

Letitia Elizabeth Landon  
(L. E. L.)  
in  
Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap  
Book, 1838

compiled by  
Peter J. Bolton

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

To the Queen	3
The Devotee	4
Jesuits in Procession—Valetta, Malta	7
Runjeet Singh, and his Suwarree of Seiks	10
The Village of Kursalee	13
The Tournament	16
Felicia Hemans	19
The Tombs of the Kings of Golconda	23
Earl of Egremont	28
Tunis	30
Djouni, the Residence of Lady Hester Stanhope	33
Gibraltar—From the Sea	36
Miller's Dale, Derbyshire	39
Captain Cook	42
The Abbey, near Mussooree	44
The Church of St. John, and the Ruins of Lahneck Castle	47
Death of the Lion amongst the Ruins of Sbeitlah	49
The Ionian Captive	52
The Cedars of Lebanon	54
Rydal Water and Grasmere Lake	57
The Ganges	62
Warkworth Castle, Northumberland	65
Can You Forget Me?	68
Dr. Morrison and his Chinese Attendants	70
Kalendria	73
Infanticide in Madagascar	77
Hurdwar—The Gate of Vishnoo	81
The Prophetess	84
Gibraltar. From the Queen of Spain's Chair	87
The River Wear	90
Corfu	93
The Castle of Chillon	97
Death of Louis of Bourbon	100
Admiral Benbow	102
Disenchantment	107

## TO THE QUEEN.

WITHIN the page, oh, Royal Ladye!—seeking  
 To win but one approving look of thine—  
 Are pictured shores where foreign waves are breaking ;  
 And distant hills, where far-off planets shine :  
 And yet above them is thy rule extending—  
 The Himalaya mountains own thy sway :  
 The British flag is with the palm-trees blending,  
 By the Red Sea, where now we seek our way.

And mixed with these are English scenes and faces,  
 Our lovely rivers and our summer vales,  
 Haunted by names whose memory retraces  
 How moral conquest over time prevails.  
 Beside thee grows the laurel, from whose branches  
 Are gathered many wreaths to honour thee :  
 Victory, that o'er the deep its thunder launches—  
 The sage's meed—the crown of poesie.

Our volume is a gallery, enshrining  
 The past and present of our native land.  
 Vast is the empire Providence assigning  
 Trusts to thy youthful and thy woman's hand.  
 Our English history has no hours more glorious  
 Than when a woman filled the island throne ;  
 Elizabeth and Anne bequeathed victorious  
 Illustrious names, high omens of thine own.

The warrior, sage, and poet fill their story  
 With all the various honours of mankind ;—  
 May thy young reign achieve yet truer glory,  
 The pure, enlightened triumphs of the mind !  
 Too much in this wide world yet needs redressing ;  
 But with thy reign Hope's loveliest promise came.  
 May thy sweet youth be sheltered by the blessing  
 A nation breathes upon VICTORIA'S name !



THE DEVOTEE.

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

THE  
 DRAWING ROOM SCRAP-BOOK.

---

THE DEVOTEE.

VIGNETTE TITLE.

PRAYER on her lips—yet, while the maiden prayeth,  
 A human sorrow deepens in her eyes;  
 For e'en the very words of prayer she sayeth,  
 A sad and lingering memory supplies.

She leans beside the vault where sleeps her mother,  
 The tablet has her name upon the wall—  
 Her only parent, for she knew no other;  
 In losing whom, the orphan lost her all.

Young, very young, she is, but wholly vanished  
 Youth's morning colours from her cheek are gone;  
 All gayer and all careless thoughts are banished  
 By the perpetual presence of but one.

And yet that sweet face is not all of sorrow.  
 It wears a softer and a higher mood;  
 And seemeth from the world within to borrow  
 A holy and a constant fortitude.

Early with every sabbath-morn returning,  
 You hear her light step up the chancel come,  
 She looketh all the week with tender yearning  
 To that old church which is to her a home.

For her own home is desolate and lonely,  
Hers is the only seat beside the hearth,  
Sad in its summer garden, as she only  
Were the last wanderer on this weary earth.

But in that ancient church her heart grows stronger  
With prayers that raise their earnest eyes above ;  
And in the presence of her God, no longer  
Feels like an outcast from all hope and love.

Glorious the mighty anthem round her swelling,  
Fills the rapt spirit, sacred and sublime ;  
Soon will for her unfold th' immortal dwelling—  
She waiteth patient, God's appointed time.

---



STRADA ST. GIOVANNI, VALETTA, MALTA.

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

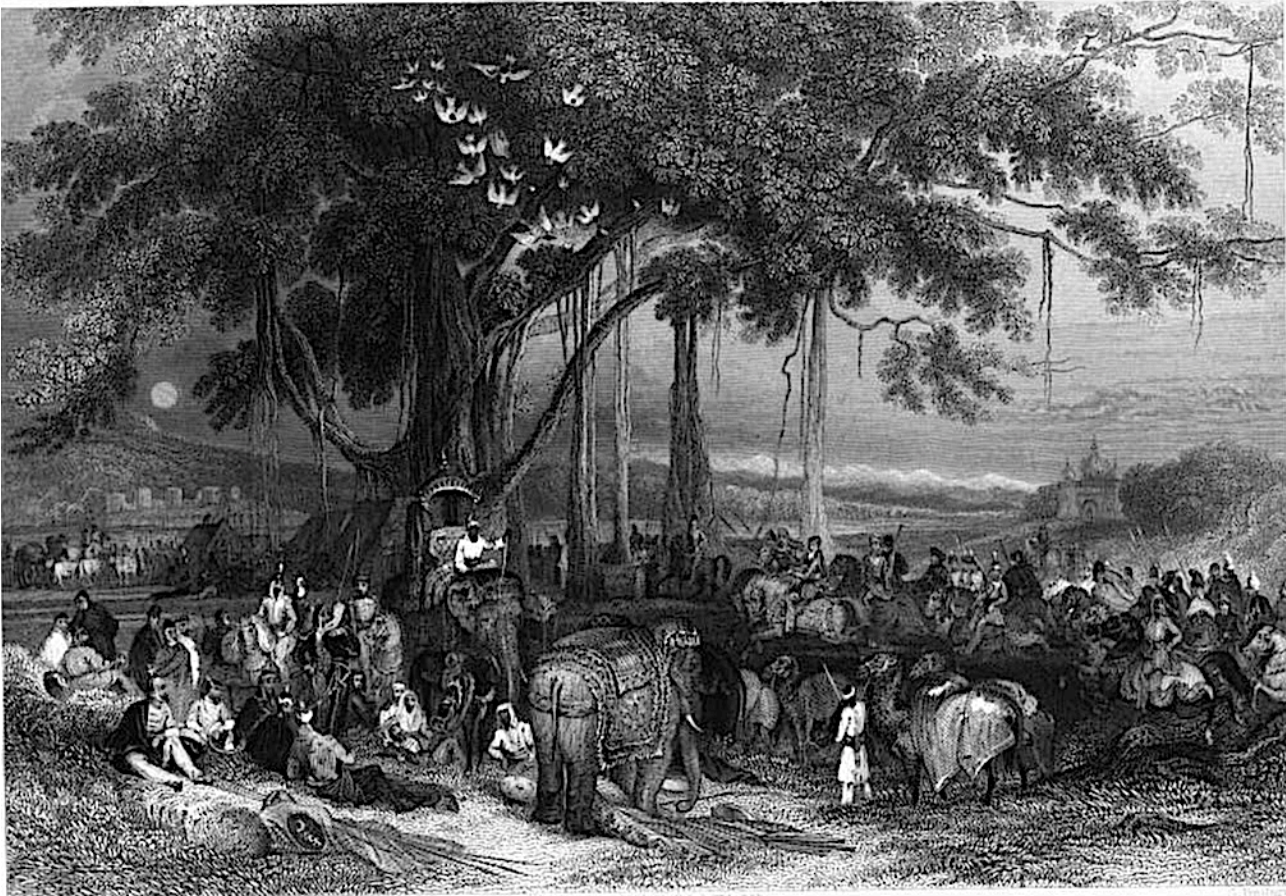
## JESUITS IN PROCESSION—VALETTA, MALTA.

WHENCE rose the sect that 'neath yon azure dome,  
 Hath had such wide domain o'er courts and kings,  
 And the wild forest where the condor springs,  
 Darkening the lonely vale which was his home—  
 Whence did that sect with all its power come ?  
 From the dim shadows of the sick man's room !  
 The founder, St. Ignatius, knew of life  
 Whatever of that life might seem the best :  
 The glorious fever of the battle-strife,  
 The pleasure that in court or bower is guest ;  
 But in all things were care and sorrow rife,  
 And the soul's instinct craved diviner rest.  
 Then to his hopes a holier aim was given—  
 He made of earth the stepping-stone to heaven !



## JESUITS IN PROCESSION, VALETTA, MALTA.—p. 6.

This beautiful architectural vista, one of those avenues so execrated by Byron, represents the Strada St. Giovanni, at the moment (and at what moment are they not in motion?) when a religious procession, of the Jesuitic order, is passing by. Valetta abounds with "streets of stairs," an unavoidable consequence of its situation on a somewhat steep ridge. It must have been the inconvenience of ascent that drew forth the impassioned exclamation of the noble bard against all such avenues, he who would else have loved them for their very singularity, for their necessary absence from the every-day pageantry of life, from the deep shadows and vivid lights attendant on their narrow width, the height of the houses, and the numerous breaks caused by the projecting balconies and rich architectural decorations.



RUNJEET SINGH AND HIS SUWARREE, OR CAVALCADE, OF SEIKS.

*Artist: W. Harvey - Engraved by: G. Presbury*

## RUNJEET-SINGH, AND HIS SUWARREE OF SEIKS.

FRONTISPIECE.



HE hunters were up in the light of the morn,  
High on the clear air their banners were borne ;  
And the steeds that they mounted were bright to behold,  
With housings that glittered in silver and gold.

Proud at their head rode the chief of Lahore,  
A dagger that shone with the ruby he wore ;  
And Inde, and Bokhara, and Iran supplied  
The dogs, staunch and gallant, that coursed at his side.

He wears the green robe of the Prophet's high line,  
He is sprung from the chieftain of Meeca's far shrine ;  
His horse, on whose bridle the white pearls are sown,  
Has a lineage as distant and pure as his own.

His falconers are round him, a bird on each hand—  
No Norman from Norway ere brought such a band,  
So strong is each wing, so dark is each eye  
That flings back the light it has learnt in the sky.

In vain from the chase of that gallant array  
The wild boar will hide in the forest to-day ;  
In vain will the tiger spring forth from its gloom,  
He springs on the sabre that beareth his doom.

On, on through the green woods that girdle the pass,  
The sun and the dew are alike on the grass ;  
On, on till by moonlight the gathering be  
Of the hunters that rest by the banyan tree.

Mr. Burnes gives a most splendid description of the hunting cavalcades in Lahore. Part, however, of the sport was cruel. The captured hogs were fastened to a stake, and baited with dogs, and their spirit renewed when it failed by cold water dashed over them. At length Runjeet gave orders that they should be liberated, in order, as he said, that "they might praise his humanity." This latter consideration seems to have arrived somewhat late.—The horses sent from England attracted great admiration ; but that was nothing compared to the praise bestowed on their shoes. The letter of thanks from Runjeet to our King says, "On beholding the shoes, the new moon turned pale, and nearly disappeared from the sky."

## RUNJEET SINGH, AND HIS SUWARREE OF SEIKS.—p. 7.

" This drawing, made on the occasion of Runjeet Singh's interview with the governor-general of India, in 1831, represents a suwarree (cavalcade) of natives, with the Lahore chieftain, and his retinue. The landscape is a sketch near the river Sutleje, with a fortified Seik town, and a distant view of the Himalaya Mountains. Mr. Burnes frequently mentions the magnificence of the dresses, and the jewellery displayed at Runjeet's grand entertainments. Among the latter was the celebrated diamond weighing three and a half rupees, and said to be worth three and a half millions of money ; also a ruby weighing fourteen rupees, and a topaz half the size of a billiard-ball."



THE VILLAGE OF KURSALEE, HIMALAYAS, INDIA.

*Artist: C. Bentley - Engraved by: J. Appleton*

## THE VILLAGE OF KURSALEE.

HIGH in the azure heavens, ye ancient mountains,  
 Do ye uplift your old ancestral snows,  
 Gathering amid the clouds those icy fountains,  
 Whence many a sunny stream through India flows.

Flows with a lovely and unceasing motion,  
 That only rocks the lotus on its wave ;  
 Unknown the various storms that rend the ocean—  
 Ocean, each river's mighty home and grave.

Lost in a world of undistinguished waters,  
 Where are the lovely memories of the past,  
 The leaves—the flowers—the Brahmin's dark-eyed daughters,  
 Whose images were on its mirror cast ?

All fair humanities behind it leaving :  
 For little knows the sea of human things,  
 Save a few ships their lonely progress cleaving,  
 And the white shadows of the sea-bird's wings.

'Tis strange how much of this wide world is lonely,  
 Earth hath its trackless forests dark and green,  
 And its wild deserts of the sand, where only  
 The wind, a weary wanderer, hath been.

The desert and the forest, lone and solemn,  
 May know in time the work of mortal hand ;  
 There may arise the temple, tower, and column,  
 Where only waved the tree, or swept the sand.

But on the ocean never track remaining  
 Attests the progress of the human race ;  
 The ship will pass without a wave retaining  
 The lovely likeness mirrored on its face.

And thus, O Time, that hast our world in keeping,  
 So dost thou roll the current of thy years ;  
 Away, away, in thy dark waters sweeping,  
 All mortal cares and sorrows, hopes and fears.

## KURSALEE.—p. 8.

Kursalee is an Indian village near the source of the Jumna, on the south side of the great snowy peaks of Jum-noutri, seen from Saharunpoor, and estimated at 25,000 feet above the level of the sea. The building in the centre of the engraving is a Hindoo temple, built entirely of wood, and ornamented with elaborate carved work: the outer area surrounding it is paved with thick slate, the inner with granite. The snow in the Jumnoutri mountains endures eternally; sometimes concealing the stream of the Jumna for a breadth of sixty yards, and often found in detached masses forty feet in thickness.



*The Rescue of Iwanhoe. Le Délivrance d'Iwanhoe.*

*Artist: T. Allom - Engraved by: R. Staines*



## THE TOURNAMENT.

His spur on his heel, his spear in its rest,  
 The wild wind just waving the plumes on his crest ;  
 The young knight rides forward—his armour is bright  
 As that which it mirrors, the morning's clear light.

His steed it is black as the raven that flies  
 'Mid the tempest that darkens its way through the skies ;  
 From his nostril the white foam is scattered around ;  
 He knoweth the battle and spurneth the ground.

His master is young—but familiar his hand  
 Has been from its childhood with axe and with brand.  
 His gold locks have darkened with blood and with toil,  
 Where the battle of Ascalon darkened the soil.

He is calm, though a youth, save when his blue eye  
 Sees afar the red banners that sweep through the sky ;  
 It kindles—there waiteth the triumph again—  
 He poises his lance, and he tightens his rein.

The belt of a knight was in Palestine won  
 By the hand of King Richard the belt was bound on.  
 On his shoulder the cross, by his helmet a glove,  
 Tell he serveth his God, and his King, and his Love.

On his lip is a song whose last murmur was heard  
 When the castle's old ivy the summer-wind stirred ;  
 Low and love-touched the words, that are never so dear  
 As when battle and danger and triumph are near.

He flings the bright marks from his scarf's silken fold—  
 What careth the warrior for silver or gold ?  
 And he bends till his plumes touch his horse's dark mane,  
 To the minstrel who mingles one name with his strain.

