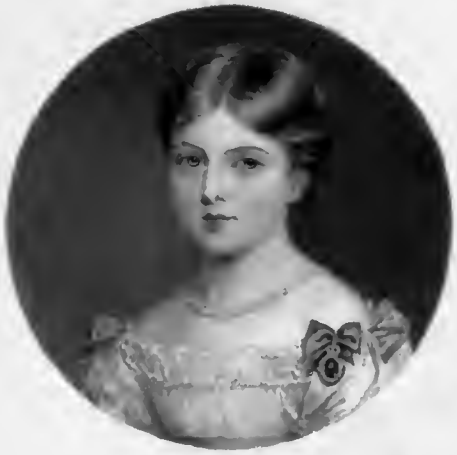
DRAWING ROOM SCRAP-BOOK.

Illustrated Biographies

BY

L. E. L.



THE YOUNG QUEEN

Victoria

Dedicated by special permission to

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.

LONDON 1838

FISHER'S

DRAWING ROOM

SCRAP BOOK;

WITH POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

L. E. L.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon

Gifts are the beads of Memory's rosary,
Whereon she reckons kind remembrances
Of friends and old affections.

Christmas, you are welcome here;
Christmas comes but once a year.
Come—as in the good old time,
With gift, and song, and tale, and rhyme.

LONDON:

FISHER, SON, AND JACKSON, NEWGATE STREET.

1832.

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INTRODUCTION.

THOUGH a preface be the first page seen in a volume, it is always the last page written. By that time, the golden age of hope has darkened into the iron age of fear. The ideas that seemed at first so delightful, are grown common, by passing through the familiarizing process of writing, printing, and correcting. A proof-sheet is a terrible reality; and you look upon your work with much the same feeling as people look upon the prospect to which they are accustomed—they are much more alive to its faults than its beauties.

For the Volume now offered to the public, I must plead for indulgence. It is not an easy thing to write illustrations to prints, selected rather for their pictorial excellence than their poetic capabilities; and mere description is certainly not the most popular species of composition. I have endeavoured to give as much variety as possible, by the adoption of any legend, train of reflection, &c. which the subject could possibly suggest; and, with the same view, have inserted the two poems marked "C," for which I am indebted to a friend, whose kindness I gratefully acknowledge. A book like this is a literary luxury, addressed chiefly to a young and gentler class of readers: may I therefore hope, that the judgment I seek to interest will err on the side of kindly allowance.

There are three portraits, to which only brief prose notices are affixed—the days of poetical flattery are as much past, as those of hoops and minuets. What the genius of Dryden could not redeem, I may be excused from even attempting.

There is an old proverb, "Leave well alone;" I shall, therefore, say little more of the embellishments than to mention, that the voluminous and expensive works from which they are selected, were "fountains sealed" to the many. I need not entreat for the Engravings that indulgence which myself required, but may trust them, as the Grecian orator did his client, to plead and win the cause by their own beauty.

L. E. L.

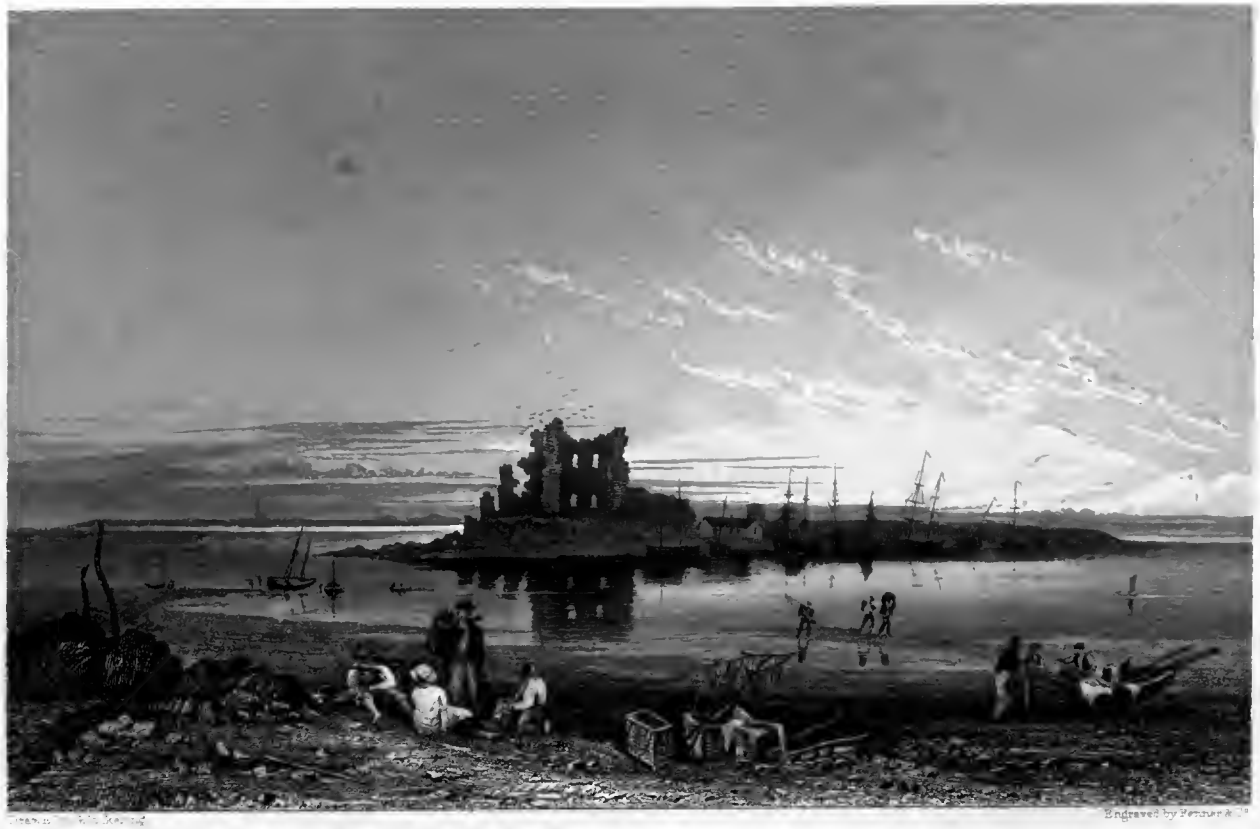
LIST OF PLATES.

DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP BOOK.

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

AND art thou a Princess?—in sooth, we may well
Go back to the days of the sign and the spell,
When a young queen sat on an ivory throne
In a shining hall, whose windows shone
With colours its crystals caught from the sky,
Or the roof which a thousand rubies dye;
Where the summer garden was spread around,
With the date and the palm and the cedar crowned;
Where fountains played with the rainbow showers,
Touched with the hues of their comrade flowers;
Where the tulip and rose grew side by side,
One like a queen, and one like a bride;
One with its own imperial flush,
The other reddening with love's sweet blush;
When silver stuffs for her step were unrolled,
And the citron was served on a plate of gold;
When perfumes arose from pearl caskets filled
With odours from all sweet things distilled;
When a fairy guarded the throne from ill,
And she knew no rule but her own glad will:
Those were the days for a youthful queen,
And such, fair Princess, thou should'st have been.

But now thou wilt fill a weary throne,
What with rights of the people, and rights of thy own:
An ear-trumpet now thy sceptre should be,
Eternal debate is the future for thee.
Lord Brougham will make a six-hours' oration,
On the progress of knowledge, the mind of the nation;
Lord Grey one yet longer, to state that his place
Is perhaps less dear to himself than his race;
O'Connell will tell Ireland's griefs and her wrongs,
In speech, the mac-adamized prose of Moore's songs:
Good patience! how weary the young queen will be
Of "the flower of the earth, and the gem of the sea!"
Mr. Hume, with his watchwords 'Retrenchment and Waste,
Will insist that your wardrobe in his care be placed;
The silk he will save! the blonde he will spare—
I wish he may leave Your Grace any to wear.
That feminine fancy, a will of your own,
Is a luxury wholly denied to a throne;
And this is your future—how soon time will trace
A change and a sign on that fair and young face!
Methinks the best wish to be offered thee now,
Is—God keep the crown long from that innocent brow!



PILE OF FOULDREY CASTLE.

PILE OF FOULDREY CASTLE,

LANCASHIRE.

No memory of its former state,
  No record of its fame,
A broken wall, a fallen tower,
  A half-forgotten name;
A gloomy shadow on the wave,
And silence deep as in the grave.

And yet it had its glorious days,
  It had its hour of pride,
When o'er the drawbridge gallantly
  Its warriors wont to ride;
When silver shield, and plume of snow,
Were mirror'd in the wave below.

In sooth, that was a stirring time
  Of chivalry and song,
When the bright spear was put in rest,
  And the right arm was strong;
When minstrel meed, and ladye's glove,
Were high rewards of war and love.

Oh! vain delusion, cruel days
  Were then upon the land;
A battlement on every wall,
  A sword in every hand;
And rose the cry, and poured the flood,
Of human wrong, and human blood.

Then many a stately castle stood
O'er dungeons dark and deep;
Then many a noble robber wont
The king's highway to keep.
Ah! these were not the times to praise,
Thank God, we know more peaceful days.

Oh! better that the ivy wreath
Should clothe the mouldering tower,
Than it should be a place of strength,
For passion and for power.
All glory to those stern old times,
But leave them to their minstrel rhymes.

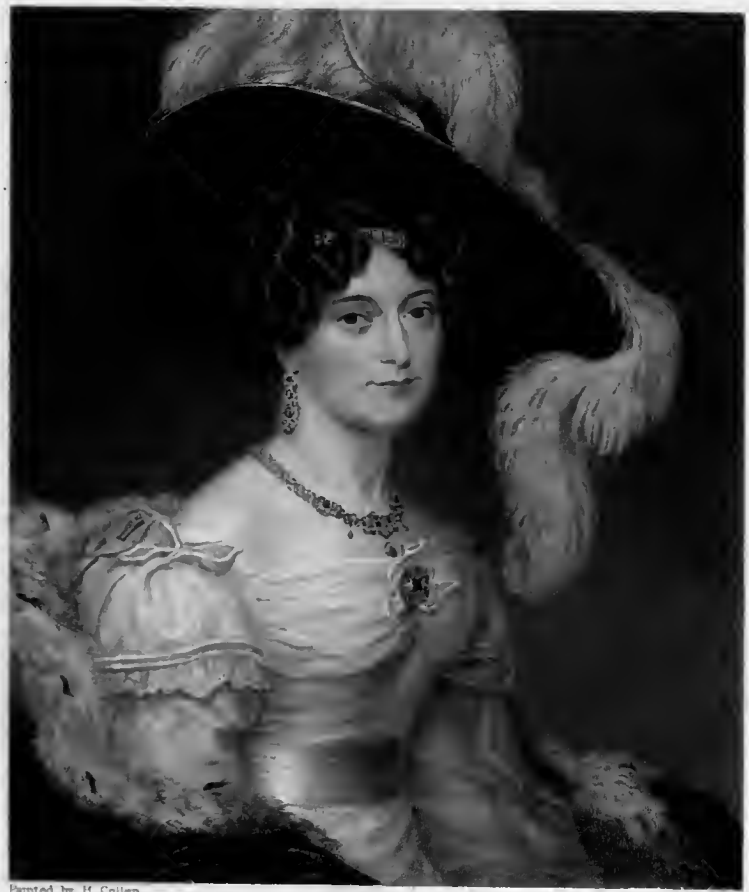
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

VICTORIA - MARIA - LOUISA

DUCHESS OF KENT:

Born 17th Aug. 1786;

Married to H. R. H. the DUKE of KENT, 29th May, 1818.

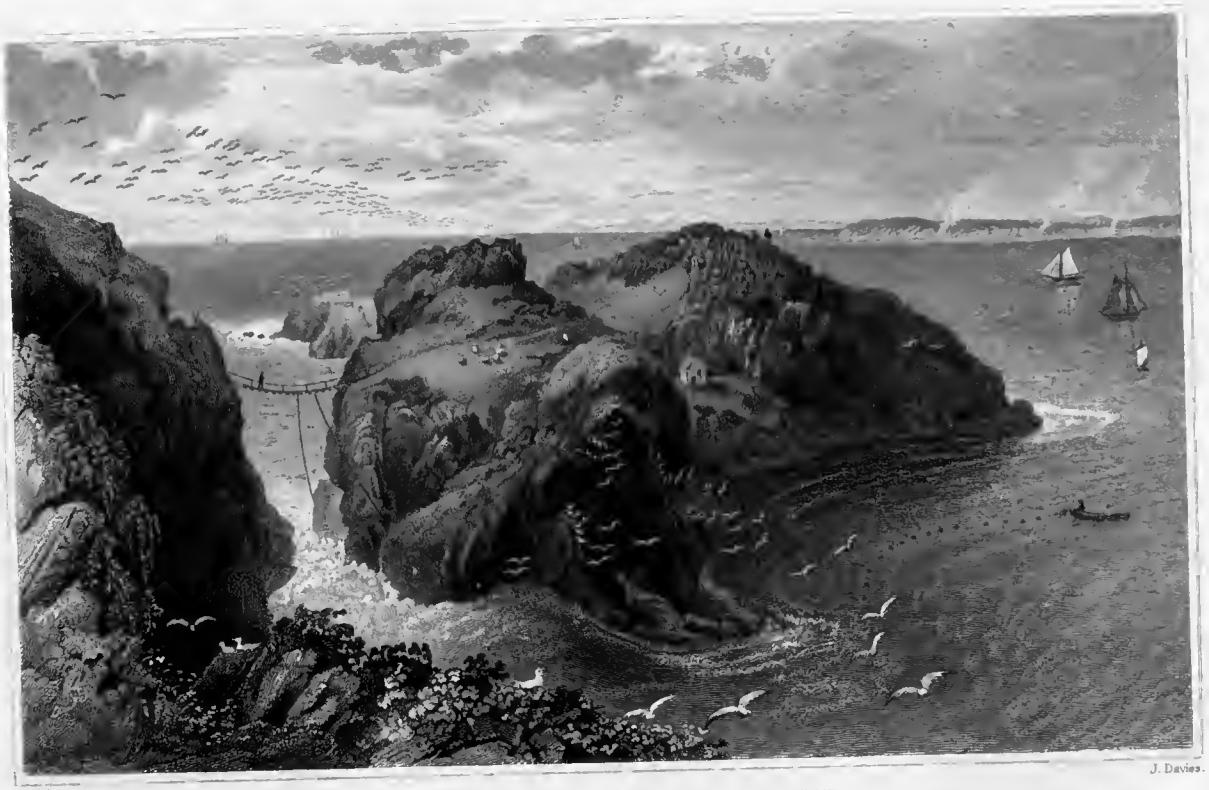


Painted by H. Colton. Engraved by T. Woolnoth

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS VICTORIA-MARIA-LOUISA, DUCHESS OF KENT.

Victoria

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON 1832.



T. M. Baynes. J. Davies.

CARRICK-A-REDE, IRELAND.

CO. OF ANTRIM.

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON, 1831.

CARRICK-A-REDE, IRELAND.

He dwelt amid the gloomy rocks,
A solitary man;
Around his home on every side,
The deep salt waters ran.
The distant ships sailed far away,
And o'er the moaning wave
The sea-birds swept, with pale white wings,
As phantoms haunt the grave:
'Twas dreary on an autumn night,
To hear the tempest sweep,
When gallant ships were perishing
Alone amid the deep.

He was a stranger to that shore,
A stranger he remained,
For to his heart, or hearth, or board,
None ever welcome gained.
Great must have been the misery
Of guilt upon his mind,
That thus could sever all the ties
Between him and his kind.
His step was slow, his words were few,
His brow was worn and wan;
He dwelt among those gloomy rocks,
A solitary man.

The romantic anecdote, to which the above lines have reference, is a true one.—A manuscript journal of a Tour through the Western Islands of Scotland, and along the Northern Coast of Ireland, in 1746, contains the following passage:—

"Carrick-a-Reid is a great rock, cut off from the shore by a chasm of fearful depth, through which the sea, when vexed by angry winds, boileth with great fury. It is resorted to at this season of the year by fishers, for the taking of salmon, who sling themselves across the perilous gulf by means of a stout rope, or withe, as the name Carrick-a-Reid imports. I was told, that, all through the inclemency of last winter, there dwelled here a solitary stranger, of noble mien, in an unseemly hut, made by his own hands. The people, in speaking of the stranger, called him, from his aspect, 'The Man of Sorrow;' and 'tis not unlikely, poor gentleman, he was one of the rebels who fled out of Scotland."

In the second volume of "Wakefield's Ireland," a particular account of Carrick-a-Rede, its fishery, and "very extraordinary flying bridge," may be found.

