had their rise. Incidents, too, occurred, which stirred up the deadly resentment which Faliero guiltily harboured in his breast. An admiral was insulted, and applied to the Doge for redress. “What would you have me do?” replied the incensed magistrate ; “I have myself been shamefully calumniated ; yet how did they punish Steno? You see how the Forty respect the head of the state!” Angry and imprudent words, and, in their consequences, most fatal ! The admiral was not slow to offer himself as the instrument of the Doge's revenge. A conspiracy was formed, which by the combined influence of the baneful passions of revenge, pride, and ambition, Faliero was induced to join ; laying to his soul the flattering unction, that in this way he should both avenge his own honour, and free his country from an intolerable yoke. Perhaps also, he expected, that by placing himself at the head of the revolution, the object of which was to restore the ancient democracy, he should be able so to direct its movements, as to preserve whatever might be really valuable in the condition of the state.

The day fixed upon for the great revolutionary explosion was the 15th of April, 1355 ; and the guilty secret having been kept with marvellous fidelity, a horrible scene

\* See the accompanying plate.





of bloodshed would, in all probability, have ensued, had not one of the conspirators, on the 14th day of the month, moved by compassion for a friend, entreated him not to attend the grand council on the following day. This circumstance, like a similar circumstance on the occasion of the English Gunpowder Plot, gave rise to suspicion, and the conspiracy was discovered.

The rest is soon told. The Doge was brought to trial; and, in spite of the entreaties of Angiolina, who, in an agony of despair, solicited for him the mercy which he himself scorned to ask, was condemned to death. The ducal star, with the other decorations which he wore, being removed from his apparel, he was led, like the meanest malefactor, to the scaffold; and the head of one of the greatest warriors and statesmen whom Venice had ever produced—a head grown gray in the service of the Venetian state—was rolled in the dust.

How is it to be regretted that *one* emphatic declaration of Holy Writ is so little regarded by mankind: “Behold, VENGEANCE IS MINE; I will repay, saith the Lord.”

---

HER SERENE HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS ADELAIDE OF HOHENLOHE-LANGENBOURG.

SWEET child of a right royal race, thy brow is clear and calm;  
 No shadow of life's toil and care, no throbbings of alarm,  
 Have crossed its infant purity, or dimm'd the budding rose,  
 That, mantling on thy dimpled cheek, in childhood's beauty glows!

*What art thou, little lovely one? A merry, merry child,  
 Along whose bright and gleesome path, the sun hath ever smiled;  
 Thou dwellest in thy father's halls, in thy fair mother's bower,  
 With the summer blooms around thee, thyself the fairest flower!*

The mountain-stream that boundeth through the forest, wild and free,  
 Goeth not, than thou, along its way with more of blithesome glee;  
 The music of the warbling birds is sweet among the trees,  
 But not so sweet as thy young voice, borne on the gentle breeze.

To ears that love to listen to thy childish tones of glee,  
 To hearts of love that constantly and truly beat for thee,  
 Not flashing diamonds from the mine, not pearls, nor opal stone,  
 So precious are, as *thou* to those, who claim thee for their own.

Long may the flowerets round thee bud, the roses round thee bloom,  
 The waxen lilies haunt thy path, with all their rich perfume ;  
 The little birds sing merrily their woodland songs for thee,  
 The winds and gushing waters make thee sweetest melody !

WHAT WILT THOU BE? We cannot tell ; 'twere better *not* to know ;  
 'Twere sad to picture shade of care upon that brow of snow ;  
 'Twere sad to see those laughing eyes, so innocently bright,  
 Lose all their brilliant lustre, in the tears of sorrow's blight.

'Twere sad to watch thy blooming hope, thy trusting faith, decay ;  
 To see thee weep for dreams of bliss, that, dreamlike, melt away ;  
 To mark the rose-tint fading from that ruby lip and cheek,  
 The smile depart, thou wearest now, from woe thou can'st not speak.

God bless thee ! little one, and keep such sorrows from thy way !  
 He hath guarded thee through infancy, He guards thee at this day ;  
 May His shield still protect thee, babe ! through all thy coming years,  
 His Father-smile still chase away thy future doubts and fears.

And though thine *earthly* trust depart, gaze upward to the sky !  
*There* may thy steadfast faith be fix'd, throughout eternity ;  
 The joyous laugh, that ringeth now, so wild and sweet, may cease,  
 But, oh ! not so may pass away heaven's own enduring peace.

All blessings of the earth below, and of the glorious heaven,  
 All love, and hope, and trusting faith, to thy young heart be given !  
 May peace for ever rest upon that brow so clear and mild,  
 God keep thee, bless thee, strengthen thee ! thou fair and royal child.

---

## LADY OF THE COURT OF LOUIS XV.

THE MESSAGE.

BY MISS REYNETT.

WHEN thou, dear Bird, art privileged to stand  
 On the white fingers of that fairy hand,  
 Forget not then, thy master's fond behest,  
 Who pines far off, and knows nor joy, nor rest.





*Lady of the Court of Louis XV<sup>th</sup>*



Say, that I trust her, who was borne away  
 By nearer friends, to shine in conquest's ray ;  
 Say, though the tinsel chain of Fashion bind  
 Her outward form, I know her heart and mind ;  
 Say, that I love her, though we meet no more ;  
 Say, that I prize her, though hope's dream is o'er ;  
 Say, that I think of her, where'er I go ;  
 Say, that I sigh for her, in joy or woe ;  
 Say, when I stand amid the gayest throng,  
 Say, when I listen to the sweetest song,  
 Say, when I feel soft music's magic tone,  
 I hear *her*, see *her*, think of *her* alone ;  
 Say, (though I dare not breathe my thoughts aloud,  
 A solitary soul, amid the crowd,)  
 That her loved form, which fills at once my heart,  
 Holds me for ever, from that crowd apart ;  
 My guardian Angel, breaks all earthly spells,  
 And purifies the temple where she dwells !

---

 T H E Q U A R R E L .

THE lady at her table sate  
 And scowl'd upon her loving mate,  
 He scowful look'd, but sullen too,  
 Like clouds when storms begin to brew ;  
 That beauteous brow, which once he thought  
 With gentlest winning sweetuess fraught,  
 Was furrow'd now by many a frown ;  
 The fair one's loveliness had flown.  
 However, with impatient face,  
 He took his place, and mutter'd grace ;  
 Then glanced, contemptuous, at the dish,  
 Whereon reposed a goodly fish ;  
 One vex'd and angry gaze he took,  
 Then gave his better half a look,  
 Which seem'd to say, that when alone,  
 For all her sins she should atone.  
 " That turbot, it was much too small,  
 Why did she not in person call

And tell the negligent fishmonger,  
 To send a fish much plumper, longer?  
 Such chickens too! so tough and lean,  
 In Noah's ark they must have been!  
 And what a ham! 'twould better look,  
 If cured and dress'd by Jewish cook!  
 Nor could a pagan worse have spoil'd  
 The butter! 'twas completely oil'd!  
 Puddings and tarts! it made him mad,  
 They were so infamously bad!"  
 And glancing sideways at his wife,  
 Orlando vow'd, in all his life  
 He'd never eaten such a dinner,  
 Too bad to palm on *any* sinner!

Now Gertrude was no *gentle* dame,  
 Except, indeed, in birth, and name;  
 True meekness is a Christian grace  
 Whose source she never tried to trace.  
 Orlando sought her lily hand  
 For sake of all her broad, rich land;  
 Besides—her face was *very* fair,  
 Few with her beauty could compare;  
 And she could talk, and dance, and sing,  
 In style and tone most ravishing!  
 He, too, was form'd to please and shine,  
 And all he said seem'd very fine;  
 In vain the mother shook her head,  
 And fear'd Orlando's temper bad;  
 In vain the father said "Beware,  
 All is not gold that seems so rare;"  
 Fair Gertrude pouted, laugh'd in scorn,  
 "'Twas twenty years since she was born,  
 And surely she had learn'd to know  
 Whether a man spoke truth, or no;"  
 So deeming him a priceless treasure,  
 She married, to repent at leisure.

But to return to our sad lay—  
 Poor Gertrude was no longer gay;  
 For now her lord and master's smile  
 But for his guests came on awhile;



*The - - - - -*



And all things going sadly wrong,  
The proud young matron's soul was stung ;  
'Tis true she'd heard full many a day,  
" Soft answer turneth wrath away ;"  
And she had promised when a bride,  
Whatever might her path betide,  
To love, and honour, and obey,  
And never from her duty stray ;  
But that was all forgotten now ;  
And dark and darker wax'd her brow ;  
She vow'd it would a saint provoke,  
To hear that everlasting croak ;  
Nor once she tried the good old plan  
To tame " the old usurper, man."  
One word of kindness might have turn'd  
Her husband's heart, where choler burn'd,  
To gentleness ; and love and peace  
Might then have bade their jarring cease ;  
But 'twas not so. The lady said,  
" In truth, Sir, when we two were wed,  
I little thought how soon my life  
Would be one scene of angry strife ;  
I little dream'd that I should be  
Thus doom'd to downright tyranny.  
I am your wife, Sir, not your slave,  
And henceforth, I must humbly crave—  
As coolly as you sip your wine—  
That you'll take *your* way—I'll take mine."  
Orlando push'd aback his chair,  
And calmly peel'd a windsor pear ;  
" So be it, Ma'am," he coolly said ;  
" But, meantime, seeing we *are* wed,  
And can't undo that which is done,  
We need not publish to the sun  
How very much we love each other ;  
'Twere better discontents to smother.  
I have no wish to interfere  
In your concerns ; therefore, my dear,  
Henceforth, we'll manage as you say  
And each pursue our separate way."

Some friends came in, look'd sadly on,  
 Much wondering what had best be done ;  
 In high disdain fair Gertrude sate  
 And nought avail'd her rage t' abate ;  
 And almost back to back the pair  
 Were seated, while the friends did stare.  
 Each of them vainly sought and strove,  
 With words of reprimand or love,  
 To reconcile the two, and win  
 One or the other to give in.  
 'Twas useless all—of no avail—  
 So finding all their efforts fail,  
 They bade adieu, with grief and pain,  
 And left them to themselves again.

MESSIEURS ! your choice ne'er rashly make  
 Nor choose a bride for beauty's sake ;  
 Lest loveliness perchance you find  
 All in the face, none in the mind ;  
 Seek virtue more than beauty's grace ;  
 Virtue will flourish when no trace  
 Is left to tell how once the brow  
 Was smooth, and whiter than the snow.  
 LADIES ! when parents say " Beware,  
 All is not gold that seems so rare,"  
 Deliberate well before you choose  
 A path which many a fair one rues.  
 BOTH, *bear and forbear* ; then each day,  
 Though thorns be scatter'd in your way,  
 Domestic bliss, that sweetest flower,  
 Shall alway twine your homestead bower ;  
 Unkindness breathe no cruel word,  
 Nor QUARREL'S hateful sound be heard.







W. H. R.

E. H. R.

*Evening Prayer*

## EVENING PRAYER.

THE burning sun is sinking in the West,  
 The young flowers sleep upon their tender stems,  
 The fading light proclaims the hour of rest,  
 And Night will soon unfold her starry gems ;  
 The dark blue wave is rippling on the sand,  
 And loveliness reigns calm o'er sea and land.

Yes ! 'tis the hour of rest—the hour of prayer !  
 Ere yet the crimson clouds have pass'd away,  
 Eschewing worldly thoughts and earthly care,  
 Oh ! raise the heart, and bow the knee in prayer !  
 And though ye tread no minster's hallow'd aisle,  
 All homes are sacred, bless'd by God's own smile.

List ! how the hymn ascends to yonder sky !  
 A full, rich chorus of harmonious song ;—  
 Perchance pure spirits, from their homes on high,  
 With their bright wings around that altar throng,  
 Where offerings meet of mingled prayer and praise,  
 From humble hearts their precious incense raise.

Sweet vesper-hymn ! no songs of earth can be  
 So calm ; none breathe such soothing, heavenly peace ;  
 Yon Evening star, that shines so lustrously,  
 Beams brighter ere the blended voices cease ;  
 And the soft, summer-moonlight's silvery ray  
 Seems meekly blessing the departing day.

The day is o'er—its cares and trials past ;  
 There have been mourners 'neath its golden sun :  
 Time's waves speed on—ere long must come the last,  
 And then, how sweet ! to find the haven won !—  
 But yonder kneeling group in that still room,  
 Have felt no grief, have known no shade of gloom.

The day is o'er—All nature speaks repose :  
 There have been those beneath yon cloudless skies,  
 From whose pale cheek hath fled the fading rose,  
 And Death hath closed their sparkling, sunny eyes :  
 But they who worship here in health's bright glow,  
 Have mourn'd no ripe fruit's fall, no bud laid low.

And now the patriarch's solemn gaze is bent  
 Upon the Book of books before him spread ;  
 And while the last faint rays by daylight lent  
 Fall calmly on his venerable head,  
 His still deep voice, is telling of the laud  
 Where Grief and Death may stretch no spoiling hand.

He reads of Canaan's everlasting home,  
 That world where " never-withering flowers " are found ;  
 Where pass'd is every cloud, each sweeping storm,  
 Where tears are wiped away, nor sin can come ;  
 And as he reads, he marks each cherish'd face,  
 And hopes on each Heaven's signet seal to trace.

