

## **Papers relating to Mark Holman Shepherd**

### **Publication/Creation**

1824 - 1827

### **Persistent URL**

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B6-12.

"The Poet's Petition" to be set  
free

Poem to Joseph Backhouse in  
support of his petition

Poet's Petition to be taken in  
again.

Holman Shepherd

Also "Recluse's" letter <sup>Hull</sup> enclosing donation  
of another of Holman Shepherd's poems asking for release  
21st May 1816



200d (2) 4/7



The poor Bard's second humble Petition to the  
Committee of the York Retreat.

How strangely do things in this world turn about!

And so my sad tale to begin:

I, who my good friends, once applied to get out,  
Entreat that you'd now let me in.

For alas! my sad spirits, once light as a cork,  
Are heavy as lead, and as dull:

Ah! when <sup>perhaps</sup> I be with my dear friends at York,  
And quit this flat Kingston on Hull!

For like this flat country, I e'en am as flat,  
And like its dull fields as forlorn:

I'm lean as a weasel, and weak as a rat,  
And sometimes feel quite woe-begone.

Such horrors and fears do I get in my head,  
And then I'm so vexed at my folly:

I suffer myself, thus away to be led,  
And yield up to such melancholy.

I thrice have been bled, and then medicine have taken,  
But bleeding and medicine are vain:

For alas! his gay hopes have the poor Bard forsaken,  
And left him to sorrow and pain.



So sure, my good friends, you will not long delay;  
But kind, as you ever have been,  
I hope you'll appoint in the next week a day  
To let your petitioner in!!

Hull 4 mo. 1825.

Holman Shepard.





" My dear belov'd Home, and the weeping Ash Tree.

How well I remember a few years ago,  
when living amid all the comforts of Home:  
Of trouble and sorrow, I little then knew —  
And little then thought they'd so soon be my doom;  
But such is my lot! — and no more shall I see  
My dear belov'd Home, or the weeping Ash tree. —

My Father was living! — and oft would he smile,  
Though his cheek it was furrow'd with sickness and age,  
Whence'er we endeavour'd his pains to beguile,  
Or strove his attention with books to engage —  
But fled are those joys! — and no more shall I see  
My dear belov'd Home, or the weeping Ash tree. —

And then my dear Mother! — O yes she is dear;  
A Mother belov'd and endear'd to us all!  
How oft with her kindness my heart she would cheer —  
And still fond remembrance a tear will let fall!  
For past are those joys! — and no more shall I see  
My dear belov'd Home, or the weeping Ash tree. —

How well I remember the garden so sweet, —  
The long gravel walk, — the alcove at the end, —  
The greenhouse, the grass plat, the borders so neat, —  
With scarcely a weed there the eye to offend:  
All fled are these joys! — and no more shall I see  
My dear belov'd Home, or the weeping Ash tree. —



But still will cherish within this fond heart,  
The sweet recollection of days that are gone;  
Yet when I reflect — oh! how keen is the smart,  
To think of those days that will never return:  
Farewell then ye joys! — for no more shall I see  
~~My dear~~ beloved Home, or the weeping Ash tree! —  
My dear

Holman Shephard

Retreat 5 mo. S. — 1826. —

Note — This weeping Ash tree was an object of  
much admiration: — it stood in the middle of a grass plot,  
and its descending branches which swept the ground, formed  
a complete little circular arbour; which, in the summer  
season, when clothed with its beautiful foliage, afforded  
a very agreeable recess almost unperceived to the rays of  
the sun. — — —



To Joseph Buckhouse.

Dear Friend Joseph Buckhouse, as I have been told  
Among the committed thy name is enrolled,  
Now as I'm about to your Board to apply,  
I hope thy assistance thou wilt not deny.  
But trust as my advocate thou wilt engage  
To plead that the Bard be let out of his cage.  
For surely my friend after four years confinement  
All borne with due patience & Job-like resignation,  
One needs must be longing again to be free,  
And farewell to bid to each lock, bolt, & key.  
Besides my dear Joseph the cracks in my skull  
Have all been well mended since I came from Hull.  
And nothing have I ever ailed in my pate  
Since I tumbled over that desperate high gate.  
I therefore entreat thee with all due submission,  
To aid the poor Bard, & support his petition.  
Retreat Dec. 13: 1827. Holman Shepherd.







