



3703644498

**THE WORKS OF MARY BIRKETT CARD  
1774-1817**

**ORIGINALLY COLLECTED  
BY HER SON NATHANIEL CARD  
IN 1834**

**AN EDITED TRANSCRIPTION  
WITH AN INTRODUCTION TO HER LIFE AND WORKS  
IN TWO VOLUMES**

**BY**

**JOSEPHINE TEAKLE**

**VOLUME 2**

**A thesis submitted to  
The University of Gloucestershire  
in accordance with the requirements of the degree of  
Doctor of Philosophy in the Faculty of Arts and Humanities**

**February 2004**

# CONTENTS

## OF VOLUME 2

### TRANSCRIPTION (cont'd)

#### Poetry Sections

(Manuscript spelling and punctuation of titles and dates retained.)

#### 1. Childhood

##### Dated Poems, and Poems that can be ascribed a Date

A Farewell to Old England [1784]	3	To H W Forbes 1787	37
On Entering into Dublin 1784	4	On the Pleasures of a Good Conscience 1787	39
On Spring 1785	5	On Lambs An ode 1787	40
Ode to Truth 1785	6	On Innocence 1787	41
An Acrostic to my Brother. [before March 1787, probably 1785 or 1786]	8	On Death 1787	42
On Night by M B aged 11 years 1786	9	A Poem to J Lancashire 1787	43
An Ode to Summer 1786	10	On being presented with a pocket book by J Lancashire 1787	44
On my sister Betsy recovering out of a convulsion fit on the 13th of 3rd mo 1786	11	A Prayer 1787	46
A Hymn composed by Mary Birkett on her recovering out of a Pleurisy Fever 1787	12	To C & B Ellerton on their return to Ireland 1787	47
Aged 12 Years	14	A Reflection 1787	48
To my Sister Sally Birkett 1787	15	On New Years Day 1787 [1788]	48
To My Sister Sarah Birkett [before March 1787]	17	On the Death of our much esteemed & well beloved friend Deborah Pike addressed to her Mother [almost certainly January 1788]	50
On the Death of my dear & only brother Edward Birkett Addressed to my Mother 3rd mo 10th 1787	19	A Poem to S Forbes on being presented with a Pocket Book by her 1788	52
On the Death of my dear Sister Hannah Birkett An Elegy 3mo 17 <sup>th</sup> 1787	20	A Wish 1788	53
On the Death of my dear Sister Sally Birkett 3mo 27th 1787	21	A Dialogue between Charlotte & Maria on Poverty & Riches 1788	56
A Hymn & Prayer Conjoined 1786 [1787?]	24	Ambition & Content a Fable 1788	59
An Elegy on the Death of my dear friend Mary Haughton 11mo 16th 1787	26	A Winter Morning in the Country 1788	62
On the Power & Goodness of God a Poem 1787	31	A Poem to my dear Cousin Sal[?] Bolton 1788	64
A Poem to my much esteem'd friend Deborah Pike 1787	33	Written in the Ruins of Kendal Castle 6 mo. 13th. 1789.	66
A Poem to my dear & much esteemed friend Eliza Pike 1787	35	To the Memory of an Uncle Liverpool [almost certainly August 1789]	68
To William Pike on his affliction 1787			

## Undated Poems considered to have been written before 1790

To my Cousin Ann Card on her return	72	On Gods Goodness	96
Welcome to a Summers Morning	73	A Short Reflection on Death	97
An Acrostick on the death of Jane Woodward a child	74	A Poem in Blank Verse On Death	98
A Poem to Eliza Woodward	75	A Summers Morning in the Country	101
Flavilla and Vernold a Poem	76	On being Presented with some Paintings By H.W.F.	114
Welcome to Summer	78	On true Beauty	115
On the Death of a Favorite Turtle Dove	79	The Good Samaritan transcribed	117
On the Death of an only Daughter	80	The Philosophers Death In imitation of old Irish verse	120
An Acrostic	81	A Prayer	125
The Cottage	82	An Enigma & Rebus Combined	126
A Poem on the Last Day	85	A Description of a very happy Family	127
On Eve	91	Enigma	128
On Friendship	92	Martha & Mary	129
Come Lord Jesus = Revalations[sic] 22:20	94	Ode to a Summer Morning	130
On The Birth of Jesus	95		

## 2. The 1790s

### Dated Poems, and Poems that can be ascribed a Date

On S Forbes 9th month 20th. 1790	132	Morning at Summer Hill [probably January 1793]	185
Written on the day when I was sixteen [28 December 1790]	134	To Anne & H W Forbes Summer Hill 1mo 16th 1793	187
To H W Forbes with the second part of my Poem on the African Slave trade 1792	137	To Anne, H-W & E Forbes & D Watson 3rd. month 21st 1793	188
To her Friend S[?] Appleby with verses on the Slave Trade [1792 or later, maybe 1799]	138	To D= Watson 4 mo. 22nd 1793	196
A Poem On the African Slave Trade [1792]	139	To D= Watson With Rowes Letters Dublin 5th mo 4th 1793	198
A Poem on the African Slave Trade Part 2nd. [1792]	153	The tears of Friendship 6th mo 19th. 1793	199
To the Memory of her beloved sister Susanna Birkett 6mo. 19th 1792	167	To Eliza Forbes & S Watson 7th. mo 3rd. 1793	203
Inscription for Forbes Lodge 7th month 1792	170	An Epistle to D= Watson 7mo 16 <sup>th</sup> 1793	205
On the Death of our sincerely lamented Friend Rich'd. Shackleton 9 mo 1792	172	Written for D- W. address'd to L Goff With the Soliloquy &c [etc] [August 1793 or later]	208
To J Lancashire on his arrival in Dublin 11th mo 3rd. 1792	175	Soliloquy supposed to be written by Marie Antoniette [sic] [. . .] Scene the Abbaye 8th mo 15th 1793	209
To J - L 11mo 14th 1792	177	A first day Evening Meditation 9mo 16th 1793	214
Advice to a Youth 11mo. 30th 1792	179	Written for the Charity Girls North Strand 2nd mo 1794	216
Written by Moonlight at Summer Hill 12th mo 29th. 1792	181	Another for the Same 2mo 16th 1794	218
To Eliza Forbes 12mo 30th 1792	182	To The Memory of A L Card 4th mo 10th 1794	219
A New Years offering to her Friends Forbes 1mo. 1st 1793	183	Answer to an address sent to me on the occasion of the foregoing lines 5th mo 1st 1794	220

### The 1790s – Dated Poems, and Poems that can be ascribed a Date (cont'd)

London: The Harrisons – Prefatory Note	223	Eugenio & Laura. Summerhill 12 <sup>th</sup> mo:1794	236
A Petition To my Cousin T. Harrison Queens College London 6th mo 1st 1794	224	Mount Prospect: Hannah Pettigrew – Prefatory Note	248
An evening Thought address'd to her much admired cousin L Harrison London 6th mo 4th 1794	225	Mount Prospect 8th mo 22nd [probably 1795]	249
J_ S_ Journey from Esher to London London 6th mo 7th 1794	226	To H Pettigrew Mount Prospect 8mo 31st 1795	251
To Lydia Harrison London 6th mo 10th 1794	229	To ----- [beginning 'soft breathes the vernal gale'] London 8 <sup>th</sup> mo 14 <sup>th</sup> [possibly 1797]	253
Halton. Warrington 6th. mo: 26th. 1794.	231	On causing anguish to a friend Dublin 12 mo:23d 1797	254
To ___ an Acrostick Kendal 7mo. 13th. 1794	233	To Nathl. Card Dublin 1mo. 19th. 1799	255
Sun-rise 1794.	234	Elegy Occasioned by the deeply lamented death of my long-lov'd & truly amiable friend H W Reynolds, [. . . on] 5th. mo: 9th. 1799.	258

### Undated Poems considered to have been written in the 1790s

Inscription for a Painting of the Cherokees done by H - W - F	263	[Untitled] [beginning 'Lovely Mary blooming flower,']	280
An Enigma	264	An Hymn	281
A Charade	264	To D: Watson	282
To D W	265	Summerville	284
For H W F	265	A Contemplative view of Nature	286
To Him who wished for it	266	To D.W Summerville	291
To ..... At Supper	267	To the Moon	292
To .....[beginning 'Ah! flattery like the Syrens Song']	267	To a Friend	294
On Sleep	267	To D. Watson	297
Motto for a drawing of H-W-F	268	To D.W & J.H on a late occasion.	298
On Wit	268	To D.W & J.H	299
A Recipe to cure Love	269	A Prayer.	300
All hallows Eve	271	An Address to the Almighty	301
A Satire	275	Address to the Creator	303
To H. W. Forbes, with a Locket of her Hair	277	To the Deity	305
Response	278	To him who said - "I pant for Solitude"	306
To Debby Watson, standing beside a beautiful well	279	[Untitled] [beginning 'Oft have I sought my Saviour's face']	307

### 3. 1800 and Onwards

#### Dated Poems, and Poems that can be ascribed a Date

To Nathl. Card 8 mo. 29th. 1800	310	Milford Haven – Prefatory Note	323
A Monody to Memory - occasion'd by the death of her beloved sister - Jane Henrietta Birkett [October 1801]	312	On the birth of Caroline Rotch Milford Haven 1st mo 11th. 1804	324
The Flies - a Fable 10 mo. 21st. 1802	315	On the "Squeeze of the Hand" 2d. mo:3d. 1804.	327
To a Family of lovely Children with a Box of Plums 11 mo 9th 1802	318	On seeing the Ship "Hannah & Eliza" Set sail Milford 2 mo. 6th. 1804	328
Written two days after the birth of my second son 7 Mo 23 1803	319	Written for Maria Rotch 2mo 8th [1804]	332
Inscription for a beautiful Mosshouse 11 mo 19th 1803	320	Written for B Rotch's Library. 2 mo. 13. [1804]	333

1800 and Onwards – Dated Poems, and Poems that can be ascribed a Date (cont'd)

To Eliza Rotch Junr*	335	To a Friend 9 <sup>th</sup> . month 28th. 1804.	366
Written for E Rotch Junr. Milford.*	337	To a Friend on her return to Town 10th. mo: 1st. 1804	367
The Sensitive Plant. Milford.*	338	To [beginning 'Ah dearest girl shall grief impart'] 10th. mo: 3d. 1804.	369
B Rotch to H. Leach. Milford Haven*	339	To Patience 10th. month 23d. 1804	371
Ruth to -*	340	Written in a Volume of J Mariott's [sic] Poems 11mo. 27th. 1804	373
E.L .... to G. S.... Milford.*	341	To _____ [beginning 'Ah why wilt thou ever repel the soft aid'] 7 mo. 26th. 1805.	374
To Sally Starbuck - an acrostic		To E. D. on behalf of the Children of the	
The Goldfinch*	344	General Daily Free School 9mo. 5th. 1805	375
The Contest.*	347	Home 11th. month 1805.	377
Maria when applied for by an old Miser*	348	An Address to Hans Hamilton M.P. On behalf of the Injured Africans 4 mo. 5th. 1806	380
The Shew-man.*	349	To A Request for 20 Guineas to place a poor Woman in the Incurable Hospital 10th mo: 31st 1806.	384
[Untitled] [beginning 'The music of Maria's tongue']*	351	An Address to E.D for cloathing for the Children of the Poor School 11mo. 12th. 1806	387
On the Whalefishery *	351	To E. D 1st. mo: 28th [probably 1805 or 1806]	389
Ruth's Petition to B. Rotch.*	352	To Castle Hall, near Milford-Haven the Seat of Benjamin Rotch 11mo 18th. 1806	390
Ruth & M.C. to B. Rotch, for the foregoing.*	353	To Sarah Hoare 12 mo. 29th. 1806	394
M.C. H.L. The Monkey to the Magpie*		An Epistle to M. Leadbeater.	
Milford haven	354	1st. mo: 16th. 1807	396
[Untitled] [beginning 'I envy not th'applause of fame']*	356	Lines to the memory of our late esteemed and justly valued Friend Joseph Williams [published 1807]	400
[Untitled] [beginning 'Ruthena gives a silver pen to say']*	356	An Address to Elizth. Dawson requesting a Donation to assist in clothing the Poor Children of the General Daily Free School 11mo. 5th. 1807.	405
To Ruth in tears.*	357	To E.D. [thanks for donation]	406
[Untitled] [beginning 'A furious temper in thy face I see']*	357	To ____ [beginning 'O thou to whom the sons of grief'] 11th. mo: 14th. 1807.	407
A Rebus.*	358	To with a gilt Jug – Plein des oeufs 1st. mo: 9th. 1808	409
William to his Mother Milford Haven*	359	To A Knott Junr. On receiving a pair of open Watch Cases 3mo. 14 <sup>th</sup> . 1808.	411
Another*	359	On a Visit paid by H Pettigrew and A R to their friends in Dublin 10 month 1808	413
An Adieu to my friends at Milford. 2 mo. 16 <sup>th</sup> . 1804	360	To Hope Written after the death of my beloved Daughter 11 Mo 16. 1808	416
Supposed to be addressed by A 6th. mo: 1804	363	To E. Dawson On behalf of the Aged & Infirm Female Servants 4 mo. 23rd. 1809.	420
To a dear Friend and family 6 mo. 4th. 1804.	364	To the Same - for a friend. 11th. mo: 25th.1809.	422
To C. B. with J. Scott's Journal 9 mo. 19. 1804.	365		

\* [almost certainly January or February 1804]

## Undated Poems considered to have been written after 1800

A Rebus [likely date 1803-04]	424	To On the School and Repository	439
To George [possibly written at Milford, January or February 1804]	425	To ____ [beginning 'Oft have these wild uncultur'd flowers']	443
A Pocket-book to E. A. [possibly written at Milford, January or February 1804]	425	Truth	444
To x x x x [beginning 'As the dew that new verdure distils o'er the flower']	427	To E. Alexander Junr.	446
Occasioned by a Walk to the Botanic Garden	428	To A. Knott Junr. [perhaps 1808]	448
To S: Hoare	430	Ballinclay. [perhaps 1808]	451
Seventh day night. Address'd to Sarah Hoare	432	[Untitled] [beginning 'I know that friendship bids to flow']	453
To Poverty	435	To N.C	454
To D Robinson	437	To N.C.	455

## Appendices

Appendix 1: Extract from <i>The Temperance Movement and its Workers</i> concerning Mary Birkett Card's son, Nathaniel Card	457
Appendix 2: Deeds Concerning Land at Dame Street, Dublin (Property Deeds involving the Card Family)	458
Appendix 3: Summary with Extracts from Minutes of Hardshaw East Monthly Meeting (of Men Friends), Manchester, relating to William Birkett (Concerning Disownment and Reinstatement)	460
Appendix 4: Prefaces to <i>A Poem on the African Slave Trade</i> , published 1792	463
Appendix 5: Outline of Mary Birkett Card's Roles within the Quaker Women's Meetings	468
Appendix 6: Order of Mary Birkett Card's Works in the Manuscript Collection	476
Appendix 7: Individuals Featuring in the Writings (including index)	486
Bibliography	497

**TRANSCRIPTION  
(continued)**

**THE POETRY**

**CHILDHOOD**

**DATED POEMS, AND POEMS**

**THAT CAN BE ASCRIBED A DATE**



This was the first poem Nathaniel Card included in the collection, and he wrote in pencil at the top 'Mother when aged about 6 yrs'. Actually, Mary was almost ten years old. The family - Mary's parents William and Sarah Birkett with Mary and her younger siblings Edward, Sarah and Elizabeth - moved to Dublin from Liverpool at the end of 1784. The Certificate of Removal from Hardshaw Monthly Meeting to Dublin is dated 21 December 1784, a week before Mary's tenth birthday.

This little poem reveals Mary's anxiety about leaving England and her friends, and going to Ireland, which she has learned to think of as a place of conflict. Like many Anglo-Irish, she was to retain a strong English identification.

## A Farewell to Old England

---

Old England I am gone from thee  
 Must I no more Brittania see  
 Must I unto proud Ireland come  
 And leave dear England at random  
 To Britains isle a long farewell  
 Where plenty smiles and pleasures dwell  
 But here tumultuous folly raves  
 And dire discord her torch high waves  
 Oh haste me to my native plain  
 Where all those peaceful pleasures reign  
 Where sweet content and happiness dwell  
 And all those virtues which excel  
 Old England if I was with thee )  
 And all my friends along with me )  
 Oh! then how happy I should be )  
 If unto Ireland I must go  
 And cross the seas where billows flow  
 But oh how joyful would I be  
 If my dear country I could see  
 To Britains isle I bid adieu )  
 To all those pleasures and to you )  
 For Ive[I've] Hibernia's<sup>1</sup> isle in view )  
 Farewell ye Groves farewell ye bow'rs  
 Where I have spent such happy hours  
 Yet why so anxious would I be  
 Is my dear country so for me  
 I love my friends and they love me  
 Wherefore so anxious would I be  
 My friends are more contented than  
 Perhaps at present what I am  
 Eblana's towers<sup>2</sup> their pride display  
 While seated in this beauteous bay<sup>3</sup>  
 Farewell my friends and England too  
 Unto you all I bid adieu

1. **Hibernia** - Latin name for Ireland, corruption of 'Iverna', equivalent of the old Celtic word from which 'Erin' is derived.
2. **Eblana** - Latin name for Dublin. Dublin was sometimes referred to as a city of towers owing to the grandeur and dimensions of its major buildings, particularly if viewed from a distance.
3. This poem may have been written whilst still aboard ship in Dublin Bay, awaiting disembarkation.

The tone of this poem, written on arrival in Dublin itself, is still very wistful, though Mary cannot help admitting the 'grandeur' of her new home town, which was fast becoming one of the most fashionable cities in Europe.

## On Entering into Dublin 1784

---

Blest Liverpool! no more my eyes thee meet  
 'Tis to Hibernia<sup>1</sup> I guide my feet  
 Her towers & grandeur often for to view  
 Which please the taste & mind being often new  
 Yet still methinks Britannia has more charms  
 For here the thief & robber oft alarms  
 Oh! will kind fortune me one favour give  
 That is, that in dear England I may live  
 And spend my days in quietness & rest  
 No more I ask, & think myself quite blest  
 Where virtue, peace & usefulness combined  
 Together make a very quiet mind  
 My native land once more I wish to see  
 If e'er that pleasure is reserved for me  
 Just so, a bird took from the wood while young  
 Kept in a cage to vent its tender song  
 In vain it wishes in the woods to be  
 For that alone poor bird has charms for thee

Mary Birkett

1. **Hibernia** - Latin name for Ireland, see note 1 to poem above.

## On Spring 1785

---

When spring appears mild & serene  
Diffusing gladness all around  
All nature like herself appears  
The birds with gladness do abound  
Welcome to the sons of pleasure  
Is the sweet and blooming spring  
Welcome to the ploughman's labour  
Is the dear enticing things[sic]  
Let joy appear, for spring is near  
Drive hoary<sup>1</sup> winter far away  
Let happiness & mirth appear  
And innocence keep up the day  
Tho winters cold too rough may seem  
If summers heat can pleasant be  
Sweet spring makes up for all the year  
Nor hot nor rough yet mild is she  
Youth of year delightful spring  
To thee my early lays I'll bring  
I'll lay them down before thy feet  
Thy wish'd arrival for to greet -

Mary Birkett

1. hoary - white with frost or snow.

Truth, a concept of key significance to Friends, eludes easy definition. In the words of *Quaker Faith and Practice* (under 19.33), it 'is a complex concept; sometimes the word is used for God, sometimes for the conviction that arises from worship, sometimes for the way of life'. It is discovered through the leadings of the Light within. Here, Mary appears to use the word for God, but, interestingly, this Truth is personified as female - a 'celestial maid'.

## Ode to Truth 1785

---

Hail Truth! thou bright celestial maid  
 In robes of innocence array'd  
 Unto my wounds thy balm impart  
 They can't be cured by gentle art<sup>1</sup>

2

The little songsters of the grove<sup>2</sup>  
 Tuning their voices, they happy rove  
 Of thee they learn by thee they are taught  
 The warbling music of their heart

3

In meadows see the little lambs  
 Are frisking by their tender dams  
 They are under thy protecting hand  
 For thou canst savage wolves withstand

4

And oft thou'lt grace the shepherd's voice  
 Who makes a rural life his choice  
 From every vice his heart set free  
 Oh! let them give it unto thee[me?]<sup>3</sup>

5

With innocence thy bosom friend  
 To me your sweetest influence lend  
 Ye hills, ye dales, ye groves around  
 With echoing voice her choice resound<sup>4</sup>

6

E'en you ye larks & nightingales  
 That sing in Meadows or in Vales  
 Exert your Sweet Melodious Voice  
 Resound ye trees your mistress's choice

7

When truth & innocence appear  
 How bright a face does Nature wear  
 But if they go no joys abound  
 Not even pleasures self seems crown'd<sup>5</sup> -

Mary Birkett

1. Truth is personified as a heavenly maiden, with healing qualities that are invoked. However, there is a contradiction in the last two lines of this stanza. The nature of balm should be to shed a soothing influence yet it appears that the balm of Truth, if it is to be curative, cannot be gentle.
2. **songsters of the grove** - poetic term for birds.
3. Meaning of this line unclear - possibly it was copied incorrectly.
4. Referring to Truth's choice of Mary Birkett as a recipient for her influence.
5. The sense of the stanza is that the presence of 'truth & innocence', once conferred on the speaker, endow the natural world with beauty. Without them, capacity for pleasure is blunted and the world becomes bleak, less meaningful.

Acrostics (poems in which the initial letters of each line, running downwards, spell out a word - often the name of the poem's addressee) were very popular in this period. Children were encouraged to write acrostics when learning the art of simple versifying.

Though this poem is undated, it must have been written before March 1787 when Mary's brother Edward died of scarlet fever. See poem written on his death, p.17.

### **An Acrostic to my Brother.**

---

Edward beware of bad company  
 Detest all evil ways for they  
 Will lead thee on as thou shalt bend  
 And then thou'lt pay for't in the end  
 Remember these few words I pray  
 Duty to thy parents pay

Brother these lines in love I write  
 In holiness take great delight  
 Rule and govern thy passions strong  
 Keep to thee only what doth belong  
 Ever remember that thou die must  
 Therefore to the world thyself don't tie  
 Think always on eternity.<sup>1</sup>

1. If 'eternity' is spoken so as to rhyme with 'tie', the poem assumes a comic rather than a pious tone.

## On Night by M B aged 11 years 1786

---

Night sable Goddess now appears<sup>1</sup>  
 Now she a darksome aspect wears  
 The bright full moon like silver looks  
 How bright she shines along the brooks  
 The brilliant stars their courses try<sup>2</sup>  
 They look like diamonds in the sky  
 Ah! whither fled the sources of day  
 Alas! just now they were quite gay  
 Now they are fled & now is gone[sic]  
 And for a while let silence on  
 The morning like the morn of life  
 Is gay & noisy without strife  
 But when night comes & our short course is run  
 Tis finish'd ere some think tis scarce begun  
 Gods goodness let us now adore  
 Before in this world we are no more  
 The sun no longer now appears  
 Nature a silent aspect wears  
 But see 'tis darker, darker still  
 No longer bright yon purling rill<sup>3</sup>

Mary Birkett

1. If punctuated, the line would read: 'Night, sable goddess, now appears,'. **Sable** - black.
2. The stars follow their set paths in the sky.
3. **purling rill** - stream flowing with a swirling or mazy motion and bubbling sound.

## An Ode to Summer 1786

---

Oh! beauteous Summer welcome in  
For with thee, thou wilt pleasure bring  
The ploughman now  
Can drive his plough  
While birds do sing on every bough

2

See the trees blossom, oh how gay  
When by the suns enlivening ray  
Unabashed they are  
Without a fear  
They are the fairest of the fair

3

Oh sweetest summer, beauteous thou  
How sport the birds from bough to bough  
They chirp & Sing  
They pleasure bring  
They give new life to every thing -

4

Oh! see how green the grassy field  
What beauteous flowers it doth yield  
The tender sheep  
Their mothers keep  
They watch even while they sleep



Elizabeth Birkett, born in England in 1783, was one of the few Birkett children to survive into adulthood. She would marry Robert Hudson in 1806.

**On my sister Betsy recovering out of a convulsion fit on the  
13th of 3rd mo 1786**

---

What sorrow all around appear  
And mourn poor Betsy's fate  
See! every eye bedew'd with tears  
While we in sorrow wait

2

Dear innocent! thou hast no care  
To disturb thy repose  
Yet sickness all the world must fare[share?]  
Even babes themselves have foes

3

Oh! may our sorrows turn to joys  
And Betsy's sickness go  
We'd wipe the tears from off our eyes  
(Save gladness made them flow[!])

4

We have our wish, to joy it does turn!  
And Betsy's sickness - left  
Oh! may we never have to mourn  
That we are of her bereft -

Mary Birkett aged 11 years

**A Hymn composed by Mary Birkett  
on her recovering out of a Pleurisy Fever 1787  
Aged 12 Years**

---

Gratitude rise, gratitude rise & Sing  
 Arise & all thy grateful ardour bring  
 Praise! Oh! my Soul & let me spread a towering wing  
 Arise my lute teach me to speak the theme  
 Let each harmonious string  
 Tremble with gratefull[sic] joy & praise the Almighty's name  
 When sick & full of pain I lay<sup>1</sup>  
 He did deliver me  
 Let me of his glory sing  
 Praise the Lord while I have breath  
 My Soul was taking wing  
 When he deliver'd me from the grim jaws of Death  
 Sickness made me full of pain  
 He gave me life & breath again  
 Oh! every nerve for him with pleasure strain  
 Oh! praise the Lord in deed & thought  
 For with a tender hand  
 To give me life again he did command  
 And that from sickness great & pain should be brought  
 Mercy to me my Saviour did impart  
 And heal'd my wounded heart  
 The Almighty cured me that I might know  
 That he alone had right to keep controul[sic]  
 Oh! teach my heart with gratitude to flow  
 To praise thy name Oh! teach my Soul  
 At his command I rose & saw the light  
 Hush'd all my pain & sunk in night  
 Teach me to walk in holy ways,  
 Teach me thy holy Name to praise  
 Oh! thou who gave us life & breath & food  
 Thou who redeem'd us with thy blood  
 To us thou shew'd thy power, thy strength & might  
 Unerring wisdom! goodness Infinite!  
 Let me for ever praise his holy name  
 To Him direct my song, his mercy to my theme  
 Where e'er I be, what season, time or place  
 Do thou endue me with thy holy grace  
 Who thro' thy mercy did my days prolong  
 See! all a pleasing aspect wear  
 Methinks each thing - How gay  
 The Makers bounties thro' the world appear  
 Darting a heavenly ray  
 Oh! happy thought  
 The Lamb to us salvation brought

That we thro' grace might see the heavenly light  
 And not be lost in Darkness Death & Night  
 Endearing love -  
 And can we then ungrateful prove  
 Melt heart of steel, bow stubborn knee<sup>2</sup>  
 Teach me, O Lord, to worship thee  
 Blest be thou for evermore  
 Who did this day deliver me  
 That I in health his heavenly light might see  
 Life to unworthy me he did restore  
 Eternal praises will I sing  
 Yea! to the Heaven of Heavens my thoughts take wing  
 With grateful ardour me inspire  
 Oh! set my gratitude on fire  
 His praise resound.  
 Ye Hills! ye Dales, ye Rocks; his praise again & yet again resound  
 Angels above who hear my lay  
 For me the grateful tribute pay  
 Ye saints & seraphs full of love  
 Who dwell in Heavens bright realms above  
 In chorus join with me to sing his praise  
 Whole hours on hours, whole days on days  
 Do you for me th'imperfect lay prolong  
 Complete my grateful lay & close my song

1. This line also appears in 'A Hymn and Prayer Conjoined' (v. 6), p.21 in this volume.
2. Rom 14:11 - 'For it is written, As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to me, and every tongue shall confess to God.' From Is 45:23 '[. . .] That unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear'.

Sarah Birkett, known as Sally (then the usual diminutive, or short form, for girls named Sarah), was born in England in 1781. She was to die in March 1787 - see poem on her death, p.20.

## To my Sister Sally Birkett 1787

---

True knowledge is a useful thing  
 And does much satisfaction bring  
 Beauty is but a fading flower  
 Growing & dying in an hour  
 But knowledge will unto the breast  
 Both sense & usefulness impart  
 Beauty is like a butterfly  
 Pleasant & gaudy to the eye  
 Vanity & gaudy things  
 Are but like butterfly[sic] with wings  
 Make knowledge then thy use of pleasure  
 Keep it for it will prove - A treasure  
 Honour thy parents, them obey  
 Religion too will lead the way  
 Oh! turn thy mind unto the Lord                    )  
 And love to read his holy word                    )  
 For that will pleasure unto thee afford            )  
 Most worldly things will sorrow bring  
 Envy & malice leave a sting  
 But in celestial Truth confide  
 And never from her precepts slide  
 In that thou may'st some comfort take  
 When worldly things do thee forsake  
 The mind is weak yet faith is strong  
 And temperance will thy days prolong  
                   see forward<sup>1</sup>

1. see forward - these words are reproduced in this transcript exactly as they appear in manuscript, centred beneath the body of the poem.

This poem is addressed to the same sister as the one above. Though it is undated it is placed here because it must have been written before Sarah's death in March 1787.

## To My Sister Sarah Birkett

---

Dear Sister thou art young therefore give ear  
 To the advice of one who loves thee dear  
 Never refuse the advice of thy friend  
 When to thy good they mean that it should tend  
 Then first unto thy parents duty pay  
 Where e'er thou goes let bright truth lead the way  
 My dear when I mention thy faults to thee  
 It is with plainness and sincerity  
 Let friendships freedom never thee displease  
 Receive it gladly follow it always  
 Vain flattery and praise my dear avoid  
 And every other wicked thing beside  
 Do not be fond of hearing titles vain  
 Given to thee instead of thy right name<sup>1</sup>  
 Since often those who fore our face will praise  
 Are the first behind our backs our faults to raise  
 An instance of this kind I somewhere read  
 It was in Prose to Verse I did translate<sup>2</sup>  
 It is about a Girl an only child  
 Her fortune great yet she was very Mild  
 One person praised her for her temper sweet  
 Another that her fortune was so great  
 Some praised her 'cause she was of noble birth  
 Others her honesty's excelling worth  
 Tho she was Mild this puffed her up with pride  
 And soon her Mother thought twas time to chide  
 She took her by the hand & sayed my dear  
 I see how thou art praised every where  
 Those very persons who first thee will praise  
 Will be the first, things against thee to raise  
 Thus being chid<sup>3</sup> when she was so puffed up<sup>4</sup>  
 It sham'd her so that she could scarce look up  
 She ask'd her mother did she think they wo'd[would]  
 When she said Yes her pride was nip't i'th bud  
 It happened as she said a person came  
 For to invite them in his Masters name  
 They went the company admir'd this child  
 And all about her thought her very Mild  
 Those very persons who had prais'd her so  
 Begun to tell her faults more than they Knew  
 Those very persons now did seem to be

Altho they'd praised her quite her enemy  
Take warning by this instance my Sally  
We are frail creatures very weak are we  
My dear do not make room or leave a [part?]<sup>5</sup>  
For Malice to get into thy young heart  
So wishing that thou may to virtue bend  
I style myself thy sister and thy friend

1. Quakers, considering all human beings equal in God's sight, disapproved of titles as seeming to elevate one person above another.
2. Mary, either for amusement or as an educational exercise, was perhaps accustomed to writing poems based on prose narratives she had read.
3. **chid** - told off or scolded.
4. **puffed up** - inflated with pride.
5. Last word of line omitted in manuscript.

1787 was a year of very great sadness for the Birkett family, tragic even by eighteenth-century standards when the loss of some children in infancy or early childhood was to be expected. In March, Mary lost her brother Edward aged seven or eight (he was born in England in 1779), and two of her sisters - Sarah (Sally) aged five or six (also born in England, in 1781) and Hannah who was just three days short of her second birthday (born in Ireland on 16 March 1785) - when they died within a few days of one another. Mary composed a poem of mourning very shortly after each death. The poem on Edward's death reveals that he died of scarlet fever and it is probable that Hannah and Sally also caught the infection. The poem is marked by acceptance and expresses the firm conviction that he, with his kind, gentle and resigned disposition, has been rewarded by entry to a far happier place.

On Hannah's death, though there is the same certainty that she is also now with God, a feeling of horror at the cruelty of another loss following so swiftly upon the first and a questioning as to why such innocents should be 'snatch'd away' creep in. When Sally too is taken, Mary's grief and questioning is keenest. Not only is there a note of utter disbelief that a third death has taken place within a fortnight, but with Sally gone Mary has lost her 'only kind companion here', in this new country. Sally, though at the most only six years old, was the closest sister to Mary in age, and, it would appear, in intimacy. Mary, now aged twelve, had only two siblings left - Elizabeth aged three or four and the baby Susanna, to both of whom she would perhaps be, necessarily, more of a nursemaid than a playmate or companion.

Edward died on 5 March 1787 - hence this poem was written five days later.

**On the Death of my dear & only brother  
3rd mo 10th-----Edward Birkett-----1787**

**Addressed to my Mother**

---

Our grief & sorrow great what words can tell  
 To lose our Edward whom we loved so well  
 My only brother dear, my Edwards gone  
 I've lost a brother thou hast lost a son  
 Happy the day that ever he was born  
 Whither on Winters eve or Summers morn  
 For now he's gone where nought disturbs his rest  
 And in his Saviours arms my brother's blest  
 Our loss is great, yet greater far his gain  
 His glory now doubly repays his pain  
 Tho' by a scarlet fever he was burn'd  
 And a sore throat with double force return'd  
 Yet patient he - he seldom did complain  
 Even when in an - agony of pain  
 Obliging he to all: manly: yet mild  
 In wit<sup>1</sup> he seem'd a man; altho' a child  
 In play thats innocent he took delight  
 That which was guilty he put from his sight  
 His dying words such tenderness affords  
 "I'm sorry for my Mother" were his words

Three times "he'd die at five o Clock" he said  
 At five o Clock the debt of Nature paid  
 Obedient to his parents, well inclined  
 Tender, submissive gentle, modest kind  
 Loving & well beloved by all he knew  
 The tears which were shed for him were not few  
 But what are tears, to one who is so blest  
 They can do him no good nor hurt his rest  
 He's happy now in glorious realms of love  
 Shed then no tears for him rather rejoice  
 He would not come again to us, of choice  
 'Tis hard to lose one whom we knew before  
 Yet let us think his happiness is more  
 Than ours, he now is in that glorious place  
 Where he can see his Maker face to face  
 And in true happiness he now can sing  
 "Thrice Hallelujah! to our Glorious king  
 Conclude my muse,<sup>2</sup> his glory thou cant[can't] paint  
 The subjects great & words alas! are faint  
 For what are words Compared with Gods great love  
 Like chaff before the wind they will no substance prove

Mary Birkett

1. **wit** - understanding.
2. **muse** - first instance of Mary addressing her muse (goddess of poetry), the source of poetic inspiration.



This elegy was composed four days after Hannah's death on 13 March 1787.

**On the Death of my dear Sister**  
**3mo 17th \_\_\_\_\_ Hannah Birkett \_\_\_\_\_ 1787**  
**An Elegy**

---

Teach me my muse a Sisters death to mourn  
 Who from our arms by death was rudely torn  
 Must I alas no more my sister see  
 With whom so oft I would delighted be  
 Sweet innocent clasp'd in deaths cold embrace  
 Fled are the smiling roses on thy face  
 In a cold grave! oh! must my Hannah lie?  
 Oh! is it not a fearful thing to die  
 Thy beauteous limbs must in the grave be lain  
 And on the body will the worms sustain  
 What no longer trip thy nimble feet  
 Nor on thy blooming cheeks sits health so sweet  
 What tho no friend shall clasp thee in their arms  
 Nor tender parents to protect from harms  
 Nor sister who would oft delighted be  
 Thy playful tricks, or dimpled smiles to see  
 Yet thou in God more happiness shall find  
 Than in both parents, Friend or Sister kind  
 Already thou hast soared above the sky )  
 Blest in the favour of thy God on high )  
 Far - Far from dangers which to us are nigh )  
 Three days thou languish'd, what a little time  
 Thus to be snatch'd away before thy prime  
 Oh! cruel death, would nought thee satisfy  
 But that a Brother & Sister too should die  
 Why would thou tear from us our little dears  
 Why wouldst thou snatch them while so young in years  
 But sure they are gone unto a happier place  
 Where they can see their Maker face to face  
 And they more solid joy & comfort know  
 Than mortals can, while they do live below  
 "Oh! grant to me thou great Almighty power  
 "Whose strength & might presides o'er every hour  
 "In that dread hour when life is at an end  
 "Thou with thy needful presence me befriend  
 "Then neither life nor death nor aught I'll fear  
 "If thou'lt protect me while I'm living here  
 "That when I die, with them I hope to sing  
 "Praises to my glorious God & King -["]

Mary Birkett

Sally died on 19 March 1787 - hence this was written eight days later.

**On the Death of my dear Sister**  
**3mo 27th-----Sally Birkett-----1787**

---

And is it true that Sally too is dead  
 Must she so soon make the cold grave her bed  
 Oh yes! it is too true; those tidings - sore  
 And I must see my Sally dear no more  
 Oh cruel Death - art thou now satisfied  
 In less than fourteen days they all three died  
 First Edward went, then Hannah went also  
 And soon too soon, Sally was call'd to go  
 Yet she obey'd with patience - Lovely child  
 For she was always innocent & mild  
 A cruel stroke, we thought when Edward went  
 Another too, which was for Hannah sent  
 Oh! that was hard which took my Sally dear  
 She was my only kind companion here  
 While she was here no other I desired  
 She was by all belov'd, by all admir'd  
 Her body only sleeps, her soul's not dead  
 For 'tis to far more glorious regions fled  
 Over her rosy cheeks & sparkling eyes  
 And beauteous limbs, fell Death has won the prize  
 Her gain is great & tho the loss is mine  
 To Providence's will we must resign  
 For He alone is merciful & just  
 We'll comfort find, if we in Him do trust  
 Tho' nature's weak, yet 'tis a happy thought  
 That she from Sin & Death to Heaven was brought  
 Oh! she was full of love, too much to tell  
 She named us all, then bid us all farewell  
 Then spoke no more, but closed her dying eyes  
 And now no doubt a glorious crown her prize  
 I've lost a sister & companion dear  
 While she has gain'd eternal blessings there  
 Like her Oh! may I live Oh may I die!  
 That we may meet in Heaven with endless joy  
 We'll never part, if once we meet again  
 And then we'll find a great reward for all our pain  
 For those who are good, kind Heaven has bliss in store  
 Where sorrow sin & Pain will be no more  
 That Kitty, Edward, Hannah too may join  
 With Sally & myself, that wish is mine

Dublin 3mo 27th 1787

Mary Birkett

This poem combines a song of praise to God with, towards the end, a prayer that Mary will obtain a place in heaven where she can be reunited with her lost brother and sisters. The date given - 1786 - must be wrong because sisters Hannah and Sally (Sarah), and brother Edward, died in March 1787. Kitty (Catherine) was a sister who had died in Liverpool in 1777, before the family moved to Dublin - her death is noted in the Hardshaw Meeting registers.

## A Hymn & Prayer Conjoined 1786[1787?]

---

Sure thou art better than the best  
Of all our joys below  
For we can never be at rest  
For sorrow sin & woe

2

Oh! let us turn our minds to thee  
Yea! till our latest breath  
Our hearts shall ever joyful be  
Nor need we fear our death

3

Tis thou our God alone art great  
True happiness thou[']lt bring  
For what is grandeur - but a cheat  
Which always leaves a sting

4

Use me Oh! Lord unto thy will  
Still will I worship thee  
Thy holy name I'll reverence still  
And strive for to obey

5

Praise for ever let me sing  
To the Almighty Lord  
Sure thou'rt my Father & my King  
And I will bless thy word

6

When sick & full of pain I lay<sup>1</sup>  
Thou blooming health didst bring  
To thee for ever will I pray  
And of thy praises sing

7

When e'er I cast my eyes around  
 Thy tenderness I see  
 In hills & dales thy bounty's found  
 To make us think of thee

8

What e'er thou'st pleased to give oh! Lord  
 I'll thankfully receive  
 Depend upon thy holy word  
 And on thy son believe

9

If adversity pull me down  
 Nor suffer me to rest  
 I'll bless the hand which gave the wound  
 And know 'twas for the best

10

Lord guard me from the tempters wiles  
 From Satan set me free  
 Then whether fortune frowns or smiles  
 I still will worship thee

11

Oh! Lord in thee I put my trust  
 And give myself to thee  
 For thou art holy good & just  
 And merciful thou'lt be

12

Help Lord those who are poor in heart  
 And save them in the end  
 To them thy loving grace impart  
 For thou wilt them befriend

13

Praise, Praise the Lord for evermore  
 Ye Kings, oh praise your King  
 Worship your God & him adore  
 And of his praises sing

14

Oh! Lord of hosts I'll worship thee  
 If thou wilt help me in my need  
 That I may humbly righteous be  
 For sure thou art a friend indeed

15

Save me oh Lord from discontent  
 Truth let me imitate  
 And let me think that I was sent  
 Upon the Lord to wait

16

That when the day of Judgment comes  
 With joy I may sit down  
 When all have got their solemn dooms  
 I wear an endless crown

17

Then may I ever hope to praise  
 The fountain of our Good  
 Who did us to such glory raise  
 And that to whom he would<sup>2</sup>

18

Oh! then once more I hope to know  
 My Kittys, Edwards face  
 My darling Hannahs Sallys too  
 What joy will then take place<sup>3</sup> -

Mary Birkett

Oh with a sisters fondest wish comply )  
 That thou mayst live to be thy parents joy )  
 And happy may thou live & happy may thou die<sup>4</sup> )

Mary Birkett

1. Probably referring to the bout of pleurisy Mary suffered in 1787. This same line appears in a poem composed after the illness - see 'A Hymn composed by Mary Birkett on her recovering out of a Pleurisy Fever 1787 Aged 12 Years', p.12. This would confirm the date of composition of 'A Hymn and Prayer Conjoined' as being 1787 or later, not 1786.

2. This line appears to contain a notion of 'the elect', the few chosen for salvation.

3. Mary's siblings - Kitty (Catherine), Edward, Hannah and Sally (Sarah) - died in England aged 14 months in 1777, and 5 March, 13 March, 19 March 1787 respectively. See poems written on Edward's, Hannah's and Sally's deaths, pp.17-20.

4. This postscript could be addressed to either of Mary's surviving sisters - Betsy (Elizabeth) born in England in 1783, or the new baby Susanna born 19 June 1786.

As if 1787 had not been full enough of sorrow, in November that year Mary's friend Mary Haughton died. The Haughtons were a prominent Quaker family, some of whom lived in Ferns near Ballitore. Joseph Haughton of Ferns attempted to help victims in his area, both Catholic and Protestant, and mediate between individuals during the Irish Rebellion. (See 'Some Account of Remarkable deliverances [. . .],' in Vol.1 of this edition, pp.160-67, note 27.) Some Haughtons were involved in the bay-yarn industry. Of the several Mary Haughtons traced so far, none died in 1787.

### An Elegy on the Death of my dear friend Mary Haughton -----

---

And art thou gone so soon my much lov'd friend  
 Must now thy kindness, duty, friendship end  
 Ah yes! tis true thy time on Earth is o'er  
 And much lov'd Mary Haughton is no more  
 Sudden she left the Earth & wing'd her way  
 To the blest regions of Eternal day  
 How soon her soul resign'd all Earthly cares  
 And left her once glad friends (to mourn) in tears  
 Once glad, when we beheld her all array'd  
 In youthful innocence - a virtuous maid  
 Oh if it be thy glorious task above  
 To be the messenger of heavenly love  
 Or if (to bring us down comfort divine  
 And consolation when in grief) be thine  
 Oh then remember those thou left behind  
 And bring some comfort to thy mothers mind  
 Let thy kind Brothers, Sisters, sorrow cease  
 And gently whisper thou'rt at rest in peace  
 Patient may they resign, till soon they rise  
 And meet our mary glorious in the skies  
 This mournful tribute, sadly have I paid  
 To my departed friends respected shade<sup>1</sup>  
 But where is all that gait of youth  
 That lovely innocence, that sacred truth  
 Ah! where that friendly heart, that honest mind  
 Which ever was to virtue pure inclin'd  
 Where all that social intercourse which we  
 Have oft indulged, ah never more 'twill be  
 Alas! low in the grave they now are laid  
 Closed in that sacred name, respected shade  
 Respected! yea beloved by many here  
 Who o'er thy grave, no doubt will drop a tear  
 Perhaps (with me) may wish to die like thee  
 In Heaven soon to meet & happy be  
 There crown'd, on golden harps to sing the praise

Of innocence that 'scap'd the Tempters ways  
There we shall immortality enjoy  
And pleasure glorious, which ne'er meets a cloy<sup>2</sup>  
There to be Angels, Angels see & know  
Far from the regions, desolate of woe  
And tho' we have lost a friend so justly dear  
Let's strive to imitate her while we're here  
That soon we all may meet nor e'er again  
Know what it is, to feel a parting pain.

11mo 16th 1787

Mary Birkett

1. **shade** - ghost or spirit.
- 2 **cloy** - a word more often used as a verb, meaning to satiate, or dull.

This poem considers the power and majesty of God, concentrating on God the Father and God the Son within the Holy Trinity. It contrasts God's greatness with human insignificance and stresses His love in purchasing the salvation of humanity through the gift of Himself in the form of His Son. Exploring the mysterious nature of God and the Trinity in a remarkable manner for so young a child, it uses different names for God, from 'the great I AM', denoting inexpressible mystery and power, to the Lord of Life and the Old Testament Jehovah. It draws on Psalm 86 and the title may have been taken from notes at the head of this psalm in the King James version – in verses 5-11, David seeks to strengthen his prayer, 'By God's power and goodness'.

'On the Power and Goodness of God a Poem' is found on pp.283-87 of the manuscript collection. Another, undated, version appears earlier (MS pp.28-32), entitled 'On The Attributes of God'. Textual variants are shown in the notes below, indicated by closing square brackets (the text after the closing square bracket giving the text of the undated manuscript version). As there are so many variants (almost 100), they are shown separately from other notes, divided into sections for each ten lines of the poem. Line numbers are added to the poem for this purpose.

## 1787 On the Power & Goodness of God a Poem

---

The great I AM<sup>1</sup> is full of strength & power  
 He stretcheth forth his arm all nations bow<sup>2</sup>  
 And own the King of worlds, the Lord of life  
 The God of power, the Author<sup>3</sup> of us all  
 Maker omnipotent & full of love  
 Oh! He is beneficent to us he made  
 At His command the world or goes to dust<sup>4</sup>  
 Or rises, Night & day obey his word  
 The Stars are all his handy work,[sic] the Sun  
 That glorious light, at his command arose [10]  
 He bid the silver moon to rise & shine  
 With borrow'd light,<sup>5</sup> the nightly travellers guide  
 How wondrous great, he rides upon the storm  
 He guides the winds, "blow here" they straight obey  
 "Waters no farther flow" they stop their course<sup>6</sup>  
 - God is a holy Being good & just  
 Almighty Powerful & wise, Author of all  
 Things that were ever made or e'er will be  
 He's mans Creator, form'd him from the dust  
 Stamp't his own Image on his manly brow [20]  
 Gave him the breath of life & food to eat<sup>7</sup>  
 And more than all his favour & his grace  
 Oh! what is man! that he should e'er be proud  
 He is but dust & clay & soon he must  
 Return to dust, because from dust he came<sup>8</sup>  
 Or what a woman but a crooked rib<sup>9</sup>  
 Look to thy Maker, what is He - oh! what!



A Matchless Being, of Perfection full!  
 Of mercy infinite, yet strictly just!  
 His love to poor fallen disobedient man [30]  
 Is wondrous, oh tis wondrous, which of us  
 Would send their only well beloved son  
 A ransom for the trespasses of men  
 Of Frail, ungrateful disobedient men  
 None - none would do it - none so full of love  
 No son so duteous or so good as he!  
 He heaved a burthen<sup>10</sup> from a guilty world  
 And paid the dear bought ransom for our souls  
 Oh! Jesus what we owe thee for thy love<sup>11</sup>  
 Thou glorious Saviour, son of the Most High [40]  
 Thou Prince of Peace, thou holy Lamb of God<sup>12</sup>  
 Thou on thyself fulfill'd the strictest[?]<sup>13</sup> duty  
 And gave us an Example - how to live  
 And all for us - 'twas all for poor fallen man  
 To save our souls from Hells Eternal flames  
 And set us all from dire perdition free  
 For us thou suffer'd a most shameful death  
 An ignominious death, the death of thieves  
 But he was innocent, he never sinned  
 Tho' like a malefactor to the cross<sup>14</sup> [50]  
 Meek as a lamb, nor spake a word  
 Nor shew'd resentment, but forgave them all  
 But on the tree he dying thus pronounced  
 "Father forgive they know not what they do"<sup>15</sup>  
 How shall we thank thee, how repay the debt  
 For us thou didst thy glory all resign  
 That thou mightest buy us to thyself entire  
 Purchase us with thy blood & make us blest  
 Now at thy Fathers right hand crown'd in bliss  
 Thou makest unwearied intercession for [60]  
 Us wretches who despited<sup>16</sup> thee on Earth  
 But thou art full of love & tenderness  
 And art the Eternal Heir of Glory great  
 Oh! Thou the Triune God,<sup>17</sup> the Lord of Life  
 Ah! what am I, that I should speak thy power  
 Thy love, thy bounty, mercy to us all  
 Lord what am I, compared to thee - a worm  
 Scarce visible; a worthless useless being  
 Thou great Jehovah! awful solemn name<sup>18</sup>  
 Yet full of mercy, as in justice strict [70]  
 Or shall I now attempt to praise thy name  
 Or sing thy bounties in the grassy field  
 Or in a garden planted with choice flowers  
 Sure all creation marks thy generous hand  
 Didst thou not raise them all for use to man  
 Or useful emblems, to improve his life  
 The feather'd choir direct their songs to thee  
 And seem each day to bid the human race

Do ye as we & praise each day your God  
 The dove the pattern of a mothers love [80]  
 The busy ant industrious tho' so small  
 Is an example striking to mankind  
 The rose an emblem of a virtuous man<sup>19</sup>  
 Whose lovely scent's acceptable to all  
 The lily emblem sweet of innocence  
 All pleasing innocence, which ne'er offends  
 But I vain thought, shall I pretend to point  
 Out all his Goodness or descry his works  
 I'll praise his name, I'll glorify the Lord  
 And I'll extol him for his mercies great<sup>20</sup> [90]  
 -Then join with me ye nations to adore  
 Your God, your King, your Everlasting friend  
 Adore him for his goodness, for his love  
 And for his bounty to the world throughout  
 Ye feather'd choristers your songs direct  
 To God & praise him for your whole existence  
 Ye Angels who surround his Glorious throne  
 Oh! tell us of the wonders of your Lord  
 Instruct the world how best to obey his will  
 And let me sing with you for evermore<sup>21</sup> [100]  
 Ten thousand Hallelujahs<sup>22</sup> to his name  
 MB

1. A name for God. See Ex 3:14 where God speaks to Moses from the burning bush, naming Himself 'I AM THAT I AM'.
2. Ps 86:9 - 'All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord; and shall glorify thy name.'
3. **Author** - creator.
4. i.e. at God's command the world exists, or turns to dust.
5. **with borrow'd light** - borrowed because the moon's light is only a reflection of the sun's.
6. Probably thinking of Ex 14:21 which describes how God created a 'strong east wind' to push back the sea, dividing the waters so that the Israelites could cross the Red Sea when fleeing from the Egyptians. Also Christ's calming of the wind and sea, Mk 4:39.
7. Gen 2:7 - 'And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.'
8. Gen 3:19 - 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.'
9. Gen 2:21-24 describes how God made Eve from one of Adam's ribs.
10. **burthen** - archaic form of 'burden'.
11. The poem alternates between use of the third person, and directly addressing Christ in the second person. It also does this later with God the Father. The effect is to combine a telling, for others, of God's virtues and power, with a meditational prayer to God from the speaker herself.
12. Is 9:6 - '[. . .] and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.' Jn 1:29 - John the Baptist hailed Jesus as 'the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world'.
13. Word difficult to read in manuscript - 'strictest' seems most likely.
14. Two thieves were crucified with Jesus, according to Mt 27:38. In Lk 23:32-33 they are called malefactors. Crucifixion was a punishment the Romans inflicted on thieves and other criminals.
15. Lk 23:34 - Christ's prayer, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do', only appears in Luke's Gospel, as does the term 'malefactors' for the men crucified with Christ.

16. despited - hated or injured.
17. Triune - three in one, therefore a description of the Holy Trinity.
18. Jehovah - Hebrew personal name for God, originally Yahweh. Thought by the Jews too holy to be spoken, hence described here as 'awful solemn' (awful being used in its original meaning - 'awe full').
19. James Thomson, *The Seasons*, 'Summer', 465-66 - the man sheltering from the heat in shady forest or a cool cave is an 'Emblem instructive of the virtuous man, Who keeps his tempered mind serene and pure'.
20. Ps 86:12-13 - 'I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart; and I will glorify thy name for evermore./For great is thy mercy toward me; and thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell.'
21. The word 'evermore' also echoes Psalm 86 - see note 18 immediately above.
22. Hallelujah - derived from two Hebrew words meaning 'praise Jehovah'. Therefore it ties in with the naming of God as Jehovah in the latter part of the poem.

Textual variants in undated version of this poem, entitled 'On The Attributes of God', shown after square closing brackets:

Lines 1-10

The great **[AM]** The Great I am nations] Nations worlds,) World's  
 The God of power, the Author of us all] The Author of us all the God of power  
 Oh! He is beneficent to us he made] O he's beneficent unto us all His command the world] his command the  
 World Or rises, Night & day] Or rises - Night and day  
 The Stars are all his handy work, the Sun] The stars are all his handy work; the sun  
 glorious light, at his] Glorious Light at His

Lines 11-20

bid the silver moon to rise & shine] bade the silver Moon to rise & shew  
 With borrow'd light,) A peaceful light How wondrous great,) Oh he is great  
 winds, "blow here"] winds "blow here "Waters no farther flow"] Waters no farther flow  
 - God is a holy Being good & just] He is a holy being good and just Powerful & wise,) powerful & wise mans  
 Creator, form'd] Mans creator formed Stamp't his own Image] Stamp't his own image

Lines 21-30

life & food] life and food And more than all his favour & his grace] (this line omitted)  
 man] man dust & clay & soon] dust and clay and soon Return to dust,) Return to dust  
 Or what a woman] Or what is woman Maker, what is He - oh! what!] Maker what is he Oh! what  
 Being, of Perfection full] being of perfection full  
 mercy infinite, yet strictly just!] Mercy infinite yet strictly just disobedient man] disobedient Man

Lines 31-40

Is wondrous, oh tis wondrous,) Is endless and immortal  
 their only] his only trespasses of men] sins of sinful men  
 Of Frail, ungrateful disobedient men] (this line omitted)  
 None - none would do it - none so full of love] None would do it with that tenderness  
 ] That Heavenly love & pity to poor man (additional line) good as he] good as he  
 He heaved [. . .] our souls] (these two lines omitted) Oh! Jesus] Oh Jesus  
 ] Thou art a ransom for the sins of all (additional line)

Thou glorious Saviour, son of the Most High] Oh Glorious Saviour Holy Lamb of God

Lines 41-50

Thou Prince of Peace, thou holy Lamb of God/Thou on thyself fulfill'd the strictest duty] Thou Prince of Peace  
 King of us all thou didst/Fulfil the strictest duty on thy self  
 And gave us an Example - how to live] (this line omitted)  
 And all for us - 'twas all for poor fallen man] And all for us twas all for poor fall'n man  
 Eternal] eternal And set us all] To set us all thou suffer'd] he suffer'd  
 An ignominious death, the death of thieves] An ignominious death; the death of Thieves  
 ] And Murderers thither justly doom'd to die (additional line)  
 innocent, he never sinned] innocent he nee'r did sin  
 Tho' like a malefactor to] Though like a Malefactor on

Lines 51-60

Meek as a lamb, nor spake a word] Meek as a Lamb he went nor spake a word  
 Nor shew'd resentment, but forgave them all] Nor shew'd resentment to his enemies  
 But on the tree [. . .] the debt (three lines)] Oh Jesus didst thou do all that for us/Thou didst Oh Lamb of God Oh  
 Saviour pure (three lines replaced with two lines) thy glory] thy Glory  
 mightest buy us to thyself] might buy us to thy self  
 at thy Fathers right hand crown'd in bliss] at thy fathers right hand dost thou sit  
 Thou makest unwearied intercession for] Enthron'd in bliss thou intercedes for us

## Lines 61-70

**Us wretches who despited thee on Earth] For us who evil entreated thee on earth  
 love & tenderness] love and tenderness Eternal Heir] eternal heir  
 Oh! Thou the Triune God, the Lord of Life] Oh thou the Triune God the Lord of life  
 Ah! what am I,] Ah what am I  
 Thy love, thy bounty, mercy to us all] Thy strength; thy love thy bounty to us all  
 I, compared to thee - a worm] I compar'd to thee a worm  
 Scarce visible; a worthless useless being] Scarce visible to thee thou mighty God  
 Jehovah! awful solemn name] Jehovah awful solemn Name mercy,] mercy**

## Lines 71-80

**thy name] thy Name thy bounties in the grassy field] thy bounty's in the Grassy field  
 garden planted with choice flowers] Garden planted with choice flowr's  
 Sure all creation marks thy generous hand] Raised all by thee with sweet endearing love  
 use to man] Use to man emblems,] emblems feather'd] feathered  
 ]With grateful chirpings early every morn (additional line)  
 Do ye as we & praise each day your God] To do the same and praise each day their God  
 The dove the pattern of a mothers love] The Dove the pattern of a Mothers love**

## Lines 81-90

**busy ant industrious tho' so small] busy Ant industrious tho small mankind] our race  
 The rose an emblem of a virtuous man] The Garden Rose an emblem of a Man  
 ]Who worships God who loves him & adores (additional line) scent's] scents  
 lily emblem sweet of innocence] Lilly emblem sweet of Innocence  
 innocence, which ne'er offends] innocence which never gave  
 ]Offence to any but delighted all (additional line) vain thought,] vain thought Goodness] goodness I'll praise  
 his name] Ill praise his Name mercies] Mercies**

## Lines 91-101

**- Then join with me ye nations] Then join with me ye Nations  
 Your God, your King, your Everlasting friend] Your God your King your everlasting friend  
 goodness,] goodness  
 Ye feather'd choristers your songs direct] Ye Birds lend me your voice to praise his name  
 To God [. . .] existence] (this line omitted)  
 Angels who surround his Glorious throne] angels who surround his glorious throne  
 Oh! tell us] Oh tell us to obey his will] to please your King  
 Ten thousand Hallelujahs to his name] Ten Thousand Hallelujah's to his Name**

The Pikes were a leading Irish Quaker family. Joseph Pike came to Ireland with Cromwell's army in 1648. The family had wool, linen-draping and banking interests (Harrison, *Biographical Dictionary of Irish Quakers*, pp.80-82). There were at least three Deborah Pikes contemporary with Mary:

Deborah, daughter of Richard and Ann Pike of Dublin, born 23 March 1776, died 15 January 1788,

Deborah, daughter of Samuel and Catherine Pike, born 4 April 1774. The family's residence at Cork makes it unlikely that this was Mary's friend,

Deborah, daughter of Wight and Mary Pike of Dublin, born 2 October 1768. Married George Penrose.

Later in the collection (see p.50), there is a poem written on the death of Deborah Pike, undated - though its position in the manuscripts indicates the 1780s. If, as seems likely, this is the same Deborah as the friend addressed here, the first Deborah above is probably the right one. This supposition is reinforced by there being, in the collection, poems to Eliza and William Pike, both dated 1787 and reproduced below. The first Deborah listed above had a sister Elizabeth (Eliza was the usual short form of Elizabeth), born 1774, who later married Joseph Barrington and became a minister, and a brother William who died on 3 August 1788. The Barringtons 'were extensively involved in chandlery and soap-boiling' and their 'business was eventually absorbed in Unilever in 1910' (Harrison, *Biographical Dictionary of Irish Quakers*, p.27). An Edward Barrington would marry Sarah Leadbeater, daughter of William Leadbeater and Mary, née Shackleton - the 'loved maid' mentioned in this poem (see note 3).

### A Poem to my much esteem'd friend Deborah Pike 1787

---

My muse do instruct me where the words to find  
That speak true friendship, or will write my mind  
For sure if friendship in the world is found  
In its most pleasing yoke we three are bound  
Nor can I say I ever rightly knew  
What sincere friendship was, till I saw you  
Vain affectation never did I see  
About thy Amiable Sister,<sup>1</sup> or thee  
Unknown to vice, you spend your virtuous days  
Brought up in true religious holy ways  
Thrice happy you who virtue only know  
Altho' surrounded by a world of woe  
Oh! blissful dwelling, that such worth contains  
Where love & modest simplicity reigns  
In all your miens<sup>2</sup> such well pleas'd smiles appear  
Which none but virtues peaceful children wear  
Nor think my lov'd companions of my youth  
That this is flattery, which is simple truth  
For flatterys art no weight with me will find

I speak the sentiments of my heart & mind  
 Oh! happy family, my pens too faint  
 Some abler hand than I your worth must paint  
 Let that loved maid\*, whose words so fluent flow<sup>3</sup>  
 For surely she also your worth must know  
 Like you in virtue she conspicuous shone  
 Like you by all belov'd sure all will own  
 Debby do thou my many faults excuse  
 'Twas sincere friendship prompted now my muse  
 With friendships freedom I my thoughts exprest[sic]  
 Thou art I wish thou ever might be blest  
 These simple lines may they my friendship prove  
 For what is wanting, I'll make up in love  
 If I am happy then your bliss I see  
 What then must you who are so happy be  
 Continue still to walk in virtuous ways  
 And then no doubt prosperous will be thy days  
 Th[']Almighty Lord at last your friend will prove  
 And He'll conduct you to the realms of love  
 With what delight you'll view his glorious face  
 And all the blissful joys of that good place  
 When the last solemn day of Judgment come  
 And all the world have got their final doom<sup>4</sup>  
 May Jesus then pronounce us good & blest  
 Oh! then we'll enter into glorious rest  
 With what great joy we'll hymn the sacred throne  
 Of him who made such blissful joys our own  
 Tho' now embodied in a prison of clay  
 Yet still we'll praise the Lord each night & day  
 Oh! of his glory may I ever write  
 His yoke's easy & his burden light<sup>5</sup>  
 Oh! to his precious will may we still bend  
 And then I'm sure we'll never want a friend  
 Mary Birkett

\* Mary Shackleton<sup>3</sup>

1. Almost certainly Elizabeth (Eliza) Pike - see headnote.
2. **miens** - usually found in the singular form: **mien** - manners and bearing or demeanour.
3. The phrase 'whose words so fluent flow' indicate this was Mary Shackleton (1758-1826), daughter of Richard Shackleton (schoolmaster at Ballitore and friend of the politician and orator Edmund Burke), who later became Mary Leadbeater, author and poet. In her *Annals of Ballitore*, Mary Leadbeater sometimes mentions the ministry and charitable actions of her friend Betsy Barrington, née Pike. Mary Leadbeater did not start to publish until 1794, but this poem shows her verse was already circulating and was highly regarded in Quaker circles.
4. **doom** - judgement.
5. Mt 11:30 - 'For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.'

The addressee of this poem was almost certainly Elizabeth Pike, later Barrington (see notes on poem to Deborah Pike, immediately above). Elizabeth would have been about twelve or thirteen years old at this time. In 1788 she stayed with the Shackleton family at Ballitore. She married Joseph Barrington in 1795. He was director of various railway companies and a member of the Port and Docks Board (see *Extracts from the Diary of Edward Barrington of Co. Wicklow 1796-1877* (Dublin: Dublin University Press, 1916)). Later returning to live at Ballitore, Elizabeth Barrington maintained her friendship with Mary Leadbeater and played a central part in the life of the village. She is mentioned several times in Leadbeater's *Annals*.

### A Poem to my dear & much esteemed friend Eliza Pike 1787

---

To thee my Friend these simple lines I send  
 I dare call Betsy<sup>1</sup> by the name of friend  
 Ambition, grandeur, pride & outward form  
 Never can prove, the hearts with friendship warm  
 Of these I'm sure thou never wast possest[sic]  
 Else, with such peace thou would not have been blest  
 Accept these lines, nor with disdain refuse  
 If I am wrong, reprove my humble muse  
 My harp which ne'er was strong to lofty strain  
 Nor ever did resound beyond the plain<sup>2</sup>  
 Those plains where all the humble muses grow  
 Friendship & gratitude on all they know  
 To thirst of fame they never did aspire  
 Nor pride, nor glory ever did them fire  
 For nicity<sup>3</sup> to friendship now give way  
 For if I'm wrong 'tis friendships simple lay  
 Tis but the friendship which I owe to thee  
 Thy mildness, gratitude & duty all  
 Deserve esteem & praise from great & small  
 Yet praise thou values not unless tis just  
 And if it is of thee it surely must  
 Disdainful pride & thee'll as soon agree  
 As dire ambition & simplicity  
 Womanly thou to all in temper mild  
 Behaviour sweet not stupid nor yet wild  
 With modest neatness thou thyself arrays  
 Which inward beauty of thy mind displays  
 For 'tis not gaudy dress that beauty shows  
 How different from the tulip from the rose  
 The rose is beautiful, the tulip fit for beaux<sup>4</sup>  
 May thou a pattern bright of virtue grow  
 May thou both happiness & plenty know  
 May thou to truth celestial give the sway  
 And let religion bright lead all the way

Long may thou live to know a prosperous peace  
 And never - never may thy pleasure cease  
 Long live to be esteem'd by all thou knows  
 Cast on no coast where adversity grows  
 Yet if thou'rt good & never swerves from God  
 He'll love thee, tho' he chastens with his rod  
 And when thou long hast walk'd in righteous ways  
 May thou in virtue end thy peaceful days  
 And when that path, tho' dread, we once have trod  
 Oh! may we go where all the just behold their God  
 Then may we meet in Heaven with happiness  
 Where God our souls with endless joy will bless  
 Where we before Th'Almighty throne will sing  
 Thrice Hallelujahs to our God & King  
 With saints & seraphs we in praise will join  
 And an immortal crown be thine & mine  
 Then we while here shall all that pleasure know  
 Which does from using virtuous actions flow  
 That we at virtues shrine may always bend  
 Is the sincere wish of thy faithful friend

Mary Birkett

1. **Betsy** - the use of this diminutive for Elizabeth helps to confirm the girl's identity as Elizabeth Barrington, née Pike, known to her friend Mary Leadbeater as 'Betsy' (Leadbeater, *Annals of Ballitore*).
2. **plain** – punning on 'plain' as both simple and a large open space.
3. **nicity** - excessive politeness and correctness, following formalities not feelings.
4. **beaus** - a term for lovers or admirers, but also for fops or fashionable young men about town.



The William Pike addressed here was almost certainly the brother of Deborah and Eliza Pike (see two poems immediately above). The poem tries to comfort him in a severe sickness. Sadly, William died not long afterwards, in August 1788 aged ten.

### **To William Pike on his affliction 1787**

---

Although afflictions sorely thee possess  
 Altho' they interrupt thy earthly peace  
 Yet he who gave them also thee can bless  
 And thee conduct to joys which never cease

2

What tho' tedious hours may irksome be  
 To thee when weary & with incipient pain  
 Yet surely there is bliss prepar'd for thee  
 If thou art good thy life's not spent in vain

3

True happiness was never made for man  
 While in this fleeting world we mortals stay  
 Our days are short & liken'd to a span  
 And ere we know our time is flown away

4

Fix thy whole happiness upon thy God  
 In heavenly wisdom he afflicted thee  
 What tho' he sometimes use his chastening rod  
 'Tis for our good & glad we should obey

5

Stamp his lov'd precepts deep upon thy breast  
 Obey them strict, yea every one fulfil  
 In them, his holy will to man exprest  
 And 'tis true happiness to do his will

6

Pleasure or pain on earth long cannot last  
 Do thou like Mary choose the better part<sup>1</sup>  
 Nor e'er forget on Earth thy time dies[?flies] fast  
 So worship thou th'Almighty in thine (he)art[sic]<sup>2</sup>

7

Remember Job with patience great he bore  
 His great afflictions, they were hard to bear  
 His loss how great, struck with sore boils all o'er<sup>3</sup>  
 Yet he made his great Maker his great care

8

His great example William imitate  
 Tis worthy thee yea all, 'twas nobly done  
 Patient resign for Gods great will is fate  
 Remember Job immortal honours won

9

May thou in peaceful virtue pass thy days  
 And then thy pleasure shall immortal be  
 Thy peaceful mind, thoult[thoul't] find will never cease  
 And thou the land of promise soon shall see

Mary Birkett

1. Lk 10:42 - On Martha's plea that He bid her sister Mary help her with serving, Christ said that Mary, by sitting and listening to Him, had chosen the 'good part'.
2. Reason for parentheses obscure.
3. Job 2:7 - God allowed Satan to 'smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown'.

Hannah Wilson Forbes (1768-1799) became one of Mary's closest friends. They wrote poetry to one another, and would maintain contact until Hannah's early death after childbirth at the age of thirty-one. (See Appendix 7, 'Individuals Featuring in the Writings of Mary Birkett Card'.) Mary was perhaps a precocious child who enjoyed the company of older girls. When this piece was written, Hannah was about nineteen, while Mary was only twelve years old.

The Forbes were prominent Quakers, related to the Pikes. James Forbes was Clerk to Dublin Meeting in 1780 (Dublin Monthly Meeting Minutes and letter to Hardshaw Monthly Meeting regarding the move to Dublin of Mary Birkett's uncle Henry Birkett, 14 August 1780). This was probably Hannah's father, James Forbes of Lower Ormond-Quay, Dublin (1713-1783).

Mary flatters her friend by lavishing fulsome praise upon the Forbes family home in a conventional manner that she was to adopt in similar poems when visiting friends' houses over the next couple of decades. What is rather fascinating about this particular poem is that the item she singles out for most praise - the 'handsome painting o'er the door' - could be traced. The subject, Andromache mourning the death of Hector, was a popular one - for instance, Gavin Hamilton painted *Andromache Weeping Over the Body of Hector* in 1761. Hector, the great hero of the Trojan War, was the son of King Priam of Troy. He killed Patroclus, friend of the Greek hero Achilles, in battle. In revenge, Achilles slaughtered Hector and dragged his body behind a chariot in triumph outside the city. Hector left a widow, Andromache, and a young son, Astyanax. This painting, as Mary describes it, depicts Andromache weeping beside the urn containing her husband's ashes while their child, poignantly unaware of his father's death, attempts to comfort his nurse who is weeping also.

This description matches exactly the scene portrayed in *Andromache and Hecuba Weeping over the Ashes of Hector* by Angelica Kauffmann, one of the most highly regarded neo-classical artists of the eighteenth century. A founder member of the Royal Academy, who counted other leading artists such as Sir Joshua Reynolds and Benjamin West amongst her friends, she excelled in historical subjects, considered, by Reynolds *et al*, as the highest form of painting - and previously a male domain. The Trojan legend provided themes for some of her earliest paintings shown in England. This one, after exhibition at the Royal Academy, was published in a hugely successful series of prints by William Ryland of London in 1772.

A review of it in *The Middlesex Journal* (1772) commented, 'This lady seems to have a peculiar turn for history painting, in which branch of the art she has long since acquired a very eminent character'. But such praise was later qualified by reference to her gender. A *London Chronicle* reviewer wrote in 1777:

It is surely somewhat singular, that while so many of our male artists are employed upon portraits, landscapes, and other inferior species of painting, this lady should be almost uniformly carried, by the boldness and sublimity of her genius, to venture upon historical pieces; which is as great a phenomenon in the painting as it would be if our poets dealt in nothing but sonnets and epigrams, while our poetesses aspired to the highest and most difficult department of their art, the producing of epic and heroic compositions. But though Miss Kauffman possesses this masculine and daring spirit, she still retains so much of the softness natural to her sex, that she always pitches upon such historical subjects as have in them a strong mixture of the tender and pathetic [. . .]

(See Wendy Wassyng Roworth, *Angelica Kauffmann: A Continental Artist in Georgian England* (London: Reaktion, 1992), pp.83 and 86.)

Though her work was admired by both sexes, Roworth's book highlights how Kauffmann enjoyed the patronage of women particularly, who were the subjects of the majority of her portraits, and frequently chose themes that featured, or appealed to, women. She became a major arbiter of late eighteenth-century taste through the popularity of her designs, deployed as decorative motifs on walls, ceilings, ceramics and furniture. Her prints, though popular, were by no means cheap. The purchase of one would represent a fairly substantial outlay, and show that the owner had a sense of taste and fashion.

## To H W Forbes 1787

---

Wilt thou accept this little task of care  
 And now excuse the muse who strives to please  
 Wilt thou a moment thy attention lend  
 And kindly join the critic & the friend  
 Say am I too presumptuous, am I vain  
 To wish thy attention to my muse to gain  
 Thou wilt not surely scorn my humble lays  
 I do not wish nor do I seek for praise  
 The little walk & summers house<sup>1</sup> are neat  
 The flowers which ornament each side are sweet  
 The pictures round seem skill'd in pleasing lore  
 But most that handsome painting o'er the door  
 There Hector's urn upon the glass appears  
 And fair Andromache, bedew'd with tears  
 The nurse too weeping for her master slain  
 While young Astyanax seems full of pain  
 The child regardless of his mothers fears  
 Seems but to wish to calm his nurses tears  
 Alas! he knows not their loss is his own  
 He knows not, the true cause which makes their moan  
 All this & more is upon the glass display'd  
 In that retreat by bounty all array'd  
 An air of neatness thro' the whole is seen  
 Each pleasant side is edged with lively green  
 As one calm eve I sat beneath its shade  
 Twas then I saw its beauties all display'd  
 Nor lack'd we musick[sic] in that cool retreat  
 The feather'd songsters harmoniz'd the seat  
 We heard the flute by gentle Zephyrs<sup>2</sup> brought  
 To our attentive ears, - calm was each thought  
 Thus the cool evening gently stole away  
 And may you spend as happy every day  
 May you be ever blest with joy & peace  
 And may your happiness nor ever cease  
 Both long and joyful be your peaceful years  
 Unknown to trouble & to worldly cares  
 Then may you when your earthly course is run  
 Depart in peace & rest - just like the sun  
 May thou in peaceful slumbers lay thee down  
 And rise with joy to wear an endless crown  
 This is my wish, this is my simple lay  
 Did it offend, Oh! much lov'd Hannah say  
 Methinks thou says Conclude & I obey -

Mary Birkett

1. **summers house** - summer houses, often built in newly landscaped gardens, were becoming very fashionable. It seems from the description given that the Kauffmann print was hung in this structure, and so it must have been a fairly substantial building, not open to the air.
2. **Zephyrs** - westerly winds. Zephyrus was the classical personification of the west wind.

## On the Pleasures of a Good Conscience

-----1787-----

---

The joy & comforts a good conscience brings  
 Sure! ought to take our mind from worldly things  
 Not that I say we should not follow trade  
 But that our conscience ought to be obey'd  
 Oh! when the dictates of our God we mind  
 What peace, what heavenly comforts do we find  
 Who for the sake of the worlds paltry pleasure  
 Would then divest himself of such a treasure  
 The pleasure of a good conscience - I hold  
 Far too invaluable to be - sold  
 Who like Esau their own birthright would sell  
 To fill their belly - which they love too well<sup>1</sup>  
 A good conscience will richer pleasures bring  
 Than ever can be gain'd by such a thing  
 O'er Kingdoms kings with cruelty may reign  
 But all their efforts to true joy is vain  
 Without that blessed jewel peace of mind  
 They never can much satisfaction find  
 Question, Can beauty give inward & lasting peace?  
 Answer, No, all the powers of beauty soon will cease  
 Q - Can worldly pleasure or our mortal weal [sic]<sup>2</sup>  
 A - No - without peace of conscience that would fail  
 Q, Can being King or Queen that jewel give  
 A - No never while we mortals here do live  
 Tis God alone who reigns enthron'd above  
 Can give us peace of mind, thro' divine love  
 Search then thy heart nor mind what mortals say  
 Follow the Lord thy god & him obey  
 And then no doubt, but thou in time wilt find  
 That precious heavenly jewel peace of mind  
 Mary Birkett

1. Gen 25:21-34. Esau and Jacob were twins. Esau was born first and therefore held the birthright of the eldest son, but he valued it lightly and when hungry sold it to Jacob for a supper of bread and lentils.
2. **weal** - well-being.

Lambs often feature in eighteenth-century poetry as emblems of innocence, but it is not so usual to find them portrayed as victims of human cruelty. Mary may well have read James Thomson's passage, in *The Seasons* (1726-46), asking what the 'flocks' have done 'To merit death', those 'who have [. . .] lent us your own coat/Against the Winter's cold?' - see 'Spring', 357-62. A later example is *The Farmer's Boy* (1800) - see Spring I, 339-52 in Robert Bloomfield, *Selected Poems*, ed. by John Goodridge and John Lucas (Nottingham, Trent Editions, 1998). Vegetarianism was rare, though it was later practiced by the poet Shelley and others, including some Quakers. Mary's brother, George Harrison Birkett, became vegetarian (Harrison, *Biographical Dictionary*, p.34). This poem shows that, as early as 1787, a Quaker child was keenly aware of the suffering caused to animals killed for food, and empathised with them, assuming their capacity to feel pain comparable to that of humans: 'Think you, can't those creatures tell/When they're hurt (like you) as well'.

## On Lambs An ode 1787

---

See the pretty little lambs  
How they sport beside their dams  
They jump, they skip, they run away  
And thus in pleasure sweet they pass their time all day

2

They've no horns for their defence  
Nothing but their innocence  
Stole by cruel wolves away  
While butchers still more cruel these sweet creatures slay

3

Think you, can't those creatures tell  
When they're hurt (like you) as well  
Their mothers feeble them protect  
Far as they can but tis of very small effect

4

Man is thirsty, cruel too  
Those sweet creatures to undo  
To rob them of their life & good  
And after that, with cruelty to take their blood

5

Oh! Cruelty, hard to express  
Man alas, does more not less  
Can those creatures live at ease  
Yet Man's return to all is very vile and base

6

Little lambs to man are kind  
 Emblem of a virtuous mind  
 They to us afford their wool  
 Which from their tender feeble backs for clothes we pull

7

Meek and mild and useful they  
 Tis hardhearted them to slay  
 I conclude, yet do say still  
 They're very cruel who those little creatures kill

Mary Birkett

### On Innocence 1787

---

Hail innocence who doubly lovely fair!<sup>1</sup>  
 Thou friend to truth! Thou stranger to despair  
 Is it in town, or cell I thee shall find  
 Or in the mansion of the pious mind  
 Yes! heavenly innocence tis there thou reigns  
 Thyself the sweet protectress of the plains  
 In Court or City seldom art thou found  
 Tis oft by rural shepherds thou art crown'd  
 They for their gratitude their friendship prove  
 And in return thou grants them peace and love

Mary Birkett

1. Innocence is 'doubly lovely' because a friend to truth and a stranger to despair. Presumably, to experience despair one must have lost one's innocence.

## On Death 1787

---

Oh! Death why wilt thou captive lay  
 Such numbers at thy door  
 Yet thou continues still to slay  
 Thousands on thousands more  
 Promptivly[sic] curiosity[sic]  
 Oh! Eve to taste the fatal tree  
 Sin brought fell death into the curse<sup>1</sup>  
 And us in dire destruction hurled

2

Dreaded & fear'd by human race  
 For such thou art oh Death  
 They seek to hide them from thy face  
 Lest thou should take their breath  
 Thou finds them out in rock or cave  
 And oft thou meets them in the wave<sup>2</sup>  
 Yet there were two who saw not thee<sup>3</sup>  
 And e'en thyself shalt conquer'd be

Mary Birkett

1. Eve's consumption of the forbidden fruit is attributed, as is often the case, to curiosity. In fact, however, according to the Biblical account, she ate it because it 'was good for food', 'pleasant to the eyes' and would 'make one wise' - Gen 3:6. In Gen 3:14-19 a curse is pronounced by God on Adam and Eve and all their progeny for disobedience.
2. Rev 6:15-16 describes how men, on the Last Day, will try to hide themselves 'in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains' but will not be able to escape. Rev 20:13 also describes how the drowned will be given up by the sea for judgement.
3. Perhaps Lazarus and the daughter of Jairus, both raised from the dead by Jesus. For the story of Lazarus see Jn 11:1-44, for Jairus's daughter Lk 8:40-56 and Mk 5:22-43.



J. Lancashire has not been identified. It was thought Lancashire might have been an alternative form of 'Lancaster', and therefore that this might be Joseph Lancaster, Quaker founder of the famous Lancastrian education system. But Lancaster (1778-1838) was still a child in 1787. He did indeed visit Dublin, but not until 1806 and 1811 (Mora Dickson, *Teacher Extraordinary: Joseph Lancaster* (Lewis, Sussex: Bookguild, 1986), p.88 and 137-38.) There was a Quaker family called 'Lancashire' - the name crops up in the Irish registers earlier in the eighteenth century. But J. Lancashire came from England or elsewhere. This poem indicates he is about to set sail and he later returned to Dublin for another visit in 1792 (see poems addressed to him on pp.175, 177 in this volume). He was perhaps a 'weighty friend' or travelling minister but, if so, it is odd that he is not listed, with regard to his 1792 visit, in the 'Visitors to the Dublin Yearly Meeting' by Thomas Webb, a fairly comprehensive list of ministers and elders who attended between 1790 and 1874.

### A Poem to J Lancashire 1787

---

Come now my favorite muse, wilt thou attend  
 My invocation - for to please - a friend  
 That friend oft call'd thee, nor in vain did he<sup>1</sup>  
 But why so very partial wilt thou be?  
 True he has merit, why do I complain  
 Thou keeps me humble, lest I should be vain?  
 Thou oft has help'd me to record with ease  
 A grateful subject,<sup>2</sup> which I strove to please  
 How shall I gratitude & friendship blend?  
 How shall I please & yet shall thank this friend  
 How shall I tell him, what I wish'd to say?  
 Without thy help my views are flown away  
 I wish to thank him for his kindness great  
 I wish my humble wishes to relate  
 But yet to thank thee even words are weak  
 I am grateful - let the rest - my conduct speak  
 Yet still methinks a hearty wish prevails  
 May'st thou attended be, with prosperous gales  
 Gentle & swift, thy course along the main  
 And soon be happy, in the wish'd for plain  
 Blast him not Boreas!<sup>3</sup> let him go in peace  
 May his prosperity nor ever cease  
 Neptune<sup>4</sup> be gentle! all thy rage give o'er  
 Let Zephyrs<sup>5</sup> meet him on the distant shore  
 Both long & joyful be his earthly days  
 Blest with the happiness of pious ways  
 And may he live to see his children grow  
 Patterns of virtue, unto all below  
 Even tho' twelve winters I have only seen  
 We may be friends as many a one have been  
 And may our peaceful friendship last till death  
 With gentle hand shall stop this fleeting breath  
 Mary Birkett

1. J. Lancashire also writes verse.
2. **grateful** - acceptable or pleasing.
3. **Boreas** - classical personification of the north wind.
4. **Neptune** - Roman name for the god of the sea, Poseidon to the Greeks.
5. **Zephyrs** - gentle, favourable winds. In Greek mythology, Zephyrus, the kindlier west wind, was the brother of Boreas.

Small, pocket-sized books that could be carried around were very popular and many works by leading authors were produced in this form, especially poetry. J. Lancashire presented Mary with a volume by 'Young'. Edward Young (1683-1765) was an author of plays, satires and poetry. The mention of 'Lorenzo' makes it clear that the work referred to is Young's most popular - *The Complaint, or Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality* (1742-45). One of the most frequently reprinted texts of the eighteenth century, it belongs to a genre known as the Graveyard School of poetry owing to a preoccupation with melancholy, death and the hereafter. This huge work consists of 10,000 lines of blank verse published in nine volumes. Books 2-8 take the form of a soliloquy addressed to a young man named Lorenzo, appealing for him to mend his ways and return to religion.

### **On being presented with a pocket book -----17 by J Lancashire 87-----**

---

While I accept the friendly gift excuse  
 The humble freedom of a grateful muse  
 Nor think that I'm ungrateful to my friends  
 For what their bounty gives & kindness lends  
 Thy kindness to my muse, she cant[can't] repay<sup>1</sup>  
 She takes the gift so now accept her lay  
 Our<sup>2</sup> only wish is not to give offence  
 And let simplicity make up for sense  
 Simplicity attends her every scheme  
 Fired at the sound my muse pursues her theme  
 Sure young Eliza<sup>3</sup> was a virtuous child  
 Of manners gentle & of temper mild  
 And what was better, walk'd in Godly ways  
 Altho' so young, sure she deserved praise  
 Yea, more than praise - Oh Young what thoughts divine  
 What energy appears in every line  
 What loftiness of thought! what grandeur seen  
 Yea! even in every thread throughout the skein  
 Surely thy words Lorenzo must reform  
 Thy gentle mildness or thy frowning storm  
 Sure all thy glaring proofs will make him own

There is a God who still presides alone  
 None can too much admire thy works Oh Young  
 Thy wisdom seems dropt[sic] from an angels tongue  
 Precepts how great, arranged in every line  
 Which tell the Author was inspired divine  
 Even thou whose kindness bid me them peruse  
 Thou too art favor'd by the generous muse<sup>4</sup>  
 Excuse my faults, yet condemn me quite  
 If I am wrong & thou entire art right  
 My faults are shewn the longer I rehearse  
 And them to lessen I conclude my verse

Mary Birkett

1. It looks as though J. Lancashire had complimented Mary on the previous poem addressed to him.
2. Our - i.e. the wish of both Mary and her muse.
3. It is thought that Young was drawn to write *Night Thoughts* following the deaths of his wife, Lady Elizabeth Lee, in 1741, her daughter, Elizabeth Lee, later Mrs Temple, in 1736, and his stepdaughter's husband, Henry Temple, in 1740. His stepdaughter may be the Eliza referred to.
4. A reference once again to J. Lancashire writing poetry.

## A Prayer 1787

---

Do thou Almighty gracious power  
Whose mercy gave me life & breath  
Assist me in that needful hour  
When struggling with the pangs of death

2

Teach me oh! Lord from pride to run  
For 'tis I know a dangerous vice  
Ambition also let me shun  
And truth & virtue make my choice

3

Teach me thy name for to adore  
Love & obey thy holy word  
Drop of thy love I value more  
Than joys which this world can afford

4

The pleasures of this world are frail  
And soon they'll fly away  
Thy Love oh! Lord, if we are good  
Will ever with us stay -

Mary Birkett

C. and B. Ellerton have not been identified as yet. There were some Quaker Ellertons, and a Mary Ellerton who died in 1736 was a minister who travelled in Scotland and Ireland (*Dictionary of Quaker Biography*).

## To C & B Ellerton 1787 on their return to Ireland

---

Welcome my friends, again arrived on shore  
 Welcome to those you now behold once more  
 To those you left behind thrice welcome ye<sup>1</sup>  
 For they were lonely when you were away  
 The very walls methinks look'd dull & sad  
 Those walls which once used to appear so glad  
 With melancholy sound they seem'd to say  
 We've lost our mistress, how can we be gay  
 But see they<sup>2</sup> come to gladden all around  
 By peace attended & by plenty crown'd  
 Joy they wo'd[would] (where they can) bestow  
 How smoothly must their hours glide on below  
 Say ye who know, if charity combined  
 With peace & friendship make a happy mind  
 For if they do see them all joined in those  
 Who for the subject of my verse I chose  
 A happy mind is sure a blessing great  
 A faint resemblance of a future state<sup>3</sup>  
 But what will Bristol say, now you are gone  
 For that which she has lost, fair Dublin soon[,]  
 Sure 'tis no village mean, deserves to own  
 Such worth as in you three conspicuous shone  
 Benevolence bedect[sic] with every grace  
 And quietness & joy - never may they cease  
 But why should I - I cant[can't] your worth reveal  
 Neither could I your virtue e'er conceal  
 Do you excuse what I have said before  
 My muse shall here conclude & say no more

Mary Birkett

1. An awkward line. Presumably, to those the Ellertons left behind, they are 'thrice welcome' as this is the third line of the poem in which 'welcome' is expressed. Use of the word 'thrice' by way of extra emphasis was also a poetic convention.
2. i.e. the Ellertons - the speaker is viewing their Ellertons' joyous return.
3. a future state - the after-life (heaven).

## A Reflection 1787

---

How weak is mortal man, his strength is grass  
 Soon he must mingle with the common mass  
 How vain is pride, the proud shall yield their breath  
 And be at last a prey to worms & death  
 Pride empty pride was never made for man  
 His life a fickle dream or a short span  
 One moment here, the next a journey gone  
 A lonely journey to the realms unknown  
 Along that path which none dare e'er explore  
 Or tell the way which once they trod before  
 But all must die - then time will be no more

Mary Birkett

Although this poem is dated 1787, this must be an error. The correct date should be 1788, as it goes over the tragic deaths of 1787. Though very simple, it reveals how these deaths affected Mary: the keen sense of her own mortality (a feeling surely common to many children at this time when losing siblings or friends quite suddenly could be a frequent experience given the high child mortality rates), and a view of this life as transient and full of sorrow so that all hope for true happiness lies in a better hereafter.

## On New Years Day 1787 [1788]

---

New Years day does soon appear  
 Soon is gone another year  
 Since the last so quickly fled  
 How many are numbered with the dead  
 Dearest Edward<sup>1</sup> here was then  
 But here he ne'er will be again  
 Lovely Sally<sup>2</sup> is no more  
 She who shone so fair before  
 Even Darling Hannah's<sup>3</sup> dead  
 All her charming beauty fled  
 Soon to Heaven she did rise  
 Blest with Jesus in the skies  
 Mary<sup>4</sup> our well beloved friend

Her sojourning here did end  
 Even he who ruled us here<sup>5</sup>  
 In Ireland does no more appear  
 Even I the next may go  
 Soon or late there is none can know  
 Perhaps before tomorrows day  
 May be a lump of lifeless clay  
 And before this years fled  
 Many a mortal may be dead  
 Let us be but good while here  
 Death we surely need not fear  
 For when we die we shall be blest  
 And go with Jesus into rest  
 Jesus will enthrone us high  
 We shall dwell above the sky  
 And may look down on all below  
 As nought but sorrow, sin & woe

1. Mary's brother Edward - see poem on his death, p.17 and acrostic, p.8.
2. Mary's sister Sally (Sarah) - see poem on her death, p.20 and poems on pp.14 and 15.
3. Mary's sister Hannah - see poem on her death, p.19.
4. Mary's friend Mary Haughton - see poem on her death, p.24.
5. **he who ruled us here** - Charles Manners, fourth Duke of Rutland (1754-1787), was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from February 1784 until his death, from a fever, on 24 October 1787, aged only thirty-three. He supported the union of Britain and Ireland and was a great friend of William Pitt. He and his wife were leaders of fashionable society in Dublin and considered a handsome couple, being painted several times by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The beginning of 1788 did not bode well as Mary lost yet another young friend in January. Deborah Pike was almost certainly the daughter of Richard and Ann Pike of Dublin, sister of Elizabeth (Betsy) Pike, later Barrington. She died aged eleven on 15 January 1788. Her brother William also died young. (See entries for the Pikes in Appendix 7, 'Individuals Featuring in the Writings of Mary Birkett Card'.) The poem is placed here because, though undated, it is included in the manuscripts with other 1788 material, supporting the supposition that it was written after Deborah Pike's death in January 1788.

**On the Death of our much esteemed  
& well beloved friend Deborah Pike  
addressed to her Mother**

---

Oh! is it true our much loved Debby's dead  
The solemn grave is now her awful bed!  
Those hands which oft have ply'd the needle well  
Once so industrious - Now no more excell  
That mind! that lovely mind by duty formed  
By truth enlighten'd & by friendship warm'd  
Ah! whither fled that dear accomplish'd maid  
In whom the charms of virtue were display'd  
Ah! where my loved companion, where my friend  
Must all the joys of peace & friendship end  
Thy pleasing form shall I no longer know  
Since dearest Debby to the grave must go  
The cruel grave shall not possess that mind  
Nor hinder it to leave a trace behind  
I'll ever love tho' thou didst depart  
I'll wear thy memory graven<sup>1</sup> next my heart  
I'll ne'er forget my well beloved friend  
Who did with kindness true affection blend  
Her countenance serene bespoke her mind  
And seemed to say to virtue was inclined  
A pattern<sup>2</sup> she for duty stood confest[sic]  
For love & duty reign'd within her breast  
Many a glad hour together we have spent  
Pleased with each other, with ourselves content  
But ah! those days of Peace are now no more  
Our free, our social converse now is o'er  
No more to thee my friend can I impart  
The every joy or sorrow of my heart  
No more I see thee lend a listening ear  
For even thyself no longer now art here  
Goodnatured, sensible & mild wert thou  
But all thy virtues are no longer now  
Oh! thou her tender sorrowing Parent, kind  
Thou knew the rising virtues of her mind



Ah! grieve not for her quick removal hence  
 'Twas for some end of wise Omnipotence  
 Thy loss is great, yet how dare we complain  
 For sure thy Debby did not die in vain  
 She now in Heaven enjoys true peace & rest  
 She knows with Angels, she is truly blest  
 She is the handmaid of her glorious King  
 And she will his Eternal praises sing  
 Thy happy daughter unmolested roves  
 Amidst blest Paradises blooming groves  
 Het[Her] meats (the tree of live[sic] & good) each day<sup>3</sup>  
 For she is under Gods all gentle sway  
 Her drink the well of living water (free  
 To all who will th' Almighty's servant be)<sup>4</sup>  
 How soft & gentle glide along those days  
 Whose bus'ness prayer, whose pleasure all is praise  
 Then at our loss, Oh! may we ne'er repine  
 But may we to our Makers will resign  
 If we're obedient He will seal our peace  
 And we shall go with him to joys which never cease

Mary Birkett

1. **graven** - engraven, inscribed indelibly.
2. **pattern** - model.
3. Debby has now gained immortality. The Tree of Life stood in the centre of the Garden of Eden next to the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil (Gen 2:9). God banished Adam and Eve from Eden as punishment for their disobedience in eating the fruit of the latter. But it was also because eating it had made them 'as one of us', God-like in knowledge. Banishment would ensure they did not also eat the fruit of the Tree of Life, enabling them to live forever like God (Gen 3:22). According to traditional Christian theology, the coming of Christ and His sacrifice on the cross allows man to gain eternal life and thus, figuratively, eat from the Tree of Life forever.
4. Her drink [. . .] be - image derived from Jn 4:7-15 - the exchange between Jesus and the Samaritan woman at the well, where Jesus speaks of Himself as the source of living water. 'But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life' (v. 14). See also Jn 7:38 - 'He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.'

The initial given for the Christian name of the person to whom this is dedicated is difficult to read in manuscript, but 'S' seems most likely. If so, the person addressed was probably Sarah, Hannah Wilson Forbes's sister. She lived from 1756 to 1790, so was aged about thirty-two at this time. Mary also wrote a poem on her death, see p.132 in this volume. The 'Pocket Book' could have been either a pocket-sized edition of a text, possibly poetry, or a small volume containing excerpts from assorted texts and useful information.

### A Poem to S Forbes on being presented with a Pocket Book by her 1788

---

While I accept the token given by thee  
 Of thy unmerited regard for me  
 Do thou also accept this grateful lay  
 And suffer me this tribute small to pay  
 I have not learnt to dress my words with art  
 They're[sic] all in pure simplicity of heart  
 Humility's a path we all should learn  
 And pride correct whene'er we it discern  
 I know thou wilt not scorn my humble lay  
 Whats due to friendship I to friendship pay  
 Thy friendly gift say shall I let it go!  
 Without once noticing - oh surely no!  
 'Twas given with kindness, sure thou[']t suffer me  
 This very small return to offer thee  
 To thank thee for thy kindness, to impart  
 The warm effulgence<sup>1</sup> of a grateful heart  
 To wish thee welfare, which will never cease  
 To wish thee endless happiness & peace  
 To wish that all the joys we ever know  
 The great Creator may on thee bestow  
 That He will bless thee in the Realms above  
 And all the bliss of angels thou shalt prove  
 Perhaps thou'lt think me vain, nor will excuse  
 The great presumption of my too free muse  
 Perhaps I tire thee & thou'lt think me rude  
 I'll only ask excuse & then conclude  
 Thy sincere & much obliged friend

M Birkett

1. **effulgence** - radiance.

'A Wish' shows how Mary, at thirteen, envisaged her ideal future, and reveals the values that informed such a vision. Simplicity, as ever, is the keynote. In several places, she echoes Goldsmith's *The Deserted Village* (1770) and her specification of the moderate income needed to maintain a simple standard of living ('Let me enjoy a fi[f]ty Pound a year' after rent) may have been prompted by his description of the 'village preacher' who is 'passing rich with forty pounds a year;' (140-42).

## A Wish 1788

---

Oh! bright content how happy should I be  
 If thou & peace would ever dwell with me  
 Then I'd be double blest while freed from care  
 I with the giddy world will never share  
 Yet while I stray'd in fancy ever new  
 This picture of a happy life I drew  
 I'd ask no more for sure I'd then be blest  
 While virtuous peace would deign to be my guest  
 Beside where Lucan<sup>1</sup> rears its beauteous head  
 And murmuring Liffey rolls along its bed  
 Upon its grassy banks or by its side  
 Where simple nature seems to be the guide  
 There might I dwell, there might a peaceful cot  
 Humble & small, be my contented lot  
 Before my door, no surly porters wait  
 To guard from poverty the splendid gate<sup>2</sup>  
 No proud attendants, haughty to the poor  
 Against distress to shut the pompous door  
 But let two lofty trees, to cause a shade  
 Be ever-green before my door display'd  
 Let Roses be before the blest retreat  
 And peaceful jissamine[sic] grow along the seat  
 With woodbine twined to cause a pleasant smell  
 There with one Kind & Sincere friend to dwell  
 A garden planted well with useful roots  
 With verdant flowers & with pleasant fruits  
 And water'd by a cool refreshing spring  
 A kitchen furnished with each useful thing  
 One servant on my wants that might attend  
 A parlour neat just to receive a friend<sup>3</sup>  
 Six handsome painted chairs of lively green  
 I'd have no grandeur nor yet meanness seen  
 Two tables in good order kept I'd wish  
 Oh which each day I'd spread my simple dish  
 No dainty feast luxurious would I eat  
 But - when I'm hungry plain & healthy meat  
 One chamber useful when disposed to sleep  
 In decent cleanliness I'd ever keep

The bed in which the wearied seek repose  
 The chest of drawers in which we put our clothes  
 The glass reflective shews our face or head  
 The handsome carpet spreading round the bed  
 The table, chairs in order kept & bright  
 The floors which ever must be clean & white  
 I'd have a dining room, there to survey  
 The beauteous landscapes, meadows rocks & sea  
 I'd have a glass between two windows seen  
 Carpet & chairs I'd have of lively green  
 The tables which for brightness cant[can't] be blamed  
 The pictures round, well drawn & neatly framed  
 The marble chimney piece, painted see  
 On which images of china be  
 The handsome grate of brass kept shining bright  
 In which hot coals on a cold winter night  
 In summer flowers shall fill the place of fire  
 For then no heat we surely can desire  
 No pomp or pride, shall in my house be seen  
 Let every thing be lively neat & clean  
 My beauteous garden, well laid out shall be  
 To suit my taste, planted improved by me  
 I'd have behind my house a piece of ground  
 On which (to give me milk the whole year round[])  
 Should feed a cow, - should feed a tender lamb  
 Nourished by me, unknowing by its dam  
 Its harmless bleatings shall amuse my hours  
 To climb my knee, see it exerts its powers  
 A gentle fav'rite! no deceitful art  
 It learned to practice, for to gain my heart  
 I'd like a bird, but ah! that tender race  
 Could I confine it, to so little space  
 Ah! could I it of liberty deprive  
 Like me, from God its freedom did derive  
 Of every tax, of ground & house rent clear  
 Let me enjoy a fil[f]ty Pound a year<sup>4</sup>  
 No more I wish, no more my heart desires  
 If I but think of more, that thought expires  
 Each day, I'll set apart three leisure hours  
 For neighbouring children I'll exert my powers  
 To teach them all the art of reading well  
 And give rewards to those who best excell  
 To teach them how to ply the needles too  
 And please them all by telling something new  
 Their prattling lispings I'll delight to hear  
 While they are pleased to see me lend an ear  
 Nor would I e'en my yearly portion spend  
 All for myself, to answer no good end  
 T'afflicted merit,<sup>5</sup> sure I will not spare  
 And unregarded worth shall of it share  
 Let o'er my door be wrote (tho' scarcely seen  
 Lest some may think the owner proud within)

"Afflicted sons of virtue, here's your home  
 "Enter (unnoticed worth) this humble dome  
 "Here dwells a lover of the virtuous poor  
 "Enter ye in & share her little store  
 "Tho' small this dome, the owner dares to vie  
 "With richest mortals in true real joy  
 "Let none presumptuous on their riches, say  
 "They know real happiness without allay  
 "For she's more blest, who from her little share  
 "Has just enough, contented, & to spare"  
 And might I that inscription strict fulfil  
 If e'er it be the great Creators will  
 To call me to that truly happy state  
 Glad I'd obey the whole decree of fate  
 But if thy will that I must dwell in town  
 Straight I'll obey nor see a single frown  
 For thou art wiser, better far than I  
 And 'tis by thy command I live or die  
 I shall be blest, if thou wilt keep me still  
 And may I walk obedient to thy will  
 Then there's no fear but I shall e'er be blest  
 And when I die, shall go with thee to rest

Mary Birkett

1. **Lucan** - small village beside the River Liffey, near Dublin.
2. Oliver Goldsmith, *The Deserted Village* (1770), in *The Poems of Gray, Collins, and Goldsmith*, ed. by Roger Lonsdale (London and Harlow: Longmans, Green, 1969), pp.669-94, lines 105-06: 'No surly porter stands in guilty state/To spurn imploring famine from the gate;'.  
 3. Mary's ensuing description of the rooms in her imagined cottage draw on Goldsmith's depiction of the parlour of the homely inn in *The Deserted Village*, 225-36.
4. The following information compiled from John Burnett, *A History of the Cost of Living* (Middlesex: Penguin Books, 1969), pp.141-82, places Mary's £50 in perspective. At the close of the eighteenth century, some 400 peerage and titled families owned estates producing £5-6,000 a year (their average income was c. £10,000), while around 2000 better-off merchant or banking families had about £2000. In the 1790s, the gentry ranged from poorer squires with only £2-300 to families with £3-4,000, while yeomen and tenant farmers ranged from £30 up to £700. The head cook in a peer's household might earn £40 and farm labourers probably averaged £20. But many curates existed on livings of only £30-40, and some poorer schoolmasters on as little as £20. A maid's salary was just £3-4. Figures for townspeople varied greatly, but it was not unusual for prosperous tradesmen to make over £300 annually. Wages for skilled workers varied dramatically - in the early 1790s a weaver could earn up to 30s. a week after the spinning jenny was introduced, but only a few shillings by 1800 owing to a huge increase in the number of weavers. Many other urban workers only earned a few pounds a year. Fees at a good boarding school could run to £30-40 a year. At the Warrington Academy, attended by Mary's uncle George Harrison thanks to the generosity of the Fothergill brothers, fees in 1777 were £17 for boarding, plus lectures at one to three guineas a course (Burnett, p.158). Mary stipulates 'clear' of tax and rent. A small country cottage might cost £50 to buy. Yet Wordsworth rented Dove Cottage for only £5-8 annually between 1799 and 1808 (Dove Cottage Museum, Grasmere).
5. **afflicted merit** - i.e. the so called 'deserving poor', as opposed to those considered feckless or idle.

This dialogue between two young girls contrasts the different attitudes and patterns of daily life in their respective families. Charlotte is 'surrounded with poverty', whereas Maria lives 'amongst grandeur and pomp'. However, Charlotte, in her first reply to Maria, speaks of those 'in a middling station', and the account of her daily routine confirms that this, rather than true poverty, describes her family's situation. So the contrast is not actually between a poor family and a rich one, but between a life frittered away in leisurely pursuits and a disciplined existence devoted to useful employment and self-improvement. According to the values exhibited in the poem, the first produces ennui and bad temper, the second genuine contentment. One feels that some aspects of the daily routine Charlotte describes, such as twice-daily Bible readings, may replicate those of the Birkett household. The dialogue also contrasts attitudes to alms-giving and, through Charlotte's words, Mary Birkett attempts a definition of 'true charity' which must encapsulate what she had learned from her own family or in the schoolroom.

### A Dialogue between Charlotte & Maria on Poverty & Riches 1788

---

**Maria** It has often been a matter of great wonder to me Charlotte to see thee always look so chearful[sic] & so happy when I know that thou art surrounded with poverty, thou seems always contented while I who dwell amongst grandeur & pomp & am far richer than thou art, always have something to fret me & make me discontented with myself & every one around me, I am cloy'd & satiated with everything which makes me cross & for ever out of humour, since there is no bliss in poverty no real enjoyment in that wretched state yet thou art always happy & gay as if thou had no care to oppress thee & weigh thee down, canst thou explain to me the cause why thou art so blest & I am so unhappy? thou art poor I envy the peace thou enjoys

**Charlotte** I never desired wealth for I know that much riches bring much care & any one who has much of the world, is generally more liable to temptations & vices, than they who are in a middling station, for too many enjoyments are worse than none I do not think that poverty is a more wretched state than much riches, on the contrary, it is in many respects better & I would not change conditions with thee if I might -

**Maria** That is what I wonder at, but how dost thou spend thy time! I know mine hangs very heavy on my hands, notwithstanding all the amusements my kind parents permit me to use, my days are one continual round of entertainments of different kinds & yet I am quite wearied with them & were it not that I expect a happier life when I die, I should be quite miserable, for I cannot enjoy pleasure like thee -

**Charlotte** Thou cannot enjoy a happier life when thou dies, except thou be good while here - remember our dear & blessed Saviour says, it is easier for a camel to go thro' the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven<sup>1</sup> -

**Maria** Yes I have read that in the testament & if it be true what shall all the great & rich people do, it is very dreadful indeed but I know that he[He] can do every thing, for he[He] knows best, but I want to know the manner in which thou spends thy time thou art always so much happier than I

**Charlotte)** In the morning I rise with the sun

**Maria)** Oh! terrible what to leave a warm bed

**Charlotte)** Certainly & take a fine healthy walk before breakfast -

**Maria** Oh! dear sure I would be starved to leave my bed before ten oClock at any rate why I durst<sup>2</sup> not go out before breakfast for the world, it would kill me

**Charlotte** Nay it would not kill thee, it would make thee much healthier than thou art, to get the fine fresh air from the fields which will create one such an appetite when one comes home & every thing seems so fragrant, pleasant & serene, surely the morning is the very best time for walking -

**Maria** I never knew that before, however I intend to try the experiment if thou wilt call on me

**Charlotte** I will with all my heart, when we return we get our breakfast but we always make it a constant rule every Morning & Evening to read a chapter in the Bible or Testament it is a very good rule -

**Maria** It may be so to thee, but it would not I could not attend to it, when I rise my head is too unsettled to think of it & when I retire to rest, I am too sleepy or my thoughts entirely engrossed by the scenes of the day & I think the last is far more pleasant but when breakfast is over, what do you do then -

**Charlotte)** We employ ourselves about the business of the house, until dinner or improve ourselves in the useful arts of writing reading sewing etc - Our dinner is wholesome healthy food, which revives the spirits & not cloyes the appetite & fills our bodys[sic] full of humours,<sup>3</sup> we always assemble together at night to worship the Lord & before we retire we each of us read a chapter as in the morning & go to rest with minds peaceful, our bodys[sic] healthy & our heads sound, our time is never irksome, we are always happy & contented & that is more than many great people can say: but might I make so free as to ask in what manner thou spends thy time

**Maria)** I rise at ten or Eleven & get my breakfast, after which I dress myself & go out to pay my morning visits, in the politest manner that I can, I return in the afternoon just time for dinner, after which I amuse myself with my music or dancing etc until tea, or perhaps go out to see some of our friends & the night is spent in all the fashionable amusements of the age, would thou not think that such a life as this was real happiness itself & yet I am a poor unhappy creature -

**Charlotte)** No, indeed I should be quite miserable, if I was to lead such a life as I said before I would not change conditions with thee if I might why you who

have nothing to do in a manner cannot even spare time to use good actions or relieve the indigent -

**Maria)** Ah! yes we do, when a poor person comes to the door, we give them a penny or two pence or if we hear of a poor family, rather than be plagued with them, we would give them a shilling or half a crown, is not that relieving the wants of the indigent

**Charlotte)** It is in some measure relieving their bodily wants, but far be it from me to say that that is true charity -

**Maria)** What is true charity? since relieving their bodily wants by giving them money is not it -

**Charlotte)** It is rather hard for me to explain the nature of true charity, the scriptures will tell thee much better than I can inform thee, it is of a most seraphic<sup>4</sup> nature if I see a person in distress & know that they are in great poverty, I may give them all my substance & yet not be charitable,<sup>5</sup> but if I feel sincerely for their misfortunes & can shed the tear of compassion for their woes, if I sincerely wish them better fortune & do all in my power to promote their interest & that from a good heart & a sympathizing & real concern for their distress & a wish to relieve them in my opinion this approaches much nearer to true charity, than that which thou just now mentioned -

**Maria)** True, but is it not very disagreeable & equally painful to be obliged to endure those sensations of compassion for every ones woes, if that was the case I should never have a moments ease sure I would be as disturbed as themselves -

**Charlotte)** Thou may think so Maria but I do not, I could wish we had resumed the subject we began upon, but it is too late now, for I must not stay any longer for I believe it is now late -

**Maria)** It is, I am sorry we must part, but we will meet tomorrow, for I want to have a little more discourse concerning poverty & Riches & I hope to be satisfied soon

**Charlotte)** I shall do all in my power to give thee any satisfaction, tho' I am but a poor hand to discourse upon that subject my desire was to please, if I have not done it, impute it to my youth and inexperience, but I can stay no longer so Farewell -

1. Mt 19:24 - '[. . .] It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.' Jesus's comment to his disciples after telling a young man that, to be perfect, he should give all he had to the poor. The story is also told in Mk 10:17-27.

2. **durst** - dare.

3. **humours** - physical and mental well-being was thought to be affected by imbalances in the 'humours' - the fluids thought to be contained in the body: phlegm, blood, cholera and melancholy.



4. **seraphic** - like seraphs, 'one of the highest order of the ninefold celestial hierarchy gifted especially with love and associated with light, ardour, and purity' (*OED*). The element Mary goes on to stress is purity - sincerity of feeling and intention, disinterested action.
5. Echoing St Paul, 1 Cor 13:3 - 'And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.'

A fable is a short story with a moral, usually set in a supernatural or mythical context. In this poetic fable, Mary personifies Ambition and Content, the first as a male character and the second as female, who argue about which one of them has greater power over humankind. They engage in an 'experiment' to find the answer.

### Ambition & Content a Fable 1788

---

Once on a time upon the green  
 Ambition & content were seen  
 Ambition will insist again  
 That he is most beloved of men  
 Content declares till['tis] hardly true  
 For she can make them happier too  
 While thus in grand debate they sit  
 Nor one nor t'other will submit  
 To clear by fair experiment  
 They agree their powers shall be sent  
 To one whom they think fit to choose  
 Lest many might their power abuse  
 But if mankind to dire ambition  
 Honours paid with due submission  
 Then Content should straight obey  
 And own his great despotic sway  
 But if content was best belov'd  
 And on the earth was most approved  
 Then Ambition should resign  
 And bow before the powerful shrine  
 The bargain struck, now each agree  
 That Roger shall their subject be  
 Roger an humble rustic swain<sup>1</sup>  
 As any of the village train<sup>2</sup>  
 Then first Ambition filled his mind  
 With thoughts how he might riches find  
 And painted (tho' at loss of health)

How he'd be honor'd for his wealth  
 Be call'd "My Lord" in pomp how great  
 Or if "Prime Minister of State"  
 'Tis true, 'twas far too high a view  
 But what cant[can't] strong ambition do  
 Partly at last his wish he gains  
 The Petty Monarch of the plains  
 And now he lives in pomp & state  
 Num'rous attendants round his gate  
 They cringe & bow - while every word  
 Changes plain "Roger" for "my Lord"  
 He views them all with scornful eye  
 So pleased & vexed he knows not why  
 Content, ambition greatly blamed  
 And made the Goddess quite ashamed  
 Says he "I'm sure I now shall shine  
 "So poor Content thy power resign"  
 But which did Roger greatest call?  
 Have patience friend I'll tell thee all  
 One day he sat, his dinner done  
 To Count the riches he had won  
 Says he "how vastly great am I  
 "Yet I'm unblest I know not why  
 "What numerous crouds[sic] attend my gate  
 "Who all my wants & wishes wait  
 "I thrice ten thousand pounds did gain  
 "Th'interest of which does me maintain  
 "How alter'd I, once poor forlorn  
 "I'd think a feast what now I scorn"  
 He said but scarce the sentence spoke  
 When lo! two forms his reverie broke  
 The one with haughty scornful mien  
 The other peaceful humble seen  
 When thus the haughty vision "know  
 "That I'm almighty power below  
 "To me thy pleasures all thou owes  
 "Thy riches great, thy calm repose  
 "The servants crouding[sic] round thy door  
 "Thy lands & houses all thy store  
 "Then scorn content, she humble, mean  
 "And in the gay world seldom seen  
 "And me & me alone adore  
 "And scorn her for she's ever poor  
 "I sit[say?] to thee the wight<sup>3</sup> replies  
 "With anger glaring from his eyes  
 "Is it to thee I owe my power  
 "Give me Content & take thy store  
 "Tis by thy wines - which ne'er can bless  
 "This constant head-ach[sic] I possess  
 "With food unwholesome yet polite  
 "I'm rack'd with cholic[sic] day & night  
 "Thy jellies tarts & sweetmeats fill

"My jaws with dreadful tooth-ach[sic] still  
 "Behold the gout, tis in my toe<sup>4</sup>  
 "Sure every things become my foe  
 "Thou hated power, haste from my sight  
 "Quick down to Hell, shut up from light  
 "Come bright content & dwell with me  
 "IAnd then I'll doubly happy be  
 "He said - she with her humble train  
 "Dwell[dwelt] with the wight on yonder plain  
 "His labour now is peaceful made  
 "His bread is sweet, 'tis earn'd by trade  
 He owns himself, he's doubly blest  
 And now tho' poor enjoys true rest -

1. **rustic swain** - country lad, or labourer.
2. **village train** - people living in the village. Describing people belonging to a certain group, or sharing characteristics, as a 'train' was a poetic convention. Hence 'humble train' later in this poem, and, elsewhere, 'lively' or 'brilliant' train. Those living in the country are the 'rural train', socialites the 'social train' and so on.
3. **wight** - ordinary person. Often used for someone unfortunate or out of luck.
4. **Colic, tooth-ache and gout** - all common maladies at a time when diet was often inadequate and dentistry non-existent apart from extraction, but exacerbated by the excessive consumption of food and drink which could accompany a wealthy life-style.

Poetry describing rural scenes at different times of the day or year was very popular, James Thomson's *The Seasons* (1726-46) being perhaps the prime exemplar. This was a set of four poems, one for each season, which 'first challenged the artificiality of English poetry, and inaugurated a new era by their sentiment for nature' (*The Oxford Companion to English Literature*, ed. Sir Paul Harvey, 4th edn, rev. Dorothy Eagle (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1967) p.816). This poem of Mary's, and its undated 'twin' - 'A Summer's Morning in the Country' (see p.101 below) - are, in many respects, typical of the genre, and draw heavily on Thomson. They have parallels, too, with poems rather similarly entitled 'A Summer's Day' and 'A Winter's Day' by the Scottish poet and dramatist Joanna Baillie (1762-1851). Like Baillie, Mary concentrates, to begin with, on the arrival of dawn and then moves to descriptions of rural folk going about their tasks, though Baillie's main concern is to create a rural idyll whereas Mary also emphasises the suffering experienced by rural workers labouring in all weathers. Baillie herself could not have been an influence, however, as she did not publish any work until *Fugitive Verses* in 1790.

### A Winter Morning in the Country 1788

---

Once more I'll now invoke the wintry muse  
 To try her power, to soar along the air  
 And search amidst th'unsolid heaps of snow  
 Ah! how deceitful to the travellers feet  
 Tis morn! the humble shepherds faithful clock  
 Loudly proclaims tis morn to all around  
 Aurora casts away her blooming robe  
 All full of chearfulness[sic] & gaity  
 For spring or summer fit, & now puts on  
 A snowy garment, suiting to the season<sup>1</sup>  
 And to the keenness of the piercing air  
 Not loosely flowing gentle, airy, light  
 But closely wrapt in clouds of thick dark hue  
 Tis now the hail descends, the tempest howls  
 Against the weather beaten traveller<sup>2</sup>  
 Who trembling fearful of th'impending snow  
 Wraps close his cloak about him, looks around  
 With palpitating heart & anxious breast  
 To see some shelter or some little dome  
 Whose hospitable inhabitants perhaps  
 Will give some shelter to his wearied limbs  
 The ground is cover'd o'er with harden'd frost  
 Which binds the slippery Earth in icy chains  
 The foggy mists, the morning dews descend  
 And hide the Earth from every mortals Eye  
 Oh! now beware ye merchants now's the time  
 The dangerous time! the rocks ye cant[can't] foresee  
 The fog impedes your sight & falsely leads  
 You on, fearless of danger, knowing not  
 Tis near! Alas! too near, yet cant[can't] be seen

The valleys now are turn'd to hills of snow  
 Which rising by degrees to monstrous heaps  
 Heaps upon heaps, & mountains large compose  
 The mist continues & encreases[sic] still  
 It fills the houses with unwholesome clouds  
 But see yon wandering shepherd now unseen  
 To every mortals eyes, save of the muse  
 The muse can pierce thro' thickets & thro' caves  
 And in imaginations airy fields  
 Can call the choicest flowers & leaves the worst  
 For those who know no better, who are young  
 And not long favor'd by the generous muse  
 See how he follows hard yon straying sheep  
 Hid by the mist, can scarcely see around  
 Yet fancy or his evil Genius<sup>3</sup> paints  
 To his imagination, thro' the mist  
 A sheep on yonder mountain, dripping wet  
 And cover'd half with snow, Ah! fancy why  
 Wouldst[t] thou delude him with the hopes of that  
 Which is unreal & a shadow - all --  
 He climbs & hits upon a solid stone  
 Again he climbs, & thinks he's just at top  
 Again, but ah! deluded fancy here  
 Displays itself, & down he sinks among  
 Whole heaps of snow, & there alas! he dies<sup>4</sup>  
 Behold, the milkmaid with her daggled<sup>5</sup> cows  
 She tries to milk, but ere she's scarce begun  
 The piercing frost, pinches her fingers sore  
 And holds them fast in stiff hard chains of ice  
 While her red nose hangs dropping o'er the pail  
 The beast looks piteously & seems just froze  
 While icicles hang pendant all around  
 She blows her aching fingers with her breath  
 And scarce can get her bus'ness done for cold  
 The tempest whistles thro' the leafless trees  
 Where are the verdant flowerets where the grass

[The poem ends abruptly here as, for some reason, the copyist never finished writing it up. Two and a half pages are left blank in manuscript, either to allow the copyist to complete his/her task at a later date or, if the original text was missing, to leave sufficient space to insert it if found.]

1. Thomson, *The Seasons*, 'Winter', 232-33 - 'The cherished fields/Put on their winter-robe of purest white.'
2. *Ibid.*, 179-80 - 'The dark wayfaring stranger breathless toils,/And, often falling, climbs against the blast.'
3. **evil Genius** - opposed spirits or angels (one good, one evil) were supposed to attend each person (*OED*).
4. See Thomson, *The Seasons*, 'Winter', 276-321, where a 'swain' mistakes his way in the snow 'and down he sinks/Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift' (305-06). A passage well-known for its acute pathos and one which Mary was to draw on again later, in her anti-slavery poem. The idea of imagination, the man's 'fancy or his evil Genius', cruelly deluding him, is not found in Thomson. His 'swain' fears real possibilities: 'covered pits' and 'faithless bogs'.
5. **daggled** - bedraggled, sodden.

The Boltons were cousins of the Birketts and lived in the north of England, mainly the Warrington area near Liverpool. On later visits to England Mary wrote a poem after the death of an uncle, Thomas Bolton of Warrington, in 1789 and an acrostic to E. S. Bolton in 1794 (see entries for Bolton in Appendix 7, 'Individuals Featuring in the Writings of Mary Birkett Card').

This particular cousin, probably Sal short for Sally, the commonly used diminutive of Sarah (though the Christian name is difficult to read in manuscript), has not been traced. She was perhaps a daughter of Thomas Bolton and his wife, Mary's maternal aunt, Hannah Harrison. The couple married in 1779. But only two sons have been found in the Quaker registers. There was a couple named Edwin and Sarah Bolton, whose son Thomas is listed under deaths in 1832. But their relationship to Mary has not been ascertained, and Bolton would, of course, have been this Sarah's married name, whereas the poem is addressed to a child.

### 1788 A Poem to my dear Cousin Sal[?] Bolton

---

Excuse the freedom of a sincere friend  
 And to these lines a little while attend  
 For thee I now invoke the muse retired  
 Tis for thy happiness my ardour's fired  
 Thy happiness oh! may it [n]ever cease  
 I wish thee health prosperity & peace  
 For peace thou wilt enjoy if thou art still  
 Obedient to the great Almighty's will  
 And if thou art 'twil[sic] make thee ever blest  
 Obedience is the road to peace & rest  
 By that thou wilt thy makers favor gain  
 Thy great Creator who o'er all does reign  
 Consider then the duty which thou owes  
 Thy God, thy parents & thy own repose  
 Oh! let no vice allure thy tender heart  
 Let heavenly truth her lessons oft impart  
 Obey her strict & walk in peace & love  
 And when thou dies, thou shalt be blest above  
 Oh then what bliss, what perfect bliss thou'lt know  
 Far from the realms of sorrow & of woe  
 Thou'lt have a great reward a glorious crown  
 Shall still be blest [n]or ever be cast down  
 Oh! may thou e'er be full of joy & bliss  
 Blest in the other world & blest in this  
 A Blessing to thy parents may'st thou prove  
 Obey & ever shew them filial love  
 Mayest thou be call'd the friend of the distress'd  
 And strive to set the sorrowing heart at rest  
 Oh! mayest thou ever walk in holy ways  
 Nor guided be, by faithless flattering praise  
 Let wisdom, [guide]<sup>1</sup> thy actions, sense refined  
 Reign peaceful o'er thy humble worthy mind

Reason on thee, her genuine influence shed  
Ten thousand blessings flow around thy head  
May all thy actions to thy glory tend  
And that thy happiness may never end  
Is wish'd sincerely by thy cousin & friend

Mary Birkett

1. Word missing in manuscript - 'guide' fits the sense.

This poem is typical of the late eighteenth-century cult of sensibility. Composed in a Gothic ruin, surrounded by 'mountains on Mountains' to evoke sensations of the sublime, the scene is contemplated upon so as to give rise to an overflow of emotion, 'a swelling sigh', 'a rising tear'. The source of emotion, however, is also deeply personal. Kendal was home to generations of Birketts and was where Mary's mother, originally Sarah Harrison, had been born and brought up. Sarah was one of a large family of at least eight children, including George Harrison the anti-slave trade campaigner, born to Edward Harrison, shoemaker, and his wife Sarah.

Kendal Castle was originally the domicile of the barons of Kendal, at one time the Parr family to which Katherine Parr, last wife of Henry VIII, belonged. It was built in the thirteenth century, but fell into neglect in Tudor times.

There are two copies of this poem in manuscript. Both are dated 13 June, but the first gives the year as 1787, the second as 1789. 1789 is the more probable date for two reasons. When compared with other 1787 material, the style is more mature. Secondly, Mary was in the North of England in the summer of 1789 because she wrote a poem there on the death of an uncle, who died in August. See poem immediately below.

Differences between the two copies are minimal - minor details of punctuation and capitalisation. Because it is more likely to bear the correct date, the second is reproduced here, with textual variants from the first shown in the notes, indicated by a closing square bracket: e.g. in the first line, 'sigh?] sigh'.

## Written in the Ruins of Kendal Castle

---

Why gives my heart this swelling sigh?  
 Why from mine eye this rising tear -  
 As here the mouldring[sic] ruins lie;  
 And pensive contemplation, here?<sup>1</sup>

Full many an age to years allied  
 Since first this Castle rose to sight  
 The owners strength<sup>2</sup> the owners pride  
 No more that owner views the light

Let us revolve[sic]<sup>3</sup> on ages past  
 And on these ruins contemplate  
 "Take physic pomp" - thy pride won[']t last<sup>4</sup>  
 Thyself thy all must yield to fate.<sup>5</sup>

But no!<sup>6</sup> I'll turn mine eye around  
 And view the beauteous prospects nigh  
 Then take mine eye thine utmost bound  
 And Melancholy thee defy - <sup>7</sup>

Just situate in a pleasant vale  
 And humbly low fair Kendal lies  
 And all around her peopled dale  
 Mountains on Mountains shadowy rise<sup>8</sup>



Here let me greet thee Kendal fair  
 For loves mine eye on thee to dwell  
 For many dear to me there are  
 Who rose in thee and<sup>9</sup> love thee well

There are - who on Hibernias shore<sup>10</sup>  
 Tho' distant far, they love thee still  
 Fair Kendal tho<sup>11</sup> they see no more  
 Nor seek the dale<sup>12</sup> nor climb the hill

I see my honor'd mother's<sup>13</sup> form  
 In Kendal first she viewed<sup>14</sup> the light  
 And absent love & friendship warm  
 Bring \_\_\_\_\_<sup>15</sup> to my anxious sight

Ye dear possessors of my heart  
 I now may in your footsteps tread  
 And now perhaps I press the part<sup>16</sup>  
 Where once my honor'd parent play'd.<sup>17</sup>

But when the ancient dome I see  
 In which her infant years were past  
 Th'involuntary sigh<sup>18</sup> gets free  
 And the tear starting follows fast

Yet why? - the cause I cannot tell  
 For in my breast does Pleasure<sup>19</sup> dwell.

6 mo. 13th. 1789.<sup>20</sup>

1. Last word in every line of the first verse is unpunctuated in copy dated 1787, viz:  
 sigh?] sigh tear -] tear lie:] lie contemplation, here?] contemplation here
2. strength] strength,
3. revolve - ponder.
4. "Take physic pomp" - Shakespeare, *King Lear*, III. 4. 33. From Lear's speech outside the hovel on the heath, when he realises how little regard he has had for 'houseless poverty'. 'Take physic pomp;/ Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;/ That thou mayst shake the superflux to them/ And show the heavens more just.' Mary instructs 'pomp', a personification of grandeur, to swallow 'physic' or medicine - the message contained in these ruins that pride cannot last. - thy] thy
5. Thyself] Thyself, fate.] fate
6. no!] no,
7. And Melancholy thee defy -] And - melancholy - thee defy
8. Thomson, *The Seasons*, 'Winter', 906 - 'And icy mountains high on mountains piled'.
9. and] &
10. Mary's mother and relatives now in Ireland (Hibernia), who originated in Kendal. There are -] There are,
11. tho] tho'
12. dale] dale,
13. mother's] mothers
14. viewed] view'd
15. Name omitted in manuscript.
16. press the part - step on the place.
17. play'd.] play'd

18. sigh] sigh -

19. Pleasure] pleasure

20. In the first manuscript copy, the initials 'MB' appear at the bottom of the poem and the date is written as '6th month 13th 1787', after the heading.

While Mary was visiting relatives in Warrington and Liverpool, an uncle, named 'Bolton', died. Mary wrote this obituary poem while waiting at Liverpool to embark on a ship returning to Ireland. She had plenty of time, apparently, as sailing was delayed by 'unfav'ring gales' - a not infrequent occurrence. Severe winds could delay a ship's sailing for days.

The poem is undated. However, Lancashire Quaker registers reveal that Mary's maternal aunt, Hannah Harrison, from Kendal, married a Thomas Bolton, son of corn and flour dealer Benjamin Bolton, at Warrington on 20 May 1779. He died on 24 August 1789 at the young age of thirty-two. By this time, the couple had at least one child, Benjamin, born 26 September 1782. It looks as though another child, Thomas, was born around the time of his father's death, because the registers - not easy to read at this point - seem to say the little boy died on 16 March 1790 aged twenty-nine weeks. I could not find his date of birth. There may also have been a daughter, see 'To Sal[?] Bolton', p.64 above.

## Liverpool

### To the Memory of an Uncle

---

How frail! how transcient[sic] is our earthly date  
 How full of change, this sublunary<sup>1</sup> state!  
 Our dying friends a sad memento give!  
 Each hour revolving tells us how to live  
 - Yes! most sincerely I his loss deplore;  
 For much lamented Bolton is no more  
     Oft as I heave the unavailing sigh  
 His gentle form salutes my mental eye!  
 A thousand ideas croud[sic] my brooding mind  
 Of pleasures past! of sorrows yet behind!  
 Full to my view his every act appears;  
 His fond caresses of my infant years;<sup>2</sup>  
 His smiles! on which my childish hopes have hung  
 The language of his mild persuasive tongue  
 Before me throng - & to my thoughts impart  
 The tenfold pangs which rend his widows heart  
 Who most th'irreparable loss will feel  
 And grief which but a Saviour's love can heal.  
     Oh! much lamented, dear, & sacred shade!<sup>3</sup>  
 To thee my heart an early homage paid;

And, while of kindreds grafted tie possest[sic]  
The bond of friendship twin'd around my breast.

Oh! that my sorrows scatter'd o'er thy urn<sup>4</sup>  
Might bid thy sad survivors, cease to mourn!  
Or that the force of sympathy might steal,  
As balm, thy consorts bleeding woes to heal!  
Then, long forgetful of each meaner tie,  
Stamp[stamped] on my soul thy form rever'd should lie  
To Erins shore, Id[l'd] every sigh convey  
And bear the voice of mourning far away.<sup>5</sup>

But vain the wish - if I with deep regret  
These smiling plains, where first I breath'd must quit  
Where Patricks free born sons preside<sup>6</sup> I haste  
Impell'd by duty, o'er the watery waste;  
Yet, while unfav'ring gales detain my stay  
This humble tribute to thy worth I pay;  
And still engraved within my sorrowing breast  
Mark'd in strong characters these lines shall rest

A man he was - to all who knew him dear  
A loving husband, & a friend sincere;  
A tender father & a duteous son  
Mourn Warrington! thy ornament is gone!  
Each Station's varied duty knew he well  
He felt each care & did each tie fulfill  
Warm in the cause of truth, of soul sincere;  
In Business faithful; & in honour clear.

You ye near kindred of his sober youth  
Thou, widow'd partner of his generous truth  
And you ye offspring of an honor'd sire  
Who strove, to virtuous deeds your minds to inspire,  
In mutual sorrow, you, your loss deplore;  
Ah! what avails it --- Bolton is no more!

No more you share his unaffected smiles,  
No more his wit the evening hours beguiles;  
Nor his lov'd accents o'er the circle glide  
Attract each ear & charm the illum'd fire-side

But he no doubt hath wing'd his glorious way  
To blissful mansions of Eternal day!<sup>7</sup>  
Where freed from Earth & Earths entangling cares  
Seraphic joys his harmless spirit shares!  
Whose pure affections<sup>8</sup> round his heart entwine  
And all is Harmony & Love divine.

Then cease my tears - for can my feeble eye  
The wonderous[sic] ways of Providence descry?<sup>9</sup>  
Or tell for what wise end these woes are shed  
With tenfold anguish o'er his consorts head?  
Let us, frail mortals! bow in silent dust  
And where we cant[can't] unravel learn to trust.

1. **sublunary** - earthly. Literally, under the moon.
2. **my infant years** - before Mary, aged almost ten, moved with her family to Ireland in 1784.
3. **shade** - ghost or spirit.
4. **my sorrows scatter'd o'er thy urn** - figurative only. Uncle Bolton would almost certainly have been buried, in keeping with usual Quaker practice, not cremated.
5. **To Erins shore [. . .] far away** - Erin is an ancient name for Ireland. Mary is saying that, if she could, she would like to relieve the bereaved family by bearing their sorrows home with her to Ireland.
6. **Where Patricks free born sons preside** - St Patrick is the patron saint of Ireland. From 1782 until the Union with Britain on 1 January 1801, Ireland had its own Parliament in Dublin.
7. **Jn 14:2** - Christ's promise that 'In my Father's house are many mansions'.
8. **Whose pure affections** - the affections of seraphs, 'one of the highest order of the ninefold celestial hierarchy gifted especially with love and associated with light, ardour, and purity' (OED).
9. **descry** - discern.

**UNDATED POEMS**

**CONSIDERED TO HAVE BEEN**

**WRITTEN BEFORE 1790**

One Ann Card Birkett (born 1791) was the daughter of Mary's paternal uncle, Henry Birkett, and his wife Mary, née Sharp. However, this is problematic, as, if she were the addressee, this poem would have to have been written well into the 1790s. But the diction and style is too immature for Mary in her late teens or early twenties. It is more like her writing at the age of ten or eleven, and indeed seems similar to poems written on her arrival in Dublin (see the first two poems in this collection). It is probable, then, that it was written for another cousin on the Card side of the family. The Cards and Birketts were related - Mary had to obtain permission from her Quaker Meeting to marry Nathaniel Card because he was her cousin, and he had a sister named Ann, who died young, according to the Card Family Bible.

