

THE LIFE OF
JOHN HOLLAND



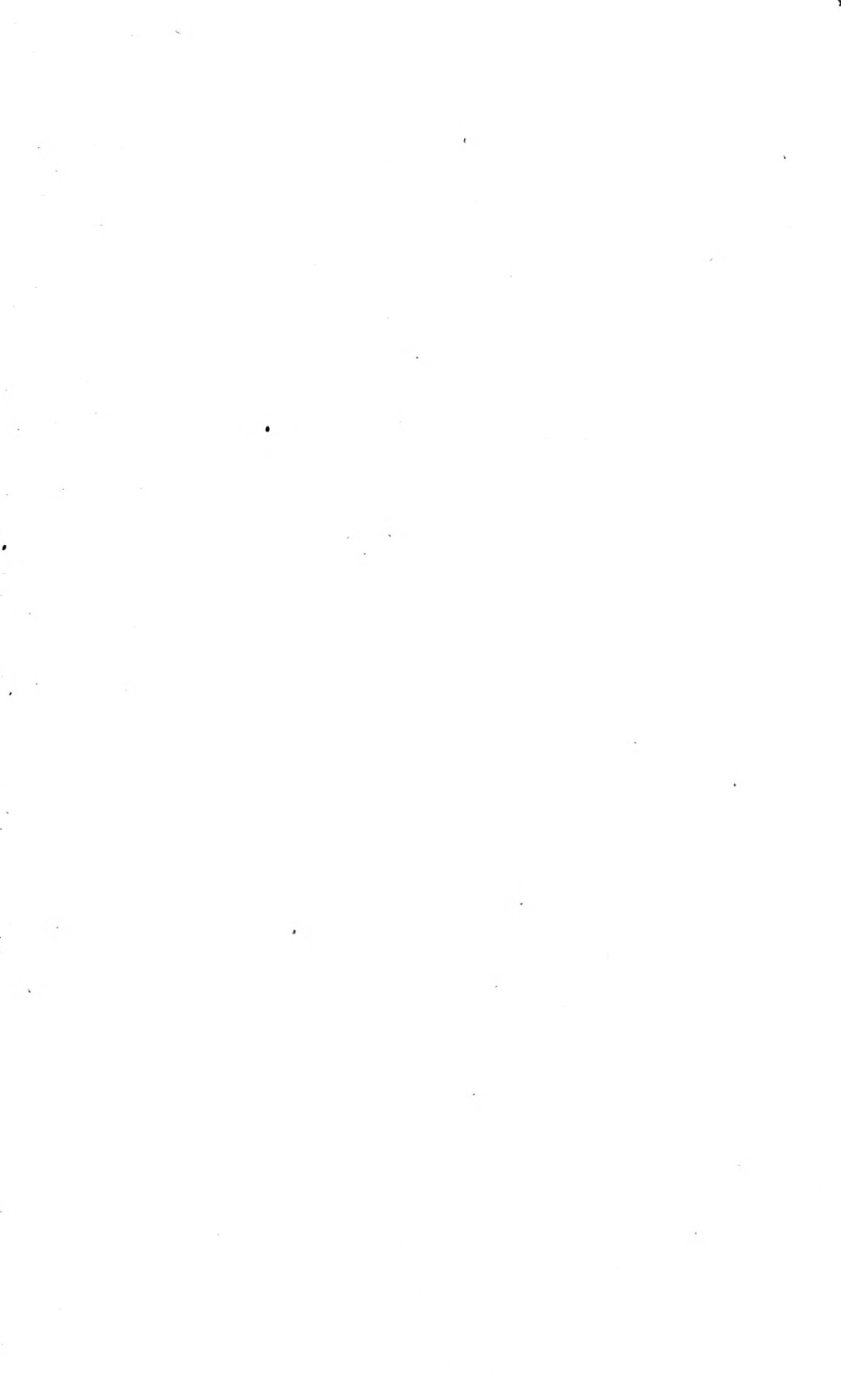
William Hudson

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Numerous Letters and other Documents. By
William Hudson: portrait and Illustrations.
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The late J. Lewitt's copy with MS. additions, and an
Autograph letter to him from Jane Taylor inserted.

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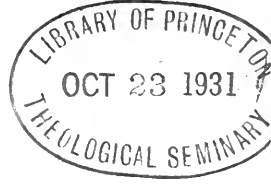
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John Holland.

ÆTAT. 78.



THE LIFE
OF
JOHN HOLLAND,
OF SHEFFIELD PARK.

FROM NUMEROUS LETTERS AND OTHER DOCUMENTS
FURNISHED BY HIS NEPHEW AND EXECUTOR,
JOHN HOLLAND BRAMMALL.

BY
WILLIAM HUDSON.

WITH PORTRAIT AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON:
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND Co.
1874.

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P R E F A C E.

THIS book has been written by one who was not a stranger to Mr. Holland. During the last eleven years of his life I had the honour and advantage of his personal acquaintance, and received at his hands various tokens of confidence, which are now very gratefully called to mind. He frankly told me his opinions on many subjects, readily gave me information about his literary career, and put into my hands, with evident pleasure, copies of those of his early works which had gone out of print.

I soon found I had thus collected from the best sources a considerable number of facts relating to the quiet but interesting life of a Christian man whose contributions to English literature had been most extensive. Frequent communications of the most friendly nature gradually increased my interest in those facts and in the man himself; but I had neither intention nor desire to become his biographer, and, therefore, whether fortunately or otherwise, took no notes of our numerous conversations.

It afforded me much pleasure to render Mr. Holland some little assistance in carrying out one or more of the favourite literary projects of the last years of his life; and the correspondence which passed between us in relation to those matters was to myself of a very gratifying nature. My

last interview with him took place a few weeks before the accident which led to his fatal illness. But not even yet had it occurred to me that it might at some future day become my pleasant task to endeavour to build a literary monument to the memory of my esteemed and honoured friend.

Shortly after his decease I was informed that he had left a very large collection of documents available for a biography, that it had been determined so to use them, and that, indeed, a book was already in contemplation. After some correspondence on the subject, I was requested to undertake the preparation of the work for the press. This I felt ready to do on condition that the voluminous materials referred to, consisting of a sixty years' accumulation of letters private and literary, newspaper cuttings in prose and verse, inedited poems and essays, and various kinds of memoranda, should be prepared for my use by other hands. It was clear to me that without such help my numerous and constant professional engagements would not allow me to write the book within the proper time. The condition having been at once accepted, Mr. Brammall reduced the papers to perfect order, compiled a calendar of the principal events in his Uncle's life and in the contemporary history of Sheffield, and then left me to use the whole in my own way. Without such a division of labour, this work, already unexpectedly long delayed, could not have been given to the public for many months after the date which it will now bear.

Mr. Holland has been made, as far as possible, his own biographer. As the reader will easily imagine, my chief difficulty has been in striving to make the best selection from an almost incredibly large mass of materials well adapted for the purpose. I have read Mr. Holland's numerous volumes, his fugitive poems, and even, in very many instances, his news-

paper leaders and paragraphs; and I believe that all his literary efforts are brought under notice, most of them particularly and the rest in a general way, in the following pages.

In recording my estimates of his character, productions, and influence, I have conscientiously exercised my best judgment; and I am now perfectly content to accept the results. This, however, I cannot write, without recording the feeling that if more time could have been devoted to the work, it might have been greatly improved.

It will be observed that the mottoes prefixed to the successive chapters are from Mr. Holland's own pen, and are generally more or less autobiographical. They have been selected as positive contributions towards the general design of the book, as well as with reference to the particular chapters themselves.

This is distinctively a literary biography. Its subject found never-ending variety and pleasure in letters. He was an extensive and careful reader in almost all departments of human knowledge; and as a *littérateur* he took a range very wide and various, and uniformly returned from his excursions with an increase of personal delight. These characteristics have made me feel that the best history of his writings would be, *ceteris paribus*, the best biography of himself. This conviction will sufficiently account to the reader for the references which will be found to numerous fugitive poems not at present accessible to the public. If a demand for Mr. Holland's poems be made, it will be a great pleasure to prepare a suitable selection of them for the press; and I cannot here refrain from expressing my sorrow that the author did not edit such a collection himself.

This is also a religious biography. Mr. Holland was

a Christian of decided character and very strong convictions. A merely literary narrative would, therefore, have been an incomplete, and proportionately an untrue, representation of the man and of his writings. His was a long life well spent.

It is expected that this history of a self-taught but successful student and author, will encourage young men who have lacked the advantages of early education, but who have resolved, nevertheless, to make the best of themselves and of their time. The book contains also facts very important to such as desire to learn the secret of being content. And I am convinced that the more people know of John Holland, of his principles, and of his practice, the better will they know how to think of the present life, and how to answer its sublime end.

This volume is the result of work done amidst the incessant duties and the innumerable distractions of the Wesleyan Methodist Itinerancy in a large "Circuit". The exercise has been a task heavy and protracted, but yet attended with very great pleasure. On many occasions, indeed, I have returned to it from severer studies as to a delightful recreation; and the "task" has been felt to be a great privilege.

On account of a multiplicity of literary details it has been deemed advisable to append a copious index, for which I am indebted to Mr. Brammall.

W. H.

LINCOLN,

9 September, 1874.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	1794—1814	1
II.	1815—1817	13
III.	1818—1819	25
IV.	1820—1821	42
V.	1822—1823	62
VI.	1824—1825	86
VII.	1826—1827	103
VIII.	1828—1829	127
IX.	1830—1832	148
X.	1832—1834	172
XI.	1835—1836	191
XII.	1837—1839	211
XIII.	1840—1841	233
XIV.	1842—1844	254
XV.	1845—1846	281
XVI.	1847—1848	296
XVII.	1849—1851	323
XVIII.	1852—1854	347
XIX.	1855—1857	373
XX.	1858—1859	394
XXI.	1860—1862	416
XXII.	1863—1865	442
XXIII.	1866—1868	469
XXIV.	1869—1871	500
XXV.	1872	526
XXVI.	Concluding Remarks	541
Index		555

I L L U S T R A T I O N S .

Relievo Portrait of John Holland, <i>Frontispiece</i> .	Page
Birthplace and Residence of John Holland - -	2
Sheffield Manor Lodge - - - - -	38
Abbey Gateway, Worksop - - - - -	92
The Birthplace of Chantrey - - - - -	252
John Holland's Handwriting - - - - -	442
Hurworth-on-Tees - - - - -	480
The Mount, Sheffield - - - - -	512

THE LIFE OF JOHN HOLLAND.

CHAPTER I.

1794—1814.

“Hard by, with no distinguished features graced,
Devoid of beauty, ornament, and taste,
The eye of friendship views the humble spot,
Where first the Muse endeared her votary's lot :
Home of my youth, and cradle of my joys,
Though greatness scorn, and wealth or pride despise,
Dearer to me this mansion of my birth,
Than all the prouder structures of the earth :
When travelled wonder hath told all it can,
And wearied art exhausted all on man,
HOME still is sweet, is still, where'er we look,
The loveliest picture in creation's book.”

J.H.

AT the south side of the Parish Church of Sheffield there is a tombstone which bears the following inscription :—“ Under this Stone is placed and buried the Body of Mr. Robert Holland, Vicar of Sheffield, the 24th August, 1577.” Of that worthy ecclesiastic not much more is now known than what the inscription tells. But he was claimed by the subject of this biography as one of his paternal ancestors. The claim rests on grounds which Mr. Holland has recorded at great length in an interesting, elaborate, and characteristic treatise, entitled *Gens Hollandia*, which appears to have been in hand for many years, and which must have cost an immense amount of

research. Its genealogical evidence would, however, be out of place in the present volume.

Mr. Holland's maternal ancestors appear to have been connected with those good and disinterested men, who, being converts and friends of George Fox, were also his companions in labour and tribulation. This fact, which was scarcely known during Mr. Holland's lifetime, even in his own family, is now accepted as the original cause of the special interest which he always took in matters connected with the Society of Friends.

It is felt, at this point, that antiquarian readers may be disappointed by the omission of what they might reasonably expect to find in this biography. Mr. Holland's interest in genealogical researches is known to have been very great; and it is natural to suppose that his attention would be turned, at some time, to the history of his own family, with a view to the transmission of that history to other times. Many and long were the letters on this and kindred subjects which passed between Mr. Holland and the Rev. Joseph Hunter, F.S.A., the author of *The History of Hallamshire*. Some of Hunter's letters will be found in this volume; but those of Mr. Holland have been handed over, with Hunter's topographical correspondence, to the British Museum. A large volume might be filled with the results of the investigations here indicated; but little apology is needed for leaving the general reader with no further knowledge of "Gens Hollandia" than what is found in the succeeding paragraphs of this chapter.

On the unusually snowy morning of Easter Monday, the 1st of April, in the year 1793, the bells of Staveley Church, famed for their tuneful tones, rang merrily to celebrate the wedding of John Holland and Elizabeth Cox. The bridegroom was the son of John Holland, of Richmond Hill, in the parish of Handsworth, and the bride was the daughter of Samuel Cox, of Staveley, which is a pleasant village between Chesterfield and Bolsover. The locality of the interesting



The Farmstead at the Old Mill

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ceremony here referred to is the subject of a paper in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1818. That paper was one of the early productions of the subject of this biography. He calls it "an imperfect tribute to a village whose inhabitants and localities have been endeared to him by ties of kindred and mental associations from his earliest years."

The newly-married and worthy couple at once went to reside in Sheffield Park, in a house which they occupied for the rest of their lives. It was and is a plain structure, standing at the distance of only a few hundred yards from the ruins of the Manor House of the Earl of Shrewsbury. Few objects were at that time more conspicuous, on the otherwise almost naked Park-hill side, than Mr. Holland's cottage; and few have in the interval undergone greater exterior changes. Its appearance has been much altered by the addition of other dwellings, by the planting of trees, and by various adjacent improvements.

In that humble dwelling, John Holland, to whose life the following pages are devoted, was born on the 14th of March, 1794. To him, the first-born, were afterwards added four daughters, Mary, Martha, Jane, and Anne. The eldest was distinguished among her sisters by her literary taste, and became able to assist her brother; and the family appears to have been remarkable for its peace and happiness.

John Holland, the father, was a maker of optical instruments. He worked at his trade at home in a large garret, which was furnished with turning lathes and other machinery pertaining to his craft. He was a steady, thrifty, orderly man, and a great lover of news and of newspapers. His spare hours were spent in gardening, bee-farming, coursing, and shooting. He died in 1848, at the age of eighty-two years.

Of his mother's character and worth Mr. Holland entertained the highest possible opinion. In a memoir, left in manuscript, he says:—"My earliest recollections of my mother are identified with her remarkably cleanly and becoming appearance, and her attention to household duties. Before her

children rose up around her, particularly before they were old enough to know her worth or to 'call her blessed,' she devoted much of the time which she could snatch from other occupations, to spinning, in which old-fashioned accomplishment she was a notable adept. Morning, noon, and night was the hum of her wheel heard; and now I scarcely can without tears look upon the well-worn treadle—many years laid by, however—which her tireless, nay, her often greatly tired feet once kept in such perpetual and profitable motion; and the same may be said of her distaff, to meddle with the light silky tow upon which was among my earliest and most favourite essays in mischief. It might interest some young wives to be told, as it has often affected me to know, that, besides discharging all her household duties in an exemplary manner, my dear mother spun not only the curtains, sheets, ticks, and coverlets of her beds for thirty years, but also, in early life, most of her own clothing. I have also seen her spin wool on what she called the 'high wheel'; and I remember fingering, with much curiosity, the soft lamb-tail-like rowlets which she had prepared with hand cards for the spindle; but I think her woollen yarn was intended merely to cross the linen thread in some of those durable compound fabrics in which her quaint old weaver, 'John Birch,' used to give so much satisfaction, and which are hardly yet worn out."

An engraving of the spinning wheel referred to above will be found in *The Reliquary*, vol. i., p. 14, at the head of a paper on *Spinning Wheels*, by Mr. Holland. He speaks of the machine as being identified with the earliest and happiest recollections of his childhood, and as still cheering the retrospect of more than sixty years; and, according to his life-long habit, he prefixes to his essay the following sonnet:—

" Sister, despise not this old spinning-wheel,
Which our dear mother's younger years employed :
Her busy hours ne'er knew an idle void ;
How oft from twilight have we seen her steal

Some moments for that labour ! and I feel
Glad we have never thoughtlessly destroyed
This symbol of her industry : taste cloyed
With gorgeous patterns may but ill conceal,
At sight of linsey-wolsey or plain check,
Indifference or dislike ; the cottage loom
Hath long since, with hand-weavers, met its doom ;
And other now than home-spun fabrics deck
Us and our homes. It takes but little room ;
Then, sister, let us still keep this poor household wreck."

Of Mr. Holland's childhood nothing remarkable can be recorded, besides the fact that he had in infancy a very narrow escape from drowning. Near the cottage door was a well into which he one day slipped while playing with a cat. Fortunately he was seen by a neighbour, who saved his life. His mother, being fond of books, often read aloud to her children, and not seldom sang for them well-known songs. These habits of the mother fostered in her only son a fondness for reading and rhyming ; and at a tender age he loved to retire with a book. A competent observer would, at this time, have found in him signs of an ability worthy of the most careful culture.

This book-loving child had but slender educational opportunities. Having received the rudiments of knowledge under the instruction of his mother, he was sent to a Mrs. Foster, who kept a school in the neighbourhood. His next teacher was a Mr. Thomas Worrall, "a sensible and judicious man, who neglected no means in his power to inform the minds of his pupils." Here the youth seems to have finished his education, such as it was ; for when he left this school, he began to work as an optician with his father.

It is not known how long father and son wrought together in their primitive workshop ; but from letters written by Mr. Holland many years after, it appears that he was at this time in the habit of visiting the warehouse of Messrs. Proctor and Beilby, where his father disposed of most of his instruments ; and several telescopes which the subject of this

biography claimed as his own workmanship, are still in the possession of members of the family.

A passage from the letters just referred to may be instructive as to the Sheffield life of that day:—"At that period, as persons of my age will too well recollect, we were in the hey-day of those 'wars of the French Revolution,' which not only desolated Europe from side to side, but also unsettled every Government in the civilised world. In our own country the popular, not to say the political, feeling oscillated violently between loyalty and Jacobinism. Years had to elapse, seas of human blood to be shed, and distress of a thousand kinds to be suffered, before the terrible day of Waterloo came to avenge the world of its great disturber, cover Great Britain with 'military glory,' and burden her with a 'national debt' of eight hundred millions of pounds sterling, which, we are taught to believe, is, if not a main wheel, certainly the regulating pendulum of our general prosperity! Of course, Sheffield had its share, perhaps more than its share, in the excitement and the suffering of the times. In the month of April, 1807, there were upwards of forty recruiting parties parading the town with drum and fife, and in less than two years afterwards there were more than ten thousand applicants for relief from a public subscription made to mitigate the local distress! What changes has the town witnessed since then! In 1808 we had a town hall on the site afterwards occupied by Mr. Levy's drinking-fountain; a clerical magistrate, whose court-room was in his pleasant residence at Broomhall; a single weekly newspaper; three churches, and about twice that number of chapels; and two or three steel furnaces. But we had also some weighty things, viz., a heavy goods waggon, a heavy London work, heavy taxation, heavy complaints at the dearness of all sorts of provisions, and—a visit from the heaviest man in England, Daniel Lambert, who weighed fifty stones, and whose figure, comely as obese, was vividly real. But we had no canal, no railway, no gas, no telegraph except the tar-barrel at Grenno Wood head, which,

on being mistakenly fired, led to a most prompt and creditable display of action on the part of the local volunteers. With a few exceptions, the tall chimneys that bristle over the vastly-extended town, like the minarets of a Mohammedan city, have all been built within the period alluded to ; and of the works carried on around them, who shall write the history ? ”

It soon became apparent to the discerning eye of his good mother that John had more love for books than for telescope tubes. In fact, the time spent in the manufacturing of optical instruments became perceptibly less week by week, while that devoted to reading and study steadily increased. This naturally led to other changes. It was, for example, discovered that the few small rooms of the cottage afforded little opportunity for the quiet essential to literary pursuits ; and, in order that the young student might escape the prattle of the younger children, the summer-house, which stood at the top of the adjacent garden, was converted into a study. For quietness of situation and simplicity of style, that retreat has probably had few equals in the haunts of literary men.

Among the things to which young Holland attended at this time was Latin Grammar. He pursued the study in association with a young man whose acquaintance he had recently formed, Henry Attwood Hirst, of Handsworth, who appears to have written verses afterwards at various times for the *Iris* newspaper. “ We both,” says Mr. Holland, “ had read Virgil with delight in translations, and we wished to be able to taste the beauties of that prince of poets in the sweetness of his own language. We therefore began to apply ourselves to study ; but by the time we were able to hobble a little in Beza’s Latin Testament, my friend, most unexpectedly to me, and most unfortunately for the languages, was smitten by a fair one, who must, of course, be addressed in English. Sir Isaac Newton, it has been remarked, was never at leisure to be in love ; and he who is in love has little leisure for anything else. Of course, the austere beauties of the Latin were superseded by

softer charms. Taking up one of my books I found ‘*Omnia vincit amor*’ pencilled upon a blank leaf. Love having conquered my friend and his Latin, I became an easy conquest to Poesy, that virgin coy, whom I had previously begun to court.” It is proved by other evidence that if the “virgin coy” had vanquished young Holland, and taken from him what he could never get back, she had not led him to abandon the study of Latin.

His own words will best describe his “courting” of “Poesy”:—“I well recollect that from the period of my first being able to read poetry, I felt a singular veneration for the writers of verse. I looked upon them as men of a superior order, gifted beyond the common privilege of mortals. From that time I sighed to be a poet, and regarded as the acme of my ambition the remote hope of reading one day in print something that I might hereafter write.”

The following little poem, faulty as it may be, is inserted here, because it is one of the earliest, if it is not, indeed, the first of his poetical productions. The first and the last tracings of an author’s pen usually have interest for those who care for the author at all:—

“THE LILY.”

“When the warm smile of spring had enlivened the earth,
And flowerets dispensed a perfume,
A beautiful lily upsprang into birth,
And opened a delicate bloom.

The suns that rolled o’er it expanded each leaf,
Each dewdrop with nectar supplied;
And though thus dependent, it never felt grief,
Or these were bestowed or denied.

When rigorous winter extended around,
It drooped and resigned its fair bloom—
Till spring should benignly revisit the ground,
And wake it from winter’s cold tomb.

Shall man, then, suppose he’s neglected alone,
Because disappointments appear?
Or shall he repine, and at Providence moan,
When ignorance ought to revere?

No ; He who is careful for every flower
That blossoms or droops under heaven,
Has promised to man that his bread shall be sure,
And water in mercy be given.

And He who has promised, and mixes life's cup,
Has a right to imbue it with sorrow :
In a bitter *to-day* man often drinks up
The hope of a sweeter *to-morrow*."

Soon his literary hopes began to bud a little :—" At this time I had regular opportunities of reading the *Lady's Magazine*, the poetical department of which I always carefully perused. I also felt great curiosity about another department of the utmost consequence to maiden authors and anonymous adventurers. . . . By whatever title denominated, this page, delivering the irrevocable sentence of an unseen judge, from a tribunal where even an Englishman is denied a jury of his peers, is of great importance. Having persuaded myself of the liberality of the editor of the *Lady's Magazine*, I ventured to send a few lines for insertion, previously resolving to act according to Dr. Johnson's advice, not to tell your best friend when you mean to submit an article to editors with whom you have no interest, as your best friend will be glad of an opportunity to laugh at your disappointment, although glad if you are successful, to rejoice in your good fortune. Most anxiously did I await the next number, which was to decide my fate : it came, and my lines were promised insertion ! In the *Lady's Magazine* I graduated through the successive degrees of H., J.H., and J. H—d, &c., till I had at length the gratification to read my name at full length in print, and to believe that its subscription was not disagreeable to the editor."

The above-cited particulars prove that the young student had begun to feel those promptings to literary production which were to attend him through life as an inexhaustible source of refined enjoyment. Thus early, literature was to him much more than an idle amusement, and he so attended to it as to keep a good conscience. The hours which he devoted to the

muses could not be “attainted as a robbery on any paramount duty.” He could, indeed, say with Pope,

“I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobeyed.”

While he thus diligently and conscientiously divided the hours of the week-days between the workshop and the study, he was equally careful to spend the Sunday in a proper manner. In the year 1813 he was engaged as a teacher in the then recently established Red Hill Sunday School. As he first appeared in that school, he was slight in build, wearing breeches and silk stockings, and almost Puritanical in the cut of his hair; and he was noticed as a youth able to quote Latin and to write verses, and generally well informed on all current subjects whether political or religious. His name stands first on the old school register, where may be seen the following:—

“1813, John Holland, Sheffield Park, gentleman.”

The reader may judge of young Holland’s ability, self-culture, position, aspirations, and prospects, from the following early and almost prophetic poem:—

“MY STUDY.”

“Here silent, unfriended, and poor,
I read, and I think, and I rhyme;
Safe from all intrusion my door,
For poverty’s shunned like a crime.
Well, let the possessors of wealth
Their patronage give or deny;
With liberty, labour, and health,
I’ve more than their money could buy.

Had Providence seen it the best,
My hopes that fruition should bless,
Each trembling desire of my breast
Had turn’d to a college recess:
A student immured in those nooks
Whence scholars and sages have sprung,
To solitude, leisure, and books
My highest ambition had clung.

Then might I have delved for the ore
 In the mines of antiquity bound ;
 Have dived in those oceans of lore,
 Where the rich pearls of knowledge are found ;
 Might have lisped in the language of Greece,
 As through the bold epic it ran,
 Or have uttered in accents of peace,
 The strains of the Mantuan swan.

But here is the Study I choose,
 Remote from intrusion and rant ;
 A playful, but innocent muse,
 And poor, but regardless of want ;
 A structure, though rude and uncouth,
 Utility decks with a grace ;
 The chosen retreat of my youth :
 Perchance, too, the goal of my race.

The flowers of my childhood, though dead,
 Have left a faint fragrance behind ;
 The dreams of my youth, though they've fled,
 Their twilight remains on the mind.
 Heaven's mercy my destiny plann'd,
 O'eruling my fortune and will,
 And labour ordain'd to the hand
 Which fancy has graced with a quill.

It is pleasing to love and be loved ;
 It is soothing to think when we die
 That some kindred heart shall be mov'd,
 Some headstone shall mark where we lie.
 But have I a friend that will weep
 When o'er me the green sod is pil'd ?
 And shall some rude monument keep
 A name neither prais'd nor revil'd ?

Perchance when I rest in my grave,
 When this rustic summer-house falls,
 And the dark rampant nettle shall wave
 O'er the rubbish which buries the walls,
 When the ivy, which now in its pride
 Flaunts greenly and gaily, shall soon
 Lie prone with the ruins, and hide
 Their disgrace with its verdant festoon ;

E'en then might some stranger delay,
 And mutter my name to the breeze,
 Then pluck a few wild flowers, and say,
 ' Poor fellow ! such emblems as these.

More true than the lines on his hearse,
 Shall here, on his Study o'erthrown,
 Spring up like the bard and his verse,
 As simple, as brief, as unknown.' "

That this lyric was more than "almost prophetic" would be proved by ocular demonstration to anyone that should examine the "study" in its present condition.

Here, then, we see a God-fearing youth of good natural ability, with a consciousness that literature was the thing for which he had most fitness, wondering why he was not in circumstances in which his aptitudes could be fully developed, and yet, in a spirit of entire resignation to the will and appointment of God, resolving to do his best. All this is a good report of his domestic training, and reflects great honour on his mother. We cannot wonder that to the end of his long life he cherished her name with the fondest affection, or that his last wish was that his mortal remains might lie in her grave.

The following sonnet will properly conclude this chapter. There can be no doubt that it is the expression of Mr. Holland's own personal experience :—

"GENIUS AND TOIL."

"Sweet are the moments to the Muses given
 By him who toils to earn his daily bread ;
 The man who, though by Taste or Genius led,
 Hath never thus with wayward fortune striven,
 Knows not how richly all-indulgent Heaven
 Has lofty hopes on lowly stations shed :
 BLOOMFIELD, who hath not more delighted read
 The rural song composed when thou wast driven
 From the green fields into the city crowd,
 When told how in dull garret silent joy,
 Evoking from the past ' The Farmer's Boy,'
 Won that bright fame-wreath once so well bestowed ?
 Ah ! who shall say life's after-joy e'er brought
 One sweet hour like those won from handicraft by thought ?"

CHAPTER II.

1815—1817.

“ In tender age, smit with the charms of verse,
No mercenary hopes my spirit fired :
'Twas all my joy to ponder and rehearse
The thoughts and feelings of sweet bards inspired,
Till, with one glorious subject filled and fired,
One, one ambitious wish grew quick and strong,
And chief of earthly things I this desired,
That I might rank amongst the sons of song,
Might through succeeding years my humble name prolong.”
J.H.

THE attractions of the “rustic study” grew more and more powerful, and the result was, that young Holland soon began to spend a great part of the day in the retirement for which he had succeeded in making so perfect a provision. Yet he still worked at his trade, not for any pecuniary gain to himself, but in order to lighten his good father’s labour, and to assist in the maintenance of the family. His thirst for knowledge was excessive, his power of acquisition uncommon, his daily application intense, and his love of study unbounded ; but, nevertheless, he kept in mind those whom it was his duty to remember. He had no desire for himself with which he did not, in some way, associate all the members of the family. A few years after this period, reviewing past days, he wrote,

“ Beloved parents ! and my sisters dear !
Accept my filial, my fraternal love ;
Ye know how ardent, tender, and sincere
Are all the feelings which my bosom move :
I never formed a wish, I never strove
To win a blessing, but you were a part :

Alone, in crowds, in town, or field, or grove,
I ever feel you present in my heart ;
And never thence, I ween, this duteous joy shall start."

The facts and the sentiments recorded above indicate the source, so far as it was human, and also the means of production, of that peculiar excellence of character for which John Holland was remarkable throughout his long life, and which drew from that erratic genius "The Corn-law Rhymer," the distinguishing title of "Holland the pure." Nothing on earth is more powerful for good than properly-directed family affection. It invests the mildest parental counsel with an authority more potent than the sternest unloving command. It makes brothers and sisters precious to one another. It inspires them with a mutual confidence which is like an impenetrable shield against him who may lift his hand to injure any one of their number. And it renders early life, which is the bud of immortal being, "a thing of beauty" that will be remembered with thankfulness and joy for ever. Such affection there was in John Holland's home, and it yielded him the richest benefits throughout his long life.

This young and unaided student was now daily gathering knowledge from the books of men. He was also, with equal assiduity and delight, learning from "the book of nature." Delight in natural phenomena shows itself very early in his poetical compositions, together with many tokens of extensive and varied reading. There is a very creditable poem on *The Rose*, written in a stiff schoolboy's hand, on a paper ornamented in a juvenile fashion, which must be a very early production. There are also among the papers that have been preserved many other almost equally early compositions which show that this youth, so fond of solitude, was also fond of country walks, and full of serious reflections when he looked upon the works of God, and able to derive instruction from the things that he saw.

During the period to which the present chapter is devoted our young author showed great facility of literary production.

He successively turned his powers, apparently with perfect ease, into several different channels. He wrote historical, topographical, and other papers for *The Northern Star, or Yorkshire Magazine*, which was edited in Sheffield by his friend, Mr. A. Jewitt.

He was still most assiduously courting the muses, as he did his daily portion of manual work in the garret, as he sat in the solitude of his study, and as he wandered in the fields and lanes of the neighbourhood, with little or no desire to know more of "the haunts of busy men."

He was also diligently attending to his Sunday School duties. In the summer of 1816 his Sunday walks to Red Hill were rendered very unpleasant by the presence in the fields of disorderly lads, who retired from the town that they might escape the detection of the constables. The evil assumed such proportions, so wrought upon his mind, and appeared to him so ominous, that he wrote *A Word to Masters and Parents of Apprentices*, which was printed in the *Iris*, as coming from "A Sunday School Teacher." The evil which occasioned the "Word" is complained of and described, and the duties and the interests of both masters and parents are set forth in forcible terms.

For the other prose writings of this period very little space can be found. They relate chiefly to matters which have not much biographical utility, and to which all necessary references may be made with more advantage elsewhere. But to the poetical compositions of the time, more attention is due. They were many and various, and happily cleared the way to an acquaintance with James Montgomery, which young Holland had long desired. That acquaintance grew very intimate, and ultimately ripened into a remarkable friendship, which Mr. Holland regarded as the greatest earthly happiness of his long life. Frequent reference to it will be necessary in the present volume.

In the autobiographical document from which quotations

have already been made, Mr. Holland says, concerning his contributions to *The Lady's Magazine*, "I always paid the postage of these communications, as required by the manifesto; and it may amuse some persons to be told that this tax, which was too heavy for my slender finances to support, had the effect of driving me to more economical means, and eventually gratifying consequences. The *Sheffield Mercury* was the vehicle next chosen for the purpose of giving publicity to my productions in verse. Between twenty and thirty poetical essays, some very long for a newspaper, were successively printed in that journal with a gratifying promptitude; although the editor and his correspondent never exchanged any other courtesy during their intercourse."

Many of the poems here referred to have been preserved in a book apparently kept by their author for the purpose; and to them must be added several more of the same period, which he has left in manuscript. Some of these are of considerable length. They are, all taken together, a remarkable collection; and it is to be regretted that some of them have not been known as they deserved to be during the interval that has elapsed since they were written.

A rusty old weapon, which to this day hangs in Mr. Holland's bed-room, suggested an ode on *The Fallen Warrior's Sword*. Let the reader recollect that war had been almost incessant in Europe during the lifetime of the youthful poet. No effort could have enabled him to avoid paying some attention to the terrible subject; and his contemporary sentiments are duly recorded in his poems. "Terror had thrilled through his trembling soul" at the recital of the events which led to Waterloo; and the martial spirit had deprived him of the sympathy of a personal friend. He thought that it behoved all mankind

"One voice to raise the voice of war to quell."

And yet there was in him a patriotism which not only saw in his native land "the fairest nook of the wide-verging earth,"

but also prompted him to pray that it might ever be duly defended. With deep concern he mourned the unprepared condition of many who had fallen in the field of battle. And what young Christian could meditate on contemporary events without such feeling ?

In November, 1816, our young poet lost a friend by death. She was one in whom beauty and "genius" were united ; and she was, withal, a devoted Christian. This bereavement was both relieved and commemorated in some verses in which the author's experimental acquaintance with the religion of the New Testament is clearly evinced. The following stanza is a simple and, in its way, beautiful description of the end of one who "died in the Lord" :—

"Smiling, as weakened life retired,
Her spirit sank away !
The smile with which the saint expired
Still lingered on the clay ;
Soft, as the slumbering infant's breath,
She breathed into the sleep of death."

The same collection contains an elegy on *The Flight of Time*, in which several of the chief characteristics of Mr. Holland's poetry occur. Its reader is reminded that

"The flight of years despoils the youthful grace,
And fades the tints of beauty's fairest bloom,
Ploughs with deep lines the noblest, manliest face,
And writes on wrinkled age—' Expect thy doom ! '"

Another piece is on *Friendship*, in which, in the following lines, the poet said what he felt :—

"The sweets of life are only sweet
When they with warm affections blend ;
And wealth is riches incomplete
Enjoyed without a friend."

Mr. Holland's early friendships were not numerous. Within the comparatively narrow limits set to his social movements at this time, there were very few like-minded with himself ; but he formed some intimate attachments ; and his

friendship appears to have been ardent and influential. He had a warm and generous heart ; but he was too much engaged and too happy in his chosen occupations to find or to seek social pleasures where he could meet with no personal sympathy. Doubtless this saved him from many shocks and painful disappointments.

One to whom friendship was so great and powerful a thing was sure to turn his attention also, for speculative and literary purposes, to that affection which binds two hearts into one as ordinary friendship never can. Accordingly, among these early poems is found a pleasant song, *The Origin of Veils*, which makes pretty use of maiden blushes. There is also a long and thoughtful *Essay on Love in Marriage*, which may be looked upon as the earliest form of what was ultimately regarded by Mr. Holland as the best of his larger poems. The following piece will be received as an imperfect poem ; but it will help the reader to judge of the claims which the young poet now had on the attention of the public :—

“ THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.”

“ Thy heart may be hard, and thy bosom unwarmed
 By Pity or Sympathy’s tender appeal ;
 But say, has no Siren’s soft melody charmed,
 Has no fire of passion attemper’d the steel ?
 ’Tis said of the serpent, so fatal in eye,
 Transfix’d by the influence, its victim is held :
 O Woman ! more hopeless to conquer or fly
 Is man, when by love’s strong attraction impell’d.
 So ‘ Nature ’ ordain’d :—the fruition of bliss
 Is only complete in the nuptial design ;
 And happiness sheds on a union like this
 The fragrance of heaven, and writes it divine !
 The great may be proud ; and, by valour or birth,
 On fortune’s high pedestal heroes may rise ;
 Fame, titles, and honours may spring from the earth ;
 But love is celestial, and drops from the skies !
 In the morn of thy life, when thy passions are warm,
 Or when thou shalt tread its meridian stage,
 O then a wife’s fondness shall act like a charm,
 Or smooth, as an angel, the pillow of age.

Should life be a fever, or fortune a wreck ;
 Though blooming like Hebe, superior to prove
 To the rose of her cheek or the snow of her neck
 Is the smile of affection, the bosom of love !

The convolvulus clings up the stem of the corn,
 And hangs its bright bells in the summer-gilt hour ;
 So woman, sweet woman, is formed to adorn ;
 And man as the stem must support the rich flower.

Her smile is a fragrance ; her speech is a balm,
 The essence of all that is dulcet in life ;
 The wave of thy bosom shall sink to a calm,
 And flow, as flows tranquil the breast of thy wife.

Yes, man may be learned, and Stoic may spurn,
 With frigid philosophy, woman's control ;
 But her smile can dissolve his cold breast, nor return
 Till the fountain of nature springs up in the soul !

Ah, talk ye of friendship ! What friendship can equal
 The union when lovers reciprocal meet ?
 When love is the title, the page, and the sequel,
 Life's trouble-writ volume how nearly complete !

Yes, ye who these tender endearments may spurn
 May purchase a flatterer and call him a friend ;
 But no form of pity shall cling round your urn,
 No offspring self-likened your memory extend.

Then spurn not the charm with a cruel disdain,
 Lest your happiness die with the one you despise :
 He only has freedom who carries the chain ;
 And the captive is captor if LOVE be the prize."

In the same collection occurs a playful metrical essay on *The Pewter Plate*, written in February, 1817. It is too long for quotation, and the following lines will sufficiently show its character, while they also afford an example of Mr. Holland's early blank verse :—

—" Thou hast indeed survived the wreck
 Of thy coevals, and hast come to me ;
 But many a rude contusion thou hast borne ;
 And many a scar on thy indented rim
 Remains to testify of usage rough
 Thou hast endured thy share. Yes, half the strokes
 Thy bruises number had demolished soon

A score of thy successors that can boast
 Naught but their frangibility, in that
 Too true a semblance of their owners' selves.
 Not so of thee ; thou art exactly what
 Old stories tell us of our English sires,
 And history's page attests, with honest pride,
 When hospitality was not ashamed
 And not too poor to show her honest face !
 Blest tie of commonweal ! though rude betimes,
 'Twas rude sincerity, not polished fraud."

A few months before the date just mentioned, Mr. Holland had written a long poem entitled *Village Wanderings*. It consisted of more than a thousand heroic couplets of unequal merit. Probably the village which the poet had chiefly in mind was Staveley. The poem was afterwards very carefully revised and much altered ; and it was published in 1819 and 1820 in successive numbers of *The Imperial Magazine*, under the title of *The Villager's Lay*. Neither the scenes described nor the characters introduced are to be regarded as inventions.

The year 1817 was memorable to Mr. Holland for the beginning of his personal acquaintance with Montgomery. The two poets were introduced to each other by a common friend, Mr. John Jones, whom they both held in very high esteem. Immediately before their introduction an article from Mr. Holland's pen had been printed in the *Sheffield Iris*, the weekly newspaper of which Montgomery was the editor. Mr. Holland's next contribution appears to have been sent after that introduction. It was the poem on *The Solitary*, which is included in the volume entitled *Flowers from Sheffield Park*. The manuscript was transmitted with no small amount of solicitude. The piece was not only kindly received by the editor but also accompanied in the newspaper with the following acknowledgment equally candid and encouraging :—" We shall always be glad to receive the communications of the writer of the above stanzas. He possesses a genuine poetical talent ; we therefore think it well worth while to give him a hint, and should he profit by it, we may perhaps give him another. We have

seen and read with admiration many of his pieces, though they abound with inaccuracies and imperfections. We say this plainly, because it is no disparagement to his genius, and he can afford both to hear of his faults and to part with them, and be richer for a loss which would make most newspaper poets bankrupts. Our correspondent's chief defect is indeed a superfluity—his pieces are generally too long. *They would be twice as good if they were as short again.* The art to blot is the last art learnt in writing. It is not all a poet's thoughts that are worth publishing—no, nor all his excellent thoughts; it is only his best thoughts in his best moments that breathe a soul through words that burn, and give immortality to his song. Let our young correspondent then labour to compress his ideas, while he seeks to perfect his diction by charging every phrase, and especially every epithet, with as much meaning as it will bear. The evening star, which looks so beautiful at this season after sunset, owes its exquisite lustre not only to its comparative magnitude above the minor luminaries of heaven, but to the comparative smallness of its image to its actual bulk—presenting the sunshine of a world condensed to a point. Were it expanded to the apparent disc of the moon, it would grow dim in proportion as it grew large. We are persuaded that the excellence of the above stanzas would not have been diminished had they been judiciously reduced to six or seven verses, for to a certain point, which consummate masters of the art alone can ascertain, the spirit of poetry grows more vigorous and active as it is disencumbered of the body of verbiage with which it must be invested."

Thus did Montgomery state what he believed he saw at the time in the young poet of Sheffield Park; and he understood the subject of which he wrote.

Mr. Holland, having such encouragement, continued to publish his "thoughts" in the pages of the *Iris*, at the same time maintaining his friendly personal relations with the editor. Some of his pieces were sentimental and pretty. In illustration

may be mentioned the lyric, *To a Primrose*, subsequently re-published in *Flowers from Sheffield Park*. The following stanzas will serve as specimens :—

“ Yet thou shalt live when I am dead ;
 And when the grass springs o'er my head,
 Perhaps my grave's cold hallowed bed
 Shall bear a flower
 Like that which once its sweetness shed
 On life's warm hour.

O could I tinge thee with my name,
 And, sweet, O sweet ! the poet's claim
 Inscribe without a blush of shame,
 On mossy seat
 Perennial then would spring my name
 With primrose sweet !

Affection then might mark thy peep ;
 There morning's dewy eye would weep ;
 And spring's young sunbeams love to sleep
 Upon thy breast :
 Her earliest court would Flora keep
 Beneath thy crest.

The village maiden, wandering there,
 Would cull thee, braid thee with her hair,
 Or place thee on her bosom fair,
 With guileless art :
The Poet's Flower her breast would share,
 Himself her heart.”

The friendship of Montgomery soon began to bear fruit for which Mr. Holland ever afterwards felt that he could not be too thankful. His poetical compositions had now become numerous. Many of them had been given to the public through the pages of different periodicals ; but it appears that nothing of his had yet appeared in a separate form. He had now, however, in manuscript a poem which he strongly desired to publish as a volume ; and such had been the kindness of his friend that he resolved to request him to give the manuscript a perusal. It was accordingly forwarded to Montgomery ; and after some time Mr. Holland received the following letter,

which has the interest of being the first of a long series sent him from the same hand :—

“Dear Sir,—I have been so ill lately that I have had no courage to read your poem over again. But I have made marginal notes in pencil from what struck me on the original perusal of it. These refer *entirely* to faults, that you may reconsider the passages. There certainly is sufficient merit in the poem to recommend it to general readers in this neighbourhood, where there is a local interest in the subject. I am going from home, probably for six weeks, to recruit my health. After my return (if I am spared), if you will let me have the manuscript again, I will revise it, and give you the best advice and assistance in my power, if you are disposed to publish. I hope you will not be discouraged by this delay. A poem is not worth issuing which cannot afford a delay of this kind. Believe me very truly, your friend and servant,
J. MONTGOMERY. *Iris* Office, Sept. 9th, 1817.”

Previously to this time Mr. Holland had begun to express in verse his religious convictions and spiritual aspirations. One of the earliest of his religious poems bears the date, “July, 1815.” It subsequently appeared in the *Iris*, under the title of *Ex-postulation*. As it is a fair specimen of what Mr. Holland produced of its kind at the period to which it belongs, it is inserted here at full length :—

“Is there beyond this world of sight,
Where man would vainly rest,
A paradise of pure delight,
A region of the blest ?

Is there, besides that realm of bliss,
A place of endless pain,
A hell, a bottomless abyss,
Where woe and darkness reign ?

Tossed on an ocean wide and vast,
How strange that man should court
The yawning wave, when'er a blast
Would waft to safety's port !

'Tis not he loves the stormy track,
 Or hates the happy coast ;
 But passion oft compels him back,
 When grace would speed him most.

'Tis sin detains him ! Well he knows
 One haven he shall gain ;
 And conscience every moment shows
 The dangers of the main.

Bewildered thus, and rudely driven,
 His fears increase the spell ;
 Though breezes fill his sail for heaven,
 His oars are plied for hell.

O would he, skilful, mark the chart,
 Catch each auspicious gale,
 And wait the moment to depart
 When mercy swells the sail !

The Word of Life : behold the chart !
 And mercy is the gale ;
Now is the moment to depart ;
Now mercy swells the sail !

Then follow Christ ; a while endure ;
 Storms, rocks shall soon be passed ;
 And life's frail bark shall reach secure
 A heavenly port at last."

About this time the poet began that practice of writing hymns for Sunday School Anniversaries and like occasions, which he continued, with pleasure to himself and usefulness to others, to the end of his life ; and the collection of original compositions of this kind which he has left nearly ready for publication is very large.

CHAPTER III.

1818—1819.

“ Sweet Poesy, thy numbers
Entranced me while a boy,
Thrilled through my golden slumbers
And through my waking joy ;
And when thy sounds ascended
With some immortal name,
With them my spirit blended,
I sighed for hopeless fame.

I lived but to discover
Thy beauty and my pride :
In youth thou wast my lover,
In manhood's dawn my bride ;
I loved on airy pinion,
Free as the birds in spring,
Through Fancy's wide dominion,
With thee to soar and sing.”

J.H.

It appears that about this time Mr. Holland became one of the Secretaries of the Sheffield Sunday School Union. That office brought him into much social intercourse with several very excellent persons, of some of whom repeated mention will have to be made hereafter. The Secretaries held their monthly meetings at one another's houses, or at Mr. George Bennet's ; and Mr. Holland has recorded that they were “happy meetings of Christian fellowship ” where discord was unknown. Mr. George Bennet was virtually the founder of the Union and actually one of its most influential patrons. He subsequently became famous for circumnavigating the world in the interests of Christian Missions. Montgomery was at this time a popular and useful Sunday School Teacher, and took on himself the

labour of preparing the annual Report of the Union. Mr. Joseph Cowley, of whom, after his death, Mr. Holland published a biographical account, was both the senior Secretary and an able and most devoted Sunday School Superintendent. He had three daughters, "Sarah, Elizabeth, and Anne," who frequently appear in Mr. Holland's verses, and to one of whom our young poet became specially attached. With them and their father he profitably spent much happy time. Mr. Oates, an Independent, another of the Secretaries, was to the end of his life one of Mr. Holland's friends. He was a man of good sense, and had the honour throughout his lifetime of doing useful work. He had to co-operate with Mr. Holland, at different times, in several matters of importance. The other Secretary, at the time to which these observations belong, was Mr. William Atkinson, a Baptist, who still retains his connection with the Union, taking an active interest in all Sunday School work.

Another friend of this period was Mr. Charles Congreve, a Wesleyan-Methodist and an American merchant. He was a man of style and taste, and gained Mr. Holland's respect and esteem. They became life-long friends and correspondents. After great variety of commercial experience, Mr. Congreve died in good circumstances a few years before the subject of this biography.

Mr. Holland had now fairly given himself to Christian work ; and his general conduct is proved by abundant evidence to have been in strict accordance with the confession which he thus made of his Lord and Saviour. But he has left little among all his quasi-autobiographical documents that relates directly and obviously of set purpose to what may be called his religious experience. Among the exceptions to this are a few entries in a diary from which quotations will be made. In the unpublished memoir of his excellent mother he says certain things which also relate to this matter :—

“As her children grew up about her, the amount of her social enjoyment was considerably augmented, and her sphere

of intelligent intercourse enlarged. Another and still more important source of comfort was opened to her : not only did her four children severally return to her, in affectionate obedience, that which she had taught them by her patient training and pious example, but God was graciously pleased, through various circumstances, to call them to make a profession of religion. Her three daughters became members of the Wesleyan Society, and the whole family attended the Methodist Chapel. This was a great advantage to her in a spiritual point of view ; her religious sentiments, which were always orthodox, became more extended and better defined ; while her devotional feelings were habitually drawn out and regulated, not only in the house of God, to which, as long as ever she was able, she delighted to repair, but also in that family worship which she was most anxious to maintain."

This excellent and devoted mother must have found her heart glow with gratitude to God when she surveyed the work which she had had the grace to do. After this time she was long spared to perform a Christian mother's part to her children ; and it must have been a great delight to her to witness the literary career of her only son, a career marked by the constant working out of those Christian principles to the inculcation of which she had prayerfully and assiduously given herself for many years. Under her influence he had become a Christian and a patriot ; and his filial respect and love were all that could be desired. With what emotions would the mother read the following lines in *Hopes of Matrimony* :—

" On thy dear lap, O Britain, first I drew
The vital air, and life's warm transports knew ;
An English mother bore me and caressed ;
And with the stream of life, upon her breast,
I drew the patriot passion, which still reigns
Pure as the blood from those maternal veins :
Then, oh, forgive the hand that would entwine
With that dear mother's name one grateful line !
And thou whom Heaven hath spared to read this lay,
Accept the filial offering which I pay ;

For when affection's claim I cease to hold,
This hand be nerveless, and this heart be cold."

With Mr. Holland, filial respect was no mere sentiment. He loved and obeyed his parents in conscious obedience to the holy law of God ; and the duty was a delight. His mother had an amplé recompense for all her pious care ; and how different would the man's life have been if she had never gained over him that influence by which he was affected every day to the end of his long sojourn on earth ! His mother's influence was to him the means of the greatest good that man can receive. She did her duty, and confidently looked for the blessing which God had promised. Therefore she was not surprised when her children chose to walk in the paths of which she had diligently informed them, and which she had constantly recommended not only by word but also by daily conduct. Let those who desire to see the same results adopt the same means.

During the year 1818 the young poet's pen was very busy. It is not likely that he found much time for the occupation carried on in the garret ; and he had probably by this time arrived at the conclusion that literature must eventually engross his time as it had already completely gained his affections. He was still writing both prose and verse for *The Northern Star*. His articles in prose in that magazine were numerous, and his poems were more than a dozen. There are papers about the villages of Handsworth and Aston, the author of *The English Garden*, Cawthorn (the almost forgotten poet, who was a native of Sheffield), Dronfield Church, and other kindred subjects. These essays show that Mr. Holland had thus early contracted the chief of those peculiarities of authorship which distinguished him to the end of his life.

The poetical productions of the year amount to a considerable number ; and some of them are striking compositions. In January were written stanzas *On the Death of a Friend's Canary Bird* and *An Elegy on Esther Caterer*, Librarian of Surrey-street Book Rooms. The "stanzas" are sentimental, and not

Now where yon brawny wight is digging,
 Go read the stane aboon her biggin :
 There lane and low i' th' dust she's liggig,
 An' owre her head
 This dolesome dirge is a' its riggin :
 Auld Esther's dead !”

For manifest reasons the above-cited poem was signed “Burns.” Learned readers to whom the language of the great Scotch lyric is not an acquired language will find defects in the piece ; but it will be admitted that its author has shown his versatility in a way that would be extremely difficult to most Englishmen. At least it would be difficult to those who, like our poet, have never stood on Scottish soil, and whose acquaintance with the language which Burns did *not* use when he wished to be specially pathetic, has been made chiefly through books.

In February appeared *A Night with the Savages*. It is a poem of more than sixty heroic couplets, suggested probably by the reading of a book of travels ; and it describes the circumstances in which a European spent a night among North American Indians.

The next month saw *The Serpent and Child*, in which the narrative and the didactic features of our author's poetry are well exemplified. A mother who had killed a serpent that had erected its head to strike her boy when asleep in his cradle, is reminded that her lovely child has certainly received the mortal bite of

“ That hydra-headed serpent, Sin,”

and that nothing but “ the balm of Gilead” can remove or assuage “ those rankling pains” which he must sooner or later feel.

As spring advanced the poet was specially reminded of his “ light-fledged infant days ”, and addressed a set of verses to his *Cradle*. The subject naturally made him think of his mother ; and a few lines will show how he thought :—

“ But sure the smile was then most dear
 With which a mother's fondness shone ;
 Time has not made it less sincere,
 Nor left it less indeed my own.”

In May he plucked a hawthorn branch from which his approach had sent a tuneful linnet. The occasion was improved in twenty stanzas, from which the following are selected. The piece shows that the young poet was also a Christian with deep and not inoperative convictions :—

“ I'd rather read on every bough,
And be deceived—*There is a God,*
Than dread or wish or dare to know
My all of life a breath, a clod.

I'd rather falsely deem each flower
With resurrection beauty fraught,
Than think at death's approaching hour
I then must tremble into naught.

Ah ! who would darkly wish to grope
Aimless through life's bewildering maze,
Unlighted by the star of hope,
Uncheered by faith's diviner rays ?

Can reason's clearest cloudless moon
Chase the dark midnight of our fears ?
The brightest intellectual noon
Fades with the sure decline of years.

Faith sees, beyond life's visions dim,
Another world of glory roll,
As death with wings of seraphim
Plumes for another world the soul.

This branch, now drooping in my hand,
Shall perish ere the parent tree,
Which may alone memorial stand
When suns have shone their last for me.

Yet shall its slow-decaying shoots
Then perish to revive no more
When age hath stricken through its roots,
And rottenness consumed its core.

That voice which bade it bud and bloom,
Unheard when spring revived the earth,
That voice shall wake me in the tomb,
To second, to immortal birth.”

In June he published *Ellen* and *The White Rose*. "Ellen" was addressed to a motherless infant, and is not without pathos. "The White Rose" was written during a period of indisposition, of which it is perhaps the only remaining record. It was no wonder if the eagerness with which Mr. Holland was now pursuing knowledge, and the frequency of his poetic flights, with the mental excitement which they involved, had seriously affected his health. Of youthful poets that have suffered from excessive love of the lyre he was neither the first nor the last. He was, however, at this time in a state of health very different from that in which he had generally lived; and a white rose in his garden, which he had often passed without notice, he now looked upon as an emblem of the pallor of his cheeks; while its "damask sister" which he had often gathered in other places was regarded as symbolising the colour that he had lost. The whole piece is worthy of quotation; but want of space forbids. Whatever might be his indiscretions at this time, he eventually became able to take great care of his health, while doing an almost incredible amount of literary work.

To this summer belong the lines entitled *The Condemned Felon to his Wife*, in which is implied a strong condemnation of the barbarous custom of gibbeting the mortal remains of executed criminals. The lines were published in an influential journal, and doubtless expressed the opinion and the sentiment of the worthier part of the community, as to the matter to which they referred. The poet looked at the case from the condemned but penitent malefactor's own point of view, and intensely deprecated the scoffs, the taunts, and the derision which were needlessly heaped on unfortunate fatherless children. Here was a contribution to political improvement, by one who had both seen gibbets and watched their moral effects.

In August of this year death suddenly struck down the venerable William Bramwell, a Wesleyan preacher of extraordinary power. That event drew from Mr. Holland's pen a poem which appears not to have been published. It is a fitting

tribute to the memory of one whose peculiar gifts would of necessity make a deep impression on such a mind as that of Mr. Holland.

The poem next in order of time is a pretty conceit about *The Birth of the Mushroom*. It was written, fittingly, in autumn. It tells how

“ Young fancy’s vision-gifted eye
Saw fairies sporting with their queen,”

and how her prayer about cowslips and mushrooms had its answer ; but it is too long to be quoted here.

November witnessed the appearance of *Stanzas written under a Chesnut Tree*, in the churchyard at a village where the writer had spent many happy hours. The village was, probably, Edensor in Derbyshire. This piece, like many of those previously named, was afterwards republished in *Flowers from Sheffield Park*.

As Christmas came near, Mr. Holland “ imitated from the Latin the Portuguese hymn on the Nativity ”; and his adaptation of *Adeste Fideles* will not suffer by comparison with others at present somewhat better known. Christmas generally thenceforward found him producing an appropriate hymn or other poem ; and he always sought to be properly affected by the return of that part of the Christian year.

Besides the lyrics named above and a few more which can only be thus mentioned, he wrote during this year a much more ambitious poem under the title of *Mercy*. It consists of more than eight hundred pentameters in the author’s favourite rhyme of couplets. It surveys the action of mercy in the Divine administration of this world, gives strongly-worded praise to the leading philanthropists of the age, and contains many admirable sentiments. It has not been published ; and such quotations as could be inserted here would give no adequate view of the whole. In the succeeding spring it was in the hands of Montgomery for critical purposes ; and it formed the subject of the subjoined letter. The hints and corrections still appear

on the margins of the manuscript; but the author does not seem ever to have given the poem the revision recommended:—

“ Dear Sir,—I return your manuscript at length, with such marginal notes as were suggested by the perusal. These, you will observe, refer solely to faults. Of the merits of the piece I need not say more than that I think you have greatly improved, both in versification and style, as well as poetical conception, since the former production. This, however, is not likely to be a popular subject, dear and sacred as it may be to you. It is, however, well worthy of a careful and severe revision, to compress and polish the various parts, so as to make their form one more beautiful and simple whole. I know not what your views may be respecting publishing any of your poems beyond the columns of newspapers and periodical works; but if at any time you want advice or assistance in this respect, you may freely command mine. Will you accept as a token of my respect and esteem the enclosed copies of my four volumes? Believe me truly your friend,
J. MONTGOMERY. *Iris* Office, May 22nd, 1819.”

On the 5th of January, 1819, Mr. Holland lost another friend, who had been also a “patron,” by the death of the Rev. Dr. Fletcher Dixon, of Staveley Hall. The mournful event yielded an elegy, in which occur the subjoined stanzas:—

“ When first I culled the flowers of rhyme,
And, with presuming aim,
Aspired the Aonian mount to climb,
Pleased with a poet’s name,
His partial smile approved my lays,
And oft I won his generous praise.
And while I dared its slippery slope,
Still tempted, oft betrayed,
He pointed to the beams of hope
That through the prospect played;
Still partial, he would still commend.
The poet’s patron and his friend.”

An explanation will be found in the following words, which Mr. Holland wrote twenty years afterwards:—“ I once

dined and spent a pleasant day with the Rev. Fletcher Dixon, at Staveley Hall, and on my return wrote a copy of verses on my visit. The newspaper in which they appeared found its way to the worthy clergyman, who sent me a kind note, a useful volume, and a Bank-note, the first pecuniary compliment ever paid to a production of my pen." The encouraging of a gifted but retiring young man was not the least considerable of the good deeds of that estimable clergyman.

The next month witnessed in Sheffield an event of great local interest, which produced much excitement among the inhabitants. It was the opening of the canal, the construction of which had introduced alterations and improvements of great importance. Writing in 1859 Mr. Holland says, in a note to *Sheffield Park*, " 'The Industry' was the name of the first vessel which entered the basin of the Sheffield Canal, Feb. 22nd, 1819; it was followed by a small steamer, the first which the poet of 'Sheffield Park' and most of his neighbours had seen. The occasion of the opening of a direct water communication between Sheffield and Tinsley was a jubilee to the inhabitants, hardly surpassed in the breadth and intensity of its interest by two similar events, namely, the opening of the Sheffield and Rotherham Railway in 1838, and of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Line in 1845."

In April he sang, in *The Peasant's Pillow*, of a "happy contentment" which, it is feared, is not general among peasants of the present day. In May the reading of Montgomery's Missionary poem, *Greenland*, just published, was commemorated in *Stanzas*, which rush with an impetuosity naturally consequent on an almost unqualified admiration for that "Christian poet," of whom it is truly said that,

" Britain's language o'er his tongue
In its strength and sweetness flows."

In June Mr. Holland wrote two pieces on very diverse subjects. The first was *The Restoration of Israel*, a threnody over the present state of the Jews, with a few hopeful tones as to

the future. The other was *The First Step in Life*, which describes a child "upon its mother's lap,"

"Safe in her paradise of smiles,"

and tells in a pathetic strain what may be the course and the end for which an infant starts when first

"He trusts the issue of his strength,
And gains a chair, and closely clings,
And smiles, how sweet! on leading strings."

This notice must not pass without a reference to Mr. Holland's great and never-failing interest in children, and especially in those of his more intimate friends. Many are the exquisite verses which owe their existence to that interest; and a special illustration of it occurred this very summer, when he composed a set of four hymns to be sung in connection with a sermon with which the Rev. Robert Wood opened the Manor Sunday School. When the young poet did that grateful work, he little thought he should be requested to write the *Jubilee Hymn* after fifty years, with all their changes, should have gone over that school. Yet so it came to pass.

A morning ride from Sheffield to Chatsworth, which Mr. Holland took this summer, was described in the *Sheffield Mercury*. It is named here because it appears to be the first thing of the kind, of which the newspaper account has been preserved. It became his habit to make literary use, without much, if any, reference to pecuniary profit, of his visits to different parts of the country. In this way some of the most interesting of his descriptive pieces were occasioned. What he has left in this department of authorship consists of prose and verse, comprises a large amount of information on various subjects, and would form a number of very readable volumes. Brief reference will be made to the papers as they occur. They show that their indefatigable author found his most grateful rest in change of occupation.

During three weeks, when this summer was probably at its brightest and its hottest, our author produced four poems

that well deserve attention. One of them is *Moss*. It shows that its writer had an eye for beauties in nature which many persons are too heedless to see. Another is *The Longest Day*. It is full of correct sentiment simply and beautifully expressed. The third relates to two lovers, who, having known no other union than that of hearts, should finally mingle their ashes in the same grave. And the fourth is on the impression from *A Seal representing the Bust of Shakspeare*. The poet "honours the face" of "Nature's darling," reveres his genius, and applauds his plays, but execrates the stage, which has "filled with baneful phantasies the mind"; and he regrets that Shakspeare's matchless genius was not brought fully under the power of religion.

In autumn Mr. Holland spent some days, with a friend out of health, at Roche Abbey. One result of the visit appeared in the *Iris*, in the form of a long article descriptive of the locality and of the thoughts and actions of its visitors.

Before the end of the year he had presented to a friend on his fiftieth birthday some verses, among which occurs the following stanza:—

" But as the steeps of life we climb,
 We see in fairer skies,
 Bright and above the hills of time
 The eternal summits rise,
 In realms of glory fair and far
 Beyond the track of sun and star."

About the same time was written *Augustine's Mission*, which will be found in *Flowers from Sheffield Park*.

This autumn was marked by a local circumstance at which Mr. Holland felt great indignation. It was the conversion of the principal portion of the habitable ruins of Sheffield Manor into a public-house. There was, to his mind, an unpardonable desecration in such a using of that "lone wreck of ancient splendour" which he beautifully apostrophises in *Sheffield Park*, comparing its condition to that of "Palmyra's prostrate marble wrecks," where the wretched Arab pitches his mean abode. That "pile of the Talbots" had "inspired

his youthful strain;" he loved to walk and muse among its venerable ruins; and anything that threatened further dilapidation caused him a pain of which only similarly sensitive minds can form a due estimate. For several years the Manor had been to him an object of special *poetical* interest. In a fugitive poem published in the newspaper as early as the spring of 1816, he had embodied the story of a simple farm-servant who occupied a portion of the ruins, and who told particularly how he had encountered the ghost of Mary, Queen of Scots. That poem was "the precocious budding of an idea long entertained." The "idea" was, to write a poem descriptive not only of the Manor, but also of most of the prominent objects in the adjacent Park. At the time at which this narrative has now arrived, the idea had been carried into effect. The manuscript in its original form was transmitted to Montgomery, that he might do with it what he had previously done with other productions of the same pen. He returned it with suggestions of various improvements, having written against one stanza complimentary to himself, "This must be withdrawn." How the author valued the revisal and the cordial friendship from which it had sprung, may be learned from the following letter, which accompanied the manuscript when it went again into Montgomery's hands:—

"Near Sheffield, 17th Dec., 1819.

"Dear Sir,—I take the liberty which you were so kind as to allow me of sending my manuscript for your revision, and to solicit the kindness of your promised estimate and instructions concerning printing. . . . I trust, by the kindness of your promised revision, it will appear more correct in expression and more smooth in versification. . . . Dr. Johnson, I think, has somewhere said that the most valuable crown is not composed wholly of diamonds, &c., but these must be held together by some material less precious. So, as I have attempted to pursue a regular track over the precincts I have chosen to celebrate, there are two or three stanzas which



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describe scenes chosen, not because they are susceptible of poetical embellishment, but that the transition may not seem too abrupt. . . . I trust you will . . . pardon me for the trouble I have given you and the favours I solicit. If I am permitted to publish my poem, which, I hope, might afford a harmless gratification to some and injury to none, I shall always consider it as less a work of my merit than a monument of your goodness, continued goodness which I have long felt, and shall, I trust, always gratefully, however feebly, acknowledge. I am, dear sir, with the greatest respect, your humble servant, JOHN HOLLAND."

The manuscript remained in Montgomery's hands until the following April. Meanwhile Mr. Holland, awaiting its return, continued to work as before. In a postscript to the above-cited letter he made a reference to Hunter's *Hallamshire*. That work had then been published only a few days. Mr. Holland longed to procure a sight of it, as he knew it contained the results of very much original research on matters in which he had great and special interest. In due time his wish was gratified by the kindness of Montgomery. And the book became thenceforward one of those to which he most frequently referred.

Mr. Holland's love for that kind of antiquarian research to which Hunter had devoted powers of no common order, was of early growth. He says that he had in his tastes from youth "a spice of the antiquary"; that the ruins of the Manor were "the cradle of his earliest associations and feelings in poetry"; and that the winds and storms which, through successive years, accelerated the total ruination even of the ruins of that summer mansion of the Tallots, rocked his feelings into "antiquarian reverence." This, therefore, is a proper place for the following quotations which show how intense and influential his "antiquarian reverence" was, and how, like other men of taste, he found an increase of beauty in some forms of decay:—

" The fond poet's eye
Sees naught in nature like the hard design.

A ruin hath soft beauties all its own :
 Here, sternest lines are melted by decay,
 And demolition, with pictorial touch,
 Breaks down the rigid angles of fine art.
 Till, with the free and flowing strokes of nature,
 They mix and harmonise in one sweet whole,
 One rich and valuable outline, where the sight
 Uninterrupted and enchanted glides."*

“ CONISBOROUGH CASTLE.”

“ Pile of obscure foundation ! thy old name
 Falls on the ear a mystery like romance,
 While o'er thy gloomy form the transient glance
 Of traveller is thrown, or, by thy fame
 Allured, the antiquary comes to explore
 All thy quaint features, which from history claim
 Alliance with strange deeds. It were a shame
 If they who, reading much, reflecting more,
 Are dwellers in thy precincts, wondrous pile !
 Should leave to strangers to admire thee most.
 Of Don's rich vale thou art the rarest boast,
 Though *here* fair towns arise, *there* sweet fields smile :
 More eloquent to me thy silent pride
 Than all the babbling sounds o'er this fair landscape wide.”†

“ THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.”

“ Thousands, ten thousands strain their thoughts to pry
 Into the deep-veil'd future ; they would see
 The forms of unborn years. Ah, more to me
 Delightful far departed eras ! I
 Love less those scenes through which so rapid fly
 The blazing signs of science, than the times
 When art, and truth, and wisdom, and e'en crimes,
 Those less refined and these of deeper dye,
 Bore stronger impress of a hearty will.
 In this cold dizzy onward age of wheels,
 Scanning the future, how even Fancy reels
 'Midst Trade's dire vortex ! Thanks be to their skill
 Who raise the historic mirror that reveals
 Scenes which our studious thoughts with quiet lessons fill.”‡

Throughout his life Mr. Holland had great sympathy with the efforts of those who strive to snatch interesting facts from

* *Pleasures of Sight.*

† *Diurnal Sonnets.*

‡ *Diurnal Sonnets.*

the hand of forgetfulness before they are carried utterly beyond recovery. He largely contributed at different times in local publications and elsewhere, to literature having that design. But how little can all such workers save. It is manifestly a Divine appointment, that the voracious maw of oblivion should swallow up the most part of all that happens in this lower world. Yet there will come a "restitution of all things."

With an eye to that final apocalypse, Mr. Holland was still working in connection with the Sunday School. He had a strong desire to foster in the children a love of good books, and to teach them to pray as well as to read. The elaborate Report of the Red Hill Sunday School Library for 1819 is in his handwriting, and shows a strong interest in the work which it describes. There lies also before the biographer a copy of three prayers which are said to have been composed by Mr. Holland and printed at his expense, for the use of the children in his class. He knew the power and the blessedness of "true religion," and felt that those on whom he was permitted to exert his influence must, if possible, be led to Christ in early years.

CHAPTER IV.

1820—1821.

“ I have nor worshipped women, wine, nor wealth,
But gave to thee
Twilight, and darkness, and the flower of health,
Sweet Poesy !

My shame, my pride, my solace, and my snare
Can I forget ?
Not till the dust this anxious bosom bear,
Or reason set.

O Thou who lead'st in harmony sublime
Earth and the spheres,
Guide *me*, nor let the transient things of time
Absorb my years !

Up to the Fountain whence my spirit flowed
Still let it rise,
Till death shall dissipate the mortal cloud
That veils my eyes.”

J.H.

ON the first day of the year 1820 Mr. Holland composed *An Invocation to January*. It is an irregular poem, the very form and rhythm of which may have been intended to remind the sympathetic reader of the changeful sound of the wintery wind alternately rising and falling about an old and exposed country house. It is also a chronicle of a pensive and very serious mood. Such moods appear to have been common with Mr. Holland, though he was in company one of the most cheerful and entertaining of men.

The manuscript of *Sheffield Park* was yet in the hands of Montgomery. Before its return the author would need such comfort as he could derive from the observation of his excellent

remarks:—"The writer would observe that he is *not*, nor ever was, a member of the Methodist Society : whether he felicitates himself or not on that circumstance, his poem must bear evidence. The remark is made to show that he is not interested in having represented favourably a body of people generally aspersed."

No one prompted a sentence or was aware of the existence of the poem until it was finished. It must have been a labour of love and of gratitude to God for the good work which the poet believed Methodism to have done. The book was noticed in *The Imperial Magazine* for July, 1820, in the following words:—

"This neat little poem, which has just made its appearance, will, we doubt not, prove highly acceptable to the Wesleyan Methodists, without giving offence to any other religious sect. The author has concealed his name ; but we gather from his advertisement that he is not a Methodist nor ever was one. This he has mentioned that his readers may expect in the delineation of character which he has given that impartiality which we, on the perusal, have found. He lightly touches on the progressive diffusion of light, from the dawn of the Reformation until in modern days Wesley arose above the moral horizon. The poem contains nothing of fulsome adulation, but speaks in a respectful manner of the progress of Methodism, of its general utility, of its influence on society, and of the tendency of its doctrines." The subjoined passage, concerning the Methodist Class-leader, shows our author's views on a subject of transcendent moment :—

"Taught well the workings of the mind to trace,
 Deep his experience in the things of grace.
 He counsel or reproof, in love bestows ;
 To them the fulness of his heart o'erflows,
 That they, like him, may know their sins forgiven,
 Like him, may know their names inscribed in heaven.
How knows he that ? I hear a voice inquire.
 How knows the querist there is heat in fire ?
 Force in attraction when his spirit moves
 Toward some object he supremely loves ?

How that his bosom to his children yearns,
 When none but he the father's love discerns ?
 Or how, when ebbing life hung on a breath,
 Knew he that sin could barb the sting of death ?
 He *feels* it strike his senses and his soul,
 Above deception and beyond control.
 Thus *Felix** *felt*, like him to sight restor'd
 By the Almighty finger of the Lord.
 He knew not *how* the miracle could be,
 But knew he *once* was blind, but *now* could see.
 Long may experienc'd souls this grace defend,
 And never in the means disclaim the end.
 Less vain, else, Papists boast their gorgeous mass,
 Than the plain Methodist his simple class."

In April, Montgomery wrote to Mr. Holland about *Sheffield Park*:—"I have looked over your corrections, and you will find that I generally approve of them. . . . Should you be disposed to publish your poem, it might be well to issue proposals and endeavour to secure a subscription to cover you against loss. But indeed of the latter I think there is little hazard, if you are content to print a small impression. As it will be your first venture, I will so far serve you as to engage that I will deliver the copies to you, as nearly as I can calculate, at the cost price in materials, wages, &c., to myself."

The author resolved to have six hundred copies printed, and to issue proposals for subscription, thus far following the advice of his friend. The whole edition was immediately subscribed for; but the author found that that was but a precarious way of publishing; and he seems to have learned from it what he never forgot in after life. Notwithstanding the speedy completion of the subscription list, he was indebted rather to the generosity of the printer than to the proceeds of the sale for any profit that might accrue to him in this instance: and it is known that several years after publication, as much as ten pounds of the subscription money, due for copies of *Sheffield Park*, remained unpaid.

The volume, says its author, was "dedicated to the Duke

* A certain Class-leader.

of Norfolk, with sincerity and without expectation ; and a copy was, of course, transmitted to his Grace, through the hands of his agent". With a note in acknowledgment, the poet received from the Duke a present of five guineas.

What Montgomery thought at this time of the poet of *Sheffield Park* will be ascertained from the following words, by which he called attention to the advertisement of the poem in the *Iris* :—“ To the friends of literature at large, and especially to the admirers of poetical talent triumphing over disadvantages, and shining out of obscurity by its own native light, we earnestly recommend the advertisement of a proposed publication by Mr. John Holland, of this town. Under the signature of ‘ J.H., near Sheffield,’ this modest and meritorious writer is well known and highly esteemed, by many readers both of the *Sheffield Mercury* and of the *Iris*, the columns of each having been frequently graced with his versatile and spirited compositions.”

This, his “ first literary achievement,” was not supposed by its author to be his best poetical production ; and he has, doubtless, in some respects, surpassed its excellence in other works ; but it contains passages of force and beauty. For an example may be taken the following stanza, which is preceded by an account of a “ once-thriving hop-ground ” that had now been turned to other uses :—

“ Those days are gone ! The yellow corn-field rolls
 Its waves of grain, where rose the hop-crowned poles :
 Yet in the hedges, that once fenced them round,
 Clinging and feeble, here and there is found
 A dwindled parasite that climbs and seeds,
 Courts the base thorn, and blends with baser weeds ;
 And children gather from the pathway side
 The last, weak, worthless flowers to those allied.
 So round his lost estate, the spendthrift heir
 Clings to the scenes he must no longer share ;
 To his own menials cringes for his bread,
 And begs of those his former bounty fed.”

While he was surrounded by the beauties of May in the year 1820, Mr. Holland wrote what is, probably, the most ex-

tensively known of all his poems. The admiration with which it has been received has not been in excess of its merits. It is

“ THE RAINBOW.”

“ The evening was glorious, and light through the trees
 Played the sunshine, the rain-drops, the birds, and the breeze :
 The landscape, outstretching in loveliness, lay
 On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.

For the queen of the spring, as she passed down the vale,
 Left her robe on the trees and her breath on the gale ;
 And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours ;
 And rank in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.

The skies like a banner in sunset unrolled,
 O'er the west threw their splendour of azure and gold ;
 But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and increased
 Till its margin of black touched the zenith and east.

We gazed on the scenes, while around us they glowed,
 When a vision of beauty appeared on the cloud ;
 'Twas not like the sun, as at midday we view,
 Nor the moon, that rolls nightly through starlight and blue.

Like a spirit it came in the van of a storm !
 And the eye and the heart hailed its beautiful form ;
 For it looked not severe, like an angel of wrath,
 But its garment of brightness illum'd its dark path.

In the hues of its grandeur sublimely it stood,
 O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood ;
 And river, field, village, and woodlands grew bright,
 As conscious they felt and afforded delight.

'Twas the *Bow of Omnipotence* bent in *His* hand
 Whose grasp at creation the universe spanned ;
 'Twas the presence of God, in a symbol sublime,
 His vow from the flood to the exit of time !

Not dreadful as when in the whirlwind He pleads,
 When storms are His chariot and lightnings His steeds,
 The black cloud His banner of vengeance unfurled,
 And thunder His voice to a guilt-stricken world ;

In the breath of His presence when thousands expire,
 And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,
 And the sword and the plague-spot with death strew the plain,
 And vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain !

Not such was that Rainbow, that beautiful one !
Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone—the sun ;
A pavilion it seemed which the Deity graced ;
And Justice and Mercy met there and embraced.

A while, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
Like Love o'er a death-couch, or Hope o'er the tomb ;
Then left the dark scene, whence it slowly retired,
As Love had just vanish'd or Hope had expired.

I gazed not alone on that source of my song ;
To all who beheld it these verses belong ;
Its presence to all was the path of the Lord !
Each full heart expanded, grew warm, and adored.

Like a visit, the converse of friends, or a day,
That bow from my sight passed for ever away ;
Like that visit, that converse, that day—to my heart,
That bow from remembrance can never depart.

'Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined
With the strong and unperishing colours of mind,
A part of my being beyond my control,
Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul."

This poem, like its predecessors in the same newspaper, appeared without the author's name. That circumstance seems to have been unfortunate so far as his fame was concerned, for the piece has often been ascribed to Campbell, though it is sufficiently unlike that poet's own stanzas on the same subject. In a letter on literary matters which Mr. Holland received in 1843, occurs this passage:—"Now that I have mentioned the subject of rainbows, how is it that the poem which I admire more than any that I know of that class of composition—I mean your production on *The Rainbow*—should be ascribed to Campbell? I have altered the name no less than three times in as many different books, in each of which Campbell's name was attached. One book was *The American First Class Book*; another (if I recollect right), *The Poetic Garland*; and the third, No. 191 of *The Saturday Magazine*. It is rather too bad that the praise which must follow a perusal of that poem should be showered upon a person who had no share in the labour of its composition. Is it not possible to obtain redress?"

The subjoined letter to Miss Anne Cowley gives Mr. Holland's own account of the poem :—

“My dear Friend,—At your request I send for your acceptance a copy of my little poem, *The Rainbow* ; and as you honour me by wishing for the copy in my own handwriting, I have had great pleasure in transcribing the verses for you. Perhaps the following brief sketch of the history of their composition will be acceptable. May 12, 1820, I took tea at the beautiful mansion of my very kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, at Carr Wood, near Sheffield. The company consisted of the hospitable couple just mentioned, Mr. Montgomery, Miss and Miss Sarah Gales, Mr. John, Miss, and Miss Mary Bailey, myself, and some other persons. Soon after tea the rainbow appeared ; and it was one of the most vivid I ever beheld. When I got home I wrote, with my whole heart and best power, the verses attached, and sent them to the editor of the *Iris*, who thus acknowledged them privately to me in a note :—‘ The beautiful stanzas which you sent a few days ago shall appear on Tuesday ; I wish you would always write with the same spirit and elegance.’ Presently after, T. Campbell, Esq., ‘ the bard of Hope,’ published a beautiful little poem entitled ‘ The Rainbow,’ in the monthly magazine of which he is the reputed editor. On the appearance of this article, my verses were copied into the *The London Magazine*, *The Methodist Magazine*, and several other contemporary publications. From the last-mentioned magazines they were copied into several American prints. The first of these which I saw was a paper called *The Missionary*, printed on ‘ Mount Zion,’ in Georgia. It was also published in another, with the following note :—‘ The readers of *The Remembrancer* cannot fail of being pleased with the following truly excellent little poem. It is selected from Baldwin’s *London Magazine*. We have seldom in an equal number of stanzas found so much *genuine poetry*. But what renders it, like its subject, ineffably beautiful, is the lustrous tint which it derives from Divine Truth.’ This notice, along with the poem, was

printed in *The New Brunswick Times*, March 7th, 1822; and again the poem and its eulogy were printed two days afterwards in the *New York Daily Advertiser*, March 9th, 1822, of which I have a copy, sent me by my friend, Mr. Montgomery. I know, my dear friend, you will pardon the egotism which may seem to have dictated the preceding account. It is only necessary to add, that since the poem was written, two of the persons who beheld that bow with me have gone into eternity—Mr. Smith and Miss Gales. I remain your sincere friend, JOHN HOLLAND."

To the remaining part of the year 1820 belong two other poems. The one is *Lines addressed to a Redbreast*, and the other *Stanzas written after a Walk to Wincobank*. The latter piece describes the scene presented to view on a hill near Sheffield, at that time of a September day when "with crimson light the west was fired." The poem has a place among *Flowers from Sheffield Park*.

If little verse was published at this period, the poet was meditating and composing various works.

Of Mr. Holland's movements during the early weeks of 1821 there is a somewhat particular account in a diary which he kept at this time. A few extracts will be in place here:—
 "Mon., Jan. 1. O Lord God Almighty, I desire to record my sincere praise that Thou hast brought me in health, prosperity, and good estate to the beginning of this year. O, give me grace to abide by all the good purposes of my mind! I purpose to read, or hear read, one chapter, at least, of Holy Writ every day, and also to make a memorandum of the manner in which I have spent each day."

"Tues., Jan. 2. An attempt to record each day's improvement may show how little that is. I have this evening learned a lesson, I trust, of humility. N.B.—Pride may be mortified, but not always into humility. Lord, make me sincere in my prayers and professions!—Cold, sleepiness, and eleven o'clock."

"Wed., Jan. 3. Finished the first sketch of a hymn to be sung on the 107th birthday of ———, of Dore, written at the request of Jervas Bampton. Read three chapters of Southey's

Madoc, and the *Monthly Magazine*. I have this day been thinking about writing a short poem, to be called *The Claims of Infancy*, for the Infant Clothing Society."

"Thur., Jan. 4. Spent this afternoon most delightfully and, I trust, profitably with the Rev. ——— and his family. O, how superior are the reciprocations of intellect and Christian converse to the gay frivolities of fashionable life. I feel much attached to this lovely and intelligent family. *Laus Deo.*"

"Fri., Jan. 5. Read a portion of Foster's *Essay on Popular Ignorance*. Friday, a day of *work.*"

"Sat., Jan. 6. Have received a very long, very candid, and very kind letter from Mr. Montgomery, in which he does not advise me to print *The Cottage of Pella.*"

"Sun., Jan. 7. O Lord, I would record with gratitude that Thou hast brought me in health and strength to the close of the first Sabbath in the new year. 'So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.'"

"Mon., Jan. 8. This day I have commenced my poem on *The Claims of Infancy*, and also answered Mr. Montgomery's letter in a spirit, I trust, of meekness and gratitude."

"Tues., Jan. 9. The evening was devoted to meeting my Brother Secretaries of the Sunday School Union to tea at Mr. R. Leader's. I rejoice to compose a part of so united a band. May brotherly love continue!"

"Wed., Jan. 10. Received this day the Macclesfield *Courier* newspaper from its proprietor, wherein he has informed his readers who and what I am. Lord, make me not to seek praise, but to deserve it!"

"Thur., Jan. 18. I have lost a day, and must endeavour to *profit* by the *loss.*"

"Fri., Jan. 19. I have been reading some of Dryden's Poems and Prefaces. In the former, I think, there is more strength than sweetness; the latter, nervous."

"Sat., Jan. 20. I went to Hood Green, near Stainbro'."

"Sun., Jan. 21. This day is memorable in the history of

my feelings, as having afforded a delightful visit to Falthwait, near Stainbro', where I met the sweet little infant triad whose autographs are inscribed opposite" (in the diary). "May these lovely innocents, if spared to grow up to the fulness of female stature and the loveliness of maiden charms, be preserved by the grace of God from all the dangers incident to superiority of person and intellect." This entry indicates the origin of the poem entitled *The Infant Triad*, which is one of the *Flowers from Sheffield Park*. It was transcribed and sent to the *Iris* on the following day. The "innocents" were fatherless; and the heart of the sensitive poet was deeply touched at the sight of them and the knowledge of their circumstances.

"Mon., Jan. 22. I conceived the design of writing a poem on the history and actions of the Shrewsbury family as an appendage to *Sheffield Park*." This was one of the earlier of Mr. Holland's many unexecuted designs.

"Mon., Jan. 29. Have spent a very pleasant afternoon with the Rev. J. Everett. He showed me a part of a poem he was writing, which promises to be interesting."

"Thur., May 10. Unwell. Have felt more than usual solicitude as to how I must henceforth get my living in the world. Lord, help me to trust in Thy Providence."

One of the various works mentioned above was *The Village of Eyam*, a poem in four parts and as many different forms of versification. It is one of the numerous literary fruits of Mr. Holland's love of Derbyshire. The poet considers that previously to the plague of 1666, as afterwards, the village and the neighbourhood must have been "the residence of health"; and this leads him to the following description of the privileged condition of the inhabitants:—

" Slow, even to siege of mortal strife,
Succumbed the citadel of life :
For yet with *toil*, of ills *their* worst,
The river-born, the mountain-nursed,
The valley-cradled guest,

Hygeia, here had reigned as free,
As strong, as stern as Liberty,
 ' In Freedom's eagle-nest.'

She sported round their limpid rills,
Danced with the breezes on the hills,
 With children romped at play ;
To youth gave beauty, bloom, and strength,
Protracted age to life's full length,
 And smiled on locks of gray.'

In this work the poet sings of the village of Eyam itself, of the terrific plague which has given it an unenviable celebrity, of the dell which was converted into a place of worship during the prevalence of the pestilence, and which is now called "Cucklet Church," and of the "Riley Graves," where those who died of the plague were buried. This poem was reprinted from the *Iris* in other newspapers in the adjacent counties ; and the author's friend, Mr. Molineux, of Macclesfield, brought out a neat edition at his own expense.

A still more ambitious poem, which Mr. Holland had in hand at this time, and which has already been named, was *The Cottage of Pella*, as to the printing of which he had much anxiety. He almost resolved to send it to London, without showing it to Montgomery, because he had already given that gentleman much trouble ; but he reconsidered the matter, and concluded that his friend's goodness was not what he had supposed it to be, if it must preclude him from again asking his advice. He therefore requested Montgomery to peruse the manuscript and give advice about publication. There must have been peculiar feelings in so doing, as one of Montgomery's own poems had been taken as a model.

The manuscript was promptly returned ; and with it came the "long, candid, and very kind letter" mentioned in the extract from the diary. In that letter Montgomery said, "I have very attentively perused your new poem, and heartily congratulate you on the progress of your muse in improvement as well as in bulk of labours ; but I do sincerely think that you

have made an unhappy choice of model in this piece. That production of which this will remind every reader is not, indeed, inimitable; but it is unfit to be imitated. . . . Your theme is in itself finer, more splendid, and equally pathetic; but it is almost unknown; and, instead of finding an existing interest in the heart of every reader, as your forerunner did, you have to create an interest, and this under every disadvantage and embarrassment of the vehicle which you have, I think, unfortunately adopted. But you must, as I have always told you, judge for yourself, when you have heard all that others can say. There are undoubtedly many beautiful, spirited, and brilliant passages; yet the measure and the turn of dialogue have been fetters which you have graced, but which have not graced you. I have been before you in this dilemma, and, to tell you the truth, it is like dancing on one leg, with the other tied up, in a circle, which if you overstep a hair's breadth, you fall full on your face. If you choose to publish the poem, under these circumstances, (and it is evidently a cherished hope,) you had better have it printed here; and if you please to employ me, I will serve you as well as I can."

The model here spoken of in such strong terms is Montgomery's own poem, *The Wanderer of Switzerland*. What Mr. Holland thought of that poem had already been expressed in *The Literary Speculum*, in an essay on *The Genius of Montgomery*:— "*The Wanderer of Switzerland* is perhaps the most uniformly excellent of the author's efforts. It is finely done throughout. The enthusiasm of the bard never flags; the fire of his genius burns and blazes from the first stanza to the last. . . . The voice of poetic inspiration echoes in our ears, like the sound of a trumpet. . . . The square-and-rule judges of literature, who consider a violation of the canons of Aristotle more unpardonable than the seven deadly sins, and who never take into account that Hesiod and Homer sung long before the great master of criticism promulgated his judicious precepts, will, of course, condemn this poem and the noble eccentricity of which

it is an example. But those who expect something more, in a literary work, than the absence of positive faults, and who are not satisfied with a poet merely because he has chosen a classical model, will not think the merit of the author diminished, who, finding every advantageous position in the regions of classic lore already occupied, has bravely ventured to cast off the trammels of authority, has given the excursive wing of his genius 'verge and room enough,' and exulted in the consciousness of intellectual strength, while he saw the muse

‘ From ancient rules with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.’”

In the answer to Montgomery's letter referred to in the quotation from the diary, Mr. Holland says:—

“ Dear Sir.—I beg your acceptance of my most grateful and sincere acknowledgments for your very long, very kind, and very candid letter. Uncongenial, as, I confess, it was, to my wishes, my hopes, and my feelings, I shall value it as a precious memorial of your friendship, and a standing pledge of the continuance of that friendship. The poem which you have lately had the goodness to peruse, and, unfortunately for me and my hopes, to peruse without approving, was neither recently conceived nor suddenly executed. I resolved, after first reading *The Wanderer of Switzerland*, that if ever I became a poet, I would write a poem in the same manner, including those subjects which form *The Cottage of Pella*. I did not then contemplate the privilege, and perhaps I have not even now fully considered the impropriety of soliciting your approbation of a poem, in every subordinate respect, so much like your delightful work. I do sincerely ask pardon for this want of propriety on my part. What I *did* proceeded not from want of feeling, but from want of thought. What you have *said* proves that you have tenderly construed my procedure, by the kindness as well as the candour of your opinion. My dear sir, you will readily conceive with what difficulty I must relinquish my fondly

cherished hope respecting the poem. Notwithstanding you have so kindly invited me to exercise my own judgment in deciding on my own intention, it would betray no common arrogance, in one of my age and inexperience, to differ from or even reply to the opinion which you have so kindly condescended to detail. I have neither ability nor disposition to do so. It is, however, somewhat strange that the structure of your beautiful poem should be, for anything I know to the contrary, unimitated. I can hardly conceive that the *judgment* of poets, so various in every other respect, should have been thus uniform in its decision. Absurdities, however great, if successful, have had their votaries; and it is a wonder that your beautiful original has had so few imitators."

After all, Mr. Holland resolved to publish; and Montgomery wrote to him:—"Whenever you please, I shall be very willing to undertake the printing of your poem. My objections were stated frankly, and certainly without any other view than to serve you, by anticipating what persons less indulgently disposed than I am might say, and to break, not the back, but the *fall* of your hopes, which were placed too high on this piece, and insured disappointment to themselves. You have not yet suffered, nor indeed deserve to suffer, the tenth part of the misery and mortification which I had to encounter when a young and sanguine poet like yourself. This kind of wounds will never kill one who is born for immortality; and each of us has a longing which amounts to half an expectation that such is his high destiny. You are no true poet if you have not felt this and the fear of missing it."

The poem was accordingly printed at the *Iris* Office; and when Montgomery rendered his account for three hundred copies, he, still in doubt as to the experiment, added, "I trust it will be found moderate; but under any circumstances of loss to you, let me know, and I will reduce this charge in proportion. If you do not gain, I would not have you out of pocket by the experiment."

Often had our poet's imagination wandered to that interesting society of Christians which, after the destruction of Jerusalem, might have been found in the town of Pella, to which they had fled in obedience to the command and in fulfilment of the prophecy of the Lord Jesus Christ. Very little historical information is to be found concerning what really took place in that society. The poet was, therefore, at liberty to model appearances according to his own judgment and fancy; and *The Cottage of Pella* was the poetical result. The subject has but little interest for those who have paid it no special attention; and the very title of the poem would be at first without meaning to most general readers. Besides, the form of the poem is one in which it is, confessedly, very difficult to achieve anything like success. These facts sufficiently account for the comparative failure of a work which contains excellent and admirable passages. Some of the reviewers, "with honest ill-nature," did it the honour to expose its faults, while others noticed it with favour. The latter, with better intentions, probably had more truth on their side than the former. It should be added that this poem was dedicated to the Rev. H. H. Milman, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, that a copy was sent to that gentleman, and that Mr. Holland received from him the following letter:—

"St. Mary's, Reading, June 15th.

"Sir,—On my arrival in London I found the present of your book, which you have been so kind as to send me. I cannot but be sensible of your attention and of the manner in which you speak of me in your dedication and preface. The direction of the mind to subjects of such importance as those connected with the history of our common faith, must have a beneficial tendency, and I shall, therefore, rejoice to see every contribution to such an object, and I trust that instead of 'Poverty and Poetry,' being, as you state, the only insignia which distinguish you, 'Piety and Poetry' may be considered more appropriate characteristics of your mind and feeling.

Believe me, Sir, your obliged and faithful servant, H. H. MILMAN.
Mr. John Holland, Sheffield Park."

Mention has already been made of Mr. George Bennet and his Missionary labours. He was a gentleman of elegant manners and of good information, and, living in the enjoyment of a competence, devoted his time and his talents to good works. For a series of years his Christian efforts were put forth in connection with the institutions of Sheffield, his native town. But, having a wish to do something more for his Divine Master, he tendered his services to the Directors of the London Missionary Society, who had resolved to send a deputation from this country to the stations which they occupied in the South Sea Islands. Those services were gladly accepted; and Mr. Bennet was appointed to the work in association with the Rev. Daniel Tyerman, an Independent Minister.

Those who had been connected with Mr. Bennet in works of benevolence found his departure the cause of much varied excitement; and his poet-friends addressed him in suitable verse. Montgomery's valedictory poem will be found in his *Collected Works*. Mr. Holland desired to publish his, but was persuaded by Montgomery to send it directly to Mr. Bennet. This was done on the very day of his departure from Sheffield; and the poem was afterwards printed with *The Cottage of Pella*. The extent and the quality of Mr. Bennet's offering on the Missionary altar, as they were seen by Mr. Holland, have record in the subjoined stanza, than which who can imagine a more honourable monument? In comparison with the service of one who "gives himself," like Mr. Bennet, what is it to part with ever so much superfluous money?

" All that man could ask of heaven,
Life's short pilgrimage to bless,
Kind Providence to thee had given;
Filled thy cup of happiness:
Leisure, competence of wealth,
Books, friends, literature, and health,
All that charms a polished mind,
All for Christ thou hast resigned."

Mr. Bennet was detained in London longer than he had expected, and embraced the opportunity of "cordially thanking" Mr. Holland "for the truly kind note and the beautiful verses, with which" he had honoured "so poor a subject for poetry." He adds, "The innumerable tokens of esteem and affection which my partial friends have recently conferred on me, have deeply humbled me, because I feel they rather indicate what I ought to be than what I am, and what I ought to do than what I have done; and yet they fill my heart with delight and thankfulness to God."

With *The Cottage of Pella* were printed also two other poems. The one was *Aline*, which tells of a Frenchwoman whose course was evil, and who

" Passed, when no more, from infamy to earth,
A thing of mystery from her very birth ":

and the other is about Mohammed, who

" Seemed, 'midst the slaughter that stalked in his van,
Like the spirit of evil incarnate in man,
Or demon broke loose from his adamant chain,
The herald of Satan's millennial reign."

In May, 1821, Mr. Holland was unwell and unusually solicitous about his future course, as the reader may have learned from an extract given above from the diary. He had some anxiety about the publication of the books of which this chapter gives an account. And he probably had in hand, by this time, a poem of considerable size, which was given to the public during the ensuing year. There was cause, then, for the paucity of the minor poems of this period. Few, however, as they were for him, they would have been many for some poets.

In June he wrote *The Exhausted Birds*, which was suggested by a passage in the journal of his friend and co-secretary to the Sunday School Union, Mr. Thomas Oates, who had recently sailed to America. To the same month belong stanzas *On Revisiting Roche Abbey*.

The Coronation of George IV. took place on Thursday,

the 19th of July. That event was the cause of great excitements and demonstrations in Sheffield. Public dinners were held at the Tontine Hotel and at the Assembly-rooms. At night the town was illuminated, and the fireworks were such as most of the people had never seen before. And there was also a grand ball. The way in which Mr. Holland chiefly celebrated the event was in gratification of his poetic taste; and the lines which he wrote on the morning of the Coronation-day will be found in *Flowers from Sheffield Park*. Those lines are the production of a loyal subject who regarded George III. as the "most religious King" that ever sat on the British throne, and who could not welcome his successor without such desires as the poem under notice contains.

During the next month he wrote *Evening Thoughts*, from which the following stanzas are taken. They have been selected on account of their autobiographical value. They show that our hard-working poet had that contentment which is a constant feast; and it is proper to remark that they would have been as true to fact at any subsequent period of his life:—

"I cannot share in boisterous joys,
 My trembling nerves are all too weak;
 O spare me, Heaven, the cannon's noise,
 Nor e'er let battle round me break!

 Home, on an evening such as this,
 O'er me a gentle influence throws;
 E'en such tranquillity is bliss,
 A bliss which turbulence ne'er knows.

 I envy not the land of grapes,
 The sweeter land of citron groves,
 Where misery wears a thousand shapes,
 Where superstition's votary roves;

 I envy not the clime of palms,
 Where tyranny the mind enslaves;
 I envy not Arabia's balms
 That drop o'er unbelievers' graves.

 This twilight calm, these golden fields
 Are Home's sweet paradise to me,
 Where liberty each blessing yields,
 And where to dwell, is to be free."

A walk over some of the hills westward of Sheffield yielded the pleasant poem inserted in *Flowers from Sheffield Park*, under the title of *The Heath Flowers*. It was inscribed to a Young Lady, September 28th, 1821. That young lady was Miss Sarah Cowley. Shortly after this time another piece was addressed to one of her sisters. It was *Lines written with a Lady's Pencil*. On the pencil was a seal, and on the seal a wingless cupid, with the motto, "*L'amitie est l'amour sans ailes.*" This poem is, properly, sentimental; but it is also pure and Christian. If it has in it something of the love-song, it has also an equal resemblance to a Christian hymn of prayer; and the two things are not put into any incongruous relation.

The same month is the date of *Palæmon*, a pastoral story, which was suggested by one of Waller's poems. It was transmitted to Montgomery for perusal, and if he should approve of it, for insertion in the *Iris*. The letter in which he discussed its merits is to be found in Holland's *Memoirs of Montgomery*. The same letter contains passages which are explained by the fact, that Mr. Holland had, before this time, begun to collect materials for a Life of his friend, and had found it necessary to consult certain of the old volumes of the *Iris*. In the diary from which quotations have been made in this chapter, it is recorded that as early as 1821 Mr. Holland entered into an arrangement with the Rev. James Everett, respecting their joint authorship of the said biography, because they had discovered that they were both collecting materials for such a work.

C H A P T E R V.

1822—1823.

“The sun shines bright ; the fields are smiling green :
The flowers are springing ; and the sky is blue.
Gay-clad, light-hearted, happy train, for you
May this glad morning and this beauteous scene
Prove emblems of your blessed nuptial state.
I know *you* not ; but this I know of *all*,
That happiness or misery sure doth fall
To every wedded pair, even as they wait
Upon their Maker. Haste, then, on your way.
I never saw, or wish'd you well before ;
Perchance my eyes may ne'er behold you more ;
Yet should I, spared, see this bright holiday
Return again, my heart would be untrue,
When thus recalled this scene, did I not pray for you.” *

J.H.

MR. HOLLAND'S general occupations were at this period much the same as in preceding years. Literature greatly engrossed his thoughts ; but still he had time and disposition for social communications, and found in them much pleasure. He had felt and recorded solicitude about his future means of livelihood ; and that solicitude was perpetuated by a certain amount of incongruity between his circumstances and his tastes. Love of literature had become his strongest passion ; and his greatest pleasure would have been in exclusive devotion to books and the use of the pen ; but his publications had not yet been so remunerative as to promise him a sufficient income by such means. It is true, he had had success ; but it had not been

* “ On meeting a newly-married couple with their friends, in a sequestered field-path, on Easter Monday morning.”

great; and his literary hopes were not now high. What was he to do? He waited for God's promised leading, and patiently did his best.

He was now engaged on a work for which he had that qualification of a sympathetic mind, which is evinced in the sonnet prefixed to this chapter. But reference must first be made to a few minor pieces which were produced at this time. One of them was *Sheffield Manor Castle*, which tells a dream

"Of Scotia's injured Queen."

Another was a *Sonnet, written near Sheffield Manor*, after viewing a considerable part of the ruin which was blown down during the night of January 14, 1822. This was published, with a note in which the author showed himself righteously indignant at "the unthinking depredations of unauthorised men who had found it more convenient to dig *down* stones that hung ready faced to their hands, than to dig stones *up* from the quarry," and who had thus prepared the wall to be blown down, "in timely behoof of all the broken walls and sanded floors adjacent." All this is inserted here because it affords the reader another proof of that "antiquarian reverence" for which our poet was not a little remarkable.

In February he wrote *An Enigma without a Secret*, which is no mean enumeration of the strange extremes which anyone will find meeting in himself, when he carefully considers what he is, and what he can do.

In March, Mr. Holland had a memorable correspondence with Montgomery. It related to *Hopes of Matrimony*, the work just mentioned. In a letter sent with the manuscript, the author, after a brief apology for troubling his friend so soon with another manuscript, says:—"Of its progress I have before given you some hints. Of its completion you might not have expected so soon to hear. The truth is, I have long contemplated it, and long exercised my mind upon it and my pen also, though it is not very long. Of its composition I have only to say, that it has been a subject of poetical inspiration; that it

contains my 'best thoughts in my best moments', though none of these may be *good thoughts*; and that I have never sat down to think what I should write, but invariably to write what I had thought; and I am free to say that the composition of this poem has been an experiment upon my feelings, beyond what I had calculated upon. I have entitled it *Hopes of Matrimony*, for reasons given and not given; although I have, in *reality*, no more of those hopes respecting myself than I have of ever wearing the laurel that his country has placed on the brow of the author of *The Vision of Don Roderick*. Concerning the publication of my poem in question, I would most respectfully solicit your kind opinion, an opinion which you have heretofore so affectionately given. I have lived to see the justness of your opinions as well as to reap the advantages of your kind advice; and to have enjoyed both, with the privilege of your friendship, has constituted the chief happiness of my life. The subject of my poem is for all meridians, but, very possibly, my manner of treating it is not equal to the ubiquity of its interest."

The following words, from the same letter, will show that another matter was also in "progress":—"I herewith return the volume of newspapers, with my sincere thanks for the loan thereof. Will you be so good as to send me the other, if it will not be thought too presumptuous to expect the favour"?

Montgomery, in his answer, writes:—"I will go at once to the poem before me, and say without mental reserve, that, on the whole, it is the best production of any considerable length, that I have seen from your pen; nor do I believe that it is a whit the worse for all the hard things that I have said to you concerning its predecessors. I do not know that I have anything particular to say about the poem, beyond the rude marginal comments that I have made in running through it. The title is bad, first because it is ambiguous, and secondly because it will excite levity among flippant readers. 'Matrimony' is a very unfortunate word, and requires very great delicacy in using, not to move contempt both against the

thing itself and the person who gravely designates the happiest and most honourable state of human life by a name so habitually profaned. I do not think the subject well chosen, for inexpressible reasons; and there is much in the handling of it that might expose the poet to insolent and unmannerly criticism, if the work should so far attract notice on publication as to be reviewed in some of the leading periodical journals." After this the writer states reasons why he advised Mr. Holland not to print the preface which had been written to the poem, and gives, respecting publication, the advice of a man of much practice and experience.

In his answer to this letter Mr. Holland admitted that the "inexpressible reasons" referred to by his friend, ought perhaps to have deterred him from meddling with such a subject in such a way. But the thing had now been done; and the main question that yet required attention related to the publication of the work. The author confessed that his friend's letter had brought him into a state of mental uneasiness. He resolved to write a new preface; he retained the title to which objections had been raised, for the simple reason that it set forth the contents of the poem better than any other of which he could think; and he profited as far as he could by the marginal hints of Montgomery.

During the spring, negotiations were entered into with a London publisher. As this was the first book that Mr. Holland published in London, he had considerable anxiety as to the success of the experiment; and an unforeseen delay tended to increase that anxiety. But the book was fairly before the public in autumn; and the author had the gratification of a success which exceeded what he might have been led to expect. The work was very favourably noticed in several quarters. One review said of it:—"We cordially bear our testimony to its merits, to the refinement of its sentiments, the sublimity of its descriptions, and the harmony of its versification. If we have any real taste for the Pierian spring, we do not hesitate to

pronounce it no every-day production. Mr. Holland occupies no common rank among the favourites of the muses. With the exception of a very few of the master-spirits of the age, he may compete with any in talent; and in purity, perhaps, none can claim pre-eminence over him."

When Montgomery had been informed of this success, he sent Mr. Holland the following letter:—

"Dear Friend,—Accept my congratulations on the promises of your *Hopes*, which are made by the favourable notices of the reviews which I return. I know how *you* feel; and may you never know how I feel sometimes after much larger experience of the bitter-sweet of fame, the veriest mixture of gall and honey that nature can compound (if indeed it be a work of nature); for you cannot taste the one to disgust or delight, but the other instantly is infused to animate or chill. I send another Newspaper volume, and return *The New Evangelist*, *The Gazette of Fashion*, and Westley's letter. Truly your friend, J. MONTGOMERY. Mr. John Holland, Sheffield Park."

In the preface which was finally prefixed to this poem the author says:—"The work has been written, printed, and published, with little hope, less encouragement, and no patronage from any individual." He expected objections from grave persons, and sarcasms from the flippant. To the former he conceded the right of private judgment, which he asked also for himself; while he took care to assure the latter that he had not written at all for them.

The subject was delicate and confessedly difficult to handle wisely and well. The poem deals with matters which, in the hands of some poets, have hardly been touched upon at all without offence against either virtue or decorum; but no such charge can be brought against this production, which Mr. Holland regarded as the best of his larger poems. The most delicate allusions that the work contains are free, unless wantonly perverted, from suggestions of impurity. The reader will be glad to find here the following passages from this poem. There is not space for more:—

“ Shame on that bard, whose wanton muse can dart
 Insidious mischief through a guileless heart ;
 Whose mind betrays, in each unhallowed line,
 Its poisoning purpose and its fell design.
 Rather than song to wantonness should turn,
 The heart should wither, and the hand should burn !
 Perish the strain, and fade that poet’s name,
 Who sins in verse, and glories in his shame ;
 For his offence who modesty offends,
 How just is women’s scorn—the scorn of all his friends !
 This be my lot, should song of mine e’er prove
 To female honour false or virtuous love.”

“ Hail nuptial bliss ! man’s fall could not destroy
 Love’s first-born hope, life’s last-extinguished joy ;
 For though primeval innocence declined,
 Love, wedded love, remained to bless mankind ;
 And though in Paradise our parents fell,
 And Justice moved the Almighty to expel,
 Yet o’er that sad expulsion Mercy threw
 One bliss the bowers of Eden never knew,
 When, in that new-born ecstasy of life,
 The promised mother soothed the weeping wife.”

“ Wrinkled with age, and crowned with hoary hair,
 In second childhood, lo, the wedded pair,
 Ancient coevals ! Even death reveres
 These twin sojourners down the vale of years,
 As though a guardian halo heaven had shed
 Around each pilgrim’s venerable head !
 Weaned from the world, its scenes of wealth and show,
 Their children’s children are their playmates now ;
 And fair, I deem, and beautiful the sight,
 When life’s short span may thus in love unite
 Three generations, blessed beneath one roof,
 Where filial kindness is affection’s proof ;
 Where, prompt in tender arts that never tire,
 The son becomes a father to his sire ;
 Or, past maternal cares to reimburse,
 The mother’s daughter is the mother’s nurse :
 Her tender offspring, prattling round the while,
 Call each dear name, and prompt the tender smile.
 Thus the scathed oak, that hath for centuries stood
 The forest’s pride, the monarch of the wood,
 Still towers superior to the storms that drive,
 While giant offspring near their parent thrive :
 From these young saplings nourished on the place
 Rise round the grandsire tree, a future race.”

The edition was soon exhausted, and the book remained out of print until the year 1836, when it was republished with some smaller pieces written in the interval. It was reprinted because of frequent inquiries for it in the Trade, and because of the repeated solicitations of friends.

It is very agreeable to find that while Mr. Holland was in the state of mental agitation indicated in the preceding paragraphs, he could pay a little special attention to filial duty. Though he had now reached the twenty-ninth year of his age, he wrote, with all the fervent affection of early youth, a poem *To a Mother on her Birthday*, in which appear some of the marked effects of that influence which, it has already been shown, his own mother had gained over himself. The poem is not special in any other respect; but it is on this one ground worthy to be mentioned here. The very sky's unclouded blue seemed lovelier because it was smiling upon his mother. She had been a great blessing to him, and now had her reward.

A lyric *To April*, written during that month, will bear comparison with most compositions of the sort. There is in it a sentimental personification of that kind which is supposed to have been exemplified most successfully in recent times by Mr. Morris. Several other similar pieces will be noticed afterwards. To the same month belongs *The Crucifixion*. This was inserted, probably by request, in a religious magazine. It is "a meditation on Good Friday," and cannot be passed over, because it has a distinct biographical significance. It indicates Mr. Holland's theology, which was orthodox; it shows how he accustomed himself to spend the day which he calls "transcendently sublime," namely, in devout meditation; and it supplies a definite avowal of his "Christian life":—

" Victorious Lord ! where'er the shrine,
Still be my worship ever thine ;
Triumphant cross ! whate'er I see
Ne'er may I glory save in thee.

Though eighteen centuries now have fled
Since the Redeemer's blood was shed,

That precious blood, with power to heal,
This moment on my heart I feel."

A few weeks later this spring Mr. Holland found in the *Iris* the congratulatory verses which follow, of the origin of which he knew nothing. They showed him how he was thought of by persons whose good opinions were great honour.

"LINES TO J. HOLLAND."

"Hail to the bard! whose muse disdains
To raise a blush on virtue's cheek;
Hail to the bard! whose early strains
Genius and sympathy bespeak;
Though Heaven to thee may wealth deny,
Yet this is thine, on few conferr'd,
In sweetest strains of poesy
To make the praise of virtue heard.

Calm be thy hours as is the eve,
Which oft, perchance, hath call'd thee forth
To wander where thou might'st receive
Some thoughts of high poetic worth;
Peace be thy friend! and on thy brow
May no such sorrow ever sit.
As songs like thine may meet below
From human envy, human wit.

Poor is the toil the poet takes
If his whole heart be set on fame;
Serenity that breast forsakes
To which ambition lays a claim;
But sweet his task, if Heaven's regard
Be all his hope, be all his aim;
That single hope shall bless the bard,
And dignify his humble name.

This is the joy that's wish'd for thee;
And this, I deem, thou dost approve;
For thou from strife would'st gladly flee
To solitude, which thou dost love;
For there, secluded, thou hast felt
Tranquillity thy soul possess;
Sweetly on heaven thy thoughts have dwelt,
And known no grief or bitterness.

Or, if thou then hast felt a woe
The quiet of that hour invade,
That ruder souls such peace forego
As thee, perhaps, has oft repaid

For ills which none must ever know ;
 That woe but taught thy heart to feel,
 And bade thy early muse to show
 What thou could'st wish for others' weal.

O, while that fancy aids thy song,
 And thy young hopes have met no blast ;
 While youth, unstain'd and free from wrong,
 Looks with no sorrow on the past ;
 Still let thy strains to virtue flow,
 And, (though the proud may feign to scorn,)
 Still feel thy heart for others' woe,
 And sympathy thy lays adorn.

Thus shall thy morn, thy noon, thy night,
 Disturb'd not by ambitious care,
 Bring thee new visions of delight
 To soothe the ills which thou may'st share ;
 And sweet thy task, if Heaven's regard
 Be all thy hope, be all thy aim,
 That single hope shall bless the bard,
 And dignify thy humble name.

“London, May 20th, 1822.”

W.F.”

The poet's response was in the stanzas here subjoined, which also were published in the *Iris*:—

“TO W. F.”

“Stranger, I should but ill repay
 The kindness you intend,
 Not to confess your words convey
 The counsels of a friend ;
 Your admonitions surely claim
 Respect, although without a name.

Friends, whether secret or avowed,
 May be in spirit one :
 Oft richest showers drop from a cloud
 Which intercepts the sun ;
 And still the same he e'er hath been ;
 We feel his warmth, himself unseen.

Unused to courtesies like yours,
 Unskill'd for fit reply,
 I trust sincerity ensures
 What splendour cannot buy ;
 The beauty of each good intent
 Not as well paid, but kindly meant.

No bard so humble, if sincere,
 But some may bless his name ;
 And none too high, if guilt appear,
 For censure, scorn, and shame :
 Ah, why should highest gifts e'er stain
 Our country's speech with songs profane ?

When heaven-taught genius strikes the string
 As with a hand of fire,
 A sacred and an awful thing
 Is then the poet's lyre ;
 Spirits of light, of earth, or hell,
 Rise, and confess the potent spell.

I sigh'd in youth for powers like these ;
 But the delusion fled.
 Yet that vague thought, with power to please,
 Long linger'd round my head.
 Though day-dreams fled, yet o'er each scene,
 Still twilight play'd where hope had been.

