

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

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## INTRODUCTION.

ANOTHER year—again our page  
 Goes wandering over sea and land,  
 And gathers, in its pilgrimage,  
 The shells on many a foreign strand;—

And asks their music and their dreams—  
 What of the future, and the past,  
 Waking the visionary gleams  
 Around the colder present cast.

Two worlds there are—one, chill and stern,  
 Is the external world alone,  
 Whose lessons all mankind must learn,  
 Whose troubles all mankind have known.

It were too harsh, it were too cold,  
 But for the world within that lies :  
 The spirit, by the clay controlled,  
 There yet asserts its native skies.

It is the minstrel's part to fling  
 Around the present's common cope,  
 The solemn hues on Memory's wing,  
 The spiritual light of Hope.

The scene that to a careless eye  
 Seems nothing but itself to be,  
 Has charmed earth and haunted sky—  
 Seen as the minstrel's eye can see.

Himself is but an instrument  
 Inspired by that diviner hour,  
 When first Imagination lent  
 To earth its passion and its power.

Its presence to the heart of man  
 Is like the sunshine to the earth:  
 The soul of its eternal plan,  
 And whence the beautiful has birth.

All things divine and elevate  
 Attend its mighty influence here—  
 The daylight of our actual state,  
 The moral glory of our sphere.

Without its being, earth's fair face  
 Has no sweet shadows, flung of yore;  
 The present lacks the sacred grace  
 Bequeathed by those that are no more.

Without such lovely light the while,  
 Dark, silent, strange, all scenes would be;  
 And Ithaca were but an isle,  
 Unknown, upon a nameless sea!

But now a thousand years come back,  
 The gift of one immortal line;  
 Each with new splendor on its track,  
 As stars upon the midnight shine.

All tender thoughts that fill the heart  
 With tears, and dreams more soft than tears,  
 Have in imagination part,  
 Which sanctifies what it endears.

I only wake the softest chord  
 That is upon the dreaming lyre;  
 One low, one love-touched whispering word,  
 Which asks its tears, but not its fire.

I ask of every pictured scene  
 What human hearts have beaten there;  
 What sorrow on their soil has been,  
 What hope has lighted human care?

I have myself forgot regret,  
 Care, trouble, wrong, amid my strain;  
 If I win others to forget,  
 My song has not been quite in vain.

L. E. L.



## CAFES IN DAMASCUS

ON A BRANCH OF THE BARRADA, THE ANCIENT PHARPAR

*Artist: W. H. Bartlett - Engraved by: S. Smith*

## CAFES IN DAMASCUS.

“ And Mahomet turned aside, and would not enter the fair city : ‘ It is,’ said he, ‘ too delicious.’ ”



ANGUISHEDLY the night wind bloweth  
From the gardens round,  
Where the clear Barrada floweth  
With a lulling sound.

Not the lute note's sweetest shiver  
Can such music find,  
As is on a wandering river,  
On a wandering wind.

There the Moslem leaneth, dreaming  
O'er the inward world,  
While around the fragrant steaming  
Of the smoke is curled.

Rising from the coffee berry,  
Dark grape of the South ;  
Or the pipe of polished cherry,  
With its amber mouth.

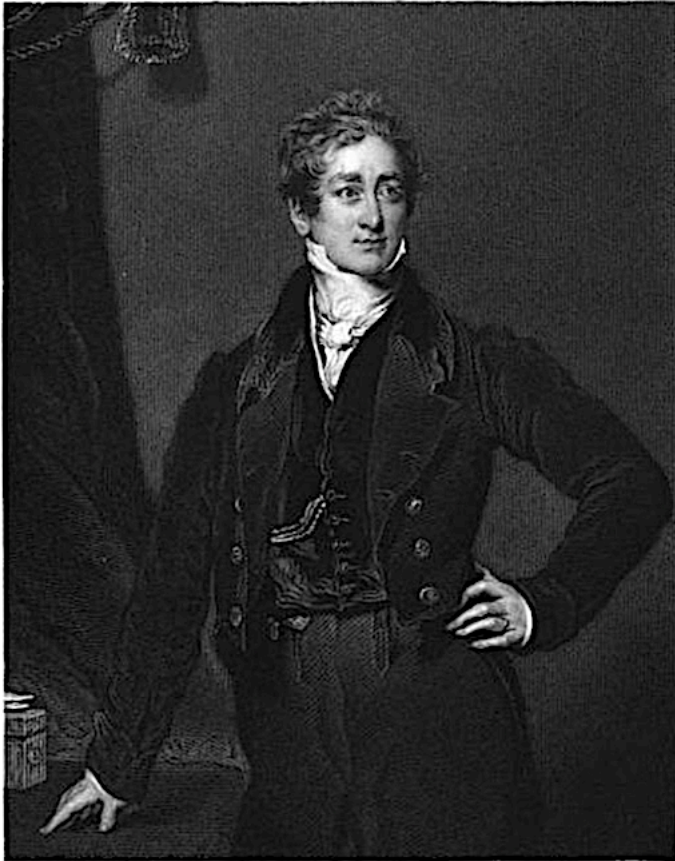
Cooled by passing through the water,  
Gurgling as it flows—  
Scented by the Summer's daughter,  
June's impassioned rose.

By that rose's spirit haunted  
Are the dreams that rise,  
Of far lands, and lives enchanted,  
And of deep black eyes.

Thus, with some sweet dream's assistance,  
Float they down life's stream ;  
Would to Heaven, our whole existence  
Could be such a dream !

The Cafés of the kind represented in the plate are perhaps the greatest luxury that a stranger finds in Damascus. Gardens, kiosques, fountains, and groves are abundant around every Eastern capital ; but Cafés on the very bosom of a rapid river, and bathed by its waves, are peculiar to this ancient city : they are formed so as to exclude the rays of the sun while they admit the breeze.





**THE RT. HONBLE. SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART..**

*Robert Peel*

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

## SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Mrs. Hemans' last hours were cheered by the kindness of Sir Robert Peel; and the letter promising an appointment to her eldest son, was one of the latest that she received. This fact is my excuse for having deviated from my general rule of leaving cotemporary portraits to speak for themselves. I frankly confess that I can never write till interested in my subjects. Now, a female writer cannot pretend to even an opinion on the political and public characters of the day. The above incident, on the contrary, belongs to the many who look back with admiration and gratitude to the gifted and the gone.

DIM through the curtains came the purple twilight slowly,  
 Deepening like death's shadow around that silent room ;  
 There lay a head, a radiant head, but lowly,  
 And the pale face like a statue shone out amid the gloom.

Never again will those white and wasted fingers  
 Waken the music they were wont to wake of yore,  
 A music that in many a beating heart yet lingers,  
 The sweeter and the sadder that she will breathe no more.

It is a lovely world that the minstrel leaves behind him,  
 It is a lovely world in which the minstrel lives,  
 Deep in its inmost life hath the soul of love inshrined him,  
 And passionate and general the pleasure which he gives.

But dear-bought is the triumph, what dark fates are recorded  
 Of those who held sweet mastery o'er the pulses of the lute,  
 Mournfully and bitterly their toil has been rewarded,  
 For them the tree of knowledge puts forth its harshest fruit.

Glorious and stately the ever-growing laurel,  
 Flinging back the summer sunshine, defying winter's snow ;  
 Yet its bright history has the darkly-pointed moral,  
 Deadly are the poisons that through its green leaves flow.

And she, around whose couch the gentle daylight dying,  
 Seems like all nature's loving, last farewell ;  
 She with the world's heart to her own soft one replying,  
 How much of song's fever and sorrow could she tell.

Yet upon her lip a languid smile is shining,  
 Tokens of far-off sympathy have soothed that hour of pain ;  
 Its sympathy has warmed the pallid cheek reclining  
 On the weary pillow whence it will not rise again.

It is the far-off friend, the unknown she is blessing,  
 The statesman who has paused upon toils' hurried way,  
 To learn the deepest charm that power has in possessing,  
 The power to scatter benefits and blessings round its sway.

## R E B E C C A.

SHE looketh on the glittering scene  
 With an unquiet eye ;  
 The shadow of the wakening heart  
 Is passing darkly by.  
 The heart that is a woman's world,  
 Her temple and her home,  
 Which coloureth with itself her cares,  
 Whence all her joys must come.

All generous feelings nursed the love  
 That out of pity came ;  
 Womanly kindness, suffering truth,  
 Might sanctify its claim.  
 But better had she shared the doom,  
 She bade from him depart ;  
 Death has no bitterness like life,  
 Life with a wasted heart.

Proud—beautiful—she boweth down  
 Beneath one deep despair ;  
 Youth lingers lovely on her cheek,  
 It only lingers there.  
 She will command herself, and bear  
 The doom by Fate assigned ;  
 In natures high as her's, the heart  
 Is mastered by the mind.

But not the less 'tis desolate,  
 All lofty thoughts and dreams ;  
 The poetry, with whose deep life  
 All stronger feeling teems.  
 These aggravate the ill, and give  
 A misery of their own ;  
 The gifted spirit suffers much,  
 To common ones unknown.

Why did she love? Alas, such choice  
Is not at woman's will;  
Once must she love, and on that cast  
Is set life's good or ill.  
Sorrows, and timid cares, and tears,  
The happiest entertain;  
But this world has no other hope,  
For her who loves in vain.

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THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS.

*Artist: H. Melville - Engraved by: A. LePetit*

## THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS.

" Is this the way to the celestial city?

" You are just in the way.

" ——— They went up the mountains, to behold the gardens and the orchards."

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

Oh, far away ye are, ye lovely hills,  
 Yet can I feel the air  
 Grow sweet while gazing where  
 The valley with the distant sunshine fills.

Fair Morning! lend thy wings, and let me fly  
 To thy eternal home,  
 Where never shadows come,  
 Where tears are wiped away from every eye.

I'm weary, weary of this earth of ours;  
 I'm sick with the heart's want;  
 My fever'd spirits pant,  
 To cling to things less transient than its flowers.

I ask of the still night—it answers me,  
 This earth is not my home:  
 Great Father! let me come,  
 A wanderer and a penitent, to Thee!

Ye far, fair mountains, echo with my cry.  
 Unto your realm of bliss  
 The grave the threshold is;  
 Let its dark portals open—let me die!



ROBERT BLAKE.  
GENERAL AND ADMIRAL OF THE PARLIAMENTARY FORCES.

*Artist: from Briggs - Engraved by: J. Cochran*

## ROBERT BLAKE,

ADMIRAL AND GENERAL OF THE PARLIAMENTARY FORCES.

WHAT! will they sweep the channels,  
 And brave us as they go!  
 There's no place in English annals  
 For the triumph of a foe.

Thus spoke the English admiral,  
 His hand was on his sword;  
 Hurrah! was the sole answer  
 From every man on board.

The Dutch came o'er the ocean,  
 As if it were their home,  
 With a slow and gliding motion  
 The stately vessels come.

The sky is blue above them,  
 But ere an hour be past,  
 The shadows of the battle  
 Will over heaven be cast.

They meet—it is in thunder,  
 The thunder of the gun;  
 Fire rends the smoke asunder,  
 The battle is begun.

He stands amid his seamen,  
 Our Admiral of the White,  
 And guides the strife more calmly,  
 Than of that strife I write.

For over the salt water  
 The grape-shot sweeps around;  
 The decks are red with slaughter,  
 The dead are falling round.



