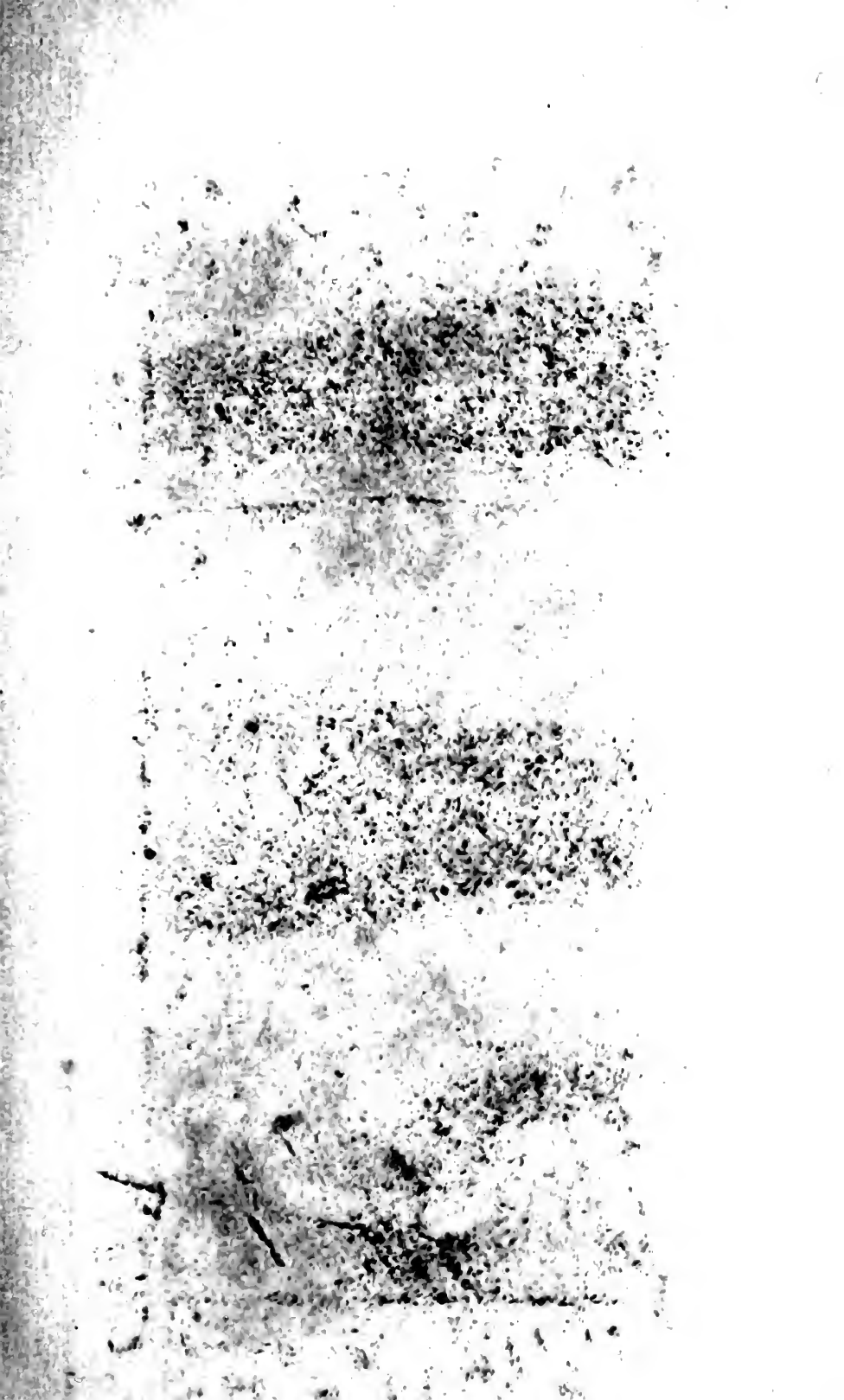


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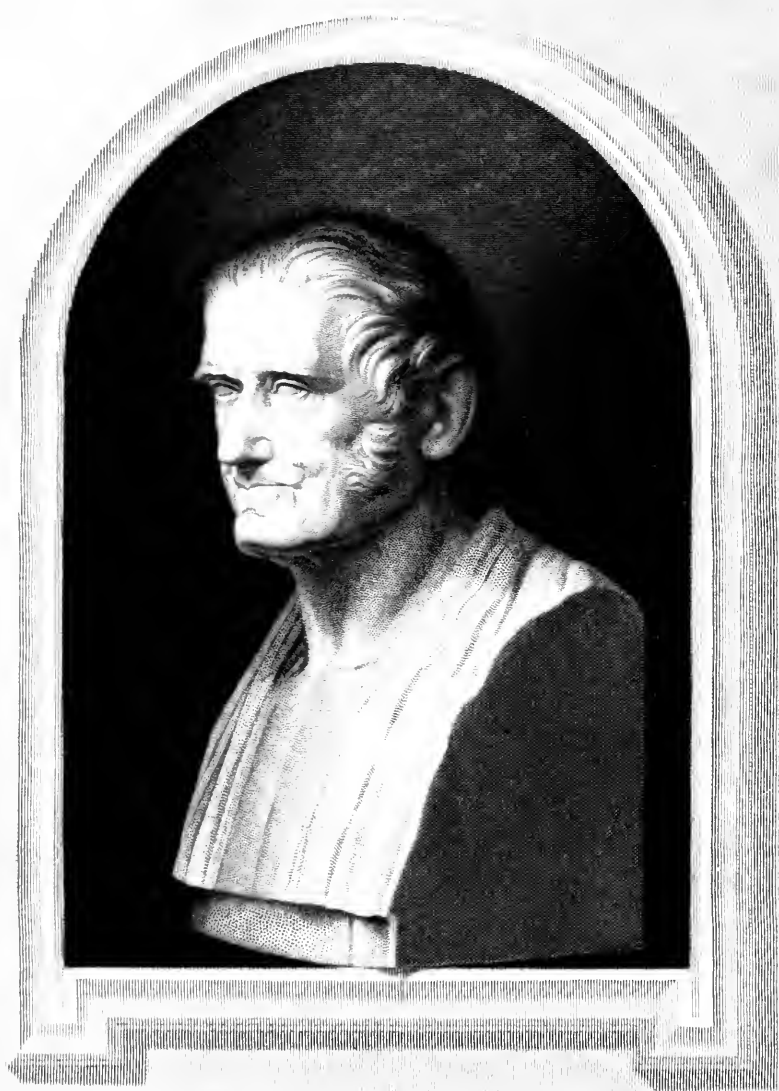
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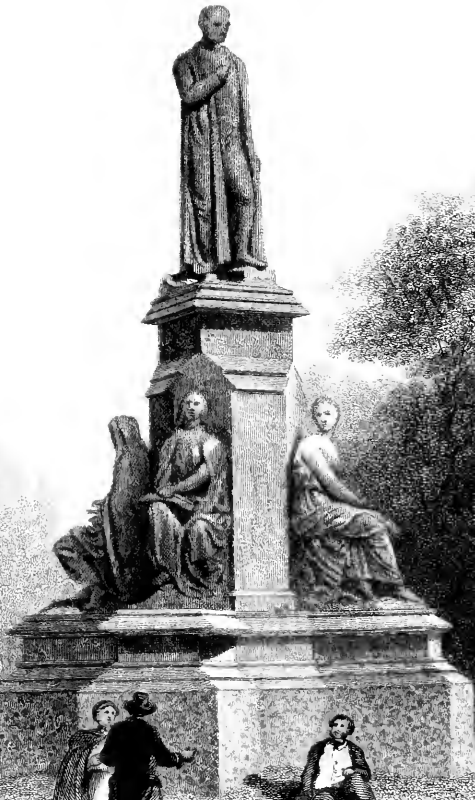






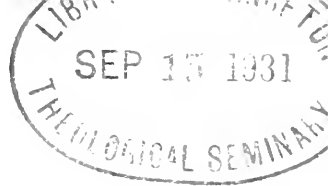
JAMES MONROE

President of the United States



Monument erected by the people of the United States  
in honor of James Monroe, President of the United States  
from 1817 to 1825





MEMOIRS

OF

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

JAMES MONTGOMERY,

INCLUDING

SELECTIONS FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE, REMAINS IN PROSE  
AND VERSE, AND CONVERSATIONS ON VARIOUS  
SUBJECTS.

BY

JOHN HOLLAND AND JAMES EVERETT.

VOL. VII.

“ There is a living spirit in the lyre,  
A breath of music and a soul of fire ;  
It speaks a language to the world unknown ;  
It speaks that language to the bard alone.”

*World before the Flood.*

LONDON :

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, & ROBERTS.

1856.

LONDON :  
Printed by SPOTTISWOODE & Co.,  
New-street-Square.

## PREFACE TO VOLUME SEVENTH.

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AT the conclusion of this work, nothing further need be said of the relation of the biographers whose names appear together on the title-page, than was stated in the Preface affixed to the first volume. The biographers have, however, one or two pleasant duties jointly to perform.

And first, they cannot but acknowledge the liberality of the publishers of these Memoirs, in engaging in so voluminous a work, which, on several grounds, was likely to be the reverse of popular or profitable. By adopting this course, they showed themselves willing to participate in an early, earnest, and not unpromising effort to raise a monument to the memory of a man, and in honour of a poet, with whom during so many years they had enjoyed agreeable, personal, as well as satisfactory business intercourse: and this public acknowledgment is felt by those who now make it, to be only embodying what they believe would have been gratifying to their departed friend himself, could he have anticipated the nature of the transaction.

The biographers have also to express their grateful

acknowledgments to those individuals who have so kindly and so freely contributed towards what must be allowed to form a most precious and instructive, as well as illustrative, element of these volumes,—the original Letters of Montgomery. To specify all the contributions to this essential characteristic of the work, would appear as ostentatious as it is unnecessary. But it would seem hardly just not to mention Mr. Leader, who placed in our hands the whole of the voluminous correspondence with his late relative, Mr. (afterwards the Rev. Dr.) John Pye Smith, at a most critical period of the poet's life; William Jevons, Esq., of Liverpool, for the Roscoe letters; the Rev. Dr. Raffles; Mrs. Mary Anne Everett Green, for the letters addressed to her late father, the Rev. Robert Wood; the Rev. Peter La-trobe, who in this and other ways has contributed to enrich a work, which we are gratified to believe he, and the Moravian Brethren generally, are willing to accept as a fair and friendly reflex of the peculiar relation which subsisted between Montgomery and themselves; Henry Bewley, Esq., of Dublin, for the correspondence between the poet and Miss Rowntree, the worthy Quakeress; Mrs. M'Coy, for the letters to George Bennet, which indeed, as well as those forming the Aston collection, and some others, came into our hands by the intervention of the writer himself during his lifetime; our friend, John Blackwell, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne; Mrs. Foster, of Woolwich; to Samuel Roberts, Esq., and the Rev. J. J. Montgomery. There are two other individuals from whom, even at the risk of offending their delicacy, we must not withhold a more explicit acknowledgment of our obligations,—we mean Miss



Gales and Mrs. Mallalieu. The former, from her familiar and almost lifelong intercourse with the poet, was naturally most intimately acquainted with his domestic and general habits; and towards her and her sisters he always spoke and acted with the frankness and kindness of a brother — a confidence which they mutually and severally deserved. Shrinking, as this lady naturally did at first, from the idea of placing in our hands the confidential letters addressed to her by Montgomery, she ultimately allowed considerations of what was due to the memory of her revered and faithful friend, and, indeed, to her own place in his regard, to outweigh her other feelings, and extracts from the letters in question occupy their due position in the narrative. To the poet's niece our thanks are no less specially due; a member of the sisterhood at Fulneck, and a favourite of her uncle, with much of his gentle piety, she not only from the first evinced such an affectionate interest in the success of this effort to do honour to the memory of her distinguished relative, as was alike creditable to her head and her heart, but she contributed directly, by letter and otherwise, much useful aid, which was the more welcome from its identification with the frank and grateful spirit of the writer.

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 in-

telligible enough to that *really* "Christian public" which ought to be specially interested in these pages.

The appearance of a work in several volumes, by inviting contemporary notice from the periodical press, often tends to place an author and his critics in a peculiar, not to say a mutually unsatisfactory relation. As, however, neither our position nor our treatment in this respect has been uncommon, it would argue but little wisdom were we to expand these remarks into a review of our reviewers, even while admitting a strong temptation to do so. For amidst much of what they have said, whether flattering or otherwise, the obvious discrepancy of their opinions on some points, and their palpable mistakes on others, are amusing enough; nor less so their manifestations of individual character. For example, one critic — not a worshipper of wealth, we should have thought — has discovered that "Montgomery was not conversant with large sums of money;" another, that his pecuniary contributions to religious objects were not proportionate to his means; a third, reversing these disparagements, that he died so rich as to abate the old reproach of poetry as synonymous with poverty. Again, the biographers are congratulated, on the one hand, upon the aid they have received from papers communicated by the executor of the poet; and on the other, they are told how much the latter would have compressed, had he himself lived to publish the "Autobiography," of which they have had the use: the simple facts in relation to these allegations being, 1. that we have not received a single line of the sort from the party thus indicated; nor, 2. are we aware, nor do we believe, that the poet ever wrote a

page of autobiography beyond what may perhaps be called such in the preface to his collected works. On one subject alone are our censors unanimous, viz., that the work is bulky : this, indeed, is so plain and broad a mark that the bluntest bolt aimed by the most blundering hand cannot miss it ; nor is there anything to offer in mitigation of the fault, if fault it be ; to say the work is what it was from the first intended to be in this respect, will no more obviate the objection than it can lessen the ground of it.

There has been a criticism raised on a special ground, in reference to which, as it affects the character of the subject even more than the execution of this biography, we desire to say a few words.

One of the kindest reviewers of the earlier volumes says, — “ Sundry third and fourth-rate folk occupy too much space, since the point of contact with Montgomery brings out no remarkable feature of his character.” With all deference to our friendly critic, we venture to think that the poet’s life-long “ contact ” with, and consideration for, the “ folk ” in question *does* bring out a very valuable, as well as “ remarkable, feature of his character.” How that character might have been apparent’y or intrinsically modified, had it found free development amidst the more stimulating influences of frequent or exclusive contact with the master-spirits of the age, or how its temporary estimate in such a narrative as ours might have been affected by the substitution of titles of nobility for the names of men and women, many of whom are not even of “ third and fourth-rate celebrity,” we need not say, though the materials for such invidious comparison

were not far to seek. Of course, the kindness with which he listened to the modest aspirant to literary distinction, how obscure soever his station, was not likely to be greater than that with which he met the claims of humble piety or importunate poverty in every form. From the pulpit and the press, in prose and rhyme, the "brotherhood of humanity" has been often dwelt upon as a pleasing theme; but whatever may be said of the practical exemplification of the doctrine by politicians or preachers, essayists or poets, in particular cases, the individual whose memoirs we write was the most striking, if not the only generous, unaffected, and indisputable example of its full and beneficial operation in one occupying a similar social status we ever met with. The fact was, be the inference flattering or otherwise, there did not exist an individual of *any* "celebrity" who was less of a tuft-hunter than Montgomery; nor one who so *really* recognised and habitually acted upon a well-known *dictum* that "CHRISTIAN is the highest style of man." His intercourse, therefore, with his fellow men, whether personal or epistolary, so far at least as it was of his own seeking, was generally, with individuals who were actively engaged either in doing good, or struggling to get good in some way.

These, however they may affect the estimate of the Letters, undoubtedly concern still more the notes of *Conversations*, so frequently introduced into the narrative. Apart from considerations of the rank of the interlocutors, and the abstract value of the latter peculiarity in such a work as this, it is common to find biographers as well as critics speaking very pe-

remptorily — the former, for the most part, in obvious consonance with their own practice. Now, without affecting either diffidence or dogmatism, it may surely be affirmed that the propriety of illustrating the written Life of any individual by his own sentiments in his own words, whether uttered in public or in private, must in general depend entirely upon the character of the speaker, the fidelity and discretion of the reporter, as well as the object and judgment of the biographer. In almost every existing example, whatever its claims in other respects, matter of this sort imparts at least an air of fidelity and animation to a story; hence, it would only be one degree less absurd to be deterred from using it at all, by an apprehension of the trite sneer of *Boswellism*, than it would be to introduce it for no better reason than because of its inimitable success in the particular case pointed to by that significant epithet. It was not because Montgomery's conversation was deemed of a superior order that he is so often introduced in that character in these pages; but mainly that, by such means, something like the individuality, if not the charm, of autobiography is thereby imparted to the narrative.

In finally closing what has been to them “a labour of love,” and conscious, as they are of its many imperfections, the biographers cannot but recal with grateful, yet saddened feelings, their own personal intercourse, the earliest fruition of which was a fervid hope now realized by the publication of this work: at the same time, they are still more deeply affected by the conviction that they have enjoyed and lost in him whose genius and virtues in this memorial they have endea-

voured faithfully to portray a dear friend, "whose like they ne'er can see again." But as — to adopt his own remarkable words,

"'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die," —

they cannot but be solemnly reminded how brief a space of time divides, with them, the concerns of the present world from those unseen realities of an eternal state, upon which the venerable "Christian Poet" has already entered, and in the contemplation of which his piety, his genius, and his reputation were for many years undeviatingly engaged.

*Sheffield, July 1. 1856.*

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1847.

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JANUARY 4. Mr. Holland took tea at the Mount with Montgomery and Miss Gales. *Holland*: "The ground is completely glazed with ice,—*slape*, as I heard a man call it, while he had nearly slipped into the channel." *Montgomery*: "That term reminds me of a little incident: several years before the Queen came to the crown, she was, as you will recollect, on a visit at Wentworth House, with her mother, the Duchess of Kent: the season was the beginning of

winter, and there had been rain, which was succeeded by a sharp frost. The illustrious visitors, with their noble host and his family, were passing along one of the garden paths towards the conservatory, when the feet of the lively little Victoria slipped, and down she came! ‘Have a care, Miss,’ exclaimed old Cooper the botanical curator \*, ‘or you will be down again, for the ground is very slape this morning.’ ‘*Slape, slape,*’ responded the future sovereign of Great Britain, with something of the quick, inquisitive curiosity of her royal grandfather; ‘what is *slape*?’ The princess was, of course, duly initiated into the meaning of this expressive provincialism.”

Jan. 7. Mr. Holland dined with Montgomery at Queen’s Tower, the only other guest being Mr. Robinson, a miniature painter, who had just executed a likeness of the worthy master of the mansion and his excellent wife, Mr. and Mrs. Roberts.† The afternoon was spent very pleasantly in examining the portraits, and talking about similar works of art. When Montgomery had retired for a few minutes into Mr. Roberts’s dressing room, the artist took occasion to remark how largely the so-called “organ of *veneration*”

\* Joseph Cooper, who stood high in his master’s estimation, had been a party to stranger incidents than that mentioned in the text, for he was one of that little band of missionaries that sailed from England for the South Seas in the ill-fated ship *Duff*!

† A miniature portrait of the poet was afterwards executed by Mr. Robinson, for the Misses Roberts, of Park Grange: it was a most faithful likeness; and the artist was not more gratified with the compliments which were paid to him on his success, than with the patience, affability, and instructive conversation of his sitter. In allusion to a remark on the colour of the *eyes*, Mr. Robinson said they were in reality a bright hazel within a narrow circle of clear blue; and so lustrous, that in some lights the latter seemed to be the prevailing tint.

was developed in the poet's head, the indication of *firmness* being, he declared, no less deficient, while *ideality* was decidedly full,—the entire size of the cranium being comparatively rather small than otherwise: but then, he added, in estimating the value of the last-named peculiarity in the formation of character, *temperament* must be taken into account; and this, in Montgomery, not only had been, but still was, evidently fervid, notwithstanding his advanced age. This passing phrenological dictum is recorded as agreeing, on the whole, with speculations made on the same data by other persons, who, with a similar confidence in the theory of cerebral development, have casually come into contact with the Sheffield bard. In the evening the host and hostess escorted their guests to the adjacent mansion at Park Grange, where they were expected by Samuel Roberts, senior, and his family. The distance was only across an intermediate field, but so dense was the darkness that Montgomery experimentally caught the meaning of Mr. Roberts's conundrum, "Why," said he, "is a man going out in a pitch-dark night, like a man walking with his hands behind him?" "Because," was the reply, "he cannot see his hands before him!" Ancient traditions being mentioned, Montgomery remarked that we sometimes find the same incident assigned to different and often widely remote places; for example, it was very mortifying to Swiss heroism to find the picturesque exploit of Tell shooting at the apple on his child's head, claimed for a patriot archer of another country. "This," he proceeded, "is more especially the case with our fairy tales; yet some of them, it might be thought, would hardly bear transplantation. I have met with one this week, which seemed to be indigenous to this side of the neighbouring county of Derby. Every

person has heard of ‘Peveril of the Peak,’ at least in Sir Walter Scott’s romance: and there are few intelligent individuals in Sheffield who have not seen the storm-worn remains of his castle perched on the rock over the mouth of the celebrated cavern at Castleton. Well; my story sets forth, that one fine autumnal day, while the castle was in its pristine date, the pigs—or at least the ‘brood-sow’ with her young;—of King Peveril strayed to a distance, and being missing at night-fall, the royal swineherd, after searching the adjacent ravines, naturally enough thought they had wandered into the profound grotto at hand. Accordingly, he entered the yawning abyss, and proceeded so far, that, although failing to find the truant hogs, he discovered an opening into fairy-land! There, to his ineffable surprise, he beheld the ‘little people’ hard at work, reaping their mimic harvest; and thence, after having gazed his fill, he quietly retired, as he thought, unobserved. On going, however, to review the scene the next day, a mass of rock had closed the aperture, which has never since been discovered.” \*

Some remarks were made on the encyclical letter just issued by his Holiness Pope Pius the Ninth, and on the Roman Catholic church about to be erected in Sheffield. *Holland*: “The clergy of Sheffield and the neighbourhood have just had a private meeting to consider what, or whether anything, can be done to counteract the spread of popery; but they agreed that it would be in-

\* This is the story as preserved through the medium of memory; we find that it occurs in the first volume, p. 273., of Wright’s “Essays on Subjects connected with the Literature, Popular Superstitions, and History of England in the Middle Ages.” As our version is substantially correct, we have not thought it necessary to adopt the exact words of the printed authority in this particular instance.



expedient to make any public demonstration at this moment." *Montgomery*: "They are right: they seem to have acted on the plan of the old penknife cutler, who determined that he would go to bed for a day, in order to devise new patterns; but his faculty of invention proving wholly unproductive, he got up, resolved to do nothing; saying, he thought the old patterns were, after all, the best!" *Holland*: "Have you read the Rev. Henry Wilberforce's 'Discourse on Christian Unity,' which I gave you?" *Montgomery*: "I have: the Protestant clergyman is as infallible, in his own opinion, as the Pope himself, and far less reasonable: he assumes, indeed, without one tittle of evidence, or even of argument, that *his* church is THE CHURCH; and then, with as much dogmatical gravity as the Roman pontiff could arrogate, he declares that beyond the pale of his communion there is no salvation: with equal bigotry does the vicar of East Farleigh pronounce, not only that 'all dissent is sin,' but he tells us, 'how very shocking it is, that many good sort of people think nothing of coming to church on the Sunday morning, and then going to meeting in the evening.'" *Mr. Roberts*: "I believe our honoured friend, the late Mr. Wilberforce, the preacher's father, would not at all have hesitated *so* to have 'sinned' at the best period of his life." *Montgomery*: "He often went to Mr. Jay's chapel, at Bath, as well as to other dissenting places of worship; and it is lamentable to find his sons not only shirking facts of this kind, but actually repudiating, by their own extravagant sentiments and conduct, the evangelical catholicity of their revered father's character." This conversation lost none of its interest in the estimation of him who preserves this faint outline of it, when he reflected that it occurred in the very room,

where the venerable Christian philanthropist alluded to had himself once sat, an honoured visitor.

On the 18th of January, the second annual festival of the Printers of Western New York was held in Rochester, Monroe Co., U. S., to celebrate the birthday of Benjamin Franklin. We received an American paper, containing a report of the proceedings, which filled nearly three broadside pages. The toasts, which mostly turned upon a punning application of terms familiar in a printing-office, were very numerous; and the speeches generally connected Franklin's original experiments on the conduction of lightning with the alleged discovery of the electric telegraph by Professor Morse. There were, also, numerous letters read from different sections of the United States, and from Europe; some of the former containing interesting notices of the introduction and progress of the typographic art in the Western world. Among other names occurred those of sixteen females, "printers on their own account!" Oddly enough, a contribution was solicited from Montgomery, on the supposition that he still conducted a newspaper, though he had retired from business more than twenty years ago! Not unwilling, however, to pay a metrical tribute to the genius of Franklin, and feeling, no doubt, some lingering of old sympathy with the fellowship of the craft, the Sheffield bard addressed, as already stated, the letter and the lines entitled "Franklin, the Printer, Philosopher, and Patriot\*," to the Rochester committee, a member of which, in a note prefixed to them in the newspaper before us, bears his testimony to the "Wanderer of Switzerland," the "West Indies," &c., which he had himself been engaged in reprinting in America. "The spirit of liberty

\* Works, p. 355.

infused through these productions found a warm response in his bosom ; and a feeling enkindled of admiration for the man, no less than for the poet, which the lapse of time has served but to enhance ; and in days of prosperity and adversity, in hours of affliction and of joyous exultation, some lines of this Christian poet have been adapted to tranquillise the spirits, as oil the agitated billows."

Jan. 19. Mr. Holland dined with Montgomery at the house of Mr. Ridge, at Endcliffe, in company with Mr. Gedge of Bury St. Edmunds, the proprietor of the "Bury Post" newspaper ; the visit of the last-named gentleman being almost wholly attributable to the desire he had for many years cherished of enjoying an interview with the Sheffield poet. The day, as it happened, was that appointed for the opening of Parliament,—an unforeseen conjuncture which compelled the host, who was proprietor and publisher of the "Sheffield Mercury," to leave his guests at an early hour, to oversee an experiment at that time of equal novelty and interest, namely, the transmission of a copy, from London, of the Queen's speech, by means of the electric telegraph wires, which had only the day before been extended to Sheffield. No very elaborate apology was necessary, between parties having so strong a sympathy with newspaper management, for at least some anxiety and excitement under these circumstances. It may well be imagined, too, that the conversation of the evening would turn mainly on the various changes which public journalism had undergone in this country during the preceding fifty years ; the Suffolk editor, after listening to the brief narrative given by Montgomery of his own political prosecutions, remarking on the improved state both of opinion and practice relative to the law of libel. In the course of conversation, besides the naturally

engrossing topic of the day, viz., the new and ticklish experiment of telegraphing so long an article as a royal speech\*, the "three friends" discussed the then recent *restoration*, in the best sense of the term, of the ancient conventual church of St. Mary at Bury, the Suffolk memorials of Robert Bloomfield, whose "Farmer's Boy," if we mistake not, was first printed by the father of Mr. Gedge; the eccentricities of the late Capel Lofft, Esq., of Troston Hall, whom Montgomery praised for his generous patronage of the poetical shoemaker; the Rev. Richard Cobbold's "History of Margaret Catchpole," whose romantic act of horse-stealing, subsequent trial, transportation, and acquisition of considerable property, and the recent visit of her son from New South Wales, to endeavour to purchase an estate near the scene of his mother's recorded exploits, in Suffolk, were, Mr. Gedge said, facts fully corroborated by the testimony of local knowledge; though much of the entertaining matter of the published narrative, as to minute details, was, of course, entirely imaginary. The elegant volume of "Natural Illustrations of the British Grasses," already mentioned in connection with Montgomery's lines on "The Grasshopper," being named, Mr. Gedge said he had, along with Mr. Ridge, recently seen and admired a copy of it in a bookseller's shop at Manchester, where, however, its interest was eclipsed by another botanical work which, as appears from the description of it in the note, was of a far more extraordinary character.†

\* How rapidly, in our day, do the most exquisite scientific inventions pass from marvellous to familiar in their practical application! Who wonders at any performance of the electric telegraph now?