Some youth perchance, to song inclined,
 These passing lines may read ;
 O, with his own ingenuous mind,
 May this reflection plead,
 That, with whate'er of genius given,
 ' A poet's soul may miss of heaven !'

Stranger, farewell, though we ne'er meet
 On earth, however spared,
 In heaven, before Jehovah's seat,
 Our places are prepared ;
There we may meet, may in that rest
 Behold and know each other blest.

“ *Sheffield Park, June 5th, 1822.*”

J.H.”

The congratulatory verses were from the pen of the Rev. William Froggatt, then a very young man. His father, having removed with his family from Sheffield to London, still kept up somewhat close connections with old friends of Sheffield, among whom was Mr. Joseph Cowley, Mr. Holland's so-secretary. Mr. Cowley was in the habit of visiting London, and often called on Mr. Froggatt, whose studious son he made acquainted with some of Mr. Holland's poetical effusions. The youth found them highly interesting ; and the above-cited lines were

the result. It would be matter for great rejoicing and thankfulness, if all poets could be congratulated on the grounds on which Mr. Froggatt approached Mr. Holland, and if all could receive such honours in the spirit and with the aspirations that characterise Mr. Holland's response.

About the same time the poet's peaceful soul was again stirred to utter strong disapproval and condemnation of war and its belongings, and he poured out his convictions and desires in *Odium Bellicum*, which contains one significant statement about himself:—

“ Mine is not a heart to feel
Kindred with the warrior's joy ;
Heaven formed me not with nerves of steel
Nor e'er said to me ‘ Destroy.’ ”

More in harmony with his temperament were the amenities of friendship and of social converse, which he greatly enjoyed. This fact will sufficiently explain *A Memorial of Friendship*, “addressed to a Young Lady on the Anniversary of her Birthday, July 21st, 1822.” That young lady was one in whom he had reason to feel much interest, as the sequel will prove. One stanza will show the turn which the poet's thoughts took amidst birth-day congratulations:—

“ Dissolved the grave's connection,
All perfect thou shalt be,
Born in the resurrection,
Born in eternity !
That natal morn shall never
Be followed by a night ;
That birthday shall for ever
Increase in glorious light.”

In August of this year our poet composed some lines whilst viewing his *Grandmother's Picture*. One part of the poem, by a long anticipation, describes Mr. Holland's own last years on earth. The prayer was heard and answered:—

“ O could imagination build
One hope, and wish that hope fulfilled :

Or prayer, amidst its future strife,
One chief desire secure for life ;
It were, that Heaven would grant to me
Such tranquil hours as wait on thee,
Would mark *my* life's serene decline,
With resignation meek as thine.'

On the 5th of September Mr. Holland was present at the Cutlers' Feast. That annual banquet has become a grand occasion ; and it was Mr. Holland's lot to witness its development and the growth of its importance ; for after this, his first appearance, when he was in company with Montgomery, he was in annual attendance until the year 1871 ; and when, through some oversight or official inadvertence, he found that he was not to be permitted to attend in 1872, he felt and acknowledged a disappointment which it would have done him no credit to conceal. He has himself recorded that, previously to the year 1822, the Cutlers' Feast had dwindled into what was little more than a mere dinner for the members of the Company ; that his life-long friend, Mr. Thomas Champion, who was Master Cutler this year, wearing the highest civic honours that Sheffield could at the time confer, made a successful attempt to revive the ancient character of the festival ; and that the entertainment of the occasion was "splendid". What the Cutlers' Feast is in these days it is needless to attempt to say ; and what has been said in this paragraph has place here simply for its biographical and historical value.

The last months of the year 1822 were memorable, to Mr. Holland, for the formation of the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society, with which he spent the last forty years of his life in the closest relations. A preliminary meeting was held on the 8th of November. A month later another meeting, called by public advertisement, took place at the Cutlers' Hall. It was at this meeting that Montgomery, in formally moving that the association should be then formed, delivered the speech in which he showed that Sheffield was worthy to be called *classic*, in another sense than that in which

the epithet had, probably, been applied to it, by the noble author of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. Whether that which is "classic" in Montgomery's sense, has, in the interval, *increased* in Sheffield proportionately to the growth of many other things, is at least doubtful. Perhaps some persons, respectably acquainted with what is here suggested, would instantly pronounce a negative decision, on the ground that during the last generation the chief intellectual strength of Sheffield has been devoted to merchandise and manufactures, rather than to art or letters. That on account of which the town is still called "classic", may be historical rather than contemporary. But may it not for that reason the more resemble other classic regions which are not what they were? The facts of the past cannot be changed; and the "classic" facts in the history of Sheffield are many and remarkable. So long as the English tongue shall be understood by men on earth, and so long as there shall be persons able to appreciate "good verse," or "the most proper words in their proper places,"* some of the literary productions that have come forth from the capital of Hallamshire, will be read with delight. The biographer of one of the most active and versatile of Sheffield authors cannot refrain from saying thus much about the place which that town must ever hold in the history of the literature of this country. Another occasion will be more suitable than the present for that which must be added concerning the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society.

With two other facts, both of a social nature and simple and natural in themselves, the account of this year may properly end. One of them was, that the sister of the young lady who had received, in a letter, the history of the composition of *The Rainbow*, requested from Mr. Holland some original production in his own handwriting, and was presented with the manuscript of *The Hopes of Matrimony*, that had been used by the printer. Of the meaning of this fact it is not necessary at

* Coleridge.

present further to inform the reader. The other fact was, that for the same lady's album Mr. Holland wrote certain verses, and called them *Sibylline Leaves*, borrowing the title from Coleridge.

The following sonnet, entitled *Separation*, may be taken as an average specimen of the effects on Mr. Holland's poetry of the influence of the young ladies just mentioned :—

“ He who of LAURA, in thy shades, Vacluse !
 Sang, and taught Avignon's bright streams her name,
 Hath snatched the mantle of enduring fame,
 And crowned with green and fragrant wreaths his name.
 PETRARCH ! thy lawless passion I disclaim ;
 But could I with thy lawless spirit rove,
 And win the guerdon for a purer love,
 Without one blush of self-reproving shame
 I'd sing *her* worth whose spirit, ever near,
 Communes with mine, even while she dwells afar :
 This bosom hath become love's hemisphere ;
 And there she shines, its first and fairest star.
 My LAURA ! thou when labour's daylight fades,
 Shedd'st memory's silvery ray o'er the mind's gathering shades.”

The year 1823 was very full of literary work. Mr. Holland produced at least one poem per month on the average ; and his prose compositions were considerably in excess of those of previous years. The first dated poem of the year appears to be *A Tear for the Dead*. This elegy was probably among the means by which Mr. Holland's attention was, about this time, specially directed to the subject of “future recognition,” on which he had strong and, perhaps, somewhat peculiar opinions. In his *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of James Montgomery*, he has recorded his own views and his friend's objections ; and among his unpublished manuscripts is a *Lay Sermon* written to develop his opinions and support them by arguments. He held that in the eternal world there will be no “resuscitation of terrestrial relationships” ; that there will be no recognition of their having existed ; that the contrary supposition is decidedly discountenanced by the reply which the Lord Jesus gave to the captious Jews concerning “marrying and giving in marriage” ;

and that "the glory of God, in the presence of Jesus Christ, will be sufficient to fill and absorb all the powers of the redeemed and glorified saint for ever," without any reference to the relations in which he may have stood on earth to any other person. Montgomery's counter arguments were, that future recognition, though not formally asserted in Holy Scripture, is implied by the whole scope of revelation ; that personal identity must involve individual recollection ; that without such recollection there cannot properly be either reward or punishment ; that the happiness of heaven will probably consist, in part, of expressions or emotions of gratitude to God for past mercies, which must be remembered with something of their circumstances ; and that that beatific abstraction which Mr. Holland suggested, is a state of which we can have no clear conception, and too much resembles that at which Hindoo and other devotees ignorantly aim. Probably the result of the harmless debates on this subject, into which Mr. Holland and others were drawn, was, that each of them retained the views with which he had begun the discussion, and that all saw much could be said on either side.

It seems most probable that there will be future recognition ; but far too much has been made of the probability by preachers and others. Man's life on earth is but the "dim dawn" of what will be, to the saints, an endless day of "glory." That glory is at present inconceivable ; but, whatever it may be, the known principles of human nature and the tenor of Holy Scripture appear to combine to awaken the hope that it will evermore increase. What, then, is more probable than the supposition, that during the lapse of "the ages of ages," and amidst the all-satisfying good of the heavenly state, the increasingly ancient and but preliminary relationships of earth will be lost and forgotten among the new, ever present, and abiding relationships of heaven ? Must there not, indeed, come a point in duration when all earthly things will have passed almost utterly out of mind ? Will not the earth itself be

forgotten, except so far as it will be kept in mind by the historical connection with it of the world's adorable Redeemer? And will not time be remembered, at that distant point in duration, chiefly or even exclusively as the season of the manifestation of the incarnate Son of God? So that what is essential to Mr. Holland's "theory of another life" may ultimately be realised, even though it may be inconsistent with the facts which mark the early portions of the heavenly experience of the saints. All this may tend to show that men should guard against the dogmatic assertion of mere opinions. Enough for all practical purposes has been Divinely revealed concerning man's present and future; and he who intelligently and cordially accepts the truth revealed and lives accordingly, may afford to speculate and have opinions about some of the regions of that vast unexplored territory through which lies the clear pathway of Divine knowledge, and into which, possibly, Almighty God will, in the glorious future, permit His sainted servants to make excursions for inquiry and for learning.

At a subsequent period Mr. Holland was in correspondence on the subject of future recognition with the Rev. John Farrar, who has twice been elected President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference. Mr. Farrar strove to answer the arguments of the *Lay Sermon*, which had been put into his hands for that purpose. The reading of his long, able, and lucid letter has, however, tended mainly to deepen the conviction that the question cannot be conclusively argued on either side.

This spring Mr. Holland received from his friend, Mr. Charles Congreve, of New York, a letter which must have greatly encouraged him and his co-workers in the Sunday Schools of Sheffield. It told of some interesting young persons that attributed to the influence of Sunday School instruction received in Sheffield, their steadfastness in virtue amidst the most trying circumstances. The letter is full of good feeling, and recognises that position of useful prominence which Mr.

Holland had now gained in Sunday School work, but is too long for insertion.

Stanzas written on the first of May belong to this year, and may be read in *Flowers from Sheffield Park*. They indicate a cultivated love of nature and much admiration for the two sisters to whom they were inscribed. During the same month were written also the following stanzas, addressed to a Lady who had presented the author with a lock of Montgomery's hair :—

“ A playful verse alone must be
 The poet's offering to the fair
 Whose friendly hand convey'd to me
 This little *lock of hair*,
 Esteem'd, by my enthusiast eyes,
 So precious and so proud a prize ;
 Precious and proud ! for once it spread
 Upon MONTGOMERY'S honour'd head.

I saw, I coveted, I sought,
 Year after year, this gift to gain ;
 And would, at any price, have bought,
 What wealth could not obtain —
 This frail memorial of a name,
 Whose friendship had to me been fame,
 Whose smile, approving, would impart
 Poetic feeling to my heart.

Within the circuit of the sun,
 Of all who virtuously excel,
 Young, old, or fair, there lives not one
 By me beloved so well,
 As he, whose very name endears
 Poetic sounds to pious ears,
 Whose lively oracles of song
 To future ages shall belong.

Had I the genius which can give
 To verse imperishable fame,
 THIS LOCK *Belinda's* should outlive,
 And higher honour claim,
 Enshrin'd, immortalis'd in rhyme,
 A spoil, a trophy snatch'd from time ;
 But vague and vain that poet's hope
 Who second dares the theme of Pope.

Well, time may blanch the kindred locks,
 Which *this* left on the poet's brow ;
 And white as wool on mountain-flocks,
 His honoured head may bow ;
 But partial eyes *these* hairs shall view,
 Through changing years, unchang'd in hue,
 Like some rich flower whose leaves, when shed,
 Become not colourless though dead.

E'en when in the devouring grave,
 In Heaven's appointed time, are laid
 The head which bore, the hand which gave,
 The heart which prized this braid ;
 The precious relic shall reward
 Some fond admirer of the bard ;
 Perchance the gift of love may rest,
 The fairest prize on beauty's breast.

But long may Heaven in mercy spare
 The bard and you, his friend and mine ;
 Then will this little lock of hair,
 Within its golden shrine,
 With talismanic power impart
 A triple charm around each heart,
 With Hope and Friendship, firm as pure,
 Made by this sacred pledge secure."

Another "pilgrimage" in Derbyshire, performed in July, in company with three friends, has its record in a poem entitled *Haddon Hall*. The three friends were Mr. Cowley, who was out of health, Mr. Charles Congreve, who had recently come over from New York, and "Elizabeth," one of the three sisters already named. One passage will both serve as a specimen of the whole poem, and answer another distinct and worthy purpose:—

" Our companion fair
 Was the sweet daughter of my elder friend.
 O, she was cheerful as the lark aloft,
 And playful as the breeze. Her heart was frank,
 And guileless her quick tongue ; while her light step
 Showed an exemption from the weight of care.
 She was my partner in this rural walk ;
 And as she leaned upon my better arm,
 Communing of the scenery around,
 And of the little bright romantic world

Which was within her heart, a poet sure
 Had deemed us twain the happiest pair alive,
 And her the spirit of my happiness ;
 And surely it was so.

Elizabeth,

I dedicate these playful lines to thee ;
 And should'st thou think of me in future years,
 When time hath shed the blossoms of our prime,
 And when these vernal fancies are exchanged
 For those grave, sober, and autumnal duties
 Which life may bring, these sketches then
 May, with bright colourings from thy memory,
 Remain the pictures of a happy day."

During the same month the poet composed a birthday congratulation for one of this lady's sisters. One stanza seems to point to an attachment which will shortly claim attention on a somewhat larger scale :—

" My friends may travel fast and far ;
 My wish goes faster for them still ;
 While hope's unchanged, unsetting star
 Points to those friends rest where they will."

Between this time and the end of the year were written at least six small poems. The first was *In Memory of a Favourite Child*, with whom the poet had much enjoyed to play. She had talked of him in her last sufferings. The second was a poem of sixty lines, written after Viewing the picture of a Madonna by Raphael, in the collection of Earl Fitzwilliam, at Wentworth. It was published in *The Northern Observer*. The third was *To a Dove on Liberating it from a Cage*. This is among the proofs that Mr. Holland had a tender heart. The fourth was a piece written when the author was indisposed with a cold. He calls it an "idle rhyme"; but it is very significant as to his mental and moral state. He says :—

" Blessings still with every state
 Attend and mark me Mercy's child ;
 Heaven's daily comforts on me wait ;
 Its chastenings, Oh, how few and mild !"

The fifth was *Stanzas* written after visiting the grave of a friend in Ecclesall Churchyard, a plaintive strain which must

have been preceded by much deep feeling. And the sixth was *The Frost Spirit*. This was written in the depth of winter. It is an irregular and very graphic poem of more than a hundred lines. It describes the fantastic effects of frost; and its structure may have been intended more or less to represent those effects. The reader will find it in *Flowers from Sheffield Park*.

To this history of the poems of the year must be added some account of the other writings of the same period. This departure from exact chronological order arises from the fact that certain volumes written in 1823, and perhaps, in part, earlier, were not printed and published until 1824.

Among the compositions of the period under notice are certain contributions to *The Northern Observer*, "a weekly miscellany of entertaining and instructive reading," published in Carlisle. The first number was issued in August, 1823. The editor, Mr. Thomas Ramsay, requested that Mr. Holland would become a regular paid contributor, and had the disappointment of a refusal. He obtained, however, the promise of occasional and gratuitous trifles. The promise was kept; and Mr. Ramsay considered himself fortunate in having such a helper as Mr. Holland proved to be. His articles were both "entertaining and instructive." Some of them were signed "Philo." In a paper on *Bubbles and Balloons* occurs the following characteristic paragraph:—"War is

‘ A royal bubble for the sport of kings ’ :

and would that it were ever dependent alone on royal breath for inflation, and nothing less than *the whole* of the breath of those who would wantonly and frequently puff it up! From the fall of man to the present time, kings and their ministers have been engaged in blowing up a succession of these direful bubbles of blood drawn from the veins of their fellow-men; and yet, lamentable delusion! heroes, instead of being execrated as they deserve, are honoured as demi-gods, and still induced to seek

‘The bubble reputation
Even in the cannon’s mouth.’ ”

The Northern Observer died with the completion of the first volume, having had, probably, quite as much success as has usually attended such experiments.

A book written by Mr. Ramsay must be named here, because it has generally been attributed to the subject of this biography. It is *The Picture of Sheffield: or an Historical and Descriptive View of the Town of Sheffield*.^{*} It was published by Mr. Ridge, of King-street, Sheffield, in 1824. In a letter to Mr. Holland, the date of which is September 22nd, 1823, and which is now in the biographer’s hands, Mr. Ramsay says:—“As to *The Picture of Sheffield*, I tell you in confidence that it is a compilation of mine.” How Mr. Holland respected the confidence reposed in him, is evident from the fact, that he is not known to have either denied his own authorship of the book, or divulged that of Mr. Ramsay; but this does not prove that he did not to some extent regret, on personal grounds, that the error had obtained currency. The error may have arisen from the circumstance, that one of his magazine articles was entitled *A Picture of Sheffield*.

In the diary from which quotations have already been made, stands the following entry:—“Feb. 21st, 1823. I finished my tale called *The Old Arm Chair*. After having put the last strokes in, I kneeled down and thanked God for having enabled me thus to bring to a successful issue a work upon the execution of which I had asked His blessing. The next day I sent it to my publisher in London.” Perhaps a little more consideration of the ecclesiastical principles of the book, and of the uncertainty of its proving remunerative, would have led Mr. Holland to adopt another course. The “publisher in London” did not accept the work; but the author had determined that it should be given to the public; and it appeared to him, at one time, that

* “A little work, entitled ‘The Picture of Sheffield’, from the pen, we believe, of the late John Holland.” *Sheffield Past and Present*, by the Rev. Alfred Gatty, D.D., p. 204.

it might be well to publish it, in successive chapters, in the columns of a weekly newspaper. That notion having been put away, the manuscript was sent to Mr. Fisher, who had published *The Methodist*. He was the publisher of *The Imperial Magazine*, of which, at this time, the Rev. Samuel Drew, M.A., was the editor. About *The Old Arm Chair* Mr. Holland had an interesting correspondence with that philosophical divine. After some delay, arising from various causes, the work was published in successive numbers of a serial called *The Tell-Tale*; and the parts, when collected, formed a volume of nearly three hundred pages.

Of *The Old Arm Chair* Mr. Holland says that it was "in many respects a work of feeling." It is, as it professes to be, a tale. It is pleasant, and contains many valuable reflections; but it is not in any way very remarkable. Most of the scenes lie among the Derbyshire hills in the neighbourhood of Chatsworth House, "the Palace of the Peak"; and among the principal characters are, undoubtedly, the three sisters of whom repeated mention has already been made. The book manifests various reading and extensive acquaintance with English poetry. There are in it conversations on second marriages, future recognition, love, beauty, friendship, religion, and religious discipline; and all these and some other matters are discussed with discretion. The tale purports to relate recollections of a sexagenarian bachelor; and, consistently, some very strong opinions are expressed on several subjects; while the author has not refrained from revealing his own character and some passages of his actual life. The following paragraph will answer several purposes:—

"It has been through life my singular felicity to meet with many friends and no enemies. . . . Among my earliest and most esteemed friends was the father of the three females previously introduced to the reader. He was as much my senior in years as my superior in understanding; we, nevertheless, conceived an affection for each other, which

neither time nor circumstance was ever suffered to diminish. Perhaps, in my youth he beheld something of what he himself had been ; and I certainly saw in him all that I thought I should like to become at his age. From him I heard religious conversations which affected my heart, by the savour of sincerity with which they were seasoned ; and in him, during subsequent years, I saw more of the spirit of the gospel embodied in real life than I have seen in any other person ; his daily exemplification of the Christian character was a living sermon to me. At all times, in all places, and on all occasions, I have observed his paramount endeavour to be, to glorify God, and to walk worthy of the Gospel of that Saviour whom he was never afraid or ashamed to confess before men. Often I have heard him declare, with trembling, his anxiety so to deport himself, as a husband, a father, a friend, and a master, that neither his wife, his children, his relatives, nor his servants might have to upbraid him in the great day of final account, with having been wanting in his duty to them. That, in the family of such a man, I should have experienced the purest friendship, is not strange ; nor, when it is also recollected that the junior members consisted of three lovely females of marriageable ages, would it have appeared surprising, had

‘ Friendship blossomed into love.’

It remains to be added that *The Old Arm Chair* is an instance of the author’s favourite and characteristic practice of interspersing poetry among prose ; that it contains ten or twelve original poems, which, though somewhat striking, are scarcely in Mr. Holland’s best manner ; and that, as to style, it is clear and not inelegant, though sometimes hardly correct. If the success of this work had been equal to its merits or to the expectations of its author, his literary career would, probably, from this time, have differed much from that which the present volume must henceforward describe.

Amidst this almost purely literary history, it will be refreshing to pause and to notice that Mr. Holland was still faithfully

attending to his Sunday School work, finding in it a present reward, and that he was occupied also in the way of religious as well as literary correspondence. Want of space forbids extensive reference to these matters. It should, however, be noticed here, that before this time there had been added to the list of Sunday School Union Secretaries the name of Mr. Robert Leader, whose subsequent career in connection with the local newspaper press claims very honourable mention.

CHAPTER VI.

1824—1825. ✕

“ Hail, sylvan chronicle ! illustrious tree !
What human generations have gone down
To darkness, dust, and death, since on the lea
Sun, wind, and rain nursed thy green infancy,
Cherished thy stem, and spread thy leafy crown !
What were thine ancestry ? A race of oaks
That perished ere the Norman, like a flood,
Deluged our isle with conquest. Where thy sons ?
Perchance, in beauty, where yon river runs,
They waved for centuries, and fell in yonder wood !
Their offspring crowd the forest which now cloaks
Yon eminence. How has thy strength outstood
Empires and earth’s mutations ! while the eye
Gazes on naught unchanged, save yonder orbs and sky.” *
J.H.

ON the 27th of January, 1824, appeared the first number of *The Yorkshire and Derbyshire Magazine*. It was a monthly, and was published by Mr. Blackwell, of Sheffield. A large proportion of what its successive numbers contained was from Mr. Holland’s pen. Its circulation was sufficient to defray expenses; but the editor did not receive such literary assistance as he had been led to expect; and the labour of filling the pages was, therefore, reluctantly discontinued on the completion of the first volume, at the end of the year. That volume is an interesting repository of polite essays, discriminating reviews of books, original poetry, and various information relating, more or less intimately, to the two counties from which the publica-

* “ Sonnet to the Greendale Oak, near Welbeck, in Nottinghamshire (copied from the back of a Mansfield bank-note).”

tion derived its name. Mr. Holland wrote for it some essays that are instructive, entertaining, and beautiful; and it contains poems of his, such as the songs of the months from April to the end of the year, which deserve to be better known. Perhaps his versatility was hardly ever more remarkably displayed than in the many phases of this multifarious literary magazine. One of his essays is entitled *Memoirs of a Birthday*, and is inscribed to a young lady. It is too long to be transcribed in this place; but the sonnet prefixed to it is here subjoined:—

“ Few flowers have sprung, or I would gather them,
 To weave a wreath for thee; yet from their sleep
 I see the crocus and the snow-drop peep
 On this glad morn: and that meek meadow-gem,
 The daisy, greets thee on its pensile stem.
 Few birds are vocal now, else sweet and clear
 Would they salute this dawn; yet there is one,
 The little red-breast! and surpassed by none
 In sweetness and simplicity. I hear
 The lark, too, in the welkin, carolling
 Of clement weather and relenting skies;
 And sure to me more sweetly does he sing,
 On this thy natal morn, than when he tries,
 Soaring in summer’s noon, his full-taught melodies.”

During the year our author had in hand several other literary undertakings. One of them was the work entitled *Memoirs of the Rose*, of which some account must now be given. It consists of twenty-two letters to a lady, and comprises botanical, poetical, and miscellaneous recollections about the queen of flowers. The lady to whom the letters were addressed was Miss Anne Cowley; and of the estimation in which she was held by Mr. Holland the delightful little book is an enviable memorial. What could be more fitting than the rose as the theme for a series of polite, elegant, instructive, and friendly letters to a young lady, who could duly appreciate botanical facts, moral reflections, and the finest sentiments of the poets of all ages respecting the matter discussed? The letters were published in the hope that other persons similarly disposed would have a like benefit; and the history of the book shows that that

hope has been fulfilled. The work contains results of much poetical reading, the quotations being woven together by means of pleasing epistolary prose. It also displays what its author elsewhere calls

“ That highly-cultured taste which *Botany* bestows.”

And there are in it a few original poems, one of which is here subjoined, with the history of its production:—“ I was called upon the other day, by a pretty Quaker, who praised and preferred the snowdrop, to give my reasons for loving the rose, which I did in the following stanzas :

I love the Rose;—it is a noble flower,
 In colour rich, and opulent of leaves ;
 And when her summer garland Flora weaves,
 She sees no fairer beauty in her bower,
 None which, so redolent of perfume, flings
 A sweeter fragrance on the Zephyr’s wings.

I love the Rose,—that simple single one
 Which decks the hedges, delicately white,
 Or blushing like a maiden’s cheek, so slight
 The eye looks anxious lest the tint be gone,
 Ere it hath gazed enough, or ere the spray
 Can from the parent tree be slipped away.

I love the Rose,—that monthly one which blooms
 In cottage windows, which is tended there
 With maiden constancy by maiden care,
 Which through all seasons decorates the rooms,
 Like her whose opening charms appear to be
 A lovely blowing bud on beauty’s tree.

I love the Rose,—nor least when I perceive
 The thistle’s pride in Scotia’s bonnet worn,
 Or shamrock green on Erin’s banner borne :
 O! then imagination loves to weave
 Of England’s emblem-flowers, a garland meet
 To place on beauty’s brow, or lay at valour’s feet.

I love the Rose ;—its presence to my eye
 Like beauty, youth, and hope, and health appears,
 Recalling the gay dreams of early years ;
 And when I smell its fragrance wafted by,
 I think of virtue, love, benevolence,
 Which moral perfumes round life’s paths dispense.

I love the Rose,—(for bards have ever loved
The queen of flowers, the flower of beauty's queen,)
When in the hedgerow or the garden seen,
Or plucked and proffered by some friend beloved
To gentle ANNE, to be by her caressed,
Then braided with her hair, or worn upon her breast.

I love the Rose,—what time the smiling year
Leads forth in summer glory Flora's train,
When orchard, garden, woodland, bower, and plain
Dressed in their richest garments all appear;
Then, then I love the humblest flower that blows;
But chief of all the tribe—I love the Rose."

The preface to *Memoirs of the Rose* was written in May. About the same time, or earlier, Mr. Holland was "executing an order" for Montgomery, who, in co-operation with Mr. Roberts, was seeking "to enlist the sympathies of literature, in aid" of "efforts to ameliorate the condition of the poor children employed in sweeping chimneys." A circular letter was sent out by Montgomery; very gratifying answers were received; and eight of the "principal poets" of the day sent contributions. At length, an interesting volume, under the title of *The Chimney-sweepers' Friend and Climbing-boys' Album*, was edited by Montgomery, and dedicated, by permission, "to the Father of all his People, King George the Fourth." It consisted of prose as well as verse, and was designed to be preliminary to a vigorous effort to enlist the co-operation of the legislature on behalf of the cause which it advocated. Sheffield had had the distinction, years before, of presenting the first petition to Parliament on this subject; and the same town again did itself honour in leading the country in a work, as to the philanthropic nature of which there can be but one opinion. The friends of the editor resident in the neighbourhood contributed to the book freely and gladly; and among them was Mr. Holland. The evil intended to be removed was very great and of long standing. The hardships of the poor children were such that a statement of them could scarcely fail to enlist the strongest sympathy; and the results ultimately achieved in Parliament

and in the country, must have been highly gratifying to those who had taken this preliminary action.

Kindred to what has just been described was another matter to which Mr. Holland gave much attention about this time. It was the case of a widow who had been left in great difficulties, and whom he had resolved to help into a way of providing for herself and her children. In this instance he appears to have taken the lead in a work of great kindness, and to have directed the action of others to a happy issue. He had time and heart to help the needy, and in so doing felt himself well employed.

In July he wrote verses *On Presenting a Rose to a Lady*. The opening lines are these:—

“ I gathered for Anna my favourite rose,
For she was my favourite friend.”

This permanent “friendship” was of a highly-interesting nature.

One of our author’s very agreeable papers in *The Yorkshire and Derbyshire Magazine* was *A Walk to Beauchief Abbey*. A copy found its way into the hands of one of his correspondents, who very severely criticised the essay, in a letter to its writer. The alleged ground of objection was, that the article disclosed too much about its writer and his relations to the three young ladies, one of whom had had the poetical honour of giving her name to “St. Anne’s Well,” of the naming of which the article contains a quasi-legendary poetical account. But, as the sequel will show, the real ground of objection was something else. Mr. Holland’s able and excellent correspondent had set his affection on one, on whom, he was tremblingly aware, Mr. Holland was exerting a continual influence, with all the advantage of being a neighbour and a very frequent visitor at her father’s house, while he himself resided at a great distance. He had, however, been a guest at Mr. Cowley’s, and had acknowledged to Mr. Holland something of his agitated feelings. What came of all this will have to be told by-and-by. At present it is sufficient to remark that a very small amount of jealousy or

suspicion can so modify the apparent aspects of things as to prevent them from being seen as they really are.

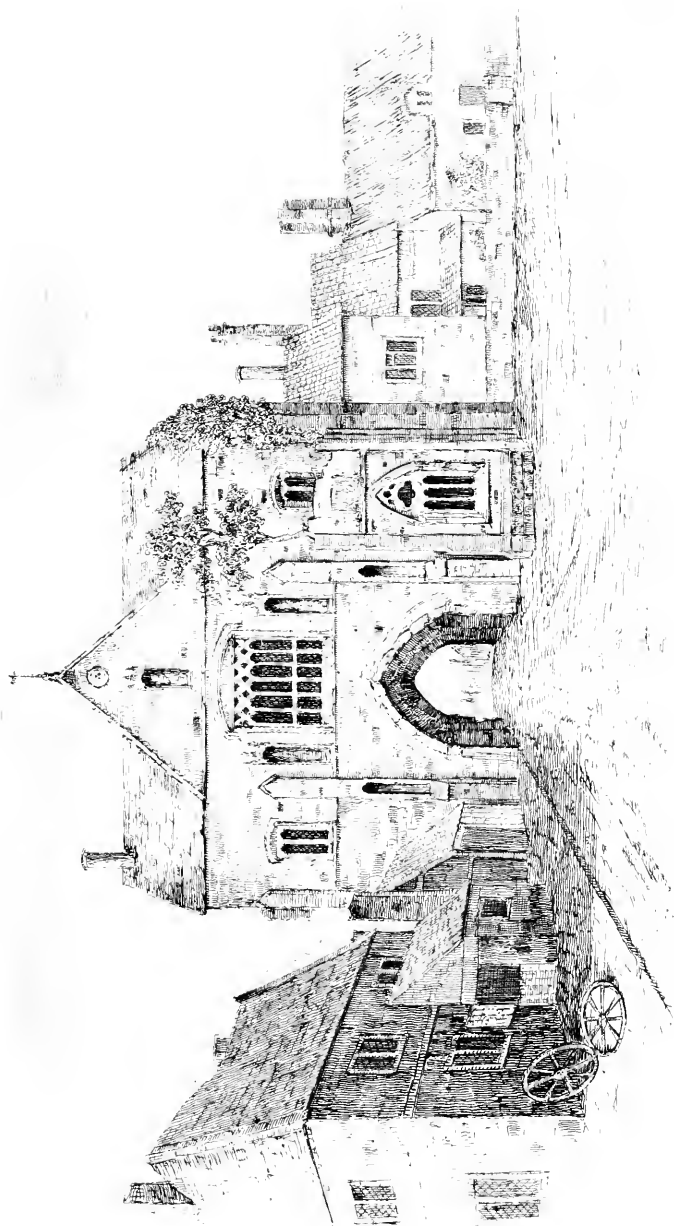
For some time in the autumn of 1824 Mr. Holland was in an unsatisfactory state of health. On Monday, the 6th of September, he wrote a letter to a friend in Worksop, neither declining nor accepting an invitation to visit that "lovely town," as he elsewhere calls it, on the next Friday; but when the Friday came he was a passenger by coach, though yet very unwell. There was no convenient way of returning before the following week; and on the Monday he was found at Clumber. An expedition which led him through the mild but beautiful scenery surrounding that celebrated spot, has its memorial in *The Ramble*, which will be found in *Flowers from Sheffield Park*. Another memento is the sonnet prefixed to this chapter. This visit, of which an account was given in *The Yorkshire and Derbyshire Magazine*, appears to have been Mr. Holland's first visit to Worksop. Whether he had previously had any thoughts of compiling a history of the town and parish, is not quite certain to the biographer; but his purpose to do so had not only been formed but also begun to be carried out within a few weeks of the date last named; for early in November he was in correspondence with Hunter, about several matters that must be comprised in such a history. It is evident that that gentleman had much pleasure in affording Mr. Holland such information as it was in his power to give. In one of his early letters on the subject occurs this passage:—"I shall be at all times ready to attend to any queries you may wish to propose; though I may sometimes not be able to make an immediate reply, my time, as you are aware, being very much engaged. One thing I must require, that if you are intending to send forth to the public what you have collected respecting Worksop, you will not take any notice of these private communications as being from me. My published works are, of course, open to any animadversion."

The reasonable request here preferred by one to whom Mr. Holland felt himself "singularly indebted," was, very properly,

complied with. This remark applies also to some other persons from whom assistance was received in the compiling of the work under notice. Prominent among them was William Bateman, Esq., of Middleton Hall, near Bakewell, who had previously been one of Mr. Holland's correspondents. Mr. Bateman sent Mr. Holland books for reference, extracts full of valuable information, the advice of a man practically acquainted with such work as Mr. Holland had in hand, and numerous signs of goodwill. Another helper was a Roman Catholic priest, who was able to refer the historian to books written by members of the Roman Catholic Church, of which books good use was made. And others were inhabitants of the locality, who took pleasure in doing what they could to assist in the interesting work. Special mention must be made of the late Mr. Shaw, of Worksop, whose house was Mr. Holland's home whenever he visited the town. Mr. Shaw opened his door to Mr. Holland with a glad and hearty welcome, and gave him the most hospitable entertainment. They had been introduced to each other through Mr. Cowley or his family; and a member of that family accompanied Mr. Holland in his first walks in the town.

The work was not published until the spring of 1826; but it will be well to let the reader have here all needful information about it, though strict chronological order will thus be sacrificed. The work was undertaken amidst very pleasant associations. One of the most remarkable passages in the volume is the historian's account of his first view of the ruins of the once magnificent priory. He was taking a moonlight walk with "a beloved friend," while all around was still and silent; and the scene was allowed to produce on the mind its full natural effect. What that effect was, may be gathered, in some degree, from the following sonnet, written *On Revisiting the Ruins of Worksop Abbey*:—

" Yes, it is now just one and twenty years
 Since first I gazed upon these time-worn walls;
 And yet, like yesterday the whole appears:
 The ivy drapery from the gable falls:



St. Mary's Church, Dunfermline, Fife, Scotland.

The full moon shines right o'er the steeple roof;
 The church-yard trees toss their green boughs aloof;
 But ah! no longer on my friendly arm
 Dear ANNA leans, and gazes on the scene,
 Reading in things that *are* of what *has been*,
 Attuning thought with conversation's charm:
 I gaze alone, till seem to memory brought
 That maid, that hour, both long since passed away:
 But soon I feel, by this gray ruin taught,
 That earthly pleasures are not made to stay."

The book contains here and there what the author calls a "sentimental digression"; which can readily be excused when a topographer is a poet. While, however, the poet is once or twice shown, amidst antiquarian and topographical research, there is reason to suppose that a voluntary restraint was put upon the willing muse during the composition of this work. Even the poetical farewell to Worksop, with which the book ends, was, in all probability, written before the history was even begun. Mr. Holland governed his own spirit, and brought judgment to bear on what he undertook. Montgomery, in a playful letter respecting the motto which he had written, by request, for the title-page, says:—"I should prefer 'spot' to 'plot' in the first line; but the latter, being more technical, (though utterly unpoetical,) must be more delightful to your antiquarian ears, which, of course, you put over your poetical ones whenever you think of Worksop; and the former, being much the larger, wholly cover the latter, besides having the exquisite superiority over these, that discord itself is music to them."

The book partakes much of the general character of local histories. It shows, as such works commonly show, that the writer had laboured hard to recover the irrecoverable, and was but moderately pleased when he had done his best to save something likely to be hopelessly lost. Doubtless the author felt the fitness of the motto which he printed on the title-page, from Sir Thomas Browne:—"Time, which antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things, hath yet spared

these minor monuments." At the end of his preface he says:—"The author ventures to believe that this work will be an appropriate heir-loom in the family library; and, however he may have acquitted himself in the execution of a task of no small difficulty, he can honestly aver, that his principal motive has been an ambition to record whatever can render the town and neighbourhood of Worksop more interesting to residents or strangers. He will be gratified to entertain the inhabitants at their own firesides, and, by collecting and concentrating the scattered rays of information, add but a small star to that rich constellation of topographical works, which occupies so distinguished a portion of our literary hemisphere."

How a most competent judge considered him to have accomplished his task, will be seen in the following extract from Hunter's *South Yorkshire*:—"One of the most pleasing parts of a very agreeable book—Mr. Holland's *History of the Town and Parish of Worksop*—is that which relates to Shireoaks, where we have original information, the result of personal enquiry, in unison with a tasteful description of the peculiar features of a scene once beautiful, but verging to decay and ruin." With reference to this "honourable mention" Mr. Holland says:—

"Thanks for the courtesy which writ my name
 In this elaborate topographic page,
 Where, with your own, perchance, from age to age,
 'Twill stand enshrined by antiquarian fame:
 Yes! I have sought, though but with feeble aim,
 To win some monuments from Time's slow rage,
 Led by the light which, brightening stage by stage,
 Your learning threw o'er Hallamshire's proud claim,
 Proud claim despised till by your wizard wand
 Touched, fifty generations sprung to life!
 We see their castles, halls, and abbeys stand;
 We mingle with them in their daily strife:
 For this, should Sheffield's busy prosperous race
 With pride their townsman hail, with thanks his labours trace."

Of Mr. Holland's admiration of the scenery of the district, of his proper reverence for his superiors, of his rich enjoyment of very hard literary work, and of his great laboriousness in

research this book is an enduring monument. It contained some good engravings; it was in most respects expensively got up; and the copies printed were only one hundred and fifty; so that it must have been written rather for pleasure than for pecuniary gain. The full title is, *The History, Antiquities, and Description of the Town and Parish of Worksop, in the County of Nottingham*. It was dedicated, like its predecessor, *Sheffield Park*, to his Grace, the Duke of Norfolk. And about one hundred copies were at once subscribed for.

While topographical studies were increasing the number of Mr. Holland's friends, a like benefit was attending his Sunday School work. So far as this remark applies to the year 1824, its chief reference is to a gentleman who became very intimately associated with Mr. Holland, both in literature and in social life. This was Mr. Jonathan Brammall, who was, at this time, like our poet, in the habit of contributing original hymns for the Sunday School Union Anniversary. The first of an immense number of letters which passed between them appears to have related to such compositions. Their friendship led to very important results; for at length Mr. Brammall married Mr. Holland's eldest sister.

The Cambridge *Quarterly Review* for October, 1824, contained an article on the subject of *Sheffield Poetry*, in which Mr. Holland and some of his poems were freely dealt with, and such wise advice was given him as reviewers find it easy to dispense. The following extract will lead the way to one or two remarks:—"To application less close, to ardour less intense, and to talents less powerful, the difficulties with which he has had to combat, arising from an imperfect education and from the disadvantages generally attendant on humble life, would have assumed an Herculean shape; but these he met—he surmounted, and has almost from boyhood been writing verses, and soliciting the attention of Apollo. We have not the slightest disposition to proscribe Mr. Holland, and to exclude him the poetical regions; but this we say, that he would

be more likely to live by a part, than by the whole of his poetry, and, for this reason, we recommend a judicious selection from his fugitive pieces, which are too numerous for his years, and which, from their number, must have cost him less thought and trouble than a judicious, reading public have a right to demand. His two great faults are,—he writes too fast, and follows occasionally too closely in the track of others. In the first instance he is in danger of running himself out of breath, and of presenting his readers with flowers instead of fruit; or, if the fruit be set, it will not be sufficiently mellowed by time and by summer suns; and in the second, by laying contributions on others, he is in danger of cramping his own genius, which is sufficiently great to have rendered him in many cases even prodigal, and to have squandered away in quantity that which would have turned to a good account in quality, with less profusion." The reviewer goes on to say of *Sheffield Park*, "There was a tone of colouring thrown over the whole face of the landscape which could not fail to rivet the attention which had been previously excited. If there is less originality in *Sheffield Park* than in [Denham's] *Cooper's Hill*, the subject has the excellency of speaking more for itself, which is no small compliment to the observing eye of Mr. Holland."

If Mr. Holland *could* have written much more slowly, and *could* have revised his compositions very much more rigorously, some of them might have been improved; and if he did not, during the course of his literary life, change very materially in these respects, it was not for want of counsel, sometimes, indeed, friendly, and occasionally of another character; but he did carefully revise and rewrite; and many passages can be pointed out in his poems which it would not be possible both to change and to improve, without destroying the style. His pen was very ready, because his mind was very quick in action, and because his observant eye was constantly finding fresh occasions of thought and fancy. It is not pretended that he was a specially profound thinker, any more than it is

imagined that Addison was a metaphysician ; nor is it admitted that his poetry can with propriety be called superficial any more than it is believed that *The Spectator* is uninteresting. From youth to age Mr. Holland wrote verse for the very love of it, and thereby expressed and recorded the emotions of an unusually sensitive mind ; and his powers were thus exercised for sixty years with an amount of pleasure, which, in all probability, greatly exceeded that of most literary men.

The remark that he was more likely to secure lasting fame by a part than by the whole of his poetry. is true enough ; but it is true also of most other poets with whose works the present writer has any acquaintance. The selection which the reviewer recommends, may yet be made ; and it will not be a collection of common-place verse.

The charge that Mr. Holland was in the habit of borrowing from other poets, was much more easily made than proved ; and no genuine instance of plagiarism is given in the article under notice. The principle which governed him in the composition of his poems, is expressed by Coleridge, when he says*—“ A poet ought not to pick nature’s pocket : let him borrow, and so borrow as to repay by the very act of borrowing. Examine nature accurately, but write from recollection ; and trust more to your imagination than to your memory.”

In the early months of 1825 Mr. Holland was working with great assiduity at his *History of Worksof*. Yet he found time to write, for *The Amulet*, a poetical *Sketch of a Rustic Funeral*, which was inserted and paid for, and also a story which, being too long, had to be omitted. That story was, probably, a very significant union of fiction and autobiographical fact, which was published during the following year in a monthly magazine, and to which another reference will shortly be made, because of the light which it throws on Mr. Holland’s relations to one of “ the three sisters.” To this year also belong several poems. One is *Spring*. It describes the poet’s peculiar delight in the vernal season. Another is *Youth*, which contains beautiful and tender

comparisons. A third is *On the Death of William Wilberforce Clarkson, aged Sixteen*, which is a plaintive but Christian and, therefore, hopeful song over a bier. Another is *Elegiac Stanzas*, written on hearing of the death of the Rev. George Manwaring. This piece was published in the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*. Its occasion called forth from Montgomery *The Widow and the Fatherless*, which will be found in his *Collected Poems*. Other poems are three *Sonnets to December*, which describe in a striking manner the leading features that distinguish morning, noon, and night on an English winter day. These sonnets could not have been written, if the poet had not had an observant eye.

Mr. Holland was now devoting most of his time to very unpoetical branches of literature; and the poems just named must be regarded as the effects of sudden impressions coming upon him in assertion of the continued activity of a power which he was trying, for a time, to lay aside and conceal. In a letter to Montgomery, written in May, 1825, he says:—"To-day, as I sat whistling for expressions in a topographical work upon which I am strangely engaged, *four larks*, still more strangely, flew into my imagination. I immediately laid limed twigs, intending to catch the whole, and to send them to you at once, to be caged or cooked, as you might feel disposed. I have, however, only taken one; and this is the rougher for my handling. If you find a spare corner in your aviary for this cramped skylark, I will send you his fellows, if I can catch them. With very sincere thanks for the favours of the manuscript herewith returned, I am, yours very affectionately, JOHN HOLLAND."

The manuscript referred to appears to have been a volume of Montgomery's early poems. This, with several other things mentioned in the same letter, shows that Mr. Holland was still carefully collecting materials for the biography of his friend. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Montgomery must have been convinced Mr. Holland was intending to write such a work. He must have known that his life and character could not be recorded by a more attached friend, a more ardent

admirer, or a Christian more strongly sympathising with his opinions and his religious belief and practice. And he seems to have been content to let Mr. Holland know about himself and his doings almost all that he desired to ascertain. This year they came into new and special relations, by circumstances which put Mr. Holland into that employment for which he had most fitness as well as most inclination. For various reasons, the conducting of the *Iris* had now become painfully burdensome to Montgomery; and he desired to dispose of the paper and of the printing and stationery business with which it was connected. Mr. Holland appears to have been advised to undertake the *Iris* on his own account; but he determined not to do so. There was in Sheffield, however, a purchaser in whose principles and ability Montgomery had confidence, as to the future character and influence of the paper. That purchaser was Mr. John Blackwell, already known to the reader in connection with a reference to *The Yorkshire and Derbyshire Magazine*. When the *Iris* passed into Mr. Blackwell's hands, Mr. Holland became its editor.

Montgomery's long farewell address from the editorial chair, appeared on Tuesday, September the 27th, and was, in all respects, adapted to the occasion, while according with the character and the life-work of its author. Mr. Holland's first or introductory "leader" had its place in the next issue. He felt it his duty to make clear to the reader the "principles" by which he should be governed in his new and responsible office; and he resolved to disclose "the thing unknown," by unequivocal reference to what was perfectly familiar to the readers of the *Iris*. He wrote:—"For ourselves we can only say, that we are resolved to follow, with humble steps in point of talent, with pertinacious efforts in point of zeal, the track of public sentiment which our predecessor has chalked out. We differ from him in no political question of vital importance."

Mr. Holland entered upon his new office with diffidence and shrinking. But he had great fitness for newspaper work.

A copious vocabulary, a retentive memory, very extensive reading, truly generous opinions, and most conscientious devotion to duty, with great facility of execution, constituted in him such an assemblage of qualifications as may not be very common. The composition of verse had already trained him to a very careful use of words, at the same time greatly helping him to command an elegant style in prose. His literary resources would have done honour to men who had been entirely devoted to the pursuits to which he had been able to give only the intervals of an otherwise busy life. His domestic training, his social communications, his reception in literary and other circles, his natural temperament, and that genuine piety which showed itself at every turn in his course, all combined to render him generous, free, and liberal in matters of opinion, while he was as rigid as the most logical divine in things which he believed to lie beyond the limits of mere opinion. He had previously deprecated the periodical necessity of producing a certain quantity of "copy"; but he now devoted himself to his new work with a perseverance and a regularity which proved he was in his right place, and which gave great value to his services. And as an editor he found much to do. Even while his connection with the paper was not generally known, an effort having been made to conceal it, he had the happiness of helping several causes which he believed to be good and worthy of his best support. Among them was an appeal on behalf of the lead miners of Derbyshire, who were at the time in great need and suffering. He pleaded their cause in the newspaper, and had the great satisfaction of being the medium of communication between those who gladly gave to relieve distress and those who, with a corresponding thankfulness, received such means of sustenance as they could not then earn for themselves.

It is a trite observation, that one of the distinctive features of this age is in its periodical literature. Knowledge is now circulated among all classes of the people with a facility and a cheapness of which our ancestors could have no conception,

when they were reading the costly and comparatively infrequent pamphlets and volumes of the eighteenth century. The supply has created a demand which appears to be growing year by year. One penny paper, published in London, is said to have a daily circulation of one hundred and ninety thousand copies; and the aggregate circulation of such publications, issued in the metropolis and in provincial towns, is immense. The reading of newspapers and magazines does not make scholars, or create a taste for the highest kinds of literature; and the supposed necessity of having a general acquaintance with what is published in periodicals may sometimes cause the time of students and scholars to be somewhat unprofitably spent; but it must be admitted, on the other side, that the cheap periodical press gives "some tincture of literature and even of science,"* to those who have neither leisure nor inclination for the reading of more exhaustive or more recondite discussions; and this must be immeasurably better than that untinctured ignorance which formerly obtained among the uneducated classes of the population of this country.

The following sonnet, on *The Times Newspaper*, expresses Mr. Holland's view of one aspect of the newspaper subject; but the peculiarities specified do not now belong to the paper named so exclusively as when the poem was composed:—

“ Men marvel at ‘ *The Times* ’; and well they may.
 Great Autocrat of the diurnal Press,
 More unchecked power it wields to curse or bless
 Mankind, than half the Cæsars of the day!
 What would the Fathers of the Printing Art—
Faust, *Gutenberg*, and *Schæffer*—wondering say,
 Or *Milton*, who, not less renowned than they,
 Took for ‘ unlicensed printing ’ such high part,
 Could they but see how in each morning sheet
 The world’s news heralds in one phalanx meet,
 Could they but read what here is daily writ
 On learning, art, law, legislature, crimes,
 Could they but know how, focuss’d thus to fit
 The age, this mirror doth reflect all climes? ”

* *The Times*, Friday, May 30th, 1873.

Mr. Holland's literary character was permanently affected by his newspaper work ; but at the end of that work he had the satisfaction of knowing that, so far as he had striven to influence his readers on political, literary, or religious questions, he had acted sincerely, in the fear of God, and with a deep and influential sense of the responsibility of his position. From this time to the end of his life, he never ceased greatly to enjoy the editorial style, and it afforded him much pleasure to write paragraphs and essays on current or local topics as opportunity served ; but he rejoiced that his editorial career ended before the age of daily newspapers.

CHAPTER VII.

1826—1827.

“The man who takes not from a female hand
The sweetest common cup of daily life,
Or whether in the world’s thick ranks he stand
A mighty struggler in the common strife,
Or, cut by Superstition’s felon knife
From Nature’s genial law, in lonesome cell
He find himself for ever doomed to dwell,
Uncheered by mother, sister, daughter, wife,
May well be deemed, whate’er his sterner claim,
Humanity’s Enigma! Friendship, grace,
The past, the future of his father’s race,
He lives but to reproach with silent shame,—
Unmeet for earth, undisciplined for heaven,
While spurning in God’s name the help-meet God has given.”

J.H.

Duty now called Mr. Holland into daily intellectual contact with very unpoetical things; and it must have afforded him great relief to have recourse at intervals of leisure, or when the afflatus came upon him, to his favourite habit of writing verse. The poems ascribed, by his own dates, to the year 1826, are about a dozen, and there are probably several other pieces without dates, which belong to the same period. He wrote poems full of admiration for the beauties of nature and the charms of the fair, the two subjects being unitedly treated in a manner which was, with him, habitual, easy, and effective, and of which an almost incredible number of examples might be given from this period to the last year of his life. Occasional brief references will be made to this matter during the remaining course of this biography; but no adequate impression of the

pieces referred to can be received without a perusal of the poems themselves. To the month of February belongs a didactic poem of eight stanzas on *Time*. It shows how practical and serious a view our poet now took of human existence.

In March he wrote, for *The Negro's Friend, or The Sheffield Anti-Slavery Album*, a poem of fifteen stanzas, entitled *The Voice of Blood*. The volume was by Sheffield authors, and consisted of both prose and verse, intended, and more or less adapted, to serve the cause of the negro slave. The poem subsequently appeared in the *Iris*, whose pages could speak but one language on the subject of slavery. It was the language of indignation, pity, and burning zeal for the suppression of a crying evil.

During the next month was written a piece *In memory of Mr. C. A. Froggatt, who died April 21st, 1826*. He was brother to the Rev. Wm. Froggatt, previously introduced to the reader's notice. The poem is a sympathetic and healthy expression of Christian sorrow for the loss of one whose mind was full of "the tenderest charities of our nature." Having depicted the bereaved condition of Mr. Froggatt's own family, the poet adds:—

" And *one*, though not by kindred bound,
By more than kindred griefs distressed,
Condemned life's deepest grief to sound
Ere with life's sweetest blessings blest."

The reference in this stanza is to Miss Sarah Cowley, who had been for some time affianced to Mr. Froggatt. The present chapter will contain other references, of very diverse kinds, to the same beautiful lady, and to the disappointments and sorrows which it became her lot innocently to bring on other persons, one of whom was the subject of this biography.

On the 19th of May, Mr. Holland wrote a poem entitled *Theresa's Tree*, taking for a motto the words of Montgomery,

"Whose spirit in the willow spoke."

This is a beautiful and touching piece of blank verse, containing some very pleasing lines, with tokens of a healthy and charitable

largeness of heart. The lady whose name the tree bore was a daughter of Mr. John Curr, of Belle Vue, a mansion which stood at the distance of three fields from Mr. Holland's home, and of which a description is given in *Sheffield Park*. Mr. Curr was an ingenious man, and had the management of the Duke of Norfolk's collieries in the neighbourhood. He was, like his master, a member of the Church of Rome. One of his daughters became an abbess; and Theresa herself became a nun. There was some communication between Mr. Curr's family and that of Mr. Holland, who tells of having played, in childhood, without sacrilege, with Theresa's "curious crucifix of polished jet." Mr. Albert Furness, nephew to Theresa, who subsequently went to Canada, and resided, first at Montreal, and afterwards at Toronto, was, notwithstanding his Catholicism, a favourite with Mr. Holland's mother, and one of our poet's own literary correspondents. He appears to have been a young man of great personal worth. Mr. Holland's appreciation of the kindness of several members of the Belle Vue families, probably contributed much to the formation and the establishment of those views of Popery which he is known to have held. "Theresa's tree" was a thriving willow, which had grown from a twig, received in a religious ceremony at the hand of the officiating priest, and planted by the young lady's own hand in the hope that it would therefore become a more significant and profitable memento of spiritual things than it could have been, if it had lain in a drawer. After some time she left her home and her friends, to take the veil of a nun, and returned no more; but she could be sung of, in connection with the tree, in the following words:—

" She,

Won by St. Benedict's severest rule,
Vowed, and received the veil. Austere La Trappe
Closed on the virgin victim those stern gates
Which ne'er are opened to the world again.
There changed she her soft raiment for the dress,
The coarse hard habit, of the sisterhood;
And there, in penitence and prime of life,

She died, was buried, and her grave is—*where?*
 This thriving tree, once planted by her hand,
 Survives, the green memorial of her name,
 And seems, as seasons change, to emblem still
 The various changes of her transient life;
 And long shall its bright buds, its golden palms,
 Its silvery leaves, and winter nakedness,
 Tell us of her, the spirit of this spot."

To the month of August belongs the striking sonnet, *Who shall Avenge the Slave*, which will be found in *The Amulet* for the following year. To the same period may be referred an undated satire called *Zamba's Song in Praise of Slavery*. It is a sarcastic poem of twenty-one stanzas, and is vividly descriptive of the horrors of slavery.

In September Mr. Holland received from a lady a letter on which the seal had left impressed the words, *As you like it*. The hint was sufficient; and by its improvement she received from him a very pleasant poem. In the same month he was in Derbyshire, and addressed *To the River Derwent*, in the vicinity of Chatsworth, a sweet and simple poem of eighteen stanzas. It is one of his happy lyrical pieces, and has, like many similar compositions, a tincture of pensiveness which gives it much of its power on the reader's mind. It also reaffirms his great and never-failing delight in nature and natural phenomena.

About Christmas was written a seasonable song entitled *The Green Holly Bough*, which shows that our poet had strong sympathy with those who strove to promote pure social endearments and pleasures. He would hang up the holly branch and the mistletoe, to mark occasions which it must afterwards be a pleasure to remember for their Christian gladness.

Much of the leisure of the spring of 1826 must have been devoted, in the way of journeys and otherwise, to the *History of Worksof*. The date of the dedication, and of Montgomery's poetical motto, is May 11th, 1826. The work was published during this year; and some account of it has been given in the preceding chapter.

About midsummer, Mr. Holland was in Manchester, with his friend, the Rev. James Everett. The two, being equally ready note-takers and equal admirers of Montgomery, still maintained their agreement as to the projected biography.

In *The Imperial Magazine* for 1826 will be found a romantic story from the pen of Mr. Holland. It is entitled *The Village Poet's Grave*, and contains much more of the author's own personal history than the reader would at the time have supposed, even if he had found out the secret of its authorship. It requires special notice here, because of things in it which need explanation, and because of the light which it casts on some other matters. Mr. Holland's home on the sloping land of Sheffield Park was transferred in imagination to the side of one of the Derbyshire hills; his own experience was regarded through some medium that greatly exaggerated certain of its features; and a play of fancy was successfully added to conceal much of the truth from the contemporary reader. Read, however, at this distance of time, and in connection with epistolary and other documents in the hands of the biographer, the tale becomes highly interesting and instructive. It clearly shows that love had now been for a time playing an important part in the economy of Mr. Holland's social life, that he was in fact a disappointed lover, and that it is not marvellous if he was shortly after this time a confirmed bachelor. But love had worn the guise and assumed the name of friendship, and he seems not to have duly measured, at the time, the extent to which it had taken possession of his being. When circumstances discovered to him the whole truth, his sense of disappointment was keen and bitter.

One of the three sisters whose names have already been recorded in this volume, was wooed and won by a most worthy man of whom Mr. Holland had the highest opinions; and when she was about to be married, our poet wrote her a letter containing the following passages — :

“ For the last ten years, the pure, unlimited, ingenuous,

and affectionate friendship of yourself and your sisters has been the sweetest ingredient in my cup of human [happiness]. This I will say to you, and of this I have given proofs in abundance to others ; and allow me to acknowledge that, in many instances, proofs on your part have not been withheld. There have not, indeed, been wanting, we may presume, those who, judging from the selfishness of their own minds and the aridity of their own hearts, have thought it impossible that our friendship should have existence, without being built of some commoner material than mutual affection. They had their gratification ; and we had our satisfaction in the approbation of Heaven and of our own consciences. Circumstances may modify the operation, but it will require something more than circumstances to extinguish the spirit, of such a friendship. Whatever the world may curiously have thought, or cunningly have guessed, *we* have experienced and reciprocated, in that friendship, a sister's and a brother's love. You are now going to be the wife of another, one worthy, I believe, of your hand and your heart.

“ I have sung the *hopes* of matrimony, and I know that thousands have delighted in the song ; but of all those thousands very few, if any, are aware that you are the individual in whose married life I should most emphatically rejoice to see all these, yea, and more than all these hopes realised. I have evolved from the romance of a perished possibility the plan, and drawn from the fanciful enthusiasm of my heart the colourings, of a story which has been read and criticised by hundreds ; but few were aware that I have therein depicted all that I believed of your worth, and all that I *hoped for your happiness*. To the description and to every opinion there given of the principal heroine, however enthusiastically sketched at the time, I do at this moment solemnly subscribe my attestation ; and for every picture therein drawn of imagined felicity, I do most sincerely trust to the possibility of its being realised so far as the disparity of scenes will admit.”

The poet had called this lady *Laura*, deeming her alto-

gether worthy of that famous and classical *sobriquet* of Platonic love, but utterly disclaiming everything like the lawlessness which is believed to have existed in him who has made the name both classical and famous. He also at times gave her her own proper Christian name of Anne, as the reader of his earlier poems will frequently find: and such a fondness had he for this name, that he affixed it, instead of his own, to some of his poetical compositions. In *The Village Poet's Grave* the lady is credited with the authorship of certain sweet lyrics in which, however, there appear signs that they had flowed through his own pen. In that story, the first four lines of each stanza of the following poem are *supposed* to have been written by the worthy object of Mr. Holland's "Platonic love," and to have been sent to him, when the two were at a distance from each other, in a letter which enclosed one of those exquisite little flowers known by the name of *Forget-me-not*. The second half of each stanza is the "lover's" rejoinder:—

“ Forget me not, my gentle friend,
 And let this floweret be
 Joint token with the verse I send
 That I remember thee.
 ‘ Forget thee, Laura? Yes, I may
 When I’m removed so far away,
 So changed in fancy, feeling, thought,
 That I am by myself forgot.’

Forget me not, my gentle friend,
 When distance intervenes,
 Should fame or fortune e’er attend
 Your steps through other scenes.
 ‘ Forget thee? Yes, I might forget,
 Should reason’s sun untimely set,
 And memory’s power no more retain
 One fading image on my brain.’

Forget me not, my gentle friend,
 When fairer forms than mine
 Shall with your scenes of pleasure blend
 Their charms and smiles benign.
 ‘ Forget thee? Yes, before my eyes
 If fairer forms than thine *could* rise,

I *might* forget thee then ; but nay,
One thought would bid thine image stay.'

Forget me not, my gentle friend,
If now I'm young and fair ;
Forget me not, when years contend
My features to impair.
'Forget thee ? Yes, should I be told
That I am young when thou art old,
And could my heart believe the strain,
I might indeed forget thee then.'

But should thy friendship ever fade,
Thy kindness e'er decay ;
Oh ! let not me thine heart upbraid ;
Cast verse and flower away.
'Forget thee ? Never ; near or far,
This little flower shall be my star,
Pointing to me in every spot
Thy tender words, '*Forget me not.*' "

But our poet's nature was not satisfied with "Platonic love." Providence had called "Laura" to another sphere of useful activity ; but her sisters were still left behind. With them Mr. Holland had had a similarly intimate friendship ; and they had reciprocated his sincere affection in a manner which was much to be admired. We have already seen that one of them had been worthily betrothed to a young man who was in all ways worthy of the affiance, and that he had been removed by death. We have also seen that, some time before that sad event, our poet had presented to *her* the manuscript of *The Hopes of Matrimony*. And it is to be added that he had now really given her his heart after a fashion more than Platonic, and much more ancient, spontaneous, and original. But difficulties were destined to beset their path ; and the consummation of "the hopes" which were fondly cherished was to be again precluded by death itself. The first difficulty, however, was of a very peculiar nature.

A young gentleman, who was in frequent correspondence with Mr. Holland, and of whose worth our poet had a deep impression, thought it his great privilege to claim Miss Sarah

Cowley for his wife. After making, in his letters, numerous references to her family and to Mr. Holland's relations to that family, he at length broadly and confidently requested the poet to help him to urge his suit. Here were two attached friends at the same moment grasping at the same prize. They both were highly conscientious men; and each felt that his earthly happiness greatly depended on the favourable issue of these apparently unfortunate circumstances. Mr. Holland informed his friend of the peculiar state of mind in which he had been found by his strange letter, and of the perplexed and painful condition into which it had thrown him. What could now be done? The two young men were perhaps equally worthy of her whom they both desired; and they were equal to each other in the generousities of a pure and Christian friendship. The young lady admired them both, and must have been pained in no ordinary degree, if she had become at all aware of the peculiar difficulties into which they had brought each other. To the startling revelation which he had made to his friend, Mr. Holland very soon received a most significant response, in which occurs the following passage:—

“ Little did I suspect, when I proposed to you so interesting an enquiry respecting our dear friend, Sarah, that I was touching your dearest sensibilities and spoiling some of the fairest and most delightful scenes which existed in your imagination, and which, if you could not realise them, you were fondly anxious to perpetuate. I knew that she was deservedly endeared to you as a friend, and that her happiness lay very near your heart; but I did not suppose that you indulged a single hope of consummating it in your own person. Had I suspected this, I should not, without long hesitation, have consulted you on the interest which I felt in her. You will believe me, then, when I say that I was not a little surprised when I learnt the agitation which your feelings and hopes experienced from the painful and delicate question which I had proposed to you; nor could I be otherwise than forcibly reminded of

the truth of the moralising strain which occupied so large a part of my former letter. But I do not regret that I *did* consult you, not only because the favourable impressions which I had received of Sarah's worth, and which I also fondly wished to retain, were deepened by your unquestionable testimony, but because the manner and circumstances in which that testimony was given afforded me new and indisputable proofs both of your integrity and of your friendship for me. I did not intend, my dear friend, to place you in a situation in which your heart became the scene of a struggle between your affection for her and the kind regard (would that it were deserved!) which you have so well attested to me. The latter, however, prevailed; and what is the conduct which justice or friendship now demands of me? I know that you will *expect*, (for I will not say you will *fear*,) that I shall at once accept the concession which you have made, and make an attempt to attach to myself her whom we have both loved in a degree probably beyond her knowledge and suspicion. But I can assure you, my friend, that, whatever my love for Sarah may be, either it is so small, or my victory over *self* so complete, that I will not unceremoniously put you to such an exercise of generosity. I am grateful for such a proof of generosity in my favour, but I will not be so unfeeling as unconditionally to accept it. That I am deeply interested in Sarah, is evident from my last letter; yea, I *love* her more than any whom I know or have known; and she is still more esteemed by me in consequence of what you have written; but let me know that you have a rational expectation, or even hope, of attaining the first and secret wishes of your soul, and that it would be agreeable to her, and then I will be second *only to yourself* in praying, that every happiness which a benignant Providence can bestow may distinguish your union with her. This is not mere ostentatious sentiment; and though it may be called the chivalry of friendship, I can affirm it to be the dictate of my deliberate reason as well as of my present feelings."

The same letter contained certain messages for Mr. Cowley's

family, which Mr. Holland appears to have had the discretion not to deliver. Soon he had to inform his chivalrous and excellent friend that the young lady was seriously out of health, and that it was to be regretted that she had not been longer kept in ignorance of the feelings cherished for her by the poet's correspondent, which it had been extremely difficult to conceal. Subsequently we find her writing from a distance to Mr. Holland, with expressions of great admiration and even ardent attachment. Meanwhile Mr. Holland's sanguine friend and correspondent had come to the conclusion, agreeable to himself, that he could reasonably look for an ultimate happy union with the fair one whose health was failing. His love was "blind" to most of the difficulties which stood in the way. Those difficulties had always been great enough, and were destined to multiply and grow, until that which had been, to his mind, very probable, should have become altogether and manifestly impossible.

Mr. Holland's state of mind, during all these circumstances, may be conceived of, to some extent, from three documents which he has left behind him. One of them is, apparently, the draft of a letter to one of the three sisters, in which he most pathetically describes the pain which the mere thought of entering that house where so much of his earthly happiness had been found, now caused him. Another is the following letter, which will speak for itself also on another point:—

" Sheffield Park, Sept. 20th, 1828.

" My dearest Sarah,—As I presume that somebody will go from Pinstone Street to Greenhill Common, I have thought, having a few minutes to spare, that I might as well transmit my *love* to you under my own hand and seal, as *viva voce* per the lips of any third person.

" It now appears a great while indeed, since I saw you, much longer than I was willing that it should have been. I have, however, this afternoon, received an intimation from

Mrs. Cowley, and I believe, from you also, that I shall not be an unwelcome visitor at your Infirmary. I trust, therefore, that ere this beautiful harvest moon has 'filled her horn,' I shall once more have the satisfaction of embracing you with wonted affection; I would that I could add, in wonted health.

"Although this last wish cannot, of course, be realised at my visit, I nevertheless shall be most happy to find you in the enjoyment of some of those better frames of cheerfulness and ease, which have been occasionally reported concerning you, within the last fortnight, and which I, as well as others, have been so anxious to regard as the accompaniments or harbingers of decided convalescence. God, however, my Love, knows best what is good for us; and He who in the days of His flesh so miraculously raised up the dead to life again, can easily, if He sees fit, raise up those who may be brought to the brink of the grave. You, my dear Sarah, have been brought very low, by this protracted affliction. O may it be sanctified to serve the purpose designed by Him who sends it; and may you pass through it, and come out of it like gold that is purified, a vessel of mercy meet to serve and to glorify God!

"Last week I wrote to Mrs. Leighton, &c. It is now so near midnight, that I have only time to add, that I remain, my dearest Sarah, your very affectionate friend, JNO. HOLLAND. Miss Sarah Cowley, Greenhill."

The third document is—

"A BIRTHDAY MEMORIAL."

"Yet once again to anxious hope this day of days appears,
By many honour'd for thy sake in past and happier years:
O would that with this birth-morn blest, to thee, my Love, my Love,
The cherub, Health, had come, as wont, yoked with affection's dove.

For oh! what pains hast thou endured,—affliction's prisoner long!
Yet Heaven ordain'd the cup; and Heaven could not ordain it wrong:
No,—mercy—mercy—mercy mix'd, e'en with the dregs of grief,
The oil and wine of peace and love, that yield thy soul relief.

When spring her wonted garlands brought, as wont thou didst not smile;
When summer came, though bright it shone, we saw thee droop the while;

Autumn brought fruits and sheaves to thee, but thou wast sick and low ;
And round thee, fainter, feebler still, now falls the winter's snow.

Yet glad we hail, thrice glad indeed, this anniversary hour,
And bless the hand that spares thee yet, with life's protracted dower ;
While Heaven doth sweetly deign to own earth's consecrated bliss,
Music of hope, fond memory's smile, warm friendship's sacred kiss.

We look on thee with fond delight, all feeble as thou art ;
For in our pleasures, pains, and prayers, thou long hast borne a part :
In all our bowers of happiness, sweet maiden, thou didst twine
Affection's honey-suckle wreaths with virtue's eglantine.

And are the days, once thus endear'd, for ever, ever fled ?
And springs but their remembrance up, like daisies o'er the dead ?
And shall we never walk again through gardens, groves, and fields ?
Nor share those sweets which health and joy to happy friendship yields ?

Then heaven hath richer joys, for thee, and brighter bliss in store ;
And thither fondlier shall we go, if thou art gone before :
Then God shall choose (or long or short be yet thy mortal strife,)
The birthday of this blessedness, of thine eternal life."

"*January 9th, 1829.*"

This poem called forth an expostulation from Mr. Holland's friend and Miss Sarah's admirer. As it was anonymous, it scarcely justified the complaint. But offence had been taken. Yet it is gratifying to know that Mr. Holland and his friend afterwards returned to something like their former relations, and were very cordial correspondents for many years.

After a few months, this lady sank into the grave, and with her died many pleasures and many ardent hopes. On the first anniversary of her death, the poet wrote the subjoined stanzas, which, with all that has gone before, will enable the reader to see how warm had been the affection of one who soon afterwards was willing to be regarded as a confirmed bachelor:—

"This day returns, and though no more
With us on earth thou art,
Affection, fond as heretofore,
Performs its faithful part :
Still, still, we in communion sweet,
Friends, though in earth and heaven, may meet.

From earth, this day, though thou has been
Gone but one little year :

What glorious wonders hast thou seen,
 That cannot reach us here !
 And what have we of pain below
 Suffer'd, which thou canst never know !

Sweet girl ! though mercies mark'd thy track
 From this world to thy rest ;
 'Twere cruelty to wish thee back,
 Unglorified, unblest :
 For thou art where thy spirit proves
 Love passing all earth's purest loves.

Thy life was blest while still on earth
 With ours its circle ran ;
 But 'twas with thy celestial birth,
 Thy best, best life began,
 That life unseen which God doth bless,
 Supreme, unchanging, measureless.

Then, precious *this* day, though it bring
 Thoughts of that hour of grief,
 When every earthly hope and thing
 Had ceased to yield relief,
 And when thy last, last mortal breath
 Fluttered from feebleness to death."

It would be grateful to the biographer to offer some observations on this account of Mr. Holland's love of woman ; but want of space again forbids. How unlikely it is, that he would have preserved the documents from which the narrative has been compiled, if his own mind had not been perfectly satisfied, on the reviewing of the whole affair ; and so long as his own mind was satisfied, how unlikely would his critics be to change his course of action.

On Friday, the 5th of January, 1827, died the Duke of York. On the following Sunday the fact, which had been some time expected, was announced to the inhabitants of Sheffield by a muffled peal from the Parish Church. And on the next Tuesday the editor of the *Iris* was constrained to "preach" to his readers on "the vanity of man as mortal." To strong sentences expressive of loyalty and of acquiescence in the appointments of Divine Providence, he adds the following words :—
 "The illustrious personage, whose recent departure is just now

the theme of almost every individual in Britain, and of many persons beyond its shores, was, a little while ago, acknowledged to be not only personally one of the finest men in England, but relatively the second man in the kingdom, and, by implication, the second man in the world ; but, at this moment, where is the most miserable individual in the meanest hovel on the island, who would be willing to exchange his present lot, for the sake of *having been* all that his Royal Highness was during his life, for the sake of being what he now is, in 'state' humiliation, or even for the sake of being all that he can henceforward be considered in the cemetery of his fathers ? Where is the living individual who, for the sake of these envied distinctions, would willingly exchange his own identity with that exanimate presence which was the Duke of York ? "

Our poet had now another volume ready for the press. It consisted of "a selection of poetical pieces originally published in the *Sheffield Iris*." Montgomery was consulted about the book and its publication ; and it was eventually dedicated to him "as a trifling memorial of esteem, admiration, and gratitude." It was given to the public in the ensuing spring. It was the book already repeatedly referred to by the title of *Flowers from Sheffield Park*. Nearly all its contents have been under consideration in preceding parts of the present volume. Mr. Holland had naturally felt a wish to collect such of his *Iris* poems as he deemed worthy to be preserved, and to present them to his friends and others, in a form convenient for general perusal ; and the departure of Montgomery from the *Iris* seemed to mark a favourable opportunity for carrying out the long-cherished design. The author felt what other men have often felt in cases of republication ; and in the preface he says :— " Candour demands the avowal, that it has not seldom happened, between a wish to retain certain pieces and an anxiety to render them acceptable, that the author has found it impossible entirely to subdue some obstinacy of phrase, or correct some infelicity of conception, which, although his better taste taught

him to disapprove it, his increased skill neither enabled him to amend, nor his better judgment with his heart's consent to discard from the collection." He adds:—"The author is glad of the opportunity, which this publication affords, of acknowledging the favourable reception with which his other works, avowed and anonymous, have been honoured both by general readers and reviewers. In his own case he can testify, to the honour of all parties, that the approbation of the public and the commendation of the critics have neither been biassed nor bribed."

It had for some time been Mr. Holland's wish to inscribe a book to Montgomery; and when that proof sheet of *Flowers from Sheffield Park* which contained the perfectly proper sentence of dedication, was, like its predecessors, forwarded to Montgomery for perusal, the author sent him also a letter partly apologetic for the unexpected use of his name, and partly congratulatory on his prospect of "hunting Pelicans in the delightful wilderness of Ockbrook." This was an allusion to Montgomery's *Pelican Island*, which was at this time nearly finished. The two bards had talked over the subject and the execution of that poem, on previous occasions; and Mr. Holland was now expecting the pleasure of writing a review of it, which appeared after a few months. Subjoined is a letter which will show how Montgomery now estimated Mr. Holland's friendship and good opinions. Probably, the letter to which this is an answer has been lost:—

"Ockbrook, May 3rd, 1827.

"My dear Friend,—Your letter, 'as welcome as flowers in May,' arrived yesterday when I was drooping like a November rose, born out of season, and unfit, not from delicacy, but craziness, for the climate of this changeable world. I have been very unwell for the last few days with my usual complaint, which has been aggravated by anxiety and labour of mind, when rest had been better; but rest I cannot take, till I have at least brought my *Pelican Island* to a nominal conclusion, by ascertaining the precise point at which it will be expedient to stop, leaving nothing that is necessary untouched, and nothing that

is peculiar to the sequel anticipated. I have, this morning, written what may be the last line. Certainly I have finished, in the rough copy, the last incident. I am not determined whether I shall abandon or not the peroration, which was indeed a premeditated part of the present plan, but not essential. Thank you for all the kind and good words which you have written or spoken concerning it. They have far exceeded all that I durst hope, had I pleased myself ever so much better than I have done, in the execution of this perilous enterprise. Indeed, I had occasion for some such encouragement, having barred you against the expression of hard censure, and so far, perhaps, injured myself, by not profiting as I might have done, by the wounds inflicted in kindness by a friend; but I knew my weakness, and could not bear to encounter such an ordeal. What in some states of the constitution is medicine, in others becomes poison. But you may, hereafter, secure all the credit due to your critical acumen, by anticipating, in your private records, all the strictures of less partial readers and reviewers than you have chosen to be, in tenderness to my jealousy of the truth which I feared might condemn me. However, when I have done my best, I shall be prepared for the worst, especially as I am now sure, that whatever be its fate, the work will not disgrace me.

“The change of weather since Monday, when we had a violent thunderstorm and much rain, has been delightful; but though returning seasons renew the youth of nature every year, my May feelings are those of the autumn of life, mournful. Ignatius continues to look exceedingly well; and he is so, I verily believe, being particularly cheerful. Agnes and Harriet are much as usual. All send their kindest remembrance. I am your affectionate friend, J. MONTGOMERY.”

Reference has already been made to Mr. Holland's views on peace and war. He made a special declaration of them in 1827, in a paper published in *The Herald of Peace*, a periodical devoted to the advocacy of the principles which its title

indicates. The paper was called *An Appeal to English Women on the Conduct of Christians relative to the Practice and Principles of War*. It is a strong and clear statement. The author was indignant that men "professing and calling themselves Christians" should be able so inconsistently to defend and even glorify war and war-makers. This "strong" article may be epitomised in the following propositions:—War "comes" of the "lusts" of the unregenerate heart for revenge or dominion: No possible accumulation of national or personal wealth or "glory" can warrant the wanton dismissal of one immortal soul, to say nothing of the probable eternal destruction of myriads, which is promoted by the deluding pursuit of war: It is a heartless fiction to consider the political community as an immense machine which has merely to be managed in the aggregate: By this fiction, men can all a multitude of human butchers an army, a great slaughter of men an engagement, and a greater slaughter a victory, finding tolerable and even acceptable that which would otherwise be too horrible and disgusting for recital: Men who in civil society would be execrated for their iniquity can, when they are comprised in an army, be eulogised as the very flower and salvation of their country: As surely as the Bible is true, many an "eternised" hero must eventually be regarded as among the worst enemies of his country and his kind: "War-pieces" have perverted the genius of painters, poets, and sculptors: War-shattered banners in churches are sacrilegiously out of place: The horrors of war, in spite of our civilisation, our boasted humanity, and our scientific appliances, are too fearful to be depicted: Christian parents should never suffer their children to "play at soldiers": It is lamentable when military insignia attract the fair, while a man who is just, wise, and pure, but who hates war, cannot even gain their esteem: Though there have been many godly soldiers, they all have stood in an indefensible position, because their profession was utterly at variance with all the principles of true religion: It is difficult to understand how a man can at once pray for his

enemies and do his best to kill them: He must be an able casuist who can discern the moral difference between the conduct of a man who assumes a profession known to be unrighteous, and that of another who remains in a profession when he has discovered that it is wrong: War means licensed murder: The distinction which war-makers and political economists have imagined between moral and political rights is absurd, anti-Christian, and full of mischief: It is hard to discern how the Judge of all the earth can at last say to one who has delighted in war, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord": In spite of the selfishness of man, the time must come when wars will have ceased on earth: And it is the duty of all Christian men, and especially of all Christian women, to set their faces strongly against every thing that delays the fulfilment of the ancient promise of lasting universal peace.—It would be difficult either to disprove the alleged facts, or to answer the arguments, of *The Appeal to English Women*. But the time of the desired response to such appeals is not yet. The nations still delight to "learn war."

Though the transition from war to botany may seem great, it must be mentioned that about this time Mr. Holland began the systematic study of that science. He found in it a source of great pleasure; and that extension of acquaintance with it which he now secured, enabled him afterwards to gratify his benevolent desires, in connection with the publication of certain botanical works which will be named. He also made an interesting collection of botanical specimens, which may yet be of use to other persons. And results of this branch of his studies appear in some of his poems.

Another transition quite as great may be felt in passing, at this point, to the subject of Catholic Emancipation, which, at this period, had been not only freely discussed in the public prints of the nation, but also brought before the House of Commons. The editor of the *Iris* could not avoid the discussion of the question; and when the House of Commons, by a bare

majority of four in a full House, had declared against Sir Francis Burdett's proposition for the removal of the civil disabilities of the Roman Catholics, Mr. Holland strove to do his part for the enlightenment and direction of the public mind. What has subsequent political action proved concerning the view expressed in the following extract?—

“ Notwithstanding our full conviction that the whole spirit of the Catholic Church is not more utterly at variance with the doctrine of the Holy Scriptures, than incompatible with the safety of the British Constitution, we repeat the assurance, that it is with respect to the security of the latter alone that we have deliberately condemned, and must still unhesitatingly condemn, as unconstitutional and dangerous, any further concessions of political power to a people dwelling, certainly, in the midst of us, and, in some instances, it may be, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, yet the firm and sworn adherents of a Church which knows no compromise with differing creeds, and all the characteristic features of which are associated with a hatred of general knowledge, of political liberty, and of religious toleration.”

To men of true Protestant faith and feeling, the results of that Catholic Emancipation which was finally carried, have yielded little satisfaction. Those results, however, so far as they have shown themselves in the Church of Rome, are not the most lamentable anti-Protestant manifestations observable in this age. In a Church nominally Protestant and bound by law to propagate Protestant doctrine, this country sees at the present time learning, zeal, and eloquence leagued to disseminate the chief errors of the Romish theology. But if England is to maintain her position among the nations, and to exert that influence which the nations need, she must know, teach, and exemplify Protestant truth. What Popery can do may be seen in Ireland and on the continent of Europe.

Towards the end of the summer of 1827, Montgomery was at a northern watering-place, and Mr. Holland was in cor-

respondence with him about various matters. The letters are peculiarly valuable, because they show an increased intimacy in the friendship of the two poets. There are also contemporary indications of the constancy with which Mr. Holland was striving to prepare himself to be a worthy biographer of his friend. A letter from Mr. Everett, written in September, incidentally shows that he also was still carefully collecting materials for the same joint design.

During this year Mr. Holland must have been engaged on a somewhat ambitious poem, which will be noticed in the following chapter; but the dated minor poems belonging to this year are not numerous. There is in manuscript a piece entitled *Anticipations*, in which is variously illustrated the fact, that man is always looking for something better than all that has been attained. Another poem is a sonnet on the death of a dear friend. A third is called *Saturday Evening*. It shows that the poet gave himself to thought and prayer by way of preparation for the Lord's Day. To the same period belongs also the following, in which the reader may find something worthy of reflection:—

“ Without, how awfully the wild wind rages !
The house shakes terribly ! nor I, frail thing !
Sit quite unmoved, lest these fierce gusts should fling
Danger or ruin round me. Though the pages
Of a charmed author lie outspread before me ;
Yet, what with this faint heart, and the storm o'er me,
Aught rather now than book or song engages.
To Him who once walked on the billowy deep,
Whose power the mightiest tempest still assuages,
I lift my thoughts in prayer, that He may keep
Me and all dear to me, while this storm wages
Wild war without ; that through the hours of sleep,
His arms of love, omnipotently spread,
May screen, from every harm, each else defenceless head.”

In November, Mr. Holland published a book of a peculiar and interesting character. It was an unpretending and anonymous volume of anecdotes. The title of this work is

✓ *Crispin Anecdotes.* It “comprises Notices of Shoemakers who have been Distinguished for Genius, Enterprise, or Eccentricity; also Curious Particulars relative to the Origin, Importance, and Manufacture of Shoes; with other Matters illustrative of the History of the Gentle Craft.” A copy was sent to Montgomery, with a letter in which occurs the following passage:—

“Accept, my dear Sir, of the accompanying little volume, not because it is worthy of your acceptance, but because it will give me very great pleasure to know that you will favour me by bestowing a transient perusal upon a work which, however unpretending in its own nature, and improper, on many accounts, to be associated with *my* name, is neither uninteresting in the nature of its materials nor, in the design, disreputable to the compiler. I presume to make these ingenuous confessions to you, because however your taste may lead you to disapprove of some portion of the contents of this little manual, yet I know you will find in it some things curious, and *nothing*, I trust, objectionable. It is, indeed, a chief ingredient in my daily happiness to recollect the tenderness with which you have regarded the productions of one who, however incompetent to deserve your esteem, has ever endeavoured so to demean himself as not to deserve to lose it. It is, therefore, a source of complacent satisfaction to me to know that, whatever may be your opinion of *Crispin Anecdotes*, (and I cannot expect it should be approving,) it will not be the censure of hard-heartedness. May I add, that whatever indifferent readers may think, there is hardly a passage in the whole volume with which I have not some interesting association of *feeling*? Mr. Blackwell has risked six thousand sheets of paper on the impression.” All this settles a question of authorship, on which there has in some quarters been a doubt.

This lively book is dedicated “to the Ancient Company of Cordwainers and the Members of the Trade in general.” The author’s newspaper work brought him into contact with

the floating materials of contemporary history; he had also some other literary advantages in connection with the illustration of matters comprised within the design of this book; and the result was a curious collection of anecdotes and information, marked by touches of rich humour and other features which prove that the compiling of the whole must have been much enjoyed. In this, as in most of Mr. Holland's publications, the irrepressible poet appears. There are not only ample quotations from the writings of poetical shoemakers, but also original compositions well worthy of attention. One of these is *To a Lady's Slipper*. The words of Milman,

“ A tasteful slipper is my soul's delight,”

are used as a motto. After stating his theme and justifying its adoption, by references to the poetical practice of Homer, Virgil, Milton, and Cowper, our poet sings the slipper in a style of which the following lines will give some notion:—

“ Oft, honoured slipper, hast thou borne the fair,
In pleasing visits to thy bard; more oft
On mercy's various errands; oftener still
To Sabbath worship in the house of God.
Ah, little deemed the gaily frisking kid,
Or those who watched its gambols, for what use,
Yea, to what honour its sleek skin was destined;
And neither frisking kid nor its young keeper,
E'en had they known, perchance had revered right,
As doth thy bard, thy destiny sublime.”

“ Old as thou art, and pensionless, and lorn,
Though trim successors occupy thy place,
I would not that thy services should be
Forgotten or unsung; for thou hast been,
With thy smart fellow, once esteemed and prized.
Methinks I see thee, with exactest care
Tried and adapted to thy destined use;
And yet, at first, (like strangers gladly met,
Strangers ordained not presently to part,)
Some slight uneasiness might, haply, mark
Thy first communion with that dainty foot,
Henceforth to owe to thee ease, safety, health.
But chiefly pleased, I celebrate thee thus

For that illustrious service first performed
 For thy fair owner : yes, I marked thee first
 On that auspicious morning which conferred
 Connubial happiness on her whose foot
 Then honoured thee, and was by thee adorned.
 O favoured slipper ! O thrice fortunate
 To have such wearer, and to be so worn,
 And to be praised in song."

Another original effusion is appended to the account of Robert Bloomfield. The works of Bloomfield were, probably, among the first that so impressed Mr. Holland's mind as to wake in him the responsive throb of poetic inspiration. When Bloomfield died, the young poet uttered plaintive strains, as over a lost friend ; and now he gave to the world a poem the last stanza of which will show how he still thought of the author of *The Farmer's Boy* :—

" Then let him rest in peace and death ! Farewell, sweet child of song !
 Green grow the grass upon thy grave ; thy memory flourish long !
 For those charmed hours my youth once knew in listening to thy lay,
 This tribute, to thy merit due, I to thy memory pay."

The book was published on St. Crispin's Day, October 25th, 1827. In Mr. Holland's own copy have been found additions apparently designed for a new edition, which has not yet been published.

CHAPTER VIII.

1828—1829.

“O! would that all, whose hearts and lips are fired
With highest eloquence towards God and man,
Were bent, with skill dispassionate to scan
The glorious import of those words inspired,
When Jesus prayed that His disciples might,
E'en as the Father and Himself, be *One!*
And the Apostle, in his Master's sight,
Forewarned that in the Christian body, none
Should be of schism blamed; but, as they owned
One faith, one Lord, one baptism, and confessed
One only hope of heaven, so were they bound
In the same Spirit, steadfast, perfect, blest.
O that the Gospel trumpet's glorious sound
Announced such jubilee of peace and rest!”

J.H.

MR. HOLLAND had now become known in literary circles as a poet and a *litterateur* of very versatile powers. One result of this was, that he had numerous applications for literary aid. Some of these applications were in connection with the *Annuals* which were at this time common and popular, but which have since given way to other and different publications. In response to a request made long before, he furnished a poem for *The Pledge of Friendship*, for 1828. It was *The Funeral of Sir Thomas Furnival*. Memoranda concerning that gallant knight had come under his notice in the compilation of *The History of Worksof*, in which he had inserted an ancient bardic chronicle relating to the same person. The poem was subsequently reprinted as the twenty-sixth section of *The Pleasures of Sight*, a volume of blank verse which will be noticed in its place.

To the month of January, 1828, belongs the elegant and cheerful lyric *To a Knot of Dwarf Tulips blowing in a Flower-pot*. To the same period, if not to the same month, may be assigned a beautiful and probably unpublished piece in thirteen stanzas, entitled *The First Child*. It is a description of thoughts and feelings which are naturally supposed to have attended the birth of Cain. It might be suggested by a contemporary instance of youthful wandering from right paths, and withheld from print through fear of causing useless pain.

If Mr. Holland did not write many lyrics of his own during this year, he had, as editor of the *Iris*, to do with those of other persons. No one became such a contributor to his paper as he had been to Montgomery's; but he had enough to do in the way of help or disappointment to young aspirants after poetic fame. This statement is based on a letter which has been preserved among his papers, but which cannot be transferred to these pages.

Among those with whom Sunday School work kept Mr. Holland in communication at this period was Mr. Joshua Moss, who is at present the senior partner in the firm of Moss and Gamble Bros., Merchants, of Sheffield. Mr. Holland and Mr. Moss had frequently met as guests at Mr. Henry Longden's, and had had much intercourse at the Red Hill School; but Mr. Moss was now resident in the city of New York for purposes of business. Mr. Holland duly sent him the Sunday School Reports and other information, and a friendly correspondence was maintained. One of Mr. Moss's letters, the date of which is February 5th, 1828, throws light on the question, whether or not there had gone out an impression that Mr. Holland's relations to Montgomery were at all peculiar. Mr. Moss writes:—"How is Mr. Montgomery? Am I right in saying he is about fifty years of age? I am frequently asked his age. He has many admirers here. Is he writing anything now? If this is an improper question, take no notice of it. Any information, however, that you do feel at liberty to com-

municate would be highly interesting." The impression seems natural, that, in Mr. Moss's opinion, Mr. Holland was more likely than other men to know something about Montgomery's doings; and from this impression comes another, that those who knew Mr. Holland's literary tastes and aptitudes would naturally regard him as the probable biographer of his friend.

And, strange to say, he was, at the very time, in correspondence with the editor of *The Imperial Magazine*, concerning a Memoir of Montgomery, which was wanted for that periodical. Mr. Holland agreed to write the sketch, but enjoined silence as to its source. He was not willing that it should be generally known that he was now in a position to do that work; nor was he willing to do it at all, without letting his highly esteemed friend know what he was about, as the reader will gather from the letter following. This letter contains also a poet's opinion of a popular book, and of the difficulty of faithful biography:—

“Sheffield Park, May 14th, 1828.

“Very dear Sir,—I have just concluded my perusal of Pollok's *Course of Time*, for the loan of which I beg your acceptance of my very sincere thanks, trusting at the same time that I have not kept it long enough to have caused any great inconvenience. It is a most extraordinary composition, with neither a line of preface, a word in italics, nor the name of a single human agent in the whole work! The idea of a post-description of the progress and consummation appears to me the happiest, as well as the most original, conception which has taken place in any of the numerous poetic minds that have, generally with so little success, attempted to illustrate the ‘End of Time,’ the ‘Last Day,’ the ‘Judgment,’ or whatever title they may have given to themes celebrating that awful, that tremendous event.

“I am exceedingly obliged to you for the tenderness with which you treated *my* imperfect sketch of *your* life. The anecdote asserting Mr. Athorp's *amende honorable*, reported to have been made in the Town Hall on one occasion, and which, according

to your pencil note, I had 'incorrectly stated,' I have altogether omitted. Of course, my authority was the testimony of those with whom I have conversed and the printed accounts. It is so difficult to state *anything* respecting another with *strict accuracy*, that, really, the individual who intends to 'attempt the life' of a man after he is dead, had need shrive his conscience of wilful murder, as the man who, with malice aforethought, seeks the destruction of a living friend. I sent the sketch to London yesterday; so that it now depends upon the engraver and Mr. Drew, whether or not it shall make its appearance to the world under *your countenance*, in the next number of the *Imperial Magazine*.

"I should have had great pleasure in placing *Pollok* in your hands with my own, and in expressing with my lips what I have above written, and, at the same time, of bidding you farewell for (I trust only) a brief period; but I thought you would, of course, be engaged with the despatch of those matters which necessarily, in your case especially, beset the entrance upon a journey. I trust, however, that you will reach Ockbrook in comfort and safety, and there find good Mr. Ignatius and Mrs. Montgomery as well as usual. That your visit may be as delightful as the season is beautiful, is the sincere wish of, dear Sir, yours very affectionately, JNO. HOLLAND."

The *Memoir* appeared as the first article in *The Imperial Magazine* for August, and was accompanied with a portrait of its subject. It occupied six pages in small type and double columns, and was, in all respects, creditable to its author, and worthy of the character of Montgomery. The mildness with which those are spoken of who had unrighteously persecuted the poet, is very observable.

On the 12th of May, there died in Sheffield a very remarkable man. This was the Rev. Richard Rimmer, who had filled the office of Priest, at the Roman Catholic Chapel, for more than forty years. In an article on Catholic Emancipation, published some months before in the *Iris*, Mr. Holland had said of him:—"This individual, who has been a standing inhabitant of this

populous town almost time out of mind, has not, nor, so far as we know, ever had a single enemy or opponent; and when he shall at length go down to the grave, in a good old age, it will not be without the regrets of all ranks and denominations of our townspeople, whom education as well as habit has taught to distinguish between relative individual worth and collateral political danger." In the notice of his death the *Iris* said:—"Of Mr. Rimmer's private character and benevolence according to his means, it is difficult to speak so as to do justice to his memory. Whatever opinions were entertained respecting the principles of that Church of which the deceased was a minister, individuals of different denominations in Sheffield all concurred in bearing testimony to the excellencies of the kind-hearted, humane, and charitable man whose death is recorded in these lines. In holding his own religious opinions, he stood at the very furthest remove from bigotry; and as he was deservedly beloved, so he will be sincerely lamented, not more by Catholics themselves than by those Protestants who knew his worth. In relieving distress, Mr. Rimmer constantly illustrated that excellent grace of charity which has often been so largely exemplified by many holy men in the Roman Catholic Church; but he did not confine himself to the members of his own community, it being a maxim with him, which he often repeated, that it is immaterial what religion persons profess, if they stand in need of help, it is then our duty, as Christians, to relieve them. So universally was he esteemed in Sheffield, that his death is generally regretted, and, we believe he has not left an enemy behind him." In the next issue of the *Iris* it was stated that so entirely had this priest devoted to charitable uses the pecuniary results of his forty years' incumbency, that he had died absolutely penniless. One of the priests who officiated at the funeral was the Rev. Joseph Curr, a relative of the family at Belle Vue, already introduced to the reader's notice. It is probable that Mr. Holland's acquaintance with Mr. Rimmer began through connection with that family; and it is

certain that he held the priest in very high esteem, and was in the habit of resorting to him for information about ecclesiastical matters relating to the Roman Catholic Church.

Mr. Holland had now become accustomed to his editorial work, and could find some leisure for other literary pursuits. Under date of July 4th, he writes to Montgomery about a work, the manuscript of which he was about to offer for acceptance to a London publisher; and, in the absence of certainty, it is concluded as probable, that the work was the original form of what was published years afterwards under the title of *Cruciana*. This letter is to be noticed, also, because it contains a first reference to the documents from which our author's *Memoirs of Summerfield* had to be compiled. The actual and prospective literary occupations of this period were many and various.

The following letter will show how "Holland the pure" disapproved of things to which some of our British poets have lent their powers, and also how, like Cowper, he was accustomed to read borrowed books:—

"Sheffield Park, July 16th, 1828.

"Very dear Sir,—I herewith return that portion of your library which I have some time had in my possession, *i.e.*, Herrick, Mrs. Huntington, and a volume of Crabbe. I beg your acceptance of my very sincere thanks for the loan of these three books, especially for the old poet, whose work, but for your kindness, I might not presently have seen, and which, however objectionable the sentiments in many places are, I am glad that I *have* seen, as I now know enough to satisfy my curiosity, of the best and the worst of an author of so famous memory. 'He delights,' as Dr. Johnson says of Swift, 'in ideas physically impure'; and when we read the following tetrastic, addressed

'TO VULCAN.'

'Thy sooty godhead I desire
Still to be ready with thy fire;
That should my book despised be,
Acceptance it may find of thee.'

we can hardly help wishing that the ignipotent god had been ready, not only with his fire, but with his tongs too, when the filthy-witted old bard composed some of the pieces in this volume, which, as it is, would, I conceive, be with difficulty purified by any imaginable process short of entire combustion; and yet, bad as is almost every page, every page contains some almost redeeming beauty. It would, indeed, be a little consolatory if we could believe him in the latter as readily as in the former line of the following couplet:—

‘Wantons we are: and though our words be such,
Our lives do differ from our lines by much.’

His epigrams, as he calls them, are generally insufferably stupid, exhibiting much oftener real ill-nature than even the appearance of wit. I should suppose the poem, *Upon his Departure Hence*, p. 206, is the *narrowest*, and probably the least meritorious in any volume of the English language. Kean, I recollect, in his professional recitations of Shakspeare, created a paper war among theatrical critics by pronouncing the word *aches* as two syllables. I see the same word is dissyllabically used by Herrick in a stanza at the top of his p. 155, and likely enough the word might generally be so pronounced in his time.

“I will thank you to be kind enough to look out for me at your earliest convenience, that volume of Darwin’s which you mentioned as describing the *eye-organ*, or whatever he may call that curious instrument about which I inquired, and to which, to my surprise and satisfaction, you so promptly referred. I remain, dear Sir, yours very affectionately, JNO. HOLLAND.
Mr. Montgomery, Hartshead.”

In reference to books it should be noticed that, in any as Mr. Holland read, and freely and correctly as he could quote from them, and easily as he could generally go back to what he had once noticed in a volume, he never accumulated a large library of his own. He never felt the want of it, as he generally could otherwise obtain access to almost all works that he required.

The relations of Montgomery and Mr. Holland will be still further indicated by the next letter, which contains some striking observations on another subject. The playful last paragraph relates to *The Pleasures of Sight*, which was published the following year.

“Sheffield Park, July 23rd, 1828.

“Very dear Sir,—In pursuance of the intimation which I gave you on Monday, and recollecting your kind promise to gratify, as for me, my unknown friend, I herewith trouble you with her album, in which you will perhaps have the goodness to transcribe a short hymn, before you leave home.

“Accept, dear Sir, my very sincere thanks for the very highly prized present which you put into my hands the other day, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, (of the author of which we know almost nothing, beyond his authorship of some inimitable works,) and the *Life of Mrs. Huntington*, whose ‘work,’ if *hers* it may be called, was probably as little known to herself, *as a work*, while she wrote and when she had written it, as this note is known by me to constitute part and parcel of some work, upon which an author unborn is to raise a literary pyramid to a name, never yet pronounced in this world, but which, once pronounced by fame, shall be repeated to the end of time.

“I have read once over, and with very great delight, both your prefatory essays, especially that prefixed to the sensible letters of the amiable American female. I was myself, when concluding the book, much impressed with a sentiment, which you have so beautifully elaborated and displayed, namely, that within a shorter period than my short life, this excellent woman had been born, lived, died,—loved, wedded, and left a posterity,—sought and found religion and heaven,—and become, in a double sense, at once immortal in both worlds—above, by a reunion with those connected with her, who had gone before, never to return.—and below, by her writings and her children, both of which may probably perpetuate her memory throughout the duration of her mother tongue.—Bunyan was a giant, whose

intellectual stature is most remotely approached by those who can most cheaply sneer at his achievements.

“I am at present engaged in transcribing from my mind a blank verse theme, which has been affectionately cherished there for some years. Now as my idea includes a notice of the sea, which I never saw, and which I can only see in imagination, I am induced to communicate this hint of my projected creation, that should you happen, during your peregrination, to have an interview with the *ocean*, and feel yourself thereupon inspired with about forty or fifty lines of blank verse, comparable in magnificence with the subject, and not know how to dispose of them, they would be very acceptable to me; and for the freehold of them I hereby promise to write, for you or your order, a like number of good sonorous ten-syllable lines on any *land* subject! I remain, dear Sir, yours very affectionately, JNO. HOLLAND. Mr. Montgomery.”

The following circumstance is recorded here in illustration of Mr. Holland's readiness for almost any kind of literary work. In the month of October, Sir Richard Phillips, who had previously been a bookseller in London, and proprietor or editor of *The Monthly Magazine*, visited Sheffield, in the course of a tour through the country, which he was making with a view to a descriptive publication. Sir Richard was a man of shrewdness and strategy, and knew how to advise men to do his will. Mr. Langley, of Brampton Academy, an Anglo-Saxon student, was one of a party that met the knight at the house of Mr. Blackwell; and Mr. Holland was another. Sir Richard hailed Mr. Langley as “a welcome member of our little *Wittenagemot*,” and persuaded him to undertake a new edition of the works of King Alfred. His reasons were, that it would form a valuable monument of the vernacular of our ancestors of the times preceding the Norman Conquest, that it would be a grateful exercise for the scholarship of a competent editor, and that it would be an acceptable contribution to the literature of the day. Mr. Langley began the work, and proceeded so far that he

obtained the patronage of Earl Fitzwilliam; and Mr. Holland wrote a suitable prospectus; but our poet did this labour for no good end, or for what was worse than nothing. Mr. Langley, being in pecuniary difficulties, yielded, in an evil hour, to a temptation which in the end cost him involuntary exile in New South Wales, where some years afterwards he died. At the time to which this paragraph belongs, he was, it appears, editor of *The Wath Repository, or Village Magazine*, to which Mr. Holland was a cheerful contributor. The ignoble termination of Mr. Langley's somewhat brilliant career is to be deeply regretted.

A few remarks on the *Iris* and its editorship will conclude the records for this year. It is proper, in the first place, distinctly to state, that Montgomery would talk, but would not write, on political topics, after he had broken his connection with the *Iris*: and that he never could be persuaded to produce a "leader" for his friend and successor, though he often "volunteered paragraphs in advocacy of local benevolent institutions, and sometimes wrote reviews of books." It became his habit to call periodically at the office; and that habit was continued, many years after, when other and different duties engaged Mr. Holland in another place. The extent to which the two poets now lived and thought in sympathy, was remarkable; and it is simply impossible to give a faithful account of Mr. Holland's life, without frequent reference to his connections with Montgomery. When they could not meet for conversation, they indulged largely in letter-writing. When Montgomery was from home, Mr. Holland not only sent him the newspaper, but also felt it his duty and pleasure to write him particular, and sometimes minute, accounts of local events. The influence of all such things on the *Iris* would be, to keep it, as to character, very much as it had been when in Montgomery's own hands.

Public affairs were at this time of a very exciting nature. There was agitation about great political changes, to some of which more particular reference will afterwards be made. On the question of Catholic Emancipation, the *Iris*, as we have

already seen, spoke from a deep conviction, and with no uncertainty of meaning. Another sentence is added here:—"We never can admit that the dykes which the wisdom of past ages has thrown up for the defence of Protestantism should be broken down, till we are certain that the waters which flow from the spiritual fountain of Rome, will irrigate and not devastate the extensively cultivated field of liberty and Christianity in this country." The same characteristic appears in the discussion of capital punishment for forgery, an article on which shows great dissatisfaction with the existing law, and a maturity of consistent opinion which was probably shared by nearly all intelligent citizens. It is almost wonderful that the custom condemned could so long survive; but how often has the English nation consciously endured an evil for years, or even for generations, and then risen in gigantic strength quickly to crush it and put it utterly away. These and kindred and other topics of general interest, and local matters of importance, were discussed with a thoroughness and a manifest sincerity which must have given the *Sheffield Iris* no inconsiderable share in moulding public opinion over a large district of the country. It was the oldest newspaper published in Sheffield; it was "the only newspaper published between Saturday and Wednesday, within a circuit of more than one hundred and fifty miles of the district between the populous and important towns of Birmingham, Leicester, Nottingham, Manchester, York, Leeds, and Hull, in all which places" it was circulated and read; and its standing, its wide circulation, and the ability with which it was conducted, combined to put its editor into a position of great responsibility and influence.

In January, 1829, Sheffield was thrown into an almost inconceivable state of excitement, on the subject of Catholic Emancipation. On the 18th there was held a large and enthusiastic public meeting against the Catholic claims; and on the 20th another, perhaps equally enthusiastic, on the other side. Full reports of the speeches made at both meetings

appeared in the same number of the *Iris*: and so much did they crowd out other matters, that an explanation had to be made to readers resident in distant places. Meanwhile the editor retained those clear and definite opinions of which mention has already been made, and of which, so far as his biographer has been able to ascertain, he never saw cause to repent.

But he had time, notwithstanding his editorship, for other and different literary occupation. The poem called *The Pleasures of Sight* was now complete, and the manuscript had been for a time in the hands of Montgomery; but the work was not published until the following summer. Mr. Holland calls it a rhapsody; and this is an important fact for one who wishes to form a correct estimate of its nature and value. He says in the preface, the date of which is July, 1829:—"The following rhapsody professes to illustrate the gratifications of Sight, that illustrious sense which connects the intelligent mind with the visible creation. . . . I have in the ensuing poem attempted, with whatever success, to recall to the reader's mind some of the more striking exhibitions of visible phenomena, more especially as they exist within the range of ordinary observation."

The poem is in blank verse, with numerous lines in which a syllable is added to the pentameter. This is, doubtless, an unnecessary defect on behalf of which certain of our most celebrated poets have, for some reason, thought fit to lend the weight of their authority; and it is not the sole defect of this rhapsody. The careful reading of this poem has renewed and deepened the impression, that blank verse did not supply the happiest vehicle for the expression of Mr. Holland's thoughts and sentiments.—It has been alleged against the work, that it contains too much technical and scientific phraseology; but that will matter little to one who approves of the poet's selection of his illustrations. He chose to give some account of the senses and even an "anatomical description" of the eye; and those who do not know the names of the objects under notice should not blame the writer for giving things their proper

names, but should rather rebuke and banish their own ignorance, which prevents them from knowing what he means. Simplicity of style is to be highly commended ; but there are times when technicalities are necessary. When an ornate or scientific style is required, he who uses it is no more worthy of blame than would be a young scholar who, never having heard a provincial dialect, should address a company of Lancashire operatives in plain but literary English.

The poem consists of twenty-eight sections, which occupy nearly ninety pages ; and it contains, with much new matter, the pieces about *St. Anne's Well*, *Theresa's Tree*, and *The Funeral of Sir Thomas Furnival*, which have already been noticed. One quotation will serve as a specimen of the poem and of the author's blank verse, and will, withal, be a contribution towards the purpose of this biography:—

“ O, what a glorious harvest-field of thought
 Is a rich Summer's evening. 'Tis the time
 When friendship's golden grain, if fully ripe,
 Should aye be reaped and bundled up and housed.
 Evening is friendship's friend ; it hath a charm
 To tranquillise, to sweeten, and draw out
 That converse mutual and reciprocal
 Which, passing from the lip into the ear,
 Doth make true hearts in friendship truer still.
 O Summer evening ! thou art dear to me
 As ever thou hast been. A boy, I loved
 To ramble and to mark thy various vest,
 As gorgeous when in sunset beauty dipped,
 Or in that grey sobriety of shade
 Which twilight gives, or when 'twas spread
 With here and there a star. I loved in youth
 Thee, O sweet Summer evening ! Golden dreams
 Oft haunted me ; but neither gold,
 Nor gems, nor aught else precions deemed of wealth,
 Had ever power to tempt me from thy charms.
 And now in manhood, though the flying years
 Have borne my youth away, still have they left
 Me all the exquisite delights of youth,
 Yea, left me much of boyhood's young romance
 In loving thee, O Summer evening sweet ! ”

The minor poems of the year are not many, but are worthy

of attention. One was *The Knocker's Echo*, written on March the 14th. The poet was passing a house where it had formerly been his habit to visit dear and highly-esteemed friends; and he was deeply affected by the sight of changes which had come over the dwelling. It was now unoccupied and empty; but on the door yet remained the knocker, at the sound of which he had so often been admitted to smiles and elegant social delights; and he was moved to use it once again. Then the empty rooms sent upon his ear a reverberation which seemed to stir the very depths of his soul; and the result was this poem of more than a hundred lines, which he calls a rhapsody. It embodies some of the memories and the reflections which the echo waked within him. The concluding lines are here subjoined:—

“ And if to gather gold and glean renown,
 Look high, and spurn all gentleness,
 If this be *manly* wisdom, then, ah me!
 I'll be in my simplicity a *boy*.
 Yet I am young no longer : in my path
 Seven lustrums now have scattered thorns and roses ;
 And my quick heart in the dull monochord
 Which hath inspired this rambling rhapsody,
 Seemed like the knell not more of joys departed,
 Than that of hopes never to know fruition !
 But Heaven that hath in mercy hitherto
 Led me in life will surely lead me through.”

At the end of April he composed some pathetic stanzas *On Finding a Redbreast's Nest robbed of its Young Ones, and on Seeing a Solitary Robin in the Garden*. This poem appears not to have been printed. During the month of May his love of nature had new expression in *A Memorial of Sunset* and *The Word Hyacinth*, two characteristic sonnets. In autumn was added another record of his great interest in natural phenomena, in a piece entitled *The Conjugal Trees*. This poem was suggested by the sight of an oak and an ash, at Wincobank, near Sheffield, which had been planted so closely together that their roots had grown into one compact boss, their uniform boles had ascended

together, and their expansive heads had so ramified into each other that the whole had the appearance of a single tree. Here was an object which naturally moved our sensitive bard to think in verse, and to think of the illustration of the subject indicated in the title which he gave his poem. It consists of twelve stanzas, of which the following is the first :--

“ In sylvan beauty, side by side,
Two trees in close communion,
Ye stand in the umbrageous pride
Of an unblighted union,
An oak and ash superbly green,
The forest monarch and his queen.”

But Mr. Holland's principal publication in 1829 was a biography which is not nearly so much known on this side of the Atlantic as it well deserves to be. This was *Memoirs of the Life and Ministry of the Rev. John Summerfield, A.M.*, “late a Preacher in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church in America.” The materials from which this work was compiled were, in the first instance, sent from New York to the Rev. Dr. Joseph Townley, who hoped to be able to write the memoir. Dr. Townley was President of the Methodist Conference in 1829. Various circumstances conspired to make it impossible for him to write the book; and he sent the papers of the deceased minister to Montgomery, urging him to prepare a work for which, in his opinion, “England, America, and Ireland were looking.” Montgomery was unable to comply with the request, and strongly recommended Mr. Holland for the work, who, after five months, was persuaded to become the biographer of a preacher whom he had neither heard nor seen. This was in November, 1823; and in the following March the book had been written; and before the end of the year it had been published in New York, in an octavo of 360 pages, with an *Introductory Letter* by Montgomery. It was but proper that he who had recommended the author, and then persuaded him to compile the biography, should show, in writing, that he

had good reason to believe the work really well done; and Montgomery's *Introductory Letter* was, truly, a great satisfaction to Mr. Holland. He seems, indeed, to have been much encouraged in his work, in various ways, and particularly by communications received from the Rev. Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool, of whose church young Summerfield had once been a member; from the Rev. Dr. John Hannah, who subsequently long filled a very important station in the ranks of the Wesleyan Ministry; from the Rev. Thomas Jackson, who was at this time editor of *The Methodist Magazine*, and able to furnish useful information; and from the family and the friends of Summerfield himself.

Mr. Holland must have worked at this biography with all the ardour of his poetic and highly sensitive nature. The subject became with him, within certain limits, all-engrossing; and the result was a very readable and interesting narrative. The author had great admiration for Summerfield, who had been a man devoted to the will of God; and spiritual sympathy was not the least of Mr. Holland's qualifications for the writing of this book. In his beautiful *Introductory Letter*, Montgomery says:—"I now thank you sincerely for having, most promptly and effectually, redeemed the pledge which I laid down for you. . . . I can say, after an attentive perusal of the manuscript, that according to my best judgment, you have done justice to the subject, honour to yourself, and service to the Church on earth, by presenting one trophy more of the power of the religion of Jesus."

Summerfield's relatives received the biography with entire satisfaction; and their representative, Mr. Isaac Blackstock, of New York, wrote to Mr. Holland in the strongest terms of approval, delight, and gratitude. The same was done by Mr. Holland's personal friend, Mr. Charles Congreve, to whom reference has already been made. In a letter, dated Nov. 30th, 1829, he says:—"Summerfield held a most exalted station in the estimation of the Americans; and I am proud and happy to say that, from all I can hear, (and I have heard a good deal,)

his biographer, in his capacity as such, bids fair to rise to a no less elevated station. Your valuable services have endeared you to the family in no ordinary degree."

The first edition was ordered a fortnight before it was ready to be delivered ; the second went off in a *blaze*, being accidentally burned ; five hundred copies of the third were ordered a month before it could be completed ; and after some time Mr. Blackstock informed Mr. Holland that, though opposition to the book had been raised on the ground of its not having been written in America, yet as many as six thousand copies had been sold. When the book had been in circulation six or seven years, it was resolved, in compliance with the peculiar prejudice just named, that it should be revised by some competent American, that a few things of less general interest should be omitted to make room for some matters that had become known in the interval, and that it should be published in a different form. All this was done, and the book is still, in what is probably its final condition, essentially the same as when it left this country in Mr. Holland's handwriting.

