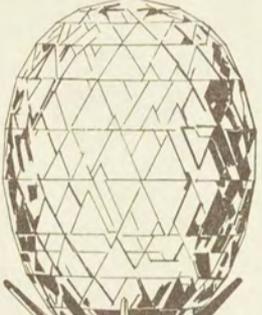


GEMS
OF
BEAUTY

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GEMS OF BEAUTY.



LONDON PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR,
BY LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN & LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER ROW,
APPLETON & CO NEW YORK, AND DELLOY & CO PARIS.
1886.

Printed by J. G. Spon.

GEMS OF BEAUTY

DISPLAYED IN A SERIES OF

TWELVE HIGHLY FINISHED ENGRAVINGS

FROM

DESIGNS

BY E. T. PARRIS, ESQ.

WITH

Fanciful Illustrations,

IN VERSE,

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

“ HERE, ALL GAZERS TO SURPRISE,
JEWELS OF THE RAREST SHINE;
HERE BE STARRY DIAMOND EYES,
RUBY LIPS OF LUSTRE FINE:
NONE SO STERN ARE—NONE SO WISE,
WITH HARSH NATURE TO DESPISE,
EARTH! THESE GLOWING GEMS OF THINE!”

LONDON:

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMAN.

M.DCCC.XXXVI.

1836

LONDON :
PRINTED BY JAMES MOYES, CASTLE STREET,
LEICESTER SQUARE.



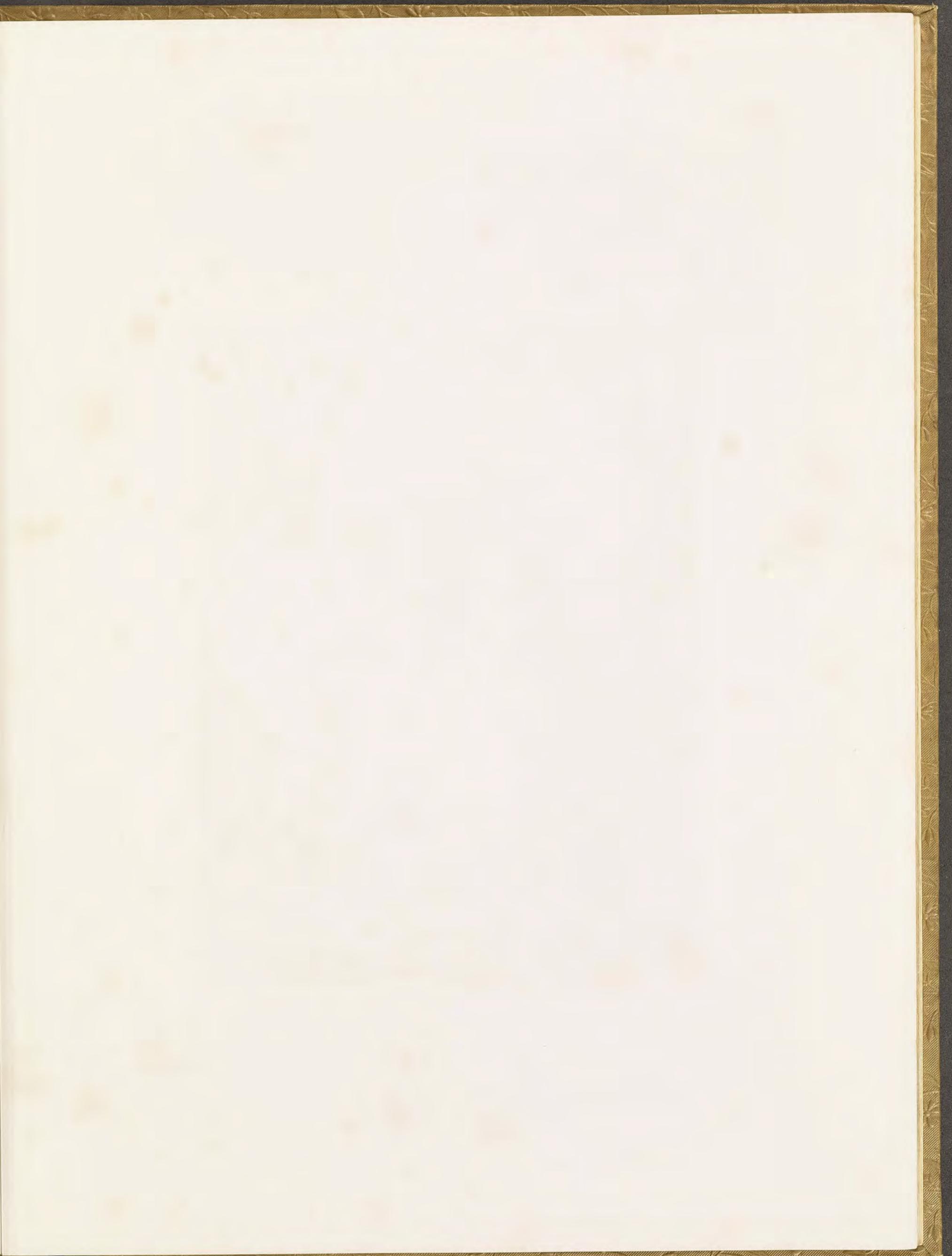
The Dressmaker

THE DIAMOND.

LADY—regal state is thine,
Diamonds in thy tresses shine ;
In their starry light I see,
Youthful Princess! type of thee.
They from some dark mine were drawn,
On a noble brow to dawn ;
Kings were proud their worth to own ;
Thine, too, Lady, claims a throne !

Men, to judge a Diamond's hue,
In the shade its lustre view ;*
Those, too, who thy gifts would guess,
Seeking thee in loneliness,
Like these gems thy heart would see
All from flaw or blemish free ;
And (having proved thy worth) must tell
That a crown befits thee well !

* Connoisseurs assert, that the best mode of judging of the water of a Diamond is to examine it under the foliage of a thickly leafed tree.





The Ruby.

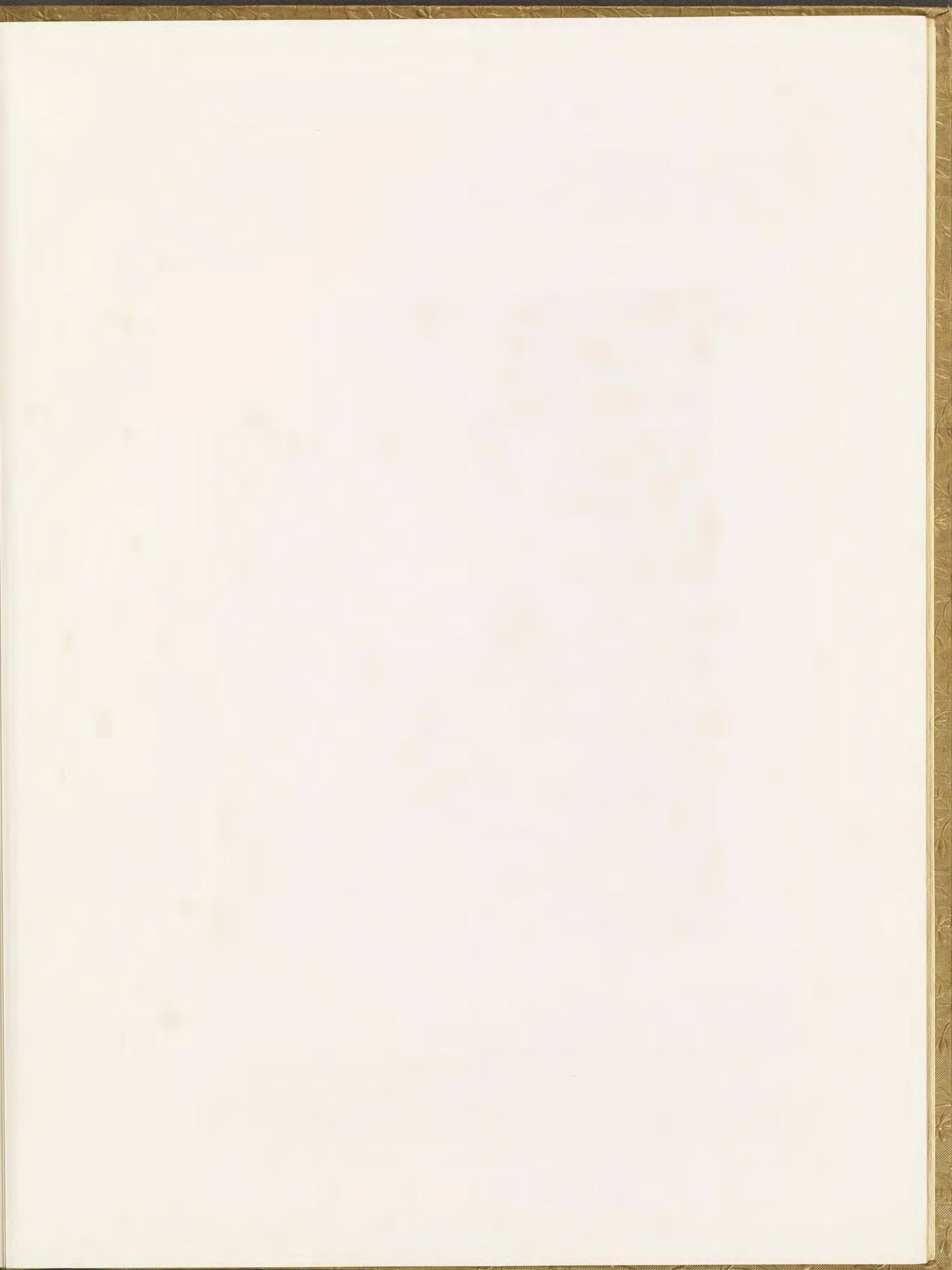
THE RUBY.

'Twas here he fell—O! I would pray to rest
In his low bed, wer't not that at my breast
Clings one to chain me to a life I hate,
Since he has left me lone, and desolate.
“ Hence, thou false gem!* they told me thou couldst save
Thy wearer's heart from grief—Lo! by the grave
Of him who gave thee, I must weep, and know
Of fate the darkest and most cureless wo.”

“ I see him now—O Heaven! he smiles no more!
The still, cold face,—the wound that streams with gore,
The creeping film that clouds his once bright eye—
And I live on!—O let me—let me die!”

“ Nay, dear one, think, that to thy God was given
The Cross, to fit him for his throne in Heaven:
Look on it—here—and may'st thou ever prove
Worthy of *Him* who died to shew his love!”

* It is reported of *the Ruby*, by BACCIVS, BOETIVS, and others, that it keepeth the wearer from sorrow and danger.





THE EMERALD.