And now he prays—for all who sleep in sin,  
 For all who fall beneath the tempter's power,  
 For all who strive the glorious crown to win,  
 And all round whom the gathering tempests lower ;  
 Then, *for his own* ; " our path in this world trod,  
 Then take us to thyself, Oh ! Lord, our God ! "

" A little while, and we no more shall kneel  
 Before Thee, thus, a Christian family ;  
 But few more twilights dim may o'er us steal,  
 Ere Death shall set our prison'd spirits free ;  
 Oh ! guide us so, that Death's dread portal past,  
 In endless Life we dwell with Thee at last ! "

Those holy tones are hush'd.—Now to thy nest  
 Betake thee, little merry-hearted one ;\*  
 Matron, son, daughters, *all*, now calmly rest  
 Prepared to meet your life's last setting sun :  
 " Where two or three are met, I will be there,"  
 Says HE who heard and blest your EVENING PRAYER.

\* See the accompanying plate.





## THE EARTHQUAKE.

ON the morning of All Saints' Day, November 1st, 1755, a fearful earthquake swept in its wild fury over the beautiful city of Lisbon. The morning of that day dawned, and the metropolis of Portugal lay, in all her splendour, beneath the rising sun—a few hours elapsed, and that sun shed its departing rays over a heap of scattered ruins! An English traveller, at that time resident in Lisbon, gives the following vivid but terrible picture of the horror and desolation which then overspread the banks of the Tagus:—

“Early in the morning, the air was calm and serene; the atmosphere was warm, like a July day in an English summer, and a dense fog obscured the air, until the rising sun caused its dissipation. The surface of the sea was perfectly unruffled; smooth as an inland lake in the quiet tranquillity of a breezeless summer evening. No warning came to that devoted city, with her thousands of busy inhabitants; not one of that multitude dreamed of the horrors which even then were preparing to overwhelm them. About nine A.M., a rumbling noise was heard, but of so doubtful a nature as to leave it uncertain whether the sound proceeded from thunder, or from a discharge of artillery. At twenty-five minutes before ten, while the more wealthy inhabitants were still lounging over their morning meal, and the merchant, the tradesman, and the artisan, were eagerly pressing to their respective scenes of action, a mighty earthquake shook the city, and many of her proudest buildings fell to the ground. A pause ensued—a pause of a few seconds' duration, but one during which all nature seemed mute with terror; and then came that awful convulsion which tossed to and fro, like ships on a stormy sea, the quaking palaces, the trembling churches, and the long and tottering colonnades. A more terrific scene cannot be imagined. Many persons, totally overcome by terror, ceased to make any efforts for safety, and remained motionless amidst the rocking walls and towers which each moment menaced and accomplished destruction. Everywhere might be seen the dead bodies of those whom the falling buildings had deprived of life; and over their lifeless remains hung the survivors in all the first and bitter agony of bereavement. Hundreds fled for safety to the great marble quay, which was newly built; but sea and land alike conspired against the lives of these devoted beings. Suddenly the waters retreated, so as to leave the bed of the Tagus quite dry, and then they wildly returned in one mighty wave, sweeping into its unfathomable bosom the quay, and all the human beings who knelt upon it, with uplifted eyes and hands, as if imploring help and protection from Heaven. No tongue can describe the scene of devastation which the doomed city presented. All considerations of rank and sex were forgotten. One high-born female was seen clinging with frantic energy to the column of a ruined church; she was remarkably beautiful, and her raven hair floated in wild disorder as her attendants vainly strove to remove her

to a safer place. But the cup of horror which the devoted city was doomed to drink was not yet drained to the dregs. The day being the festival of All Saints, the altars of the different churches were illuminated by many tapers, which, coming into contact with the falling curtains and draperies, caused conflagrations in various quarters of Lisbon, threatening to complete the destruction of all that the earthquake had spared."

This memorable earthquake is said to have extended over a space nearly equal to four millions of square miles ; but the city of Lisbon appears to have been the centre of its fury. That city has since been rebuilt, and now presents a most beautiful appearance, especially when approached from the mouth of the Tagus ; and its busy inhabitants have forgotten the fearful calamity of 1755, except as a thrilling tale of the past.

While we tremble at the bare recital of the calamities occasioned by the various earthquakes which, from time to time, have devastated South America, Spain, Portugal, Calabria, and the Isles of the Mediterranean, our hearts must surely rise in gratitude to that "glorious God who maketh the thunder," and who, in His infinite mercy, has hitherto spared our own highly-favoured land from similar calamities.

---

#### MEDORA WATCHING THE RETURN OF CONRAD.

ALONE she sat upon the "tower-crown'd hill ;"  
 Around her lay the night ; not calm and still,  
 With moonlight sleeping on the placid deep,  
 And silvery waters laving rocky steep ;  
 She gazed above upon no star-lit sky,  
 Calm as her own bright-flashing azure eye ;  
 No gentle breezes fann'd her marble brow—  
 A brow as pure and fair as unstain'd snow—  
 But while above, around, the rushing storm  
 Swept wildly o'er her fair and fragile form,  
 Unmoved she sat, all mute and lonely there,  
 The while the night-wind caught her long, bright hair,  
 The salt spray dash'd on rock or shelly strand,  
 And moan'd the tempest over sea and land ;  
 Waves, sullen as the sable pall above,  
 Boom'd with their briny waters in the cove  
 Where oft, in brighter days at eventide,  
 Medora sat with Conrad by her side.  
 Why strains she those dark eyes across the sea,  
 Through the black darkness gazing hopelessly ?







Alas! she waits for one belovéd form,  
 And scarcely feels or hears the sweeping storm.  
 In vain she waits, in vain prolongs her stay;  
 Although he left her side but yesterday,  
 A captive doom'd and chain'd, on distant shore,  
 He may not hear her loving accents more.  
 His lawless band return to Conrad's home,  
 While o'er the beach Medora's footsteps roam;  
 Their tale is told with burning cheek and heart,  
 For though they dread to speak it, yet no part  
 They dare withhold from that calm, piercing eye—  
 Calm mid the heart's own speechless agony!  
 She spake no word; no shriek of anguish broke  
 From those pale lips beneath that fearful stroke;  
 A smile that like the lightning o'er the wave  
 But shows the drowning wretch his watery grave,  
 Came o'er that marble face, the while she said,  
 "With nothing left to love, there's nought to dread."

The morn arose in all its dazzling light,  
 Glisten'd the sunbeams on the waters bright;  
 The raven-wingéd storm had pass'd away,  
 In other lands to cloud the noon of day;  
 And she—Medora—could she gladly gaze  
 On that sweet morning's fast receding haze?  
 She gazed—but saw not the blue sky above,  
 Nor yet Anselmo's bark within the cove:  
 What reck'd it that the homebound wind had sprung,  
 When o'er her soul more than night's veil was flung?  
 What reck'd it, that her flowery isle was fair?  
 HER world was Conrad's self; and he was—where?  
 With each long hour her life-springs ebb'd away,  
 And pass'd her spirit ere the sunset-ray.  
 At length—the story tells—HE came again!  
 A woman's hand had loosed his captive chain;  
 But, oh! the flower he loved was wither'd now,  
 Grief's passionate wild storm had laid her low.  
 He loved but her on earth; and she was gone!  
 Reckless, he wish'd his own wild life were done:  
 He went his way; but whither, when, or how,  
 A careless world knew not, will never know.

But many a tear was shed o'er that sad tale,  
 And many a young and rosy cheek grew pale,  
 The while the Poet sang his mournful part  
 Of poor Medora's loving, broken heart.

And now the tempest beats along that beach,  
 Wild, dashing, mingling with the sea-bird's screech,  
 But no red, lurid flame from rock or tower,  
 Is struggling on: nor from Medora's bower  
 The faint light of her fragrant lamp is seen;  
 Nought lives to tell the traveller what *has been*.  
 The eyes that watch'd throughout that fatal night  
 Have closed their lashes o'er their sapphire light;  
 No greeting voice may sound along that shore,  
 Nor ever burn that lonely beacon more!

---

### THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

THE gay and animated scene which the accompanying plate represents needs very little description. In these days of railroads and steamboats, there are, comparatively speaking, but few English families in the higher and middling ranks of life, who have not visited the neighbouring continent; and still fewer who have not listened to or read circumstantial and graphic accounts of its principal places of resort, as related by eye-witnesses. It will therefore be sufficient to state, that the Champs Elysées were planned by Louis XIV., and indeed planted by the same "Grand Monarque." They were, however, replanted, and considerably improved, towards the end of the eighteenth century.

The promenade of the Champs Elysées is in fact but a continuation of the gardens of the Tuilleries, so that the whole may be said to form one splendid parterre. The walks are well arranged, and in all directions myrtle, orange, and lemon-trees, spread their grateful shade, and diffuse their delicious fragrance over the long, broad terraces and grassy paths of these modern Elysian Fields. With the English it may, perhaps, be matter of doubt, whether this place of public resort really deserve its somewhat hyperbolical title; but certainly many a Parisian belle, many a *jolie grisette*, looks forward to her evening promenade in the Champs Elysées as to that which is to compensate all the petty vexations of the day; by such visitors these fields are regarded as nothing less than fairy-land.

During the terrible Revolution of 1793—that Revolution which desolated the fair kingdom called by her children "La Belle France," the Champs Elysées and the





1850

1850

*Bois de Boulogne, Paris.*

*at Boulogne*

Gardens of the Tuilleries became a scene of horror and bloodshed. It was from the Palace of the Tuilleries that the hapless Louis XVI. beheld the gathering of that storm which issued in rebellion and anarchy, which overturned the throne, annihilated in France the royal power, and hurried the monarch to a violent and ignominious death. There, too, within those walls, sat the lovely, the unfortunate, the misguided Marie Antoinette, her personal danger and her royal dignity alike forgotten in the anguish and terror of the wife and the mother.

In the Champs Elysées the Revolutionists daily exercised their military forces, and there also were celebrated the festivities which took place upon the temporary reconciliation of Louis XVI. with his infuriated and not less infatuated subjects. After sunset on this occasion, a brilliant display of fireworks took place in the Champs Elysées. The gardens were lighted up, and wreaths of fire seemed to twine from tree to tree. From the Porte de l'Etoile to the entrance of the Tuilleries, all was one blaze of light; one long, sparkling, starry avenue, crowded by the population of Paris, and resounding with bursts of joyous music. But, alas! these demonstrations of joy were as evanescent as the morning dew. Ere long the capricious multitude again gathered themselves together, and once more the Champs Elysées and the Gardens of the Tuilleries were thronged by furies rather than by men. The roar of cannon now mingled with the hoarse cries of the multitude, while in an inner apartment within the palace walls, the royal circle, pale and silent, indeed, but calm and composed, awaited their destiny. On the evening of that fearful day the corpses of four thousand Swiss and Marsellaise, who had shared in the combat of the morning, were carried from the blood-stained Champs Elysées.

The history and issue of this tragical revolution is too well known to need recapitulation in these pages. The storm ceased at last; the roar of the tempest waxed fainter and fainter; peace and plenty again visited France; the beautiful gardens were restored to their ancient splendour; and the thousands who trod their precincts occasionally, perhaps, bestowed a passing thought on the terrific past. Years, however, sped on, and "the reign of terror" was remembered only as a dreadful dream, of which the recollection causes a cold shuddering.

Very recently the same spots have again witnessed acts of lawless violence. Again revolutionary changes have despoiled the Tuilleries; and what may be the issue of all that is now enacting in France no mortal may determine. Now to stand on the terraces of those pleasant gardens, is to stand and gaze on scenes of fearful interest. The mind reverts to their despotic designer, Louis XIV.; to the horrible fate of his unfortunate descendant; to the wild storm which is not yet allayed; and then, to the FUTURE. What that future may bring forth, we know not; what national incidents the Champs Elysées may again witness, we cannot tell. Events belong to God—to the God of nations, the Lord of all the earth; to Him who alone knoweth the issues of all things, and who alone can so order the unruly wills and affections of men, as to preserve peace and good-will among the kingdoms of this world.

## T H E L A S T R E Q U E S T.

BY L. E. L.

“The solemnities of a dying chamber are some of the most melancholy scenes imaginable. There lies the affectionate husband, the indulgent parent, the faithful friend, or the generous master. He lies in the last extremity, and on the very point of dissolution. Art has done its all. The raging disease mocks the power of medicine. It hastens, with resistless impetuosity, to execute its dreadful errand ; to rend asunder the silver cord of life and the more delicate tie of social attachment, or conjugal affection.”—HERVEY.

SINKING on his couch he lies,  
Pale his lips, and dim his eyes ;  
Yet he hath a little breath,  
Love is stronger still than death.

Yet his faltering accents seek  
Of the heart within to speak ;  
Of a love that cannot die,  
Of a hope beyond the sky.

Near him stands his youngest one,  
Fearing what he looks not on ;  
Fearing, though he knows not why,  
With a strange and downcast eye.

But his sister, on the bed,  
Bendeth her despairing head ;  
Must her father be resign'd,  
He, so careful, and so kind ?

Never more with eager feet,  
Will she haste that sire to meet,  
Laden with the early flowers  
Which he loved, of April hours.

But the wife beside his bed,  
Calmly holds his dying head ;  
Full her heart of tears may be,  
They are not for him to see.





*The ...*







*Handwritten text, possibly a signature or title, located below the engraving.*

For the sake of gone-by years,  
 Fill'd with mutual hopes and fears,  
 For the sake of that loved brow,  
 She is calm as he is now.

Angel-wings in glory sweep  
 O'er the coming of that sleep;  
 Let him close his weary eyes,  
 They will open in the skies.

---

A D R E A M O F L I F E.

A DREAM of life! Once *hers* was all of flowers,  
 And sunny glens, or solemn forest-shade;  
 At twilight hour she sat alone and smiled,  
 The while the crimson hues would melt and fade;  
 And then, her early dreams were calmly fair,  
 All passionless, and born of perfect peace;  
 No fear of earthly storms had cross'd her path;  
 Alas! that childhood's blissful dreams *must* cease!

