

# **A Remembrancer of Old Friends**

**Eliza Maria Dalton**

**A collection of works by the Emra Family  
of St George**

**Transcribed by Susan Acton-Campbell**



## The Emra Family

Rev John Emra was vicar at St George Church from 1809-1842.

John Emra was born in 1769 in St Christopher (St Kitts) in the West Indies, he moved to Bristol at around the age of 11. In 1795 he married Elizabeth Bastone Blake of Minehead; they had 11 children.

A number of John and Elizabeth's children became authors. The most successful and most well known was Elizabeth, whose book "Scenes in Our Parish" by "A Country Parsons Daughter" was published in several editions in both England and the United States. Elizabeth married Marcus Holmes in 1833 and died at the age of only 38 in 1843 soon after the birth of her eighth child, also Elizabeth.

After Elizabeth's book was published, the Emras' eldest daughter, Martha Peace Emra, wrote "Recollections of Childhood" describing the family's life and the different villages to which Rev John Emra was appointed Curate before he became Vicar of St George.

Another daughter, Lucy, and son, John, also had works published.

You can read more about the Emra family at [www.troopers-hill.org.uk/emra/](http://www.troopers-hill.org.uk/emra/)

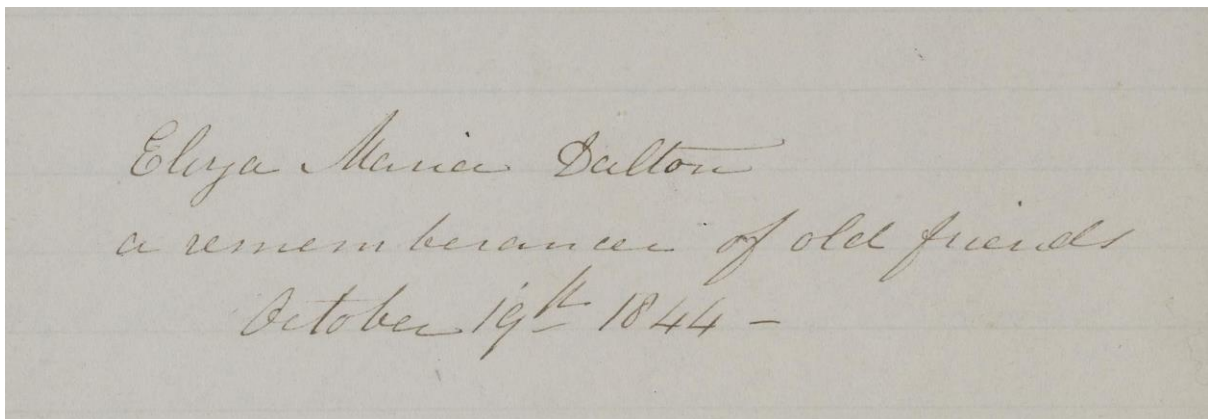
## A Remembrancer

The University of Pennsylvania Penn Libraries hold in their collection 'A remembrancer of old friends' a handwritten notebook which belonged to Eliza Maria Dalton.

The book is described as: A slim ruled volume with a plaid green and gold paper cover comprising copied poems and elegies with Christian themes. Written on the first page of the volume is "Eliza Maria Dalton a remembrancer [sic] of old friends, October 19th 1844."

This book has been digitised and included in the 'Colenda Digital Repository'.

<https://colenda.library.upenn.edu/catalog/81431-p3251g682>



The Remembrancer is handwritten and includes poems and texts by members of the Emra family, some of which are unpublished. Although digitised the book had not been transcribed and is the script is difficult to read.

The works are generally only attributed by initials, but the fact that many of them have been published and the links between the Allies, Rouch and Emra families make it clear who the authors were. The date of 19<sup>th</sup> October 1844 must have been when Eliza Maria started writing the notebook, this was just over a year after Elizabeth Holmes' death.

Most of the works in the notebook are written in the same hand, presumably that of Eliza Maria. These were all composed before 1848. Those by John Emra and his daughter are in a different hand and were written later (in 1854), so John or his daughter may have written these in Eliza Maria's book at this later date.

There is a full list of contents of the Remembrancer at the end of this document. Susan Acton-Campbell, Chair of Friends of Troopers Hill has transcribed the works in the book that are otherwise unpublished.

These transcribed texts are reproduced below with brief introductions giving more information and context.

## **Eliza Maria Dalton**

Eliza Maria (b1807 née Allies) was a niece of Isaac Rouch's wife Anna (being daughter of her brother William Allies). Isaac was the brother of Frederick Rouch, husband of Martha Pearce Emra. Eliza Maria was only 3 years younger than Elizabeth Emra and a year younger than her brother, John Emra.