The biography was very favourably received by the press. The New York *Mercury* called it a "decidedly interesting work." The New York *Mirror* said :—" Mr. Holland has, by this interesting biography of a most pious, eloquent, and popular clergyman, conferred an invaluable benefit on the Christian community at large, and especially entitled himself to the grateful attention of the members of the very extensive Church of which Mr. Summerfield was a distinguished and shining light. Benevolence characterises the tone and the spirit in which this volume is written." *The Commercial Advertiser* said :—" We believe that the work compiled by Mr. Holland will meet the just expectations of the Christian public, and that it will be a standard book, not merely on account of the reputation of its lamented subject, but from the judicious manner in which its materials have been arranged." Another reviewer said :—" We have perused the entire work with close attention, and concur

with Montgomery in awarding praise to the biographer, and also in the opinion of the value of such records to the living. We well remember Summerfield. The volume will be sought after with avidity and read with pleasure by thousands, although they may not have seen him ; but to those who knew him as he lived, and who now read how he died, it will be a treasure with which they will not readily part."

Mr. Holland believed that "there is no species of religious composition which forms a more interesting line of contact between the Church and the world than judicious memoirs of departed saints"; and that "it is, therefore, no less a pious duty than a sacred pleasure, on the part of members of a Christian community, to collect and publish the reminiscences of those holy men who have lived and died in the faith of the gospel." On the principle and under the stimulus of this belief or opinion, he became Summerfield's biographer ; and his book must have contributed to the spiritual edification of thousands.

Summerfield was certainly an uncommonly fine subject for a book ; and the writer of the *Memoirs* was fully equal to his task. One of the most pleasing memories of Mr. Holland's long life must have been the production of this biography, with the devout gratitude which its existence produced in many hearts. The book is in his best prose style. The narrative is interspersed with appropriate remarks suggested by quotations from Summerfield's diary and from other documents. Those remarks contain clear and sufficient expressions of the biographer's own personal convictions about several matters of great and acknowledged importance. Mr. Holland's character, tastes, general pursuits, and leading sympathies, in theology and in Christian experience and practice, might, indeed, easily be portrayed by means of duly connected and properly interpreted quotations from this book alone. Yet it is, by no means, an egotistic book ; nor does the writer obtrude himself or his own fancies or opinions. It is in many respects a model biography, and well deserved the popularity with which it was received.

In his *Memoirs of Montgomery* Mr. Holland has recorded an interesting conversation which the two poets held, about this time, on the subject of "Lay Sermons" and forms of Prayer. Such subjects might naturally be suggested by the biography just described. Holland advised Montgomery to write a volume of sermons, urging his advice by strong reasons. An unnamed reason might be Mr. Holland's own experience of the influence of such composition on the writer's own mind; for he was the author of sermons not a few that have been delivered from pulpits of the Church of England. This is another illustration of the versatility of his literary power. On the occasion referred to, however, Montgomery turned to the question of forms of prayer for family use. This was a matter in which Mr. Holland took much interest. He held that pre-composed forms of prayer are in certain cases highly useful and quite indispensable; and he strongly condemned the inconsiderate flippancy of those who "deter well-disposed heads of families from engaging in acts of social devotion of any form, through the idle fear of being laughed at if they use a book." He possessed many collections of *Family Prayers*, and always used one or another of them when he conducted family worship, extemporising a little by way of adaptation to the circumstances of the time; but it is not known that he was ever heard to offer wholly extemporaneous prayer in the presence of other persons. This is almost surprising, as he always prayed in his own room without such helps, feeling no need of them there. It was his habit to pray in private in his ordinary audible voice; and his practice in this particular is to be strongly recommended as an effectual means of preventing private prayer from becoming mere meditation.

Forms of prayer, in spite of their being recommended by the wisdom of the past, are often condemned on the alleged ground that they lead to sameness and formality; but this will not happen when forms compiled with a proper adaptation to their purpose are used with discretion; and the ordinary language which good and intelligent men use in prayer is not

free from sameness. Indeed, there is in it much more of this than many persons imagine. If a godly man, having no extraordinary intellectual gifts, could see in print the prayers which he had offered at "the family altar" during one month, he would most probably come to the conclusion that a little judiciously appropriated help would have yielded an addition of interest and profit. Some that totally disapprove of all liturgies and forms of prayer, can zealously advocate the use of precomposed hymns, which, while they are no less helpful, are no less human and, in their way, no less formal. In such a matter consistency might be a corrective and helpful substitute for prejudice.

While the Wesleyan Methodist Conference was holding its sittings in Sheffield this summer, another assemblage, having very great interest for Mr. Holland, was held in a place of worship belonging to another denomination. It was a crowded meeting of religious people of different churches, presided over by Montgomery, and was held to welcome back again to his native town Mr. George Bennet, who had now circumnavigated the earth in the service of his Saviour.

It was natural that those who had sympathy with Mr. Bennet should wish to do him honour on his return. He had gone out from ease, comfort, and elegance, to all the perils and hardships of which he had now to tell; and some of those who thought that too much was made of his doings, would never have practised such self-sacrifice as his, and would probably have deemed no honours too great for a fellow-townsmen who should have returned as a military conqueror or as a geographical discoverer. In such inconsistency can men indulge themselves while they think they are wise and far-seeing; but "the day will declare." Montgomery subsequently prepared for the press a volume containing an account of Mr. Bennet's mission; and to this day the Sunday School people of Sheffield think, with gratitude to God, of that devoted missionary who was both the chief founder of their Union and its leading patron.

Two events belonging to the year 1829, and having

importance for this biography, remain to be mentioned. The one was, that Mr. J. S. Buckingham, of whom much more will have to be said in due time, had begun to attract the attention of the editor of the *Iris*, and had already been the subject of several articles ; and the other was the death of Mr. Cowley, with whom Mr. Holland had had so much intimate and varied acquaintance, and of whom he published his biographical *Sketch* in the following year. It must also be added that certain scientific works, which Mr. Holland published within a few years of this time, contain the results of researches begun probably long before. Consequently, at the end of the year 1829 our poet appears as a Sunday School teacher, as the assiduous editor of a newspaper, as a biographer who has just published one Life and is engaged upon another, and as a student of metals, of fossils, and of manufactures, who will shortly give the results of his investigations to the world, in the shape of volumes which are to be for many years valued books of reference. Here, then, was a busy man of simple habits, whom those who knew him found they must respect and honour, for his nobleness of character, and for the constancy with which he was working for human good. One of the several reasons why he was able to do so much literary work may be ascertained from the fine sonnet on *Solitude*, which the reader will find prefixed to the concluding chapter of the present volume.

CHAPTER IX.

1830—1832.

“Say not they till an unproductive soil
Who sow, each Sabbath, seeds of heavenly truth
In the dull minds of rude and thankless youth,
Through years of prayer, self-sacrifice, and toil :
No ; not in vain the poor man fondly teaches
E'en as he may, a scorned and ragged race ;
Oft sweet instruction the slow learner reaches,
And budding knowledge blends with signs of grace :
Yea, 'midst the wordling's harsh ungenerous speeches
How gratefully the ear can sometimes trace
In him, perchance, who reads or prays or preaches,
One who had filled the lowest learner's place :
Then doubt not, holy labourer, the great Head
Of the whole Church on earth thy well-meant work hath sped.”

J.H.

PROOF was now given that Mr. Holland had very effectually studied the history and the operations of the Sunday School movement, which had achieved in Sheffield some of its best results. In *The Sunday School Teachers' Magazine and Journal of Education* for January, 1830, appeared the first of a series of articles from his pen on *The Origin, Progress, and Tendency of Education among the Lower Orders of Society, more especially in its Connection with the Establishment and Operation of Sunday Schools*. The treatise so entitled had been repeatedly solicited, before the author found time to write it. It was completed in five essays in the successive numbers of the periodical named above. The author lays a sufficiently broad historical foundation for his discussion, showing how lamentable, before the origination of Sunday Schools, was the need of such instruction as they were designed to impart. Then follows an account of Raikes and his

work, with critical or admiring references to the labours of some other benefactors, with a triumphant defence of Sunday Schools against the charges of their enemies, with valuable suggestions on the influence of popular education upon the relations of masters and servants, and with facts which show how the Sunday School has proved helpful, in various ways, to other benevolent institutions.

Thus was our poet well employed ; but the flow of verse appears to have been much interfered with, by the unpoetical occupations to which he was now devoting himself. The biographer has not found more than a few pieces referred by date to the year 1830 ; but this does not, by any means, prove it improbable that several poems were produced in this year. The poet has left many undated pieces, particularly sonnets. The sonnet was, through a long series of years, a very favourite form with Mr. Holland for the expression of his sentiments ; and it is very likely that many of the three hundred and sixty-six pieces eventually published under the title of *Diurnal Sonnets*, were put, during this year, into that portfolio in which they had "lain for some time." when they were finally sent to press.

There is a poem in manuscript, the date of which is January 6th, 1830, and which is very characteristic of the author, and very significant of the way in which he took care of his garden "study." It is stanzas addressed *To a Spider on my Study Wall*. That "poor harmless thing" may have been the progenitor of those representatives of the species which, at the present time, own the honoured place as their home ; for the benevolent bard resolved to spare its life ; and before he could have had time to change his resolution, the necessity of retiring to the rustic retreat had been ended by the erection of a new study over the kitchen of his father's house. This took place in the following March.

On the 5th of February Mr. Holland's eldest sister, Mary, was married to Mr. Jonathan Brammall, who has already been introduced to the reader's notice, and whose varied literary and

political relations to Mr. Holland will hereafter require frequent mention. Mr. Holland and he became intimately attached friends, and had much mutual esteem, although in political discussion in their respective newspapers they often had, on conscientious grounds, to take opposite sides. This wedding took place "in the depth of an old-fashioned winter." For two months there had been a very severe frost, and deep snow had to be cut to make a way for the carriages. All this would add to the speciality and the picturesqueness of the occasion, and would afford to the poet an interesting variety of sentiment.

In February Mr. Holland was present at a public meeting called "to consider the propriety of petitioning Parliament to extend the elective franchise to Sheffield." If he had not been a public man, he would probably have attended the meeting to see how his own townsmen behaved on such an occasion; but it was of importance for him as the editor of a public journal to use means to enable himself to direct the thoughts of other persons; and it is a fact which will afterwards become abundantly clear, that he had a most prominent part to take in connection with the first representation of Sheffield in the House of Commons.

Another relevant fact, belonging to the same time, is, that Ebenezer Elliott, the celebrated "Corn-Law Rhymer," who was now at his best, sought to advance his chosen cause by the use of the pages of the *Iris*. His poems were full of vigour and of most certain meaning; and they must have provided expression for much that was at the time stirring the public mind. Mr. Elliott sent *Corn Law Rhymes* to the *Iris*; and the autograph copies of some remarkable pieces not comprised in his published *Works* now lie before the biographer. On one of the manuscripts is the following characteristic memorandum:—

"Mr. Editor,—Yet, while there is time, do *now* those deeds on which you may reflect with satisfaction in that last hour when subterfuges avail not, and timid selfish expediency

is a convicted felon. Whom, in this moment when the balance is trembling into decision for woe or weal—whom shall England expect to do their duty, if not men of religious principle?”

Such subjects as electoral reform and the repealing of the corn-laws could not be agitated as they were now agitated in Sheffield, “in prose and verse,” without causing much popular excitement.

This is not the proper place for a full account of the political events referred to ; but they will be noticed again ; and they are named here to indicate the circumstances in which our author prosecuted those extensive literary labours of which some account must now be given.

During the year 1830 was published Mr. Holland's *Sketch of the Life and Character of the late Mr. Joseph Cowley*. This work was undertaken out of sincerest respect, admiration, and love for its subject. It was dedicated to Sunday School Teachers of every Denomination, and it was promptly published and duly paid for by the Sunday School Union in London. Having become known in America, it was issued, with a new preface, in New York, for the Sunday School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In that preface it is truly stated that, “although the work is more particularly adapted to interest the teachers and conductors of Sunday Schools, yet it contains enough of incident to engage the attention even of the youngest scholars ; while the spirit of benevolence and piety which pervades its pages will commend it to the heart of every individual who may favour it with a perusal.” This agreeable narrative was, perhaps, compiled with some haste, though the author would, probably, not have altered it much, if he had had the most abundant leisure ; and an improvement was made in the American edition by cutting up the narrative into sections.

To merit such a character as that which Mr. Holland has given Mr. Cowley in this book, is to have achieved a great moral success ; and to have had the privilege of calling such a

man his friend, was esteemed by Mr. Holland as one of the signal blessings of his life. He who can admire and love such a man, as much as Mr. Holland admired and loved Mr. Cowley, has sympathies and a personal character which will be found to have priceless worth when the delusions of this world shall have vanished away.

Mr. Holland now had other works in course of preparation. Chief among them was the treatise which he had undertaken to write for Dr. Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, and which forms the three volumes devoted to *Manufacturers in Metal*. Mr. Holland had been recommended for this work by Montgomery, who himself had so far entered into Dr. Lardner's scheme as to write for him memoirs of Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso. It can hardly be necessary to remind the reader that *The Cabinet Cyclopædia* comprised contributions from several of the most popular writers of the day. Mr. Holland's proportion of the whole *Cyclopædia* was considerable, and might have been larger; for he was requested to undertake the supervision and direction of all the volumes devoted to the useful arts, that they might be arranged "according to a uniform system"; but it does not appear that he complied with the request. Nor does he seem to have signed so early as the proprietors desired the legal agreement provided for his signature, which would have bound him to his engagement under a heavy penalty. He did not know when he should be able to complete the work undertaken; uncertainty as to the future, in this as in other instances, had a very positive influence on his action; and he preferred an honourable understanding to the ordinary legal instrument. It was calculated that his treatise or treatises would fill four volumes; and the consideration allowed him was to be one hundred guineas for each volume. The work was, however, completed in three.

It is specially worthy of mention that most if not all of the numerous cuts by which the work was illustrated, were from Mr. Holland's own hand. It is not necessary to attempt to

estimate this work in the present place, as the value put upon it will be stated on the authority of an altogether competent person, in connection with a reference which will have to be made to a revised edition, published many years ago. The full title of the work is, *A Treatise on the Progressive Improvement and Present State of the Manufactures in Metal*. Let it be added that the work contains a vast amount of minute and lucid description; that the style is quite equal, if not superior, to what is usually found in such works; that the whole is the memorial of very extensive research; and that the author found it in his way to grace a page with the name of Montgomery while studiously withholding his own. The third volume was published in 1834; and the author must have used his time well, as he had, all the while, such other engagements as would have been enough for a man of ordinary application. The number of his engagements was increased by the not unnatural circumstance, that the publication of this elaborate treatise led to his being applied to, by various persons, for special information and assistance in matters connected with the subjects therein discussed.

By way of great variety as well as of transition to the next year, the reader is requested to attend to the following sonnet. It was written on seeing a very young child smile in its sleep, and hearing its mother say that, according to the nurse's superstition, children dream, during the first month of their lives, of all that shall happen to them afterwards:—

“Smile on, sweet babe; for ancient gossips say
That in the first month of existence thou
Dost dream of all that in this world below
Shall mark thy future life: smile and portray
To us, who look upon thee, that thou art
At least, *now* dreaming sweetly, howsoe'er
In many an after day and after year,
Should these be thine, thou mayest play thy part:
Smile on sweet babe: for thou art one of those
Whom Christ our Saviour once embraced and blessed;
And God, with all thy happiness or woes,
Shall give thee what is infinitely best:
For children's angels always do behold
Their heavenly Father's face in happiness untold.”

“Dear M——, I have this morning written the above sonnet in a Manchester Album. Read it to the pickaninny, and ask it whether it will do. J. HOLLAND.—Sheffield Park, December 2nd, 1830.”

The first matter claiming attention in 1831 is a publication which is very confidently ascribed to Mr. Holland, although it was, apparently, the work of another. The anomaly can easily be explained. The book was, *Memoir and Select Remains of Mr. George Atkinson, late of Sheffield, Surgeon, and formerly of the University of London. By his Father.* Letters now in the biographer's possession, which Mr. Holland received from Mr. Atkinson senior, prove, beyond question, that, with all his other admirable qualities, the father had not the literary qualification for such a work as this; that he supplied biographical materials to Mr. Holland; that he considered himself much indebted to Mr. Holland for “the great service” which he had rendered him; and that as he was not allowed to pay his debt in money, he sent for his benefactor's acceptance certain things which had belonged to the young man, and which, it was believed, Mr. Holland would like to possess, because of “the esteem” in which he had held the deceased. Our author was at this time very full of literary engagements; it cannot be supposed that he could feel himself at liberty to add the preparation of this book otherwise than on the condition that Mr. Atkinson should do all he could to help him; and the truth is probably just this, that the father arranged and connected the documents in his possession, to the best of his ability, and that Mr. Holland prepared for the press what was eventually published, finding it necessary frequently to correct and very extensively to rewrite.

Here was another uncommonly good subject for a book. Young Atkinson was a man of extraordinary ability. He took three Gold Medals and one Silver Medal at the London University in 1829. Thus, to quote words used on the occasion by the Marquis of Lansdowne, “he obtained remarkable honours which have connected his name with the rise, or

rather with the birth, of an institution" that has since then attained a position and exerted an influence which exceed the most sanguine expectations of its original supporters. It was "in the first year of his medical study" that he became the first person "on whom a prize of merit was bestowed in the London University." He was as good as he was able, and as humble as he was good, devoting himself with great success to the study of theology, and to the practical elucidation of the Holy Scriptures, as well as to those sciences for proficiency in which he received his "remarkable honours." It is significant that the motto of this genius was "*Humanum est errare.*" In a letter to a friend he says:—"The idea of a humble student like myself, conscious of his own many infirmities and imperfections, coming to stand on the pedestal of so proud a pre-eminence as that of the premier student of the University of London, and that in the first year of its establishment, had appeared to me so perfectly hyperbolic and impossible, that I was going to say, had an angel from heaven told it me, I could scarcely have believed it. However, after more calm reflection, I do feel aware of this, at least, that I laboured very hard indeed, and it pleased God thus to reward me." Mr. Holland's connection with this book is one of the many instances of his great but unostentatious kindness of heart, which have become known to the biographer in reading his literary remains.

Another instance belongs to the early part of this year:—In January a certain volume was advertised as being in the press; and the long preface, written and signed by Mr. Holland, was inserted gratuitously in the Sheffield newspapers, for the purpose of enlisting public sympathy. The book consisted of *Sheffield Manor and other Poems*, by Mary Hutton. Mrs. Hutton was a worthy and ingenious woman, in whose case poetry and poverty had a strange combination both at this period and afterwards. She left at Mr. Holland's house "a mass of manuscript poetry," with a letter descriptive of her circumstances and of the grounds on which she hoped he would help

her to publish her poems. He inquired into the case, found it genuine and distressing, and immediately opened a subscription list. Then he revised and published her poems with the preface already named, in which he stated the case and the nature of his connection with it. "The volume was dedicated to the Countess of Surrey; and its publication was followed by a very substantial but, of course, not permanent amelioration of the lot of the grateful authoress." The preface was well adapted to lead to this effect. It was, indeed, for its purpose, a felicitous composition. One sentence will indicate its drift. Keeping almost entirely out of sight the undoubted merit of the poems, Mr. Holland said:—"As whoever purchases one or more copies of this little work must be considered to be doing an act of well-deserved benevolence, to the entire amount of the price paid, it is confidently hoped that many respected persons who might not ordinarily be tempted to purchase poetry of any kind for its own sake, as well as those of the opposite sentiment, will embrace this opportunity of delicately conferring, in some small degree, the means of comfort and happiness upon an ingenious and worthy woman and her family."

How many men, as much engaged as Mr. Holland now was, would have turned aside at the call of mere "duty" or pleasure, to do so much for one who could urge no stronger claims than those of Mary Hutton? In connection with Montgomery and Mr. Roberts, he had afterwards to plead her cause again; and he has given her "honourable mention" in *The Poets of Yorkshire*. He has also duly recorded elsewhere that she died in the Shrewsbury Hospital in the spring of 1859. She seems never to have forgotten his kind benefactions.

This year was remarkable for a great and general political excitement caused by the prospective extension of the elective franchise. Among the places expecting the new privilege was Sheffield. Early in March was received the intelligence that the town was to have the privilege of returning two members to Parliament, if the Reform Bill should pass into law. Many were the

expressions of satisfaction which followed. Among them was a public meeting, held on the 7th of the month, from which a petition was sent to Parliament, praying that the Bill might pass into law. That Parliament was dissolved on the 21st of April; but there was so much confidence that what had been asked would in the end be granted, that several gentlemen were invited to offer themselves as candidates for the representation of Sheffield in the reformed House of Commons. One of them was Mr. James Silk Buckingham, who, it appears from one of his private letters to the editor of the *Iris*, had felt himself under obligation to Mr. Holland as early as the preceding year. The columns of the *Iris* had, in fact, already contained many paragraphs advocating Mr. Buckingham's claims, and defending him against the attacks of his enemies; but the 9th of July, 1831, afforded an occasion for bringing his name more prominently and with more manifest design, before the readers of the paper; for on that day Mr. Buckingham delivered in the Sheffield Music Hall a lecture on *The Moral and Commercial Capabilities of the Eastern World*. Thenceforward he was the candidate of Mr. Holland's choice; and his being eventually returned as one of the first two members for the Borough of Sheffield, was mainly due to that vigorous advocacy of his claims to which Mr. Holland devoted himself, with all his energy, in the columns of the *Iris*. Writing to Mr. Blackwell, on the 6th of July, 1841, Mr. Holland says:—"Buckingham, I believe, is going to lecture this evening at the Music Hall. What a train of consequences, to him at least, if not indeed to ourselves, sprang from the circumstance that you and I heard him lecture in the same room ten years ago." And there is epistolary evidence to show that Mr. Buckingham attributed his return chiefly to Mr. Holland's influence. At this time, therefore, Mr. Holland was exerting no inconsiderable influence on political parties; though during the last thirty years of his life he avowed a great dislike of politics and their discussion. It was but natural that, in the end, the more congenial occupations of his youth should regain their ascendancy.

Towards the end of August, arrangements were made by a section of the inhabitants of Sheffield, to request Mr. John Parker, of Woodthorpe, near Sheffield, to offer himself as a candidate. Early in September Mr. Samuel Bailey, the well-known "Bentham of Hallamshire," was asked to do the same. On the 12th of that month, a deputation from Sheffield presented to Mr. Buckingham, at Hanley, in Staffordshire, a requisition in which it was confidently implied that Sheffield was to become "one of the most independent and incorruptible constituencies in the kingdom." Two days later another requisition, numerously signed, was presented to Mr. Thomas Asline Ward, of Park House, near Sheffield.

It soon became manifest that the most popular candidate was Mr. Buckingham, "whose graceful elocution, long and persevering resistance of the trading monopoly of the East India Company, and liberal views made him a favourite with most persons who did not either prefer a candidate with local claims, or oppose the contemplated extension of the franchise on political grounds." On the 6th of September he writes to Mr. Holland:—

"My dear Sir,—I have just received your kind letter and that of Mr. Blackwell, as well as the *Mercury* of last week, for all of which I thank you. I concur entirely in the view you take of my visit, and most cheerfully adopt the suggestion made, namely, to confine my visit to Sheffield entirely to the business of the requisition. I will be there on Friday next without fail; and as I shall come from Manchester on the morning of that day, it would be safest, perhaps, to appoint 4 o'clock for the meeting at the Tontine, by which time I shall be sure to be there, and to have all things in readiness. The conduct of the *Mercury* is so base as not to deserve another word. With my sincere regards, and equally sincere thanks for both your own and Mr. Blackwell's exertions, I remain, my dear sir, most truly yours, J. S. BUCKINGHAM.—John Holland, Esq., *Iris* Office, Sheffield."

Accordingly, on Monday, the 19th of September, a meeting of Buckingham's friends was held in the Town Hall, in defence of his moral and political character, which had been attacked by the editor of the *Mercury*; and the *Iris* of the following morning contained more than six columns of matter relating to that meeting. Buckingham's speech, of three hours' length, is described as a most eloquent address, and as a manly, honest, and triumphant refutation of the charges to which currency had been given in the *Mercury*; and whatever might at the time be the design of any person or persons concerned in these things, it does, indeed, seem to the present writer to be probable, that the *Mercury* could not easily have rendered, to the cause of truth and justice, any service larger or more effectual than that which was rendered by the policy which led to that victorious self-defence of an honourable man greatly injured and maligned.

And who was the editor of the *Mercury*? No other than Mr. Holland's brother-in-law, Mr. Brammall, who, notwithstanding the relationship, exerted all his power in aiming to defeat the candidate of Mr. Holland's choice. To those readers of the two papers to whom the respective editors were unknown, this merely party strife had the appearance of extreme hostility; and even those who did know them might sometimes find their difficulty only increased by such knowledge; but the truth is, that in private life they were endeared friends; and each so appreciated the disinterestedness of the other's motives, that eventually, notwithstanding the natural antagonism of their political opinions, they came to act in concert as the literary and political editors of the same journal. Mr. Holland has, however, declared that the "controversy was carried on with more than a sufficient amount of vehemence on both sides."

In the very midst of this excitement, the editor of the *Iris* found pleasure and relief in the composition of verse. He produced a piece on *The Twelfth of August*, which is smart and satirical. It consists of nine stanzas, of which the following are the first and second:—

“ The twelfth of August let us sing, for worthy is the lay ;
 How many hearts beat high with hope to win fair fame to-day !
 King William and his crown and state and sceptre are forgot ;
 And Whigs and Tories and Reform are put up in one lot :
 Who bids for them ? For sure no squire who draws a trigger cares
 If Boroughmongers rise or fall, or how old England fares.

And sure it is a glorious sight, if glorious sights there be,
 Men so accoutred and equipped, such fine bold men to see,
 None of your blanched, lean, thoughtful tribe, but heroes out of doors,
 The Wellingtons of Heathy-loo, the Marlboroughs of the moors,
 Proud peers of Longshaw, or M.P.'s that sit in famed Fox-house !
 A boisterous senate, they discuss the art of killing grouse.”

This is the place for the following sonnet on the same subject, which is without date, and may not have been composed this year ;—

“ This is bird-murder day !—It sickens thought
 To dwell on slaughters, destined to take place
 On yonder hills, amongst the feathered race :
 Strong wing, swift feet avail the black-cock naught,
 T' escape the fowler's aim : his eye, well taught,
 Levels the deadly tube at his poor prey.
 O that the moors, in blooming purple gay,
 Could screen the covey, seduously sought
 By keen-nosed dog, could aye securely screen !
 Then should I, thankful for their better fate,
 Flush gladly oft the moor-fowl and his mate,
 Or watch their gambols 'midst the bracken green ;
 But vain the wish in Pity's fond behoof,
 Unless plump dappled breasts were bullet-proof.”

But many of Mr. Holland's excited and divided townspeople were not able either to sing or to reason themselves into quietness as to political matters. On the 10th of October a very great meeting was held in Paradise Square, a place known far and near, by name at least, as the scene of political gatherings, some of which have had great importance. It is recorded that on this occasion there was an assemblage of twenty thousand people ; that the meeting adopted an address to the King, and a memorial to Earl Grey, praying them “ to take such measures as they might deem necessary for the final triumph of the Reform Bill, and for the peace and tranquillity of

the empire"; and that there was in the town great and even alarming need of action on the part of those who could direct the thoughts and at all allay the excitements of the people. The existence of such need was manifested by strange signs of terrible discontent. Black flags were exhibited here and there; the effigies of unpopular public men were borne through the streets; muffled bells were rung; and a great and general gloom gathered upon the minds of the people. As the close of the year drew near, some began to expect civil war, because of riots of which they read in the newspapers, and others dreaded the ruin of trade by the wanton destruction of machinery; and in the breasts of all there was saddening fear, because a dire pestilence was already in the land.

Little general improvement came with the arrival of the new year. In some respects, indeed, matters had then become worse. The mention, however, of the year 1832 introduces a series of personal incidents and literary events to which a considerable portion of the present volume must be devoted. Before other matters are touched let there be a return to song. Our poet could not live long without writing verse. In the account of himself which he published, in 1836, in *The Tour of the Don*, appears a poem about his early life, which was written in January of this year. It will show that having come into scenes and occupations of which, at that early time, he could have had no conception, he now found relief and refreshment by living in the past in acts of memory and imagination:--

“ My birthplace was amidst the fields,
 Where all was green around;
 Hence all that rural scenery yields
 In life's first years I found:
 And Nature's beauties, while a boy,
 Became my chiefest source of joy.
 Bright flowers, where'er they sprang, became
 Like letters sweetly set,
 To spell each season's changing name
 From Flora's alphabet;
 And I instinctively pursued
 Learning like this in solitude.

The landscape, like an opening scroll,
 Its farther beauties spread,
 While, without teacher or control
 I daily, hourly read,
 But little anxious then to know
 Aught of the town outstretched below.
 From morn to eve the charming earth,
 By night the splendid sky,
 Were music to my thoughts, and mirth
 To my enraptured eye,
 Such music as from silence flows,
 Such mirth as meditation knows.
 And little thought I then or knew
 Of all the toils and cares
 Which life, however we pursue
 Its path, for man prepares :
 But years elapsed, and soon I found
 Earth was not by my prospect bound.
 I passed the boundaries of the scene
 To boyhood, oh, how fond !
 Entered the town that lay between
 My home and all beyond,
 And learned,—how much the lesson yields !
 Men little cared for flowers and fields.
 About me, varied, deep, and wide,
 Life's current now flows on ;
 But 'midst the millions of that tide
 I feel myself as one,—
 One drop that trembles as it braves
 Admixture with the turbid waves.
 My fluttering thoughts, my timid heart,
 Like doves long scared and driven,
 Are always anxious to depart
 To soar through that blue heaven,
 Those well-known scenes to trace anew
 Where thought was born and boyhood grew."

In February Mr. Holland was in correspondence with Hunter about local antiquities, and found that learned author as courteous as ever. Most men, if they had been in Mr. Holland's case at this time, would have thought they had enough on hand, without multiplying mental occupations by correspondence on antiquities. But he seems always to have felt himself able to do *a little more*.

In a letter from one of his distant correspondents, written on the 21st of March, the day of the national fast to which past events had prepared godly persons to come with tears and fervent supplications, Mr. Holland received the following encouraging words :—" The *Iris* comes regularly. Among many other things, I am glad you have fought so manfully and skilfully for Buckingham. That man has thrown a profusion of light upon the history both of nations and of commerce. He would never have suffered what he has had to pass through, or have been so powerfully opposed, if he had not been honest in his principles, or had not had truth on his side. There is too much openness about him for a villain. His sacrifice is too great for hypocrisy to make. The man has been a volunteer in the cause of suffering ; and this speaks volumes, as he might have avoided much, and acquired wealth by silence.—Your leading articles show improvement. You have less study in your manner. You are not starched up with fear. You do not spend a day in turning a period, and then leave it as stiff as some of mine when finished. You feel your feet, and think you have a right to think for yourself, and as good a right, too, as the editor of the *Globe* or the *Times*. You are more easy. There is an air of red-hot spontaneity about some of your paragraphs. You can almost afford a little editorial swagger. And you can wield the *We* like a giant throwing his mace round his head. With all this improvement, keep Buckingham still in your eye and in a state of respectability in your paper."

The same week Mr. Holland received from Mr. Everett some very suggestive observations having reference to their intended joint biography of Montgomery. It appears that at this time there was a fear that they might not find matter enough to fill one such volume as they desired to write : but the biography eventually published filled seven !

In April a passage in Inglis's *Spain in 1830* suggested the poem entitled *The Demented One*, which the reader will find in the volume containing the second edition of *The Hopes of*

Matrimony. Thus our author's "poetical temperament" asserted itself, in spite of all the unpoetical things that he had recently had to do. The fact on which the poem was based was uncommonly tragical and precisely adapted to stir Mr. Holland's sensibility.

In May the excitement in the town respecting the fate of the Reform Bill was intense. On the 21st another vast public meeting was held in Paradise Square, and another memorial to Earl Grey was voted. The agitation continued to be of the same general character until the 5th of June, when there came a change. On that day, shortly after noon, news was brought by coach of the third reading of the Reform Bill; and on the 7th, the Bill received the Royal assent. Then Sheffield, like other places similarly favoured, was filled with rejoicing. Neither Mr. Holland nor Montgomery seems to have celebrated this event in verse. With the "Corn-law Rhymer" the case was very different. On the 18th of June, in connection with a great and manifold demonstration, and after a procession through the streets, a Reform Hymn written by Elliott was sung in the New Market by thirty thousand people or more. Then, on the 23rd, the four gentlemen previously invited to become candidates, again announced their intention of contesting the election; and this conducts to the reason why these not very biographical particulars have been stated here.

It is not very likely that Montgomery could safely have borne the excitements attendant on this momentous political struggle, if he had still been the editor of the *Iris*: and it is very little, if any, more likely that Mr. Holland would have undertaken the duties of "the office," if he had calculated on such a period and such a struggle. Now, however, his work in this line in Sheffield was done; and no sooner had he chronicled the crowning act of the great contest, namely, the passing of the Reform Bill, and given his counsels to his townsmen, after the candidates had legally offered themselves for election, than he laid down his pen as editor of the *Iris*. His last

address in those columns through which he had so greatly influenced the political thought and action of Sheffield during preceding years, appeared on Tuesday, the 26th of June. On that day was issued the last number of the *Iris* published by Mr. Blackwell, previously to the paper's passing into the hands of Messrs. Bridgeford and Co., a firm consisting of John Bridgeford, Anthony Whitaker, and James Leigh Leek. In that leading article Mr. Holland says:—"To succeed such a man as Mr. Montgomery, was rightly considered by the public to be, on our part, an honourable, but at the same time a perilous, undertaking: to say that such undertaking has been crowned with success, is only to state a fact upon which comment would be superfluous, if not impertinent, on an occasion like the present. . . . In now laying down our editorial pen and sincerely commending our successors to public confidence and support, and at the same time taking, as it were, a personal leave of our readers, we repeat that it is with grateful recollections we recur to our past duties and the reward with which they have been honoured by the inhabitants of a town inferior to few in wealth, intelligence, and population, and second to none in industry, good order, and moral character. Though no longer immediately connected with this place through the influential and responsible agency of a public journal, we shall always learn with satisfaction, that increasing prosperity attends all with whom we have had official or personal intercourse, and ever be ready, if possible, to aid whatever may be likely to conduce to the happiness or welfare of the town of Sheffield."

On the day when that article was put into the hands of the readers of the *Iris*, there took place a circumstance to which Mr. Holland must have looked back with peculiar feelings in following years. It was the presenting to him of a very handsome rosewood desk, fitted up with all necessaries for a literary man. On it were inscribed the words "John Holland. *Donum Amicorum*"; and with it was presented also a copy of the Holy Bible, with a suitable inscription, and with an address "from

friends, officers, and teachers of the Wesleyan Methodist Red Hill Sunday School." This address was "an affectionate testimonial of the high estimation in which they held the useful labour which he had bestowed on the school, "with unremitting industry for twenty years."

About the same time the Committee of the Red Hill School sent him a cordial vote of thanks for his past services, with ardent wishes for his prosperity, and with a strong desire that he would continue his contribution of an original hymn at each succeeding anniversary, which he appears to have done to the last year of his life. And the Annual Meeting of the Sheffield Sunday School Union, held this month, not only regretted his removal, and thanked him for the uniform devotion of fourteen years to the promotion of its interests, but also appointed him an honorary member for life. These things were valuable as expressions of the love and the gratitude of persons whom it was a pleasure to him to have pleased; and the man who despises such things will come to see his error.

On Monday, the 2nd of July, our Sheffield-loving, home-loving, sensitive poet, was on the way to Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Mr. Blackwell, or "J. Blackwell and Company," had purchased the Newcastle *Courant*, which had then been published for more than one hundred and twenty years; and Mr. Holland preceded the proprietor to Newcastle to edit the paper. The new proprietor issued his first number on the 7th of July. It contained an address to the public, written partly by Mr. Blackwell, but principally by Mr. Holland, as their two manuscripts show. In Mr. Holland's is a statement of the principles which had guided the conduct of the *Iris*; but as the paragraphs referred partly to politics, and as the *Courant* was not a political paper, they did not appear in the printed address, a copy of which has been preserved with the manuscripts. One sentence will be acceptable to the reader:—"The *Courant* was established in 1711 by Mr. John White, a son of White, the bookseller of York who was the only man in England who could be

found willing to print the manifesto of the Prince of Orange, afterwards William III."

Cholera was at this time raging in England. On the 8th of July it made its appearance in Sheffield. Some cases had occurred also in Newcastle. Then let the reader try to comprehend Mr. Holland's case. He had left home, anticipating unhappiness; and it had come to him in abundance. Describing transient domestic "incommodities," he compares himself to a squirrel in a cage, without the convenience of a hutch in which to hide; but, then, he was in such a state of utter mental infelicity, that "a study" would have been of very little service to him; and he describes himself as being quite unable to attend to anything in the way of literature. Why was he so unhappy? Let the simple facts answer. He had an intense love of home and of those whom he had left in the house in Sheffield Park; a pestilence was raging in his native town, and he was afraid of receiving the worst possible news; cholera being at work also in Newcastle, he knew his most precious and most dearly beloved mother was full of fear as to his safety; he was among entire strangers, with not one of whom he could have his customary free and affectionate talk: and he was in a town in contrast to which, to him at least, Sheffield, notwithstanding its smoke, was the perfection of sweetness. When he had been from home a week, it remained to be seen whether his mind would or could become sufficiently collected to turn at all to literary work in Newcastle; and he addressed to Montgomery the letter of a miserable man. That reader who is astonished at all this, has either failed to apprehend Mr. Holland's bashful mother-loving character and the perpetual youthfulness of his mind, or has never had the peculiar experience necessary for the full understanding of such a predicament as that in which he was now placed.

Montgomery had promised *not* to write to him, and kept his promise until the 25th of August, when he sent him a long

letter, in which he says:—"You left Sheffield just at the time, the very hour I might say, when the new era in the history of your native place commenced. For five weeks afterwards we were agitated, amused, and tormented, with electioneering scenes, speeches, and surprises. . . . A subject of far more concern has occupied much of my time since your removal. The cholera came among us immediately afterwards, and of its deadly devastations you have been sufficiently informed by the newspapers. . . . I have often thought that you may have been taken hence from the evil that might have befallen you, had you continued to reside where you were born, as you must daily, in coming to town, have passed through 'the city of the plague,' 'Sheffield Park,' so honoured by being associated with your name, and its better part by being immortalised by your muse, having been more severely visited by the destroyer than any other section of the town."

Mr. Holland's answer to this letter fills several large pages. A few extracts from it will be of service here:—"I thank you most heartily for your kind letter, proof of a broken promise although it was. . . . Reluctantly, indeed, as I came to this place, and heartless as I was in the journey from my native place and from the society of all whom I loved in the world, I am even now almost ready to conclude that perhaps for the preservation of my life, or for some still better thing, was I brought to Newcastle. Had I pursued my wonted route from the Park to the town, I should at least have been constantly exposed to the chances of contagion, to say nothing of being otherwise in the town where the disease has wrought such desolation. Here [in Newcastle], indeed, the recent ravages have been much more alarming and extensive than anyone out of the town can imagine, more so than during the winter! . . . For a few days after Mr. Blackwell left me here alone, the tidings of mortality which every morning brought to my ears were most appalling. . . . I felt a deep awe resting upon me during this 'reign of terror,' and strove as well as I

could to rest my mind upon that good and wise Being who has preserved me hitherto. But I was nervous to a great degree ; and the funerals and the talk of all persons were trying enough ; for I could not stay in without encountering my own fears, nor go out without meeting some mournful expositor of the state of the town." . . . (It was feared at one time that he had a case of cholera in the house of which he was for the time sole master.) . . . "Amidst my solitariness and privations here I feel some thankfulness that my removal has probably spared me unimaginable pain and ill-will and distress of mind, in connection with the Buckingham controversy. I have nothing in my nature congenial with the spirit of such desperate partisanship. There is not, so far as I am aware, a single individual in the world whom I could not amicably meet in a personal interview ; and painful indeed would it be to me, did I think that I could carry political difference so far as to sacrifice such a consciousness. Alas, what a curse, in most cases, is a popular election ; and how little of truth, reason, and justice is there in thorough-going politicians ! I opposed the opinions and attacks of the *Mercury* upon Mr. Buckingham, because I was persuaded harsh measure had been awarded him. My opposition was seasoned, of course, with that spice of infallibility which descended with the editorship of the *Iris*. But still I do think the treatment which Mr. Brammall has met with has been most unjustifiable, as unjustifiable, at the least, as some suspicions of my own sincerity in the Buckingham cause which, I believe, have been sagely entertained against me by some persons." This was written in allusion to a distinct branch of the controversy, by his part in which Mr. Brammall had brought upon himself some of that "ill-will" from which Mr. Holland supposed himself to have been saved by his removal.

The same letter gives a glimpse of certain means by which he was trying to turn his residence at Newcastle to good account. It shows that he was getting out into the country ; and there is, therefore, no surprise in finding certain poems

written at Newcastle, displeased as the poet was with the town, and doubtful as he had been of the possibility of returning to his ordinary literary occupations. The beautiful lines *To the Harvest Moon*, which will be found in the volume containing the second edition of *The Hopes of Matrimony*, were composed in September. They show the poet still sighing for home, but yet resigned to the appointments of the Divine will. To the same or the preceding month belongs a local poem which was "printed for the author for private presentation only." This was *Tyne Banks, a Poetical Sketch by a Visitor in Newcastle*. The designation which the author gave himself is notable: he was only on a *visit* to Newcastle. This poem consists of more than six hundred lines. The local allusions and references are accompanied with explanatory notes; a prose account of the river Tyne is prefixed to the whole; and though the poet was not much in love with his production, it certainly was very suitable for its purpose. The preface states that "the writer, having occasion to visit Newcastle, and, for a time at least, to make his residence in that town, naturally enough, after having read its history and rambled out into its precincts, sought to transmit to the friends he had left behind him some particulars of the place of his sojourn. The river Tyne being the grand feature of interest here, and the conveniences of sailing upon its bosom pleasing sources of recreation to a stranger, especially to a poetical stranger, the expression in rhyme of such thoughts as might be suggested by the adjacent scenery and the various artificial objects connected with the local navigation, as well as by a perusal of the local records, became a tempting and ready vehicle of entertainment." A copy was, of course, sent to Montgomery, whose written acknowledgment contained the following sentences:—"Dear Friend,—I have just received and read your *Tyne Banks* with as much pleasure as you yourself could expect the subject, the performance, and the author were likely to awaken. In this flight you have risen as high as you aimed, and though you never get above your subject, you have

done it and yourself honour, on the whole. Pilgrim Street will have a new title to its name, from the multitude of youthful aspirants who will throng to the *Courant* Office to get a peep at you. Happy, then, will be the favoured few who can obtain an interview and an opportunity of rubbing themselves against your elbow, to be made poets, as they make magnets, by friction."

It was probably about the same time that he wrote the sonnet on *The Azure Sash which Penn wore under the Elm Tree at Shackamaxon*. It was published in *The Aurora Borealis* for the following year. That *Literary Annual* was edited by members of the Society of Friends; and the poem was a fitting contribution to such a publication.

Meanwhile, political affairs in Sheffield were causing an excitement the pulsation of which very sensibly disturbed Mr. Holland in his distant abode; the raging of the pestilence in both the towns kept him still in great anxiety; and he was thankful when the hope of returning home began to dawn. But the proper time was not yet; and strange things were to take place in the interval.

CHAPTER X.

1832—1834.

“ Home ! home ! his own dear home, his place of birth,
Howe'er unlovely to a stranger's eye,
Oft binds the poet to one spot of earth
Where he would gladly live, where he would die ;
As if strange scenes and faces did control
To sadness all the music of his soul.

The well known hills where first his childhood ran,
The valleys where he rambled when a youth,
The long-formed friendships precious to the man,
The sacred haunts of poesy and truth,
Of poesy sublime, of truth Divine,
These oft attach the heart, such hearts as mine.

But having left, obedient to the voice
Of Providence, my native fields a while,
Be it my business to make wisdom's choice,
Nor darken with my frown creation's smile ;
For here, whatever else my lot betide,
Peace, leisure, health, and hope are not denied.”

J.H.

The cholera soon began to subside on the banks of the Tyne ; but it was at the same time increasing in Sheffield. The inhabitants of that town kept the 22nd of August as a day of special humiliation and prayer ; and it is recorded that “ assuredly never before had such a day been so observed.” Appropriate hymns composed for the occasion were sung in the different churches and chapels of the town ; and the people truly humbled themselves under the mighty hand of God, and prayed in confidence that He would hear and answer. And soon the visitation began to pass away.

On the 3rd of October, Mr. Holland wrote a long and very interesting letter to Montgomery, from which the following paragraphs have been selected :—

“ It is with grateful feelings to Almighty God, that I perceive from the *Iris* so great a declension in the ravages of *the disorder* in Sheffield, and, at the same time, that my sisters, in letters received from them from the Park, state that they now rarely witness at a distance in that ‘place of graves,’ near the Clay Wood, the indistinct but certain and appalling indications that another and another are being committed to unconsecrated earth. In Newcastle, the disorder is almost extinct. At least, so say the surgeons whom I happen to see. Still, however, ‘the angel of destruction’ lingers; but whether his aspect be at this moment really valedictory or anticipatory, the ensuing winter only can decide. Glad I am that it is not in *my* power to foresee the results of Providence in this momentous question. I wish that I could only believe myself living in such wise as to be prepared either to die, if such be the will of my heavenly Father, at this strange crisis in this strange place, or to live, if such be the Divine pleasure, to glorify the goodness of my Saviour by a more devoted attachment to His will. As it is, the shafts of the destroyer are striking one and another about me. The victims drop, as suddenly, and more unexpectedly, than if they were stricken by a cannon ball in battle! They are touched, they fall! There is no graduated account of the progress of their disease. There is no ascending or suspected climax of anxiety and hope. It is said, ‘They are dead; they died of the cholera.’ And that astoundingly *prosaic* saying comprises all that can be said of the demise of the great Dr. Adam Clarke, and of the insignificant Josey Hague, good man! I have, indeed, felt much on hearing how many poor people, whom I used to know in the Park, have fallen in that great victory which death, always victorious, has recently celebrated in Sheffield Park.

“ Sir Walter Scott, too, is dead, not of the prevailing

epidemic, however. I am sure you and I should cordially agree in our appreciation of the character of this 'great magician of the north.' For nearly half a century his wand has indeed been potently swayed over the spirit of literature on both sides of the Tweed. Would that it had raised, at the same time, another spirit, that of *piety*, in his heart. This, indeed, he might possess; but 'he died and made no sign.'

"I ought to say that, although 'from home' in every sense, and far from everything and almost every person in the world I would willingly be near, I am less unhappy than I was two months since; though you must not carry out the inference. It is not that my sources of hope, enjoyment, or satisfaction are more numerous or auspicious, but because I become more resigned to a position which, as I did not seek it, may have been, and, I doubt not, was appointed by Him whose I am, and whom in all things I am anxious to acknowledge, a position which, with all its 'incommodities,' is a paradise of enjoyment compared with what I deserve, or with that in which thousands, more deserving than I, are placed at present. Therefore, having a good house over my head, and seeing no sensible reason for throwing myself out upon the wide and bleak common of the world, if I can avoid it, I strive to meet and dispose of each day as gratefully and comfortably as I can. It is true I am less comfortable, and have less time for myself, and less intellectual occupation, with no friends, in one sense, besides Mr. Blackwell, no access to books, no independence, and nobody to show me affection, or to whom I can show affection; and, lastly, I am, as to pecuniary means, rather worse than better off, than before. Yet I am still determined, Providence enabling me, to derive as much happiness as possible from my situation."

What appears to have been Montgomery's answer contained two sentences which will speak for themselves, to such as know the character of their writer:—"I have no news to tell you but what you have seen from week to week in the *Iris*,

which is no longer *your* 'Iris' nor *mine*! Oh, how changed, and surely not for the better; for if it be, I must have spent thirty-one years of my life upon it worse than in vain." As to this matter, Mr. Holland had feelings in unison with those of Montgomery; and he asked himself whether or not he had done right in declining to purchase the *Iris*, as some of his friends strongly urged him to do, when it became known that it was to be transferred. After the reflection of months he did not regret his having decided against that advice. And how could he be unconcerned about the character, the influence, and the fate of the *Iris*? It had been intimately connected with the cultivation of his mind and the formation and development of his character. It had been, in his youth, his only sheet of news. He had read it as the counterpart of its admired editor, rejoicing that it recorded what he thought and felt, and gave the reader an interest in things that were interesting to *him*. Thus it had given Mr. Holland a foretaste of the pleasure which he ultimately attained in Montgomery's personal friendship. Then, afterwards, he had had the honour to endeavour to maintain in it all the chief of those peculiarities with which the most careful weekly reading had made him familiar in early life.

Contrasts now made the recollection of all these things so painful to him that he almost shed tears when he thought of them. One of the contrasts was presented in the change for the worse which had come over the *Iris* itself; and another appeared in the *Courant*, which was a large paper so completely devoted to business that it had not even a *corner* for anything poetical, and so devoid of "opinions" and "principles", and so utterly *impersonal*, that a man must be a most desperate sentimentalist, able "to conceive affection for a whale or a wheelbarrow," before he could either love or hate its *animus*. All this, which has been gathered from Mr. Holland's own letters, shows that he was, at this time, sadly in want of congenial employment.

The near approach of winter brought new difficulties and discomforts, at which one who knows human nature may find it difficult to be astonished, though some one is to be blamed. In November, Mr. Holland says:—"I have written this letter under very unfavourable circumstances on account of the *cold*; for in this 'Siberia' where I am an 'exile,' without any 'Elizabeth,' however, to cheer me with a smile, fire is by no means accessible in the ratio in which coal is plentiful, but in my case is often as difficult to come at as 'love or money.' O that I had here my little warm study from Sheffield Park."

Meanwhile, one of his correspondents informed him that his father and mother were desolate on his account, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Brammall, again and again strongly urged him to return home. The cholera had very much abated in Sheffield, and a day of special thanksgiving for its removal had been held, when Mr. Brammall received from Newcastle the unexpected, but most welcome, news that his old political antagonist of the *Iris* would be at home again at the beginning of the new year.

But what had happened? A full answer to this question is given in a long explanatory letter to Montgomery, the publication of which is deemed inexpedient. Suffice it to say that Mr. Holland was surprised by a sudden change in Mr. Blackwell's speech and bearing towards himself; that he thought himself somewhat unfairly treated; that after the receipt of formal notice of dismissal, he strove too self-forgetfully to make amends, though rejoicing in the prospect of returning to his native place; and that he had the sympathy and the approval of Montgomery, on whose judgment he set his highest estimate. This turn of affairs between Mr. Holland and Mr. Blackwell took place about the middle of October, when they had been together in Newcastle only four months; Mr. Holland was at the time declaring to his friends that he was "content," in spite of his sighing after home, and was expecting at least to finish a year where he was; and it is difficult to believe that

there was no reason whatever for the opinion, held by some of Mr. Holland's friends, that advantage had been taken of his unselfish willingness to assume a new position on inadequate terms. It was now Mr. Blackwell's determination to take the entire charge of the *Courant* at the beginning of the new year. Then why had he ever persuaded Mr. Holland to go to Newcastle at all? Why had he so strongly advised him not to purchase the *Iris*? And why had he now by haste and unkindness made the continuance of their connection impossible? Thus reasoned some of Mr. Holland's friends, thinking they clearly saw the true answer to their inquiries; and they might not be in error; but it does not seem that either Mr. Blackwell or Mr. Holland regarded the cause of their separation in any very serious light, as they kept up a correspondence as long as they lived, and Mr. Holland was, after this separation, repeatedly a visitor at Mr. Blackwell's house.

Sometimes "a trifle light as air" will, like the touch of Ithuriel's spear, startle into manifestation things hardly before suspected to exist. So it seems to have happened in this instance. The change from the *Iris* to the *Courant* had put Mr. Holland and Mr. Blackwell into a relative situation as different from their former position of dependence and obligation, as the character of the *Courant*, "a business paper," was different from that of the *Iris*, a paper of many hues, like its prototype. However good Mr. Blackwell's original intentions might be, Mr. Holland, it is certain, accepted the new arrangement for expediency and not of choice; and the change naturally involved such an issue as the failure here recorded. It must, however, be added here, with emphasis, that Mr. Blackwell never forgot the service rendered him by Mr. Holland, and that a very generous expression of his sense of that service was made at a subsequent period, when he proposed to settle on his former editor an annuity which would have put him for life into circumstances of comparative independence, but which Mr. Holland, with characteristic politeness, declined.

While Mr. Holland was making arrangements for his return to Sheffield, and gladly contemplating its near approach, strange things were taking place in his native town; and some of them were coming with special severity on those who were dearest to him of all on earth. The two representatives of the newly-created borough of Sheffield were elected on the 14th of December. The polling closed at four o'clock; and when it became known that Mr. Parker and Mr. Buckingham had been elected, some outrages ensued, in fulfilment of the predictions of certain of the sagest and most observant men of the town.

The riot grew so terrible that "the military were sent for, and, after the reading of the Riot Act, were ordered to fire." Five persons were killed, and several severely wounded. During the continuance of the riot, there was put out a placard invoking vengeance on Mr. Brammall, who was at the time from home. His house had to be left by Mrs. Brammall and the entire family for several days. The windows were boarded up, and various other means of protection were used, while the family found an asylum in the house in the Park. Thus the nearest and dearest representatives of those two men who had mainly led the thought of the town, in the fierce party antagonism of the first half of this year, were now safe under the same roof, while, in the streets, the people were madly fighting out their differences to an end.

Shortly after this calamity, Montgomery wrote to a friend:—"You were much misinformed on the subject; *one* man was not the only one to blame on that dreadful occasion. The trial for the blood then shed in our streets cannot take place in this world: there is evidence which it will require the light of a burning world to disclose." And Mr. Samuel Roberts, a very good man with remarkable individuality, sent the following letter to Mr. Holland, thanking him for a copy of *Tyne Banks*:—

"Park Grange, Dec. 26th, 1832.

"Dear Sir,—I embrace this opportunity of thanking you for your interesting poem on a part of the country with which I am but little acquainted. I am glad you have found it of a nature to produce real inspiration, *I*, too, you will perceive,

have been visiting similar scenes, but with less success. You must induce a little burin poetess to accompany you to look at them, and then you *will* be inspired. You will perceive that I am as zealous a Reformer as ever. I dare say that you recollect I told you and Mr. Blackwell, (for which opinion I was laughed at,) that if ever we had a popular election here it would be accompanied with *bloodshed*. Perhaps you will now be half disposed to place confidence in still more extraordinary predictions. Perhaps Mr. B. will recollect, too, another *hint* which I gave him. Pray give my kind respects, and tell him that I hope it was not thrown away. I hope that this will find you well; we are (thank God) quite as much so as usual. With the compliments of this fine season, I remain, dear Sir, most sincerely yours, SAML. ROBERTS.—Mr. Holland, Newcastle.”

In the first daylight of the year 1833, Mr. Holland started for Sheffield by coach from Newcastle. He travelled all the following night; and the journey was performed with a very great loss. The weather was severe, to him at least; and, notwithstanding all the precautions that he had sought to adopt from the suggestions of his excellent mother, he suffered much from the cold, and brought on that malady which in the end became the immediate cause of his death.—And now the tasteful sonneteer is at home again:—

“ Hail Sheffield, happy, good, old-fashioned town !
 Among thy living thousands, as a son
 I pay thee filial praise : for thou hast won,
 ’Midst cities of best fame, a just renown.
 What if less glittering be thy merchant crown ?
 Thy social virtues are surpassed by none.
 What if ships crowd not the swoll’n Sheaf or Don ?
 Their ancient worth still mingles with thine own :
 O’er beds of coal and iron still they flow ;
 Their sluices turn the grinder’s rapid wheel ;
 They give keen temper to the cutting steel :
 Hail, then, the hardy, honest, manly worth
 To which the homes of Industry give birth,
 Where anvils ever ring, and forge-fires ever glow !”

Thus ends a portion of this biography, over which its writer has lingered with special interest. It might have been extended almost indefinitely ; for the documents belonging to the period are very many, and the chief difficulty has been found in selection. The experience of this period was to Mr. Holland "the yoke in his youth", which it is good for a man to bear. For seven years he had now been at newspaper work, amidst successive mortifications and troubles, which had proved to him the means of that discipline, severer than anything that his previous life had involved, which had been required to bring out his powers into full action, and give him confidence in their use. For thirteen years after this time was he officially connected with the newspaper press of Sheffield ; and to the end of his life, and even after his death, the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* was enriched by contributions from his pen.

During Mr. Holland's absence from Sheffield various "improvements" had concealed the old familiar gable end of the house where was his home ; and he had received from Montgomery abundant information of the change. But the inmates of the house were those whom he had left there six months before, and who, like himself, had felt there was reason to fear they might never meet again. Into the joys of their meeting and their mutual congratulations and devout acknowledgments of the goodness of God, in reference to escape from the cholera, it is impossible here to enter otherwise than in imagination. But there is a practical matter of which a word must be said. It may have struck the reader that Mr. Holland was now again in circumstances that would naturally awaken concern about the means of his livelihood. He had succeeded in authorship ; he was still engaged upon his treatise on *Manufactures in Metal*, the second volume of which was in the press early this year, and the payment for which would be something considerable for a man of his inexpensive habits ; but he knew better than to depend exclusively on authorship for the supplying of his wants. What was he to do? He

thought of business ; but the thought made him shrink back to his studies ; and he was fully satisfied it was not the will of God that he should have the anxieties of trade. His brother-in-law had encouraged him, before his return from Newcastle, to hope that he should find congenial occupation ; and he himself was confident that so it would be in the end. What he wanted was mere competence, with ample opportunity to exercise, as he might from time to time be directed, that sweet literary power of which he was conscious, and the full play of which could not co-exist with the vexation of much business.

He did the work at hand, waited but a little while, and then found that what he wanted came. In 1872, referring to this period of his life, he wrote :—" During what may be called a long, and, I must add, a happy life, with few and brief excursions from home, I have seen much, heard much, read much, thought much, and written much, and, if I cannot add gained much in a pecuniary sense, the fault, I suppose, is my own. Money which I never got I never wanted, and, therefore, never missed. I saw my early companions on the right hand and on the left entering into business, growing rich, 'cutting a figure' in the world—not always a creditable one ; and I rejoiced in their success, and regretted their faults and their failures ; but I never envied them ; and why should I ? Taking an easy service, with a salary at first not equal to that of the poorest knife-grinder, I have retained it for nearly forty years, being all the while, in a modest sense, a free, able, and willing student in religion, philosophy, and literature, finding in the professors of each department frank and genial companionship. How much my profiting has fallen short of what my opportunities afforded, in the acquisition and use of sacred, scientific, and general knowledge, I am but too well aware. From my townsmen, however, of all classes I have ever received unmerited kindness, in some instances overpassing the grateful interchange of courteous greetings."

The "easy service" was an office in connection with the

Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society, than which nothing more suitable could easily have been found. He succeeded Mr. Fenton, who had resigned. In a letter to an officer of the Society, the date of which is February 25th, Mr. Holland says:—"Since you were kind enough to mention to me, in the way you did, the situation of Curator to the Literary and Philosophical Society, several others have mentioned the matter in a similar way; in consequence of which remarks, taken together, I have been led to turn the subject over in my mind against another project which, if likely to become more profitable, would not leave me so much at liberty for pursuing certain avocations of authorship, as I am told the curatorship of the Society would do. I called this afternoon upon Mr. Fenton to ascertain, as well as I could, what were the services actually rendered. He was free, and I doubt not, frank; and, judging from my interview with him, I am half inclined to believe that, with one or two modifications, I might step into his situation, with consistency as to my own private objects as an author, and, as I might without vanity believe, with no discredit to the Society as custodian of their Museum."

What the "one or two modifications" were he frankly stated to one of those who desired his acceptance of the office. Terms were very soon settled; and on the 15th of March, the second day of his fortieth year, Mr. Holland was elected to the office which he held to the day of his death. It was regarded as Providential that that office became vacant at the time when he desired and needed what it promised; and both himself and his friends were satisfied, notwithstanding the smallness of his salary.

But he was not anxious beforehand about the results of the election. A short time before it took place he wrote a letter to the President of the Society, in which he entered with some minuteness into his own literary engagements, but made not the slightest reference to the approaching appointment. Such quietness of mind was not indifference. It must be thought of

in connection with that trust in the Providence of God which Mr. Holland professed in regard to all things, and to which repeated references have already been made.

The following extract, from a letter written to Montgomery ten days before the election, will, however, show that Mr. Holland had special reasons for desiring the appointment:—“It is not one of the least pleasing features of the anticipation of spending five hours a day in that room, that you may find it not unpleasant, when wanting a short ‘out’ from your study, to direct your steps towards the Music Hall, where, so far as I am concerned, I hope you would be at home. I should be sorry indeed could I imagine this would not be the case.” But this “was the case” for many years after this time; and both the friends seem to have highly valued the arrangement which afforded them so much convenience for meeting.

The Secretary of the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society at this time was Dr. Charles F. Favell. He was a Christian gentleman whom Mr. Holland, from their first acquaintance, held in great respect. He is spoken of in a letter to Montgomery, on the 19th of March, in the following terms:—“I saw Dr. Favell yesterday according to appointment. With the prejudice of a poet as to likings and dislikings at first interviews, I am exceedingly disposed to *like* the good Secretary, whose kind frankness was very pleasant to the neophyte official.” This “liking” appears to have changed only by increase during the remaining years of the good doctor’s laborious and useful life.

It appears that amidst all the changes and distractions that have been indicated in the foregoing paragraphs, Mr. Holland was steadily proceeding with his scientific works. “Copy” was not required for the *Cyclopadia* so fast as he had expected it would be; and, perhaps, a little unanticipated delay yielded several attendant literary advantages.—It may interest the reader to know what the following extract will suggest. The passage is in a letter to Montgomery:—“I have to-day been

ringing verbal changes on the description of bell-casting in Rees's *Cyclopadia*. I am going to cast bronze statues by recasting the account from Rees, as he seems to have done from a French book." It is scarcely necessary to add that other much more laborious ways of providing the materials required for the work at this time in hand had generally to be adopted.

The book subsequently published under the title of *Fossil Fuel* was at this time nearly, if not quite, ready for the press. Towards the end of the year it was sent for Dr. Lardner's inspection. Mr. Holland thought it suitable for a place in *The Cabinet Cyclopadia*; but for some reason Dr. Lardner thought otherwise. The letter in which he informed Mr. Holland of his decision was lent to Montgomery, who returned it "with less marvel than regret," and with an expression of hope for the ultimate success of the work.

The summer and autumn of 1833 were marked, in Sheffield, by a movement of very great and special local interest. On the 22nd of August there was held a meeting at which the locality of the projected Botanical Gardens was agreed upon; and on the 13th of November, the shareholders resolved not to lease but to purchase the ground. These dates will have interest for those whom they concern. Mr. Holland took no public part in this movement; but he was not an uninterested spectator. He paid considerable attention to the undertaking, and in several ways used his influence to insure its success. In following years he took great interest in the Gardens, and was always on friendly terms with the curator. Of these facts one common expression was, that, by a friendly notice in one of the local papers, he loved to call public attention to rare or beautiful flowers or other interesting botanical specimens. Then that systematic study of botany, to which he had devoted himself in previous years, showed its benefits to those who were competent to judge of the accuracy of his anonymous paragraphs.

The Sheffield Botanical Gardens are a very favourite resort, and are worthy of the fame which they have gained. To

Mr. Holland, who had watched the town through the period of its rapid, if not unparalleled, growth and of its greatest improvements, the welfare of its inhabitants was a matter of very great interest; and he was impressed with the benefit conferred by the Botanical Gardens, of which he has written:—"Ample in extent, varied in surface, finely situated, overlooking a rich prospect, and easily accessible from the town, these pleasure grounds, as they may be called, are not surpassed in their management or attractions by any in the kingdom. The beauty, extent, and variety of the walks afford pleasure to the visitors of all classes and at all seasons; while the large and handsome conservatories are filled with rarities from every clime, affording equal delight to the student, the invalid, and the idler, to the botanist, and to the florist." But it would be going too far to say that the managers always had his entire sympathy, in the sense that he approved of all their arrangements and all their compliances with public desire and taste. It must be remembered that Mr. Holland had strong sympathy with the operations of Sunday Schools; that he had before this time unequivocally declared in print how he considered the Lord's Day should be spent; that he could not without some concern witness the extent to which that day was desecrated by the people of his town; and that he was not sure the Botanical Gardens were not seriously abused to promote the desecration here complained of. Accordingly, when it was first proposed to open the beautiful grounds to the public on Sundays, he wrote a strong, calm, Christian letter to the *Mercury*, showing reason why the proposed change ought not to be made. This is recorded to his honour; and it is the opinion of the present writer that subsequent facts have shown the wisdom of the principles applied in the letter referred to.

Early in the year 1834 the treatise on *Metals* was finished, and during the spring the third volume was published. Montgomery had in the first instance mentioned Mr. Holland to Dr. Lardner as a person fit to undertake the work; and Mr.

Holland considered that his friend had, in a degree, risked his own reputation by recommending him. He now sent Montgomery a copy of his work, with a characteristic letter expressive of his appreciation of the kindness which had been shown him, and of his "gratitude to that Providence which had enabled so feeble an instrument to bring to a comparatively prosperous issue a work, the labour of which had not been slight, nor the remuneration inconsiderable."

The treatise on *Fossil Fuel* was still in hand. By this time must have been nearly finished also the manuscript of an elegant volume published during the next year, under the title of *Cruciana*. The full account of it is at present reserved; and it is mentioned here simply to show what the author was now doing.

Several small publications belong to this year. One of them was a *Memoir of the History and Cultivation of the Gooseberry*. Mr. Holland's father was a great amateur cultivator of that "tree." Our author was, therefore, early familiar with the fruit; and he always had a fondness for it. The little manual treats concisely of the history of the gooseberry, of the raising of new sorts from seed, of the planting and training of the trees, of manuring and pruning, and of that special care of the fruit which is required of those who aspire to produce it in its highest degree of perfection. *The Gardener's and Forester's Record* said of it:—"This cheap little publication is certainly the best treatise on the gooseberry yet offered to the public." It is another instance of Mr. Holland's productiveness and versatility.

Another publication consisted of two papers entitled *A Few Words on Wells*, which appeared in a local print. They contained interesting information about wells that were, and others which had been, in Sheffield and its neighbourhood. In the second paper the poet showed himself again by the insertion of four original sonnets, one of which is here subjoined:—

" And now the pilgrimage of Wells is done,
 Long may they each and all abundant flow,
 And that pure natural element bestow
 To those who drink it neat! Alas, that one

Inebriate should be found to mix the spring
 With fiery potions to consume his brain !
 Yea, such had better seek some ditch, and drain
 Its foul contents, than, thrice destructive, wring
 Death's drugs into life's cup. The limpid stream
 Slaked man in Paradise, and still would slake
 Best whosoe'er of the rich boon would take.
 Despising mingled waters. But the dream
 Of temperance in the million is too bright,
 Since men will *drown* their souls in reason's spite."

A paper on *The Management of Bees*, a somewhat favourite subject with Mr. Holland, to which he recurred afterwards, was published during this year.

Some other productions in the form of reviews need not be particularly described. But some attention should be paid to a book called *The Bow in the Cloud, or The Negro's Memorial*, to which Mr. Holland contributed two poems. The volume consisted of "original contributions, in prose and verse, illustrative of the evils of slavery, and commemorative of its abolition in the British Colonies." Mr. Holland's contributions were a blank verse poem entitled *A Word for the Slave*, and a sonnet on *The Set Time*. Both were somewhat characteristic, and in the author's ordinary style. The volume was edited by Mrs. Rawson, of Wincobank Hall, near Sheffield, who displayed no small amount of ability and taste in the execution of her self-imposed task. The date of the preface is "May 8th, 1834." During the latter part of July, Mr. Holland called public attention to the work in a local paper. After worthily describing the volume and its contents, he said:—"As in a few days thousands of glad hearts and glad voices in this country will hail the morn that dawns with freedom to the negro population of our colonies—the first morn of freedom that has ever yet dawned thereon, since they came under the sway of the freest monarch in the world—what more appropriate present can the head of a family make to his child, on the first of August proximo, than a copy of this book, which may be treasured as at once a memorial of the part which the British public have

taken in the final emancipation of the slave, and as a record of the fact that the individual holding the book was cognizant of the auspicious event commemorated in its pages ? ”

The first day of August found Sheffield full of rejoicing. Montgomery, who for many years had given the full weight of his influence to the cause of Negro Emancipation, was a central figure in the local public meetings of the day. He was also the author of several hymns or songs which were sung in London and throughout the provinces. A hymn printed with them was by Mr. Holland, who, if he was less prominent, was not less deeply interested, in what his townspeople and his countrymen were doing to commemorate a glorious consummation of the hopes of many anxious years. His views on the subject of slavery were strong and clear ; and the feelings awakened in his breast by emancipation became deep and powerful. He regarded the day as “ Humanity’s great Jubilee,” when the wrong of ages came to an end. He saw in the action of his country a most “ noble sacrifice for the cause of justice.” And he called upon every nation to emulate what Great Britain had done,

“ To restore the slave
To his high birthright in the ranks of man.”

A poem entitled *The Day of Jubilee is Come*, printed at Newcastle, is our poet’s answer to the question,

“ What means that shout of gladness,
Unwonted in this clime ? ”

supposed to be asked in the West Indies.

On the 27th of August Mr. Holland wrote a letter to the editor of the *Mercury*, urging the erection of some suitable memorial on the ground where the victims of the cholera had been buried. He stated the case in a manner adapted to carry conviction to many readers ; and, whatever his contribution to the final result might be, a movement was soon begun which yielded in the end all that he had desired. He foresaw that some means must be adopted, if a perpetuity of due respect for

that "field to bury strangers in" was to be secured; and it was a pleasure to him that before the end of the year Montgomery laid the "corner-stone" of that monumental cross which still marks "the Cholera Ground," by the side of the way to Sheffield Park. How often has that monument preached a useful sermon to persons passing by!

The following extract from a letter to Montgomery will be read with interest, as affording variety, and as most aptly describing the illogical complacency with which, to this day, some men strive to bring others to their own ways of thinking:—
"I return with many thanks the most poetical book I have seen for many a day. The author does not, indeed, pretend to this: but, then, it is because he is no pretender at all that he communicates such an interest to his pages. There are evidences of sincerity in all that he says. He does not stand doubting and reasoning, but goes on believing and writing in a style beyond that of most professed poets of our professing age. He evidently believes that everything in nature and art rightfully belongs to Catholicism, and this belief gives a unity and a simplicity of purpose to his mind, which few declaimers among religionists of any other denomination can lay claim to. He sets up a great crucifix of gold and silver, and then embosses it with all manner of precious stones; for it seems that all the precious metals and every jewel in the world did, does, or ought to, belong to this grand design! Without advancing the cause of the Romish Church by anything like even the shadow of an argument, and without so much as implicating the fact, that all the fine things he enumerates and describes had foul sides, he goes straight forward, pointing to the brightness with all the unhesitating confidence and complacency of one who draws pictures with the pencil of infallibility. Some of his appeals are really striking, and others touching."

This passage might have been written of that Dr. Manning who, speaking of the sudden death of Bishop Wilberforce, said he had gone to the world in which there is no doubt

whether the Church of Rome is what she professes to be or not. In that world, indeed, there is no doubt about it; and it is one of the enigmas of human nature if there is any doubt about it here.

How long can a *good* cause be served by closing the eyes against facts with which it has historical connection? Can thoughtful men believe that a cause *is* good which is most easily advocated in such a manner? It is at least suspicious when men can comfortably affirm and re-affirm exploded theories, as if they had the certainty of mathematical demonstrations, and must, of necessity, be believed by every one of competent intelligence who should duly attend to them, when, on the contrary, facts abound which prove their having been exploded. From such a source had arisen the interesting book on which the remarks quoted above were written.

Mr. Holland strongly advocated the scientific study of theology. While he held that a person may be made wise unto salvation through the devout perusal of the Holy Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, he greatly valued the efforts and the advantages of truly learned men. While he believed that the most homely preaching of the Gospel often leads men to Christ, he felt that there are, in the Christian theology, heights and depths of historical, doctrinal, and practical research which are most worthy to engage the mightiest intellects of the race. And he saw that in the prosecution of such studies, scientific principles must be applied if there is to be any success worth the name. Holding these views, which have been taken almost verbatim from one of his writings, he might well laugh at a book the strength of which was in a succession of assertions made without regard to fact, and with no other guiding principle than a foregone, but merely theoretical, conclusion.

CHAPTER XI.

1835—1836.

“ My childish days are past, those wandering hours
When first I heard the cuckoo, saw the fields ;
And youth is gone. But still green manhood yields
The same intense enjoyment of those powers
So fitted on creation’s charms to gaze,—
The same delight to tread the tangling wood,—
To mark God’s presence, swelling in each bud,
Or blooming in each flower,—to watch the rays
First shooting up the east, the glorious noon,
The sunset, and the twilight, and the moon.
All, all sweet sights, sounds, odours still, oh, still
These blandishments of nature cheer and fill
My mind with those fond musings, early taught,
When knowledge its first signs from scenes around me caught.”
J.H.

The year 1835 opened amidst the turmoil of a general election. The candidates for Sheffield were Messrs. Parker and Buckingham, the ex-members, and Mr. Samuel Bailey, who was put forward by some of his friends. Those who had opposed Mr. Buckingham at the previous election seem to have been still in the same mind ; and influences were at work against him, of which this is no place to give any particular record. An interesting letter in the handwriting of a neighbouring nobleman reveals an effort to find another candidate ; but the search appears to have been unavailing. And Mr. Buckingham yet had the sympathy and the confidence of a very large proportion of the electors.

Mr. Holland could not be an uninterested observer of what was going on ; though he felt himself happily free from the duty

of taking a prominent part in the literary portion of the contest. The election took place on the 9th of January, and Messrs. Parker and Buckingham were again returned.

The excitement of the election had but well ended when the town was greatly disturbed by a riot in Eyre Street, at a little distance from the Music Hall where Mr. Holland spent five hours a day. The mob destroyed the Medical School. The riot had its origin in the excitement of the people about the manner in which subjects for dissection were obtained. It was legal to take for the purpose the bodies of unclaimed paupers; but the people of Sheffield grew indignant at the members of the medical profession for doing that for which the law had provided. Mr. Holland, both at the time of the riot and on subsequent occasions, strongly defended the doctors on grounds with which those who thought otherwise must have found it difficult to deal. Was it not necessary that subjects for dissection should be found? Was it not natural that in the minds of many persons there should arise sentiments adverse to *any* legal provision that could be made for procuring bodies for the purpose? Was it not wise that that plan had been made legal which was likely to encounter the least amount of adverse sentiment? And who could find the shadow of a justification for what the mob had done?

Mr. Holland took great interest in anatomy. He appears to have written somewhat extensively, in different publications, on subjects more or less connected with that science; and he has left an account of a visit which he paid to the Museum of the College of Surgeons in London, where he examined specimens, with the assistance of Professor Owen, and found subjects for much subsequent profitable meditation.

After the destruction of the old building in Eyre Street, the Medical School was in close proximity to the room occupied by Mr. Holland at the Music Hall; and this is the proper place for the record of the fact, that he was, after this time, repeatedly urged to accept the post of lecturer in the Medical School.

With advantage to himself and others, he might have undertaken the work in any one of several departments, and especially in Botany; but, for reasons satisfactory to his own mind he refused everything of the sort. Previous experience had led him to the conclusion that it would not be for his personal comfort to be obliged to address a class at regular intervals on subjects to which it was not convenient to devote a certain definite proportion of his leisure. In regard to literary production what he most valued was entire freedom from external control. On that depended not only his personal comfort but also his full efficiency.

In April Mr. Holland was in Newcastle with his two friends Montgomery and Everett. The visit seems to have been greatly enjoyed, and to have had some connection with several literary works.

In May Mr. Holland was in correspondence with Mr. Everett concerning their proposed joint biography of Montgomery; and it might perhaps be gathered from one of the letters that they had agreed upon a division of labour in the undertaking.

Another matter which at the same time much engaged the attention of the three friends named in the last paragraph, was the dispute that had arisen in the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion about the proposed Theological Institution. Mr. Holland read publications on the subject, and had very strong convictions, which he did not withhold from Mr. Everett. The Rev. Dr. Warren himself was in Sheffield in May, but this biography is not the place for many references to that lamentable and, in some respects, almost unaccountable, course which he pursued, and which made it necessary for the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of 1835, held in Sheffield, to vote his expulsion. Good can, however, be brought out of evil. Dr. Warren's appeal against the decision of the Conference led to his total defeat, and also to the authoritative declaration of the true legal position of Wesleyan Methodism in England.

Such a movement as that here barely indicated could not fail deeply to interest a Christian man connected, as Mr. Holland was, with a Church which it was sought to rend if not to destroy.

Three sonnets were written on the 29th of May, the subjects being the day itself, as keeping Charles and Boscobel in view, Milton's song about "beauteous May", and the uses to which custom, on the morning of Royal Oak day, devotes

"Sprays dight with leaves of soft gold-tinted green."

In such themes Mr. Holland had a peculiar delight. They gratified his love of nature, of literature, of history, and of archaic subjects.

The same month is to be mentioned also as the time when Mr. Holland became co-editor of the *Mercury*, to which afterwards, for many years, he contributed articles on literary subjects. Mr. Brammall, his brother-in-law, was called during this month to London and Paris on business, and was under the necessity of seeking Mr. Holland's assistance for the political portion of the paper. This put the former editor of the *Iris* into a peculiar position; but compliance was not now attended with any great difficulty; and the relations into which the brothers came were perfectly agreeable, notwithstanding the previous antagonism and the still continued difference of their politics. Mr. Brammall was a strong Conservative, and Mr. Holland had but little sympathy with his political views; but yet the two worked most happily together from year to year. This significant fact is recorded under the conviction that it is peculiarly worthy to be known.

To the month of June belong *Stanzas Composed in a Village Churchyard*, and to July a blank verse poem, written by request, to accompany a picture of *Nazareth*, in *The Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual for 1836*. The latter piece is one of the many expressions of strong and deep Christian feeling which are found in Mr. Holland's poems.

His largest publication during this year was the octavo

volume on *The History and Description of Fossil Fuel, the Collieries, and Coal Trade of Great Britain*. The work has the merit of being faithful to the promise of its title-page. Mr. Holland had been brought into contact with the inquiries pursued in this volume, while preparing his work on *Metals*, and also at other times. The work has now been superseded by subsequent researches and publications; and an equally faithful account written at the present time, under the same title, would be, in many respects, a very different production; but this applies to many other works which have largely contributed to the progress of science. The subject of the book has great interest for the whole community of Great Britain, as well as for those numerous individuals to whom professional or commercial duty makes it familiar; and it appears to the present writer that *Fossil Fuel* will long have value as a reliable source of information about collieries and the coal trade at the period to which it belongs. Favourable notices of it appeared in *The Literary Gazette*, *The Athenaeum*, and *The Spectator*, and its circulation appears to have given satisfaction.

Another volume, previously mentioned, namely, *Cruciana*, was published towards the end of this year. The explanatory part of the title is "Illustrations of the most striking Aspects under which The Cross of Christ and Symbols derived from it have been contemplated by Piety, Superstition, Imagination, and Taste." Mr. Holland properly calls the book a cento, as it consists mainly of extracts in prose and verse from many and various authors. The origin of the compilation appears to have been in the existence of the eighteen sonnets prefixed to the eighteen chapters of which the volume consists. Those sonnets were "written at intervals, as the author happened to think or feel at the moment, without any very specific design as to the ultimate appropriation of the whole." At length the poet concluded that they would interest the general reader, if used as the mottoes for suitable engravings and connected together by apt quotations from Christian authors. A printer entered

thoroughly into this view ; and the result was a very elegant and, therefore, costly volume, containing much valuable historical, antiquarian, ecclesiastical, and literary matter, all subservient to the design set forth on the title-page. As the work was brought out in a very expensive style, and as its apparent High Churchism exposed it to some adversity, it is not marvellous if the very sanguine anticipations of its publishers were never fully realised.

Mr. Holland was neither a Papist nor a Puritan. He could have no "idolatrous reverence for the cross under any modified exhibition whatever." Nor could he altogether "despise that reverence for it which even some Protestants have retained." It was to him the "striking symbol of man's salvation." Under no circumstances could he contemplate it without peculiar recollections and emotions ; and, consistently with this fact, he held the opinion, that there would be little fervency in that man's piety who should believe himself to hold in his hand a piece of "the true cross," and yet not be moved by it to thought and devotion. These facts will sufficiently indicate the character and the design of *Cruciana*, as well as the special occasion of the opinion, expressed by one critic, that Mr. Holland must be a Papist !

A few sentences about two events of great local interest must close the record for this year. The one event was a "grand Conservative dinner at Sheffield." It was held in the Music Hall on the 12th of December, and appears to have been enthusiastic. A full report was given in the *Mercury* and reprinted in a separate form. The speeches delivered on the occasion appear to have proceeded on something like this assumption, that to hand down to posterity "our admirable Constitution uninjured and unimpaired," would be to keep things almost entirely as they were. Speeches made then on such a basis, and read to-day in the light of the legislation of the last forty years, are, indeed, very instructive. But some men prefer neither to seek nor to receive when offered the

instruction which such means afford. That wonderful thing which is called the British Constitution has proved itself capable of great, needful, and beneficial modifications; and if it were shown that true Conservatism means petrification, some men of strong political opinions would soon have to change their party designation. Mr. Holland has recorded the fact that he altogether hated politics; but he could not fail to give attention to what is here under notice; and it is worth repeating in this connection, that he was at this time occasionally entrusted with the full duty of the editorship of the *Mercury*. There was in him a most convenient elasticity as to matters which did not involve opposition to his principles.

The other of the two memorable local events of the last month of the year was of a very different kind. On the 19th of December three boxes charged with gunpowder, and addressed to three Cutlery-dealers in Sheffield, were conveyed by the Birmingham Mail from Chesterfield. The design was to destroy the property, if not the persons, of certain individuals who had made themselves obnoxious, probably to men in the same branches of trade. About this time were witnessed the early developments of a system which has, since then, assumed gigantic and alarming proportions. Sheffield is noted for Trades' Unions which have led to disputes, strikes, and outrages. Whatever may be the merits of Trades' Unions properly administered, no one can too intensely abhor the system of intimidation which they have evolved. The officials may repudiate the responsibility of illegal acts; but so long as the revelations made in Sheffield before the Parliamentary Commission and published throughout the country are at all remembered, and so long as it is acknowledged that without means of intimidation the best and most stringent rules of the Unions are good for nothing, it will be difficult for some sober-minded men to be pleased with the action of those Unions.

There was a time when "rattening" was a crying disgrace to the town of Sheffield; and it is to be regretted that the tribunal

above referred to did not form the subject of the concluding chapter in the history of local intimidation. Only bad men can have recourse to boxes charged with gunpowder, deadly canisters, and other "infernal machines," for the purpose of destroying the lives, or at least the property, of innocent as well as offending individuals; and when bad men conspire for such shocking purposes, surely good men may combine for the legal defence of their rights.

As the year 1835 was drawing near its end, Mr. Holland must have felt himself in command of much leisure, with good opportunities to employ that leisure agreeably and well. Several of his chief literary designs had recently been accomplished; and he was encouraged to seek new employment for his pen. There was one project which had been before his mind for many years, but which had been quite impracticable until the year now under review. That project was, to ramble along the banks of the Yorkshire river Don, and to write a description of the various portions of its course and especially of that in the neighbourhood of Sheffield. He thought he could trace the desire to do so to the reading of one or two books; and after revolving it in his mind, amidst other literary adventures of twenty years, he at length reached the determination that it should be put into action, and that a series of papers should appear in the pages of the *Mercury*. There the introductory article was published on the 2nd of January, 1836. The date which it bore was December the 24th; and the writer signed himself "Viator." At the end of the year fifty-three chapters had appeared, and the river had been traced from its source to its confluence with the Ouse. The papers excited considerable interest; their republication was strongly requested; and Mr. Holland, in compliance, sent out, at the beginning of 1837, two volumes forming together nearly five hundred pages, and entitled *The Tour of the Don*. The explanatory part of the title was, "A series of Extempore Sketches made during a Pedestrian Ramble along the Banks of that River, and its

principal Tributaries." For variety, descriptive power, and general interest, this work will most favourably bear comparison with all topographical books known to the present writer. It is now out of print; and he that tries to purchase a copy when it has found its way into the hands of a Sheffield bookseller, learns, and probably marvels to know, how it is valued in the neighbourhood.

The Tourist actually visited the places described. In order to render effectual his efforts to be quite correct in his descriptions of scenery and in his application of local names, he drew section maps of the course of the river, which, however, were not printed. And the tedium of occasional topographical details is hardly felt by the reader, because of the ingenious introduction of notices of eminent men and interesting events, with judiciously selected passages from the poets and occasional original verses.

It would be grateful to the biographer to linger long over *The Tour of the Don*, the first of Mr. Holland's books that he remembers to have read. It is so comprehensive and so pleasantly written, that it deserves a very prominent place among the productions of its author. But only a few quotations can here be made. The following descriptive passage occurs in the paper on "The Sources of the River":—

"There is in the outline of the moors, when enveloped with snow, a peculiar and chastened beauty, which persons are in general too much chilled to appreciate. Covered by such a mantle, almost every asperity of surface, and generally every harsh tone of colour are obscured; there appears something like a process of magical assimilation to have taken place; and 'the mind in the eye' glides, as it were, over the glistening whiteness with a facility and a velocity far surpassing the powers of the most skilful sleigher that ever drove over its surface with dogs or deer. It is true, the scene presently becomes monotonous; but still it *is* beautiful. And, then, when the fall has been gentle, and the quantity not too great,

how surprisingly distinct does it often render the more prominent features of a landscape! Trees, fences, buildings, and almost every other conspicuous object, appearing of uniform dark colour, give to the snow-covered expanse some of the effect of an uncoloured engraving, or delicate pencil sketch of the scene presented; and so distinct are sometimes these inimitable pieces of Nature's delineation, that places are clearly descried under the influence of a chilly blue winter's sky, that had been unnoticed amid the splendours of summer."

The passage next subjoined shows Mr. Holland's wisdom in carefully observing things at hand when his attention could not be given to distant objects. It also gives an additional revelation of his social sympathies:—

"The writer of this notice walked from Midhope to Penistone on the morning of the 7th of December, 1835, which was remarkable for the densest fog which had occurred during the season. Never, surely, did any one before go out on such a day in search of the picturesque! As I traversed the three-mile-long lane, encaged, as it were, in a moving lantern of chilly light, it was some amusement to notice the appearance of the various lichens which encrusted the walls, and which appeared to derive distinctness of outline and depth of tint from the peculiar atmosphere in which those minute vegetables and their admirer were enveloped. It would just have been the morning and the occasion to engender in some minds peevishness and melancholy; but why should it have such an effect?

'In nature there is nothing melancholy.'

Onward I wended, until in due time the tower of Penistone Church made its appearance, looming through the mist like a gigantic apparition. I love to come upon a rural church under any conditions of atmosphere. Dull as the morning undoubtedly was, I was struck on approaching the churchyard to perceive that all was not dullness even there, a cheerful gaily-dressed wedding party of six or eight persons just issuing from the porch, scattering as they passed along a quantity of half-

pence among a lot of merry children whom the twelve o'clock bell had most seasonably liberated from school in time to obtain the bridal largess. Well, thought I, after smiling what I had not the courage to speak,

'May happiness be yours, ye wedded pair'.

The misty obscurity of this day is strikingly significant of the unseen future of matrimonial experience. I know of a certainty that this mist will be dissipated; that the sun will again shine and display those features of the landscape which at present are looked for in vain. Equally confident, no doubt, are these sanguine young people, although perhaps they do not see far beyond the present hour, that if gloom sometimes obscure their Providential path, the sunshine of life will again break out, and the scenery of domestic joy display itself in renewed beauty."

The biographer has heard Mr. Holland tell with great interest, how, at a subsequent period, the accuracy of the foregoing account had to be tested by reference to the Parish register.

The entertaining Tourist lingered long in Sheffield and its vicinity, devoting thereto more than a dozen successive chapters, which appeared in the newspaper during the summer quarter when the reader might, with the greatest pleasure, go out to test the descriptions for himself. Lively topographical essays were interspersed with appreciative, honest, and courteous notices of the principal literary men of Sheffield, and of some other persons known to fame.

For example, Botany received a eulogium in connection with the name of Mr. Jonathan Salt; and Ornithology, the famous works of Audubon, and a memorable interview which Mr. Holland had in Sheffield with that justly celebrated naturalist, had such mention as became a Tourist who was an admiring and successful student of birds and their habits. That interview would be at the house of Mr. Heppenstall, a member of the Society of Friends, who "had his house full of ornithological specimens." The Tourist says:—"I shall not soon

forget the evening I spent with John James Audubon and Lucy, his wife. He was one of the few men that a lover of natural history, or a lover of mere adventure either, would have gone a great way only to have seen. Truly a fine figure he is, with the eye of an eagle, the limbs of an antelope, and the simplicity of a real child of the forest; yet there was a quiet dignity in his demeanour, and a placid energy in his conversation, which impressed me with the idea of being in the presence of a man whose spirit was with future times, in the assurance that the moderate award of his contemporaries would not be the full measure of his renown."

The sketch of Montgomery proved that love of the country can live and be powerful in a man, and poesy can raise his nature to her great elevation, amid "filthy backyards, black brick walls, shelving roofs, and a grotesque array of red chimney-pots," with a "cluster of substantial obstacles to the common daylight"; and, perhaps, the same sketch brought to some readers their first knowledge of Montgomery's removal from "The Hartshead," the place just described, to "The Mount," a place of residence which most people would deem fit for a poet.

The chapter devoted to Samuel Bailey, a man whose name and works are well known to political and philosophical students, contains some severe but just criticism. Mr. Holland had no sympathy whatever with those religious and political opinions for which Mr. Bailey was distinguished. He paid a just and generous tribute to the philosopher's great ability; but he commended the electors of Sheffield for persistently refusing to send that philosopher to Parliament. Mr. Holland was not a bigot; but he was a staunch orthodox believer; and while he was extremely liberal in matters of mere opinion, he could not bear what he regarded as repudiating the authority of the Word of God.

Ebenezer Elliott, the "Corn-law Rhymer," has frequent mention in *The Tour*; and the chapter dated August 13th is

devoted to him and his poetry. The opening sentence is this:— “The most extraordinary man whom any tourist on the banks of the Don can turn aside to see, is undoubtedly the individual whose name stands at the head of this sketch.” Then, “in a spirit of the highest admiration of Mr. Elliott’s genius,” the Tourist fearlessly points out the peculiar blemishes of his published poems, showing that the lustre of Elliott’s great ability shone through much of abuse and execration, but that his wit was quick, his sarcasm keen as a Sheffield blade, and his desire to serve a good cause strong, sincere, and constant. Some of the blemishes of his works are shown to be egregious; but of a passage quoted in *The Tour*, Mr. Holland says, that “to a local reader of any feeling, it seems as if poetry, piety, and painting had commingled their choicest influences in its production.” In a notice, not in *The Tour*, of the collected poetical works of his justly celebrated fellow-townsmen, Mr. Holland says, that there are among them passages which no living poet could surpass, together with that which none but the lowest-minded of political economists could admire, and which showed a wilful prostitution of a fine genius to a worse than useless end. Sheffield has honoured itself in erecting an abiding memorial of so remarkable a genius as Ebenezer Elliott; but his poems owe so much of their special flavour to a contemporary but transient grievance, and contain so much of the evil element described above, that in a few generations they will probably be very seldom named among the people of his native district; though Southey expressed the opinion that some collector will eventually receive the grateful acknowledgments of his countrymen for bringing into notice poems unworthily neglected in the age of their production; and certainly Elliott’s “name can never be erased from the Bard-roll of Britain.” He has been truly characterised as a most fierce, fervid, and eloquent man of genius that entered the temple of poetical fame through the “iron gate” of politics.

The following passage speaks the truth about a gentleman whose memory is still fragrant in Sheffield, and whose successor

is believed to have deserved and secured like influence and respect. It also contains a description of a state of ecclesiastical affairs, the long continuance of which the right-minded readers of *The Tour* must have ardently desired. Speaking of the Established Church in Sheffield, Mr. Holland says:—

“To a race of preachers, of whom the praise was more frequently couched in social or political than religious epithets, and in whom the gentlemanly may be said to have too generally predominated over the Christian characteristics, has happily succeeded a body of clergy no less zealous in duty than sound in doctrine, no less unwearied in pastoral attentions than irreproachable in private life, no less gentle in demeanour than firm in discipline. Of the Sheffield clergy it may be truly affirmed, that whatever others may do, *they* preach the gospel; that whatever others may be, *they* are benevolent; that whatever others may do, *they* do not seek to interrupt the usefulness of their fellow Christians of other denominations; that, whoever is ready for every good work, local or national, *they* are ready; that, whoever else may do it, *they* make every thing beside subservient to the Christian character. Such is the popular estimate of the Sheffield clergy as a body. May I be permitted to speak of the vicar in particular? To the Rev. Thomas Sutton, this parish owes, under God, a weight of obligation which assuredly it never lay under in respect to any other clerical person. The name of this good man ought ever to be associated with prayers, that blessings may descend upon him for the manner in which he has administered and does administer the important trust devolved upon him, in caring and providing for the churches. An anonymous and disinterested writer may perhaps be allowed, without offence, thus to express himself.”

In an article headed “Preaching in the Hamlets,” the Tourist has much to say about Methodist Local Preachers. He calls Local Preachers an extraordinary class of men, which the energetic genius of Methodism has a direct tendency to

develop. He describes "a working man" who, scarcely distinguishable from his fellow "smithy-men" on six days of the week, is found on the Sunday, "according to plan" in the pulpit of a village chapel. The service which he conducts is depicted in true colours; the characteristics of a Methodist village congregation are indicated; and then comes the following passage:—"Could you hear the members of the religious society, who sit mingled with the general congregation as worshippers in that little rustic chapel, relate by what processes they have been, as the cases may be, transformed from neglecters of the Sabbath to its stated observers, from men of profanity to men of prayer, from bad husbands to lovers of their wives and children, from drunkards to sober persons, from individuals who scarcely knew the alphabet to those who can read the word of God,—in short, from bad men to good men, by whatsoever criterion tried.—could you hear the villagers, in their simple way, thus tell their *experience*, you, gentle reader, would surely rejoice in the blessed effects which have resulted from the preaching of the gospel in the hamlets on the banks of the Don."

This witness is true; but the Tourist knew too much to give all the credit of the witness to the Methodists. The reader is reminded that the Independents also have their village chapels; and the significant question is asked, why the Established Church should not at once recognise and encourage such extra-clerical agencies as might arise among her own adherents. A generation has gone since the Tourist asked that question; the venerable Established Church has freely "discussed the question" of lay agency, while various Nonconformist Bodies have had it in full and effective operation; and the Church of England has become able at last "to make a good beginning" in the direction here indicated. Several "lay preachers" licensed by the Archbishop of York are now at work in Sheffield itself.

The late Mr. Samuel Roberts, of Park Grange, was

the subject of the article for August 27th. It gave an account of some of his numerous literary achievements, awarded him a good share of well-deserved praise for the manifold good work which it had been his happiness to do, and showed that the Tourist was, by no means, in agreement with him as to some questions of historical importance, although his personal character and his literary ability were regarded with great admiration. The two authors were attached friends. It seems very probable that before this time they had talked to each other about the authorship of the Tourist's articles in the *Mercury*. It was a real pleasure to Mr. Holland to preserve an editorial secret; and his allusions lead to the impression that he had in that respect a special gratification in this instance. The concealment appears to have been so complete as greatly to puzzle all the literary men of the neighbourhood. Mr. Roberts entered with interest into the speculation; and the biographer has heard Mr. Holland tell the following story as illustrative of his success in an effort to conceal his authorship. During the day on which the article on Mr. Roberts appeared, the Tourist and the subject of his sketch met in the street. "Holland," said Mr. Roberts, brandishing his stick over his head, "now I know who is the author of those papers; for no one but yourself could have given the particulars published this morning about me." A fortnight later the Tourist sketched Mr. Holland himself in such a manner that Mr. Roberts lost all confidence in his former conclusion. Soon the two friends met again, when Mr. Roberts said, "Holland, I must have been in error after all; for you cannot have written what has now been said about yourself." Mr. Roberts always addressed Mr. Holland in the familiar style here exemplified.—It must be added that the introduction of Miss Mary Roberts's name into the account of *The Royal Exile*, led to a correspondence with that gifted and accomplished young lady, on what she regarded as a disagreeable subject.

From the Tourist's sketch of himself and his career

several things have already been transferred to this volume, which need not be particularly referred to again. The additional sentences here subjoined are characteristic and very significant:—"Our poet, I am sorry to say, remains unmarried—why and wherefore, he best knows; but however unable or unwilling to satisfy others on so important a point, it must be presumed that he is fully persuaded in his own mind, that his case forms an exception to the general bearing of his poetical precepts on this subject." Additional meaning may be found in this passage when it is considered that one of his most respected friends had lately been advising him to marry.—"It remains to be added that, for some years past, Mr. Holland has had an official connection with the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society; and there he is to be seen, duly and truly, either conversing with some visitor or member of the Institution in the Museum, or seated at his desk in the Council-room, cogitating, it may be presumed, some subject in prose or verse, yea, in the opinion of certain sagacious persons, writing these very papers! I hope neither he nor any other person to whom they may be imputed will think it necessary to deny the authorship."

The Tourist significantly made himself the subject of his last Sheffield article; and the next following week found him at Attercliffe, whence by weekly rambles he proceeded until he found the Don no more, but stood beside the Ouse. Then his long cherished project was accomplished. Reviewing the process, he wrote that his own name had been withheld out of regard for considerations of obvious propriety, and that the names of others had been introduced, and opinions about them had been honestly expressed, without any unkind personal feeling. And he was happily able to add:—"I do not entertain any such feeling towards any individual living; nor do I believe that I am the subject of any such feeling on the part of others."

It remains to be stated that *The Tour of the Don* contains a number of original poems and anecdotes, that there is in it

much useful information, and that the author appears in it as a very decided Christian, vigorously defending the theory of an Established Church, and yet writing of Nonconformists and their good works in a spirit of great admiration and strong sympathy. The biographer puts the book aside with reluctance and regret, because he feels that it contains most interesting things to which not so much as a reference can be given in the present volume, through want of space.

The Tour of the Don was not all that Mr. Holland published during the year 1836. His connection with the *Mercury* was becoming important, as he often had to supply Mr. Brammall's inevitable lack of service; and his assistance was sought for more than one literary enterprise which required such special knowledge as he possessed. He composed the prospectus of *The Floricultural Magazine and Miscellany of Gardening*, the first number of which was published on the 1st of June; and it is very improbable that he was not among the largest and most welcome contributors on whom its editor had to depend. That editor was Mr. Robert Marnock, Curator of the Sheffield Botanical Gardens.

The help of our versatile author was sought also for a publication entitled *Florigraphia Britannica*, which was printed in Sheffield by Mr. Ridge, and the joint editors of which were Dr. Deakin and Mr. Marnock. Dr. Deakin was a native of Sheffield or the neighbourhood. For the benefit of his health he resided abroad for several years, practising as a physician; and there have been preserved letters of his, in one of which, written at Pisa, he applies to Mr. Holland for such editorial aid as his foreign residence caused him to need. It is a distinct and valuable testimony for Mr. Holland's attainments in Botany, that he was able to render the needful assistance in the publication of a work, in a notice of which the *Mark Lane Express* said:—"The science of Botany has recently made rapid strides, and by the aid of the work now before us, we contemplate a rapid advance in this most interesting pursuit." It should be added that Mr.

Holland had much pleasure in rendering literary assistance to his friends.

During the course of this year, busy as he seems to have been, Mr. Holland had, he says, "an interval of leisure." This, "concurring with a repetition of the kind solicitation of friends," led him to send forth a second edition of *The Hopes of Matrimony*, with reprints of other poems, many of which have been referred to in the present volume. The preface was written in September. Reviewing this publication *The Gentleman's Magazine* expressed the following opinions:—"Mr. Holland has formed himself on the style of Campbell; and the expression, cadence, and tone of *The Pleasures of Hope* are traceable in his poems. He has chosen a good exemplar; and his own poem, *The Hopes of Matrimony*, is very creditable to him." The present writer has not met with any evidence that Mr. Holland made Campbell his model. Indeed, it is far more likely that his first model was Bloomfield; and it is certain that one of his works was intended to resemble in style and structure one of Montgomery's least successful poems; but it seems that he did best when he took no one for a model.

The year 1836 was marked in Sheffield by many events of great local interest. There was some excitement about ecclesiastical affairs; which may account for the vigorous way in which the *Tourist* of the *Don* wrote concerning the Dissenters and the clergy of the Church of England. There was a strike in the File Trade, which ended before the *Tourist* wrote the following words about "Co-operative Societies":—"They are arrangements by which individual consumers are associated in trading companies; in other words, arrangements by which the combined selfishness of five hundred individuals is, by the mere magic of words, to be transformed into the purest personal disinterestedness. It may consist with the notions of people of a certain sentiment to seek to institute this exclusive dealing, while talking about free trade; but Providence or human infirmity seems to have interposed a bar to its success." One

reader may think these statements true to facts. Another may declare them to be misrepresentations. The biographer leaves them as he finds them, holding the opinion that such things require time that may find their level.—The politicians of the town were now very busy. This was particularly the case with the supporters of Mr. Buckingham, who, however, was not long to retain his seat in the House of Commons. The other member “took office,” and was re-elected amidst an amount of mock opposition; but his new position did not give anything like universal satisfaction to his constituents. A strong Conservative, writing to Mr. Holland, complained that Sheffield had been made a bridge on the way to fortune, and that the re-elected “representative” would “support, not his constituents, but his masters.” Yet amidst all the turmoil that was about him, Mr. Holland, it appears, stood clear of politics and their excitements, finding his innocent delights in “the tour of the Don,” and also amusing himself and informing others by occasional letters in the newspaper about things of various kinds.

This “sensitive Rambler on the banks of the Don,” as he calls himself, had now had “twenty years of not unsuccessful authorship.” He had written on many very various themes; and he had had on the whole more than an average amount of success. Poetry, with which his literary publicity began, had now for some years been in abeyance “awaiting its turn,” while by the advice of his friends, and under the influence of pressing circumstances, he had been devoting himself to scientific research and to the composition of works decidedly unpoetical. His first love, however, was sure to reassert itself; and it will be found that the metrical compositions which flowed from his pen, after this period, were very many, and had great variety.

CHAPTER XII.

1837—1839.

“ They tell me that, not as in pride of youth
Love I sweet PŒSY ; as if the joy
Of ripened feeling could grow stale, or cloy ;
Or time outwear the relish of ripe truth.
It is not so: the tones and tales of ruth
Touch all life’s inner harmonies, and still
Endear the concert between chance and will,
Whate’er the world’s harsh claims ; and I, in sooth,
Own now, as ever, little, the strong spells
Of wealth, and strife, and pride, and place, and power,
To which tired man, through being’s fretful hour,
Yields body, spirit, soul. True, one who dwells
With duty must yield service. With a sigh,
I grant things change about me, but not I.”

J.H.

The republication of *The Tour of the Don* probably occupied most of Mr. Holland’s leisure during the first months of the year 1837 ; and the new productions of the year did not begin to show themselves for some time. There was, however, in January an important exception in the form of a letter to the *Mercury* on the subject of a boon which had recently been conferred on the town by the New Bath Company. Such things, appearing at intervals, gave expression to the desire which Mr. Holland had to see the welfare of his fellow-townsmen promoted to the greatest possible extent.

During this year were written at least half-a-dozen poems. Under date of March 6th, are found *Lines on Receiving from a Friend a Print of West’s Picture of Penn’s Treaty with the Indians, framed in Wood of the Tree under which the Transaction took place.* In

this poem peace is called the "angel-guard of Friends", and the reader is reminded of Mr. Holland's peace principles and of his admiration of the Quakers. The picture always hung in his study.

In April Montgomery was in London, delivering lectures on the British Poets. In one of his letters to Mr. Holland he wrote the following interesting passage:—"I have heard three of Professor Faraday's Lectures; of him and of them I can only say that I never felt equal pleasure, nor *might* have derived more profit from scientific discourses, than on those occasions. His delivery is as clear, as fluent, and as unremitting as the rippling of a stream—never defective, never overflowing, but seen in its beauty, heard in its music, and felt in its coolness, amidst the fields which it fertilises, and under the sunshine and foliage which alternately play at hide and seek, as it were, upon its surface. I have been obliged to give my opinion in 'prose run mad' on this difficult subject, because sober prose would occupy ten times as much space to express, in common-sense language, the character of his manner and his matter. His thoughts seem to speak their own words and not his. That is, they seem to be uttered in the very terms in which they occur to himself in the process of thinking them; for don't we think our thoughts in words?" It was fortunate for Mr. Holland's purpose of writing Montgomery's Life that he received from him so many free and friendly communications in the shape of letters.

The month of May had now arrived, and Mr. Holland would have been glad to be in London with Montgomery and another of his most intimate friends. For some reason, though invited and even urged to go to town, he remained at home. But his "mind" was with his friends in Exeter Hall; and the result was a poem of fourteen stanzas on *The May Meetings in London*. The piece is full of love for the country, of admiration for Christian zeal, and of sympathy with those who, in spite of "the cynic sneer," show that to them,

“One month in Britain’s year
Is now Religion’s own.”

Such unhesitating professions of Christianity reveal the man.

In June he produced another similar poem about *The Grass Fields*. Here we see that this lover of nature, who was a botanist, was an early riser, and believed that “health’s full goblet” is to be found in “nature as seen in woods and fields,” while the rays of the rising sun are glistening

“In million dew drops on the green.”

The conscientious life-long practice of the advice which he here gave to the “toil-worn man of care,” was one of the chief means by which Mr. Holland kept himself in good health and great vigour of both body and mind.

Soon his attention was turned to other and very different themes. King William IV. died on the 20th of June. On the following day, while muffled bells pealed to tell the people of a loss which all loyal hearts would feel, our poet wrote a sonnet, *The King is Dead!* The familiar sentiment of Horace,

“Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres,”

would seem to have been in his mind at this time; for the point of his sonnet is, that when a crowned head is struck down by death, and a palace echoes sounds of woe, “the last enemy” puts on his “severer frown,” because that humiliation which levels all then brings down the highest. On occasions like this, he strongly sympathised with persons in high places, and his loyalty struggled for expression.

Another still more exciting occasion had to follow; and when it came our poet did his part nobly and well. The Proclamation of Queen Victoria took place on the 27th of June. The work of the herald was not all that Sheffield did that day. There was a grand procession through the streets amidst the most demonstrative signs of loyalty, love, and joy; and there was a collation at the Cutlers’ Hall. The poet’s sensitive soul was excited in no ordinary degree. He seemed to hear the

name "Victoria" in the music of merry bells, in the swell of brazen trumpets, in the soft tones of mellow flutes, and in the measured sounds of double drums. Then it was drowned in the huzzas raised by ten thousand voices, which seemed to cry

" Hail, England's youthful Queen !
Hail to thy throne as Brunswick's royal heir !"

And the poet went apart, and poured out the tumultuous joy of his soul in a very irregular ode, which stands, in some respects, among the first of his fugitive productions. A few lines of this poem will be welcome :—

" Triumphant Peace supremely reigns
Where'er thy sceptre's gracious sway obtains :
But, more than all that forms a sovereign's pride
In old dominion rich, and blest, and wide,
Yea, more than Peace, though worth, to all that live,
The highest price that Justice e'er can give,
Is Freedom such as now beyond control,
By birthright, charters every British soul.
Hail, then, blest Sovereign ! 'tis thy signal grace
To be the first of thine illustrious race
Whose royal title, wheresoe'er it run,
Wide as the glorious circuit of the sun,
Shall reach no ear but his whose heart to thee
Grateful responds the loyal owner free !
Victoria ! 'tis thy most distinguished claim,
That not one subject slave shall e'er pronounce thy name.
Then welcome to thy throne,
Heiress of highest fame !
May Brunswick's Star, which ever brightly shone,
Shine brightest in thy name."

After this for some months there was in Sheffield much political turmoil, in relation to which Mr. Holland stood in a peculiar position. The man whom he had had the credit of sending to the House of Commons was about to retire from Parliamentary life ; and some one must be elected in his place. Would Montgomery like to enter the House of Commons ? This question had been asked in 1832 ; and his not being brought forward was probably due entirely to the fact, that his sympathies did not go sufficiently with either of

the two parties. The same question now recurred. Some of those who felt they had to lead public action sought Mr. Holland's opinion on the matter. By a not improper expression of his own personal convictions, based on special knowledge, he could have ended the budding desire to bring forward "the Christian poet" as a candidate; but he preferred to lay the matter before his friend in an unofficial and confidential way, that he might bring a decisive answer to those who had sent him; and there took place between the two poets a conversation on the subject, of which a report is given in the *Memoirs of Montgomery*. That gentleman neither felt it his duty nor had any desire to seek the station to which some wished to "raise" him. They must therefore look elsewhere in preparation for the election, the time of which was drawing near.

"He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." Where is the truth of that ancient maxim more clearly or more fully proved than in the experience of a conscientious man who gets behind the scenes in political agitation? No personal charge of bribery or other "corruption" is here to be preferred; but certain letters and other contemporary documents examined in the preparation of this biography would, if published, cause sorrow rather than joy over the political events of the period under notice. It is true, men are to be "directed" or "managed"; but they should be managed wisely; and can that be truly wise which is not strictly moral? "Righteousness exalteth a nation."

On the 19th of July, Mr. Buckingham delivered his farewell address to the electors. The reasons for his resignation claim no place in this volume; but it must be stated, because of Mr. Holland's relations to him, that he commanded much sympathy among his old constituents. After the election his friends subscribed the sum of £3,414 and purchased him an annuity. He gave himself to travel and to literature, published several volumes of interesting matter, and took an important part in the establishing of two literary journals which still flourish.

Some time before this, death had removed Mr. Thomas Sanderson, a member of the firm with which Mr. Holland's brother-in-law was connected. Mr. Brammall greatly mourned his loss, having held him in much esteem. That esteem found both expression and a memorial in the names given to a son born to Mr. Brammall on the 21st of August this year; and Mr. Holland soon found himself taking a peculiar interest in Thomas Sanderson Brammall, who grew up an intelligent and godly youth. It became Mr. Holland's anxious desire that he should receive the best possible education, and that he might be called to "Holy Orders." But God's thoughts are not as men's thoughts; and the uncle's designs in regard to his gifted and amiable nephew came to a painful end.

No book or poem appears to have been printed by Mr. Holland during the latter half of the year 1837. What was he doing? The answer remains in the form of an unfinished work on which much of the leisure of this period must have been spent. It is *The Poor: a Poem in Four Books*. Two of the books or parts appear to have been finished; the third wants some lines; and the fourth is found only in separate portions written on such scraps of paper as happened to be at hand. It is to be regretted that the work cannot now be completed; for in its composition the author's best power appear to have been exercised. The reason why it was never finished has not been ascertained; and there is full proof that it was intended for the public eye. If it had been published in those days of eager polemics, and much noticed, it would have caused disappointment to such persons as reprobated "the new poor-law"; and even to those partizans who held opposite views it would have been, in all probability, unwelcome, because of the moderation of its tone. In fact it had no connection whatever with the conflicting opinions of the day concerning the matter just named.

This poem appears to have been long contemplated by the author; and it is likely, that having, perhaps literally, obeyed the Horatian precept,

" Nonumque prematur in annum,
Membris intus positus,"

he at last became so much dissatisfied with his work, that, for once, his courage failed, and the purpose was abandoned, even before he had finished the transcription for the press.

In the preface occurs the following passage:—"The author may as well confess that he entertains some rather old-fashioned notions concerning religion, the rights and duties of the poor, the pre-eminence of the social condition in England, and the mischiefs of the ordinary popular disaffection to the existing form of government, traces of which notions may probably be apparent to the reader of this poem. To some similar predilection for the works of our standard poets of the last century, may be attributed the composition of the ensuing pages in the common ten-syllable couplet. Hence the reader will expect no waltzing in the versification, no throwing of sentimental somersaults, nor, what is less harmless, the throwing of firebrands of sedition or irreligion. And should this be set down rather to want of ability than absence of disposition to emulate some modern performers of deservedly high rank in these lines, the author is still satisfied. His ambition has been to produce an English poem which the well-disposed Poor may read with ease, satisfaction, and benefit, because it points out, in their social relation, those undeniable sources of security and advantage which are too often overlooked; and one which the Rich may also peruse with propriety and pleasure, because it recognises, in the legitimate possessor of wealth, only another form of influence for good and of responsibility to God and to society. If this object has not been in some degree attained, the poem has been composed in vain; while, should the author have gained this end, in any considerable degree, the knowledge of such a fact alone would be received and prized as his 'ex-ing great reward'."