Then, higher hopes and thoughts were mingled there;  
 And she would gaze upon the star-lit skies,  
 And long to rend away the veil that hides  
 That blessed land, which far beyond them lies.  
 And wandering night-wind's echoing, sweeping blast,  
 And ocean, with its ever-ceaseless moan,  
 And tempest, with the lightning's lurid gleam,  
 Breathed o'er her soul their own deep, mystic tone.

Then, the lone hour of fading eventide,  
 In summer sunset's still and placid time,  
 Brought, with its gentle, jasmine-scented breeze,  
 Dreams of Italia's distant, golden clime;  
 And myrtle leaves and fragrant orange-bloom  
 Told of the ancient, blue, Morcan shore,  
 Sweet Tempe's classic vale, and Helle's stream,  
 Fair as they were in Grecia's days of yore.

## THE PEOPLE'S GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS.

And then, her dream of life was all of LOVE ;  
 A pure, calm, stainless love, that could not dwell  
 With aught but womanhood's unsullied spring,  
 Within her fervent heart's deep, secret cell ;  
 A love that knew no startling pang of doubt,  
 Where broken faith was yet unfear'd, unknown ;  
 And all her gentle tears were meekly shed  
 For others' griefs, but never for her own.

Years have pass'd on since those bright halcyon days,  
 When every eve the sun would set too soon ;  
 When vows of deathless, changeless love, were sworn  
 In leafy groves, beneath the summer moon.  
 And now those transient dreams of perfect bliss,  
 Like dazzling rainbow-tints, have pass'd away ;  
 And hopes, like sunbeams dancing on the wave,  
 That sparkled bright, have vanish'd, fled, for aye.

And yet, her Dream of Life is passing sweet,  
 Yet are its motley fantasies most fair ;  
 Though shaded now that once unruffled brow,  
 Though mix'd with silvery threads that sunny hair.  
 Her childhood's blesséd dreams are past and gone,  
 And all her young life's cloudless visions flown ;  
 But riper years have brought a dearer charm,  
 A pure and sacred pleasure, all their own.

What though a thousand anxious cares be hers,  
 She bears a mother's happy, holy name ;  
 To nurture those sweet, tender, clinging buds,  
 For brighter climes, is now her hallow'd aim ;  
 A wife's deep love ! a mother's hopes and fears !  
 Their mighty spell around her way have cast ;  
 Sorrows she has ; but every passing year  
 Seems, if less bright, still happier than the last.

Fair Matron ! 'tis a changing scene we tread ;  
 Bright musings gladden all our childhood's day,  
 And nearer, brighter still, youth's visions glow ;  
 But GOLDEN DREAMS like these may never stay ;

Sunshine and shade *must* haunt the path we go,  
 And smiles and tears, alternate, mark the brow ;  
 And clear, calm skies, and tempests' hollow moan,  
*Must* chequer all *realities* below.

A little while, and those dear ones of thine,  
 And he to whom thy earliest love was given,  
 Shall bow no more beneath the storms of life ;  
 No thorns may mar the fadeless flowers of heaven.  
 Press onward, then, in hope, to that blest home,  
 Where anxious thoughts and sorrows cease at last,  
 Where clouds no longer dim the glorious noon,  
 And all the DREAMS OF LIFE at length are past !

---

F E L I C I A H E M A N S .

AMONG the sons and daughters of genius, a high place must be assigned to FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS. This gifted lady was born in Liverpool in the year 1794. Her father, George Browne, Esq., a merchant of that town, was a native of Ireland ; her mother, a German lady, descended, as it is understood, from an ancient Venetian family. These circumstances deserve notice, because the character and mental temperament of Felicia appear to have been in some degree moulded by her mixed descent. From her father she would seem to have inherited the vivacity and ardour which mark the Irish character ; from her mother, a deep love of the beautiful, together with a strong tinge of romance, which told of German and Italian parentage. Other circumstances there were which exercised a powerful influence over the character of her mind, and which combined to give a colour to her habits of thought, and by consequence, to her writings. Her first youth was passed among the mountains and valleys of North Wales, the house in which she lived being a spacious mansion on the sea-shore of Denbighshire. Scenery so rich in grandeur and beauty as that which characterizes this "land of the mountain and the flood," was a fit cradle for the genius with which Felicia was endowed, and doubtless tended strongly to the developing of the poetical turn of her mind. In the wild solitudes which surrounded her habitation, she was accustomed, even while still a child, to spend hours and days with a volume of Shakspeare in her hand, now gazing on the restless ocean, now climbing the mountain-steeps, or wandering amid the sylvan scenes which these rocky barriers enclosed. Under

such influences her first compositions were produced ; and by an earnest and constant study of the bard—

“ Upon whose forehead climb  
The crowns o' the world ! whose eyes sublime  
Have tears and laughter for all time,”

she acquired—all that she *could* acquire from human teaching—the ability to clothe her exquisite thoughts in suitable words. Moreover, as a circumstance affecting the complexion of the future character of Felicia Browne, it should be mentioned, that she was in her early years “ a child of beauty rare.” That beauty, indeed, soon faded under the influence of sorrow and disappointment ; but in the dawn of her youth, her features, though not regular, were singularly expressive ; her complexion was rich, though fair ; her hair, golden, and soft as silk, curled luxuriantly over her neck and shoulders ; her form was remarkable for its grace ; and, above all, her countenance, while exquisitely feminine, was as full of intelligence as her disposition was amiable and attractive. That a creature so lovely, and so highly gifted, should have been loved with a love too nearly approaching to idolatry, will excite no surprise, but may well be lamented, as a circumstance but too certain to exercise a very injurious influence upon the after-character of the object of such injudicious fondness. Happily, however, for Felicia, she was blessed with a mother possessing sound sense, and a penetrating judgment ; and being herself docile, and apt to receive and retain good impressions, she passed, with much less of permanent harm than might have been reasonably apprehended, through the dangers which beset her path. To her mother, the young poetess, who was publicly known as an author before she had completed her twelfth year, was accustomed to lay open every feeling of her heart ; every thought as it arose in her mind. The value of motherly counsel and guidance, under circumstances so unusual, and so perilous, is sufficiently obvious ; and was deeply felt by *her* who was its immediate object. It comprehended not, indeed, so far as appears, the inculcation of those religious principles, with which, as it may well be hoped, the highly gifted Felicia became, at a later period of her life, practically acquainted, and, in the absence of which, the rarest mental endowments, combined with the warmest affections, and the most amiable of natural dispositions fail to secure for their possessor that happiness which the human heart constantly craves ; but it was a safeguard against many dangers, and a shield amid many temptations.

In the seventeenth year of her age the subject of this memoir became a wife, and in due time, the mother of five sons. Over recollections of this portion of her chequered life, we will not linger. That an under-current of sadness runs through the whole of her writings, published after her marriage, is painfully obvious ; but into the cause or causes of poor Felicia's domestic wretchedness, we need not too curiously inquire. She had been *idolized* from her birth ; and without supposing anything like neglect to be her portion in after-life, the chances of married happiness are fearfully lessened in the case of her, whose misfortune it is to be, in childhood and youth, the object of injudicious and extravagant fondness.





*Felicia Hemans*



Soon after the birth of her fifth son, Mrs. Hemans parted from her husband, to meet him no more in this world. A separation took place, by mutual consent; and the health of Captain Hemans requiring that he should betake himself to a more southern climate, he soon afterwards sailed for Italy; whence he never returned.

Thus left alone, Felicia Hemans, with her children, took up her abode at the village of Bromwylfa, near St. Asaph; to which village her mother and sister had previously retired. And now the sterling excellence of her character appeared in all its strength. The bright prospects which had gilded the morning of her youth had faded. As a poet, indeed, she had already begun to acquire that reputation which has now received the stamp of perpetuity; but as a woman, her dearest hopes had been disappointed. A weaker mind might have resigned itself to the indulgence of sorrow, or might have endeavoured to find solace in complaint. Felicia Hemans did better and more wisely. She devoted herself to THE DUTIES OF A MOTHER. Her own education had been somewhat desultory and superficial. For her children's sake, therefore, she addressed herself in earnest to the work of self-improvement. In early childhood she had learned something of Latin; she now resumed her study of that tongue; augmented her knowledge of French; and made herself familiar, not only with the languages, but with the literature of Italy, Germany, Spain, and Portugal. To her excellence as a linguist her numerous and spirited translations from Horace, Goëthe, Camoens, &c., bear abundant testimony; while her philosophical and discriminating appreciation of the works of the most distinguished European writers is proved by a series of papers written not long after her separation from her husband, and published in the year 1819.

During the succeeding four or five years, namely, from 1819 to 1824, or 1825, a succession of poems, each more brilliant or more touching than the last, secured for Felicia Hemans a high rank among modern poets. We need but mention "The Restoration of the Works of Art in Italy;" "Tales and Historic Scenes;" "Modern Greece;" "Wallace;" "Dartmoor;" "The Siege of Valencia;" &c. &c., all which, besides various shorter effusions of extreme beauty, appeared during this period, and gained for their author the applause of some of the great poets then living, who have now taken their places in the "Temple of Fame," and whose names will continue to be as "household words" among us. In 1827 Mrs. Hemans published her "Forest Sanctuary;" and in the early part of the ensuing year, her *enduring* "Records of Woman."

Our limits admonish us to relate briefly what remains to be told concerning this distinguished lady. On the occasion of the death of her mother in 1829, she quitted her retirement in Wales, and, with her children, took up her abode at the village of Wavertree, near Liverpool. This event made a considerable change in her manner of life. Hitherto she had lived in a seclusion almost absolute; like the nightingale, she had been "heard, not seen;" and widely known as were her name and fame, she had had little personal intercourse with society. She continued, however, notwithstanding her increasing maternal and domestic cares, and her greatly multiplied social

engagements, to follow the bent of her genius by occupying her leisure hours in poetical composition; and produced various minor poems which the world will not "willingly let die."

In the summer of 1829, Mrs. Hemans, urged by numerous solicitations, accomplished in Scotland a round of visits, which—such was the celebrity which her name had acquired—almost assumed the character of a triumphal progress. She now visited Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford; a place which—to say nothing of her appreciation of the character and genius of her host—aroused to the utmost, by its collection of armour and other treasures, her chivalric sympathies.

In the spring of 1830 appeared her "Songs of the Affections;" many of which, however, were already familiar to the readers of *Blackwood's Magazine*; and during the summer of the same year, she visited the Cumberland and Westmoreland Lakes, and made acquaintance with the great poet of Rydal Mount. Another visit to Scotland followed; and in the spring of 1831, partly for the sake of medical advice respecting a disease of the heart which now began seriously to alarm both herself and her friends, and partly with a view to the advantage of her sons, Mrs. Hemans finally quitted England, and took up her abode in the Irish capital.

The health of this gifted lady now declined rapidly; but her mind retained all its energy and activity, and her affections all their warmth. She continued to write poetry; and in 1833 and 1834 prepared for the press three separate works: "Hymns for Childhood;" "National Lyrics;" and "Scenes and Hymns of Life;" in which last work her genius perhaps shone forth as brightly as in any former production. She was now, however, evidently approaching that BETTER LAND of which she sang so touchingly. On the 16th of May, 1835, she expired peacefully, expressing her humble trust in the mercy of God through the merits of the Redeemer.

The poetry of Felicia Hemans is full of imagery; and that imagery bears witness no less to the justness of her taste, than to the power of her genius and the extent of her mental resources. THE BEAUTIFUL, in character, in history, and, above all, in external nature, formed the main theme of her song:—

The world of loveliness was all her own;  
 To her the rushing streamlet had a tone  
 The gay and careless crowd could never hear;  
 She heard its words—its music wild and clear,  
 And answer'd too, in sound of rhyme and song  
 That o'er the hills of Caledonia rang,  
 And echo'd round green Erin's wave-bound shore,  
 And mingled with old Ocean's dashing roar.  
 Dear sainted Spirit! Now thy harp is mute,  
 Hush'd, now, the thrilling chords of thy sweet lute,  
 Which flung its glorious melody afar,  
 As brightly beams a pure, celestial star.  
 And thou hast pass'd away, as beauty must,  
 With all its loveliness to silent dust.  
 Sweet was thy death-song, when the bonds of clay  
 Were well nigh bursting on that sabbath day—

That day of rest, which, dawning, found thee here,  
 And closing, saw thee free from grief or tear.  
 Calm was thy dying brow ; that " BETTER LAND,"  
 With all its seraph-forms, its " happy band,"  
 Shone clear before thy gently-closing eyes  
 That never more might gaze on sunset skies.  
 Sharp, piercing thorns had mingled with life's flowers,  
 And sorrow oft, had dimm'd thy brightest hours ;  
 But now, the strife is o'er, the conflict past,  
 Thy soul hath found her home of rest, at last :  
 What though thy earthly lyre be all-unstrung,  
 A golden harp, for ever tuned and strung,  
 E'en from eternity, for thee, is thine,  
 While round thy brow immortal flow'rets twine ;  
 Thy voice on earth is hush'd ; yet lives thy strain ;  
 We would not—could not wish thee here again.