## To my Cousin Ann Card on her return

---

To Irelands Kingdom welcome be  
 Welcome unto thy dear country  
 Thou left the sweetly purling rills<sup>1</sup>  
 Thou left the green inviting hills  
 Thou left the songsters of the grove<sup>2</sup>  
 Who with sweet warbling beauty rove  
 Thou left the meadows pleasant green  
 Where birds and flowers are to be seen  
 Thou cross'd the seas where billows roam  
 And all to come unto thy home  
 What if thou had by th' cruel sea  
 Been shipwreck'd and been cast away  
 Yet Neptune<sup>3</sup> stopp'd while thou came by  
 And did not on thee his powers try  
 Then welcome safely to the land  
 Where plenteous freedom's prosp'rous hand  
 Where plenty, honour. Peace, combine  
 And all in Irelands happiness join  
 May thou both peace and plenty know  
 And may thou also both bestow  
 And that thou may to virtue bend  
 Is the best wishes of thy friend

1. **purling rills** - streams flowing with a mazy motion and bubbling sound.
2. **songsters of the grove** - poetic term for birds.
3. **Neptune** - Roman name for the god of the sea, called Poseidon by the Greeks.

## Poetry

### Welcome to a Summers Morning

---

See how pleasant is the Morning  
 See the lambs are up and play  
 Every thing seems quite adorning  
 I never saw a scene so gay  
 Rise ye Sluggards sleep no longer  
 Do not waste yr[sic] hours in bed  
 You complain and tis no wonder  
 That time flies fast oer your head  
 See how the sun with radiance cheers  
 See how the flowers both smell and look  
 All Nature now serene appears  
 Which from the sun their brightness took  
 One Morn when we went out to Walk  
 And went down into the country  
 We did behold upon a stalk  
 The little Ant and busy Bee<sup>1</sup>  
 Altho twas early in the Morn  
 They both were busy then  
 Take warning then before you are worn<sup>2</sup>  
 Ye young and idle Men

1. Ants and bees were popular as images of diligence and industry. The most well known poem of this ilk is 'Against Idleness and Mischief' by Isaac Watts (1674-1748), commencing 'How doth the little busy bee', later parodied by Lewis Carroll as 'How doth the little crocodile' in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (1865). Mary would have been familiar with work by Watts - his pious verse was hugely popular and much used in the nursery and schoolroom, particularly his *Divine Songs for Children* (1715) which ran into five editions in the 1770s alone.
2. worn - worn out, near the end of life.

A branch of Quaker Woodwards lived at Waterford, but no record of a Jane Woodward has been found.

## An Acrostick on the death of Jane Woodward a child

---

My friend why wilt thou weep for thy dear child  
 And cant[can't] resign her freely fore she is soiled<sup>1</sup>  
 Rivers of tears dropping down from thine eyes  
 Yet Nature's weak and death must bear the prize  
 Behold her weeping oer her daughters clay<sup>2</sup>  
 In dreadful sorrow yet we must give way  
 Rich, Poor, Young, Old all free ought to submit  
 Kings, and young Princes must give way to it  
 Elders and Prophets in one clay are knit  
 Thrice happy Babe! thy sorrows are no more  
 Thrice happy welcome to the blissful shore

Joyful she is and happy too in Heaven  
 And if we are good those blessings will be given  
 Never more shall our sorrows there appear  
 Every happiness that we can wish is there

With Glorious Cherubims<sup>3</sup> thy daughter plays  
 On hills or dales in Paradise always  
 Or praise her God in happiness complete  
 Destruction's far away they can not see it  
 Weep not my friend thy daughters glorious change  
 And think she can in happy plenty range  
 Religion follow strict that when death is  
 Departed from us we may meet in bliss

1. **fore she is soiled** - before she loses her innocence in this corrupt world, but also before being soiled, literally, by burial.
2. **clay** - earthly body.
3. **Cherubims** - cherubim (plural, without need to add an 's'), or cherubs, are the second order of angels, endowed with knowledge, but often represented in art as plump winged infants with innocent faces.



An Eliza Woodward of Waterford married Joshua Mason Junior, also of Waterford, between 1833 and 1836 (no clear date is given in the Quaker register). She may have been the child to whom Mary sent this little verse.

## A Poem to Eliza Woodward

---

These lines I write to thee my little friend  
 That thou may unto truth and virtue bend  
 Oh may Eliza like a Willow grow<sup>1</sup>  
 And every day more truth and justice know  
 Deceit and malice of all things avoid  
 With every other wicked thing beside  
 If envy with insinuating art  
 Comes into thy young heart to take a part  
 Suffer it not detest that evil vice  
 But make Celestial truth thy happy choice  
 So may thou in this world prosper & grow  
 With all the happiness that Mortals know  
 Long may thou live beloved in this World  
 On no rude coast by adversity hurl'd<sup>2</sup>  
 Yet if thou shou'd as who escapes in part  
 Pray to God with a sincere humble heart  
 His mercy's great unlimited and free  
 And if thou'rt good he will deliver thee  
 And when thy body this frail World does leave  
 May thou eternal happiness receive  
 May thou in Heaven with the Angels sing  
 Thrice Hallelujah to the Glorious King

1. The pliant branches of the willow tree bend down towards the ground or water.
2. **rude coast by adversity hurl'd** - metaphor for misfortune.

The stylised names Flavilla and Vernold have a classical ring in keeping with the tradition of the pastoral - a poem of the countryside peopled by shepherds and depicted as innocent in opposition to the corrupt life of the city.

## Flavilla and Vernold a Poem

---

Down a green bank by the river side  
 Where waters sweetly murmuring glide  
     Their lives a happy pair  
 No household jars<sup>1</sup> either possest[sic]  
 No Worldly cares disturb their rest  
     Their fleecy flock their care  
 A son and daughter lived with them  
 Flavilla was the daughters Name  
     The sons Name was Vernold  
 Their lives were pious and devout  
 And if you would trace their lives throughout  
     You would not hear them scold  
 They lived retired from the world  
 But were not by misfortune's[misfortunes] hurled<sup>2</sup>  
     To seek a safe retreat  
 Flavilla helped her mothers cares  
 To keep with her with house affairs  
     The cottage clean & neat  
 Vernold the fathers was  
 And could help him in any case  
     To cut the grass so green  
 The world they knew not till that day  
 When they set out with hearts so gay  
     For to attend the scene  
 The father said unto Vernold  
 Of one another mind take hold  
     And do not go astray  
 Then said the Mother to the Girl  
 Flavilla do not mind the World  
     Or thou wilt cheated be  
 The world is fickle as the Wind  
 Then the things of it do not mind  
     To this she gave good heed  
 They then ascended up a hill  
 Their Parents words for to fulfil  
     With all their haste and speed  
 Their parents then with heavy heart  
 Saw their dear children safe depart  
     And then went to their home  
 The young ones saw down from the hill

Where a great croud kept standing still  
 A Lofty Lordly Dome  
 Then said Flavilla to Vernold  
 Methinks I hear somebody scold  
 In yonder Lordly place  
 If such things attend a towns life  
 And scold be'tween[sic] man and Wife  
 Come away let us haste  
 The next thing which they both saw then  
 Was a croud[sic] and bustle of men  
 Buying and selling things  
 Flavilla said I never thought  
 That things were here so dearly bought  
 Or the world such sights would bring  
 Where are the birds so gaily clad  
 That with their songs make our hearts glad  
 Sure there's no happiness here  
 I cannot bear to hear the Noise  
 With such great crouds[sic] of men and boys  
 As here are all the year  
 Then homeward now they bend their pace  
 And soon another scene takes place  
 Instead of men and boys  
 The flowers begin for to appear  
 And birds with songs their hearts do cheer  
 For here's no bustling noise  
 With hasty steps they soon get home  
 Unto their happy little dome  
 Their parents then enquire  
 What did befall them in the way  
 And how it happened all that day  
 Which answered their desire  
 The father then said unto them  
 I hope you will not go again  
 Since you have seen the World  
 You see tis fickle as the Wind  
 Then the things of it do not mind  
 Since they are toss'd & hurl'd<sup>3</sup>

1. **jars** - quarrels, discord.
2. **hurled** - forced (it was not 'misfortune' that made them 'seek a safe retreat' but their own choice).
3. The poem appears unfinished.

## Welcome to Summer

---

When Summer cloath'd in rich array  
 First begins to appear  
 All Nature seems one joyful day  
 And gladness every where  
 Behold! the sun how shining bright  
 Over the beauteous blooming flowers  
 Oh never may dark doleful night  
 Hinder those peaceful pleasant hours  
 See the stars at night appearing  
 And the Moon our Heavenly light  
 With their glorious beauty cheering  
 Travelling strangers in the night  
 But in Summer little's wanted  
 For the day holds out so long  
 Nightly robbers come undaunted  
 For to rob the passing throng  
 Oh! thou sweet delightful spring  
 And how mild and pleasant too  
 See how blooming every thing  
 And ee'ry [ev'ry] thing a gaudy hue  
 In spring the little seeds are sown  
 In Summer trees and flowers bloom  
 In Winter snows cover the ground  
 In Summer sends the rich perfume  
 Summer must not for ever last  
 Spring will not live for evermore  
 So when my life does Meet a blast<sup>1</sup>  
 I'll think on happiness before

1. **blast** - misfortune or set-back.

The wild dove, known as the turtle dove, with its soft cooing voice and affection for its mate and young, was a symbol of gentleness and loyalty.

## On the Death of a Favorite Turtle Dove

---

As Damon<sup>1</sup> walked along the grove  
 He happened for to meet  
 A Lady mourned a Turtle Dove  
 And thus she mourned its fate  
 Alas! for my poor Turtle Dove  
 My muse assist my song  
 For as one morn it chanced to rove  
 I thought it stayed too long  
 I went to see what made it stay  
 And went thro yonder fields  
 Which now were full of flow'rs of May  
 That sweetest fragrance yields  
 I chanced to look before my feet  
 And what else should I see  
 But my poor bird no longer sweet  
 Lay Murder'd before me  
 I wept I gave my sighs to th' air  
 But nothing now would do  
 For my poor bird's no longer here  
 I ne'er did sorry know  
 Until that ever fatal day  
 When my poor bird did die  
     Alas I can no longer stay  
 For sorrow no not I  
 When Damon heard her say that word  
     That ever fatal day  
 And also how she mourn'd the bird  
 Unto himself did say  
 Let them<sup>2</sup> to weep & moan give way  
 For a poor harmless bird  
 That th' Gunner happen'd for to slay  
 How she makes use o' th' word<sup>3</sup>  
 The Lady hearing him say so  
 Thus to herself did say  
 Tis I alone that sorrow know  
 And I that must give way

1. **Damon** - a name frequently adopted by poets for a rustic. Mary may have picked up the name from Thomson's *The Seasons*, where Damon and Musidora are a pair of lovers in 'Summer' (1269-370), though the passage is somewhat risqué.
2. **them** - seems to imply girls in general, the female sex being, in Damon's view, prone to excess of emotion.
3. **makes use o' th' word** - makes a fuss.

In this little elegy on the death of a young girl called Hannah, the imagined speaker is the child's mother, mourning the loss of an only daughter. It cannot refer, therefore, to Mary's sister Hannah who died in 1787. It is followed in the manuscript collection by an acrostic on the death of Hannah Hillary (see immediately below). This cannot be the same child, however, for the acrostic calls Hannah Hillary 'an eldest daughter'.

## On the Death of an only Daughter

---

When the bright sun went back to the Hemisphere<sup>1</sup>  
 The Moon in doleful sadness did appear  
 The shining stars e'en they in dulness seem  
 The once gay birds how solemn is their theme  
 And why? Because my Hannah's dead & gone  
 My only child I never had a son  
 When I went out unto my Hannah's tomb  
 For to bemoan her destitute alone  
 She's gone she has left me the best friend I have  
 My child my daughter is gone to the grave  
 A shroud now covers my once darling child  
 And in a bed of earth her body's soiled  
 Since she is gone gone Alas what shall I do  
 For no kind friend sincere as her I know  
 Misfortune's mine too grievous to be borne  
 I mourn for Hannah still both night and Morn  
 Before she died the last words that she said  
 The debt of Nature by us must be paid  
 Dear Mother do not wish me here to stay  
 Or in this World to make the least delay  
 May I not die while I'm in innocence  
 And not committed any great offence<sup>2</sup>  
 Then Mother do not weep when I am gone  
 But think that Hannah's made of angels one  
 No more she said but raised her dying eyes  
 Saying death has not over me a prize  
 And when she died she say'd[sic] while I was by  
 Death where's thy sting? Grave where's thy victory<sup>3</sup>

1. When the sun sinks back below the horizon and therefore to the Earth's other hemisphere.
2. Being only a child, Hannah has not had time or opportunity to commit any great sin.
3. 1 Cor 15:55 - 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?'

The name spelled out by the initial letters of each line in this acrostic is Hannah Hillary, a child who has died. The Hillary family was Quaker from the seventeenth century and lived mainly in Wexford. One member, Samuel, born in 1682, emigrated to Pennsylvania (Harrison, *Biographical Dictionary*, p.63). Others appear in the eighteenth-century registers. Ann, daughter of Henry Hillary of Wexford, married John Langtry in 1767, and an Anne Hillary of Dublin died in 1793. No Hannah has been found in the Irish registers. But branches of the family also lived in England. The birth of a daughter named Mary to a Richard and Hannah Hillary is recorded in the eighteenth-century Lancashire rolls.

## An Acrostic

---

How vain is pomp and grandeur here below  
 And pride how scornful: all is empty show  
 Never shou'd pride of us get upper hand  
 Nor shou'd our passions o'er us have command  
 And now a maid the subject of my lays  
 How fickle life! Died in her blooming days

Her parents weeping o'er her tender clay<sup>1</sup>  
 In sorrow, tis no wonder they gave way  
 Life's tender thread at once was cut in two  
 Lived here a while but soon was called to go  
 An eldest daughter this beloved youth  
 Religion followed and was bred in truth  
 Young as she was a much lamented youth

1. clay - earthly body.

This poem once again, like 'A Wish' (p.53) and 'A Dialogue between Charlotte & Maria' (p.56), endorses a simple way of life with a structured routine of work and worship, apart from 'the world'. However, it strikes that note of realism also found in 'A Wish', where Mary mentions the sum of £50 a year she thought necessary to enable her to live simply and independently. The imagined couple in this poem have only been able to realise their ideal of rural self-sufficiency because a brother conveniently died and left them £50 with which to purchase the land to build 'The Cottage'.

## The Cottage

---

Where morn serene both light and gay  
 Where birds do sing where lambs do play  
 Where gentle breezes fan the grove  
 And tune the mind to Heavenly love  
 There stands a Cot both clean and neat  
 A favorite yet retired retreat  
 There the green fields and gardens too  
 With trees and flowers of different hue  
 All join to make this little Cot  
 A very pleasant happy spot  
 In it do live an aged pair  
 Where tho old yet both from care  
 Are freed and are not only so  
 But liberty they do bestow  
 Unto two children who are theirs  
 That are not now past twenty years  
 Their little fortunes are four sheep  
 Two Cows & one horse which they keep  
 With fields and garden & their cot  
 Which is with them a happy lot  
 A boy and Girl their children are  
 And all are free from Wordly[wordly] care  
 Ambition too was laid aside  
 And all vain glory with them died  
 One Morn as they went out to Walk  
 And all seem'd busied in talk  
 The son unto the father said  
 Father thy laws I have obeyed  
 And with a faithful heart I served  
 Nor ever from thy precepts swerved  
 There is one thing I wish to know  
 If that thou will it for us do  
 It is how we came to this place  
 And then our lives back again trace  
 The father said "Ill[I'll] tell you how  
 We came and lived until now



Our parents lived in the town  
 I'th World, they were of some renown  
 We thought we would our fortunes try  
 Because our parents both did die  
 Now when we almost ready be  
 A Letter came. The Contents see  
 To my Dear Friends<sup>1</sup>

    this letter is

I hope I have not done amiss  
 As you behaved so cool to me  
 Not to let me have your company  
 I heard of your dear parents death  
 Your brother has breathed his last breath  
 By will he's left you fifty pounds  
 And to his widow a thousand  
 I join with son and second self  
 To wish you four in all good health  
 I also wish to let you see  
 I am your sincere friend R:J<sup>2</sup>  
 We soon set out our money got  
 To meet what ever was our lot  
 My children you were 5 years old  
 And many prattling things you told  
 But soon the clouds proclaim the rain  
 The cattle send across the plain  
 We all took shelter in a tree  
 And soon the rain no more we see  
 We saw many things that I cant[can't] tell  
 But these I do remember well  
 At last we got into a wood  
 Where trees and flowers in plenty stood  
 And there we stayed two nights and days  
 Now this green wood let out four ways  
 And in the middle of the wood  
 A Green and grassy hill there stood  
 Along the east side of the hill  
 There flow'd a little purling rill<sup>3</sup>  
 With meadows plains and Groves combined  
 With trees and warbling songsters joined  
 So pleasant as the air did seem  
 Made us to praise the Almighty's Name  
 The West side led into a town  
 The north by trees and weeds oergrown  
 The south side by a small descent  
 Unto a pleasant sea side went  
 We chose the east side of the hill  
 And in that place we now live still  
 When we looked out about the cot  
 We found t'was a convenient spot  
 So we took from the ground some clays  
 And built this cot in ninety days  
 Took wood for chairs and tables too

From off the trees of strongest hue  
 And when my children wanted cloaths[sic]  
 From the poor sheep I spun their hose<sup>4</sup>  
 Our carpets are of grassy green  
 And as neat work as e'er was seen  
 Description of the way we live            )  
 To you, my children will I give           )  
 I'th morning then we rise at five        )  
 Soon as we rise we go to prayer  
 And then we spend an hour there  
 At six we dress and in the grove  
 Or hill or dale or wood we rove  
 At seven O Clock we break our fast  
 Then work till two O Clock is past  
 At two our business then we leave  
 Roots Milk or fruits are all we crave  
 I'th afternoon we read or talk  
 Or if tis pleasant take a walk  
 At seven at night on milk or fruits  
 We supper get or bread or roots  
 Instead of meat the herbs we took  
 And drank the water of the brook  
 Then I the evening hours employ  
 Instructing you to me tis joy  
 Then end the day as we begun  
 And thus has fifteen years run on  
 Two hours we always set apart  
 To worship God with all our heart  
 And ever since that time I live  
 Retir'd from the world I give  
 To you my children when I die  
 Whatever is my property  
 And now my son the father said  
 Thou see's that I have thee obeyed  
 What more dost thou require of me  
 And I will do it thou shalt see

1. This salutation and the following twelve lines contain the content of the letter.
2. RJ - perhaps pronounced 'RG' to rhyme with 'see'.
3. purling rill - stream flowing with a swirling or mazy motion and bubbling sound.
4. hose - stockings.

This lengthy poem on the Last Judgement graphically portrays the fears of the damned and indicates the sufferings they will undergo in Hell. Though it is also about hope (for Mary's own salvation) and comfort (that her dead brother and sisters are now in Heaven), in its concentration on horror it takes on some lineaments of the Gothic. Note, too, the atmospheric staging of the plight of the resurrected bodies awaiting judgement on the sea shore and of the damned sinking down to Hell, the dramatic characterisation alternating between the voices of the damned and the saved.

'Last Day' poems formed a genre of their own. It was a subject treated frequently - see, for instance, 'The Day of Judgement. An Ode' (1706) by Isaac Watts, available in *The New Oxford Book of Eighteenth-Century Verse*, ed. Roger Lonsdale (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1984) - and Mary would surely have been encouraged in this effort by her family or teachers. She draws heavily from St Matthew's Gospel and the Book of Revelation, displaying a keen familiarity with the biblical texts. Another major source is Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Beside a direct quote from Book I, she draws on Milton's epic for much of her language and imagery: 'expire', 'contending', 'host of heaven', the groaning in hell, the crowning of the elect in heaven with golden harps, and the figure of Christ in His glorious chariot bringing retribution, are just some examples.

## A Poem on the Last Day

---

Tis the last day the Hills and dales rebound  
 Angels proclaim it in the upper sky  
 The awful trump declare the solemn sound<sup>1</sup>  
 Awake ye dead the Judgment day is nigh

---2---

The sea affrighted pours her dead around<sup>2</sup>  
 The Trembling thousands croud[sic] the echoeing[sic] shore  
 But soon, nor shore nor sea shall e'er be found  
 No more shall hear the sounding billows roar<sup>3</sup>

---3---

Some miserable Wretches full of woe  
 In vain Evn[Even] wishing for eternal night  
 Destracted[sic] crying whither shall we go  
 What shall we do to s'cape['scape] all piercing light

---4---

Hide me ye Mountains cover me ye caves<sup>4</sup>  
 Oh is there none the Wretched to befriend  
 Might I unnoticed rest beneath the Waves<sup>5</sup>  
 Alas my Misery ne'er will have an end

---5---

Well may we tremble at his vengeful rod  
 T'will drive us where our torments ne'er shall cease<sup>6</sup>  
 Ye just why wish you to behold your God  
 Oh horror! how we dread to see his face

---6---

See with their guardian innocence a few  
 A happy few who fear not endless night  
 Impatient, Gods Great Majesty to view  
 To be with him for ever cloath'd[sic] in light

---7---

Methinks I see amidst the truly blest  
 My Edward taking up an endless Crown  
 My Sally, Hannah full of peace & rest  
 And Kitty with Immortals sitting down<sup>7</sup>

---8---

Methinks I see our dear departed friend  
 Our much lov'd Mary who is gone before<sup>8</sup>  
 But we will meet when time even time shall end  
 In joy we'll[sic] meet upon the blissful shore

---9---

Methinks I see far from the Realms of Woe  
 Love, Innocence & Peace their charge resign  
 They were her faithfull[sic] Guardians while below  
 They now conduct her to the realms Divine

---10---

See now the Eternal son come forth in state<sup>9</sup>  
 To judge the World in Majesty how bright  
 Twelve Cherubim support their vast, their great  
 Almighty treasure thro the realms of light

---11---

His Chariot Wheels made of the purest Gold  
 Of Everlasting Workmanship are they  
 And full eyes Most Glorious to behold  
 Their mighty Authors will they still obey

---12---

He comes He comes with Justice, Truth & Power  
To judge the World! ye Righteous now be Glad  
For know that he in that tremendous hour  
Will bless the just but he'll torment the bad

---13---

At last the dreaded judgment book is brought  
The Lamb is worthy He the seals hath broke<sup>10</sup>  
My soul thou shalt be there Oh! awful thought  
When loud in thunder Great Jehovah spoke

---14---

Depart from me ye cursed into chains  
To Adamantine chains & penal fire  
Go wretches Go where darkness ever reigns  
Your just rewards to Meet nor e'er expire<sup>11</sup>

---15---

But come my Lambs for ever dwell with me  
I'll be the subject of your grateful praise  
Each day my holy face you blest shall see  
For while on earth you walked in holy ways

---16---

Oh now what shrieks what hollow groans arise  
Such groans as never sure were heard before  
They seem to rend the earth & pierce the skies  
Deep Deep they sink & soon are heard no more

---17---

Is there no mercy left they seem to cry  
Already I'm tormented with affright  
On earth I little thought so soon to die  
To be in Hell for ever shut from light

---18---

Mercy \_\_\_\_ alas Mercy I ne'er deserved  
Oft was I told this would be my sad fate  
While from Gods Precepts careless still I swerved  
Nor e'er repented till it was \_\_\_\_ too late

---19---

I did despite<sup>12</sup> to God nor would believe  
 Upon his Son I mock'd his Holy Word  
 Wretch that I am I would not him receive  
 And woe is me I quite forgot the Lord

---20---

But now deservedly I pay for all  
 I ah! too willingly was made a fool  
 In vain for ever we on mercy call  
 Bound to the bottom of the burning pool<sup>13</sup>

---25---

With Devil's[devils'] horrid thought I still must dwell  
 My tortur'd soul in pieces they will tear<sup>14</sup>  
 Why Esau like[Esau-like] my birth right did I sell<sup>15</sup>  
 Alas my heart is full of keen despair

---22---

See now the Wretched souls sink down to Woe  
 With direful furies they must ever dwell<sup>16</sup>  
 Excruciating misery now they know  
 While Satan on them bars the Gates of Hell

---23---

No more are heard those hollow groans no more  
 Their ah! too late repentance now is heard  
 They are gone for ever gone Hell's bolted door  
 Proclaims His justice when they should have fear'd

---24---

But why so long those dreadful scenes pursue  
 Hells Gate hath hid them from the dawn of light  
 I'll now return and leave the horrid view  
 To a more happy scene; quick turn thy sight

---25---

The glorious just with every beauty seen  
 Their countenances full of love and peace  
 What youthful innocence in every Mien<sup>17</sup>  
 They know they go to joys which never cease

---26---

To them a Golden Crown a harp are given  
 Besides a robe angelic pure as light  
 Such as are worn by all the blest in Heaven  
 And they're permitted to their Makers sight

---27---

Heavens Golden gates open at the sons[Son's] command  
 They go to bliss complete nee'r[ne'er] known before  
 The host of Heaven unite a Glorious band  
 And close the lofty Gates for evermore

---28---

T'h[Th'] assembled light wings kindle a mighty flame<sup>18</sup>  
 Not to be quenched by ought (so great the fire[])  
 Where now the Palaces once of such fame  
 Alas! they're levell'd to the dust & mire

---29---

The flames obedient to the sons command  
 Destroy alike Prisons, Palaces, and towns  
 Alike the Wat'ry Ocean and the land  
 See burning now the once contending crown'd<sup>19</sup>

---30---

Ye Kings why anxious so to raise your Name  
 Why long ye to be fam'd thro'out the World  
 Sure even that World will be a prey to flame  
 And all in dire confusion must be hurl'd

---31---

Oh Grant thou Great Creator of us all  
 That I may live obedient to thy light  
 Then in that day I shall escape the fall  
 And shall be happy ever in thy sight

---32---

Sure thou wilt save save<sup>20</sup> me from the Wrath to come  
 Yes I have hope thro my Redeemers blood  
 Oh in thy Mercy surely there is room  
 What Bliss might I be number'd with the good

1. Mt 24:31 - The trumpet to be sounded by angels on the Last Day.
2. Rev 20:13 - all those who, over the ages, have suffered death by drowning, will be given up by the sea so that they can be judged. The next line of the poem carries through this image by envisaging these resurrected people, trembling perhaps with cold as well as fear, amassed on the shore.
3. Rev 21:1 - In the new heaven and earth there will be no sea.
4. Rev 6:15-17 describes how the people of the earth, from the greatest to the least, will try to hide themselves 'in the dens and the rocks of the mountains', asking the mountains to fall on them and hide from the wrath of the Lamb of God.
5. Picturing the resurrected dead as yearning to be resting still, beneath the sea.
6. **where our torments shall ne'er cease** - Hell.
7. Mary imagines her lost brother and sisters being granted everlasting life, and taking their places in Heaven.
8. Mary Haughton, a friend. Mary wrote a poem on her death in November 1787.
9. Mary draws on the description in *Paradise Lost* of the Son descending on his enemies, the evil angels, in a chariot with 'burning', 'living wheels,/Distinct alike with multitude of eyes'. See John Milton, *Paradise Lost* (1667), ed. by Alastair Fowler, 2<sup>nd</sup> edn (London and New York: Longman, 1998), VI. 824-66 (832, 846-47). (In Ezek 10, the prophet Ezekiel describes his vision of cherubim (members of the second order of angelic beings), each by a wheel, all covered with eyes.)
10. Rev 5 and 6 describe how the slain Lamb of God (Christ) is found worthy to unloose the seven seals and open the Book of Judgement. In Rev 20:12, the dead are judged 'according to their works' as written in the books.
11. Mt 25:41 - Christ prophesies the coming of the Son of Man when He shall say to the evildoers on His left hand, 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels'.  
**Adamantine chains and penal fire** - Milton, *Paradise Lost* (1667), l. 48. Also Alexander Pope, *The Messiah* (1712) l. 47, 'In adamantine Chains shall Death be bound,/And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th'eternal Wound'.
12. **despite** - injury.
13. Rev 20:15 - 'And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire.'
14. One of the torments devils were thought to inflict, in Hell, was tearing off chunks of flesh from the damned with pincers - an activity often depicted graphically in paintings of the Last Judgement.
15. Gen 25:30-34 - Esau sold his birthright as the elder brother to his younger twin, Jacob, in return for supper when he was hungry. Similarly, the damned have sold their human birthright of eternal life for earthly rewards.
16. Furies feature in *Paradise Lost*. For example, the evil angels are driven to Hell, 'pursued/With terrors and with furies' (VI.858-89).
17. **in every Mien** - in every aspect of demeanour.
18. The light or airy wings of angels kindle and fan the flame.
19. **once contending crown'd** - the world's rulers who once vied with one another. In *Paradise Lost*, Satan and Belial, both angels fallen from glory in Heaven to burn in Hell, describe themselves as having contended with God: Satan - 'with the mightiest raised me to contend' (I.99); Belial - 'against so great a foe/ Contending' (II.202-03); also Satan, assuming the form of a serpent to tempt Eve - 'I who erst contended/With gods to sit the highest, am now constrained/Into a beast,' (IX.163-65).
20. **save** - repeated in manuscript. The line could be intended to read, 'Sure thou wilt save, save me from the wrath to come', but it is more probable that this repetition is simply a copyist's error as the line does not scan correctly if 'save' is repeated.



This poem is interesting in its attitude to Eve and exploration of the consequences of her eating the forbidden fruit. Eve's responsibility for bringing sin and death into the world is seen, first, as not such a great curse on humankind. If we act rightly it makes little difference to us in the after-life, as we shall be saved in any case, and the responsibility for this is ours not Eve's. And, secondly, the sufferings we are condemned to endure on Earth as a result of being turned out of Eden will only make us appreciate the joys of Heaven more. Eve is not considered to blame. Rather, her action is understandable under circumstances where all human beings would fall prey to temptation. It is more the fault of her Guardian Angel for leaving her so unprotected – an idea probably drawn from Book IV of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, where Satan, entering Eden unnoticed by Gabriel and his guarding angels, lays the ground for Eve's disobedience by whispering in her ear while she sleeps.

## On Eve

---

Dissatisfied why do we grieve  
 And still complain of curious Eve  
 What loss to us if we are good  
 We shall be sav'd thro Jesu's Blood  
 True bliss is sealed in the mind  
 And if we are good that bliss we'll find  
 Sure when we grief and sorrow know  
 Sure when we've lived a while below  
 Sure when we here temptations meet  
 Will it not make Heavens rest more sweet  
 True we've lost our innocence  
 And innocence is our defence  
 Jesus has bought it with his blood  
 And Jesus leads the way to God  
 Eve's disobedience still was great  
 But which of us if in that state  
 Our Guardian Angel far away  
 And Satan lurking for his prey  
 Which of us could perceive the snare  
 And of the tempters Wiles beware  
 For if we did no faults possess  
 The faults of others would seem less  
 Jesus the way of life and rest  
 For us became an earthly Guest  
 For us his precious life laid down  
 That we may wear an endless crown

## On Friendship

---

Hail sacred friendship gentle Heavenly flame  
 Tho' in this World too oft thou'rt but a name  
 Friendship that sacred sound so dear to me  
 True Friendship oft I hear but seldom see

-2-

Friendship sincere methinks as well as truth  
 Looks amiable whether in age or youth  
 When I'm in joy my friend will joyful be  
 Or when in grief she'll sympathize with me

-3-

Say W - E - know you that name  
 Or rather do your hearts<sup>1</sup> possess that flame  
 That pure, angelic flame of source divine  
 Oh could I ever say twas really mine

-4-

David and Jonathan by it were held<sup>2</sup>  
 And long their sincere friendship they contend<sup>3</sup>  
 He was the object of Sauls Groundless hate  
 For he was virtuous but Sauls sins were great

-5-

Tho Saul was Davids bitter enemy  
 And oft his life by stratagem sought to slay  
 Yet Jonathan his son more kindness knew  
 And David lov'd altho his friends were few

-6-

Friendship sprung from a source truly divine  
 With thee the sons of Men sure cant[can't] repine  
 Ambition, Grandeur, Pride, & outward form  
 Never can prove the heart's[hearts] with friendship warm

-7-

True Friendship is to stedfastness[sic] inclin'd  
 Nor is it found save in the stedfast[sic] Mind  
 The steadfast Mind the joys of friendship know  
 Not \*4 heightened or obscured by Woe

1. Use of the plural ('hearts') indicates 'W' and 'E' are two individuals.
2. The story of King Saul's hatred of the young David, and the unswerving friendship between David and Saul's son Jonathan, is told mainly in 1 Sam 18-20.
3. contend - perhaps 'struggle' or 'try', i.e. David and Jonathan sought to maintain their friendship despite the problems that beset them. Another meaning of 'contend' is to compete, so the sense could be that David and Jonathan's love was so great that they vied with one another in the sincerity of their friendship.
4. Space in manuscript, asterisked. Probably the copyist was unable to read a word in the original.

This poem is inspired by the penultimate verse of the Book of Revelation, which reads, 'He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus'. It is, effectively, the last verse in the Bible as the final verse consists only of a blessing.

## **Come Lord Jesus = Revelations[sic] 22:20**

---

Lord Jesus come unto my soul  
 And all my sinful thoughts controul[sic]  
 Lord with thy mercy come away  
 And let me brighten into day  
 Lord take my heart from earthly things  
 Give to my soul a Seraphs wings  
 That she may soar and be with thee  
 In bliss to all eternity  
 Come Lord and set my soul at rest  
 And tell me I shall soon be blest  
 Blest in the realms of Peace & Love  
 Blest in the Glorious Heaven above  
 But ah How can that bliss now be  
 Sin gets between my God and me  
 Oh when shall I and Jesus meet  
 When at my dear Redeemers feet  
 Oh when shall I to Heaven ascend  
 When shall I see my God my friend  
 When shall I see enthron'd on high  
 Jesus the ruler of the Sky  
 When shall I see him face to face  
 Oh! when will all that bliss take place  
 Lord will it not till grimly<sup>2</sup> death  
 Shall cut my life and take my breath  
 Then welcome death without affright  
 Lord lead me to the realms of light  
 My Saviour thou direct my way  
 And let me wake in endless day

1. grimly - used as an adjective, describing Death as merciless and ghastly to behold.

## On The Birth of Jesus

---

Now nows the time the Holy Jesus born  
 Arise ye Saints and Hail the Glorious Morn  
 Be Glad thou World the joyful News proclaim  
 And sing eternal praises to his Name  
 And thou my soul proclaim those news so blest  
 Jesus is born the way of life and rest  
 Oh sinful Mortals could not you afford  
 Room for your blessed Saviour for your Lord  
 No Room for Jesus in the crouded[sic] inns<sup>1</sup>  
 Jesus who came from Heaven to purge yr<sup>2</sup> sins  
 The stars denote the Lovely Saviours birth<sup>3</sup>  
 And soon the News is spread upon the earth  
 Oh chosen Mary bless the happy day  
 Thy Glorious son will purge thy sins away  
 Rejoice ye Nations & be glad ye Kings  
 Worship the Lord nor mind your earthly things  
 Why lay your body on a stately bed  
 Your Saviour had not where to lay his head<sup>4</sup>  
 Gods only son was poor was meanly born  
 While you with Ornaments yourselves adorn  
 Then Hail the Morn oh bless the happy day  
 When he the Lord will cleanse our sins away  
 Will make us blest with angels we shall sing  
 Immortal praises to our endless King<sup>5</sup>  
 Then without ceasing we will bless the Morn  
 In which blest Jesus on the earth was born  
 The Great Messiah promised long before  
 But now he reigns in Heaven for evermore

1. Lk 2:7.

2. yr - manuscript abbreviation of 'your'.

3. Mt 2:2, 9-10.

4. Mt 8:20 - speaking to a scribe who had promised to follow Him, Jesus said, 'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head'.

5. Resonant of Lk 2:13-14, where 'with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host' praise God, 'saying, / Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.'

## On Gods Goodness

---

The Lord he is a mighty Lord indeed  
He is a comforter in time of need  
Oh! he is bounteous He's a God of love  
To save our souls He came from Heaven above  
The Lord is good he is a friend indeed  
He is a God to help in time of need  
He is a Gracious father to us all  
And He'll protect us Mortals lest we fall  
The Lord his duteous Lambs will surely feed  
He always will protect them when they need  
Soon their oppressions all He'll make to cease  
For He's the King of Glory & the Prince of Peace<sup>1</sup>

1. **King of Glory - Ps 24:7-10, Prince of Peace - Is 9:6.** See also Lk 2:14 - the words of the angels at Christ's birth, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men'. Echoed in Lk 19:38 where the disciples praise Jesus, 'Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord: peace in heaven and glory in the highest'.

# A Short Reflection on Death

---

How dreadful is thy Name Oh! awful death  
 Why wilt thou take so many thousands breath  
 Why wilt thou make such Multitudes thy prey  
 The yawning grave gets thousands every day  
 Sorrow and Greediness belong to thee  
 Yet by thyself thou swallowed up shall be<sup>1</sup>  
 Then to the righteous shall be no more pain<sup>2</sup>  
 For whats thy sons<sup>3</sup> is our Eternal gain  
 What art thou to the soul that's good now say  
 Thou seperate's[sic] the soul from mortal clay  
 And let's it brighten in eternal day  
 But to the wicked those who hate the sight<sup>4</sup> )  
 Thou brings both horror, darkness, dismal night )  
 And well may thou their wretched souls affright )  
 For thou wilt drive them to the shades of hell  
 With direful Satan in that place to dwell  
 Eternally they roll in burning fire  
 In pain and torture nor again expire

1. 1 Cor 15:54 - When the 'corruptible' puts on 'incorruption' and the 'mortal' puts on 'immortality', 'Death is swallowed up in victory'.  
 2. Rev 21:4 - '[. . .] and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.'  
 3. A cross is written above the word 'sons' in manuscript, reason unknown.  
 4. the sight - i.e. of God. There is also a cross in manuscript above the word 'sight', reason unknown.

Mary imagines a scenario in which an interlocutor asks Death to justify its pitilessness toward the human race, and Death replies.

## A Poem in Blank Verse On Death

---

Oh cruel death why wilt thou captive lay  
 Such numbers daily at thy dreaded feet  
 Nor spares the young or old or wise or fools  
 But gives them over to the yawning grave  
 Nor pities any! cruelty how great  
 Thou from fond parents takes their only hope  
 Their only joy in their declining years  
 And leaves the sad survivor still to weep  
 Didst thou not snatch in early bloom of youth  
 A lovely maiden from her mourning friends  
 Deep in distress see the fond Mothers Grief  
 See! to the sister weeping for her loss  
 Even their tears cant[can't] soften thy hard heart  
 To pity closed and deaf to hear distress  
 Thou seem as tho' t'was[sic] thy delight to hear  
 Groans for the death doleful mourning sighs  
 Oh! when wilt thou resign thy power & leave  
 The World that we may be in peace & rest  
 Oh! leave thy quest of prey & seek no more  
 Not any more our happiness destroy  
 Nor make us sink under such loads of grief  
 Say why dost thou exert thy barbarous power  
 Why tyrannize oer Nations as thou dost  
 Why strike such fear in every Mortals breast  
 To make us dread & hate thy cruel Name  
 Say why thou dost explain to us the cause  
 When thus none but the wicked dread to see<sup>1</sup>  
 My face[.] the righteous even sometimes wish  
 For me before th' appointed time of God  
 For know to them I'm but a road to bliss  
 A road which must by every one be trod  
 If you would ever wish to Go to God  
 How can you think me hard & dread to go  
 When even Jesus trod that path before  
 The Servant is not greater than his Lord  
 And Jesus did not in the least complain  
 Meek as a Lamb then why shou'd you repine  
 Would you not like to be with him in bliss  
 Would you not like to see him in the Heavens  
 Enthron'd on high in glory & in power  
 Would you not like to see your friends again



And what is best of all to see your God  
 You cannot surely see them without me  
 I'm a safe Pilot to conduct you there  
 The good no doubt will say that I'm their friend  
 Just like a shatter'd vessel toss'd about  
 By adverse winds & seas is Mortal Man  
 Does he not wish to find some happy port  
 To rest from his fatigue & be at ease  
 He cannot reach the much desired Port  
 Without my Guidance I'm his sincere friend  
 Tis true the wicked dread me well they may  
 For they shall go into eternal Death  
 To dwell with Satan & his host in Hell  
 And even tho' I cause sorrow for a time  
 From mourning parents or from weeping friends  
 Patient let them resign a little while  
 And follow Gods commandments then no doubt  
 They soon will meet in bliss unmix'd & pure  
 Their dear departed children or their friends  
 Think you I come to rob you of my self  
 No God Ordained me I'm his Messenger  
 I spread forth darts of death at his Command  
 You love him then repine not at his Will  
 Tis true among the plants & trees & flowers  
 I make some havock[sic] but it is designed  
 A spur to our industrious carefulness  
 But see the pretty songsters of the Grove<sup>2</sup>  
 Whose grateful voices charm the list'ning ear  
 Harmless & Innocent they hop about  
 And sing and play and oft delight your ears  
 Say which do I or man destroy the most  
 The pretty little Lambs who gives[give] their wool  
 To you, who feed upon the grassy mead  
 Whose harmless bleatings never did you hurt  
 The patterns of true innocence & peace  
 Say? dont[don't] the human race kill more than I  
 And ev'n the poor inhabitants of sea  
 What numbers do you daily take for food  
 Then why accuse me of such cruelty  
 When even your selves so imitate the same  
 Tis true I take great numbers off the earth  
 You also do it too & oft destroy  
 Thro wantonness Hundreds of creatures lives  
 I am commission'd from on high to slay  
 And when I take the wicked mid's't[sic] their sins  
 Tis for a warning to you all on earth.  
 Or when I take from sorrowing pain the just  
 Tis to lead them to a place of bliss  
 A happy place for them prepared by God  
 Tis true we destroy many well as Death<sup>3</sup>  
 But let us truly worship God and love  
 And love<sup>4</sup> him in our heart & fear to gain his wrath

And then we need not dread what death can do  
He cannot hurt the soul nor hinder it  
From being good, Death only seperates[sic]  
The Body from the soul and sets it free  
Tis to the just a welcome Messenger  
By which they go to God: then welcome Death  
If thou wilt bring me to the realms of Bliss

1. In this line, Death starts to reply.
2. **songsters of the grove** - poetic term for birds.
3. From this line, the poem's speaker responds. **well as** - as well as (just as Death does).
4. **And love** - repeated, probably copyist's error.

This long, meandering poem moves from one scenario to another in a manner reminiscent of Thomson's *The Seasons* (1726-46), undoubtedly a major influence. (Some of Mary's most obvious 'borrowings' are included in my footnotes.) It begins in a conventional manner with an address to the goddess of the dawn and a description of a summer morning in a pastoral setting. Then it digresses. Mary tells, in an imaginative way, the Old Testament story of Rahab, the woman of Jericho who helped the Israelites take the city, before switching back to the pastoral idiom - to 'a romantic view' of meadows where, however, the young shepherd is David, future king of Israel. But this idyll is marred by the suffering of rural labourers, scorched by the midday sun, and the cruelty of hunters out hare-coursing. A storm breaks out, followed by the return of 'the welcome sun', emblematic of God's light. She then switches to depiction of a country milkmaid who, typically, enjoys more genuine riches in her simple state than those who entertain 'earthly pomp', and goes on to draw tableaux of unfortunate characters deserving help and pity. Finally, she ends by musing on the powers of Nature.

However disparate these subjects seem, they are loosely connected by one theme which emerges in the course of the poem – that of gratitude.

The poem would seem to form a counterpart to 'A Winter Morning in the Country' (see headnotes, p.62) and may have been written about the same time - 1788.

## A Summers Morning in the Country

---

Aurora Goddess of the blissful Morn  
 New riding in the chariot of the sun  
 Appears to cheer us from the drowsy night  
 When she appears the darkness flees away  
 The Rosy Goddess drives it from her sight  
 Nor suffers it to leave a trace behind<sup>1</sup>  
 The pretty birds have risen from their nests  
 And soaring high in air begins[sic] their songs  
 To thee thou great Creator of us all  
 See some who want to teach their young to fly  
 The fineness of the Morning tempts them out  
 And wilt thou learn to soar with them my muse  
 Or now behold a lovely rural scene  
 Amid the vernal<sup>2</sup> Groves the beauteous flow'rs  
 And plants reviving with refreshing dews  
 See! rising now amid this verdant plain  
 The<sup>3</sup> rustick plain the inhabitants around<sup>4</sup>  
 Shaking their peaceful slumbers from their eyes  
 Now each to different work employ their hands  
 Some drive the plough some work amid the field  
 Large drops of sweat run down their scorched cheeks  
 While they pursue their daily labours still  
 How different now from winters starving cold  
 Then the poor labourers scarce can earn their bread  
 Perish'd with cold perhaps half drowned in snow  
 Or nipt[sic] with pinching frost amid their work

But now improv'd[sic]<sup>5</sup> with heat scorch'd with the sun  
 Who fiercely darts his bright Meridian rays  
 On them [n]or even Grants them small respite  
 Until the evening then he sets and leaves  
 Them to their rest & the refreshing dews  
 See! now the Greyhounds light tripping o'er  
 The Hills or dales & with their nimble feet  
 They strive to catch the almost breathless hare  
 The Hunters run and if perchance they see  
 Her quick fatigued: then with cruel joy  
 They quicker run impatient to pursue  
 Affrighted trembling here & there she runs  
 But all in vain at last her nimble feet  
 Betray her course unable to hold out  
 She droops[,] is caught; & wounded by the dogs  
 Oh then what triumph in the Hunters looks  
 They bring her home with such hard hearted joy  
 And think themselves sufficiently repaid  
 For the fatigue & heat they've undergone  
 Oh! cruelty tis shocking to relate  
 Are there not beasts enough to make your prey  
 And take their life by some less shocking way  
 Are there not sports enough to employ your time  
 Without destroying both the peace and life  
 Of one poor harmless playful animal  
 And all to pass your time those cruel sports  
 But turn my muse already thou too long  
 Hast spent thy time with those hard hearted sports<sup>6</sup>  
 Be humble still : & still be innocent  
 See now! with joy the Peasant boy run out  
 To play and sport among the grassy fields  
 He sees a serpent basking in the sun  
 Stretching his Mazy variegated folds  
 Of Gold or Green bright glittering in the sun  
 Sudden he<sup>7</sup> starts and turns with hasty steps  
 An universal tremor thr'o[thro'] his limbs  
 Diffusing quick,<sup>8</sup> he runs toward the Cot  
 The peaceful Cot his plain contented home  
 But see! the cattle scud across the plain  
 The Birds seem frighten'd a terrific scene  
 The little Lambs all croud[sic] around their dams  
 Their Dams are frighten'd terrified as they  
 They run: a tender mournful bleating hear  
 The Lordly Bull he roars he stamps his feet  
 And fear possesses now! even to his breast  
 The Laborers all seek shelter, a naked  
 Prospect only is open to the view<sup>9</sup>  
 Tis Thunder how it seems to rend the Earth  
 How dreadful! see the livid lightning flames  
 A quick broad sheet along the Azure sky  
 And now see quick succeeds a heavy shower  
 But soon it ends and soon the welcome sun

Dries up the wet and spreads his cheery beams  
 To all at once diffusing light & heat  
 His bounteous rays how welcome to the earth<sup>10</sup>  
 'Tis a faint emblem of the power supreme  
 The Great Creator who with wisdom rules  
 That earth he made Those Heavens his handy work[sic]  
 The Sun gives light & heat to all around  
 But even that ceases when the darksome night  
 Resumes her empire & spreads around her sway  
 Yet oft at noon days Heat we with that sun  
 Are cloy'd<sup>11</sup> & scorch'd & wish for cooler Eve  
 But Gods life giving influence never cloy  
 The longer we enjoy it the more we're blest  
 And when he sends his light unto our hearts  
 And we receive it Oh! what glorious Peace  
 What heartfelt satisfaction do we find  
 And all that's in this world is nought to us  
 We care not whether fortune smiles or frowns  
 While we enjoy the favors of our God  
 And that will ever last while we obey  
 His dictates. surely the reward is great:  
 No less than an Eternal Crown in Heaven  
 But still the sun's a Welcome Messenger  
 To cheer us from the darkness of the Night  
 When nor too sultry Gently, Mild, it shines  
 It is the glory of this lower World  
 And like its Great Creator when it shines  
 Amidst its brightness cannot be beheld  
 By our poor naked eye too blind to see  
 Those Heavenly objects shining bright above  
 How despicably mean is Mortal Man  
 And yet how great; Immortal tho a span<sup>12</sup>

But see that little Bird with fluttering wing  
 It seems half dead with fear half drown'd with rain  
 It bends its feeble course to yonder dome  
 Whose hospitable windows open'd wide  
 For that kind end to screen em[him?] from the rain  
 It is a little Robin Pretty Bird  
 It enters in and see[s] the scattered crumbs  
 On purpose laid its simple welcome meat<sup>13</sup>  
 Behold the children how they gather round  
 And view the harmless stranger with surprize  
 How they admire the Red upon its breast  
 And all the different colors which adorn  
 Its body: while half terrified with fear  
 Yet joy'd<sup>14</sup> to see itself so warm so dry  
 It stands before them finishing its meat  
 The vicious cat now comes into the room  
 And [(]seeing it) runs quick to seize her prey  
 But Robin soon betakes himself to flight  
 The Gazing children follow with their eyes

And wish in vain the strangers longer stay  
 High soaring soon He's out of Pusse's[sic] reach  
 Who dissappointed[sic] of her wish'd for prey  
 Turns back to rest her limbs upon the Hearth<sup>15</sup>

While now the Birds are singing in the air  
 While now the harmless Lambs are frisking round  
 And every little heart & every thing  
 Seems grateful for the kindness they've received  
 While now the Laborers all renew their toil  
 And all is peace & joy, I'll introduce  
 Thee lovely Gratitude, How[now?] to my muse  
 For thou art doubly lovely; thou art sweet  
 And pleasant to the heart, which loves its God  
 Hail Gratitude! Thou greatest good to man  
 Dependant[sic] on th[']Almighty Lord of all  
 In ancient times men strictly followed thee  
 And are there not a happy few who now  
 Follow thy steps even as their fathers did  
 Then there were few who did not love thy Name  
 Even foes to virtue still remember'd thee  
 [(]For gentle)<sup>16</sup> thou wilt make thy subjects blest  
 Did not the grateful spie\* remember thee<sup>17</sup>  
 Who kindly hid them even in her roof  
 When Joshua son of Nun commanded them  
 Go view the land search even Jericho  
 They went obedient to their Masters word  
 And lodged in the Harlot Rahabs house  
 Perhaps there were some enemies to them  
 And Joshua too at whose command they came  
 Who quickly told the King of Jericho  
 Behold this night came men from Shittim's land  
 Like to the children of Israel are they  
 They came to search the country they are spies  
 We know them they're not like our brethren here  
 We saw them enter into Rahabs house  
 Search it Oh King! Thou'lt surely find them there  
 Immediately the King sent messengers  
 To Rahabs house saying its I bid ye do.  
 Have ye not heard that spies are come from far  
 To search our land. Go then to Rahabs house  
 Be not afraid to speak even in my name  
 And as I've you commanded now perform,  
 But Rahab framed a lie them to deceive  
 And save the lives of those within her roof  
 For well she knew the King would murder them  
 Cause<sup>18</sup> jealousy possessed him when he heard  
 That all their business was to spy the land  
 That if they did succeed in that intent  
 No doubt he thought (perhaps with reason) they  
 Would back return & bring their master word  
 How all things with them stood[,] their fertile land

How fruitful and how plenteous every thing  
 For sure t'was Summer then with them as now<sup>19</sup>  
 Or if it was not would the spies have gone  
 So long a journey & so distant far  
 From favour'd Shittim from the Native place  
 Since they would go when each thing was in bloom  
 What great advantage Jericho obtained  
 And were the People, many, strong or weak  
 Meanwhile behold the servants of the King  
 Have entered Rahabs house & now request  
 The spies who lodged there ; in words like these  
 Bring forth the men who came to thee this night  
 There are who saw them enter in thine house  
 And kindly us inform'd of that event  
 Deliver them to us for know that they  
 Are come to search this fruitful country round  
 And know'st thou not that if they take our land  
 Ourselves, our wives, our little ones, our all  
 Shall be their Bondsmen & their Wretched slaves  
 Or Murder'd with the greatest cruelty  
 Oh! save thy country Rahab save thy self  
 Thy parents Brethren all thy kindred save  
 And they shall bless thee and esteem thy name  
 None know the weight of such persuasive words  
 But those who have been importun'd the same  
 But she was stedfast[sic] and fulfill[']d her word  
 Nor would betray them - thus she sav'd their lives  
 But she had hid them; then she answered thus  
 Tis true there came to me two men this day  
 I wist not whence they were, I knew them not  
 Nor would I them receive least<sup>20</sup> they were foes  
 Or sent to spie[sic] us. And it came to pass  
 About the time of shutting of the Gate  
 When it was dark this Evening they went out  
 Whither they went I wot not nor which way  
 They bent their course; for I saw them no more  
 And now ye servants of my Lord the King  
 Do you with speed pursue them for you shall  
 O'ertake them:<sup>21</sup> by this time they're not gone far.  
 The Messengers pursued them, but in vain  
 They went the way to Jordan to the fords  
 And soon as they were gone they shut the gate  
 But she had brought the spies up to the roof  
 And hid them with the stalks of flax which she  
 Had laid in order there on the House top  
 And e'er they were laid down, Rahab came up  
 To see them: then these words spake she to them  
 I know the Lord hath given you this land  
 And that your terrour[sic] is fallen on our hearts  
 We faint because of you we dread your Name  
 For we have heard what wonders God hath done  
 For you his chosen people Israel

And sure I now believe that God even your God  
 Is Lord of Heaven above of earth beneath  
 And every thing he made them; they are his  
 Now swear to me I pray you by the Lord  
 Since I have shewed you kindness, also shew  
 Kindness to us nor evil entreat<sup>22</sup> your slaves  
 Give me a token true that ye will save  
 My Brethren, Sisters & my parents dear  
 That ye will us deliver for my sake  
 And all we have and save our lives from death  
 Nor let us perish with the common herd<sup>23</sup>  
 The men then answered her our life for yours  
 If ye will never tell our business here  
 And it shall be when God to us hath given  
 This land[,] kindly will we behave to thee  
 And will fulfil all that thy heart desires  
 Then Rahab let them both down by a cord  
 Even thro' the window (for t'was now dark  
 Each thing was still & scarce a breeze was heard  
 The world was hush'd & all was quiet round[()]?)  
 Now Jericho was strong & fortified  
 The town was encompass'd by a wall  
 And Rahabs house was built upon that wall  
 A pleasant situation lofty high<sup>24</sup>  
 And full of Landscapes lovely to the view  
 While from the Windows of her house she could  
 Command a prospect of the country round  
 Its lofty hills its humble vales its fields  
 Covered with grassy green its pleasant fruits  
 Ripe on the trees delicious to the taste  
 Its Gardens and the Cool refreshing springs  
 Of Water or the fountains spouting up  
 The murmuring rills which purling down the brooks<sup>25</sup>  
 Into the bottom form a pleasant Noise  
 The Beauteous birds now singing thro the air  
 Or chirping, perch upon a Neighbouring tree  
 At once were lovely to the Gazing eye  
 And with delighted music charmed the ear  
 The sportive Lambs which on the Meadows play  
 The Shepherds boy who tends his fleecy charge  
 With watchful care or tunes upon his pipe  
 Delightful work! (were open to her view  
 Or if she chose the town of Jericho  
 She could at once behold its busy streets  
 Crouded[sic] with Merchants hasty passengers  
 Or men of business - a confused mixed throng  
 Its Houses and the palace of its King  
 Its strong stern gates of sturdy Iron made  
 Which tho they hindered all th'inhabitants  
 Of Jericho from passing in the night  
 Could not restrain her from her wish'd intent  
 Of kindness to preserve the lives & peace



Of those two men who came to spy the land  
 To whom she said get to the mountain quick  
 Lest the pursuers meet you) there you'll find  
 A spot convenient for a hiding place  
 Unknown to them unknown to all but me  
 There hide yourselves three days until ye find  
 That your pursuers are returned home  
 And returned depart & go your way  
 And may you go in safety & in peace  
 And as I've saved your lives do you save mine  
 And the men said unto her we will be  
 Blameless of this thine oath which thou hast made  
 We swear to save your lives which we will do  
 But say how shall we know ye from the rest  
 Without some token of distinguishment  
 Behold when we come to invade the land  
 Then thou shalt bind this line of Scarlett[sic] thread  
 In the Window by which thou let us down  
 And thou shalt bring thy father Mother and  
 Thy Brethren - all thy fathers household bring  
 Home unto thee that they may dwell with thee  
 That we may save them Rahab for thy sake  
 And it shall be that who soeer[whosoever] shall go  
 Out of thy doors into the street - His blood  
 Shall be upon his head & we be clear  
 And whosoever shall be with thee then  
 In thine house his blood shall be on our head  
 If we for thy sake dont preserve his life  
 But if thou mention this our bus'ness here  
 Then we are ever quit of this thine oath  
 Which we have took & thou hast made us swear  
 She answer'd "As you've said so let it be["]  
 Again she bid them to the Mountains haste  
 Lest they unhappily should meet their glad  
 Pursuers so in haste they did depart  
 And soon they to the Mountain came & there  
 Abode three days As Rahab them desired  
 Till from their fruitless search the Messengers  
 Returned & told the King "twas[sic] all in vain["]  
 For they had sought them all the ways thro out[throughout]  
 Nor could they find out whether they were gone  
 So then the joyful spies descended down  
 The Mountain quick! the Land they passed oer  
 And soon to Shittim came & all things told,  
 Rahab mean while had hung the scarlet line  
 Along the Window thro which they escaped  
 She took her kindred all to live with her  
 For Joshua's coming made them ready be  
 But ah! when she would see the Poplous[sic] streets  
 When she would see her neighbours or her king  
 When she would see what plenty reigned thro all  
 The handsome buildings or the lofty domes

What tears of sorrow came into her eyes  
 For well she knew that soon it all would end  
 Sore would she cry ah me! ah wretched me  
 Who thus betrayed my country and my King  
 Their curse will fall upon my wretched head  
 And I what shall I do no friends have I  
 Since those two men will soon forget their word  
 And gall<sup>26</sup> my wretched heart with misery keen  
 And well I it deserved for I rebell'd  
 Against my country ever kind to me  
 Ah how I sink ungrateful in despair<sup>27</sup>  
 Is there no ray of hope to cheer my soul  
 To calm my fears to ease my troubl'd heart  
 Oh Yes! I feel the glorious ray divine  
 It cheers my sinking soul it comforts me  
 It whispers Rahab fear not I'm thy friend  
 It was not thee delivered up the Land  
 To Joshua t'was the land[Lord]<sup>28</sup> the God of power  
 Joshua's his servant God will him assist  
 Soon thou shalt see them come t'invade the land  
 Then fear not Rahab for thou shalt be saved  
 Lord I obey no longer I repine  
 I'll wait their coming with a joyful heart  
 I hear it whispered that they wont behave  
 As Pharaoh's Butler did to Joseph good<sup>29</sup>  
 For I will put my trust in God above  
 And he'll deliver me I know he will  
 But soon as she heard the sounding trumpets blown<sup>30</sup>  
 She heard the armys shouts of triumph great  
 She saw them burn the town with dreadful fire  
 She heard the shrieks of parents for their babes  
 Of Those in agonizing dying pains  
 But she was saved for Joshua bid the two  
 Young men who came before to spie the land  
 Go to the harlots house who saved your lives  
 And bring out thence her kindred & herself  
 And all she hath that they with us may dwell  
 And all ye promised do ye unto her  
 So they fulfilled their oaths & brought her out  
 In to the camp nor did ungrateful prove  
 And tho the land was cursed yet she was free  
 And saved & long she did in Israel dwell  
 Because she hid the spies nor them betrayed  
 Then Gratitude thy force was prevalent  
 Thou led the spies and they obeyed thee strict  
 The warm effulgence<sup>31</sup> of a grateful heart  
 Is precious tho but seldom truly found  
 My Muse & Gratitude be ye two friends  
 Who love each others welfare as their own  
 Then ne'er forsake my muse bright gratitude  
 Attend her every therewe[everywhere] be with her still  
 For well she loves thee cause thou art her friend

And she is Grateful like the two young spies.

See yonder meadows a romantic view  
 Covered with grassy green & simple flowers      395 [line numbered in MS]  
 The Gift of Bounteous Nature & kind earth  
 Thither the daisy rears its modest head  
 Of white or pink or yellow pretty flower  
 It seems to have no pride no selfish pride  
 To vie above the rest but humble all      400 [line numbered in MS]  
 See here a flower that loves the sun alone  
 She drinks his beams & feeds on none but him  
 For him she lives Sol<sup>32</sup> is her whole delight  
 If he departs she dies nor will she live  
 A careful emblem of the state of man  
 Is not our God more bounteous than the sun  
 Is not he powerful merciful & Good  
 Shall we not live and die for him alone  
 The yellow cowslip grows along the mead  
 While here the clover blooms with humble grace  
 Around the meadows sportive lambkins play  
 They know no cares but gaily innocent  
 They pass their short lived date[day] in joy & peace  
 When pinched by hunger tender grass supplies  
 Their wants or when to quench their heat or thirst  
 The gurgling brook that falls down yonder hill  
 Allays their thirst and cools their parching heat  
 See tired with sportive dance or frisking play  
 They now retire beneath the shady grove  
 And stretch their limbs reclining on the grass  
 Hid from Sols scorching rays by the thick trees  
 Whose leaves soft whispering to the gentle breeze  
 Cool from embrowning<sup>33</sup> heat they shelter there  
 Behold! their gentle leader shepherd young<sup>34</sup>  
 Whose only care to keep them from the Wolves  
 Those fierce devourers of the Gentle race  
 Who go in bands to oppress the tender flocks  
 He sits all watchful of his bleating charge  
 Lest some dread enemy is lurking near  
 The Birds in concert join to tune his mind  
 To heavenly love they tune their little throats  
 And tempt him to imitate the same  
 Beauteous & ruddy as the opening morn  
 Of stature manly countenance serene  
 Sensible courageous & strong was he  
 At once the shepherd & Philosopher  
 To tend his fleecy charge was his delight  
 For he was full of Innocence as they  
 His Ancient father was a Shepherd too  
 Eight manly sons had he - the eldest three  
 Followed their King & served him in his wars<sup>35</sup>  
 David the youngest kept his fathers sheep  
 And oft while tending on the playful flocks

He'd sit & ruminare on things to come  
 Ambition never swayed his artless mind  
 Which was to virtuous contemplation given  
 And seeking after Heaven & Heavenly things  
 For in the days of Youth he sought his God  
 And found him and the Lord rewarded him  
 He made him King & famous on the earth  
 Gave him a son who was with Wisdom crowned<sup>36</sup>  
 He made him conqueror o'er his enemies  
 And promised him in future ages Even  
 His only son<sup>37</sup> should in his tribe be born  
 To him he many secret things revealed  
 Which in some after time should come to pass  
 Thus virtue was rewarded thus the Lord  
 Returned mans weak endeavours to be good  
 Oh he was merciful tender & kind  
 And manifested himself oft to him.<sup>38</sup>

Behold the ruddy milk maid with her pail<sup>39</sup>  
 Health blooming cheerful dwells upon her cheek  
 Sprightly vivacity in all her looks  
 Is fair displayed no haughty pride is seen  
 She smiles with a becoming innocence  
 On all around with every object pleased  
 Tho' poor perhaps more riches she enjoys  
 Than those who in the splendour of a Court  
 Of Grand Magnificence & earthly pomp  
 Are pining under the all baneful<sup>40</sup> arts  
 Of Luxury and sickness mortal woes  
 Pride there shrinks back nor dare to shew his face  
 Simplicity appears in every look  
 Free from disdainful Arts or City airs  
 Down on the Grass she sits her lowing charge<sup>41</sup>  
 Submissive & obedient by her stand  
 Oh! Innocence how are thy subjects blest  
 Perhaps while busy o'er her destined work  
 Some friendless beggar tells his story sad  
 How he [(]an honest tradesman) ruined was  
 And forced thro' poverty & scorn of friends  
 [(]No longer friends) to follow now that hard  
 That unbecoming calling<sup>42</sup> in - old age  
 .She lends an innocent attentive ear<sup>43</sup>  
 .To all his words, the silent piteous tear  
 .Steals down her cheek - the sigh the artless sigh  
 .Comes from her bosom at his sad hard tale  
 .And oft she thinks how faithless are mankind  
 .And to relieve his wants throws in her mite  
 .Like the poor widow in the treasury<sup>44</sup>  
 T'was all she could afford tho' small twas more  
 Than those who out of pompous fortune gave  
 Four times its value to the poor distressed  
 For hers was given with a warm good will

And sincere pity for his fortune hard  
 Ye proudly mean! say are ye half as blest  
 As she who struggling under poverty  
 Enjoys a happy calm contented mind  
 Wealth will not make us happy - virtue will  
 And that alone can make us truly blest  
 Ye scornfull ye who put your trust in Gold  
 Who think that that will purchase every bliss  
 Who almost scorn the very ground you tread  
 Who think that all are mean compared to you  
 Oh turn your eyes to yonder mournful scene  
 They are your fellow creatures they even they  
 Have trod the path of virtue more than you  
 Behold the mother languishing & sick  
 Too weak to lift her head see full of pain  
 And sorrow for their miserable state  
 The once glad partner of their happier life  
 The daughters weeping full of kind distress  
 Her heart just bursting at their numerous woes  
 Yet busy at her needle striving hard  
 To earn their scanty fare & strive to get  
 Some cordial or some medicine to relieve  
 Their pain with all the tenderness that grief can know  
 Yet Providence will never them forsake  
 He'll them sustain he'll arm them for those ills  
 And when he thinks tis good he'll them remove  
 He's full of grace & he will sure provide  
 A glorious resting place for them in heaven  
 For they like Lazarus shall have their reward  
 And you ye haughty Dives do you repent  
 Lest ye meet yours when ye can ne'er escape.<sup>45</sup>  
 How lovely are the prospects all around  
 How full of beauty is the fruitful earth  
 How fragrant is the gentle balmy air  
 The feathered choristers at once delight  
 Us with their songs & seem to bid us be  
 As thankful & as innocent as they  
 Ye harmless race I'll join your humble songs  
 Our God is bounteous & Thee'll praise him still  
 We all are under his protecting care  
 And he is merciful to us he made.

How happy are the subjects of content  
 She like her Maker pours down blessings round  
 Ye are her peaceful subjects ye are blest  
 By her nor at your fortunes e'er repine

Nature how ever lovely dost thou seem  
 How charming to the contemplative mind  
 Which loves to meditate on thee & thine  
 But how shall I how shall my infant mind  
 Attempt to paint thee charming as thou art

If I attempt I lose myself in thee  
 All bounteous parent shall I then conclude  
 No still I'll meditate on thee still thou  
 Shalt be the theme the subject of my song  
 I'll ever dwell on thee fond tender Nurse  
 Of every blessing which we here enjoy  
 Innocent lovely free from pride sprung care  
 Lend me thy volume till I read it thro  
 Till I have learned it bounteous authoress  
 Let me nor ee'r forget thee still remind  
 Me of thy beauties greater far than art  
 That I may ever dwell with God & thee  
 See now! the Morning dew's are fled the sun  
 Almost arrived at his Meridian now<sup>46</sup>  
 My muse look back thy subject mornings gone  
 Gone past, recall then thou conclude

\* Joshua chapter 2nd

1. Aurora, classical goddess of the dawn, had a rose-coloured chariot in which she rode across the sky before the sun, chasing the darkness away and scattering the morning dew.
2. vernal - spring-like. (Though it is now summer, the revival of plants and flowers with the dawn is like a new spring.)
3. There is a cross above the letter 'T' in manuscript, reason unknown.
4. the inhabitants around - those who live on the 'rustick' (rural) plain. 'Rustic' is also a term for a peasant or country dweller.
5. improv'd - improved. An odd use of the word. Possibly, though the change in temperature is a welcome improvement on the bitter cold of winter, the workers now suffer from the scorching heat of the sun instead.
6. See Thomson, *The Seasons*, 'Autumn', 360-500 on what Thomson calls, in 'The Argument' at the beginning, 'Shooting and hunting; their barbarity', and 'A ludicrous account of foxhunting' - particularly 401-25 on the hare. Also 'Winter', 257-61.
7. he - the peasant boy, not the serpent.
8. diffusing quick - spreading fast.
9. a naked Prospect [. . .] view - the landscape is 'naked' because emptied of people, as they have all sought shelter.
10. See Thomson, *The Seasons*, 'Summer', 1103-1232 - account of a storm: its brewing (when 'In rueful gaze/The cattle stand,' while 'man [. . .] to the crowded cottage hies him fast', 1123-26), thunder and lightning, a digressive episode on Celadon and Amelia killed by lightning, until 'o'er the world expands/A purer azure. Nature from the storm/Shines out afresh', 1225-27. Mary draws on some of these elements.
11. cloy'd - tired, satiated.
12. tho a span - despite a short period, or 'span', of earthly existence.
13. meat - food
14. joy'd - glad.
15. See Thomson, *The Seasons*, 'Winter', 245-56, where a 'redbreast [. . .] pays to trusted man':

His annual visit. Half afraid, he first  
 Against the window beats; then brisk alights  
 On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,  
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,  
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is –  
 Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs  
 Attract his slender feet.

The children's admiration of the robin, and the arrival of a cat, appear to be Mary's imaginative additions.

16. **For gentle)** - reason for bracket obscure.
17. Mary chooses a biblical story to illustrate gratitude in the past, and the biblical reference - the second chapter of Joshua - is given as a footnote in manuscript, indicated in this line by an asterisk. The story is that of Rahab, who aided the fall of Jericho to the Israelites by sheltering two Israelite spies in her house and helping them to evade the soldiers searching for them. The Israelites showed their gratitude by sparing her and her family when they later sacked the city. Mary adheres closely to the biblical narrative, reproducing its text almost word for word in places, particularly in dialogue, but adds sections depicting Rahab's views and feelings, various linking passages and other embellishments.
18. **cause - because.**
19. A link being made with the topic of the poem - a summer's morning. Josh 3:15 mentions it being harvest time prior to the Israelites laying siege to Jericho. The next few lines make the point that summer, when Jericho's prosperity would be best displayed, would be the ideal time to observe its strengths and weaknesses.
20. **least - lest.**
21. **But she had hid them [ . . . ] shall/O'ertake them** - text taken almost directly from Josh 2:4-5.  
**'I wist not', 'I wot not'** - forms of 'I know not'.  
The poem then continues to follow the biblical action/description verse by verse.
22. **evil Intreat** - badly or wrongly treat.
23. **the common herd** - the ordinary people, the common mass.
24. The view from Rahab's window commanding 'a prospect of the country round' is an imaginative insertion imbued with eighteenth-century ideals of landscape.
25. **rills** (rivulets or small streams) are **purling** (bubbling noisily) into larger brooks feeding into the river bottom.
26. **gall** - torture and goad.
27. Highlighting how Rahab's action, as treason, is an ungrateful act towards the country which has given her birth, however much it might warrant the gratitude of the Israelites.
28. **land** - clearly written in manuscript, but probably copyist's error for 'Lord'.
29. Gen 40 and 41, particularly 40:23 and 41:1-13. Once out of prison, Pharaoh's butler forgot Joseph's kindness to him in interpreting his dream while they were incarcerated together, and did not mention Joseph's dream-interpreting powers to Pharaoh until two years later. Meanwhile, Joseph languished in prison.
30. The destruction of Jericho and the saving of Rahab and her family are told in Josh 6:21-25.
31. **effulgence** - radiance.
32. **Sol** - classical name for the sun.
33. **embrowning** - literally, to make brown.
34. **shepherd young** - we soon discover this is the young David.
35. 1 Sam 17:12-14. David's father Jesse had eight sons, the three eldest being Eliab, Abinadab, and Shammah, all of whom followed King Saul in battle.
36. **a son who was with Wisdom crowned** - King Solomon.
37. **His only son** - Jesus Christ, born of the line of King David.
38. Echoing Jn 14:21 in which Christ says, '[ . . . ] and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.'
39. Thomson, *The Seasons*, 'Summer', 1664-66 - 'His folded flock secure, the shepherd home/Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves/The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail -'.
40. **baneful** - poisonous, harmful.
41. **lowing charge** - cattle.
42. **That unbecoming calling** - beggary.
43. This and the following six lines have a dot in front in manuscript, as shown here - reason unknown.
44. Mk 12:41-44. Jesus, on seeing a poor widow contribute two 'mites' (farthings) to the temple treasury, compared her gift favourably with larger amounts donated by the rich, because she gave all she had.
45. Lk 16:19-31. In Jesus's parable, a warning to wrongdoers, Lazarus the beggar is rewarded in Heaven while the rich man at whose gate he sued unsuccessfully for alms is sent to Hell. The name Dives does not appear in the King James Bible, but as the Latin word for 'rich man' it appeared in the Vulgate translation. It became a generic term for 'rich man'.
46. Spaces are left in manuscript in this and the final line. Metrically this line is long and the final line is short.

H.W.F. was Hannah Wilson Forbes, one of Mary's closest friends, although several years older. (See Appendix 7, 'Individuals Featuring in the Writings of Mary Birkett Card'.) Mary writes to thank her for the gift of some paintings that she has done, and praise their quality.

## On being Presented with some Paintings By H.W.F.

---

Those beauteous paintings giv'n by thy hand  
 A grateful tribute from my <sup>1</sup> command  
 My Muse shall tell tho numbers oft are feint<sup>2</sup>  
 The handsome present which thy hands did paint  
 I know my friends[sic] I ne'er can you repay  
 For all the kindness oft you've done to me  
 I take thy gift & now this humble lay  
 Have I too free presumed to offer thee

2

First I behold a handsome well shap'd tree  
 On which a bird is fixed fashioned by thee  
 Below a spider hanging by a thread  
 Striving to 'scape & seeming full of dread  
 Each colour is so intermixed between  
 Each thing well shap'd & regularly neat  
 What lovely order thro the whole is seen  
 E'en judgment might pronounce them all complete

3

Next by thy pencil drawn I see a child  
 Well dressed each feature lovely countenance mild  
 Which with a gentle smile thy hand has graced  
 A little hay rake in her hand is placed  
 She for diversion rural out of play  
 Led by thy pencil painted, form'd by thee  
 Amus'd herself a while with making hay  
 Tho now as if tired she leans against a tree

4

Next I behold a handsome flower well known  
 Natural & lively judgments self will own  
 Shap'd like a cup surrounded 'tis with blue  
 Perfectly shaded & to Nature true  
 Tis not alone for what thy generous heart  
 Out of benevolence would still bestow  
 Tis not for that I often would impart  
 The grateful thanks I for your kindness owe



For all her gifts return her thanks my muse  
 A grateful freedom Hannah will excuse  
 Will she presumption? Ah the thought is void  
 Sure bold presumption merits her disdain  
 Yet Hannah's kindness will excuse each fault  
 Will tell me of them and reprove when wrong  
 Of her shall by theme for sure it ought<sup>3</sup>  
 And in respect to her III[I'll] end my song. M.B.

1. A space is left in manuscript, maybe omitting a proper name, or perhaps because the copyist was unable to read a word from the original.
2. the numbers oft are feint - Mary feels her numbers (verses) may not be equal to the task of describing the pictures painted by Hannah.
3. It is likely this line was copied incorrectly. The meaning, as it stands, is unclear.

## On true Beauty

---

Tis not a fair and snowy skin  
 Can prove that virtue dwells within  
 Tis not a piercing eye & bright  
 That still can point out wrong & Right  
 Can choose the good, can leave out vice  
 And still make virtuous truth its choice  
 The blooming cheek may please the eye  
 With blushing roses too may vie  
 Truth's self may seem to dwell within  
 And yet may lodge some lurking sin  
 Vain glory, earthly love, or pride  
 Or gloomy envy, there abide  
 The snowy skin of fairest white  
 May please the eye may give delight  
 Nay Heavenly innocence as fair  
 You'd think her beauteous self was there  
 And yet in state of outside shew  
 Vice in her heart may poisonous[sic] grow  
 May plant the dire malicious seeds  
 Of pride of envy hurtful weeds  
 To whom while she resigns her sway  
 Destruction marks an easy prey

Pure virtue oft will deign to dwell  
 With mortals in an humble cell<sup>1</sup>  
 And Innocence bright heavenly guest  
 Oft visits some unnoticed breast  
 Those who by pride unnoticed are  
 May yet contain the heavenly fair<sup>2</sup>  
 With virtuous mortals truth will stay  
 And kindly humble lead the way  
 Tis there where truth & innocence  
 Will all their friendly powers dispense  
 With inoffensive virtues[sic] care  
 There dwells an all accomplish'd fair<sup>3</sup>  
 For Beauty real known to few  
 Take this receipt<sup>4</sup> you'll find it true  
 Then lasting honours you will find  
 Will ever bless your peaceful Mind  
 Esteem & Friendship you will know  
 And pleasure follow where you go  
 First let in all your dress - your mien  
 A Modest neatness still be seen  
 In broils<sup>5</sup> or quarrels neer[ne'er] engage  
 Let love be seen instead of rage  
 In all your acts let truth appear  
 And innocence be ever near  
 Let peace on all your steps attend  
 And let your thoughts to Heav'n ascend,  
 For Piety have great regard  
 She ever brings her own reward  
 Let decency your features guide  
 And calmness o'er your mind preside  
 O'er all your <sup>6</sup> let plenty reign  
 And modest charity be seen  
 When amidst your plenteous store  
 Careless for the starving Poor  
 While virtues join, then will be still display'd  
 A beauteous fair and all accomplished maid.

1. **humble cell** - metaphor for an ordinary or physically unattractive body.
2. **the heavenly fair** - 'true Beauty' is personified as a 'fair', a beautiful maiden.
3. **an all accomplish'd fair** - see note 2 above. Young women practiced 'accomplishments' such as music, drawing and fancy needlework to increase their attractiveness and marriageability. The point is being made that the accomplishments of 'True Beauty', located in the inner virtues, are more genuine.
4. **receipt** - recipe or prescription.
5. **broils** - quarrels, or skirmishes.
6. Space left in manuscript, probably for a word the copyist could not read in the original.

Mary calls this a transcription. It is a biblical narrative, Jesus's well-known parable of the Good Samaritan, transposed into verse. The story of the Good Samaritan actually appears in Luke's Gospel, Chapter 10 (Verses 30-37), not Chapter 11 as stated under the heading of the poem.

## The Good Samaritan transcribed

---

### Luke XI chaptr.

The good man from his journey coming home  
 In raptur'd thought espied his little dome  
 Anticipated in his gladden'd mind  
 What joy 'twould be his family to find  
 For him, his wife prepares the crackling fire  
 His eager children oft demand their sire  
 They run to meet him in the well known way  
 And for his coming now suspend their play  
 His wife a supper nice & light prepared  
 Wonders he stays! now rack'd with num'rous cares  
 She fears his safety, blames the darksome night  
 Waits his arrivall! till the morning light  
 Now in suspence[sic], they croud[sic] around the fire  
 And wonder what so long delays their sire  
 In vain! ye children, to suspend your play  
 Ye shall not see your sire, till tis midday  
 In vain thou tender wife, so long to wait  
 Thy much lov'd consort meets a cruel fate  
 In haste to meet you, he pursued his way  
 But oh! a dreadful thing prolong'd his stay  
 He's met by Thieves, the one in haste demands  
 His purse, another beats him with his hands  
 A Third more cruel, bruises him with stones  
 Then leaves him, having almost broke his bones  
 Now bruised & wounded sore what shall he do  
 Perish'd with cold; yet home he cannot go  
 Distress'd sore & full of pain he lay  
 Nor had he power to rise & go his way  
 But double anguish reign'd within his breast!  
 Fear, pain & terror stood in him confest[sic]  
 His blooming children['s] wonder at his stay  
 His consorts anguish at his long delay  
 He hears, he sees, he feels with anxious pain  
 But all is ineffectual all is pain![vain!?]1  
 Death he could brave, but ah too well he knows  
 No longer must his children feel repose  
 Woes, dreaded woes would heap[rear?]2 their wretched head

While he is resting on his clay cold bed<sup>3</sup>  
 No longer chearful[sic] rouzes[sic] up the fire  
 For he was ever their support entire  
 No longer does the joking tale relate  
 For ah! in death he meets another fate  
 Such melancholy musing fill'd his brain  
 But - melancholy musings all in vain  
 It fill'd his tortur'd mind with more distress  
 And (dreaded thought) he scarce could hope redress  
 Pitying his woes, now to his anxious breast  
 Descends bright comfort - ever welcome guest  
 For as all pain'd & wounded stretch'd he lay  
 He hears the sound of feet along the way  
 The dress assured him he would grant redress  
 For all his trade was to relieve distress<sup>4</sup>  
 He lifts his wounded head & asks relief  
 In all the piercing eloquence of grief  
 For sure a pious Priest would not deny  
 A starving<sup>5</sup> fellow creature some supply  
 Sure charity would own her gentle sway  
 Ah no! the cruel Priest quick crost[sic] the way  
 Unreasonable, could not he afford  
 A balsam<sup>6</sup> to his wounds! or one glad word  
 Now all his hopes of charity are crost[sic]  
 He fears, he'll be inevitably lost  
 For who'd relieve him on that lonesome road  
 When charity had left her own abode<sup>7</sup>  
 Once thought! (nor was the cheat so hard to see  
 None were so pious or so good as he!  
 Fond man, twas lucre that he sought alone  
 In all his acts (not virtue) shone[]<sup>8</sup>  
 A Levite<sup>9</sup> met him in this mournful plight  
 But pityless[sic], he hasten'd out of sight  
 At last the good Samaritan<sup>10</sup> came by  
 And on his anguish, cast a pitying eye  
 Not like the priest disdainful cross'd the way  
 But rode (compassionate) up to where he lay  
 He heal'd his wounds & pity on him took  
 Tho a Levite pass'd him by & priest forsook  
 Pour'd balsam on his wounds with wine & oil  
 And bound his sores with kind assiduous toil  
 Wrapt[sic] in warm clothes the flowing blood soon ceast[sic]  
 With tenderness he lift<sup>11</sup> him on his breast[beast]<sup>12</sup>  
 He brought him to an Inn with anxious care  
 To heal & comfort him, no cost he'd spare  
 And on the morrow, when he went away  
 Gave money to the host & thus did say  
 "Take care of him & what thou spendest more  
 And needful spend for I will pay the score"<sup>13</sup>  
 Lord! thou'rt the true, the good Samaritan<sup>14</sup>  
 And thou alone can heal the wounded man  
 Tis thou'st the great Physician thou alone

The wounded, sick & poor wilt help and own  
 And may I meet thee on my journeying way  
 Tho Thieves have ransack'd this frail house of clay<sup>15</sup>  
 Ah! may I follow thee to realms of love  
 With saints & angels in the Heaven above.

1. **pain** - clearly written in manuscript, but 'vain' might be more appropriate. Possibly copyist's error.
2. **heap** - clearly written in manuscript, but 'rear' would make more sense. Again, perhaps copyist's error.
3. **clay cold bed** - an image of the grave.
4. The traveller wears the garb of a priest, whose business should be to help those in distress.
5. **starving** - needing succour, not literally desperate for food.
6. **balsam** - healing ointment.
7. **her own abode** - i.e. the heart of a priest, who of all people should be charitable.
8. The bracketted text describes the priest, whose hypocrisy, on reflection, was easy to see despite, or perhaps because of, his extreme outward piety.  
**fond** - foolish, self-deluded.  
**lucre** - profit or gain.
9. **Levite** - all Jewish priests were originally supposed to be descendants of the tribe of Levi. However, within the priesthood, Levites came to be subordinate to the Zadokites who took charge of the Temple and the sacrifices, while the Levites were allocated the more menial tasks. In Christ's time, therefore, Levites were a lower clergy.
10. **Samaritans** - people from Samaria, an area adjoining Judea, were often despised by Jews and considered an inferior race.
11. **lift** - past tense, meaning 'lifted'.
12. **breast** - copyist's error. The Biblical account refers to a 'beast' which could have been a horse, mule or donkey.
13. Lk 10:35 - the Samaritan, on leaving, gave 'two pence' 'to the host' of the inn 'and said unto him, Take care of him: and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee'.
14. This is interesting in relation to Quakerism's rejection of formal priesthood. God/Christ is identified as the true Good Samaritan, for he 'alone can heal'. By implication, priests are unnecessary and not to be trusted as sources of spiritual help.
15. **frail house of clay** - earthly body.

## The Philosopher's Death - In Imitation of Old Irish Verse

This piece is located in the manuscript collection with other material written between 1786 and 1788, when Mary was aged eleven to thirteen. It appears a rather strange, mournful dirge, yet it lies firmly within the framework of a certain late eighteenth-century taste.

In 1760, young Scotsman James Macpherson, urged by friends intrigued by his translations of old Gaelic (Scottish and Irish) bardic verse, published *Fragments of Ancient Poetry*. This was swiftly followed by the epics, *Fingal* (1762) and *Temora* (1763), *The Works of Ossian, the son of Fingal* (1765) and a combined edition, *The Poems of Ossian* (1773), all purportedly translations from Ossian, a legendary third-century Celtic bard. The poems excited a great wave of enthusiasm, inspiring readers who saw in them 'the supreme expression of sublimity and sensibility in poetry', and later influencing many English Romantic poets and continental writers like Goethe (Stafford, *The Sublime Savage*, pp.1-2 - publication details below). Controversy soon ensued as to whether the poems were really translations of Ossian's poetry, or inventions of Macpherson's, with Dr Samuel Johnson asserting the latter. Modern scholarship tends to the view that although features of the poems (their emphasis on the sublime, their sentimentality) are definitely eighteenth-century, they are based on original ballads and legends, surviving orally and in manuscript fragments, which Macpherson adapted for his own age. Two useful texts are Fiona J. Stafford, *The Sublime Savage: James Macpherson and the Poems of Ossian* (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 1988), and *Ossian Revisited*, ed. by Howard Gaskill (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 1991). The popularity of the poems resulted in many imitations. Mary's is actually an odd mixture of elements of the 'Ossianic' format and her own internalised religious beliefs and values.

Ossian tells of the Fiana, Celtic warriors who fight evil and champion the weak. The stories of their battle exploits and love affairs often involve murder or suicide, and lovers frequently die of grief. Relishing such themes would be incompatible with Quaker pacifism and acceptance of tragic life events as the will of God, so Mary's hero, the young and innocent Rilla, is instead a 'heavenly philosopher' who exhorts others to greater piety, a 'pattern of meekness & humility'. But he shares with the Ossianic heroes a capacity to empathise and shed tears of pity, generosity and readiness to assist 'the unfortunate' - all characteristics of the eighteenth-century 'man of feeling'. His contemplation of nature as God's handiwork, however, has nothing to do with Ossian - the ancient Ossianic world was a godless one.

Fiona Stafford shows how Macpherson ensured his translations fulfilled public expectations of ancient poetry - simple but emotionally charged language in an interrogatory, exclamatory style, full of concrete natural imagery. Other features of Ossianic poetry she identifies include 'prose paragraphs of varied lengths and rhythms', chant-like refrains, and repetitive phraseology. (See particularly pp.86-93, 103, 109.) The original poems Macpherson accessed, like *The Book of the Dean of Lismore*, mainly consist of elegies and are permeated by melancholy. Likewise Ossian, now old and blind, mourns the departure of friends and ancestors in a bygone, 'greater age' and the verse is punctuated by cries of despair. Characters are indistinguishable, almost ghost-like, inhabiting a shadowy, distant world. Mary faithfully copies these features, trying to create an atmosphere of pervading gloom and overpowering emotion. Her characters are virtually interchangeable in their exaggerated sensibility, tears are abundant and the landscape replicates speakers' premonitions and sorrows. Just as for Ossian and his characters who only seem to find peace in death, 'life is but as a dream of the night, which passeth away in a moment'. But whereas the Ossianic dead only continue to exist in the memories of those who live after, for Mary the dream that is this existence merely portends the 'real life' of the next world for which we should prepare and look forward with joy - her purpose is to urge resignation.

What did this sort of writing do for its readers? Its pathos was somehow acutely pleasurable. It enabled them, like the characters, to experience what is termed in Ossian 'the joy of grief'. But it was also supposed to be didactic, stimulating benevolence, empathy, reflection and social feeling. (See John Dwyer, 'The Melancholy Savage: Text and Context in the Poems of Ossian', in *Ossian Revisited*, ed. by Howard Gaskill, pp.164-206.)

## The Philosophers Death In imitation of old Irish verse

---

**Names Rilla, Rustus, Mara, Ernor**

**[Arrat]** Ah why is the night so gloomy & dark! why is my heart pierced with uncommon terrors these fatal forebodings, ah! why in my breast the Heavens seem disorder'd, the Earth seems full of fear, shall I ascend this steep mountain whose top touch'd the skys, on which the stars seem to lean, which is spangled by the silviry[sic] rays of the moon Ah no I will descend to the lowly vale I will enter the cot of Rilla! the delight of swains, the joy the pride of hearts the cherisher of youth & old age & the contemplater of nature!<sup>1</sup> Rilla, the beloved Rilla shall tell me why are these fears, I will lose them all in his breast, for he is my bosom friend, where art thou going oh! Rustus, why are thy eyes bathed in tears, why wringest thou thy hands in agony, ah tell me, come we will go to the cottage of the benevolent Rilla, we will tell all our sorrows to him, he will pity our grief & our cares, for he is ever the friend of the distressed, I was going to Rilla, oh! Rustus thou son of tears!<sup>2</sup> I was going to communicate my fears unto him, for my mind was bowed down within me & my heart was overwhelm'd with terror, & I knew not for what, I was filled with forebodings of sorrow, but I could not find out the cause, oh! Rustus hast thou been with that friend of the unfortunate, then tell me how he is, doth ought ail that son of mercy, oh! tell me keep me not in dread suspence[sic] for I am full of anguish

**Rustus)** oh! Arrat thy forebodings are just, I am full of wretchedness & woe, thou shalt not tell thy sorrows to Rilla, Rilla the delight of the swains, the benevolent friend of mercy & want, the heavenly Philosopher is no more; ah! how can I survive when Rilla is no more, the pride of the village is gone to the grave, his eyes sleep in death, no more they shed a pitying tear for the sorrows of the unfortunate, alas! he lies all pale & ghastly extended upon his bed, it is water'd by the tears of the poor his lifeless corpse is bathed with tears of distress, he no longer hears the sound of mercy, no longer smiles with complacent joy, at making all around him blest! that hand is dead & cold & lifeless which has so often strew'd plenty to the poor & whose delight was to wipe away the tears from the eyes of the unfortunate, no longer his peaceful mind is filled with contemplation on the wonders of nature, that mouth is dumb which so often chaunted forth,<sup>3</sup> the praises of his Maker which has so often pointed out his mercies & bounty to us all, & exhorted us to praise; those feet no longer haste to relieve the wants of the indigent, they are cold & stiff Alas! they are senseless as the clay, beneath our feet, Ah! thou favourite son of Mercy thou art no more! thou weepest oh! Arrat thou weepest, but thy tears are in vain thy Rilla minds not thy sighs, he sees not thy tears, oh! Arrat tho' we mourn our mourning is vain, but Nature is weak & we have lost a dear friend -

**Arrat)** oh! Rustus are the doleful tidings true, is Rilla dead, the favourite of the plain,<sup>4</sup> Oh! is that guardian of the Poor! that pattern of meekness & humility the well beloved Rilla oh! is he no more! support me oh! Rustus, sustain me by thine arm, I sink beneath the weight of grief, my soul is o'erpower'd with despair for the son of fortitude is gone where I shall see him no more, oft has

Rilla & I sat at the door of his cottage to behold the setting sun, to behold the rising moon, to contemplate the works of nature; but ah! those happy days are o'er, no more I see him smile with a heavenly delight, no more am I improved by his enlivening conversation oft has he said giving me a look of affection "my dearest, my well belov'd Arrat, behold this rose is the produce of nature, it is a simple flower but I have often wished to be like it, when it dies & its beautiful colours are gone what a delicate odour remains, 'tis acceptable to all, oh! arrat might we but leave the savour of a virtuous reputation & an exemplary character to our inferiours[sic] & worthy of imitation, but above all, the one thing needful<sup>5</sup> the favor of our God, we need not fear to die, oh! my dear friend, life is but as a dream of the night, which passeth away in a moment, it is then & not until then do we enter into real life how can we e'er possess it while the dream continues it intercepts the heavenly Light & quite excludes the day;<sup>6</sup> seest thou this setting sun; ah might I depart as peaceful as it, how glorious! it sheds its rays of lustre & divine magnificence around, I wish not pomp or grandeur, content is all I ask, it is enough for it is a heavenly portion"<sup>7</sup> thus would that son of mercy reason thus would he improve my mind & entertain me with his delightful conversation: but alas! he has left me, Rilla thou cherisher of youth my friend, my well beloved friend, where art thou gone, whither art thou fled so soon, oh! that I could follow thee, thy soul was spotless as the jessamine[sic] which creeps along thy thatch,<sup>8</sup> it was blooming & lovely as the rose, yes Rilla, thy wish is answer'd thou art happy & we must submit, we must bow to this severe stroke of fate, to this rod of correction;<sup>9</sup> thou passed away all calm & peaceful as the setting sun: & the remembrance of thee is more pleasant to my memory than the rose: let us wipe away our tears my dear Rustus! they will not recal[sic] our dear friend we shall soon follow him; may his shade<sup>10</sup> rest unmolested till we join it on the heavenly shore, till we mix with the happy spirits then we will never, never part -

**Rustus)** oh! Arrat I know that our tears are in vain, but is not Rilla worth a single tear oh! my friend we were but too blest while we possessed the generous rilla - oh! our silver moon which so often beheld him, clad in humility & wisdom came forth of his humble roof to adore & admire the omnipotence of his God, oh! hide thy face in mournful silence & shed the tear of sorrow for Rilla the pious & the good no longer beholds thy beauties; but who is this that ascends from the valley, whose feet pusheth away the dews of the evening & whose face is bathed with tears, it is Mara, the unfortunate Mara, the daughter of misfortune & sorrow, come hither, thou afflicted maiden come hither & mingle thy tears with ours for we are partakers of thy grief - oh! Mara, Rilla is no more & what will become of thee, thou wouldst have been an helpless orphan & a miserable cast-out, had it not been for the generous & benevolent Rilla, it is now thou wilt feel the weight of misfortune indeed.

**Mara)** Rilla is no more, oh! my friend the generous Rilla is no more, he hath resigned his soul into the hands of his maker, but he has left me to mourn, oh! Rustus is not this a woeful day for me, I was an orphan but Rilla took me in - my parents had left me & I knew them not, I was cast out & had no friends, till that humane friend of the distressed took me, he brought me up in the house with him & carefully provided for me, he was my friend my benefactor & my confidant & now he is no more, oh! is it not trouble indeed to be bereft of him, but he foresaw his death<sup>11</sup> he foresaw & told me of it, "Mara said that son of fortitude, I have seen my end approaching, but I am not afraid oh! Mara I have



spent my life in preparing for that dread event,<sup>12</sup> no longer dread to me I have conquer'd, I have overcome & I can say with satisfaction & Joy - oh! death where is thy sting, oh grave where is thy victory,<sup>13</sup> the sting of death is sin & that sting is taken away as I am happy in myself oh! Mara but I pity thee, I am going to the realms of glory, where thou shalt soon follow me, oh! Rilla said I weeping do not affright us with that mournful tale, in what manner wast thou foretold of thy death what messenger told thee of it, tell me O Rilla oh! that I might go before thee, may I never live to feel the loss of thee, what will become of me? what will become of all thy friends, whose life in[is] wrapt up in thine? I will provide for thee O mara, thou shalt never want, but oh! submit with patience to the will of Providence, sure it is thy bounden duty the sun was set, the moon & the stars appeared to enlighten the Earth with their borrowed rays,<sup>14</sup> when with a mind all calm & peaceful I left my Cottage & sat down under the shade of a poplar to contemplate on the beauties of nature, to admire the works of the Almighty the heavens & the Earth, when a deep sleep came over me which I could not resist, a man stood before me clad in shining raiment"<sup>15</sup> Rilla said he in a gentle tone prepare for death, I am sent to summons thee hence, the Lord thy God whom thou delights to serve wisheth for thee come oh! come thy King waiteth for thee, thou art one of the favourites of the Most High & thou shalt be ever blest with him in Heaven["], oh! when shall I come with eager joy, when shall I meet my dear Lord thou welcome messenger of God, oh! tell me, I will enter his presence with joy & gladness" "three days shalt thou abide on earth"<sup>16</sup> said he, prepare thy house & settle thy affairs against that time, for I will fetch thee then & guide thy spotless soul from Earth to Heaven" when he had spoken he vanished & left me much surprised at all his words, Mara I shall surely go, but I shall go in peace: I shall still be blest, so weep not for me, grief stopped my speech, I answer'd only with tears at last I cried Oh! Rilla shalt thou go & shall not Mara weep; oh! Mara said the son of fortitude, I shall be happy & sure thou wilt not envy my bliss, no, I know it will give thee joy, ah! Rilla tho' thy bliss will give me joy, yet it is hard to part with thee, but we must resign to fate for we shall meet again, thus would he reason in hopes that we would be resigned & bear our loss with patience -

Who is this that ascendeth from the valley of tears, with hasty steps, she brusheth away the dews of the evening it is Ernor the weeping mourning Ernor Ernor thou daughter of mourning, how is the unfortunate mother of Rilla I will return to her & strive to soothe her wounded soul -

**Ernor)** oh Mara she pines away in silent grief & mourns her dreadful loss, return return oh! Mara & comfort her, it is time to go for see the moon & stars are on their journey round the Earth & Sol<sup>17</sup> is seen no more -

**Arrat)** oh Ernor is not this a woful[sic] day, the lovely, the young, the innocent, the just & the benevolent Rilla is now no more, we weep, but our tears cannot recal[sic] him to life - Ernor I will go with thee to the once happy cot of Rilla, wilt thou go with me of[oh] Rustus to visit the unhappy to visit the desolate widow'd mother of Rilla -

**Rustus)** yes! I will go with thee, I will accompany you all, ye weeping friends of Rilla, come we will descend this vale, ah! thou nightingale why singest thou among the trees the song of joy, thou knowest not thy loss, sing thou the song of mourning for the death of Rilla - Hast thou not beheld him, sitting on the

moss green seat listing to thy warbling voice, oh! Philomel<sup>18</sup> he will never behold thee more - those Eyes are closed which so often have gazed on thee - oh! Rilla I shall never see thee more

**Ernor)** Haste O Rustus gloomy clouds enwrap the welkin sheet,<sup>19</sup> the moon is hid in a dark cloud, nor sends her moon-beams down, the white lustre of the stars seem to fade & I can scarce see the green hills, it will soon be a shower of rain, so haste to the house of the disconsolate, the widow'd mother of Rilla the generous Rilla who made her blest & is now gone, oh! let us try to comfort her

**Rustus)** I come oh! Ernor I haste but ah! may I not stop to admire the beauty of this rose, it was the favourite of Rilla, oft has he admired it & water'd it with the chry[s]tal drops which come from yonder brook -

**Mara)** oh! is it not affecting that in every tree or flower or shrub we find something belonging to Rilla, he shall never lose his good name for he is worthy of it, I haste to visit the disconsolate mourner come my friends for already the drops have begun to fall on the Earth.-

1. Rilla, living in a cottage, communing with 'swains' (country rustics) and contemplating nature, dwells within a pastoral idyll that has nothing to do with the age of Ossian or the Celtic heroes.
2. In Ossianic poetry, characters are frequently addressed as 'son of another character, and often described as overcome with tears:  
 Why openest thou afresh the spring of my grief, O Son of Alpin, inquiring how Oscur fell? My eyes are blind with tears, but memory beams on my heart. How can I relate the mournful death of the head of the people! Prince of the warriors, Oscur, my son I shall see thee no more!  
 (The opening of 'The Death of Oscur', quoted in Stafford, *The Sublime Savage*, p.89.)
3. **chaunted forth** - sang out, or recited.
4. **favourite of the plain** - perhaps punning on 'plain' as 'simple' and stock poetic term for a rural space.
5. Lk 10:42 - 'But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.' Mary chose to sit and listen to Jesus, while her sister Martha busied herself with supper.
6. This life is seen as a dream preparatory to the 'real life' in the hereafter.
7. **it is enough for it is a heavenly portion** - a phrase Mary may have heard at Quaker Meeting.
8. **his soul was spotless as the jessamine which creeps along thy thatch** - a simile derived from eighteenth-century notions of rural simplicity quite at variance with the ancient world of Ossian.
9. **rod of correction** - suffering seen as God's way of refining the human soul.
10. **shade** - ghost or spirit.
11. Rilla had a premonition of his own death, and Arrat at the beginning of the piece had a sense of foreboding.
12. Again, life is seen as a preparation for death.
13. 1 Cor 15:55. Biblical reference is, of course, a departure from the world of Ossian.
14. **borrowed rays** - the light of the moon and stars is 'borrowed', because a reflection of the sun's.
15. **a man [. . .] in shining raiment** - an angelic figure. In Mt 28:2-3 the angel at Christ's tomb has 'raiment white as snow', in Lk 24:4 there are 'two men [. . .] in shining garments'. And the man appears in a dream like the angel who visited Joseph to tell him that Mary was with child by 'the Holy Ghost' (Mt 1:20).
16. **Three days [. . .] on earth** - reminiscent of the three days between Christ's death and resurrection.
17. **Sol** - classical name for the sun. Classical reference like this and the one to Philomel (see below) is another departure from the world of Ossian.
18. **Philomel** - in classical myth, Philomela was turned into a nightingale. Her brother-in-law, Tereus, cut off her tongue so that she could not tell her sister, Procne, that he had raped her. Philomela, however, managed to depict what had happened in a tapestry, whereupon Procne in revenge killed her own son and cut him into pieces, which she offered to Tereus to eat. Just as Tereus was about to kill both Procne and Philomela in retaliation, they were all turned into birds: Philomela into a nightingale, Procne into a swallow, and Tereus into a hoopoe.
19. **welkin sheet** - the sky. 'Welkin' is a poetic word for the upper air or firmament.

## A Prayer

---

1

Almighty gracious Father Lord of All  
 Author of Heaven & Earth thou great Supreme  
 At whose dread nod whole millions rise or fall  
 Deign to accept my humble suppliant theme

2

Oh! Lord protect my youth from every ill  
 Teach me to worship thee & thee alone  
 Oh! let me never disobey thy will  
 And let me be to truth & virtue prone

3

Thy holy word oh! teach me to revere  
 Thy holy name to love & to adore  
 Oh! guide my feet from every dangerous snare  
 Nor let me build upon the sandy shore<sup>1</sup>

4

Teach me to shun the Proud the sinful road  
 To flee with haste from every evil way  
 Oh! let me dwell in Heaven my fit abode  
 In the bright regions of Eternal day

5

Oh! fill my soul with gratitude to thee  
 For all the boundless mercies thou hast given  
 For all thy favours to unworthy me  
 And for th' redemption of my Soul to Heaven

6

In all my ways do thou be with me still  
 Do thou protect me, & I'll never fear  
 Thy powerful nod[rod] can guide me from all ill  
 Thy blessed son I'll love & still revere  
 I shall be blest if I obey thy will  
 Then let thy humble suppliant be thy care

1. Mt 7:26-27 - the foolish man who hears Christ's sayings but does not follow them is like a man who builds his house on the sand, unlike the wise man who, according to v. 25, builds his upon firm rock.

This piece calls itself an enigma and rebus combined. Both are puzzles - an enigma is a riddle, a rebus gives clues to the syllables of a word or name.

## An Enigma & Rebus Combined

---

Behold attended by a Glorious train<sup>1</sup>  
 A Queen the gaze & wonder of the plain<sup>2</sup>  
 Ye Philosophic tribe behold your friend  
 Ye watch my motions & my steps attend<sup>3</sup>  
 Ye studious poets oft ye seek my aid  
 And oft at night I visit in the shade  
 The nightly gazers me will useful deem  
 For I'm to them a subject & a theme  
 To count my attendants none can e'er explore  
 They are numerous as the sands along the shore<sup>4</sup>  
 In pomp attended & in grandeur crown'd  
 To all I freely spread my gifts around  
 Alike the great & meanest of them share  
 For tho' a Queen, a manly face I bear<sup>5</sup>  
 Sometimes I hardly shew myself at all  
 At others I'm beheld throughout the ball  
 But if you were to sense & nature blind  
 Join these initials & my name you'll find  
 A sacred author, sore perplexing things  
 A proud usurper & a bird that sings<sup>6</sup>  
 Altho' too plain I stand to you confest[sic]  
 Yet let me add one word to all the rest  
 I change my colour (men do also theirs)  
 I'm not Earth-born (I'm above Earthly cares[!])

1. a **Glorious train** - the stars.
2. a **Queen** - Diana, Roman goddess of the moon, whose attendants are the stars.
3. The phases of the moon were thought to exert an influence on human lives and world events.
4. The stars, numerous as grains of sand.
5. The Man in the Moon. The lineaments of what seems very much like a face can sometimes appear on the moon, formed by shadows. The myth was that a man was sent to the moon as a punishment for working by collecting wood on the Sabbath. This originated from Num 15:32-36 where the culprit was stoned to death, though the moon is not mentioned in the Bible.
6. The initials spell out the word 'moon' if:  
**A sacred author** = Mark or Matthew, gospel authors.  
**sore perplexing things** = (possibly) oxymorons. An oxymoron is essentially a paradox - in writing, a trope or figure which, though sometimes puzzling, unites two contradictory ideas or terms so as to convey the desired meaning more pointedly.  
**A proud usurper** = Oliver Cromwell.  
**a bird that sings** = a nightingale.

The identity of the family forming the subject of this verse is not known.

## A Description of a very happy Family

---

My muse to yonder dome direct thy way  
 To yonder dome! upheld by virtues sway  
 Their social comforts, bliss & friendship see  
 And take a pattern by the virtuous three<sup>1</sup>  
 My muse assist the busy wings of fame<sup>2</sup>  
 And all their goodness to the world proclaim  
 Their goodness justice friendship peace & truth  
 Go - with your boys & crown their virtuous youth  
 Go - weave your garlands, all your powerful fill  
 Blest peace shall hand it (she's their favourite still[!])  
 Oh! might I place the laurels<sup>3</sup> on your head  
 A[h]! no I'm still by disadvantage led  
 Unpractic'd I to flatter or to fawn  
 My infant muse, but yet at early dawn  
 Rough & unpolish'd - that they will excuse  
 Nor with disdain my humble lays refuse  
 Disdain - thou surely never wert their guest  
 No[,] thou'rt a stranger to their open breast  
 Such peace, such happiness I always see  
 Attendant on the truly virtuous three  
 Say ye who know, why they are truly blest  
 Why their calm minds so full of peace or rest  
 Why ask the cause tis plainly seen & known  
 Content the bright Content is all their own  
 Virtue (that chiefest good to man below)  
 Truth, goodness & benevolence they know  
 Plenty, delightful plenty is their guest  
 While love & Harmony dwell in their breast  
 Their kindred souls no jarring discord know  
 A wish t'relieve distress does from them flow  
 How happy they who midst a busy world  
 By discontent or passion ne'er were hurled<sup>4</sup>  
 Here & hereafter may you e'er be blest  
 May you (as now you do) enjoy true rest  
 Their worth their virtuous actions Heaven did crown  
 And on them pours ten thousand blessings down

1. **pattern** - model or example. **the virtuous three** are the three members of the family being praised so fulsomely.

2. **busy wings of fame** - fame was often represented as a winged deity.
3. Mary's muse is imagined, with helpers including a figure of 'peace' personified, crowning members of the family with 'garlands' of laurel - emblem of excellence and victory.
4. **hurled** - thrown (i.e. off course).

The answer to this enigma, or poetic puzzle, is easy - a needle.

## Enigma

---

Ye gentle females! now a while attend  
 Nor scorn to own in me your humble friend  
 In every station I with you am seen  
 I grace the beggar & adorn the queen  
 Without my aid the coxcomb or the beau<sup>1</sup>  
 In all his dress would never make a shew  
 I join my art to form th' accomplished maid  
 While in her dress, my use is fair display'd  
 I am sharp & piercing, oft I stand your friend  
 And when in need, to you assistance lend  
 When you the house-wife or the slattern<sup>2</sup> see  
 The'are[sic] both distinguished by their use of me  
 I scorn not with the beggar to be seen  
 With greatest ladies or the Royal Queen  
 Many will own thro' me they once have shewn  
 Nor to one sex am I confined alone  
 Around the globe my favours I diffuse  
 Even to the black mechanic<sup>3</sup> I'm of use  
 A general favourite I with great & small  
 My waist is slender delicate & tall  
 Ah! pity me while I the tale relate  
 One single eye is all I'm given by fate  
 Sure I deserve it, for I often wound  
 My dearest friends when I with them am found  
 Cruelty great! I boast my humble birth  
 Like all my kindred from old Mother Earth.<sup>4</sup>

1. **coxcomb/beau** - terms for 'dandies' or vain and fashionable men about town.
2. **slattern** - slovenly, untidy woman as opposed to the industrious housewife.
3. **mechanic** - worker.
4. Needles are made from metal extracted from the Earth.

The story of Martha and Mary is actually told in Lk 10:38-42, not the eleventh chapter. It was a very well known text, and Martha's choice of 'the one thing needful' would be familiar to most children of Mary's age and background.

## **Martha & Mary**

### **Luke 11th Chapter**

---

My saviour grant that I with all my heart  
 Like Mary blest may choose the better part  
 When thou dear Lord did to the village come  
 And enter'd into Martha's humble dome  
 Her worthy sister sat at Jesus' feet  
 (What bliss 'twould be our Saviour dear to meet)  
 She heard his word, his precepts she obey'd  
 And always listen'd to what Jesus said  
 Martha was cumber'd much with house affairs  
 Her mind was busied much with worldly cares  
 Yet she was always glad her Lord to see  
 And much she loved with Jesus oft to be  
 To whom she said "Dear Lord dost thou not care  
 "That Mary hath left me all the work to share  
 "Bid her assist me & her business mind  
 "Nor let her always tarry so behind  
 But Jesus answer'd, "Martha Martha thou  
 "Art careful & thy mind oft troubled now  
 There is but one thing needful, one good part  
 "And Mary it hath chose with all her heart<sup>1</sup>  
 "That chosen part she ever shall possess  
 "None e'er shall take it from her - 'twill her bless  
 "Twill be her guard & refuge in distress"

MB

1. Mary adheres closely here to the words as spoken by Christ in the Gospel.

## Ode to a Summer Morning

---

Now morn with countenance serene  
 Prepare to ope the joyful scene  
     The silver moon  
     Her course has run  
 Therefore gives place to the bright sun

2

Awake ye Idlers, wake & see  
 The lark & linnet on the tree  
     But hark the hounds  
     The horn resounds  
 The hare is catch'd, she is full of wounds

3

The ploughmen now renew their toil  
 To labour with the fruitful soil  
     The matin<sup>1</sup> cock  
     The tell tale clock  
 Proclaim the morning just at their back

4

From spray to spray, from bush to bush  
 The little Blackbird & the t[h]rush  
     The[y] tune their throats  
     With warbling notes  
 And echo thro' the woods & groves

5

The little children now resume their play  
 While parents join in the labours of the day

[The poem ends here.]

1. *matin* - morning.



**THE 1790s**

**DATED POEMS, AND POEMS**

**THAT CAN BE ASCRIBED A DATE**

Sarah Forbes, the sister of Mary's friend Hannah Wilson Forbes, died, aged thirty-four, on 12 September 1790 (she was born on 6 May 1756). A funeral card dated 'Ninth Mo. 15, 1790.' invited Friends 'to attend her Funeral, from her Brother's House, No. 12, lower Ormond-quay; to the Burial-ground at Stephen's-green, this Evening at five o'Clock'. A few days later, Mary (now aged fifteen) wrote this obituary poem.

**On S Forbes**  
**9th month 20th. 1790**

---

Why droop my loved, my honor'd friends  
Why the sad tear on Hannah's eye  
Oh! why these signs of sorrow round  
The pangs of grief, the heartfelt sigh

Ask not the cause! 'tis Forbes gone!  
Her harmless spirit bid adieu  
And to the immortal regions she  
To meet her dear Redeemer flew

Mysterious God, shall I a worm  
Presume thy wondrous works to trace?  
Or dare to ask the reason why  
She claspt so soon Deaths cold embrace

For when thy wisdom strikes the blow  
'Tis mercy pitying aims the dart  
And comfort bearing spirit flies  
With balm to sooth[e] the wounded heart

'Twas God, her God, who snatch'd her pure  
From Earths terrestrial mouldring[sic] clay<sup>1</sup>  
And He was worthy, He alone  
To bear her better part away

Think oh my friends altho' your loss  
Your deep affliction might allow  
Yet she was virtuous she was good  
And without doubt she's happy now

Then let the lenient hand of Time  
Dispel the clouds your sorrows rise  
Bow to your Lords correcting rod  
For whom he loves, He doth chastize

Ah me! I've lost a valued friend  
 Whose virtues mild improved my heart  
 A heart which still with friendship warm  
 Claims in your grief a mournful part

Pleased with the music of her tongue  
 How oft my breast would rapture feel  
 Hang on her accents as they flew  
 And blamed the hour which bade me go

Her Soul was innocent & good  
 And to her Makers will resign'd  
 Her breast from baleful envy free  
 And pure & spotless was her mind

Noble, yet gentle was her heart  
 And bright her virtues lustre shone  
 For if perfection was on Earth  
 Perfection she might call her own

When time my latest hour shall bring  
 My heart shall hold her image still  
 And hope in humble faith to meet  
 Her blissful soul on Zions Hill<sup>2</sup>

Oh may her honor'd virtues be  
 Engraved for ever on my mind  
 That I like her may meet my fate  
 With confidence in God resign'd  
 MB

1. **terrestrial mouldring clay** - the earthly body, prone to decay.
2. **Zions Hill** - Mount Zion, the site of the Temple at Jerusalem. A metaphor for heaven.

On 28 December 1790, Mary attained the age of sixteen. Her birthday provides an opportunity to reflect on her spiritual progress and seek God's help in her resolutions for the future. Bidding her soul to 'Look back!' over the past year, querying what sins she might have committed, she attaches special importance to sinning in speech - a 'fault' to which women are considered particularly prone.

### Written on the day when I was sixteen

---

Yes time again hath brought this annual day  
 And twelve full moons roll'd unobserved away  
 Another Sun its kindly influence shed  
 And all the seasons roll'd around my head  
 And formed an added year - my soul tis gone  
 Look back! and trembling see, what thou hast done  
 What crimes committed or what good can boast  
 What vicious appetites indulged or crost!<sup>[sic]</sup>  
 If Wisdom most or folly holds thine heart  
 If vice or virtue keep the chiefest part?  
 If conscience still exert a rigorous sway  
 And lop the<sup>1</sup> too luxuriant boughs away  
 And nip the buds of sin what e'er they be  
 Expand my heart! exalt, yet humble me!  
 If flows that heart, with universal love?  
 Honours mankind, & reverence'<sup>[sic]</sup> God above!  
 Look back! my soul! all thy past deeds survey  
 Another birth day thou may'st never see!  
 Hath ever envy with envenom'd dart  
 Found easy entrance to this yielding heart?  
 Hath ever malice formed a part of me  
 Is my whole frame from baneful discord<sup>2</sup> free  
 Did ever I with jealous eye behold  
 My neighbours wealth or crave his hoarded gold  
 Did e'er my breast the godlike transport<sup>3</sup> feel  
 To soothe the wretched! & their miseries heal  
 Did e'er this bosom heave a wishful sigh  
 To see anothers pomp or grandeur high?  
 Did e'er my heart enclose detested pride  
 Or scorn the humble? or the great deride  
 Did ever passion tempt my soul to sin  
 Deform'd & foul! it lurks unseen within  
 Did e'er my hasty tongue from Reason stray  
 To our weak sex that dreadful fault they lay  
 Ah, hapless sex! what evils dost thou know  
 Tho' form'd a blessing, oft a curse below<sup>4</sup>  
 For where the tongue usurps its hateful sway  
 Truth Reason Justice Virtue all give way

Look back my soull survey thy deeds again  
 And never let that little member reign<sup>5</sup>  
 Dread Lord! what wonder strikes my kindling soul  
 I see successive seasons as they roll  
 And to my thought this moral truth convey  
 So thou hast risen & so thou must decay  
 Yet they shall rise & flourish o'er & o'er,  
 But when I fall I rise on Earth no more  
 Then grant me Lord! that I may so employ  
 Those hours which thro' thy mercy I enjoy  
 As most to thy own honor will conduce  
 Thee to obey - thy beings end, and use!  
 Oh! keep me humble keep me in thy fear  
 Low lay me at thy feet, and keep me there.  
 Grant too that innocence may mask my days  
 And harmless, inoffensive truth, my ways  
 Spotless & free from guile! Oh! let me be  
 Correct my heart! and keep it - but for thee!  
 Chain down each wild unruly thot.[sic]<sup>6</sup> of mine  
 And teach me how to lose my will in thine  
 So shall immortal joys inspire my breast  
 Resigned to thee - I'll disregard the rest  
 Rise rise my soul to Purity aspire  
 For Heaven - nor less than Heaven do I desire  
 Thence fill'd with gratitude the past I'll trace  
 And the vast riches of my Saviours grace:  
 Then every birth-day shall instruction lend  
 Nay every day shall see me strive to mend  
 Improve the Talents God to me hath given<sup>7</sup>  
 Correct my faults! leave Earth! & climb to Heavn.[sic]  
 Not many suns have shed their burning ray  
 Since I a shapeless mass of matter lay  
 Till warmed to life by his supreme command  
 I took this form obedient to his hand  
 And tho' but sixteen winters I have known  
 What then? I'll dare to call my God my own  
 Let others seek for titles wealth or fame  
 Their end I pity & despise their aim:  
 Be mine an humbler path of life to find  
 A peaceful conscience & a quiet mind  
 That path to reach which leads to him I love  
 Even hasty footed time seems scarce to move  
 And every birth-day with new joys shall come  
 For every birth-day brings me nearer home.

1. 'the' is written twice in manuscript - repetition omitted here.
2. **baneful discord** - poisonous conflict or rancour.
3. **godlike transport** - godlike means 'resembling God', and the movement of empathy toward others could be said to be 'of God'. But there is also, perhaps, an idea here of 'heavenly rapture'.

4. In Genesis, Chapters 2 and 3, Eve, the first woman, was created as a companion and helpmeet for Adam but through her disobedience brought sin and death into the world.
5. Jas 3:5 - 'Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.' The biblical text then describes the tongue as 'a fire, a world of iniquity' which 'defileth the whole body' and 'is set on fire of hell'. Man can tame all the beasts of the earth, 'But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison' (v. 6-8).
6. **thot.** - manuscript abbreviation of 'thought'.
7. Mt 25:14-30 - Christ's parable of the talents. The 'talent' (derived from the Greek word 'talanton' - a weight or sum of money) was 'an ancient weight and money of account among Assyrians, Greeks, Romans, etc., of varying value', while, in Latin, 'talentum' means 'inclination of mind' (*OED*). Christ's parable about the monies left, by a master, in the care of his servants, speaks metaphorically of our duty to make best use of the gifts vouchsafed to us.

The following are dedicatory poems to friends, written to accompany copies of *A Poem on the African Slave Trade*, Mary's contribution to the anti-slave trade campaign, published in 1792. It was thought most useful to reproduce them here, before *A Poem on the African Slave Trade*.

The first is to Mary's friend Hannah Wilson Forbes. (See Appendix 7, 'Individuals Featuring in the Writings of Mary Birkett Card'.) The date in the heading might refer to the date of the anti-slave trade poem rather than the date of this dedication. However, in the manuscript collection, it is placed shortly after *A Poem on the African Slave Trade* and near other 1792 material. It is likely, therefore, that it was written in 1792. In any event, it must have been written between 1792 and the death of Hannah Wilson Forbes in 1799.

### To H W Forbes with the second part of my Poem on the African Slave trade 1792

---

Friend of my heart! whom all who know admire  
 Fain would the muse for thee attune her lyre<sup>1</sup>  
 Fain would she praise the maid she fondly loves  
 And her hand dictate<sup>2</sup> what her heart approves  
 Would with pleased thought thy matchless graces tell  
 And on thy virtues - on thy friendship dwell  
 Would sing how late thy well judged fancy shone  
 Queen of the feast! - its elegance - thy own<sup>3</sup>  
 Where beauty, sweets & order were combined  
 Expressive emblem of its author's mind  
 But, since to that high theme, she may'nt aspire  
 (So scant her portion of poetic fire)  
 With candour thou her humble gift receive  
 Tho' small the offering, large the heart that gave  
 Much wilt thou find to pardon, many a line  
 That lacks thy graceful ease, thy judgment fine  
 And many a simple thought did she impart  
 That had no merit save a feeling heart  
 Such as it is with mingled fear she sends  
 Remember not to critics - but to friends.

MB

1. **Fain** [. . .] **lyre** - the lyre was the instrument of the muses and a symbol for the music of poetry. **Fain** - gladly.
2. **dictate** - write down, take dictation.
3. Referring to Hannah Wilson Forbes's role as a hostess on a recent occasion. Quakers often entertained on a large scale, particularly at times of Quarterly or Yearly Meetings when many visitors might descend on a household.

The initial letter given for the Christian name of the addressee of the second dedicatory poem is difficult to read in manuscript. It appears to be an 'S', but capital 'L's are written very similarly. If it is 'S', the addressee may have been Susannah Appleby, lifelong companion to Sarah Darby, the sister of Quaker minister Deborah Darby, of Coalbrookdale in Shropshire. (The Darbys led the iron industry in the eighteenth century by successfully smelting iron with coke.) Susannah Appleby, through the Darbys, had contacts with Irish Friends such as the Grubbs who stayed at Coalbrookdale on occasion. (See Rachel Labouchere, *Deborah Darby* (York: William Sessions, 1993), pp.40, 219.) Other Friends from Ireland sometimes stayed at the Darby home, Sunnyside, when in transit on journeys around England. Mary Birkett visited England in 1789 and it is just possible she had some contact with the Darbys or Applebys then.

However, this dedication might have been written some time after the 1792 publication of *A Poem on the African Slave Trade*. Susannah Appleby became a minister herself in 1791, and often travelled with Deborah Darby. She went on a ministerial visit to Ireland in April 1799 with Robert Fowler, Sarah Stephenson and Mary Lloyd, returning with Mary Lloyd in February 1800. (See Labouchere, *Deborah Darby*, pp.254, 262.) The usual pattern for such visits was for the party to spend time in Dublin initially, and then travel around Ireland. Hence, Mary could have met Susannah Appleby in the April and given her these lines, with a copy of the anti-slave trade poem, then. It is quite likely that the verse was composed in the spring of 1799 as it is sandwiched, in the manuscript collection, between two 1799 poems: 'To Nathl. Card' (19 January 1799), and 'An Elegy' on the death of Hannah Wilson Reynolds née Forbes (9 May 1799).

## To her Friend

### S[?] Appleby with verses on the Slave Trade

---

If e'er these lines thy casual glance receive  
 And stranger sorrows give thy soul to heave<sup>1</sup>  
 As thro' thine heart soft pity's movements flow  
 Which rise to soothe our sable brethrens woe  
 Then for a moment let thy thoughts descend  
 And trace in every line an absent friend -

1. **stranger sorrows** - sufferings of strangers, i.e. the negro slaves. **heave** - sob or cry.



## A Poem on the African Slave Trade

This poem, enjoining abstention from slave-produced sugar and rum, was well-received on publication in 1792 (according to Part II and its published preface, Part I was received favourably). And it has attracted the interest of several scholars in recent years, Part I being reproduced in the major collection ed. by Kitson and Lee - *Slavery, Abolition and Emancipation: Writings in the British Romantic Period* (1999). The poem itself - how it engaged with its contemporary audience, how it responds to a request in a poem by the Quaker Thomas Wilkinson, *An Appeal to England, on Behalf of the Abused Africans* (1789), for women to espouse the slaves' cause, negotiating Wilkinson's formulation of compassionate femininity, and utilises passages from James Thomson's *The Seasons* (1726-46) - is explored in the introduction to this edition. This headnote offers a brief account of the historical context.

As the niece of George Harrison, a leading abolitionist from the inception of the anti-slavery movement in England, it is not surprising that Mary became interested in the anti-slavery cause. As she grew up, she would have been aware of his activities - the fact that one of her brothers, George Harrison Birkett, was named after him shows the esteem in which he was held by her parents. George Harrison was one of the twenty-three members of the first Quaker committee to look at the slave trade in June 1783, before he and five other Friends (Samuel Hoare, Joseph Woods, John Lloyd, Dr Thomas Knowles and William Dillwyn) formed the first anti-slavery association that July, 'to consider what steps could by them be taken for the Relief and Liberation of the Negro Slaves in the West Indies, and the Discouragement of the Slave Trade on the Coast of Africa'. (Thompson-Clarkson MSS, quoted in Judith Jennings, *The Business of Abolishing the British Slave Trade 1783-1807*, p.23. See also Clarkson, *The History of the Rise, Progress, and Accomplishment of the Abolition of The African Slave-Trade by The British Parliament*, I, 124-28.) Harrison then became a founder member of the London Abolition Committee in 1787, working assiduously with Wilberforce, Clarkson *et al.* toward abolition of the trade, and then slavery itself, being present at the last meeting of the Committee in 1819. A full account of his contribution can be found in Jennings's book, which looks at abolition through the lives of four Quaker abolitionists.

From the end of the 1780s, anti-slavery sentiment swept across the British Isles to become a huge movement in which people of different denominations and political persuasions worked side by side, although dissenters and evangelicals tended to predominate. Though some ultra-conservatives always associated anti-slavery with free-thinking radicalism, theirs was the minority view until the aftermath of the French Revolution made many more people wary of anything tending towards disruption of the established order.

In 1788, Hannah More, a popular evangelical and conservative author, published a lengthy poem entitled *Slavery* denouncing the trade, which launched a wave of poetry of a similar ilk. This was probably an influence on Mary, as well as Wilkinson's *Appeal* (1789). But Mary's poem was written in 1792 to heighten public awareness and encourage support for William Wilberforce's campaign at a particular juncture - when he was attempting once again to get an anti-slave trade bill through Parliament. This 1792 campaign was backed by petitions drawn up in a concerted effort from February onwards all across the country. It had some success. In April, the Commons agreed to end the trade itself (though not to abolish existing slavery) in British dominions in four years' time - 1796 - but the issue was postponed by the House of Lords in June. The two parts of Mary's poem were probably written to coincide with the Bill's passage through both houses (see headnote to Part II). The slave trade was not abolished in the British colonies until 1807. (See Mary's address to Hans Hamilton M.P. (1806), p.380 in this volume, persuading him to vote in favour of that year's abolition bill.)

Mary's proposal to boycott slave-produced sugar, and rum in the second part of her poem, also arose very much from within the abolitionist activity of 1792. Abstention had been a tactic for a while, but in January 1792 Thomas Clarkson circulated a pamphlet entitled *An Address to the People of Great Britain on the Propriety of Abstaining from West Indian Sugar and Rum*. 'If enough people abstained,' he said, 'government could not obtain their revenue unless they gratified the wishes of the people by the Abolition of the Slave Trade.' Other similar publications had been printed in 1791. One of these, *An Address to the People of Great*

*Britain (Respectfully Offered to the People of Ireland) on the Utility of Refraining from the Use of West Indian Sugar and Rum*, was reprinted in Dublin in 1792, as was *Considerations Addressed to the professors of Christianity of Every Denomination on the Impropriety of Consuming West Indian Sugar and Rum as Produced by the Oppressive Labour of Slaves*. These might well have provided some impetus for Mary's poem, but she would also have been aware of abstention practiced among people she knew, as the idea spread rapidly that spring. The Anglo-Irish author Maria Edgeworth, staying in Bristol, wrote to her friend Sophy Ruxton on 9 March 1792, telling her that, 'Twenty-five thousand people in England have absolutely left off eating West India sugar, from the hope that when there is no longer any demand for sugar the slaves will not be so cruelly treated'. (Maria Edgeworth, *Chosen Letters*, ed. by F. V. Barry (London: Jonathan Cape, 1931), p.53). Meanwhile, Quakers in Ireland had adopted this tactic too. Abraham Shackleton, the Quaker schoolmaster at Ballitore, was one of many Friends who refrained from drinking tea, sweetened with sugar, and refused slave-produced goods (Harrison, *Biographical Dictionary of Irish Quakers*, p.92).

## Publication

*A Poem on the African Slave Trade. Addressed to her own Sex* was published in 1792 in two parts by J. Jones of 111 Grafton Street, Dublin. (Note the address to other women is not included in the title in manuscript.) Part I has an appendix listing other works published by J. Jones, including texts by well-known authors like Pindar, Cowper and Goldsmith, instructive volumes such as the Rev. John Bennett's *Strictures on Female Education*, and *Original Stories from Real Life, with Conversations, calculated to regulate the Affections, and form the Mind to Truth and Goodness*, by Mary Wolstonecraft, the feminist author of *A Vindication of the Rights of Women* (1792). The months of publication for Mary Birkett's poem are not given but Part II must have followed later as its preface states that its composition was prompted by the encouraging reception to the first part. Part I must, indeed, have been popular because it went into two editions. Part I runs to nineteen pages, Part II to twenty-five in print (size 12 x 20 cm). Copies are held at Friends House, London and the British Library (Ref: BL:11633.bb.6.) Both parts are also included in a volume held at Woodbrooke College, Birmingham, simply entitled *Tracts* (Library Ref: 3 c EA), containing an assortment of mainly eighteenth-century texts, some but not all printed in Dublin. The copy of Part II at Friends House has a handwritten dedication at the top: 'Elizabeth Barrington to C & G Horner 1799'. Elisabeth Barrington was probably Mary's childhood friend, Elizabeth (Betsy) Pike, also the friend of Mary Leadbeater.

The published editions of *A Poem on the African Slave Trade* have prefaces not contained in the manuscript collection, and carry a quote attributed to Sterne on their title pages: "Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery, still thou art a bitter cup". Laurence Sterne (1713-1768), born in Ireland, was a clergyman and author of those quintessential, ironically witty, novels of eighteenth-century sensibility - *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy* (1760-67) and *A Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy* (1768). Mary's quote is from an episode in the latter, where the narrator, Yorick, tries to convince himself that imprisonment in the Bastille for lacking a passport would not be so terrible - it would afford him the opportunity to think and write. The reality of the loss of freedom is brought home to him, however, when he tries, unsuccessfully, to release a caged starling repeating endlessly, 'I can't get out - I can't get out'. Yorick reflects, 'Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still slavery! said I - still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.' (Penguin Classics edn, ed. by Graham Petrie (London: 1967, repr. 1986), pp.94-97.) Mary's change of the word 'draught' to 'cup' connects the pleasurable, apparently innocent act of sipping a cup of sweet tea with the reality of the 'bitter cup' of suffering this entailed upon slaves - an idea perhaps suggested by Thomson's reflections, in *The Seasons*, 'Winter', 322-48, on how 'little' those 'Whom pleasure, power and affluence surround' think of others actually suffering at that 'moment', including 'how many drink the cup/Of baleful grief' (334-35). (See also Kowaleski-Wallace, *Consuming Subjects*, p.48 on the 'ambiguities' inherent in Mary's alteration.)

Comparison of the manuscript of Mary Birkett's poem with the published one reveals few differences. They are mainly in punctuation.

## A Poem On the African Slave Trade

---

Oppression! thou whose hard & cruel chain,  
 Entails on all thy victims woe & pain;  
 Who gives with tyrant force & scorpion whip,<sup>1</sup>  
 The cup of misery to a Negro's lip;  
 Marks with stern frown thy wide unhallow'd<sup>2</sup> reign  
 And broods with gloomy wing o'er Afric's<sup>3</sup> injured plain!  
 Thy voice which spreads pale desolation round,  
 While trembling myriads groan beneath the sound,  
 Thy voice more rude than Borea's<sup>4</sup> chilling breath  
 Call thousands forth to feel a living death!  
 Which in hoarse thunders bids injustice rise!  
 While oft beneath the stroke the sufferer dies:  
 Yes! thy infernal voice impels my song,  
 And o'er my soul its crude ideas throng;  
 A sorrowing sympathy surrounds my heart,  
 And mild compassion bleeds in every part  
 Mov'd at the dire distress my brethren know  
 My mind in vain participates their woe;  
 In vain for them I raise the fervent sigh  
 Ah! still they bleed!, they languish!, still they die!  
 How little think the giddy & the gay<sup>5</sup>  
 While sipping o'er the sweets of charming tea,<sup>6</sup>  
 How oft with grief they pierce the manly breast,  
 How oft their lux'ry robs the wretch of rest,  
 And that to gain the plant we idly waste  
 Th'extreme of Human mis'ry they must taste!

Yes! tis no lying fable I relate,  
 Th'extreme of human mis'ry is their fate!  
 Let sordid traders call it what they will,  
 Men must be men, possess[sic] with feelings still;  
 And little boots<sup>7</sup> a white or sable skin,  
 To prove a fair inhabitant within.

There are oh! scandal to the christian name  
 Who fierce of blood & lost to sense of shame  
 Dare lave<sup>8</sup> their hands impious in human gore,  
 And barter living souls for lust of ore;  
 More ravenous than the foulest beasts of prey,  
 They but from nature's powerful cravings slay;  
 More cruel than the thief whose murd'rous knife  
 At once deprives the trembling wretch of life;  
 Him poverty perchance first taught to stray  
 And strongly urged her too prevailing plea;  
 Yet him the justice of our laws condemn:<sup>9</sup>

Beasts we destroy, but seldom think of them  
 Strange paradox! we view with shrinking eye  
 The murd'ers crime, & bid him justly die;  
 But when our traders snatch a thousand lives,  
 No pain, no punishment on them derives;  
 The guilt's diminish'd, as increased its size,  
 And they are clear, - at least in mortal eyes.

Tell me ye friends of slav'ry's shameful cause  
 Where shall I find the records, where the laws  
 Which give to man indubitable power  
 To sell his brother, & the spoil devour?  
 And whence do we the infernal doctrine hold  
 To sell the image of our God<sup>10</sup> for gold?

