

Joseph Watson

Selected poetry and prose

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The Angel of the Pestilence

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THE ANGEL OF THE PESTILENCE.

Oh! 'tis a still and quiet night;—the trees are all at
rest,
And calmly sleep their shadows on the river's placid
breast;
'Tis moonless;—but ten thousand stars on high are
shining bright,
And filling earth and heaven with the softness of their
light.
At this still hour, the sage will muse on the unbound-
ed grace
Of Him—the Crucified—who bore the sins of Adam's
race;
To commune with his soul, the bard in solitude will
stray,
And lover's hearts be filled with thoughts of loved
ones far away.

Oh! 'tis a still and quiet night;—but hark! that fear-
ful moan,
Which rushes howling past, like a vexed spirit's
groan.
Grey,—dark,—then black,—and blacker still, appears
the changing north,
As the Angel of the Pestilence, in sable pomp, comes
forth.

He comes, as comes the conqueror in triumph from the war,
 He grasps his spear, and proudly stands high on his ebon car,
 His banner of the lightning, waves over him unfurled,
 While roars the thunder of his wheels above a guilty world.
 His marshals are the fleecy clouds; and clad in dark array,
 They roll before his chariot, to point the gloomy way.
 His heralds are the shouting winds; and as he draweth near,
 They sound his coming through the sky, and noise abroad his fear.
 Each twinkling star o'er its pale face a muffling veil has cast,
 And the unleafed trees bow down their heads, till the daemon train is past.

And whither doth he bend his course?—to-morrow's sun shall tell
 Sad tales of sorrow, pain, and death, where'er his footsteps fell.
 And to-morrow's sun may rise, o'er valley, hill and plain,
 But will not rouse the dead, nor break the slumbers of the slain.

Yon is no treacherous flame, to lure the' unwary to their doom,
 But from a cottage fire it shines, like gladness through the gloom.
 There sits an anxious woman, listening with hope and fear,
 Amid the fury of the storm her husband's step to hear.
 Hope gladly seizes every sound that stills the raging wind,
 But fear succeeds;—and horrid thoughts come crowding on her mind,
 Of evil men who lie in wait, like tigers for their prey;—
 Of hidden pitfalls—swollen streams—the dark and broken way:
 But hope and comfort rise again, as with all a mother's pride,
 She gazes on the slumbering boy encradled at her side;
 While Sleep her leaden sceptre sways, and holds her peaceful reign,
 He lies a willing captive bound in her soft, silken chain;
 His small round hand is gently laid upon his dimpled cheek,
 His breast scarce heaves—his smiling lips some joyous dream bespeak,
 Of sunny sky,—green fields,—and trees whose leaves shall never fade,

And flowers of sweetest odors, in choicest hues
arrayed,
And birds of wildly-warbling song, of plumage rich
and rare,
And brother cherubs, pure as they, as innocent and
fair.

The gate upon its hinges creaks,—“He comes, he comes
at last!”—
She rushes out to welcome him—’twas but the angry
blast.

How often doth one minute’s space our fairy hopes
destroy :—
She hears a loud and piercing shriek, from her late
sleeping boy,
She sees him writhe with clenched hands and gnashing
teeth, as though
He struggled with an enemy,—some unseen, mortal
foe.
Or as some monster held him fast within its scaly
fold,
And crushed him into stillness ;—and his limbs turned
stiff and cold,—
And thick and cold his breath became, as the north’s
wintry wind ;—
So changed his mien, even she could not one well-
known feature find.
His face, late flushed with roseate bloom, with health’s
own vermeil hue,

Was furrowed into wrinkles, and scars of livid
blue.
His eyes, late gently closed beneath sleep’s balmy,
witching spells,
Now glimmered dark and dimly, within their sunken
cells ;
No smile now played upon those lips, which once such
gladness gave,
He seemed a ghastly breathing corpse—arisen from
the grave.
But as the lamp, by naphtha fed, hung in the vaulted
tomb,
Burns on for aye with steady flame, ’mid the sepulchral
gloom,
So shone, ’mid the gathering gloom of death, his young
but quenchless soul,
Beyond the touch of fate—beyond mortality’s con-
trol—
Setting the last—the strongest seal, to the mysterious
truth,
That though the body die, the soul shall live in endless
youth.
And ’mid cruel pangs, with filial love he struggled to
impart
One ray of hope—one soothing word, to his mourning
mother’s heart.
But pain forbade ;—the half-formed words were frozen
on his tongue,
Instead of comfort,—groans and cries upon her sick ear
rung.

At length the hour of rest is come—the vital spark
has fled ;—
In vain she felt his pulseless heart,—her only child
was dead !

She wept not !—as the earthquake's force explodes
not in the shower,
And all unseen, though terrible, is its destructive
power,
Which lays the forest with the dust, and stirs to rage
the main,
Which overturns the lofty hills, and rends the earth
in twain ;—
Such was the feeling of her heart ; unseen, but dread
and deep,
It dried the fountain of her tears,—she felt ; but could
not weep.

The Dæmon heeded not her grief—but mockèd at her
wail,
And his hollow voice of triumph rang on the midnight
gale.

Upon the distant moor, he met that faint wayfaring
man,
Weary with journeying since the day its early course
began.
And when, though distant far, he sees that solitary light,
Soft beaming, like a smile upon the frowning brow of
night,

His weariness, his pain, and toil are vanished and
forgot
In the glad thought, that soon within his own loved
woodland cot
He 'll stay and rest his tirèd limbs, nor longer need to
roam
From all that's dear unto his heart ; his wife, his child,
his home.
But, as the bark which long has walked in glory on
the seas,
Triumphant o'er the roaring waves—exulting in the
breeze,
Returned from far, its harbour seeks, and hails its
native land ;
But strikes upon a hidden rock, and strews a waveless
strand ;
Or as the eagle that has soared up to the highest heaven,
Companion of the thunder—familiar of the levin—
Returning to its cliff-built nest, and fondly hovering
round,
Struck by the fowler's fatal aim, falls fluttering to the
ground ;
So, while he gazes on that light—that beacon bright
and blest,
Which points to him the place of home, the haven of
his rest,
The Dæmon aimed the fatal blow, and struck him as
he stood,—
The poison boils within his veins, and rankles in his
blood ;—

Convulsed with agony he gasps,—he pants in vain for
breath,—
Weak—and more weak—he turns,—and falls upon
the dewy heath ;
But still he feebly, sadly cried,—“ My home, my
wife, my child !”
And the heavy echoes bore the sound far o'er the dis-
mal wild :
Life's waves are ebbing fast, his soul to unknown
shores they urge—
The raven croaked his requiem—the “ hill-fox ” howled
his dirge.

Loud laughed the fell Destroyer—and sought the city's
walls ;
He trod its streets, its temples, its palaces and halls ;
He sought the mansion of the rich—the hovel of the
poor,
And dealt his messages of woe, around from door to
door.
The Prince found that his trust was vain in sceptre
and in crown,
His limbs were racked with agony, e'en on his couch
of down.
The Miser, waked at midnight, crawled to count his
shining store,
And fell ;—but even in his death he clenched the
senseless ore.
The Soldier, who unharmed had come from the gory
battle plain,

Struck by an unseen enemy, was numbered with the
slain ;
And Beauty's cheek turned pale and sad, her eye had
lost its light,
Her hair in loosened tresses bound a brow no longer
bright ;
One low, deep sob,—one trembling thrill,—her earth-
ly race was run—
Time, with its joys and cares was past ;—Eternity
begun.
The man of woe, without a friend, by poverty op-
prest,
A houseless wanderer without food, or home wherein
to rest ;
But who in all his wanderings, his trust to God had
given,
Joyed in the midnight summons, and winged his way
to heaven.
Where Riot held her nightly court with loud tumultu-
ous glee,
Where sense was lost, and reason drowned, in noise
and revelry ;
Where the maddening wine-cup circled quick, and
shout and song prevail,
And ready laughter waited on each merry jest and
tale,
The Dæmon's footsteps hushed each sound, and noise-
less was the room,
Unbroken silence followed mirth ;—the silence of the
tomb.

Mute were the lips that sang—and the eye that
 laughed was dim—
 And the foaming wine stood mantling the untouched
 goblet's brim.

Spirit of Darkness ! scourge of Death ! from clime to
 distant clime,
 Thou hast, with fateful victory, pursued thy march
 sublime.
 Earth could not stay thy footstep stern, nor ocean
 stop thy course,
 No healing balm could stanch thy wound,—no barrier
 check thy force ;
 The burning sands of Eastern Ind, and Russia's snow-
 clad plain
 Are covered with thy victims, and darkened by the
 slain.
 Egypt has raised a shout of wail, as erst, in days of
 old
 Thou slewest all her first-born, in palace, cot and fold.
 And Poland, Valor's dearest home, battling in Free-
 dom's fight,
 Wept, when thy cruel gripe of death vied with the
 despot's might.
 And many a widowed mother, in Britain's rock-girt
 isle,
 In vain around her once-glad hearth seeks for some
 darling smile.
 And in the merry land of France, the song and dance
 have ceased,

And Pleasure trembles as she eyes the fragments of
 thy feast.
 Far o'er the wide Atlantic wave, where western tem-
 pests roar,
 Thou pour'st the vials of thy wrath on Canada's wild
 shore.

Thou fell Destroyer ! sheathe thy sword ;—man's life
 is but a day ;
 Why seek to mar his feeble joys, which quickly fade
 away ?
 A day of toil and suffering !—then come not, dreaded
 power,
 With horror and with tenfold night, to cloud our
 dying hour ;
 A day of folly, sin, and guilt !—avert thy chastening
 rod,
 Till we have bowed us in the dust, and made our
 peace with God.