So loyal of heart, and so liberal of hand,  
 Were the gallant—the high-born—of England's fair land.  
 But their glory is gathered—their honours are told—  
 Let the race of to-day match the good knights of old.

## THE TOURNAMENT.—p. 9.

There was amongst the ranks a champion in black armour, mounted on a black horse, large, tall, powerful, and strong, like the rider by whom he was mounted. This knight bore no device upon his shield, evinced little interest in the event of the day, beat off, with ease, those who attacked him, but neither pursued his advantage, nor assisted any one. This conduct procured him the title of the "Black Sluggard." Suddenly the sluggard, perceiving the leader of his party hard bestead, threw aside his apathy, and rushed like a thunder-bolt to his assistance, exclaiming "Desdichado! to the rescue!" The sable knight dealt such a stroke to one, as brought both horse and rider to the ground; then wrenching the battle-axe from the hand of a second, bestowed on him a stunning blow, that laid him senseless on the field. —(*Vide Rescue of Ivanhoe, Waverley Novels.*)



*Felicia Hemans*

*Artist: W. E. West - Engraved by: W. Holl*

## FELICIA HEMANS.

No more, no more—oh, never more returning,  
 Will thy beloved presence gladden earth ;  
 No more wilt thou with sad, yet anxious, yearning  
 Cling to those hopes which have no mortal birth.  
 Thou art gone from us, and with thee departed,  
 How many lovely things have vanished too :  
 Deep thoughts that at thy will to being started,  
 And feelings, teaching us our own were true.  
 Thou hast been round us, like a viewless spirit,  
 Known only by the music on the air ;  
 The leaf or flowers which thou hast named inherit  
 A beauty known but from thy breathing there :  
 For thou didst on them fling thy strong emotion,  
 The likeness from itself the fond heart gave ;  
 As planets from afar look down on ocean,  
 And give their own sweet image to the wave.

And thou didst bring from foreign lands their treasures,  
 As floats thy various melody along ;  
 We know the softness of Italian measures,  
 And the grave cadence of Castilian song.  
 A general bond of union is the poet,  
 By its immortal verse is language known,  
 And for the sake of song do others know it—  
 One glorious poet makes the world his own.  
 And thou—how far thy gentle sway extended !  
 The heart's sweet empire over land and sea ;  
 Many a stranger and far flower was blended  
 In the soft wreath that glory bound for thee.  
 The echoes of the Susquehanna's waters  
 Paused in the pine-woods words of thine to hear ;  
 And to the wide Atlantic's younger daughters  
 Thy name was lovely, and thy song was dear.

Was not this purchased all too dearly ?—never  
 Can fame atone for all that fame hath cost.  
 We see the goal, but know not the endeavour  
 Nor what fond hopes have on the way been lost.  
 What do we know of the unquiet pillow,  
 By the worn cheek and tearful eyelid prest,  
 When thoughts chase thoughts, like the tumultuous billow,  
 Whose very light and foam reveals unrest ?

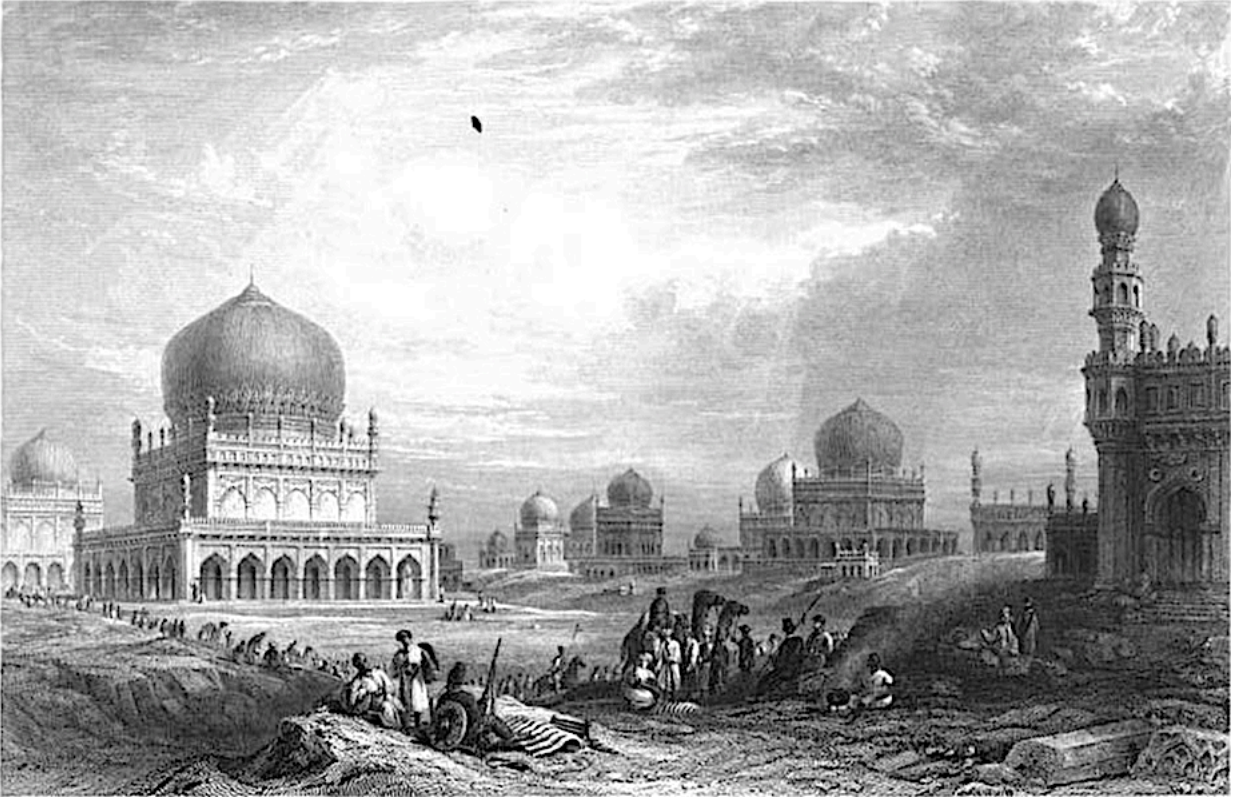
We say, the song is sorrowful, but know not  
 What may have left that sorrow on the song;  
 However mournful words may be, they show not  
 The whole extent of wretchedness and wrong.  
 They cannot paint the long sad hours, passed only  
 In vain regrets o'er what we feel we are.  
 Alas! the kingdom of the lute is lonely—  
 Cold is the worship coming from afar.

Yet what is mind in woman but revealing  
 In sweet clear light the hidden world below,  
 By quicker fancies and a keener feeling  
 Than those around, the cold and careless, know?  
 What is to feed such feeling, but to culture  
 A soil whence pain will never more depart?  
 The fable of Prometheus and the vulture,  
 Reveals the poet's and the woman's heart.  
 Unkindly are they judged—unkindly treated—  
 By careless tongues and by ungenerous words;  
 While cruel sneer, and hard reproach, repeated,  
 Jar the fine music of the spirit's chords.  
 Wert thou not weary—thou whose soothing numbers  
 Gave other lips the joy thine own had not.  
 Didst thou not welcome thankfully the slumbers  
 Which closed around thy mourning human lot?

What on this earth could answer thy requiring,  
 For earnest faith—for love, the deep and true,  
 The beautiful, which was thy soul's desiring,  
 But only from thyself its being drew.  
 How is the warm and loving heart requited  
 In this harsh world, where it awhile must dwell.  
 Its best affections wronged, betrayed, and slighted—  
 Such is the doom of those who love too well.  
 Better the weary dove should close its pinion,  
 Fold up its golden wings and be at peace,  
 Enter, O ladye, that serene dominion,  
 Where earthly cares and earthly sorrows cease.  
 Fame's troubled hour has cleared, and now replying,  
 A thousand hearts their music ask of thine.  
 Sleep with a light the lovely and undying  
 Around thy grave—a grave which is a shrine.

## MRS. HEMANS.—p. 10.

Felicia Dorothea Brown, was born at Liverpool, on the 25th of September, 1793 ; and married to Capt. Hemans, from whom she was afterwards separated. The simple fact of her separation from her husband afforded sufficient ground for melancholy reflection, at the same time that it renders intelligible to the reader, those touches of sadness, those shadows of deep and early disappointment, which render her poetry so congenial to the feelings of the sensitive and sorrowful. It is remarked of Mrs. Hemans, that of this affliction she never complained : if, however, the fountain of her sorrow was in one sense sealed, it found a natural outlet through the medium of verse, for never were the chords of human feeling touched by a hand more skilful in the native melody of grief, than by that of this gifted and high-souled woman.



TOMBS OF THE KINGS OF GOLCONDA.

*Artist: W. Purser - Engraved by: T. Higham*

## THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS OF GOLCONDA.



MORNING is round the shining palace,  
 Mirrored on the tide,  
 Where the lily lifts her chalice,  
 With its gold inside,  
                   Like an offering from the waves.  
 Early wakened from their slumbers,  
 Stand the glittering ranks;  
 Who is there shall count the numbers  
 On the river's banks?  
                   Forth the household pours the slaves  
 Of the kings of fair Golconda,  
 Of Golconda's ancient kings.

Wherefore to the crimson morning  
 Are the banners spread,  
 Daybreak's early colours scorning  
 With a livelier red?  
                   Pearls are wrought on each silk fold.  
 Summer flowers are flung to wither  
 On the common way.  
 Is some royal bride brought hither  
 With this festival array,  
                   To the city's mountain-hold  
 Of the kings of old Golconda,  
 Of Golconda's ancient kings.

From the gates the slow procession,  
 Troops and nobles come.  
 This hour takes the king possession  
 Of an ancient home—  
                   One he never leaves again.  
 Musk and sandal-wood and amber  
 Flung around their breath:  
 They will fill the murky chamber  
 Where the bride is Death.  
                   Where the worm hath sole domain  
 O'er the kings of old Golconda,  
 O'er Golconda's ancient kings.



Now the monarch must surrender  
 All his golden state,  
 Yet the mockeries of splendour  
 On the pageant wait  
     That attends him to the tomb.  
 Music on the air is swelling,  
     'Tis the funeral song,  
 As to his ancestral dwelling,  
     Is he borne along.  
     They must share life's common doom,  
     The kings of fair Golconda,  
     Golconda's ancient kings.

What are now the chiefs that gather?  
 What their diamond mines?  
 What the heron's snowy feather  
 On their crest that shines?  
     What their valleys of the rose?  
 For another is their glory,  
 And their state, and gold;  
 They are a forgotten story,  
 Faint and feebly told—  
     Breaking not the still repose  
     Of the kings of fair Golconda,  
     Of Golconda's ancient kings.

Glorious is their place of sleeping,  
 Gold with azure wrought,  
 And embroidered silk is sweeping,  
 Silk from Persia brought,  
     Round the carved marble walls.\*  
 Not the less the night-owl's pinion  
 Stirs the dusky air,  
 Not the less is the dominion  
 Of the earth-worm there.  
     Not less deep the shadow falls  
     O'er the kings of fair Golconda,  
     O'er Golconda's ancient kings.

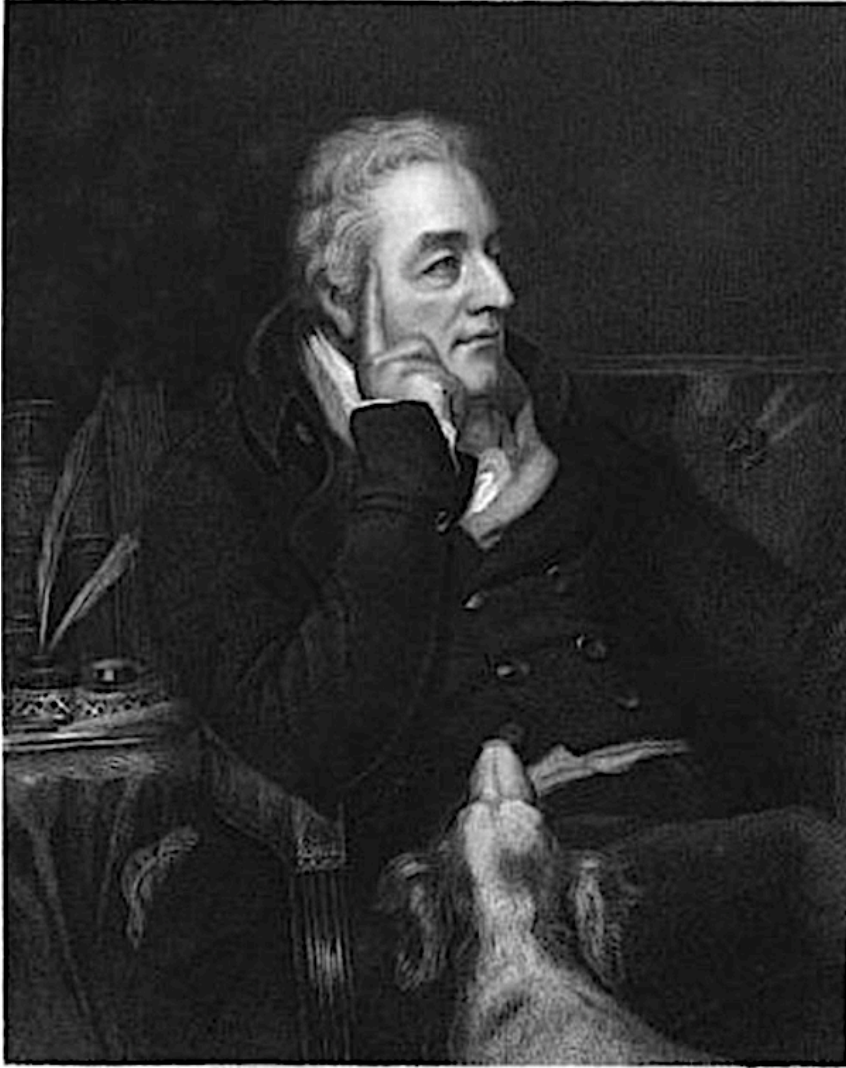
Not on such vain aids relying,  
Can the human heart  
Triumph o'er the dead and dying,  
It must know its part  
                                  In the glorious hopes that wait  
The bright openings of the portal,  
Far beyond the sky—  
Faith, whose promise is immortal,  
Life, that cannot die.  
                                  These, and stronger than the state  
                                  Of the kings of fair Golconda,  
                                  Of Golconda's ancient kings.

---

\* Thevenot gives a splendid description of these tombs. In addition to their architectural decoration, they were hung with embroidered satin.

## TOMBS OF THE KINGS OF GOLCONDA.—p. 12.

The Tombs at Golconda are those of the Kootub Shahee dynasty, and were begun upwards of three centuries ago. They are in that Saracenic style from which, probably, our beautiful Gothic was derived. The designs of all are similar, and the exquisite finish is continued through every part of each. The body of the buildings is quadrangular, and surmounted by a dome: the basement rests upon a spacious terrace, approached by flights of steps, and surrounded by an arcade terminating in a rich balustrade, with a minaret rising at each angle. From the centre of the inner building, or lantern, springs a dome, swelling as it rises, the greatest diameter being one-third of the height. The exterior faces of the terrace are of grey granite, finely wrought, each arch, from the top of the pier, being cut from a single block. The dome is either stuccoed, or covered with tiles of coloured porcelain. The colours retain their brilliancy to this hour, and many of the ornaments, and extracts from the Koran, raised on a purple ground, produce a singular and admirable effect. Near to each mausoleum stands a mosque, where religious offices were performed. Formerly these Tombs enjoyed the privileges of a sanctuary, food was distributed from them to the poor, they were encircled by spacious gardens, the floors were all richly carpeted, the tumuli spread with embroidered satin, and shadowed by canopies of the same material.



GEORGE-O'BRIEN WYNDHAM F.R.S.&F.R.A., EARL OF EGREMONT.