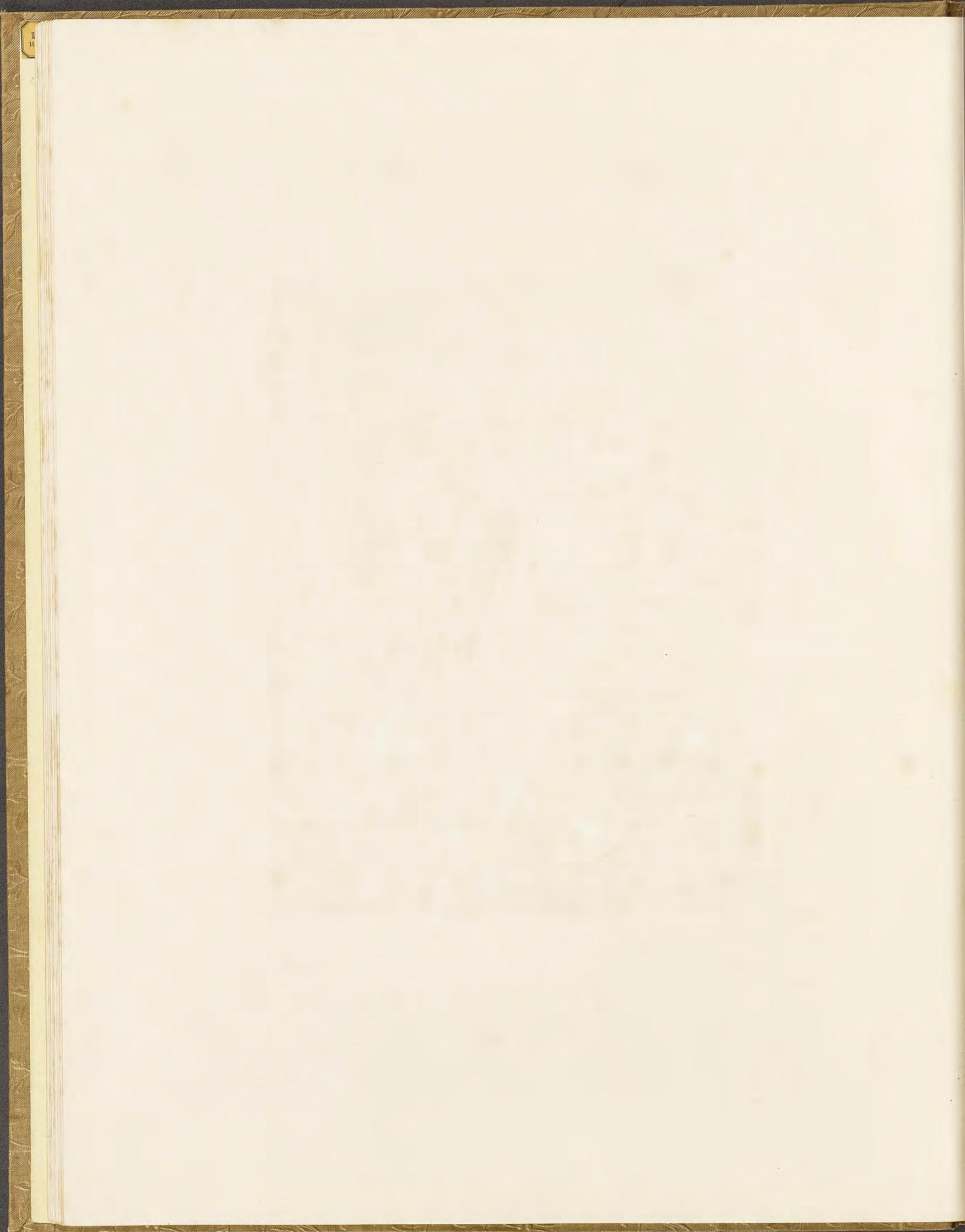
DAUGHTER of Erin! weep, O! weep no more,
For sunny days shall bless thy sea-girt isle;
The gem,* whose tint is verdant as thy shore,
Prophetic tells, that peace on it will smile.

Too long has discord waved her demon wand,
And every calm and holy thought subdued:
Kind Angels, look upon so fair a land,
Nor let it longer be with blood imbrued.

Grant that she yet may win the meed of praise
For wisdom,—that for valour she hath won,—
And ceasing from the strife of darker days,
Give to renown full many a patriot son.

* CARDANUS attributes to the Emerald great power in divination, as may be seen in his seventh book, — “*De Lapidibus Pretiosis*.”







The Sapphires

3302 OF 3602 38-4

THE SAPPHIRE.

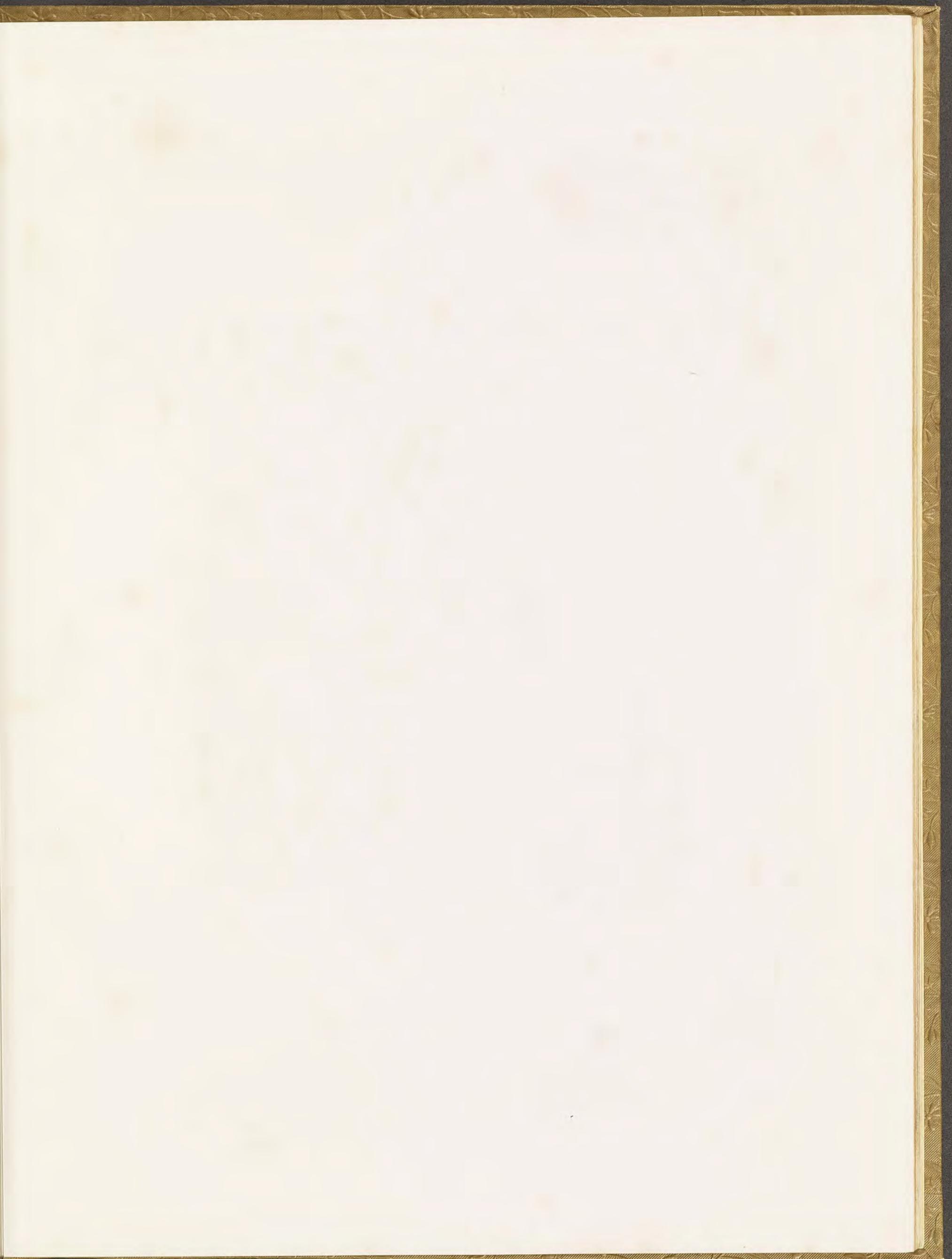
TAKE back! take back these glittering gems!
I see them but to grieve;
O dearer far the woodland flowers
He gave me yester eve!

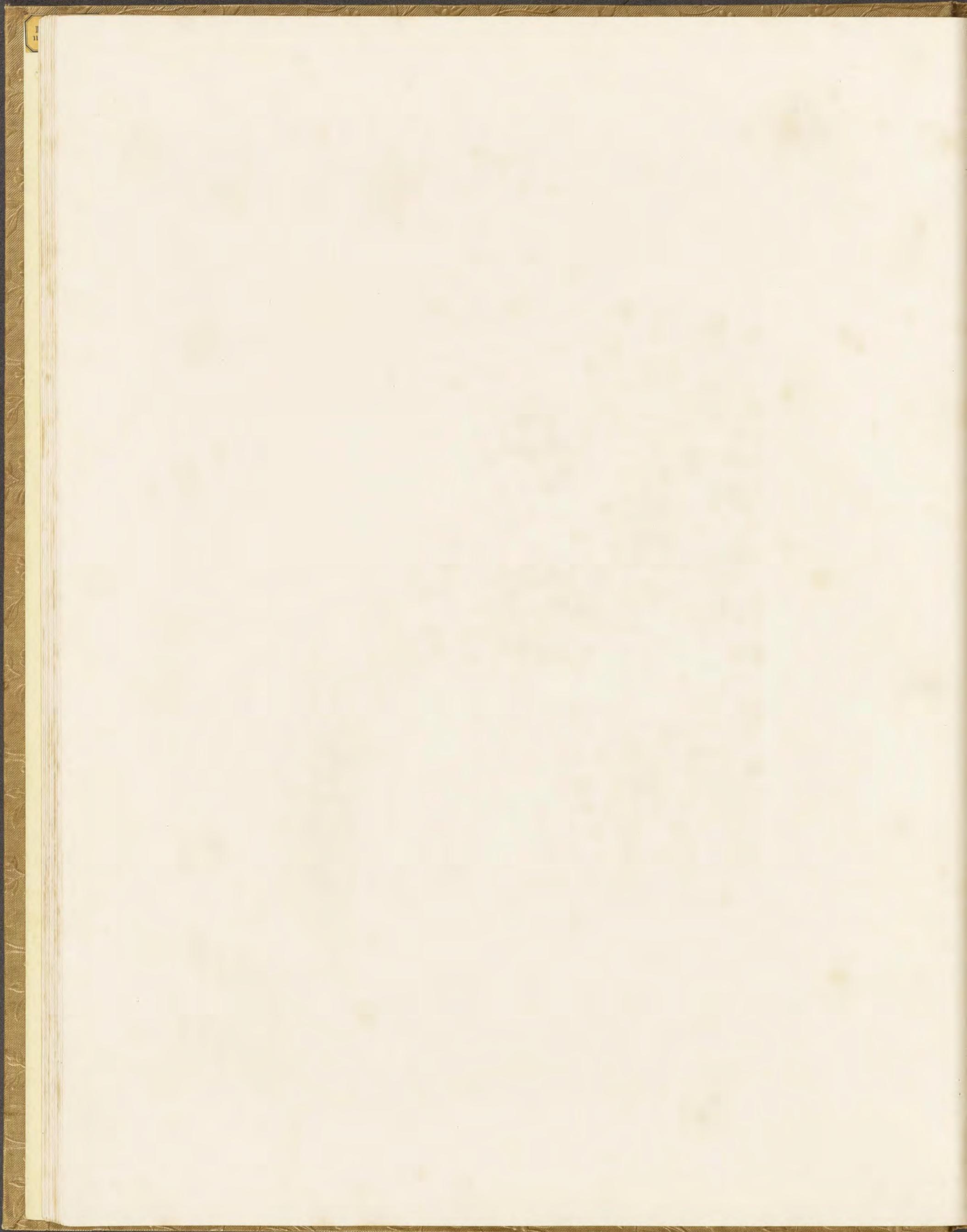
Those Sapphires have a sparkling light
Like summer's heaven, 'tis true;
But fairer gifts shall deck my brow,
Sweet violets gemmed with dew.