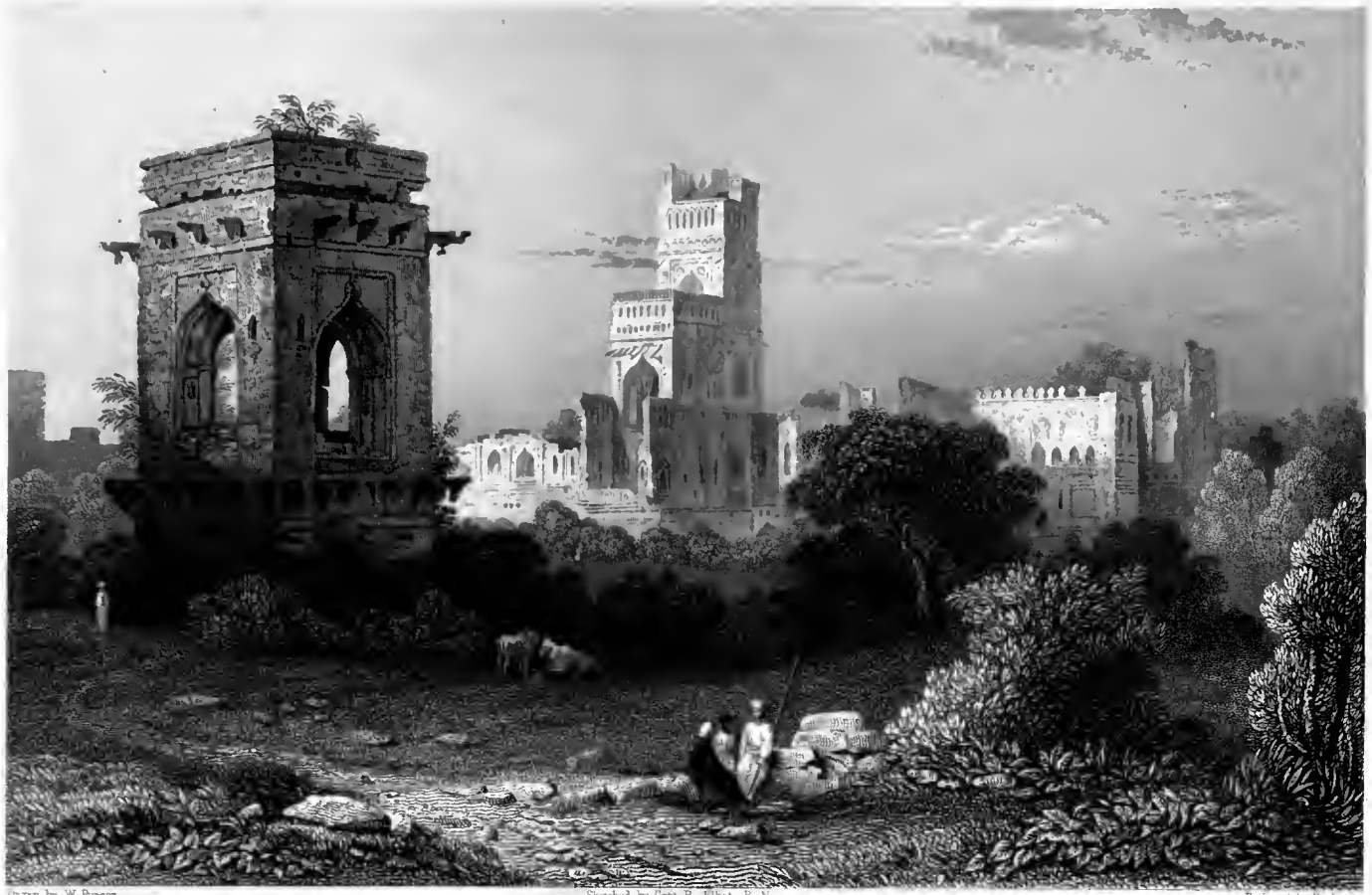
THE PALACE OF THE SEVEN STORIES.

The past it is a fearful thing,
With an eagle's sweep, and a tiger's spring.
Here was a palace, the dwelling of kings,
Now to its turrets the creeping plant clings.

The past it is a mighty grave;
What remains for the present to save?
A few sad thoughts, a few brief words,
These are the richest of memory's hoards.

Where temples stood, the tamarinds grow;
Broken columns are mouldering below.
No steps are heard in the ruined hall.
Such is man's pride, and such is its fall.

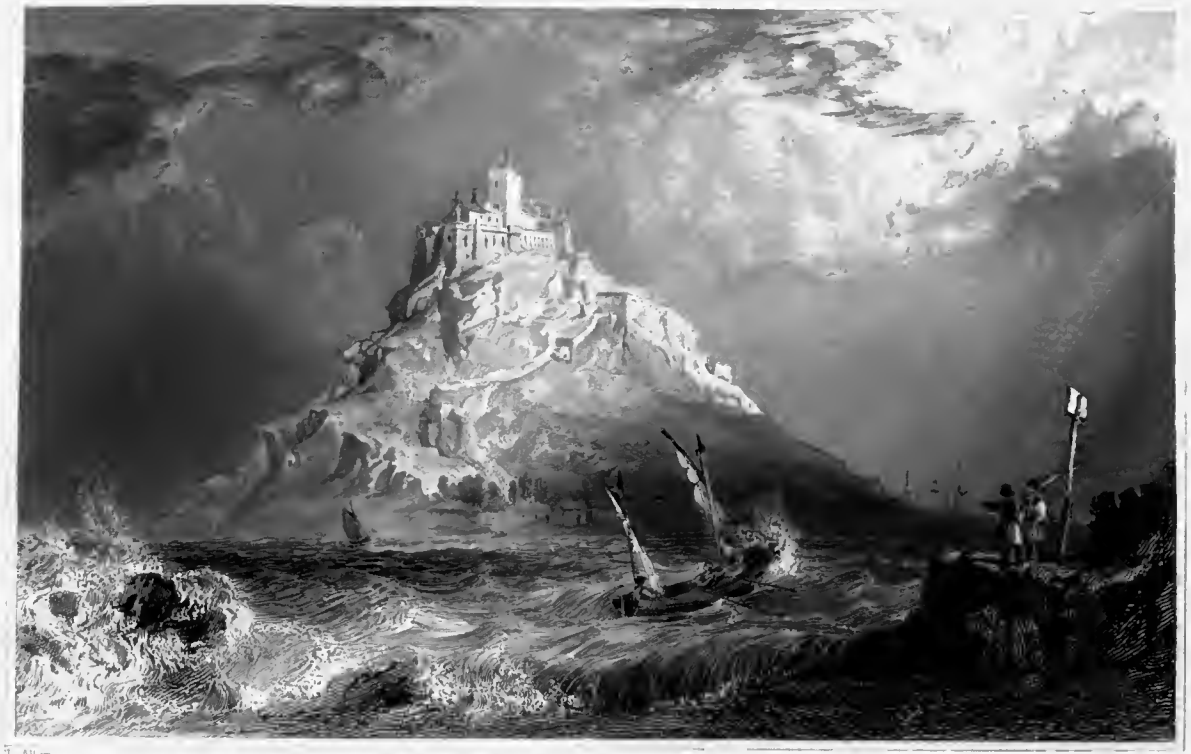
The Seven-storied Palace is a ruin of great beauty. Captain Sykes states, "that it must have been a splendid building; the remains of carved work and gilding indicate that no expense or art was spared." Bejapore is one of the most picturesque cities in Hindostan. Immense tamarind trees spread their rich foliage over the magnificent remains of mosques and mausoleums, or partially cover some finely broken palace or beautiful tank. Tradition records a characteristic anecdote of the building of the palace. "The inhabitants of a small village called Kejgunally, complaining of the injury they were exposed to, from the works in progress, the king, with a whimsical affectation of justice, surrounded them with a high wall. The village, in the course of time, disappeared; but the wall remains, and is pointed out as a proof of the severe justice of the king, who chose rather to comply with the literal wish of the inhabitants, of being protected from injury, than remove them by force to a more desirable spot."



Drawn by W. Purser — Sketched by Capt. R. Elliot R.N. — Engraved by W. Finden

PALACE OF THE SEVEN STORIES BEEJAPORE

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON 1834



T. Allom

W. Le Petit

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, CORNWALL.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

"The romantic Castle of St. Michael's, situated upon a lofty insulated hill, in Mount's Bay, is the theme of many a Cornish legend; the most prevalent supposes that their 'long-lost Arthur' resides there, under the immediate guardianship of the archangel, until the time appointed for his return to earth; and it is to this Milton alludes, when he says—

Where the great vision of the guarded Mount
Looks to Namancos and Bayona's hold."

[*Note to Verses privately printed by the late Sir Hardinge Giffard, at the Wesleyan Mission Press, Colombo.*]

O for the glorious days of old,
When Arthur and his champions bold,
With iron hand, from cup of gold,
Drank to the table round!
Entranced beneath St. Michael's keep,
Now Arthur and his warriors sleep
Their charmed slumber, long and deep
In magic thraldom bound.

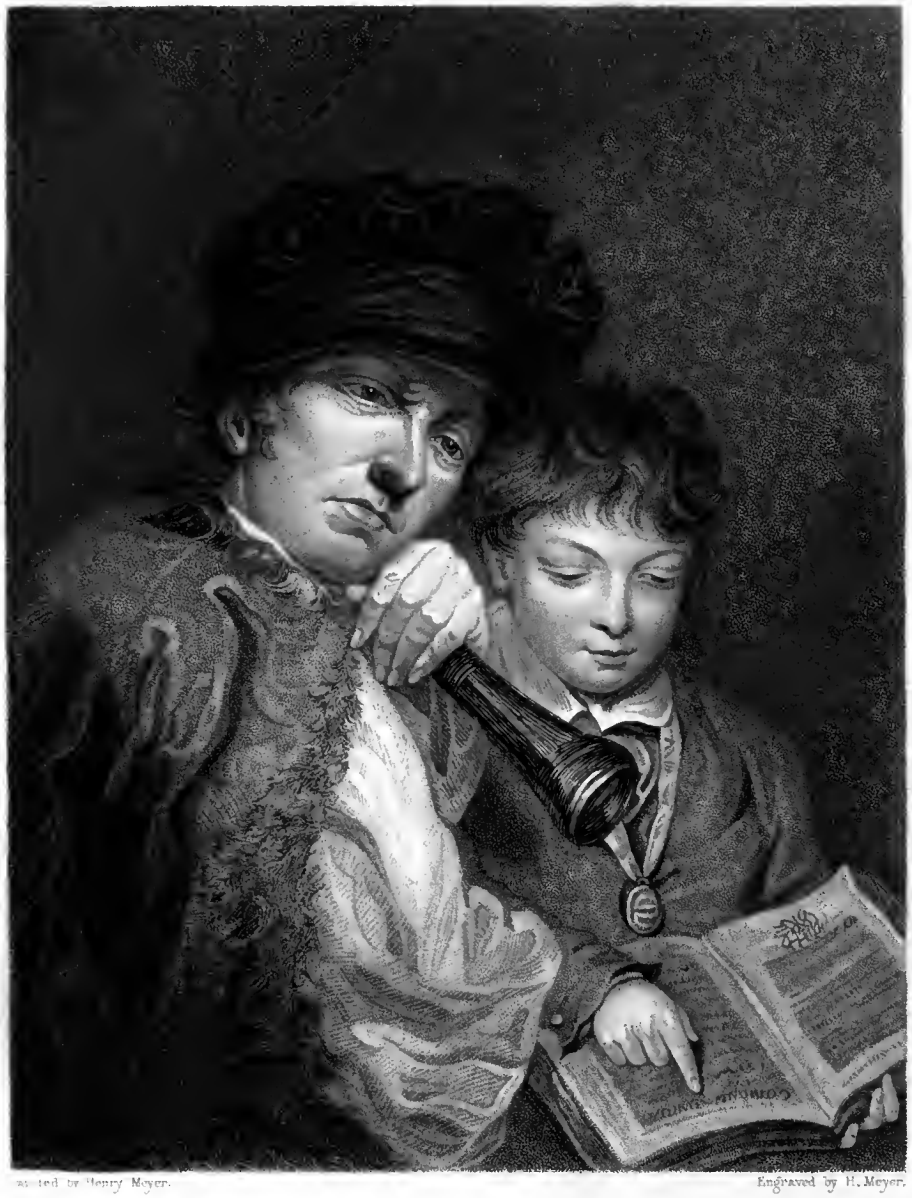
Say, when shall come the fated morn,
To rouse them from the rest they scorn?
Say, when shall sound the wizard horn,
To wake them to the strife?*
"When on her base of noble rock,
Britain shall yield to ocean's shock,
Fate will their prison-door unlock,
And call them into life:"

* According to the legend concerning the sleep of Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, they are to be awakened by the sound of a magic horn, when England is on the point of being conquered; and they will then rush to the fight, and overcome the invaders.—A similar legend is related in Wales, of Owen Lawgoch, or Owen of the Bloody Hand, who, like Arthur in St. Michael's Mount, is supposed to sleep in the Mountain of Mynydd Mawr near Llandilo in Carmarthenshire.—"Almost in our days," says a writer in the Quarterly Review, No. xliv. "it was thought that Sebastian of Portugal would one day return, and claim his usurped realms.—Thus also the three founders of the Helvetic Confederacy are thought to sleep in a cavern near the Lake of Lucerne. The herdsmen call them the Three Tells, and say that they lie there in their antique garb in quiet slumber, and, when Switzerland is in her utmost need, they will awaken, and regain the liberties of the land."—In the same work, we are told that "The Emperor (Frederick Barbarosa, or Red-beard) is secluded

" But not 'till then—and while unfurl'd
Is Britain's flag throughout the world,
She will not from her throne be hurled,
Or need St. Michael's host."
So sleep ye on, ye ancient men!
Entombed within your murky den,
'Tis dull enough; if not tell then
Ye quaff the circling toast. C.

in the Castle of Kyffhaüsen, in the Hercynian forest, where he remains in a state not much unlike the description which Cervantes has given of the inhabitants of the Cavern of Montesinos: he slumbers on his throne; his red beard has grown through the stone table on which his right arm reclines; or, as some say, it has grown round and round it.—A variation of the same fable, coloured according to its locality, is found in Denmark; where it is said, that Holger Danske, whom the French romances call Ogier the Dane, slumbers in the vaults beneath Cronenburgh Castle. A villain was once allured by splendid offers to descend into the cavern, and visit the half-torpid hero. Ogier muttered to the visitor, requesting him to stretch out his hand. The villain presented an iron crow to Ogier, who grasped it, indenting the metal with his fingers. 'It is well!' quoth Ogier, who imagined he was squeezing the hand of the stranger, and thus provoking his strength and fortitude; 'there are yet *men* in Denmark.'"

It has been recently and justly remarked by Sir Walter Scott, in one of his notes on Peveril of the Peak—that "Superstitions of various countries are in every respect so like each other, that they may be referred to one common source; unless we conclude that they are natural to the human mind, and, like the common orders of vegetables, which naturally spring up in every climate, these naturally arise in every bosom; as the best philologists are of opinion, that fragments of an original speech are to be discovered in almost all languages in the globe."



Painted by Henry Meyer. Engraved by H. Meyer.

THE DEAF SCHOOL MASTER.

H. R. H. PUBLISHED BY J. & J. LONDON 1831.

THE DEAF SCHOOLMASTER.

He cannot hear the skylark sing,
The music of the wild bee's wing;
The murmur of the plaining bough;
A gentle whisper fairy low;
The noise of falling waters near—
All these have left his mournful ear.
A sad, sad silence, whose worst power
Is felt in others' gladdest hour.
But, ah, to what can it not move
Th' unconquerable strength of love!
See how he bends above the page,
For him—the child of his old age.
The ear is deaf, the eye is dim,
Yet anxious and alive for him.
How deep and tender is the debt,
Whose seal on that young heart is set;
Little, perchance, may be the aid,
Not so the fondness which essayed
To help amid this learned coil,
And smooth the youthful student's toil.
Mid all the sorrow and the crime,
Man's destiny from earliest time;
Mid all that can debase, degrade,
How beautiful this earth is made,
By pure affection, deep and dear,
Affection like that pictured here!

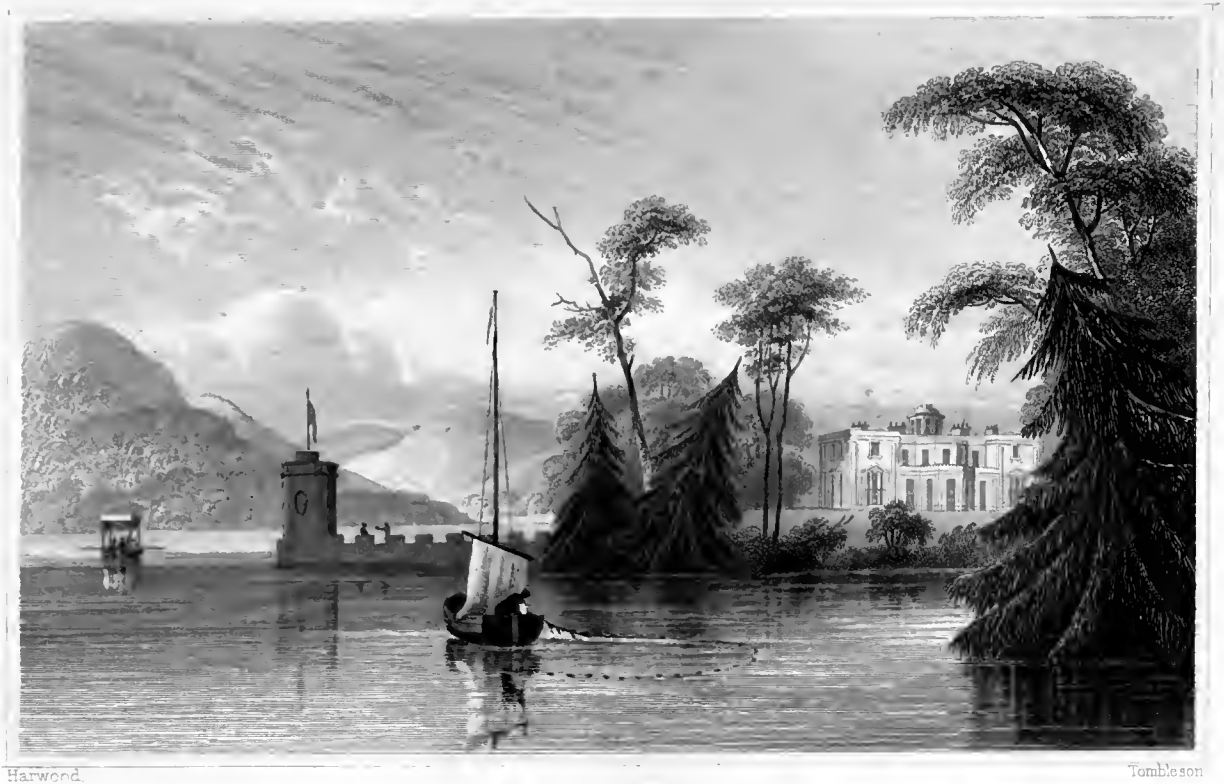
STORRS, WINDERMERE LAKE.