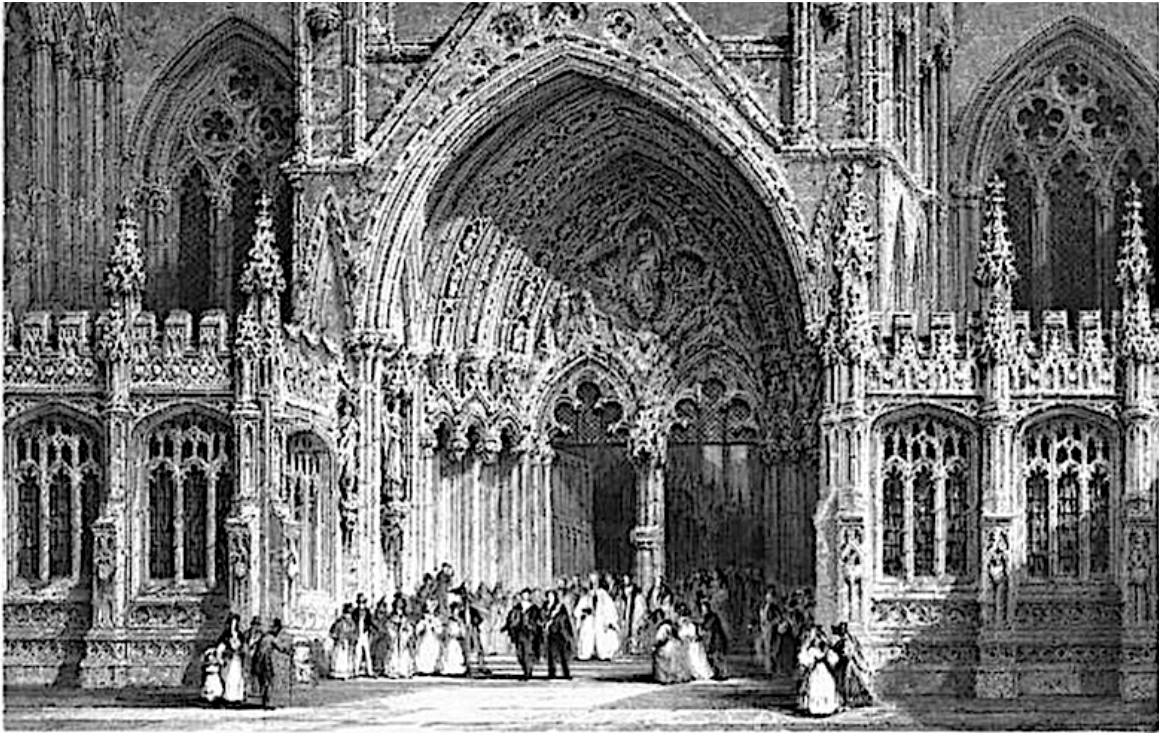
But the bold flag of Old England  
Flies bravely at the mast ;  
The Dutch take down their colours,  
While the cannons fire their last.

From that hour victorious  
Have we kept the seas,  
And our navy glorious,  
Queens it o'er the breeze.

Long may we keep such empire,  
It is a noble debt  
We owe to those past triumphs,  
We never may forget.

The victory over the Dutch was won by Admiral Blake in the time of the Protectorate. Van Tromp sailed into the Channel with a broom at his mast-head, intimating that he would sweep the seas of the English. The result is stated above.

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EXTERIOR OF LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

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

## LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

'TWAS the deep forest bodied forth that fane,  
 So rose the arches of the old oak trees,  
 So wreathed the close-set branches at their side,  
 So through the open spaces gleamed the sun ;  
 While like an anthem sang the morning birds.

All nature teacheth worship unto man,  
 And the first instinct of the heart is faith.  
 Those carved aisles, so noble in their state,  
 So graceful in each exquisite device,  
 Are of the past ; a rude and barbarous past,  
 And yet they rose to heaven. Though the red sword  
 Flashed in the sun, and with unholy flash  
 Disturbed the silver moonlight's quiet hour ;  
 Yet even then men craved for peace and heaven.  
 Hence rose these glorious temples, where the Cross  
 Still sanctifies its merciful domain.

It is curious to observe how much the aspect of nature has in every country given its aspect to architecture. The colossal proportions of Indian scenery have not more given their likeness to the vast temples of the Hindoos, than our own northern forests have given their own character to the Gothic cathedral.



CEMETERY OF THE SMOLENSKO CHURCH  
ON THE VASILI OSTROFF NEAR PETERSBURG

*Artist: A. G. Vickers - Engraved by: E. Smith*

## CEMETERY OF THE SMOLENSKO CHURCH.

(VIGNETTE TITLE.)

THEY gather, with the summer in their hands,  
 The summer from their distant vallies bringing;  
 They gather round the church in pious bands,  
 With funeral array, and solemn singing.

The dead are their companions ; many days  
 Have past since they were laid to their last slumber ;  
 And in the hurry of life's crowded ways,  
 Small space has been for memory to cumber.

But now the past comes back again, and death  
 Asketh its mournful tribute of the living ;  
 And memories that were garnered at the heart,  
 The treasures kept from busier hours are giving.

The mother kneeleth at a little tomb,  
 And sees one sweet face shining from beneath it ;  
 She has brought all the early flowers that bloom,  
 In the small garden round their home, to wreath it.

Friend thinks on friend ; and youth comes back again  
 To that one moment of awakened feeling ;  
 And prayers, such prayers as never rise in vain,  
 Call down the heaven to which they are appealing.

It is a superstitious rite and old,  
 Yet having with all higher things connexion ;  
 Prayers, tears, redeem a world so harsh and cold,  
 The future has its hope, the past its deep affection.

The Cemetery of the Smolensko Church is situated about two versts from Petersburg, on one of the islands on the mouth of the Neva, and less than quarter of a mile from the gulf of Finland. The curious ceremony represented, takes place yearly, when the Russians gather from all parts, to scatter flowers on the graves, and to mourn above the dead, and afterwards proceed to regale themselves with soup, fruit of all kinds, and wine ; in many instances spreading their cloths on the very graves over which they had been bitterly mourning.



THE SACRED SHRINES OF DWARKA.

*Artist: W. Purser - Engraved by: R. Wallis*

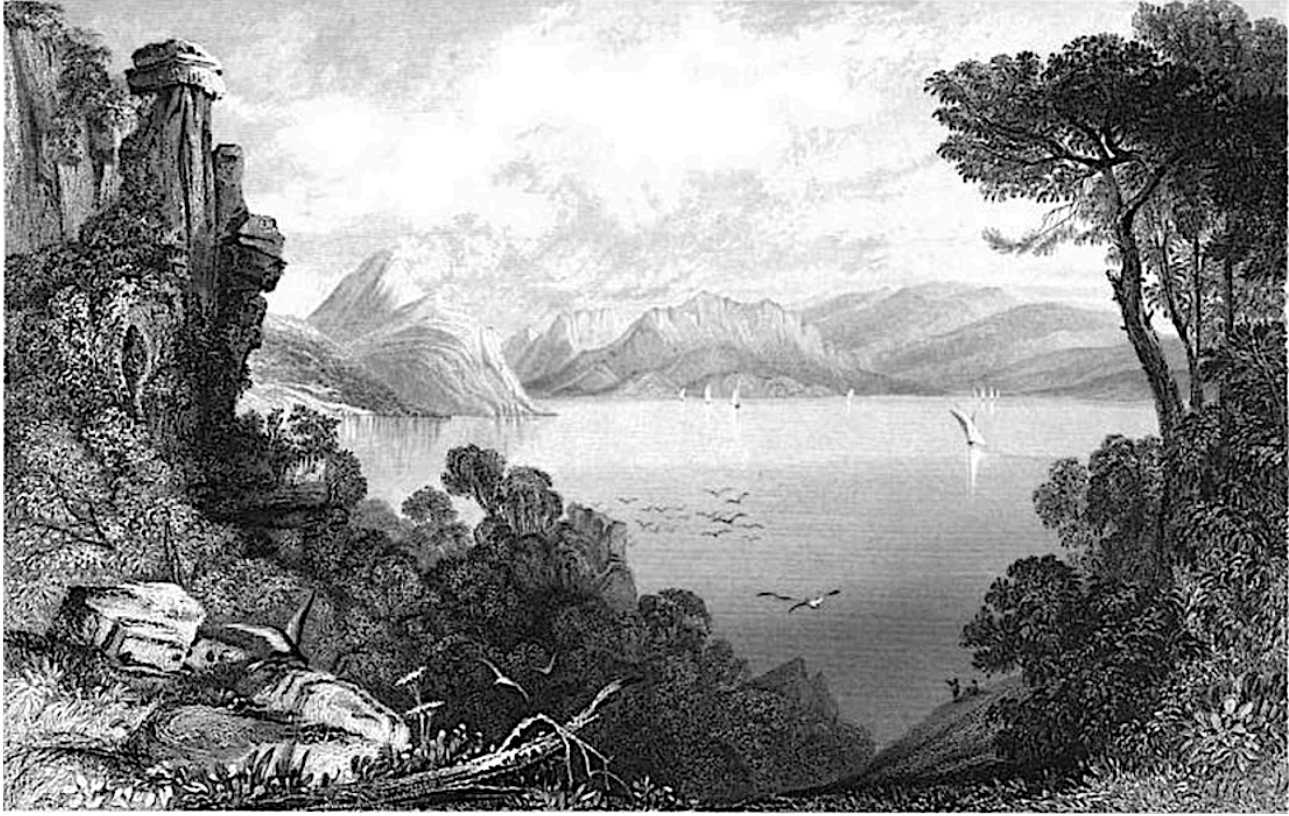
## THE SACRED SHRINES OF DWARKA.



uch was the faith of old—obscure and vast,  
 And offering human triumphs unto heaven.  
 Then rose the stately temple, rich with spoils  
 Won from the vanquished nations. There the god  
 Stood visible in golden pageantry;  
 And pride, pomp, power were holy attributes.  
 A humbler creed has wandered o'er the earth,  
 Known, as a quiet scarce-seen stream is known,  
 But by the greener growth upon its banks.  
 It is our Christian worship, which doth lead

The heart of man to Heaven by love alone.  
 Plant ye the Cross then by these ancient shrines:  
 Far let it spread its genial influence—  
 Peace for its shadow— Hope for its sunshine.

The introduction of Christian Missionaries was always advocated by Sir Alexander Johnston, while President of His Majesty's Council in Ceylon. A leading Brahmin mentioned, while in conversation with him, the following striking fact. "For our toleration," said he, "I refer to the little Roman Catholic chapel of St. Francis, which had for the last 300 years stood under a banyan tree, close by the great Hindoo temple. Not one of the innumerable devotees who resort thither on pilgrimages had ever molested the shrine of another faith."



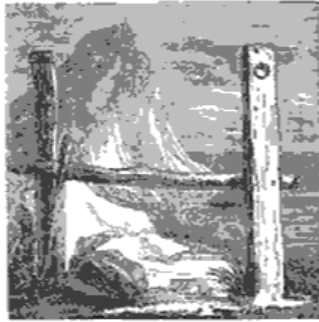
SITE OF THE CASTLE OF ULYSSES  
AND THE BLACK MOUNTAINS IN CEPHALONIA.

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



## SITE OF THE CASTLE OF ULYSSES.

## SONG OF THE SIRENS.



OTHER, famed Ulysses, steer,  
 Pass not, pride of Greece, along;  
 To our haven come and hear,  
 Come and hear the Sirens' song.

Never did a sable bark  
 Coasting by our island stray—  
 That it did not stop to mark,  
 With raptured ear our honied lay.

Here the seaman, loath to part,  
 Ever found a welcome kind;  
 We with pleasure cheered his heart,  
 We with wisdom filled his mind.

Well we know each gallant deed  
 Done in Ilion's spreading land,—  
 When, as gods of heaven decreed,  
 Greece and Troy fought hand to hand.

Whatsoe'er beside is done  
 In earth's confines know we well ;  
 These to thee, Laertes' son,  
 Shall our witching numbers tell.

Hither, famed Ulysses, steer,  
 Pass not, pride of Greece, along ;  
 To our haven come and hear,  
 Come and hear the Sirens' song.