This old paper was given to EP- by  
J S Rawther Oct 4 - 1892 - Many of  
the names of individuals I can well recall  
John Richardson was the possessor of the title let-  
See EP's book of reminiscences page - 76

John Wanebrough - was a friend - I think first a patient  
& then an attendant at the Lodge -  
Whittaker Fowley & Ann Fawcington & lived, at one time, in  
Lawrence Row - facing the walls

John Proctor & Mary & was a large Cat Person in Hull

John Ray see book EP- page 103

George Bains & James Wickhams - 76

Eliza (Betty), Stead. see book EP- page

Frances Wickhams & Geo Bains (above)

Rechel Hall & James Mason - 87

Rebecca Burgess & a Lodge Patient M<sup>rs</sup> Holman Shepherd  
Hamm Puckin

Mary Proctor & Gray (binder?), Lamp Hotel M<sup>rs</sup> H<sup>ill</sup>  
Jane Taylor & HPS I attended her funeral in  
Hamm's Hall died at the Retreat 87

R<sup>o</sup> Goy - Gorden - & then at Geo. Hudsons - 104

Ann Reed & W<sup>m</sup> Le<sup>y</sup> (attended) & John Hind 107 just wanted book for

Ann Fawcington & W. Fowley (above)

Eliza & ~~Ann~~ Battersby - & well at Heston's 108

Ann M<sup>rs</sup> with the boys & then to the R<sup>o</sup> - & died there

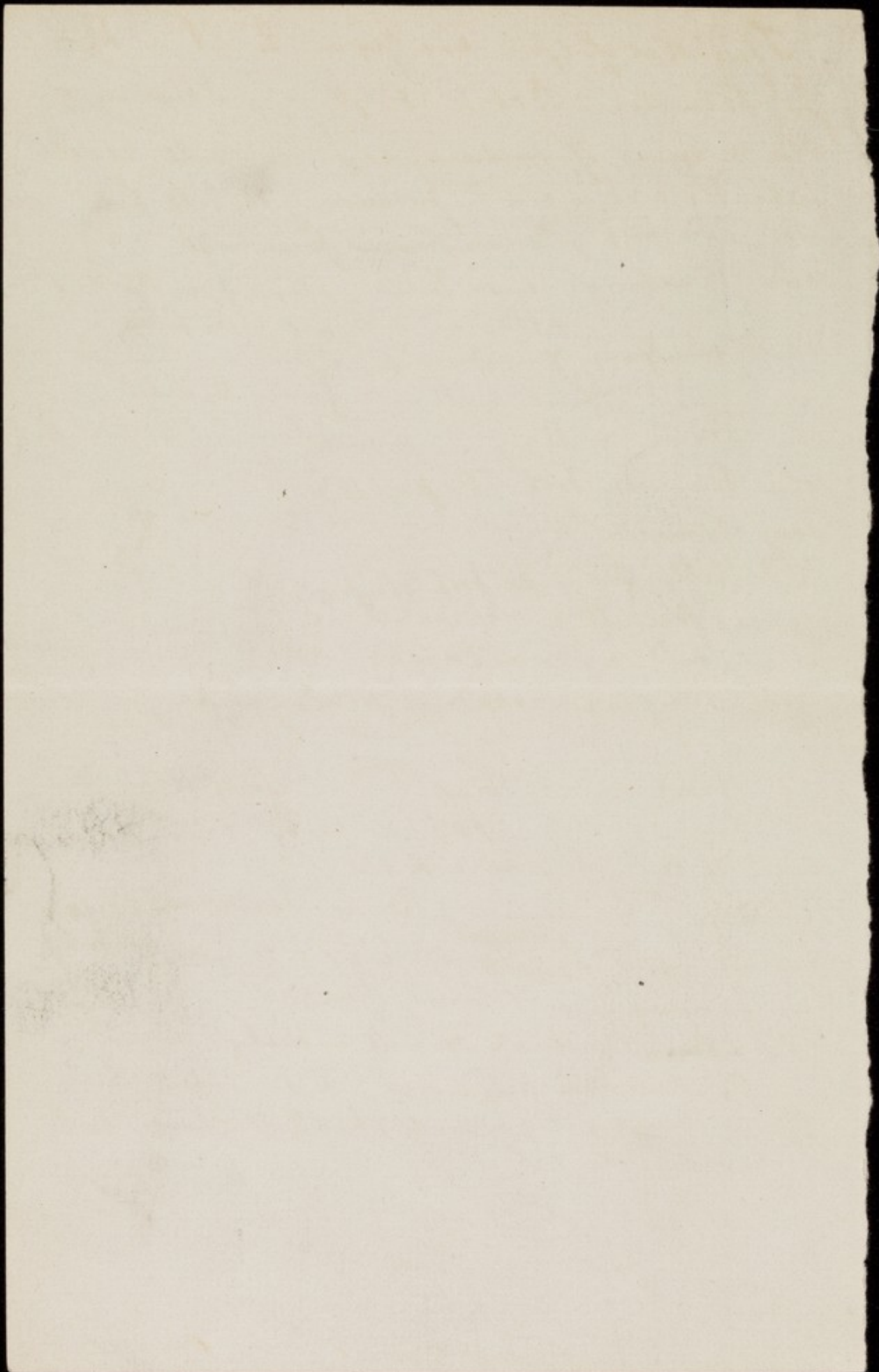
Ann was deaf & dumb & had 2 other sisters so -

