

An Eighteenth-Century Quaker Poet

John Marriott 1762-1797

EARLY Quakers did not condemn poetry as they condemned music; the latter was anathema but the former, perhaps because of the moral sentiments it was capable of expressing, was, if not encouraged, at least tolerated.

The subject of this study, John Marriott of Redyford (Readyford or Reediford), Lancashire, was born on September 23, 1762 at Clare Green, a comfortable house near the hamlet of Edgend, Little Marsden. The hamlet lies a mile or two S.W. of Colne, on the slopes of the wide valley that runs N.E. from Burnley, and looks across to the hill called Pendle, lying like a huge, stranded whale, the haunt of the Lancashire witches, from the top of which George Fox saw in what places the Lord "had a great people to be gathered".

Remarkable men have frequently had remarkable mothers, and John Marriott's was no exception. She was Tabitha, the third daughter of Richard and Susanna Ecroyd of Edgend, and was born at Lane House on September 2, 1724. As a young woman, Tabitha had a deep concern to visit Friends in their own meetings. Her first visit in this religious service was to Cumberland, in company with an older Friend, Sarah Taylor of Manchester. Tabitha continued this work for about eight years until her marriage in 1757 to Richard Marriott of Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, the son of Richard and Elizabeth Marriott of that town. The young couple lived in Mansfield for a short time before coming to Clare Green. Both Richard and Tabitha were active members of the Meeting at Marsden, the meeting house being but a few yards from their home. Richard's name appears frequently in the minute books of Marsden Preparative Meeting as a representative to monthly meeting.

Her growing family kept Tabitha at home, but whenever she could, she continued her travels "in the service of truth". Joseph Gurney Bevan has this to say of her;¹ "In private

¹ Joseph Gurney Bevan: *Piety Promoted in Brief Memorials and Dying Expressions of some of the Society of Friends* . . . London, 1810, p. 38.

life, she was an example of meekness and lowliness of heart . . . She seemed to aspire after total resignation to the will of the Lord, in all the dispensations of his providence to her . . . She was esteemed a deeply baptized, and powerful gospel minister; her deportment in the exercise of her gift was grave and comely, and her expression clear; and in supplication she appeared to be at times favoured with near access to the throne of grace."

Richard and Tabitha Marriott had two sons and a daughter. The first son was William, born on June 14, 1761, who became an active member of Marsden Meeting and whose name is frequently found in the minute books. The second son was John, the subject of this essay, born on September 23, 1762, also an active member of the Meeting. Like his brother he often attended monthly meeting as a representative of Marsden.

Tabitha, distinguished in the neighbourhood for her piety, was especially solicitous for the "improvement" and happiness of her children. John's cousin, Mary Camm, who edited the poet's letters and poems, and, presumably, wrote the short account of his life that introduces the volume, states that John had a "guarded and religious education" and this, no doubt, was supervised by his mother.

Both Richard and Tabitha Marriott died in the year 1786, the former on May 2. He was buried three days later in the burial ground adjoining Marsden Meeting House. In the Register of Burials he is described as a Yeoman. Tabitha died some months afterwards on September 7, aged 62 and was buried three days later, close to her husband. Their bodies lie in shallow graves, without headstones, beneath the lawns in front of the existing Meeting House which is the building in which they themselves worshipped.

The young John was a clever lad and seems to have had little trouble with his schooling. He was said to possess a considerable knowledge of Greek and Latin, although no details of his schooling are known. He was of a mild and amiable nature and gathered many friends around him, but he seems, too, to have had a serious and thoughtful turn of mind, and disappointments in later life heightened these traits. He owned a corn mill but spent much of his leisure time in his garden, many of the arbours of which were the

work of his own hands, and this perhaps gave rise to the idea that he was fond of landscape gardening.¹

At the time that Mary Camm was writing, at about the beginning of the nineteenth century, there remained a number of inscriptions which John had carved upon the trees in his "wilderness". His favourite walk was said to have been along the banks of Pendle Water near his home, and, says Henry Ecroyd Smith,² "one, if not more of the older trees, we believe, still retains the initials of his name, inscribed upon its trunk."

Even as a youth John seems to have possessed a poetic temperament, and later he showed quite a literary talent, but his poems were not seen in print until 1803, after he had been dead some years.³ The prefatory verses to the volume were composed by Thomas Binns of Liverpool.