---

The original verses, eight in number, from which the above song is rather imitated than translated, are perfect models of harmony. They are generally supposed to give Homer's own idea of what an epic poem should be—bland and conciliatory in its opening, but at the same time expressing a thorough consciousness that the poet had the power of doing that which would make all ears listen. Ulysses wandering by, in his "winged pines," as Browne phrases it, is accosted in words of gentle accent, but the Sirens take care to tell him that, much praised and deservedly honoured as he is, he must listen to *their* song, for never yet had man heard them sing, without being subdued. The poet proceeds to promise, that sweetness of melody is to mark

the flowing numbers of his lay, and that in the honied song are to be conveyed lessons of wisdom. The sailor, they say, dwells here delighted and filled with ampler knowledge. Such are the general promises, but as, after all, we must come to the particular incidents of human life—the soaring poem is to relate whatever is most spirit-stirring, most heart-moving, most thought-awaking in the doings of men. We must not hear of mere abstractions—we must have names and deeds interesting to every bosom ; and we must be shown, too, that these deeds are regulated by powers above human control. The Sirens, therefore, announce that they shall sing of the most renowned event of their time, those wars and battles which took place before the "wind swept towers of Ilion,"—events to which he to whom they were sung had so mainly contributed, and which were done by the impulse of the gods. Such is the lay, continues the poet, I am about to pour into your ear ; and that it may be done with every certainty of affecting all whose intellect or whose feeling can be approached in tone not to be resisted, I, the minstrel, (see, say the Sirens, but it is Homer, the one Homer, who speaks,) come to my task prepared with long-stored knowledge of all that can concern mankind. "We know all that is done upon the fertile bosom of earth."

Such is the ancient interpretation of the Song of the Sirens. It may, perhaps, be fanciful,—but those who consider the song with care will find that there is much in the comment, and will, at all events, agree that the poet who wrote the verses has fulfilled the conditions.

## EXPECTATION.

SHE looked from out the window  
 With long and asking gaze,  
 From the gold clear light of morning  
     To the twilight's purple haze.  
 Cold and pale the planets shone,  
 Still the girl kept gazing on.  
 From her white and weary forehead  
     Droopeth the dark hair,  
 Heavy with the dews of evening,  
     Heavier with her care ;  
 Falling as the shadows fall,  
 Till flung round her like a pall.

When from the carved lattice  
     First she leant to look,  
 Her bright face was written  
     Like some pleasant book ;  
 Her warm cheek the red air quaffed,  
 And her eyes looked out and laughed.  
 She is leaning back now languid  
     And her cheek is white,  
 Only on the drooping eyelash  
     Glistens tearful light.  
 Colour, sunshine hours are gone,  
 Yet the Lady watches on.

Human heart this history  
     Is thy fated lot,  
 Even such thy watching  
     For what cometh not.  
 Till with anxious waiting dull  
 Round thee fades the beautiful.  
 Still thou seekest on though weary,  
     Seeking still in vain ;  
 Daylight deepens into twilight,  
     What has been thy gain ?  
 Death and night are closing round,  
 All that thou hast sought unfound.



THE LAKE OF COMO, ITALY.

*Artist: S. Prout - Engraved by: William Miller*

## THE LAKE OF COMO.



GAIN I am beside the lake,  
The lonely lake which used to be  
The wide world of the beating heart,  
When I was, love, with thee.

I see the quiet evening lights  
Amid the distant mountains shine ;  
I hear the music of a lute,  
It used to come from thine.

How can another sing the song,  
The sweet sad song that was thine own ?  
It is alike, yet not the same,  
It has not caught thy tone.

Ah, never other lip may catch  
The sweetness round thine own that clung.  
To me there is a tone unheard,  
There is a chord unstrung.

Thou loveliest lake, I sought thy shores,  
That dreams from other days might cast,  
The presence elsewhere sought in vain,  
The presence of the past,

I find the folly of the search,  
Thou bringest but half the past again ;  
My pleasure calling faintly back  
Too vividly my pain.

Too real the memories that haunt  
The purple shadows round thy brink—  
I only asked of thee to dream,  
I did not ask to think.

False beauty haunting still my heart,  
Tho' long since from that heart removed ;  
These waves but tell me how thou wert  
Too well and vainly loved.

Fair lake, it is all vain to seek  
The influence of thy lovely shore—  
I asked of thee for hope and love—  
They come to me no more.



*Victoria Aug: 10<sup>th</sup> 1835.*

*Artist: Sir Geo. Hayter - Engraved by: J. Cochran*

## THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

A FAIR young face o'er which is only cast  
 The delicate hues of spring,  
 Though round her is the presence of the past,  
 And the stern future gathers darkly fast ;  
 As yet no heavy shadow loads their wing.

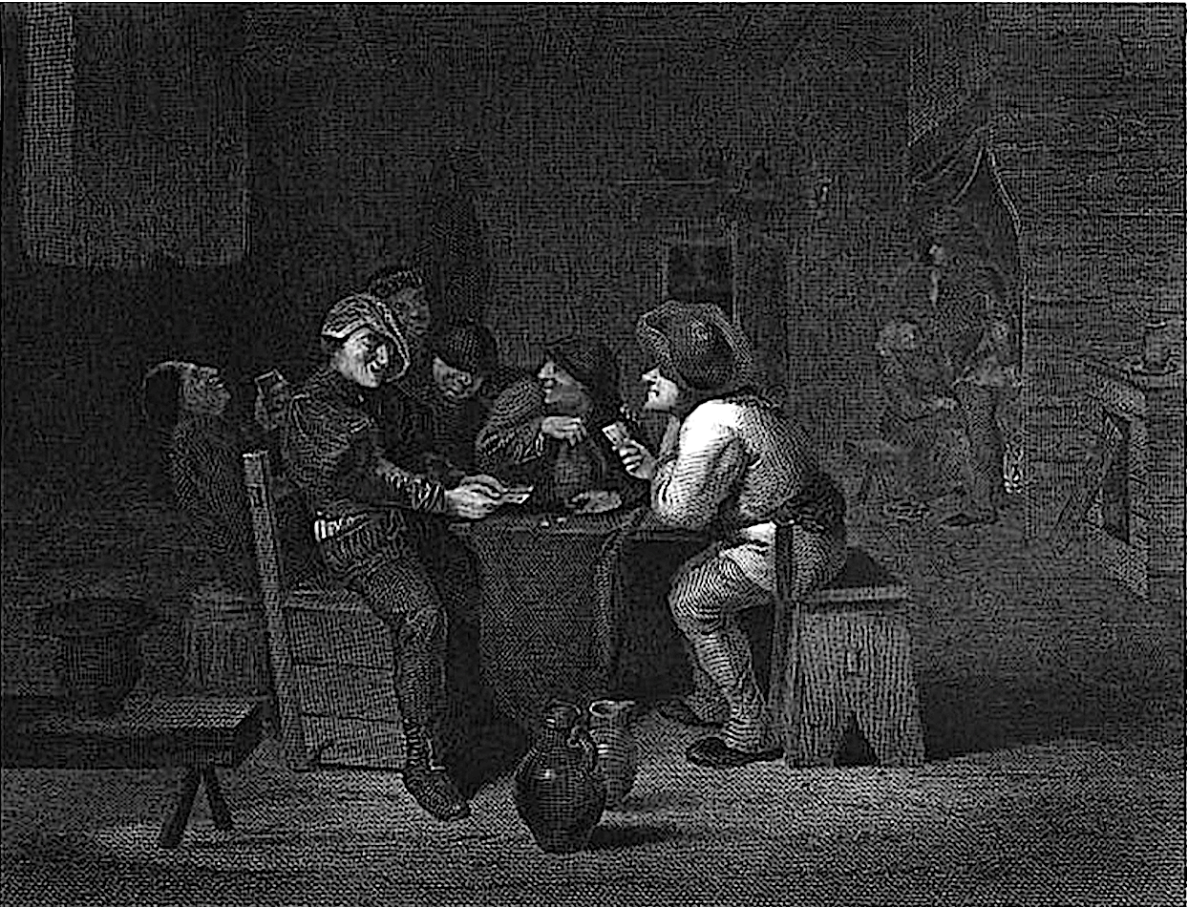
A little while hast thou to be a child,  
 Thy lot is all too high ;  
 Thy face is very fair, thine eyes are mild,  
 But duties on thine arduous path are piled—  
 A nation's hopes and fears blend with thy destiny.

Change is upon the world, it may be thine  
 To soothe its troubled way,  
 To make thy throne a beacon and a shrine  
 Whence knowledge, power, and liberty may shine,  
 As yet they have not shone on mortal day.

There is much misery on this worn earth,  
 But much that may be spared ;  
 Of great and generous thought there is no dearth,  
 And highest hopes of late have had their birth,  
 Hopes for the many, what the few have shared.

The wind that bears our flag from soil to soil,  
 Teaches us as it flies ;  
 It carries in its breath a summer spoil,  
 And seeds spring up to stimulate man's toil,  
 So should our mind spread round its rich supplies.

Thou, Royal child, the future is thine own,  
 May it be blessed in thee !  
 May peace that smiles on all be round thy throne,  
 And universal truth, whose light alone  
 Gives golden records unto history.



PEASANTS PLAYING CARDS IN A TAVERN.  
A DUTCH INTERIOR.

*Artist: A. Brouwer - Engraved by: Augustus Fox*



## A DUTCH INTERIOR.

THEY were poor, and by their cabin,  
 Pale want sat at the door ;  
 And the summer to their harvest  
 Brought insufficient store.

On one side, the fierce ocean  
 Proclaimed perpetual war ;  
 On the other, mighty nations  
 Were threatening from afar.

Foes and seas denied a footing,  
 On the very ground they trod ;  
 But they had their native courage,  
 And they had their trust in God.

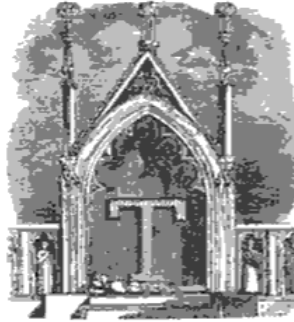
They made the sea defender  
 Of the lately threatened shore,  
 And their tall and stately vessels  
 Sailed the conquered waters o'er.

To the poor and scanty cabin,  
 Poured wealth from East and West ;  
 And Freedom came with commerce,  
 From all old times her guest.

Dyke by dyke they beat their enemies,  
 As they had beat the sea ;  
 Till Faith stood by her altar,  
 Secure—triumphant—free.

The brilliant theory of a republic has never been reduced to more rational practice than in the history of Holland. Commerce, religious toleration, security of life and property, and universal instruction—these have been the principles of the States from the very first. Liberty can have no securer foundations. We know of nothing finer in all history, than their unequal but triumphant struggle with the *le Grand Monarque*. The spirit which animated the young and gallant Prince of Orange, was that of the whole nation. "You will see the ruin of your country," was the prophecy of those who looked to the inferior means, not to the superior spirit. "Never," was the heroic reply, "for I will die in her last ditch."

## THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.



HERE is a little lonely grave  
 Which no one comes to see,  
 The foxglove and red orchis wave  
 Their welcome to the bee.  
 There never falls the morning sun,  
 It lies beneath the wall,  
 But there when weary day is done  
 The lights of sunset fall,  
 Flushing the warm and crimson air  
 As life and hope were present there.

There sleepeth one who left his heart  
 Behind him in his song;  
 Breathing of that diviner part  
 Which must to heaven belong.  
 The language of those spirit chords,  
 But to the poet known,  
 Youth, love, and hope yet use his words,  
 They seem to be his own.  
 And yet he has not left a name,  
 The poet died without his fame.