*Egremont*

*Artist: T. Philips - Engraved by: H. Cook*

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE O'BRIEN WYNDHAM,

EARL OF EGREMONT.

BORN DECEMBER 18th. 1759. LORD-LIEUTENANT AND VICE-ADMIRAL OF THE COUNTY OF SUSSEX.  
FELLOW OF THE ROYAL AND ANTIQUARIES' SOCIETIES, &c. &c.

To do justice to the character of Lord Egremont, we must separate him from the interest of general affairs, and contemplate his individual efforts as the patron and encourager of every thing which could tend to the good of the community. His seat, truly denominated "The Princely Petworth," may be esteemed the head-quarters, whence improvement has been spread around, without interruption or pause, during a period happily continued beyond the common lot of man. The temple of all that can grace and refine our nature, rich in the noblest productions of genius—whatever the scholar, the sculptor, and the painter could produce. The noble owner has not been less mindful of the benevolent and the useful: under his auspices, the labours of agriculture have flourished, the condition of the lower orders has been ameliorated, and ingenious discoveries and inventions have been applied to promote the progress of this the first of sciences—the foundation of all others.

In his patronage of living artists and our native school, the munificence of the noble Earl has been equally conspicuous; many of the finest pictures produced in our day in England, are the results of his unlimited commissions. The Earl of Egremont has taken hundreds by the hand, whom circumstances had previously repressed, and brought them forward into notice and independence. To this day his house is the abode of several artists, engaged in the production of various works under his liberal patronage.

In all other relations of society, his Lordship is equally liberal and munificent. His charities are as prompt and ample as their occasions are numerous; and there is too much of want and affliction in our world, to render this a lightly-won praise. Much of human misery must have been alleviated, much of human comfort bestowed, much of suffering solaced, and much of happiness conferred, by the man of superior rank and fortune, who has, during more than half a century, deserved a title far above that of the highest nobility, by being, throughout so wide a sphere, the charitable benefactor of his species.



TUNIS, FROM THE SANEEAH EFTOOR.  
*Africa.*

*Artist: C. Bentley - Engraved by: J. Sands*

## TUNIS.

No more that city's pirate barks  
 Molest the distant waves ;  
 No more the Moslem idler marks  
 The sale of Christian slaves.  
 And yet how much is left undone  
 These city walls within !  
 What though the victory may be won,  
 Its fruit is yet to win.

What should the fruit of victory be ?  
 What spoil should it command ?—  
 Commerce upon the sweeping sea,  
 And peace upon the land.  
 As when the crimson sunset ends,  
 In twilight's quiet hours,  
 The fertilizing dew ascends,  
 That feeds the fruits and flowers.

A quiet time hath Europe now,  
 And she should use that time,  
 The seed of general good to sow,  
 Eternal and sublime !  
 Mighty is now the general scope  
 To mortal views assigned ;  
 Direct from heaven is the hope  
 That worketh for mankind.

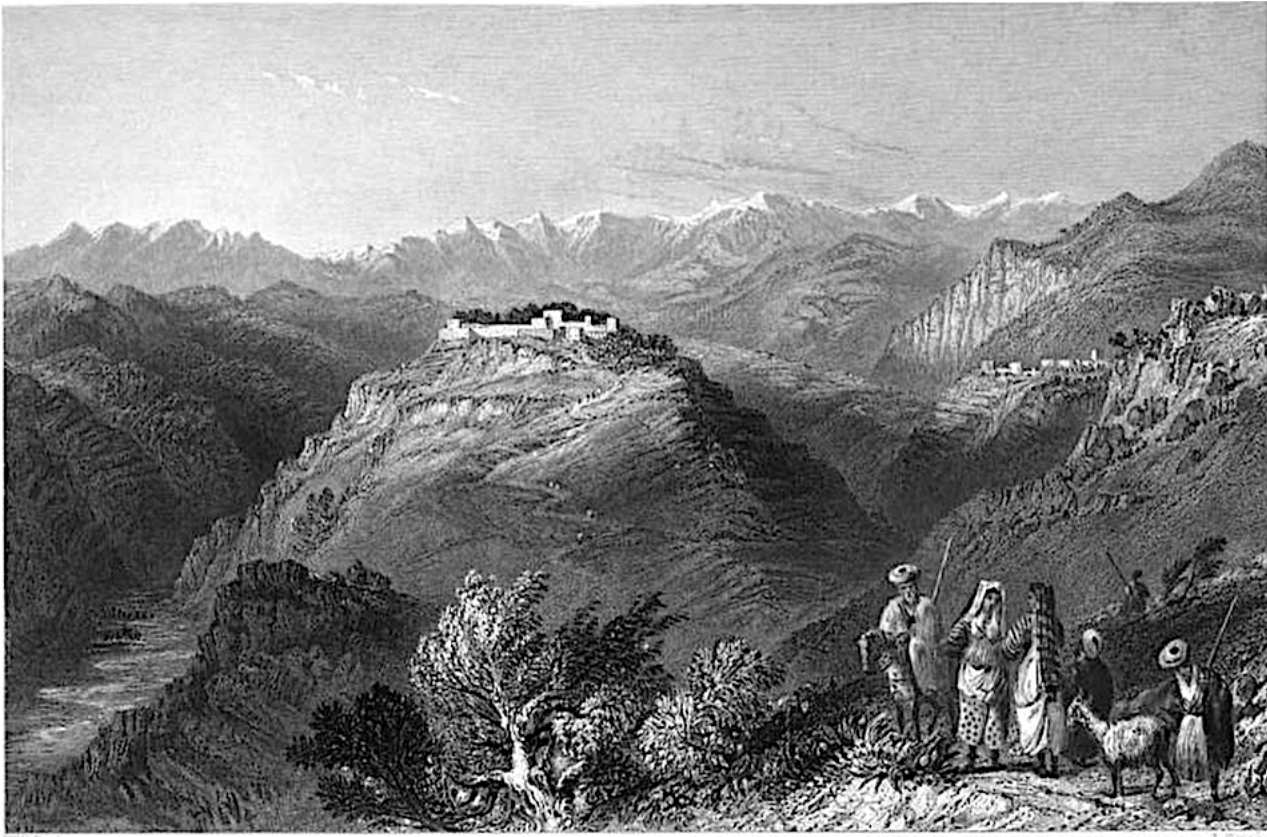
Too many objects worth its care  
 The mind has left unwon ;  
 But who is there that shall despair  
 Knowing what has been done ?  
 The Press, that on the moral world  
 Has risen, like a star,  
 The leaves of light in darkness furled,  
 Spread with its aid afar.

Far may it spread !—its influence  
 Is giant in its might :  
 The moral world's intelligence  
 Lives on its guiding light.  
 To teach, to liberate, to save,  
 Is empire's noblest worth.  
 Such be our hope across the wave,  
 Our triumph o'er the earth !

## TUNIS.—p. 15.

Tunis, one of the Barbary states, presenting an extended littorale to the Mediterranean, occupies a peninsula containing 72,000 square miles, and about 200,000 inhabitants. Its eastern parts are fertile, of great natural beauty, and highly cultivated. The articles of commerce here are various, and include gold dust, orchilla weed, ostrich feathers, sponge, and ivory, the greater proportion being conveyed hither by caravan from Timbuctoo. Tunis, the capital, is situated at the head of a noble bay, about ten miles S. W. from the site of the ancient "*Carthago, contra Italiam*," on a plain, overhung on all sides, except the east, by considerable heights, and encircled by lakes and marshes. The streets are irregular and narrow, but the palace of the bey, the chief mosque, and piazza of 3,000 shops, are on a scale of much magnificence. The dwellings of the Europeans are all insulated, and built in a defensive style; the Moorish houses are of only one story, with flat roofs, and cisterns to receive and collect rain water. The citadel, El Gassa, which frowns over the view, is now much neglected, and fallen to decay, but the Goletta, the harbour and citadel, six miles to the west, strongly fortified. After the destruction of Carthage, the Romans built a new city, near the site of modern Tunis; it was colonized by the conquerors, and soon became one of the most important commercial cities of the ancient world.





DJOUNI,  
THE RESIDENCE OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

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

## DJOUNI. THE RESIDENCE OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

OH ladye, wherefore to the desert flying,  
 Didst thou forsake Old England's sea-beat strand,  
 To dwell where never voice to thine replying,  
 Repeats the accents of thy native land ?

Around thee the white pelican is sweeping,  
 Watching the slumbers of her callow brood ;  
 And at the fountains of her fond heart keeping  
 The last supply of their precarious food.

Far spreads the wilderness of sand, as lonely  
 As is the silence of the eternal grave ;  
 And for thy home companions, thou hast only  
 The dog, the Arab steed, the flower, the slave.

And rightly hast thou judged. On the strong pinion  
 Of an unfettered will thy flight was made ;  
 At once escaping from the false dominion  
 Of our cold life, whose hopes are still betrayed.

What is the social world thou hast forsaken ?—  
 A scene of wrong and sorrow, guilt and guile ;  
 Whence Love a long and last farewell has taken,  
 Where friends can smile, and " murder while they smile."

Small truth is there among us—little kindness—  
 And falsehood still at work to make that less.  
 We hurry onwards in our selfish blindness,  
 Not knowing that the truth were happiness.

Ah ! wisely hast thou chosen thus to leave us,  
 For thou hast left society behind.  
 What are to thee the petty cares that grieve us,  
 The cold—the false—the thankless—the unkind ?

Thy home is in the desert ; fit disdain  
 Thou showest to the present and to us.  
 Calm with the future and the past remaining,  
 Hopeful the one—the other glorious.

" How could I," said Lady Hester, " live with the common people of usual life, after having lived with my  
 uncle—England's prime minister—Pitt ?"

## DJOUNI, THE RESIDENCE OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE.—p. 19.

In its intricate, wild, convulsed appearance, this scene resembles many among the Appenines; the road is seen in front, winding up, in a zig-zag course, to the building; a kind of "break-neck road," as if her ladyship wished to make the pilgrim toil and murmur to her dwelling, and, like Christian going up the hill Difficulty, "endure hardness" ere he reaches her bower of delights. A more capricious choice of a home has never been made, in this world of caprice and eccentricity; the land abounds with sites of beauty and richness, vales and shaded hills, screened by loftier hills, with many waters. Lebanon has a hundred sites of exquisite attraction and scenery; but this lady, ever loving the wild and the fearful more than the soft things of this world, has fixed her eagle's nest on the top of a craggy height that is swept by every wind. The dark foliage that appears above its walls are the gardens, which are remarkably beautiful and verdant, the creation of her own hands. Nowhere in the gardens of the East is so much beauty and variety to be seen—covered alleys, pavilions, grass-plats, plantations, &c. all in admirable order.



GIBRALTAR, FROM THE SEA.

*Artist: C. Bentley - Engraved by: J. C. Armytage*

## GIBRALTAR—FROM THE SEA.

Down 'mid the waves, accursed bark,  
 Down, down before the wind ;  
 Thou canst not sink to doom more dark  
 Than that thou leavest behind.

Down, down for his accursed sake  
 Whose hand is on thy helm.  
 Above the heaving billows break—  
 Will they not overwhelm ?

The blood is red upon the deck,  
 Of murder, not of strife ;  
 Now, Ocean, let the hour of wreck  
 Atone for that of life !

Many a brave heart has grown cold,  
 Though battle has been done ;  
 And shrieks have risen from the hold,  
 When human help was none.

We've sailed amid the Spanish lines,  
 The black flag at the mast,  
 And burning towns and rifled shrines  
 Proclaimed where we had past.

The captive's low and latest cry  
 Has risen on the night,  
 While night-carousals mocked the sky  
 With their unholy light.

The captain he is young and fair—  
 How can he look so young ?  
 His locks of youth, his golden hair,  
 Are o'er his shoulders flung.

Of all the deeds that he has done,  
 Not one has left a trace :  
 The midnight cup, the noontide sun,  
 Have darkened not his face.

His voice is low—his smile is sweet—  
 He has a girl's blue eyes ;  
 And yet I would far rather meet  
 The storm in yonder skies.

The fiercest of our pirate band  
 Holds at his name the breath ;  
 For there is blood on his right hand,  
 And in his heart is death.

He knows he rides above his grave,  
 Yet careless is his eye ;  
 He looks with scorn upon the wave,  
 With scorn upon the sky.

Great God ! the sights that I have seen  
 When far upon the main !  
 I'd rather that my death had been  
 Than see those sights again.

Pale faces glimmer, and are gone,  
 Wild voices rise from shore ;  
 I see one giant wave sweep on—  
 It breaks !—we rise no more.

---

GIBRALTAR FROM THE SEA.—p. 20.

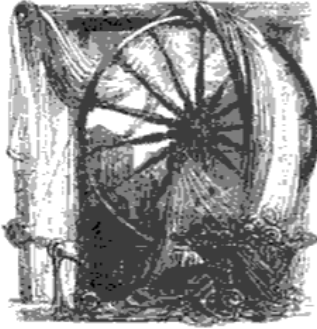
This view of the Rock of Gibraltar places it before the spectator in a new light, and conducts rapidly to reflection upon the boldness of those who attempted the reduction of such a fortress, as well as upon the bravery of those, who persevered in the defence of a citadel so bare, so bleak, so barren, so remote from any source of encouragement or supply. The rocky faces, here expressed, look towards the waters of the Mediterranean, and down upon that singular accumulation of fine sand, which, originating at the very edge of the sea, ascends almost to the loftiest pinnacle of the rock. From the lowest extremity of this inclined plain, the water becomes suddenly deep. One of the boldest efforts ever made to surprise the rock, took place at this approach. A French officer, in imitation of the Gaul of olden time, attended by 500 followers, landed at the foot of the sandy slope, and, aided by the darkness of night, reached the highest point of the rock in safety. From this rendezvous they were to have rushed down and surprised the garrison, while a second party was to commence an attack from below. Their courage proved superior to their powers of attack and defence, and the morning only shone, to light the garrison of Gibraltar to the destruction of this brave little band of heroes.



MILLER'S DALE, DERBYSHIRE.

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

## MILLER'S DALE, DERBYSHIRE.



Do you remember, Love, the lake  
 We used to meet beside ?  
 The only sound upon the air  
 The ripples on the tide.

Do you remember, Love, the hour  
 When first the moonbeam shone,  
 Rising above the distant hills,  
 We used to meet alone.

You knew not then my rank and state,

You only knew my love,  
 Whose gentle witness was the moon,  
 That watched us from above.

The valley, silvered with her light,  
 Was lovely as a shrine ;  
 The truth within that young fresh heart  
 Felt there was truth in mine.

You are a Countess now, sweet Love,  
 And dwell in stately halls ;  
 The red gold shines upon the board,  
 The silk upon the walls.

A thousand watch my Lady's eye,  
 The minstrel sings her name ;  
 None were so fair at Henry's court,  
 Where all the fairest came.