John Marriott's early verse, never intended for publication, is innocent and somewhat naïve, tending towards sentiments of virtue and piety. It is obvious that he had read the English poets, and much that he wrote was strongly influenced by them or written in imitation of them. He apparently thought little of his writings and seems to have parted with them reluctantly. His poems, however, seem to have circulated amongst his friends and to have been copied. It was partly to preserve a correct version, and also for the "amusement and instruction of his acquaintance and others" that his verses were eventually printed.

In his early years John had a strong affection for his cousin, Martha Ecroyd, but close consanguinity prevented marriage. Most of the letters that have been preserved were addressed to her. Later he fell in love with Hannah Mary Reynolds, but it appears that she did not return his affection, and this unhappy love affair, it is believed, was the cause of the plaintive character of much of his verse, and of the melancholy of some of his letters.

¹ "John Marriott was not only a writer of verses but he shared also the eighteenth-century and Quaker passion for landscape gardening . . .", J. Travis Mills, *John Bright and the Quakers*, 1935, i.56 note.

² Henry Ecroyd Smith, *Annals of Smith of Cantley, Balby and Doncaster, County of York*, Privately printed, 1878.

³ *A Short Account of John Marriott, containing extracts from some of his Letters. To which are added, some of his Poetical Productions*, Doncaster, 1803. Although there are many volumes dating from the same period as this production in the library of Marsden Meeting, the writer has been unable to find in it a copy of this work. The letters, and the poems quoted in the second part of this paper are taken from this volume.

One love affair at least was consummated for in 1795 he married Ann Wilson, the eldest daughter of John Wilson of Preston Patrick. Most of the verse that has survived was written before he met his wife. John and Ann had two sons, Wilson, born in 1796, who had six daughters and died in Kendal in 1842, and John, named after his father, who was born in 1795 and who died the following year.

John's extant letters, dating from 1787 to 1797, were addressed chiefly to his cousin Martha Ecroyd; a few were to Esther Tuke and the remainder to un-named correspondents.

His melancholy turn of mind is shown in a letter dated March 5, 1787, written when he was 25 years old. In it he speaks of

a mind, deeply and frequently humbled; for, "remembering my affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall", my soul is frequently bowed within me.

At this time, too, he seems to have been conscious of spiritual barrenness for in the next year (1788) he wrote to an unnamed correspondent:

Instead of increasing in spiritual knowledge, I seem to grow poorer and poorer, more and more ignorant; and am often ready to fear, I shall, ere long, be numbered amongst those, who, though ever learning, are never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.

Yet he must have felt the presence of some power upon which he could draw, for later in the same letter he writes:

Yet I sometimes hope a secret support, though I see it not, is near me, or surely I should, before now, have quite despaired of reaching the promised land . . .

By the Third month of 1788 he seems to have been in a mood of depression:

. . . indeed, till a change takes place, he writes, I can deal in little but lamentation; that promise, "the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple," being so far from fulfilled in my experience, I seem farther in the situation of those, "who looked for the light, but behold obscurity for brightness, but they walked in darkness."

In Fourth Month, in another letter, he describes himself as:

. . . thy poor, doubtful friend, the gloom of whose winter seems rather to increase, the recollection of past troubles being still, at times, almost overwhelming.

In Fifth Month he feels that he should be able to offer comfort and solace to his correspondent, but adds:

. . . my mind is at present so depressed and impoverished, I am afraid I have it not in my power . . .

In October of the same year, still depressed in spirit, he writes:

As to myself, I continue just such a poor loiterer as I have long been; and I have been sensible to-day, that repeated baptisms are necessary for me: without them I am apt to grow thoughtless, and to neglect opportunities of retirement.

In another letter, dated the same month, he expresses concern about his occupations: "I have been sometimes thoughtful about the business it might be right for us to engage in." In the Fifth Month of the following year (1789) still on the same subject he writes:

I have noticed thy weighty and instructive remarks respecting business, I hope with a disposition to be profitted by them; but I am far from having come to any conclusion in my own mind."

In this same year he bewails the fact that he still does not feel the Spirit within him.

He is conscious of the temptations and distractions, not only of worldly concerns, but of the engrossing nature of what can be rightly considered as "lawful and laudable cares". He writes:

If even the lawful and laudable cares are, when suffered to engross the mind, as fatal to the growth of the word as the forbidden pleasures of life, what care is necessary! How rarely is multiplicity of business found with fervency of spirit! An increase of worldly care does certainly call for as great an increase in spiritual watchfulness. (Third Month 1790).