Ann Bains see book EP page

Nurses  
page 80  
+ 105

Notes by  
Mrs. Pamphrey







# The Poet's Petition

Most noble Committee to you I apply  
In pity give ear to my plea  
Altho' do not my humble petition deny.  
But grant that I now be set free.

And once to the poet my very good Friends  
Compassionate all you will be  
His signing petition he therefore now sends  
Entreating he may be set free.

Our Superintendent my Friend Thomas Ellis  
I hope he will strengthen the plea <sup>place</sup>  
And move for my <sup>poet</sup> ~~having~~ this moon-stricken  
And plead that I now be set free.

O dearest Friend Backhouse do thou my <sup>plea</sup> ~~plead~~  
For if it's supported by thee  
Thine eloquence surely will make it succeed  
And I shall again be set free.

And Daniel my Friend thine assistance I crave  
And with thee not give it to me? <sup>have</sup>  
A Weight in the balance thou surely wilt  
In pleading that I be set free.

John Sanderson also I know he's my Friend  
Most kind has he been unto me  
I therefore expect his support he will lend  
In setting the poor poet free.



And thou my good Friend with the ribbon-looped <sup>coat</sup>  
Who kindly once had me to tea  
I hope thou wilt urge this important debate  
And plead for my being set free.

There lives by a steeple another good Friend  
A Bookseller for aye is he  
And what he advances ah! sure it will tend  
To set your Petitioner free.

And mayst thou support me my Friend Samuel <sup>Take</sup>  
But alas! I have no guinea free!  
So penniless then to thy pity I look  
To plead that I now be set free.

And now could I see all your wise heads together  
Considering how it shall be  
With the pro & the con the why & the whether  
This Scribbler should now be set free.

But I hope my good Friends you will pity <sup>me</sup> my  
And kindly attend to my plea  
My name from your books as a Patient erase  
And grant that I now be set free!!

Retreat

Solomon Shephard

3<sup>rd</sup> 30. 1824



Postscript

There ~~are~~ <sup>get</sup> one two Friends I'd forgotten to <sup>mention</sup>  
But hope they'll be mindful of me  
In pleading against my further detention  
And hoping that I be set free.

John Duke is the one & Friend calls the <sup>other</sup>  
I listen close Friends to my plea:  
For surely tis now but the act of a brother  
To set your Petitioner free!!

4<sup>mo</sup> 24  
1824

H. S.



J. H. Shepard

4/24/25

3/3/1825

To the Retreat Committee