To Him we turn, who deigned to stand with Abram
 in his tent,
 Ere to the cities of the plain thou wast in vengeance
 sent ;
 And vowed, though great their sin, that he would
 not destroy the place,
 If but ten righteous men were found among the
 guilty race ;
 Him, who when Israel's psalmist-king, by false pride
 led astray,

Forgot the Lord, and counted those who owned his
sceptered sway,
Was, by their penitence and prayer, entreated for the
land,
And bade thee—cruel messenger—to stay thy heavy
hand;
To Him, the Mighty God, we turn; oh! may our
prayers prevail,
We have a thousand righteous yet, who have not
bowed to Baal.
To Him we turn—may He be pleased far hence the
curse to take!
We ask it not for justice, but for His mercy's
sake!

J. W.

Newcastle, 6th. Mo., 1832.

The Bride: a Sketch

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THE BRIDE.

A SKETCH.

THE moon shone full upon the dial of Saint Paul's, and showed the hour pointer far advanced towards midnight, as Edward Fletcher paused for a moment to enquire the time, and then pursued his way, in deep and silent meditation. At an early age, by the death of both his parents, he had been left to the care of an unmarried uncle, who, after giving him a good education, had placed him in a merchant's office, and had since enabled him to become the principal of a mercantile establishment. He had now been for two years the master of a lucrative and increasing business, and being naturally of a social disposition, he began to court the company of those of his own rank. In this way he had spent the evening, and, having accompanied some of his fair companions to their homes, he was returning to his own lodgings in a distant part of the metropolis. The warm and genial influence of society had called into action the softer emotions of his heart, freed them from the icy fetters which long and arduous attention to business had thrown over them, and caused them again to burst forth and to roll onward, in an unbroken current, bearing his thoughts to that far-distant period, when, in the twilight of me-

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mory, the forms of past events are dim and indistinctly visible.

And he lingered on the recollection with a melancholy pleasure, for it was the happiest period of his existence. He was then the loved and caressed of parents who were now no more. Those joyous days were passed among the pleasant hills and valleys of Westmoreland, and now he was confined amid the din and bustle of the city. He remembered one fair girl, who was more than his playmate, with whom "he roamed about the braes," pulling the cowslips or the early violets; or at evening sat under the shadow of a spreading elm, telling her the stories which he had read during the day, and listening to the little hymns which her mother had taught her; but of her he now knew nothing:—she, too, probably, was with the dead.

Then he thought of his school-days—with their mischievous tricks, and their active sports, and their hard lessons, and the noble boys who were his comrades. Some of them, the gentlest and the most beloved, were also gone to their rest; and the hardy, the active, and enterprising, were pursuing their separate courses of adversity or success; many, like himself, were still bachelors, whilst others enjoyed the delight of domestic felicity in the bosoms of their families. This last subject was one on which he had often deeply pondered. Arrived at that time of life, when the enthusiasm of youth has subsided, before the indiffer-
ence of age has commenced, he had long felt the

solitude of his orphan state ; he had been convinced that he did not move in the sphere for which Providence had designed him. He was alone, among strangers. He was exposed to the thousand little discomforts which are inseparable from the lot of him, who has no place which he can feel to be a home. He engaged in the duties of life without spirit or energy, more in imitation of the example of others, than from any heart-felt incitement to action. If Prosperity smiled on him, he viewed it with indifference, but the frowns of Adversity chilled and depressed him. He wished for some one to share with him in the former, and by participation to render the latter less irksome, instead of being compelled to feel the whole weight of its gloom on his own mind, and to brood over his misfortunes in cheerless solitude. His observation had convinced him that marriage alone would give full zest to joy, and soften the stings of sorrow ; and now, his heart, softened by the society which he had just left, and by his recollections of former days, nourished and gradually matured the conviction, till at length he firmly resolved to abjure the state, to him miscalled, of "single blessedness."

By this time he had reached his own door. He had passed through one moon-lit street after another, occupied with his own reflexions, unheeding alike the heartless laugh of vice, the shout of the drunken reveller, and the noise and tumult of the thronging crowd which poured from one of the theatres.

"Yes !" said he, "I'll marry." The rapper was in

his hand, and it fell with a heavy knock, as if sounding an "Amen" to his recently-formed resolution.

He retired to his couch, but not to repose. His thoughts continued to oppress and agitate him, and he tossed about restless and sleepless. The hour of midnight, tolled from the neighbouring belfry, had been succeeded by "the wee short hours ayont the twal," gradually lengthening and announcing the dawn of day, before he fell into a short and broken slumber. When he arose he sought his counting-house, but the time passed slowly and heavily on. He spent the day in a state of abstraction, relieved only by a conviction that it was his duty to exert himself more than ever. He would relapse for a while into indolence, and then suddenly rousing from his stupor, recommence his employment with renewed but short-lived energy, and he rejoiced when the approach of evening allowed him to escape, and to accept the invitation of his friend Charles Manson to walk with him in the Regent's Park.

Charles, who was some years his junior, and was studying for the medical profession, was a youth of sanguine temperament—one of those who love to view things on their bright side ; who sincerely enjoy the delights of life, and who, if they are visited by affliction, feel it deeply for a time, but soon forget it. He was in high spirits. The fineness of the weather, the number and gay appearance of the company in the Park, and his relaxation from the labors of the day, all tended to enliven him, and animated his converse.

Scarcely an equipage rolled by, or a horseman passed them, without furnishing him with occasion for an approving or satirical remark. Edward, however, seemed not to heed his observations, or if he noticed them at all, it was by a cold nod, or a single syllable of assent.

He passed in silence the various natural and architectural beauties of the place, on which he was accustomed to dilate. The fine Doric portico and massive grandeur of the Colosseum, the splendid façade of Cumberland Place, the innumerable curiosities of the Zoölogical Gardens, and the rural loveliness of the wooded lake, were alike unheeded.

At length Charles stopped—and looking his companion attentively in the face, said to him, “Edward, thou art in love.”

“In love,” he replied, with a feeble laugh, “not I indeed, what can have given thee such an idea?”

“Thy remarkably grave deportment, moping abstraction, and disregard for all that’s worth seeing. Thou hast passed unnoticed many of thy favorite subjects of remark: thou hast allowed the most magnificent carriages, and some of our greatest public characters, to pass thee unobserved, coldly assenting to my words, or ‘nodding thy head like a mandarin in a tea shop’—I am persuaded that thou art in love.”

“Well, Charles, I own that, though not yet in love, I trust I soon shall be, and that my love will be consummated by lasting union. I have long compared the delights of marriage with the discomforts of

the bachelor, and last night, bringing my notions to a point, I came to the resolution to marry.”

“Make no such rash resolve,” said Charles, “but consider the inconveniences as well as the comforts of matrimony. For my own part, having given myself up to the pursuit of study, I am satisfied that a wife would retard my progress. It would be impossible for me to pay that undivided attention to my profession, which my duty not more than my inclination demands. Few eminent men have been married. The rule which prevents Roman Catholic clergymen from being so, was doubtless the result of great experience and deep conviction, on the part of its framers, that it tended to draw the thoughts from the functions of the sacerdotal office. So study and celibacy for me; or if I be married, let my library be my bride.”

“And a wife and happiness for me!” replied Edward. “What benefit is there in amassing a large store of knowledge, which may never be required, and at the same time neglecting the enjoyment of female society, and despising its aid as the minister of virtue. The reasons which induce thee to continue single do not affect me, and in fact, I should rather seek a wife to incite me to great exertion, than merely continue in the spiritless pursuit of wealth or knowledge.”

“And what,” asked Charles, “are the requisite qualities of such a wife?”

“She must,” said Edward, “be a woman whose virtues are the fruit of religious conviction; she must

be modest without affectation, and cheerful without boldness, lovely in person and accomplished in mind."

"Let me try to guess who she is," said Charles, and he named some of their female acquaintance who, he thought, best answered the description.

But no! Edward's ideas of female excellence were so refined, that none of these came up to the standard. Each had some fault, which might have passed unobserved by others, but could not escape the discriminating eye of our philosophic bachelor.

Lucy was "a blue stocking." She spent her time in the study of foreign languages and abstruse sciences; and her mind, occupied in such recondite pursuits, could not be expected to bend to the homely and unpretending duties of a household.

Elizabeth was "a butterfly;"—a giddy thoughtless child of nature, content with the powers which nature had bestowed, and regardless of cultivating and improving them; enjoying the present, as though it comprised the whole period of her existence, and as if there would be no future which called for preparation. An imprudent woman was unsuitable for a wife.

Emma was "an egotist." All her regard seemed to be spent upon her own person. She was constantly admiring herself in the mirror, arranging some irregularity in the fold of her kerchief, or some unevenness in her sleeves, or trying some new posture to shew her form to advantage; and she who was filled with self-love would care little for the happiness of her husband.

Mary ran into the opposite extreme. He admired simplicity, but he disliked negligence. Some part of her dress was often in disorder; a string was wanting in her cap, or a lock of hair hung loosely over her forehead; and neatness was an indispensable requisite for the partner of his life.

Jane was "a chatter-box;" gay and volatile, her tongue ran on in ceaseless prattle, without giving utterance to one idea, the result either of observation or reflexion. Her words sounded prettily enough to the ear, but they left no impression on the mind. And thought and foresight ought to belong to every one who might become the head of a family.