In Sixth Month 1791 he writes in a similar vein:

I am obliged to thee for thy hint; I believe there has been a considerable danger of the things of this world occupying too much of my attention, to the abating of those desires which ought to have pre-eminence . . .

In Fourth Month of the following year (1792) he hopes that his dear friend will continue to remind him of first things first.

Amidst the crowd of worldly concerns, with which I am surrounded, I feel it particularly necessary that the pure mind should be frequently stirred up by way of remembrance; and as this will always, I believe, be the effect of thy letters, unless it be my own fault, I hope thou wilt see the propriety of continuing them.

In the same letter he goes on to say:

This summer is likely to be a time of additional care to me: I am thinking about beginning my new house; and building is always a troublesome business.

In December of the year 1793 he returns to the theme of worldly affairs:

How desirable a thing it is, to be detached from the burdens of worldly cares! But in some situations, there is such a constant succession of things that demand attention, and things that have a tendency to ruffle the mind and dissipate its true strength, that it is scarcely possible the good seed should not suffer amidst such a cumbersome growth!

In January 1797 he speaks of his state of health.

The frequent sore throats which I was formerly subjected to, and particularly one of the inflammatory kind soon after thou wast here, had left a fulness that remained hard on the left side of my neck, and which made it considerably above its natural size; and after my throat got better, the hardness increased so, that before I went to Blackpool, I could not swallow without some pain; so I was again advised to try seabathing. I went to Blackpool about the middle of the 9th month, and stayed till about the 7th of the 10th month, and found considerable benefit from the journey. After my return, on getting cold, I grew much worse; my appetite has been poor for a long time, and I have a troublesome cough; the consequence is, I have lost considerably in weight, and am now very thin, and seldom free from pain in my head. I am more inclined to drowsiness than I ever remember to have been, and seem as if I could slumber all my time away.

Regarding his continuing illness he is reported to have said:

The doctors give no name to my disorder; and seem at a loss to account for it. Medicine is now unavailing. There is none who can be of use to me, but the Great Physician of value, and my dependence is on him alone.

His health continued to decline and the last extant letter, "written at different times, under great bodily suffering", and dated Blackpool, 6th Month 1797, says: "My pain continues so violent that I think that I shall be able to write but few lines at a time."

In the earlier part of the day on which he died he gave some "weighty council" to his brother. In the afternoon, he asked that some portions of Scripture should be read to him. To his cousin he said, "Thou seest thy friend whom thou hast long loved: O! pray that the safe convoy may guide me through the region and shadow of death." Just

before his peaceful end he was heard to say: "A clear evidence; gratitude is a pleasing thing." Aged about 34, after a painful disorder which had been with him for over a year, John Marriott died about ten o'clock on the morning of August 11, 1797. The editor of the *Letters and Poems* says that the heavy affliction of his last year was borne with remarkable patience and resignation which served to refine his spirit. During the progress of his disease he was said to voice many instructive expressions to those around him. He claimed that his afflictions were small in comparison with what he truly deserved. He told a near relative how he had meditated on the thief on the cross and lamented his too great attachment to worldly matters.

O! that I had lived in a little cottage, that the temptation to great things might not have overcome me as it has! . . . There was a time when my mind was too much taken up with political affairs; . . . that when yielded to . . . has a tendency to divert from objects of a superior nature. I was also inclined to pursue the amusement of coursing; but feeling the controversy of truth against it, I yielded to the conviction, and in withstanding these allurements, I had, and still feel, solid peace.

To another relative he bewailed his having been too much engaged in worldly concerns.

His widow later married John Williams Maud, a surgeon of Bradford. She was his second wife.

The Gentleman's Magazine for September 1797, printed the following Obituary Notice:

August 11, at Reedyford near Colne, c. Lancaster, in his 36th year, John Marriott, one of the people called Quakers. The poor of his neighbourhood have lost a constant friend and assistant; his near connections a kind and affectionate relation; and his amiable widow a most tenderly-endear'd husband and Society an active, useful and well-principled member. The republick of letters has also lost in him an illustrious ornament; though his communications have been mostly, if not entirely anonymous, his genius and learning shone out on many occasions, in distinguished poeticals and other effusions. His early proficiency in the Greek and Roman classicks was remarkable and his application to the culture of the useful sciences and the arts, unremitting and successful. His philosophy in morals and politicks was of that luminous cast, which supports the Rights and Liberties of mankind, on the sure foundations of evangelical principles. By his life he evinced the faith and virtues, and by his death the certain hope, of a Christian.