To our first parents<sup>11</sup> when th'almighty's cause  
 Reveal'd his holy will - his hallow'd laws;  
 When from his lips, the wondrous accents broke,  
 And mortals listen'd while the Godhead spoke;  
 In that mysterious moment did he say? -  
 "Man shall his fellow, ravage, sell & slay;  
 "And one unhappy race shall always be  
 "Slave to anothers pamper'd luxury."

There are, I know who think & more who say  
 That not so injured - so opprest[sic] are they;  
 That under masters just, they earn their bread,  
 And plenty crowns the board at which they're fed  
 Ah! sophist,<sup>12</sup> vain thy subtle reas'nings aim!  
 Look at the negros sun burnt; grief worn frame!  
 Examine well, each limb, each nerve, each bone,  
 Each artery & then observe thy own;  
 The beating pulse, the heart that throbs within,  
 All (save the sable tincture of his skin)  
 Say, christians, do they not resemble you?  
 If so, their feelings & sensations too;  
 One moment now with you his burden rest,  
 Then tell me, is he happy? is he blest?

Lo! where on Africs shore the sable youth,  
 Feels each degree of honour, love, & truth;<sup>13</sup>  
 (Though he ne'er heard the gospels joyful sound,  
 Nor call'd on Jesus in his natal ground;<sup>14</sup>  
 Reproach him not, oh! follower of thy Lord,  
 Who never knew the blessing of his word.  
 Think on thy own forefathers savage lore,<sup>15</sup>  
 He keeps his inward guide<sup>16</sup> & dost thou more?  
 Rear'd in the lap of innocence & ease,  
 Him simple natures genuine bounties please.<sup>17</sup>  
 For him no palace rears its costly head  
 Contented with an humble turf built shed;  
 On him no fawning lacqueys proudly wait,

In all the pamper'd insolence of state;  
 No harmless lives his taste to gratify,  
 Oppress'd with various torture slowly die.  
 And if his manners suit the savage name,  
 Uneducated man is every where the same.

There in that plain, when freedom was his guest  
 And social love glow'd in his faithful breast;  
 Then when his soul youths joyful feelings knew,  
 And manhood, ripening manhood, rose to view;  
 He to his parents eye perhaps appears,  
 The only staff<sup>18</sup> of their declining years;  
 And he with ceaseless love & anxious care,  
 Does oft for them the hunted food prepare:  
 Perchance soft passion does his bosom move  
 And his fond nymph<sup>19</sup> returns his constant love  
 Perhaps his offspring hail their honor'd sire,  
 And each to gain the envied kiss aspire:  
 On him a pleasing weight of cares attend  
 As Father, husband, brother, son or friend  
 Haply the hour when their supply he sought  
 His soul with every warm affection fraught  
 As o'er the plain, he chased his wonted prey<sup>20</sup>  
 And hope deceitful cheer'd the toilsome way  
 When homeward now the lifeless prize he brought  
 Already greets the cot his rapid thought  
 Him Christian traders see, his path surround  
 In vain his feet pursue their nimble bound;  
 He's seized & drag'd[sic] along, in vain he cries,  
 Starts, stamps the ground - now groans, now weeps now sighs;  
 And filled with all the agony of grief  
 Raves with despair, now supplicates relief  
 In vain he strives their pity to command  
 The ruffians hear, but will not understand  
 Deaf to th'heartrending groan, the plaintive sigh  
 They view his misery with a Stoics<sup>21</sup> eye,  
 And to the vessell haul the wretch along  
 In chains to mingle with the suffering throng.

Oh thou! whom more than all he loves beside,  
 Friend of his heart, his chaste & faithful bride!  
 What was thy anguish on the fatal day  
 Which bore thy spouse from Afric far away!  
 In vain for him thou heapest the chearful[sic] fire  
 In vain thy little ones demand their sire  
 In vain thou chid'st his long delay - go mourn,  
 For never must the youth, thou lov'st return!<sup>22</sup>

Lo, now the winds embrace the swelling sail  
 And the full bark<sup>23</sup> salutes the rising gale,  
 While now the desolated shore they leave  
 And for Jamaica cut the briny wave.

While o'er the foaming sea their course they steal  
 Think what the negros suffer! - what they feel!  
 Opprest[sic] with sickness, close confined they lie  
 No kind, no sympathizing friend is nigh:  
 Grim Death, his jaws insatiate shews around,<sup>24</sup>  
 And bleeding mem'ry opes the recent wound.<sup>25</sup>  
 Thrice happy they, who feel his icy hand!<sup>26</sup>  
 No more they dread their tyrants stern command;  
 No more exposed to insult or to pain,  
 They drag along the hard & cruel chain;  
 But their freed souls, approach the throne of grace  
 To meet the proud oppressor face to face.

Oh, tyrants what will then your anguish be  
 When God & men shall your injustice see!  
 And trust me that important day will come  
 Which fixes your irrevocable doom,  
 When all your basely murder'd slaves shall rise  
 And publish all your crimes throughout the skies  
 Here cease oh Muse! nor dare the secret tell  
 The dread event, which but with God must dwell

Now turn our eye to Indias sultry shore,<sup>27</sup>  
 And tell oh! tell me, are their sorrows o'er?

The bark arrives with those who yet remain,  
 They drag to land, the feebly tott'ring train:  
 Their squalid look, & meagre form declare  
 The soul opprest[sic] with sickness grief & care.  
 I pass the complicated scenes of woe  
 Which these sad vassals of our luxury know  
 Their sickness, falt'ring, shameful market past,  
 And now for life the dreadful die is cast.

Grant a mild master kindly treats them well  
 (Few such there are - & they who know can tell)  
 Grant that those masters plenteous meals prepares[prepare]  
 (Though well 'tis known, their food is scant & bare)  
 Yet then, even then, can comfort on them wait  
 Depress'd, degraded to a servile state?  
 And they once chieftain, in their native land,  
 Shackled in chains & trembling at command;  
 Naked exposed to Phoebus'<sup>28</sup> piercing beams,  
 And yoked (as horse or oxen) to the teams;  
 Dead to remorse, the overseer stands by,  
 And oft does he the sounding lash apply.  
 So Pharaoh's task-masters of yore opprest[sic]  
 Old Jacobs seed - & thus the flock distrest.[sic]<sup>29</sup>

Now dead to hope they see resistance vain,  
 They in their manly breasts, conceal their pain;  
 A silent grief to furious rage succeeds,

And by resentment stung, - their whole soul bleeds.  
 Firm in despair, their hands refuse the yoke,  
 We call them stubborn - & apply the stroke;  
 Their reeking<sup>30</sup> backs, the dire correction shew,  
 Yet they unmoved, nor fear nor tremor know  
 Their strength heroic, claims a nobler name  
 And shews not theirs, but their oppressors shame.

Say not that if not humbled they rebel;  
 Tyrant the cause, the guilt with thee must dwell  
 For when they view the authors of their woe  
 No wonder, if fierce passion aims the blow!  
 They all their blasted hopes & comforts see  
 Condemn'd to linger life in misery.

What son of thine, oh Albion,<sup>31</sup> would bow down,  
 Would tremble at the upstart planters frown?  
 What son of thine, oh Albion, thus opprest  
 Nor feel revenge inflame his haughty breast.<sup>32</sup>

They not the joys of mild religion know,  
 The ransom'd soul they to a Saviour owe.  
 For this oh Britain shall I dare to blame  
 Nor can I with the turk enrol thy name.  
 The Turk to mah'met<sup>33</sup> would convert his slave  
 He gives him freedom & his soul would save;  
 The Spaniards to the mine their vassals send  
 But first the rites of baptism them attend:<sup>34</sup>  
 Our Albion when opprest[sic] her captives lie  
 Shews not the way to suffer & to die;  
 Nor gives the gospel to each erring mind,  
 Nor points to Jesus merciful & kind.

Ah! negro think not hardly of our God,  
 Tho' high o'er thee, affliction lifts her rod;<sup>35</sup>  
 Ill do his followers ways his goodness prove  
 Whose laws breathe mercy & whose precepts love  
 And ill our manners with our maxims suit  
 These dignify - while those degrade us to the brute

Lysander<sup>36</sup> did I really hear thee say,  
 Self preservation bids us on them prey,  
 Or what vast nation could supply the bread  
 For such encreasing[sic] myriads to be fed!

Think'st thou that form'd on this erroneous plan  
 The world was made - & Gods last, best work - man?<sup>37</sup>  
 Think'st thou that he who erst<sup>38</sup> seven thousand fill'd  
 With what a few small loaves & fishes yield<sup>39</sup>  
 Think'st thou that he's insufficient to supply  
 Who hears the tender ravens croaking cry?<sup>40</sup>

"Must we abandon then Camillus cries,  
 "The wea[l]th abundant which in Afric lies?  
 "Shall our famed commerce languish & decay  
 "And we no more send fleets for slaves away?

No wise Camillus, search her fertile land,  
 Let the mild rays of commerce there expand;  
 Her plains abound in ore, in fruits her soil,  
 And the rich plain, scarce needs the ploughmans toil  
 Thy Vessels crown'd with olive branches<sup>41</sup> send  
 And make each injured African thy friend:  
 So tides of wealth by peace & justice got,  
 Oh! philanthropic heart! will be thy lot.

Plant there our colonies & to their Soul  
 Declare the God who form'd this boundless whole  
 Improve their manners, teach them how to live  
 To them the useful lore of science give;  
 So shall with us their praise & glory rest  
 And we in blessing, be supremely blest;  
 For 'tis a duty which we surely owe  
 We to the Romans were, what to us Afric now.<sup>42</sup>

Hibernian fair,<sup>43</sup> who own compassions sway,  
 Scorn not a younger sisters artless lay;  
 To you the muse, would raise her daring song  
 For mercys softest beams to you belong;  
 To you the sympathetic sigh is known,  
 And charitys sweet lustre - all your own;  
 To you gall'd mis'ry seldom pleads in vain,<sup>44</sup>  
 Oh! let us rise & burst the negros chain!  
 Yes, sisters, yes, to us the task belongs,  
 'Tis we increase or mitigate their wrongs.  
 If we the produce of their toils refuse,  
 If we no more the blood-stain'd luxury<sup>45</sup> choose  
 If from our lips we push the plant away  
 For which the liberties of thousands pay,  
 Of thousands once as blest, & born as free,  
 And nursed with care (tho' not as soft) as we  
 If in benevolence firm, we this can dare,  
 And in our brethrens sufferings hold no share  
 In no small part their long-borne pangs will cease  
 And we to souls unborn may whisper peace.

Sisters another theme did fancy choose  
 Far from your view had shrunk my blushing muse<sup>46</sup>  
 And still from you concealed my trembling form  
 But here - I must - I dare - I will be warm.

Shall we who dwell in pleasure, peace & ease,  
 Shall we who but in meekness, mildness please,  
 Shall we surrounded by each dear delight,



To soothe the heart or gratify the sight,  
 Say, shall for us, the sable sufferers sigh?  
 Say, shall for us, so many victims die?  
 Shall still for us, the sable maid bewail?  
 Shall still the doating parents fondness fail?  
 Shall groans for ever ring thro' africs grove,  
 Of deep distess, or disappointed love?

Oh, how would thorns of care enthrall[sic] each breast  
 How would it rob the passing hours of rest,  
 If from our arms our nearest kindred torn,  
 And we for ever doom'd their loss to mourn?

No, let lernes<sup>47</sup> gentle daughters prove  
 The kindling force of sympathetic love,  
 Now shew their virtues, be humane indeed,  
 And plead for those, who have no power to plead.<sup>48</sup>

Say not that small's the sphere in which we move  
 And our attempts would vain & fruitless prove;  
 Not so, we hold a most important share,  
 In all the evils - all the wrongs they bear,  
 And tho' their woes entire, we cant[can't] remove,  
 We may the encreasing[sic] miseries which they prove  
 Push far away the plant for which they die,  
 And in this one small thing our taste deny;  
 We must - we ought, 'tis justice points the way  
 Mercy & charity loudly call - "obey".

Can you refuse to soothe, methinks they cry  
 The heart of sorrow, or bid cease the sigh?  
 Can you whom plenty, wealth & peace surround  
 Who in societys mild joys abound?  
 Commerce to you does its choice stores impart  
 With all the gifts of nature & of art;  
 For you gay Flora<sup>49</sup> animates the scene,  
 And spreads with vast parterres<sup>50</sup> the smiling green  
 Her mingled powers & varied charms unite  
 And does each sense - not satiate but delight  
 On you brown Ceres<sup>51</sup> sheds her richest powers  
 Pomona's<sup>52</sup> fruits nectarious - all are yours;  
 For you Hygeia,<sup>53</sup> maid of blooming mien,  
 With joy abounding fills the mirthful scene;  
 Can you whose hearts, these heaven-crown'd blessings feel;  
 Refuse one sacrifice their wounds to heal?  
 A plant of which 'tis luxury gives the use,  
 Which our sad brethrens slavery does produce!  
 No, daughters of lerne, you will give  
 This, self-denying proof, & bid them live!

See where Religions holy banners rise,  
 And to your view presents immortal skies!

List, for methinks I hear the matron say,  
 Can you whose hearts confess the hallow'd sway;  
 Can you before my altar bow the knee,  
 And yet refuse to set a brother free?  
 In humble faith you hope for heavens high crown,  
 Yet press with grief so many spirits down:  
 "Preserve us, Lord, from evil" can you pray,<sup>54</sup>  
 Yet wilfully pursue the evil way?  
 And how can you his blessing think to prove  
 Whose first best law is universal love? <sup>55</sup>  
 Man was his fav'rite[sic] work - he form'd him free;  
 His fav'rite[sic] work whate'er his colour be  
 And far more dark the sinful soul within,  
 Than the poor harmless negros sable skin

"Strange! cries Flavilla, "if so foul the trade,  
 "Why has wise Heaven, its thunders<sup>56</sup> thus delay'd?  
 "And if the traffic of mankind<sup>57</sup> were wrong,  
 "Would heavens dread Lord, have suffer'd it so long?  
 "Sure rather He'd his sore displeasure shew,  
 "And crush the tyrant 'neath his vengeful blow"

Shalt thou Flavilla, with too curious eye,  
 In his mysterious causes dare to pry?  
 Shalt thou, short-sighted mortal wish to know,  
 Why thus thy Maker orders things below?

Ask why the thief who steals thy purse away,  
 Still feels the warm reviving light of day?  
 Ask why the wretch who lifts the murd'ring knife  
 (Escaped thy search) still breathes the air of life?  
 Or, ask why he who robs the houseless poor,<sup>58</sup>  
 In safety yet enjoys his ill got store?  
 Or why throughout the globes capacious round,  
 Virtue oft droops where vice is prosp'rous found?

Seek not the hidden ways of God to know  
 Sure is his justice, tho' 'tis often slow.  
 Enough for us, his mercy suffers long,  
 And mans free will may choose or right or wrong;  
 His sacred judgments are reserved in store,  
 'Tis ours to chuse[sic] the right - & silently adore.<sup>59</sup>

Oh! may that power, whose wondrous wisdom wrought  
 Myriads of Worlds, with beauteous order fraught  
 Whose fingers gave to Heavens wide arch its bound  
 And scatter'd those fair Orbs which glitter round  
 Who bade the moon to shine each night - each day  
 The sun to cheer us by his vital ray;  
 At whose command the rolling thunders rise  
 And livid lightnings flash thro' blazing skies,  
 Whose word creative peopled Earth with charms

Whose grace preserves us & whose bounty warms:  
 May the mild dictates of his love impart  
 The path of virtue to each wand'ring heart!  
 Before him flee, the mists of error blind  
 And truths whole force irradiates all the mind.

So when Aurora<sup>60</sup> through the gates of night,  
 Leads forth the ruddy blaze of opening light,  
 Burst o'er the horizon with golden fire,  
 And bids the hovering shades of night expire;  
 Her footsteps chase the sable clouds away,  
 And usher in the glorious light of day.

1. One source for Mary's opening address to 'Oppression' with its **scorpion whip** ('scorpion' used as an adjective to mean 'stinging' or 'biting') is almost certainly James Thomson's instruction to 'sons of mercy', in *The Seasons*, 'Winter', 378-80, to 'Drag forth the legal monsters into light, Wrench from their hands Oppression's iron rod'. He was addressing the Jail Committee (1729), which revealed the dreadful conditions in British prisons.
2. **unhallow'd** - unholy.
3. **Afric** - poetic name for Africa, used throughout the poem.
4. **Borea's** - in classical mythology, Boreas was the god of the cold north wind. The placing of the apostrophe before the 's' in manuscript is probably an error.
5. Thomson, *The Seasons*, 'Winter', 322-58, passage commencing:

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,  
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround –  
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,  
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste –  
 Ah! little think they, while they dance along,  
 How many feel, this very moment, death  
 And all the sad variety of pain;

He then enumerates many forms of human suffering, ending by saying that if 'man' considered how others suffered:

Vice in his high career would stand appalled,  
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;  
 The conscious heart of Charity would warm,  
 And her wide wish Benevolence dilate;  
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh;  
 And, into clear perfection, gradual bliss,  
 Refining still, the social passions work.

Such an arousal of 'the social passions' is, of course, the purpose of Mary's project.

6. **tea** - could be pronounced 'tay', thereby rhyming with 'gay' in the previous line.
7. **boots** - avails.
8. **lave** - bathe, wash.
9. Thomas Wilkinson, in *An Appeal to England, on Behalf of the Abused Africans, A Poem* (1789), p.18, asks how, if 'The dying thief our lively pity draws' when hung according to the law, we can 'redress withhold' from slaves, who are innocent of any crime, once we know of the wrong done them. Mary develops the idea of the thief further - even the crimes of a thief who commits murder may have their origin in poverty - and goes on to challenge the laws that condemn him to death yet refuse to punish slavers who kill thousands.
10. Gen 1:26 - 'And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness'.
11. **our first parents** - Adam and Eve.

12. **sophist** - originally a philosopher, the word came to refer to a person who engages in false reasoning, or **sophistry** - promoting arguments that appear plausible, even clever, but are ultimately specious.
13. **Anti-slavery verse** generally countered ideas that black people were a coarser, lower order of humanity, by proclaiming their ability to think, feel and suffer. Wilkinson, for instance, stresses the negro's capacity to feel love and pain (*An Appeal*, p.9). Mary is unequivocal in asserting the full humanity of the African in terms of sensitivity, and capacity for tender or higher feeling, at every level. The previous year, Charles James Fox had felt it necessary, in the House of Commons, to pose the question: 'Why, might there not be men in Africa of as fine feelings as ourselves, of as enlarged understandings, and as manly in their minds as any of us?' (Quoted in Hugh Thomas, *The Slave Trade: The History of the Atlantic Slave Trade 1440-1870* (London: Picador, 1997), p.511.)
14. **natal ground** - birth place.
15. See Wilkinson, *An Appeal*: p.15 - Britons were once 'a northern clan/Unclath'd, unhous'd, among the woods they ran', and pp. 20-22 - 'Are negroes savage? Britons once were so,/And little knew beyond the dart and bow'.
16. **inward guide** - Quakers believed that the 'inward guide', the 'inner light' or 'Christ within', exists in all people and could operate upon the soul regardless of an individual's knowledge of the historical Christ. Hence a native African who had never heard of Jesus could still know God in his heart.
17. **him simple [. . .] please** - reflecting the prevalent idea that native peoples, free of the artificiality of civilised Western culture, lived lives more in tune with nature.
18. **staff** - support.
19. **fond nymph** - describing the kidnapped negro's wife as a nymph, a classical demi-goddess of nature, is a deliberate attempt to dispel contemporary images of black people as savages. It is also in keeping with the concept of 'the noble savage' - the idea that native peoples were closer to nature and uncorrupted by 'civilisation'.
20. **wonted prey** - usual prey, i.e. the animals he generally hunted.
21. **Stoic** - unfeeling. The Stoic school of Ancient Greek philosophers advocated indifference to suffering, though this was for a moral purpose - to gain freedom from the indulgence of human appetites in order to concentrate the mind on virtue - and was not meant to encourage callous behaviour towards others.
22. Thomson, *The Seasons*, 'Winter', 311-17:

In vain for him the officious wife prepares  
The fire fair-blazing and the vestment warm;  
In vain his little children, peeping out  
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire  
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!  
Nor wife nor children more shall he behold,  
Nor friends, nor sacred home.

Mary appropriates Thomson's well-known tableau, considered powerfully affecting, of a country swain's wife and children awaiting their father's return, unaware of his death in a snowstorm. Such an appropriation claims for the African family a capacity for familial affection equivalent to that of an English one, thereby refuting Thomson's depiction elsewhere, in 'Summer', of African savagery:

[. . .] Love dwells not there, [in Africa]  
The soft regards, the tenderness of life,  
The heart-shed tear, the ineffable delight  
Of sweet humanity: these court the beam  
Of milder climes - (890-94)

**chid'st his long delay** - see Thomson, 'Summer', 976-79 where, after a desert sandstorm has 'buried' a caravan', 'In Cairo's crowded streets/The impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,/And Mecca saddens at the long delay'. **chid'st** - expresses disapproval of.

23. **bark** - poetic word for ship, used throughout the poem.
24. **Grim Death [. . .] around** - Death is personified as an insatiable monster whose greed is evident all around on board the ship. Slave traders overcrowded the ships, anticipating that a large percentage of the human cargo would die from sickness or grief, but, of course, such overcrowding exacerbated the loss of life.
25. **bleeding mem'ry [. . .] wound** - memory (whether of life in Africa or of being seized and maltreated by the traders) intensifies the slaves' sufferings and sense of the injury done them.
26. **his icy hand** - i.e. the hand of Death.
27. **India's sultry shore** - referring to the West Indies.
28. **Phoebus** - an epithet of Apollo, the classical god of the sun.
29. Referring to the Egyptian Pharaoh's enslavement of the Israelites - the progeny of Jacob.

30. **reeking** - bloody with fresh wounds.
31. **Albion** - ancient name for Britain, often used in poetry, probably derived from 'albus', the Latin word for 'white'. The white cliffs of Dover could be seen from the continent.
32. **Say not [. . .] haughty breast** (10 lines). See Wilkinson, *An Appeal*, pp.18-19, particularly:

Will some advance, severe coercion saves  
 The sense of duty in the minds of slaves:  
 Else like a herd of furious wolves they rise;  
 Peace leaves the islands and the planter dies.  
 Are then the sons of England grown so meek  
 As to the blow to turn the smitten cheek?  
 Did twenty thousand stolen Britons toil,  
 For Afric' masters on an alien soil,  
 Despis'd, neglected, punish'd without crimes,  
 Hopeless, but by revolt, of better times:  
 Would these not freedom, nor revenge essay?

33. **mah'met** - abbreviation of Mahomet, or Mohammed, founder of Islam.
34. **Mary declares that the British, by making little attempt to convert their slaves to Christianity, treat their slaves even more badly than the Turks or Spaniards do theirs.** The Turks, whose empire ran on slavery, and the Spanish who enslaved native Americans to work their South American silver mines, were indeed concerned to convert their slaves to Islam or Catholicism respectively, but many British slaves were, in fact, baptised, sometimes before sailing from Africa. In all these instances, however, conversion was often an empty formality with slaves having little choice in the matter.
35. Wilkinson, *An Appeal*, p.15: 'If Christian hands inflict a heavy rod,/Will those who feel it seek to know their God?'
36. **Lysander** - the use of such classical names was a poetic convention. 'Lysander', and the names 'Camillus' and 'Flavilla' used later, may not have been chosen for any other specific connotations. In ancient Greece, Lysander (d. 395 BC) was a commander in the Spartan navy who obtained a great victory over the Athenians in 405 BC, while Marcus Furius Camillus (c.435-365 BC) was a Roman military and political leader, known as the second founder of Rome, who captured the city of Veil. Both feature in Plutarch's *Lives* (translated by John Dryden in 1683). Mary probably obtained the name 'Camillus' from Thomson's *The Seasons*, 'Winter', 509-10 - 'He, whom his thankless country could not lose,/Camillus, only vengeful to her foes'.
37. See Wilkinson, *An Appeal*, p.20, where, answering the argument that Africa would become over populated and fall into 'want and woe' without slavery, he says:

Did God create (with awe I trace his name)  
 This wond'rous world, and man's as wond'rous frame,  
 Did he proceed on this erroneous plan,  
 That all goes wrong, or man must murder man?  
 A thought so impious no one can endure  
 Who owns a Maker righteous, wise, and pure.  
 Much-injur'd Afric! thy prolific soil  
 Its millions feeds, and almost without toil:  
 Increasing millions still thou canst supply  
 With little labour and oeconomy,  
 Thy woods restricted, and thy swamps laid dry.

38. **erst** - once, long ago.
39. According to Mt 14:13-21, Jesus fed five thousand people with a few loaves and two fish, but this did not count the women and children. Mary's figure of seven thousand may be meant to include them. The other gospel accounts of this miracle (see Mk 6:30-44, Lk 9:10-17, Jn 6:1-14) say five thousand were fed.
40. Lk 12:24 - 'Consider the ravens: for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them: how much more are ye better than the fowls?'
41. **olive branches** - symbols of peace.
42. A comparison is made between the contemporary situation and that which pertained in the ancient world, drawn from Wilkinson. In *An Appeal*, pp.32-34, commerce will enlighten Africa 'And raise the savage up to social life', so that 'By milder means to us let Afric' owe/ What we to Rome, a thousand years ago' (p.33). Britain was once a Roman colony, its native inhabitants viewed by the Romans as uncivilised barbarians. Just as Rome brought civilisation to Britain, Britain is to 'civilise' Africa. In Mary's adjustment of Wilkinson's text, this becomes a duty Britain owes Africa, rather than a boon for which Africa will be indebted to Britain.

43. **Hibernian fair** - addressing the women of Ireland. Hibernia was the Latin name for Ireland, corruption of 'Iverna', equivalent of the old Celtic word from which 'Erin' is derived.
44. See Wilkinson, *An Appeal*, p.29:

Ye *British Dames!* Whose tender bosoms know  
 To melt with pity o'er the couch of woe:  
 How must your hearts commiserate his woes,  
 Whose lot nor home, nor couch, nor country knows!  
 These sacred rights he never must regain,  
 Oh plead for such! - you seldom plead in vain.

45. **blood-stain'd luxury** - i.e. sugar. The plant referred to in the following line is the sugar cane. The idea that drinking tea, produced by the suffering of slaves, was to consume the slave's blood was a powerful weapon in the armoury of anti-slavery literature. See, for instance, Wilkinson, *An Appeal*, p.17:

Would it not spoil the flavor of thy tea,  
 Mingled with tears and blood the cup to see?  
 From blood and tears thy sweeten'd cups are drawn;  
 Still drink they sweet, these circumstances known?

46. **another theme [ . . . ] muse** - if her imagination had chosen another subject (i.e. one other than the injustice of slavery and the need to combat it), Mary would never have felt justified in writing for the public.
47. **Iernes** - Ierne was another word for Iverna, equivalent of the Celtic word for Ireland.
48. Wilkinson, *An Appeal*, p.8, referring to the negro having no recourse to power or justice: 'Then sure with virtuous warmth there must be need/To plead for him who has no power to plead'.
49. **Flora** - Roman goddess of spring and flowers.
50. **parterres** - flower beds laid out in level spaces or terraces.
51. **Ceres** - Roman name for Demeter, goddess of agriculture and the earth. She is 'brown' like the earth, or, perhaps, as the harvest takes place near autumn, autumnal 'brown'.
52. **Pomona** - Roman goddess of gardens and fruit trees.
53. **Hygeia** - Greek goddess of health, daughter of Aesculapius, god of health and medicine.
54. From the Lord's Prayer, 'Deliver us from evil' (Mt 6:13).
55. Mt 22:36-40 - Christ, replying to the Pharisee who asked Him 'which is the great commandment in the law?', answered 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind', and, secondly, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself'. See also Mk 12:28-31 and Lk 10:25-28.
56. **thunders** - metaphor for retribution or judgement.
57. **traffic of mankind** - trade in human beings.
58. **houseless poor** - stock poetic term for the homeless. See note 9 to 'Elegy [ . . . ]' on the death of H. W. Reynolds, neé Forbes, p.258 in this volume.
59. **"Strangel cries Flavilla, [ . . . ] silently adore. (24 lines)** - Wilkinson also deals with this argument, essentially 'why does God allow slavery to continue?', by reference to the mysteries of His workings, which humans cannot comprehend and which it is not their business to question. See *An Appeal*, p.27, where amazement is expressed that God can see 'the labour of [His] hand,/Thus foul with lust and blood, and let'st it stand', but 'My finite views in wonder lost remain/The myst'ries of thy mercy to explain. -'
60. **Aurora** - Roman name for the goddess of the dawn, called Eos by the Ancient Greeks.

The second part of *A Poem on the African Slave Trade* soon addresses the 'daughters of Ireland', citing their approval of Part I and indicating that Part II was composed, at least partly, in response to their eager requests for another poem on the same theme. One aim is to persuade this mainly Irish, middle to upper-class female readership, who may already have given up sugar in their tea, to make yet another sacrifice - to forgo punch at dinner as it contained rum, another product of West Indian slave labour. This, Mary realises, is a more difficult sacrifice. Although abstaining from West Indian produce was one way in which women could contribute to the anti-slavery movement within what was regarded as their proper sphere, the home, refusing to drink punch on social occasions when male relatives or guests who might scoff or disapprove were present could amount to a public gesture. Yet, hopefully, it might influence the men in turn to take similar action - an idea in accordance with contemporary ideology holding that women could legitimately exert an influence over men in matters of morality or feeling.

At several points the poem also addresses the British peers. It seems, therefore, that Part II was written after 27 April 1792 when the bill calling for gradual abolition by 1796 was passed by the House of Commons, and then passed on to the Lords. Another important aim, then, is to add another voice to those attempting to persuade the peers to pass the bill, and to prick the public conscience. Mary's uncle, George Harrison, also addressed some members of the House of Lords - the bishops - during the debates. He published, anonymously, an *Address to the Right Reverend the Prelates of England and Wales on the Subject of the Slave Trade*, stressing the sheer volume of abolitionist sentiment and asking them to vote according to 'what men of every religious denomination in this country, are expecting from you'. (See Jennings, *Business of Abolishing the British Slave Trade*, pp.74-75.)

Such pleas to the peers and bishops were unsuccessful. Rather than pass the bill, on 8 May the Lords insisted on holding a separate investigation. On 5 June, after hearing only a few witnesses, they decided to defer it to the next session, thereby succeeding in halting the whole process for years. Their action was no doubt influenced by growing fears of radicalism, fuelled by events in France. In April, France had declared war on Austria and the French Revolution was moving towards the September massacres and the deposition of Louis XVI.

## A Poem on the African Slave Trade Part 2nd.

---

Erst, when the muse of pity o'er me stole,<sup>1</sup>  
 And kindled new Ideas in my Soul;  
 When natures rude<sup>2</sup> effusions pour'd along  
 Impell'd by fancy, rais'd th'unpolished song;  
 Then when Imagination - charming maid,<sup>3</sup>  
 In all the rainbow's lively hues array'd,  
 Bade me her visionary heights explore  
 And taught my unfledg'd pinions<sup>4</sup> how to soar,  
 Till my heart throb'd[sic] with her prolific fire,  
 And social feeling forc'd the untutor'd lyre;<sup>5</sup>  
 Till with the woes of Afric deep imprest,  
 I (trembling) held the mirror to each breast;  
 Tho' long th'alternate powers of hope & fear  
 Opposed the theme to truth, to virtue dear.

Daughters of Ireland, you approv'd the song,  
 And bade the muse her artless task prolong;  
 You smiled - and still with innate goodness fraught  
 Pardon'd each fault, & praised each happier thought  
 Again that muse collects her active powers  
 Sisters! - the theme - the strain - the muse are yours.

Albion! I love thee, dear paternal plain,  
 Where arts & science, ease & freedom reign,  
 Where commerce swells her sails & plies her oars,  
 And links in one soft cement,<sup>6</sup> distant shores.  
 I love thee, - yes! while e'er my beating heart  
 Shall thro' my frame, its vital warmth impart  
 And I will love thee, 'till the hand of death  
 Shall close my eyes & stop my fault'ring breath.  
 That sacred zeal which in my bosom glows  
 Claims a strong interest in thy weal<sup>7</sup> or woes.  
 Oft when the passing hours of childhood ran,  
 How was I pleas'd thy glorious acts to scan!  
 Oft too, with transport, would I learn thy fame  
 And boast the lustre of the English name.  
 But when I see thy hands in gore embu'd,  
 Thy gloomy annals stain'd in guiltless blood;  
 Thy stately ships the sea-green wave divide,  
 Fraught with foul crimes, in glaring scarlet dyed  
 These - when with Irelands justice I compare,  
 Her clemency distinguish'd - nobly rare;  
 I blush to see the lustre of each deed,  
 Tarnish'd - and virtuous Irelands glorious meed.<sup>8</sup>  
 For Ireland, when her sister kingdoms rose,  
 And heap'd on Afric Miserys piercing woes;  
 When link'd in vice; they plough'd the faithless main<sup>9</sup>  
 With hearts impure - and souls intent on gain;  
 Then firm in innocence - supremely good  
 In virtues awful dignity - she stood  
 Stood as a rock, which boisterous waves assail,  
 Unmoved by every loud & threatning[sic] gale,  
 The all seducing lure of gold - she dared,  
 And when she weigh'd the crime, she spurn'd the base reward

No - never were her peaceful vessels mann'd  
 To ravage helpless Africs guiltless land.  
 Albion, thou lovest freedom! why, oh why!  
 Condemn thy brethren thus to pine & die?  
 Yet boast that thou this darling<sup>10</sup> right to gain,  
 Wouldst spill the flood that flowed in every vein  
 While Irelands gen'rous sons, as just, as brave,  
 Preserve their freedom, nor create one slave  
 And still disdain to rove thro' trackless seas,  
 By Hell-born fraud, to purchase wealth & ease.  
 Thy daughters! too lerne,<sup>11</sup> mild & fair,  
 Oft with the houseless wretch their mercy share,



Oft with soft pity, feel their bosoms glow,  
 Before the silent eloquence of woe.  
 But with what transports will their hearts abound  
 When Albions laws, shall scatter freedom round.

Freedom! thy name, which gladdens every plain,  
 Throbs in my heart & thrills thro' every vein,  
 For soon (blest hope) on Africs mourning shore  
 Thy dawning Sun shall rise to set no more;  
 And soon will every virtuous British Peer,  
 Rise with one voice & send thee smiling there.  
 Ev'n now the muse anticipates the day  
 When struck with awe, posterity shall say,  
 "Where are the scenes our Fathers stain'd with blood  
 "And sold the living image of their god.<sup>12</sup>  
 "Where now the masts - where erst their impious ken<sup>13</sup>  
 "Defil'd the name of christian - and - of men"  
 Tis yours, ye powers, who hold a nations trust,<sup>14</sup>  
 To shine as Stars on Earth - and dare be just.  
 Tis yours the God-like transport<sup>15</sup> - to bestow,  
 T'assuage distress, to heal the wounds of woe;  
 To ease gall'd misery of its furrow'd load,<sup>16</sup>  
 And point the path to virtue & to God:  
 Tis yours to make the fiend-like tyrant dread  
 The chains he forged - and all the snares be[he] spread,  
 To crown with laurel,<sup>17</sup> merits humbler charm,  
 And shew fair justice in her patriot form.  
 On you does Albion gaze with anxious eye,  
 And views the all unravelling moment nigh,  
 When every vote decisive fate shall give,  
 Sanction the trade, or bid your brethren live.  
 May then - I must - I will the thought impart,  
 The warm effusion of a feeling heart.  
 An heart, which grandeur never taught to sigh,  
 Which far from observations critic eye,  
 Far from the dazzling ken of trophied fame,  
 Nor sought - nor found - nor wish'd to find - a name  
 An heart - around whose fibres - Nature threw  
 Sympathys seeds & watch'd them how they grew.  
 Thus have I learnt to melt at mis'rys tale,<sup>18</sup>  
 And thus the woes of Afric to bewail.  
 And this impels me boldly to impart  
 The warm effusions of a feeling heart.

May then those powers, who guard a nations trust  
 To virtue firm, benevolently just,  
 Inspired with awe, the fateful judgment weigh,  
 And hear alike the rich & poor man's plea!  
 May no mean bias warp each generous breast,  
 By all their brethrens bleeding wrongs imprest,[sic]  
 But may the just, the grand decision be  
 What their immortal souls will never fear to see

Ah! think e'er yet the final day is past,  
 How would you act - the present hour your last!  
 Think, when arraign'd before the bar of Heav'n  
 What vote you'll most sincerely wish to have given!  
 You will reflect too - that with jealous eyes,  
 All Europe views your shame or glory rise.  
 You must reflect that - your decisive nod,  
 Or plants the olive<sup>19</sup> - or oppressions rod,  
 That France has kindled now the gen'rous flame<sup>20</sup>  
 And your grand precedent will raise her aim  
 Enlighten[sic] every philanthropic soul,  
 Or bid dire slavery ravage - sans controul.<sup>21</sup>  
 You will reflect the hellish traffic o'er  
 Commerce might reign, on Africs peaceful shore  
 That link'd in friendships bonds you more would gain  
 Than ever avarice with her serpent<sup>22</sup> train.  
 This weigh'd - may He, whose fingers point the course  
 That binds the fiery comets raging force  
 Illuminate all your minds - and to your heart  
 The gracious dictates of his love impart.

Commerce thou complicated gift which heaven  
 In wrath, or mercy to mankind hath given;  
 Thou Janus,<sup>23</sup> who two faces always wears  
 One, fraught with smiles & one with wrinkled cares  
 Parent of luxury! and nurse of trade,  
 Who gave to polish'd vice its darker shade.  
 Thou varied Power! whose potent frown can make  
 Th'affrighted mariners cold heart-strings ake.[sic]  
 To thee what tides of wealth does Albion owe!  
 The laurel wreath, which crown[s] her conquering brow  
 To thee - that now supreme in regal sway  
 Her Sister Isles salute her - Queen of Sea,  
 To thee that in her lap each India<sup>24</sup> pours  
 Its silken'd softness & its treasur'd stores  
 To thee that link'd in traffic's wealthiest chain,  
 She sucks the fattest produce of each plain.  
 To thee that urged by Powers despotic scourge,  
 For free-born men does Albions fetters forge.  
 By thee what perfidies, what frauds arise?  
 By thee, the groves of Afric echo sighs  
 Still with unequal hand thy favours flow,  
 And some thou load'st with wealth - & some with woe

Lo! where thy stately ships majestic ride,  
 And o'er the whitening billows smoothly glide;  
 Pity such forms, so beauteous & so fair,  
 Whose flowing streamers kiss the yielding air;  
 Who eager born before the fav'ring[sic] wind  
 Skim with light haste - nor leave a trace behind,  
 While the tired sailors on the decks repose,  
 And lose in sleep-Lethian<sup>25</sup> all their woes;

And o'er the waves the gilded sun beams play  
 Or thro' the shrouds<sup>26</sup> reflect a feebler ray:  
 Pity such hellish deeds should those employ  
 To rob, to slay, to ravage, and destroy;  
 To snatch their brethren from a pleasant home  
 And drag them rudely to a living tomb;  
 Where foul oppression does their peace destroy  
 That e'en hope sickens at the thought of joy.

Where are thy thunders? - Heav'n - thy lightnings breath:  
 Oh! whelm<sup>27</sup> the tyrants in a vengeful death;  
 Bid thy waves roar - thy storms tremendous rise  
 And angry flashes dart from low'ring skies.

But cease thou muse, for in my soul there flows  
 A sound more sweet than Zephyr<sup>28</sup> to the rose,  
 A sound which breathes an od'rous fragrance round  
 And makes th'exulting heart with joy rebound;  
 Blest is the voice - 'tis Liberty - 'tis life -  
 'Tis Irelands - Albion's hope - her Senates strife;  
 For soon, transporting thought! that strife will cease  
 And - it must be - to Afric whisper peace!  
 Fired at the theme, each bold idea wings,  
 And unrestrain'd the muse of fancy sings:  
 Expands her daring pinions wide, ascends,  
 And dares defy grim Slaverys selfish friends:  
 In vain cool reason claims her sovereign sway,  
 She spurns the feeble claim & bounds away:  
 She views - or thinks she views - when grief nor woe  
 The overseers stern frown - and sterner blow,  
 The sable matron's tear, the heartfelt sigh,  
 The reeking<sup>29</sup> back - dire horror - suppliant cry;  
 When all the ills which rend the negro's soul  
 Shall disappear - and freedom crown the whole.  
 Oh! with what transport, with what rapturous fear  
 Will they the great, the Heaven sent blessing hear  
 How will the varied passions of their Soul  
 With bliss too high for speech, their acts controul?[sic]  
 The swimming tears! big thro! the speaking eye!  
 And all the unutterable extacy![sic]  
 Even now methinks the melting scene I see,  
 And every passion, struggling to get free;  
 His feet they kiss who did the news impart  
 Embrace his knees & clasp him to their heart:  
 Lost in a flood of rapture - all they view  
 Seems but a dream - they scarce can think it true.

Oh! Britons - to your philanthropic breast  
 Has fancy ne'er this God-like<sup>30</sup> scene addrest,[sic]  
 Given to the high wrought piece each varying hue  
 Then told you - you alone could make it true?  
 Oh! if your bosoms knew the boundless joy

Which would your every faculty employ  
 You would not forfeit such a heartfelt glow  
 For all the wealth that slavery can bestow;  
 Think not the scene in shades too high I paint  
 Ah no! to cloathe[sic] my thought the power of speech is faint  
 For did not Truth himself the precept leave  
 'Tis far more blest to give than to receive.<sup>31</sup>

Now view we calmer joys - those transports past  
 (For not the greatest bliss on earth can last)  
 View now - while fancy kindles at the sight  
 Each rapture mellow'd at the soft delight  
 Each wild effusion which their hearts will prove  
 Lost in a flow of gratitude & love:  
 View them to peace - to liberty restored,  
 And all the sweets their Afric can afford;  
 When british learning shall its light impart  
 Dispel the chaos of the negros heart;  
 Diffuse fair knowledge - scientific lore,  
 And to the rights of men their souls restore;<sup>32</sup>  
 When Gospel truths shall dart an heavenly ray  
 And slaves enfranchised own a Saviours sway;  
 When we shall point the narrow path & shew  
 That path by precept & example too;  
 When Christian traders are by justice sway'd  
 And rapine foul gives place to peaceful trade;  
 When Albion shall supreme delight bestow  
 And with supreme delight, feel her own bosom glow;  
 Thus mutual good, conferring & conferr'd,  
 Will prove that, "Virtue is its own reward".<sup>33</sup>

So in some finish'd piece of music - wrought  
 By master-hands & to perfection brought,  
 The varying parts in graceful order roll,  
 And each contributes to th'harmonious whole;  
 Lo! for in fancys vain illusive glass  
 The muse can trace each image - as they pass  
 Oh! would that muse the lively power possest[sic]  
 To hold the mirror to the thinking breast  
 That every heart its justice should confess  
 As the rough chisel can the stone impress;  
 Oh! that with fire & energy divine  
 The truths I feel might glow in every line.))[sic]

Lo! where to Afric now our fleets are brought  
 With the full stores of commerce richly fraught  
 Where the stern keels the murmuring waves divide  
 Which hoarse rebounding lash the well built side  
 Now fill'd with hope her craggy cliffs they gain  
 And now safe moor'd they form a woody plain<sup>34</sup>  
 Lo! where th'inhabitants surround the strand  
 Eager to view the welcome vessels land:

No more with shrieks of terror & dismay  
 They see them anchor in the wonted bay;  
 No more with heartfelt horror & affright  
 Their blood runs colder at the hateful sight;  
 But with rejoicing soul their nimble feet  
 Skim with light bounds their generous friends to greet  
 For now the sons of Albion come no more  
 To load with woes the desolated shore;  
 No more oppressions sanction'd scourges rise  
 To burst soft love & natures hallow'd ties,  
 To rend the agonizing heart - to shew  
 That men call'd christians - can be monsters too!  
 That they who own a Saviours gentle sway,  
 And at his altars prostrate homage pay;  
 Who hear (at home) [H]is name with reverent awe  
 Abroad - can trample on his every law;  
 Can load with woe a brothers sinking soul  
 And bid the seas of Anguish o'er him roll;  
 No more sits gloomy horror brooding round  
 But arts, industry, peace & wealth abound  
 And (every former injury forgot)  
 The sable tribes desert the low roof'd cot;  
 With lively haste the whiten'd beach they climb  
 White by the snowy hand of hoary Time<sup>35</sup>  
 And in the genuine language of the heart  
 Their confidence & gratitude impart.

A[h] say not you whose avarice urged the deed  
 Who with unblushing front for slavery plead;  
 Say not their savage breast & vagrant<sup>36</sup> soul  
 No gentle arts can soften & controul,[sic]  
 That vain the beams benev'lence would impart  
 To thaw the hardness of their rugged heart;  
 That sooner might the suns prolific ray  
 Or freeze the wax or melt the stubborn clay  
 That sooner may th'hyena fawning lie<sup>37</sup>  
 Or Smooth'd the rocks whose summit[s] brave the sky  
 Or endless bloom surround the mounts bleak side  
 Than tamed a soul for which a Saviour died,  
 Sophist!<sup>38</sup> in vain thy tongue its reasoning pours:  
 Tho' graced with oratorys sweetest flowers;  
 Tho' Orpheus-like<sup>39</sup> thy eloquence could move  
 The listening stones, or charm the whispering grove  
 Yet vain thy aim injustice to defend,  
 And with th'unerring laws of God contend;  
 For truth will shine with undiminish'd blaze  
 In spite of mans base arts to cloud its rays;  
 Think'st thou that He, who did all beings form  
 With reasons spark, forgot their hearts to warm  
 Or that its vital ray his laws design'd  
 For our fair skins - for them gross error blind?  
 No; He whose wisdom guides this massy ball,<sup>40</sup>

Gives a large portion of his love to - all,  
 And all by Nature rude & wild were born  
 Who range the woods - or Courts or Camps adorn<sup>41</sup>  
 'Tis education gives the polish'd gloss  
 Refines the metal from the worthless dross:  
 Prunes, with a careful hand the opening shoot  
 And tends, with anxious care the promised fruit,  
 The mind of man - like unextracted ore,  
 Much dregs contains - but solid virtue more:  
 'Tis education clears those dregs away,  
 And gilds the virtues with a tenfold ray;  
 Improves wild natures nursling - gives the soul  
 The seal which stamps a value on the whole.  
 And as the marble in the quarry lies,  
 Its hidden worth concealed from human eyes,  
 Useless its huge unwieldy bulk remains  
 Nor ought of just proportion'd grace retains;  
 But when the forming hand of strength or art  
 Shall to its form, united force impart;  
 When all the workmens varying arts applied  
 And to new symmetry the parts divide;  
 The sculptors dignity, the pencils ease,  
 In harmonizing beauty join to please;  
 The fair & polish'd numbers<sup>42</sup> gradual rise  
 'Till the whole piece perfected, meets our eyes;  
 Just so the negro, can his sable frame  
 Th'internal value of his soul proclaim?  
 Ingulph'd[sic] in misery - with pain depress'd,  
 These harrow up<sup>43</sup> the feelings of his breast;  
 Torn from his friends, bereaved of every joy,  
 Which might his mental faculties employ,  
 Degraded & dishonor'd - where ah! where  
 Shall sense & reasons blooming flowers appear?  
 Where would the eloquence of Grattan shine?  
 Where Sheridans address? where Pitt divine?<sup>44</sup>  
 If o'er their heads, did slaverys mandates roll  
 And freeze the genuine current of their soul.  
 For only those who know it - may impart  
 How grief can mar the feelings of the heart,  
 Check every noble thought - & warm desire  
 And bid poor genius blasted hope expire.  
 How keen the stings of pamper'd pride annoy,  
 With venom'd point, mean merits modest joy;  
 Till of his makers,[Maker's] fairest gifts bereft,  
 A rude & senseless lump is only left.  
 So have I seen the ductile<sup>45</sup> wax imprest[sic]  
 Till all the original stand confest:[sic]  
 But when exposed to Phoebus<sup>46</sup> scorching ray,  
 The powerless image faintly melts away;  
 Or as a plant which 'neath the gardeners hand  
 In rising beauty, does its leaves expand,  
 When lo! the pinching blasts of winter rise

And chill the withering stalk - it fades & dies.  
 Cease then, ye pleaders, in so bad a cause,  
 Who only speak as sordid interest draws.  
 Cease with a thread-bare cloak your crimes to hide  
 For God will of his works be justified.  
 But woe! to thee proud wretch, by Satan led,  
 Who on thy makers laws does rudely tread,  
 Who violates the rights which nature gave  
 And dooms thy fellows to an early grave.  
 Know there's a power who will avenge the wrong  
 Tho' yet his love - redeeming suffers long  
 Know there's a time when truth distinct & clear  
 Shall onward roll & shake thy heart with fear  
 When all the stings of conscience brought to light  
 Shall rise with tenfold horror - to thy sight  
 When all the secret pangs of deep remorse  
 Shall stand before thee with redoubled force  
 Shall stand & tell thee in that awful hour  
 How oft they warn'd - how oft thou spurnd'st[sic] their power

Oh! keep [(]while yet thou mays't) these thoughts in view  
 Think - and reflection shall declare them true.  
 Repent while yet repentance may be given,  
 Nor longer dare the vengeful ire<sup>47</sup> of heaven.  
 And He, whose mercy would our crimes forgive  
 May make his grace burst forth & bid thee live!

In those blest days when liberty shall reign  
 For it must be - on injured Africs plain,  
 When curst[sic] oppressions chains shall wound no more  
 Nor human flesh be sold for filthy ore;  
 In heart-felt language, how will they reveal,  
 The warm, the grateful sentiments they feel!  
 Oh! you methinks they cry, whose bosoms know<sup>48</sup>  
 The dear delight to soothe the pangs of woe!  
 Who oft to want your liberal hands extend  
 And fearless rose th'afflicted negro's friend  
 Who with unwearied calls & ceaseless cries,  
 Have forced your Senate in the cause to rise.  
 And thou that Senates boast - thy nations pride,<sup>49</sup>  
 Freedoms firm friends[friend] and pitys generous guide,  
 Great Pitt! whom ties of av'rice ne'er could bind  
 Nor warp the noble bias of thy mind!  
 And you ye daughters of the sister isles<sup>50</sup>  
 Who blest in charitys benignant smiles  
 Who cheer th'afflicted - wipe the tearful eye  
 And bid the heart of sorrow cease to sigh;  
 With hearts unknowing, innocent & gay )  
 You took the plant for which we dearly pay )  
 But when you knew the price - you push'd it far away )  
 Ye friends of liberty & peace - to you  
 What thanks, what rapturous gratitude are due

No words can paint the feelings of our soul  
 No language can our speechless thoughts controul[sic]  
 But He who knows the goodness of your heart  
 Which - like Himself - would joy to all impart  
 He saw your generous motive - he will shed  
 His choicest blessings o'er each virtuous head  
 Oh! may his grace preserve, his wisdom guard  
 His shield protect you & his love reward.

Such! sisters such! will be the negros thought  
 His breast with every warm affection fraught.  
 Nor small the glory which to you belongs,  
 Whose gentle bosoms mourn'd for all their wrongs  
 Wept for their woes & burn'd with honest shame  
 To know them sanction'd by an English name.  
 Who saw - while slavery sicken'd at the sight,  
 The Sun of freedom rise with dawning light  
 O'er dark oppression dart his glorious ray;  
 You saw - & hailed with joy his rising sway!  
 Fain<sup>51</sup> would the muse on high-raised pinions soar  
 And to your virtues point one effort more  
 T'improve your plan, your God-like labours<sup>52</sup> crown  
 Which heaven-born justice will applaud & own;  
 Rise sisters! be your generous task complete,  
 And with just scorn rude follies giggle meet.

Lol where around the mirth-inspiring board<sup>53</sup>  
 With either India's choicest produce stored;<sup>54</sup>  
 Where the pleased guests salute the sparkling glass  
 And wit & wine in swift succession pass;  
 There haply oft the saturate bowl\* may flow  
 With sweets impregnate drawn from bitterest woe  
 Rich juice extracted from the reeking whip,  
 And snatch'd untasted from a brothers lip.<sup>55</sup>  
 Ah! Sisters you on whose resistless<sup>56</sup> tongue  
 The sweetest flowers of eloquence are hung,  
 Who ever facile at compassions call<sup>57</sup>  
 Alike the fav'rites[sic] and the friends of all!  
 This can you see, nor urge your peaceful sway,  
 To push the dear bought beverage far away!  
 Say not - no power of yours so far extends,  
 These are your brothers, husbands, sons or friends,  
 Whose precepts or whose law you erst obey'd,<sup>58</sup>  
 And reverence due concomitantly paid;  
 And whom - as God & natures voice proclaimed  
 To please your wish, to soothe & calm your aim;  
 Will these reject your small - your just request  
 When urged with meekness - yet with warmth exprest?[sic]  
 Have you no influence? you whose bosoms feel  
 Pity's soft glow - & freedoms honest zeall  
 Or dread you Epicurean<sup>59</sup> jests to meet,  
 With laughter loud, unmeaning roar replete;



- In every age are sons of Belial<sup>60</sup> found  
 But their shafts pointless on themselves rebound.  
 O'er virtues efforts throw a lucent<sup>61</sup> ray,  
 And their own impotence of mind display.  
 Be theirs - the secret pangs of guilt to know,  
 The stings of conscience - & repentant woe.  
 Remorse which pleasures specious cups conceal,  
 And griefs which but a Saviours hand can heal  
 But ours - with faith the narrow path to climb  
 To mourn the sinner, yet abhor the crime.  
 With heavens lov'd attribute - our gentle guide  
 And if we err - we err on mercys side.

Our wants - our weakness - every secret sigh,  
 Our kind Creator views with pitying eye;  
 And if our efforts rise in virtues cause  
 He sees those efforts, not disdains applause.  
 - To Him - (who every act & thought will prove  
 In the large scale of universal love;  
 Who by this rule will favour or condemn  
 ("What ye from men desire - do ye to them")<sup>62</sup>  
 The good mans offering of a pious thought  
 The poor mans prayer, with resignation fraught  
 The philanthropic breast - whose social glow,  
 Participates its fellows weal or woe.  
 To him - of more transcendant[sic] worth appear,  
 To all the trophies of triumphant war.  
 So - when with seeming chance, our wishes glide  
 With unseen hand, does he o'er all preside,  
 Touches the secret spring which moves the soul,  
 Observes its sequence - & ordains the whole.

Blest be the man - & still revered his name,<sup>63</sup>  
 Whose breast first felt the spark of kindling flame  
 Who did each deep recess of guilt unfold,  
 And dared the tyrants vengeance - nobly bold.  
 Explored our cruelties - our traffic curst,[sic]  
 By sin created - & by habit nurst.[sic]  
 Bid with firm voice, his blind compatriots rise  
 And throw the vial[veil] of darkness from thine eyes,  
 Who shew'd with heaven-taught finger, how to scan  
 The path of rectitude 'tween man & man;  
 'Till others caught the sympathetic flame  
 And did the woes of africa loud proclaim;  
 Raised for themselves a monumental crown;  
 A sacred trophy of a just renown:  
 And in the sight of heaven, more glory won,  
 Than Caesar famed or Philips martial son.<sup>64</sup>  
 For in those realms, to guilt, to fear unknown,  
 Virtue may hold pre-eminence alone.  
 For she - when yon bright moons refulgent host  
 'Mid natures gen'ral ruin, shall be lost,

Will from that wreck, unfading lustre bring,  
 And rise the hand-maid of our holy King;<sup>65</sup>  
 Securely soar - with animated powers  
 And bloom immortal - in celestial bowers,  
 So when (ere summer opes her perfum'd vest)  
 The fostering earth receives her little guest,  
 With care paternal hides its tender form,  
 Safe from the piercing rigours of the storm;  
 But when their elemental rage is o'er,  
 And awful tempests shake the earth no more;  
 When Sol<sup>66</sup> darts forward with prolific ray  
 And vernal<sup>67</sup> flowers salute his rising sway,  
 The nurtur'd seed, disdains his limits scant  
 Uprears its head - shoots forth a lovely plant;  
 'Till in each grace matured, it blossoms fair  
 And sheds delicious fragrance thro' the air.

### \*Punch

1. **Erst** - some time ago.  
**the muse of pity** - Mary attributes the initial inspiration for the first part of *A Poem on the African Slave Trade* to one of the muses who stirred her feelings of sympathy, thus making creation possible. The muse of tragedy was Melpomene, and, according to Aristotle's definition, tragedy arouses emotion, usually, by concentrating on the fate of one individual. It is interesting in this regard that Part I of *A Poem on the African Slave Trade* focuses particularly on the fate of an individual African in order to awaken feelings of empathy in the reader.
2. **rude** - untaught, unsophisticated.
3. Imagination is perceived as being of a higher order than mere fancy. Fancy begins the song, but imagination is necessary to develop its theme.
4. **unfledg'd pinions** - immature, or undeveloped, wings. See also Wilkinson, *An Appeal*, p.7 - 'My troubled soul on anxious pinions goes/To injur'd men, and hovers o'er their woes'.
5. **social feeling** [. . .] **untutor'd lyre**; - Mary claims that concern for others has compelled the composition of verse, despite her lack of formal training. The lyre was the instrument of the muses.
6. **cement** - bonding, unifying principle.
7. **weal** - well-being.
8. **I blush** [. . .] **meed** - all England's deeds, however noble, are blemished by participation in slavery, while Ireland's refusal to take part makes her worthy of praise. **meed** - praise or reward.
9. **faithless main** - treacherous sea.
10. **darling** - dear, much loved.
11. **lerne** - another word for Iverna, equivalent of the Celtic word for Ireland.
12. Gen 1:26 - 'And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness.'
13. **ken** - 'range of knowledge or sight' (*OED*). May also link with 'masts', in its meaning of 'range of sight', perhaps alluding to the view of the scenes of slavery seen from atop the masthead.
14. **ye powers, who hold a nations trust** - the powers of government, here the peers of the realm.
15. **God-like transport** - godlike means 'resembling God'. The idea here is of 'heavenly rapture'.
16. **gall'd** - particularly appropriate adjective describing the slaves both as subjects - embittered, harbouring feelings of rancour or desire for revenge, and objects - to gall is to injure or humiliate.  
**furrow'd load** - a burden carried so long that it has worn deep.
17. **laurel** - symbolic of distinction or victory. The emblem with which, in ancient times, a victor was crowned.
18. Wilkinson, *An Appeal*, p.29: *Ye British Dames! Whose tender bosoms know/To melt with pity o'er the couch of woe*'.
19. **olive** - symbol of peace.

20. The French National Assembly 'condemned slavery in principle' in 1791. The abolitionist movement in France was led by the Société des Amis des Noirs. In August 1792, the French government ruled that any slave was emancipated as soon as he or she set foot on French soil. (Thomas, *The Slave Trade*, pp.495, 519-23.)
21. **sans controul** - French, 'without control'.
22. **serpent** - used as adjective, meaning 'poisonous'.
23. **Janus** - god of the year, and doors and gateways, after whom January is named. He had two faces, one looking forward to the future and one looking back.
24. **each India** - the East and West Indies.
25. **sleep-Lethian** - Lethe was one of the rivers in Hades, the Greek underworld. Drinking its waters made the dead forget their past, prior to their being reincarnated.
26. **shrouds** - sails. As shrouds are cloths in which the dead are wrapped, an appropriate term for the sails of a slave ship on which many are destined to die (crew as well as slaves) or be carried to a living death.
27. **whelm** - overwhelm.
28. **Zephyr** - gentle wind or breeze. Zephyrus was the classical personification, or god, of the west wind.
29. **reeking** - bloody with fresh wounds.
30. **God-like** - godlike means 'resembling God'. Here, perhaps, heavenly, divine, wonderful.
31. Acts 20:35 - 'I have showed you all things, how that so labouring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.'
32. **rights of men** - Mary's choice of this phrase would have been significant for her readers in the light of the recent publication of Thomas Paine's radical *Rights of Man* (Part I was published in 1791, Part II in 1792), though, speaking of souls, she stresses spiritual rather than earthly equality. See also Wilkinson, *An Appeal*, pp.21 for his use of the phrase.
33. "Virtue is its own reward" - Cicero, *De Finibus*, Book II, Sec. 73.
34. **a woody plain** - the masts of the ships massed in the bay resemble a wood of trees.
35. The beach, its sand washed white by the tide over many years, is envisaged as whitened by Time, personified as a hoary (aged, white-haired) figure.
36. **vagrant** - wayward.
37. Thomson, *The Seasons*, 'Summer', 920-21, casts the hyena as the most savage of Africa's wild creatures: 'And, scorning all the taming arts of man, / The keen hyena, fellest of the fell -'.
38. **Sophist** - originally a philosopher, the word came to refer to a person who engages in false reasoning, or sophistry - promoting arguments that appear plausible, even clever, but are ultimately specious.
39. **Orpheus-like** - in classical mythology Orpheus, reputedly a pre-Homeric poet, was able to charm people and animals with his music on the lyre. His playing persuaded Pluto, the god of the underworld, to release Orpheus's wife, Eurydice, provided the poet never looked back on the journey out of Hades. Orpheus could not stop himself turning to look at the beautiful Eurydice before they emerged, and she sank back never to return.
40. **this massy ball** - the earth.
41. **Courts or Camps** - stock expression for the monarch's service, or state ministries, and the military.
42. **fair & polish'd numbers** - elegant, refined verses.
43. **harrow up** - cut up or damage. A recognition that capacity for feeling is stunted by excessive suffering.
44. Henry Grattan, the great Irish parliamentarian whose government ran from 1782 until the Act of Union with Britain in 1801, Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816), politician and playwright, and William Pitt the Elder (1708-1778), chief minister in the British government mainly during the 1750s and 60s, were all great orators. Grattan's most famous speech was his movement of the Declaration of Independence in 1788, Sheridan's greatest speeches were made during the course of the Warren Hastings case in 1787/88. 'Pitt' could refer to William Pitt the Younger, Prime Minister of England 1783-1801 and therefore, like Grattan and Sheridan, Mary's contemporary. He was also known for his eloquence. However, it was his father, Pitt the Elder, who had a reputation for brilliant oratory.
45. **ductile** - soft and pliable.
46. **Phoebus** - name for Apollo, god of the sun.
47. **ire** - anger.
48. Almost certainly addressing William Wilberforce MP, leader of the abolition campaign, whose determination and perseverance resulted in the House of Commons, earlier in 1792, agreeing to abolish the slave trade by 1796.
49. Here definitely addressing William Pitt the Younger, then the Prime Minister of Britain.
50. **daughters of the sister isles** - women of Ireland.
51. **Fain** - gladly.
52. **God-like labours** - works akin to God's, having the attributes of God, but also, perhaps, 'heroic efforts'.
53. **board** - table.
54. **either India's choicest produce** - goods imported from either the East or West Indies.

55. **Rich Juice [ . . ] brother's lip.** - the rum, sugar and spices that go to make punch (the 'rich juice') have only been obtained through the cruelty of slavery, epitomised by 'the reeking whip', i.e. a whip covered with blood. The slaves never get to taste the produce of their labour.
56. **resistless** - persuasive, unable to be resisted.
57. **facile at compassion's call** - easily moved by compassion.
58. **you erst obey'd** - you formerly obeyed, or were accustomed to obey.
59. **Epicurean** - Epicurus (341-270 BC) advocated the cultivation of virtue and a state of equanimity through the avoidance of pain. Though 'Epicurean' came to mean pursuing pleasure for its own sake, the meaning here is also that the Epicurean would scoff at self-denial as a valid means of securing a beneficial result.
60. **sons of Belial** - people who embody the spirit of evil, who have abandoned God. Deut 13.13 - 'Certain men, the children of Belial, are gone out from among you, and have withdrawn the inhabitants of their city, saying, Let us go and serve other gods, which ye have not known.' **Belial** - in Hebrew 'destruction'; personification of evil; name of a fallen angel in Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Belial came to be associated with sophistry, or false reasoning - see Wilkinson, *An Appeal*, p.25 for reference to 'Belial's sophistry'.
61. **lucent** - translucent, shining.
62. Mt 7:12 - 'Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the Law and the Prophets.'
63. Probably William Wilberforce (1759-1833) whose life was devoted to the abolition cause.
64. **Philip's martial son** - Alexander the Great, son of King Philip II of Macedonia.
65. **when yon [ . . ] holy King;** - at 'natures gen'ral ruin', the end of the material world on the last day or Day of Judgement, the 'bright moons refulgent host' (the stars) will be destroyed, whereas the lustre of virtue will last forever.
66. **Sol** - classical personification of the sun.
67. **vernal** - spring.

Mary's sister Susanna Birkett died on 26 May 1792, aged five, having suffered from a wasting illness for seven months. This elegy was written on what would have been her sixth birthday, a little over three weeks later. It is sad to think that in the months Mary was writing and publishing her anti-slavery poem, which must have been a source of some pleasure and pride for her parents, her little sister was dying slowly of a 'lingering' sickness.

**To the Memory of her beloved sister  
6mo. 19th Susanna Birkett 1792**

---

How still how solemn is the face of night  
 Scarce modest Cynthia<sup>1</sup> sheds her pensive light  
 Dimmed by dark clouds which obstruct her ray  
 In mazy dance the lengthing[sic] shadows play  
 Bend with each branch that nods to drink the wave<sup>2</sup>  
 Moise o'er the stream, or in its bosom lave<sup>3</sup>  
 With folded wings the boisterous winds repose<sup>4</sup>  
 Hush'd in[is] each breeze & oft the water flows  
 Few scatter'd orbs o'er Heavens wide arch appear  
 Nor aught of sound assails the listening ear  
 All hail ye soothing scene of pensive hours  
 When memory wakes to life her dormant powers  
 Bids fancy o'er the sorrowing mind prevail  
 And fond remembrance tell the well known tale  
 Here will I wander by the moons pale ray  
 Where no rude footsteps brush the dews away<sup>5</sup>  
 Meet place for grief, where no intruding eye  
 Checks the hearts anguish & the long drawn sigh  
 Here shall my bosom vent its bleeding woe  
 For thee sweet susan, here my tears shall flow  
 And oft while twilight shades the distant lea<sup>6</sup>  
 My much loved sister will I think of thee  
 Oft mid the gloom shall fond idea<sup>7</sup> trace  
 The opening beauties of a blooming face  
 Those mild expressive eyes which did impart  
 The beamy softness of thy gentle heart  
 Those cheeks of health, whose animated gloom[?glow]<sup>8</sup>  
 Bid fair for life, yet fed the worm below  
 Those lips whose sweetness, our attention won  
 Whose accent finished what their smiles begun  
 Those smiles of innocence which well exprest[sic]  
 The dawning virtues of thy guiltless breast  
 But oh! those smiles will never please again  
 Nor thy fair form thy wonted grace retain  
 Closed are those eyes beneath the sleep of death  
 Pale are those rosy cheeks & stopt[sic] that breath  
 Ceased is that voice and its prattling o'er

And lost that beauty to attract no more  
 Beauty what art thou, vain & transient flower  
 Queen of a span<sup>9</sup> & Empress of an hour  
 Sweet rose that opens on lifes fairest morn  
 Cheers its dull hours & does its paths adorn  
 Sheds o'er the lamp of life a softer ray  
 Blooms but 'til noon, then droops & fades away  
 Poor envied thing, for which so many sigh  
 How short thy reign triumphant but to die  
 Sweet Susan still to thee my mind returns  
 Keeps o'er my memory & thy sufferings mourns  
 Dwells on the pangs, which so resigned thou bore  
 Seven lingering months, till nature could no more<sup>10</sup>  
 Sees thy pale form, no longer fair & gay  
 But much emaciated, sinking to decay  
 For nought of art<sup>11</sup> can heal a soul opprest[sic]  
 When the slow death rankles in the breast  
 Urges with silent step its secret sway  
 Till as a vapour life consumes away  
 Methinks I see thee join the little throng  
 And with sweet [            ]<sup>12</sup> the nimble sports prolong  
 In active play, thy sprightly efforts try  
 Mirth in thy face & laughter in thine eye  
 For thou when gladness fill'd the sportive plain  
 Wert still the liveliest of the lively train  
 But ah! those hours are past, those scenes are o'er  
 And Susan sleeps to wake for us no more  
 Oh! thou loved parent of her mortal part  
 Whose eyes evince the anguish of her heart  
 Who doom'd so oft thy childrens fate to mourn  
 And pour the sighs of sorrow o'er their urn<sup>13</sup>  
 While young in life & prattling on thy knee  
 Each lisping accent struggling to be free  
 Too innocent the pangs of guilt to know  
 Too young, the ills which throng this world of woe  
 Just when fair reason shew'd the dawning ray  
 And promised in their minds a golden day  
 Then with sure aim the barbed shaft of death  
 Transpierced<sup>14</sup> their hearts & stopt[sic] their faltering[sic] breath  
 Six times it flew, so Providence decreed  
 And bade six times thy wounded bosom bleed<sup>15</sup>  
 Yet shall not thou at his behests repine  
 For he who thus afflicts thee is divine  
 And when his justice strikes the needful blow  
 His mercy bids the balm of comfort flow  
 Then cease our griefs & let reflection prove  
 A lamp to shew our souls our Makers love  
 And when Idea on their features dwells  
 And all their graces, all their sweetness tells  
 Then shall reflection Saint[-]like point to where  
 Six angel forms array'd in light appear  
 To you dear parents, shall her voice address

And thus the language of her soul express  
 Arise no longer mourn the silent dead  
 But to where Zion rears her sacred head<sup>16</sup>  
 Where far above this transient vale of tears  
 The City of the holy One appears  
 Lo where around the happy spirits throng  
 And to Jehovah<sup>17</sup> raise the grateful song  
 Where to his glory every harp is strung  
 While sounds of praise r[ise?]<sup>18</sup> from their tongue  
 Where in the full fruition of delight  
 They in the silken bonds of peace unite  
 And where reposing in a Saviours love  
 They feel his mercy & his goodness prove  
 Mid those beatic forms<sup>19</sup> your children see  
 From Earth & pain from sin & sorrow free  
 Would ye recal[sic] to these scenes below  
 From bliss made perfect to a world of woe  
 No rather hope to join their souls above  
 And share the wonders of a Savours love

### Mary Birkett

1. **Cynthia** - one of the names for Artemis or Diana, goddess of the moon, derived from Mount Cynthus, her birthplace.
2. Probably referring to weeping willows, trees emblematic of mourning, at the water's edge.
3. 'To moise' is a verb which can mean 'to increase'. 'To lave' is 'to wash' or 'to bathe'. Mary is describing the movement of the shadows of the trees, sometimes spreading over and sometimes seeming to dip into the water.
4. In Greek/Roman mythology, the winds were personified as winged beings.
5. **Where [. . .] away** - literally, where no footsteps have broken the surface of the dew on the grass. Conventional expression for a quiet, rural space or garden, a place of solitude.
6. **lea** - open space of meadow or grassland.
7. **fond idea** - imagination, tender with memories.
8. **gloom** - is written in manuscript, but this may be a copyist's error as 'glow' fits the sense and rhymes with 'below' in the following line.
9. **span** - period of time.
10. **till nature could no more** - i.e. till 'nature', mind and body, could no longer fight the disease or bear the suffering entailed.
11. **art** - human endeavour or skill.
12. Space is left in manuscript, probably omitting the name of Susanna's playmate.
13. **urn** - used figuratively. Burial, not cremation, was the usual practice and the Birkett children were buried in the Friends' burial ground.
14. **transpierced** - pierced through.
15. Susanna was the fourth child of William and Sarah Birkett to die since their move to Dublin in 1784. Edward, Hannah and Sarah died within weeks of one another in 1787. (Mary wrote a poem on each death.) Two others died earlier in England.
16. **where Zion rears her sacred head** - heaven. Mount Zion was site of the temple at Jerusalem.
17. **Jehovah** - name for God derived from the Hebrew Yahweh.
18. Word illegible in manuscript.
19. **beatic forms** - 'to beatify' means to make blessed or happy. The deceased Birkett children, now transformed in Heaven, are both.

Mary often wrote poems eulogising the homes and family life of her friends. Written for the family of her friend Hannah Wilson Forbes, this one is dedicated to their house, Forbes Lodge. It is not yet known where this was, but the Forbes had one address at 12 Lower Ormond Quay in Dublin and, from poetry later in the collection, it is clear they moved residence to a house at a place called Summerhill. This was probably Summerhill in Dublin, an area being developed at this time, though there is a small village of that name some miles north-west of Dublin. 12 Lower Ormond Quay remained their business premises.

### Inscription for Forbes Lodge 7th month 1792

---

Stranger if thine erring feet  
 Lead thee to this blest retreat  
 If its elegance & grace  
 Never yet thine eye could trace  
 If its joys - unknown to thee  
 List<sup>1</sup> a while & learn of me  
 Know that here remote from care  
 Dwell content & virtue fair  
 Placid truth with brow serene  
 Sporting mirth with smiling mien  
 Hospitality and joy  
 Pleasure pure without alloy.  
 Stranger - (for I know thee not[])]  
 Haply<sup>2</sup> vice has been thy lot  
 Haply thee the world has shewn  
 Joys which virtues scorn to own  
 Wondering then I hear thee say  
 How can such as these be gay?  
 Where is folly's gay resort?  
 Where the midnight revels sport?  
 Where is fashions brilliant train?  
 Where the bacchanalian fane<sup>3</sup>  
 Know that in the midnight round  
 Heart-felt ease is seldom found  
 That the taper<sup>4</sup> burning bright  
 May extinguish pleasures light  
 That the bliss ye boast to find  
 Often leaves a sting behind.  
 They, who in this mansion dwell  
 Can the joys of virtue tell  
 Peace expands their social breast  
 To be good, is to be blest  
 Theirs is elegance refin'd  
 Theirs, the philanthropic mind  
 Friendship, generous, undisguis'd



Truth & sense by candour priz'd  
 Sparkling wit & flowing thought  
 Language with good nature fraught  
 Benevolence that would impart  
 The joys they feel to every heart  
 And charity whose social flow  
 Delights to soothe the sufferers woe.  
 Stranger, if thy curious eye  
 Shall admire the prospect nigh  
 Wander o'er this calm retreat  
 O'er the garden, blooming sweet  
 Know, that these will soon decay  
 All on earth must fade away  
 But the virtues of their soul  
 Time nor death can ne'er controul[sic]  
 They - when these lovely scenes are o'er  
 When ev'n this mansion charms no more  
 Shall rise as plants which scent the air  
 And bloom in Paradise - more fair

MB

1. **List** - listen.
2. **Haply** - perhaps.
3. **bacchanalian fane** - temple to Bacchus, Roman name for Dionysus, Greek god of wine. 'Fane' is a poetic word for temple.
4. **taper** - wax candle, more expensive than tallow.

Richard Shackleton (1728-1792) was the son of Abraham Shackleton of Ballitore, and was educated at his father's school there, which was popular with non-Quaker as well as Quaker families. One of Richard's schoolfriends was the famous statesman and author Edmund Burke (1729-1797), with whom he maintained a lifelong correspondence. The friendship between the two men is mentioned in this poem.

Burke became secretary to Lord Rockingham, and had a varied political career as a Member of Parliament (for Wendover, Bristol, Malton) and, in the 1780s, as a Privy Councillor and Paymaster. He was active in campaigns for free trade, Catholic emancipation, greater freedom for the American colonies and the Irish Parliament, among other causes. His most well-known literary works are *A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful* (1756-57), and *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (1790). The latter bewailed the overthrow of tradition inherent in the French Revolution and prompted Thomas Paine to produce the counter argument in his *Rights of Man* (1791-92), sparking debate all over Europe.

Correspondence between Burke and Richard Shackleton was preserved by Richard's daughter, the Quaker author Mary Leadbeater, in *The Leadbeater Papers*, Vol. II (1862). (See Appendix 7, 'Individuals Featuring in the Writings of Mary Birkett Card'.) In later life, Burke revisited Ballitore and the Shackletons stayed at Beaconsfield, the Burkes' home in England.

Richard eventually took over the school, passing it in turn to his son, another Abraham. This Abraham Shackleton stopped teaching the classics, as he believed they encouraged aggression, and lost many pupils, especially non-Quakers for whom the classics were vital for university. He was a key figure in the deist controversy that divided Irish Friends and was separated from the Society in 1801. (See Mary Birkett Card's 'Progress of Infidelity' narrative, in Vol. I, Prose, p.21, where she recounts her own experience and rejection of what she felt were deist tendencies.)

**On the Death of our sincerely lamented  
9 mo Friend Rich'd. Shackleton 1792**

---

Tis done - from Heaven the awful mandate came  
 And call'd the spirit from the quivering frame  
 Dissolved the bonds of Earth & bore away  
 His saint-like soul to realms of purer day  
 Left his pale corse<sup>1</sup> with kindred dust to rest  
 And points a solemn truth to every breast  
 Sad truth! that oft hath pierced the heart with woe  
 That oft hath made the tears of anguish flow  
 That while it blasts fair hopes deceitful bud  
 Leads us to seek a sure support - in God  
 Oh! ye who oft have heard his reasoning powers  
 When his sound judgment op'd his weighty stores  
 Or when mild counsel would his lips impart  
 Whose tongue declared the anguish of his heart  
 Or who have seen him by just zeal inspired  
 When all the christian & the man admired

How will ye grieve to know his fatal doom  
 Snatch'd from his pious labours - to the tomb  
 Lost to society, to those he lov'd  
 To all & deeply will his loss be prov'd  
 For, was his useful life in virtue past  
 And pious acts employ'd him to the last  
 In him the poor a steady friend possess[sic]  
 Whose liberal care oft sooth'd the sorrowing breast  
 Large was the talent by his maker given  
 And well applied to serve mankind & heaven  
 Not in a napkin hid, but widely shed  
 And still encreas'd[sic] its lustre as it spread<sup>2</sup>  
 Keen was his wit & polish'd was his mind  
 With truth, grace, sense & elegance refin'd  
 Well was he versed in Scripture's sacred page  
 In fam'd historic lore & knowledge sage  
 Had drank of Helicon's sweet flowing stream<sup>3</sup>  
 And knew the muses song, the poets dream  
 Div'd[?delv'd] the vast depths of philosophic lore  
 And drain'd from each pursuit an added store  
 Thence (like the widows oil) tho' pour'd around  
 It lessen'd not, but more abundant found<sup>4</sup>  
 Large was the sphere by Providence assign'd  
 And well adapted to his boundless mind  
 From his rich stores instruction to impart  
 And point fair virtue to the ductile<sup>5</sup> heart  
 Sound were his precepts & his doctrine true  
 He was their teacher, & their pattern too  
 His conduct gain'd their love & filial awe  
 His truth was sacred & his word their law  
 But now with heartfelt sorrow will they mourn  
 And weep the tears of grief around his urn<sup>6</sup>  
 Thou Burke, wilt pay the tribute of thy love  
 To him, whose friendship thou so late didst prove  
 Whose care matured the virtues of thy youth  
 And form'd thy mind to honor & to truth  
 He was thy friend, & when thy judgment grew  
 Thou revered him who led that judgment true  
 Alas! no more his presence glads thy sight  
 No more his wit inspires thee with delight  
 Not all his talents all his worth could save  
 Snatch'd from his friends & brethren to the grave  
 Yet died he firm in the faith - a righteous end  
 And knew his Lord & Saviour for his Friend  
 Who in the act of worship call'd him hence  
 From Earth to Heaven, from works to recompence  
 To join the Host of Angels & to prove  
 The wond'rous riches of his Makers love.

1. **corse** - corpse.
2. **Lk 19:11-27** - Christ's parable concerning the onus on each individual to ensure they use the talents God has given them to the full. A nobleman entrusted a pound to each of his ten servants in his absence. On his return, two servants had invested the money so it increased in value, but 'another came, saying, Lord, behold, here is thy pound, which I have kept laid up in a napkin' (v.20). Because this servant had not made the best use of his money, the pound was taken from him and given to the one who had made the greatest amount by wise investment. See also the parable of the talents - Mt 25:14-30.
3. **Helicon** was a Boeotian mountain sacred to the muses, from which two streams - the Aganippe and the Hippocrene - flowed. Richard Shackleton wrote some verse.
4. **2 Kgs 4:2-7** - tells how a widow went to the prophet Elisha when her husband died and creditors were attempting to take her two sons as bondsmen. All she had was a pot of oil. Elisha told her to borrow as many vessels as she could from her neighbours and pour the oil into them. The supply of oil proved endless, filling all the containers available, so that she was able to sell enough to pay her debts and earn an income. A similar story is told of the prophet Elijah in 1 Kgs 17:9-16. At Zarephath, he sought bread from a widow, but was told she had only 'an handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse' and was gathering sticks to make a fire to cook it. When she made a cake first for the prophet, as he bid her, and then for herself and her son, she found the tiny amount sufficient for many days, fulfilling the Lord's saying, 'The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail'.
5. **ductile** - pliable, therefore soft and receptive.
6. **urn** - used figuratively. Burial, not cremation, was the usual practice.

J. Lancashire has not been identified, but see notes to poems Mary composed on his previous visit to Dublin in 1787, when he gave her a pocket book (pp.43-45 in this volume).

**To J Lancashire on his arrival in Dublin  
11th mo. 3rd. 1792**

---

Again returned to Ireland's shore  
From Albions<sup>1</sup> social plain  
And may we greet thee here once more  
Nor are our wishes vain

2

Attentive friends aroung[around] thee throng  
With joy & glad surprise  
Mid them the muses humble song  
(A Willing gift) would rise

3

Would thank thee for this visit kind  
And speak thee welcome here  
Well is the simple boon design'd<sup>2</sup>  
And tho' not large, sincere

4

Full oft was each returning year  
In hope fallacious past  
Nor, till we least expected, were  
We gratified at last

5

This points to me the useful lore  
To wait with patience still  
For oft when fruitless hope is o'er  
Our Maker works his will

6

Lol now three suns have run their race  
Along the azure sky  
Since (daily opening some new grace)  
Fair Dublin met thine eye

7

Years, when to come how long they seem  
 They magnify to view  
 Once past, they dwindle to a dream  
 But Ah! that dream is true

8

And every hour that's spent below  
 Each moment vainly past  
 Will make us tremble when we know  
 The dread account at last

9

Oh! may it be the aim & end  
 Of our sojourning here  
 To make the great I AM<sup>3</sup> our Friend  
 And dwell in faith & fear

10

Then may we without terror trace  
 The scenes we cant[sic] recall  
 Confess our sins, implore his grace  
 And be resign'd thro' all

11

For many a changing scene hath life  
 And many a trying hour  
 And oft is flesh with grace at strife  
 For mastership & power

12

Be ours to enter the straight gate<sup>4</sup>  
 To conquer thro' the Lamb  
 To walk whatever be our fate  
 Devoid of guile or blame

13

Then when the powers of sin assail  
 Our God will hear our cry  
 His arm Almighty shall prevail  
 And crown the victory.

MB

1. **Albion** - name for England, derived from the Latin 'albus' - white. The white cliffs of Dover could be seen from the continent.
2. **the simple boon** - Mary's poem.
3. **the great I AM** - name for God. See Ex 3:14 where God speaks to Moses from the burning bush - 'And God said unto Moses, I AM THAT I AM: and he said, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you.'
4. **Mt 7:14** - 'Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.'

Apparently, J. Lancashire was not happy with the above - it was too brief. So Mary felt compelled to rectify matters by writing a few more verses less than a fortnight later.

### To J - L 11mo 14th 1792

---

My valued friend, how couldst thou say  
 The lines I writ<sup>1</sup> were few?  
 That small the tribute I would pay  
 To friendship more was due

2

Sure not alone the copious line  
 True friendship can impart  
 Grace, ease & elegance may shine  
 Yet ne'er approach the heart

3

True friendship - if I judge aright  
 Words only cant[sic] declare  
 Nor are they always requisite  
 To prove the heart sincere

4

Then blame me not, for I do feel  
 A friendship far more true  
 Than lengthen'd numbers<sup>2</sup> can reveal  
 Or flowing language shew

5

Yet, as each joy has its alloy  
 Each pleasure has its pain  
 I deeply mourn thy transcient[sic] stay  
 But hope to meet again

6

Thus oft by anxious cares opprest[sic]  
 We pass our time below  
 And when sharp sorrow wound the breast  
 Does comfort swiftly flow

7

Oh! may we view each chequer'd<sup>3</sup> path  
 With truths unerring eye  
 And feel it as our firmest faith  
 On Jesus to rely

1. writ - wrote.
2. lengthen'd numbers - lengthy verses.
3. chequer'd - changeable, referring to the ups and downs of life.



## 11mo. 30th Advice to a Youth 1792

---

How shall the muse her serious thoughts express  
 Or how to thee her artless lays address  
 Yet meet not censure for presumptuous pride  
 That points out others faults, its own to hide  
 Not so - for only would my pen convey  
 Important truths, these not my words obey  
 And tho' I all authority disclaim  
 The hints a friend would offer - never blame  
 Just let this mandate every act controul[sic]  
 To love the Lord thy God with all thy soul<sup>1</sup>  
 Observe with all thy might his sacred law  
 Nor ever name Him but with reverent awe  
 Be firm in mental prayer, in thanks, in praise  
 And glorify the Lord in all thy ways;  
 Let every thought be hallow'd<sup>2</sup> such as he  
 Who knows the secret of thine heart can see  
 Be this - the basis of thy hopes - & this  
 Will make thy cup o'erflow with heavenly bliss<sup>3</sup>  
 Will keep thy conscience from guile & lead  
 To cheerfulness, to gaity indeed  
 Far be the thought that virtue source of joy  
 Can ought of pleasure or of peace destroy  
 When from that spring the richest comforts rise  
 That ever mortals taste, beneath the skies  
 It chases the dark clouds of guilt away  
 And pours upon the soul a flood of day:  
 Religion thus implanted will impart  
 Its choicest blessings to thy upright heart  
 Will rivet thy affection, make thee pay  
 Honour to those whom God hath said "Obey"  
 Will give thee too industry to possess  
 For Satans greatest friend is - Idleness  
 Will guide thro' the slippery paths of youth  
 Try, purge, & crown thee, in the realms of truth  
 Be humble in thy self be nothing still<sup>4</sup>  
 With firm dependance[sic] on thy Makers will  
 And whether joys or trials he impart  
 Still pray unceasing for - a thankful heart  
 Enough - thy parents will direct thy youth  
 And form thy judgment by the laws of Truth.

MB

1. Mt 22:37 - 'Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.' Christ's reply to the Pharisee who asked Him 'which is the great commandment in the law?' (v.36). See also Mk 12.:30 and Lk 10:25-28.
2. hallow'd - here, 'pure' rather than 'holy' or 'sacred'.
3. Ps 23:5 - 'Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.'
4. Without punctuation this line is not readily understood. It could read, 'Be humble in thy self, be nothing, still' or 'Be humble, in thy self be nothing, still'.

Summer Hill was where Mary's close friends Hannah Wilson Forbes and her family moved from the centre of Dublin. This was probably Summerhill in Dublin, a street now in the city but then still a suburb. Mary herself was later to live there, at 16 Summerhill, after her marriage in 1801. The view of Dublin and its bay, described in the poem, is in keeping with a near contemporary account describing how the circular road encompassing the city:

commands, from various points, the most delightful views of the adjacent country, of the Wicklow mountains, and of the bay, which, with its bold shores, the hills of Dalky, the peninsula of Howth, the islands of Ireland's eye and Lambay, and enlivened with the pleasing motion of ships under sail, appears from the high ground near Summer-hill, extremely interesting.

(Warburton, Whitelaw, Walsh, *A History of the City of Dublin* (1818), I, 449-50.)

It is worth mentioning, however, that there is also a village called Summerhill a few miles north-west of Dublin. Summerhill House, one of the most patatial mansions in Ireland, was the home of Lord Langford and the Empress of Austria stayed there in the nineteenth century, but it was burned down during the Civil War in 1922. Nothing of it now remains except the monumental gateway, but from a hill in the grounds one can just see Dublin Bay in the distance.

Mary visited the Forbes at Summer Hill over Christmas and New Year, 1792-93. Hannah's brother James had recently married Elizabeth Watson and brought her to Dublin from her family's rural home at Summerville, Clonmel, near Waterford. Elizabeth's sister, Deborah (Debby) Watson was to become one of Mary's most intimate friends.

### **Written by Moonlight at Summer Hill 12th mo 29th. 1792**

---

Fair Empress of the Stars! whose silver ray  
Sheds a mild lustre o'er the varied space  
Gives to a silent world a softer day  
And bids reflection all thy beauties trace

Prompted by thee bright Orb! my wandering eye  
Shall dwell delighted on the lovely scene  
Watch thee majestic move along the sky  
And view with awe the clouds that roll between

Wide o'er the bay does thy soft influence spread  
And lightly dance thy beams from wave to wave  
On yon majestic barks<sup>1</sup> do radiance shed  
Sport in the sails or on the surface lave<sup>2</sup>

Lo! where blue Howth<sup>3</sup> uprears its dusky sides  
And fair Clontarf<sup>4</sup> its rural form extends  
There rests thy light or o'er the waters glides  
Shines on the hill or with the stream descends

There Dublin's high & spacious roofs appear  
 And there the humble peasants clay built cot  
 Thou smilest on all & all thy mantle share  
 Nor the great flatter'd, nor the poor forgot.

MB

1. **barks** - ships,
2. **lave** - bathe or wash. Conveys the effect of moonbeams playing, or dipping, on the surface of the water.
3. **Howth** - name of the mount at the tip of a promontory just outside Dublin to the north-east.
4. **Clontarf** - suburb of Dublin leading to Howth, still 'rural' in Mary's day.

The following lines were written to congratulate Eliza (Elizabeth, daughter of Solomon and Mary Watson of Clonmel, Waterford), then aged only sixteen, on her recent marriage, on 4 October 1792, to James Forbes, twenty-nine year old elder brother of Hannah Wilson Forbes. This was his second marriage. His first wife, Mary Goffe, one of the twenty-one or twenty-two children (accounts differ) of Jacob and Eliza Goffe of Horetown House in Co. Wexford, had died in 1785 only a year after their wedding. James and Elizabeth were to spend much longer together, in a marriage that produced ten children. The first, Mary, was born in 1793. Eliza Forbes died in 1814.

### 12mo 30th To Eliza Forbes 1792

---

Sweet Eliza fair and young  
 May thy days glide smooth along  
 May the bonds of marriage be  
 Silken cords of love to thee  
 Still may favouring Hymen<sup>1</sup> shed  
 His choicest blessings on thy head  
 Soft may flow the stream of life  
 Free from sorrow, free from strife  
 Smooth unruffled as a glass  
 May thy hours harmonious pass  
 And every bliss by love possess[sic]  
 On thee & on thy bridegroom rest.

MB

1. **Hymen** - androgynous god of marriage in classical mythology.

In this playful piece, Mary conducts a conversation with her muse, seeking her assistance in the composition of a poem that will make an appropriate New Year present for the Forbes family.

**A New Years offering to her  
1mo. 1st Friends Forbes 1793**

---

Arise oh! muse if aught of thee  
 Hath e'er inspired thy votary  
 If ever when thy lyre thou strung<sup>1</sup>  
 I strove to imitate thy song  
 Vouchsafe me now a gift; - to send  
 A new years offering to each friend  
 When thus the shrinking muse "Ah why"  
 "To me for presents thus apply  
 "We Heliconian maids<sup>2</sup> are poor  
 "We've noble minds but little store  
 "Us Plutus seldom deigns to bless<sup>3</sup>  
 "And tho Parnassus we possess  
 "Which poets say in fruits abound!<sup>4</sup>  
 "Yet barren will the mount be found  
 "Nor corn nor wine does it produce  
 "Nor common food for vulgar use  
 "Scarce Pegasus who o'er it rides<sup>5</sup>  
 "Crops the dry stalk, how lean his sides  
 "The laurel only grows around  
 "With which our favourite bards are crown'd<sup>6</sup>  
 And we who on the summit dwell  
 "Who wander o'er the moss-grown cell<sup>7</sup>  
 "Tho' pure the balmy air we breathe  
 "With Zephyrs<sup>8</sup> wafted from beneath  
 "Yet ah how little do we know  
 "To hoard up wealth, like those below["]  
 Ah me! they'll think me so ungrateful<sup>9</sup>  
 And sure ingratitude is hateful.  
 "Not so thou to thy friends impart  
 "The thoughts which occupy thy heart  
 "Till - but in vain would I inspire  
 "True friendship does no muse require["]  
 "She sings her own sweet song, adieu<sup>10</sup>  
 Then with light bound away she flew  
 I list<sup>11</sup> - friendship calls - & I obey  
 She dictates all that I must say,  
 Accept the strain, my charming friends  
 And think not me - but friendship sends

Blest family by concord led  
 Who hath on you her blessings shed  
 By kindred as by love allied  
 Whom strife or jarring<sup>12</sup> ne'er divide  
 O'er whom tho' furious discord shakes  
 Her fatal rod of poisonous snakes  
 Still on herself the lash rebounds  
 And virtues shield returns the sounds  
 Oh! may you ever join'd by love  
 As now the bliss of union prove<sup>13</sup>  
 May no foul fiend our natures foe  
 The seeds of enmity e'er strew  
 No serpent in whatever form  
 Create in you contentions storm  
 But thus united may you live  
 With all the blessings love can give  
 Oft may you see this annual day  
 Return & peaceful pass away  
 Yea oft, full oft, with pleasure fraught  
 Nor ever bring one jarring thought  
 To AF)<sup>14</sup> To thee my kind, my honor'd friend  
 May Heaven increasing blessings send  
 Still may thy years renewed be  
 Thy childrens children long to see  
 In truth & virtue rising fair  
 And soothe & soften all thy care  
 Fulness of days may thou possess  
 And cheerful health those days to bless  
 But above all may God above  
 For ever shield thee by his love  
 Shower down his favours & unite  
 Thy soul to him with full delight.

MB

1. Several of the muses were represented holding a lyre, and to string the lyre was a metaphor for the composition of poetry or song. The muse most associated with this instrument was Erato, whose province was love poetry.
2. **Heliconian maids** - the muses were said to live on Mount Helicon, a mountain in Boeotia, which became sacred to them and the site of their temple.
3. **Plutus** - son of Demeter, Greek goddess of the earth and agriculture. He was the god of wealth.
4. **Parnassus** - another site sacred to the muses. Mount Parnassus is in Delphi. It has two peaks - one was sacred to Dionysus, the other to Apollo. The connection with Dionysus, god of wine, whose head is usually shown crowned with grapes, may account for Mount Parnassus abounding in fruit.
5. **Pegasus** - much cherished by the muses, he was the winged horse of the Greek hero Perseus. The fountain on Mount Helicon, the Hippocrene, was supposed to have burst forth when Pegasus struck his hoof on the mountain.
6. The laurel, with which successful poets were crowned, was associated with the muses who provided the inspiration for poetry.
7. **moss-grown cell** - simple, single-roomed dwelling or hermitage, here perhaps a cave. *OED* cites 1764, R. Lloyd, 'Ode Oblivion', 'Thou who delightest still to dwell/By some hoar and moss-grown cell'.
8. **Zephyrs** - gentle winds or breezes. Zephyrus was the classical personification, or god, of the west wind.

9. Here the poet replies to the muse's refusal to grant her request. Speech marks two lines later indicate when the muse once more starts to speak.
10. Speech marks should be omitted at the start of this line as it is the poet not the muse who first speaks. The line should be punctuated thus:  
She sings her own sweet song, "adieu",
11. list - listen.
12. jarring - quarrelling.
13. the bliss of union - probably referring to the recent union of Eliza Watson and James Forbes in marriage.
14. To AF) . . . - addressing Anne Forbes, mother of James and Hannah Wilson Forbes.

This poem is undated, but it is included here as its manuscript position and title makes it virtually certain that it was written during the same visit to Summer Hill as the three previous poems, and the one following.

### Morning at Summer Hill

How lovely is the morn, yon rising sun  
 Majestic bids his beams come forth & shed  
 Their purest influence on the world around  
 At his approach, Creation wakes, the birds  
 First tune their morning carol, rise & sing  
 Forth come the herds, the neighing colt inspired  
 With the full vigour of uncurb'd delight  
 Sports round the field, small thoughts of future woe  
 Of burthens<sup>1</sup> hard oppressive, grievous tasks  
 Of the keen lash which marks the aching sides  
 Of pinching hunger or of piercing cold  
 Weigh down his thoughts, ah me he little knows  
 Th'accumulated ills, which man, his master  
 Has now in store for him, sport on poor beast  
 And be thy pleasures sweet thy joys unmixed  
 These & these only are thy golden days  
 Once past, the iron age begins, alas!  
 What varied woe[s] await thee, knewest thou these  
 And fancy views at once the gather'd heap  
 'Twould make thee tremble [']twould embitter all  
 Thy hours of sportive mirth, calm thy young heart  
 And make the[e] wish for instant dissolution  
 See nature all revived shakes off at once  
 The leaden power of sleep - man only man  
 Of all the works of God ungrateful sleeps  
 Still are his eyelids sealed - oh! shameful thought  
 Lock'd in the arms of Somnus<sup>2</sup> still he lies  
 On the soft couch, tho nature bid him rise

Declare ye sages who have deeply search'd  
 T[h]'unmeasurable shore of wisdom - ye  
 Whose midnight taper<sup>3</sup> oft hath shone before you  
 Immersed in studious thought, say why does man  
 Waste thus his precious time, one hour of which  
 Whole millions cant[can't] recal,[sic] yet every hour  
 Nay every moment spent in vain, must be  
 Account for - strange infatuation thus  
 To rest devoid of sense, inanimate  
 Yet court the dull delusion, satisfied  
 Just to do nothing - when the voice of God  
 Of nature & of conscience, bids fulfil  
 His many duties.<sup>4</sup>

1. **burthens** - archaic form of 'burdens'.
2. **Somnus** - classical god, and personification, of sleep, also known as Hypnos.
3. **taper** - wax candle, more expensive than tallow.
4. Compare Mary's reflections on man's lethargy with the following passage in Thomson, *The Seasons*, 'Summer', 67-74:

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,  
 And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy  
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,  
 To meditation due and sacred song?  
 Is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?  
 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half  
 The fleeting moments of too short a life -  
 Total extinction of the enlightened soul!



The following, written on leaving Summer Hill, is dedicated to Hannah Wilson Forbes and her mother Anne.

### To Anne & H W Forbes

---

My honour'd friends! with deep regret I view  
 The hour approach that severs me from you  
 But it must be! & I must bid - farewell  
 To all the social joys of Summer Hill  
 To all the charms which from your converse flow  
 And all the bliss your presence can bestow  
 Patience inspire my still reluctant heart  
 From all these pleasures teach me how to part  
 I cannot - no for ever would I stay  
 But hark! a voice that summons me away  
 Pardon the rising sigh, the falling tear  
 Grief must have way, I will not now forbear  
 Sweet tranquil moments! ye are gone indeed  
 And Saturn stretch'd his wings with double speed<sup>1</sup>  
 Blest hours of confidence! how quickly fled  
 Which o'er my soul their soothing influence shed  
 How short the time when pleasure owns her sway  
 While pain with iron fetters clogs the day  
 Even while I write, it lingers o'er my head  
 And moments never to return are fled  
 Adieu my friends & may you ever know  
 The choicest blessings virtue can bestow

Summer Hill 1mo 16th 1793

MB

1. The line means that the time over Christmas and New Year has flown by extra fast. Saturn was originally the Roman god of agriculture and his festival, celebrated in December when the crops had been sown, is the origin of many Christmas customs, such as presents and candles, and was traditionally a time of freedom from restraint. Mary's use of Saturn as a motif is interesting in relation to Quakers' attitude to Christmas, a festival they did not celebrate owing to its pagan origin. Saturn was supposedly based on an early king of Rome, responsible for introducing agriculture and civilisation. The Saturnian age was thought of nostalgically as a Golden Age. Hence Mary is, perhaps, also casting her stay with the Forbes as a golden, special time, never to be repeated.

This next poem is, likewise, dedicated to members of the Forbes family (Anne, her daughter Hannah Wilson Forbes, and Eliza - her son James's new bride), but also to Deborah (Debby) Watson, Eliza's elder sister. Debby, born October 1772, would have been twenty years old. Debby and Eliza were the daughters of Solomon and Mary Watson of Summerville at Clonmel, near Waterford. The Watsons had interests in banking. John, William and Solomon Watson, possibly Debby and Eliza's brothers, were to become partners in Watsons' Bank at Clonmel by 1800, but the bank folded circa 1820 (Harrison, *Biographical Dictionary of Irish Quakers*, p.101). The Watsons originally came to Ireland as planters in the seventeenth century.

In the poem, Mary remembers the happy times spent with the Forbes some three months earlier, in the New Year. One of her pleasures was to read aloud to the family after tea in the evening and now, as she cannot be there in person, she decides to write them a story, a poetic narrative in which they are the characters, instead. It seems to be modelled, at least in part, on a pastoral episode in Thomson's *The Seasons*, ('Autumn', 177-310) - the love affair between the beautiful, modest Lavinia, reared in rural seclusion, and the swain, Palemon.

**To Anne, H-W & E Forbes & D Watson**  
**----- 3rd. month 21st 1793 -----**

---

Now while pale Hesper shines with borrow'd light<sup>1</sup>  
 And clothes in silver grey, the face of night;  
 While Sol descending, bids the world adieu,  
 And mocks the utmost grasp of human view,  
 Sinks midst a maze of Glory, to the west,  
 And finds in Thetis' lap, his wonted rest:<sup>2</sup>  
 While courtly dames for balls & routs<sup>3</sup> prepare  
 Adjust their ornaments & curl their hair  
 And meaner Cits,<sup>4</sup> who bask in fortunes sun  
 With eager haste to plays & concerts run  
 In gaudy robes, conceal their want of worth  
 And give to ill got pride, the place of birth  
 While country rustics, lull'd to calm repose  
 Which from the source of healthful labour flows  
 Taste balmy sleeps invigorating power  
 But lose th'enjoyment of the social hour.  
 You each extreme avoiding, steer between  
 And keep (as Sages teach) the golden mean<sup>5</sup>  
 Nor guilt, nor folly, on your quiet prey  
 On downy wing your moments steal away  
 But most these hours serenely peaceful glide  
 When friend[ly] converse cheers the illum'd[sic] fireside  
 When mutual intercourse, its charms imparts  
 And cements the soft link which holds your hearts  
 By love fraternal, each to each inclined  
 Move in one sphere & feel one kindred mind  
 Taste all the pleasures Heaven allows on Earth

To youth, health, innocence, & matchless worth  
 Even now my Friends I in idea<sup>6</sup> view  
 Your charming circle, pleased to be with you  
 Even now I share your smiles with fancied joy  
 Gaze on your works, your books, your each employ  
 And while I see such peace around me shed  
 I wonder where my trivial griefs are fled  
 Lo! now illusion, gives my inward eye  
 The tranquil scene & does your place supply  
 Not as when truth presents you to my sight  
 But as I view you in the dream of night  
 And (for my hopes would with my wish agree)  
 If e'er you cast a thought on absent me  
 Let the gay power, whose varied robes unite  
 The rainbows colours,<sup>7</sup> bring me to your sight  
 Suppose me there, the grateful beverage<sup>8</sup> o'er  
 The pencil now resumes its forming power  
 Beneath your hands, what charming scenes display'd  
 In all the elegance of light & Shade  
 Tis yours to bid the Dryads on you wait<sup>9</sup>  
 And haply<sup>10</sup> mine, to read or to relate  
 To cull from ancient lore th'historic tale  
 But here the magic powers of fancy fail  
 Then will I write & to your partial ear<sup>11</sup>  
 A tale convey, which you with kindness hear  
 The facts are recent - & the story true  
 And all the characters are known to you.  
 Where Dublin rears her form in towering pride<sup>12</sup>  
 And murmuring Liffy<sup>13</sup> rolls her healthful tide  
 Beside where flows the stream in oozy bed  
 A spacious mansion lifts its ancient head<sup>14</sup>  
 Whose worthy inmates handed down to fame  
 Unblemished honour, & a spotless name  
 Who more by truth, than even by fortune blest  
 Had fix'd the stamp of virtue on their breast  
 Such was the meed which Heaven all bounteous gave  
 In life almost[all most?] adored, lamented in the grave<sup>15</sup>  
 A relict<sup>16</sup> yet remain'd - beloved, revered,  
 Who only by licentious vice was feared  
 Who all the worth united in her breast  
 That all her ancestors had e'er possess[sic]  
 A son whose soul was generous, just & free  
 A daughter charming in the graces three<sup>17</sup>  
 Whose polish'd manners, cultivated mind  
 Transcendant[sic] sense, & elegance refined  
 Join'd to a form of natures fairest mould  
 And conscious innocence that crown'd the whole  
 Charm'd all who saw & every bosom fired  
 But thou who knew her longest, most admir'd  
 Thus shone Lucillia,<sup>18</sup> pardon me sweet maid  
 If 'neath a borrow'd name, thy own I shade  
 For well I know thy meekness more delights

To shun, than meet the praise thy worth excites  
 These soothed the virtuous matrons lengthening fears  
 And smoothed her passage thro' this vale of tears  
 For she had felt afflictions wormwood powers  
 And death hath rob'd[sic] her of her fairest flowers<sup>19</sup>  
 Her children justly famed for mental charms  
 Snatched in their bloom from her maternal arms  
 Forth from his quiver, the grim tyrant drew  
 His keenest arrows, on her house it flew  
 There spent its rage, there death his forces proved  
 And doubly pierced her heart in those she loved<sup>20</sup>  
 Great was the trial & her anguish sore  
 The Mother felt it, but the Christian bore  
 Reason & Religion join'd her griefs to calm  
 And hoary time infused his lenient balm<sup>21</sup>  
 Truth shew'd the straight & narrow path to Heaven<sup>22</sup>  
 And peace & comfort to her mind was given  
 Here Fancy might indulge a boundless flight  
 Thro' worlds of Ether,<sup>23</sup> realms of heathen night  
 Here might great Homer<sup>24</sup> wake his muse of fire  
 And here new laurels for his brow acquire  
 Illusion too might touch the trembling string<sup>25</sup>  
 And of her ancient Gods & Heros[sic] sing  
 How they to crown such wondrous worth decreed  
 And gave to virtue, virtues glorious meed  
 How every Goddess with peculiar care  
 United, to create a lovely Fair<sup>26</sup>  
 In whom the various gifts of each might shine  
 Minervas sense & Venus' charms divine<sup>27</sup>  
 How the sly urchin Cupid<sup>28</sup> aim'd a dart  
 Which pierced Amintor's unsuspecting heart  
 How loved Eliza own'd a mutual flame  
 And favouring Hymen,<sup>29</sup> made their wish the same  
 But I that tell the plain truths unvarnish'd tale  
 Rove with more pleasure thro' the muses vale  
 To others leave Parnassus[']<sup>30</sup> dangerous height  
 And call the humbler flowers with pure delight  
 "Haste to the tale" methinks I hear you say  
 Tis done - my charming friends & I obey.

Far from the din of City or of court  
 Where pomp & splendour, want & vice resort  
 And safe secluded in the peaceful shade  
 That lodged her beauties, bloom'd the peerless maid  
 She rose beneath her parents anxious care  
 And did their love paternal fondly share  
 Graceful she moved, amidst her sister train  
 Herself the loveliest of the rural plain<sup>31</sup>  
 But (better far than elegance of form)  
 Her opening mind display'd each mental charm  
 Mild grace, majestic virtue stood confest[sic]  
 The smiling inmates of her gentle breast

Good nature, sweetness, sense & truth display'd  
 And innocence fair daughter of the shade  
 No pride, no airs affected, had controul[sic]  
 To taint the snowy whiteness of her soul  
 But undisguised each warm affection rose  
 Pure as the limpid brook that smoothly flows  
 Thus was she formed & health with rosy hue  
 Crown'd every grace with lustre ever new  
 Thus did her happy moments glide away  
 Joy - was the harbinger of every day  
 Say muse, if thou canst tell what chance or fate  
 Led young Amintor to her calm retreat  
 What power impell'd him in that dome to find  
 Elizas sweetness & a kindred mind  
 Th'attractive force of beauty there to prove  
 Which held him captive in the bonds of love  
 But well I wean,<sup>32</sup> no proud or prudish fair<sup>33</sup>  
 With feigned reserve or bold affected stare  
 Could touch his feelings or his passions warm  
 No! 'twas simplicitys resistless charm.<sup>34</sup>  
 Thus pleased & pleasing flew the hours along  
 Till duty call'd him to the Citys throng  
 His tender parent heard with aspect mild  
 The artless story of her darling child  
 And heard approving conscious that the fair  
 Whom he admired, must well deserve his care  
 With warmer joy, the honest joy of youth  
 This loved Lucilia heard his tale of truth  
 Dear was her brother, to her gentle heart  
 Where baleful envy never claim'd a part  
 No jealous fears were in her bosom raised  
 She lov'd even now the nymph<sup>35</sup> he justly praised  
 "Blest is the charming maid, she fondly cried  
 "That shall with us my brothers heart divide  
 "With us his warmest, best affections share  
 "Enhance each bliss & soften all his care  
 "Blest is our parent, who in her shall find  
 "The willing tribute of a duteous mind  
 "In ours shall feel her happiness increase  
 "Her earlier years renew'd & crown'd with peace  
 "And doubly blest Amintor thus to gain  
 "The loveliest fair one of the rural train  
 "For me I long with open arms t'embrace  
 "A sister so replete in every grace  
 "A sister worthy of my whole regard  
 "Since thou to all her sex hast her prefer'd  
 "Whom tho' I love, but for thy sake alone  
 "Yet will I learn to love her for her own  
 She said & straight retired with anxious thought  
 Her brother saw her worth & prized her as he ought

Lol now the steeds are to the chariot bound  
 They neigh, the pavement echos back the sound  
 The harness glitters to the morning sun  
 The restless coursers,<sup>36</sup> hasten to be gone  
 And now to Somerville their steps they bend  
 His lov'd Lucilia does his paths attend  
 Swift & more swift the rolling axles move  
 But swifter still the eager wish of love

Now, near the tedious journeys end they draw  
 And now the villa, wish'd for sight! they view  
 Quick throbb'd Amintors breast, his heart beat high  
 And keen impatience glow'd in either eye  
 Hopes, doubts & fears, by turns increased his fear  
 But all were vanish'd when he met the fair  
 Say muse what transport fill'd Lucilias breast  
 When crown'd with charms Eliza stood confest[sic]  
 Her own sweet counterpart! her kindred mind!  
 And fav'ring[sic] nature, each to each inclined:  
 Joy did Elizas gentle bosom move  
 And every hour increased their mutual love  
 Soon young Amintor claim'd her willing hand  
 And festive mirth did every heart expand  
 But soon was Somerville no longer gay  
 He bore to town,<sup>37</sup> his lovely prize away  
 And there was one who joined this happy throng<sup>38</sup>  
 Whose mental charms would grace a poets song  
 Whose polish'd mind superior sense display'd  
 And gave new lustre to the rural shade  
 Heav'n blest her with good tempers equal sway  
 In native innocence her heart was gay  
 And each accomplish'd art, our sex's pride  
 Was hers - her pencil with Lucilias vied  
 And when historic lore inspired her tongue  
 Unnumber'd graces on her accents hung  
 But when she pour'd the melody of sound  
 How did she charm the listening ears around  
 Talents & taste were hers for ever new  
 Nay more - an heart where flowers of friendship grew  
 Thus formed - Miranda<sup>39</sup> join'd Elizas side  
 (Her sister grace, by each dear tie allied)<sup>40</sup>  
 For her she left the villas varied charms  
 Her youthful friends, her tender parents arms  
 With her, affections rarest bliss to prove  
 And bind more fast the sacred chain of love  
 "But where's the wedding feast methinks you say  
 "The joys attendant & the concourse gay?  
 Pardon my timid view she mounts no higher  
 And waves<sup>41</sup> descriptions, for they mostly tire  
 Those scenes are past & pleasures calm & pure  
 Resume their wonted seat & dwell secure.

On the broad summit of a neighbouring hill  
 Where waving woods, th'extended prospect fill  
 Where Dublins vast capacious bay is seen  
 Her stately buildings, Hills & valleys green  
 And distant clouds in glorious order roll  
 O'ertop the mountains & surrounds the whole  
 Array'd in blooming verdure, there appears  
 The season smiling gay whose name it bears<sup>42</sup>  
 There 'midst delights by vulgar minds unfelt  
 The worthy matron & Lucilia dwelt  
 Changed is their mansion, but their minds the same  
 And there admiring friends & kindred came

For new created beauties, daily rise  
 Forth from Lucilias hand to charm our eyes  
 Her fingers vie with natures forming powers  
 And Flora<sup>43</sup> feels a rival in her flowers  
 Her heart expands, Philanthropic her Soul  
 Does in the stream of true affection roll  
 And does her venerable parent know  
 The bliss that such a daughter can bestow  
 There oft Amintor & his charming bride  
 Who cleaves all duteous to her mothers side  
 (As Ruth who once such piety possest[sic])<sup>44</sup>  
 And felt such warmth inspire her filial breast  
 And there Miranda gentle maid unite  
 Enlarge the circle & bring new delight  
 Pay, of respect & love the homage due  
 Homage, which Heaven approving smiles to view  
 Cull the rich stores of converse, wit & sense  
 And drive the spiteful daemon,[sic] rancour thence  
 Whilst in their cares, does their fond parent feel  
 The balm of comfort, all her wounds to heal  
 And Saturn hoary monarch!<sup>45</sup> there appears  
 To bring increase of joys, with length of years

So when the careful farmer, to the soil<sup>46</sup>  
 Has given the produce of his annual toil  
 With fear, with dread, he views th'impending blast  
 The threat'ning storms, the low'ring clouds o'erblast  
 And if perchance, a ripening blade should fall  
 He feels with anguish, for he feels for all  
 When lo! the winds are hush'd, the copious rain  
 Distils rich fruitfulness, thro' all the plain  
 Calm are the smiling heavens - bright sun-beams rise  
 And golden harvests, glad his anxious eyes  
 He sees each wish fulfilled, his labours blest  
 And hours of trouble, crown'd with days of rest  
 I close - may you forgive the feeble song  
 To worth like yours, far sweeter strains belong.

MB

1. **Hesper** - abbreviated form of Hesperus, a name for the planet Venus, also known as the evening star. Though often called a star, Venus is a planet and has no light of its own – hence, like the moon, its light is a reflection of the sun's and therefore 'borrow'd'.
2. Describing **Sol** - the sun - sinking below the horizon as if to his 'wonted' or accustomed rest in the lap of **Thetis** - the sea. Thetis was a sea nymph and, by her husband Peleus, the mother of the Greek hero Achilles.
3. **routs** - revels or loud festivities.
4. **Cits** - short form of 'citizens', became a nickname for city-dwellers, usually tradespeople or those who made their money from commerce.
5. **the golden mean** - 'the avoidance of excess in either direction' (*OED*), hence the sensible, or balanced, middle way.
6. **in idea** - in imagination. Mary goes on to picture her friends engaged in their various activities or interests and feels herself to be with them in spirit.
7. **the gay power [. . .] rainbows colours** - fancy or imagination. See, for instance, Alexander Pope, *The Dunciad* (1742-43) IV. 631-32: 'Before her, *Fancy's* gilded clouds decay, / And all its varying Rain-bows die away.' In Part II of her *Poem on the African Slave Trade* (1792), Mary speaks of imagination, rather than fancy, as being 'In all the rainbow's lively hues array'd' (line 5).
8. **the grateful beverage** - tea, which constitutes a welcome, or pleasing (**grateful**) refreshment. It was usual for the tea to be served before settling to the evening's leisure activities, such as drawing or painting, while a member of the party read aloud. We learn a few lines later that it was Mary's task 'to read or to relate' from history or the classics.
9. **Dryads** - tree nymphs. Mary's friend would perhaps have been drawing a natural scene, and, figuratively, awaiting assistance from the Dryads to help form her images according to nature. A paintbrush could also be called a 'pencil'.
10. **haply** - perhaps.
11. As she cannot be with her friends in person to relate a story, Mary chooses instead to write them one. She then narrates, in an oblique but flattering way, the story of events within her friends' families and the romance between James Forbes and Eliza Watson.
12. Dublin was known as the city of towers owing to the grandeur of its buildings.
13. **Liffy** - River Liffy, Dublin.
14. The Dublin residence of the Forbes family. The funeral card for James Forbes who died in 1783, probably Hannah Wilson Forbes's father, gives his address as 12 Ormond Quay, while the card for her sister Sarah Forbes's funeral in 1790 says the cortege will leave from her brother's house, again 12 Ormond Quay. Presumably the house passed to James Forbes junior on his father's death.
15. The family's 'meed', or reward for virtue, was for its members to be respected in life, and 'lamented in the grave'.
16. **relict** - elderly widow. This was Anne Forbes whose husband, James Forbes the elder, had died in 1783. Mary says she 'united' the 'worth' of her 'ancestors'. Anne was the daughter of Joshua and Anne Strangman. The Strangmans were a powerful family of merchants who could trace their ancestry back to the time of the Norman Conquest. Strangman, Courtney and Ridgway was a shipping partnership, mainly engaged in the provisions trade. When Anne's first cousin Joshua Strangman died in 1812 in Dublin, an obituary described him as 'one of the most distinguished merchants of Ireland'. There 'were estimated to be as many as 10,000 people at his funeral and most shops had their windows shut during the interment'. (Harrison, *Biographical Dictionary*, pp.95-96).
17. **A son [. . .]** - James Forbes the younger.  
**A daughter [. . .]** - Hannah Wilson Forbes. The three graces were Thalia, Euphrosyne, and Aglaja, the daughters of Zeus. They were deities of gracefulness, beauty and joy.
18. **Lucillia** - a classical pseudonym chosen for Hannah Wilson Forbes, perhaps derived from Lucina, the classical goddess of light.
19. **For she [. . .] fairest flowers** - Anne Forbes had lost several children. Timothy died in infancy, but others, more unusually, had died as young adults: Joshua in 1786 aged twenty-nine, Sarah in 1790 aged thirty-four (Mary wrote a poem on her death) and Anne very recently on 29 November 1792, just before Mary's stay, aged thirty-nine.  
**afflictions wormwood powers** - mortification induced by suffering.
20. **For she [. . .] she loved** (eight lines) - there may be no connection, but the image of Death shooting his arrows in rage to prove his power, and the mother's heart being doubly pierced through the sufferings of her children, brings to mind the classical legend of Niobe whose fourteen gifted children were shot dead with arrows by Apollo and Diana, enraged at her pride, in order to punish her and prove the power of the gods. Here, there is no suggestion that Anne Forbes is being punished for pride in her children's achievements. Nevertheless, her children's gifts are stressed (they were 'justly famed for mental charms') and the power of death is 'proved'.
21. **And hoary time [. . .] balm** - the passage of time has ameliorated suffering. **hoary time** - poetic convention personifying time as an aged, white-haired figure.
22. Mt 7:14 - 'Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.'



23. **Ether** - either the pure, clear sky above the clouds, or the substance presumed to fill the space between material objects.
24. **Homer** - ancient Greek poet (circa 1050-850 BC), to whom the authorship of the epics *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey* are attributed. Mary is taking her story into the realm of the mock-epic. Whereas an epic tells a lengthy tale of the great deeds of gods or heroes worthy of renown, the mock epic appropriates epic devices for a story about more trivial matters, usually for comic purposes. Mary is claiming, for amusement, that the deeds and lives of her friends are subjects worthy of Homer and could earn him fresh laurels for his prowess.
25. **the trembling string** - i.e. of the lyre.
26. **a lovely Fair** - a beautiful maiden. This is Eliza Watson who, as a new daughter-in-law, will reward Anne Forbes for her patience and resignation and help to compensate for the loss of some of her own children.
27. **Minerva** was the Roman goddess of wisdom and **Venus** of beauty and love.
28. **Cupid**, the child of Venus, was a small, mischievous boy equipped with bow and arrows. His darts were responsible for people falling in love. **Amintor** (pseudonym chosen for James Forbes) has been so smitten. **Amintor** is the name of the hero in a play by Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Maid's Tragedy* (1619), which was revised by Edmund Waller (1606-1687) to give it a happy ending in which Amintor wins his bride, Aspatia. A more likely source, however, is the poem by David Mallett entitled 'Amyntor and Theodora' which was published in 1780 in Vol. 73 of the popular 109 volume pocket edition series of *The Poets of Great Britain* by John Bell.
29. **Hymen** - the god of marriage in classical mythology.
30. **Parnassus** - Mount Parnassus, sacred to the muses. Mary assigns herself to the lowly vale, not the high peaks, of poetic inspiration.
31. Eliza grew up in the rural peace of Summerville at Clonmel.
32. **wean** - attest, assert.
33. **proud or prudish fair** - a 'fair' was a beautiful young woman, but 'prudish' was an epithet reserved for one who maintained a distant manner, often holding men in disdain, or pretending to do so.
34. **resistless charm** - i.e. charm that cannot be resisted.
35. **nymph** - a demi-goddess of nature, therefore a beautiful young woman.
36. **coursers** - swift horses.
37. **to town** - to Dublin.
38. **one who joined this happy throng** - Eliza's sister Deborah Watson. The next few lines praise Debby for excelling in feminine accomplishments such as drawing and singing, but the reference to 'historic lore' shows academic achievement was also prized.
39. **Miranda** - the pseudonym chosen for Debby Watson. The name of Prospero's daughter in Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, who, as she and her father were marooned on an island, grew up apart from society and was educated to a high standard by him.
40. **Her sister grace** - characterising Miranda (Debby) and Eliza as two of the three graces, beautiful and graceful daughters of Zeus who conferred happiness. The graces, allied by their gifts and as sisters, were also invoked as goddesses of friendship.
41. **waves** - ie. waves away.
42. **The season [. . .] name it bears** - Summerhill. The view of Dublin bay described in the previous few lines replicates in some key features that described in 'Written by Moonlight at Summer Hill', p.181 above. The reference 'changed is their mansion' three lines later confirms that the Forbes family had moved residence. Their new abode was probably in the Dublin area of Summerhill, then still a suburb, although there is also a village of Summerhill some miles outside Dublin.
43. **Flora** - Roman goddess of spring and flowers. Lucillia (Hannah Wilson Forbes) may be arranging or making artificial flowers, another popular feminine accomplishment, or this could refer to her painting.
44. **As Ruth [. . .] possest** - comparing Eliza's close relationship with Anne Forbes to that of the Biblical Ruth and her mother-in-law, Naomi. See particularly Ruth 1:16 where Ruth says, 'Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall by my people, and thy God my God'.
45. **Saturn** - see note 1 to 'To Anne & H W Forbes', p.187 above. Saturn, as one of the most ancient of gods, is envisaged as 'hoary' or white and aged, and yet also the harbinger of festive joy.
46. The image of the farmer was perhaps suggested by the mention of Saturn, the god of agriculture, above.

By April, Mary Birkett and Debby Watson, so near to one another in age - Debby was twenty and Mary now eighteen - had formed an intimate friendship. Here Mary tries to persuade Debby to extend her stay in Dublin and delay her return to Summerville at Clonmel, playfully upbraiding her for wishing to leave her new friends at Summerhill so soon, while paying her the compliment that a girl as modest as she will naturally want to return to the country, far from 'the public gaze'.

#### 4 mo. 22nd ---- To D= Watson ---- 1793

---

Sweet maid! suspend thy hastel nor yet  
 The pleasures that surround thee quit  
 Ah! leave not Dublins peopled plain  
 Where joys for ever varying reign  
 Her spacious streets, her buildings high  
 Where art & wealth & splendour vie  
 But dearer to the feeling mind  
 Can Debby leave her friends behind  
 Can she who owns the happy power  
 To charm the mild, the social hour  
 Who friendships lambent<sup>1</sup> flame imparts  
 And claims an empire in our hearts  
 Can she without regret forsake  
 The friends her virtues love to make  
 No - base the thought, the gentle maid  
 Would seek the calm, the rural shade  
 Her merit shuns the public gaze  
 Her modest wishes shrink from praise  
 She loves the peaceful haunts of life  
 Averse to folly, guilt or strife  
 So blooms, the lily of the vale  
 Diffusing fragrance with the gale  
 There all its beauties rise to sight  
 Where not a breath can taint its white  
 So shrinks the feeling plant from harm  
 When curious hands surround its form<sup>2</sup>  
 But in calm shades it rises fair  
 And loves to bloom & flourish there

Oh! thou whose virtues make thee dear  
 Forgive the sympathetic tear  
 Those virtues to the muse are known  
 Who loves thee for thy worth alone  
 Who sees with grief th'approaching day  
 That tears thee from thy friends away  
 Yes she - nor only she will grieve  
 For thee th'unbidden sigh shall heave

Thy own Eliza oft will find  
 A vacuum in her lovely mind  
 Not all her lords endearing care  
 Shall e'er efface thy image there<sup>3</sup>  
 Our Hannah whose capacious breast  
 Is of each mental grace possest[sic]  
 Whose mind replete in every charm  
 Gives added lustre to her form  
 For thee a sad regret shall prove  
 Thy kindred worth excites her love  
 For she the flower of Summerhill  
 Admires the maid of Somerville[sic]  
 And I whose highest wish to view  
 My name amongst the chosen few  
 Shall feel the pangs which still attend  
 Our parting with a valued friend.

Oft at mild evenings social hour  
 When converse reasserts her power  
 How shall we see the charm display'd  
 Which Debby in our hearts has made  
 And every object will unite  
 To bring thee to our mental sight  
 Each warm effusion, shall get free  
 And we will talk & think of thee  
 Our friendship shall remain the same  
 And time add fuel to the flame  
 For thee - may pleasure on thee wait  
 And peace attend in every state  
 May Heaven its choicest blessings shed  
 And pour its gifts around thy head  
 Oh! in thy cup of life may fall  
 No drops of wormwood or of gall<sup>4</sup>  
 May virtue handmaid fair of truth  
 Protect thee thro' the paths of youth  
 Guide thee thro' natures slippery road  
 To Heaven, to Jesus & to God.

Adieu & sometimes think of me  
 For oft my mind shall dwell with thee

MB

1. **lambent** - gently and softly radiant.
2. **the feeling plant** - the mimosa, often known as the sensitive plant because it shrinks from the touch.
3. **not all her lords endearing care** [. . .] **thy image there** - not even the loving attentions of Eliza's new husband, James Forbes, will make her forget her sister.
4. **drops of wormwood or of gall** - cliché for suffering or sadness, of biblical origin. See, for example, Lam 3:19 - 'Remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall'. Gall is bile or bitterness, and wormwood a plant with bitter leaves.

Following Debby Watson's return to Summerville in April 1793, Mary sent her a copy of 'Rowe[']s Letters' with this accompanying poem. The 'Letters' would have been those of Elizabeth Rowe who 'eschewed the directly erotic by combining romantic and religious sentiment in her popular elegiac series of letters, *Friendship in Death* (1728)', and who became 'the lady writer whose example it was decorous to follow'. She was a 'Dissenting poet' in a 'pious retiring tradition'. (Janet Todd, *The Sign of Angellica: Women, Writing and Fiction, 1660-1800* (London: Virago, 1989), pp.50, 127.) Hence she was an exemplary model for girls of Mary and Debby's Quaker background. But she could be amusing as well as pious. She also published *Letters Moral and Entertaining in Prose and Verse* which was added to *Friendship in Death* in a combined edition in 1733. These works ran into numerous editions throughout the rest of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

\_\_\_\_\_ **To D= Watson** \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ **With Rowes Letters** \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

Guardians of friendship,<sup>1</sup> pure & hallow'd flame  
 Oh! hear & in its temple, place our name  
 Be there inscribed the union of our soul  
 Sacred to virtue & to your controul[sic]  
 Oh! let not absence e'er effectual prove  
 To steal from Debbys heart her Marys love  
 But be it yours, thrice honor'd shades<sup>2</sup> to spread  
 Unfading wreaths of myrtle round her head<sup>3</sup>  
 Oft may you bring my image to her view  
 Cement the bond & make it firm & true  
 And as in youth, our best affections grow  
 May ours still flourish with unceasing glow  
 To her - ye powers, this little tribute bear  
 May its blest author, her attention share  
 And when her eye shall glance o'er every line  
 With added lustre may her virtues shine  
 And as tis hers each pleasing charm to know  
 Be ours th'exalted pity of Rowe  
 In us may all her dignity combine  
 Her heart of friendship & her love divine  
 So shall our union spurn the bounds of time  
 And with our spirits to the gates of mercy climb

M Birkett

Dublin 5th mo 4th 1793

1. **guardians of friendship** - possibly the three graces, often depicted with arms entwined symbolising friendship, as well as grace and beauty.
2. **thrice honor'd shades** - i.e. the shades (spirits) of the 'guardians of friendship'.
3. The myrtle, an evergreen, symbolised constancy. It was sacred to Venus, the goddess of love.

In 'The tears of Friendship', Mary, acutely missing the companionship of Hannah Wilson Forbes and Debby Watson, appeals to the spirit of friendship to tell her why its joys must always be succeeded by pain and loss, but receives no answer. Walking alone in Marlay Park near Dublin, she imagines she sees Hannah and Debby, whom she continues to style 'Lucilia' and 'Miranda' - but their forms, mere illusions, vanish. Religion, a figure in flowing white robes, replaces them and gives her the answers that Friendship was unable to provide.

**\_\_\_\_\_ The tears of Friendship \_\_\_\_\_**  
**\_\_\_\_\_ 6th mo 19th. 1793 \_\_\_\_\_**

---

Friendship, sweet soother of the hearts stern woe  
 Source of the purest bliss that man can know  
 Of pleasures, to ignoble souls denied  
 Of joys to virtue & to heaven allied  
 Oh sent in mercy from the realms above  
 To form the gentle bands of social love  
 To bid the sullen rage of discord cease  
 And plants[plant] the seed of unity & peace  
 Say, power celestial am I doom'd to prove  
 The woes of parting from the friends I love?  
 Say, must thy warmth which thrills thro' every vein  
 Crown of my life! & meed of all my pain<sup>1</sup>  
 Chill'd by cold absence<sup>2</sup> unrelenting smart  
 And torn those links which twine around my heart  
 In pleasures goblet must I ever find  
 Large draughts of agony remain behind!  
 Must I each hour of social bliss forget  
 Or if remembering but with sad regret?  
 Shall recollection point th'unerring dart  
 And pierce the lone recesses of my heart  
 Oh! speak[!] for tumults in my bosom roll  
 And speechless anguish agitates my soul  
 This said with pensive steps I left the plain  
 And climb'd the mount near Marlays fair demesne<sup>3</sup>  
 Its moss green summit gain'd, a roving glance  
 At once beheld the grand, the vast expanse  
 Embowering groves display'd a cool retreat  
 To screen the traveller from the noonday heat  
 Green meadows, fruitful valleys, mansions fair  
 And flocks which fatten'd 'neath the shepherds care  
 Here craggy mountains, rudely pompous rose  
 And there the winding stream of Liffey flows  
 Here in proud majesty her vessels ride  
 And o'er the sea green surface smoothly glide  
 There rise the towers of Dublin - to my thought  
 At once unnumber'd scenes my memory brought

There did my downcast eye unwearied<sup>4</sup> rest  
 And felt an anguish not to be exprest!<sup>[sic]</sup>  
 A thousand ideas throng my anxious mind  
 Of pleasures past! of sorrows yet behind,  
 In fancys high wrought colouring<sup>5</sup> - lo! I see  
 The friends who more than all are dear to me  
 Illusion paints their lov'd, their well known forms  
 Replete in Beauty, grace & mental charms  
 To my minds eye Lucilia stands confest!<sup>[sic]</sup>  
 In all the dignity of virtue drest!<sup>[sic]</sup>  
 Her mien portrays the image of her mind  
 Enchanting sweetness, worth & sense refined  
 Expression sparkles in her look benign  
 And every movement marks a soul divine

Lo on her arm reclining comes the fair  
 Who does with her my warm affection share  
 Miranda gentle as the evening ray  
 When Sols<sup>6</sup> effulgent radiance glides away  
 Unskilled to wear the mark of polished guile  
 She scorns dissembling or the well feign'd smile  
 Her tongue (where mercies voice melodious dwells)  
 Her thoughts, the feelings of her bosom tells,  
 But 'tis her friends who know her value best  
 She loves, & clasps them to her throbbing breast  
 Sweet pair how blest am I your worth to know  
 And all the charms which from your converse flow  
 For as the sun which gilds each object near  
 So shines the lustre of your virtues clear.