Judith was "a mere negation." She was, perhaps, blameless in regard to the actual commission of offence, but she was supine and indolent in virtuous exertion. If she did no evil, she did little good. The course of her life was one dead level, without rise and without depression. She acted so as to save appearances with the world; but her heart was a stranger to every generous impulse, her hand was seldom stretched out in active benevolence, and her mind was ignorant of the practical operation of religion and piety. He looked to marriage for a stimulus to renewed exertion, but he could expect no aid from one so listless and apathetic.

"Most exact of men!" exclaimed Charles, "thy conduct is a perfect anomaly. Attempting to reason on the most illogical of all passions—laying down a proposition that thou wilt marry, before falling in

love, and finding fault with those of the fair sex, who are admired and followed even by those who never wish to be lovers. Throw off this fastidiousness; or depend upon it, that it will be long before thou art a husband, and before I am left alone in the ranks of celibacy."

They parted—but the feeling daily increased and became stronger in the mind of Edward. He sought society more eagerly than ever. But though he felt a transient gratification in its variety, he found in the retrospect nothing but disappointment. He met with none on whom he could centre his affections. Each had some fault which rendered her unfit for a wife. He met with many whom he admired, many whom he could respect as friends, but none whom he could love with that fervor and singleness of heart which he considered due to her whom he should make his own. And yet he saw his companions select their partners, and live apparently in married felicity. Even the fair ones whom he had so severely criticised and censured, were respectively united to admiring and joyous husbands. Yet, in vain did he seek for some pure, spotless being, who might realize his opinion of the feminine character; love seemed to be a tempting fruit hung beyond his reach. He began to doubt whether he was not differently constituted from the generality of his species, and incapable of their susceptibilities; yet when he thought of his early affections to his parents and the fair companion of his youth, and when he referred to the feelings that even now burned

in his bosom, he was convinced that he only wanted the opportunity, to prove himself possessed of the finest sympathies of humanity.

It was midsummer—the fashionable part of the community had left London for their seats in the country, and Edward, tired of its suffocating heat, its forsaken squares and desolate streets, resolved also to leave it, and revisit, for the first time since his boyhood, the beautiful scenery of his native Westmoreland.

He took the coach to Kendal and there left it; preferring to proceed on foot, as allowing him greater liberty in choosing his route, and in diverging from the high roads when interest or curiosity might prompt him to wander. For a week, he rambled through the most picturesque districts of the country, climbing its hills, while the exercise and the bracing air, improved his health; rowing on its lakes, and treading its flowery meads, which spoke of peace and comfort to his mind; or gazing on its water-falls, till his sorrow and disquiet were forgotten in the contemplation. But what were his feelings as he approached the place of his nativity? He stole up the narrow lane that led to it from the main road, and cautiously drew near. He thought that the little croft behind was strangely diminished in size, and that the house had an altered and more homely appearance than he expected, yet over the arch-way were the initials of his parents' names, "R. & S. F. 1795." He looked through the garden gate, and at the well-known door sat the mistress of the house employed with

needle work, whilst a young child gambolled along the walks. How often had his mother sat there, occupied in the same manner, and smiled on his infant frolics! He found that his parents were forgotten, and the names of the neighbours were strange to him; even the heavy-clogged hind, of whom he made the inquiry, who was homeward "dragging his weary way," eyed him, as if half-suspicious of some sinister intention. Amid all his distress, he had been accustomed to reflect on that place, and on the early days he had spent there, with feelings of pleasure: when the clouds gathered blackest around him, he remembered them as a gleam of sunshine in his existence, which, overcast as it had been, might yet dispel the shades, and shed its bright glory over the evening of his days. And thus to be awakened to the sad reality, to find himself unknown on the threshold of his father's house, an alien in the place of his birth, to seek in vain for the friends of his youth, to feel that he was alone in the world and must buffet with it single-handed, to find his last remaining solace depart, and thus to become fully aware of the solitariness of his situation,—convinced him alike that he had drawn an over-charged picture of the past, and that doubt and uncertainty appertained to the future—

"He turned, and left the spot;

"Ah, do not deem him weak.

"For dauntless was that youthful heart,

"Though a tear was on his cheek."

He pursued his journey; and on the morrow, after a

long ramble across the hills, reached a small and secluded village, where he thought to remain for a day or two. After he had dined, he went out to enjoy the fine views which its vicinity afforded. The road lay along the side of a hill, which on the one hand was covered with heather, interspersed with large stones, whose grey and wrinkled fronts looked out from the purple blossoms dancing in the breeze, like Age surveying the pastimes of Youth; and on the other was bordered by trees, whose light waving branches gave an occasional glimpse of the lake beyond them. A small avenue opening it to the view, and offering a smooth bank for his seat, he lay down to repose. The green boughs overhead shaded him from the rays of the sun; before him, in the distance, were some of Westmoreland's loftiest hills, standing boldly out in the clear bluesky, heathery-clad at their tops, but at their base, yellow with waving corn, green with luxuriant pastures, or dark with extensive woods; whence rose the smoke of the peasant's cot, the spire of a village church, or the bold front of some magnificent mansion; while, immediately before him, the lake spread its expanse of beauty, its waters calm as a mirror, or curled by the breeze into mimic and noiseless wavelets. A boat moved slowly from behind one of the islands, rowed by one whose dress shewed him to be no professed sailor, and in the pause between the grating of the oars on its side, and their splashing in the water, the sound of a soft voice came in song from a lady sitting at the stern. This "touched the string on which hung all his sorrows." "And is

there not," said he—"is there not some being like that for me, is there none on earth to whom I may speak of love? am I, alone, of all my race, doomed to drag on a long and weary life, a solitary, friendless creature? I have formed my notions of excellence at an elevation to which human nature does not attain; I will banish these vain ideas; lower my scale of excellence, as to the external and less important parts of personal character, and return into the world, determined to be pleased, to imitate the example of my fellow-men, and, like them, to be happy." He was roused by a voice near him, and on turning he perceived a mendicant asking alms of a young plainly-dressed lady. He arose from his recumbent posture, and for the first time attracted her attention. She gave but one inquiring glance, blushed deeply, slipped the money hurriedly into the extended palm, and went on her way, followed by the benedictions of the grateful sufferer.

By that mysterious principle—that sort of mental magnetism, existing in every bosom, by which we are instantly and unaccountably attracted to one whom we have never seen before, but whom we feel an irresistible desire often to meet,—a feeling which time or distance may perhaps diminish, but which nothing but death can extinguish, Edward felt, as he returned to his inn, determined, if it were possible, to have an interview with the fair stranger. Often did she pass before him in the visions of the night,—often was his sleep broken by his dreams, but they were dreams of happiness and joy.

The Sabbath morn called him to seek the meeting-house of his sect, which was situate at a short distance from the village. There it stood, with its grey walls and flagged roof—its bright small-paned windows, and weather-beaten door and shutters—its shade of arching lime trees, and its green grave-yard, surrounded by a low wall and an humble wicket, on which the peasant might lean and moralize; for the dread of desecration which encircles the burial places in cities with palisadoes and chevaux-de-frise had not reached the inhabitants of that peaceful land. Its interior corresponded with the neatness and simplicity of its outward appearance. The walls seemed to have been recently white-washed, and the sand on the floor cracked beneath his tread, as he sought a seat on one of the old oaken forms. Few were the assembled worshippers. An aged man, dressed in the good old-fashioned drab coat, and three-decked hat, from beneath which hung a few locks of reverend grey, sat under the gallery, resting upon his staff; beneath him was a stout, hale man of the middle age, whose features bespoke him to be his son, and whose wife was sitting on the adjoining form. The seat parallel to that on which Edward sat, contained some young women, whose features he could not discern; and several, whose dress shewed them to be servants, or not connected with the body, were scattered about on the back benches. But though small was the assembly, and humble the place of gathering, whether it arose from the quiet that

reigned around, the effect of the past week's journey, or the events connected with it, never did Edward feel more of the pure spirit of devotion, never did he retire from a house of worship more strengthened and refreshed in spirit.

At the close of the meeting, the old friend kindly shook him by the hand, and invited him to his house. Pleased with his venerable appearance, and wishing to become further acquainted with him, Edward accepted the invitation. "Come," said the ancient, "thou's stranger nor me, let me lean on thy arm;" and, thus supported on the one hand, and with his stick in the other, they walked at a slow pace through two or three fields, and then found themselves at his door. His house was of brick, overgrown in the front with large pear-trees, whose dark foliage strongly contrasted with the clean white windows. A small plot before it, defended by a green paling, was filled with pinks, roses, campanulas, and other summer flowers; at the one end, a large well-stocked orchard extended down the hill-side, beyond which, in the distance, were seen the blue waters of the lake; and at the other, was the farm-yard, with its various out-buildings, its herds of lowing cattle, and troops of poultry. The old man introduced his son, who had arrived before them, by the name of James Summers, and then turning to Edward, said, "but as I don't know tha name, I can only haif perform my duty."

"My name," he said, "is Edward Fletcher."

"From thy dialect," said the son, "I suppose thou art from London?"

"Yes, I live there at present, but I was born at Rock-gill, about twelve miles to the west of this place."

"What!" enquired the son, "was thy father's name Richard Fletcher?"

"It was", Edward replied, "but he has been long dead."

"I know he has—he was an intimate friend of ours; in fact we were his next neighbours, till the advanced age and increasing infirmities of my father, rendered it necessary for me to assist in the management of his farm. I am heartily glad to see thee; thou must protract thy stay with us, for we have been too long separated to part soon."

"Aye," added his wife, "many a time have I dandled thee on my knee when a child, and Eliza and thou used to wander about together from morning till night."

"What's gotten them?" asked the old man, "they are langer nor common in comin' in."