Mr. Holland was an observer of the times. He saw at work in English society, and particularly in the relations of the

rich and the poor, the employers and the employed, an indisputably dangerous element, which he would have rejoiced to control in some degree by means of his projected poem. He had deep convictions as to the distinctive wants of the different classes of English society, and as to the conditions on which their mutual prosperity was to be made permanent. And he sanguinely, for a time, entertained the hope, that through the medium of verse he could accomplish his part of the service clearly demanded of all that loved their country and mankind. But events thickened about him in the land; he was surprised by mournful social developments; and he withheld what had been intended as, at least, a small contribution towards the needful direction of the public mind. The following lines conclude the first book of *The Poor*:—

“ Hence, as the Poor, the million-number'd mass,
Sustain the weight of every other class,
Sustain, yet mingle their own rights and claims
With those of high-soul'd men of noblest names,
Still sending forth, in mind's eternal race
Competitors for wealth, power, honour, place,
And still receiving back from each estate
The orphan heirs of names no longer great,
How much on them of weal or woe depends:
How deep with theirs a Nation's blessing blends!
Her strength, their virtue: her just pride, their skill;
Her peace, their happiness; her strength, their will!
Their influence all may use; but none may bind
The vast momentum of the common mind.”

The very severe weather prevalent in January, 1838, has two beautiful memorials among Mr. Holland's poems. The first is *Lines, on Seeing drawn upon the Snow in large Characters, near a public Pathway, the Words, LOVE GOD*. It seemed to him most fitting that the unruffled snow should bear such words; and he instantly turned them into a prayer for an increased knowledge of the love of God. The other was a piece under the title of *The Hoar Frost*. On the last morning of the month, the frost, which had already caused much mournful distress in the neighbourhood, was most unusually severe. The poet,

expecting something like a new view of nature, hastened to an adjacent wood, where he was amply repaid for his trouble. His feeling was, that,

“ Nor leaves, nor flowers, nor fruits could be,
Whate'er their hue or mould,
Compared with that rich filigree
Of woven mist and cold.”

He has carefully recorded that during that eight weeks' "snow-storm" the sufferings of the poor people of Sheffield were alleviated by the judicious distribution of a special local bounty which amounted to more than three thousands pounds.

This is the proper place for the memorandum, that Mr. Holland has left a collection of paragraphs cut from the *Mercury*, where he published them between the years 1838 and 1850. They show, he says, "the interest which he took in the natural phenomena of the English year, in connection with the seasonal aspects of the weather and their characteristic or casual influence on the Flora or Fauna of the country, as well as in their relation to local meteorological changes." Taken together they form a curious collection; but as they are, with some exceptions, undated, little use has been made of them for the present volume. They are mentioned here because they probably began to be written about the time of the severe frost of 1838, and also because they supply a distinct illustration of the great variety of their author's occupations of mind and of pen.

The month of March saw Mr. Holland doing another characteristic and highly commendable thing. It has already been shown how he thought of the virtues and the influence of the most worthy Vicar of Sheffield. He now called public attention to a definitive proposal for honouring both Dr. Sutton and the parish. The proposal was, that steps should at once be taken to secure a full-length portrait of the Vicar, that the cost should be defrayed by a public subscription, and that the portrait should be placed in the Cutlers' Hall, as a memorial to posterity of one whom Sheffield had abundant reason to

honour and to love for his very great personal worth, and for his unprecedented ecclesiastical services to the town. The writer believed that he "made out a very strong case," proving that the Rev. Thomas Sutton was the *best Vicar*, in the *best sense* of the words, that Sheffield had ever known. The first letter was soon followed by a second; and the proposal yielded the result desired. For after a time, a meeting was held in the Cutlers' Hall, and the very thing which Mr. Holland had anonymously asked his townspeople to do was done. In this, though all the readers of the *Mercury* might not see it, Mr. Holland was bearing testimony for Christ. Why was it proposed so specially to honour Dr. Sutton? Because he had lived, personally, in conformity to that standard which Christianity furnishes, and "to which the Church of England expects her Ministers to attain"; and because he had, officially, placed in the churches under his jurisdiction such Ministers as had set Sheffield in the first rank of towns blessed with godly and efficient pastors. The same arguments are equally applicable to Dr. Sutton's successor, the late Dr. Thomas Sale, whose memory will long be cherished by his parishioners with feelings of lively gratitude to God that he was ever sent to the town. He died a few months after Mr. Holland, with whom he was very familiar.

May again found Mr. Holland rejoicing and full of song. Near its beginning he wrote *To the Dandelion*, in which he gives that flower its due, though he feared that as the flower is despised and neglected, the song would be forgotten. Near the end of the month, after reading Strutt's *Sylva Britannica*, he composed *Dilicia Sylvarum*, a blank verse poem of nearly two hundred lines. It commemorates the famous historical oaks of the country.

On the 28th of June, Queen Victoria was crowned at Westminster. There was, probably, that day, in England, such an expression of national joy as the land had not seen for a hundred years. Sheffield gave itself to uncommon demonstra-

tions of delight. There were processions, illuminations, feasts, and meetings of various kinds ; and the day is still remembered for the good feeling which its festivities fostered and diffused among people of all classes, of all creeds, and in all conditions of life. The national hope appears to have been,

“Magnus ab integro sæculorum nascitur ordo.”

Some expectations then cherished have not yet been fulfilled ; but the Queen of England has shown herself worthy of all the honour and obedience then promised and since paid “to the dearest authority under Heaven.”

During the same month Mr. Holland took a trip to London and Woolwich. What design occasioned that journey the biographer has not ascertained. There must have been in hand something of importance ; and this reflection suggests that special pre-occupation of mind may have been the reason why Mr. Holland did not produce and publish a *Coronation Ode*, which would have been a fitting complement to his *Proclamation Lines*.

If he did not write any original poem during the three months of this summer, he was aiding a young aspirant to poetic fame, contributing to a Magazine, and recording matters that were to have place in the *Memoirs of Montgomery*, besides all that he had to do for the *Mercury*. But probably the four sonnets entitled *The Church in the Park* were written about this time. They were composed at the request of the Rev. E. G. Kelly, the incumbent of the Church of St. John the Evangelist in Sheffield Park, “and sold at a Bazaar held in aid of the Churchwardens’ Fund.” The church was consecrated on the 26th of July. It was specially interesting to Mr. Holland, as being the only church in that large and populous suburb of Sheffield which lay nearest to his own home ; and of the four poems, which will be found in *Diurnal Sonnets*, it may be said, as Montgomery said of Wordsworth’s poems, that “they have a meaning.” One part of their meaning is, that their author rejoiced, when “holy

zeal" led people to provide for the spiritual wants of their fellow-men.

In September he spent some time at Staveley with his now aged mother. The reader may recollect that that village was the scene of a long poem which Mr. Holland published in *The Imperial Magazine* many years before this time. After an absence of sixteen years he now repaired once more to the place so intimately associated in his mind with some of the chief pleasures of his youth, and so closely connected with his literary history, and with all the early life of his parents. Shortly after his return to Sheffield Park he published an essay, in verse, under the title of *Staveley Revisited*. It is an easy chronicle of observations, reflections, and prayers, mingled with early memories of those whom he had known, who had done him kindness in former years, but who were no longer found on earth. The visit had special interest for Mr. Holland, because it was the last that his mother paid to Staveley.

To October belong *Verses written after Hearing the Address of Asaad Yacoob Kayat, a Native of Syria, in Behalf of his Countrymen*. This poem is to be noticed chiefly as a token of its author's strong sympathy with evangelistic effort.

In November Sheffield had to mourn the loss of one of its most prominent benefactors. This was Dr. William Younge, a physician whose name must long have honourable association with his native town. He was the person to whom was due the first step towards the establishment of one of the noblest and most useful of the local Charities, the General Infirmary; and he conferred on the town and neighbourhood such benefits, in a professional way, that about two years before his death, he was invited to a public dinner held in his honour in the Cutlers' Hall, and presided over by Lord Wharnccliffe. About the same time his portrait, painted at the request of his friends and townsmen, and paid for by a general subscription, was placed on the walls of the Cutlers' Hall, where it still reminds some of the old inhabitants of one who did good to men in no common

degree. A few days after his death Mr. Holland published in the newspaper an appreciative memoir of his beneficent life.

The beginning of the year 1839 was enveloped in gloom to Mr. Holland and a large circle of his friends, by the death of Mrs. Samuel Roberts, Junior, "the loveliest inhabitant" of Queen's Tower. On the Friday a child was born where, as Montgomery said, a child would, if it could, have chosen to be born, "in the prospect of what this world can afford, with the promise of the next"; and on the Monday following, "that child was motherless, and that palace was desolate." Mrs. Roberts was a most excellent woman, and her loss was deeply deplored. An early death took off her only child; and that event called forth one of Mr. Holland's most touching poems.

During the spring Mr. Holland lost another friend in a very different way. This was Mr. Langley, of the Brampton Academy, who has already been mentioned in connection with Saxon literature. In a letter to Mr. Holland on the 6th of March, he wrote ominously:—"In the last note which I had from — he mentioned that he had had a letter from a gentleman of Sheffield of the name of Holland, adding, 'Do you know him'? Of course I was under the necessity of confessing that I did, and as I gave as favourable a report of him as I could, you will probably hear from him very shortly, if you have not already heard. He stated that he should soon be enabled to give you the information which you required on 'Saxon matters'. What scheme is now in embryo, that you thus penetrate into the very depths of such remote antiquity?"

On the 4th of the next month the poor man was committed to York Castle for trial on two charges of forgery. This case cost Mr. Holland some trouble of various kinds. He was brought into communication with well-disposed persons who, though some of them had suffered through Mr. Langley's delinquency, were very desirous to help him; and he also led off an organised effort to make such provision for Mrs. Langley as her circumstances needed. The latter of the two movements

appears to have been in a degree successful ; but the former proved quite ineffectual to save the unfortunate man from the penalty of the law. The case is here briefly stated in illustration of the faithfulness of Mr. Holland's friendship and the readiness which he ever felt, according to his power, to do good to the needy.

Another event, or series of events, which occurred in Sheffield this spring, and which caused considerable excitement, must be mentioned in this literary biography. It relates to the "Corn Law Rhymers", who, it was felt, deserved a place in the Literary and Philosophical Society. He was proposed for admission to membership, and rejected. Then the indignation of many was aroused. Was not Mr. Elliott a "literary" man of an unusual and, in a sense, high, order? Had he not also served his fellow-men by the strenuous and *telling* advocacy of a cause to which human welfare demanded attention? And was he to be black-balled in this manner because he was responsible for literary failings and perhaps hardly responsible for certain other flaws of which some persons made more than enough? What were the Literary and Philosophical Society that they should thus discredit and dishonour a man of undoubted ability who was much better than his poetry sometimes made him seem? The thing was not to be borne ; and the weight of office was added to public opinion in order that "justice" might be done. On the 28th of March the Master Cutler was authorised to attend the next meeting of the Society, and to give the vote of the Company for Elliott's admission ; and on the 4th of April, at a numerous meeting of members, the "Corn Law Rhymers" was unanimously elected. But how was he to receive an honour which had come to him in such a manner? Had he not had honour enough in the excitement which his apparent disgrace had occasioned? And how could he ever work with a Society upon which he had been forced? At the next meeting he declined to become a member!

This case had in it something to be lamented and also something to be laughed at, if the affairs of philosophers may ever be laughed at with impunity. Had Elliott ever desired admission into the Society? And had the person by whom his name was brought forward used such preparatory means as were required in so special a case? All this recalls a passage in a letter which Mr. Holland received from a friend after the appearance of the chapter on Ebenezer Elliott, in *The Tour of the Don*:—"You did admirably with Elliott; only keep out of the way of his cudgel, for if he takes a thing amiss, he is not very particular."

While one of the Sheffield poets was kept under special public notice by the action of a learned Society, and by the co-operation of an ancient and honourable Company, the subject of this biography was following his taste in composing verses among the flowers of Spring. To this year belongs the poem entitled *May Morning*, which consists of twelve stanzas of eight lines. This poem, though not in any way special, is true to its subject. One stanza has been transferred to these pages, because it records the fact, that the poet yet retained his youthful feelings:—

" And, still unchanged, my soul enjoys
This distance from all stir and noise:
The sweet May morning seems to bring
Back many a long-departed Spring;
Heaven-sent, its mildness will proclaim
Old England's year is still the same;
While I, with feelings all unworn
Hail as I ever hailed this morn."

How many either poets or ordinary mortals could with truth use such language amidst the cares of middle life?

The Chartist agitation had now become very strong in this country. There was a wide-spread alarm which was very far from being groundless. The people had been suffering seriously for several years. The national distress was in fact due to certain natural causes, such as failing harvests and

commercial depression, which made work scarce, food dear, and wages low. But the people, or rather the masses, under the leadership of men who valued influence more than right, were led to associate their sufferings with their political disabilities; and it must be admitted that the results of the Reform Bill had caused much disappointment. The middle classes were, on the whole, satisfied with what they had gained through that great success; but the lower orders of the people, in the circumstances indicated, began a fierce agitation for an extension of the franchise. What is known as the "People's Charter" was prepared by a committee consisting of Members of Parliament and working-men, and was believed by many to define the just claims of the people. Its famous six points were contemplated with full confidence that they would infallibly heal the distresses of the nation.

"Immense meetings were held all over the country, many of them being attended by two or three hundred thousand people. Fiery orators fanned the popular excitement, and under the guidance of their extreme party among the leaders, physical force was soon spoken of as the only means of obtaining justice. The more moderate and thoughtful of the Chartists were overruled by the fanatical and turbulent spirits, and the people, already aroused by suffering, were easily wrought into frenzy by those who assumed the direction of their movements. In the autumn of 1838, torch-light meetings began to be held. The danger of these meetings was obvious, and they were at once proclaimed illegal. Some of the more prominent leaders were arrested, amid intense popular excitement, and subjected to various terms of imprisonment. A body calling itself the National Convention, elected by the Chartists throughout the kingdom, commenced sitting in Birmingham in May 1839. It proposed to the people various means of coercing the legislature into submission, recommending, among other things, a run on the savings-banks for gold, abstinence from excisable articles, exclusive dealing, and in the last resort, universal

cessation from labour. During its sittings a collision took place with the military in Birmingham. Public meetings were forbidden, and alarming excesses were committed by the irritated mob. In June 1839, a petition in favour of the Charter was presented to the House of Commons, signed by 1,280,000 persons. The House refused to name a day for its consideration, and the National Convention retaliated by advising the people to cease from work throughout the country. Fortunately, this advice was not followed, but the disturbance in the public mind increased.**

Sheffield was fearfully disturbed. On the 13th of August there was a riot. About the same time the Chartists sent a request to the Vicar that he would preach a sermon on *James v. 1-2*. On the 18th of August chosen men attended the parish church, as if officially to hear the sermon, and received the announcement that it would be preached on the following Sunday. That promise was fulfilled, and the agitation continued. The authority of the law was asserted in the apprehension of Peter Foden, on the charge of having been concerned in the riot of the 13th; and Ebenezer Elliott and Mr. James Wostenholme were accepted as bail. Still the agitation was kept up, and on the 12th of September there was another riot. Shortly after that, on a Sunday, "a Chartist Camp-Meeting" was held on the way from Sheffield to Barnsley, and disclosed the Godless character of the movement by parodying the method of a religious service. This was a fit introduction for another meeting held on the Monday in Paradise Square. It had been announced that Feargus O'Connor would address the meeting. That great leader had been apprehended and bailed, only three days before, for a conspiracy, unlawful assemblies, and seditious speeches at Manchester. Yet, notwithstanding his antagonism to the laws of his country, he was welcomed and applauded by the deluded people. His ostensible object was to address the electors and non-electors on the proposal that he should

* Chambers's *Encyclopædia*, vol 2., p. 777.

represent the West Riding in Parliament at the next election. The effect of such things on the people was so alarming that the "Corn Law Rhymer" himself could not refrain from writing a letter to the Chartists of Sheffield, whom he called his "plundered fellow-townsmen." He, in his own peculiar style, pointed out their folly and weakness and the futility of Chartism. True to his antecedents, he warned them that they were likely "to sustain the all-beggaring food monopoly, and make the liberal cause itself hateful and ridiculous." And he said:—"There are cases, (and yours, I fear, is one of them,) in which nothing is so unwelcome as truth; yet, I trust, you will receive this letter as I intend it, and believe that the last man in the world who would willingly mislead, or even insult you, is Ebenezer Elliott."

All this while Mr. Holland was not an inactive spectator of the distressing turmoil. His position at the office of the *Mercury* gave him access to the public for his thoughts on what was going on; and he has preserved a "leader" in which the Chartist movement is examined and its wickedness exposed, in a manner which it will deserved. The part taken by an anonymous journalist at such a time is scarcely susceptible of minute description or exact verification; but all the contributions that Mr. Holland made to the discussion of the subject would be in harmony with the few specimens he has left among his papers; and some of them would be made while he was under the full influence of a great domestic and personal sorrow, to some account of the cause of which we must now proceed, keeping in mind that our poet was a sensitive, God-fearing, and devout man.

Mention has been made of his mother's last visit to Staveley. A narrative of that visit is contained in the *Memoir* which Mr. Holland has left in manuscript. It took place, it will be remembered, in September, 1838; and Mrs. Holland died in July of the year 1839.

The filial and admiring biographer says, that during her last winter his mother was in tolerable health, but that with the

advance of spring she began seriously to fail. When signs appeared that her end was drawing near, he had conversations with her about questions of personal religion, and found her perfectly resigned to the Divine will, and thinking much of heavenly things. Her most constant companion was a book containing daily prayers and meditations.

On Sunday, July 14th, she suddenly became worse, and soon appeared to have lost all knowledge of what was taking place around her. The following morning showed little change; and the narrative tells how the son was distressed at the sight of his suffering and helpless mother, and even prayed for her release. His father, his sister, and the nurse knelt down while he commended her soul to God, in the solemn prayer appointed by the Church of England for such occasions. Then he took leave of her by kissing her for the last time in life, and walked down to Sheffield.

In the afternoon she breathed her last in the most gentle and placid manner. Deeply did Mr. Holland feel the loss of his best earthly friend. Yet he thanked God that she had been so long spared to her family, that she had been so gently released from her sufferings, and that he had not to sorrow as one without hope. In the soft ethereal light of the calm and glorious evening which followed her death, he seemed to find fresh and exciting suggestions in every object presented to view in the wide prospect upon which he gazed through the window, and which had long been familiar to the deceased. He thought of the tender affection which she had shown him in a thousand ways, and of the solicitude with which she had watched over all his interests. He called to mind how she had habitually stepped into his study when it was time for him to prepare to leave his books and walk down to Sheffield, and how she had often gone with him on the way few or many yards according to her strength and the demand of other duties. And he says that when he first saw her body laid out in his little chamber, she looked so much like herself—so like, yet so unlike—that he

felt a meaning which he had never recognised before in Charles Wesley's words:—

“ Ah lovely appearance of death ! ”

and even in the whole of the following stanza:—

“ This languishing head is at rest ;
 Its thinking and aching are o'er ;
 This quiet immovable breast
 Is heaved by affliction no more :
 This heart is no longer the seat
 Of trouble and torturing pain ;
 It ceases to flatter and beat ;
 It never shall flutter again.”

On the following Wednesday the body was laid in its resting place under one of the old elm trees in Handsworth churchyard. In that chosen and familiar spot Mr. Holland had thenceforward more than a poetical interest. Very often had he been there ; but “ I shall now,” he says, “ have new and deeper motives for my visits thither, motives not likely ever to lose their influence, until I myself be laid, if it should be God's will, within or near my mother's grave, in that hallowed spot.” To the last year of his life did Mr. Holland continue his frequent visits to Handsworth and its grave-yard. He spoke of it as being “ on his way ” to Sheffield ; but the walk was so long that he needed a place of rest ; and often did he call upon his worthy and hospitable friend, Mr. Charles Fisher, of the Handsworth Nurseries, to whom he was, we believe, always a welcome guest, and who in the same churchyard, at Mr. Holland's own funeral, did signal honour to the memory of his friend.

How dutiful was this son to his mother, and how potent was his filial affection ! He was now forty-five years of age, and had many personal interests ; and yet he seems to have been as tenderly attached to his mother as he had ever been in the inexperience and dependence of early life. Happy is that mother who can so command and retain the intelligent love of an educated son. She must be free from all such things as

undermine and destroy the great respect essential to the nourishment and continuance of the true love of adult manhood ; and, therefore, she must be wise as well as kind. And happy is that child who has such a mother, and who cherishes for her such a love.

The 25th of October was remarkable to Mr. Holland as the day on which the Wesleyan Methodists in every quarter of the globe celebrated the "Centenary of Methodism," with appropriate religious services. Referring to that celebration, Montgomery, on a subsequent occasion, said:—"While the praises of that hallowed day were for the past, the prayers of the faithful were put up for the blessing of God on the succeeding century. Not one of the assembly present will witness the termination of the century just commenced ; but their children may then be living ; and what will be the state of the world at that time ? Assuredly, if the Spirit of God so prosper the work during the present as He has done during the past century, if you and your successors labour and pray as your fathers have done, the triumphs of the Redeemer achieved through this instrumentality, at the close of another hundred years will be celebrated not only in as many lands and as many languages as at present, but in every land and language under heaven." As to the accomplishing of such a prediction, there is hopefulness in the signs of the times.

On the 16th of December, Sheffield lost one of its prominent literary men by the death of Ebenezer Rhodes, the author of *Peak Scenery*. That book is an admirable description of certain parts of Derbyshire. It was written with great and protracted care. Mr. Rhodes had held the office of Master Cutler, and from youth had enjoyed the friendship of Montgomery and Sir Francis Chantrey. *The Wanderer of Switzerland* was written at Mr. Rhodes's suggestion ; and *Peak Scenery* was illustrated with engravings by Chantrey. This fact alone would set a permanent value on Mr. Rhodes's book. His devotion to literature seriously interfered with the prosperity of his business ;

and he was ultimately involved in commercial misfortunes from which he had not the power to recover. The Duke of Devonshire, the two gentlemen just named, and other friends then stood by him; and he had comfort through the concluding years of his life. Many years after this time, Mr. Holland published a Memoir of Mr. Rhodes in *The Reliquary*, from which the few particulars here recorded have been taken.

CHAPTER XIII.

1840—1841.

“O Thou whose potent arm alone sustains
The countless worlds that gem the azure sky,
Who speak'st in thunders from the mountains high,
And send'st Thy lightnings quivering o'er the plains,—
Thou whom the warring elements obey!
Hushed by Thine awful voice pronouncing 'Peace!'
Their wildest uproars instantaneous cease,
And grateful nature smiles beneath Thy sway!
Thou see'st the raging storm, with sorrow rife,
That now my country's bleeding bosom tears:
Thou hear'st her children's agonising prayers,
Poor want-worn souls that loathe the load of life!
Oh! speak, and chase the gathering gloom away,
And turn the threatening night of ills to day.”

J.H.

CHARTISM was still pursuing in Sheffield its course of folly and mischief. It exhibited the natural results of suffering, ignorance, and delusion. Montgomery called it “that new species of insanity.” On New Year's Day, 1840, there was an Anti-Corn-Law Meeting in Paradise Square. A petition, which it was proposed to send to Parliament, was opposed by Chartist leaders. This was remarkable after Ebenezer Elliott's letter had been published. But when men have forsaken the guidance of reason, they are deaf to the counsels even of those whom they have esteemed their most trustworthy friends. This folly, however, was a prelude to a contemplated tragedy which was fortunately never allowed to be acted. When men have determined to be very wicked, opposing all that they know to be right, who can marvel if they also become egregiously

foolish? A conspiracy was formed against the whole town, with its thousands of those who certainly could not have deserved any unkindness, even at the hands of Chartists. What injury had the women and children done them? What good of any kind could possibly come of inflicting irremediable harm on those who could not help themselves? Abominable and even diabolical as the design was, the Chartists resolved to burn the town during the night-time. They had furnished themselves with a number of grenades and various combustibles. Their plan appears to have been, that the town should be divided into districts, and that the conflagration should begin everywhere at the same time, while their honest and unsuspecting neighbours were asleep. Seldom can such vast atrocities reach their development before they are discovered. God is against them, and cannot let them prosper. The police and the military were on the alert. The leader of the movement was found out and apprehended. That man was Samuel Holberry, who is worthy of a place on this page, that his name may have its right reception. The terrible instruments of destruction were found in his house in Eyre Lane. His capture was, of course, a huge disappointment to his confederates; and the police and the military now had difficulty in maintaining order. In the discharge of their duty they wounded several persons, and took a number of prisoners. Other circumstances followed, of which no account can be given here; and the rational and sober inhabitants of the town greatly rejoiced that a scheme so wicked had been brought to nothing.

Amidst the turmoils that grieved and perplexed the neighbourhood, Mr. Holland was still, as before, pursuing his chosen literary course. In connection with Mr. Ridge and Mr. Brammall, he touched the springs of local movements by means of the *Mercury*. He found for himself that composure which enabled him to indulge in writing verse. He also brought out a small volume of considerable value to many in the town. It consisted of a collection of papers, twenty-five in number,

originally published in the *Mercury*. The preface is dated January 31st, 1840, and the book is entitled *Brief Notices of Animal Substances used in the Sheffield Manufactures*. The book was designed to convey information, and to stimulate attention to those beautiful and interesting phenomena of Natural History, of which almost all the substances coming within the cognizance of the Arts are illustrative. It contains passages very instructive concerning the processes by which things of ordinary use are prepared.

In illustration of the fact that small matters, nay, even trifles, that are near, often much more sensibly affect us than vastly more important things at a distance, may be mentioned the poem entitled *Lines on the Fall of an Old Willow Tree blown down Jan. 24th, 1840*. The tree had been standing at least as long as Mr. Holland had lived. In a well under its branches he had been, in infancy, almost drowned. In his boyhood, it had impressed him as "a brave tree," probably because it was the tree with which he was most familiar. It was one of the objects on which he had long been accustomed to gaze "first in the morning and last at night". He had watched its gradual decay, having often sat under its shadow with persons some of whom had now departed this life. And, therefore, when a strong wind tore it from its place, he seemed to hear in the crash an exclamation of distress, and he felt like one who has lost a friend. The poem was written in its honour, and also in memory of those who, "in by-gone years," had reposed, with the poet,

" On that dear spot where once its branches spread."

The next dated poem of this year is a sweet lyric, *The Flower of the Grass*. It was written in June, when those who care to examine such things may find in the flowering grasses an almost endless variety "fit to beguile a studious hour." The flower of grass is the sign by which Holy Scripture strongly and beautifully depicts the brevity of human life; and while

our poet was calling attention to the very common subject of his song, he grew serious and "pointed a moral" for persons willing to learn and do the will of God as that will is made known in His abiding Word.

The month of July was marked by one of Mr. Holland's many visits to Derbyshire; and, according to his custom, he published in the *Mercury* an account of *A Drive from Sheffield to Matlock and back again*. The essays have been preserved, and are, apparently, so true to nature that, with the change of a few names, allusions, and references, they might be reprinted any summer, with small probability of its being detected that they are old compositions.

In September our poet wrote *The Charcoal Burner*. On the margin of a printed copy, probably cut from a newspaper, some one has written:—"Is this a portion of the unpublished part of *The Excursion*? It is a little W. W.-ish. So much the better." The piece consists of narrative and descriptive versified prose, with frequent poetical sparkles, and discloses an intense love of nature and of country walks. And would not the same words be true, so far as they would go, in a description of Wordsworth's *Excursion*? The following are the opening lines:—

" 'Twas evening, such an evening, cool, but mild,
As marks the season when September fills
With harvest glory the Autumnal scene.
The corn fields here and there their ripened crops,
Their clustered sheaves, or bands of reapers, showed.
The close-cropped pastures and rank aftermath,
Thanks to the Summer showers! in deepest green,
With mingling beauty made the landscape fair;
While in dark masses lay the shadowy woods,
On which the slant light of the setting sun
Disclosed, methought, the earliest changing tints
Of Autumn's russet reign. My friend and I,
Pushing our rural walk 'midst quiet fields,
Beheld, slow rising o'er the distant trees
As from some distant campment in the wood,
Smoke-wreaths light curling."

As winter advanced, another man performing rural work, secured a memorial in *The Thrasher*. The peculiar and laborious

employment which this piece describes was not yet out of date; and those of the readers of this volume whom experience has qualified will relish the following lines about the flail:—

“ But ’tis the sound of its ceaseless fall
 In the rustic barn, near Christmas time,
 That pleaseth me as it pleaseth all
 Who happened, in their youthful prime,
 To live between the rich and poor,
 Near an old farm-yard and an open barn-door.
 And still I like the sound
 First heard in years long fled,
 Though even now, as the season comes round,
 It warns me how surely the living are found
 Much nearer to the dead.”

Among the dead was this year numbered Mrs. Sterndale, a native of Sheffield, well known in her time as the authoress of several works which were so received as to give her high station among the literary ladies of the country. She is repeatedly mentioned in Mr. Holland’s writings, and always with respect. She was one of Sir Francis Chantrey’s friends; and Mr. Holland, referring to an early impression, says: “ Mrs. Sterndale was pointed out to me as the friend of Anna Seward; and I recollect congratulating myself, when I first spoke to the Sheffield authoress, on having talked with the lady who had talked with the lady who had talked with Dr. Johnson, and, if we may *not* believe Boswell, had the best of the conversation too! This was venerating by proxy with a witness.”

Another literary lady must be named in this connection. Near the end of this year Mrs. Sigourney, “ the Hemans of America,” spent some time in Sheffield. She was in frequent communication with Mr. Brammall, and had at least one interview with our poet, to whom she presented a copy of her poems. Of her visit to the town, of his interview with her, of the pleasure and profit derived from the reading of her works, and of the honour of her present, three poems, subsequently published in *Diurnal Sonnets*, are the pleasing memorial.

During this year Mr. Holland was employed, with Dr

Harwood, in compiling a catalogue of the Zoological specimens in the Museum of the Literary and Philosophical Society. The Doctor's eccentricities caused his collaborator both trouble and amusement.

This year Mr. Holland published *The Queen of Flowers*. This was a second edition of *Memoirs of the Rose*, with additions, corrections, and improvements. The book was embellished with tastefully coloured plates of six leading species of the rose, and formed an elegant, attractive, and useful volume. It was soon out of print, and has not yet been republished.

But the principal literary work to which our author gave himself during the period surveyed in the present chapter was that which has been called the most learned of all his productions. This was *The Psalmists of Britain*, published, in 1843, in two octavo volumes. It contains "records biographical and literary, of upwards of one hundred and fifty authors who have rendered the whole or parts of the Book of Psalms into English verse, with specimens of the different versions, and a general Introduction." The work was long in preparation, and the collection of the materials from which it was compiled was attended with much labour and expense. Mr. Holland put himself into communication with the custodians of the principal libraries in the kingdom, both public and private, so far as those of the latter class were both known and accessible: and many of his correspondents helped him in the most generous and gratifying manner. He paid an amanuensis to copy documents in the British Museum. He spent some time in Oxford for the prosecution of his researches, and appears to have been greatly delighted with the reception given him and the assistance rendered to his design, in that ancient seat of learning. He published four sonnets commemorative of his visit to the famous University. And he has left a very large volume of letters and other manuscripts which show how his researches were conducted. Among those who rendered very valuable aid were Montgomery, Mr. George Bennet, and Mr. Brammall.

This work is a monument of honest and well-directed labour. The author desired, he says, to do something like justice to a subject which, he believed, must have interest for the English reader, on the three distinct grounds, that it belongs to Biblical literature, that it forms a branch of the history of English poetry, and that it pertains to public worship. The work presents succinct, but reliable, information bearing on each of those grounds. In the Introduction, the history of the Book of Psalms is traced through the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Anglo-Saxon, and English Psalters, and through the various metrical versions which have, since the Reformation, been executed in the language of the British Isles, those in the Irish, Welsh, Gaelic, and Manx tongues being included. But the bulk of the work is devoted to notices of those who have rendered the sacred songs into vernacular verse. The author does not interfere with what he calls "the higher claims of the commentator," in expounding the doctrinal, or in enforcing the devotional portions of the Psalms; but his work contains a very large amount of biographical, critical, bibliographical, and miscellaneous information, on subjects which must ever have great interest for all lovers of Divine truth and of the vehicle by which that truth has been conveyed to men.

This work was not designed either to supersede any of the numerous versions of the Psalms extant at the time, or to show the superiority of any one version to any other. It was foreseen that it would leave on the reader's mind an impression of the mediocre characters of most versions; while it might show some future versifier faults which he should seek to avoid. A work like this might be almost indefinitely extended; and *The Psalmists of Britain* may yet form the basis of a still more elaborate, comprehensive, and ambitious compilation.

Among those with whom the writing of this book brought Mr. Holland into communication were two ladies who had published *A Metrical Version of the Psalms of David*, if not quite anonymously, at least only with the initials, "C.F. and

E.C." This elegant and, in many parts, exquisite version has been spoken of in *Notes and Queries*, by a person "acquainted with the Hebrew," but wholly "ignorant of the authors", as being "of the highest order of poetry." The two ladies were Miss Catherine Foster and Miss Elizabeth Colling.

Mr. Holland, seeking information from their publisher, was referred to the ladies themselves; and the result was, that he became accessory, with their consent, to the lifting of the veil which a modest sensitiveness had thrown over the secret of their authorship. He carried on an interesting correspondence with Miss Foster for some time, and with Miss Colling to the end of his days. The letters to Miss Colling would form henceforward a very full account of the most important literary circumstances of his life, and must have at least frequent mention, with occasional quotations.

Miss Foster appears to have derived much gratification from her correspondence with our polite and gentle author. In an early letter she reminds him that it is easier "to raise a spirit than to lay it again," thus making apology for her continuing to write. She says:—"There is something in your manner of writing which inspires me with an involuntary regret that an acquaintance, if I may call it so, evoked from thin air is about to resolve itself into air again, and, like the figures on the sorcerer's magic glass, vanish away almost before it has assumed a shape." In the following words she describes a case probably not uncommon:—"In my younger days, when the beams of the character are laid, I had the good or ill fortune to enjoy the society of several people of taste and talent, and thought in my simplicity that the world was full of such; but finding, as I advance in life, that they indeed 'grow not ripe on every bough,' and having imbibed from those who are now separated far from me, an unfortunate indifference to less intellectual society, I live in a perpetual Tantalean sort of hunger and thirst for that kind of converse which I now only meet with at the rarest intervals. The knowledge, too, that

such people still exist, and that there are some whose favoured positions allow them to bask in such mental sunshine, no way tends to diminish my dissatisfaction; and when, as in the case of your letter, I hear, as it were, a voice speaking out of the darkness, with something of the long lost tone, the temptation to reply in hopes it may speak again, becomes irresistible. I pray you, therefore, not to think me over bold in thus attempting to prolong a little our literary communication."

It was prolonged with much satisfaction on both sides, even when Mr. Holland's fair and highly-gifted correspondent had left her position of unintellectual monotony in a secluded village in Holderness, and had passed into far different circumstances. She was afterwards married to a Scotch gentleman named Miller, and while yet comparatively young was called to die, leaving one child to mourn her loss. Mr. Holland has recorded a fitting tribute to her memory in an unpublished work not yet named in this biography.

Miss Colling still resides at the beautiful village of Hurworth-on-Tees, near Darlington, where her family has been for more than a century and a half. She has earned herself a good degree in literary circles by several publications of great merit. Like Mr. Holland, she has been writing and printing verse from an early age. Her principal works are *Far and Near, or Translations and Originals: The Story of Count Ulaski, Aurelia, and other Poems: A Tour of Times Gone By: and Tributes to the Tees by Natives and Strangers.*

The late Lord Lytton characterises the translations as "composed with rare ease and felicity." Sir John Herschel has left the record that he had read the poems of "Eta Mawr" "with a great deal of enjoyment." The Rev. George Gilfillan says they "are loaded with thought." And an anonymous reviewer has written:—"We think that no fruits of the modern muse contain finer passages or show deeper knowledge of the human heart than *Ulaski* and *Aurelia*."

The reader will find that the literary relation in

which Mr. Holland and Miss Colling stood to each other for so many years was of an unusual and highly interesting nature.

Still feeling his old love of nature and wishing other people to give heed to what yielded himself so much delight, Mr. Holland in January published a poem on *The Hazel Rag*, with a note in explanation. The poem describes one of the earliest signs of the return of Spring presented among trees, a sign little likely to be noticed by

“The busy man who never quits
The round of fashion, folly, wealth,
Or who in studious silence sits,
Nor seeks the fields in quest of health.”

Mr. Holland's relations to Montgomery had now become very intimate. “The Christian Poet” had for some time been periodically engaged in delivering at different places a course of lectures on the British Poets. On other accounts also he was about this time repeatedly called from home. He was publishing a new edition of his poems, and during his absence entrusted Mr. Holland with the care of the proofs and with his letters. This is named because of that to which it ultimately led, at the time when Montgomery needed some trustworthy person to do much more for him in regard to his correspondence.

There was still in Sheffield some warm discussion about certain political questions, one of which was the new Poor Law. Mr. Holland had the fortune, whether good or ill, to come somewhat into collision with his friend, Mr. Roberts, on that subject; and there passed between them some remarkable correspondence, without loss of friendship. Here is Mr. Roberts's first letter in reference to the matter in dispute:—

“Park Grange, March 29th, 1841.

“Dear Sir,—From the short conversation which I had with you this morning, I have been led thus to address you on the subject of *Truth*. You, like almost all others, treat it as Pilate did. You just say ‘What is Truth?’ and go away without waiting for an answer either from Christ or from the

Spirit of Truth: though from no other can an answer to be relied upon be obtained. We are assured by Him who cannot lie, that that Spirit can, and will on proper application, *lead us to a knowledge of all truth*. It is now about sixty-five years since I was shown, in a remarkable manner, the truth of this information; and the long and busy period that has since elapsed has in all instances served to confirm it. *You cannot believe this, because you have not the requisite faith*. If you had, you would need no explanation. As you have not, you can believe neither Moses, the prophets, nor Jesus Christ, much less '*A Cry from the Brink of the Grave*.' You must not, therefore, condemn me because that when I have once attained to a knowledge of the truth, I am immovable. I am not in the habit of either writing or talking on such subjects, but I thought that in this instance the information might hereafter benefit you. I would not, however, have this shown to any one except to our friend Montgomery. I am not often accused of either superstition or enthusiasm. *Truth* is opposed to both. In all instances it is a fearful thing to be *opposed* to Truth; in some, it is dreadful. With one truth I must conclude, viz., that I am, dear Sir, your real well-wisher and sincere friend, SAML. ROBERTS.—Mr. John Holland."

Mr. Holland's answer, written the same day, was the following long and vigorous letter:—

"Music Hall, March 29th, 1841.

"Dear Sir,—I beg to thank you for the note with which you have favoured me, and beg to assure you that I receive it with all respect, not only as from one so greatly my superior in age and experience, but in some sort also, as I am willing to believe, as a proof of personal kindness. Strange and indefensible as is the leading sentiment of your note, I was not so much surprised by its formal enunciation as I might have been, had I not, with many others, noticed how commonly it has been either indicated or implied in most of your controversial writings, of late years more especially.

“That I have too little prayed for the guidance of the Spirit of Truth I admit with humiliation. That I have too often treated truth as Pilate did, in one sense, I cannot deny; though I must totally reject the inference that because Pilate said to Christ, ‘What is Truth?’ and then turned away, therefore I, in declining to receive your dogmata as to what is truth, in reference to the Poor Law, have gone away without waiting for an answer either from Christ or from the Spirit of Truth. You say, ‘We are assured, &c.’ My dear Sir, *where* are we assured? There is a passage in the New Testament which, I presume, suggested your sentiment; but the words are not the same, and the reference, in my humble opinion, is as remote from your topic as the ‘truth in Jesus’ may be from the political opinions of Lord John Russell or the geological dicta of Dr. Buckland. That is, the sentiments of both those gentlemen may be right, or they may be wrong; but the Spirit of truth in the text has reference to neither.

“ My dear Sir, it is of the very nature of a delusion like that which has unhappily taken possession of your mind, (for allow me to say with all deference, but with all frankness, that it *is* a delusion,) to preclude the individual under its influence from perceiving what every one else may perceive, the folly of his reasoning on that particular point. Otherwise, it would be clear that as the ‘Spirit of Truth,’ *i.e.*, of infallibility, of course, could not dictate opposing conclusions, it is not to reason, to evidence, to testimony, or even to the congruity of revealed truth in the Word of God, that an *uninspired* person is to defer, but simply to authority. *You* make certain assertions which, you intimate, are dictated under the influence of the Spirit of Truth. To *me* they appear unsupported or inconclusive, because, as *you* say, I ‘have not the requisite faith,’ but *I* say because they do not come recommended by the requisite evidence, either of their own irrefragability or of their author’s infallibility, without one or the other of which how *can* I or any one else receive them?

“ You appeal to sixty years’ experience. Ah, my dear Sir, if you were but aware how little even sixty years have done to convince any one person known to me of the reality of your notion, I would fain hope the dismay might even yet recall you to the adoption of a mode of dealing with polemical questions, in which, so long as the persons to whom you speak or write have merely the common faculties of mind in a higher or a lower degree of perfection, more or less clogged with prepossession or self-interest, some common and accessible standard of judgment must be recognised.

“ One word more. You say that I ought not to condemn you, because when you have attained to a knowledge of the truth, you are immovable. My dear Sir, this is begging the whole question. But I do not ordinarily condemn any trustworthy man for believing that he has found truth, in whatever way or of whatever kind, so long as he either keeps the discovery for his own use, or submits to the ordinary test of proper evidence if he seeks to convince others: but I deny, and the world denies and ever will deny the right of any man to impose as unquestionable truths his own dicta, who at the same time neither challenges our assent on the ground of a rational investigation, nor exhibits any credentials of inspiration beyond a mere *ipse dixit*. I need scarcely say that these remarks have nothing whatever to do with the Poor Law or with your opinions thereon, any further than as those opinions may be based upon or supported by what I must be allowed still to consider as the very fallacious and dangerous notion put forth in your note, and in connection with which, however you may claim exemption from ‘either superstition or enthusiasm,’ you cannot be said to be equally free from something very much akin to fanaticism.

“ I will make no apology for having been thus frank in my rejoinder to your extraordinary note: nor will all that I have said allow you, I am confident, at all to doubt the sincerity with which I assure you that I am very respectfully yours, JOHN HOLLAND.—Samuel Roberts, Esq.”

It is a noteworthy fact that on the next day Montgomery and Mr. Holland dined with Mr. Roberts at the house of his son. Montgomery probably knew of the letters; but he could not be led into a discussion of the subject by which they had been occasioned, though Mr. Roberts made attempts to draw him into it. The time seems to have been spent in an animated and very pleasant manner. But Mr. Holland, in recording the substance of the conversation, with probable recollection of the writing of the preceding day, significantly says:—"It is a remarkable circumstance, not so much that Mr. Roberts should, in common with other individuals more or less influential than himself, have objected to the Poor Law Amendment Act, as that he should have acted on the notion of a special superhuman influence, in his animadversions on that as well as on some other subjects."

It reflects honour on the disputants, that they could so widely differ and so strongly write on this and other occasions, and yet suffer no loss of friendly attachment. Though Mr. Roberts had some extreme views, he must have been a man of evident and unquestionable sincerity and goodness.

On the 5th of July a calamitous occurrence took place at Rotherham. Fifty persons, chiefly boys, were drowned by the sudden upsetting of a boat at the moment of its being launched into the canal. Mr. Holland wrote an elegy on the occasion, which appeared in the newspaper. It is valuable chiefly for its commemorative character. Both Montgomery and Mr. Holland were asked to write inscriptions for a tablet erected to the memory of the sufferers; and they did so; but the one finally accepted was by a person resident near the scene of the accident.

During the same month Mr. Holland and Miss Gales were in Newcastle-on-Tyne, under the hospitable roof of Mr. Blackwell. That sojourn appears to have been greatly enjoyed by our poet and all those with whom he was therein associated. In returning, Miss Gales and he tarried a while in York, with

Mr. Everett, who visited with them the rooms occupied by Montgomery during the periods of his imprisonment. Many things were seen that had peculiar interest for every member of the party. Miss Gales was reminded of painful events in which she and various members of her family had been very much concerned; and Mr. Holland and his literary associate had good reason to strive to remember all that the various scenes told them about Montgomery.

Their projected biography had now considerably advanced. It is spoken of, before this time, by Mr. Everett in one of his letters to Mr. Holland as "a certain *opus magnum*". He says:—"Go on and prosper. The subject is a good one, and will rise in value with time. I am glad that you never lose sight of its claims." The same letter shows that Mr. Everett was full of literary work of various kinds. And it also contains the following notable passage, which probably means more than it says:—"You tell me that you have been in the metropolis. This is not less surprising to me than the communication to you of the fact, that I have been to the Cumberland Lakes with Dr. Bunting. The visit will, I believe, be the means of linking us a little closer together than we have been for some years. The ramble was very delightful. The Doctor was much delighted with his trip, as also was his lady. The company consisted only of our three selves."

The following anecdote is told concerning Mr. Everett. After the death of Dr. Bunting, towards whom his feelings had at times been very unpleasant, a person said to him, "Mr. Everett, do you think your old enemy, Dr. Bunting, has gone to heaven?" Mr. Everett, with signs of amazement at the fact that such a question could be asked, answered, "Yes, Dr. Bunting has gone to heaven!" "But did he not disagree with Christian men, and treat them improperly." "As I," said Mr. Everett, "have good reason to know, he did differ with some of the Lord's servants, but he never differed with his Master; and he has now gone to be with Him for ever."*

From the letter above referred to has been copied the following paragraph about a great man and his permanent influence:—"The *Life of Scott* by Lockhart I have not read as a whole, but have been much pleased with the extracts made from it in the periodicals of the day. Its perusal is a treat yet to come. He was a noble subject for biography: and yet it is lamentable to perceive the little respect which he pays to religion in his writings. There is a complete dearth of moral and religious feeling in his works: and it is melancholy to think of a man going into eternity to give an account of 'the deeds done in the body' to his Judge, and leaving behind him such a mass of materials incapable of directing a single soul to the regions of light. His spirit will walk the earth, in his works, to the end of time, either as a curse or as a blessing to thousands."

To return to Mr. Holland. After his arrival in Sheffield he wrote to Mr. Blackwell. The subjoined extract from his letter shows how he felt towards his old associate in newspaper work, and how at this time he felt in regard to his own circumstances. "I do assure you most sincerely that the anticipated gratification of renewing for a week or two, the pleasure I had on a previous occasion for a much longer period enjoyed in your family, had long been one of my most pleasing day-dreams. And I believe you will not deem it a mere compliment on my part when I add that to hear of *your* prosperity and of *their* happiness, has ever afforded me the liveliest pleasure, and, I believe, ever will. To a person like myself, if indeed there be any such in these railroad times, who am literally *contented* with the very small portion of the goods of fortune with which it has pleased Providence to endow me, what could be more rational, more delightful, than to rejoice with and for those who can rejoice in their abundance of this world's wealth? Such joy, I am sure I have in the welfare of every member of your family who, each and all, treated me so affectionately during my recent visit."

The foregoing words were written near the end of August. In the next month a new sign of advancement appeared in Sheffield, in the first cab that ever plied in its streets for hire. Such a circumstance was ever noted by Mr. Holland with pleasure.

October witnessed another local event, which may be mentioned, whether it was a sign of advancement or not. The reference is to the "death" of the Sheffield *Patriot*, a paper which had had its day, and perhaps had finished its work, such as that work had been. This event is mentioned because of Mr. Holland's connection with the newspaper press.

He has recorded that he was now supplying an odd article now and then for a Conservative newspaper; but it appears from Mr. Brammall's letters that his help was that and more; though it is difficult to ascertain to what extent he wrote the leading articles which appeared in the *Mercury*.

In November, Mr. Holland lost a friend by the sudden death in London of the Missionary, Mr. Bennet, at the age of sixty-eight years. Their correspondence reveals much attachment. In several of his writings Mr. Holland has spoken of Mr. Bennet in strong terms of respect. In a letter to Montgomery, he says:—

"Dear Mr. Bennet! With all those foibles and errors which proved that, Christian as he was, he was still a man, how much of affectionate regard has he left behind him! How many individuals possess, in one way or another, mementoes of his gentle kindness! I am sure I cannot reflect upon his attentions to myself at all times, though among the least worthy of his esteem, without peculiar feelings of affection for his memory. How few men have we known whose piety, whatever it may have been in other respects, was so much a habit of life, as that of our dear friend; and *in his case* there can be no doubt, not only that death overtook him going as he had so long gone, on his Master's business, but ready at a moment's warning, if, indeed, he had that, to be translated from earth to heaven.

Dr. Johnson, I think, talks somewhere about repairing the ravages which death makes in ancient friendships: a thing that may perhaps be done sometimes in some cases. But, generally speaking, the loss of old friends is like the downfall of old trees: their places may indeed be supplied, either by the transplantation of full-grown strangers that hardly ever strike root and flourish, or by saplings which, however they may thrive, are never likely to restore the associations and excite the sympathies of their ancient predecessors, the 'gray coevals' of a long-spared life.

"Perhaps, my dear Sir, I ought to apologise for troubling you with these melancholy musings. I had intended a different strain. But so it happens, that although not quite old enough to be entitled to be garrulous, I have had various monitions that I am no longer young, and have, therefore, not unnaturally, under the circumstances, fallen into a mood that may seem too much, so far as I am concerned, to anticipate the 'senectitude' of friendship. Having said so much, perhaps much more than I ought, I will only add, that during your absence I shall, as usual, call at the Post Office and at The Mount, and shall be most happy to see you safe and well at home again."

In a biographical notice, published in the newspaper, Mr. Holland says:—"The grandfather of Mr. Bennet was the first person who received the Methodists in Sheffield, and built them their first chapel." In his little poem, on *The Four Friends*, Montgomery characterises Mr. Bennet as

"B—, the kindest of the kind."

He was the first of "the four" to fall by the hand of death. At the time to which the poem refers, "the four friends" met every month for the furtherance of certain charitable schemes in which they were engaged; and there is no hyperbole in Mr. Holland's statement, that the negroes of Africa, the slaves of the West Indies, the comparatively friendless chimney-sweepers of England, hundreds of poor single women and thousands of

indigent families in Sheffield, were greatly indebted to those meetings. All the four friends have now departed; their admiring eulogist also has followed them; and in all their cases "the memory of the just is blessed."

On the 9th of November our poet sang a song *On the Birth of the Prince of Wales*, which was printed in the newspaper. It was another of the loyal tributes of his muse. It consisted of a dozen stanzas, and was in character much like the *Proclamation Ode* already described.

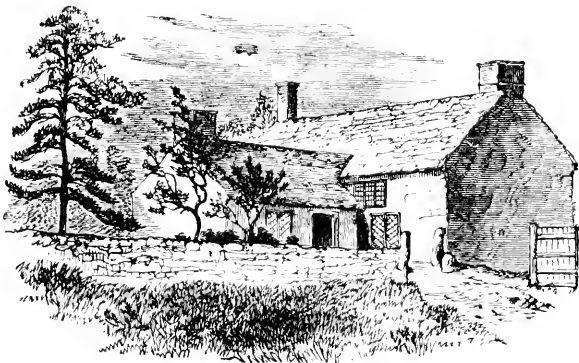
Towards the end of the month, writing to Montgomery (who was in Birmingham,) about matters connected with Mr. Bennet's death, Mr. Holland adds the following sentences about a gentleman in whom the reader will be pleased to recognise the editor of a work, in three volumes, entitled *Daniel Defoe: His Life and Recently Discovered Writings*:—

"I am afraid you will not be at home so as to attend the last meeting of the Philosophical Society to be held during the present year, on Friday evening. Nor do I know what interest you might feel in hearing Mr. Lee adduce evidence, in the shape of palpable footprints, that some monstrous batrachian reptile, ages before Homer celebrated the prowess of its puny but heroic congeners, travelled along the red sand stone substratum of what is now 'Blind Lane' in this town, an appellation that you may perhaps think characteristic of the track of the ingenious Sheffield geologist in this pursuit of the footprints of an animal which lived in 'the world before the flood.'"

Whatever success Mr. Lee may have had on the occasion alluded to in the foregoing extract, he now contracted an abiding friendship with Mr. Holland, and had, the following year, the honour to be elected on the council of the Literary and Philosophical Society. His researches in connection with the work already named, whatever they may have done for the reputation of the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, have certainly shown that Mr. Lee possesses the literary brain, and is a genuine worker. He has produced an excellent book of its kind, to which those who

desire to be informed of the life of Defoe will turn, it may be supposed, for ages yet to come.

The same month witnessed the death of another man of whom Sheffield was proud, and in whose life Mr. Holland came afterwards to have special literary interest, Sir Francis Chantrey. He was a native of Norton, a village near Sheffield, where he was born on the 7th of April, 1781; and he died suddenly at his residence, in Belgrave Square, London, on the 25th of November, 1841. His parents were poor; and the father died when the son was but twelve years of age. The boy was favoured with little education, and at an early age was employed



THE BIRTHPLACE OF CHANTREY.

in driving an ass with milk-barrels between Norton and Sheffield. He was taken from that calling, and, after one or more distasteful experiments in the way of occupation, was apprenticed to a carver and gilder in Sheffield. With such helps as his new employment supplied, he indulged his strong native tastes, and acquired the rudiments of that art which was to make him one of the most eminent sculptors that the world has seen. Being justly dissatisfied with all other extant accounts of this famous artist, Mr. Holland compiled *Memorials* of his wonderful career, which were published in 1851. In its proper

place some account will be given of that book. At present it will suffice to say, with Allan Cunningham, that the art of Chantrey was a pure, unmixed emanation of English genius, seeking to personify the strength and the beauty of "the mighty island"; and that his studio was one of the marvels of London. Mr. Holland has expressed his thoughts of the man and his surroundings in the following Sonnet, which is one of several relating to the same subject:—

"I stood in London, humbly by the side
Of the great Sculptor in his hey-day fame :
Around him, wanting but Promethean flame
To live and breathe, what figures were descried !
Yet seemed there naught of sternness or of pride
In him whose wonder-working hand had wrought
Those bronze and marble images of thought
Whereon the artist's chisel yet was plied :
Such vision well might wondrously surpass
Old work-day fancies, to behold how woke
Beauty in stone, with every magic stroke,
Or filled the plastic mould from molten brass :
Kings, warriors, bards, philosophers I trace,
And woman's gentlest form, and childhood's loveliest grace."

CHAPTER XIV.

1842—1844.

“ ‘Praise and Thanksgiving’ shall my anthem be,
That I am spared once more to hail the day
On which, a traveller in life’s devious way,
’Twas mine the light of heaven at first to see :
Though ten swift lustrums of those fourscore years
Which sometimes measure the long life of man
Have lapsed already from my earthly span,
With all their joys and hopes, desires and fears :
I still with Providential good am blest,
Health, strength, content, home, leisure, kindred, friends,
And, ah, too feebly held ! that which transcends
All else, Religion, inmate of my breast !
Hence shall my song with my full heart agree
In rendering grateful worship, O my God, to Thee !”

J.H.

IN the Nineteenth Report of the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society, written by Montgomery, occur the following passages:—“ Our Society now enters upon its twentieth year. Since its commencement in 1822 the population, the wealth, and, we trust, the intelligence of the neighbourhood have been increased beyond precedent through any equal period of time past. Though small advancement, except in age, may have hitherto been made by this Institution, it is some credit to have maintained its ground amidst many difficulties and discouragements, and to have proved by its proceedings within and its influence without, that, besides the principle of vitality thus manifested, it possesses a power of prospective improvement, which, little as it has yet been developed, is fully capable of accomplishing all the high purposes contemplated by its

founders, and promoted by their associates so far as means and opportunities have been afforded. There are, however, circumstances arising out of the present state of society in this kingdom, which are unfavourable to the peaceful, harmonious, and united cultivation of literature and science by all who are earnestly devoted to one, the other, or both." Particular "circumstances sufficiently account for the fact that this Society, the prime mover and still the chief exemplar in the work of diffusion of both useful and ornamental knowledge in the neighbourhood, has accomplished less in its individual capacity than perhaps was hoped for by its public-spirited projectors twenty years ago; but it may be assumed as not less a matter of fact that, through the co-operation of its rivals, which are its auxiliaries as well as its offspring, it has virtually accomplished far more than under any imaginable circumstances it could have achieved alone."

This quotation shows that the Society had prospered during the period of Mr. Holland's connection with it. He appears to have had the full confidence of its members from the beginning. It is admitted that during the middle period of his official connection with it, "he might almost have been called the Society itself."* And in the end he became one of the most frequent contributors to its list of monthly papers.

In the account previously given of the *Memoirs of Summerfield*, it was stated that opposition to the work arose in America on the ground that it had been written in England. The jealousy was such that, for a great length of time, certain editors would not do so much as to notice the book. Eventually a gentleman was engaged to write the Life anew; but he seems to have failed almost entirely. Then, in order to end the opposition proceeding from a "Book Concern," another literary man was employed to re-write Mr. Holland's work, and to make some additions in the form of an appendix.

* Speech of H. C. Sorby, Esq., F.R.S., F.G.S., at the *Conversazione*, 1874.

The "re-writing" consisted in great part of omissions. The things omitted were such as would, probably, not have appeared in a book produced in America: and when this work had been finished, and the opposition or "jealousy" indicated had been brought to an end, Mr. Blackstock, our author's correspondent of previous years, informed Mr. Holland, that though the Memoir in its original form was highly satisfactory to Summerfield's family, he had consented to its being "re-written," simply because those who claimed Summerfield for America wanted an American biographer. The date of Mr. Blackstock's letter is May, 1842. Speaking of the editor of the revised edition, he says:—"I presented to Dr. Bond a copy of the Memoir for his perusal previously to his writing of the *Introduction* to Summerfield's *Sermons*. He had not read it for several years. After perusing it, he expressed to me his surprise that he should ever have participated in the feeling of dissatisfaction. He has made ample atonement in what he has written in the preface to the *Sermons*, to which I refer you." O the power of prejudice! What is so great a barrier?

The same letter informs Mr. Holland of the circulation in America of his *Life of Cowley*. It was issued there as a Sunday School work, and strongly recommended. Mr. Blackstock tells of hearing pages of it quoted in the pulpit, of a preacher who declared that its perusal moved him to tears, and of an "immense circulation throughout that vast country."

The following letter to Montgomery is very significant in more respects than one:—

"Music Hall, Sheffield, June 6th, 1842.

"My dear Sir,—I herewith trouble you with another sheet of *Psalms*, which you need not return by post, if you are returning to Sheffield yourself in a day or two. You will find in it some notice of the 'Rowallan' version, alluded to by old Baillie, and queried by you in the last sheet. I have just received a parcel from our good friend, Mr. Everett, which, as it comprises an enclosure for you, exactly similar in bulk to my

share of the whole, contains, 'I guess,' a copy of the *Life of Dawson, &c.*, this convenient *et cetera* in this case comprehending any *anonymous* 'Takings'. The *Life of Dawson* is, at any rate, a very handsome handful of a book, and part of a 'Fifth Thousand'!! What 'a figure' such a notification of numerical strength would 'cut' in the title-page of my *Psalms*! I am, dear Sir, yours affectionately, JNO. HOLLAND.—Mr. Montgomery."

In June Mr. Holland wrote a song for the sweep boys, on the abolition of chimney-climbing. Containing nothing special in sentiment or in versification, the poem is mentioned as a token of its writer's interest in the success of the measure which it commemorates.

In October, it appears, he was on one of his many Derbyshire rambles. Shortly there appeared an essay in verse entitled *Lathkill Dale*. It was intended to recommend to the notice of the pedestrian tourist a portion of the Peak of Derbyshire, not so much visited as it deserved to be. This "poem" belongs to a style which ranks somewhere between the solidity of prose and the lightness of verse. It is a fair specimen of numerous essays preserved in books of cuttings, which it has been a pleasure to read; though the lines in them that so strike the mind as to make a permanent impression are not many. In a letter to Miss Foster, who resided at the time in Holderness, he says:—"Believing that you feel some enjoyment or interest in those modes of mental association with external objects which distinguish the *poetical* from the merely *perceptive* faculty, I venture to believe that such a sketch of scenery, wholly different from that with which, I presume, you are mostly surrounded, might afford you a little entertainment."

The two volumes of *The Psalms of Britain* were published about the end of the year. Miss Colling read the work, and then wrote the author a letter, in which she said:—"The Introduction contains much curious and learned research, and the biographical notices prefixed to each specimen will, I should think, render your book attractive to the general reader,

as well as to the poet and the antiquary and those who are more immediately interested in the subject. Your critiques appear to be both candid and discriminating; and it is pleasing to perceive that justice and generosity alike preside over your pen."

Another correspondent, the Rev. William Froggatt, wrote:—"My dear friend, Care you to know what I think of your *Psalmists*? I lost no time in procuring the book, and the perusal of it has afforded me very varied interest, and generally of a pleasurable kind. I certainly found no lack of evidence of its having been strictly 'a labour of love' on your part; for what but a generous love for all who ever felt the faintest promptings of poetic inspiration, joined to a high veneration for the peculiar sacredness as well as surpassing genius attaching to the strains of 'the sweet singer of Israel', could have induced you to take the labour of searching out and bringing together upwards of one hundred and fifty names, so many of whom had no claim on your sympathy but their having aspired, however humbly, to translate into native verse the *truly* inspired bard whom you revere, and many of whom, but for the noble monument on which you have inscribed them, would assuredly have gone into oblivion? You have done them *all* affectionate service, and on not a few of them you have bestowed perhaps the only chance of immortality they were ever likely to have. It was no sordid pen, therefore, which performed this labour; for of pecuniary gain it may never bring you a single farthing; and though your book will always be a standard work with those who are curious in such things, it will do less for the extension of your fame than a small portion of the same time and pains expended in the composition of an original work would have done."

The publication of *The Psalmists of Britain* was followed by a period of several years in which only one work worthy of the name of a volume was issued by Mr. Holland. That work will be noticed in its place. Meanwhile an account must be given

of a considerable number of fugitive poems and of several circumstances by which our author was much affected.

Acting on the advice and following the example of Montgomery, Mr. Holland had made Messrs. Parker, Shore, and Company his bankers; and he had now in their hands what was, for him, a considerable sum of money. Early on the 16th of January, 1843, it was announced, to the astonishment of the inhabitants of Sheffield, that the bank had stopped payment. The alleged causes were "the long continued commercial depression and the heavy losses which the house had sustained in preceding years." Montgomery was so concerned about what had now befallen Mr. Holland, apparently in consequence of following his advice, that before noon he called upon his friend. "Good morning, Sir," said Mr. Holland: "I perceive you have heard the bad news; but you see I am not in tears." "But how", said Montgomery, "shall I look you in the face?" Mr. Holland's answer was, "Just as if nothing at all had happened; for you, I consider, deserve no blame in the matter; and I am sure it will afford me some consolation to learn that you are not likely to be a sufferer along with me and so many others."

The several hundred pounds which Mr. Holland had in the bank at this time were the gains of his literary labours. The money had cost him much hard work and no small amount of anxiety; and it was probably all he had. His being able to deal with his new and unexpected trial in the way indicated by the above-cited conversation, was a fact which some persons would not know how to explain. The truth is, that his native cheerfulness and his philosophy conspired with a personal trust in the God of providence, to make him able to meet such a difficulty with an evenness of mind which a not equally favoured individual might have envied. The frequency with which, in various ways, he declares himself to be contented with his lot, is a remarkable feature in his correspondence, on which the temptation to moralise is very strong. But the fact

will speak for itself. And let those whom this fact may strike learn what it is adapted to teach.

During the spring and summer of this year Mr. Holland had much correspondence with his old and valued friend, Mr. Thomas Molineux, of Macclesfield. That gentleman had been a successful schoolmaster, and was now an old man. His letters reveal that he was "going over his life again", in the interest and the pleasure which he took in the affairs of one or more of his grandchildren. The letters are too long to be inserted here; and only one of the many subjects of which they treat has any strong claim to be noticed in this volume. Mr. Molineux's granddaughter, Miss Jackson, of whose taste and ability our author had had full proof, was about this time married to a clergyman of the Church of England; and this event, it appears, was the occasion of the following sonnet, which is inserted here as an additional instance of the pure and tempered pleasure which Mr. Holland found in contemplating the happiness of his friends:—

“Bride! whom this welcome of sincere regard
 Hails to new duties of sweet care and love,
 I know thy kindly heart will not reprove
 The friendly greeting of a stranger bard:
 Then let me pray that heaven may guide and guard
 Thee with the wisdom coming from above;
 That thou, as heretofore, may'st gently move
 In Virtue's tranquil sphere: thy best reward
 The approving smile of conscience and of God:
 Rare gifts are thine, I know; thy present state
 Demands that graces rarer still should wait
 On thee, in duty's path discreetly trod:
 Then be it thine through all thy future life
 To show the Christian woman in the Wife.”

To this poem as it appears in *Diurnal Sonnets* Mr. Holland has prefixed the following quotation from Mrs. Ellis's *Women of England*:—"I find no fault with the sweetness, the irresistible charm of her behaviour before marriage; it is no more than we ought to practise towards those whose happiness is bound up with ours; the falling off afterwards is what I regard as so

much to be deplored in the character of woman ; for wherever this is observed, it seems to indicate that her mind has been low enough to be influenced by a desire of establishing herself in an eligible home."

In April Mr. Holland again assumed the style of an octogenarian, while he gave an account in the *Mercury* of his personal recollections of Woodthorpe, a mansion most pleasantly situated between Sheffield Park and Handsworth. Up to the time of old age, one of his most favourite walks was in front of that mansion ; and he seems to have retained a very vivid recollection of the specialities of the scene as it had first impressed his youthful mind.

Among those with whom *The Psalmists of Britain* led Mr. Holland into correspondence this year was Dr. Gauntlett, the musician, who sought his aid in connection with a cognate work in preparation at the time. Music was a thing unknown to Mr. Holland ; and it does not appear that he was able to render the Doctor much of that assistance for which he asked.

In June Mr. Holland was enabled to gratify a long-cherished desire to visit Epworth in Lincolnshire, the birth-place of John Wesley ; and he published, in the *Mercury*, an account of his visit. He went to the place with a mind full of recollections of what he had read of Samuel Wesley, the learned father of the great Methodist ; but he looked almost in vain for memorials of a family which has gained "something more honourable than even an historical celebrity" for its own name and for the quiet Lincolnshire town with which that name must ever be associated. The article in the *Mercury* contains the following characteristic passage :—

"It is indeed a singular fact that a family so numerous in itself, as to its direct representatives, should have become so soon almost entirely extinct. Without pretending at all to interpret the design of Providence in this early decadence of the male line, I think it could hardly have happened, had the name and the Methodism of John Wesley been continued in his

descendants, but that the people who now so enthusiastically honour what, as the case stands, is almost an abstract idea of individuality as to their Founder, might have been less happily circumstanced, had they been called upon to adjust the claims to respect or support of such direct living representatives of his family." This speculation may have in it something of a contribution to "the philosophy of history".

In July Mr. Holland published, in the newspaper, a poem on *Broomhall*, with explanatory notes. "Broomhall" is a respectable old mansion, with an interesting history. In 1843 it was in the neighbourhood of Sheffield, but it is now surrounded, though at a distance, by buildings, and is therefore within the town. It was visited by the Archæological Society in 1873, when its present occupant, R. N. Phillips, Esq., welcomed his Grace the Duke of Norfolk and other members of that learned Society, with "the loving cup" and an "antique" speech. The poem under notice is descriptive and historical; and the notes show that it contains results of extensive reading.

In August Montgomery was at Buxton, whence he wrote Mr. Holland the following letter:—

"My dear Friend,—Just for the whim,—for I have no better reason, and yet I have, though I will not tell you what it is,—I send you the little packet enclosed. The contents were gathered by me this afternoon on Axe-Edge, one of the bleakest, and formerly one of the dreariest, of the Peak hills in this neighbourhood. I am sorry that I could not send you the specimens as I gathered them fresh, flourishing, and fair, in a sisterhood of thousands and tens of thousands, in the sunny openings of a plantation which now covers the head, and mantles the shoulders of the barren eminence,—barren when I first knew it thirty years ago. *You* came into my mind when I found this humble plant in full bloom, and as thickly strewn as wood-anemones in spring in our neighbourhood. The thought darted into my brain, that, as it is utterly unknown in Hallamshire, you would like to see it; and having no better means of

transmitting a single specimen, which would have been withered to nothing before it reached you, I huddled a number together, that out of many you might be able to make out pretty clearly what an elegant, though minute, work of Omnipotence it is. You will mark how exquisitely veined the petals are, as with the pencil of His hand who 'so clothes the grass of the field'. Is not this the famous 'grass of Parnassus'? If it is not, it deserves to be. Many beautiful 'flowers' grow in 'Sheffield Park', Do you remember any so beautiful and more enduring? All this may be nonsense; for I am very stupid after a delightful ramble; but I am glad to escape from the pleasure of writing a formal letter to announce that I arrived here safely on Tuesday afternoon. A sad wet day it was. I have got good lodgings, and am doing well in most respects—though, if I were in the humour, I could make a merry tale of miseries which I have encountered, and borne with most heroic impatience. Pray tell Miss Gales that I have not seen the glimpse of a fire in this house since I came into it. I am truly your friend, J. MONTGOMERY."

The "little packet" contained a number of specimens of the flower *parnassia palustris* of Linnæus. That flower has been called "one of our most elegant native plants". It grows on the famous mountain from which it derives its name, in various other parts of Greece, in the calcareous districts of England, and even within the Arctic circle. On the packet were written the words, "A Theme for a Sonnet".

The hint was enough for Mr. Holland. He instantly wrote his friend a long letter, of which the opening sentences were the following:—"I have this moment received, opened, and been delighted with your equally unexpected and gratifying memento from Buxton. Such a plant, from such a 'mount', by such a hand,—the grass of Parnassus' from 'the Peak mountains' by Mr. Montgomery,—had been a present worthy of a worthier recipient than my humble self! I knew the plant at sight, though I was never fortunate enough to see it growing

anywhere. Certainly no such 'flowers from Sheffield Park' ever gladdened the eye of botanist or poet. Precious is the *parnassia palustris* for the gatherer's sake; how much more precious the kind note accompanying it! I am indeed gratified to find that such a remembrance of me came into your mind and from your hand at sight of what ought to be the *poet's flower*; and I am anxious to hope that the breezes from Axe-Edge may co-operate with the water of the 'Hot Wells' to re-invigorate your mental elasticity, as well as restore your muscular system to its wonted resiliency of tone and action. O, how I should like to have a ramble with you over those 'open hills', on which, many years ago, as now, you sought—and, thank God, not in vain!—for health; but as I have neither 'the wings of a dove' nor the sails of Mr. Henson's 'flying-machine', I must be content with what is better than either for my purpose, the paper pinions of a penny-post letter. Allow me, therefore, my very dear sir, in this humble wise, to drop beside your out-door path or your in-door chair, and wish and pray that your sojourn at Buxton may be productive of all that you and your dearest friends could desire, in comfort and improvement." Montgomery had gone to that place in the hope that certain symptoms of bodily decline which had begun to show themselves, might be removed. This sufficiently explains Mr. Holland's letter.

And the sonnet for which Montgomery had indirectly asked was written, and may now be seen in his *Memoirs*. Mr. Holland composed also another piece, *To the Parnassia Palustris (Grass of Parnassus) on receiving a specimen of the Flower, gathered by Mr. Montgomery, at Buxton, August, 1843*. It was printed in the newspaper, and is of the higher class of our author's fugitive verses. Here is one of its fifteen stanzas:—

" I fain would hope the self-same spell
Which prompts my feeble rhyme
May move the bard himself to tell,
In wonted strain sublime,

How golden corn, and purple heath,
Blue sky above, green earth beneath,
Rock, valley, stream, were in that spot,
One moment for the flowers forgot !”

Montgomery's reception of the sonnet mentioned above arrested the composition of a poem on the same subject. The fragment appears in his *Memoirs*. So that what Mr. Holland desired he also unconsciously used means to prevent. He accounted for the existence of his own poem in words which show that, whatever might be the character of his fugitive verses, and however abundantly they might seem to observers to be produced, they cost no small amount of care. He says, in another letter to Montgomery :—“The *Mercury* publishes some ‘temerarious stanzas,’ to which I allude for the following reason : your welcome poetical memento of Parnassian flowers was endorsed ‘A Theme for a Sonnet.’ Of course, I, who have written more sonnets, such as they are, than Petrarch himself, was not very likely to allow such a hint to drop unimproved. I composed accordingly fourteen lines under a heading similar to that of the printed verses. Having made two other equally unsuccessful ‘sonnets’, I ultimately changed the form of the experiment into that mould which yielded the verses in the *Mercury*.”

During the same month a marble bust of Montgomery, executed by Mr. Edwin Smith, was presented to the Cutlers' Company, by those who had subscribed for it, and a medallion of Chantrey, by Hefferman, was erected in the church at Norton. In these two events Mr. Holland had unusual interest, because he was proud of the connection of those celebrated men with his native town, and because he knew that his neighbours were both honouring themselves and adding to the abiding attractions of the neighbourhood, by putting up memorials so well deserved.

In September there was some discussion, in the *Mercury*, of certain matters greatly affecting the Sheffield trades ; and

Mr. Holland has preserved a letter of his own on the question of *Marking Cutlery*. There appears to have been also at this time in Sheffield an outrageous disaffection among some of the artizan class, which had expression in "rattening" on a large scale. A great and destructive explosion took place at the Globe Works, an iron pipe charged with gunpowder having been put through a window under the warehouse and fired with a fuse. Naturally, the town was alarmed; and the consternation spread far beyond the bounds of Hallamshire. Vigorous measures were adopted for declaring what the country thought and felt at the manifestation of such wickedness. A reward of a thousand pounds was offered by merchants, and another of five hundred by the Government, for the detection of the incendiary. It had become evident that a great and growing evil would have to be dealt with. But the best informed men were yet in great doubt as to the means which it would be politic to adopt for crushing that gigantic abomination. Eventually, the public opinion of the town having been educated, effectual means were adopted to do what was required; and great honour is due to the man by whom the arduous and thankless task here indicated was at length undertaken and accomplished.

This winter witnessed the first municipal election in Sheffield. Of that event and its immediate results our author was one of the most interested spectators, for reasons which need not be repeated here. When the question of the "Corporation Seal" came before the public, he made himself familiar with its merits, and strove to direct the thoughts of the people by means of what he published in the *Mercury*. One of his articles has been preserved; and it shows how well, when occasion required, he could use those superlative technicalities of heraldry which are, to the uninitiated, almost hopelessly devoid of meaning. His antiquarian investigations had necessitated a knowledge of that science. The Town Council having issued an advertisement, several designs were sent in competition.

Mr. Roberts, already well known to the reader of this volume, promoted laughter by the jocular proposal, that the subject should be a cap and bells with the motto, *Put it on*. The historian of Hallamshire sent in a design altogether worthy of himself and of the borough; but though it was truly historical, perfectly appropriate, and admirably executed, it was not accepted by the Council, on account of the expense which its adoption would have involved. The one adopted appears to have been the common seal of the borough, with the new motto, *Deo adjuvante labor proficit*. It may be difficult for some readers to appreciate the zealous interest with which Mr. Holland entered into the discussion of such matters; but no one having any amount of "public spirit," and possessing also what Mr. Holland calls "a spice of the antiquary," would have found it difficult to enter into his feelings in this case. The article referred to contains a strong expression of regret that Hunter's design had not been adopted.

It is peculiarly pleasant to find that amidst all such engagements of mind and such occupations of leisure, Mr. Holland not only cherished but also expressed and recorded the most tender affections for the natural objects of his love. On the 2nd of November he wrote a piece entitled *To my Beloved Niece, Mary Brammall, on the Anniversary of her Birthday*. That girl was his God-daughter and his favourite niece; and the strong, but tender, affection with which he addresses her and the ardent solicitude with which he desires her welfare are almost parental. He shows how she may insure the due cultivation of all her powers, and concludes with the following stanza:—

“ Mary, dear! whate’er betide,
Make Religion’s rule thy guide;
Then will those who love thee best
In thy happiness be blest:
Then with wisdom will be given
Gifts of grace and hopes of heaven;
Then will be fulfilled on earth
God’s high purpose in thy birth.”

In the first week of January, 1844, Sheffield was again thrown into excitement by the intelligence that a pipe similar to the one used at the Globe Works in the September preceding, had been found in the "hardening shop" of Mr. William Kitchen, in Union Lane. There could be no doubt as to the meaning of its presence there; and a terrible explosion had been prevented only by the fortunate dying out of the fire in the fuse. Such local "rattening," whether successful or not, and the popular and general political agitations which were spreading alarm through all the land, were things of an exciting and painfully interesting kind to the subject of this biography. In a series of essays left by him in manuscript under the title of *Sparks from a Sheffield Anvil*, and published, since his decease, in the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, he has written in a manner which evinces the depth and intensity of his feelings as to the wickedness of "rattening" in all its forms.

During the month just named Mr. Holland wrote *The Walnut Tree*, a poem worthy of notice because of the autobiographical character of some of its stanzas. He appears in it as a man of years recalling the scenes of early life, and as an antiquary recording the results of local and topographical reading. But instead of it the reader may peruse and consider our poet's sonnet on his fiftieth birthday, which is prefixed to this chapter.

Mr. Holland was now fifty years of age, a thankful, happy, contented man, a never-tiring student and *litterateur*, seeking and intermeddling with all knowledge, and a Christian whose convictions and aspirations might have found embodiment, at this particular time, in the following words of Dr. Chalmers:—
"As years roll away, let the impression grow firmer upon me, that, while here, I am not at home, but on a journey; and let me carry about with me the same faith, the same watchfulness, the same nearness of perception as to the things of eternity, as if I knew that in half-an-hour I were to be summoned by the last messenger."

He was endeavouring to do his duty in the station to which it had pleased God to call him. He appears to have done much in connection with the *Mercury*, which was now the largest newspaper published in Sheffield, having the amplest superficies of printed matter allowed by law. The number published on the 6th of January, 1844, was also the first typographical production of any kind ever produced in Sheffield from a press worked by steam power. Mr. Holland's connection with the paper was not only special, but also most convenient to his brother-in-law, as the following letter will show:—

“Edinburgh, 30th March, 1844.

“Mr. Holland.—My dear Brother,—You will probably have learned, perhaps anticipated, that I might have occasion to draw upon your kindness during my sojourn in Scotland. I shall indeed feel obliged by your assistance, and do not well see how I can do without it. I shall not be able to see any papers after Monday's from London, or rather not any after Tuesday's *Times*, so that everything subsequent to that, whether Parliamentary or otherwise, will be beyond my reach. I will, however, do two columns of something to be used or thrown out as the case may be. I do not expect you will find much to deal with, as the Commons adjourn on Tuesday for the Easter holidays. I shall seek out my chum and your assistant, poor —, if he be yet living. Mr. R. will hear from me on Thursday morning with as much as will dispel your fears. Believe me, my dear Brother, yours affectionately, JONATHAN BRAMMALL.”

However much Mr. Holland might now be devoting himself to newspaper work, poetry was still his delight. In March he wrote some appropriate and elegant stanzas on the death of a West Indian Boy at Wesley College, and in April *The Tenter*, a piece of blank verse. The “tenter” was a game-keeper. The poem resembles *The Charcoal Burner*, previously noticed; and it confirms the impression, already more than once recorded in the present volume, that Mr. Holland was wise in preferring

the lyrical form for most of his poetical compositions. This poem, however, is the memorial of a pleasant evening ramble with a companion, and shows Mr. Holland still, in advancing years, loving the country as in youth.

During this year there was much disturbance at several of the collieries round Sheffield. There were disputes between the "masters" and the "men" about wages, hours of labour, and "combination"; and there followed a "strike." Mr. Holland, after consideration, was induced to make an attempt to interest the public in behalf of the colliers. Accordingly, he published in the *Mercury* a series of half-a-dozen letters, in which he calmly discussed the questions at issue, and gave such advice as he deemed needful, to the employers as well as to the employed. But he was in this instance strongly on the side of the "men." In his letter of May the 23rd, he says:—"While I respectfully invite the public to a candid and generous consideration of the case of the Sheffield colliers, I would zealously advise the latter to be on their guard against allowing either the resistance of their masters on the one hand, or the advances of dangerous allies on the other, to be made a snare to their discretion; let them never forget that apparent identification with political demagogues, or desperate counsellors of any other class, will neither advance their cause with the masters nor with the public, much less prepare them for the enjoyment of a proper self-satisfaction when the struggle shall have terminated." The next week he had something to say on the other side:—"Surely the colliers are entitled to any palliative of their conduct that can be fairly urged. I beg respectfully to suggest to gentlemen who are perhaps themselves members, as they are certainly supporters, of a 'League,' designed, in my opinion, not to say avowed by its promoters as an engine, to intimidate Government into certain compliances, whether their workmen are, after all, acting more unreasonably than themselves? The only difference between them appears to me to be this: in the one case, rich masters are 'leagued' to endeavour to coerce

ministers into certain measures likely to be profitable to themselves; in the other, the poor pitmen are 'associated' in order to secure, if possible, a means of livelihood, and prevent themselves from being so directly exposed to the easy penalty of being turned adrift by their masters for trivial offences. If there be an Anti-Corn-Law League adherent among the Sheffield colliery owners, let me conjure such a one by his own conduct not to judge the poor workmen too harshly for applying, in their own case, a principle of which he may have taught them the importance in his own." This reasoning was followed by an appeal to the religion and the humanity of the masters.

In this instance Mr. Holland took "the middle way," and did his best to benefit both the parties of the struggle, in the hope that there would not come that breaking-down, which was feared, of the good feeling that had long been honourable to both those parties. Like many other persons who have attempted the difficult work of mediation, he had to regret that there were individuals who, through passion, interest, or thoughtlessness, so acted as to injure the good cause.

About the same time a very different matter, still more local, attracted Mr. Holland's notice. It was the fact, that "an enlivening coat of paint" had just been given to a most conspicuous figure in front of the old "Posting-house" in Angel-street, Sheffield. That "figure" was an *alto relievo* by Rossi, intended to represent "the angel of the last trump." In the ante-railroad era the "Angel Inn" was a celebrated place. It had now been coeval with the annals of Sheffield for more than a century. Its history would be that of the "posting" system which was now just expiring in England. On the principle that honour should be given to those to whom it is due, Mr. Holland embraced the opportunity to tell his townspeople a story exemplifying the honesty of the gallant old landlord, Mr. Samuel Pech, whom some would yet well remember, and who most probably has a place in at least one "fictitious" story. Lord Eldon and a friend once staid a night at his house, and a

curious incident followed. In the morning, having paid their reckoning, they started on their way towards Doncaster. When they had travelled to some distance, they were overtaken by the landlord Peech, who came up to them, "galloping like a highwayman." Instead of demanding their purses, he drew out his own, and produced a ten pound note, which had been paid him for a five. When it was suggested to him that he might have saved himself a long ride and much anxiety, by simply transmitting a five pound note in a letter to York, he made this striking reply:—"Yes, gentlemen, I could have done so; and, meanwhile, when you had discovered the mistake, and until you had received the money, you would have considered me a scoundrel." He abhorred even the risk of an imputation of dishonesty. It is gratifying to think that, with such a man, honesty would not be merely the best commercial policy.*

Unwonted interest was felt by Mr. Holland this spring in another local event. His sympathy with the aims and the operations of Sunday Schools was still as strong as it had ever been; and he rejoiced that, while patrons and helpers of different orders were, by the Providence of God, successively withdrawn from those institutions, successors were raised up to carry on the same work. Accordingly, when, on Whit Monday, 1844, many shops were closed in the town, in honour of the grand Sunday School demonstration, he rejoiced in a new and remarkable sign of the growth of public interest in the work of those comparatively modern institutions which were destined, he knew, to wield a yet mightier influence in coming years.

In Sheffield at this time there was an unsuccessful, but ingenious and amiable, man whose case touched Mr. Holland in an extraordinary degree. This was William Cartwright Newsam, a native of Skipton in Craven, who had sought him out and completely enlisted his sympathy. The poor man had

* "It is undoubtedly a just maxim, that in the long run 'honesty is the best policy'; but he whose practice is governed by that maxim is not an honest man." ARCHBISHOP WHATELY'S *Essays on Some of the Difficulties in the Writings of St. Paul, &c.*, p. 11.

suffered great reverses of fortune, and had had a life of great difficulty and distress. On the 14th of June he wrote to Mr. Holland that he was obliged to keep his bed: and ten days after that he died, leaving a widow and three children in destitution, with no hope that anything could be done for them, unless Mr. Holland would undertake to complete and prepare for the press a work, which the poor man had had some time in hand. Mr. Holland, with his usual benevolence, undertook the work, and on the 1st of July issued a prospectus of *The Poets of Yorkshire: or Sketches of the Lives and Writings of those 'Children of Song' who have been natives of, or otherwise connected with, the County of York.* The book was to be published by subscription for the benefit of the widow and children. Mr. Holland says:—"On the afternoon of Sunday, June 23rd, a good woman came to tell me that Mr. Newsam was so very ill, that he thought he should not live the night over, and was very anxious to see me before he died. I immediately went to his house, and found the poor man evidently near his end. With much composure he spoke of his approaching dissolution, the consolations of religion which he enjoyed, and his confidence of shortly entering the Christian's rest. He had sent for me, he said, to receive his dying request that I would undertake the arrangement and printing of his little book, which might, perhaps, be made to yield a trifle for his widow. It was not a moment for balancing nicely the uncertainties of the experiment against a willingness to undertake it under the circumstances. I therefore promised to do the best I could in the matter. On the following day he died."

Mr. Holland entered on this work in his usual thorough way of gathering information from persons most able to give it. Some of those whose names were to appear in the book were yet alive and able to speak for themselves. To one of them he wrote the following letter, which is too peculiar to be omitted:—

"Music Hall, Sheffield, December 17th, 1844.

"Dear Sir,—I have before me the proof of that sheet of *The Poets of Yorkshire* in which your name and a poem from

your pen appear. The latter consists of twenty-four lines, and is entitled —. I am so little satisfied with this composition, for several reasons that might be given, that after some deliberation with myself, I have determined to delay the printing of the sheet for a few days, to afford you the opportunity of substituting, if convenient, some other piece of similar length. I trust I need not do more than simply say that in speaking thus frankly and seeking to give you this trouble, I have no other anxiety than that your name should not be associated in this book with a composition, which, in my opinion—an opinion founded upon some experience in such matters—would do you less credit than it ought. I shall, at any rate, wait a few days before I decide to use these lines.—I am, dear Sir, yours very respectfully, JNO. HOLLAND.”

Here is another letter which Mr. Holland received back with the information that the lady had died some years before. It was written on the large blank leaf of the sheet on which the prospectus was printed:—

“ Music Hall, Sheffield, September 14th, 1844.

“ Madam,—I have your name in the list of ‘Yorkshire Poets,’ mentioned in the work named on the printed side of this sheet, I take it for granted, from the manner in which your family is mentioned in the Peerage, that you were born in Wensleydale; but being unwilling to assert this on *inference* merely, I beg very respectfully to ask you to be good enough to inform me by a line, *per post*, whether such be the fact. I would willingly mention the *date* as well as the *place* of your birth, if you feel at liberty to communicate it. I will make no apology of a formal nature for the freedom of this letter, knowing that the lady whom I have the honour to address will regard the request and the reply as coming alike within the scope of literary courtesy.—I am, Madam, yours, very respectfully, JNO. HOLLAND.
—Mrs. H. Rolls, Rectory, Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire.”

Among the most valuable communications received in answer to his letters of inquiry were the two following epistles,

which will answer several purposes at once, showing how thorough an understanding there was between Hunter and Mr. Holland:—

“ 30, Torrington Square, August 13th, 1844.

“ My dear Sir,—I must in the first place beg that you will place my name in the List of Subscribers to the intended publication. I have no recollection of having ever seen any of the three Yorkshire topographical poems which you mention; but I will go in the course of the morning to see if they are in the Museum Library, and report the result.

“ The subject of Yorkshire poets and verse-writers is a very extended one, beginning with Caedmon, the Monk of Whitby, and Alcuin, or whoever is the author of the poem printed by Gale on the Saints of York: then in the Middle Ages, Rolle, and, later, Perkyngs. When we come to the times of Printing, there was Middleton, at York, author of a little volume of worthless trash; Hagthorpe, [who] may perhaps be claimed for Yorkshire as well as Durham; Ashmore, the Ripon poet; Sir Francis Wortley; Edward Fairfax, the translator of Tasso; Christopher Brooke; Sir Robt. Stapleton, translator of Juvenal; Andrew Marvell, who may dispute with Fairfax the claim to be placed at the head of all the natives of Yorkshire who belong to the *Chorus Vatum*; Sir Samuel Garth; Congreve, casually born in the county; Lacey, a writer of comedies; Roger Brierley, the incumbent of Grindleton in Craven; William Crashaw, born at Handsworth, (father of the better known Crashaw,) author of translations of some of the early Songs of the Church; Robinson, one of the guard of the Queen of Scots in Sheffield Castle; Wilfrid Holme; Matthew Stephenson, probably; Dr. Rob. Wittie, of Hull.

“ Then, in the last century, Gent of York, Cawthorn, Dr. Heneage Dering, Mrs. Mary Masters, Maude, Mason, Robert Barnard, a Sheffield man. There must be at least twenty others if you include all who have printed poetical volumes, however small.—Add to those of the 17th century,

Henry Parke, of Wentworth.—I have a poem, on the death of one of the army toppers I think, entitled *Kirkees*, about 1760.

“Take Sheffield as a centre, and a radius of eight miles, and (excepting Fairfax and Marvell,) we have a large portion in that semicircle of the Poetry of Yorkshire. How is this? At the present time there is no other portion of the county that has the slightest claim to be compared with it: Montgomery, Elliott, Holland, M. Roberts, S. Roberts, Fenton, and others among the living—add Mrs. Hoffland; and among the dead, Wortley, Parke, Mason, Cawthorn, and many others. By the way, there appeared a long article on *Sheffield Poets* in a short-lived periodical called, I think, *The Cambridge Review*, or a tract published at Cambridge. I know not who was the author, but it appeared about 1824. This would be worth looking at in reference to your design. There is a volume of Songs by Mather, a Sheffield poet; and, query, if Mr. Battie has not collected and published his. There is a volume of verse by Miss Pierson, a Sheffield lady. Lady M. W. Montagu might be included among the poets in the Sheffield semicircle, and Lady Emmeline Wortley.

“I have a little volume of verse by a Yorkshire poet, entitled *The Bride of Thriburgh*. Then there is Mr. G. Henry Drummond’s volume (he that was Vicar of Doncaster). And this brings to mind Mrs. Monk, of the Molesworths of Edlington. Then Mr. Homfray is within the Sheffield range; and if you touch the living poets, Mr. W. H. Leatham, near Wakefield, who has connected much of his poetry with the old houses in his neighbourhood. There must, I am sure, be very many others; so that if you mean to name all, you have too much for a five-shilling book.

“Not one of the three books you mention is in the Museum Library. This is always the case. Go for anything in the Book Department, and one is sure to be disappointed. Every English book ought to be there, and yet, I verily believe, they have not much more than one half. But I found a little volume

of verse which is evidently by one of your authors, Samuel Jones: *Poetical Miscellanies on Several Occasions, By Samuel Jones, Gent.*, 12 mo., 1714. I conclude it is the same S. Jones who wrote the poem entitled *Whitby*, as one of the poems in this volume is on a remarkable epitaph in the churchyard of Whitby. The volume is dedicated to Hugh Machell, of Appleby, in Westmoreland, Esq. It answers very well to its title. There are prologues, epilogues, epigrams, epithalamiums, enigmas, elegies, with imitations of Milton. Of the latter there are two or three, but of some of the other classes perhaps not more than one piece. One piece is entitled *A Hymn to Tyburn*. I suspect you would find little in it to quote.

“ Talking of Whitby reminds me that I have a play entitled *Streanshalgh Abbey*, written, I believe, by some person in that neighbourhood. I have also a play entitled *Cytheria*, by “ John Smith, of Sheanton,” a Yorkshire author.

“ I do not believe that there is any person in the county to whom you might apply as likely to possess the three poems you speak of. That is, I know of no one who is a collector of books relating to Yorkshire. The late Earl of Carlisle occurs—and now Mr. Monckton Milnes—and, query, Lord Norfolk himself? Mr. Wilson’s papers are likely to find their way entire into the great Depository of such things at Middle-Hill, Sir Thos. Phillipps’.—Believe me, very faithfully yours, JOSEPH HUNTER.”

“ 30, Torrington Square, August 23rd, 1844.

“ My dear Sir,—I shall send you Ashmore, and a reprint of Middleton, on Monday, by my son, who is about to repair to Sheffield to take the place of Assistant-Surgeon at the Infirmary, and who will deliver them to you. Perhaps I may find one or two other books suitable to your design to inclose in the same parcel. You will have the goodness to let me have them again when you have done with them, my books being my tools, as you know very well.

“ All the accounts say that Garth was a Yorkshire man by birth; but I never could see any authority for the statement, or

learn *where* specifically he was born. This is the case also with respect to Walton. Garth is not a very common Yorkshire name, but still it is not unknown in the county.

“I possess Dr. Wittie’s *Gout-Raptures*, and another poem in the same volume, which I will inclose, *if I can find the volume*, which is by no means certain.

“Robert Perkins, or Parkin, (for the name is found written both ways,) was Curate of Adwich-le-Street. He left a large poem in MS. on the events in the life of Christ. This MS. was in Thoresby’s Library, and lately in Mr. Heber’s, at whose sale it was sold; but I have not heard who was the purchaser. It was finished by him May 23rd, 1554. I don’t know that there is anything of his in print.

“Of the York Middleton I can give you no information beyond what you will find in his book.

“Selections from Hagthorpe were printed in a Roxburgh book. He is rather a Durham than a Yorkshire man; yet he lived for a time at Scarborough, one of the poems in his *Visiones Rerum* being written “whilst I lived in the cold (or old, I am uncertain which is the word,) Castle of Scarborough.” He is also, no doubt, a John Hagthorpe who, in [the reign of] James I., was owner of half of Greenbury Grange, in Scorton. His few books are very rare, and not in my collection.

“Ashmore is not named in Gent. and you will find little anywhere about him beyond what his own volume supplies. He seems to have fallen into difficulties. Crashaw must stand over, and need not be named.

“For Stephenson, see *Gentleman’s Magazine*, N.S., iii. 277, where are specimens. One of his poems is entitled *A Letter from York*; another is in praise of York ale; and he has an epithalamium on the marriage of a clergyman, Mr. Power, with Mrs. Ann Flower, Yorkshire people, I believe. Very little is known of him; and I know not that he has ever before been claimed for Yorkshire, and, perhaps, ought not now, when the evidence goes very little beyond what I have now stated. His

books are, *Occasion's Offspring*, 1654, (See for this, *Ann. Lit.*, iii. 314,) *Bellum Presbyteriale*, 1661, and, probably, other things; but I have seen only *Poems, or a Miscellany of Sonnets, Satires, &c.*, 1665. He is in *Granger*, with the lines on his portrait by Gaywood,

‘ He set out this merry play,
And Mr. Gaywood made it gay.’

“ Mrs. Monk was, by birth, a Molesworth. There is an octavo of her poems, printed about 1710. I think there is a slight notice of her in *South Yorkshire*, under Edlington, or, perhaps in *Hallamshire* under Handsworth. I do not possess the book, but it is a very common one.

“ Mr. Homfray.—There is an extract from his poems at the close of the account of Hallamshire in *South Yorkshire*. I rather think he is a native of the neighbourhood. At least, he spent his youth thereabouts.—Yours, very faithfully, JOSEPH HUNTER.”

The Poets of Yorkshire appeared in March, 1845. The length of the time devoted to it is accounted for by the fact, that poor Newsam had been able to do little more than to make a collection of names, with the occasional filling in of a few biographical particulars. Mr. Holland declared himself “mainly responsible for the execution of the design in its present form.” It appears that not more than one fourth even of the poets' names had been collected by Mr. Newsam, and that less than that proportion of the body of the book had been prepared by him. The volume had now grown much beyond the dimensions contemplated by Newsam when he fixed its price; and Mr. Holland appears not to have had the pleasure of presenting to Mrs. Newsam nearly so much as he had hoped, towards the temporary alleviation of her necessities. But he had the gratification of seeing her patient and happy, though very poor, in a long-continued affliction. ✓

The book is a compilation. It contains biographies, with specimens of the poetical compositions of those Yorkshire poets who had published volumes of verse; and the compiler

“left to those who might choose it, the ungracious and unprofitable attempt to discover the debatable line between the domains of genius and common-place, between the productions of the poet and those of the poetaster.” There are in the volume notices of nearly two hundred authors and authoresses, the editor being, of course, among them. Having named his own volumes of verse, he says:—“Besides the foregoing volumes, which, with innumerable smaller pieces in verse, entitle his name to a place in this collection, Mr. Holland has published twice as many works in prose, on widely different subjects. He is, probably, in fact, the most voluminous author of his native district.”

While this work was passing through the press at the *Mercury* Office, a lady, who had a well-deserved place in the book, and who was a native of Sheffield, died at the age of seventy-four years. This was Mrs. Holland, whose works, with perhaps only one exception, are in prose, and designed chiefly for young persons. She became very famous in her day, and will long be remembered as an entertaining writer. She was well known and highly esteemed in her native town. Her acknowledged works are very numerous, and display much ability; but of some of them may be said, with modification, what has already been quoted, in this volume, concerning the writings of Sir Walter Scott.

CHAPTER XV.

1845—1846.

“ Some there are
Who pique themselves on having no such foibles
As others feel or feign in their attachments.
Such can regard their birth-place e’en as they
Think of their earliest enterprise in trade ;
And they can pass the homes, the names, the graves
Of their once-prized companions, with a shrug
Of self-complacency, to think that chance
Hath shoved them into happier circumstances.
Well, they are welcome to their apathy,
And wealth to boot. I cannot join with them ;
And if to gather gold, and glean renown,
Look high, and spurn all gentleness,
If this be *manly* wisdom, then, ah me !
I’ll be in my simplicity a *boy*.
Yet I am young no longer. . . .
But Heaven, which hath in mercy hitherto
Led me in life, will surely lead me through.”

J.H.

The leisure of the early months of 1845 was devoted to *The Poets of Yorkshire*, which was published in March. The other compositions of the period were not numerous ; nor are there many interesting circumstances belonging to this period that claim to be recorded here.

In May Mr. Holland wrote *On the Death of a Beloved and Only Child*. That child was Elizabeth Creswick Roberts, only daughter of Samuel Roberts, Esq., of Queen’s Tower. “ She was a child of much promise and many hopes among a large circle of family and friendly connections, to whom she was exceedingly endeared by her lively manners and ingenuous

disposition." Mr. Holland had known and admired her mother, whose untimely death has already been mentioned in this volume; he was also amongst the greatest admirers of the little, entertaining, and devout girl; and he now ranked among those who sincerely mourned her loss. The verses appear to have afforded genuine pleasure to all the members of a large social circle, and especially to the father, who procured a number of copies of the poem, wrote Mr. Holland the warmest thanks, and gave the most substantial proof of his deep sense of the poet's sympathy. Montgomery said about the poem things which must have been unusually gratifying to Mr. Holland. "The Christian Poet" himself, Mary Hutton, and several other persons also contributed verses on this mournful occasion. Mr. Holland's very amicable antagonist and most worthy friend, the dear child's grandfather, took all the tributary poems, prefixed to them a memoir of "Lily," and made the whole an "Appendix" to the Report of "The Aged Female Society," and also the vehicle of a donation of one hundred pounds to that institution, which was "to be regarded as a bequest from his beloved grandchild." Of the child herself Mr. Roberts says:—"With talents, I think, almost unexampled for her age, and with spirits the most buoyant and animated, she had learned to know and to love her Saviour, and to take delight in praying to her highly-favouring Heavenly Father."

In the month of June the American poet, Bryant, was in Sheffield. Mr. Holland had several interviews with him, and has recorded his impressions, as well as the substance of a conversation which took place at The Mount, when Bryant called to see Montgomery:—"Mr. Bryant was, in appearance, between fifty and sixty years of age; about five feet ten inches in height; somewhat slightly built; upright and firm in his gait; his whole frame giving that idea of sinewy elasticity, that parsimony of muscular substance, which seems so generally to characterise the natives of the United States. There was, however, a quietness and unaffectedness of manner about the American poet

which evidently made Montgomery feel at home with him in an instant."

Mr. Holland's varied communications with Montgomery had now yielded much fruit in relation to the projected biography. He seems about this time to have completed his collection of facts and extracts from the early volumes of the *Iris*; for a letter to Montgomery has been preserved which accompanied three bundles of papers, and in which Mr. Holland says:—"Herewith I return all the copies of the *Iris* which, through your kindness, have come into my hands during the last five or six years. I am much obliged to you for the current sight of them; and as to the long detention of them, I am afraid I cannot offer any truer apology than procrastination." There was, however, another apology which he could not "offer," though it is most likely that Montgomery had it in his own mind, and gave it due weight. Several things concur to produce this impression. One of them is the fact, that during this year, when Montgomery told Mr. Holland that he had "just received, in a singular manner, a large collection of his own early letters, addressed to a friend," the following conversation ensued:—"Oh," said Mr. Holland, "how I wish they had fallen into my hands; or that they could be transferred to my custody." "On reading them over at this distance of time," answered Montgomery, "I am surprised how little they contain that is objectionable of a political nature; but there are in the earlier ones some casual improprieties of expression which I should not like even *you* to see." "I think," replied Holland, "I am already too intimately acquainted with your earlier history in that respect, to meet with anything likely either to surprise or shock me: I am sure I should find nothing that would affect my present convictions." Montgomery afterwards gave those letters to Mr. Holland, who made full use of them in his *Memoirs* of the poet. It may again be asked how Montgomery could escape the conviction that he was in constant communication with his own biographer.

Railway business was during this year the almost all-engrossing subject of thought and conversation in England. There was, indeed, a railway mania. In the autumn prospectuses became so numerous that most of the newspapers were compelled to publish supplements for two or three weeks, and some had two or three supplements each week. The mania affected all classes of society, the old and the young, men and women alike. It is doubted whether speculative enterprise has ever been more desperately exciting or more extensively ruinous. To Mr. Holland there appeared to be an "all but universal absorption of the popular mind, as well as personal capital, in the gambling vortex." Even the property of a charitable institution, with which Montgomery was officially connected, was implicated in the alarming transactions of the time. Mr. Holland stood by, and calmly surveyed the tumultuous heavings of society, caused in a way in which he saw much to astonish a sober mind.

But amidst all this he pursued his own literary course, rejoicing, no doubt, that if he was not either rich or speculative, he had an enjoyment that was quite independent of such things. In July he wrote an historical and topographical article about *Clay Gardens*, the site of the Sheffield Victoria Railway Station. He tells of the time when that place was remarkable for its seclusion and quietness, and presents the contrast introduced by modern changes. In August he appeared in the *Mercury* as "a disinterested looker-on," complaining that when the beautiful Cutlers' Hall had been liberally opened for a public meeting, a mob had abused the favour. He held that "mob meetings" should never be held in beautifully and expensively decorated rooms. And who that thinks and has made a little use of his eyes on public occasions does not agree with him?

In September Mr. Holland was led in a peculiar way to publish another poem, with a dedication to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire. This was *Handley Church, A Poetical Memorial*. It comprises more than a hundred and forty lines. The

occasion of its composition was a request from a representative inhabitant of Handley, a hamlet near Staveley, that the poet would use his literary influence to help to secure the consecration of a grave yard in connection with the church, additional burial ground being necessary. The cause was elegantly pleaded in the dedication : and the author "ventured at least to believe" that his Grace would not disdain the unsubscribed petition of the villager because it was offered through the privileged intervention of the poet. But the request was not granted at that time ; and after two years Mr. Holland re-published the poem, avowing his design and urging his request in other quarters in a new preface.

About this time was published the work named in the following letter to Montgomery. The letter is inserted because of its critical character. For writing thus strongly about Mr. Cooper's remarkable book, Mr. Holland might find some ground in the fact, that its author had, as early as 1833, inscribed a volume of poems* to Montgomery, and received no faint praise at his hands.

" Music Hall, October 1st, 1845.

" Dear Sir,—I have just read *The Purgatory of Suicides*, and now hand it to you for a week. It is a marvellous 'prison amusement,' certainly. It contains passages which remind one of Milton, and Byron, and Elliott, and of all of them together in some places. The conception and execution of the work are truly Dantean ; and, although many of the sentiments are horrible, (I mean *morally*, not *physically* horrible,) and although the drift is anti-Christian, the whole is poetical, congruous, magnificent. It contains no mean thought, no flippant expression, no verbal infirmity, though even *I* could retouch some stanzas with advantage, *i.e.*, retrieve some (to the reader obvious) accidents of composition. Would that I could commit some other verbal solecisms with like concomitant results ; as

* "*The Wesleyan Chiefs ; and other Poems.* By Thomas Cooper. London : Hamilton, Adams, and Co., 1833."

where the glorious energy of the stanzas overleaps the five-barred rhymes, the toll-keeper himself hardly finding cause for complaint! Pardon this ill-timed palliation of metrical solecism. There is an *earnestness* in the poet of this *Purgatory*, which will be an apology to you, as to me, for more serious matters than missed syllables or doubtful rhymes.—I am, dear Sir, yours affectionately, JNO. HOLLAND.—Mr. Montgomery.”

Mr. Holland had some acquaintance with Mr. Cooper's poem before its publication; though it is not known to the biographer whether Mr. Cooper himself is aware of this fact or not. The truth is, that some portion of the manuscript passed through Mr. Holland's hands while its writer was yet in prison. The biographer has heard Mr. Holland tell how the manuscript came to him, how he read it with uncommon impressions of its power, and how he foretold that if it should be completed and published it would infallibly take a high place in English poetical literature. That prediction has been in great part fulfilled; and Mr. Holland had much happiness in watching the career of Mr. Cooper, as he travelled through darkness, or, at best, dim twilight, into that meridian brightness of Christian life which he has described in his autobiography, and variously expressed in his long-contemplated and now partly published work, entitled *The Paradise of Martyrs: A Faith Rhyme*. If *The Paradise of Martyrs* is not equal in vigour to *The Purgatory of Suicides*, the difference is easily accounted for by a change in circumstances: but the “Faith Rhyme” will leave on the reader's mind a much more wholesome impression than its Chartist predecessor, the “Prison Rhyme.”

There was still great excitement in the country about the Corn Laws. As the end of the year drew nigh, Sir Robert Peel's Government having been suddenly broken up, Lord John Russell made an attempt “to form an administration on the basis of a coalition of parties favourable to an immediate abolition of the Corn Laws.” That attempt did not succeed; and Sir Robert was shortly re-called to office. The unexpected

death of Lord Wharncliffe, President of the Privy Council, rendered the crisis still more interesting generally in the country, and particularly in Sheffield, the town of "The Corn Law Rhymer." His Lordship had but a little time before been in Sheffield on a public occasion. How Mr. Holland now acted in regard to public affairs, may be in a degree indicated by the fact that, when in December, amidst the peculiar political and commercial excitements of the time, Richard Cobden was making a speech in the Cutlers' Hall, he did not go to hear him. He who had previously taken so prominent and influential a part in local politics must now have been in a state of quietness and retirement, steadily prosecuting his literary engagements, and finding in those engagements both the work and the recreation in which he most delighted. It should be added that when, shortly after this time, in spite of the secession of several leading members of his party, Sir Robert carried a measure for the repeal of the Corn Laws, there was great rejoicing among the townspeople of Ebenezer Elliott. They considered that a great triumph had now been gained in a good cause, and the "Rhymer" himself was deemed worthy of a large share of the honour.

In the first week of the year 1846 Mr. Holland lost an acquaintance by the death of the Rev. Francis Dixon, who had been Minister of the Lee Croft Chapel, Sheffield, from the year 1800 to the year 1836. And about a month later died another gentleman with whom he had been more intimately associated. This was Mr. Abraham, of the Milk Street Academy, Sheffield. Mr. Holland's sisters had been pupils in that school; and Mr. Holland himself had often been in communication with Mr. Abraham on scientific subjects. The following passage occurs in the Report of the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society:—

"The Council have to record the death of one of the original members of the Society, Mr. Abraham. This gentleman, in the year 1834, filled the office of President, and was

generally a member of the Council. His scientific acquirements qualified him to take a very prominent part in our proceedings. He was also esteemed in a much wider circle, being a Fellow of the Linnean Society of London, a Member of the Committee of the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge, and one of the earliest contributors to the Transactions of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The latter years of his life were more especially devoted to the Study of Magnetism; and he employed his skill in this science, in devising a method for obviating the direful effects of the process which is known among Sheffield Manufacturers by the name of dry grinding. As an instructor of youth he was very successful; and he was held in high esteem among his friends and numerous acquaintances."

On the 16th of February Mr. Holland appeared in a new "character" in the Literary and Philosophical Society. He had hitherto served that Society in an efficient and gratifying manner by fulfilling the duties of his office; and he now began to take his proper place as a contributor of interesting papers at the Monthly Meetings. The paper of the evening referred to was on *The Bower Birds of Australia*. It consisted of the elaborate descriptions of those curious animals, given in Gould's superb work on the birds of Australia, "with some brief preliminary remarks on the general fauna of that land of paradox, by Mr. John Holland"; and it was read by Mr. Lee! Why did not Mr. Holland read his own paper? The reason might be that while conversation was to him a most easy and agreeable exercise, public speaking was an irksome task.

The same month witnessed another peculiar and very agreeable incident. An unknown hand sent Mr. Holland a poetical congratulation, in recognition of the assumed fact that, whatever else might fade and disappear, the poet of Sheffield Park had secured for himself the fragrant and unchanging bay. As in a former instance of the same kind, our poet returned

meet answer in verse, through the medium of the newspaper, wishing peace, love, and truth to one who had sung in secret.

" Unseen, as the bird
Whose note on the hawthorn on May-day is heard."

In March Mr. Holland was engaged, through a suggestion received from Montgomery, in vigorously endeavouring to ascertain the birthplace of Dodsley, the poet-publisher. All the Memoirs of him to which Mr. Holland had access, mentioned Mansfield, in Nottinghamshire, as the place of his birth; that appeared to be an error, Mansfield having taken the place of Anston, in Yorkshire, a village about ten miles east of Sheffield; but after all, like many such questions, the matter had to be left undetermined.

In May Mr. Holland was again in correspondence with Hunter, and had the pleasure to find he had pleased that learned man with fresh information about William Crashaw, the poet. Hunter says:—" I have regarded the recovery of this name to the list of English poets as a fortunate discovery, and I value it the more as an addition to the worthies of Hallamshire, and an honour to a South Yorkshire family, from one branch of which I am myself descended. Your discovery of his baptism in the Handsworth register is valuable. I fear you did not at the same time find the marriage of his parents. I hope one day to clear the whole of this from the uncertainties which at present rest upon it, as well as to complete my catalogue of his published writings. The history of this person and his family is a *pet* subject with me. I should like to write Handsworth again." Having given the title of one of William Crashaw's works, Hunter adds:—" Most of the book is in verse, and the resemblance to the poems of his son, Richard Crashaw, is remarkable." It is well known that Richard Crashaw's poems are somewhat in the manner of George Herbert; so that the reader is here put into possession of some definite knowledge of the works of a man whose name itself had been almost utterly forgotten, but who must now stand among the

Yorkshire Poets and the worthies of Hallamshire. Thus appears the profit, such as it is, of antiquarian research.

About the end of the same month Mr. Holland wrote a blank verse poem of nearly a hundred lines, entitled *The Cedar of Lebanon*. It has a sweet narrative simplicity, and tells of a "cedarling" brought with extraordinary care from the Holy Land, planted in Paris, allowed to grow as an object of delight for a whole century, and then removed to make room for a railway!

Here may be mentioned a lyric poem composed probably some months before this time, under the title, *God Speed the Plough*. It is a spirited piece in fifteen stanzas, and shows that long association with town life and incessant contact with books and bookish men, had not destroyed our author's early sympathy with such as lived by rural employments.

In June, Mr. Holland paid another visit to Beauchief, in company with a friend. The visit was attended with several pleasant circumstances, which may account for the fact, that after a few days there appeared in the newspaper an interesting account of a "summer afternoon's ramble." The article consists of both prose and verse, and contains some beautifully simple stanzas, with historical notes, for neither of which, however, can room be found in these pages.

Towards the end of July, Miss Colling sent Mr. Holland a copy of her *Ode to the Elements*. He regarded this as "a memento of a kind recognition," on the lady's part, "of their former transient epistolary intercourse, of which," said he, "I at least have a very pleasing recollection." His letter in acknowledgment, dated August 1st, contained the following sentences:—

"I am afraid, after all, you will think me sadly ungallant in what I am about to say; but permit me to say, *entre nous* and by way of palliative, that I am somewhat of a literary critic by profession. But to the point:—In the ode which you have so kindly given me, has it never occurred to you as rather unfair, not to say an inversion of poetical propriety, to call the

‘elements,’ in the very first line, ‘mighty ministers of wrath’? I submit, with great deference, that wrath is not their primary, and should not, I think, be made their leading attribute, so to speak. I *feel*, too, that the assignment of the empire of the winds to a personage called ‘Nature,’ in line 13, page 4, is scarcely congruous to the meaning. I am, of course, well aware of the sense in which the term is used; but is the transference of any power *from* God to ‘Nature’ poetically defensible? Now, my dear Madam, all this hypercriticism does look very much like ingratitude; but from the black vice I am sure your goodness will exonerate me. You will doubtless find abundance of material for vindictive reprisal, should you happen to meet with a little book called *The Poets of Yorkshire*, published by me about two years since under very peculiar circumstances. Meanwhile believe me to be, dear Madam, with apology for the freedom of this letter, yours very respectfully, JNO. HOLLAND.”