How many are the lovely lays  
 That haunt our English tongue,  
 Defrauded of their poet's praise  
 Forgotten he who sung.  
 Tradition only vaguely keeps  
 Sweet fancies round this tomb;  
 Its tears are what the wild flower weeps,  
 Its record is that bloom;  
 Ah, surely nature keeps with her  
 The memory of her worshipper.

One of her loveliest mysteries  
 Such spirit blends at last  
 With all the fairy fantasies  
 Which o'er some scenes are cast.  
 A softer beauty fills the grove,  
 A light is in the grass,  
 A deeper sense of truth and love  
 Comes o'er us as we pass;  
 While lingers in the heart one line,  
 The nameless poet hath a shrine.



EUCLES ANNOUNCING THE VICTORY OF MARATHON.

*Artist: B. R. Haydon - Engraved by: S. Sangster*

## EUCLES ANNOUNCING THE VICTORY OF MARATHON.



He cometh from the purple hills,  
 Where the fight has been to-day;  
 He bears the standard in his hand—  
 Shout round the victor's way.  
 The sun-set of a battle won,  
 Is round his steps from Marathon.

Gather the myrtles near,  
 And fling them on his path;  
 Take from her braided hair  
 The flowers the maiden hath,

A welcome to the welcome one,  
 Who hastens now from Marathon.

They crowd around his steps,  
 Rejoicing young and old;  
 The laurel branch he bears,  
 His glorious tale hath told,  
 The Persian's hour of pride is done,  
 Victory is on Marathon.

She cometh with brightened cheek,  
 She who all day hath wept;  
 The wife and mother's tears,  
 Where her youngest infant slept,  
 The heart is in her eyes alone,  
 What careth she for Marathon?

But down on his threshold, down!  
 Sinks the warrior's failing breath,  
 The tale of that mighty field  
 Is left to be told by death.—  
 'Tis a common tale—the victor's sun  
 Sets, in tears and blood, o'er Marathon.

## THE WOODLAND BROOK.



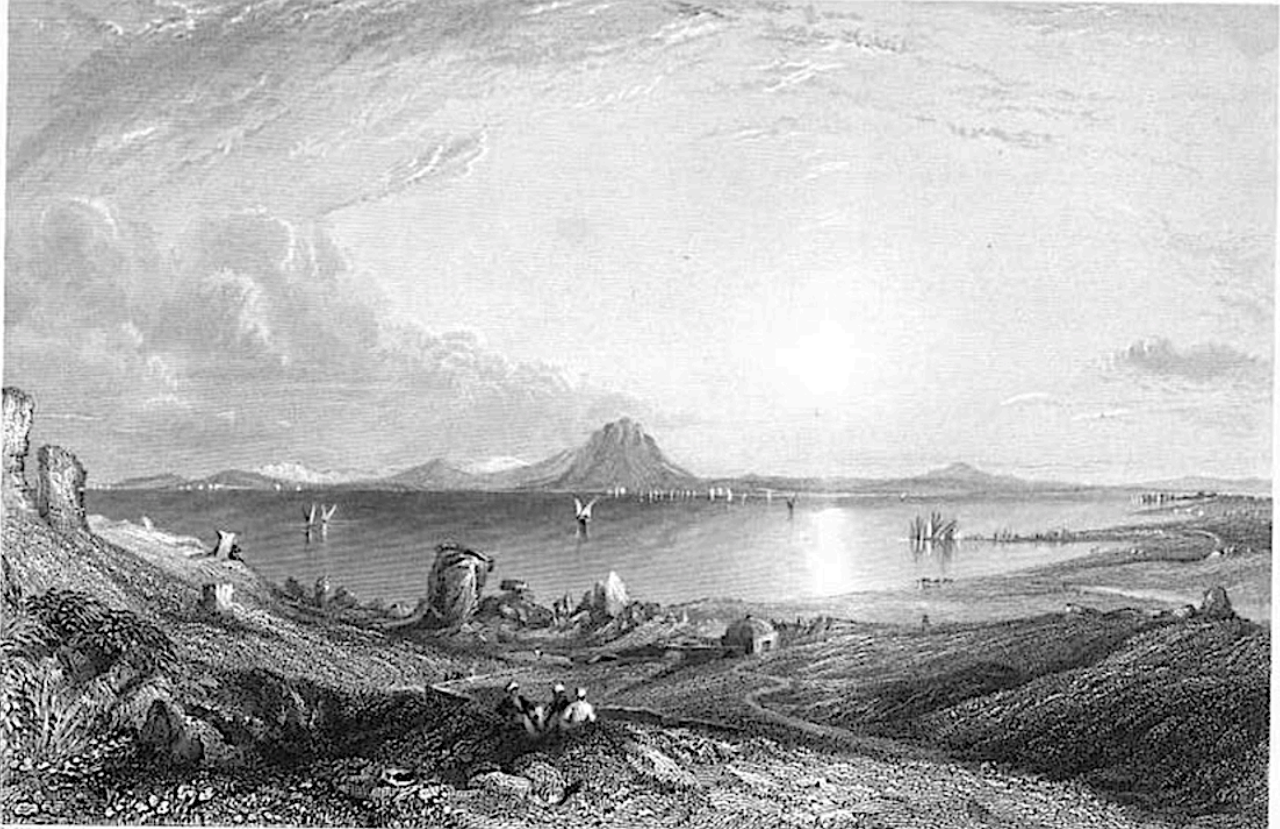
How art flowing, thou art flowing,  
 Oh, small and silvery brook ;  
 The rushes by thee growing,  
 And with a patient look  
 The pale narcissus o'er thee bends  
 Like one who asks in vain for friends.

I bring not back my childhood,  
 Sweet comrade of its hours ;  
 The music of the wild wood,  
 The colour of the flowers ;  
 They do not bring again the dream  
 That haunted me beside thy stream.

When black-lettered old romances  
 Made a world for me alone ;  
 Oh, days of lovely fancies,  
 Are ye for ever flown ?  
 Ye are fled, sweet, vague, and vain,  
 So I cannot dream again.

I have left a feverish pillow  
 For thy soothing song ;  
 Alas, each fairy billow  
 An image bears along,  
 Look where I will, I only see  
 One face too much beloved by me.

In vain my heart remembers  
 What pleasure used to be,  
 My past thoughts are but embers  
 Consumed by love for thee.  
 I wish to love thee less—and feel  
 A deeper fondness o'er me steal.



RUINS AT CARTHAGE.

*Artist: J. Salmon - Engraved by: H. Adlard*





**THE RT. HONBLE. WILLIAM LAMB, BARON MELBOURNE.**

A handwritten signature in cursive script, which reads "W. Lamb". The signature is written in dark ink on a light background.

*Artist: Sir Thomas Lawrence - Engraved by: S. Freeman*



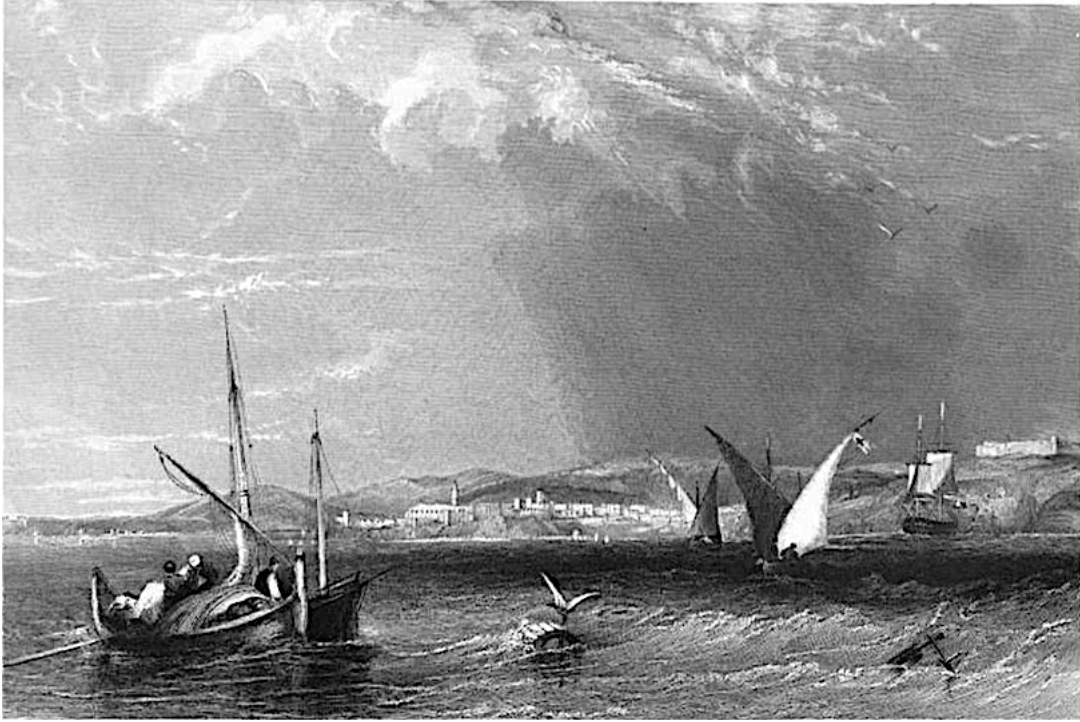
## LORD MELBOURNE.

It is a glorious task to guide  
 The vessel thro' the dashing tide  
 When dark is the tumultuous sea  
 And thunder-clouds are on the lea,  
 While war-notes mount upon the wind  
 From the fierce storm that rides behind.

And such a task it is to steer  
 A people in their high career,  
 When old opinions war, and change  
 Is sudden, violent, and strange ;  
 And men recall the past, to say,  
 So shall not be the coming day.

Such time is passing o'er our land,  
 New thoughts arise—new hopes expand,  
 And man knows in his own strong will  
 It is his purpose to fulfil :  
 In the fierce contest of such hour,  
 How mighty is the leader's power.

More glorious than the conqueror's brand,  
 The rule entrusted to such hand.  
 From it the past and present claim  
 The rights they teach, the hopes they frame :  
 Do what the island of the free ;  
 What England should expect of thee !

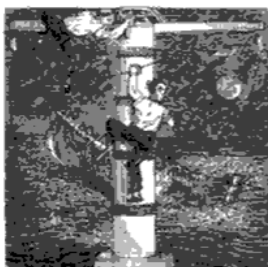


TOWN AND HARBOUR OF BONA, AFRICA.

*Artist: J. Salmon - Engraved by: J. Appleton*

## BONA.

## THE PIRATE'S SONG.



o the mast nail our flag, it is dark as the grave,  
 Or the death which it bears while it sweeps o'er the wave.  
 Let our deck clear for action, our guns be prepared ;  
 Be the boarding-axe sharpened, the scimeter bared :  
 Set the canisters ready, and then bring to me,  
 For the last of my duties, the powder-room key.  
 It shall never be lowered, the black flag we bear ;  
 If the sea be denied us, we sweep through the air.

Unshared have we left our last victory's prey ;

It is mine to divide it, and yours to obey :  
 There are shawls that might suit a sultana's white neck,  
 And pearls that are fair as the arms they will deck ;  
 There are flasks which, unseal them, the air will disclose  
 Dianetta's far summers, the home of the rose.  
 I claim not a portion : I ask but as mine,  
 'Tis to drink to our victory—one cup of red wine.

Some fight, 'tis for riches ; some fight, 'tis for fame :  
 The first I despise, and the last is a name.  
 I fight, 'tis for vengeance. I love to see flow,  
 At the stroke of my sabre, the life of my foe.  
 I strike for the memory of long vanished years ;  
 I only shed blood, where another sheds tears.  
 I come, as the lightning comes red from above,  
 O'er the race that I loathe, to the battle I love.



THE CHURCH AT POLIGNAC.

*Artist: J. D. Harding - Engraved by: T. Higham*

[Written during the imprisonment of Prince Polignac and his colleagues,  
after the French Revolution of 1830.]