As he spoke, the door opened, and the sisters entered the room.

"Why," said the old man, "ye ran off to-day, and did'nt come an' help me hame as ye use to do?"

"Oh! grandfather," said Eliza, "we saw thou wast too well assisted to need our aid."

"Ay! and wha think ye my helper was?—naebody else but Edward Fletcher, that used to play wi' thee

when ye were bairns, and that thou sae often talks about."

Edward observed her blush deeply at this remark. He had at once recognized her as the lady who had yesterday crossed his path, and as he now accosted her, he felt all his prepossessions in her favor incalculably increased. Her personal appearance was very pleasing. She was rather tall. Her form was slender and graceful, and her complexion exceedingly fair. Her chesnut hair was parted on her forehead, a few stray tresses escaped from the border of her cap, and her light blue eyes sparkled with innocent cheerfulness and unobtrusive benevolence. Her sister, a few years younger, was also a lovely girl, but her form and features were less fully developed.

Placed on this footing, Edward soon felt himself at home, and was delighted with the family into whose society he had fallen; but his observation was chiefly directed to the elder daughter. The more he saw, and the more he conversed with her, the more strongly did she rivet his affections. He found her possessed of a naturally strong, and highly-cultivated mind, stored with knowledge of the most useful kind; with a sweet and gentle disposition, and with a heart in which religion and virtue held supreme place. As he conversed with her, and found that her language breathed of an intellectual and religious spirit, he thought that in her were gathered all the qualities which he had so long sought for in vain. But it was not till the cool of the day, when they walked together by the lake, that he

became fully aware of the change which the events of the last twenty-four hours had wrought upon him. He was with her, whose mere glance had spoken to his inmost heart;—her who was the playmate of his infancy,—the only human being, except his parents, on whom he had ever looked with a higher feeling than that of esteem: he found that his first impression was increased by future acquaintance—that her features feebly shadowed forth her mental excellence, her modesty, good sense and religious feeling;—he was with her in his native land, at the close of that day, when, if the mind may be allowed to dwell upon any earthly feeling, it is upon that of honorable, youthful love—the most purified of mortal passions. They talked of the joys of former days, of the many little incidents which formed the chain of remembrance of their past pleasure, of the mutual thoughts of each other which had lingered in their bosoms, and before the expiration of Edward's sojourn, the foundation was laid of a connexion which might only terminate with life.

He returned to the metropolis, an altered man. His gloom and abstraction had vanished, and he pursued his vocation with redoubled assiduity. But still, his heart was absent in "the north countrie," and many a journey did he take thither, no longer to admire the beauty of its scenery, but to indulge himself with the company of her, whose lot in after life was to be bound up with his own. She accepted the offer of his hand—the consent of her parents was asked and

received, the requisite formalities gone through, and the necessary arrangements completed, when he asked his friend Charles to accompany him to his marriage. After some demurrer, on account of the pressing nature of his studies, and the difference of opinion between them as to the propriety of the step, Charles consented to go with him.

When they arrived at the house, they were of course warmly welcomed. The morrow was appointed for the wedding, and, as many relatives had been invited from distant parts, great preparations were making for their accommodation. Eliza seized the opportunity of stealing away, unobserved, once more to visit her chosen walks and favorite seats, and to bid adieu to the scenes where she had spent the blissful days of youth. When she returned, she retired to her room, and having thrown off her bonnet and gloves, she pondered on the circumstances of her present situation. She was about to leave a peaceful home, tender parents, and affectionate friends; but tomorrow she would be a bride; she would gain one who was more to her than all these, who would cherish and protect her; and the tear that trickled adown her cheek, was gilded by the beam of a pure and subdued love. Then turning her thoughts to Him who made, and had preserved her, she uttered a sincere and fervent prayer for His continued mercy and protection.

Never, perhaps, was the old meeting-house so filled as on the morning of the marriage. Besides the procession of friends and relatives from the house, the

neighbours had gathered from far and near to witness the nuptial ceremony of one who was universally respected and beloved: and though there were none of those signs of outward show by which such occasions are commonly distinguished, though there was no firing of cannon, no ringing of bells, no flying of flags, yet it was not less a union of two faithful hearts, nor did their vow of affection until death sound less solemnly and impressively on the ears of the hushed assembly.

Edward has found in wedlock all the happiness of which he was in quest; nay, in his relation of a husband and a parent, he partakes of many a heartfelt joy, and many a dear and tender feeling, which, in his days of speculative bachelorhood, he was not able to anticipate. No longer a dweller among strangers, living in the cold and cheerless atmosphere of a hired lodging, and meeting only from the other inmates of the house with that common-place regard which exists between those who have little community of feeling, he is happy in the delights of his home, in the smiles of his child, in the warm affection of his loved and lovely wife. He no longer seeks the company of others as a relief from his cares; he finds an enchaining attraction to his own fireside. No longer neglectful, or indifferent to the result of his mercantile engagements, he enters upon them with increased ardor, not with the base and grovelling view of amassing unprofitable wealth, but as an honorable employment, affording him the means of supporting those who are dependent upon him, and of relieving the distresses of his fellow-

creatures. In difficulty, his wife is a constant, judicious adviser. She endeavours to mitigate his afflictions, she attends him with unremitting care in sickness, she heightens his joys, and alleviates his sorrows. Her intellectual endowments qualify her to be his companion in study, and she treads with him the humbler walks of literature and science. Her mild and amiable disposition softens every harsh and unkind feeling of his heart, while her piety assists him in endeavouring to perform those high and holy duties which man owes to his Maker. No longer ill at ease with himself or the world, he has become a useful member of the great human family, desirous of fulfilling his allotted part, by engaging actively in schemes of philanthropy, and in the exercise of a pure, unostentatious benevolence.

So apparent, indeed, is his happiness, that it is rumoured even of Charles Manson, that, having become a convert to his opinions, and being convinced that domestic life is the surest source of present happiness, and a genial nursery of those qualities which fit us for future felicity, he has lately taken more than one trip among the green hills of Westmoreland.

My tale is simple—but so are truth, and virtue, and happiness; and to enforce this moral is the purpose of my story. I might have filled my canvass with the brilliant colors, and iris tints of romance and fiction; but the eye of the spectator would have been dazzled, and he

would have found nothing on which to rest his gaze: the chaste and sober hues of truth alone are healthful to the mental sight. If in this humble coloring I have so traced the picture of my Edward and Eliza, as to show that marriage is one of the first of blessings, and that its joys, though removed from the superficial and fastidious, may yet be attained by the simple and sincere;—if I have at all shown, what are the qualities to be sought for in a virtuous wife, and how, and where, they may be found; if thus my humble page shall have shed a beam of hope over the desponding and the solitary, its object will be attained.

Domestic Happiness! thou only bliss
Of Paradise, that has survived the fall!
Though few now taste thee unimpaired and pure,
Or tasting, long enjoy thee; too infirm,
Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
Unmixed with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup;
Thou art the nurse of Virtue; in thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again.
Thou art not known where Pleasure is adored,
That reeling Goddess with the zoneless waist,
And wandering eyes, still leaning on the arm
Of novelty, her fickle frail support.
For thou art meek, and constant, hating change,
And finding, in the calm of truth-tried love,
Joys that her stormy raptures never yield.—COWPER.

J. W.

Newcastle, 9th Mo., 1832.

T

The Day of Jubilee is come

THE DAY OF JUBILEE IS COME.

FIRST OF AUGUST, 1844.

REJOICE! rejoice! this day shall be
A day of holy Jubilee!

You sun that gilds the evening sky,
Is sought by many a sleepless eye,
Beyond th' Atlantic wave where lie
The islands of the west;
And as its first ray tips the hills,
Hark! that extatic shout, which fills
The air with joy and wildy thrills
With joy each sable breast.

What means that shout of gladness,
Unwont'd in this clime?
This is a land of sadness,
Of misery and crime.
Here only sound the rattling chain,
The galling lash, the shriek of pain:
Here dwell the wretched and the vile,
The outcasts of their race;
On them the sun can never smile,
They loathe to see his face.
Here Afric's hapless children dwell,
From the wild home they lov'd so well,
Their tribe and country torn;
Here to despair their hearts resign;
Here orphan babes untended pine,
And childless mothers mourn:
No law to shield—no hope to cheer—
Heedless, they yield to sullen fear.

What means that shout of gladness
In this degraded clime?
This land no more shall be a land
Of misery and crime!
You ling'ring sun proclaims the day,
When Britain's high decree,
Declares the scourge shall smite no more,
And Africa is free!
The Negro now may till the soil,
And ask the wages of his toil,
With open, fearless brow.
The babe upon his mother's breast
May sleep secure, in quiet rest,
He is a Freeman now.
And o'er this land of sin and dread,
Religion's gentle sway shall spread,
And in these cheerless isles shall raise
An altar to Jehovah's praise.

Rejoice! rejoice! this day shall be
A day of holy Jubilee!

We will—we will rejoice—for this
Our hearts have panted long;
Long have we mourn'd to see the weak
In bondage to the strong;

Long have we mourn'd that Slavery's
shame
Should tarnish Britain's lofty name;
For this our bar is hewn & ruck the pyre;
Our patriots spoke in words of fire;
The best,—the noblest of the land,
For this have toil'd with willing hand;
And Beauty's soft beseeching tone,
Hath pray'd for sorrows not her own;
But lengthen'd year succeed'd year,
Our prayers and toil were vain,
Till pity's ever-falling tear,
At length hath broke the chain,

Honor to those—the great—the good—
'Mid ho-tel rocks who boldly stood
For injur'd Afric's right.
To Scarp—the fearless, and the sage,
Shining amid a darken'd age,
A day-star 'mid the night.
Clarkson—who turn'd not till he saw
A glorious harvest yield:
Hims if the sower of the seed,—
The reaper of the field.
To Cowper—Freedom's bard, whose lay
Foretold this glad and happy day—
Brougham—whose eloquence can make
Oppressors' fear, and tyrants quake—
And Wilberforce—who, young in years,
Mov'd by his brother's cry,
Girded his armour for the fight,
Nor put it off—to die
How blest his lot—to whom 'twas given,
To bear the joyful news to Heaven.