Eliza Maria Allies married John Neale Dalton at Westbury-on-Trym on 27<sup>th</sup> November 1838. Their oldest son, Canon John Neale Dalton KCVO CMG (24 September 1839 – 28 July 1931), was a Church of England clergyman and author. He was a chaplain to Queen Victoria, a Canon of Windsor, and tutor to the future King George V and his brother Prince Albert Victor. [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John\\_Neale\\_Dalton](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_Neale_Dalton)

## **The Authors**

The authors included in the Remembrancer are:

Children of Rev John Emra Vicar of St George:

- Elizabeth Holmes (née Emra) b1804, St Pauls. d1843, Westbury-on-Trym
- Martha Pearce Rouch (née Emra) b1796, Halberton, Devon. d1869, Canterbury
- Lucy Emra (later Croggan) b1799, St Pauls. d1867, Clifton
- Rev John Emra b1806, Yatton d1886, Box, Wiltshire.

Daughter of John Emra (junior):

- Maria Anne Emra b1835, Downton d1904, Woodford, Essex

## A Monument in Westbury Church

By EH – Elizabeth Holmes (née Emra)

*Remembrancer pages 5 to 8*

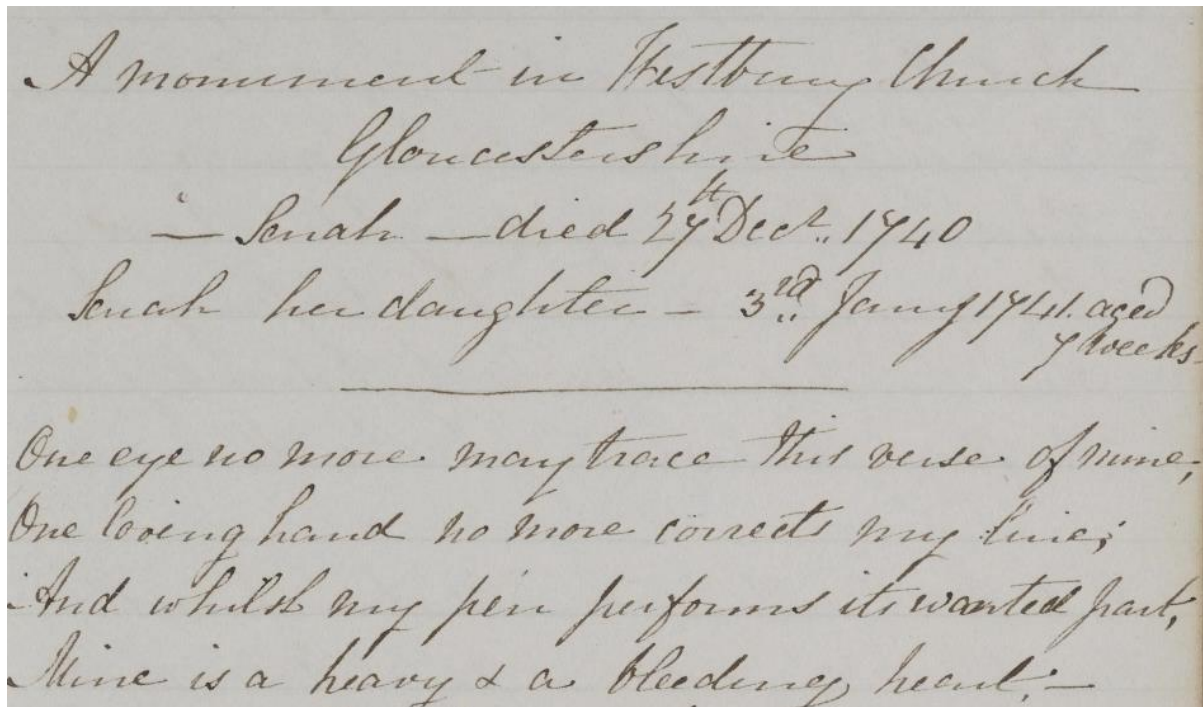
The first of Elizabeth Holmes' works included in the book refers to the monument to Sarah, wife of John Taylor and their daughter Sarah, the monument can still be seen at Holy Trinity, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol.

In Memory of Sarah Wife of John  
Taylor of this Parish She died  
December the 27 1740  
Aged 32 Years  
Also Sarah their Daughter She  
Died Jan<sup>ry</sup> the 3<sup>d</sup> 1740 1  
Aged 7 Weeks

Note – the subscript 1 after 3<sup>d</sup> Jan 1740 is an example of 'double-dating' relating to the calendar change in England in 1752. Prior to 1752 the new year officially started on 25<sup>th</sup> March. 3<sup>rd</sup> Jan 1740 was therefore a week after 27<sup>th</sup> Dec 1740, the '1' was added to clarify this.

The first verse of the poem is not related to the monument. We believe it refers to Elizabeth's father Rev John Emra who died on 19<sup>th</sup> September 1842. Elizabeth and her family moved to Westbury after his death.

### First lines of original text



## Transcription

### A Monument in Westbury Church

Gloucestershire

---Sarah---died 27<sup>th</sup> Dec 1740

Sarah her daughter – 3<sup>rd</sup> January 1741 aged 7 weeks

One eye no more may trace this verse of mine;  
One loving hand no more corrects my lines;  
And whilst my pain performs its wanted part,  
Mine is a heavy and a bleeding heart,  
Yet not unthankful, for, deserved no ill  
Kind love and praise attends the slumbers still.