They tell us that this azure stone*
O'er great ones' hearts hath power;
Yet take them back, and let me keep
His gift, — the simple flower.

Nor tell me of his castles proud;
For, O! far more I prize
The lowly cot I hope to share,
That in yon valley lies.

* ANSELMUS BOETIUS saith that the Sapphire procureth the wearer favour
with Princes. — *History of Precious Stones.* THOMAS NICOLS, 1652.







The Opal

W. B. MOTT



THE OPAL.

MOTHER. THY cheek, mine own! of late a living rose,
That could the Bulbul cheat by its rich hue,
To fancy it his own most odorous flower,
Looks pale — Even so that garden empress droops
When the sun glares too fiercely on her breast.
Come, let me place a charm upon thy brow,
And may good spirits grant, that never care
Approach, to trace a single furrow there!

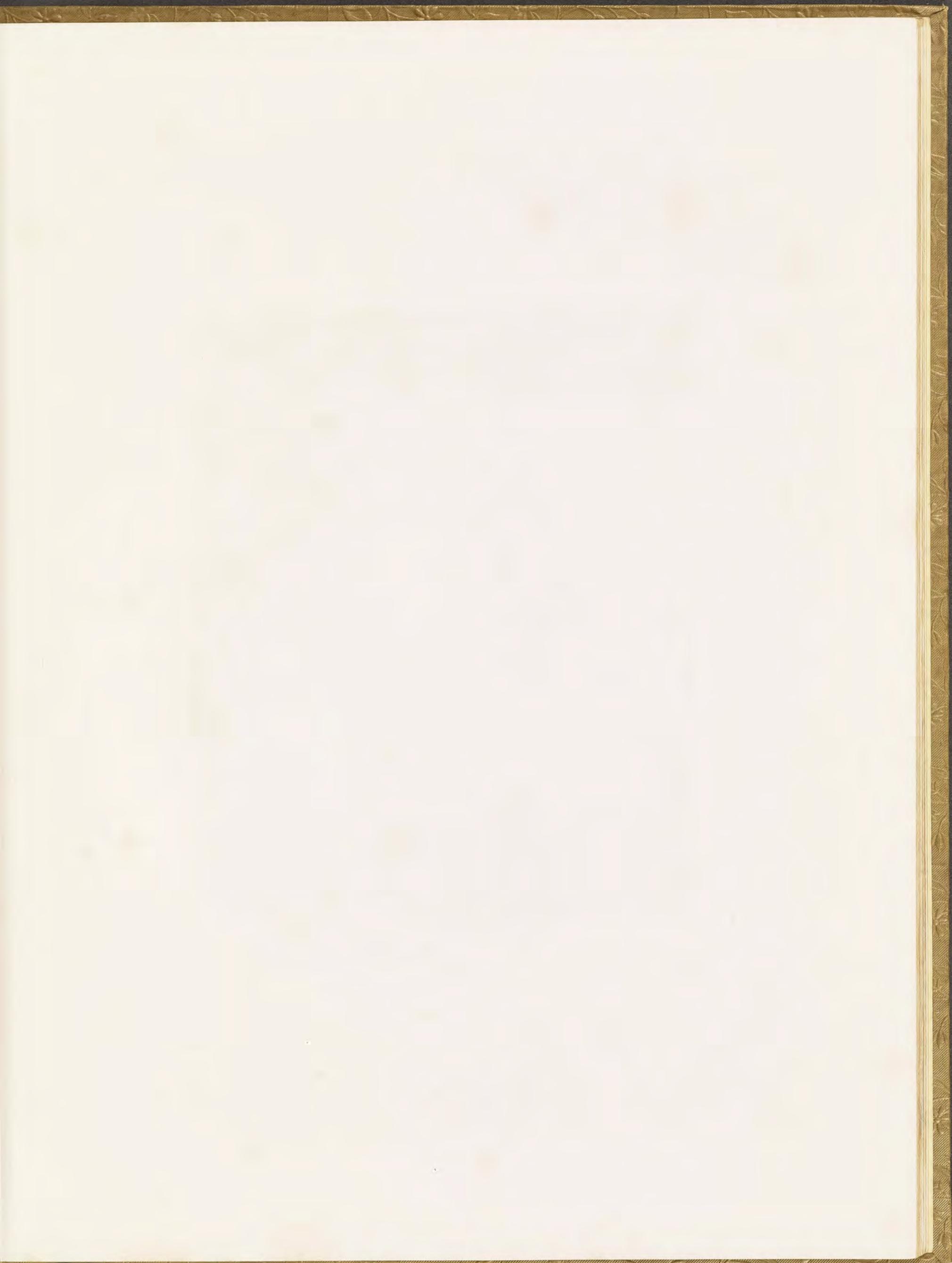
DAUGHTER. Thy love, my mother, better far than charm,
Shall shield thy child — and yet this wondrous gem*
Looks as though some strange influence it had won
From the bright skies — for every rainbow hue
Shoots quivering through its depths in changeful gleams,
Like the mild lightnings of a summer eve.

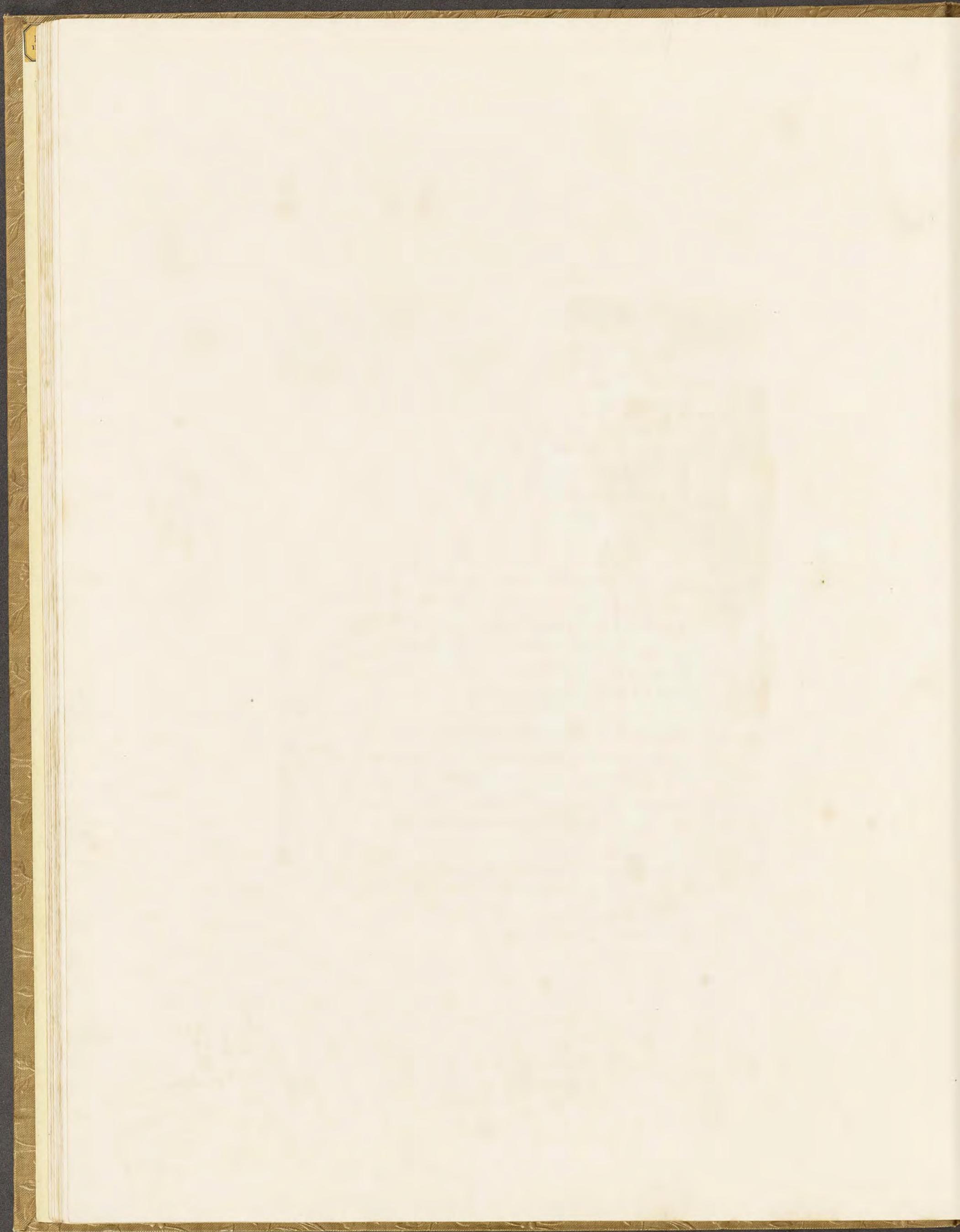
MOTHER. Even so doth love pervade a mother's heart ;
Thus, ever active, looks through her fond eyes ;
And should it change, (believe not it *can* die),
It is but to some other tint of Heaven,
As thou wilt know when thou a mother art.

DAUGHTER. I know it now, — for am I not thy child ?

* The Opal is said to preserve its wearer from disease ; and hence, in the East, is much used in the form of Amulets.









The Parth



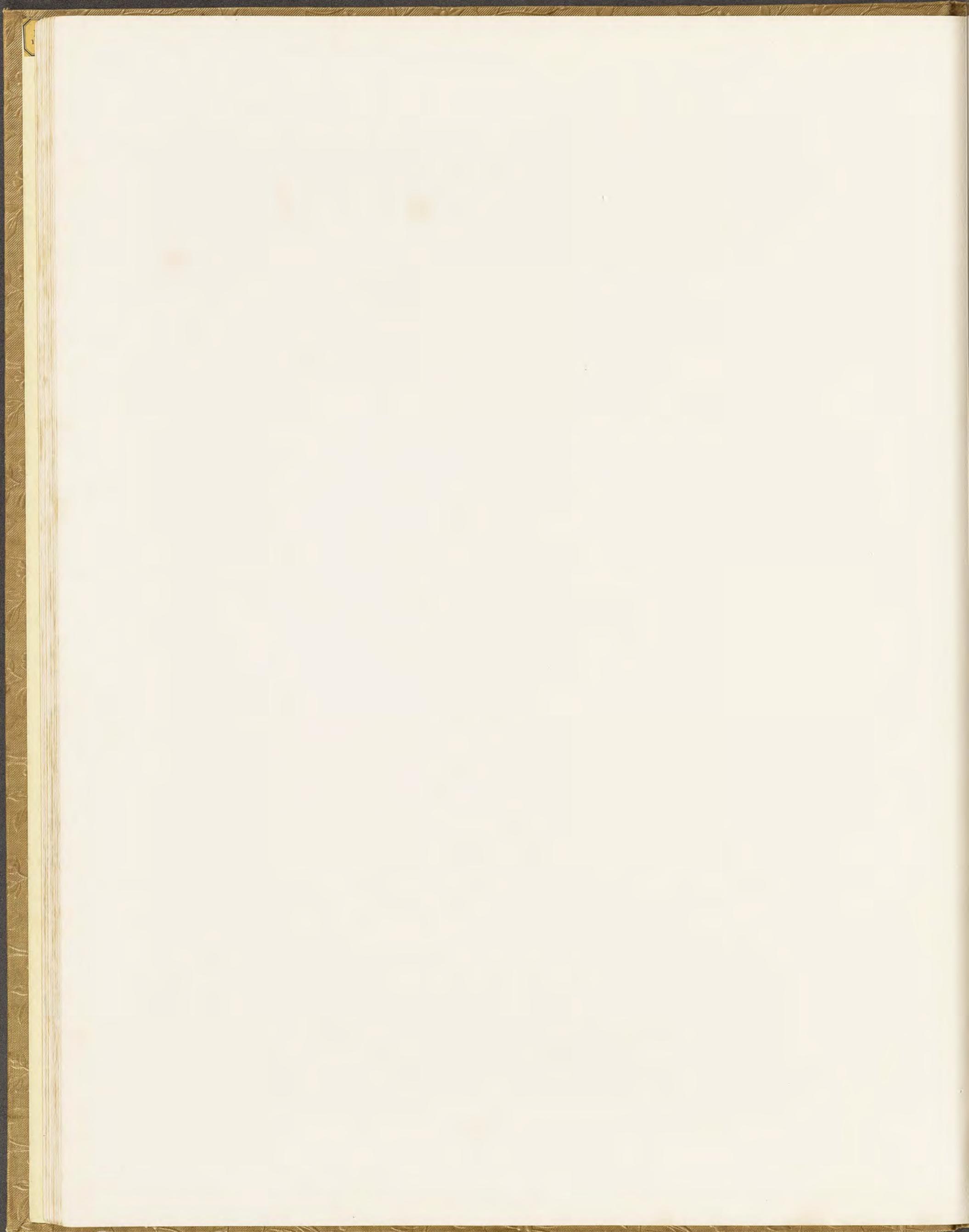
THE PEARL.