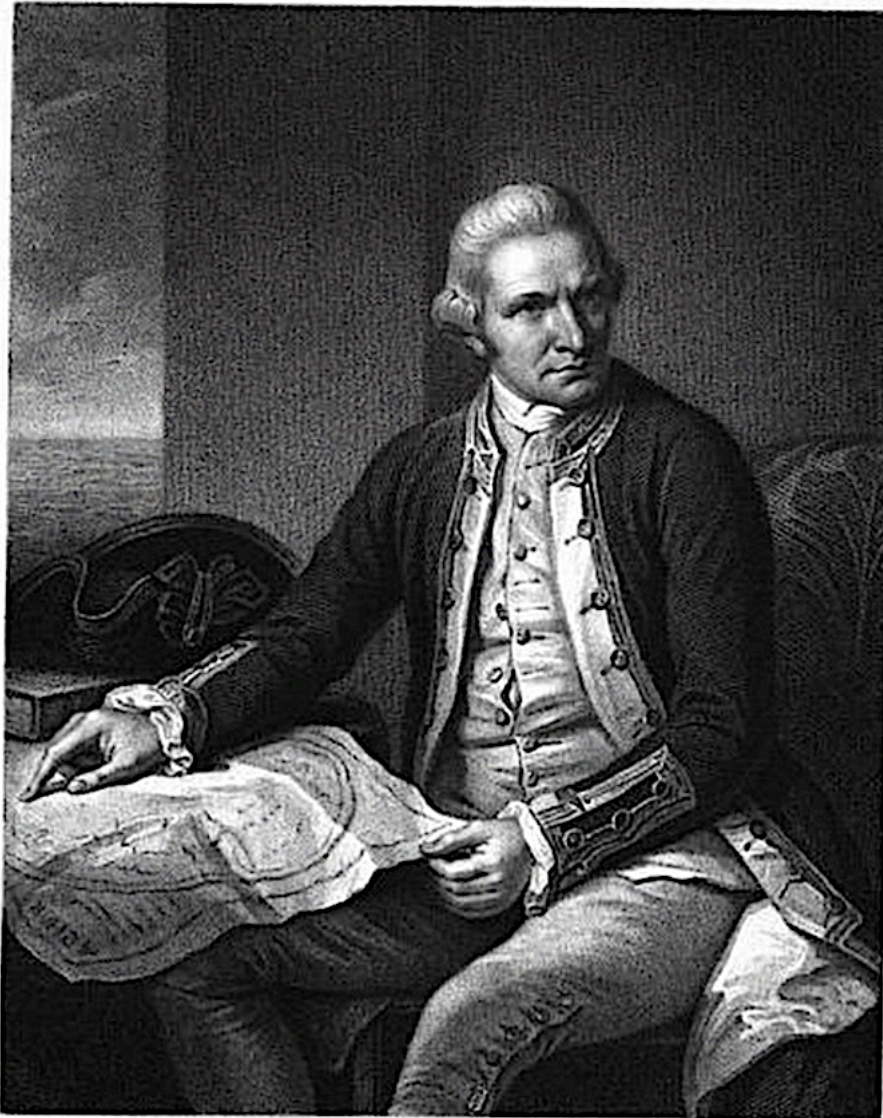
For the soft moonshine's rising light,  
 The pearls are on your brow :  
 Now, were you, lovely Lady mine,  
 The happiest then, or now ?

" Nor lake, nor castle," soft she said,  
 " Have any choice of mine ;  
 " I know in life one only lot,  
 " So long as I am thine !"



## MILLER'S DALE--DERBYSHIRE.—p. 22.

The Miller's Dale is one of the most picturesque passages in the interesting valley of the Wye. It extends, for about two miles, in a direction south-east from Wormhill Village, and the colouring of the landscape is diversified by the appearance of toadstone and tufa intersecting the strata of this limestone district. The river, which is pent up within a narrow chasm beneath the mills, appears to rejoice at its release, as it quietly expands into a more ample stream, and glides leisurely away. This delightful dale abounds in scenes that soothe and tranquillize the mind. The stream is never turbulent, never still; though in some places the huge branches of the gnarled oak, or a weather-beaten elm, shoot from a fissure in the rock above, in a manner that Salvator would adopt; yet the light and graceful foliage with which it is accompanied, subdues every feature of wildness, and softens down the whole to beauty. When darkness pervades the Dale, and the many windows are lighted up, and not even the outline of the buildings is to be traced against the dark mountains, fancy may take it for an illuminated palace raised by the magician's power.



CAPTAIN COOK.

*James Cook*

*Artist: Nathaniel Dance - Engraved by: J. K. Sherwin*

## CAPTAIN COOK.



Do you recall the fancies of many years ago,  
 When the pulse danced those light measures that again it cannot know ?  
 Ah! we both of us are altered, and now we talk no more  
 Of all the old creations that haunted us of yore.

Then any favourite volume was a mine of long delight,  
 From whence we took our future, to fashion as we might.  
 We lived again its pages, we were its chiefs and kings,  
 As actual, but more pleasant, than what the day now brings.

It was an August evening, with sunset in the trees,  
 When home you brought his Voyages who found the fair South Seas.  
 We read it till the sunset amid the boughs grew dim ;  
 All other favourite heroes were nothing beside him.

For weeks he was our idol, we sailed with him at sea,  
 And the pond amid the willows the ocean seemed to be.  
 The water-lilies growing beneath the morning smile,  
 We called the South Sea islands, each flower a different isle.

No golden lot that fortune could draw for human life,  
 To us seemed like a sailor's, mid the storm and strife.  
 Our talk was of fair vessels that swept before the breeze,  
 And new-discovered countries amid the Southern Seas.

Within that lonely garden what happy hours went by,  
 While we fancied that around us spread foreign sea and sky.  
 Ah! the dreaming and the distant no longer haunt the mind ;  
 We leave, in leaving childhood, life's fairy land behind.

There is not of that garden a single tree or flower ;  
 They have ploughed its long green grasses, and cut down the lime-tree bower.  
 Where are the Guelder roses, whose silver used to bring,  
 With the gold of the laburnums, their tribute to the Spring.

They have vanished with the childhood that with their treasures played ;  
 The life that cometh after, dwells in a darker shade.  
 Yet the name of that sea-captain, it cannot but recall  
 How much we loved his dangers, and how we mourned his fall.



THE ABBEY AND HILLS FROM NEAR MUSSOOREE.  
HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS, INDIA.

*Artist: T. C. Dibden - Engraved by: J. C. Varrall*

## THE ABBEY, NEAR MUSSOOREE.

THE SEAT OF J. C. GLYN, ESQ.

"On the brow of a rugged mountain, it is quite isolated from any other dwelling; and during the rainy season, when dense clouds are floating about, it has the appearance of an island in a sea of vapour."

ALONE, alone, on the mountain brow,  
The sky above, the earth below;  
Your comrades, the clouds with the driving rain,  
Bathing your roof ere it reach the plain.

Loud on its way as a forest blast,  
The eagle that dwells at your side sweeps past;  
Dark are its wings, and fierce its eye,  
And its shadow falls o'er you in passing by.

White with the snow of a thousand years,  
Tall in the distance the Chor appears;  
Hot though the sunshine kindle the air,  
Still hath the winter a palace there.

Away to the south the Jumna takes  
Its way through the melons' golden brakes,  
Through gardens, cities, and crowded plains—  
Little, methinks, on its course it gains.

Round are the woods of the ancient oak,  
And pines that scorn at the woodman's stroke;  
And yet the axe is on its way,  
Those stately trees in the dust to lay.

They have opened the quarries of lime and stone,  
There is nothing that man will leave alone:  
He buildeth the house—he tilleth the soil,  
No place is free from care and toil.

Ye old and ye stately solitudes,  
Where the white snow lies, and the eagle broods,  
Where every sound but the wind was still;  
Or the voice of the torrent adown the hill.

Wo on our wretched and busy race,  
That will not leave Nature a resting-place.  
We roam over earth, we sail o'er the wave,  
Till there is not a quiet spot but the grave.

## ABBAY AND HILLS, FROM NEAR MUSSOOREE.—p. 24.

Some idea of the precipitousness of the Landour and Mussooree ridges may be conceived from the following fact, witnessed by Lieut. G. F. White. A gentleman riding in the upper Landour road, was, by the sudden starting of his mule, precipitated, along with the animal,<sup>7</sup> over the side of the hill: the traveller happening to lodge in a tree, fortunately escaped with little injury; but the poor mule, after a few tremendous bounds, was lost sight of, and subsequently found, much mangled, more than a mile distant from the spot where the accident occurred.



CHURCH OF ST. JOHN AND CASTLE LAHNECK.

*On the Rhine.*

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

## THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, AND THE RUINS OF LAHNECK CASTLE.

FORMERLY BELONGING TO THE TEMPLARS.



On the dark heights that overlook the Rhine,  
 Flinging long shadows on the watery plains,  
 Crowned with grey towers, and girdled by the vine,  
 How little of the warlike past remains!

The castle walls are shattered, and wild flowers  
 Usurp the crimson banner's former sign.  
 Where are the haughty Templars and their powers?  
 Their forts are perished—but not so their shrine.

Like Memory veiled, Tradition sits and tells  
 Her twilight histories of the olden time.  
 How few the records of those craggy dells  
 But what recall some sorrow or some crime.

Of Europe's childhood was the feudal age,  
 When the world's sceptre was the sword; and power,  
 Unfit for human weakness, wrong, and rage,  
 Knew not that curb which waits a wiser hour.

Ill suited empire with a human hand,  
 Authority needs rule, restraint, and awe;  
 Order and peace spread gradual through the land,  
 And force submits to a diviner law.

A few great minds appear, and by their light  
 The many find their way; truth after truth  
 Rise starlike on the depths of moral night,  
 Though even now is knowledge in its youth.

Still as those ancient heights, which only bore  
 The iron harvest of the sword and spear,  
 Are now with purple vineyards covered o'er,  
 While corn-fields fill the fertile valleys near.

Our moral progress has a glorious scope,  
 Much has the past by thought and labour done;  
 Knowledge and Peace pursue the steps of Hope,  
 Whose noblest victories are yet unwon.





RUINS OF SBEITLAH, THE ANCIENT SUFETULA, TUNIS.

*Artist: C. Bentley - Engraved by: S. Lacey*

## DEATH OF THE LION AMONG THE RUINS OF SBEITLAH.

HURRIEDLY, disturbing night  
 With a red and sudden light,  
 Came the morning, as it knew  
 What there was for day to do.  
 And that ere it sank again  
 It must shew the Lion's den.

All night long, a sullen roar,  
 Like the billows on the shore,  
 Sounded on the desert air,  
 Telling who was lurking there.  
 And the sleepless child was prest  
 Closer to the mother's breast.

Girdled by the watch-fire's ray  
 Did we wait the coming day ;  
 And beneath the morning sun  
 Flashed the spear and gleamed the gun.  
 Forth we went to seek the shade  
 Where the Lion-King was laid.

Dark the towering palm was spread,  
 Like a giant, overhead ;  
 But the dewy grass below  
 Served the Lion's path to show.  
 Long green bough and flowery spray  
 He had rent upon his way.

By the aqueduct of old  
 Where the silver river rolled,  
 Long since laid in ruins low—  
 But there still the waters flow.  
 Soon decayeth man's endeavour,  
 Nature's works endure for ever.

There we found the Lion's cave—  
 There we made the Lion's grave.  
 Three shots echoed—three—no more,  
 And the grass is red with gore.  
 For the claws and skin we come—  
 Let us bear our trophy home.

## RUINS OF SBEITLAH, IN THE BEYLEK OF TUNIS.—p. 27.

Sbeitlah (anciently Sufetula) stands on a spacious plain, at the base of a range of hills that are clothed with the juniper, the cistus, and the pine, and on the right bank of the Wady-Sbeitlah, a limpid stream, rushing in whirling eddies through a deep, meandering, rocky chasm. The principal surviving ruins consist of three contiguous temples, two triumphal arches, a palace, and an aqueduct which spans the stream. Besides ruins of churches, triumphal arches, and other demonstrations of ancient pride, one paved street remains entire. This lonely avenue, that formerly resounded with the trampling of the high-spirited steeds, as they drew, through crowds of admiring citizens, the gorgeous chariot of their imperial master, is now trodden, at long intervals, only by the Christian traveller, who, as his footstep falls, the sole interruption of a death-like silence, disturbs occasionally the lizard or the leffah, basking in the heat of noon. Here, where "sad memory brings the light of other days around us," the solitude of day is succeeded by the terrific sounds that disturb the night—the bark of the prowling wolf, the melancholy scream of the night-bird, and the awful roar of the lordly lion. The vicinity of Sbeitlah is still the *Leonum arida nutritrix*, and lion-hunting forms not only one of the chief amusements, but even most profitable occupations: so replete is every spot of ground, every shattered column, nay, every lion slain, with classical feeling and allusion, that this was nature's nursery whence one hundred lions at a time were furnished, for the sports of warlike Rome, at the command of Sylla: Pompey drew hence six hundred, and Cæsar was content with four hundred of the fiercest.



THE IONIAN CAPTIVE.

*Artist: H. W. Pickles - Engraved by: Charles Fox*

## THE IONIAN CAPTIVE.

SADLY the captive o'er her flowers is bending,  
 While her soft eye with sudden sorrow fills ;  
 They are not those that grew beneath her tending  
 In the green valley of her native hills.

There is the violet—not from the meadow  
 Where wandered carelessly her childish feet ;  
 There is the rose—it grew not in the shadow  
 Of her old home—it cannot be so sweet.

And yet she loves them—for those flowers are bringing  
 Dreams of the home that she will see no more ;  
 The languid perfumes are around her, flinging  
 What almost for the moment they restore.

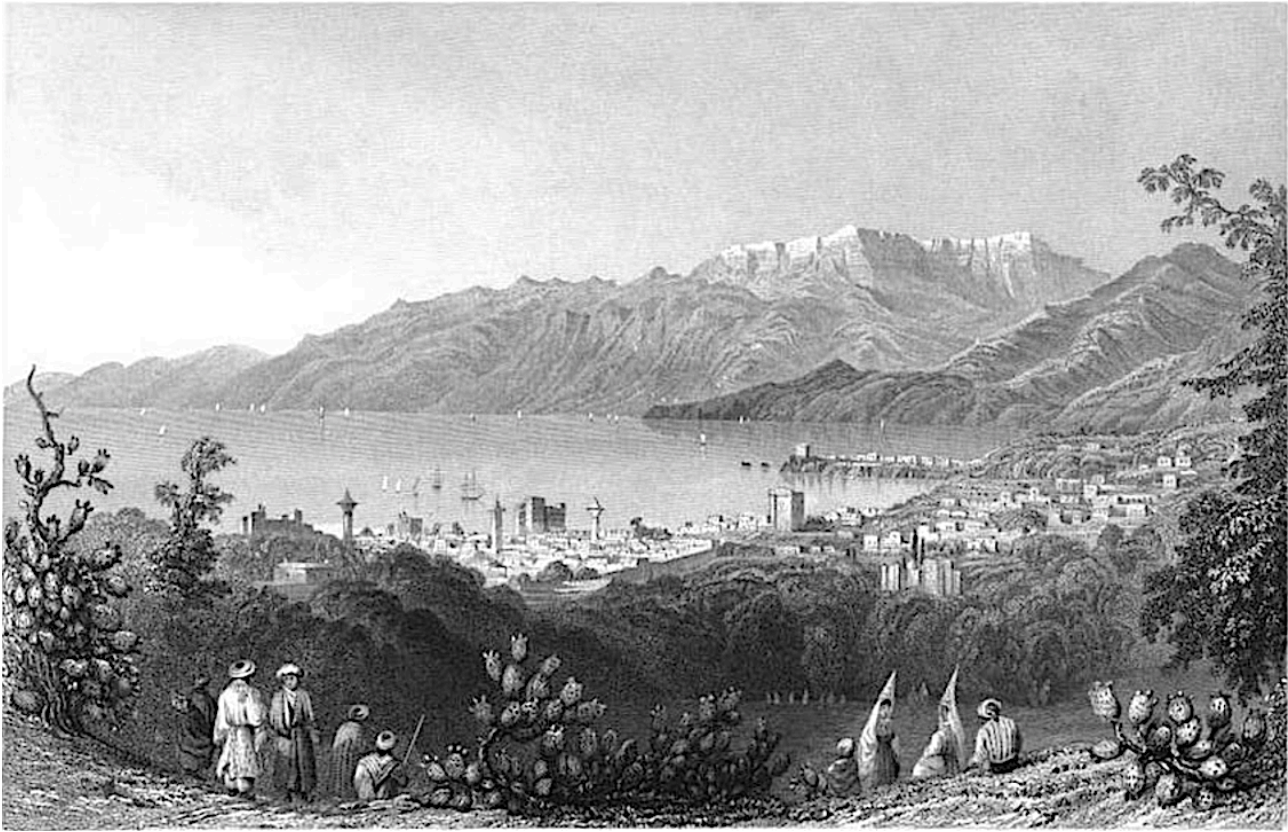
She hears her mother's wheel, that slowly turning  
 Murmured unceasingly the summer day ;  
 And the same murmur, when the pine-boughs burning  
 Told that the summer-hours had passed away.