---

I read the old memorial through  
With a weak woman's interest too:  
And thus the thronging thoughts arise  
Thus wake the human sympathies

Thou wert but in the prime of life  
Mother newmade and cherish'd wife  
I fancy those around thy bed  
The words of gratulation said.

Matron with snowwhite coif and lace  
Thy mother took her watchful place  
And thy young sister's joyed to claim  
The fairy with the niece's names.  
There on his loving daughters head,  
Thy grey hair'd sire his blessing shed  
And thy glad husband hailed with pride  
The flower that sprung his hearth beside.

Rude stones within our old church wall  
Thou tell'st one much, thou tell'st not all;  
Thou say'st not how the morn was shaded,  
Thou say'st not how the young roses faded;  
Nor if delirium's fever dread

Spread its dark wings around thy bed;  
Or if the cold consumption wasted,  
And, as with frost the fresh flowers blasted;  
But in few days thou bid'st me see  
Rend the bright bud – uptorn the tree.

And now before my fancy's eyes  
Once more the self-same forms arise;  
Not in their robes of joy again  
But a shadowy funeral train,  
Now how my wayward thoughts reviewed,  
Thy shroud with rosemary sprays bestrewed,  
With winter snowdrops they have drest.  
The quick of the unheaving breath;  
I see the weeping sisters lay  
In each cold hand the myrtle spray;  
One sadder task – nay, that I see  
Thy mother's love profound for thee

Thou art at rest - but in my ear  
A wailing infant voice I hear,  
As if thy baby would detain  
Her mother in the land of pain.

Kind matron – mother's mother, try  
Those thousand needs to yield supply;  
And grey-haired father lift thy prayer,  
That God, the dying orphan spare,  
For of his heart's best treasure reft,  
The husband has one comfort yet.

Nay, He who called the mother home,  
Has bid the little one to come;  
Fond nurse the cherished babe restore  
From that still heart to move no more.  
One kiss? and fold the white robes round –  
A few more winter flowers are found;  
There all is done – no hand shall sever  
The mother and the child for ever.

I mark them now just as they close,  
The coffin on their broken rose;  
I blame not grief o'erwhelming way,-  
Once, our Lord Jesus wept as they;  
Both lost at once, O sad farewell!  
Rude stone, thou tell'st thy story well –

---

EH

## **The Cot prepared for the Royal Infant**

***By EH – Elizabeth Holmes (née Emra)***

***Remembrancer pages 8 and 9***

This refers to the birth of Queen Victoria's first child - Victoria, Princess Royal.

Princess Victoria was born on 21<sup>st</sup> November 1840 at Buckingham Palace. As is clear from the poem, on the day before her birth the country was hoping for a Prince.

20<sup>th</sup> November 1840 was Elizabeth's 36<sup>th</sup> birthday. Having married in July 1833, by then she had four children of her own, Ann, Henry, Agnes and John. A fifth child had died at the age of only 2 days in 1838.

Lines occasioned by reading the Description of the Cot prepared for the Royal  
Infant November 20<sup>th</sup> 1840

---

'God bless the babe! With womans love I see  
An ancient people for their Prince prepare  
Weave the rich silk with white rose broidery,  
And spread the couch for good King George's heir.

Royal expected one! The God of Grace  
Send thee safe welcome to thy mother's arms;  
Deck with His love thy princely dwelling place.  
And bless with Godlike - more than princely charms.

And Lord of Bethlehem's manger! God of Might!  
With thou on many a lowly home look down

Each osier cradle is special in thy sight  
As the fair couch to which our Prince shall come

Thou Son of God! Thou Son of Mary hear!  
For Heaven's own glory o'er Thy straw was shed  
Bid high and low alike. Thy power revere,  
And bless alike the Prince – the peasant's bed.

\_\_\_\_\_ EH

### **Charles the 1st after many pious exhortations...**

***By EH – Elizabeth Holmes (née Emra)***

***Remembrancer pages 9 to 11***

The first paragraph here appears to be a quote that inspired the poem below.

“Charles the 1st after many pious exhortations and consolatory advises to his daughter, charged her to inform the Queen that he had never, during the whole course of his life, departed even in thought from his fidelity towards her, and that his conjugal affection could only expire with life”. \_\_\_\_\_

Tell her my heart was ever hers! And now  
That regal honours fade upon my brow,  
That England's coronet no more is mine,  
Her voice within me whispers “I am thine”  
Breathes music to my spirit – tells of bliss.

Thy love was dearer than my diadem  
Thy smiles more lovely than its fairest gem;  
And now where sovereign power and pride are gone  
Still lives for me, my heart's most cherished one.

In middle of splendour, when the dazzling light  
Of willing beauty flashed upon my sight  
When syren glances sought their monarch's eye.  
How would I pass them all unheeded by  
Look back for one, who to my fancy came,  
Bearing a consort's loved and holy name!