I WOULD I had a charmed bark,
To sail that lovely lake;
Nor should another prow but mine
Its silver silence wake.
No oar should cleave its sunny tide;
But I would float along,
As if the breath that filled my sail
Were but a murmured song.

Then I would think all pleasant thoughts;
Live early youth anew,
When hope took tones of prophecy,
And tones of music too;
And coloured life with its own hues—
The heart's true Claude Lorraine—
The rich, the warm, the beautiful,
I'd live them once again.

Kind faces flit before my eyes,
Sweet voices fill my ear,
And friends I long have ceased to love,
I'll still think loved, and here.
With such fair phantasies to fill,
Sweet Lake, thy summer air;
If thy banks were not Paradise,
Yet should I dream they were.

The calm and picturesque scenery of the Lake of Windermere might awake a thousand far more romantic visions than that of the return of the first warm feelings of youth. Shut out as it were from the world, and enshrined in delicious seclusion; here might the weary heart dream itself away, and find the freshness of the spring-time of the spirit return upon it. Here, at the mansion of Colonel John Bolton—a circumstance which gives interest to the plate—did the late Mr. Canning retire from the whirl of public affairs; and, to use the words of Fisher's Illustrations of Lancashire, "here was restored, in some measure, the elasticity of a mind, whose lofty energies were ultimately, and for our country we may say prematurely, exhausted in the preservation of a nation's welfare."



Harwood. Tombleson

STORRS, WINDERMERE LAKE.

Drawn by C. Stanfield. Sketched by Capt. H. Elliot R.N. Engraved by Edw. Goodall

THE PIRATE'S SONG OFF THE TIGER ISLAND

Our prize is won, our chase is o'er,
Turn the vessel to the shore.
Place yon rock, so that the wind,
Like a prisoner, howl behind;
Which is darkest—wave, or cloud?
One a grave, and one a shroud.
Though the thunder rend the sky,
Though the echoing wind reply,
Though the lightning sweep the seas,
We are used to nights like these;
Let it foam, the angry main—
Washing out the blood-red stain,
Which the evening conflict threw
O'er the waters bright and blue.
Though above the thunder break,
'Twill but drown our victims' shriek;
And the lightning's serpent coil,
Will but glimmer o'er our spoil:
Maidens, in whose orient eyes,
More than morning's sunshine lies—
Honour to the wind and waves,
While they yield us such sweet slaves—
Shawls the richest of Cashmere,
Pearls from Oman's bay are here;
And Golconda's royal mine
Sends her diamonds here to shine;
Let the stars at midnight glow,
We have brighter stars below;
Leave the planet of the pole
Just to guide us to our goal,
We'd not change for heaven's own stars,
You glad heap of red dinars;*

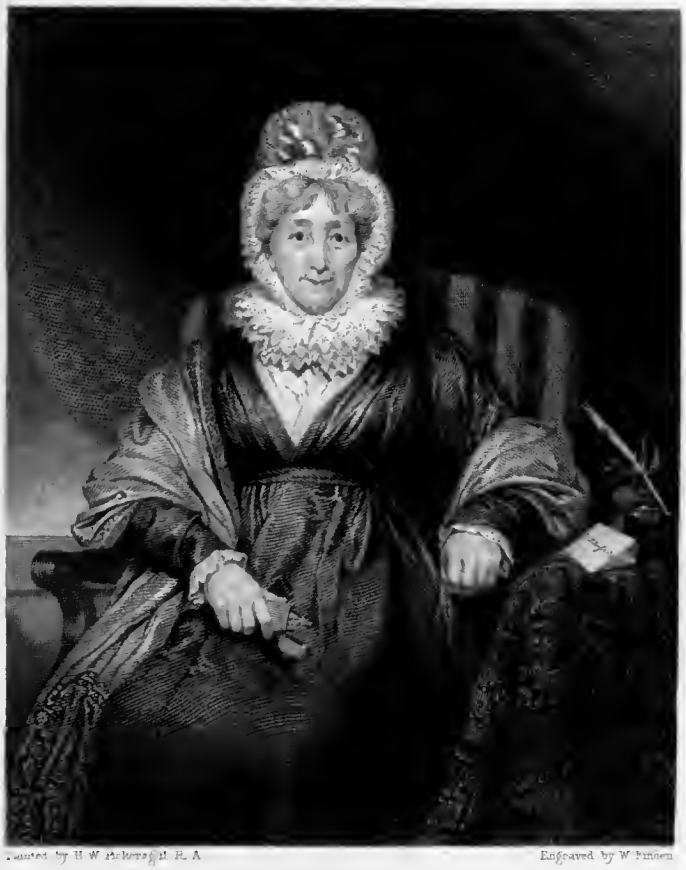
* An Indian coin.

See the crimson silks unfold,
And the slender chains of gold,
Like the glittering curls descending,
When the bright one's head is bending;
And the radiant locks fall over,
Or her mirror or her lover,
On which face she likes to dwell,
'Twere a prophet's task to tell;
All those crystal flasks enclose
Sighs of the imprisoned rose;
And those porcelain urns are filled
By sweet Indian wood distilled;
And behold those fragrant piles,
Spice from the Manilla isles,
Nutmegs, cloves, and cinnamon—
But our glorious task is done.
Little dreamed the merchant's care
Who his precious freight should share—
Fill the wine-cup to the brim,
Our first health shall be to him.

HANNAH MORE,

BORN 1745.

Our limits are too brief for us to do more than allude to the many Works, in which this accomplished Lady has advanced the cause of sincere piety and Christian morality.

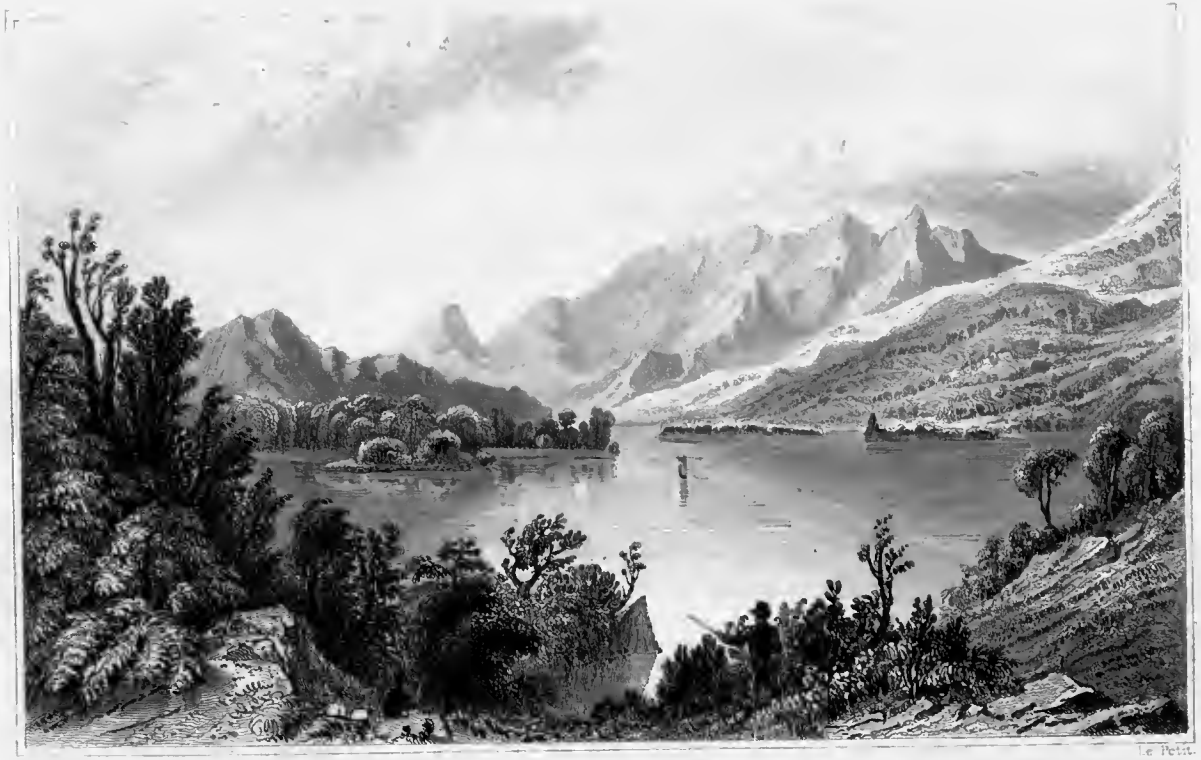


Painted by H. W. Pickersgill, R. A. Engraved by W. Finden

HANNAH MORE.

H More

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON.



W. H. Bartlett

T. Le Petit.

THE UPPER LAKE OF KILLARNEY, IRELAND.

TAKEN NEAR THE TUNNEL ON THE KENMARE ROAD. CARRAN TUAL IN THE DISTANCE.

FISHER SON & CO LONDON 1831

THE UPPER LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

Why doth the maiden turn away
From voice so sweet, and words so dear?
Why doth the maiden turn away
When love and flattery woo her ear?
And rarely that enchanted twain
Whisper in woman's ear in vain.
Why doth the maiden leave the hall?
No face is fair as hers is fair,
No step has such a fairy fall,
No azure eyes like hers are there.

The maiden seeks her lonely bower,
Although her father's guests are met;
She knows it is the midnight hour,
She knows the first pale star is set,
And now the silver moon-beams wake
The spirits of the haunted Lake.
The waves take rainbow hues, and now
The shining train are gliding by,
Their chieftain lifts his glorious brow,
The maiden meets his lingering eye.

The glittering shapes melt into night;
Another look, their chief is gone,
And chill and gray comes morning's light,
And clear and cold the Lake flows on;
Close, close the casement, not for sleep,
Over such visions eyes but weep.
How many share such destiny,
How many, lured by fancy's beam,
Ask the impossible to be,
And pine, the victims of a dream.

The romantic story of Kate Kearney, "who dwelt by the shore of Killarney," is too well known to need repetition. She is said to have cherished a visionary passion for O'Donoghue, an enchanted chieftain who haunts those beautiful Lakes, and to have died the victim "of folly, of love, and of madness."

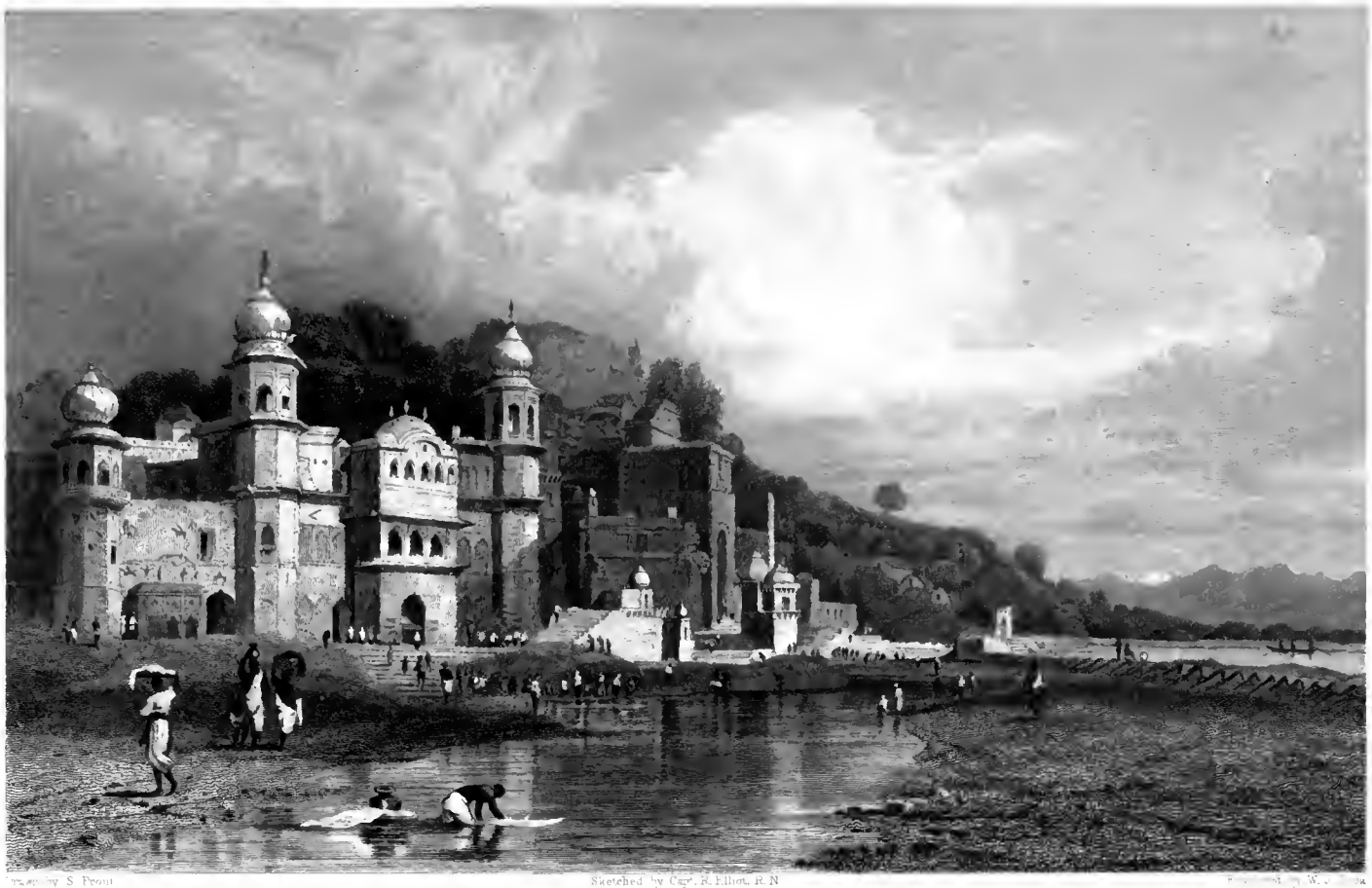
HURDWAR,*

A PLACE OF HINDOO PILGRIMAGE.

I LOVE the feeling which, in former days,
  Sent men to pray amid the desert's gloom,
  Where hermits left a cell, or saints a tomb;
Good springs alike from penitence and praise,
From aught that can the mortal spirit raise:
  And though the faith be false, the hope be vain,
  That brought the Hindoo to his idol fane;
Yet one all-sacred truth his deed conveys—
How still the heart doth its Creator own,
  Mid strange idolatry and savage rite,
A consciousness of power eternal shown,
  How man relies on some superior might.
The soul mid darkness feels its birth divine,
And owns the true God in the false god's shrine.

* Hurdwar, or Haridwar, means the gate of Vishnoo, the Prinsir. The Hindoos perform this pilgrimage, to bathe in a particular spot of the Ganges,† at the time when the sun enters the sign Aries. A fair is then held, which, thanks to the precautions taken by the British government, has, of late years, gone off without bloodshed. "At the annual fairs, it is supposed, from 200,000 to 300,000 persons are collected. Once in twelve years, when particular ceremonies are performed, the number of those present has been computed at one million."—*Hamilton's Gazetteer.*

† "Parvati, the bride of Siva, ventured one day to cover his eyes with her hands. Thereupon all the functions of life were suspended—time stood—nay, the drops poured from Siva's brow, to think of the awful consequences arising from his almighty eye relaxing from its eternal watchfulness. From these drops, the Ganges had its divine origin; hence the veneration of the Hindoos for the sacred river."—*Asiatic Researches.*



Sketched by Capt. R. Elliot, R.N

HURDWAR, A PLACE OF HINDOO PILGRIMAGE.

THE BLACK-ROCK FORT & LIGHT HOUSE, LIVERPOOL.

THE BLACK-ROCK FORT AND LIGHT-HOUSE.

THANK God, thank God—the beacon light
Is breaking beautiful through night;
Urge the boat through the surge, once more
We are beside our English shore.

Oh! weary nights and days to me
Have set and risen upon the sea;
I never wish to sail again
O'er the interminable main.

'Tis wonderful to see the sky
Hang out her guiding stars on high,
And mirror'd in the ocean fair,
As if another heaven were there.

And glorious is it thus to go,
The white foam dashing from the prow,
As our ship through the waves hath gone,
Mistress of all she looked upon.

But weary is it for the eye
To only meet the sea and sky;
And weary is it for the ear
But only winds and waves to hear.

I pined for leaves, I pined for flowers,
For meadows green, with driving showers;
For all the sights and sounds of life,
Wherewith the air of earth is rife.

Farewell, wild waves, again I come
To England and my English home;
Thank God, thank God, the beacon light
Is breaking beautiful through night.