He was buried on August 15 in the Burial Ground where the remains of his parents were interred.

THE POEMS

Underlying the obvious poetic pose and the imitation, John Marriott's serious turn of mind can be clearly seen in the poem *Retirement* that he composed at the age of 16:

How sweet, with mind contemplative, to stray
 (Far from the scene where mirth intemperate reigns)
 What time slow twilight shades the face of day,
 And awful stillness rules the shadowy plains;
 Save where, with warbling note amidst the grove,
 Sweet Philomela tunes her evening song;
 While for her consort's loss, the woodland dove
 Complaining coos, the towering elms among.

 Tired of the world and pleasure's giddy sphere,
 Hither, with wandering steps, oft let me stray;
 Whilst true repentance prompts the swelling tear,
 And the still voice of truth directs my way.

On a Prospect of Quitting the Country, written when he was 18, is addressed to "Palemon", his blind cousin Richard Ecroyd, then living close at hand. The poet bemoans the fact that he has been

Torn from the scenes his native taste approves,
 The haunted fountains and the sacred groves,
 The bowers he planted, and the muse he loves . . .

and he recalls the fields and bowers

Where blithly passed my childhood's playful hours;
 And dear the spreading plane I used to climb,
 And on the waving branches rock sublime,
 Whose bark, wide-gashed in many a scar, still bears
 The rude memorials of my early years;

whilst bewailing the fact that he no more hears the voice of his beloved Palemon.

I too, perhaps, like other country boys,
 Had fondly sighed for novelty and noise,
 And glad, renounced the fragrant, green retreat
 For the close counting-house and smoky street.

The next poem in the volume, *In Praise of a Country Life*, undated but probably belonging to his early years, continues in praise of rural life. In conventional lines he celebrates the calm delights of enamelled meads, enchanting rills, the concert sweet on every spray, the shepherd with a flute that can be enjoyed only "Far from the town's perpetual noise". Other rustic pieces follow, such as the *Ode to a*

Redbreast and the longer *Evening in Autumn*, written when he was 19. He here describes the goodly landscape that he views from a rocky summit and wishes that "soft Aspasia" might behold it too!

How would her sweetly-serious eye enjoy
This awful view—that eye, which nature's charms
Disordered, wild and simple, more delight
Than all the dazzling fopperies of art.

As he surveys the rural scene he is not unmindful of the labouring poor.

Nor you, ye sons of opulence, disdain
To admit the soft impression—O come forth,
And, museful as you wander, learn to think
On others' wants, and thinking, to be kind;
Nor while elate you view your crowded fields,
Profuse of grain, and count your coming wealth,
Forget the poor, industrious cottager,
Who, born to pain and sweat and lasting toil,
To end not but with life, your wide domains
Ploughs, sows, and reaps, but reaps not for himself!

The lot of the cottager was truly hard.

Ah me! of small avail his utmost toil,
And unremitting industry to her,
His dearer half, and infant family,
Now haply in some miserable hut
With pale disease or hopeless want oppressed:
Even now, methinks, I see the sole support
That filled their breasts with peaceful confidence,
And bade them think on winter undismayed,
Their only cow, with fell distemper struck,
Dead at their feet; lo! from the doleful sight,
The sighing mother turns her swelling eye
On her fond, playful offspring, clinging round,
Heedless and smiling at the threats of want,
Regardless of the future . . .

.....
Steal soft along the narrow-winding path
That to the cottage leads, beneath whose thatch
The afflicted pair their evening labours ply;
He busied in the loom, though late arrived,
Fatigued and languid, from the toilsome field;
She near him turning slow the whizzing wheel,
In mournful silence heartless and forlorn . . .

Also in his nineteenth year he produced his poem of sixty-seven four-line stanzas, *The Hermit's Apology*, his most sustained piece to date.

That he was familiar with English poetry is shown in his *Collins's Ode to Evening imitated*, a not-unworthy imitation of that well-known work. His knowledge of the classics is revealed in his *Translation of Horace's Twenty-Second Ode in Book the First*, also composed in early manhood.

The lines *To Maria, on Her Long Silence*, written when she was 20, were addressed to Mary Leaver junior. In them he bewails her long silence.

How small a boon had gratified thy friend!
 In some lone, leisure hour, detached and free,
 A few, loose thoughts with careless frankness penned,
 Had been enough, forgetful maid, for me.

He wants nothing elaborate from her; a few, simple, heartfelt words would suffice.