Miss Colling, who was not displeased at the frankness of his criticism, replied that the common name for those fixed laws by which the Almighty is pleased to govern His works is “Nature”; that it is common to personify “Nature;” that she had not represented her as sole arbitress, without reference to the Great First Cause; that she had to plead the licence of the ode for abrupt transitions; and that it was the apparent wrath of the elements which first called her attention to the theme, and suggested the address. From this time, as might have been expected, Miss Colling and Mr. Holland were regular correspondents, though more than twenty years elapsed before they ever had the pleasure of a personal interview.

In a letter to the same lady, written on the 8th of the same month, there occurs a passage which will sufficiently express Mr. Holland’s opinions about another matter of some importance:—“I thank you for the lines on *Modern Art*, and those on Collins, a poet more frequently quoted than read, I apprehend. In the note to one of the lines in the first-named composition, there is an allusion to the late melancholy end of

poor Haydon, the painter, with the drift of which I cannot coincide. It is always easy to blame the rich for their shortcomings in the matter of patronage to poets and artists; and this is sometimes done with but little reference to the character or conduct of the claimants themselves. I am, of course, disposed to make large allowance for the temperaments and even the infirmities of genius; but, after all, I cannot help thinking that in a free country like this, and, as a rule, *genius of all kinds* is pretty fairly rewarded according to its deserts. Burns was, in my humble opinion, a poet whom no pecuniary patronage could have rendered conformable to the ordinary rules of discretion; and I am afraid the history of the late unfortunate painter's life-long struggle is a melancholy comment on the sentiment. He was, doubtless, a highly-gifted, but most wilful and impracticable man. It is, indeed, often only in their *biographies* that society can afford to do full justice to individuals of this stamp. I am afraid you will find this a most unpoetically prudent doctrine. It is, at all events, a most unselfish one as far as I am concerned."

In another letter to the same, written this autumn, Mr. Holland, replying to critical remarks on Collins and Gray, says:—"As for Collins, I am afraid my admiration of him would fall far short of orthodoxy, according to your estimate: though I do admire him. Has not the fact of his having had the luck to be comprehended by Dr. Johnson in his *Lives of the English Poets*, a great deal to do with the position accorded him in general, I dare not say popular, estimation? Gray on the other hand is *popular*: and this, as you justly remark, mostly in consequence of a single, but certainly most perfect poem. It is perfect, in the literary sense, and deeply in unison with the profoundest sentiments and feelings of universal humanity, but, as Montgomery has remarked, without the slightest recognition of the Christian's hope in death, or the mourner's source of comfort in true religion. Who is to be the poet of the next age? Is he born? Is there the slightest indication of his development in

any living name? Many men of middling minds, indeed, there are, and some highly respectable; but where is the personal promise of the future Byron, Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Montgomery, Rogers, Campbell, or Moore? Of these but three remain, grey-headed, if not bald-headed men, all of them!"

In her next letter Miss Colling wrote very freely of autobiographical and other matters highly interesting to Mr. Holland, and then spoke of "an apology for all this gratuitous information." The words which she immediately added are transferred to this page as the answer to a very natural question, which may have suggested itself to the reader's mind:—"That it should be made to a stranger, though he commenced the correspondence, may indeed appear surprising; but *mentally* you are not such. I knew you to be *respectable* from inquiry, and from your being the friend of Montgomery; to be *talented*, from your books and correspondence; and *discreet*, from the use you made of former information; and so seldom do I meet with any one of a literary turn, that I have pleasure in cultivating such acquaintance even upon paper; more so, perhaps, than personally, as, from the cause just stated I have never been accustomed to *converse* upon such subjects. In withdrawing my pen, perhaps for a long period of time, this explanation seemed due to you and to myself."

Mr. Holland confessed he was amused with the fact, that inquiry had been made about him; and in his next letter characteristically said:—"That you have been misled by the answer is likely enough; for while so many persons appear to have to defend themselves against what they deem, and often rightly so, unkindly statements, I, on the other hand, have never had to complain but of the *over-favourable* testimony of those who had to speak of me. But enough of this. Self is a bad theme, in most cases, but not in all; and, therefore, I thank you for what *you* have said on this subject. It is in the direction of biography, of which I am most fond. . . . You say it may be long before you write to me again; but allow me

to ask you to modify this conclusion. I need not say how glad I shall be at any time, or under any circumstances, to be favoured with a letter from you. Do not, therefore, wait for the occasion, but create it. Little is the return I can make in kind; but that little shall, at least, have the merit of frankness and sincerity."

It is scarcely needful to add that the literary relations of these correspondents were from this time of the most friendly nature.

In September Montgomery went to Harrogate for a fortnight. This is mentioned as the occasion for adding that when he bade Mr. Holland farewell, he requested him to call for his letters at the post office, to open and read them, and to forward to Harrogate only such as might need immediate personal attention. The liberty thus given does not seem to have been used at this time; but Montgomery's increasing infirmities after a while made the use of such a liberty necessary; and when the time came, Mr. Holland was equal to the claims of his position.

In September Mr. Holland wrote a poem in eight stanzas descriptive of the grovelling tastes of those

" Who little care about the works of God,
Save what will turn to gold at sordid touch."

The poem is, in effect, a protest against "worldliness" and indifference to those true, high, and permanent delights which God has designed for man.

To the next month belongs *A Christian Sponsor's Admonition to a Youthful Catechumen preparing for Confirmation*. This blank verse poem of more than one hundred and sixty lines, was addressed to the author's "dearest niece." It contains a full expression of his moderate Churchmanship. He regarded confirmation in the light in which it is theoretically viewed by all consistent adherents of the Church of England. He did not ask whether the act of confirmation is required by God or not; but it was enough for him, that it was "a grave, seemly, and most ancient rite, fraught with benediction to the faithful." While he had the best reason to expect that in the present instance the rite would be attended with benefit, he admitted

the mournful fact, that in connection with the confirmation of modern times there are some serious abuses and a sad clashing of theory and practice. He saw and said that some,

“With naught of hallowed duty in their aim,
Would with their finery shame the house of God.”

His poem was, therefore, a compound “admonition,” containing serious reflections for those who accustom themselves to persuade persons to be confirmed, and who undertake to prepare them for the ceremony. The theory of confirmation is confessedly admirable; and that the rite has, in many cases, been attended with the greatest blessing, cannot be doubted; but if young persons come to it and go from it without personal decision for Christ, the rite must be an evil thing, in proportion as confidence is put in it as a means or condition of salvation. And it is, according to Mr. Holland’s view, a grave error to suppose that due preparation for such an ordinance as confirmation can be secured by a process merely intellectual.

Here must be added brief references to two circumstances for which it would have been grateful to find more space. One of them is, that the Rev. James Caughey, a very successful American Methodist Evangelist was in Sheffield during this year. The congregations attendant on his ministry, and the effects of that ministry were extraordinary; and he is talked of in the town to the present time. Mr. Holland rejoiced in the good work done by such men. The other noticeable fact was the election of Mr. Henry Clifton Sorby as a member of the Literary and Philosophical Society. Mr. Sorby is now one of our ablest and most successful observers in several departments of Natural Science; he has won an honourable position among the naturalists of Europe; and his relations to Mr. Holland were ever remarkable for kindness and high mutual appreciation. Mr. Holland’s great fondness for all scientific subjects, and Mr. Sorby’s uncommon attainments and great pleasure in communicating knowledge, rendered their intercourse agreeable in no ordinary degree. Thus it is that

“Mind turns towards mind, as rank attracts to rank,
With a sure impulse, like magnetic power.”

CHAPTER XVI.

1847—1848.

“ But ne'er, I trust, through many years
Of mingled trial, joy, hope, fears,
Hath slang, or selfishness, or crime,
E'er stained my humble prose or rhyme.
And I have known what kindness can
Of confidence 'twixt man and man ;
Nor ever did one call me 'friend'
Whose love had, save with life, an end.
And I, unworthy, as may seem,
Of the best sex's best esteem,
Have found even cautious woman free
To trust her secret thoughts with me ;
Nor ever found she, wife or maid,
Her generous confidence betrayed.”
J.H.

DURING the year 1847 Mr. Holland wielded a very busy pen, though he published no volume. He wrote freely on different subjects in the *Mercury*, kept up a voluminous correspondence with Miss Colling, worked with pleasure at his Montgomery documents, served the Literary and Philosophical Society as only a literary man could serve it, and published at least one poem per month, on the average.

It must be mentioned, in passing, that on the 18th of January telegraphic communication was completed between London and Sheffield, and that on the following day, the Queen's Speech, transmitted through the wires, appeared in the *Mercury* a few hours after its delivery. Here was an experiment alike novel and interesting. It belongs to a class of things in which Mr. Holland always took very great interest.

As scientific discoveries and inventions were now tending rapidly, in railways and electric telegraphs, towards "the annihilation of time and space," and as Mr. Holland was connected with the newspaper in which appeared the results of the telegraphic achievement just referred to, it is no surprise to find him reflecting on his love of home and on the narrow limits of his travels, and writing about those things to his Hurworth friend. On the 16th of February he says:—"I well recollect the delight with which I read Southey's *Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo*, then Scott's poem on the same bloody field, on which, it was said, he also *fell*, then Byron's lightning glances on some portions of the same scenery: since which times I have again and again met and conversed with those,—persons of both sexes,—who have performed the same pleasant pilgrimage; *but*—I have never been out of England! I was born more than half a century ago, under the very humble roof—humblest of the humble! which still covers my table by day and my pallet by night. More than half of that long period elapsed, and I had only travelled, like a bank-side weed the length of its tendrils. Then I got a glimpse of London, and repeated it. Then, in 1832, Providence, much against my will, carried me for six months to Newcastle-upon-Tyne; which place I have gladly visited more than once since that time. In my first progress northward I *did* pass over *Croft Bridge* on a fine midsummer evening, which I shall never forget. Nor must I forget to thank *you* for the kind manner in which you express the hope that I would not cross it again without a deflection for a moment towards the pleasant locality of your residence on romantic Tees-Side. 'How *could* I do so?' is the chivalrous response of a hero on paper. 'How *shall* I do so?' would most likely be the experience of the coward in action!"—It has already been observed that many years elapsed before the invitation could be accepted.

During the same month appeared four sonnets on *Inductive Science*, *Astrology*, *Geology*, and *The Bible*. These poems, which

show the permanence of Mr. Holland's religious views, were afterwards reprinted in *Diurnal Sonnets*.

It will be proper to mention here, in connection with this reference to Mr. Holland's views, that he was also a man of consistent practice, in regard to religious ordinances. Writing to Miss Colling, and partly explaining his connection with the Methodists and with the Sheffield Sunday School Union, he also mentions the fact of his "usually kneeling with the good people of St. Mary's Church" in Sheffield, "on their sacramental occasions." This was an almost monthly occurrence. There lies before the biographer a most pleasing letter from one of Mr. Holland's oldest still surviving friends, Mr. John F. Parkin, in which that gentleman tells of his expectation to meet Mr. Holland, first at the Lord's Table, and afterwards at the fire-side. Mr. Parkin and Mr. Holland had long before been associated in Sunday School work; they were now wont to ramble together for botanising and other purposes; and Mr. Parkin's artistic abilities, with other admirable qualities, made him a companion after Mr. Holland's own heart. These facts cannot pass without the reflection, that in this friendship Mr. Holland was peculiarly happy. There were probably very few things in which Mr. Parkin and he lacked sympathy; and their meeting together on occasion of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, must have supplied a bond of closest union.

Another very pleasing circumstance of a personal nature, like what had occurred a year before, took place this February. On the 14th, an unknown hand, probably that of a lady, sent Mr. Holland a poetical *Acknowledgment, with a Wreath of Bay*. High commendation was accorded him, as one stanza will prove:—

"Thy genius weaves no idle lay,
To raise the blush on beauty's cheek,
To praise the follies of the day,
Exalt the proud, depress the weak:
Faith, hope, and love still flow along
The stainless current of thy song."

Mr. Holland's response was in accordance with the fact, that the "Acknowledgment" came to him while he was in a pensive mood, mourning the distress caused by the Irish potato famine, but rejoicing that his favourite, "Spring", was drawing near again, and calling to mind the obligations under which the goodness of God had laid himself.

This spring, the Committee of Council on Education issued a series of minutes propounding certain plans for the general instruction of the poor. The effects likely to be produced by the operation of those plans were freely discussed throughout the whole kingdom; and thereby was occasioned a great and almost general excitement. The Congregationalists were almost unanimous in condemning the scheme proposed, and in denouncing all Government intervention and aid, while Church people and others strongly supported that scheme. A petition against the measure was sent from Sheffield, and was followed by another in its favour. This matter is mentioned here because, while the subject was under the attention of the country, Mr. Holland vigorously and persistently advocated the Government proposal in successive articles in the *Mercury*. In April, writing to Miss Colling, he speaks of "the yards of newspaper stuff which he had lately written in favour of the Government plan of education," and represents this as being no mean proof that he was not a Dissenter.

About or before this time Mr. Holland was reading an entertaining work which caused him both pleasure and "abhorrence." It was Howitt's *Homes and Haunts of the English Poets*, published at the beginning of the year. Miss Colling criticised the work very freely, and complained that it gave no account of her correspondent. This does seem a little remarkable, when it is borne in mind that Mr. Howitt appears to have proceeded on generous principles, and even points out the fact, that Sheffield has been distinguished by its connection with poets. Probably he lacked information. Those things in the work which Mr. Holland disliked were its author's bitter polemical

propensities, his irreverent application of Biblical language, and his "insidious introduction of a sort of bland sentimental theism in the place of Christianity." These remarks have their value as an introduction to the few extracts which will follow, from the voluminous correspondence of the year.

In his answer to Miss Colling's letter Mr. Holland says:—
 "You are pleased pleasantly to couple my inconsiderable poetical status with the claims of those of whose 'homes and haunts' the ingenious Ex-Quaker was in quest. Of course his mentioning of me was out of the question, on several accounts: but I was amused with a remark made by Montgomery. Said he, 'I have had William Howitt, but I did not bring him to see you, as I did not know how you and he would have liked each other.' I am afraid I have a prejudice against him. Yet I never saw him: and the only intercourse I ever had with him in any way, directly or indirectly, was an act of courtesy, I having, many years since, received from William and Mary Howitt a presentation copy of their pleasing volume of *The Desolation of Eyam, and other Poems*. My title, such as it was, to this consideration arose from the fact, that I had myself, long previously, celebrated in verse the fate of the memorable Peak village in question. . . . I find I have a single copy of my own little poem on the subject, written, it seems, so time flies! almost thirty years since. This I enclose for your entertainment and acceptance, only premising that while I have no apology to make for the verse, I should state that it was reprinted, from the original in a newspaper, by a worthy friend of mine at Macclesfield, a schoolmaster, who has interpolated the *notes* on 'Runic,' 'Lindens,' and 'Succumb,' between the close of the poem and the only illustration which in my copy accompanied it."

On the 1st of June, Mr. Holland composed a piece called *Lilacs and Laburnums*. The poem appeared in the *Mercury*. When a copy of the paper containing it came into the hands of Miss Colling, she gathered, from "internal evidence," that it

had been written by her Sheffield correspondent, and told him so. This is named as an occasion for the remark, that his style soon became distinguishable to those who once gained his acquaintance.

In July our author had the long-desired pleasure, which he had almost ceased to expect, of taking a trip to Wath with Montgomery. They walked through the streets of that "queen of villages" which Montgomery had not visited for forty years; and Mr. Holland found much information and great entertainment, while the bard, now "well stricken in years," recounted the events of his early and eventful life. One record of that delightful ramble appeared a few days after in the form of a poem, entitled *Stanzas Commemorative of a Ramble at Wath-upon-Dearne*. Referring to this poem in a letter to a friend, written on a sheet containing a printed copy of the poem, Mr. Holland says:—"I am not sure that it will be read by you with less interest than the rest of my letter, especially when you recollect what occurs under the word 'Wath' in Howitt's notice of Montgomery in *The Homes and Haunts*, and when I tell you that every line of my stanzas has a specific significance:—For instance, lines six and seven of the fourth stanza,

' We strolled through the grave-yard, and paused in the porch,
And talked of the seers and the spectres now fled,'

have reference to the poet's well-remembered verses, entitled *The Vigil of St. Mark*, and embody the leading features of a rustic superstition, which was by no means feebly or rarely held at the period of Montgomery's providential sojourn at Wath, more than half a century ago."

Mr. Howitt's book must not pass out of notice in the present volume before an anecdote in which he appears has been told.

In another of his interesting books, which describes visits to remarkable places, he mentions the secluded village of Sockburn on the banks of the Tees, three or four miles from the place of Miss Colling's residence. That little village could once

boast of a small but venerable church containing a very ancient monument surmounted by a knight and a dragon. The monument had reposed in unmolested loveliness for ages, and had become associated with a marvellous legend. The owner of the estate on which the humble sanctuary stood was brother to a Northumbrian baronet. It pleased him to erect a splendid mansion in the vicinity; and being offended both by the simplicity of the little church and by the train of village worshippers that came "between the wind and his nobility," he applied to those who had authority, for permission to pull down that church and to build another at a respectful distance, on the opposite side of the river. Just at this crisis Mr. Howitt paid his visit to the place, and remonstrated with him on his intentions, declaring, as most men of taste would have declared, that he considered the little church an ornament, and that it would, if covered with ivy, have the effect, as seen from the window of the mansion, of a picturesque ruin. Mr. Howitt adds, in his book, that he did not know whether his advice had been followed or not; but Miss Colling, in one of her letters, told Mr. Holland the sequel. The owner of the estate had neither the taste nor the feeling to follow such advice; but he pulled down the old building, drove away, from the haunts and the graves of their forefathers, the few cottagers that remained, and removed the knight and the dragon to his own lordly hall. A handsome marble monument to a person of the last century, still well represented in the neighbourhood, was taken to the new church on the Yorkshire side of the river; and now, instead of bearing the words "Beneath this stone," or "Near this spot," that marble ought to tell the reader that "On the other side of the water and in another county lie the remains of ——" The remains themselves, thus left unprotected, may have been turned up by the ploughshare before now. A lord of the manor who could make so complete a desecration could also rejoice at the sight of it, not caring that he was despised for want of proper taste and of good feeling; but to the living representatives of the

buried dead such desecration was very grievous. Here was another "deserted village": and now

" Along the vale where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and barren pomp repose."

By this time the correspondence between Mr. Holland and Miss Colling had become quite voluminous. He calls one of her letters a *libellus*. The confidence and the communicativeness were on both sides very remarkable. Mr. Holland writes:—" 'Poetry,' says Elliott, 'is self-communion'; and so it is; but it is something more, including, I presume, the power of holding communion with others. At any rate, I feel that the intercourse which I, from the banks of the Sheaf, am able to hold with you on the banks of the Tees, without either having seen the other, and the mutual sympathy which, whether in prose or verse, one may feel in objects of common poetic interest or mental association, is of a widely different character from that which mere men of business feel towards, and reciprocate with, their unseen correspondents. My dear Madam, the foregoing is egregiously sentimental, which your letters are not; and in this lies their main charm with me."

One "object of common poetic interest" as to which, however, Mr. Holland had more than ordinary feeling, will appear in the following passage from the same letter:—"Your old yew is a tangibility. I can visit it with you in imagination, and sympathise with the adjuration, 'Woodman, spare that tree.' For many and many a time have I lamented the removal of such an object. Man is a rare architect; but—he cannot build a tree! And yet, I suppose, trees were providentially designed for the use of the carpenter, as meat for the sustenance of the poet; and yet neither an oak nor an ox would ever fall by my hand, at least with my present feelings. On the contrary, there seem to be many people—the working world's great mass is such—who prefer a large tree to a smaller one merely because the former contains more timber. One would almost fancy they would rather the growth of the bole were at

once in the form of a squared beam, and the branches spars ready for use, so little care they about the leaves, or the shadow, or the history of such vegetables even as 'The Yardley Oak' itself. I shall never forget the emotions with which, on passing through a hamlet, in sight of Olney church spire—alas, it was very distant!—many years ago, on the top of the mail coach, I read on an old dirty board the word 'Yardley.'—To Mr. Holland's pleasure in trees another reference will be found in its place.

During the same month of July, a very different and much less pleasant subject than poetry and trees, engaged Mr. Holland's attention, and occupied his pen. On the 4th of June a paper had been read, before the Literary and Philosophical Society, by Mr. John Moss, a member of the Society of Friends, on *The Inconsistency of Capital Punishment and its Insufficiency for the Suppression of Crime*. Some discussion followed in the newspapers. Mr. Holland was moved to "give expression to a few sentiments running counter to the doctrines of the abolitionists." The following passage will show that he could easily turn from letter writing to logical exposition:—"In Mr. Moss's lecture, as in those of others, I find a great deal of unsupported assertion, mixed up with much that is merely plausible and false in deduction. For instance, Mr. Moss roundly asserts that 'the general arguments in favour of capital punishment are as wicked in their moral consequences as they are ridiculous in their logic.' Thus, 'at one fell swoop,' all the advocates of capital punishment are set down as reasoners whose arguments are immoral and illogical; from which the only inference to be drawn is, that all morality and logic rest with the abolitionists. They are the people, and morality and logic shall die with them! The plausibility of Mr. Moss's lecture consists in such beggings of the question as—'If mercy is needful for thieves, it is equally so for murderers; yet we reform the one and hang the other.' No one doubts that *Divine* mercy is needful for both thieves and murderers; but we do *not* reform the one, although it is

true we hang the other. Laws, Divine or human, are not intended for the reformation of criminals : they are simply punitive and preventive ; and it is well known that ‘ prevention is better than cure.’ When men commit crime they *know* that they are doing wrong. They may find fault with the law, or the law-giver, or both ; but this does not form a justification of crime : otherwise there would speedily be no laws at all, or at least they would be of no avail. Mr. Moss also says :—‘ We have no right over our own lives, and, therefore, we can have no right over the lives of others.’ This is a false deduction. Granted that we have no right to commit suicide, yet it does not follow, as a consequence, that society has no right to avenge the blood of the innocent, by taking the life of the murderer. We know it is said ‘ Thou shalt not kill ’ ; but is it not plain that the term ‘ kill ’ is used synonymously with the word ‘ murder ’ in the sixth commandment ? Is it not plain that revenge, amounting in this case to murder, is only meant ? If Mr. Moss will abide strictly by the literal expression, ‘ Thou shalt not kill,’ he ought to condemn the sacrificing of sheep and oxen, and denounce the butchers as a set of men who support their trade by arguments ‘ as wicked in their moral consequences as they are ridiculous in their logic.’ . . . In His Word, the Almighty threatens eternal death to obstinate sinners. This is capital punishment in its most terrible form. But will any one say that its tendency is to promote sin ? If the highest possible penalty be not sufficient to deter men from sin, will a less punishment have that effect ? And if the terrors of capital punishment be insufficient to prevent the crime of murder, how in the nature of things can a milder law effect the desired object ? But there can be no doubt that the moral effect of capital punishment has been such as to deter thousands from the crime of murder, although it may not always have been perceptible by man ; and there can be no doubt that such has been the result with regard to other laws for crimes of less atrocity. I think the idea that capital punishment tends to promote murder, and that a less

punishment will decrease the crime, is preposterous, and cannot but meet with the contemptuous rejection it merits at the hands of all moral and logical reasoners."

About this time the Rev. Samuel Earnshaw, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, Senior Wrangler of his year, and First Smith's Prizeman, returned to Sheffield, his native town, having been appointed by the Church Burgesses one of the Assistant Ministers of the Parish Church. During the year Mr. Earnshaw was elected as an honorary member of the Literary and Philosophical Society. Mr. Holland found in that gentleman a new acquaintance whom he soon came to regard as a friend, and with whom his communications were ever afterwards of a very gratifying order.

In August Mr. Holland was with Mr. Brammall's family in Derbyshire. They visited Hope. The Vicar of Hope was the Rev. W. C. B. Cave, whose wife, to her honour be it said, did certain things of which, if they were repeated in these days, there might be great complaint. Her religion raised her above ecclesiastical prejudices, and she appeared among the lowly worshippers in the Methodist chapel, when there was no service at church. Many in her position would have thought it quite becoming for the Peak Methodists to attend church on the Sunday morning, as they did, but most unbecoming for such a lady to appear with those Methodists in their place of worship in the evening. Yet persons who have never done any such thing towards securing personal acquaintance with Nonconformist worship, still think themselves quite able to estimate its worth, and quite justified in condemning it as an evil thing. Great is the power of prejudice! Ecclesiastical barriers have already wrought incalculable mischief. When will good people know better, and be willing to associate with one another on principles of common sense?

The sojourn at the village of Hope became the occasion of a poem, for which the name of the village naturally supplied a title. A copy was sent to Miss Colling, from whose next

letter to Mr. Holland the following passage has been taken :—
“ I thank you for your poem upon ‘ Hope.’ It makes one think rather of the *passion* than the *place*. At all events the one is very prettily interwoven with the other, and gives it an interest beyond that of mere brick and mortar. You have done well to adopt a changeful measure for such a changeful theme. Aptly does it illustrate the fluctuations, the alternate elevations and depressions, of that most variable of all our varying emotions, *Hope*, a delightful but delusive siren, that seldom fails to break the word of promise, to the sense, even if she keeps it to the ear ! ‘ Yet hope itself,’ says our great moralist, ‘ is happiness, and its frustrations, however frequent, are yet less dreadful than its extinction’. We must be content, therefore, to see the fair deceiver blow her airy and rainbow-tinted bubbles, as, one after another, they glitter and expire, and to hear her voice, sweeter than that of Jenny Lind, call ever on Happiness, who answers, like the echo in your verses, only with mocking and unsubstantial sounds.”

Some days after his return from Hope, Mr. Holland was at Roche Abbey with the members of the Literary and Philosophical Society. As the account of that excursion contains the first allusion to Mr. Holland which appears in the annual Reports of the society, that account is here reprinted :—“ The weather was favourable ; and, bodily exercise being united with intellectual activity and the interchange of amicable sentiments, in the midst of great natural beauty and numerous objects of interesting contemplation, the day was spent in a most delightful manner. Antiquities and British history, mineralogy, geology, and botany, especially the application of the latter engaging study to the practice of medicine, were among the most prominent subjects. The universal impression of those who met on that day within the venerable ruins of St. Mary de Rupe, was, that the repetition of such occasional excursions, to relieve and reward the diligence of those who attend our evening meetings, would be highly expedient. For

a very full and detailed account of the various occupations of the party, the Council beg to refer to the Sheffield newspapers, and especially to the Sheffield *Mercury* of August 28th, containing an article upon the subject, from our highly valued assistant-curator, Mr. John Holland."

In September Mr. Holland wrote *The Town-grown Marigold*. The flower that had suggested the poem had grown year by year where scarcely any other thing could grow ; and it furnished our author with an agreeable subject for poetical moralising :—

" The flower, unstained by guilt or strife,
 Unpoisoned even by death,
 Here lives a form of lovely life,
 And breathes a fragrant breath,
 And silently, to saddest eyes,
 A lesson of content supplies."

A few weeks later he addressed a poetical epistle "to a young lady with a specimen of 'pecopteris adiantoides,' in shale, from a cutting of the Lincolnshire railway, near Sheffield." This also was a moralising composition concerning a phenomenon of nature. The young lady to whom the piece was sent with the fossil, was Miss Susan Ridge, the daughter of the proprietor of the *Mercury*.

With another poem Mr. Holland concluded the year. This was a set of twenty lively stanzas entitled *Christmas*. The poem was accompanied, in the newspaper, with long and interesting historical notes, designed to show that "Father Christmas" is indeed so old that his age cannot be ascertained, and so agreeable to human nature that neither prince, ecclesiastic, nor Puritan has been able to banish him from society in Christendom. On different occasions, Mr. Holland provided for his Christmas-tide readers no small amount of innocent and profitable amusement.

By this time our author's relations to Montgomery, as to the projected biography, had become very clear to the mind of "the Christian Poet." Mr. Holland has recorded a conversation with him, one part of the meaning of which is, that Mont-

gomery certainly felt he was talking to his own biographer. He fancied one day that he had, by an incidental allusion, given Mr. Holland a clue to the identity of the heroine of his poem *Agnes*, when he checked himself, and said, "I have sometimes almost determined to make a vow never to allude to ladies to whom you can possibly apply any of my poems." "I trust," answered Mr. Holland, "you will not do so, as I can most conscientiously say that I mean to make no use of the information but what I believe you would approve; and the world will thank us both for it at the end of the next century." "I make no vow," said Montgomery; "but you may depend upon it that at the end of the next century the world will care nothing about either *you* or *me*."

The first thing requiring notice in the year 1848, is a discussion with Miss Colling respecting chloroform and the millennium. The reader will soon perceive how the two subjects became connected. Miss Colling thought that the discovery of chloroform might have brought mankind nearer to a millennium than anything that had previously occurred, and that that powerful agent should be applied to prevent the sufferings of animals doomed to be slain for the sustenance of man. Mr. Holland wrote:—"You make a striking—let me rather say a startling—remark about the possible application of that marvellous anæsthetic agent, *chloroform*, in the killing of animals for the food of man. I really dare not give an opinion on the subject. I do not know that to take away the consciousness of a beast before taking its life, is repugnant to any ordination of the Creator; but, apart from the obvious question of better and worse, in the mere market value of the carcass, I really hesitate to say, 'First intoxicate and then slay.' Not that in any case where human suffering has to be endured for a time, I would hesitate to be either the administrator or the administratee of this wonderfully potent therapeutic auxiliary. As to your remark, relative to the *millennium* and its possible acceleration by the use of the substance alluded to, I scarcely know what to

say in a few lines. There is, perhaps, scarcely any subject on which Christians have so generally some vague notion, or which is, in reality, so little defined on good grounds with any party. There are, I think, few subjects which I have attempted to comprehend really and tangibly, with less success than any of the millennial theories ordinarily propounded. Three new phases of anticipation at this moment present themselves: your chloroform, Richard Cobden's universal competition, and the scheme of the vegetarians, who propose to abolish the use of animal food altogether. . . ."

An original sonnet, a "poem of the affections" in this case, accompanied Mr. Holland's letter; and he remarked that it could hardly be shown to be a sonnet at all, in strictness, and according to the rules required for the legitimate structure of that form of poem. To that observation was returned an answer which will balance Mr. Holland's depreciation of his many sonnets. Miss Colling wrote:—"Thanks for your sonnet, which I should not have discovered to be not according to the strict rules for such poems made and provided, had you not informed me, nor have liked the less if I had. Without meaning a pun, I think we should allow a little latitude to a species of poem so stinted as to longitude. Sonnets always remind me of the animals we sometimes see tethered to a tree, which it would be mere needless restriction and useless cruelty to fetter with a *log at their heels*, within the narrow bounds assigned them. In like manner, I would have the sonnet unshackled, to the extent of its 'tether,' and allowed to arrange itself in as many different forms as it has lines, according to the idea to be expressed, or the fancy of the writer; for variety is a source of pleasure, and I do not see why our free-born language should be bound down by the Italian or any other model. But I was not intending an essay upon sonnets; so I will withdraw my pen, only remarking, in conclusion, that of the three *millennial preparatives* I adhere to the chloroform; not clearly perceiving the advantages of 'universal competition' with the Cobdenians, nor being prepared to give up my dinner with the vegetarians!"

In February, Miss Colling sent Mr. Holland a translation of a prayer which had been used for centuries by the miners of Dalecarlia in Sweden. He published it in the *Mercury*, with a letter and an original hymn, under the title, *Prayer and Praise for Pitmen*. When the lady had seen both, she wrote:—"I was pleased to see the prayer, with its appropriate accompaniment of the hymn. Even seed scattered by the way-side may sometimes find a spot where it will spring up and prosper; and such may be the case with that."

Before the end of the month came the revolution in France. That event, in connection with the financial crisis which had just preceded, with the distress occasioned by the potato disease in Ireland, with the seditious conduct of the "Repealers" in that country, and with the still worse proceedings of the "Chartists" in England, caused much painful excitement among all classes of the community. The extent to which Mr. Holland kept himself clear of the discussion of such matters at this time, is, so far as judgment can be formed from extant documents, remarkable for a man so intimately connected with the public press. He found other more congenial subjects for thought and literary exercise.

Mention has already been made of Mr. Holland's great interest in the history of George Fox, and in the religious community of which that remarkable man was the founder. At this time he was reading the biographies of several Quakers, and expressed his views to his Hurworth correspondent. In a letter devoted chiefly to the discussion of the subject here indicated, he transcribes a sonnet which he had written, impromptu, on a *drab page* opposite to the picture of a fair Friend, in a lady's album, and proceeds to say, after other things:—"There is one province of Quakerdom I should like to see invaded from any side of the orthodox Church. I mean the non-reading of the Scriptures in their meetings for religious worship on Sundays and other days. Ask any Quaker why they do not, and, ten to one, the answer will be an equivocal one, as, 'that they read the

Bible at home', or, 'that the practice of reading might lead to preaching'. The true reason will not be given; and I have not met with a candid and conversable member of the Society of Friends, who was not prepared to admit *personally*, that the regular reading of the Old and New Testaments in their meeting houses would be desirable." It was a very grateful fact to Mr. Holland, that Miss Colling, whose personal connection with "Quakerdom," through endeared friends, was perhaps more intimate than his own, was able to confirm his good opinions of the general working of the Quaker system, and to sympathise with him in admiration of such persons as Mrs. Fry, and of such sentiments as that lady expressed, concerning the superiority to forms which generally accompanies true religion.

Chartism abounded, and trade outrages still occurred, in Sheffield. In March of this year seven men belonging to the Razor Grinders' Union were transported for the wilful destruction of property. And there was also in the town great sympathy with the people of France, and with the design of the revolution. At the end of March, Mr. Isaac Ironside returned from Paris, having presented to the French National Assembly a congratulatory address, voted at a meeting held in Paradise Square three weeks before. These facts will give point to the following words, written in April to Miss Colling:— "In your last welcome letter you not only advert—alas!—who does not? to the critical character of the times, but you also indulge in appropriate poetical, pious, and patriotic aspirations of hope and confidence, on behalf of the Queen and the country. Most fervently do I respond to your expressions on this subject. The fact, too, that this vast manufacturing population of ours comprises such a large leaven of Chartists, may well be imagined to make me even more sensibly alive to the evils and perils of the moment than you can be, on the banks of your quiet stream; and yet where is there an uninfected locality?"

Under such circumstances how natural it would be to

desire to turn the thoughts to other and different things. What, then, did Mr. Holland do, in addition to the common and ordinary duties of every day? He thought of the Providence of God, and of the poetical and touching story about a funeral which is told in Andersen's *Hartz Mountains*, and then penned the following sonnet on *The Bird and the Burial*:—

“ In a small garret in yon narrow street
 Lay a poor corpse ; and near it, in despair,
 Sat a lorn widow weeping, wondering where
 And how to get plain grave and winding sheet,—
 When, lo ! the casement open, a bright bird,
 A strayed Canary, fluttered in, and sweet
 Its song began, perched on the dead ! Glad heard
 The mourner this strange omen, and, as meet,
 Deemed it a timely heaven-sent gift, and caught
 The warbler, which, to its glad owner brought,
 Was ransomed with a noble piece of gold.
 Then the bereaved one, grateful for the sign,
 Gave her dead husband to the hallowed mould,
 Acknowledging the hand of Providence Divine.”

It was during this month that Mr. Holland composed the beautiful poem entitled *The Rainbow*, which will be found in *Diurnal Sonnets*. He says to Miss Colling:—“ I took tea with the poet at The Mount the other day ; and we both were much struck with the apparition of a most beautiful rainbow, the arch being reflected in a scarcely fainter tone behind the primitive *iris*.” The following lines will show the beautiful and appropriate use to which the incident was turned:—

“ And thus, methought, *his* genius, like the sun,
 With iris-lines adorns the cloud of time :
 O could I win, even as my friend has won,
 The Christian Poet's trophied name sublime !
 Like yon companion arch, I, faint but true,
 Would the same path of light from earth to heaven pursue.”

About this time must have been written the descriptive blank verse piece entitled *The Gypsy Cavalcade*. A correspondent thought it so graphic that a competent artist ought to be asked to paint the scene which it describes.

Letters were now passing between Mr. Holland and Hunter, on a subject in which they both took much interest. Mr. Holland had come under the power of the resolution to trace his own pedigree ; and the result of his investigations has been recorded at the commencement of the present volume. Hunter had previously gone over much of the ground now travelled by Mr. Holland in his grateful researches, and was happy to furnish all the help he could. And it is a striking thing to notice, in reading the letters relative to this subject, with what zeal and pleasure the two like-minded antiquaries gave themselves to its investigation. *Gens Hollandia* was still in hand years after this time ; and it will be one of the heir-looms left by Mr. Holland to the family of his nephew.

In the midst of his correspondence with Hunter, our author visited Norton, where many of his ancestors were believed to have resided ; and he shortly afterwards published a poem, under the title, *A Meditation, on May-day Morning, in Norton Churchyard*, thus uniting the two kinds of literary occupation in which he found his greatest pleasures, and at the same time cherishing that filial interest which he felt in all that he could ascertain about those whose bodies lay buried around him. On one stone,

“ With nettles skirted, and with moss o’ergrown,”

he read the names which he, in turn, had derived from his sire, and he knew that many nameless graves held kindred dust. He rested and mused on a tombstone, while a willing fancy, and facts gathered from a peculiar parish register, combined to redeem “ from drear oblivion ” “ some glimpses of past being ” ; and he seemed to follow his ancestors from one duty to another, in the cottage, on the farmstead, and at church, until, the earthly course of each completed, their “ death-vanquished bodies crowded ” the sacred enclosure in the midst of which he sat. This poem of twenty-one stanzas, which is much too long to be inserted here, shows that at this time Mr. Holland was governed by Christian convictions. Referring to several natives

of the parish, who had gained prominence in their days, and especially to one who had made Norton "a cynosure of fame," he mourns that transcendent mental gifts are not more commonly consecrated according to the will of Him who gives them.

In prosecution of the design to trace his own pedigree, Mr. Holland, in June, paid a visit to Whittington, a place "consecrated to fame" in connection with "the glorious revolution of 1688." Though the material object of his visit was, to settle a point relating to some of his ancestors, he attended also to some other matters of antiquarian interest; and in the next number of the *Mercury* he published a letter in which were discussed, in the genuine antiquarian spirit, some questions relating to the famous village, where he had seen and entered "the revolution house" and "the plotting parlour," and where, he felt, there ought to stand a monument so conspicuous that it could be seen over all the adjacent country as a Protestant land-mark. It is believed that some of his relatives had resided in "the revolution house."

A periodical or a volume devoted solely or mainly to antiquarian subjects was always to Mr. Holland a most welcome companion; and, knowing that such publications had appreciative readers, he found great pleasure in furnishing for their pages such matters as he deemed suitable. In this way he found his connection with *Notes and Queries* grow somewhat close; and he contributed, anonymously or otherwise, to different kindred works of which no account can be given here. *The Athenaeum* and *Notes and Queries* were regularly read by him on Saturday evenings for many years. The following lines from an unfinished sonnet, left in manuscript, may have interest for the reader:—

"From the first number of this curious series,
I, week by week, have each one duly read;
With every Saturday the 'Notes and Queries'
Is welcome to me as my daily bread:
Quaint facts abound, and sometimes curious theories,
Questions and answers that I much enjoy;
For there is solved a grave historic doubt, and here is
Preserved a charming literary toy:

I would not willingly exchange for gold
 The sweet enjoyment of this silent hour,
 Which seems to ripen rather than grow old,
 Through lapse of years still teeming with fresh power."

The second half of this year was, to Mr. Holland, very eventful. His father died at an advanced age on the 13th of July. The old man gave up business several years before his death, and for some time was in the habit of attending at the Music Hall, on occasions when his son was called from home. Though suffering from asthma, he looked after his garden and his bees to the last. He had no long illness, but lived, almost to the end, in his own beautifully simple and quiet way, enjoying both his pipe and his newspapers, as in former years. It was natural that he should still like newspapers, when his children were so much connected with them.—If Mr. Holland compiled a biography of his father, it has been lost; and it is impossible now to recover those facts concerning him which it would have been the biographer's pleasure to record in this place.

On the 24th of July Mr. Holland's old and esteemed friend, Mr. Roberts, died at his residence, Park Grange, near Sheffield, at the age of eighty-five years. Montgomery was now the sole survivor of "The Four Friends," and wrote an obituary of Mr. Roberts for all the Sheffield newspapers. Some conception of his feelings may be gathered from the following remarkable passage in a note which was sent to Mr. Holland with the obituary:—"Four-and-twenty years ago, towards the end of *The Pelican Island*, I said,

'The world grows darker, lonelier, and more silent
 As I go down into the vale of years.'

You will understand this better *four-and-twenty years hence*, and also find out that there is something to a living man darker than darkness, more lonely than loneliness, more silent than silence. What is that? The space in our eye, our ear, and our mind, which the presence of a friend once filled, and which imagination itself cannot now fill. Infinite space, invisible,

inaudible, dimensionless, is not more inapprehensible than that remembered range in which, to us, he lived, moved, and had a being. 'Absent *from* the body,' is a far different separation from that which the earth's diameter interposes between two breathing conscious beings, *each present with himself* and contemporary with the other, but as utterly beyond personal communication as the living with the dead, or the dwellers in the dust, each resting in his bed, side by side.—I must not rhapsodise any more. We two *yet* can meet and part; and how much of life's acting and suffering these two monosyllables comprehend. I have only another to add, and that is, that I am, very sincerely, your *Friend*, JAMES MONTGOMERY."

Montgomery's obituary notice of his late talented and "earnest" friend was accompanied in the *Mercury* with a somewhat extended Memoir, written by Mr. Holland. There are numerous proofs that Mr. Roberts and Mr. Holland were deeply attached; and if space were available, it would be pleasant to add here many things concerning a man so good, active, self-denying, and useful as Mr. Roberts had been during a long life-time. He left an *Autobiography*, which has been revised and published by his daughter.

The recent death of his father showed Mr. Holland that the shadows were now fast lengthening behind himself, as he looked towards the declining sun of his earthly being; and the departure of others whom he had known, flung across his path casual or even abiding shadows. He saw his mother's coffin when his father's remains were deposited in the ground at Handsworth, and he left the churchyard with a renewal of the desire that his own body might, in God's good time, be laid to rest beneath the same "sod upon which, when the sunshine of life cast its long shadows *before* him, he had often played and meditated."

Great changes among the local newspapers were now impending. Their number was confessedly too large for the population and the demands of the district. In addition to the

Iris and the *Mercury*, there had now been published, for some years, the *Independent* and the *Times*; and several causes conspired about this time to reduce the number from four to two. The copyright of the *Iris* was purchased, in July, by Mr. W. Willott; and its last number was issued on the 26th of September. Shortly afterwards he bought also the *Mercury*, with the avowed design that it should be extinguished, to the advantage of its youngest local rival, the *Times*.

The original proprietor of the *Mercury* was Mr. William Todd, who died on the 21st of August this year, at Montaigne de la Cour, in Belgium. Having held the property from 1807 to 1826, he sold it to Mr. Ridge, by whom it was now transferred to Mr. Willott.

“Thus it is”, said Mr. Holland to Montgomery, “that ‘the march of intellect’ leaves behind first one, and then another, in succession: its hard hoof, which, as you once intimated, trampled on you so sternly nearly thirty years ago, has now trodden me down.” And, writing to Miss Colling on the 21st of October, he said:—“This is Saturday morning; and such a Saturday Sheffield has not seen for thirty years past! But do not, my dear Madam, imagine from this ominous outset, that our principal bank has failed, that a dreadful fire has occurred, or that the Chartists have been out overnight: these terms would, indeed, describe occurrences which had their day and their effect; but, like the downfall of tottering thrones and the dissolution of effete dynasties, *they* were matters of course. Not so the event to which I refer. What, then, has happened? methinks I hear you say to yourself. . . . The *Sheffield Mercury* has *not* appeared, and—the more the pity! is never to appear again! The town, to be sure, looks, externally at this moment, pretty much as it might have looked, had the old newspaper been served up in its wonted manner with our worthy cutlers’ breakfasts; but not so, I venture to say, many of those cutlers and those breakfasts; and among those who are least like themselves is your present correspondent, who, in

this trifling, seems very much like the ingenious hero who 'whistled aloud to keep his courage up'. For, you must know, it is no pleasant matter to feel one's personal consequence, to say nothing of collateral inconveniences, cut down from the corporate style of the official 'We', common to kings and editors, to the insignificant 'I' of subjects and readers. And the less satisfactory is this consciousness of the loss of advantages accruing from the title to use this 'plural unit', when, instead of voluntarily laying down the cares of empire as Charles the Fifth did, one is deposed as summarily as Louis Philippe! The plain fact is, *inter nos*, that the past night is the first which, between Friday and Saturday, as a rule, I have passed in bed, during the last fifteen years; for during that period I have written, as the exigency might require, all sorts of things in the newspaper named above, as, indeed, I had done during previous years in the *Sheffield Iris*, after Mr. Montgomery parted with it. The history of my connection with both journals is curious enough; but, with all its incidental drawbacks, it has been the reverse of unpleasant. I venture to add it has, at the same time, been neither dishonourable nor uninfluential. Often, very often indeed, have I felt that the distance between my quiet, slow, and contented nature and the bustling, rapid, and competitive spirit of the age has widened. . . The *Sheffield Mercury* was the property of Mr. Ridge, a respectable bookseller in this town. In politics, its tone was moderately Conservative, perhaps the most unpopular of all the current forms in which editorial opinion is at this time embodied. In religion it was decidedly Pro-Church, at the same time dealing not only fairly but approvingly with whatever, in any Christian Denomination, was pure and lovely and of good report. Here, again, was an element which, being of no party character, had *not*, I am afraid, the warm approval of any party. And it was probably in this latter respect that I contributed most largely to the dissatisfaction of *partizans* of all sorts; but herein, at least, I have a conscience void of offence in the sight of God.

and, I believe, also in the judgment of Mr. Ridge, whose main inducement to sell his paper was the temptation of such a price, from the proprietors of the Sheffield *Times*, as he could not, as a man of business, decline to accept. The *Mercury* therefore, is, with the exception of a part of the title, extinguished by absorption into the Sheffield namesake of THE *Times*. And now, my dear Madam, what apology can I offer for this mass of egotism? Nothing but the assumption, that this little narrative of an event in the comparatively uneventful life of your *unseen* friend, may not be quite unacceptable as disclosing another feature, (and in that proportion sacrificing your regard,) in the relative position of one who ought perhaps never to appear but in the abstract character of the poet or the *litterateur*."

The *Life of Keats*, by Milnes, supplied a subject of conversation with Montgomery and of correspondence with Miss Colling, as the year drew to a close. Mr. Holland's opinion of the author of *Endymion*, will be gathered from the extract which follows:—"Apart from the important questions, Did the criticisms of the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood* kill poor Keats, as was once alleged and believed? and, Would he, had he lived, have grown and ripened into a great poet?—the book leaves, on the whole, a painful and unsatisfactory impression on the mind of the reader, in more ways than one. I can hardly explain my meaning on this point in few words; but I think you will agree with me, *if* or *when* you have read the book. That Keats had a highly poetical mind, as well as possessed, in an intense degree, what may be termed the *temperament of genius*, cannot be denied; but even these attributes must fail to give to British readers—British Christians—more than a very slight interest, in themes derived from the old classic mythologies, however elegantly conceived and executed. The interest we *do* feel in the splendid creations of Greek and Roman fable, like that which we feel in the grotesque emanations of Gothic imaginations, arises mainly from the notion, that their authors dealt with their subjects as realities. And

here, by the way, is one of the most pregnant sources of our interest in many objects of antiquity, whether poetical, architectural, 'amusemental,' moral, or sometimes even religious. Why do you and I, my dear Madam, gaze with so much more profound interest upon a rude, uncouth, mouldering, misproportioned figure on an ancient tomb, than we do upon a good, perfect, *tasteful* effigy of yesterday? Mainly, no doubt, because we believe, we feel, the sculptor *was in earnest, meant something, and aimed at what he meant*; whereas the modern artist seems to have meant 'nothing in particular,' except to take care not to offend against good taste. . . . I hope you will be able to recover the lines on the Old Elm of Hurworth*; for, next to persons, *trees* appear the most delightful links of association between a sensitive mind and the *genius loci*."

Mr. Holland's bereavements had now turned his attention again to the question of "future recognition." Miss Colling dwelt, in some of her letters, on the consolations of the gospel, as they meet a case like that into which her correspondent had now come; and as certain of her views were not quite in harmony with his convictions, a reference was made, in one of his letters, to the old question just named. The result was an epistolary controversy; and as each of the two very tenaciously held the views which the other opposed, the probability is, that, as in a like case previously described, each of them retained, and perhaps still more tenaciously held, the *opinion* for the defence of which the discussion had been begun. This was a matter to which Mr. Holland liked to recur; and the arguments by which he urged his opinion are not to be overcome without much careful thought. But let the reader consider the following sentences written by Miss Colling, when she had read our author's unpublished treatise on a subject in which she took "the profoundest interest":—"I have not merely read but *studied* your ingenious treatise, with great attention, and can only say that, if it be as you have represented, I am sorry for

* Which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in or about the year 1756. l

it! But ingenious as it certainly is, I must acknowledge myself unconvinced. I am not acquainted with Mr. Drew's work; but you have so entirely anticipated and analysed,—to your own satisfaction, if not mine,—most of the arguments *I* could bring upon the subject, that I feel it would be in vain to offer any. But the heart has its reasonings as well as the head; and the instincts of the one sometimes arrive at as just conclusions as the logic of the other. Thus though life and immortality have been brought to light by our Saviour, the doctrine of a future life had obtained among the Jews long before His advent." Mr. Holland regarded this as an appeal from Scripture and reason to instinct; and he held that by such a process nothing could be established that would at all affect his argument.

CHAPTER XVII.

1849—1851.

“ To thee, fair dweller by the northern Tees,
Whose friendship—though we never met! I’ve long
Enjoyed, through letters kind and missive song,
I dedicate this rhyme. With what sweet ease
Souls gentle, generous, and ingenious, please,
Yea, and are pleased, ’midst life’s ambitious throng
Of heartless selfish aims ! Nor would I wrong
Aught of grave, virtuous, wise, by words like these.
Lady, whate’er of happiness or grace,
Of friendship, music, books, or minstrel art,
Gifts of indulgent heaven ! thy dwelling-place
Knows at this hour, ne’er may they thence depart !
Nor fail I there, while fancy thus can dart
Her spell, thy presence, though unseen, to trace.”

J.H.

THE literary relations between Mr. Holland and his Hurworth correspondent had now become a little romantic. They had not yet met, and, indeed, were not to see each other for many years after this time. This absence of “personal” acquaintance contributed to the interest of their correspondence. Each knew much of the other’s acquirements, tastes, pursuits, and religious character, and each largely contributed to the other’s entertainment and profit. But imagination, working in connection with a full and varied epistolary communication, created an amount of romance which must have some representation here. The two must have felt great interest in each other, when, under the consciousness of an unusual mental sympathy, they were writing with the utmost freedom on all kinds of subjects, metaphysical and scientific, theological and

poetic, public and domestic, and when they were constantly interchanging poems and other original productions, and eliciting such criticisms and suggestions as might be helpful to future efforts. Mr. Holland's letters were sometimes put into other hands than Miss Colling's own, and when a very favourable opinion of the writer was expressed by an entire stranger, she would duly inform her correspondent, as if in justification of her own confidence and esteem.

Early in this year, 1849, Mr. Holland was contemplating a journey to Newcastle, and was urged to find a few hours, *en passant*, for Hurworth. When he had gone and returned without calling to see his friend, he had to account for the fact; and it appears, from his letter, that he had a dread of breaking the charm which was upon them both, by presenting himself in "personal propinquity," before his esteemed correspondent. The lady also had sympathy with the feeling expressed; but Mr. Holland was told, in the words of another, that she was "neither young enough nor old enough to be a witch", and that in point of *romance* he had no doubt done right, because so long as his Egeria was unseen, she might "'flourish in immortal youth,' undegenerated into the dull reality of the 'middle-aged-lady.'"

Mr. Holland had been the first to call Miss Colling's attention to the poem on the Old Elm of Hurworth; and the allusion which the piece contains to a cattle plague, prevalent about the time of its composition, brought from her the following curious anecdote, which she had heard her father tell as related by her grandfather:—A gentleman at Hurworth had two beautiful heifers, which separated themselves from the rest of the herd, and constantly consorted, fed, and lay down together. In whatever part of the large pasture the one was found, the other was sure to be with her. At length some of the herd were attacked by the plague; and the owner, who had been interested by the singular friendship of the two heifers, had them removed from the rest and kept under shelter and carefully attended to.

For some time they escaped the infection ; but at last one of them became ill, was removed from its companion, and soon afterwards died, and was buried in a remote corner of the pasture. From that time the remaining one, though no visible disease could be discovered, "pined in thought," grew quite melancholy, and at length was let out in the hope that the fresh air might be beneficial. She then looked round, ran, immediately, as fast as her enfeebled limbs would carry her, to the grave of her lost companion, stood for a moment, with her head bent down over the grave, as if in grief or contemplation, and then, with a low moan, fell down upon it, and instantly expired.

"In the days of ancient fable 'the white heifer' might have furnished Ovid with a theme for a metamorphosis." To this observation Miss Colling adds that the anecdote had often caused her grave and sad thoughts, with some perplexity and pain. The story reappears in a Welsh legend.

Miss Colling having offered some observations on electricity and life, with a reference also to the probable significance of the *colour* of her letter, Mr. Holland, in reply, sent the following long epistle :—

" Music Hall, Sheffield.

" Dear Madam,—I have suffered a long time to elapse, between the receipt of your last welcome letter and my acknowledgment of it ; and although I dare say I could give sundry reasons, which might be very satisfactory to *you*, for so long a silence, I am afraid that to *myself*, I can only fairly plead the *dolce far niente*—that delectable love of 'doing nothing,' in which I am adept at all times,—how much more so then amid the warmth of so delightful a June as that which is now closing ! I have, indeed, sometimes been afraid lest you should, for even a moment, imagine that the *colour* of your letter, for which you apologised, had mystified me. But assuredly I, who am charged with having championed *Toryism* in print, and am certainly guilty of gossiping with literary ladies by letter, ought hardly to be so soon disconcerted by the appearance of a 'blue

stocking' any more than by a *blue banner*. I do, however, confess a dread of *electricity*—not, indeed, as a 'principle of life,' but as an agent of terror and death! and this especially, in its sublimest form of *lightning*; so much so, indeed, that the anticipation of summer is always modified with me by the nervous dread of those magnificent displays of electric phenomena, upon which ignorance, and indifference, and a better philosophy than mine, enable so many to gaze with calmness, if not with delight. And yet, forsooth! *I* too, am deemed a philosopher, and have a most magnificent set of electrical apparatus at this moment before me!

“I am, of course, perfectly aware that the great question What is life? must present itself to every inquiring mind; and you are, probably, quite as conscious as I am, that it presents itself really in this duplex form, What is *meant* by life? and, In what does life *consist*? As far as *electricity* is concerned, I must confess that it never occurred to me to assume or admit, as the principle of vitality, an influence, element, power, or whatever it is called, which is wholly conversant with matter, which is developed by the emission of steam from a boiler, and which *kills* in so many ways,—as identical with the *vis vitæ*. And yet, I am prepared to admit that this, or something very like it, has been assumed or asserted by physiologists of high rank. Lawrence, the celebrated anatomist, I think, did this; and it had nearly been demonstrated, as you will recollect, some years since, when Mr. Cross professed to be able to generate living *acari* from a solution of silicium, by means of a powerful galvanic battery. I have before me a little book which you have probably not seen, entitled *The Idea of Life*, said to have been written, but probably only suggested, by Coleridge the poet, with *some* of whose psychological speculations you may be familiar. In the exhibition of this “Idea,” (probably in the words of the poet's friend and biographer, the late Mr. Gillman, of Highgate, to whom a writer in *Blackwood*, some time back, made a singular allusion,) electricity and magnetism, as well

as chemistry, play most important, not to say essentially vitalising parts. Mr. Coleridge, or the author of this interesting essay, whoever he may be, is, as the editor remarks, 'far from confining the term *Life* to its action on the human body. On the contrary, he disclaims the division of all that surrounds us into things with life and things without life, and contends that the term *Life* is no less applicable to the irreducible *bases* of chemistry, such as sodium, potassium, &c., or to the various forms of crystals, or the geological strata which compose the crust of our globe, than it is to the human body itself, the acme and perfection of animal organisation. I admit,' proceeds the editor, 'that there are certain great powers, such as magnetism, electricity, and chemistry, whose action may be traced, even by the limited means which science at present possesses, in admirable gradation, from purely unorganised to the most highly organised matter; and I think Mr. Coleridge has done this with great ingenuity and striking effect; but what I object to is, that he applies to the combined operation of these powers, in all cases, the term *Life*.' This seems to come very near to *your* theory; for you will readily argue the identity of magnetism and electricity, as each will produce the other; but *I* cannot so easily allow you to add chemistry, and then say, Here are the exponents—the triple principle—the true 'idea' of universal life. Allow me to add that in this hypothesis, which has been affiliated upon Mr. Coleridge, magnetism is stated to act as a line, electricity as a surface, and chemistry as a solid; the predominance of the first is characterised by reproduction; of the second, by irritability, rising, by the third, into the actual sensibility of nerve, &c.

“And now, my dear Madam, what apology can I make to a lady for such a letter as this? If *your* letter was 'blue,' what must *mine* be? And yet, had I not started this subject, I am not sure the alternative would have been preferable, viz., some notice of three or four fragments of alabaster slabs from the ruins of Nineveh, which were shewn to me on Monday

night, by a gentleman in this town. These tangible mementoes of that 'exceeding great city,' thus turned up after an interval of at least twenty centuries, produce a strange effect on one's mind.—I am, dear Madam, yours, very sincerely, JNO. HOLLAND.
—Miss E. Colling."

No attempt need be made here to show that Mr. Holland had *not* "championed Toryism"; but it is certain that he looked on with great interest, during this spring, while a change was quietly taking place in the representation of his native borough. He recollected Mr. Buckingham, and what he had done for him through the columns of the *Iris*; and he now saw a great contrast to the commotions attendant on former elections, when, Mr. Ward having resigned his seat, Mr. Roebuck was recommended as his successor, secured the sympathy of the electors after one address in Paradise Square, and was elected without opposition.

Mr. Holland was not, even at this time, quite excluded from the columns of the local newspapers; but it is certain that his contributions were, for him, very rare. An account which he published of the excursion of the Literary and Philosophical Society to Hardwick Hall, in August, was, with one exception, the only newspaper article which he had then written since the demise of the *Mercury*. Yet he was not in a state of literary inactivity. Probably about this time was written a treatise which has been printed in the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* since its author's death. It was entitled *Modest Suggestions towards a Revisal of the Book of Common Prayer*. It was written to "show how important in character, and few in number, are the alterations absolutely required"; and it was in the form of "a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, by a layman."

In the introductory part of his "letter," the author says:—"Generally speaking, the real grounds of serious objection to the Book of Common Prayer, *as it is*, are the following:—1. That some matters therein are not clearly Scriptural; 2. That certain things are repugnant to propriety, if not to the common

sense and right feelings of the devout and intelligent worshipper; and, 3. That great improvements might conveniently be made by the introduction, or omission in some cases, of a very few words, or, at most, a few passages. To indicate the importance of the case in another form, it is well known that extreme views are held by opposite parties in the Church; the advocates of a change, on one side, contending for what they call 'such a thorough revision and reform of the prescribed Ritual of worship as may be deemed at once unobjectionable in itself and conformable to the circumstances of the Anglican communion and the intelligence of the age'; and those parties, on the other, who are mainly anxious to alter only so much of the structure of the existing formularies as may be shown to be palpably and unequivocally objectionable. My sympathies are almost wholly with the latter."

He justifies his action, on the ground that alterations in the Liturgy being, by almost universal confession, needed, "it seems impossible not to concur in the apprehension of some far-sighted and wise men to the effect, that the work of reform must, before long, be undertaken either by one party or another--the most discreet and trustworthy, or the least scrupulous, sons of the Church."

The following passage will speak for itself:—"While I am disposed fully to recognise, in the different religious sects of the Christian world, the now generally admitted right to worship God, according to the dictates of their own consciences, in their own temples; and while I no less frankly admit that there are no attainments of height or depth in Biblical criticism, which may not co-exist with the extremes of autocratical Popery on the one hand, or of Congregational Dissent on the other, I cannot adopt the theory that divines or laymen on those opposite sides, as such, ought to be allowed to dictate, either in doctrinal or devotional matters, to the communion of the faithful in the Church of England. But surely not the less—or rather, by so much the more, that even the orthodox seceder ought not to

meddle authoritatively in any actual revision of the contents of our liturgic formulæ, it is important that *he* should not continue to be justified, on palpable evidence, while alleging against the constant and conscientious user of the Prayer Book, if not also in defence of his own rejection of it, errors and incongruities, which, as I humbly presume to think, might be easily and harmlessly, and, as it is the object of these pages to show, advantageously removed."

After such statements he takes up the several items of proposed correction *sciatim*; and his suggestions present himself to the reader as a Christian, with an "experience" of personal religion; as an intelligently attached member of the Church of England, with a clear view of the difficulties into which some were leading that venerable Establishment; as a Protestant, with a salutary dread of Popish error; and as an Episcopalian, who could be tolerant towards Dissenters, and could recognise that they might, in the Providence of God, have an important function to fulfil. It is feared that the moderate suggestions of this "letter" came too late to be practicable, the parties in the Church being too excessive, too extravagant, and, withal, too mutually antagonistic, to adopt "moderate" changes. Mr. Holland wrote this treatise with the patriotic desire to do his country good; and such counsels as his might have been, at one time, the means of greatly serving the Church of England.

Will the reader now turn attention to the affairs of another Church than that by law established in England, a Church to which Mr. Holland owed much, and in whose concerns he took great interest? The matter now introduced could not with propriety have been omitted, because of its bearing on Mr. Holland's literary history.

The Wesleyan Methodist Connexion was at this time in a state of great agitation, in consequence of the circulation of certain anonymous publications, which contained ungenerous strictures on the administration of the affairs of the Body, and unbrotherly attacks on some of its leading ministers. The

Conference of this year was, therefore, anticipated with great anxiety by the friends of Methodism; and when that Conference arrived, it was felt that strong and decisive measures must be adopted, for the detection of the offending brother or brethren. Some difference of opinion has existed as to the wisdom of the particular measures actually chosen; but it should be borne in mind, by those who desire to understand the case, that all the ministers in connection with the Conference were in voluntary association, for a definite and avowed purpose, which could not be accomplished without faithfulness to the terms of the association. In the *Fly Sheets* there had been a manifold breach of faith, the purpose of the association having been directly counteracted by some one in the privileged position of an associate; and it therefore became necessary to deal effectually with the offender. Accordingly a personal test was applied, in the form of a question demanding a categorical answer. Notwithstanding the acknowledgment of the voluntary nature of the association, and of the necessity of mutual faithfulness, certain ministers declined to give the answer required. Then the power of the Conference was called into exercise; and it became the mournful duty of the President to pronounce the expulsion of the Rev. James Everett and two other ministers.

These facts are recorded because of the literary relations of Mr. Everett and the subject of this biography. Mr. Holland had his own opinions about this lamentable controversy, and the disastrous spiritual consequences which it involved; and he could not wholly refrain from the expression of those opinions, though he thereby incurred, perhaps, more displeasure than by any other act of his life. Yet the amount of that displeasure was not great, and he had but small reason to be disturbed on its account. His personal and literary connections with Mr. Everett had, probably, much to do with the creation of his feelings on the subject. The two friends had been very intimate during Mr. Everett's residence in Sheffield. They had kept up a literary and friendly correspondence throughout the

interval. They had often met, in company with Montgomery, and in other circumstances. And they still cherished the purpose of jointly producing a biography of their common and venerated friend. Under such circumstances, Mr. Holland necessarily felt strong sympathy with Mr. Everett, however he might regret some parts of his friend's conduct, both before and after his expulsion from connection with the Methodist Conference. Certain changes which came over their literary relationships after this painful period, will be stated in the proper place.

During the early part of this year, Montgomery had been seriously out of health, and Mr. Holland had performed the part according with the intimacy of their friendship. He had spent much time with his venerated friend, read and answered his letters, and assisted him in preparing his hymns for publication in a collected form. Montgomery needed literary and other help, and found such as he required, while his friend gladly did all he could for his relief and assistance. Mr. Holland was to him like a dutiful son, doing business for him at his bankers' and elsewhere, executing various commissions, and, no doubt, carefully noting down every circumstance that might have value for the intended biography. The acute attack having passed away at the time now reached in this narrative, Montgomery had gone to Buxton. While he was there, Mr. Holland took charge of several of his affairs, and wrote him letters at the rate, it would seem, of three or more per week.

About the same time Mr. Holland was applied to for critical help, by an Oxonian who had written a poem in competition for the Newdigate prize. This fact brings it to mind that, though Mr. Holland had not yet read any paper before the Literary and Philosophical Society, essays had been read by other persons greatly dependent on his assistance. This year, for instance, a paper on *The Cultivation and Preparation of Chicory* was read by Mr. G. Wilkinson; but the manuscript, which is

now before the biographer, is in Mr. Holland's handwriting. Mr. Holland's *copia verborum* and great facility in composition, enabled him quickly to throw into proper literary form what another might know, but not be able to express to his own satisfaction; and the mere pleasure of fresh literary exercise was ample reward to him, for taking what many would have called trouble.

Our author had now written a number of traditions and tales in blank verse. These "legendary lays" appear to have been short, and very interesting. This is the impression produced by reading a letter from one of Mr. Holland's correspondents, who liked the compositions exceedingly, and urged their author to write and publish a volume of the same kind. What they were it is impossible now to say, as they seem to have been lost; and this appears not a little remarkable, when Mr. Holland's habit of preserving almost everything, is called to mind.

On the 26th of August there died a gentleman whose name will have perpetual remembrance in Sheffield. That gentleman was Thomas Deakin, Esq., who "left by will the sum of three thousand pounds, towards the founding of a Charity for elderly unmarried women, on condition that a like sum should be raised by others, within" a certain period after the testator's death. Montgomery took a prominent part in the effort to realise so benevolent an object; and Mr. Holland wrote newspaper paragraphs calling attention to the value of the institution.

Cholera was at this time prevalent again in England; and Friday, the 28th of September, was observed in Sheffield as a day of humiliation and prayer for the removal of the disease. Prayer was heard and answered, and, by the blessing of God upon the means employed, "the plague was stayed"; and then Thursday, the 15th of November, was observed as a day of thanksgiving. Those two special days were days "to be remembered"; and Mr. Holland composed for each of them a

sonnet, as a memorial of a visitation which ought not to be forgotten in Sheffield, and of the goodness of Almighty God in "staying His hand."

The first day of December was marked in Sheffield as the time when the "Corn Law Rhymer" breathed his last. Though Ebenezer Elliott was a native of Masborough, and though he had now resided for some time at Houghton Common, near Barnsley, he was to the end regarded as a Sheffield man; and much pleasure was experienced, when, in the summer of 1849, he went over to plant two Indian pines in the Botanical Gardens. His fellow townsmen knew that he had been a power among them, and they strove and rejoiced to do him honour. Montgomery had encouraged his early poetical efforts, not one of which, however, "could command public attention till he broke out in the 'Corn Law Rhymes', as Waller said of Denham, 'like the Irish Rebellion, *forty thousand strong*, when nobody thought of such a thing'; and now Montgomery, who, though he had read Elliott's manuscripts, had been little in his company, wrote, for the Sheffield and Rotherham *Independent*, a strong statement of the estimate in which he held Elliott as a poet. The following are some of Montgomery's words:—"Then, indeed, he compelled both astonishment and commendation from all manner of critics,—Whig, Tory, and Radical,—reviewers vying with each other who should most magnanimously extol the talents which they had either not discovered or superciliously overlooked, till, for their own credit, they could no longer hold their peace, or affect to despise what they had not had heart to acknowledge when their countenance would have done service to the struggling author. A few of his smaller pieces did find their way into the *Iris*; but I believe these were all republished by himself in his succeeding miscarrying volumes. I, however, am quite willing to hazard any critical credit by avowing my persuasion that, in originality, power, and even beauty, (when he chose to be beautiful,) he might have measured heads beside Byron in tremendous energy,

Crabbe in graphic description, and Coleridge in effusions of domestic tenderness ; while, in intense sympathy with the poor, in whatever he deemed their wrongs or their sufferings, he excelled them all, and perhaps everybody else among his contemporaries in prose or verse. He was, in a transcendental sense, *the poet of the poor*, whom, if not always ‘wisely,’ I at least dare not say he loved ‘*too well*.’ His personal character, his fortunes, and his genius, would require, and they deserve, a full investigation, as furnishing an extraordinary study of human nature.”

To Miss Colling Mr. Holland wrote:—“Elliott was a poet of the first order, whose influence made a mark on his own generation, and whose name will never pass from collections of English song. If I were compelled to point out specimens of the sweetest, strongest, freshest sentiment in modern rhyme, I should turn to the works of our late townsman. Alas, that I should also have to acknowledge them as the source of some of the bitterest, coarsest phraseology of contemporary song! Poor Elliott! he was a genuine Poet!”

During the same year died Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, who was the only verse-maker of the age whose poems Mr. Holland considered inferior to his own. This judgment, recorded in Mr. Holland’s own words, may assist the reader in an interesting and instructive comparison.

There was at this time a strong desire to do honour to another Sheffield worthy, in whose life and works Mr. Holland had an interest even equal to that inspired by the career and the poetry of Elliott. Hunter, at this time resident in London, had lately read *Gens Hollandia*. One of his letters to our author, the date of which is December 22nd, 1849, contains notes on that curious work, with a paragraph on Sheffield portrait painters, at the end of which the writer says:—“I hear there is some talk of placing a portrait of me in the Cutlers’ Hall, which, I suppose, has put it into my head to write all this about portrait painting in Sheffield.” It appears from

Hunter's letters, that Mr. Holland had a principal share in the matter; and it is certain that he regarded Hunter as being, of all Sheffield men, one of the most worthy of such an honourable distinction. The portrait was in due time finished and placed in the Cutlers' Hall; and when Hunter wrote to thank Mr. Holland for the part which "he had taken in the business," he said:—"Your letter suggests to me the thoughts of the future. There is a nearer resemblance between thoughts of the past and thoughts of the coming time than I was aware. I feel a satisfaction in contemplating the men of former times whom I never knew or saw; and I feel at this moment a satisfaction in the thought that I shall be looked upon by those who never knew and never saw the original."

Thus Mr. Holland ended this year, amidst mementoes that worth has honour, while life has much of vanity; and the new year came to him with a graceful proof that he himself was both honoured and loved even by those who knew him best. The memorial of that "graceful proof" still remains in a printed copy of *Impromptu Lines on Planting a Bay Tree at the request of my Sister and her Children, January, 1850*. The persons mentioned in the title are addressed in this poem in the order of their ages, and with allusions and moralisings which now seem to have had much aptness, being based on knowledge of their personal characters' and tastes. This piece is placed among the memorials of our poet's tender and quasi-parental affection for the younger branches of his family.

As the year advanced there came a series of circumstances full of varied interest to Mr. Holland. In January a local committee was appointed to assist or direct those in the neighbourhood who might desire to exhibit articles in the approaching International Exhibition. This was altogether a matter in which taste, literary pursuits, and long and varied observation, had prepared Mr. Holland to find more than a common interest. Our author afterwards contributed the matter relating to Sheffield Manufactures in the *Handbook to the Exhibition*

Catalogue. The same month witnessed the death of Mr. John Bridgeford, who had been connected with the *Iris* for many years, and with whom Mr. Holland had been brought into various dealings. A little later a large meeting was held in the town, for the purpose of receiving Mr. Everett and his fellow agitators, and of expressing sympathy with them; and no one knowing the character which such meetings assumed, can marvel that the biographers of Montgomery soon found a very great change coming over their literary relations. Mr. Holland has left it on record also, that while Mr. Everett longed to retain the friendship and the good opinion of Montgomery, he expressed to "the Christian Poet" a desire that he would not acquaint himself with the merits of the controversy that had followed the action of the preceding Wesleyan Conference.

In March "rattening" was again resorted to, after all the appeals that had been made to the artizans of the town by Mr. Holland and other men. A can of gunpowder was thrown through the window of the bed-room of William Butcher, Esq., of Glossop Road; and the design is easily conceived. Two men were committed for the offence; and Mr. Holland and persons like-minded with him were now mourning again over "man's inhumanity to man."

In April a meeting was held to take steps towards the erection of a monument to the memory of the "Corn-Law Rhymer"; and Mr. Holland had a strong "poetical" sympathy with the proposal. The same month witnessed the appointment to the governorship and chaplaincy of the Shrewsbury Hospital, of the Rev. John Stacey, in whom Mr. Holland soon found a gentleman who could sympathise with him, not only in his interest in Handsworth, but also in most of his antiquarian tastes and pursuits, and for whom he cherished, to the end of his life, no common amount of regard.

During the same month occurred the death of a clergyman whose removal opened the way for a bitter ecclesiastical dispute. That clergyman was the Rev. William Harris, one of

the chaplains at the parish church. When the Rev. George Trevor, M.A., Canon of York, had been appointed by the Church Burgesses as Mr. Harris's successor, the Vicar declined Mr. Trevor's services, and had, in so doing, the strong sympathy of the local clergy of the Established Church. Twenty-six of them sent him a memorial for his encouragement. Great warfare ensued. The controversy filled the newspapers for weeks, gave rise to a number of pamphlets of a keen controversial character, and excited the whole town. There were two parties in vigorous opposition; and expression was given to much popular sympathy with Canon Trevor. A *soirée* was given him at the Music Hall in October; and when in December the Church Burgesses refused to pay his salary, a public subscription was started to defray the expenses of enforcing payment by law. Mr. Holland took an interest in this controversy; and it would have been improper to pass it without notice in this record of his life; but its merits cannot here be discussed; and it must suffice to remark that it is not known to the biographer that Mr. Holland took any public part in the discussion.

During the period so rapidly surveyed in the preceding four paragraphs, Mr. Holland lost another friend by the death of James Ray, Esq., of Sheffield, surgeon, with whom he had been on somewhat intimate terms, and yet another by the death of Mr. Thomas Molineux, of Macclesfield, with whom his correspondence on various subjects had been so extensive that Mr. Molineux's letters form a very large volume. The decease of his Macclesfield friend called forth a poem "in memoriam." The poet had lost one of the friends and counsellors of his youth, a discreet man who had given him encouragement at the time when he was struggling hard "to win the vain renown of song"; and he could not utter his last farewell without dwelling upon the past and recording his thankfulness that he had had such a friend. The friendship which suggested the following simile must have been close and happy:—

“ How long it seems, since strangely we,
By common feelings drawn,
In friendship met, as pure and free
As dewdrops on the lawn,
Which oft, as Zephyr passes on,
Tremble two globules into one.”

That friendship and the correspondence with which it had originated were both maintained for many years, without a personal interview, as in another case already familiar to the reader. The poem is touching and beautiful, and is a “grateful elegy” of more than a hundred lines.

During the same period Mr. Holland had gained a new and highly appreciated acquaintance in Dr. Elam, who was at this time Honorary Curator to the Literary and Philosophical Society, and whose book, *A Physician's Problems*, the poet subsequently read with much interest at the time of its publication.

The poem “in memoriam” of Mr. Molineux contains a passage from which the reader would conclude that poetry had now for some time not occupied so much of Mr. Holland's attention as in previous years. But though not many pieces had recently been published, “the rhyming art” had been in much practice; and there was to appear, after a while, a volume which would be Mr. Holland's largest separate poetical publication.

But at present attention is asked to another publication, which was to take precedence of *Diurnal Sonnets*. This was the volume entitled *Memorials of Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A., Sculptor, in Hallamshire and Elsewhere*. Mr. Holland saw that sundry mistakes concerning the great Sculptor, whom Hallamshire had had the honour to give to his country and to the world, were passing from periodical into permanent publications; and he felt that as he could correct those mistakes, he must put his manuscript memoranda into a permanent form. At first he purposed to publish only a pamphlet; but it was found that, by devoting the necessary amount of time, he should be able to compile a volume which might be of much use to any competent

person that should afterwards undertake to write a "regular Life" of the renowned artist. The result was the work under present notice, an octavo of three hundred and seventy pages. It consists of six parts, which treat respectively of "The Boyhood of Genius," of "Chantrey as a Portrait Painter," of "Pen and Pencil Sketches," of "The Sculptor in Sheffield," of his "London Life and Works," and of "Mortuary Memorials" erected by him.

This work cost a large amount of research, and "took entire possession" of Mr. Holland's "mind." Among those from whom our author received assistance was Hunter. Most of what was received from that very learned historian was incorporated in the book; and the publication of the volume was followed by a considerable correspondence with friends of Chantrey and other persons. In one of Hunter's letters there occur the following passages:—"I have read your *Memorials of Chantrey* two or three times over, with great interest and no small gratification. There are so many 'old familiar names' in it, and so many circumstances of the 'auld lang syne,' and, I may add, so many kind notices of myself, that it was impossible I could feel otherwise than thankful to the hand that had so carefully gathered the facts and bound them together in so agreeable a manner. I also feel a satisfaction in seeing the claim asserted, for a district about whose honour I cannot but feel something of a jealous interest, to share, in some degree, in the reputation hereafter of the great artist, as having not wholly neglected him when he was first showing the power which was afterwards so strikingly manifested. This is now effectually secured. How the personal friends and connections may like some of the disclosures, I cannot well tell. I suppose they may be viewed in different lights by different minds. One of his friends only has spoken to me of the volume, which, he said, was evidently written without any improper feeling."

Referring to an opinion of his own about Chantrey as an artist, which was quoted in the volume, Hunter proceeds to

say:—"What was meant was, that he had not, in the opinion of the writer, the kind of mind which is requisite for the proper discharge of the office of placing in our churches memorials of the dead. If the subject had been gone further into, it might have been added that his failures in this department of his art were not to be attributed solely to himself. They are in part the consequence of the bad taste of his age in this respect, and partly the effect of the *family instructions* to which the sculptor is here obliged to submit. But I think he might, if he had been really capable of doing so, have corrected and improved the public notions of excellence in this branch of his art. Can anyone doubt that the Talbot monuments at Sheffield are greatly superior to any work of his, as memorials of persons deceased, placed in edifices consecrated to devotion and to Christian exercises?"

Having transcribed a few notes, which he had made during his repeated perusals, Hunter adds:—"There are such evident marks of great care to maintain exactness, that your work must be quoted as a reliable authority, by the person, whoever he may be, who shall give us a proper biographical account of this eminent man."

No other contemporary opinion than that of Hunter need be transcribed here; but it should be added, that the book contains some matters of local interest which might be deemed trivial in other quarters than Hallamshire, that other parts of it were written for the purpose of securing the future identification of certain of Chantrey's works, that the poetic temperament of the author had a great share in making his production interesting, that Montgomery, who took a lively interest in the subject, read all the proof-sheets, and that critics did not spare a work which occasioned to some of them jealousy and to others disappointment. But the book answers its design, and has permanent value.

The first weeks of the year 1851 added to the death-roll previously given, the name of a gentleman whose removal

caused a painful blank in Sheffield. That gentleman was the Rev. Thomas Sutton, D.D., Vicar of Sheffield, Canon of York, and Rural Dean. Dr. Sutton had been Vicar of Sheffield since the year 1805; and his administration of the affairs of the parish had been of the best kind. Such was his influence that his name almost became in the town a synonym for goodness and devotion to duty. Mr. Holland mourned his loss as sincerely as any man having less sympathy with the opinions and the practices of Nonconformists; for he considered that the good man had completely given himself up to useful work, and had laid the town under great and lasting obligation. Dr. Sutton's successor was the Rev. Thomas Sale, M.A., whose entire fitness for the appointment was abundantly proved during an incumbency of twenty-two years, whose sudden death caused a wide-spread sorrow in 1873, and whose public funeral was a demonstration of the highest respect.

During a great part of the year 1851, Mr. Holland was occupied in investigating an intricate genealogical question in which Miss Colling took great and special interest. The aid of *Notes and Queries* was called in with considerable advantage; and several important facts were ascertained which showed the probable lineal descent of one of Mr. Holland's correspondents from one of the royal houses of Great Britain. Enough has already appeared in this volume to show the charm which such studies always had for the subject of this biography; but the present volume is not the place for any further account of the investigations here referred to.

In May, Mr. Holland, having recovered from an attack of illness, resolved to see the Great Exhibition. In that wonderful "show" the reputation of Sheffield was well sustained, steel and silver goods shining with a lustre of which our poet was proud; while there were around him comparatively few of the results of industry which did not owe something of form or of grace

" To the fine temper of a Sheffield tool."

It was, therefore, natural that his sentiments should take the

form of verse; and soon after his return to Sheffield he published *The Great Exhibition: a Poetical Rhapsody*. The poem appeared in the form of a large pamphlet. It consists of six parts, in as many different forms of verse, and is a fitting memento of its theme. Mr. Holland appears to have adopted the opinion expressed in the following words of Prince Albert:—

“Whilst formerly discovery was wrapped in secrecy, the publicity of the present day causes that no sooner is a discovery or invention made than it is improved upon and surpassed by competing efforts: the products of all quarters of the globe are placed at our disposal, and we have only to choose which is best and cheapest for our purpose; and the powers of production are attracted to the stimulus of competition and capital. The Exhibition of 1851 is opened as a true test and living picture of the point of development at which the whole of mankind have arrived in this great task, and a new starting point from which all nations will be able to direct their future exertions.” Accordingly, in the part entitled “Anticipated Good,” is found this apostrophe:—

“Collegiate! ye who, tireless, teach
 Time’s great Apprentice, Man,
 Say when did pedant-visions reach
 Onward to such a plan.
 Collegiate! ye proud sons
 Of Cam and Isis, say,
 Say ye what ancient river runs
 So honoured on its way,
 As Thames which to this College brings
 Imperial pupils, Princes, Kings!
 Your grave professors taking here
 Great lessons from this pregnant year,
 Nor scorning ’midst profoundest thought
 To be by work-day wisdom taught.”

Surely one of the greatest successes connected with that “Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations” was the building in which it was held. That building may be said to have expressed the free thought and the independent action of the times; for it was constructed after the venturous design of a

provincial gardener, which compelled the commissioners to its adoption by its entire fitness for its purpose, notwithstanding the novelty of the scheme for using glass and iron instead of stone and slate, and notwithstanding the fact that many professional and officially approved designs had been received in response to an invitation given to all the architects of the world. Mr. Holland's subsequent writings show that a deep and lasting impression had been received by him of the magnificence of Paxton's conception; and he was one of those who gladly honoured the Chatsworth gardener.

Such records as are available for this biography are at this period very scanty; and it is most likely that Mr. Holland was now almost entirely occupied in preparing for the press the volume published at the end of the year under the title of *Diurnal Sonnets*, of which an account will shortly be given. Meanwhile, reference must be made to another publication.

On the 4th of November Montgomery completed his eightieth year. Numerous were the persons who wished on that day to send him tokens of congratulation and good wishes; and when the day arrived the tokens were many and various. Mr. Holland's was characteristic, being a poem printed in twenty-four octavo pages, and called *A Poet's Gratulation*. His venerated friend's first knowledge of its existence was derived through the reception of a printed copy. By publication Mr. Holland invited the public to participate in his salutation, though he was aware that by so doing he might incur the unfeeling censures of those who, being ignorant of his relation to Montgomery, would conclude that they now found proof of his having but imperfectly "realised the enviable privilege of so many years' intercourse with the venerable bard." The liberty taken and the manner of it appear to have been favourably construed by Montgomery, who could see in Mr. Holland's lines a sincere expression of gratitude for advantages enjoyed through a long series of years; and it has been recorded by a lady that Montgomery "was deeply affected by this tribute of friendship

and affection." The following passage will duly serve instead of any further account of the poem : -

" Many years
 Have passed since first we met, I then a youth
 Fluttering in verse, with new-born hopes and fears,
 And thou, in song, the Minister of Truth,
 In the full energy of ripening years ;
 Yet, timid as I was, even then, forsooth,
 My name with thine in hymnic rhyme appears.
 Ah, little thought I, when I saw thee first,
 With such deep reverence, mingled with some dread,
 That such frail bud of hope so soon would burst
 Into such flower of Friendship, and so spread
 Its leaves through thirty years, affection-nursed ;
 Or that I should, thereafter, for thy head
 Such wreath of verse as this be spared to twine !
 O for thy genius in its freshest hour !
 This votive tribute might I then combine
 With Christian sweetness, beauty, truth, and power,
 Until the verse, yea, even verse of mine,
 Breathed heavenly fragrance from the Muse's Bower."

The *Gratulation* was in Montgomery's hands very early on his birthday, if, indeed, it was not in his house before the end of the day preceding ; and at noon Mr. Holland was one of a group of gentlemen who surrounded the octogenarian bard, while he performed the operation of planting an oak tree on the lawn in front of the General Infirmary.

Shortly after this Mr. Holland was exerting himself to facilitate the execution of a bust of the poet, and corresponding with Mr. Everett on their old and favourite theme, Montgomery.

In December, Mr. Holland lost by death the friend by whom he had been originally introduced to Montgomery, at the Red Hill Sunday School, nearly forty years before. That friend was Mr. John Jones, who was a good man, universally respected by his townspeople. It was Mr. Holland's opinion that he did not know another individual who so much resembled Montgomery in catholicity of Christian character as Mr. Jones ; and it is recorded that the good man's hand was as open as his heart. Montgomery, Holland, and Everett had often met around Mr. Jones's hospitable board.

In the spring of this year died that young lady to whom Mr. Holland had, a few years before, presented a specimen of "*pecopteris adiantoides*" with some elegant tributary verses, already mentioned; and a poem has been preserved which he composed in memory of her life and worth. The year had borne away also another, with whom he had been less intimately acquainted, in the person of Paul Rodgers, a self-taught man, who was the author of several literary matters of considerable merit, and whom, for his liberal and independent spirit, Mr. Holland duly esteemed. Indeed, the deaths among Mr. Holland's personal friends had now for a time been somewhat frequent; and his thoughts were turned to the subject of his own approaching end. About this time there are references in his documents to the fact that he was no longer young. Whether such references were the results of a mere calculation of years, or he had the sense of some new infirmity, is not easily decided. Nor is it important to attempt to settle such a question. But it is a gratifying fact, when a busy man takes time to recollect and consider his mortality and the duties which that mortality suggests. That did Mr. Holland at this time, as he had done it from his early years.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1852—1854.

“ But none to fill
The place he filled ! That genius sanctified,
That love of truth for truth’s own precious sake,
That charity by heavenly wisdom taught,
That childlike eloquence of Christian speech,
Won from communion with his Saviour’s mind,
With all that books and men, both long perused,
Could teach a student wisely reading both,
These all were his ! Rare gifts when so combined !
These, these, and more, all lost with him, who shall
To me restore ? ”

J.H.

THE gentleman retiring at this time from the chair of the Literary and Philosophical Society was Dr. Ferguson Branson. Mr. Holland had the highest regard for Dr. Branson as a Christian, as a scholar, and as a student of Art ; and it was to him a matter of deep regret when the Ex-President removed from Sheffield to Baslow, some years after the period at which this narrative has now arrived. Dr. Branson’s successor in the chair of the Society was Mr. Sorby, whose appointment was hailed by Mr. Holland as a distinction which that accomplished naturalist had well deserved. That honour has been followed by others of which Mr. Sorby has been equally worthy.

At the beginning of the year 1852, Mr. Holland had seen his new volume through the press. Its full title is, “ *Diurnal Sonnets: Three Hundred and Sixty-six Poetical Meditations on Various Subjects, Personal, Abstract, and Local, comprising several founded on the more striking Festivals and Observances*

of the Christian Year." The poems are so arranged that the numbering and the subjects correspond with the fixed and the movable feasts or other memorabilia of a whole year. As the reader of the present volume is already aware, a few of the sonnets had previously appeared in print; but with such exceptions they had rarely been seen except in the author's portfolio. The number and the subjects suggested the thought of "a twelvemonth's series"; and with such a collection completed in the Jubilee Year of the Nineteenth Century, our poet, whose "love and practice of the rhyming art" had now known fifty anniversaries, was irresistibly impelled to commemorate the year 1850 by the publication under notice. The word "sonnet" when used of the contents of this volume means "simply a poem comprised within the compass of fourteen ten-syllable lines and admitting of much variety and latitude of rhyme, as exemplified by some of the best English authors." Yet the volume contains some specimens cast in the exactest mould of modern symmetry. To each sonnet is prefixed a suitable motto; and the whole volume forms an agreeable, entertaining, and instructive companion, for a person whom taste and sympathy qualify to appreciate and enjoy such literature.

Mr. Holland sent a copy of his new book to Montgomery, with a letter in which he stated that he had done, in his new publication, what he had always done in the publishing of prose or rhyme, and what he suspected Montgomery himself had generally done in giving his literary productions publicity. His meaning was, that he had "indulged his own predilection." And what else, indeed, do authors generally do? At the same time Mr. Holland had one regret about *Diurnal Sonnets*. It was that the sheets had not been read by Montgomery, during their progress through the press. He who had so often done things of that kind for Mr. Holland would doubtless have obliged his friend if he had been asked; and there must have been some reason in Mr. Holland's mind for not asking him. When, how-

ever, the venerable bard had had time to turn the leaves over and read parts of the volume, he sent its author the following letter :—

“ The Mount, Jan. 13th, 1852.

“ My dear Friend,—I rejoice to congratulate you on the accomplishment of your great work ; and if you next meditate a *National Epic*, I will not dare to discourage the attempt. I spent two hours on Sunday evening, being confined at home, in turning over your *Diurnal Sonnets*, equalling *the longest* year that ever has been measured (or ever will be, and, therefore, may last till the end of time, which I will not be so egregiously unwise as to wish) by the sun, 366 days ; for you never spare doing your utmost, and, therefore, always do your best. I did not, of course, read them consecutively ; you yourself would not have thanked me for doing that ; but I picked some for the sake of the subjects, and read more as I turned over the leaves in quest of these. I have marked a few specks on here and there a pearl, which, if they had *not* been pearls, would not have been discernible by a glancing eye. It struck me, and you will neither be vain nor mortified when I tell you, that laying the volume down, I said to myself, ‘ This is *the glass palace* of my friend’s mind, in which he has collected and shown its most precious treasures of thought and sentiment through—how old are you ?—so many years of meditative exercise and accumulated improvement of no ordinary faculties, and diligently perfected materials in his way of life and his excursive reading.’ I presume not to determine which among these gems is the *Koh-i-Noor* of the ‘ exhibition’, or, in curiosity of workmanship, the *inexpugnable lock* ; but I concede to you as much honour on the whole as though you had by lucky chance found the diamond in the rock of Golconda, or wrought the miracle of iron on a Sheffield anvil. This acknowledgment I owe you, because I disparaged your brave conception ; and you owe me forgiveness for such ignorant impertinence.—Believe me truly and ever your friend, J. MONTGOMERY.”

This letter, so gratifying to Mr. Holland, was written by Montgomery before he had noticed that two or three of the sonnets referred to himself by name. He afterwards stated that if he had known he should be praising a series of poems in which he was personally complimented, he should have hesitated to write such a letter. The letter is therefore of special value as an expression of his real opinion of the book. About a month later he gave the author some "memoranda", from which the following extracts have been taken:—"They are all good, but each one is not so. Pearls may be all precious in a string, but some may have specks which a quick eye may discern. *Milton* is a happy apparition here, and, indeed, is the glory of it [the volume?] *Gethsemane* is sweet. . . I envy you the line, 'Life's great secret-keeper, Death.' *Grouse Shooting*: I would rather have written this than shot fifty moor-fowl, or eaten them either. The last couplet,—indeed the quadruplet—is worth all the powder and shot spent on any twelfth of August; the last line is exquisite. *Tynemouth*: The heart of this sonnet, from 'first my eager sight' to 'deep in my inmost thoughts', is a camera obscura, most beautifully disclosing in miniature the magnificent scope of a scene which the eye takes in at a glance; but the mind receives the very essence with indelible impression." A book of which Montgomery wrote thus, needs no further description on this page.

Mr. Holland had now become anxious about the collection of Montgomery's original hymns. He had long urged his venerated friend to arrange those beautiful but scattered compositions, for publication in a volume; he had suggested that to date the preface on the author's eightieth birthday, would make the volume an interesting memorial of that day, and answer other good purposes; and now he wrote the following letter:—

"Music Hall, Sheffield, Jan. 23rd, 1852.

"My dear Sir,—Herewith I send you *Wesley and Methodism*, a very thoughtful and interesting book,—whatever may be

thought of the direct conclusions, or insinuated hypotheses of the author. I sent you the *Edinburgh Review* the other day, in the hope that you would read through the closing article, 'The New Reform Bill'; with one misgiving, viz., lest it should divert you, even for a day, from the *commencement* of that work of arrangement, revision, and transcription, about the undertaking of which, on your part, I have so often felt solicitous during the last two years. I may seem pertinacious in pressing this matter; but I know you will not deem me *impertinent*, nor perhaps even think me irreverent, should I say that the voice of Providence has sometimes been uttered and acknowledged in less unequivocal forms than that which merely enforces the *actual* and *immediate* undertaking of a great and good work, which, long purposed, has also been long deferred in the execution. I am, dear Sir, yours very affectionately, J. HOLLAND.—Mr. Montgomery."

The advice contained in the foregoing letter might in some degree disturb the feelings of Montgomery, who was now old and physically feeble. But other literary advice, for which Mr. Holland was first asked and then warmly thanked, was about this time written to that eminent archæologist and literary antiquary, Mr. James Orchard Halliwell, the author of the valuable "*Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words, Obsolete Phrases, Proverbs, and Ancient Customs, from the Fourteenth Century,*" and of other works. Mr. Halliwell says:—"I am extremely obliged to you for your kind corrections of the old poem. I think you are quite right in every instance. Also for your other observations which, are judicious. . . . However it is too late now. If I print anything of the kind again, I will certainly adopt your advice." This is mentioned, not for the purpose either of revealing a literary secret, or of introducing an honoured name, whose owner might not expect to find it here, but simply in order that the reader may have other authority than the bare word of the biographer for the opinion that Mr. Holland's acquaintance

with the ballad and other old poetical literature of England was so extensive that his judgment, in regard to questions affecting it, was worthy of very great respect.

He had at this time, it would seem, greater interest in literature of the kind just mentioned and in biography, than in some other kinds to which he had previously devoted himself with energy and success; for he declined the invitation, sent him by Messrs. Longman & Co., to revise, for a new edition, his treatise on *Manufactures in Metal*; and the duty of re-editing the work, made necessary by the improvements and the discoveries of twenty years, was committed to Mr. Robert Hunt, at that time Keeper of Mining Records in the Museum of Economic Geology, with whom Mr. Holland had previously been in communication on various matters, and of whose ability to do justice to his work he had full conviction. Mr. Hunt's high opinion of the treatise was expressed in letters to its author.

In May, the annual excursion of the Literary and Philosophical Society was to Matlock and Middleton-by-Youlegreave, in Derbyshire. At Middleton resided Thomas Bateman, Esq., through whose kindness the Society experienced much gratification in inspecting a valuable private archæological museum. There are two reasons for mentioning this year's excursion: it took the members into Mr. Holland's favourite Derbyshire, and the Report states that it was one of the most agreeable excursions that had yet taken place. Thus it appears that Mr. Holland was associated with men whose tastes agreed with his own.

On the 4th of June Mr. Holland read a paper before the Society, on *Coral Formations*. The origin of this essay should be noted. In Jameson's *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* there had recently appeared an article in which it was said that more error in the same compass could scarcely be found, than in the part of Montgomery's *Pelican Island* relating to coral formations; that the poetry is good; but the "facts" are nearly all errors.

Mr. Holland had long been familiar with the poem in question; he had watched the progress of that discovery which was said to have proved that the lines referred to were an incorrect description; and now he boldly came forward to show that, "contrary to what might have been expected, and had sometimes been asserted, the advanced state of knowledge relative to zoophyte life and action, had produced but little, *if any*, discrepancy between the graphic delineations of the poet and the technical details of the naturalist." It was, in Mr. Holland's opinion, a remarkable fact, that while Montgomery had not presumed to anticipate future discovery, and had never seen a coral reef, he had so described the phenomena of coral formation, that, with very slight exceptions, his beautiful lines might still be quoted in illustration of that marvellous process. No attempt is to be made here to estimate that opinion, which competent persons will take at its true worth; but the circumstance recorded in this paragraph will help to show the reader, once more, how Mr. Holland felt towards "the Christian Poet."

During the same month Mr. Holland spent some time at Whitby; and it seems a little strange that no literary memorial of the visit has been found. Shortly after his return, Sheffield went through the excitement of another election. This time Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Hadfield were returned. Mr. Holland could not approve of Mr. Hadfield's strong Anti-State-Church views; and yet he sought to promote his election on this occasion, and ever afterwards maintained for him the most friendly regard. They were occasional correspondents during a long period. Mr. Holland had that catholicity of spirit which enabled him to "think and let think."

The month of July was marked by Montgomery's last lecture before the Literary and Philosophical Society; and the lecture itself was marked, to Mr. Holland, by a great and totally unexpected compliment to himself. The theme was *Some Passages of English Poetry little known*. Speaking of Shakespeare's sonnets, the veteran and experienced bard said:—

“These pieces are composed, not on the intricate Italian model, which our reluctant language can scarcely be constrained to assume, except under the mastery of a well-skilled and well-practised hand like the late Laureate’s and another nearer home, whom I could name, but will not, saving his presence.” The allusion was to *Diurnal Sonnets*. As this was Montgomery’s last appearance of the kind, and as the references to him in this volume are necessarily very frequent, it is deemed proper to place here the following extract from the Report of the Society:—“We have this year had the pleasure of again having a lecture from our old friend and constant supporter, Mr. Montgomery, whose exertions in our behalf need no comment. The very first public lecture delivered before this Society was by our venerable poet nearly thirty years ago; and during the whole of that long period it has always been able to rely on his support, whenever it could be to its advantage.”

In September Mr. Holland was again in Derbyshire with some friends. The memorial of the visit is a poem, *The Great Ash in the Churchyard at Ashford-in-the-Water*, which was printed in a local newspaper. During the same month a piece of literary work of a peculiar kind came into our author’s hands. Here is his own account of it:—“Montgomery was lamenting, as he had repeatedly done before, the difficulty of getting to work with the transcription and arrangement of his hymns to form a volume, which has been in contemplation for the last three or four years, at least. Aware of the desirability of accomplishing this pious work, and afraid that continued procrastination might issue in final disappointment to his friends and the public, unless some energetic and immediate measures were taken to facilitate the object, I asked the poet to allow me to take the manuscripts and deal with them as if they were my own, so far as reducing them to orderly ‘copy’ was concerned. To my surprise and gratification, he consented; and I there and then collected and marched off with the precious deposit, a bundle of ominous bulk, under my arm, with the

parting admonition to beware I was not robbed! I found the matter to consist of four classes:—1. Hymns in the original drafts; 2. Printed slips of such as had been used on various occasions; 3. Books in which they were intermixed with other similar compositions; and 4. A small portion of ‘fair copy,’ derived from various sources. But now, anxious as I was to see the work accomplished, and zealous as I felt towards the execution of my share of the task, I shrunk from the attempt at transcribing between two and three thousand verses, and, instead, I at once obtained a quantity of stout paper, and by the aid of those repudiated but useful literary adjuncts, ‘scissors and paste,’ reduced the multifarious matter to such a fair and convenient uniformity, that the author was not only surprised, but much gratified with the result, proceeding on his part, with alacrity, to revise the matter, as thus arranged.”

The work was undertaken late in September; before the end of October the manuscript was in the hands of Montgomery’s publishers; and while Mr. Holland was spending the last evening of the year at The Mount, the postman brought the last proof-sheet of the volume of *Original Hymns*; and Montgomery said:—“I am glad the work is so far concluded: I have felt at every step, that you were leading me blindfold through the volume; but now it is only right to say that I entirely approve of your arrangement of the matter; and your recompense must be the consciousness of having done such an act of kindness.” The next day is the date of the preface; the work was published on the 1st of February; and in March Mr. Holland had written the *Introduction* for an American reprint. The principal feature of that “Introduction” was a disquisition on the right and practice of altering hymns; and Mr. Holland had the gratification to learn that Montgomery was pleased with what he called “the judicious tenor and the kindly tone of” the essay, of the existence of which he first became aware when he saw it in print. In securing the publication of *Original Hymns*, Mr. Holland not only acted

the part of a friend towards Montgomery, but also did positive service to the Church of Christ. He was told by one of his correspondents that all Christendom would thank him.

Montgomery's sense of Mr. Holland's kindness in enabling him to put the hymns into the form in which he desired to leave them, had expression in the following letter :—

“ The Mount, July 2nd, 1853.

“ My dear Friend,—I must relieve my mind by now doing what I resolved three months ago, not by repaying, but simply acknowledging the debt, which your kindness imposed on my gratitude, in arranging my multifarious hymns for publication. Thanks, thanks, thanks are the only coin of the heart which I could render or you would accept, were I in conscience satisfied to close this chapter of our correspondence here. For three months past I have reserved the *paper within*, not in payment, but in acknowledgment of my debt, a debt which I would not discharge if I could, for that could be done by ingratitude only, with which I feel I can never afford, even for my own sake, to return such kindness as yours. *No*: for I am willing, I am glad, to remain under the obligation which you have laid upon me with such disinterestedness and self-denial—not while I live in the body only, but when this shall be dust and ashes. My memory from the grave, if any portion of these my ‘well-meant songs’, to borrow good Bishop Ken's phrase, endure a little while—my memory, I say, will be the posthumous evidence of your friendship and my sense of its inestimable worth to me. Your frank acceptance of this communication will make me more than ever, cordially and gratefully, your old and much obliged friend, JAMES MONTGOMERY.—Mr. John Holland.

P.S.—‘Silence gives consent’. So says the proverb. Speak your consent in this inexpressive tongue.”

Mr. Holland's answer was characteristic, and is to be taken as declaratory of his uniform method of dealing with such overtures as that which his venerated friend now made to him :—

“ Music Hall, Sheffield, July 4th, 1853.

“ My dear Sir,—I thank you most heartily for your kind note, and for the enclosure to which it referred ; but I must be permitted very respectfully to return the latter, not because that which it represents would be either unuseful or unacceptable under other circumstances, but simply because I dare not retain it ; and *I dare not*, because *I ought not*, inasmuch as to do so would prevent me from looking either you or myself in the face with my present feelings of confidence—a result which, I am sure, you will agree with me in thinking too dearly purchased at any pecuniary price. I have no *right* to the money.

“ It is true, you present your gift in the name of a thank-offering for what I did in the matter of the hymn book ; but this I am compelled to regard as the best ‘ colourable pretext ’ which your ingenuity could suggest for your act of kindness. Were it otherwise in this particular case, I need only say that, in doing what I did with respect to the hymns, the intention and the completion—I may not say the *success*—of the work was its own ‘ exceeding great reward ’ in many ways.

“ Be that as it may, I know you would much rather I had taken your present simply as such, and without a word ; and so I would have done—or at least, perhaps, might have done, but for the following consideration:—I cannot divest myself of the conviction that you have been led to the *sentiment* and *action* of your kind letter, primarily, and it may be almost unconsciously, by the aggregate impression of remarks which I have casually, and, perhaps, inconsiderately made, about my own circumstances, when you have mentioned the cases of some of your petitioners by letter or otherwise. With this notion in my mind, I ought to feel that my title to accept money from you becomes, *mutatis mutandis*, the same as theirs, *minus* the *frankness* of *importunity* on my part. If I am wrong in this, forgive me.

“ I will only write one paragraph more, because I have just now the opportunity of *writing* what I might never have the

chance of saying. At this moment, as for some years past, I have considered myself to be 'passing rich, with forty pounds a year' and *your generous friendship*. The former item of this income has been as much as I have in any way laboured to deserve, since the demise of the *Mercury*. The latter I have, for a much longer period, endeavoured to deserve, not without success in the result on my part, and, perhaps, with no misgivings of regret on yours. And this I may now say modestly and in the fear of God, that 'the futurities,' as Carlyle would say, will bear witness to the fact, that *our* friendship has been an element not less decidedly providential, as a *part of the whole* of your remarkable *history*, than some others which may have appeared to enter, at the time, more influentially into its current movements. Aware, as I am, of the influence of wealth and station upon *all persons*, and conscious, but untroubled, as I have ever been, in the non-possession of those attributes, I have now, for one third of a century, *Laus Deo!* found, in their loss, your kindness, confidence, and ever willing aid to be my 'exceeding great reward.'—I am, my dear Sir, ever yours affectionately, JOHN HOLLAND.—Mr. Montgomery."

And Montgomery's reply will show how complete was the understanding between the two friends:—

"The Mount, Wednesday, July 6th, 1853.

"My dear Friend,—I received your letter on Monday evening, but was prevented from acknowledging it yesterday. As the subject precludes discussion between us, the only answer I can offer is, to say that I am sorry your feelings would not permit you to accept my overture in the same simplicity as it was made to you. I may add, by this opportunity, that I am not the less truly and thankfully your obliged friend, J. MONTGOMERY."

Few words need be added about the events of the year 1853, as Mr. Holland published very little during that period. But mention should be made of a poem on *The Earl of Carlisle's Lecture* about Gray and his poetry. The lecture was delivered

before the members of the Sheffield Mechanics' Institution, in which Mr. Holland took some interest. The poem was published in the newspaper, and must have been a welcome compliment to the taste and ability of the noble lecturer. Other lectures should also be named, which were delivered in February before the Literary and Philosophical Society, by the Rev. Henry Christmas, M.A., on the subject of *Popular Superstitions*. That subject was highly interesting to Mr. Holland; and he afterwards had much correspondence, on religious subjects, with Mr. Christmas, who appears to have died very suddenly in London only a short time before Mr. Holland's own fatal attack. It is to be regretted that the letters have not been available for the present work.

Mr. Holland contributed four hymns for *The Jubilee Hymn Book of the Sunday School Union*, published in the year 1853. During the course of the year he had much correspondence with Miss Colling, on various subjects which scarcely come within the scope of this biography. And he appears to have written a little for the *Sheffield Times*, which was about this period transferred by Mr. Willott to Mr. S. Harrison. But his chief literary employment after the publication of Montgomery's *Original Hymns* was, there can be no doubt, the biography of his venerable and now drooping friend. To one at least of his correspondents he told the secret of the actual progress of the work; and that correspondent encouraged him with commendation; but though some might shrewdly conjecture his design, it was actually known to extremely few. And that biography was eventually to be his own work and not the intended joint production of which repeated mention has already been made in the course of the present volume. This statement will be confirmed and explained.

But at present let the reader pause to consider Mr. Holland himself in the aspects presented in the following extracts. Writing to Mr. Blackwell, he says:—"Except in a dream—and I do sometimes visit you in that way—I am

afraid I dare not entertain the hope of seeing Newcastle again. I have a troublesome ailment which, I think, I once mentioned to you, and which frightens me from going out of the reach of my surgeon, and often frightens me more when he comes in sight of me." That ailment was a painful memento of his first journey from Newcastle, and was naturally mentioned in a letter to his chief Newcastle friend. Writing to Miss Colling, about the war in the East and certain other matters, on the 14th of March, 1854, he says:—These "are problems which I dare not presume to discuss; no, not even with the benefit of the aphorism which says of age,

‘ That it doth oftentimes attain
To something of prophetic strain.’

I am this day sixty years of age, and I mention the fact, not as the ground of a title to vaticination, but as demanding from me sentiments of humiliation and gratitude;—of humiliation, that I have lived so long to so little purpose, so far as either benefiting my fellow-men or securing my own eternal well-being is concerned; but of gratitude, not only for so many mercies enjoyed through so many years, but that I am at this moment found amid circumstances of peace, comfort, and contentment, with still permitted opportunities of ‘making my calling and election sure.’”

In such states of body and of mind did Mr. Holland find himself as spring once more came near, and as he was unconsciously approaching the greatest loss and the severest bereavement that he was ever to know. He had been Montgomery’s most intimate friend for many years; they had been wont to enter into each other’s thoughts and feelings in a degree proportionate to their mutual confidence, which was, it must be said, perfect; and now when “the old man eloquent” suffered, his friend felt sympathetic pain. An occasion for both pain and sympathy occurred in March, in connection with a matter which the reader need not regard as trivial; for it was, to Montgomery and his immediate friends, the cause of

very great grief. A few years before, Mrs. Samuel Mitchell, one of Montgomery's neighbours at The Mount, had persuaded him to plant a purple beech on the lawn in front of the houses, had invited all the families at The Mount, and a select company of friends, to witness the ceremony, and had arranged such a programme for the day's proceedings as had made that day very memorable. The tree had flourished and was now looking very handsome; and all the neighbours prized it as a pleasing memorial of one whom they now saw fast declining to the end of his days. How then were they all shocked to discover, one morning in March, that during the night some person had pulled up several rose-trees, done other mischief on the lawn, and utterly destroyed the purple beech! Mr. Holland felt that the deed was worse than robbery, that it was, indeed, a striking instance of the disinterested wickedness of fallen human nature; and he intensely sympathised with Mrs. Mitchell, who deeply mourned such malicious baffling of her pleasing hopes.

The excitement over this "little" matter had but well begun to subside when more serious occasions of sorrow began to multiply to those who were, like Mrs. Mitchell and Mr. Holland, anxiously watching Montgomery to his end. The severe weather of the past few months had told seriously on his failing strength. Attendance at several somewhat exciting meetings for business had unfortunately been felt by him to be a duty. His delicate constitution being, without any such addition, sufficiently burdened with the infirmities of age alone, suddenly failed. And he died. On the day before his death, Saturday, April 29th, he was in the town, and called on Mr. Holland, who held a conversation with him about the religious services of the preceding Wednesday, the day appointed for humiliation and prayer on account of the Crimean war. The same day he also wrote his last copy of a hymn, for the Rev. William Mercer's *Church Psalter and Hymn Book*. That hymn, which was the final labour of his pen, may be found in the preface

to Mr. Mercer's work. He held his lyre to the last ; and while its sacred music was yet thrilling his entire nature, his redeemed and holy spirit fled away to join in the rapturous and never-ending songs "of just men made perfect."

Sheffield, having thus "lost its most distinguished inhabitant," was moved by what appeared to be a universal desire to honour him with a public funeral. When the day of interment came and the mournful procession moved through the streets, there were such demonstrations of respect as had never been paid to any one in Sheffield before. "The shops were generally closed; manufactories and other places of business were deserted; the houses showed signs of mourning; and along the route of the procession the house-tops, the windows, and the sides of the streets were filled with respectful spectators; while great numbers of people were on the churches, in the churchyards, and on every elevation that commanded a view of the route" to the cemetery, where the honoured remains were to be laid.

Sheffield, for some time, seemed hardly like itself to Mr. Holland and many other people, after the sudden departure of their friend. Mr. Holland's feeling, however, could hardly be shared by any other person. Montgomery and he had blended their sentiments together to such a degree, that each had become to the other an indispensable companion. Consequently when the stern stroke of death had removed the elder friend, the younger mourned his loss with a deep and bitter sorrow. Yet there was still left to Mr. Holland one source of rich enjoyment. It was the completion and the publication of a full account of his late friend's literary and religious life. Montgomery had resolved to leave him the copyright of his works, as if in token of confidence that his memory would not suffer in the hands of his friend, of whose biographical purpose he must have been aware some years before his death. He had also allowed Mr. Holland a very free use of books and documents of various kinds, from some of which

had now been collected large stores of information well adapted for the pages of the work which was soon to appear, and which was to form, when complete, the largest separate production of Mr. Holland's pen.

That the book was in an advanced state when Montgomery died, appears, not only from hints dropped in certain letters, but also from the following facts:—One month after the funeral, Messrs. Longman & Co. announced the forthcoming biography in several papers; the manuscript of the second volume was in their hands in September; and the seventh and last volume, was published in 1856, the date of the "additional preface" contained in that volume being the 1st July of that year. The preface which in substance finally appeared in the first volume, was transmitted to Mr. Everett as early as May, 1853, nearly one year before Montgomery's death. This fact is named because it naturally leads to certain necessary statements and explanations. The previous relations of Mr. Holland and Mr. Everett have already been stated; and it has also appeared that Mr. Everett's part in the Methodist agitation had now modified those long continued relations. The results of the combined causes here indicated must now be made clear.

Mr. Everett and Mr. Holland agreed as early as the year 1821 that, as they were both collecting materials for the same purpose, they would, circumstances permitting, produce the biography conjointly. That compact was steadily kept in view until the year 1849; but Mr. Holland had the immense advantage of residing in the same town with Montgomery, and of being in very frequent and most intimate communication with him, on various local and national, literary and religious, social and personal matters; while Mr. Everett's intercourse with him was very occasional. Mr. Holland most conscientiously embraced his opportunities; and Mr. Everett did, probably, much more for the biography, after his removal from Sheffield, than almost any other acquaintance of Montgomery's could or would have done under

like circumstances. Writing to Mr. Holland in May, 1853, concerning the *Preface* submitted to him, he says:—"Three things, in my view, entitle you to the position taken in the 'Preface': Firstly, your long and abundant labour; for though I was exceedingly industrious in collecting materials during the first five years of our acquaintance, and was furnished with opportunities for the purpose, besides adding a few drops to the bucket since, yet, on examination, they bear no proportion to your accumulations, made since then; secondly, your constant residence on the spot, like Matthew at the receipt of custom, tracking the subject in his every-day walk, while I, like the servant of the prophet, was going hither and thither; thirdly, your executorship, which, while it places you on the pedestal, cannot be otherwise viewed than as a providential omen for good, crowning, so far as anticipation goes, with success, labours originating in sincerity and simplicity, and prosecuted with disinterestedness, purely with a view of displaying God's handiwork, in one of His own choice intellectual creations."