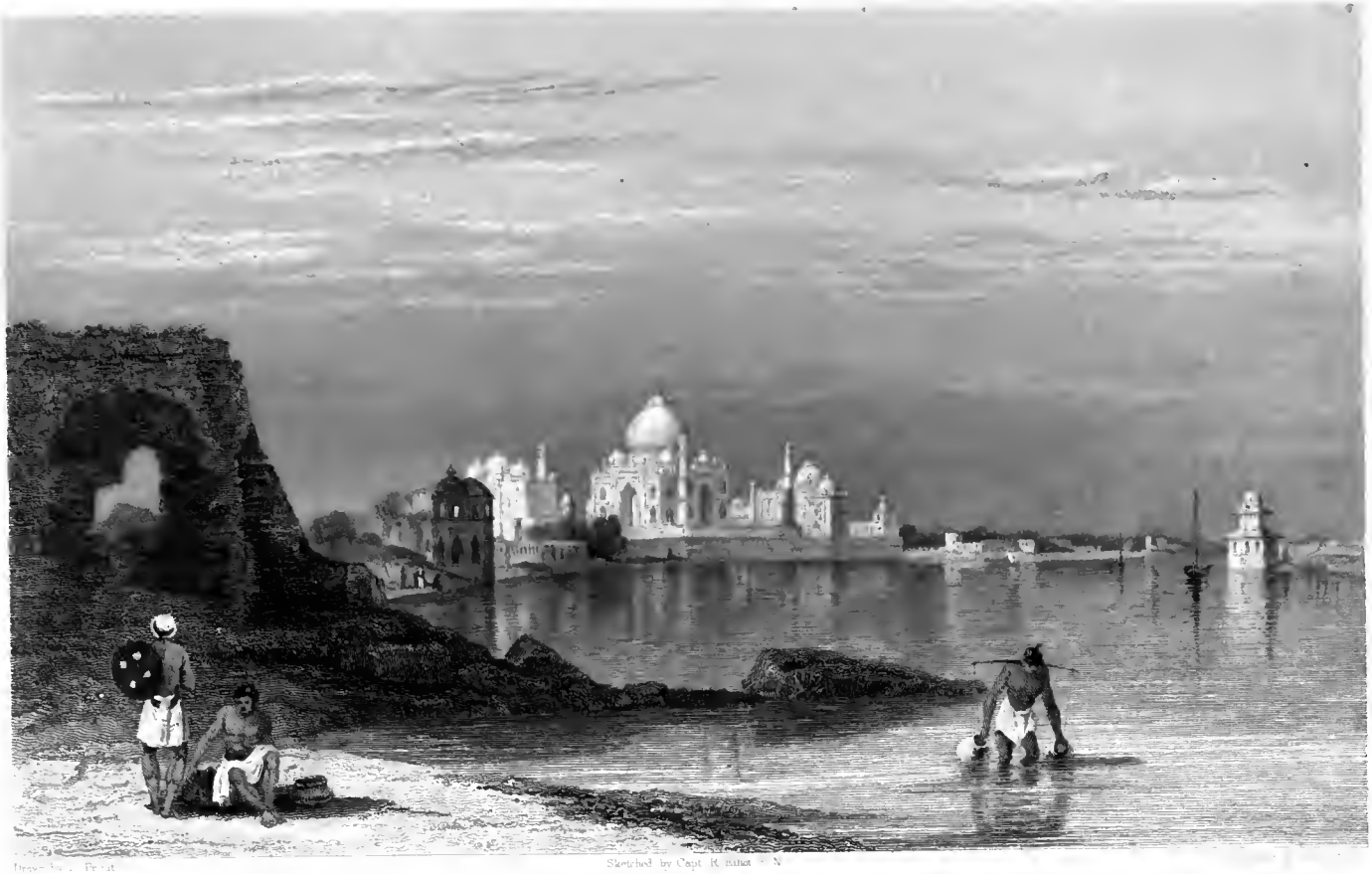
THE TAJ-MAHAL, AT AGRA.

THE TOMB OF MUNTAZA ZEMANI.

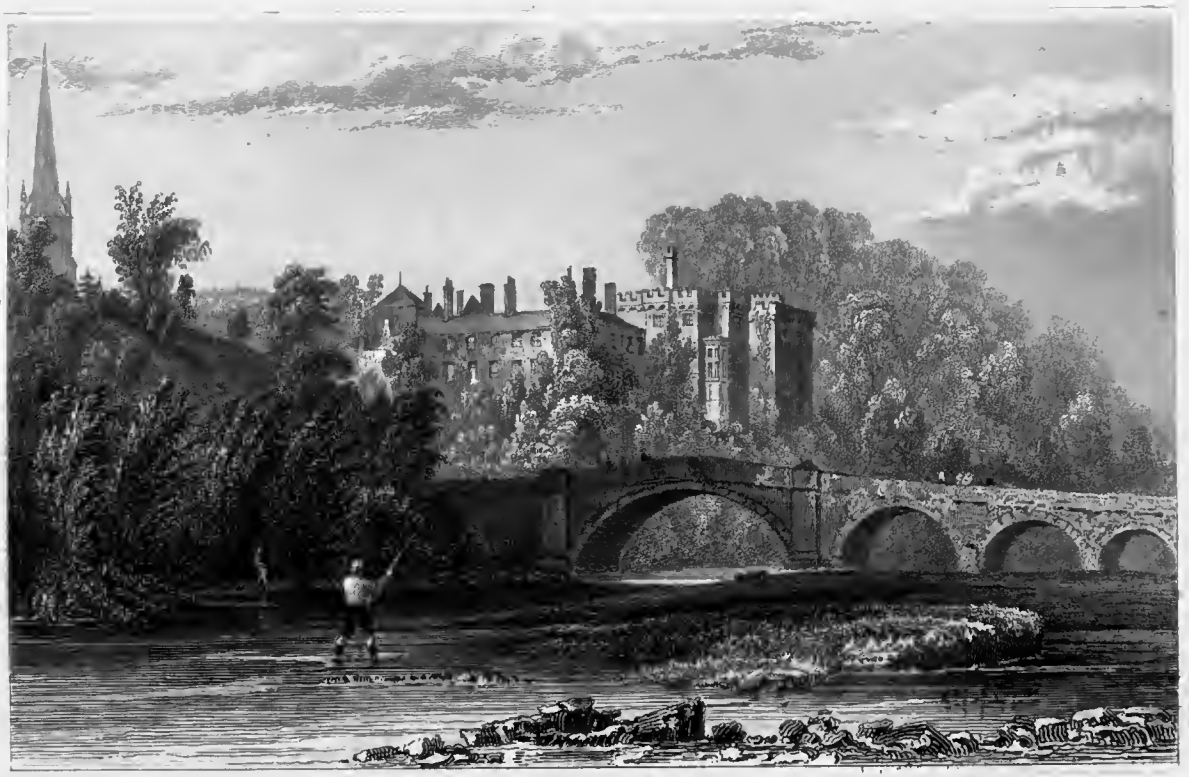
" Aye, build it on these banks," the monarch said,
" That when the autumn winds have swept the sea,
They may come hither with their falling rains,
A voice of mighty weeping o'er her grave."

They brought the purest marble that the earth
E'er treasured from the sun, and ivory
Was never yet more delicately carved:
Then cupolas were raised, and minarets,
And flights of lofty steps, and one vast dome
Rose till it met the clouds: richly inlaid
With red and black, this palace of the dead
Exhausted wealth and skill. Around its walls
The cypresses like funeral columns stood,
And lamps perpetual burnt beside the tomb.
And yet the emperor felt it was in vain,
A desolate magnificence that mocked
The lost one, and the loved, which it enshrined.

Muntàza Zemâni was the wife of Shah Jehan, emperor of Hindostan. The magnificent mausoleum, which it was some consolation to erect, was one of the many human vanities that mock their founders. Shah Jehan past from a prison to his gorgeous tomb. For the last eight years of his life he was confined in the fort of Agra, by his son, Aurungzebe. An Italian artist, who saw this most exquisite specimen of Mahommedan architecture, regretted there was not a glass-case to cover it. The pure whiteness of the marble is powerfully contrasted to the dark green of its avenue of cypresses.



Sketched by Capt. R. Elliot R. N.



W. H. Bartlett. R. Brandard

LISMORE CASTLE, Co WATERFORD.

FISHER SON & Co LONDON

LISMORE CASTLE.

How calmly, Lismore, do thy battlements rise
O'er the light woods around thee, whose changing leaves quiver,
As the sad wind of Autumn, with fitful gust sighs,
And mingles its voice with the rush of the river.

Though thou art unmoved, like a warrior's crest
By the rustle of leaves, or the dark water's flowing,*
The music of Autumn awakes in my breast
A flutter of thoughts, at once gloomy and glowing!

I see thee, Lismore, if I dream of the past,
And look at thy fame thro' a vista of ages;
I see thee, when Europe with night was o'ercast,
The chosen retreat of her students and sages.†

Tho' saints and tho' bishops, the holy and pure,
With the mighty of nations,‡ came here to be schooled
Yet—O may the benefit longer endure,
Here was it that England o'er Ireland first ruled.§

* "Swift Awniduff, which of the Englishman
Is called Blackwater." *Spenser's Fairy Queen*, b. iv. c. xi.

† "Nothing is better established in history, than that Ireland, during part of the sixth, the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, was the chief seat of learning in the west. The authorities upon this head are very numerous. They are of all nations, and above all suspicion. Students from every part of the christian world resorted to Ireland for the purposes of study, and crowded the halls of Armagh, Timologue, LISMORE, and other schools and colleges." *O'Driscol's History of Ireland.*

‡ "Lismore," says Mr. Ryland in his history of Waterford is, "the school from which it is believed Alfred derived the knowledge which has since immortalized his name."—Popular tradition asserts that two Greek princes were educated at Lismore in the seventh century.

§ In 1172, Henry II. first promulgated English law in Ireland, after the conquest, or invasion of the country. I hope I may be forgiven the pedantry of a quotation from the venerable Matthew Paris.—"Rex antequam ab Hibernia redibat, concilium congregavit apud Lismore, ubi leges Angliæ ab omnibus gratenter, sunt acceptæ et juratoria cautione præstita confirmatæ."

And here did the poet, the bard of old Mole,*
In the magic of converse delightedly wander,
With "the shepherd of ocean," whose chivalrous soul
But dared and but conquered, more bravely to squander.†

Here dwelt "the great Earl,"‡ who, if credit to Laud
May be given, God's gifts did most strangely inherit,‖

* Kilcoleman, the residence of Edmund Spenser, is not more than twenty miles distant from Lismore.—And as the Castle of Lismore, which was an episcopal residence, had been, as some old letter-writer, whose quaint phraseology haunts my memory, expresses it, "torne from that See by the power of Sir Walter Raleigh;" it is no stretch of imagination to picture the mental intercourse which existed between Raleigh and Spenser, upon the romantic banks of the Blackwater.—"The poem called 'Colin Clouts came home again,' in which Sir Walter is described under the name of 'the Shepherd of the Ocean,'" is, remarks Dr. Smith, "a beautiful memorial of this friendship, which took its rise from a likeness of taste in the polite arts, and is thus agreeably described by him (Spenser) after the pastoral manner.

"I sat, as was my trade,
Under the fort of Mole, that mountain hore;
Keeping my sheep amongst the coolly shade
Of the green alders, by the Mulla's shore.
There a strange shepherd chanced to find me out,
Whether allured with my pipe's delight,
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about;
Or thither led by chance, I know not right:
Whom when I asked, from what place he came,
And how he hight? himself he did ycleep
The Shepherd of the Ocean by name,
And said he came far from the main sea deep."

† How the considerable estates in Ireland granted to Sir Walter Raleigh, (above 12,000 acres, in the richest parts of the counties of Cork and Waterford,) passed into other hands, is a piece of secret history yet unexplained by Mr. D'Israeli and his associates, in this valuable and interesting department of our literature. Perhaps Mr. Lemon of the State Paper Office would have no difficulty in finding a petition from Lady Raleigh, written after her husband's execution, and praying to have his Irish estates restored to her; Sir Walter having been swindled out of them by Lord Cork.—This document would throw new light upon Lord Cork's history; and such, I have good reason for believing, exists.

‡ Of Cork.

‖ "Over the gate" of Lismore castle "are the arms of the great Earl of Cork, with this humble motto, 'God's Providence is our Inheritance.' Archbishop Laud thus addresses Lord Cork,—'And whereas your Lordship writes at the latter end of your letters, that you bestow a great part of your estates and time in charitable works; I am heartily glad to hear it: but withal, your Lordship will, I hope, give me leave to deal freely with you. And then I must tell your Lordship, if you have done as you write, you have suffered strangely for many years together by the tongues of men, who have often and confidently affirmed that you have not been a very good friend to the church, in the point of her maintenance.—I hope these reports are not true: but if they be, I cannot call your works charitable, having no better foundation than the livelihood of the church taken away to do them." *Strafford's State Letters.*

Retaining by force what he pounced on by fraud—
Though I love the romance of young Broghill's bright spirit.*

And here did philosophy welcome a Boyle,
Whose name is by science encircled with glory;†
And here did the runaway monarch recoil
At a peep of that river, seen from the ground-story.‡

When sages, kings, nobles, and soldiers thus crowd,
With the bard, of whose fancy I never shall weary,
Am I wrong, if I feel of these names the most proud,
To be Spenser, the titleless minstrel of Faëry? c.

* Lord Broghill, afterwards Earl of Orrery, the third son of the first Earl of Cork defended the Castle of Lismore for his father in the disturbances of 1641, to whom he thus concludes a letter on the subject:—"My Lord, fear nothing for Lismore; for, if it be lost, it shall be with the life of him that begs your Lordship's blessing, and styles himself your Lordship's most humble, most obliged, and most dutiful son and servant, BROGHILL." *Orrery's State Letters.*

† Robert Boyle, the philosopher, and one of the founders of the Royal Society, was born in the Castle of Lismore, on the 25th January, 1626-7. To those who are superstitious, it may be interesting to know that he was the seventh son, and fourteenth child, of Lord Cork.—Ryland, says Lismore, is also the birth-place of Congreve.

‡ James II. on his retreat to Waterford, after the battle of the Boyne, dined in Lismore Castle, and, going to look out at the window, started back in surprise—"One does not," says Dr. Smith, "perceive at the entrance into the Castle that the building is situated on such an eminence, nor can a stranger know it till he looks out of the window, which in respect to the Castle is but a ground-floor." *History of Waterford.*

THE VOLCANO OF KI-RAU-E-A.

EXTRACT FROM STEWART'S JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

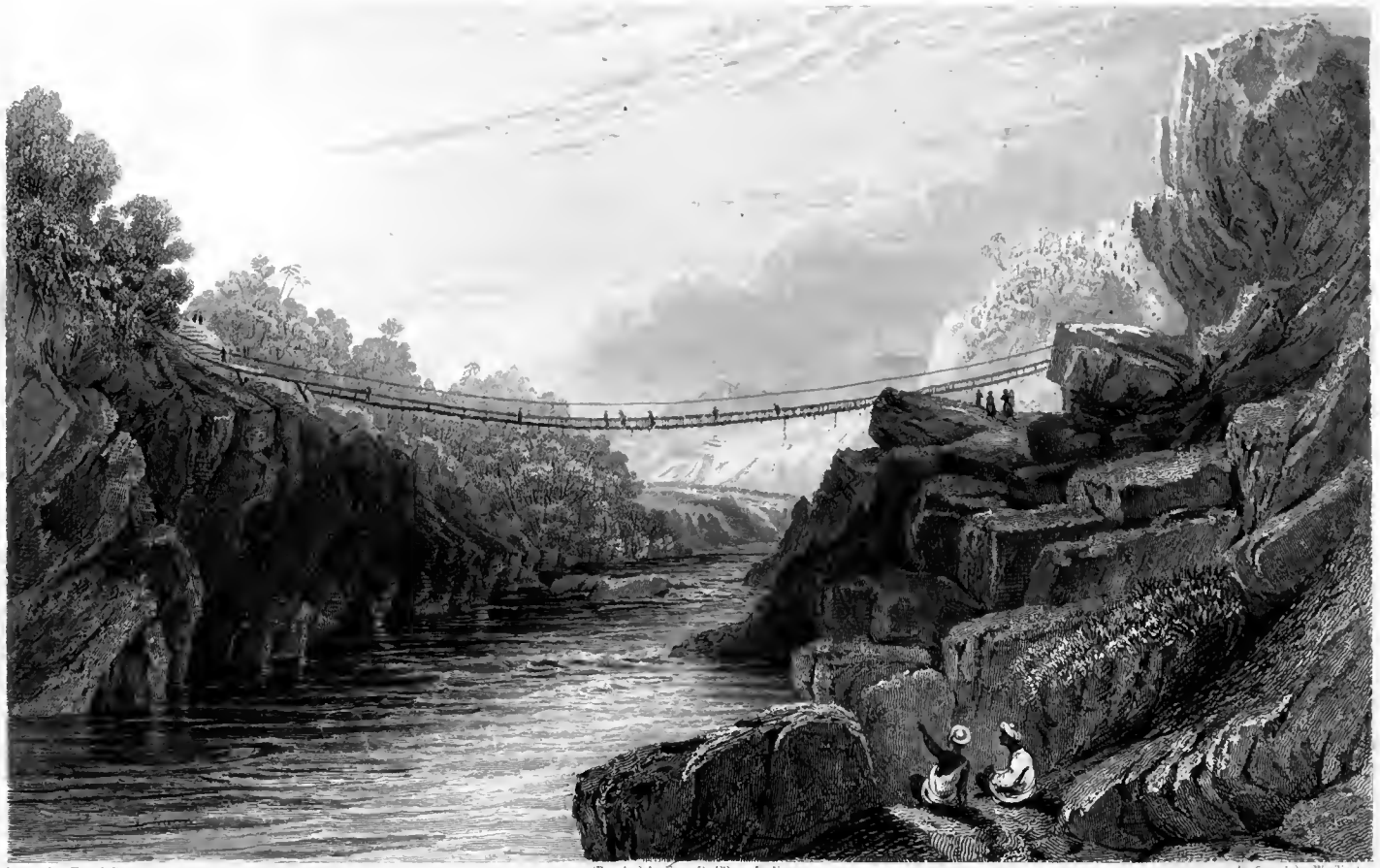
"Standing at an elevation of one thousand five hundred feet, we looked into a black and horrid gulf, not less than eight miles in circumference, so directly beneath us, that, in appearance, we might, by a single leap, have plunged into its lowest depth. The hideous immensity itself, independent of the many frightful images which it embraced, almost caused an involuntary closing of the eyes against it. But when to the sight is added the appalling effect of the various unnatural and fearful noises, the muttering and sighing, the groaning and blowing, the every agonized struggling, of the mighty action within, as a whole, it is too horrible. And for the first moment I felt like one of my friends, who, on reaching the brink, recoiled, and covered his face, exclaiming, "*Call it weakness, or what you please, but I cannot look again.*"—p. 375.

