

Letitia Elizabeth Landon
(L. E. L.)
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compiled by
Peter J. Bolton

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PREFACE.

LET me, in again presenting myself before the public as the Editor of the DRAWING ROOM SCRAP-BOOK, make my sincere acknowledgments for the extremely gratifying manner in which the former volume was received by them. An author's best reward is the good-will of the public; I say his *best*, for the public has discrimination, and does not zealously, and with one voice, applaud what is unworthy,—therefore, to have won the public good-will, is to have deserved it. I am grateful, and will continue to deserve it.

In the present volume will be found four poems, full of beauty and deep sentiment, by the former lamented Editor: they come now like the scent of the violet after it is withered, and cannot fail of being loved and treasured by all.

M. H.



BAPTISMAL FONT, PALERMO CATHEDRAL.

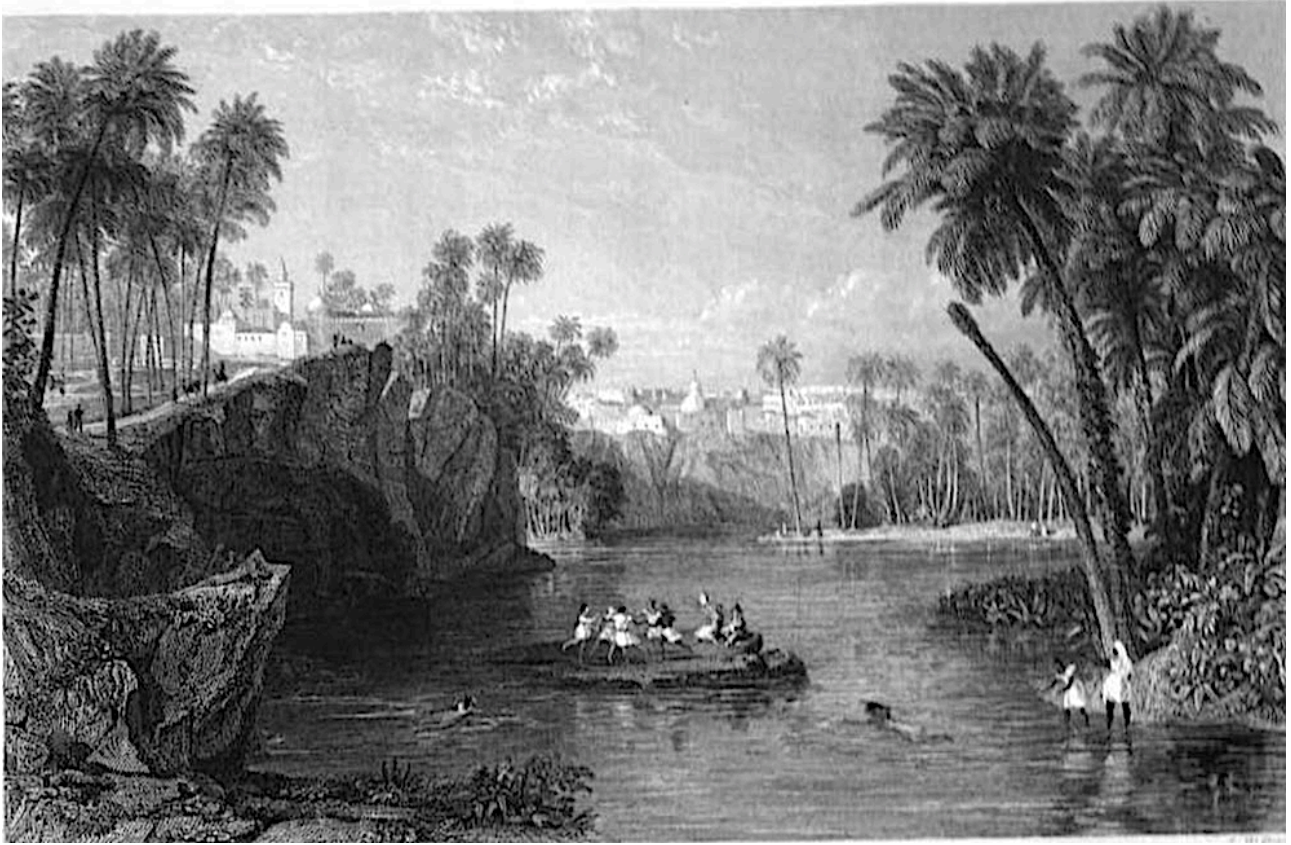
Artist: W. L. Leitch - Engraved by: J. Sands

BAPTISMAL FONT.

CATHEDRAL AT PALERMO.

PRINCES and kings upreared the mighty fane,
 Through whose dim aisle a painted gleam is cast,
 Rich with the purple and the violet vein,
 That science through the burning furnace past—
 An emblem how the soul shines forth at last,
 So purified by trial on this earth,
 To glory, radiant with immortal birth.
 Sculptured the walls, for beauty unsurpassed.
 Yet hither doth the peasant bring her child
 To Him who on such offering hath smiled.
 Said He not on the Mount, The child—the poor—
 Are of the welcome ones at Heaven's high door?

L. E. L.



NEFTAH, THE ANCIENT NEGETA, BEYLIT OF TUNIS.

Artist: T. Allom - Engraved by: T. Higham

NEFTAH, IN THE JEREED.