What, then, was "the position" taken by Mr. Holland in that "Preface"? It was, that he himself was responsible for everything contained in the work, that Mr. Everett had placed entirely at his disposal such materials as he had collected, and that Mr. Everett's "disunion with the Wesleyan Body" had made it impracticable for the two to take equal responsibility and to write the work conjointly, according to the original intention. It must be stated again that Mr. Holland felt strong sympathy with Mr. Everett when he was "deprived of his office as a preacher in the Wesleyan Body, with which he had been in connection during the greater part of half a century." This has full expression in the "Preface". But the same document states with equal fulness that Mr. Holland did not approve of "the particular line of action and tone of appeal which Mr. Everett and other expelled ministers thought it right presently to adopt in agitating and dismembering the

Connexion." Nor was Mr. Everett satisfied with the indefiniteness of the reference in the "Preface" to the number of those Methodists who had shown sympathy with him and his associated agitators, and he desired Mr. Holland to state how many members had been lost to the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion since the year 1849; but Mr. Holland declined so to do, and thought he had good reason for non-compliance. Mr. Everett says, in the letter from which quotations have already been made, that the ground on which he wished the addition to be made, was that "the number of those who had espoused his side of the question constituted, with some, an item in his favour." Mr. Holland felt that he could not, in the matter now under notice, assume the position of a partisan; and his non-compliance in this particular was most likely among the causes which shortly led to an almost total cessation of correspondence between him and Mr. Everett.

The "Preface," as finally published, contained the following paragraphs:—"However portentous to the parties concerned, the Methodistic movement alluded to bore a no less perplexing aspect in relation to the authorship of the work now in the reader's hand. For not only had a large portion of the personal religious intercourse of Mr. Holland and Montgomery been enjoyed in Wesleyan circles, though neither of them was, at any time, actually a member of the Society, but a considerable part, not to say the most conspicuous and useful part, of the public platform labours of the latter, were devoted to the service of various institutions among that people: and of these interesting engagements, records made at the time and under the immediate feelings of the occasion, must needs very frequently occur in the following pages. Hence an obvious dilemma. In the event of the publication of the *Memoirs of Mountgomery* as the joint labour of the two persons whose names are on the title-page, and without any such explanation as the present, either Mr. Everett must have appeared in a character strangely incon-

sistent with that which accidental circumstances had compelled him to adopt and maintain,—very conscientiously, no doubt,—or else Mr. Holland, differently circumstanced as he was, must have consented, at least to the omission or alteration of much original matter, which, both as illustrative of the zeal and piety of Montgomery himself, and in no way essentially affected by the unhappy accidents above alluded to, he could not but more than wish to maintain in its integrity,—and, indeed, to enlarge as occurrences might demand. This sentiment was converted into a conscientious determination when he received, most unexpectedly, an intimation from Montgomery, that he meant to appoint him executor of his last will; this trust being connected with antecedent circumstances which, tacitly at least, implied the poet's recognition of his friend as the fittest individual in whom to confide for the discreet appropriation of his literary remains and for the faithful history of his protracted life.

“Influenced by these considerations Mr. Everett did not hesitate to meet with entire confidence Mr. Holland's anxious proposal to be allowed exclusively to prepare the work for the press. The latter must, therefore, be regarded as personally responsible for every fact and sentiment in the following pages not otherwise appropriated, as well as for the selection and arrangement of the matter generally. At the same time, it may be proper to remark that, with the exception specifically noted above, the biographers do not entertain any important differences of opinion relative to what is here published in their joint names.”

The reader may well ask why, under such circumstances, the work was not published in Mr. Holland's name alone. Mr. Everett consented to the publication of a “Preface” which attributed the authorship to Mr. Holland; he declared that “as to the design, the expression, and the general drift of that ‘Preface’ he was perfectly satisfied”; he criticised the work as Mr. Holland's and not his own; and yet his name had to

appear on the title-page. The question comes, Why did he not withdraw from a position so anomalous? The copartnery had been founded, not on Wesleyanism, but on literature and friendship, in association with identity of views as to the homage due to Montgomery's genius and worth; and Mr. Everett said in a letter to Mr. Holland, that as Methodism had been only the circumstance which had brought them together, and could not have either created or destroyed their union, it would not have been proper to turn and terminate their literary project on so "unsuitable a hinge". This was but a weak argument in defence of the perpetration of a literary deception, the correction and clearing up of which made necessary the elaborate "Preface" here spoken of.

Mr. Holland accepted his position, and performed, with great enjoyment, his long anticipated "labour of love." The surviving friends of the poet placed in the biographer's hands a large number of original letters, and took great interest in his design and its execution; and their kindness and co-operation have fitting acknowledgment in the preface to the seventh volume. Messrs. Longman & Co., also, who had been Montgomery's publishers, and with whom his connections had been of the most satisfactory nature, generously entered into Mr. Holland's plan, readily and liberally undertaking the publication of a voluminous work, which, in Mr. Holland's own opinion was, on several grounds, unlikely to be either popular or profitable; but he himself undertook to pay the cost of printing. Thus was the way opened for the realisation of his fervid hope; and he felt, when the last volume had passed through the press, that the most delightful duty of his life had been discharged, and that the greatest honour this world could give him had been secured. His name had now become inseparably connected with that of Montgomery in the history of English literature; and it had been his happiness fully to provide for the gratification of those whom acquaintance with the poet's works should make wishful to know the facts of his long and useful life.

Mr. Everett had, before this time, earned a reputation as a biographer, and must have been well able to estimate such a work as his friend had now published. A few extracts from one of his letters may therefore be acceptable to the reader of the present volume. He says in a letter to Mr. Holland, after the publication of the second volume:—"The *Memoirs* have given me unmixed pleasure. The style is easy, natural, and elegant, without pomp, without ceremony. The work is beautifully studded with gems from the poet's leaders, reviews, and other literary productions, often brilliant, full of imagery and smart thought, brief and endlessly varied. Your own sentiments are unexceptionable, your reflections natural, your criticisms just and candid. . . . The notes are highly interesting, often curious, and never tedious as to length. . . . The *man* himself rises out of his own sayings, doings, and thinkings, in all his lineaments and features, mental, moral, religious, and physical; and we see his habits, at home, abroad, in the mart, in the church, and in society at large. Go on and prosper; and may the supreme Disposer of all events give you health, vigour, and transparency of intellect to bring this work to a close. Such a work, the *portrayal* of such a man, is worth a life of labour."

At the hands of critics and reviewers the work, as was expected, met with divers kinds of treatment. A common opinion was, that it was too bulky. This was naturally felt by those who could not, for whatever reasons, appreciate the writer's design of giving a picture, nearly complete, of the whole career of Montgomery in all the various relationships into which he had been thrown. Many biographers select prominent features, and silently pass over the small things of every-day occurrence, though perhaps, at the same time, admitting and inculcating that "small things" are among the best tests of a man's character. Mr. Holland strove to present Montgomery as he had seen him; and the facts illustrative of his character and his principles, which the *Memoirs* contain, are

very numerous, though it is not here affirmed that those facts are disposed in any specially artistic and philosophical manner. The work fully shows how Montgomery lived among men, on what principles he conducted himself, and that he was as greatly admired and as ardently loved by those who knew him personally and intimately, as his poetry is admired by those whom taste enables to see its beauties, and spiritual sympathy to feel its power. And if the true end of biography is, to keep a man's characteristics in mind, that others may profit by them, Mr. Holland did not fail to gain the true end. Yet who in these times cares for a voluminous biography? Merely commercial ends would have led Mr. Holland greatly to compress the materials at his disposal. From the first he declared that the publication would probably not be profitable to those by whom it was undertaken; and pecuniary gain was a thing of which, in this instance, he had no thought for himself. His sole design was to raise a monument to the genius and the Christian worth of his dearest friend; and no amount of labour was thought too much for the accomplishing of that design.

In the critical notices of the work, published in various periodicals, there appeared the usual, or perhaps more than the usual, mistakes. It was said sneeringly that Mr. Holland had aimed at being Montgomery's *Boswell*. Why should he not have so aimed? The characteristic thus disparaged was introduced, neither because of its inimitable success in the particular case pointed to in the sneer, nor because Montgomery's conversation was supposed to possess uncommon qualities, but in order that something like the individuality, if not the charm, of autobiography might be imparted to the narrative. Mr. Holland thus showed that he had no sympathy with those who do not like to be reminded that great men are made of ordinary flesh and blood.

In the preface to the last volume the author says:—"It must not be deemed either impertinent or presumptuous, if a position be claimed for the *Memoirs of Montgomery* to which

the *Life of Cowper* alone affords a precedent in our modern literature; hence, in dealing with so unusual a concurrence of genius and piety, and in a layman too, the appropriate use of Scriptural terms and the recognition of evangelical truths, if somewhat strange to the general reader, will be intelligible enough to that *really* 'Christian public' which ought to be specially interested in these pages."

One of those who most materially assisted Mr. Holland in this work was Mrs. Mallalieu, Montgomery's favourite niece, the widow of the Rev. W. Mallalieu, a Moravian Minister. The lady is at present the wife of the Rev. H. Hassé, another clergyman of the same Church.

The spirit in which Mr. Holland desired his work to be received was thus expressed by a reviewer in the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*:—"We have lingered over this biography with delight, enjoying the very exuberance which has displeased some critics, but which is delightful to the friend, or to the multitudes whose remembrance of the virtues as well as the reputation of Montgomery leads them to regard him with a sentiment akin to friendship."

The summer following Montgomery's death witnessed in Sheffield a succession of circumstances which, in the absence of full mental occupation, would almost certainly have found a chronicler in Mr. Holland. His mind was, however, full of his great work, and could not pause to write verses on the local visit of Pedro V., King of Portugal, to dilate in the public prints on a presentation by which the town sought to honour the Right Honourable John Parker, one of its first representatives in Parliament, or to appeal once more to the remnant humanity of those who had roused the town to a renewal of indignation and horror by malicious "rattening." But there were a few matters which did so appeal to him as to receive his serious attention. One of them was an effort made by an able man, who had once done better, and who has since confessed his error, to destroy the people's comfort in receiving the Bible as

the Word of God. Mr. Holland had no liking for theological controversy; but he had great indignation when he witnessed the zeal of those who were trying, at this time, to persuade his fellow-townsmen to leave the permanent rock of authoritative Divine teaching, for the never-resting sea of mere human opinion. Another exciting matter of the same period was the erecting, in the Market-place, of a bronze statue of Ebenezer Elliott. Mr. Holland felt that the "Corn-Law Rhymer" had merited such a distinction; and the fact of his not having left a poetical memorial of the day when that statue was disclosed to the public gaze, needs no other explanation than that he was fully occupied with the literary monument which it was his great delight to raise to a bard whom he had loved, even more than he had admired the author of *The Ranter*.

In October Miss Colling observed an extraordinary meteor, or comet, which furnished an exciting subject of correspondence with Mr. Holland for a long time. It has already appeared that he took great interest in all natural phenomena; and his letters, here referred to, would be read by many with instruction and pleasure; but they are too voluminous to be inserted. Miss Colling had correspondence on the same subject with Sir John Herschel, Dr. Thomas Dick, and other persons of competent acquaintance with meteorology. A drawing, made and engraved from her description of the marvellous apparition, was freely circulated. And the description itself was translated into French by Sir John Herschel, and published in a well-known French scientific book.

Mr. Holland was still assiduously attending to his duties at the Music Hall. The President of the Literary and Philosophical Society was now the Rev. Thomas Sale. That Society was called during this year to mourn the loss not only of Montgomery, its most distinguished member, but also of Mr. John Heppenstall, one of its Secretaries. Mr. Heppenstall was highly esteemed by the members; and with great regret was his death recorded in the Report. He was the worthy

son of that gentleman of ornithological tastes, at whose house, the reader may remember, Mr. Holland had his memorable interview with the celebrated naturalist, Audubon. The young man had received such a training as such a father would naturally desire to give; and his early death removed one who might have taken a prominent place among the cultured minds of his native town. At this time Mr. Holland might have repeated the song in which he says:—

“ So health, youth, beauty, yield a while
 Ten thousand living charms,
While wears the world one general smile,
 And life's young sunshine warms;
But death, stern warrior! in a day
Health, youth, and beauty sweeps away.”

CHAPTER XIX.

1855—1857.

“ The stroke which thus hath snapped in twain
Affection’s strong and living chain
By heaven is surely sent ;
Blighting one object of my love,
To fix my wandering heart above,
When thus bereaved and rent.”

J.H.

THE correspondence with Miss Colling about the comet or meteor was interspersed with discussions on other topics. In January, 1854, for example, Mr. Holland gave expression to an opinion on a subject of much interest, as to which some have held views opposite to his. He says:—“ I have to thank you for an extract from Mrs. Miller’s letter, with a transcript of her sweet lines on becoming a mother, and your remarks on the theory, that the character of the child is most determined by that of the mother. If by such a statement it is merely intimated that the early instruction of a clever mother produces a very important result in moulding the character of her child, I admit it ; and many beautiful illustrations of the fact might easily be adduced. But if it be meant that, in whatever manner or degree the mind of a child bears any congenital relation to the intelligence of its parents, the *maternal always or ordinarily predominates*, I altogether dissent from the conclusion.”

But for months the principal theme of their letters was the marvellous “globe of fire” which had brought the lady into communication with some of the leading astronomers of the day. Miss Colling was, indeed, with good reason, quite

enthusiastic about what she had seen, and suffered disappointment through the unreadiness of some of her scientific correspondents to accept her descriptions of the vision as unexaggerated and correct delineations of a resplendent and altogether remarkable object. The correspondence now before the present writer contains some sagacious and entertaining speculations, for which, however, the present volume is not the proper place.

But among the letters of this period occurs the following answer to a birthday congratulation, which has biographical value:—

“ Music Hall, Sheffield, March 17th, 1855.

“ Dear Madam,—I thank you for your kind and unexpected remembrance of the 14th inst., in connection with my unworthy self. That which returns annually with a deeper and a more solemn interest to your correspondent, he could hardly have supposed to stand as a ‘red letter day’ in *your* almanac, as it must now be presumed to do! And as one gets older, how much more rapidly do these ‘birthday’ anniversaries seem to recur! To me, at least, this is the case; and yet I feel more and more, though not as I ought to feel, of how many providential mercies,—daily blessings, indeed,—I have been the favoured recipient during six decades of years; still enjoying, as I do, thank God, a reasonable measure of health and strength, and a most unmerited measure of love and kindness from various friends.

“ My dear Madam, I dare not, as I hinted before, discuss the phenomena of religious melancholy; but I may just remark, and possibly you may concur in the sentiment, that there are thousands of individuals who have the credit of being *cheerfully religious*, who have, in fact, no religion at all, and *vice versa*, hundreds who during their whole lives have walked sadly, doubtfully, and ‘without light,’ along the ‘valley of humiliation,’ who have been, without doubt, the children of God. I am certainly not disposed to rank St. Paul in what can properly

be called 'the melancholy list,' and yet, I apprehend that the man who wrote 'O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' was *not*, at the time, very *cheerful* in the sense in which the term is usually understood by people who *never* sorrowed at all 'after a Godly sort.'

"I have just been reading the first volume of *Memoirs of the late Countess of Blessington*. Even she, it seems, kept a book in which she entered her sombre and, alas! not religious, meditations under the designation of 'Night Thoughts.' You knew her; I mean, of course, you were acquainted with her way of life and her literary celebrity as the idol of fashionable London life. And yet, under all that grandeur and gaiety of exterior, how must the canker-worm of care have been gnawing at her very vitals, even while she was receiving the adulation of the noblest, the wealthiest, the proudest, and the most highly gifted men and women of the land! Verily *to read of* such things, is more than enough to reconcile a person to a lot as lowly and as unenvied as mine. The book affords a lesson, not to *fashion*, which *never* learns, but to *pride*.

"You advert to the prospect of prolixity in my *Memoirs of Montgomery*; and your apprehension is not without good ground; but I cannot consent so to abridge the MS. as to lessen materially the bulk of the work, having from the first determined to carry out the design on a certain plan of my own. I shall be sorry that purchasers are so heavily taxed; but I have the consolation to add—*not for my advantage*. Besides, *I think* Montgomery deserves as ample a biography as Moore, at least.

"I thank you for the amusing rhymes herewith returned. It seems that although Mr. Surtees, the late Durham historian, who so completely and, as I think, disreputably mystified Sir Walter Scott with fictitious 'ballad metres,' is no more, the race of ingenious imitators is not extinct in your neighbourhood; and these things are sometimes produced by quiet, unsuspected, 'single and peruked' amateurs, of whom some are found in most populous localities. I have only time and space

to add that I am, dear Madam, yours very sincerely, JNO. HOLLAND.—Miss E. Colling.”

The two indefatigable and most friendly correspondents had not yet met. They had not even “exchanged photographs.” But about this time Mr. Holland made some reference to a likeness of himself, which had been “taken” for a certain purpose, and his correspondent naturally wished to see it. This “trifle” is here recorded for the introduction of the following characteristic words, written on the 23rd of June:—“Dear Madam,—Herewith you have the photograph which I was so thoughtless, or rather so innocent, as to describe to you, without the slightest suspicion of the trap into which I was falling, but which my niece, to whom I had given the picture, tells me I might have foreseen. I have only one remedial feeling for the mischance, viz., that you will probably know less of me after you have seen this shadow than you did before; for it will but ill realise to you the image of the original, a dull old fellow approaching his grand climacteric!—Yes, I have yet another chance of being avenged; for if you will tell me that you have been, in like manner, photographed, I will also ask you to allow me to compare my idea of your appearance with the *effigies vera* produced by the sun.”

He soon received fitting answer, in which Miss Colling said:—“It is so pleasant to have some idea of the *corporeal* presence of those with whom we hold mental intercourse, that I feel sincerely obliged by your courteous compliance with my request to see your photograph. It is very neatly executed, and bears the appearance of being a faithful likeness. And now, would that I had Lavater at my elbow to assist me in analysing it! I should say that the predominant expression is shrewd penetration and critical sagacity, tempered, however, with a mixture of humour, *good* humour, and *bonhommie*, which would speedily disarm the censorship of its terrors, the frown relaxing at very short notice to a smile. I hope it always will do so in my favour! Am I right in my conjectures? I

should ask your niece whose penetration, you see, exceeds your own! I am sorry it is not in my power to return the compliment in kind. If it were, I should hold myself bound to say, with the poet, 'A fair return be thine.' But it has not been my hap (or mishap) to submit my physiognomy to the photographic process, but to have it perpetuated in the old style of likeness-taking before Apollo set up for a portrait painter, as well as poet and musician. . . . It is not at present in my power to forward it; but if ever it should be, or a copy should be taken, you shall have the satisfaction of seeing my semblance on the brighter side of thirty."

Of course, Mr. Holland asked that Apollo might be favoured with a sitting, and himself with a sight of the result, and said, in his own distinctive style:—"Glad as I shall be to have a glimpse of what my fair and friendly correspondent may have been in days of yore, I would rather, I think, see her as she is 'at this present.' However, the picture of any lady 'on the sunny side of thirty,' would be less startling to me, an old fellow on the shady side of sixty, than would be the apparition of the same lady *in propria persona*."

Thus did Mr. Holland find diversion and recreation of mind amidst the constant work of preparing for the press his *Memoirs of Montgomery*. In the month of June he gained the same end in another way. The preparation of the early portions of the *Memoirs* had required an investigation of the history of Sheffield newspapers. The reader may remember that our author, many years before this time, had read the earliest numbers of the *Iris*, and had also become acquainted with the predecessors of that publication, which had now, like them, become extinct. The materials thus brought together were found available, with a little additional labour, as the substance of an essay on *Early Sheffield Newspapers*. The paper was read before the Literary and Philosophical Society on the 1st of June. The report states that the paper was "curiously indicative of an altered state of society in general, and of the

published intelligence of the day" in particular. But how great is the change which has since then been wrought in the newspaper press of this country, by the abolition of the stamp and of the paper duty.

The Society lost its President this summer by the removal of the Rev. Thomas Hincks, B.A., to Mill Hill Chapel, Leeds. Mr. Hincks was a Unitarian Minister, of whose scientific attainments and power of communication Mr. Holland had a very high opinion. Mr. Hincks's services to the Society were very valuable; and the same Report that records the Society's regret at his loss, also states that his papers and lectures, on various branches of natural history, had afforded great gratification and instruction.

Southwell and Newark were this year the places selected for the annual excursion of the Society, which took place towards the end of summer, and of which Mr. Holland's account appears to have been published in the *Sheffield Times*. Both those towns contain many things of the very kind in which he always took the greatest and most lively interest.

At this time the Crimean war was raging, and there were throughout England demonstrations of joy at the victories gained by the allied troops, of which the newspapers gave animating accounts. In Sheffield there were illuminations in token of overflowing delight; but Mr. Holland could not bring himself to show or even to feel any enthusiasm about the terrible struggle. The whole affair was, in his eyes, so terrible, that he found in it well-nigh as much occasion for sorrow as for joy.

In autumn an offer was made to Mr. Holland, by a gentleman in a distant town, the acceptance of which would have ended his connection with the Literary and Philosophical Society. Writing to that gentleman at the end of October he says:—"I thank you for your welcome note, for the two Montgomery letters which it covered, and especially for the matter of the postscript. For the last be assured of my appre-

ciation . . . and allow me to say that, though I do not claim the realisation of your generous offer formally, I do feel its influence in the comparative ease which it ought to enable me to feel, in sight of any possible or probable failure of my present standing-place; though, how long I may have it, and for how short a time I may want it, are issues in the womb of Providence, which I am willing to leave time to disclose." The advance of years was beginning to suggest to him thoughts of several "possible or probable failures"; his bodily ailment had become the cause of great inconvenience; and it was grateful to him to know that if he should become unequal to the duties of his present office, there would open to him another means of livelihood which would have certain attendant advantages.

During the concluding months of this year, and, indeed, long afterwards, he was discussing, with his Hurworth correspondent, the subject of the hibernation of swallows. That subject occupied his attention so much, so long, and with such definite results, that in the end he read a paper on the subject before the Literary and Philosophical Society. The essay will be mentioned in its time. At present it is sufficient to observe that the difficulty of settling the question appears to have grown with the discussion.

At the beginning of the year 1856, the poetry of Longfellow became the subject of correspondence; and the letters of this period would, if presented in full, be highly entertaining and instructive. Mr. Holland liked the poetry of Longfellow, *Hiawatha* included. He regarded that poem as "an exquisite realisation of an ingenious, legitimate, and laudable aim." Admitting that the theme may not be the best that could have been chosen from the rich storehouse of Indian traditions, and that, possibly, a topic of a complexion more agreeable to European notions might have been more attractive, he added:—"As it is, I think the song 'most musical, most melancholy,' in a sober sense." Longfellow was, in his opinion, "Columbia's sweetest minstrel."

This long-continued, rich, and pleasurable correspondence was at this time drawing, not to a close, but to a solemn period, by reason of the sorrowfully expected severance of the closely interwoven tie by which it had been originated. Mrs. Miller, Miss Colling's poetical friend, and her colleague in the metrical translation of the Psalms, was at this time sinking to the grave. A delicate but elastic constitution had begun to yield to disease ; and Miss Colling acknowledged that her affection was now in that painful strait in which even hope ceases to flatter. Mrs. Miller, desiring to have Miss Colling's sympathy to the end, warned and besought her not to cherish fallacious hopes ; and Mr. Holland was far from being an unaffected recipient of such intelligence. His epistolary intercourse with Miss Foster had been of the most pleasing kind ; after it had given place to an intermediate communication through Miss Colling, his interest was still kept ever warm and fresh ; and he now felt he was losing a friend, whom he seemed to himself to know more intimately than he knew some with whom he was personally familiar.

In matters of this kind Mr. Holland's distinguishing tenderness of nature had such expression as endeared him to his friends ; and, in this instance, Miss Colling received from him " kind and truly Christian letters which it was impossible to misconstrue." In one of those letters he states his opinion about the very important question of the propriety of making a sick person, who must shortly die, acquainted with the certainty of the result of his ailment. He says :—" Cases there are in which such a communication, made by friend or doctor, would interfere with the chances of a patient's recovery ; but they are comparatively few ; and we must always recollect the major importance of a preparation for the life to come. Medical men and dear friends do not often err on *this* side, but on the other. Indeed, Christian fidelity in physicians is a rare accomplishment." He then transcribes a beautiful passage, concerning a Dr. Hamilton, which he had just read in a volume entitled *Life in Jesus : A Memoir of Mrs. Mary Winslow* :—

“ It was frequently his habit, extensive as was his practice, to spend five minutes in prayer, before retiring from the sick room, thus leaving upon the mind of his patient a most soothing and healthful influence. What an incalculable blessing may such an individual be! The Christian physician is begirt with opportunities of usefulness to which the Gospel minister can scarcely aspire. The clergyman is, in most instances, the last attendant of a sick room thought of, the last summoned, and often when too late to be of any essential avail. The patient, perhaps, worn by fever, racked with agony, or stupified by anodynes. But the Christian physician is the constant attendant; he possesses the ear, the confidence, and the grateful regard of the sick person. Without awakening a needless suspicion of danger, and thereby producing undue excitement, he can direct the languid eye to the good and great Physician of the soul, and tell of His blood, the only remedy for the mind’s malady.”

After Mrs. Miller’s death, Mr. Holland wrote strong and yet touching words about the “ assurance of hope in the eternal personal salvation of the dear departed,” and, recollecting that she had left an infant son, added:—“ Early—prematurely, to use a heathenish term,—as she has been taken away, she has, nevertheless, left behind her one who, should he be spared, may through the time to come, amidst the contingencies conceivable and inconceivable, illustrate the importance of a single link in the great chain of human existence, when that link connects the past with the future in successive generations of mankind. And you add, ‘ She had trials of a mental kind with which only *I* was acquainted ’. How much of sad as well as secret history is adumbrated in those few words! What may be their specific meaning, is nothing to me; but I may be permitted to say that the mere mention of such a fact points to sources of suffering of the bitterest and most incurable class. One does not, however, hesitate to believe that, *in her case*, the trial was one providentially laid upon her, which she could, therefore, not only divulge to her dearest female friend, but also reveal to Him who has medicine for even ‘ a mind diseased ’.”

Another highly gifted mind had now been removed from the circle of Mr. Holland's friends. Mrs. Miller is described by her friend as "uniting high mental endowments and a combination of poetic and pictorial talent with fine expressive features and much grace and elegance of external form." The cultured and sensitive man, whose letters had been so welcome to such a woman, paused again to consider "the vanity of man as mortal", and to survey the relations of the life that is to that which is to come.

It was in February of this year, that Mr. Bessemer secured a patent for that new and rapid process of refining iron, by the announcement of which he startled the *iron world*. This was a matter of great and special interest to the author of the treatise on *Manufactures in Metal*. Another event of local importance which transpired the same month, was the opening of the Free Public Library for the Borough of Sheffield. Mr. Holland, having long highly appreciated the advantages of another public library, was peculiarly pleased to find that like advantages were to be placed within the reach of all classes of the population. The success of that Free Public Library and its Branches has been very encouraging.

A third circumstance of the same month requires special notice, because of its personal importance. The reference is to Mr. Holland's discontinuance of the work of a Sunday School teacher, in which he had been engaged since the year 1813. It was alleged at the time, and has been repeated since, that his chief reason for leaving the School was something connected with the teaching of writing; and it is true that he clung to that old custom, and found displeasure in the loose and negligent manner in which it was kept up, and that he defended it against those who urged its discontinuance. He might also, in subsequent years, connect his leaving of the School with that displeasure and its cause. But the simple truth is, that his bodily ailment was now much worse than it had formerly been, and altogether interfered with his remaining

long at once at any occupation. It became, indeed, physically impossible for him to walk down from the Park to Red Hill and to remain there so long as the duties of the School required. This was the actual reason for his retirement; though he might, for obvious reasons, keep it to himself at the time. It should be added, that, for a year or two after this period, he could not remain through the whole service at Carver Street Chapel, and was in the habit of going in late. Eventually, however, such difficulties were entirely obviated by constant resort to a scientific appliance by which, while his comfort was immensely promoted, his life was greatly prolonged.

In March Mr. Holland writes:—"We have just had in Sheffield Martin's three famous pictures entitled, respectively, *The Last Judgment*, *The Plains of Heaven*, and *The Great Day of His Wrath*: and shall I confess that I did not like the conception of any of the subjects? Marvellous, in many respects, for their artistic excellence and general effect, they appeared to me rather to lessen than to increase the sublimity of one's Scriptural ideas of the transactions portrayed; some of the details being, as I presume to think, in questionable *moral* taste." Such was our author's opinion of the productions of a genius, who might have been expected "to do justice" to such stupendous subjects, if that had been possible in this world. Mr. Holland's criticism points to the remarkable fact, that the Bible, describing the wonders of the eternal world in terms derived from earthly and human affairs, has succeeded in giving men conceptions of the awful events of the future, which cannot be otherwise satisfactorily expressed by efforts of human genius. What is the theological significance of that fact?

At the end of April came the second anniversary of Montgomery's lamented death; and Mr. Holland was moved to make that day memorable, not only for emotions, but also for their unrestrained expression in verse. Accordingly there appeared in the newspaper, at the beginning of the following

month, *The Grave of Montgomery*. The poem was "A May-Eve Meditation in the Sheffield Cemetery," and consisted of more than a newspaper column of blank verse, designed to call public attention to the fact, that no monument had yet appeared over the tomb of "the Christian Poet." A few months after the poet's death, the proposal for a fitting monument had been carried so far, that a satisfactory sketch model from the design of Mr. John Bell, the sculptor, was exhibited in the Cutlers' Hall; but the design was yet unaccomplished. About this time Mr. Holland was procuring an engraving of the proposed structure, for the seventh volume of that literary monument which he had now nearly completed; but he had from the beginning considered the design too expensive, while heartily wishing success to the original scheme. The delay was becoming serious. Some persons were disposed to attribute much of it to Mr. Holland himself, not duly considering how his "literary monument" to the memory and the worth of his friend, must have absorbed all his attention, "and more than all his ease of mind," up to the present time. Now, however, a new and vigorous effort was manifestly required, to revive that interest which had strangely and almost unaccountably flagged; and with whom could the movement more appropriately begin than with the poet's dearest surviving friend? Mr. Holland's "Meditation" was adapted to its purpose. It strongly set forth Montgomery's personal worth. It reminded of his excellent life-long services to mankind. It intimated that "filial duty" would honour the poet's memory, if the town should not honour itself by erecting over his grave an appropriate and enduring monument. And it described the painful and needless regret which would ever be felt by all the true lovers of Montgomery's Christian strains, in the absence of such a memorial as the town had promised itself to erect. In due time the desired result appeared; and then Mr. Holland had a pleasure proportionate to the disappointment which he had previously experienced. In autumn, zeal was further revived

by a public meeting, and by an eloquent and sensible appeal from Mr. R. Younge. In the spring following, the teachers and friends of the Sunday Schools resolved to accomplish what no other constituency had yet been organised to do. In July, 1857, Montgomery's family gave permission to erect the monument. And the work proceeded thenceforward to its completion.

With the Montgomery monument, another, designed to do honour to the heroes of the Crimea, began to be associated in the thoughts and conversations of the people. On the 29th of May, that notable anniversary, there were great peace rejoicings in the town. As on a previous occasion, already described, the joy and gladness of the people were expressed in a procession and illuminations; and it was thenceforward felt that the town must have a permanent memorial of the Crimean victory and of the joyful gratitude which had thrilled the Cutlery Capital. The two memorial projects probably helped each other. At least, when there was another monument for another place, it became the more easy to determine that that of Montgomery should rest upon his grave.

The remaining months of this year require no extended narrative. The *Memoirs* were completed; and the correspondence with Miss Colling continued to be very voluminous, on subjects already named, and on others of much scientific and literary importance, for an adequate account of which, however, space cannot be found in the present volume. The new subjects were introduced, in great part, by the transactions of the Literary and Philosophical Society, which, during this year, presented to the correspondents many points of special interest, in connection with the sciences of geology and astronomy.

The last day of the year was, to Mr. Holland and his family, another day of darkness and mourning. At that time Mr. Brammall, the brother-in-law with whom our author's literary relations had long greatly enhanced the value of a happy family connection, died of bronchitis, after an illness of a few days. This severe and sudden bereavement

caused Mr. Holland great sadness of heart. A deeply sympathetic correspondent of long standing wrote to him:—"How sad it is that life always seems most fragile in those whose lives are the most valuable to their friends or to the world. As Petrarch said five hundred years ago, we still, alas, may say,

'Death doth take
The best the first; the guilty he doth leave!'

And thus the world is overrun with guilt, while they whose examples might in some degree counteract it are too often removed to a more fitting sphere. I speak with submission to the behests of Him who ordereth all things for the best." The same were the conclusions also of Mr. Holland and those who with him mourned the loss of one for whom they had felt an intense and well requited love. Mr. Holland wrote to Miss Colling that his brother-in-law was a man "whose ability and energy in mercantile matters were exceeded only by his kindness and generosity as a husband and a father." Mr. Brammall was a Baptist.

But a few weeks more had gone, when Miss Sarah Gales also passed into the eternal world, having survived her two sisters, and having lived with Montgomery more than sixty years. He had been as a brother among those sisters; and the reader may be reminded of Cowper and Mrs. Unwin, whose case, however, differs considerably from theirs. Deeply and unconsolably had the old lady mourned Montgomery's death; but now, the time of her own release having arrived, she fell asleep in that Saviour whose praise will be sung from age to age in the exquisite words of her almost life-long companion and friend. Mr. Holland was appointed one of her executors. She left to the Literary and Philosophical Society a beautiful collection of shells, &c., which the Report calls a "valuable bequest duly appreciated."

In the year 1857, Mr. Holland wrote more than a dozen poems of various lengths; and the stream of song did not again cease to flow, until his life itself ebbed away. The special

engagements of the preceding few years had to a large extent precluded the composition of verse. The first piece that he printed this year was addressed "to a child, born March 31st, 1856, the day on which the news of the signing of the Treaty of Paris by the plenipotentiaries of the allied powers and Russia, reached Sheffield, and christened *Peace*, in honour of that auspicious event." The poem was probably written soon after the event which it records. The theme was perfectly congenial to Mr. Holland; the incident which supplied it was truly poetical, and "sweet," and such as a Christian poet might well delight to sing; and the poem is worthy of its theme. One of the seven stanzas is the following:—

" But never, never, sell thy life,
 To wage in lands afar,
 A hateful, mercenary strife,
 A self-inflicted war,
 A war for conquest or for pride,
 To widen realms already wide,—
 A war for glory bought and sold
 With human blood and worthless gold,—
 A war which, if successful, brings
 But fresher zeal to wrathful kings:
 In wars like these may never shame,
 O Peace! dishonour thy sweet name."

It afterwards came to Mr. Holland's knowledge that a copy of this poem was sent to the Queen at Osborne, and would probably be received by her Majesty on the very day when her ally, the Emperor of the French, paid her a visit.

To the same period may be referred a piece entitled *Cloudland*. The poem is well named, being descriptive of no locality, while it expresses the vague longings of such as have no definite hopes as to the good which they would like to find, when delivered from the present life.

About this time Mr. Holland was gracefully complimented, by a discerning and excellent literary friend, as "The Poet of the Cross." *Cruciana* was but one of the grounds on which the distinction was supposed to rest; and the immediate

occasion of the application of the title was, probably, a poem sent "to a lady with 'a cross bun' on Good Friday morning." This is one of the instances in which our poet turned the most simple things into occasions of the most valuable moral lessons. The 'cross bun' was made a memento of redemption, and the suggestion was conveyed in polished language.

In May *An Afternoon Ramble* found record in the newspaper; and the article is mentioned here as another of those essays in prose and verse which Mr. Holland was so fond of writing for the local prints, for the twofold purpose of pleasing himself and of calling public attention to interesting natural objects in the neighbourhood of the town. Such essays were calculated to promote the health of those whose tastes they suited, by causing them to walk out to see the sights described, instead of staying at home to contemplate, amidst weariness and irritation, what Horace, in an almost incomparably beautiful lyric, having a similar design, calls

"Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ."

With his two nephews, John Holland and Thomas Sanderson Brammall, Mr. Holland went in June to Ambleside in quest of health. It had now been for years his custom either to accompany or at least to visit his brother-in-law's family in their summer sojourn from home; and it was the more needful for him to leave home at this time, as his various engagements had made both himself and his friends somewhat apprehensive as to the state of his health. In one of his letters, written to Miss Parkin, of Machon Bank, Sheffield, who was one of his great favourites, he speaks of his own health in a way very unusual with him, leading the reader to the conclusion that it was probably much worse than he said. This is mentioned to introduce the remark that, notwithstanding the local malady previously referred to, he had generally an equable health, which allowed him to give himself to almost literally constant mental activity and production. He was now reading and writing, probably almost as much as ever.

Work was the necessity of his life; and if, while affording pleasure, it sometimes detrimentally affected his health, the fact can cause no astonishment.

This visit to "the Lakes" was commemorated in several poems, some of which were published in the Sheffield newspaper. One of them was suggested by Wordsworth's *Wishing Gate*, which stands, if it is still preserved, about a mile from Grasmere, "exactly opposite to the middle of the lake," and which, years ago, had received scores of rude initials,

"Carved as if a lover's fate
Each quaint inscription bore."

There Mr. Holland uttered aloud the name of one of his affectionate female friends, and left his memento among the crowd of letters; and the whole event had its record in the poem under notice. Another was a sonnet, *On Seeing the venerable Widow of the Poet Wordsworth in Ridal Church*. The sonneteer took for his motto, "She was a phantom of delight"; and here is his poem:—

"Yes; there she sits in venerable age,
Hard by the pulpit, in that plain church pew;
Her, as by intuition, quick, I knew,
And much, even there, did she my thoughts engage;
For she was blind! Shut out to her, each page
Of all that glorious volume spread around,
In which she with her laurelled spouse, once found
Such sweet delight whilst reading; but, to assuage
That else too heavy trial,—she still bore
Remembrance fresh of all that, years before,
Attuned her eye and heart to share the fame
Of him who found her worthy of his pride,
His guide and guardian on the mountain side,—
His wife, in this sweet home, and proud of his proud name."

But the most remarkable memorial of that sojourn at Ambleside is a series of twelve sonnets, entitled *Farewell to Ambleside*, and dedicated to the poet's nephews, who had zealously co-operated with him in the use of means adapted to restore his health, and had, thoughtfully, not always allowed him to retire, when he wished, to the local haunts of the poets, for musing and composition.

While our poet was at Ambleside, one of his most esteemed Sheffield friends received a mark of honour which was well deserved, and in which Mr. Holland had positive pleasure. The reference is to the Fellowship in the Royal Society which was at this time conferred on Mr. Sorby, whose original researches in geology and other branches of science have made students delight to honour his name. "Degrees" seem not to have been among the objects of Mr. Holland's personal ambition; but he saw that to be authorised, in these days, to use the initials "F.R.S.", is to have a very valuable recognition of merit.

A Wesleyan Minister at this time in the Sheffield Carver Street Circuit was the Rev. John V. B. Shrewsbury, one of whose children eventually became an object of very special interest to Mr. Holland. The meaning of this statement will appear in due time. At present it is sufficient for the reader to know that Mr. Shrewsbury is the son of a devoted Wesleyan Missionary, of whom he has published filial *Memorials*, in an ably written and most interesting volume. He was especially beloved by every member of Mrs. Brammall's family, amongst whom, indeed, he came to deport himself with the frankness and the cordiality of an affectionate relative. "He was," says Mr. Holland, "one who owned, cherished, and responded to an individual humanity; his heart was open to personal sympathies; and loath were my young and confiding relatives to imagine that that heart could ever become closed to them, or that his affections could be so macadamised by repeated change of place and circumstance as to afford a smooth passage to pleasant impressions, alike from all parties." In the order of Divine providence, that happy friendship prepared the way for certain offices of kindness, duty, and pleasure, of which the reader will be informed in due course.

On the 7th of August Mr. Holland read, before the Literary and Philosophical Society, his paper on *Some Alleged Facts in Connection with the Supposed Hibernation of Swallows*. For a long period the subject had been discussed in the correspondence

with Miss Colling, who had contributed valuable testimonies original and collected. The manuscript of this essay is before the biographer, who, however, prefers to any original account the following extract from the Report of the Society:—"After some remarks on the interest attaching to the swallow tribe as summer visitants, and as generally building their nests near the habitations of man, and on this account more especially attracting his observation, the reader proceeded to notice their seasonal migration or disappearance from our shores, on the approach of winter, adverting at length to the many strange stories told by the older naturalists about the winter torpor of these birds, such as, that 'they had often, especially in Sweden, been found in clusters on the banks of rivers, or in the mud of lakes'; these statements having been repeated in all works of natural history, with the exception of those most recently published. After adducing evidence of the fact that vast flocks of hirundines are constantly seen on their way to Africa by sailors, Mr. Holland cited some curious, and apparently trust-worthy, testimonies in favour of the descent of swallows into the water at the close of autumn and their emergence therefrom in the spring; arguing that these and similar statements, whatever their merit, had not been sufficiently examined or satisfactorily explained. Of the seasonal migration of the swallows as a body there could not be the slightest doubt; of the possible existence of any bird under water during the winter season he could not admit; but inasmuch as single birds of this genus were frequently seen for a brief period even in mid-winter, when the weather was for some time unusually mild, where did these come from? The reader closed by iterating his opinion that these and other alleged phenomena in the natural history of this highly interesting and entirely harmless tribe of birds, were not unworthy of a more particular examination than they had hitherto received."

In autumn England was called to humiliation and prayer on account of the Indian mutiny. There was in the country

a considerable diversity of thought and sentiment as to that terrible outbreak. It was freely discussed by Mr. Holland and Miss Colling; but it is not needful to record here even so much as the principal parts of their correspondence.

On the 4th of November, the anniversary of Montgomery's birthday, Mr. Holland wrote a sonnet, recounting the many happy years during which he had enjoyed the poet's friendship, and had regularly celebrated his birthday, "in pleasant talk unmingled with idle mirth." "The spell" of Montgomery's influence was still upon him.

Great and numerous changes had now come to Mr. Holland and his early friends. Many of those friends had passed away. He himself suffered from a painful and incurable bodily ailment, and felt approaching some of the infirmities of age. Yet he had good general health, and was still equal to a large amount of literary labour. The principal productions of his pen during this period were poetical; and most of the poems were sonnets. Here, indeed, he must be called, with emphasis, a sonneteer; and it is impossible to give the reader an adequate account of the scores of compositions left in manuscript, and belonging to this period. The following is one of them. It has been selected, not for its own speciality, but for the mere convenience of its introduction. It was written "on receiving some fragments out of the leaden case which contained the bones of Tasso, presented to the author by a lady who witnessed the ceremonial of the transfer of the remains of the poet from the old grave to the splendid shrine recently erected for their reception, in the church of St. Onofrio, at Rome":—

“And these few granules, lady, thou dost say,
 Once formed a part of Tasso's living frame;
 Nor needs the Tuscan Poet's glorious fame
 Such honour as the Roman church doth pay
 Thus late and lingeringly: our Byron's lay
 Hath long been echoed as the world's 'Lament':
 But it is fit this gorgeous monument
 Should rise in proof that genius lives to sway

The mind of ages, while the scattered dust,
Which formed its mortal vehicle on earth,
Is no more seen. Thus Fate, sometimes unjust,
Not seldom to posthumous life gives birth,
Gives immortality to such renown
As worldly pomp delights to honour with its crown."

Some years before this time Miss Colling spent a winter in Italy with Mr. and Mrs. Miller, and found the weather strangely severe for "the garden of Europe". In crossing Mont Cénis by moonlight, "all covered as it was with snow", they beheld "a scene of grandeur which," says Miss Colling, "must be but ill compensated by the rapidity of tunnelling". The "travelling letters" of his "invisible" and now very distant "Egeria" were transmitted to Mr. Holland, at his own request; and he found their narratives and discussions highly interesting. This may be gathered from the few references to this matter which occur in various documents; but the letters containing his observations on Italy and Italian affairs, have not been available for this biography.

C H A P T E R X X .

1858—1859.

“ And still, amidst the flight of years,
Unfading that sweet bloom appears,
Now sunned with smiles, bedewed with tears,
 And fanned with hope ;
And still this hour, thrice happy ! you
Calm Duty’s pilgrim-path pursue,
Cheerful, contented, generous, true,
 Adown life’s gentle slope.

Yet know—and still for *this* thank God !—
That though you hitherto have trod
A soft, green, fragrant, daisied sod,
 Changes may come,
Changes, in love and mercy sent
To warn us time on earth is meant,
With Christians, to be wisely spent,
 To gain a heavenly home.”

J.H.

IN January, 1858, the Princess Royal of England was married to Prince Frederick William of Prussia. Mr. Holland’s loyal heart was touched, and he produced an epithalamium of which much might be said. Here is the concluding stanza :—

“ So shall the muse of history write
Thy name upon her fairest page ;
So shall thy memory shine more bright
 In fame’s clear glass, from age to age :
And long as time unfolds his wings,
O’er Europe’s future race of kings,
Daughter of Britain ! they shall be
 In long succession, proud of thee.”

The following month was another of the few periods during Mr. Holland’s life-time when he was obliged to consider

himself sick. His indisposition suspended the correspondence with Miss Colling. The meaning of this fact will be better seen when it is observed that during the next month, March, the lady had to write as many as five letters to our convalescent author. The subjects discussed were those of the day at home and in India; and certain scientific matters were, according to custom, interspersed.

At the same time he printed a poem, entitled *Margaret : a Poetical Monogram*. He took for mottoes the words of Shakspeare, "What's in a name?" and those of Chaucer, "Si douce est la Margarete"; and the poem is a rhapsody, comprising allusions to several notable women who have borne the Christian name of Margaret. To Mr. Holland that name was as pretty as a "daisy" and more precious than a "pearl". Miss Colling aptly called his poem "a quaint and curious daisy-chain", and asked him, with a show of good reasons, to do for "Elizabeth" what he had done for "Margaret". He could not accept the challenge, because he had no similar interest in that name. After this time the favourite word often recurs in his fugitive pieces. He was constantly looking out for it. In all his travels he particularly noticed all the churchyard epitaphs that contained it. He shouted it on rocky heights, and whispered it in crowds. When it was uttered in his ear, or read by himself, "mystic meanings" seemed to him to "fit the music of its sound". He would write it on the shifting sand of the sea-shore, reflecting that it would perish full soon; and then he would print it in his verse, that it might remain as long as books themselves should endure. And in an unpublished poem he says:—

"To fancy's eye 'tis half revealed,
Where, on their pensile stems,
Are scattered o'er the daisied field
Ten thousand floral gems."

An interesting occasion for a poem, which occurred in April, has its worthy memorial in elegant verse. The piece referred to is *On Planting a Tree in the Sheffield Botanical Gardens*.

The tree was a linden, and was chosen for good, though sentimental, reasons :—

“ Any sapling of the grove
 I had planted, prized the same ;
 But the linden tree I love,
 For his sake who bore its name,
 That illustrious gentle Swede
 Who taught botanists to read
 Truths unchanged through every age,
 Science in sweet Flora’s page !
 Linnæus, such is yet the crown
 Of thy hardly-earned renown.

Flourish, then, thy namesake tree
 In this richly favoured spot ;
 Let it my memorial be,
 When my minstrelsy’s forgot,
 When along this pleasant walk,
 Side by side, young lovers talk,
 Or when serious thoughts engage
 Silent meditative age,
 Or when thousands, grave and gay,
 Here keep cheerful holiday.

Then, perchance, some passer-by
 May my humble name recall ;
 Thus shall I not wholly die
 Till this linden tree shall fall :
 Fall it may in beauteous prime ;
 Fall it must in course of time ;
 But, howe’er it fade or thrive,
 ’Twill the planter long survive :
 Vigorous treehood long may last ;
 Life with me is ebbing fast.”

There are four other stanzas ; and the whole piece is a pretty memorial of an interesting ceremony. The honour thus conferred on our poet was shared by him with Montgomery and Elliott ; and it is difficult to conceive that his townsmen could have given him any other equally grateful to his own feelings. The distinction was poetical, both in itself and in its Sheffield associations ; and had not the town reserved that distinction for its most popular inhabitants, to be conferred when it had done almost every thing else that could be done to give them

honour? Was there not here a sign that his townspeople were glad to retain Mr. Holland among them? If they had not loved to see him in their midst, would they have asked him to conclude beforehand that they should rejoice to keep his memory green as long as his tree should live? He deeply felt the kindness of the distinction conferred upon him; and much of his feeling has its abiding expression in his verse.

His Hurworth correspondent and he were still as much afraid as ever of seeing each other. His "invisible Egeria" playfully told him he "durst not venture" to Darlington, lest he should be trapped by the way, adding that she also was afraid, and was quite content to continue "invisible." But she at length, about this time, sent him her photograph, together with a likeness of Mrs. Miller, whom he had so deservedly esteemed. On this, as on some other special occasions, Mr. Holland wrote to Miss Colling in blank verse. The pure literary sympathy which had created, and constantly deepened, and now perfectly established this friendship, must have been of an uncommon order; and the present writer has read the correspondence with an ever increasing admiration for those who carried it on until they understood each other in a degree never attained by some, even as to the members of their own households. Each had for the other a never-ending supply of literary and scientific novelties. Their minds were similarly vigorous and productive. And they were alike in freedom from cant, and in deep and powerful religious convictions, which they did not scruple fully to express to each other. These things had much to do with making their friendship that beautiful and influential thing which it soon became, and which it continued to be, until "death them did part."

In May Mr. Holland had a gratification, which he had long desired, in witnessing the annual "well-flowering" at Tissington, in Derbyshire. Many as his visits to the Peak had been, he had never before been able to be at Tissington on Holy Thursday, the day set apart for the dressing of the five wells of the village; and he now found in the peculiar ceremony

all the pleasure he had expected. He published in the *Sheffield Times* an account of his visit, according to which it appears that the custom of adorning the wells with flowers, in token of gratitude to the Giver "of abundance of pure sweet water," has probably come down from heathen times, being a Christian appropriation of rites connected with the festivals of Ceres, Flora, and other "divinities." Whatever may have been the origin of the custom, whether pagan or Christian, the poetic and picturesque ceremony was richly enjoyed by the villagers, and was resorted to by multitudes of visitors from the surrounding districts, on the occasion here noticed. The narrative of the trip and its pleasures was accompanied in the newspaper with a poem descriptive of scenes in the village, at the wells, and at church. Referring to this poem, one of Mr. Holland's correspondents wished that the beautiful Christianised relic of paganism might go down to distant generations with the worthy liturgy in which it had now an "embodiment."

To the same month belongs the poem entitled *Don't Care*, which was written "on hearing a beloved friend use the expression, when her temper was tried for the moment by an incautious remark of the writer." The poem is an exposure of the miserable shift of indifference, and of the dull coldness and final disappointment to which it leads. Here is the concluding stanza:—

" Oh ! my dear friend ! fly, ever fly
 From such cold cruel aid ;
 Nor let thy warm heart give the lie
 To feelings thus betrayed :
 Tell me I have thy love or hate ;
 Give me thy frown or smile :
 But never in thy testiest state
 Let dull ' Don't Care ' beguile."

In June Mr. Holland paid his first visit to Wales. In the preface to unpublished *Memorials of Visits to North Wales*, he says:—"The Principality, with its mountains, its lakes, its waterfalls, and its picturesque novelties of people, costume,

and language, had often occupied the dreams of my youth, and, in prose and verse, the attention of my later years; but I little expected ever either to realise the visions or to collate the descriptions on the spots to which they referred. Time, however, among many other gratifying manifestations of God's goodness to me in such matters, brought the opportunity once so little anticipated; and I never can forget the feelings with which I crossed the Dee, 'the witching Dee' of the poets, at Chester, and beheld outspread in such placid amplitude 'old Conway's foaming flood', as Gray has been pleased to call it; in a word, found myself in Wales! This was in the summer of 1858. I was accompanied by my two nephews and three nieces, all full of health, and hope, and joy; and our sojourn of a fortnight at Bangor, the city and the scenery around it far and near being equally novel and interesting to each of us, was so heartily enjoyed that we determined, if possible, to repeat and extend our explorations at a future time. Of that delightful visit I have found no record to transfer to these pages. I know not why it should be so, unless it was that my time was so fully devoted to visiting places of note, or writing detailed descriptions of what I had seen, in daily letters to Sheffield, that I had not a moment for the composition even of a 'memorial sonnet'." Of subsequent excursions he has left ample and appropriate records, interspersed with graceful vignettes. References will be made to those records in due time.

Shortly after the period to which the above paragraph relates, one of the two nephews, Thomas Sanderson Brammall, came of age. The day on which his favourite nephew attained his majority was, to Mr. Holland, a day of great happiness. The pleasure which he felt he strove to express and communicate, by means of an address to the young man, which its writer read at the family dinner. That address, the transcription of which want of space forbids, is in blank verse, and consists of more than a hundred lines. It is a tender, affectionate, and strong

expression of a very powerful attachment, and of a very great interest in the young man's welfare. The uncle had now ceased to hope that the nephew would choose the Christian ministry for his vocation, and had also ceased to desire that he might have a thorough classical education. The change had been brought about by circumstances which Mr. Holland thought providential; and the youth was now happily engaged in pursuits for which he had great aptness and relish. His education had, however, been good, and had made him able to render his uncle much valuable assistance in the publishing of his *Memoirs of Montgomery*. He revised the proofs of that comprehensive work, and entirely compiled its very full and excellent index. His musical talent also was of a high order, as many could testify who were members of the congregation at Carver Street Chapel, where, for several years, he presided at the organ, to the satisfaction and delight of those who had the power to appreciate such ability and taste as he displayed. And he was as good as he was able. In the birthday poem referred to, his uncle says:—

“For I have been familiar with your growth
Through every stage of progress from your birth;
And I am glad, with humble confidence
That I can call, as witnesses of truth,
All who have known and loved you, that your path
Has been on filial duty's hallowed line,
Brightened by high and intellectual aims,
By virtue's care and pure religion fenced.”

And in a gratulatory speech Mr. Holland said:—“I especially congratulate you not only upon having, with the possession and cultivation of such intelligence, and amidst so zealous an addiction to manufacturing and mercantile avocations, given yourself to God, and united yourself with His people, but that you are engaged in helping to bring others into the way of truth and holiness. . . . I may on this occasion fitly recall to your grateful remembrance what your late dear father was anxious and able to do for you, not only by his care for your

education and provision for your personal comfort and enjoyment, in which he was not surpassed by any man whom I ever knew, but as having placed you in your present auspicious business position."

These references to Thomas Brammall have been made, not only because he was all that he is here said to have been, but also because of the accident which, during the ensuing year, removed him from his loved and loving friends. To lose such a relative under any circumstances, must be sad indeed; but to lose him in a manner like that of which an account will shortly be given, must make his memory exceedingly dear; and to this fact may in part be due a manuscript memoir of his nephew, which Mr. Holland drew up after the young man's lamentable accidental death, and from which the particulars concerning him have been derived.

Mr. Holland was one of a family party that spent a day at Chatsworth in connection with "the coming of age." That visit is mentioned here because the party had the opportunity of observing what some of them believed to be the actual diving of swallows into the waters of an artificial lake, but what the rest regarded as an illusion caused by such a blending of light and shade as made it impossible for the eye to follow the flight of the birds. The correspondence with Miss Colling on the subject of the hibernation of swallows was resumed; and Mr. Holland appears to have been considerably influenced by the supposition that what he had seen might not, after all, be a deception. He longed to settle the difficulty, and would have regarded it as a very fortunate circumstance, if the observation referred to had been the means of its settlement in his own mind. It should be added that Miss Colling at one time believed she had seen swallows descend into a river, and was therefore led to investigate the subject here under notice.

About this time our very versatile *littérateur* was in correspondence with Miss Agnes Strickland, on matters relating to her historical works. He was able to supply her with some

corrections for a reprint of the *Life of Mary Queen of Scots*, which were received and acknowledged with gratitude by a writer whose works have been read with interest by many.

It may be in the reader's recollection that Donati's comet was visible for several weeks this autumn. It supplied to Miss Colling and Mr. Holland a fresh and interesting subject of correspondence. They both also expressed their sentiments about it in verse. Mr. Holland's poem consisted of seven sonnets, any one of which it would be a pleasure to insert in this place; and while want of space forbids that pleasure, room must be found for one verse:—

“Thou writest ‘Mystery’ with a pen of light!”

The poem seems to contain nearly all that could be said about comets in general, and about that comet in particular. The marshalling of facts and speculations, presented in the piece, shows the benefits of much practice, and that command of resources which is secured by culture.

Several poems were composed during the remaining months of this year. Some of them were birthday congratulations, which show that Mr. Holland's affectionate friendships had great influence over himself. As they are similar to other pieces already noticed, they are passed over with this brief reference. The following lines differ from most of our poet's compositions, and may exemplify the significance of little things interrogated by a productive mind. The poem accompanied a letter to his dear friend, Miss Parkin, in which he thanked her for a present of quince marmalade, as to the qualities of which they had previously entered into speculation:—

“‘Q. STANDS FOR QUINCE’—*Child's Battledore.*

“What a fine fruit is this, from far-famed Romney Marsh!
 But though tempting its fragrance, its flavour how harsh!
 Yea, lovelier in colour than best ripened pear,
 'Tis as hard, dry, and tough as a stick, I declare:
 Though I'm told, and believe that, by Cookery's aid,
 It becomes most delicious, rare, sweet marmalade:

So, sometimes a damsel, one scarce can tell why,
 Seems as sweet to the heart, and as fair to the eye ;
 But, tested by judgment and taste, she'll convince
 You, she's hard, dry, and sour, as an unsugar'd Quince !
 But let her enjoy the concoction of love,
 Then, changed, how delicious a treat she may prove ;
 And, served up in marriage, be, as a good wife,
 Affection's best marmalade, sweetener of life !
 Maria ! the poet thus offers, through you,
 To Pomona and Hymen, the compliments due.

DE-QUINCE-EH ?”

The year 1859 was to our poet a very remarkable year for literary activity as well as for a great sorrow. He wrote more than twenty poems of different kinds, which appeared in the newspapers ; and he kept up his correspondence with Miss Colling, without any falling off whatever. He has left about thirty letters received from that lady during the year. He wrote the memoir of his nephew, already mentioned. And he published a new and annotated edition of one of his early works. It will not be possible to devote to all these matters so much space in the present work as they deserve ; but they must be noticed, however briefly.

The first poem of the year was *Petted Brutes versus Unpitied Children*. It is a strong appeal against centring, lavishing, and wasting affection and kind words on a dog, while there are orphan and other children “on whom destitution attends,” and to whom it ought to be a pleasure to render the needful help. The last of its eight stanzas is the following :—

“ Then, lady, dismiss the spoilt brute ! and his place
 Fill with some lovely babe of your own lovely race.
 Ask not what reward for your love will be given,
 Beyond the approval of conscience and heaven ;
 For woman, the Christian, should surely prefer
 The least-favoured child to the best-natured cur.”

Yet who can believe that such an appeal will have the effect desired ? Those whose whim it suits will lavish their resources on creatures which cannot appreciate, and the “loving” of which degrades human nature, while there are miserable children

whom they might make happy, but whom they abhor to approach. A correspondent who greatly approved of the poem, so far as it related to the nursing of dogs, disliked its suggestion that destitute children should be adopted, instancing the case of Edgar Allan Poe, in proof of the dangerousness of the experiment. That reference raises the question, Was it a kind or even a proper act to send a sensitive and pleasure-loving youth to school in a distant country, where those by whom he had been adopted could have no influence upon him? Poor Poe's life's was shamefully bad, and its wickedness is not here to be extenuated; but his case should teach parents and guardians the folly of seeking altogether to transfer to other persons those duties and cares which Providence has put upon themselves.

The President of the Literary and Philosophical Society for the year 1859 was E. Stirling Howard, Esq. That gentleman had originally been connected with his father in one of the oldest silver plate manufacturing concerns in the town; but he had now relinquished business, and given his attention to painting and the fine arts. He was an ardent lover of nature and a kind-hearted and amiable man, with whom Mr. Holland maintained a friendly intercourse, numbering him among his most reliable friends. Mr. Howard had been a member of the Council of the Literary and Philosophical Society for several years, and had read most interesting papers on Art subjects; and his election to the Presidential chair was to Mr. Holland a gratifying event. Their intimate friendship was maintained until the subject of this biography died.

On the 14th of February our poet favoured one of his friends, a lady, with *The Muses' Valentine*. This elegant and fanciful poem contained an imaginary message from each of the musical nine, mythological traditions being carefully observed.

In the same month he wrote, in ballad metre, a curious and mysterious story about a man, who, in a distant age, came

to an inn in Sheffield, was accidentally killed during the night, and could never be identified. The man was found dead, with a well-filled purse on his person, but without any thing by which his identity could be ascertained. He was buried in the churchyard; and to this day all the original mystery remains. The poet had often sought to break the secret spell of the mysterious tomb; and, having concluded that nothing more than what he had now drawn from local tradition could ever be ascertained, he threw the whole into the poetical form here noticed. Such a piece is read with a feeling of unsatisfied curiosity. The title of the poem is *The Alabaster Tomb in the Old Church Yard, Sheffield*.

At the end of the month our poet composed stanzas *On the Statue of Ebenezer Elliott, in the Market Place, Sheffield*. The poem pays a tribute due to the "Corn Law Rhymer's" memory, recounting such parts of his literary history and of his relation to the finally successful struggle for "free trade in corn", as Sheffield people ought ever to remember. He had earned his fame by hard work; he had shared a manly strife with manly men; and the bronze in which his image now sat was a public meed which he had well deserved:—

"There ELLIOTT sits! and in that moulded form
More than the minstrel of a day I see;
For ages fixed, come civic calm or storm,
That monument, to thoughtful minds shall be
Token and proof at once how genius can,
Amidst his fellows, yet exalt the gifted man."

The spring was very mild and "forward"; and our poet, still delighting to make records of such facts, wrote *The Almond Tree*.

About the same time he composed a *Birthday Sonnet to E. Peace, L.*, whose "sweet baptismal name" had, three years before, won from him an expression of fervent desires for the child's welfare. The sonnet is as "sweet" as the poem, and that is as sweet as the name which was its occasion.

Two pieces were written in April. One was *To a Lady with a Branch of Furze Bush in Bloom*. Though ordinary, it reveals something of the tastes, the pursuits, and the seriousness of its author. The other is *Wallflowers*. This also was addressed to a lady, and seems to indicate a design to comfort her, while trials were inflicting on her spirit wounds of which none but her trusted friends could know. It is a pensive moralising strain about the living, the dead, and the resurrection of the body. It shows Mr. Holland seeking to perform an act of Christian "ministry" by gentle and yet forcible mementoes of the truth revealed in Holy Scripture.

Next appeared *Good Friday Sonnets, to a Lady, with a Passion Flower*. These are three in number, and are full of affectionate and Christian feeling. Mr. Holland joyfully hailed the festival which they celebrate, and delighted to endear

"The memory of that mystic sacrifice"

which was offered on the cross. If his strains had been less distinctively or less strongly Christian, they would have been more popular with some of his readers. His witness for Jesus and His claims was uniform and unailing.

The suppression of the rebellion in India gave Mr. Holland another opportunity of bearing the testimony just mentioned. He wrote a solemn and appropriate *Thanksgiving Hymn*, which compares most favourably with the lines published on the same occasion by a famous man, of whom much was expected. Whatever else Mr. Holland's hymns may be, they are clear and elegant expressions of deep and powerful religious convictions and desires. It is hoped that they will not be lost to the Church of Christ. Indeed, some of them are already in use; and it will be found, when they are all published in a collected form, that certain hymns, known only as "anonymous," are from the pen of the subject of this memoir. It is not an exaggeration to say, as a certain writer has said, that "every section of the Protestant Church has been, at one time

or another, indebted to Mr. Holland's taste and good nature for occasional hymns"; and that if few of them have passed into formal collections, one reason for the fact may be found in that "eminently unsectarian character which has left Mr. Holland without one of the usual credentials to such favour."

The transition is neither strange nor violent from a hymn to another song about *The Furze Bush in Bloom*, which Mr. Holland published during the same month. His quick return to this theme shows that he was a great admirer of that shrub, at the first sight of which in its full splendour, on Hampstead Heath, Linnæus, the celebrated botanist, it is said, fell on his knees to thank God that he had been spared to behold so glorious a sight; and the poem under notice is an expressive record of its writer's admiration. The desire to produce a good moral effect asserts itself also here:—

"In my haste while I gathered a spray for the fair,
I felt how the flowers were environed with thorns,
And I thought how ev'n sweetness and smiles might ensnare,
And that danger oft lurks near what beauty adorns;
And to Flora may well some instruction belong,
And a moral may point ev'n the playfullest song."

In June Mr. Holland was again at Ambleside with his three nieces and *one* of his two nephews. Thomas Sanderson Brammall was detained at home by business, and thus deprived of an anticipated pleasure. Epistolary communication was kept up with the youth at home, and he wrote a letter, to one passage of which was afterwards brought a meaning of the saddest kind. It was this: "I hear nothing as yet of water excursions: are you waiting for me? Remember—and be very careful—'A man cannot be drowned twice; and it is always said, Who would have thought it?' *Vide J. H.*" The admonitory sentiment was Mr. Holland's own; and the playful inquiry brought from him a sprightly, and yet serious, poem about *Sailing on Windermere*, which he has left in manuscript. No account has been found of that happy stay among "The Lakes"; but there is a memorial of it in the blank verse

poem, *The Poet's Grave*, which is a sympathetic and almost enthusiastic tribute to the great and famous "Poet of Nature," with whom it had been Mr. Holland's privilege to correspond in previous years. When it appeared in the newspaper, it was accompanied with notes, from one of which the following passage has been transcribed:—"Wordsworth is not a popular poet, and no wonder, since nearly all the sympathies of his soul and all the utterances of his genius are in contrast with those of common readers of the present day. I love him for that frank, hearty, and affectionate recognition of the common humanity of his species in the humblest and simplest of its individuals, in contrast with that aspiration after and grovelling worship of the *genteel*, which is now so common. I share with him the enjoyment of that meditative tone of mind which gives time to enjoy poetical beauty, whether subjectively or objectively presented, in contradistinction to those scraps and snatches of concentrated sentiment, which our 'fast' authors prepare for 'fast' readers; and I especially enjoy his descriptions of natural scenery, so different from the 'common-places' of clever poets, which seem to be the admiration of popular critics. I regret indeed the general absence of evangelical flavour in these compositions.—The last material links, exclusive of the natural scenery, between the poet and the spot where he died, are fast falling away. This week his library is to be sold 'at that haunt of hallowed memories, Rydal Mount, near Ambleside,' says the auctioneer, when doubtless scores of Lake tourists will carry away with them *souvenirs* of him of whom Southey has said, 'A greater poet than Wordsworth there never has been nor ever will be.'"

The party returned home in safety, and Mr. Holland resumed his duties, and continued to mingle them with literary delights. Before the end of the month, he had written *Endcliffe Wood: a Poet's Reverie*. This is one of his longest "fugitive" pieces, comprising nearly four hundred lines in different measures. Written almost immediately after his visit to

haunts which had seemed to him to be echoing the allusions of Wordsworth's poems, *Endcliffe Wood* must be regarded as a practical illustration of the sentiments just transcribed from the notes to *The Poet's Grave*. It shows a deep and powerful love of nature, which, probably, only a poetical mind can duly estimate. It is simple, sweet, pensive, and full of sentiment, perhaps not duly compressed. A few lines will serve as a specimen :—

“ But oft, while yet rude Boreas blows
 O'er fickle April's fitful snows,
 In these snug way-side dells,
 The wind-flowers and small celandine,
 In little smiling groups, combine
 Their gold and silver bells.

There, too, in glimpse of sunshine brief,
 The pale wood-sorrel's triple leaf
 And pencill'd buds expand ;
 While lovelier still, with the young year
 What luscious hyacinths appear,
 To tempt the eager hand !

For who can e'er forget the day,
 When, first adventuring on this way,
 In childhood's joyous hours,
 He saw, and shouted at the sight,
 And plucked with nature's fresh delight
 These welcome vernal flowers ? ”

Those who think there is little in such lines should try to make verses equal to them.

At this time there was war in Europe. Freedom was to be given to Italy ; and the methods chosen by Providence were such as caused many to marvel. Mr. Holland's opinions about peace and war have already been recorded, and need not be repeated here. His Hurworth correspondent could agree with him as to the virtue and value of peace ; but they differed as to the means by which peace is to be preserved or attained. Into this subject, however, it is needless to enter in this place ; and it is sufficient to say that while military strife was convulsing the south of Europe, our poet composed sonnets expressive of his long cherished convictions about *Peace and War*, and mourned over

the folly and wickedness of what the world was called to behold.

About the middle of August Mr. Holland published in the newspaper *An Evening Walk*. This poem was written "on returning from Handsworth, after visiting with a lady the pleasant Nursery Grounds near that village." There is nothing special in the piece; but it shows that the poet was still pursuing his course as before. And what can be a better preparation for sorrow and trouble than the faithful discharge of the daily duty to which the God of providence and grace is pleased to call? On Sunday, the 21st, Mr. Holland took part in the commemoration of the twenty-second birthday of his favourite nephew. On the Wednesday morning following, the young man, with a companion of his own age, left home for the Lake district, never, alas, to return alive. They arrived at Ambleside in safety; and Tom sent home letters which proved that he was in a state of great enjoyment. Writing to his uncle on the Friday night, he says:—"Everything appears more lovely than ever. I don't know why; but the fact is so, and leads me to hope that my sympathy with nature is becoming stronger." Certain messages were delivered on Mr. Holland's behalf, to persons in the neighbourhood, and the tourists visited several of the most interesting places in the locality, before the end of the week. On the Sunday they knelt at the Lord's Supper in Ambleside church. On the Monday they determined to spend some time in a little fishing expedition on Windermere, and about ten o'clock embarked at Waterhead, designing to reach a quiet portion of the water, near Wray Castle, which had been pointed out to them as a spot where they would be sure to have success. The weather was fair and clear, and caused them no apprehension; but when they had rowed about one half of the distance intended to be traversed, a heavy wave struck the boat, partly filling it with water. Then there followed one of those sudden swells which are frequent on such lakes, and the boat was swamped! All this time not a

word was spoken by either of the youths to the other. Brammall disappeared, and never rose to the surface again, being unable to swim. Lofthouse's ability to swim appears to have saved his life. Fortunately, the accident was seen from the land; and when the young man had held on the keel of the capsized boat for nearly half an hour, he was rescued only just in time to prevent utter exhaustion; and before night the body of his lamented companion was recovered from a depth of eighty yards. A telegraphic message summoned Tom's brother to Ambleside. He came within sight of Windermere on the Tuesday, at an early hour of a lovely August morning. While he feared that his brother's corpse was yet under the whelming tide, and might never be recovered, and while he was preparing his mind for the worst, the Lake, he thought, looked so bright and beautiful, the mountains so grand and solemn, and all the accessories so charming, that they together formed a glorious monument for him who had perished and been entombed in their midst. As to the safety of his dear brother's spirit he had no manner of fear. To him, indeed, he could apply, in a full evangelical sense, the grand words of Milton:—

“Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves.
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of Joy and Love,
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.”

On reaching Ambleside the brother sent home this brief telegram:—“Our dear Tom's spirit is with God; his body is in the next room.” That message brought something of comfort to an affectionate mother who now felt as one doubly widowed, to three sisters who had long been justly proud of a good and gifted brother, and to a sensitive bard who had loved the young man with an affection like that of a father. They all seemed

now to be fast burying their brightest earthly hopes ; while another, a gentle and amiable maiden, to whom Tom had been already affianced for life, was mourning his loss with an anguish which cannot be told.

The corpse was conveyed to Sheffield, and there committed to the ground, amidst many signs of a deep and widespread sympathy with those who had been called to suffer so great and sad a bereavement. The mournful event was also the occasion of a special service in Carver Street Chapel, attended by a large congregation of all sorts of persons, and conducted by the much attached friend of the family, the Rev. John V. B. Shrewsbury. He preached a sermon on the hope in death of those who have realised the righteousness which is by faith in Christ. The doctrine of the sermon was illustrated and confirmed by extracts from the letters, diaries, and other memoranda of the deceased. Among them was a scrap of paper which had been in his pocket at the bottom of Windermere. It contained, probably, the last tracings of his pen, in a record of his religious experience written only a few hours before death ; and its exhibition produced a great sensation throughout the assembly.

Mr. Holland sought and found relief and comfort in recording his sentiments in prose and rhyme. A memoir of his nephew, compiled for his own satisfaction, was, for obvious reasons, withheld from publication ; but it is kept as a precious memorial of a brother who deserved to be specially dear. Writing to Miss Colling, Mr. Holland says:—"I shall miss him sadly. Indeed I know no other person whose taste and judgment, even in literary matters, I would so soon have taken as his."

Recovering from the great shock, our author returned to his literary occupations. Three poems were printed in October. One was *A Sabbath Birthday Greeting*, addressed to a lady ; and the other were pieces of a similar kind. The poet could not go out into the fields on the Lord's Day to

gather some token that should accompany his verses ; and he therefore made "a rhyming bouquet." He retired "to the garden of fancy," and gathered a handful of unfading flowers, and bound them for his friend, in the gay metre which she preferred, "the sunshine of friendship" being "their nimbus of light".

While he was thus continuing to produce fresh poems in undiminished abundance, he turned his attention to the republication of his "first literary achievement," *Sheffield Park*." "Forty years, save one" had elapsed since the appearance of the first edition. During that long period there had passed over the scenery of the song changes almost as great as those which had come upon the person of the author. In the preface he says :—"With reference to the republication of this early poem, the author, conscious as he is of its defects, and equally aware that he cannot now avail himself of the trite pleas of youth and inexperience, may well feel some anxiety ; but having for thirty years past encountered inquiries for it and regrets at disappointment, he was fain to make that consideration and the willingness of the publishers to encounter their share of the risk in the experiment, a pretext for the indulgence of a long cherished desire to multiply copies of a local memorial, the associative interest of which, at least, can hardly be deemed fugitive." Thus modestly did he commit to the press this annotated edition of a work "which," to use his own words, "however humble its merits, was," at its first appearance, "promptly, generously, and extensively patronised." It was dedicated "To the most noble Henry Granville, Duke of Norfolk," as the original edition had been to his Grace's illustrious ancestor. The Duke, in acknowledgment, sent the author a very kind note and a copy of his Grace's recently published volume, *The Lives of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, and Anne Dacres, his Wife*. The notes to *Sheffield Park* are topographical and antiquarian, and add to the interest of the work. A copy was transmitted to Hunter, from whom Mr.

Holland received the following letter, which appears to have been the last he received from that learned man :—

“ 30, Torrington Square, January 16th, 1860.

“ My dear Sir,—One line to return to you my best thanks for the agreeable present of this new edition of the poem in which you have celebrated scenes which I remember from the very earliest period of time of which I have any remembrance at all. My good grandmother had a very pretty house in the Park, with garden and orchard; now all spoiled, as I witnessed with some concern when, on a late visit to Sheffield, I made a pilgrimage to the place. There I think my mother was born, but there certainly she died before she had reached the prime of life.

“ I am very glad you have given to your work a more substantial character than a mere pamphlet possesses; and I read with interest the prose remarks you have thought proper to intersperse. I felt as you did about the coal pits and other abominations at the Manor. It is a pity that it was not preserved as a picturesque ruin, which might have been done by a little planting, and as a monument of feudal times, and of what the Park and Sheffield itself once were.

“ I am also glad to see so favourable a specimen of Sheffield printing and bookbinding. Mr. Gatty's remark on Sheffield deficiencies in this respect has not been lost. Yours faithfully,
JOSEPH HUNTER.”

In November Mr. Holland printed in the newspaper a poem on *The Prayer Book*. This may remind the reader of the letter to the Primate. The Liturgy of the Church of England was, in Mr. Holland's estimation, “matchless.” From early life he had been accustomed to its devout use. He knew that his ancestors had rehearsed its petitions “before the throne of grace” from age to age. And the desire to which he now gave expression was—

“ Amidst all innovations
May wise Reformers spare,
At least in form and substance,
The Book of Common Prayer.”

One of his correspondents, an attached member of the Church of England, complained of what appeared to be an anomaly in Mr. Holland's position in relation to that Church, and wondered why, with such an opinion of the Prayer Book, he was not a thorough Churchman. He had his own reasons for the position in which he stood. Admiration for the formularies of the Established Church, and desire that they might never be extensively changed, co-existed in his mind, as in many more, with deep sorrow that they should be interpreted in a totally Non-Protestant sense, and that the existence of the Church of England as an Establishment should be endangered, by the sympathy of many of her clergy with the errors and superstitions of Rome. Besides, it need not be concealed that he found another form of Christian worship more agreeable, all things considered, and more promotive of his own growth in grace; but he did not judge for other people; and he was willing to concede to all the freedom of choice which he asserted for himself. Still he had no sympathy with those who were labouring, by whatever means, to destroy the venerable Establishment.

CHAPTER XXI.

1860—1862.

“ Time walks on Flowers, where health and joy
Their beauteous banners wave ;
Nor does even death itself destroy
Their softness o'er the grave ;
For there how oft hath goodness known
Love's brightest, sweetest blossoms strown !
Time stepped so softly o'er the dead
He seemed not on the sod to tread.

Time treads with dove's footstep where'er
Peace, Hope, and Virtue meet,
And Christian lips breathe earnest prayer
Before God's mercy-seat ;
While Faith, transcending mortal bound,
Scatters immortal amaranths round,
And moments seem to owe their birth
More, happily, to heaven than earth.”

J.H.

AMONG the various subjects discussed by Mr. Holland and Miss Colling for several months up to this time, were Quakerism, the Church of England, Spiritualism, the “Revival” in America and in Ireland, and the character of Cromwell. The following extract of a letter will show how important the correspondence had become to them both :—

“ Would you believe that the sight of a letter bearing *your* superscription could, even *for a moment*, excite any other emotion than that of a most cordial welcome? Yet the *first glimpse* of that which I received yesterday did almost produce such an effect! And why? I felt conscious how reasonably you might, and probably would reproach me with unreason-

able procrastination in returning the letters which you were kind enough to enclose for my inspection. But, how great was my relief to find, not only no allusion to my involuntary misdeed, but the wonted tone of gentle kindness ! It is, indeed, affecting to find our seniors passing off the stage of life, and leaving us to occupy their places. I feel the solemnity of this reflection in my own case ; and I have read with peculiar feelings your narrative of the departure of the good woman to whom you refer with feelings and in terms, which, I am afraid, are dying out of use, even faster than those who deserve them are disappearing from society. How beautiful to me, in exhibition or record, are those instances where the accidents of wealth, station, or fashion, are not allowed to extinguish the eternal claims of common humanity, as is too often and sadly exemplified in an upstart community like ours. And now, a word or two in explanation of my unseasonable silence. I posted last evening for you a Sheffield newspaper, containing an account of a fashionable gathering under the roof of the large public building from which my letters are dated. With the getting up of that display I had so much to do, that for the last three weeks at least, I had difficulty in attending to anything else ; but, when completed, I certainly enjoyed the scene, the more so, as I knew the greater part of the company. To the objects I may make a brief passing allusion here. You will notice, in the printed account, Mr. Sorby's remarks on those 'celts,' or large flint chisels, which are at this moment the puzzle of geologists, and, as you are probably aware, the possible symbols of still more important questions relative to the period of man's appearance on this earth, or, at least, as to the animals which were his contemporaries in the 'stone age,' whatever its date ! Another, to me, very curious feature of the exhibition consisted of several 'sewing machines' at work. Have you seen them ? To me, they are among the marvels of mechanical ingenuity.

"We have had a Cromwell picture on exhibition in Sheffield, for some days, which has attracted great numbers of

visitors. The incident selected by the artist for the exercise of his skill, whatever its historic or moral basis, is one well calculated for pictorial effect, and, however you and I may differ or agree about the character of the 'Protector' in general, is one evidence among many of the change which has come over the popular mind, of late years, with regard to that, at all events, remarkable man. I do not know whether or not you see *The Quarterly Review*, as a matter of course; but the number just out contains a very sober, candid, and judicious notice of 'Religious Revivals.' I shall be very glad to read the book on Quakerism, which you mention, nor shall regard you as endorsing the sentiments of the author; but I quite agree with the essayists to whom I before alluded, as to the utter hopelessness of resuscitating the decayed spiritualities of Fox and Penn. I shall probably see M. Solling's book, if '*our Library*' consent to purchase it on my nomination. This Library, by the way, is only separated from the room in which I am writing, by an inner wall. Its librarian, an old and dear friend of mine, died a few days since; last Saturday's *Sheffield Times* containing a notice of her, of which I enclose the MS."

The "fashionable gathering" was the first of the annual *Conversazioni* of the Literary and Philosophical Society. That gathering was determined upon through a desire that the Society might become more popular and more generally attractive. The Report says:—"About six hundred and thirty ladies and gentlemen, members of the Society and their friends, were present; who, after partaking of the refreshments and joining in pleasurable conversation, were able to examine the various objects arranged for exhibition. . . . The President, the Rev. Samuel Earnshaw, gave a very excellent address, pointing out the advantages which such a Society as our own is to a town like Sheffield, in bringing theoretical science into contact with practice; and the additional interest and value which a *Conversazione* is calculated to impart to its proceedings."

The experiment appears to have been very successful. The *Conversazioni* of the last few years have been in every

way well suited to their purpose. They have been largely indebted, for their full efficiency, to the excellence of the accommodation furnished by the Cutlers' Hall, with its grand new banquetting room and its admirable suite of smaller rooms well adapted for refreshments and exhibitions. Mr. Holland had much more than an official interest in the "gatherings". He usually found something for exhibition; and his choice was, in general, characteristically *Hollandian*.

Shortly after the *Conversazione*, he met with an accident, which for a time disabled his left arm. This fact is mentioned because of his peculiar thankfulness that he had not lost his power to write, by such an injury to his other arm. "It is fortunate," said Miss Colling, "for me as well as for you, that your right arm was not the one injured by your unlucky fall, as I know not how I could have dispensed with the most regular and welcome of all my correspondents." The office of librarian, rendered vacant by the death of Mrs. Wells, and referred to in the letter to Miss Colling, was given in February to a lady who bore Mr. Holland's favourite name of Margaret, and who eventually came to deal with him as a sincere friend and adviser, on whose judgment she could safely and comfortably rely. As he held her in deserved esteem, and had pleasure in promoting her welfare, she became the recipient of many of his verses. Speaking of some sonnets addressed to her, he says:—"The most famous love-poems, if so they may be called, of any age, are the *Sonnets* of Petrarch, addressed to his mistress Laura, which have been translated, wholly or in part, into every European language. With those exquisite inspirations of the Tuscan Muse, however, my own have but few features in common, beyond the quatorzain structure, the querulous tone, and the circumstance that in both, the names of the ladies addressed are poetically significant, his of a laurel, mine of a daisy." The reader will already have noticed Mr. Holland's fondness for the daisy and for the name Margaret; and here is the explanation of the very frequent occurrence

of that name in poems of the period to which this chapter belongs. It will have been observed also that our poet was accustomed, throughout his life, to address verses to ladies. Some scores of such pieces have already been noticed in various ways in this volume. In the preface to a collection of manuscript poems, which may be called strange memorials of strange attachment, but not one of which, it appears, has ever been printed, he makes what he calls a "confession" of the influence of the gentle sex upon himself, and of the poetical endearment of which his sensitive nature was susceptible; and he adds:—"It is in the hope that such confession, surely most innocent in itself, will be respected by his surviving kindred, that he now earnestly begs of them to preserve this MS., as an evidence that his memory is kindly and charitably, if not fondly, cherished, even in relation to this remarkable phase of his personal and poetical history." In all this Mr. Holland claimed what has ever been regarded as one of the privileges of the poet; and no instance can be cited in which the privilege has been claimed with greater sincerity or more purity of mind and motive.

To the lady referred to were addressed in March some stanzas *On the Camellia Fimbriata*, which the poet calls a "pure type of floral form." The same month found Mr. Holland in London, on matters connected with the Montgomery monument. It was on this occasion that Wellington boots were abandoned for the statue, in favour of a model of Mr. Holland's own low shoes tied with silk strings. This saved the monument from an incongruity which those who had been familiar with "the Christian Poet" would soon have detected, as he had never worn a boot in his life. Mr. Holland now paid his last visit to Montgomery's brother at Woolwich, who died in the following May, at the advanced age of eighty-five years.

To April belong a poem on *The Passion Flower*, and correspondence with Miss Colling on "respectability of pedigree and affinity," and on the grace of contentment. In the poem about the "flower of mysterious name," which transports the

mind to the death and the tomb of the Lord Jesus, "the Poet of the Cross" reminds his reader that man may

"In this exotic trace
A symbol of redeeming grace."

In the correspondence he asserts his abiding interest in family histories, and says:—"So much, indeed, does this taste influence me, not so much with reference to the families of the nobility and the gentry, as 'the brief and simple annals of the poor,' that I should be little likely to walk far with an old man or woman without prying into their 'family history'; and how rarely do we find a person, however poor or mean, who has not something curious to relate of near or remote relations, besides the having been, some time or somehow, wronged out of ancestral property! I have, indeed, often in words to the ear, and even in print, urged the propriety of every intelligent individual, who can write, recording at once all that is or can be known of his family history, taking especial care of names and dates. And how much of this kind of information suddenly and inevitably perishes by the death of one aged man or woman—often the memoriter chronicle of a whole generation!"

The winter had been severe; and as it passed away the poet's early love of spring had a reaffirmation in a poem composed on "May-eve," and entitled *Welcome May*. As the season advanced, and the fields became beautiful with flowers, he felt something like what the author of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table** has thus indicated:—"Don't you think a poem, which, for the sake of being original, should leave out flowers, would be like those verses where the letter *a* or *e* is omitted? No,—they will bloom over and over again in poems, as in the summer fields, to the end of time, always old and always new. Why should we be more shy of repeating ourselves than the spring is tired of blossoms, and the night of stars? The Amen! of Nature is always a flower." Mr. Holland knew, however, it is not always either a rose or a luscious and luxuriant exotic; and he could find "the Amen!" in any flower. Accordingly he

sent to the newspaper this month a poem on *The Dandelion*. That flower has medicinal virtue in its roots, botanical beauty in its bloom, and moral significance in its fugacious seed-tufts; but poets have, in general, praised it only "at a distance;" and ordinary mortals have affected to despise it; though it has often been a favourite with the unsophisticated young. How many who have left youth far behind can say,

"When round us spread those seedy heads,
Like lambs – a fairy flock!
How deemed we true while pleased we blew
On the fugacious clock!
How oft life's after hours have flown
Light as the dandelion's down!"

Before the end of the month another flower was in like manner made to do good service. On Whitsun Day, stanzas were presented to a lady with a blooming spray of rhododendron; and the poem was entitled *The Preacher Flower*. The sermon which the poet interpreted from the flower, was on the subjects which naturally belonged to the time, and to which many pulpit discourses would, on the same day, be devoted. A little later there appeared in the paper a light, fanciful, and pleasant strain, *The Wood Hyacinth*, which also was didactic. Here is the first stanza:—

"The blue bells! the blue bells! how richly they stud
Those green patches distant and nigh,
In the beautiful glades of the Hallamshire wood,
Where the tree-checked sunshine comes down like a flood,
And the ground seems as blue as the sky."

On the 5th of June Mr. Holland appeared again before the Literary and Philosophical Society as the reader of a paper. The subject was *Ornamental Etching in Sheffield*. The reader gave the history of the art of engraving, as far as it concerned Sheffield, dwelling at length on the ornamentation of manufactured articles, on the execution of trade pattern books, on the production of pictorial works, and on the Sheffield-made steel plates used by the metropolitan engravers as well as by

those in the United States. For that profitable and appropriate branch of business, Sheffield is indebted to the late Mr. Ebenezer Rhodes, who appears to have combined, in a singular degree, the tastes of the artist with the skill of the manufacturer. "To me," said the reader, "the idea is a pleasant one, that while the Sheffield etcher has been rapidly multiplying designs similar to those on the" manufactured "articles before us, the London etcher has been slowly developing, by an almost exactly similar process, and on a material melted at the same furnace, flattened by the same rollers, and ground at the same mill, those exquisite productions which attract attention and excite wonder in the print-shop windows, and adorn our drawing rooms throughout the kingdom." The paper was quite elaborate, and was "illustrated by a large and interesting collection of specimens from every class of work alluded to." It displayed special knowledge. According to the Society's Report, it was as interesting as it was novel, to the greater part of the audience.

Before the end of the same month, Mr. Holland was in North Wales with the companions of previous years, one excepted, who had largely contributed to their enjoyment at Bangor in 1858. They now "sojourned for twenty pleasant days at Pensarn, near Abergele," visiting various places of interest in the surrounding district. Our poet had anticipated much pleasure from looking upon scenes consecrated by the poetry of Mrs. Hemans; and he was not disappointed. He had a gratifying conversation with an old inhabitant, who had been intimate with the poetess, her mother, her brothers, and her husband; and it is difficult to imagine what could have been to Mr. Holland more "gratifying" than such a conversation. A fitting memorial of the "sojourn" was printed in an annotated poem, entitled *Farewell to Pensarn*, which has been preserved in the volume about North Wales, previously described. The different parts of the poem are interspersed with vignettes of the places described.

After his return from Wales "flowers and poetry" were still his delight. In July he addressed to a lady a set of verses *On seeing a group of Epilobium Angustifolium in flower near a Grave in Sheffield Cemetery*. It has those usual characteristics of such pieces which have already been pointed out.

The same month was made memorable by the erection of a drinking fountain in the neighbourhood of the Red Hill School. The children of that school gave or collected the money expended on the fountain; and our poet, one of the oldest friends of the school, printed a poem which was publicly recited at the inauguration. It would be agreeable to print here the whole of those simple and flowing lines in praise of water, "man's natural sober beverage," and one of the all-reaching blessings of heaven; but want of space again forbids. It should be added that the fountain was also, in its order, a monument to Montgomery, whose profile in bronze may yet be seen upon it. Our poet wished that it might long recall the virtues of his dearest friend.

About or before this time was written a work of which a peculiar account is to be given. What it was is now uncertain. Writing to Miss Colling, on the 11th of August, our author says:—"I may just mention that I have been the victim of a most mortifying misadventure. I addressed a manuscript of about twenty-five closely written quarto pages to a publisher in Paternoster Row, and it never reached its destination; at least, so I am told; and it was hardly a thing to be mislaid, and certainly not to be stolen. It was duly posted and paid, but the Post-Office authorities, after the usual routine inquiries, cannot find it. My conviction is that it has been misdelivered, possibly, though I have no reason to suppose *that*, misdirected; and as it contained no mark by which the ownership could be ascertained, its contents may sink into oblivion. Let the author 'rewrite it' you will say. No, he cannot do *that!*"

About the same time Mr. Holland was furnishing some

materials for the Rev. J. Eastwood's *History of Ecclesfield*. That gentleman states, in one of his letters, that those materials answered his purpose admirably. The work was published in 1862, in an octavo volume of 560 pages.

In September our poet addressed to a lady a poem on *Confirmation*, urging her to "keep faith with her heart", and do what she regarded as her duty, by "taking the place of a true churchwoman"; but he was unable to represent the rite as a sacrament. He states that it is superstition to think and act,

"As if grace were conveyed by episcopal touch";

and both the value and the consistency of his advice, and of the argument by which it is urged, are problematical. Yet the poem in question is a memorial of solicitude for the spiritual welfare of a friend.

In October appeared three poems, which were all birthday salutations. A considerable proportion of the leisure of November appears to have been spent in collecting and arranging what an author, whom Mr. Holland was seeking to aid, called "a very complete and valuable mass of information on the subject of parabolic reflectors." This naturally suggests the question, What subject did our *littérateur* leave untouched?

In December he composed two poems. The one was *A Primrose from England*. This was occasioned by a picture of a show-room in Australia, with "a crowd of emigrants from Britain gazing and gesticulating in ecstasy, around a tuft of common primroses, which had opened into bloom during a voyage from England, and the sight of which had evidently carried back the spectators to the sunny banks and shady lanes of the mother country." The poem is an embodiment of the thought, that, though there may be in this country many half-witted rustics like him of whom Wordsworth says,

"A primrose on the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more,"

yet when such a rustic has gone to a distant land, a memento

of his early home wakes in his breast a sympathetic joy. The other poem was a Christmas carol entitled *The Compliments of the Season*. It is the generous answer of a warm-hearted philanthropist to the question, "The compliments! and what are they?" and it shows that the poet's sympathy with the rational joys of old and young was yet as fresh as ever.

The following extract of a letter to Miss Colling, written on the 29th of December, will introduce another subject, and present an opinion which the reader may like to consider:—"I mentioned in a former letter that we were expecting in Sheffield Holman Hunt's celebrated picture, *The Light of the World*. I have now seen it; and a most curious and elaborate Pre-Raphaelite painting it is. Assuming the merit of the style, it would be impossible to over-praise the ability of the execution. It reminded me very strongly of those old altar pictures in the Manchester Exhibition, which had been brought out of some of the continental churches or convents. . . . But the conception I do *not* admire, and cannot: Christ with a lantern, knocking simply at a door, does so inevitably recall the anecdote of the old Grecian cynic, the sober and solemn effect of *His face* notwithstanding, that I cannot but think the treatment unfortunate. I am indeed told I ought to look at it as an allegory; but I think even there and then, one should have, at least, congruity. I can admire the prints illustrative of Quarles's *Emblems*."

That picture, however, need not be condemned because it suggested to an observer here and there a ludicrous association. Here may be applied the canon of a literary critic,

"In every work regard the author's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend."

As to the practicability and value of the restoration attempted by Mr. Hunt and the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, there is room for great diversity of opinion. The attempt resembles other mediæval movements of the age, and must have a positive and abiding influence on English art; but to conform

English painters to “ the predecessors and teachers of Raphael and his contemporaries ”, is what cannot be expected.

Miss Colling had seen the celebrated picture of *The Transfiguration*, in the Vatican; and Mr. Holland's letter brought from her the following remarks:—“ Never was there another so grand and so authorised a theme for the allegorical pencil as that; yet, to my mind, the artist has singularly failed; for the three figures have, exactly, to my eyes, the appearance of dancing a reel in the air—an idea of which I never can divest myself, and which destroys at once all feeling of reverence and solemnity.”

The year ended with very severe weather. Its last Sunday was such that Mr. Holland could not venture out. The result was the composition of a poem which has not been printed. One stanza will show the frame of mind in which the contented man yet lived:—

“ For me the year hath wholly been
One of unsullied joy;
Shadows have only crossed the scene
To change it, not destroy;
While goodness, mercy, truth, and grace
Still bless my humble dwelling-place.”

The poem was sent to Miss Colling with a letter, in which, speaking of his “ long and happy life,” he says:—“ It is true I have not had occasion to be proud of personal beauty, or strength, or grace; but I have inherited from my parents that better treasure, ‘ a sound mind in a sound body ’; and although not naturally endowed with a high order of intellect, nor privileged to improve such as it was by a good education, I have been permitted to cultivate and indulge tastes, talents, and feelings of a certain class, under circumstances of comfort and satisfaction, such as do not fall to the lot of one in a thousand of the more richly endowed and more efficiently educated. Unenvied, indeed, I may well have been in this lot, by my more or less fortunate fellow-mortals, seeing that I secured it, so far as my own aim and efforts were concerned,

by an early, persevering, and self-denying determination to be content with that state of life in which it pleased God to call me, at the period of my nativity! . . . It is, indeed, one of the glorious prerogatives of *mind*, still more, one of the charming privileges of *literary intercourse*, and most of all, one of the most inalienable attributes of *Poetry*, tacitly to ignore those distinctions of rank, wealth, and relation, which nobody can be more ready to respect and defend than myself; for which I have at least this sufficient reason, that I have shared, and do share the personal respect of those in every one of the stations alluded to. And thus, as I have said, I cheerfully, hopefully, and happily enter upon the seventh decade of the present century, and more than that of my own age, with the love of many friends and, let me add, *your* sweet, delicate, and welcome correspondence, saluting me ‘like voices issuing from a golden cloud.’”

The very extensive correspondence of the year, thus begun with what Miss Colling, quoting Sir Henry Wotton, called “the character of a happy life”, comprised some very interesting themes to which brief references must be made. The letters appear to have been, on the average, about three per month.

At this time the notorious *Essays and Reviews* supplied a fresh and exciting topic of correspondence. The subjoined extract will give the reader Mr. Holland’s opinion on a question of great and lasting importance. Referring to “the Haughton case,” in which the Bishop of Durham had perpetrated an indiscretion much to be deplored, he says:—“Clergymen are but mortals, often quite as money-loving, and not seldom as highly intellectual as laymen. Of the latter quality I think the far-famed *Essays and Reviews* a notable illustration. Dangerous and mischievous I think them, but not therefore to the same extent untrue. I can say this to you, because I think you will discriminate wisely between a truth in the abstract and the use that may be made of the

same, for covering or extending a proposition that is problematical or false. For example, *I might*, with equal good faith and good taste, question the authorised canonicity of Solomon's Song, but *I am* also at liberty to forego such a course, because I may think the general unsettlement of good men's notions, and the certain triumph of bad men's sentiments, more to be dreaded, than even the proving of the uninspired origin of the Song of Songs could be esteemed a benefit. So, with regard to the Essays, I think the strength of the allegation against them lies in the fact that the authors are clergymen, bound to uphold and teach that which they each and altogether, directly or by implication, repudiate and deny! *You* seem to think the work should have been 'let alone' by the authorities of the Church. How far such a course would have been politic, may be matter of opinion; I think it was plainly impossible. I think, whatever the intention and tendency of the authors, the work is a most scholarly production, and, as such, is not only calculated to produce a great effect upon all thinkers, but is especially influencing many of the more highly educated among young men in training for the ministry of the Church of England. The difficulty, indeed, of steering a middle course between the evangelical views of the class of preachers ridiculed as Methodistical, and the rationalistic opinions so ably and adroitly expounded in these Essays, is becoming, I think, the religious question of the age. Perhaps it is illustrated more conspicuously in our town than in many other places. But I am afraid you will think I have said more than enough on this topic—a most interesting and important one, confessedly. Of course, I almost entirely concur in the sentiments expressed in the extract you give, with the exception that I do not think it necessary to assume that the writers of these Essays '*entered* the Church' as wolves in sheep's clothing; but I do agree with those who wonder how, as honest men, they can remain there; and, on the other side, I have often admired and defended that generous

and tolerant spirit which, so long as the liturgy is duly read and the proprieties of the pulpit not outraged by *the minister*, allows him, as *a man*, to discuss freely and securely questions, the very mention of which would 'oust' the preacher in most other churches."

The discussion of *Essays and Reviews* brought up the question of "Geology and Genesis," as to which Mr. Holland says:—"You intimate a doubt whether Moses was inspired in the same way when he described the 'origin of things,' as when he delivered the law of 'commandments.' Others also doubt there and elsewhere, with perhaps better reason; but then this is, in fact, the substance of the question at issue, between the 'essayists' and others, between the modern German and the old English theologians; and I admit there is much to be said *wisely*, which I am sure will never be said *temperately*, on both sides. With reference to the *geological* phase of the question, assuming there *are* discrepancies between the plain meaning of the English version of the Book of Genesis and physical phenomena, *you* would get quit of the difficulty by admitting that Moses was *mistaken*, *I*, rather, by the presumption that he may have been *misunderstood*. But then you say you shall withhold your assent from geological data, until they are established on the same irrefragable basis of 'mathematical certainty,' as are the phenomena of astronomy. Permit me to say, with all respect, that they *are so*, to the extent that there can be any parallel between the two—*sciences*—I *will write* the word! The bearings of the 'mathematical' certainties to which you advert, have nothing to do with the *origin* or the *age* of the sidereal heavens; and as far as *facts go*, facts tangible and measurable, the *unvarying succession* of strata is quite indisputable. The question of *time*, as I have said, is quite another thing, whether applied to the age of the heavens or of the earth, and must alike, in both cases, be matter of reasonable induction, not of mathematical demonstration. I am sure you will pardon this difference from your opinion."

But such topics did not prevent the composition of verse. In February Mr. Holland wrote a piece entitled, from Cowper, *Sweet St. Valentine*. This "playful greeting fondly penned" was sent to a lady worthy to be so complimented. It is among the proofs that our poet, who was now growing old, had still a youthful mind. In March he presented to a friend *The Lily of the Valley*, a set of verses fit to accompany an early specimen of the flower.

Two poems belong to April. One of them was *April Daisies*, addressed, of course, to a "Margaret." The other was *To a Lady, with a Looking-glass*. True friendship displays itself in both. One stanza will make a biographical contribution, while it furnishes a fair specimen of the versification:—

"Often while I, musing, trod,
In my walks, the daisied sod,
Breathed I fondly o'er and o'er
Rhymes of bards, who, long before
I assigned this flower to thee,
In its praises did agree."

The following words occur in a letter of the same month, and will remind the reader of our author's hymns, already often mentioned:—

"I must ask your wonted kindly acceptance of a copy of my Whitsuntide hymns, not, perhaps, that they exhibit any peculiar merit, beyond the interest of being a form of words, embodying the praises of so many thousands of Christian children in their collective Whit-Monday worship. Indeed, poor and feeble as my verses may be, I feel it an honourable—not to say a solemn privilege, to be thus called upon, year by year, as the surviving colleague of dear Montgomery, to engage in this appropriate service of the Church of Christ."

At this time Mr. Holland was in correspondence with Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt, F.S.A., the able editor of *The Reliquary*. That learned antiquary appears to have found a peculiar satisfaction in reckoning our *littérateur* among the contributors to his valuable "depository for precious relics." Their correspond-

ence developed a friendship which lasted as long as Mr. Holland's life, and of which a fitting memorial was recorded by Mr. Jewitt at the first Meeting of the Archæological Society that followed Mr. Holland's death. The articles from our author's pen, which appeared in the successive volumes of *The Reliquary*, were the following:—*The Spinning Wheel*, to which reference has already been made in this volume; *A Village Grave*, which is a poem on the Duke of Devonshire's grave at Edensor, and "forms a just and graceful tribute to a truly noble man"; *Chantrey and Norton: Memoir of Ebenezer Rhodes*, from which have been taken the particulars given on page 231 of the present volume; *The Game of Knurr and Spell*, which treats of an exercise not unknown in country places a quarter of a century ago, but which has now almost totally decayed, though it is as healthy as cricket and less dangerous; *Tinder Boxes*, which deals with an article once very familiar, but now, for obvious reasons, known only to the curious; *Memoir of the late Samuel Mitchell*, to which reference will be made on a subsequent page; *Cheap Tommy: Derbyshire Longevity*: and, *Rev. J. Mellon*.

Mr. Holland also wrote certain papers to aid Mr. Jewitt in the compilation of his comprehensive *History of Derbyshire*, which promises to be a standard work of reference in the department of literature to which it will belong.

This spring Mr. Holland published, anonymously, *The Bazaar; or Money and the Church*. This he called "A Rejected Offering, in blank verse, by a Christian Poet." Like the Rev. John Angell James, he had "serious doubts" about the modern practice on which his poem is a satire; and the work was presented to a lady who had solicited from him "something original" as a contribution to a "fancy sale", for which she was making preparations. No wonder that it was "rejected"; for it is a severe attack on a practice which is both common and popular. But it is not a groundless attack; and if it were carefully read beforehand by those who conduct bazaars for ecclesiastical purposes, the result would probably be the

prevention of certain serious evils. The following was a lady's criticism:—"He must forgive me for dissenting in some measure from the sentiments it contains, and protesting, on behalf of my sex, against the unusual severity of criticism levelled at unarmed and unoffending opponents. In sooth, I marvel he was not afraid of sharing the fate of Orpheus, and being torn to pieces by the Eumenides—in the shape of his fair friends—for daring to intermeddle with their (confessedly innocent) Eleusinian mysteries of Fancy Sale and Bazaar, and the rites attendant thereon." The work was published as a small pamphlet of thirty-six pages; and one of its most striking parts is a "new song to an old tune", which strongly reminds of what Cowper says about "a wife of ginger-bread."

Just as Mr. Holland was adding the learned antiquary and historian, Mr. Jewitt, to the number of his friends and correspondents, his oldest antiquarian connection came to an end, by the death of the Rev. Joseph Hunter, whose remains were brought from his residence in Torrington Square, to be interred in the churchyard of Ecclesfield, where he had chosen his own grave. Mr. Holland attended the funeral, and, by request, drew up a biographical account of his friend for the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

The circumstance just recorded transpired in May. To that month belong three poems, *Beautiful Leaves, Come away to the Gardens*, and, *Farewell, thou sweet May*. The first is a description of the foliose varieties of plants. The second is an exhortation to the people of Sheffield to taste the pleasures provided for them in the Botanical Gardens, where everything pleased the poet, except some grim guns that stood, "frowning and black," and were "a disgrace" to those

"Sweet bowers
That are sacred to innocence, beauty, and flowers."

And the third is a querulous strain about promises which had been made with the opening of the month, but which its end saw yet unfulfilled. Here is the concluding stanza:—

“ Farewell, thou sweet May ! ne'er again will thy hours
 Bring and break such fair hopes with thy perishing flowers ;
 But the year will advance ; and thy requiem tune
 Is heralding joyance to jubilant June :
 To-morrow ! and in how few days will be won
 His loftiest throne, by the midsummer sun !
 To-morrow ! say will it fresh promises bring,
 Less fond but less frail than the pledges of Spring ? ”

But while “flowers and poetry” were thus yielding large supplies of pleasure to Mr. Holland, he had some occasions of sorrow. One of them brought great present trouble, and threatened greater. His sister, Mrs. Brammall, was at this time seriously out of health, with little or no hope of ultimate recovery. It seemed but a short time since the removal of her good husband ; and the wounds left in all the hearts of the family by the mournful and untimely death of her gifted son, had not yet been healed ; while the grief occasioned thereby to herself had doubtless greatly weakened her frame, and considerably shortened her life. Such suffering has the God of love mysteriously appointed for some of His children in the present life ! And now it was believed and felt that her own end was drawing near ; and her sensitive, good, and faithful brother had feelings as acute and painful as those of any other member of the family. But her end was not immediately imminent ; and it was hoped that change of scene might do her good. Accordingly, she was persuaded to accompany the family party in June to Carnarvon. In a letter written to Miss Colling, before starting, Mr. Holland says :—“ I am afraid my sister is now beginning to manifest the latent effects of her double loss of husband and son, in a rapid descent towards old womanhood, including some special infirmities, the not uncommon result of long-cherished grief. Her children, three lovely and excellent daughters and one of the kindest and most amiable of sons, think it would do her good to go from home, if she could bear the journey ; and we think of going for three weeks into Wales. . . . For my part, as I said before, I would rather have made ‘ the tour of the Tees ’ ; but whether I should have passed

through Hurworth, *incognito* or otherwise, I cannot say. I am a venturesome correspondent, but a coward as to visiting."

The party reached Carnarvon in safety, though not without inconvenience to the invalid, and in equal safety returned home, having happily and profitably spent the time set apart for the visit. "A grateful memorial" was published in the newspaper, in the form of a poem in three canticles, entitled *Farewell to Carnarvon*. This poem is comprised in the *Memorials of Visits to North Wales*, previously referred to. In the preface the author says:—"In the three poetical articles which follow I have commemorated the main incidents, and named the principal scenes, out of which the current pleasures of the moment arose, and upon which the charm of remembrance still rests." The poem has great diversity, like the moods in which its author must have been during that memorable sojourn with his sister. It comprises blank verse, rhymed couplets, sonnets, and other varieties. In the volume of *Memorials* its various parts are interspersed with vignettes and manuscript memoranda; and it is a precious part of an heir-loom which will long be prized.

On the 20th of July, which was St. Margaret's Day, a poem was written about that mythical saint. It was presented to a person who bore the name. Another poem of the same month had the following history:—"A lady having wished our poet to let her see the dove'sfoot geranium in flower, he had gladly promised to grant her petition; and he now sent with the plant a metrical accompaniment."

But the chief poems of this summer were connected with an event which made the month of July memorable to many in Sheffield, and particularly to Mr. Holland. At last the long-expected Montgomery monument had been finished, and was now to be inaugurated. On the 29th of July a procession, comprising a large number of representative people, passed through the streets to the Cemetery, where a solemn and yet joyous ceremony was to be performed. In connection with the unveiling of the statue, a hymn was sung which Mr. Holland

had composed for the occasion ; and afterwards he printed in the newspaper *Thoughts suggested by the Inauguration of the Montgomery Monument*. The poem is by no means one of his most successful attempts ; but it is an additional embodiment of his intense admiration and love for the friend whose loss he had never ceased to deplore.

In August Mr. Holland had such an attack of indisposition that even the correspondence with Miss Colling was for a time again suspended ; but at the beginning of September his health had been restored ; and during that month he composed two poems. The first was a set of stanzas on *Past and Present*, which shows that if the aged poet had found some of his hopes in life disappointed, many of them had been converted into pleasant memories. The other was *Summer is Dead*, of which Miss Colling wrote :—"Summer has indeed cast her mantle of inspiration over you as she returned to her native skies, for your tribute to her memory is more than commonly poetical and spirited. She certainly smiled upon you in her prime, and when you stood most in need of her good graces, and you do well to remember her benignity with gratitude, as we may all do for the bountiful harvest she has left behind her."

Mrs. Brammall's health had continued to decline, until nothing now remained, to her sorrowing friends, but to await the certain issue with such resignation and comfort as Christianity alone can impart ; while the sufferer herself was able to speak with calm composure of her approaching end, and to find relief in the recollection that her children would still be able to go to her brother for counsel and affection. She died in the Lord on the 14th of October, at the age of sixty-five years. Thus devolved on Mr. Holland certain relative duties to his sister's children, in the discharge of which he ever felt an almost parental pleasure. The same month was marked also by the death of Mr. George Ridge, with whom, as proprietor of the *Sheffield Mercury*, Mr. Holland had in previous years been intimately associated.

Thus shaft followed shaft; and Mr. Holland seems again to have sought and found relief in literature. As many as seven poems appear to have been produced during the month of October. One is a pleasant memorial song, *We met in Ribbledene*. Another is *Gratulatory Stanzas*, addressed, on her birthday, to a lady whom the poet, not forgetting his bereavement, felt it his duty and pleasure to encourage in her Christian endeavours to improve her time. A third, "*Life's Gentle Progress*," is similar. It was apparently suggested by the words of Moore,

"How softly falls the foot of Time
Whene'er he treads on Flowers."

Two of its eleven stanzas are at the head of this chapter. The fourth, also similar, accompanied a "beautiful bouquet of common garden flowers", namely asters, and made those flowers "mementoes of affection." Another was *A Birthday Sonnet*. The sixth was *A Sonnet Inscribed on a Poplar Leaf*, which appears to have been sent to press by the lady to whom "so unique a manuscript" had been addressed. And the seventh was a set of Sonnets on *The Diamond Beetle*. "I never saw a diamond beetle," said a fair friend to Mr. Holland, on looking at a coloured print. "Here then," said he, "is a real and beautiful specimen with a poetic label attached"; and the label was worthy to be so attached.

In November there followed another piece, the title of which is *Dear Little Devotee*. A "sweet, pretty, happy English girl" had a lover in the distant East, and resolved, at all risks and in spite of all pains, to leave her native land and join him "beneath an orient sky"; and the poem under notice may be taken as a clear proof of the tender feeling which thrilled through Mr. Holland's nature, at the contemplation of the pure and potent spell of true affection.

December also was a time of death and sorrow. Mr. Holland's old associate in the Secretaryship of the Sunday School Union, Mr. Robert Leader, closed his eyes in their last

sleep, at the age of eighty-two years. He is well remembered in Sheffield as the proprietor of the *Sheffield and Rotherham Independent*, which has been conducted with great ability since his death by his son and grandsons. It began to be published as a daily paper only a few weeks before Mr. Leader's death; and it is pertinent to remark that his connection with the local press had extended over a period marked by unparalleled changes.

Another death occurred this month which caused a national mourning. His Royal Highness the Prince Consort was taken away, at the early age of forty-two years, from a nation that had but partially learned to estimate his great worth, and from a family that had loved him as such a Christian husband and father was worthy to be loved. Her Majesty the Queen suffered an irreparable loss, and sustained a wound which cannot be healed on earth; the nation "mourned with a great and very sore lamentation"; and our loyal bard was the author of a poem published in the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* on the 16th of December, and afterwards reprinted in *Albert the Good*, an elegant volume edited by W. T. Kime, Esq., of Louth. The last of the eleven stanzas is the following:—

"But he is gone, gone in his glorious prime
Of virtuous worth and genial aims secure;
And o'er his grave Britannia through all time
Will pour libations of affection pure;
And History write, without one blush of shame,
On her enduring scroll, the good Prince Albert's name."

Three other poems completed the year's list of literary productions. These were *Ferns*, *The Christmas Kiss*, and, *Watch Night*. The first appears to have owed its existence to a visit or visits to the Botanical Gardens. The second is an agreeable Christmas carol. And the third is an appropriate expression of thoughts naturally suggested by its occasion. It is one of those hymn-songs which are so numerous among Mr. Holland's poems. "The watch-night" is a religious service conducted by the Methodists at midnight at the end of the year. The

practice was derived from the Moravians, among whom it is still prevalent; and that community had derived it from the Primitive Church.* Other churches in this country have learned, through the Methodists, the wisdom and profit of spending the last hours of the year in such a solemn and impressive manner.