She hears her young companions sadly singing  
 A song they loved—an old complaining tune ;  
 Then comes a gayer sound—the laugh is ringing  
 Of the young children—hurrying in at noon.

By the dim myrtles, wandering with her sister,  
 They tell old stories, broken by the mirth  
 Of her young brother : alas ! have they missed her,  
 She who was borne a captive from their hearth ?

She starts—too present grows the actual sorrow,  
 By her own heart she knows what they have borne ;  
 Young as she is, she shudders at to-morrow,  
 It can but find her prisoner and forlorn.

What are the glittering trifles that surround her—  
 What the rich shawl—and what the golden chain—  
 Would she could break the fetters that have bound her,  
 And see her household and her hills again !



BEIROUT AND MOUNT LEBANON.

*Artist: W. H. Bartlett - Engraved by: J. B. Allen*

## THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

YE ancients of the earth, beneath whose shade  
 Swept the fierce banners of earth's mightiest kings,  
 When millions for a battle were arrayed,  
 And the sky darkened with the vulture's wings.

Long silence followed on the battle-cries ;  
 First the bones whitened, then were seen no more ;  
 The summer grasses sprang for summer skies,  
 And dim Tradition told no tales of yore.

The works of peace succeeded those first wars,  
 Men left the desert tents for marble walls ;  
 Then rose the towers from whence they watched the stars,  
 And the vast wonders of their kingly halls.

And they are perished—those imperial towers  
 Read not amid the midnight stars their doom ;  
 The pomp and art of all their glorious hours  
 Lie hidden in the sands that are their tomb.

And ye, ancestral trees ! are somewhat shorn  
 Of the first strength that marked earth's earlier clime,  
 But still ye stand, stately and tempest-worn,  
 To shew how Nature triumphs over Time.

Much have ye witnessed—but yet more remains,  
 The mind's great empire is but just begun ;  
 The desert beauty of your distant plains,  
 Proclaim how much has yet been left undone.

Will not your giant columns yet behold  
 The world's old age, enlightened, calm, and free ;  
 More glorious than the glories known of old—  
 The spirit's placid rule o'er land and sea.

All that the past has taught is not in vain—  
 Wisdom is garnered up from centuries gone ;  
 Love, Hope, and Mind prepare a nobler reign  
 Than ye have known—Cedars of Lebanon !

## BEIROUT AND LEBANON.—p. 29.

Beirut, situated in a country rich, beautiful, adorned, and perfumed with orange, lemon, olive, palm, and mulberry trees, is one of the most interesting towns in Syria. The situation is exquisitely beautiful, the waters of the Levant reflecting the castles and minarets, and more faintly the distant range of the memorable Lebanon. The view from the Marina is not exceeded by any panoramic spectacle in the whole range of the Mediterranean coasts.

The females in the foreground of the view, wear on the head the favourite ornament of Lebanon, the silver horn, carved with grotesque figures and characters, and adorned with false jewellery; but it is hollow, to the height of a foot, placed upright on the head, and secured under the chin by a silken cord.

In the foreground is the prickly pear, which grows with such rapidity, that if a single leaf be planted, in four years its produce is sufficient to fill a room.

Here are some remains of the ancient city, granite columns of large dimensions, ruins of baths, and other fragments of a civilized and finished style, but the present town is encompassed by modern defences. The atmosphere is rendered cool and refreshing by the introduction of fountains and reservoirs within the walls, deriving their chief supply from the river that flows from Mount Lebanon.





RYDAL WATER AND GRASSMERE, FROM RYDAL PARK, WESTMORLAND.

*Artist: G. Pickering - Engraved by: C. Mottram*

## RYDAL WATER AND GRASMERE LAKE,

THE RESIDENCE OF WORDSWORTH.

NOT for the glory on their heads  
 Those stately hill-tops wear,  
 Although the summer sunset sheds  
 Its constant crimson there.  
 Not for the gleaming lights that break  
 The purple of the twilight lake,  
 Half dusky and half fair,  
 Does that sweet valley seem to be  
 A sacred place on earth to me.

The influence of a moral spell  
 Is found around the scene,  
 Giving new shadows to the dell,  
 New verdure to the green.  
 With every mountain-top is wrought  
 The presence of associate thought,  
 A music that has been ;  
 Calling that loveliness to life,  
 With which the inward world is rife.

His home—our English poet's home—  
 Amid these hills is made ;  
 Here, with the morning, hath he come,  
 There, with the night delayed.  
 On all things is his memory cast,  
 For every place wherein he past,  
 Is with his mind arrayed,  
 That, wandering in a summer hour,  
 Asked wisdom of the leaf and flower.

Great poet, if I dare to throw  
 My homage at thy feet,  
 'Tis thankfulness for hours which thou  
 Hast made serene and sweet ;  
 As wayfarers have incense thrown  
 Upon some mighty altar-stone,  
 Unworthy, and yet meet,  
 The human spirit longs to prove  
 The truth of its uplooking love.

Until thy hand unlocked its store,  
     What glorious music slept !  
 Music that can be hushed no more  
     Was from our knowledge kept.  
 But the great Mother gave to thee  
 The poet's universal key,  
     And forth the fountains swept—  
 A gushing melody for ever,  
 The witness of thy high endeavour.

Rough is the road which we are sent,  
     Rough with long toil and pain ;  
 And when upon the steep ascent,  
     A little way we gain,  
 Vexed with our own perpetual care,  
 Little we heed what sweet things are  
     Around our pathway blent ;  
 With anxious steps we hurry on,  
 The very sense of pleasure gone.

But thou dost in this feverish dream  
     Awake a better mood,  
 With voices from the mountain stream,  
     With voices from the wood.  
 And with their music dost impart  
 Their freshness to the world-worn heart,  
     Whose fever is subdued  
 By memories sweet with other years,  
 By gentle hopes, and soothing tears.

A solemn creed is thine, and high,  
     Yet simple as a child,  
 Who looketh hopeful to yon sky  
     With eyes yet undefiled.  
 By all the glitter and the glare  
 This life's deceits and follies wear,  
     Exalted, and yet mild,  
 Conscious of those diviner powers  
 Brought from a better world than ours.

Thou hast not chosen to rehearse  
 The old heroic themes ;  
 Thou hast not given to thy verse  
 The heart's impassioned dreams.  
 Forth flows thy song as waters flow,  
 So bright above—so calm below,  
 Wherein the heaven seems  
 Eternal as the golden shade  
 Its sunshine on the stream hath laid.

The glory which thy spirit hath,  
 Is round life's common things,  
 And flingeth round our common path,  
 As from an angel's wings,  
 A light that is not of our sphere,  
 Yet lovelier for being here,  
 Beneath whose presence springs  
 A beauty never mark'd before,  
 Yet once known, vanishing no more.

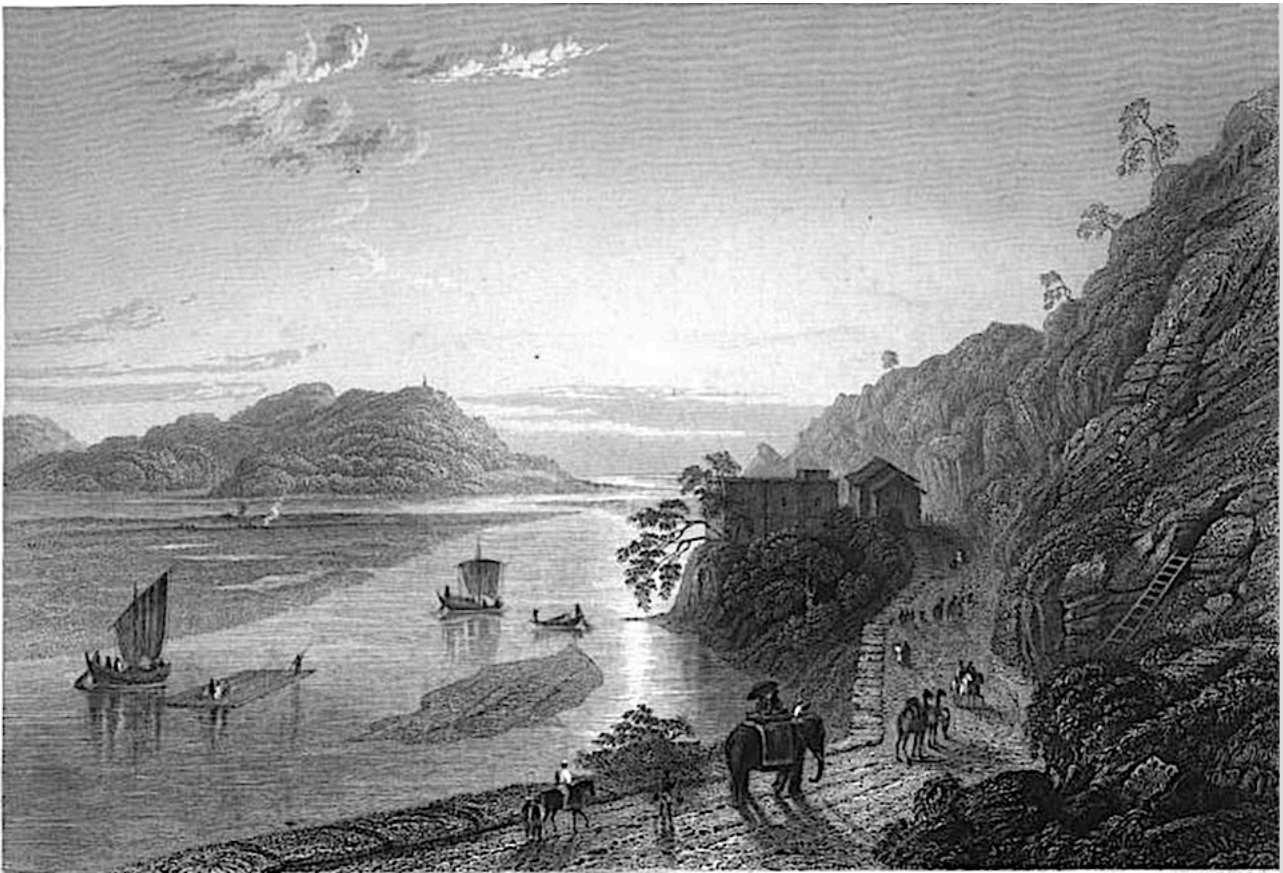
How often with the present sad,  
 And weary with the past,  
 A sunny respite have we had,  
 By but a chance look cast  
 Upon some word of thine that made  
 The sullenness forsake the shade,  
 Till shade itself was past :  
 For Hope divine, serene and strong,  
 Perpetual lives within thy song.

Eternal as the hills thy name,  
 Eternal as thy strain ;  
 So long as ministers of Fame  
 Shall Love and Hope remain.  
 The crowded city in its streets,  
 The valley, in its green retreats,  
 Alike thy words retain.  
 What need hast thou of sculptured stone ? —  
 Thy temple, is thy name alone.

## RYDAL WATER, AND GRASMERE.—p. 30.

A comprehensive view of Lake Scenery is here presented, including the Lakes of Rydal Water and Grasmere, in connection with all the noble and picturesque objects in their vicinity.

The village of Rydal is situated on the north side of the Lake, and Rydal Hall, the magnificent seat of the Le Flemings, seems embosomed in a beautiful park that occupies the declining front of the mountain. Near to the principal gate of entrance, the cottage residence of the poet Wordsworth peeps forth from the woods, as if endeavouring to recall to memory a name that can never be forgotten. The distance, and the whole background of the landscape, is composed of that mountain-chain in which Langdale Pikes and Silver How are the most elevated and conspicuous.



THE GANGES ENTERING THE PLAINS NEAR HURDWAR.

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

## THE GANGES.

On sweeps the mighty river—calmly flowing,  
 Through the eternal flowers,  
 That light the summer hours,  
 Year after year, perpetual in their blowing.

Over the myriad plains that current ranges,  
 Itself as clear and bright  
 As in its earliest light,  
 And yet the mirror of perpetual changes.

Here must have ceased the echo of those slaughters,  
 When stopped the onward jar  
 Of Macedonian war,  
 Whose murmur only reached thy ancient waters.

Yet have they reddened with the fierce outpouring  
 Of human blood and life,  
 When over kingly strife  
 The vulture on his fated wing was soaring.

How oft its watch, impatient of the morrow,  
 Hath mortal misery kept,  
 Beside thy banks, and wept,  
 Kissing thy quiet night-winds with their sorrow!

Yet thou art on thy course majestic keeping,  
 Unruffled by the breath  
 Of man's vain life or death,  
 Calm as the heaven upon thy bosom sleeping.

Still dost thou keep thy calm and onward motion,  
 Amid the ancient ranks  
 Of forests on thy banks,  
 Till thou hast gained thy home—the mighty ocean.

And thou dost scatter benefits around thee :  
 Thy silver current yields  
 Life to the green rice-fields,  
 That have like an enchanted girdle bound thee.

By thee are royal gardens, each possessing  
 A summer in its hues,  
 Which still thy wave renews,  
 Where'er thou flowest dost thou bear a blessing.

Such, O my country! should be thy advancing—  
 A glorious progress known  
 As is that river's, shown  
 By the glad sunshine on its waters glancing.

So should thy moral light be onwards flowing—  
 So should its course be bound  
 By benefits around,  
 The blessings which itself hath known bestowing.

Faith—commerce—knowledge—laws—those should be springing,  
 Where'er thy standard flies  
 Amid the azure skies,  
 Whose highest gifts that red-cross flag is bringing.

Already much for man has been effected;  
 The weak and poor man's cause  
 Is strengthened by the laws,  
 The equal right, born with us, all respected.

But much awaits, O England! thy redressing;  
 Thou hast no nobler guide  
 Than yon bright river's tide  
 Bear as that bears—where'er thou goest, blessing!

Will General Fagan permit me to quote an expression of his which struck me most forcibly?—"We have," said he, "been the conquerors of India: we have now to be its benefactors, its legislators, its instructors, and its liberators."

---

THE GANGES NEAR HURDWAR.—p. 33.

The Ganges (called by the natives *Ganga, the river*,) takes its rise among the loftiest of the Himalayan peaks, and, after winding for a hundred and fifty miles through a stupendous labyrinth of mountains, enters the plains of Hindostan through an opening in the mountains of Hurdwar. It exchanges the character of a raging torrent for that of a clear broad stream, and glides tranquilly, for a distance of twelve hundred miles, to the ocean. The Brahmins of India venerate the Ganges much, and pretend to believe, that its first descent from heaven was designed to fill up the "hollowed, but then empty, bed of ocean itself;" and all Hindoos imagine that it springs up at the feet of Brama. The distant hill, in the illustration, is the Chandnee Pahar, (or Silver Mountain,) on the summit of which, an elevation of six thousand feet, a white temple to Mahadeva is erected, to whose altar the pilgrims, after performing their ablutions in the river, repair to fulfil their devotions. In the British-Indian courts of justice, the water of the Ganges is used for swearing Hindoos, as the Bible is for Christians.





WARKWORTH CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND.

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

WARKWORTH CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND.

COME, up with the banner, and on with the sword,  
My father's first-born, of his castle is lord ;  
No knight, I will say, that e'er belted a brand,  
Was ever more worthy of lady or land.