I haste to meet you, to declare my bliss,  
 You shun me - ah! 'twas fancied happiness  
 Oh! stay you dear illusions, leave me not  
 With you is every heartfelt woe forgot  
 My grief subsides my tumults sink to rest  
 And peace reanimates my lonely breast  
 As when a storm terrific rolls its force  
 And hurls the vessel from its distant course  
 The trembling sailors find their efforts vain  
 To hush the winds or calm the troubled main  
 'Till Phoebus<sup>7</sup> rising with unclouded light  
 Dispels the gloomy horrors of the night  
 Bursts o'er the horizon, cloathed<sup>[sic]</sup> in golden fire  
 And to their caverns, bids the winds retire<sup>8</sup>  
 Ah! how they vanish! how they glide along  
 Like the faint echos of Mirandas song<sup>9</sup>  
 They're gone! & each delusive hope's destroyed  
 My heart feels all a chasm! an aching void  
 Now, heave ye sighs! ye tears incessant flow!  
 And vent the piercing agony of woe:  
 Distracting idea! scarce the murmuring sound  
 Was utter'd - solemn stillness reign'd around  
 The pliant moss no footsteps rudely crush'd  
 Or climb'd the craggy rocks, for all was hush'd

When lol a form celestial met my sight  
 Of dazzling glory, exquisitely bright!  
 White was her flowing robe, her air was grace  
 And Heavens own lustre beam'd thro' her sweet face  
 No poet feigned his Goddess half so fair<sup>10</sup>  
 Yet was she thoughtful & her brow severe  
 No leering laughter did her eyes display  
 Her aspect serious, rather grave than gay  
 With accents soft as harmony she said  
 (I bowed in silence humbling & dismay'd)  
 "And who art thou! presumptuous girl whose tho't<sup>11</sup>  
 "Is with harsh murmurs of impatience fraught  
 "Wouldst thou the joys of friendship only know  
 "And leave untouch'd the wholesome dregs of woe  
 "Wouldst thou from mans appointed lot be free  
 "Are heavenly joys reserved on earth for thee  
 "All transient bliss has its attendant pain  
 "And he whose hope rests there, but hopes in vain  
 "Shall friends possess thy undivided heart  
 "Nor God thy great Creator claim a part  
 "What! hast thou no resource, no comfort left  
 "If of their loved society bereft  
 "Nor feels thy soul an ardent wish to prove  
 "Th'unpurchased manna of celestial love<sup>12</sup>  
 "Oh! fix not here thy views! but mount them higher  
 "To Realms where absense ne'er intrudes aspire  
 "Frail are the friendships which on life depend  
 "But be it thine to seek a better friend  
 "A Friend, who when these changing scenes are o'er  
 "When pleasures syren tongue<sup>13</sup> shall charm no more  
 "When these terrestrial glories shall decay  
 "And Kingdoms, like a vapour, fade away  
 "Will place thee in the seats of bliss above  
 "Nor Hells broad gates shall part thee from his love  
 She cease'd[sic] & smiling 'midst a blaze of light  
 Which shone effulgent, vanish'd from my sight  
 'Twas then I found Religion was her name  
 And felt a latent spark of her pure flame  
 I saw that she alone could give me rest  
 And ease the woes which agitate my breast  
 Could o'er my mind diffuse a soft relief  
 And cool the transports of too violent grief  
 Plant of firm faith, the animating glow  
 And lead the soul, where streams of comfort flow  
 I felt her influence glide o'er all my frame  
 And purify even friendships hallow'd flame  
 Resolved no more to murmur at my woes  
 But bear my griefs resign'd, I humbly rose  
 Joined the companions of this rural day  
 And with a thankful heart, I homewards bent my way

1. **meed of all my pain** - reward for all my pain.
2. **absence** - this is possessive (i.e. the meaning is 'cold absence's unrelenting smart'). The apostrophe and additional 's' are omitted because the word ends phonetically in a sibilant. This also enables the line to scan correctly. Although we do not omit the apostrophe today, we do form the possessive of some names ending in a sibilant by use of an apostrophe without the 's', for example, the possessive of Moses is Moses'.
3. **Marlays fair demesne** - Marley Park is situated between Edmondstown and Ballinteer, south of the River Liffey in Dublin. The spelling 'Marlay' survives in Marlay Grange near the park. In Mary's day this was the home of David de La Touche, head of the banking house of this famous family of Huguenot origins, and one time Governor of the Bank of Ireland. His daughter Elizabeth was a renowned beauty who once acted with David Garrick in the grounds at Marlay. It was not unusual at this time for private country estates to be accessible to the public. At the end of the eighteenth century the surrounding area would still have been countryside, and Mary goes on to describe the view of the country round Dublin, the ships sailing along the Liffey and the city itself.
4. **unwearied** - manuscript difficult to read, manuscript spelling may be 'unweiried'.
5. **fancy's high wrought colouring** - the fanciful workings of the imagination.
6. **Sols** - the sun's. Sol - classical personification of the sun.
7. **Phoebus** - epithet for Apollo, god of the sun.
8. **And [. . .] winds retire** - in the *Aeneid*, Virgil tells how the winds were locked in caves in the mountainside by Jupiter (Zeus), the King of the Gods, to stop them wreaking havoc, and there controlled by Aeolus, god of the winds. Mary would probably have been familiar with Dryden's translation of the *Aeneid* (1697).
9. **faint echos of Mirandas song** - the echoes in Mary's mind of Debby's voice, remaining after her image has disappeared.
10. **no poet feigned his Goddess half so fair** - the word 'poet' is assumed to be correct as it fits the sense here, although it is written badly in manuscript, appearing more like 'port'. To 'feign' can mean to invent as well as pretend, so the meaning is that no poet ever created such a beautiful female figure in verse.
11. **tho't** - abbreviation of 'thought'.
12. **unpurchased manna of celestial love** - when the Israelites were starving in the wilderness, God fed them with manna - a seed-like food that floated down freely from heaven.
13. **pleasures syren tongue** - the deadly lure of pleasure. In Greek myth, sirens were creatures, part bird and part woman, who lived on an island from where, by their bewitching song, they lured sea travellers to their deaths.



This next poem was written to Eliza Forbes, née Watson, and another Watson sister - Sarah (born 1 July 1774, after Debby but before Eliza, so just nineteen years old at this time), who has not been mentioned before. Eliza is returning to Summerville at Clonmel, probably for her first visit home since her marriage to James Forbes and her move to Dublin, accompanied by Sarah. The purpose of the poem is partly to bid them farewell, but also to take the opportunity to send a message to Debby, already at Summerville, assuring her of the constancy of Mary's affection.

Sarah Watson married Robert Roberts the following year (1794). The Roberts families had major shipping businesses in Youghal and Cork.

**\_\_\_\_\_ To Eliza Forbes & S Watson \_\_\_\_\_**  
**\_\_\_\_\_ 7th. mo 3rd. 1793 \_\_\_\_\_**

---

One moment now your haste suspend  
 And take the blessing of a friend  
 For grief does in her bosom dwell  
 To say that dismal word Farewell  
 Oft has it pierced my bleeding heart  
 And made the tear of anguish start  
 Yet once again I'm doom'd to know  
 The sorrows which from absence flow  
 First Debby left the social train  
 And I her loss deplored in vain.  
 Next Hannah left the cheerful hill<sup>1</sup>  
 And caused a chasm - which none can fill  
 Now, you depart & with you go  
 The pleasures I no longer know  
 Hard fate! but I will learn to bear!  
 Friendships sweet rose has thorns of care  
 And they whose joys on Earth are fix'd  
 Will find those joys with anguish mix'd  
 Go then - my friends - & may you prove  
 The bliss of harmony & love  
 Soon may you reach the rural plain  
 And meet your kindred soon again  
 There may you all the transports know  
 Which from a blest reunion flow  
 The throb of joy, the hearts light bound  
 The pleasures in remembrance found  
 The ties of earlier years renew  
 And make the bond of friendship true.  
 Oh! when in each fraternal arm<sup>2</sup>  
 You fold my Debby's gentle form  
 (Your sister grace & formed to please  
 In native innocence & ease)<sup>3</sup>

Oh! then my anxious wish impart  
 And bear this message from my heart  
 Unpolish'd tho' the lines appear  
 The muse that dictates is sincere  
 Tell her th'affection which I feel  
 Is more than language can reveal  
 That undiminish'd in my breast  
 Her friendship is an hallow'd guest  
 Oh! say that memory true & kind  
 Oft brings her image to my mind  
 And paints in every glowing tint  
 The moments we've together spent  
 That with regret the past I view  
 And long our friendship to renew  
 Yet mine are joys unknown before  
 To read her letters o'er & o'er  
 To mark the - moving of her hand  
 Where friendship does her thoughts expand  
 Oh! say that 'tis the chiefest joy  
 Which can my lonely hours employ  
 And - but no longer will I tire  
 Your patient ear with each desire  
 For Debby may explore the rest  
 By that which actuates her breast  
 So may you blest & blessing<sup>4</sup> know  
 The charms which from affection flow  
 May health & peace attend you still  
 May Heaven my ardent wish fulfil  
 And safely send you soon again  
 To form the sprightly social train

MB

1. **the cheerful hill** - Summerhill, Dublin.
2. **fraternal** - brotherly, here describing sibling relationship generally and so including sisters.
3. Mary is comparing the three sisters to the graces - the three goddesses of grace, beauty and joy, daughters of Zeus.
4. **blest and blessing** - i.e. being blessed and blessing others.

Less than two weeks after the departure of Eliza Forbes and Sarah Watson for Summerville, Mary wrote this missive to their sister Debby once again mourning the loss of her company and that of Hannah Wilson Forbes who, we now learn, has sailed for England - 'Albion'. Hannah's gentle reminder before setting sail - that Debby will return to Dublin in the winter – offers Mary some solace.

The reasons for Hannah's trip to England are not given. She eventually married Thomas Reynolds (1761-1819) of Wallington in Surrey in 1798. No further dated poems mention her until the elegy composed on her death after childbirth in 1799, but she did not stay in England all that time. The elegy confirms her presence later at a ministerial family visit in Dublin made by Deborah Darby and Rebecca Young, almost certainly 1797. It also mentions Hannah's involvement with Mary in the foundation of a school, which must have taken place during the late 1790s. A poem entitled 'Eugenio and Laura' has a postscript dated 'Summerhill 12 Mo 1794', so Mary continued to be a visitor at the Forbes home.

### An Epistle to D= Watson 7mo 16th 1793

---

From scenes where Folly hold[s] her midnight court  
 Where luxury revels in unhallow'd sport<sup>1</sup>  
 Where pleasures throng to charm the giddy heart  
 Pleasures! in which my feelings take no part  
 From the harsh music of incessant din,  
 I turn in search of purer peace within  
 Far other than the Citys noisy throng  
 The voice of friendship & the muses song<sup>2</sup>  
 This with warm transport gives my soul to glow  
 That claims my heart & bids sweet comforts flow  
 Both - form my all of bliss & both combine  
 To dignify this poor, dim lamp of mine  
 Both - make the joys of seraphs known below  
 And scatter roses oer this vale of woe  
 Both - too were mine - yes friendship all thy power  
 To charm the silent & the social hour  
 The heart[-]expanding throb & swimming eye  
 Th'attractive impulse of soft sympathy  
 The mutual confidence, the thought refined  
 Comprized in Heavens best gift - a kindred mind  
 A mind to soothe & soften every care  
 Enhance each bliss & every transport share  
 These are thy joys oh! friendship, but thy pain  
 What hand may dictate or what tongue explain  
 Ah! me that pain is mine, shall mortals know  
 Supremest bliss! nor taste the cup of woe  
 For only they whose warm & generous soul  
 Submit[s] to friendship & to truths controul[sic]  
 Can tell the anguish by such minds confest[sic]  
 Torn from a lov'd associates faithful breast

That anguish deeply does my bosom know  
 Twice has it bled with agonizing woe  
 Twice felt a vacuum o'er each sense pervade  
 And nature mourn'd the chasms which absence made  
 When thou sweet maid our social circle left  
 Of half of its comfort was my heart bereft  
 Yet while with Hannah's wonted presence blest  
 I felt not all my loss & hoped the best  
 In Hannahs mind each living grace is seen  
 The charms of Pallas & the Paphian Queen<sup>3</sup>  
 Yet so chastiz'd[sic] by virtues heavenly fire  
 That none can envy her, tho' all admire  
 In her, no female foibles, can we trace  
 Yet who so feminine in every grace  
 Ah! who possessing such a noble mind  
 Such true humility, such sense refined  
 Sweetness that like a magnet, draws our love  
 Which every interview<sup>4</sup> does more improve  
 And if in aught unknowing she is found  
 Tis of the lustre which she scatters round<sup>5</sup>  
 Blest art thou Albion! & thy land how blest  
 With such a charming, such a lovely guest  
 Dear native plain! where my first breath I drew  
 I love thee doubly, for she loves thee too,  
 Endear'd to me, is all that she holds dear  
 I share her pleasures & her dangers fear  
 Oh! say ye powers of friendship, how my heart  
 Was pierced with anguish, when obliged to part  
 Say, when the barks<sup>6</sup> majestic side she sought  
 What various passions in my bosom wrought  
 Vain hopes & fears alternate moved my heart  
 But grief predominating ruled the rest  
 She saw, soft accents did her thoughts explain  
 "Were Debby here, thou wouldst[t] be blest again  
 She comes in winter" - with life giving power  
 The sentence fell; as sun beams midst a shower  
 Ah! who like Hannah knows to cheer the soul  
 Command the passions & the soul controul[sic]  
 No other word could joy or comfort give  
 But - this revived my hopes & bade them live:  
 Lov'd Debby, shall I then behold thy form  
 Where sense & sweetness dignify & charm  
 Hear the soft sounds of gentle sympathy  
 And catch the spar[k]ling lustre of thine eye  
 Yes! when from us brown Ceres shall depart<sup>7</sup>  
 Debby will come to glad her Marys heart  
 Hail! then tho[u] monarch of th'inverted year<sup>8</sup>  
 Welcome thy frosts, thy snows, thy rigours drear  
 Welcome ye lowering clouds & battering rain  
 Since she & friendship comes with you again.  
 No more will I repine, the flowers are gone  
 Cold freezing blasts succeed a summers sun

No more the rose & lily shed perfume  
 No more the peach displays its tempting bloom  
 No more the juicy pear, our sense invites  
 No groves embow'ring[sic] offer cool delights  
 No little songsters hop from spray to spray  
 Yet Debbys voice is sweeter far than they  
 And if no gardens scent the ambient air<sup>9</sup>  
 Nor mossy bank a cool repose prepare  
 Yet blest in friendship shall our moments glide  
 And social converse cheer the illum'd[sic] fire side  
 Then welcome hoary Winter!<sup>10</sup> pleasures bland  
 Await thy coming, joys a numerous band  
 With anxious hope I see thy bleak return  
 For I shall smile, tho' natures beauties mourn  
 And (as afore)<sup>11</sup> when battering rain descends  
 Shall taste sweet converse with my charming friends  
 Again renew the sprightly social scene  
 Nor thought of these lone hours shall intervene  
 Again shall fairy footed mirth abound  
 Unstudied wit, & sallies gay be found  
 Concord shall reign & thou faint drooping lyre<sup>12</sup>  
 Feel sprightlier thoughts, thy trembling strings inspire  
 Adieu sweet girl, may joys like these be thine  
 But let thy undiminish'd love - be mine

MB

1. **unhallow'd sport** - unholy, i.e. immoral entertainments.
2. **the muses song** - poetry.
3. **Pallas** - a name for Athene, Greek goddess of wisdom. **the Paphian Queen** - Aphrodite the Greek goddess of love who, according to legend, was born from the sea near Paphos on Cyprus. A 'Paphian' was also a term for a courtesan or high-class prostitute. Mary was, perhaps, aware of this. There is a wariness of the association of Aphrodite with wantonness in the next line, where the goddess's charms, in Hannah, are 'chastiz'd' - purified or disciplined - by virtue. Then again, three lines later, it is stated categorically that, in Hannah, no 'female foibles' can be traced. The word 'foible', at this time, could denote a moral failing as much as a minor fault or weakness.
4. **interview** - meeting, conversation.
5. **And if [. . .] round** - if Hannah lacks any knowledge, it is only of the power of her own charms.
6. **barks** - ship's.
7. **when from us brown Ceres shall depart** - when autumn is over. Ceres, here in autumnal brown, was the Roman name for Demeter, goddess of the earth, agriculture and harvest. According to the ancient myth, she retired in winter in sadness at the loss of her daughter, Persephone, who was compelled to spend half the year with her husband, Pluto, in his underworld kingdom - spring came when Persephone returned again to her mother.
8. **monarch of the inverted year** - Saturn, god of the year, possibly based on an ancient Roman king. His festival, the Saturnalia celebrated in mid-winter, was a time of licence when the usual order of things was inverted - slaves exchanged places with masters for instance - but 'the inverted year' is also autumn and winter, when the earth rotates away from the sun.
9. **the ambient air** - the surrounding air.
10. **hoary Winter!** - conventional personification of winter as 'hoary' - literally white haired with age, hence snowy or frosty.
11. **(as afore)** - as before, i.e. during the time they spent together in the previous winter.
12. **thou faint drooping lyre** - addressing poetic inspiration, which will be revitalised on Debby's return. (The lyre was the instrument of the muses.)

The title of these lines indicates they were originally written for Debby Watson, but later sent as a dedicatory poem to 'L Goff', with a copy of Mary's 'Soliloquy' supposed to be written by Marie Antoniette[sic] . . .', reproduced here immediately below this verse.

'L Goff' was probably Lydia Goff, one of the twenty-one or twenty-two children (accounts differ) of Jacob and Elizabeth Goffe of Horeton House in County Wexford - land originally given to their ancestor, Major-General William Goffe, for his services to Oliver Cromwell. The surname is sometimes spelt 'Goff', though 'Goffe' with the 'e' is more usual in contemporary accounts. By the time Elizabeth Goffe died, she had forty-five grandchildren and twenty-nine great-grandchildren. A girl named Lydia was the couple's eleventh child, born 11 July 1772, which would make her twenty-one years old in 1793 and thus the contemporary of Mary and her circle of female friends. Another Goffe sister, Mary, was the first wife of James Forbes, Hannah Wilson Forbes's brother, but died only a year after the marriage. He then married Debby Watson's sister, Eliza, in 1792 (see 'To Eliza Forbes', p.182 above).

The Goffs' youngest child was Dinah Wilson Goff who has left an account of how her family was affected during the Irish Rebellion of 1798 in 'Divine Protection', Chapter IV of JMR [Jane Marion Richardson, formerly Wakefield], *Six Generations in Ireland 1655-1890* (1893).

**Written for D- W. address'd to L Goff  
\_\_\_\_\_ With the Soliloquy &c[etc] \_\_\_\_\_**

---

Dear Girl receive this tribute of my love  
And when o'er every line thine eye shall rove  
May soft remembrance charm the lonely hour  
And memory thaw cold absence icy power<sup>1</sup>  
The hand of friendship penn'd them first for me  
And now the Goddess guides my quill for thee  
Thus double force these artless numbers<sup>2</sup> claim  
A sure memento of our lasting flame.

M Birkett

1. **absence icy power** - this is possessive (i.e. the meaning is 'absence's icy power'). The apostrophe and additional 's' are omitted because the word ends phonetically in a sibilant and is soon followed by another sibilant in 'icy'. This also enables the line to scan correctly. (Note that today, although we do not omit the apostrophe, the possessive of some names ending in a sibilant is formed by use of an apostrophe without the 's', e.g. the possessive of Moses is Moses'.)
2. **artless numbers** - simple, unaffected verses.

## **Soliloquy supposed to be written by Marie Antoniette[manuscript spelling] . . .**

This poem is Mary's expression of the dissolving of hope, of the collapse of the promise many felt the French Revolution held for a new dawn of justice in human society, into what she terms 'the raging tumult of rebellious hate'. She chooses to concentrate on the tragic situation of Marie Antoinette, the widow of the guillotined King Louis XVI - a theme, treated by several poets, which exerted a powerful hold over the public imagination. Mary envisions her imprisoned with her young son, the Dauphin, knowing that death might come to either of them at any moment by the assassin's knife, poison or some other method unimagined. Marie Antoinette voices her fears in a soliloquy - a form whereby a character delivers an extended utterance as if speaking to him/herself. Thomas Campbell's 'Verses on Marie Antoinette', published in a Glasgow newspaper c.1793 when he was about sixteen years of age, also deploy this technique, the Queen delivering a soliloquy on the way to the guillotine. See *The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell* [1777- 1844] (London: Frederick Warne, [n.d.]; repr. from earlier edns), pp.186-87. See also Esther Milne Day, 'Evening. An Elegy. Finished on reading the melancholy Separation of the Dauphin from the Queen of France' in *Poems and other Fugitive Pieces by Eliza* (Edinburgh and London: W. Bulmer, 1796), where the Queen, appearing as a 'phantom' to the poem's speaker beside a 'limpid brook', and then viewed in her imprisonment, 'raves' distractedly.

Mary, now aged eighteen, was responding to events as they were unfolding, so the poem needs to be set in its immediate historical context. The date given in the heading of the poem is 15 August 1793. After it took over from the Legislative Assembly as the government of France in the previous September, the new National Convention had immediately declared a Republic and arraigned the imprisoned King and Queen on charges of treason. The capture of the royal pair, in an attack on the Tuileries Palace, had in part been precipitated by discovery of Marie Antoinette's negotiations with her relations, the Austrian royal family, seeking their active intervention. The king, now addressed simply as Monsieur Capet, was tried in January 1793 and executed by guillotine on the 21st, his wife, son and daughters being allowed to spend nearly two hours with him the previous day. During that year, what became known as 'The Terror' - highly repressive measures and the mass execution of aristocrats, counter-revolutionaries and other victims - gathered momentum from the spring to reach its height in September. Marie Antoinette, now dubbed simply the 'Widow Capet', remained in prison until her trial by the Revolutionary Tribunal on 14 October when she was inevitably found guilty. She was sent to the guillotine on 16 October. The couple's son, now Louis XVII, continued in prison until his death, rumoured to be from poison, in June 1795 - although there was some doubt about his death as several pretenders later claimed to be him.

Mary sets the scene of her poem as 'the Abbaye' and imagines the Queen and the young Dauphin imprisoned together there. The Abbaye, a former monastic building situated in the Rue Sainte-Marguerite in Paris, was one of the maisons de santé - fifteen prisons reserved mainly for richer prisoners. The scene of some of the worst atrocities in the prison massacres of September 1792, when many of its inmates were murdered, it was also one of the first to receive victims of the Terror in 1793. It was soon bulging, by July holding almost 300 prisoners. Loathed as much as the Bastille by many, it became one of the most well-known places of incarceration. Charlotte Corday, the murderess of Marat, and Madame Roland were imprisoned there but not Marie Antoinette. The Queen, in fact, was removed from the Temple, where she had been imprisoned with her husband and then since his death, to the prison of the Conciergerie on 2 August. The Conciergerie, in the same building as the Palais de Justice where the Revolutionary Tribunal held its trials, was the last stop before the guillotine. There, Marie Antionette was kept in virtual isolation, separated from her children. (Thomas Campbell in his 'Verses' emphasises her 'lone captivity'). Her isolation became more intense after she tried to escape in September, when she was removed to solitary confinement in the prison pharmacy. One of her major torments was her separation from the Dauphin and the way in which, during her trial in October, the eight year old boy was persuaded to collude in fabricated charges of incest against his mother.

One influence on the poem, bearing on the way it works to arouse sympathy in the reader for Marie Antoinette, is likely to have been Edmund Burke's widely read *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (1790). Burke's *Reflections* were an attack on the radical ideas of the Revolution and a warning of what it might lead to at a time when many people in England still regarded it hopefully as an overthrow of despotism which could usher in a new and better era for France. Burke, deeply conservative in many respects, viewed any overturning of traditional hierarchies, property ownership and institutions as tending to produce anarchy by undermining the continuity on which he felt society was based. To reach his audience, he constructed a picture of the tragic situation of the French Queen, painting her downfall in highly emotional terms calculated to appeal to the sensibility of his readers. Mary was an admirer of Burke - see her poem on the death of his friend Richard Shackleton who, she felt, helped to form Burke's mind 'to honor & to truth' (p.172 in this volume) - and this 'Soliloquy' may have been inspired in part by Burke's depiction of the Queen. It carries echoes of his traditional sensibility and reveals a reverence for royalty coupled with a view of the revolutionaries as anarchic: monarchy is 'sacred' and feels 'the rude grasp of impious hands', the revolutionaries' 'ire' is 'lawless' (the fifth stanza of Campbell's 'Verses' also mentions 'oppression's lawless doom').

Burke's *Reflections* prompted a wave of replies from radicals in defence of the Revolution and its ideas of liberty, equality and fraternity, the most famous being Tom Paine's *Rights of Man* (1791-92) which ruthlessly exposed many of the flaws in Burke's arguments. (A text that, according to her 'Progress of Infidelity' narrative (see Vol. 1, Prose, p.21), Mary read but later rejected.) Unfortunately, by the end of 1793 the 'Terror' seemed, probably for the majority in Britain at least, to have proved Burke's dire predictions correct.

Source for information about L'Abbaye, also imprisonment of Marie Antoinette: Olivier Blanc, *Last Letters: Prisons and Prisoners of the French Revolution 1793-1794*, trans. Alan Sheridan (London: André Deutsch, 1987), particularly pp.9-10, 56, 125-27.

**Soliloquy supposed to be written by  
Marie Antoniette[sic] just before her  
separation from the Dauphin.  
Scene the Abbaye 8th mo 15th 1793**

---

Sleep on sweet boy & may'st thou never know  
Thy Fathers anquish or thy Mothers woe  
Sleep on unconscious of the frowns of fate!  
The raging tumult of rebellious hate!  
The storms of faction, thundering o'er thy head  
Impel'd by madness & by murder led!  
Ah! little knowest thou with what piercing smart  
They rend thy hapless mothers bleeding heart!  
Lock'd in soft slumbers fascinating bands  
Thou feel'st not the rude grasp of impious hands  
Nor starts with horror from a gloomy rest  
Oh! privilage[sic] of innocence, how blest  
Not thus I feel the gentle dews of sleep  
I groan with agony, I rave, I weep!  
Still, still rebellion shews his iron fangs,



And plants in every pore a thousand pangs  
 Terrific are my dreams, a reeking sword<sup>1</sup>  
 The headless body of my murder'd Lord!<sup>2</sup>  
 Still swim before my sight! in vain I turn  
 No voice can soothe, or bid me cease to mourn!  
 If chang'd the scene! what hollow shrieks arise  
 Streets, piled with human slaughter meet my eyes  
 Each hour, each moment, numbers yield their breath  
 And close their sufferings in the Jaws of Death;  
 Oh! Heavens! what sounds my frantic soul appall  
 Tis me they curse! tis me they blame for all<sup>3</sup>  
 What have I donel ye ruffians! could my crimes  
 Thus stamp<sup>4</sup> your infamy to latest times?  
 Say, will my guilt wash out each bloody deed  
 Or will my errors, for your murders plead?  
 Ah! tis too true, dark sins have stain'd my breast  
 But who is free from falling? not the best  
 For sins, remorse shall on my quiet prey  
 And just repentance mark each gloomy day  
 But, could they thus provoke your lawless ire?<sup>5</sup>  
 Or prompt you thus to slay your King, your Sire?  
 Could they to havoc foul, your hands impel  
 Turn men to fiends! & loose the dogs of Hell!  
 Alas! in vain my tears incessant flow!  
 In vain the piercing agony of woe!  
 In vain! they cant[can't] recal[sic] my Lord to life  
 Nor give lost comfort to his wretched wife  
 Nor quell seditions loud tumultous roar  
 Nor to his injur'd rights my son restore  
 Oh! my lov'd boy, thy dignity is fled  
 No fawning courtiers, now surround thy bed  
 Watch o'er thy soft repose with jealous eyes  
 How chang'd! neglected here my son & sovereign lies  
 Not thus unnoticed pass'd the natal day<sup>6</sup>  
 Then - all was joy! was pleasure bland<sup>7</sup> & gay!  
 Then - smiled a grateful kingdom! blest to see  
 Another Louis rise, my boy in thee  
 Then spread rejoicings o'er this happy land  
 And gladness did each loyal breast expand  
 Exulting thousands hail'd th'auspicious morn  
 When to this realm, a future King was born  
 "Long live our prince" was echo'd from each tongue  
 And thro' the air loud acclamations rung.  
 But now, Oh! do I see this day, yet live!  
 Insulting Pity is the best they give!  
 Ev'n they who feel a sympathetic glow  
 Whose eyes betray compassion for our woe  
 Dare shew no favour, for their lives they fear  
 And turn aside, to wipe the falling tear  
 Oh! Heaven on me hath pour'd its vengeful cup  
 Hath drain'd the bitter dregs & I have drank them up  
 If grief could kill, this heart had long since burst

For I of every grief, have known the worst!  
 The highest pinnacle of power I proved  
 A mighty Queen - nay more a wife belov'd  
 Mine was a happy Mothers pleasing care  
 A blooming race of children, rising fair  
 None dared dispute my high imperial will  
 But all were proud my wishes to fulfil.  
 Now! every joyful scene is lost to me  
 My soul recoils the awful change to see!  
 Dash'd from the precipice of regal sway  
 A captive here, I waste each lingering day  
 Not Scotias Queen endured such racking thought  
 When to the block, her beauteous head was brought<sup>8</sup>  
 As when from me, my hearts best friend was torn  
 When to the guillotine my Lord was borne  
 Despair & frenzy swam before my sight!  
 And all was horror, all was wild affright!  
 With him I more than felt the stroke of death  
 Oh! had my soul for him resign'd its breath  
 Then he had lived, returning peace to spread  
 Nor Englands Charles<sup>9</sup> has giv'n the example dread  
 Robbed of my honours, grudg'd my daily food  
 For scanty covering for these limbs I sued!  
 Of Friends, of wealth, of each fond tie bereft!  
 Yet not of all, since my sweet babes are left  
 Yes! they are left, sweet pledge<sup>10</sup> of happier days  
 And keen eye'd memory oft the past pourtrays[sic]  
 Yet even this comfort may be soon denied  
 By those who mock my hopes, my woes deride  
 Superior force our sad embrace may part  
 The last, worst pang! that rends a Mothers heart  
 Uncertain is my fate, the murderous knife  
 Unseen may pierce the hidden sluice<sup>11</sup> of life  
 Or baneful juice<sup>12</sup> may every power decay  
 Creep thro' each vein & suck its strength away  
 And I could die! for Deaths worst sting is past!  
 But ah! my helpless children bind me fast!<sup>13</sup>  
 He wakes sweet boy, he only wakes to woe  
 - Hist,<sup>14</sup> hear I not a mingled voice below  
 To this dark chamber, swift loud footsteps bend  
 My limbs all tremble, & new ills portend  
 They enter! Ha! they force my son away<sup>15</sup>  
 Hold - ruffians! here his hapless Mother slay  
 Deprive me not of all - oh! leave my son!  
 He supplicates you, force him not[.] they've gone[.]  
 Distraction seizes on my burning brain  
 I rave - I shriek - oh! mercy tis in vain  
 Oh! whither shall I turn! where shall I fly!  
 My heart is burst in twain! I faint! I die!  
 Do I yet live? or is it frenzy all?  
 Where - where's my son! my son in vain I call  
 Oh! have they drag'd[sic] him to untimely death

Return barbarians rob me too of breath  
 They heed not, lo! they mock my frantic rage  
 Father of mercy, thou my pangs assuage  
 Thou - Thou alone canst mitigate my doom  
 Speak Lord! & send me to the silent tomb  
 Be calm my burning brain - I'll weep no more  
 Our God is merciful - His ways adore;  
 For some wise purpose he hard suffer'd this<sup>16</sup>  
 And He can drown my woes in streams of bliss.

## MB

1. **reeking sword** - a sword covered with blood.
2. **my murder'd Lord** - Louis XVI, guillotined in January. A phrase used also by Milne Day in 'Evening. An Elegy. Finished on reading the melancholy Separation of the Dauphin from the Queen of France' - 'Can ye my murder'd lord, my child restore?'
3. The behaviour of Marie Antoinette, particularly her extravagance, was popularly held to have been at least partially responsible for her husband's downfall, and she was much derided. Mary goes on to have Marie Antoinette query whether her 'crimes' or 'errors' can possibly justify murder and the shedding of blood. She has sinned, but no one is free from sin. Milne Day's Marie Antoinette, rather similarly, asserts that all her 'woes' must surely atone for any 'errors', and we all have faults.
4. **stamp** - justify, as when stamping a document or receipt ratifies it.
5. **ire** - anger.
6. **the natal day** - i.e. the day the Dauphin was born.
7. **bland** - innocent, harmless.
8. **nor Scotias Queen [. . .] was brought** - Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded at the order of Elizabeth I in 1587. **Racking thought** - tortured thought.
9. **Englands Charles** - King Charles I of England was beheaded by order of Oliver Cromwell in 1649.
10. **pledge** - token. 'Pledge' meaning 'child as a token of mutual love' (OED).
11. **sluice** - floodgate, here of life's blood.
12. **baneful juice** - poison.
13. **But ah! [. . .] bind me fast!** - only the necessity to care for her young children holds her to life.
14. **Hist** - (Be) quiet, ie. in order to listen. An injunction Marie Antoinette addresses to herself as much as to her infant son.
15. Milne Day has a similar scene to that which ensues here, depicting Marie Antoinette 'starting convulsive at each dread alarm' and urging her reader to 'see' the gaoler enter and tear the Dauphin away from his mother.
16. **he hard suffer'd this** - perhaps copyist's error, and the line should read 'he hard suffer'd thus'. The sense of the line is that Christ suffered like this, for a 'wise purpose', to bring salvation.

Quakers called Sunday 'first day', having rejected the usual names for the days of the week because they had pagan origins. Though every day was regarded as holy, 'first day' was still set apart as a day of worship and rest from labour.

### A first day Evening Meditation 9mo 16th 1793

---

Far hence be fancys light encroaching train<sup>1</sup>  
 And lost in silence every thought profane  
 Be hush'd ideas vain, promiscuous throng  
 To hours like these far other guests belong  
 But let my soul her needful strength acquire  
 And sacred strains, let hallow'd themes inspire  
 Then let her eye with humble reverence scan  
 The wondrous ways of Providence to man  
 His mercies! circumscribed by time nor place  
 His condescending care, His saving grace  
 His watchful jealous love, which claims our heart  
 And purifies from sin, the inward part.  
 Look round my soul & in each object see  
 How works that love, benevolent & free  
 How every plant displays the hand divine  
 How in each flower, his varied bounties shine  
 Trace animated natures living scale  
 And view what wonders in the deep prevail  
 Where in moist caves concealed from human eye  
 Rich gems & coral groves unnoticed lie  
 Observe how motion actuates the whole  
 And every wave in just gradation<sup>2</sup> roll  
 Thence upward dart thy awe bent eye & trace  
 Those Orbs reflected fair in Oceans face  
 Led by their modest Queen,<sup>3</sup> whose silver light  
 Sheds a faint lustre o'er the hours of night  
 Till when our Sun appears in splendid ray  
 Drinks up the dews & forms the newborn day  
 Around whose sphere unnumber'd suns<sup>4</sup> arise  
 And shine invisible to our dim eyes  
 Perform their swift career & fill their place  
 In the vast regions of created space  
 And all appear as part of one great plan  
 By which th'Eternal mover finish'd man  
 Man! last of all his works & most approved  
 Crown of His other works & best beloved  
 Form'd of the dust, so vile, so mean he rose  
 Yet with Jehovahs breath, his bosom glows<sup>5</sup>  
 Thrice happy man, high favor'd of thy God  
 Thrice happy ransom'd with a Saviours blood

Here stop & contemplate, let faith take wing  
 The high wrought theme what mortal tongue can sing  
 On harps angelic let the numbers<sup>6</sup> flow  
 And seraphs waft the sounds to realms below  
 In realms below responsive voices join  
 And echo to the spheres the song divine<sup>7</sup>  
 Ye! every living thing shall find a tongue  
 To glorify that wisdom whence it sprung  
 Still shall the hearts best homage be addrest[sic]  
 In one grand Sabbath of Eternal rest

MB

1. **fancys light encroaching train** - light, frivolous thoughts or workings of the Imagination which inhibit concentration on the spiritual, intruding on the Inner Light.
2. **In just gradation** - even, equidistant from one another.
3. **their modest Queen** - the moon, personified as Queen of the Orbs - the stars and spheres.
4. **unnumber'd suns** - the stars, invisible in daylight to the naked eye.
5. **By which [. . .] his bosom glows** - 'th' Eternal mover' is a term for God as creator and guiding force of the universe. According to Genesis, God created the world in six days and rested on the seventh. Man was created on the sixth day and was thus, as Mary puts it, 'the last of all his works'. Gen 2:7 describes how God 'formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul'. Later, cursing Adam and Eve for eating the forbidden fruit, God condemns them to labour and die, 'for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return' (Gen 3:19). Jehovah is a name for God derived from the Hebrew Yahweh.
6. **numbers** - verses.
7. **On harps angelic [. . .] the song divine** - resonant of the 'music of the spheres', the idea that the heavenly bodies, or angels among them, make musical sounds. Here, however, it is those in the 'realms below' (human beings) who echo the divine song. The ancient, and later the Christian, idea was that humans were rendered incapable of hearing this music by being trapped, either in the body (Platonism) or sin (Christianity).

## The Strand Street School

The North Strand, a main road in Dublin leading to Fairview and Clontarf, was the site of the Royal Charter School. Founded in 1733 under a charter of George II 'for the purpose of instructing "the children of the popish and other poor natives in the English tongue"', charter schools were detested by the Catholic population. Run on funds from grants and subscriptions, by 'The Incorporated Society', the original aim was to provide elementary education for the poor from several denominations. But, after 1776, only Catholics were admitted to receive an education with a Protestant ethos, the unavowed aim being to convert them, though this decision was revoked in 1803. (Wakefield, *An Account of Ireland Statistical and Political*, II, pp.410-11.) Catholic schools were banned under the Penal Laws, so charter schools were one of the few options open to poor Catholics (the rich could afford private tuition). Nevertheless, they rarely sent their children unless they were unable to maintain them in any other way. Charter school pupils were boarded, clothed, and taught a trade. Conditions were often squalid, however, with poor food and hygiene.

The Royal Charter School, Strand Street, was founded in 1749 and closed in 1831. In 1794, a committee recommended establishing an infirmary there, owing to 'its proximity to the sea, sea-bathing being seen as a medical rather than recreational activity'. Sick children, particularly if chronically ill, were sent there from other charter schools. By 1808, there was 'a separate warm bath and fever house (for thirty-eight boys and fifteen girls)' with its own staff. Charter school children were schooled for about two hours every day, and worked the rest of the time. The Strand Street children worked in textiles (spinning and weaving) and carpet manufacture. In the 1780s and 90s most of the schools became single-sex. Strand Street seems to have been an exception. (See Kenneth Milne, *The Irish Charter Schools 1730-1830* (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 1997), particularly pp.61, 90, 230.)

Mary casts the following two poems in the voices of the girls of Strand Street. The first both thanks the school's benefactors and asks them to continue their support. The second thanks God, who has led His 'followers' to take up the cause of the girls' education. The poems make it clear that the purpose of this education is to encourage religion and save the children from the vices that poverty might lead to. Assuming the voices of the children concerned was a common device in poems encouraging support for charity schools. It was usually combined with obsequious expressions of gratitude to the benefactors, for example:

Thus may our lips and lives express  
The sense we have of love divine;  
And, with our latest breath, we'll bless  
Those generous friends who make us thine.

And:

May we revere each tender Friend,  
Who strives, with pious care,  
To snatch us from the ills that tend,  
Our safety to ensnare.

From Anon, 'Daily Gratitude' and 'Gratitude for the Advantages of a School', in *The Poetical Monitor: Consisting of Pieces Select and Original, for the Improvement of the Young in Virtue and Piety: Intended to Succeed Dr Watts' Divine and Moral Songs*, [ed. by Elizabeth Hill] (London: for the Shakespear's-Walk Female Charity-school by T. N. Longman, J. Johnson, C. Dilly and A. Cleugh, 1796), p.102.

**Written for the Charity Girls  
2nd mo North Strand 1794**

---

Oh! ye whose generous bosom feel  
Soft mercys mild seraphic<sup>1</sup> glow  
Who (like your Saviour) love to heal  
The wounds of misery want & woe

2

Let warm benev'lence[sic] move your soul  
And gracious Heaven the debt will own!  
Vice shall recede at your controul[sic]  
And virtue mount the mental throne

3

Oh! bid the mists of error flee  
And truths bright rays our minds illumine  
Snatch us from guilt & penury  
And let Religion rise - & bloom

4

Oh! think when at the last dread day  
A just reward's by all received  
Think that you hear your saviour say  
"Naked ye clothed me, poor relieved"<sup>2</sup>

5

For us whom now your bounties teach  
His laws to fear his name t'adore  
For you our prayers to Heaven shall reach  
And Jesus still regards the poor

1. **seraphic** - like seraphs, 'one of the highest order of the ninefold celestial hierarchy gifted especially with love and associated with light, ardour, and purity' (*OED*).
2. Mt 25:36 - 'Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.' Jesus speaking of the Last Judgement when He will invite the just who have relieved the sufferings of others to enter the Kingdom of Heaven because 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me' (verse 40).

**2mo 16th Another for the Same 1794**

---

To thee Oh! Lord, our God, our King  
The homage of our hearts we bring  
To thee our grateful voice we raise  
We bless thy name! thy goodness praise  
Thou while we stray'd in error blind  
While vice & darkness ruled our mind  
Didst by thy own Eternal light  
Dispel the mists of guilt & night  
Unclothed we wander'd poor, untaught  
And none to thee our footsteps brought  
Immersed in ignorance & Sin  
Oh! what a chaos ruled within  
Till thou in mercy, love divine  
To us thy followers didst incline  
By them our Souls to thee are led  
Oh! scatter blessings on their head  
For thou hast said thou'lt bless the store  
That pays thy tribute to the poor<sup>1</sup>

1. Perhaps referring once again, obliquely, to Mt 25:31-40. See note 1 to preceding poem.



'A L Card', called 'Anna' within this poem, was probably an Anna Ligon Card. Mary was related to the Card family. When she sought to marry Nathaniel Card, the issue of consanguinity would have to be resolved by their Monthly Meeting first - Nathaniel is described in the minutes as her cousin. According to the Card Family Bible, Nathaniel's great-grandfather, also called Nathaniel, married Rebecca Ligon. Thereafter, some descendants were surnamed Ligon Card. And 'Anna' is a variant of 'Ann', a popular family name. Nathaniel (Mary's future husband) had a sister Ann, as did his grandfather. Unfortunately, the dates of their deaths are not given in the Family Bible - only that both died young - so this Anna L. Card cannot be identified with certainty. However, as she and Mary seem to have enjoyed each other's company, it is probable she was of a similar age, and lived in Dublin. In all likelihood, she was Mary's future sister-in-law.

## To The Memory of A L Card

---

Oh! my loved Anna! must my drooping lay  
 This last sad tribute to thy memory pay!  
 Must I indeed thy recent loss deplore  
 And are those hours of peaceful converse o'er  
 Yes! the soft link which bound our hearts is torn  
 And sadly weeps her friend o'er Annas Urn<sup>1</sup>  
 Be hush'd my Soul, be calm my troubled breast  
 No sighs, no sorrow wounds her glorious rest  
 Where undisturb'd her harmless spirit shares  
 The bliss our Lord for those he loves prepares  
 Oft in the lonely hour, when o'er my soul  
 A pensive train of loved ideas roll!  
 Of pleasures withering as they sweetly bloom'd  
 Of blasted friendship & of joys entombed  
 Then oft her image to my sight is given  
 And her mild language lifts my heart to Heaven  
 To endless bliss our ardent souls aspire  
 And Earth seem vanish'd! as a scrawl[sic] on fire<sup>2</sup>  
 Oh! with what transport would my cup run o'er<sup>3</sup>  
 When her loved lips would paths of peace explore  
 Declare the mercies of her Lord & King  
 Whence rose her hopes, whence now her glories spring  
 Tell, how things outward scarce were worth desire  
 And how her spirit did to God inspire[sic]<sup>4</sup>  
 That streams of comfort to her mind did flow  
 Which none but they who feel can ever know  
 Oh! may my hope, thou dear departed shade<sup>5</sup>  
 Be firm as thine & bloom when health shall fade  
 A rock immovable whose base is sure<sup>6</sup>  
 Safe in the temple, in the storm secure  
 Fix'd in that center, where no thieves[sic] among<sup>7</sup>  
 Nor time, nor rust corrup[t]s, nor moths destroy

Then shall I meet thee in the realms of peace  
Where doubt is lost & all our sorrows cease

4th mo 10th 1794

MB

1. **Annas Urn** - figurative only. Anna would have been buried not cremated, in keeping with custom.
2. **scrawl on fire** - i.e. a scroll of paper being consumed by fire. A conventional simile.
3. **Ps 23:5** - '[. . .] thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.'
4. **Inspire** - probably copyist's error for 'aspire'.
5. **shade** - ghost or spirit.
6. **Lk 6:48** - Christ's likening of the man who hears His sayings to 'a man which built an house, and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock: and when the flood arose, the stream beat vehemently upon that house, and could not shake it; for it was founded upon a rock.' Also Mt 7:24-25.
7. **among** - probably copyist's error for 'annoy'.

Apparently, for at least one critic, the lines above on Anna's death did not quite fulfil the expected criteria for a poem mourning the loss of a loved one - it was considered too short. Mary replies, justifying her initial brevity and any shortcomings in her verse by reference to her own grief while, in composing this longer poem, rectifying her mistake. She also manages to flatter her critic by praising his/her supposedly superior poetic powers on the same subject.

### **Answer to an address sent to me on the occasion of the foregoing lines**

---

Yes! justly did the loss we bore  
Deserve a longer strain  
Nor could a thousand stanzas more  
My Annas worth explain

2

Those virtues which thy graceful quill  
Does elegant pourtray[sic]  
Shone thro' her life conspicuous still  
In one unclouded ray

3

The duty of a christian true  
 She knew & practised well  
 And in the map of Canaan<sup>1</sup> too  
 Her knowledge did excel

4

She shun'd the pomp of gay parade  
 Where virtue lies entomb'd  
 But in the calm & silent shade  
 Her modest merit bloom'd

5

In natures field a flower she rose  
 Whose fragrance ne'er can fail  
 Her purity & Sweetness shews  
 A lily of the vale -

6

Ah! think not thou the muse that feels  
 Can swell the copious line  
 Such sorrow o'er the bosom steals  
 And 'whelms<sup>2</sup> an heart like mine

7

Small losses oft, like gentle showers  
 Make many a bloom expand  
 But when the dashing torrent pours  
 It drowns the fruitful land

8

Thus I whose aching heart is fraught  
 With grief I cant[can't] express  
 Can scarcely clothe a single thought  
 In language' sable dress<sup>3</sup>

9

And trust me where we feel the most  
 We seek the least to shine  
 A soul in floods of anguish lost  
 Scarce courts th'harmonious line

10

But why need my faint muse rehearse  
 The beauties of her mind  
 When in thy gentle flowing verse  
 Her counterpart we find

11

Yes! justice to her memory dear  
 Thy muse hath pictured well  
 And from mine eye the rising tear  
 Involuntary fell.

12

In every line her mind I trace  
 Her graces fair & good  
 And full before my weeping face  
 My annas image stood.

13

I saw her spirit pure ascend  
 Her Saviours bliss to share  
 Yet felt thy strains my bosom rend  
 And sigh'd to leave her there

14

Then blame me not that short the lays  
 I to her memory paid  
 For in our minds her matchless praise  
 Shall bloom & never fade -

5th mo 1st 1794      MB.

1. **map of Canaan** - possibly a metaphor for the spiritual path. In the Bible, Canaan was the land promised by God to the people of Israel.
2. **'whelms** - contraction of 'overwhelms'.
3. **language' sable dress** - language appropriate for mourning, visualised as 'black' like clothes worn when in mourning. The 's' is omitted from the end of **language'** to avoid the awkwardness of two sibilants running together.

## London and the Harrisons

In the summer of 1794, Mary visited England. Arriving at Park Gate, near Chester, on 8 May, she travelled to London and attended Meeting there. It was at this time that she began her spiritual journal (see the first two entries, dated 8 and 18 May 1794, in the first volume of this thesis). In London she visited her maternal uncle, George Harrison, and his family.

George Harrison was a dedicated anti-slave trade campaigner from the birth of the British abolition movement in 1783 - a contribution recently explored by Judith Jennings in her study, *The Business of Abolishing the British Slave Trade 1783-1807* (1997), to which I am indebted for biographical information. (See the headnote to *Mary's Poem on the African Slave Trade*, p.139 in this volume. Also, introduction to this thesis (Chapter 1, Biographical Outline) for a sketch of George Harrison's early life and career.) By 1794, he was a leading Friend in London and a respected figure. The business interests and property he inherited from his father-in-law, William Cookworthy, who died in 1780, had been supplemented by his own success. The family had become wealthy and had moved to Bullhead Passage, St John's Wood, in London by 1790. This was perhaps where Mary stayed.

She must surely have been interested in how the abolition campaign was progressing - it was only two years since she had published her anti-slave trade poem. It is likely that she was disappointed, as the movement was in some disarray. Wilberforce had brought in another bill to stop the trade between England and other countries, but this was refused consideration by the House of Lords on 2 May. The Lords were still conducting their own investigation. The London Abolition Committee, of which her uncle was a leading member, had suspended its meetings in April and, on 6 May, it adjourned, owing to this bleak parliamentary situation. Apart from a brief discussion in July, the Committee was not to meet for another eight months, although it would resume activity the following year. (Jennings, pp.84-85.)

George Harrison enjoyed contacts within the literary world as much as that of business. Beside his anti-slavery writing, he was a prolific author on reformist, economic, religious and philosophical issues. He also took an active role in the Quaker organisation in London. After appointment as cashier of Yearly Meeting in 1784, he continued in offices of similar standing, becoming, in Quaker parlance, 'a weighty Friend'. In 1800 he was to be one of 'a dozen Friends chosen personally to present a Quaker address to King George III "on the occasion of his providential escape from an attempt on his life"'. From Jennings's account, he emerges as a tolerant, urbane and thoughtful man who did not hesitate to 'speak out' when he felt truth or justice to be at stake, even within the Society of Friends itself. (Jennings, pp.15, 94, 129.)

While with the Harrisons in June, Mary wrote these next four poems. George's daughter, Lydia, born in 1779, would have been about fifteen years old, a few years younger than Mary - just of an age for the two girls to enjoy seeing the sights of London together. Three of the poems are addressed to her. The first one, however, is addressed to a cousin, 'T. Harrison', a student at Queen's College.

Several Harrisons from the Westmoreland and Cumberland areas appear on the list of students for Queen's College, Oxford during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Among them is Thomas Harrison, son of John Harrison of Stavely, Westmoreland, gentleman. Thomas matriculated on 7 April 1794, aged seventeen, and gained his BA in 1798 (*Alumni Oxonienses: The Members of the University of Oxford, 1715-1886: Their Parentage, Birthplace, and Year of Birth, With a Record of their Degrees*, ed. by J. Foster (Oxford and London: James Parker, 1891), p.618). Attendance at Oxford was unusual for Quaker boys, barred from the universities by virtue of being dissenters and the Quaker refusal to swear oaths. If they received any higher education at all, it was likely to be at one of the dissenting academies, such as the one at Warrington George Harrison attended.

The poem is a plea from Mary and three other girls (one may have been her cousin Lydia) for T. Harrison to leave his studies for a while and join them in enjoying 'the pleasures of London'.

\_\_\_\_\_ London 6th mo 1st 1794 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ A Petition \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ To my Cousin T. Harrison \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ Queens College \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

Attend now we pray our united petition  
 And bring a relief from our anxious condition  
 Let kindness bear rule uncontroul'd[sic] in thy breast  
 And grant our desires by becoming our guest  
 Yield for once to our sex, for we join to assail  
 And one man against four, has small chance to prevail  
 For that ancient dominion so proudly you boast  
 Mid the tumult of voices is frequently lost  
 And tho' o'er us, empire you think to retain  
 When our force is collected you lord it in vain  
 Then yield with good grace no denial we'll take  
 Away with resistance - our hopes are at stake  
 Leave the duties of College & grave learn'd books  
 For the pleasures of London & gay smiling looks  
 A truce of conversing so long with the dead  
 Come mix with the living - they too may be read  
 Tho' the mind may be furnished with Plato's good rules<sup>1</sup>  
 Is social affection confined to your schools?  
 There kindness & friendship & knowledge shake hands  
 So thy head may improve, while thy bosom expands  
 What was rust in the classics be polish'd & bright  
 And thy virtues will shine with more dignified light  
 The soul thus refresh'd will with ardour more keen  
 To pursue each lov'd study, forsake the gay scene  
 Then weigh & consider the pleas we have found  
 This once grant our prayer & in duty we are bound etc.<sup>2</sup>

MB

1. **Plato's good rules** - the Greek philosopher Plato (427-348 BC) set forth his philosophy in *The Dialogues*, which explore ideas through discussion with Socrates. Plato's 'Theory of Ideas' asserted that mental and physical entities in this world of the senses - the material world - exist in the Immaterial world of ultimate reality (therefore a more real world than this one) as what he termed 'forms' - ideal principles or essences of things which are eternal and absolute. The highest 'form' or 'idea' was Good - goodness or pure virtue, attained through knowledge of it.
2. **in duty we are bound etc** - in a letter, a standard form of complimentary close.

Mary was undoubtedly enjoying the amusements London and the companionship of her young cousins had to offer. She was also keen to take the opportunities her visit afforded for learning and self-improvement by cultivating the company of 'each hoary sire' - possibly 'weighty Friends' occupying respected positions within the Society and, in all probability, the heads of families with whom she stayed or had contact, such as George Harrison. In fact he, as much as his daughter Lydia, may have been the intended audience for this poem.

**London 6th mo 4th 1794  
An evening Thought address'd  
to her much admired  
cousin L Harrison**

---

'Mid these gay scenes - when pleasures changeful form  
Allures the weak & keeps their passions warm  
Where the soft music of her syren tongue<sup>1</sup>  
Attracts even the aged & captivates the young  
Oft from the circle should the heart retire  
And glean improvement from each hoary sire  
Drain the rich stores of piety & sense  
And cull the choicest flowers of knowledge thence  
Oft should the mind take physic<sup>2</sup> & when cloy'd  
With sweets which feasted on are unenjoy'd<sup>3</sup>  
With maddening nectar, which dire folly brings  
When reason lies enthral'd & clog'd[sic] her wings  
Then seek the languid soul the silent gloom  
Sick of its joys, encircled by a tomb  
Tis wise, 'tis prudent every hope to weigh  
Nor chase reflection till a future day  
But search the base on which those hopes rely  
And where in time of trouble we may fly  
That when Death robs us of the joys of time  
To endless bliss our souls may soar sublime  
Nor we like foolish virgins waste those days  
In slothful langour indolence & ease<sup>4</sup>  
Which God had for a nobler use design'd

To purify our hearts, improve our mind  
Give glory to his name! & benefit mankind

1. **syren tongue** - persuasive voice. In Greek myth, sirens were creatures, part bird and part woman, who lived on an island from where, by their bewitching song, they lured sea travellers to their deaths.
2. **physic** - medicine.
3. **sweets which feasted on are unenjoy'd** - pleasures and the good things of life which, if over-indulged in, lose their savour.
4. **Mt 25:1-13** - Christ's parable of the wise and foolish virgins who went to meet their bridegroom. The foolish ones took no oil for their lamps, which went out by the time of the bridegroom's arrival at midnight. The wise ones bought more oil in advance. Hence we must be prepared, for we 'know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh' (v.13). The choice of this parable is self-referential. Mary, Lydia and their companions must shun indolence and prepare themselves for worthwhile lives and a place in heaven - metaphorically, obtaining oil for their lamps.

The 'J S' who undertook this journey from Esher to London has so far proved unidentifiable. Whoever he was, his antics provided a source of mirth based on a derogatory stereotype of the Irish, obviously as prevalent then as it is today. The person addressed is, once again, Lydia Harrison.

### London 6th mo 7th 1794 J\_ S\_ Journey from Esher to London

---

Say Lydia, whence this wayward fate  
That Erins sons pursues?<sup>1</sup>  
That when they'd ought accomplish straight  
A backward way they choose

Is it that deep in pondering thought  
Their absent mind betrays 'em?  
Or is it that by custom taught  
Inherent still it sways 'em!

Or is it that their vacant head  
For thinking wont[won't] find leisure  
By which of these was S led  
When journeying here from Esher?

By which when mounted on his steed  
His London friends to visit  
The path appeared so plain indeed  
A Paddy<sup>2</sup> scarce could miss it



Strange o'er his mind what ideas crost[sic]  
 To London drawing nearer  
 When lo! he met a finger post<sup>3</sup>  
 Which quickly told his error!

Amazed the path reversed he found  
 The words he scarce could credit!  
 In vain for London turned he round  
 The thickening foliage hid it

A kindly driver passing near  
 Our Irish friend accosting  
 Your back is turned to London sirl  
 "You're down the Country posting"<sup>4</sup>

Strange that a man of S\_ sense  
 Should into error tumble  
 For loss of time, still more than pence  
 Did surely make him grumble

He sigh'd then turn'd his errant<sup>5</sup> course  
 To measure back his pace  
 When lo! upon a milk white horse  
 He spied a well known face

"Sir you have widely missed your way"  
 The messenger loud cried  
 "To Esher back return I pray  
 "I am sent to be your guide"

"Oh! tell me now thou friendly man  
 "Some other way to London  
 "For if my sad mistake they scan  
 "I surely shall be undone"

"Impossible"! the man replied  
 "No other path is free  
 "But straight thro' Esher you must ride  
 "Before you London see,"

Then sore afraid he was to pass  
 The place where he set out at  
 For fear the friends should make a farce  
 And his droll journey scout at<sup>6</sup>

Too soon the dreaded place was near  
 Ah! me what ills await him!  
 The tale had caught the masters ear  
 Who hasten'd out to meet him

His muscles visible[visibly?] expand  
 While Sh\_ glow'd with shame  
 "And is it thus in Erins land  
 "You compass<sup>7</sup> what you aim?

"Are these your Bulls<sup>8</sup> - no more I doubt  
 "The record fame has given  
 "But stop. I'll tell our friend the rout[route]  
 "Thy wandering steed was driven"

But now J\_'s patience put to test  
 With what so dire befel him  
 Tow'rd London swift he spur'd[sic] his beast  
 His friend withdrew to tell 'em

Now join with me my Lydia dear  
 This luckless chance to pity  
 And when for my own fate I fear  
 Let's sing this mournful ditty.

MB

1. **Erins sons** - Erin is an ancient Gaelic name for Ireland.
2. **Paddy** - common nickname for an Irishman derived from Padraig, Irish for Patrick.
3. **finger post** - signpost at a crossroads or junction.
4. **down the Country posting** - heading towards the country, not the town.
5. **errant** - erring.
6. **scout at** - laugh at or ridicule.
7. **compass** - encompass, achieve.
8. **Bulls** - 'A self-contradictory proposition; in modern use, an expression containing a manifest contradiction in terms or involving a ludicrous inconsistency unperceived by the speaker. Now often with epithet *Irish*; but the word had been long in use before it came to be associated with Irishmen' (*OED*). The expression was in use early in the eighteenth century, but did not become specifically associated with the Irish character until later. The first written discussion in connection with Ireland appears to be an *Essay on Irish Bulls*, by the novelist Maria Edgeworth and her father Richard Lovell Edgeworth (1802), in which they defend the Irish as being no more guilty of perpetrating bulls than other nationalities. Sydney Smith, reviewing this essay, wrote:

'[. . .] a bull is an apparent congruity, and real incongruity of ideas, suddenly discovered. And if this account of bulls be just, they are (as might have been supposed) the very reverse of wit; for as wit discovers real relations, that are not apparent, bulls admit apparent relations that are not real. The pleasure arising from wit proceeds from our surprise at suddenly discovering two things to be similar, in which we suspected no similarity. The pleasure arising from bulls proceeds from our discovering two things to be dissimilar, in which a resemblance might have been suspected. The same doctrine will apply to wit, and to bulls in action. Practical wit discovers connection or relation between actions, in which duller understandings discover none, and practical bulls originate from an *apparent* relation between two actions, which more correct understandings immediately perceive to have no relation at all.

'Edgeworth on Bulls', *Edinburgh Review* 1803, in *The Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith: including his contributions to the Edinburgh Review*, 2 vols (London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans and Roberts, 1859), I, 69-71 (p.69).

Thus, although a *bull* was usually a contradictory or incongruous verbal expression, it could also be used of an action as Mary does here - 'J- S-' was attempting one thing while, unconsciously, achieving the opposite.

After a month in London it was time to bid 'adieu' to cousin Lydia, and set off to visit other relatives and Friends. In this parting poem, Mary also bids farewell to London - the heart of the rapidly growing British Empire, hub of commerce, science and the arts.

**London 6th mo 10th 1794  
To Lydia Harrison**

---

Sweet girl adieu my bosom's pain  
No power of language may explain  
Nor can it half my anguish tell  
To say that dismal word farewell!  
Oft has it pierced my bleeding heart  
And made the tear of sorrow start!  
Yet, yet again its woe I prove  
And part with thee I fondly love.

Oh! Lydia not a rose is found  
But thorns intrusive gather round  
And nought of pleasure can I feel  
But anguish o'er my heart will steal  
Steal - as a canker mid the flower  
And cast a gloom o'er many an hour  
Till each gay prospect fair & bright  
Fades! silent - as the evening light  
Ah! cease thou muse the pensive strain  
May nothing cause my Lydia pain  
But may she pass thro' every scene  
With nought of grief to intervene

London adieu the circling hours  
Have bade me leave thy far famed towers  
Thy charming walks, thy buildings fine  
Each noble structures grand design  
Thy busy streets where trade presides  
Thy crowded marts which commerce guides  
Parent of arts in thee we see  
Creations whole Epitome!  
Each nations choicest produce rides  
Securely wafted o'er thy tides!  
The treasures of each distant shore  
Into thy lap, the islands pour!  
All pleased with thee, confess thy sway  
The young, the old, the grave, the gay  
What tho no more my wondering eye  
Thy endless beauties may descry<sup>1</sup>  
Trace science where her nerves are strung<sup>2</sup>  
Nor draw instruction from each tongue  
Explore the magic of genius bright

Where all her paths are brought to light  
 Yet oft, full oft on Erins land<sup>3</sup>  
 My pensive mind shall reach thy strand<sup>4</sup>  
 Retrace in idea every scene  
 And grieve to find the space between  
 Yes Lydia on affections wing  
 Shall memory oft thy presence bring  
 Thy fair & gentle form shall rise  
 Conspicuous to my mental eyes  
 Oft shall I see thy heart expand  
 Beneath a parents forming hand  
 Thy virtues dawning into day  
 Improved by them, their bloom display  
 And every bud of knowledge true  
 A cultured flower will meet my view  
 Dear to my heart each hour shall be  
 Which thus I fondly spent with thee  
 My hovering soul thy love will share  
 And oft to Heaven present this prayer  
 That He who o'er his children reigns  
 Whose word the universe maintains  
 May deign my fervent wish to hear  
 The best of Fathers! long to spare  
 To train your opening mind aright  
 And every gem to polish bright  
 Watchful each secret spring to trace  
 And bend its course to truth & grace  
 And from his own exhaustless store  
 True wisdom o'er your minds<sup>5</sup> to pour  
 Long spare him<sup>6</sup> gracious Lord to know  
 The blessings which around him flow  
 His faithful consort lov'd & kind!<sup>7</sup>  
 His offspring virtuously inclined  
 From every heart & every tongue  
 The praise he merits grant him long  
 Again sweet girl my tumbling quill  
 Must form that dreaded word farewell  
 Each hour is past each scene is o'er  
 And time is fled to return no more  
 Yet dear - yea ever dear to me  
 Shall London & its inmates be  
 MB

1. **descry** - 'see' and also perhaps 'describe', 'sing the praises of'.
2. **where her nerves are strung** - London is perceived as the central point from which science and knowledge branch out.
3. **Erins land** - Erin is an ancient Gaelic word for Ireland.
4. **thy strand** - your shore, i.e. the port of London.
5. **minds** - plural because the poem has switched its address from Lydia alone to the whole Harrison family.
6. **him** - George Harrison, Lydia's father.
7. **his faithful consort** - George Harrison's wife, Susanna, née Cookworthy.

Mary next travelled north to Halton. This was probably Halton, near Runcorn in Cheshire, as a note at the bottom of the poem reads, 'Warrington 6th. mo: 26th. 1794'. Warrington is only a few miles from Halton. This would also have been *en route* north to Kendal where she wrote an acrostic to a James or E. S. Bolton in July - see below. There was a Quaker community at the village of Norton, near Halton. Mary's maternal aunt, Hannah, married Thomas Bolton of Warrington, who died in 1789 (Mary wrote a poem on his death), and his father, Benjamin Bolton, was a Warrington corn and flour dealer who originally hailed from Norton. So it is very likely that Mary went to visit Bolton relatives or other Friends there.

The poem refers to Halton's owners, its lawns and beautiful grounds. The entry for Halton in Bagshaw's *Directory* states that in Cromwell's time 'the honour, fee, manor, and castle of Halton were put up for sale, and purchased by Henry Brooke, Esq., of Norton, but reverted to the Crown at the Restoration. Halton Park having been granted in fee-farm to Sir John Savage, has descended with Rock Savage and other estates to the Earl of Cholmondeley, who holds the honour of Halton by lease under the Crown'. Halton Castle, built in the Norman era, was in ruins by the Civil War but 'the views from Halton are most beautiful' with the River Mersey winding its way in the distance. See Samuel Bagshaw, *History, Gazetteer, and Directory of the County Palatine of Chester* (Sheffield: printed for the Author, 1850).

There was also Norton Priory nearby. The Brooke family purchased it after the dissolution of the monasteries and erected a Tudor house. Replacing this with a classical Georgian one in the mid-eighteenth century, they then landscaped the gardens, creating views or 'prospects' and a 'natural' effect. There was a temple, a mock Chinese bridge and extensive woods, while the millpond was turned into a boating lake. The house itself was substantially altered again in 1790, probably by James Wyatt. Mary may have visited the grounds, as country families who had improved their estates were often happy for visitors to admire them. Unfortunately, the house was demolished in the 1920s, but there is a museum on site for the medieval priory excavations conducted since the 1970s. Sources: H. F. Starkey, *Old Runcorn* (Halton: Halton Borough Council, Mail Book Publishing, 1990), particularly p.39, *Guidebook to Norton Priory*, and J. Patrick Greene, *Norton Priory* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1989).

## Halton.

---

Arise! Oh Muse, let Haltons charms inspire,  
 And wake to Harmony the rustic lyre<sup>1</sup>  
 Trace every verdant scene - nor blush to tell  
 How much their warblers thy rude notes excel<sup>2</sup>  
 How much creation's vast and varied store  
 Surpass thy pen, or pencil's mimic power  
 Yes! or th'unstudied song or labour'd strain  
 To paint thy charms oh Nature are in vain.

Yet oft delights the pensive Muse to rove,  
 O'er hill, or dale or dark embowering grove  
 To seek at Noontide heat the cooler shade  
 Or tread with curious eye the flowery mead  
 Thence, from th'effects the first great Cause to trace  
 Whose wonderous[sic] wisdom stamp[sic] the world with grace  
 How sweet (when Sols<sup>3</sup> too fervid ray declines  
 And Luna,<sup>4</sup> (clad in modest silver) shines

When swarms of busy life are lull'd to sleep  
 And o'er the ear but distant murmurs creep)  
 How sweet thro' Haltons charming scenes to move  
 And tread contemplative each leafy grove  
 With raptur'd thought each blooming grace t'explore  
 While with expanding wing our minds may soar  
 With Faith's bright eye to visit worlds unseen  
 Pierce Heaven's blue arch & traverse realms serene  
 Here distant far from Wars terrific doom<sup>5</sup>  
 Th'attentive eye may trace each opening bloom  
 May watch each flower its varied sweets unfold  
 And the nice progress of its growth behold  
 Or seated in the calm & silent grove  
 O'er Wisdom's page may feel the heart improve  
 May search - as wandering each sequester'd wood -  
 Those truths, in solitude best understood  
 For oft in solitude that lore is given  
 Which soothes the breast & lifts the soul to Heaven  
 Peace to thy shades, fair Halton! blest retreat!  
 From want & care; from misery & deceit  
 Long may thy sacred trees aspiring rise  
 And just Memento! point to us the skies!  
 Long be their waving boughs a safe abode  
 To every sweet Musician of the wood  
 Long may their fruits the generous owners cheer  
 And all their joys renew'd each smiling year  
 May Ceres' gifts profusely pour'd be found<sup>6</sup>  
 And rich Pomona<sup>7</sup> grace the fertile ground  
 Yea tuneful Pan<sup>8</sup> the hallow'd spot shall mark  
 And crown the motto's[mottoes] twin'd around each bark  
 The birds shall chant their soft melodious lay  
 And little footsteps hop from spray to spray  
 The lowing kine their milky burthen yield<sup>9</sup>  
 And fleecy flocks long graze the spacious field  
 While in this dome its worthy inmates find  
 The Heaven sent blessing of a quiet mind.  
 Halton adieu! yet oft on hovering wing  
 Thy charming scenes shall fond remembrance bring  
 On Erins land<sup>10</sup> my musing mind shall trace  
 Thy native sweets, thy elegance and grace  
 And there when Winter's gloomy horrors rise  
 Thy smiling lawns shall cheer my mental eyes  
 For oft with rapture shall those eyes explore  
 Each path my feet must press perhaps no more  
 Each hour - so swiftly fled - on my lov'd natal shore.<sup>11</sup>

Warrington 6th. mo: 26th. 1794.

1. the rustic lyre - power to write poetry praising the rural scene. The lyre was sacred to the muses.

2. **How much [. . .] rude notes excel** - the singing of the birds at Halton is superior to the 'rude' or unpolished music of Mary's muse. She goes on to say that the scale and variety of created nature, likewise, is beyond her muse's imitative power.
3. **Sols** - the sun's. Sol - classical personification of the sun.
4. **Luna** - personification of the moon.
5. England had declared war on France in February 1793.
6. **Ceres' gifts [. . .] be found** - Ceres was the Roman name for Demeter, Greek goddess of the earth, agriculture and fertility.
7. **Pomona** - Roman goddess of fruit trees.
8. **tuneful Pan** - Pan, the goat-like Graeco-Roman god of shepherds and flocks, played beautiful music on a flute made from reeds.
9. **kine** - cattle; **burthen** - archaic form of 'burden'.
10. **Erins land** - Erin is an ancient Gaelic name for Ireland.
11. **my lov'd natal shore** - England, the country of Mary's birth.

The first letter of each line of this acrostic, running downwards, spells out either 'I am E S Bolton', or, as 'I' and 'J' were interchangeable in Latin, 'James Bolton'. This would have been one of Mary's Bolton cousins in the North of England. An Edwin Bolton appears in the Lancashire rolls, relationship to Mary unknown. His wife was called Sarah and they had a son, Thomas.

## To \_\_\_\_\_ an Acrostick

In youths gay spring when Reason opes her stores  
 And Science o'er the mind her treasures pours  
 Mans heart receives the stamp of right & wrong  
 Each virtue ripens or each vice grows strong  
 Such thy eventful time but soon 'twill die.

Beware! nor let thine hours unheeded fly  
 Once past - believe me they return no more  
 Lifes gay and sprightly morn, is quickly o'er.  
 Then fix with ardent faith thy stedfast[sic] eye  
 On that sure hope which will each change defy  
 Nor in thy breast let truth uncherished lie.

Kendal 7mo.13th.1794

'Sun-rise' is simply dated '1794' at the end of the poem, and so there is no way of knowing for certain where it fits into the chronological order for that year. But its evocation of the dawn, of the new day taking shape, its increasing warmth causing buds to open and release their perfume, accompanied by birdsong and the hum of insects, surely belongs to the summer or early autumn. It has been decided, therefore, to reproduce it here, before 'Eugenio and Laura', which carries a postscript dated at the end of the year, in December.

## Sun-rise

---

Tis Morn! the earliest blush of rising day  
 Hath ting'd with crimson glow the twilight grey  
 Enwrap'd[sic] in shades obscure, each object lies  
 A shapeless embryo<sup>1</sup> meets my wondring[sic] eyes  
     With subtle force the piercing atoms<sup>2</sup> glide  
 Brace all the nerves, and in each pore preside  
 Explore the seat of Health's enlivening glow  
 And bid the life-warm current briskly flow  
 My breath salute[s] the pure refreshing Gale,  
 And strength I with the morning breeze inhale  
     Lo! now the gloom dissolves - & o'er the skies  
 Rich colours, led by just gradations<sup>3</sup> rise;  
 Bright streaks of purple first with livid ray  
 Burst o'er the horizon & foretel[sic] the day.  
 But soon the Eastward glows with golden fires  
 And Night, envelop'd with thick fogs, retires;  
 Clear Azure now succeeds to sober grey,  
 For down the steep of Heaven the Orb of Day<sup>4</sup>  
 Rolls onward! Nature smiles at his advance  
 In his mild beams unnumbered atoms dance  
 Lock'd in their humid caves the winds retire<sup>5</sup>  
 And with faint breath the quivering gales expire  
 The vital heat imbibes the dense cold dews  
 Each scene unfolding wears its loveliest hues  
 Lost in amaze<sup>6</sup> the gradual work I trace  
 And all is Order Harmony and grace!  
 Late, Chaos-like,<sup>7</sup> gross vapours cloath'd[sic] the Earth  
 But now a new creation rises forth!  
 The little songsters hop from spray to spray  
 And in soft warblings hail the newborn day  
 A brighter glow the splendid Heav'ns assume  
 And kindly warmth expands each opening bloom  
 Rich odors[sic] scent the health inspiring air  
 And Earth & Skyes[sic] the genial influence share  
 All Nature wakes to life - the insect train  
 Buzz oer each leaf & swarm thro'out the plain  
 The neighing steed the bands of sleep hath broke



And sports unco[n]scious of his future yoke.  
 With gleesome hearts the cattle scud around  
 And their light coursings beat th[']enamell'd ground<sup>8</sup>  
 Now throng the lab'ring[sic] hinds<sup>9</sup> - their toil renews  
 Each to the field his devious way<sup>10</sup> pursues,  
 In vain for them these scenes with charms are fraught  
 No glories seem t'impress their vacant thought  
 Impell'd by sordid need! while man their Lord<sup>11</sup>  
 Claims the proud priveledge[sic] wealth & ease afford  
 To waste in slothful rest the choicest hours  
 When Sol<sup>12</sup> exhales rich fragrance from the flowers  
 When purest radiance gilds the Heav'ns Sublime  
 And Earth unfolds of every sweet the prime<sup>13</sup>

1794.

1. **embrio** - embryo.
2. **atoms** - a word long in use for a tiny particle or the smallest unit imaginable, from the Greek *atomos* - indivisible. Also, tiny specks of dust seen by the naked eye in sunshine, particularly in a hazy atmosphere, were known colloquially as 'atoms' - it is certainly in this sense that Mary uses the word later in this poem. However, it is just possible that she heard the word used with a meaning nearer its modern sense, because it was a Quaker of this period, John Dalton (1766-1844), who formulated the atomic theory of matter. This was the concept that all matter is made up of minute particles of distinct elements which cannot be divided by chemical processes and that each kind of atom has a specific weight. From 1781 until 1793, Dalton taught with his brother at their school in Kendal, where Mary's mother grew up. Although Mary's grandparents had died by then (Sarah Harrison in 1770, Edward Harrison in 1780), Mary herself visited Kendal, probably in 1789 (see 'Written in the Ruins of Kendal Castle', p.66). In such a small Quaker community, most Friends would have heard of Dalton's work. He would have worshipped at the meeting house, and he lectured locally. In 1793 he published *Meteorological Observations and Essays* which was mainly concerned with atmospheric gases. It was his work on gases that led to his atomic theory and publication of *A New System of Chemical Philosophy* (1808-1810).
3. **just gradations** - even steps or stages.
4. **steep of Heaven** - conventional poetic expression for the slope of the sky; **Orb of Day** - the sun.
5. **Lock'd [ . . . ] winds retire** - in the *Aeneid*, Virgil tells how the winds were locked in caves in the mountainside by Jupiter (Zeus), the King of the Gods, to stop them wreaking havoc, and there controlled by Aeolus, god of the winds. Mary would probably have been familiar with Dryden's translation of the *Aeneid* (1697).
6. **amaze** - archaic use of the word as a noun, meaning 'amazement'.
7. **Chaos-like** - God was thought to have created the world out of Chaos, the elemental disorder of the universe. Similarly, daybreak, by dispersing the darkness of night and mists of early dawn, imposes order and creates a new world.
8. **coursings** - to course is to run or race; **enamell'd ground** - referring to the grass or meadow. It was a poetic convention to describe lawns and greens, or fields and meadows, as 'enamell'd', meaning smooth, as if polished, and in beautiful, variegated colours.
9. **lab'ring hinds** - farm labourers.
10. **devious way** - meandering, or mazy path.
11. **Impell'd by sordid need!** - compelled by mercenary necessity, i.e. to earn a living; **man their Lord** - the farmhands' employer, the landowner, who rests while they labour for him. Also, possibly, the rural workers, forced to concentrate on obtaining a subsistence, and, by their labour, having to keep others in idleness, necessarily have man for their Lord, not God.
12. **Sol** - classical personification of the sun.
13. **sweet** - a good and pleasurable thing. The sense of the last line is that, at dawn, the earth yields its finest pleasures.

As in 'To Anne, H-W & E Forbes & D Watson' ('3rd month 21st 1793'), Mary here uses pseudonyms for people she knew, but their identity is not indicated, either in the title or the poem itself. They appear to be members of families of some consequence in the North of England. One character, 'Alfred', seems to have been a wealthy West Indies merchant based in Liverpool. The deceased 'patriarch' of one of the two families central to the story was certainly not a Quaker – he fell 'with honor on the martial field' and was therefore no pacifist.

The poem was never finished. At the end is a postscript explaining why - Mary expresses misgivings about the value of writing in this way. The postscript is dated 'Summerhill 12 Mo 1794' and so it seems that the postscript, at least, was drafted at the home of the Forbes at Summerhill in Ireland in December. But this may not be the case with the poem itself which features people that Mary could have met on her visit to England the previous summer. The poem, or sections of it, might have been written then.

The lengthy narrative weaves around the meeting and marriage of 'Eugenio' and 'Laura'. These names may not carry any specific significance, but it is worth noting that 'Laura' was the name the Italian humanist, Petrarch (1304-1374), chose for the woman to whom he addressed his great love poems. 'Eugenio' may have been suggested by 'Eugenius', a minor character in Laurence Sterne's novels of sensibility, *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy* (1760-67) and *A Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy* (1768). A friend of Yorick, the first person narrator in *A Sentimental Journey*, he occasionally offers Yorick advice and, in *Tristram Shandy*, composes the famous epitaph on Yorick's gravestone, 'Alas poor Yorick'. Mary prefaced *A Poem on the African Slave Trade*, on publication, with a quote from an episode in *A Sentimental Journey*, and Eugenius features in a witty exchange in this episode. (See Penguin Classics edn, ed. by Graham Petrie (London: 1967, repr. 1986), pp.94-95.)

Again, as in 'To Anne, H-W & E Forbes & D Watson', Mary takes a few elements from the love story of Palemon and Lavinia in Thomson's *The Seasons* ('Autumn', 177-310), reworking them into this 'actual life' narrative about her friends. Laura's mother, Lydia, like Lavinia's mother in Thomson's tale, is a widow who has seen 'better days' - the loss of husband and fortune has resulted in her retiring from the world to rear her child/children apart from society. (Although, unlike Lavinia's mother, Lydia is not poor - she has a 'competence'.) Brought up in seclusion, Laura, like Lavinia 'unconscious of her power' (227), is innocent - 'In guile unpractis'd'. And Alfred's benevolence toward Lydia echoes Palemon's generosity toward Lavinia's mother.

## Eugenio & Laura.

---

In that mild clime,<sup>1</sup> where Nature's bounteous hand  
 Pours varied blessings o'er a fruitful land  
 Where her brave sons in liberal arts excell  
 Where Science blooms & knowledge loves to dwell  
 Where oft the nine<sup>2</sup> attune th'harmonious lay  
 And Heav'n's born truth illumines with genuine ray  
 There Industry her Palm triumphant<sup>3</sup> rears  
 And smiling plenty crowns her fostering cares  
 For these Oh, Albion o'er thy plains preside  
 And Wealth & Commerce o'er thy Billows<sup>4</sup> glide  
     On the broad verge of his Paternal wood  
 Eugenio's ample Mansion long had stood  
 Its site commanding far the Prospect gay

Till Heav'ns blue arch obstructs the visual ray<sup>5</sup>  
 Its form as towering o'er the Vale below  
 It rose conspicuous more for use than shew<sup>6</sup>  
 To neatness grace & elegance inclined  
 Seemed a fit Emblem of its Owners mind  
 Oft did its spacious portals wide extend  
 To admit the willing feet of many a friend  
 Frequent the stranger would the path explore  
 And the pleased Beggar hail'd the gracious door  
 For true Politeness welcom'd all who came;  
 And Slander shrunk before Eugenio's name!  
 In vain would Envy point th'envenom'd tooth  
 Her poison withered at the voice of Truth  
 Blest meed<sup>7</sup> of Virtue's mild & sacred sway  
 And the just tribute we to Merit pay!  
 That bids the bold licentious tongue "be Still"  
 And claims obeisance from the friends of Ill.

Thrice yon bright Orb his annual circuit ran  
 Since legal doom pronounced Eugenio Man<sup>8</sup>  
 And thrice did Winter desolate the land  
 Since Laura blest him with her willing hand  
 In Love's sweet bands did each fond heart unite  
 And long fruition but increased delight.  
He, unsuspecting; noble; generous, gay;  
 She, fair and blooming as the rose in May  
 In Classic ground his studious mind had rov'd  
 And hers in soft accomplished grace improv'd<sup>9</sup>  
 Each form'd for each appeared no jarring thot.<sup>10</sup>  
 For all was concord; with good-humour fraught.

And they had lov'd from childhoods early dawn  
 Together bounding o'er th'enamelled Lawn  
 In sportive youth; their ripening passion grew  
 And fav'ring Hymen<sup>11</sup> crown[']d a flame so true  
 Scarce had the good old Sire with anxious pride  
 Beheld his son to Laura's charms allied;  
 When Fate impell'd him to that dreary bourn  
 From whence no traveller can e'er return.<sup>12</sup>

Sole Laura's Mother now remained to share  
 The pleasing fruit of many an anxious care  
 And each with warm attentive duty strove  
 To sooth her years & to requite her love.

Born of a noble House whose ancient name  
 Stands long recorded on the Trump of Fame<sup>13</sup>  
 (For there in brazen characters are shewn  
 Heroes to these bright periods handed down)  
 And blest with Him who most her heart prefer'd[sic]  
 She liv'd by all beloved by all rever'd!  
 But soon did he her Lord his trophies yield  
 And fell! with honor on the martial field  
 True to his shade: her faithful soul cou'd[sic] bear  
 No second form t'erase his Image there<sup>14</sup>  
 Whose praise (when time had soften'd griefs stern power[])

Was still the favourite Theme of many an hour  
 Oft of his manly truth she'd fondly boast  
 Then sigh to think how much in him she lost  
 One infant pledge of either Sex<sup>15</sup> remain'd  
 To virtue these her bright example train'd  
 To form their minds became her fixt[sic] employ<sup>16</sup>  
 Source of true pleasure! and untainted joy!  
 Small was her wealth: (for younger sons I'm told  
 But seldom find their Coffers heap[']d with gold['])  
 And tho' allied to many a pompous name  
 She little more than competence<sup>17</sup> could claim)  
 Remote from Gay Bon ton's incessant round  
 And lost for ever lost! to le Beau Monde<sup>18</sup>  
 (Not long they mist[mis] her in the whirl of Pride  
 Where each new face the transcient[sic] charm suppli'd)  
 She in Oblivion's calm & silent shade<sup>19</sup>  
 The watchful Duties of a parent paid.  
 Near that same Villa chanc'd she to retire;  
 Where dwelt Eugenio & his honor'd Sire:  
 Who with her children join'd in active play  
 To future near connexions[sic] pav'd the way  
 For when the hours of studious toil were o'er,  
 His willing feet would haste to Laura's door  
 Where oft in nimble sports or gambols gay  
 The harmless trio pass'd the time of play.

Blest days of innocence! when harrowing cares  
 Fly the young breast and wait for riper years  
 When youth unpierc'd with grief with hope elate<sup>20</sup>  
 Basks in the Sun of joy nor dreads his future fate  
 But when the morn of infancy declined  
 New doubts and fears perplex the Matrons mind  
 In vain she strove to pierce with anxious eye  
 The gloomy veil of dark futurity.  
 Thoughts roll'd on thoughts - o'er ideas[,] ideas prest[sic]  
 As waves on waves in Neptunes sea green breast.<sup>21</sup>  
 Her roof might shield her blooming girl from harm  
 And calm retirement nurture every charm,  
 For her she wished to shun the tinsel glare, <sup>22</sup>  
 Which oft allures to vice the heedless Fair.  
 And round her heart domestic bliss to entwine  
 The proper sphere where all her sex may shine  
 But here her cares begun - her lovely boy  
 The fond Memento of each faded joy<sup>23</sup>  
 Now grew to active youth - Health's roseate<sup>24</sup> glow  
 Flush'd his warm veins & grac'd his manly brow  
 His restless bosom spurn'd inglorious ease  
 And ardent burn'd to range thro' trackless seas  
 Far distant - men and manners to explore  
 And traverse realms where Heroes trod before  
 In vain his mother would her grief reurge[re-urge]  
 And paint the horrors of the faithless surge<sup>25</sup>  
 Oft to his sage Preceptor sought in vain

The roving tenor of his soul t'restrain<sup>26</sup>  
 No art could dissipate th'aerial scheme<sup>27</sup>  
 Or banish from his thoughts the fav'rite[sic] theme  
 Strangel how Dame Nature actuates the mind  
 And shapes her errant<sup>28</sup> course thro' all mankind  
 In various souls with varying force pervades  
 And leads to Courts or Camps or laurell'd shades<sup>29</sup>  
     Strangel that tho' differing wide their mental frame  
 His Tutor and Eugenio's were - the same  
 For each kind Parent wish[']d by private rules  
 To teach them all the lore of Classic schools  
 For fearful of the change they might endure  
 And drink of Science there from streams impure  
 Mix'd in one common mass the ductile breast  
 Might with the stamp of vice be soon imprest[sic]  
 While absence in the Academic Grove  
 Might haply alienate their filial love<sup>30</sup>  
 Thus in opinion join'd they sought & found  
 A sage who long had rang'd in classic ground  
 Whose mind gave lustre to his hoary hairs<sup>31</sup>  
 Whose grave deportment graced his lengthen'd yrs[sic]  
 Meek, learn'd, benevolent, whose expanding thought  
 Flow'd in mild language with instruction fraught  
 And who by knowing well life's dang'rous bay  
 Could warn his pupils where the quicksands lay  
 Such was Alphonso in his actions just  
 To whom they delegate th'important trust  
 And he with watchful zeal attentive strove  
 To cultivate their minds and win their love  
 Soon as the stipulated time expired  
 He to his own domestic spot retir'd  
 Where duteous care his num'rous offspring pay  
 Gild the dim lamp of life & smooth his calm decay  
 When the fond mother found persuasion vain  
 Her sons eccentric genius<sup>32</sup> to restrain  
 When all her efforts still abortive proved  
 Nor prayers nor tears his roving thots.<sup>33</sup> remov'd  
 Her hand the dictates of her head obeyed  
 And soon to Alfred were the lines convey'd  
     Alfred, the friend of Lydia's better days<sup>34</sup>  
 Enjoy'd the sweets of opulence & ease!  
 Beside where Mersey rolls her Briny tide<sup>35</sup>  
 His spacious Dome display'd its costly pride  
 There erst the charms of Luxury explor'd  
 And choicest viands graced his shining board<sup>36</sup>  
 A menial train<sup>37</sup> observant to his call  
 Cringe at his presence & surround his hall  
 Where loud rattans announce each purse proud guest  
 With gaudy suite in sumptuous liveries drest<sup>38</sup>  
 For wealth with magic wand & sceptre gay  
 Ne'er fails to allure the insects of the day<sup>39</sup>  
 And Pleasure Goddess of the gaping throng

Attracts more surely than the syrens song<sup>40</sup>  
 Him Fortune long had mark'd her favorite child  
 Crown[']d his high hopes and on his labors smil'd  
 With precious freights his lofty barks she stor'd:  
 And in his lap the gold of India pour'd  
 For him mild breezes swell'd the expanding sails  
 Borne o'er th'Atlantic by her fav'ring[sic] gales;<sup>41</sup>  
 Oft his tall barks thro' Oceans Empire glide;  
 Nod their gay prows and lave<sup>42</sup> each bending side  
 And oft in triumph midst a crouded[sic] bay  
 His splendid prizes wave their trophies<sup>43</sup> gay.

Alas! from many an heart ach[heart-ache] many a woe  
 The blazing pomp that flatters pride must flow  
 And many a tear its course unnoticed steals  
 E'er callous luxury prepares her meals.<sup>44</sup>  
 Yet not a foe to Pity - Alfreds heart  
 Would to the needy of his wealth impart;  
 And oft when want assail'd a former friend  
 A willing tribute would his hand extend  
 From Education sprang each erring thought  
 And use; - not gentle Nature, was in fault  
 For Nature form'd him generous social kind  
 But Custom! hateful Custom warp'd his mind  
 He Lydia's virtues knew - & still rever'd  
 Whilst her late Lord his grateful homage shar'd  
 For he (e'er Fortune thus her favors strow'd['])<sup>45</sup>  
 To Alfred many a secret gift bestow'd  
 And still thro' passing years was left imprest[sic]  
 The cherish'd gratitude of Alfreds breast

When from the admiring world she first withdrew,  
 His offer'd aid evinced his friendship true  
 Long e'er he left the toilsome oar of gain,<sup>46</sup>  
 He sought t'oblige her - & he sought in vain  
 But now the scene was changed & Lydia's mind  
 Beheld in him, the man she wished to find:

Full of this hope her trembling hand obey'd  
 And soon to Alfred were the lines convey'd  
 Swift as her letter caught his casual glance  
 Obscure ideas o'er his mem'ry[sic] dance  
 E'er long - remembrance with unerring truth  
 Display'd the Patron of his rising youth  
 Deeds long forgot his mental view imprest[sic]  
 And flushed with gratitude his throbbing breast

As when Aurora mounts her car on high<sup>47</sup>  
 Faint, glimmering streaks foretel[sic] her presence nigh  
 Confusion o'er each scene, extends her sway;  
 And all is Chaos to the visual ray.  
 But soon by just gradations<sup>48</sup> from the sight  
 Slow vanish all the hovering shades of night  
 Each long lost object rises to the view!  
 Each hidden form receives its wonted hue!  
 At length a flood of light mellifluous<sup>49</sup> pours

Renews each grace & Harmony restores.  
 So Alfred's soul did Memorys[memories] sure receive  
 And warring passions in his bosom heave:  
 He rose - gave forth each due command - & they  
 Who heard his words, those due commands obey -  
 Four high-fed steeds were to the chariot brac'd  
 And their sleek sides the glittering harness grac'd  
 While either Valet joins to form his train  
 And at his beck their wonted post maintain  
 In haste he bade the haunts of trade, adieu  
 And a wide Campagne<sup>50</sup> soon salutes his view  
 There many a verdant lawn his eyes explore  
 Eer his tir'd coursers<sup>51</sup> neigh'd at Laura's door  
 The Matron rose with mingled joy & fear  
 To meet her guest, and hail his presence there  
 Her anxious heart with warm effusions glow'd  
 And o'er her cheeks the lucid tribute<sup>52</sup> flow'd  
 Awhile twas silence all - for Alfred's soul  
 Felt the soft force of Sympathy's controul[sic]  
 Their eyes alone their mental feelings spoke  
 Till Lydia thus the solemn pause had broke  
 "When last oh Alfred! I thy form beheld  
 "Far other thoughts my raptur'd bosom fill'd  
 "Not thus with these tumultuous cares opprest[sic]  
 "But in a kind & faithful partner blest  
 "Ah me, that time is fled! those hours are o'er  
 "And his lov'd image sooths[sic] my hopes no more  
 "No more the music of his voice I hear  
 "Nor his mild accents vibrate on my ear  
 "No more his children share his fond embrace  
 "Nor learn to copy his majestic grace  
 "No more a fathers precepts teach their youth  
 "The path of wisdom, & the Law of Truth.-  
 "Pardon me Alfred if a woe like mine  
 "Would on the lap of sympathy recline;  
 "And if forgetful of thy friendly care  
 "With useless plaints<sup>53</sup> I wound thy listening ear  
 "For like a wounded bird I seek for rest  
 "In vain! the cause is lodged within my breast"-  
 Here ceased her voice: & soon with eager haste  
 Her duteous servants form a choice repast;  
 Rich viands, fruitage cull'd with nicest care<sup>54</sup>  
 And sparkling wines, they for their guest prepare  
 Keen hunger pour[']d his healthful sauce around  
 Good nature grac'd the Board & plenty crown'd  
 Twas o'er - each hospitable rite<sup>55</sup> fulfill'd  
 Domestic cares to friendly converse yield  
 And the mild intercourse they still pursue,  
 'Till Sable Night, her closing curtain drew,  
 To her did Alfred each event relate  
 And her heart joy'd to hear his prosperous fate  
 Then she in meek harmonious sounds exprest[sic]

The cause why heaved with woe her anxious breast  
 And Alfred promised that her son should share  
 His warm protection and his watchful care  
 His soothing language calm[']d her troubled mind  
 On his pledg'd honor, her fond hopes reclined  
 And to his charge she her lov'd Boy consign'd

But oh! what tumults rent his sister's soul  
 From her blue eyes what liquid torrents roll!  
 Each past endearment, rose at once to view,  
 And check[']d her voice that faltering[sic] cry'd[sic] adieu  
 Now Night retir'd with all her hovering train  
 And Sol, slow, rising, gilt the Orient Plain<sup>56</sup>  
 Alfred in haste the couch of rest forsook;  
 And from sweet sleep the drowsy boy awoke:  
 Then for their prompt return he bade prepare  
 Another parting interview, to spare:  
 But vain the thought! t'evade a mother's sight  
 She rose to meet them e'er the Morning light  
 And as they crost[sic] the Hall with silent pace  
 She clasp'd her offspring in a last embrace  
 Yet soon new fortitude her mien assum'd  
 For Hope's enlivening ray, her heart illum'd[sic]  
 Convinced that all was order'd for the best  
 She strove to soothe her boding mind<sup>57</sup> to rest.  
 Yet the swift circling wheels her eyes pursue  
 'Till all was vanished from her aching view  
 She wept - Affection oped the galling wound  
 And in her breast a dreary chasm she found  
 With filial tenderness her Laura strove,  
 To heal the sorrows of Maternal Love.

Pleased with her cares, the storm of grief subsides  
 And o'er her soul the balm of comfort glides  
 From time to time his lines her fears control<sup>58</sup>  
 And Alfred's steady friendship crown'd the whole

Meanwhile Eugenio (whose expanding mind  
 Soft Sympathy's endearing link entwin'd  
 Who little less than they did oft deplore<sup>59</sup>  
 The pleas'd companion of each mirthful hour)  
 Still felt attractive impulse guide his feet  
 With magic force to Lydias calm retreat  
 In vain his reason, with his passion strove  
 His heart was captiv'd<sup>60</sup> in the bonds of love.  
 For Laura sighed he - & the blooming maid  
 With mutual flame his artless truth repaid  
 In guile unpractis'd, neither knew or sought  
 To gloss with fraudulent words each latent thought  
 For undisguis'd, their warm affection rose;  
 Pure as the limpid brook that smoothly flows

While either Parent view'd with calm delight  
 Their childrens wishes with their own unite  
 And when Old Time the rising flame matured<sup>61</sup>  
 The marriage knot their willing hands secur'd



Mysterious knot! which tho' the simplest form  
 Yet not the wisest can dissolve its charm  
 Which tho' a few short words affix the chain  
 No Power on Earth can liberty regain:  
 Sweet Bondage! more desired than Freedoms range  
 Whose fetters clog not - till too late to change  
     Scarce did bland Hymen link the youthful pair  
 And mirths loud voice a milder cadence wear  
 When joy was banish'd - filial griefs arise  
 And Laura closed her new-made Parents eyes<sup>62</sup>  
 With mingled tears they greet his honor'd shade  
 And each the tribute of affection paid:  
 For where soft union gives the heart to glow  
 The faithful partner feels no seperate[sic] woe:  
 If keen affliction aim a piercing wound,  
 In either breast the envenom'd dart is found  
 And when the star of Pleasure rises bright  
 Its beam reflected yields a richer light:  
 Thus when Eugenio heav'd th'unconscious sigh  
 The tear attracted fell from Laura's eye;  
 And when his mind a peaceful tenor<sup>63</sup> knew  
 With nimble force her active spirits flew.  
 Unknown to them the follies of the great  
 Save what perchance their casual guests relate  
 Or tales which spring from many a fruitful head  
 By Envy foster'd & by Slander spread:  
 Or warm effusions of poetic fire  
 Which not the Muse - but want, doth oft inspire<sup>64</sup>  
     It chanc'd, on morn when Sols prolific heat  
 Prompts the dull Cits<sup>65</sup> to taste each rural sweet  
 That fair Amanda sick of ennui  
 Bent tow'rds[sic] Eugenio's vale her languid way  
 She, near of kin to Laura wish'd to know  
 The simple joys which from contentment flow  
 Oft had she heard that in each other blest  
 No vice, or folly stain'd their tranquil breast  
 That Peace & Concord dwelt beneath their roof  
 And Truth's bright target awed each fiend aloof<sup>66</sup>  
 Scarce cou'd[sic] her reason judge how pleasure shone  
 Where cards & routs & revels were unknown  
 Where Dissipation urg'd no wild career;  
 And one dull sameness rul'd the varying year  
 Sad proof where Idol Fashion warps the mind  
 To plain, sound, sense, the mortal eye is blind  
 With heart sincere, - unknowing of deceit,  
 Eugenio hied<sup>67</sup> his courtly guest to meet:  
 While gentler Laura with peculiar care  
 Arranged her household; & did all prepare  
 No haste confus'd, her mild commands await  
 Decorum reign'd, & order kept her seat:  
 Then (while "the graces"<sup>68</sup> every act attend;)  
 She rose, to welcome, & salute her friend

Who affable, returned her kind address;  
 And equal joy their accents soft express,  
 Not so grave Lydia, whose maternal breast  
 Was oft with anxious doubts & fears imprest[sic]  
 For noxious<sup>69</sup> as the Fever's breath - she knew  
 The baneful<sup>70</sup> force of ill Example flew  
 And dreaded much lest in the social hour  
 In vain might innocence oppose its power  
 If folly ne'er beguil'd her Laura's soul  
 No sly temptation urg'd th'unseen control[sic]  
 And if the Virtues bloom'd around her heart  
 No vice alluring aim'd the unconscious dart  
 Thus reason'd she - But whose all curious eyes  
 Pierce the thick vail[sic] & learn what Heav'n denies  
 Not all our wisdom, all our wit - can shew  
 The future periods of our weal<sup>71</sup> or woe!  
 Sick of her fears, resolv'd to hope the best;  
 She left to Providence, to guide the rest:  
 Check'd the vain tumults which her bosom heav'd  
 And with a smile of peace - her niece<sup>72</sup> receiv'd  
 Whose form reviv'd in Lydia's thoughtful mind  
 Ideas - to Oblivion long consigned  
 Scenes of her youth to faithful memory sprung  
 And many a kind enquiry urg[']d her tongue  
 As oft Amanda formed the prompt replies  
 Her bosom heav'd with retrospective sighs  
 Yet joy, alternate, thro' the gloom would break  
 And transient smiles illumine her matron cheek  
 Soon, dull punctilio's formal reign was o'er<sup>73</sup>  
 And converse free assum'd its social pow'r[sic]  
 Reserve was banish'd - as the shades of night  
 When morning ushers in the orb of Light  
 Swift on light wing the circling hours retired  
 While polish'd wit the rural scene inspir'd  
 For form'd to captivate - their lively guest  
 Alluring grace & brilliant charms possest[sic]  
 Her form capricious Nature ne'er design'd  
 The living portrait of her vacant mind;<sup>74</sup>  
 Her eyes - what hapless lover cou'd[sic] endure  
 Prepar'd for mischief & of conquest sure  
 Her pouting lips thro' whose vermilion glow  
 The wanton song or murmuring cadence flow  
 All, all to steal th[']unguarded heart unite  
 Attract the ear, & fix th'inconstant sight.  
 Entranc'd by flattery's bewitching draught  
 To please and dazzle claim'd her ardent thought  
 While to th'uncheck'd assaults of Vice a prey,  
 Her soul's uncultivated tenure lay:<sup>75</sup>  
 There dissipation light th'intemperate fire;  
 And blazing folly wav'd the trophies<sup>76</sup> dire:  
 There envy flourish'd - canker of the mind  
 And Pride to every selfish error blind

There Avarice long its hideous form conceal'd  
 And to soft Mercy's claim, her bosom steel'd  
 Yet wit & fancy gave her thoughts to glow  
 And in smooth sounds her polished accents flow  
 Oft in the dance the envied prize she bore  
 When light as air, her slipper prest[sic] the floor  
 Still, as her hand, the trembling chords assays<sup>77</sup>  
 Each sound is rapture, & each voice is praise  
 At her command tumultuous passions roll;  
 And Joy & Phrenzy[frenzy] animate the Soul  
 Skilled in goodbreeding's ever graceful ease  
 But ahl too conscious of her power to please  
 Thus graced Amanda sought the rural scene  
 By grateful change, to dissipate the spleen<sup>78</sup>  
 And o'er each vice, its secret sway disclose  
 In Laura's heart the seeds of Friendship rose  
 Unus'd to curb the warm & gen'rous thought  
 By virtue nurtured & by nature taught.  
 E'en good Eugenio, felt th'attractive power  
 Which gilds with ray benign the social hour;  
 Not so Amanda - tho her words declar'd  
 That sympathy's congenial flame she shar'd

[At this point in the narrative, the poem breaks off abruptly and the following paragraph is then written:]

If it is positively declared that we shall be accountable for each idle word, how much more for every idle line? Inasmuch as that unmeaning or idle words, when they have pass'd thro' our lips, evaporate and are perhaps never recalled to remembrance - but writing conveys an indelible mark which is much more difficult to be effaced than the sound which but reaches the ear - The eye presents to the memory a succession of ideas which are generally treasur'd up - 'till some occasional circumstance recalls them, and then they frequently revive with added poignancy. Now whether upon a serious perusal, I can safely exculpate the above little effervescence of a light and roving fancy, from the charge of an idle range of thought, which ought rather to be subdued than encouraged I doubt it and if so, I rather resign the pen than continue what was only intended to amuse a leisure hour and what if persisted in may bring me under the imputation of adding another hour to the many which have imperceptibly stolen away, in useless occupations or in indolent langour - alike unproductive of real and solid benefit to the possessor.

Summerhill

M.B.

12th mo: 1794

1. In that mild clime - England. There follows a panegyric eulogising the virtues of 'Albion' (ancient name for Britain, probably derived from 'albus', the Latin word for 'white' - the white cliffs of Dover could be seen from the continent).
2. the nine - the muses were nine in number.

3. **Palm triumphant** - palm leaves are symbolic of victory and excellence.
4. **oer thy Billows** - over your waves. This was a time of rapid growth for the British Empire, and its power at sea.
5. **Till Heav'ns [ . . ] the visual ray** - to the horizon, as far as the eye can see.
6. **more for use than shew** - usefulness or functionality versus ostentation was a concern in much late eighteenth-century poetry (see, for example, Goldsmith's description of the schoolmaster's house in *The Deserted Village* (1770) which contains 'pictures placed for ornament and use,' line 231).
7. **meed** - reward.
8. **Thrice yon bright Orb [ . . ] Eugenio Man** - three years have passed since Eugenio came of age at twenty-one.
9. **In Classic ground [ . . ] grace Improv'd** - reflecting gender differences in education: boys studied the classics, girls learned feminine 'accomplishments' to render them more marriageable.
10. **jarring thot.** - discordant thought.
11. **Hymen** - in classical mythology, the god of marriage.
12. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, III. 1. 78-80 - Hamlet speaks of 'the dread of something after death,/The undiscovered country from whose bourn/No traveller returns'.
13. **Trump of Fame** - conventional figure of fame as trumpet.
14. **And fell [ . . ] his Image there** - Laura's father died on the battlefield. Her mother, remaining true to his shade (spirit or ghost), could allow no other man to take his place and wipe out her memory of him.
15. **one infant pledge of either Sex** - i.e. Laura and her brother. The word 'pledge' is used figuratively to mean a 'child as a token of mutual love' (*OED*).
16. **fixt employ** - permanent or constant occupation.
17. **competence** - an income just sufficient to live on. Laura's father was not the eldest son and so did not inherit the family estates. Younger sons often sought careers in the army, as here, or the church.
18. French expressions are used for fashionable high society: **Bon ton**, the height of fashion, literally 'good taste', and **le Beau Monde**, the fashionable world, 'the beautiful world'.
19. **Oblivion's calm & silent shade** - retirement from society.
20. **elate** - elated.
21. **Neptunes sea green breast** - the ocean. Neptune was the Roman name for the god of the sea, called Poseidon by the Greeks.
22. **tinsel glare** - hollow attraction, i.e. of fashionable society, which may tempt a 'heedless Fair' (a careless or foolish young woman) out of her 'proper sphere' of domesticity.
23. **fond memento of each faded joy** - once again, the child is a token of the love (now faded because only a memory) between his parents. See note 15 above.
24. **roseate** - pink or rose-coloured.
25. **faithless surge** - treacherous wave.
26. **oft to his [ . . ] t'restrain** - the boy's mother asked his teacher, or 'Preceptor', to dissuade him from travelling and curb his 'roving tenor' (prevailing tendency to wander).
27. **aerial scheme** - dream, aerial - literally 'of the air', 'high-flown'.
28. **errant** - perhaps carrying several meanings: wandering, adventurous (as in 'knight errant') and erring (mistaken or turning aside from the correct path).
29. **Courts or Camps** - stock expression for the monarch's service, or state ministries, and the military - hence public life, **laurell'd shades** - more retired occupation, with its own 'laurels' or rewards for effort.
30. **His Tutor and Eugenio's [ . . ] filial love** (9 lines) - Laura's brother and Eugenio shared the same tutor. Their parents wished them to be taught privately at home, because, while wanting them to have a classical education, they feared that attendance at boarding school might contaminate them (through false 'Science' or knowledge and introduction to vice), and distance them from their parents. **ductile** - soft and pliable, therefore susceptible. **the Academic Grove** - a term derived from the olive grove in Athens, known as The Academy, where Plato taught philosophy to his students. **haply** - perhaps.
31. **hoary hairs** - hairs grey or white with age.
32. **eccentric genius** - odd or wayward spirit.
33. **roving thots.** - 'thots.' is manuscript abbreviation of 'thoughts'. The young man's thoughts are of roving, travelling.
34. Thomson, *The Seasons*, 'Autumn', 249-50, Palemon speaking of the withdrawal from the world of Lavinia and her mother - 'Far from those scenes which knew their better days,/His aged widow and his daughter live'. Lydia, the name Mary first gives here for Laura's mother, may well have been her real name. Alfred may also have been the real name of her friend from her more comfortable past or, as the name of a famous English king, it could have been chosen to flatter this man who, it appears from the rest of the poem, was a British magnate of sorts.
35. **where Mersey rolls her Briny tide** - Liverpool, on the River Mersey.
36. **There [ . . ] board** (2 lines) - formerly (*erst*), the finest food (*choicest viands*) had been served at Alfred's table (board).
37. **menial train** - entourage of servants.

38. **Where loud rattans [. . .] liveries drest** - a 'rattan' was a loud, echoing sound. Here, 'loud rattans' - perhaps made by a musical instrument - herald the arrival of **purse-proud** (arrogantly wealthy) guests with their servants in ostentatious livery.
39. **insects of the day** - worthless hangers-on. An insect was a word used for an insignificant or despicable person (*OED*). (The *OED* also quotes Chalmers, *Posthumous Works* (1798): 'It is not for us, the frail insects of a day [. . .] to oppose the feeble powers of our reason to the wonders of Omnipotence'. The term 'insects of a day', as used by Chalmers, emphasises the insignificance of all humanity, and the brevity of human life.)
40. **syrens song** - In Greek myth, sirens were creatures, part bird and part woman, who lived on an island from where, by their bewitching song, they lured sea travellers to their deaths.
41. **Him Fortune [. . .] gales** (6 lines) - Fortune is personified as a goddess, rewarding Alfred's endeavours by loading his tall ships (**lofty barks**) with West Indian produce (**the gold of India**) and sending favourable weather to speed them on their trans-Atlantic journeys.
42. **lave** - wash.
43. **trophies** - probably referring to banners flying from Alfred's ships.
44. The point is being made that consumers of luxury goods often do not know, or care, that others may have suffered to obtain these goods. Thinking particularly, perhaps, of slavery.
45. **strow'd** - variant spelling of 'strew'd'.
46. **toilsome oar of gain** - metaphor for the work of accumulating wealth, an appropriate image given Alfred's shipping interests. (The hard labour of ancient galley slaves is the source of the expression 'chained to the oar'.)
47. **Aurora mounts her car on high** - in classical mythology, the goddess Aurora brought the dawn as she traversed the sky in her chariot.
48. **just gradations** - even stages.
49. **mellifluous** - figuratively, 'sweetly flowing', 'sweet as honey' (*OED*). Usually used to describe eloquent language, but here to create an evocative image of golden light pouring over the world.
50. **Campagne** - French for 'open country'.
51. **coursers** - fast horses.
52. **lucid tribute** - tears.
53. **plaints** - sorrowful complaints or appeals.
54. **fruitage cull'd with nicest care** - fruit and vegetables (the fruit of the earth) selected with the finest care.
55. **hospitable rite** - ritual or duty due to hospitality.
56. **Sol [. . .] Orient Plain** - the sun lights up the eastern horizon. **Sol** - classical personification of the sun.
57. **boding mind** - mind full of foreboding, fearful of future trouble.
58. **his lines her fears control** - his letters reassure her.
59. **deplore** - i.e. deplore the loss of.
60. **captiv'd** - made captive.
61. **Old Time the rising flame matured** - time, personified (as Old Father Time?), ripens their love.
62. **her new-made Parents eyes** - i.e. her new father-in-law's eyes.
63. **tenor** - direction or leaning. The notion of movement is picked up in the next line, when Laura's reciprocating feelings, or spirits, fly to join Eugenio's.
64. **Or warm effusions [. . .] doth oft inspire** - reference to poetry being produced for gain.
65. **Cits** - short form of 'citizens', became a nickname for city-dwellers, usually tradespeople or those who made their money from commerce.
66. **And Truth's [. . .] fiend aloof** - Eugenio and Laura's home is seen as a 'target' or centre suffused with Truth or virtue, therefore repelling evil.
67. **hied** - hurried.
68. **"the graces"** - the three daughters of Zeus, king of the gods. They were goddesses of grace, beauty and joy.
69. **noxious** - harmful, unwholesome.
70. **baneful** - poisonous.
71. **weal** - well-being.
72. **her niece** - Amanda.
73. **Soon, [. . .] was o'er** - soon formal pleasantries were over. 'Punctilio' was a word for empty etiquette.
74. **Her form [. . .] vacant mind;** - Nature is 'capricious' because it has given Amanda an attractive outward form that belies her inner shortcomings.
75. **her soul's uncultivated tenure** - Amanda's soul is visualised as space she holds but does not tend, so it falls prey to Vice.
76. **trophies** - spoils or gains (of folly). Figurative repetition of earlier use of this word - see note 43 above.
77. **the trembling chords assays** - Amanda plays the piano.
78. **By grateful change, to dissipate the spleen** - the spleen was a self-indulgent mood of peevishness or depression, to which women were believed to be particularly prone. **grateful** - pleasing.

## Mount Prospect and Hannah Pettigrew

The next two poems were written at Mount Prospect in August, the second giving the year as 1795. They were probably produced during the same visit. Mount Prospect is the name of a hamlet near Rathangan, in County Kildare. According to Mary's document about the Irish Rebellion, Joshua and Hannah Wilson lived there. They were threatened by rebels who would have killed Joshua but for his wife's intervention in standing between him and the gun - see Vol. 1, Prose, pp.160-67 (164-65). Joshua was the uncle of Dinah Wilson Goff, who wrote up her family's recollections of the 1798 rebellion. She tells us that events in Ireland made the Wilsons leave their home, where they had lived for forty years, for England, never to return. They moved to Taplow Hill near London, where George III paid them a visit to glean information on the rebellion and the Queen sought Hannah's advice when one of the princesses was ill. (See Goff, 'Divine Protection', in JMR [Jane Marion Richardson, formerly Wakefield], *Six Generations in Ireland* (1893), pp.113-14).

However, in these poems, Mount Prospect is the name of the house belonging to the uncle and aunt of Hannah Pettigrew, Mary's friend to whom the second poem is dedicated, rather than a hamlet or village. This is easily resolved. A Mount Prospect House still stands at Mount Prospect. For some years a stud farm has operated there, and the Georgian house, once almost derelict, has recently been completely restored. It is somewhat smaller than it was in Mary's day as the top floor was dismantled when the building was reroofed earlier this century. But some remains of the features she describes can still be traced. The gardens are partly terraced, one of the cottage-like extensions at either end of the house could once have been the 'moss arched shed' she mentions, many trees once existed in an upper garden near the house (possibly the grove she refers to) and, not too long ago, there was an orchard, though this is now gone.

There is some uncertainty about the identity of Hannah Pettigrew. The Pettigrews were a family of Dublin Quaker merchants, connected with banking families like the Dawsons and the Fades, but there is little mention of them in the Quaker birth, death and marriage registers. However, Hannah, the wife of Joshua Wilson of Mount Prospect, was a daughter of Joshua Strangman, of the merchant family that formed the Strangman, Courtney and Ridgway shipping partnership. Of his other daughters, Anne married James Forbes (these were the parents of Mary Birkett's close friend, Hannah Wilson Forbes) and Elizabeth married Robert Pettigrew in 1750. Hannah Pettigrew may have been a child of this marriage and therefore the niece of both Joshua and Hannah Wilson and James and Anne Forbes. Interestingly, her full name, or her initials - 'HP', are found beside notes made on the Forbes genealogical lists, in Webb's *Pedigrees* at Dublin Friends Historical Library, as if she were the source of the information given. Examples are a note of the bridesmen and bridesmaids present at the wedding of Hannah Wilson Forbes's sister Anne to Samuel Russell, and mention of a Charles Forbes of Cork marrying an Elizabeth Pettigrew in 1784, and their going to Jamaica. Some of this 'HP' information appears as late as 1819, giving the date of death of Hannah Wilson Forbes's brother, James.

### Subsidiary Note

#### Complex Family Trees - The 'Pettigrew Fragments'

Listed in the card index at Dublin Friends Historical Library as 'Pettigrew fragments' are some genealogical lists on scraps of paper, partially destroyed by fire. They show complex, and rather bewildering, links between the Strangman, Forbes and Pettigrew (or Petticrew) families. Apparently a Hannah, born 1693, daughter of John Hoope of Hoope Hill, Lurgan and his wife Ruth, née Webb, married John Petticrew in 1715. Her father married again after her mother's death and had two sons. One, James Hoope, married a Katherine Forbes, c. 1741-2. Katherine was aunt to Mary Birkett's friend Hannah Wilson Forbes. Meanwhile, John and Hannah Petticrew had three children, according to the lists. Their daughter Anne (1724-1814) married a Mellick[?] Samuel Strangman (date of marriage undecipherable), while their son Robert (1732-1787) married an Elizabeth Strangman in 1750 (the latter couple being the probable parents of Mary Birkett's friend Hannah Pettigrew, possibly named Hannah after her grandmother). The Strangman 'pedigrees' compiled by T. Webb show that Samuel was the

brother of wealthy merchant, Joshua Strangman, while Elizabeth was his daughter. So we have a Pettigrew sister and brother marrying a Strangman uncle and niece, respectively. Family relationships must have been terribly complicated! Some of the information in the fragments is initialled 'HP', though the handwriting looks modern. The fragments may have been gathered and copied from earlier records compiled by Mary's friend, Hannah Pettigrew. Another poem of Mary's, written in 1808, also mentions her - see p.413 in this volume.

## Mount Prospect 8th mo 22nd

---

Be tuned my harp! thou quivering lyre be strung  
 Mount Prospect wakes to sound the muses song  
 Yes! shall the muse obeisant to its call  
 In wild-wood accents<sup>1</sup> give her notes to fall  
 Rapt in the theme whose more than magic powers  
 From fancys garden culls the choicest flowers  
 Captives<sup>2</sup> each sense, gives each warm heart to glow  
 Till like yon smooth canal<sup>3</sup> our tranquil ideas flow  
 Wide o'er the plain & robed in virgin white<sup>4</sup>  
 Mount Prospect oft attracts the passing sight  
 Whose form high towering o'er th'enamell'd plain  
 Seems a proud monarch midst his menial train<sup>5</sup>  
 Low at the door whose portals oft extend  
 Prest[sic] by willing feet of many a friend  
 A mimic Eden<sup>6</sup> courts the florists eye.  
 Where midst the leaves young zephyrs<sup>7</sup> learn to sigh  
 Where richest flowers their blooming tints display  
 And warbling songsters hop from spray to spray  
 There clumps of fir in various forms are seen  
 To guard the great gate & protect the green  
 To point in language mute the gravel'd way  
 Whence upward oft untired my footsteps stray  
 The summit gain'd in natures wonders drest[sic]  
 A charming temple<sup>8</sup> allures my limbs to rest  
 Where shells the hand of elegance display  
 And on their polish'd fronts reflect the day  
 Where stones & fossils fix th'attracted sight  
 And all the rainbows glittering hues unite  
 Where too embosom'd in an artless case  
 A few choice authors this calm grotto grace  
 Whose modest merits unobtrusive rest  
 Till the eye drinks their thoughts & pours them o'er the breast  
 Awhile I sip their sweets, their beauteous taste  
 And my mind shares the intellectual feast  
 Not long I screen me from the blaze of noon  
 My friend light tripping checks my musing soon  
 With cheerful voice she calls me to the grove

Where many a Songster chirps his tale of love  
 There arm in arm with devious step<sup>9</sup> we tread  
 Near the green margin of each flowery bed  
 Explore each path, each winding maze pervade  
 Midst trees whose foliage, lend a grateful<sup>10</sup> shade  
 Whose wing'd inhabitants aloft in air  
 Their Mighty Makers wondrous praise declare  
 At length we rest beneath a moss arched shed<sup>11</sup>  
 Where mimic rocks hang tott'ring o'er our head  
 Where the blue seats invite our longer stay  
 And canes of India stand in nice array  
 There Contemplation heavenly maid resorts  
 Shuns the loud din of Cities, Camps or Courts<sup>12</sup>  
 Pours o'er the mind, true wisdoms heartfelt flow  
 And bids in Solitude her accents flow  
 Yes I have seen her as I chanced to stray  
 When sober eve was clad in mantle grey  
 Steal from the croud[sic] & Seek the lonely cell  
 And in the grove of Prospect love to dwell  
 Ascend we now the terrace, there the mind  
 A theme capacious as her thought, may find  
 O'er distant hills & fruitful valleys range  
 And mark the varying seasons as they change  
 Glance o'er the hills, which mellowing harvest browns  
 O'er scatter'd villages & neighbouring towns  
 Till the tired eye recalls its last desire  
 For charms may satiate, Beautys self will tire  
 And even in vain those short lived pleasures stay  
 Time mocks our grasp! & steals them all away  
 Not so the joys which flow from truths sublime  
 They triumph o'er the ravages of time  
 Stamp on the Soul the pledge of lasting peace  
 And bloom when these revolving seasons cease  
 All else must yield to fate - some future day  
 Even Prospects dome must moulder & decay  
 Not all its Beauties, all its charms can save  
 Thrones, Crowns & Empires, meet the silent grave  
 And sure if taste, confers immortal fame  
 A lasting monument that dome may claim  
 Where natures stores collected meet the eyes  
 And a rich museums glowing wonders rise  
 Where health & peace & elegance unite  
 To feast the fancy & attract the Sight  
 Long may it flourish, long may blooming fair  
 Reward its kind & generous owners care  
 Long may its fruits their annual vintage pour  
 And golden harvests, yield a plenteous store  
 Long may their kine a milky burthen yield<sup>13</sup>  
 And a rich carpet cloathe[sic] the verdant field  
 Long in Heavens gifts & in each other blest  
 Till like a Summers Eve, they glide to Endless rest



1. **wild-wood accents** - the song or voice of uncultivated nature. An old word for woodland (weald) came be confused with 'wild' meaning 'untamed'. Hence 'wild-wood'.
2. **Captives** - makes captive, captivates.
3. **yon smooth canal** - a branch of the Grand Canal, built in the eighteenth century to transport goods to and from Dublin, runs through Mount Prospect at Rathangan.
4. **robed in virgin white** - Mount Prospect House is still rendered white today.
5. **menial train** - entourage of followers or servants.
6. **a mimic Eden** - a garden so beautiful that it resembles the garden of Eden.
7. **zephyrs** - gentle winds or breezes. Zephyrus was the classical personification, or god, of the west wind.
8. **A charming temple** - Mary goes on to describe a 'temple', or 'grotto', which contained a small library. It was colourful, as it was lined with shells and fossils, mosaic-like, of different hues. Such structures, sometimes called shell houses or summerhouses, were very fashionable. Nothing remains of the one at Mount Prospect, but other examples survive, for instance, the shell house in Bushy Park, Dublin with its Gothic doors and windows. Though vandalised, the shell mosaics on the inside walls can still be seen in their intricate spiral patterns. A seventeenth-century one on an infinitely grander scale can be seen at Woburn Abbey in Bedfordshire. Designed by Inigo Jones, it is a grotto or loggia attached to the main house, originally open at the front so family and guests could breathe the fresh air. The walls and ceiling are inlaid with ormer shells, and the stonework intricately carved into patterns of seaweed and stalactites. Such grottoes often faced north, as the strong rays of the sun were considered harmful.
9. **with devious step** - walking in a meandering fashion.
10. **grateful** - pleasing.
11. **moss arched shed** - a 'shed' was a shelter, not a garden shed for storing tools. The roof would have been covered in moss. William and Dorothy Wordsworth made a 'Moss-hut' in the garden of Dove Cottage at Grasmere, and spent much time there in the summer. More 'folly-like', mock caves partially covered over with turf or moss were popular, and this structure at Mount Prospect may have been something similar. It has 'mimic' or imitation rocks hanging overhead, and contains blue seating. It is not quite clear what 'canes of India' means. Cane (stems of reeds or palms) could come from India (bamboo cane, rattan) or the West Indies, also known as India or the Indies at this time (sugar cane). Both can be used to make wickerwork furniture, or to form a decorative display.
12. **Cities, Camps or Courts** - stock expression for forms of public life: city life and commerce, the military, and the monarch's court, service or ministries of state.
13. **kine** - cattle; **burthen** - archaic form of 'burden'.

On 31 August 1795, Mary bid 'farewell' to Hannah Pettigrew (see headnote to poem above) and the joys of Mount Prospect.

## To H Pettigrew

---

Hannah let the muse impart  
 The feelings of a grateful heart  
 For grief does in her bosom dwell  
 To say that dismal word farewell  
 To leave these sweetly smiling plains  
 Where innocence unenvied reigns  
 Where guiltless pleasures still we find  
 Which never leave a Sting behind

For other than the Citys throng  
 The joys which court the muses song  
 Yes! oft shall memory true & kind  
 Present Mount Prospect to my mind  
 And oft in fancy shall I trace  
 Its native elegance & grace  
 The grove in whose sequester'd maze  
 My willing feet delighted strays  
 The moss roof'd bower,<sup>1</sup> the shady grove  
 Where many a warbler chaunts<sup>2</sup> its love  
 The terrace where our wandering Sight  
 May rove unwearied with delight  
 The cask<sup>3</sup> too, where as ancients tell  
 A surly sage was wont to dwell  
 The orchard in whose ample bound  
 Pomona<sup>4</sup> pours her fruits around  
 The meadows tip'd[sic] with golden grain  
 Whose fatness courts the labouring swain<sup>5</sup>  
 The shell house where the lucid ray  
 A thousand lovely tints display<sup>6</sup>  
 The drawing room whose every grace  
 My mental eye shall often trace  
 But most your forms shall bless my Sight  
 And shorten many a winters night  
 When wind & rain in tempests roll  
 And midnight thunders chill the Soull  
 Yes! oft with rapture will I dwell  
 On Virtues which I love so well  
 On little Anna's Smiling face  
 Where Nature opens every grace  
 Thy Uncles kindness too shall rest  
 The cherish'd inmate of my breast  
 And oft his honor'd spouse shall rise  
 And all her goodness meet my eyes  
 May Heaven its choicest gifts impart  
 And every blessing cheer their heart  
 Oh! may that Power with gracious ear  
 His humble suppliant deign to hear  
 With comfort crown thy peaceful life  
 Remote from guile, remote from strife  
 And fix Content – Seraphic<sup>7</sup> guest  
 The Constant inmate of thy breast  
 May these be yours, my hope shall be  
 That sometimes you will think of me

MB

Mount Prospect 8mo 31st 1795

1. moss roof'd bower - see note 11 to poem entitled, 'Mount Prospect 8th Mo 22nd' immediately above.  
 2. chaunts - sings or chants.

3. **cask** - probably meaning outer shell or case. This might refer to the ruins of a tower, once part of Offaly Castle (demolished in the 1950s), not far from the house.
4. **Pomona** - Roman goddess of fruit trees.
5. **Whose fatness courts the labouring swain** - the corn, grown fat and ripe, seems to offer itself, ready for harvesting, to the country labourer.
6. **The shell house [. . .] tints display** - see note 8 to poem entitled 'Mount Prospect 8th Mo 22nd', immediately above.
7. **seraphic** - like seraphs, 'one of the highest order of the ninefold celestial hierarchy gifted especially with love and associated with light, ardour, and purity' (*OED*).

This poem bears a date of 14 August, but no year is given. It is situated in the manuscript collection with poems written on the visit to England in 1794, immediately after 'To Lydia Harrison' (see p.229 above). The 'loved girl' addressed, then, could be Lydia. However, Mary left London in June of that year to stay with relatives in the north, at Kendal and Warrington. It is unlikely she returned to London afterwards, far more likely that she embarked for Ireland from Liverpool as she had done in 1789 (see 'Liverpool [-] To the Memory of an Uncle', p.68 in this volume).

She did visit England again in 1797, however. There is just one entry in her spiritual autobiography from that time, written at Hampstead, and dated 31 August (see Vol.1, Prose, p.17). It is quite probable, then, that this poem was also composed in August 1797.

### To ----- London 8th mo 14th

---

Soft breathes the vernal gale,<sup>1</sup> the eye of day  
 Pours a rich lustre o'er the enamell'd green  
 Haste my loved girl & we'll together stray  
 Where no rude foot shall press the hallowed scene<sup>2</sup>

There will we musing mark each opening grove  
 The varied blessings so profusely given  
 Mid natures sweets the forming hand will trace  
 And lift our grateful hearts from Earth to Heaven

1. **vernal gale** - spring breeze.
2. **Where no [. . .] hallowed scene** – conventional imagery for a place of solitude, literally where no offending footsteps shall disturb a place so 'hallowed' or 'sacred'.

No dated poetry exists from 1796, and this is the only poem dated 1797, although the verses immediately above, written in London, may also belong to that year. As most of Mary's poems are expressive of her own experience, or relate to life events and relationships, it is probable that this one, too, arose from a particular occasion when pain was 'involuntarily' caused to a friend. A year earlier, in a journal entry dated '11th Mo 19th 1796', she had spoken of being 'forsaken', 'when the friend of my heart upbraideth me as the cruel cause of her extreme anxiety'.

### On causing anguish to a friend

---

Is there an anguish whose electric shock  
 Reverberates back from Soul to Soul? -  
 Whose chilling weight unnerves the human frame  
 And clogs the vital spring - whose ruthless venom  
 Infus'd in every pore, disseminates  
 Empoisoning as it glows, and gathering round  
 Dense vapours? is there such a grief as this  
 Can Death's cold hand create it? No its pain  
 Transcends ev'n the grim Monarch's!<sup>1</sup> it conveys  
 A sting most exquisitely keen -  
 Say, hast thou felt it? Tis the poignant woe  
 Of causing anguish to the friend you love  
 Involuntarily causing - Cease my pen  
 Not all the characters which language boasts  
 Can ever trace that suffering - !

Dublin 12 mo:23d 1797

1. the grim Monarch's! - i.e. Death's.

This is the first of the few poems that Mary dedicated to her husband Nathaniel Card, here still her future husband as they did not marry until 13 March 1801. They may well have known each other from childhood, as Nathaniel was her cousin. But he was not born a Quaker, being 'convinced', according to information given in the Card Family Bible, 'about the 23rd year of his age'. Born on 13 October 1776, he was almost two years younger than Mary and so would have been twenty-two years old when this poem was addressed to him.

Without knowing the context, which must to some extent reside in Mary and Nathaniel's relationship at this point, it is difficult to fathom the poem's meaning with precision. But it would seem to refer to the condition of the Quaker church at a time when there was much dissension within it between deists or liberals and the more orthodox, and when many individuals were abandoning their membership of the Society because of this. Other members were being lost through disownment for misdemeanours or 'marrying out'. In such a reading, 'th'Imperial Virgin' in this text is the Quaker Church, 'Her faithless lovers' those who are abandoning or destroying her. Nathaniel, on the other hand, was either soon to become, or in the process of becoming, a Friend - a process in which Mary was perhaps instrumental.

## To Nathl. Card

---

Dublin 1mo. 19th. 1799

Why hangs my harp on Jordan's flowery side<sup>1</sup>  
 As soft & slow, its hallow'd waters glide?  
 Why bound in silence every sacred voice  
 Whose lov'd vibrations bade our souls rejoice  
 Why droops the hand which mark'd even Canaan's Shore<sup>2</sup>  
 All cold and nerveless & delights no more?  
 Why cease the feet our longing eyes to grace  
 Which run with joy and fear the willing race  
 Ah wouldst thou know? then lift thy wond'ring eyes  
 Where low in dust th'Imperial Virgin lies<sup>3</sup>  
 Robb'd of her lustre of her crown bereft  
 Dimm'd her fine gold nor even her treasure left  
 Chas'd<sup>4</sup> the mild radiance of her dove-like eye  
 While shades of night, around her mantling<sup>5</sup> lie  
 And many a sigh that does in tumult roll  
 Bespeaks the anguish of her mourning soul  
 Lost too that smile whose lov'd & potent charm  
 Would oft the tigers fiercest rage disarm  
 For erst when Israel own'd her heav'n born sway<sup>6</sup>  
 Forth went the healing balm & all on earth obey  
 The harmless serpent learnt to wound no more  
 And the tam'd Lion ceas'd his awful roar  
 No hawk terrific fear'd the tuneful grove  
 For all was union harmony and love.  
 But now how chang'd the scene since proud & vain  
 Her faithless Lovers rose (an impious train)

Snatch'd the bright meed<sup>7</sup> which'd grac'd her beauteous brow  
 And fill'd with envy laid her honors low!  
 Then - weep ye Heavens, thou earth thy sackcloth<sup>8</sup> wear  
 Hurl'd from her sacred throne the mourning fair<sup>9</sup>  
 Loud heaves the heart which shares her secret woe  
 Each groan of anguish - sad reverse<sup>10</sup> to know  
 For now no more extends her wide domain  
 (Save where a few their ancient love retain)  
 No more her sceptre holds th'unrivall[']d sway,  
 Monarchs bow down & distant isles obey!  
 No more she bids sweet melody rebound  
 Nor every harp give forth its rapturous sound  
 While "peace on earth good will to Man'["]"<sup>11</sup> she sung  
 And the soft strain was pour'd from every tongue  
 No more th'aspiring youths around her wait  
 But her vain rivals mock her humbled state  
 "Rise from the dust"; they oft reproachful cry -  
 "Assert thy power & reign o'er earth & sky  
 "Avenge thee of the proud imperious foe  
 "Nor let his puny efforts lay thee low"<sup>12</sup>  
 Ah cease your vague reproofs the hour is nigh  
 When far away these hovering shades will fly  
 When Lyan[?]<sup>13</sup> from her lowly sea shall rise  
 And chase the tears of sorrow from our eyes<sup>14</sup>  
 Shall rise - renew'd in loveliness & power  
 To meet her souls belov'd - to meet & part no more  
 Oh when he comes who sole creates her joy  
 No tongue shall vex her nor no cares annoy  
 No weapon form'd against her shall endure  
 Safe in His presence - in his arm secure  
 Hasten O Lord this bright & glorious hour,  
 That all may own thy goodness & thy power ---

1. **Jordan's flowery side** - bank of the River Jordan in Israel.
2. **Canaan's Shore** - the holy or promised land, to which the hand no longer guides the way.
3. **Amos 5:2** - 'The Virgin of Israel is fallen; she shall no more rise: she is forsaken upon her land; there is none to raise her up.' Amos preached against the injustice of the Israelites, their oppression of the poor, faithlessness and insincerity despite apparent religious devotion. Justice and true worship, he asserted, are more pleasing to God than festivals and sacrifices. He goes on to say, after this particular quote, that those who cheat others of their rights are doomed to destruction, unless they come to the Lord and live.
4. **chas'd** - i.e. chased away.
5. **mantling** - covering, as with a cloak or mantle.
6. **For erst [. . .] heav'n born sway** - formerly, when Israel owned the rule of 'the Virgin'. This happy condition is then depicted in the next five lines, drawing on images from Isaiah of the new Jerusalem, or Kingdom of God. For example, Is 65:25 - 'The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock: and dust shall be the serpent's meat. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord.' See also Is 11:6-9.
7. **the bright meed** - probably a crown of laurel, the 'meed' or reward for victory.
8. **sackcloth** - traditional garb of mourning.
9. **the mourning fair** - the sorrowing beauty, i.e. the Imperial Virgin.
10. **sad reverse** - i.e. each sad reverse (of fortune).

11. Lk 2:14 - 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.' The words of the angels, spoken to the shepherds at Christ's birth.
12. "Rise from the dust" [. . .] lay thee low" (4 lines) - reminiscent of the jeering of those at the crucifixion who urged Christ, if He was indeed Son of God and King of Israel, to come down from the cross (Mt 27:39-44, Mk 15:29-32, Lk 23:35-37).
13. Lyan - possibly a misspelling of 'Syon'. 'L's and 'S's in manuscript are sometimes written similarly. Sion, or Zion, the mount on which the temple of Jerusalem stood, was a word often used to denote the church or the people of God. The church here is then traditionally configured as the beloved, or bride, of God or Christ.
14. Rev 21:4 - 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, [. . .]', at the coming of the new heaven and the new earth.

Mary's beloved friend from childhood, Hannah Wilson Forbes, married Thomas Reynolds (1761-1819) of Wallington in Surrey on 13 April 1798. The Reynolds family was involved in clothmaking and colouring. Thomas was the son of Foster Reynolds, a linen bleacher of Carshalton in Surrey, and his wife, Eliza. Tragically, Hannah died on 9 May 1799 only a month after giving birth to a child, Thomas Forbes Reynolds, on 8 April. The poem's title announces that Hannah was aged about thirty-one years on her death. In fact, born on 30 July 1768, she was less than three months away from her thirty-first birthday.