We will rejoice!—in humble joy
We'll raise the grateful song—
To Him—the Lord—to whom alone
Do prayer and praise belong.
We'll praise him that he deign'd to look
Upon the Bondsman's woe,
And sounded in th' oppressor's ear,
"Let ye my people go"
And pray—that He who gave the host,
Escaped from Pharaoh's might,
The pillar of the cloud by day,
And flame of fire by night;
Will lead and guide the ransom'd Slaves,
And should their faith grow dim,
With heavenly light will point the way,
That they may worship Him.

Rejoice! rejoice! this day shall be
A day of holy Jubilee!

Newcastle.

NEWCASTLE: PRINTED BY J. BLACKWELL AND CO.

The Legend of the Lambton Worm

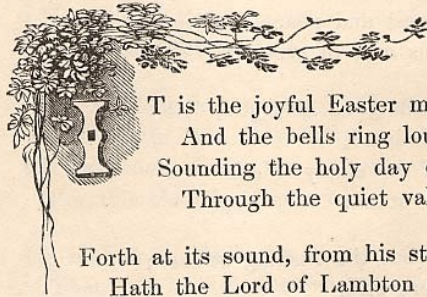
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THE LEGEND OF THE LAMBTON WORM.

FROM "TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE."

REVISED BY THE AUTHOR.

The Singing.



T is the joyful Easter morn,
And the bells ring loud and clear,
Sounding the holy day of rest
Through the quiet vale of Wear.

Forth at its sound, from his stately hall,
Hath the Lord of Lambton come,
With knight and squire, in rich attire,
Page, seneschal, and groom.

The white-hair'd peasant and his dame
Have left their woodland cot:
Children of toil and poverty,
Their cares and toil forgot.

And buxom youth and bashful maid,
In holiday array,
Thro' verdant glade and greenwood shade,
To Brigford bend their way.

And soon within its sacred dome
Their wandering steps are stayed;
The bell is rung, the mass is sung,
And the solemn prayer is prayed.

But why did Lambton's youthful heir
Not mingle with the throng?
And why did he not bend his knee,
Nor join in the holy song?

Oh, Lambton's heir is a wicked man!
Alike in word and deed;
He makes a jest of psalm and priest,
Of the Ave and the Creed.

B

He loves the fight; he loves the chase;
 He loves each kind of sin;
 But the holy church, from year to year,
 He is not found within.

And Lambton's heir, at the matin prayer,
 Or the vesper, is not seen;
 And on this day of rest and peace
 He hath donned his coat of green;

And, with his creel slung on his back,
 His light rod in his hand,
 Down by the side of the shady Wear
 He took his lonely stand.

There was no sound but the rushing stream;
 The little birds were still,
 As if they knew that Lambton's heir
 Was doing a deed of ill.

Many a salmon and speckled trout
 Through the quiet waters glide;
 But they all sought the deepest pools,
 Their golden scales to hide.

The soft west wind just rippled the brook,
 And the clouds flew gently by,
 And gleamed the sun—'twas a lovely day
 To the eager fisher's eye.

He threw his line, of the costly twine,
 Across the gentle stream;
 Upon its top the dun-flies drop
 Lightly as childhood's dream.

Again, again—but all in vain,
 In the shallow or the deep;
 No trout rose to his cunning bait;
 He heard no salmon leap.

And now he wandered east the stream,
 And now he wandered west;
 He sought each bank or hanging bush
 Which fishes love the best.

But vain was all his skilful art ;
 Vain was each deep disguise ;
 Vain was alike the varied bait,
 And vain the mimic flies.

When, tired and vexed, the castle bell
 Rung out the hour of dine,
 " Now," said the Lambton's youthful heir,
 " A weary lot is mine.

" For six long hours, this April morn,
 My line in vain I've cast ;
 But one more throw, come weal come wo,
 For this shall be the last."

He took from his bag a maggot worm,
 That bait of high renown ;
 His line wheeled quickly through the air,
 Then sunk in the water down.

When he drew it out, his ready hand
 With no quivering motion shook,
 For neither salmon, trout, nor ged,
 Had fastened on his hook.

But a little thing, a strange formed thing,
 Like a piece of muddy weed ;
 But like no fish that swims the stream,
 Nor aught that crawls the mead.

'Twas scarce an inch and a half in length,
 Its colour the darkest green ;
 And on its rough and scaly back
 Two little fins were seen.

It had a long and pointed snout,
 Like the mouth of the slimy eel,
 And its white and loosely hanging jaws,
 Twelve pin-like teeth reveal.

It had sharp claws upon its feet,
 Short ears upon its head,
 A jointed tail, and quick bright eyes,
 That gleamed of a fiery red.

“Art thou the prize,” said the weary wight,
 “For which I have spent my time ;
 For which I have toil’d till the hour of noon,
 Since rang the matin chime.”

From the side of the dell, a crystal well
 Sends its waters bubbling by ;
 “Rest there, thou ugly tiny elf,
 Either to live or die.”

He threw it in, and when next he came,
 He saw, to his surprise,
 It was a foot and a half in length ;
 It had grown so much in size.
 And its wings were long, far-stretched and strong,
 And redder were its eyes.

The Curse.

But Lambton’s heir is an altered man :
 At the church on bended knee,
 Three times a day he was wont to pray ;
 And now he’s beyond the sea.

He has done penance for his sins,
 He has drank of a sainted well ;
 He has joined the band from the Holy Land
 To chase the Infidel.

Where host met host, and strife raged most,
 His sword flashed high and bright ;
 Where force met force, he winged his course,
 The foremost in the fight.

Where he saw on high th’ Oriflamme fly,
 His onward path he bore ;
 And the Paynim knight, and the Saracen,
 Lay weltering in their gore.

Or in the joust, or tournament,
 Of all that valiant band,
 When, with lance in rest, he forward prest,
 Who could the shock withstand ?

Pure was his fame, unstained his shield ;
 A merciful man was he ;
 The friend of the weak, he raised not his hand
 'Gainst a fallen enemy.

Thus on the plains of Palestine
 He gained a mighty name,
 And, full of honour and renown,
 To the home of his childhood came.

But when he came to his father's lands,
 No cattle were grazing there ;
 The grass in the mead was unmown and rough,
 And the fields untilled and bare.

And when he came to his father's hall,
 He wondered what might ail ;
 His sire but coolly welcomed him,
 And his sisters' cheeks were pale.

"I come from the fight" said the Red-Cross Knight ;
 "I in savage lands did roam :
 But where'er it be, they welcome me,
 Save in my own loved home.

"Now why, now why, this frozen cheer ?
 What is it that may ail ?
 Why tremble thus, my father dear ?—
 My sister, why so pale ?"

"Oh, sad and woful has been our lot,
 Whilst thou wast far away ;
 For a mighty dragon hath hither come
 And taken up its stay ;
 At night or morn it sleepeth not,
 But watcheth for its prey.

"'Tis ten cloth yards in length ; its hue
 Is of the darkest green ;
 And, on its rough and scaly back,
 Two strong black wings are seen.

"It hath a long and pointed snout,
 Like the mighty crocodile ;

And, from its grinning jaws, stand out
Its teeth in horrid file.

“It hath on each round and webbed foot
Four sharp and hooked claws ;
And its jointed tail, with heavy trail,
Over the ground it draws.

“It hath two rough and hairy ears
Upon its bony head ;
Its eyes shine like the winter sun,
Fearful, and darkly red.

“Its roar is loud as the cannon’s sound,
But shorter, and more shrill ;
It rolls, with many a heavy bound,
Onward from hill to hill.

“And each morn, at the matin chime,
It seeks the lovely Wear ;
And, at the noontide bell,
It gorges its fill, then seeks the hill
Where springs the crystal well.

“No knight has e’er returned who dared
The monster to assail.
Though he struck off an ear or limb,
Or lopt its jointed tail,
Its severed limbs again unite,
Strong as the iron mail.

“My horses, and sheep, and all my kine,
The ravenous beast hath killed ;
With oxen and deer, from far and near,
Its hungry maw is filled.
’Tis hence the mead is unmown and long,
And the corn fields are untilled.

“My son, to hail thee here in health
My very heart is glad ;
But thou hast heard our tale—and say,
Canst thou wonder that we’re sad ?”

The Assailing.

And sorrowful was Lambton's heir :
 " My sinful act," said he,
 " This curse hath on the country brought ;
 Be it mine to set it free."

Deep in the dell, in a ruined hut,
 Far from the homes of men,
 There dwelt a witch the peasants called
 Old Elspat of the Glen.

'Twas a dark night, and the stormy wind
 Howled with a hollow moan,
 As through tangled copsewood, bush, and briar,
 He sought the aged crone.

She sat on a low and three-legged stool,
 Beside a dying fire ;
 As he lifted the latch she stirred the brands,
 And the smoky flame blazed higher.

She was a woman weak and old,
 Her form was bent and thin ;
 And, on her lean and shrivelled hand,
 She rested her pointed chin.