An ebbing tide of fire, the evil powers
In fear and anger here are paramount,
Rending the bosom of the fertile earth,
And spreading desolation. Black as night,
And terrible, as if the grave had sent
Its own dark atmosphere to upper air,
The heavy vapours rise; from out the smoke
Break the red volumes of the central flame,
And lava floods and burning showers descend,
Parching the soil to barrenness.
And yet there is the principle of life
Within that fiery waste: when years have past,
And Time, the beautifier, has been there,
Then will the fierce volcano have consumed
Its depths of flame, and there the coral reef
Will spread; at first a bleak and dangerous waste;
Until the wind bear on its wandering wings
The fertilizing seeds; the salt sea tide
Leave shells and weeds behind, to vegetate.
The birds will come o'er ocean, and delight
To find a tranquil home remote from men.
Flowers will spring up, and trees; and last some ship
Will penetrate the waste of waters round,
And marvel at the lovely solitude.

According to the theory generally received at present among scientific men, the numerous coral islands of the Pacific are supposed to be formations upon extinct volcanoes.

Sketched by W. Ellis

THE VOLCANO OF KI-RAU-E-A, IN HAWAII



Drawn by David Cox. Sketched by Capt. R. Elliot, R. N. Engraved by W. Taylor.

GRASS ROPE BRIDGE AT TEREE. — GURWALL.

FISHER SON & Co LONDON 1851

THE GRASS-ROPE BRIDGE, AT TEREE,

IN THE PROVINCE OF GURWALL.

"The English who have lost their health, often resort to these hills for the hot season, where the air and exercise are sometimes as beneficial as the voyage to Europe." The following verses allude to the early death of a young friend, who, adopted by some distant relatives, accompanied them to India; and died in this very spot, whither she had been taken for the recovery of her health.

We had to watch the fading
Of that young and lovely cheek,
And that pale lip's mute upbraiding,
Which asked not sound to speak.

We saw that she was pining
For her own loved English land,
And her life's sweet light declining,
For she loathed our Indian strand;

Her heart was with her mother,
Far o'er the salt sea foam,
And she could not love another,
As she loved her early home.

She clung with love too tender
To every former scene,
For one of Eastern splendour,
To be what they had been.

Alas, why did we bring her
To this golden land in vain?
Ah, would that we could wing her
To her native land again!

We never see her weeping,
But we know that she does weep;
And she names loved names in sleeping,
As she names them but in sleep.

We watch one bright spot burning
On her cheek of hectic red,
And we dread each day's returning,
Lest it rise but for the dead.

RESTORMEL CASTLE.

It was the last Chief of Restormel,
He sat within his tower,
Dim burnt the hearth, and pale was the lamp,
For it was the midnight hour.

It was not the sound of a mortal voice,
Though it spoke with a mortal word,
Mid the howl of the wind, and the dash of the wave,
That the Chief of Restormel heard.

He heard a shriek on the midnight wind,
And he heard a dying groan;
Each gust through the sky, that went hurrying by,
Brought his murdered brother's moan.

The dark hearth hissed with the falling rain,
The lamp would burn no more;
But redder and redder the bloodspots grew
That stained the oaken floor.

Then he knew that the voice of his brother's blood
Was crying aloud to heaven;
And he knew that the present hour was one
To the evil spirits given;

And fiendish shapes from the tapestry looked,
And the lightning glared on the band;
"Come," said a voice, and he felt on his heart
The touch of an icy hand.

Fearful, they said, was the face of the dead,
Whom his vassals found next day;
For a clay-cold corse, in his midnight tower,
The last Chief of Restormel lay.

Restormel Castle was one of the principal residences of the Earls of Cornwall. The above verses are founded on a traditionary story told of its last castellan, or constable.

RESTORMEL CASTLE, CORNWALL

FISHER SON & CO. LONDON 1831

Painted by Copley Fielding. Sketched by Capt. R. Elliot, R.N. Engraved by W. Lloyd.

THE WATER PALACE, — MANDOO

London, Fisher, Son & Co.

THE WATER PALACE, MANDOO.

He built it, for he was a king,
And wealth was at his will;
He had another mountain hold
Upon a mighty hill:
But that was built in times of war
With high and armed walls,
With midnight watchers in its towers,
And warriors in its halls;
But this sweet palace was for peace,
Built by the water-side,
When Zerid sheathed the sword and won
The Persian for his bride.

And beautiful round Ispahan
Spread gardens of the rose,
And 'mid her guarded solitude
The young queen pined for those;
The conqueror sought a lovely spot,
And built a lovely home;
Of porphyry was the shining floor,
Of crystal was the dome.
But lovelier were the cypresses
That hung the lake beside;
As beauties o'er their mirror bend,
So bent they o'er the tide.

Those giant warriors of the wood,
Palms with their leafy crest,
Like waving feathers caught each breeze,
That wandered from the west;
And every breeze, of red rose leaves
Brought down a crimson rain,

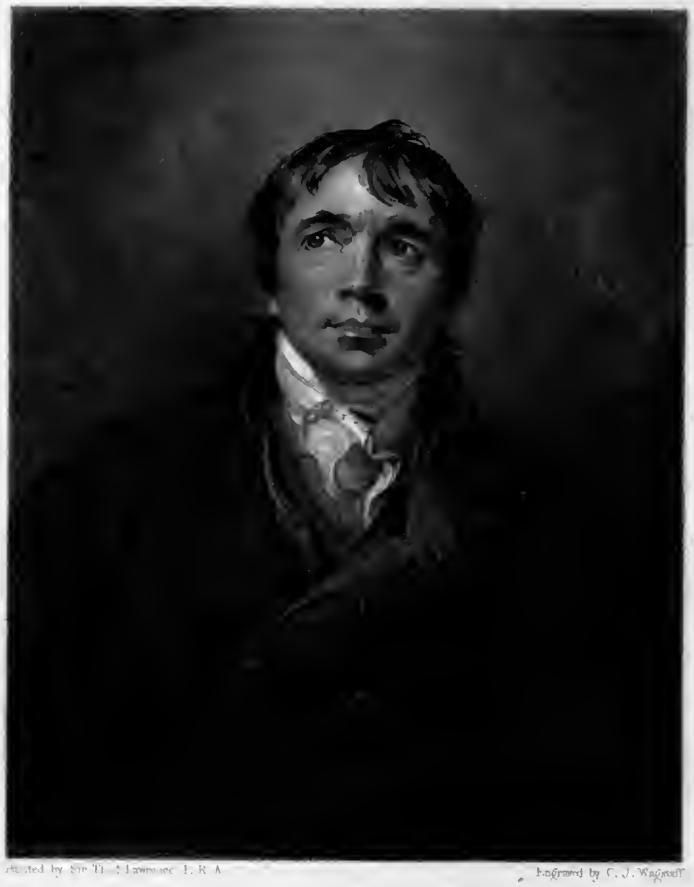
And fields of rice and scented grass
Made green each distant plain;
And cool and bright adown the stream
The water lilies swept,
As if within each silvery hold
The god Camdeo slept.

She came, the young and royal bride,
And if the place was fair,
Before her eyes shed sunshine round,
How fair when she was there!
An hundred maidens and their lutes
Came with their queen along;
The mornings passed, the evenings passed,
With story and with song:
His sword the conqueror forgot-
Her early home his bride—
Whenever they and summer sought
Their palace by the tide.

The early history of Mandoo is involved in much obscurity: it was first possessed by the Dhar Rajahs; to one of these the above verses refer.

Camdeo is the Indian Cupid. He is represented by the Hindoo writers as a beautiful youth, sometimes floating down the Ganges on a lotus; or, at others, riding on a loorie by moonlight, attended by dancing nymphs, the foremost of whom carries his banner, which displays a fish on a red ground. He bears four arrows, each headed by a different flower; his bow is formed of a sugar-cane, and strung with bees.—*Sir W. Jones.*

The lotus is a species of large lily, of which there are many varieties; some of a pure white, others tinged with a faint, others with a deep red. On a clear wave, the rich crimson has a splendid effect.—*Asiatic Annual Register.*



Painted by Sir T.ˢ Lawrence P. R. A. Engraved by C. J. Wagstaff

RIGHT HON.ᴮᴸᴱ JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

FISHER SON & Cº LONDON. 1831.

LINES ON CURRAN'S PICTURE.

Oh! is it not a gallant sight to mark
A little vessel breast the stormy sea,
With sails triumphant swelling to the wind?
Dashing the waters from her side in scorn,
She cleaves the ocean, and, with arrowy prow,
Scattering the snowy foam, a sparkling shower,
And leaving a bright track behind, in sign
Of victory. Our human pride delights
In such a triumph over wind and wave,
Because she knows 'tis not the plank and sail
But human mind that holds the mastery.
The canvass has been spread by human hand,
And human hand it is that guides the helm.
Methinks with nobler triumph we should mark
Some gallant spirit through the sea of life
Shape its successful course. Sustained, impelled
By energy unconquerable within,
A life like Curran's has enough to make
Humanity ashamed and proud. 'Tis strange
To think what toil is wasted upon some,
How ancient scrolls unfold their precious store,
The learned folio yields its silver clasp,
The modern page marks out its easy way
Some learned man to aid, assist, explain,
And all to prove some fool is also dunce.
Now watch the progress of a nobler mind:
It has no aid, except from obstacles
To conquer which invigorates: learned wealth
As much debarred as golden; every step
Made difficult by want of help; and books
Things more of a desire than of a hope.
And yet that boy will rise into a man.
The honoured of his country, and will leave
A name imperishable as the soul.

And such was Curran; 'twas a glorious sight
To see him when his soul was on its spring,
Gifted with all the mighty strength of words,
Wit from his lip, and lightning from his eye,
Flashing together—scorn enthroned on power—
I'd rather have such stirring life as theirs,
Who make their own way, and delight to make,
Win wealth and honour by their own bright mind,
Whose destiny is in itself—than bear
The noblest name that ever belted Earl
Left honoured to his son—

THE VALE OF LONSDALE,

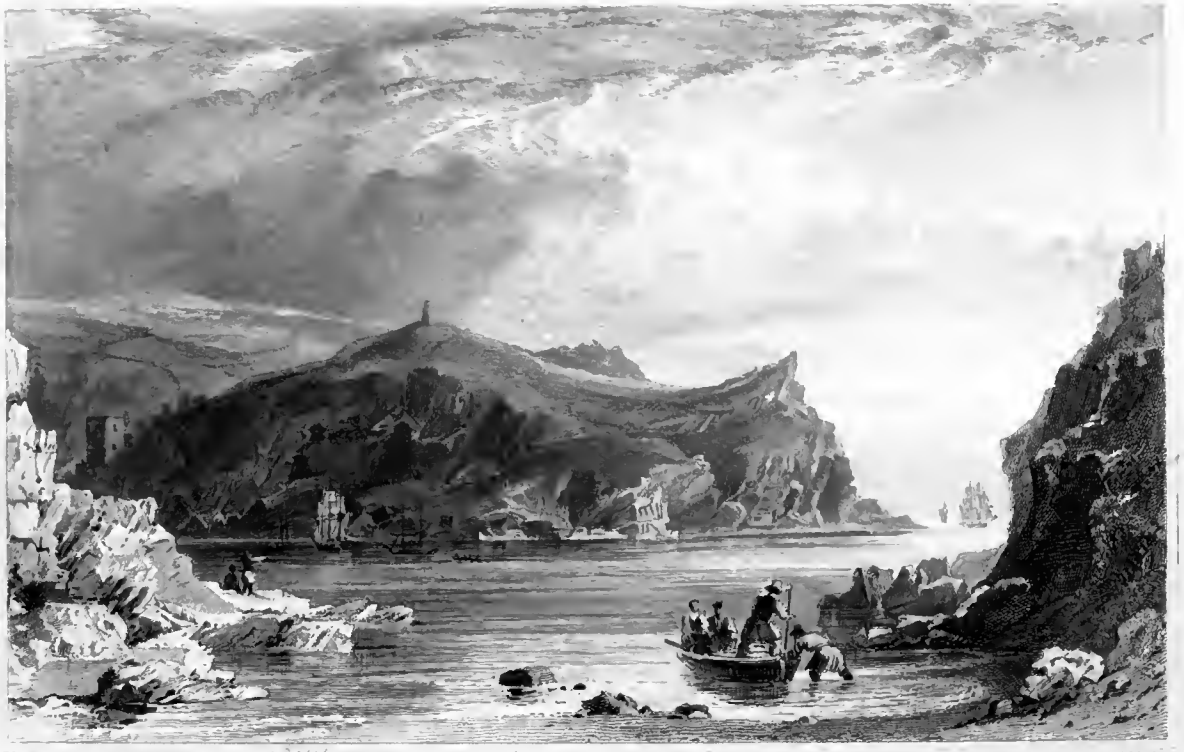
LANCASHIRE.

I COULD not dwell here, it is all too fair,
Too sunny, too luxuriant; those green fields,
With the rich shadows of their old oak trees,
Or the more graceful sweep of the light ash;
Fields where the skylark builds amid the grass,
Trees where the thrush's nest is on the boughs;
Those human dwellings, looking peace at least,
In gardens, with their growth of cultured flowers;
The quiet winding of that tideless stream,
Whose very movement is repose, whose waves
Are rarely stirred save by the falling rain,
Which comes when sunshine asks relief from showers;
I could not dwell here, it is far too fair,
For my heart feels the contrast all too much,
Between the placid scene, and its unrest.

Drawn by J. Henderson. Engraved by W. Le Pe

THE VALE OF LONSDALE.

FISHER SON & CO. LONDON, 1831



T. Allom.

W^m Le^{tt}

FOWEY HARBOUR, S^T SAVIOUR'S CHAPEL, & POLRUAN CASTLE.

FISHER, SON & C^O LONDON.

FOWEY HARBOUR, AND POLRUAN CASTLE, &c.

The Ladye sat in her lonely tower,
Singing a mournful song;
One of those sad and olden rhymes
That aye to love belong.
The bride is young, and her lord is away,
Therefore sings she that love-lorn lay.

Sudden she marks, through the glittering waves,
Two armed ships cleave their way;
Their sails are white, in the morning light,
And around breaks the dashing spray.
She sees the flag with its lilies expand,
And a band of warriors leap to land.

It had been sight, for a gallant knight,
To mark that ladye call,
'Mid weeping maidens, and wardens old,
On her vassals to man the wall;
Albeit it roused more love than fear,
To see, that white hand grasp the spear.

There are no knights like our English knights,
Yet the boldest of his name,
Never from castle repulsed the foe
More bravely than that fair dame:
They left their chief, and their banner behind,
When the Frenchmen spread their sails to the wind.

"Is a masque tow'rd?" said the castle's lord,
When he came home next day,
Beside him stood a captive knight,
And a banner before him lay:
His ladye's cheek wore its deepest red,
When she told him how she had been lord instead.

Leland, when speaking of the "Frenchmen" having "diverse times assailed the town" of Fowey, "and last most notably, about Henry the Sixth's time," informs us, that "the wife of Thomas Treury, the 2d, with her men, repelled the French out of her house in her husband's absence; whereupon Thomas Treury builded a righte faire and stronge embateled towr in his house,—and vnto this day it is the glorie of the town building in Faweye." The tower fell to the ground about sixty years ago, and two busts of the heroine who so gallantly repulsed the enemy, were found in the ruins: they are still preserved.

SKELETON GROUP IN THE RAMESWUR, CAVES OF ELLORA.

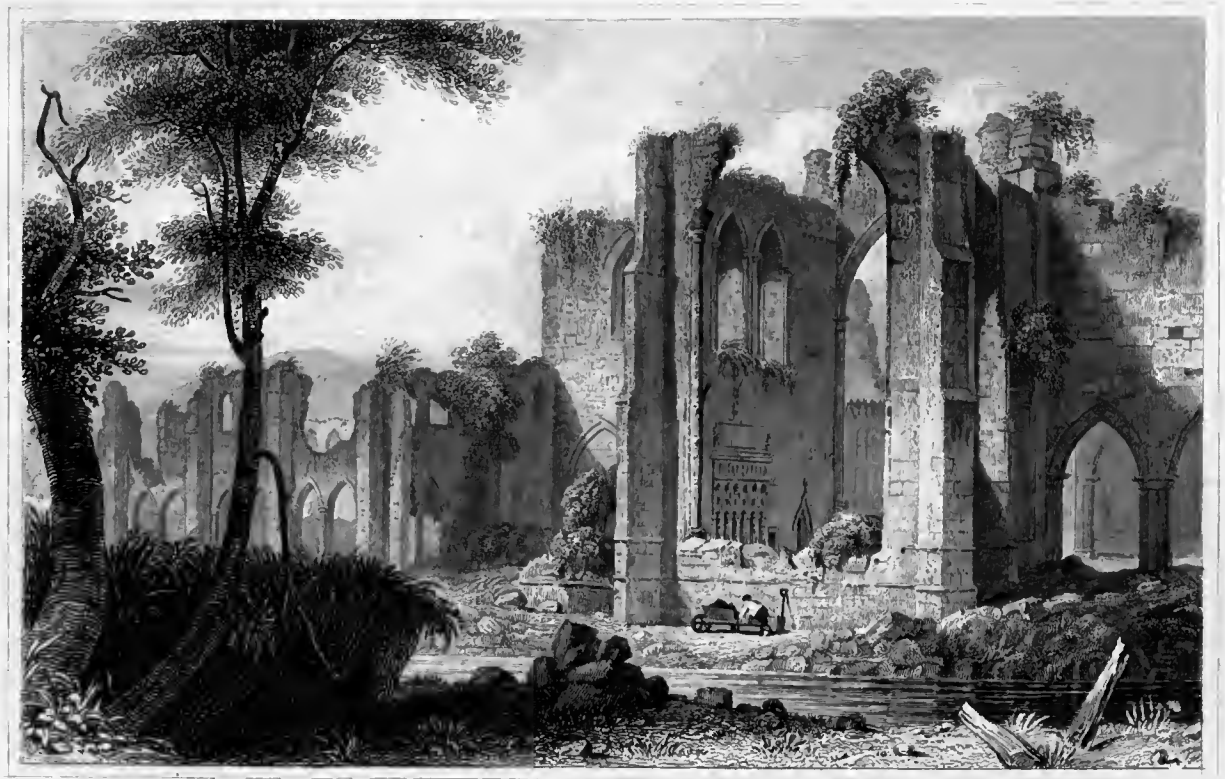
SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT THE NUPTIALS OF SIVA AND PARVATI.