---

## THE INVOCATION OF DEATH.

OH come ! oh come ! I have call'd thee long,  
 I have pined for thee in the festal throng,  
 Not the rapture of music, nor rosy flowers,  
 Nor the pure white blooms of these myrtle bowers,  
 Nor the singing birds in the sunlit vales,  
 Nor the solemn songs of the nightingales,—  
 Not all that is bright on this changing earth,  
 Not all that is lovely of mortal birth,  
 May tempt me to linger below, again ;  
 Shatter'd and snapt is life's golden chain.  
 Death ! death ! I have watch'd the morning sky,  
 And the pale stars fading silently,  
 The sun drink the dew from the lily leaves,  
 And light the dim shades where the lone dove grieves,  
 And I've press'd my hot brow on the cool green grass,  
 While I long'd for thy blighting form to pass.  
 And when the deep, silent noontide slept  
 On the gushing founts, where so calmly wept  
 The crystal drops from the rock's cool shade,  
 Where the lotus-cups wove a pearly braid,  
 And bent o'er the sparkling wavelets there,  
 Like a chasten'd mourner, meek and fair.  
 Oh ! sweet was that noontide, sweet and bright,  
 And rich were the rays of emerald light

That burst through the waving forest-boughs,  
 And danced where the purple violet grows ;  
 But what is this glorious world to me,  
 With its gay-plumed birds, and their minstrelsy,  
 And the rustling olive, the cedar's moan,—  
 What is their music to one *alone* ?  
 The golden sun-beams ! I saw them die,  
 And the rose-hue melt in the evening sky ;  
 The crimson leaves on the turf were laid,  
 As I watch'd the young buds of summer fade ;  
 And I gazed on the streams, as dazzling and free,  
 Onward they sped to the pathless sea ;—  
 All things can find thee, Oh ! Death ! but I  
 Cannot rend the frail bonds of mortality !  
 Oh ! fair Thyatira ! the glistening beam  
 That falls on thy towers with its fitful gleam,  
 Had it power to cast on this tear-laved tomb  
*One* ray of gladness amid the gloom,  
 Oh ! then, I might even grieve to roam  
 From the hill-girt city, my childhood's home ;  
 But, no ! the light of my life hath pass'd ;  
 Of affection's deep tones I have heard the last ;  
 I saw the smile that I treasured part,  
 And the throbbing cease of that noble heart,  
 Whose last faint thrill was of love for me,  
 Ere he pass'd away to eternity.  
 And here, while the graves around me lie,  
 While the red lights fade in the evening sky,  
 While the night-bird's flapping wing is near,  
 And the burning stars glimmer forth—still here  
 I linger amid the silent dead,  
 While *he* slumbers on in his lonely bed.  
 Oh ! come to me, Death ! let this pallid brow  
 Be white as the far-off Alpine snow ;  
 Oh ! bear me away to the spirit-land,  
 Far, far, from this rosy Syrian strand ;  
 Now come to me, Death ! bear me hence away,  
 Let me struggle no longer with mortal clay.  
 All that I love from this bright world is gone,  
 Only this tomb hath a voiceless tone,  
 Which breathes to my desolate, fainting heart,  
 “ Depart ! from the sunlight of heaven depart ! ”

Yet hush ! hush this murmuring note of grief ;  
 Hush ! for the steps of my journey brief  
 May end ere yon sun's departing ray  
 Shall melt into darkness at close of day.  
 Oh ! Father of heaven ! look down in thy love,  
 From thy starry throne in the world above,  
 And pardon thy wandering, wayward child,  
 Who fain would return to Thee, undefiled !  
 Take her, weary in heart, to that peaceful home,  
 Where storms may not wither—Death may not come.

Hark ! the deep tone of a distant bell !  
 'Tis tolling my solemn passing-knell !  
 Hark ! the low wind through the cedar-boughs  
 Sweeps sadly adown from the mountain brows,  
 And a requiem chant on the evening gale  
 Comes floating along from the cypress vale ;  
 Fair shores of Natolia, fare ye well !  
 In a lovelier climate I hasten to dwell ;  
 I have gazed my last on the shining sun,—  
 The conflict is over—the strife is done :  
 Through the shadowy trees thy form I trace—  
 Welcome, oh Death ! is thy cold embrace !

---

THE FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON.

It will be remembered, that in the year 1840, M. Guizot, at that time the French Ambassador at the British Court, waited upon Lord Palmerston, with a request that the body of Napoleon Buonaparte should be resigned to the French nation, in order that the ashes of the deceased Emperor should at last repose in the soil of France, the country over which he had once held absolute sway. This matter being arranged, the French proceeded to determine the place of sepulture, and after some debate, it was settled that the remains of the illustrious departed should find their final resting-place beneath the vast dome of the Eglise des Invalides.

On the 1st of July, in the year already mentioned, La Favorite, corvette, and La Belle Poule, frigate, quitted the harbour of Toulon, and arrived, on the 8th of the following October, in that of James Town, St. Helena. The 15th of the same month was fixed on as the day of exhumation, that being the day on which, a quarter of a century before, Napoleon had first set foot on the island of St. Helena.

Operations commenced at the hour of midnight; the English Commissioner, together with Bertrand, Gourgaud, and Las Cases, three intimate friends of the late Emperor, being present at the disinterment. After the recital by a French Abbé of certain prayers, the coffin, which contained all that was mortal of Napoleon Buonaparte, was carefully removed, and, with all possible tokens of respect, was carried by a detachment of soldiers into a tent previously prepared for its reception, where, after the due performance of the religious ceremonies prescribed by the Romish Church, the receptacle to which had been committed the remains of one for whom "the world had been too small," was opened.

It was a moment of intense interest. Friends, who had regarded Buonaparte with affection, and who had shed bitter tears over his lonely exile, now stood to gaze on all that remained of the illustrious dead. The features of the face were somewhat changed, but were perfectly recognizable. A sorrowful sternness seemed to shadow the brow, though the eye, the once keen, speaking eye, no longer told of the mighty workings of the spirit within.

On Sunday, the 18th of October, the Belle Poule, with her precious deposit, left St. Helena, and arrived at Cherbourg on the 30th of the following month; the grand entry into Paris being fixed for the 15th of December.

Great indeed were the changes which had taken place since Napoleon Buonaparte had looked his last on that proud city! Many who then stood around him had passed away from this mutable world. Poor Josephine—his deserted, but devoted wife—she could not rejoice in the honours paid to his memory by the land she loved so well, for she too had departed to "that bourne whence no traveller returns." There was a grand procession—and that was all!

At daybreak guns were fired at Neuilly, and the body was transferred to the car destined to convey it to its last resting-place. The coffin, covered with violet crape, was surmounted by the imperial crown, and the horses, superbly accoutred, were led by attendants clad in the livery of the deceased Emperor. At the head of the procession came the Gendarmerie of the Seine, then the Municipal Guard, with various military squadrons and battalions; the Prince de Joinville, and the five hundred sailors of the Belle Poule, marching in double file on each side of the chariot of death.

The funeral cortége passed the Arc de Triomphe and the Champs Elysées, and finally halted at the Eglise des Invalides. The windows of the Church were closely curtained, and ten thousand tapers shed their light on the gloomy drapery, the gorgeous insignia of departed royalty, the dun banners of other days, the whole of the stately and solemn *catfalque*, spread forth beneath the towering dome.

The service for the dead was performed; Napoleon was laid to his rest, to be aroused by the archangel's trumpet; the long aisles of the crowded church were again deserted, and the parting gleams of the wintry sun alone visited the solitude where reposed the dust of one who, but a few brief years before, had been—

"The foremost man of all this world."





*Funeral of Napoleon*

*Illustration of the funeral of Napoleon*

*Illustration of the funeral of Napoleon*



The career of NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, the rise of his fortunes, his renown, his ambition, his fall, his years of exile, his lonely island-grave, and finally, the vain honours which were paid to his mouldering remains, form a story of wonders which will be as imperishable as history itself. While ambitious and the lust of power led him to form projects and pursue ends subversive of the well-being of his fellow-men, he was doubtless an instrument in the hands of Him who "sitteth above the waters;" "in whose hands are the issues of life;" and who, when it pleased him, could say to the haughty and unsparing conqueror, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further!"

---

L O R D F O R D W I C H,

Eldest son of Earl Cowper and the Lady Anne Robinson, daughter of Earl and Countess de Grey.

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

And though in after-days it should be told  
 Of thee—as of the lovely Knight of old—  
 Thou wert the fairest of the courtly throng ;  
 The gracefullest that led the dance along ;  
 The bravest man that ever drew a sword ;  
 The stateliest vision of a belted lord ;  
 The warmest heart that ever sued for love ;  
 The kindest, when Pity sought to move ;

The frankest friend that ever clasp'd a hand ;  
 The openest giver owning breadth of land ;  
 The sternest champion of thy country's laws ;  
 The gentlest listener to the poor man's cause ;  
 Still would remain the greater, holier praise,  
 In the first blessing of thy younger days,  
 Ere yet these proud distinctions round thee smiled,  
 And thou wast but a simple, pious child ;  
 That from the dawning of thy tempted day,  
 To the last setting of its mellow'd ray,  
 Thou wert the truest Christian—so to speak  
 Of one by nature sinful made, and weak—  
 That ever in this world of storms unblest,  
 The self-denying, peaceful creed profess'd !

---

T H E M A S Q U E R A D E .

'Twas a bright and festal throng,  
 Earth's fairest flowers were there ;  
 And ringlets waved in the dazzling light,  
 O'er brows how purely fair !  
 And starry eyes were flashing,  
 And gold and radiant gems  
 Were bowing graceful, fragile forms,  
 Like flow'rets on their stems.

But the burning ruby's ray,  
 With its crimson flashing beam,  
 Glow'd not like many a cheek's soft rose,  
 When the young, bright face was seen ;  
 Nor the music in those halls,  
 With its rich deep-sounding chords,  
 Came not so sweet in that hour of glee  
 As the gentle, breathing words.

And costly robes were there,  
 The raiment of distant lands ;  
 The ermine and purple's heavy folds  
 Half shading the jewell'd hands ;



Engraved by W. P. P. I.

*Portrait of a young child*







*La signora*



And some, like lone sea-nymphs,  
 Were clad in pallid green,  
 And wore sea-flowers, as if to the caves  
 Of old ocean they had been.

And some young, lovely girls  
 Seem'd tenants of homes that stood,  
 O'erhung with the jasmine and citron's glow  
 In the depths of a Grecian wood :  
 And some seem'd Italian brides,  
 Whose eyes from the bridal veil,  
 Smiled out with a pensive fitful light,  
 'Mid the orange-blossoms pale.

And Queens from the coral isles,  
 And Naiads from sounding seas,  
 And Fauns from the forest and sylvan shades,  
 With wreaths from the old oak trees ;  
 And a Priestess of Druid race,  
 With the mystic chaplet bound—  
 All gracefully moved through the gliding dance,  
 O'er those halls' enchanted ground.

'Twas a lovely sight to see  
 Earth's beauties mingling there :  
 The rich, bright curls, and the glittering gems  
 That gleam'd in the shining hair !  
 No murmur of grief or woe  
 Was heard 'mid the music's tone.  
 Oh ! could it be that amidst that throng  
 There was no sad soul *alone* !

There *may* be sorrow and grief.  
 Though smooth be the snowy brow ;  
 There *may* on the lips be a proud, bright smile,  
 With a bursting heart below ;  
 Such grief may e'en be yours,  
 Oh ye of the laughing eyes !  
 But oh ! that this masking scene were all,  
 Ye may know of life's disguise !

## CROSSING BY A SANGHA, NEAR JUMNOOTREE.

## THE MOUNTAIN-BRIDGE.

BY L. E. L.

The most common contrivance in this hill-district, where the stream is sufficiently narrow to admit of its use, is the *Sangha*; a bridge of the rudest description. No one being at the trouble of repairing such bridges, they are generally found by the traveller in the most crazy and precarious condition imaginable. So long, indeed, as the wayfarer can keep in the centre of the *Sangha*, he is tolerably safe; but if he venture to plant his foot either to the right, or the left, he is in danger of being precipitated into the torrent. The safest plan is, not to look for a moment upon the impetuous current below, but to keep the eyes steadily fixed on some object on the opposite side of the stream, and thus to pass firmly and decidedly onwards; for there being neither parapet nor guiding rail, the frail bridge is often, in a high wind, so fearfully swayed to and fro, that even the mountaineers themselves refuse to cross it.

WAKE not yet, thou mountain-breeze,  
Slumbering 'mid the leafy trees;  
Sound not yet thy stormy blast,  
Till the mountain-stream is past.

See! they stir; The topmost bough,  
Of yon pine is waving now;  
Hark! it comes with bellowing roar,  
Speed thee, traveller, speed thee o'er!

Dream not now of safe return;  
Thought of doubt and danger spurn;  
Plant thy foot, and fix thine eye;  
Like an arrow, forward fly.

Look not down:—that foaming tide  
Shakes the mountain's echoing side;  
Cleaves the granite's hoary brow—  
Fearful traveller, look not thou.

Look not where the feathery spray  
Dances upward to the day,  
White as snow, and pure as white—  
Trust not to that treacherous sight.





Look not where the waves are clear,  
 Swift, but silent, glancing near;  
 Till at once, with giant curl,  
 Down the thundering depths they whirl.

Fiercer waters roaring loud,  
 Toss on high their foamy cloud;  
 Darker billows raging still,  
 There, the mighty caldron fill.

Rushing wind, and furious flood,  
 Trembling bridge of shapeless wood;  
 Heed not, traveller, speed thee on—  
 Now the rock of safety's won!

---

### THE HOTEL DE VILLE, PARIS.

THE HOTEL DE VILLE, one of the most remarkable public buildings in Paris, owes its celebrity less to the singular style of its architecture, and to its regular and harmonious proportions, than to the various stirring political events of which it has been the theatre.

Having traversed the Rue St. Denis, and the Pont au Change, and proceeded for some few hundred yards along the bank of the Seine, the traveller arrives at the famous Place de Grève, at the northern extremity of which stands the HOTEL DE VILLE.