O! How remembrance loves to linger o'er  
Affections tokens we may need no more;  
Death may have marked me and this prison gloom  
Be but the prelude to the darker tomb;  
Yet in this house of anguish and distress  
I would ask that my trials should be less  
'Tis meet the soul from earth should lose its hold;  
And come through sorrow purified as gold.

My foes have my forgiveness, and my heart  
Hath sought and found from my Creator rest.  
Gently on thee may this affection fall  
Seek for his aid whose hand is over all  
Live for thy children. Thou wilt love to trace  
Thy husband's features in his offspring's face  
Farewell! There is a brighter world than this,  
Where souls united rest in changeless bliss  
Where none may sever those whose hearts are one  
And where the withering touch of time is gone  
Where hope hath sought to suffer – peace to dread  
And whence the voice of enmity is fled!

Where love becomes eternal! May we dwell  
Ere long in that bright world! Loved wife! Farewell!

\_\_\_\_\_ EH

## **A District Visitors Recollections, St Georges**

***By EH – Elizabeth Holmes (née Emra)***

***Remembrancer pages 11 to 14***

A District Visitors Recollections

St Georges \_\_\_\_\_

Within this pleasant river's sound  
Where this sweet breeze floats by  
Weary and worn yet seeking rest  
Our poor friend came to die

Oh! Happy if in this lone spot  
He found the God who changeth not

Poor Daniel, simple was thy phrase  
Little thy stock of human love  
Yet having found the sinners friend  
Who would have sought to teach thee more?  
And those who saw thy death can tell  
That thou hadst learned that lesson well.

Yes! I believe he said  
That I in heaven shall see  
The shining one who years long since  
Hung on the cross for me.  
That for the sake of his dear Son  
God will forgive the sins I've done.

Enough! Enough his pastor hears  
And thought that God whose power  
To the poor wayfarer has shown  
His path in his own home,  
Doubt not the quick way he had  
Led to the city of his God

I saw thee in thy coffin laid  
Not in a darkened room  
But at the cottage door were spread  
Spring blossoms all around,  
And never brighter was the sky  
Or ran more clear the river by.

They did not seek the lily's bell  
Or rose unstained with red,  
As fittest wreath to choose for thee  
The worn out one the dead  
No never children decked their bowers  
For summer feasts? with fairer flowers.

Were ever living things so bright?  
Was ever death so still?  
Did the birds' carol ever sound  
So clear from that green hill?

So close the coffin lide for strange  
Wondrous and sad the last great change

They bore thee up the steep hill side  
And neath the elm tree's shade  
And in the churchyard's quiet home  
The poor man's bed was made  
She prayed above his bed of rest  
Whose voice when living he lov'd the best

Farewell poor friend 'twas ours to teach  
Line upon line to thee below  
And now thou dost such language here  
As we must die to know;  
Songs such as seraphs' sing are thine  
When shall I wake and call them mine?

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EH

## **The carrier pigeon to the Aeronauts**

*By EH – Elizabeth Holmes (née Emra)*

*Remembrancer pages 14 and 15*

'Aeronauts' is a little used word today, but in Elizabeth's time, everyone who flew was an aeronaut and of course the only way to fly was by balloon. The first successful heavier than air aircraft was not flown by the Wright brothers until more than 60 years after Elizabeth's death.

St George has an area called 'Air Balloon Hill' which is shown on the early Ordnance Survey maps of the area. The name came from it being the landing sites of one of the first balloons flown in England, on 10<sup>th</sup> January 1784. That balloon was unmanned and flew from Bath. It must have made a big impression on the population of the area.

Here Elizabeth suggests that the carrier pigeons believe that men should remain on the ground, perhaps that was also Elizabeth's view.

## **The carrier pigeon to the Aeronauts**

Sons of Earth! what do ye here  
Sailing thru' the evening air!

Seek ye in our silent skies  
Rest from Earth's wearying vanities  
Sons of earth! What strange opinion  
Seek ye here on untried pinion

Earth's dark mines belong to you  
Yours the depth of ocean blue  
Yours the eagle's craggy hill  
Yours the secret valley rill,  
Yours the heaven ascending mountain,  
Ocean's dark mysterious fountain,  
Ruling nature lord above,  
Would ye make the clouds your throne?

Stranger, have ye wearied keen  
With Earth's ever shifting scene?  
Are ye tired so long to bear  
Fevered passions anguished care  
And have ye found at length earth's wearied guest  
How ye may flee away and be at rest?

Still onward! Up, the heaven blue  
Was not the home appointed you,  
Who shall guide your venturous flight  
Onward, to yon pure seat of light,  
Farewell, farewell! Whilst yet they hurried  
Home I my well-plumed pinion turn  
Gladly on your errand go  
To forsake friends below  
Proudly leaving earth behind  
Bear ye on before the wind!  
All forgotten, once so dear  
Sons of Earth what seek ye here?