How much do nature's strokes un glossed by art
 Surpass the pompous period's studied swell!
 How much the unpolished transcripts of the heart
 The finished labours of the head excel!

But he is not going to plead for what is withheld.

He exchanged at least two Poetical Epistles with a literary acquaintance, which, couched in conventional terms, are printed in the little volume (pp. 96-118).

Like other Friends of his time he was acutely sensitive about slavery and wrote *Mialma; or, a Description of Some of the Miseries Resulting to the Inhabitants of Africa, from the traffick in men carried on by the Europeans*. It is an unfinished, narrative poem on the subject of slavery, and though rather pedestrian and at times trite, it shows some skill in versification.

The *Stanzas written during the Illness of a Near Relation* are addressed to Martha Ecroyd who is referred to as Amanda. The Phyllida mentioned later in the poem is Dorothy Leaver, who, states a footnote, "was removed by death a little time before." It is written in a pastoral strain.

Ye shepherds, your ill-timed amusements forego,
 Those flower-woven garlands so sprightly unbind;
 Ill suit your diversions with tidings of wo,
 Ill suit with the fears that disquiet my mind.

Amanda is ill, and thus far medical science has been of no avail; indeed, the symptoms increase. The shepherds are urged to

. . . repair to yon rivulet's side,
 and bind your sad brows with the pale willow-wreath;
 There, lowly reclined, by the murmuring tide,
 The melting effusions of elegy breathe.

The poet retires to a secluded retreat to reflect upon the sufferer and on Phyllida, now deceased.

Ah! shouldst thou, Amanda, too, leave us behind,
 What strains could enliven, what vallies could cheer?
 Where should I so constant an advocate find?
 How could I the loss of thy friendship repair?

The melancholy strain is obvious here and in the stanzas that follow.

Ah! vain are our hopes of felicity here!
 How quickly the prospects of youth are o'erblast!
 But let not fresh prospects, fresh beauties insnare;
 Be checked, my fond heart, and reflect on the past!
 O think, ere thou give thine affection the rein,
 O think, will these graces, so shining, endure?
 Ah, must I not shortly relinquish, with pain,
 The charms that at present so sweetly allure?

Afflictions, like favours, are bestowed upon man for his soul's development.

'Tis meet we refuse not the favours bestowed;
 'Tis meet that affliction should also befall
 To wake our desires for a happier abode.

.....
 Though sorrows thrill deep the susceptible mind,
 And greatly its portion of pleasures exceed;
 The joys and the griefs are so closely conjoined,
 What bosom that feels them could wish to be freed?

The *Stanzas to the Memory of the late Henry Ecroyd, of Edgend, in Lancashire*, are said by Mary Camm to admirably portray that patriarch's character.

Know you a man, who ne'er from virtue swerved,
 By pleasure, interest, sophistry unmoved?
 A man, with sense and science largely fraught,
 Of manners courteous and of heart humane,
 Whom never suppliant indigence besought,
 Nor modest helplessness approached, in vain;
 A man, though injured, placable and kind,
 Studious each vengeful purpose to control;
 Studious and skilled to harmonize and bind
 In bonds of amity each jarring soul?

Such a man was Alcander (Henry Ecroyd). According to Quaker custom there will be no pealing of bells or funeral pomp, but his goodness will prompt genuine sorrow, and long will his memory be revered.

When fall the bad, when proud oppressors die,
 No pealing bell can make the peasant mourn;
 When drops the good, spontaneous is the sigh,
 Spontaneous tears bedew his honoured urn.

.....
 Long, long the stranger, as he passes by,
 "There good Alcander dwelt" shall pausing say,
 Survey the friendly dome with tearful eye,
 With swelling breast pursue his weary way.

Farewell to the Muses. Verses written on recovering from a dangerous illness, occasioned by a severe disappointment, and addressed to a near Relation was intended for Martha Ecroyd.

One simple effort more, and then farewell
 The tuneful cadence and the measured strain;
 Then sleep, for ever sleep, my vocal shell,
 For thou hast sounded; I have sung in vain!
 A few sad numbers more to grief belong;
 Friendship's loved name should once more grace my lay,
 And gratitude's, whose fondly-melting tongue
 Still loves to mention what she cannot pay.

He still celebrates the sadness of being unable to be united with her, and records his gratitude for her care when he was sick.

When on the couch of sickness pale I lay,
 Disease infectious threatening deaths around,
 In vain, to fright my generous friend away,
 Discretion reasoned, and contagion frowned.
 Full many a night she watched that couch beside,
 With eye as mournful, look as full of care,
 As if my life to thousands health supplied,
 As if my death would damp the general cheer.