BEHOLD! half willing, half afraid
Her bath to enter, — clasping still
Her brodered robe, the Indian maid
Awaits her dusky handmaid's skill.

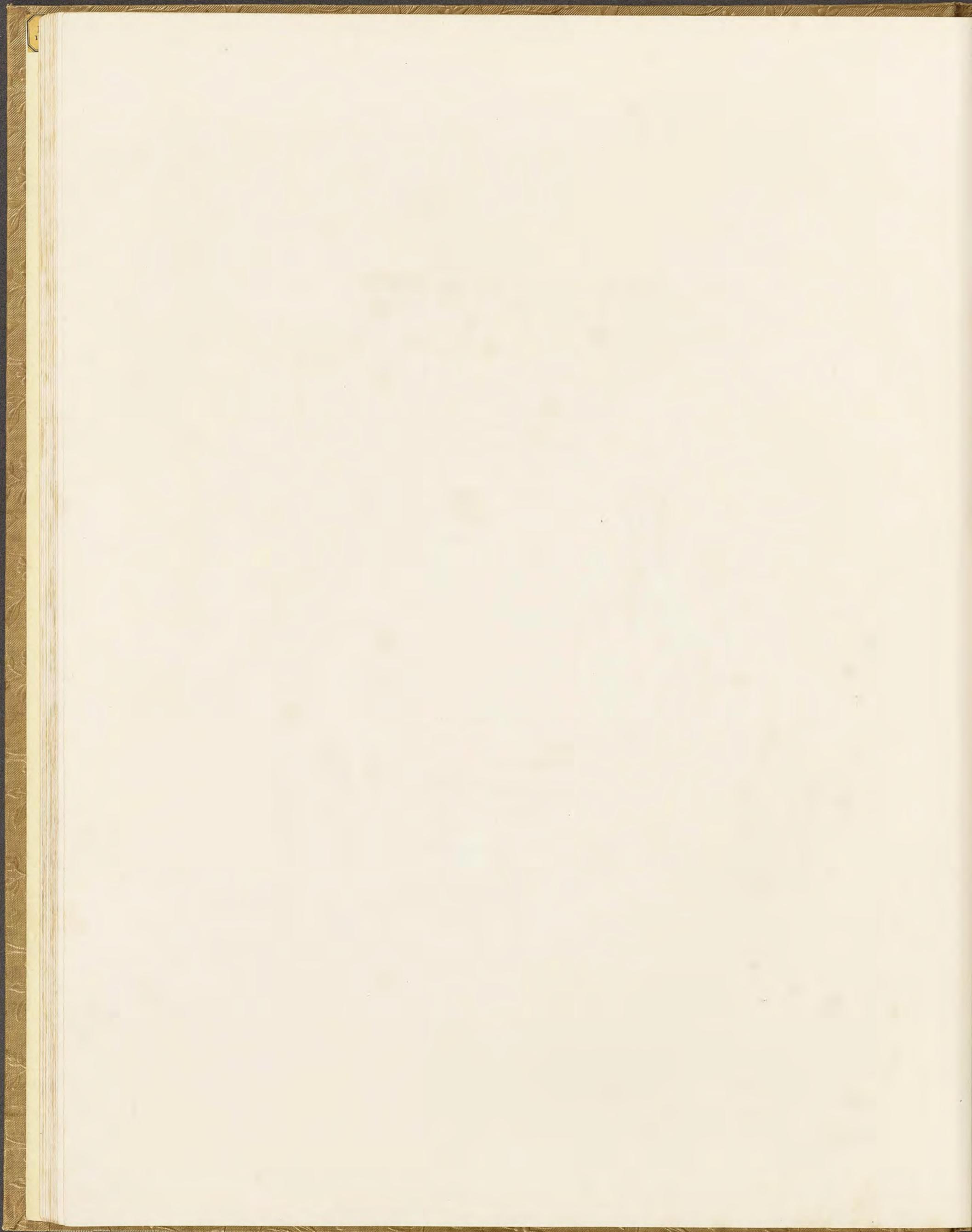
And now, her ear, as rose leaf small,
The clustered Orient pearls must leave ;
While down her heavy tresses fall,
Like mists that shroud the star of eve.

O, never pale and spotless pearl,*
When first from ocean's depths conveyed,
Was yet so pure as this fair girl,
Shrinking, half willing, half afraid.

* Pearls were considered by the Ancients to be not only emblematic of purity, but preservative of it.









By W. PATERSON.

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THE TURQUOISE.

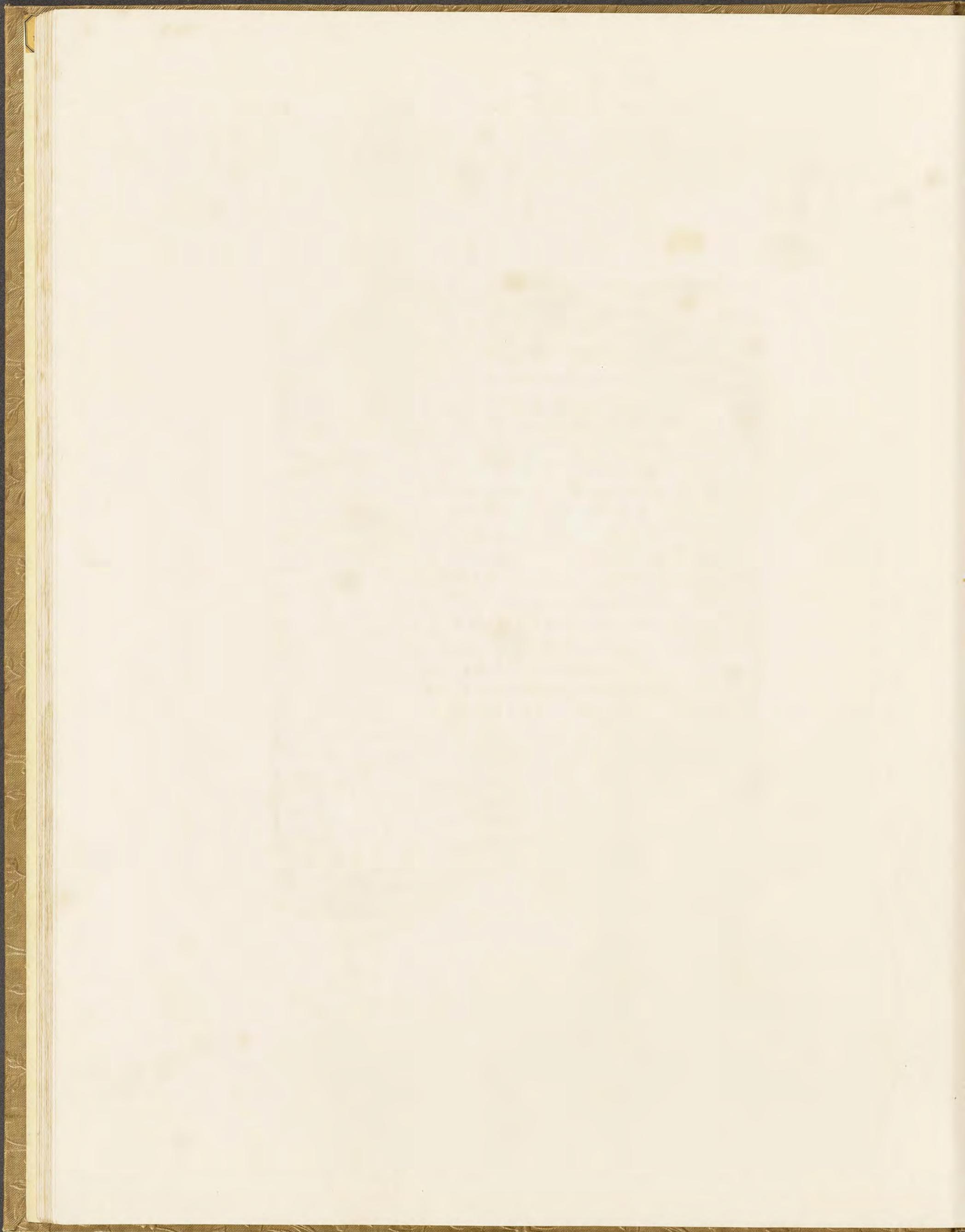
MYRA. WHY droop'st thou, fair Sultana?
A cloud is on thy brow,
As on that chain of azure
Thine eye reposes now:
I've told thee all the legends
That once could make thee gay;
I've sung thee all my summer songs:
Why droop'st thou, lady, say?

SULTANA. Alas! this chain of azure
Did from mine own land come;
And thy sweet songs, too, waken
A mournful thought of home,
Until, as in my slumber,
That dear lost home, I see,
And hear my mother's blessed voice
Breathe like a charm o'er me.

They say the Turquoise* changes
As oft its wearer pines;
But, see, my gentle Myra,
How bright this chaplet shines;
Whilst I, oppressed with sorrow,
Wear drearily the chain.
O night! come back with blissful dreams!
And take me home again!

* RUCUS, in his History of Precious Stones, asserts, that the Turquoise becomes pale and discoloured, when the wearer is infirm, or afflicted.