#### THE CHURCH AT POLIGNAC.



NEEL down in yon chapel, but only one prayer  
Should awaken the echoes its tall arches bear ;  
Pale mother, pray not for the child on the bed,  
For the sake of the prisoner let matins be said ;  
Old man, though the shade of thy grave-stone be nigh,  
Yet not for thyself raise thy voice to the sky ;  
Young maiden, there kneeling, with blush and with tear,  
Name not the one name to thy spirit most dear.  
The prayer for another, to Heaven address,  
Comes back to the breather thrice blessing and blest.

Beside the damp marsh, rising sickly and cold,  
Stand the bleak and stern walls of the dark prison hold ;  
There fallen and friendless, forlorn and opprest,  
Are they—once the flattered, obeyed, and carest.  
From the blessings that God gives the poorest exiled,  
His wife is a widow, an orphan his child ;  
For years there the prisoner has wearily pined,  
Apart from his country, apart from his kind ;  
Amid millions of freemen, one last lonely slave,  
He knoweth the gloom, not the peace of the grave.

I plead not their errors, my heart's in the cause,  
Which bows down the sword with the strength of the laws ;  
But France, while within her such memories live,  
With her triumphs around, can afford to forgive.  
Let Freedom, while raising her glorious brow,  
Shake the tears from her laurels that darken there now,  
Be the chain and the bar from yon prison removed,  
Give the children their parent, the wife her beloved.  
By the heart of the many is pardon assigned,  
For, Mercy, thy cause is the cause of mankind.

Mr. DUNCOMBE, in his eloquent speech which first excited the sentiment I have faintly endeavoured to express above, after giving most painful details of the prisoners in that fortress, says, " I put it to the house and to the public, whether persecution like this be necessary to the ends of national justice ! The same feeling which prompted us on a former occasion to address our allies in the language of congratulation, should now induce us to advise the French people to temper triumph with clemency." Surely, the matter cannot be allowed to merge in that selfish carelessness with which we are too apt to regard the sufferings of others. Political enlightenment has yet many steps to make, while justice and vengeance are synonymous terms. But an appeal was never yet made in vain to the generous sympathies of " La Belle France."



VALETTA, MALTA.

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

## VALETTA, CAPITAL OF MALTA.



HE vessel swept in with the light of the morn,  
High on the red air its gonfalon borne ;  
The roofs of the dwellings, the sails of the mast  
Mixed in the crimson the daybreak had cast.

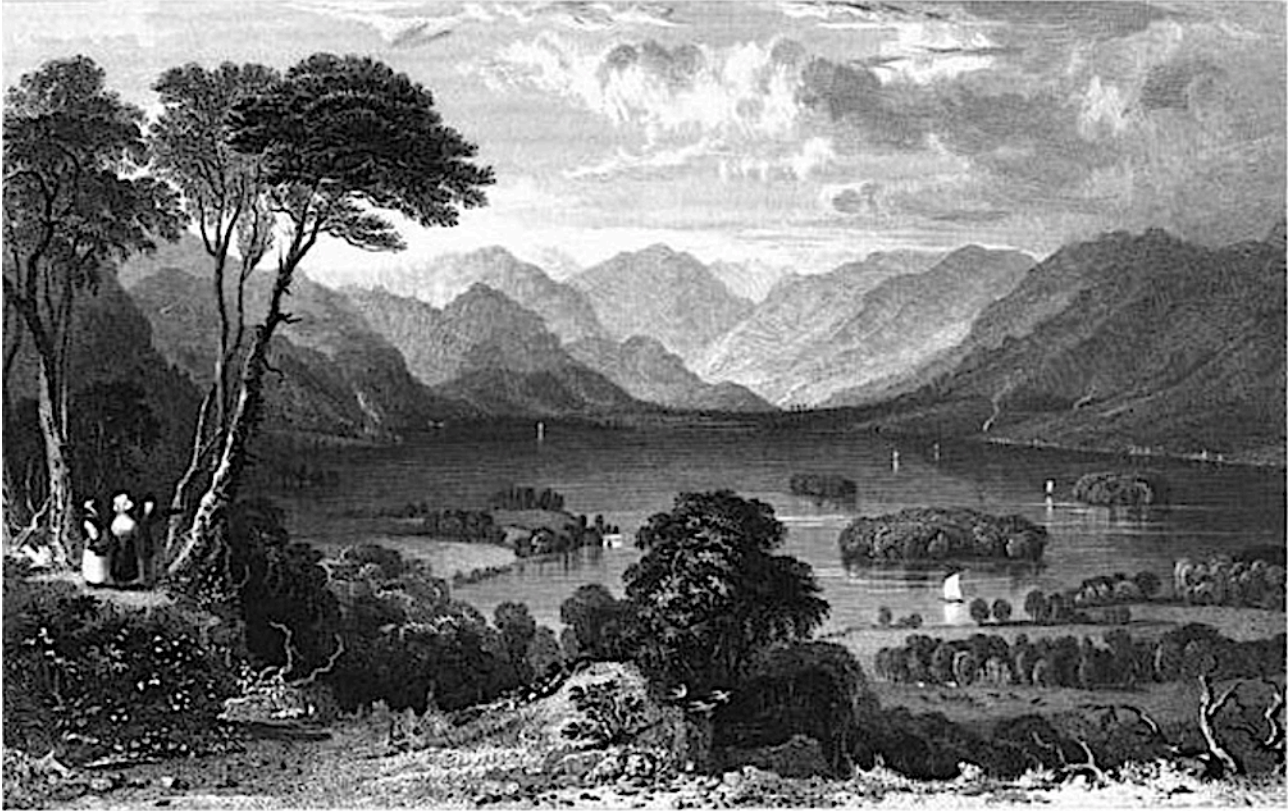
On came the vessel :—his sword in his hand,  
At once from the deck leapt a stranger to land.  
A moment he stood, with the wind in his hair,  
The sunshine less golden—the silk was less fair.

He looked o'er the waters—what looked he to see !  
What alone in the depths of his own heart could be.  
He saw an old castle arise from the main,  
The oak on its hills, and the deer on its plain.

He saw it no longer ;—the vision is fled ;  
Paler the prest lip, and firmer the tread.  
He takes from his neck a light scarf that he wore ;  
Tis flung on the waters, that bear it from shore.

'Twas the gift of a false one ;—and with it he flung  
All the hopes and the fancies that round it had clung.  
The shrine has his vow—the Cross has his brand ;—  
He weareth no gift of a woman's white hand.

A seal on his lip, and an oath at his heart,  
His future a warfare—he knoweth his part.  
The visions that haunted his boyhood are o'er,  
The young Knight of Malta can dream them no more.



DERWENT WATER, FROM THE CASTLE HEAD, CUMBERLAND.

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



## DERWENT WATER.

I KNEW her—though she used to make  
 Her dwelling by that lonely lake.  
 A little while she came to show  
 How lovely distant flowers can go.  
 The influence of that fairy scene  
 Made beautiful her face and mien.  
 I have seen faces far more fair,  
 But none that had such meaning there.  
 For to her downcast eyes were given  
 The azure of an April heaven;  
 The softening of those sunny hours,  
 By passing shadows, and by showers.

O'er her cheek the wandering red,  
 By the first wild rose was shed.  
 Evanescent, pure, and clear,  
 Just the warm heart's atmosphere.  
 Like the sweet and inner world,  
 In that early rose-bud furled.  
 All whose rich revealings glow  
 Round the lovelier world below.  
 Light her step was, and her voice  
 Said unto the air, rejoice;  
 And her light laugh's silvery breaking  
 Sounded like the lark's first waking.

Return to that fair lake, return,  
 On whose green heathlands grows the fern;  
 And mountain heights of dark grey stone,  
 Are bright with lichens overgrown.  
 Thou art too fay-like and too fair  
 For our more common clouded air.  
 Beauty such as thine belongs  
 To a world of dreams and songs;  
 Let thy image with us dwell,  
 Lending music to farewell.



THE SPANISH PAGE.

*Artist: Murillo - Engraved by: T. Woolnoth*

## THE SPANISH PAGE,

OR, THE CITY'S RANSOM.



HE was a chieftain's daughter, and he a captive boy,  
 Yet playmates and companions they shared each childish joy;  
 Their dark hair often mingled, they wandered hand in hand,  
 But at last the golden ransom restored him to his land.  
 A lovely town is Seville amid the summer air,  
 But, though it be a little town, Xenilla is as fair;  
 Fair are the glittering minarets where the purple daylight falls,  
 And rosy the pomegranates of the gardens in its walls.

But its pleasant days are over, for an army girds it round,  
 With the banner of the red cross, and the christian trumpets sound;  
 They have sworn to raze the city that in the sunshine stood,  
 And its silvery singing fountains shall flow with Moslem blood.  
 Fierce is the christian leader, a young and orphan lord,  
 For all the nobles of his house fell by the Moorish sword;  
 Himself was once a captive, till redeemed by Spanish gold,  
 Now to be paid by Moorish wealth and life an hundred-fold.

The sound of war and weeping reached where a maiden lay,  
 Fading as fades the loveliest, too soon from earth away,  
 Dark fell the silken curtains, and still the court below,  
 But the maiden's dream of childhood was disturbed by wail and wo.  
 She questioned of the tumult; her pale slaves told the cause;  
 The colour mounted to her cheek, a hasty breath she draws;  
 She called her friends around her, she whispered soft and low,  
 Like music from a wind-touched lute her languid accents flow.

Again upon her crimson couch she laid her weary head;  
 They looked upon the dark-eyed maid—they looked upon the dead.  
 That evening, ere the sunset grew red above the town,  
 A funeral train upon the hills came winding slowly down;  
 They come with mournful chanting, they bear the dead along,  
 The sentinels stood still to hear that melancholy song:  
 To Don Henrique they bore the corpse—they laid it at his feet,  
 Pale grew the youthful warrior that pale sweet face to meet.

## THE SPANISH PAGE.

As if in quiet slumber the Moorish maid was laid,  
And her white hands were folded, as if in death she prayed ;  
Her long black hair on either side was parted on her brow,  
And her cold cheek was colder than marble or than snow.  
Yet lovelier than a living thing she met the warrior's gaze,  
Around her was the memory of many happy days.  
He knew his young companion, though long dark years had flown,  
Well had she kept her childish faith—she was in death his own.

“ Bring ye this here, a ransom for those devoted walls !”  
None answered—but around the tent a deeper silence falls ;  
None knew the maiden's meaning, save he who bent above,  
Ah ! only love can read within the hidden heart of love.  
There came from these white silent lips more eloquence than breath,  
The tenderness of childhood—the sanctity of death.  
He felt their old familiar love had ties he could not break,  
The warrior spared the Moorish town, for that dead maiden's sake.

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STRADA REALE, CORFU.

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

## STRADA REALE—CORFU.



I AM weary of the green wood  
Where haunteth the wild bee,  
And the olive's silvery foliage  
Droops o'er the myrtle tree.

The fountain singeth silvery,  
As with a sleepy song,  
It wandereth the bright mosses,  
And drooping flowers among.

I will seek the cheerful city,  
And in the crowded street,  
See if I can find the traces  
Of pleasure's winged feet.

The bells are ringing gaily,  
And their music gladdens all,  
From the towers in the sunshine,  
To the date and orange stall.

Gay voices are around me,  
I seem to gladden too ;  
And a thousand changing objects  
Win my wandering eyes anew.

It is pleasant through the city  
In a sunny day to roam ;  
And yet my full heart turns to thee,  
My own, my green-wood home.



*The Battle of Bothwell Brig. Bataille du Pont de Bothwell.*

*Artist: W. Hartley - Engraved by: J. B. Allen*



## CLAVERHOUSE AT THE BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIG.

HE leads them on, the chief, the knight;  
 Dark is his eye with fierce delight,  
 A calm and unrelenting joy,  
 Whose element is to destroy.