The first stone of this magnificent Town-Hall, which stands on the site previously occupied by the Hospital and Church *Du Saint Esprit*, was laid during the reign of Francis I.—an era very memorable in the history of the religious world; for during the reign of this prince, the glorious Reformation not only shone forth with bright effulgence in Germany, and beamed upon our own country, but also penetrated into many parts of France. The structure, however, of which, on the fifteenth of July, 1533, Pierre de Violle laid the first stone, forms but a small portion of the present splendid edifice. During several subsequent years the progress of the building was suspended; but in the year 1549, Henry II., charmed by the beauty of the plans submitted to him by Dominico Boccadoro, surnamed Cortona, directed that the structure should be completed according to the design of that artist. Still, however, the work proceeded slowly; and was not perfectly finished until fifty years afterwards, (A. D. 1605.) Henry IV. completed it with much magnificence; and caused a bas-relief, representing himself on horseback, and executed in bronze, to be placed over the principal entrance.

The history of this bas-relief has been singularly eventful. It was destroyed during the wars of the *Fronde*, when the Hotel de Ville, generally, sustained serious damage; it was subsequently restored by the son of the celebrated Biard, the original sculptor; and having been again demolished by the infuriated revolutionists of the time of Louis XVI., and again replaced on the restoration of the Bourbon line of princes, it was once more damaged in the revolutionary tumults of 1830, and once more replaced in its original position by the late monarch, Louis Philippe. Whether during the fearful commotions which within the last few months have overturned the throne of France, it have been again defaced or destroyed, we know not; but it is not improbable that a monument to the memory of Henry the Great, may, during the late furious outbreak of republicanism, have suffered from the effects of the lawless spirit which has hurled the ex-king from his throne.

The principal entrance to the HOTEL DE VILLE is in the Place de Grève; a noble flight of steps leading up to the portal. The clock which belongs to this building is justly regarded as one of the curiosities of Paris. It was made, at an immense cost, by the celebrated Lepante, and is said to be one of the best clocks in Europe. It was originally surrounded by several statues; but all of these, excepting one which represents the city of Paris *distributing crowns*, are so much mutilated, that the intention of the sculptor can no longer be discovered. The face of this clock is beautifully enamelled; and, at night, very much to the advantage of the citizens of Paris, it is illuminated by means of a reflector; so that the hour may be constantly discerned.

Beyond the vestibule of the Hotel de Ville is a court, surrounded by porticoes, which support the building. Upon the frieze there were formerly marble tablets, bearing, in golden letters, inscriptions, marking the principal events in the life of Louis XIV., beginning with his marriage in 1659. There were also inscriptions referring to the principal events in the reign of Louis XV.

The Prefect of the Seine, who is the chief officer of the municipality, and who may be said to unite the functions of lord-lieutenant of the county and mayor of the city, holds his court, if such it may be called, at the Hotel de Ville.

It will be remembered, that during the terrible revolution which took place towards the close of the last century, the National Assembly agreed upon a constitution, which the unhappy Louis XVI. declared himself ready to accept. He appeared before the Assembly, and was received simply as its President; all present remaining in their places, instead of testifying their respect for the sovereign by the usual courtesy of rising from their seats. The unfortunate monarch, however, professed his cordial acceptance of the constitution, and attached to it his signature. No sooner, however, had he retired from the public gaze, than he gave utterance to very different sentiments, passionately declaring to the queen, in private, that he had acted by compulsion, not by choice.

The constitution, however, was solemnly proclaimed by the civic authorities before the Hotel de Ville, and also in the Champ de Mars, and in the Rue St. Honoré. On the 9th of August, 1792, it was determined by the Revolutionists that a debate should take



*Hotel de Villa Rica*





place on the expediency of suspending the kingly office. On the evening of that memorable day, a second attack was directed against the Tuilleries, and the royal family were compelled to seek refuge in the National Assembly. Soon after midnight, two hundred persons forcibly entered the Hotel de Ville, where the Commune was then sitting, and expelled all the members, with the exception of Danton and two others. The new council then took possession of the vacant seats, and, self-elected, began forthwith to exercise their merciless functions.

From the central window of the principal apartment of the Hotel de Ville it was, that poor Louis XVI. addressed his infuriated people, with the red cap of liberty on his head. "Do not fear, Louis," exclaimed one of the more humane among the mob. "Feel if I do," answered the king, placing the man's hand on his heart.

Another voice was heard in the crowd—"Why," said a young man who was a spectator of the indignities offered to the monarch, addressing a companion, "Why do they not cut down some hundreds of these wretches with grape-shot? the remainder would speedily take to flight." The speaker was Napoleon Buonaparte!

At the commencement of this Revolution it was, that the National Guard took its rise. The electors demanded and obtained from the civic authorities the great hall of the Hotel de Ville for a place of meeting, and for many days it was besieged by the populace, vociferating for arms.

It should be mentioned, that above a century before these scenes of violence desolated Paris, the Hotel de Ville, then in an unfinished state, was rendered remarkable as being the scene of some of the incidents connected with the destruction of the Protestants in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Two venerable Protestant gentlemen, of the most unblemished character, were there condemned to death on the charge of having been concerned in the treason which was attributed to the excellent Admiral de Coligny, and for which he most unjustly suffered death. It is needless to say, that the pretended plot, of which Coligny was the first victim, was an invention of the Medici, in order to justify that atrocious massacre of the French Protestants which took place on St. Bartholomew's Day.

On the ever-memorable Eve of St. Bartholomew, in the year 1572, Charles IX. and his infamous mother partook of a sumptuous banquet at the Hotel de Ville, the windows of which commanded a view of the place of the execution of Coligny and his fellow-sufferers, namely, the Place de Grève. The performance of the fatal tragedy was deferred till ten P.M., the innocent and grey-haired victims being exposed during several hours to all the outrages which could be heaped upon them by a crowd of almost insane fanatics. When the appointed hour arrived, the windows of the Hall were thrown open, and Charles IX., with his mother and his two brothers, came forward, amid a blaze of torches, and with fixed attention contemplated the horrid scene.

The breaking of the lamps around the HOTEL DE VILLE was one of the first signals of revolt on occasion of the three days' revolution of 1830; and on the top of the central tower of that edifice it was, that the tri-coloured flag, decorated by a piece of

black crape, was hoisted as the national standard. A battalion of guards being despatched by the royal party to occupy and defend the building, a terrible contest ensued, both on the Pont Notre Dame and also in the Place de Grève; indeed, this latter spot was continually in a state of commotion. Here the severest struggles of the day occurred, and after a most obstinate resistance, and the loss of many lives, the royal troops succeeded in taking possession of the Hotel de Ville, which was not recovered by the people during that day's fight. At length Charles X., finding himself utterly helpless, convened his last council, and made many concessions, which, had they been made sooner, might perhaps have saved the hereditary monarchy. As it was, the existing government was totally overthrown, and a municipal commission was instituted, composed of Messieurs Lafitte, Casimir Perrier, &c. Charles X. took refuge in England; peace was restored; liberty and order were once more united; and the banner that floated from the HOTEL DE VILLE afforded the first public signal of the success of that revolution which had placed Louis Philippe on the French throne.

*Now*, the throne of France exists no more; it has been literally burned by a furious mob. Louis Philippe is a second time an exile from the land of his fathers, and a second time has found in England, as Count de Neully, the refuge of which he stood in need.

It may well be matter of grateful exultation, that our country should thus be able and willing to extend her generous hospitality to fallen princes; but while we rejoice on this account, it becomes us, as loyal sons and daughters of England, to guard well those civil and religious public institutions, and to foster those private Christian virtues, which, while other thrones have "tottered to their fall," have hitherto proved the safeguard of that of our beloved QUEEN VICTORIA.

---

## C H R I S T   A N D   T H E   L E P E R .

BY THE HON. EDMUND PHIPPS.

LOATHSOME, an outcast, doom'd to solitude—  
 Or, worse than solitude, to share his fate  
 With loathsome outcasts, like himself—he stood  
 A Leper, all alone, without the gate;  
 When, lo, the Master comes. Where all of late  
 Had been despair and hopeless misery,  
 Beam'd a bright ray upon his darken'd state:  
 At once he felt a great High Priest was nigh—  
 A priest who could be touch'd with his infirmity.





*Jesus said, Were there not ten leavened, but where are the men*

Printed by W. H. ...





Approach he dare not.—“Thou canst make me clean,  
 Lord, if thou wilt!” This was his only plea :  
 “I will!” the gracious answer—nought between  
 That promise and th’ omnipotent decree  
 Of “Be thou clean!” Spotless at once, and free  
 From taint, his weary heart he could divest  
 Of its whole burden : in society,  
 Free from thenceforth to mingle, or to rest  
 Mid beings—long unseen—whom he had loved the best.

Fancy would vainly strive to paint his grief  
 When suffering—his earnestness of prayer  
 For help—or the glad joy of his relief ;  
 But may we *know* and *feel* it ; may we share  
 Each of these varying moods—this deep despair—  
 This earnest longing to be heal’d—this joy  
 When made the subjects of His heavenly care !  
 Who is there, gracious Lord, that might not cry,  
 “Such leprosy is mine—such need of thee have I ;

“Behold me with the leprosy of sin,  
 “Tainted like him ; condemned to herd with those  
 “Who, with fair outside, are more foul within  
 “Than he whom thou didst heal ; to seek repose,  
 “And seek it all in vain, as one who knows  
 “He must be exiled from the blessed scene  
 “Of saints made perfect ; such my weight of woes !  
 “My wants, my hope, my faith, by Thee are seen :  
 “Look on me ; if thou wilt, Lord, thou canst make me clean !”

---

TO THE LADY CLEMENTINA VILLIERS.

SWEET lady, while I gaze on thee,  
 And view, in its calm radiancy,  
 Thine eye that ’neath the summer sky,  
 Reflects the tender blue on high,  
 And see thy young, unclouded face  
 Deck’d in simplicity’s sweet grace,  
 I almost long, that o’er thy way,  
 No shade may dim the sunshine’s ray.

It cannot be—it were not well,  
 That fadeless earthly joy should dwell,  
 Within a frail and mortal heart ;  
 'Tis well, that *this world's* peace must part  
*Sometimes* from breasts of earthly mould ;  
*Sometimes* e'en love of friends grow cold.  
 I would not then, thy path should be  
*All flowers, all bright prosperity ;*  
 Nor yet, that those sweet eyes of thine  
 Should *always* with such lustre shine.  
 Gems from the wave may wreath thy brow,  
 Fair Ondine ! as thou seemest now ;  
 Rubies may flash amid thine hair,  
 And summer-roses fresh and fair  
 Crown thee, and bloom around thy feet ;  
 Dear ones with smiles of love may greet,  
 And music's loveliest lays be sung,  
 And yet, deep gloom be round thee flung.  
 Though all *seem* bright, the deathless mind,  
 The immortal soul no rest may find ;  
 In love and bliss of *earth* alone,  
 There lingereth in the tenderest tone  
 A shade of sadness and of grief,  
 That all below *must* be so brief.  
 May woman's highest lot be thine !  
 Not 'mid the thoughtless crowd to shine,  
 But to cast gladness on the way  
 Of those who droop in sorrow's day ;  
 To watch beside the painful bed,  
 And raise the weary, aching head,  
 To wipe with gentle hand the tear,  
 And calm and chase the lingering fear.  
 Surely ! so lovely as thou art,  
 Thou *wouldst* not make *this world* thy part ;  
 Surely, thy hopes *will* soar above,  
 Be centred there, thy joys, thy love.  
 Dreams of this mortal life will fly ;  
 Thine be the love that *cannot* die ;  
 The hopes that never pass away,  
 The light that leads to endless day.  
 May He, thy Guide through all the past,  
 Shed peace around thee to the last !



## PILGRIMS RESTING ON THEIR ROUTE TO MECCA.

The interior of the Turkish empire is constantly traversed by large bodies of men, who proceed together, for protection ; their object being either commerce or devotion. With respect to this last-mentioned object it may be noticed, that in the sixteenth year of Mohammed's mission, he ordained, that every believer should engage in a pilgrimage to visit the place of the Caaba, or sacred house of Abraham. The Caaba itself, as it was believed, had been taken up to heaven at the flood, but its model remained for the benefit of true believers at Mecca. This ordinance was rigidly observed by his followers. The caliphs set the example ; and all Mussulmans hold this Pilgrimage to be an indispensable obligation at this day, when it is possible for them to perform it. Even women are not exempted from this duty ; if they have no husband or brother, under whose protection they can leave the harem, they are bound to marry, for the express purpose of obtaining a protector. The only person in the empire exempt is the Sultan ; and he, only because the pilgrimage would occupy a longer period than he could be legally absent from the capital. He is bound, however, to send a substitute, called *Surré Emmini*, who always accompanies the caravan of pilgrims, and represents the sovereign. Thus it is, that every year above one hundred thousand persons, of all ages and conditions, set out from various points, and traverse Europe, Asia, and Africa, to fulfil this indispensable duty.

The great European caravan assembles at Constantinople in the month of Regib, which, according to the Turkish calendar, falls at every season of the year. The Pilgrims cross the Bosphorus, and unite on the great plain of Scutari, from whence they take their departure in company. They exhibit a strange display of folly and fanaticism. Among the various groups are seen, at one place, jugglers and buffoons exhibiting their light and often indecent mummery ; in another, molhas and dervishes exhorting to piety, and tearing their limbs with disgusting lacerations : but the most conspicuous object is the sacred camel. This camel carries the *mahhfil*, or seat from which the Prophet preached and dispensed justice in his journeys. The race is religiously kept up in the stables of the *seraglio* ; and some believe the camel of the *mahhfil*, at this day, to be the actual animal on which the Prophet rode, and to be kept alive by a miracle, to perform this annual journey to his holy city.