The Topsy



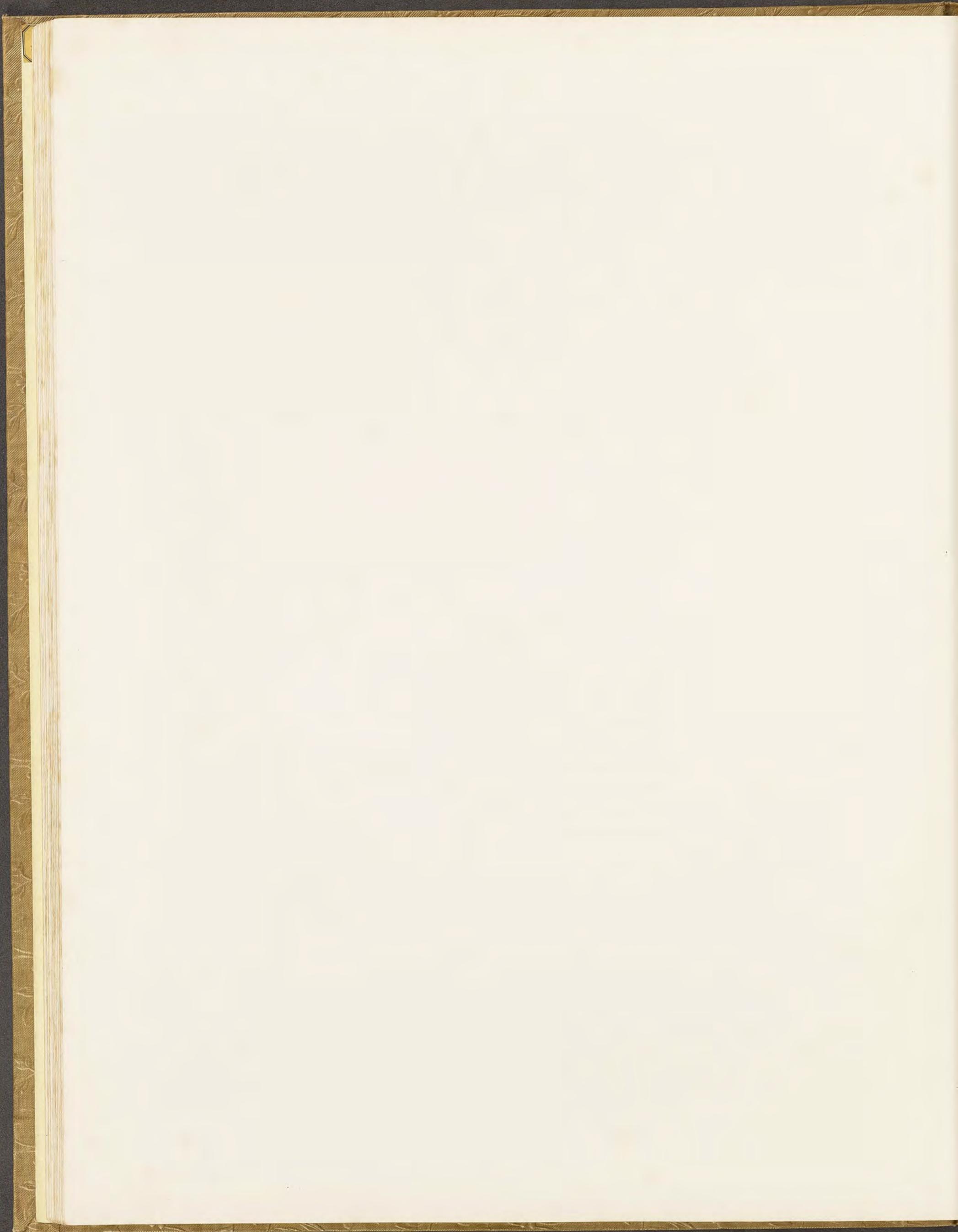
THE TOPAZ.

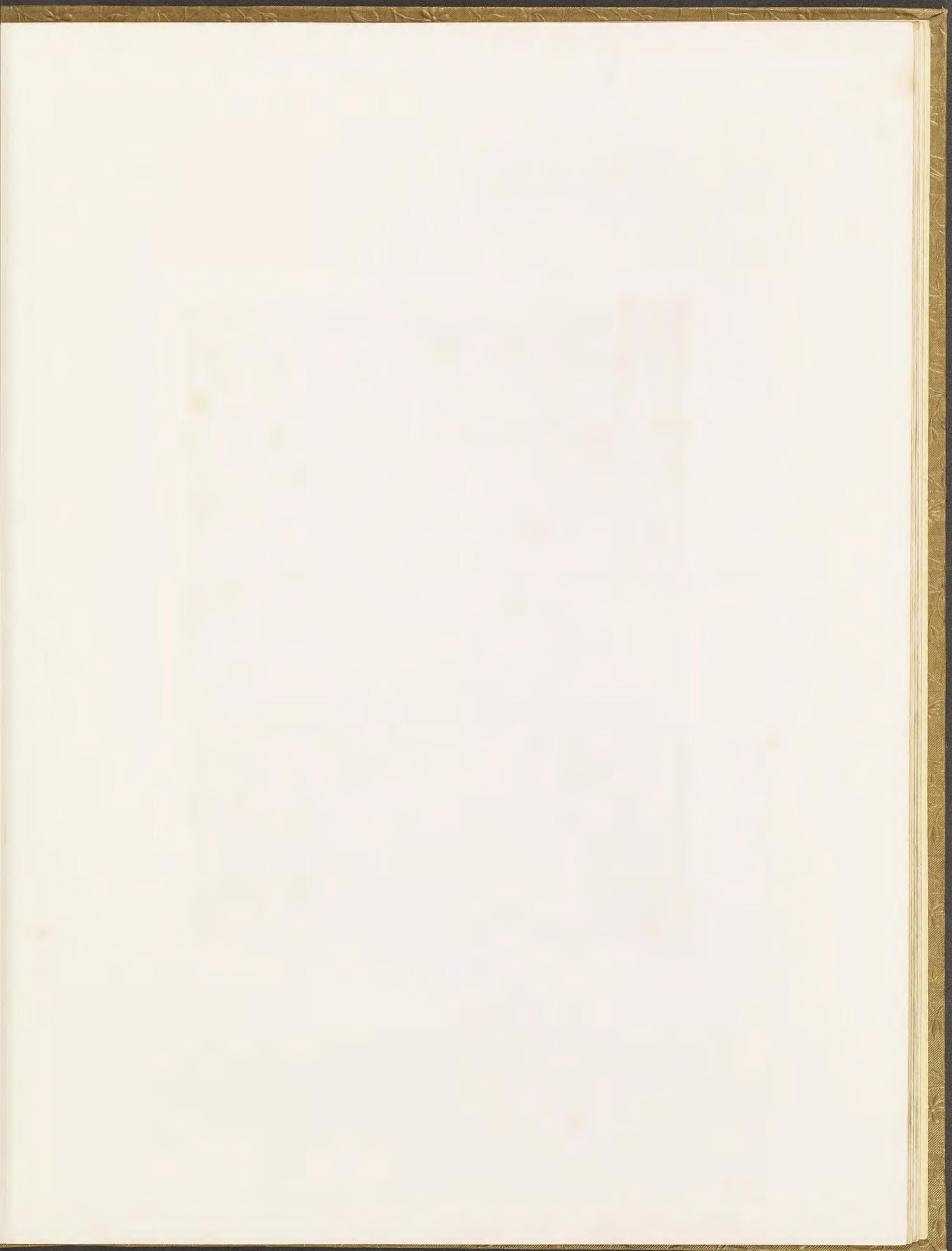
“ My master, lady, sends me here ;”
“ Hush, boy ! I hear a footstep near.” —
“ She comes not yet, for age is slow ;
Was ever lady guarded so ?”

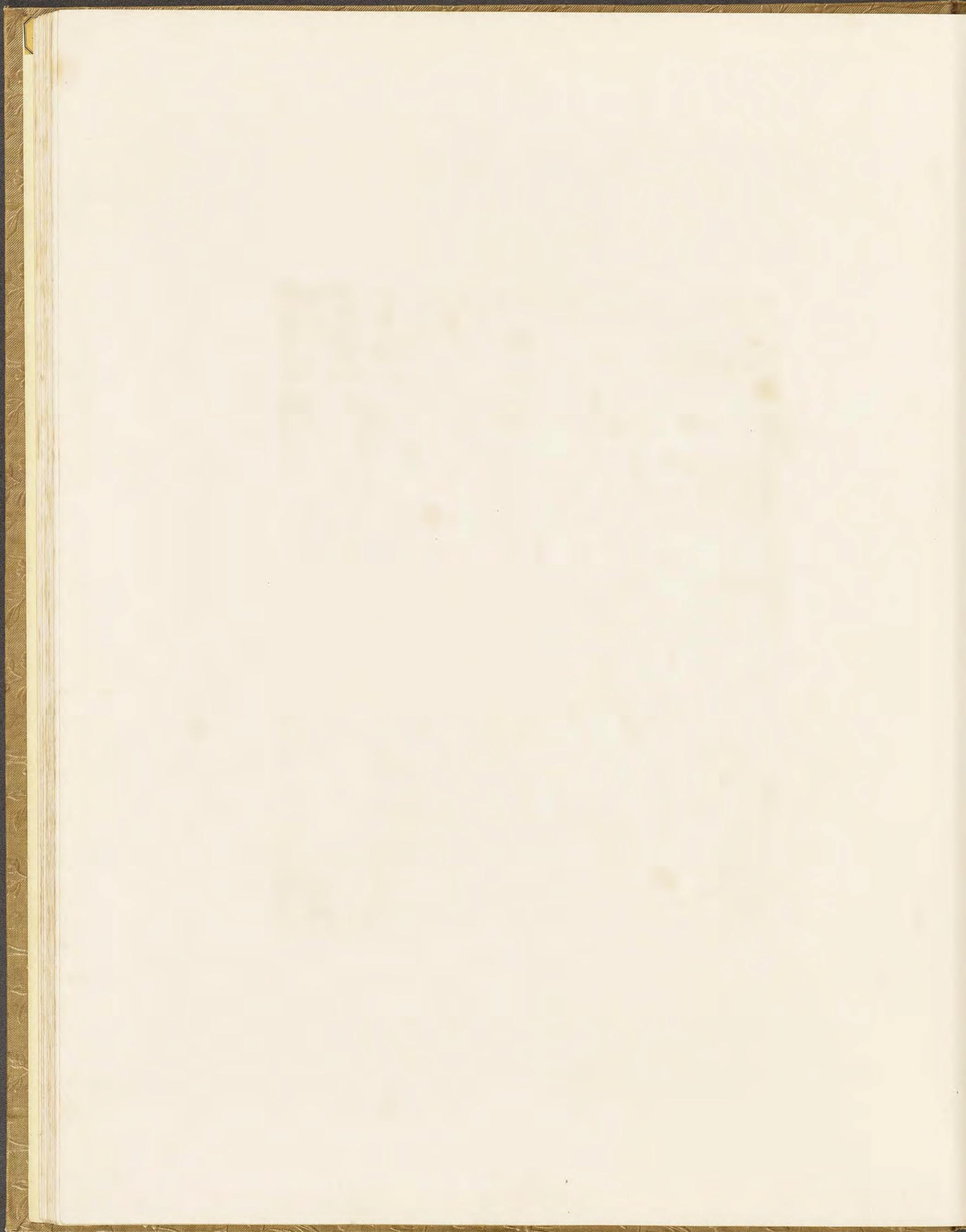
“ Then wear this jewel* for his sake ;
From thee all sadness it will take :
And, let me say, the ring hath spanned
The finger of the fairest hand
In Andalusia’s sunny land.”

“ I ought not — yet — I’ll wear the ring,
And he may ’neath my lattice sing,
Soon as the first pale star he sees
Rise o’er yon grove of orange trees ;
For then my sour Duenna — (Fly !
I hear her tottering footstep nigh !) —
Will sleep at least an hour, I know.
Ah ! was I won too soon ? — go, go !
Was ever maiden guarded so ?”