† "Early in the present century, a botanical professor, named John S. de Kerner, who was also an Aulic councillor and fellow of many societies in Germany, and who resided at Stuttgart, con-

With the account of so remarkable an instance of human perseverance and ingenuity Montgomery was much interested. Mr. Holland happening to have with him a copy of the poet's lines on Franklin, read them to the party, as being, in their general drift, curiously coincident with the occasion of Mr. Ridge's absence — the scientific control of electrical agency — and by a printer, too. The American experimenter, long since, floated his lightning conductor, to show that

“Philosophy had triumphed there;”

while at the moment of reading the lines, the achieve-

ceived the idea of publishing a great botanical work on a new plan. Of this work, he proposed to perfect only twelve copies; producing the whole, save a brief letter-press description of the plants, by his own hands. In this great work he spent many years, and life was not given him to complete it; in fact, he only perfected four copies, and was proceeding with others, when death terminated his voluntarily-imposed labours. Every plant represented in the work is drawn the natural size, and carefully coloured from the fresh and blooming specimen. Of the four copies of this work, the destination of one is not known; two are in public libraries on the Continent (we think at Stuttgart and Vienna), and the fourth is at present in the possession of Messrs Simms and Dinham, booksellers, Manchester, being the property of a gentleman in London. Its title is “*Hortus semper Virens (the ever-living Garden); exhibens Icones Plantarum selectiorum, quotquot ad vivorum exemplorum normam reddere licuit.*” Its size is elephant folio; it is half-bound in green morocco, in twelve ponderous volumes, containing upwards of 840 beautifully-delineated and exquisitely-coloured drawings of plants, flowering or fruiting, all of the natural size; and altogether forms one of the largest and most valuable botanical works we have ever seen. Its price is stated to be 400 guineas; and, looking at the extreme rarity of the work, and at the almost utter impossibility that any similar one will ever again be constructed, in the same elaborate manner, by a man who to great botanical knowledge joins artistic powers of high order, the price is not so large as it seems at first sight.”

ment of a more marvellous "victory of science won" by the English professor, Wheatstone, through the same media, was being illustrated by the mysterious agency of the electric current between London and Sheffield. In commemorating this triumph, the little party at Endcliffe cordially joined; and not least warmly Montgomery, when Mr. Ridge made his appearance at the tea-table, with printed copies of the Queen's Speech, which had been delivered in London only a few hours previously! In walking home to the Mount, Montgomery said to Mr. Holland, "I liked Mr. Gedge personally; and I had some pleasing associations with the name, as I well remember addressing book-parcels to his father, and of receiving his once popular 'Pocket Books,' at Harrison's shop in Paternoster Row, between fifty and sixty years since." *Holland*: "Mr. Ridge will, I am sure, exceedingly regret having been, for some hours, so unexpectedly called away from his guests." *Montgomery*: "He need not feel any regret; for my part, I scarcely ever in my life enjoyed anything more, at the moment, than the enthusiastic ardour with which, on setting out, he appeared to overlook all the risks of the despatch, in the confidence of success — so different from what I should have done! and then the exultation which, on his return, he indulged in the realisation of his hopes. He was proud of the triumph, and he enjoyed as he had deserved it. He will, probably, never have another opportunity of displaying the same amount of energy on an equally interesting occasion." *Holland*: "You were probably not aware that, in paying a poetical tribute to the memory of Franklin, you were discharging an obligation under which he laid the Moravians seventy years ago." *Montgomery*: "Certainly not; I do not recollect any instance in which he and the Brethren ever came into

contact." *Holland*: "The case was this: in June, 1778, when Franklin was residing at Passy, in France, as minister of the United States, James Hutton, the well-known Moravian, applied to him for a passport, or letter of safe conduct\*, so far as the risk of falling in with American vessels was concerned, for the missionary ship about to proceed on her annual voyage to Labrador. The document was readily granted, and by coincidence refers also to a celebrated namesake of yours." *Montgomery*: "Whom do you mean?" *Holland*: "General Montgomery, who was slain during the American war, and a marble monument for whom Franklin had sent from Paris; but which, not having reached its destination, he hoped Hutton would exert himself to have restored, if it had fallen into the hands of English cruisers. The sculpture ultimately reached New York †, and the ship sailed to the Hudson's Bay unmolested. I think I have understood that you did not know Hutton personally?" *Montgomery*: "I never saw him; but I have often heard our Brethren describe him as an exceedingly venerable-looking man, with a long white beard. George the Third was fond of him; and, on one occasion, the King, who liked a joke, said, in his dry way, 'Mr. Hutton, I am told that you Moravians do not select your own wives, but leave it to your ministers to choose for you—is it so?' 'Yes, please your Majesty; marriages amongst the Brethren are contracted, as your Majesty will perceive, after the fashion of royalty.'"

\* Life and Works of Franklin, by J. Sparks, vol. v. p. 122., where this passport is printed at length, along with another, also granted by Franklin, for the protection of Captain Cook, in 1779, when his vessel was expected to return, after his last and fatal voyage round the world.

† Montgomery's monument is erected in front of St. Paul's Church, New York.

From the year 1812 Montgomery had, in compliance with the solicitation of the Committee of the Red Hill Wesleyan Sunday-school, written a hymn to be sung by the poor children on each anniversary of that institution, some of the choicest of his compositions of this class having thus originated. Anticipating the recurrence of that season, the secretary of the school had applied somewhat early to the poet for his usual offering; and it so happened that the effusion was transmitted almost in the very hour that an awkward explanation was sent to the poet, announcing such a change in the ordinary arrangements as precluded the use of any original composition for singing. Such was the occasion of the following letter:—

*James Montgomery to George Chaloner.*

“The Mount, Sheffield, Jan. 30. 1847.

“DEAR SIR,

“On my return from the Infirmary yesterday noon, I left a note at your shop enclosing a hymn for Red Hill School. When I reached home, I found on my table your note communicating that the plan for the anniversary had been changed, and that there would be no occasion to use it. I am sorry that this should have given you some uneasiness; it has given me none; and I beg that you may be no more troubled about it. I only add on this subject, that if the hymn be deemed suitable for your Wesleyan Union Festival, you will please to keep it for that purpose; if not, I shall be obliged to you to return to me the manuscript, not suffering it to be printed, or any copy taken of it. I have long ago ceased to attempt verse-making for Sunday-schools *only*; having chosen for such occasions to prepare hymns that might otherwise be employed in the great congregation, or social worship. Such compositions cost me too much thought and labour to be thrown aside entirely, and the difficulty of finding distinct themes for new hymns



of any kind is so embarrassing that, in compositions for *special* times and seasons, I have, for several years past, kept in view *general application* of bespoken pieces, or I should have declined altogether the topics of any class lying within a certain limited compass. What one mind can say in illustration, is soon exhausted by endless repetition with less spirit, and in forced or feeble language. I have now on hand more than 300 hymns of my own making, many of which are in extensive circulation through collections which have been issued both by clergymen and ministers of different denominations, *with* or *without* my consent; and in these such unwarrantable liberties have been taken (in the way that honest men take their wives, 'for better or for worse') to alter words, lines, and sentiments, that, in self-defence, I feel bound, and conscientiously, too, to revise and prepare them for authentic publication, in such form as I am willing in life, and after death, to be answerable for in doctrine and diction to my fellow-sinners; though, before my God, like Job, I 'answer not, but make my supplication to my Judge.' With this ingenuous confession, I leave the disposal of the unwanted hymn to your discretion, and am,

“ Truly your friend and servant,

“ J. MONTGOMERY.

“ Mr. George Chaloner, Church Street.”

At the beginning of this year appeared “The Homes and Haunts of the English Poets,” by William Howitt. The work contained, of course, a notice of Montgomery, which he evidently read with interest, as well as the contemporary notices of the subject in the reviews. Alluding to the clever articles on the book in the “Athenæum” and “Fraser’s Magazine,” the poet said to Mr. Holland: “I suppose you have enjoyed the criticisms more than the book: as I know William Howitt is not a particular favourite of yours, I did not introduce him to you when he visited Sheffield.” *Holland*: “I have certainly enjoyed both the

book and the reviews of it: what I dislike in the quondam Quaker are his bitter polemical propensities; his abuse, or, at all events, irreverent application of Scripture expressions; and, most of all, the insidious introduction of a sort of bland, sentimental theism in the place of Christianity,—charges which are substantially made against him, indeed, in ‘Fraser.’” Montgomery admitted the justice of the allegations.\*

*Montgomery*: “I have read with equal surprise and regret the bitter diatribe against publishers, which Howitt has introduced into his notice of James Hogg: I should like you to look at the pages in which it occurs: so far as my own knowledge and experience go, they lead to a conclusion directly the reverse of that at which Mr. Howitt has arrived. My most extensive dealings in this way have been with Longmans, who have always treated me, not only justly, but I am bound to say, liberally. I have received from them several hundred guineas as my share of the profits on the ‘Wanderer of Switzerland,’ the manuscript of which I would, at one time, gladly have sold to them, or any other publishing firm, for 50%. It is true, that since then, my name and writings have been considered to be worth something in the market of literature, and I have

\* Montgomery must, at the same time, have been gratified with the reviewer’s kind personal allusion to himself: —

“Nearly eighteen years have gone, since we first passed a morning in the company of this most amiable and pleasing of all modern poets; yet we remember the interview as if it had been yesterday. Few poetical faces so clearly indicate the imaginative temperament. The snow had already begun to fall upon his head, which now carries the burden of seventy-five winters; but there is sunshine on the top of it—may it continue to shine! There is no modern poet of whom it is more certain that something will live after him: this immortality he shares with Campbell and Rogers.”  
— *Fraser’s Mag.* vol. xxxv. p. 226.

consequently had tempting offers from various quarters, but I have generally declined them on the ground that I was quite satisfied with my present connection."

*Holland*: "I have read the remarks to which you refer, and I was even more struck with the fanciful character of the remedy, than with the baseless nature of the allegation. Mr. Howitt wonders that authors have not combined long ago, like the members of other professions, for the maintenance of their common interests, and for the elevation of their character as a class. He does not say, and I cannot guess, to what 'other professions' he specially alludes; but I suppose any combination of authors in Great Britain would work pretty much as trades' unions commonly work among the cutlers in Sheffield—mischievously for the better class of workmen, when they produce any effect at all, and altogether ineffectually for the benefit of the inferior classes, when the latter most want protection. Among the writers of books, as among the makers of knives, those who are successful are too independent to combine: while in each case—poor cutlers, and poor authors alike—it is to be feared that those who cannot command a market on their individual merits, would not secure it by co-operation. I have yet to learn that the spirit of business—whatever the rules of the trade may be—is essentially different in the merchandise of literature from that of other kinds of property. A bookseller will buy from or publish on the usual terms with an author, any book that he knows or believes will *sell*; and is it to be imagined that any comprehensive plan of union among writers of prose or verse can long consist with printing that which will *not sell*?" *Montgomery*: "I quite agree with you, that, however unsatisfactory the alleged dealings of some authors with their publishers may have been, the cases would, in most in-

stances, have been worse, had the complainants been in their own hands, or rather in the hands of their colleagues: indeed, the *genus irritabile* and what has been termed the *genius of trade* are so proverbially anomalous, that it is difficult to identify even their mutual interests in any common directorship. Poets, it is but too true, often enough die poor; but do publishers as commonly retire from business rich? The extremely dissimilar cases of Scott and Hogg, as specifically stated illustrations of Mr. Howitt's theory, appear to me to tell directly against it: the former, who earned more money as an author than perhaps any other on record, dabbled in publishing, and was ruined: the latter forsook his old and friendly patron, Blackwood, who was only willing to reprint what he believed would sell, for a London firm which, after exciting great expectations in the poet's mind, issued one volume of a proposed new edition of his works, and then—became bankrupt! What Mr. Howitt says about the powers of an author in arraigning and correcting offenders of whatever grade in society, is equally striking and to the purpose. Not so, I think, his insinuation that any such author receives the kicks of every well-fed seller of a book with patience,—much less that the same pens which are often so powerful when wielded under the generalship of modern publishers, would be equally successful if turned against the latter as the 'common enemy.'" *Holland*: "I was somewhat surprised to find Mr. Howitt citing, in reference to Moore's residence at Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne, a passage from some contemporary writer, comprising the names of several individuals who have given a sort of celebrity to the *genius loci*, without any allusion to either Isaac Walton or Charles Cotton, with both of whom the scenery of Dovedale has so long been in various ways associated." *Montgomery*: "And yet

he is quite alive to coincidences—as in such a work he ought to be. I was amused with his statement to the effect that the house in which Moore was born is now a whisky shop; that Burns's native cottage is a public-house; Shelley's house at Great Marlow, a beer-shop; the spot where Scott was born occupied with a building used for a similar purpose; and even Coleridge's residence at Nether Stowey, the very house in which the poet composed that sweet 'Ode to the Nightingale,' is now an ordinary beer-house. Had his visit to Sheffield been only a few months later, my own forty years' residence would doubtless have been added to this list; for as Miss Gales and I walked up the Hartshead the other day, talking of '*auld lang syne*,' and not forgetful of the very uncomplimentary character which Mr. Howitt had given to that locality, what was our consternation to perceive that our old house was actually converted into a Tom-and-Jerry shop! But what do you think of Mr. Howitt's discovery that Wordsworth's system, which so long puzzled the reviewers, is a system of poetical Quakerism? You know something about the 'haunts' of George Fox in this neighbourhood; and about *his* Journal, which I never saw; but which I believe shows him to have been, with all his extravagance and enthusiasm, an indefatigable, as well as a sincere, labourer and sufferer in what he considered to be the cause of evangelical truth. Now my surprise and regret has always been, in reference to some of the most justly celebrated of Wordsworth's poems, that they should be so entirely devoid of all allusion to spiritual things, as the latter are disclosed in the Scriptures and in the experience of real Christians." *Holland*: "That is exactly what struck me on reading the very ingenious argument of Mr. Howitt; and who, when he says that the 'Excursion' is a very Bible of Quakerism, makes an assertion the

validity of which I am utterly unable to comprehend: I think it would equally have puzzled William Penn in *his* day, and William Allen in *ours*: by the way, the latter individual appears to have been deservedly esteemed beyond his own communion." *Montgomery*: "I never saw William Allen but once, and then under circumstances somewhat painful to myself. When I was in London in May, 1837, I was induced to attend the annual meeting of the British and Foreign School Society at Exeter Hall: I was pressed to speak, and did so: Lord John Russell was in the chair; and the audience generally, including, I believe, a bishop or two, were, so far as I know, satisfied with what I said. Not so, however, good William Allen, who, in his speech, dwelt at some length on what he deemed a reprehensible peculiarity in my address. I sat and listened to him, not very comfortably you may be sure; but I was enabled to repress the temptation to rise and defend myself against the injustice which he, unintentionally enough, was inflicting upon me." *Holland*: "What was the topic upon which there could be so much misunderstanding between you and the worthy Quaker?" *Montgomery*: "I believe I asserted that the three individuals whose teachings had, beyond comparison, produced the widest and most permanent effects upon mankind, were Moses, Mahomet, and Jesus Christ. Of course, in stating, and illustrating the fact, —for such surely it is,—I cannot even now believe that I expressed myself so blunderingly as to justify Mr. Allen, or any one else, in supposing that I either intended or admitted any other parity than simply that which I have named. His friends, the Fosters, who were present, and were grieved by the occurrence, afterwards wrote to me, and apologised: and I answered the letter by a clear explanation of my own meaning."

*Holland*: "Allen mentions the meeting, but not this occurrence, in his Journal: he, however, appears to have been particularly sensitive on the character of Mahomet, in consequence of his dissatisfaction with an account of the impostor which had shortly before been printed in one of the Useful Knowledge Society's publications." \*

In the month of April, this year, the whole kingdom was agitated with discussions relative to the effects likely to be produced by the operation of certain plans for the general instruction of the poor, propounded in a series of minutes issued by the Committee of the Council on Education, under the sanction of Lord Lansdowne, the president. The Congregational Dissenters, under the guidance of Mr. Edward Baines, of Leeds, were almost unanimous, not only in repudiating the proposed scheme, but in denouncing all government intervention or aid under any circumstances. For a time Montgomery appeared to entertain similar views, as harmonising with the objections to government interference which he had on previous occasions urged in his newspaper. The more, however, he examined the present proposal, the more was he convinced of its impartiality and advantages in a national point of view; and having thus made up his mind, he joined his friend Samuel Bailey, Esq., in signing the petition from Sheffield in favour of the government scheme of education, in opposition to one which had been adopted at a public meeting *against* the measure, and to which he was urgently solicited to affix his name.

\* Life of Allen. Montgomery has embodied the sentiment in a preface to the Memoir of the Rev. T. R. Taylor, who died at Bradford in 1835.

Mr. Holland, having asked Montgomery to favour him, at leisure, with a transcript of some hymn or other matter for a lady who was anxious for a specimen of his handwriting, received the following: —

“The Mount, April 14. 1847.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“The enclosed verses were written several years ago. They have never been printed, and I have only given two copies away in the interval. They will probably suit your purpose to send to the Durham lady. I am truly in *haste*, and truly in earnest,

“Your friend and servant,

“J. MONTGOMERY.

“Eternity! Eternity!

That boundless, soundless, tideless sea,

Of mysteries the mystery, —

What is Eternity to me?” &c.\*

The lady — herself given to versifying — made a grateful and graceful acknowledgment to the poet, in fourteen neat stanzas: “There is in them,” said Montgomery, “an air of frankness, earnestness, and candour which none but a woman could have imparted.” It turned out that the bard — unconsciously on his part — had once crossed the path of our fair friend: —

“’T was where the German billows roar,  
On Redcar’s smooth, expansive shore,  
We met — perhaps, to meet no more,  
By chance together brought:  
No more that sight impressed thine eye,  
Than if a bird had fluttered by, —  
Than if a cloud had crossed the sky,  
Nor drew a deeper thought.

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\* Original Hymns. CCXXXVIII.



“ But I — who each and every tone  
 Of thy sweet lyre had made my own,  
 Till almost seemed the minstrel known, —  
     Knew well I saw him then!  
 Knew and rejoiced! — for purer fame  
 Of holier theme — a higher aim,  
 I deeply felt that none could claim  
     Among the sons of men!

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*

“ How short, in retrospect, appears  
 The long, long lapse of twenty years,  
 With all their smiles, and all their tears —  
     The time since passed away!  
 And now on Redcar’s far-spread shore,  
 Though all its windings I explore,  
 I ne’er might meet the poet more,  
     Nor see him, musing, stray.

“ And there were sorrow in the thought,  
 But that I still, whene’er ’t is sought,  
 Upon the *page* his hand hath wrought,  
     His better part can find:  
 There, in the fervour of his love,  
 To man below — his God above,  
 The eagle blended with the dove —  
     I meet his *heart* and *mind*!

“ There is an ocean both must sail —  
 O grant us, Heaven! a favouring gale,  
 When human skill and courage fail,  
     To pass that ‘ tideless sea.’  
 And grant us — that brief passage o’er —  
 To meet on the celestial shore  
 Where friendly spirits part no more —  
     In *blest* ‘ Eternity.’” \*

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\* There can be no impropriety in mentioning that these stanzas were written by my esteemed friend, Miss Colling, of Hurworth, near Darlington, a lady who, with Miss Foster, versified, and in 1836, published, with a dedication to Archdeacon Wrangham, “ A New Metrical Version of the Psalms of David.” — J. H.

## CHAP. XCIX.

1847.

“GOODY TWO SHOES.”—MR. EVERETT’S VISIT TO THE MOUNT.—DEATH OF DR. CHALMERS.—THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.—CONVERSATION.—COLERIDGE’S “BIOGRAPHIA.”—CALVINISM.—FAIRY MYTHOLOGY.—DR. WOLFF.—INFLUENCE OF CONTEMPORARY VERSE ON YOUNG POETS.—THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS.—WORDSWORTH’S INSTALLATION ODE.—“OLIVER NEWMAN.”—HYMN FOR FOUNDATION OF THE WICKER CHURCH.

MR. PRIOR, in his “Life of Goldsmith,” says (vol. ii. p. 100.), that the late William Godwin had suggested to him the inquiry, whether the poet “may not have written for Newbery, in its present form, the nursery tale of ‘Goody Two Shoes?’” Montgomery, whose curiosity was excited by the foregoing passage and its context, was anxious to re-peruse, in order to judge of its style, a child’s book which had so intensely delighted him as soon as he was able to read at all: but it had become such a rarity in the shops that it was long before he could procure a copy. When he had read it, he said he did not believe that it was written by Goldsmith; though he agreed with the biographer, that could his authorship of the tale be proved, so “far from lowering, it would add to the versatility and ingenuity of his pen.” Mr. Holland said he concurred in that opinion; but had always understood that the tale was written by one of the Brothers Jones, who were both employed by Newbery, of St. Paul’s Church-yard: such, at least, was the fact as asserted in a letter

written by the daughter, still living, of one of them in answer to an inquiry on the subject.\*

May 13. Mr. Everett called upon Montgomery, and was glad to learn that a quarto volume of old poetry which he had given to him on a previous visit, was at least valuable for its rarity, being priced in Thorpe's catalogue at 10*l.* 10*s.* Several of the pieces were of a pious character; and a collation of two or three of them, with extracts printed in "Royal and Noble authors †," identified the book with the "Otia Sacra" of Mildmay Fane, Earl of Westmoreland, of whom Walpole gives a striking portrait and a very brief notice. Mr. Everett also gave him a small volume of old English poetry,

\* The lady says, "I never heard it denied before, that my father was at least one of the originators of the children's books. I will give you his own account of the affair:—'In those days every young man considered it necessary to the character of a gentleman to take snuff, and Newbery, the well-known publisher at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, my brother, and myself [Griffith and Giles Jones], used to meet in an evening to learn that accomplishment. On one of these occasions, I suggested to Newbery that, although he had literary food in plenty for the minds of men, nothing had been ever written for the amusement or edification of children, and proposed that we should write a child's book: the idea was approved of, and that now gave birth to "Goody Two Shoes."' "It seems," adds the writer, "that a rough sketch was made by each gentleman present, when, if I recollect right, my father's, meeting with the greatest share of approbation, was soon filled up and published by Newbery. He afterwards said when he saw my father eating some spice-nuts, that, as he had returned to childhood and gingerbread, he should write the next book in his own name, which he did, and 'Giles Gingerbread' was published. 'Tommy Trip,' &c., &c., followed. I remember 'Goody Two Shoes' being given to me in a smart gilt cover, and was told that my papa had written it. Poor as I am, I would give a good deal to have that little book now."

† Vol. iii. p. 75. Paris edit.

entitled the "Muse's Sacrifice;"\* some portions of which he read at once, with the remark, "How much condensed thought one sometimes finds in this kind of crabbed versification: it belongs to the period when even poets were expected to give their readers *strong meat* — not to treat them merely with stimulating *cordials*." He mentioned that he had composed a hymn for the jubilee of the Church Missionary Society at the request of Mr. Bickersteth, whom he had known ever since his return from India: "He is not a great man in the ordinary meaning of the term, but he is something better, — a Christian, with a fine spirit, unwearied zeal, sound judgment, and admirable business habits. I like Bickersteth."

June 5. *Holland*: You will have heard of the sudden death of a great and good man in Scotland, since I last saw you?" *Montgomery*: "Of course you mean Dr. Chalmers; he was a kind friend to the Moravians, and used to quote the poetry of one of our bishops.† I first heard of his death in the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance last night, where I did *not* see you. I

\* Frances Metel de Bois-Robert, of the French Academy, published "Les Sacrifices des Muses."

† Gambold, who was a man of the most enlarged charity, as well as of deep piety. The following fine passage from one of his compositions, is said to have been more frequently repeated by Dr. Chalmers than any other in his "Recollections of English Poetry;" it embodies, indeed, the very germ of the "Evangelical Alliance," to which it has been applied: —

"I'm apt to think the man  
That could surround the sum of things, and spy  
The heart of God and secrets of his empire,  
Would speak but love. With him the bright result  
Would change the hue of intermediate scenes,  
And make one thing of all theology."