Down falls his soft and shining hair,  
 His face is as woman's fair;  
 And that slight frame seems rather meant  
 For lady's bower than soldier's tent.

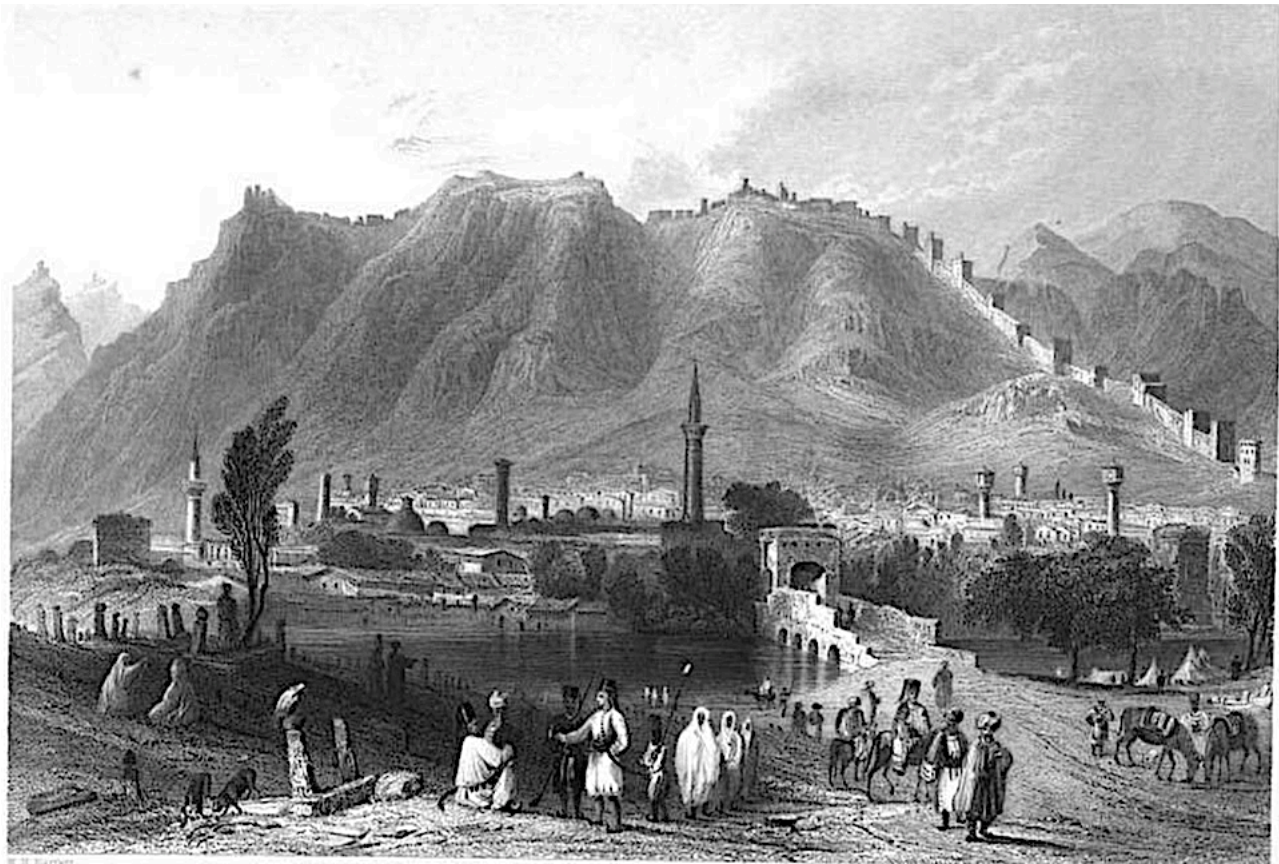
But on that kindled brow is wrought  
 The energy that is of thought,  
 The sternness and the strength that grow  
 In the high heart that beats below.

The golden spur is on his heel,  
 The spur his war-horse does not feel;  
 The sun alone has gilt the brand,  
 Now bared in his unsparing hand.

But ere the sun go down again  
 That sword will wear a deeper stain;  
 Sun and sword alike will go  
 Down o'er the dying and the foe.

Never yet hath failed that brand,  
 Never yet hath spared that hand;  
 Where their mingled light is shed,  
 Are the fugitive or dead.

Though the grave were on his way,  
 Forward, would that soldier say;  
 And upon his latest breath  
 Would be, "Victory or Death."



ANTIOCH, ON THE APPROACH FROM SUADEAH.

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

## ANTIOCH.

This View of the City is taken from a burial-ground, called, in the picturesque phraseology of the East, "The City of the Dead." There was a vulture perched on one of the tombstones.

WHEN the vulture on the wind  
 Mounted as in days of old,  
 Leaving hope and fear behind,  
 What did his dark flight behold !

Conquest, in its crimson car,  
 Reddening sword and broken spear,  
 Nations gathering to the war,  
 These were in his wide career.

When the thunder and his wing  
 Swept the startled earth below,  
 Did the flight prophetic bring  
 Omen of the world we know.

Vainly did the augur seek  
 In its path the will of heaven ;  
 Not to that fierce eye and beak,  
 Was the fated future given.

No, the future's depths were stirred  
 By the white wings of the dove ;  
 When the troubled earth first heard  
 Words of peace, and words of love.

Now, far other hopes arise  
 Over life's enlarging day,  
 Science, commerce, enterprise,  
 Point to man his glorious way.

Where those distant deserts wind.  
 Even now an English band  
 Urge the triumphs of the mind  
 Through a wild and savage land.

Mind, and only mind, could gain  
 Such a conquest as they ask ;  
 Stormy wind, and sandy plain,  
 Doubt and death attend the task.

They will make their gallant way,  
 Must achieve their glorious goal ;  
 It is night subdued by day,  
 'Tis the mastery of the soul.

Let the dark Euphrates bear  
 English keel and English sail ;  
 Not alone o'er wind and air  
 Will the enterprise prevail :

But our flag will bear around,  
 Faith and knowledge, light and hope,  
 Empire with no other bound  
 Than the wide horizon's scope.

Honour to the generous band,  
 Bearing round our name and laws,  
 For the honour of our land,  
 For humanity's great cause.

I allude to the voyage down the Euphrates. Conquest and commerce have been the two great principles of civilization. It is only of late years that we have seen the superiority of the sail over the sword. The expedition, whose advantages I have ventured above to prophesy, is in the noblest spirit of enlightened enterprise. We must take with us our knowledge ; and so disturb, and eventually destroy the darkness, mental and moral, too long gathered on the East. The generous earnestness of science, and the enthusiasm of enterprise, were never more nobly marked than in the concluding passage of Colonel Chesney's letter to the Admiralty, announcing the loss of the Tigris steamer :—

“ We are, therefore, continuing our descent and survey to Bussorah, hoping not only to bring up the mail from India within the specified time, but also, if it pleases God to spare us, to demonstrate the speed, economy, and commercial advantages of the river Euphrates, provided the decision of Ministers shall be, in the true spirit of Englishmen, to give it a fair trial, rather than abandon the original purpose in consequence of an unforeseen, and, as it is proved, an unavoidable calamity.”



**WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, ESQ..**

*Wilberforce*

*Artist: G. Richmond - Engraved by: E. Scriven*

## WM. WILBERFORCE, ESQ.

BORN AUGUST 24<sup>TH</sup>. 1759.—DIED JULY 10<sup>TH</sup>. 1833.

“THERE are those who first started this mighty question, (slave emancipation,) and broached its godlike principles, who have not lived to see the triumph which is reserved for it in these our days. They laboured in their generation strenuously and vigorously for that fulfilment which we are now about to accomplish,—they were satisfied with the foundation which it was their fortune to lay, and they trusted that it would be strong enough to support the glorious superstructure which is now about to be reared upon it. Like the prophets of old, they hailed the day-star from on high, and exulted in that prospect, which they saw through a glass darkly, and not, as we do, face to face. It is not, however, without feelings of the deepest and most heartfelt satisfaction that I recall to your recollection the fact that one man, the most religiously inspired, the most conscientiously influenced of all who laboured in the dawn and the rising of this great and glorious cause—Wilberforce,—still remains, to witness the final consummation of that important triumph to which his last energies were devoted, and to exclaim, like the last of the prophets to whom I have before alluded, ‘Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.’—*Lord Stanley’s Speech, May 14th, 1833.*”

The following anecdote is very characteristic of this truly great and christian philanthropist :

“A friend told me that he found him once in the greatest agitation, looking for a despatch which he had mislaid, one of the royal family was waiting for it :—he had delayed the search to the last moment ; he seemed at last quite vexed and flurried. At this unlucky instant, a disturbance in the nursery overhead occurred. My friend, who was with him, said to himself, Now, for once, Wilberforce’s temper will give way. He had hardly thought thus, when Mr. Wilberforce turned to him and said, ‘What a blessing it is to have these dear children!—only think what a relief amidst other hurries to hear their voices, and know they are well.’—*Christian Keepsake for 1836.*”

He sleeps—yet little of him sleeps below,  
Earth has its share, dust unto dust we throw.  
His soul is in its native heaven, his mind  
Remains with us, to benefit mankind.



LANCASTER CASTLE.

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

## LANCASTER CASTLE.



ARK with age these towers look down  
Over their once vassal town ;  
Warlike—yet long years have past  
Since they looked on slaughter last.

Never more will that dark wall  
Echo with the trumpet's call,  
When the Red Rose and the White  
Called their warriors to the fight.

Never more the sounding yew,  
Which the English archer drew,  
Will decide a battle-day  
Past like its own shafts away.

Never more those halls will ring  
With the ancient harper's string,  
When the red wine passed along  
With a shout and with a song.

Trumpet, harp, and good yew bow  
Are so many memories now,  
While the loom, the press, the gun,  
Have another age begun.

Yet that old chivalric hour  
Hath upon the present power  
Changed—and softened and refined  
It has left its best behind.

What may its bequeathings be ?  
Honour, song, and courtesy.  
Like the spirit of its clay,  
Yesterday redeems to-day.





SIR WILLIAM STANLEY, KC.,  
LORD CHAMBERLAIN OF THE HOUSEHOLD TO HENRY 7TH.

*Artist: a painting in Wentworth Ho. - Engraved by: H. Robinson*

## SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.

The man was old, his hair was grey—  
 And I have heard the old man say,  
 'Keep thou from royal courts away ;'  
 In proof thereof, he went to tell  
 The Stanley's fatal chronicle.



King Henry sat amid his court, and of the nobles there  
 Not one with William Stanley for favour could compare ;  
 He was the royal chamberlain, and on his bended knee  
 Within King Henry's silver cup the red wine poured he.

There came a knight in presence there, he named my master's name,  
 As he stood betting golden coin upon the royal game.  
 And on Sir Robert Clifford's word, they took his sword away,  
 And William Stanley to the Tower was prisoner sent that day.

God only knows the hearts of men, but 'twas a wondrous thing  
 My noble master should conspire against the crowned king ;  
 For well I know on Bosworth Field it was his red right hand  
 That placed upon Earl Richmond's brow King Richard's royal band.

But ancient service is forgot ; and he, the Wiseman, said,  
 Think thou no evil of the king upon thy lonely bed ;  
 And therefore little will I name of what I then heard told,  
 That my good lord's worst treasons were his broad lands and his gold.

I saw him on the scaffold stand, the axe was gleaming bright,  
 But I will say he faced its shine as best became a knight ;  
 He prayed a prayer—he knelt him down—there smote a sullen sound,  
 I saw my master's severed head upon the dark red ground.

No nobles bore the noble's pall, there was no funeral bell,  
 But I stood weeping by the grave of him I loved so well.  
 I know not of the right or wrong, but this much let me say,  
 Would God my master had been kept from kings and courts away !