* CARDANUS relates wonders concerning the virtues of this stone in the cure of melancholy.









G. S. PARSONS

W. H. MOTT

The Amulet

NEW YORK: G. S. PARSONS, 151 NASSAU ST.

PRINTED BY G. S. PARSONS, 151 NASSAU ST. N. Y.



THE AMETHYST.

His parting gift! What yearning thought
To memory by its clasp is brought,
Of him who on the stormy sea,
Alas, is wandering far from me!

And he, too, does he fondly dwell
On the heart-sickness of farewell?
Like me, too, courts he vainly sleep?
'Tis but *the left*, who wake and weep.

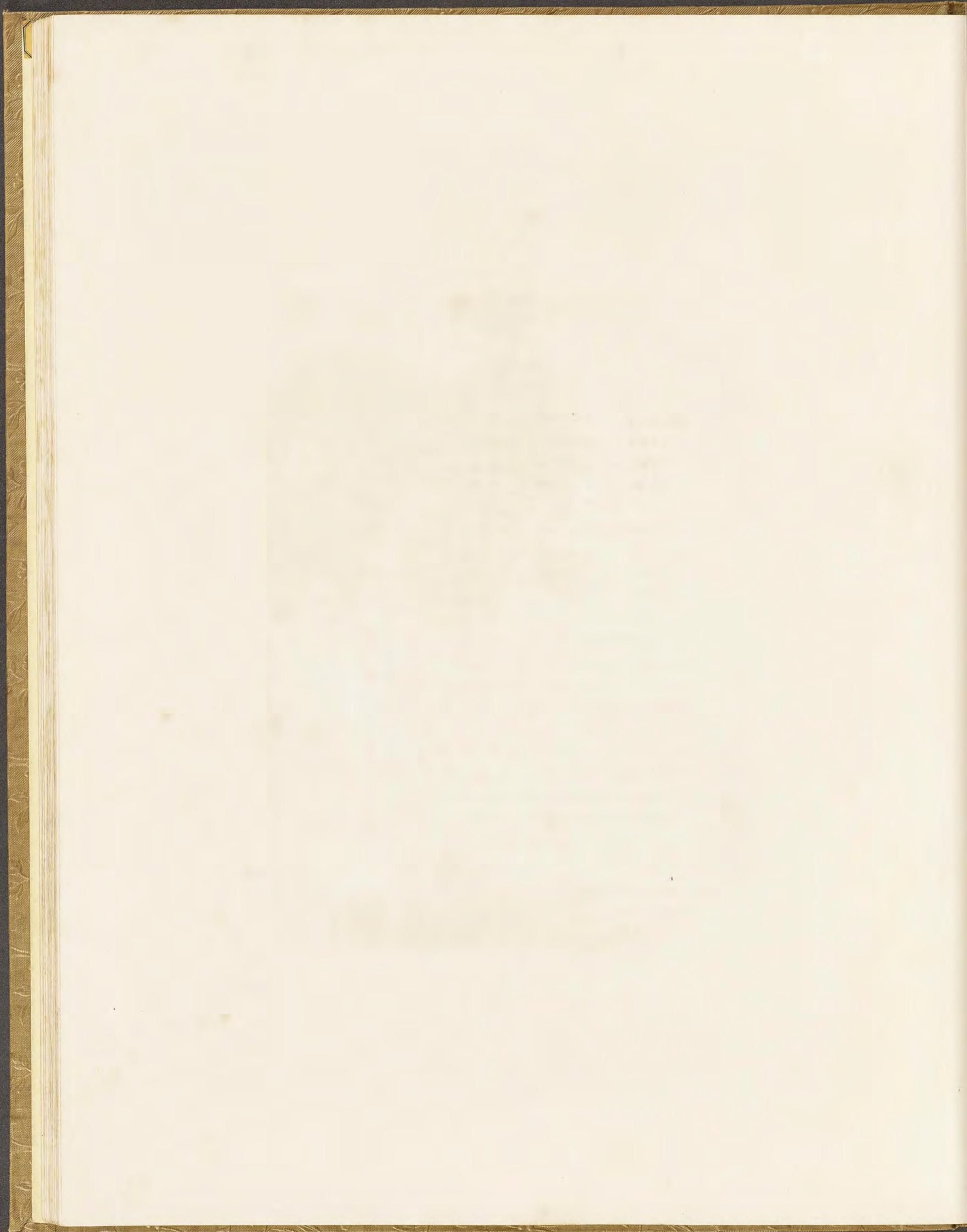
'Tis said the Amethyst* can chase
Sleep, when the wretched 'twould embrace:
But, no! 'tis love, that in this breast
His vigil keeps, nor lets me rest.

Sail on! and may thy dreams ne'er shew
Thy lonely maiden's ceaseless wo;
'Tis sweet for thee to pray and pine,
So I may bear thy grief with mine!

* ANDREAS BACCIUS, in his work entitled *De Natura Gemmarum*, says
that it diminisheth sleep.









The Librarian

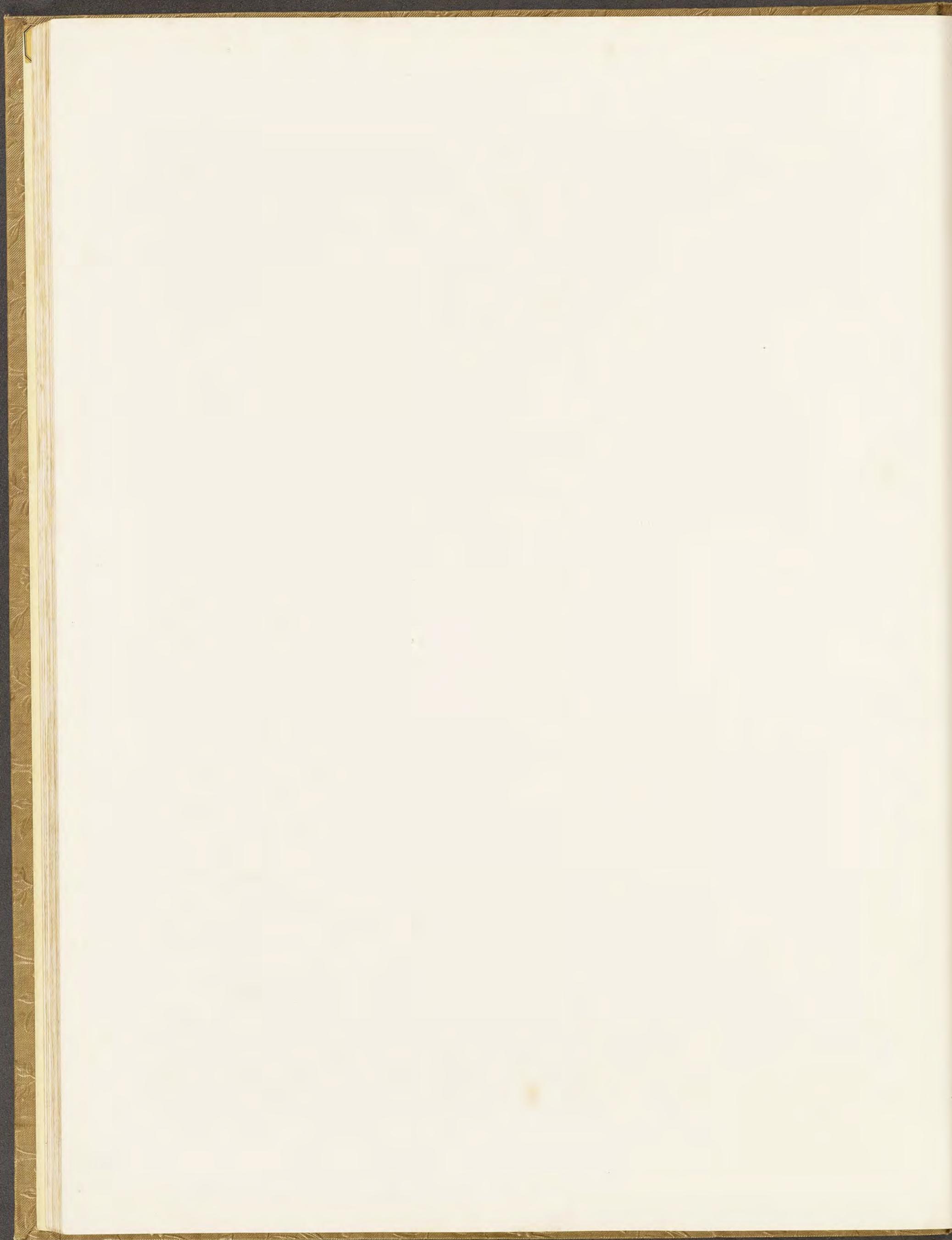


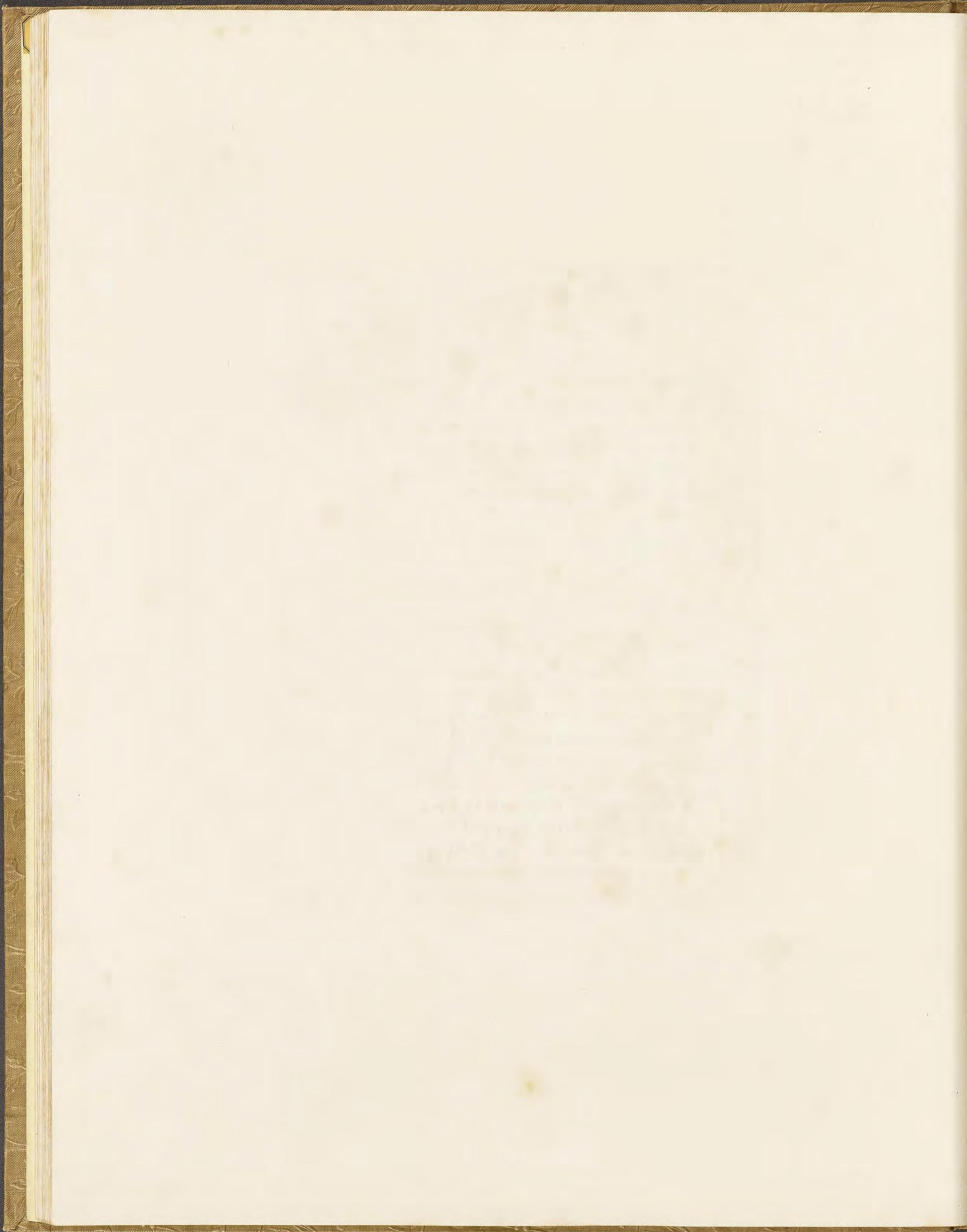
THE SARDONYX.