The word *Jereed* implies the Country of the Palm Branches; and the little azure sparrow, the subject of the following poem, is peculiar to that district, and is called The Father of Friendship.

It is a little azure bird,
It has a plaintive cry,
It singeth mournful to the eve,
When none beside are nigh.

But not the less its gentle song
Ariseth for the noon;
The day has not a lonely hour,
Unknowing that sweet tune.

It loveth those with whom it lives,
It loveth where it dwells;
When the green palm extends its shade
Above the desert wells.

Never those azure wings expand,
But on their southern wind;
At once it dieth, if it leave
Its native sands behind.

It pineth with familiar love
For its accustomed sky,
And even in a golden cage
It lieth down to die.

And for the love it beareth them,
The natives hold it true,
That whosoever kills this bird
Himself must perish too.

A simple, yet a kind belief,
To keep it free from scaith;
And blessed whate'er in this cold world
Awakens love or faith!

L. E. L.



TEMPLE AND FOUNTAIN OF ZAGWHAN.

Africa.

Artist: Sir Greenville Temple, Bart - Engraved by: J. Redaway

TEMPLE AND FOUNTAIN AT ZAGWHAN.

This fountain supplied the great Aqueduct of Carthage; and the Temple, now in ruins, was erected to the tutelar deity of the Spring. The country is singularly lovely, filled with gardens, brooks, giving motion to numerous mills, and white marabets, whose domes show to great advantage amid the dense green foliage.

OF the vacant temple
 Little now remains,
 Lowly are the statues,
 Lowly are the fanes,
 Filled with worshippers no more.
 Heavily the creeper
 Traces its green line
 Round the fallen altar,
 Now no more divine—
 As it was in days of yore,
 In the days of stately Carthage,
 The ocean's earliest queen.

Still the fragrant myrtle,
 And the olive, stand;
 Still the kingly palm-tree
 Clothes the summer land.
 Cool above the gushing rills
 Still there flows the fountain
 From the silent cave,
 Though no more in marble
 Is the silver wave
 Carried o'er the distant hills,
 For the halls of stately Carthage,
 The ocean's earliest queen.

Still there is remaining
 Something of the past,
 Many a broken column
 Down to earth is cast,
 Tangled with the long green grass.
 Yet some graceful arches
 Green with moss and weeds,
 Tell where stood the altar
 'Mid the sighing reeds—
 Sighing, as the night-winds pass,
 For the doom of stately Carthage,
 The ocean's earliest queen.

Still the ground is haunted
 With those other days,
 O'er which memory lingers,
 While the mind portrays
 Mighty chiefs and deeds of old.
 Mighty are the shadows
 Flitting o'er the scene;
 Earth hath sacred places
 Where the dead have been.
 Glorious are the names enrolled
 On the page of stately Carthage,
 The ocean's earliest queen.

Still their solemn presence
 Is upon the air;
 And the stars and moonlight
 Of the past declare—
 So in other days they shone,
 When the young avenger
 In the temple stood,
 Calling on the midnight,
 To hear his vow of blood.
 Rome nigh trembled on her throne
 With the wars of stately Carthage,
 The ocean's earliest queen.

Yet the Roman poet
 Hallowed with his song,
 Tales of olden warfare,
 Still have strife and wrong
 Mourned man's progress over earth.

But the poet lit the darkness
 With a gentle light,
 Calling forth such beauty
 As the morn from night
 Calls to sweet and sudden birth.
 Such lingers around Carthage,
 The ocean's earliest queen.

In yon twilight grotto
 Might the queen complain
 Of the heart's affection,
 Given—and in vain.
 As she mourned will many mourn.
 Why is it the poet's sorrow
 Touches many a heart?
 'Tis the general knowledge
 Claiming each their part.
 Still those numbers sound forlorn,
 Mid the stones of stately Carthage,
 The ocean's earliest queen.

Empire still has followed
 The revolving sun;
 Earth's great onward progress
 In the East begun—
 Ruins, deserts, now are there.
 Downfall waits on triumph:
 Is such fate in store
 For our glorious islands?
 Will our English shore
 Lie as desolate and bare
 As the shores of fallen Carthage,
 The ocean's former queen?

L. E. L.



THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

Artist: C. Ingram - Engraved by: W. Holl

THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

Not through the quiet shadows of our vale
 Have I pursued thy path—thy God's and thine;
 Not where the violet rises on the gale—
 Not where the green fields in the summer shine.

White was our little dwelling, and around
 Were kindred, ancient friends, and countrymen;
 Not often did it know a ruder sound
 Than when the childlike brook laughed through the glen.

We left our country, and we left our home,
 For other stranger lands beyond the sea,
 Thou, at the bidding of thy God, to roam,
 Strong in thy faith—and I to follow thee.

The wild woods heard our voices, and the name
 Of the Redeemer, till that hour unknown—
 Praises and prayers amid the desert came,
 Stirring its depths with their eternal tone.

Men who till then had never known the voice
 Which murmured at their hearts of awe and fear,
 Now knew it called upon them to rejoice,
 And felt the presence of their God was near.

Has not the rosy morning heard our hymn,
 Heralding in the labours of the day?
 And when the twilight's purple shades were dim
 Our tasks were closed with words that praise and pray.

Be this the omen of all coming time,
 So spread Thy word from rise to set of sun—
 Till the one God be known from clime to clime,
 And the great work of Christian love be done.

L. E. L.