Ring the horns through the forest that girdles our hall,  
Let the glades of the green oaks re-echo the call.  
And many a morning with dew on the plain,  
And the red sun, just rising, shall hear them again.

Fill up the clear wine-cup that dances in light,  
One name, and one only, shall crown it to-night :  
'Tis the health of the young knight just come o'er the main,  
He will cross it an Earl, if he cross it again.

Farewell ! oh my brother ; farewell ! mine abode—  
The hawk that I flew, the horse that I rode.  
They are safe—I commend them, my brother, to thee.  
But my white greyhound goes with me over the sea.

For a thousand white crowns I have mortgaged my land,  
And fifty bold seamen await my command ;  
My letters of marque are now signed by the queen,  
I hasten where Drake and where Raleigh have been.

Away to the south is the course that I hold,  
If the sea has its storm—why, the Spaniard has gold.  
Afar in the distance I see its light shine,  
And all is fair warfare that crosses the Line.

One last charge, my brother, you only may hear,  
'Tis the hope to my soul the most deep, the most dear :  
Be my Blanche to thy heart like a sister, in love ;  
I leave in thy shadow the nest of my dove.

No doubt of her truth, and no fear of her change,  
Can darken my pathway where'er it may range ;  
My heart is my omen—I know, o'er the main,  
I return to her side, and to England, again.

## ;WARKWORTH CASTLE.—p. 35.

This extensive Fortress, now in ruins, is supposed to have been erected by the Bertram family; it occupies the summit of a bold eminence rising from the river, and presents an aspect at once venerable and magnificent; the moat, by which it is surrounded, encloses more than five acres; and the keep, which appears on the apex of a lofty mound, is encompassed by a wall thirty-five feet high: this part is in excellent preservation. The grand gate of entrée has been a stately structure, but a few only of its apartments now remain. For several ages, Warkworth Castle continued to be the favourite residence of the noble family of Percy, who derive the title of Baron from this ancient manor.

## CAN YOU FORGET ME ?



CAN you forget me?—I who have so cherished  
 The veriest trifle that was memory's link ;  
 The roses that you gave me, although perished,  
 Were precious in my sight ; they made me think,  
 You took them in their scentless beauty stooping  
 From the warm shelter of the garden wall ;  
 Autumn, while into languid winter drooping,  
 Gave its last blossoms, opening but to fall.

Can you forget them ?

Can you forget me ? I am not relying  
 On plighted vows—alas ! I know their worth.  
 Man's faith to woman, is a trifle, dying  
 Upon the very breath that gave it birth.  
 But I remember hours of quiet gladness,  
 When, if the heart had truth, it spoke it then,  
 When thoughts would sometimes take a tone of sadness,  
 And then unconsciously grow glad again.

Can you forget them ?

Can you forget me ? My whole soul was blended  
 At least it sought to blend itself with thine ;  
 My life's whole purpose, winning thee, seemed ended ;  
 Thou wert my heart's sweet home—my spirit's shrine.  
 Can you forget me ?—when the firelight burning,  
 Flung sudden gleams around the quiet room,  
 How would thy words, to long past moments turning,  
 Trust me with thoughts soft as the shadowy gloom !

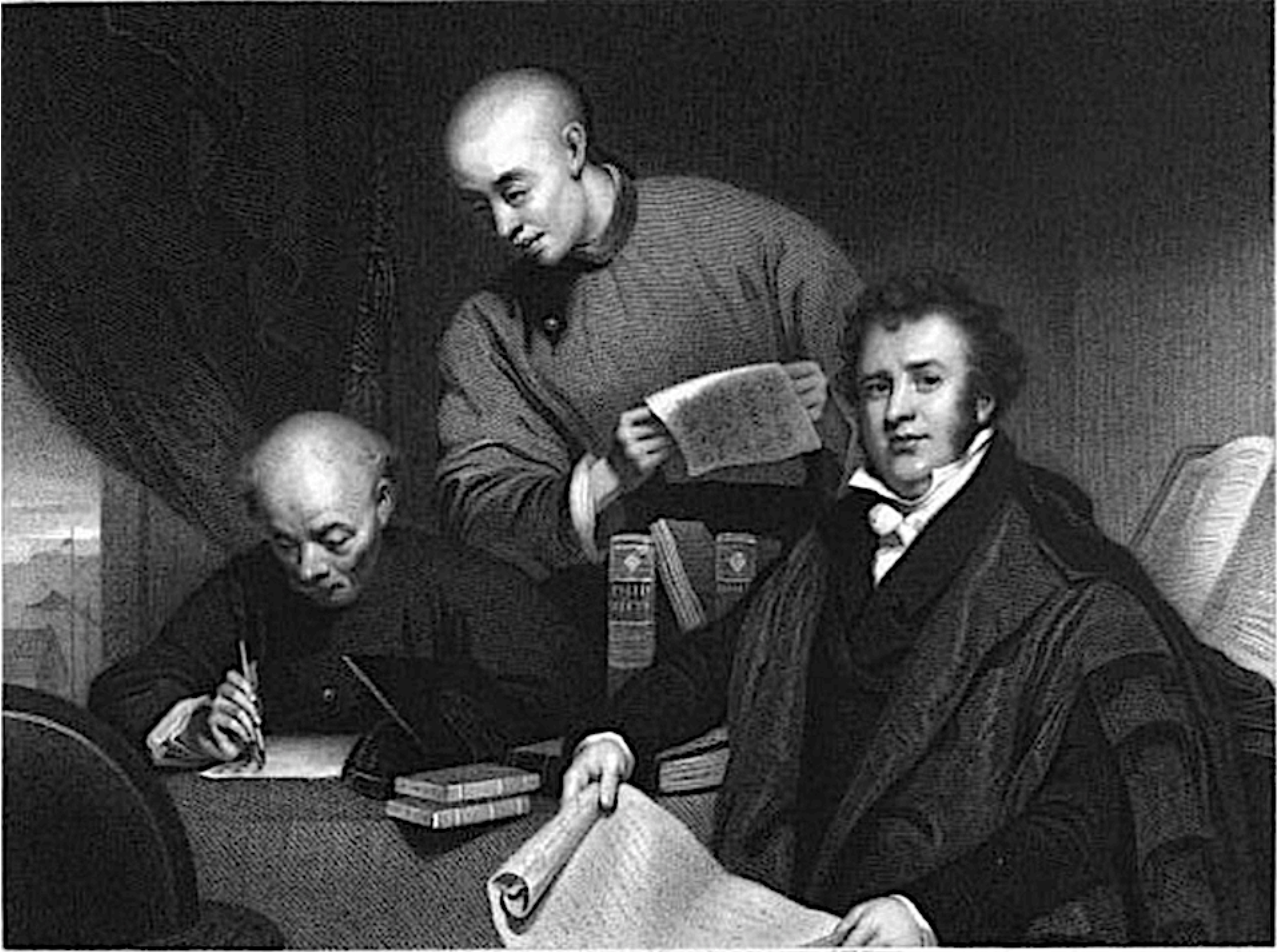
Can you forget them ?

There is no truth in love whate'er its seeming,  
 And heaven itself could scarcely seem more true—  
 Sadly have I awakened from the dreaming,  
 Whose charmed slumber—false one !—was of you.  
 I gave mine inmost being to thy keeping—  
 I had no thought I did not seek to share ;  
 Feelings that hushed within my soul were sleeping,  
 Waked into voice, to trust them to thy care.

Can you forget them ?

Can you forget me? This is vainly tasking  
The faithless heart where I, alas! am not.  
Too well I know the idleness of asking—  
The misery—of why am I forgot?  
The happy hours that I have passed while kneeling,  
Half slave, half child, to gaze upon thy face.  
—But what to thee this passionate appealing—  
Let my heart break—it is a common case.  
You have forgotten me.

---



LI SHIGONG AND CHEN LAOYI TRANSLATING THE BIBLE  
AS MORRISON LOOKS ON.

*The Rev. Robert Morrison. 1809*

*Artist: G. Chinnery - Engraved by: W. Holl*

## DR. MORRISON AND HIS CHINESE ATTENDANTS.

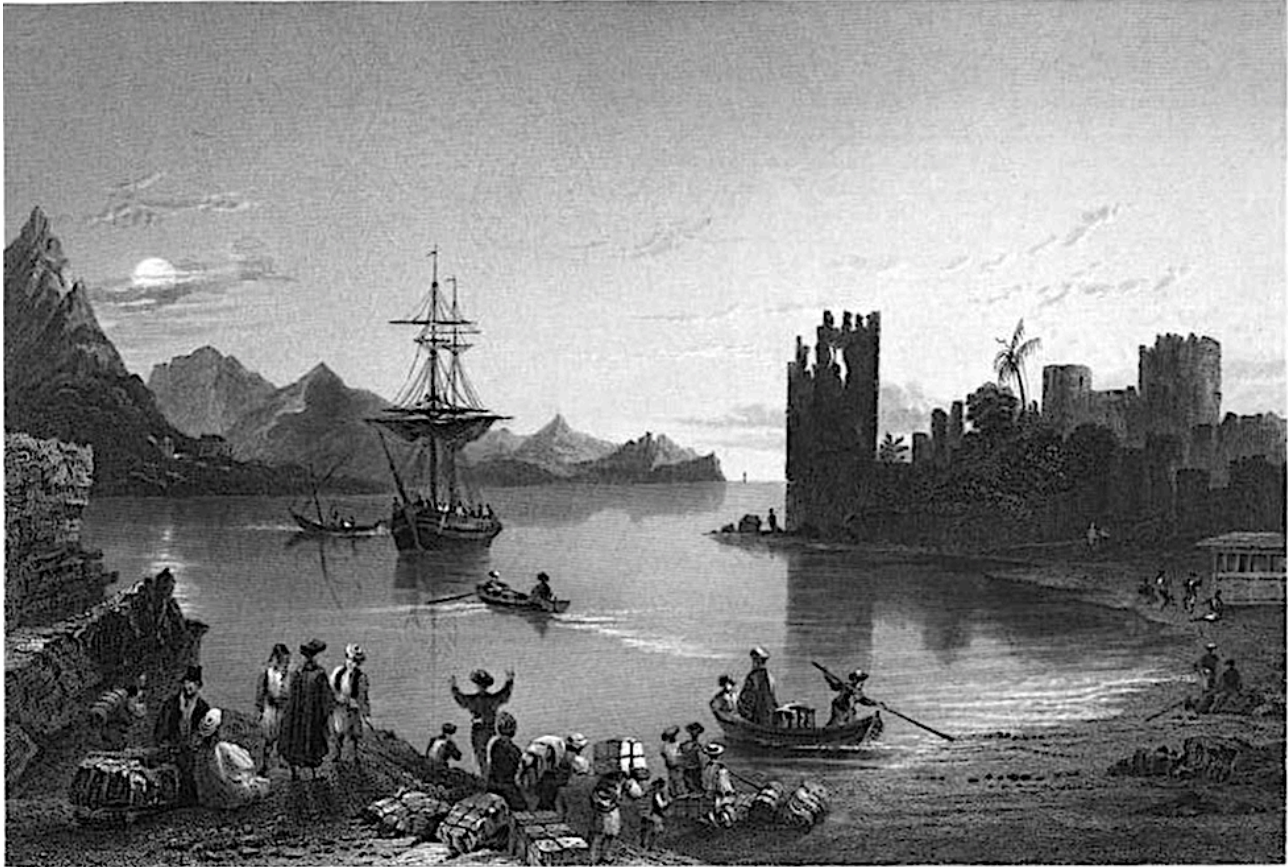
THEY bend above the page with anxious eyes,  
Devoutly listening to the sacred words  
Which have awakened all the spirit-chords  
Whose music dwells in the eternal skies.  
And still their teacher hope and aid supplies.  
For those dark priests are God's own messengers,  
To bring their land glad tidings from above,  
And to the creed that in its darkness errs,  
To teach the words of truth and Christian love.  
Blessings be on their pathway, and increase !  
These are the moral conquerors, and belong  
To them the palm-branch and triumphal song—  
Conquerors, and yet the harbingers of peace.

## DR. MORRISON.—p. 37.

Robert Morrison was born at Morpeth, in January 1782. He received ordination in London, according to the usages of the Presbyterian church, in which he had been educated; embarked for China on the 31st of January, 1807; proceeded, by way of America, to Macao, and soon afterwards reached Canton. In the history of the acquisition of difficult languages, few facts can be found more memorable than that of his having been considered, in less than a year and a half from his arrival at Canton, the most correct Chinese scholar in the Factories, although destitute, in a very great degree, of the ordinary facilities of obtaining a language. After four years' residence, he completed his Chinese grammar: in his seventh year he commenced the printing of his great work, the Anglo-Chinese dictionary, which consists of six quarto volumes, and occupied him eight years.

He had been in a declining state of health previously to Lord Napier's arrival at Macao, but his illness was so much increased by the fatigue he encountered in accompanying his lordship to Canton, that he expired on the 1st of August, 1834, only the eighth day after his arrival in that city.





KALENDRIA, COAST OF CILICIA.

*Artist: W. H. Bartlett - Engraved by: W. Taylor*

## KALENDRIA.

## A PORT IN CILICIA.

Do you see yon vessel riding,  
 Anchored in our island bay,  
 Like a sleeping sea-bird biding  
 For the morrow's onward way?  
 See her white wings folded round her,  
 As she rocks upon the deep;  
 Slumber with a spell hath bound her,  
 With a spell of peace and sleep.

Seems she not as if enchanted  
 To that lone and lovely place,  
 Henceforth ever to be haunted  
 By that sweet ship's shadowy grace.  
 Yet, come here again to-morrow,  
 Not a vestige will remain,  
 Though those sweet eyes strain in sorrow,  
 They will search the sea in vain.

'Twas for this I bade thee meet me,  
 For a parting word and tear;  
 Other lands and lips may greet me;  
 None will ever seem so dear.  
 Other lands—I may say, other—  
 Mine again I shall not see;  
 I have left mine aged mother,  
 She has other sons than me.

Where my father's bones are lying,  
 There mine own will never lie;  
 Where the myrtle groves are sighing,  
 Soft beneath our summer sky.  
 Mine will be a wilder ending,  
 Mine will be a wilder grave,  
 Where the shriek and shout are blending,  
 Or the tempest sweeps the wave.

Mine may be a fate more lonely,  
 In some sick and foreign ward,  
 Where my weary eyes meet only  
 Hired nurse or sullen guard.  
 Dearest maiden, thou art weeping,  
 Must I from those eyes remove ?  
 Hath thy heart no soft pulse sleeping  
 Which might ripen into love ?

No ! I see thy brow is frozen,  
 And thy look is cold and strange ;  
 Ah ! when once the heart has chosen,  
 Well I know it cannot change.  
 And I know that heart has spoken  
 That another's it must be.  
 Scarce I wish that pure faith broken,  
 Though the falsehood were for me.

No : be still the guileless creature  
 That upon my boyhood shone ;  
 Couldst thou change thy angel-nature,  
 Half my faith in heaven were gone.  
 Still thy memory shall be cherished,  
 Dear as it is now to me ;  
 When all gentler thoughts have perished,  
 One shall linger yet for thee.

Farewell !—With those words I sever  
 Every tie of youth and home ;  
 Thou, fair isle ! adieu for ever !  
 See, a boat cuts through the foam.  
 Wind, time, tide, alike are pressing,  
 I must hasten from the shore.  
 One first kiss, and one last blessing—  
 Farewell, love ! we meet no more.