'Twas in a palace—one that lent its pride
To Italy—fair land, as yet unspoiled
By fierce Barbarian hordes—there sate reclined
A Roman matron, famous for her charms;
Most famous of those charms, her purity,
Investing them with holiness: even yet
Youth lingered on her cheek, though by her side
A fair girl, ripening into woman, told
Of fifteen years of life's most tender care.
The calm Metella and her peerless child
Rested beneath a lofty portico
That looked upon Parthenope's blue sea.
Upon the matron's brow a diadem
Of rich Sardonyx* shone,—that gem, 'tis said,
Will keep its wearer noble, free from fear,
And was by Scipio Africanus brought
To his ungrateful country.

— Say, why points
The mother to a Roman galley, seen
Cleaving the azure billows with its prow,
As quickly it doth near the wished-for port?
Why droop the dove-like eyes of that fair maid,
As a warm blush flies to her snowy cheek?
That galley holds her fate—her future lord,
No stranger—though as yet but seen in dreams!

* EPIPHANIUS asserts, that “the Sardonyx causeth him that weareth it, to be free from fear, and nobly audacious.”







The Squint



THE AQUAMARINE.

How sweet, on such a lovely night—fair time, to lovers dear,
When down the path of soft moonlight the gondola draws near,—
For maids, who, in the noontide's glare, had seemed all coy and cold,
To listen from their balconies, while tales like these are told!

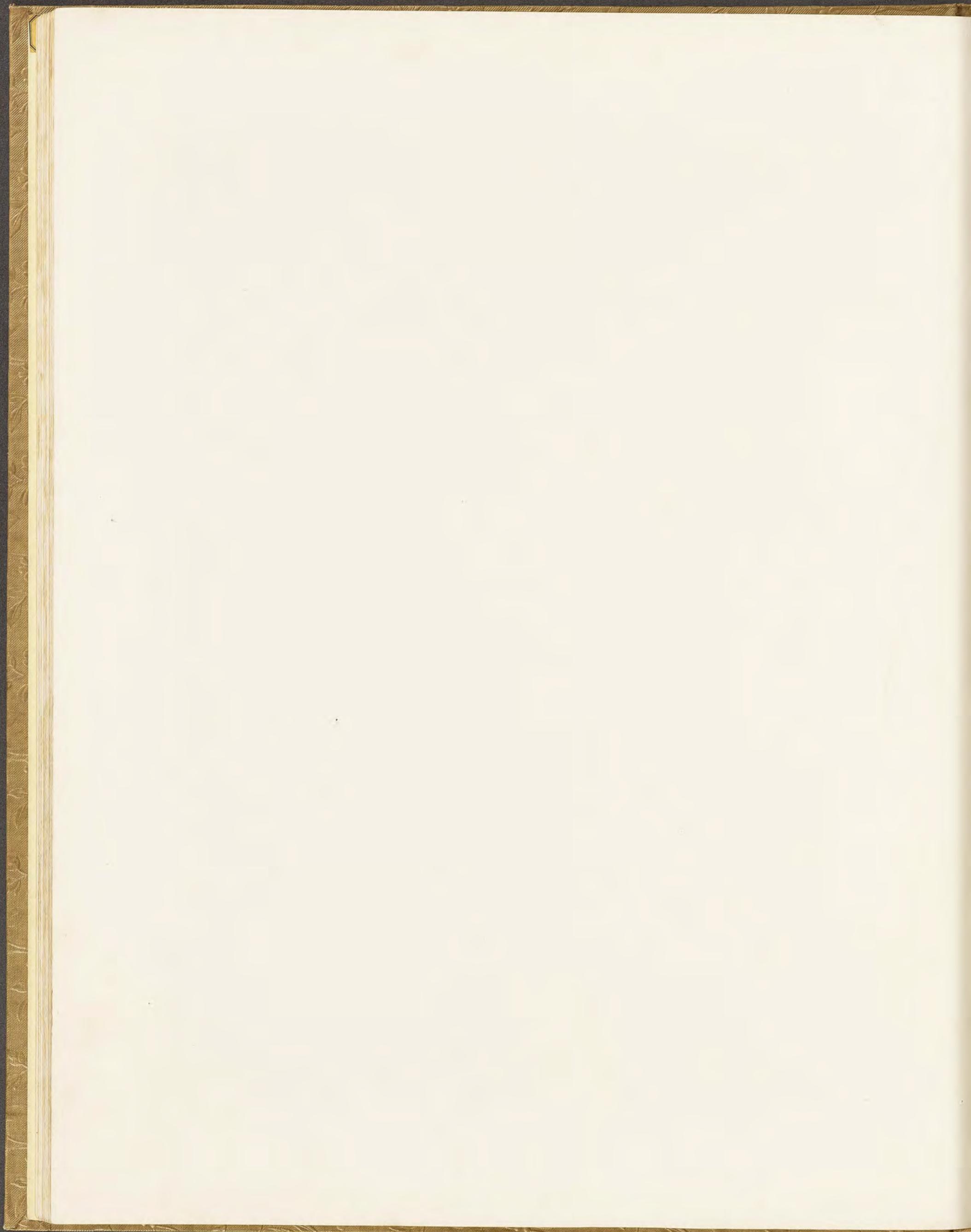
SONG.

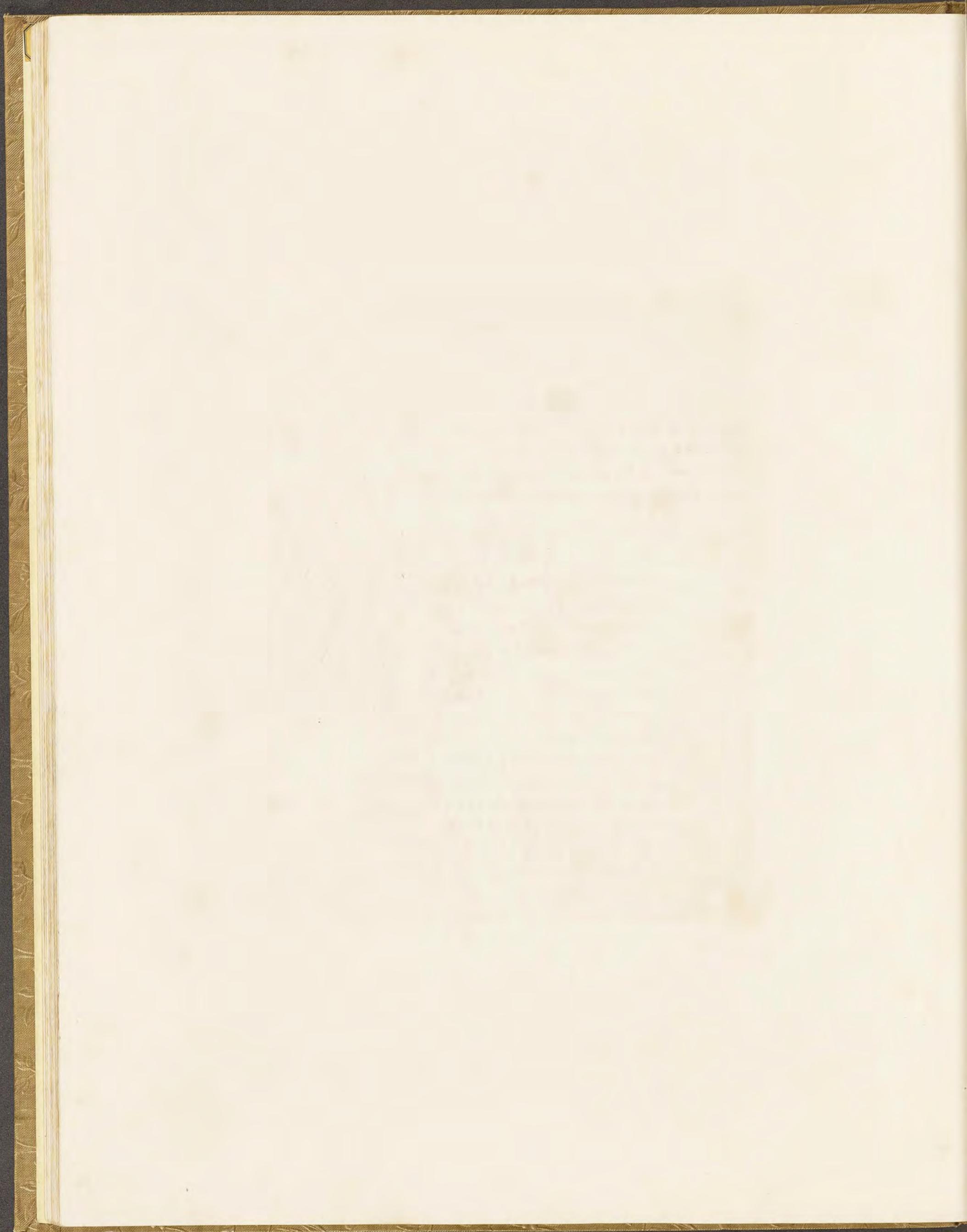
Ere close thine eyes in slumber,
Fair love! I come to seek
The garland whose young roses
Are paler than thy cheek.

And in exchange I bring thee
These gems* thy waist to bind,
In which the ancient sages
Cure for sad hearts did find.

Good night—May angels guard thee!
And bless thy slumbers light!
Dream of thine own Enrico!
Good night, sweet love!—Good night!

* WURTZUNG states, that the Aquamarine is useful in all diseases of the heart.







The Conversation



THE CAIRNGOHRM.