Hanna's *Memoirs of Chalmers*, vol. iv. p. 385.

suppose you, and the vicar, and Mr. George Ridge\* do not approve of the Alliance." *Holland*: "I confess I do not see any particular good that it is calculated to effect; indeed, I do not find that its members generally have very clearly defined ideas of the object which they have in view. Associations of Christians of different sects for sending the gospel to the heathen, as the London Missionary Society; or for circulating the Holy Scriptures, as the Bible Society, present, in each case, at least an intelligible and well-defined principle of Catholic co-operation, which I think the Alliance does not exhibit." *Montgomery*: "I have always said the same. But when applied to by Mr. Larom, the Baptist minister, I told him that although I could not see what great object was likely to be gained, and I, of course, could not take any active part in the proceedings, yet as the avowed design of the friends of the Alliance was the promotion of union among evangelical Christians, I should most willingly become a member. I would not place a straw in the way of good people of different religious denominations meeting together to learn to love one another better." *Holland*: "And I would most anxiously remove even a straw over which good people were likely to stumble in their way toward the attainment of such an object. My dislike to the Alliance is, that its repulsive elements are likely far to outweigh its attractive ones,—that its common hostility to something *without*, transcends its particular affection for everything *within* its own circle. In one word, that its belligerent tendencies are more likely to be active than its pacific professions are to become influential. Its prescribed objects of attack, as defined at the meeting yesterday, are, Infidelity, Popery, and Sabbath de-

\* Publisher of the "Sheffield Mercury" newspaper.

secration, — all legitimately regarded as inimical to evangelical Christianity and the welfare of the community. But it remains to be seen how far, or whether at all, the allied powers can move simultaneously to the attack of these and other common enemies of their common faith, without endangering one another by designed or accidental cross-shots, aimed by members in or out of the ranks, at puseyism, prelacy, &c.; to say nothing of slavery, state-churchism, and various political questions. Entertaining these views, right or wrong in themselves, I did not feel at liberty to attend the meeting; because I neither wished to express an opinion to any one who might have spoken to me, nor to seem to trim by evading all such expressions. Otherwise, I confess, I should like to have heard and seen some of the speakers, good old Thomas Mortimer in particular.\* *Montgomery*: “I am sure I was no trimmer on that occasion, nor have I ever been one;

\* A somewhat curious incident occurred to the reverend gentleman during his visit to Sheffield. Instead of going to a friend's house as requested, he preferred taking up his quarters at the principal inn of the town. Having retired to rest, he was awoke about two o'clock in the morning with the most outrageous noises of a drunken party in the room below. As the sounds increased so as utterly to prevent him from sleeping, he at length arose, partly dressed himself, and sallying forth with his candlestick in one hand, and a lot of tracts in the other, made his appearance among the Bacchanalians. At first they were disposed to be something more than rude in speech; but on that venerable-looking personage telling them that he was a clergyman, and withal not manifesting anything like fear, the disturbers first began, through shame of their own conduct, to listen to what the preacher said about the ill conduct of the house; and afterwards allowed him to deliver to them a religious exhortation, such as they had evidently been little accustomed to. Mr. Mortimer mentioned the adventure with much solemnity in his sermon at the parish church in Sheffield on the Sunday following.

indeed, nobody can ever know or conceive how many and what painful struggles I have had, in the course of my life, to ascertain and do my duty conscientiously in cases of exigency." *Holland*: "Assuredly, in your allegiance to the Saviour, in your attachment to evangelical truth, in your loyalty and patriotism, in duty and kindness to your fellow men, and in the obligations of a personal conscientiousness, *trimming* could never be justly imputed to you. But—alas, for charity!—how often has each religious party in turn, after gladly availing themselves of your aid, regarded you as a *trimmer*, because you may have happened, with equal good will and good reason, to have lent similar aid to others! To turn to quite a different subject,—am I right or wrong in holding, that the same spiritual delicacy which has almost throughout life harassed and governed your decisions among doubtful claimants for the aid of your tongue and pen, has also affected the character of your poetry? I mean more particularly this,—is it not probable that, had you become a decidedly non-religious instead of a religious man forty years ago, your poems would probably have exhibited higher flights of *mere genius*? To 'snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,' you have, of course, as a poet, never hesitated; but have you not many a time and oft forborne, as a Christian, to touch a tempting theme, or clutch a striking phrase, because they lay out of the sphere of strict religious propriety?" *Montgomery*: "You are quite right. Until about the year 1803 I was merely learning the use and exercising the strength of my poetical legs, often violently and improperly enough, but not unsuccessfully in one sense; in this respect, you and many others have happily had no sins like mine to answer for. It was, I believe, in the stanzas, entitled the 'Lyre,' that I first perceived and exercised my true vocation as

a poet. What I might have been if God had not then happily recalled me to the faith and fold of my fathers, I know not. What you say about the effect of religious principle as controlling the scope of the imagination is also quite true in general. You well know to what extent I have publicly controverted Dr. Johnson's memorable slander against the union of religion and poetry;\* but neither you nor any one else can ever know how often, in my poetical operations, I have sacrificed brilliant forms of expression, which, whatever admiration they might have won with my readers, were incompatible with Christian verity. As it is, I sometimes take up one of my own volumes, and comparing, in no vain or invidious spirit I am sure, what I have written with the productions of my contemporaries, I cannot but think that if any of the poetry of the present day shall be read by the next generation, my own will not deserve to be altogether rejected on its merits."

*Montgomery*: "By the way, I have been gratified, while just now reading the new edition of Coleridge's 'Biographia Literaria,' to find my opinion coinciding with his on two interesting points. In my unpublished Lectures I have argued that, so far from its being plain that Shakspeare was unconscious of his own high poetical destiny, as some persons have inferred from the absence of all allusion to his personal history in his plays, he had a no less strong, clear, and confident anticipation of future renown than Milton himself: in fact, that the evenness and sweetness of temper which, as Coleridge says, were almost proverbial of the poet in his own age, did not arise from anything like ignorance of his own comparative greatness. This conclusion is clearly apparent from his sonnets, especially that strik-

\* Introductory Essay to the "Christian Poet."



ing one\* in which he not only indicates his right to receive, but his power to bestow, poetical immortality:—

“ ‘Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
Which eyes not yet created shall o’er-read ;  
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,  
When all the breathers of this world are dead :  
You still shall live,—such virtue hath my pen,  
Where breath most breathes, e’en in the mouth of men.’ ”

Montgomery quoted the whole passage with considerable feeling and emphasis: adding, “ What a striking line is this! who, besides Shakspeare, has ever expressed the same idea with similar effect—

“ ‘ *When all the breathers of this world are dead!* ’ ”

The other coincidence of opinion between Coleridge and myself to which I alluded, is with respect to Pope’s translation of Homer’s celebrated, and often-quoted, description of moonlight, in which the Queen of Night is described as shining full-orbed, and in a cloudless sky, while—

“ ‘ Around her throne, the vivid planets roll,  
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole.’ ”

The translation is tolerably faithful to the original, so far as the idea of the pre-eminent brightness of the stars around the full moon is concerned: yet, who does not at once perceive, *as soon as told*, that the description, however radiant, is incorrect? An observant ploughboy must generally be aware that, in this country at least, the planets and stars are wonderfully *less* bright in every part of the heavens, when the full moon

\* Sonnet LXXXI.

shines out. Coleridge's editor, in one of his notes, has attributed to Warton a well-known passage of Milton's —

“ ‘ And over them triumphant Death his dart  
Shook, but delay'd to strike.’ \*

Some remark being made about the singular passage in which Coleridge defines a leading peculiarity of Unitarianism and Calvinism, as the two systems appeared to him †, Montgomery said, the first persons he ever heard mentioned as preachers of what are called *high Calvinist* doctrines were the celebrated William Huntingdon, S. S., or “Sinner Saved,” and Timothy Priestley, brother of the philosopher. ‡ Macgowan, the author of “Dialogues of Devils,” being also named, the *Antinomianism* usually attributed to these really clever but eccentric individuals became the subject of conversation, in the course of which Montgomery remarked, that whatever might be the real or assumed tendency of the doctrines delivered from the pulpit or from the press by these and other solifidian divines, he had never met with more than one man, who, in conversation, attempted gravely to defend the broad antinomian hypothesis in all its alleged consequences: who this was he did not say. The recorded death-bed conversation of Cromwell with his minister, on the dogma “once in grace always in grace,” if indeed it

\* Biog. Lit., vol. i. p. 24., where the lines which occur in Par. Lost, B. xi. are referred to Warton's “Ode to Sleep.”

† “The modern English Unitarians contemplate the Deity as mere mercy, or rather good-nature, without reference to his justice or holiness; and to this idol — the deification of a human passion — is their whole system confined. The Calvinists do the same with the omnipotence of God, with as little reference to his wisdom and his love.” — S. T. C.

‡ *Antè*, Vol. I. p. 119.

had any foundation in fact, had, Montgomery thought, either been originally misrepresented, or subsequently misunderstood: in his opinion, the dying Protector—supposing him to have said anything like what is imputed to him—did not refer to his past religious experience as a sufficient guarantee of present safety, but as a ground on which to rest his expectation of the renewal of a blessing which he knew to be possible.

*Holland*: “As you go along Barker Pool, turn to a window on your left hand, and you will see a curiosity,—a ‘male mandrake,’ as the exhibitor terms a large tripartite root which appears to be that of *atropa mandragora*, alluded to in more than one instance by Shakspeare, who says:—

“ ‘And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,  
That living mortals hearing them, run mad.’ ”

*Montgomery*: “No; I wont go to look at it: I dare say it is only the bryony root\*, which we used to call mandrake at Fulneck School; but whatever it may be, the sight of such an object would annihilate my poetical associations with an imaginary idea of the thing. As it is, I never recal without deep interest Drayton’s striking introduction of it in one of the stanzas of his ‘Nymphidia;’ the best poetical fairy tale we have:—

“ ‘By the mandrake’s dreadful groans;  
By the Lubrican’s sad moans;  
By the noise of dead men’s bones  
    In charnel-houses rattling:  
By the hissing of the snake,  
The rustling of the fire-drake,  
I charge thee this place forsake,  
    Nor of Queen Mab be prattling.’ ”

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\* He was right; it was a gigantic specimen of the root of *Bryonia dioica*.

Now, can you tell me anything about the *Lubrican* and the *Fire-drake* ?” *Holland*: “The former is evidently the Irish sprite called *Clurricane* or *Lurricane* in some parts of the kingdom, and *Leprochaune* in others. He figures in Crofton Croker’s *Fairy Tales*, not, indeed, *as moaning*, but ‘as roaring and bellowing like a bull.’” \* *Montgomery*: “Your explanation so far is quite satisfactory,—satisfactory, I mean, as to the name; for I think, after all, the Banshee is the goblin alluded to by Drayton: now then for the *Fire-drake* ?” *Holland*: “There I am puzzled. If it be not the *Fir Darrig*, red man, or merry goblin of the Irish mythology, and whose voice is said to be ‘as the sound of the waves,’ I can only otherwise suppose the marsh-meteor, formerly known as *Draco Volans*, to have been meant by the epithet used by the poet.”

The celebrated Dr. Wolff visited Sheffield more than once in behalf of the Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews: he dined on one of these occasions with the Rev. W. H. Vale, at Ecclesall parsonage, when most of the local clergy were present; Montgomery being, we believe, the only layman of the party. In the course of the evening, the traveller squatting himself down on an ottoman near the poet’s chair, said,—“Mr. Montgomery, I understand you have written some interesting books?” *Montgomery*: “I have published several volumes, but chiefly of poetry.” *Wolff*: “I am anxious to establish a library at Jerusalem; will you give me copies of your works for that purpose,

\* In “The Haunted Cellar;” see also “Master and Man,” and “The Little Shoe.” “The Clurricane of the County of Cork, the Lurricane of Kerry, and the Lurigadanne of Tipperary, appear to be the same as the Leprockan or Leprochanne of Leinster, and the Logharyman of Ulster, probably all provincialisms from pigmy.” — *Croker*.

Mr. Montgomery?" *Montgomery*: "I will." *Wolff*: "All of them?" *Montgomery*: "Yes." The vicar laughed heartily at the last iteration of the request, "all of them," because it was so "like that of a Jew." *Montgomery*, however, fulfilled his promise to the letter; but he had never received one word of acknowledgment, or heard anything more about the Jerusalem library, when Dr. *Wolff* again visited Sheffield this year, to give a lecture on his memorable pilgrimage to Bokhara. On that occasion, in reply to an inquiry by Mr. *Holland*, he stated that he had deposited the books collected by him in England as the nucleus of a library in Jerusalem.

"No models of past times, however perfect," says *Coleridge*, "can have the same vivid effect on the youthful mind as the productions of contemporary genius."\* *Holland*: "I perceive, sir, you have underscored a passage in this volume: is it marked because you agree with, or because you differ from, the author?" *Montgomery*: "I agree with him: the sentiment is entirely in unison with my own experience; and it is very curious to find such a man as *Coleridge* acknowledging the impulse which his own mind had received at an early period from the pleasing but comparatively feeble sonnets of *Bowles*." *Holland*: "It is the effect attributed to genius merely because *contemporary*, that I rather hesitate to admit: I think more influence is commonly due to the *first poem*, by whomsoever written, which excited the desire of imitation in an ingenious boy, than to the verses of an individual whom he first ascertained to be living at the *same time* with himself. I think the history of most uneducated or self-formed poets might be cited in

\* *Coleridge's Biog. Literaria*, vol. i. p. 9.

favour of my hypothesis." A few days afterwards, Montgomery brought to Mr. Holland the following extract from another part of the same work: — "How much warmer the interest is, how much more genial the feelings of reality and practicability, and thence how much stronger the impulses to imitation are, which a *contemporary* writer, especially a contemporary *poet*, excites in youth and commencing manhood, has been treated of in the earlier pages of these sketches."\*

*Montgomery*: "This was certainly my own experience; indeed no one can conceive of the delight with which I first learned that Cowper, whose verses I had read with so much enthusiasm, was then a living poet."

*Holland*: "I may be wrong; but I still think, that, as your admiration of Blair's 'Grave' and your actual imitation of the Moravian Hymns preceded your perusal of Cowper's works, the former as 'models' produced the most 'vivid effect' on your mind; as *poems*, however, the latter may have produced 'more genial feelings of reality and practicability' in your sympathy with the *poet*."

"Well, well," said he, "never mind that at present; I am come to talk to you on a matter of more importance — at least to myself; for I often allow an anxiety about the things of this life to harass me more than a solicitude about my eternal interests: but I know nobody to whom I can freely speak on the subject but you or my attorney." He then proceeded to mention, that the owner of some property in the town of Sheffield, on which he had a mortgage for 1600*l.*, had hastily gone to America, leaving half a year's interest unpaid: that this, and some other circumstances of the case which he mentioned, had given him a little

\* Biog. Lit. vol. ii. p. 164.

uneasiness; and, unless Mr. Holland knew anything of the affairs or movements of the party, he thought he ought to foreclose the mortgage. His friend advised him as the security was good, to be content with his position, at least for the present. He took the advice.

Mr. Holland happened to mention that he had been much struck with a singularly coarse expression, by which the violent pulpit style of an Independent minister in Sheffield was characterised and commended by one of his partisans: "Our parson," said the man, "is a devil for preaching!" *Montgomery*: "It is curious to see how fond certain profane talkers are of referring to the prince of darkness as a model of excellence. I recollect dining a few years since, at Derby, with a gentleman — at least, such he appeared — who told me that he had played at cribbage all night in the coach. I replied, innocently enough, as I thought, 'I suppose, sir, you cannot sleep while travelling?' 'Oh, yes!' was the prompt reply, 'I sleep like the devil.' It occurred to me, at the time, to compose an essay on this theme, referring particularly to those arts and employments in which, it may be presumed, that he who was a liar and a murderer from the beginning, is, indeed, a master-workman. I wrote only one passage, in which I described the devil's dream at the close of one of his busiest days, such as that of the battle of Waterloo. The subject was a thrilling, but not a pleasing one."

*Holland*: "I have just seen a reverend gentleman who has been reading Wordsworth's Ode on the Installation of Prince Albert as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. He is disappointed with it, and thinks the gratulatory song on that occasion would probably have been a more interesting composition if it had been dated from 'The Mount, near Sheffield,' instead of at 'Rydal Mount.'" *Montgomery*: "Persons

are very likely to be disappointed in reading such a poem, unless they not only recollect that it is expressly adapted for musical accompaniment, but are also capable of discriminating, in some considerable degree, what would be the effect of the different instrumental parts. I have carefully read it twice over; and although not very striking in some passages, and rather crabbed in others, I think, on the whole, it is not unworthy the reputation of Wordsworth." *Holland*: "Would you, in a similar case, have adopted a similar variety in the metre?" *Montgomery*: "It is probable I *should* have done something of the sort; because, to say nothing of what might have been suggested by the professor of music, or by my own knowledge of the effect of orchestral variety in so long a performance, I should at least have recollected Gray's Ode on the Installation of the Duke of Grafton at Cambridge in 1769; that written by Keble for the Installation of the Duke of Wellington, as Chancellor of Oxford, I never saw."

*Holland*: "Have you read 'Oliver Newman'\*, yet?" *Montgomery*: "I have read it this morning, at a sitting, including all the versions of Scripture passages at the end of the volume. I felt myself in a very favourable mood for reading; and it is long since I experienced two hours of such purely luxurious enjoyment. Unfinished as the tale is, and improved as we may be sure it would have been, had it been revised and published by the author, we cannot but regret that Southey has not given us more poems like this, involving incidents that possess a direct human interest, and in the progress of which we feel that we are among persons having our common nature, and therefore of like passions with ourselves, and whose

\* "Oliver Newman: a New England Tale (unfinished): with other Poetical Remains. By the late Robert Southey. 1845."



hopes and sufferings touch the heart, as well as affect the imagination,—instead of ‘Thalabas,’ and ‘Kehamas,’ which, whatever other, and perhaps higher, merits they may possess, are felt to be deficient in these qualities.” Judging from this pleasing fragment, we cannot but record our participation in Montgomery’s regret that themes of the character indicated did not more frequently engage the laureate’s pen in his best days.

June 30. Montgomery was present at the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of Trinity Church, in the Wicker District of Sheffield; on which occasion an appropriate hymn, composed by him for the purpose, was sung. When Mr. Bruce, the zealous clergyman of the locality, solicited the composition, the poet at first declined, on the ground that he had already written four or five hymns of the same class, and therefore had nothing more to say. It was, however, alleged that the erection of an additional church in the town was itself an event of sufficient interest to inspire a new song of praise. The poet assented, and wrote the verses commencing:—

“ The ground on which this day we stand,  
 Holy henceforth shall be;  
 For thus, Lord God of sea and land,  
 Thine own we render Thee,” &c.\*

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\* Original Hymns, CCXCIV.

## CHAP. C.

1847.

TRIP TO WATH.—THE VICAR OF HOPE AND HIS WIFE. — AN AFTER-NOON RAMBLE.—BIRD-LIME MAKING.—CONVERSATION.—LETTER TO THE REV. G. SANDFORD.—PLANTING A TREE AT KENWOOD.—A QUAKER VISITOR AT THE MOUNT.—MONTGOMERY GOES TO FULNECK.—LINES ON A “GOLDEN PEN.”—THE BAGSHAWE FAMILY.—DESTRUCTIVE TORNADO IN THE WEST INDIES.—GEORGE FOX AND THOMAS ELWOOD.—JACKSON’S LIFE OF CHARLES WESLEY.—STANLEY’S SERMONS AND ESSAYS.

JULY 3. Mr. Holland called upon Montgomery, who, much to the surprise of his friend, consented to realise an old and oft-renewed promise of making a trip to Wath; the village, it will be remembered, where the poet resided during the greater part of the time which elapsed between his flight from Mirfield and the commencement of his residence in Sheffield. The following letter, which was addressed at the time to Mr. Everett, will be the most appropriate record of this pleasant visit:—

“ Sheffield, July 5. 1847.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ I am sure you will not have forgotten the many efforts you made about twenty years ago, to get Montgomery to revisit Wath-on-Dearne, the village where he resided for some time in early life. In the interval, I have often mentioned how much I should like to accompany him thither, representing, at the same time, how easily the trip might be

made, now the railway from Sheffield passes the place. On Saturday morning, I called at the Mount, and finding the poet in a very genial humour, and quite ready to admit the beauty of the weather, I just hinted, in allusion to the first line of a song on another subject, how pleasant it would be to go and collect materials for a song to commence, 'Bright blows the rose on the banks of the Dearne.' 'But,' said he, pleasantly, 'you will not find many rhymes to the last word.' Miss Gales, who was present, immediately interposed her opinion, that a day's out in the country would do him good. *Holland*: 'Shall I at once fetch a cab?' *Miss Gales*: 'By all means: I am sure Mr. Montgomery will enjoy the ride as well as the ramble with you:' the poet tacitly assented; and, to my surprise, in a few minutes we were careering along 'the Midland line:' as *our* train did not stop at Wath, we left it at Swinton Station, for a pleasant walk of about three miles, mostly between fine shady hedges. The sky was intensely blue and cloudless, reflecting the rays of the blazing sun with a degree of intensity very favourable to the operations of hay-making, and no way inconvenient to our beloved friend, who, I need not tell *you*, never finds either his own room, or the weather without, *too hot*. The wild roses were in all their glory; and, at intervals, luscious troops of honeysuckles 'courted them,' as the poet said, from the opposite hedge-top: the deadly nightshade appeared not only harmless, but attractive in the bright dayspring: nor less so—

“‘The Bryony, with scandent shoot,  
Reminding of its Mandrake root.’

“But most of all were we struck with the large size, broad leaves, and rose-like bloom of the blackberry bushes. To Montgomery, who was always glad to turn to scriptural subjects, the sight of a magnificent *rubus* recalled Jotham's fable of the Trees, when they all said 'unto the Bramble, Come thou, and reign over us.\*' I contented myself with quoting

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\* Judges, ix. 14.

Elliott's exquisite little poem, 'The Wonders of the Lane,' and with his graceful apostrophe to our roadside companion the Bramble :—

“ ‘ Though Woodbines flaunt, and Roses glow  
 O'er all the fragrant bowers,  
 Thou need'st not be ashamed to show  
 Thy satin-threaded flowers.’ ”

“ We presently passed the house where Montgomery used to visit Brameld, the village bookseller; and then Swinton church, 'in which,' said he, 'I once addressed a congregation, including some members of the Wentworth House family.' You will readily believe that my fancy suggested—though I did not mention it—the contrast between the condition of the run-away boy at Wath feeling his way to the metropolis through the intervention of the rural bibliopole, and that of the eloquent Christian poet—and layman—addressing a large audience in this church, in behalf of missionary enterprise, in the presence of Earl Fitzwilliam!

“ After walking a little longer, we came in sight of 'the Queen of Villages;' the plain, but not inelegant, spire of the church, the large hall, the very handsome Wesleyan chapel, and about a dozen good houses, forming, with the great number of intermingled orchard and other trees, with some beautiful scenery in the rich valley of the Dearne, a very pleasing picture. A few minutes more, and we were in Wath;—Montgomery, after an interval of forty years, once more perambulating a village, where, as he said, at the time of his residence, 'there was not one shabby house, nor hardly an indigent family:' adding, 'I recollect, indeed, there was one pauper died during the overseership of my old master, Hunt, who had a passing-bell rung for him, which, I dare say, is not done even here now-a-days.' As we sauntered along the street, our friend mentioned the names of many persons who occupied the houses on either hand, half a century before; till coming to the good, plain gray-stone building, which you well enough remember—'and this,' said he, 'was

our house : the second window over the door there being that of my bed-room.' We entered, and found the tenant\* very courteous, and ready to show us over the premises, the original arrangement and subsequent alterations of which Montgomery exactly pointed out.

“ We next proceeded to the house of the parish clerk to obtain access to the church and grave-ground, where the action of the poet's ‘ Vigil of St. Mark ’ is laid :—

“ ‘ That silent, solemn, simple spot,  
The mouldering realm of peace,  
Where human passions are forgot,  
Where human follies cease.’

“ On my naming to the sub-clerical functionary that my companion was Mr. Montgomery, of whom he might perhaps have heard, he promptly expressed his respect for ‘ the gentleman of that name,’ whom he had once known as a youth in Mr. Hunt's shop, and of whose subsequent fame as a poet he had often heard : but he seemed rather to doubt the identity of those characters with the individual before him. All suspicion, however, vanished instantly that Montgomery adverted to the more than local celebrity of the clerk's father, ‘ old Billy Evers,’ as a fiddler—his music having, we believe, occasionally mingled with that of Dr. Miller and his protégé Herschel, in those private concerts at the adjacent village of Bolton, which are mentioned by Southey in ‘ The Doctor.’ On entering, at mid-day however, and in trio, instead of at midnight, as Edmund did, when he—

“ ‘ — chose his solitary seat  
Within the dreadful porch,’—

it was natural for me to ask Evers, whether still, as formerly, on St. Mark's Eve—

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\* Mr. Braithwaite, grocer.

“ ‘All glaring through the ghastly gloom,  
Along the churchyard green,  
The destined victims of the tomb  
In winding-sheets were seen?’

“ ‘No,’ was the reply, with an evident balancing between modern march of intellect, scepticism, and the old local superstition; ‘I never saw anything of the kind, though I have heard that such things used to be seen.’ When we got into the church, Montgomery pointed out and entered the pew, where he used to sit with his old master and mistress: it is lighted by a little window, which admits a sweet view across the Dearne, with Darfield-on-the-Hill in the distance: scenes which, no doubt, sometimes divided with the village preacher and the rural belles the attention of Montgomery, in those dreaming days of his. Following the clerk into the chancel, we next paused to read the inscription on an ancient tablet in ‘the Lady Chapel,’ in memory of Mrs. Sarah Tolson; and another, of hardly inferior antiquity, carved on the oak seat of one of the Saviles, whose ancestor was Lord of Wath, and slain there about 450 years ago, and a female descendant of whom, at the end of the seventeenth century, carried the estate into the family of Tolson,—a name which has often been before the public of late, in connection with litigation between claimants of the Wath Hall property. These old monuments, and the legal dispute which they recalled, affected us less than two plain marble tablets which had been erected after Montgomery left Wath; one in memory of Mary Rhodes, of Abdy, who died in 1796; and the other of William Pheasant of Sheffield, to whom she was affianced, and who, dying in the following year, was, in conformity with his last wish, buried beside her under the chancel floor, on which we stood. The old clerk told the story, as I have done, in very plain terms; but it was obvious that the poet silently recognised that claim which the records of blighted hopes and buried lovers have upon our gentler humanity.

“ ‘There is one good inn in Wath; but we, influenced at the moment by ‘auld lang syne,’ ate our ‘chop’ at the ‘Star,’

the principal radiance of which was the recollection that there the travellers who came to Hunt's shop used to 'put up.' In the room where we sat there was a large box, belonging, as we learnt from an inscription painted upon it, to the 'Ancient order of Knights of St. John;' and Montgomery was not a little amused to learn, in reply to a question addressed to the landlady, that the clubbing representatives of the ancient Templars in Wath were 'mostly colliers!' I was amused in another way: while conversing as we sat, about the *genius loci*, Montgomery had mentioned that he believed the last time he was at Wath was more than forty years since, when he had gone with the Rev. (now Dr.) J. P. Smith, to preach in the village: the previous visit, he said, being when he sat as 'groomsman' with Mr. Joshua Hunt, who married Sarah Turner. *Holland*: 'Was her sister *Hannah* present on the occasion?' *Montgomery*: 'Yes, she was; and I believe *she* was also married at Wath; but I assure you I was not at *her* wedding. I wrote an acrostic on the name of Sarah Turner, the only thing of the kind I ever attempted: but I never gave it to her; nor have I a copy of it now.' *Holland*: 'Could you repeat it from memory?' *Montgomery*: 'No; I tried one day when the subject occurred to me; but I could only recover four lines, which I think were the following.' I unwittingly took out my pencil and a slip of paper, not thinking he would have any objection to my copying the lines: but the spell was broken,—he now positively refused to repeat them! He mentioned that, on another occasion, after his residence at Sheffield, he went with Avis Hunt, the daughter of his old master, to witness her marriage to a person of the name of Savile, after which he placed in the bride's hand a sum of money, which her father had previously entrusted to him for that purpose.

"Montgomery would not be persuaded to call upon the Rev. H. Partington, the vicar of Wath, assured as he was that he would have been cordially welcomed at the parsonage. We took a glass of wine with old Mr. Johnson, a hale and thriving village liquor-merchant, who received us most heartily; but startled me not a little by a remark to this

effect: 'Mr. Montgomery, I think you have never been married; I have only this very day been talking to my wife about the verses you wrote on Hannah Turner!' This was like catching a butterfly with a pair of blacksmith's tongs; and I instantly changed the subject of conversation to the modern improvements of the village, for the carrying out of which about 1500*l.*, including the expenses of an Act of Parliament, had been paid; a singular instance of public spirit in so comparatively small and poor a rural community. In order to see and enjoy the neighbourhood, we agreed to walk to Rotherham on our way home: an object accomplished with rather more fatigue than we had either of us anticipated. On passing 'The Cottage' on Swinton common, I told Montgomery that I purposed some day to make a pilgrimage thither to ascertain from Mr. — Brameld whether any of the letters which the young poet once addressed to his late father were still in existence. *Montgomery*: 'You had better allow the letters to remain where they are, if, indeed, they are extant.' *Holland*: 'I think they could not be in better hands than mine.' *Montgomery*: 'They are better where they are.' And yet when I presently afterwards mentioned to him my belief that the late Rev. Edward Goodwin had left behind him some papers of his uncle Cawthorne, the poet, he at once advised me to apply to the executors for a sight of them. This letter is a faint memorial of the adventures of a beautiful summer's day, spent, as Montgomery declared, very delightfully by *him*, and I need not say to *you*, it was at least enjoyed in an equal degree by,

"My dear sir,

"Yours, very sincerely,

"JOHN HOLLAND.