He entered with fear, that dauntless man,
 And spake of all his need :
 He gave her gold ; he asked her aid,
 How best he might succeed.

" Clothe thee," said she, " in armour bright,
 In mail of glittering sheen,
 All studded o'er, behind and before,
 With razors, sharp and keen :

" And take in thy hand the trusty brand
 Which thou bore beyond the sea ;
 And make to the Virgin a solemn vow,
 If she grant thee victory,
 What meets thee first, when the strife is o'er,
 Her offering shall be."

He went to the fight, in armour bright
 Equipped, from head to heel ;
 His gorget closed, and his vizor shut,
 He seemed a form of steel.

But with razor blades, all sharp and keen,
 The mail was studded o'er ;
 And his long tried and trusty brand
 In his greaved hand he bore.

He made to the Virgin a solemn vow,
 If she granted victory,
 What met him first on his homeward path
 Her sacrifice should be.

He told his sire, when he heard the horn,
 To slip his favourite hound ;
 " 'Twill quickly seek its master's side
 At the accustomed sound."

Forward he trod, with measured step,
 To meet his foe, alone,
 While the first beams of the morning sun
 On his massy armour shone.

The monster slept on an island crag,
 Lulled by the rushing Wear,
 Which eddy'd turbid at the base
 Though elsewhere smooth and clear.

It lay in repose ; its wings were flat,
 Its ears fell on its head,
 Its legs stretched out, and drooped its snout,
 But its eyes were fiery red.

Little feared he, that armed knight,
 As he left the rocky shore ;
 And in his hand, prepared for fight,
 His unsheathed sword he bore.

As he plunged in, the water's splash
 The monster startling hears ;
 It spreads its wings, and the valley rings,
 Like the clash of a thousand spears.

It bristled up its scaly back,
 Curled high its jointed tail,
 And ready stood, with grinning teeth,
 The hero to assail ;

Then sprung at the knight with all its might,
 And its foamy teeth it gnashed ;
 With its jointed tail, like a thrasher's flail,
 The flinty rock it lashed.

But quick of eye, and swift of foot,
 He guarded the attack ;
 And dealt his brand with skillful hand
 Upon the dragon's back.

Again, again, at the knight it flew ;
 The fight was long and sore :
 He bravely stood, nor dropped his sword
 Till he could strike no more.

It rose on high, and darkened the sky,
 Then, with a hideous yell,
 A moment winnowed th' air with its wings,
 And down like a mountain fell.

He stood prepared for the falling blow,
 But mournful was his fate :
 Awhile he reeled, then, staggering, fell
 Beneath the monster's weight.

And round about its prostrate foe
 Its fearful length it rolled,
 And clasped him close, till his armour cracked
 Within its scaly fold.

But pierced by the blades, from body and breast,
 Fast did the red blood pour ;
 Cut by the blades, piece fell by piece,
 And quivered in the gore.

Piece fell by piece, foot fell by foot :
 No more is the river clear,
 But stained with blood, as the severed limbs
 Rolled down the rushing Wear.

Piece fell by piece, and inch by inch,
 From the body and the tail ;
 But the head still hung by the gory teeth
 Tight fastened in the mail.

It panted long, and fast it breathed,
 With many a bitter groan ;
 Its eyes grew dim, it loosed its hold,
 And fell like a lifeless stone.

Then loud he blew on his bugle-horn,
 The blast of victory ;
 From rock to rock the sound was borne,
 By Echo, glad and free ;
 For, burdened long by the dragon's roar,
 She joy'd in her liberty.

But not his hound, with gladdened bound,
 Comes leaping at the call ;
 With feelings dire, he sees his sire
 Rush from his ancient hall.

Oh ! what can equal a father's love,
 When harm to his son he fears ;
 'Tis stronger than a sister's sigh,
 More deep than a mother's tears.

When Lambton's anxious listening lord,
 Heard the bugle notes so wild,
 He thought no more of his plighted word,
 But ran to clasp his child.

"Strange is my lot," said the luckless wight ;
 "How sorrow and joy combine !
 When high in fame to my home I came,
 My kindred did weep and pine.

"This morn my triumph sees, and sees
 Dishonour light on me :
 For I had vowed to the Holy Maid,
 If she gave me victory,
 What first I met, when the fight was o'er,
 Her offering should be.

"I thought to have slain my gallant hound,
 Beneath my unwilling knife :
 But I cannot raise my hand on him
 Who gave my being life!"

And heavy and sorrowful was his heart,
 And he hath gone again
 To seek advice of the wise woman,
 Old Elspat of the Glen.

"Since thy solemn vow is unfulfilled,
 Though greater be thy fame,
 Thou must a lofty chapel build
 To the Virgin Mary's name.

"On nine generations of thy race
 A heavy curse shall fall :
 They may die in the fight, or in the chase,
 But not in their native hall."

He builded there a chapel fair,
 And rich endowment made,
 Where morn and eve, by cowled monk,
 In sable garb arrayed,
 The bell was rung, the mass was sung,
 And the solemn prayer was said.

L'Envoy.

Such is the tale which, in ages past,
 On the dreary winter's eve,
 In baron's hall, the harper blind,
 In wildest strain, would weave ;
 Till the peasants, trembling, nearer crept,
 And each strange event believe.

Such is the tale which often yet,
 Around the Christmas fire,
 Is told to the merry wassail group,
 By some old dame or sire.

But though they tell that the crystal well
 Still flows by the lovely Wear,

And that the hill is verdant still,
His listeners shew no fear.

And though he tell that of Lambton's race
Nine of them died at sea
Or in the battle, or in the chase,
They shake their heads doubtfully

And though he say there may still be seen
The mail worn by the knight,
Tho' the blades are blunt, that once were keen
And rusted that once were bright ;
They do but shake their heads the more,
And laugh at him outright.

For Knowledge to their view has spread
Her rich and varied store :
They learn and read, and take no heed
Of legendary lore.

And pure Religion hath o'er them shed
A holier heavenly ray ;
And dragons and witches, and mail-clad knights,
Are vanished away ;
As the creatures of darkness flee and hide,
From the light of the dawning day.

But Lambton's castle still stands by the Wear,
A tall and stately pile ;
And Lambton's name is a name of might,
'Mong the mightiest of our isle.
Long may the sun of Prosperity
Upon the Lambtons smile !

J. WATSON.

The Slave Dowry

THE SLAVE-DOWRY.

By the present law, the daughter of a slave-holder may receive slaves
for her marriage-portion.

I.

Oh! glad is many a youthful heart,
Amid yon festal throng,
As hand in hand through the ancient porch
They move in joy along;
And many a young and graceful form,
Stands by the altar's side,
And many a mildly-laughing eye
Is turned upon the bride.
But no eye so bright—no form so light,
No cheek so passing fair,
No purer mind, and no heart more kind
Than her's, is beating there.
The gems that hang mid her raven locks,
Gleam like the stars of night;

THE SLAVE-DOWRY.

29

The wreath of roses that binds her brow,
Bedims its lustrous white.
And the modest fear that gently shakes
Her rich and silken dress,
Like the night-breeze in the cypress boughs,
Adds grace to loveliness.
Well may her mother in such an hour
Gaze on her child with pride;
Well may her lover in rapture smile,
On his young stately bride.
The ring is passed—and the vows are spoke
By lisping lips and pale,
And the merry bells with loudest peal
Ring out their joyous tale.
Blessings are said,—and fairest flowers
Bestrew the holy ground,
And friends with whispered hopes and prayers,
Press eagerly around.
Joy! joy to the wedded pair,
The bridegroom and the bride!
In a world that holds such happiness
Can sorrow e'er abide?

II.

Turn thine eye to that bleeding slave!
With black and woolly hair,
And sable skin, and heavy lips,
There seems no beauty there!

But there are feelings keen and strong,
 Feelings that will not rest ;
 Why doth she rend her sable locks,
 And beat upon her breast ?
 Why gives she to the heedless air,
 That low despairing cry ?
 Why turn to heaven, and not in hope,
 Her large and throbbing eye ?
 Like Rachel, who in Rama wept,
 With ceaseless anguish, wild,
 Nor would be comforted :—she weeps,
 The mother for her child.
 He was her life ; by wicked men
 Torn from her kindred band,
 She had no friend ;—no comforter ;—
 A stranger in the land.
 But he was all, to cheer her way,
 To love her and to bless :
 He was her all ;—none shared with him
 Her bosom's tenderness.
 They forced him from her close embrace,
 In that glad bridal hour ;
 The lady's wealth is in human limbs,
 The price of blood her dower.
 And that lone mother may return,
 To her short and broken sleep ;
 At morning's dawn they'll drive her forth,
 And flog her if she weep !

Well may she turn her eye to heaven,
 And breathe her muttered prayer,
 Suffering and sorrow are her lot,
 But vengeance dwelleth there !

J. W.

Newcastle, 6th Mo.

They're A' on Hie Thegither

AUTUMN LEAVES.

THEY'RE A' ON HIE THEGITHER.*

THEY'RE a' gane thegither, dearie,
They're a' gane thegither;
'Aneath the clay-cauld yird they rest,
The white-hair'd sire and mither.
Wi' heart in heart they pass'd thro' life,
And closer grew thegither,
Nor death could keep them lang apart:
They're a' on hie thegither, dearie—
They're a' on hie thegither.

* See Robert Nicoll's Poems.

24

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Their darling boy, whose dawning youth
Hopes of bright manhood gave;
Twa dark-eyed sisters far apart
Lie in an early grave.
A husband mourns ilk tender wife,
A babe laments ilk mither,
Wha's last cauld kiss was on its cheek:
They're a' on hie thegither, dearie—
They're a' on hie thegither.