THE HALL OF GLENNAQUOICH - A HIGHLAND FEAST.

*Artist: D. M'Clise - Engraved by: P. Lightfoot*

## THE HALL OF GLENNAQUOICH.



NO MORE the voice of feasting is heard amid those halls,  
The grass grows o'er the hearthstone, the fern o'ertops the walls ;  
And yet those scenes are present, as they were of our age—  
Such is the mighty mastery of one enchanted page.

The name of SCOTT awakens a world within the heart ;  
The scenes are not more real wherein ourselves have part.  
Beneath the tree in sunshine—beside the hearth in snow,  
What hours of deep enjoyment to him and his we owe !

And yet recall the giver—recall him as those saw  
Before his glorious being obeyed our nature's law ;  
His strength has soon departed—his cheek is sunk and wan—  
He is, before his season, a worn and weary man.

The fine creative spirit that lit his path of yore,  
Its light remains for others—it warms himself no more.  
The long and toilsome midnight, the fever and the haste,  
The trouble and the trial, have done their work of waste.

And such is still the recompense appointed for the mind,  
That seeketh, with its eyes afar, the glory of its kind.  
The poet yields the beautiful that in his being lives :  
Unthankful, cold, and careless, are they to whom he gives.

They dwell amid his visions—for new delights they cry ;  
But he who formed the lovely may lay him down and die.  
Then comes the carved marble—then late remorse is shown,  
And the poet's search for sympathy ends in a funeral stone.



STRADA STA. URSOLA, - MALTA.

*Artist: S. Prout - Engraved by: J. Carter*

## STRADA ST. URSOLA,—MALTA.

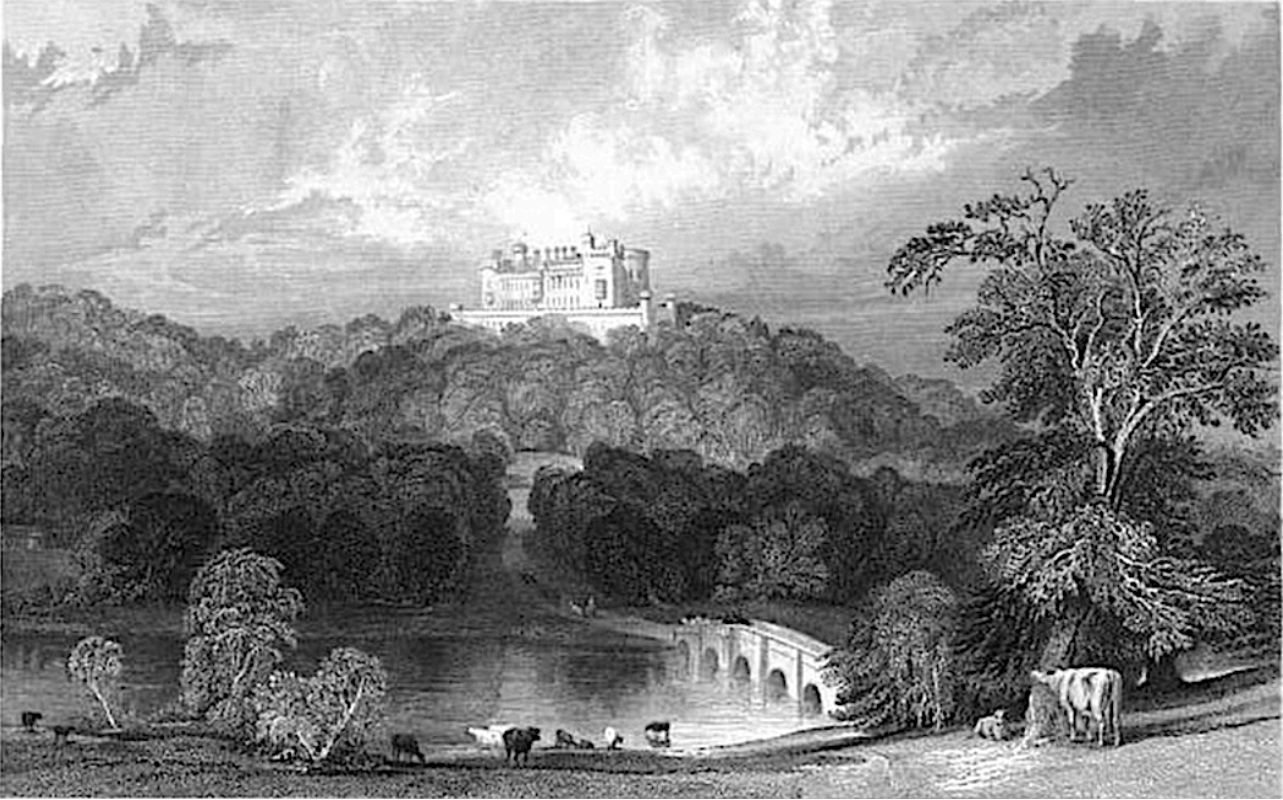
“ A View of many dwellings, long tenanted by the last remnants of Chivalry.”

YOUNG knight, that broidered cloak undo,  
 And break that golden chain in two ;  
 Take from your hand its jewels fair,  
 Shear those bright curls of sunny hair,  
 And offer up at yonder shrine  
 All vanities that once were thine.

No more the victor of the ring,  
 Thy triumphs will the minstrel sing ;  
 No more upon thy helm the glove  
 Will ask of fame to sanction love.  
 The saraband untrod must be,  
 The lists, the dance are closed for thee.

Look to the past—if present there  
 Be visible one great despair :  
 Look to the future—if it give  
 Nothing which charmeth thee to live.  
 Then come—the present knows its doom ;  
 Thy heart already is a tomb.

Thy cheek is pale—thy brow is worn—  
 Thy lip is bitter in its scorn.  
 I read in them the signs that tell  
 The heart's impassioned chronicle.  
 'Tis past !—and Malta's iron vow  
 To thee is less than nothing now.



BELVOIR CASTLE, LEICESTERSHIRE.

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

## BELVOIR CASTLE,—SEAT OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

INSCRIBED TO

LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.



is an old and stately castle,  
 In an old and stately wood ;  
 Thoughts and shadows gathered round it,  
 Of the ages it had stood.

But not of the ancient warriors,  
 Whose red banners swept its towers,  
 Nor of any lovely lady,  
 Blooming in its former bowers—

Think I now ;—but one as lovely,  
 And more gifted, haunts my line.  
 In the visions round yon castle  
 Is no fairer one than thine !

I can fancy thee in childhood  
 Wandering through each haunted scene,  
 Peopling the green glades around thee  
 With the thoughts of what had been :

Asking of each leaf its lesson,  
 Of each midnight star its tale,  
 Till thy fancy caught revealings  
 From the music of the gale.

Yet, whence did thy lute inherit  
 All it knows of human grief ?—  
 What dost thou know of the knowledge  
 On life's dark and daily leaf ?

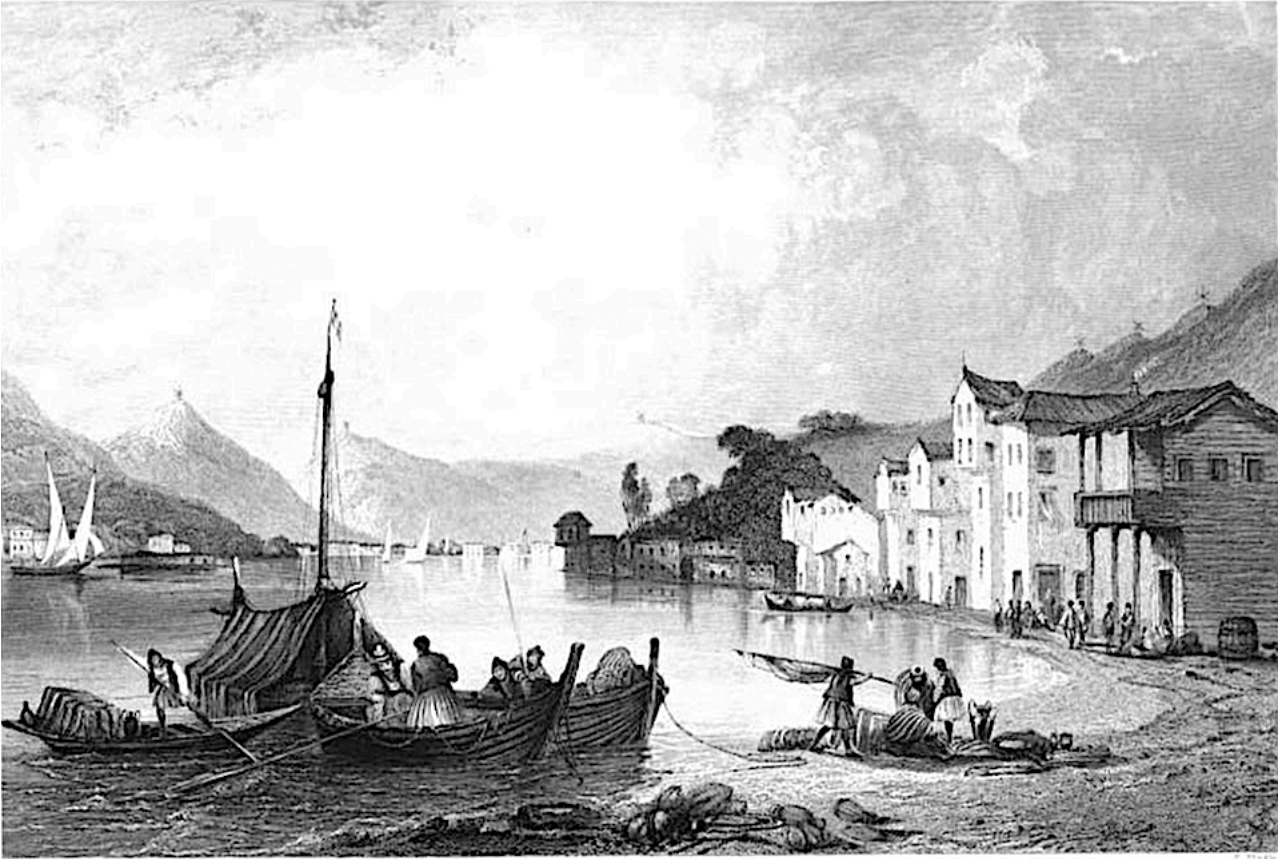


In thy woman-hearted pages,  
How much sympathy appears  
With the sorrowful and real,  
All that only speaks in tears !

Have those large bright eyes been darkened  
By the shadows from below ?  
Rather would I deem thee dreaming  
Over grief thou canst not know.

But thou hast the poet's birthright,  
In a heart too warm and true.  
Wreath thy dark hair with the laurel—  
On it rests the midnight dew !

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TOWN AND HARBOUR OF ITHACA.

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

## TOWN AND HARBOUR OF ITHACA.

By another light surrounded  
 Than our actual sky;  
 With the purple ocean bounded  
 Does the island lie,  
     Like a dream of the old world.  
 Bare the rugged heights ascending,  
 Bring to mind the past,  
 When the weary voyage ending,  
 Was the anchor cast.  
     And the stranger sails were furled  
     Beside the glorious island  
     Where Ulysses was the king.

Still does fancy see the palace,  
 With its carved gates;  
 Where the suitors drained the chalice,  
 Mocking at the Fates.  
     Stern, and dark, and veiled are they.  
 Still their silent thread entwining  
 Of our wretched life;  
 With their cold pale hands combining  
 Hate, and fear, and strife.  
     Hovers the avenging day  
     O'er the glorious island  
     Where Ulysses was the king.