## KALENDRIA, ON THE COAST OF CILICIA.—p. 38.

The little sea-port of Kalendria looks, by moonlight, more like the creation of the artist's imagination than the realities of nature. During the friendly silence of the moon, the bold and spiry cliffs, the precipices of shivered slate and fractured limestone, rarely relieved by verdure of any kind, softened by the calm, cold light that falls on each peak, rock, and tower, mercifully shrouds the nakedness and dreariness bared by the fierce and scorching beams of day. At this lone and unfrequented spot, the arrival or departure of a vessel creates an unusual degree of bustle and interest; and if it were not that the couriers for Cyprus from Constantinople embark here, the inhabitants might soon forget that they owed allegiance to the city of the Sultan. This too is the place where, in Tiberius's reign, the progress of the injurious Piso was arrested, after, by his plots and machinations, he had contributed to the death of Germanicus.



INFANTICIDE IN MADAGASCAR.

*Artist: H. Melville - Engraved by: J. Redaway*

## INFANTICIDE IN MADAGASCAR.

A LUXURY of summer green  
 Is on the southern plain,  
 And water-flags, with dewy screen,  
 Protect the ripening grain.  
 Upon the sky is not a cloud  
 To mar the golden glow,  
 Only the palm-tree is allowed  
 To fling its shade below.

And silvery, mid its fertile brakes,  
 The winding river glides,  
 And every ray in heaven makes  
 Its mirror of its tides.  
 And yet it is a place of death—  
 A place of sacrifice.  
 Heavy with childhood's parting breath—  
 Weary with childhood's cries.

The mother takes her little child,  
 Its face is like her own ;  
 The cradle of her choice is wild—  
 Why is it left alone ?  
 The trampling of the buffalo  
 Is heard among the reeds,  
 And sweeps around the carrion-crow,  
 That amid carnage feeds.

Oh ! outrage upon mother Earth,  
 To yonder azure sky ;  
 A destined victim from its birth,  
 The child is left to die.  
 We shudder that such crimes disgrace  
 E'en yonder savage strand ;  
 Alas ! and hath such crime no trace  
 Within our English land ?

Pause, ere we blame the savage code  
 That such strange horror keeps ;  
 Perhaps within her sad abode  
 The mother sits and weeps,

And thinks how oft those eyelids smiled,  
 Whose close she may not see,  
 And says, " Oh, would to God, my child,  
 I might have died for thee !"

Such law of bloodshed to annul  
 Should be the Christian's toil ;  
 May not such law be merciful,  
 To that upon our soil ?  
 Better the infant eyes should close  
 Upon the first sweet breath,  
 Than weary for their last repose,  
 A living life in death !

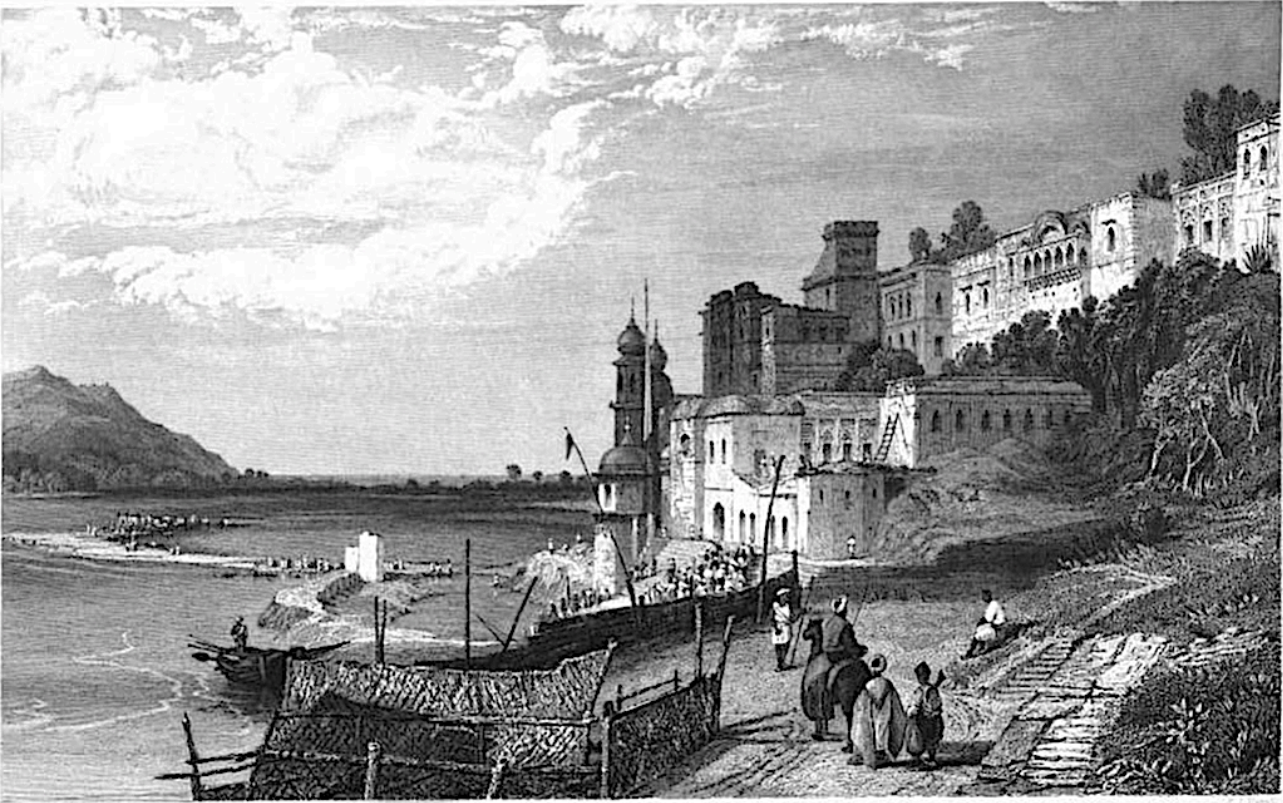
Look on the children of our poor,  
 On many an English child :  
 Better that it had died secure  
 By yonder river wild.  
 Flung careless on the waves of life,  
 From childhood's earliest time,  
 They struggle, one perpetual strife,  
 With hunger and with crime.

Look on the crowded prison-gate—  
 Instructive love and care  
 In early life had saved the fate  
 That waits on many there.  
 Cold, selfish, shunning care and cost,  
 The poor are left unknown ;  
 I say, for every soul thus lost,  
 We answer with our own.

## INFANTICIDE IN MADAGASCAR.—p. 40.

The Malagassy regard certain days as propitious to every procedure resulting from the events of those days, and other days as the reverse. This delusive influence inculcates the belief, that all born on these inauspicious days will be its subjects and agents through life, and superinduces a conviction, that to spare and nurse the unhappy infants, born on such days, would be to cherish sorcerers, the chief instruments in inflicting every calamity they fear. On the birth, therefore, of an infant, the great solicitude of the parents is to know its *vintana*, or destiny, which must be ascertained by certain rules. Amongst the varied exhibitions of the domination of superstition, there is not, perhaps, presented a scene of more affecting wretchedness than the one displayed in the engraving. An infant, perfectly helpless, and unconscious, smiling perhaps in innocence, is laid in a narrow entrance to a village, or a fold, through which there is barely room for cattle to pass, several of which are driven violently in, and made to pass over the spot on which the child is placed, while the parents, with agonizing feelings, stand by waiting the result. If the oxen pass over without injuring the infant, the omen is propitious; the powerful and evil destiny is removed, and the parents may, without apprehension, embrace and cherish their offspring.





HURDWAR, THE GATE OF HARI OR VISHNOU.

*Artist: J. D. Harding - Engraved by: F. J. Havell*

## HURDWAR—THE GATE OF VISHNOO.

FLING wide the sacred city gates  
 Wide on the open air ;  
 A higher Conqueror awaits  
 Than he whose name they bear.

He comes not in the strength of war,  
 He comes not in its pride ;  
 No banners are around his car,  
 No trumpets at his side.

Not in the midst of armed bands  
 The Christian Chief appears,  
 No swords are in his followers' hands,  
 They strive with prayers and tears.

For faint and weak those followers seem,  
 Yet mighty is their voice :  
 The Ganges' old and holy stream  
 Will in its depths rejoice.

Low is the voice with which they plead—  
 A voice of peace and love ;  
 Peaceful and loving is the creed  
 Whose emblem is the dove.

Far in the East a star arose,  
 And with its rising brought  
 God's own appointed hour to those  
 By whom it had been sought.

And still that guiding star hath shone  
 O'er all its light hath won ;  
 And it will still keep shining on  
 Until its work be done.

A glorious ending at its birth  
 Was to that planet given :  
 For never will it set on earth,  
 Till earth is lost in heaven.

Fling wide the ancient city's gates,  
 The hours of night are past,  
 And Christ, the Conqueror, awaits  
 Earth's holiest and her last.

## HURDWAR.—p. 42.

Hurdwar signifies the Gate of Hari, or Vishnoo, the Saviour of the Hindoo mythology, and has, from the earliest times, been one of the most considerable places of Hindoo pilgrimage and purification. Amongst the hordes who flock to immerse themselves in the holy stream, in the month of April, at the point where it first emancipates itself from the gigantic mountains which give it birth, are many victims of disease, or in the last stage of life, who have literally crawled hundreds of miles, apprehensive lest they should expire from exhaustion before they reach the sacred goal; and ere they arrive, exhibit signs of the most extravagant joy at finding themselves once more able to lave their limbs in the sacred stream. The number of persons usually collected on these occasions varies from two to three thousand; and once in twelve years, when particular ceremonies are observed, they have been computed at a million.



THE PROPHETESS.

*Artist: T. Lawrence - Engraved by: W. C. Edwards*

## THE PROPHETESS.



In the deep silence of the midnight hours,  
I call upon ye, oh ye viewless powers!  
Before whose presence mortal daring cowers.

I have subdued ye to my own stern will,  
I fear ye not; but I must shudder still.  
Faint with the awful purpose ye fulfil.

Not for myself I call the aether-born,  
They have no boon my being doth not scorn—  
Wholly and bitterly am I forlorn.

Dearly is bought the empire of the mind;  
It sitteth on a sullen throne, designed  
To elevate and part it from its kind.

Long years my stricken soul has turned away  
From the sweet dreams that round my childhood lay:  
Would it still owned their false but lovely sway!

In the dark grave of unbelief they rest,  
Worthless they were, and hollow, while possess.  
I am alone—unblessing, and unblest!

Knowledge is with me—guest that once received,  
Love, hope, ambition, are no more believed;  
And we disdain what formerly had grieved.

A few fair flowers around their colours fling,  
But what does questioning their sources bring?  
That from corruption and from death they spring.

'Tis thus with those sweet dreams which life begin,  
We weary of them, and we look within:  
What do we find? Guile, suffering, and sin.

I know my kind too well not to despise  
The gilded sophistry that round it lies:  
Hate, sorrow, falsehood—mocking their disguise.

Oh, thou old world! so full of guilt and cares,  
So mean, so small—I marvel Heaven bears  
Thy struggle, which the seeing almost shares.

Yet, mine ancestral city, for thy sake  
 A lingering interest on this earth I take ;  
 In the dim midnight 'tis for thee I wake.

Softly the starlight falleth over fanes  
 That rise above thy myrtle-wooded plains,  
 Where summer hath her loveliest domains.

Beneath, the gardens spread their pleasant shade,  
 The lutes are hushed that twilight music made,  
 Sleep on the world her honey-spell hath laid.

Sweet come the winds that o'er these flower-beds rove,  
 I only breathe the perfumes that ye love.  
 Spirits ! my incense summons ye above.

What of yon stately city, where are shrined  
 The warrior's and the poet's wreath combined—  
 All the high honours of the human mind !

Her walls are bright with colours, whose fine dyes  
 Embody shapes that seem from yonder skies,  
 And in her scrolls the world's deep wisdom lies.

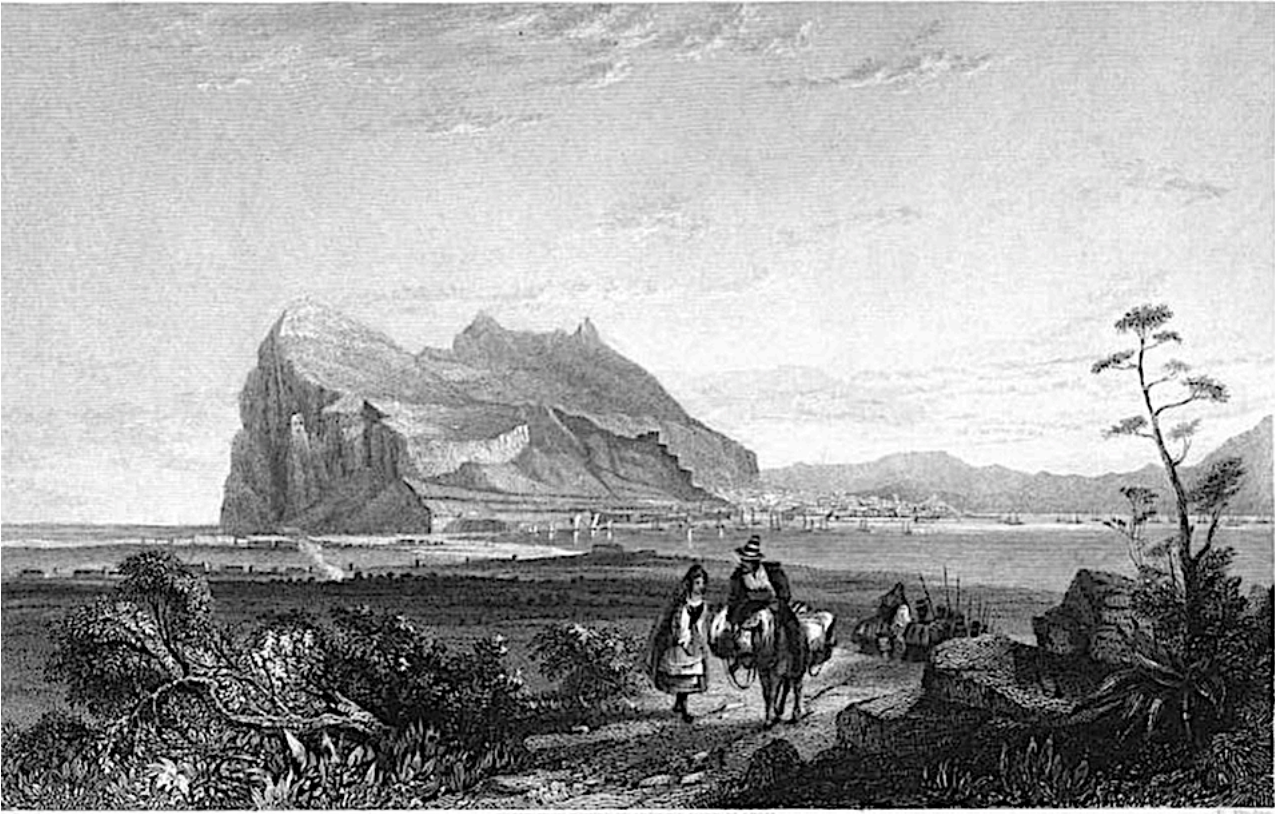
What of her future ?—Through the silvery smoke  
 I see the distant vision I invoke.  
 These glorious walls have bowed to Time's dark yoke.

I see a plain of desert sand extend  
 Scattered with ruins, where the wild flowers bend,  
 And the green ivy, like a last sad friend.

Low are the marble columns on the sand,  
 The palm-trees that have grown among them stand  
 As if they mocked the fallen of the land.

Hence, ye dark Spirits ! bear the dream away ;  
 To-morrow but repeateth yesterday :  
 First, toil—then, desolation and decay.

Life has one vast stern likeness in its gloom,  
 We toil with hopes that must themselves consume—  
 The wide world round us is one mighty tomb.



GIBRALTAR,  
FROM THE SIGNAL TOWER AT THE FOOT OF THE QUEEN OF SPAIN'S CHAIR.