\_\_\_\_\_ EH

## The Heliotrope

*By EH – Elizabeth Holmes (née Emra)*

*dated Sept 1842*

*Remembrancer pages 16 and 17*

This is the only one of Elizabeth's poems in the Remembrancer that is dated. Elizabeth's father, Rev John Emra, Vicar of St George, died at the age of 73 on 19th September 1842.

Heliotrope is a common garden plant and there are many species of it, one of these, 'salt heliotrope' is native to the West Indies where John Emra was born and lived until around the age of 11 when he came to England.

## The Heliotrope

Which Mr Emra always liked to have brought in every morning during his last illness, to his bedchamber.

He thought upon his native isle  
From whence the sea breeze bore  
The scent of thousand heliotropes  
From the luxuriant shore.

He thought of buoyant hearted youth  
Whose steps had gone astray –  
As he lay upon his dying bed  
A Pilgrim worn and grey.

He thought of the atoning cross  
On which his hopes had clung  
And fancy on that sweet flower's form  
These varied treasures strung.

He thought of the redeemed whom,  
This gracious God had given –  
The blessed boy so early lost  
And dear ones going toward heaven

And "from all lands" the faint voice said  
And well we understand  
He meant to say that there should be  
Ransomed from every land [*Revelations ch 5 v9*]

We weep that loving honour'd voice is hushed  
That loving eye is dim  
But thou pale flower to lifes last day  
Shall memory bear of him

Yet while we weep we join the song  
Of that blest land afar  
Glory to Him who guides us on  
To where the ransomed are

Sept 1842

EH

### **A Memorial**

***Not attributed but likely by Elizabeth Holmes (née Emra)***

#### ***Remembrancer pages 17 to 19***

While not attributed to in the Remembrancer, the style suggests that this probably also the work of Elizabeth.

The brother that is referred to is Henry, the youngest brother, born in St George in 1811, he died in a boating accident in Oxford in 1829.

Two of Rev John Emra's 11 children had died as infants and Anne died in 1814 in St George at the age of 16, so that before their brother died there were indeed eight Emra siblings – Martha Pearce, Lucy, Sarah Grey, Elizabeth, John, Susanna, Frances and Henry.

### **A Memorial**

It was a sunny Sabbath day  
Before our Brother died  
I would not give that hour away  
For all my life beside!

'Twas then the blessed wine was poured  
Prepared the broken bread  
Remembrance of our only Lord  
Over our own Altar spread

Humbly and thankfully we came  
Brothers and sisters we,  
Eight who had borne our father's name  
Knelt at our mother's knee

Our brothers they were with us there  
Our gentle eldest born  
And he the unforgotten one  
The flower cut down at morn!

And there they parted far away  
That once knelt at our side  
Our father dealt the feast that day  
Before our brother died!

We ate, we drank, with thankful heart  
A blessing surely came  
Tho' the loved band that rose to part  
There never meet again!

Best well beloved ones as ye tread;  
Your pilgrim journey through  
Think of the feast that blest hour spread  
And let it comfort you

For He whose undeserved grace  
So far in mercy led  
Shall pour from His own dwelling place  
His light on every head.

And we as one unbroken band  
His mercy to adore  
Shall in the glorious presence stand  
And thence depart no more.

## The Harvest

*By MPR – Martha Pearce Rouch (née Emra)*

### *Remembrancer pages 20 to 22*

Unlike the other poems transcribed in this document, this poem was published. It was included in Martha's book 'Cathedral rhymes, suggested by passages in the liturgy and lessons' of 1847 which can be found on [Google Books](#).

The version in the Remembrancer has an additional two line introduction referring to the Isle of Thanet, Kent and a quote from Psalm 65. Thanet is near to Canterbury which became Martha Pearce Rouch's home town from 1828 when her husband Frederick Rouch became Rector of the churches of St Mary Magdalen and St. George the Martyr.

The printed version has the more usual spelling of 'vallies' and also includes an extra verse.

## The Harvest

A voice from the isle of Thanet

"The vallies also shall stand so thick with corn they shall laugh and sing"

---

Oh the pleasant, pleasant corn fields  
On the green hills sunny side  
I love to wander through them  
In the glowing evening tide

Then the golden grain is waving  
When the sun is glancing bright  
On the vallies standing thick with corn  
Oh 'tis a cheering sight.

They mind me of all happy things  
Of young and old together  
As I saw them in my childhood's day  
Gleaming in summer weather

They mind me of Naomi  
And of her lonely lot,  
Of weeping Orpah's farewell kiss  
And Ruth's Entreat me not

They mind me of an only one  
The Prophets grateful boon

He fainted mid the reapers  
And he was dead at noon

They mind me of the holy men  
Who in Judea's land  
Did pluck the ears of ripened corn  
And rubbed them in their hand

*Reference to The Bible Luke 6:1*

They mind of the holy bread  
And of the mystic token  
Cleave to mystic eye of faith  
The Saviours's body broken

Seed times and harvests fail not  
Spring showers and summers glow,  
As God in mercy promised  
Thousands of years ago

A shame upon our thankless hearts  
We bend our knee in prayer  
Lowly when evil threateneth  
And ask our Father's care –

But in our hour of gladness  
How faint the song we raise  
From few and feeble voices  
Unto our makers praise

From England's thousand fames  
A voice of joy should ring  
A goodly sight it is to see  
A nation worshipping

Eager we wait to hear  
Our watchful pastors say  
Come to the house of God  
Your promised vows to pay

The doors are opened wide  
Draw near with one accord  
A joyful and a pleasant thing  
It is to praise the Lord.