The productions of Mr. Holland's pen which saw the light during the earlier months of 1862, were few. But he was not unemployed. His correspondence was vigorously maintained; and he was making researches for one or more publications which were to appear in due time. One of them was that series of twenty-six letters to a lady which, having first been printed in a provincial newspaper, formed a presentation volume, in 1867, with the title, *Evenings with the Poets by Moonlight*, of which the further account must be deferred. Another compilation for which our author was at this time preparing was a paper, read before the Literary and Philosophical Society in June, on *Trees in the Neighbourhood of Sheffield*. From early life Mr. Holland had been a great admirer of trees; they had often formed the subjects of his sonnets and other poems; and he now with pleasure discoursed upon them at length in voluminous prose.

Towards the end of June he was under the shadow of the "mighty Penmaenmawr". In the volume of *Memorials* previously referred to he says:—"If on this occasion neither our excursions were so comprehensive nor the excitement of novelty was so vivid as at first, our enjoyment of the nearer beauties of the neighbourhood was not less, notwithstanding an unsettled state of weather. After a while our in-door pleasures and out-door enjoyments were participated and increased by the addition of the Rev. Mr. Shrewsbury, his family, and friends. Indeed, so much and so mutually did all the parties enter into the spirit of freedom, novelty, and beauty, which appeared to reign in the locality, that they expressed a hope they might meet again,

* See Bingham, *Antiquities*, xiii, 9, 4.

if not in the same spot, at least under similar circumstances elsewhere. I tremble to forecast the future, but rejoice to leave these faint but grateful memorials of the past." The reference is to *Penmaenmawr, A Poetical Rhapsody*, which, like its predecessors is, in the *Memorials*, accompanied with illustrative vignettes.

Among those to whom Mr. Holland wrote from Penmaenmawr was his dear friend Mr. Parkin, in one letter to whom there occurs the following passage:—"Some of the ancient mountain churches are very interesting for their rudeness of structure. John and I have visited one to-day, placed in a most lonely situation 'over the hills and far away', which surpasses all we have elsewhere seen for rude simplicity within and without. The poorest cow-house you ever saw would be handsomer and neater inside! Not only were the swallows flying in and out, through the broken windows, but their nests, with young ones, were conspicuous on the naked rafters over the font! And yet I felt it was 'the house of God', and should have liked to worship with its congregation."

As the summer wore away, and leisure was secured, Mr. Holland returned to his natural pleasure of weaving poetic numbers. In August he wrote *To a Lady, with a Bunch of Pansies*. The object of the poem is, to show that the "companionship" that is "in flowers" is either "grave" or "gay", according to circumstances and the mental states of those who realise that companionship. And where, indeed, is the thoughtful person who has not found the two kinds of "companionship in flowers"? In September Mr. Holland celebrated a superb flower in a piece entitled *To the Victoria Regia*. The poem was accompanied in the newspaper with a preface designed to attract attention to the Botanical Gardens, and with notes explanatory, historical, and scientific. In October he gave another expression to his strange poetic interest in the daisy and in the associated name Margaret. His simple and pretty poem is entitled *There's yet a Daisy in the Field*. And two

“flower poems” belong to November. The one is on *The Pyracanthus*, and the other is called *The Coronal*. In each case, as at many other times, a flower was made the occasion and the apology for the transmission, to someone in whom the poet had interest, of rhymes which it was, to their author, a relief and a pleasure to compose.

The latest literary production of the year, of which any mention need be made here, was an essay on *Photography*, written for the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*. The subject was contemplated from the popular side; and the design of the essay was, “to justify the claims of the poorest and cheapest photographs as an innocent, rational, and laudable luxury for those persons who cannot afford anything “better” or more costly.

The following sonnet appears to have been composed at some time during this year. It is inserted here as Mr. Holland's own account of the position in which he considered himself to stand at this time:—

“I had my school-days when a thoughtful boy;
Would they had been both more and better sped!
And aye, in youth, a life of toil I led;
But manhood bade me zealously employ
The intellectual gifts which God had given:
And thus for years I laboured with my pen,
Till, tired of politics and wrangling men,
I found a quiet resting place, thank Heaven!
Beneath the roof, where, in life's later stage,
Accomplished all my literary schemes,
I sit, rejoicing in a tranquil age,
And, no more aiming at ambitious themes,
Am quite content past pleasures to review,
While weaving now and then some flowers of verse for *you*.”

CHAPTER XXII.

1863—1865.

“ Each day of life, if pondered well,
Is fraught with some deep-meaning spell,
Some pleasure felt without, within,
Some life or death to love or sin,
Some onward or some backward pace
In mortal man’s unending race.

But when fulfilled the mystic sphere
Of being, measured by a year,
That little span which marks on earth
Time’s footprints onward from our birth,
We feel more solemn pause is due
To the soul-searching grave review ;
For sure that lot were passing strange
To which a twelvemonth brought no change.”

J.H.

SOME references have already been made to Mr. Holland’s handwriting. Though very peculiar, it was, in its way, fine. It might almost have been taken as the result of blending something like the Greek character with the ordinary English current hand. To an unpractised eye it appears, at first sight, almost illegible ; but familiarity makes it clear, and prepares the reader to declare it beautiful. It was natural that such writing should at times cause Mr. Holland inconvenience. He tells that a letter which he had written for a friend was returned, with the request that a legible transcript might be procured ; and he often received “ congratulations ” and sundry kinds of criticism about his “ distinguished caligraphy.” At the beginning of the year 1863, a vexatious difficulty arose from the same cause. He had undertaken to furnish the editor of a

TOOTH and Egg metal. By this strange
mispronunciation is no doubt meant
the metal common, many years ago
under its Chinese name of Tutenage.
(Tutenago, an ore of zinc, containing
iron &c., say the books.) It was the precursor
among our manufacturers of the
white brass, a compound of copper and
nickel, now so largely used in
Sheffield and Birmingham, for making
every article usually produced by
the Kilosmith - and, when "electro-
plated" rivaling his rivals in beauty
and durability. Though not in some
intrinsic qualities. I may just add
that the enormous consumption of this
metal in our workshops, is equally due
to the cheap and elegant process above
mentioned, and to the improvements in
regard to its color and its malleability.

Editor of N. & Q.

J. H.

newspaper published in a small town, with that series of articles or "lunations," as a correspondent called them, which ultimately formed *Evenings with the Poets by Moonlight* : but the essays were not printed with such despatch as had been expected ; and the editor alleged, in explanation, that the compositors could not read the writing, and that it was almost necessary to have the letters copied before sending them to press. The compositors in that small town must have been poor readers ; for Mr. Holland's handwriting had not the common fault of unformed or indistinguishable letters. It was large, bold, and complete ; and as it may interest the reader to see it, a specimen has been inserted in the present volume.

On the first day of 1863 Mr. Holland wrote *The New Year's Gift*. It was sent to a lady with a Pocket-book. The following stanza will give a fresh expression to one of the motives under which our author did much of his literary work :—

" Then take your pen : this hour begin
Some little spoil from time to win ;
Leave on the page some lively trace
Of men or things, of time or place,
Some slight memento, to retain
Marks of a day not spent in vain."

A fine opportunity for our poet was now drawing near ; and it is probable that he was making preparations for some time. The Heir Apparent to the British throne was about to be united in marriage to the Princess Alexandra of Denmark. Mr. Holland had celebrated the auspicious birth of his Royal Highness, and was now moved to sing a joyous epithalamium. The result, which appeared punctually in the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, was in his best style. Though the theme is one on which most people might find it difficult to write anything but platitudes, the poem is ample and discursive. It is, indeed, an elaborate and diversified ode, too long to be quoted here. It consists of ten divisions, or strophes and antistrophes. The first is in praise of marriage. The second describes the joy of a wedding. The third claims a share for the poets in

the present rejoicing. The fourth pictures the scene in church, while the illustrious pair "are standing side by side," and then, with a fresh rhythm, turns to the jubilant hum which everywhere follows when their "wedding is o'er." The fifth sings the gladness that echoes among the mountains of *Wales*. The sixth shows Hallamshire and all England joining in that gladness, with "blowing of trumpets and tramping of feet." The seventh recalls former national rejoicings, and links the present with the diversified past of public good and ill. In the eighth there is a natural transition to that undisclosed futurity of which it is the prerogative of the prescient bard to claim a vision, and the strain turns to prayer for the Queen and her noble son. In the ninth "many saints on earth" do as the bard had done, and lift up holy hands for God's richest blessing on the royal pair, desiring that Alexandra's grateful name may become "a household word in many a home." And in the tenth the scene changes, and the reader is led into the streets, amid quaint and brilliant sights of triumphal arches, obelisks of rare design, and various illuminations, which "emparadise a festal night," while "crowds crowd on crowds" until the midnight hour. Then comes an epode; and

"Sweetly seems the day to close
With promise that the night's repose
Dreams of the past shall blend."

One learned and competent critic, who had himself been favoured by the muses, wrote of this ode:—"It is indeed a striking poem, containing many passages of great beauty, and happily combining the characteristics of modern poetry with those of the ancient classical style. In certain parts of this fine lyric I am reminded of Montgomery, Byron, Moore, Cowper, &c., without observing a palpable imitation of any of them." Miss Colling, who was altogether qualified through genuine poetic sympathy, to understand the matter of which she wrote, said:—"Were I Corinna in the Capitol or the Queen upon the throne, I would, in the one case, crown you with bays, or, in the

other, give you the *coup de grace*, (by which last word I mean favour, not *finishing stroke*,) and bid you rise up 'Sir John Holland'! But being but a humble bard (or rather 'bardess') on the banks of the Tees, I can but reward you with the current coin of compliment, if compliment that can be called which is coined in the sterling bank of Truth. For, indeed, my dear sir, it is no flattery to say that I think, and many will think, you have on this auspicious occasion outdone all your former doings, and all that has been or will be done by that Poet Laureate whom I have never forgiven for keeping back his own laboured effusions, till they could serve his own turn by selling off a fresh edition of his works."

In addition to the ode Mr. Holland wrote a set of stanzas, which were beautifully printed in the streets "at the Royal Marriage Procession Press," and distributed to the crowds. In all that he thus did, our poet could apply to himself a motto which was read by tens of thousands in one of the crowded streets of Sheffield, during the illumination, "England shows this day her loyalty and love." In no breast was there on that day "loyalty" or "love" more ardent than his own.

During the same month appeared a poem *To a Lady, with a Palm Branch*. It was "written for the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*." The reader will have observed that that paper had now become the principal medium of Mr. Holland's literary communications with his townsmen. He continued from this time to write for its pages at brief intervals, when occasions arose, to the very end of his days. He contributed not only poems but also reviews, notices of natural phenomena, letters, and articles of various kinds. In its columns there appeared in June *The Blue Bells Faded and the Promise Broken*, which is a pensive quasi-pastoral love-song; in July, *Standedge Pole*, which is a set of thirteen flowing stanzas, memorial of a visit to the far-conspicuous object named in the title; and in December, another poem on *Roses*, occasioned by the receipt of a hamper full of flowers from the poet's friend, Mr. Charles Fisher, and

designed to answer Byron's jest or challenge, "Seek roses in December!" Other poems were composed during the same period, of which no further account need be given here.

The correspondence with Miss Colling was still vigorously maintained; and it is regretted that many of the letters written to that lady during this year cannot, through want of space, be laid before the reader. Some of them were on subjects which excited much public interest. Letter-writing was, indeed, during this year, the most remarkable literary work to which Mr. Holland gave himself, after the publication of his marriage ode. The letters about the poets and the moon were continued; and a series of epistles of a similar and yet different character, written from North Wales, appeared in the *Telegraph* in September. The annual excursion was delayed this year until that month. Among the reasons for the delay was the assembling of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference in Sheffield.* It is probable that liberal preparations were made, before leaving Sheffield, for the *Letters from Llangollen*. The writer had, indeed, already so extensively acquainted himself with Wales, its history, its topography, and its literature, that he had but little to do in the way of preparation, besides being transferred into the Principality and selecting his themes. The letters, which are nineteen in number, were afterwards arranged in a book, for preservation and facility of reference, with pictorial illustrations and explanatory notes. They contain several original poems and a few poetical translations, with notices not only of scenery, but also of the Eisteddfod, of Welsh bards and sacred literature, and of the churches and the Sunday observance of the Principality. And the whole forms

* The President of that Conference was the Rev. George Osborn, D.D., who has since been Theological Professor in one of the Wesleyan Methodist Colleges, and who has rendered good service to the literature of his own Church. His *Wesleyan Bibliography* contains the results of extensive research. His beautiful edition of *The Poetical Works of John and Charles Wesley*, in thirteen volumes, will long endear his name to those who can estimate the benefit conferred upon the Church by that publication. And his contributions to current religious and theological literature appear to have been large and varied.

a curious and interesting collection. In the manuscript preface the author says:—"It may reasonably be supposed that the devotion of so much time to writing day by day as this correspondence indicates, lessened the amount devoted to rambling; and so it did; but this slight drawback was at least compensated by the consciousness that every object was regarded, not as yielding a merely momentary gratification, but with reference to ulterior allusion or description. This constant aim to give definition and fixedness to current ideas and feelings, however feebly realised, rendered the effect of each day's doings more vivid, pleasant, and memorable."

The signature affixed to the letters was "J. H."; and in this instance those initials led to a curious illustration of "taking for granted". There was in the *Telegraph* office at the time a Mr. John Hughes who had an aged aunt resident in Wales. As she was a native of Llangollen, her nephew sent her the letters as they appeared; and at their conclusion she sent him a sum of money, in the persuasion that he was the writer of what had afforded her so much pleasure.

Shortly after his return to Sheffield, Mr. Holland found himself engaged quite suddenly and unexpectedly in the writing of a new and not unambitious book. After a little time it was published without the author's name, and with this title, *Wharnccliffe, Wortley, and the Valley of the Don Photographically Illustrated by Theophilus Smith*. It was written, "preface and all," by Mr. Holland, and was dedicated to Lord Wharnccliffe. The following letter relates to the work, and is very characteristic of its writer, to whom, as the reader has already seen, literary labour was its own reward:—

"Music-Hall, Sheffield, Nov. 19th, 1863.

"My dear Madam,—You will have, long since, thought me not only very remiss as a correspondent, but, I am afraid, something worse. But I have been for the last fortnight entirely taken out of my own hands, as you will suppose, when I tell you that within the last few minutes I have written the

preface to a ten-and-sixpenny volume, every word of which has proceeded from my pen since I read on the overlap of your letter that it was my 'turn to write next'! Is not *this* a solid reason for my seeming negligence? But you must not compliment my 'authorial' dexterity, or my prospect of remuneration, before you are made aware of the circumstances of the case, which were these:—At the very moment when I was reading the letter to which I have alluded, our most accomplished local photographer came into this room, and showed me a beautiful series of about twenty very pretty views of the scenery about Wharncliffe (the locality of the old 'Dragon' ballad) which he had just taken, and which he thought would make, and was persuaded by others would make, a nice *Christmas Book*. I thought so too; but he wanted something in the shape of printed description to accompany the pictures. I saw at once what he was 'driving at,' but myself *drove* away from the subject. 'Now,' said I at length, 'whom are you intending to engage to provide the letter-press matter?' 'To tell you the truth,' was the reply, 'unless you will be kind enough to help us, the project must be abandoned.' Now, *I am* a good-natured man: besides, I admired the pictures, though but of the size of stereographs, and I knew, too, that Lord Wharncliffe was accessory to the project. I therefore said, 'I will do the best I can to help you, provided you will simply accept or reject what I write.' He gladly assented to this; and I at once felt I was 'in for it'! And, besides the suddenness of the thing, time was precious and pressing. I knew, however, what was wanted, and how to do it in my own way; and, having set about it at once, I have hardly thought of anything else; indeed, I have enjoyed the task; for, the *infection* once caught, the *disease* proceeded naturally and favourably. *Such a simile* seems appropriate in reference to a locality so intimately associated with the name, residence, and letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and may, for other reasons, be permitted by you. Well, my pleasant literary interlude is so far accomplished that I have seen some, and am expecting

proofs of the matter, which is to form a portion of a handsome Christmas present. I should like to express a hope, for the compiler's sake, it may turn out a selling book. This is no answer to your letter, which has come safely to hand with the beautiful books, which I shall be glad to read; but it will, I hope, serve as an explanation, and be allowed to plead an excuse for the long and comparatively enforced silence of, dear Madam, yours very sincerely, JNO. HOLLAND.—Miss E. Colling."

Before the end of the year the book was published in a very elegant form. Its subject had long been perfectly familiar to Mr. Holland, who would not have been so easily persuaded to undertake so large a work requiring new investigations. The volume contains several original poems. The compiler of *Albert the Good* wrote commendatory stanzas upon it, which were withheld from publication because Mr. Holland's name did not appear on the title-page. The noble owner of Wharncliffe read the proofs, and desired several pages of print to be omitted, because he did not wish anything to be said about the house or the family. That unanticipated intervention, which was really unnecessary, was as little to Mr. Smith's satisfaction as the decision relative to Mr. Kime's stanzas had been to Mr. Holland's; and the work would have been generally more satisfactory in its complete form.

Our author had now formed the intention of doing for himself what he had previously recommended to Miss Colling, by writing a series of sketches with the general title of *The Tour of the Tees*. For that work extensive preparations were eventually made, and some of the sketches were to a considerable extent filled up; but Mr. Holland's first visit to Hurworth, to which he had now begun to be strongly urged by his correspondent, was not to take place for some years after this time; and the work could not be completed without personal observation. And as they had not yet met, it must be regarded as a remarkable thing that Mr. Holland and the poetess of

Hurworth could keep up their voluminous correspondence, without seeking to gain any further personal acquaintance with each other than what was obtained through letters and eventually, though at a late period, through photographs. "Why," said a friend to Mr. Holland this autumn, "do you not go and see your so long invisible correspondent on the banks of the Tees?" "I am afraid," he replied, "that would break the spell of good opinion which exists under present circumstances." "Quite the reverse," replied the friend; "I am sure she would like you better for meeting and conversing with you." "Well," said Mr. Holland, "that is a compliment from you; and I have 'a good mind' to report it." And report it he did, thus showing what appeared to be on his part a willingness at last to "break the spell," and show himself to one whose "mind" had been abundantly and very often presented to his sight. Henceforward the matter was not allowed to rest without an interview, though years had yet to pass before that interview could be accomplished.

About this time "total abstinence" was introduced as one of the subjects of their correspondence, and Mr. Holland expressed his convictions in the following terms:—"Although I must confess myself a moderate drinker of almost any kind of beverage, I entirely respect and wish success to 'The Temperance Cause,' in almost all its forms, because its object is to counteract the influence of what is undoubtedly the greatest curse of this country. I don't care that some of its advocates are not very nice, or their arguments always logical. They have the *rare merit* of being always in earnest; and, better still, whatever influence they do wield against drunkenness, is *wholly* beneficial. Nor is there, in my opinion, the slightest wit or wisdom in the argument that the sin of *gluttony* either becomes an equal curse or demands a similar cure with ebriety. Once more, on this topic, I think it no disparagement of this good cause that its advocates are neither always religious persons, nor their arguments always based on Scriptural grounds. I wish they *were*, and not the less, that preachers of

the gospel and Godly laymen were always as much and as practically in earnest, as most of the teetotal orators."

The accommodation afforded by the apartments at the Music Hall had now for some time been felt to be insufficient to meet the requirements of the Literary and Philosophical Society; and during this year an attempt was made to arrange with the Proprietors of the Hall for such enlargement as was necessary. But no success attended the proposal, the Society not feeling prepared to pay the heavy rental which the Music Hall Company proposed to charge for the required alterations; and the unsettlement of the Council of the Society, by the failure of several successive schemes and proposals, kept Mr. Holland, for some years after this time, in a state of mental uncertainty and disturbance which seriously interfered with his pursuits. And when at length certain considerable changes were made, he was perhaps in one sense still more disturbed by being "turned out" of his old "den", as Montgomery had been pleased to call the room in which so many volumes had been read, so many books written, and so many friends received to amicable communications, by our poet and *littérateur*.

He began the year 1864 in a thankful and happy state of mind. Writing to Miss Colling in January, he says:—"Indeed I ought to feel very thankful for my lot in life, very humble and homely as it is; for while I am compelled to walk backward and forward some miles every day, between my residence and the town, I do not leave home, as a rule, much before eleven a.m., and I return at four p.m.; so that the shortest day of 1863 almost lighted me to Sheffield and back. These formal movements, however, are daily qualified by the town convenience of the house of my good nephew, where I constantly dine and rarely miss calling in the morning on the way to my 'den' at the Music Hall. So, if when you favour me with a call, you do not find me at the latter place, you must next try No. 4, Church Street."

The habits thus sketched continued, with modifications, to the end of his life ; and the foregoing extract will show that, with very light official duties, he had an uncommonly large amount of time for his favourite pursuits. Much of it was spent in reading. He seems at this period to have perused many biographies ; and it has already appeared that that department of literature always had great attractions for him. About this time he tells, in one of his letters, of a pile of books which he was about to read ; and there were, probably, very few works of value in the two large libraries with which he was connected, that had not at some time passed through his hands, and afforded him the pleasure and profit of an attentive and appreciative perusal.

He had long desired to see Newstead Abbey, where, from the time of Henry the Eighth, was accumulated "that heritage of eccentricity which was destined to culminate in the wonderful but wayward genius of Childe Harold," and where have been preserved some memorials of the name and the residence of a man of transcendent gifts. Mr. Holland admired Byron's power, however much he might deplore some of the uses to which it had been turned. For the opportunity of paying his long-desired visit, he was indebted to his kind friend, Mr. Charles Fisher, the very successful gardener and nurseryman of Handsworth, who was at this time planting thousands of forest trees in the domains of Newstead Abbey. Mr. Holland was a frequent visitor at Mr. Fisher's house, and ever found there a most cordial welcome and most agreeable companionship. He frequently went *round* by the Nursery "on his way" to the Music Hall ; and, having been apprised by his friend of a botanical or horticultural novelty, he would thereupon write a sonnet or a paragraph for a local or other newspaper. In like manner did he improve the opportunity now afforded him of spending a pleasant day at a place to which his thoughts had often turned, and for the unrestricted examination of which he was indebted to the special kindness of the excellent

lady of the owner of Newstead. In a short time appeared *Newstead Abbey, a Poem*, with notes. Copies circulated among the writer's friends occasioned some correspondence. In one of his letters Mr. Holland expressed the following opinion:—"I think with you that there is no comparison between the genius of Byron and that of Tennyson, acknowledging, as we must, the exquisite intellectual and scholastic accomplishments of the latter, who, I must admit, is entitled to the Laurel."

In March a calamity befell Sheffield and the neighbourhood, which has made the year memorable for ever in the annals of the district. On the night of the 12th of that month occurred the great Sheffield flood, which was caused by the bursting of the Dale Dyke Reservoir at Bradfield, a village nine miles from Sheffield. The devastation along the course of the river Don for twenty miles was tremendous. Two hundred and forty persons were drowned. Fifteen bridges were washed away. Eighty-nine manufactories and forty-one dwelling-houses were totally destroyed. Nine hundred and twenty-seven manufactories and four thousand six hundred and ninety-seven houses were damaged. And people of all classes had to suffer the most serious consequences. That flood was one of those great calamities which occasionally shock a whole nation, and of which intelligence spreads throughout the civilised world. Mr. Holland slept in Sheffield that night, and heard the roar of the deluge as he lay in bed, wondering what the distant cause of the strange sound might be; and one of the inmates of the house started up in alarm, having concluded that she heard the roaring of a great and destructive fire. The inundation which caused that awful noise must have had an almost inconceivable force. It swept out of the rock-side, and transported down the valley, a stone weighing, it was calculated, six hundred tons. Such a catastrophe might well command universal attention; and it did, indeed, for a time, divert the journals and the public mind from the deadly struggle going on in the United States, from another struggle which was causing great personal and

political anxiety and suffering to the Danish people, and also from the hobby of the Shakspeare Tercentenary Celebration, which prelates and others were riding at home. Sheffield had no heart at all for a Shakspeare demonstration; but its great practical tragedy made it the centre of a strange and melancholy attraction, tens of thousands of people thronging from different parts of the country to the scene of devastation. The terrible calamity found instant employment for scores of designers, engravers, and others. Much concern was felt, and expressed in the most satisfactory manner, on behalf of the surviving sufferers; and Mr. Holland appears, from his letters, to have rejoiced to witness the great resignation of those sufferers, and the liberality of people who, having escaped loss of property or of life, felt it their duty to help the needy.

During the same month Mr. Holland completed his seventieth year. Writing of his birthday he says:—"I could not but consider it the most solemn anniversary of the kind I have ever enjoyed; for I *did* enjoy it in gratitude to the Giver of all good, who had so long and so happily prolonged my life, and for the kind congratulations of my friends near and distant. I am just now reading the fourth volume of the *Life* of Washington Irving. He, too, had a seventieth birthday."

In April our poet produced, besides his usual contribution of a Whitsuntide hymn, a poem on *The Wood Anemone*, in which the flower is celebrated as

"A lively token
That winter's frosty spell is broken."

In May he greeted *The First Swallow* with a characteristic song. On the 10th of that month he read before the Literary and Philosophical Society a paper on *Sheffield Song Writers*. In this essay, after an introduction about songs in general, specimens are given of the productions of Montgomery, Elliott, Rhodes, and Mather, and other writers of inferior note. Some collateral subjects also receive notice; and the whole forms an essay of considerable local interest, for which the reader is referred to the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

In the letter to Miss Colling, in which he gives an account of the paper just referred to, he dwells on the charming character of "the merry month," which had just ended, giving another proof of the permanence of his love for the beauties of nature; and then he adds:—"The reason why I did not write several days since is this: My friend, the photographer of *Wharnccliffe* came to me about a fortnight since, and expressed so imploring a wish that I would aid him in the production of another illustrated volume, containing Hallamshire scenes and subjects, that I told him I would think about it. I did so; and yesterday evening I gave him the titles and skeletons of twelve chapters, explanatory of my ideas of the project. Of course this matter must be *inter nos* at present; for the scheme is unknown as well as inchoate." This extract shows who now received our author's literary secrets.

About the same time was written a sonnet on *The Judas Tree*. Though the neighbourhood of Sheffield can boast of only poor specimens of that pretty "tree of the sunny South," yet the poet's fancy wove a floral chain between Italian scenes and Sheffield Park.

Mr. Holland's love of children has already been mentioned. The reader will recollect that he was a bachelor, and had now passed his seventieth year. The following letter, addressed to a little boy, the Rev. John V. B. Shrewsbury's son, who has been until the present day a member of Mr. Brammall's family, presents its writer's character in an instructive phase:—

"Music Hall, June 23rd, 1864.

"My dear little Harry,—My love to you. Thank you for your letter, written by Aunt Jane. I hope you will soon be able to write one by yourself. So you must make haste to learn to write at school. It is so nice when a little boy can sit down and write a letter with his own hand. I am very glad to hear that you are enjoying yourself so. Riding on the donkey, without falling off, or being held on! Being dipped in the sea, without being frightened, where there is nothing to be frightened

at! But would not *you* be frightened, Mr. Holland? Playing with Master Morris at horses, and then taking pleasant walks with Aunties! Well; but when do you intend to come back to Sheffield? Would you like to see poor Aunty Mary and me, who have no little boy to talk to, and Aunty Hilly, who *has* a little girl, and Uncle John, who was always so kind to you, and who has some beautiful flowers in his garden? Have you any flowers, or trees, or fields at Blackpool, or nothing but the town and the sea? I am glad you are going again to Beaumaris, because I think you will remember the place; but I hope you will come and see us and kiss us at number 4, Church-street, first. And now, my dear Harry, I must say ‘Good bye!’ Kiss Aunty Lizzy and Aunty Jennie for me; and don’t forget to love your affectionate friend, JNO. HOLLAND.—Master H. W. Shrewsbury.”

The next noticeable production was *A Harvest Symbol*. It was a poem to a lady, and was accompanied to her hand with corn of various kinds, and was intended to show

“How industry, when timely wise,
On earth for man wins rich supplies
Of sustenance, from heaven.”

Mr. Holland’s summer, or rather autumn, excursion was again among Welsh mountains. In connection with that excursion he paid a visit, with antiquarian purpose, to Shrewsbury and “the diggings” of the old Romano-British city of Uriconium, and also went to Southport to *assist* at the wedding of one of the friends of his youth. Of those visits and of the specialities of Barmouth, Aberdovey, and the surrounding districts, he wrote freely to one or more of his correspondents, observing, when he had been three weeks in Wales, that he had, strange to say, written no verse to commemorate the pleasures of his sojourn in that charming region. Verses were, however, produced in due time; and there appeared in the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* a poem entitled *Farewell to Aberdovey*. One of the notes to this poem relates to “the bells of Aber-

dovey" about which our poet could obtain no information, though he sought it where he had been confident it would be found. The poem is a pleasant record of complete enjoyment and satisfaction experienced in a locality to which the tourists had been attracted by its composite scenic charms.

Shortly after his return to Sheffield our poet, at the request of his friend Miss Parkin, wrote *A Memorial of Sunset Clouds*. Within a few weeks he produced several other pieces. One was *A Cup of Tea*. Writing to a friend, he said:—"I enclose a little rhyming trifle that may amuse you for a moment; for who does not love 'a cup of tea'? Curiously enough, after the appearance of my verses I went six miles to hear a gentleman lecture on 'Tea and Tea-making', and was, as I am sure you would have been, both entertained and instructed." The next piece was *A Sabbath Birthday*, a pleasant and thoughtful song about tuneful Sunday bells. Another poem was *Birthday Thoughts addressed to a Lady*, of which a specimen is given at the head of this chapter. Another is a set of verses addressed to Henry William Shrewsbury on his birthday, which proves that Mr. Holland knew how to interest children, and that he had great fondness for *his dear little Harry*.

Other matters, some of them very serious, were at this time engaging his attention. One of them was capital punishment, about which he expressed very decided opinions both in his correspondence and in the columns of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*. A notorious murder had, about this time, specially called attention to the subject. Mr. Holland had but a modified sympathy with the abolitionists. A case like that of Tuscany, where capital punishment was said to have been thrice abolished and as often restored, had great weight with him. He thought and felt that mere sentiment ought not to be allowed to prevent the true welfare of mankind. And as a patriot and a philanthropist he boldly declared his opinions, insisting, however, on the necessity of Scriptural warrant for any instance of capital punishment.

About this time he was reading Dr. Newman's *Apologia pro Vita sua*. He says:—"It is a most curious vivisection of the heart and soul, the intellectual and spiritual life, of a sincere seeker after truth, by himself. In singular contrast, in every way, with the work just named, is another which I have been reading, the *Life of Thomas Hood*, a sufferer, one might almost say a dying man, during the greater part of his literary life. There is something very sad in devoting every hour, *volens volens*, to *joking* for a livelihood! A comic progress to death!! Melancholy as this is, and though the talented satirist seems to have hated every manifestation of the Christian character, in a positive shape at least, it is a curious fact that his son and biographer claims for him a higher religious character than he himself would have allowed to any saint of the New Testament model!"

Mr. Holland still kept to his old habit of trying to promote happiness at Christmas. The following simple circumstance shows him in an interesting light. He desired to present a "Christmas bush" to a dear friend. In order to carry out his design with effect, he procured fifty-two varieties of green and variegated holly, and in a suitable poem made them symbolical

"Of a whole year of happy weeks."

The poem and a list of the names of the varieties of the wreath, were published in the newspaper, together with a sonnet on *The Boar's Head at Christmas*. The sonnet is meant to relate an occurrence, in memory of which, it is said, the chief ornament on the dinner table at Queen's College, Oxford, on Christmas-day, has for centuries been a boar's head:—

"A scholar of old 'Queen's', one moonlight night,
 Returning from an 'out' by Isis' side,
 Met a wild boar! and, shuddering with the fright,
 Unarmed with dirk or spear, prompt dodge he tried:
Orc rotundo, with clenched fist to suit
 The action to the words, he cried 'Tu Brute!'

But the gaunt sire of learned pigs not pat in
 Such *non* 'in statu pupilari' Latin,
 Nor posed, nor pacified, with swinish choler,
 Showed his curved tusks, and set up every bristle,
 As with fell purpose to devour the scholar ;
 Whereat the latter quoted an epistle
 Of classic age, with a stentorian shriek,
 And choked the monster with the throttling Greek!"

At the end of the year Mr. Holland presented to Miss Colling, as a birthday gift, a bread-knife and a platter. The note accompanying the present began with the following words:—

"The haft which on this knife you see
 Was oak from Byron's Newstead tree."

The lady had the lines engraved on a silver plate and let into the handle, with this addition, "J.H. to E.C., Dec. 29, 1864," in order that the fact might be carried down to other generations. Then she playfully wrote to her friend:—"So shall our names be handed down to posterity with that of the poet-lord of Newstead Abbey ;

'So shall our little barks attendant sail
 Pursue the triumph and partake the gale;'

and it needs no spirit of prophecy to predict that the time will come when the platter and the bread-knife, the latter thus attested, will be worth hundreds of pounds to their fortunate possessor!!" Mr. Holland's answer was in these words:—"I feel almost ashamed to have exposed you, by the present of the bread-knife and platter, to the expenditure of silver *on* and *about* the Byronic haft of the former. Still, I must think with you that *some day somebody* may *perhaps* thank *me* for sending, and *you* for adorning, the article". In a previous letter he had mentioned that when he visited Newstead Abbey, the agent gave him a piece of wood from the oak planted by Byron.

The preceding paragraph may be somewhat explained by the fact that Mr. Holland had, a little before this time, published an essay on *Cheap Bread*, in which he had ascribed

great benefits to the repeal of the "Corn Laws," thereby bringing himself into a warm but friendly controversy with a gentleman who also was one of Miss Colling's correspondents. "The war of words" involved all the three, and ended in the tightening of the bonds of amity and peace, one expression of that fact being the present just named.

The next matter requiring mention belongs to February, 1865. On the 14th of that month Mr. Holland published in the newspaper a poem entitled *Saint Valentine*, with an introductory account of the saint. Writing to Miss Colling, he says:—"My 'gay valentine,' as you call it, might, as you intimate, be taken as evidence that I was neither sick nor sad, but—for an *old man*—seasonably, and as I am afraid you would think, unreasonably lively; but poets, of my sex I mean, are liable to senile follies in rhyme, and I must confess that thus sending the evidence to you, looks very much like an attempt to make you an 'accessory after the fact!' The celebrated Cardinal Wiseman, whose remains have this day been carried to their last resting-place on earth, great man as he was, and 'saint' as he may be made in the annals of his church, will never supplant, even with Catholics, the almost mythical St. Valentine." He adds:—"What an Old English winter we have had! I think I never before felt the cold so severe, or admired the storm so much; and I have at once avenged and indulged myself, in writing an essay on *Snow*, which I once thought to read before our Philosophical Society. . . . Do you know that our common snow-flakes are composed of about one hundred modifications of hexagonal crystals? The 'stars' of heaven 'in their courses, fought against Sisera,' and how fearfully and fatally these little *snow stars* once fought against Napoleon and the grand army of France, in the disastrous retreat from Moscow, you know!" The essay was read before the Society during the following month. The Report states that "the reader gave an account and exhibited figures of upwards of one hundred forms of snow crystals: he then entered into a

variety of details relative to the occurrence and phenomena of snow storms, in their familiar and aggravated characters, in this and other countries."

The same month of March was made memorable in Sheffield, to such as Mr. Holland, by the deaths of men who had become known far beyond the limits of Hallamshire. One who passed away at this time was Dr. George Calvert Holland, Alderman, the author of several medical works, in connection with some of which the subject of this biography rendered the estimable Doctor a large amount of literary help. It was well that Dr. Holland and our poet were intimate friends; for the extent to which each of them became acquainted with the concerns of the other, through the misdirection or the misdelivery of letters, was what would, under other circumstances, have become a great trial. Our author composed a biographical account of Dr. Holland, which was published in the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*. Another gentleman who died about the same time was the Rev. Thomas Best, M.A., incumbent of St. James's, Sheffield, whose ministry had been a long-continued blessing to his parish, and whose published sermons deserve to be better known.

About the time when this evangelical clergyman was dying, Mr. Holland was reading a Socinian book, the *Memoir and Letters of Miss Lucy Aikin*. In a letter to Miss Colling, he says:—"She was, in many ways, an interesting and accomplished woman of the old school, and a thorough Unitarian. Her letters to Dr. Channing are very excellent of their class. To me they lack the charm of incident, and of individuality. They are too *essayish*, as I am afraid *mine* often seem to *you*! *Unitarianism* is one of the few things which my charity does not embrace. I never heard one of their preachers, in the pulpit, though I have always well known those in Sheffield, out of it. You will be amused, when I tell you that I had long wanted to put to one of them an important question of doctrine. Of course, I was bound to take it for granted that the preaching of

these more than dissidents, was to make men better in and for this world, and, somehow, lead, or direct, or prepare them for a better; but as it was difficult to believe them, on any hypothesis, all *good enough to go to heaven*, I wished to know what became of the *bad ones*? The other day I caught a frank and intelligent member of the fraternity, and *pushed* him with my question. It was most amusing to hear how he fenced *about* and *about* the question, before he said: 'Well, I believe *some of them* hold the notion of a sort of *purgatorial* state after death'! But what he or the others *believed*, I could not ascertain. Of course, he was quite voluble against the Scriptural doctrine of eternal punishment."

Amidst controversy and "serious" correspondence, Mr. Holland was still, as before, finding pleasure in the "weaving" of verse. On the 21st of March, he wrote *The First Day of Spring*, a poem on which the following passage in a letter of condolence may be taken as an explanatory note afterwards added:—"Our kindred, our friends, and ourselves pass away from earth to return no more; but the seasonal beauty of the year ever returns, with its memories to the old and its hopes to the young; and never, I think, did the spring look, to me, lovelier in its verdure and bloom than it does this year. Saddened, indeed, I know, even that beauty now and hereafter must be to you; and yet time, resignation, and religious hope produce wonderful effects in mitigating the profoundest grief, even the sorrow which they cannot heal. I need not say to you how differently we come to look upon the grave-mound when covered with sweet verdure and as compared with the naked and recent heap of 'holy earth.'"

During the next month he wrote *Palm Sunday*, and *Slavery and its Curse*. The former was sent to a lady with appropriate symbols; and the latter was addressed to the "Men of the West," among whom there was raging the most terrible fratricidal strife. This poem showed its author as a man of peace and as a hater of all oppression. A few days after its

appearance in the newspaper, intelligence was received in Sheffield of the surrender of General Lee to General Grant; and one day later came tidings of the assassination of President Lincoln. Mr. Holland did not sympathise with the partisans of either North or South. It was his opinion that while England was mourning the evils that had fallen on a sister country, and praying for their removal, she had no right either to wrest the hand which was flinging the firebrand of faction, or to smite the mouth which was speaking the bitter things that provoked to war. But he also felt that the whole matter was to be left with the Sovereign Disposer of all events. However, a few weeks afterwards he had occasion to write:—"I am too much of an Englishman and too old an emancipationist either to doubt the right, hesitate about the means, or question the time for the abolition of slavery anywhere; and the manner in which it has been brought about in the Re-United States is marvellous in my eyes." He also published his sentiments in a newspaper article.

Soon after this, an event occurred which affected our sensitive and sympathetic bard in no small degree. It was the death of the elder sister of his esteemed Hurworth correspondent. He had shown the interest of an attached friend in that lady's recovery from a recent illness; and now when another attack had suddenly removed her from her sister's side, and from a circle of admiring and loving friends, he mourned a loss which, he felt, had come also upon himself. The messages which had passed between him and the aged lady, through her sister, had been frequent and of a highly interesting nature; and now that bereaved and heart-stricken sister turned to him as to a wise and Godly friend, whose words were fraught with tenderness and consolation, and whose prayers were believed to prevail with God for His needful help. The correspondence of this period cannot be inserted here; but it is of a character to make its reader pause to admire the wonderful sympathy which could be produced by

a free, confident, and highly diversified literary and Christian correspondence, between two persons who had never seen each other.

In May, our author composed a piece entitled *Alaric the Goth*. It was suggested, apparently, by the account given by Kingsley of the burial of that great barbaric chief. During the same month Mr. Holland was at Bolton, in Lancashire, on a visit to a friend. He appears to have been much struck with the fact that all classes in the neighbourhood seemed to conspire to do honour to the famous inventor of the spinning-mule, who certainly has left his native town, his country, and the world under very heavy obligation. Before our poet returned to Sheffield, he wrote a poem with the title, *Samuel Crompton; or, The Hall in the Wood*. It was published in the newspaper with an appropriate account of the old dwelling-place, taken from French's *Life and Times of Crompton*. A few days later a deserved honour was done to the memory of a Hallamshire inventor, Thomas Bolsover, to whom the world is indebted for silver-plating on copper; and whose portrait was at this time given by his grandson, Samuel Mitchell, Esq., of The Mount, Sheffield, to be placed in the Gallery of Inventors and Patentees in the South Kensington Museum.

But the chief work of this period seems to have been the companion volume to *Wharnccliffe*, to which reference has already been made. It was published this year with this title: *Sheffield and its Neighbourhood, Photographically Illustrated by Theophilus Smith*. It was dedicated to the Duke of Norfolk. It owed its existence chiefly to the unexpected amount of success accorded to its predecessor. The preface stated that "the same union of effort between describer and illustrator applied to the present volume as to that already so generously appreciated; and that the illustrations had been selected with the view of perpetuating the remembrance of the few antiquities in the neighbourhood, which were only partially known." The whole formed an elegant volume full of readable and, indeed,

highly interesting matter. The present writer cannot pretend to discover why the authorship of this volume and its predecessor was not made known to the public.

In August our author again found time for poetical composition. To that month belongs *My Pretty Birds*, a piece purporting to be addressed by a lady to two paroquets brought to her from Australia.

In September he paid another visit of three weeks to North Wales. He did not repeat the exercise of the *Letters from Llangollen*, thinking, perhaps, that that would have been "to make a toil of a pleasure"; but he wrote daily to Sheffield, sent intelligence to Hurworth, inscribed a sonnet in the Visitors' Book at Dolgelly, and composed a poem entitled *Farewell to Barmouth*. The mere mentioning of these literary occupations shows that writing was to Mr. Holland play rather than work; and it should be added that, notwithstanding the advance of years, he was still able to accomplish a fair share of mountain rambling.

In compliance with the invitation of the Literary and Philosophical Society, the Congress of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science was held in Sheffield in October. Dr. Allan, Mr. David Parkes, and Mr. Holland were elected to represent the Society during the Congress; and Dr. Aveling, the President of the Society, was elected by the Association as its local secretary. The coming of the Congress had been expected with interest by the general population. An inaugural sermon was preached in the parish church by the vicar, the Rev. Dr. Sale; an address was delivered in a large theatre by the venerable Lord Brougham; and the papers and discussions of the various sections greatly interested Mr. Holland; but, if his letters may decide, his chief gratification was in being brought into contact with persons who had made themselves names by literary or other work. This is not the place for any fuller account of that Congress, as Mr. Holland had scarcely any part in the arrangements preparatory to its

meetings, and as his "representation" does not appear to have included any address or speech.

In November he read before the Literary and Philosophical Society a paper on *Pitcher Plants*. If the body of the paper was from the pen of Mr. Ewing, the Curator of the Sheffield Botanical Gardens, the long introduction concerning Sheffield Botanists was by Mr. Holland himself.

By way of introduction to the following letter it should be stated that the book about Sheffield had now been published; that Sir John Herschel's translation of the Iliad had already been freely discussed by Mr. Holland and Miss Colling; that a portion of the manuscript of that translation had been received by Miss Colling from Sir John, who was for years one of her correspondents; and that Mr. Holland held that English hexameters are much less suitable for a translation of Homer than blank verse:—

"Music Hall, Sheffield, December 29th, 1865.

"My dear Madam,—And thus, after all its changes and trials—on your part so much more affecting than on mine—we approach the end of a year, than which, on the whole, England probably never saw a happier. I did not like to allow its last day to come, without the assurance that it will excite my sincere good wishes for your welfare during the uncertain future. As a tangible, though trifling, memento of *that day*, I send a volume, which, if it has no other interest than having been written with the pen I am now using, you will, I am sure, kindly accept with the writer's very sincere and grateful regards. I send it as near the anniversary as I could, the more so as I am a little uncertain when it will reach you, should it turn out, as may be, too heavy for the post. I beg to thank you for the perusal of Mr. Kime's letter, herewith returned. I *am*, as he intimates, with the negroes, in their right to be treated as *freemen*, as I was with the United States slaves in their right to be made free, at all events, and, I had almost said, by *whatever means*. So much so, indeed, that were *slaves* anywhere to rise and *set*

themselves at liberty, I think they would be perfectly justified. But this is not the question with reference to the Jamaica blacks; they *were* free. With reference to *them*, the question *morally* is, whether *any amount* of injustice and oppression *could* justify rebellion, and whether, in the recent unhappy outbreak, the evil had reached that point. *Politically*, I hold that in theirs, as in every similar case, every man taken 'redhanded' in the riot ought to be shot or cut down, not because he is *a black*, but because he is *an insurgent*. The sudden execution of suspected or supposed inciters, black or white, is a very different thing, as I suppose every party in this country, except that which never did seek to manumit slaves anywhere, will admit. But, as you say, we must 'wait' for authentic details of the grounds and punishments of the atrocities which we all lament.

"What 'mild weather for the season!' The very roses—not the so-called Christmas ones merely—were to be gathered out of doors last Saturday. How the new year may come one cannot foresee, near as is its advent: may it open to you with blessings in hand, and indicating happiness in prospect. Among the notable newspaper notices within the last few days, in which I feel more interest than in the coming session of Parliament—shame on my indifference to politics!—I learn that skeletons of the dodo have been discovered in the Mauritius; and that the public may expect to see Sir John Herschel's translation of the *Iliad*! Such an event may add to the *variety*, but hardly, I fear, to the greenness of his laurels. I have only time and space to add that, I am, my dear Madam, yours very sincerely, JNO. HOLLAND.—Miss Colling."

Two characteristic sets of verses must be mentioned in concluding the account of this year. The one is *A Birthday Salutation*, one of the six stanzas of which appears at the head of the ensuing chapter; and the other is *The Old Posset Pot*, which appears to have been suggested by a passage in Jewitt's *Life of Wedgwood*. It reveals, in a form of some variety, Mr. Holland's love of old-fashioned customs.

The poet was now growing old. During the period traversed in this chapter his letters disclose some signs of the consciousness that infirmities of age were creeping over his body, and checking him where he had previously felt free and unrestrained.

But he was still vigorous, and active, and as contented as ever, taking long walks, and finding undiminished delight in his favourite literary pursuits. He was, indeed, beginning to have "a green old age."

CHAPTER XXIII.

1866—1868.

“Time speeds on swift but silent wing,
And birthdays mark its flight;
Nor Christian poets vainly sing,
Who moralise aright,
And dare, with tenderness sincere,
Breathe, even in lovely woman’s ear,
The trite but everlasting truth,
Life is not all a dream of youth.”

J.H.

MANY years had now passed since the commencement of Mr. Holland’s correspondence with the gifted poetess on the banks of the Tees. The pure and generous friendship occasioned and nourished by that correspondence, had now become so intense that it could no longer be satisfied without a personal interview. The entire mutual confidence which had existed between the two, almost from the beginning, has very numerous expressions and records in the letters which have been read by the writer of the present volume; and each of the correspondents must have been well acquainted with the cares, the pursuits, and the chief family concerns of the other. The two had been advancing in life together; and a quarter of a century had changed not only the surroundings but also the persons of both. The old sentimental shrinking from “disenchantment” had not entirely passed away; but it had been in a degree overcome by the new feeling that an interview ought to take place, and that, in consideration of the uncertainty of life, it would be well for that interview to be at the earliest convenient time.

Miss Colling, accordingly, invited her friend to Hurworth, and the visit was intended to be paid in the summer of 1866; but various unforeseen circumstances combined to prevent the carrying out of the arrangement. The purpose, however, was never abandoned; and it effectually turned Mr. Holland's attention to the preparations needful for the composition of that *Tour of the Tees*, of which he had thought much and written frequently to his correspondent. Those preparations appear to have occupied some of the leisure of this year. Information was collected from various sources; and our author's design probably was, to have an abundant collection of materials which it would be easy to dispose and arrange on the very banks of the river, in company with an accomplished observer to whom those banks had been familiar from childhood, and who had already distributed among her friends a volume entitled *Tributes to the Tees*. How the anticipation of the visit affected Mr. Holland, may be learned from the following extracts of letters. In reference to the "disenchantment", Miss Colling had said:—"Why should we cherish such mutual fears? Why should we not be content to believe that we have mutually seen the best part of each other on paper, and may meet 'face to face' as common mortals? I am perfectly sincere and serious in my invitation." To this Mr. Holland's answer was the following:—"You make a kind allusion to what, some months back, seemed like a prospect of our meeting on the banks of the Tees. At a moment when the hope of our so meeting seemed just on the eve of realisation, providential impediments suddenly supervened to foreclose the intention. The inscription over the grave of a perished hope, though almost necessarily a sad one, need not be either ungrateful or regretful; nor is it so in this case. The kindness with which, in the early part of this year, you urged my visit had, and *has*, I sincerely assure you, my most grateful acknowledgments; while the pleasure with which I contemplated the immediate prospect, and imagined the enjoyment of that visit,

were their own reward; and such is the case at this moment; for although the picture which fancy made so bright with the colours of beautiful June, fresh and freely laid on with a poet's pencil, have entirely faded, *so* entirely that a stranger would laugh at the remnants of the colourless outline on the canvas,—I am still glad they have been there, though not susceptible of restoration, except by the action of such June sunshine as that which first developed them."

Other subjects were meanwhile receiving attention for literary purposes. The essay on *Knur and Spell* was published in *The Reliquary* this spring; and preparation seems to have been made about the same time for the paper on *Tinder Boxes* which appeared in the same Magazine.

In May Mr. Holland read before the Literary and Philosophical Society a paper on *Gardens*. Having dwelt on "the history of ancient, and the use and beauty of modern, gardens, he proceeded to describe those in Hallamshire, including workmen's gardens, villa gardens, market gardens, nursery grounds, and botanical gardens. The paper contained allusions to local floriculture, Sheffield botanists, the rural names of streets, and various other matters pertaining to the subject."

The following is a paragraph from a letter written on the 25th of June, and relates to a department of newspaper work in which Mr. Holland did a great deal at different times: "I enclose a paragraph copied from Saturday's *Athenæum*, which will amuse you in more respects than one. I thought of asking you where the late painter 'was raised,' as the Yankees say; the question is here answered with a vengeance! But we—I mean *we men*—are all liable to mistakes of this sort. I had once a very narrow escape from giving in the newspaper an obituary account of our senior physician who, as it turned out, was not dead! And only on Saturday the editor of the *Sheffield Telegraph* came to ask me to give him some particulars of the life of our chief surgeon, who was expected to die before this morning's publication; and perhaps he did die; for the

peals of bells both at the Roman Catholic church and at our parish church, surceased ringing on account of his critical and sensitive condition."

The allusion in the last sentence is to Henry Jackson, Esq. He was a surgeon of great ability, and appears to have commanded the universal respect of his townspeople. He was one of the Ex-Presidents of the Literary and Philosophical Society, with which he had been connected since the year 1836. Some time before Mr. Jackson's death, Mr. Holland spent at his house a most pleasant evening with Professor Owen. It may be stated here, with propriety, that Mr. Holland, at his death, left in manuscript, obituaries, or brief memoirs, of several Sheffield gentlemen who have survived himself.

During the summer months, amidst his other literary occupations, he wrote three poems, *Bright Eyes! Bright Eyes! Roses*, and *The Artificial Flower Maker*. They require no special descriptions, as they much resemble other pieces previously noticed.

As the visit to Hurworth could not take place this summer, Mr. Holland and his fellow-tourists of former years again spent their three weeks in North Wales. This time their "centre of operations" was Beaumaris, the chief town of Anglesea, whence Mr. Holland sent, to one or more of his correspondents, such accounts as they had now well learned to expect. He wandered through the "Druid isle" with a daily fresh enjoyment, storing mental pictures of its scenes; and he could not take leave of so lovely a place, without giving himself the gratification of thankfully acknowledging the courtesy of the worthy baronet who opened to the public the extensive park surrounding his residence, in the vicinity of the town. The literary result was a poem entitled *Baron Hill Park*, which, if not in other respects specially remarkable, is simple, sweet, and true. It is a significant, though very obvious, fact that the poet complains, in one of his letters, of

the “*fireless* discomfort” experienced during this sojourn on “Mona’s misty isle”. Infirmities had now overtaken him, to which he had previously been a stranger; his personal comfort depended on things that it was sometimes difficult to command; and he had to suffer, after his return to Sheffield, from a troublesome indisposition, added to the still persistent malady of which mention has already been made.

In one of the letters to Miss Colling occur the following paragraphs, which bear on contemporary discussions:—

“I think the controversy,” in *The Times*, “on the Welsh language, like most others, has *two sides*, each consisting of facts and opinions. That the Cymric speech, since Wales has become so integral a part of the kingdom, and so deeply participant in its policy and wealth, must be generally superseded by the English tongue, no one, I should think, can doubt. I think, therefore, the establishment of a professorship in one of the Universities, for its cultivation, would be as absurd as for the study of the Gaelic, Irish, Manx, or Cornish. It might be replied, that the Latin and Greek languages are open to the same objection; but that is not so, for reasons which I need not repeat to you. On the other hand, I see no reason why the *literate*, *poetical*, and *musical* genius of the Welsh people should not find fit expression at their annual Eisteddfod, including, if they so like, the use and cultivation, ay, and the praise, of their ancient language. I almost wonder its advocates have nowhere laid stress on the notion that to find a *common* Welsh girl speaking her own and the English language, at least as well as scores of *our* genteel young *ladies* speak French, should rather be deemed an *accomplishment* than a disparagement!

“I have not yet had an opportunity of reading Lyson’s book about our British ancestors, as I mean to do; and I dare not meddle in the matter between Mr. Grove and Mr. Baillie Craig. I am afraid that lighting candles and burning incense in the church, is not the way to counteract the sceptical tendencies of the age, either within or without the ranks of

physical or social science. I only wish ministers of religion of all sects were working as energetically in behalf of evangelical truth, as the colleagues of Mr. Grove and Lord Brougham are in their departments. I make this remark with the more feeling after having just read the *Life* of poor Arabella Stuart, who played as a girl where I played as a boy, and whose mother was buried in the Shrewsbury vault of our parish church. I dare not inscribe the terms of abhorrence in which her treatment behoves one to speak of 'the British Solomon'!"

During the summer the public mind had been much excited on account of the Austro-Prussian war and the cession of Venetia; and Sheffield had felt its share of interest in those important events. As the autumn advanced, however, a much more exciting circumstance transpired "at home." In the early part of October the weather was dull and November-like, and very favourable to such deeds of "darkness" as Sheffield had often known in connection with those outrages for which it had unhappily become notorious. On the night of the 8th of October the house of Thomas Fearneyhough, saw-grinder, was maliciously blown up by means of a can of gunpowder deposited in the cellar. The general excitement which followed was for some days very great; and the scene of the outrage became the centre of a general attraction. Nor could the matter be permitted to rest. A reward of eleven hundred pounds was offered for the discovery of the perpetrator of the deed; but there was no such result as had been looked for. Other results, however, followed. There was excitement in the Saw Grinders' Union, with some of whose rules Fearneyhough had failed to comply; and William Broadhead, the Secretary of that Union, resigned his office. The members declined to accept his resignation, and passed a vote of confidence. Meantime action was becoming organised in other quarters. Mr. Leng, the able and eloquent editor of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, kept the subject before the public mind, continually pleading for the grant of a Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry into Trade

Outrages ; and Mr. Holland had a very practical interest in the movement. In November a deputation waited upon the Home Secretary to support the prayer for the Commission. The rest will be told at another stage in this biography.

About this time Mr. Holland produced an interesting and instructive essay on *The History and Mystery of the Assay Office*. It was read in November to the Literary and Philosophical Society, and has appeared in print since its author's death. It sets forth the antiquity, the dignity, and the importance of the assayer's art. A list is given of the offices existing in the kingdom, with their respective marks, and other particulars ; but the paper is devoted chiefly to the Sheffield Office, concerning which several peculiar things are brought out. Here is one of them. Having given the names of the first *Guardians* of the Sheffield Office, Mr. Holland says:—"I am surprised not to find the Duke of Norfolk in the list. The Act requires that there shall be not fewer than *six* silversmiths as guardians. But if the name of the Lord of the Manor is absent from the list of guardians, that of the Vicar of the Parish is there ; and I believe the Rev. Dr. Sale now occupies the same somewhat unclerical position. The political, municipal, and other civil and secular offices filled by Churchmen, present curious anomalies, and might form the subject of a curious essay, in connection with the History of England from the earliest period to the present day." The essay must have cost extensive special research. It was exceedingly well received by the select and intelligent assembly to which it was read. It dealt with a matter commanding great local interest. Sheffield is the world's workshop for plated articles of all kinds ; and it is easy to imagine how the essay under notice may have caused anxiety to worthy housekeepers whose "plate" belonged not to "the silver age." Mr. Holland tells of a rebuff which one of his oldest and kindest friends once gave him. "Mr. Holland," she said, "it is considered bad manners to look at the marks on the articles on the table." He replied,—"I am aware of it ; but as a 'professor' of

the mystery I consider myself privileged to do so." A noted 'professor' in London desired to borrow the manuscript of the essay; but its author declined to lend it, on several grounds, one of which was, that the applicant would not be able to find his way through the manuscript! The reference evidently is to the very peculiar, but somewhat ingenious, and for himself convenient, way in which Mr. Holland was accustomed to prepare his manuscripts, of which no adequate description can be given here. He wrote on separate small sheets, and then attached those sheets to larger blank ones in a manner which was very convenient when understood, but with which it was a great unhappiness for his compositor to be unfamiliar.

The Fiftieth Report of the Red Hill Wesleyan Sunday School was issued this winter. In answer to an invitation to attend the annual meeting, Mr. Holland sent to the Secretary a letter in which he gave strong expression to his happy remembrance of connection with the School, to his veneration for the memories of his old associates, and to the delight which it still afforded him to renew his sympathy with old friends and with an admirable institution, by the privilege of producing Whitsuntide hymns adapted to express the children's sacred and seasonable joy.

The mention of four poems will end the records for this year. The first was *A Birthday Salutation*. It was written in October for a "Margaret"; and it cost its author an extensive and almost fruitless search for the namesake *daisy*. The second was *To a Lady*. The accompanying flowers were dahlias, which have a beauty of their own, and in which the cultivator's highest skill appears, "though they be destitute of the charming tints of blue and green" The third was *The Mistletoe on Christmas Eve*. Here the old man's sympathy with the young, and his desire to see them happy had such expression that he must be named "an adult of juvenile fancy." He wrote to Miss Colling:—"I am afraid if I were to tell you I wrote the verses, you would think me more lively than becomes my years and the gravity

of your correspondent!" And the fourth was a sonnet on *Chrysanthemums*, doubly welcome at the leafless season.

It had been Montgomery's practice to give Mr. Holland the Moravian *Text-Book* every year. After the death of "the Christian Poet," his niece, Mrs. Hassé, continued the gift. The following passage was written to that lady on the 1st of January, 1867:—"Frequent repetition of any specific kindness *does* commonly beget the expectation of its continuance; and you have so long presented to me a copy of your precious *Text-Book* at this season that, I must confess, I look for it almost as naturally as I look for the so-called 'Christmas Roses.' But not the less am I glad to see the flowers, because I expect them; and I assure you the expectation of the book does not lessen my grateful appreciation of your kindness in sending it; and this, not on account of its pecuniary, nor even its intrinsic, value, but mainly as a perpetual memorial of that interesting cycle of *the past* which revolves around the memory of dear Montgomery! To *me*, and I dare say to *you*, what a host of poetical and affectionate associations does the writing or the pronouncing of that 'once familiar name' call up! I often think of him, as I go up to The Mount every day to dinner, my nephew, Mr. Brammall, Sub-Manager at one of the Banks, living in the house at the other end of the row, corresponding with that in which you and I have spent so many happy hours in the ever delightful company of 'the Christian poet'."

It is an interesting fact that in the very depth of this severe winter our poet, who was such a lover of spring and of flowers, composed a set of verses on the *Admiration of Nature*. The "doctrine" of the poem is, that he only is a true lover of nature whose admiration is perennial.

The following extract relates to the *Conversazione* of this year, and needs no further explanation:—"I have been taking an active, in fact, a *very* active part in a pleasant gathering of our Sheffield fashionables in 'full evening dress,' (though I am not one of them, but rather a semi-petrified specimen of

the olden time 'before them'), held once a year in our good old town. My portion of the exhibition consisted of a series of specimens of *cotton* in its raw, and in its manufactured condition; and I think most of the visitors were somewhat surprised to learn and to see that more than a million distinctly manufactured strands of cotton fibre coalesced in the common fine yarn made and sold by my friends the Messrs. Taylor, of Bolton-le-Moors."

On the 14th of February, Mr. Holland wrote Miss Colling a dissertation on valentines and the saint of the day. A week later, having been assured that it had found favour, he wrote another long letter in which he says:—"Accept the very kindest and most grateful response of your 'valentine' for the complimentary nomination of so unworthy an individual to so distinguished a place in your esteem. Pleasant it is, after so long and congenial an epistolary intercourse as ours has been, that sweet blossoms yet unfold themselves on the still vigorous stem of our ripened friendship. Such cases, I ween, are not very common". Preparations for the anticipated sojourn on the banks of the Tees began again to be made; and in this instance the design was ultimately accomplished, as the sequel will pleasantly show. In the interval there was some very lively and interesting correspondence, as the reader will find from the following specimen:—"You say that the happy anagram on 'Florence Nightingale'* conveys at one stroke her sex, occupation, and character. How her sex? Did you ever see in marble or on canvas, or anywhere in Scripture or patristic lore read of a female angel? I grant you they are 'plenty as blackberries' in English verse, and, thank Heaven! plentiful still, in the life of our—perhaps I ought rather to say *your*—every-day humanity. But when they attain their wings, do they not, like the beatified of my own sex, belong to the order of those who 'neither marry nor

* "The name of *Florence Nightingale* admits of the following most appropriate Anagram:—"Flit on, Cheering Angel." *The Story of Count Ulaski: Aurelia; or The Gifted; and other Poems.* By Eta Mawr. p. 173.

are given in marriage'? Here's a question for you! As you are sadly sceptical in geological doctrine, I will give you an instance of *my* scepticism in a more ticklish direction. How many erudite speculations in the pulpit, and how many pretty descriptions in verse have we heard and read, about the 'creation of woman'! I am of opinion that the birth, or genesis, of the 'mother of mankind' was similar to that of each of the sons and daughters of Adam! Here's a bit of exegetical heterodoxy for you! Will you, after *this*, still be my friend 'in sunshine and in shade'—and a shade so dark that even we—'philosophers' as we are—dare not attempt either to penetrate or dissipate its density?"

His incorruptibly orthodox correspondent most forcibly replied that the opinion about the genesis of the first woman was absurd, that the *first woman* must have been *created* and *not born*, and that those who depart from Scriptural authority pass, for the most part, from the sublime to the ridiculous. This "opinion" or speculation of his also brought Mr. Holland another equally curious. It was that of an old lady who used to maintain that all the inventions and discoveries of subsequent times were prefigured in the Bible. Being asked what she had to say of chloroform, which, it was supposed, would prove a difficulty, she instantly replied, "Why, that is the very first on the list. Look at the second chapter of Genesis: 'The Lord God caused a *deep sleep* to fall upon Adam, and he *slept*; and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof.' There was a regular surgical operation performed on an unconscious subject. That could not be a common sleep. Was there not in that circumstance a foreshadowing of chloroform?"

The long desired visit to Hurworth was now drawing near; and the necessary arrangements were made with uncommon interest and pleasure. Mr. Holland and his niece, after recovering from attacks of illness which had suddenly overtaken them both, and threatened to prevent their intended journey, had the happiness to find themselves under Miss

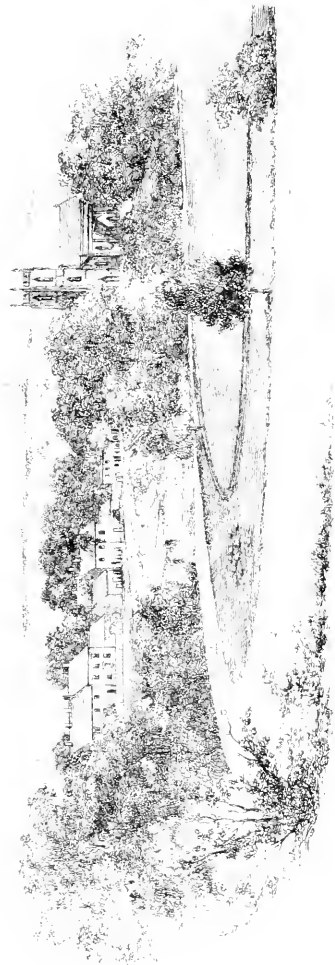
Colling's hospitable roof. With that accomplished lady they spent two happy weeks in the height of summer, visiting Durham, Darlington, and several interesting localities on the banks of the Tees and in other quarters. The literary friendship was cemented; and Mr. Holland produced a characteristic poetical tribute to his friend, her beautiful village, and her native stream. The poem was a fitting record of a most cordial welcome given to Montgomery's poet-friend; and Miss Colling regarded it as an ample reward for what it had been her pleasure and her honour to do for a visitor whom she had long desired to entertain; while Mr. Holland experienced a peculiar and permanent gratification in having brought the literary and friendly correspondence of nearly thirty years to its proper consummation. The following is the poem:—

“HURWORTH-ON-TEES.”

“ ‘How strange it seems to trace—to count, how vain,
The links that form association's chain;
Let memory touch but one with careless skill,
Swift through the whole the electric spark will thrill.
Thus is it the dear image of our friends,
Where erst we saw them, with the scenery blends;
That, link'd by some inexplicable tie,
Those fill the mind, when these possess the eye:
Thus in old Greece, by each enchanted stream,
Of forms ethereal gifted bards would dream.’

ETA MAWR

“And here am I, sweet Village! by the stream,
That near, thrice-honoured, rolls its tranquil tide:
I feel as if a long and pleasant dream,
Were realised this moment at my side;
As if the lack of many a hey-day theme
In Fancy's annals were by fact supplied.
Brave Northern River! what a varied course
Is thine, from yonder hills, to the wide sea!
From Caldron Snout, and the far-famed High Force,
What scenes of beauty rise to welcome thee:
Nor would I wish thy fame should fare the worse,
From faint description of those scenes by me.
For many an artist, bravely hath aspired
To sketch thy scenery, and extend thy fame:
'Midst the memorials on thy banks, untired,
Hath History toiled their honours to reclaim:



And have not Rokeby's storied relics fired
The muse of Scott to consecrate its name?

Though I would vain, on these bright summer days,
Be thy companion through thy long descent,
Mark where each stream to thine its tribute pays,
How pen and pencil have thy praises blent,³
And, after hours in admiration spent,
Strive some faint image of the whole to raise.

Thus Fact and Fancy beckon to the bard—
A pilgrim stranger and a welcome guest,
Whose lot in life, contentment's rich reward,
A thoughtful man's long years of song hath blest,
And taught the tourist chiefly to regard
Whate'er in Nature's works seem'd loveliest, best;

And thou, sweet Minstrel of the Tees! whose song
Had often led me, by its local charm,
Amid the day-dreams of the past, to long
To stroll by village, woodland, park, and farm,
Of which the names occurred like spells, among
Thy sweet descriptive picturings fresh and warm;

And chief, dear Hurworth! which might'st fitly claim
In native song, the prize for rural grace:
For who that e'er desired a poet's fame,
But paid love's tribute to his native place?
So, pleasant Hurworth! in thy very name,
Discharge of grateful Memory's debt I trace.

Yes, pleasant Village! I have paced thee round,
Recalling glimpses of the storied past;
In converse with thy ancient people, found
Traditions lingering still, but fading fast:
How o'er thy 'Green,' not then dishonoured ground,
That ancient Elm Tree its broad shadow cast:

How there, on summer evenings, rich and poor
Assembled oft, for work, or health, or play,
The rector, squire, philosopher—each door
Ope'd to the genial joy, as flowers in May:
What simple manners! to return no more—
Recall'd, perchance, for the last time to-day!

The tooth of time, or changeful thrift, attacks
The humble village, as the city proud;
And though not leafy cincture Hurworth lacks
'Mid the fair features which around me crowd,
Alas! late fallen beneath the feller's axe
Those walnut trees which did the parsonage shroud!

I knew their history, and had hoped to muse,
 In friendship's hour, beneath their fragrant shade :
 Alas! how oft in vain staid age pursues
 The phantoms lively youth so charming made!
 The trees are gone; but still a thousand hues
 Bright, changing, undestroy'd, these scenes pervade.

And I have paced the modest churchyard green,
 Sloping so steeply to the river's brink;
 Thence, noonward climbing in his glory, seen
 The summer sun; thence in his glory sink;
 Nor failed I, of the actions done between
 Man's birth and burial, reverently to think.

True, none of my own kindred lie beneath
 The little verdant hillocks marshalled here;
 But some I knew, for whom the cypress wreath
 Was twined by mourners to my friendship dear:
 Thus in 'God's acre' oftentimes with death,
 Unseen, we hold high converse without fear.

Thou, dear Companion of my musing mood
 This hour, in this long consecrated plot
 Oft hast, by Resignation's aid, withstood
 Affliction's crushing trials in thy lot:
 How hard to deem Heaven's dispensations good,
 When fairest fondest hopes of earth they blot!

But, gentle Eta! friend and guest of thine,
 Me it beseems not on sad themes to dwell;
 For we alike have wooed the sacred Nine,
 Quaffing sweet influence from the golden shell
 Of Poesy; the art of song, divine
 We deemed; and still obey the wondrous spell.

But ah! what changes have we lived to see
 In the great bard-roll of our country's fame!
 A lone survivor of that race, to me
 Remains its humblest and forgotten name:
 I seem an orphan of the days when free
 Some fitting fragment of their praise to claim.

'Twas mine to list, enraptured to the songs,
 Of that rare band of British bards sublime
 Whose glory to the Georgian age belongs,—
 Genius, thine heritage through future time!
 What a strange crowd of thoughts this moment throngs
 My memory, lingering in their treasured rhyme.

What charming pictures gentle Rogers drew,
 Sacred to *Memory*, in life's downward slope;

And what a spell harmonious Campbell threw
 O'er all the visions of auspicious *Hope*;
 Nor less entranced did I these bards pursue
 Through other themes more varied in their scope.

I do remember well the wondering hour,
 When, thrilling with ten thousand hopes and fears,
 First Byron's name, with brilliance, heat, and power,
 Shot meteor-like, through the poetic spheres,
 Genius, and birth, and wealth, his triple dower
 Of lasting influence through the waste of years.

Then like enchantment came the startling sound
 Of Southey's wild tales, with their rhythmic spell;
 And Scott, whose Northern harp did aye resound
 The ballad mysteries of Saint Fillan's Well;
 And still I reckon where Fame, ungrudging, crown'd
 Coleridge, on whom strange dreamland shadows fell.

And, Wordsworth! heard I not thy earliest lay,
 Simple as his who sang *The Farmer's Boy*,
 And his who on Anacreon's reed dared play,
 The chaster ear of England to annoy,
 Youth's dulcet error soon to fade away,
 'Mid gorgeous dreams of oriental joy.

Honour to Bowles! grave, reverend sonneteer;
 To Crabbe, whose Tales display an artist's skill;
 Young Keats, whose fancy roved an ethnic sphere,
 Which thine, wild Shelley! did more strangely fill:
 Each had his emulator and compeer,
 Whose notes, grown faint, in memory linger still.

Unlike them all, one self-taught bard I knew,
 The 'Corn Law Rhymer' of my native town,
 Bold, wilful, sweet, a trumpet blast he blew,
 Won, in Humanity's great cause, renown:
 Why fade the wreaths Toil's grateful thousands threw
 Their bravest minstrel's rugged brow to crown?

And thou, Montgomery! spared to see the end
 Of those, thy great compeers in glorious song,
 My dear, familiar, ever faithful friend,
 Living, what virtues did to thee belong!
 And dying, what sad thousands came to blend
 Their sighs with Sheffield's mighty mourning throng!

And I am spared, (would I could boast their powers!)
 The humblest minstrel of that glorious quire,
 To wreath their honoured names with Teesdale flowers,
 And own the charms their deathless words inspire:

Who now shall cheer the world's too busy hours?
Hark! Tennyson hath waked the Laureate lyre.

And thou, bright Moon! the poet's favourite sign,
In many a sonnet through past years my theme,
What strange romantic attributes are thine!
What weird associations now I deem
Attendants fit, and here, at Night's pure shrine!
Baptise thine image in this wizard stream!

I little thought, erewhile, or leafy June
Smiled in this calm beneath thy filling sphere,
Musing and listening to the gentle tune
Of the broad river, chance would find me here;
But Heaven doth oft Hope's wilding-branches prune,
To increase Life's precious fruit, and more endear.

Sweet Village! summer evening warm and still
Around thee falls, and ends my pensive lay;
The sun hath set behind yon western hill,
Closing in clouded beauty the long day,
And leaving twilight gently yet to fill
The brief nocturnal hours with beauty on their way."

In explanation of the allusion to the "blotting" of Miss Colling's "fairest fondest hopes", it should be mentioned that she had, before this time, suffered a great bereavement which resembled that of Mr. Holland in the case of Tom Brammall. Her favourite nephew, "the son of her adoption", Captain John Colling, of the 26th Cameronians, was accidentally shot in Ireland, when off duty and apparently quite out of danger. Captain Colling was, like Brammall, a young man of great promise. Some poems of his are comprised in *Tributes to the Tees*. His remains were conveyed to Hurworth for interment; his brother officers erected there in the parish church a marble tablet to his memory; and one of his early companions, a village poet, wrote the following stanzas:—

"Young, and brave, and highly cherished,
Noblest hopes for thee in view,
Hard, untimely to have perished,
Ere thou could'st those hopes prove true.

Yet, methinks, could'st thou have spoken
Wishes where thy grave should be,

Here had stood the last frail token
For surviving friends to see.

Here, upon the banks of Tees,
Where the murmurs from its wave,
Softly sighing through the trees,
Form sweet dirges o'er thy grave ;

Here, where thy first footsteps trod,
And thy early youth was passed ;
(Earth could give no sweeter sod
To receive thee at the last ;)

Here, with thy forefathers sleeping,—
Old high-honoured village name,—
Thou art still a record keeping,
Adding lustre to their fame.

Solace dear to friends surviving,
When they yield to *their* last doom,
They who loved thee well whilst living
Shall rest near thee in the tomb."

F.W.

Mr. Holland would, indeed, gladly have been the companion of the river itself in its long and sinuous descent, as he had once been of the Yorkshire Don, and as, in truth, he had dreamed of being in connection with his visit to Hurworth. He would then have rejoiced to gather the produce of his reading and observation into a volume like his now "old" *Tour of the Don*. But the infirmities of age and the demands of friendship combined to prevent what had been seriously designed. He has, however, left a manuscript which may yet be turned to account.

The biographer cannot refrain from inserting here Miss Colling's verses addressed to her "poetical friend," Miss Foster, and entitled

"MY NATIVE SCENES."

"Banks of the Tees! ye are beautiful and green—
Flowers, the year round, on your sunny slopes are springing ;
Though many a lovely spot in many a land I've seen,
To the fairest as the dearest, in thine my heart was clinging.

Far to the East, blue hills are brightly swelling—
 Far to the West, other hills close the scene ;
 Oh ! what a Paradise, meet for Poet's dwelling,
 The soft vale thy banks along, stretching verdantly between !

Meet for Poet's haunts, tho' a Milton were the bard !
 Meet for Poet's home, tho' the minstrel were a Scott.*
 Though to a woman it was destiny's award
 That *her* Muse should inherit and consecrate the spot !

Scenes where that young Muse first started into life—
 Scenes where life's meridian still found her straying,
 With what greater charms could existence have been rife
 Than to shed upon *your* charms an existence undecaying ?

Though *no* eyes could gaze on you with the tenderness of hers,
 Nor have seen in you the charm love sheds on the belov'd ;
 Real charms to impartial eyes still Nature here confers—
 Through the prism of true poetry how glorious had they proved !

But though no mighty Minstrel amid them may have dwelt,
 Yet not without a charm where a humbler Muse hath been ;
 Not without a charm where feelings have been felt—
 Where friends—and where a *Friend*—have hallowed all the scene.

How well they frame the picture, those high enclosing hills !
 How fair is the picture, and worthy of the frame !
 How lovely is the landscape, with its meadows, woods, and rills,
 And thou, smiling river—always tranquil, never tame !

Tees—Father Tees ! on thy banks I sported first,
 When life yet was new, and I fancied it was fair ;
 There, poetic dreams by my lonely soul were nurst—
 Glorious were the dreams that have perished in despair.

Yet better hopes were mine, and with less of earthly leaven ;
 Better hopes were mine,—to a woman, what is fame ?
 Humbler joys here below—higher destinies in heaven—
 Ah ! could she but secure them, these should be her aim.

Nor hast thou been unsung, oh ! thou River of my Sires, †—
 Old Barnard's stately tower, and Rokeby's fairy scene,
 Where the Greta to sweet union with thy kindred stream aspires,
 By the charming Border Minstrel immortalised have been.

Tees—Father Tees ! I have seen thy rocky source—
 All thy wild meanderings I have tracked with delight ;
 Till ships proudly rode on thy grandly widening course,
 And Ocean received and absorbed thee from the sight.

* Alluding to Howitt's delightful book, *The Homes and Haunts of the Poets*.

† Who for nearly a century and a half have dwelt upon its banks.

And such is the progress of never-dying *Fame* !

From a hard stony source it first struggles into birth ;
Till, the world scarcely knowing *whence* its glories came,
It flows forth a beauty and a blessing to the earth.

It flows forth rejoicing, on its green enamelled way ;
Rich harvests crown its banks, which it mirrors as it strays ;
Till it widens to renown—till nations homage pay—
And it flows to Earth's eternity—eternity of praise !

Banks of the Tees ! on your borders is our tomb—
There hath my heart been wrung, many, many times.
Banks of the Tees ! dispersing the sad gloom.
There too have pealed the merry marriage chimes.

There for generations, kneeling at the font,
Fathers brought their babes, in the church to be enrolled ;
Ever, ye succeeding ones, may it be your wont,—
Staunch to that true Church, never, never quit the fold !

Born to no pomp or state—a simple rural life
Is the life I have led, peaceful River, on thy banks ;
'Far from the madding crowd' and all its noisy strife,
In calm mediocrity—the happiest of ranks !

Yet though but a drone in the bee-hive of the world,
The Muse brought her honey-bag and laid it at my feet ;
Rich was the store which her magic wand unfurl'd—
They who have tasted it, alone can tell how sweet.

I worshipped, but I wooed them not—they came to me, the Nine ;
I wrote but as they prompted—unstudied was the page,
They found me in life's dawn—may they follow its decline.
Ye who soothed me in my youth—forsake me not in age !

And thou in whom they seemed all embodied to my sight—
Their friend and *mine*—come *thou* along with *them* !
Since Nature takes from Friendship an aspect still more bright,
And brighter, for its sharing, blooms the blossom on the stem.

Come! for thy steps oft have wandered by the Tees—
The river of my youth was the river too of thine ;
And o'er it as it swept, the wild Æolian breeze
Struck the chords of *thy* harp, and mingled them with mine !

But dark thoughts, in this world, with the brightest mingle still ;
And dark thoughts are mingling, oh river, with thy wave.
Thou, a blessing unto many, to others hast brought ill ;
To the old, broken hearts—to the young, an early grave.*

* Alluding to the melancholy fate of a relative, the only son of the late Rector, who was unfortunately drowned in his native river.

Peace to the past ! since innocent art thou
 Of the shadow, long departed, it was destiny's to cast ;
 A new race are sporting on thy grassy margin now,
 As innocent as thou—as unconscious of the past.

I linger on thy banks, as I ever lingered, still !
 My pen, like my steps, cannot tear itself away.
 Each page of memory thou must ever fill,
 Thine from the rising to the setting of my day !

Here my youth has been pass'd—may my age here decline !
 And when cross'd is the dark tide of Nature's parting strife,
 Scenes unfold that transcend e'en to *my* feelings thine,
 And I quit thee, native river, for the blest stream of life.

Tees, Father Tees ! though I bid thee now farewell,
 To the ocean of eternity together we flow on ;
 Thou shalt survive me, but my name shall with thee dwell,
 Link'd with thine, parent stream, I shall not *all* be gone !”

While Mr. Holland was in Teesdale, strange revelations were shocking the people of his native town. The outrage on Fearnyhough had led to very decisive action ; and that action had now become successful. In February, the Trades' Unions Commission Bill had passed the House of Commons, with an amendment providing for inquiry into the Sheffield outrages of the preceding ten years. For a few months there had been an anxious expectation of the work of the Commission ; all classes becoming curious as to the results, and some individuals feeling that they had reason to be alarmed. The Commissioners appointed were William Overend, Esq., Q.C., T. J. Barstow, Esq., and George Chance, Esq., barristers. They began their sittings early in June, and ended them in July, having sat twenty-five days. The Council Hall, where the court was held, was open to the public and was daily filled. The reports which appeared in the newspapers were eagerly read, and diffused something like consternation far and near. Though the witnesses at first denied that “rattening” was approved of by the Unions, it soon became indubitable that William Broadhead and others had been, officially and in the name of right, connected with enormities of the grossest

and most fearful kind; and the inquiry had not been prosecuted much further, when several murders and other great criminal offences were confessed. The power of conscience had a fine but melancholy illustration, when one of Broadhead's two dutiful agents was constrained, by a compunction which prostrated his bodily frame, so to divulge his own share in certain outrages as to bring to light the working of the vile system with which he had been connected.

Some persons believed that great private virtue might co-exist with such official wrong-doing as the investigation disclosed; and the subject of this biography, who had been a careful student of men and things in Sheffield, declared that he should be perfectly comfortable in being conducted in the darkness of night, on an unknown way, by the perpetrator of the greatest outrage disclosed before the Commission; but he had other views and feelings brought home to him in memorable ways. He learned, for instance, in an incidental but impressive manner, how great was the discredit in which Sheffield was held at this time by many in the country. He noticed, as he was returning from Hurworth, that the labels on his luggage were read and referred to with peculiar looks; even the porters at the railway stations seemed to gaze upon him as a suspicious person against whom it was needful to be much on their guard; and he deeply felt that his native town was disgraced throughout the country and the world. Such was, indeed, the case; but other impressions also were spread abroad. Some of them flowed from a great meeting of citizens, held in Paradise Square to denounce and repudiate the doings and the principles of the local Trades' Unionists; and another stream flowed through the local daily press. The *Telegraph* especially spoke out with no uncertain tones. It is, indeed, believed that the appointment of the Commission was mainly due to the untiring, manly, and vigorous advocacy maintained in that paper. Mr. Leng admirably performed the part of an intrepid, right-minded, and independent editor,

before the inquiry, during its process, and afterwards. If for a time he was the object of official hatred for what he did, and even found it needful to have constantly at hand the means of self-defence against the agents of those who had already shed human blood, he knew that such service as his must ultimately receive its proper recognition; and duty was its own ample reward. But his fellow-townsmen felt that they must give additional honour to the man whom Providence had sent among them to do a work in which they were bound to rejoice; and at the proper time a well-deserved testimonial became the worthy expression of the gratitude of many thousands. At the ceremony of presenting the testimonial, the noble in rank and station "bore witness to a man noble in mind and heart," who had shown a good example to the editors of his country.

It is obvious that on what has just been described Mr. Holland would look with peculiar pleasure. Was he not an old editor himself? Had he not in his turn been called to plead a good cause against the bitter opposition of interested persons? Had he not given his long life to literature, finding in its prosecution his chief delights? And did he not now see that the press had again proved itself that mighty instrument which he had long believed it to be?

The remaining notices for this year are chiefly literary. In July our versatile author read a paper entitled *A Tale of Bricks*. That essay contained a large amount of curious information concerning Grecian and Roman architecture, the remains of Romano-British buildings existing in different parts of this country, the prevalence and character of brick architecture in Europe in the middle ages, the making of bricks, laws relating thereto, and other relevant matters. Specimens were exhibited of various special forms and qualities of bricks; and the paper was not more curious than entertaining and instructive.

In August were published three poems. The first was

The Rose Bay, in praise of the oleander. The second was *On the Removing of the Old Clock from the Parish Church*. The personification of this piece is well maintained, and the various functions of the old clock are aptly described by the septuagenarian poet, who had now come so to regard that long-tried servant of the town, that he could not with any pleasure contemplate its removal. The poem strikingly shows the peculiar conservatism of age. And the third set of verses referred to is *The Coveted Tress*.

In September Mr. Holland wrote, for the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, a series of letters on *Vaccination*. The subject had previously been discussed in the correspondence with Miss Colling; attention had now been called to it in the columns of a local paper, by an adversary; and Mr. Holland saw and embraced his opportunity to defend a practice which he believed to have brought incalculable benefits to mankind.

Between this time and the end of the year a succession of poetical compositions appeared in the newspaper. They were *A Walk on the Moors*, which was another tribute to Derbyshire scenery; *The Six Lamps, a Birthday Rhapsody*, which was addressed to a lady; sonnets on the Literary and Philosophical Society's *Conversazione*; and other sonnets on other themes. The poet wrote so many sonnets during this period, that the poem so denominated became again a subject of correspondence with Miss Colling. In one of his letters he says:—"I think you will agree with me in this, that there are almost as few persons who can enjoy the reading of a sonnet as there are who can write a good one. Even you and I, who are 'experts', rarely attempt a 'legitimate' one."

There are two sonnets which must be quoted here, because of their autobiographical value. Writing to Miss Colling in December, and referring to his visit to Hurworth, the poet says:—"How like a pleasant romance the recollection of the time, place, persons! Even *then*, while conversing with you and your kind friends, so kind to me and Mary, I felt, very

sensibly, one of Mrs. Thrale's 'three warnings'; and its pressure has increased during this wintry weather." Then follow these two sonnets on *Deafness*, in which the reader will discern at once the poet, the philosopher, and the devout Christian:—

“How strange it seems to walk along the street,
 Crowded with men and vehicles around,
 To see the motion, and yet hear no sound
 Of human voice, swift wheels, or horses' feet!
 All tones have ever to mine ear been sweet!
 Speech grave, familiar,—song of birds, or fall
 Of waters, winds, and waves, melodious all
 (All, save, alas! fine music,) that could greet
 A poet's ear! Now, these unheard, I go
 As if I trod on soft, thick, new-fallen snow!
 The old familiar world seems sad and strange:
 Talk ye, my friends, how oft-bewildering noise
 Tries e'en love's patience! Surely, of all joys,
 To hear *such* now, would prove to me a welcome change.

But stranger still and sadder the depression,
 From this dull'd sense, while in the house of God!
 I tread to-day those courts which years I've trod,
 In public worship joined each Sabbath session:
 Now swells confused the song of praise sublime;
 The preacher's prayer is indistinctly heard,
 Nor less the reading of the sacred word;
 The sermon seems a pulpit pantomime:
 Yet still, to the believer, in this place,
 Increase of faith and hope and love, through grace,
 Will in the soul's deep solitude be given:
 Still may the man whose spirit is inclined
 To wait on Christ in silence, haply find
 Through his shut ears the open gate of heaven.”

The same letter mentions a memoir of Mr. Roberts's son, a boy of twelve years, to the compilation of which our author had devoted all the non-official hours of a whole week.

The letters on the moon and on the poets of all ages, published in the Derbyshire *Courier*, had now been brought to a close. A few copies of the whole series were reprinted for presentation to the author's friends; and it is to be regretted that the work was not published. The full title is *Evenings with the Poets by Moonlight: in a Series of Letters to a Lady*; and the

whole forms a neat volume of two hundred pages. When was the Moon so complimented as in this instance? The quotations from the poets are strung together with well-selected information and judicious reflections; and of the original matter contained in the volume twenty-four sonnets are a conspicuous part. Those poems would by themselves form an interesting collection. The author was complimented as "Luna's Laureate", by an elegant writer who respectfully dedicated to him two beautiful sonnets published in the *Durham Advertiser*. To Miss Colling Mr. Holland writes:—"You call my little volume 'a delightful book'. I thank you for the compliment. I am almost tempted to think that the epithet is not quite inappropriate, as to the *metrical* matter at least. So I told the maiden to whom it is dedicated, assuring her at the same time, that, however she might appreciate the compliment paid her, not one in a million of her sex, however favoured or flattered in other ways, could boast of a like testimony from a poet! And so you sent the book to Sir John Herschel. . . . It is gratifying to know that he has seen and read the book." The lady also complimented Mr. Holland on the manner in which he was spoken of in some of the numerous letters which she had been honoured to receive from Sir John, and which would, she believed, come to be highly prized in another generation.

In January, 1868, collections were made in the churches and chapels of Sheffield on behalf of the local Medical Charities. The town then first had a "Hospital Sunday"; and from that time the funds of the said charities have been annually replenished, with some liberality, by the same means. Mr. Holland's great interest in the movement and his strong desire for its abundant success were declared in a poem which appeared in the *Telegraph* on the day preceding that which had been chosen for the general appeal. The poem was called a *Monition*, and must be regarded as one of the most effective appeals made in connection with a "great almsgiving."

The chief literary work of the next few months appears to have been the compilation of a book which was not published until the year 1870, and of which, therefore, more will be said in the next chapter.

The return of the 14th of March was now an event of great impressiveness to Mr. Holland. Among those who congratulated him this year was one of Sir David Brewster's correspondents, who wrote:—"Yes, I thought of you on the 14th, and talked of you, and 'drank your health,' wishing you 'many happy returns.' May you live as long as Sir David Brewster has done, (and longer still, if in possession of your health and faculties,) and wind up your length of days as serenely and hopefully as he has done. . . . You have little to regret, I think, in your retrospect of life; you have turned your 'talent' to good account in both verse and prose, and in neither have ever written

'One line which, dying, you might wish to blot.'

So I think you can render up a tolerably fair account; and for the rest you may trust, as we must all do, to the merits of your Saviour." Such a compliment was well deserved.

Two poems were written in April. The first was *The Coming of Age of his Grace the Duke of Norfolk*. It was worthy of its author, who had

"Oft through three-score years and ten
Named that illustrious name with tongue and pen";

and it was not unworthy of its theme. The other piece was *The Botanical Gardens at this Season*. If there is not in it anything very remarkable, it is such a set of flowing verses as few could write, and must have effectually called the attention of many readers to the floral beauties which it describes. Flower-footed May is beckoned by mild April to come and be crowned as the Queen of the Spring, while Flora, awaiting her arrival, is scattering daisies and king-cups all around.

In May Mr. Holland, strange to say, again assumed the

responsible position of a Godfather, and had the peculiar gratification of hearing the child called *Margaret Holland*. This circumstance is named here because it was so important in his estimation, that he made it the subject of a full statement in his correspondence.

In June he once more visited North Wales in company with those whom he had so often accompanied before on summer excursions. The memorials of his sojourning at this time at Penmaenmawr are several. One is a poem inserted in the *Sheffield Telegraph*, which appears to have been written on the mountain-top. Another is in a letter to Miss Colling, which has the very great speciality of having being written on a Sunday. He says, with other less interesting things:—“ Mistakes are very liable to occur with *Poets*, and occasionally with *Post-officers*: witness, in first class, *my* blunder in enclosing your letter, instead of Herschel’s! and in the second, see the writing on the accompanying envelope! Two Hollands living next house to each other in this out-of-the-way locality! *Who*, or *what* my namesake may be, whether a Cambrian, or, like myself, a pilgrim, I do not know, but shall try to learn.

“ This is Sunday; and, as a rule, I do not write letters on that day; but, as I am quite alone, I thought I would at least acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter. The fact is, we have here no religious service in English this morning, in any church or chapel, for which want I am sorry. My nephew and youngest niece are gone to the church of Llanfairfechan, where, to *my* surprise, though seemingly not to *yours*, the preacher last Sunday saw and described, through the door opened in heaven, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the hierarchy of his section of the Christian Church militant here on earth!! *Rationally*, I think, the Pope has a far better *locus standi*, especially on the ground of ‘Catholicity,’ than his Grace of Lambeth; but *Scripturally*, I think, the Moderator of the Assembly of the Scottish Presbyterian Ministers, and the President of the Conference of Methodist Preachers, occupy an infinitely firmer

position. Now don't ask me to prove this by any explication of the glorious, but to *me* uninterpretable visions of Patmos! I did not, however, keep from church because I did not 'hold with the preacher,' but because I really dare not venture to walk four-and-a-half miles thither, and as much back again. My other two nieces went yesterday to Beaumaris, by a train the engine of which, by the way, bore the name of Herschel! True fame that, I think; for you and I can bribe a printer, but not a company of Railway Directors!"

A general election, with all its peculiar excitements was now drawing near; and Sheffield was to be the scene of one of the severest contests. Mr. Roebuck had until this time been one of the two members for the borough; but he had lost a portion of his old popularity, by advocating the appointment of the Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry; and when in June Mr. A. J. Mundella offered himself as a candidate, there arose the prospect of such a contest as there had not been in Sheffield since its first election. Mr. Holland looked on with all the interest of an old editor who had had his full share in such work, and, while he saw much that he could admire, found also much that was to be greatly deplored. In one of his letters he said:—"What an electioneering racket there is in our good old town already. What it will become in a while I do not know. I only wish the contest were well over; for I am far more anxious about the peace, comfort, and safety of the town than about the success of this or that candidate. It might reasonably be thought that Sheffield had had more than enough of the tyranny and terrorism of Trades' Unions; and yet to the principles and passions of them and their leaders the new and popular candidate is addressing himself."

The same letter refers to the Leeds Exhibition of rare pictures and curiosities, to which Mr. Holland had paid a visit some time before. Of that museum of art he writes:—"I can only say that the treasures which it contains are numerous, beautiful, precious, and curious beyond my power to describe.

Have you seen the *Catalogue*, which forms a bulky shilling volume? From eleven o'clock in the morning until nearly five in the afternoon, I wandered, and wondered, and wearied from room to room, till I almost lost the sense of enjoyment in the distress of fatigue! One special feature of the Exhibition in the matter of *portraits*, was *The Gallery of Yorkshire Worthies*, comprising a most curious and suggestive array of faces and figures, most of which were, in one way or other, associated in my mind with the 'sayings and doings' of the originals."

While Mr. Holland took great interest in the electioneering contest, he was still more affected during the same period by other occurrences which must now be named. One of them was the death of his friend Mr. Samuel Mitchell, a native of Sheffield, and an Ex-President and one of the original founders and active supporters of the Literary and Philosophical Society, whose meetings he had attended with an almost perfect regularity from the commencement. There were strong bonds of sympathy and union between Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Holland. Their tastes and pursuits were very similar. Mr. Mitchell was neighbour and friend to Montgomery; he was a zealous antiquary and topographer, and made valuable contributions to the history of his native town and its neighbourhood, and certain parts of Derbyshire; and he bequeathed to the British Museum the unpublished portions of his miscellaneous historical and topographical collections and memoranda. In him Mr. Holland lost another friend of his early life.

The other occurrence referred to was the removal of the Museum of the Literary and Philosophical Society from the Music Hall to the School of Art. The change thus effected had long been pending, not to Mr. Holland's satisfaction or comfort. When it actually came to pass, he left the dark room which Montgomery had so aptly called his "den", with feelings of the most painful kind. Of this the reader will discern proof in the following lines, left in manuscript:—

" Spirit of Change ! Disturber of our age !
 Competitive Ambition's restless nurse !
 The itch of legislation is the curse
 That marks and mars our social history's page :
 Spirit of Change ! how often dost thou wage
 Stern conflict, changing better into worse,
 Whether thou'rt lured by shaking of a purse
 Or play'st the meddler on some petty stage :
 And thou hast smitten me, and crushed at length
 My hope of comfort in declining years,
 And with me the prosperity and strength
 Of that old Institution which appears
 No longer what it was ! So read I fate,
 While locking the last time this iron gate ! "

There can be no doubt as to the nature of the feeling which prompted the foregoing lines ; and that feeling was to be expected after so long an occupancy of the "den"; but Mr. Holland subsequently became reconciled to the change, when he found that the Society was a gainer in convenience to its council and its members. Yet the larger room never came to be regarded with such feelings as had been associated with the smaller. The den was dark as well as comparatively small ; but long occupancy and innumerable associations had greatly endeared it ; and it contained a comfortable seat beside a good fire, with all the other conveniences that our author either needed or desired. Referring to the change, the Report says :—
 " Now that the Society has a good light museum, a convenient library and reading room, and the elegant and commodious apartments at the Cutlers' Hall " for conversazioni and lectures, " it is hoped that it will not fail to be supported, in a large and prosperous town like Sheffield, which is more and more dependent on the application of science, and where the increase of wealth more and more demands the refining influence of literature."

The first paper read in the new premises was by Mr. Holland, and it was entitled *Brief Reminiscences of Deceased Presidents*. Such a theme was appropriate to the time, the place, and the reader ; and it would be hardly improper to

regard the essay as a homily on the mortality of man and the mutations of all human possessions and affairs. According to the Society's Report, the peculiarly delicate task which had been imposed upon him was performed by Mr. Holland with all needful discretion and in good taste.

While he was thus benefiting others by recollections of his own scientific and literary associates, he was also reviewing his own career. Writing to Miss Colling in the same month of October about a poem on *Wealth*, which she had sent him, he said:—"My prayer is and always has been, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches'; and it has been so mercifully answered, that I doubt whether any person living has been more content with a humble station, or enjoyed more worldly happiness with smaller pecuniary means, than myself. My happiness has, however, included constant and confidential association with persons who have abundantly realised, even though they may never have uttered, the prayer for wealth."

In this state, full of instructive recollections of the past, and of Christian hope for the future, he finished another year.

CHAPTER XXIV.

1869—1871.

“ A fervent prayer

I breathe for thee to-day,
That thou may'st still with watchful care
Walk in the Christian way ;
While holy aspirations, given
On earth as antepasts of heaven,
Make birth-days, passed 'midst peace or strife,
Faith's way-marks to eternal life.”

J.H.

THE year 1869 appears to have brought Mr. Holland a return of the fulness of that versifying propensity, the yielding to which had afforded him, for nearly sixty years, so large a proportion of his chief delights. During the twelvemonth he printed as many as twenty odes, sonnets, and other poems ; in addition to which he has left in manuscript several hymns and a large number of sonnets. He seems not to have had any large original work in preparation for the press during this period ; but he wrote freely in the *Telegraph*, and was probably collecting and arranging materials for several papers or essays which were afterwards completed, and for that *History of the Sheffield Cutlers' Company* which was destined to be left unfinished.

Early in the year transpired a circumstance which enlisted his strongest sympathies. His favourite niece, Miss Brammall, who had been his companion at Hurworth and often in other places, and in whose welfare he had, throughout her life, felt the deepest interest, was united in marriage to John Cooper, Esq., of Manchester. The aged poet had expressed much regret at the prospect of “losing” one so dear ; he had even declared his

feelings in the strange proposition, that "changes are always for the worse"; and it was, therefore, a very significant fact, when, at last, he "gave the bride away," with full consent and hearty good-will. He distributed among the wedding guests a printed epithalamium, which now forms a grateful memorial of an occasion remembered by the present writer with much interest. A characteristic *Wedding Hymn*, which has been found in manuscript, is also commemorative of the same happy event, while it likewise expresses the author's devout aspirations on behalf of those whom he rightly believed to have

"Hallowed their love by praise and prayer,
United in hand and heart."

A letter, written at the end of January, in which he gives an account of the wedding and its poetical and other accompaniments, contains also the following passage:—"The great excitement in Sheffield just now, happily very unlike that which existed during *our* pleasant sojourn at Hurworth! is connected with the presence of the young Duke of Norfolk, who, on Tuesday, presided at the first of a series of grand banquets, six in number, given to his tenants and the gentry of Hallamshire. I, who belong to neither class, had an invitation, and much enjoyed, in my quiet way, 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul,' as well as the more substantial edible and potable elements of that magnificent treat, which exceeded in splendour and sumptuousness any festival previously partaken in our good old town. I had the honour of partaking 'the salutation of the hand' with his Grace, and should have liked to present to him my complimentary stanzas on his coming of age."

In a letter to Miss Colling, dated February 13th, occurs a passage which will show how Mr. Holland was now spending his time:—"The fact is, apart from those duties which come upon me daily, not very onerous generally, I have been reading and reviewing, for my friend the Sheffield *Telegraph*, the Rev. Dr. Gatty's edition of Hunter's *Hallamshire*, as you will have seen by the papers with which I have troubled you more with

the hope you would see how I was occupied, than in any expectation that you might feel interested in what I said on that subject. And yet to our townspeople the execution of this work, not yet published, will form an era in, as well as a record of their history." The "review" of the work so estimated consisted of eight articles, the authorship of which would probably be detected by many readers. On one point the reviewer found fault with the laborious editor, whose work he, on the whole, very highly commended. Dr. Gatty must have been aware of the part which the editor of the *Telegraph* had played, in obtaining and promoting that Parliamentary Inquiry of which some account has already been given; but for some reason no mention was made in his book of those labours of Mr. Leng which had proved so successful; and the reviewer asserted that, in mere justice to the simple facts of the case, in their immediate bearing and their ultimate effect on the well-being of the town, some notice should have been taken of the direct, and persevering, but persecuted efforts of the *Telegraph*. That assertion evoked from Mr. Leng the following statement, which is here transcribed to his honour:— "The editor of this journal had no official part to play in promoting an inquiry. When he sought and found the evidence which afterwards formed the fulcrum on which the entire lever of the Commission had to work, he voluntarily took upon himself an arduous, an anxious, and a critical business which it was no interest of his to meddle with. Having no motive but one of honour, he threw himself into the work with all his heart and soul and strength; sought, found, and examined actual perpetrators, whose evidence gave him and after him the world, a clue to the whole mystery; conducted a confidential correspondence with members of Parliament and influential London journalists preparatory to the application for a Commission; subjected himself to the interested calumnies of the alarmed and exasperated abettors of trade outrages; and did all these things with little other encouragement than the belief that he was, while satisfying his

own conscience, doing an honourable historical service. Having a vivid remembrance of the labours quietly gone through in private to forward a purely public interest, the editor of this journal is at a loss to imagine on what ground Dr. Gatty has rehearsed his play of Hamlet in such a way that while he mentions other actors, no allusion to Hamlet's part is to be found in the story. For honour's sake he has faced risks of loss which his predecessors on the Sheffield press had, one and all, preferred not to face; and he is not prepared to be defrauded of that honour." Nor, it must be added, can Dr. Gatty defraud Mr. Leng of that honour; though the same unaccountable omission is "conspicuous" in the Doctor's recently published volume entitled, *Sheffield: Past and Present*.

Other newspaper work done by Mr. Holland this spring was, to review his old friend Mr. Lee's curious collection of miscellaneous works by Defoe, to which reference has been made in a previous chapter.

In March the Earl of Shaftesbury laid the corner-stone of the Almshouses with which the name of Mr. Mark Firth, the generous Master Cutler of the year, will be handed down to distant ages. Mr. Holland could not let such an occasion transpire, without its being improved in verse; and in acknowledgment of the manuscript of his poem, which he sent to those who rejoiced to treasure it for their children, he received from Mrs. Firth a letter which he showed to the present writer with tokens of genuine pleasure, and which has been duly preserved.

A Happy New Year, sent to a lady with a pocket-book for 1869, the epithalamium previously mentioned, *A Sunday Valentine*, appropriately so named, a song, *Flour Eighteen-pence a Stone*, congratulatory sonnets on a young lady's coming of age, and other verses, were written in the early months of the year. They require no special descriptions. In May several notable productions were given to the public. One was a letter to the editor of the *Telegraph*, on *Whit-Monday in Norfolk Park*. The writer thankfully drew a contrast between the first "Union" of

seven schools, with its first *small* gathering of about three thousand children and three hundred teachers, and the beautiful scene which now presented itself. He was especially struck with the manifest benefits of vaccination, and with the quality of the clothing in which the children and young people were able to appear. He says :—" It was a treat to see such a sweet feminine 'flower show' of the mothers, and sisters, and daughters of 'black Sheffield,' as I hope it will ever be fondly called. . . . If some of those clever writers who know Sheffield and its inhabitants only through the medium of the sad records of our Trades' Union outrages, would come and witness our Whit-Monday in Norfolk Park and other places, they would be better able to appreciate the morals, manners, and comforts of our artisan population." Another characteristic newspaper article bears the same date. It is, *A May Day in Dinting Dale*, and consists of half-a-dozen sonnets introduced and connected by descriptions in prose of the scenes amidst which the poems appear to have been composed. The whole article is called "a note of the ramble of a sonneteer."

To the same month belongs an *Ode on Hobbies*. It relates to the velocipede mania which was raging at the time; and its nature may be judged of by the *nom de guerre* adopted by the writer for the occasion, which was "*Amor Quadricycle*." The piece has the great irregularity which suits an ode. It comprises a hundred and thirty lines, and does not depart from its subject, but gently satirises the new "steed" of classic name, which was revealing a deep and wide-spread love of hobby-riding. The poet recollected that such love had formerly led himself to bestride his father's walking-stick, and to perform other equally wonderful things; and his comic muse, starting from such a recollection, bore him onward in admirable style.

A letter to Miss Colling in which the authorship of the *Ode* was acknowledged, contained Mr. Holland's opinions on several subjects of interest. The following is an extract :—" On the subject of 'Beckerism' a great deal may be said on

both sides ; and, as in the case of women preaching, or of a man marrying his deceased wife's sister, I think Scriptural authority does not interfere. Holy and accomplished Christian maids and matrons have often preached the gospel with a degree of decorum, ability, and success, not always equalled by the wearer of lawn sleeves. So also, some of the best and most conscientious widowers have married against the law, and the union has been blest. I think the question in the three cases is, alike, one of social *expediency*, the bearings of which, as I have said, are by no means exclusively on one side. A *Queen Imperial*—a girl in her teens as *Head of the Church*—is an anomaly indefensible on any other ground.

“I am really sorry to dissent from Miss Sargent and you as to inhabitants in the sun ; but I cannot help it. If either of you will write a poem or a romance, lay the scene and action in the ‘orb of day’, and people it with *solarites*, as Pope has done with the ‘small people’ in his *Rape of the Lock*, I am sure I shall read it with pleasure. You say I represent the sun ‘as a great red-hot blazing’ mass. I do nothing of the sort ; but I do say it is the source of both light and heat, whatever its composition. You say the sun ‘gives life to so many worlds’ : I say he *gives life* to none, nor to any living thing upon them ; though he *is* a sufficient agent in the development of life everywhere. With respect to the atmosphere of the moon, I am bound to agree with every reputable authority in Europe ; men may be found who think differently, as they do on medical and surgical matters ; but in lunar philosophy I am Herschelian. I regret exceedingly that I did not personally witness the auroral display the other night ; every one I have conversed with says how striking it was. According to every one of these authorities the streamers, following the example of their boreal ancestors, shot upwards from the horizon, and then coalesced in the zenith ; it would be marvellous, indeed, if the ‘merry dancers’ reversed their old habit.”

Subjects discussed in the letters of this period were the

Irish Church, the wonderful Hurworth meteor of 1854, Spiritualism, mechanical contrivances for table-turning, the impossibility of raising tables by magnetic influence, the Byron scandal, and other literary and scientific questions, for none of which can space be found here.

In July Mr. Holland printed a garden song entitled *Roses and Rhyme*. To the same month belongs a poem *In Memoriam* of the young wife of a gentleman of Genoa. Mr. Holland had known the lady all her life; and his verses were an expression of his sympathy with those who mourned her early death.

In August Mr. Holland and his usual fellow excursionists spent their three weeks' holiday in Derbyshire. They lodged at the pleasant rustic village named Beeley, within a few minutes' walk of the noble park which surrounds "The Palace of the Peak." Mr. Holland took the opportunity now offered of once more visiting Eyam, and has left in manuscript some characteristic memorials of the visit. He also called on his previously unseen friend, the editor of *The Reliquary*, and was received by Mr. Jewitt, at Winster Hall, with tokens of a truly friendly regard. But the fact requiring special notice in connection with the summer's "touring" is, that Mr. Holland was not able to bear those long mountain walks to which he had previously been accustomed. The journey from Beeley to Eyam and back again, made him so ill that he even feared his walking days had ended; but rest, medicine, and care once more restored his health; and when he returned to Sheffield, he felt that his holiday had been spent with great pleasure and satisfaction. The literary occupations connected with this Derbyshire sojourn were letter-writing, the reading of *Recollections of H. Crabbe Robinson*, "the book of the season", and the composition of the *Beeley Sonnets*, which have been left in manuscript, and which are in number more than twenty.

The poems referred to were too extensive for insertion in the newspaper; and no other means of putting them into print was presented. Miss Colling was at this time editing

a volume of her own poems; and Mr. Holland could not refrain from saying to her that he had a desire to do for some of his compositions what she was doing for hers. It was suggested to him that if he shrank from the risk of printing what might not prove a commercial success, he should publish by subscription, and might reasonably expect such a demand as would entirely warrant him in the necessary outlay. This suggestion is named for the sake of his answer:—
 “‘Publish by subscription’, say you. Alas! if I am too old and poor to dig, ‘to beg I am ashamed’; and should it ever become a question between soliciting this means of eking out my livelihood and asking the Duke of Norfolk to give me one of his ancestor’s almshouses, I think I should accept the latter, and then and there write a poem entitled *The Shrewsbury Hospital*.” He had, in early life and under different circumstances, published by subscription; and it is not clear that he would even now have at all lowered himself in the estimation of his friends by the procedure recommended; but his spirit is to be admired, while it is regretted that such a selection from his printed and unprinted pieces as he would have made for himself, has not been given to the public.

In September two lovers were killed by lightning at Stanningley. Mr. Holland naturally began to compose a sonnet on the event; but, finding difficulty in the moralising required, he stopped at the end of the twelfth line. When this was stated to Miss Colling, she asked to be permitted to complete the poem for him. The result was, that she inserted the following in the *Durham Advertiser*:—

“Where are the lovers? That electric flash
 Portends disaster! ‘Ministers of grace
 Defend us’! Hark that awful crash!
 Have the young couple found a sheltering place?
 The storm is o’er! the clouds, light, scattered, fly;
 Earth breathes a clearer and a purer breath;
 There, side by side, the affianced lovers lie,
 Married by lightning at thine altar, Death!

All that they were—all that they might have been—
That memory holds; *this* baffled hope resigns.
 Yet, sure, one thought, while sorrowing o'er the scene,
 A solace to love's living ones assigns,
 That Mercy tempered Fate's mysterious doom,
 And gave them *undivided* to the tomb."

The reader may recollect that a somewhat similar event, which happened in 1718, has been commemorated by Pope, and is supposed to have occasioned a noted description in Thomson's *Summer*.

During the same month a lunar rainbow was appropriately described and recorded in a sonnet, the memoir of Mr. Mitchell was written for *The Reliquary*, Dr. Elam's *Physician's Problems* was reviewed in the *Telegraph*, and preparations were made for a paper on *Our Old Churchyard*, which was read before the Literary and Philosophical Society in October. On account of its special local interest, and at the request of the Vicar and other gentlemen who heard it read, that paper was published *in extenso*. It is historical and descriptive, and forms an interesting pamphlet of thirty-two pages, in which it may be difficult to determine whether the sentimental, the poetical, or the religious element predominates. The publication of the essay led to correspondence both private and public, the results of which, however, belong to the history of Sheffield rather than to this biography.

Another greeting, *To a Lady on her Birthday*, appeared in October. It is affectionate and Christian. *The Mistletoe Bough* completed the year's list of printed poems. Our poet was still "an adult of juvenile fancy."

At the end of the year he had occasion specially to recall his now long-past official connection with Sunday School work. At the Red Hill Tea Meeting, on the 28th of December, he, by request, read a paper on his recollections of Sunday Schools and Sunday School teachers. The paper was subsequently printed, together with other memorials of the first founders of Methodist Sunday Schools in Sheffield, collected and arranged

by Mr. G. B. Cocking, the able Secretary of the Red Hill Schools. (Mr. Cocking took a very important part in those Sunday School exertions to which the erection of the Montgomery Monument was mainly due.) Mr. Holland had much that was good to say of his early associates, and was proud to have been connected with them in a work which had largely contributed to his own spiritual profit.

About the same time he wrote to Miss Colling a letter in which occur the following self-revealing passages:—"I have often been conscious how much I must have tried you by frankness of expression both with reference to *opinions* and *facts*. The truth is, I have always been accustomed to do so, without enhancing, with your sex, and especially with my nieces, my reputation for conventional politeness. On some subjects I feel myself authorised to speak plainly, if at all, seeing, in the first place, that I have sat almost every 'lawful day,' for nearly forty years, in the chair of the President of our Philosophical Society, in some sort as his *locum tenens*; secondly, that I have carefully read, either in bulk or in abstract, and mostly heard discussed almost every principle or discovery in science which has been revealed during that period; and, lastly, I am old enough to state a physical fact without apology, though not, in any case, in terms other than courteous at least: and if I have ever even *seemed* to transgress this rule in writing to you, I am sorry. With reference to some of your meteorological notions, wiser men than I have, you say, 'not objected.' Probably not: such is a common, a cheap, a safe, and by no means, an *inimitable* compliment, many examples of which, conscience tells me, are placed to *my* account.