The wee sweet flowers, wha's buds were nipp'd
Ere yet the leaves were green;
And she, the fondling of our flock,
Our fair-hair'd, bonny Jean.
As snawdrops pure they faded here,
But now nae mair they'll wither,
But bloom for aye, 'neath milder skies:
They're a' on hie thegither, dearie—
They're a' on hie thegither.

'Neath the green sod they're sleeping, dearie—
'Neath the green sod they're sleeping;
But, maybe, aft their spirits watch
O'er us, when we are sleeping.
They're gane before to welcome us,
If we may but win thither,
To peace, an' joy, an' endless bliss:
They're a' on hie thegither, dearie—
They're a' on hie thegither.

25

Lynthorp

AUTUMN LEAVES.

LYNTHORP.

THE old grave-yard at Lynthorp,
How quietly it lies,
Where the blue hills of Cleveland
Far in the distance rise.

On a Sabbath morn in autum,
The sun shone bright and clear,
But its soften'd rays foretold
The dying of the year.

In the hedgerows, ripe and heavy,
Still hung the yellow leaves,
And the farm-yard, earth's best riches,
Was fill'd with golden sheaves.

From the highway, thro' the corn-fields,
Now stripp'd and bare of grain,
We moved, through short, bare pastures,
And by the shady lane;

Where the old grave-yard at Lynthorp
In solemn silence lies,
'Mid the stillness of all earthly sounds,
And the quiet of the skies.

28

AUTUMN LEAVES.

The mossy oak-tree branches
Met close above our head,
And the sunbeams danced and trembled
On the dwellings of the dead.

A sister, loved and loving,
A fond and gentle wife,
A mother—all a mother is—
Had run the race of life.

Ere her day had reach'd its noon,
In death had set her sun;
Life's conflict just beginning,
Her earthly work was done.

Mourning by her grave we stood,
Nor check'd the falling tear,
When a bird amidst the oak boughs
Trill'd out a song so clear—

A lay so glad and jubilant,
In such a fearless voice,
It told of spring-time yet to come,
And made our hearts rejoice.

We left her 'neath the oak boughs,
With that sweet song of love,
The green grass growing o'er her,
And Heaven's blue vault above.

29

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Fre yet a second autumn's sun
Had come and pass'd away,
The youngest sister of our flock
Had seen her latest day.

'Twas in the early harvest-time,
With sickle in his hand,
The reaper, resting from his work,
Gazed on the mournful band,

Which thro' the full green pasture,
Sad, moving slow, was seen,
Thro' rich and springing meadows,
By cheerful hedgerows green ;

Where the old grave-yard at Lynthorp
In solemn stillness lies,
And the blue hills of Cleveland
Far in the distance rise.

A weeping husband mourn'd her loss,
And kind friends wept around,
As they laid her 'neath the oak trees,
Within that solemn ground.

They laid her by her sister,
They sleep now side by side ;
Lovely and pleasant were their lives—
Death might not them divide.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Ashes must mix with ashes,
Dust with its kindred dust ;
But, for the ransom'd spirits,
Ours is the Christian's trust,—

The glorious Christian confidence,
That He, to whom were given
Their best affections here on earth,
Hath welcomed them to Heaven.

The Cypress and the Yew

AUTUMN LEAVES.

THE CYPRESS AND THE YEW.

I've built a bower in yon deep glen,
Whither I love to flee,
Far from the home and haunts of men,
No longer blest to me ;
I've planted it with leafy trees,
Trees of the darkest hue,
Which best my moody spirit please—
The cypress and the yew.

The young red rose is fair and bright,
And sweet the eglantine,
When, tipp'd by morning's early light,
Their dew-drops gem-like shine.
But far more lovely to my eye
Those trees of darkest hue,
On which the sunbeams never lie—
The cypress and the yew.

Those burst in beauty, and at noon
Their flowers full-blown display ;
The night wind comes, and, ah ! too soon,
Bears all their leaves away.
In winter's storm and autumn's blast,
Unchangeable and true,
Their deepen'd shadows boldly cast
The cypress and the yew.

41

AUTUMN LEAVES.

And, like the rose, my youthful heart
Look'd for a cloudless day ;
But all my fondest hopes depart,
And, rose-like, die away :
The pleasant pictures change and fade,
Which youthful fancy drew,
Now dark and gloomy, as the shade
Of cypress and of yew.

Still may the rose and eglantine
Be sacred unto youth,
And still in lovely garlands twine
The brows of plighted truth :
But give to me the trees I love,
Those trees of darkest hue,
Where hoots the owl and coos the dove—
The cypress and the yew.

42

Song

AUTUMN LEAVES.

SONG.

FAIR are the flowers of earth,
The gay and shining band,
Which raise their heads beneath every sky,
And smile on every land—
In wild-wood, meadow, and grove,
And 'mid the desert's sand:
Brightly they blossom, but quickly decay,
And the young and the happy are fading as they.

Sweet is the music of earth,
The sounds of joy or wail,
Which fill, in the pleasant time of spring,
Each wood and shady vale—
Songs of the linnet and lark,
And lonely nightingale:
But winter advances, they cross the wide sea—
Like the joys of our youth, they forsake us, and flee.

Clear are the streams of earth,
The rills that tinkling run,
Or rivers that to the ocean move
In silent grandeur on,
Though swollen oft by the winter's storm,
Or dried beneath the sun.
Not thus doth the tide of man's friendship flow—
It is high in our joy, but it ebbs from our woe.

45

AUTUMN LEAVES.

This earth is an earth of love,
Strong are the chains that bind,
Though soft as silken cords, the hearts
For sympathy design'd,
Of maid and youth, in purest truth
Firmly and closely twined:
But a thoughtless word or a look will destroy
All our visions of bliss, all our fond dreams of joy.

There is a high and holy land,
Of never-fading flowers,
Where the bird is mute, but the angel's harp
Unceasing glory showers—
Where, through the heritage of God,
The stream in gladness pours;
And strife comes not to that realm above—
'Tis the dwelling of peace, 'tis the birth-place of Love.

gm.

46

Rothbury

ROTHBURY,—SEPTEMBER, 1869.

By JOS. WATSON.

The peewits are mustering on Bickerton haugh,
And the swallows are racing round Hepple's dark tower :
They're trying their wings for they sune maun be aff,
To the sunny south land where nae winter clouds lower.

An' brown is the heather on dark Simonside ;
An' yellow the brackens on stony Cragend ;
An' red are the woods which the auld Abbey hide,
Where the Coquet round Brinkburn doth bonnily bend.

And the river is croonin' a low, plaintive sang,
To the banks and the braes it may ne'er see again ;
And gently it glides or goes rushin' alang,
From its source 'mang the hills, till its lost in the main.

And the white-haired auld fisherman winds up his line,
Tak's doon his lang rod, and then shoulders his creel ;
He hirples awa', an' wi' thoughts o' lang syne,
An' a tear in his e'e, bids the loved stream fareweel.

An' soon o'er the land will the winter winds blow,
An' the black, leafless trees groan an' bend i' the blast,
An' the hills and the hollows be whitened with snaw,
An' the ice wi' firm grasp bind the cauld waters fast.

But spring will return full o' sunshine an' glee,
And the swallows again flee round Hepple's dark tow'r,
An' the peewits, come back frae their home 'yont the sea,
Gae struttin' an' noddin' owre haugh, fell, an' moor.

An' green, then, the heather on bright Simonside ;
An' greener the brackens on stony Cragend ;
An' closer the woods will the auld Abbey hide,
Where the Coquet round Brinkburn doth bonnily bend.

An' merrily, then, will the glad river sing,
An' play wi' the pebbles, an' dance wi' the sun ;
An' merry the trout frae its bosom will spring,
Like the lambs i' the meadows a' frolic and fun.

But where 's the auld fisher, sae bent an' sae lame,
Wha cam' ilka spring wi' his rod an' his creel ;
Death's ca'd him awa' to his lang, latest hame,
An' he'll wander nae mair by the streams he lo'ed weel.

May his soul dwell in peace in that happier land,
Where summer and winter alike are unknown ;
Where wi' leaves never fading the trees o' life stand,
By the stream clear as crystal, that flows from the throne.

Untitled, 1871

WRITTEN BY JOSEPH WATSON,

5th MONTH, 1871.

“ Why stand ye here all the day idle ?
“ Go into my vineyard and work !

Thus once spake the Lord of the vineyard
To those who lazily stay
In the Market-place, loitering, lingering,
And wasting the strength of the day :
The Sun, which rose strong in the morning,
Now feebly declines to the west :
One hour, but one hour remaineth,
Ere cometh the hour of rest.

“ Why stand ye here all the day idle ?
“ Go into my vineyard and work ! ”

Still speaketh the Lord of the vineyard
To us who yet linger and wait :

“ The shadows of evening are falling,
“ Arouse ye ! before 'tis too late.
“ The fields are now white unto harvest,
“ There are souls still to succour and save :
“ One hour, but one hour, remaineth,
“ Nor work, nor device in the grave.
“ Why stand ye here all the day idle ?
“ Go into my vineyard and work.”

Weeds covered the face of the vineyard,
Hemlock, nightshade, poisoned the air :
And thistles, and gay, gaudy poppies,
Were flaunting it everywhere.
No weeds must be left in the vineyard,
But all be torn up by the root :
The vines, if they're tended and watered,
Will bring forth, abundantly, fruit.

“ Why stand ye here all the day idle ?
“ Go into my vineyard and work.”

Infidelity still spreads its poison,
And Vice dances flauntingly by ;
And Ignorance, rank and unheeded,
Like the Upas tree, darkens the sky.