He comes from Kilas, earth and sky,
Bright before the deity;
The sun shines, as he shone when first
His glory over ocean burst.
The vales put forth a thousand flowers,
Mingling the spring and summer hours;
The Suras* fill with songs the air,
The Genii and their lutes are there;
By gladness stirred, the mighty sea
Flings up its waves rejoicingly;
And Music wanders o'er its tide,
For Siva comes to meet his bride.

The above lines are a paraphrase of a translation from the Siva-Pooraun. It goes on to mention, besides the signs of rejoicing I have enumerated, that "The dwellers upon earth stocked the casket of their ideas with the jewels of delight;" also, that "the eyes of the devotees flamed like torches," and that "Siva set off like a garden in full blow." Among the guests who attended his wedding were "Brahma, who came on his goose"—"the Kerokee and other serpents all drest in habits of ceremony." Query, What habits of ceremony did the serpents wear? Vide Maurice. Captain Sykes mentions, that one of the compartments represent Siva and Parvati playing at dice, her attitude expressing "unsuccess or denial." May not this allude to their celebrated quarrel, so often mentioned by Hindoo writers. The tale is as follows. Siva and Parvati parted, owing to a quarrel at dice. They severally performed rigid acts of devotion; but the fires they kindled blazed so vehemently as to threaten a general conflagration. The other deities in great alarm supplicated him to recall his consort, but the angry god answered, that she must come of her own free choice. The river goddess prevailed on Parvati to return, on condition that his love for her was restored. Camdeo, the Indian Cupid, then wounded Siva with one of his arrows, and, for his pains, was reduced to ashes by a flash from Siva's eye. The shaft, however, had lost none of its honied craft. Parvati, as the daughter of a mountaineer, appeared before her immediately enamoured husband; her conquest once secured, she assumed her natural form. Siva, in the joy of reconciliation, decreed, that Camdeo should be known again as the son of Crishna. *Asiatic Researches.*

* Good spirits.

SKELETON GROUP IN THE RAMESWARA CAVES OF ELLORA.



Harwood — Tombleson

FURNESS ABBEY, IN THE VALE OF NIGHTSHADE, LANCASHIRE.

FISHER, SON, & Cº LONDON 1831

FURNESS ABBEY,

IN THE VALE OF NIGHTSHADE, LANCASHIRE.

I WISH for the days of the olden time,
When the hours were told by the abbey chime,
When the glorious stars looked down through the midnight dim,
Like approving saints on the choir's sweet hymn:
I think of the days we are living now,
And I sigh for those of the veil and the vow.

I would be content alone to dwell
Where the ivy shut out the sun from my cell,
With the death's-head at my side, and the missal on my knee,
Praying to that heaven which was opening to me:
Fevered and vain are the days I lead now,
And I sigh for those of the veil and the vow.

Silken broidery no more would I wear,
Nor golden combs in my golden hair;
I wore them but for one, and in vain they were worn;
My robe should be of serge, my crown of the thorn:
'Tis a cold false world we dwell in now,
And I sigh for the days of the veil and the vow.

I would that the cloister's quiet were mine;
In the silent depths of some holy shrine.
I would tell my blessed beads, and would weep away
From my inmost soul every stain of clay:
My heart's young hopes they have left me now,
And I sigh for the days of the veil and the vow.

BENARES.

City of idol temples, and of shrines,
Where folly kneels to falsehood—how the pride
Of our humanity is here rebuked!
Man, that aspires to rule the very wind,
And make the sea confess his majesty;
Whose intellect can fill a little scroll
With words that are immortal; who can build
Cities, the mighty and the beautiful:
Yet man, this glorious creature, can debase
His spirit down, to worship wood and stone,
And hold the very beasts which bear his yoke,
And tremble at his eye, for sacred things.
With what unutterable humility
We should bow down, thou blessed Cross, to thee!
Seeing our vanity and foolishness,
When, to our own devices left, we frame
A shameful creed of craft and cruelty.

Benares may be called the Rome of Hindostan, being the sacred city, the centre of the Hindoo religion. Bishop Heber states, that "no Europeans live in the town, nor are any of the streets wide enough to admit a wheel carriage." The streets are crowded with "the sacred bulls devoted to Seeva, tame and familiar as mastiffs, walking lazily up and down, and lying across them. Monkeys sacred to Hunooman, the divine ape who conquered Ceylon, are in some parts of the town equally numerous, clinging to all the roofs, and putting their heads or hands into every fruiterer's or confectioner's shop, and snatching the food from the children at their meals. Fakirs' houses occur at every turn, adorned with idols, and sending out an unceasing tinkling of vinas, bugals, and other discordant instruments: while religious mendicants, of every Hindoo sect, offering every conceivable deformity, which chalk, disease, matted locks, distorted limbs, and disgusting attitudes of penance, can shew, literally line the principal streets." "The houses are painted of a deep red, and covered with paintings, in gaudy colours, of flower-pots, men, women, bulls, elephants, gods and goddesses, in all their many-headed, many-handed, many-weaponed varieties." "The number of temples is very great, mostly small, and stand like shrines in the angles of the streets. Many of them are entirely covered over with beautiful and elaborate carvings of flowers, animals, and palm branches, equalling in minuteness and richness the best specimens I have seen of Gothic or Grecian architecture." Tavernier mentions a belief of the Brahmins, whence the classic allegory of the golden, silver, brazen, and iron ages originated. "This holy city," say they, "was originally built of gold, but, for the sins of mankind, it was successively degraded to stone, brick, and clay."

Engraved by W. Corke

BENARES

Painted by Henry Meyers. Engraved by H. Meyer.

THE AFRICAN.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON 1831.

PROOF

THE AFRICAN.

It was a king in Africa,
He had an only son;
And none of Europe's crowned kings
Could have a dearer one.

With good cane arrows five feet long,
And with a shining bow,
When but a boy, to the palm woods
Would that young hunter go.

And home he brought white ivory,
And many a spotted hide;
When leopards fierce and beautiful
Beneath his arrows died.

Around his arms, around his brow,
A shining bar was rolled;
It was to mark his royal blood,
He wore that bar of gold.

And often at his father's feet,
The evening he would pass;
When, weary of the hunt, he lay
Upon the scented grass.

Alas! it was an evil day,
When such a thing could be;
When strangers, pale and terrible,
Came o'er the distant sea.

They found the young prince mid the woods,
The palm woods deep and dark:
That day his lion hunt was done,
They bore him to their bark.

They bound him in a narrow hold,
With others of his kind;
For weeks did that accursed ship
Sail on before the wind.

Now shame upon the cruel wind,
And on the cruel sea,
That did not with some mighty storm,
Set those poor captives free:

Or, shame to those weak thoughts, so fain
To have their wilful way:
God knoweth what is best for all—
The winds and seas obey.

At length a lovely island rose
From out the ocean wave,
They took him to the market-place,
And sold him for a slave.

Some built them homes, and in the shade
Of flowered and fragrant trees,
They half forgot the palm-hid huts
They left far o'er the seas.

But he was born of nobler blood,
And was of nobler kind;
And even unto death, his heart
For its own kindred pined.

There came to him a seraph child
With eyes of gentlest blue:
If there are angels in high heaven,
Earth has its angels too.

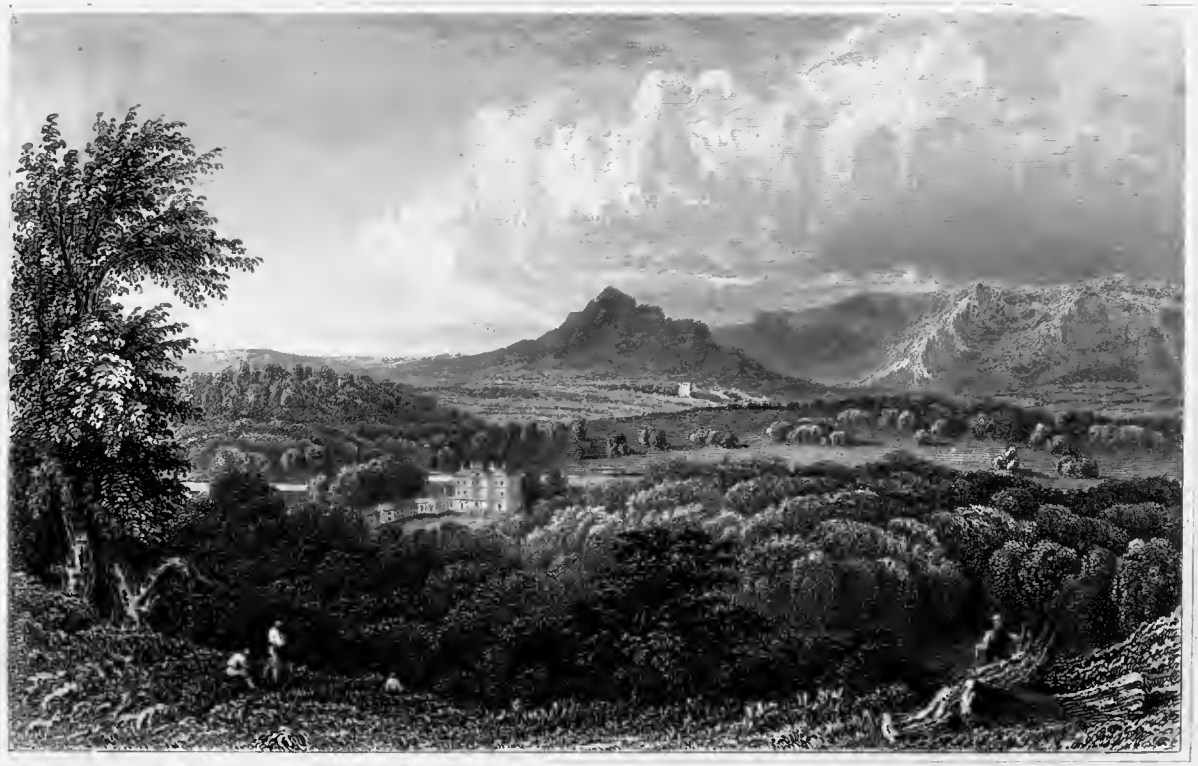
She cheered him with her holy words,
She soothed him with her tears;
And pityingly she spoke with him
Of home and early years.

And when his heart was all subdued
By kindness into love,
She taught him from this weary earth
To look in faith above.

She told him how the Saviour died
For man upon the tree;
"He suffered," said the holy child,
"For you as well as me."

Sorrow and death have need of faith--
The African believed;
As rains fall fertile on the earth,
Those words his soul received.

He died in hope, as only those
Who die in Christ depart—
One blessed name within his lips,
One hope within his heart.



W H Bartlett R. Brandard

CURAGHMORE, Co WATERFORD.

FISHER SON & Co LONDON 1834.

CURRAGHMORE,

A Seat of the Marquis of Waterford.—The name signifies "the great plain," and the surrounding country is of singular beauty and fertility.

Summer, shining summer,
Art thou bringing now
Colours to the red rose,
Green leaves to the bough,
Music to the singing birds,
And honey to the bee;
Summer, shining summer,
Oh, welcome unto thee.

Now linger in our valley,
Oh, why should thou go forth,
To thaw the snow and icicles
Of the eternal North?
Where wilt thou find a valley
More lovely for your home?
Ah! even now the shadows
Are lengthening as they come.

Well, Autumn, thou art welcome,
With sheaves of ripened corn,
The hunter's moon is shining,
The hills ring with his horn.
The grapes are dyed with purple,
The leaves are tinged with red,
And the green and golden plumage
Of the pheasant's wing is spread.

What? snow upon the mountains!
Heap pine boughs on the hearth;
Broach ye the crimson Malvoisie,
Let the old hall ring with mirth.
Fill the lattices with holly,
Let the lamps and torches blaze,
And let the ancient harper
Sing songs of other days.

Alas, thou gladsomeWinter,
Thy festival is done,
Thy frost-work world of gossamer
Is melting in the sun.
Forth come the early violets,
Such pale blue in their eyes,
As if they caught their colour
From gazing on the skies.

And a green and tender verdure
Is on the hawthorn tree,
And a break of crimson promise
Shews what the rose will be.
The primrose clothes the meadow,
The birds are on the wing,
And a thousand flowers are waking
Beneath the feet of Spring.

Let the year pursue its changes,
Let the seasons fade and fall,
That valley has a welcome
And a beauty for them all.

His Highness

George-Frederick-Alexander-Charles-Ernest-Augustus,

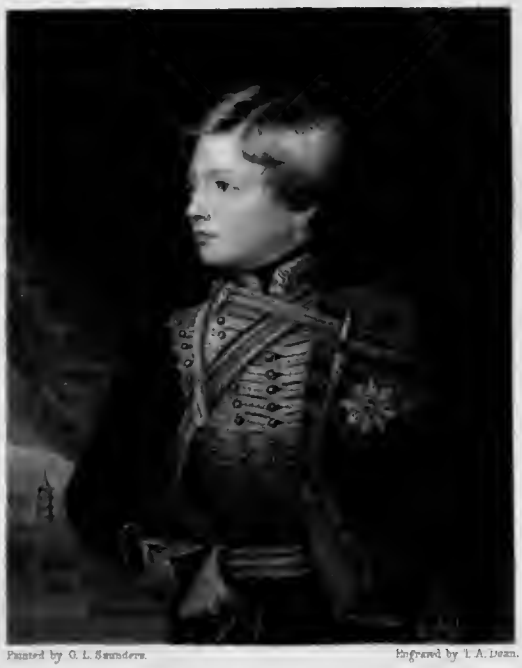
PRINCE OF CUMBERLAND,

Born 25th May, 1815.

I will quote Wordsworth's lines, and say, that this Picture of our Young Prince—

" The beauty wears of promise—that which sets
(To take an image which was felt, no doubt,
Among the bowers of paradise itself,)
The budding rose above the rose full blown"—

and only venture to add a wish, that His Highness's future years may surpass even their present promise; of which there is a delightful account in Part 30 of the " National Portrait Gallery."

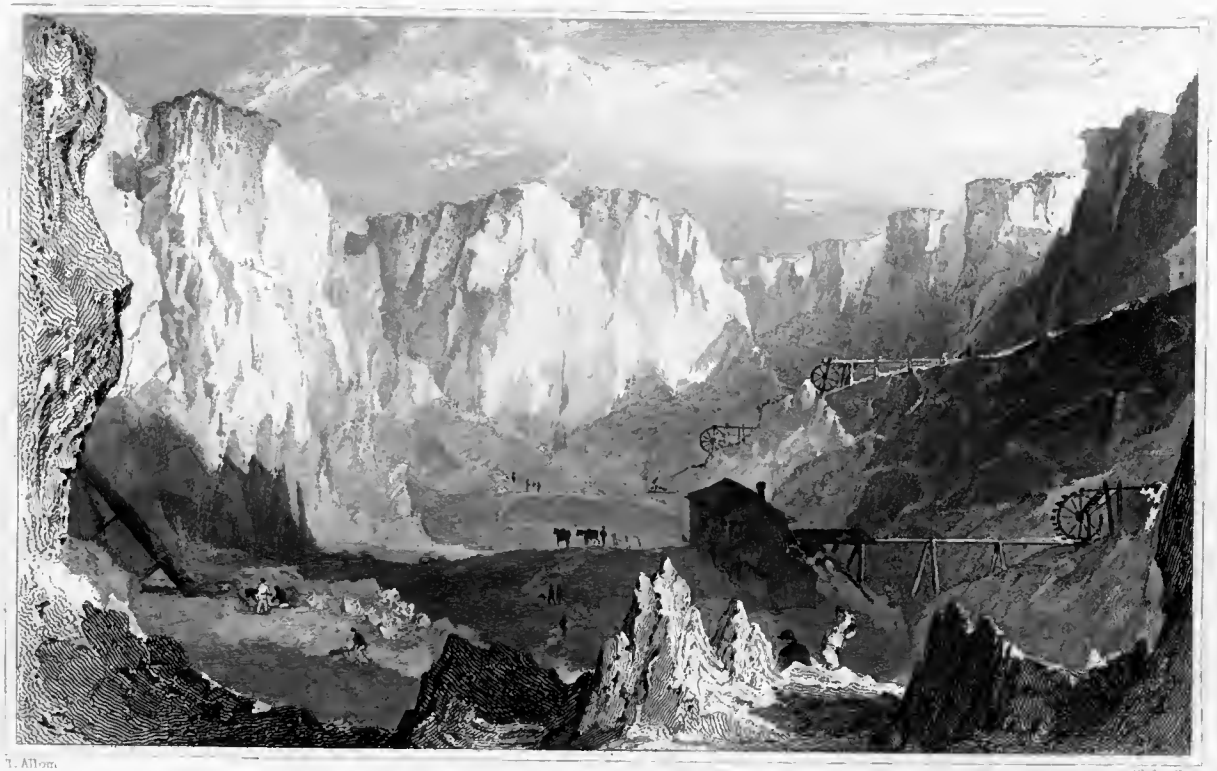


Painted by G. L. Saunders. Engraved by T. A. Dean.