"Well, I have just read the memoir of Gibson. It is composed with admirable judgment and taste. I seemed to take a special interest in the sculptor from the simple fact that he was born at Gyffyn, near Conway, the venerable church of which I so well remember. In many respects he might be almost said to have resembled our Chantry. Both were born poor; both

in rural life ; both manifested an early predilection for art ; both were apprenticed to uncongenial occupations ; both broke their articles of first apprenticeship ; both became carvers in wood ; both passed on to the higher branches of modelling ; both became eminent sculptors ; both were stricken down in their studios ; both died childless ; both left their property to the Royal Academy. In almost every other respect no two men of genius could differ more ; but each is supreme in his sphere ; and they may be *contrasted* rather than *compared*. I might have added that they were alike indifferent to religion. It is indeed curious, as well as of sad significance, that in this record of Gibson's life, derived, as so much of it is, from his own memoranda, there is not a single allusion to any Christian duty, sentiment, or achievement. The aspirations of his soul, the productions of his chisel, the tenor of his life were all—heathen !”

Mr. Holland began the year 1870 in such health and strength as but few men of his years enjoy. Mentioning this fact to Miss Colling, he thanks God for what he regarded as a great mercy. Relatively to other persons he had at this period very various experiences. He rejoiced to see again in the chair of the Literary and Philosophical Society his friend Mr. Sorby, who had, during the previous year, received the Wollaston gold medal of the Geological Society. Before the end of January the Sheffield Society lost one of its ornaments, the town its “Bentham”, and philosophy an ardent student and an able, and sometimes original, expounder, by the death of Mr. Bailey, who was one of the original founders of the Literary and Philosophical Society. He had read many papers, and had repeatedly filled the Presidential chair ; and, having been a firm and constant supporter of the Institution for nearly fifty years, he now left it a legacy of £1,000.

Mr. Holland now saw that the men of his own generation in his native town, were becoming few ; and, notwithstanding the general excellence of his health, he felt that the infirmities of age were multiplying upon himself. Writing to Miss

Colling about this time he says:—"The winter makes me feel more an old man than I had felt before."

Some of his townsmen began to think it time for something to be done to set his mind at rest as to the future supplying of his needs. It was known that he had long been receiving a salary which, while it had equalled his current requirements, could not have enabled him to provide for old age. It was known that he had pursued his vigorous and productive literary career for other than pecuniary ends. And it was sagely concluded that he might not at this time know how he should maintain his independence to the end of his days. Such considerations, added to the recognised value of his long public services, rendered through the press in various forms, prompted a few of his friends to meet his case in the most delicate and admirable manner. At the instance of Mr. Samuel Roberts, an annuity of £100 was subscribed for by the ten gentlemen whose names here follow:—Mr. Thomas Dunn, Sir John Brown, Mr. Mark Firth, Mr. Henry Furniss, Mr. Edward Hudson, Mr. W. J. Horn, Mr. Samuel Roberts, Mr. Henry Wilson, Mr. George Wostenholme, and Mr. Robert Younge. At Mr. Dunn's death, which occurred the following year, his place was taken by Mr. John Newton Mappin. The good work here described was done "in secret"; and it is difficult to conceive of the feelings with which the veteran *littérateur* discovered that by a kind, generous, and thoughtful anticipation, certain forebodings which had only just begun to show themselves to his mind, had been completely foreclosed. Competence was now made sure to the end of his days; and if increasing infirmity should make it necessary for him to resign his office, he would still be able to live as before.

How his friends looked on this event, may be learned from the following passage in one of the letters of Miss Colling, whom the revelations made before the Outrages Commission had led to write bitter things of Mr. Holland's native town:—

“Hurrah! Hurrah!! Your city will be saved; for there are ten righteous men in it; and *you*, my dear friend, are the eleventh. Perhaps, by diligent searching, it might make up a dozen; but let me rejoice that it *knows* them when it *sees* them, and that your merits, alike as an individual and a fellow-townsmen, have at length been recognised, and that with more completeness and cordiality than one could have ventured to anticipate. Very heartily do I congratulate you on this most acceptable addition to your modest store; for though ‘content wi’ a little,’ you may well be ‘canty wi’ more’. And now (O be joyful!) you can publish your book and get paid for it in praise, if not in hard cash. Sometimes merit is rewarded and things do come right in this world.”

The following passage is from a letter to Mrs. Hassé, written at the end of March. It relates to the house in which the subject of this biography closed his life:—“You will recollect that about three years ago my nephew and nieces were living at The Mount; and thither I went every day to dinner. And now, curiously enough, we are going thither again, not, however, into the same house as before, but into the one formerly occupied by Sir Arnold James Knight, which, as I dare say you will recollect, was in the middle of the pile, with pillars in front. I am sure you will remember Sir Arnold, as he was one of Montgomery’s favourite neighbours, and none the less so for his consistent *Papistry*. He is still living, though *over eighty years of age*, at Little Malvern, as he told me in a pleasant note the other week. You will also, I think, remember Mr. T. A. Ward, of Park House, an old intimate of Mr. Montgomery’s. He is much older. He is confined to his bedroom, and is a sort of *ultimus Romanorum* among our old Sheffield worthies.”

During the following month our author printed in the newspaper a poem on *The Crocus Bed*; another in thirty-five stanzas, with copious notes, on *The Shrewsbury Hospital*, which seems to have been premeditated for some months; and a biographical sketch of the Rev. John Blackburn, formerly



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

incumbent of Attercliffe, the inventor of "the parabolic sounding-board," an Ex-President of the Literary and Philosophical Society, and a memorable benefactor to the poor of his parish.

In May Mr. Holland read *Lothair*. Finding the book "a parable with a purpose," as every other intelligent reader must have found it, he discussed its purpose in a letter to Miss Colling. Referring to "the danger to which a young and ingenuous nobleman is exposed by the seductive arts of Roman Catholics of both sexes," he writes:—"And yet I ought not to speak altogether harshly of *all* the agents of the latter. Only a few days ago I found myself in 'St. Marie's Presbytery,' and in the presence of the Rev. Canon Walshaw, asking him to be kind enough to prevent the ringing of the noisy peal of bells in his church, in relief of my niece, Elizabeth Brammall, who was at that time dangerously ill. He said he should be happy to do so. *Our* clergy did the same, so that the town was without its wonted 'steeple-music' on Sunday; and I dare say nobody complained of the silence! After a fortnight of great suffering on her part, and of intense anxiety on ours, it is meant to try to remove her about a mile into the country, though she has not yet sat up in bed."

At this period Mr. Holland and Miss Colling had a diversified correspondence on the plurality of worlds and the inhabiteness of the planets. The arguments of Whewell, Brewster, Proctor, and others were considered; and it is most likely that each of the correspondents came to the end of the discussion without any considerable modification of the opinions with which it had been begun. Mr. Holland thought that almost all women, whether learned or illiterate, accept "the doctrine of a planetary population, because they all equally cherish the feminine idea of a recognition among the saints in glory; and that it was no disparagement to them in either case"! Ere long, a fresh theme was supplied by the Franco-Prussian war, that most "awful illustration of the actuality, the predominance, and the co-operative influence of *sin*." Mr. Holland thought

that, diabolical as war had always been, its evil had never been so generally recognised before; and he was an old observer. He says, to Miss Colling:—"Let me thank you for the paper containing your versions of the two beautiful *pacific* German poems, both of them in your happiest style. I enjoyed the reading of them greatly. I do not doubt the inspiring effect of martial poetry; but I do so hate all war that I fail to enjoy anything that leads to or stimulates professional blood-shedding; and most of all when the ground is the mere passion or ambition of my fellow mortals, however exalted in station. And when this is mixed up with the name and the worship of Jesus, 'the Prince of Peace,' the profanity is to me horrible." The author of the *Appeal to English Women* had not yet changed his opinions on this subject.

In June he published some characteristic and excellent stanzas *To an Anvil*. In July he read before the Literary and Philosophical Society a paper on *Cutlery Marks*. He entered at length into the history and use of stamping, engraving, and painting symbols, in different ages and countries, for the identification of professions, manufactures, and implements, and exhibited a variety of illustrations, making special reference to the "Mark Book" belonging to the Cutlers' Company. The marking of cutlery was a subject to which he had frequently called attention, through the newspapers; and this essay was probably designed to be, substantially, a part of his projected *History of the Cutlers' Company*. It is among the pleasant recollections of the biographer that he was able to procure for Mr. Holland some necessary collateral information concerning the London Cutlers' Company.

The following was written to Miss Colling in August. The Autobiography referred to was subsequently published with the title, *Life and Letters of William Bewick, Artist, edited by Thomas Landseer, A.R.A.* Mr. Holland had much correspondence with Miss Colling about that book, before its publication; and the letters show who was its author:—

“Mrs. Bewick dead! I do not feel surprised that *you* should be affected by the death of so interesting a friend and neighbour of your own sex. I was myself startled by the announcement. What a comely, and seemingly hale-looking widow she was, when I had the pleasure of seeing her and all the precious memorials of her gifted and kindly husband, under your kind guidance. With what laudable pride she showed us over the gallery, and explained, with intelligence and feeling, the different objects! And what will now become of the whole? I suppose the mansion and its contents will pass under the auctioneer’s hammer; for it is not probable the collection will be preserved intact. From the name of the niece, I presume the artist had a brother; but even if living, he may have neither the means nor the disposition to preserve these mementoes of his brother’s tastes and talents, and still less likely is it that any one of her own sex will inherit Mrs. B.’s interest in the gallery and its contents. And what of the autobiographical memoir? After all poor Mrs. B.’s natural and laudable solicitude about it, one feels regret, on various accounts, that it should not see the light, unless indeed, which is hardly probable, she should have made some testamentary provision for its publication. I was glad to find that Mr. Cheese was with her so near the end. . . . Death arrests the young as well as the old: my niece, Mrs. Cooper, has been spending a month at Abergele, in North Wales, with Mr. Cooper’s mother, his sister, and two of his nice lads, the younger of whom, about eleven years of age, was accidentally killed in playing with a railway truck, at the station adjacent—an occurrence which, as you will suppose, greatly distressed both Mary and her husband; for he was a lovely boy, fondly prized by his father and affectionately attached to his stepmother.”

At the beginning of October, Mr. Holland paid another visit to North Wales. His companions were his nephew and Mr. Cooper; and he complains that he missed his niece Mary, who had been with him in all his previous summer excursions.

The party lodged at Barmouth, and visited several places of interest. Among them was Tan-y-bwlch, where Mr. Holland left, in the visitor's book at the inn, four lines expressive of his conscious inability adequately to describe in prose or rhyme the magnificent view thence beheld. Besides an ample number of letters which cannot be quoted here, Mr. Holland, as before, wrote poems during this Welsh sojourn. One of them was *Charles of Bala*, a piece commemorative of a visit to the famous Lake and memorial of the great success of Charles's ministry. Other poems were seven *Cambrian Sonnets*, inserted in the *Sheffield Telegraph*. And another was *A Poet's Greeting from North Wales to a Lady on her Birthday*, the character of which will be learned from one of its dozen stanzas. It will show that the old man did not merely amuse himself by writing verse:—

“I wish thee peace as deep and still
 As Bala's famous lake,
 Ere round Crow Castle's storied hill
 Morn's earliest zephyrs wake ;
 I wish thee pleasures pure and good,
 Ample and ceaseless as the flood
 Of Deva down Llangollen's vale—
 Sweet scene of picture, song, and tale.”

The following extract from a letter will speak for itself:—
 “Hearing that the shipwrecked and drowned captain and his boy were to be interred on Saturday at a queer-named place about five miles from Barmouth, John and I set out to witness the funeral, which, to me—an inlander—was both interesting and affecting. To see ten fine Genoese seamen, mostly with big, brown, bare feet, black hair, and splendid eyes! burying their commander, not in the *sailor's grave*, ‘the deep, deep sea,’ nor in his native soil, but in a strange land, and with a ritual of which, I believe, not one of them understood a word, their gallant barque, a large three-masted vessel, seen from the churchyard, stranded in the distance—this struck *me* as a picture, and more than a picture, a sad symbol of the un-

certainties of a seafaring life. The poor fellows looked very sad, as well they might !”

While the poet was in Wales, his *Handy Book of Matters Matrimonial, according to Law and Practice in Great Britain* was given to the public ; and this therefore is the point at which to give some account of it. It is a familiar exposition of a subject of universal importance, and has the twofold character of a legal guide and a friendly counsellor. It has “the tone of the essayist” rather than “the style of the lawyer” ; and it shows a careful study of the subject of which it treats. It contains the most suitable quotations from poets, moralists, and divines ; it deals with an interesting and delicate subject in a manner which cannot offend the nicest taste ; and it is the production of a septuagenarian and a bachelor ! The author sent a copy to his excellent friend at Hurworth, who in acknowledging the gift, said it dealt with “an odd subject for a present from an old bachelor to an old maid !” It may be added that it was an odd subject for an old bachelor to take up, and that he undertook the work, not because he thought lookers-on see more of the game than the players, but because he felt it was in his power to put together, for the benefit of other people and in an interesting form, a large amount of valuable information on a matter which belongs to all.

The winter was severe ; and Mr. Holland suffered from the pinching cold ; but he generally kept at his post of duty ; and the state of mind in which he came to the end of this year is indicated by the following sonnet, written at 11 p.m., 31st Dec., 1870 :—

“The final hour of the departing year
Is nigh at hand ! The future and the past
Backward and forward point to Time’s career,
And bid us hold all present blessings fast :
Ah ! but with all our care, they may not last ;
For with our joys and hopes blend doubt and fear :
Then let each day’s concerns, in prayer be cast
On God’s high Providence ; for doubly dear

Will then each season, with its changes, prove ;
 And Truth, Faith, Friendship, Piety, and Love
 Wear their best aspect—serve their holiest ends ;
 And man learn humbly, 'midst the daily claims
 Of social duty and life's earnest aims,
 How all earth's happiness on Heaven depends."

Beginning the new year in good spirits and in good general health, our author was still busy with his pen. About this time he appears to have begun to work out a long cherished design of writing an essay in support of the paradox, that Shakspeare did not write Shakspeare's Plays. He went so far as to collect and arrange facts and arguments and partly to write the essay ; and the unfinished manuscript has been found among other papers. The conclusion at which Mr. Holland arrived in this essay may be expressed thus : that to regard the Shakspeare of the biographers as the actual author of all the dramas published in his name, is to assume the existence of a marvellous, almost miraculous, and quite improbable literary ability ; and that if an individual so amply and variously gifted passed through life, amidst the great readers and thinkers of the Elizabethan era, without ever, so far as we know, possessing a book, writing or receiving a letter, or having any recorded intercourse with printers, the facts are strange and unaccountable ; while the fact that the works are not otherwise affiliated combines with the testimony of contemporary authors to forbid any other alternative than this :—" If not Shakspeare, then who else wrote the dramas " ? The question is not further pursued in this unfinished essay.

This is confessedly a very perplexing literary problem, the solution of which has been most earnestly sought for some years past. It has been shown that the author of the wonderful dramas must have been a very successful student of law and of medicine, must have been intimately acquainted with the Bible, and must have been able to read languages which, it seems extremely probable, would not be taught to young Shakspeare at Stratford-on-Avon. It has also been vigorously

argued that there is, between "Shakspeare's Plays" and the acknowledged works of Lord Bacon, a parallelism which is altogether unaccountable on any other supposition than that the great essayist was the author of the dramas. Other evidence of various kinds, large in amount and striking in character, points also in the same direction. If the evidence cannot, in the nature of things, be said to be conclusive, it has been deemed satisfactory by some careful students of the question, among whom is found the late Lord Palmerston.*

"Hospital Sunday" came again in January; and in connection with that anniversary there flowed from Mr. Holland's pen spontaneous rhymes which filled most of a column in the *Telegraph*. He exceedingly rejoiced in the zeal and liberality evoked in the good cause; and his joy found fit expression.

The same month witnessed the death of Sir Arnold James Knight, M.D., already mentioned, whom Mr. Holland held in high esteem, and who had attained his eighty-first year.

A few weeks later died, at his residence in Sheffield, Mr. Samuel Harrison, proprietor, publisher, and editor of the *Sheffield Times*, and author of *The Last Judgment, a Poem in Twelve Books*. Mr. Harrison was in several respects a remarkable man. A printed biography says:—"He thoroughly revolutionised the system of 'partly-printed' newspapers, by the introduction of his well-known type-high stereotype columns, by which newspapers in all parts of the country can be 'got up' with great speed and at a fraction of the usual cost." His poem "was very favourably received by the highest literary journals of the day." The *Spectator* said:—"It would require a long space to do justice to the peculiarities of this poem. The very arguments themselves are worth the length of a common notice; and to bring out the different incidents in this vast subject, evolve the spirit that animates them, and display the verses in which they are presented, would require a whole *Spectator*."

* See *The Authorship of Shakspeare*. By Nathaniel Holmes. 2nd Ed. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1867.

Early in May occurred the death of Sir John Herschel. That illustrious astronomer had long been in the habit of writing very freely to Miss Colling on literary and scientific subjects ; Mr. Holland had read many of his letters ; and both our poet and his Hurworth correspondent deeply felt the loss occasioned by his unexpected death. To Miss Colling the loss was a great affliction. The second of her "three illustrious Johns," Gibson, Herschel, and Holland, had now been taken away ; and the loss was not to be repaired. These remarks will sufficiently explain the following words written by Mr. Holland to that lady:—"I return, with thanks, Lady Herschel's very admirable letter, such a letter as one ever feels glad the relict of such a man can write on such an occasion. The worthy philosopher's last letter to you, written so short a time before his death ; your beautiful sonnet, so good and so seasonable ; your letter to the widow, sympathising as I am sure it would be ; and, lastly, this excellently worded letter of hers, form together a very interesting *finale* to a correspondence so pleasing in many ways. It is especially gratifying to know that Sir John Herschel was a good as well as a great man, and that he had a wife worthy of him. . . . You will sadly miss him directly, and I, indirectly ; for I always enjoyed the reading of his kind, genial, and interesting letters on whatever subjects."

The deaths of a poet-neighbour and of a dear friend, the loss of Miss Colling's illustrious correspondent, and an almost daily visit to Mr. Brammall's residence, seem to have combined to lead Mr. Holland to write and publish in the newspaper a poem on *The Mount*, which appeared during this month of May.

He had never yet heard the song of the nightingale, that "matchless minstrel of the woods". An opportunity occurred this month. Mr. Hall, of Thorpe Salvin, invited him to realise his long-cherished desire, in Whitwell Wood. His companion from Sheffield was Mr. Hall's brother, who is known in Sheffield as "J.H.J." of "the poets' corner" in the *Telegraph*. Mr. Holland re-read what Virgil, Milton, Thomson, and

Coleridge have written of the nightingale and *her* song, intending to test the accuracy of their descriptions. Mr. Hall says:—"The day was charming, and everything was in our favour. Even the nightingales were so obliging as to sing for us in the middle of the day; and we heard three at once. Never shall I forget Mr. Holland's keen enjoyment of that ramble." The untiring pen of our author duly chronicled the day's events in the *Telegraph*, from which the following sonnet has been taken:—

"Sweet feathered Minstrel! Queen of Woodland Song!
Whose mellow notes entranced my ravished ear,
To listen to thy voice I've waited long;
And now I find thee intimately near:
Music hath many marvels in its sphere,
Among the warblers of our English spring;
But, vocal in the bush or on the wing,
What bird in melody is thy compeer?
So rich, so deep, so liquid are thy notes,
So affluent in their utterance, hurrying on,
One almost fancies fifty tuneful throats
Are blending in the joyous swell of one;
For surely naught could thus thy bosom move
But nature's rapturous instinct born of love."

Mr. Hall mentions also the great pleasure which the veteran poet found in the wild flowers of the wood. It is worthy to be added that he went this month to Manchester to visit his friends and see a flower show, in which he appears to have realised great delight.

In June he dined with the Master Cutler and Company, the Mayor and Aldermen, and other gentlemen, on the occasion of administering certain charities. He was called upon to propose "The Mayor and Corporation", and concluded his speech with a piece of blank verse in praise of the founders of the various local charities. After a few days, the poem filled more than half a column of the *Independent*. The Master Cutler of the time was Mr. Holland's dear friend Mr. William Bragge, with whom and with whose family his communication was ever of a very gratifying character.

At the end of the month Mr. Holland accompanied to Harrogate his excellent friend, Mr. John Webster, who was at this time the coroner of the Sheffield district. On the morning after his arrival, practically forgetting that he was neither so young nor so lithesome as he had been a few years before, he began to work out a cherished design of exploring the surrounding country; but his very zeal defeated its own object. Writing to Miss Colling after his return to Sheffield, he says:—"I had an especial hankering for Knaresborough, less than four miles off; and for that place I started on foot, and much enjoyed the walk. You know, the local curiosities are the castle, the dropping well, St. Joseph's cave, and Eugene Aram! After discussing these and turning my face homeward, I found there was no railway train in time for dinner, an important consideration, you know! I determined to walk, did so, encountered a thunderstorm—they say it thunders every day at Harrogate!—walked too fast, and was 'knocked up'! I was, indeed, so unwell that I felt the more fidgetty in proportion as my kind friends tried to make me comfortable." His refined and sensitive nature shrank in this instance at the thought of being burdensome to those who treated him with perfect kindness and great consideration. Of that one part of his designed excursion which he was permitted to accomplish, he has left a beautiful poetical memorial, entitled *Knaresborough*, which must take its place among the simplest and sweetest of his iambic compositions.

In August Mr. Holland once more, and now for the last time, yielded to the attractions of North Wales. The familiar heading, "Barmouth N.W.," appears again on his letters. He tells of one delightful mountain ramble, but says, significantly: "I am mostly inclined to keep at the bottom of the hills and look up." Experience had now effectually taught him; and he was trying to avoid that excessive fatigue which uniformly made him ill. Yet he tells of walking alone to a village six miles off, where he found an old disused Quaker burial-ground,

walled in and shaded with trees. He introduced himself to an intelligent man who had the key, and could give the history of the grave-ground. "He would," says Mr. Holland, "have me lunch with him; and so I took three cups of excellent tea and three no less excellent eggs! In the grave-ground there is a head-stone in memory of a lady whose maiden name was Morgan, 'the most beautiful woman in Wales', said my conductor "and the first love of a most distinguished orator and statesman, who visits this spot once a year to look at and weep over her grave'."

This autumn, Mr. Holland, at the request of Mr. Fisher, planted two oaks at Handsworth. He made a speech on the occasion, which was reported in one or more of the local papers, and from which it is gathered that he had stood, "with many other spectators, in front of 'the Palace of the Peak', and witnessed the planting of a tree, amidst the most illustrious group of individuals ever assembled on that magnificent esplanade." The reference is to a tree planted at Chatsworth by "Albert the Good." Quiet but touching reference is made in this speech to Mr. Holland's anticipation of being buried in Handsworth churchyard.

As the winter advanced, death sadly diminished Mr. Holland's list of friends and acquaintances. First died suddenly Mr. Colling, brother to the esteemed Hurworth correspondent and friend. He was shortly followed by Mr. Thomas Oates, one of Mr. Holland's early associates, and his co-executor of Miss Gales's will. And then fell Mr. Thomas Asline Ward, who had attained the age of ninety years, and of whose active, honourable, and useful career Mr. Holland published a long account in the *Telegraph*. By permission of the Secretary of State, Mr. Ward's remains were interred in the grave-ground of the Unitarian Chapel. Mr. Holland had never been in that chapel before; and he was struck with the near approach to orthodoxy in the words of the funeral service.—He felt that his old compeers were now dying on every side.

There were at this time other proofs of the continuance of Mr. Holland's fullness of literary vigour. He had for some time been assiduously collecting and carefully arranging materials for a paper or papers on *Snuffing*. On the 5th of December, he read before the Literary and Philosophical Society the first part of his essay, which treats of *The History, Materials, and Manufacture of Snuff*; and in the following February he presented the concluding portion, which deals with *Snuffing and Snuff-boxes*. Like most of his other papers, this essays indicates very extensive reading. But in this instance other than literary research was necessary. Personal inspection of the celebrated Sheffield Snuff Mills, of samples of different kinds of snuff procured from London and other parts of the country, and of the unequalled collection of snuff-boxes and smoking apparatus in the possession of his friend Mr. Bragge, as well as the examination of what different authors have written on the subject, was deemed necessary to the proper working out of his design. The result was, to use the words of a correspondent, an "informant" and amusing lecture, containing such an assemblage of facts and illustrations as probably had not been made before on the same subject. This was the last paper that Mr. Holland read before the Society; but it was by no means the last he projected.

The last month of this year will long be remembered for the dangerous illness and marvellous recovery of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales. There was extreme excitement in Sheffield, as in all other parts of the land. Mr. Holland says:—"The localities where recent telegrams were exhibited were literally impassable. Of course the grounds of anxiety were very various; political considerations with some, trade apprehensions with others, deep sympathy with many—myself among them—and perhaps mere curiosity with most; for such is human nature." Doubtless Mr. Holland's thoughts and feelings would fall into the form of an elegy, but the Divinely gracious "healing of the sick" happily prevented the appearance in print of anything that he might have composed.

At Christmas he wrote *The Holy Thorn: a Legend of Glastonbury*. This poem, with its notes, occupied more than a whole column of the newspaper. Its twenty-four stanzas narrate the familiar legendary story of the blooming of "the apostolic staff" of Joseph of Arimathæa at Glastonbury, with the effect of the miracle on the previously pagan spectators, the subsequent annual blooming of the same tree at Christmas-tide, the fate of "the holy grail", and some other circumstances. The Glastonbury legend must have been a favourite with Mr. Holland; for he often spoke of it, and there are several references to it in his works.

It is gathered from his letters that he ended this his last complete year, in good general health and under a deep sense of the greatness of the mercy with which God had enriched his long life.

CHAPTER XXV.

1872.

“To this cold narrow house, their last long home
On earth, I’ve seen both my dear parents brought
In hoary age, but each through life untaught
Far from plain duty’s path to roam :
Nor while with filial love I duly come
This rural elm-o’ershadowed grave to see,
Forget I its dark chamber waits for me,
When life hath ended, like a wreath of foam
Wave-broken on the strand. My father’s name,
My mother’s virtues, be it still my prayer,
That I, whate’er of pain or joy my share,
Heaven-aided, ne’er may tarnish or defame !
I hear a solemn voice, ‘ Prepare ! Prepare !’
As from the dead beneath this stone it came.”

J.H.

THE Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society now entered on the fiftieth year of its existence, and Mr. Holland on the fortieth of his curatorship. The continued and growing prosperity of the Society was to him a matter of the greatest interest ; and he rejoiced in the achievements and the honours of its members. His excellent friend, Mr. Sorby, was again unanimously elected as President. This was that gentleman’s third consecutive election ; and Mr. Holland felt that the honour was well deserved. He rejoiced also when, during the course of the year, the scientific eminence of his friend was attested anew “by the Dutch Royal Society’s award, for researches in geology, of the first Boerhaave Gold Medal,” which is presented once in twenty years. Another noticeable fact is, that the *Conversazione* of this year was largely attended,

the visitors manifesting an enthusiastic interest which was highly gratifying to Mr. Holland, after he had so long laboured to promote the objects and aims of the Society.

Early in January Mr. Joseph Gillott, so well known in connection with steel pens, died at his residence in Birmingham. He was a native of Sheffield, and had attained the age of seventy-two years. Mr. Holland had a good deal of newspaper correspondence concerning him, and compiled a memoir, to which due publicity was given.

A few weeks after this Mr. Holland lost another friend by the death of Mr. Blackwell, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. He wrote for the *Telegraph* an extensive obituary and an appreciative biography of his friend. From the two documents it is learned that Mr. Blackwell was a native of Sheffield Park; that he was for some time in the ministry of the Methodist New Connexion; that, having retired from that office, he became a very successful man of business; that he printed more books in Sheffield than anyone else before or since; that, after his removal to Newcastle, he received the highest municipal honours of his adopted town; and that Mr. Holland regarded him as "a man of the most sterling integrity, of clear and comprehensive views, with a soundness of understanding equalled only by the frankness and generosity of his general character." He was the author of a *Life of the Rev. Alexander Kilham*, the founder of the Methodist New Connexion.

After reading in February the concluding portion of his paper on *Smuffing*, Mr. Holland was busily engaged on his projected *History of the Cutlers' Company*, the unfinished state of which is to be regretted. And for weeks about this time, Miss Colling and he were discussing their old theme of "Longevity". The lady was in correspondence on that subject with Professor Owen, whom she was striving to convince that she could adduce well authenticated cases, of both men and women, whose lives had extended beyond the period of one hundred and five years. She complained that

it was difficult to convince the learned naturalist, who had but recently published his opinions on the subject; and Mr. Holland, referring to Stanley's finding of Livingstone, wrote:—"I could imagine no quest less auspicious of success, at the outset, than that of Mr. Stanley, *except* the undertaking of an attempt on my part to satisfy Professor Owen that Mary Benton lived to the incredible age attributed to her. Yes! I think a thing may be very 'incredible' and yet 'true'."

Another subject discussed about the same time was suggested by a scheme for promoting "a universal language". Mr. Holland writes:—"I would call the scheme 'Utopian', but that in the famous romance of Sir Thomas More nothing so hypothetically absurd is introduced. I do not know if you ever read that celebrated work; but I have done so more than once, and have sketched an essay for our Philosophical Society under the title of *Utopia Realised*; for it is curious to find how far what were dreams in the time of Henry VIII. are realities in the reign of Victoria I.; though a gift of tongues surpassing the marvellous exhibition made at the day of Pentecost, is not one of them. What an entertaining paper you could write for Chambers under the title, *A Congress of Nations for the Establishment of a Universal Language*. What a crowd of learned, selfish, and indomitable reasons would each person give in favour of his own 'mother tongue'. A pleasant illustration of this idea is furnished every year in the meeting and the speeches—in the vernacular, of course—of the Welsh Eisteddfod, when the use of the ancient Cambrian speech is advocated against the encroaching language of the 'Sassenach', under the patriotic motto of that famous bardic institution, 'Truth against the World'. Alas, that this sentiment should be so often reversed in the practice of what Old Moore, the almanac maker, calls 'mundane affairs'." The reader may note here that Mr. Holland had witnessed the Eisteddfod during more than one of his sojourns in Wales, and that he had very long been a regular reader of *Old Moore's Almanac*.

“I think you are quite mistaken, and so are hundreds of authors, in the notion that if a book does not sell, it is because the publisher does not *push* it: his *interest* is to sell it. And I think you are still more wrong in attributing the success of Thomson's *Seasons* to the lucky intervention of the nobleman who had the good taste to admire, and the good feeling to commend the poem. These advantages it had, but they were at least as much effects of its merits as causes of its success. At least six new poems, all of them more or less meritorious, are reviewed every week in *The Athenæum*: and I wonder if one in a hundred pays expenses out of the pockets of the public.

“But I must draw towards a conclusion, for I am going to dine, by invitation, with ‘The Master’ and ‘Company of Cutlers,’ *not*, as you may imagine, from any suspicion they may have of my historical design on the ‘ancient and honourable Corporation,’ but because they, at this season, distribute two excellent charities, in cloaks, coats, and hats, to about fifty poor old men and women, and the yearly custom has long been to close the ceremony with a dinner. I should enjoy the prospect of meeting with so many Sheffield gentlemen, as I hope to enjoy the feast, were it not that I am afraid of being called upon to say something!”

Another subject discussed in Mr. Holland's letters during the same period was the enfranchisement of women, which he thought “too visionary for his handling.”

A letter written in August contains the following:—“I can hardly imagine a more appropriate benefaction to his native place than Mrs. Colling's gift of a peal of bells in memory of her honoured husband. Long, long may they cheer happy Hurworth with their Sabbath and festal music! And long, long may you be spared to enjoy and report the thoughts they will bring of the past—the happy as well as the solemn past!

“‘Table-turning’ may not be a very dignified or profitable affair; but it is, assuredly, a very mysterious one; and I do not think it philosophical to get quit of it with a flippant *cui bono?*”

I say the same of 'ghosts,' the advocates of the possible existence of which *in our time*, are met with the question, 'What's their use?'—Yes, *coals* and *meat*, and everything except bread—thanks to the abolition of the Corn Laws, say I—seem to be going up in price: but so do wages. With respect to coals, I am annoyed to find this newspaper and that puling about your waste and my waste in our small domestic fire-grates, and not writing one word of complaint or reprobation of the enormous worse-than-waste going on through the *exportation* of a precious, costly, and exhaustible home product. I am a 'Free Trader' to the backbone in everything but coal; and I think the sending of that out of the kingdom ought to be as strictly prohibited, or at least as heavily taxed as if it were the best soil of our arable land; and in this opinion I think you will agree with me."

During the same month, writing to Mrs. Hassé, he says:—"I have not yet been from home this summer, but may, D.V., go with 'our people' to Grange-over-Sands, near Morecambe Bay, whither their present thoughts and intentions tend. We shall not go before the end of September; which is later than I should prefer, if I had my own way." Their "thoughts" and "intentions" were carried out at the time named.

That peculiar love for spring which Mr. Holland had beautifully sung in early life had not been at all diminished, but had rather become more intense and partial with advancing years; and if any one of his feelings had fuller expression than another during the sojourn at Grange, it was, that the very interesting places which he visited and described would have been much more interesting in May or June. He seems to have *sighed* for that delightful season when "the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." He says:—"In the present dull, damp, and flowerless as well as silent—I mean *songless*—season, we are constantly reminded of rural delights which *have been, but have gone for ever.*" How true was that in relation to himself!

The party arrived at their lodgings at Kent's Bank, near Grange, on Friday evening, the 27th of September; and the next morning there appeared in the *Sheffield Telegraph* the first of a series of eleven letters, under the title *Morecambe Bay and its Surroundings*. Those letters have been preserved in the same way as the author's *Memorials of North Wales*, previously described. They are so extensive that they would fill two pages and a half of *The Times*, in the type of its leading articles. The letters are true to their title, and contain topographical and other sketches of much interest, for which, however, space cannot be found here.

An ardently anticipated visit to Swarthmore Hall, famous for its connection with the history of George Fox and the Quakers, where the tourist worshipped with some venerable people, was made the occasion of an interesting letter on Quakerism, Quaker poets, George Fox, and other Friends. The desire to visit that ancient "conventicle" had led to the wish to sojourn at Grange; for Mr. Holland still retained all his old interest in Quakerism. He yet felt, and could not refrain from saying, that the Friends ought to read the Bible in their meetings for worship. There was shown him a copy of the old black-letter folio known to bibliographers as "The Treacle Bible"; and it seemed most curious to him that that "gift of George Fox to the meeting" at Swarthmore Hall, should be "locked up in a wooden cage, and not allowed to be read in public worship."

In another of the letters he laments that "every religious sect seems willing to accept unfailing or increasing pecuniary support as the measure or complement of ministerial success." Having heard an unsatisfactory sermon, he, in the same letter, criticises the preaching of the day as commonly having, notwithstanding all its proprieties, neither aim, nor power, nor interest, except as a pulpit performance; and he adds, significantly as to the value of his criticism:—"If long familiarity with sermonising has lessened my appreciation of pulpit oratory, my enjoyment of the devotional portions of Sabbath service, wherever and by whomsoever conducted, has proportionately increased." The purpose

of preaching had, with him, been accomplished long before he wrote that letter; and it is more than probable that that preaching which he now thought "poor" was producing on young hearers the very effects which the preaching of distant years had produced on himself. For the moment he forgot that the principal change had, probably, taken place in himself.

His enjoyment of devotional exercises is worthy of special notice. It was one of many proofs that "the truth," with which he had so long been happily familiar, had had its "operation" upon him. What that operation had been let the foregoing pages witness.

The party returned in safety to Sheffield. The *Grange Letters* were Mr. Holland's last large voluntary contribution to that local newspaper press which he had so long delighted to aid. They show the permanence of his perception of the beautiful, the continued excellence of his natural descriptive power, and the retentiveness of his memory. But they were written amidst some infirmities of age, in spite of which the writer retained his Christian cheerfulness and native humour. One of those infirmities was deafness, of which he had previously complained a little, but which was now quite serious.

Miss Colling had recently informed him of certain things at Hurworth which he had a desire to see. The lady was, indeed, meditating arrangements for another meeting; and it was understood that, if they should both live, he was again to visit his friend in "merry May or leafy June." But he seems hardly to have entertained any hope that the design would ever be accomplished. His mind appears to have become, at this time, more and more impressed with the uncertainty of life, and with his own absolute dependence on the sovereign pleasure of his Heavenly Father. He writes:—"I would place 'D.V.' after any project at my time of life; thankful as I am for the gifts of pedestrianism and penmanship which I still enjoy."

Thus, without warning and with an affecting suddenness, ended the epistolary tokens of an intimate, happy, and uncom-

mon friendship which has greatly affected the narrative here approaching its solemn close.

The "gift of penmanship" was exercised, before his fatal illness, in the composition of two hymns, which were given, by request, to his nephew, that he might select one of them for the annual special Christmas service at Carver Street Chapel. The hymn chosen is here subjoined:—

“Age to age has told on earth
Wondrous things of Jesu’s birth,
Telling what the written Word
Says of our incarnate Lord :
Fresh the glorious theme appears,
Told through eighteen hundred years ;
‘ Glory be to God on high !’
Was the angels’ Advent cry.

With delight, race after race,
Saints of old were wont to trace
How the heavenly babe forlorn,
Was in Bethlehem’s stable born ;
How, within a mortal span,
Lived the Eternal Word in man :
‘ Glory be to God on high !’
Was the ancient Church’s cry.

When, beyond Jerusalem far,
Gentiles hail’d the Gospel Star,
Heard, a thousand isles rejoice,
Listening to the preacher’s voice ;
Whether saints rejoiced or wept,
This glad Festival was kept :
‘ Glory be to God on high !’
Still was the believers’ cry.

When to Britain’s favoured shore
Men of grace the Gospel bore,
Once a year the island rang
With the songs fresh converts sang,
Kings and queens with one accord
Worshipping their Saviour Lord
‘ Glory be to God on high !’
Was our brave forefathers’ cry.

Clouds and tempests sometimes came—
Wasting war, with sword and flame,—

Persecution's dreadful brand,
 Wielded by a tyrant's hand ;
 Cold indifference, bigot strife,
 Tried the Church's peace and life :
 ' Glory be to God on high !'
 Still was the meek sufferers' cry.

Happy land ! thrice happy days !
 Ours should be a life of praise !
 ' Neath our vine and fig-tree, we,
 God in Christ ! can worship Thee ;
 Can rejoice with sacred mirth,
 Hailing thus our Saviour's birth :
 ' Glory be to God on high !'
 With one heart and voice we cry."

The deafness once more passed away, and Mr. Holland appeared to be in the enjoyment of more than his usual degree of liveliness and physical energy.

He spent the evening of Thursday, the 28th of November, at the residence of Mr. Edward Wilson, in company with old friends whom it had been his habit for some years to meet at that gentleman's table. He engaged freely in the discussion of several literary and social subjects, and his friends did not observe any diminution of his mental vigour or of his conversational aptness and power.

The next few days were not marked by anything special. But on the morning of the following Wednesday, the 4th of December, he met with a serious accident. He had walked to the Botanical Gardens, and was proceeding thence towards the rooms of the Literary and Philosophical Society, when a large Newfoundland dog, rushing across the footpath, ran violently against him, and caused him to lose his footing and fall to the ground. Feeling faint, he turned into a neighbouring shop, but after a few minutes' rest proceeded to his room at the School of Art, where he remained some hours at his usual occupations. In the afternoon he dined at The Mount, and in the evening visited his friend, Mr. J. F. Parkin, at Machon Bank, where it was noticed that he was unwell; but no serious results had yet been apprehended.

It soon appeared, however, that the fall had so aggravated his internal complaint that there was reason for alarm. On the Thursday, Friday, and Saturday he complained of being ill, but declined medical advice. On the Sunday morning he walked from his home in the Park to The Mount, a distance of nearly three miles, and thence to the Wesleyan Chapel in the neighbourhood. There it was noticed that he turned very pale, and he was persuaded to retire before the conclusion of the service. In the afternoon he consulted his medical adviser, who, apprehending danger, requested him to remain at The Mount. The following day, feeling better, he went down to the Society's rooms, but had to return in great pain. Remedies prescribed by Dr. Jackson brought him some relief; and then he took a cab to his cottage in the Park. The night was spent in intense suffering; and early on the Tuesday morning he returned to The Mount, manifestly much worse, and quite unfit to move about. In the afternoon he took to his bed, and in the evening was made fully aware of the very alarming character of his symptoms.

For a few days he entertained hopes of being able to sit up and engage in literary work in his bedroom; but those hopes became fainter and yet fainter day by day; and paroxysms of intense pain soon rendered him altogether prostrate.

On Sunday, the 22nd, no one but his nephew being with him at the time, he made his first direct allusion to the almost certain nearness of his end. He began to speak respecting his grave in Handsworth churchyard, but utterance was stopped by pain; and the subject was never again introduced.

On the day following, having some brief intervals of ease, he, with great difficulty, succeeding in conversing with his nephew about certain matters relating to the Literary and Philosophical Society. Having discovered he had been so absorbed in his sufferings, that he had lost a day in his calculation, that a lecture in the delivery of which he was interested had been given during the previous week, and that some

relief and support in singing.”—“What, did you sing, uncle?”—His answer was,—

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow.”

At one time, by his request, the nurse left him for twenty minutes. The occasion was very solemn. While alone he was engaged in earnest prayer, as he lay in bed; and after that interval of solitude, he seemed to have no more interest whatever in the things of this world.

When he had become too weak to converse with his friend Mr. Jackson, he sent him this message:—“Tell the people to get ready to die whilst in health and vigour; if I had to get ready now, I could not do it.” This message, spoken from the very margin of the grave, and given to the congregation at the Wesleyan Chapel on the first Sunday of the new year, appeared to come upon the people as a solemn charge.

Such were the feebleness and the pain of the last few days, that there was seldom an interval for connected conversation. The dying man’s agony was very great; and the vigour of his constitution enabled him to bear it long, while he prayed submissively that his time of distress might be shortened.

On the 24th, having made some inquiry as to the day and the hour, he exclaimed, evidently with anxiety as to his power of endurance,—“Then this is *only* Christmas eve.” Early the next morning he heard musicians in the garden, and was made aware that Christmas-day had dawned once more. He did not forget either that he had always enjoyed that Christian festival, or that his last metrical composition would be sung that morning by a large assembly; and he expressed a wish that his nurse could go to hear the singing of his Christmas hymn.

He lingered until the following Saturday, being rarely able to speak a few consecutive words. On that day he appeared to have entire rest, and to be very happy, while the end was manifestly drawing very near. In the evening, about

half-past ten o'clock, he calmly breathed his last, and his ransomed spirit returned to God. Thus ended a life not more remarkable for anything than for purity of thought, of purpose, and of practice.

The intelligence of Mr. Holland's death was received in the town with feelings of great regret. One of the local papers, expressing a general feeling, truly remarked that John Holland had so long been an intellectual landmark to those in Sheffield who possessed any culture, that his passing away had left a larger void than could have been caused by "the removal of almost any one of his fellow-citizens". "One of those 'links among the days' which knit" one generation to another, had been broken by his death; and people of all classes felt that they had lost one whom they had highly esteemed. Who in Sheffield had not known him? For whom had he not had a kindly word? And who was left that could confer upon "the good old town" as he had long delighted to call it, such benefits as those which had fallen from his hands in various ways?

The funeral took place on the morning of New Year's-day. Though it was not in the ordinary sense public, it was attended with many and striking signs of unusual respect for the deceased. Among the occupants of mourning coaches and private carriages were the Mayor, the Master Cutler, the Vicar of Sheffield, and the President and Officers of the Literary and Philosophical Society. The procession was watched by many of the aged inhabitants of the town, whose demeanour showed the deepest respect for him whom they had lost. Several cabs and other vehicles joined the sombre train during its progress to Handsworth by way of Attercliffe and Darnall; and as it neared its destination, "the road was busy with well-dressed pedestrians" who were making their way to the village to pay a last tribute of respect to one "who seemed to have left no successor like himself;" and in the church were many of the best-known gentlemen of Sheffield. The service was performed by the Rev. James Mowatt, Rector of Hands-

worth, the Rev. J. Stacey, Chaplain of the Shrewsbury Hospital, and the Rev. Dr. Sale, the good and greatly respected Vicar of Sheffield, for whom the same mournful office has since been performed.

The coffin was of massive polished oak, and bore the following inscription :—

JOHN HOLLAND,

OF

SHEFFIELD PARK.

BORN 14TH MARCH, 1794 ;

DIED 28TH DECEMBER, 1872.

Before the coffin was lowered into the grave, Mr. Charles Fisher placed upon it, at the head, two varieties of rare and exquisite flowers entwined as a *corona*. They were *Lapugera alba* and *Lapugera rubra*. The beauty of that flower had often attracted the poet's attention in the nurseries at Handsworth ; and his friend deemed his memory worthy to be associated with it evermore.

Often had Mr. Holland been a pilgrim to that churchyard under the soil of which reposed the remains of his parents and ancestors ; and now, his own last wish having been fulfilled, his mortal body sleeps with kindred dust.

Bidding farewell to this bard, philosopher, and friend of warmest heart, we feel we shall not soon behold his like again. His life was "bright" because he knew the secret of true contentment ; and when his Master said his work was done, he was not afraid to die. When the portal was Divinely opened, he, absent from the body, was present with the Lord ; and now we say of him, as he has written of another :—

*
 "With life the pangs of death are o'er,
 And he has passed to that far better place
 Where angels are his fellows, where his soul,
 Freed from its frail and shattered fleshly tent,

Expatriates gloriously, without control,
 In its own pure eternal element,
 The heaven of God; there, saved and sanctified,
 Our brother ever lives; for Jesus once hath died."

Among numerous public recognitions of the loss sustained by Mr. Holland's death, appeared the following:—

"JOHN HOLLAND.—IN MEMORIAM."

"God-bye, old friend, 'twere vain indeed to tell
 The sadden'd thoughts that fill our minds to-day;
 A work thou hadst to do, and didst it well,
 As many lips in future time shall say.
 My task is but the flowers of love to lay
 On thy new grave, bedewed with many a tear;
 Mourn for thy gentle spirit passed away
 Within the veil—alas! no longer here.
 Thus, thus the faces from our path depart,
 The hands we grasped with warmth we grasp no more
 Thus, thus we lose the treasures of the heart;
 Yet not to murmur—for they've gone before,
 Entered, through grace and love, God's open door.

Yet shall we miss thy long familiar form,
 Thy dress, thy voice, thy walk, thy ready pen;
 Peaceful and happy 'mid surrounding storm,
 Nothing but genial smiles hadst thou for men.
 Thy life was pure, holy, and good; and when
 The great Disposer summoned thee on high,
 The lesson of that life was given; and then,
 Calm in thy faith, thou didst not fear to die.
 Rest in thy peace, thou hast not lived in vain;
 Thy story, gentle bard, shall oft be told;
 In Memory's vision shalt thou live again,
 Thy place unbought by either rank or gold,
 Lowly, but safe, among the men of old."

JOHN BURBIDGE.

"*St. Stephen's Parsonage, Sheffield, Jan 1st, 1873.*"

CHAPTER XXVI.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

“The man who, when with toil or care distraught,
Or when at ease in body or in mind,
In self-communion can no joyance find,
Hath not in Wisdom’s school been fully taught :
To dive in silence for rich pearls of thought,
Deep in the waveless ocean of the soul,
Is to enjoy, beyond the world’s control,
A bliss, in tumult often vainly sought :
Thus in my chamber or the flowery field,
When with me human form or voice is none,
I feel nor sad, nor dull, nor all alone ;
For still the intellectual part doth yield
To its own powers companionship ; the while
O’er all my inner being spreads contentment’s smile.”

J.H.

It is presumed that the reader may derive from the foregoing narrative a tolerably correct impression of Mr. Holland as a man, as an author, and as a citizen. A few paragraphs are added here in order that there may be presented something like a consecutive view of his chief characteristics.

Mr. Holland’s stature was about five feet nine inches. His person was somewhat slender ; but, with the exception of a constitutional paleness, which increased with age, there was nothing in his appearance to suggest that he was a delicate man. His complexion was light, his forehead broad rather than lofty, his eye bright but not piercing, and his entire countenance marked with intelligence, thoughtfulness, affection, and self-government. In his gait there was an elasticity which

betokened great physical vigour ; and from youth to old age he regularly took a large amount of walking exercise. He dressed in black cloth, and wore an ample white cravat, at which an essayist has thought fit to record the pitiful sneer of ignorance in a volume which, the preface says, does not contain his "ill-natured writing," but which certainly needs revision.

Mr. Holland's features have been perpetuated in photographs and several likenesses of other kinds. One is a drawing by Mr. Ibbitt, which represents a young man of about twenty-six years. Another is a painting originally executed by Mr. Richard Smith, for Mr. Samuel Roberts, who has presented it to Mr. Holland's nephew. It was taken when Mr. Holland was about fifty-five, and better renders his appearance in general than his face in particular. It was in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1853. The engraving in the *Memoirs of Montgomery* is a combination of that painting and another likeness, and is, as a portrait, quite unsatisfactory and incorrect. Mr. Brammall possesses also a life-size bust and a medallion. The bust was executed by Mr. William Ellis in 1853, and is considered a fair likeness ; and the medallion, by Mr. Theophilus Smith in 1872, was exhibited at the Royal Academy the same year. This, being a good representation of the original, has been chosen for the present volume. The last likeness of the poet ever taken is a marble bust by Mr. Theophilus Smith. It was formed by the combination of a photograph, the medallion, and a cast taken after death. It was prepared at the request of the Literary and Philosophical Society, and is now the property of the Cutlers' Company.

Mr. Holland's manner of life was very simple. His wants were few ; he had enough ; and he envied no other man's position or wealth. Being content with his own humble but chosen lot, he neither coveted nor was jealous. Living at peace with God and men he saw "the agreeable side of existence", and strove to make the lives of other people bright and happy. When, on his deathbed, he said to his

niece,—“I think no man has had a brighter life than mine,” he repeated what had been his conviction at almost every stage of his past course. He achieved a great success “in working out the problem of how to be happy on modest means.”

He was a charitable man, and could not do an ill-natured thing. One who knew him well says:—“But for the sad truth that goodness itself will sometimes make its possessor disliked, we could hardly conceive of him as leaving behind him one enemy.”

He was an agreeable and entertaining companion. His conversational facility was very great. Words flowed in un-failing abundance, and generally gave clear expression to his thoughts; but at times his sentences were too long, and seemed to be over-burdened with words.

He freely and without fear expressed his opinions through the press, in correspondence with his friends, and in conversation with those whose confidence he possessed, or who sought his advice; but he shrank from persons whom he supposed to stand in positions from which they might regard his approaches as intrusions. With the exception of literary publicity and conversational assertion he was remarkable for a retiring disposition, which appears to have increased in strength under the fostering of seclusion and study.

Mr. Holland had good natural endowments. A clear intellect, a retentive memory, an unusual thirst for knowledge, and an uncommon power of application, led to great ultimate proficiency; but he complains of a serious lack of early educational advantages. While yet a youth, however, he measured himself, and resolved to win what could be won by acquaintance with books. The volumes he possessed at the time were not many; but he read and re-read, until their treasures were his own. Thus he secured both information and mental discipline, and contracted those habits which were destined to yield, to the end of his life, the chief personal delights for which he would care. Literary pursuits became

their own reward. For a time he lived by his pen. Afterwards, feeling no need of payment, he rendered a large amount of valuable literary service, for which he persistently refused all pecuniary recompense. He felt and said that the acceptance of material remuneration would have destroyed all the pleasure he had in working.

He was a very extensive reader. With most of the departments of human knowledge accessible through books he had much acquaintance. His was not that superficial knowledge which some acquire through "cheap and popular manuals". He was a "thorough student", having access to the best works through two large public libraries, and making the most excellent use of his opportunities. Forty years ago his contributions to Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, and his other works, had given evidence of the great width of his literary range. He knew the chief scientific discoveries and inventions of his time, and never lost his youthful interest in such things.

Mr. Holland had not an exact acquaintance with any other language than his own. But in early life he taught himself as much Latin as was ever afterwards very useful to him; and his vocabulary has, it is believed, more than an average comprehensiveness. If his style is sometimes too voluminous, it is, nevertheless, natural and clear, generally correct, and but seldom feeble.

His literary versatility was very remarkable. Few subjects found him unprepared; and most consistently might he have chosen for his motto the words of the bard of "gelid Sulmo",

"Semper tibi pendeat hamus:
Quo minime credas gurgite, piscis erit;"

for wherever he threw his line, success appeared to attend him. His works are theological, antiquarian, historical, biographical, scientific, critical, poetical, and miscellaneous.

He composed sermons which have been delivered from pulpits of the Church of England, contributed articles on

different subjects to religious publications, developed his views on various matters of theological speculation, and composed hundreds of hymns.

That "spice of the antiquary" which was early insinuated into his nature by the "lone wreck of ancient splendour" under the shadow of which he spent his life, was fully retained, and became a leading feature in his character. The results were manifold. His *History of Worksop* is a valuable book of reference, and has given him a place in one of the classic works of the learned Hunter. His acquaintance with the history and the antiquities of his native town and district became very intimate. "He could," to use the words of the Rev. S. Earnshaw, "always tell what nobody else could tell, and his stores of information were placed freely at the disposal of all." His *Sheffield* and his *Wharnccliffe* acceptably supplied wants which many had felt. And his contributions to the newspapers on matters of local interest were numerous and extensive. Obsolete customs, superseded games, and family histories had great attractions for him, and became in his hands highly interesting themes.

His contributions to biography were large and numerous. In addition to ten volumes of regular and separately-published "Lives," he wrote an unknown number of sketches for the newspapers and other publications, some of which have not been preserved. As a biographer he stated facts as they appeared to himself and without embellishment. If in one instance he became very prolix, he had reasons, satisfactory to himself, for the plan adopted; and the *Memoirs of Montgomery* will be more prized in the next century than in this.

Mr. Holland's scientific attainments were very respectable. The reviews of books which he published in the *Sheffield Mercury* show that he found peculiar pleasure in works relating to Natural History in its various departments. His treatise on *Manufactures in Metal*, published forty years ago, promises long to be a work of reference; while his *Queen of Flowers* is a gem which ought not to be unattainable. In botany he found

great delight, and in the manufacturing processes of his native town scarcely less.

To say nothing of other matters, he published in the *Sheffield Mercury* critical reviews of books which would fill several large volumes. His voluntary contributions on various subjects to the *Telegraph* were little less abundant. The *Tour of the Don* is a book which he might well be proud to have written. His contributions to the new edition of Hunter's *Hallamshire* and to other works for which his help was sought, were valuable and extensive. His poems are probably equal in extent to the whole of Shakspeare's Works. And, lastly, his literary, friendly, and autobiographical letters were more numerous and comprehensive than those of Cowper. Such a worker as Mr. Holland appears but seldom; and a man with attainments so diversified and so extensive is not to be met with every day.

He was, distinctively, a poet. His verses were so incessantly appearing in the local papers, that they did not always receive the attention due to them. Thus he interfered with his own reputation. But now, when the whole may be surveyed, a proper estimate can be formed. His poetry very seldom lacks rhythm. This is the more remarkable because he was confessedly without "musical ear." It abounds in pleasing similes and finely-turned phrases; but it does not reach the height of "the sublime." It never reveals a far-reaching imagination; but it commonly displays a cultivated, chaste, and discreetly governed fancy. It is not so much creative as contemplative; and its principal themes are the phenomena of material nature, especially of vegetable life, and the events and relations of human society. It is pure, thoughtful, didactic, and elevating, and contains lines and stanzas of great force and beauty; but it has not yet much increased the stock of the household words of the people. It is, in almost every instance, the product of a calm and happy inspiration; but it knows nothing of that raving which has secured for some inferior productions an amount of notice which Mr. Holland's pieces

have only occasionally received. It is clear, univocal, and easy to comprehend, never plunging the reader into unfathomable depths of mystery of doubtful interpretation, like much of what has been praised as poetry in recent years. It was written *con amore*, and there pervades it a genuine feeling by the expression of which the author has remarkably written his own mental and spiritual history. This is shown, at least partially, in the mottoes prefixed to the foregoing chapters. Whatever may be his relative position among English poets, Holland must be classed with Cowper and Montgomery. His gentle and pious spirit was early attracted by the Godly tenderness of Montgomery, while the fiery, rough, and yet magnificent energy of Elliott repelled him. These facts show his poetical character. In Holland passed away the last of those gifted men on whose account, during the first half of the nineteenth century, his native town was worthily designated "classic Sheffield."

Mr. Holland was a Christian. "His devotion to literature was only surpassed by the rare excellence of his heart and his many Christian virtues."* In early days he accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour, his Prophet, Priest, and King; and through life he was among "such as should be saved." "The tree" was made "good", and never ceased "to bring forth good fruit". That "fruit" appeared in all departments of his life. Socially, officially, and in his literary capacity, he conscientiously "walked in truth".

His relations to the professing Church were peculiar. He was a member of the Church of England so far as baptism, confirmation, and regular communion at the Lord's Table could make him a member; and he was ever a sincere, ardent, and even zealous advocate and defender of that Church; but he called himself, after all, "a practical dissident"; and such in fact he was. He greatly admired those many devoted evangelical ministers of the Church of England, with whose laborious services Sheffield was blessed during his life-time;

* *Report of the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society, 1872.*

but he did not, except occasionally, attend the services of the Established Church. Priestly assumption he could not bear. He says, in an essay on Popery :—“ The figment that the Pope is ‘ Christ’s vicar and vicegerent on earth ’, seems to me not one whit more absurd or unscriptural than the pretence of Divinely-derived apostolical succession, on the part and on behalf of the Archbishop of Canterbury, with this difference, that the former is the creature of the ‘ Catholic Church ’, the latter of the British crown.”

Mr. Holland’s usual place of worship was the Wesleyan Chapel in Carver Street, where he attended the morning service with great regularity. He was not in the proper sense a member of the Methodist Society, because he did not meet in class ; but his sympathy with the doctrines, the discipline, the designs, and the operations of Methodism was through life strong and constant ; though he sometimes criticised the legislation of the Methodist Conference, and, in a few instances, deplored an abuse of official power. Through and in spite of all of which he could not approve, he was always glad to keep up his chosen relation with the Methodist Body, with which other members of his family had the most intimate connection. He thought that the Methodist system ought to be so modified as to receive such as himself to the Lord’s Supper, without conveying the sense of being on sufferance. He never forgot the happiness of his Sunday School days ; and he rejoiced to produce an original hymn for each recurring Whitsuntide Sunday School festival.

He had the most friendly relations with members of the Moravian Church ; and the history of that Church touched some of the tenderest chords of his sensitive and affectionate nature. His interest in the Quakers never ceased. The reader will have noticed that during his last holiday excursion he worshipped with a number of Friends, and wrote for publication some of his most cherished convictions concerning the history, the present methods, and the interests of Quakerism,

He had little sympathy with Independency regarded as a system of Church Government; but of the political and religious rights of Nonconformists he was a staunch advocate. With Socinianism he had no sympathy. The proper Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ appeared to him so plainly revealed in the New Testament, that his charity itself, which was very large, could scarcely comprehend those who denied that Divinity. It seemed to him that modern Unitarianism cannot be either adopted or defended by one who is prepared to take a common-sense view of Holy Scripture. His purely evangelical convictions were very decided and very strong.

Mr. Holland was a Protestant; but he would not have satisfied some Protestant advocates. He did not dread Papal aggression in England. It was his opinion that the supremacy of our Sovereign, "over all matters ecclesiastical as well as civil," is the safeguard of our liberties; and he thought that while that safeguard remains, together with the freedom of the press and the maintenance of the rights of Nonconformity, the people of England can afford to laugh at the so-called aggressions of Popery. He had less sympathy with the views of those who look for a speedy extinction of Popery. He found historical evidence of great vitality in the Church of Rome. He saw that Popery, that is, the priestcraft of the Church of Rome, had survived Gothic invasion, the splitting of an "infallible" Pontificate, into two very fallible Heads, the great "schisms" of the Eastern and Western Churches, the Lutheran disruption, the absorption of a vast portion of the patrimony of St. Peter by the "upstart" kingdom of Italy, and the propounding and carrying, in a so-called ecumenical council, of the monstrous dogma of "infallibility"; and he concluded that Popery has its roots in a soil which can feed it, in spite of manifest absurdity and logical contradiction, and in spite of the refutations, the contempt, and the deprecation of enlightened men. "The speedy downfall of Popery" was, therefore, in his estimation, a dream not soon, alas, to be fulfilled.

He had, if possible, still less sympathy with the arrogance of those who presume to know what amount of deteriorating human error is sufficient to nullify the power of saving truth. He held that a sincere, penitent, and earnest seeker of salvation can easily find his way, and that many have been saved under systems which, in addition to the pure truth of Christ, inculcate doctrines that are in themselves irrational, unscriptural, misleading, and even mischievous. At the same time he strongly insisted on the necessity of striving to keep "the truth in Jesus" free from admixtures of human error; and he had great pleasure in calling attention, even in newspaper reviews, to editions of the Bible which specially enhanced the attractiveness of the Word of God.

Mr. Holland was a philanthropist. His anti-slavery poems and many other of his compositions show a burning desire to do good to men. He was not "a total abstainer"; but long ago he said, and to the end of his life he could have said:—"Our praise has always been given to the efforts of every champion who, with whatever arms, has made war upon the love of strong drink, that monster destroyer of social happiness in this country." The material and commercial prosperity of his native town afforded him the highest gratification; though his own actual pecuniary share in the great general success was extremely small.

Of his political opinions it is needless to enlarge. He has recorded that he "hated politics." Then here was an exception, since hatred was with him a very rare thing. His opinions were Liberal; but his Liberalism was moderate; and he could conscientiously take the literary department in the editorship of the *Sheffield Mercury*, the principles of which were generally understood to be Conservative. He wrote long and freely on political and kindred subjects without the bias of party considerations and advocacy.

The estimation in which Mr. Holland's fellow-townsmen hold his memory is worthy of a concluding notice. A marble

bust, previously named, prepared by Mr. Theophilus Smith for the Literary and Philosophical Society, has been presented to the Cutlers' Company, and may now be seen on the staircase of the Cutlers' Hall. The presentation was made at the *Conversazione* of 1874, by Mr. Sorby, on behalf of the Society. Mr. Sorby said that his late friend might at one time have been called the Society itself; and the Master Cutler described the bust of their esteemed and honoured townsman as a striking representation of the original and as a great acquisition to the Cutlers' Hall. There the well-deserved memorial stands in a position than which no other in the splendid Hall is more honourable or more distinguished. The pedestal bears the following inscription :—

J O H N H O L L A N D

O F

S H E F F I E L D P A R K

A U T H O R A N D P O E T

B O R N M A R C H 1 4 T H , 1 7 9 4

D I E D D E C R . 2 8 T H , 1 8 7 2

P R E S E N T E D T O T H E C U T L E R S
C O M P A N Y B Y M E M B E R S A N D
F R I E N D S O F T H E L I T E R A R Y
A N D P H I L O S O P H I C A L S O C I E T Y
O F W H I C H H E W A S T H E C U R A T O R
F O R A P E R I O D O F F O R T Y Y E A R S

“Such measure of immortality as the skill of the sculptor can bestow on the human face” Mr. Smith has bestowed on that of Mr. Holland. Those to whom he was known will recognise his very countenance, with its “bright” and cheerful smile. Other eyes will gaze on that radiant face in other days; and when they shall ask why it stands in its place of honour,

let them call to mind that John Holland, "served his own generation by the will of God."

"There is no aristocracy of letters"; and "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth". John Holland was rich, but not in the possession of that from which death could carry him away. His riches were in himself, and that true wealth which he had on earth will abide as a portion of his heavenly and everlasting treasure.

Since the preceding pages were in type, the biographer has had the pleasure to receive from Miss Colling, under her literary name of "Eta Mawr", the following tribute to the memory of her poetic friend:—

"Well is the task fulfilled! The friendly page
Here paints a 'bright career' from youth to age,
Bright, but yet calm; no hero's deeds are here,
But the true hero of a peaceful sphere,
Who many high and varied gifts could blend—
Christian, and bard, philosopher, and friend!

And thus concludes, with nature's parting strife,
The long-drawn record of a blameless life.
Thus, *all* concludes! The greatest and the best
Through Death's dim portals pass to final rest.
Ah! keen and sharp the pangs that ushered thine;
But not thy doom to 'die, and make no sign,'
As said of one, like thee by torture tried:
The saint sustained it, though the sufferer died!

But let us turn from that sad closing scene,
Cheered by the thought of what thy life had been.
Active, yet tranquil, still did changeful time
Find thee fresh work; thine was no '*idle* rhyme;'
In praise to God or benefit to man—
Sonnet or hymn—the ready verses ran.
Thine was each theme of gravity or glee;
And all things turned to poetry with thee!

And oh ! how many years we interchanged
Alternate thought, and o'er what subjects ranged !
And strange and sudden seemed the fatal stroke
That all those old associations broke ;
No parting letter traced with trembling hand !
No scheme fulfilled that hopefully we planned !

Oft had we talked of *Teesdale* and the past,
Nor deemed *that* visit was the first and last.
Fondly we hoped to meet once more on earth
When fleeting months should give sweet Spring new birth.
For thee, alas ! those earthly hopes were o'er,
And fate had destined we should meet no more !

Yet, may these lines preserve a while in song
The memory of a friendship firm and long.
Ah ! well I know, if *I* had passed away,
Embalmed had been my memory in thy lay.
And since no tribute paid, at parting breath,
The Adieu denied in life, accept in death !”

“ August 27, 1874.”

“ ETA MAWR.”

I N D E X .

A.

Aberdovey, 456.
 Abergelle, 423, 515.
 Abraham, Mr. J. H., 287.
 "Adeste fideles", 33.
 "Admiration of Nature", 477.
 "Afternoon Ramble, an", 388.
 "Alabaster Tomb, The", 405.
 "Alaric the Goth", 464.
 Albert, Prince, death of, 438.
 "Alinó," 59.
 "Almond Tree, The", 405.
 Ambleside, 388, 407.
 "Amulet, The", 97.
 Anatomy, 192.
 Angel Inn, Sheffield, 271.
 "Animal Substances used in Sheffield Manufactures", 235.
 "Anticipations", 123.
 "April Daisies", 431.
 Aram, Eugene, 521.
 "Artificial Flower Maker", 472.
 Asaad Yacoob Kayat, 222.
 Ashford-in-the-Water, 354.
 "Assay Office", 475.
 "Aston", 28.
 "Astrology", 297.
 "Athenæum, The", 315, 471.
 "Atkinson, George, Memoir of", 154.
 Atkinson, Mr. William, 26.
 Audubon, 201.
 "Augustine's Mission", 37.
 "Auld Esther's dead", 29.
 "Aurora Borealis", 171.
 "Azure Sash", 171.

B.

Bacon, Lord, 519.
 Bailey, Mr. Samuel, 158, 191, 202.

Barmouth, 456, 465.
 "Baron Hill Park", 472.
 Barton, Bernard, 335.
 Bateman, Mr. Thomas, 352.
 Bateman, Mr. William, 92.
 "Bazaar, The," 432.
 Beauchief, 290.
 Beaumaris, 472.
 "Beautiful Leaves", 433.
 "Beckerism", 504, 529.
 "Beeley Sonnets", 506.
 "Bees, The Management of", 187.
 Bell, Mr. John, 384.
 Bennet, Mr. George, 25, 58, 146, 238, 249, 250.
 Benton, Mary, 528.
 Best, Rev. Thos., 461.
 Bewick, Mr. William, 514.
 Bible, The, 297.
 "Bird and the Burial, The", 313.
 "Birth of the Mushroom", 33.
 "Birthday Memorial", 114.
 "Birthday Salutation", 467, 476.
 Blackburn, Rev. John, 512.
 Blackstock, Mr. Isaac, 142.
 Blackwell, Mr. John, 86, 99, 157, 166, 176, 177, 246, 248, 359, 527.
 Bloomfield, Robert, 126.
 "Blue Bells Faded, The," 445.
 Boar's Head at Christmas, 458.
 Bolsover, Thomas, 464.
 "Botanical Gardens", 494.
 Botany, 121, 193, 201, 208, 219.
 "Bow in the Cloud, The," 187.
 "Bower Birds," 288.
 Bragge, Mr. William, 521, 524.
 Brammall, Mr. Jonathan, 95, 149, 159, 169, 178, 194, 234, 237, 238, 249, 269, 385.
 Brammall, Mrs., 434, 436.

Brammall, Miss Elizabeth, 513.
 Brammall, Miss Mary, 267. 500.
 Brammall, Mr. Tom S., 216. 388. 399.
 407. 410. 484.
 Bramwell, Rev. William, 32.
 Branson, Dr. Fergusson, 347.
 Brewster, Sir David, 494.
 Bridgeford, Mr. John, 165. 337.
 "Brief Reminiscences of Deceased
 Presidents", 498.
 "Bright Eyes! Bright Eyes!" 472.
 Broadhead, William, 474. 488. 489.
 "Broomhall", 262.
 Brougham, Lord, 465.
 Bryant, W. C., 282.
 "Bubbles and Balloons", 81.
 Buckingham, Jas. Silk, 147. 157. 158.
 163. 169. 178. 191. 210. 215. 328.
 Bunting, Rev. Dr., 247.
 Bunyan, 134.
 Burns, 30. 43.

C.

"Cambrian Sonnets", 516.
 "Cambridge Quarterly Review", 95.
 Campbell, Thos., 48. 49.
 Capital Punishment, 304. 457.
 Carnarvon, 434.
 Caterer, Esther, 28.
 Catholic Emancipation, 121. 137.
 Caughey, Rev. James, 295.
 Cawthorn, 28.
 "Cedar of Lebanon, The", 290.
 C. F. and E. C., 239.
 Champion, Thomas, 73.
 Chantrey, Sir Francis, 231. 252. 265.
 "Chantrey, Sir Francis, Memorials
 of", 339. 509.
 "Chantrey and Norton", 432.
 "Charcoal Burner, The", 236.
 Charity Dinner, Cutlers' Company's,
 521. 529.
 "Charles of Bala", 516.
 Chartism, 225. 233. 312.
 "Cheap Bread", 459.
 "Cheap Tommy", 432.
 "Chicory, Cultivation and Preparation
 of", 332.
 "The Chimney-sweeper's Friend", 89.
 Chloroform, 309.
 Cholera, 167. 172. 188. 333.
 "Christmas", 33. 308.
 "Christian Keepsake", 193.
 "Christian Sponsor's Admonition,"
 294.

"Chrysanthemums", 477.
 "Church in The Park", 221.
 "Church Clock, on removing Parish",
 491.
 Church of England, 415. 547.
 "Claims of Infancy", 51.
 "Classic" Sheffield, 73. 547.
 Clay Gardens, 284.
 "Cloudland", 387.
 Cocking, Mr. G. B., 509.
 Coleridge, 74. 97. 326.
 Colliers, 270.
 Colling, Capt. John, 484.
 Colling, Miss Elizabeth, 240. 463.
 469. 480. 484. 485. 552.
 Colling, Miss Elizabeth, Letters to and
 from, 240. 257. 290. 292. 297. 299.
 300. 304. 307. 309. 310. 313. 318.
 320. 323. 335. 360. 371. 373. 374.
 376. 379. 380. 390. 393. 395. 397.
 412. 416. 419. 420. 424. 426. 427.
 434. 447. 449. 451. 455. 459. 460.
 461. 466. 470. 473. 477. 478. 491.
 493. 495. 496. 499. 501. 504. 506.
 507. 509. 511. 513. 516. 517. 519.
 521. 527. 529. 530. 533.
 Collins, 291. 292.
 Comets, 402.
 "Compliments of the Season", 426.
 "Condemned Felon to his Wife", 32.
 Confirmation, 294. 425.
 Congreave, Mr. Chas., 26. 77. 79. 142.
 "Conisborough Castle", 40.
 "Conjugal Trees, The", 140.
 Cooper, Mr. John, 500. 515.
 Cooper's "Purgatory of Suicides",
 285. 286; "Paradise of Martyrs",
 286.
 Co-operative Societies, 209.
 "Coral Formations", 352.
 Corn Laws, 233. 271. 286.
 "Coronal, The", 441.
 Corporation Seal, 266.
 "Cottage of Pella", 53. 55. 57.
 "Coveted Tress", 491.
 Cowley, Miss Anne, 49. 87. 107.
 Cowley, Mr. Joseph, 26. 71. 147. 256.
 "Cowley, Joseph, Life of", 151. 256.
 Cowley, Miss Sarah, 61. 104. 110.
 113. 115.
 Cowper, 386. 546. 547.
 Cox, Miss Elizabeth, 2.
 "Cradle, My", 30.
 Crashaw, William, 289.
 "Crispin Anecdotes", 124.
 "Crocus Bed, The", 512.

"Crompton, Samuel", 464.
 "Cruciana", 132. 186. 194.
 "Crucifixion, The", 68.
 "Cup of Tea, A", 457.
 Curr, Mr. John, 105.
 "Cutlery Marks", 266. 514.
 Cutlers' Company, 521. 529; History
 of, 500, 514, 527.
 Cutlers' Feast, 73.
 Cutlers' Hall, 551.

D.

"Dandelion, The", 220. 422.
 "Dawson, Life of Wm.", 257.
 "Day of Jubilee is come, The", 188.
 "Deafness", 492.
 Deakin, Thomas, 333.
 Deakin, Dr., 208.
 "Dear Little Devotee", 437.
 "Death of a Beloved and Only Child,"
 281.
 "Defoe, Life and Works of", 251.
 503.
 "Demented One, The", 163.
 Derbyshire "Courier", 492.
 "Derbyshire Longevity", 432.
 "Diamond Beetle, The", 437.
 Dick, Dr. Thomas, 371.
 "Diurnal Sonnets", 339. 347. 354.
 Dixon, Rev. Fletcher, D.D., 34.
 Dixon, Rev. Francis, 287.
 Dolgelly, 465.
 Donati's Comet, 402.
 Drew, Rev. Samuel, M.A., 83.
 "Dronfield Church", 28.
 "Duke of York, Death of the", 116.
 Durham "Advertiser", 493. 507.

E.

"Early Sheffield Newspapers", 377.
 Early Rising, 213.
 Earnshaw, Rev. Samuel, M.A., 306.
 418.
 Ecclesall Churchyard, 80.
 "Ecclesfield, History of", 425.
 Education, Government, 299.
 Elam, Chas., M.D., 339. 508.
 Electricity and Life, 325.
 "Elements, Ode to the", 290.
 "Ellen", 32.
 Elliott, Ebenezer, 14. 150. 164. 202.
 224. 227. 233. 286. 334. 337. 371.
 547. Poem on his Statue, 405.
 Ellis, Mr. Wm., 542.

"Endcliffe Wood", 408.
 "English Women, An Appeal to", 120.
 "Enigma without a Secret", 63.
 "Epilobium Angustifolium", 424.
 Epworth, 261.
 "Essays and Reviews", 428.
 "Essay on Love in Marriage", 18.
 Eta Mawr, 241. 323. 480. 482. 552;
 (see Colling, Miss E.)
 "Evening Thoughts", 60.
 "Evening Walk, An", 410.
 "Evenings with the Poets by Moon-
 light", 439. 443. 492.
 Everett, Rev. James, 61. 193. 247. 249.
 256. 331. 337. 345. 363. 364.
 Ewing, Mr. John, 466.
 "Exhausted Bird", 59.
 "Exhibition, The Great", 343.
 "Expostulation", 23.
 Eyam, 52, 506.
 "Eyam, The Village of", 52.

F.

"Fall of an old Willow Tree", 235.
 "Fallen Warrior's Sword", 16.
 "Far and Near", 241.
 "Farewell to Aberdovey", 456.
 "Farewell to Ambleside", 389.
 "Farewell to Barmouth", 465.
 "Farewell to Carnarvon", 435.
 "Farewell to Pensarn", 423.
 "Farewell, thou Sweet May", 433.
 Farrar, Rev. John, 77.
 Favell, Dr., 183.
 "Favourite Child, In Memory of a",
 80.
 Fearneyhough, Thomas, 474.
 "First Child, The", 128.
 "First day of Spring", 462.
 "First Step in Life, The", 36.
 "First Swallow, The", 454.
 Firth, Mr. Mark, 503. 511.
 Fisher, Mr. Charles, 230. 445. 452.
 522. 540.
 "Flight of Time", 17.
 Florence Nightingale, 478.
 "Floricultural Magazine, The", 208.
 "Florigraphia Britannica", 208.
 "Flour eighteen-pence a Stone", 503.
 "Flower of the Grass, The", 235.
 "Flowers from Sheffield Park", 117.
 Foden, Peter, 227.
 "Forget-me-not", 109.
 Forms of Prayer, 145.
 "Fossil Fuel", 184. 186. 194.

- Foster, Miss, 240. 257. 373. 380. 393.
+85.
- Fox, George, 311. 532.
- Franco-Prussian War, 513.
- French Revolution, 311.
- "Friendship", 17.
- "Friendship, Memorial of", 72.
- Froggatt, C. A., 104.
- Froggatt, Rev. W., 71. 258.
- "Frost Spirit, The", 81.
- Furness, Mr. Albert, 105.
- "Furnival, Sir Thomas", 127.
- "Furze Bush in Bloom", 407.
- "Future Recognition", 75. 321.
- F. W., Verses by, 485.
- G.
- Gales, Miss Sarah, 246. 386.
- "Gardens", 471.
- Gatty, Rev. Dr., 501. 503.
- Gauntlett, Dr., 261.
- "Genius and Toil", 12.
- "Gens Hollandia", 1. 2. 314. 335.
- "Gentleman's Magazine", 3. 43. 321.
- "Geology", 297.
- George IV., "Coronation Ode", 60.
- Gibson, John, R.A., 509.
- Gillfillan, Rev. George, 241.
- Gillott, Mr. Joseph, 527.
- Glastonbury, The Legend of, 524.
- "God Speed the Plough", 290.
- "Good Friday Sonnets", 406.
- "Gooseberry, Hist. and Cult. of", 186.
- Gray, 292. 358. 399.
- "Grandmother's Picture", 72.
- "Grass Fields, The", 213.
- "Greendale Oak", 86.
- "Green Holly Bough, The", 106.
- Grenno Wood, 6.
- "Gypsy Cavalcade, The", 313.
- H.
- Hall, Mr. John, 520.
- Halliwell, Mr. J. O., 351.
- "Handley Church", 284.
- Handsworth, 7. 28. 230. 317. 337. 522.
526.
- Hannah, Rev. Dr. John, 142.
- "Happy New Year", 503.
- Hardwick Hall, 328.
- Harris, Rev. Wm., 337.
- Harrison, Mr. Samuel, 359. 519.
- Harrogate, 521.
- Hassé, Mrs., 370. 477. 512. 531.
- Hadfield, George, M.P., 353.
- "Hawthorn Branch, The", 31.
- "Hazel Rag, The", 242.
- "Heath Flowers", 61.
- Hemans, Mrs., 423.
- Heppenstall, Mr. John, 201. 371.
- "Herald of Peace", 119.
- Herschel, Sir John, 241. 371. 466. 467.
493. 520.
- Hincks, Rev. Thomas, 378.
- Hirst, Henry A., 7.
- "Hoar Frost, The", 218.
- "Hobbies, Ode on", 504.
- Hofland, Mrs., 280.
- Holland, Mrs., 3. 26. 222. 228.
- Holland, John, sen., 3. 316.
- Holland, Dr. G. Calvert, 461.
- Holland, Robt., Vicar of Sheffield, 1.
- "Holland the pure", 14.
- HOLLAND, JOHN :
- Ancestors and Parentage, 1. 2. 3.
- Birth, 3.
- Early Recollections, 3. 4. 5.
- 1794-1814. Character of his mother,
 4. Narrow escape, 5. School-days,
 5. Works as an Optician, 5. Fondness
 for reading, 7. First attempts
 at rhyme, 8. Writes for "The
 Lady's Magazine, 9. Teaches in
 Red Hill Sunday School, 10. "My
 Study", 10.
- 1815-1817. Regard for his parents,
 13. "The Corn Law Rhymer", 14.
- Early Poems, 14. Writes for "The
 Northern Star", 15. Publishes "A
 Word to Masters and Parents of
 Apprentices", 15. The Sheffield
 "Mercury", 16. Views on War, 16.
- Death of a friend, 17. "The Imperial
 Magazine", 20. Introduction to
 Montgomery, 20. Poems in the
 "Iris", 20. Writes Hymns for
 Sunday Schools, 24.
- 1818-1819. Connection with the
 Sunday School Union, 25. Joseph
 Cowley, 26. Religious Convictions,
 26. Methodism, 27. Reverence for
 his Mother, 27. Essays in "The
 Northern Star," 28. Out of health,
 32. Love of Christmas, 33.
- "Mercy," a poem, 33. Fondness
 for Children, 36. His concern for
 the preservation of The Manor
 ruins, 37. "Sheffield Park", a poem,
 38. Red Hill School Report, 41.
- Publishes "Prayers for Children", 41.

HOLLAND, JOHN—*continued.*

- 1820-1821. His tribute to Robert Burns, 43. Writes for "The Gentleman's Magazine", 43. Publishes "The Methodist", 43. "Sheffield Park", 46. "The Rainbow", 47. Extracts from his Diary, 50. Writes "The Village of Eyam", 52. "The Cottage of Pella", 53. Reviews Montgomery's "Wanderer in Switzerland", 54. Sickness and concern about future course, 59. "Evening Thoughts", 60. First arrangement with Rev. James Everett to write *Memoirs of Montgomery*, 61.
- 1822-1823. Increasing love of Literature, 62. Antiquarian reverence, 63. "Hopes of Matrimony," 63-66. Receives congratulatory verses from Rev. William Froggatt, 69. Attends Cutlers' Feast in company with Montgomery, 73. His views on Future Recognition, 75. Visits Haddon Hall, 79. Writes for "The Northern Observer", 81. "The Old Arm Chair", 82. First correspondence with Rev. Samuel Drew, 83. Sunday School Work, 85.
- 1824-1825. Writes for "The Yorkshire and Derbyshire Magazine", 86. Publishes "Memoirs of the Rose", 87. His interest in Chimney Sweepers, 89. Visits Worksop, 91. Prepares "History of Worksop" 92. Writes for "The Amulet", 97. Collects materials for *Life of Montgomery*, 98. Becomes Editor of the Sheffield "Iris", 99.
- 1826-1827. Writes for "The Anti-Slavery Album", 104. "Theresa's Tree," 104. Stays in Derbyshire, 106. Visits Rev. Jas. Everett in Manchester, 107. Love Letters, 107. "Laura", 108. 110. Attachment to Miss Sarah Cowley, 110-113. Death of Miss Sarah Cowley, 115. Publishes "Flowers from Sheffield Park", 117. Views on Peace and War, 119. Love of the study of Botany, 121. Catholic Emancipation, 121. Publishes "Crispin Anecdotes", 124.
- 1828-1829. Writes for "The Pledge of Friendship", 127. Continued interest in Sunday School work, 128. Pollok's "Course of Time" 129.

HOLLAND, JOHN—*continued.*

- Writes "Memoir of Montgomery" for "Imperial Magazine", 129. Undertakes to write *Memoirs of Rev. John Summerfield*, 132. Contributes to "The Village Magazine", 136. His work as editor of "The Iris," 136. Catholic Emancipation, 137. He publishes "Pleasures of Sight", 138. Publishes "Memoirs of Rev. John Summerfield", 141. *American Notices of the Work*, 142. Views on "Forms of Prayer", 145. Death of Mr. Joseph Cowley, 147.
- 1830-1832. Writes for "The Sunday School Teachers' Magazine", 148. Erection of a new Study, 149. Marriage of his Sister Mary, 149. Publishes "Sketch of the Life of Joseph Cowley", 151. Writes "Manufactures in Metal" for Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædia", 152. Death of Mr. George Atkinson, 154. Assists Mrs. Mary Hutton in publishing her poems, 155. His interest in James Silk Buckingham, 157. Great excitement in Sheffield respecting passing of Reform Bill and coming Election, 160. 163. Gives up connection with "The Iris", 165. Removes to Newcastle to edit "The Newcastle Courant", 166. Ravages of Cholera and anxiety about friends in Sheffield, 167. Publishes "Tyne Banks", 170.
- 1832-1834. Letter to Montgomery, and dissatisfaction with Newcastle work, 172. Decides to leave Newcastle, 176. Riots in Sheffield, 178. His return to Sheffield, 179. His prospects, 181. Offer of Appointment from Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society, 182. Views on opening the Sheffield Botanical Gardens on Sundays, 185. Writes for "The Bow in the Cloud," 187. Negro Emancipation, 188. Views on the Study of Theology, 190.
- 1834-1836. General Election, 191. Eyre Street riot, 192. Interest in Anatomy, 192. Requested to lecture on Botany, 193. Becomes joint editor of Sheffield "Mercury", 194. His politics, 194. Publishes "Fossil Fuel" and "Cruciana", 194. Concern about Trades' Union

JOHN HOLLAND—*continued.*

- Outrages, 197. Publishes "The Tour of the Don", 198, 208. Writes for "The Floricultural Magazine" and "Florigraphia Britannica", 208. Publishes second edition of "Hopes of Matrimony", 209.
- 1837-1839. Republication of "The Tour of the Don", 211. His habit of early rising, 213. Death of King William IV, 213. Proclamation of Queen Victoria, 214. Writes a poem entitled "The Poor", 216, 218. He visits London and Woolwich, 221. His interest in the erection of a Church in the Park, 221. Visits Staveley with his Mother, 222. Chartist agitation in Sheffield, 225, 228. Death of his Mother, 228. Centenary of Methodism, 231. Writes "Memoir of Mr. Ebenezer Rhodes", 231.
- 1840-1841. Chartism in Sheffield, 233. Publishes "Brief Notices of Animal Substances used in Sheffield Manufactures", 235. Visits Matlock, 236. Visit from Mrs Sigourney, 237. Publishes "The Queen of Flowers", 238. Prepares for publication "The Psalmists of Britain", 238. First correspondence with Misses Catherine Foster and Elizabeth Colling, 239. Corresponds with Mr. Samuel Roberts on New Poor Laws, 242. Visits Newcastle, 246.
- 1842-1844. Prosperity of The Literary and Philosophical Society, 254. Republication of "Memoirs of Summerfield" and "Life of Cowley" in America, 255. Publication of "The Psalmists of Britain, 257. Failure of his Bankers, Parker, Shore, & Co., 259. Visits Epworth, 261. His interest in the "Corporation Seal", 266. His fiftieth Birthday, 268. Letters on the Disputes between the Colliers and Coal Owners, 270. His interest in Sunday School demonstrations, 272. His introduction to Wm. C. Newsam, 272. Undertakes publication of "The Poets of Yorkshire", 273. Corresponds with Rev. Jos. Hunter, 275, 279.
- 1845-1846. Publication of "The Poets

JOHN HOLLAND—*continued.*

- of Yorkshire", 281. Interviews with W. C. Bryant, 282. Publishes "Handley Church", 284. Thomas Cooper, 286. Views on Confirmation, 294.
- 1847-1848. Improved telegraphic communication, 296. His habit of attending Communion at Church, 298. Receives a Poetical Acknowledgment, 298. Views on Government Education, 299. Notes on William and Mary Howitt, 299, 300. Visits Wath with Montgomery, 301. Remarks on Capital Punishment, 304. He visits Hope in Derbyshire, 306. Roche Abbey, 307. Remarks on "Sonnets", 310. Views on Quakerism, 311. Antiquarian pursuits, 314. Habit of reading "Notes and Queries" and "The Athenæum", 315. Death of his Father, 316. Death of Mr. Samuel Roberts, sen., 316. Publication of "The Sheffield Mercury" ceases, 318.
- 1849-1851. Letter on Electricity and Life, 325. Writes "Modest Suggestions towards a Revisal of the Book of Common Prayer", 328. Agitation in the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion, 330. Writes "Legendary Lays", 333. Death of Ebenezer Elliott, 334. Proposal to place portrait of Rev. Joseph Hunter in Cutlers' Hall, 335. Plants a bay tree in his Sister's Garden, 336. Contributes to "The Handbook of the International Exhibition", 336. Rev. James Everett in Sheffield, 337. Interest in controversy respecting appointment of Rev. George Trevor, 338. Prepares "Memorials of Sir Francis Chantrey", 339. Visits "The Great Exhibition", 342. Montgomery's eightieth Birthday, 344.
- 1852-1854. Publication of "Diurnal Sonnets", 347. New edition of "Manufactures in Metal", 352. Visits Whitby, 353. Visits Ashford-in-the-Water, 354. Edits Montgomery's "Original Hymns", 354. Corresponds with Montgomery thereon, 358. Contributes Hymns for "Jubilee Hymn Book of Sunday School Union", 359. Death of Montgomery,

HOLLAND, JOHN—*continued*.

361. Arrangements for publication of Montgomery's Life, 362. Rev. Jas. Everett retires from the editorship, 364.
- 1855-1857. Correspondence with Miss Colling, 374. "Memoirs of Montgomery", 377. Crimean War, 378. Longfellow, 379. Death of Mrs. Miller, 380. Opening of Sheffield Free Public Library, 381. Ceases to attend Red Hill School, 381. Montgomery's Grave, 384. Completion of "Memoirs of Montgomery", 385. Death of Mr. Jonathan Brammall, 385. Death of Miss Sarah Gales, 386. Visits Lake District, 388. Discusses Hibernation of Swallows, 390.
- 1858-1859. Marriage of the Princess Royal, 394. Fondness for the name of Margaret, 395. Plants a tree in Sheffield Botanical Gardens, 395. Tissington Well-flowering, 397. Spends some weeks in Wales, 399. Majority of Mr. Thomas S. Brammall, 399. Writes "Thanksgiving Hymn" on Suppression of Indian Mutiny, 406. Second visit to the Lake District, 407. Death of Mr. T. S. Brammall, 411. New edition of "Sheffield Park", 413.
- 1860-1862. Quakerism. Religious Revivals, &c., 416. Conversazione of the Literary and Philosophical Society, 418. "Margaret", 419. Visits London and Woolwich, 420. Summer Excursion to Pensarn, 423. Loss of Manuscript Work in the Post, 424. Holman Hunt's picture "The Light of the World", 426. Remarks on "Essays and Reviews", 428. Articles in "The Reliquary", 431. "The Bazaar, or Money and the Church", 432. Death of Rev. Joseph Hunter, 433. Visit to Carnarvon, 434. Inauguration of Montgomery Monument, 436. Sickness and death of Mrs. Brammall, 434. 436. Death of Prince Albert, 438. Writes "Evenings with the Poets by Moonlight", 439. Visits Penmaenmaur, 439.
- 1863-1865. His Handwriting, 442. Marriage of the Prince of Wales, 443. Wesleyan Conference in Shef-

HOLLAND, JOHN—*continued*.

- field, 446. Visits Llangollen and Bangor, 446. Publication of "Wharnclyffe", 447. Visits Newstead Abbey, 452. Bursting of the Dale Dyke Reservoir, 453. Love of Children, 455. Visits Uriconium, Barmouth, and Aberdovey, 456. Views on Capital Punishment, 457. Remarks on "Life of Thomas Hood", 458, and on "Memoir of Miss Lucy Aikin", 461. Publication of "Sheffield and its Neighbourhood", 464. He visits Barmouth and Dolgelly, 465. Meeting of the Social Science Association in Sheffield, 465. Infirmities of age, 468.
- 1866-1868. Proposes to visit Hurworth, 469. Visits Beaumaris, 472. Remarks on the Welsh Language, 473. Trade Outrages, 474. Proposal for Parliamentary Commission on the subject, 474. Fiftieth Report of the Red Hill Sunday School, 476. The Moravian "Text Book", 477. "Creation of Woman", 479. Visits Miss Colling at Hurworth, 479. Death of Capt. John Colling, 484. Trades' Union Commission, 488. His interest in the Trades' Union Inquiries, 488. 490. Correspondence on "Vaccination", 491. Deafness and Sonnets thereon, 491. Publication of "Evenings with the Poets by Moonlight", 492. Acts as Godfather, 494. Visits Penmaenmaur, 495. Election in Sheffield, 496. Visits the Leeds Exhibition, 497. Death of Mr Samuel Mitchell, 497. Removal of the Literary and Philosophical Society to the School of Art, 497. Contentment, 499.
- 1869-1871. Begins to write "History of the Cutlers' Company", 500. Marriage of his niece, Miss Mary Brammall, 500. Reviews new edition of Hunter's "Hallamshire", 501. Firth's "Almshouses", 503. Remarks on "Beckerism," 504. Stays at Beeley Hall, 506. Revisits Eyam, 506. Reads and publishes paper on "Our old Churchyard", 508. Attends meeting at Red Hill School, 508. Presentation to him of an Annuity, 511. Visits Bar-

HOLLAND, JOHN—*continued.*

mouth and neighbourhood, 516.
 Publication of "Handy Book of Matters Matrimonial", 517. He suffers from the severity of winter. 517. Goes into Nottinghamshire to hear the Nightingale, 520. Visits Harrogate with Mr. John Webster. 521. Second visit to Barmouth, 522. Reads papers on "Snuff, Snuffing, and Snuff-boxes. 524."
 1872. Death of Mr. John Blackwell, 527. Correspondence with Miss Colling on "A Universal Language", 528. Visits Grange-over-Sands, 531. Writes "Morecambe Bay and its Surroundings", 532. Projects another visit to Hurworth, 533. Correspondence with Miss Colling abruptly ceases, 533. His last Hymn, 534. Meets with a Serious Accident, 535. His last Illness, 536. Death, 538. Funeral, 539. His Gifts, Character, Studies, and Works, 541-552.

HOLLAND, JOHN—*Published Works :*

"Atkinson, George, Memoirs of" (1831), 154.
 "Bazaar, The, or Money and the Church" (1861), 432.
 "Brief Notices of Animal Substances used in Sheffield Manufactures" (1840), 235.
 "Chantrey, Sir Fras., Memorials of" (1851), 339.
 "Cottage of Pella" (1821), 53.
 "Cowley, Joseph, Sketch of Life of" (1830 and 1841), 151. 256.
 "Crispin Anecdotes" (1827), 124.
 "Cruciana" (1835), 132. 186. 194.
 "Diurnal Sonnets" (1851), 339. 347. 354.
 "Evenings with the Poets by Moonlight" (1863), 439. 443. 492.
 "Eyam, The Village of" (1821), 52.
 "Farewell to Pensarn" (1860), 423.
 "Flowers from Sheffield Park" (1827), 117.
 "Fossil Fuel, History of" (1835), 184. 186. 194.
 "Gooseberry, History and Cultivation of the" (1834), 186.
 "Great Exhibition (1851), 343.
 "Handley Church, Memorials of" (1845), 284.

HOLLAND, JOHN—*Published Works, continued.*

"Handy Book of Matters Matrimonial", (1870), 517.
 "Hopes of Matrimony" (1822 and 1836), 27. 63. 67. 209.
 "Manufactures in Metal", Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædia", 3 vols. (1831-1834), 152. 180. 185. 352.
 "Memoirs of the Rose" (1824), 87.
 "Methodist, The" (1820), 43.
 "Montgomery, James. Memoirs of", 7 vols. (1835), see index.
 "Our Old Churchyard" (1869), 508.
 "Old Arm Chair, The" (1824), 82.
 "Pleasures of Sight, The" (1829), 134. 138.
 "Poet's Gratulation, A" (1851), 344.
 "Poets of Yorkshire, The" (1845), 273. 279. 291.
 "Psalmists of Britain, The" (1842), 238. 257.
 "Queen of Flowers, The" (1840), 238.
 "Sheffield Park and other Poems" (1820 and 1859), 23. 42. 45. 46. 95.
 "Sheffield and its Neighbourhood" (1865), 464.
 "Summerfield, Rev. John, Memoirs of" (1829), 132. 141. 255.
 "Tour of the Don" (1837), 198. 211.
 "Tyne Banks" (1832), 170.
 "Wharcliffe" (1864), 447.
 "Worksop, History of" (1826), 91. 92. 95. 97. 106.
 "Holland, John, In Memoriam", 540. 552.
 Holland, John, Memorial of, in Cutler's Hall, 551.
 Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table", 421.
 "Holy Thorn, The", 524.
 Hood, Thomas, 458.
 "Hope", 306.
 "Hopes of Matrimony", 27. 63-67. 209.
 Horace quoted, 213. 217. 388.
 Hospital Sunday, 493. 518.
 Howard, Mr. Edw. Stirling, 404.
 Howitt, William, 299. 301. 486.
 Hunter, Rev. Joseph, 2. 39. 91. 94. 162. 275. 289. 335. 340. 414. 433.
 His "Hallamshire", 501. 546.
 Huntington, Mrs., 134.
 Hurworth-on-Tees, 241. 301. 321. 324. 479. 484. 489. 491. 529.

Hutton, Mrs. Mary, 155. 282.
Hymns, Mr. Holland's, 406. 431.

I.

Ibbitt, Mr., 542.
"Imperial Magazine", 20. 107. 129.
130.
Indian Mutiny, 391.
"Inductive Science", 297.
"Infant Triad, The", 52.
"Invocation to January", 42.
Ironside, Mr. Isaac, 312.

J.

Jackson, Miss, 260.
Jackson, Mr. Henry, 472.
Jackson, Rev. H. W., 537. 538.
Jackson, Rev. Thomas, 142.
Jewitt, Mr. Llewellyn, F.S.A., 431.
506.
Johnson, Dr., 9. 132. 250.
Jones, Mr. John, 345.
"Judas Tree, The", 455.

K.

Keats, 320.
Kime's "Albert the Good", 438.
"King is Dead, The", 213.
"Knaresborough", 521.
Knight, Sir A. J., 512. 519.
"Knocker's Echo, The", 140.
"Knur and Spell", 432. 471.

L.

"Lady's Magazine", 9. 16.
Lambert, Daniel, 6.
Langley, Mr., 135. 223.
Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædia",
152. 184. 544.
"Lathkill Dale", 257.
"Laura", 75. 108. 110.
Lay Sermons, 145.
Leader, Mr. Robert, 85. 437.
Lee, Mr. Wm., 251. 288. 503.
Leeds Exhibition, 496.
"Legendary Lays", 333.
Leng, Mr. W. C., 474. 489. 502.
"Life's Gentle Progress", 437.
"Lilacs and Laburnums", 300.

"The Lily", 8.
"Lines to a Redbreast", 50.
"Lines with a Lady's Pencil", 61.
Linnæus, 407.
"Literary Speculum, The", 54.
Llanfairfechan, 495.
"Llangollen, Letters from", 446.
Lockhart's "Life of Scott", 248.
"Longest Day, The", 37.
Longevity, 527.
"Lothair", 513.
Lytton, Lord, 241.

M.

Manchester Flower Show, 521.
"Manufactures in Metal", 152. 180.
185. 352. 382. 545.
Manwaring, Rev. Geo., 98.
"Margaret", 395. 419. 431. 435.
"Margaret Holland", 495.
Marnock, Mr. Robert, 208.
Martin's "Last Judgment", 382.
Mary Queen of Scots, 38.
Matlock, 236.
"Matters Matrimonial", 517.
"May-day in Dinting Dale", 504.
"May Meetings, The", 212.
"May Morning", 225; "in Norton
Churchyard", 314.
"Mellon, Rev. J.", 432.
"Memoirs of a Birthday", 87.
"Memoirs of the Rose", 87.
"Mercy", 33.
Methodism, Centenary of, 231.
Methodism, 261. 548.
"Methodist, The", 43.
Millennium, The, 309.
Miller, Mrs., see Foster, Miss.
Milman, Rev. H. H., Letter from, 57.
Milton quoted, 411.
Mitchell, Mr. Samuel, 464. 497.
Memoir, 432.
Mitchell, Mrs. Samuel, 361.
"Mistletoe at Christmas", 476.
"Mistletoe Bough, The", 508.
"Mohammed", 59.
Molineux, Mr. Thos., 260. 338.
"Monition, A", 493.
Montgomery, James, 15. 20. 22. 35.
53. 54. 99. 118. 122. 141. 147. 152.
156. 167. 193. 202. 212. 214. 238.
242. 246. 254. 259. 289. 294. 301.
308. 332. 334. 344. 348. 361. 477.
547. Letters to and from, 23. 25.

34. 38. 45. 46. 53. 55. 56. 63. 64. 65.
66. 98. 118. 124. 129. 132. 134. 168.
170. 172. 176. 183. 189. 212. 249.
256. 262. 282. 285. 316. 318. 349.
350. 353. 356. 357. 358. His
"Memoirs", 362. 370. 375. 385.
400. 545. His "Original Hymns",
355. His Monument, 420. 435. 509.
"Montgomery's Hair, Lock of", 78.
"Montgomery, The Grave of", 384.
"Moonlight", 439.
Moore, Thomas, 375. 437.
"Moss", 37.
Moss, Mr. John, 304.
Moss, Mr. Joshua, 128.
Mount, The, Sheffield, 477. 512. 520.
Mowatt, Rev. Jas., 539.
Mundella, A. J., M.P., 496.
"Muses' Valentine, The", 404.
"My Native Scenes", 485.
"My Pretty Birds", 465.
"My Study", 10. 149.

N.

"Nazareth", 194.
Negro Emancipation, 188.
"Negro's Friend, The", 104.
Newcastle-on-Tyne, 246. 297.
Newcastle "Courant", 166.
New Poor Laws, 242.
Newman's "Apologia", 458.
Newsam, William Cartwright, 272.
"Newstead Abbey", 452. 459.
Nightingale, The, 520.
"Night with the Savages", 30.
Norfolk, Duke of, 45. 494. 501.
"Northern Observer, The", 80. 81.
"Northern Star", 15. 28.
"Notes and Queries", 315. 342.

O.

Oates, Mr. Thomas, 26. 59. 523.
O'Connor, Feargus, 227.
"Odium Bellicum", 72.
"Old Arm Chair", 82.
"Old Moore's Almanac", 528.
"Old Posset Pot, The", 467.
"Origin of Veils", 18.
"Ornamental Etching", 422.
Osborn, Rev. Dr. George, 446.
"Our Old Churchyard", 508.
Ovid quoted, 544.
Owen, Professor, 192. 472. 527.

P.

"Palæmon", 61.
"Palm Sunday", 462.
Parker, John, M.P., 158. 178. 191.
Parker, Shore, & Co., 259.
Parkes, Mr. David, 465.
Parkin, Mr. John F., 298. 440. 535.
Parkin, Miss, 388. 402.
"Parnassia Palustris", 263.
"Passion Flower, The", 420.
"Past and Present", 436.
"Past, The, and the Future", 40.
"Peace", 387.
Peace and War, 409. 463. 466. 513.
"Peasant's Pillow, The", 35.
"Pella, Cottage of", 53. 55. 57.
"Pelican Island, The", 118.
Penistone, 200.
Penmaenmawr, 439. 495.
Penn's Treaty with Indians, 211.
Pensarn, 423.
Petrarch, 386. 419.
"Petted Brutes *versus* Unpitied
Children", 403.
"Pewter Plate, The", 19.
Phillips, R. N., Esq., 262.
Phillips, Sir Richard, 135.
"Picture of Sheffield", 82.
"Photography", 441.
"Pitcher Plants", 466.
"Pleasures of Sight", 134. 138.
"Pledge of Friendship", 127.
Plurality of Worlds, 513.
"Poet's Gratulation", 344.
Poe, 404.
"Poet's Greeting from North Wales",
516.
"Poets of Yorkshire", 273. 279. 291.
"Poor, The", 216.
Pope, 10. 505. 506.
Popery, 131. 189. 548. 549.
"Prayer and Praise for Pitmen", 311.
"Prayer Book, The", 414.
Prayer Book, Revisal of, 328.
Prayers for Children, 41.
"Preacher Flower, The", 422.
"Presenting a Rose to a Lady, On",
90.
"Primrose from England, A", 425.
Prince of Wales, 251. 524.
"Psalms of Britain", 238. 257.
"Pyracanthus, The", 441.
"Q. stands for Quince", 402.
Quakerism, 2. 211. 311. 418. 522. 532.
"Queen of Flowers", 238. 545.

R.

- Raffles, Rev. Dr., 142.
 Railway Mania, 284.
 "Rainbow, The", 47. 49. 313.
 "Ramble, The", 91.
 Ramsay, Mr. Thomas, 81. 82.
 Rattening, 197. 268. 337. 474. 488. 496.
 502.
 Ray, Mr. James, 338.
 Red Hill School, 10. 15. 41. 166. 381.
 424. 476. 508.
 "Reliquary, The", 4. 232. 431. 471.
 506. 508.
 "Restoration of Israel, The", 35.
 Rhodes, Mr. Ebenezer, 231. 423. 432.
 Ridge, Mr. George, 234. 436.
 Ridge, Miss Susan, 308.
 Rimmer, Rev. Richard, 130.
 Riots in Sheffield, 178.
 Roberts, Mr. Samuel, sen., 178. 205.
 242. 316.
 Roberts, Mr. Samuel, jun., 511. 542.
 Roberts, Mrs., Death of, 223.
 Roberts, Miss Mary, 206.
 Roche Abbey, 37. 59. 307.
 "Roche Abbey, On revisiting", 59.
 Roebuck, J. A., M.P., 328. 353. 496.
 Rodgers, Paul, 346.
 "Rose Bay, The", 491.
 "Roses and Rhyme", 506.
 "Rose, The", 14. 445.
 Rotherham, Accident at, 246.
 Royal Academy, 542.

S.

- "Sailing on Windermere", 407.
 Sale, Rev. Dr., 220. 342. 371. 465. 475.
 539.
 Salt, Mr. Jonathan, 201.
 Sanderson, Mr. Thos., 216.
 "Sarah, Elizabeth, and Anne", 26.
 "Saturday Evening", 123.
 School of Art, 497.
 Scott, Sir Walter, 248. 375.
 "Seeing a Child smile in Sleep", 153.
 "Separation", 75.
 "Serpent and Child", 30.
 "Set Time, The", 187.
 Shaftesbury, Earl of, 503.
 Shakspeare, 37. Plays, Authorship of
 the, 518.
 Shaw, Mr., of Worksop, 92.
 "Sheffield and its Neighbourhood",
 464. 545.

- Sheffield Botanical Gardens, 184. 395.
 537.
 Sheffield and Rotherham "Inde-
 pendent", 334. 438. 521.
 Sheffield "Daily Telegraph", 268.
 328. 433. 441. 445. 447. 454. 456.
 457. 461. 471. 474. 489. 491. 493.
 500. 501. 502. 503. 508. 516. 519.
 520. 523. 546.
 Sheffield Flood, 453.
 Sheffield Free Public Library, 382.
 Sheffield "Iris", 15. 20. 21. 23. 37. 61.
 99. 104. 117. 121. 128. 130. 136. 147.
 150. 157. 158. 163. 164. 165. 174.
 318.
 Sheffield Literary and Philosophical
 Society, 73. 182. 224. 251. 254. 287.
 295. 304. 306. 307. 328. 332. 339.
 347. 352. 371. 377. 386. 404. 417.
 418. 422. 439. 451. 454. 456. 460.
 465. 466. 471. 472. 475. 477. 490.
 491. 497. 498. 508. 510. 513. 514.
 523. 526. 527. 536. 539. 542. 551.
 Sheffield Manor, 3. 37. 38. 39. 63.
 155.
 "Sheffield Manor Castle", 63. 545.
 Sheffield Medical School, 192.
 Sheffield "Mercury", 16. 36. 158. 169.
 185. 188. 194. 196. 198. 211. 219.
 228. 234. 236. 249. 261. 265. 266.
 280. 284. 296. 299. 308. 311. 317.
 318. 328. 545. 546. 550.
 "Sheffield Song Writers", 454.
 Sheffield "Patriot", 249.
 "Sheffield Park", 23. 42. 45. 46. 95.
 413.
 Sheffield "Times", 318. 378.
 Shrewsbury, Henry William, 455. 457.
 "Shrewsbury Hospital", 507. 512.
 Shrewsbury, Rev. J. V. B., 390. 412.
 439.
 "Sibylline Leaves", 75.
 Sigourney, Mrs., 237.
 "Six Lamps, The", 491.
 "Sketch of a Rustic Funeral", 97.
 "Slave, A Word for the", 187.
 "Slavery and the Curse", 462.
 Smith, Mr. Edwin, 265.
 Smith, Mr. Richard, 542.
 Smith, Mr. Theo., 447. 464. 542.
 "Snow", 460.
 "Snuff, Snuffing, and Snuff-boxes",
 523. 527.
 Social Science Association, 465.
 Sockburn, 301.
 "Solitary, The", 20.

- "Sonnet inscribed on a Poplar Leaf", 437.
 "Sonnets to December", 98.
 Sorby, Mr. Henry Clifton, 255. 295. 390. 510. 526. 551.
 "Sparks from a Sheffield Anvil", 268.
 "Spinning Wheels", 4. 432.
 "Spring", 97.
 Stacye, Rev. John, 337. 539.
 "St. Anne's Well", 90.
 St. Mary's Church, 298.
 "Stanedge Pole", 445.
 "Stanzas written on first of May" 78.
 "Stanzas written under a Chesnut Tree", 33.
 Staveley, 2, 35, 222.
 "Staveley revisited", 222.
 Sterndale, Mrs., 237.
 Strickland, Miss Agnes, 401.
 Stuart, Arabella, 474.
 "Summer is dead", 436.
 "Summerfield, Rev. John, Memoirs of", 132. 141. 255.
 Sunday School Union, Sheffield, 25. 359.
 "Sunset", 140.
 "Sunset Clouds", 457.
 Sutton, Rev. Dr., 204. 219. 227. 342.
 Swallows, Hibernation of, 377. 390. 401.
 Swarthmore Hall, 532.
 "Sweet St. Valentine", 431.
- T.
- "Tale of Bricks, A", 490.
 Tan-y-bwlch, 516.
 Tasso, 392.
 Taylor's "Wesley and Methodism", 350.
 "Tear for the Dead, A", 75.
 Tennyson, 453.
 "Tenter, The", 269.
 "Text Book, Moravian", 477.
 "Thanksgiving Hymn", 406.
 "Theresa's Tree", 104.
 "There's yet a Daisy in the Field", 440.
 "Thoughts addressed to a Lady", 457.
 "Thrasher, The", 236.
 "Times Newspaper, The", 101.
 "Tinder Boxes", 432. 471.
 Tissington, 397.
 "To a Dove", So.
 "To a Knot of Dwarf Tulips", 128.
 "To a Lady on her Birthday", 508.
- "To a Lady's Slipper", 125.
 "To a Lady with a Bunch of Pansies", 440.
 "To a Lady with a Looking-glass", 431.
 "To a Lady with a Palm Branch", 445.
 "To a Mother on her Birthday", 68.
 "To an Anvil", 514.
 "To April", 68.
 "To a Primrose", 22.
 "To the Harvest Moon", 170.
 "To the River Derwent", 106.
 "To the Victoria Regia", 440.
 Todd, Mr. William, 318.
 "Tour of the Don", 198. 211. 546.
 "Tour of the Tees", 449. 470. 485.
 "Town-grown Marigold, The", 308.
 Townley, Rev. Dr., 141.
 Trades' Union Outrages, 197. 268. 337. 474. 488. 496. 502.
 Trades' Union Commission, 474. 488. 502. 504.
 "Trees in the neighbourhood of Sheffield", 439.
 Trevor, Rev. Canon, 338.
 "Tributes to the Tees", 470.
 "Triumph of Love, The", 18.
 "Twelfth of August", 159.
 "Two Lovers killed by Lightning", 507.
 "Tyne Banks", 170.
- U.
- "Universal Language", 528.
 Uriconium, 456.
 "Utopia Realised", 528.
- V.
- "Vaccination", 491.
 "Valentine, A Sunday", 503.
 "Valentine, Saint", 460.
 Victoria, Coronation of, 220.
 Victoria, Proclamation of, 214.
 "Village Grave, A", 432.
 "Village, Magazine, The", 136.
 "Village Poet's Grave, The", 107.
 "Village Wanderings", 20.
 "Voice of Blood, The", 104.
- W.
- "Walk on the Moors", 491.
 "Walk to Beauchief Abbey, A", 90.

- "Wall-flowers", 406.
 "Walnut Tree, The", 268.
 Walshaw, Rev. Canon, 513.
 Ward, Mr. T. A., 158. 512. 523.
 Warren, Rev. Dr., 193.
 "Watch-night", 438.
 Wath-upon-Dearne, 301.
 "Wealth, Ode to", 499.
 Webster, Mr. John, 522.
 "Wedding Hymn", 501.
 "Welcome May", 421.
 "Wells, A Word on", 186.
 Wells, Mrs., 418.
 "We met in Ribbledene", 437.
 Wesleyan Methodist Conference, 146.
 446.
 "Wesleyan Methodist Magazine", 49,
 98, 142. 370.
 Whateley quoted, 272 *note*.
 "Wharnccliffe", 447. 545.
 Whitby, 353.
 "White Rose, The", 32.
 "Whit Monday in Norfolk Park", 503.
 Whitsuntide Hymns, 431.
 Whittington, 315.
 Willott, Mr. W., 318.
 Wilson, Mr. Edw., 534.
 Wincobank, 50.
 "Wishing Gate", 389.
 "Wood Anemone, The", 454.
 "Wood Hyacinth, The", 140. 422.
 Wood, Rev. Robert, 36.
 Woodthorpe, 261.
 Wordsworth, 236. 389. 408. 425.
 "Worksop", 91. 92. 95. 97. 106. 545.
 Worrall, Mr. Thomas, 5.
 Wostenholme, Mr. James, 227.
- Y.
- "Yorkshire and Derbyshire Magazine",
 86. 91.
 Younge, Dr. William, 222.
 "Youth", 97.
- Z.
- "Zamba's Song", 106.

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