The accompanying illustration represents a group of a caravan of the faithful, proceeding from the northern to the southern extremity of the empire, to perform this pilgrimage. The venerable Moslem, who is ambitious of becoming a *hadgee*, is attended by his guards, who are distinguished by their fantastic dress ; their glittering golden-hafted *hanjars*, stuck in their shawl-girdles, beside their silver-mounted pistols ; and by the substitution of the many-tasselled cap for the grave turban. Their accommodation is the stable of a *khan*, which their camel equally shares ; and their refreshment is coffee, black and bitter, served by the *khangee* in small characteristic cups.

WHAT seek ye on your toilsome way,  
 Pilgrims of Eastern land ?  
 Why turn ye from your own bright shores,  
 Your own fair sea-girt strand ?  
 Seek ye a glorious sunny land  
 Where hidden treasures lie ?  
 And magic powers of by-gone years  
 Sleep 'neath the golden sky ?

Ye seek not at your journey's close  
 To win an earthly crown ;  
 Why bow the knee in reverence meek,  
 When the glad sun goes down ?

Perchance ye seek the buried lore  
 Of sages of the past,  
 Wending your way to break the spell  
 O'er ancient genius cast.

Or is it, that ye long have heard  
 Of Araby's blue sky?  
 Or that ye seek fair India's clime  
 Where pearls and coral lie?  
 Or haply, ye may seek a home  
 Far in some sun-lit vale  
 Where laurels spread their shining leaves,  
 And perfumes scent the gale.

Not so! not so! for naught of earth  
 Ye tread your dreary road,  
 Turning from all ye prize so well,  
 Leaving each loved abode!  
 Ye go to seek your Prophet's shrine,  
 To kneel before his tomb;  
 To press the sacred marble there  
 From morn to evening's gloom.

Oh! that ye sought a purer faith,  
 A higher, holier shrine!  
 Would that your prayers indeed were laid  
 Before the throne divine!  
 Ye press with firm, calm patience on,  
 Nor heed the scorching sun,  
 Nor the wild desert's stormy blast,  
 So that your work be done.

And we, who walk in clearer light,  
 To whom the truth is given,  
 Would that *we* trod our earthly path,  
 With heart so fix'd on heaven!  
 Ye think not when ye reach the goal  
 Of your long journey past;  
 So may *we* smile at life's drear waste,  
 OUR HAVEN gain'd at last!









THE BOAT AT THE FOOT OF THE CLIFFS AT KILMURRAY

1881

## THE COAST OF ASIA MINOR, NEAR ANAMOUR.

Anamour, (the ancient Anamurium,) is a deserted mass of ruins crowning one of the bold headlands on the coast of Asia Minor. This part of the shore is described by travellers as being wild and savage in the extreme. The rugged masses of rock which skirt the land abound with yawning caverns, from whose gloomy recesses the waves send forth a hollow, ceaseless moan, like voices from the tomb. Anamour is emphatically a city of ruins. The remains of its ancient castle, with its fortifications; the aqueducts which supplied it with water; vestiges of the theatres which once rang with the sounds of music and the shouts of the multitude, still resist the force of the winds which sweep its desolate heights. Outside the walls, Anamour presents, at first sight, the appearance of a deserted city. It is, indeed, a city; but not of the living; it is a city of the dead—a true Necropolis. The care and skill exercised by the ancients, in order to render durable the abodes of the dead, is here strongly impressed upon the mind. Not a vestige appears of the *dwellings* of the once flourishing city of Anamurium; but its silent tombs, which bear no record or inscription, will endure to the end of time.

Such is Anamour! No shepherd feeds his flock amidst its fallen temples, or its enduring monuments of departed generations! No fisherman spreads his nets on the gloomy rocks against which the waves dash with wild fury. Total desolation and wild and majestic grandeur are the characteristics of the scene; and Anamour, once teeming with an active population, and gladdened by the voices of children, is now peopled only by the dust of departed generations. Its romantic magnificence must ever charm the eye of the traveller; yet he who gazes upon it will rejoice that his lot is not cast in a region so dreary and desolate as this CITY OF THE DEAD.

Oh! sad forsaken city,  
 We tread thy noiseless streets,  
 And no glad voice of melody  
 The stranger's coming greets;  
 Only the foaming billows,  
 With hollow, ceaseless moan,  
 Send forth from caverns of the deep  
 Their changeless, mournful tone.

The wild sea-birds are shrieking  
 Along the lonely shore,  
 The storm-blast, madly sweeping  
 Thy fallen temples o'er;  
 We gaze upon thy ruins,  
 Where once the dance was led,  
 And song pour'd forth—now, all is still,  
 Thou city of the Dead!

What bright forms once were glancing  
 Through thy forsaken bowers!  
 How proudly waved the banners  
 From thy once frowning towers!

The music swell'd out gladly  
 From many a festal hall,  
 With laughter from the gay young hearts—  
 Where are those voices all?

*Where are they?* lost and vanish'd  
 With ancient glory gone ;  
 Gone, like the golden clouds of eve  
 When the shining sun goes down.  
 Oh ! shade of pomp and grandeur,  
 Where is thy regal power ?  
 What now is left—what hast thou still  
 Of thy once queenly dower ?

Thou hast the booming waters,  
 The salt waves' sparkling foam ;  
 The long departed, silent Dead  
 Have found with thee a home ;  
 Around thy walls lie scatter'd  
 The graves of other years,  
 Sad mounds ! where spring sweet flow'rets wild,  
 But never wash'd by tears !

They who once trod thy palaces,  
 Now in their dreamless sleep,  
 Hear not the mighty ocean's roar,  
 Dashing thy rocky steep :  
 They weep not, though their temples  
 Have fallen to decay,  
 What reck's it that their fanes have fall'n  
 To cold and lifeless clay ?

Ye heed no tempest's thunder,  
 Ye dwellers in the tomb ;  
 Ye list not to the wild bird's scream,  
 Piercing the lonely gloom ;  
 Ye cannot gaze up yonder,  
 To sullen, storm-clad skies,  
 Ages have roll'd since ye lay down—  
 But soon ye must arise !







GENERAL [Name]

[Additional text]

[Additional text]

A little longer tarry,  
 The trumpet-note shall sound  
 And shake those hoary time-worn tombs ;  
 And from that desert-ground  
 The sleepers all shall waken,  
 Each from his rocky bed,  
 And thy long, quiet rest be o'er,  
 Thou CITY OF THE DEAD !

---

C A R D I N A L A L L E N .

DR. WILLIAM ALLEN, Cardinal of England and Archbishop of Mechlin, was born in 1532, and was entered, in his fifteenth year, at Oriel College, Oxford, under the tutelage of the celebrated Morgan Phillips, one of the first logicians and disputants of his day. Allen's rise to the great eminence which he attained in the Romish church is chiefly to be attributed to his close and successful application to the study of logic and philosophy. He passed through several collegiate degrees, with great reputation as a man of extensive learning and eloquence; and, in 1556, being then only twenty-four years of age, he became principal of St. Mary Hall, and officiated as proctor in the following year. In 1558 he was made canon of York; but, refusing the oaths on the accession of Elizabeth, he forfeited his fellowship, and, in 1560, retired to the Roman Catholic College of Louvaine, where he wrote his first work in answer to Bishop Jewel, entitled "A Defence of the Doctrine of Catholics concerning Purgatory and Prayers for the Dead." Antwerp, 1565, 8vo. This production excited great attention, both at home and abroad; and induced the English Roman Catholics to confide to its author the tuition of Sir Christopher Blount. In the same year, Allen, with considerable danger, ventured to return to England, and visited the place of his birth, and other parts of the country; everywhere labouring by literary exertions to advance the cause of the deposed religion. Having spent three years in England, he was compelled, by accumulating dangers, to retire, in 1568, first to Flanders; then to Mechlin; and afterwards to Douay, where he took his doctor's degree, and established a seminary for English scholars; being supported by a pension from the pope. While employed in this institution, he was nominated to a canonry of Cambray; and on an application from the English council to the governor of the Spanish Netherlands to dissolve the college at Douay, Dr. Allen and other fugitives were offered protection by the princes of the house of Guise. Having received the appointment of canon of Rheims, Dr. Allen established a seminary in that city, under the patronage of the Cardinal of Lorraine. From this time he was considered abroad, as the chief of his party, and at home, very justly, as an enemy to his country; for

in his Defence of the "Twelve Martyrs in one Year," he promulgated a doctrine which justified the suspension of all domestic and civil obligations upon the score of religious opinions. He was even accused of having, by advice of Parsons, the Jesuit, united with the English Roman Catholic nobility resident in Flanders, in persuading Philip II. of Spain to undertake the conquest of their native country, and the restoration of the papal authority. The result of this advice was happily less disastrous than the Jesuit doubtless hoped that it would prove. Dr. Allen afterwards wrote a defence of Sir William Stanley and Sir Rowland York, who had joined the papal party. In 1587 Allen received the title of Cardinal of St. Martin in Montibus, with a rich abbey in Naples; and in 1588 he published the "Declaration of the Sentence of Sixtus the Fifth;" and, by this publication, which pronounced the Queen's government to be impious and unjust, and herself an usurper, obstinate and impenitent, and therefore to be deprived, he rendered himself famous abroad, and infamous at home. The Declaration was accompanied by a second part, entitled an "Admonition to the Nobility and People of England and Ireland;" in which, among other accusations, he declares the Queen to be a bastard daughter of Henry VIII., by incest with Anne Boleyn. Though the attack upon England did not succeed, no part of its failure was attributed to the cardinal, who, according to promise, was promoted by the King of Spain to the Archbishopric of Mechlin. Sixtus V., however, would not suffer him to quit Rome, where he passed his remaining years in great splendour and reputation. Towards the close of his life, he is said to have materially altered his opinions, and to have lamented the part which he had taken respecting the intended invasion of England. This change of sentiment, so far, at least, as regards politics, has received confirmation from a letter found among the Burleigh Papers, and addressed from the Cardinal at Rome, August 14, 1593, to Richard Hopkins, in England. Cardinal Allen died October 6, 1594, in the 63rd year of his age, and was interred with great pomp in the chapel of the English Church of the Holy Trinity, at Rome, where a monument, with a Latin inscription, was erected to his memory.

---

### T H E D U E N N A .

It was in the year 1750, that a Spanish noble, by name Don Manuel Francis Alvara, married Inesilla, the only child and heiress of an extremely wealthy merchant of Valencia. Don Manuel was proud and daring; his person was handsome; his dark eyes flashed with all the determination and haughtiness of an untamed spirit; and though he seldom expressed his thoughts on the subject, it was well known that he prided himself in no small degree on his lofty descent, hitherto untainted by plebeian alliances. Great therefore was the marvel when the last of the Alvara race united himself in holy wedlock to the daughter of a citizen; and one, too, who could not

boast of more than ordinary personal attractions. An immense dower, it was supposed, led to this extraordinary match; though many, nevertheless, wondered, that any amount of wealth could tempt the proud Alvara to marry one whose low origin he could not do otherwise than despise.

For many years the fortunes of the Alvara family had been on the decline. The stately ancestral castle, once a princely palace, was falling to decay; while death and the chances of war seemed to unite to complete the desolation and final extinction of the Alvaras. Don Manuel was about nineteen years of age when he encountered a very lovely young lady, the daughter of a Castilian grandee. The rank of Theresa equalled his own; as the haughtiness of her sire equalled that of Don Manuel; and finally, like Don Manuel, Theresa was portionless; a ruined moss-grown ancient castle, the family inheritance, being her all.

Theresa, who had scarcely attained the age of seventeen, possessed the most radiant beauty, united to that grace and fascination so peculiar to the females of the Spanish aristocracy. She met Don Manuel while he was travelling in Castile, and after a brief acquaintance and attachment, solemn vows of love and fidelity were exchanged between the youthful pair. The father of Theresa rejoiced in the exquisite loveliness of his gifted daughter, and he had early determined to bestow her in marriage on one of the richest nobles of the land. Great therefore was his annoyance and anger, when Alvara, in all the ardour and impetuosity of a first passion, declared his affection for the beautiful Theresa; he forbade the lovers to meet again, even to take a last farewell; and the father of Don Manuel having heard that the fortune of his son's intended bride consisted merely in her personal attractions, sent a messenger to recal him to the paternal roof. Alvara obeyed, and left Castile with an aching heart. No sooner had he joined his father, than he was importuned to retrieve the shattered fortunes of his family by marrying Inesilla, whose immense wealth had already attracted numerous suitors. Alvara steadily refused; pleading his attachment to Theresa; and his father, finding persuasion and threats equally unavailing, had recourse to artifice. He caused a report to be propagated to the effect, that Theresa was on the point of marriage with an illustrious prince of Sardinia; and so dexterously was the plot conducted, that the unhappy Manuel firmly believed in the reality of the approaching nuptials. At length, he heard that Theresa was actually married; and, almost frantic with despair and resentment, he rushed into the presence of Inesilla, and offered her his hand. It was readily accepted. The Valencian merchant was willing to exchange wealth for rank; and, observing, that since the young Alvara stood in need of money, and his daughter required a noble husband, nothing could have happened more auspiciously, he gave his immediate consent, and proclaimed to the citizens of Valencia, that Don Manuel de Alvara was the accepted suitor of Inesilla.