"Rev. James Everett, York."

An opportunity having been taken in one of the Sheffield newspapers, under the guise of a review of "The Weston Hymn Book," not only to repudiate that particular collection, but to disparage, generally, the



use of such compositions in churches, the writer avowing, at the same time, a special dislike to the hymns of Montgomery, as being "anything but church-like,"—*Montgomery*: "I suppose you have seen the newspaper notice of Miss Harrison's Hymn Book?"

*Holland*: "I have; one of the clergy called yesterday to ask me whether I meant to take any notice of the attack which had been made on the poetical reputation of my friend Montgomery? I replied, that I did not; and I hoped no one else would, as the article sufficiently answered itself; the writer's ignorance of facts being almost equal to his dislike of evangelical sentiments." *Montgomery*: "You did quite right; I dined on Monday at Weston with Dr. Perry, the newly-appointed Bishop of Melbourne, when the Misses Harrison, who appeared to feel, as well they might, the ungraciousness of the attack on themselves, asked me what they ought to do. I advised them, by all means, to take no notice of an article which, if let alone, would, in a few days, be as little remembered as 'the last week's newspaper.' I afterwards addressed to the ladies, for their own information, a letter containing some facts with which they were not accurately acquainted."

July 31. *Montgomery*: "I am glad to find you have escaped safely from the caverns and all the other perils of the Peak."\* *Holland*: "I shall not soon forget the alarm of one of my nieces on being ferried over the little lake in the celebrated Castleton Cavern." *Montgomery*: "Nor shall I ever forget my sensations under similar circumstances. Indeed, I never felt so powerfully the combined impression of awe and sublimity, as when I lay in that shallow boat on my back, and my

\* Mr. Holland had been spending a few days at Hope, in Derbyshire.

breast nearly in contact with the under surface of a mass of thousands of tons of rock, that only appeared suspended, as it were, by a hair: while the number of immense blocks lying about, reminded me that those portions of the roots of the mountain *had*, at some period, been actually detached. When I used to visit that neighbourhood on the annual recurrence of Bible Society and missionary anniversaries, Dr. Orton was Vicar of Hope; and the Methodists, placed as they were, between the noted preaching-stead of Bradwell and the famous love-feast locality of Woodlands, were exceedingly zealous and flourishing. Did you go to the church or the chapel?" *Holland*: "We went to both: to the church in the morning and afternoon; and to the Wesleyan chapel in the evening. The present worthy Vicar of Hope is the Rev. W. C. B. Cave; and I was equally surprised and gratified to recognise his excellent wife sitting on the lowest form among the poor women in the Methodist chapel. Indeed, I was more struck with the rare fact—for rare it is now-a-days—of a lady in her position affording such evidence that her religion raised her above mere church or chapel prejudices, than I was by the magnificent mountain-masses of Mam-Tor, Winhill, Losehill, and the Winnats, which I could see from the chapel windows. I have mentioned to two or three clergymen, since I came home, the fact of the frequent attendance of good Mrs. Cave at this little hill-side conventicle, with all the circumstantial *aggravations* of the case—such as the great vehemence of the rustic preacher, the loud and indecorous responses of the humble mountaineers, the great number of them present, the hearty singing of Wesley's Hymns, with which the lady in question was evidently provided—nay, that she had been known to go into a class-meeting! and, above all, the consideration that she is,

in all other respects, an active, intelligent, and excellent woman: and my good clerical friends not only expressed their surprise at my statement, but regarded such conduct in a vicar's wife as highly scandalous — the morning attendance of those Peak Methodists at church notwithstanding!" *Montgomery*: "The more shame for them; her conduct as a Christian woman is highly to her credit. Why should she not join in social worship with her methodist neighbours when there is no service at the church? And why should she not make herself personally acquainted with, and even encourage, those good men who are engaged in preaching the Gospel to scores of persons in the parish who might not come to hear her husband? I warrant she is not on that account less active in the discharge of her other positive and proper duties." *Holland*: "Not she, indeed, if I may judge from the reports of the villagers as to the way in which she labours among them; and from what I saw of her activity in shepherding up all the boys and girls who were old enough, to be examined and instructed preparatory to their confirmation by the bishop."

August 27. *Montgomery*, accompanied by Miss Gales and Mr. *Holland*, paid a visit, as the poet himself did generally once a year, to *Brightholmlee*, to look at the estate, a tilt, &c., on which he had a mortgage of twenty-two hundred pounds. On the way thither, he pointed out the resemblance of the old park and *Beeley* woods, as they stretched along the northern bank of the *Don*, to the form of an alligator; especially noticing a line of sunshine, which rested upon the trees, as the *longest* and *narrowest* he ever saw. On coming in sight of *Wharncliffe Lodge*, he concurred with Mr. *Holland* in the idea, that the lofty rocky crest of the wood would be a very fine situation for an obelisk. On

reaching Mr. Dickenson's residence, the poet and his friend visited the adjacent tilt, and witnessed the reduction of two or three lumps of cast steel into rods, under the hammer : they then rambled along the Don side, opposite to Wharncliffe, talking of its old legend of the "Dragon ;" and admiring the pictorial effect of the trains of carriages, as they flew along the Sheffield and Manchester Railway,—alternately emerging from, and diving into, the glades of the forest, a long, light, graceful steam-cloud, occasionally marking the track of the engine among the trees, where the road itself was invisible. The estate had been purchased by Dickenson's father of a bird-line manufacturer, a rare occupation in these days ; and Montgomery was a good deal amused, while standing by the ruin of the old mill, to learn something of the method by which the bark of the holly was converted into an article once in considerable demand. Some allusion having been made to the story of "Margaret Catchpole," Montgomery said : "The heroine, in one of her letters from New South Wales, states that, during the period of incubation, the male bird of paradise covers his sitting mate and her nest with his beautiful train of feathers ; I shall perhaps never make any poetical use of this curious circumstance ; but Mr. Holland may." *Holland* : "I am afraid the alleged instinct of the bird in such an act of connubial attachment, is as little founded on fact as that peculiarity of its conformation from which the old specific name of 'Paradisea apoda,' or 'without legs,' was derived ; besides, I believe, the true bird of paradise, the skin or plumage of which has so long been known and admired as an elegant female ornament in this country, does not belong to the New World, but comes from the Molucca Islands in the Chinese Sea." *Montgomery* : "I must leave the natural history of the bird with you ; it is

probable, however, that there is some elegant bird in Australia to which the popular appellation is given, and which, at any rate, is there reputed to act as Margaret Catchpole describes it; for *she* was not likely to have invented the fiction.\* The evening was exceedingly fine, and reminded Montgomery of one spent by him on the adjacent sylvan heights of Wharnccliffe thirty years before, and the incidents of which are so glowingly recorded in his lines on "The Little Cloud." On this latter occasion, indeed, not *one*, but

"A thousand clouds in air display'd  
Their floating isles of light and shade,  
The sky, like Ocean's channels seen  
In long meandering streaks between."

Much of this beauty had vanished from the sky before the little party reached the Oughtibridge railway station,

\* We have allowed the observations to retain their place in the text as they were originally made; but it appears, on a reference to the work in question, that Montgomery unconsciously substituted the *Bird of Paradise* for the "*Botany Bay Pheasant*" in his description. Margaret Catchpole says in a letter to her friends in England:—"I have heard and read of delicate attentions paid to our sex by men of noble and generous dispositions; but I scarcely ever heard of such devoted attention as I one day witnessed in this noble bird towards his mate. I saw her sitting in the heat of the meridian sun upon her nest, and the cock bird seated near her, with his tail expanded like a bower overshadowing her; and as the sun moved, so did he turn his elegant parasol to guard her from his rays. Now and then he turned his bright eye to see if she was comfortable; and she answered his inquiry with a gentle note and rustle of her feathers." Specimens of both sexes of this beautiful "*Lyre Bird*" (*Manura Superba*) are in the Museum at Ipswich, with a label attached to them, importing that they had been sent by Margaret Catchpole from Botany Bay to Mrs. Cobbold, and by a relative of the latter presented to the Museum.—See *Life of Margaret Catchpole*, p. 362.

where, just as the train came up, the poet was pointing out to his friend the beautiful accordance of Milton's "Grey-hooded Eve" with the quiet aspect of Nature around them.

A young clergyman who had recently come to reside in Sheffield, having sent to Montgomery a small volume entitled "The Missionary," which evinced poetic taste as well as pious sentiment, received the following letter of acknowledgment: —

*James Montgomery to the Rev. G. Sandford.*

"The Mount, Sept. 6. 1847.

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

"Accept my best thanks for the gift of a copy of your Missionary Poem, which I have read with much pleasure for its Christian spirit, and the easy as well as (on the whole) graceful versification. I hazard my critical acumen in venturing to express my opinion that it is not the first exercise of your talent in this adventurous line, though probably the longest and most elaborated. Be this as it may, I might be tempted to encourage you to proceed and prosper; but this I durst not do to the most promising and aspiring youth of the age, — an age in which almost everybody that is anybody writes, and almost nobody reads, poetry. By this I merely mean that verse, even excellent verse, is the least marketable of all literary commodities; not one volume in twenty (I believe), *by its sale*, defraying the expenses of printing and advertising, in the usual course. The only safeguard from absolute loss in most cases is, previous to running the risk, to secure a subscription list from the author's personal friends and their connections sufficient to cover the cost, or the outfit (I may call it) of the fragile bark that is to bear the poet and his hopes upon a sea of unknown depths and shallows, without chart or compass, to the port of fame and fortune which all in secret (perhaps unconsciously) seek, however heroically they may disdain such or any other selfish aims and considerations. This, however,

applies emphatically to those only who have perseverance to labour at this 'idle trade,' when youth and years are flown, with all the gay idealities depicted on the morning dreams of early life. There probably never was a time in this country when more poetry, even good poetry, was composed by a multitude of contemporaries, and published in newspapers, magazines, and reviews, &c., than may now be found every day and everywhere. But this is mere *scrap-reading*, and the volumes from which these precious things are pilfered remain on the author's hands, or lie on the booksellers' shelves, till they are swept off in the course of nature, that is, of trade, by the dealers in waste paper. Knowing this to be the common lot of nine-tenths of the juvenile productions which are unceasingly cast upon the mercy of the public, which has no mercy, it is my painful duty, indeed, one of the *penalties* which I must often pay for my own casual notoriety (having, in this respect, unluckily succeeded a little more than many others); it is my painful duty, I say, to be compelled, in faithfulness and in compassion, to tell numbers of candidates for immortality by mortal verse that, whatever their genius or its achievements may be, they must take the precaution above-mentioned against the almost certainty of actual damage instead of prospective gains, if they appear in print on their own account, as no prudent bookseller will give a shilling for copyright, or hazard one in publishing the rhymes of an unknown Homer or Horace. This withering information I have so often had occasion to convey, in answer to applications for help or counsel by ingenuous young persons of both sexes, that the sight of manuscript, or a letter by post in a strange hand, with a suspicious aspect (which I can by instinct divine), is a terror to me. To set you, as well as myself, at liberty, I will here break off at once by saying, that no particular reference has been made to your experiment in this precarious field of composition. I entered upon these statements solely to make you understand why I could offer no advice that might serve you, if you were disposed to follow, as you honestly and honourably might, poetry, as something more than a delightful occupa-

tion of a fine talent that might be turned to the benefit and blessing of others besides yourself.

“ Believe me truly, your obliged friend,

“ J. MONTGOMERY.

“ Rev. George Sandford.”

Whatever effect, or whether any, was produced on the views or inclinations of Mr. Sandford by this letter of kind and candid advice, the predilections of the amateur poet were presently merged in the discharge of onerous, active duties as incumbent in a densely populated district of the town of Sheffield; but creating, at the same time, a new and stronger bond of union with his honoured friend, by zealously aiding him on all occasions when local meetings were held in behalf of the Moravian missions.

One fine afternoon in October, Mr. Holland called upon Montgomery, and walked with him to Kenwood, the beautiful residence of Mr. Wostenholme, whose “marble house” has been mentioned before. Mrs. W. met the poet and his friend at the door, intimating a wish that the former would gratify her by planting two trees, which, she said, lay in readiness on the lawn, where the gardener was also waiting to render his assistance. Proceeding at once to the spot selected, Montgomery addressed himself to the task, while he somewhat surprised the gardener by asking which foot he should apply to the spade! A small *Araucaria imbricata* having been duly fixed in the ground, Mr. Holland said, “Mrs. Wostenholme, I have witnessed with much pleasure the planting of this Chilian pine by the Christian poet: may it strike its roots deep, lift its head high, and spread its branches wide; and, warmed by the sunshine, refreshed by the showers, and fanned by the breezes of heaven, may its evergreen head and its enlarging shadow long symbolise the increasing prosperity and happiness of the present occupants of



this mansion : and hereafter, at some distant period—I hope that period is *very* distant, —when Kenwood shall have passed into other hands, and we who have witnessed and taken part in the planting of this beautiful pine shall likewise have passed away, — may it continue to be known and honoured as MONTGOMERY’S TREE ; thus vieing in celebrity with the Penshurst Oak, which sprung from an acorn planted at the birth of Sir Philip Sydney !” “I can only,” said Montgomery, “in reply to your good wishes, answer, *Amen!*” We have no record of the conversation of the evening, beyond a memorandum to the effect that the Rev. S. D. Waddy told Montgomery that Lord Eldon, when a boy, was one of the singers in the Old Orphan House, *i. e.*, the first Methodist chapel at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. A few days afterwards, Montgomery gave the following lines to Mrs. Wostenholme :—

“ May these Trees grow up and flourish,  
 Earthward spread, but heavenward shoot ;  
 Suns, and showers, and breezes nourish  
 Stem and branch, from either root :  
     Through all changing seasons seen  
     Clad in undecaying green,  
     While their pictured shadows show,  
     Dial-like, Time’s course below !  
 So may you, by wedlock plighted,  
 Twain yet one, on this fair ground,  
 More and more in love united,  
 ‘ Trees of Righteousness ’ be found ;  
     And while years on earth you spend,  
     Thus to heaven in spirit tend,  
     Till, transplanted hence, you stand  
     ‘ Trees of Life ’ at God’s right hand !”

Oct. 15. Mr. Holland called at “the Mount” this morning. Montgomery had a Common Prayer Book in

his hand, and from it, after a word or two of preface, he read aloud, and evidently with a deep feeling of solemnity in unison with the subject, the psalm of the day, the 104th. He had once, he said, been casually present in a family at Homerton, when Dr. Chalmers read and commented on that sublime Eucharistic hymn, so full of "majesty and sweetness." *Montgomery*: "We had rather an affecting incident in this room yesterday: I was talking with the Rev. W. Newstead, the Missionary, when Miss Heppenstall entered, introducing a venerable Quaker of the name of Fox, who saluted me with a patriarchal gravity and cordiality worthy of his ancient namesake; having, as he said, often had communion with me in spirit, though we had never before met in the flesh. In a few minutes Mr. Josiah Conder called; and after some conversation on missionary topics, Mr. Newstead rising to depart, the Quaker asked if it would be agreeable for us to spend a few moments in waiting silently upon God; of course we assented. After a while the good man was moved to speak, chiefly with reference to myself. What he said is not for me to repeat; but I may at least say that I felt the solemnity of the occasion, and not the less so, inasmuch as when the venerable stranger had ended his exhortation he quietly dropped upon his knees, and offered a very sweet and appropriate prayer. I could not but recollect the silent meeting which I had held on a former occasion, as I think I told you in this room, with the late Joseph John Gurney and the friend who accompanied him to see me."

Mr. Blackwell, aware how much benefit both in health and spirits the poet derived from his sojourn at Harrogate in the preceding year, kindly wrote and pressed him to meet him there this autumn, even if he hesitated to encounter the fatigue of a visit to New-

castle ; but the reply was, “ I dare not undertake to do it. Remembering with agreeable and grateful sensations how much benefit I derived from the former experience of your hospitality at Newcastle, and the social intercourse and daily interchange of neighbourly offices when we met last year at Harrogate, I am ashamed and humbled to think that I cannot lay up another hope of having equal cause to look back (should I be spared in well-being through another year of mercy) upon a similar happiness in fellowship with you and your amiable family during the ensuing autumn. The only prospect I have of leaving home at this time is, that I am under obligation, if possible, to spend a few days at Fulneck next month with my widowed sister-in-law and her daughter, my niece Harriet, who is married to an excellent minister of our church, on whom, however, soon after their union the chastening hand of our heavenly Father, —

‘ Good when He gives, — supremely good ;  
Nor less when he denies ’ —

has been laid for more than two years.” He went to Fulneck for a few days ; and we find the following lines, dated “ Harrogate, Oct. 1847 ” : —

“ *On a Golden Pen, the Gift of a Friend.*

“ Know ye who take this pen in hand,  
’Tis no light weapon to command ;  
Its point can, like Ithuriel’s spear,  
Make all things *what they are appear* ;  
Or (not less prompt to mar and blot),  
Make all appear *what they are not*.  
Write nothing, then, that will not bear  
Heaven’s open sunshine, earth’s free air ;  
Nor trace a line you dare not meet  
Before God’s righteous judgment seat.”

Nov. 13. *Montgomery*: "I perceive from the newspaper that my old friend, the Rev. William Bagshaw, of Banner Cross, died on Friday; he was the last of those kind individuals who used to send me a hamper of game in the season; and this he has done every year since 1833, when I revised and conducted through the press his work 'On Man.'" *Holland*: "I never read the book, though I have looked into it." *Montgomery*: "Read it for the sake of the subject, and I am sure you will be the better for the exercise." *Holland*: "I will endeavour to do so; but the Derbyshire family to which Mr. Bagshaw belonged has a better memorial in its archives than that book, however some of them may perhaps now-a-days forget or lightly esteem the distinction. Gibbon, you will recollect, has, in a memorable passage of which every poet may be proud, reminded the Spencers that, notwithstanding the fame of Marlborough, the 'Faerie Queene' is the brightest jewel in their coronet; so I venture to say, despite the knighthood of the Oaks' branch, and with all respect to the authorship of the late worthy clergyman, that the 'Apostle of the Peak,' Nonconformist though he was, is *nobilissimus* in the Bagshaw pedigree." *Montgomery*: "You would know the late Mrs. Bagshaw, who was originally a Miss Foxlow, of Staveley?" *Holland*: "She was exactly my mother's age; both were born and were playmates within the precincts of the ancient residence of the Freschvilles, at Staveley. Mrs. Bagshaw was a lady of most exemplary kindness and piety; and she always spoke of you in special terms of esteem." *Montgomery*: "I believe, however, that she formerly regarded me with no less dislike, as being a *Jacobin*; but a common friend, my 'Agnes,' ingratiated me into her good opinion; and when my birthday was publicly

celebrated in 1825, she sent a fine pine-apple toward the dessert; and, what was much better, afterwards subscribed two guineas a year to our Moravian Missions; a contribution which her daughter, Mrs. Greaves, still continues." Montgomery, fancying that his casual mention of "Agnes" in this conversation had given Mr. Holland a clue to the identity of that poetical heroine, immediately added, "I have sometimes almost determined to make a vow never again to allude to ladies, to whom you can possibly apply any of my verses." *Holland*: "I trust 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." *Montgomery*: I make no vow; but you may depend upon it that at the end of the next century the world will care nothing about either *you* or *me*."

About a week afterwards Montgomery called upon Mr. Holland, when it was immediately evident, from his countenance, that he had some painful tidings to communicate. He presently explained the source of his disquiet, by placing in the hands of his friend a long letter which he had just received from the secretary of the Moravian Missionary Society, describing the entire destruction of the settlement of "Montgomery" at Tobago, by the dreadful tornado which devastated that island on the 11th of October. On the 26th of November the Rev. Hugh Stowell, of Manchester, preached a sermon at St. Paul's Church, Sheffield, in behalf of these missions, on which occasion he not only made an impressive allusion to the disaster at Tobago, but appealed earnestly to his hearers to lose no time in repairing the monument which they might be said originally to have raised in honour of their beloved townsman.

Christmas Eve. *Montgomery*: "I have been reading in the 'Eclectic Review' a notice of a popular 'Life of George Fox the Quaker;' it has deeply interested me. I should like to meet with his Journal in the original folio, and which, it seems, contains a longer account of his labours and his sufferings, under his own hand." *Holland*: "I have read both that book and the Journals of John Wesley; and while I must say there is no comparison between the two zealous reformers, as to their orthodox perception and exposition of evangelical truth, they certainly did resemble one another in 'labours more abundant,' and in their personal sufferings for Christ's sake, in a far greater degree than many persons imagine." *Montgomery*: "Fox, as you are no doubt aware, used to visit this neighbourhood on his preaching excursions; and I am told there still exist some remains of an old meeting-house, which mark the locality of his earliest labours, on Mr. Cadman's estate, near Handsworth." *Holland*: "There are not only some walls, but a little secluded burying-place at the corner of a field, where, as appears from the dilapidated tombs and moss-grown gravestones, several members of the family of Stacey, who were among the earliest Quakers, are interred. Fox, in his Journal, repeatedly mentions his visits to *Cinderhill*; and once, if I rightly recollect, he had a narrow escape there from falling into the clutches of the constable. It so happens that at this moment I am reading the Life of Thomas Ellwood, written by himself. He appears to have been the John Nelson of Quakerism; for he acted a nobly heroic part in that characteristic attribute of his sect for which many sections of the church are at this day so much indebted to the persecuted *Friends* of the seventeenth century—the unflinching testimony which they bore to the right of a conscien-

tious freedom in religious matters." *Montgomery* : " Yes ; they suffered for what we enjoy : they laboured, and we have entered into their rest. Neither you nor I, probably, ever saw a *whipping-post*. Ellwood, as I remember, more than once describes the savage cruelty which some of his companions in tribulation suffered at the 'whipping-post,' as well as through imprisonment and spoiling of their goods. He was a poet also, but more memorable as the friend of Milton, and as having, according to his own account, which has so often been printed, suggested the composition of 'Paradise Regained.'" *Holland* : " There is something very touching in the simplicity of the narrative in which Ellwood relates that interview with Milton : — the Quaker takes for the poet 'a pretty box in Giles Chalfont, the pestilence then growing hot in London ;' but the spirit of persecution was, it seems, hotter still, for the Quaker was presently clapped into prison.\* On being released, he hastened to call upon the poet, who, 'after some common discourse, called for a manuscript of his, which being brought he delivered it' to Ellwood, bidding him take it home with him and read it at his leisure ; and that precious manuscript was 'Paradise Lost!'" *Montgomery* : " I have just finished reading Jackson's 'Life of Charles Wesley ;' it not only abounds in curious information, as might be expected, but is written in a tone of admirable candour, directed by sound judgment : one feels compelled to admit the force of the arguments

\* It is worthy of remark, that about the same time Wordsworth happened to meet with the Life of Ellwood, and to have been struck, as well he might, with the worthy Quaker's allusions to Milton ; but it does not appear that he was at all affected by the accounts of ministerial labour and personal suffering which form the staple of this curious book. — *Memoirs of Wordsworth*, vol. ii. p. 460.

in favour of Methodism, from the abundant evidence of sincerity and success which marked the zealous labours of its first apostles." *Holland*: "And on the delicate subject of the early relation between Moravianism and Methodism, I think Mr. Jackson has exercised a wise discrimination; for while he abates nothing of the old charges against Molther, which appear indeed to be well founded, he acknowledges, more explicitly than perhaps any other writer of his community had previously done, the religious obligations of the Wesleys to the United Brethren." *Montgomery*: "Molther appears to have been not only a *high Calvinist*, as the phrase is, but an *Antinomian*; neither of which appellations were applicable to the Moravians, as a church, whatever may have been the case with individuals. I feel more sympathy with Charles Wesley, in his individual character, than with his brother John; for, superior as in many respects the latter may have been—and undoubtedly was—I cannot help regarding *him* rather with a degree of awe than affection. To one feeble and fond of ease as I have ever been, there seems something like the preternatural in the early rising, continual riding, and incessant preaching, with all the concomitant prayer and conversational meetings of that extraordinary man; and all this despite the season of the year, the severity of the weather, and, more than all, amidst the rude molestation, and even the murderous intentions of riotous mobs; to say nothing of the demands of almost incessant controversy. But the men *were* inspired, in the sense in which God *does* inspire those who rely wholly upon his aid, while they are heart and soul actively engaged in his service." *Holland*: "And nothing stirs in me so painful a feeling as to hear the labours of such holy, self-sacrificing preachers spoken of sometimes worse than slightly, by persons who never either



tasted of their sufferings, or shared in their zeal for their common Master's cause. Enthusiasm, more or less, is essential to the successful carrying out of any great enterprise, spiritual or otherwise; and the principle which certain amiable bigots of our day apply in their estimate of the proceedings of the great Reformers in Germany and in Britain, of the early Puritans and Quakers of the seventeenth century, and of the first Methodists, would, if applied as it should be, to most of our great naval and military achievements, compel a sad drawback on the national glory." *Montgomery*: "You are quite right; and as an illustration, take the case of Luther himself: if there be one uninspired individual whose character does and ought to command the admiration of all true Protestants, it is *his*; and yet, to go no farther than a passage which I have this very day read in 'The Doctor,' we are placed in something like a dilemma between the necessity of admitting the plenary apology for those failings of poor human nature to which the best and greatest of reformers are liable, viz., that they were men of like passions with ourselves, or of repudiating, at least to some extent, a work evidently ordered and owned by God. So, on the other hand, there are phases in the history of the Church, antecedent to the time of Luther, our views of which are sure to be modified by our ability and disposition to discriminate between the essentials and the circumstantials of any great religious movement." *Holland*: "I have been much interested in the perusal of a university sermon by Mr. Stanley, the biographer of Dr. Arnold, in which the preacher represents the apostle Peter as exemplifying in his character the energy and the errors of the sincere evangelical enthusiast, the fervour and the zeal, without which, humanly speaking, the infant church would have lacked one of its influential agencies. Little

as I am disposed to *Romanize* in any case or in any sense, and unwilling as I would be to suspect Mr. Stanley of the *tendimus ad Latium*, in his notion that the preservation of much that was holy and divine was due to the union of anarchy and superstition with heroic zeal, which characterised the system of the middle ages, I am sure you will agree with me in admiring the indisputable eloquence of the following passage:—‘I am not saying that system was a complete representation of St. Peter’s character; it doubtless was in many respects an exaggeration and distortion of it. But if there be any such general resemblance as had been stated, then I know not the wisdom of denying that here also our Lord’s promise [Matt. xvi. 18, 19.] was fulfilled, and that in the connexion which the great city of the middle ages sought to establish between itself and St. Peter, there was something more than local tradition or fanciful association. I know not why the most determined opponent of that ancient system should not recognise the shadow of this undoubted truth, when, in the most magnificent edifice ever yet consecrated to Christian worship, he reads the majestic inscription traced in colossal characters round the cupola which overhangs the Apostle’s grave:—‘*Tu es Petrus et super hanc Petram ædificabo Ecclesiam meam et tibi dabo Claves Regni Cælorum.*’”\*

\* Sermons and Essays on the Apostolic Age, by A. P. Stanley, M. A., 1847.

## CHAP. CI.

1848.