HIS HIGHNESS PRINCE GEORGE-FREDERICK-ALEXANDER-CHARLES-ERNEST-AUGUSTUS OF CUMBERLAND.

George

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON. 1841.



T. Allom.

W. Tombleson.

CARCLAZE TIN MINE, NEAR ST AUSTLE.

FISHER SON & Cº LONDON 1831

THE CARCLAZE TIN-MINE, CORNWALL.

Those stately galleys cut the seas,
Their wings the mighty oars;
And the sun set o'er their purple sails,
When touched those ships our shores.

They are from far Phœnicia,
Whose princely merchants sweep,
Like conquerors of the winds and waves,
Over the subject deep.

They have been east and west to seek
The wealth of the wide world;
Mid Indian isles of gems and spice,
Those sails have been unfurled.

In Africa for ivory,
For the red gold in Spain;
Ours is a wild and barren isle,
Why do they cross the main?

They come to find the precious ores,
That British mountains yield;
To point to British enterprise,
Its future glorious field.

A savage race, yet from their trade
Rose England's commerce—now,
What land but knows her red-cross flag?
What sea but knows her prow?

Riches, and intellect, and peace,
Have marked the favoured strand:
God keep thee in prosperity,
My own sea-girdled land!

The produce of the Tin and Copper Mines early attracted the Phœnicians to our coast. Tin was then one of the precious metals, and used for personal adornment; and the barter must have been as profitable, as civilized people always made their dealings with savages. Knowledge usually turns ignorance to profit. The Carclaze Mine is reported to have been worked above four hundred years.

EL WUISH.

El Wuish is a small harbour on the Arabian coast of the Red Sea. The intricacies of a great and almost unbroken extent of coral reefs, renders the navigation rather difficult, and extremely tedious. The boatmen often beguile the night by singing. The imagery of the following song is taken from some Persian translations kindly placed in my hands by Sir Gore Ouseley: of course, it is a very free paraphrase.

Leila, the flowers are withered now,
The flowers I scattered at thy side
What time Zoharah's* silver star
Was mirror'd in the fountain's tide;

The fountain played, and flung its drops
Like pearls amid thy raven hair;
I had not seen the mirror'd star,
But thou too wert reflected there.

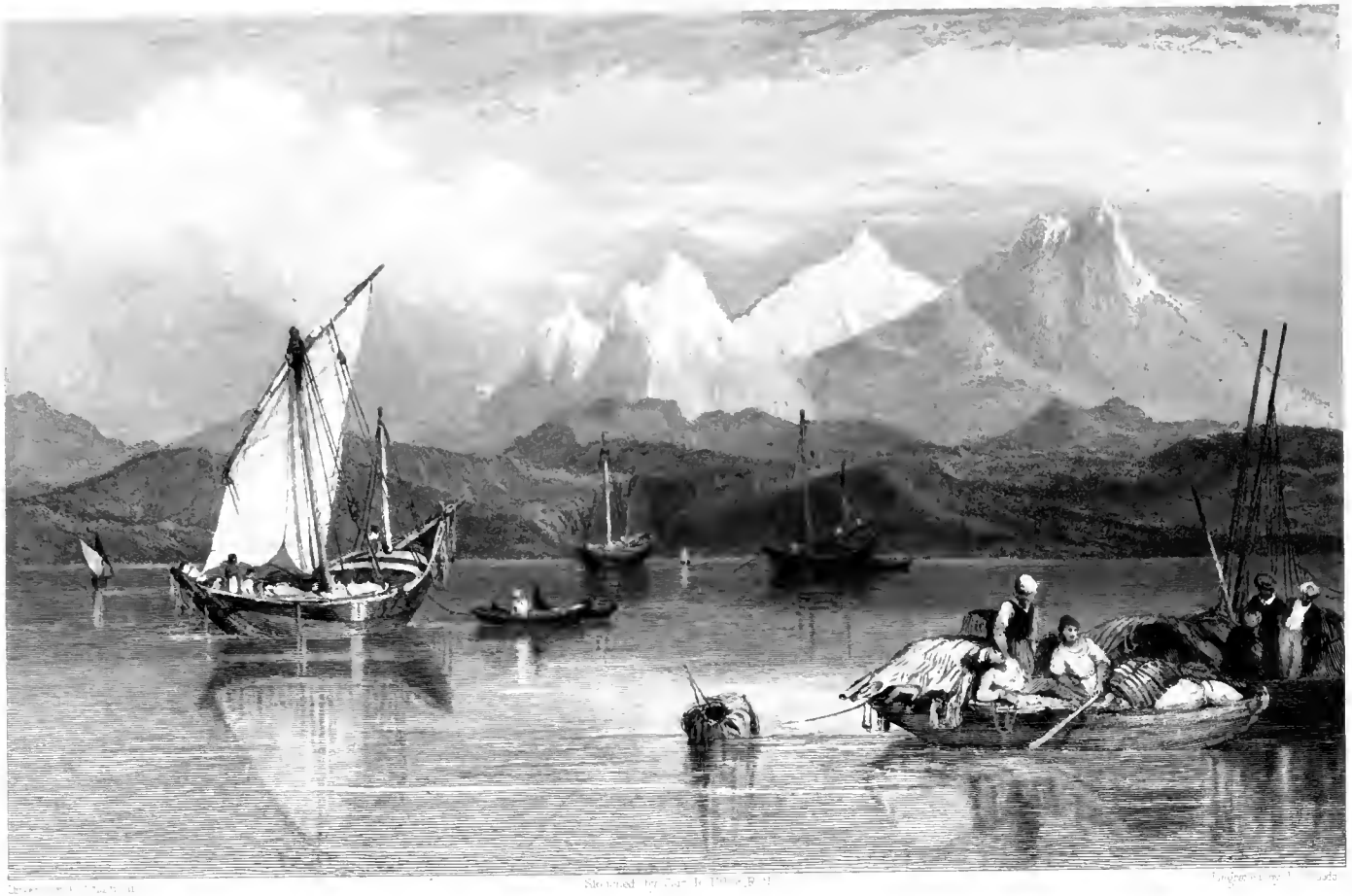
Thyself and thy sweet phantom self
That parting hour were both my own.
My heart seemed like the fountain, made
To image love and thee alone.

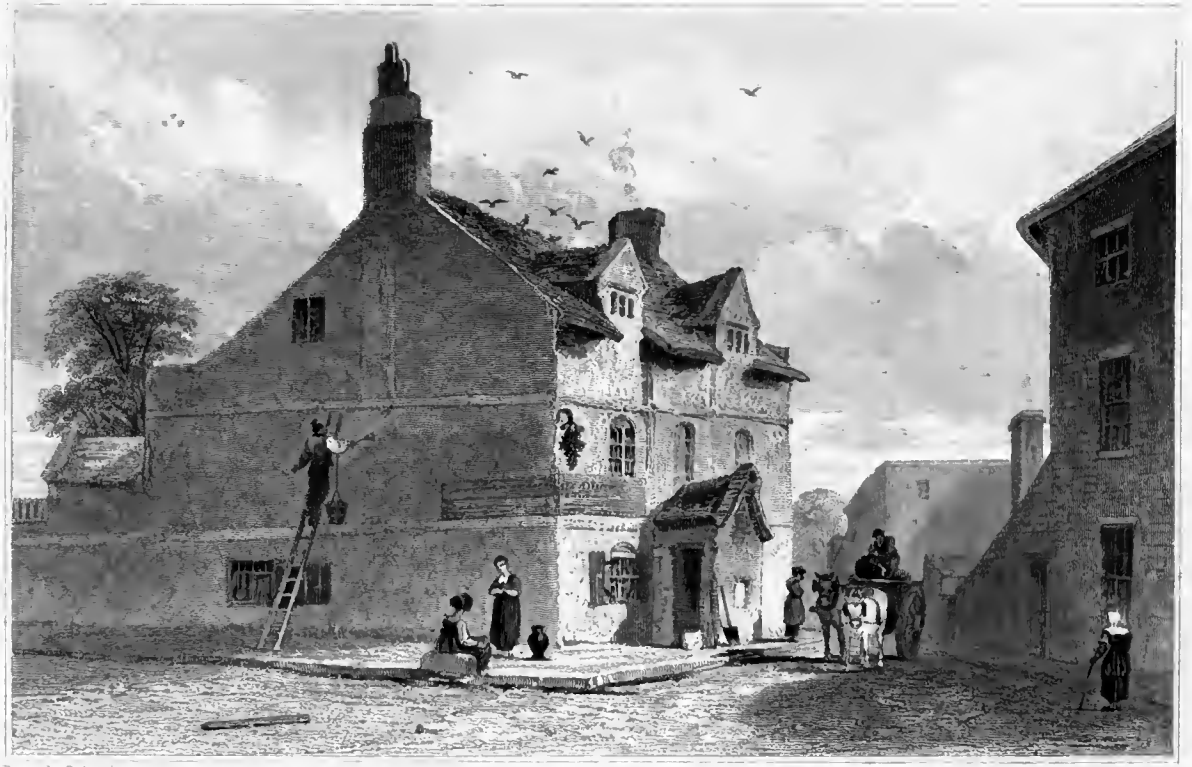
When thou had past, that faithless wave
No likeness of thy grace retained.
But though my Leila's self be gone,
Yet Leila's memory has remained.

Thou dost consume thy dwelling-place—
Take from thy wreath of flowers a sign,
The tulip hides its withered core,
And such a burning heart is mine.

I call thine image to my sleep,
I wake and watch the waves again,
I think thy words, I dream thy smiles,
Ah! Arab maid, I dream in vain.

* The Eastern name for the planet Venus.





Drawn by S. Austin. Engraved by Robt. Wallis.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH Wm ROSCOE, ESQ. WAS BORN,
MOUNT PLEASANT, LIVERPOOL.

FISHER SON & Co LONDON, 1834

THE HOUSE IN WHICH ROSCOE WAS BORN.

A LOWLY roof, an English farm-house roof—
What is the train of thought that it should wake?
Why cheerful evenings, when the winter cold
Grows glad beside the hearth; or summer days,
When round the shady porch the woodbine clings;
Some aged man beneath, to hear whose words
The children leave off play; for he can tell
Of the wild sea, a sailor in his youth.
Yet here the mind's eye pictures other scenes—
A fair Italian city, in a vale,
The sanctuary of summer, where the air
Grows sweet in passing over myrtle groves.
Glides the blue Arno, in whose tide are glassed
Armed palaces, with marble battlements.
Forth ride a band of princely chivalry,
And at their head a gallant chieftain—he,
Lorenzo the magnificent.
Within this house was thy historian born,
Florence, thou pictured city; and his name
Calls up thy rich romance of history;
And this calm English dwelling fills the mind
With memories of Medici—

It is scarcely necessary to state, that Mr. Roscoe's principal work was the Life of Lorenzo di Medicis.

THE JUMMA MUSJID.—THE PRINCIPAL MOSQUE AT AGRA.

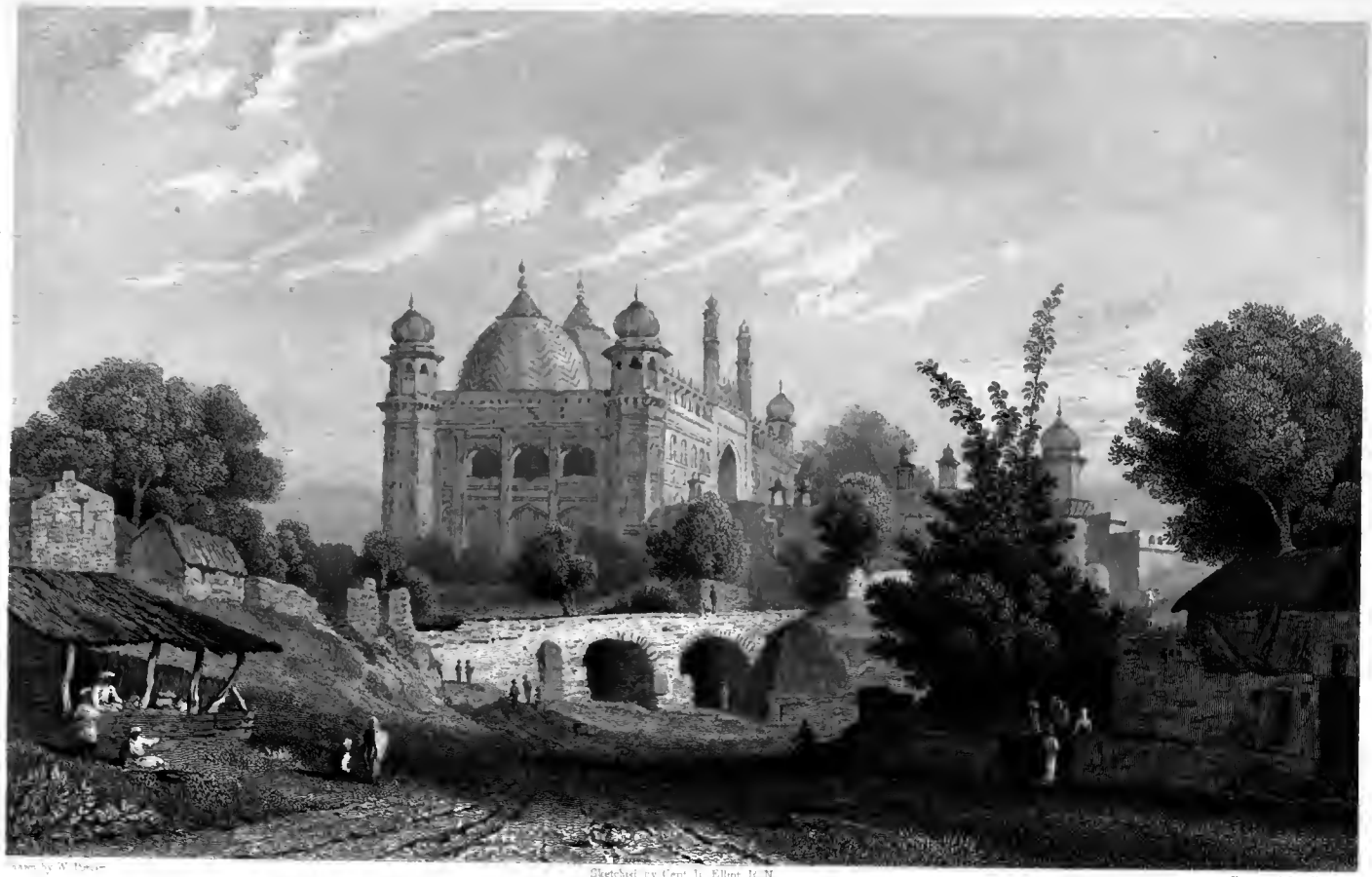
Yon mosque alone remains to tell,
How glorious once did Agra rise,
When gilded roof and pinnacle
Met morning half-way in the skies.

Two mighty empires load the plain,
With palace, mosque, and tomb, and tower:
Out on the works man rears in vain!
Out on the vanity of power!

A conqueror poured forth wealth and blood,
And dome and temple rose sublime;—
Now, what remains where Agra stood,
But dust and ruins, Death and Time!

* Captain Elliot says, "that a single century, or even a shorter space of time, is sufficient to reduce the streets and bazaars of an Indian city to a level with the earth from whence they rose, and to become almost as if they had never been; while the larger mosques and tombs remain with little deterioration, and stand as melancholy monuments of the earlier splendour and prosperity of the Eastern capitals." "The city of Agra was greatly embellished by the Emperor Akbar, and it certainly contains some of the most beautiful remains of architecture that are to be found in India, where the face of a vast country is covered with the ruins of two great empires." "Some of the tombs have been converted into dwelling-houses by the English inhabitants."

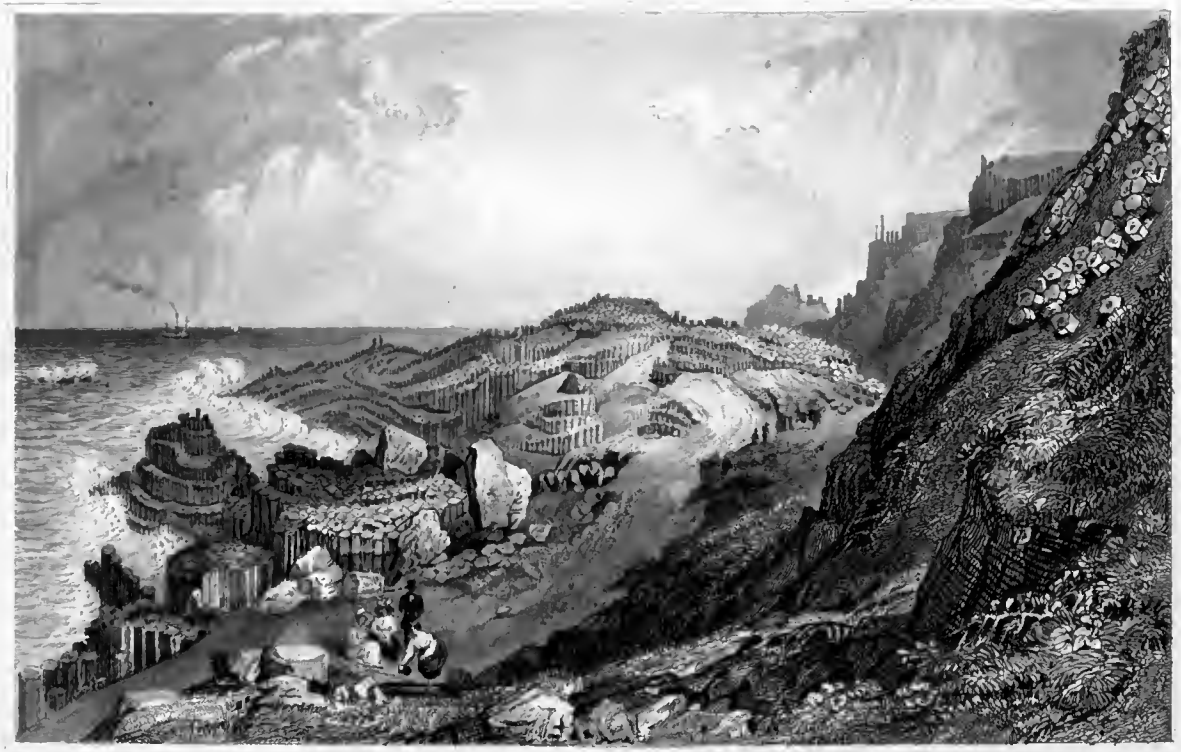
It was remarked by Bishop Heber, that "Vanity of vanities was surely never written in more legible characters than on the dilapidated arcades of Delhi." He might have said the same of Agra.