Sadly, considering the strength of Hannah's Quaker witness, her son, Thomas Forbes Reynolds, did not remain a Friend – he married outside the Society and was consequently disowned in May 1822. As an aside, it is interesting to note that he and his intended bride probably eloped, as Webb's *Pedigrees* record that the one son of Hannah and Thomas Reynolds married Fanny Daniel at Gretna Green in 1821.

(Information drawn from entries for Hannah Reynolds, née Wilson, and Thomas Reynolds in *Dictionary of Quaker Biography* and Webb's *Pedigrees*, Friends Historical Library, Dublin.)

### **Elegy ---**

**Occasioned by the deeply lamented death  
of my long-lov'd & truly amiable friend  
H W Reynolds,  
who departed this transitory life  
5th. mo: 9th. 1799.  
and who doubtless is entered into that  
endless Rest prepared for all the  
sincerely dedicated Followers of our  
Blessed Lord, and Saviour,  
Jesus Christ ---  
Aged about 31 years. married near 13 months.**

---

Oh thou whose wisdom guides the shaft of death  
Which rends the heart & steals the quivering breath  
Whose Name my Hannah's fervent soul ador'd  
And deeply prostrate trembled at thy word  
How hath she long'd to see thy glory shine  
That all whom thou hast form'd might still be thine  
How hath she long'd to comfort all who mourn<sup>1</sup>  
To bid the sinner to his God return  
To strengthen many an heart whose coward fear  
Would seek for Heav'n yet shun the conflict here  
Oh when thy mandate<sup>2</sup> Gracious Lord was known  
Which gave free access to thy sacred throne  
When thy blest spirit bade her accents flow  
And taught her breast with hallow[']d flame to glow  
How did she raise the sweet and sacred song  
While heavenly music dwelt upon her tongue



How did she lift the voice of suppliant pray'r  
 And for her brethren pour forth many a tear  
 Entreat that Aliens to thy secret[sic]<sup>3</sup> laws  
 Might come to know & spread thy blessed cause  
 Ah me! her sainted spirit hastes away  
 To realms of pure and everlasting day  
 Joins the rapt choir<sup>4</sup> her grateful song to pour  
 And make more perfect what was sweet before

Ah me! what anguish clothes my suppliant soul  
 As oer my mind past hours of friendship roll  
 When my vast loss in one great chasm I see  
 And think of all her tender care for me

Oh! I have heard her lift her voice on high  
 And call on him who form'd our sacred tie<sup>5</sup>  
 To pour his choicest blessings on my head  
 And feed my hungring[sic] soul with living bread<sup>6</sup>  
 "Guard her" she cried "& all her paths defend  
 "And bless in life and death bless my dear friend"\*<sup>7</sup>  
 As with a pen of brass thy words imprest[sic]  
 Thou much lov'd shade,<sup>8</sup> thy weeping Marys breast  
 There long thy sweet memorial shall remain  
 And thy sage counsel soothe my soul again  
 There let thy virtues let thy worth repose  
 For in my heart thy great example glows  
 Thy noble thought from low suspicion free  
 And meekly pitying those who injured thee  
 Thy universal love which long[']d to trace,  
 Thy makers image full on every face!  
 Thy faithful candour truth & love sincere  
 Which blam'd our faults yet would our weakness bear  
 Thy tender feeling for the houseless poor<sup>9</sup>  
 Who sought incessant (nor in vain) thy door  
 Oft hast thou led me to the haunts of woe  
 Where want and misery caus'd our tears to flow  
 Nor would thy generous hand withhold relief  
 While thy melodious accents cheer'd their grief  
 Thou bade their vague unchristian murmurs cease  
 And taught the way to gain Immortal peace!  
 Yes, I have heard thee many a woe beguile  
 And force even pale fac'd poverty to smile  
 Full well thou knew to succour and to bless  
 To heal the wounded mind & soothe distress  
 And many a naked cold & shivering form  
 Thy kind industrious hand would clothe & warm  
 Another Dorcas<sup>10</sup> still thy works we view  
 In morn & eve thy needle swiftly flew  
 While the rich treasures of thy cultur'd mind  
 Pour'd on our ear in Eloquence refin'd  
 Ah who like thee possess'd such matchless powers  
 To instruct and mend, yet charm the passing hours  
 To tell our faults yet more our love unite  
 And mingle just correction with delight

Oh! how my secret soul deplores thee gone  
 Long fast cemented were our hearts in one<sup>11</sup>  
 Thou early gone! a blest reward to share  
 And I full many a conflict left to bear  
 Thy journey o'er - thy toilsome labor done  
 With slow & painful steps I travel on  
 Thou - raised on high - thy Lord and King to see  
 While I in dust and ashes mourn for thee!

Father forgive these tears! tis Natures groan  
 My inmost soul resigns to thee thy own  
 And mid this wreck of joy - of pleasures gone  
 My humbled spirit cries "thy will be done" -<sup>12</sup>

Ah when I tread where Science learns to bloom  
 And opening knowledge spreads a sweet perfume  
 Where fostering care enriches Natures flowers  
 And many a child expands its mental pow'rs  
 Where dawning truth may light her sacred fire  
 Which clouds of darkness to their caves retire  
 How swift does thought its first commencement see  
 And fix thou dear benevolent friend on thee  
 Twas thine to weed & prune the mind of youth  
 And fix the seeds of Piety and Truth -  
 To train the infant soul for heav[']n & raise  
 An hedge to guard it thro' Lifes thorny maze<sup>13</sup>  
 Yet ah! thy new born babe shall never share  
 His darling mother's fond protecting care  
 Thy energy of soul shall never see  
 Nor - dear resemblance - learn to copy thee!  
 Nor may thy tender love its balm impart  
 To soothe thy faithful partners bleeding heart  
 Nor may thy doting parent cease to mourn  
 The link which bound her fast to earth is torn  
 No longer here those filial virtues bloom  
 Which cheer'd her passage to the silent tomb<sup>14</sup>  
 No more thy lov'd relations joy to see  
 The staff<sup>15</sup> of all their rising hopes in thee  
 No more thy ready hand our wants attend  
 Prompt to oblige & swift to please a friend  
 Oh! might we learn more calm resign'd to be  
 And singly dedicate our all like thee  
 Bear as thou bore with faith & patience still  
 Thy Great Creators just & holy will  
 Nor doubt his priviledge[sic] to claim his own  
 But meekly yield him up the precious loan  
 Then Oh! my long lov'd friend when Time is o'er  
 Then we shall meet & meet to part no more.

\* In a supplication when performing the family visit in company with  
 D Derby & R Young in the winter of 1798.<sup>16</sup>

1. Mt 5:4 - 'Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.'
2. **mandate** - command, here the inner command to minister. Speaking in ministry was considered an awesome charge laid upon the individual. It was believed that ministry should arise spontaneously from divine inspiration and not of the minister's own volition or self-will - thus the spirit of God 'bade' Hannah speak and 'taught her breast [. . .] to glow'.
3. **secret** - clearly written in manuscript but possibly copyist's error for 'sacred', which would seem more appropriate here. If 'secret', it describes religious knowledge currently concealed from those 'alien' to it.
4. **rapt choir** - angelic chorus. The addition of Hannah's voice perfects their song.
5. **our sacred tie** - the tie of friendship between Hannah and Mary.
6. **living bread** - spiritual sustenance.
7. Asterisk here refers us to a note appended to the poem in manuscript. See note 16 below.
8. **shade** - ghost or spirit.
9. **houseless poor** - stock poetic term for the homeless. Mary also refers twelve lines later to 'many a naked cold & shivering form'. See Oliver Goldsmith *The Deserted Village*, 325-26 - 'turn thine eyes/Where the poor, houseless, shivering female lies.' Shakespeare has King Lear address 'houseless poverty' in the storm on the heath, continuing: 'Poor naked wretches, [. . .]// How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,/ [. . .] defend you/ From seasons such as these?' (*King Lear*, III. 4. 28-32). Mary's deploys a direct quote from this speech ('Take physic, Pomp') in an earlier poem - see 'Written in the Ruins of Kendal Castle' (probable date 1789), note 4, p.66-67 in this volume.
10. **Dorcas** - Acts 9:36-43 tells of Tabitha (Dorcas, meaning 'a deer' in Greek) of Joppa who spent all her time helping the poor and needy. She died, but was raised to life by the apostle Peter. When he was first guided to her room, he was shown all the shirts and coats she had made. Later, Dorcas societies were ladies' associations connected with the church, set up to make clothes for the poor. Hence a 'dorcas basket' - a container of sewing materials for charitable needlework.
11. **Long fast cemented [. . .] in one** - Mary and Hannah had been intimate friends from at least 1787 when Mary first dedicated a poem to her.
12. Mt 6.10, Lk 11.2 - the Lord's Prayer.
13. **Ah when I tread [. . .] thorny maze** (12 lines) - may be referring to a school that Hannah Wilson Forbes was involved in, and possibly instrumental in founding, in which Mary continued to work after Hannah's marriage and subsequent death. (See 'To . . . on the School and Repository', pp.439 in this volume, and journal entries for '4th Mo 4th 1805', '5th Mo 23rd 1805' (where Mary says 'The School the precious legacy of dear H W F seems to prosper beneath mine hand'), and '5th Mo 31st 1805', in Vol. I, Prose. Also 'Progress of Infidelity' narrative, pp.21-28, note 10.) It could have been the General Daily Free School in St Catherine's Parish, Dublin, founded by Quakers for the children of poor Catholics, or a separate institution set up by Hannah Wilson Forbes. **science - knowledge**.
14. Hannah's mother, Anne Forbes, died only two years later, on 3 May 1801 (*Webb's Pedigrees*).
15. **staff** - support.
16. This note is appended to the poem in manuscript. The Quaker minister Deborah Darby, of the family of ironmasters at Coalbrookdale in Shropshire, and her companion, Rebecca Young, travelled in the ministry in Ireland between 18 September 1797 and 26 February 1798. They commenced in Northern Ireland but reached Dublin by 9 November. There they attended Meetings on the 12<sup>th</sup> November (Meath Street), the 19<sup>th</sup> (two Meetings), the 26<sup>th</sup> (Meath Street and Sycamore Alley, where Mary worshipped), and 4<sup>th</sup> December (Deborah reported the evening Meeting at Sycamore Alley as being 'large and solid'). In the week commencing 12<sup>th</sup> November they visited thirty-two families 'in which strength was afforded', and they conducted more family visits in the week commencing 19<sup>th</sup> November. After speaking at a weekday Meeting with William Savery, another well-known minister, on 6 December, Deborah attended other Meetings in Dublin during following days. They then left to travel widely in Southern Ireland, not returning until 25 February when they attended Meath Street once more and felt that 'the Clouds were gathering and that the trials of the faithful would yet increase'. This was, of course, the year that Friends were to experience conflict and distress in the deist controversy that divided the Society, and, nationally, during the Irish Rebellion. (Details of journey of Deborah Darby and Rebecca Young taken from Labouchere, *Deborah Darby*, pp.236-42.) It is likely that the Birketts were among the families visited between 12<sup>th</sup> and 26<sup>th</sup> November 1797 (the date given in Mary's appended note, 'the winter of 1798', might cover the winter 1797-8), and that Hannah Wilson Forbes accompanied Deborah Darby and Rebecca Young. The aim of family visits was to encourage spiritual growth, and they provided a more intimate and personal form of what Quakers now call 'worship-sharing' than could be achieved in Meeting. The minister would often counsel the family, or its members, and 'speaking to states' - ministry which, arising almost telepathically, spoke directly to the needs of particular individuals - often occurred. Those present also prayed aloud for one another, which is what Hannah appears to have done for Mary on this occasion.

**UNDATED POEMS**

**CONSIDERED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN**

**IN THE 1790s**

In late eighteenth-century Ireland, groups of 'young men about town' who adopted certain dandified forms of dress - for instance, be-ribboned hair - were known as Cherokees, after the Native American tribe of that name. Cherokee Indian warriors, of course, often wore elaborate feather headdresses and bodypaint. These Irish Cherokees, however, were most noted for their heavy drinking and riotous or loutish behaviour, one of their least endearing habits being to harass young women in public places. Hence Mary's poem is acutely ironic. One wonders how Mary's friend Hannah Wilson Forbes depicted these Cherokees in her painting.

In the manuscript collection, the poem is situated with material dated 1792.

**Inscription for a Painting  
of the Cherokees done by  
H - W - F**

---

Ireland! lo! thy noble youth  
Guardians of thy sacred truth  
O'er thy nation - these preside  
These thy sober councils guide  
Not Philips son o'erpower'd with wine  
Who thought his origin divine<sup>1</sup>  
Did e'er such scenes of havoc pass  
Or like thy heroes - war with - glass.<sup>2</sup>  
Long may Ireland flourish fair  
Led by such examples rare  
Such encouragers of trade  
Patterns - to the poor display'd  
Youth & beauty formed to please  
Ireland! boast thy - Cherokees

MB

1. **Philips son** - Alexander the Great (356-323 BC), son of Philip II of Macedonia. Alexander was renowned for heavy drinking, with his warriors and companions. He declared himself a divinity, it is said, after being informed by the oracle of Zeus Ammon at Siwah that he was the son of this god.
2. **Or like [. . .] glass** - possibly punning on 'glass': a drinking-vessel and the painting, reflecting the Cherokees as in a 'glass' or mirror. For a similar use of the word 'glass' in relation to a painting, see 'To H W Forbes 1787', p.37 in this volume.

These two word puzzles are situated, in manuscript, adjacent to poems dated 1792 and 1793 respectively. For ease of reference, they are placed together here.

The first is an enigma, or riddle.

## An Enigma

---

Three glasses of punch & a beautiful plant  
 What misers too often to mendicants grant  
 A teacup of porcelain, a maid of threescore  
 What bachelors seek for, what gluttons devour  
 A knife, a sea horse & the name of a play  
 Are express'd by a liquid in use every day  
 A liquid of value! which seldom is prized  
 Yet those who ne'er use it are mostly despised

A charade is a game in which the players must discover a word from clues which can be either written or acted, and can represent separate syllables or an entire word.

## A Charade

---

My first for med'cine used & found  
 In some lands only to abound  
 From distant countries oft is brought  
 And may longevity promote  
 My second is a colour gay  
 But what that colour - you must say  
 My tout's[?]<sup>1</sup> the misers constant care  
 To have - & me the ruin'd heir  
 With aching heart - & sorrow sad  
 Sincerely wishes that he had -

1. my tout's - probably 'my all's'. 'Tout' is French for 'all' - hence the last four lines of the verse may refer to the entire word to be discovered rather than a syllable.

These verses may have been written to accompany a gift Mary had fashioned for her friend Debby Watson, but it is possible that the poem itself is the 'gift of love/which for her my hands have wrought'. This may also be true of the poem following, dedicated to Hannah Wilson Forbes.

### To D W

Friendship bright celestial guest  
 Soother of each anxious care  
 Fly to Debby's gentle breast  
 Fly & place thy temple there

Thither bring this gift of love  
 Which for her my hands have wrought  
 Let it a memento prove  
 Oft to fix her absent thought

MB

### For H W F

---

Dear Girl this little tribute take  
 And prize it for the givers sake  
 Oh! may her friendship ever rest  
 The cherish'd inmate of thy breast

## To Him who wished for it

---

When mirth & festivity lead the gay hours  
 And the moments roll merrily on  
 When the pleasures of wine shew their lethargic powers  
 And time clasps his light wings & is gone

Tis then that the mind unaccustom'd to grief  
 Surrounds[ed?] with dangers appears  
 Tis then that forgetting that time is a thief  
 It gives to the future its cares

For what are the joys that from luxury flow  
 Says Solomon "Vanity all"<sup>1</sup>  
 And what are the pleasures that wine can bestow  
 But bubbles that burst as they fall

And what are th'enjoyments we wish so to gain  
 We taste them & lol they are gone  
 And nothing of all we possess will remain  
 But Virtue & Virtue alone

'Tis the Pilot<sup>2</sup> that guides us thro' life's stormy sea  
 Tis thro friends<sup>3</sup> that will never betray  
 Tis the refuge to which we in sorrow may flee  
 And inspires all around to be gay

I mean not a lesson - so pardon a muse  
 That never design'd to offend  
 She was asked for a strain which she could not refuse  
 And to him who desired it does send

MB

1. Ecc 1:2 - 'Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity.' A refrain throughout Ecclesiastes, the first verse of which announces it is 'the words of the Preacher, the son of David, King of Jerusalem' - i.e. King Solomon.
2. the Pilot - i.e. Virtue, as guide.
3. thro friends - possibly copyist's error. The line should probably read, "Tis the friend that will never betray'. See Thomson, *The Seasons*, 'Winter', 1039-41:

[. . .] Virtue sole survives -  
 Immortal, never-failing friend of man,  
 His guide to happiness on high.



## To ..... At Supper

---

Ah! \_\_\_\_\_ beware of the full flowing Glass  
 Which in circling rotation will speedily pass  
 Which when taken discreetly has power for to bless  
 But degrades all the faculties drunk to excess

## To .....

---

Ah! flattery like the Syrens Song<sup>1</sup>  
 Lulls the pleased ears & captures us in wrong  
 In me if any merit thou surveys  
 Not me but Him who made me claims the praise

1. **the Syrens Song** - in Greek myth, sirens were creatures, part bird and part woman, who lived on an island from where, by their bewitching song, they lured sea travellers to their deaths.

## On Sleep

---

Sweet Sleep! whose power can soothe the sorrowing breast  
 And lulls the anguish of the heart to rest  
 Descend propitious, here exert thy sway  
 Embrac'd by thee - my thoughts dissolve away.

This motto was written for a picture either of, or drawn by, Hannah Wilson Forbes.

### Motto for a drawing of H-W-F

---

In vain shall folly with insidious art  
 Spread all her charms to win the fair ones heart  
 While prudence fortifies her Soul within  
 And bids her spurn the transcient[sic] glare of Sin

### On Wit

---

Wit! dangerous power, so envied! so admired!  
 Whose brilliant charms so oft destructive prove  
 To thy possessor - who like a keen sword  
 With double edge, wounds whom it meets, thou meteor  
 Whose fiery glare attracts, we gaze, we watch<sup>1</sup>  
 Admire, but seldom love - thou diamond  
 That sharply cuts - yet still remains unhurt  
 We wish - but dread thee - knowing that all used  
 Thy force returns with added strength & wounds  
 Thy weak possessor - tho' when rightly used  
 Thy shining gifts - are gifts indeed - as when  
 They delicately lash the glare of vice  
 Strip folly of her bold allurements - hold  
 The faithful mirror up to affectation  
 Shew pride in all its littleness - or nip  
 The unfolding buds of habits nameless race<sup>2</sup>  
 Then glows thy lustre with redoubled grace  
 And only then - for when thy charming powers  
 To bodily infirmities descend  
 Or ridicule th'abortive child of nature<sup>3</sup>  
 Then art thou mean indeed - then thy sharp arrow  
 Strung in the bow of malice - by the hand  
 Of keen ill nature - quick retorts & springs  
 With vigour - to its owners envious breast  
 So Heaven ordains - when misapplied its gifts  
 A sure - a certain - punishment succeeds

1. Alexander Pope, *The Dunciad* (1742-43), IV. 633-34: 'Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires, / The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.'
2. **habits nameless race** - unmentionable practices, or vices, spawned by habit, or custom.
3. **th'abortive child of nature** - someone with a deformity.

This amusing recipe, or prescription, to aid recovery from disappointment in love resembles other such poems. See, for instance, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, 'Song', or 'A Receipt to Cure the Vapours' (1748), which wittily urges a grieving widow to overcome her melancholy by seeking the society of another 'pretty Fellow' as soon as possible. (Available in *Lady Mary Wortley Montagu: Essays and Poems and Simplicity, A Comedy*, ed. by Robert Halsband and Isobel Grundy (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1977; repr. 1993), pp.257-58.) Mary Birkett's tone, as one would expect, though comic, is much less frivolous and cynical than Montagu's. Nevertheless, the ending is so similar that one cannot help thinking she had read it:

Prithee hear him ev'ry Morning  
 At least an hour or two,  
 Once again at Nights returning,  
 I believe the Dose will do.

## A Recipe to cure Love

---

For you unhappy Nymphs & Swains<sup>1</sup>  
 Who caught in loves tyrannic chains  
 On whom hath disappointment shed  
 Her baneful<sup>2</sup> drops around your head  
 Roused to revenge! you wish to chide  
 The urchin<sup>3</sup> & confound his pride  
 For you I write - to soothe your sorrow  
 Begin - nor waver till tomorrow  
 Of resolution take two pound  
 For very needful twill be found  
 Next one pound of consideration  
 On each advantage of your station  
 To half a pound of just reflection  
 You surely can have no objection:  
 Of self conceit,<sup>4</sup> three ounces fill,  
 You wont[won't] find this a bitter pill.  
 Discretion too is necessary  
 Without it will your plan miscarry  
 Of absence mingle a large share  
 As much as ever you can bear  
 Five drachms<sup>5</sup> of patience must be found

And a large sprig of thyme<sup>6</sup> strew'd round  
 With these ingredients join'd must be  
 Some cheerful, gay society  
 The quota cannot be too great  
 But you must suit it to your state  
 Take every day a dose or two  
 And I'll engage the draught will do.

MB

1. **Nymphs and Swains** - young women and men (a conventional phrase in pastoral literature). **Nymphs** - minor female deities of the natural world, **Swains** - rustics or shepherds.
2. **baneful** - poisonous.
3. **The urchin** - Cupid, the god of love represented as a mischievous little boy, responsible for making people fall in love.
4. **self-conceit** - meaning self-esteem rather than an over-high opinion of oneself.
5. **drachms** - a drachm was an apothecaries', or chemists', measure (sixty minims or one eighth of a fluid ounce) or weight (sixty grains or one eighth of an ounce).
6. Thyme has an antiseptic quality.

Quakers, with their testimony to simplicity, and rejection of anything smacking of superstition or paganism (not celebrating Christmas or Easter, for instance), would not usually have taken part in activities to mark Halloween. Despite such strictures, however, this magical night and its associated rituals rooted in folk custom appealed to Mary as a theme. Unsurprisingly, as Halloween was celebrated with particular emphasis in Scotland, these were subjects treated by Robert Burns ('Halloween', 1785) and, in a form similar to Burns, also in Scottish dialect, by Janet Little. See 'Halloween' in *The Poetical Works of Janet Little, The Scotch Milkmaid* (Air: John and Peter Wilson, 1792). Like these poets, Mary describes the traditional rituals performed by young people seeking to know what the future holds in store regarding love and marriage. But, while 'lads and lasses' join in the lively games Burns and Little describe, Mary's Halloween gathering is one of 'village maids' alone.

The diction of her poem and its invisible spirits (particularly 'air light sylphs') presiding over activities, attending young maidens, and indulging in mischief, echo aspects of Alexander Pope's mock-epic, *The Rape of the Lock* (1712-1714). Pope's heroine, Belinda, has a 'guardian sylph' named Ariel whose task is to protect her honour and, like other sprites tending young women, ensure her dress receives proper attention. In mock epic, the characteristics of epic poetry (lengthy narrative, heroic couplets, elevated style) are used to tell a story of the commonplace to comic effect. In her light-hearted poem, Mary deploys some of these features - classical reference, for example - to portray the customs followed by village girls endeavouring to discover the true feelings of their lovers.

### \_\_\_\_\_ All hallows Eve \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Now slides down Heaven's blue vault the source of light  
 And Cynthia<sup>1</sup> ushers in this wondrous night  
 Strange Night! when as travellers tell the tale  
 No potent charms nor magic spells can fail<sup>2</sup>  
 For every vagrant spirit assumes new powers  
 And little fairies rule the mirthful hours  
 Swift thro' the air light sylphs<sup>3</sup> unconscious glide  
 Breathe o'er the potions & unseen preside  
 Inspire new games, the lovesick maid to cheer  
 And whisper secrets in her listening ear  
 Thus old Tradition hand[s] the record down  
 And annual custom stamps its high renown  
 What village maid, but must delight receive  
 When grave October leads forth Hallows Eve<sup>4</sup>  
 Which tho' still consecrate to pious rites  
 Promotes new pleasure & to mirth invites  
 Soon glows the room with artificial light  
 Closed are the sheets,<sup>5</sup> to hide the gloom of night  
 The blazing fire emits a cheerful beam  
 And on the polish'd hearth red sparkles gleam  
 The circle form'd, each soon assumes a place  
 And hope sits smiling on each youthful face  
 Lol now ripe apples crown the spacious board  
 And choicest filberts, for this evening stored<sup>6</sup>

Good cheer which prompts to mirth's effusive smile  
 Drives care, & does each interval beguile  
 With nimble fingers each a spell prepares<sup>7</sup>  
 T'explore the secrets of succeeding years  
 To read the dark mysterious doom of fate  
 The joys which court them or the woes which threat  
 All mark th'eventful signs & ponder well  
 What their good genius<sup>8</sup> does (invoked) fortell  
 If Hymen<sup>9</sup> wills their lot a wedded wife  
 Or if they spinsters are decreed for life  
 If want shall strew her thorns or wealth her flowers  
 Or if misfortune o'er them sternly lowers<sup>10</sup>  
 If true to promised faith, the absent<sup>11</sup> prove  
 Or if his bosom feel no constant love  
 These points discust[sic] joy lifts his wand on high  
 And mirth & pleasure dance in every eye  
 Save when to vex some proud or prudish fair<sup>12</sup>  
 An angry sprite<sup>13</sup> dissolves her hopes in air  
 Crushes in embryo, each fantastic bliss  
 And archly mocks, her ill disguised distress  
 A stately air does her whole form assume  
 And a forced smile betrays her inward gloom  
 Yet still she cries, she disregards th'event  
 For there's no truth in the experiment<sup>14</sup>  
 But soon the storm subsides within her breast  
 And in new sports she mingles with the rest  
 Lo! on the burning bars are now display'd<sup>15</sup>  
 (Emblem of hearts on Hymens altar laid)  
 Nuts side by side in equal order ranged  
 To evince their love, if wavering or unchanged  
 If wavering, soon a light uncertain glare  
 Just hovers round, then vanishes in air!  
 But if the inconstant seek with specious art  
 Fraudful to lure an unsuspecting heart  
 If 'neath the open brow or smooth disguise  
 Some lurking snare or baneful<sup>16</sup> secret lies  
 Then when the touchstone fires approach their prey  
 It shuns the test, loud cracks & jumps away  
 Not so when either glows with mutual flame  
 The same their wishes & their hopes the same  
 When with soft transport does each bosom glow  
 And theirs the raptures which from union flow  
 Then purest fires around their emblems play  
 And in one flame commutual<sup>17</sup> both consume away.  
 Now rise they curious from the social fire  
 What yet remains unknown would all enquire  
 All fain<sup>18</sup> would peep 'neath fates mysterious veil  
 And learn what Heaven in mercy would conceal  
 For this strange wits<sup>19</sup> they form, quaint methods bring  
 Some try the virtues of the wedding ring  
 Whose mystic powers in gentle sounds convey  
 What time each votary Hymens rites shall pay<sup>20</sup>

While others jocund, to light sports advance  
 Raise the loud laugh or form the sprightly dance  
 Attune to harmony the vocal lay  
 Or banish lassitude in active play  
 Glide round the room on many a mischief bent  
 Or puzzling strains enigmatic invent  
 Or sally forth their future name to hear  
 While oft harsh nicknames grate the listening ear  
 These & unnumber'd antic tricks beside  
 Till midnight mounts her throne, the time divide  
 Then when the clocks the hour of parting tell  
 E'er yet they bid the cheerful dome farewell  
 Eight hands, a potent spell in silence form  
 The visionary God of dreams to charm  
 Which when with care beneath the pillow laid  
 Her destined Bridegroom, sees each sleeping maid<sup>21</sup>  
 Then all retire new oracles<sup>22</sup> t'receive  
 And crown in Sleep, the joys of Hallows Eve

MB

1. **Cynthia** - name for Artemis or Diana, goddess of the moon, derived from her birthplace, Mount Cynthus.
2. **No potent charms [. . .] can fail** - traditionally, spells cast on All Hallows Eve will be successful.
3. **sylphs** - spirits of the air. As they are invisible, people are 'unconscious' of their presence.
4. **grave October leads forth Hallows Eve** because Halloween is the last day of October. It was 'consecrate to pious rites' as a day of fasting and vigil prior to the feast of All Saints Day on 1 November.
5. **sheets** - shutters.
6. **Filberts** (nuts from cultivated hazel trees, which ripen around St Philibert's Day on 20 August) and autumn apples were traditional Halloween fayre.
7. Spells for fortune-telling were customary at Halloween, and varied from region to region. Here, the nature of the spell is not explained, but see note 21 below.
8. **their good genious** - opposed spirits or angels (one good, one evil) were supposed to attend each person (OED).
9. **Hymen** - the god of marriage in classical mythology.
10. **lowers** - alternative form/spelling of 'lours', meaning 'frowns' or 'scowls'.
11. **the absent** - i.e. the maid's lover.
12. **proud or prudish fair** - a 'fair' was a beautiful young woman, but 'prudish' was an epithet reserved for one who, though perhaps just as concerned with her attire as a fashionably dressed 'belle', wore plainer clothes and maintained a distant manner, often holding men in disdain.
13. **sprite** - elf or fairy.
14. **she disregards th'event [. . .] experiment** - she ignores the result, i.e. of the game or spell, claiming it has no validity.
15. This custom features in the poems by Burns and Little. Burns explains in a footnote: 'Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire; and according as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the Courtship will be'. See Robert Burns, 'Halloween' (1785) in *Burns: Poems and Songs*, ed. by James Kinsley (London: Oxford University Press, 1969), pp.122-30 (p.124). Hence Mary calls the flames 'touchstone fires' (a touchstone was a rock of schist or jasper used for testing gold alloy). In northern England where Mary originated, Halloween was called 'Nut Crack Night'. There, as in Scotland, 'a youth and a maiden would put a nut each on the fire and thinking of the loved one repeat these lines: 'If he loves me pop and fly, if he hates me lie and die' (Jean Harrowven, *Origins of Festivals and Feasts* (Whitstable, Kent: Pryor, 1996), p. 88).
16. **baneful** - harmful.
17. **commutual** - mingled together.
18. **fain** - gladly.

19. **wits - stratagems.**
20. **What time each votary [. . .] shall pay** - the girls are thought of as votaries, or worshippers, at the shrine of Hymen, seeking to know when they will be wed. Their method, involving a wedding ring, is not explained.
21. **Eight hands, [. . .] sleeping maid** - it was believed that if a girl put a 'spell' under her pillow, usually a sprig of a certain plant such as sage, rosemary or yew, sometimes with other items, her future husband would appear in her dreams. In Derbyshire, for instance, the 'spell' was rosemary and a crooked sixpence. (Harrowven, *Origins of Festivals and Feasts*, p.87.)
22. **oracles - revelations.**



The male subject of this satire, with a ready propensity to censure others, particularly women, is given the pseudonym 'Fabricious'. Fabricius (full name Gaius Fabricius Luscinus), Consul of Rome in 282 and 278 BC, was 'a typical example of ancient Roman honesty, simplicity, and frugality. As censor in 275 he was distinguished for the severity with which he endeavoured to repress the growing tendency to luxury' (*Oxford Companion to English Literature*). He appears in Virgil's *Aeneid*, Dryden's translation (1697):

[. . .] Who can see,  
Without esteem for virtuous Poverty,  
Severe *Fabritius*, or can cease t'admire  
The Ploughman Consul in his Coarse Attire!

*Aeneid*, VI. 1160-63, in *The Poems of John Dryden*, ed. by James Kinsley, 4 vols (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1958), III, 1231.

James Thomson describes him as 'Fabricius, scorner of all conquering gold,' (*The Seasons* (1726-46), 'Winter', 511). There is no doubt, then, that Mary chose this name intentionally - Fabricious's severity, intolerance and lack of compassion are the key factors. And she strikes another satirical note in that, far from being indifferent to 'gold' like the Roman consul, her contemporary 'Fabricious' is a miser.

Fabricious's speech is usually indicated by speech marks at the start of each line spoken by him in the poem, although this practice is not consistently adhered to.

## A Satire

---

Fabricious full of his dear self behold  
Generous of talk, but sparing of his gold  
How fond he is of himself, his words how wise  
Where wanted least, uncourteous he'll advice[sic]<sup>1</sup>  
How wondrous steady is his stubborn mind  
He censures all[,] sure thats because he's kind  
Nor think thy virtues saves thee from his tongue  
He'll hide thy virtues, but expose where wrong  
"Man is of noble workmanship he'll say  
"And woman, worthless woman must obey  
Stop Friend - nor censure all our sex so free  
For we're as noble workmanship as thee  
Thy Stoic<sup>2</sup> heart I never could revere  
Which for misfortune Scorns to drop a tear  
"A tear! shall manly firmness stoop to cry  
"No let the wretches perish, let them die  
["]Nor of my firmness, you so lightly deem  
["]For those who do are unworthy my esteem  
- I do not wish in thy esteem to raise  
I know I ne'er was worthy of thy praise  
Why should I wish, what I shall never gain  
"Sure all the female sex are full of stain"

Therefore a Batchelor may'st thou ever be  
 Since "worthless woman" - is not - worthy thee  
 Why do I wonder that his railing<sup>3</sup> tongue  
 Exposes us to all[,] calls us wrong?  
 Since while to us another he'll defame  
 Perhaps to those he's snatching<sup>4</sup> our good name  
 Thy sex & ours as "fools & Idiots" be  
 But hold - a perfect masterpiece in thee  
 To children in particular a foe  
 A friend sincere & kind to none below  
 And oft - too oft - he'll sit whole nights & tell  
 His neighbours faults - he knows them all so well  
 But know Fabricious, tho' thy stubborn mind  
 A perfect hater is of woman kind  
 Altho' thy neighbours faults are very great  
 And even the best are subject to thy hate  
 Altho' thou still may right & perfect be  
 Is it a heavenly principle in thee?  
 To rail against thy friends, blame all thou sees  
 If just thy humour they dont chance to please  
 Is that the Example great Fabricious shews  
 To censure all, to laugh at others woes  
 And all our frailties to the world expose  
 Nor do I think it harm nor do I fear  
 To say "to misery I could drop a tear"<sup>5</sup>  
 I know thou thinks 'tis but a soft weak heart  
 That pity to another would impart  
 Fabricious['] spirit could not stoop so low  
 To listen to the piercing tale of woe  
 Or even to think the best of womankind  
 E'er worthy of his great his manly mind  
 - Yet tho' we poor degenerate creatures be  
 We will not deign e'er to be worthy thee  
 We'll neither fear thy tongue not yet thy rod  
 And only wish to gain the favor of Our God.

MB

1. **advice** - pronounced 'advise'.
2. Stoics, in the ancient world, attempted to cultivate indifference to suffering, and sublimate the emotions, as a means of achieving an inner freedom and attaining supreme virtue.
3. **railing** - mocking, ridiculing.
4. **snatching** - taking away.
5. "to misery I could drop a tear" - Thomas Gray, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard* (1751), in *The Poems of Gray, Collins, and Goldsmith*, ed. by Roger Lonsdale (London and Harlow: Longmans, Green, 1969), pp.103-41, line 123: 'He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,'.

Locketts containing a piece of one's hair, or that of a loved one, were frequently given as tokens of remembrance or friendship. This verse was written to accompany Mary's gift of a locket containing, it would seem, some of her own hair to Hannah Wilson Forbes.

The imagined 'speaker' of the poem is Mary's lock of hair, which once lay against her forehead but now yearns to find a new resting place close to Hannah's heart.

**To H. W. Forbes,  
with a Locket of her Hair**

---

Sweet Girl! oh may thy look benign,  
 Glance o'er this humble form of mine!  
 For lo! the pledge of love, I haste,  
 To bid thee sometimes trace the past  
 On Mary's brow, I wont to<sup>1</sup> rest,  
 Oh! deign to place me near thy breast;  
 I covet no conspicuous spot,  
 By all - but thee - unknown - forgot!  
 In brilliant hues, let others shine;  
 To feel thy genial warmth be mine.

1. wont to - was used to, accustomed to.

The title to this poem is somewhat enigmatic. Is the 'Response' purely to an internal prompting - a desire to record the joys of spiritual communion found in silent waiting which surpass any sensual or intellectual pleasures, or even those found in friendship or communion with others? Or was the poem perhaps written in 'response' to remarks made by another in conversation, or to a particular text?

## Response

---

Yes! not the highest joys of sense or mind  
 Can fill th'immortal soul! - her ardent thirst  
 Unsatisfied with all that Earth can give  
 Grasps far beyond this sublunary sphere<sup>1</sup>  
 Sweet is the softening link which friendship holds  
 And dear that mild that soul vibrating bond  
 Which links to man his fellow man & draws  
 Their hearts in unison! but sweeter far  
 The tie which holds us all to Christ & far  
 More dear the rapturous joy which waits the soul  
 Attentive on its God! not all the bliss  
 Which worlds could give to this are worth a name  
 Then when full Harmony - (not such as where  
 Surrounding myriads hymn Eternal praise<sup>2</sup>  
 But such as man even here was born to taste)  
 Salutes the silent Spirit! all is concord  
 And all soft unison! Prostrate the soul  
 Adores Redeeming Mercy! while its Lord  
 Delights to bless the humble contrite heart.  
 Ah me! why take the quill to touch this theme  
 A theme which they who feel alone can know  
 To those who feel it not, its inward peace  
 Seems as the tale of sensibility<sup>3</sup>  
 The bliss of friendship or the feast of mind  
 They credit neither. - Dull & rugged<sup>4</sup> hearts  
 Which only he who made can soften, may  
 His ray divine attract them - & for us  
 Who feel its power oh! may we feel its use  
 To cleanse to raise & dignify the soul -

1. Grasps far beyond this sublunary sphere - reaches far beyond this earth. sublunary - earthly, literally 'under the moon'.
2. where surrounding myriads hymn Eternal praise - Heaven, where myriads (tens of thousands) of angels sing constantly in praise of God.
3. as the tale of sensibility - the eighteenth-century cultivation of 'sensibility', a capacity for heightened feeling in compassion for others and in aesthetic taste, was increasingly coming to be viewed negatively, by some, as a form of self-indulgence in excessive or pretended feeling.
4. rugged - rough, uncultivated.

This is the first of several poems addressed to Debby Watson that consider Nature, or natural forms, as emblematic of spiritual meanings. Here, the 'pure', gently but constantly 'bubbling well', a natural rather than a man-made feature as it has a flowing stream, emblematises the 'joys' attained in tranquillity that prove eternal, because they arise from an ever-expanding source. In its emphasis on 'simplicity' and 'truth' (two key Quaker concepts),\* and on openness - a receptivity active in its exploration of Truth ('Be it ours to explore in the mind') yet quiescent in listening for the inner voice ('Be it ours to lie open and free') - it is highly representative of these poems. See: 'To D: Watson' (p.282), 'Summerville' (p.284), 'A Contemplative view of Nature' (p.286), 'To the Moon' (p.292), 'To D. Watson' (p.297). Like 'To D: Watson' and 'A Contemplative View of Nature', it was probably written at Summerville, the home of Debby and her family, at Clonmel, near Waterford. A 'murmuring brook' is mentioned in 'Summerville'.

\* See headnote to 'To a Friend', p.294.

## To Debby Watson, standing beside a beautiful well

---

Lov'd Debby this soft bubbling well,  
 That springs up so constant so pure;  
 In my bosom an emblem doth tell,  
 Of pleasures that ever endure.

May thy spirit thus tranquil, serene,  
 Be unmov'd by the torrents of life  
 And fragrant & fresh as the green  
 Be thy pleasures untainted with strife

May thy heart as transparent - as clear,  
 In simplicity still be array'd;  
 And truth that no covering need wear  
 Yet delights most to dwell in the shade

Ah: see, my dear girl as we stand,  
 How the still flowing waters remove  
 And still as the sources expand  
 How its stream does vehemently rove

Ah dear girl! it is thus that our joys  
 Flow along in the current of time  
 And not all the appearance of ease  
 Can abate of its movement sublime

Oh then be it ours to enjoy  
 The moments which rapidly flow  
 In pleasures that time can't annoy  
 And which no vexation may know

Be it ours to explore in the mind  
 All the embrio[sic]<sup>1</sup> of Judgment & Truth  
 The seeds of Religion to find  
 Which will ripen in age as in youth

Be it ours to lie open & free  
 As the face of this beautiful well  
 That what e'er in the centre may be,  
 The voice of monition<sup>2</sup> may tell!

Thus in spite of the current of time,  
 Our joys shall increase as they flow;  
 And in age more mature & sublime  
 No change, no disorder shall knowl-

1. **embrio** - embryo: early stage, yet to to be unfolded. As the elementary form of a plant contained in the seed, also links with 'seeds of Religion' in the following line.
2. **voice of monition** - Inner guide. The Inward Monitor was a Quaker term for the presence of God as guiding principle within the soul or self - we need to be open to its leadings.

Mary, the addressee of this verse, remains unidentified.

### [Untitled]

---

Lovely Mary blooming flower,  
 Learn to prize the passing hour!  
 Soon shall all thy charms expand,  
 May they crown the forming hand.<sup>1</sup>  
 Led by innocence and truth  
 Rever'd in age, belov'd in youth,  
 Thus thy blessings shall endure,  
 In every change of life secure!

1. **crown the forming hand** - honour God , as her creator.

## An Hymn

---

I will sing of the mercies of God,  
Of his goodness and love to my soul;  
I will bow to his chastizing rod,  
For Mercy presides o'er the whole!

Tho' sorrows encompass'd me round,  
And I on an ocean was tost[sic],  
Yet Mercy in God doth abound  
He suffer'd me not to be lost.

Creation assist me to praise  
A father, so tender, so dear,  
Ye Cattle, that quietly graze,  
Ye birds join your Melody clear!

But what is your melody clear,  
Compar'd to the sound of that voice  
Which causeth the mountains to fear,  
The valleys to sing and rejoice?

Thou sun in the firmament bright,  
Praise that being who bade thee to shine  
But darkness itself is thy light,  
Compar'd to his glory divine!

Ah! me, while thus faintly I sing,  
All Nature his Bounties proclaim;  
To his Altar an offering doth bring,  
And she sounds forth his wonderful name.

The beauty of the earth, of Nature fresh and still on the morning after a turbulent storm, prompts a desire to walk out with Debby Watson and share its joys. More importantly, it allows reflection on how human hearts and souls can grow under the guidance and influence of God who, like a gardener, tends us patiently and provides the nourishment necessary for our growth. The requirement laid upon us is that we accept His 'redeeming grace'.

### To D: Watson ---

---

Haste my lov'd girl the morning air is balm  
 Hush'd are the winds' rude voices - all is calm  
 The fructile<sup>1</sup> showers have ceased their wealth to pour,  
 And all the terrors of a storm are o'er:  
 Oh how I long with thee my friend to rove  
 O'er flowery lawns green fields or shady grove  
 With thee to mark each boon of parent earth,  
 The embryo plant emerging into birth,<sup>2</sup>  
 And from the polish'd mirror of the mind  
 Reflected fair my every thought to find  
 With thee to mark how every sap-ful[sic] tree  
 Displays its blossoms e'er the fruit we see,  
 And e'er the precious gift of heaven will rise  
 The blooming flower, the charming verdure dies<sup>3</sup>  
 With thee to mark the wise engrafting hand<sup>4</sup>  
 Which as with power does excellence command  
 How all things teach us when in peace impress'd  
 Our maker's Image fills our yielding breast  
 When soft and ductile as th'implanted clay<sup>5</sup>  
 Our hearts expand to his prolific ray  
 Nor prejudices, barren stones remain  
 To mar the produce of his Gospel rain<sup>6</sup>  
 When planted - & he never fails to wait  
 The moment happiest suited to our state  
 And fresh and green in natures wild we grow,  
 Nor aught beyond this mortal coil we know  
 Then comes redeeming grace th'ingrafted birth<sup>7</sup>  
 Which stamps at once our usefulness & worth  
 Yet long we rest, e'er budding verdure shew  
 If life or death in full dominion flow -  
 If death - and vain each effort of his love  
 Patient he waits a better time to prove  
 Till spring again reanimate the tree  
 And Grace redeeming offers mercy free:  
 If life - then with what care his tender hand  
 Prunes each luxuriance - bids each bough expand  
 Inclines each twig in loveliest form to bend -  
 Guards from all ills, & cares with joys doth blend



Now comes the time the all important time  
 (Alike the progress in each varying clime)  
 When the good gardener views the promised store  
 And peeps beneath the leaves for something more  
 Ah Debby words are leaves the fruit, the fruit,  
 Alone can flourish nourish'd from the root,<sup>8</sup>  
 Happy the blooming flowrets<sup>9</sup> meet his eye  
 Tis his to guard them from a northern sky:  
 Yet all his care and all his pains are vain,  
 If not in solid substance they remain:  
 If proud of beauty ruinous as fair  
 They stretch their little forms and rise in air  
 Then when rude thunders shake the spheres<sup>10</sup> around  
 Their charms abortive snap & press the ground  
 But if beneath the coarse enshrining brown<sup>11</sup>  
 They safe retire unenvious of renown  
 There find a shelter in the friendly shade,  
 Alike in storms or drought rest undismay'd  
 Then when the ripening Sun due warmth supplies  
 And all its beauties all its fragrance rise  
 And softening rains a kindly moisture shoot  
 To cheer the branches - feed the thirsty root:  
 Due warmth - yes, when to life our beings rose  
 Our mighty masters promis'd blessing flows  
 He spares no gift - no sun-shine, nor no show'r  
 Fruitful or barren, still doth mercies pour  
 And if in vain th'engrafting pruning hand  
 Charg'd with our own eternal loss we stand -  
 If wanting depth of root we prompt decay,  
 Or if too soon our opening fruits display  
 Alike he's[sic] is clear,<sup>12</sup> 'tis our's alone to efface  
 He quits us not 'till we repel his grace.

1. **fructile** - encouraging production of fruit.
2. **The embryo [. . .] into birth** - see note 1 of 'To Debby Watson, standing beside a beautiful well', pp.279-80 above.
3. **the charming verdure** - i.e. the blossoms or flowers which die and fall before a tree bears fruit.
4. **wise engrafting hand** - the gardener engrafts a section of one tree onto another to obtain the desired fruit. Similarly, we learn later in the poem, God implants His grace in human hearts.
5. **ductile as th'implanted clay** - encompassing the idea of clay impressed with a pattern or design, as in a seal, for example, as well as soil planted with seed. **ductile** - yielding.
6. **Gospel rain** - a frequently used metaphor in Quaker tracts and journals for the gospel message.
7. **the ingrafted birth** - see note 4 above.
8. **words are leaves [. . .]** - the leaves of a plant stand as a metaphor for words, which are signs merely - spiritual fruit can only thrive if nourished from a sound root within. A probable source for the image is Alexander Pope, *An Essay on Criticism* (1711), 309-10: 'Words are like Leaves; and where they most abound, / Much Fruit of Sense beneath is rarely found'. See also Mt 21:19 - Jesus, hungry, seeing 'a fig tree in the way, he came to it, and found nothing thereon, but leaves only, and said unto it, Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward for ever. And presently the fig tree withered away'.
9. **flowrets** - flowerets, or flowers.
10. **spheres** - the heavens.
11. **coarse enshrining brown** - the earth, which covers and protects the seed until summer arrives.
12. **he's is clear** - probably copyists error. Should read 'He [i.e. God] is clear'.

Summerville at Clonmel, near Waterford, was the home of Debby Watson and her family. This poem's concerns with the natural world as emblematic of the relationship between the human and divine are similar to other poems to Debby Watson probably written around the same time, also possibly at Summerville. (See particularly 'To Debby Watson, standing beside a beautiful well' and 'To D: Watson' above, and ensuing poem 'A Contemplative View of Nature'.) It is also, within the text, addressed to Debby, the 'lov'd girl'.

### Summerville ---

---

Sick of the City's din - the noise of arms<sup>1</sup>  
 And Traffic's toilsome tumult tir'd I turn  
 To gentler scenes - & seek a calm retreat  
 In thy soft shades all peaceful Summerville!  
 Ah me! not all the charms which art bestows  
 On Pageant pomp can dare to vie with thee:  
 Not all the splendour of a brilliant Court  
 Can rival nature - whether rising mount  
 Or fragrant mead salute our visual ray,  
 'Tis rapture all - in thee, sweet Summerville  
 The Muses woo to taste their charms & all  
 The soften'd flame Imagination boasts  
 Unites to gild the lay, the bleating flocks,  
 Which as they crop the verdant pasture, seem  
 In silent gratitude to speak his praise  
 Who call'd them forth to being loud & sweet  
 The wing'd musicians<sup>2</sup> hail the wonted lay  
 And celebrate his praises - every shrub  
 Which pours its fragrance on the balmy air  
 Diffusing health and joy springs at his word  
 And every loftier tree which rears its form  
 Majestic, deep and strong, declares the hand  
 Which bade it emblematic, rise & say,  
 That thus so deeply-rooted & so firm  
 To brave the storm of life & so unmov'd  
 With each assault that Truth is sure to meet  
 And yet so kind to spread the waving branch  
 And lodge the fairy footed train<sup>3</sup> - should man  
 Creation's crown & glory stand - an oak  
 Fast rooted in Religions sacred soil  
 Oh Summerville, if aught of outward scene  
 Of hill & dale, of mead or shady bow'r  
 Fair friendships lone recess, if murmuring brook  
 Or verdant mountain eminently high,<sup>4</sup>  
 Can minister to peace, then might thy charms  
 Unrivall'd soothe us to repose, but no -  
 Not even thy charms cou'd[sic] heal an aching mind

Alas! even they how transient! Oh lov'd girl  
 Be thine to seek more permanent delight,  
 And from these dear enjoyments oft to rise  
 In quest of those more lasting - may thy mind  
 A gentle inmate of the bower of bliss,  
 There take large draughts insatiate:<sup>5</sup> they alone  
 Who seek with ardent and expectant love,  
 The joys of Heaven shall taste them, & these groves  
 These blest retreats from all unquiet woe  
 May prove as letters in our infant schools,  
 The footstool of all science<sup>6</sup> - they shall point  
 Thy artless mind to never-ending shores,  
 Where the rose blooms without a thorn & where  
 Soft extacy[sic] entails no sting! Ah me!  
 May these delights be ours! ---

1. **arms - soldiery.** Possibly referring to military exercises in Dublin. In the years running up to the 1798 rebellion in Ireland, the military was kept in readiness.
2. **wing'd musicians** - poetic expression for birds.
3. **fairy footed train** - another poetic expression for birds.
4. **friendships lone recess** - possibly 'the greenwood shade/'For talking age & whispering lovers made'" referred to in 'A Contemplative view of Nature', p.286-91 (p.287); **murmuring brook** - possibly the well in 'To Debby Watson, standing beside a beautiful well', p.279, and the stream in 'A Contemplative View of Nature'; **verdant mountain** - the mountains are called upon in 'To D. W' written at Summerville, p.291.
5. **insatiate** - without being satiated.
6. **Just as learning the alphabet, and thus to read and write, provides the basis for science (academic knowledge), so the natural world, and the joy taken in it, prepares the mind to receive spiritual knowledge.**

## A Contemplative View of Nature

The complexity of this poem, also probably written at Summerville, and its intertextuality (it draws on texts by major eighteenth-century poets, Goldsmith and Pope, and appears to criticise the philosophy of John Locke), necessitates some explanation of its ideas in relation to these other texts.

Urging her friend Debby to hasten with her 'to the greenwood shade', Mary quotes from Oliver Goldsmith's famous poem, *The Deserted Village* (1770), to stress the opportunity for reciprocity - for sharing ideas and feelings - afforded by the wood's seclusion. This also highlights the intimacy of the girls' relationship - the 'greenwood shade', like Goldsmith's seats under the hawthorn bush, seems designed for lovers. The emphasis that follows, however, is on friendship as a tutor, schooling the heart in sympathy, an idea leading on to an image of Nature as a particular kind of teacher - a book to be read in which each natural form is emblematic of a spiritual dimension. This Book of Nature is seen as a way through to God, its author (line 18). Here Mary echoes lines from Pope's *Essay on Man* (1733-34) and the same concept (of Nature as a route to its First Cause) is found in his *Dunciad* (1742-43) (see note 5 below). Mary says this path is 'rarely trod' and that it 'masks' God. To follow the path is, by implication, to penetrate the mask, and this is done by reading, or interpreting, its signs, and by a surrender to feeling, to an appreciation of each aspect of the natural world, to the extent that conscious thought and sense are absorbed and the self experiences a unity with Nature in a space beyond language (lines 19-24). Such mystical knowledge and experience, grounded in feeling, is seen as the only true source of 'irradiate [revealing] light' which cannot be obtained through 'the joys of wit and sense' (reason, the intellect or senses).

A major theme is the elevation of feeling over reason as a means to spiritual insight and moral growth. When Mary specifically asks Debby not to speak '[. . .] of the moral sage/[. . .]/Who but of reason or of duty tells,/How virtue instinct - man the brute excels' (lines 73-76), the 'sage' in mind is almost certainly John Locke (1632-1704). In *An Essay concerning Human Understanding* (1690), and other writings, Locke asserts the primacy of reason as the 'faculty' that separates man from 'beasts' or 'brutes' (see note 17 below). Morality and religious belief arise out of obedience to what he calls 'the law of reason', or 'nature', which enjoins duties upon us, clearly discernable when we use 'the light of reason'. As John Yolton explains, for Locke reason is a 'natural' faculty, dormant until developed through education, but once developed, this 'light of reason' is capable of recognising truths, including moral and religious ones, which Locke believed were universally self-evident. It thus constitutes a form of 'natural revelation'. Through it we 'know', by the need for a First Cause, that there is a God and can ascertain His rules for living. For Locke, 'Reason is the voice of God in man' (John W. Yolton, *Locke: An Introduction* (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1985), p.35). The variance between this purely logical approach and the Quaker concept of 'the Inner Light', the voice of God within each person, as the *felt, individual and experiential* source of spiritual verification and moral guidance, is clear. Locke attacks religious 'enthusiasm', 'which, laying by reason, would set up revelation without it; whereby in effect it takes away both reason and revelation, and substitutes in the room of it the ungrounded fancies of a man's own brain' (John Locke, *An Essay Concerning Human Understanding* (London: Ward, Lock, [n.d.]), IV. XIX. 3). And he is wary of those who claim 'immediate intercourse with the Deity, and frequent communications from the Divine Spirit' (*Essay*, IV. XIX. 5). The Quakers of his day would have been a prime example. Locke's empirical outlook meant that he believed all knowledge to come through reason and sense experience, seeing truth as something only to be discovered through evidence (*Essay*, IV. XIX. 1).

Whereas Locke emphasises the gulf separating men from 'beasts' by extolling human reason and, through his empiricism, man's dominion over nature, Pope, in *An Essay on Man*, sees him as a creature, 'In doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast', whose rationality is suspect, 'reas'ning but to err' (Epist. II. 8-10). Man must learn humbly to accept his own frailties and his natural place in the order of creation - 'Know then thyself, presume not God to scan' (Epist. II. 1) - and diminish his 'self-love'. He is 'to find his happiness [. . .] not in expansion and conquest but in the contraction that opens out in turn as love rather than possession, admitting all creatures into the spreading circle of one's love'. (*The Restoration and the Eighteenth*

*Century*, ed. by Martin Price, p.345.) Mary resembles Pope in this emphasis on love. In this poem, she regards the revelation and morality arrived at by philosophers like Locke as merely an outer covering, 'the bark', concealing the 'sap' that alone can really nourish us - 'love divine', rooted in the 'life divine' (lines 77-84). Love therefore, not reason, is from where 'every moral virtue takes its rise', and these virtues are but an outward sign of root in the divine life (90-91). Truths and, subverting the language of empirical evidence, their supporting 'corollaries', also flow from this source (87-88). Revelation is obtained only through a personal response, here initially to Nature, which, unlike eloquent words, is devoid of artifice and speaks directly to the heart (33-34).

## A Contemplative view of Nature

---

Soft is the breath of morn, the air serene,  
 And days bright orb illumines the verdant scene,  
 Come Debby, haste we to the greenwood shade  
 "For talking age & whispering lovers made".<sup>1</sup>  
 There let the full communication flow,  
 And there let friendship teach our hearts to glow  
 Our tongues loquacious form the lengthening tale  
 And all the force of sympathy prevail.  
 Haste thee, dear girl, for much I long to look  
 How each young pupil learns in Nature's book [10]  
 How each fair form<sup>2</sup> analogous doth rise,  
 And point our mounting spirits to the skies;  
 And not a plant a blade a shrub appears  
 But sacred emblem some just semblance<sup>3</sup> wears:  
 Ah! Debby, not the joys of wit and sense  
 Can to our mind irradiate light<sup>4</sup> dispense  
 'Tis but alone that path so rarely trod  
 Which masks in Nature's volume Nature's God;<sup>5</sup>  
 Feels the full force of every gracious boon  
 In nights pale hovering - or the blaze of noon [20]  
 Charms every thought & does each sense absorb  
 And bids us move harmonious like yon orb  
 Ah! me, no language clothes my ardent mind  
 Lost in the throng which memory ne'er defined  
 'Tis but the soft responsive voice of soul,  
 That meets its fellow voice & animates the whole  
 This can alone our ardent hearts express  
 And cloath[sic] our ideas in unborrow'd dress<sup>6</sup>  
 Hist!<sup>7</sup> - for the wing'd musicians pour the lay  
 And hop with fairy foot from spray to spray [30]  
 Or perch on verdant bough to chaunt<sup>8</sup> the song  
 Which echoes soft these wedded trees<sup>9</sup> among  
 All Nature smiles; for Nature void of art  
 Speaks the unvarnished language of the heart

No grace of fiction charms the listening ear  
 Tis truth for ah the Lord of Truth is here  
 Breaths not the air - his goodness pure & free  
 For what so pure, so calm, so good as he?  
 Bend not the yielding branches still to shew  
 The blest obedience we delight to owe [40]  
 Flows not the stream with rich salubrious draught  
 To mark the place with Shiloh's water fraught?<sup>10</sup>  
 And as its peaceful current flows along  
 To preach the graces Jordan's stream among!<sup>11</sup>  
 See Debby, all things teach us, all conspire  
 To fill our breasts with Zion's hallow'd fire -<sup>12</sup>  
 Say can we walk amidst the verdant shade  
 Nor bless the wise & gracious hand that made  
 Or can we like the Ox that crops his food,  
 And drinks the stream not know that God is good [50]  
 No - all things loudly preach; the falling shower  
 (That bids us seek a shelter from its power)  
 Gives to the earth its softning[sic] moisture first,  
 And bids each embrio seed<sup>13</sup> prolific burst  
 Thence o'er the soil it peeps its tender form  
 Shrinks from the fury of a passing storm;  
 But when does Sol<sup>14</sup> his healing influence shed  
 Its leaves expand, its ripening stalks are fed  
 So we dear girl - Repentance oft doth shower  
 Its healing drops & floods of anguish pour [60]  
 Yet in the inmost garden of the mind  
 The seed is nourished and to growth inclined  
 Now on the soil its rising head is found,  
 But its root deepens far beneath the ground  
 Just then if ought of storm or boisterous gale  
 (And these most surely will its form assail)  
 It shrinks retreating sighs for inward rest  
 And finds its safety in the Mothers breast<sup>15</sup>  
 But when the sun of righteousness<sup>16</sup> divine  
 Does with mild lustre o'er the trembler shine [70]  
 Then wide expands it to the breath of heaven  
 And joy & strength & nourishment are given  
 Tell me not, Debby, of the moral sage  
 Who gilds with graceful sounds the instructive page  
 Who but of reason or of duty tells,  
 How virtue instinct - man the brute excels<sup>17</sup>  
 Tis but the bark these moralists reveal'd  
 The sap, the juicy sap is all conceal'd  
 Tis love divine, each vigorous branch extends  
 Lifts with the gale and with the gale descends [80]  
 Or vain the puny efforts men display  
 To spread the verdant foliage rich & gay  
 Trust me dear girl, that where the virtues shine  
 The root, the living root, is life divine:  
 Else would the bloom luxuriant quickly fade  
 And soon its charms be wither'd and decay'd

Thence from their source unnumber'd truths will flow  
 And vast corollaries<sup>18</sup> all their lustre shew;  
 Thence full of sap our every act appears  
 And gives its ripening fruit to ripening years [90]  
 Thence every moral virtue takes its rise  
 And while it charms us points us to the skies<sup>19</sup>  
 Then bloom the branches eminently gay  
 Then leafy honours crown the bending spray:  
 All from the root proceeds - the sap divine  
 Stands with the stem & with the boughs recline  
 Thence honour, meekness, temperence[sic] duty spring  
 And love in melting accents learns to sing  
 Ah Debby these fair fruits can never grow,  
 Where the deep basis stands not firm below, [100]  
 Where many a sigh, where long & patient toil  
 Sought not the bosom of the parent soil  
 Crept with slow movement o'er the moisten'd ground  
 And safe from storms a long asylum found  
 Trace we this haughty weed[,]<sup>20</sup> it seems to say,  
 High o'er the groveling train I flourish gay  
 Proud of my hasty growth - while these remain  
 In idle nothingness - I grace the plain!  
 Ah cease! for immature thy branches grow,  
 No depth of root - no vigorous strength they know [110]  
 Soon shall that sun which wakes the flowers to birth  
 Dry parch and waste thee on thy parent earth  
 Tis thus it blooms amidst the heart's fair field  
 Nor strength nor sweetness health nor beauty yield  
 Tis thus tho' envy'd oft its towering lot  
 It falls at last unpitied, soon forgot:  
 For nought but love divine can aid impart,  
 To guard from heat or storm the ductile<sup>21</sup> heart  
 To feed & nourish as its beauties bloom,  
 And shed - thro' realms of bliss an endless [120]  
 sweet perfume ---

1. Oliver Goldsmith, *The Deserted Village* (1770), 13-14 - 'The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,/For talking age and whispering lovers made.' This spot is, perhaps, the 'shady bow'r/Fair friendships lone recess' referred to in 'Summerville', poem immediately above.
2. each fair form - i.e. in Nature, here each tree.
3. just semblance - exact resemblance.
4. irradiate light - revealing light.
5. Tis but alone [. . .] Nature's God - Alexander Pope, *An Essay on Man* (1733-34), Epist. IV. 331-32: 'Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,/But looks thro' Nature, up to Nature's God'. Also Pope, *The Dunciad* (1742-43), IV. 465-68 - the jibes of the 'gloomy Clerk' in the service of Dulness:

Let others creep by timid steps, and slow,  
 On plain Experience lay foundations low,  
 By common sense to common knowledge bred,  
 And last, to Nature's Cause thro' Nature led.

See also 'To a Friend', note 3, pp.294-96 in this volume. The expressions 'Nature's volume' and Nature's God' are also found in James Thomson's *The Seasons*, 'Summer': 192-93 - 'To me be Nature's volume broad displayed;/And to peruse its all-instructing page,' and 555 - where spirits unseen urge 'Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God'.

6. **unborrow'd dress** - i.e. our own experience, not the learning of others.
7. **Hist!** - an injunction to silence, so the song of birds, the 'wing'd musicians', can be heard.
8. **chaunt** - sing.
9. **wedded trees** - 'wedded' because their branches are intertwined. Possibly the 'verdant trees [. . .] /Whose boughs twine in union to form a thick shade' in 'To D.W', written at Summerville, poem immediately below.
10. This stream is, perhaps, the 'murmuring brook' in 'Summerville' (poem immediately above), and the subject of 'To Debby Watson, standing beside a beautiful well', p.279 above. **Shiloh's water** - Shiloh was the sacred site in Canaan, west of the River Jordan, where Joshua and Eleazar divided the Promised Land by lot among the seven tribes of Israel still landless (Josh 18). The Ark of the Covenant was kept there in the tabernacle.
11. **the graces Jordan's stream among** - referring to the gifts of God's grace, baptism being one. The River Jordan in Israel was the site of Christ's baptism by John. For Quakers, who do not practice outward sacraments, baptism is an inward grace of spiritual renewal. The stream's current is emblematic of this process. This genuine grace from God contrasts with the artificiality of the man-made 'grace of fiction' referred to nine lines previously.
12. **Zion's hallow'd fire** - sacred fire, or zeal, for the Kingdom of God. Mount Zion in Jerusalem was the hill on which the Temple stood.
13. **embryo seed** - see note 1 to 'To Debby Watson standing beside a beautiful well', pp.279-80 above.
14. **Sol** - classical personification of the sun.
15. **the Mothers breast** - the breast of Mother Earth.
16. **Mal 4:2** - speaking of the Day of Judgement, 'But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings'. A metaphor often used for Christ, punning on 'Son' (of God).
17. **the moral sage [. . .] brute excels** - almost certainly referring to the philosophy of John Locke. Locke states, 'the word "reason" [. . .] stands for a faculty in man; that faculty whereby man is supposed to be distinguished from beasts, and wherein it is evident he much surpasses them.' (*Essay IV. XVII. 1.*) Describing Locke's theories on moral education, John Yolton says:

To guide one's self by the law of nature and reason is not merely to live an orderly and virtuous life: it is to have the very essence of humanity. To turn the child 'loose to an unrestrain'd Liberty, before he has Reason to guide him, is not the allowing him the privilege of his Nature, to be free; but to thrust him out amongst Brutes, and abandon him to a state as wretched, and as much beneath that of a Man, as theirs' (*Two Treatises of Government, Second Treatise: 63*). Education literally humanizes the child by bringing him to reason and virtue, the defining marks of man. (Yolton, *Locke: An Introduction*, p.37.)

It is interesting to compare attitudes to repentance. Locke, in *The Reasonableness of Christianity* (1695), 'explains that repentance "does not consist in one single act of sorrow" but in obeying "the law of Christ, the remainder of our lives"' (p.105, in Yolton, p.81). Mary visualises repentance as 'watering' the 'seed' within, prompting 'anguish' yet 'healing' (lines 59-62). The image is not one of rigid obedience to a law, but of patient reception and response.

18. **corollaries** - supporting or additional truths.
19. **Moral virtues**, like the 'fair forms' in nature at the beginning of the poem, 'point us to the skies', being emblems, or manifestations, of something greater - their root is in the 'life divine' and virtuous actions arise out of the 'sap' of divine love.
20. **haughty weed** - perhaps a metaphor for rationalistic philosophies which, by asserting that religious truth can be reached solely through human reason, are guilty of pride. In such a reading, the weed grows quickly because it is easier to think logically in this way than to wait patiently for the action of divine love. The next few lines predict that the weed will soon be laid waste by the sun (seen note 16 above) and 'forgot', indicating that such man-made philosophies are but transient, their 'grace' or attractiveness only temporary. (See also note 11 above on 'grace of fiction' and 'the graces'.) In *The Dunciad*, Pope satirises, again through the words of the 'gloomy Clerk' serving the Goddess of Dulness, the reductionism and arrogance in attaching greatest primacy to Reason so that we become, 'Of nought so certain as our Reason still,/Of nought so doubtful as of Soul and Will' (IV. 481-82). Mary's 'haughty weed' (105) rather resembles the clerk who mocks those who 'creep by timid steps, and slow,' to learn through 'Nature' of 'Nature's Cause' (IV. 465-68).
21. **ductile** - yielding, tractable.



In bidding a 'reluctant adieu' to the place where she and Debby Watson have walked together, a special place where the trees' 'boughs twine in union to form a thick shade' (perhaps the trees described as 'wedded' in 'A Contemplative View of Nature' above), Mary seeks its aid in assuring Debby of the depth and constancy of her love.

## Summerville To D.W

---

As pensive and silent together we stray  
 Unmoved by each scene or the charms of the day  
 And boding[bidding?]<sup>1</sup> reluctant adieu to the place  
 Where the bliss of thy friendship I long to retrace;  
 I call to the mountains - the vallies[sic] - the mead  
 To bear in remembrance the hours that are fled  
 And yon verdant trees whose thick foliage display'd  
 Whose boughs twine in union to form a thick shade  
 Whose leaves so diffuse so resplendantly[sic] gay  
 Allure the sweet warblers to visit each spray  
 Sure ne'er can you fail to present to her view  
 The hours we have rambled, secluded by you  
 And Oh! ye musicians that chaunt<sup>2</sup> in the grove  
 If Debby's affection unkindly shall rove  
 Then deign to remind her how often we'd stand  
 Our arms haply<sup>3</sup> link'd & a book in our hand  
 To listen to you as you warbled your love  
 And to catch the soft echo which ran thro' the grove  
 Ye flow'rs whose luxuriance we oft have admir'd  
 And pluck'd of your fragrance in beauty attir'd  
 Oh tell her if ever her friendship shall range<sup>4</sup>  
 That my heartfelt attachment can ne'er know a change  
 But in vain, oh ye roses to you I apply  
 Your fragrance shall languish yr.<sup>5</sup> beauty shall die  
 Then be silent, ye flowers, lest my Debby shd.<sup>6</sup> say  
 That like you my affections will quickly decay  
 Ye mountains capacious on you I repose  
 Ye resemble the love in my bosom that glows  
 Do you to her mind the analogy give  
 That the half-drooping form of her friend may revive  
 And then when again I your scenes shall command  
 With pleasure redoubled my views will expand.

1. **boding** - written in manuscript, but probably a copyist's error. 'Bidding' fits the sense.

2. **chaunt** - chant or sing.

3. haply - perhaps.
4. range - wander.
5. yr. - abbreviation of 'your'.
6. shd. - abbreviation of 'should'.

This poem has been placed here because it is likely that it was written on return from a stay at Summerville (see the second verse) and so follows the previous poem.

## To the Moon

---

Fair Empress of the night, whose silver ray  
 Sheds a mild lustre o'er the face of night  
 Gives to a silent world a softer day  
 And stills each murmur in thy pensive light.<sup>1</sup>

Here as o'er Summerville thy peaceful orb  
 Illumes the lawn & sinks the distant scene,  
 In softest radiance[sic] does each tint absorb  
 And sheds thy lustre o'er th'ename[!]'d green

Oh Queen of Peace (for sure thy modest ray  
 Dispels each dark & charms each gloomy thought)  
 Be mine to wander on the devious way,<sup>2</sup>  
 Led by thine orb with sage instruction frau't[sic]<sup>3</sup>

Ah might I humbly imitate thy worth  
 Thy steadfast movement in the sphere divine<sup>4</sup>  
 Thy unassuming brightness beaming forth  
 And be thy pure, thy spotless clearness mine

And be this lore impress'd upon my soul  
 That as thy wane so shall thy fulness rise  
 That when afflictions waves shall o'er me roll,  
 With Hope deep anchor'd I may mark the skies

Thence drain instruction from thy silver ray,  
 And hope for calmer moments brighter hours  
 When in the grand, unclouded blaze of day  
 My mind renew'd shall feel her active powers

Thus Cynthia,<sup>5</sup> thou shalt teach me; thy sweet face  
Shall pour instruction on the opening mind  
Thus will I learn the hand divine to trace,  
And in his works the mighty master find -

1. **pensive light** - moonlight was considered conducive to contemplative thought.
2. **devious way** - expression for the meandering course of life, full of snares or pitfalls.
3. **frau't** - abbreviation of 'fraught', meaning 'stored'.
4. **the sphere divine** - the sky, or heavens.
5. **Cynthia** - name for Artemis or Diana, goddess of the moon, derived from the name of her legendary birthplace, Mount Cynthus.

Here Mary responds to some 'lines' written by 'a Friend' which have opened up 'new truths' to her. This may have been a fellow Quaker, perhaps an author or minister, rather than purely a personal friend, as Mary refers to their 'toils' as an 'instrument' in the cause of 'Truth', a concept of key significance for Quakers. It was important to witness to 'Truth', the actuality of the Spirit, by acting and living in one's faith. Here, 'Truth' is visualised shining from its 'throne', 'The spirit purified', effectively lighting up the world in which we live. The poem goes on to address Simplicity, another concept (in Quaker parlance, a 'testimony') that Friends embraced and attempted to witness to by a way of life devoid of luxury or unnecessary complexity. Simplicity is depicted as both originating in Truth and leading towards it. Beside expressing these Quaker concepts, the poem critiques religious creeds based on the blind acceptance of dogma set forth by an established priesthood. Such 'implicit faith' is a fiction (i.e. not faith at all), even 'unbelief', because it 'blindly throws a mantle o'er its eyes, / and pins its robe to priest-craft', relying on a set of tenets proposed by others rather than personal insight or experience. (The term 'implicit faith' appears in a section of *The Dunciad*, by Alexander Pope, that satirises philosophies seeking to replace traditional belief in a theistic God with more mechanistic views of the world based on human reason, including deism. See note 3 below.)

## To a Friend

---

As o'er thy lines mine eyes admiring glance  
 New truths unfold and each energetic<sup>1</sup> strain  
 Stamps on my mind its justice & its worth  
 Oh Truth! I love thee beaming from thy throne  
 (The spirit purified) thou shinest thou gild'st<sup>2</sup>  
 Our frozen hemisphere, where aught of thee  
 Fast lock'd in cold embrace of unbelief  
 Or rather (fictions name) implicit faith,<sup>3</sup>  
 Which blindly throws a mantle o'er its eyes,  
 And pins its robe to priest-craft art thou not  
 Like embryo beauties in the hidden seed,  
 Bound down in miry fetters?<sup>4</sup> scarce a ray  
 From heav'ns fair dome can pierce thy lone recess<sup>5</sup>  
 Oh for a key t'unloose these brazen<sup>6</sup> doors,  
 To burst the barriers of this dreary tomb,  
 And give thee room to vegetate - to bloom -  
 Oh for a guide to lead my devious<sup>7</sup> foot  
 Where rests thy gracious throne: nor vain I call,  
 For Providence and Nature amply join  
 To point simplicity, the Guide the Key!  
 Simplicity! what art thou? whence thy rise?  
 Methinks I've heard of thee - the world hath said  
 That fools and idiots nurse thee - but his tongue  
 Which never falsified, pronounced thee good!<sup>8</sup>  
 Then will I set my heart to search thy lore  
 A willing pupil - thou shalt lead to truth,  
 In all thy vast explorings - thou the stream  
 Which issues forth from Truth's unfailing source

Ah now I know thee - art thou not the voice  
 Which bids us stop our wild career? or rather  
 Thou like the friendly eye-lid guards the sight  
 Which else exposed to every passing breath  
 Would drop in tears of sorrow - thou the needle<sup>9</sup>  
 Which with unerring truth still clearly points  
 To the grand centre: - dearest loveliest flower  
 In Nature's garden! may thy charms be mine  
 Thy scent delicious whose pure fragrance gives  
 A vast disrelish to the fumes of art.<sup>10</sup>  
 And oh! my friend, on whose capacious mind  
 Irradiating Truths have beam'd, still guided by  
 The strong attraction - may'st thou safely tread  
 Where never foot of man explor'd - a wild  
 Where weeds and noxious plants their noxious bane<sup>11</sup>  
 In undisturbed tranquility, diffuse;  
 Yes let them all be rent away; the stones  
 And every hard relentless mass removed  
 That so the soil thus fitted by the plough  
 And many a furrow from th'industrious hand  
 (Mark'd in unerring wisdom) may receive  
 The seed of life - & not alone receive,  
 But yielding space to vegetate its fruit  
 In time appointed may reward thy toils,  
 Yes for the toils of all the instruments  
 Shall meet an ample crown for tho' on earth  
 But bonds and darkness may await our mind  
 Yet in the sweet approving smile of Truth  
 We rest as on an anchor - and the Hosts<sup>12</sup>  
 Oppress our progress, like a raging sea  
 Yet he who bounds the tides<sup>13</sup> can (when he please)  
 When our exhausted frame and sinking hands  
 Cry - "why hast thou forsaken me"<sup>14</sup> - just then  
 His voice immortal calms the gloomy air  
 And as he breaths sweet peace his mandate flows  
 Thus far - no farther - thy proud waves may roll!  
 Secure of this - will brave the rage of man  
 His sullen arm may lift th'impending stroke  
 But Providence averts the blow - His voice<sup>15</sup>  
 May pour its loud loquacious brood of threats  
 But even the air shall dissipate them. Why  
 Oh why should we distrust our God? his arm  
 Omnipotent, can never fail! His word  
 A strong munition<sup>16</sup> - yea a safe defence  
 In every cloudy day -!

1. **energetic** - displaying energy and vigour.

2. **gild'st** - the verb 'to gild', meaning to decorate with gold, hence to adorn or beautify, is here used to convey ideas of irradiation, colour and warmth.

3. **implicit faith** - see Alexander Pope, *The Dunciad* (1742-43), IV. 463-64, where the 'gloomy Clerk' serving the Goddess of Dulness is one who 'damns implicit faith, and holy lies,/Prompt to impose and fond to dogmatize'. Pope was satirising freethinkers who decried unthinking acceptance of belief systems based on authority and saw religious dogma as a set of lies perpetrated by priests, but were equally dogmatic in their rejection of formal religion and propensity to force their own rational systems on others.

Mary's familiarity with this section of *The Dunciad* is also indicated in 'A Contemplative view of Nature' (see p.286 in this volume). She shared Pope's lack of sympathy with solely rationalistic interpretations of the world. However, Pope was a Catholic, and in his *Dunciad* the scholars of Dulness are falsely 'set free' from 'Priest-craft' (IV. 499). Mary, on the other hand, as a Quaker, is highly critical of attachment to 'priestcraft'.

Pope's *Dunciad* may have suggested other ideas, or images. Mary's personification of Truth, like Pope's Goddess of Dulness (IV. 17-20), shines from a throne. Also see note 5 below.

4. **like embrio beauties [ . . . ] miry fetters** - Truth is compared to future blooms present in embrionic form in the seeds of plants, even when covered under the earth.
5. **thy lone recess** - at the end of *The Dunciad*, when the Goddess of Dulness triumphs and chaos darkens the world causing the demise of Religion and Morality, Pope urges we 'See skulking *Truth* to her old Cavern fled,/ Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head!' (IV. 641-42). This 'alludes to the saying of Democritus, that truth lay at the bottom of a deep well.' (Pope/Warburton notes quoted in *The Restoration and the Eighteenth Century*, ed. by Martin Price, p.412.)
6. **brazen** - made of brass.
7. **devious** - wayward, deviating from the right path.
8. **the world hath said [ . . . ] pronounced thee good!** - contrasting one meaning of 'simplicity' as 'stupidity', cultivated by 'fools and idiots', with 'simplicity' as a positive value. The 'tongue which never falsified' is Christ's. His advice not to worry about food or clothes, but to trust in God and be concerned for His Kingdom, may be relevant (Lk 12:22-31, Mt 6:25-34).
9. **needle** - i.e. the needle of a compass.
10. **fumes of art** - artifice or artificiality, seen as poisonous.
11. **noxious bane** - harmful poison.
12. **Hosts** - armies, i.e. of enemies.
13. **he who bounds the tides** - God, whose power controls the tides of the sea. Biblical instances include God's division of the Red Sea to allow the Israelites to escape the pursuing Egyptians (Ex.14:21-31), Christ walking on water (Mt 14:22-32, Mk 6:45-52, Jn 6:15-21) and calming the storm (Mk 4:35-41, Mt 8:23-27, Lk 8:22-25).
14. **Mt 27:46** - Christ's words on the cross.
15. **His voice** - i.e. man's, not God's.
16. **munition** - weapon, in a protective sense.

## To D. Watson

---

Abroad in the fields as in rapture I stray,  
 And inhale the sweet fragrance around,  
 Thy voice my lov'd girl, spreads with roses the way  
 And my heart thrills with joy at the sound

Methinks as we dwell on the scenes richly fraught  
 Which nature majestic has given  
 They detach us from all & our high swelling thought  
 With ecstasy rises to Heaven

Oh friendship what bliss can be purer than thine  
 Which earths baser pleasures ne'er know  
 When united in sentiment thus we entwine  
 And the heart pours its genuine flow

No guise no formality bids us to hide  
 What friendship bade us reveal  
 And in spite of pale envy or malice or pride  
 No feeling of love will conceal

And in the clear mirror the mirror of mind  
 We each speck shall reciprocal trace<sup>1</sup>  
 And aiding each other our errors to find  
 We shall grow at the footstool of Grace

We leave it to others most gravely to close  
 The free flowing folds of the heart  
 Be it ours every movement unfain'd[unfeigned] to disclose  
 And our faults as our worth to impart

Thus Debby as gliding thro' life's mazy way  
 All the blessings of friendship we'll prove  
 Expand all our boughs to the beams of the day  
 And time shall but ripen our love ---

1. Mt 7:3-5 – 'And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye [. . .] / [. . .] first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.' Mote - a dot or speck.

'D. W' is, of course, Debby Watson but 'J.H', also addressed in the poem following this one, has not been identified. The 'J' is not very clearly written in manuscript - it may be an 'S' as the capitals of both letters are written similarly.

**To D.W      & J.H  
on a late occasion.**

---

Low as in dust my humbled spirit bends  
 Most dearly I salute you much lov'd friends  
 And here as Jordans hallow'd waters<sup>1</sup> roll  
 With force resistless<sup>2</sup> o'er a willing soul  
 That soul the heavenly bond of union finds  
 And thrills with Joy to meet her kindred minds  
 Trust me, my friends (or rather trust that pow'r  
 Whose love incessant guards you every hour)  
 That when the lamb of God<sup>3</sup> appears to view  
 Th'unwearied enemy<sup>4</sup> is busy too:  
 Oft as a form of light his sly disguise  
 Eludes the search of our incautious eyes  
 But where his wily arts are subtly spread  
 The power of Truth's in brightest radiance[sic] shed  
 To this alone in every danger fly  
 Safe from the ravening wolf, the vultures eye<sup>5</sup>  
 For sure my friends the touchstone<sup>6</sup> & the test  
 Lie in the temple of a Christians breast:  
 Be then your care each word each act to weigh  
 In the just balance of the Sanctuary<sup>7</sup>  
 And there (let mortals dare to call it vain!)  
 The worth & value of each thought is seen  
 Here rest your firm dependance[sic]: here abide  
 And you shall know your monarch & your guide

1. as Jordans hallow'd waters roll - a metaphor for the action of the Spirit. John baptised those who repented their sins, and Christ himself, in the River Jordan in Israel.
2. force resistless - i.e. a force that cannot be resisted.
3. lamb of God - John the Baptist hailed Jesus as 'the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world' (Jn 1:29).
4. Th'unwearied enemy - Satan.
5. Job 28:7 - 'There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen.'
6. touchstone - stone of schist or jasper used to test gold alloy, therefore meaning criterion or test.
7. balance of the Sanctuary - literally, the scales on which donations given for the upkeep of the Hebrew sanctuary, or temple, were weighed. Offerings were given for various reasons, such as atonement for sins committed. Mary refers to the inner sanctum, the temple of the heart.



See headnote to poem above.

## To D.W & J.H

---

As here my friends I trace the pensive day  
 Which calm and silent bids me haste away  
 Th'oerwhelming[sic] tide of eddy thought gets free  
 Ah be remembrance dear & sometimes think of me  
 For sure your yielding spirits daily prove  
 The sweet renewings of redeeming love  
 Who feel him nearer than the vital air  
 Breath in his mercy bloom beneath his care  
 And as the lamb that gambols oer the mead  
 Joy in his sunshine in his presence feed  
 Oft as soft silence charms your tranquil soul  
 And Truth resistless<sup>1</sup> bids its torrent roll  
 When light impetuous fills the visual ray  
 Pervades your hearts & chases doubt away  
 Then let your heav'n directed views expand  
 See the white harvest court the reapers hand  
 And as you feel its sad neglected state,  
 Let prayers accepted rise to Zion's gate:<sup>2</sup>  
 Ah what avail the toilsome joys of earth  
 Its varnished pleasures or its tinsel'd<sup>3</sup> worth  
 Its soft abodes of Dalliance pav'd with woe  
 Which but too late its hapless victims know  
 When thus too poor too low to grace the wise  
 Oppress'd unnotic'd our Immanuel<sup>4</sup> lies  
 His lamb[-]like nature scorn'd his voice supprest[sic]  
 Amidst the tumults of a worldlings breast  
 Oh can we feel his living power arise  
 Nor raise to Heav'n our supplicating eyes  
 Forbid the thought - when Israel's seeds opprest[sic]<sup>5</sup>  
 No vague allurements glad the feeling breast  
 Be yours, be mine, our suppliant prayers to raise  
 Till he shall change them to the song of praise  
 Till as the waves with force impetuous roll  
 His name is echoed loud from pole to pole  
 Till every heart & every knee shall bow<sup>6</sup>  
 And the full tide of endless bliss o'erflow  
 Till not one thought one prejudice remain  
 To raise the mound or mar the work again  
 But all-united in the bond divine  
 Cling as the ivy does the oak entwine:  
 To him our sap our life our hope our friend

Whose breath supports us & whose arms defend  
 Till all each vail[sic] each covering rent away  
 Shall throng with rapture to the blaze of day  
 And as collected rays whose radiant force  
 More brilliant shine as near their parent source  
 So we in him & him alone can prove  
 A lasting friendship & an hallow'd love.

1. **Truth resistless** - i.e. Truth which cannot be resisted.
3. **Zion's gate** - the gate of Heaven. Mount Zion in Jerusalem was the hill on which the Temple stood.
3. **tinsel'd** - bright and appealing, but of no lasting value.
4. **Immanuel** - Hebrew, meaning 'God is with us'. Is 7:14 prophesies, 'Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel'.
5. **Israel's seeds opprest** - image drawn from the oppression of the descendants of Israel, or Jacob, when they were enslaved in Egypt (Exodus, Chapters 1-12).
6. Is 45:23 - 'That unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear', repeated in Rom 14:11. Also Phil 2:10-11 - 'That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow [. . .]'. Is 13:7 - 'Therefore shall all hands be faint, and every man's heart shall melt', on 'the day of the Lord' (v.6), may also be relevant.

## A Prayer.

---

Oh thou my Guardian Lord and King  
 My guide whose praise with joy I sing!  
 Lend now thy kind and gracious ear  
 And grant O Lord thy suppliants prayer  
 Give me O give my heart to prove  
 The inward guidance of thy love  
 Preserve me in the path of life  
 O'er hill or dale, in peace or strife  
 Be all my movements mark'd by thee  
 Be all from doubt from wavering free  
 Be on my soul thy seal imprest[sic]  
 Thy sacred voice compose<sup>1</sup> my breast  
 Then life or Death, then peace or war  
 Alike shall please, for nought I'll care

1. **compose** - settle or calm.

The next three poems are grouped together here as they each address God directly: as the Almighty, the Creator and the Deity respectively. They are also similar in theme and content. A dual theme they share is that of God as both the ultimate goal of all desire and a source of upholding support. 'An Address to the Almighty' calls on God as the 'sole object of my heart[']s desire' yet asks 'Give me to feel thee as an arm below'. In 'Address to the Creator', God is conceived as simultaneously caring for individuals and maintaining the universe ('Whose hand supports us & upholds the spheres'), while the speaker yearns for the satisfaction to be found in Him alone: 'Thee[,] thee and only thee I long to claim/Oh let thy fullness crown my vast desire'. 'To the Deity', again, calls on God as 'My Lord my Life my vast desire', referring to 'The pure delight' which only God can bestow, and ends by asserting that, when 'upheld' by Him, fear is banished or diminished. Many other points of similarity can be found, not least the emphasis, present in much of Mary's religious poetry, on the joys of mystical experience. In 'An Address to the Creator', she describes how the longing for this experience could overtake her even when she was intending to write poetry, so that 'Down sinks the quill, the sheet unspoiled lies' and every 'faculty' she would 'oft resign'. 'The charms of poetry' are an 'inferior bliss' - merely the babblings of a 'murmuring muse' - even if writing poetry is one way of attempting to express that experience, as the first two lines of 'To the Deity' confirm.

### An Address to the Almighty

---

Oh thou sole object of my hearts desire  
 Renew that heart and every thought inspire  
 Give me to feel thee as an arm below  
 Give me thy sweet & gracious voice to know  
 As from the couch of soft repose I rise  
 And shake the morning slumber from mine eyes  
 To thee my soul to thee my spirit turns  
 And with the lambent<sup>1</sup> flame my bosom burns  
 Oh why, best lov'd & permanent delight  
 Doth not my heart more intimate unite  
 Why is not every hour an hour of thee  
 From ought of taint or base pollution free  
 Why am I not more moulded in thy will  
 More fix'd more stable more resign'd more still  
 Ah cease not great Creator still to move  
 Till all my powers are swallowed up in love  
 Till not an idea actuates my breast  
 Save by thy word thy forming word imprest[sic]  
 Till not a sound my ready tongue reveals  
 But as thy spirit opes the sacred seals ---  
     Oh how my arms, my outstretch'd arms aspire  
 To reach the Heavens & grasp my full desire  
 Far, far from human frailties to remove  
 And, quench my thirst in thy redeeming love  
 Redeeming love what accents can we find  
 T'impress thy goodness on th[']immortal mind  
 None, none - thy pure thy gracious voice alone  
 Displays thy power & makes thy wonders known

All eloquent in speaking o'er the soul  
 Thou bid'st responsive tides harmonious roll  
 Absorbs the sense attracts the mental sight  
 And fills the whole with ever new delight  
 Not so when thou thy long'd for voice conceals  
 Nor ought of sunshine to my breast reveals  
 Alas, poor heart I languish faint & sigh  
 And (but for thy supporting arm) would die  
 All, all, a blank, no charm on earth I see  
 Creation pleases not I mourn for thee  
 And every tint in Nature's blooming dress  
 Does keener anguish on my mind impress  
 Oh what an aching void distracts the soul  
 What vast afflictions foaming billows roll<sup>2</sup>  
 What floods of tears what misery bows the head  
 When thy bright ray O sun of life is shed  
 But when once more thou gilds the inward sphere<sup>3</sup>  
 How blithe how happy all the powers appear  
 The flowers resume their sweetness all things please  
 And vocal music echoes thro' the trees  
 The drink we rapture<sup>4</sup> from the vernal gale<sup>5</sup>  
 Then sweetest slumbers o'er our rest prevail  
 For when from chains of death our thought is free  
 Creation charms and all is full of thee  
 So in a glass the full reflected light  
 Pours its vast atoms<sup>6</sup> o'er th'admiring sight  
 But if withdrawn the cheering light of day  
 What clouds of darkness dim the visual ray  
 The mingled forms in strange confusion blend  
 All chaos does its baleful influence lend  
 Till when the light again resumes its sway  
 And every shade is lost amid the blaze of day --

1. **lambent** - gently glowing.
2. The afflictions experienced when God's presence is withdrawn are pictured as tumultuous waves, in contrast to the 'harmonious roll' of 'responsive tides' experienced when His voice is heard (12 lines previously).
3. **gilds the inward sphere** - lights up and beautifies the inner life (as the sun does the outer world).
4. **rapture** - an odd use of this word as a verb instead of a noun.
5. **vernal gale** - spring breeze.
6. **atoms** - the tiny particles of dust suspended in the atmosphere, which can be seen in bright light. For further discussion of 'atoms' see 'Sun-rise', 1794, pp.234-35 in this volume, note 2.

See headnote to 'An Address to the Almighty', immediately above.

## Address to the Creator

---

Light of my life & of my soul<sup>1</sup>  
 Who guides the Lucid planets as they roll<sup>2</sup>  
 Whose breath illumines us and whose goodness cheers  
 Whose hand supports us & upholds the spheres<sup>3</sup>  
 Oh dost thy pure thy vivifying ray  
 And<sup>4</sup> make prolific even this mass of clay  
 Be all my powers, each look each word each thought  
 By thee directed and of thee be fraught<sup>5</sup>  
 Subdued and sanctified - no movement rise  
 To break the peace which thy sweet word supplies  
 Still may the soft harmonious current roll  
 And tides of ecstasy salute my soul  
 Still the blest music charm my mental ear  
 And tell to all my powers "tis thou art there"  
 Oh let, as now, thy soft and sacred fire  
 My breast illumin[e] & my heart inspire  
 Be all and every selfish care supprest[sic]  
 Thou thou alone my monarch & my guest  
 I ask no lot<sup>6</sup> no heritage no fame  
 Thee thee and only thee I long to claim  
 Oh let thy fullness crown my vast desire  
 And fill my spirit with thy hallow'd fire  
 Be all consum'd - yea all - what can I give  
 In thee I move in thee alone I live  
 ["]Oh come - the bride - come["] let thy spirit say  
 And chase all shadows with the blaze of day  
 I ask no halveling<sup>7</sup> share, thy whole be mine  
 Thine arm my succour & thy smile my shrine  
 Away with halves of morals and of sense  
 Thou thou alone canst quench the flame intense<sup>8</sup>  
 Ah when I court the charms of poetry<sup>9</sup>  
 My sick[e]ned spirit longs to rest in thee  
 Down sinks the quill, the sheet unspoiled lies  
 And heavenly brightness charms my ravish'd eyes  
 Absorps[absorbs] my ideas & my thoughts decline  
 And every faculty I oft resign  
 Naught naught but thee remains ah cease my heart  
 To covet strains where wisdom has no part  
 No bliss the murmuring muse can ever know  
 Like that of quiet peace 'tis heaven below  
 Tis the high anthem on an angels tongue

Tis the grand hymn by thronging seraphs sung  
 Tis that prolific word which form'd the whole  
 Which bade each planet in its orbit roll  
 Which each pure spirit drinks without alloy  
 And man even man was born for to enjoy  
 Ah give me, source of good, this ray divine  
 And each inferior bliss with transport I resign -

1. Space is left in the middle of the line, perhaps for word/words the copyist was unable to read and hoped to be able to insert at a later date.
2. **Lucid** - bright and shining, **roll** - turn on axis and/or orbit.
3. **the spheres** - heavenly spheres or planets.
4. **And** - perhaps added in error. The sense (that God's 'vivifying ray' or life-giving force makes 'this mass of clay' (the earth) 'prolific' or fertile) is improved, and the line scans better, if 'and' is omitted.
5. **fraught** - full.
6. **lot** - fortune, or portion in life.
7. **halveling** - half or partial.
8. **Away with [ . . ] flame intense** - 'morals' and 'sense' are regarded as insufficient (because grounded in human reason). They cannot offer the satisfaction the soul craves, which only the actual experience of God within can provide.
9. In the manuscript, 'poesy' is written in pencil above the word 'poetry'. So either the copyist or a later reader (the handwriting looks different, though with one word in pencil it is difficult to tell) felt that 'poesy' might be the correct word here. It would not scan so well, however.

See headnote to 'An Address to the Almighty', p.301 above.

## To the Deity

---

In what soft numbers<sup>1</sup> shall my heart get free  
 Great source of Being! when I think of thee!  
 When all thy boundless blessings o'er my soul  
 In one vast tide of Joys harmonious roll!  
 When all thy gifts and all thy favors move  
 My raptur'd heart to yield thee Love for Love  
 'Tis to thy presence gracious Lord I owe  
 The secret charm that sweetens all below  
 The pure delight which thou alone canst give  
 And the warm thrill which causes "Live to live"<sup>2</sup>  
 To thee the bliss which crowns my ardent glance  
 When my heart seeks thee in the wide expanse  
 Roves in soft extacy[sic] o'er Natures breast  
 And shouts triumphant in Existence blest!

Oh my lov'd Lord can earthly pleasures bind,  
 In ease inglorious an immortal mind?  
 Can social joys, which lead us up to thee  
 Detain our hearts nor leave our Spirits free  
 Oh no! the Soul which woos[sic] thy dear embrace  
 Soars unentangled thro the realms of space  
 And tho' on earth the fair external lies  
 On wings of faith the purer spirit flies  
 Tell me my Lord my Life my vast desire  
 When shall thy word my every power inspire  
 When shall the fog which shades my soul in night  
 Be all consum'd by thy superior light  
 When shall I feel thy fire in every vein  
 Rapture in anguish! Extacy[sic] in pain!  
 Oh Lord thy sacred judgments I adore  
 And my heart humbled learns to bless thee more  
 (Away with fear! no fear my breast may know  
 Upheld by thee, in sufferings Love can glow)<sup>3</sup>  
 Be then thy Life, thy Truth thy Judgments mine  
 And Fear and anxious care shall all decline --

1. **soft numbers** - smooth or gentle verses.

2. "Live to live" - possibly 'life to live' is intended.

3. **glow** - clearly written in manuscript, and this may be correct, but could be copyist's error for 'grow'.

## To him who said - "I pant for Solitude"

---

Yes, Solitude hath charms th'expanding mind  
 Turns from the world her purer joys to find  
 Her tranquil breast unbends our active powers  
 And the just tenor of the Soul restores!  
 'Tis sweet to rove with her when twilight Gray[grey]  
 Steals o'er the plain - or Cynthia's lucid ray<sup>1</sup>  
 Sheds a soft radiance o'er the spheres around<sup>2</sup>  
 Nor broke the solemn peace by aught of sound  
 Mark the blue sky with brilliant planets fraught  
 In all the luxury of lonely thought.  
 Dear is the hour when bursting from the crowd  
 We leave the vain, the vacant & the loud  
 Its wonted spring<sup>3</sup> to give th'elastic mind  
 And Contemplation's treasur'd stores to find  
 But sweeter far than mild and tranquil sky  
 When Night's rich glories sate th'admiring eye  
 To trace Creation's excellence confest[sic]  
 In its grand reservoir - the Human breast  
 And dearer than the lone and silent joy  
 When boundless Nature does our thoughts employ  
 Is the rich glancing of a friend's mild eye  
 Where sparkling wisdom does its beams supply  
 Accents which truth & judgment must approve  
 And sweetly falling from the lips we love  
 Blest interchange when thought & thought unite  
 And we in giving but receive Delight.

Ah! Solitude! not all thy charms impart  
 This warm & secret rapture to the heart  
 Not all thy magazine<sup>4</sup> of wealth may lend  
 Can vie with Heav'n's unrivalled boon - a friend  
 Will Solitudes lone pleasures cheer the heart  
 Which longs its vast sensations to impart  
 Or fill the wondrous chasm which Heav'n design'd  
 No charm, save one, should fill a kindred mind  
 No - Solitude thy fainter gleam expires  
 Like thy own Orb<sup>5</sup> obscur'd by radiant fires ---

1. **Cynthia's lucid ray** - Cynthia is a name for Artemis or Diana, goddess of the moon, derived from her birthplace, Mount Cynthus.
2. **the spheres around** - the heavens.
3. **its wonted spring** - its accustomed energy or vivacity. The mind is then conceived as being 'elastic' or flexible, and needing periods of solitude and contemplation to maintain its powers.
4. **magazine** - store.
5. **thy own Orb** - the moon, traditionally the planet of solitude and contemplative thought.



In the manuscript collection, this piece is placed between Mary's 'Elegy' on the death of Hannah Wilson Reynolds, née Forbes, in May 1799 and a copy of her 'Monody' on the death of her sister Jane Henrietta Birkett in October 1801. Either bereavement might account for the 'cankering cares' and 'secret anguish' Mary refers to, though there may be no connection. As it follows the poem on Hannah's death, I have decided to reproduce it here at the end of the 1790s material.

### [Untitled]

---

Oft have I sought my Saviour's face  
 Oft have I woo'd his lov'd embrace  
 His smile my raptur'd heart hath warm'd  
 And all my soul his presence charm'd  
 Then high as Heav'n I raised mine head  
 For every anxious thought was fled  
 Nor durst<sup>1</sup> the waves of grief annoy  
 My swelling tide of homefelt joy<sup>2</sup>  
 I claim'd a kindred great & high  
 Beyond the boast of ancestry  
 I spurn'd the grovelling things of earth  
 As far beneath my Heavenly birth  
 I sang as Israel sung before  
 My mount is strong my trials o'er<sup>3</sup>  
 Like them I thought the prize was won  
 And all my toilsome labor done  
 Like them my sore mistake I found  
 In many a path of rugged ground  
 And far from Canaan's verdant green  
 Dreamt of no wilderness between<sup>4</sup>  
     Ah me my heart is robb'd of joy  
 While cankering<sup>5</sup> cares my thoughts annoy  
 My days of ease have swiftly fled  
 In secret anguish droops mine head  
 The victors song I chaunt<sup>6</sup> no more  
 But learn in silence to adore!  
     Oh might I find a safe retreat  
 As neath the shadow of his feet<sup>7</sup>  
 Till the rude storm hath spent its rage  
 And its high foaming waves assuage  
 Then patient of his heavenly yoke  
 I'd bow to every awful stroke  
 Nor heed how low obscur'd I lie  
 Beneath his sacred canopy -  
     Lord of my life! of my desires!  
 To thee alone my soul aspires  
 By thee that anxious soul was form'd

Thy gracious power my bosom warm'd  
 Thy radiant[sic] Truth's effulgent ray  
 Pour'd o'er my mind a rising day  
 Dispell'd the darkening gloom of night  
 And blest me with thy sacred light  
 Then gave mine inward eye to see  
 Thou source of Beauty! - all in thee  
 Strain'd<sup>8</sup> in my view each wish to rove  
 And fix'd on thee my ardent love -  
 Thou bless the work thy hands hath made  
 And let me dwell beneath thy Shade  
 Till all my griefs away shall flee  
 And all my cares be lost in thee  
 Absorpt[sic] each movement of my mind  
 To thy most Holy Will resign'd ----

1. **durst** - dared.
2. **homefelt joy** - joy felt deeply within oneself, in the heart.
3. **My mount is strong my trials o'er** - source untraced.
4. **And far from [. . .] wilderness between** - see Num 13 and 14. The Israelites at first refused to enter Canaan, the land west of the River Jordan promised them by God, from fear based on false reports from their scouts sent out to explore the country. God punished their disobedience by condemning them to wander in the wilderness for forty years.
5. **cankering** - corrupting.
6. **chaunt** - chant or sing.
7. **neath the shadow of his feet** - to be under the shadow of the Almighty was to be under His protection. But it is more usual to speak of being under the shadow of His hand (e.g. Is 49:2), or His wings (e.g. Ps 17:8).
8. **strain'd** - abbreviation of 'constrained'.

**1800 AND ONWARDS**

**DATED POEMS, AND POEMS**

**THAT CAN BE ASCRIBED A DATE**

This was written nearly seven months before Mary's marriage, on 13 March 1801, to Nathaniel Card. It looks forward to their future together within a joyful, empathic relationship - one for which she feels they are well prepared as, in their case, 'thought meeting thought reciprocates delight'. This wording shows her vision is informed by a passage from that great favourite of hers - Thomson's *The Seasons*. As it resonates through her poem, the passage is reproduced virtually in full after the footnotes below.

Only two more, relatively brief, and undated, poems to Nathaniel appear in the collection. The copyist placed them at the end and I have done likewise.

### To Nathl. Card -

---

Why droops my heart? say whence this heaving sigh  
 Or why this tear just trembling from mine eye?  
 While throngs of ideas bursting to be free  
 My dear Nathaniel when I think of thee  
 Ah! sure with thee each painful thought may cease  
 And Time on downy pinions<sup>1</sup> glide in peace  
 My heart no more forebode uncertain woes  
 But all my griefs may on thy breast repose  
 While every accent gives my soul to prove  
 The healing virtue of the voice we love!  
 Yes! we are blest! each anxious hour is o'er  
 And doubts dark anguish racks<sup>2</sup> our minds no more  
 Thought meeting thought reciprocates delight  
 And all our wishes all our hopes unite  
 No jarring interests urge the frown of care  
 No low ambitious pompous meed we share  
 No rank impels to rend the social tie  
 No prides high crested plume attracts our eye<sup>3</sup>  
 In vain may Dissipation raise the song  
 Or madd'ning folly warp the heedless throng<sup>4</sup>  
 For us no charm on Earth impels to roam  
 Blest in each other and content at home  
 Oh may our blended souls forever feel  
 The grateful homage which our thoughts reveal  
 May the full tide of joy still bend its course  
 To quench our thirst in its unmingled source  
 Ne'er may the voice of Adoration cease  
 To him whose smile creates unclouded peace  
 In whom we live our Being's aim and end  
 Our hearts firm refuge and our faithful friend  
 Thus as the mingled flame whose richer light  
 With doubled brilliance gilds the hours of Night  
 Ascends thro' air with bright and swifter ray  
 Bursts thro' increasing clouds & soars away

So may our spirits thus cemented prove  
The Heavenly powers of Harmony & Love -

8 mo. 29th. 1800

1. **downy pinions** - feathered wings.
2. **racks** - torments.
3. **No jarring** [. . .] **attracts our eye** (4 lines) - as well as stressing that she and Nathaniel share an ideological outlook in which worldly ambition, or outward show, carry no weight, Mary indicates their marriage will not involve any change in the rank of either party that might disrupt existing social/class relationships - 'no rank impels to rend the social tie'. **jarring** - discordant; **pompous meed** - grand or splendid lot or portion.
4. **Dissipation** - a 1784 definition of 'dissipation' was 'waste of moral and physical powers by vigorous indulgence in pleasure; intemperate or dissolute mode of living' (OED).

**Passage from Thomson's *The Seasons***

After describing 'the agonies of love' - including seduction and betrayal, false love and jealousy - Thomson declaims:

But happy they! The happiest of their kind!  
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate  
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.  
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,  
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,  
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,  
Attuning all their passions into love;  
Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,  
Perfect esteem enlivened by desire  
Ineffable and sympathy of soul,  
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,                    [my underlining]  
With boundless confidence: for nought but love  
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

Unlike the man who 'from sordid parents buys/The loathing virgin,' or 'eastern tyrants [who] [. . .]/Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possessed/Of a mere lifeless, violated form',

[. . .] those whom love cements in holy faith  
And equal transport free as nature live,  
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,  
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all,  
Who in each other clasp whatever fair  
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish?  
Something than beauty dearer, should they look  
Or on the mind or mind-illumined face;  
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,  
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven!

'Spring', 1113-44

On 11 October 1801, Mary's sister, Jane Henrietta Birkett, died. She was two months short of her thirteenth birthday. Mary then wrote this monody, or poem of mourning, for her.

There are two copies of this poem in manuscript. The first (MS Vol. 2, pp.147-49) is placed completely out of the chronological order Nathaniel Card attempted, between a 1788 poem ('To Cousin Bolton') and a 1792 one on the death of Mary's sister, Susannah Birkett. The second copy (MS Vol. 2, pp.369-71) appears between 1799 and 1802-1804 material. The copies are in different hands. Perhaps the first was made from a manuscript of Mary Birkett Card's kept with the poem on Susannah's death, and the second from another original manuscript. There are few differences in wording - most variations are in capitalisation and punctuation, as is usually the case when two copies of a poem exist.

The first copy of the poem is reproduced here, with differences found in the second copy shown in the notes below, following closing square brackets. The heading in the second copy reads: 'A Monody to Memory / occasioned by the Death of her beloved Sister / Jane Henrietta Birkett'.

**A Monody  
to Memory - occasion'd by the death of her  
beloved sister - Jane Henrietta Birkett**

---

O memory pensive nurse of secret grief  
 In vain from thee my thoughts implore relief<sup>1</sup>  
 In vain, thou mingled boon, which heaven imparts  
 To teach us wisdom & correct our thoughts  
 Here as in silence glide the unnoticed hours<sup>2</sup>  
 The faithful pencil<sup>3</sup> oft the past restores  
 Culls from each scene, does all its pathos tell  
 And lingers long with friends I loved so well  
 Yes! memory! thou shalt cheer my mourning soul  
 Tho' swelling tides of anguish o'er me roll<sup>4</sup>  
 Tho' torn the wreath of joy I wore so gay<sup>5</sup>  
 And blasted & fading sweets decay  
 Yet in their soften'd tints their charms I see<sup>6</sup>  
 Tho' lost & ah! for ever lost to me  
 Thus gentle memory, thy moonlight ray<sup>7</sup>  
 Shall cheer me pensive o'er the devious way<sup>8</sup>  
 Shall to my view each silver'd scene<sup>9</sup> restore  
 Till the sun rises, which shall set no more  
 Here let my bursting heart indulge its pain  
 Crush'd 'neath the foot - shall not a worm complain  
 Here memory, let thy dear engraving rise  
 And all my sisters image meet my eyes  
 Far[Fair] as the white robed innocence of youth  
 The bud of genius on the esteem[stem] of truth<sup>10</sup>  
 Bright as the moon that drinks the vernal dew  
 Sweet as the rose & proved as transcient too<sup>11</sup>

Yet still remembrance all her virtue brings  
 And to her gentle form my fancy clings  
 Hears too her voice, melodious blithe & gay  
 Whose sprightly converse cheer'd the passing day  
 But when the needle claimed her ready hand<sup>12</sup>  
 O'er fields of science,<sup>13</sup> would her mind expand  
 Far distant realms & foreign climes explore  
 And search for knowledge as from shore to shore  
 Ah! Jane - my sister snatch'd so rude away<sup>14</sup>  
 Ere thirteen summers, shed their genial ray  
 Ere thy young blossoms ripen'd on their tree  
 A rich reward for all who cared for thee  
 So have I seen beneath the breath of spring<sup>15</sup>  
 Some sapful twig around its parents cling  
 Slipt[sic] by the wise & prudent gardener's hand<sup>16</sup>  
 In richer soil its verdant leaves expand  
 No more beneath its pristine gardeners<sup>17</sup> care  
 Itself perhaps more fruitful & more fair  
 Thus memory bring thy treasure & impart  
 Some gleam of comfort to my wounded heart  
 Teach me that Heaven can ne'er inflict in vain<sup>18</sup>  
 That future blessings flow from present pain  
 That he whose goodness form'd the mighty whole  
 Regards with mercy every human soul  
 Lops the right hand & pluck th'injurious eye<sup>19</sup>  
 Which mars our passage to a fairer sky  
 Nor more his mercys in his gifts are known  
 Than in his rinding judgment awful frown  
 Cheer'd by thoughts, my heart will cease to bleed  
 And patient faith will poignant grief succeed  
 Conscious that wisdom strikes but for the best  
 And we alone in resignation blest.<sup>20</sup>

## MC

1. **memory]** Memory **thoughts]** Thoughts
2. Textual variants in previous three lines: **vain,]** vain - **boon,]** boon **heaven]** Heav'n **& correct out thoughts]** and correct our hearts **the unnoticed]** th'unnotic'd
3. **faithful pencil** - i.e. of memory. **The faithful pencil]** thy faithful pencil
4. Textual variants in previous four lines: **scene,]** scene - **loved]** lov'd **Yes!]** Yes, **o'er]** o'er
5. **Tho' torn]** Tho torn **wreath of joy** - a wreath can be a bright garland or a funeral decoration. Hence the word here has joyful connotations while presaging death.
6. **And blasted [. . .] I see** - sweets are the good things of life that are pleasant to the senses. Here the thought, perhaps, is of flowers or foliage that can appear more beautiful when fading, in the 'soften'd tints' of decay. **And blasted & fading sweets decay]** And blasted flowers & faded sweets decay **their soften'd tints]** thy soften'd tints
7. **lost & ah!]** lost, and ah, **to me]** to me! **memory,]** memory
8. **devious way** - meandering, possibly treacherous path.
9. **silver'd scene** - mental picture, 'silver'd' because revealed by the 'moonlight ray' of memory.
10. Textual variants in previous seven lines: **Till the sun rises,]** 'Till the sun rises **'neath]** neath **memory,]** memory **engraving]** engravings **image]** image **my eyes]** mine eyes **robed]** rob'd **genius]** Genius **truth]** Truth

11. **vernal dew** - spring-like dew. **proved]** prov'd
12. Textual variants in previous three lines: **voice,]** voice **blithe & gay]** blithe and gay **claimed]** claim'd
13. **science** - knowledge. **oer fields of science,]** o'er fields of science
14. This line is indented in the second copy. **Ah! Jane -]** Ah Jane
15. Textual variants in previous four lines: **summers,]** summers **cared]** car'd **spring]** Spring
16. **sapful twig]** sapfull twigg **parents]** parent **Slip** - taking a cutting of a plant is known as taking a slip. **wise & prudent gardener's]** wise and prudent gardeners
17. **gardeners]** Guardians
18. Textual variants in previous three lines: **treasure]** treasures **Heaven]** Heav'n
19. Mt 5:29-30 - 'And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell./And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.' Textual variants in three previous lines: **form'd]** formed **pluck]** plucks
20. Textual variants in previous six lines: **mercys]** mercies **rinding judgment]** sending Judgments (**rinding** - in first manuscript copy, is poorly written, while 'sending' is clearly written in the second copy. 'Rinding' could be a copyist's error for 'sending', but 'sending' does not seem entirely appropriate either. Perhaps both copyists were attempting to render a word they could not decipher.) **Cheer'd by thoughts,]** Cheer'd by the thought **blest.]** blest!



Mary's first child, William, was born on 10 January 1802. This intensely moralistic fable was written for him when he was just nine months old (the date given at the end of the poem is 21 October 1802). The *OED* offers several definitions of 'fable', one of which is a 'short story, especially with animals as characters, conveying a moral'. This poem tells such a story.

## The Flies - a Fable

---

My son attend to Wisdom's sacred voice  
 And let Obedience crown thine early choice  
 Should vice or folly tempt thy steps to stray  
 Or headstrong youth entice thee from the way  
 Be thine to guard each avenue to sin  
 Nor tamper with the foe that lurks within  
 Turn from th'envenom'd glancings of his eye  
 And far from every vain allurements fly:  
 So shalt thou safely tread the paths of life  
 And rest securely free from care & strife  
 Once on a time (and true as Esop[sic] taught)  
 When birds instructed us & beasts had thought<sup>1</sup>  
 Blithe was the morn & bright th'all cheering ray  
 Which warm'd to life each insect of a day  
 While idly gay nor heeding dangers nigh  
 In harmless mazes danc'd each sportive fly  
 Save one who many a setting sun had seen  
 Securely resting on th'enamell'd green  
 His form evinc'd the rainbows varying hue  
 With green and Orient<sup>2</sup> mingling darkest blue  
 And if on wing or with [a] cautious tread  
 His watchful eye still shun'd the hovering thread<sup>3</sup>  
 Him sage Experience monitress severe  
 Had taught the Spiders wily arts to fear  
 And as his fellows gaily pass'd along  
 His fervent voice address'd the fearless throng  
 "O you who idly flutt'ring vainly gay  
 Bask in the sunshine of a transient day  
 Who think unknowing of the snares of youth  
 That all is pleasure innocence and truth  
 Ah! how unlike the real view of life  
 A constant warfare a perpetual strife  
 A field where virtue only wins the meed<sup>4</sup>  
 Where simple ignorance has nought to plead  
 Where joy is earn'd with many a toil and pain  
 And they who strive may victory obtain  
 Learn then betimes each specious wile<sup>5</sup> to dread  
 For snares unnumber'd hover o'er your head  
 See where abroad the swallow makes his way

And marks each roving insect for his prey  
 Shun the soft music of each warblers song  
 Your death my fellows lurks beneath their tongue  
 Then seek in silence an obscure retreat  
 For high in air portending ills await

Guard too from Luxury your artless taste  
 Th[']empoisoned sweet that lays your numbers waste  
 Oft have I seen th'attractive potion laid<sup>6</sup>  
 Oft urg'd the danger & in vain would plead  
 The maddening victims rushed to certain death  
 And lost in writhing agonies their breath

Be yours the frugal temperate repast  
 Nor love to gorge the dainties of a feast  
 So you the dance of sprightly health shall claim  
 And lifes full vigour animate your frame

But most I charge you fear the Spider's pow'r  
 Who lurks in every corner to devour  
 His den contiguous to the beams of day<sup>7</sup>  
 Allures full oft an unsuspecting prey  
 But soon ah soon their sad mistake is known  
 In vain their heartfelt grief their piteous moan  
 And as they vainly struggle to get free  
 The wretch enjoys their helpless strife to see  
 By horror - seized - amidst a thousand pangs  
 They yield their vitals<sup>8</sup> to his ruthless fangs  
 O my lov'd fellows let my words have weight  
 Lest dire experience prove their truth too late  
 Lest as your gore bestrews the path of death  
 You mourn your folly with expiring breath  
 Then leave thou idle flutterers who advance  
 And court the tempters wiles in careless dance  
 Nor heed the praise or blame which they impart  
 The sweetest plaudits<sup>9</sup> issue from the heart  
 True they will scoff - but lo! another hour  
 And all their arrogance of tongue is o'er

Be yours industrious while th'encircling light  
 Pours its vast atoms<sup>10</sup> o'er the enraptured sight  
 To gain some cornerless obscure retreat  
 Far from the'entangling thread th'empoison'd sweet  
 Alike impervious to the birds of night  
 As the grim foe who shuns the glare of Light  
 This done (nor hard the task if early sought)  
 Comfort shall crown your toil & ease your thought  
 Secure that when the beams of light are fled  
 A safe abode shield your protected head

Yet even in quest of daily food beware  
 Lest distant prospects mar yr.<sup>11</sup> watchful care  
 Lest far from home your wearied steps prolong  
 And round your feet th'entangling mazes throng  
 Turn from each winding path each darksome way  
 Nor move but in the glorious light of day  
 So you in freedom, lov'd possession, blest

Shall pass your days in peace your nights in rest  
 No spiders horrid glare your hearts annoy  
 Which lightly bounding beat the dance of joy  
 And when these hours of transient bliss are o'er  
 And summers fervid heat revives no more  
 When hoary<sup>12</sup> frost detains th'enfeebled mind  
 The limbs fall nerveless every power declin'd  
 When lost and dim fair healths enlivening glow  
 And the pulse stiffen'd shall forget to flow  
 Then to your home with steady course descend  
 And peace will all your tranquil steps attend  
 There rest till Winters gloomy reign is past  
 And spout<sup>13</sup> the rage of every hostile blast  
 'Till a new sun shall wake to light and love  
 The sleeping tenants of the vocal[vocal] grove<sup>14</sup>  
 Then rise renewed and bless the power divine  
 Who gave the fields to bloom the light to shine  
 And even the fly with every living thing  
 To feel the soft reviving breath of Spring" -  
 Here ceased the monitors sage voice - yet long  
 His vast attentive audience round him throng  
 Till the bright orb roll'd down the steep of day<sup>15</sup>  
 Whose wonted summons the wing'd tribe obey<sup>16</sup> -  
 These may forget unconscious of the past  
 But my lov'd William - let the moral last -

10 mo. 21st. 1802

1. **Esop** - variant spelling of Aesop, the ancient storyteller who probably lived c.500-600 BC, to whom *Aesop's Fables* have been largely attributed (though they may, in fact, be the work of several writers). The animals in *Aesop's Fables* speak.
2. **Orient** - shining pearl.
3. **hovering thread** - i.e. of a spider's web.
4. **meed** - reward.
5. **specious wile** - deceptive stratagem or trick.
6. **th'attractive potion laid** - i.e. a substance deliberately put down to trap flies.
7. **contiguous to the beams of day** - literally, adjoining or in close proximity to sunlight. Perhaps attempting to express the way sunlight plays on the threads of a spider's web.
8. **vitals** - internal organs.
9. **plaudits** - compliments.
10. **atoms** - probably referring to particles of dust as seen in bright sunlight.
11. **yr.** - manuscript abbreviation of 'your'.
12. **hoary** - white. 'Hoary' means, literally, 'white haired'.
13. **spout** - clearly written in manuscript. Perhaps to 'discharge' or 'dispel' - repelling 'every hostile blast'.
14. **tenants of the vocal grove** - poetic expression for birds.
15. **Till [. . .] steep of day** - until the sun sank down below the horizon. **steep** - perpendicular slope.
16. **wonted summons** - accustomed call; **the wing'd tribe** - i.e. the flies.

The gift of a box of plums provides the opportunity for a moral analogy. The 'sweets' or pleasures that the plums give, though innocent, are nevertheless, like all joys on this earth, transient.

**To a Family of lovely Children  
11 mo 9th with a Box of Plums 1802**

---

Go little box thy Fruits display  
 To my young friends address[sic]  
 And let thy transient[sic] sweets convey  
 A moral to their breast

Say, that the changing scenes below  
 In varied forms allure  
 But may they - taught by wisdom know  
 Those blessings that endure

Say Earths delusive pleasures bland<sup>1</sup>  
 Thy sweets resemble most  
 Which please but for a moment, And  
 The fond attraction's lost!

But the pure bliss which still shall last  
 Will never, never cloy  
 It springs for ever in the breast  
 A source of hallow'd joy

Go then with lasting charm to greet  
 Which wisdoms choice attends  
 And be a thousand times more sweet  
 To please my little friends

MC

1. **bland** - harmless or innocent, rather than the modern sense of 'Innocuous'.

Seriously ill after the birth of her second child, Nathaniel, on 21 July 1803, Mary wrote this poem of supplication and resignation. The baby's life was to be brief - he died in the following April (1804). When another son was born to her on 1 February 1805, he was given the same name - a frequent practice at this time. The second Nathaniel was the collector of her writings.

There are two copies of the poem in manuscript, with different titles: 'Written when very ill . . .' and 'Written two days after the birth of my second son', dated '7th mo: 1803' and '7 Mo 23 1803' respectively. Oddly, the latter one was copied into the prose part of the manuscript collection. That copy is reproduced here because it is more specific in its title and date. Other than a slight difference in wording in the fourth line of the first stanza and the inclusion, in the copy in the poetry volume of the collection, of the word 'lone' in the final line, the two copies differ only in a few details such as capitalisation. Also, in the poetry volume copy, the stanzas are unnumbered, and alternate lines indented. Textual variants between the two copies are shown in the notes below, indicated by closing square brackets.

**7 Mo 23 1803**

**Written two days after the birth of my second son**

---

O King of Saints as on this painful bed  
 Alternate ease and agony I share  
 Ev'n while thine arm upholds my languid head  
 Ev'n while thy presence<sup>1</sup> dissipates my care

2

O Mighty helper thou who hears't my cry<sup>2</sup>  
 When in sore anguish I addressed<sup>3</sup> thy throne  
 Again to thee I raise the fervent sigh  
 Grant that my heart & soul be thine alone

3

O Let me henceforth keep the law of Truth<sup>4</sup>  
 Or in the hope of mercy life resign  
 Why should I live to waste the bloom of youth  
 Let me now die or live but to be thine

4

Seal thou my pardon be<sup>5</sup> mine errors o'er  
 And let me ne'er thy sacred Gift<sup>6</sup> offend  
 Or let this body feel a few pangs more  
 And from this thorny bed to the Grave descend<sup>7</sup>

1. Ev'n while thy presence] And thy lov'd presence
2. O Mighty helper thou who hears't my cry] Oh mighty helper! thou who heard'st my cry
3. Addressed] adress
4. Let] let law of Truth] Law of truth
5. pardon be] pardon - be
6. Gift] gift
7. the Grave descend] the lone grave descend.

A few months later, hopefully recovered from the trauma of Nathaniel's birth, Mary wrote this inscription, or dedication, for a 'Mosshouse'. This was, most likely, a folly consisting of a shelter or cottage-like structure covered with moss, built in the grounds of a friend's house. This and various other features mentioned - 'shellwork' and an abundance of fruit trees - resemble those found at Mount Prospect, at Rathangan, where Mary wrote two poems some years earlier. (See pp.248-53 in this volume.) Mount Prospect's 'moss-arched shed' also had imitation rocks hanging overhead. This might lead us to think all three poems describe the same place, yet this 'inscription' speaks of the 'charms of D'. Obviously, if 'D' is the initial letter of the name of the house in question, it cannot be Mount Prospect.

The owner of the 'Mosshouse' is not named, but it is clear that she was a benefactress of some kind. Her care for the birds visiting her garden, and their young, is in keeping with her philanthropy, particularly her contributions toward the maintenance and education of poor children, probably in a charity school.

### Inscription for a beautiful Mosshouse 11 mo 19th 1803

---

Stranger, would thy curious eye  
 The charms of D descry  
 Hast thou seen the gardens pride  
 (Art & nature close allied)  
 There Pomona<sup>1</sup> richest hoard  
 Haste to grace the festive board  
 Pours her early fruitage round  
 Bids the juicy grapes abound  
 While beneath this rural shade  
 Oft her treasures are display'd  
 Flora<sup>2</sup> there in blithe array  
 Blushes to the Orb of day  
 There her mellow tints expand  
 'Neath the owners careful hand  
 There her early treasures glow  
 Late her flowerets learn to blow<sup>3</sup>  
 Favor'd garden, mansion fair

Who your beauties may declare  
 Stranger! ca[n]st thy wondring[sic] eye  
 Pass the varied shellwork<sup>4</sup> by  
 Stores of Oceans briny wave  
 Rescued from Lethean<sup>5</sup> grave  
 To please the taste & give employ  
 To many an idle girl & Boy<sup>6</sup>  
 Hast thou mark'd this lov'd retreat  
 Form'd for friendships converse sweet  
 Traced the charms which here abound  
 Where the rainbows tints<sup>7</sup> are found  
 Then lift thine eye with silent dread  
 Six Rocks suspended o'er thine head<sup>8</sup>  
 Tremendous sight, yet banish fear  
 Nor think the shades of danger near  
 For here the linnet builds her nest  
 The swallow too - a welcome guest  
 And she who shields them safe from harm  
 Has form'd this grand contrasted charm<sup>9</sup>  
 Oft may'st thou hear the chirping throng  
 Repay her bounty with a song  
 And as they hop from spray to spray  
 Chaunt the merry roundelay<sup>10</sup>  
 Tardy stranger do thy feet  
 Hover near this blest retreat  
 Does here thy wishful glance remain  
 Thy fond reluctance to explain  
 So Eve in miltons tragic song  
 Did many a lingering look prolong<sup>11</sup>  
 Still - still enchanted wouldst thou stay  
 Nor think in vain thy long delay  
 Then stranger learn that these shall fade  
 The mossy grot,<sup>12</sup> the verdant shade  
 The fruits, the flowers, the callow brood<sup>13</sup>  
 Which oft her hand<sup>14</sup> supplies with food  
 The wreck of time,<sup>15</sup> may these destroy  
 (Sunbeams of a transcient[sic] joy)  
 But the kind heart which loves to bless  
 Which covets to relieve distress  
 Which bids the wretched seek her door  
 And palefaced sorrow<sup>16</sup> weep no more  
 This natures ruin<sup>17</sup> shall survive  
 And in immortal record live  
 And many a child whose opening thought<sup>18</sup>  
 Is now by her benevolence taught  
 May live to bless that bounty kind  
 Which pours instruction o'er their mind  
 Who, nor in vain, her aid did claim  
 When hunger pinch'd their feeble frame  
 Go - stranger with these truths imprest[sic]  
 Like her - in mercys School to rest

1. **Pomona** - Roman goddess of fruit trees and gardens.
2. **Flora** - Roman goddess of flowers and spring.
3. **blow** - blossom.
4. **shellwork** - probably sea shells formed into a pattern or mosaic, perhaps to line the walls of a summer house or loggia. See note 8 to 'Mount Prospect', pp.248-51 in this volume.
5. **Lethian** - from the ancient Greek 'Lethe', meaning oblivion. The shells have been rescued from oblivion in the sea. Lethe was a river in the Greek underworld of Hades. Its water was drunk by human souls prior to their reincarnation. Its effect was to wipe away, or to cast into oblivion, the memories of their past lives.
6. How the shells 'give employ' to children is unclear - perhaps simply as objects of fascination.
7. **rainbow tints** - the shells would have been of different colours. The shells in the shell house at Mount Prospect are also described in this way.
8. The Mount Prospect poems mention 'mimic rocks'.
9. **charm** - i.e. the folly.
10. **chaunt** - sing; **roundelay** - birdsong.
11. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, IX. 735-44, particularly 743, where the forbidden fruit 'solicited her longing eye'.
12. **grot** - abbreviation of 'grotto', confirming the mosshouse is a folly of some kind.
13. **callow brood** - baby, or unfledged, birds.
14. **her hand** - that of the mistress of the house.
15. **wreck of time** - passage of time which causes all things to decay.
16. **palefaced sorrow** - personification of affliction.
17. **natures ruin** - i.e. death.
18. **opening thought** - developing mind.



## Milford Haven

In January/February 1804, Mary stayed at Milford Haven in South Wales with the family of the wealthy Quaker whaling magnate, Benjamin Rotch, and his wife, Eliza, at their home - Castle Hall. The Rotches originally came from Nantucket in America, moving first to Dunkirk and then to Milford Haven, in 1800 or 1801, at the invitation of Charles Francis Greville, nephew of Sir William Hamilton, and his agent in developing the new port and town at Milford. Greville aimed to encourage further prosperity in the town by persuading Rotch to run his whaling enterprise from there.

Some Nantucketers had already migrated to Milford in 1792 and were operating parts of their whaling businesses from there, but not on so large a scale as Rotch did after 1801. These included the Folgers and the Starbucks (source for 'Starbuck', the name of the chief mate on *The Pequod*, the Quaker-owned whaling ship, in Herman Melville's fictional epic, *Moby Dick*, written in 1851). All these families were forced to move from Nantucket after the American War of Independence (1775-1783), when Britain, no longer seeing the island of Nantucket as a colony, imposed huge duties on its whale-oil and derivative products, like candles, imported into Britain. Benjamin's father, William Rotch, was the main proprietor of Nantucket's whaling fleet. When given muskets as payment for a debt during the American Revolution, he made a pacifist statement by throwing the bayonets into the sea and distributing the guns to his whalers for hunting. One of his ships carried tea in the Boston Tea Party, another was the first to fly the American flag into an English port in 1783. William and Benjamin operated from Dunkirk circa 1786 to 1794 - the French government granted the Quaker group religious toleration and freedom from military duties. But as the French Revolution turned sour, it proved impossible to run their whaling operation from Dunkirk either and an alternative had to be found.

The full story of the Rotches at Milford is told by Ken McKay in *The Rotches of Castle Hall* (Milford Haven: Gulf Oil, 1996). Other books document the history of whaling at Milford. Particularly detailed is Edouard A. Stackpole's *Whales and Destiny* (Massachusetts: University of Massachusetts Press, 1972). The Nantucket whaling families formed, in effect, a Quaker colony and, in 1811, built a meeting house at Milford which still stands today.

Rotch and his family lived at Milford until 1819 when, following bankruptcy, he had to auction Castle Hall and move away. While there the Rotches entertained many guests, mainly Friends travelling between England and Ireland as Waterford-Milford was a popular alternative to the Dublin-Holyhead route. But Rotch also hosted many non-Quakers as he moved in a variety of circles, including political, literary and artistic ones. According to his daughter: 'My father's hospitality knew no bounds, and our house was filled with the greatest variety of visitors. For months together we never sat down to a meal alone'. (Mrs John Farrar [Elizabeth Rotch Junior], *Recollections of Seventy Years* (Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 1866), p.54.)

It is possible that Rotch met Mary earlier in Ireland. He had made at least one visit there, showing an interest in Ireland and the way its trade was hampered by British restrictions. The Quaker diarist, Mary Leadbeater of Ballitore, has left a brief description of him on that visit:

Benjamin Rotch, a native of Nantucket, son to the honourable William Rotch, stopped a day or two at Ballitore in making a tour through Ireland. Uniting as he did the Quaker and the gentleman, his conversation was very pleasant. In France he was acquainted with Thomas Paine, whom he described as a drunken, dissolute man, whose company was avoided by sober, well-bred persons. He also knew Mary Wollstonecraft, whom he liked, as she was candid and engaging.

'Annals of Ballitore', *Leadbeater Papers*, I, 217.

William Rotch returned to America and moved his fleet to New Bedford, where his business continued successfully. Another of his sons, William Rotch Junior, Clerk to New England Yearly Meeting for many years, left nearly £1,000,000 on his death in 1850. He donated generously toward the founding of the Friends Academy, New Bedford.

Many of Mary's poems written at Milford are undated and, although most were grouped together by the copyist, a few were not. 'An Adieu to my Friends at Milford' was, oddly, placed amongst Mary's prose writings. This was also the case with 'To Sally Starbuck - an acrostic' - a piece part poetry, part prose. And three other poems - 'On the Birth of Caroline Rotch', 'To Eliza Rotch Junr' and 'Written to Maria Rotch' - were separated from the others by 140 odd pages. I have put them all together and sorted them into date order where possible. When dates are given, in poems from different parts of the manuscript collection, they are always from January and February 1804, indicating that all the poems were written on the same visit.

The first dated poem written at Milford Haven marks the birth of Caroline Rotch, the baby born to Benjamin and Eliza Rotch on 5 January 1804. Mary composed these stanzas less than a week after the birth. Sadly, especially considering all the hopes expressed here for the little girl's future, Caroline was to die just over a year later on 29 January 1805. She was the sixth of the Rotches' seven children.

### **Milford Haven 1st mo 11th. 1804 On the birth of Caroline Rotch**

---

Hist<sup>1</sup> the voice of joy & gladness  
 Sparkles bliss from every eye  
 Chased is all the gloom of sadness  
 Fast the shades of anguish<sup>2</sup> fly!

Grateful praise to Heaven addressing  
 Heaven hath heard the suppliants prayer  
 Lo! we view the promised blessing  
 Hush'd be every meaner<sup>3</sup> care

Lovely babe, unfolded treasure!  
 Rapture fills thy parents heart  
 Pledge of dear domestic pleasure  
 That thine opening charms impart

Can the muse in silence languish  
 While she views thy tranquil frame  
 Feels her heart - a thought of anguish?  
 Glows she not with hallow'd flame?

Welcome lov'd unconscious stranger  
 Bud of beauty, germ of truth  
 Sands of hope & shoals of danger  
 Will surround thy guiltless youth

Syren songs of bland seductions<sup>4</sup>  
 Oft thy listening ear may crave  
 But thy parents wise instructions  
 Will from harm their darling save

Bounteous Heaven thy cup of blessing  
 To its brim hath amply pour'd  
 'Neath a mothers fond caressings  
 Shall thy mind be richly stored

All that earth can give 'twill yield thee  
 Peace & plenty round thee flow  
 More than these - an arm to shield thee  
 From the pangs of mental wo[e]

Thus thy mind - a spacious garden  
 Shelter'd from the blast of sin  
 With parental cares rewarding  
 Bloom serene & pure within

Thus the seeds which now lie dormant  
 Richly cultured soon shall spring  
 Never may'st thou know the torment  
 Which remorse & folly bring

See! the hedge<sup>5</sup> now form'd to guard thee  
 Prompt to mark the devious way<sup>6</sup>  
 Smiles approving shall reward thee  
 Peace shall gild each closing day

Welcome then dear little stranger  
 To thy parents longing arms  
 Where unknowing even of danger  
 Fostering care shall prune thy charms<sup>7</sup>

And if e'er thy blue eye glances  
 O'er this artless strain of mine  
 May the wish my love enhances  
 Deep impress thee - Caroline

Virtue is a solid treasure  
 Never will its brilliance fade  
 It soars beyond each mundane pleasure  
 And the wreck that time has made<sup>8</sup>

Low in humble resignation  
 Dwells this daughter of the sky<sup>9</sup>  
 Unattach'd to outward station  
 Oft obscure its glories lie

Be it thine to court her dwelling  
 Shrink not from the thorny road  
 And reluctance vain repelling  
 Fix with her thy blest abode

Of her portion think not meanly  
 Angels on her footsteps wait  
 And while follies hunger vainly  
 Bread of life her children eat

Oh! then yield to her direction  
 To her voice thine ear attend  
 She will grant thee safe protection  
 When no mortal can befriend

She will lead to joys immortal  
 Crown thy soul with bliss divine  
 And beneath Heaven's sacred portal  
 May I meet thee - Caroline!