The father of Theresa had employed a like stratagem, but not with similar success. The noble maiden was told of Manuel's marriage; and that day she left her home, accompanied by her female attendant. No one knew whither she had gone, and all search proved unavailing. Luise, the waiting-woman, or Duenna, who had attended

Theresa from her childhood, beheld with feelings of the deepest indignation the apparent slight offered to her beloved young mistress. One virtue alone characterized this woman; devotion to the family whom she served. On the day on which the news arrived of Alvara's marriage, Theresa, in her agony of mind, fled into the forest adjoining her father's domain. Luise followed her—and unknown to her young lady, she planned a scheme of deadly vengeance. They agreed to fly to some distant town, where Luise was to undertake another service. The Duenna returned to the house, secretly conveyed from thence her mistress's jewels, her little stock of money, and some changes of raiment; and then they travelled to the small sea-coast town of Denia, in the province of Valencia. Here, under an assumed name, Theresa inhabited a small retired cottage, and Luise, who had discovered that Alvara had brought his bride to a marine villa about three miles distant, offered herself to Inesilla as her principal personal attendant. Don Manuel believing, that in consequence of Theresa's marriage, the waiting-woman had lost a home, desired his bride to accept Luise's services. It might be, that she reminded him of the happy days of joy and love spent in Castile, for he certainly welcomed the addition of Luise to his household. When a little time had elapsed, the new waiting-woman commenced her operations. She contrived to make known to a certain young gallant, that the lady of Alvara regarded him with affection. A corresponding tale she told to the vain Inesilla; and for some time messages were carried between the unprincipled pair by Luise. From the gentleman came importunate requests of assignations, if it were only for a few moments, and if the lady came attended by her waiting-woman—on the part of Inesilla, coquettish denials and procrastinations. At length the long-besought interview was granted, and Luise promised to throw a half-opened rose-bud upon the terrace of the garden, as a signal that the visit might be paid in safety. Meanwhile, the treacherous Duenna had managed to convey to Don Manuel suspicions of his wife's fidelity. When all was ripe for the execution of her plot, she caused a letter to be sent to Alvara, telling him of the rose, the appointed signal of meeting. Alvara came in a muffled disguise, saw the rose, and secreted himself, until his rival, attired in like manner, entered the house; he then rushed into the apartment, and aimed at his guilty partner a blow with a dagger, which would have launched her into eternity, had not a young waiting-woman, who professed herself of African race, stepped forward, and received the blow on her own bosom. Manuel rushed in horror to her succour, while Inesilla and her lover escaped. He raised the unfortunate girl, and in endeavouring to unfasten her dress, he discovered that her dark complexion was artificial—the features were familiar—the small, exquisitely formed hand was not to be mistaken; it was Theresa! Luise had introduced her to the house in order to witness the triumph over her rival; but the unhappy girl, seeing the murderous weapon descending upon Inesilla, rushed forward. There was something of generosity in the movement; something of joy at the idea of dying by the hand she loved. To describe the horror and grief of Alvara would be impossible; he learned from Luise that his beloved Theresa had never been unfaithful, and there she lay before him, slain by his own hand! But when Luise the Duenna, discovered that Don Manuel had







also been deceived, and that he had never sought the hand of Inesilla until after the report of Theresa's marriage had reached him, her malignant fury and grief changed to the bitterest remorse. Alvara left his home, and wandered in distant lands till his death, which happened early. Inesilla, deserted by her lover, died in misery; and Luise, bowed down by the sense of her own guilt, retired to a convent, where, after practising for a few months all the austerities of a most severe order, she also died. On her tomb was simply inscribed her name, and these words—"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." In after years the nuns left the convent; the building and the cemetery fell to decay; but when a stranger wandered over the gray and weed-clad walls of the deserted convent, he was always shown the Tomb of THE DUENNA.

---

T H E P I R A T E ' S D A U G H T E R .

NIGHT broods o'er the blue Arabian sea  
 Dim shade hangs over the laurel tree;  
 Fountains, whose murmurs by daylight sleep,  
 In the shadowy hour have waked to weep;  
 And the long bright leaves that bend o'er the wave,  
 Droop sadly down from the misty cave;  
 And the shining stars o'er the ocean lone,  
 Seem musing of glory and sunbeams gone.  
 Hark! I hear the sound of that solemn roar,  
 As the billows break on the rocky shore,  
 Dashing along over stone and shell,  
 From the inmost depths of the pale pearl's cell.  
 Yes! so have I heard it in days of glee,  
 When the waves made music right merrily;  
 So have I heard it at even-tide,  
 When my bark on its tranquil breast would glide,  
 And ONE at my side—he sleepeth now,  
 Beneath those blue waters' ceaseless flow;  
 Deep down, where the wrecks of all rich things lie,  
 In his manly beauty, he sank to die!  
 Who laid him there in his couch so low  
 'Mid the coral isles? My father! 'twas *thou*  
 Didst take in thy fury his young bright life;  
 Thy hand smote fiercely in battle-strife,  
 And the pulse of life, and the flashing eye,  
 Were smitten when none save the foe was by.

Would I had been there, in that hour of death,  
 To catch the last sigh of his mortal breath !  
 His last faint whisperings I might have heard,  
 And breathed in his ear one parting word.  
 My father ! look not on thy dying child  
 With a brow so stern, and a glance so wild ;  
 We loved ! Was it crime to love so well ?  
 Was there crime in that lingering, fond farewell,  
 When we parted in grief on that sunny day,  
 As he launch'd his boat o'er the deep, away ?  
 My father ! I knew not, that long ago,  
 Thou and his sire met as foe to foe ;  
 Oh ! I knew it not till that fearful night,  
 When the red blaze broke o'er the waters bright,  
 And they told me, that there, in the moonlit bay,  
 A Corsair frigate had been thy prey ;  
 They told me, how on the decks had lain  
 The clay-cold forms of the gallant slain,  
 And my woman's pity burst forth in grief,  
 That the life of the brave must be so brief.  
 There was woe in my heart ; but I little dream'd  
*Whose* life-blood forth on those decks had stream'd,  
 Till I heard *thee* tell, with a smile of pride,  
*Who* by thy red-stain'd hand had died ;  
 Till, 'midst the long boast of thy pirate-fame,  
 Coldly and proudly thou namedst HIS NAME.  
 'Twas enough—one word—and the work was done ;  
 In the noon of my life, it was set-of-sun.  
 Can the blossom live on when its root is dead ?  
 Can the hills look green when the light has fled ?  
 So the heart that has loved, knows nought of mirth  
 When its treasure is gone from this sin-struck earth.  
 Since then, the springs of my life have fail'd,  
 And the rich rose-bloom on my cheek hath paled,  
 And when by the cold, dark waves I have stood,  
 Watching their foam on the mighty flood,  
 I have gazed and gazed on that liquid plain,  
 Till my fever'd fancyings saw again  
*His* white sail specking the bright blue sky,  
 With *his* blood-red flag from the mast on high !  
 It was but a dream—there was nothing there,  
 Save the rocks, and the sea, and the cloudless air.



*The Slave of the East*



Yet there came no tears, like the fresh spring-rain ;  
There woke in my heart no sorrowful strain.  
Could I have wept, or have breathed my woe,  
I still might have linger'd here below ;  
But like to a bud on whose petals' bloom  
The canker hath been, so a spirit of gloom  
Hath shadow'd my path on my own fair shore —  
My father ! I tread its old cliffs no more.  
Speak to me gently—I *thee* have forgiven,  
Though the cords of my mortal life are riven ;  
Though the shade of the tomb o'er my way be flung,  
And the mosque-bell of evening prayer be rung,  
Yet call not *me* forth at the sunset hour,  
When the twilight mists on the mountains lower.  
Yet I forgive thee ; Oh ! father mine,  
I am thine own child—for ever thine.  
If I loved not wisely, what recketh it now,  
When the chill death-damps are upon my brow ?  
I have known deep sorrow, but not disgrace ;  
Hold me once more in one long embrace,  
My mother sleeps well 'neath the cypress shade,  
In the far-off city to rest she is laid.  
My fair young sister, whose fragile form,  
Like mine, was crush'd by the first wild storm ;  
But lay me not there, by my sister's side,  
Not there ; where she moulders—a widow'd bride ;  
Nor yet where the purple violets fling  
O'er my mother's grave their breath in spring ;  
No ! let me lie down 'mid the corals below,  
Where the gushing waves o'er bright gems flow ;  
Calm shall I rest in that quiet bed,  
Till the sea shall restore her countless dead.  
I loved her blue waters in childhood's days,  
When they burn'd with the crimson of sun-set rays,  
Or as since, I have seen them when tempests rave,  
But I love them *now*, because there *his* grave  
Is hidden to all save one piercing eye,  
So gently the waves on his bosom lie !  
Now the light glimmers, the lamp grows dim,  
And a low sweet sound like some choral hymn,  
Floats through the caves of our lonely home,  
Softly commingling with ocean's moan.

Hush! 'tis a holy, unearthly strain,  
 'Tis bidding me pass from this world of pain,  
 It comes to my soul like a heavenly spell,—  
 The struggle is over—farewell—farewell!

She spake no more; and the lingering flush  
 Fled from her lips; and the passing blush  
 That had tinged for a moment her wasted cheek,  
 Left it coldly pale, as a lily meek;  
 And the raven-ringlets all free and unbound,  
 Fell like a cloud, to the rocky ground.  
 Her spirit was freed; she no longer could stay  
 From the glory and light of eternity's day.  
 And the Pirate gazed on that brow so mild,  
 And the pale, still lips of his last fair child.  
*He* had laid her in deathly silence drear,  
 And he turn'd away in his mute despair.  
 He gazed on the cave and the mountain-chain,  
 And the motionless face of his child again;  
 Then he departed—he spread his sail,  
 And his boat bounded on through the stormy gale,  
 O'er the wild, dark waters—but never more  
 Came his Pirate-bark to that silent shore.

---

### A F R E N C H M A R R I A G E .

It was once my lot, while travelling on the Continent with some friends, and spending some time at Paris, to witness one of the most interesting of ceremonies; viz., A FRENCH MARRIAGE. Rambling about the city with no very definite purpose, it chanced, that we entered the noble church of St. Roch; and there saw, arranged before the decorated altar—the sacred building being filled with incense and harmony—a bridal couple with their attendants and friends.

The bridegroom was a noble-looking youth; but the bride was exquisitely beautiful. As she stood there with the long lashes sweeping her clear cheek, and the ebon hair parted simply back from her queenly brow, she seemed a creature all radiant with life and loveliness. She wore a robe of spotless white, and a wreath of orange-flowers and myrtle intermingled with lilies-of-the-valley and white rose-buds; while her graceful form was shaded by a long floating veil of the finest lace. She was rather above the middle size; dark-eyed and dark-haired; singularly fair, for a Frenchwoman; and



*St. Roch. Marriage at St. Roch, Paris*





showing on her cheek a rosy glow which alternately flushed and faded as she repeated the various formulæ required by the Romish Church as a part of the matrimonial service. Four young bride-maids stood around, looking, each and all, with their white muslin, their white roses, and their bright smiles and blushes, exceedingly interesting and peculiarly well fitted to discharge, with elegance and simplicity, the graceful duties which belonged to their maidenly office.

The church was brilliantly illuminated, and spread with carpets for the accommodation of the high-born throng. Numerous priests, in their richly-embroidered and flowing robes, were in attendance; he who performed the principal part of the ceremony being an old man of striking appearance. Before him stood two boys, at some distance from each other, holding over the kneeling pair who were mutually exchanging the irrevocable vow, the embroidered drapery which forms a singular feature in the French marriage ceremonial; while the prayers were intermingled with the harmonious chants and anthems of the choir.

At length the ceremony was concluded; the officiating priest had blessed the newly-married pair; the sacrament of the Eucharist had been administered to them; the organ burst forth in a magnificent jubilate; the bridal train passed down the long aisles of the ancient church; and all was still.

An acolyte being now engaged in restoring all things to their accustomed order, I ventured to ask of him the name of the beautiful bride. He answered, that the lady was Mademoiselle Virginie St. Eugène; and upon being further questioned, he entered, nothing loth, upon the personal history of the fair Virginie and her lover. His narrative, or rather his mode of communicating it, was somewhat tedious; for he spoke slowly; used much circumlocution; and frequently digressed into irrelevant matter. His tale, however, possessed strong points of interest; and was, in substance, as follows:—

Virginie St. Eugène was the daughter of a gentleman of small fortune, but of good family and high character. Near to her father's habitation was situated the Château de Breuillet, at that time inhabited by the young count, who had lately succeeded to his uncle's title and vast possessions. This noble youth became attached to Virginie; and with the full consent of M. St. Eugène, the young people were betrothed to each other; and Virginie promised to become the bride of the Count de Breuillet, so soon as she should have attained her twentieth year. At this time she was scarcely eighteen.

A few months had passed away, when a new claimant of the title and vast estates of Breuillet made his appearance. A lawsuit was commenced; and after a protracted and carefully-conducted investigation, justice was compelled to decide against the youth who had hitherto borne the title of Count de Breuillet. Without rank or riches, Henri de Breuillet went forth into the world to acquire for himself a name and the means of subsistence. He offered to liberate Virginie from her engagement; but the noble-minded maiden replied, "I am betrothed to Henri de Breuillet, not to the count; and I will never wed another."

After the lapse of a few months Henri obtained a government-situation sufficiently lucrative to enable him to live in comfort, but not affording any of the luxuries of

wealth. By this time Virginie had completed her twentieth year. She had been separated from her lover for more than thirteen months, during which time her father had carried her to Paris; where she had been the flower and the star of every assembly which she graced by her presence. Noble and wealthy suitors knelt at her feet, but in vain; and her father, though inwardly annoyed at her rejection of so many desirable alliances, could not but admire the firmness of her unvarying constancy to her ruined lover.