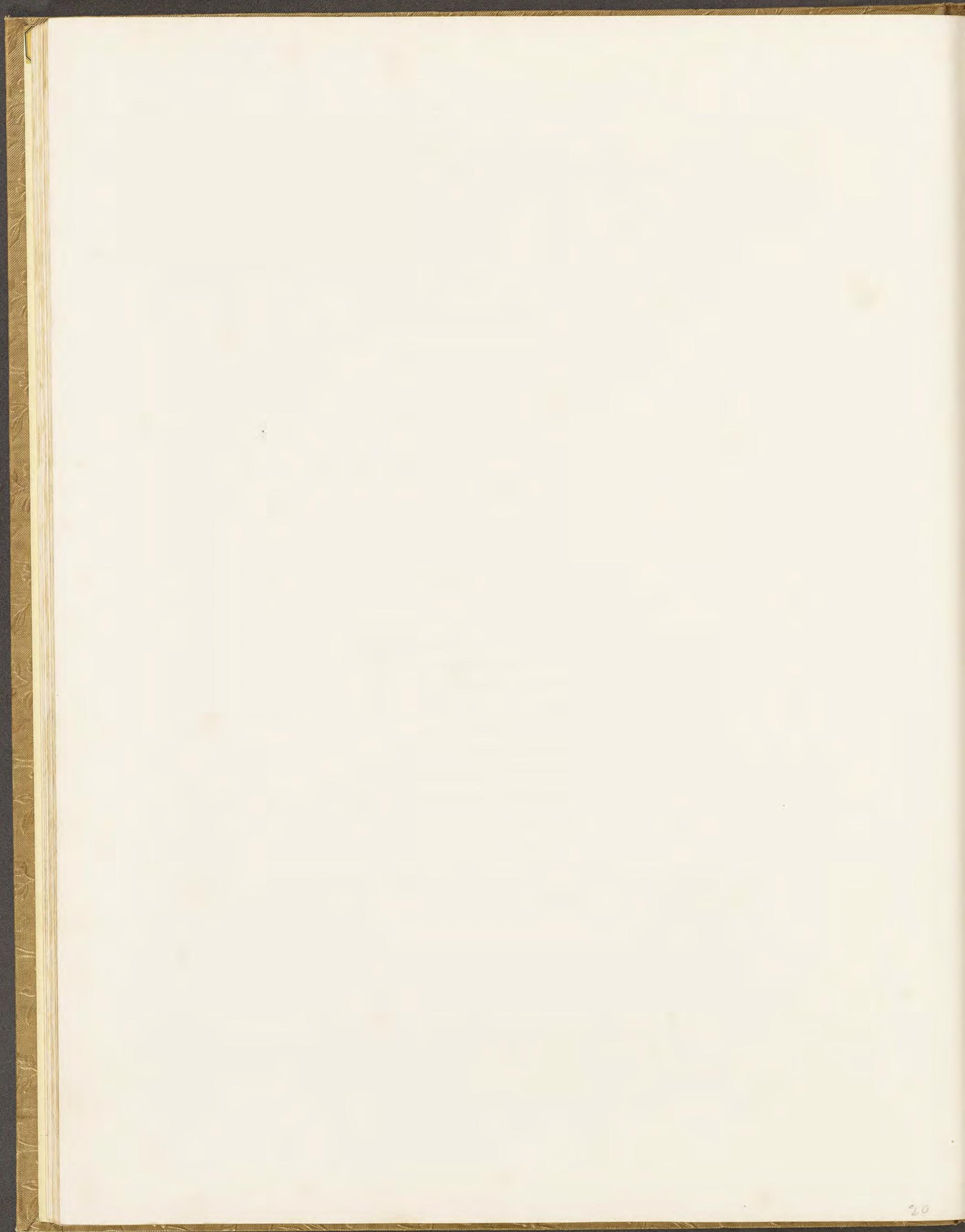
“ PLACE the plume in his bonnet, fair cousin ; but say,
When thy lover has donned his bright battle array,
Should that plume not be foremost in all the wild fray,
Wilt thou still love its wearer as now ?”

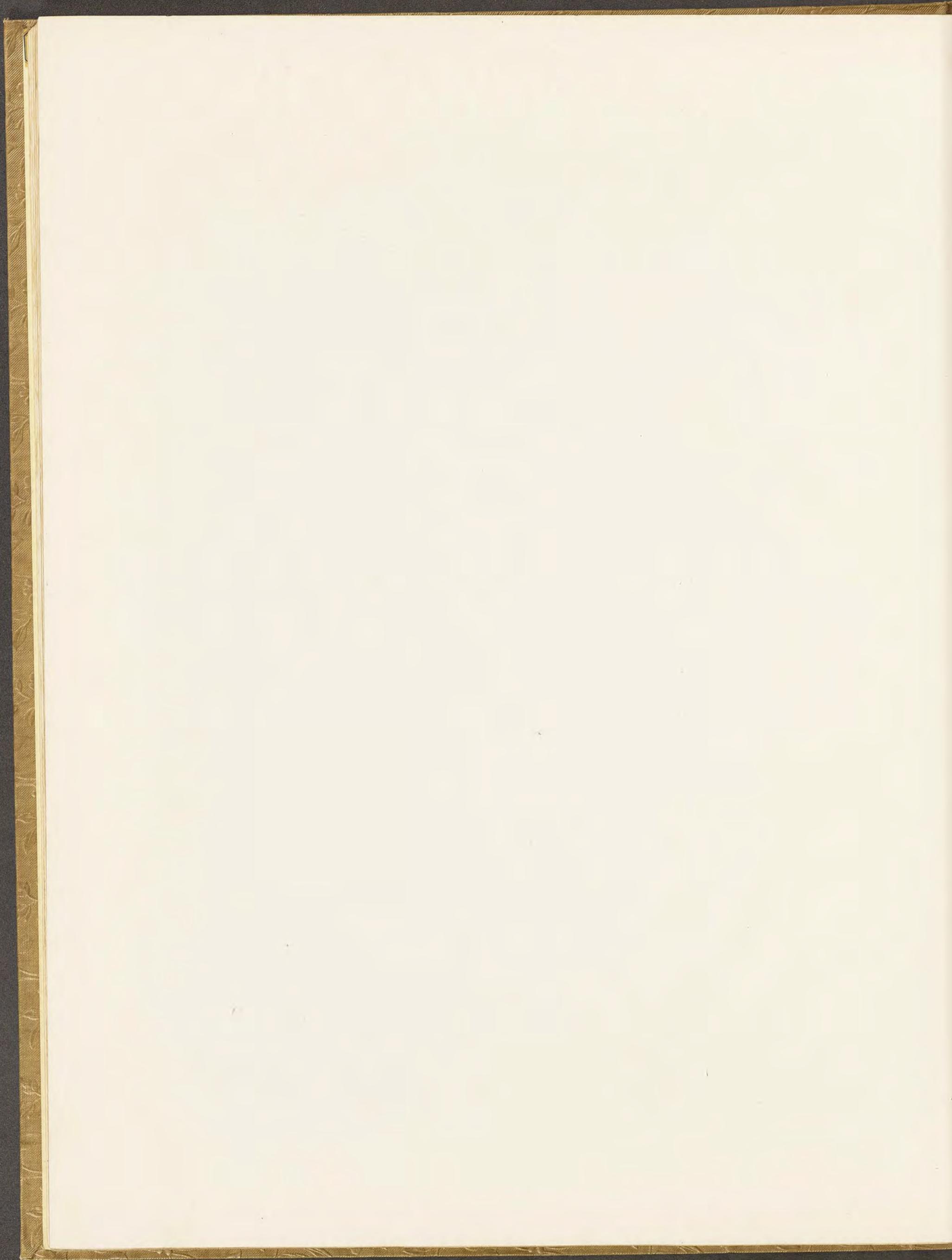
“ Too well do I know mine own Jamie, to doubt
A courage that quick as a fire will flash out,
When with target and claymore, and Highland heart stout,
He laurels will win for his brow.

“ For when was a Campbell’s heart e’er known to quail,
Or his foot to turn back,—or his strong arm to fail ?
Ah, wo to his foemen ! their widows shall wail
That my brave one went forth to the field.

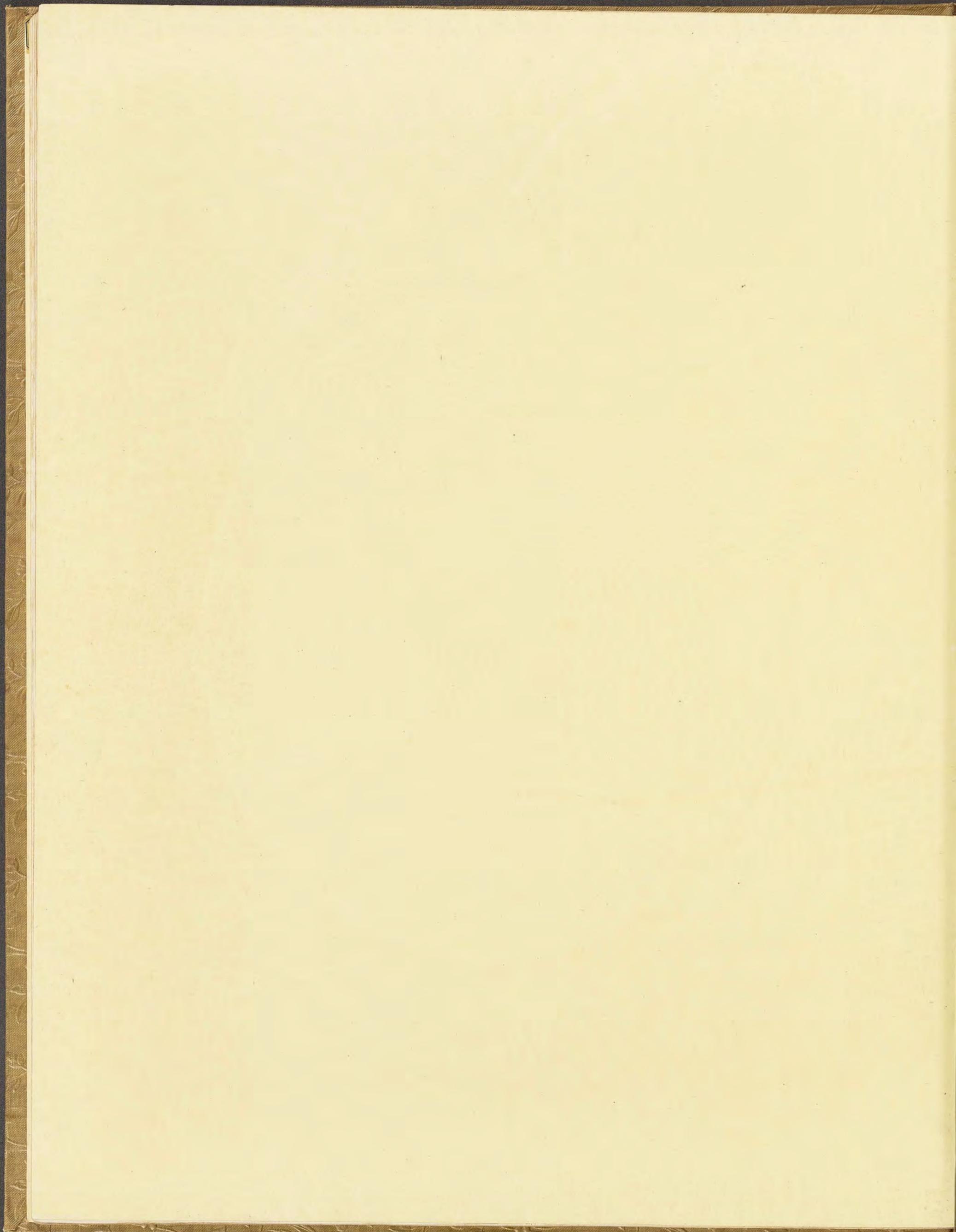
“ Like our own native jewel* is Jamie’s true heart,
And as pure as the streams from our mountains that start—
Let him go : from the right he will never depart :—
He may fall, but he never will yield.”

* The Cairngohrm is indigenous to the Highlands, and is a stone of considerable brightness and firmness.









F. Westley,
BINDER.

F. Westley,
BINDER.
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