## MC

1. **Hist** - an injunction to silence.
2. **shades of anguish** - i.e. the pains of childbirth, and attendant worries.
3. **meaner** - less important.
4. **Syren songs of bland seductions** - in Greek myth, sirens were creatures, part bird and part woman, who lived on an island from where, by their bewitching song, they lured sea travellers to their deaths. Their songs only seem 'bland' or harmless.
5. **hedge** - Quaker term for the protection from temptation and sin afforded by Quaker custom, practice and ways of life.
6. **devious way** - crooked or treacherous path.
7. **prune thy charms** - to promote a plant's correct growth, it must be clipped back. An image for the control and encouragement of a child's development.
8. **the wreck that time has made** - conventional expression for the way in which all material things deteriorate with the passage of time.
9. **this daughter of the sky** - i.e. virtue.

Alice and Ruth remain unidentified. Both names feature in the Milford Quaker family trees, but these individuals seem to have been either married women or children at the time of Mary's visit. (For instance, a couple named Daniel and Alice Starbuck had a daughter named Alice who would have been about eleven years old at this time.) They could not, therefore, be the addressees of this poem, which warns against the danger of mistaking mere flirtation for the expression of genuine feeling.

### On the "Squeeze of the Hand"

---

The squeeze of the hand  
 What power can withstand  
 How expressive its language & force  
     Even Alice & Ruth  
     Acknowledge this truth  
 And oft to its charms have recourse  
     Yet dear Alice believe  
     Ev'n a squeeze may deceive  
 And mislead the too credulous mind  
     For the urchin of Love  
     By his arrows will prove  
 That alas! my dear Alice, he's blind<sup>1</sup>  
     Then I pray thee withstand  
     The squeeze of the hand  
 Nor trust to its magical power  
     If xx hath prest[sic]  
     Thy hand to his breast  
 Be coy and indulge him no more

2d. mo:3d. 1804.

1. Cupid, or Eros, the winged cherub-like son of Venus, the goddess of love, was blind - hence his arrows could hit at random, accounting for the blindness of infatuation.

On 6 February 1804, Mary watched one of the Rotches' whaling ships - the 'Hannah & Eliza' - set sail for 'Zelanian' (New Zealand) grounds. Some idea of the scope of such whaling ships can be gained from a list of the 'Hannah & Eliza's' cargo, available from an earlier voyage. Edouard Stackpole tell us that when she sailed from New Bedford, America for Milford in December 1800, captained by Micajah Gardner, she carried 526 casks of sperm oil (value \$29,650) plus numerous barrels of sugar, coffee, beef, pork, flour, molasses, rum, tar, beer and a little tobacco for its crew, along with some oak staves for ship-building and other outfitting materials. Benjamin Rotch personally took delivery of one barrel of nuts, three barrels of wheat flour and one small bag of dried apples for home use at Milford. (Stackpole, *Whales and Destiny*, p.238.)

Stackpole adds that, later, in April 1804, the 'Hannah & Eliza' left New Bedford again, still under Captain Gardner, for the Australia-New Zealand whaling grounds. This would have been the voyage that Mary saw commence from Milford on 6 February. The voyage to New Zealand proved eventful. 'Five days out' from Bedford the ship 'was chased and forced to heave to by the British frigate *Leander*, and ten of the crew were taken off by a pressgang' (Stackpole, pp.238, 242). This seems especially ironic in view of Mary's wish, expressed in this poem, that the crew should be 'restor'd/Sav'd from the press-gang hateful as the sword'. This mishap forced the ship to return to New Bedford, but it sailed again on 23 May, travelling to Tasmania (21 October 1804), Norfolk Island in New Zealand, and Broken Bay near Sydney (May 1805), arriving back at Milford with another of Rotch's ships, the 'Ann', in September 1806.

**Milford 2 mo. 6th. 1804**  
**On seeing the Ship "Hannah & Eliza"**  
**Set sail**

---

Mild as the Spring and saturate with health  
The rosy morning flows with vital wealth  
See where the tide extends th'unruffled wave  
And thy fair banks dear rising Milford lave<sup>1</sup>  
Priz'd are the charms that gild thy social shores  
When peace & plenty hail the fleeting hours  
Priz'd thy wise haven & thy Port secure  
Which from the storm oft many a bark<sup>2</sup> allure  
Where safe at anchor and from danger free  
They bland repose,<sup>3</sup> O Milford, find in thee  
Priz'd thy rich commerce tho' an infant guest<sup>4</sup>  
For art & nature vie to make thee blest  
But priz'd beyond thy soft and social charms  
Beyond thy Haven safe from gathering storms  
Th'impatient sailor views the fav'ring[sic] gale  
Whose gentlest breeze unfurls the swelling sail  
See where the host in tranquil movement pass  
Drink the warm breeze & cut the liquid glass<sup>5</sup>  
But chief the Hannah & Eliza towers  
High o'er the rest prepar'd for Zelanian<sup>6</sup> shores  
Herself her convoy & the flag she bears  
The states united in her sixteen stars<sup>7</sup>

Hostile to none unarm'd and only skill'd  
 The whale destroying harpoon off to wield  
 See, she weighs anchor - now she's under way  
 And Gardiner guides her thro' the trackless sea<sup>8</sup>  
 No more the eye her beauteous form can trace  
 Lost to our view in undistinguished space  
 In vain the telescope exerts its power  
 The Hannah & Eliza's seen no more  
 One drear emotion stop[stop?]<sup>9</sup> athwart our breast  
 But hope sat smiling and the thot.<sup>10</sup> suppress[*sic*]  
 And still we gaz'd the heartfelt wish to pour  
 May Heav'n protect her & in peace restore  
 Adieu fair ship when next thou greet'st this strand<sup>11</sup>  
 Swift fly the happy news to Erins land<sup>12</sup>  
 That safe arrived & crown'd thy tedious toil  
 Thy huge sides freighted full with purest oil  
 In health thy Captain, all thy crew restor'd  
 Sav'd from the press-gang hateful as the sword  
 Haste the glad tidings & a ray of joy  
 Shall gild my mind, & all my thots.<sup>13</sup> employ  
 Soft sympathy pervade thro' every vein  
 And bring my heart to Milford back again  
 Share in your pleasures nor rejoice alone  
 I oft have wept for sorrow not my own  
 See the tall barks majestic glide along<sup>14</sup>  
 Enraptur'd Commerce hails the gath'ring throng  
 Commerce! dear bond, that cements human kind  
 Refines our manners & expands our mind  
 From pole to pole the social link extends  
 Binds man to man & makes all merchants friends  
 From distant lands culls every varied sweet  
 And pours them at her fav'rite[*sic*] Rotch's feet  
 Here might mine heart a willing tribute pay  
 My pen the impulse of that heart obey  
 Unskill'd to praise yet shd. my numbers scan<sup>15</sup>  
 That great Philanthropist the friend of man  
 Him whom no country can his love confine  
 But all may share who bear the stamp divine<sup>16</sup>  
 Wide as th'extended globe his bounty gives  
 And the grand reservoir of man receives  
 Instructs the ignorant upholds the weak  
 And wipes the tear from misery's pallid cheek  
 Him Nations court & Kingdoms strive to gain  
 Secure of Wealth & Commerce in his train  
 For there Industry prospers Fame rebounds  
 And the loud anvil echoes back the sounds<sup>17</sup>  
 Trade crowns with shops the levell'd plains and toil  
 Bears the rich produce of corn wine and oil  
 Gaul mourns his loss Columbia weeps in vain  
 But Britain bears the palm, tis Britain rules the main.<sup>18</sup>

So have I see[n] a graceful river glide  
 Enrich the valleys gild the mountains side  
 Copious and clear its sweep majestic spreads  
 And gives new verdure to th'enamell'd meads  
 Wide and more wide extends its devious<sup>19</sup> course  
 Uncheck[']d by ought it gains its parent source  
 Oh! might the Muse indulge an artless song  
 Recount those acts & oft the tale prolong  
 And as her lyre the guileless truth inparts  
 Echo the feelings of a thousand hearts  
 But no - tho' silenc'd by a look rever'd  
 Actions have spoke and actions will be heard  
 For blest with every gift that men desire  
 A fame unspotted and an honor'd sire<sup>20</sup>  
 A partner fair accomplish'd and benign<sup>21</sup>  
 With taste to know & love to value thine  
 Children that round thee cling & promise there[*fair?*]<sup>22</sup>  
 T'inherit less thy wealth than virtues rare  
 Given too the power & more than pow'r the mind  
 To succour merit & relieve mankind  
 T'ameliorate aff[*l*]ictions chastening rod<sup>23</sup>  
 And act the faithful steward of thy God<sup>24</sup>  
 Feels not thy breast that sweet & sacred flame  
 Which Folly's pamper'd vot'ries<sup>25</sup> vainly claim  
 Glows not thy soul the homage due to see  
 Of hearts made happy & enrich'd by thee  
 Yes! and in schools of virtue taught to prize  
 The priviledge[sic] Heav'n to Poverty denies  
 Soft and attemper'd<sup>26</sup> learn thine heart to feel  
 And pliant yield as wax to meet the seal  
 That wreath unfading in Immortal bloom  
 Shall gild life's darksome passage to the tomb  
 Shall when unclothd.[sic] & closed each mundane sight  
 Attend thee faithful to the realms of light  
 There all thy acts of mercy shall disclose  
 Meet Heav'ns high plaudit<sup>27</sup> & in peace repose.  
 Ah! must no theme like this, my pen employ  
 Alas, I turn to taste of meaner<sup>28</sup> joy -  
 Good men, & just[,] the praise of myriads shun  
 Fools vainly court it - but unsought tis won.

1. **lave** - wash or bathe.

2. **bark** - ship.

3. **bland repose** - rest that is harmless, i.e. free from harm.

4. **tho' an infant guest** - whaling and its associated commercial activity was a recent introduction to Milford, so still in its infancy there.

5. **liquid glass** - surface of the sea, as smooth and clear as glass. The 'host' of ships appears to 'cut' it.

6. **Zelanian** - of New Zealand.

7. The 'Hannah & Eliza' still carried the American flag. It is likely that she was registered in both Britain and America. The flag had sixteen stars because Louisiana, the sixteenth state, had been purchased in 1803.



8. The captain of the ship was Micajah Gardner.
9. **shop** - written in manuscript, but possibly copyist's error for 'stop'.
10. **thot.** - manuscript abbreviation of 'thought'.
11. **this strand** - the shore at Milford.
12. **Erins land** - Erin was an ancient Celtic name for Ireland.
13. **thots.** - manuscript abbreviation of 'thoughts'.
14. Mary is visualising the future return of the ships to Milford, laden with their cargos.
15. **shd. my numbers scan** - Mary hopes her numbers (poetry) will scan in a dual sense - scan, or encompass, the virtues of Benjamin Rotch, and scan as verse. **shd.** - abbreviation of 'should'.
16. Benjamin Rotch devoted a proportion of his wealth to philanthropic activity. In 1811, he would donate £100 toward the new Quaker Meeting House in Milford (McKay, p.68). He had moved from his native America to France, where the Rotches ran their whaling business from Dunkirk (c.1786 until c.1794), and then to Milford. Thus he does not confine his love to any one country, but distributes his largesse to all 'those who bear the stamp divine', i.e. all humanity as each person is created in the image of God.
17. **the loud anvil [. . .] sounds** - image for the endeavour of industry.
18. **Trade crowns with shops [. . .] Britain rules the main** (four lines in all) - at Dunkirk, the foundation of the Quaker whaling colony had brought increased trade and prosperity to the locality, and it was Greville's hope that the Rotches' investment at Milford would also stimulate the economy there. It undoubtedly did in many ways, but there was disagreement at the time over the extent. Rotch's critics, mainly his competitors in the London whale-fishing business, claimed that by having their ships outfitted in America, not Milford, and employing Nantucketer, rather than local, people, the Rotches did little for the local economy.  
**Gaul** - France. **Columbia** - America. Rotch's previous countries of residence.  
**the palm** - symbol of victory. **the main** - the sea.
19. **devious** - meandering.
20. **an honor'd sire** - Benjamin Rotch's father, William.
21. Benjamin Rotch's wife, Elizabeth Rotch, née Barker - also American.
22. **there** - is clearly written in manuscript, but this may be a copyist's error - 'fair' would make more sense.
23. **afflictions chastening rod** - conventional construction of suffering as a form of discipline.
24. Lk 12:42 - 'And the Lord said, Who then is that faithful and wise steward, whom his lord shall make ruler over his household, to give them their portion of meat in due season.' (The parable of the wise steward who keeps the lord's house in order against his return.)
25. **vo'tries** - abbreviation of votaries, i.e. worshippers or followers.
26. **attemper'd** - modified, attuned or moulded.
27. **plaudit** - praise or applause.
28. **meaner** - lesser.

This was probably written for the Rotches' daughter, Maria, aged six in February 1804. It takes the form of a child's prayer. Maria was destined, in the 1830s, to marry a Church of England clergyman, Stephen Langston, and to have three children. After her father's death in 1839 she was the chief support of her mother.

### Written for Maria Rotch 2mo 8th

---

Power divinell by whom I live  
 The homage of mine heart receive  
 For tho'[thou]<sup>1</sup> benignant, gracious, mild  
 Wilt bless the offering of a child  
 Thine arm upholds the feeble knee  
 And guides my soul to think of thee  
 The hallowed voice I hear within  
 It bids me shun the shades of sin  
 My bended will it doth approve  
 And checks my folly when I rove  
 O! give me Lord of life, to know  
 The joys that from thy presence flow  
 From every stubborn thought to flee  
 And let me simply follow thee

Why should I waste my youth in vain  
 When bliss immortal I might gain?

1. tho' - clearly written in manuscript, but probably copyist's error for 'thou'.

Benjamin Rotch was very well read and built up an extensive library at Castle Hall. This poem is written in praise of the library and its owner, but it also conveys a conventional moral message - the transience of earthly joys and intellectual pleasures, and the need to concentrate on things eternal.

### Written for B Rotch's Library.

---

If art & elegance combin'd  
 By taste & judgment wrought  
 The stores of many a cultured mind  
 The essence of each thought.

If these rich fruits of midnight toil  
 Which science<sup>1</sup> loves to taste  
 The produce of each varying soil<sup>2</sup>  
 An intellectual feast

If these - & wealth with these combin'd  
 And power that love has given  
 If these can satisfy the mind  
 Then were this Mansion<sup>3</sup> Heaven

But no! the fading joys of sense  
 Or Reason's polish'd art  
 Can never quench the thirst intense  
 Which fills the owners heart.

In vain he stoops to taste the stream  
 That cheers the devious way<sup>4</sup> -  
 He feels that Life is but a dream  
 The sunbeam of a day.

And tho' possest[sic] of power & will  
 To succour and to bless  
 Of Judgment and of wondrous skill  
 To alleviate distress,

Yet thirsting for immortal rest  
 Unsatisfied below  
 The flame ascends from Rotch's breast  
 With Philanthropic glow

Check'd by no force - each object nigh  
 Is fuel to its flame  
 It gains the summit of the sky  
 Nor rests, but, whence it came.

Then stranger, tho' thy ravish'd sight  
 With wonder these survey  
 Yet these shall cease to give delight  
 And wealth & power decay.

But be it thine to satisfy  
 Th'immortal thirst of soul  
 No change can bid thy pleasures fly  
 No wreck of time<sup>5</sup> controul[sic]

Then may'st thou taste in nature's fields  
 The sweets of Science given  
 Cull the fair flowers this valley yields  
 And leave but Earth for Heaven

2 mo. 13.

1. **science** - knowledge, here the knowledgeable or inquiring mind.
2. **produce of each varying soil** - i.e. texts produced in different countries.
3. **this Mansion** - Castle Hall.
4. **devious way** - path of life seen as tortuous and full of pitfalls.
5. **wreck of time** - conventional expression for damage or deterioration occurring with the passage of time.

One of Benjamin and Elizabeth Rotch's daughters was also called Elizabeth, a name abbreviated to Eliza for most Elizabeths in the family. Eliza's undertaking to nurture and teach her newborn sister Caroline provided the occasion for this poem. Eliza, born in Dunkirk in 1791, would have been twelve or thirteen years old.

Eliza was to lead a varied life. After her father's bankruptcy, she emigrated in 1819 to New Bedford in America, home of her grandfather, William Rotch, where she cared for her grandparents. She became prominent in the Friends Meeting, but, with some other Rotch family members, attracted criticism as one of the 'New Lights', as liberal Quakers were called, and was eventually disowned by her Meeting, with others. She subsequently became Unitarian. She married John Farrar, Professor of Science and Mathematics at Harvard University, in 1828. Her writings include a popular book on etiquette entitled *A Young Lady's Friend* (1837), her own memoirs - *Recollections of Seventy Years* (1866) and those of her mother - *Memorials of the Life of Elizabeth (Barker) Rotch (Wife of Benjamin Rotch)* (1861). Two close friends were Americans Ralph Waldo Emerson, the writer and philosopher, and Margaret Fuller (1810-1850), author and women's rights campaigner. Fuller, like Emerson, was one of the New England Transcendentalists and, for two years, edited their journal, *The Dial*. Eliza 'took Margaret Fuller under her wing; and it was she who inspired Charles T. Congdon's mot: 'Eliza Farrar taught Margaret Fuller how to enter a room; and Mary Rotch taught Emerson how to save his soul' (Bullard, *The Rotches*, p.149). When John Farrar died in 1853, Eliza returned to London to stay with her widowed mother, moving back to the United States after her mother's death in 1857. She died at Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1870. (Sources: Bullard, *The Rotches*, pp.126-30; McKay, *Rotches of Castle Hall*, pp.76-77.)

### To Eliza Rotch Junr

---

And hast thou Eliza engaged to impart  
 Thy Funds of instruction to young Caroline  
 O'erflowing with happiness feels thy fond heart  
 A warm wish that her days may be tranquil as thine

Methinks thou wilt teach her that knowledge & truth  
 We high o'er the mines of Golconda<sup>1</sup> should prize  
 That the tastes & the habits we foster in youth  
 Mark our judgment in age, or<sup>2</sup> deficient or wise

Methinks thou wilt tell him[her]<sup>3</sup> that learnings high mount  
 Tho['] so rugged it seem, is surrounded with flowers  
 Thou wilt hold out thy hand, thy past footsteps recount  
 And with hopes smiling promises charm the dull hours

Thou'lt teach her that virtue & grace are most dear  
 In their dignified dress she may homage receive  
 That the sex are like porcelain transparent & clear  
 We admit of no flaw, nor a fall can retrieve<sup>4</sup>

Thou wilt teach her to value the culture of mind  
 To require the high polish that art can bestow  
 For tho in the quarry the marble we find  
 Yet industry & care will its elegance shew

I know thou wilt teach her that nature alone  
 Is a soil all productive of flowers or of weeds  
 Wilt nip the young errors, e'er follies be known  
 And impregnate her soul with the noblest of seeds

How delightful the task dear Eliza thou'lt find  
 And how rich the reward her improvement shall give  
 To thee will reverberate the charms of her mind  
 For indeed 'tis more blessed to give than receive<sup>5</sup>

Oh! mayest thou succeed in the[?thy]<sup>6</sup> dignified aim  
 With practice consistent thy theory blend  
 Mayest thou nurture the spark that shall rise to a flame  
 To illumine lifes dark passage & upwards ascend

Remembering that youths but the Queen of an hour  
 And that beautys sweet rose will infallibly fade  
 That Time shall the pomp of each structure devour  
 And the glory of man, in the dust will be laid

But oh! be thou watchful Religion to guard  
 Without her<sup>7</sup> thy cares & thy labour are vain  
 This your passport to Heaven, your work & reward  
 Gives a zest to enjoyment, a solace to pain

So ennobling is she, that our faculties clear  
 Alone as the crab-trees' wild branches we scan  
 Tis she that ingrafts them with excellence rare  
 Makes a woman divine & an Angel of man<sup>8</sup>

Then take dear Eliza, the hope of a friend  
 That on virtues strong Pivot thy lessons may move  
 And in vain shall the blasts of contagion descend  
 Nor[,] so lovely in life, shall death sever your love

MC

1. mines of Golconda - a rich diamond mine, at Hyderabad in India, therefore source of fabulous wealth.
2. or - i.e. either.
3. him - probably copyist's error for 'her'.
4. That [...] can retrieve - reflecting the contemporary construction of women as fragile, like delicate china, and of the 'double standard' that operated regarding the sexual behaviour of women and men, according to which a woman's reputation was irrevocably damaged by any fall from virtue.  
 the sex - referring to the female sex. It was common to refer to one gender in this general way.
5. Acts 20:35 - 'I have showed you all things, how that so labouring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.'
6. the - clearly written in manuscript, but may be copyist's error for 'thy'.
7. her - i.e. Religion.
8. Essentially, this verse states that human 'faculties' alone resemble the branches of the uncultivated crab-apple tree (the fruit of which is sour). Just as fine apples are only obtained through the culture of apple trees (engrafting the shoot of one tree onto another), human 'faculties' only reach their full potential through religion.

This poem takes the form of a prayer spoken by Eliza Rotch Junior, and might have been designed for her to use in her devotions or worship at home. (See poem immediately above for biographical information on Eliza Rotch Junior.)

### Written for E Rotch Junr. Milford.

---

How shall my early thoughts get free  
 Great father when they rise to thee  
 For homage due I long to pay  
 And own thy universal sway  
 Recount thy love, thy favors tell  
 Enjoy thy works and with thee dwell.

'Tis by thy bounty Lord I share  
 My honor'd parents' ceaseless care  
 Their watchful eye that guards from ill  
 Their arm that shields from danger still  
 Their tender love that makes me blest  
 Prevents my wishes<sup>1</sup> soothes my breast  
 Comfort provides and longs to see  
 The crown of all their hopes in me.  
 These are thy blessings! Gracious Lord  
 Thy gift - my mind with knowledge stor'd  
 And if my heart thy law fulfill  
 'Tis thine to sanctify my will  
 Or if emotions grateful rise  
 And hallow'd tears o'erflow mine eyes  
 From thee the soft sensations came  
 Who fans the spark and feeds the flame  
 Devoid of thee how vague my mind  
 No virtue in myself I find  
 No power to practice what I'm taught  
 No will to conquer what I ought  
 Oh! then be oft thy presence given  
 And lift my soul from Earth to Heav'n.

Still let my grateful heart o'erflow  
 And sing thy praise, for much I owe  
 In health - while many a languid head  
 Lies joyless on a thorny bed  
 I have a home, with comforts stor'd  
 And plenty decks our social board<sup>2</sup>  
 But many a child is left to know  
 The stings of poverty and woe  
 Chill'd by stern want must bear the storm  
 While I am happy cloth'd & warm  
 Their minds no letter'd lore<sup>3</sup> hath grac'd  
 Uncultur'd as the barren waste

But I am told of every fault  
 By precept and example taught  
 I share the tenderest parents' love  
 Do thou Oh Lord! mine heart improve  
 From vain delusions set me free  
 And let me only live to thee!

1. **Prevents my wishes** - controls selfish indulgence of desires, which might lead to Eliza being spoilt.
2. **social board** - dining table laid out for guests.
3. **letter'd lore** - both literature, and reading and writing generally. Though literacy levels vastly improved over the eighteenth century, many of the poor were still not fully literate.

The mimosa was known as 'the sensitive plant' because its leaves close up, or shrink, when touched or placed in darkness and open again when exposed to sunlight. This could be seen as emblematic of modesty and virtue. Its beauty, too, was much admired. Percy Bysshe Shelley's poem entitled 'The Sensitive Plant' (1820), for instance, questions whether 'love, and beauty, and delight,' (see final stanza) represented by the plant, the maiden who tends it and their garden, can ever really die. (*The Complete Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, ed. by Thomas Hutchinson (London: Oxford University Press, 1905; repr. 1965), pp.589-96.)

### The Sensitive Plant. Milford.

---

Emblem of Modesty! dear lovely flower  
 Of Virtue's dignity, of Wisdoms power  
 From the rude touch thy shrinking leaves decline  
 But wide expand to meet the genial shine  
 Taught by this lesson, Alice,<sup>1</sup> let thy breast  
 Hail the dear pleasures of domestic rest  
 Shun Folly's touch - that bane<sup>2</sup> of heedless youth  
 But wide expand thee to the rays of truth  
 So shall thy virtues grace each parents eyes  
 Drink wisdom's beams & waft thee to the skies.

1. Possibly Alice Starbuck, daughter of Daniel and Alice Starbuck, who would have been eleven years old in 1804. Another candidate, especially in view of this poem's warning to 'shun Folly's touch', is the Alice addressed in 'On "the Squeeze of the Hand"', p.327 in this volume.
2. **bane** - curse, cause of trouble or woe.



Here, the poem's speaker is Benjamin Rotch. He and Mary probably collaborated in writing it. Henry Leach was a friend of Rotch's at Milford, and a regular guest at Castle Hall. A good deal of raillery appears to have gone on in the Rotch circle, and Leach's wit is a topic in several of the Milford poems. See particularly the following poem 'Ruth to -'. See also 'The Shew-man', 'Ruth & M.C. to B. Rotch, for the foregoing.' and 'The Monkey to the Magpie', pp.349, 353, 354 respectively.

## Milford Haven B Rotch to H. Leach.

---

Dear Harry thy volatile spirits of wit  
 If rightly applied may my malady hit  
 For reflection intense does an headach produce  
 And thy aether may be for a moment of use  
 Indeed since that fluid the faculty<sup>1</sup> say  
 Will these spasms of my stomach so grievous allay  
 Why may not thy subtile[sic] effusions of brain  
 By exerting my muscles, evaporate pain  
 For I think that between 'em a likeness I view  
 As ever was counterfeit guinea to true  
 Alike they relieve us, immersing in thought  
 Alike they fly off and the refuse is naught  
 Thy head to the vial immense I compare  
 Thy brain is Sal Volatile,<sup>2</sup> lighter than air  
 When the zest is flown off & its particles fled  
 Alas! my poor Harry you both are quite dead  
 Alone in the corking my simile's vain  
 For thy tongue is so porous<sup>3</sup> it cannot contain  
 So I pray thee enclose me a packet or two  
 And I'll send thee a fee if the recipe do

1. **faculty** - i.e. doctors, the medical faculty.

2. **Sal Volatile** - solution of ammonium carbonate, spirit of hartshorn. Form of smelling salts, usually contained in a vial (glass medicine bottle) and taken for a variety of ailments: headaches, sickness and indigestion, fainting (though too much Sal Volatile could make one light-headed).

3. **Porous** - full of holes or gaps that allow substances, for instance fluid or air, to pass through. There is no stopping Harry's wit and volubility.

The identity of the Ruth for whom this was written is not known. She could have been a member of a Quaker family or, perhaps, a visitor. She is possibly the same Ruth as is mentioned in 'A Squeeze of the Hand' (p.327 in this volume). Mary wrote this verse for her to rebut the attentions of an unwanted admirer. The references to this admirer's ineffectual wit in comparison with that of Benjamin Rotch probably mean that the poem's intended recipient was Harry Leach, a friend of Rotch's who features in other poems as a figure of fun. See 'B Rotch to H. Leach' immediately above.

### Ruth to -

---

Thy wit is like a boiling pot  
 For ever pouring o'er  
 But all the flashes thou hast got  
 Are bubbles and no more.

But Rotch is like the fire below  
 Whose bright and genuine beam  
 Would make a thousand such as thou  
 Evaporate in steam.

Nor think my friend, my maiden heart  
 With tinsel<sup>1</sup> to allure  
 An ounce of sense would soon impart  
 A safe and certain cure.

1. tinsel - something attractive but without real value or substance.

The following is from 'E.L', a lady of mature years, to 'G.S', a young Quaker man whose eager attentions and adoption of fashionable dress in order to woo her have led her to fall in love with him. Having won her heart, however, he has slighted her 'proffer'd love'. 'G.S' is identified in the poem as Gayer Starbuck - and, in his gay outfit of 'hunting coat', 'velvet cape' and 'cravat high', he certainly lives up to his name. Gayer, in his early twenties in 1804, was the son of Daniel and Alice Starbuck, Nantucketers who moved to Milford from Nova Scotia in 1793, and so was the elder brother of Alice Starbuck, possible addressee of 'The Sensitive Plant', p.338 above.

Presumably, Mary composed the poem at E.L's request, though they may well have collaborated in its production. At any rate, E.L.'s plea to regain Gayer's wandering affections was unsuccessful. He later married an Eleanor Penrose - the couple are buried together in the grounds of the Friends Meeting House at Milford Haven.

It is likely that 'E.L' was Eliza Leach, sister of a friend of Benjamin Rotch's - Harry Leach of Sunnyhill. Benjamin had met Leach and his two single sisters, Eliza and Mary, when in Milford to plan the Rotch family's removal there. He subsequently took the girls back to London with him, spending much time showing them the sights, much to the annoyance of his wife Elizabeth who had remained in London to organise the sale of their house in Islington. She did not appreciate the arrival of guests, or their taking up her husband's time. Eliza Rotch Junior says the girls 'made themselves as agreeable as they could' but their presence was nevertheless a great trial to her mother. The Leach sisters eventually accompanied the Rotches back to Milford. (Extracts from *Memorials of the Life of Elizabeth (Barker) Rotch (Wife of Benjamin Rotch), being the "Recollections of a Mother" by her daughter, Eliza Farrar [Eliza Rotch Junior] (Springfield: 1861) in Bullard, *The Rotches*, pp.339-40.)*

Eliza Leach, being single, lively, on intimate terms with the Rotch family and other Quakers in the small community of Milford, while not a Quaker herself, would seem to fit the bill for 'E.L'. Members of the Leach family, for instance, are mentioned frequently in the diary of Abiel Coleman Folger. (The Folgers were another prominent Quaker whaling family. Abiel's husband Timothy was a merchant and magistrate.) The Folgers, Starbucks, Rotches and Leaches regularly exchanged visits and entertained one another. (*Diary of Abiel Coleman Folger*, Milford Haven, 1806-11, typescript copy, Haverford West Public Record Office.)

### E.L .... to G. S.... Milford.

---

In what soft accents shall my thots.<sup>1</sup> get free  
 To paint the anguish in mine heart for thee  
 How shall my trembling hand her task fulfil  
 Forgetful Gayer! ah, why remember'd still  
 In vain to Milford does fond fancy rove  
 In vain - if thus you slight my proffer'd love  
 These "sunny hills"<sup>2</sup> afford me no delight  
 While you dear Gayer are banished from my sight  
 And ev'n gay Pembrokes ever varying scene  
 Gives the long sigh, as mark'd the space between  
 - False man can absent months thine heart set free  
 While here I languish and in vain for thee  
 Shall I resentful dip my pen in Gall<sup>3</sup>  
 Pride whispers, yes! since thou deserv'st it all

Say not to justify thy cold neglect  
 Eliza only claim'd thy just respect  
 That thou unconscious of my souls alarms<sup>4</sup>  
 Admired, not lov'd my antiquated charms  
 (And once believe me I way[w<sup>5</sup>] young as thou  
 Tho' dress supplies the want of beauty now)  
 That thy false lips thy passion ne'er reveal'd  
 And mine (till anguish bursts mine heart) are seal'd  
 But tell me not of words, thine eve[eye]<sup>6</sup> would rove  
 And its loud language bade me cherish love  
 Thy ready hand its frequent office sought  
 Thine offer'd arm on all my fancy wrought<sup>7</sup>  
 My tender soul concentr'd<sup>8</sup> on thee hung  
 And drank the envenom'd poison of thy tongue  
 Oft thy soft sounds have charm'd my listning[sic] ear  
 Inaudibles which love alone can hear  
 Those fond attentions which attracted me  
 Invisibles which love alone could see  
 Ah plead not ignorance thy plea is vain  
 Nor play the coquet<sup>9</sup> to elude my chain  
 Full well I know thou sought the toiletts[sic] aid<sup>10</sup>  
 To lure my heart by Fashions self array'd<sup>11</sup>  
 No sober youth that woos a sober friend<sup>12</sup>  
 Would e'er to Proteus Fashions laws attend<sup>13</sup>  
 And this my charge ungrateful Gayer to thee  
 That this alluring net was spread for me  
 Witness thy close cropp'd head thy cravat high  
 And thy stuff'd neck array'd in sable die<sup>14</sup>  
 That die, dear youth thy secret wish imparts  
 To rival officers in Ladies hearts  
 Witness thy hunting coat of green or black  
 By fashions scissors cut for folly's back  
 And well I ween<sup>15</sup> to charm no quaker maid  
 In[Is] thy fair form in all the ton displayed<sup>16</sup>  
 From head to foot its varied range I see  
 And velvet cape with square toed boots agree  
 Nor does thy tongue soft complem'ts[sic] decline  
 Thy Ma'am and Sir, & you, all match with mine<sup>17</sup>  
 Then what thy aim neglectful Starbrick[Starbuck]<sup>18</sup> say  
 Or why thy dress in fashions mode display  
 Nay more, dear youth thy brother Paul go view<sup>19</sup>  
 His plain attire declares my words are true  
 No shewy Dame like me he apes<sup>20</sup> to win  
 But wisely keeps the bounds of truth within<sup>21</sup>  
 Thou know'st, for wisdom hath illum'd.[sic] thy mind  
 And sterling sense hath thy vague thots. refin'd  
 Historic annals oft thine eyes explore  
 And turn the page of Science<sup>22</sup> o'er & o'er  
 Good nature too hath given thy heart to glow  
 Thy gentle heart that feels anothers woe  
 Then why to me so inconsistent prove  
 Allure my fondness and despise my love

Why claim the arts the studied arts of dress  
 And then my long attracted flame, repress  
 While thine address encouragement affords  
 The strong attraction needs no aid of words  
 Ah say then roving Gayer if these be vain  
 Say if thou deign'st to wear mine ancient chain  
 Say if thine heart to crown my love incline  
 And all thy dress and all thy words are mine  
 If faithful thou and unimpaired thy flame  
 Oh let one long'd for line reveal the same  
 By the wing'd Mercury which some call post<sup>23</sup>  
 Declare that all my fears & doubts are lost  
 That once my arts long practis'd shall succeed  
 And cause in age thy gentle youth to bleed<sup>24</sup>  
 And tho' each moment juvenile is o'er  
 Shall catch an heart who never catch'd before  
 With fading lustre court thy gracious boon<sup>25</sup>  
 Like Sol who charms thee more at eve than noon<sup>26</sup>  
 So shall be thine my wrinkles & gray[sic] hair  
 And mine thy Buckish dress thy blazing  
 Star.<sup>27</sup>

1. **thots.** - manuscript abbreviation of 'thoughts'.
2. **"sunny hills"** - both the hills around Milford and 'Sunnyhill', the residence of the Leaches adjacent to that of the Rotches at Castle Hall.
3. **Gall** - bile, or bitterness, also substance secreted by an insect or fungus onto a plant.
4. **souls alarms** - agitated inner feelings.
5. **way** - clearly written in manuscript, but probably copyist's error for 'was'.
6. **eve** - clearly written in manuscript, but probably copyist's error for 'eye'.
7. **Thy ready hand [. . .] fancy wrought** - it was customary for a gentleman to perform offices for a lady, such as handing her her coat or cape, and offering her his arm when walking together or to lead her from the room. Gayer did this in such a way as to encourage E.L.'s feelings for him.
8. **concentred** - brought to one point of concentration.
9. **coquet** - flirt. This male form was common at this time, but has since become obsolete, only the female form 'coquette' remaining in use.
10. **toiletts aid** - help of dress, or other ways of enhancing appearance such as styling the hair.
11. **by Fashions self array'd** - dressed in the height, or epitome, of fashion.
12. **sober friend** - sober Friend (i.e. Quaker).
13. In Greek mythology, Proteus looked after the flocks of Poseidon, god of the sea, who granted him the gift of prophecy. But he avoided those who sought to consult him by changing into different shapes and wearing different clothes.
14. **stuff'd neck [. . .] sable die** - Gayer enveloped his neck in his tall cravat. **sable die** - black dye.
15. **ween** - think, suppose or believe.
16. **In** - clearly written in manuscript, but probably copyist's error for 'is'; **ton** - fashionable style of the day (abbreviation of 'bon ton' - high fashion, from the French, literally 'good tone' or 'taste').
17. Quakers did not use formal modes of address such as 'Ma'am' or 'Sir', regarding these as elevating one person above another, and adhered to the archaic forms 'thee' and 'thou' instead of 'you'. Gayer compromised these customs by conforming to the manners of contemporary, polite society observed by non-Quakers, like 'E.L.'.
18. **Starbrick** - Starbuck. Possibly copyist's error.
19. Gayer's brother Paul Starbuck, a grocer and, later, trustee of the Quaker burial grounds.
20. **apes** - to ape is to mimic or copy. Paul does not try to copy Gayer's behaviour in wooing a fashionable woman.
21. **keeps the bounds of truth within** - Quakers called adhering to their testimonies, such as simplicity, 'keeping within the bounds of truth'. Paul does this by dressing plainly in the Quaker tradition.

22. **Science** - knowledge.
23. **the wing'd Mercury which some call post** - Mercury was the Roman name for Hermes, the messenger god, who had winged sandals to speed him on his way.
24. **to bleed** - to suffer, i.e. from the pangs of love.
25. **boon** - favour.
26. **Like Sol [. . .] than noon** - 'E.L.' compares herself to the sun which can be more attractive in the softness of evening than the blazing heat of noon.
27. **Playing on the name 'Starbuck'**, the poem ends still concentrating on Gayer's dress. A young 'buck' was a fashionable man about town, a beau or dandy.

Sally was a common diminutive of Sarah, so the probable addressee of this poem was Sarah Starbuck, daughter of Samuel Starbuck, the banker, and his wife, Lucretia, née Folger. In the 'Genealogy of Nantucket and Milford Haven Friends' she is the only Sarah to have been a child at this time. She was first cousin to Paul and Gayer Starbuck (see poem 'E.L. to G.S.' immediately above), and related to the Rotches. As they formed a small, relatively isolated Quaker community who could only marry within the Society, and in which the consolidation of business interests was important, the whaling families tended to intermarry.

Quakers were keen to prevent unnecessary suffering to animals. Many, such as Mary's friend Sarah Hoare, were active in what is termed today 'animal rights'. Keeping birds in the confined space of a cage was considered a cruel curtailment of their God-given freedom. In addition, the caged bird was a prevailing motif in the eighteenth-century 'age of sensibility', often used to arouse tenderness and emotion - witness Laurence Sterne's depiction of the caged starling in *A Sentimental Journey* (see p.140 in this volume) and Thomson's *The Seasons* (1726-46), 'Spring', 702-13, where his muse 'bemoan[s]/Her brothers of the grove by tyrant man/Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage/From liberty confined, [. . .].') Yet keeping wild birds in cages as pets was still a widespread practice. This piece was prompted by a particular occasion, on 26 January 1804, when Sally Starbuck was given a goldfinch, just captured, by a 'mischievous thoughtless boy'.

Possibly because the piece is mainly prose, it was included, by the copyist, in the prose part of the manuscript collection. However, as it clearly belongs with other material from the Milford Haven visit and commences with a poem (an acrostic in which the initial letters of each line spell out 'Sally Starbuck'), I have decided to reproduce it here.

### **To Sally Starbuck - an acrostic The Goldfinch---**

---

Sally let thy flexile<sup>1</sup> heart  
 All the charms of mercy prize  
 Let Compassion soft impart  
 Lessons pointing to the skies  
 Youth's the hour of virtuous strife

Spring of nature soon tis o'er!  
 Then adown the verge of life<sup>2</sup>  
 Autumn pours her ripen'd store  
 Rise superior far to Earth  
 Be thy claim a nobler birth  
 Unto thee rewards shall flow  
 Cause<sup>3</sup> each good and gentle mind  
 Keeping mercy, mercy'll find

The foregoing lines were occasion'd by an interesting circumstance. Sitting at table 1Mo 26 in one of those worthy families whose kind attentions and unaffected hospitality caused those hours which would otherwise have mov'd with leaden pace to glide smoothly & pleasantly along, on the banks of Milford Haven, & partaking less of corporeal refreshment than of "The feast of reason and the flow of soul"<sup>4</sup> - those intellectual enjoyments so highly prized by those whose minds are susceptible of the exquisite felicity of cultivation when suddenly our attention was attracted towards that dear little girl to whom was presented a beautiful goldfinch which had just been caught for her by a mischievous thoughtless boy - the poor palpitating creature was received with eagerness and an involuntary emotion of delight - she gazed on it with unaffected joy, while its variegated plumage excited her admiration and her features were illumin'd by the transitory emanation. But a few moments reflection on the propriety of retaining in captivity the unoffending object of her wishes dissipated the ebullition<sup>5</sup> of joy. It was mentioned that of all creatures to whom Liberty was dear, there were none so fitted to enjoy it, as the feather'd tribe, none so completely form'd for it, as they: none who seem'd so ill calculated to brook confinement - their light floating bodies; their airy pinions,<sup>6</sup> which soaring thro' the midway sky,<sup>7</sup> all form so strong and striking a contrast to the close pent wiry cage, that the voice of consideration rejects the caprice which suggested it. Alas! to what evils do thoughtless children subject the innocent victims of their casual amusements - how often do they unknowingly inflict many an agonizing pang and how necessary is it that they sedulously<sup>8</sup> cherish every dawning of that celestial ray which illumines the opening mind & invariably imprints there the sacred lesson of "whatever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them"<sup>9</sup> - and widely as universal nature extends that genuine impulse of philanthropy. "I know Sally", said her Mother, "that thou wouldst feel more real pleasure in restoring that bird to its wonted liberty than thou possibl[y] canst experience in confining it". "But I will get a large cage for it replied Sally whose countenance evinced an internal struggle between compassion and a desire to retain it", "And that will be less to this poor bird, than a small room would be to thee" - "But I have seen birds very happy singing in their cages" - "Yes", said her father, "and I have seen them striving to break their imprisoning bars, pushing with painful violence their beak thro' the wires, and using every ineffectual[sic] effort to regain their native liberty: & who possessing humanity would desire to inflict such agonizing sensations, because that when the conflict was over, (if they by death eluded not the inglorious triumph of their heedless persecutors) it would amuse with a song, or hop about its narrow confines. How much more gratifying is it to see them happy in Liberty, enjoying their existence, & chaunting<sup>10</sup> their varied notes in that sphere in which the wise Author of nature hath placed them". The force of conviction rolled onward with impetuous weight it was a torrent carrying all before it; her inclination yielded to reason;

her ideas of pleasure to those of humanity - she went to the door, released the goldfinch & returned to the company possessed of more intellectual and internal felicity than she could have experienced from the retention of the poor flutterer. What a triumph! how ennobling the exercise of humanity! & how delightfully prognosticating<sup>11</sup> the maturation of those amiable sensibilities which improve & heighten the happiness of life and which by preserving the heart tender disposes it to receive divine impressions, as the flame which softening the ductile<sup>12</sup> wax prepares it for the seal, & is always abundantly rewarded by tenfold increase of every good disposition which waits but for exertion and extension to increase in the prolific soil of the youthful mind.

1. **flexile** - tractable, able to adapt (therefore susceptible to good influences).
2. **adown** - poetic form of 'down'; **verge** - downward slope. (Human life is seen as declining into autumn, once its spring, or youth, is over.)
3. **Cause** - abbreviation of 'because'.
4. Alexander Pope, *Imitations of Horace: The First Satire of the Second Book of Horace Imitated* (1733), 127-28 - 'There St. John mingles with my friendly Bowl,/The Feast of Reason and the Flow of Soul'. St John was Henry St. John Bolingbroke, one of Pope's 'best Companions' (line 125) at his country house at Twickenham.
5. **ebullition** - spontaneous or sudden outburst.
6. **airy pinions** - light wings.
7. **midway sky** - middle of the sky.
8. **sedulously** - diligently or assiduously.
9. Mt 7:12 - 'Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the Law and the Prophets'.
10. **chaunting** - chanting or singing.
11. **prognosticating** - indicating, foretelling.
12. **ductile** - pliable, yielding.



Mary may have brought her own son, William, with her to Milford - he would have been just two years old. But the Rotches also had a little boy named William (William Barker Rotch) who was born in Milford in August 1802, and would thus have been aged seventeen months at the time of Mary's visit. Either William could have been subjected to the 'blandishments' of Ruth and Maria, as described in this poem, but it is more likely that it was William Rotch.

### The Contest.

Ruth and Maria, maidens gay  
 Strive Williams heart to gain  
 And each their blandishments display  
 The object to obtain

Maria pours the wanted hoard<sup>1</sup>  
 Of many a silver'd toy  
 With these she decks the festive board  
 T'attract her darling boy

Ruth conscious that the charms of mind  
 Affection will secure  
 With gentlest art & nurture tries  
 The urchin<sup>2</sup> to allure

Pleas'd with the toys he playful sports  
 On blithe<sup>3</sup> Maria's knee  
 Anon<sup>4</sup> the trinkets tire - he courts  
 With sober Ruth to be

To you the child untaught in guile  
 Instruction doth impart  
 Amusements vague may please a while  
 But softness wins the heart

1. **wanted hoard** - usual store or collection.
2. **urchin** - a mischievous, or impish, boy.
3. **blithe** - happy and joyful.
4. **Anon** - soon.

Next, Mary advises someone called Maria on the need to ensure her own financial security. In view of the content, Maria cannot be the six-year-old Maria Rotch - she must be another relative or guest.

**Maria when applied for by an old Miser affected generosity and  
we advising her to make sure of a settlement - I added**

---

Maria while I pity thee  
Some comfort let me give  
Tis wise to imitate the bee  
And thus on Nectar live

Uncertain joys gay spring affords  
Maria those are thine  
But we for Winters treasur'd hoards  
Would all its charms resign

Then pray accept a friends advice  
Nor cherish baseless hope  
Autumnal harvests wait thy choice  
Be sure thou reap the crop

This comic tale about a local Justice of the Peace imbued with a sense of his own dignity and self-importance, undermined by events, probably concerns Henry Leach who was indeed a local JP and who seems to have been the butt of some teasing within the Rotch circle. Two individuals named Henry Leach are listed in *The Names of His Majesty's Several Justices of the Peace of the Said County of Pembroke* held at Haverford West Public Record Office.

## The Shew-man.

---

I've a story to tell  
 Be attentive I crave  
 Of what woes some befel[sic]  
 Who were dup'd by a knave

A certain wise Justice  
 Of Judgment profound  
 Whose shrewdness we trust is  
 Most gravely renown'd

His fancy was curious  
 Some feats to behold  
 Which Fame (often spurious)  
 This Justice had told

So eager and willing  
 Th'achievements[sic] to know  
 That he came with his shilling  
 To peep at the shew

When taken their places  
 And given their fee  
 They sat with long faces  
 Expecting to see

The lights were extinguished  
 And long did they wait  
 'Till their hopes were relinquished  
 In fear and debate -

I can't help reflecting  
 How funny this spark<sup>1</sup>  
 When he unsuspecting  
 Long grop'd in the dark -

I wonder his shrewdness  
 No falsehood could find  
 I hope tis not rudeness  
 To say he was blind

For while he sat moping  
 Like monkey or ape  
 The knave was eloping  
 And made his escape

At length all suspecting  
 The people were rude  
 And voices collecting  
 A tumult ensued

All cry Justice! Justice!  
 And loudly they roar'd  
 In him their[that?]<sup>2</sup> their trust is  
 His aid they implored

He doubtless might dread  
 This would hurt his renown  
 When plum on his head  
 An old woman fell down

Such noise and confusion  
 Did our Hero affright  
 I could use an allusion  
 But no - twould seem spite

At length like Don Quixote<sup>3</sup>  
 The door he found out  
 And he left them to fix it  
 And settle the rout<sup>4</sup>

Now Ruth<sup>5</sup> it will please us  
 This farce to retain  
 And when next time he teaze us  
 He'll triumph in vain

1. **spark** - usually, a smart young gallant or man about town, but also a flash of wit - appropriate for Leach whose wit features in several of the Milford poems.
2. **their** - repeated in manuscript. Probably copyist's error for 'that'.
3. **Don Quixote** - hero of the Spanish novel *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, by Cervantes (Part I: 1605, Part II: 1615). In a state of mental disorder caused by reading too many chivalric tales, he travels the world seeking adventures and becoming implicated in comic situations, frequently causing mayhem.
4. **rout** - riot.
5. Almost certainly the Ruth of 'Ruth to', p.340 above.

This little verse might have been written about the sweet voice of a child - Benjamin and Elizabeth Rotch's six-year-old daughter, Maria - or, more likely, to compliment an adult guest who sang or wrote verse, probably the same person as in 'Maria when applied for by an old Miser [. . .]', p.348 above.

## [Untitled]

The music of Maria's tongue  
 My fainter lyre hath quite unstrung<sup>1</sup>  
 For ah beneath her accents gay  
 My trembling notes have died away

1. The lyre was the instrument of the muses, and so a metaphor for poetry.

## On the Whalefishery .....

---

Oh Milford what blessings await thy bleak coast  
 How amply rewarded thy toil<sup>1</sup>  
 Let thy light shine in darkness thy lamps a bright host  
 For thy Virgins can never want oil<sup>2</sup> -

1. **toil** - referring to whaling, Milford's main industry during these years.
2. **Virgins** - virgin lamps, which will never be short of oil as long as the whaling ships keep returning laden with their precious cargo. Mary is punning on this meaning and Jesus's parable of the wise and foolish virgins. The parable describes how the wise ones ensured they had sufficient oil to keep their lamps burning till the bridegroom's arrival, while the foolish ones, coming unprepared, had to go to buy more oil and so missed the wedding. Similarly, we must be prepared for we never know when the Son of Man will come. (Mt 25:1-13)



1. **Intreat** - variant spelling of 'entreat'.
2. **Jews do not eat pig meat.**
3. **bile** - bile, sometimes called 'cholera', was supposedly the cause of bad temper.

This verse follows on from the previous one, 'Ruth's Petition to B. Rotch', in the manuscript collection and, as the title indicates, is connected with it. It asks Rotch to 'restore/The sole cause of our dread' - possibly the journal *Pigs' Meat*. See the 'Petition' above, where the girls 'dread the malevolent nature of swine'.

### Ruth & M.C. to B. Rotch, for the foregoing.

---

Since in vain our request  
 To that unpolite Gayer<sup>1</sup>  
 Who refused to assist  
 Tho' distrest[sic] we declare  
 We pray thee restore  
 The sole cause of our dread  
 For Harry's shrewd roar  
 Hangs over our head  
 Tis a sore thing in truth  
 His smart lash to endure<sup>2</sup>  
 So pardon our youth  
 It our folly may cure  
 We expect from B Rotch  
 An effectual relief  
 For he cannot encroach  
 And he won[']t play the thief

1. Gayer Starbuck, see 'E.L . . . to G.S . . .', p.341 above.
2. Harry was Henry Leach, Benjamin Rotch's friend, noted, and ridiculed, for his wit (see 'B Rotch to H. Leach.' and 'Ruth to -', pp.339 and 340 above). A 'roar' can mean a loud laugh, and 'his smart lash' refers to his wit. If Leach passed Rotch copies of the journal *Pigs' Meat*, his reaction is understandable.
3. The last two lines form a compliment to Rotch that may also be connected with wit. To 'encroach' or 'play the thief' may be references to plagiarism, i.e. of others' witticisms.

In this piece Mary styles herself the monkey and 'H.L.' (Henry (Harry) Leach, close friend of Benjamin Rotch) the magpie. 'H.L.' is a justice of the peace and a wit (or imagines himself one). He has accused Mary of plagiarism and she, artfully, retaliates in a similar vein. An ape is, of course, a mimic or imitator, while one 1632 definition of a magpie was 'an idle or impertinent chatterer' (OED).

**M.C.   H.L.**  
**The Monkey to the Magpie**

---

A certain Justice shrewd and keen  
 Who with his friends is frequent seen  
 The very magpie of the table  
 Who talks and chatters while he's able  
 Fix'd on poor me his blinking eyes  
 And thus exclaim'd he wondrous wise  
 Do you observe that cunning elf<sup>1</sup>  
 Indeed she's very like myself  
 You think her wit is her own coining  
 But trust me Rotch 'tis all purloining  
 With plagiarisms her mind is fill'd  
 In depth of judgment quite unskill'd  
 Today, she artful tries to borrow  
 What serves to make you laugh tomorrow  
 Perchance she wakes while others dream  
 Steals all their thoughts & skims their cream  
 I this decision won[']t relinquish  
 Even could from cant \* she dont distinguish  
 She's but an ape - so you take care  
 And of her monkey tricks beware

Then why good friend provoke my spite<sup>2</sup>  
 Fools may retort and apes may bite  
 But well I ween<sup>3</sup> thou guest the truth  
 I nought could steal from thee, forsooth  
 And why so fierce thy blinking eye  
 Children, not me, twould terrify  
 Alas! I fear thy Judgments blind  
 Tho' safe in vacuum rests thy mind  
 Thou tracest others by thyself  
 I'll prove thee here a luckless elf<sup>4</sup>  
 For Ruth<sup>5</sup> - whom thou declares thy second  
 Alas without thy host thou reckon'd  
 Says that my thoughts are sound and true  
 And thy own image fair thou drew  
 Indeed I think we're much the same  
 So here a truce I now proclaim  
 Tis sad the world should see us, brother



For ever sparring with each other  
 When like as twins we steal or borrow  
 Alike we jest to banish sorrow  
 Our shallow gleanings oft unfold  
 And make our tinsel<sup>6</sup> pass for gold  
 Alike we credit our friends table  
 And eat & drink while we are able  
 (As our encreasing size bespeaks<sup>7</sup>  
 Our surface sleek, our ruddy cheeks)  
 Talk sense or nonsense - so it pass  
 And seldom fail to drink our glass  
 Well! - since alike our features tally  
 Thou cease to backbite, I to rally  
 And prove that wonders do not cease  
 When fools like us can dwell in peace.

Milford haven[sic]

\* a grammatical error on which he animadverted<sup>8</sup>

1. **elf** - a fairy, or supernatural creature apt to get into mischief or play tricks. Here a crafty or mischievous character.
2. Mary commences her reply.
3. **ween** - think or believe.
4. **elf** - see note 1 above. Mary applies the same epithet to 'H.L.' as he did to her. However, he is **luckless** - because he cannot win the argument.
5. **Ruth** - clearly written in manuscript, but may be copyist's error for 'Rotch' as the next line goes on to speak of 'thy host', and it was Rotch who entertained Mary and Harry Leach at Castle Hall.
6. **tinsel** - decoration without real value or substance.
7. **encreasing** - variant spelling of 'increasing'; **bespeaks** - tells or shows the evidence of.
8. **animadverted** - criticised or passed censure.

In this brief verse, Mary attributes the poetic gifts she displays at Milford to Rotch's encouragement and influence - his male mentorship, and, in keeping with prevailing notions of feminine modesty, asserts that her aim in writing is not to gain any personal recognition but simply to give pleasure within the private, domestic sphere.

### [Untitled]

I envy not th'applause of fame  
 Domestic pleasure is my aim  
 Nor thought to wear a poets bays<sup>1</sup>  
 Till Rotch approv'd my simple lays  
 Would he repress th'exuberance wild  
 Of fancy's vague untutor'd child  
 Or clip the wings that soar away  
 How would my judgment own his sway

1. a poets bays - wreath of laurel leaves, the crown of a poet and emblem of poetic prowess.

Ruthena's gift of a pen, with the expressed wish that Mary's 'numbers' or verses might shine, prompted the following lines. 'Ruthena' was perhaps an expanded form of 'Ruth', and so it is reproduced here, before 'To Ruth in tears' (in manuscript it is placed a little later).

### [Untitled]

Ruthena gives a silver pen to say  
 "Clear & unsullied let thy numbers shine"  
 I take thy boon dear girl, but to obey -  
 Requires more judgment solid & Divine.

**To Ruth                    in tears.**

---

Ah! much I fear, Corroding Care,  
 Pervades thy gentle breast, dear Ruth  
 Th'unconscious sigh, The tearful eye  
 Confirm my thoughts & speak the truth  
 Say can thine heart No griefs impart  
 To ease th'internal weight of woe<sup>1</sup>  
 Ah cease to moan Unseen, alone  
 And friendship shall her aid bestow  
 Where Love presides And joy divides  
 A double bliss shall either share  
 If woes invade By mutual aid  
 The lessen'd weight may banish care  
 Such power to bless Does love possess  
 When two congenial hearts unite  
 That trust me Ruth, I speak the truth,  
 No words can paint the just delight  
 Then cease to mourn Let Hope return  
 And chase those pearly tears away  
 Let Rotch's smile Thy fears beguile  
     And Peace resume her wonted sway.

1. Mary asks Ruth to ease her sorrows by sharing them.

**[Untitled - Addressee unknown]**

A furious temper in thy face I see  
 O wo[e] be to the wife that's bound to thee  
 But if with thine well match'd hers be  
     the same  
 The strong collision might a  
     town inflame .....

A rebus is a puzzle where the clues (originally pictures or letters, but subsequently punning or word-play) suggest the syllables of a word. This one was created to convey the name of a seemingly ungrateful female guest.

## A Rebus.

---

In days of yore by Heroes used  
 While all my state admire  
 But now each nobler task refus'd  
 I'm doom'd to drudge for hire

My second when imprest[sic] by pain  
 Methinks I hear you cry  
 My third in writing we obtain  
 And does before you lie

These when united will expound  
 A wondrous female's name  
 Who in this house asylum found  
 And prov'd a legal claim

And strange that of her country's ways  
 She never yet would speak  
 Altho she talks with equal ease  
 Of English French or Greek

Indeed we think her manners rude  
 Nor judge her sense profound  
 For not a sign of Gratitude  
 We yet in her have found ..

Yet still her wants are loud exprest[sic]  
 And prompt attendance claim  
 But never sin defil'd her breast  
 Nor blush'd her cheeks with shame

Much might I say but that I fear  
 My meaning were too plain  
 Do thou Eliza<sup>1</sup> search with care  
 Her character to gain

1. Probably Eliza Rotch, Benjamin Rotch's wife - the hostess.

As with 'The Contest', p.347 above, the William for whom these two poems were written could be either Mary's own two-year-old son (if she took him with her to Milford) or, more likely considering Mary's habit of writing verses for her hosts, the Rotches' seventeen-month-old baby boy.

### William to his Mother

---

Dear Mamma thy darling see  
 Thus I cling around thy knee  
 Smile & let thy smile impart  
 Joy & gladness to my heart  
 Let thy soft endearing kiss  
 Bend my will & crown my bliss  
 Docile thus to thee I turn  
 Thou shalt teach & I wilt learn

Milford Haven

### Another

---

Dear Mamma I long to be  
 All thou canst desire in me  
 Bid farewell to every fault  
 For I covet to be taught  
 Never may thy frown impart  
 Woes that rend thy Williams heart  
 See me docile to thy will  
 All thy kind commands fulfill  
 Smile, & say thy boy shall prove  
 Worthy of maternal Love

In the last poem written at Milford, bidding her friends 'adieu' before her return to Ireland, Mary remembers the pleasant times they have enjoyed together. The poem mentions many individual members of the Milford Haven Quaker families, as well as Benjamin Rotch's friend, Mr Leach. It is addressed to Mary's hostess, Benjamin's wife, Elizabeth Rotch Senior.

**An Adieu to my friends at Milford.  
2 mo. 16th. 1804**

---

**Addressed to E. Rotch Senr.**

Tho' softest ties allure to Erins land<sup>1</sup>  
 And fav'ring breezes bid the sails expand  
 Yet in my pensive breast does sadness dwell  
 And my tongue falters,[sic] e'er I say farewell  
 Strange that the flowers which friendships bower adorn  
 Inflict the keenest pang the sharpest thorn  
 Strange that the co[r]dial draught whose rapturous taste,  
 Makes life worth living, bears such dregs at last  
 Yet such my fate! the source of purest joy  
 Corrodes my heart and does my peace annoy  
 On memory's tablet<sup>2</sup> is your love imprest[sic]  
 And grateful ardour glows within my breast  
 Long shall that love a cherish'd guest remain  
 Tho' time annihilate the parting pain.  
 And oft as Fancy's airy visions glide  
 Enlarge the circle of your dear fire-side  
 There all that interests you delight to know  
 And drink the streams of knowledge as they flow  
 Whether wise converse evening hours beguile  
 Or diamond pointed wit commands the smile  
 Or Samuel's reasoning sage & sense profound<sup>3</sup>  
 Or Leach's irony spreads laughter round<sup>4</sup>  
 Or if Lucretia lends an added mite<sup>5</sup>  
 And near<sup>6</sup> affection gives and takes delight  
 Or Hopkins, lovely as the breath of spring<sup>7</sup>  
 Or gentle Ruth their mental treasures bring<sup>8</sup>  
 Or friendly Paul or Alice mild and fair<sup>9</sup>  
 Or the kind youth by name and nature Gayer<sup>10</sup>  
 Or if more grave you, placid, love to trace  
 Content & comfort in Abiel's face<sup>11</sup>  
 For not the known experience of her Lord  
 Lessons of purer wisdom may afford  
 Or Daniel, hospitable friendly kind  
 Or his lov'd counterpart in soul & mind<sup>12</sup>  
 Or the young groupe[sic] who willing homage pay

For swift to hear, nor slow to learn are they  
 With these full oft my intellectual eyes  
 Shall catch the spark of wisdom as it flies  
 There mark the honest zeal, the heartfelt glow  
 That gilds thy husband's philanthropic brow<sup>13</sup>  
 The words that indicate his stedfast[sic] mind  
 Prudent yet noble and tho' plain refin'd<sup>14</sup>  
 Who all embracing in one general plan  
 (Each clime his own, his brother every man)  
 Longs to extend benignant virtues sway  
 And kindle worlds with his prolific ray<sup>15</sup>  
 Oft too shall memory thy lov'd children trace  
 Coheirs of all thy elegance and grace  
 Thy dear Eliza polish'd and refin'd<sup>16</sup>  
 Fraught with the sapience<sup>17</sup> of her mother's mind  
 Already taught to succour & to bless  
 And guide her pencil to relieve distress<sup>18</sup>  
     Thy precious fair Maria good as fair<sup>19</sup>  
 Her bosom sympathy's deposit rare  
 Sweet lovely flower of Virtue and of Truth  
 The bud of genius or[on] the stem of youth  
 Her mind all nerve that does with love expand  
 Her soul soft music for a masters hand  
 Touch'd by that hand twill pour forth strains divine  
 Rich melody! harmonious & benign  
 Will gain all hearts & each affection move  
 Save those - if such there be - who have no hearts to love.  
     Thy darling William manly noble free<sup>20</sup>  
 Docile as wax, the germ of goodness he  
 Oft in his namesake I'll delight to trace<sup>21</sup>  
 His mimic attitudes his beauteous face  
 And the young Caroline's Expanding form<sup>22</sup>  
 Replete with mercy's pure & genuine charm  
 These deep engraven shall my mind explore  
 When Milford-haven meets mine eye no more  
 When Castle-hall's<sup>23</sup> wide views are lost to me  
 (Save what perspective memory oft will see)  
 And tracing these to thee my valued friend  
 The soft affections of my heart ascend  
 Thy self the master-key the spring that guides  
 The bond that links them & o'er all presides  
 Oh! may thy thought the absent image bear  
 Of her who shared thy love & soothing care  
 May friendship ask & friendship shall comply  
 In your remembrance may I never die -----

1. Erins land - Ireland.

2. **memory's tablet** - figurative term for human memory. A tablet was a stone slab or plaque on which an inscription was written, but also a thin sheet of wood or ivory for writing on with a stylus. Several such tablets, or leaves, could be linked together. Both sorts of tablet convey the idea of memory as a site on which discrete memories are inscribed without easy erasure.
3. **Samuel** - Samuel Starbuck, merchant and, later (1810), member of the banking firm of Rotch, Phillips and Starbuck (Milton and Haverfordwest Bank).
4. **Leach** - Henry Leach, friend of Benjamin Rotch, mentioned in several other poems written at Milford.
5. **Lucretia** - Lucretia Starbuck, née Folger, wife of Samuel Starbuck.
6. **near** - close.
7. **Hopkins** - no information found.
8. **Ruth** - mentioned in several poems. Probably a member of one of the Milford Quaker families.
9. **Paul or Alice** - Paul and Alice Starbuck, children of Daniel Starbuck, grocer, and his wife Alice. Brother and sister to Gayer Starbuck. Alice was about eleven years old in 1804.
10. **Gayer** - Gayer Starbuck, son of Daniel and Alice Starbuck. See note 9 above, and poem 'E.L. . . to G.S. . .' p.341 in this volume.
11. **Abiel** - Abiel Coleman Folger, wife of Timothy Folger, American Consul at Milford Haven. Author of a journal now in the keeping of Haverford West Public Record Office. Abiel and Timothy were the parents of Lucretia Starbuck, wife of Samuel.
12. **Daniel and his lov'd counterpart** - Daniel Starbuck and his wife Alice, née Vaughan, parents of Paul, Gayer and Alice.
13. Benjamin Rotch was noted for his philanthropy.
14. **tho' plain refin'd** - although plain (i.e. a plain Quaker in his way of life), still refined (i.e. having the manners of a gentleman).
15. **Who all embracing [. . .] prolific ray** - Rotch is depicted as one who regards himself as part of a brotherhood of man that transcends national boundaries or distinctions - thus he calls 'each clime', or country, his own.
16. **Eliza** - Elizabeth Rotch Junior, aged about thirteen. Mary goes on to eulogise the virtues of the Rotches' other children.
17. **sapience** - wisdom.
18. **guide her pencil to relieve distress** - write to obtain funding for charity, as Mary did in composing poems to possible benefactors requesting money for charitable projects.
19. **Maria** - Maria Rotch, aged six.
20. **William** - William Rotch, aged eighteen months.
21. **his namesake** - Mary's own two-year-old son, also called William.
22. **Caroline** - Caroline Rotch, born on 5 January 1804. See poem written after her birth, p.324.
23. **Castle-hall** - the home of the Rotches, which they had just purchased. See poem entitled 'To Castle Hall [. . .]', p.390.



Mary returned to Ireland from Milford Haven in February 1804. There are then no dated poems in the collection until this poem, and the following one, written in June. (One reason for this gap, perhaps, may have been the tragic loss of her baby, Nathaniel, in April.)

Here, Mary replies to an acquaintance named Eliza on behalf of 'A' (unidentified). It seems that 'A' would like some books returned, and Eliza has insisted, in jest, that she make her request in verse.

**Supposed to be addressed by**  
**A**

---

Thy Message Eliza I strictly convey'd  
And endeavour'd thy wish to obtain  
That all claim on the books<sup>1</sup> must in verses be made  
With a song to redeem them again.

But alas Im. afraid that my neighbours light wings  
Have been clipt by the scissors of Time  
For she says that the notes of her tremulous strings  
Will not soften the theme into rhyme

And she thinks that the warblers that visit thy bower  
Who receive from thy hand their supply  
On thy ear such a thrill of sweet melody pour  
That her song must in languishment die

But she says that tho' poor her effusions of brain  
Yet sincere was the joy of her heart  
To see thee restor'd to each comfort again  
And that health does its lustre impart

That when Nature to meet thee unfolded her stores  
When the birds sung more sweet on the spray  
When Flora<sup>2</sup> enamell'd each meadow with flowers  
And the garden was lovely and gay

That when brighter the hue of each dew dropping tree  
And the air's balmy breath gave delight  
That she shar'd in their joy their protectress to see  
And in sympathy added her mite -

6th. mo: 1804

1. on the books - written twice in manuscript, almost certainly copyist's error.  
2. Flora - Roman goddess of spring and flowers.

**To a dear Friend and family**  
**6 mo. 4th. 1804.**

---

How sweet is the converse that flows unrestrain'd  
 From the lip to the heart of a friend  
 How pleasant is harmony social unfeign'd  
 With candour that ne'er may offend.

Impell'd by the wish to possess that delight  
 I fondly solicited thee  
 To cheer my abode with your presence tonight  
 And partake of refreshment with me

For vague are the treasures of nature & art  
 If friendship, if love, be untrue  
 'Tis they that to beauty its graces impart  
 And tis them I solicit in you.

For tho' welcome the dew that refreshes the blade<sup>1</sup>  
 And welcome the flowers of the spring  
 To us are more welcome in kindness array'd  
 The social enjoyments you bring

Then haste that at least for a few fleeting hours  
 May the cream of enjoyment be mine  
 Be cloudless ye skies intercept with no showers  
 And may Boreas to Zephyr resign<sup>2</sup>

1. **blade** - i.e. blade of grass.

2. The hope is that Boreas, the cold north wind, will give way to his brother Zephyr, or Zephyrus, the gentle west breeze.

C.B. was Catherine Birkett, Mary's cousin whose adoption of worldly ways was later to upset her family deeply. She was eventually disowned in 1814 for marrying outside the Society of Friends. (See Appendix 7, 'Individuals Featuring in the Writings of Mary Birkett Card'.)

She was sent to England, to the Quaker boarding school at Ackworth, for her education - her name appears in the list of pupils until 1799. In September 1804 she was nineteen years old.

This verse was designed to accompany Mary's gift to Catherine of a copy of the spiritual journal of Job Scott, the dedicated and eloquent Quaker minister from Providence, Rhode Island in America who visited Ireland in 1793. Scott was a quietist who, though steeped in the Bible, placed greater emphasis on inner mystical or religious experience than on external authorities - even the scriptures. He contracted smallpox in Ireland, and died at Ballitore while staying with the Shackleton family there. By 1804, his journal had become a popular and influential Quaker text.

Incidentally, Job Scott's daughter Lydia married William Rotch Junior in America. He was the brother of Benjamin Rotch, Mary's friend at Milford Haven.

### To C. B. with J. Scott's Journal

---

Dear Girl O may this great Example prove  
 A just incitement,<sup>1</sup> as a gift of Love  
 Like his, be winnow'd all thy chaff within  
 Cleans'd from thy dross & purg'd from all thy sin<sup>2</sup>  
 Then shall a crown of endless joy be thine  
 And as the stars thy bright memorial shine

9 mo. 19. 1804.

1. **incitement** - i.e. stimulus to spiritual development and virtue.
2. **Winnowing** wheat to extract the grain, and the **smelting** of metal to remove the 'dross' (waste or impurities), were conventional metaphors for a process of spiritual purification.

Here, Mary answers a friend who has complained that she writes too much about serious or religious subjects - 'the gravest themes'. (An understandable tendency when we consider the recent loss of her baby, Nathaniel, in the April.)

### To a Friend ----

---

And dost thou blame my sober muse  
 That chiefly gravest themes would chuse[sic]  
 On Joys Immortal love to dwell  
 And leave untouch'd the comic shell<sup>1</sup>  
 I feel the justice of the thought  
 Nature with transient charms is fraught  
 Vast tribes of Being issue forth  
 And perish almost at the birth  
 Pleas'd for a moment mount the sky  
 Just bloom and fade are born and die<sup>2</sup>  
 Yet these in varied hues array'd  
 The Lord of endless life hath made  
 Number'd each class its rise and fall  
 And given a share of bliss to all  
 Even pleasures we oft trifles find  
 Streams that refresh the weary mind  
 The minionet<sup>3</sup> we ne'er reject  
 The rose with pleasure does affect  
 Charm'd with the violets scented blue  
 Who ever blames its fading hue  
 And cold and cheerless must he be  
 That these can with indifference see  
 'Tis wisdom to enjoy each hour  
 And cull the sweet<sup>4</sup> of every flower  
 Let Annuals<sup>5</sup> please our sense awhile  
 And Friendship, true perennial smile  
 So shall emotions grateful flow  
 To whom we every blessing owe ---

9th. month 28th. 1804.

1. **comic shell** - presumably an empty shell, hence the comic is seen as hollow.
2. **Vast tribes of Being** [. . .] **born and die** - perhaps thinking of ants or other winged insects which appear in their thousands, only to fly briefly, mate and die, and of flowers which bloom just for a short space of time.
3. **minionet** - the mignonette, botanical name *reseda*, is a pretty annual flower. One type, *reseda dorata*, has particularly attractive greyish-green blooms with a pleasant smell.
4. **sweet** - pleasure.
5. **Annuals** - plants which flower for one season only, hence a metaphor for transitory pleasures, as opposed to friendship which is **perennial**, a plant which flowers year upon year.

This poem welcomes back a friend returning to town from the country at the onset of winter. Many commercial families, as well as the nobility and gentry, would spend the summer at their country houses, and return to Dublin in the autumn for the fashionable winter 'season'.

### To a Friend on her return to Town -

---

Lost are those scenes of pure delight  
 Which charm'd my oft enraptur'd sight  
 Th'enamell'd mead the landscape gay  
 The fragrant bower, the vocal lay<sup>1</sup>  
 The woods sublime whose branches high  
 Attun'd my soul to melody  
 Autumn resigns her plenteous reign  
 And pours no more the golden grain  
 No more inspires the tuneful throng<sup>2</sup>  
 Yet, oft reluctant moves along  
 And as she casts a transient eye  
 Still lingers in the sunbeam gay  
 See where descends a leafy shower  
 Sad proof of Winters iron power  
 Cold is the air & keen the blast  
 And oft the lowring[sic]<sup>3</sup> sky o'er cast  
 Yet feels my heart no thrill of pain  
 Nor covet Summers longer reign  
 Since piercing winds & heav'ns that frown  
 Have driven the friend I love to town  
 Have fill'd the chasm we used to mourn  
 And glads our hearts by her return  
 Restor'd the circle cheer'd and gay  
 Which joyless droops when she's away  
 Resume the sweetly social scene  
 Bid ease and comfort smile serene  
 And oft as evening hours return  
 And grateful steams the teeming urn<sup>4</sup>  
 The blazing fire shall we surround  
 Where many a brilliant spark<sup>5</sup> is found  
 And intellectual treasures grow  
 Enrich'd by giving what we know -  
 Then Natures charms I pleased resign  
 If Love & Friendship may be mine  
 Nor morning jaunt nor noontide shade  
 Nor days in length of light array'd  
 Nor cooling fruits nor scented flower  
 Which o'er our sense its odours pour  
 Nor sober walk at pensive Eve  
 Shall absent cause mine heart to grieve

Inspid are the joys they lend  
 Compar'd with Heaven's choice gift - a friend  
 For there we in their essence find  
 Creations beauties all combin'd  
 Nor sweet the music of the grove  
 Unchoruss'd by the voice we love!

O then may health our circle<sup>6</sup> crown  
 And heedless of stern winters frown  
 Our minds shall taste of purer joy  
 Which no rude elements destroy<sup>7</sup>  
 Shall tho' benumb'd each leafless tree  
 Glow with the warmth of sympathy.

10th. mo: 1st. 1804

1. **vocal lay** - birdsong.
2. **tuneful throng** - poetic expression for birds.
3. **lowring**[lowering] - 'heavy', portending storm.
4. **teeming urn** - conventional poetic expression for the tea urn, full to overflowing. **grateful** - welcome.
5. **brilliant spark** - punning on 'spark': spark from the fire and spark of wit.
6. **circle** - i.e. social circle.
7. Friendship, unlike summer, cannot be destroyed by **rude elements** - the ravages of winter.

These lines were written to comfort someone at a time of great sadness and grief.

## To

---

Ah dearest girl shall grief impart  
 Its mildew<sup>1</sup> o'er thy gentle heart  
 And not Affections cordial hand  
 Its sable<sup>2</sup> influence withstand  
 Ah no, soft sympathy shall pour  
 Into thy wounds her balmy<sup>3</sup> store  
 Shall bid thy baseless sorrows cease  
 Infuse content, and, whisper peace -  
 And mourn not if thy lot be cast  
 To bear full many a wintry blast  
 If not maternal care be shed  
 Around thy unprotected head  
 But storms arise and tempests roll  
 And almost harrow up<sup>4</sup> thy soul  
 Yet fear not for the arm below<sup>5</sup>  
 Shall blunt the edge of every woe  
 Uphold thy fainting feeble knee  
 Remove thy doubts & comfort thee  
 Thy patient faith will he approve  
 His banner over thee is love<sup>6</sup>  
 Tho' dark the morn the sun will rise  
 Dispel the mists & gild the skyes[sic]  
 And when at noon dark clouds are seen  
 Doubt we a sun beyond[,] serene  
 For mercy dwells beneath his hand  
 Tho times are not at our command  
 Say not that [']neath inclement skies  
 Unhous'd the tender nursling<sup>7</sup> dies  
 That nipping frosts its bloom repel  
 And piercing winds its ardours chill  
 But placed beneath a friendly shade  
 Its energies are all display'd  
 Say not that even the fruitful vine  
 Would round an oak its tendrils twine  
 But take its lov'd support away  
 And sunk to earth its powers decay  
 Say not nor thou to these compare  
 Thyself a myrtle green and fair  
 Whose stedfast[sic] leaves unfading bloom  
 And thro each season shed perfume<sup>8</sup>  
 The breeze that chills the tender flow'r

But o'er the air its odours pour  
 And long its vigorous branches rise  
 While many a well hous'd nursling dies.  
 And trust me x x x x<sup>9</sup> He whose voice  
 Hath bade thee make his will thy choice  
 Would thee from all thy dross<sup>10</sup> refine  
 That joy and gladness may be thine  
 That so from all defilement free  
 His love may view no spot in thee.<sup>11</sup>  
 But think not that tho tempest tost[sic]  
 Thy little bark<sup>12</sup> may now be lost  
 For yet within thy troubled breast  
 Does not the peaceful Saviour rest?  
 Then hold on Faith & Patience still  
 Nor rudely wake him e'er he will<sup>13</sup>  
 And thou in hallowed rest shalt live  
 Which men can neither take nor give

10th. mo: 3d. 1804.

1. **mildew** - destructive mould or canker.
2. **sable** - black, hence darkening.
3. **balmy** - healing.
4. **almost harrow up** - cut or wound almost to destruction.
5. **the arm below** - i.e. the supporting arm of God.
6. Song 2:4 - 'He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love'.
7. **nursling** - infant plant.
8. The myrtle is an evergreen plant with a pleasing scent. It was sacred to Venus, the Roman goddess of love, and hence emblematic, here, of the need to remain steadfast in the love of God.
9. Name of addressee omitted.
10. **dross** - impurities. The unwanted materials left behind when metal is refined, or smelted.
11. Song 4:7 - 'Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.'
12. **bark** - ship. An appropriate image for the spirit, navigating its way through the vicissitudes of life.
13. Song 2:7 - 'I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please.' (Repeated in Song 3:5 and 8:4.)



1804 was a traumatic year for Mary. She was deeply affected by the loss of her second child, Nathaniel, in April, seeing his death as a punishment for her own sin. (See Vol.1, Prose, journal entry '5th Mo 11 1804', p.37.) This poem earnestly desires the gift of patience to bear sorrow, and see through it to a divine purpose. Its emphasis on holding fast to faith in grief, on patience and resignation, a surrender of the internal spirit to the divine will, bears some resemblance to the previous poem, 'To [. . .]' - see particularly the closing few lines of each.

## To Patience

---

Celestial Patience! let thy rays impart  
 Some glimpse of comfort to my drooping heart  
 Assist that heart its load of griefs to bear  
 And heal the ruthless wounds of canker'd care!<sup>1</sup>  
 Oppress'd & humbled let afflictions rod<sup>2</sup>  
 Repine<sup>3</sup> my soul & fix my hope in God  
 Inspir'd by thee my mind shall learn to feel  
 The sting extracted from each varied ill  
 In every pang the gracious Mover<sup>4</sup> see  
 Who deigns to break my bonds and set me free!  
 Ah why the wish these trials to avert  
 Which Heaven has sent to purify my heart  
 Since when that work that sacred work is o'er  
 The tooth of anguish knows my breast no more  
 And what is life itself? a school severe  
 Our lesson learnt we feel no terrors there.  
 Then gentlest Patience lend thy lenient balm<sup>5</sup>  
 T'assuage mine anguish & my woes to calm  
 For soon each agonizing throb shall cease  
 And in the grove my wearied frame find peace  
 Soon shall my eyes their tribute<sup>6</sup> cease to pour  
 And racking<sup>7</sup> thoughts disturb my brain no more  
 Soon not a trace of suffering will appear  
 But the rich fruit that crowns lifes toilsome year  
 Then Patience let me bear each low'ring<sup>8</sup> storm  
 And thou in me thy perfect work perform  
 Since at one glance the great Phisician[sic]<sup>9</sup> sees  
 What medicine best may suit the minds disease  
 And equal wisdom equal love we share  
 In the warm cordial or the draught severe<sup>10</sup>  
 Oh might my heart in patient faith resign  
 And know no movement save the will divine

10th. month 23d. 1804

1. canker'd care - anxiety that acts like a disease, corrupting or damaging the spirit.

2. **afflictions rod** - sorrows are viewed as corrective, as God's way of refining the soul.
3. **repine** - make discontented (i.e. make the soul dissatisfied with this life, so that hope resides in God alone).
4. **gracious Mover** - God, seen as guiding all things to good purpose.
5. **lenient balm** - soothing, healing influence. **balm** - a healing ointment; **lenient** - gentle.
6. **tribute** - i.e. tears, the tribute the eyes pay to sorrow.
7. **racking** - tormenting.
8. **lowring [lowering]** - threatening.
9. **the great Phisician** - God as Divine Healer.
10. Medicine may be pleasant (a cordial is sweetly flavoured, and stimulating or comforting) or unpleasant (a draught was a common word in the eighteenth century for a medicinal drink and many were revolting concoctions, often emetic, the aim being to purge the body of disease - this could be what is meant by a 'draught severe'). But both may be effective.

John Marriott (1762-1797) was a Lancashire Quaker who wrote poetry from the age of sixteen. A traumatic early love affair was thought to have endowed his work with a sense of poignancy. Recovering, he married Ann Wilson in 1795 and enjoyed brief happiness before his death less than three years later. His friends published some of his poetry in 1803: *A Short Account of John Marriott, containing extracts from some of his letters, to which are added some of his Poetical Productions* (London: [n.pub], 1803). It became quite popular, particularly among Quakers. Mary's dedicatory poem reveals what she found to admire in his work.

Sources: *The Quaker Poets of Great Britain and Ireland*, ed. Evelyn Noble Armitage (London: William Andrews, 1896), pp.203-05; Edwin H. Alton, 'An Eighteenth-Century Quaker Poet: John Marriott 1762-1797', *Journal Friends Historical Society*, 52 (1968-71), 292-306.

## Written in a Volume of J Marriott's[sic] Poems --

---

Sweet Moralist let thy chaste lines  
 Salute Eliza's eye<sup>1</sup>  
 For there unrivall'd nature shines  
 In modest dignity

Soft Sympathy inspired thy strains  
 And gave thine heart to glow  
 Taught thee to feel anothers pains  
 And ting'd thy lyre<sup>2</sup> with woe

May she whose breast its charm benign  
 Will cherish and regard  
 Accept this humble form of thine  
 And think of Mary Card.

11mo. 27th. 1804

1. **Eliza** - unidentified. Mary knew several Elizas, including Eliza Rotch Senior and Eliza Rotch Junior at Milford, and Eliza Alexander in Dublin.
2. **lyre** - the instrument of the muses, hence a metaphor for poetry.

This poem is addressed, within the text, to 'Fidelia', someone unwilling to accept sympathy or comfort. 'Fidelia' may have been her real name, or a stock poetic name chosen for her. It is worth noting that a 'Fidele' is mentioned in 'To S: Hoare' (see p.430 in this volume).

**7 mo. 26th. 1805.**

**To \_\_\_\_\_**

Ah why wilt thou ever repel the soft aid  
 That Sympathy fain<sup>1</sup> would bestow  
 Thy chaplet<sup>2</sup> of youth health & vigour will fade  
 Consum'd by the Canker<sup>3</sup> of woe.

Look around thee & see how in this chequer'd<sup>4</sup> vale  
 There's an union of pleasure and pain  
 Tho' the frost pinch us oft & the tempest assail  
 Yet the sun will revisit again

And see how the rosebud peeps out from the thorn  
 Like Rapture encircled by Care  
 How Lights<sup>5</sup> in the depth of Obscurity born  
 And the Shadows of night disappear

Then build not my friend on this changeable scene  
 For its joys and its sorrows have end  
 Be thy hope on the Anchor that's steady, serene  
 That will ever in danger befriend

Then smile dear Fidelia ah smile from thine heart  
 For I long for thy bosoms repose  
 Religion unfailingly peace will impart  
 And friendship diminish thy woes -

1. fain - gladly.
2. chaplet - garland or wreath for wearing around the head, hence a decoration destined to wither.
3. canker - poisonous growth.
4. checquer'd - changeable.
5. lights - probably 'light is' is intended.

## Elizabeth Dawson and the General Daily Free School

The 'E.D.' of the following poem was Elizabeth Dawson, a benefactress to whom Mary applied on a regular basis for funds to clothe the children of the General Daily Free School. See 'An Address to E.D for cloathing for the Children of the Poor School', 1806, p.387; 'To E.D', p.389; 'An Address to Elizth. Dawson requesting a Donation to assist in clothing the Poor Children of the General Daily Free School', 1807, p.405; and 'To E.D.', p.406. She also appealed to her 'On behalf of the Aged & Infirm Female Servants' in 1809 (p.420).

There were several eighteenth-century Quaker Elizabeth Dawsons. The Dawsons were bankers. In the 1740s, John Dawson was a partner in Fade's Bank, a large concern, which failed in 1755. In 1717 a Benjamin Dawson married Elizabeth Fade. They had two daughters named Elizabeth, who probably died young, and a son, John Dawson Coates (d.1797), a bank-owner, who married Elizabeth Pim in 1766 and also had a daughter, Elizabeth, born in 1771. Whichever Elizabeth is Mary's addressee, she is probably the Elizabeth Dawson with whom Deborah Darby stayed on a visit to Dublin in May 1807. (Sources: *Webb's Pedigrees*, Dublin; Harrison, *Biographical Dictionary*, pp.43, 95; Labouchere, *Deborah Darby*, p.320.)

The General Daily Free School was in all probability the Dublin Free School in St Catherine's Parish, founded by Friends in 1798, building on the success of their Sunday School run by Meath Street Meeting from 1786. Ephraim Bewley, a Quaker businessman, played a lead part. Quakers raised money themselves and persuaded Dublin gentry to subscribe toward a building in School Street where an elementary education without denominational bias was offered to the poor children of the parish, Catholic or Protestant. The main aim, however, was to provide for poor Catholics who, under the punitive laws of the Protestant Ascendancy, were forced to attend Protestant schools or denied an education altogether. The school was successful and helped initiate the foundation of the Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor of Ireland, later the Kildare Place Society, in 1811. The Society's teachers were trained at School Street before taking posts in its schools set up across Ireland on the Lancastrian model, invented by the Quaker Joseph Lancaster, whereby some pupils were taught by older ones or 'monitors', enabling many children to be educated under the overall tutelage of one teacher.

There is an interesting description of this school in Warburton, Whitelaw and Walsh's *History of the City of Dublin* (1818):

This seminary, open to the children of all denomination of Christians, and therefore called the Dublin Free School, is situated in School Street, in the parish of St. Catherine; it is of a rectangular form, 156 feet by 37, of brick, and three stories high; of these, the basement storey consists principally of stores rented by merchants in the vicinity, and on the two upper floors are the school-rooms, four in number, viz., two for males, and two for females; each 56 feet by 33, spacious, lofty, and well ventilated. The male and female schools have entrances perfectly distinct; and are separated from each other by a spacious committee-room, and an apartment appropriated to the superintendent, who by an ingenious contrivance of the architect, is enabled by a small change in his position, to command an uninterrupted view of the four schools, though on different floors. (This plan is deemed so efficient for the purposes of superintendence that it is adopted in some extensive manufactories in the Liberties.) While he sits, the entire of the male and female schools on the first floor are open to his inspection, as are those on the second floor when he stands: thus a constant sense of his superintending eye contributes greatly to preserve order and silence; while his communication with his assistants is direct and unembarrassed by the necessity of moving from one school to another to give his directions.

The building was pulled down to make way for a new primary school on the site in 1973 - and it remained non-denominational until shortly before that time.

Sources: *The Irish Times*, 3 February 1973; M. Quane, 'Quaker Schools in Dublin', *Journal of Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland*, 94:1 (1964), 1-66 (pp.56-57); Warburton, Whitelaw, Walsh, *History of the City of Dublin*, II, 852-54; Wigham, *The Irish Quakers*, pp.73-74.

**To E. D.  
on behalf of the Children of the General  
Daily Free School**

---

Friend of the muse for whom the Nine<sup>1</sup>  
 Delight to form th'harmonious line  
 Tis thine to bid her numbers flow<sup>2</sup>  
 Tis thine to soothe the voice of woe.  
 And wilt thou in thy sweet recess<sup>3</sup>  
 Still deign to succour and to bless  
 Cause pangs of penury to cease  
 And to the troubled breast speak peace  
 Still loves thy generous heart to heal  
 The griefs that Poverty must feel  
 To bid the streams of comfort flow  
 To quench the parching thirst of woe  
 Then may'st thou hear this artless strain  
 Nor let the muse implore in vain  
 For soon shall winters form appear  
 Stern tyrant of the closing year  
 The leaves shall fall the birds retire  
 Aghast beneath his vengeful ire<sup>4</sup>  
 And streams congeal'd<sup>5</sup> & drifts of snow  
 Forth at his awful mandate flow  
 While chilling blasts enfuriate reign  
 And mock the labours of the swain<sup>6</sup>  
 Ah may'st thou from thy lov'd retreat  
 Where peace and comfort on thee wait  
 Where Plenty pours her golden horn<sup>7</sup>  
 And social joys thine hours adorn  
 May'st thou some gracious boon impart  
 To warm and cheer each little heart  
 For scanty cloaths[sic] their limbs enfold  
 All unprepar'd for winters cold  
     Tis not enough thy bounty kind  
 Helps to expand and teach their mind<sup>8</sup>  
 Half naked shivering mean & poor  
 They hope from thee a little more  
 A little tho' for thee to grant  
 Is much to those who sorely want  
 Then deign to hear compassions claim  
 Help us to cloathe[sic] each shivering frame  
 So shall their hearts with joy rebound  
 And - Muse rejoice! thy labour's crown'd

9mo. 5th. 1805

1. The muses were nine in number.
2. **bid her numbers flow** - i.e. the numbers, or poetry, of Mary's muse.
3. **sweet recess** - Elizabeth Dawson's home, later 'thy lov'd retreat' (line 23). Perhaps a mansion or country house.
4. **ire** - anger.
5. **congeal'd** - solidified, hence iced over.
6. **swain** - rustic or country worker.
7. **golden horn** - the horn of plenty, known as the cornucopia, was owned by Amalthea, the Greek goddess of plenty or abundance. It was a goat horn that was able, magically, to produce whatever was asked for, given to her by her father, Zeus.
8. It seems Elizabeth Dawson was already funding the school to some extent.

The next poem, written at the onset of winter in November 1805, expresses joy in a contented family life. Mary now had another son, born 1 February 1805, also called Nathaniel like the one who died the previous April. Her first child, William, was now nearly four years old.

## Home

---

Keenly blow the blasts of Winter  
 Flecks of snow enrobe the ground  
 While the beams of day shed fainter  
 Lengthening Twilight hovers round

Chang'd the sounds that undulating  
 Pour it melodious on the ear  
 Rolling wheels with noises grating  
 Swift their destin'd burthens<sup>1</sup> bear

Cheerless is each rural mansion  
 For its owner hies to town<sup>2</sup>  
 Or<sup>3</sup> to aid his hearts expansion  
 Or his hours in pleasures drown:

Pinching frost each pore pervading  
 Drives the wanderer to his home  
 Turn my feet the moonlight aiding  
 To yon chearful[sic] blissful dome

What tho' humble be my dwelling  
 Far remote from Pride or State  
 Comfort oft is Care repelling  
 Peace and plenty on me wait

There the Elm each branch extending  
 Seems to guard the favor'd spot  
 Tho' around its leaves descending  
 Never be its charms forgot -

Often hast thou<sup>4</sup> led the stranger  
 To our threshold point the way  
 While thy foliage savd. from danger  
 Little feet<sup>5</sup> that sought thy spray

Precious emblem of affection  
 Deep thy sap lies in its root  
 Suns<sup>6</sup> of friendship's sweet connection  
 Will return - & thou wilt shoot.

For beneath our roof, enjoyment  
 Does from sacred sources spring  
 Dear is every bland<sup>7</sup> employment  
 Time seems ever on the wing

As I trace th'unfolding graces  
 That illume each darling boy<sup>8</sup>  
 Health sits smiling on their faces  
 And their hearts rebound with joy

Save that erst the weary column<sup>9</sup>  
 William would with art evade  
 Then with look of grief and solemn  
 Transient woes his rest pervade

Here sweet boys no ills foreboding  
 Shelter'd from affliction's ire<sup>10</sup>  
 Here is peace, no guilt corroding<sup>11</sup>  
 Purchas'd by your honor'd sire<sup>12</sup>

He it is, whose smiles approving  
 Lend the charm that crowns our joys[joy]  
 He it is - whom dearly loving  
 That our frequent thoughts employ

In his absence peace retiring<sup>13</sup>  
 Waits the welcome lov'd return  
 While by William (still enquiring)  
 Scarcely can its length be borne -

At its period<sup>14</sup> - joy'd to meet him  
 Little arms around him press  
 With unfeigned welcomes greet him  
 As they claim the fond caress -



Ah! the joys of Wealth are fainter  
 Than the shade of those I know<sup>15</sup>  
 Spring, or Summer Autumn Winter  
 Still unchang'd they equal flow

Oh then may my heart surrender  
 Grateful homage ever due  
 May its love flow warm and tender  
 And that homage oft renew

For indeed my cup of blessing  
 Rises higher than hope or thought  
 For beyond my poor expressing  
 May I taste it as I ought

11th. month 1805.

1. **burthens** - archaic form of 'burdens'.
2. **hies to town** - those from the wealthier classes fortunate enough to own a country house as well as one in town usually returned to the city for the winter, Dublin's 'season'.
3. **Or** - either.
4. **thou** - addressing the elm, which has acted as a marker for travellers or visitors.
5. **little feet** - i.e. of small birds or mammals seeking to hide from predators.
6. **suns** - i.e. days. An image linking summer days, when clement weather made visiting easier, with the warmth of human friendship.
7. **bland** - simple or innocent.
8. **each darling boy** - Mary's sons, William and Nathaniel.
9. **erst** - formerly; **column** - perhaps a column of figures in arithmetic.
10. **ire** - anger.
11. **corroding** - eating away at, damaging the fabric (i.e. of peace).
12. **honor'd sire** - the boys' father, Nathaniel Card, who, through his business, has provided the family with security.
13. An odd line. Perhaps, if punctuated as, 'In his absence, peace retiring', peace recedes in the family's excited anticipation of the father's return.
14. **period** - ending, i.e. of waiting.
15. **the shade of those I know** - i.e. the shelter of friends and family.

## **An Address to Hans Hamilton M.P.**

Hans Hamilton was Member of Parliament for Dublin County in April 1806 when this poem was written seeking his support for that year's anti-slave trade bill, the Foreign Slave Bill, in the British House of Commons. Returned on 14 July 1802 for the August 1802 to October 1806 Parliament, Hamilton had first been elected to the Irish Parliament in 1798, along with Frederick John Falkiner, to represent Dublin County. (Dublin then had thirteen MPs altogether.) The Act of Union with Britain in 1801, after the 1798 Irish Rebellion, meant that Irish MPs joined their English counterparts at Westminster. Hamilton became a long-standing MP, returned in five subsequent elections under the Union: 1806, 1807, 1812, 1818 and 1820-26.

In 1792, the year Mary published *A Poem on the African Slave Trade*, the British House of Commons decided to end the trade of slaves to foreign countries, and abolish the trade (but not slavery itself) in British dominions by 1796. However, the House of Lords prevaricated, one reason being an association of the abolition cause with radicalism, a fear fuelled by post-revolutionary events in France and the slave rising in San Domingo in 1791. William Wilberforce continued to put motions before Parliament year on year until 1798. After a six year gap, he revived the cause in Parliament in 1804 (this bill failed in the Lords) and again in 1805. The abolitionists then pursued a 'national interest' argument to stop the supply of slaves to Dutch Guiana, a new colony. It was feared that colonies taken from France during the Napoleonic wars, particularly in the Caribbean, might have to be returned when the war ended. Hence importing fresh slaves to them could be a waste of money. Also, British West Indian planters, fearing competition, did not want the sugar industry on these other islands to thrive. In August 1805, Prime Minister William Pitt secured a Royal Proclamation banning trade to newly won colonies.

After Pitt's death (January 1806), Wilberforce found even more support in the new administration. It was agreed that the Attorney General would bring in the Foreign Slave Bill (following the Royal Proclamation), calling for the end of the supply of slaves to both conquered islands and foreigners. It was guided through Parliament, assisted by the new Prime Minister, Lord Grenville, in March and April. Largely unopposed for the reasons given above, it was passed in early May 1806. Hopefully, Hans Hamilton voted in favour (most of the Irish MPs who joined Westminster after the Act of Union on 1 January 1801 were sympathetic to abolition). Unlike the 1792 Bill, it was also passed in the Lords on 16 May. This Act effectively put a stop to between two-thirds and three-quarters of the British slave trade (estimates vary), making complete abolition seem inevitable.

The abolitionists' primary aim was finally achieved the following year. On 25 March 1807, the slave trade was abolished throughout British dominions. 1 May was the last date on which a slave-ship could sail legally from a British port. The campaigners then turned to the ending of slavery itself. This took another twenty-five years until, in 1833, all slaves throughout the British Empire were freed, and their owners compensated to the tune of £20,000,000.

Mary's poem is likely to have been a response to the decision made by the London Abolition Committee, when it met on 7 March 1806, to encourage individual members of the public to write directly to their MPs. Thomas Clarkson was specifically asked to make abolitionists in Ireland aware of this tactic. Writing to Charles Lloyd on 8 March, Clarkson stressed the need for secrecy and speed as it was thought that if slavery's supporters heard of this plan they might well try to 'canvass' MPs first. (Jennings, pp.105-06.)

Sources: Roger Anstey, *The Atlantic Slave Trade and British Abolition 1760-1810* (London: Macmillan, 1975); Judith Jennings, *The Business of Abolishing the British Slave Trade 1783-1807* (London: Frank Cass, 1997); Oliver Ransford, *The Slave Trade* (London: John Murray, 1971); C. Duncan Rice, *The Rise and Fall of Black Slavery* (London: Macmillan, 1975); James Walvin, *England, Slaves and Freedom, 1776-1838* (Basingstoke: Macmillan, 1986).

**An Address to  
Hans Hamilton M.P.  
On behalf of the Injured Africans**

---

4 mo. 5th. 1806

Place'd on the Eminence of wealth & fame  
Whence noble thoughts & princely deeds we claim  
A chosen Guardian of this favor'd Isle<sup>1</sup>  
That tarnish'd vice may fade & virtue smile  
That thy firm voice the Senate<sup>2</sup> oft may hear  
Proclaim our wants & dissipate our fear  
Prompt at thy Country's call, as moves the soul  
By nature led, and animates the whole  
O Hamilton the glorious task be thine  
To bid the sun of freedom rise & shine  
Aid its bright rays o'er Afric's<sup>3</sup> distant shore  
And shed sweet peace where misery dwelt before  
For there Oppression shakes her scorpion rod<sup>4</sup>  
And calls forth vengeance from the Avenging God  
There awful Truth lies England's mighty stain  
And justice calls & mercy pleads in vain  
There rests the curse that poisons all her joys  
The piercing thorn that her repose annoys  
The Guilt - O Heavens! how foul its impious shade  
It dims her lustre bids her triumphs fade  
Mars every charm, each intellectual grace;  
And stamps a blot on Albion's<sup>5</sup> beauteous face.

O shame of Heathens Slavery shalt thou reign  
And still make desolate brown Afric's plain  
Still shalt thy commerce fraught with blood succeed  
And Christians own, nor blush to own the deed  
No! No! forbid it Heaven & Earth & Sky  
Let Britain's rulers bid the monster die  
They speak - his chains unfettered cease to gall  
Justice pervades and Love embraces all  
At their command his ruthless fangs expire  
And shades of darkness to their caves retire  
Bright flames of Warm Philanthropy ascend  
Wide & more wide its beams benign extend  
The whole Creation feels its hallowed power  
And Colour seperates[sic] man from man no more  
And as a spark may cause a world to glow  
As from small drops increasing rivers flow  
As sightless atoms<sup>6</sup> do huge mountains rise  
And seeds minute may swell to reach the skies  
So be thine heart O Hamilton the ray  
Whence Truth may kindle an Eternal day  
The precious magnet whose attractive force

Leads roughest metals & directs their course  
 Thy single voice with Reason on thy side  
 May pierce hard hearts & thro each conscience glide  
 Even as the stream that winds its stedfast[sic] way  
 Tho' clouds may lower & tempests breathe dismay  
 Till gathering strength, each obstacle oer past  
 A spacious river fills the plains at last  
 Thus may kind heaven our ardent hope succeed  
 And bless the soul that aids the generous deed  
 And what tho' Hosts opposing rise to say  
 That Colour subjects man to tyranny  
 Truth may roll onward with impetuous weight  
 Bear down her foes & conquer in debate  
 For sure where our Imperial Senate guides  
 Th'unchanging Law of Equity presides  
 Be theirs the mead[meed]<sup>7</sup> by Providence designed  
 Who follow Mercy's path shall Mercy find  
 And as they peace & joy o'er Afric shed  
 May those rich blessings crown their sacred head  
 And Oh! be thine the greatly glorious deed  
 Our sable brethrens freeborn rights to plead  
 To bid fair Virtue's fragrant bloom to expand  
 Whose fruit shall cheer thee & enrich thy hand  
 Her leaves are healing & her odours pour  
 Balsamick<sup>8</sup> influence from shore to shore  
 And hers the charm as bounteous Heav'n imparts  
 To bless refine and harmonize our hearts  
 (For Wars & Conquests may extend a name  
 But Righteousness exalts a Nations' fame[<sup>9</sup>])  
 Be thine to disappoint the Harpy train<sup>9</sup>  
 Who trade in souls of men for love of gain  
 To stop the stern oppressors savage voice  
 And let the woe worn exil'd slave rejoice  
 To bend the broken heart the feeble knee  
 And liberate what Heave'n created free<sup>10</sup>  
 T'avert from Britain the avenging rod<sup>11</sup>  
 Silence loud groans & wipe off tears of blood  
 Restore the bliss of families and heal  
 The pangs inflicted long by hearts of steel  
 So be thy joys an overflowing stream  
 And unborn thousands hail the grateful theme  
 Let peace internal all thy paths defend  
 In sickness shield thee & in death befriend  
 And when thy sun of life hath ceas'd to shine  
 Receive thy soul to harmony divine  
 Where those whose minds in Heathen darkness chain'd  
 Yet true to Nature's inward Law remain'd<sup>12</sup>  
 Shall hail thee welcome to that blissful shore  
 Where Mercy reigns & Slavery galls no more.

1. **this favor'd Isle** - Ireland.
2. **Senate** - the British Parliament. The Senate was the governing council of Ancient Rome.
3. **Afric** - poetic name for Africa.
4. **Personification of oppression**, as in the opening line of *A Poem on the African Slave Trade* (1792), p.141 in this volume.
5. **Albion** - ancient name for Britain, probably derived from 'albus', the Latin word for 'white'. The white cliffs of Dover could be seen from the continent.
6. **sightless atoms** - particles so small they cannot be seen with the naked eye. See note 2 to 'Sun-rise' (1794), pp.234-35 above.
7. **mead** - probably copyist's error. Should read 'meed', meaning 'reward'.
8. **Balsamick** - healing in action, like balsam ointment.
9. **Harpy train** - in classical mythology, the Harpies were monstrous winged creatures who stole and plundered whatever they could lay hold of.
10. **what Heave'n created free** - all human beings are seen as created free by God. A view in direct opposition to the pro-slavery argument cited earlier that 'Colour subjects man to tyranny'.
11. **the avenging rod** - i.e. of Divine Justice.
12. **Where those [. . .] Inward Law remain'd** - Quakers believed that even those who had never heard the Gospel could still be open to the Inner Light, present within each individual, and thus gain eternal life.

The Incurable Hospital is now the Royal Hospital Donnybrook in Dublin, which cares for over 230 severely incapacitated or elderly patients. For information I am indebted to a fascinating history published by the Hospital in conjunction with The Social Science Research Centre, University College Dublin - *The Royal Hospital Donnybrook: A Heritage of Caring 1743-1993* (1993), by Helen Burke.

Founded in 1743-44 by the Dublin Charitable Musical Society for the Hospital for Incurables, the hospital moved to Donnybrook in 1792. Many philanthropic organisations raised funds through charity concerts, and this Musical Society's efforts were directed toward establishing a hospital for those designated 'incurable' - people considered untreatable by other hospitals built in the eighteenth century for Dublin's poor. According to Cheyne Brady, a nineteenth-century governor of the Incurable Hospital:

These hospitals received every variety of disease. In them patients were tended for periods varying from a few days to months. Some were discharged cured, others, partially cured, returned to their humble homes, while from time to time some diseases baffled the skill of the physicians, who were coerced to pronounce upon them the hope withering verdict

#### INCURABLE

Amongst these were to be found the dreaded cancer which eats its way into the vitals, the terrible and mysterious consumption, and paralysis, which may be compared to a living death, diseases which [. . .] disqualify the sufferer for the duties of life. The general hospitals could not occupy their beds permanently with such irrecoverable cases. (*Royal Hospital Donnybrook*, p.6.)

The lady for whom Mary sought a hospital bed, by writing the following poem to a possible benefactor, was just such a one.

### To A Request for 20 Guineas to place a poor Woman in the Incurable Hospital

---

O seated in thy bowers of peace  
Say wilt thou hear a mourner's prayer  
The chilling dews of anguish chase  
And heal the wounds of fell<sup>1</sup> despair

Yes for thy kind compassionate heart  
Delighted to pour the wished relief  
The balm<sup>2</sup> of comfort to impart  
And banish penury and grief

Ah turn thine eye where pale and wan  
A wretched helpless female lies<sup>3</sup>  
Whom tho' wise Heav'n protracts her span<sup>4</sup>  
No hope of cure illumines her eyes.

And more to **whelm**<sup>5</sup> her aching heart  
 Two feeble infants lisp their woes  
 No succour can her hands impart  
 No daily food - or nights repose

And still to swell her sorrows tide  
 Her aged mother lives to see  
 Her blasted Hopes her Joy her Pride  
 Reduc'd to hopeless misery.

For stiffen'd as with bands of death  
 Her useless limbs enchain'd remain  
 No movement save her quiv'ring breath  
 Nor hope of cure may she retain -

O let thy pitying heart expand  
 Thy bounteous hand assuage her woes  
 Drive off pale famine & command  
 A vacant seat of calm repose -

Oft have we wish'd to place her there  
 Where hopeless misery may abide  
 But vain the wish and vain the prayer  
 Tis Gold that opes the portals wide

And vain, if on the list enroll'd  
 Even tho' Physicians sign her case  
 No door of entrance there - but Gold  
 And twenty guineas wins the place -<sup>6</sup>

Once gain'd - in calm repose she spends  
 The sad remainder of her days  
 No future burthen<sup>7</sup> to her friends  
 Her comforts all their care repays<sup>8</sup>

O may thy power dispense the sum  
 Nor blame my pen - nor think me bold  
 In hours unborn - in worlds to come  
 The generous deed may be enroll'd.<sup>9</sup>

10th mo: 31st 1806.

1. **fell** - cruel, acute.
2. **balm** - healing (balm was a healing ointment).
3. Goldsmith, *The Deserted Village*, 325-26 – '[. . .] Ah, turn thine eyes/Where the poor, houseless, shivering female lies.'
4. **tho' wise Heav'n protracts her span** - although Divine Providence lengthens her life.
5. **whelm** - contraction of 'overwhelm'.
6. There was always keen pressure for beds, owing to a shortage of funds (from charity and a small government grant) rather than space. In the early nineteenth century, a list was kept of 30 candidates who had to attend the

monthly Hospital Board meeting in case a vacancy occurred. If they did not attend, they were 'struck off' the list. Others waited in turn, so if someone was offered a bed, their list place was taken up immediately. (*Royal Hospital Donnybrook*, p.37.)

In 1795, the governors had resolved:

that no person be admitted in future without previous inspection by the board at large and a certificate from at least 2 of the medical gentlemen who attend the house; that in deciding the pretensions of candidates for admission respect be had: first to their deformity or the misery of the complaint; secondly to their age, giving preference to the older; thirdly to good character attested by respectable persons.

(*Royal Hospital Donnybrook*, p.14.)

Also in 1795, eight extra beds had been created for patients nominated by subscribers who paid £5 a year. 'The patient had to be approved by the board "before whom petitions are to be laid, mentioning the age, name, occupation and infirmities of the candidate, who is also to appear in person before them"' (p.16). By 1802 this system had become problematic, as some subscribers failed to pay regularly, so it was decided that one subscription of 20 guineas could obtain a bed for life. Some patients found this themselves - two did so in 1806. Others had to find someone to champion their cause. (p.29.)

7. **burthen** - archaic form of 'burden'.
8. Conditions in the Hospital were not very comfortable. Patients had to wear uniform, marking them as inmates even when they went out, visiting was limited, and discipline strict with smoking banned (if suspected, the whole ward was put on 'low diet' until the smoker was discovered) (pp.31-33). There was no bath, and only straw mattresses, until 1811-12. Patients looked after themselves as much as possible, often cooking on their wards. The more able cleaned, or cared for other patients, as there were only three nurses, regarded as servants, not professionals: 'On 31 December 1800 there were 35 patients in the hospital, 16 women and 19 men, and, in addition to the housekeeper, 5 servants: a cook, a porter and three nurses' (p.29).
9. It does not look as though Mary's appeal was successful, unless this lady's admission went unrecorded. The hospital archivist found only one female subscriber patient, Mary McEvoy, admitted in 1806 - but this was in June, and Mary did not write her poem until October. Also, Mary McEvoy's subscriber was the Hon. Baron Smith, who paid 10 guineas. Two other female patients were admitted after: Teresa Clark, subscribed for by 'several persons' in 1809, and Jane McDermott, paid for by the Rev. Crofton, first recorded, without her original admission date, in 1810. It is unlikely to have taken two years or more to obtain a bed for Mary's candidate.



See 'To E.D. on behalf of the Children of the General Daily Free School' (otherwise known as the Poor School), p.375 above. Mary wrote a poetic appeal to Elizabeth Dawson for funds to provide clothing for the children each winter, 1805-07.

**11mo. 12th. 1806**  
**An Address to E.D**  
**for cloathing for the Children of the**  
**Poor School**

---

Again dreary winter appears  
 And chills with his rude breath the flowers  
 The leaves as they fall are in tears  
 And the garden resigns its sweet stores  
 Again the storm howls at thy door  
 When comfort its fury repels  
 But alas! to the naked and poor  
 It the tide of their misery swells

See where their torn offspring<sup>1</sup> are led  
 To the threshold of Wisdoms fair fold<sup>2</sup>  
 Their minds there with knowledge are fed  
 But their bodies near perish'd with cold  
 Each morn as collected they come  
 Their tatter'd robes drop with the rain  
 Or cold does their fingers benumb  
 As with wet feet they trip up the lane

Tis thine bounteous friend to impart  
 The comforts of cloathing[sic] to these  
 A little to cheer the young heart  
 A defence in the storm & the breeze  
 And oft as the wintry blast howl'd  
 Thy kindness those children have known  
 Thy gift hath protected from cold  
 Not confin'd to instruction alone.

And conscious that oft in thy breast  
 The whispers of charity reign  
 And pitying those children distrest[sic]  
 We ask for thy bounty again  
 Nor blame us, oh! friend of the Muse  
 That we yearly thy tribute implore  
 Nor our simple petition refuse  
 On behalf of the naked & poor.

The flame that disseminates light  
 Loses nought of its brilliance & shine  
 And Charity's lustre more bright  
 Increases in beauty divine  
 Even kindness sincerely designed  
 Reverberates back on the heart  
 And imprest[sic] on the tablet of mind  
 Does the thrill of mild rapture impart<sup>3</sup>

Oh Friendship! thou idol beloved  
 How blindly I doated on thee  
 In the lapse of a few years I proved  
 That thou wert no basis for me  
 I prov'd - my eyes ache at the sight  
 That friendship & truth may decline  
 But Charity - lovely as light  
 No ebb, no mutation<sup>4</sup> is thine.

Oh! then may thy lustre & charms  
 Make our bosoms with sympathy glow  
 Be our peace in the midst of alarms  
 And our shield from the arrows of woe  
 Thus led by thine heavenly ray  
 To realms of pure pleasure above  
 We may there claim acquaintance with thee  
 And rejoice in the fullness of love

1. **torn offspring** - the children are clothed in 'torn', or tattered, rags.
2. **threshold of Widsoms fair fold** - entrance to the school.
3. **Kind deeds produce a keen pleasure in the mind of the giver, which is more than mere self-satisfaction. tablet of mind** - the mind, like the memory elsewhere in Mary's work, is envisaged as a site on which feelings and ideas are impressed. A tablet was a stone slab or plaque on which an inscription was written, but also a thin sheet of wood or ivory for writing on with a stylus. Several such tablets, or leaves, could be linked together.
4. **mutation** - change.

When Elizabeth Dawson responded to appeals, like that in the previous poem, Mary composed another brief poem to accompany a receipt for the funds donated. This one, simply dated '1st Mo: 28th', could relate either to the September 1805 or the November 1806 appeal, but the latter is more likely. See also 'To E.D.', p.406 in this volume.

## To E. D

---

We need thy subscription benevolent friend  
 And here I enclose the receipt  
 The help which thy kindness is pleased thus to send  
 Does cheering sensations create

And oft as we toil in the fields of the mind<sup>1</sup>  
 Our path is made easier by thee  
 Thy bounty a useful ingredient we find  
 To make sorrow and ignorance flee

For this and thy present so lately bestowed  
 To cover the naked and poor  
 We return thee our thanks for with joy  
     our hearts glow'd  
 Thy reward - may it ever endure -

1st. mo: 28th

1. **toil in the fields of the mind** - work in education. Mary may well have taught in the school herself.

Nearly three years after her stay with Benjamin Rotch and his family at Milford Haven in South Wales, Mary wrote this poem eulogising the family's home there, Castle Hall - a country house situated in grounds of approximately 180 acres.

Since her visit in January/February 1804, around the time Rotch bought the house,\* it had been 'improved' dramatically. Rotch created ornamental gardens with terraces and gravel walks. He started an arboretum, which became one of the best in Britain, and built a glass and iron orangery, some 80 feet long, where he grew citrus trees brought from abroad on his whaling ships, and three pineries - special glasshouses for growing pineapples, rarities in Britain at this time. He also added two wings to the house, with bowed fronts. (The original house was built in the 1770s by John Zephaniah Holwell, an ex-Governor of Bengal and escapee from the Black Hole of Calcutta.) These enlargements enabled the Rotches to offer hospitality to ever more guests, while the gardens were much visited. The improvements attracted comment. For instance, the Welsh historian, Fenton, expressed his enthusiasm in his *Historical Tour through Pembrokeshire* (1811).

Mary had obviously heard about developments at Castle Hall, perhaps through a continued correspondence with the Rotches - though if so, none survives - or from other Irish Friends who had since been the guests of Benjamin Rotch when travelling between England and Ireland using the Waterford/Milford route. She writes not only to compliment the Rotches on their work at Castle Hall, but also to remember the happy, carefree time she spent there when, in its grounds, she felt inspired to write poetry, 'to tune her notes as blithe' as those of its songbirds. This is contrasted with her present business cares in Dublin and the duplicity of the world of trade, which impedes her writing, 'repel[ling] the Muses native glow'. However, the casting of Castle Hall as a haven isolated from the business world is ironic in view of the fact that Castle Hall itself was a monument to trade - the visible mark of Rotch's successful ventures. And the Rotches, like the Cards, were not free from business cares. Rotch, like one previous and one subsequent owner of the mansion, was to lose it after he went bankrupt - he had to sell the house in 1819 (McKay, *Rotches of Castle Hall*, p.63).

- \* The Conveyance - John Marchant/John Warlow, wine merchant, to Benjamin Rotch Esq - is dated 17 February 1804. See also lease Hugh Stokes to Benjamin Rotch, 29 September 1804. Both at Haverford West Public Record Office.

**To Castle Hall,  
near Milford-Haven  
the Seat of Benjamin Rotch**

---

Fair Castle-hall and art thou chang'd  
Where once the Muse delighted rang'd  
Do rich improvements bid thee reign  
The pride of Milford's peaceful plain?  
Do grace & beauty crown thine head  
And charms unnumber'd o'er thee shed?  
Doth plenty heap her golden store  
Which by diffusing swells the more?<sup>1</sup>  
Doth Harmony the power impart  
T'attract the eye & cheer the heart?  
And whence this change? - ask why the soul

Revives & animates the whole!  
 Ask why the life's warm current gay  
 Adds lustre to a lump of clay  
 Or marvel not that thou art fair  
 When lov'd Eliza<sup>2</sup> centers there  
 Her presence gilts<sup>3</sup> thy bright domain  
 And thou possessing her must reign.  
 O for a Cot beneath thy shade<sup>4</sup>  
 Far from these toiling haunts of trade  
 Where keenness with dishonest art  
 Entraps the unsuspecting heart  
 Where varied cares incessant roll  
 That rack<sup>5</sup> the head & vex the soul  
 That chilling as the Winter's snow  
 Repel the Muses native<sup>6</sup> glow  
 Cold as the frost that nips the bud  
 Destructive as the tempests flood  
 Nor may the quiv'ring lyre<sup>7</sup> impart  
 The genial feelings of the heart  
 For cold suspicion must preside  
 And from his fellow, man divide  
 Friendship appall'd shrinks far away  
 And sordid interest bears the sway  
 Truth lies unnotic'd candor fails  
 And cunning o'er the weak prevails  
 In vain Industry claims her meed  
 'Tis Art or guile that most succeed<sup>8</sup> -  
 Oh bear me from the Harpy train<sup>9</sup>  
 The proud, the covetous, the vain,  
 (Who mar each purer source of joy  
 And oft the lengthen'd hours annoy)  
 And lead me to some favor'd spot  
 Where wiles & fraud & trade forgot  
 The Muse might wake to Nature's call  
 And sing thy praise sweet Castle-hall  
 There oft I'd seek at early dawn  
 Th'enamell'd mead the verdant lawn  
 List to the songsters on the spray  
 And tune my notes as blithe as they  
 Or when by Phoebus' rays<sup>10</sup> oppress[sic]  
 My limbs beneath thy shades might rest  
 While the free thought in Classic lore<sup>11</sup>  
 Accumulates her mental store  
 Or livelier gathers strength and power  
 From every shrub & every flower  
 Learns to adore the forming hand<sup>12</sup>  
 To feel resign'd at his command  
 And dearer than th'instructive line  
 To feel his energy divine<sup>13</sup> -  
 Our hearts refine our minds improve  
 And our hopes center in his Love  
 O Castlehall thy fragrant bowers

Thy spacious fields thy scented flowers  
 Thy prospects<sup>14</sup> wide, that grasp the sky  
 Where rivers vales and mountains lie  
 All, all instruct us and we find  
 The goodness of the Immortal Mind  
 His mercies beam<sup>15</sup> in all around  
 His plenteous gifts in thee are found.

Thus should our Summers roll away  
 Nor Winter bring us joys less gay  
 The social hearth, the converse kind  
 Which emanates from hearts refin'd  
 The glad or sympathizing tale  
 The chat which sure can never fail  
 Of all we've heard and all we know  
 While steams the urn with grateful glow<sup>16</sup>  
 That o'er employments tranquil rise  
 Each fair<sup>17</sup> the polish'd needle plies  
 While one may pour instruction dear  
 To mend the heart & charm the ear  
 Give to the circle, precepts sage  
 From Rotch's vastly varied page  
 Or lovelier than the "mighty dead"<sup>18</sup>  
 Eliza's voice its charms may shed<sup>19</sup>  
 In all that melody benign  
 Which sooth'd this wo[e]-worn heart of mine  
 In polish'd wit whose radiant glow  
 Hath oft chas'd sorrow from my brow  
 Hath wak'd the Muse in numbers<sup>20</sup> gay  
 When my lov'd home was far away  
 Her accents meek her friendship kind  
 Hath still'd the tempest of the mind  
 Hath bade the mental shadows fly  
 And wip'd the tear from sorrows eye  
 For sure the wormwood and the gall<sup>21</sup>  
 Are banish'd far from Castle-Hall  
 While Harmony & Peace appear  
 To rule oer mind & matter there  
 Give birth to Genius & inspire  
 The Poet's theme the Muse's Lyre.

No marvel then that thou art chang'd  
 That all thy scenes with taste arrang'd  
 That charms surpassing thought are seen  
 Thy flowers more sweet thy fields more green  
 For sure in thee the magnet rests  
 Whose powers attract our willing breasts  
 And thou possessing her<sup>22</sup> art found  
 More lovely than the plains around

Farewell sweet Castle-hall the seat  
 Of pleasures rare of Virtues great  
 Oft doth my mind thy beauties trace  
 Oft seek the lustre of thy face  
 Oft covet that thou long may'st shine

Replenish'd by the hand Divine -  
 Thus blest and blessing, mayst thou be  
 And leave ah leave a nook for me

11mo 18th. 1806

1. The classical goddess of plenty was depicted holding the cornucopia, or golden horn of plenty, which had the power of endless abundance. This was based on the myth of Amalthea, the nymph who nursed the infant Zeus, King of the Greek gods, with goat's milk. In return, Zeus gave her the goat's horn, which he imbued with special powers - this became known as the cornucopia.
2. **Eliza** - Elizabeth Rotch, wife to Benjamin.
3. **gilt**s - used here rather than the more usual 'gilds'. Eliza's presence beautifies, and completes - she is the life and soul of Castle Hall.
4. **Cot beneath thy shade** - there were several small dwellings on the Rotch estate that Benjamin Rotch let at low rents to friends or acquaintances.
5. **rack** - torture.
6. **native** - natural, or inherent.
7. **lyre** - the lyre was a musical instrument sacred to the muses, hence a metaphor for poetry.
8. **In vain [. . .] most succeed** - in the world of business, 'industry', or hard work, does not obtain its just 'meed', or reward - rather, it is artifice and duplicity which triumph.
9. **the Harpy train** - in classical mythology, the Harpies were winged monsters who stole and plundered whatever they could lay their hands on.
10. **Phoebus rays** - Phoebus was an epithet for Apollo, the god of the sun.
11. **Classic lore** - classical mythology.
12. **the forming hand** - i.e. of God, the creator.
13. **And dearer [. . .] energy divine** - to experience the presence of God, through the natural world and within the self, is more valuable than learning about Him through the written word ('th'instructive line').
14. **prospects** - views.
15. **beam** - shine.
16. **the urn** - i.e. of tea; **grateful** - welcome, pleasing.
17. **fair** - beautiful young woman.
18. Thomson, *The Seasons*, 'Winter' (1726-46), 431-32 - '[. . .] There studious let me sit,/And hold high converse with the mighty dead -'. Therefore Rotch's vastly varied page refers to his library (see p.333 in this volume).
19. The voice of Benjamin Rotch's wife, Eliza.
20. **numbers** - verses.
21. **the wormwood and the gall** - common term for mortification and grief. Wormwood is a bitter herb, and gall, as well as being a word for bile, means bitterness.
22. **her** - once again, Elizabeth Rotch.

Early in 1805, Mary found a good friend in Sarah (Sally) Hoare. (See Vol. I, Prose, journal entry for '4th Mo 4th 1805' where, when enumerating all the blessings left to her once a financial crisis was over, Mary refers to 'kind friends [. . .] and a tender sympathiser in our dear Sally Hoare who is lately given to me'.) Sarah Hoare was an educator (she ran a school in Dublin), a poet and an amateur botanist. She is the addressee of two of Mary's letters, and several poems. (See Appendix 7, 'Individuals Featuring in the Writings of Mary Birkett Card'.)

In 1806, Sarah suffered a severe bout of sickness, and Mary writes to express joy and thankfulness at her recovery. She also hopes that God may continue to protect and guide her friend, while confirming their mutual faith in God's wisdom.

### To Sarah Hoare -

---

Oh thou for whom our anxious breast  
 The pangs of Sympathy possest[sic]  
 Who in affections gentle spell  
 Attracts our hearts to Love thee well  
 For thee what hopes what fears were known  
 When sickness sought thee for its own!  
 Again restor'd from pain set free  
 Our thankful minds rejoice with thee

    O may that Power who rules the whole  
 And visits every human soul  
 Preserve thee in the devious way<sup>1</sup>  
 And cheer thee by his heavenly ray  
 For many a toilsome path is thine  
 That asks the aid of strength divine  
 And many a thorn thy feet may wound  
 That needs the balm in Gilead found.<sup>2</sup>

    Oh be it thine with stedfast[sic] heart  
 To walk unmoved - to act thy part  
 Deeply to feel that sacred fear  
 Which lessens every meaner care  
 And as in wisdom and in truth  
 Thy precepts teach the rising youth  
 Allure their tender minds to see  
 The beauty of simplicity  
 Its sweet reward with thee shall rest  
 Unfading odours in thy breast  
 And whether he our Judge and Friend  
 Who Justice does with mercy blend  
 Whether in blessing he may bless  
 Or visit ev'n with sore distress  
 In life or death in weal<sup>3</sup> or woe  
 For thee the healing streams shall flow  
 Enrich thy soul thy joy thy stay<sup>4</sup>  
 Which Earth nor gives nor takes away



And in the hour which sets thee free  
 (And come it will to thee and me)  
 When lost is all terrestrial light  
 And fled the power of mortal sight  
 When all is darkness all is woe  
 Save where Eternal beams shall flow  
 Then shall thy light arise and shine  
 Replenish'd from the source divine  
 And every pain whose piercing dart  
 Hath serv'd to purify the heart  
 And every grief whose stern controul[sic]  
 Refin'd and Angeliz'd<sup>5</sup> the soul  
 More precious than fine gold will prove  
 The pledge of pure paternal love<sup>6</sup>

12 mo. 29th. 1806

1. **devious way** - circuitous route, difficult to follow. A term for the journey through life , strewn with problems and temptations.
2. **Gilead** - an area of Israel east of the Jordan near Mount Hermon and Lebanon noted for the production of balm, which was used for medicinal purposes in biblical times. For instance, we learn in Gen 37:25-28 that Joseph's brothers sold him to some Ishmaelites coming from Gilead with camels carrying spices, balm and myrrh to sell in Egypt. Later, Gilead was part of the lands parcelled out to the half-tribe of Manasseh, Joseph's first born son. It was given to Machir, Manasseh's first born, and his descendants (Jos 17). Machir's son was named Gilead (Num 26:29).
3. **weal** - well-being or good health.
4. **stay** - mainstay, comfort and support.
5. **Angeliz'd** - literally, to make the soul like an angel's, free from all impurities and sin.
6. **paternal love** - the fatherly love of the Creator. Suffering is seen as the 'pledge' or confirmation of His willingness to prepare human souls for eternal life.

In this poem, Mary Birkett Card compares hectic city life in Dublin, its contrasts between rich and poor, and money-getting, with the peaceful rural life Mary Leadbeater enjoys at Ballitore and draws upon in her poetry. It is interesting in giving a resumé of the perceived functions of poetry by women like Mary Leadbeater and Mary Birkett Card: to promote virtue, initiate sympathetic feeling, and educate - in particular, to help young women 'Fulfil each duty of domestic life'. Mary also decries 'Heathen lore', or classical mythology, as working against these aims - a statement that appears to mark her own rejection of classicism, as no classical reference appears in her subsequent work.

Mary Leadbeater was the daughter of Richard Shackleton (see Mary Birkett Card's poem on his death, p.172 in this volume), and granddaughter of the Abraham Shackleton who founded the Ballitore School that Edmund Burke attended. Burke always remained on friendly terms with her father. Richard Shackleton took over the school and she was brought up there. Her brother, Abraham Shackleton II, took over in turn but, when he omitted elements of the classics, believing they encouraged aggression, the school had to close for some years. This Abraham Shackleton, who eventually left the Society of Friends in the wake of the 'deist controversy', was probably responsible for the young Mary Birkett's flirtation with deism (see 'Progress of Infidelity', Vol. I, Prose, p.21). Mary Shackleton married William Leadbeater in 1791 and they continued at Ballitore, where she became the postmistress. She was a friend of the writer Maria Edgeworth and corresponded with Burke, with whom she and her father stayed at his home, Beaconsfield, on a visit to England in 1784. At this time, she met the painter Joshua Reynolds and literary figures, including George Crabbe. In a letter to him (1816), she remembered her father's quip, complimenting Crabbe on publication of *The Village* in 1783, that 'Goldsmith's would now be the deserted village' (*Leadbeater Papers*, II, 335).

Mary Leadbeater's first book, *Extracts and Original Anecdotes; for the Improvement of Youth*, was published in 1794, but her *Poems* not until 1808. This poem of Mary Birkett Card's, calling Leadbeater the 'Sweet muse of Ballitore', is dated January 1807. Leadbeater's poetry circulated, at least among Quakers, long before it was published (see 'A Poem to my much esteem'd friend Deborah Pike 1787', p.31, in this volume), so Mary Birkett Card would have had access to her work. The final lines of this poem show the two women knew one another. In 1811 came Leadbeater's *Cottage Dialogues among the Irish Peasantry*, prefaced by Maria Edgeworth, and *Cottage Biographies, being a collection of Lives of the Irish Peasantry* in 1822. Better known are *The Leadbeater Papers* (1862): Volume I includes 'The Annals of Ballitore', a journal of daily life in the village, and Volume II, correspondence with Burke and Crabbe, amongst others. Leadbeater also edited her parents' letters, and compiled *Biographical Notices of Members of the Society of Friends who were resident in Ireland in 1823*.

Mary Leadbeater's house, the former post office at Ballitore, has recently been refurbished for opening to the public, and the museum in Ballitore Quaker Meeting House houses a growing collection of material on the history of the village (founded by Quakers in the seventeenth century), its famous school and the Shackleton family.

## An Epistle to M. Leadbeater.

---

From these throng'd scenes where contrasts oft preside  
 Famine & splendour, poverty & pride  
 My mind salutes thee in thy peaceful vale<sup>1</sup>  
 Encircled there by charms which never fail  
 For dear to Genius[,] Natures lovely child  
 The village cot, lone walk, & woodland wild  
 These oft thy sweet and simple theme inspire

And touch with Harmony the Muses lyre<sup>2</sup>  
 Call forth each latent idea and impart  
 Health to the nerves & rapture to the heart  
 Whilst every object cheers thy feeling breast  
 And every sound lulls thy thoughts to rest  
 The Lark that soaring pours its melting strain  
 The lowing kine<sup>3</sup> whose fragrance scents the plain  
 The ruddy milkmaid jocund blithe & gay  
 The shepherd boy that tunes the merry lay  
 His fleecy charge that crop th'enamelled blade<sup>4</sup>  
 Nor dream of woes in store - but gambol o'er the mead  
 The river flowing with mellifluous trill<sup>5</sup>  
 T'enrich your verdure & supply your mill<sup>6</sup>  
 The trees whose gothic arch - but ah no more  
 They beautify the plains of Ballitore<sup>7</sup>  
 The inn that gives variety of scene  
 Where tranquil order peace & neatness reign<sup>8</sup>  
 These all remote from Citie's[cities] & from strife  
 Form the mild harmony of rural life  
 How different from the sounds that harshly greet  
 The unpleas'd ear in every crouded[sic] street  
 The rolling chariot wheels the loud rattan<sup>9</sup>  
 The Hawkers cries the indolent Sedan<sup>10</sup>  
 The clamorous beggar, the half famish'd sweep  
 Whose shrivell'd form inclines our hearts to weep<sup>11</sup>  
 The wo[e]-worn female - haply<sup>12</sup> old and poor  
 That sings, yea, sings for bread from door to door  
 These more than these of discords thoug[ht]s possest[sic]  
 Combine to steel or agonise the breast<sup>13</sup>  
 Yet mid these painful scenes we choose to dwell  
 And break the force of Nature's magic spell  
 O thirst of gold thou nurse of bitterest woes  
 That steal'st our daily peace our nights repose  
 Fools that we are, to barter joy and health  
 For the poor visionary bliss of wealth  
 To lose the placid mind the tranquil head  
 And clasp thy painted image<sup>14</sup> in their stead  
 Tis ours to expiate the faulty deed  
 The heart that knowing<sup>15</sup> errs will surely bleed  
 For all thy fancied Paradise<sup>16</sup> must fall  
 Nor satisfy the Immortal soul at all  
 Nor to the breast one lovely thot.[sic]<sup>17</sup> bestow  
 Nor aid thy lyre, nor bid its numbers<sup>18</sup> flow  
 Nor heal the wounded Conscience when we lay  
 All pale and nerveless to Disease a prey -  
 Nor give a joy so pure so void of strife  
 As the calm current of domestic life  
 The lisp of Infancy - the precept sage  
 That sweetly flowing gilds the lips of age  
 The social friend whose converse may inspire  
 By oft collision sparks of Wisdom's fire  
 And more the faithful partner form'd to share

The hearts best feelings & its burthens<sup>19</sup> bear  
 Lov'd muse of Ballitore thine artless song  
 Hath sweetly rov'd these simple joys among  
 Thy gentle hand hath traced the Peasants cot  
 Nor was the widows mournful tale forgot  
 Hath mark'd the pious tears of filial woe  
 (Sorrows which wait, alas! on all below)<sup>20</sup>  
 For these thou lov'st to raise the artless song  
 That, like your beauteous River, smoothly flows along  
 Hail Poesy! thou pleasant boon design'd  
 T'ameliorate the manners and the mind  
 To soothe the soul to gild with ray serene  
 And spread a calm when tempests rag'd within  
 The joyous hour of social rest to cheer  
 When the young circle throng around to hear  
 Then Poesy to thee the power is given  
 To fix the wandering thought & point to Heav'n  
 To lure the untutor'd mind to Wisdom's way  
 Smooth rugged paths & all their charms display  
 Make sterner knowledge wear a lovelier dress  
 And in soft language virtues meed<sup>21</sup> express  
 Twas this of old they form'd the sacred line  
 And Kings & Prophets sang in strains divine<sup>22</sup>  
 Shame on the Bards, who mar thy beauteous face  
 With Heathen lore to give thee Classic grace  
 Who idly dream that fictions pompous art  
 Refines the manners & improves the heart  
 That Pagan tales can e'er adorn the lay  
 Or add to simple Truths bright Majesty  
 To rouge<sup>23</sup> & dress each native charm entomb  
 To[o] vainly worn to rival Natures bloom  
 Sweet Muse of Ballitore thy numbers rove  
 O'er verdant hill, or vale, or shady grove  
 And sweeter far the fragrance of the fields  
 Than all the empoisoning store that fable<sup>24</sup> yields  
 Long may thy strains harmonious please & shine  
 And Truth & Nature dictate every line  
 Long may they flow & as they flow express  
 Lessons of Wisdom in poetic dress  
 The precious buds of sympathy impart  
 And spread affections reign in every heart  
 Bid the young stem of infant genius<sup>25</sup> grow  
 And teach their lisping accents how to flow  
 Fulfil each duty of domestic life  
 The tender mother & the faithful wife  
 Adieu dear friend my lengthen'd tho.ts[sic]<sup>26</sup> may tire  
 And all thy wonted patience soon expire  
 Yet let this small memento of regard  
 Bring to thy view the form of  
 Mary Card

1. **thy peaceful vale** - the village of Ballitore in County Kildare is situated in a shallow valley. Mary Leadbeater in her poem, 'Ballitore' (1778), describes it as:

This charming spot, where joys abound,  
By rising hills encompass'd round;  
Fair hills, which rear the golden brow,  
And smile upon the vale below

(Leadbeater Papers, I, 17.)