Having wished his friend "peace, and calm, supernal joy" he feels that he can now bid farewell to the Muses.

In 1785, ten years before his marriage, he wrote *Philanthropy: an Ode*. A patriot, returning to his native land, sees in a vision the goddess of Philanthropy, who tells him why she was sent to earth.

When interest first, and discord dire
 Usurped the mental throne,
 From heaven's blest powers, the Almighty Sire
 In pity sent me down;
 But ah! in vain I fondly strive
 To keep the sparks of love alive:
 Pride, impatient of control,
 More and more obdures the soul;
 Avarice vile, my deadliest foe,
 Daily finds her empire grow;
 And Oh, I see with grief sincere,
 Still foremost in her train Britannia's sons appear!

She directs his attention to the horrors of the African slave-trade and the way Britain seeks to maintain her pre-eminence in the East, where

Grim extortion rears his head;
 Rape and murder swell the train;
 Ravenous pillage sweeps the plain;
 While close behind with tyrant scorn,
 Fell famine taunting points at plenty's ransacked horn.

She ends with the words

But now adieu, I haste to know
 If yet one breast remains,
 Which like my G * * * 's the exalted glow,
 The zeal humane retains.

There are one or two more poetical pieces that need not detain us long. *The Falling Leaf, Addressed to a Friend*, describes in conventional language, not quite devoid of interest, the onset of winter amidst woods and evergreens that withstand the keenest blasts and whose every leaf "presents a useful lesson". In the piece *On War* he describes an untutored youth carried away by the impulsive strains of poetry glorifying war. Why, he asks, "Should poesy disclaim the man divine?" Can any man, in these enlightened times, turn his back on the precepts of the Prince of Peace? He calls upon poetry to check the tendency to war.

Come then, sweet poesy, be thou the first,
 With all thy skill, to check the inhuman thirst;
 Much guilt thou hast to expiate, many a line
 Unhallowed, offered at oppression's shrine:
 Exalt thy prospects, be what heaven designed
 Thou shouldest be—sweet instructress of mankind;
 Such as thou wast when Israel's tuneful king
 To heights unrivalled raised thy heaven-ward wing . . .

The short poem *On Sorrow* amply illustrates the melancholy that seems to have been his to the end, but it is not without a tinge of resignation.

Though checked by time the storm may feebler grow
Which tossed erewhile the turbid stream of wo;
Sorrows there are, which, though they seem to sleep,
Till life's last sigh their wonted channel keep,
Still fresh they flow from many a latent wound,
More calm indeed, but not the less profound.

There is a short piece on *The Vanity of Expecting that Happiness will Result from Superior Acquirements, or Worldly Honours*. These latter, held in such esteem in youth,

. . . cannot now support;
The hour of anguish asks more potent balm
Than love of aught below can e'er supply . . .

There immediately follows a short poem on *Fruit of the Spirit*.

Fruit of the spirit—yes, thou art divine,
No mortal finger can thy birth-place show,
To schools a stranger, nor thy smiles benign,
Do courts or senates e'er pretend to know;
Yet hast thou, piteous of the race of men,
Descended oft from thy celestial home,
And o'er the languid looks of grief and pain,
Diffused the sweetness that survives the tomb.
Thou wast with Isaac when the herdsmen rude
Strove for the fountain with his faithful train,
Again he digged, the outrage was renewed;
He named it Sitnah and removed again.

The last to be preserved are some *Verses Written after recovering from a Dangerous Illness*. The poet still feels the attraction of worldly matters.

Strong are the ties which still my mind entwine,
And counteract the work of love divine.
The world, the world its glittering baits prepares,
Its friendships proffers, and obtrudes its cares;
Still would intemperate fancy wildly stray,
Spite of the secret check, the secret ray;
Weak to withstand, and yet afraid to yield,
I neither keep, nor wholly quit, the field.

He asks God to teach him to dread all guidance but his.

Come "with the swiftness of the mountain roe",
And strength, proportioned to my wants, bestow:
.....
O! in my soul, that ardent thirst renew,
Which nought can satiate but celestial dew . . .

Whether John Marriott's "Muse" deserted him, or whether, like Amelia Opie, who bade "Farewell to Music" on becoming a Quaker, he too turned his back on his art, we shall perhaps never know; but at least we have a brief memorial of a life not unworthy of recall.

EDWIN H. ALTON