MPR

## A Sisters Dream

*By MPR – Martha Pearce Rouch (née Emra)*

*Remembrancer pages 23 to 26*

This is the only one of Martha Pearce Rouch's works in the Remembrancer that does not appear to have been published elsewhere. This was perhaps due to its personal nature and the Emra sisters' reluctance to publish their names in their works.

In the Remembrancer this poem is followed by six other poems by Martha Pearce Rouch that were published in 'Cathedral rhymes, suggested by passages in the liturgy and lessons'.

## A Sisters Dream

Oh ye wondrous airy things  
Time and space and seeming,  
Flighted by your magic wings,  
Are nothing when we're dreaming;  
In vision of the night how bring ye back  
Clear and distinct my childhoods faded track

Methought ye were around me all  
With childhoods merry smile  
While I dear sister, vainly tried  
To order ye the while,  
That each in turn with elder sister's care  
I might for your accustomed walk prepare

In vain, in vain, oh ever thus  
In these most wondrous dreams  
I labour on, and fruitless all  
Each fond endeavour seemed;  
In vain? I pinned and tied with all my power  
Throughout that long interminable hour

And thou were there with darkest looks  
Around thy brow of snow,  
And fancies wilder blither far  
Than womanhood may know  
Thou gifted one, upon whose pensive brow  
Sits care for those who call thee mother now

Then Lucy's curly head I smoothed  
And tied the cap upon it  
And scolded Susan manfully  
For bending Franny's bonnet  
How came ye dear ones to my couch tonight  
So gleesome with your childhood's wild delight.

The very pattern of our frocks  
The bonnets that we wore  
In that most vivid dream I thought  
I saw them as of yore;  
Oh fickle memory! thou thoughtless sprite  
What graver things are since forgotten quite

At length methought in order all  
Five lovely ones ye stood;  
And "come" I said "we're ready now"  
Off to the hill and wood"  
Too late, too late, for as I spoke methought  
The dinner bell, its well known summons brought.

That dinner bell! Oh mind ye not  
How in our childhood's years  
It was the sweetest sound that bell  
That ever reached our ear  
Calling us oft from talk and theme awhile  
In to our loving parents blessed smile.

And then I wake – O blame me not  
And think no scorn of me  
If on my waking pillow there  
Some tear drops there might be;  
Have ye ne'er know the sad and softening power  
Of such sweet visions in your waking hour

And have you never known besides  
A soft and holy gleam  
That seemed all day a light to shed  
On those of whom ye dream  
And prayed a warmer prayer with morning light  
For those who seemed around your in the night

Oh! Ye are changed my sisters dear  
And I am altered too;  
The grey is mingling silently  
With our glossy hairs dark hue;  
The lines are deeper on our mothers brow  
Our fathers step is somewhat slower now

Yet on rejoicing walk we not  
Along our narrow road  
Journey we not through sun or shade  
Unto our high abode  
When He our Advocate is pleading now  
And marks each weary step, each careworn brow

Farewell, the day is breaking  
Tho' dark and chilly yet,  
Tho' childhood tasks are over  
My daily work is set  
I must be up and doing; kind voices are around me  
And so farewell, ye dear ones and the pleasant spell that bound me.

MPR

### **A Prayer for a Student**

***By Lucy E – Lucy Emra (later Croggan)***

***Remembrancer pages 42 to 45***

The only one of Lucy's works in Remembrancer, it must have been written before her marriage to Walter Oke Croggan in 1845.

### **A Prayer for a Student**

That I know not, teach thou me!  
Hear the oft repeated prayer  
I the learner fain would be  
I thy wisdom, Lord would share.  
Whither, whither, shall I turn  
Back to thee, my Lord, my light,  
Thou shalt teach, and I will learn  
Thou will ever guide aright;  
Glorious must thy lessons be

That I know not teach thou me.

Various lessons I have heard  
From the children of thy love  
From the preacher of thy word  
From thy works below, above.  
Earthly teacher would I prize  
Are they by thy Spirit taught,  
But to thee I lift mine eye  
All their light from thee is brought;  
Thou their various schemes can see  
That they know not, teach thou me.

Some will tell I may fall  
From the grace by thee bestowed;  
But to Thee for help I call,  
Guide me all along the road;  
Lead me on from grace to grace,  
Be my wisdom, be my strength,  
Let me all thy goodness trace,  
Height and depth and breadth and length;  
Thou canst all my blindness see,  
That I know not, teach thou me.