2. **the Muses lyre** - metaphor for poetry.  
3. **kine** - cattle.  
4. **th'enamelled blade** - i.e. of grass, shiny bright or in variegated colours.  
5. The River Griese runs through Ballitore. It provided the power for the mill. 'Mellifluous', meaning 'sweetly flowing' or 'sweet as honey' (OED), a word usually used to describe beautiful or eloquent language, here denotes the sweet sound of the flowing stream.  
6. The mill once run by Quakers at Ballitore is now in ruins, but a later one, Crookstown Mill built in 1840 by John Bonham, a local landowner of Huguenot descent, has become a popular tourist attraction.  
7. The village was famous for its beautiful trees. Of particular note was an avenue lined with elms:

Let us begin, where fair and wide,  
Grac'd with young elms on either side,  
The lov'd Mill-avenue we tread,  
Dear to the daughters of the shade.

(Leadbeater, 'Ballitore' (1778) in *Leadbeater Papers*, I, 17.)

Groves of trees also abounded amongst the fields surrounding the village. Sadly, many trees were cut down for firewood and supplies when Ballitore was sacked in May 1798 by British soldiers in the Irish Rebellion and subsequent plunder by both sides in the conflict. More timber was cut down for sale after the Rebellion.

8. **the Inn** - this was built circa 1802. Mary Leadbeater wrote in her journal for that year: 'The Inn on the high-road from Dublin to Cork was completed, and was let to Thomas Glaizebrook. It soon acquired a goodly reputation. One night in Fourth-month this year the house was uncommonly full of guests - Friends travelling to the Yearly Meeting in Dublin, gentry going to the Curragh races, and officers on their march'. (*Leadbeater Papers*, I, 296.)  
9. **rattan** - resounding noise. A word more often used for a loud knocking sound or drumbeat.  
10. **Hawkers** were street sellers who advertised their wares by shouting cries specific to their trade. **Sedan chairs** were a frequent sight in the city and could be hired like modern taxis. **Indolent** - because they freed the occupant from the effort of walking.  
11. **Small boys employed by master sweeps to clean chimneys** were often underfed, not only to save expense but because, if smaller, they were better able to climb narrow shafts.  
12. **haply** - perhaps.  
13. **steel or agonise** - i.e. either harden the heart or cause distress.  
14. **thy painted image** - i.e. the 'thirst for gold', seen as idol worship.  
15. **knowing** - i.e. knowingly.  
16. **fancied paradise** - imagined Heaven, i.e. the vision of perfect happiness brought through wealth.  
17. **thot.** - abbreviation of 'thought'.  
18. **numbers** - verses.  
19. **burthens** - archaic form of 'burdens'.  
20. Leadbeater's *Poems* of 1808 mainly concentrate on the joys of rural life, or pathos - often tragic events in the lives of ordinary country people (the resignation of the suffering subjects earns the poet's unstinting praise).  
21. **virtues meed** - i.e. reward for virtue.  
22. Speaking of Biblical verse, such as the psalms. Mary goes on to compare this with the use of classical mythology in poetry, which 'mars' rather than improves.  
23. **To rouge** - to colour the cheeks by applying rouge, or red powder. Therefore to cover natural charms.  
24. **fable** - myth or fiction.  
25. **genius** - knowledge and imagination.  
26. **tho.ts** - abbreviation of 'thoughts'.

## Joseph Williams

Joseph Williams was a respected elder, and at one time a minister, in Dublin Monthly Meeting. When he died, aged over seventy, on 17 August 1807, his funeral was a large affair attended by many Friends. Mary's tribute was this obituary poem, published in 1807, lamenting the passing of one regarded as a prophet in the Church. It uses powerful Old Testament imagery to address the Quaker Church which will suffer from his loss: the 'trees of Lebanon', the 'walls of Judah', 'fruitful valleys', 'Mountains of Gilboa'. Elders like Joseph Williams were responsible for the spiritual condition of the meeting (as indeed they still are) and had a guiding role to play with regard to the ministry. Hence, the 'trees of Lebanon' may be, metaphorically, the ministers whose 'boughs' Joseph Williams 'nurs'd & train'd'. (Mary's poem was printed by R. Napper, 29 Capel Street, 1807. It can be found at Friends House Library, London, in a volume headed, *Tracts*, Vol. 204 (24) Box 10.)

Williams attempted to maintain discipline during a period when some members were departing from traditions of plainness, and from orthodoxy in belief. The greatest challenges to belief came through a questioning of the authority and literal interpretation of scripture, arising out of the rationalism of the Enlightenment. These difficulties resulted in what came to be termed the Irish Separation after 1798, when many Friends left the Society. (See 'Progress of Infidelity', Vol. I, Prose, p.21, where Mary regrettably describes her own flirtation with rationalistic, deistic thought.) Williams was frequently nominated by National Meeting between 1794 and 1796 to visit the lax and to promote zeal. Later, in the deist controversy, he was tasked with prevailing upon those holding opinions considered schismatic. He often tried to reconcile parties - remonstrating, for instance, with the Evangelical American minister, David Sands, when he became vituperative toward someone critical of his ministry. (Rathbone, *A Narrative of Events*, p.76.) Yet Williams's efforts could also exacerbate schism. When he and Sands combined to prevent another American, Hannah Barnard, whose ministry they felt undervalued the scriptures, from travelling further in Ireland, and to stop London Yearly Meeting issuing her a certificate to travel in Europe, some liberal Friends felt the Society was becoming credal and judgmental and were confirmed in desires they already had to leave it.

Mary Leadbeater tells us that Joseph Williams was 'an edifying speaker', who had 'a burden of work within the Society'. He was 'plain, firm, with candour and unaffected manners', and a 'strong sense of duty', but nevertheless was 'worn down by the lukewarmness and degeneracy of the times within the Society'. (Leadbeater, *Biographical Notices of Members of the Society of Friends, who were resident in Ireland* (London: Harvey and Dutton, 1823), pp.343-46.) His hospitality was remarkable, and it seems that most travelling ministers from England or America enjoyed at least a brief spell under his Dublin roof before embarking on their tours of Ireland. He is mentioned in several of their journals, for example those of Martha Routh, Rebecca Jones and Deborah Darby.

There are two copies of the poem in the manuscript collection, over two hundred pages apart (MS Vol. 2, pp.191-95 and 426-30). There are few differences in wording apart from one difference in the title (see note 1 below) and a couple of other minor differences, one probably due to a copyist's error. The second copy indents the first line of each section of the poem instead of leaving a line space. Many differences exist in areas such as punctuation, capitalisation and indentation. The later copy is almost totally lacking in punctuation and capitalises initial letters of nouns more frequently. The first manuscript copy is reproduced here and textual variants between it and the second are shown in the notes, indicated by closing square brackets.

**Lines to the memory of our late es=  
teemed and justly valued Friend  
Joseph Williams<sup>1</sup>**

---

In what sad lines shall sorrow learn to flow,  
Prest[sic] by the ponderous load of infelt<sup>2</sup> woe,  
What mournful muse the solemn strain shall pour  
And tell the Church her Prophet is no more!<sup>3</sup>

Bow, trees of Lebanon, whose beauteous forms  
Shade from the heat & cover from the storms,  
Whose roots drink deep of Zion's sacred spring;  
And in whose leaves the unfledg'd warblers sing;<sup>4</sup>  
Let your tall heads in act of sorrow bend  
For him who pruned your boughs & nursed & train'd  
For him who lopp'd each wither'd branch away  
Nor foster'd useless verdure, idly gay;  
For him who watch'd you with peculiar care,  
Nor ever would the barren fig tree spare.<sup>5</sup>

Lament ye walls of Judah<sup>6</sup> where he stood  
A faithful watcher in the cause of God!  
Where oft his warning voice we wont to hear<sup>7</sup>  
When fox or tiger threat'ned mischief near.  
When glossy serpents rose, insidious, sly,  
And heedless flocks perceived no danger nigh.  
Oh! then how burn'd his zeal that all might know  
The guileful mazes of the specious foe;<sup>8</sup>  
And ever active he to point the road  
That, safe & simple led to truths abode.  
Then mourn, ye walls of Judah! - loud complaint  
Pervades your borders; & our spirits faint.<sup>9</sup>

Howl, fruitful valleys, where refreshing dews  
And fragrant flowers their balmy sweets diffuse;  
For he no more shall cull the noxious<sup>10</sup> weed,  
And in your bosoms plant the precious seed.  
No more shall chase the empoisoning streams of strife  
Nor dig laborious for the wells of life;  
No more shall guard with long & painful toil,  
The hedge which parts you from th'uncultur'd soil,<sup>11</sup>  
Nor lead your tender lambs to pastures fair,  
Beside still waters & the shepherds care.<sup>12</sup>

Mountains of Gilboa, whose barren waste  
Nor dew, nor rain, nor fields of offerings graced  
Where perish'd, useless, warlike weapons lay;  
And mighty shields were vilely cast away:<sup>13</sup>

There oft his single arm opposed the foe,  
 Nor turn'd back empty from the sword or bow!  
 But there no more his fearless voice shall rise  
 Nor error grieve his soul - nor fools despise,  
 Nor dauntless bid the trumpet sound again,  
 Whilst envious archers aim their darts in vain:  
 Nor yet while vengeance lifts the direful rod  
 Shall his heart tremble for the ark of God.<sup>14</sup>  
 No more the battle to the gate shall turn,  
 Guard each enclosure & each breach discern;  
 Nor when Goliaths<sup>15</sup> threats our hosts defy,  
 Shall his sure weapon bid the monster die.<sup>16</sup>

Mountains of Gilboal sate your thirst of gore  
 For he upholds our feeble knees no more  
 Save that his farewell blessing strength imparts  
 And animates with hope our drooping hearts.  
 Ev'n at[as] the mantle that on earth remain'd,  
 When heavens high steep the great Elijah gain'd<sup>17</sup>  
 That did replete with gifts & grace descend  
 To cheer & console<sup>18</sup> his mourning friend.  
 And as his hand the pledge of love retain'd  
 New zeal inspired him, & new strength he gain'd  
 Thus from his lips the hallow'd accents pour'd  
 Which told of better days & comforts stored,<sup>19</sup>  
 Of prospects ripening o'er his mental view,  
 Of bright examples - & of heavenly dew,  
 Of joys that o'er the church may rise & spread,  
 When he is number'd with the silent dead,  
 Of judges glorious as in days of yore,<sup>20</sup>  
 Of prophets who the precious ointment bore.<sup>21</sup>

Thus did the seer on Pisgahs mountain stand  
 And view from distant heights the promised land;<sup>22</sup>  
 Thus did his eye to future scenes extend;  
 Thus did his blessing to his flock descend;  
 Thus did his care, his zeal, his love impart,  
 The farewell breathings of his anxious heart;  
 And as the voice our listening ear imprest,[sic]  
 Its truth & clearness fix'd it in our breast,  
 With love divine his ardent bosom glow'd  
 And sacred sounds with energy o'erflow'd.  
 We heard - nay more, we felt his words impart,  
 Comfort & courage to the mourners heart;  
 Yet o'er our souls contrasted feelings sway'd  
 And anxious fears & deep regrets pervade.  
 We joy'd<sup>23</sup> in hopes those better days to see  
 But oh! departed friend we mourn'd for thee.<sup>24</sup>

Yet why indulge the plaintive strain of woe,  
 While endless bliss does round thy spirit flow:  
 Why grieve that thou th'immortal prize hast won



Which all may gain who act as thou hast done  
 That thou from fields of labour art removed  
 To rest with him whom thou hast dearly lov'd  
 That all thy painful services are o'er  
 And our rebellions wound thy peace no more  
 That thou from all regret & care art free  
 Crown'd with the diadem<sup>25</sup> prepared for thee!  
 Ah! rather let us all thine hopes fulfil  
 In meek submission to his holy will:  
 Let us thy footsteps & thy works retrace,  
 Thy self denial & thy faith embrace:  
 Let us thy zeal, thy ardent zeal retain  
 And from the sins that grieved thy soul refrain  
 And on us may a double portion rest  
 Of that which cloth'd & dignified thy breast;  
 Then shall our mourning change to purest joy,  
 To hopes unmingled, peace without alloy;<sup>26</sup>  
 And when this mortal covering shall decay,  
 To the bright meed<sup>27</sup> which cannot fade away.<sup>28</sup>

1. The title of the second manuscript copy is 'To the Memory of our Late Endeared / and justly valued friend / Joseph Williams'.
2. **infelt** - deeply felt.
3. Textual variants in this section (4 lines): **flow,] flow woe,] woe muse] Muse more!] more**
4. Ps 104:16-17 - 'The trees of the Lord are full of sap, the cedars of Lebanon which he has planted / Where the birds make their nests.' (Solomon's Temple was built with the timber of cedar trees from Lebanon.)  
**Zion's** - the Holy City's (Mount Zion was the hill at Jerusalem on which the Temple stood).
5. Mt 21:18-21 - Jesus cursed the fig tree which had leaves but no fruit, saying 'Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward forever'. Joseph Williams was unafraid to rebuke others when he felt it necessary.  
Textual variants in this section (10 lines): **Bow,] bow storms,] storms Zion's sacred spring;] Zions sacred spring unfledg'd warblers sing;] unfledged warblers sing pruned] prun'd verdure, idly gay;] verdure idly gay care,] care**
6. **walls of Judah** - walls of Jerusalem, the Holy City, which was sited in Judah, the land south of the River Jordan and west of the Dead Sea assigned to the tribe of Judah, and one of the two kingdoms of the ancient Hebrews united by King David.
7. **we wont to hear** - we were accustomed to hear.
8. **specious foe** - the Devil, who may appear in various guises and set deceptive traps for the unwary.
9. Textual variants in this section (12 lines): **cause of God!] Cause of God near.] near rose, insidious, sly,] rose insidious sly perceived no danger nigh.] perceiv'd no danger nigh Oh!] Oh foe;] foe That, safe & simple led to truths abode.] That safe and simple led to Truths abode mourn, ye walls of Judah! -] mourn ye walls of Judah borders;] borders spirits faint.] Spirits faint**
10. **noxious** - harmful.
11. **hedge [. . .] soil** - the protective boundary, both spiritual and in discipline or practice (habits of dress and speech, for example) which separated Quakers from those of 'the world'.
12. Ps 23:1-2 - 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want./He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.'  
Textual variants in this section (10 lines): **Howl, fruitful valleys,] Howl fruitful valleys diffuse] diffuse; weed,] weed And in your bosoms] Nor in your bosoms seed.] seed life;] Life & painful toil,] and painful toil which parts] that parts soil,] soil fair,] fair shepherds care.] Shepherds care**
13. 2 Sam 1:21 - 'Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: for the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil.' Mount Gilboa was the site of a battle between Israel and the Philistines in which the Israelites were defeated. King Saul and three of his sons, including Jonathan, were killed. Saul himself was wounded by enemy

arrows and, seeing the battle lost and lest he be captured and cruelly treated, committed suicide by falling upon his sword. (1 Ch 10 and 1 Sam 31.) The remaining Israelites were slaughtered or fled the battlefield.

14. The ark of the covenant was a decorated box made of acacia wood, carried by the Israelites in their wanderings and later kept at Shiloh and then the temple in Jerusalem. It enshrined the Book of the Law - the stone tablets engraved with the Law given to Moses by God. It symbolises the covenant or special agreement between God and His chosen people, initially the Israelites and later the Church.
15. Goliath was a giant warrior in the Philistine army, killed with a stone from the young David's sling, (1 Sam 17). Hence a metaphor for the enemies of the Church or the spiritual life.
16. Textual variants in this section (16 lines). First 8 lines - Nor dew, nor rain,] nor dew nor rain  
graced] grac'd perish'd, useless,] perish'd useless lay;] lay away:] away opposed the foe,] oppos'd the foe  
bow!] bow soul - nor fools despise,] soul nor fools despise  
Second 8 lines - again,] again archers] Archers vain:] vain while vengeance lifts the direful rod] whilst  
vengeance lifts the ireful rod ark of God.] Ark of God battle] Battle turn,] turn discern;] discern defy,] defy  
die.] die
17. 2 Kgs 2:11-15 describes how the prophet Elijah was taken up to Heaven in a chariot of fire, leaving only his mantle (or cloak) behind. His friend and companion Elisha smote the waters of the Jordan with it and they parted to let him walk across the river. Elisha thus inherited the mantle, or became the successor, of Elijah.
18. **consolate** - comfort.
19. **stor'd** - in store, i.e. for the future.
20. The **judges**, who acted as military leaders as well as dispensers of justice, were the rulers of Israel before the monarchy was put in place.
21. The prophets of ancient Israel anointed its kings with oil, to show that God chose them.  
Textual variants in this section (18 lines). First 9 lines - Gilboa] Gilboa gore] Gore hearts.] hearts at] as ('at' is probably copyist's error - should read 'as', which also appears in the published poem) earth remain'd,] Earth  
remain'd heavens] Heaven's friend.] friend  
Second 9 lines - inspired him,] inspir'd him stored,] stor'd view,] view - & of heavenly dew,] & of heavenly dew  
joys] Joys church] Church spread,] spread dead,] dead judges] Judges yore,] yore prophets] Prophets  
bore.] bore  
In the second manuscript copy, this section is divided into two, one of ten lines and one of eight lines.
22. Deut 34:1-8 - when Moses climbed Pisgah, a mountain east of the city of Jericho, God showed him all the Land that He had promised to the descendants of Abraham. Moses then died in the land of Moab, near Mount Pisgah.
23. **joy'd** - took pleasure in.
24. Textual variants in this section (16 lines). First 8 lines - seer on Pisgahs] Seer on Pisgah's promised land;]  
promis'd land extend;] extend descend;] descend his care, his zeal, his love impart,] his care his zeal his  
love impart heart;] heart imprest,] imprest & clearness] and clearness breast,] breast  
Second 8 lines - o'erflow'd.] o'erflow'd impart,] impart & courage] and courage heart;] heart pervade.]  
pervade hopes] hope Oh!] Oh mourn'd for thee.] mourn for thee
25. **Diadem** - headband of jewels or flowers received as reward for victory.
26. **without alloy** - without anything to spoil it.
27. **bright meed** - shining (even glorious) reward (i.e. eternal life).
28. Textual variants in this section (22 lines). First 11 lines - woe,] woe flow:] flow removed] remov'd regret &  
care] regret or care diadem prepared for thee!] Diadem prepared for thee Ah!] Ah  
Second 11 lines - will:] will retrace,] retrace embrace:] embrace zeal, thy ardent zeal] zeal thine ardent zeal  
breast;] breast joy,] joy unmingled, peace without alloy;] unmingled - peace without alloy decay,] decay  
In the second manuscript copy, this 22 line section is not separated from the previous 16 line section.

Mary wrote a poetic appeal to benefactress Elizabeth Dawson for funds to provide clothing for the children of the General Daily Free School each winter from 1805 to 1807. See notes to 'To E.D. on behalf of the Children of the General Daily Free School', p.375 in this volume, for information about this school.

**An Address to Elizth. Dawson  
requesting a Donation to assist  
in clothing the Poor Children of  
the General Daily Free School**

---

Benevolent friend! thy Suppliants feel  
To need thy annual bounty still  
And thus thy wonted aid they claim  
To teach the mind and clothe the frame  
For penury with piercing dart  
Repels the vigour of the heart  
Does many a brilliant thought entomb  
And blasts young genius in its bloom<sup>1</sup>

Oh be it thine to lend a ray  
To light them thro' this devious way<sup>2</sup>  
Its cheering beam shall gild thy breast  
For we in blessing most are blest  
And nought of all the joys of sense  
Is sweeter than Benevolence -<sup>3</sup>

Kind friend to thee all bounteous Heaven  
The power of doing good hath given  
Source of the purest joy below  
Which only they who feel can know  
And little think the giddy throng<sup>4</sup>  
Whom vice & fashion lead along  
That vain their search Content to find  
She dwells but in the virtuous mind  
Nor may the taper<sup>5</sup> burning bright  
Enhance her pure efficient light  
Celestial beam! its warmth intense  
Proceeds from true benevolence!  
And may she be the frequent guest  
To aid and console<sup>6</sup> thy breast  
There may she raise the grateful song  
From many an heart and many a tongue<sup>7</sup>  
There oft her calm delights repose  
To aid reflection as it flows  
The moonlight ray of mem'ry cheer  
And point to future blessings near.

11mo. 5th. 1807.

1. Recognising the stunting effects of poverty.
2. **devious way** - path of life, beset with temptations and difficulties.
3. **And nought [. . .] Benevolence** - referring to the pleasurable sensation dispensing charity confers upon the giver, what Mary elsewhere calls a 'glow'.
4. **giddy throng** - conventional expression for the heedless or uncaring.
5. **taper** - a wax candle.
6. **console** - comfort.
7. Possibly hymns or prayers, from different authors and nations.

On this occasion, Elizabeth Dawson responded with two guineas, and Mary composed this little verse by way of thanks and receipt. See also 'To E. D', p.389.

### **To E.D.**

Two Guineas received by the hands of S. Hill<sup>1</sup>  
 I hope we shall wisely apply  
 To lessen the sufferings our children may feel  
 And the comforts of clothing to buy  
 Accept of the tribute of grateful esteem  
 Of thanks which unfeignedly flow  
 And may we in dispensing thy bounty to them  
 With Judgment & prudence bestow.

1. **S. Hill** - Mary's friend, the minister Susannah Hill. See Appendix 7, 'Individuals Featuring in the Writings of Mary Birkett Card'.

The addressee is not identified here, but the reference in the second stanza to clothing and warming 'the shivering form' probably means it was Elizabeth Dawson once more. (See two poems immediately above.)

To \_\_\_\_\_

O thou to whom the sons of grief  
 In pensive numbers<sup>1</sup> oft complain  
 Whose ready hand affords relief  
 When sorrow pours the dulcet<sup>2</sup> strain  
 Then oft they feel  
 Thy power to heal  
 To wipe the tear from Misery's eye<sup>3</sup>  
 To chase affliction['s] long drawn sigh  
 The faint and feeble knee to raise  
 And tune the mind to songs of praise

Thine too is Wisdoms sacred lore  
 The varied talent to improve  
 For he who gave & blest thy store  
 Requires the tribute of thy love  
 To clothe and warm  
 The shivering form  
 To make even Mammon prove thy friend<sup>4</sup>  
 As precious incense shall ascend  
 As acts more truly wise than they  
 Who waste the midnight oil away<sup>5</sup>

For what avails th'immortal soul  
 The Heroic line the Classic strain<sup>6</sup>  
 The storms that over Empires roll  
 And desolate<sup>7</sup> the fertile plain  
 The din of arms  
 Whose loud alarms  
 With zeal the Warriors breast inspire  
 And kindle oft the martial fire  
 These are not fruits of Wisdoms tree  
 Nor blossoms of Eternity!

Nor may the Trump of Fame<sup>8</sup> convey  
 Immortal honours to the heart  
 The storied marble<sup>9</sup> will decay  
 And pride will as a scroll depart<sup>10</sup>  
 But ever bright  
 As rays of Light  
 Shall Charity's fair form arise  
 And aid her vo'tries[vot'ries]<sup>11</sup> to the skies  
 Her soothing voice shall never cease  
 To whisper Everlasting Peace

Yes for when languor shall assail  
 And pining sickness seize the frame  
 When friendship's cordial draught<sup>12</sup> shall fail  
 Nor wealth present his golden dream  
 Then when the mind  
 Shall look behind  
 Each act of Mercy will impart  
 A ray of comfort to the heart  
 Break through the hove'ring[sic] gloom of death  
 Nor leave us with our parting breath

11th. mo: 14th. 1807.

1. **pensive numbers** - poetry in thoughtful, melancholic strain (penned by Mary or others on behalf of the poor - the sons of grief).
2. **dulcet** - sweet and melodious.
3. Thomas Gray, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard* (1751), 123 - 'He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,'. In contrast, the addressee of Mary's poem has the 'power' to relieve misery.
4. **Mammon** - from Aramaic, meaning 'riches', a personification of money and wealth. Usually a hindrance in seeking the Kingdom of Heaven, money can yet be a 'friend' if used benevolently in the service of others.
5. The last three lines of this stanza are somewhat obscure. Charitable work or giving, to educate and clothe the poor (presumably the children of the General Daily Free School), is contrasted with the toil of those who burn 'the midnight oil' studying, to become learned or, perhaps, rich. Charitable 'acts' are more 'truly wise'.
6. Heroic poetry relates the adventures of heroic figures, often from the classical period, frequently in epic form. Heroic couplets (rhymed pairs of lines in regular iambic pentameters) were favoured for this style of poetry. **the Classic strain** - also refers to classical reference and mythology, which Mary appears to have rejected - see 'An Epistle to M. Leadbeater.', 1807, p.396 in this volume.
7. **desolate** - i.e. lay desolate.
8. **Trump of Fame** - conventional poetic expression for the spread of fame, or reputation. **Trump** - sound of trumpet.
9. **storied marble** - stone memorial relating an individual's achievements.
10. **pride will as a scroll depart** - adapting conventional simile for rapid dissolution, 'as a scroll on fire'. Pride will fall as fast as a scroll of paper burns. Paper, of course, also decays in the natural course of events.
11. **vot'ries** [votaries] - worshippers or followers.
12. **cordial draught** - punning on 'cordial', as both a refreshing or medicinal drink, particularly one to stimulate the heart's action, and an adjective meaning warm and friendly.

These verses were written to Elizabeth, Mary's sister (since 1806 the wife of Robert Hudson), to accompany a rather unusual gift - a china jug painted with gilt and 'plein des oeufs' ('full of eggs'). Why these words are in French is unclear - perhaps they were inscribed on the side of the jug. The eggs may have been ornamental, or even, perhaps, painted on the side of the vessel. But certainly, the jug itself is a practical article - it is to be used at Betsy's table.

The opportunity is taken, as ever with poems accompanying a present, to draw a moral.

**To            with a gilt Jug -  
Plein des oeufs**

---

Go beauteous piece of brittle clay  
 And let thy chequer'd<sup>1</sup> sides convey  
 The soft & silk lin'd snowy shells  
 Where liquid gold in chrysal[sic]<sup>2</sup> dwells  
 Gold that oft feeds the vital flame<sup>3</sup>  
 And adds new vigour to the frame  
 Go and to Betsy's eye impart  
 The thoughts that move her sisters heart  
 Say that in thy frail form we see  
 An Emblem of mortality  
 That all which art may polish fair  
 The gilded flowers of learning rare  
 The chequer'd<sup>4</sup> paths by science stor'd  
 In midnight musings oft explor'd  
 Not these united all can save  
 Or bar the portals of the grave  
 Th[']upholding hand withdrawn - they fall  
 And one vast wreck includes them all!  
 But here we differ - thou no more  
 Shall glitter mid the shining store  
 No more to Betsys lips impart  
 The wholesome draught that cheers the heart  
 Nor grace her hospitable board  
 Nor beverage e'er from thee be pour'd  
 Here then we differ - lifes frail clay  
 Dissolving yields a brighter day -<sup>5</sup>  
 The clogs of earth - or gilt or fair  
 Alike must one destruction share<sup>6</sup>  
 But 'tis the mind - the mind within  
 That shines in every storm serene  
 That bids defiance to the tomb  
 And triumphs in Eternal bloom!

1st. mo: 9th. 1808

1. **checquer'd** - patterned in squares and/or alternating colours.
2. **chrystal** - the albumen, or white of egg, which is crystal clear.
3. **vital flame** - source of life or energy. Egg yolks were known to be full of essential nutrients, and eggs are traditionally symbolic of new life and regeneration. Mary may also be punning on 'gold' - thinking of the gold decoration on the jug and gold as wealth sustaining life.
4. **checquer'd** - here meaning variable, but no doubt the 'checquer'd sides' of the jug (see note 1 above) are emblematic of these 'chequer'd paths'.
5. **lifes frail clay [. . .] brighter day** - the human body, on dissolution, releases the soul to Heaven.
6. **The clogs of earth [. . .] destruction share** - earthly objects all meet the same end, however beautiful they are - 'or [either] gilt or fair'.



Abigail Knott Junior, whose gift of a pair of watch cases (pouches for keeping watches when not worn) prompted this poem, was the daughter of William Knott, a Dublin thread, tape and ribbon manufacturer, and his wife, Abigail. William and Abigail had twelve children and the family lived at 35 New Row West, Dublin (also their business premises) in 1808. They moved to Edenderry in 1809. (Webb's *Pedigrees*, Friends Historical Library, Dublin.) Abigail Junior (1789-1837) was a young girl of eighteen when this poem was written for her. She was later to become Mary Birkett Card's sister-in law on marrying her brother, William Birkett, in 1813. (See Appendix 7, 'Individuals Featuring in the Writings of Mary Birkett Card' - two other poems concern the Knott family, including another addressed to Abigail Knott Junior.)

As is often the case with Mary's verses written by way of thanks for a gift, the opportunity is taken here to draw some moral lessons.

**To A Knott Junr.  
On receiving a pair of open Watch Cases  
3mo. 14th. 1808.**

---

Thy beauteous gift my gentle friend  
Is elegantly wrought  
There neatness art and order blend  
To teach my erring thought

For when the glooms of night impart  
Their sadly pensive power  
Thy graceful boon instructs mine heart  
To prize the passing hour -

And when these colours bright and gay  
Shall glisten oer mine head  
Attracting oft the earliest ray  
That rosy morn may shed<sup>1</sup>

Then by thy gift allur'd - mine eye  
Shall read a lesson there  
And as the transient moments fly  
For future days prepare

And oh perhaps in nights unborn  
When joy shall yield to fear  
When sickness plants the blighting thorn  
These my lone hours may cheer

And oft in memorys faithful chain  
Shall past ideas<sup>2</sup> glide  
Of many a sweetly social scene  
By your beloved fireside -

Yet surely friendships fervent glow  
Declines such puny aid  
It triumphs over all below  
And blooms when these shall fade<sup>3</sup>

1. Watch cases were usually made of soft material like velvet, and were often colourful and richly embroidered, sometimes with motifs or maxims. They could be hung up in the bedroom at night - frequently, as here, on the headboard.
2. **ideas** - mental pictures.
3. Referring to the watch cases, the bright colour of which will fade in time.

Hannah Pettigrew, with whom Mary had stayed in 1795 at Mount Prospect near Rathangan, paid a surprise visit to the Cards in Dublin in 1808 with another friend or relative identified only as 'AR'. Mary and Hannah renewed their friendship, sharing memories of earlier days when Mary had been Hannah's guest - probably referring to the stay at Mount Prospect. (See 'Mount Prospect' and 'To H Pettigrew', pp.248-53 in this volume.)

**On a Visit paid by H Pettigrew  
and A R            to their  
friends in Dublin  
10 month 1808**

---

Say as the visions of the night  
    Illude<sup>1</sup> my gladden'd eyes  
As on the friends of former days  
    I gaze in mute surprize

Ah no! affections silken cord  
    Still binds their gentle hearts  
And they are come to taste the joys  
    That Friendship's glow imparts

I too have shar'd the fond delight  
    That soothes & cheers the breast  
Have felt the hours of youth renew'd  
    When I was Hannah's guest

For deep imprest[sic] on Memory's page  
    Those happy days remain  
And oft in retrospective view  
    I live those hours again.

For sweeter than the sweetest rose  
    Her memory's odorous balm<sup>2</sup>  
And softer than the moonlight ray  
    More pensive and more calm

Her cultur'd mind inform'd my soul  
    Which on her accents hung  
That as the ivy to the oak  
    To her example clung

And as a root that upward springs  
    And sends its branches round  
So did her friendship glad my heart  
    So did its fruits abound

To her, my dear & early friends  
 I your affection owe  
 The joys that from your converse rise  
 That from your presence flow

And as the engraving on a tree  
 Does with its growth increase  
 So deep impressions early form'd  
 No time nor change efface.

But when renewed the sacred touch  
 Of friendship's faithful hand  
 The chords vibrate [a]round the heart  
 With pure delight expand

Even as the lyre that wak'd to life  
 By skilful fingers prest[sic]  
 Pours forth the soft mellifluous<sup>3</sup> sounds  
 That soothe the sorrowing breast

And what is man? a masterpiece  
 Most exquisitely fine  
 Whose every nerve is form'd to aid,  
 An Harmony Divine!

Ah! why should sin discordant break  
 The texture of the soul?  
 Attract the poor deluded eye  
 And mar a beauteous whole!

Why when replete with life & power  
 The human fabric<sup>4</sup> rose  
 Blest with a thirst for heavenly good  
 An heart with love that glows

Why when the path of truth refines  
 And dignifies the breast  
 And friendship, gentle friendship comes  
 To give to life its zest!

Be mine the pure serene delight  
 Which leaves no sting behind  
 To share with you in converse sweet  
 The pleasures of the mind

For richer than the gorgeous robe  
 Of fancy's tinsel glare<sup>5</sup>  
 The look benign the social smile  
 With you my friends to share

Oh! might the Muse indulge a wish  
 The wish, the hope of love  
 That these delightful mental flowers  
 May all perennial<sup>6</sup> prove -

1. **Illude** - poetic/literary word meaning 'deceive'.
2. This line refers to someone who, it is revealed three stanzas later, was instrumental in forming the friendships with Hannah Pettigrew and AR. This was, in all probability, Mary's close friend, Hannah Wilson Forbes, who had died in 1799 after childbirth. Hannah Pettigrew was, almost certainly, the daughter of Robert and Anne Pettigrew and thus niece to both Hannah Wilson Forbes's parents - James and Anne Forbes - and to Joshua and Hannah Wilson of Mount Prospect near Rathangan (Anne Forbes, Hannah Wilson and Anne Pettigrew being sisters, the daughters of Joshua Strangman). Hannah Pettigrew knew the Forbes family well and compiled genealogical information about them.
3. **mellifluous** - 'sweetly flowing', or 'sweet as honey' (OED). Usually used to describe eloquent speech.
4. **fabric** - frame or structure.
5. **gorgeous robe/Of fancy's tinsel glare** - attractive outward dress of the imagination (probably art or poetry), seen as artificial in comparison with the joys of friendship.
6. **perennial** - permanent, flowering year after year.

## To Hope

Mary's first daughter and fourth child, Sarah (born 24 August 1807), died when just over a year old on 14 September 1808. Two months later Mary felt strong enough to write about this tragic event, and how it affected her. She was, at the time of writing this poem, already six months into another pregnancy. This child was to be a second daughter, named Mary, who lived to adulthood.

Mary wrote very little poetry thereafter. In October, only a month after Sarah's death, she had felt able to compose a poem when her old friend, Hannah Pettigrew, paid her a visit (reproduced immediately above). But only five poems are copied into the manuscript collection after 'To Hope': two dated 1809 ('To E Dawson on behalf of the Aged and Infirm Female Servants' and 'To the Same for a Friend', which I too, following a chronological order, place after this one), and three undated poems - an untitled one on friendship and two addressed to her husband Nathaniel, which I too have placed at the end of the collection. No poems bear a date later than 1809, although, of course, a few undated poems placed earlier in the manuscripts may belong to a later period, as Nathaniel Card's order was not strictly chronological. But it does seem that after 1808-09, Mary abandoned poetry and confined her writing to her spiritual journal and letters.

The implications of this, and the strong possibility that this poem represents a renunciation of aspects of her creative imagination, are explored elsewhere in this thesis, in the introduction to her life and work (see latter part of Chapter 5). There it is also compared with other poems on hope, and its delusive power (a common theme in eighteenth/early nineteenth-century poetry), particularly Felicia Hemans's representation of maternal loss in 'The Domestic Affections' (1812) and Dr Samuel Johnson's lines 'On the Death of Dr. Robert Levet' (1782). Suffice it to say here that, despite sharing many conventions with other works, Mary's treatment of hope is very different in the way it arises from, and almost certainly enacts change in, her own life.

Curiously, this poem is included in the prose manuscript volume as well as the poetry one. In the prose volume, it forms the last item, and as such may have been meant to carry special significance, although it is not the only poem to be placed with the prose. Mary's poem written after the birth of her second son, Nathaniel, for instance, appears in both the poetry and prose sections of the collection in this way (see 'Written two days after the birth of my second son', 1803). It is impossible to know whether these duplications were intentional, or simply done in error. And two other poems, 'An Adieu to my friends at Milford' and 'To Sally Starbuck - an acrostic', are found amongst the prose papers.

Differences between the two copies of 'To Hope' are few. The words 'and only' are added in the sub-title to the poetry section copy: i.e. 'To Hope / Written after the death of my beloved and only Daughter'.

In the body of the text, there are few differences in wording – most variants are in punctuation and capitalisation. The copy included with the prose manuscripts is reproduced here because it is dated and, as it carries more punctuation, may be a revised version. Textual variants are shown in the notes, indicated by a closing square bracket. For the sake of simplicity, explanatory and textual notes are combined into one extended note for each verse.

I have inserted line breaks between stanzas, as this verse division was clearly the copyist's intention. (In the copy included with prose, only a centred line without a line space shows such divisions, whereas the copy in the poetry volume has line breaks as given here.)

## To Hope

### Written after the death of my beloved Daughter

---

Away, Away, delusive power  
 No longer may thy voice enslave me  
 For Death hath pluck'd my loveliest flower  
 And thou did'st cruelly deceive me.<sup>1</sup>

Why did I hourly trust in thee?  
 Why did I think thou promis'd fairly;  
 When heartfelt pangs await me,  
 The loss of one I lov'd most dearly.<sup>2</sup>

How often watching 'oer her form  
 That form in which my soul delighted  
 My bosom glow'd with raptures warm  
 With hopes - alas! they all were blighted<sup>3</sup>

Oft would my ardent fancy trace  
 The harvest of my ripen'd treasure  
 Enhance each smile each opening grace  
 And view each little act with pleasure.<sup>4</sup>

And sure the seeds of future flowers,  
 In her sweet breast were dawning early  
 Benign were all her mental powers  
 Attracting love - we loved her dearly!<sup>5</sup>

And oh! when agonized with grief  
 These aching eyes beheld her languish  
 When medicine yielding no relief  
 She pined in patient, silent anguish<sup>6</sup>

O then thy fleeting visions, Hope  
 How did my rack'd ideas cherish  
 Thy faithless whispers were my prop  
 Alas! they all were doom'd to perish.<sup>7</sup>

How did I watch her beauteous face  
 To see the rose of health returning  
 How every varying symptom trace  
 Each sleepness night, each wakeful morning<sup>8</sup>

I saw her lovely fabric fall,  
 Caught the last glance of her blue eye.  
 I drank the wormwood & the gall,  
 And saw her frame in ruins lie!<sup>9</sup>

Away then Hope! with all thy train  
 Of soft illusions, vain, ideal  
 That keenly edge the dart of pain  
 With joys unsolid - sorrows real.<sup>10</sup>

And oh! to feel the chasm within,  
 The piercing pang that touch'd us nearly!  
 The dreary clouds that intervene;  
 - The loss of her we lov'd so dearly:<sup>11</sup>

Oh! may no more thy voice allure,  
 With prospects baseless & ungrounded,  
 But may I feel an anchor sure  
 Beyond the reach of hope unfounded.<sup>12</sup>

For this embitter'd draught hath rais'd  
 The silent dread! the secret cry  
 That when all nerveless & diseas'd,  
 The prey of Death; my frame shall be.<sup>13</sup>

That then no hopes like these may smile,  
 Full sweetly smile! and then deceive me  
 My soul of endless rest beguile,  
 Lull me to false repose! and leave me!<sup>14</sup>

As when the unskilful hand applies  
 A salve to cure the rankling sore,  
 While yet the lurking venom lies  
 Neath the smooth'd surface cover'd 'oer!<sup>15</sup>

Thus may not I; life's journey past.  
 Embrace a shade; and miss the blessing;  
 But feel mine anchor firm & fast;  
 A certain Evidence possessing!<sup>16</sup>

Then roll on Time! thy years & days  
 And grave! extend thine awful portal  
 No matter thro' what thorny ways,  
 So we obtain the prize Immortal.<sup>17</sup>

11 Mo 16. 1808      Mary Card.

1. Away, Away, delusive power] Away away delusive Power Death hath] Death has flower] flow'r did'st cruelly deceive me.] didst cruelly deceive me



2. fairly;] fairly await me,] awaited me **dearly.]** dearly
3. watching 'oer] watching o'er
4. smile] smile, pleasure.] pleasure
5. flowers,] flowers loved her dearly!] lov'd her dearly
6. patient,] patient
7. rack'd ideas - tortured thoughts. O then thy fleeting visions, Hope] Oh! then my fleeting visions - hope ('my' is probably a copyist's error, and 'thy' correct, as hope is being addressed) perish.] perish
8. night,] night
9. fabric - frame, or physical structure. the wormwood and the gall - common term for mortification and grief. Wormwood is a bitter herb, and gall, as well as being a word for bile, means bitterness. fall,] fall eye.] eye & the gall,] and the gall lie] lie.
10. Hope!] Hope **unsolid - sorrows real.]** unsolid, sorrows real -
11. nearly - keenly, closely. within,] within nearly!] nearly intervene;] intervene - The] The **dearly:]** dearly
12. Oh!] Oh allure,] allure & ungrounded,] and ungrounded hope unfounded.] Hope unfounded
13. nerveless - powerless, unable to move. rais'd] raised dread!] dread & diseas'd,] and diseased **Death:]** death my frame shall be.] this frame shall lie ('lie', as it rhymes with 'cry', is probably correct.)
14. smile,] smile smile! and] smile & beguile,] beguile repose!] repose, me] me -
15. the unskilful] th'unskilful sore,] sore Neath the smooth'd] 'Neath the smooth cover'd 'oer] cover'd o'er
16. shade - ghost or phantom. I;] I past.] past shade; and] shade & blessing;] blessing fast;] fast Evidence possessing!] evidence possessing.
17. roll on] roll on, years & days] days and years - grave!] Grave! thro' what thorny ways,] through what thorny ways ('days' rhymes with 'ways', so 'years and days' is correct, and the transposition an error in the 'poetry volume' copy.)

The next poem is addressed to the benefactress, Elizabeth Dawson, who contributed to the General Daily Free School. Mary seeks her financial assistance on behalf of another philanthropic venture - provision of a home for retired female servants who might otherwise end up in the House of Industry, or workhouse. Their prospects, once they ceased to earn, particularly if they had no relatives to support them, were indeed dire. Though Mary wrote an appeal, or advertisement, for funding for this scheme in April 1808, probably for placing in local newspapers as well as sending to possible subscribers, the plan did not come to fruition until 1817. The Asylum then ran for twenty-two years, closing in 1839. Mary's appeal (see Vol. I, Prose, p.182) outlines how the scheme would operate. One benefit, for employers, was that servants would be more likely to remain with them longer and give more dedicated service if they knew a secure place would be provided for them in old age - especially if the only means of admission was a good reference from an employer.

As with poems seeking money for poor schools, this poem too stresses the benefits and pleasures of charity for the donor - an inner 'glow', peace, joy and contentment. It appears to have been successful, as the poem immediately following, entitled 'To the Same - for a friend', expresses gratitude for relief kindly given.

**To E. Dawson  
On behalf of the Aged & Infirm  
Female Servants**

---

**4 mo. 23rd. 1809.**

When grief excites the heartfelt sigh  
When drops the tear from Misery's eye<sup>1</sup>  
Where shall each plaintive sufferer flee  
Where friend of sorrow but to thee

When bending neath the weight of years  
The worn-out suppliants form appears  
Where hopeless helpless shall they flee  
Ah! surely not in vain to thee

When youths delightful rose is fled  
And age surrounds their hoary<sup>2</sup> head  
Disease and want and death they see  
And who may cheer their hours like thee

Hard is their patient helpless lot  
Nor be their useful toil forgot  
For now from want and care set free  
Their dying thanks may rise to thee

Oh! Friend of sorrow let thine ear  
The claims of aged misery hear  
No more they bend th'unpliant knee  
But humbly ask relief from thee

Let now thy bounteous thought extend  
 Their latter moments to befriend  
 Let these awhile forget their woes  
 Awhile in well earned peace repose  
 E'er the dark curtain intervenes  
 And clos'd their eyes on transient scenes

And as thine heart shall kindly glow  
 To soothe the poor domestic's woe  
 Impart the boon which gracious Heav'n  
 To thee with liberal hand hath given  
 Be thine the sweet reward of Joy  
 The inward peace without alloy<sup>3</sup>  
 The hope that cheers the gen'rous mind  
 The pleasure tranquil & refin'd:  
 And thus with interest large receive  
 What now thy charity may give.

1. Thomas Gray, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard* (1751), 123: 'He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,'.
2. hoary - aged, white-haired.
3. without alloy - pure, without anything to debase it, or detract from it.

The 'Same' is probably Elizabeth Dawson once more - see poem addressed to her 'On behalf of the Aged & Infirm Female Servants' immediately above.

### To the Same - for a friend.

---

When imprest[sic] by the warmth of compassion and love  
 Thy Bosom expands to relieve the distress[sic]  
 Shall the Muse check the tribute that gratefully flows<sup>1</sup>  
 Or repel the soft ardor that glows in her breast

Ah! no, for the virtues that brighten the soul  
 Exceed in their brilliance the gem of Peru<sup>2</sup>  
 And sweeter by far are the flowers of the mind  
 Ye roses & lilies! more fragrant than you

The spark<sup>3</sup> that illumines and irradiates man  
 O'er the whole inward sphere sheds its heavenly ray  
 It increasingly spreads & disseminates light  
 And it gilds his horizon - tho Suns may decay

Oh, then may sweet sympathy dwell in thy heart  
 And still may the pleasure of giving be thine  
 May the poor who partake of thy bounties rejoice  
 And still be the accents of gratitude mine.

11th. mo: 25th. 1809.

1. **the tribute that gratefully flows** - tears.
2. **the gem of Peru** - Peruvian gold and precious stones frequently appear in poetry as tropes for fabulous wealth. For example Isaac Watts, in 'Praise for Birth': 'I would not change my native land/For rich Peru with all her gold.'
3. **The spark [ . . . ]** - referring to what Quakers term 'the Inner Light', considered to exist within each person.

**UNDATED POEMS**

**CONSIDERED TO HAVE BEEN  
WRITTEN**

**AFTER 1800**

A rebus is a kind of puzzle, like an enigma, but where the clues suggest the syllables of a word - in this case, a girl's name. (Originally, a rebus consisted of pictorial clues, before it became, in general, based on punning.)

In the manuscript collection, this poem is placed between poems dated 1803 and 1804, so it may have been written about that time.

## A Rebus

His name whose punishment was sent of God  
 Because he spoiled his sons & spared the rod<sup>1</sup>  
 Next add, those plain externals which surround  
 The lowest stop of learnings rising ground  
 A chattering bird, who learns like fools to prate  
 Yet bears no wisdom, in his shallow pate<sup>2</sup>  
 And Him, whom natures primal laws require  
 To crown with joy, a virtuous hoary<sup>3</sup> sire  
 These simple words announce a female name  
 Whose taste & elegance are known to Fame

MC

1. Name untraced. Prov 13:24 reads, 'He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes.' Also, Prov 23:13-14 - 'Withhold not correction from the child; for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die./Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell.'
2. A chattering bird [. . .] shallow pate - probably a magpie, 'an idle chatterer' (OED). pate - head, 'often representing seat of intellect' (OED).
3. hoary - aged, white-haired.

The following two poems are placed in the manuscript collection amidst the Milford Haven material, and so may well have been written at Milford during Mary's visit there in January/February 1804. However, there is nothing in either poem to link them definitely with that visit, and so I have decided to reproduce them here.

George, to whom the first is addressed, remains unidentified, but it is obvious that he assisted Mary in editing or revising her poems.

## To George

---

Those lines I scribbled rude and free  
 Are cloth'd so neat dear George by thee  
 To smooth & trim my woodnotes wild  
 That scarce my muse might know her child

In the second poem, the imagined speaker is a pocket book, perhaps sent as a gift, which addresses 'E.A.'. The initials might stand for Eliza Alexander - see Appendix 7, 'Individuals Featuring in the Writings of Mary Birkett Card'.

## A Pocket-book to E. A.

---

Let others court the splendid seat  
 I envy not their aim  
 But here for thine acceptance wait  
 Oh deign to hear my claim.

Then let me here - a useful guest  
 Oft on thy table lie  
 And bear a moral to thy breast  
 When e'er I meet thine eye

Tis not alone that neatest care  
 Thy form & mine arrays  
 Nor do our hidden stores appear  
 To every casual gaze

Fast lock'd from every ruder hand  
 Our varied treasures rest  
 But wide alike our charms expand  
 Industry to assist<sup>1</sup>

Nay more, dear girl, we both contain  
 A monitor within<sup>2</sup>  
 A faithful glass<sup>3</sup> - where every stain  
 And every spot is seen.

Mine shelter'd safe with wondrous care  
 No dimness may attract<sup>4</sup>  
 May thine an equal lustre bear  
 And shine on every act<sup>5</sup> –

Thus we reciprocal may rove  
 And share each mutual want  
 An humble friend I wish to prove  
 Do thou protection grant -

1. A pocket book could be a pocket-sized edition of a popular work, often poetry, or a compendium of items and texts for everyday use. The latter were usually lockable, and might contain a variety of material such as recipes, a calendar, mottoes and religious sayings, notes, names and addresses, diary, an almanack, and poems. Of course, these 'charms' and aids to daily life could only appear when the book was unlocked and opened.
2. **monitor within** - internal guide.
3. **glass** - mirror.
4. Perhaps, if the book is taken care of and kept closed when not in use, the printed matter cannot fade, or go dim, in the sunlight.
5. Mary hopes that E.A.'s internal monitor may shine brightly, like the printed page, to guide or shed light on all her actions.



No indication of the identity of the addressee is given here, but he or she was someone whose company Mary cultivated and who, after spending some time in Dublin, had decided to make a home there. The poem's manuscript position indicates a date circa late 1804-05.

### To x x x x

---

As the dew that new verdure distils o'er the flower  
 As the dry parched earth that's refresh'd by a show'r  
 As the bright polar star that does lustre impart  
 And revives by its ray the lorn<sup>1</sup> mariners heart  
 As the sun whose young beams gild the dawn of the year  
 So pleasant to me does thy friendship appear!  
 But what object on earth so delightful we find  
 Such a treasure! so vast! as a well cultur'd mind  
 And truly that heart must be gentle & pure  
 Which friendship's attraction doth sweetly allure  
 For if discords hoarse accents be heard in the plain  
 It will banish the graces that wait in her train  
 And tho' she to candour & freedom invites  
 Yet all rudeness disgusts her, all harshness affrights  
 Her counsel is prudent from Wisdom it flows  
 She enhances our pleasures & lessens our woes  
 Her office - soft sympathy's power to improve  
 For no voice is so sweet, as the voice that we love  
 Impell'd by that voice I have sought thine abode  
 To enjoy thine effusions,<sup>2</sup> as sweetly they flow'd  
 Like the miser who anxiously visits his store  
 And tho' much he possesses yet covets much more  
 So I sometimes blest with thy converse refin'd  
 Do incessantly wish for thy thoughts & thy mind  
 Would usurp to myself what another enjoy'd  
 And intrude on the time so much better employ'd  
 With delight have I heard of thy permanent stay  
 And that doubt, as the shadows of night flee away  
 For yet crown'd thy endeavours & labour of love  
 Our minds to enlighten our hearts to improve  
 Of the fruit of thy hands thou with pleasure shall see  
 And thy work will thy praise & thy recompense be  
 O then let a ray of thy friendship so kind  
 Continue to cheer & illumine my mind  
 And since metals by friction are polish'd & bright  
 Haply<sup>3</sup> back on thyself may reflect the pure light  
 And the flame gathering strength may more swiftly ascend  
 To that mansion of rest where all sorrows have end.<sup>4</sup>

1. **lorn** - lonely, forlorn.
2. **effusions** - i.e. of speech.
3. **Haply** - perhaps.
4. Jn 14:2 - 'In my Father's house are many mansions: [. . .].'

The National Botanic Gardens in Glasnevin, Dublin, now extending to nearly 20 hectares of landscaped grounds with water and rock gardens, an arboretum, and glasshouses, were founded by the Royal Dublin Society in 1795. This poem was written after Mary visited them with a friend, Sally - almost certainly Sarah Hoare, an enthusiastic botanist and, later, author of 'The Pleasures of Botanical Pursuits. A Poem', printed in Priscilla Wakefield's *Introduction to Botany* (1818) and *Poems on Conchology and Botany, with plates and notes* (1831).

Mary's poem concentrates, however, not so much on the beauties of the Botanic Gardens, but on human cruelty, because she and Sally had found all the Gardens' bees lying 'murder'd in heaps'. At this time, bees were smothered *en masse*, usually around October, to obtain the honey from their hives, a practice long criticised for its cruelty to creatures considered emblematic of diligent industry. See, for instance, James Thomson's extended passage in *The Seasons* (1726-46), with which Mary would undoubtedly have been familiar, on the hive 'robbed and murdered' and man's tyranny ('Autumn', 1172-1207). By the turn of the century, much work was being done to find an alternative method (see note 3 below).

This concern for animal suffering lends further credence to Mary's companion being Sarah Hoare. The *Dictionary of Quaker Biography* states: 'her compassion extended to the treatment of animals, which she felt to be a cause of great suffering, and she was not above using every means in her power to prevent the pursuit of cruel and degrading sports'. This included writing a letter, published in *The Times*, attempting to dissuade Lord Wombwell from staging a fight between his largest lion and six mastiffs for a £5,000 stake in 1825. And Sarah's diary entry for 22 March 1832 reads, 'The formation of a Society for the promotion of humanity to animals gives me great comfort. May it prosper! Only He who gave me life can know how much I have suffered on account of the cruelties practised on them [. . .] and all I have really done to mitigate their sufferings' (*Annual Monitor*, 1856, p.101).

If Sally was Sarah Hoare, this visit to the Botanic Garden must have taken place after she and Mary became friends in late 1804 or early 1805. (See Appendix 7, 'Individuals Featuring in the Writings of Mary Birkett Card'.)

### Occasioned by a Walk to the Botanic Garden

---

Serene was the morning & balmy the air  
 When Sally allur'd me to rove  
 To inhale the mild breezes & her converse to share  
 Awhile in the classical grove.

And tho' Winters stern ravage was seen in the shade  
 Yet the foliage was lovely in death  
 And the late blowing flowers were in beauty array'd  
 Still charming & sweet was their breath<sup>1</sup>

I gazed on each scene its soft sympathy caught  
 For twas Natures own harmony reign'd  
 The prospect around us with comfort was fraught  
 And my heart glow'd with rapture unfeigned.

When dear Sally, instruction no doubt to impart  
 Led our footsteps to visit the bees,  
 But oh! what a pang keenly thrill'd thro' my heart  
 Yea the current within<sup>2</sup> seem'd to freeze -

For murder'd in heaps the poor labourers lay  
 And the hives busy humming had ceas'd  
 Ah man! all the earth is opprest[sic] by thy sway  
 And cruelty sweetens thy feast!<sup>3</sup>

Tho' Nature profusely her viands prepar'd  
 Tho' unbounded her offerings to thee  
 Yet insipid they seem with reluctance are shar'd  
 If unstained and bloodless they be!

Oh why is this thirst after gore in the mind?  
 Why for us should such misery reign?  
 And why are the meals that refresh human kind  
 Preceded by anguish and pain?

Yet the beasts of the forest who riot in blood  
 With aversion and dread be behold  
 While harmless their nature who crop the green food  
 And the infant may visit the fold<sup>4</sup>

And sure if the diet (as Sages have said)  
 Affects both the temper and mind  
 No marvel that Wars horrid tumult has spread  
 Or that passion debases our kind -<sup>5</sup>

1. This autumnal description fits with the month being October, when the bees were usually smothered.
2. **the current within** - the circulation, or blood.
3. Edward Wakefield in *An Account of Ireland Statistical and Political* (1812) describes the beekeeping industry in several Irish counties. It was usual, when the bees were suffocated in October, to keep around three hives in every ten so there were sufficient insects to breed the next year. For reasons of expense as well as humanity, other methods were being tried. The Rev Dr Butler in Kilkenny tied up the hives in a cloth and suspended them from beams in his cellar from October to April, when the bees were liberated. Mr Acheson in Derry and a Mr Green in Kilrea adapted systems of moveable boxes with glass panes, which enabled the honey to be separated from the bees. Wakefield expresses the hope that this more humane procedure will prevail. (I, 356-58.)
4. **fold** - i.e. sheep-fold or pen.
5. The idea that diet affects human behaviour and personality was becoming more widespread. Shelley, for instance, asserted this a few years later in *A Vindication of Natural Diet* (1813). Mary Birkett Card's brother, George Harrison Birkett, became vegetarian as well as teetotal. Quaker James Haughton became vegetarian in 1846 for health as well as humanitarian reasons, being influenced by J. Newton's book, *A Vegetarian Regimen* (1811). He became President of the UK Vegetarian Society and involved in The Dublin Auxiliary for the Protection of Animals. (Richard Harrison, *Richard Davis Webb: Dublin Quaker Printer (1805-72)* (Skeagh, Cork: Red Barn Publishing, 1993), p.52.)

Sarah Hoare, a close friend of Mary's certainly from early 1805 (see poem above), ran a school in Dublin, mainly for Quaker girls, as well as being a poet and an amateur botanist. She is the addressee of two of Mary's letters, and several poems.

### To S: Hoare

---

How rapidly yesterday flew the short hours  
 How refreshing and fragrant the tea  
 How delightful the charm that soft sympathy pours  
 While engaged in sweet converse with thee

Amidst thy young circle so joyous and gay<sup>1</sup>  
 I candor and gentleness meet  
 For theirs are the smiles that enliven the day  
 Untainted by guile or deceit -

We felt not the cold of the keen piercing air  
 Illum'd by the fires chearful[sic] blaze  
 Fidele<sup>2</sup> too & Juba reposing were there  
 The picture of comfort and Ease.

How different their lot from th'enjoyments we taste  
 Who the anguish of Penury share  
 May we never by luxury folly or waste  
 Deprive them of what we can spare

And I thought as I gaz'd o'er their varied employ  
 And was tracing their bias of mind  
 That tho' differing in tempers in sources of joy  
 In taste and in judgment refin'd,

Yet the same even standard of Wisdom & truth  
 Is the measure allotted for all  
 And the grave as the gay whether aged or youth  
 Neglecting this standard must fall

Tis to this as a prop that can strengthen and save  
 Thy tender young plants<sup>3</sup> must adhere  
 To this must with firmness & constancy cleave  
 And guard it with diligent care -

May'st thou as a Gardiner[sic] judicious & wise  
 Their minds to this standard incline  
 For much in thy power my Sally there lies  
 E'er habits subvert the design.<sup>4</sup>

It is thine the sweet task to direct the young shoot<sup>5</sup>  
 And its branches luxuriant to prune  
 Since their growth tho' so blooming but injures the fruit  
 And their grace and their beauty fade soon

Tis thy hand my lov'd friend the young stalk must assist  
 While flexile<sup>6</sup> it yield[s] to thy sway  
 With the cords of true love to its prop to entwist  
 And its growth will thy labour repay.<sup>7</sup>

Thus sweetly harmonious your moments will flow  
 Nor will time leave a trace of regret  
 In the strait<sup>8</sup> path of Truth no repentance we know  
 Tho' the mazes of error beset -

Then as oft I revisit your tranquil retreat  
 Mine heart shall partake of delight  
 And allur'd by the stimulus forceful as sweet  
 In the flame<sup>9</sup> thence ascending unite

1. Sarah Hoare was said to love the company of young people and she probably took pupils as boarders. See Mary's letter to her cousin Elizabeth Rebecca Card, Letter 17 in Vol. I, Prose, congratulating her on her removal to Sarah Hoare's where 'opportunities for intellectual improvement abound' (1 February 1809).
2. An individual named Fidelia features in another poem. See 'To -', 26 July 1805, p.374 in this volume.
3. **tender young plants** - pupils and young people under Sarah Hoare's care.
4. **E'er habits subvert the design** - i.e. before bad habits have a chance to develop. The idea is that if you train children early enough, inculcating sound moral standards, they will not depart therefrom.
5. James Thomson, *The Seasons*, 'Spring', 1152-53 - 'Delightful task! To rear the tender thought,/To teach the young idea how to shoot'.
6. **flexile** - flexible, tractable.
7. Tying a young plant to a stick to support its growth is a metaphor for the way Sarah must, with love, bind her young pupils to their prop - the 'standard of Wisdom and truth' referred to in the sixth verse.
8. **strait** - narrow.
9. **flame** - i.e. the flame of friendship.

This poem, again addressed to Sarah Hoare (see two poems immediately above), may belong to the period circa 1806-07, as it is located in the manuscript collection between poems dated 1806 and 1807. It is singular in having a form and rhyme scheme not found elsewhere in Mary's poetry, making a welcome change from the couplets usually employed. (A similar form is adopted, though with a different rhyme scheme, in 'To the Head-ach' by Felicia Hemans - see *The Domestic Affections* (1812), pp.28-30.) It celebrates the joys of Seventh Day, or Saturday, night when, once the warehouse and business were shut up, a few precious hours could be spent relaxing together as a family. These joys were heightened, too, by awareness that the next day (First Day) was to be one of 'hallowed rest'.

### Seventh day night. Address'd to Sarah Hoare

---

Lov'st thou at early morn to rove  
Th'enamell'd mead, the verdant grove  
And hear each warblers note of love  
                                    By Nature taught.  
Or when neath Evening's silent sway  
Thy footsteps brush the dews away  
And mid the silvery moon beams stray  
                                    In pensive thought?

These oft may wake poetic fire  
And many a soothing strain inspire  
To melodize the Muses lyre  
                                    In numbers bright<sup>1</sup>  
But dearer to thy Mary's breast  
Than all the charms by these possest[sic]  
With pure felicity my guest  
                                    on seventh day night

For then the toilsome week is o'er  
And business racks<sup>2</sup> the head no more  
Nor echoing raps assail the door  
                                    nor cares annoy  
But gain'd an hour of rest at last  
And by no cloud our sky o'ercast  
We drink oblivion of the past  
                                    and peace enjoy

Still'd is th'unquiet hum of trade  
Its busy haunts are lost in shade  
The office lock'd the porters paid  
                                and warehouse closed<sup>3</sup>

We feel as Mariners on shore  
Who, just escap'd the tempest's roar  
Dream not of dangers yet in store  
                                While safe repos'd

Our fire burns bright our thoughts are free  
And fragrant our repast of tea  
Most cheering when illum'd by thee  
                                With smile serene

Our little darlings round us press  
In haste to urge the fond caress  
Which does a parents bosom bless  
                                And crowns the scene.

Perchance they court a longer stay  
And banish slumber far away  
To lengthen out the closing day  
                                In pleasures bland<sup>4</sup>  
Soon tir'd they sink to calm repose  
Such as no guilty mind e'er knows  
And sleep his mantle o'er them throws  
                                With liberal hand

O Luxury! not all thy power  
To wile away the tedious hour  
Can o'er the heart such comfort show'r  
                                As scenes like this  
No less tomorrows prospects cheer  
To us its hallowed rest is dear  
And fills our mind with joy sincere  
                                And hopes of bliss

For we delight to seek his face  
Whose presence beautifies each place  
And meet with those who meet to trace  
                                His power divine  
To us the prospect of that day  
When earthly cares & toil give way  
Is lovelier than the potent ray  
                                Of noontide shine

For us the bow that ever bends  
 His force elastic quickly spends  
 Nor swift the darting arrow sends  
                                   To gain the prize<sup>5</sup>  
 So He who form'd the human mind  
 Seasons of rest hath well design'd  
 Which give new vigor to mankind  
                                   To mount the skies

Even as our frame refreshment knows  
 Awaking oft from bland repose  
 When health in crimson current flows  
                                   And prompts delight  
 Then marvel not why I prefer  
 To evening walk, or morning air  
 This sweet cessation from dull care  
                                   On seventh day night.

1. The lyre was an instrument sacred to the muses, hence a metaphor for poetry. numbers bright - poetry which is joyful and gay.
2. racks - vexes or bothers.
3. It is not known what business Mary and Nathaniel Card engaged in. In the 1800 *Gentlemen's and Citizen's Almanack*, which gives a Dublin street directory, Nathaniel Card is listed only as a merchant of 16 Summerhill. But he could have owned or rented a warehouse for his goods elsewhere. He may have been involved in wine or beer. One relative, Ralph Card, was a wine merchant at 10 Aungier Street, and Nathaniel's mother, Eleanor Card, leased a dwelling house and brewery - Mount Brown at 169 James's Street - to Robert Shaw in 1806 (Dublin Registry of Deeds, Deed no. 581 499 395031). Or he could have been involved in the import and export of tallow, and therefore connected with the candle-making and soap-boiling business Mary's father ran.
4. bland - innocent or harmless.
5. The bow constantly in use quickly loses its elasticity, and is no longer capable of shooting arrows fast or accurate enough to meet their target. Hence working too much or too hard defeats its object.



This apostrophe to poverty depicts it as a ragged, gloomy and haunting figure which, beside bringing actual physical want, poisons its victims' lives by impoverishing their minds. Those who can preserve their virtue and integrity in the face of poverty, it asserts, are truly 'great'.

The poem's position in the manuscripts indicates a date circa 1805.

## To Poverty

---

Hence! avaunt,<sup>1</sup> thou cheerless guest  
 Of haggard form & tatter'd vest  
 I covet not with thee to dwell  
 Thy frost benumbs the vocal shell<sup>2</sup>  
 More pinching than the Eastern blast  
 More gloomy than the sky oercast  
 Obscur'd by thee, th'energick[sic]<sup>3</sup> mind  
 Resigns its elegance refin'd  
 Abash'd its strength and glories hide  
 And bow before the sons of Pride  
 Thy barren soil no verdure knows  
 Uncultur'd neath eternal snows  
 Nor may the buds of genious[sic] blow<sup>4</sup>  
 Nor may the bloom of beauty grow  
 Even truth & candour fade away  
 And Freedom shrinks beneath thy sway  
 While Envy rears her crested form  
 And discord pours th[']unshelter'd storm  
 And all they know & all they hear  
 Thy Vassals, Poverty, must bear  
 While ruthless care corrodes<sup>5</sup> the heart  
 And want inflicts th'envenom'd dart  
 Even energy of soul may fail  
 Nor lofty ideas aught avail  
 Nor thoughts sublime a charm impart  
 To break thy spell, thy chain t'avert  
 No cheering hopes from grief to save  
 No prospects save beyond the grave

Oh Poverty! thy power I see  
 Evinced in yonder leafless tree  
 The sun of wealth no longer shines  
 And every Summer friend declines<sup>6</sup>  
 The choir<sup>7</sup> who harmonized its spray  
 Now seek subsistence far away  
 In vain its naked branches spread  
 Its throng of visitors have fled

And all who flatter'd all who cheer'd  
 When blasts blew keenly, disappear'd.  
 Ah who like thee can search the heart  
 And all its hidden springs impart  
 Trace to its source each act of man  
 And every virtue rightly scan  
 Disrobe the soul of false attire  
 And bid its tinsel charms<sup>8</sup> expire  
 While oft deceit and meanness rise  
 Which wealth enshrouds<sup>9</sup> from mortal eyes  
 Errors and follies are reveal'd  
 Which but for thee were long conceal'd.  
 And great indeed that man must be  
 Replete in Heaven-born dignity  
 Who neath thy sable gloom of night  
 Still shines with pure unsullied light;  
 Who feels thy blast; thy storms may see  
 Yet shrinks not - unappall'd by thee  
 Whose soul can never meanly bow  
 Whose words with equal tenor flow  
 Whose sap within his root remains<sup>10</sup>  
 Tho' all his honours strew the plains  
 Tho' youth and wealth & beauty fly  
 Yet shall his glory never die

1. **avaunt** - begone.
2. The body is seen as the shell, the container or outer covering, of the human voice. The implication is that the poor are often unable to find a voice or act owing to the inhibiting effects of poverty (perhaps because survival becomes their sole focus).
3. **energick** - vigorous, or lively.
4. **blow** - flower.
5. **corrodes** - damages, eats away at.
6. Referring to what we might call 'fair weather friends' who desert others in times of difficulty or when there is nothing to be gained from befriending them.
7. **choir** - songbirds.
8. **tinsel charms** - attractions outwardly appealing but lacking genuine substance.
9. **enshrouds** - hides or covers.
10. **Whose sap [. . .] root** - whose principles (particularly religious principles) stay firmly rooted, or who remains true to him/herself.

There were numerous branches of Quaker Robinsons, and several Deborahs amongst them, so it is difficult to pinpoint the Debby Robinson whose words prompted this poem. Possibilities are Deborah Robinson, née Corfield, who married Samuel Sandwith Robinson in 1789, the mother of thirteen children between 1790 and 1813, or Deborah Robinson, born 1779, daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Robinson of Killarney. Both were members of Dublin Monthly Meeting.

The poem's position in the manuscripts indicates a date circa 1805.

## To D Robinson

---

Thou mayest remember that I was particularly struck with those words of thine - "I have a home" - if there were a chord in my heart attun'd to harmony thou struck upon it and the vibration was forceful enough to keep me awake for some time. Thou may'st thank thyself for the trouble of reading the annexed lines by awakening sensations to which those words of thine gave birth - as the sparks of which if I were the flint thou operated as the steel.

With the wish that the concluding hope may be thine also, I remain,  
Thy affectionate friend,  
Mary Card.

"I have a home", delightful sound  
It makes my heart with joy rebound  
From Debby's lips the words I hear  
They reach my heart & center there.

"I have a home", some potent spell  
Must surely in the numbers<sup>1</sup> dwell  
Sweet as the music of the grove  
And charming as the voice of Love

"I have a home", tis bliss to hear  
For peace and comfort wait me there  
Joys that oppression cannot know  
Pleasures that leave no taint of woe

"I have a home", and dwell in peace  
Each jarring<sup>2</sup> thought hath learn'd to cease  
No discord vain my hours annoy  
Or checks the current of my joy

"I have a home", no stranger there  
With fraud or guile may interfere  
No envious tongue create a sigh  
Or there my privilege deny.

"I have a home" & round my head  
 Tho' many a storm its fury shed  
 Yet oft this thot.[sic]<sup>3</sup> inspir'd relief  
 And check'd an agony of grief

"I have a home", and there I know  
 The raptures that from friendship flow  
 The smile serene - the converse kind  
 Which emanate from hearts refin'd

"I have a home" - a sure retreat  
 A refuge from the storms of fate  
 An anchor when the waves beat high.  
 A covert from a lowering sky.<sup>4</sup>

"I have a home" and there I see  
 A bounteous God provides for me  
 I learn to feel for all who live  
 And know that it is blest "to give" -

"I have a home" and there secure  
 I think of many an houseless poor<sup>5</sup>  
 Hence soft emotions grateful rise  
 Hence pity's tears bedew mine eyes.

"I have a home", & oh my soul  
 When Time shall yield his stern controul[sic]  
 When ages of Eternal Day  
 Commence their never ending sway  
 When all this transient scene is o'er  
 When sin misleads the heart no more.  
 When even the purest joys below  
 Shall cease to charm, shall cease to flow  
 Then midst the awful wreck of fate<sup>6</sup>  
 Oh may my soul - serene, sedate  
 Unmov'd tho' rent the worlds vast dome  
 Say, rapturous words -

"I have a home!"

1. **numbers** - verses or metrical feet in poetry, but here referring to the phrase 'I have a home', used as a refrain throughout the poem.
2. **jarring** - discordant or disturbing.
3. **thot.**- manuscript abbreviation of 'thought'.
4. **A covert from a lowering sky** - cover from a sky portending storm.
6. **an houseless poor** - stock poetic term for a poor, homeless person. Goldsmith in *The Deserted Village* asks '[. . .] turn thine eyes/Where the poor, houseless, shivering female lies' (325-26). Shakespeare has King Lear address 'You houseless poverty' in the storm on the heath (*King Lear*, III. 4. 26).
6. **awful wreck of fate** - tragic life events or vicissitudes of life.

It is also not clear whether this School was the General Daily Free School in St Catherine's Parish, Dublin (see p.375 in this volume), or another establishment. The latter is more likely. Linked with it was a 'repository' - a scheme whereby needlework and clothes made by the girls could be sold. It appears they did the work at home, 'in many a garret cold and drear', but perhaps there was a shop or warehouse attached to the school, where the goods were sent for sale. The poem tells us this idea was the brainchild of the poem's addressee (unnamed). One aim was to raise funds as the school was in severe financial straits. It had initially done well, attracting donations from subscribers, one wealthy man in particular, but, by the time of writing, enthusiasm had diminished and its nine original Trustees had all abandoned the scheme. Another aim was to provide the girls with some means of earning a livelihood, or augmenting a low family income. Importantly, this would also develop self-respect, inculcate habits of hard work and self-reliance and combat idleness that, it was thought, might lead to crime.

The poem reveals that Mary's friend Hannah Reynolds, née Wilson Forbes, played a lead part in setting up the school and attracting funds. Her death is mentioned. Hence it must have been written after Hannah's death in 1799. As it also speaks of 'many an annual tribute' to funds since that time, we can assume a date at least several years later. It is placed in the manuscripts amongst material dated 1805.

Maria Luddy describes a school and repository which must have been very similar to this one in which Hannah and Mary were active:

A group of women opened a Charitable Repository and School of Industry in Bandon in 1811. Its purpose was to provide a rudimentary education to poorer children. It appears to have catered only for girls and the curriculum followed was intended to provide 'a moderate proficiency in reading, a knowledge of plain and useful needlework and an acquaintance with religious truth'. The highest expectations for the pupils were that they would become upper servants, shop assistants or teachers in 'inferior schools'. The majority were not expected to go beyond the level of minor servants or of using whatever skills they had acquired in the school, outside the confines of their own homes. The women who ran this school recognised the economic value of children within the family unit and as an encouragement to parents to send them their daughters they promised to provide them with clothing 'as some equivalent of the small services of which the parents might be deprived by thus resigning the disposal of their children's time'. The clothing provided served another purpose in that it acted as a type of uniform which helped to distinguish the poorest children and thus make them more amenable to discipline. The school appears to have catered for about 100 pupils in 1814 and was supported in part by public subscriptions and also by the knitting and sewing done by the girls.  
(*Women and philanthropy in nineteenth-century Ireland*, pp.72-73.)

## To On the School and Repository

---

Yes Love Divine hath taught thine heart to glow  
 With meek compassion for anothers woe  
 Hath there its sweet & sacred lore pourtray'd[sic]  
 To harmonize with all whom God hath made  
 To lessen human griefs & point the way  
 Where Truth may dart an everlasting ray

To clear the soil of rubbish and of weeds  
 Repose<sup>1</sup> it to receive the noblest seeds  
 Prune every useless branch & oft destroy  
 The noxious<sup>2</sup> plants which injure and annoy  
 Thine eye hath seen that deep beneath the ground  
 The firm upholding basics must be found  
 Or with keen blasts beneath tempestuous skies  
 The fairest edifice in ruin lies  
 And thou hast long'd to form the minds of youth  
 In the strict mould of Industry & Truth  
 Beneath whose influence pure religion thrives  
 And early habits grow to virtuous lives  
 Thus the full measure in obedience given  
 Returns press'd down & overflows to Heaven  
 And as we bound the hasty strides of sin  
 The rich reward of Peace is felt within  
 Oh be it thine that pure and blissful ray  
 Which mundane power nor gives nor takes away  
 The charm that sweetens all we have or know  
 The hope that buoys us o'er the waves of woe  
 The sure retreat beneath a low'ring<sup>3</sup> sky  
 Safe from the ravenous beast the vultures eye<sup>4</sup>  
 Cheer'd by thy smiles & foster'd by thy cares  
 Our drooping School a brighter aspect wears  
 Tho' sunk its funds withdrawn its early friends  
 Yet Hope (inspir'd by thee) new courage lends  
 And 'mid the wrecks of time<sup>5</sup> that intervene  
 It gives its mite<sup>6</sup> to Order tho' unseen  
 Still sheds in silence its unnotic'd aid  
 To heal the miseries want and vice have made  
 Even as the gentle dew that softly yields  
 Refreshing verdure to the parching fields  
 Time was when Novelty possest[sic] its sway<sup>7</sup>  
 And Pity - (sunbeam of a Winters day[!])  
 When rich subscribers pour'd the gracious boon  
 And constant visitors each favor'd noon<sup>8</sup>  
 Then as the childrens minds in learning grew  
 He<sup>9</sup> cloth'd their shivering frames & fed them too  
 But now by other joys or cares engrossed  
 Who once assisted now forsake us most  
 He who the purse in days of plenty bore  
 Forgets those days & thinks of us no more!  
 Our nine Trustees - Oh shadow of a shade  
 Not one remains to lend the needful aid  
 Stript[sic] as the tree that braves the wintry sky  
 O'er distant plains our fallen honours lie  
 Yet sure the sap remains within its root  
 Seasons will change & leafless trees bear fruit  
 Hail holy charity! thy burning ray  
 Nor hostile foes nor faithless friends dismay  
 No transient gleam may light the sacred fire  
 No howling blast may bid thy warmth expire

The whole creation feeds thy hallow'd flame  
 Attracting all to Heaven from whence it came  
 Impress'd by thee we view'd with pitying eye  
 Uncultur'd minds in mournful ruins lie  
 Saw natures garden droop a dreary waste<sup>10</sup>  
 A common open to each ravening beast  
 Saw choicest flowers degenerate into weeds  
 And noxious vapours<sup>11</sup> rise from noblest seeds  
 Untutor'd courage brutal rage disclose<sup>12</sup>  
 Religion sunk & Superstition rose  
 And even where Heav'n design'd a generous frame  
 Profusion - lavish'd to destruction came!

Thus all appear'd unharmonized misus'd  
 The choicest blessings of the mind abus'd  
 The mind itself was sick its taste deprav'd  
 Of Truth of Judgment as of Health bereav'd  
 So the lost appetite rejects its food  
 When foul disease contaminates the blood

We saw & oft we mourn'd & long[']d to heal  
 Those evils Povertys sad victims feel  
 For deep the baleful<sup>13</sup> root of mischief lay  
 And radical the cure to do those ills away -  
 We saw that ignorance nurs'd deceit & fraud  
 That Truths bright wand each hov'ring vice oerawed  
 That Wisdom banished cunning<sup>14</sup> far away  
 And learning cheer'd along the devious way<sup>15</sup>  
 That brown Industry<sup>16</sup> comfort must ensure  
 And drive off want & hunger from the poor  
 We saw & sought relief - the rich approv'd  
 Charm'd by the voice of one\* by all belov'd  
 The structure rose & flourished neath her eye  
 Till her Lord call'd her to a purer sky  
 Then ah full many an annual tribute fail'd  
 And Poverty our little school assail'd  
 Pinch'd by the nipping frost each friend retires  
 And all its bright attractive blaze expires  
 Yet still a spark - a single spark we claim  
 Which charity thy breath may kindle to a flame

And much to thee benevolent friend is due  
 Who fann'd the smoking flax<sup>17</sup> and fed it too -  
 Thy needful aid replenish'd it and relieved  
 Thy sage advice was gratefully received  
 Thy useful hints - thanks to the brilliant thought<sup>18</sup>  
 Which help'd the funds, while it employmt.[sic] brought  
 Which bade us aid ourselves - and did unfold  
 The infant manufactory<sup>19</sup> we hold  
 And by that thought in just gradations<sup>20</sup> led  
 Increasing comforts on the poor to shed  
 Our small Repository rose to view  
 To crown the well earn'd labors of a few  
 For that - in many a garret cold & drear

Swift plies the needle - & its fruits are there  
 And many a vague delapidated[sic] cell  
 Where pale fac'd children of Industry dwell  
 Send there the finwrought<sup>21</sup> article & try  
 T'arrest<sup>22</sup> the purse & catch the roving eye  
 Oh may thine accents kind benevolent friend  
 Our tender nursling from each storm defend  
 The quivering flame but half emits a ray  
 And hovering clouds discourage & dismay  
 Slow are the sales - few seem to care or know  
 What increas'd comforts thro' this channel flow  
 Ah did they see<sup>24</sup> the wretched female form  
 Whose tatter'd robes conceal but not keep warm  
 And with what gratitude her heart expands  
 If sold the puny produce of her hands  
 Or if an interest in the school they know  
 Whence early habits of Industry flow  
 Who by the produce of their work receive  
 The just reward the affluent please to give  
 Or if they feel concern'd for human kind  
 Who're by successful Industry refin'd  
 Whom idleness debases & degrades  
 And into Rapine Theft and Murder leads  
 (Thus on Society the untaught throng  
 Repay with interest large their early wrong)  
 Ah! were this felt not vainly should we plead  
 But humble worth would (as it ought) succeed  
 Our school would flourish - & the sales secure  
 A fund of blessings for the female poor  
 Ah! be it thine to cherish & approve  
 And heaven will surely bless thy work of Love!

H. W. Reynolds [Hannah Wilson Forbes, who married Thomas Reynolds of Wallington in Surrey in 1798. She died after giving birth to a son in 1799. See Appendix 7, 'Individuals Featuring in the Writings of Mary Birkett Card'.]

1. **Repose** - rest, thereby refresh, and so prepare the soil to receive seed (as land is laid fallow).
2. **noxious** - harmful.
3. **low'ring** - overcast, portending storm.
4. **Job 28:7** - 'There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen.'
5. **wrecks of time** - fateful incidents, particularly misfortunes occurring in the course of time.
6. **mite** - small contribution.
7. **when Novelty possess its sway** - i.e. when the school was new, it attracted interest.
8. **Visitors were often encouraged by those undertaking philanthropic endeavours as publicity helped promote funding.** When Elizabeth Fry visited Newgate Prison, there was a regular parade of visitors who came to see her work with female prisoners.
9. **He** - a wealthy subscriber who remains unnamed, though the addressee of the poem would almost certainly be aware of his identity.
10. **natures garden** - i.e. the children of the poor. Their natural potential is unrealised unless cultivated.
11. **noxious vapours** - harmful fumes. Not only poisonous fumes, but natural mists, were sometimes thought to be a risk to health.



12. **Untutor'd courage brutal rage disclose** - i.e. if courage, perhaps thinking particularly of physical bravery and energy, is not channelled correctly, it can develop inappropriately into forms of aggression.
13. **baleful** - destructive or damaging.
14. **cunning** - artifice, or craftiness, but particularly related to deception (harking back to the 'deceit and fraud' mentioned two lines previously).
15. **devious way** - path of life seen as circuitous and full of temptations or dangers.
16. **brown industry** - 'brown' can mean 'serious' or 'sombre', from the french 'brun'. 'Serious' is probably the meaning here. The idea, behind this and the next line, is the familiar one that the poor can help themselves by hard work if employment is made available to them.
17. **the smoking flax** - expression derived from Is 42:3: 'A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench: he shall bring forth judgment into truth.' Isaiah was prophesying the coming of the future servant of God who will bring judgment to the Gentiles. A prophecy thought to be fulfilled in Jesus - Mt 12:17-21.
18. **the brilliant thought** - i.e. the idea for the repository.
19. **infant manufactory** - the repository, which is still new, or young.
20. **just gradations** - even stages.
21. **finwrought** - finely wrought, or beautifully made.
22. **T'arrest** - to stop or hold, therefore attract.
23. **did they see** - i.e. did they but see.

The position of this poem in the manuscripts indicates a date circa 1805-1806.

To \_\_\_\_\_

Oft have these wild uncultur'd flowers  
 Amus'd & cheer'd my pensive hours  
 And as they harmonized my soul  
 Would many a secret woe controul[sic]

For balmy<sup>1</sup> odours ever yield  
 From every plant in Natures field  
 With candour thou each foible see  
 And love even more than pity me

1. **balmy** - both sweet-smelling and having a healing influence, like balm.

Truth, a concept of key significance to Friends, eludes easy definition. In the words of *Quaker Faith and Practice* (under 19.33), it 'is a complex concept; sometimes the word is used for God, sometimes for the conviction that arises from worship, sometimes for the way of life.' Truth is discovered through the leadings of the Light within, and in Mary's poetry it is often associated with light - see 'To a Friend', p.294 in this volume, where Truth is visualised as shining from its throne, lighting our 'frozen hemisphere'. Here, Truth is personified as a female figure, dressed 'in robes of Light'. She combines traits traditionally regarded as feminine - beauty and gentleness - with severity, firmness and the ability to confer strength. Her light is absorbed when the mind is quiescent and concentrated upon her, 'prostrate' 'in stedfast[sic] gaze'. As internal 'Guide' who, if listened to, will preserve from error, her 'robe' (of light) also becomes, at the end of the poem, Mary's protector - her 'shield'.

In the manuscripts, this poem lies between poems dated 1804 and 1806.

## Truth

---

What form is yours? array'd in robes of Light  
 Whose heavenly charms attract & fix the sight  
 As with benignant majesty and grace  
 Soft issuing from the vast ethereal space  
 Hal 'tis fair Truth her sacred voice I knew  
 Severe yet lovely firm yet gentle too  
 At her approach unhallowed thots[sic]<sup>1</sup> expire  
 And shades of folly to their den retire  
 While the bright glancings of her radiant[sic] eyes  
 Dissolve the chain of vanity & lies  
 Strengthens the feeble bids the captive reign  
 Infusing power th'immortal prize to gain  
 And as the prostrate mind in stedfast[sic] gaze  
 Imbibes with ardor her celestial rays  
 Pure and more pure its latent stores unfold  
 Refin'd as silver, purified as gold  
 Subsides its dross & every base alloy<sup>2</sup>  
 While the freed spirit wakes a newborn joy  
 And the cleans'd temple of the human breast  
 Receives with homage due the sacred guest.

O Truth! how hath my soul desired to know  
 The rays of life that from thy presence flow  
 How have I felt my truant will resign  
 When all my hopes and all my fears were thine  
 How oft too hath the conflict raged in vain  
 Which flesh & spirit, death & life maintain  
 When folly trembled 'neath thine awful frown  
 When sin grew sick and ruthless pangs were known  
 O then, what Demon urg'd my steps to stray  
 Decline the contest & forget thy sway  
 Thus all my sufferings all my toil prolong  
 For ever changing sides `tween right and wrong

Say what deceiving glow worms twinkling shine  
 Allur'd mine eye from simply following thine  
 What Ignis fatuus<sup>3</sup> mock'd my vain desire  
 And left me tir'd & breathless in the mire  
 Or was it cowardice - ignoble shame  
 That shrank beneath the hammer & the flame<sup>4</sup>  
 Or was it dread of man whose strength & power  
 Blossoms & withers as the transient flower  
 Or childlike weakness, suffering many a blow  
 By falls repeated e'er it learn to go<sup>5</sup>  
 Say thou who know'st & let thy voice impart  
 Comfort & courage to my drooping heart  
 Guard thou the portal of my lips from guile  
 Nor let my words thine image fair defile  
 Place thou an holy watch whose jealous care  
 May mark each thought with scrutiny severe  
 Be thou the magnet whose attractive force  
 Shall guide my judgment with unerring course  
 Or as the artist, exquisite of skill  
 And I the clay obedient to thy will  
 Then shall my follies with my errors cease  
 Thou Truth my Guide, & my companion peace  
 And as thou mov'st all glorious in array  
 Tho' Earth were blackness & the Heav'ns dismay  
 Mid blasted hopes, with pleasant views entomb'd  
 And goodly fabric's[sic]<sup>6</sup> at thy nod consum'd  
 Yet shall each change to me no changes yield  
 Thy smile my safeguard & thy robe my shield  
 Beneath thy aid no maladies annoy -  
 Whose ways are pleasant, whose accents joy.

1. **unhallowed thots** - unholy thoughts. **thots** - manuscript abbreviation of 'thoughts'.
2. **its dross and every base alloy** - the impurities and unwanted substances eliminated in the refinement of metal.
3. **Ignis fatuus** - Latin for 'foolish fire', often called the will-o'-th-wisp. A phosphorescent light sometimes seen above marshland, misleading because it moves or disappears as the traveller approaches. It was thought to be the work of a sprite deliberately leading travellers astray.
4. **the hammer and the flame** - imagery derived from the metal refining process.
5. A child often falls in the process of learning to walk.
6. **goodly fabric's** - structures, or frameworks, giving cause for happiness or betokening well. (The apostrophe is probably copyist's error.)

Here, 'E. Alexander Jnr.' is praised for her poetry on Nature and spiritual themes, and, simultaneously, for her modesty. The name Alexander occurs frequently in the Quaker registers, and the initial 'E' could stand for a number of Christian names. However, the title 'Jnr' indicates she shared the same name as her mother. An Elizabeth Alexander, born in 1784, was one of the eleven children of William, son of Edward and Elizabeth Alexander of Limerick, and Elizabeth, daughter of James and Elizabeth Gough. They married at Meath Street and therefore lived in Dublin.

Funeral cards exist for both Elizabeths, mother and daughter, the daughter being given the diminutive Eliza. (Friends' Historical Library, Dublin.) The mother died in 1825, while Eliza lived at 11 Charlemont-Bridge in Dublin at the time of her death in 1824. A handwritten note on her card rather oddly states that she was 'unkindly treated all her life by her father William Alexander but provided by him with a splendid mahogany coffin. The polish not forgotten in 1872'.

(See also entry for Elizabeth Alexander in Appendix 7, 'Individuals Featuring in the Writings of Mary Birkett Card'.)

In the manuscripts, this poem follows one dated November 1807 and precedes 'To A. Knott Jnr.' and 'Ballinclay', both possibly 1808.

### To E. Alexander Junr.-

---

Lovely songstress of Nature who touchest the heart  
 As sweetly harmonious thy melody flows  
 Whose themes every varying true virtue impart  
 Whose beautiful language with piety glows

And still as each object thy pencil defin'd  
 In the soft blended colours of fancy & truth  
 We are led by the forceful attraction of mind  
 To the crown of thy hopes & the staff of thy youth

It is thus the young lily its beauty conceals  
 Unassuming reclines its fair head in the vales  
 But reclus'd from the eye its sweet odour reveals  
 And our senses delighted its fragrance regales

While the high stalking weed the rough brambles and thorns  
 Still intrude in our presence unsought undesir'd  
 This elegant flower that our garden adorns  
 Droops its beautiful form in rich foliage retir'd

It is thus that unconscious of dignified birth  
 The bright sparkling diamond lies hid from the view  
 And its lowly abode does not lessen its worth  
 Or diminish its purity solid and true

So the gem of humility cherish'd by thee  
 Still sheds a bright lustre that cheers all around  
 And the deeper the root of the wide branching tree  
 And the richer and lovelier its fruit will be found

'Tis thine dear Eliza to prize and to love  
 That truth which thy soft flowing numbers<sup>1</sup> have sung  
 Thy bosom its sweet soothing influence shall prove  
 And its heartfelt vibrations shall dwell on thy tongue

Then why should we droop while a spark of desire  
 Ascends from the soul to the fountain of joy  
 He most surely will cherish & nourish the fire  
 And the reed that is bruis'd he will never destroy<sup>2</sup>

Ah no! tis to bless and to save he delights  
 And his love does the love of a parent exceed  
 His voice to a banquet incessant invites  
 In his presence are rivers of pleasure indeed

Then rise thou, superior to doubt or to fear  
 To the mists & the fogs that encircle the night  
 Let the Sun of thy Righteousness<sup>3</sup> fully appear  
 And no sadness or sorrow may dwell in His sight

But oh! tis for us to stand faithful and firm  
 To banish each erring sensation of doubt  
 To trust in that arm which presides oer each storm  
 And to know the accuser of brethren<sup>4</sup> cast out

Thus as over this changeable ocean we steer  
 Thro' shoals & thro' quicksands which sometimes distress  
 Let us yield to the Pilot<sup>5</sup> that ever is near  
 And we surely shall land in the haven of bliss.

1. numbers - verses.

2. Is 42:3 - 'A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench: he shall bring forth judgment into truth.' Isaiah is prophesying the coming of the future servant of God who will bring judgment to the Gentiles. A prophecy thought to be fulfilled in Jesus - Mt 12:17-21.

3. Mal 4:2 - 'But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings'. Again, often taken as a prophecy of Christ. Jesus was sometimes called the Son of Righteousness, partly a pun on 'Sun of Righteousness', but see also Heb 1:8 - 'But unto the Son he saith [ . . . ] a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom.'

4. the accuser of brethren - a term for Satan.

5. the Pilot - God as Divine Guide or Providence.

The next two poems relate to the Knott family. They are situated in the manuscript collection before poems dated October and November 1808. Another poem addressed to Abigail Knott, entitled 'To A Knott Junr. on receiving a pair of open Watch Cases', was written in March 1808. These two poems, then, might also have been written around that time. Abigail Knott Junr., the daughter of Dublin thread, tape and ribbon manufacturer William Knott, later became Mary Birkett Card's sister-in-law on her marriage to Mary's brother, William Birkett, in 1813. (See Appendix 7, 'Individuals Featuring in the Writings of Mary Birkett Card'.)

### To A. Knott Junr.

---

Bright is the suns enlivening ray  
 Which calls forth myriads<sup>1</sup> into day  
 And sweet is summers balmy gale  
 Whence richest odours oft exhale  
 Gentle the dew that silent steals  
 Its precious influence o'er the vales  
 Where soft the trickling drops distil  
 As silvering moonbeams lip[?tip]<sup>2</sup> the hill  
 But dearer far than these the hour  
 When yielding to affections power  
 I share your converse kind and free  
 And close the tranquil day with thee  
 Yes! oft when hoary Time<sup>3</sup> may shed  
 His whitening frost around my head  
 When Natures pulse may beat more slow  
 When lifes pale lamp more faintly glow  
 Even then I trust my heart will prove  
 The ardent glow of social love  
 The peace, the quiet the content  
 Of hours in your dear circle spent  
 For youth & innocence are there  
 Protected by parental care  
 And friendly intercourse possess[sic]  
 Of charms to soothe the troubled breast  
 There oft the pleasant smile is seen  
 To grace thy father's chearful[sic] mien  
 Whose words and actions still impart  
 The welcome kind that glads the heart  
 For there no ebb of love I see  
 But ever social ever free  
 No icy coldness mars the scene  
 No clouds of discord intervene  
 No formal look that chills the mind  
 Nor pride in folly's school refin'd  
 But Truth & Candour there preside  
 On friendship's ever flowing tide

While John<sup>4</sup> a willing mite oft lends  
 To please & entertain his friends  
 Descants<sup>5</sup> on Politics and Strife  
 Or the soft charms of wedded life  
 And still thro' all we frequent trace  
 Affections ever lovely grace

There William too whose gentle mind  
 Delights to list<sup>6</sup> to themes refin'd  
 To range thro varying poets lore  
 And thus increase his mental store  
 And then dear girl<sup>7</sup> in whom we trace  
 Sweet duteous love & modest grace  
 O may they ever crown thy brow  
 With look benign & mild as now  
 And may we ever joy to see  
 The fruits of early care in thee  
 Example join'd with precept sound  
 Which nurs'd the heart & hedg'd thee round  
 There Joseph pleasant & belov'd  
 In business careful and approv'd  
 There Ben intelligent we find  
 With candid mien and active mind  
 Prompt to oblige and gratify  
 While kindness sparkles in his eye:  
 There Thomas of sage learning fond  
 Who treads on scientific ground  
 And Mary placid and serene  
 And lively Sally there is seen  
 With gracious Ann who loves to read  
 The pages of the pious dead<sup>8</sup>  
 While little prattling Samuel pours  
 His faithful mem'ry's[sic] varied stores

And the sweet babe whose beauteous face  
 Pourtrays[sic] the germs<sup>9</sup> of many a grace  
 There Crown of all thy Mothers smile<sup>10</sup>  
 Does of its sting each care beguile  
 Promotes your innocent delight  
 For Happiness and Truth unite  
 Gentle yet firm her sway of love  
 Where Precept and Example move!  
 O! my lov'd girl not all the gold  
 That east or western Indies hold  
 Nor diamond sparkling in the mine  
 Can purchase pleasures pure as thine  
 For tis not Grandeur's haughty shade  
 The pomp of shew the vain parade  
 The wide domain, the splendid dome  
 That gives to mortals peace at home

No tis in calm domestic life  
 Remote from folly pride and strife  
 That comfort rears her modest head  
 And brightest gems their radiance shed

For lowly vales in fruits abound  
 While the high mount is barren found  
 And there the pinching frosts they know  
 While sunbeams gild the scenes below  
 Long may those tranquil joys be thine  
 Be friendships circling rainbow mine.

1. **myriads** - tens of thousands (of beings).
2. **lip** - perhaps copyist's error, omitting to cross the 'l', so probably 'tip'.
3. **hoary Time** - conventional personification of Time as an aged, white-haired figure.
4. **John (1783-1857)**, who liked to contribute a 'willing mite' or snippet to the conversation, was William and Abigail Knott's eldest child, aged about twenty-five in 1808. He married Mary Abell, a very capable woman and an author, who published a book about a popular tourist destination entitled *Two Months at Kilkee* in 1836. They ran a business in New Row, Dublin. A riddle composed about John Knott went, 'He's Knott alive/and he's not dead/and he lives in New Row/and he makes bread'. Mary Knott's expertise in the management of apprentices was marked by the ditty; 'John was Knott but Mary was Abell'. (Harrison, *Biographical Dictionary*, p.67.)

Mary Birkett Card goes on to enumerate the virtues or characteristics of each of the Knott children in turn. All feature in the Knott genealogy, or 'pedigree', at the Friends' Historical Library, Dublin. For the sake of simplification, I list them in this note, in the order they appear in the poem, giving, for interest, their approximate age in 1808 (when the poem was probably written) and some information included in Webb's *Pedigrees* about their later lives:

**William (1786-1853)**, second child of William and Abigail Knott, aged about twenty-two. Died unmarried at Bunhill Fields, London.

**Joseph (1791-1871)**, fifth child, aged about seventeen. Died unmarried, lived in Penzance.

**Benjamin (1793-1832, or 1867 - genealogy gives 1867 as alternative date of death with query beside it)**, sixth child, aged about fifteen. Married Margaret Arbutnot. Went to Canada.

**Thomas (1795-1871)**, seventh child, aged about thirteen. Married Elizabeth, née Gatchell, widow of Joseph Walpole.

**Mary (1797-1867)**, eighth child, aged about eleven. Lived with her brother Joseph in Penzance.

**Sally (Sarah 1798-1880)**, ninth child, aged about ten. Also lived with her brother in Penzance.

**Ann (1800-1825)**, tenth child, aged about eight. Died in Dublin.

**Samuel (1802-1854)**, eleventh child, aged about six. Died in Melbourne, Australia.

**Nehemiah**, the 'sweet babe' of the poem (1807-1887), twelfth child, probably just a few months old at this time.

Became an ironmonger in Liverpool.

5. **Descants** - holds forth at length.
6. **list** - listen.
7. **dear girl** - the young Abigail Knott, aged eighteen or nineteen.
8. **pages of the pious dead** - books by religious authors now deceased. The phrase usually meant Quaker tracts or journals, known as Friends' books.
9. **germs** - seeds or beginnings.
10. Line, if punctuated, would read, 'There, Crown of all, thy Mother's smile'. Abigail Knott Junr.'s mother, Abigail, has an interesting entry in the *Dictionary of Quaker Biography*. Born in 1762 to John and Abigail Wright of Ballinclay, County Wexford, she was 'a lively girl', 'fond of dress'. A religious experience at the age of eighteen, however, changed her - she became an 'example of simplicity and humility'. After her marriage in 1784, she felt called to the ministry 'but always shrank from it and tried to walk blamelessly in all the other commandments of her Lord and to bring up her large family in His service'. She became an Elder in 1810 on moving to Rathangan, but it was not until 1824, aged sixty-two, that 'one of her daughters coming forth in the ministry, the call to her was renewed at that late hour; she yielded herself to appear and continued to the end of her life in short but lively communications in meetings and found true peace of mind.' She died at the age of eighty-four.



A pencil note in manuscript at the end of this poem announces that Ballinclay was the birthplace of Abigail Knott, née Wright, of Rathangan (mother of Abigail Knott Junr., addressee of the previous poem). Ballinclay is a hamlet in Adamstown, between Enniscorthy and New Ross, in County Wexford. The poem enumerates the virtues of Ballinclay and its mansion - home of the Wrights - and describes a walk to the Quaker cemetery there, and meeting house built with funds donated by John Wright, Abigail's father. A Meeting existed at Ballinclay from 1669 to 1726, when it moved to the home of Robert Webster at Ballydonnel and from there to John Wright's house around 1736. By 1742 Wright was living at Ballinclay and in 1743 he erected the new meeting house. (T. Wight and J. Ruddy, *A History of the Rise and Progress of the People called Quakers in Ireland from 1653-1700* (Dublin: L. Jackson, 1751), p.348.) Meetings continued there, in the latter years intermittently, until 1818. A note by descendant M. Wright, dated 14 December 1921 (Friends' Historical Library, Dublin) states:

John Wright (grandson of the first Wright in our family tree) born 1698 built a meeting house for Friends at Ballinclay of brick at his own cost.  
On his death the meeting was discontinued and during Joseph Waring's occupation the place was neglected and fell into ruins. The graveyard is still in use.

Joseph Waring bought the Wrights' farm at Ballinclay, and built a new Ballinclay House in place of the thatched one (which must have been where Mary stayed), in 1825. (Photograph Album 1, Friends Historical Library, Dublin.)

## Ballinclay.

---

Far from the city's din, the haunts of trade  
 And sweetly shelter'd in the tranquill[sic] shade  
 Where Nature clothes[sic] each scene in foliage gay  
 And little warblers hop from spray to spray  
 Where cultur'd hills & fertile vales appear  
 And plenty crowns the farmer's honest care  
 There - half its charms & modest worth conceal'd  
 Fair Ballinclay's neat Mansion stands reveal'd  
     How glow'd my heart as I its form survey'd  
 And o'er its grounds with willing footsteps stray'd  
 That social dome the nurse of health & truth  
 Where friends I love have pass'd their early youth  
 Its milk white front whose emblematic face  
 Yon verdant lawn & sheltering hedges grace  
 While there the garden shines in colours gay  
 And does its gentle florists taste display  
 The lofty orchard yields its nectar'd store  
 And golden fruits their mellow juices pour  
 While o'er each sweet the little labourers<sup>1</sup> haste  
 And cull from varying flowers the rich repast  
 Delicious feast! but oh! how dear the prize  
 For which Industry's patient offspring dies<sup>2</sup>  
 Here as I rove along by friendship led  
 Where each green hillock marks the silent dead  
 Where the neat wall prescribes the awful bound<sup>3</sup>  
 (Nor vain insulting pageantry is found)

There Dust<sup>4</sup> that once encircled worth & truth  
 The warmth of kindness & the bloom of youth  
 That joyous lov'd to cheer the welcome guest  
 In solemn quiet undisturbed may rest  
 There his<sup>5</sup> whose liberal & devoted mind  
 His mouldering friends<sup>6</sup> this lasting home design'd  
 And tho' no storied Urn<sup>7</sup> record his name  
 Yon fabrick<sup>8</sup> gives his pious acts to fame  
 Which plain and simple as the Donors heart  
 And unadorned by vain or costly art  
 Neat in its form in its interior clean  
 The potent charm of Order rules serene  
 There kindred spirits often meet to wait  
 In silent suppliance at Wisdoms gate  
 To seek refreshment from the living spring  
 And to their Lord an humble offering bring  
 For this each useful lore<sup>9</sup> awhile resign'd  
 Nor scythes nor ploughshares occupy the mind  
 Each manual art, and daily toil forgot  
 Left with the shop, the farm the healthful cot  
 With one accord their mingling hearts unite  
 In this just tribute to the God of Light  
 Thus He the sage of Mamre's\* fruitful plain<sup>10</sup>  
 Who sought his Masters face - nor sought in vain  
 When to the Mount his pious feet were led  
 Each earthly care and transient hope were fled  
 The ass, with every servant left behind  
 That nought might check the ardour of his mind<sup>11</sup>  
 Ah why should visionary joys of time  
 Detain the soul from duties more sublime  
 Why should these servile thoughts usurp the rein  
 And Reason plead - & Mercy call in vain  
 A day will come when peace is valued more  
 Than all the treasures of Golconda's shore<sup>12</sup>  
 And these gay objects of intense desire  
 Shall fade & vanish as a scroll on fire<sup>13</sup>  
 Sweet shades of Ballinclay your charms shall stand  
 Recorded long by Mem'ry's faithful hand  
 There on her tablet<sup>14</sup> shall I love to trace  
 Your simple beauties & your native grace  
 For not the boast of splendor pomp or art  
 Can touch the chords that vibrate round the heart  
 Nor proud magnificence in luxurie's[sic] dress  
 Can pure sensations of delight impress  
 Yours rise beyond the pow'r of hoarded wealth  
 Peace ease & competency<sup>15</sup> crown'd by health  
 With Hospitality's all-cheering ray  
 These are thy Ornaments fair Ballinclay.

\*Gen:14.13:

This was the birthplace of Ab. Wright now A. Knott - of Rathangan.  
 [Pencil note in manuscript at end of poem.]

1. **the little labourers** - bees.
2. **At this time bees were smothered in their hives in order to obtain the honey.** This was increasingly coming to be regarded as a cruel practice, and trials were being made of alternative methods. See poem entitled 'Occasioned by a Walk to the Botanic Garden', p.428 in this volume.
3. **bound** - boundary, 'awful' (i.e. inspiring awe) because it borders the cemetery.
4. **Dust** - those buried, now reduced to dust.
5. **his** - i.e. the burial place of Abigail Knott Senior's father, John Wright.
6. **mouldering friends** - friends now also in their graves.
7. **storied Urn** - decorative commemorative urn. Quakers eschewed elaborate memorials or gravestones.
8. **fabrick** - i.e. the meeting house at Ballinclay.
9. **each useful lore** - work or practical activity.
10. **the sage of Mamre's\* fruitful plain** - the asterisk in manuscript guides the reader to a footnote at the end of the page - 'Gen 14:13'. This verse tells how one who had escaped (from the sacking of Sodom and Gomorrah) came to Abraham, who was living 'in the plain of Mamre the Amorite', to tell him of the capture of Abraham's nephew, Lot. Mamre was then amongst those who assisted Abraham to pursue the captors and bring Lot and his family back. The plain of Mamre was in Hebron, and Abraham had earlier built an altar there (Gen 13:18).
11. According to Gen 22:5, Abraham left his ass and servants behind when he intended to sacrifice his son, Isaac, at the Lord's bidding.
12. Golconda was the site of a mine at Hyderabad in India, famed for its diamonds.
13. **scroll on fire** - metaphor for rapid dissolution.
14. **her tablet** [i.e. of memory] - figurative term for human memory. A tablet was a stone slab or plaque on which an inscription was written, but also a thin sheet of wood or ivory for writing on with a stylus. Several such tablets, or leaves, could be linked together. Both sorts of tablet convey the idea of memory as a site on which discrete memories are inscribed without easy erasure.
15. **competency** - a sufficient amount of money to live on comfortably without undue luxury.

These verses on friendship come near the end of the manuscript collection, after poems dated 1809 and before the last two poems addressed to Mary's husband, Nathaniel Card. I have reproduced that position here.

### [Untitled, Undated]

I know that friendship bids to flow  
 The current of the soul  
 It prompts to soothe the sufferers wo[e]  
 And seeks to heal the whole

I know that lovely as the day  
 And gentle as the dew  
 Is sympathy's congenial sway  
 Possesst[sic] alas! by few --

But yet methinks each painful scene  
 Alone it would endure  
 Nor seek to wound anothers mind  
 With ills it cannot cure

These two poems dedicated to Mary's husband, Nathaniel Card, were placed at the very end of the collection by the manuscript copyist, so I have done likewise. Though they follow the undated poem above, which is preceded by poems dated sequentially 1808 to 1809, and so could have been written as late as 1809, their content gives no definitive clue as to date. They may have been written much earlier, and placed here by the copyist either because they came to hand later, or perhaps, for special emphasis, as may have been the case with 'To Hope' on the loss of Mary's daughter, Sarah, in 1808, oddly placed at the end of the prose collection.

The first celebrates domestic bliss and contentment - perhaps in the early years of the couple's marriage, though the poem conventionally reiterates that even this, like all 'the pleasures of time', cannot fulfil the deepest human need for 'unfading delight'. The second may have been written prior to a journey or separation of some kind.

### To N.C

---

When free from the cares and commotions of life  
 In domestic enjoyments our moments are spent  
 When far from the rumors of War & of Strife<sup>1</sup>  
 We taste the sweet zest of all blessings - Content

Ah then can we trust to the pleasures of time  
 Which bloom but to vanish and wither away  
 Can we rest in the vale un aspiring to climb  
 Nor press towards that prize which will never decay

No! deep lies a thirst in the centre of mind  
 A thirst of possessing unfading delight  
 And sooner or later this truth shall we find  
 That these Suns are but meteors which vanish in night

1. Possibly referring to the unrest in Ireland (sporadic outbreaks of violence still occurred after the end of the 1798 Rebellion), or to the Napoleonic Wars if the poem was written a few years later.

See headnote to poem immediately above, also to Mary's husband, Nathaniel Card.

This was the last poem to be copied into the manuscript collection, and its content makes it an appropriate one with which to complete this edition also.

### To N.C.

---

When these fleet hours of social joy are o'er  
 And our feet press this hapless soil no more  
 When distant lands & rolling waves between  
 Estrange from us each dear Paternal scene  
 Shall then the link which friendship sweetly forms  
 Retain in absence all its gentle charms  
 Ah me! as o'er mine head the moments fly  
 Does keen reflection force the long drawn sigh  
 And many a flow'r in friendships Bowers that grew  
 Now pale & wither'd chills my mental view  
 Oh may our hopes, our cares, our friendships rise  
 Bloom ever young & blossom in the skies  
 Then swiftly let the passing moments scroll<sup>1</sup>  
 Nor time nor change shall o'er our peace  
 controul, [sic]  
 fix'd in Immortal Bliss

1. scroll - advance, go by (as in scrolling down a page).

# **APPENDICES**

**EXTRACT FROM VOL. II of *THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT AND ITS WORKERS*  
ED. BY P.T. WINSKILL (1891)**

**CONCERNING MARY BIRKETT CARD'S SON, NATHANIEL CARD,  
COLLECTOR OF HER WRITINGS**

**(NATHANIEL CARD FOUNDED THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE,  
A TEMPERANCE ORGANISATION, IN 1853)**

NATHANIEL CARD, founder of the Alliance, was born in Dublin in the year 1805. About the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to his uncle, Mr. George H. Birkett of Dublin, founder of the Warrington, Manchester, and other temperance societies in 1830, who was much interested in his nephew, and observed with pleasure that the lad was a diligent attender of the meetings for worship of the Society of Friends, of which both were members.

In early life Mr. Card gave evidence of a serious, active, and benevolent turn of mind, and while yet a young man was much concerned for the welfare of his fellow-creatures. He cheerfully gave up his leisure time to visit and relieve the poor in connection with the various local charitable institutions. He took special interest in the institution for the suppression of beggars, by supplying them with various useful occupations by which they might earn their own living. During the ravages of the cholera in Dublin in 1831-32 he visited, at great personal risk, the dwellings of the afflicted, many of whom he was instrumental in relieving.

As already stated, Mr. Card took an active interest in the temperance movement, and no doubt he was encouraged in this by his uncle, Mr. Birkett. After settling in Manchester he soon won the esteem of the people, and in 1854 the citizens of the Cheetham Ward sent a deputation soliciting his consent to accept a seat in the council chamber, which upon public grounds he was induced to accept. He was not a platform orator, but an earnest, zealous, and laborious worker, not only for the Alliance but for other good movements. He frequently visited London in furtherance of the Alliance. He died on the 22d of March, 1856, at the early age of fifty-one years.

*The Temperance Movement and its Workers*, ed. P. T. Winskill, 4 vols (London: Blackie, 1891), II, 283.

**DEEDS CONCERNING LAND AT DAME STREET, DUBLIN****(Referred to in Chapter 1, Biographical Outline)**

Three deeds at Dublin Land Registry record the involvement of members of the Card family in sales of land at Dame Street, Dublin.

**1. Memorial of an Indented Deed dated 15 August 1805, witnessed 29 October 1805 (Deed No. 387670)**

This records that on 8 March 1805, the Court of Chancery, having heard a cause in which Eleanor Card, widow, was the plaintiff and 'Nathaniel Card of the City of Dublin, merchant, eldest son and heir at law of Nathaniel Card late of said city of Dublin, deceased', together with a bankrupt named William Cope and his assignee, Robert Alexander, were defendants, decreed that land and premises (a dwelling house with other buildings and improvements) to the north of Dame Street should be sold to the highest bidder in a public auction in July. The auction went ahead and the highest bid - a huge sum of £3000 - was made by Thomas Oldham. He bid on behalf of Eleanor Card, whose promissory note for £3000 he deposited at the Bank of Ireland where it remained 'to the credit of the said cause', and requested that the premises be conveyed to her. Cope, his assignee and Nathaniel Card then released the land, previously in the possession of Cope, to Eleanor at the direction of the Master of the Court of Chancery and Oldham.

**2. Memorial of an Indented Deed dated 30 October 1805, Memorial witnessed 31 October 1805 (Deed No. 387694)**

This records that Eleanor Card sold the land and buildings at Dame Street she had bought to Francis Tempest Brady, a Dublin lace manufacturer, for £4000 - a massive profit on the £3000 she had paid for it such a short time before.

Whether these transactions were part of a plan to raise badly needed cash, whether Eleanor was acting on behalf of her son Nathaniel (Mary Birkett Card's husband), who was in dire financial straits, or whether the two were at loggerheads, it is impossible to determine.



### **3. Memorial of Indented Deed of Lease or Conveyance dated 1 June 1816 (Deed No. 481990)**

This concerns premises known as No 58 Dame Street, again to the north, but it seems they are different to those referred to in the deeds described above. Once again, the land had been subject to a decree in the court of chancery that it be sold, this time back in 1794. The buyer in 1816 was a William Bolton, who paid the hefty sum of £1020. A lengthy list of parties to the sale include, once again, William Cope and his assignee Robert Alexander, and another Card - this time, Nathaniel's brother Thomas Ligon Card, acting as the assignee of an insolvent named Hugh Russell. There are also many other parties - brewers, merchants, and three women as well as another possible relative (Henry Maddock Madden, deceased.)

This deed may have no connection with the earlier two, but it confirms that the Card family continued to maintain interests in that part of the city, and to be involved in land transactions there.

**SUMMARY WITH EXTRACTS FROM MINUTES OF  
HARDSHAW EAST MONTHLY MEETING (OF MEN FRIENDS), MANCHESTER  
RELATING TO WILLIAM BIRKETT**

**(Referred to in Chapter 5, Section 2, The Thralls of Mammon)**

Mary Birkett Card's brother, William (born 1790), was a dentist and he and his wife, Abigail née Knott, with their children later 'settled at Liverpool', according to Webb's *Pedigrees* (a genealogy of Friends' families kept in Dublin Friends' Historical Library). They had four daughters and one son, William, born in 1825. In 1843, William Birkett, now carrying on a soap-boiling and tallow-chandling business in England, applied to Hardshaw East Monthly Meeting, Manchester for re-admission to the Society of Friends, having been disowned for debt some time previously – whether in the Manchester/Liverpool area or Dublin is not clear. The following is a summary drawn from the Monthly Meeting Minutes over the next few years.

**13 July 1843** - Two members had been sent to see William. They reported favourably on his character, but he could not furnish them with the certificate of his disownment, and so they wished to see him again when this was received. He explained his previous position, feeling he had profited from his errors, and was now 'conducting himself' in a 'circumspect manner'. Although 'legally discharged from his former debts', he still 'felt bound in justice to pay them if he ever has it in his power'. 'He appeared to be a serious minded person, diligent in attendance at our meetings since his residence amongst us. We believe his conduct to be orderly and that he is attached to the principles of our religious society.'

On **24 April 1844** it is noted that he had made a formal request to be reinstated. Two members were to visit him and report back to the Meeting.

**10 July 1844** - It is recorded that he had been 'engaged for four years in a safe but moderate business of which he has taken on account half yearly, and has tried to make restitution to his debtors.'

He was re-admitted to membership, but in 1850 again ran into difficulties.

**12 December 1850** - It is reported that William Birkett had failed to pay debts. Two members appointed to visit.

**9 January 1851** - The following report was brought in:

*We have seen William Birkett according to appointment. He informs that he is winding up his soap-boiling concern in Miller Street at the dissolution of a partnership early in 1849. He had about £100 due to him, after paying for all the debts of that concern. He then commenced business in the same line in Salford. He there laboured under disadvantages from deficiency of capital and was particularly unfortunate in his first lot of soap, which proved deficient in quality; and owing partly to inefficient packages, and great carelessness on the part of the Railway company, the damage and waste in transit to Bradford was very serious, and William Birkett estimates his losses on this transaction at about £130. In 4<sup>th</sup> Mo last, the Excise took possession for £107 duty before the expiration of the usual credit, and the expenses of sale by auction and sacrifice occasioned thereby William Birkett estimates at about £100. If he had closed his business at this time, it is possible he might have paid 10/ in the pound, but with the consent of his creditors, he concluded to make another effort to continue his business, raising about £80 by proceeds of sale of house, furniture etc, and in 9<sup>th</sup> Mo the Excise again interfered; and finding he would not longer carry on the business he turned everything into money at a considerable loss, paid the Excise their claim of about £80, and there then remained only 1/ in the pound for his creditors, which they agreed to accept as a settlement. The whole of the debts amounts to £338. William Birkett now acting as a broker and commission agent in Liverpool, and his principal creditors, Priestley, Griffiths & Co, whose debt is £134 are putting considerable commission business in his way which enables him to pay off their debts by stated installments.*

*He evinced much sorrow at the loss his creditors had sustained and is endeavouring to lay by sufficient to make 1/ into 5/ at an early date, and expresses his intention to discharge the whole in full, as soon as it may be in his power.*

*Manchester  
1<sup>st</sup> Mo 7 1851*

*John Rooke  
Thomas Carrick*

*The further consideration of which is deferred to our next meeting.*

**13 February 1851, Minute 11**

*The case of William Birkett with the report brought in last month, has obtained our further consideration; this meeting believes it right to testify against such imprudent trading; and concludes to separate William Birkett from membership with us as a religious society, and appoints John Hamison and Isaac Wright to prepare a minute of disownment for the approbation of our next.*

**20 March 1851, Minute 22**

*The friends appointed to prepare a minute of disownment in the case of William Birkett have brought in the following which being approved by this meeting, Joseph Merrick and George Bradshaw are appointed to hand him a copy and cause one to be read in Manchester Preparative Meeting, viz;*

**Minute 23**

*William Birkett, a member of this meeting, has failed in the payment of his just debts, having offered to creditors only one shilling in the pound, which they have agreed to accept in settlement of account. Although we take into*

*consideration, that he may have sustained losses by the unexpected but not illegal seizures of Excise duty, and the damage to goods in transit by railway, yet we are of the judgement that his failure has been mainly occasioned by his laxity in trading with a very inadequate capital, and by his not being sufficiently mindful of the standard of Christian rectitude, and of that responsibility to creditors, which we, as a religious society have ever believed ourselves called upon practically to acknowledge. In testimony against such conduct, and for the clearing of Truth, this meeting, after solid deliberation concludes to separate the said William Birkett from membership of our religious society, and he is hereby separated accordingly. In performing this disciplinary duty, we feel for William Birkett in his embarrassed and reduced condition; and we desire that the trials of adversity which he has experienced, may through Divine aid, not be without their practical good effect.*

**17 April 1851** - Recorded that the above minute was handed to William and read in Preparative Meeting.

**12 June 1851** - Reported that William Birkett had stated his unhappiness with this decision and appealed to Quarterly Meeting.

Then:

*The notice of appeal from William Birkett in the Quarterly Meeting in 9<sup>th</sup> Mo: next, against the decision of this Meeting in his case, having been received, we appoint Thomas Binyon, John Harrison, Josiah Merrick & Charles Thompson, to act as respondents on our behalf; of which the clerk is directed to inform William Birkett, and to furnish him with copies of the minutes in his case and to forward the names of the said respondents to said Quarterly Meeting.*

**9 October 1851 – Notes from Lancashire Quarterly Meeting 18/19 September 1851, Minute 16**

*The Committee appointed to hear the appeal of William Birkett against Hardshaw East Monthly meeting have brought in the following reports, viz;*

*At a meeting of the committee appointed to hear the appeal of William Birkett against Hardshaw East Monthly Meeting (present all the members of the committee) the appeal having been read, Willm Birkett and his assistants were heard in support of it – and the respondents in reply, until both reports had been fully and fairly heard; and it is the judgement of the undersigned members of the committee that the decision of the Monthly Meeting is annulled.*

*Willm Satterthwaite  
Caleb Haworth  
Christopher Tennant  
George Cooke  
Joseph Jasper  
Firth Woodhead  
Willm Ecroyd*

*Which report this meeting hereby records as its judgement in the case.*

*A copy of the minute is to be handed to Wm Birkett, and one is also to be sent to Hardshaw East Monthly Meeting.*

*William Ecroyd, Clerk.*

**PREFACES TO**

***A POEM***

***ON THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE***

**PUBLISHED 1792**

P O E M

O F T H E

A F R I C A N

S L A V E T R A D E.

ADDRESSED TO HER OWN SEX

By M. BIRKETT.

“DISGUISE THYSELF AS THOU WILT, STILL, SIA-

“VERY, STILL THOU ART A BITTER CUP.”

STERNE.

THE SECOND EDITION.

D U B L I N :

PRINTED BY J. JONES, NO. 111, CRAFTON-STREET,

M, DCC, XCII.

---

P R E F A C E.

---

I N presenting this juvenile attempt to the eyes of the public, I am sensible how much I lay myself open to the censure of those, whose superior discernment shall point out all its errors in their full magnitude.—I can only hope that the merits of the cause will in part plead my excuse; for the rest, I submit to their candor.

It is with the greatest diffidence that I presume to offer, to indiscriminate inspection, a production of so little labour, which never experienced the correcting hand of judgment, and which, overwhelmed with confusion, would shrink from the piercing eye of criticism—as the owl from the face of day.

M. B.

P O E M

ON THE

A F R I C A N

S L A V E T R A D E.

ADDRESSED TO HER OWN SEX,

BY M. BIRKETT.

PART II.

---

" DISGUISE THYSELF AS THOU WILT, STILL, SLAVERY, STILL THOU  
" ART A BITTER CUP."

STERNE.

---

DUBLIN.

PRINTED BY J. JONES, NO. III, GRAFTON-STREET.

MDCXCII.



---

P R E F A C E.

---

*ENCOURAGED* by the kind and unmerited Partiality with which the first Part of this little Attempt has been received, I again present to public Observation the spontaneous Effusions of an unpolished Fancy. I fear I may justly incur the Censure of having acted with unbecoming Warmth, though on such an important, interesting, and inexhaustible Theme.—

Compassion for those unhappy Beings, whose Cause I urge,—my own inexperience,—and the Feelings of every humane Heart, to which I appeal, must be my Advocates.

## **MARY BIRKETT CARD'S ROLES WITHIN THE QUAKER WOMEN'S MEETINGS**

The development of Mary's roles within the Dublin Women's Meetings, from the first mention found of her in 1807, was sketched in Chapter 1, Biographical Outline. The intention here is to convey a picture of what those roles entailed.

The structure of Preparative, Monthly, Quarterly and Yearly Meetings was set up by Quaker founder George Fox in the 1660s. Beside supporting women's preaching, Fox advocated separate women's meetings on the grounds that there were some issues more appropriate for women to deal with, and the women's meetings developed specific roles in relation to marriages, children and poor relief. Women's special role in the care of the poor was forged about 1659/60 and Dublin, like most Monthly Meetings, had separate Men's and Women's Poor Committees. Despite their more limited scope, Quaker women undoubtedly gained advantages from having their own meetings: autonomy in seeing to their own affairs, experience in public speaking, a sense of purpose, status if appointed to some position in the Society. In addition, men and women sat together on the Select Meetings of Ministers and Elders (paralleling the Monthly, Quarterly, Yearly levels) and on other joint committees like, in Ireland, those set up to visit the troubled Ulster Friends during the deist controversy. Mary's name appears as an addition to the Select Meeting and Overseers for Dublin Monthly Meeting on 14 March 1815.<sup>1</sup>

### **Dublin Women's Monthly Meeting**

From 1813 to 1816, Mary was Clerk to Dublin Women's Monthly Meeting.<sup>2</sup> The clerk's job, an annual appointment, was of vital importance. Quakers operated a consensual form of decision-making. There was (and still is) no voting to decide an issue. Instead, after open discussion and quiet, joint consideration, the clerk gathered 'the sense of the meeting' into a formal minute, taking account of all that had been said, which he or she then read to those present for assent. As Elizabeth Isichei points out, 'because no vote was taken, the only members who contributed to decisions were those who spoke, and the habitually silent exercised no power at business meetings whatsoever'.<sup>3</sup> This is undoubtedly true, and the system lent itself to the formation of powerful, vocal elites. Nevertheless, at its best it gathered the feelings of all present into a unitary view, as opposed to voting which leaves people permanently arraigned on one side or the other. The role of clerk was not an easy one, even in the women's

meetings where the business dealt with was simpler. In Dublin Women's Monthly Meeting it was not always easy to fill the position. In January 1816, Mary was on the Committee set up to choose her replacement, and on her release the following month the post was split between Elizabeth Fayle as 'writing' clerk and Hannah Strangman Robinson as 'reading' clerk. (Mary had originally been appointed as 'writing clerk', with Elizabeth Robinson as 'reading clerk'.) The next year, when she again sat on the Committee, it could not even agree on a nomination.<sup>4</sup>

By then, Mary was an overseer.<sup>5</sup> An overseer was of lower status than a Minister or Elder. Ostensibly, overseers had the pastoral care of members, offering advice, support and encouragement, but in practice at this time they were very much involved in looking into breaches of Quaker discipline, and compiling reports on these for the Monthly Meeting.

The business of Women's Monthly Meeting, as evidenced by the minutes during the period of Mary's participation (1807-1817), consisted mainly of: making appointments (clerk, overseers, doorkeepers, Friends to visit newcomers, visitors to Preparative Meetings, representatives to Quarterly and Select Meetings), nominations to/supervision of the Poor and Provincial School Committees, preparing/endorsing certificates of removal for Friends moving to other Meetings, managing accounts and collecting funds, initial stages of the marriage procedure, taking birthnotes. Mary shared in most of these tasks. Final actions or decisions, however, were taken in the Men's Meeting. Women took in the birth-notes, undertook preliminary work in connection with marriages, and visited transgressors (seemingly only other women). The men recorded the births, granted permission to marry, decided whether or not to disown, admitted to membership, and so on. Women noted and concurred with decisions made at the Men's Monthly Meeting.<sup>6</sup> They did write up their own testimonies to deceased women Friends. These were considered important documents and were read out, 'united with' and duly signed by the Clerks of both the Men's and Women's Meetings. (Mary thus dealt with the testimony to her friend, the minister Susanna Hill, in 1815/16.<sup>7</sup>) Time-consuming for both sexes was answering the Queries to be sent up to Quarterly Meeting for onward transmission to Yearly Meeting. These were designed to ascertain members' spiritual condition, but in their endless variations on the same themes were more likely to have deadened it. Their content urged Friends to love one another, attend meetings for Worship, read the scriptures, set examples to their children and servants, adhere to the testimony against tithes, maintain plainness of speech and apparel, avoid vain sports and excess

in drinking or other diversions, be just in their dealings, relieve the poor, and admonish those who broke the rules. Phrasing the answers to these must often have been very tedious.

Quite a lot of time was taken up with Members' transgressions, the most frequent being non-attendance at meeting and breaking the marriage rules. Just as in the Men's Meeting, certain Friends were appointed to visit the guilty parties and encourage them to conform. One case must have been distressing to Mary in her new role as Clerk. On 16 November 1813, a woman Friend was appointed to visit Mary's cousin, Catherine Birkett, because she had married in church, and her sister Ann because she attended the wedding. No further mention of Catherine was found in the minutes, but a Certificate of Disownment exists which shows that she suffered the standard penalty for 'marrying out'.<sup>8</sup> Three months later, on 15 February 1814, a copy of a minute from the Men's Meeting is reproduced in the Women's minutes:

The case of Ann Card Birkett being resumed and the Meeting having been informed that she felt regret for her inconsistent conduct, and also that she had not been fully aware of the impropriety thereof [. . .] in attending her sister's marriage to a person not of our Society and by a priest [. . .] we believe it may be safe to accept of such acknowledgement, in the hope that her future conduct may be more consistent: and the Friends appointed in her case are contracted to pay her another visit and to inform her of our conclusion.

A woman Friend, then, first visited the erring sisters, but disciplinary action was taken by the higher authority of the men. The women's task was simply to note the men's decision.

### **Dublin Women's Monthly Meeting Committees – the Provincial School and Poor Committees**

Mary sat on the Committee for the Provincial School.<sup>9</sup> This school, at Mountmellick, was established in 1786 by the Quakers of Leinster Province to supply 'the deficiency which appears in some places with respect to the education of Friends in low circumstances'.<sup>10</sup> Like being a school governor today, being on this Committee involved visiting the school and monitoring how it was run as well as attendance at meetings and some administration, in connection with the accounts for example. But it also involved examining the children to assess the standard of teaching. This was not a complex process, however. Many Quaker women served for a while on this group, so the workload was very much shared, and the lady visitors would simply ask several children questions about what they had been taught, or hear them read.

Mary was also on the Women's Poor Committee, at least from 1812-1815, and her sister Elizabeth Hudson from 1810 to 1816.<sup>11</sup> Two members of the group were nominated each month to 'have the care of the poor', that is to carry out designated work in poor relief on the Committee's behalf for that period. Mary and Elizabeth were so nominated on a regular basis. In December 1813 they were two of the six women tasked with revising the lists (presumably of poor Quakers requiring or receiving relief) and collecting annual subscriptions, while Sarah Birkett, probably Mary's mother, was appointed to examine the accounts.<sup>12</sup> Comparison of the minutes with those of the Men's Poor Committee show that the women's group had a more varied remit. The Men's Committee had responsibility for funerals - they appointed the gravedigger and paid his salary, supervised arrangements for the carriage used for burials, dealt with legacies - and they organised repairs to buildings. Mention is made of whitewashing the poor house, and repairs to roofs and windows of Meeting Houses. (A Quaker poor-house often adjoined the Meeting House. Very poor Friends might be allocated a room with fuel, candles and a small daily allowance.) They also paid out charitable behests and distributed goods such as coal and furniture.<sup>13</sup> The Women's Poor Committee was more concerned with the actual relief of individuals. It might pay for someone to attend a sick person, or for the doctor to visit. It disbursed a large quantity of material goods: clothing, wine (considered therapeutic), medicines, material for clothes or bedding. One-off sums were given at times of crisis, such as sickness, particularly that of a family breadwinner, or bereavement. Longer-term work included educating young people, or helping them obtain the wherewithal to earn their own living. Orphans were boarded with families and, with children of poor families and widows, placed in schools at the Committee's expense. A family willing to take an orphan might be recompensed to the tune of eight to ten guineas per annum. Later apprenticeships were found and funded.<sup>14</sup>

An idea of the work of the Committee in practice can be gained by tracing a case through the minutes.