CONVERSATION. — LETTER TO THE “ROSCOE CLUB.” — NINEVEN SCULPTURES. — HENRY MORE’S “SONGE OF THE SOULE.” — ABDICATION OF LOUIS PHILIPPE. — HECKWELDER. — WHOLESALE MURDER OF MORAVIAN CONVERTS. — CHARTISM. — OFFER’S EDITION OF “PILGRIM’S PROGRESS.” — SOCIETIES FOR PRINTING RARE WORKS. — THE SHEFFIELD CEMETERY. — MISSIONARY MEETING. — CONVERSATION. — JOHN BUNYAN. — HOLY THURSDAY AND CHRISTIAN UNITY.

THE poet entered upon this year in at least his ordinary health and spirits, and during a new year’s visit which Mr. Holland paid to the Mount he was very cheerful. The conversation turned upon the demonstrations made in certain quarters, at that period, against Dr. Hampden’s appointment to the see of Hereford, the poet being decidedly with those who took the side of the bishop elect in that memorable controversy. Among other things, Montgomery said he had never spent a day at Oxford; and on Mr. Holland playfully remarking that he should like to make a pilgrimage with him to that famous University, he replied, with much gravity, “I should certainly like to visit the place; but it is not probable I ever shall, for I feel that my own pilgrimage on earth is fast drawing towards a close.” He spoke in terms of praise of Charles Knight’s prologue, as delivered at Drury Lane Theatre on the night of the play given in aid of the fund for the purchase of Shakspeare’s house. The well-known Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was then lecturing in

Sheffield, being mentioned, Montgomery said: "He called at the Mount yesterday; 'The Wanderer of Switzerland' was one of the first works in verse which, when a very young man, he had eagerly read and intensely admired in America. I am expecting a morning call from a poetess on Saturday; here is a note from Eliza Cook, whose verses you have often seen in the 'Iris,' soliciting an interview, which, of course, I cannot avoid." He had just read the seventh volume of "The Doctor, &c.:" he said, "the publication of the mass of memoranda contained in this volume, curious as much of it undoubtedly is, will hardly be deemed complimentary to the memory of Robert Southey, who, in his best days, would certainly not have indulged in such elaborate, verbose trifling, to call it by no worse name. I was, I confess, much amused with the account of Mr. Wyndham's falling in love with the poor Scottish lassie in the wood at Dunkeld, and his taking Sir John Sinclair behind the Speaker's chair in the House of Commons, to acknowledge the impression she had made upon him, and yet this was the man who, as Wilberforce told me, had the highest spirit of any individual with whom he was acquainted!"

A number of gentlemen in Liverpool, having formed a "Roscoe Club," determined upon holding a grand soir e on the evening of the 1st of February. Among other persons to whom they addressed invitations, was Montgomery, who returned the following answer, which was read at the meeting by H. R. Sandbach, Esq., the chairman:—

*Montgomery to the Council of the Roscoe Club, Liverpool.*

"The Mount, Jan. 29. 1848.

"GENTLEMEN,

"With my best thanks for the courteous invitation to the intended soir e of your members, on Tuesday next, I

am under the necessity of stating, that I have neither health nor strength to avail myself of the privilege. For some time past, I have forborne to take that active part, which was once my delight, in the affairs of our local institutions, and have consequently declined occasional overtures to be a sharer in similar engagements elsewhere. When 'the grasshopper is a burden,' enjoyments, not less than labours, become too stimulating and exhausting to an enfeebled frame and discouraged mind, for such are mine — the one never vigorous, and the other never sanguine — though from boyhood, sufficiently aspiring to long for, and aim at, some distinction among those who were themselves distinguished in poetry and criticism, the arts which I loved most.

"Forty years ago, when I was timidly creeping out of obscurity, as an unknown and unpatronised adventurer, both in verse and prose, Mr. Roscoe spontaneously marked me; and, in several communications through the post, gave me both counsels and consolations, which were peculiarly seasonable, when I lay under the ban of the Edinburgh reviewers, and the English journalists seemed afraid to say a good word for an excommunicated intruder 'on the lower slopes of Parnassus.' Mr. Roscoe's favourable sentiments, precious in themselves, were doubly so as pledges to my hopes — that compositions which such a man commended would, to some extent, 'fit audience find, though few,' in other quarters where judgment was not less free, though less arbitrary (in the hard sense of the word), than before a court of infallible inquisitors, whose motto was, '*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur,*' but which ought to have been, '*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' intrate.*'

"I am glad of the opportunity of acknowledging my early obligations to your amiable and eminent fellow-citizen, and especially to avail myself of this opportunity, because it is one in a thousand, when his townspeople of a second and third generation, from that with which he was contemporary, have determined to raise a monument worthy of themselves, because worthy of him, to commemorate his services and

their gratitude, not in perishable marble or brass, but in a living, breathing, and intellectual form, which ought never to die, but perpetuate its existence through an endless succession of its members, enjoying, diffusing, and bequeathing to Liverpool, while it lasts, the blessings which accrued to its inhabitants by the residence among them of one who, by importing into its harbour the treasures of Tuscan literature, made them so current through the whole island, that while he ruled the public taste by the revival of their glories in the records of their deeds, the spirits of the Medici seemed to exercise sovereignty on the banks of the Mersey, as formerly on those of the Arno, and Liverpool became the Florence of Britain, from whence the commerce of elegant literature was carried wherever the English and Italian languages were understood.

“The names of few of our illustrious poets and men of letters are distinctly associated with the names of the places where they were born, or in which they flourished; the metropolis most frequently having been the rendezvous and the market for books and their authors. Your great townsman so exalted the provincial press, that its character thenceforward has never been so disparaged as formerly (perhaps) it deserved to be, for the meanness of its issues, and the poverty of its performances. Bristol and Liverpool contemporaneously redeemed and established their credit so signally, that with the former the names of Wordsworth, and Southey, and Coleridge, are not yet divorced from the city of their first appearance, and lost in the unmeaning form of “lake poets,” while that of Roscoe is so intimately linked with Liverpool, that he cannot be mentioned, or remembered even without the honourable distinction to himself and his residence, ‘*Roscoe of Liverpool!*’ The collocation here is unexceptionable and unambiguous. As ‘Roscoe,’ then, cannot be divided from ‘Liverpool,’ let ‘Liverpool’ never be unmindful of her ‘Roscoe,’ or cease to benefit by the influence and the effects of his long and useful connection with it in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

“These are crude remarks, but accept them, as they have

come from my heart through my pen, for I have not time to revise them.

“I am, gentlemen, very truly and respectfully,  
 “Your obliged friend and servant,  
 “J. MONTGOMERY.”

February 11. *Holland*: “Here are some recently issued parts of the ‘Journal of the Asiatic Society,’ which contain, as you will see, lithographed fac-similes of the ancient cuneiform inscriptions at Behistun, in Persia, with translations by Major Rawlinson.” *Montgomery*: “And what does he make out of them?” *Holland*: “Such a kind and degree of meaning as amounts at least to a strong probability that he has found a clue to the phonetic values of most of the characters employed in one set of the tablets; for it is difficult to believe any wholly erroneous translation of the symbols would yield passages of such clear and congruous import as those which are here printed along with a fac-simile of the original.” *Montgomery*: “You will recollect this neighbourhood is, in some degree, identified with investigations of this class of monuments. The last of the Wortley-Montagues travelled in quest of written mountains in Arabia; having, as Mr. Hunter supposes\*, caught an interest in the subject from a familiarity with the inscription of that rock on which his infancy was cradled at Wharncliffe Lodge, and it has recently, I perceive†, fallen to the lot of our townsman, Mr. Stirling, to be the medium of placing in the British Museum a most valuable and curious collection of Assyrian sculptures, obtained by his friend, Mr. Hector, from the ancient mounds opened by M. Botta at Khorsabad.” *Holland*: “I am told by Mr. Stirling that some cases of anti-

\* Hallamshire, p. 2.

† Athenæum, No. 1037. p. 962.

quities of the same class, but from another locality, had previously arrived at the Museum; and that these monuments, and others that may be expected, are likely to illustrate in an extraordinary manner the history of ancient Babylonia.\* *Montgomery*: "We shall, no doubt, presently hear something more of the disinterment of these mammoth ruins." *Holland*: "I have just borrowed from Mr. Stirling this number of the 'Bombay Times' newspaper, which contains an account of the transaction relative to the sculptures; and what interested me still more, a report of proceedings on laying the foundation stone of a church at Bycullah, in the Bombay Presidency, to be erected in memory of those individuals who fell during the memorable actions at Scinde and Affghanistan: you will perceive that a hymn of yours was sung during the ceremony by the scholars of the Bycullah schools." *Montgomery*: "Yes; this is the hymn I wrote many years ago, to be sung when the first stone of St. George's Church was laid in Sheffield; and it has often been used on similar occasions since. But (he added with a start of surprise) this is *not* my hymn: the first verse only is *mine*: the rest is original; probably of Indian growth."

February 16. Mr. Holland took tea at the Mount with Montgomery and Miss Gales. The poet said he had been arrested during the whole day by a perusal of that extraordinary work, Henry More's "Songe of the Soule," which he had casually taken up in the morning. "Amid much that is mystical," said he, "there are many passages of great beauty, and still more that are

\* The conversation in the text occurred, as will be seen, previous to the appearance of Mr. Layard's "Nineveh, and its Remains," one of the most interesting works of the age, if viewed in relation to the historical importance of the discoveries recorded in its pages.



indicative of profound thought, in this Platonic poem. I have endeavoured," he added, "to comprehend the poet's meaning, though the effort was sometimes like that of Gulliver, when he tried to embrace with both his arms the little finger of the Brobdignagian princess. Just read this stanza:"—

"Next *Physis* is the tender *Arachnee*;  
 There in her subtile loom doth *Haphe* sit;  
 But the last vest is changing *Semele*;  
 And next is *Psyche's* self: these garments fit  
 Her sacred limbs full well, and are so knit  
 One part to other, that the strongest sway  
 Of sharpest axe, them no'te asunder smite;  
 The seventh is *Aeon* with eternal ray;  
 The eighth *Atove*, stedly cube, all propping *Adonai*."

"What a mass of hard words and hard thought has the author hammered into those lines! But did you ever see such pointing in any other book? Look at this stanza, almost all the words of which are linked together by hyphens:"—

"That rabble-rout that in the castle now,  
 Is irefull-ignorance, unseemly-zeal,  
 Strong-self-conceit, rotten-religion,  
 Contentious-reproach-'gainst-Michael-  
 If-he-of-*Moses*-body-ought-reveal-  
 Which-their-dull-skonses cannot-eas'ly-reach,  
 Love-of-the-karkas; an I wept appeal-  
 T' uncertain papyrs, a False-formal-fetch  
 Of feigned-sighs, contempt-of-poore-and-sinful-wretch."

*Holland*: "Old Ainsworth, in his version of the Psalms, has often represented Hebrew phrases in English by ligulated words in this manner." *Montgomery*: "But you must not condemn More unread, for either the roughness or the pedantry of his style. I will

lend you the book, and I think you will not regret having made an effort to read it through."

With evident reluctance he exchanged the volume of the Platonic poet for his tea-cup. After tea, he produced and expatiated on the beauty of a shell which had been sent to him by a lady, who said she "found it as difficult to conceive how it was produced by the animal which had occupied it, as she felt able to comprehend the meaning of Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner.'"

February 26. *Holland*: "Another revolution in France! The news of to-day must strongly recal to your mind the events of 1792 and '93." *Montgomery*: "Indeed it does: as I read the bill on the walls yonder, to the effect that the military had fraternised with the people,—hundreds of them slain in the streets,—the King had abdicated,—the royal family fled,—the mob in possession of the palace, and throwing the furniture out of the windows; and—the provisional government of France in the hands of a Directory; I

\* The subjoined note addressed by Montgomery to his friend, the Rev. James Knight, soon after the publication of the poem alluded to, will hardly be deemed out of place here:—"Among these earlier compositions of Coleridge some of the most precious things under the sun in the shape of verse are to be found—'The Nightingale' and 'Love' will speak for themselves in the sweetest language which either the bird or the passion can utter. But for 'The Ancient Mariner' I must say a word: do not expect to understand the whole or any part distinctly, for if you do you will be the first reader that ever did; or, on the other hand, if you be not under the spell of the enchanter from the beginning to the end, through all the mazes of mystery, the beauty and horror, the pathos and paradox, that, with the witchery of Northern Lights alternately lightening and darkening, bewildering and guiding, mark all the way,—you will be first who has had courage and constancy to go through the length and intricacy of the story, and escaped being delighted at least as much as confounded by the power of poetry that pervades it."

could hardly for the moment believe that I had grown an old man, since I used to listen with deep interest and no less horror to exactly similar tidings more than half a century ago." *Holland*: "The death of Louis XVI. under the guillotine occurred after you came to reside at Sheffield." *Montgomery*: "Yes; I perfectly well remember that on that day, December 14. 1792, I tried to imagine, as I rode from Sheffield to Rawmarsh, the probable aspect of the dreadful tragedy which was at that time being acted at Paris." *Holland*: "I know not what will be the fate of Louis Philippe, should he fall into the hands of the insurgents; yet, whatever may have been his faults as a man and a king, one cannot but wish him at least safely out of the reach of popular fury." *Montgomery*: "I would do him no harm, and I am sure I wish him none; but I confess I have never liked him on account of his cruelty at Algeria, and his injustice at Tahiti; to say nothing of the Spanish match. He waded up to the knees in blood to the throne; and now down on his knees, amidst the blood of his subjects, he has retreated from it. How slowly, after all they have seen and suffered, do the sovereigns and the people of France learn wisdom!"

Montgomery had lent to Mr. Holland an account of the "Life and Labours of a Moravian Missionary in America\*," a little volume which he had just received from America. *Holland*: "I perceive the Rev. Mr. Heckwelder was once a Fulneck schoolboy, but nearly twenty years before your time: did you hear anything of him there?" *Montgomery*: "As boys,

\* Life of J. G. E. Heckwelder, by the Rev. E. Rondthaler, Philadelphia. 1847. "Presented to J. M., by Dr. Jones, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania."

we were very familiar with his name, his labours, and his sufferings, from the missionary narratives which were constantly read to us." *Holland*: "What an affecting account the devoted missionary gives of the premeditated and deliberate murder and scalping of ninety-six persons\*, most of them Indian converts, at the Moravian station of Gnadenhütten, on the Muskingum River, not by black or copper-coloured, but by white savages! I should think you would remember the arrival of tidings of this singularly tragical event?" *Montgomery*: "I do; and although only eleven years of age at the time, I can never forget the solemnity of the occasion; occurring as it did at the time a love-feast was held, during a 'commemoration' of the founding of the establishment at Fulneck. As far as I now recollect, the official account was in substance identical with the narrative to which you allude. As soon as the missionaries who happened to be at Detroit, and thus escaped with the Indian converts at that place, had recovered from their first stun of horror at the sad intelligence, their faith and hope returned; and assembling under the open canopy of heaven, they rehearsed the solemn Litany of our Church; wiping away their tears, as they raised their voices in the words:—'Keep us in everlasting fellowship with the church triumphant; and let us rest together in Thy presence from all our labours.' Our brethren, instead of dwelling in despondency upon the horrid massacre, now regarded the death of their friends as a release permitted by God to remove them from every earthly trouble; and Mr. Heckwelder concludes, as you perceive, his painful narrative in these words:—'Thus,

\* A monument commemorative of this coldblooded massacre has been raised on the spot where it was perpetrated.

between the 7th and 8th of March, 1782, a whole Indian congregation passed over into life eternal!’ There is,” added Montgomery, “another instance in our Moravian records of a wholesale massacre at an Indian mission station; but in this case the murderers were natives, and the victims missionaries and their families, who were burnt to death in their habitation; a lad only escaping to tell the horrid and affecting story.” It was not without tears that the aged Christian poet recalled these stories of the sufferings of his brethren “for Christ’s sake,” in North America, at a time when his own parents were “enduring the cross,” and literally laying down their lives in the same service in the West Indies.

With the seditious conduct of the “Repealers” in Ireland, and the still more unjustifiable proceedings of the “Chartists” in England, it need scarcely be said that Montgomery had no sympathy. Politically *liberal* as his opinions were, as well from conviction as from circumstances, he was ever opposed to violence, of whatever kind. Alluding on one occasion at this period to a most flagitious diatribe in an Irish newspaper, the poet remarked, that had *he* written anything in his hey-day of political zeal, containing only a title of the treasonable insinuations of that one article, he would assuredly long since have been hanged, drawn, and quartered! *Holland*: “The monster meeting of the Chartists, held on Kennington Common last Monday [April 10.], to listen to the harangue of Feargus O’Connor, appears to have equalled in multitude the congregations that used to assemble there to hear Charles Wesley preach.” *Montgomery*: “But how dissimilar the character, objects, and influence of the parties!” *Holland*: “You will have seen a placard on the walls, announcing a political *camp meeting*, to

be held next *Sunday* on Attercliffe Common." *Montgomery*: "Yes; and it is a vile prostitution of the designation of an assembly held for religious purposes, as well as a profanation of the sanctity of the Sabbath, even estimating the latter at the lowest rate. Without the least ill will to any individual, I cannot help wishing it may rain hard enough to prevent such a meeting on that day." He then turned to a more congenial topic, — the announcement of a fac-simile reprint of the earliest edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," by the "Hansard Knollys' Society," from a copy belonging to Mr. Ofor. Having failed in an attempt to obtain the book in the regular way, through a bookseller, *Montgomery* appeared disposed to characterise, as selfish, the conduct of this and kindred societies, because they made no provision for enabling the public to purchase any of the books printed under their auspices. Mr. Holland urged the fact that the rule confining the distribution of works prepared and issued by these societies to their members was not based on any selfish wish to *exclude casual purchasers*, but on the necessity of *including such a number of subscribers as would pay the expense of producing the book*. *Montgomery*: "But why not sell each work to those who would buy it, as well as supply copies to members of the society? This would at least look as if a wish to serve the cause of literature, rather than a desire to possess books which were not otherwise to be had for money, was the object of the parties." *Holland*: "The obvious reply to your remark is the twofold certainty, that if persons could purchase only such volumes as they might respectively happen to prefer, they would not often be found willing to club towards the bringing out of others equally as costly, as limited in demand, and, perhaps, not to their taste: hence, these societies would

be at once extinguished, or rather they would never be commenced. As it is, so far from competing with the regular publishers, they confine their operations, for the most part, to the reproduction of such rare, or the multiplication of such original works, as would not justify the ordinary risk of trade circulation." *Montgomery*: "I dare say you are right; though I should certainly have been glad to have obtained a fac-simile copy of the edition of a book which, I believe, I was once myself solicited to edit." *Holland*: "I have no doubt about obtaining the work for you, after all that I have said in defence of the Hansard Knollys and kindred societies."

On the 8th of May Montgomery addressed to Mr. Holland the following playful note:—

"The Mount, May 8. 1848.

"DEAR J. H.,

"The C.'s (he and she) have sent word to be with us this evening. We of course expect U, and shall be glad to C U. As you understand everything, you can comprehend this  $\alpha\beta\epsilon\tau\kappa\lambda$  invitation. If you do not, I shall never again believe you to be *infallible*, which your dullness here will prove that *I am not*; though faith in your qualification in this respect for the popedom is one of my Protestant heresies; but I am otherwise soundly orthodox in saying,

"I am your sincere friend,

"J. M."

Mr. Holland accordingly went and spent the evening at the Mount. Montgomery said but little, appearing more disposed to listen to the conversation than take part in it. He was interested in certain anecdotes of the pulpit and other peculiarities of the worthy bishop of Calcutta (Dr. Wilson), which Mr. Congreve mentioned as having come under his own cognisance;

including an instance in which the Indian dignitary, with a rather undignified freedom, at the close of his sermon, pointed out and named several respectable merchants in his congregation, particularising the sums they would no doubt give, along with himself and the Hon. E. I. Company, towards the object for which he was pleading, namely, the liquidation of a debt on a beautiful little church, recently built near Calcutta! The other case mentioned was, if possible, a still more direct application of the *argumentum ad hominem*: the bishop was preaching in the old church of Calcutta, when, having occasion to allude to that propensity to "overreach" which characterises almost all classes, he pointed to a clergyman in the desk below him, and said, "Now, there's —; he's a regular screw, for he sold me a horse the other day for twice as many rupees as it was worth." And yet this somewhat startling appeal had no ill effect upon either party; "for," added the narrator, "they are often seen riding together on the corso, in a carriage drawn probably by the very horse in question; and almost as common is it to hear the remark made, quite good-naturedly, 'there goes the bishop and his screw!'" *Holland*: "I met the other day with a most intelligent and gentlemanly native African trader from Cape Coast Castle." *Montgomery*: "Was he one of Mr. Freeman's converts?" *Holland*: "I believe he was one of a number of educated blacks who first invited the missionary to the Gold Coast, himself becoming the Proto-Wesleyan local preacher among the Ashantees; and two natives of which country, princes as they were called, he conducted to England some few years back." *Montgomery*: "Did he know Governor and Mrs. M'Lean?" *Holland*: "He knew them both very well; having been long connected with the Castle; while the person



who became his wife was an attendant on the poetess at the time of her sudden and somewhat mysterious death. He was also quite conversant with the rumours which had reached Europe in connection with this melancholy event; and equally confident was he that there never existed the slightest ground for doubting that the dose of prussic acid to which the lamented lady, — once the admired ‘L. E. L.’ — owed her death, was taken entirely by accident. From some remark which he made indicative of his observance of aërial phenomena in the course of his voyage, I asked him whether he had ever witnessed *rainbows* at sea? He replied that he had seen some beautiful ones, in a latitude which he mentioned.” *Montgomery*: “I am glad to find that you are at last brought to believe they *may be so seen*.” *Holland*: “I did not so much express anything like a doubt as to whether a rainbow *could be seen above*, or reflected *in*, the ocean, as my surprise that I had never *read* in any book of voyages of such a meeting of *Iris* and *Thetis* in the domain of Neptune.” *Montgomery*: “Well; and did he see a reflection of the bow in the water?” *Holland*: “No; but that, he said, was not to be expected; partly in consequence of the distance at which the rainbows were seen, whether in the van or the rear of a storm; and partly also on account of the slight elevation of a person on deck above the level of the sea, which was also as usually much agitated at the time; otherwise, there could, he said, be no doubt but a reversed or reflected arch might have been as distinctly seen as the mirrored images of the nearer clouds were at times. However, I requested the black philosopher, should he happen to pick up a *circular rainbow* on his voyage back to Africa, to fold it in a letter and address it to me, to whom it would be more acceptable than a dying dol-

phin." \* Looking out of the drawing-room window at the Mount, the eyes of the visitors rested on the New Cemetery on the opposite hill, where that afternoon a hymn †, composed by Montgomery, had been sung, on laying the first corner stone of an elegant little church, which none of the party then assembled foresaw would, in the course of a few years, fling its shadow across the poet's grave! Some one of the party mentioned that, among the clergy assembled at this ceremony, was a minister of the Independent denomination, who had once delivered a somewhat remarkable address at, what he termed, the "Funeral of Bigotry." *Montgomery*: "I heard that speech, and have heard others in the same strain; for, alas! bigotry has often been buried, but never yet found dead." The intended consecration of the New Cemetery was mentioned. *Montgomery*: "My mother was buried in unconsecrated ground, being refused, as a heretic, a grave in the Roman Catholic chapel yard at Tortola; she was therefore laid

\* These remarks had reference to a previous conversation, in which Montgomery, while he admitted that he had never actually witnessed a rainbow at sea, contended reasonably enough for the meteorological as well as the poetical propriety of the following beautiful description in the 'Pelican Island': —

"The evening sun broke through the embattled clouds,  
And threw round sky and sea, as by enchantment,  
A radiant girdle, binding them to peace,  
In the full rainbow's harmony of beams;  
No brilliant fragment, but one sevenfold circle,  
That spann'd the horizon, meted out the heavens,  
And underarch'd the ocean." *Pel. Island, C. I.*

It is strange that neither the poet nor his friend, when conversing on this subject, should have recollected the notices of both lunar and solar rainbows at sea, which occur in the account of Bennet and Tyerman's Voyages; or the still more remarkable description in Byron's "Don Juan," canto ii. stanza 91., &c.

† "We plan foundations for the dead," &c. — *Original Hymns*, CCCIII.

in a corner of the garden connected with the residence of the Moravian Missionary; her dust has sufficiently hallowed the spot, which with me is ever sacred to her memory."

May 21. Montgomery presided, as usual, at the anniversary meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Association in Sheffield. He appeared in good spirits, and instead of his wonted apology for personal feebleness and lack of service, proceeded at once to make some general remarks. In the annals of time, he said, "a single brief period of forty days was distinguished from every other portion of the past, and would, unless Christ should hereafter appear on earth in millennial glory, continue to be distinguished from the future of this world's history by one marvellous peculiarity." He alluded, he said, to the "intercourse which our Saviour continued to hold with his disciples in the interval between his resurrection from the dead and his ascension into heaven. During his previous sojourn in the flesh his whole conduct, his doctrines, his miracles, his parables, and, more than all, his death upon the cross, appeared to his most intimate and faithful followers, something like a sublime apologue, so to speak, of which they evidently understood not the full meaning till after the resurrection. But during the forty days that he continued on earth in his glorified humanity, his leading design seems to have been—commencing with the conversation with the favoured twain on their way to Emmaus—to expound to his disciples more fully the necessity of his sufferings, the spiritual nature of his kingdom, and especially to prepare them, by the most satisfactory evidence in his own person, to announce to others the glorious doctrine of the resurrection previous to taking his final leave of them, and sending them forth as 'witnesses of these things'—to 'preach re-

penitance and remission of sins, in his name, among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem.’” The speaker had meant, from this, to have insisted on the singular appropriateness of the Rogation season, as that on which Christians might meet—and as on that evening they were met—to consider and carry out the last command of their divine Master, in sending the gospel into all the world. By a lapse of memory, however, he omitted entirely this application of the subject. Speaking of this meeting afterwards to Mr. Holland, Montgomery adverted to the absence of everything like buffoonery in the remarks of the speakers on the platform, an evil, the occurrence of which he often deplored. *Holland*: “There was one exception in the reference to Ireland.” *Montgomery*: “I see what you mean,—the Kilkenny cats. That story is often alluded to, and I think it is always misunderstood, and almost as often misapplied. I have an opinion on the subject, and being somewhat of an Irishman myself, am entitled to be heard in this matter. My version is this,—that the two cats quarrelled, and in their rage bit one another’s tails off, leaving *them* on the field of battle.” *Holland*: “Your emendation at once gets quit of the *bull*, and spoils the *joke*: I shall therefore retain the old reading, viz., that the cats fought until they had devoured *each other bodily*—*except their tails!*” *Montgomery*: “Do as you like; but I believe mine is the true narrative.”