Drawn by W. Daniell

Sketched by Capt. R. Elliot R.N.

Engraved by T. Boys



T. M. Baynes W. Le Petit

THE GIANTS CAUSEWAY, IRELAND.

FISHER SON & Co. LONDON 1831

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

The magnificent basaltic formation on the northern coast nf Ireland, called the "Giants' Causeway," presents so artificial an appearance, that some writers have asserted that it is not a natural production, and it is traditionally said to have been the work of those mighty men of old, after whom it is named. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his discourses, nbserves, that "Travellers into the East tell us, that wben the ignorant inhabitants of these conntries are interrogated concerning the ruins of stately edifices yet remaining among them, the melancholy monuments of their former grandeur and long-lost science, they always answer, that they were built by magicians. Tbe untaught mind finds a vast gulf between its own powera and those works of complicated art which it is utterly unable to fathom, and it supposes that such a void can only be passed by supernatural means."

They met beside the stormy sea, those giant kings of old,
And on each awful brow was set, a crown of burning gold.
No ray the yet unrisen stars, or the wan moonbeams, gave,
But far and bright, the meteor light shone over cloud and wave.

"I have been over earth to-day," exclaimed one mighty king,
"The toil of half the human race, it is a foolish thing;
For I have seen on Egypt's land, an abject million slave,
To build a lofty pyramid above their monarch's grave.

"Now let us put their works to scorn, and in a single night
Rear what would take them centuries, and nations' banded might,"
Then up arose each giant king, and took a mighty stone,
They laid the quay; they piled the rocks—ere morn the work was done.

Vain fable this! yet not so vain as it may seem to be,
Methinks that now too much we live to cold reality;
The selfish and the trading world clips man so closely round,
No bold or fair imaginings within our hearts are found.

So vortex-like doth wealth now draw, all other feelings in,
Too much we calculate, and wealth, becomes almost a sin;
We look upon the lovely earth, and think what it may yield:
We only ask for crops, not flowers, from every summer field.

The mind grows coarse, the soul confined, while thus from day to day
We let the merely common-place eat phantasie away:
Aye, better to believe, I trow, the legends framed of old—
Aught—anything to snatch one thought, from selfishness and gold.

THE CITY OF DELHI.

Thou glorious city of the East, of old enchanted times,
When the fierce Genii swayed all Oriental climes,
I do not ask from history a record of thy fame,
A fairy page has stamped for me thy consecrated name.

I read it when the crimson sky came reddening thro' the trees,
The twilight is the only time to read such tales as these;
Like mosque, and minaret, and tower, the clouds were heaped on high,
I almost deemed fair Delhi rose, a city in the sky.

What sympathy I then bestowed upon her youthful king!
I fear I now should be less moved by actual suffering;
All sorrow has its selfishness; tears harden as they flow,
And in our own we half forget to share in others' wo.

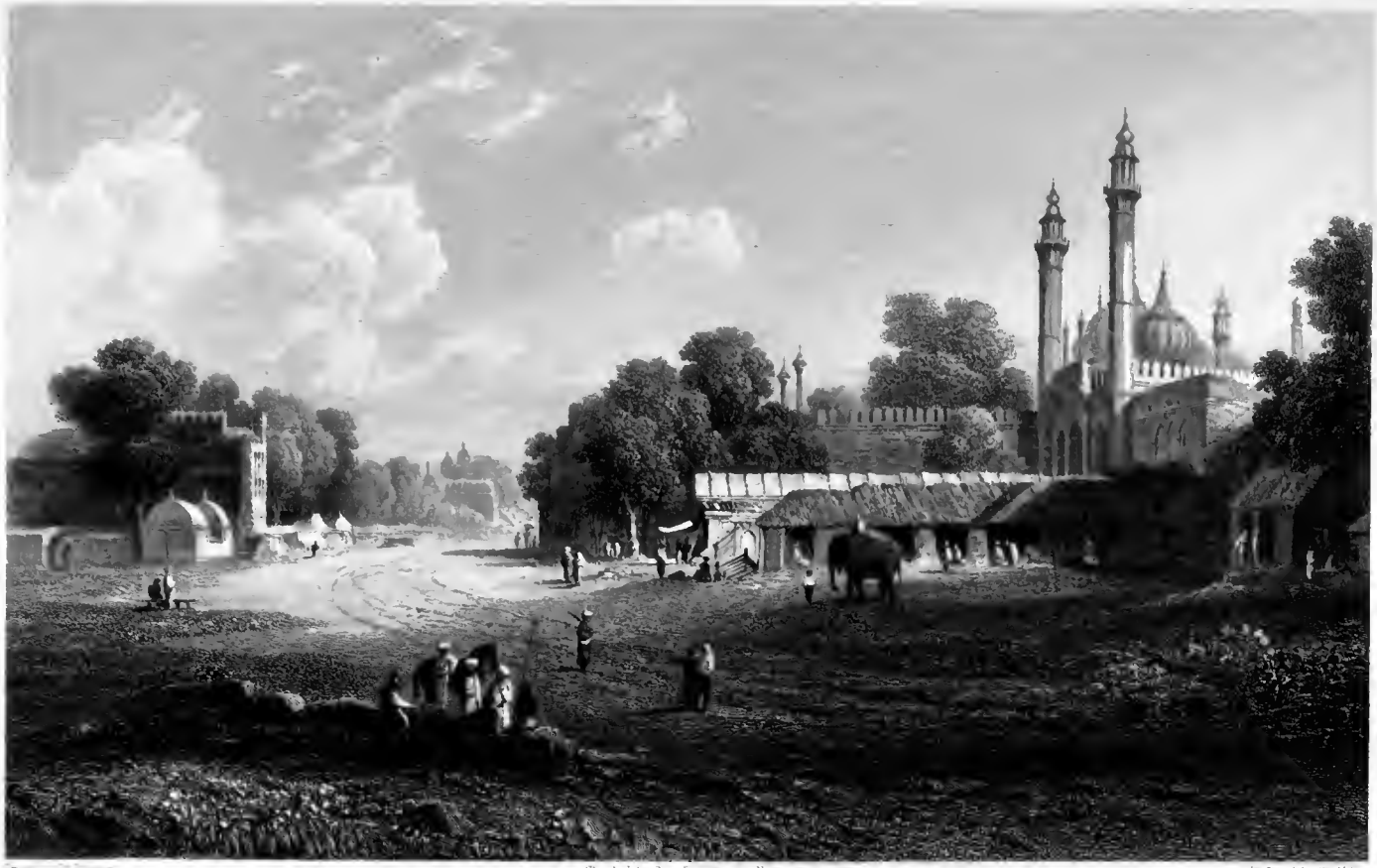
I can recall how well I seemed to know the princely tent,
Where painted silk, and painted plume, their gorgeous colours blent,
The conquests blazoned on the walls, the roof of carved stone,
And the rich light, that at midnight, over the dark woods shone.

The lovely princess, she who slept in that black marble tomb,
Her only pall, her raven hair, that swept in midnight gloom;
The depths of that enchanted sleep, had seemed the sleep of death
Save that her cheek retained its rose, her lip its rose-like breath.

Gone! gone! I think of them no more, unless when they are brought
As by this pictured city here, in some recalling thought;
Far other dreams are with me now, and yet, amid their pain,
I wish I were content to dream of fairy tales again.

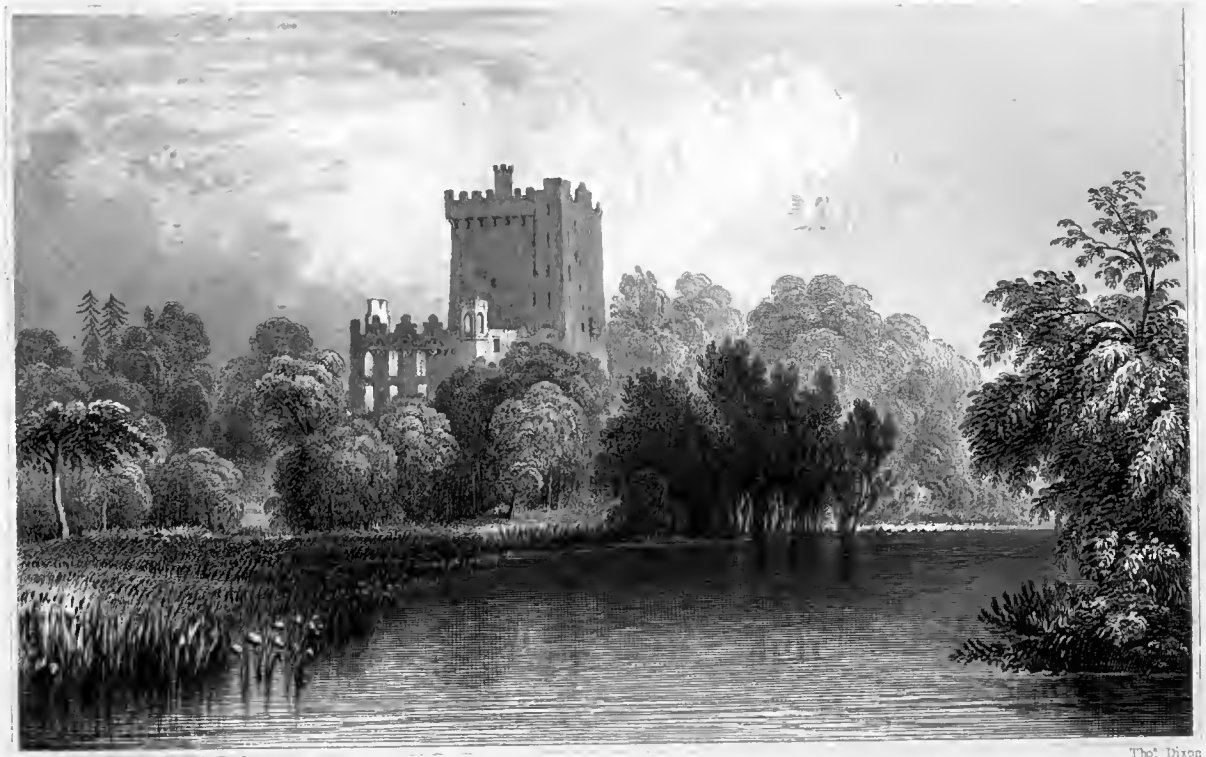
Perhaps Sir Charles Morell, the real author of "The Tales of the Genii," may be but an Oriental Ossian; I only know, when reading them I was truly "under the wand of the enchanter." The story of the Sultan Misnar and the Enchanters is the one to which the above verses allude. The youthful monarch had enough to do; he had to rescue his throne from the usurpation of his brother, aided by the evil genii, and his mistress from an enchanted sleep, in a tomb of black marble. If an author could choose his destiny, he would only implore fortune to grant him youthful readers. The vivid feeling and the rich imagination of the young, lend their own freshness to the page; and then we look back with such delight to half-forgotten volumes read beneath the old beech-tree, or in the oaken window-seat. What an Arabian poet says of those he loved in early days, I say, too, of all childhood's books, hopes, and feelings. The Arabian line runs thus—

"We never meet with friends like the friends of our
Youth—when we have lost them."



Sketched by Capt. [illegible] R.N.

Engraved by W. Miller.



W. H. Bartlett. Thos. Dixon

BLARNEY CASTLE, Co CORK.

FISHER SON & Co LONDON 1831

BLARNEY CASTLE.

"A local habitation and a name."

ALTHOUGH Mr. Crofton Croker has devoted no less than eighteen quarto pages of research to the history of Blarney Castle, and has minutely told us how its Lord (Clancarty) lost his property, how his ring was fished up, and where his plate may be found,—he has nevertheless left the precise meaning of the word Blarney unexplained.—Those who are curious on the subject of its extended use, may consult Salt's Abyssinia. I shall only attempt, by illustration, to shew the accordance of what in England has long been termed "a French compliment," with our notion of Irish blarney: as it is impossible better to illustrate Blarney Castle, than by compositions which embody its very spirit.

VOLTAIRE's Impromptu to a Lady, who wished him yet another eighty years of life:

Lady, it is a selfish boon,
The life your prayer would give;
We're fain to keep what is our own,
We wish our slaves to live.

MARMONTEL s Impromptu to Madame de Stael, on his giving her a pen which she had dropt:

Love dropt this feather at your feet;
What time, his wanderings o'er—
He trusted you to clip his wings,
And wished to rove no more.

Marie Antoinette, finding a lady of her court writing to M. le President Hainault, added a few lines with her own hand, which called forth the following:

Who traced these words, where loveliness
Has stamped its own divine impress?—
Dare I imagine who?
It were ungrateful not to guess;
Too daring, if I do.

Shakspeare showed his usual judgment in putting the well-known exclamation, "What's in a name," into the mouth of a young lady in love, who may very well be supposed not to know what she was talking about: and if a castle is to have such a name, it must be content to abide by its associations. The tea-table was the last resource of these little attentions; but the "bubbling urn's" dismissal has carried with it that once-common flattery of "Pray, Miss, look in the cup, and then it won't want sugar." Alas! our grandmothers were better off than we are. When an art reaches its perfection, it must decline; and certainly the French carried "the delicate science" of blarney to its perfection.

To quote two instances: Madame Helvetius reproached Fontenelle, that he passed her without even looking at her, by saying, "Comment, Monsieur, peux tu me passer sans me regarder?" "Si je vous avais regardé, je n'aurois pu passer," was the gallant reply.

Madame de Stael asked Talleyrand, (while they were engaged in a game then much in vogue, which supposed that out of two in a sinking boat you were to save one,) which he would save, Madame de R—, or her. There was not a little jealousy between the ladies; still Talleyrand named Madame de R—; but instantly smoothed matters by saying to Madame de Stael, "Ah, Madame, l'assistance est ce qu'on n'osoit vous offrir." Such was the ingenious extrication of the diplomatist.

A rich strain of flattery pervaded our elder poets. A lover bids his lady unveil in the following imagery:

"As some fair tulip, by a storm opprest,
Shrinks up, and folds its silken arms to rest,
Hears from within the wind sing round its head;
So, shrouded up, your beauty disappears.
Unveil, my love, and lay aside your fears."

Again, a young sea captain entreats his fair incognita to tell her name, that he

"may call upon it in a storm,
And save some ship from perishing;"

Or, Carew's "painted words" to his mistress, beginning—

"Ask me no more where June bestows,
When June is past the fading;
For in your beauties' orient deep
Those flowers as in their causes sleep."

Or, take the immortal wreath the dramatist offered his mistress:

"I sent thee late a rosy wreath;
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.

T. Allom. J. Lowry

THE VALLEY OF ROCKS, NEAR LYNTON DEVONSHIRE.

FISHER SON & Co LONDON, 1831

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me,
Since when, it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee."

One more of Carew's, on the sight of a gentlewoman's face in the water :

" Stand still, you floods; do not efface
The image which you bear,
So votaries from every place
Shall altars to you rear."

Enough of illustrations of " the subtle art," which has given the Castle its name : still I must add a charade of Fox's, addressed to the Duchess of Devonshire—

" Myself is my first, in a very short word,
And I am the second, and you are my third ;"

(the word is *idol.*) I will conclude with the latest specimen of the kind I have seen. It is extracted from the album of a young lady :

" Miss, in your nose an epigram's discerned—
'Tis pretty, short, and elegantly turned."

THE VALLEY OF ROCKS,

NEAR LINTON, DEVONSHIRE.

This valley is bounded by huge naked rocks, piled one upon the other, and resembling extensive ruins: vast fragments overspread the ground, and exhibit on every side awful vestiges of convulsion and desolation.

Summer, thou hast lost thy power;
Nor thy sunshine, nor thy shower,
Can, from out the stubborn earth,
Call the beautiful to birth!
Never springs the green grass here,
Filled with insects, and with flowers,
Musical and fragrant life,
Making glad the passing hours;

Groweth not one ancient tree
Here; the eye can only see
Broken mass of cold gray stone;
Never yet was place so lone!
Yet the heart hath many a mood
That would seek such solitude,
When the summer earth and sky
Mock those who but pine to die.
Wherefore should the flowers be bright,
When they yield us no delight?
What avails the gladsome spring!
Misery is a selfish thing;
And the wretched one would fain
That all nature shared his pain.
Then, the piled and riven rock,
  Of earth's agony the sign,
And the lone and barren place,
  Seem like sorrow's fitting shrine.
Gloomy vale! if thou couldst be
Haunt for human misery,
Half our life were spent with thee.

THE END.

FISHER, SON, AND JACKSON, PRINTERS.

Fisher's drawing room scrap book