Now they tell me thou shalt reign  
Here on earth with all thy power,  
While thy saints their thrones shall gain  
In that bright millennium hour;  
Others tell me that within  
Is thy throne erected now;  
Hail thy triumph over sin,  
Unto thee let passion bow.  
Thine the praise howe'er it be,  
That I know not, teach thou me.

Some will tell me when I die  
I that instant shall ascend,  
Claim a home beyond the sky,  
Press to meet my God and friend;  
Others tell me of a state  
Oh how darkly shadowed sound,  
Where the separate spirits wait  
Till the judgment trumpet's sound  
See I give myself to thee,  
That I know not, teach thou me.

Now they tell me of thrones in heaven  
Palms and robes and crowns of light,  
All through grace most freely given  
Every robe most purely white;  
Yet they say amid the blest  
Some have more abounding grace,  
Some are higher than the rest –  
Who can all these mysteries trace?  
Who can unseen glories see?  
That I know not, teach thou me.

Teach me – I to Calvary turn,  
There my blest Saviour died;  
Lessons of abasement learn  
For my God was crucified.  
Teach me faith and hope and love  
Humble penitence, and prayer –  
All the rest I learn above  
When thy glory I shall share;  
Still throughout eternity  
That I know not, teach thou me.

Lucy E.

### **Long Live Nelson's Heir**

***By John Emra 1854***

***Remembrancer pages 45 to 47***

John Emra (son of Rev John Emra of St George) was appointed as Stipendiary Curate in the parish of Downton in Wiltshire in 1834. He lived in the Redlynch Parsonage in the parish.

Also within the parish was Trafalgar Park (also known as Trafalgar House, formerly Standlynch Park).

Following the death of Horatio Nelson at the Battle of Trafalgar in 1805 his brother, Rev William Nelson, as his closest male relative, was created Earl Nelson. The state purchased Standlynch Park (renamed Trafalgar Park) to provide Earl Nelson with an estate in honour of his brother.

On Earl Nelson's death the title and estate passed to his nephew, Thomas Bolton, and then less than a year later in 1836, Thomas' son, Horatio, became the 3<sup>rd</sup> Earl Nelson at the age of only 12. Lord Nelson was married on 28 July 1845 at St George's Church, Hanover Square, to

Lady Mary Jane Diana Agar, daughter of the 2nd Earl of Normanton and a granddaughter of the 11th Earl of Pembroke.

The poem below is dated 1854. Herbert Horatio Nelson, eldest son of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Earl Nelson was born at Trafalgar Park on 19<sup>th</sup> July 1854 and this was undoubtedly the 'Nelson's Heir' referred to in this poem and also the poem written by John's daughter that follows.

Herbert Horatio Nelson (Viscount Trafalgar) died in May 1905, over seven years before his father and therefore didn't inherit the title, it instead passed to his younger brother Thomas Horatio who became 4<sup>th</sup> Earl Nelson.

The poem also refers to 'Clearbury's embattled heights'. Clearbury Ring is an Iron Age Hill Fort which is partly in the parish of Downton.

### "Long Live Nelson's Heir"

Welcome, thrice welcome! Joyful here we meet  
Each age, each rank, thy festal day to greet.  
Welcome! Thy lips of old shall catch the strain,  
And youthful tongue re-echo it again!  
Ye winds bear forth on outstretched wings afar  
The day's own watchword, "Welcome Trafalgar?"  
Bear it where winding Avon tranquil flows,  
And each bright wave in summer beauty glows,  
Where Clearbury's embattled heights arise,  
Let waving groves return their loud replies.  
Yet e'en amidst children's shouts and merriest play,  
Mid banners' waving folds, and streamers gay,  
Whilst 'neath this healthful mound, the fresh'ning breeze  
Wakes natural music 'neath the beechen trees;  
Whilst all around these youthful troops rejoice,  
And with loud cheers uplift th'exulting voice,  
Say, shall the poet's lyre be heard in vain,  
Blending with harmless mirth a holier strain?  
Is it not meet to involve the Spirit's power,  
To guard, and watch thee from the Baptism's hour?  
To frame a wish for thee, to breathe a prayer,  
For grace, and wisdom, in a world of care?  
But darkness veils the future; who can see  
Thy untrod path, the lot ordained for thee?  
Is not the very utterance of thy name  
Fraught with fair memories of ancestral fame?  
Shall it be thine to guide the prosperous fight

With heart of courage and with arm of might?  
Shall Britain own a second Nelson's skill,  
The well tried valour, the determined will?  
We cannot read thy fate through coming years,  
The varied scroll of human hopes and fears;  
Yet might one prayer ascend the courts of heaven,  
To thee a calm and tranquil course be given!  
May nations learn war's fearful art no more,  
Peace spread her fostering wing from shore to shore;  
Then let thy breast to holier work aspire,  
And emulate the example of thy sire!  
Guide the poor peasant's child in wisdom's way,  
Kindle in rustic minds instruction's ray,  
Bid vice and darkness fly the Bible's light,  
And pour the Gospel's beam o'er heathen night;  
Then hope, life's battle fought, with them to rise  
To realms of endless life beyond the skies!