Uproot the vile offspring of Evil,
Deal kindly with woe and distress :
The Poor, the Hungry, the Erring,
Seek ye these out to guide and to bless.

“ Why stand ye here all the day idle ?
“ Go into His vineyard and work.”

At the third, the sixth, and the ninth hour,
Some have gone in to work and to pray :
And some, since the morning's first sunlight,
Borne the burden and heat of the day.

Now, tho' but one hour remaineth,
Work ye for that hour with your might :
The gracious Lord of the vineyard
Will give to you that which is right.

“ Why stand ye here all the day idle ?
“ Go into my vineyard and work.”

A Tale of Florence

A TALE
OF
IN MEMORY
OF MY BELOVED SON
FLORENCE.
JOSEPH WATSON.

WHO DIED AT FLORENCE.

6th Month, 24th, 1874.

“Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the LORD our God.”—Psalm xx. 7.

“Until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ: Which in his times he shall shew, who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.”—1 Timothy vi. 14, 15.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE:

PRINTED BY J. M. CARR, STEAM PRINTING WORKS, 21, LOW FRIAR STREET.

—
1874.

A TALE OF FLORENCE.*

1827.

IN MEMORY

OF MY BELOVED SON,

JOSEPH WATSON,

WHO DIED AT FLORENCE,

6TH MONTH, 24TH, 1873,

I INSCRIBE THESE LINES.

BENSHAM GROVE,

1ST MONTH, 1874.

* See "Walks in Florence." By the Misses Hester.

To all the waiting anxious crowd, the wondrous tidings came,
Men, listening with amazement, whisper'd the Sacred Name
And the Duomo and the Baptistery, and every church was there,
Were filled with glad and grateful voices, and every heart
The joy-bells pealed the tidings forth, and organs of stainless white
From every window, tower, and roof, were heard to sing
And oft a blood-red Lamb was seen, and 'neath each silk on fold
"In hoc signo vincemus" was writ in words of gold.

A TALE OF FLORENCE.⁽¹⁾

1527.

ENCIRCLED by the Apennines, the grand old City stands,
The home of Learning, and of Art—great minds and skilful hands ;
Where Dante sang, and unknown worlds revealed to mortal eyes,
Where Galileo sought and found the secrets of the skies.
Where the sculptur'd forms of Angelo are shining in the street,
Like wreathes of snow unmelted 'mid the summer's utmost heat.
And frescoes on the cloister walls make glad the solemn air,
With Virgin Mother—Child Divine—and Angel Worshipper.

That grand old Tuscan City hath witness'd many a scene,
From age to age, of faction-fight 'twixt Guelph and Ghibelline.
Of Medicean princes proud, strive for the common weal,
But grasping power, to tyrants turn, and crush it 'neath their heel :
And echoed to the warning of the stern Prophet-Friar,
Denouncing woe to Priest and Pope, nor blenching 'midst the fire.

'Twas in the year of Grace, fifteen hundred twenty-seven ;
There seem'd no hope for Florence, no hope in Earth or Heaven.
The exiled Medicis had sought by gifts of land and gold,
For foreign aid to force them back, as Tarquin did of old.

(1) See "Walks in Florence." By the Misses Horner.

And the Sovran Pontiff, Clement, had lent a ready ear,
And his mail'd Roman legions, like vultures, hover'd near ;
And Charles, of Germany, had called his willing hordes to camp,
And the level plains of Lombardy were sounding with their tramp.
Where were her former allies ? Where Venetia's men of might ?
Where Milan's tried and trusty swords, aye foremost for the right ?
Deep gloom enwrapp'd the city—"men's hearts fail'd them for fear,"
The faithless allies all shrunk back—nor friend nor help was near.

Within the gates were traitors, who waiting their time abide ;
And Faction many-headed sought to weaken and divide ;
The Medicean partizans wrought faithful to their hire ;
The Libertini,—to avenge that murder'd Martyr Friar ;
The Ottomati sought to check the people's growing power,
None dared to lead, when none might hope, in that dark sunless hour.

Sad—hopeless, met the Senate, with the old Gonfalonier—
It was Niccoli Capponi who held the trust that year.
Few words were said. They sought again for one to guide and lead ;
But all refused, all stood aloof, in that dark hour of need.
Out spake the good old Niccoli, "Let us not yet despair,
"Though Earth be false, yet Heaven is true, we'll find a Helper there.
"He who died that we might live, from sin and death who frees us ;
"Only shall our Leader be. We'll have no King but JESUS !"
'Mid awful silence fell the words—then loud the Chambers ring,
As with one voice the Senate cried, "JESUS shall be our King !"
And each aged knee was bent, and each hoary head bow'd down,
As they paid reverent homage and tender'd CHRIST the crown.

To all the waiting anxious crowd, the wondrous tidings came,
Men, listening with amazement, whisper'd the Sacred Name.
And the Duomo, and the Baptistery, and every church was there,
Were filled with grateful citizens, and sounds of praise and prayer.
The joy-bells pealed the tidings forth, and flags of stainless white
From ev'ry window, tower, and roof, burst suddenly to sight.
And oft a blood-red Lamb was seen, and 'neath each silken fold,
"In hoc signo vincemus" was writ in words of gold.
In front of the old Palace, 'mid the shields of men of fame,
They carved within a Glory the high and holy Name.

From nearer to more distant towns the wondrous rumour spread,
Till to the Vatican it came, and filled all hearts with dread.
Trembled the coward Pontiff, nor daring to attack
The heaven-defended city, he called his legions back.
The German hordes, in Lombardy, forsook by priestly Rome,
With swords still sheath'd, and arms untried, turn'd to their northern home.

Ages have passed o'er Italy—ages of crime and wrong ;
Which sought to quench each patriot's zeal, and hush each poet's song ;
And Pope, and Dukes, and Princes, and many a petty King,
Had parcel'd out fair Italy, as 'twere some common thing.
But Italy hath "broke its withes,"—and with a giant soul
And giant's strength, it stands erect ; one, undivided, whole !
In Rome, once mistress of the world, there sitteth now, alone,
The shadow of a priestly King, discrown'd, on Cæsar's throne.

When the Grand Duke of Tuscany fled, filled with wild alarms,
From the Palazzo Vecchio, they took the Ducal arms,

And there—in memory of the past—stood out the Latin words
In bold relief, "THE KING OF KINGS," and then, "THE LORD OF LORDS."

And ye, who visit Florence, from every distant part,
To gaze in wonder on her great rich treasures of Art,
The works of mighty masters, who by brush or chisel wrought,
To embody the ideal, and immortalize high thought.
If ye climb Bello Sguardo's height, and look delighted down,
Upon the domes and palaces of the grand old Tuscan town,
In the vale of Arno basking, girt by the Apennines ;
Where, on their lap, old Fiesole sits smiling 'mid her vines :
Or if, beneath the cypress shade, ye move with rev'rent tread,
Where roses and magnolias shed perfume o'er the dead ;
Yet, on Palazzo Vecchio, read and believe the words,
That JESUS still is KING OF KINGS, and is the LORD OF LORDS.

Untitled, 1874

WRITTEN BY JOSEPH WATSON,

THE LIFE BRIGADE
11TH MONTH, 1874.

The present holdeth all our thoughts,
As if no end will come ;
We live as though this fleeting world
Were our eternal home.

All Nature speaks to us of change ;
The leaf upon the tree,
The setting sun, the waning moon,
Shadow our destiny.

They sink to rest, they rise again
Fresh, jubilant, and strong
As on Creation's morn they sprang,
And hymn'd their natal song.

We heed not, learn not,—from our side
Our fellow pilgrims fall,
We start and pause, and then press on,
Nor heed the solemn call.

With eyes for ever earthward bent,
We grovel in the dust,
And place on shadows flying by
Our faith, and hope, and trust.

Immortal soul ! 'tis not for thee
Thus to contract and pine :
Look up ! thine is Eternity,
And Heaven itself is thine.

Look up ! and with the eye of Faith
Behold things yet unknown,
But which shall one day be reveal'd :—
Think of the great white Throne,

And Him who sits thereon, The King,
Creator, Judge, I AM ;
And in the midst, as 't had been slain,
The loving, spotless Lamb :

(For thee He lived—for thee He died,
To bring thee to His fold.)
The Elders, by the crystal sea,
Cast down their crowns of gold :

The Cherubim and Seraphim
Shining in bright array,
And those who throng unnumber'd,
Who are these blest ones ? Say !

These came thro' tribulation great,
From every tongue, and land,
And now, before the throne of God,
Pure and redeemed they stand,
Array'd in robes of stainless white,
A palm in every hand.

Thy loved ones are amongst them,
No longer grieve or weep ;
They followed Jesus whilst they lived,
In Him they fell asleep ;

And now, redeem'd and ransomed,
Amid Around that glorious throng
For ever safe, their voices join
In the exulting song ;

“ Salvation to the Almighty One
“ Who sits upon the throne !
“ Salvation to the Lamb once slain,
“ Worthy are they alone.”

These hunger not, they thirst no more,
The Lamb himself shall feed them :
By pastures green, and waters still,
His gentle hand shall lead them.

No sorrow theirs, nor grief, nor pain,
For He who sits on high
Shall dwell among them, and shall wipe
The tear from every eye.

Wilt thou not join them ? Shall thy soul
Not mingle in their train ?
Still earth-bound, shall the blood of Christ
For thee be shed in vain ?

No ! burst thy bonds, thy light has come,
Arise, arise and shine,
And Heaven, with all its joys and bliss,
Shall be for ever thine.