On 10 September 1814, we learn that 'after much enquiry a place has offer'd for Hannah Boardman with a mantua maker, friends paying 30 guineas on her being placed for three years'. This had to go to Monthly Meeting to be approved and a particular Friend, S. Phelps, was charged with taking care of Hannah in the meantime. The following month, on 7 October, the Committee was informed that their hard work had been to no avail – Monthly Meeting had refused approval. (As the total amount disbursed by the Women's Poor Committee averaged £70-80 a year at this time, presumably 30 guineas was beyond its means and Monthly Meeting had to be applied to for the money. Whether it refused for financial or other reasons is not mentioned.) But Hannah's 'friends' (i.e. relations or others interested in her welfare) were

unwilling for her to become a servant in a Friend's family, so the matter was left 'for further consideration'. By 11 November, Hannah had been removed from the Provincial School and Monthly Meeting had nominated her to be 'under care' of Friends. Welcome news was that D. Sparrow of Wexford had agreed to employ her as a shop assistant for five years at a salary of six guineas per annum. Women's Monthly Meeting Minutes for 15 November note that Mary Card and Elizabeth Fayle were to prepare the appropriate removal certificate. The Poor Committee charged E. Alexander and E. Fayle with providing 'clothing for her and travelling expenses amounting to £7.15s.5d.' Much later, when her mother was sick in November 1817, Hannah was given 7s 'in consequence of her being out of work by her attendance on her mother'.<sup>15</sup>

The Poor Committee seems to have done its best for Hannah, given its limited resources.<sup>16</sup>

### **Representing Dublin at Quarterly and Yearly Meetings**

Mary often represented Dublin at Leinster Quarterly Meeting, which could sometimes be held outside Dublin at Moate, Enniscorthy, Carlow or Mountmellick. From 1807, she was frequently one of Leinster's representatives to National Yearly Meeting of Women Friends for Ireland held in Dublin each April.<sup>17</sup> Much of the business of Yearly Meeting consisted of drafting and signing national epistles, reading queries and epistles from other meetings, reading and signing certificates drawn up by men Friends for travelling ministers and appointing representatives to London Yearly Meeting. It must sometimes have been very monotonous. The Yearly Meeting held in April 1811, at which Mary was present, is typical.

It opened on 29 April with apologies, the appointment of a new clerk, Elizabeth Greer, and reading of the previous year's proceedings. Then certificates from men Friends concerning visiting ministers were read. On this occasion one of these was the famous Thomas Shillitoe. Two of the others, Thomas Clarke and Joseph Metford, visited the Women's Meeting, and were found to be 'edifying'. Adjourned until 4 o'clock, the Meeting reconvened with Epistles from women Friends at London Yearly Meeting and Philadelphia being read and the consideration of the answers to queries received from Quarterly Meetings. Answers to these were to be drawn up to be sent to London Yearly Meeting. There was then a breathing space until 4 o'clock the following day, 30 April, when another epistle was read from the last National Yearly Meeting, also some general advices. The Committee to prepare epistles to London was appointed, and two men Friends, Solomon Chapman and George Richardson, visited. Finally, a Testimony from Waterford Monthly Meeting commemorating the life of Richard Jacob was handed in by men Friends and read. The next day, 1 May, was taken up with the answers to queries which had now been prepared. They were read, altered, approved and signed by the Clerk. The final day, 2 May, the epistle to London, now drafted by the Committee, was brought into the Meeting. Again, it was read, altered, and signed by the Clerk. Rebecca Strangman and Elizabeth Pike were appointed to attend London

Yearly Meeting. Then followed what must have been the highlight of the event - a visit from Henry Hull, a travelling minister from America. Finally, the Testimony regarding Richard Jacob was signed, and the Meeting closed for another year.<sup>18</sup>

This Women's Yearly Meeting, then, illustrates how it was subsidiary to the Men's, receiving visitors from the men, as well as ministers' certificates and testimonies to deceased friends they had drafted. Yet the women also operated their own separate system of correspondence, communicating with women Friends in Britain and America, and drafted answers to queries on their own account. Although not mentioned at this Yearly Meeting, women did sometimes visit, and occasionally address, the Men's Meeting. And, on some important issues, they worked with the men. In 1808, Mary was a 'named friend' appointed to sit with ministers and elders on a Committee:

to take into consideration, the answers to queries received by mens meeting, the state of the Society, and to lay same before this meeting, . . . that should a similar concern prevail, some women friends might be nominated to unite with them.

This referred to the state of the Society in Ulster in the wake of the deist controversy. A joint committee of men and women Friends was duly formed and a statement produced. It was proposed that Yearly Meeting should consider making an appointment of 'solid judicious friends' to visit Ulster concerning the 'conduct of the discipline', and the following year, after the deliberations of another joint committee including Susanna Hill and Abigail Knott (mother of Mary's future sister-in-law), Rebecca Strangman and Rachel Maria Johnson were appointed to go.<sup>19</sup> Such a trip was surely more duty than pleasure, but travelling to Meetings far afield, and certainly to London Yearly Meeting, particularly in an official capacity, offered opportunities simply not available to non-Quaker women – opportunities which were eagerly embraced.

## **Ministry**

No evidence was found that Mary travelled in the ministry, despite her early ambition to spread the gospel. She may not, ultimately, have felt sufficiently 'called', though there may have been practical obstacles in her own financial and personal circumstances. The Meeting funded a minister's travel expenses, but there were other costs. The Cards' business was always under strain, and there may have been difficulty in funding a nursemaid for the children or, if she was helping to run the family

enterprise, problems in managing it in her absence. Perhaps, given her concern for her husband's welfare evidenced in her last letter, she felt she could not leave him for a significant length of time. But it is clear, from her obituary in the *Annual Monitor* (1819, p.14), that she spoke in ministry, probably fairly frequently. It may be, therefore, that she was a 'permitted' minister, one who spoke in Meeting but was not 'acknowledged' or formally recorded. It was not unknown for some Friends to speak regularly and well and yet never become 'acknowledged', perhaps because there were sufficient people of high standing or ability as recorded ministers already, or even, sometimes, owing to factions within the Meeting. Only recorded ministers were granted permission, and funded, to travel.

---

<sup>1</sup> Dublin, Historical Library of the Society of Friends, Dublin Women's Monthly Meeting Minutes, 14 March 1815.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, 14 September 1813. Mary Card replaced Elizabeth Bewley as Clerk.

<sup>3</sup> Isichei, *Victorian Quakers*, p.79.

<sup>4</sup> Dublin Women's Monthly Meeting Minutes, 16 January and 13 February 1816, 11 February and 11 March 1817.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* On 11 February 1817 she is listed as one of the overseers appointed to a committee 'to consider of a Friend to propose to the Monthly Meeting to fill the Station of Clerk'.

<sup>6</sup> For instance, on 16 January 1816, Women's Monthly Meeting agreed with Men's Meeting that meetings should discontinue at Meath Street Meeting House and only continue at Sycamore Alley, where Mary worshipped.

<sup>7</sup> Dublin, Historical Library of the Society of Friends, Testimony to Susanna Hill, 1 January 1816. Along with familiar Quaker names (the Bewleys, Fayles and Goodbodys) several Cards and Birketts appear as signatories: Mary's parents, William and Sarah Birkett, her brothers William Birkett Junior and George Harrison Birkett, uncle Henry Birkett, sister-in-law Elizabeth Hudson and husband Nathaniel Card. Several Women Friends were deputed by Dublin Women's Monthly Meeting to draw up the testimony on 12 September 1815 and it was read at the 14 November meeting.

<sup>8</sup> Dublin, Historical Library of the Society of Friends, Certificate of Disownment for Catherine Birkett, 'signed in and on behalf of Dublin Monthly Men's Meeting', by Robert Fayle, Clerk, 15 March 1814.

<sup>9</sup> Dublin Women's Monthly Meeting Minutes show Mary appointed to the Provincial School Committee 13 July 1813, and again on 10 September 1816.

<sup>10</sup> Six Weeks' Men's Meeting, Leinster Province, 14 August 1784, cited in Labouchere, *Deborah Darby*, p.241, when a committee was established to look at how to meet this need.

<sup>11</sup> Dublin, Historical Library of the Society of Friends, Dublin Monthly Meeting, Proceedings of the [Women's] Committee of the Poor. Mary was appointed to this Committee on 15 December 1812 and released 10 January 1815 (Dublin Women's Monthly Meeting Minutes).

<sup>12</sup> Dublin Women's Monthly Meeting Minutes, 14 December 1813.

<sup>13</sup> Dublin, Historical Library of the Society of Friends, Dublin Monthly Meeting, Proceedings for the [Men's] Committee of the Poor, 1805-1826. Mary's father, William Birkett, sat on this Committee regularly from 1805, and her husband Nathaniel Card and brother-in-law Robert Hudson several times, e.g. circa 1813/14.

<sup>14</sup> Proceedings of the [Women's] Committee of the Poor, particularly 12 January 1810. The cost of a physician's attendance is recorded as £3.8s.3d, while the fee for six months' board, lodging and schooling at the Quaker Provincial School was £7.14s.5d.

<sup>15</sup> Proceedings of the [Women's] Committee of the Poor: 10 September, 7 October and 11 November 1814, 7 November 1817. Dublin Women's Monthly Meeting Minutes, 15 November 1814.

<sup>16</sup> The Women's Poor Committee Minutes from 1847 show work continuing, but becoming somewhat narrower in scope. By that date, the main activity, besides giving small sums of money to needy individuals, was disbursement of clothing or bedding, particularly sheets, shirts



---

and shifts. Mary Card's daughter, another Mary Card, appears several times, for instance requesting 'a fresh grant of 5s. for Bess Lambert who she thinks will not live long', and similarly '5s. for Kinsella the shoemaker' (seemingly a loan, because Mary 'believes he will pay . . . [she] thinks he is a most industrious man')(pp.9-10). The same Kinsella was allowed to buy a sheet and a shirt at half price (p.19).

<sup>17</sup> Dublin, Historical Library of the Society of Friends, Minutes of the Women's National Yearly Meeting for Ireland, show Mary as present in 1807 (she was charged with fifteen others 'to take into consideration the epistle from London') and then 1808, 1809, 1810, 1811 and 1813. There were usually about eight representatives from Leinster. In 1814 and 1816, 'family indisposition' prevented one or two people from attending - perhaps Mary was one of these.

<sup>18</sup> Minutes of the Women's National Yearly Meeting for Ireland, 1811.

<sup>19</sup> Ibid., 1808, 1809 and 1810. Rebecca and Rachel reported back in 1810 that they had attended the last Quarterly Meeting in Ulster and had felt 'satisfaction in having done so'.

## APPENDIX 6

## ORDER OF MARY BIRKETT CARD'S WORKS IN THE MANUSCRIPT COLLECTION

(Manuscript spelling, punctuation and capitalisation of titles and dates reproduced as in transcription.)

## Volume 1

## THE MISCELLANEOUS WORKS of MARY CARD collected by her Son Nath.l Card 1834

	MS page
Geo Harrison Birkett's Account of the last illness and death of his sister Mary Card.	1-14
Mary Cards Will. Dublin 3d Mo 19th 1817	14-15
Some Account of Remarkable deliverances experienced by friends during the disturbances of 1796 and 1798	15-32
[Journal entries:]	
Parkgate 8th of 5th Mo 1794	32-33
London 5th Mo 18th 1794	34
Dublin 7th Mo 12th 1796	34-36
Canal Packet Boat 9th Mo 23 1796	36-38
Edenderry Meeting 9th Mo 25 1796	38
Dublin 11th Mo 2nd 1796	38-40
Dublin 11th Mo 19th 1796	40-42
Dublin 11 Mo 21 1796	42-44
Dublin 12th Mo 1st 1796	44-46
Dublin 12th Mo 11th 1796	46-48
Dublin 2nd Mo 21st 1797	49
Dublin 2nd Mo 26 1797	49-50
3rd Mo 12th 1797	50-57
Dublin 3rd Mo 16 1797	52
3rd Mo 16th 1797 [same date as above]	53-54
Dublin 4th Mo 5 1797	54
4th Mo 12th 1797	55
8th Mo 1st 1797	55-56
Hampstead 8th Mo 31- 1797	56-58
Dublin 10th Mo 19 1797	58-59
Dublin 7th Mo 13 -1798	59
Dublin 8th Mo 1 - 1798	59-60
Progress of Infidelity Dublin 8th Mo 25 1798	60-73
Dublin 9th Mo 16 [17]98	73-74
Dublin 11th Mo 5 1798	74-75
Dublin 1st Mo 15 1799	76
Dublin 1st Mo 21 1799	76-77
2nd Mo 23 1799	77-78
Dublin 9th Mo 30 1799	78
2nd Mo 2 1801	78-80
Dublin 12th Mo 21 1801	80-81
10th Mo 9 1802	81-83
Dublin 12th Mo 17 1802	83-84
Dublin 2nd Mo 4 1803	84-85
Dublin 7 Mo 6 1803	86
[Poem:]	
Written two days after the birth of my second son 7 Mo 23 1803	87
[Another copy of this poem, entitled 'Written when very ill', dated '7th mo: 1803', appears in MS Volume 2, p.377.]	

[Journal entries:]	
10th Mo 14 1803	87-88
5th Mo 11 1804	88
6 Mo 13 - 1804	88-90
[Letters:]	
To: C . . . 10th Mo 21 - 1804	90-94
To E . . . 10th Mo 24 1804	94-97
[Journal entries:]	
1st Mo 14th 1805	97-99
1st Mo 21st 1805	99-101
1st Mo 24th 1805	102
25th	102
26th	103
1st Mo 26th 1805	103
1st Mo 27th 1805	104-06
1st Mo 28th 1805	107
1st Mo 29th	107-09
1st Mo 30th 1805	109-10
2nd Mo 2nd 1805	110-11
1st[?] Mo 3rd & 4th 1805	111
1st[?] Mo 5th 1805	111-12
Occasioned by a continuance of most unjust behaviour towards us	
2nd Mo 8th 1805	112
14th	112-13
2nd Mo 26th 1805	113-14
3rd Mo 4th 1805	114-15
3rd Mo 5th 1805	115
3rd Mo 6th 1805	115-16
3rd Mo 7th 1805	116
3rd Mo 12th 1805	116-17
3rd Mo 14th 1805	117
3rd Mo 15th 1805	117
[Extracts:]	
Extracts from Michael de Molinos	118-19
Extract from the Life of Abbot Alfred	119-20
From Macurius of Egypt AD 390	120
From Francis de Sales	120-21
Copied from the margin of the old Bible printed 1599 by J Crook	121
[Journal entries:]	
3rd Mo 19th 1805	121-23
3rd Mo 23rd 1805	123-24
4th Mo 4th 1805	124-27
4th Mo 5th 1805	127-29
[Letter:]	
To . . . [a friend] 4th Mo 10th 1805	129-32
[Journal entries:]	
4th Mo 17th 1805	132
[undated]	133-34
4th Mo 20th 1805	134-35
4th Mo 23rd 1805	135-36
5th Mo 3rd 1805	136-37
5th Mo 7th 1805	137-38
5th Mo 23rd 1805	138-39
5th Mo 27th 1805	139-41
5th Mo 31st 1805	142-43
6th Mo 11th 1805	143-45
6th Mo 17th 1805	145-46
[undated]	146-47

[Letter:]	
To C B 6th Mo 20th 1805	147-50
[Journal entries:]	
6 Mo 23rd 1805	150-52
6th Mo 28th 1805	152-54
[Letters:]	
To . . . [a brother] 7th Mo 15th 1805	154-57
To E [undated]	157-58
[Journal entries:]	
7th Mo 22nd 1805	159
7th Mo 29th 1805	159-60
8th Mo 4th 1805	160-62
8th Mo 10th 1805	162
8th Mo 25th 1805	162-64
[Letter:]	
To DK 8th Mo 21st 1805	164-66
[Journal entries:]	
9th Mo 3rd 1805	166-67
9th Mo 29th 1805	167
10th Mo 5th 1805	168
10th Mo 7th 1805	168-69
11th Mo 3rd 1805	169-70
[Letter:]	
To CB 11th Mo 27th 1805	170-74
[Journal entries:]	
12th Mo 7th 1805	174-76
12th Mo 27th 1805	176-78
1st Mo 5th 1806	178-79
1st Mo 8th 1806	179-80
1st Mo 28th 1806	180-81
2nd Mo 3rd 1806	181-84
3rd Mo 18th 1806	184-85
3rd Mo 24th 1806	185-86
4th Mo 30th 1806	186-87
[Letter:]	
To . . . [cousin Catherine Birkett] Dublin 6th Mo 14th 1806	187-89
[Journal entries:]	
Dublin 7th Mo 11th 1806	190
Dublin 7th Mo 15th 1805[?1806]	190-92
7th Mo 15th 1806	192-94
Dublin 10th Mo 11th 1806	194-95
[Letter:]	
To a servant (at parting) 12th Mo 5th 1806	195-98
[Journal entries:]	
1st Mo 5th 1807	198-200
Dublin 2nd Mo 2nd 1807	200-02
2nd Mo 10th 1810	202
[Letters:]	
To W. A 8th 30th 1807	202-05
Dear Friend 5th Mo 1808	205-08
My dear Cousin Rathmines 7th Mo 16 1808	209-11
[Journal entries:]	
Dublin 3rd Mo 22nd 1809	211-12
5th Mo 9th 1809	212-13
7th Mo 11th 1809	213-16
[undated]	216-18
2nd Mo 12th 1810	218-20
2nd Mo 18th 1810	220
2nd Mo 15th 1810	220-21

10th Mo 13th 1810	221-24
Dublin 10th Mo 25th 1810	224
[Letters:]	
My dear SH 10th Mo 25th 1810	225-28
To MG 11th Mo 1st 1810	228-30
[Journal entries:]	
11th Mo 15th 1810	231-32
12th Mo 4th 1810	232
[Letter:]	
My dear Friend 2nd Mo 20th 1811	232-34
[Journal entry:]	
3rd Mo 8th 1811	234
[Letters:]	
To EA 5th Mo 14th 1812	234-36
[To an uncle] Dublin 7th Mo 7th 1812	237-40
[There are two pages numbered 240 in MS.]	
To SR Dublin 7th Mo 1812	240-43
To CE Dublin 8th Mo 21st 1812	243-45
[Journal entries:]	
Dublin 8th Mo 24th 1812	245-48
8th Mo 24th 1812 [second entry with this date]	248-51
Dublin 9th Mo 14th 1812	251-52
9th Mo 14th 1812 [second entry with this date]	252-53
Dublin 10th Mo 2nd 1812	253-54
10th Mo 12th 1812	254-55
10th Mo 19th 1812	255-56
10th Mo 26th 1812	256-66
[In MS, p.259 is numbered 260 in error, hence there are two pages numbered 260.]	
10th Mo 29th 1812	266
[Letter:]	
My beloved Brother George 10th Mo 31st 1812	267-71
[Journal entry:]	
11th Mo 14th 1812	271-75
[Letter:]	
To my brother George [Undated]	275-76
[Journal entry:]	
Dublin 12th Mo 2nd 1812	277-78
[Letter:]	
To A R Dublin 12th Mo 25th 1812	278-82
[In MS, p.279 is numbered 280 in error, hence there are two pages numbered 280.]	
[Journal entry:]	
Dublin 2nd Mo 22nd 1813	282-83
[Letter:]	
To A Robinson 5th Mo 21st 1813	283-88
[Journal entry:]	
5th Mo 29th 1813	288-89
Extract of a letter from Thomas Scattergood to Hannah Wilson Forbes dated 12th Mo 24th 1797	289-99
[Journal entries:]	
5th Mo 30th 1813	299
2nd Mo 26th 1814	291
[Letter:]	
My beloved friend 2nd Mo 26th 1814	291-94
[Journal entry:]	
2nd Mo 28th 1814	294
[Letters:]	
To M A Dublin 3rd Mo 12th 1814	294-97
My precious friend Dublin 3rd Mo 12th 1814	297-98
[To] JP[?] Dublin 3rd Mo 23rd 1814	298-303

[In MS, p.299 is numbered 300 in error, and there are two pages numbered 301.]

To C Dublin 4th Mo 30th 1814	303-05
To S Birkett 9th Mo 7th 1814	305-09
[Journal entries:]	
10th Mo 18th 1814	309-11
11th Mo 16th 1814	311-13
[Letters:]	
My most tenderly beloved Aunt Dublin 4th Mo 21st 1815	313-16
My much respected & beloved friend JE[?] Dublin 6th Mo 10th 1815	316-19
To MW & MG Dublin 10th Mo 7th 1815	319-22
My honor'd & often remember'd friend D Sandys Dublin 10th Mo 20th 1815	322-25
[Journal entry:]	
11th Mo 8th 1815	325
[Letters:]	
My dear Cousin 2nd Mo 1st 1816	236-30
My beloved Friends JNM & LD 7th Mo 13th 1816	330-31
[Journal entries:]	
Dublin 8th Mo 30th 1816	331-35
Dublin 11th Mo 26th 1816	335-39
Dublin 1st Mo 8th 1817	339
Dublin 2nd Mo 6th 1817	339-41
[Letters:]	
To W Watkins 3rd Mo 7th 1817	341-43
[to a brother] 4th Mo 20th 1817	343-49
[Journal entries:]	
Dublin 5th Mo 17th 1817	349-51
5th Mo 26th 1817	351-52
[Letter:]	
To [her husband, Nathaniel Card] Dublin 8th Mo 16th 1817	352-57
[Meditations:]	
[Untitled, undated, on perfection]	357-59
[Untitled, undated, on humility]	359-[62]
[No pages are numbered in MS after p.359.]	
[Untitled, undated, on dress]	[363-64]
[On God as teacher] 7 Mo 8th 1797	[364]
[Untitled, Undated, enjoining 'tenderness' towards those who 'sleep']	[364-67]
[Untitled, Undated, on 'learning temporal and spiritual']	[367-70]
[Untitled, Undated, on the 'infallibility of the Church']	[370]
Journal entries:	
[undated, on God's mercy to herself]	[371-72]
Dublin 9 Mo 18th 1797	373-74
Dublin 1st Mo: 9th 1798	374-76
[Miscellaneous pieces:]	
[Untitled, on the Irish situation] 3rd Mo 23rd 1798	[376-79]
Ministry Dublin 7Mo 18th 1798	[379-80]
Friendship 8 Mo 3rd 1798	[380-81]
Beauty. [Undated]	[381]
Philosophic Mind. 8 Mo 15th 1798	[382]
[Letter:]	
To _____[a friend] 8th Mo 2d 1799	[383-84]
On Interments. 10 Mo 1st 1800	[384-89]
[Prayer or journal entry:]	
4 Mo 9th 1802	[389-90]
[Letter:]	
To The Gafnies 8 Mo 1807	[390-93]
Asylum for Aged & Infirm Female Servants 4 Mo 4th 1808	[393-96]
[Poem with prose:]	
To Sally Starbuck - an acrostic	[396-400]

[Poem:] An Adieu to my friends at Milford. 2 mo. 16th. 1804	[400-03]
[Letter:] To Elizabeth Rebecca Card . . . 2d Mo 1st 1809	[403-09]
Thoughts on a Circulating Library of approved Religious Books. 3d Mo 8th 1814	[410-11]
[Poem:] To Hope Written after the death of my beloved Daughter 11 Mo 16.1808 [Another copy of this poem 'To Hope', undated, appears in MS Volume 2, pp.491-94.]	[412-14]

## Volume 2

### THE POETICAL WORKS of MARY CARD collected by her Son Nath.I Card 1834

	MS page
A Farewell to Old England	1-2
To my Cousin Ann Card on her return	2-3
Welcome to a Summers Morning	3-4
An Acrostick on the death of Jane Woodward a child	4-5
Flavilla and Vernold a Poem	5-7
To My Sister Sarah Birkett	8-9
Welcome to Summer	9-10
On the Death of a Favorite Turtle Dove	11-12
A Poem to Eliza Woodward	12-13
On the Death of an only Daughter	13-14
An Acrostic	14
An Acrostic to my Brother.	15
The Cottage	15-20
A Poem on the Last Day	20-26
On Eve	26-27
On Friendship	27-28
On The Attributes of God	28-32
[Another version of this poem appears on MS pp.283-87, entitled 'On the Power & Goodness of God a Poem' dated '1787'.]	
Come Lord Jesus = Revalations[sic] 22:20	32-33
On The Birth of Jesus	33-34
On Gods Goodness	34-35
A Short Reflection on Death	35
On New Years Day 1787 [1788]	35-36
A Poem in Blank Verse On Death	37-40
A Summers Morning in the Country	40-61
On being Presented with some Paintings By H.W.F.	61-63
On true Beauty	63-65
The Good Samaritan transcribed	65-69
The Philosophers Death In imitation of old Irish verse	69-80
A Prayer	80-81
An Enigma & Rebus Combined	81-82
A Description of a very happy Family	82-84
Enigma	84-85
A Poem to S Forbes on being presented with a Pocket Book by her 1788	85-86
On the Death of our much esteemed & well beloved friend Deborah Pike addressed to her Mother	86-88
A Wish 1788	88-92
Martha & Mary	93
A Dialogue between Charlotte & Maria on Poverty & Riches 1788	94-100
Ambition & Content a Fable 1788	100-04
A Winter Morning in the Country 1788	104-06

[Two blank pages, possibly left for completion of above poem.]	107-08
A Hymn composed by Mary Birkett on her recovering out of a Pleurisy Fever 1787 Aged 12 Years	109-11
On the Death of my dear & only brother Edward Birkett Addressed to my Mother 3rd mo 10th 1787	111-13
On the Death of my dear Sister Hannah Birkett An Elegy 3mo 17th 1787	113-14
On the Death of my dear Sister Sally Birkett 3mo 27th 1787	115-16
An Elegy on the Death of my dear friend Mary Haughton 11mo 16th 1787	116-18
A Hymn & Prayer Conjoined 1786 [1787?]	118-21
To my Sister Sally Birkett 1787	122
On Night by M B aged 11 years 1786	123
A Poem to my dear & much esteemed friend Eliza Pike 1787	123-25
A Poem to my much esteem'd friend Deborah Pike 1787	126-27
To William Pike on his affliction 1787	128-29
To H W Forbes 1787	129-31
On the Pleasures of a Good Conscience 1787	131-32
On Lambs An ode 1787	132-34
On Innocence 1787	134
On Death 1787	134-35
A Poem to J Lancashire 1787	135-36
On being presented with a pocket book by J Lancashire 1787	136-37
A Prayer 1787	138
On Entering into Dublin 1784	138-39
On my sister Betsy recovering out of a convulsion fit on the 13th of 3rd mo 1786	139-40
An Ode to Summer 1786	140-41
To C & B Ellerton on their return to Ireland 1787	141-42
A Reflection 1787	142
On Spring 1785	143
Ode to a Summer Morning	143-44
Ode to Truth 1785	144-46
A Poem to my dear Cousin Sal[?] Bolton 1788	146-47
A Monody to Memory - occasion'd by the death of her beloved sister – Jane Henrietta Birkett	147-49
[Another copy of this monody appears on MS pp.369-71.]	
To the Memory of her beloved sister Susanna Birkett 6mo. 19th 1792	150-54
A Poem On the African Slave Trade	154-69
A Poem on the African Slave Trade Part 2nd.	169-91
Lines to the memory of our late esteemed and justly valued Friend Joseph Williams	191-95
[Another copy of this obituary poem for Joseph Williams appears on MS pp.426-30.]	
To H W Forbes with the second part of my Poem on the African Slave trade 1792	195-96
Inscription for Forbes Lodge 7th month 1792	196-98
Inscription for a Painting of the Cherokees done by H - W - F	198-99
An Enigma	199
On the Death of our sincerely lamented Friend Rich'd. Shackleton 9 mo 1792	199-202
To J Lancashire on his arrival in Dublin 11th mo 3rd. 1792	202-04
To J - L 11mo 14th 1792	203-05
Advice to a Youth 11mo. 30th 1792	205-06
Written by Moonlight at Summer Hill 12th mo 29th. 1792	206-07
To Eliza Forbes 12mo 30th 1792	207-08
A New Years offering to her Friends Forbes 1mo. 1st 1793	208-10
Morning at Summer Hill	211-12
To Anne & H W Forbes Summer Hill 1mo 16th 1793	212-13
To D W	213
For H W F	214



To Him who wished for it	214-15
To ..... At Supper	215
To ..... [beginning 'Ah! flattery like the Syrens Song']	215
On Sleep	215
Motto for a drawing of H-W-F	216
On Wit	216-17
A Charade	217
To Anne, H-W & E Forbes & D Watson 3rd. month 21st 1793	217-28
To D= Watson 4mo. 22nd 1793	228-30
To D= Watson With Rowes Letters Dublin 5th mo 4th 1793	231
A Recipe to cure Love	232-33
The tears of Friendship 6th mo 19th. 1793	233-38
To Eliza Forbes & S Watson 7th. mo 3rd. 1793	238-40
An Epistle to D= Watson 7mo 16th 1793	240-44
Soliloquy supposed to be written by Marie Antoniette[sic] just before her separation from the Dauphin. Scene the Abbaye 8th mo 15th 1793	244-49
A first day Evening Meditation 9mo 16th 1793	249-51
All hallows Eve	251-55
Written for D- W. address'd to L Goff With the Soliloquy &c [etc]	255
Written for the Charity Girls North Strand 2nd mo 1794	255-56
Another for the Same 2mo 16th 1794	256-57
To The Memory of A L Card 4th mo 10th 1794	257-59
[there is no p.258 in MS]	
Answer to an address sent to me on the occasion of the foregoing lines 5th mo 1st 1794	259-62
A Petition To my Cousin T. Harrison Queens College London 6th mo 1st 1794	262-63
An evening Thought address'd to her much admired cousin L Harrison London 6th mo 4th 1794	263-64
J_ S_ Journey from Esher to London London 6th mo 7th 1794	264-68
To Lydia Harrison London 6th mo 10th 1794	268-71
To —— [beginning 'Soft breathes the vernal gale,'] London 8th mo 14th Mount Prospect 8th mo 22nd [probably 1795]	271
On S Forbes 9th month 20th. 1790	271-74
To H Pettigrew Mount Prospect 8mo 31st 1795	275-77
Written in the Ruins of Kendal Castle 6th month 13th 1787	277-79
[Another copy of this poem on Kendal Castle appears on MS pp.436-38, dated 1789.]	279-81
A Satire	281-83
On the Power & Goodness of God a Poem 1787	283-87
[Another version of this poem, entitled 'On The Attributes of God', appears on MS pp.28-32.]	
To a Family of lovely Children with a Box of Plums 11 mo 9th 1802	287-88
Inscription for a beautiful Mosshouse 11 mo 19th 1803	288-91
A Rebus	291
On the birth of Caroline Rotch Milford Haven 1st mo 11th. 1804	291-95
To Eliza Rotch Junr	295-97
Written for Maria Rotch 2mo 8th	297
Halton. Warrington 6th. mo: 26th. 1794.	298-300
To ___ an Acrostick Kendal 7mo. 13th. 1794	300
To the Memory of an Uncle Liverpool	301-03
To H. W. Forbes, with a Locket of her Hair Sun-rise 1794.	303-04
Eugenio & Laura. Summerhill 12th mo:1794	304-06
Written on the day when I was sixteen	306-24
Response	324-27
To Debby Watson, standing beside a beautiful well	327-28
[Untitled] [beginning 'Lovely Mary blooming flower,']	328-30
An Hymn	330
To D: Watson	330-31
	332-34

Summerville	334-36
To the Moon	336-37
A Contemplative view of Nature	338-42
To a Friend	342-45
To D.W & J.H on a late occasion.	345-46
To D.W Summerville	346-47
To D. Watson	348-49
To D.W & J.H	349-51
A Prayer.	351
An Address to the Almighty	351-54
Address to the Creator	354-55
On causing anguish to a friend Dublin 12 mo:23d 1797	356
To the Deity	356-57
To him who said - "I pant for Solitude"	358-59
To Nathl. Card Dublin 1mo. 19th. 1799	359-61
To her Friend S[?] Appleby with verses on the Slave Trade	361-62
Elegy Occasioned by the deeply lamented death of my long-lov'd & truly amiable friend H W Reynolds, who departed this transitory life 5th. mo: 9th. 1799.	362-66
[Untitled] [beginning 'Oft have I sought my Saviour's face']	367-68
A Monody to Memory occasioned by the Death of her beloved Sister Jane Henrietta Birkett	369-71
[Another copy of this monody appears on MS pp.147-49.]	
The Flies - a Fable 10 mo. 21st. 1802	371-75
Supposed to be addressed by A 6th. mo: 1804	375-76
Written when very ill 7th mo: 1803	377
[Another copy of this poem entitled 'Written two days after the birth of my second son', dated '7 Mo 23 1803', appears in MS Volume 1, p.87.]	
To a Friend 9th. month 28th. 1804.	377-78
To a Friend on her return to Town 10th. mo: 1st. 1804	379-80
To C. B. with J. Scott's Journal 9 mo. 19. 1804.	381
To [beginning 'Ah dearest girl shall grief impart'] 10th. mo: 3d. 1804.	381-83
To x x x x [beginning 'As the dew that new verdure distils o'er the flower']	383-85
Occasioned by a Walk to the Botanic Garden	385-86
To Patience 10th. month 23d. 1804	387-88
Written in a Volume of J Mariott's[sic] Poems 11mo. 27th. 1804	388
To Poverty	389-91
To S: Hoare	391-93
To D Robinson	393-96
To _____ [beginning 'Ah why wilt thou ever repel the soft aid'] 7 mo. 26th. 1805.	396-97
To E. D. on behalf of the Children of the General Daily Free School 9mo. 5th. 1805	397-99
To _____ On the School and Repository Home 11th. month 1805.	399-404
To _____ [beginning 'Oft have these wild uncultur'd flowers']	404-08
An Address to Hans Hamilton M.P. On behalf of the Injured Africans 4 mo. 5th. 1806	408
To Castle Hall, near Milford-Haven the Seat of Benjamin Rotch 11mo 18th. 1806	408-12
To _____ A Request for 20 Guineas to place a poor Woman in the Incurable Hospital 10th mo: 31st 1806.	412-16
To Sarah Hoare 12 mo. 29th. 1806	416-18
An Epistle to M. Leadbeater. 1st. mo: 16th. 1807	419-20
To E.D 1st. mo: 28th	421-25
To the Memory of our Late Endeared and justly valued friend Joseph Williams	425
[Another copy of this obituary poem for Joseph Williams appears on MS pp.191-95.]	426-30

An Address to Elizth. Dawson requesting a Donation to assist in clothing the Poor Children of the General Daily Free School 11mo. 5th. 1807.	430-31
To E. D.	431
To _____ with a gilt Jug - Plein des oeufs 1st. mo: 9th. 1808	432-33
To A Knott Junr. On receiving a pair of open Watch Cases 3mo. 14th. 1808.	433-34
To Nathl. Card 8 mo. 29th. 1800	434-36
Written in the Ruins of Kendal Castle 6 mo. 13th. 1789.	436-38
[Another copy of this poem on Kendal Castle appears on MS pp. 279-81, dated 1787.]	
Written for E Rotch Junr. Milford.	438-39
The Sensitive Plant. Milford.	440
To George	440
B Rotch to H. Leach. Milford Haven	440-41
Ruth to -	441-42
E.L .... to G. S.... Milford.	442-45
On seeing the Ship "Hannah & Eliza" Set sail Milford 2 mo. 6th. 1804	445-49
The Contest.	450
Maria when applied for by an old Miser	451
The Shew-man.	451-54
[Untitled] [beginning 'The music of Maria's tongue']	454
On the Whalefishery	454
Ruth's Petition to B. Rotch.	455
Ruth & M.C. to B. Rotch, for the foregoing.	456
M.C. H.L. The Monkey to the Magpie Milford haven	456-58
On the "Squeeze of the Hand" 2d. mo:3d. 1804.	459
[Untitled] [beginning 'I envy not th'applause of fame']	459-60
Written for B Rotch's Library. 2 mo. 13.	460-62
To Ruth in tears.	462
[Untitled] [beginning 'A furious temper in thy face I see']	463
A Rebus.	463-64
A Pocket-book to E. A.	464-65
William to his Mother Milford Haven	466
Another	466
[Untitled] [beginning 'Ruthena gives a silver pen to say']	467
To a dear Friend and family 6 mo. 4th. 1804.	467-68
Truth	468-70
An Address to E.D for cloathing for the Children of the Poor School 11mo. 12th. 1806	470-73
Seventh day night. Address'd to Sarah Hoare	473-76
To ____ [beginning 'O thou to whom the sons of grief'] 11th. mo: 14th. 1807.	476-78
To E. Alexander Junr.-	479-81
To A. Knott Junr.	481-84
Ballinclay.	485-87
On a Visit paid by H Pettigrew and A R to their friends in Dublin 10 month 1808	488-91
To Hope. Written after the death of my beloved and only Daughter [This copy of 'To Hope' is undated. Another copy of the poem appears in MS Volume 1, pp.412-14, dated '11 Mo 16.1808'.]	491-94
To E. Dawson On behalf of the Aged & Infirm Female Servants 4 mo. 23rd. 1809.	495-96
To the Same - for a friend. 11th. mo: 25th.1809.	496-97
[Untitled] [beginning 'I know that friendship bids to flow']	497-98
To N.C	498
To N.C.	498-99

## INDIVIDUALS FEATURING IN THE WRITINGS OF MARY BIRKETT CARD (MBC)

**Alexander, Elizabeth.** Friend. Probably Elizabeth Alexander (1784-1824), daughter of William and Elizabeth Alexander, who served at both Dublin Women's Monthly Meeting and Ireland Women's Yearly Meeting and on several committees, e.g. Leinster Provincial School governors. MBC addressed one poem to her, probably another, and also a message from her deathbed - Vol. 2, pp.425 and 446, Vol. 1, p.191.

**Appleby, S.** Possibly Susannah Appleby (1754-1827), companion to Sarah Darby the sister-in-law of Deborah Darby of Coalbrookdale. She became a minister in 1791 and sometimes travelled in the ministry with Deborah Darby. One copy of MBC's *A Poem on the African Slave Trade* may be dedicated to her - Vol. 2, p.138.

**Birkett, Abigail (1789-1837).** Wife of MBC's brother William. Maiden name Abigail Knott Junior - see below under Knott.

**Birkett, Ann Card (1791-1817).** Cousin, daughter of MBC's paternal uncle Henry Birkett and his wife Sarah née Sharp. Mentioned in MBC's will - Vol. 1, p.186.

**Birkett, Catherine (Kitty) (b. 1784).** Cousin. Daughter of MBC's paternal uncle Henry Birkett and his wife Mary née Sharp. 'Kitty' was rebellious and found it impossible to follow the Quaker discipline, particularly with regard to plain dress, or live up to the standards her family demanded. MBC sent her a copy of the journal of the American Quaker minister, Job Scott, who died in Ireland in 1793, and wrote several letters remonstrating with her - Vol. 2, p.365 and Vol. 1, Letters 3, 6, 10, 11, 33, pp.103, 108, 112, 113, 141. She was disowned for marrying outside the Society in 1814. Her married name was Morris. She may have married again later - see below under Tew.

**Birkett, Edward (1779-1787).** Brother. Acrostic addressed to him and poem on his death - Vol. 2, pp.8 and 17.

**Birkett, Elizabeth (Betsy) (1783-1875).** Sister. Poem on her recovery from sickness in childhood - Vol. 2, p.11. Married Robert Hudson, son of Samuel and Hannah Hudson of Cooladine in Wexford, in 1806. They had seven children and remained in Dublin. She remained within the Society, and served on a number of Quaker women's committees such as the Committee for the Poor. MBC sent a poem to her with a gift of a gilt jug, she is mentioned in MBC's will and present during her last illness - Vol. 2, p.409 and Vol. 1, p.186 and p.192.

**Birkett, George Harrison (1792-1848).** Brother. Became a soap boiler and tallow chandler like his father William Birkett. MBC's son Nathaniel was apprenticed to him. Active in the Society of Friends, but eventually disowned in 1837 for not attending worship. Vegetarian and teetotal, he helped to found the first temperance society in Manchester in 1830. MBC wrote letters encouraging him in his faith, he is mentioned in her will, and he wrote an account of her last illness and death - see Vol. 1, Letters 7, 25, 26, 42, pp.109, 131, 133, 152 (though Letters 7 and 42 could be to another brother, William Birkett); p.186 and pp.188-93.

**Birkett, Hannah (1785-1787).** Sister. Poem on her death - Vol. 2, p.19.

**Birkett, Jane Henrietta (1788-1801).** Sister. Monody composed on her death - Vol. 2, p.312.

**Birkett, Sarah (1753-1836).** Mother. Daughter of Edward and Sarah Harrison of Kendal, she married MBC's father, **William Birkett**, a Liverpool tallow chandler and soap boiler, in 1774. The family moved to Dublin in 1784. They had thirteen children. Of five poems on the deaths of MBC's siblings, one, on Edward Birkett's death (1787), and a section in another, on Susanna Birkett's death (1792), are addressed to her mother - Vol. 2, pp.17, 167. Mary's parents were both with her during her last illness - Vol. 1, p.188.

**Birkett, Sarah (Sally) (1781-1787).** Sister. Two poems addressed to her and one on her death - Vol. 2, pp.14, 15 and 20.

**Birkett, Sarah Sharp (Sally) (1787-1825).** Cousin. Younger sister of Catherine Birkett above. MBC wrote to congratulate her on her marriage in 1814 - Vol. 1, Letter 34, p.143. A funeral card reveals her husband was Michael S. Clarke, a schoolmaster in Carlow. As Sarah Clark [sic] she is mentioned in MBC's will - Vol. 1, p.186.

**Birkett, Susanna (1786-1792).** Sister. Poem composed on her death - Vol. 2, p.167.

**Birkett, William (b.1790).** Brother. Two letters could be either to him or his brother George Harrison Birkett - Vol. 1, Letters 7 and 42, pp.109, 152. Present during MBC's last illness - Vol. 1, p.188.

**Bolton, E S.** Cousin, exact relationship unknown, to whom an acrostic written at Kendal in 1794 is dedicated - Vol. 2, p.233. Probably a relative of MBC's uncle Thomas Bolton of Warrington, husband of her maternal aunt Hannah Harrison.

**Bolton, Hannah (b.1755).** Aunt. Born Hannah Harrison, sister to MBC's mother Sarah and George Harrison the anti-slave trade campaigner, she married Thomas Bolton (see below) in 1779. Mentioned in MBC's will - Vol. 1, p.186.

**Bolton, ?Sal.** Cousin, probably one of the Warrington Boltons. See E. S. Bolton above. Addressee of childhood poem - Vol. 2, p.64.

**Bolton, Thomas (c.1757-1789).** Uncle. Lived at Warrington, occupation unknown, but was the son of Benjamin Bolton, a Warrington corn and flour dealer originally from Norton in Cheshire. Married MBC's maternal aunt Hannah Harrison (see entry above for Hannah Bolton) in 1779. Poem composed in Liverpool on his premature death - Vol. 2, p.68.

**Card, A. L.** Cousin. Probably Ann Ligon Card, sister of MBC's husband Nathaniel Card. Poems composed in her memory - Vol. 2, pp.219, 220.

**Card, Ann.** Cousin, exact relationship uncertain, but may be same individual as A. L. Card above. Childhood poem written welcoming her back to Ireland - Vol. 2, p.72.

**Card, Hannah (1812-1881).** Daughter. Included in MBC's epistle to her children in a journal entry, and present during her mother's last illness - Vol. 1, journal entry '10th Mo 26th 1812', p.85 (p.86) and p.188.

**Card, Mary (1809-1871).** Daughter. Included in MBC's epistle to her children in a journal entry, and present during her mother's last illness - Vol. 1, journal entry '10th Mo 26th 1812', p.85 (p.86) and p.188.

**Card, Nathaniel (1776-1842).** Husband, son of Nathaniel and Eleanor Card. Also a cousin - he and MBC had to have the agreement of their Quaker meeting to marry owing to this consanguinity. He became a Quaker two or three years before their marriage in 1801. A Dublin merchant (though on his son Nathaniel's wedding certificate his occupation is given as 'yeoman'), little is known about him. He involved himself in Quaker work, being nominated to several Dublin Meeting committees. Four poems are addressed to him, and MBC's last extant letter - Vol. 2, pp.255, 310, 454, 455 and Vol. 1, Letter 43, p.155. He is mentioned many times in her journal. His second wife was Ruth Johnson, daughter of Jervais Johnson of Co. Antrim (possibly Jervis Johnston, a Friend who travelled in the ministry in America). Nathaniel was disowned in 1826 for 'drinking to excess', but a note in the Card Family Bible states he continued a Quaker all his life.

**Card, Nathaniel (1803-1804).** Second son. Poem written after his birth - Vol. 2, p.319. Entries in journal made after his death - Vol. 1, '5th Mo 11 1804', '6 Mo 13 - 1804, p.37.

**Card, Nathaniel (1805-1856).** Third son, collector of his mother's writings. Given the name Nathaniel as the first child of that name had died in infancy. Apprenticed to his uncle George Harrison Birkett (see above), he also became a tallow chandler, and a candlewick manufacturer. Moved to Manchester in 1837 where he became prominent in local business, Manchester Council, and charitable work, founding the United Kingdom Alliance for the Total and Immediate Legislative Suppression of the Liquor Traffic in 1853. He was for some time Treasurer of this institution. Married Hannah Binyon, also a Quaker, in 1837, and the couple had three children: Mary Hannah, Lucy Ann and Charles. Charles died in an accident at sea aged twenty-one, and Mary Hannah of an illness at sixteen, so his only descendants today are through Lucy Ann who married Thomas Beakbane in 1868. Nathaniel is mentioned several times in his mother's journal (his birth, and bouts of sickness): Vol. 1, '2nd Mo 2nd 1805', p.44; '1st Mo 5th 1806', p.66, '1st Mo 8th 1806' and '1st Mo 28th 1806', p.67. Another, '8th Mo 4th 1805', p.61, mentions a son's sickness - either his or his brother William's. Also included in epistle to her children in journal entry '10th Mo 26th 1812', p.85 (p.86).

**Card, Sarah (1807-1808).** Daughter. Poem composed 'To Hope' following her death - Vol. 2, p.416.

**Card, William (1802-1867).** Son. Moved to Hardshaw East Meeting Quaker meeting area, probably to Liverpool, returned to Dublin 1841. He did not marry as far as is known. Poetic 'fable' written for him as a baby - Vol. 2, p.315. His illness is mentioned in MBC's journal, another entry mentions a son's sickness (either his or his brother Nathaniel's), included in epistle to her children in a journal entry and present during his mother's last illness - Vol. 1, '3rd Mo 14th 1805', p.47, '8th Mo 4th 1805', p.61, '10th Mo 26th 1812' p.85 (p.86), and p.188.

**Clark(e), Sarah (1787-1825).** Cousin. See above - entry for Sarah Sharp Birkett.

**Darby, Deborah (1754-1810).** Quaker minister and wife of Samuel Darby of Coalbrookdale, son of Abraham Darby II who perfected the technique of smelting iron ore with coke discovered by his father Abraham I, thus helping to initiate the Industrial Revolution. Visited Ireland in the ministry with Rebecca Young for nearly six months in 1797/98. 'Elegy' written on death of MBC's friend, Hannah Wilson Forbes, mentions ministerial 'family visit' made by her - Vol. 2, p.258 (see postscript).

**Dawson, Elizabeth.** Benefactress to whom MBC wrote poems requesting money to clothe the children of the General Daily Free School (founded by Quakers to educate poor children without denominational bias in Dublin) and funds for a home for sick and

elderly female servants - Vol. 2, pp.375, 387, 389, 405, 406, 420. Possibly Elizabeth Dawson Coates, née Pim. The Dawsons were bankers in Dublin, and Quaker. Deborah Darby, on her visit to Ireland in 1807, lodged with an Elizabeth Dawson at Black Rock, Dublin.

**Ellerton, C. and B.** Quaker couple, background unknown. Poem welcoming them on return to Ireland in 1787 - Vol. 2, p.47.

**Fayle, A.** Abigail Fayle (d. 1805), was a respected minister in the Society of Friends in Dublin. Wife of Thomas Fayle (1742-1808) and mother of Robert and Thomas Fayle who ran a linen and blanket warehouse. MBC mourned Abigail's death greatly – Vol. 1, journal entry '4th Mo 17th 1805', p.52.

**Forbes, Anne** (1732-1801). Mother of MBC's friend Hannah Wilson Forbes and her brother James. Daughter of Joshua Strangman (1703-1747), member of one of the wealthiest merchant families in Dublin, and his wife Anne née Pike. Strangman, Courtney, and Ridgway was a shipping partnership, engaged in the provisions trade. She married James Forbes the elder, also a merchant, in 1751. Mentioned in several poems about the Forbes family. One poem addressed to her and her daughter Hannah, and another to her, Hannah, her daughter-in-law Eliza Forbes and Eliza's sister, Debby Watson - Vol. 2, pp.187 and 188.

**Forbes, Elizabeth (Eliza)** (c.1776-1814). Born Elizabeth Watson, daughter of Solomon and Mary Watson of Summerville in Clonmel, and sister of MBC's intimate friend Debby Watson, she married James Forbes, brother of MBC's other close companion Hannah Wilson Forbes, in 1792. The couple had ten children. She was his second wife, the first being Mary Goffe, daughter of Jacob and Elizabeth Goffe of Horetown House, County Wexford. Poem dedicated to her on her marriage, one addressed to her and her sister Sarah Watson, and another to her with her sister, Debby Watson, her mother-in-law Anne Forbes and Anne's daughter Hannah Wilson Forbes - Vol. 2, pp.182, 203, 188.

**Forbes, Hannah Wilson** (1768-1799). Daughter of James Forbes, a Quaker merchant, and his wife Anne, née Strangman (see Anne Forbes above). Close friend of MBC's from childhood. She and MBC exchanged verses and were involved in charity work together including founding a 'School and Repository' for poor children - a scheme whereby poor girls earned an income from needlework beside receiving an elementary education. Enjoyed painting and drawing. Married Thomas Reynolds of Carshalton in Surrey in 1798 and died just over a year later after giving birth to their son Thomas Forbes Reynolds. Many poems addressed to her, including one enclosing Part 2 of MBC's *A Poem on the African Slave Trade*, and an 'Elegy' on her death. Several poems also addressed to the Forbes family, or written in their homes. See Vol. 2, pp.37, 114, 137 (enclosing anti-slave trade poem), 170, 181, 183, 185, 187, 188, 199, 258 ('Elegy'), 263, 265, 268, 277. Also legacy of school briefly mentioned in Vol. 1, journal entry '5th Mo 23rd 1805', p.55.

**Forbes, Sarah** (1756-1790). Sister of Hannah Wilson Forbes above. Presented MBC with a pocket book in 1788, plus poem written on her death - Vol. 2, pp.52 and 132.

**Gafnies.** A family, perhaps not Quaker, to whom MBC wrote - Vol. 1, Letter 13, p.115.

**Goff[e], Lydia.** Sent a copy of MBC's 'Soliloquy' in the imagined voice of Queen Marie Antoinette of France - Vol. 2, p.208. Probably Lydia Goff[e] (1772-1844), one of the twenty-one or twenty-two children of Jacob and Elizabeth Goffe of Horetown House, County Wexford, and sister of Dinah Wilson Goffe the author of 'Divine Protection' (in J.M.R, *Six Generations in Ireland*, 1893) which recounts the events of

the Irish Rebellion as they affected her family. Also sister of Mary Goffe, first wife of Hannah Wilson Forbes's brother James (see Elizabeth Forbes above). Lydia married Simeon Lamphier, not a member of the Society of Friends, in 1821. The Goffes came to Ireland when Puritan preacher William Goffe, a General in the Commonwealth Army, was given land there for services to Oliver Cromwell. He was one of the signatories to Charles I's death warrant, and married a cousin of Cromwell. (The Goffes seemed to cover the religious spectrum in the mid-seventeenth century. Of William Goffe's brothers, Stephen was a Catholic priest, chaplain to Charles I's Queen, Henrietta Maria, and tutor to the future Charles II, while John was an Anglican rector in Kent.) The Goffes in Ireland were early converts to Quakerism.

**Hamilton, Hans.** M.P. for Dublin County. Poem addressed to him in 1806 urging he vote, in the British House of Commons, in favour of abolition of the slave trade - Vol. 2, p.380.

**Harrison, T. (probably Thomas).** Cousin. Probably nephew of MBC's mother whose maiden name was Sarah Harrison, and her brother George Harrison, London merchant and leading slave trade abolitionist. Poem addressed to him as student at Queen's College, Oxford - Vol. 2, p.224.

**Harrison, Lydia** (b. 1779). Cousin, and friend and companion on MBC's visits to London. Daughter of George Harrison (1747-1827), wealthy Quaker merchant in London (though born the son of a shoemaker in Kendal, Westmoreland), one of the founding six Quaker members in 1783 of the first anti-slave trade committee in Britain, and long-term member of the London Abolition Committee that directed much of the campaign, working with William Wilberforce and Thomas Clarkson. Her mother Susanna was the daughter of William Cookworthy of Plymouth, discoverer of china-earth and the first manufacturer of fine porcelain in Britain, and his wife Sarah Berry. Lydia was named after her aunt Lydia Cookworthy. Her brother, George Harrison Junior (1790-1859), a barrister, wrote a memoir of his grandfather William Cookworthy and published in 1856 *A Few Thoughts on the Present State of the Society of Friends*, which led to his disownment from the Society. Lydia Harrison married first Richard Shepley and then her first cousin Thomas Harrison, son of George's brother William. Poems written to her during MBC's visit to London in 1794, and another possibly in 1797 - Vol. 2, pp.225, 226, 229 and 253.

**Haughton, Mary** (d.1787). Childhood friend. 'Elegy' composed on her death - Vol. 2, p.24. The Haughtons were a numerous Quaker family. Branches were involved in bay-yarn, corn and hardware. Joseph Haughton (1765-1845) of Ferns near Ballitore set a pacifist example to Friends in the 1798 Rebellion by breaking his hunting gun publicly in the street.

**Helton, John.** Did business with the Cards, but became a rival. He was in all probability the tanner disowned by the Society of Friends in 1807 for evading payment of a debt to Charles Dudley (Dublin Monthly Meeting Minutes, 15 September 1807). In a manner unclear from MBC's journal, he accused her husband Nathaniel Card of shady dealing. The case came before arbitrators. See Vol. 1, journal entries from '1st Mo 24th 1805' to '4th Mo 4th 1805', pp.40-51, particularly that for '3rd Mo 23rd 1805', p.49, also '1st Mo 8th 1806', pp.67-68.

**Hillary, Hannah.** No dates found. Child on whose death MBC composed an acrostic - Vol. 2, p.81. The Quaker Hillary family mainly hailed from Wexford.

**Hill, Susanna** (1769 -1815). A minister in the Society of Friends in Dublin and MBC's close friend for many years. Her ministry is first mentioned in Vol. I, journal entry '1st Mo 5th 1807', p.73. The daughter of Thomas and Abigail Knott of Edenderry, she



married Jonathan Hill in 1801. Accompanied the American evangelical minister David Sands and others on a dangerous journey to the Quaker meeting at Enniscorthy during the 1798 Rebellion - see Vol. 1, Letter 38, p.148. When nearing her own death, MBC dreamt she saw Susanna Hill, some two years deceased, beckoning to her. The Jonathan present at MBC's deathbed was probably Susanna's husband. See account of MBC's death, Vol. 1, pp.188, 191-92.

**Hoare, Sarah (Sally)** (c.1767-1855). Friend of MBC's from 1805 (see Vol. 1, journal entry '4th Mo 4th 1805', p.49). A poet and botanist, she ran a school for Quaker girls in Dublin, and later one in Bristol, before moving to Bath in 1832. She published *Poems on Conchology and Botany* in 1831 and *A Poem on the Pleasures and advantages of botanical pursuits* (n.d.). 'The Pleasures of botanical pursuits' is appended to Priscilla Wakefield's *Introduction to Botany*, 8<sup>th</sup> edn, 1818. She was very concerned about cruelty to animals, opposing bull-baiting and other blood sports. Her letter to Lord Wombwell attempting to stop a fight between a lion and mastiffs going ahead in his grounds in 1825, published in *The Times*, was later published in *The Leisure Hour* (43, p.678, 21 October 1852). Also agitated against prize fighting, remonstrating with the pugilist Bill Neat in 1822. Several poems of MBC's are addressed to her, including, almost certainly, one written after a visit to the new Botanic Gardens in Dublin, and one letter. See Vol. 1, Letter 17, p.120 (also Letter 18, p.123); Vol. 2, pp.394, 428, 430, 432.

**Hoyland, John and Elizabeth.** A conversation with this couple is mentioned in Vol. 1, journal entry '9th Mo 29th 1805', p.63. Almost certainly John Hoyland (1752-1831) and his wife Elizabeth (1758-1839) who married in 1781. Elizabeth was a minister who travelled extensively in England, Scotland and Dunkirk while John was a factor (commission agent) from Sheffield who also published historical books, one on the customs of gypsies. John Hoyland's brother Joseph, an apothecary, and his wife Margaret, a minister from the age of twenty-one, moved to Waterford in Ireland in 1791.

**Hull, Henry.** Well-known travelling minister from New York who visited Dublin in 1811. MBC met him at this time - see Vol. 1, Letter 21 to 'EA', p.126 and Letter 38 to David Sands, p.148.

**Kersey, Jesse.** Well-known American travelling minister from Philadelphia who visited Ireland in 1805. (He also stayed that year at the home of Deborah Darby at Coalbrookdale.) MBC recounts a conversation with him and he is also mentioned in a letter to the evangelical minister David Sands - Vol. 1, journal entry '4th Mo 5th 1805', p.51 and Letter 38, p.148.

**Knott, Abigail, Junior** (1789-1837). Daughter of respected Quaker minister and elder Abigail Knott Senior and her husband William Knott, a Dublin tape, thread and ribbon manufacturer. Abigail Knott Senior came from Ballinclay in Wexford, where her father John Wright funded the building of the Meeting House. Abigail Junior married MBC's brother William Birkett, a dentist, in 1813, by whom she had six children. The family eventually moved to Liverpool. One poem thanks her for the gift of some watch-cases, another was written at Ballinclay - Vol. 2, pp.448, 451. She is mentioned in MBC's will and was present during her last illness - Vol. 1, pp.186 and 192.

**Lancashire, J.** Background as yet unknown. Possibly a travelling minister or elder from England who visited Ireland in 1787 and 1792. Two poems written to him on each visit, on one he presented MBC with a pocket book - Vol. 2, pp.43, 44, 175, 177.

**E.L.** Probably Eliza Leach, sister of Pembrokehire J.P. Henry Leach, the friend of Benjamin Rotch (see below). Love poem written with her, or on her behalf, to Gayer

Starbuck (see below) of the Starbuck Quaker whaling family at Milford Haven - Vol. 2, p.341.

**Leach, Henry (Harry).** Pembrokehire J.P. and companion of Quaker whaling magnate Benjamin Rotch at Milford Haven. Brother of Eliza Leach, probably 'E.L.' above, and the butt of much wit and repartee - Vol. 2, pp.339, 340, 349, 353, 354, 360 See also p.341.

**Leadbeater, Mary (1758-1826).** An acquaintance, possibly friend. Quaker poet and author. The daughter of Richard Shackleton (see below) of Ballitore, County Kildare, she grew up in the vicinity of the famous school there run by her grandfather Abraham Shackleton I, her father, and then her brother Abraham Shackleton II, in turn. Her 'Annals of Ballitore 1766-1824' chronicle life in the village and events there in the Irish Rebellion of 1798. She also wrote poetry, memoirs of her parents, *Biographical Notices of Irish Friends*, and two volumes of vignettes concerning the daily lives of the Irish peasantry. Met and corresponded with some literary figures, for example the poet George Crabbe. She married William Leadbeater in 1791, and became postmistress at Ballitore for many years. Poem addressed to her in 1807 - Vol. 2, p.396, also mentioned in poem to Deborah Pike (1787), p.31.

**Pettigrew, Hannah.** Friend of MBC's as a young woman. Probably daughter of Robert Pettigrew and his wife Elizabeth née Strangman (daughter of Dublin merchant Joshua Strangman and therefore sister to Hannah Wilson Forbes's mother Anne, see above). Collector of genealogical information on the Forbes family. Two poems written in 1795 at Mount Prospect near Rathangan, home of her uncle and aunt Joshua and Hannah Wilson, mention her, and she visited MBC in Dublin in 1808 - Vol. 2, pp.248-53 and 413.

**Pike, Deborah.** Childhood friend. Probably Deborah Pike (1776-1788), daughter of Richard and Ann Pike, sister of Elizabeth Pike, later Elizabeth Barrington. Poem addressed to her and poem on her death - Vol. 2, pp.31 and 50. Richard Pike, the first of the family to settle in Ireland, was a corporal in Cromwell's army who was given land at Cork in lieu of pay, but lost it when he became a Quaker and left the army in 1655. The Pikes in Cork, initially involved in wool and linen drapery, founded a bank in the early eighteenth century.

**Pike, Elizabeth.** Friend in childhood, and perhaps in adult life. Probably Elizabeth Pike later Barrington (1774-1854), daughter of Richard and Ann Pike, sister of Deborah Pike above. Quaker minister, wife of Joseph Barrington, and friend of the Quaker poet Mary Leadbeater. Poem written to her - Vol. 2, p.33.

**Pike, William.** Childhood friend. Probably William Pike (1778-1788), son of Richard and Ann Pike, brother of Deborah and Elizabeth above. Poem written to him in sickness, 1787 - Vol. 2, p.35.

**Robinson, A.** Friend to whom MBC wrote encouraging her in her faith and urging more frequent attendance at Meeting - Vol. 1, Letters 27 and 28, pp.134 and 135.

**Robinson, Deborah.** No definite details - there were several contemporary Quaker Deborah Robinsons. Possibilities in Dublin Monthly Meeting include Deborah Robinson, née Corfield, who married Samuel Sandwith Robinson in 1789, and Deborah Robinson (b.1779), daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Robinson of Killamey. Poem addressed to her on the joys of 'home' - Vol. 2, p.437.

**R[obinson?], S.** No definite details - there were several contemporary S. Robinsons, usually Sarah or Susanna. See Vol. 1, Letter 23, p.129 - addressee is 'SR'.

**Rotch, Benjamin (1764-1839).** Friend at whose home in Milford Haven, South Wales, MBC stayed for several weeks in January and February 1804. Rotch was a wealthy Quaker whaling magnate from Nantucket in the United States. His father, William Rotch, was the chief shipowner in Nantucket (a town populated by Quakers engaged in the whaling industry). One of William's ships (the *Bedford*, carrying oil) first flew the American flag into an English port in 1783. Benjamin brought his family to Milford Haven circa 1800/1801 to set up his whaling enterprise there, consequent upon problems following the American War of Independence and the French Revolution, joining other American Quaker whaling families already at Milford - the Starbucks and Folgers. Intellectual, a good conversationalist, who had contact with some notable cultural figures (he had met radical authors Thomas Paine and Mary Wolstonecraft in Europe), he played host to a large number of guests, particularly *en route* between Ireland and England, at his home - Castle Hall, Milford. Nearly thirty poems written during MBC's stay at Castle Hall - Vol. 2, pp.323-62, also p.390.

**Rotch, Caroline (1804-1805).** Daughter of Benjamin Rotch above and his wife Elizabeth Rotch Senior. Poem written after her birth at Milford Haven - Vol. 2, p.324.

**Rotch, Elizabeth (Eliza Rotch Senior) (1764-1857).** Wife of Quaker whaling magnate Benjamin Rotch. Left America with him, first for Dunkirk, and then after the French Revolution, to Milford Haven. Bore him seven children, several of whom are mentioned in MBC's poems. Poem written on leaving Milford Haven is addressed to her - Vol. 2, p.360.

**Rotch, Elizabeth (Eliza Rotch Junior), later Elizabeth Farrar (1791-1870).** Daughter of Benjamin and Elizabeth Rotch, born at Dunkirk. Moved to USA in 1819 to care for grandfather, William Rotch, who had moved his American whaling business to New Bedford. Became one of the Quaker liberal 'New Lights', eventually a Unitarian. Friend of Ralph Waldo Emerson, author, philosopher and Unitarian minister, and of Margaret Fuller, feminist and author (both New England Transcendentalists). Married John Farrar, Professor of Science at Harvard University. Wrote memoirs, including a memorial of her mother Elizabeth Rotch Senior, and books for children and on etiquette. Two poems addressed to her at Milford - Vol. 2, p.335 and 337.

**Rotch, Maria (b.1797).** Another daughter of Benjamin and Elizabeth Rotch. Married Stephen Langston, an Anglican clergyman. One poem written at Milford in 1804 is addressed to her and she is mentioned in another - Vol. 2, pp.332 and 360. Other Milford poems mention a Maria, though this may be an adult guest and not the Rotches' daughter, only six years old in 1804 - Vol. 2, pp.347, 348, 351.

**Rotch, William (1802-c.1826-28).** Son of Benjamin and Eliza Rotch. Moved to America when he was fifteen, and travelled to frontier at Illinois, but died of dysentery before taking up a job in New Bedford. Three poems written at Milford Haven are probably addressed to him, although a less likely possibility is MBC's own son William - Vol. 2, pp.347, 359.

**Sands, David (1745-1818).** Well-known American Quaker travelling minister of evangelical persuasion. Born of Presbyterian stock in Long Island, he moved to Orange County, New York at fourteen. Largely self-taught, he was employed in business and as a schoolteacher, and was convinced as a Friend, commencing in the ministry about 1772. Travelled widely in America, Europe, Britain and Ireland, sometimes in companionship with William Savery, the Quaker minister whose preaching spurred Elizabeth Fry to a life of religious devotion and prison reform. A very eloquent preacher, his ministry had a powerful effect on many people, but he was also concerned to combat the growing tendencies, as he perceived them, in the Society towards deism and irreligion. He was in Ireland in 1798 during the Rebellion

and led a group of Friends on a remarkable journey to Quarterly Meeting at Enniscorthy in the midst of the conflict. MBC wrote a letter to him in 1815 that mentions this when informing him of the death of their mutual friend Susanna Hill (see above) - Vol. 1, Letter 38, p.148.

**Scattergood, Thomas (1748-1814).** Well-known American travelling minister from Philadelphia (though born in New Jersey) who travelled in the ministry in New England with David Sands (see above). A powerful preacher. Visited England and Ireland 1795-96. MSS contain extract concerning Mary Birkett from a letter of his to her friend Hannah Wilson Forbes (1797) - Vol. 1, p.168.

**Shackleton, Richard (c.1728-1792).** Son of Abraham Shackleton I, founder of the famous school at Ballitore attended by author and politician Edmund Burke amongst other well-known people in public life, and his wife Margaret. Began a friendship with Burke at school that lasted all their lives. Took over the school. He married first Elizabeth Fuller in 1749 and then Elizabeth Carleton in 1755. By his first wife, he was the father of Abraham Shackleton II (1752-1818), who became headmaster of Ballitore School in his turn and played a key role in the deist controversy amongst Friends, and by his second wife the father of Mary Leadbeater (see above). Although his son Abraham Shackleton II is not mentioned by name in MBC's work, it is possible he was the schoolmaster and elder who led her to entertain deist thoughts - see 'Progress of Infidelity', Vol. 1, p.21. Poem written on the death of Richard Shackleton - Vol. 2, p.172.

**Starbuck, Gayer (c.1772-1859).** Son of Daniel and Alice Starbuck of the American Quaker whaling family settled at Milford Haven. Addressee of love poem composed in voice of 'E.L.', probably Eliza Leach (see above) and mentioned in two others written at Milford - Vol. 2, pp.341 and 353, 360. Later married Eleanor Penrose, and founded a brewery. Buried in Friends Cemetery, Milford Haven.

**Starbuck, Sally.** Probably Sarah Starbuck, daughter of Samuel and Lucretia Starbuck of Milford Haven, and first cousin of Gayer Starbuck (see above). Samuel Starbuck was a partner in banking firm of Rotch, Phillips and Starbuck circa 1810. Acrostic addressed to her with account of release of caged bird given to her as present - Vol. 2, p.344.

**Tew, Catherine.** Cousin. Possibly MBC's first cousin Catherine Birkett (see above) – Tew might be a later married name. Mentioned in MBC's will - Vol. 1, p.186.

**Watkins, W.** Background unknown. Individual to whom MBC wrote urging he/she turn from sin - Vol. 1, Letter 41, p.151.

**Watson, Deborah (Debby) (1772-c.1736).** One of MBC's two most intimate friends before her marriage to Nathaniel Card, the other being Hannah Wilson Forbes. Daughter of Solomon and Mary Watson of Summerville in Clonmel near Waterford. Debby met MBC when her sister Eliza Watson married Hannah Wilson Forbes's brother James. Originally seventeenth-century Protestant planters in Ireland, and Quakers very early in the movement, the Watsons became major bankers in Clonmel, but the bank failed about 1820. Debby moved to Somerset in 1810 and died in Bath, where her parents also spent their latter days. Numerous poems are addressed to Debby specifically or mention her - Vol. 2, pp.188, 196, 198, 199, 203, 205, 208, 265, 279, 282, 284, 286, 291, 297, 298, 299.

**Watson, Sarah (b.1774).** Sister of Deborah Watson above and Eliza Forbes née Watson. Married Robert Roberts of Dublin in 1794 and later Robert Law, according to Webb's *Pedigrees* (Friends' Historical Library, Dublin). The Roberts family had major

shipping businesses In Youghal and Cork. One poem addressed to Sarah jointly with Eliza - Vol. 2, p.203.

**Williams, Joseph (1736-1807).** Much revered elder and minister amongst Friends in Dublin. Attempted to reconcile opposing factions in the religious controversies taking place within the Society in Ireland, and to stem the tide away from tradition. He railed particularly against slackness in discipline and worldliness. MBC's obituary poem was published in 1807 - Vol. 2, p.400.

**Woodward, Eliza.** Addressee of childhood poem - Vol. 2, p.75. A branch of Quaker Woodwards lived in Waterford.

**Woodward, Jane.** Poem written on her death as child - Vol. 2, p.74. Perhaps sister to Eliza Woodward above.

**Young, Rebecca (1758-1834).** A Quaker minister who journeyed widely with Deborah Darby of Coalbrookdale. Married William Byrd, another minister, noted as a shopkeeper for his refusal to sell slave-produced goods, in 1800. Accompanied Deborah Darby on visit to Ireland in 1797/98. 'Elegy' written on death of MBC's friend Hannah Wilson Forbes mentions ministerial 'family visit' made by Deborah Darby and Rebecca Young - Vol. 2, p.258, see postscript.

**Individuals mentioned in 'Some Account of Remarkable deliverances experienced by friends during the disturbances of 1796 and 1798' (Vol. 1, pp.160-67)**

Jacob Hancock, Mary Ridgway, John Cozins, Thomas Thompson, Samuel and Hannah Hudson, Thomas Mason, Jacob and Elizabeth Goff, Joseph Mack, Lord Chancellor Fitzgibbon, David Sands, Josia and Elizabeth Manliff, William Hooure, Joseph and Ruth Jumain, Joshua and Hannah Wilson, Jane Watson, Robert Woodcock, Thomas Gatchell, Jervis Johnston, Wilson Johnston, Joseph Haughton, Patrick Kenny.

**Authors of religious texts quoted by MBC:**

**St Aelred of Rivaulx (1110-1167).** English Cistercian mystic and Abbot of Rivaulx in Yorkshire. MBC copied extracts from his work, *The Mirror of Charity* (1142-43) - Vol. 1, p.170.

**St Francis de Sales (1567-1622).** Bishop of Geneva canonised by the Catholic Church for his work in the Catholic revival following the Reformation. MBC copied extract from his work (probably *A Treatise on the Love of God* (1616), a book of mystical piety, though exact text not found) - Vol. 1, p.172.

**St Macarius the Great (d. circa A.D. 390).** Syrian mystic. Attributed author of a collection of spiritual homilies, twenty-two of which were included by John Wesley in Vol. 1 of his *Christian Library*. Mary copied extract from his work (exact source untraced) - Vol. 1, p.171.

**Miguel de Molinos (1627-1696).** Spanish monk and mystic influential in evolution of religious movement known as quietism. His spiritual 'method' attracted a huge following on the continent, and he enjoyed the confidence of the Pope, but was eventually accused of heresy. He was forced to recant by the Inquisition and died in prison. MBC copied extract from his work, *The Spiritual Guide* (1675) - Vol. 1, p.169.

**Nayler, James (c.1617-1660).** Follower of Quaker founder George Fox and leader in London during Fox's imprisonment. A powerful speaker, he enjoyed a large following. When in 1656 he rode into Bristol surrounded by eight people intoning 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Israel', intended as a symbol of the second coming of Christ, he was tried for blasphemy and punished by public whipping, branding, the boring of his tongue with a hot iron and imprisonment. The incident caused an anti-Quaker backlash, but when freed three years later Nayler was reunited with Fox. He died soon afterwards, following an attack by robbers on a journey to his family. His dying words, a classic text amongst Friends, are a comfort to MBC on her deathbed - Vol. 1, p.191.

**Crook, J. (d. 1699).** MBC copied text from the margin of a 1599 Bible, possibly written by this person - Vol. 1, p.172. May have been John Crook, convinced by George Fox in 1654, a Quaker minister and author of numerous tracts, testimonies and epistles. A 'Short Account of his Life' was prefixed to a reprinted collected edition of his works in 1791.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY

### PRIMARY SOURCES

#### Published Works of Mary Birkett Card

*A Poem on the African Slave Trade. Addressed to her own Sex.* Parts I and II (Dublin: J. Jones, Grafton Street, 1792)

*Lines to the Memory of our Late Esteemed and Justly Valued Friend Joseph Williams* (Dublin: R. Napper, Capel Street, 1807)

#### Material in the Possession of James Clarke, descendant of Mary Birkett Card

Letter from Samuel Pole, Honorary Secretary, United Kingdom Alliance for the Total and Immediate Legislative Suppression of the Liquor Traffic, John Dalton Street, Manchester, notifying death of Treasurer, Nathaniel Card, with minute of Special Executive Committee dated 24 March 1856

Press cutting (without newspaper publication details) and cuttings from *Alliance News* re. death of Nathaniel Card, 1856

Card Genealogy in Family Bible (London: King James edn, Moses Aaron, 1672)

Marriage Certificate, Nathaniel Card the Younger and Hannah Binyon the Younger, 23 November 1837

Marriage Certificate, Hannah Binyon and Jeremiah Barrett, 28 January 1858

Entry in *Poetry and Hymn Book* of Edith Beakbane, great-granddaughter of Mary Birkett Card, 1885: copy of letter - Mary Birkett Card to cousin, Catherine Birkett, 14 June 1806

#### London, Library of Society of Friends

Lancashire and Westmoreland Quarterly Meetings, Digest Registers of Births, Marriages and Burials (microfilm)

*The Annual Monitor, . . . or obituary of the Members of the Society of Friends* (York and London) particularly 1819 re: Mary [Birkett] Card and 1856 re: Sarah Hoare

Dictionary of Quaker Biography

Smith, Joseph. *A Descriptive Catalogue of Friends' Books . . . from their first Rise to the Present Time*, 2 vols (London: Joseph Smith, 1867)

*The Genealogy of the Nantucket and Milford Haven Friends*, courtesy Milford Haven Museum, 6 October 1993

#### London, The British Library – Newspaper Library, Colindale

Records and Registers of St Michael's Parish, Dublin in *The Irish Builder*, November and December 1891

#### Dublin, Friends Historical Library

Dublin Monthly Meeting, Digest Registers of Births, Marriages and Burials

Carlow, Moate, Mountmellick, Waterford Monthly Meetings and Leinster Province, Digest Registers of Births, Marriages and Burials

Thomas Henry Webb, Genealogical Pedigrees

'Pettigrew' fragments (genealogical lists, party destroyed by fire)

Assorted Funeral Cards

Certificate of Removal, Hardshaw Monthly Meeting to Dublin Monthly Meeting, 21 December 1784, for William and Sarah Birkett and children

Acceptance of Certificate of Removal, Lisburn Monthly Meeting to Dublin Monthly Meeting, 18 February 1830, for Ruth Card

Dublin Monthly Meeting, Certificate of Disownment for Israel Sharp Birkett, 12 October 1802

Dublin Monthly Meeting, Certificate of Disownment for Catherine Birkett, 15 March 1814

Dublin Monthly Meeting, Certificate of Disownment for Nathaniel Card, 11 April 1826

List of Ministers and Elders 1790-1841

Names of Friends in the Station of Ministers who have visited Anner Mills, 1874  
 Visitors to the Dublin Yearly Meeting, being a list of ministers and elders who attended Dublin Yearly Meeting on certificate from 1790-1874, by Thomas Webb, 24 July 1874  
*Ireland Yearly Meeting - Testimonies to Deceased Ministers 1661-1933* (library ref: A19), particularly:  
     Testimony to Joseph Williams, 1807  
     Testimony to Susanna Hill, 1816  
     Testimony to Elizabeth Barrington, 1854  
*Case of the Distressed Greeks*, Dublin, February 1823 (library ref: PB20 (138))  
*Dublin Gentleman's and Citizen's Almanack*, compiled by Samuel Watson (1789), John Watson Stuart (1800 and 1822)  
*The Irish Times*, 3 February 1973 – article re. school at School Street, Dublin [originally General Daily Free School]  
 Photograph Album 1 - Note made by M. Wright, 14 December 1921, re. Meeting House at Ballinclay, built by John Wright, 1698

### Meeting Records

Proceedings of National Yearly Meeting for Ireland 1778-1808 (library ref: A.5) and 1809-1852 (A.6)  
 Proceedings of Women's National Yearly Meeting for Ireland 1785-1840 (library ref: A.46)  
 Minutes of National Meeting of Ministers and Elders for Ireland 1757-1834 (with Certificates of Ministers 1778-1834) (library ref: YMC1, A.68)  
 Proceedings of Dublin Monthly Meeting of Men Friends 1795-1806 (library ref: D.25, MM II A16) and 1807-1814 (D.26, A1)  
 Proceedings of Dublin Monthly Meeting of Women Friends 1791-1813 (library ref: D.8, MMII B<sub>3</sub>) and 1813-1829 (D.45, MMII B)  
 Dublin Monthly Meeting, Proceedings of the [Women's] Committee of the Poor 1806-1842 (library ref: MM II P<sub>2</sub>)  
 Dublin Monthly Meeting, Proceedings of the [Women's] Committee of the Poor, The Women's Poor Committee Minutes from 1847 (library ref: MM II P<sub>4</sub>P<sub>3</sub>)  
 Dublin Monthly Meeting, Proceedings of the [Men's] Committee of the Poor 1805-1821 (library ref: D.36, MM II P<sub>3</sub>)

### Letters

Dublin Friends Historical Library to Mrs Reed re: Eves and Birkett genealogies, 24 May 1960

Correspondence re. Henry and Mary Birkett:

James Forbes and John Dawson Coates, Dublin Monthly Meeting to 'Friends of Hartshaw Monthly Meeting', 14 August 1780  
 William Rathbone, Liverpool, to John Dawson Coates, Dublin, 20 September 1780 enclosing letter John Routh, Clerk of Hardshaw Monthly Meeting, to 'Friends of the Mens Meeting in Dublin', 19 September 1780  
 Henry and Mary Birkett to Friends of Dublin Meeting, 3 December 1781

### **Dublin Land Registry**

Memorial of Deed, Dudley Ackland of Pembroke and others and Francis James Card of Dublin deceased, re. deceased's estate, 12 January 1797, Deed no. 508 53 327884  
 Mortgage, Captain Nathaniel Ligon Card and the Right Honourable David La Touche, re. land at Grange Melton in Kildare, 30 October 1799, Deed no. 518 296 341760  
 Lease, Nathaniel Card to John Norris, re. house and stable 16 Summer Hill, 29 October 1800, Deed no. 532 125 348371  
 Lease, Nathaniel Card and John Norris to Thomas Smith, re. house and stable 16 Summer Hill, 1802, Deed no. 541 523 358374  
 Deed of Surrender, Nathaniel Card and Hans Hamilton, re. land at Hackettstown, 1 February 1802, Deed no. 546 544 361322  
 Memorials of Deeds, Nathaniel Card, Ephraim Hutchison, and Richard Bewley, re. land at Lenamemarran, 1802, Deeds nos. 541 556 358450 and 545 179 359033



- Memorial of Deed of Release, Nathaniel Card to Gustavus Hume, re. land at Grafton Street, 7 March 1805, Deed no. 566 210 382442
- Memorial of Indented Deed, Court of Chancery, Nathaniel Card and others, Eleanor Card, re. land at Dame Street, 29 October 1805, Deed no. 571 508 387670
- Memorial of Indented Deed, Eleanor Card and Francis Tempest Brady, re. land at Dame Street, 31 October 1805, Deed no. 574 215 387694
- Memorial of Indented Deed of Settlement, Samuel and Thomas Hudson, Robert and Thomas Fayle, William and Elizabeth Birkett, and Robert Hudson, re. lands and houses at Ballydonegan, 8 May 1806, Deed no. 573 509 392576
- Memorial of Deed of Mortgage (4 July 1806), Eleanor Card and Robert Shaw of Dublin, re. house and brew house called Mount Brown, 2 September 1806, Deed no. 581 499 395031
- Lease, William Birkett to Thomas Seagrove, re. land and buildings at Temple Bar, 3 March 1812, Deed no. 644 334 443607
- Mortgage, Nathaniel Ligon Card to Elizabeth Madden, date unclear: 1813-1815, Deed no. 677 68 465913
- Memorial of Indented Deed of Conveyance, Thomas Ligon Card, William Bolton and others, re. land at Dame Street, 1 June 1816, Deed no. 703 255 481990
- Memorial of Indented Deed of Assignment, Eleanor Card, Francis James Card, John Few, John and Elizabeth Harricks, re. house at Blessington Street, 22 November 1817, Deed no. 724 187 494522
- Memorial of Deed of Release, Henry Birkett and Thomas Hutcheson, re. dwelling at Tallow Street, Carlow, 11 May 1818, Deed no. 727 577 496712
- Memorial of Assignment, Nathaniel Card and James Twigg, re. house at Bolton Street, 24 July 1818, Deed no. 730 322 498257
- Memorial of Indented Deed of Conveyance (14 December 1820), William Birkett and Frederick Darley, Thomas Ellis and Abraham Bradley King, Commissioners, re. house at Fishamble Street, 3 February 1821, Deed no. 759 283 515618
- Memorial of Indented Deed of Assignment, George Harrison Birkett and Michael Daniel Lambe, re. house at Cooke Street, 18 October 1821, Deed no. 766 103 519638

### **Dublin - Royal Hospital, Donnybrook**

Hospital Archives re: admissions 1806-1811

### **Quaker Museum/Library, Ballitore, Co. Kildare**

Museum Transcript:

Letter Mary and Susanna Bewley, Dublin to Mary Leadbeater, Ballitore, 9 January 1792, re: anti-slavery sugar boycott

### **Woodbrooke College, Birmingham**

*List of Ackworth Scholars 1779-1879*

Eustace, P. Beryl, and Olive C. Goodbody, *Quaker Records Dublin: Abstracts of Wills* (Dublin: Dublin Stationery Office for the Irish Manuscripts Commission, 1957)

Goodbody, Olive C., *Guide to Irish Quaker Records 1654-1860* (Dublin: Dublin Stationery Office for the Irish Manuscripts Commission, 1967)

Manuscript Diary of Sarah Fox, née Champion, copied by Theodore Naish in 1872 from a compilation made by John Frank, from the original, 'for general use of Friends in Bristol'

Other Manuscript Diaries, on Microfilm:

Abiah Darby (1716-1794) (London: World Microfilms Publications [1978-80])

Susanna Day (1747-1826) (London: World Microfilms Publications [1978-80])

Mary Weston (1711 or 12-1766) – Visits in Great Britain 1735-47 and in America 1750-52 (London: World Microfilms Publications [1978-80])

**Manchester Central Library**

**(Material in Quaker Records Accessed for Information on Mary Birkett Card's son Nathaniel Card, her brother William Birkett and other Family Members)**

Hardshaw East Monthly Meeting Minute Books:

1830-1838; 1839-1845; 1845-1853; 1853-1860

Hardshaw East Monthly Meeting of Women Friends, Minute Books:

1834-1840; 1840-1848; 1848-1857

Manchester Preparative Meeting Minute Books:

1832-1840; 1841-1850; 1850-58

**Haverford West Public Record Office**

Conveyance of Castle Hall, John Marchant/John Warlow to Benjamin Rotch Esq,  
17 February 1804

Lease, Hugh Stokes to Benjamin Rotch, 29 September 1804

*Diary of Abiel Coleman Folger*, Milford Haven, 1806-1811, typescript copy

*The Names of His Majesty's Several Justices of the Peace of the Said County of Pembroke*,  
1808

**Chester Public Record Office**

Record of Marriage, by Licence, Stephen Becket[t] and Eleanor Hurst, 1748, at Over Peover,  
Cheshire and baptism of daughter, Eleanor, 1753, at Middlewich

Record of Marriage, by Licence, Nathaniel Card and Eleanor Beckett at Witton, 1773

**PRINTED PRIMARY SOURCES**

St Aelred of Rivaulx. *Speculum Caritatis (The Mirror of Charity)* (1142-43):

trans. and arranged by Geoffrey Webb and Adrian Walker (London: A. R. Mowbray,  
1962)

in *Aelredi Rievallensis Opera Omnia*, ed. by A. Hoste and C. H. Talbot (Turnholti:  
Typographi Brepols Editores Pontificii, 1971)

trans. by Elizabeth Connor (Michigan: Cistercian Publications, 1990)

[Anon.] *A Short Account of John Marriott, containing extracts from some of his letters, to which  
are added some of his Poetical Productions* (London: [n.p], 1803)

Addison, Joseph. *The Spectator*, No. 69, Saturday, May 19, 1711, in *The Spectator*, ed. by  
Donald F. Bond, 5 vols (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1965), I, 292-96

Bagshaw, Samuel. *History, Gazetteer, and Directory of the County Palatine of Chester*  
(Sheffield: printed for the Author, 1850)

Barrington, Edward. *Extracts from the Diary of Edward Barrington of Co. Wicklow 1796-1877*  
(Dublin: Dublin University Press, 1916)

Blake, William. 'The [FIRST] Book of Urizen' (1794), 'Milton: a Poem in Two Books' (1804),

'Jerusalem' (1804) in *The Complete Poetry and Prose of William Blake*, ed. by David V.  
Erdman, rev. edn (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1982 [1965])

Bloomfield, Robert. *The Farmer's Boy* (1800) in *Selected Poems*, ed. by John Goodridge and  
John Lucas (Nottingham, Trent Editions, 1998)

Boswell, James. *Life of Johnson*, ed. by R. W. Chapman, 3<sup>rd</sup> edn, rev. by J. D. Fleeman  
(Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1953; repr. 1980, intro. by Pat Rogers)

Browne, Felicia Dorothea [later Hemans]. 'The domestic affections' in *The Domestic  
Affections, and Other Poems* (London: printed for T. Cadell and W. Davies, Strand by J.  
McCreery, Black-Horse-Court, 1812) in facsimile reprint series *Revolution and  
Romanticism 1789-1834*, introduced by Jonathan Wordsworth (Poole, England and New  
York: Woodstock, 1995)

Burke, Edmund. *The Correspondence of Edmund Burke*, ed. by Thomas W. Copeland and  
others, 10 vols (Cambridge and Chicago: Cambridge and Chicago University Presses,  
1958-78), VI: *July 1789-December 1791*, ed. by Alfred Cobban and Robert A. Smith  
(1967)

- Burke, Edmund. *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (1790) and *An Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs, in consequence of some late Discussions in Parliament, relative to the Reflections on the French Revolution 1791* in *The Works and Correspondence of the Right Honourable Edmund Burke*, 8 vols (London: Francis and John Rivington, 1852), IV
- Burns, Robert. 'Halloween' (1785) in *Burns: Poems and Songs*, ed. by James Kinsley (London: Oxford University Press, 1969)
- Burton, Robert. *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, 16<sup>th</sup> edn (London: printed for B. Blake, 1836, from the original edn, 1621)
- Campbell, Thomas. 'Verses on Marie Antoinette' in *The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell* (London: Frederick Warne, [n.d.]; repr. from earlier edns)
- Capper, Mary. *Memoir of Mary Capper, late of Birmingham, a Minister of the Society of Friends* (London: Charles Gilpin, 1847)
- Clarkson, Thomas. *A Portraiture of Quakerism, taken from a view of the moral education, discipline, peculiar customs, religious principles, political and civil economy, and character, of the Society of Friends*, 3 vols, 2<sup>nd</sup> edn (London: Longman, 1807), III
- \_\_\_\_\_. *The History of the Rise, Progress, and Accomplishment of the Abolition of the African Slave-Trade by the British Parliament*, 2 vols (London: Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, 1808)
- Cole, G. and J. Roper. *The British Atlas: Comprising a Complete Set of County Maps, of England and Wales; with a General Map of Navigable Rivers and Canals, and Plans of Cities and Principal Towns* (Vernor and Hood, 1801) in Ashley Baynton-Williams, *Town and City Maps of the British Isles 1800-1855* (London: Studio Editions, 1992)
- Cooper, George. *Letters on the Irish Nation: written during a Visit to that Kingdom, in the Autumn of the Year 1799*, 2<sup>nd</sup> edn (London: J. White, 1801)
- Cowper, William. *William Cowper: The Task and Selected Other Poems*, ed. by James Sambrook (London and New York: Longman, 1994)
- Crook, John. *A Short History of the Life of John Crook containing Some of His Spiritual Travails, and Breathings after God, in his young and tender Years: Also an Account of various Temptations wherewith he was exercised, and the Means by which he came to the Knowledge of the Truth. Written by Himself.* (London: printed and sold by Mary Hinde, at No. 2, in George-Yard, Lombard-Street, [n.d.])
- Darwin, Erasmus. *The Botanic Garden, 1791*, A Scholar Press Facsimile (Menston, Yorkshire and London: The Scholar Press, 1973)
- Daye, Eliza. *Poems on Various Subjects* (Liverpool: J. McCreery; And published for the Author, at the Subscription Library, Lancaster; also for Mr Walmsley and Mr Holt; for Mr Jones [and others], Liverpool; and for Mr Johnson, St Paul's Churchyard, London, 1798) (Available on internet via British Women Romantic Poets Project, University of California, Davis.)
- Dryden, John. *Aeneid*, VI. in *The Poems of John Dryden*, ed. by James Kinsley, 4 vols (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1958), III
- Dudley, Mary. *The Life of Mary Dudley, including an Account of her Religious Engagements and Extracts from her Letters with an Appendix, containing some account of the Illness and Death of her Daughter Hannah Dudley* (London: printed for the editor, sold by J. and A. Arch, Harvey and Dutton, Hatchard, Seeley, Bagster and other booksellers, 1825)
- Edgeworth, Maria. *Letters for Literary Ladies. To which is added, An Essay on the Noble Science of Self-Justification*, (1795), ed. by Claire Connolly (London: Everyman, J. M. Dent, 1993)
- \_\_\_\_\_. *Maria Edgeworth: Chosen Letters*, ed. by F. V. Barry (London: Jonathan Cape, 1931)
- Equiano, Olaudah. *Olaudah Equiano: The Interesting Narrative and Other Writings*, ed. by Vincent Carretta (Penguin: London, 1995)
- Farrar, Eliza, ed. "Memorials of the Life of Elizabeth (Barker) Rotch" (Wife of Benjamin Rotch) being the "Recollections of a Mother", by her daughter (Springfield: [n.pub.], 1861) in John M. Bullard, *The Rotches* (New Bedford: [n.pub.], 1947)
- [\_\_\_\_\_]. Farrar, Mrs John. *Recollections of Seventy Years* (Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 1866)
- Fenton, Richard. *A Historical Tour Through Pembrokeshire* (Brecknock: Davies, 1903; [London: 1811])
- St Francis de Sales. *Introduction a La Vie Dèvote [Introduction to The Devout Life]* (1609), ed. by Allan Ross ([n.p.]:Billing, 1924; repr. 1948)
- \_\_\_\_\_. *Traité de L'Amour de Dieu [A Treatise on the Love of God]* (1616): trans. by Miles Car (Douai Abbey: Gerard Pinchon, 1630) trans. by Henrietta Louisa Farrer, later Lear (London: Rivingtons, 1878)

- trans. and ed. by W. J. Knox Little (London: Methuen, 1902)  
*The Love of God: A Treatise*, trans. and ed. by Vincent Kerns (London: Burns and Oates, 1962)  
*Traité de l'Amour de Dieu* (Annecy: publiée sur l'invitation de Mgr Isoard, évêque d'Annecy, par les soins des religieuses de la visitation due 1<sup>ER</sup> monastère d'Annecy, 1894)
- Fry, Elizabeth. *Memoir of the Life of Elizabeth Fry, with Extracts from her Journal and Letters, edited by two of her daughters* [Katherine Fry and Rachel Cresswell], 2<sup>nd</sup> edn, 2 vols (London: John Hatchard, 1848)
- Gilpin, Mary Ann. *Memoir of Mary Ann Gilpin, of Bristol; consisting chiefly of Extracts from her Diary and Letters* (London: E. Fry, 1840)
- Goff, Dinah. 'Divine Protection' in Jane Marion Wakefield, *Six Generations in Ireland 1655-1890* (London: Edward Hicks Junior, 1893)
- Goldsmith, Oliver. *The Deserted Village* (1770) in *The Poems of Gray, Collins, and Goldsmith*, ed. by Roger Lonsdale (London and Harlow: Longmans, Green, 1969)
- [Gough, James.] *Select Lives of Foreigners, Eminent in Piety*, 2<sup>nd</sup> edn (Bristol: repr. Dublin by John Gough, 1796)
- Gray, Thomas. *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard* (1751), in *The Poems of Gray, Collins, and Goldsmith*, ed. by Roger Lonsdale (London and Harlow: Longmans, Green, 1969)
- [Greer, Sarah.] *Quakerism; or The Story of my Life. By a Lady, who for Forty Years was a Member of the Society of Friends* (Dublin: Samuel B. Oldham, 1851)
- [Grubb, Sarah.] *Some Account of the Life and Religious Labours of Sarah Grubb with an appendix containing an account of Ackworth School, Observations on Christian Discipline and Extracts from many of her letters*, 2<sup>nd</sup> edn (London: James Phillips, 1794)
- Hancock, Thomas. *The Principles of Peace Exemplified in the Conduct of the Society of Friends in Ireland during the Rebellion of the Year 1798; with some Preliminary and Concluding Observations* (London: William Phillips, 1825)
- [Harrison, George, Jr.] *Memoir of William Cookworthy. By his Grandson* (London: William and Frederick Cash, 1854)
- [Harrison, George.] *An Address to the Right Reverend the Prelates of England and Wales* (London: J. Parsons and Ridgway, 1792)
- [\_\_\_\_\_] *A Second Address to the Right Reverend the Prelates of England and Wales on the Subject of the Slave Trade* (London: J. Johnson in St Paul's Churchyard, 1795)
- [\_\_\_\_\_] *Notices on the Slave Trade in Reference to the Present State of the British Isles* (Printed and sold by Darton and Harvey, Grace Church Street, also sold by S. Hatchard, Picadilly, J. Asperme, Cornhill, and T. Ostell, Ave Maria Lane, 1804)
- [Hill, Elizabeth, ed.] *The Poetical Monitor: Consisting of Pieces Select and Original, for the Improvement of the Young in Virtue and Piety: Intended to Succeed Dr Watts' Divine and Moral Songs* (London: for the Shakespear[e]'s-Walk Female Charity-school by T. N. Longman, J.
- Jackson, Margaret. *Extracts from Letters and other Pieces, written by Margaret Jackson, During her Last Illness* (Dublin: printed by Bentham and Gardiner, sold in London by Harvey and Dutton, 1824)
- Jackson, Rachel Maria. *Memoranda of Rachel Maria Jackson: with Extracts from some of her Letters*, compiled by Martha Wright (Dublin: Robert Chapman, 1854)
- Jenkins, James. *The Records and Recollections of James Jenkins Respecting Himself and Others from 1761 to 1821*, ed. by J. William Frost, Texts and Studies in Religion Series, XIII (New York: Edward Mellen, 1984)
- Jesup, Lucy. *Extracts from the Papers and Letters of Lucy Jesup* (Sudbury: Wright and Gilbert, 1858)
- Jesup, Maria. *Extracts from the Memoranda and Letters of Maria Jesup, late of Halstead in Essex; with a Short Account of her Last Illness and Death: also a few extracts from the papers of her younger sister, Marianne King* (York: W. Alexander, [n.d.]), Johnson, C. Dilly and A. Cleugh, 1796)
- Johnson, Samuel. 'On the Death of Dr. Robert Levet' in *The Yale Edition of the Works of Samuel Johnson*, 16 vols to date (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1958-), VI: *Poems*, ed. by E. L. McAdam Jr. with George Milne (1964)
- \_\_\_\_\_. *Lives of the English Poets*, 3 vols, ed. by George Birkbeck Hill (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1905; 1968 repr.)

- Jones, Rebecca. *Memorials of Rebecca Jones*, comp. by William J. Allinson, 2nd edn (London and Philadelphia: Charles Gilpin and Henry Longstreth, 1849)
- Labouchere, Rachel. *Abiah Darby, 1716-1793, of Coalbrookdale, Wife of Abraham Darby II* (York: William Sessions, 1988)
- \_\_\_\_\_. *Deborah Darby of Coalbrookdale, 1754-1810* (York: William Sessions, 1993)
- Leadbeater, Mary [Shackleton]. *Poems, to which is prefixed her Translation of the Thirteenth Book of the AENEID with the Latin original, written in the fifteenth century by Maffaeus* (Dublin: Martin Keene; London: Longman, Hurst, Rees and Orme, 1808)
- \_\_\_\_\_. *Biographical Notices of Members of the Society of Friends who were resident in Ireland in 1823* (London: Harvey and Dutton, 1823)
- [\_\_\_\_]. *The Leadbeater Papers*, 2<sup>nd</sup> edn, 2 vols (London: Bell and Daldy, 1862)
- Lickbarrow, Isabella. *Poetical Effusions* (Kendal: M. Branthwaite, 1814) (Available on internet via British Women Romantic Poets Project, University of California, Davis.)
- Lister, Anne. *I Know My Own Heart: The Diaries of Anne Lister, 1791-1840*, ed. by Helena Whitbread (London: Virago, 1988)
- Little, Janet. 'Halloween' in *The Poetical Works of Janet Little, The Scotch Milkmaid* (Air: John and Peter Wilson, 1792) (Available on internet via British Women Romantic Poets Project, University of California, Davis.)
- Littleboy, Sarah. *The Memoranda relating to the late Sarah Littleboy of Boxwells, Great Berkhamstead with Selections from her Poetry and Manuscripts* (London: R. Barrett, 1873)
- Locke, John. *An Essay Concerning Human Understanding* (London: Ward, Lock and Co, [n.d.])
- St Macarius the Great. *Spiritual Homilies*:  
*Primitive Morality: or, the Spiritual Homilies of St Macarius the Egyptian . . . Done out of Greek into English, with several considerable emendations, and some enlargements from a Bodleian manuscript, never before printed, by 'A Presbyter of the Church of England'* (London: W. Taylor, W. and J. Innys, 1721)  
 in John Wesley, *A Christian Library consisting of Extracts and Abridgements of the Choicest Pieces of Practical Divinity, which have been published in the English Tongue. In Thirty Volumes.* (London: T. Blanshard, 1819-1827), I (1819) [first pub. 50 vols, 1750]  
*Fifty Spiritual Homilies of St. Macarius the Egyptian*, ed. by A. J. Mason, D.D. (London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 1921)
- Malton, James. *A Picturesque and Descriptive View of the City of Dublin*, reproduced from the edition of 1799 (Dublin: Dolmen Press, 1978)
- Mandeville, Bernard. *The Fable of the Bees: or, Private Vices, Publick Benefits* (1714), ed. by F. B. Kaye, 2 vols (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1924), I
- Maxwell, Caroline. *Feudal Tales, being a collection of Romantic Narratives, and Other Poems* (London: printed for T. Hookman and E. T. Hookman, 1810) (Available on internet via British Women Romantic Poets Project, University of California, Davis.)
- Melville, Herman. *Moby Dick* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1988 [1851])
- Milne Day, Esther, 'Evening. An Elegy. Finished on reading the melancholy Separation of the Dauphin from the Queen of France' in *Poems and other Fugitive Pieces by Eliza* (Edinburgh and London: W. Bulmer, 1796) (Available on internet via British Women Romantic Poets Project, University of California, Davis.)
- Milton, John. *Paradise Lost* (1667), ed. by Alastair Fowler, 2<sup>nd</sup> edn (London and New York: Longman, 1998)
- Mitchell, Mary. *A Short Account of the early part of the Life of Mary Mitchell, late of Nantucket, deceased, written by herself. With Selections from Some Other of her Writings; and Two Testimonies of Monthly Meetings of Friends on Rhode-Island and Nantucket, concerning her* (New Bedford: printed for Abraham Shearman, 1812)
- Molinos, Miguel de. *The Spiritual Guide* (1665):  
*The Spiritual Guide which Disentangles the Soul, and brings it by the Inward Way, to the Getting of Perfect Contemplation, and the Rich Treasure of Internal Peace*, trans. from the Italian (Venice: [n.pub.], 1685)  
*The Spiritual Guide, which leads, by the inward way, through the veil, to perfect contemplation, and to the rich treasure of internal peace*, trans. by C. Cayley (Leeds: repr. Dublin by John Gough, 20 Meath St, 1798)  
*Golden Thoughts from 'The Spiritual Guide' of Miguel Molinos, the Quietist*, prefaced by J. Henry Shorthouse (Glasgow: David Bryce, 1883)

- Mollineux, Mary. *Fruits of Retirement: or Miscellaneous Poems Moral and Divine, being Contemplations, Letters, etc, written on a variety of subjects and occasions*, 5<sup>th</sup> edn (London: Luke Hinde, 1761 [1702])
- Montagu, Mary Wortley. 'Song', or 'A Receipt to Cure the Vapours' (1748), in *Lady Mary Wortley Montagu: Essays and Poems and Simplicity, A Comedy*, ed. by Robert Halsband and Isobel Grundy (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1977; repr. 1993)
- Montaigne, Michel de. 'On the Affection of Fathers for their Children', 'On Affectionate Relationships', 'On Presumption' in *The Essays of Michel de Montaigne*, trans. and ed. by M. A. Screech (London, Allen Lane: Penguin, 1991 [1987])
- More, Hannah. *Slavery, A Poem* (1788), in Kitson, Peter J. and Debbie Lee, general eds. *Slavery, Abolition and Emancipation: Writings in the British Romantic Period*, 6 vols (London: Pickering and Chatto, 1999), IV: Verse, ed. by Alan Richardson
- \_\_\_\_\_. *Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education with a View of the Principles and Conduct prevalent among Women of Rank and Fortune*, 3<sup>rd</sup> edn, 2 vols (London: T. Cadell Jun. and W. Davies, 1799; repr. Oxford and New York: Woodstock Books, 1995)
- \_\_\_\_\_. *Selected Writings of Hannah More*, ed. by Robert Hole (London: William Pickering, 1996)
- Nayler, James. *A Collection of Sundry Books, Epistles and Papers written by James Nayler, Some of which were never before Printed. With an Impartial Relation of the Most Remarkable Transactions Relating to his Life* (London: J. Sowle, 1716)
- Pope, Alexander. *An Essay on Criticism, An Essay on Man, Windsor-Forest, The Rape of the Lock, Imitations of Horace, The Dunciad* in *The Poems of Alexander Pope*, one-volume edn. of the Twickenham Text, ed. by John Butt (London: Methurn, 1963)
- Rathbone, Hannah Mary. *Letters of Richard Reynolds with a Memoir of his Life, by his granddaughter, Hannah Mary Rathbone, Author of "The Diary of Lady Willoughby."* (London: Charles Gilpin, 1852)
- Rathbone, William. *A Narrative of Events, that have lately taken place in Ireland among the Society called Quakers; with Corresponding Documents, and Occasional Observations* (London: J. Johnson, 1804)
- Richardson, Samuel. *Clarissa or, The History of a Young Lady*, 8 vols (Oxford: Shakespeare Head Press, 1930)
- Routh, Martha. *Memoir of the Life, Travels, and Religious Experience, of Martha Routh, Written by Herself, or Compiled from her own Narrative* (York: W. Alexander, 1824)
- Sands, David. *Journal of the Life and Gospel Labours of David Sands with Extracts from his Correspondence* (London: Charles Gilpin and Edward Marsh, 1848)
- Scattergood, Thomas. *Memoir of Thomas Scattergood*, ed. by William and Thomas Evans (London: C. Gilpin, 1845)
- Shaftesbury, Anthony Ashley Cooper, third Earl of Shaftesbury. *Characteristicks of Men, Manners, Opinions, Times* (1711), ed. by Philip Ayres, 2 vols (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1999), I
- Shelley, Percy Bysshe. 'The Sensitive Plant' (1820) in *The Complete Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, ed. by Thomas Hutchinson (London: Oxford University Press, 1905; repr. 1965)
- Smelt, Caroline Elizabeth. *Memoirs of the Life of Caroline Elizabeth Smelt who died on the 21<sup>st</sup> September, 1817, in the city of Augusta, Georgia, in the 17<sup>th</sup> year of her age, compiled from authentic papers, furnished by her friends, and published at their request by Moses Wadel D D* (New York: printed Dublin; repr. C. Bentham, 50 Stephen Street, 1819)
- Smith, Sydney. 'Edgeworth on Bulls', *Edinburgh Review* 1803, in *The Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith: including his contributions to the Edinburgh Review*, 2 vols (London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans and Roberts, 1859), I, 69-71
- Sterne, Laurence. *A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy* (1768), ed. by Graham Petrie (London: Penguin, 1967; repr. 1986)
- Thomson, James. *The Seasons* (1726-46) in *The Complete Poetical Works of James Thomson*, ed. by J. Logie Robertson (London: Oxford University Press, 1908; repr. 1961)
- Wakefield, Edward. *An Account of Ireland Statistical and Political*, 2 vols (London: Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme and Brown, 1812)
- Warburton J., J. Whitelaw, R. Walsh, *History of the City of Dublin from the earliest Accounts to the Present Time*, 2 vols (Dublin: T. Cadell and W. Davies, 1818)
- Waring, Mary. *A Diary of the Religious Experience of Mary Waring, daughter of Elijah and Sarah Waring: late of Godalming* (London: William Phillips, 1809)

- Wight, Thomas and John Ratty. *History of the Rise and Progress of the People called Quakers in Ireland from the Year 1653 to 1700* (Dublin: L. Jackson, 1751)
- Wilkinson, Thomas. *An Appeal to England, on Behalf of the Abused Africans, A Poem* (London: James Philips, 1789)
- Wollstonecraft, Mary. *Mary, a Fiction* (London: Joseph Johnson, 1788) in *The Works of Mary Wollstonecraft*, ed. by Janet Todd and Marilyn Butler, 7 vols (London: Pickering and Chatto, 1989), 1
- Wordsworth, William. Preface to *Lyrical Ballads*, in *The Prose Works of William Wordsworth*, ed. by W. J. B. Owen and Jane Worthington Smyser, 3 vols (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1974), I
- Young, Elizabeth. *Christian Experience of Elizabeth Young, A Member of the Society of Friends, written by herself* (London: Harvey and Dutton, 1853)

## COLLECTIONS AND ANTHOLOGIES

- Armitage, Evelyn Noble, ed. *The Quaker Poets of Great Britain and Ireland* (London: William Andrews, 1896)
- Bacon, Margaret Hope, ed. *Wilt Thou Go On My Errand? Three 18th Century Journals of Quaker Women Ministers: Susanna Morris 1682-1755, Elizabeth Hudson 1722-1783, Ann Moore 1710-1783* (Wallingford, Pennsylvania: Pendle Hill Publications, 1994)
- Breen, Jennifer, ed. *Women Romantics 1785-1832: Writing in Prose* (London: J. M. Dent, 1996)
- Byrne, Lavinia, ed. *The Hidden Tradition: Women's Spiritual Writings Rediscovered* (London: SPCK, 1991)
- Graham, Elspeth, Hilary Hinds, Elaine Hobby, Helen Wilcox, eds. *Her Own Life: Autobiographical Writings by Seventeenth-Century Englishwomen* (London: Routledge, 1989)
- Jain, Nalini and John Richardson, eds. *Eighteenth-Century English Poetry, the Annotated Anthology* (Hemel Hempstead: Harvester Wheatsheaf, 1994)
- Jones, Vivien, ed. *Women in the Eighteenth Century: Constructions of Femininity* (London and New York: Routledge, 1990)
- Kitson, Peter J. and Debbie Lee, general eds. *Slavery, Abolition and Emancipation: Writings in the British Romantic Period*, 6 vols (London: Pickering and Chatto, 1999), IV: Verse, ed. by Alan Richardson
- Lonsdale, Roger, ed. *The New Oxford Book of Eighteenth-Century Verse* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1984)
- \_\_\_\_\_, ed. *Eighteenth-Century Women Poets* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1990)
- Luddy, Maria. *Women In Ireland, 1800-1918: A Documentary History* (Cork: Cork University Press, 1995)
- Pakenham, Thomas and Valerie, eds. *Dublin: A Traveller's Companion* (London; Constable, 1988)
- Price, Martin, ed. *The Restoration and the Eighteenth Century* (London: Oxford University Press, 1973)

## SECONDARY SOURCES

- Alton, Edwin H. 'An Eighteenth Century Quaker Poet: John Marriott 1762-1797', *The Journal of The Friends' Historical Society*, 52 (1968-71), 292-306
- Anderson, Howard, Philip B. Daglian and Irvin Ehrenpreis, eds. *The Familiar Letter in the Eighteenth Century* (Lawrence and London: University Press of Kansas, 1968)
- Andreadis, Harriette. 'The Erotics of Female Friendship in Early Modern England' in *Maids and Mistresses, Cousins and Queens: Women's Alliances in Early Modern England*, ed. by Susan Frye and Karen Robertson (New York and Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1999)
- \_\_\_\_\_. 'The Sapphic-Platonics of Katherine Philips, 1632-1664', *Signs*, 15:1 (1989), 34-60
- Anstey, Roger. *The Atlantic Slave Trade and British Abolition 1760-1810* (London: Macmillan, 1975)
- Ashton, T. S. *An Eighteenth-Century Industrialist: Peter Stubs of Warrington 1756-1806* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1939)

- Babuscio, Jack and Richard Minta Dunn. *European Political Facts 1648-1789* (London: Macmillan, 1984)
- Bacon, Margaret Hope. 'An International Sisterhood: Eighteenth-century Quaker Women in Overseas Ministry', *Friends Quarterly*, 28 no.5 (1995), 193-206
- Barash, Carol. *English Women's Poetry, 1649-1714: Politics, Community, and Linguistic Authority* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1996)
- Barbour, Hugh. 'Quaker Prophetesses and Mothers in Israel', in *The Influence of Quaker Women on American History: Biographical Studies*, ed. by Carol and John Stoneburner, *Studies in Women and Religion*, XXI (Lewiston and Queenston: Edwin Mellen Press, 1986)
- Beakbane, Renault. *Beakbane of Lancaster: A Study of a Quaker Family* (Kidderminster: Ken Tomkinson, 1977)
- Beamish, Lucia. 'The Silent Century: Quaker Ministry from 1750-1850', *Friends Quarterly*, 15 no.8 (1967), 386-95
- Bellamy, Liz. *Commerce, Morality and the Eighteenth-Century Novel* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1998)
- Blanc, Olivier. *Last Letters: Prisons and Prisoners of the French Revolution 1793-1794*, trans. Alan Sheridan (London: André Deutsch, 1987)
- Brailsford, Mabel R. *Quaker Women 1650-1690* (London: Duckworth, 1915)
- Braithwaite, William C. *The Beginnings of Quakerism*, 2<sup>nd</sup> edn (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1955; [London: Macmillan, 1812])
- \_\_\_\_\_. *The Second Period of Quakerism*, 2<sup>nd</sup> edn (York: William Sessions, 1979; [London: Macmillan, 1919])
- Brinton, Howard H. *Quaker Journals: Varieties of Religious Experience Among Friends* (Wallingford, Pennsylvania: Pendle Hill Publications, 1972)
- Brodie, James and Audrey Brodie, eds. 'New England Quaker Whalers on the New Zealand Whaling Grounds 1804-1840', in *Seeking a New Land: Quakers in New Zealand, A volume of biographical sketches*, Quaker Historical Manuscripts No.3 (Wellington: Beechtree Press for New Zealand Yearly Meeting, 1993)
- Brown, Elisabeth Potts and Susan Mosher Stuard, eds. *Witnesses for Change: Quaker Women over Three Centuries* (New Brunswick and London: Rutgers University Press, 1989)
- Bullard, John M. *The Rotches* (New Bedford: [n.pub.], 1947)
- Burke, Helen. *The Royal Hospital Donnybrook: A Heritage of Caring 1743-1993* (Dublin: Royal Hospital Donnybrook and The Social Science Research Centre, University College, Dublin, 1993)
- Burnett, John. *A History of the Cost of Living* (Middlesex: Penguin Books, 1969)
- Campbell, Ted. *The Religion of the Heart: A Study of European Religious Life in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries* (Columbia: University of South Carolina Press, 1991)
- Cosslett, Tess. *Woman to Woman: Female Friendship in Victorian Fiction* (Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey: Humanities Press International, 1988)
- Cox, Jeffrey N. *Poetry and Politics in the Cockney School: Keats, Shelley, Hunt and their Circle* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1998)
- Crawford, Patricia. 'Women's published writings 1600-1700' in *Women in English Society 1500-1800*, ed. by Mary Prior (London and New York: Methuen, 1985)
- \_\_\_\_\_. *Women and Religion in England 1500-1720* (London and New York: Routledge, 1993)
- Cullen, L. M. *An Economic History of Ireland since 1660* (London: Batsford, 1972)
- \_\_\_\_\_. *Life in Ireland* (London: Batsford 1968)
- \_\_\_\_\_. *Princes and Pirates, the Dublin Chamber of Commerce, 1783-1983* (Dublin: Dublin Chamber of Commerce, 1983)
- Dalgairns, J. D. *Lives of English Saints: St. Aelred of Rivaux* (London: James Toovey, 1845)
- Davidoff, Leonore and Catherine Hall. *Family Fortunes: Men and women of the English middle class 1780-1850* (London: Routledge, 1992)
- Davidson, Phebe. *Religious Impulse in Selected Autobiographies of American Women (C. 1630-1893): Uses of the Spirit*, *Studies in Women and Religion*, XXXIII (Lewiston, Queenston and Lampeter: Edwin Mellen, 1993)
- Davies, Kate. 'A Moral Purchase: Femininity, Commerce and Abolition 1788-1792' in *Women, Writing and the Public Sphere, 1700-1830*, ed. by Elizabeth Eger et al (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2001)
- Dickson, Mora. *Teacher Extraordinary: Joseph Lancaster* (Lewis, Sussex: Bookguild, 1986)



- Donoghue, Emma. *Passions Between Women: British Lesbian Culture 1668-1801* (London: Scarlet Press, 1993)
- Doody, Margaret Anne. 'Women Poets of the Eighteenth Century', in *Women and Literature in Britain 1700-1800*, ed. by Vivien Jones (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2000)
- Dwyer, John. 'The Melancholy Savage: Text and Context in the Poems of Ossian', in *Ossian Revisited*, ed. by Howard Gaskill (Edinburgh: Edinburgh Press, 1991)
- Edkins, Carol. 'Quest for Community: Spiritual Autobiographies of Eighteenth-Century Quaker and Puritan Women in America', in *Womens Autobiography: Essays in Criticism*, ed. by Estelle C. Jelinek (Bloomington and London: Indiana University Press, 1980; UMI repr.)
- Eldridge, John and Lizzie Eldridge. *Raymond Williams: Making connections* (London and New York: Routledge, 1994)
- Elfenbein, Andrew. *Romantic Genius: The Prehistory of a Homosexual Role* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1999)
- Ellis, Markman. *The Politics of Sensibility: Race, Gender and Commerce in the Sentimental Novel* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1996)
- Emden, Paul H. *Quakers in Commerce: A Record of Business Achievement* (London: Sampson Low, Marston, 1939)
- Ezell, Margaret J. M. *The Patriarch's Wife: Literary Evidence and the History of the Family* (Chapel Hill and London: University of North Carolina Press, 1987)
- Faderman, Lillian. *Surpassing the Love of Men: Romantic Friendship and Love between Women from the Renaissance to the Present*, 3<sup>rd</sup> edn (London: Women's Press, 1985; [New York: William Morrow, 1981])
- Ferguson, Moira. *Subject to Others: British Women Writers and Colonial Slavery 1670-1834* (London: Routledge, 1992)
- Fiorenza, Elizabeth Schüssler. *Discipleship of Equals: A Critical Feminist Ekklesia-logy of Liberation* (London: SCM, 1993)
- \_\_\_\_\_. *In Memory of Her: A Feminist Theological Reconstruction of Christian Origins* (London: SCM, 1983)
- Foster, J., ed. *Alumni Oxonienses: The Members of the University of Oxford, 1715-1886: Their Parentage, Birthplace, and Year of Birth, With a Record of their Degrees* (Oxford and London: James Parker, 1891)
- Fry, Peter and Fiona Somerset. *A History of Ireland* (London: Routledge, 1988)
- Godlee, Mary Jane. 'The Women's Yearly Meeting', in *London Yearly Meeting During 250 Years* (London: Society of Friends, 1919)
- Goodbody, Olive C. 'Irish Quaker Diaries', *The Journal of the Friends' Historical Society* 5 (1962-64), 51-64
- Gorman, George H. *Introducing Quakers* (London: Quaker Home Service, 1969; repr. 1981)
- Green, Patrick. *Norton Priory* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1989)
- Grubb, Isabel. *Quakers in Ireland 1654-1900* (London: Swarthmore Press, 1927)
- Grubb, Mollie. 'Abraham Shackleton and the Irish Separation of 1797-1803', *The Journal of the Friends' Historical Society*, 56 (1993), 261-71
- Habermas, Jürgen. *The Structural Transformation of the Public Sphere: an Inquiry into a Category of Bourgeois Society*, trans. by Thomas Burger (Cambridge: Polity Press, 1989)
- Hammons, Pamela. 'Despised Creatures: The Illusion of Maternal Self-Effacement in Seventeenth-Century Child Loss Poetry', *English Literary History*, 66/1 (Spring 1999), 25-49
- Hampson, Daphne. *Theology and Feminism* (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1990)
- Harrison, Richard S. *A Biographical Dictionary of Irish Quakers* (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 1997)
- \_\_\_\_\_. *Richard Davis Webb: Dublin Quaker Printer 1805-1872* (Skeagh, Co. Cork: Red Barn Publishing, 1993)
- Harrowden, Jean. *Origins of Festivals and Feasts* (Whitstable, Kent: Pryor, 1996)
- Harvey, Paul, ed. *The Oxford Companion to English Literature*, 4th edn, rev. Dorothy Eagle (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1967; repr. 1978 [1932])
- Heilbrun, Carolyn G. *Writing a Woman's Life* (London: Women's Press, 1989 [1988])
- Hewitt, Nancy. 'The Fragmentation of Friends: The Consequences for Quaker Women in Antebellum America' in Brown, Elisabeth Potts and Susan Mosher Stuard, eds. *Witnesses for Change: Quaker Women over Three Centuries* (New Brunswick and London: Rutgers University Press, 1989)

- Hinds, Hilary. 'Seventeenth-century Quaker women: out on their own?', *Journal of Woodbrooke College* (Conference Special Issue: *Our Quaker Foremothers*), Issue No. 6, Winter 1994/5
- Hobby, Elaine. *Virtue of Necessity: English Women's Writing 1646-88* (London: Virago, 1988)
- Hoste, Anselme. *Bibliotheca Aelrediana, A Survey of the Manuscripts, Old Catalogues, Editions and Studies concerning St. Aelred of Rievaulx* (Steenbrugis in Abbatia Sancti Petri: Martinus Nijhoff, Hagae Comitum, 1962)
- Isichei, Elizabeth. *Victorian Quakers* (London: Oxford University Press, 1970)
- Jackson, J. R. de J. *Romantic Poetry by Women: A Bibliography 1770-1835* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1993)
- Jelinek, Estelle C., ed. 'Women's Autobiography and the Male Tradition' in *Women's Autobiography: Essays in Criticism* (Bloomington and London: Indiana University Press, 1980; UMI repr.)
- Jennings, Judith. *The Business of Abolishing the British Slave Trade 1783-1807* (London: Frank Cass, 1997)
- Johnson, Dale A. *Women in English Religion 1700-1925*, Studies in Religion Series, XX (New York: Edwin Mellen Press, 1983)
- Jones, Rufus M. *The Faith and Practice of the Quakers* (London: Methuen, 1944 [1927])  
 \_\_\_\_\_. *The Later Periods of Quakerism*, 2 vols (London: Macmillan, 1921)
- Jones, Vivien, ed. *Women and Literature in Britain 1700-1800* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2000)
- Kee, Robert. *The Green Flag*, 3 vols (London: Quartet Books, 1976), I, *The Most Distressful Country*
- Kelly, Gary. *Women, Writing, and Revolution 1790-1827* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1993)
- Kerber, Linda K. 'Separate Spheres, Female Worlds, Woman's Place: The Rhetoric of Women's History', *Journal of American History*, 75.1 (1988), 9-39
- King, Ursula. *Women and Spirituality: Voices of Protest & Promise* (London: Macmillan, 1989)
- Klancher, Jon P. *The Making of English Reading Audiences, 1790-1832* (Madison, Wisconsin and London: University of Wisconsin Press, 1987)
- Kowaleski-Wallace, Elizabeth. *Consuming Subjects: Women, Shopping, and Business in the Eighteenth-Century* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1997)
- Lanser, Susan S. 'Befriending the Body: Female Intimacies as Class Acts', *Eighteenth-Century Studies*, 32:2 (1998-99), 179-98
- Lecky, W. E. H. *A History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*, abridged, introduced by I. P. Curtis Jnr (Chicago and London: Chicago Press, 1972; [orig. 5 vols, London: Longman 1892])
- Louth, Andrew. *The Origins of the Christian Mystical Tradition From Plato to Denys* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1981)
- Luddy, Maria. *Women and Philanthropy in Nineteenth-Century Ireland* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1995)
- Mack, Phyllis. *Visionary Women: Ecstatic Prophecy in Seventeenth-Century England* (Berkeley, Los Angeles and London: University of California Press, 1992)  
 \_\_\_\_\_. 'In a Female Voice: Preaching and Politics in Eighteenth-Century British Quakerism' in *Women Preachers and Prophets through Two Millennia of Christianity*, ed. by Beverly Mayne Kienzle and Pamela J. Walker (Berkeley and London: University of California Press, 1998)
- Maples Dunn, Mary. 'Saints and Sisters: Congregational and Quaker Women in the Early Colonial Period', *American Quarterly*, 30 (1978), 582-601
- Maxwell, Constantia. *Dublin under the Georges 1714-1830* (Dublin: G. Harrap, 1936)
- McGann, Jerome. *The Poetics of Sensibility: A Revolution in Literary Style* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1996)
- McGinn, Bernard. *The Foundations of Mysticism: Origins to the Fifth Century* (London: SCM Press, 1992)  
 \_\_\_\_\_. *The Growth of Mysticism, from Gregory the Great to the Twelfth Century* (London: SCM Press, 1994)
- McKay, Ken. *The Rotches of Castle Hall* (Milford Haven: Gulf Oil, 1996)
- Mellor, Anne K. *Romanticism and Gender* (London and New York: Routledge, 1993)

- Mellor, Anne K. 'Romanticism, gender and three women artists', in *The Consumption of Culture 1600-1800: Image, Object, Text*, ed. by Ann Bermingham and John Brewer (London and New York: Routledge, 1995)
- \_\_\_\_\_. 'The Female Poet and the Poetess: Two Traditions of British Women's Poetry, 1780-1830', in *Women's Poetry in the Enlightenment: The Making of a Canon, 1730-1820*, ed. by Isobel Armstrong and Virginia Blain (Basingstoke and London: Macmillan Press and New York: St. Martin's Press, 1999)
- Midgley, Clare. *Women Against Slavery: The British Campaigns, 1780-1870* (London and New York: Routledge, 1992)
- Milne, Kenneth. *The Irish Charter Schools 1730-1830* (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 1997)
- Moore, Lisa. "Something More Tender still than Friendship": Romantic Friendship in Early-Nineteenth-Century England', *Feminist Studies*, 18:3 (1992), 467-97.
- Mortimer, Jean. 'Quaker Women in the Eighteenth Century: Opportunities and Constraints', *The Journal of the Friends' Historical Society*, 57 (1994-96), 228-259
- Murphy, Peter T. 'Climbing Parnassus, and Falling Off', in *At the Limits of Romanticism: Essays in Cultural, Feminist and Materialist Criticism*, ed. by Mary A. Favret and Nicola J. Watson (Bloomington and Indianapolis: Indiana University Press, 1994)
- Newhouse, Neville H. 'The Irish Separation of 1800: A Lesson for 1971?', Parts I and II, *Friends Quarterly* (1971), 123-129 and 169-180
- \_\_\_\_\_. 'Seeking God's Will: A Monthly Meeting at Work in 1804', *The Journal of the Friends' Historical Society*, 56 (1990-93), 227-243
- Norton, Mary Beth and Ruth M. Alexander, eds. *Major Problems in American Women's History* (Lexington, MA: D. C. Heath, 1989 [2<sup>nd</sup> edn 1996])
- Nuttall, A. D. *Overheard by God: Fiction and Prayer in Herbert, Milton, Dante and St John* (London and New York: Methuen, 1980)
- Pakenham, Thomas. *The Year of Liberty: The History of the Great Irish Rebellion of 1798*, 3<sup>rd</sup> edn (London: Orion Books, 1992; Phoenix repr.)
- Penderill-Church, John. *William Cookworthy 1705-1780, A Study of the Pioneer of True Porcelain Manufacture in England* (Truro: Bradford Barton, 1972)
- Philbrick, Nathaniel. *In the Heart of the Sea* (London: Harper Collins, 2000)
- Pomerleau, Cynthia S. 'The Emergence of Women's Autobiography in England', in *Women's Autobiography: Essays in Criticism*, ed. by Estelle C. Jelinek (Bloomington and London: Indiana University Press, 1980; UMI repr.)
- Powicke, F. M. *Aelred of Rievaulx and his biographer Walter Daniel* (London: Longman, Green, 1922)
- Prochaska, F. K. *Women and Philanthropy in Nineteenth-Century England* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1980)
- Punshon, John. *Portrait in Grey: A Short History of the Quakers* (London: Quaker Home Service, 1984; repr. 1991)
- Quaker Faith and Practice* (London: The Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) in Britain, 1995)
- Quane, M. 'Quaker Schools in Dublin', *Journal of Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland*, 94 Part I (1964), 1-66
- Raistrick, Arthur. *Quakers in Science and Industry: being an Account of the Quaker Contributions to Science and Industry during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries*, 2<sup>nd</sup> edn (Newton Abbot, Devon: David and Charles (Holdings), 1968; [London: Bannisdale Press, 1950])
- Ransford, Oliver. *The Slave Trade* (London: John Murray, 1971)
- Rees, T. Mardy. *A History of the Quakers in Wales and their Emigration to North America* (Carmarthen: W. Spurrell and Son, 1925)
- Rice, Duncan C. *The Rise and Fall of Black Slavery* (London: Macmillan, 1975)
- Rich, Adrienne. 'Compulsory Heterosexuality and Lesbian Existence', *Signs*, 5:4 (Summer 1980), 631-60
- Richardson, Alan. *Literature, Education, and Romanticism: Reading as Social Practice, 1780-1832* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1994)
- Ricks, Christopher. *Keats and Embarrassment* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1974)
- Rizzo, Betty. *Companions Without Vows: Relationships Among Eighteenth-Century British Women* (Athens, Georgia: University of Georgia Press, 1994)
- Roberts, Evelyn. *Louisa: Memories of a Quaker Childhood* (London: Friends Home Service Committee, 1970)

- Rodgers, Nini. 'Two Quakers and a Utilitarian: The Reaction of Three Irish Women Writers to the Problem of Slavery, 1789-1807' in *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy*, 100C, 4 (2000), 137-57
- Ross, Isabel. *Margaret Fell: Mother of Quakerism*, 2<sup>nd</sup> edn, ed. by Edward H. Milligan and Malcolm J. Thomas (York: Sessions, 1984 [London: Longmans, Green, 1949])
- Roworth, Wendy Wassying. *Angelica Kauffmann: A Continental Artist in Georgian England* (London: Reaktion Books, 1992)
- Ruether, Rosemary Radford. *Womanguides: Readings Toward a Feminist Theology* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1985)
- Rule, John. *The Vital Century: England's Developing Economy 1714-1815* (London: Longman, 1992)
- Sachs, Arieh. *Passionate Intelligence: Imagination and Reason in the Work of Samuel Johnson* (Baltimore, Maryland: Johns Hopkins Press, 1967)
- Saguaro, Shelley, ed. *Psychoanalysis and Woman: a reader* (Basingstoke, Hampshire and London: Macmillan, 2000)
- Skinner, Gillian. *Sensibility and Economics in the Novel, 1740-1800: The Price of a Tear* (Basingstoke: Macmillan Press, 1999)
- Scott, Janet. 'Women in the Society of Friends', in *A Quaker Miscellany for Edward H. Milligan*, ed. by David Blamires, Jeremy Greenwood and Alex Kerr (Ashford, Kent: Headley Brothers, Invicta Press, 1985)
- Skidmore, Gil. 'Old Matter opened in New Life: A Historical Introduction to Ministry in Meeting for Worship', *Friends Quarterly*, 27 no.2 (1992), 49-63
- Smith-Rosenberg, Carroll. 'The Female World of Love and Ritual: Relations between Women in Nineteenth-century America', *Signs*, 1.1 (1975), 1-29
- Stackpole, Edouard A. *Whales and Destiny* (Massachusetts: University of Massachusetts Press, 1972)
- Stafford, Fiona J. *The Sublime Savage: James Macpherson and the Poems of Ossian* (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 1988)
- Stanley, Liz. 'Epistemological Issues in Researching Lesbian History: The Case of Romantic Friendship', in *Working Out: New Directions for Women's Studies*, ed. by Hilary Hinds, Ann Phoenix and Jackie Stacey (London and Bristol, USA: Falmer Press, 1992)
- Starkey, H. F. *Old Runcorn* (Halton: Halton Borough Council, Mail Book Publishing, 1990)
- Stephen, Leslie. *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, 2 vols (New York: Peter Smith, 1949), 1 (1949)
- Stone, Lawrence. *Family, Sex, and Marriage in England 1500-1800* (New York: Harper and Row, 1977)
- Stoneburner, Carol and John, eds. *The Influence of Quaker Women on American History: Biographical Studies*, Studies in Women and Religion, XXI (Lewiston and Queenston: Edwin Mellen Press, 1986)
- Sutherland, James. *A Preface to Eighteenth-Century Poetry* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1948)
- Tarter, Michele Lise. 'Quaking in the Light: The Politics of Quaker Women's Corporeal Prophecy in the Seventeenth-Century Transatlantic World' in *A Centre of Wonders: The Body in Early America*, ed. by Janet Moore Lindman and Michele Lise Tarter (Ithaca and London: Cornell University Press, 2001)
- Teakle, Josephine. 'Inwardness and Outwardness: Quietism and Evangelicalism in the Life of Mary Birkett Card, 1774-1817', *Quaker Studies* 3.1 (1998): 71-81
- Thomas, Hugh. *The Slave Trade: The History of the Atlantic Slave Trade 1440-1870* (London: Picador, 1997)
- Todd, Janet. *Women's Friendship in Literature* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1980)
- \_\_\_\_\_. *Sensibility: An Introduction* (London: Methuen, 1986)
- \_\_\_\_\_. *The Sign of Angellica: Women, Writing and Fiction, 1660-1800* (London: Virago, 1989)
- Trevett, Christine. *Women and Quakerism in the 17<sup>th</sup> Century* (York: Sessions, 1991; repr. 1995)
- Uglow, Jennifer, ed. *Macmillan's Dictionary of Women's Biography*, 2<sup>nd</sup> edn (London: Macmillan, 1989)
- Vann, Richard T. and David Eversley. *Friends in Life and Death, The British and Irish Quakers in the Demographic Transition* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1992)
- Varney, Andrew. *Eighteenth-Century Writers in their World; A Mighty Maze* (Basingstoke: Macmillan, 1999)

- Vicinus, Martha. 'Distance and Desire: English Boarding School Friendships', *Signs*, 9:4 (1984), 600-22, and later adaptations in *Independent Women: Work and Community for Single Women 1850-1920* (London: Virago Press, 1985) and *Hidden from History: Reclaiming the Gay and Lesbian Past*, ed. by Martin Bauml Duberman, Martha Vicinus and George Chauncey JR. (London: Penguin, 1991[USA 1989])
- \_\_\_\_\_. "They Wonder to which Sex I Belong": The Historical Roots of the Modern Lesbian Identity', *Feminist Studies*, 18:3 (1992), 467-97
- \_\_\_\_\_, ed. *Lesbian Subjects: A Feminist Studies Reader* (Bloomington and Indianapolis: Indiana University Press, 1996)
- Vickery, Amanda. *The Gentleman's Daughter: Women's Lives in Georgian England* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1998)
- Walvin, James. *England, Slaves and Freedom, 1776-1838* (Basingstoke: Macmillan, 1986)
- \_\_\_\_\_. *The Quakers: Money and Morals* (London: John Murray, 1997)
- Wahl, Elizabeth. *Invisible Relations: Representations of Female Intimacy in the Age of Enlightenment* (Stanford, California: Stanford University Press, 1999)
- Welter, Barbara. 'The Cult of True Womanhood: 1820-1860', *American Quarterly*, 18 (1966), 151-174
- Wharton, T. F. *Samuel Johnson and the Theme of Hope* (London: Macmillan, 1984)
- Whitney, Janet. *Elizabeth Fry: Quaker Heroine* (London: George G. Harrap, 1937; repr. 1938)
- Wigham, Maurice J. *The Irish Quakers: A Short History of the Religious Society of Friends in Ireland* (Dublin: Historical Committee of the Religious Society of Friends in Ireland, 1992)
- Windsor, David Burns. *The Quaker Enterprise: Friends in Business* (London: Frederick Muler, 1980)
- Winskill, P. T., ed. *The Temperance Movement and its Workers*, 4 vols (London: Blackie, 1891), II
- Worrall, David. *Radical Culture* (Brighton: Harvester, 1992)
- Yolton, John W. *Locke: An Introduction* (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1985)