*Artist: C. Bentley - Engraved by: E. Finden*

## GIBRALTAR.

FROM THE QUEEN OF SPAIN'S CHAIR.

HIGH on the rock that fronts the sea  
 Stands alone our fortress key ;  
 Ladye of the southern main,  
 Ladye, too, of stately Spain,

Look which way her eye she bends,  
 Where'er she will her sway extends.  
 Free on air her banner thrown,  
 Half the world it calls its own.

Let her look upon the strand—  
 Never was more lovely land :  
 Had her rule dominion there,  
 It were free as it is fair.

Let her look across the waves,  
 They are but her noblest slaves ;  
 Sweeping north or south, they still  
 Bear around her wealth and will.

Siege and strife these walls have borne,  
 By the red artillery torn ;  
 Human life has poured its tide  
 In the galleries at her side.

But the flag that o'er her blows  
 Rival nor successor knows.  
 Lonely on the land and sea,  
 Where it has been, it will be.

Safe upon her sea-beat rock,  
 She might brave an army's shock :  
 For the British banner keeps  
 Safe the fortress where it sweeps.



## GIBRALTAR FROM THE QUEEN OF SPAIN'S CHAIR.—p. 45.

During the celebrated siege of Gibraltar, the subjects of her most faithful Majesty, with becoming loyalty and gallantry, but with little knowledge of coming events, erected a small tower on the hill nearest to Gibraltar, from which her Majesty and the ladies of her court, were to witness the surrender of the fortress to her arms. This fortalice is called "the Queen's Chair," and from its summit may be enjoyed the most striking, grand, and complete view of the formation of the rock, as well as of its relative position with respect to surrounding objects. At the spectator's feet is the Isthmus, dotted with Spanish sentinel-houses, that mark the limits of the neutral ground, and extend from the ruined fortress of Santa Barbarossa to that of St. Philip. The sandy soil beyond yields to British industry both fruits and vegetables; and the giant rock, that raises its bold form above the sea, is an appropriate emblem of the power, strength, and courage of that nation by which it is retained. The Straits intervene, on the right, between the rock and the African coast, which there attains an elevation of 3,000 feet, and the blue waves of the Mediterranean wash the Isthmus on the left.

--



THE RIVER WEAR.

*Artist: W. A. Nesfield - Engraved by: Pulford*

## THE RIVER WEAR.



COME back, come back, my childhood,  
 To the old familiar spot,  
 Whose wild flowers, and whose wild wood  
 Have never been forgot.  
 It is the shining river,  
 With the bulrush by its tide,  
 Where I filled my green rush quiver  
 With arrows at its side.

And deemed that knightly glories  
 Were honoured as of old.  
 My head was filled with stories  
 My aged nurse had told.  
 The Douglas and the Percy  
 Alike were forced to yield ;  
 I had but little mercy  
 Upon the battle-field.

Ah ! folly of the fancies,  
 That haunt our childhood's hour.  
 And yet those old romances  
 On after life have power,  
 When the weight appears too weary  
 With which we daily strive,  
 Mid the actual and the dreary,  
 How much they keep alive !

How often, amid hours  
 By life severely tried,  
 Have I thought on those wild flowers  
 On the sweet Wear's silver tide.  
 Each ancient recollection  
 Brought something to subdue ;  
 I lived in old affection,  
 And felt the heart was true.

I am come again with summer,  
 It is lovely to behold.  
 Will it welcome the new comer,  
 As it seemed to do of old ?

Within those dark green covers,  
 Whose shade is downwards cast,  
 How many a memory hovers  
 Whose light is from the past!

I see the bright trout springing,  
 Where the wave is dark yet clear,  
 And a myriad flies are winging,  
 As if to tempt him near.  
 With the lucid waters blending,  
 The willow shade yet floats,  
 From beneath whose quiet bending  
 I used to launch my boats.

Over the sunny meadows,  
 I watch them as of old,  
 Flit soft and sudden shadows  
 That leave a greener gold.  
 And a faint south wind is blowing  
 Amid the cowslip beds,  
 A deeper glow bestowing  
 To the light around their heads.

Farewell, sweet river! ever  
 Wilt thou be dear to me;  
 I can repay thee never  
 One half I owe to thee.  
 Around thy banks are lying  
 Nature's diviner part,  
 And thou dost keep undying  
 My childhood at my heart.



CORFU AND MANDUCHIO FROM MOUNT OLIVET,  
GRECIAN HILLS IN THE DISTANCE.

*Artist: C. Bentley - Engraved by: J. Sands*

## C O R F U.

OH, lovely isle! that, like a child,  
 Art sleeping on the sea,  
 Amid whose hair the wind is wild,  
 And on whose cheek the sun has smiled,  
 As there it loved to be.

How fair thou art, how very fair,  
 A lone and lovely dream,  
 That sprung on the enchanted air,  
 A fairy likeness seems to wear,  
 A fairy world to seem.

Thou bringest to me a pleasant mood  
 Of fanciful delight:  
 To me thou art a solitude  
 Known only to the sea-bird's brood,  
 And to the stars at night.

I should so like to have thee mine,  
 Mine own—my very own,  
 The shadows of thy sweeping vine,  
 Wherein the scarlet creepers twine,  
 Broken by me alone.

I would not have a footstep trace  
 Thy solitary shore:  
 No human voice—no human face  
 Should trouble my sweet resting-place  
 With memories of yore.

I would forget the wretched years  
 Passed in this world of ours,  
 Where weary cares and feverish fears,  
 Ending alike in bitter tears,  
 Darken the heavy hours.

But I would dwell beside the sea,  
And of the scattered shells  
Ask, when they murmur mournfully,  
What sorrow in the past may be,  
Of which their music tells.

Winds, waves, and breathing shells are sad—  
Methinks I should repine,  
If their low tones were only glad,  
'Twould seem too much as if they had  
No sympathy for mine.

Not long such fancies can beguile  
Dreams of what cannot be ;  
Gone is thy visionary smile,  
And thou art but a distant isle  
Upon a distant sea.

---

## CORFU AND MANDUCHIO.—p. 48.

The island of Corfu is situated at the entrance of the Adriatic Sea, and is the seat of government of the Septinsular Union. It has been immortalized by Homer, and is the imaginary theatre on which many of the fables of mythology were represented. The Venetians and Mussulmans have struggled, with a degree of ferocity disgraceful even to the sanguinary laws of war, for the possession of this spot, and its present independent position throws a species of ridicule upon the designs of the most powerful and resolute monarchs. The extreme length of the island does not exceed thirty-five miles, its greatest breadth is twelve, and its superficies covers about eighty square leagues. The population may be estimated at 6000 souls.





CASTLE OF CHILLON, LAKE OF GENEVA.

*Artist: S. Prout - Engraved by: J. B. Allen*

## THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

FAIR lake, thy lovely and thy haunted shore  
Hath only echoes for the poet's lute ;  
None may tread there save with unsandalled foot,  
Submissive to the great who went before,  
Filled with the mighty memories of yore.  
And yet how mournful are the records there—  
Captivity, and exile, and despair,  
Did they endure who now endure no more.  
The patriot, the woman, and the bard,  
Whose names thy winds and waters bear along ;  
What did the world bestow for their reward  
But suffering, sorrow, bitterness, and wrong ?—  
Genius ! a hard and weary lot is thine—  
The heart thy fuel—and the grave thy shrine.

## THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.—p. 49.

The Castle of Chillon can never be viewed without exciting the noblest associations—those to which liberty and genius give birth. The names of Bonnivard, the martyr of freedom, and of Byron, her martyr and her laureate, have consecrated the scene. With the Prisoner of Chillon are connected feelings, no less in unison with the writer's early and deplored fate, than with the sublime and beautiful scenery around.

The style of architecture of the Castle is that of the middle ages: its aspect is gloomy and low; on one side is seen the delightful Clarens, and upon the other the town of Villeneuve. Amadeus IV., count of Savoy, was the founder of this state prison, about the year 1236. It resigned its military character in 1733, to receive and store agricultural produce. The early reformers of our religion were here cruelly incarcerated, in a range of cells that still remains entire: and from a beam that passes across one of the dungeons, many of them were executed. Rings, for the fetters and the fettered, may yet be seen hanging from the staples in the wall, and the feet of Bonnivard have left their traces in the pavement. Close by this castle, Rousseau has fixed the catastrophe of his *Heloise*, in the rescue of one of her children, her *Julia*, from the water; the shock of which, and the illness produced by the immersion, caused her death.



THE BISHOP OF LIEGE SLAIN BY ORDER OF WILLIAM DE LA MARCK  
THE "WILD BOAR OF ARDENNES".

*Artist: J. Franklin - Engraved by: E. Portbury*

## DEATH OF LOUIS OF BOURBON,

BISHOP OF LIEGE.

How actual, through the lapse of years,  
 That scene of death and dread appears.  
 The maiden shrouded in her veil,  
 The burghers half resolved, half pale;  
 And the young archer leant prepared,  
 With dagger hidden, but still bared—  
 Are real, as if that stormy scene  
 In our own troubled life had been.  
 Such is the magic of the page  
 That brings again another age.  
 Such, Scott, the charms thy pages cast,  
 Oh, mighty master of the past!

---

## THE BISHOP OF LIEGE SLAIN BY ORDER OF WILLIAM DE LA MARCK.—p. 50.

While Louis of Bourbon proposed terms of accommodation, in a tone as decided as if he still filled the Episcopal throne, and as if the usurper kneeled a suppliant at his feet, the tyrant slowly raised himself in his chair, the amazement with which he was at first filled giving way gradually to rage, until, as the Bishop ceased, he looked to Nikkel Blok, and raised his finger without speaking a word: the ruffian struck, as if he had been doing his office in the common shambles, and the murdered Bishop sunk, without a groan, at the foot of his own episcopal throne.



JOHN BENBOW ESQRE., ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET.

*Artist: Sir G. Kneller - Engraved by: W. T. Mote*

## ADMIRAL BENBOW.

THE Admiral stood upon the deck,  
Before a shot was thrown ;  
Before him rode the Frenchman's fleet,  
Behind him lay his own.

Six gallant ships upon the sea  
Their stately shadows cast :  
In all of them St. George's flag  
Was waving at the mast.

Dark was the shadow on that sea,  
And dark upon the sky ;  
In stillness like the coming storm,  
The English fleet sailed by.

Our Admiral he gave the word—  
Uprose the gallant crew :  
And far across the sounding seas  
Their iron welcome threw.

The earthly thunder of the deep  
 Poured from the Breda's side;  
 With welcome fiery as their own,  
 The Fleur-de-lis replied.

"Signal to form our battle-line!"  
 The English Admiral said;  
 At once above the rising smoke,  
 The signal-flags are spread.

The wind sprung up—a hotter fire  
 Is carried o'er the flood;  
 The deck whereon the seamen stand  
 Is slippery with blood.

The smoke that rises from the guns  
 Rolls on the heavy air,  
 So thick above 'twere vain to ask  
 If heaven itself be there.

The thunder growls along the deep,  
 The echoing waves reply;  
 Yet, over all is heard the groan  
 Deep, faint, of those who die.

The wind goes down—down drop the sails—  
 Awhile the conflict stops;  
 A last chain-shot sweeps o'er the deck—  
 Our Admiral, he drops!

What careth he for life or wound?—  
 The flowing blood they check.  
 Again, though helpless as a child,  
 They bear him to the deck.

With heavy eyes he looks around—  
 An angry man was he;  
 He sees three English frigates lie  
 All idle on the sea.

"Out on the cowards!" muttered he,  
 Then turned to where beside,  
 The Ruby, his true consort, lay  
 A wreck upon the tide.



There is no time for thought or word,  
The French are coming fast ;  
Again the signal-flag is hung  
Unnoticed at his mast.

A raking fire sweeps through her deck,  
The Breda has resigned ;  
For the first time her sails are spread,  
And with the foe behind.

They take the dying Admiral,  
They carry him ashore ;  
They lay him on the bed of death  
From whence he rose no more.

But not unhonoured is his name—  
Recalled and honoured long ;  
His name on many a song that speeds  
The midnight watch along.

But for the cowards who could leave  
The brave man to his doom,  
Their's was the scorned memory,  
And their's the nameless tomb.

They died—their long dishonour flung  
For ever on the wave :  
Time brings no silence to the shame  
Cast on the coward's grave.

## ADMIRAL BENBOW.—p. 51.

John Benbow was born at Shrewsbury in the year 1650, and brought up to the nautical profession on board a merchantman. In this service he so signalised himself in a desperate fight with a Sallee pirate in the Mediterranean, that King James II. promoted him at once to the command of a ship of war. William III. employed him in protecting our trade in the Channel, which he did with great effect. His valour and activity acquired for him the confidence of the nation; and being raised to the rank of Rear-Admiral, he sailed to the West Indies in search of the French fleet. In August, 1702, he fell in with Du Casse, the French admiral, and was so unfortunate as to have his leg carried away by a chain-shot, in a running-fight with the enemy's fleet. Being carried below, and proper dressings being applied, he caused himself to be again brought on deck, and continued the action. At this critical moment, he was basely deserted by several of the captains under his command, two of whom were afterwards tried by court-martial and condemned to be shot. Benbow, however, sunk gradually under the mental distress occasioned by this transaction and the bodily suffering from his wound, and expired at Jamaica on the 4th of November, 1702. The letter of his opponent, Du Casse, after the battle, is in the highest spirit of chivalry: "Sir, I had little hope on Monday last but to have supped in your cabin. It has pleased God to order it otherwise: I am thankful for it. As to those cowardly captains who deserted you, hang them up, for they richly deserve it.—Your's, DU CASSE."

## DISENCHANTMENT.

Do not ask me why I loved him,  
 Love's cause is to love unknown ;  
 Faithless as the past has proved him,  
 Once his heart appeared mine own.  
 Do not say he did not merit  
 All my fondness, all my truth :  
 Those in whom Love dwells inherit  
 Every dream that haunted youth.

He might not be all I dreamed him,  
 Noble, generous, gifted, true,  
 Not the less I fondly deemed him,  
 All those flattering visions drew.  
 All the hues of old romances  
 By his actual self grew dim ;  
 Bitterly I mock the fancies  
 That once found their life in him.

From the hour by him enchanted  
 From the moment when we met,  
 Henceforth with one image haunted,  
 Life may never more forget.  
 All my nature changed—his being  
 Seemed the only source of mine.  
 Fond heart, hadst thou no foreseeing  
 Thy sad future to divine ?

Once, upon myself relying,  
 All I asked were words and thought ;  
 Many hearts to mine replying,  
 Owned the music that I brought.  
 Eager, spiritual, and lonely,  
 Visions filled the fairy hour,  
 Deep with love—though love was only  
 Not a presence, but a power.

But from that first hour I met thee,  
 All caught actual life from you.  
 Alas ! how can I forget thee,  
 Thou who mad'st the fancied true ?

Once my wide world was ideal,  
 Fair it was—ah! very fair.  
 Wherefore hast thou made it real?  
 Wherefore is thy image there?

Ah! no more to me is given  
 Fancy's far and fairy birth;  
 Chords upon my lute are riven,  
 Never more to sound on earth.  
 Once, sweet music could it borrow  
 From a look, a word, a tone;  
 I could paint another's sorrow—  
 Now I think but of mine own.

Life's dark waves have lost the glitter  
 Which at morning-tide they wore,  
 And the well within is bitter,  
 Nought its sweetness may restore:  
 For I know how vainly given  
 Life's most precious things may be,  
 Love that might have looked on heaven,  
 Even as it looked on thee.

Ah, farewell!—with that word dying,  
 Hope and love must perish too.  
 For thy sake themselves denying,  
 What is truth with thee untrue  
 Farewell!—'tis a dreary sentence,  
 Like the death-doom of the grave,  
 May it wake in thee repentance,  
 Stinging when too late to save!