John Emra 1854

## **Thoughts on the Baptism of Lord Trafalgar**

***By MAE 1854 – Maria Anne Emra***

***Remembrancer pages 47 to 48***

This is the last work in the notebook and was written by the grand-daughter of the Rev John Emra of St George, the first daughter of his son John. As with poem by her father transcribed above this refers to the birth of Herbert Horatio Nelson (Viscount Trafalgar).

Maria Anne was born in October 1835 to John's first wife, Maria Lydia Symes. Sadly, Maria Anne's mother died in child birth. John remarried in 1839 to Frances Anne Atkinson and they had 8 children.

In Martha Pearce Emra's book 'Recollections of childhood; or Sally, the faithful nurse' Martha describes the scene at their house in St George and refers to *"the little motherless one, putting stitch after stitch into an everlasting little bag she was making, or picking away at a little bird we had drawn for her with a cherry in its mouth. A loving and pleasant child, a baby herself, but patronising one still younger in a most amusing way"* In a note in a copy of this book held at Princeton University, Martha's sister Lucy confirms this to have been Maria Anne Emra.

## Thoughts on the Baptism of Lord Trafalgar.

The holy drops are glistening on thy brow,  
The tokens of the spirit's grace within,  
Which, through the future life will thee endow,  
With power to conquer every cherished sin.

Thou liest calmly in thy helplessness,  
To our dim eyes, unconscious, unconcerned;  
But who can doubt that God has deigned to bless,  
'Ere to thy mother's arms thou art returned?

For thee, fair child, full many a prayer is stored,  
By those who have to God their treasure given;  
Full many a fervent vow on high has soared,  
That they will train and nurture thee for heaven.

Will they not tell thee, in thy future years,  
Of him who, on thy bright baptismal morn,  
Sealed thee till death, to serve through joy or tears  
The Saviour who for thee the cross was borne.

And when there falls upon the youthful ear  
The story of his high courageous deeds,  
Will not thou, too, go forth without a fear,  
And follow in the path where duty leads?

Diverse perchance may be thy future lot,  
Baby, for thee there is a home prepared,  
Where hardship, danger, want, and toil are not,  
And all bright things with loving friends are shared.

While he, God's chosen minister, must go  
Forth to the conflict with the world, and sin,  
His glorious task, the way of life, to show,  
And heathen nation to the gospel win.

Then, oh! Dear child, our heart's sincere desire  
And prayer on thy baptismal morn should be,  
That thou may'st meet him where the angelic choir  
Attend their harps around the crystal sea.

M.A.E 1854

## Contents of a Remembrancer of Old Friends

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5 to 8	A monument in Westbury Church, Gloucestershire..	EH	Elizabeth Holmes	Included in this document
8 to 9	Lines occasioned by reading the description of the cot purchased for the Royal Infant November 20th 1840	EH	Elizabeth Holmes	
9 to 11	Charles the 1st after many pious exhortations...	EH	Elizabeth Holmes	
11 to 14	A District Visitors Recollections in St Georges'	EH	Elizabeth Holmes	Included in this document
14 to 15	The Carrier Pigeon to the Aeronauts	EH	Elizabeth Holmes	
16 to 17	The Heliotrope	EH, Sept 1842	Elizabeth Holmes	
17 to 19	A Memorial	None		
20 to 22	The Harvest	MPR	Martha Pierce Rouch	1847 Cathedral Rhymes.. p115-118 - but with extra introduction here.
23 to 26	A Sisters Dream	MPR	Martha Pierce Rouch	1847 Cathedral Rhymes.. p86-87
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28 to 30	Violets by Post on New Years Day	MPR	Martha Pierce Rouch	1847 Cathedral Rhymes.. p95-97
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42 to 45	A Prayer for a Student	Lucy E	Lucy Emra	} Included in this document
45 to 47	Long Live Nelson's Heir !	John Emra 1854	John Emra	
47 to 48	Thoughts on the Baptism of Lord Trafalgar	MAE 1854	Maria Anne Emra (daughter of John)	
49	Inside back cover, blank			
50	Back Cover			

The following are on loose papers included in the notebook

51 to 52	To the Memory of Mr John Willis (late of Bristol)	MR Jan 1848	Martha Pierce Rouch	Bristol Mirror, Sat 05 February 1848
53 to 56	Somebody's Darling	Copied from the Peoples Magazine 1869		<a href="https://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper/article/65470557">https://trove.nla.gov.au/newspaper/article/65470557</a>
57 to 58	Mr Herbert preached last Sunday...	Copied from dear Mrs Herbert's letter of Nov 66 to dear Mary		
59 to 60	Lines suggested by an old man's engraving for a infant. "Young Minister"	Redlynch, JE	John Emra	1844 The Second Temple