May 23. Mr. Holland went up to the Mount, taking with him the handsome reprint of the first edition of the “Pilgrim’s Progress,” issued by the “Hansard Knollys’ Society,” with a long and interesting “Introduction” by George Offor. Montgomery had, as already stated, been very anxious to see this work; and now, so eager was he to get at its contents, that he cut open the leaves during the progress of tea-drinking, rapidly

glancing at and praising the quaint wood-cuts, while he dipped into the notes with many an expression of joy that the Bedford Tinker had found, as he deserved to find, in addition to all his previous honours, so able and zealous a commentator. In a few days he returned the book; and Mr. Holland then perused it. *Montgomery*: "I have read every word of this volume with deep interest. Mr. Offer has been indefatigable in his collection and description of all the works from any one of which it was possible Bunyan might have derived a hint of the character and conduct of his celebrated 'Pilgrim;' but, notwithstanding all that has been asserted or insinuated to the contrary, it seems that the more the oft-mooted question of imitation, or even resemblance, is fairly examined, the more strong and indisputable do Bunyan's claims to originality appear. The worthy editor has certainly done good service in this good cause." *Holland*: "I think so too: and the pleasure with which I have read his remarks has only been dashed by perceiving that he should so often have exhibited in them something like that 'anabaptist bitterness' which was formerly imputed to members of his sect when engaged in polemical disputes." *Montgomery*: "I, too, wish he had spared certain severe expressions: but despite all that, I am pleased with his gallant championship of Bunyan, whom he appears to love with all his heart; and I am thankful for the new light he has thrown upon the history of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and its author, especially by the description and collation of so many early editions of the work. Many of the alterations in these are very striking, even when not extensive. It is curious enough to find, among the more important additions successively made by Bunyan during the republications of the work in his lifetime, that the character of *Mrs. Diffidence*, with which every

reader now is so familiar, was originally introduced in the second edition, *Giant Despair* having, it seems, been a bachelor in the first. I recollect often wondering, when a boy, why it was that the giant and his wife always discussed the fate of the Pilgrims *in bed*. There are several other insertions of importance, as in the instance of *Mr. Worldly-wise-man*, and particularly in the long interview between *Bye-ends* and his company, which, excellent as it is in matter, and interesting as an episode, always appeared to me an after-thought of the author, tending, as it does, rather to interrupt than advance the progress of the story." *Holland*: "You will, no doubt, recollect that Mr. Dunlop, when speaking of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' in his 'History of Fiction,' intimates that it was ill judged in the author to represent *Christian* as having a wife and family, 'since,' he adds, 'whatever be the spiritual lesson intended to be conveyed by leaving them, one cannot help being impressed with a certain notion of hard-heartedness in the hero.'" *Montgomery*: "Bunyan understood the duties and difficulties of Christian discipleship better than Dunlop. He has not represented the trial harder in his allegory than it has been found to be in reality by thousands who, neither monks nor bachelors, have nevertheless obeyed our Lord's comprehensive injunction: 'If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters; yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.'"\* *Holland*: "Whatever may have been Mr. Dunlop's opinion of the practical realisation of such an entire self-sacrifice of every social tie which might impede the Christian in his heavenward race as the words of Christ

\* Luke, xiv. 25.

are understood to imply, and of which the history of every section of the Church furnishes examples, he is, perhaps, the only individual who, at all capable of appreciating the merits of a fictitious narrative, has found in Bunyan's 'Pilgrim' 'a mere negative character, without one good quality to recommend him.'\*"

*Montgomery*: "Even Lucian of Samosata, heathen as he was, seems almost to recognise the bearing of the Scripture rule, as if, indeed, he had heard of it; for he tells *his* 'Pilgrim,' Hermotimus, 'that if he would reach the City of Virtue, whither he was anxious to proceed, he ought not to be here detained either by an affection to his country, or by the entreaties of his children and relations; those he must exhort to go along with him, whom, if he finds either incapable or unwilling, he must even shake them off, and go himself to that seat of perfect happiness; nay, though they caught hold of his cloak, he must leave it, and break from them.' The spirit of this passage is not only singularly in unison with that portion of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' which is repudiated by Mr. Dunlop, but with the admonition of our Saviour himself in the New Testament." †

June 1st. *Montgomery*: "I do not like to miss going to church on Ascension Day, because, 'apart from the profit of the regular service, it is the only occasion when one meets with the clergy and members of different congregations in the same place of worship. This was the case also at the Sacrament to-day.'" *Holland*: "I have often wished — vain as the wish may appear — that the different denominations of orthodox Christians

\* Hist. Fiction, ch. ix.

† In Southey's "Common-Place Book," First Series, p. 377., the passage is copied at length from Lucian, under the head, "Anticipation of Bunyan."

could meet on Holy Thursday, or on any other day in the year, in one congregation, merely to worship God in the name of their common Saviour. This might even now be accomplished, if the seceders would only go to our parish church once a year, as I think most of them might do without any particular impropriety. *That*, in my humble opinion, would form the nucleus of a real 'Evangelical Alliance;' one which would not be a mere polemical organisation, a league, offensive and defensive with reference to other sects and parties, but an actual and Scriptural approach towards that evangelical charity, that oneness in Christ, for which the Church so constantly prays." *Montgomery*: "You are quite right; such a consummation of the hope of sincere Christians, such a day of *All Saints*, I should like to see. Let you and me, at least, be careful not to encourage bigotry either by precept or example."



## CHAP. CII.

1848.

DEATH OF SAMUEL ROBERTS. — MONTGOMERY'S LETTER ON THE SUBJECT.—FUNERAL AT ANSTON.—CONVERSATION.—GRAINGER'S "SUGAR CANE."—BAPTIST RECORDS.—GEORGE FOX'S JOURNAL.—NEGRO CONVERTS.—THE "MINER'S GUIDE."—EXTINCTION OF THE "IRIS." AND OF THE "MERCURY."—CONVERSATION.—LIFE OF KEATS.—JUBILEE OF CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—OF RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.—AURORA BOREALIS.—THE CHURCH SCULPTOR.—MEMOIRS OF CASTLEREAGH.

ON July 24th Samuel Roberts, Esq., in the eighty-sixth year of his age,—a gentleman whose name has often occurred in these pages as one of the oldest and most intimate friends of Montgomery,—died at his residence, Park Grange, near Sheffield. On the following day Mr. Holland received from the poet the subjoined letter, in reference to the bearing of that occurrence upon a visit which the two friends had agreed to pay together to the president of the Literary and Philosophical Society, with other of the members:—

*James Montgomery to John Holland.*

"The Mount, July 25. 1848.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I have just received the melancholy intelligence, that my oldest living friend, and certainly one of my best and most esteemed, was removed out of this world last night about ten o'clock. I need not add another word, nor apologise to *you* for this brevity on a subject which fills my mind and affects my heart with thoughts and feelings

and suggestions of the past, the present, and the future, which must accompany me to the last step of my journey on that path from this world to the next, whereon three of my fellow-pilgrims have now finished their course, and left me a solitary unit, the last of 'four friends.' I should not have troubled you now, but *request a favour, which is to do one to yourself, who are so prompt to do such things to me*, namely, that you will *not* call upon me to-morrow, as we had arranged, to escort me to Field Head. I shall be utterly unfit to enjoy the hospitality of Mr. Solly and the otherwise pleasant company and conversation of his guests. I am much exercised at present in my own mind by personal and family trials, and moreover am under a pledge which I dare not in my conscience evade, though I would gladly, like Jonah, flee from a call, I believe from the Lord, to attend a Meeting in behalf of the Brethren's Missions, at Doncaster, under the special countenance of the Rev. C. R. Alford (the vicar, I believe, and if I am not mistaken, *the poet\**), on Monday next. This has thrown my nerves into 'tremblingly-alive' agitation. Public meetings are become a terror to me; and I avoid as many as I can, at home or abroad: indeed, for the last two or three years I have absolutely declined the latter. Till, therefore, this cross has been borne to the end, I have no heart to lay it down, but choose rather to fall under it, and lie in the dust of humiliation, where it is good for me to be, how excruciating soever it may prove to flesh and blood, so that the spirit be not wounded by conscious and cowardly desertion of duty. You will not, therefore, refuse me your service, to apologise for me to Mr. S., nor withhold your forgiveness from me for the present intrusion of your much obliged friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Mr. John Holland."

Two days afterward, the poet addressed to the same friend the following letter: —

\* He was mistaken: Mr. Alford was *not* vicar of Doncaster; nor was he the "poet" of that name.

*James Montgomery to John Holland.*

“The Mount, July 25. 1848.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“The foregoing\* is a copy of what I have addressed to the ‘Times’ and ‘Independent’ editors, submitting to their discretion either to adopt it or furnish an original article on the subject for themselves. Of course, you will make any use, or none, of what I have written. I could not go into any details about our friend’s course of life; he was one of whom little could not be said, if anything was attempted. *Four-and-twenty years ago*, towards the close 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

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\* “Died at Park Grange, on Monday, aged 85 years, Samuel Roberts, Esq., of whom, during a long life, it may be said, that whatever his hand, his head, or his heart found to do, he did it with his might, in the promotion of national, local, or peculiar means of serving his generation, according to his views of the will of God. He was, indeed, so conscientiously earnest in the pursuit of such objects, that neither the fear nor the favour of man seemed ever to deter or divert him from that which he believed to be his duty. In this respect, his zeal, energy, and perseverance were exemplary to all, and surpassed by none of his contemporaries; those who were occasionally opposed to him in judgment being witnesses. His talents, as a very miscellaneous writer, in verse and prose, were far above mediocrity, and under other circumstances might have raised him to no mean rank in the annals of his country’s literature. He was honoured, esteemed, and beloved in proportion as his character was more or less intimately understood.” This notice of the character of his friend, from the pen of Montgomery, appeared in all the Sheffield newspapers; it was accompanied in the “Mercury,” by a somewhat extended Memoir, written by Mr. Holland, who was well acquainted with Mr. Roberts.

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.

“Mr. John Holland, Sheffield.”

On the 29th Mr. Roberts was interred at Church-Anston. Montgomery attended the funeral—a sincere as well as a ceremonial mourner; his feelings, after reaching home, being embodied in the following lines:—

“We will remember thee in love:

Thy race is run—thy work is done;

Now rest in peace,

Where sin, and toil, and suffering cease;

Meanwhile, in hope to meet above,

When these with us no more shall be,

In love we will remember thee.”

On opening the will of the deceased, although it did not comprise any formal testamentary bequest to any of his friends, it contained a pencilled memorandum to the effect, that the executor (Samuel Roberts, Jun.)

should give some memento of his late father's esteem to the poet; a wish which, we happen to know, was not less cheerfully than liberally and promptly realised by the present of one hundred guineas.

Mr. Holland mentioned that he had been importuned by a good man to aid him in obtaining Montgomery's signature to his petition for a place in the Shrewsbury Hospital. *Montgomery*: "It would not serve him, though the Duke of Norfolk was pleased to admit my old neighbour, Mr. Batty, the silversmith, on my direct recommendation. I went up to see old Billy the other day. With him I have walked more miles in the neighbourhood of Sheffield than with any other person." *Holland*: "I am surprised to hear you say so; as I should have thought you had neither sentiments nor feelings in common." *Montgomery*: "Exactly so; of poetry he knew nothing, and cared as little: his conversation was almost entirely about mechanics, of which I knew nothing, and especially about the steam-engine, which was then coming into use in Sheffield, and the future triumphs of which he was sanguine in anticipating. One thing we had in common: Billy Batty was fond of walking—so was I: besides, he was never tired of talking on his favourite topics, and I was a *good listener*; so we got on very well together."

Sept. 27. Mr. Holland at the Mount. Montgomery came in, greatly fatigued with his short walk, and threw himself on the sofa:—"Have you brought Nichols\* with you?" *Holland*: "Yes, sir." *Montgomery*: "In the previous volume I found a copy of Dryden's 'Ode for St. Cecilia's Day,' *improved* and *filled out* by some person of the name of Turner, I

\* Illustrations of the Lit. Hist. 19th Century, vol. vii.

think: pray, when you have an hour to spare, do read it." *Holland*: "I am acquainted with it: the Rev. Baptist Noel Turner was one of my '*Psalmists*,' and, as appears from the memoir of him, a very worthy clergyman." *Montgomery*: "So he might have been: but he ought not to have tacked his stanzas to Dryden's: it is like stitching a piece of the fabric into which the stuff called *devil's dust* has been woven, upon a garment made of best superfine cloth!" *Holland*: "You will find in this volume a good deal about Grainger, the poet of the '*Sugar Cane*.'" *Montgomery*: "It is precisely on that account I wanted the book. Grainger was yoked with Goldsmith in Griffiths' dung-cart as a literary hack; and I want to know a little more about him than is told in the Memoir prefixed to my copy of his poems." *Holland*: "I have lately gone over his '*Sugar Cane*,' which contains some striking descriptions of West Indian scenery. My object was to ascertain whether or not he anywhere denounces Negro slavery; but I perceive the utmost he ventures upon in that direction is to advise kindly treatment."\* *Montgomery*:

\* Grainger's poem of "The Sugar Cane," anticipates, in many of its allusions to the scenery of "The West Indies," Montgomery's popular theme; but what a difference between the two poets in their treatment of slavery! The elder bard does, indeed, say that, during the cane-harvest, there is no need that

"The driver, Æthiop authorised,  
Thence more inhuman, crack his horrid whip;"

but still the subject never prompts one aspiration, one wish, for the emancipation of the sufferers, excites no apostrophe of regret for their helpless condition: no, the crack of the lash is heard, and

"From such dire sounds th' indignant muse averts  
Her virgin ear."

But if the poet of "The Sugar Cane" nowhere records a single

"No; the idea of abolition was not likely to enter his mind at that time, identified, as he was, with the system itself in the island of St. Christophers. Yet he did not lack spirit, as you will perceive from a letter to Mr. Burt, his wife's brother." He would have Mr. Holland read the letter aloud to Miss Gales, while he evidently himself enjoyed the tone of it. The engraved portrait of Dr. Percy led to some remarks on his services to poetry as a collector, and on his own performances in verse. Montgomery praised his song of "O Nancy, wilt thou go with me?" adding, that the metrical tale —

"It was a friar of orders gray,  
Walk'd forth to tell his beads," &c.

suggested the idea of making "The Wanderer of Switzerland" narrate the story of his own sufferings. Something was said about the Hansard Knollys' Society. *Montgomery*: "I have read with intense interest their volume of 'Records' of the Baptist congregation at Broadmead, Bristol. What sufferings did those good people endure at the hands of their merci-

sigh for the annihilation of that slavery with which he was more than poetically familiar, he does advise the planter to tighten the yoke of oppression where it would often be most galling:—

"Compel by threats, or win by soothing arts,  
Thy slaves to wed their fellow-slaves at home;  
So shall they not their vigorous prime destroy,  
By distant journeys at untimely hours."<sup>a</sup>

And yet the poet was not insensible to the evils of slavery, as he says in one of his letters to Dr. Percy,— "Wherever slavery obtains, tyranny, insolence, impetuosity (not to mention other vices), must ever bear sway."<sup>b</sup>

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<sup>a</sup> "Sugar Cane," book iv., lines 606-9.

<sup>b</sup> Nich. Illust. Lit. Hist. vol. vii. p. 281.

less persecutors—not heathens, nor even papists, but men professing and calling themselves Christians—Protestants and Churchmen! The narrative sometimes reminded me of the story of the cruel treatment of our brethren in Bohemia. There is something exceedingly painful in reading the many recorded instances of the personal activity of the bishop and clergy of Bristol and their informers, while they harassed by spoliation, stripes, imprisonment, and even death itself, a handful of poor men and women, who only sought to be allowed to meet and worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, and conformably with what they believed to be the Scriptural rule of Church order.”

*Holland*: “I have read the book myself, and feel thankful to the men who, by their patient endurance of such cruel wrong for what they believed to be the cause of truth, formed part of a noble band of confessors who laid the foundation of that Christian liberty which all parties so largely enjoy at this day. At the same time equally remarkable and deplorable is the fact that these very Baptists were in their turn among the most constant persecutors of the Quakers, who shared with them that full measure of hatred which, in the middle of the seventeenth century, appeared always ready to be poured out by at least some one religious party on the head of another. George Fox, in his very curious Journal, mentions numerous instances of persecutions from that quarter; a fact the more striking in contrast with an assertion in the ‘Hansard Knollys’ Circular,’ to the effect that ‘to the Baptists belongs the honour of first asserting in this land, and establishing on the immutable basis of just argument and Scripture rule, the right of every man to worship God as conscience dictates, in subordination only to divine command.’”

*Montgomery*: “I should really like to see George Fox’s Journal; it



never fell in my way, as I told you before, though I have often, of course, met with references to, and read extracts from it. I must confess I know not how to justify the practice of the early Quakers in going into churches and insisting upon speaking there." *Holland*: "You will probably find some other things still more difficult to justify in their conduct." *Montgomery*: "And what a curious entry is this in the old Broadmead church-book, concerning a converted negress—the more so when you recollect the early connection of Bristol with the slave trade:—'While they (the long and bitterly persecuted congregation) thus (anno 1643) walked with Mr. Ingello, their teacher, they had one memorable member added unto them, namely, a blackamoor maid named Frances, a servant to one that lived upon the back of Bristol,—which thing is somewhat rare in our days, to have an Ethiopian, or blackamoor, to be truly convinced of sin, and of their lost state without the Redeemer, and to be truly converted to the Lord Jesus Christ, as she was.'"\* *Holland*: "The novel circumstance in *that day*, of a blackamoor woman becoming a member of a Christian church, seems, however, to have been recorded by the Baptist annalist with more complacency and less surprise than was experienced, two centuries afterwards, by a congregation in New York, when the Rev. Dr. Mason, in spite of the strong repugnance and deep-rooted prejudice of the bulk of his flock, led to the communion his sable convert 'Katy Fergusson.'"† *Montgomery*: "I saw some curious old books the other day at Mr. William Younge's at Endcliffe. I borrowed this little volume for you to look

\* Hansard Knollys' Society Volumes, No. 2. p. 35.

† "In whose house," according to Mrs. Duncan ("America as I found it"), "was held the first sabbath school in New York, and in which, for forty years, she held a weekly prayer meeting."

at: it was printed at Sheffield, by a person whose name I never heard of before\*; and it contains a poem with which, no doubt, the Derbyshire lead miners of a century back were duly edified, whatever *you* may be. But I was most interested with a Roman manumission plate, found in this neighbourhood in 1761, which Mr. Younge showed me.† It seems exceedingly friable; but one is surprised to find such a bit of engraved copper in existence at all, after being buried in the ground for so long a time. I believe a duplicate plate was found with it." *Holland*: "Mr. Younge consulted me about permitting this rare memorial to be exhibited before the archæological meeting at York last year. I persuaded him by all means to send it there, but to address it to the care of Mr. Hunter, and afterwards to present it to the British Museum. He agreed to take the first part of my advice, but shook his head at the rest. The duplicate plate has long since perished."

\* "The Miner's Guide," printed at Sheffield, in 1748, by Francis Lister. But the most curious part of the book was entitled "The Liberties and Customs of the Lead Mines within the wapentake of Wirksworth, in the county of Derby, composed in metre by Edward Manlove, Esq., heretofore Steward of the Barmote Court," c. g.

"For stealing ore twice from the minery,  
The thief that's taken twice, shall fined be;  
But the third time that he commit such theft,  
Shall have a knife stuck through his hand with heft  
Into the stowse (windlass), and there till death shall stand,  
Or loose himself, by cutting loose his hand;  
And shall forswear the franchise of the mine,  
And always lose his freedom from that time.  
But many words of art you still may seek,  
The miner's terms are like to heathen Greek;  
Both strange and uncouth; if you them would see,  
Read these rough verses here composed by me."

† Hunter's "Hallamshire," p. 18.

At the end of September the "Iris," which was established by Montgomery in 1794, and was at one time the only newspaper published in Sheffield, entirely ceased to exist.\* A sketch of the history and vicissitudes of the defunct journal appeared in the "Sheffield Independent." † The article was written in a kindly tone, and, with the exception of a single paragraph, was gratifying to Montgomery's feelings. This exception involved a mistake on the part of the writer when speaking of the departure of Mr. Gales from Sheffield in 1794, under the circumstances already detailed. It elicited the following letter:—

*James Montgomery to the Editor of the Sheffield Independent.*

"The Mount, October 3. 1848.

"SIR,

"In your memoir of the life, transmigrations, and death of the late 'Sheffield Iris,' you record a 'tradition' (as

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\* A bi-weekly paper under the title was published on the abolition of the stamp duty in 1854.

† After alluding to the period when the "Iris" was "rapidly gaining more than a national fame," the editor of the "Independent" added, "The benignant star of Montgomery had then arisen in the literary world. It shed a light upon Sheffield; but most of all it illuminated the 'Iris.' Just twenty-three years have elapsed since Mr. Montgomery relinquished both his pecuniary and his editorial connexion with the paper. Yet it has retained, in spite of time and change, some hold upon the affections of all who have done anything more than vegetate for the last forty or fifty years among us. The 'Sheffield Iris' has been one of those peculiarly Sheffield things for which the men of Sheffield have had an instinctive regard. It has been felt to belong to the town, just as surely as the old church, or the River Dun; and he who could be again what he was twenty years ago, would just as soon expect the church to be entombed among the dead men's bones that lie around it, or the river to find a subterranean channel at Wadsley, and leave its old course dry, as the 'Iris' should cease to appear each Tuesday." — *Sheffield Independent*, Sept. 30. 1848.

true as anything can be which never came to pass), that in 1794, under the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, when various arrests were made in Sheffield after the commitment of Hardy, Horne Tooke, and others to the Tower on charges of high treason,—that of Mr. Gales ‘so narrow was his escape, that the constables entered his house at one door, while he fled, half-dressed, from the other.’ The fact is, that Mr. Gales, on the previous day, had gone to Derby, *on some family affairs*, without any personal apprehension for his safety at that time. When the King’s messenger from London, and a resident sheriff’s officer, called in the Hartshead to enquire for him, Mrs. Gales informed them of her husband’s absence, and quietly led them herself all over the premises. Having satisfied themselves that he was not there, they as quietly departed. Had Mr. Gales been at home, I am convinced that he would not, of his own accord, have attempted to avoid his unwelcome visitors; for, when informed of the intrusion, at the distant place where he happened to be, it required all the violence of earnest and affectionate persuasion, to induce him to take refuge elsewhere. He was a man of whom his friends need never fear to tell the real truth; and I only trouble you with this information that you may be warranted to correct an utterly erroneous report, which I do not recollect myself to have ever heard before. It probably was founded upon a very singular escape, which another individual (comparatively a stranger in Sheffield, having resided here a few weeks only) experienced. On the evening of the same day with the arrests of Broomhead, Camage, &c., two of the Sheffield constables entered a well-known public-house suddenly, and bolting into the company room, crowded with ale-bibbers and tobacco smokers,—they asked if D—— was there. He *was*; but the person who sate next to him, with a presence of mind and promptitude of impudence rarely exemplified, at once answered, ‘*No; he went off to Leeds this morning.*’ They took his word and their departure as promptly. The object of their search was from Leeds. He afterwards escaped to America, where he became a store-keeper and justice of the peace.

"There is no other material inaccuracy in your narrative. Accept my best thanks for the kindness you have shown towards myself.

"I am, truly, your friend and servant,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Robert Leader, Esq."

An event in the history of the Sheffield newspaper press, far less expected than the extinction of the "Iris," almost immediately succeeded: this was the absorption of the "Sheffield Mercury" by its youngest local rival and contemporary. During the fifteen years that Mr. Holland had been identified with the editorship of the last-named journal, its weekly publication became one of the most constant and convenient symbols of intercourse between the biographer and his affectionate personal friend. Every Saturday afternoon Mr. Holland took care to be found in his room at the Music Hall, because at four o'clock, to a minute, the beloved and venerable bard uniformly made his appearance, gliding down the passage as quietly as a ghost; and after sitting and chatting for half an hour, carried off with him the newspaper.

Oct. 14. *Montgomery*: "And so this is the last 'Sheffield Mercury' we are to have — and you are no longer 'Mr. Editor:' I confess I am sorry on every account; unless it be true, as I have heard, that Mr. Ridge has parted with his paper for an assured annuity of 300*l. per annum*; for if so, I ought, at least, to be glad for his sake." *Holland*: "Thus it is 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." *Montgomery*: "You must come up to the Mount, and let us talk

over these momentous changes; I am anxious to see what you say in *this* last 'Mercury' on parting with your readers."

The Mount, Oct. 17. *Holland*: "I have brought, for your perusal, the Life of Keats, by Monckton Milnes." *Montgomery*: "I am glad of it, though I feel loth just now to be drawn away from a very interesting subject—the journal of the Founder of the Quakers—an extraordinary book, which I wonder I never read before. I can understand the religion of George Fox better than the poetry of Bysshe Shelley and John Keats; at least, I find the first more interesting. Members of the Society of Friends — to their honour be it spoken — were among the earliest advocates for the emancipation of slaves." *Holland*: "Yes; but it is curious to perceive that, even among *them*, the principle, in its practical application at least, was one of growth; for you will find George Fox, on his visit to the West Indies, in 1671, telling the planters that, with respect to their 'negroes or blacks, they should endeavour to train them up in the fear of God; as well them that were bought with their money, as them that were born in their families, that all might come to the knowledge of the Lord. I desired them also,' he adds, 'that they would cause their overseers to deal mildly and gently with their negroes, and not use cruelty towards them, as the manner of some hath been, and is; and that after certain years of servitude they would make them free.' I do not know how the thing strikes you, but to me it appears that a good deal of the reproach which, in connection with current reports of the growth and atrocities of the slave trade as now clandestinely carried on, we so constantly find to be cast upon the party who paid the twenty millions of British money for emancipation, originated with those who are at best but half-hearted

Abolitionists themselves." *Montgomery*: "I am afraid there is too much truth in your remark. One does not always catch a new idea at a public meeting; but there was to me something of novelty in an anecdote told by one of the speakers at the Wesleyan Missionary Meeting on Monday night:—Two British sailors were engaged in assisting at the debarkation of a cargo of negroes from a captured slaver; on seeing the shocking condition of the poor creatures as they were brought up, and the sinister looks of the captain, who was thus disappointed of his prey—'Jack,' exclaimed one of the sailors to his companion, 'the devil will be sure to have that fellow.' 'Dost thou really think so?' was the reply of his shipmate. 'To be sure he will; or else what's the use of having a devil?' This story," proceeded *Montgomery*, "reminded me of one which I heard soon after I came to Sheffield; there appeared in some of the meetings of the *Jacobins*, as they were at that time called, an elderly man of the name of Gibbs; he was regarded, and no doubt correctly, by Mr. Gales and others, as a Government spy, for he had played that part in America during the War of Independence. Franklin, who knew him, is said to have exclaimed, 'If God had not made a hell, he ought to make one for the punishment of such miscreants as Gibbs!' This observation savours somewhat of profanity; but it is remarkable that the philosophic statesman and the rude sailor were alike horrified at atrocities, for which they saw no competent retribution in this world." At the meeting alluded to, *Montgomery* presided; having consented to occupy the chair, on condition that he should not be expected to make a speech. He, however, *did* make one, which, as an apology for his late arrival, somewhat surprised his auditors; for its import was, that in walking from the Mount to the

chapel, along streets with which he had been familiar for fifty years, he got so bewildered by the gas-lights, that he astonished two or three persons, who knew him as well as they supposed he ought to have known his way, by asking direction to what was, for many years, his constant place of worship.