At length, Henri de Breuillel wrote to inquire of Virginie whether her affection for him remained unchanged; and, if so, whether her father would yield his consent to their marriage. M. St. Eugène, though disappointed in his aspiring views for his daughter, was too honourable to retract his promise; and the nuptial day was fixed. The preparations made by Virginie were simple in the extreme; and when some of her young companions remonstrated with her on the score of the utter absence of the splendour which, in their opinion, ought to have attended the auspicious event, she smiled so brightly, that even her lovely face became yet lovelier; and her bride-maids were constrained to allow that there might, perhaps, be a happy marriage, without jewels; or magnificent equipages; or troops of fashionable friends.

The wedding morning came; but an hour before that which was appointed for the celebration of the marriage, Henri was summoned away on urgent business. The person who had justly claimed his titles and estates, had just died, suddenly and childless; and, once more Count de Breuillel, Henri returned to lay his re-acquired wealth and honours at the feet of his constant Virginie. The marriage was deferred for a short time; and then M. St. Eugène had the satisfaction of bestowing, amid a concourse of sympathizing friends, the hand of his beautiful and high-minded daughter, on the wealthy and happy Count de Breuillel.

---

L O V E.

'Tis eve; and the arch of the sunset skies  
 Is bathed in rich light of a thousand dyes;  
 All nature is still; for the languishing breeze,  
 Laden with fragrance, scarce stirreth the trees;  
 And flowers of all hues shed their beauty there,  
 Breathing their scents to the calm summer-air;  
 And the song of the birds, and the bee's heavy hum  
 Has ceased with the glow of the setting sun.

'Tis an hour which a maiden's heart may move  
 Softly to muse on her absent love;





J. DUNN DEL. 1787.

W. DUNN DEL.

And now while the beams of the fading day,  
 Are dissolving in roseate light away,  
 See Jessica stealing in beauty rare,  
 While the moonbeams disport in her silken hair,  
 With a step so light, that the daisy's head  
 Scarce bends to the weight of her gentle tread.

She hies to the grove where the nightingale's song  
 Re-echoes her lonely haunts among ;  
 And while Philomel pours on her heedless ear,  
 Floods of sound it might witch the world to hear,  
 She thinks but of *him*, who in regions afar,  
 Is the light of her eyes, her guiding star.  
 Of him, for whose vows pledged in by-gone time,  
 She devotes her young heart, and her life's sweet prime.

And what doth she draw from her bosom's fold ?  
 And what doth she grasp with a loving hold ?  
 'Tis the image of him, whose long-plighted truth  
 Is the hope of her age, the joy of her youth ;  
 Of him, who hath sworn to return yet again,  
 And herself for his peerless bride to claim ;  
 Of him by whose side she believes it is given,  
 That her path shall be trodden from earth to heaven.

And she talks to her sisters, a beauteous train,  
 Of her deep-cherish'd hopes, again and again ;  
 For she dreams not, that man's is a less constant love  
 Than that which her own maiden-bosom doth prove,  
 And she recks not of doubt ; for hath he not sworn,  
 In love's own persuasive and tenderest tone,  
 That, come weal, or come woe, he will make her his bride,  
 Nor ever waste thought on a maiden beside ?

Alas ! gentle Jessica ! sad is thy lot !  
 Lord William forgets thee ; nay, long hath forgot ;  
 But mourn not ; the false one deserves not thy sighs,  
 Deserves not the tear-drops that dim thy meek eyes.  
 Forget him, sweet Jessica ; pass on thy way,  
 Through storm and through sunshine in this mortal day ;  
 Content if thou reach that blest haven above,  
 Where all is sweet peace, and UNCHANGEABLE LOVE.

## M R S. F L E T C H E R.

(FORMERLY MISS JEWSBURY.)

THIS gifted lady was born in Warwickshire, in the year 1800. During her early youth, her family settled themselves at Manchester; and there MISS JEWSBURY lived till her marriage with the Rev. Kew Fletcher, an event which took place on the 2nd of August, 1832.

Although the personal history of this lady affords, comparatively, but few incidents which the biographer will deem worthy of being recorded, the contemplation of her character and literary career cannot fail to supply food for profitable meditation. That so bright a star should have set so early, may seem to be matter of unmingled regret. In her case, however, the poet's admonition would appear to be singularly applicable :

“ Weep not for her, in her spring-time she flew  
To the land where the wings of the soul are unfurld.”

She left the world before her genius was fully revealed; and before the Christian character, of which she bore decisive marks, would seem to have reached its full maturity. While we cannot but grieve over the premature grave of one whom we might deem singularly well qualified to delight and improve all who might come within the sphere of her example, or her writings; we should remember that He, at whose “bidding thousands speed,” needs not the instrumentality even of the most gifted of his creatures in the working out of his own purposes; and that the tenant of the early grave over which men weep, is often taken, in mercy, “from the evil to come.” These considerations may serve to check those “natural tears” which might otherwise be called forth by the removal from this world of sin and sorrow, of a woman of genius and piety,

“ Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,  
And the garland of love was yet fresh on her brow.”

It is further to be considered, that genius, especially genius like that which distinguished Miss Jewsbury, is often a highly dangerous gift. The author of “The Enthusiast,” has, in that remarkable production, given to the world a striking and very touching picture of the restlessness, the insatiable thirst after that which is here unattainable, and the misery too often attendant upon superior intellect, when that intellect is associated with feminine weakness and ill-regulated susceptibility of heart. The character of Julia, with more justice than is usually practised in such cases, has been identified with that of the author herself; but though, by her own confession, the childhood, the opening years, and many of the after-opinions of her heroine, are drawn from her own personal history and experience, the listless dissatisfaction





*M. J. ...*



and dreary wretchedness which are described as the lot of the ideal Julia, form an undeniable and striking contrast with the indefatigable industry, the practical usefulness, and the cheerful piety, which, "Enthusiast" though she were, marked the later years of the lamented subject of this memoir.

The mental constitution of Miss Jewsbury was such as especially qualified her to shine in society. Her keen talent for observation, although dashed by a proneness to satire, was united with a playful temper, and an amiable and affectionate disposition. She had also a rich imagination; and when her own feelings were strongly excited, she exercised, over the minds of others, a power which was increased by a certain shade of pensive melancholy, observable even during the hours of her most triumphant success, and having its origin in habitual thoughts of death, and of the world unsecu. This singular union of gaiety and solemnity rendered intellectual communion with Miss Jewsbury a thing never to be forgotten. The impression made by social intercourse with *her*, remained for ever, a bright spot in the memory, uneffaced and uneffaceable by any subsequent companionship on earth.

Ordinary minds can perhaps scarcely appreciate the temptations which must have beset a woman thus gifted. That Miss Jewsbury's feelings should, in many particulars, have borne too close a resemblance to those which she has described as belonging to her "Enthusiast," can be no matter of wonder. The wonder rather is, that, richly endowed as she was, she should have devoted herself, as she did, to domestic duties in the family of her widowed father. In this feature of her character, she gave evidence of a solidity of principle and a soundness of judgment not always found in conjunction with high intellectual endowments; and in this particular her conduct is peculiarly to be recommended to the attention and imitation of women who may be, in any degree, similarly endowed. From lack of attention to her duties as a *woman*, sprang, as there seems good reason to believe, much of the domestic unhappiness of the gifted friend of Miss Jewsbury, Felicia Hemans. The characters of both these daughters of genius may be advantageously studied, especially by the younger among their admiring countrywomen; the one as a warning, the other as an example.

Never did Miss Jewsbury's character display itself in a fairer light than on her recovery, at the age of nineteen, from an illness which had rendered it necessary that she should relinquish her accustomed domestic occupations. At this period she wrote her beautiful "Letters to the Young;" many of which letters were personally addressed to young friends of her own; and all of which enforce the necessity of that entire devotedness of heart to God, without which outward duties have no value in his sight.

One rule of conduct which this lady, on the re-establishment of her health, laid down for herself, ought to be mentioned to her honour. So fearful was she, having the sole charge of a large family, and knowing the bent of her own tastes, of being seduced from the discharge of the duties to which it had pleased God to call her, that she made it a point of conscience never to take up a book till all the young people under her care had retired for the night. *Then*, indeed, she

drank from the well of knowledge with an avidity which only kindred minds can conceive.

There is, however, good reason to believe, that Miss Jewsbury's ardent desire of literary distinction was soon superseded by nobler principles and incentives. She was but nine years old, when the thirst after earthly fame, "the ambition of writing a book, being praised publicly, and associating with authors," seized her "as a vapid longing." The desire of her heart was afterwards granted; and what was the result? even such as it ever must be when the heart is set on earthly objects—keen regret, disappointment and dissatisfaction, even in the attainment of the desired good! "Vanity of vanities; vanity of vanities!" was the bitter experience of her soul.

"I have done nothing to live," such is the tenor of her reflections; "and what I have done must pass away with a thousand other blossoms, the growth, the beauty, the oblivion of a day."

"I feel the long grass growing o'er my heart. In the best of everything I have done, you will find one leading idea—*death*. All thoughts, all images, all contrasts of thoughts and images, are derived from living much in the valley of that shadow."

As a writer, Miss Jewsbury is well known to the world. Her poetry, perhaps wants somewhat of melody and ease; but this defect is abundantly compensated by the full recognition, in many of her poetical compositions, of those religious principles on which all moral excellence depends.

There is, perhaps, nothing more strongly expressed in the writings of Miss Jewsbury, than her own deep sense of the unsatisfactory nature and utter insufficiency of all earthly enjoyments. Even human sympathy, she felt to be a frail and evanescent thing. What then remained for one who had sought after, *and obtained* everything which, to her ambition or her intellectual tastes, had appeared desirable, and had learned by experience, even in the prime of life, that all was "vanity and vexation of spirit?" What, but to seek, in dependence upon the Saviour, through whom alone it can be obtained, that "better part," that heavenly treasure, which alone can satisfy the immortal soul of man? She sought it; and obtained rest to her soul.

Among other points of character, Miss Jewsbury was distinguished by the strength and warmth of her benevolent affections.

The following stanzas, addressed, after meeting her for the first time, to the highly gifted and most unhappy Letitia E. Landon (L. E. L.) may illustrate the truth of this observation:—

" Good night! I have no jewels,  
As parting gifts to bring;  
But here's a frank and kind farewell,  
Thou gay and gifted thing.

In the lonely hours of night,  
When the face puts off its mask;  
When the fever'd day is o'er,  
And the heart hath done its task;

Then, then, I'll think of thee, my friend,  
 With soft, sad, earnest thought,  
 As of a child from fairy-land  
 Into the desert brought.

As of a rose at noon-tide  
 Waving proudly to the view ;  
 Yet wanting in its crimson depth,  
 The early drop of dew.

As of a tree in autumn,  
 With its green leaves turn'd to gold,  
 But having on the healthy bough  
 A faint decaying hold.

As of rills that run in summer,  
 With bright and careless glee ;  
 Wilt thou blame me, my too careless friend,  
 If thus I think of thee ?

I would my home were lovely,  
 As some which thou hast sung ;  
 And would there were around it  
 All lavish beauty flung.

I would bear thee to its bosom ;  
 Thou should'st dwell with nature free ;  
 And the dew of early truthfulness  
 Would soon come back to thee.

Thou should'st dwell in some fair valley,  
 Amid the true and kind ;  
 And morn should make each mountain  
 A Memnon to thy mind.

Alas ! alas ! my dwelling  
 Is amid a way-worn world ;  
 And my vision, like a hanner,  
 But open'd to be furl'd.

And yet my thoughts turn to thee,  
 They kind and anxious turn ;  
 I foresee for thee a future,  
 Which will have much to learn.

Thy life is false and feverish ;  
 It is like a masque to thee ;  
 When the task and glare are over,  
 And thou grievest—come to me."

These verses are doubly touching, when we call to mind the clouds and darkness amid which the sun of poor L. E. L. went down !

In 1832 the gifted lady of whom we write, proceeded with her husband, the Rev. Kew Fletcher, to India. Here she was called upon to drink yet deeper draughts

of that cup of tribulation which is presented to all whose "names are written in heaven," and her Christian virtues were consequently matured and brought into efficient exercise.

Her husband was attacked by dangerous illness; the cholera was raging around her; and her abode was thronged by native women and children, whose hearts she won by commiserating, and as far as possible relieving, their sufferings: thus convincing them, that the Christian religion is indeed a religion which induces those who receive it to be kind and tender-hearted; and to weep with those that weep; and preparing them to listen favourably to those essential doctrines of the gospel which it was her main object to instil into their minds.

The term of her usefulness was, however, now near its close. She died of Asiatic cholera, on the 3rd of October, 1833.

Her friend and sister in genius, Felicia Hemans, thus expressed her feelings on receiving the tidings of Mrs. Fletcher's decease. "It hung the more heavily upon my spirits, because the subject of death, and the mighty future, had been so many times that of our confidential communion. How much deeper power seemed to lie coiled up, as it were, in the recesses of her mind, than was ever manifested to the world in her writings! Strange and sad does it seem, that only the broken music of such a spirit has been given to the earth; the full and finished harmony, never drawn forth."

Now, that harmony is fully drawn forth, to cease no more for ever; for now, as we may venture earnestly to believe, her ransomed spirit has joined that great multitude "whose number is ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands," in the "new song" which they will sing eternally before the throne of God and of the Lamb—"THOU WAST SLAIN, AND HAST REDEEMED US TO GOD BY THY BLOOD."

---











UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



D 000 575 915 4