Grant my fancy pardon,  
 If amid these trees  
 Still it sees the garden  
 Of old Laertes,  
     Where he met his glorious son.  
 The apple boughs were drooping  
 Beneath their rosy fruit,  
 And the rich brown pears were stooping  
 To the old man at their foot,  
     While his daily task was done  
     In the glorious island,  
     Where Ulysses was the king;

'Tis a vain and cold invention,  
'Tis the spirit's wrong,  
Which to some small mind's pretension  
Would subdue that song,  
                    Shrined in manhood's general heart.  
One almighty mind—one only,  
    Could such strain have sung;  
Ever be the laurel lonely,  
    Where such lyre is hung.  
                    Be the world a thing apart,  
                    Of the glorious island,  
                    Where Ulysses was the king.



FERRY HOUSE REGATTA, WINDERMERE LAKE.

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

## REGATTA,—WINDERMERE LAKE.

WITH sunshine on their canvass,  
 And sunshine at their side—  
 Like court beauties at a pageant,  
 The stately vessels glide.

The sound of shout and music  
 Comes from the boats behind ;  
 And the peal of youthful laughter  
 Makes glad the summer wind.

But we will not go with them,  
 My loved one and my own ;  
 We never are so happy  
 As when we are alone.

Yet when the purple shadows  
 Of the quiet eve come on,  
 And the ripple of those vessels  
 From each still wave is gone :—

When stars with silver footsteps  
 Pass like angels o'er the sky ;  
 When the breath of leaf and blossom  
 To the lulling winds reply :—

Then let our boat, my sweet one !  
 To yonder shore depart,  
 When not a sound is louder  
 Than our own beating heart.

Like a dream beneath the moonlight,  
 Our fairy float will be ;  
 Let the weary crave the many—  
 I ask only for thee !



EDWARD, FIRST EARL OF SANDWICH, K. G.,

*Sandwich*

*Artist: Sir Peter Lely - Engraved by: H. T. Ryall*

## THE EARL OF SANDWICH.

THEY called the Islands by his name,\*  
 Those isles, the far-away and fair ;  
 A graceful fancy linked with fame,  
 A flattery—such as poets' are ;

Who link with lovely things their praise,  
 And ask the earth, and ask the sky,  
 To colour with themselves their lays  
 And some associate grace supply.

But here it was a sailor's thought,  
 That named the island from the Earl—  
 That dreams of England might be brought  
 To those soft shores, and seas of pearl.

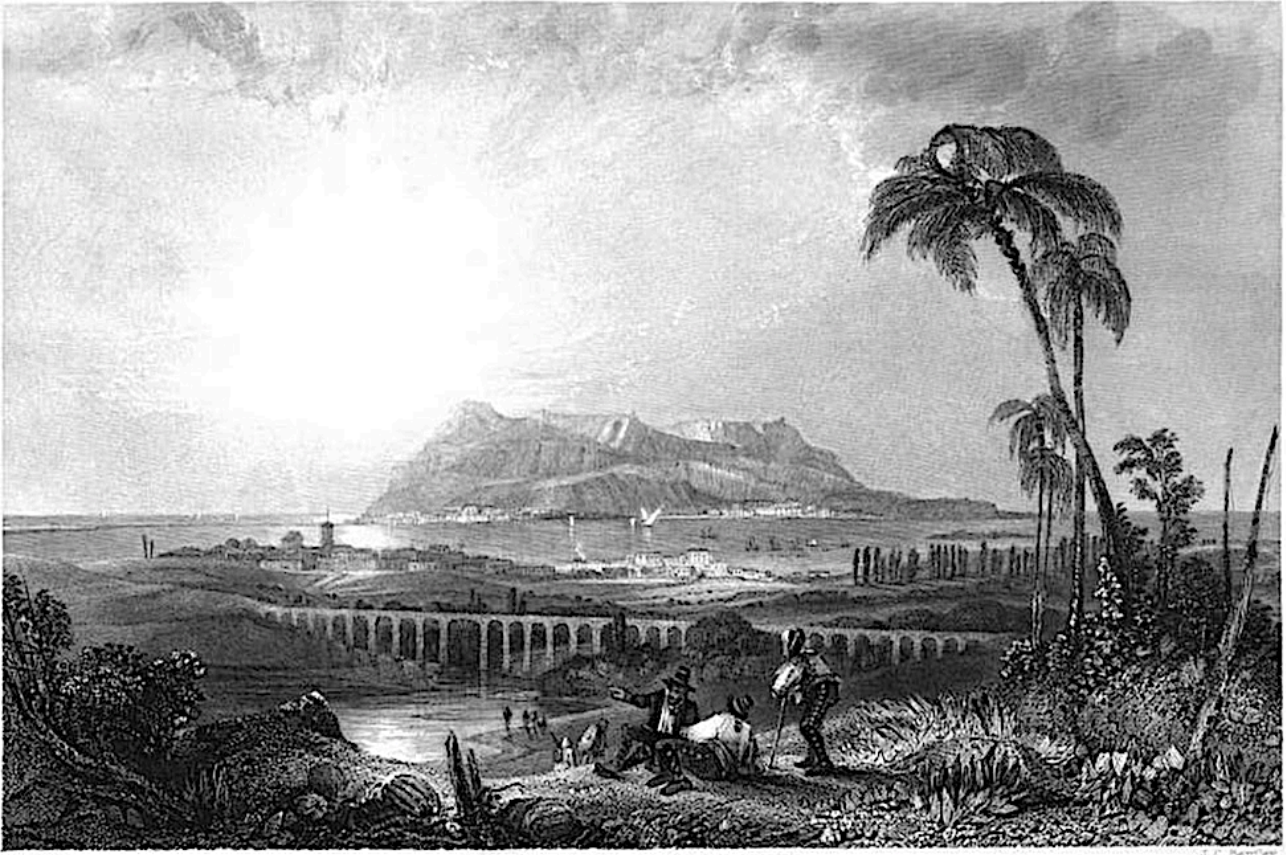
How very fair they must have seemed  
 When first they darkened on the deep!  
 Like all the wandering seaman dreamed  
 When land rose lovely on his sleep.

How many dreams they turned to truth  
 When first they met the sailor's eyes ;  
 Green with the sweet earth's southern youth,  
 And azure with her southern skies.

And yet our English thought beguiles  
 The mariner where'er he roam.  
 He looks upon the new-found isles,  
 And calls them by some name of home.

\* The Sandwich Islands were so called in honour of the Earl of Sandwich, then first lord of the Admiralty.





GIBRALTAR, FROM ALGEXIRAS.

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

## GIBRALTAR.

## SCENE DURING THE PLAGUE.

At first, I only buried one,  
 And she was borne along  
 By kindred mourners to her grave,  
 With sacred rite and song.  
 At first they sent for me to pray  
 Beside the bed of death :  
 They blessed their household, and they breathed  
 Prayer in their latest breath.  
 But then men died more rapidly—  
 They had not time to pray ;  
 And from the pillow love had smoothed  
 Fear fled in haste away.  
 And then there came the fastened door—  
 Then came the guarded street—  
 Friends in the distance watched for friends ;  
 Watched,—that they might not meet.  
 And Terror by the hearth stood cold,  
 And rent all natural ties,  
 And men, upon the bed of death  
 Met only stranger eyes :  
 The nurse—and guard, stern, harsh, and wan,  
 Remained, unpitying, by ;  
 They had known so much wretchedness,  
 They did not fear to die.  
 Heavily rung the old church bells,  
 But no one came to prayer :  
 The weeds were growing in the street,  
 Silence and Fate were there.  
 O'er the first grave by which I stood,  
 Tears fell, and flowers were thrown,  
 The last grave held six hundred lives,\*  
 And there I stood alone.

\* A fact, mentioned to me by a clergyman, Mr. Howe, whose duty enforced residence during the ravages of the Yellow Fever.



SCALE FORCE, CUMBERLAND.

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

## SCALE FORCE, CUMBERLAND.

This cascade, distant about a mile and half from the village of Buttermere, exceeds in extent of fall the renowned Niagara, yet, owing to a difficulty of access, it is frequently neglected by the tourist.

It sweeps, as sweeps an army,  
Adown the mountain side,  
With the voice of many thunders,  
Like the battle's sounding tide.

Yet the sky is blue above it,  
And the dashing of the spray  
Wears the colour of the rainbow  
Upon an April day.

It rejoices in the sunshine,  
When after heavy rain  
It gathers the far waters  
To dash upon the plain.

It is terrible, yet lovely,  
Beneath the morning rays:  
Like a dream of strength and beauty,  
It haunted those who gaze.

We feel that it is glorious,  
Its power is on the soul;  
And lofty thoughts within us  
Acknowledge its control.

A generous inspiration  
Is on the outward world;  
It waketh thoughts and feelings  
In careless coldness furled.

To love and to admire  
Seems natural to the heart;  
Life's small and selfish interests  
From such a scene depart.



*Black Linn of Linklater. Le Linne Noir de Linklater.*

*Artist: A. Chisholm - Engraved by: T. S. Engleheart*

## BLACK LINN OF LINKLATER.

"Toujours lui—lui partout."—*Victor Hugo.*



ut of Himself, Him only speak these hills!

I do not see the sunshine on the vale,  
I do not hear the low song of the wind  
Singing as sings a child. Like fancies flung  
Around the midnight pillow of a dream,  
Dim pageantries shut out the real scene,  
And call up one associate with Him.

I see the ancient Master pale and worn,  
Tho' on him shines the lovely southern heaven,  
And Naples greets him with festivity.

The Dying by the Dead :—for his great sake,  
They have laid bare the city of the lost.  
His own creations fill the silent streets;  
The Roman pavement rings with golden spurs,  
The Highland plaid shades dark Italian eyes,  
And the young King himself is Ivanhoe.

But there the old man sits—majestic—wan,  
Himself a mighty vision of the past ;  
The glorious mind has bowed beneath its toil ;  
He does not hear his name on foreign lips  
That thank him for a thousand happy hours.  
He does not see the glittering groups that press  
In wonder and in homage to his side ;  
Death is beside his triumph.

When Sir Walter Scott arrived at Naples, the picturesque imagination of the south was all alive to do him honour. Contrary to established etiquette, the king called upon him—

"Nice customs curtesy to great names."

A fête was then given in his honour, and Pompeii was chosen for its site. All the guests took some character from the Waverley novels. The deserted city echoed with music; lamps flung their light over walls so long unconscious of festivity. The city of the Dead suited well the festal of the dying. Sir Walter was present, but unconscious; he sat wan, exhausted, and motionless,—“the centre of the glittering ring” formed by his own genius. The triumph had its usual moral—it came too late.

## THE EVENING STAR.



Oh, loveliest! that through my casement gleaming,  
 Bringest thy native heaven along with thee,  
 Touching with far-off light that lovelier dreaming,  
 Which but for that, all earthly else would be.

The smoke is round the house-tops slowly wreathing,  
 Until upgathered in one gloomy cloud,  
 It rises like the city's heavy breathing,  
 Material, dense, the sunshine's spreading shroud.

Night knows not silence, for that living ocean  
 Pants night and day with its perpetual flow,  
 Stirring the unquiet air with restless motion,  
 From that vast human tide which rolls below.

Trouble and discontent, and hours whose dial  
 Is in the feverish heart which knows not rest;  
 These give the midnight's sinking sleep denial,  
 These leave the midnight's dreaming couch unprest.

But thou, sweet Star, amid the harsh and real,  
 The cares that harass night with thoughts of day,  
 Dost bring the beautiful and the ideal,  
 Till the freed spirit wanders far away.

Then come the lofty hope—the fond remembrance,  
 All dreams that in the heart its youth renew,  
 Till it doth take, fair planet, thy resemblance,  
 And fills with tender light, and melts with dew.

What though it be but a delicious error,  
 The influence that in thy beauty seems,  
 Still let love—song—and hope—make thee their mirror,  
 Oh, life and earth, what were ye without dreams!