October 21st. *Montgomery*: "I have read this book. Mr. Milnes has drawn up the narrative with considerable elegance, and his work is evidently a labour of love; but he fails to convince me that if John Keats had lived he would have been a great poet. I have been most pleased with his sonnets. The other specimens of his verse given in these volumes certainly exhibit brilliant flashes amid frequent obscurities, as the lamps did amidst the darkness in which I lost my way on Monday night. It may be said the fault was my own in both cases: be it so; but in a poem, or anywhere else, I like to travel where the lights are less scattered or intermittent, and the darkness less palpable."

*Holland*: "We naturally anticipate, with interest, the editor's judgment on the well-known allegation that the 'brutality' of the 'Quarterly Review,' and a writer in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' had a most injurious, not to say *fatal* effect on the spirits and health of the sensitive poet."

*Montgomery*: "You perceive Mr. Milnes deals at large with that question; and he declares that the result of a conscientious inquiry entirely dispels such a supposition." *Holland*: "And yet Shelley, in the fragment of a letter printed by the biographer, declares, in so many words, that the first effect of these reviews on the mind of Keats had been described to him as having resembled insanity; adding that it was only by carefully watching him that he was prevented from committing suicide. Now as Shelley must be supposed only to repeat what he had been told,



did *his* correspondents wilfully mislead him, or did they themselves write what was palpably contrary to evidence?" *Montgomery*: "The critiques were, perhaps, a proximate cause of death, *the cholera*, so to speak, that overtook the poet when he was in a peculiar state of predisposition."\* *Holland*: "The character of Keats, both as a man and a poet, is certainly advantageously developed by Mr. Milnes; but the perusal of the 'Memoir' terminates in making a sad rather than a satisfactory impression on the mind of the reader. The poet, so young, so sanguine, and so intensely imaginative, seems to have fallen into a wrong school for the best development of such a genius as his." *Montgomery*: "It is very probable that if, instead of falling early and entirely into the so-called 'cockney school,' admirably described by Mr. Milnes, he had been thrown among the 'Lakists,' the result might have been every way more favourable; for the 'worship of Nature,' however remote from the spirit of Christianity, is at least a thousand-fold more allied to the sympathies of universal humanity than any reflex image, however brilliant, which modern ingenuity can exhibit of the old mythologies of Greece and Rome. The 'Sonnets' are, *to me*, the green spots in the sparkling but arid poetry of Keats." *Holland*: "I am glad to hear you say so, because that is precisely *my* opinion. They remind one of the caged skylark, which, while kept from soaring aloft towards heaven, seems to sing more

\* Something like this seems to have been the opinion of Thomas Keats, the poet's brother, who, writing from the United States, says, "After all, 'Blackwood' and the 'Quarterly,' associated with our family disease, consumption, were ministers of death sufficiently venomous, cruel, and deadly to have consigned one of less sensibility to a premature death." — *Life and Letters of Keats*, vol. ii. p. 44.

sweetly when he stands on a few inches of fresh and fragrant sod than on a board strewn with the whitest sand ; and this would doubtless be the case were 'golden Pactolus' itself to supply the glittering material."

At the annual meeting of the Church Missionary Society, held in Exeter Hall on the 2nd of May this year, it was resolved to commemorate the jubilee of that institution in all its departments throughout the world. Montgomery, as already mentioned, was requested by Mr. Bickersteth to compose a hymn for the occasion ; with this request the poet gladly complied, and in due course this composition, commencing "The King of Glory we proclaim\*," was not only printed and circulated in its original form, wherever the mother-tongue of the Church of England found an utterance in her services, but it was translated also into Tamul, for the use of the native converts in Tinnevelly, Madras, and Ceylon. This high festival was appropriately held on the first of November, a day which the Church has dedicated to the commemoration of the "one communion and fellowship" in which all the members of Christ's mystical body are knit together ; and the subject is adverted to here somewhat in detail because Montgomery is, perhaps, the only Christian poet who had ever the high religious distinction of being called upon by the Church of Christ to compose, and by the great Head of that Church permitted to take part in singing a strain which might literally be said to have surrounded the earth with one unrolled melody, carried on simultaneously with an entire "circuit of the sun," throughout the "visible diurnal sphere." This holy concord of evangelical churchmen in Great Britain, with

\* Jubilee Tract, No. III. Hymn I. Orig. Hymns.

their brethren in the Lord, scattered throughout "all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues," in the same intercessory and eucharistical strains which no individual in the world-wide congregation was more humbly or unobtrusively breathing than their pious author in Sheffield, is thus anticipated in one of the tracts published at the time:—

"Before the auspicious day dawns upon us, the sun will have risen in the far east, and shone upon some even in China, the latest of the missions of the society, where little companies will be gathered together in the name of the Lord. India and Ceylon will next swell the chorus with their numerous bands of native Christians, all taught to sing the same new song, though in various tongues (the Bengalee, Hindee, Telooqoo, Tamul, Singhalese, Malayalim, Mahratta) — East Africa, with its as yet lisping babes in Christ — Egypt, Smyrna, and Syria, the scanty representatives of the ancient Arabic and Greek tongues — the newly discovered tribes of West Africa at Abbeokouta will swell the strains. And then the full concert of voices from the elder brethren of Great Britain, throughout the various Associations of our land — not on this day meeting as almoners to commiserate the destitute, but as fellow-helpers of the joy of brethren in the Lord — like the 'joyful mother' with her children — grown up to a spiritual equality, and to an intelligent participation in divine worship. Then, as the sun completes his circuit, the hearty voices of liberated Africans, made 'free indeed' by the early and tearful labours of this society — soon to be responded to across the wide Atlantic by their kindred race, the emancipated labourers of the West Indies, and from the free wanderers of North-West America. Then, when the shades of evening have closed the lips of the eastern tribes, ere yet the song has died away from the lips of the mother Churches of Great Britain, the New Zealander will prolong the universal anthem with the manly but softened tones of that noble race. Thus for a double day — 'from the going forth of the sun from the end of the

heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it'—for twenty-four hours, the Jubilee notes will be prolonged." \*

The poet had only just closed his part in the theme of thanksgiving for the mercies which had marked the first fifty years' proceedings of the Church Missionary Associations, when he was called upon, and consented to renew the strain on the recurrence of a similar event in the history of a kindred Institution—the Religious Tract Society. At the jubilee festival of this "Parent of the Bible Society," which was held at Queen Street Chapel, Sheffield, November 13., Montgomery presided; and, although he made no formal speech, he read a copy of original verses, the appropriateness of which to the occasion will be obvious from the following extract, which will also show that, however the venerable poet might mistrust his lips or his memory in the advocacy of a cause that had never lacked his active support throughout the whole half century of its existence, his "right hand had lost none of its cunning" in embodying a fine thought in fitting rhyme:—

"The sunbeams, infinitely small,  
In numbers numberless,  
Reveal, pervade, illumine all  
Nature's void wilderness.

"But, meeting worlds upon their way,  
Wrapt in primæval night,  
In language without sound, they say  
To each — '*God sends you light.*'

"Anon, with beauty, life, and love,  
Those wandering planets glow,  
And shine themselves, as stars above,  
On gazers from below.

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\* Jubilee Tracts, No. I. p. 9.

“ Oh ! could the first archangel’s eye,  
In everlasting space,  
Through all the mazes of the sky,  
A single sunbeam trace !

“ He might behold that lovely one  
Its destiny fulfil,  
As punctual as the parent sun  
Performs its Maker’s will.

“ The Sun of Righteousness, with rays  
Of uncreated light,  
His power and glory thus displays  
Through nature’s darkest night.

“ Rays from that Sun of Righteousness,  
Our humble missiles dart ;  
Mighty at once to wound and bless,  
To break and bind the heart.

“ And could the first archangel’s sight  
The least of these pursue ;  
He might record,—In its brief flight,  
Each had a work to do.”

As a contrast between the operations of the Tract Society in 1798 and 1848, Montgomery pointed with much interest to what might, without impropriety, be called a *Polyglott* tract, circulated in Sheffield at the latter date ; it was in English, French, German, Italian, Welsh, and native Irish !

November 18th. *Montgomery* : “ I often thought of you last night, and said to myself, ‘ My friend Mr. Holland is just now lamenting the death of the “ Mercury ” even more than he did when deprived of the opportunity of describing how its namesake planet crossed the sun’s disk ; ’ for I suppose you witnessed that phenomenon, though I did not.” *Holland* : “ I saw the transit very distinctly, as it was visible during the

whole day; and it was the only occasion on which I ever did see the planet Mercury, even with a telescope.\* But what of last night and the newspaper?" *Montgomery*: "I allude to the auroral displays, which were so extraordinarily splendid that I thought you would have been as glad to have had the opportunity of describing them as I should have been to have read your description; but I hope you have written a sonnet on the subject." *Holland*: "I certainly watched the progress of the scene during the three hours of its continuance, from the first shooting up of beautiful spires of boreal light of the usual colour, till the moment when the whole hemisphere appeared like a vast pavilion of rose-coloured flames, rising in waves from almost every part of the horizon, and converging in the constellation Aries." *Montgomery*: "I noticed how distinctly the stars, even those of the fourth magnitude, were visible through the coloured streamers; at the same time I thought the 'shooting stars' were rather numerous, reminding one of *the November meteors*, which are looked for at this season. It was singular also that, although the night was nearly as light as when the moon is at the full, there was an entire absence of shadows, which seemed to give something of a preternatural effect to the illumination on prominent objects." *Holland*: "Well, Sir, but much as I was impressed with the extraordinary grandeur of the spectacle, I have not described it in a sonnet; but I am willing to try my hand at one, if you will do the same." *Montgomery*: "I dare not accept your challenge; the day for that is past with me: my life, indeed, is drawing to a close; but I am still anxious, if it shall please

\* Nov. 9. 1848. I have since seen it in a morning with the naked eye. — J. II.

God to spare me a little longer, to complete the collection and revision of my hymns. I shall then have achieved all that I am solicitous about in this world, so far as literary projects are concerned. I feel conscious, too, that in the publication of a volume of devotional poetry, the greater part of which has already been in use, I shall risk no loss of reputation with the better portion of that class of my fellow creatures who have taken an interest in my poetical productions." *Holland*: "I am afraid the current return on the sale of your works, during this year of commercial depression, will be very small." *Montgomery*: "It is greater than I anticipated; more than one hundred sets of the collected edition have been sold." He then mentioned an incident that amused him exceedingly. On his way home the preceding night he was overtaken by a decent working man, who, after a prologue of apologies for personal intrusion, asked the poet if he would kindly answer a question which he (the stranger) had long wished to put to him? "Yes," replied Montgomery, "any proper question." "Well, then," said the man, "I have been told that you wrote the 'Arabian Nights,'—is that the fact?" Montgomery felt it somewhat difficult to retain his gravity while giving an answer, which, it was evident, lessened his credit as an author amazingly in the estimation of his humble and simple townsman.

Montgomery and his friend went into the Roman Catholic church then in course of erection at Sheffield; their object being to witness the dexterity of a workman who was employed in chiselling not only grotesque heads, gurgils, and other ornaments, but large statues; these figures he executed in a somewhat coarse style, but with wonderful ease and effect." *Montgomery*: "What an image-chamber of monstrosities must the mind of this man be! And yet he does not appear to

create any new forms of hideousness, but merely to reproduce such as have been grinning, smiling, or frowning, in stone for centuries; knowing or caring, it may be, quite as little about the history or meaning of the originals as you or I do." *Holland*: "The notion is no doubt more or less fallacious; but one likes to imagine that the old sculptors of these things were in earnest with their work: believed they were doing a service to religion, or, at least, which in their estimation was the same thing, to the Church." Addressing the artist, "You are a Roman Catholic, of course?" *Sculptor*: "Not I." *Holland*: "Are you constantly employed at this description of work?" *Sculptor*: "Yes; I executed about two hundred different figures for the Catholic cathedral at Manchester. I am only a borrowed hand here. Mr. Pugin is my master." *Montgomery*: "Whatever difficulty one may feel in reconciling the ornate magnificence of the ancient gothic cathedrals with the simplicity of the Gospel-worship, there is commonly a charm of mediæval solemnity about them which is entirely wanting in these new and glaring imitations of a picturesque type." *Holland*: "It seems a sort of Chatterton-and-Rowley composition in stone. The sentiment is modern, the terms antique. A poem of yesterday printed in black letter. This incongruity always appears to me still more obvious when I see workmen engaged in placing these laughing or lugubrious monsters upon the walls of a new Protestant church. It is often with still less propriety that vast and expensive excrescences of a gothic or Grecian character are sometimes included in the designs of modern dissenting places of worship." *Montgomery*: "It may be so; but whatever may be said of churches, most of the meeting-houses are plain, and many of them tasteless enough; and I have often



said the man is yet unborn who shall invent an appropriate style of chapel architecture." Entering a side apartment, the artist showed his visitors five or six figures of Greek and Latin fathers of the Church, which he was carving in grit-stone, and of life-size. Although of ordinary types, they were executed in an exceedingly free and spirited style. *Holland*: "The works here going forward seem to realise to us scenes which must have been exhibited in various parts of England hundreds of years ago, during the erection of those magnificent structures whose ruins now present a somewhat similar elevation to these walls and pillars." *Montgomery*: "And a time will come when even *this* stately edifice must be itself a ruin! But at what date? Under what circumstances?"

December 15th. The Mount. Montgomery was reading the "Memoirs of Lord Castlereagh." *Holland*: "What do you think of his lordship, from his relative's pen-and-ink sketch of him?" *Montgomery*: "Much more highly than I used to do from the newspaper caricatures, or at all events their party delineations of him. I am sure he was an able statesman, and I am inclined to think, on the whole, a conscientious, as he certainly was a most laborious one." *Holland*: "Of course you are not reading the whole mass of his official correspondence as printed in these volumes?" *Montgomery*: "Indeed I am, every page of it! as it illustrates not only his abilities as a Minister of State, but is the best evidence of that indefatigable exertion of body and mind to which he fell a victim. I think Lord Brougham's severe animadversions on the character of Lord Castlereagh do no credit to their author, and the less so, as they were neither made in the warmth of debate, nor during the excitement of political strife, but meditated and recorded in the quietude of the

study, many years after the subject of them was gone to his final account. The charge against Castlereagh of not being able to speak two consecutive sentences in English, alike absurd and untrue, is very properly repelled, with indignation, by the Marquis of Londonderry. Lord Brougham himself would cut but an indifferent figure in this respect if the only public oration which I ever heard him deliver had been reported *verbatim*. To be sure it was out of doors, and the image of 'heads rolling in the dust under the scaffold' appeared to haunt his imagination more strongly than it aided his elocution." *Holland*: "It is curious to notice the effects of time in mollifying the animosities of our judgment in reference even to individuals from whom we have suffered or apprehended wrong, either personally or politically." *Montgomery*: "It is seldom until the grave has closed over an individual of rank or authority, that we allow our sympathy with him, as a man 'of like passions with ourselves,' to have anything like fair play; in other words, that we accord to the infirmities of our common humanity, in his case, the same indulgence which we are fain to claim in our own." *Holland*: "Your exposition appears to involve a motive analogous to that which so often leads to the engraving of a laudatory epitaph on the tomb of a bad man. But while I grant that British censure, like 'British valour, wars not with the dead,' the principle is more amiable than just, especially in an historical point of view. Time and death, which so often mollify, as they sometimes aggravate the remembrance or the effects of misrule, may, in like manner, weaken or obliterate the sense of gratitude once felt and avowed; on this account it does not appear safe in all cases to allow a contemporary judgment, founded as it may have been under the sense of suffering or service experienced at

one period, to be reversed, through the mere withdrawal of the causes of it at another. It is not, indeed, so much the province, or rather the practice of the biographer or the historian, directly to reverse the popular impression of facts, as to modify them by assigning special motives to the actors. Hence, while the details of the conduct of Lord Castlereagh, as a minister of the Crown, are but little affected in fact by the merely narrative portion of these volumes, a clearer view of the responsibilities and exigencies under which he acted, as exhibited in the correspondence, does tend to place the whole of his official conduct in a much more favourable light than that in which we have been wont to view it." *Montgomery*: "I think so; and, moreover, that his abilities as a statesman were, in many respects, as much underrated as his fidelity to the Crown was misunderstood or misrepresented."

## CHAP. CIII.

1849.

SERIOUS ILLNESS. — OXFORD POET IN “STATU PUPILARI.” — VISIT OF MRS. FORSTER. — HOMEOPATHY. — CONVERSATION. — RECOVERY AND GRATITUDE. — EASTER VISIT TO FULNECK. — “SWINDGING.” — MR. EVERETT AT THE MOUNT. — CONVERSATION. — ELLIOTT’S HEXAMETER VERSES. — MISSIONARY MEETING.

IN the first week of January Montgomery appeared somewhat more feeble than usual; and, in reply to a question by Mr. Holland, said he had not dared, as in preceding years, to venture to the usual Christmas Day service and communion at the parish church, on account of the length of time required, and the pressure of personal infirmity. On the 11th of January, an evening party, of about ten persons, met at the Mount; on which occasion the poet appeared neither well nor cheerful, and a little ill-timed badinage from one of the gentlemen present evidently excited him painfully. “Having,” says Mr. Holland, in a note written at the time, “noticed these symptoms, with something like apprehension, and not hearing or seeing anything of the good man for a few days, I went to the Mount on the 18th, when my fears were realised. Montgomery was in bed, very ill, and he had been much worse. After receiving from Miss Gales a statement of the facts of the case, I went up stairs, and found the sufferer with a cataplasm tied over one eye, and his face appeared so thin and pale, that the idea of a corpse was irresistibly suggested.” “I am very glad to see you,” he said; and

then, after describing the nature of the attack, and the treatment prescribed by his medical attendant, ‘Take from my pocket a key, open that drawer, which contains my treasures, and reach me a box which you will see.’ I did so, and took thereout a sum of money, which, by his direction, I carried to the Bank, and at the same time arranged to execute some other little commissions for him. He said he went to bed after the party left, in a very feeble and feverish state; presently after which he became so ill as seriously to alarm the household, and not the less so, in consequence of the utter numbness of one of his arms, which he, not unnaturally foreboding the worst, at the moment, told Miss Gales he believed was a slight touch of paralysis. But he was surprised to find his voice no ways affected. Happily the attack was not at all of such a character as he suspected; and even the inflammation of his eye, the pain of which he described as having been as severe as if the pupil had got the tooth-ache, had been mainly induced by the attempt to read a publication in very small print. I went again to the Mount on the following evening,” adds Mr. Holland, “and found the sufferer sitting up, but still with a bandage about his eyes. He asked me to read to him some letters, and readily as well as gratefully consented that I should reply to the writers, thus relieving him both from present and future anxiety in reference to his correspondents. In the course of our interview he placed in my hand transcripts of a portion of his original Hymns, several of which, he said, I should find quite new to me. He wished me to read aloud the first line of each composition; and, as I did so, he not only gave me a little history of the origin of most of them, but indicated such as he thought I had not seen before. Several of the latter I read through, *vivá voce*; but witnessing the

strong emotions which they excited in the poet's mind, and wishing also to avoid participation in such a scene of trying sympathy, I apologised and desisted. 'Read on,' said he, 'I am glad to hear you; the words recall the feelings which first suggested them, and it is good for me to feel affected and humbled by the terms in which I have endeavoured to provide for the expression of similar religious experience in others. As all my hymns embody some portions of the history of the joys or sorrows, the hopes and the fears of this poor heart, so I cannot doubt but that they will be found an acceptable vehicle of expression of the experience of many of my fellow-creatures who may be similarly exercised during the pilgrimage of their Christian life.' On leaving the Mount, I took with me the MS. of a poem on 'Cæsar's Invasion of Britain,' the writer of which had solicited Montgomery's opinion as to whether or not it was a composition that would justify him in competing for the Oxford University prize offered for the best set of college rhymes on that theme." On the following day, Mr. Holland was somewhat surprised to receive, in a handwriting most singularly blurred for the poet, the following note:—

"The Mount, Jan. 20. 1849.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"If it be practicable, I will esteem it a favour if you will call on me, and give me a quarter of an hour's audience this evening, or any time in the course of to-morrow. I have just received an express from Oxford about the Prize Poem, on which so much of a young minstrel's heart is set, and his future fame and fortune may depend; nay, perhaps the commencement of a new era in our country's pages of song, from Chaucer down to you and me. I wish the lad well, and may he beat, *now* or *hereafter*, all the race of Oxonians!

"I am, your obliged friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY."

About a red blotch upon the note the writer added :—

“By this sign you may know the leech has drawn blood from my eye this morning, even tears of blood.”

On Monday morning, Jan. 22., I called, and assured Montgomery that the lines of his correspondent were, in my opinion, of fair average merit, as compared with others of that class of compositions ; as, however, he was anxious to hear a portion, I read the entire poem aloud at his bed-side. He then said, “In writing to the author, you may tell him that of course minute criticism is out of the question ; but it is my opinion he may, with credit to himself, be a competitor for a prize, which, under the circumstances, it can be no dishonour *not* to obtain ; for in a race where so many will run, and only one can win, the merit of being even ninth or tenth wrangler, amid a list of Oxford *alumni* whose judges are the learned and disinterested heads of colleges, the distinction is well worth striving for.”\* Of course the poet neither made nor suggested a single alteration in the MS. The subject, he said, recalled to him the fugitive popularity of a Seatonian prize poem on a cognate theme, “The Ancient Britons,” written by Mr. Rickards, an Oriel man, several years ago.

When the poet’s disorder appeared at the worst, Mr. Holland delicately hinted at the propriety of writing to his relatives, but he objected on the ground that they would be needlessly alarmed by any account of his state in other handwriting than his own. Miss Gales, however, wrote to his only surviving brother ; and on receipt of the letter, his daughter, Mrs. Foster, of Wool-

\* The University magnates differed, as it turned out, widely from the poet and the biographer in this case, for the Newdigate prize was not awarded this year, in consequence, as was alleged, of want of merit in the competing productions generally.

wich, immediately set out for Sheffield. She arrived at the Mount quite unexpectedly, and the first interview between the emaciated sufferer and this beloved niece was deeply affecting on both sides. When last at Sheffield, she was in the bloom of youth and beauty; and now, after the lapse of eight-and-twenty years, she was at her uncle's bed-side, in all the sweet and matronly gravity of a gentle and sympathising nurse; nor was it likely to be forgotten that, during the former visit, Miss Elizabeth Gales had expired in her arms. She remained at the Mount exactly a month, in which time she had the satisfaction to see her uncle not only quit his couch of suffering, but once more get out of doors. In the interval stage of convalescence of which the drawing-room was the boundary, a group was presented which Mr. Holland often contemplated with deep interest; there, on the sofa, shrunk and feeble, lay the venerable poet, the good man, whom the best of his contemporaries through half a century had delighted to honour; near him sat the aged woman, to whose welfare and that of her two sisters he had for a still longer period devoted himself with more than the kindness of a brother; on the wall hung the sweet portrait of that "Incognita," which had inspired one of the most exquisite little poems in the language; picture and poem rendered doubly interesting by the recollection that she too was present, who, as "Betsy Montgomery," had once been thought by the poet to bear no distant resemblance to that inspiring "image of one who lived of yore."

In the crisis of his disorder he suffered much through violent pain in his eyes; and when, of one at least, it was feared that

" So thick a drop serene had quench'd the orb,  
Or dim suffusion veiled; "—



that perfect restoration of sight was all but hopeless, a lady, who called to inquire after him, strenuously recommended homœopathic treatment. As Miss Gales did not understand the exact import of this fashionable and at that time somewhat novel term, she mentioned the matter to Montgomery's medical attendant, William Favell, Esq., who immediately, and very properly, addressed a note to his patient, alluding in it to what he had heard, and suggesting at the same time a professional caution on the subject. To Montgomery himself such admonition was, of course, personally unnecessary; and one of the earliest indications of renovated cheerfulness on his part was, when he mentioned to Mr. Holland the apprehension which seemed to have been entertained, that he, who had been a member of a philosophical society for so many years, should at once so far surrender his conviction of the existence of some appreciable relation between cause and effect as to believe that "the decillionth part of a grain or drop" of medicine could produce any remedial effect! It would indeed, he added, be at once a strange repudiation of his conviction and experience during many years, and an egregious inconsistency on his part, as chairman of the Weekly Board of the Sheffield General Infirmary, were he to cast away his confidence in the regular practitioner, and adopt the notion of the homœopaths, unless, indeed, Hahnemann could produce something better than mere assertion, that his system is "a divine revelation of a principle of eternal nature!" *Holland*: "There are *maladies imaginaires* for which 'infinitesimal doses of medicine' may properly enough be prescribed; the imagination being the 'active principle' of the nostrum, as it is of the disease; and here, at least, we recognise something like the grand anti-allopathic axiom, 'Similia similibus cu-

rantur.’” *Montgomery*: “But in all that there is nothing new; and I must continue to think, whatever the risk from casual ignorance or inexperience, that there are many complaints for which heroic medicines, promptly administered in powerful doses, are the fitting remedies.” *Holland*: “Like the recent terrible conflict between the British troops and the Sikhs in India, where the most energetic treatment had nearly been overcome by the strength of the disorder; and yet this is a striking application, in the *quantitative* sense, of the principle so formally announced in the homœopathic formula, ‘*like cures like.*’” *Montgomery*: “I have tried my poor but *convalescent* eyes in reading the official dispatch of Lord Gough. What a horrible detail of human butchery, of murderous conflict, does it exhibit! Would that cannon balls had one signal recommendation of the ‘globules’ mentioned in this pamphlet, *where they do no good they do no harm!* But read the passage; it is, perhaps, one of the most curious that can be met with even in this class of publications. The author\* says, ‘That they (the medicines) should be powerful to cure disease, and yet unable to make any impression in health, may seem paradoxical to many, nevertheless such is the fact; and we are familiar with something analogous to this apparent contradiction in the royal prerogative of our gracious Sovereign, who, though powerful for good, can do no wrong; even thus it is with these little doses, which, though mighty to cure, can do no harm.’” *Holland*: “Capital! a right royal similitude! The Duke of Wellington on one occasion strongly expressed his disapprobation of ‘little wars;’ but his Grace was a state doctor of the old school. I wonder, however,

\* J. E. Norton, M.D., Derby, 1849.

what would be thought just now of any political homœopathist who should propose to counteract the threatened insurrectionary descent on Calcutta, by opposing 'infinitesimal' fractions of an army — say a man at once — against such an enemy!"

The long-continued and severe inflammation of his eye deprived him of the ordinary pleasure of reading for some weeks after he was otherwise convalescent; and although this loss was in some degree made up to him by the kind service of others, those persons of literary habits, who have been accustomed to the life-long indulgence of "reading to themselves," *i. e.* of musing over a book in silent thought, will best be aware how partially the privilege of listening to another compensates the loss of that gratification which arises from the personal perusal of a work in which we are interested. There were three works which he was at this time anxious to read for himself, "Beattie's Life of Campbell," "Layard's Nineveh," and "Macaulay's History of England." The first-named of these books afforded to the poet the earliest exercise of the long-suspended pleasure of continuous reading, and, we need hardly add, excited his attention as much as it tested his eyes.

He made some remark on the pleasure with which, after being kept to medicine and gruel, he was allowed to eat, and found he could relish a dinner of plain boiled beef, adding, "Oh, how grateful, after an interval of sickness, and a special dietary, is the return to common food!" *Holland*: "Nor is the least appropriate condiment in such case, as the poet says, a cheerful heart 'that tastes those gifts with joy.'" *Montgomery*: "If Addison had written nothing but those two lines, they ought to be sufficient to transmit his name to posterity; they admirably express a striking

sentiment which, I believe, occurs nowhere else in the whole range of our popular hymnology, and which is, perhaps, but rarely appreciated as it deserves to be by many persons who are very familiar with the poem from which your quotation is derived."

It was matter no less of surprise than of thankfulness, to such of the friends of Montgomery as had seen him during his illness, to witness his re-appearance out of doors; though many persons who, having for three months missed the poet from "the accustomed walk," when they again passed him in the street, intuitively turned to look after him, at the same time, saying to their friends or to themselves, "how faded! how infirm!" Early in the month of April he was sufficiently recovered to make a visit to Fulneck, where he enjoyed, with his brethren, those solemnities which mark the festival of Easter in the Moravian communities, especially the "Love Feast," which is held on what they call the "great Sabbath," or Saturday, which occurs between the days on which all the Western churches commemorate the Crucifixion and the resurrection of Christ. Calling on Mr. Holland immediately after his return to Sheffield, the poet was evidently still under the peculiar influence of those feelings which he had experienced during his brief but hallowed intercourse with *Alma Mater*; the music, the singing, the prayers and the addresses of the occasion, strongly recalling similar exercises of the paschal season in the days of his childhood and youth. He was anxious to read "Macaulay's History of England." *Holland*: "The 'Quarterly' contains what a Sheffielder might call a *swindging* review of the work." *Montgomery*: "I can give you a good authority for the word: Milton, in his hymn on 'Christ's Nativity,' says that, from that happy day,

‘The old dragon, under ground  
 In straiter limits bound,  
 Not half so far casts his usurp’d sway;  
 And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,  
*Swindges* the scaly horror of his folded tail.’”

A day or two afterwards Mr. Holland took tea at the Mount. “You must,” said the poet, pointing to the contents of a plate, “taste *that*, it is Fulneck Love-Feast cake,” and again the Easter solemnities became the subject of conversation.

April 30. Mr. Everett, not having seen Montgomery since his illness, paid a hasty visit to the Mount. The bard was glad to see his friend, and seemed more than ordinarily cheerful, though his visitor thought him looking a good deal more “withered” than he appeared to be twelve months before. The conversation during this brief but pleasant interview was of a desultory character, and had mostly reference to the current topics of the day; viz., Macaulay’s “History of England,” and the “Quarterly” review of it,—the latter, in the poet’s opinion, was very clever, and might, perhaps, annoy the historian, but it would not affect the popularity of his book: the execution of Rush for the Stanfield Hall murders, and the rarity of capital punishments as compared with their number when Montgomery was in York Castle: he particularly described, as having made an indelible impression on his mind and feelings, the appearance of a grey-headed old man and his stalwart son, who were together led past his own prison-room door for execution:—the serious charges of directorial misconduct which had just been brought against Mr. George Hudson, and the changes that had taken place in the character and circumstances of the “Railway King” since he was a Methodist prayer-leader and Sunday-school teacher in

the city of York :—Dean Cockburn and his system of geology, a system which was propounded and defended against Professor Sedgewick and the rest of the “ anti-Mosaic ” geologists, with almost as much zeal, but, as Montgomery pleasantly remarked, with apparently much less success than the very reverend gentleman had some years before asserted, and made good his claim against the diocesan, to the disputed perquisite of a certain “ good, warm watch-coat :”—the ancient and existing custom of hanging the choir of the cathedral with black cloth during the season of Lent ; and the locally popular character of Archbishop Harcourt, as compared with that of his venerable predecessor in the see of York. *Montgomery* : “ Mr. Everett, I know you are emphatically a *travelling* preacher ; whither are you bound to-day ? ” *Everett* : “ I am at present on my way home, having this morning come from Retford to Masborough, by way of Blyth and Maltby, and I think I hardly ever had a pleasanter ride ; the coach passing, as you are aware, almost close to the grounds of Roche Abbey.” *Montgomery* : “ I know the road well, and have often admired the sweet and varied scenery which it presents in all seasons of the year.” *Everett* : “ Do you see or hear anything of Ebenezer Elliott ? ” *Montgomery* : “ Mr. Holland showed me the other day some playful lines of his, entitled ‘ English Hexameters,’ in which the poet at once repudiates and exemplifies that peculiar metre.” *Holland* : “ But while he denies its adaptation where deep feeling or passion must be expressed, he says,—

‘ Yet can it finely paint the beauty of form and of colour ;  
 Skies and the sea ; or mountains cloud-like in distance, and  
     stealing  
 Azure from heaven ; or the daisy, fresh in the dew-gleam  
     of dawn ; or

Young June's flush-tinted hawthorn, that scatters the snow  
of its dropp'd flowers  
Over the faded cowslip, and roses embraced by the wood-  
bine,  
Under the mute or songful, or thunder-whispering forest.' "

*Montgomery*: "And those lines are as pleasing a specimen of what their author calls 'Homer's world-famous metre in English,' as we are likely to meet with in any poet of our own day." *Everett*: "Your old friend, Mr. Roberts, of Park Grange, has died since I last visited Sheffield, and has left, as Mr. Holland tells me, an 'Autobiography.' You have seen it, of course, and have probably had something to do with its publication. What do you think of it?" *Montgomery*: "The manuscript certainly passed through my hands; but I did little more than suggest the omission of three or four brief passages. The 'Memoir' was completed, and the specimens of the author's multitudinous essays selected by his daughter Mary; and I think with Mr. Holland, that she has performed a delicate, filial duty, very judiciously." *Holland*: "I am glad that to her was assigned the task which I once thought might have devolved upon me, and the more so since she has acquitted herself in it with so much discretion, ingenuity, and success."

One fine morning in May, Mr. Law, the curator of the Sheffield Botanical Gardens, happening to meet Montgomery and Miss Gales walking in those beautiful grounds, when no other company were present, asked the poet to gratify him by planting an oak. The request was at once complied with. He afterwards, at the request of the committee, planted two Chilian pines at the head of the principal walk, and immediately in front of the conservatory.

May 7. Montgomery's Wesleyan friends in Sheffield were much delighted to see him, as usual, in the chair at their missionary anniversary, and still more to hear him, contrary to his practice for some years past, introduce the business of the evening by an address, as befitting alike the occasion, his own advanced age, and the season of recovery from illness. The tone of his remarks was mostly solemn and scriptural. Nor were his own feelings unmoved by the generous gratulations which hailed him on his appearance in the meeting; the fervour of expression, which commonly characterises the devotion of the Methodists, is known to most persons, at least by report; and, familiar as the bard might have been with such outpourings of platform prayer in past years, his spirit must have been more than ordinarily stirred in him at this time by the ardent aspirations to heaven, of which he was the subject, at the opening and close of the proceedings. Nor was it displeasing to hear one of the speakers, who had been a missionary in the West Indies before even the terrible cart-whip was laid aside, congratulate the venerable poet that he had not only been permitted, in the order of Providence, to sing the dirge of the slave-trade, but, so far as Great Britain was concerned, the requiem of slavery itself.



## CHAP. CIV.

1849.

INTERVIEW AND CONVERSATION AT QUEEN'S TOWER. — VOYAGES IMAGINAIRES. — "PLAINE MAN'S PATHWAY TO HEAVEN" AND "THE PRACTICE OF PIETY." — CONVERSATION. — EXPULSION OF MR. EVERETT FROM THE WESLEYAN CONNEXION. — MONTGOMERY GOES TO BUXTON. — LETTERS TO JOHN HOLLAND. — ARCHBISHOP OF YORK'S SERMON. — MR. EVERETT'S VISIT TO SHEFFIELD. — CONVERSATION.

JUNE 13. Mr. Holland dined at Queen's Tower, with Montgomery and the Rev. Samuel Earnshaw, one of the chaplains of the parish church at Sheffield. The poet appeared to enjoy the visit. The conversation naturally turned upon the sale of the effects of Sir George Sitwell at Renishaw Hall, then taking place. The various causes which were currently alleged to have led to the breaking up of the establishment, — keeping hounds, loss through an attorney, law-suit with the Crown, electioneering expenses, and bad housewifery, — were mentioned; the latter Montgomery did not listen to, without interposing a sentence or two in defence of the good and economical domestic management of his countrywomen in general. He mentioned with particular interest the reputed merits of two violins, said to be by the celebrated makers Garnerius and Amantius, and which formed part of the sale that day; indeed, it afterwards turned out that the poet had called upon a Sheffield music-seller to direct his attention to these old fiddles. *Mr. Roberts*: "I was at

Renishaw Hall yesterday, and found the style and masonry of the building very indifferent." *Montgomery*: "Perhaps you will be less surprised at that, when you are told it was built by Badger, who erected several houses at Sheffield; his son, a promising young architect, would, it was anticipated, have distinguished himself, had he lived longer. Sir Sitwell Sitwell, the father of Sir George, was one of the most determined game preservers in the country; one used to see scores of hares on both sides of the lanes about Eckington; they sat under the hedges, or sported in the fields and park, as if conscious of their perfect security; in fact, their owner spared neither trouble nor expense in this matter. You might have heard, as I have heard at Eckington in the dead of the night, a gun fired in front of the Hall; it was that of Sir Sitwell himself, who expected immediately to hear responsive shots from keepers out in different parts of the estate; it is not, of course, to be expected that such a locality would be without its histories of conflict between those guardians of the game and poachers in the preserves, and many a story, some of them tragical enough, of nocturnal encounters, have I heard at the house of old Mr. Gales." *Earnshaw*: "Are the Sitwells a family of ancient standing at Renishaw? I have always understood they went from Sheffield only about fifty or sixty years since, one of them having built Mount Pleasant, which you may see yonder from this window." *Montgomery*: "That was Francis Hurt, who, having married a daughter of the Eckington family of Sitwell, took the name; he was grandfather of Sir George, the present baronet. I never heard anything of the name at an earlier period; perhaps Mr. Holland can tell us something more about it." *Holland*: "Not much; you will find a pedigree in 'Hunter's Hallamshire,'

dating from the middle of the seventeenth century; but I believe the court rolls of the manor of Eckington contain numerous entries relative to the name of Dr. Sitwell, of Renishaw, as early as the reign of the third or fourth Henry." Montgomery was admiring, with Mrs. Roberts, a superb cactus flower. *Holland*: "It might be a fitting ornament for an angel's bosom, if we could admit the idea of a female angel." *Montgomery* (sharply): "And why not?" *Holland*: "I think it would be anomalous to all our ordinary notions of such intelligences." *Montgomery*: "And yet, poetically at least, the term angel has very often been applied to woman, and rarely to man, as such;" a delicate compliment this, which his lovely hostess heard and appreciated. *Holland*: "I am aware you have Mrs. Roberts on your side, and perhaps also the Rev. Mr. Houghton, whose work, 'On Sex in the World to Come,' I should like to read, as I have myself written an essay to prove that there will be neither distinction of sex, nor personal recognition in heaven." *Montgomery*: "I am aware that such is your opinion; but others think differently: as neither you nor Mr. Houghton really know anything at all about the matter with certainty, he had better have let it alone; and I advise you, at all events, not to print your work." As the party were afterward entering the garden, they passed one of those well-known and striking casts, which are scattered through the country, of that celebrated antique composition, called "The Dog of Alcibiades," which is at present in Duncombe Park, the seat of Lord Feversham. *Holland*: "What a fine figure of an animal is that! even in this familiar copy one cannot but pause to admire it; and yet, according to Mr. Everett, it is very inferior in effect to the original work in marble." *Montgomery*: "Mr. Landor,

in that strange world which he describes in 'The Fountain of Arethusa,' while he *does* recognise the presence of females among the Greek and Roman worthies of the other sex, which I dare say *you* do not in your imaginary paradise, would not allow the classic hero, as Pope does the poor Indian,

‘To hope, admitted to that equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company.’

Whatever may be said or thought by some persons about restitution or retribution of the souls of brutes, or can fairly be argued concerning the heavenly state in a doctrinal or theological sense, the idea of such a world as that described in the romance appears as incongruous to all our natural associations and feelings, as it is unsanctioned by revelation; how strange are the descriptions of sweet flowers, which attract neither bees nor butterflies; of splendid trees, in which birds neither nestle nor sing; and of brilliant streams, in which there are neither fishes nor any other living thing! To me, Robinson Crusoe's Island seems not only a more interesting, because more natural, but a far happier spot." *Holland*: "I suppose it would be deemed a more palpable solecism in the description of such an imaginary world as that of 'The Fountain of Arethusa,' to introduce any of the inferior animals, and restore them to their wonted instincts, without including also the hypothesis of reproduction of the species, than in the case of man; yet if the birds and beasts were allowed to increase and multiply there as upon earth, why forbid the beatified inhabitants of the highest order to rock their procreant cradles?" *Montgomery*: "It seems, however, that while no birth can occur in that strange world, death may take place there, and separation too; poor Bartholomew Horn-

castle! I felt more interest in him as the story advanced: but to bury the stiff Castleton quaker in a magnificent sarcophagus, say the Church of England service over him, and then to commemorate his virtues by an epitaph in the very language of that Hades where he died of *ennui*, was almost enough to make him turn over in his shroud!" *Roberts*: "Have you seen Ebenezer Elliott's queer lines on 'Sheffield'?" *Montgomery*: "I read them in the newspaper\*, but could not understand them." *Roberts*: "He pays you a compliment, such as it is." *Montgomery*: "I am not aware that my name was mentioned at all." *Roberts*: "No; but it is indicated in connection with his own, and that of two noted members of our Town Council, in lines to this effect:—

'Thy bard, thy prose rhymester, thy sages in prose —  
James, Ebb, and *two* Isaacs—the plum, and three sloes!'"

*Earnshaw*: "The passage is not a very elegant one, at any rate." *Roberts*: "Nor is that more so in which the poet compares the appearance of the town, as seen from the Park Hill, to 'a vast mutton-pie!'" *Montgomery*: "His simile has not even the merit of originality; for you will recollect that in Le Sage's 'Diable Boiteux,' Asmodeus is made to show Don Cleofas all that is going on at night in the houses at Madrid, as plainly as you see into a pie whose top is taken off!" *Holland*: "I recollect, on a certain occasion, that you compared the fine, swelling hill of Wincobank to a great goose-pie." *Montgomery*: "Not in print, I hope: but anyhow, I must, as well as Mr. Elliott, have been indebted to Le Sage's simile; and in this instance, at least, we may properly 'give the devil his due.'"

\* Sheffield Independent.

*Holland*: “And, perhaps, without injustice to Swift, whose couplet you will recollect:—

‘The house of brother Van I spy,  
In shape resembling a goose-pie.’”

After we got out of the house, Montgomery said, in allusion to “The Fountain of Arethusa,” “Landor’s story reminds one of our friend Mr. Roberts’s fiction of ‘The World of Children,’ which he has discovered in the centre of our globe, and described in his book, and a curious production it is: though I think even beatified boys and girls would be tired of the uninteresting employment assigned to them in the romance; so difficult is it to deal with such a subject.” Romances, the interest of which is made to turn upon adventures in imaginary regions, in the planets, and even in the centre of the earth, are by no means of modern invention. Some of these chimerical expeditions, as Mr. Dunlop has remarked when adducing examples\*, are often entertaining in their most common form; while in their improved state they have been made the vehicles of keen satire, moral instruction, and philosophical research.

The poet had been reading an article in the “Edinburgh Review”†, founded on one of the London Catalogues of Books recently published. *Montgomery*: “This is a very ingenious and well-written paper, by Mr. Henry Rogers, who was my colleague in the compilation of the ‘Christian Correspondent.’ You will, I am sure, be pleased with it.” *Holland*: “I have read it with much pleasure.” *Montgomery*: “But I suppose you have *not* read these two Catalogues?

\* Hist. Fiction. “*Voyages imaginaires.*”

† No. CLXXX. “The Vanity and Glory of Literature.”

[one privately printed, containing a curious description of the books belonging to the Rev. and Venerable Archdeacon Wrangham, at Hunmanby; the other, a sale-list of the library of the late Rev. H. F. Lyte. Pointing to an item in the latter—] Here is Arthur Dent’s ‘Plaine Man’s Pathway to Heaven;’ a book which, whatever its character, is, at least, interesting from its connection with the history of John Bunyan’s conversion, if not directly pointing to the origin of ‘The Pilgrim’s Progress.’ I should very much like to see it.” The work was sent to him the next day; and soon afterwards Mr. Holland called at the Mount.

*Montgomery*: “I have read your curious little book, which appears so thumbed and antiquated that one might easily imagine it to have been the very copy which poor Bunyan’s wife brought to him as part of her marriage portion: but what a tissue of stiff Calvinism does it occasionally exhibit! Read these four lines; we sometimes hear such a sentiment charged upon that system, but I never met with it so broadly propounded elsewhere:—‘I speak not now of infants and children, whereof *some*, no doubt, are saved by virtue of the promise and covenant, through the election of grace.’”

*Holland*: “That passage seems to have startled Mr. Offer himself, who alludes to it in the Introduction to his edition of ‘The Pilgrim’s Progress.’”

*Montgomery*: “There is, however, much good stuff in Dent’s book, stern as his theology frequently appears. Here is an illustration of pride, so graphic that Bunyan himself might have written it:—‘These men trust altogether to their own wit, learning, policie, riches, and great reputation in the world: and because all men crouch to them, and clap their hands at them, therefore they swell like turkey-cocks, set up their feathers, and draw their wings upon the ground

with a kind of snuff, and disdain of all men, as if they were the only wights of the world: moreover, when men doe praise them for their natural gifts, soothe them and applaud them, then it is a wonder to see how they streak themselves, as though they would forthwith take their flight, and mount into the clouds.’”

A few days afterwards, Mr. Holland forwarded to the poet a copy of the twin volume, mentioned with the preceding in all the memoirs of Bunyan. This book, “The Practice of Piety,” by Lewis Bailey, bishop of Bangor, exists in numerous editions. Montgomery’s estimate of its merits was somewhat higher than that of his friend. *Holland*: “Bailey’s book, although it is full of excellent matter, and has often been reprinted, is written in a dry, operose style, unrelieved by a single spark of eloquence or ingenuity: so that however it may have influenced the piety, it has certainly not laid under any obligation the genius of Bunyan.” *Montgomery*: “It contains good stuff: I took it up on Sunday afternoon, and could not lay it down again for several hours. In one thing, at least, Bailey resembles Dent, — undisguised Calvinism; but, generally prevalent as such sentiments may have been in the seventeenth century, few persons have condensed them so palpably as in these words which I see you have marked:—‘From the doctrine of God’s *eternal predestination* and unchangable *decree*, he [man] gathereth, that *if he be predestinated to be saved, he cannot but be saved: if to be damned, no means can do any good.*’” *Holland*: “I had marked the words in consequence of being struck with their plain, undisguised conveyance of a sentiment, which, however modified by circumlocution of phraseology, is to me always revolting.” *Montgomery*: “And yet they are fairly deducible from the dogma of election, as interpreted on what is



termed the ‘ Calvinian hypothesis,’ whether presented in its sternest form by some of the boldest divines of the Genevan school, or by such amiable men as the late Dr. Williams, whose plan of explaining an unfathomable mystery by applying the notion of ‘ preterition ’ to the Divine conduct, always appeared to me very unsatisfactory.” *Holland*: “ The fact is, such a scheme just as much detracts, in its logical sequence at least, from the universality and irrespectiveness of that amnesty which the Gospel offers to the sinner, as any other conceivable scheme of ultra-predestination.” *Montgomery*: “ I think so.” Several other characteristic passages were pointed out and read; and the poet expressed his surprise that he had never before met with either of these books, often as he had wished to see them, and copies of some of the numerous editions of which are by no means rare. He agreed with Mr. Offer, that not a single direct imitation of any passage in Dent’s “ Dialogue ” or Bailey’s “ Dissertation ” was traceable in Bunyan’s writings; but he also thought with Mr. Holland, that the resemblance between the alliterative titles of Mrs. Bunyan’s two noted books, “ The Plaine Man’s Pathway to Heaven ” and “ The Practice of Piety,” and that of “ The Pilgrim’s Progress,” was too striking to have been wholly accidental.\*

August 6. At this time an event occurred in relation

\* The preference which seems to have been given to the letter P, in alliterative title-pages especially, is remarkable. Besides the instances mentioned above, and others which might be added of the same date, every reader will recollect *Pierce Plowman* — *Purchas’s Pilgrimage* — *Pilgrimage of Perfection* — *Pilgrimage to Paradise* — *Pilgrim’s Practice* — *Peregrine Pickle* — *Peter Pindar* — *Paul Positive* — *Peter Plymley* — *Peveril of the Peak* — *Prose by a Poet* — *Paul Pry* — *Peter Parley*, &c. There is a Latin Poem, entitled “ *Pugna Porcorum*,” every word of which begins with P.

to one of the authors of this work, which, while it led to a sharp controversy among religious people in general, caused great pain to the sensitive feelings of Montgomery. His friend, James Everett, who had been an able, laborious, popular Wesleyan preacher, and a devoted literary supporter of Methodism for half a century, was summarily expelled from the Connexion; not because he was tried and found guilty of, or even formally charged with, any breach of its laws, but because he declined to answer a question officially put to him in Conference, with the intention of making him either criminate himself or others, as the author or authors of certain anonymous publications containing strictures on the administration of the affairs of the body, as well as remarks which were disagreeable to some of the preachers, and as such alleged to be generally detrimental to the character of the ruling authority and influence of the religious society to which Mr. Everett belonged. Into the merits of a controversy so fruitful of painful and disastrous results, we have no disposition here to enter; but to have passed silently over so daring and unrighteous an act as that by which the Wesleyan legislature determined, by a mere exercise of a despotic power, to sacrifice at once the ministerial status, and, as far as they could, the personal character of an individual whose history is so intimately mixed up with these reminiscences of "The Christian Poet," would have been as little in keeping with the ostensible design of this work, and with the independent convictions of him upon whom its composition has devolved, as would be any lengthened details of a transaction not only lamentable in itself, and as involving the consequent loss of more than one hundred thousand members of the Wesleyan body, but which may be said to have interested, at the moment of its occurrence,

almost every intelligent member of every religious community in Great Britain.

August 16. Mr. Blackwell, being with his family at Buxton, wrote to Montgomery, pressing him and Miss Gales to go thither at once, as they would find lodgings ready on their arrival. With this invitation they complied.

*James Montgomery to John Holland.*

[Post mark. August 22. 1849.]

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“Time takes so much killing when you have nothing else to do with him, that there seems no end of the work, and indeed there is none; for *in doing nothing*, as there is no progress, there can be no termination; while in doing everything, beside you cannot escape the finality in a world where all that *is* is mortal, and that only which *is not* is interminable. The thing called *nothing* is, in that respect, as perfect as a circle, which, though the symbol of eternity, is equally the reality of nothing;—but having now run the round of this foolish idea, which betrayed me at starting, I must fly off at a tangent, and begin this epistle at the beginning, namely, from the point where you parted with us, at the corner of Change Alley, five days ago; merely adding that I should not have bewildered you by this ‘*much ado about nothing*,’ except to account for my pen’s silence so long — not excuse it — since we came hither, and are as diligently as possible, and with as little yawning as may be, exercising ourselves in the profitable manner of employment described in the first three lines of this rhapsody. We had an easy and pleasant ride over the moors to Bakewell, having one additional passenger, Mr. Worth, the architect, with us in the carriage; and surely we were burthen enough for two horses and a clumsy coach to hurry over the hills and far away, by Baslow, through Chatsworth and Edensor, to the metropolis of the Peak. I have observed more than once, on travel, that you have scarcely got out of sight and sound of your residence, or arrived at

the place of your destination, when you meet some familiar face unexpectedly, and are likely to become temporary neighbours where we are to be located among strangers. As soon as the carriage stopped to change horses two of our nearest neighbours (Mr. William Parker and Mr. William Butcher) stepped out of the 'Wheat-sheaf' at Baslow, and of course it was on both sides, 'Hail! fellow, well met.' They were resting, for their first stage, on a free-and-easy tour here, there, and anywhere, just as they could find comfortable quarters. They were proceeding first to Buxton, and thence to Matlock, Alton Towers, or, or, or, &c. We parted with these good gentlemen, who had a horse and gig to help them on their way, without danger of being invaded by competitors to divide the convenience with them, at the peril of a quarrel most undesirable on the highway: but this was not our happiness a few miles further. At Bakewell, where the coach stopped to change horses, we *three*, sitting snugly in our little *room on four wheels*, which, I assure you, was, according to authentic records of the Black Hole at Calcutta, several square yards smaller than that murderous den, yet, I acknowledge, large enough to accommodate another reasonably-sized personage; we were sitting snugly, I say, unsuspecting any great misery of human life to befall us, when, lo! out of the inn came two ladies and a gentleman of no small dimensions, evidently equipped for travelling, with '*bound for Buxton,*' not *written*, indeed, but plainly to be *read*, in their countenances. We were, of course, expecting to be favoured with the company of one, and willingly enough to be courteous in that case; but soon were perfectly horrified when the coach door was opened by one of those despotic officials who dictate in wayfaring matters, and were unceremoniously informed by him that we must make room for *all three* of the candidates for admission, who had been duly booked and paid their fees, the coach being '*licensed,*' as we were peremptorily assured, '*to carry six insides.*' We could not believe our eyes, and it was as hard to believe our ears when this astounding intelligence was communicated. Remonstrance was in vain. Neither the

book-keeper nor his three recruits cared a straw ; in short, the citadel was carried by storm ; forcible entrance was effected after impotent resistance, and the door was desperately shut upon the three angry occupants and the three glad intruders. ‘Smack ! went the whip ; round went the wheel ! were never folks so sad as *we* three !’ — but our sorrow, and the joy of our conquerors, destined to be equal sufferers with ourselves in the issue, were only to be twelve miles long, and neither had cause to envy the other the rest of the ride. Suffice it to say — ‘*mirabile dictu !*’ as the Roman poets say, when they record some prodigious event — ‘strange to tell,’ in old English, whether prose or verse — the journey, not like *nothing* aforesaid, in due course of ‘killing time,’ by breaking him on the wheel — excuse a bad pun, but not bad enough for the occasion — the journey came to a happy end, as any end must be happy in such a plight, for we actually all six survived the fate of the Black Hole victims ; and on being let out of our dungeon, and landing in the street of Buxton, we found, on taking stock of lives, limbs, and luggage, all these were there in full tale. You have now had enough of perils in travelling, and we (Sarah and I) soon were compensated for all when Mr. Blackwell opened the coach door, and told us that he had secured for us lodgings a few doors off, and immediately conducted us to them. They proved to be very comfortable ones ; and considering that for several days Buxton had been thronged with visitors, many of whom could find scarcely a decent hovel to be wrangled for, we cannot be too thankful to Mr. Blackwell’s kindness on this occasion. We found him and his family in much humbler quarters. They are pretty well, except that Mrs. B. has been, and is to-day, painfully exercised with lameness, I believe from a sprained foot — an old grievance. Thank you for the Sheffield newspapers, which I received yesterday morning. Will you please to call — indeed I am sure you will, as you promised to do — at the Mount, and inquire after our family there — including Mary the *big*, Eliza the *middle*, and VIOLET the *little* — don’t forget

to send word about the latter. You will also ask for any letters which may have arrived since we left home: open them; and if there be any worth forwarding hither, enclose them, addressed to me at '*Mrs. S. Turner's Lodgings*;' others you may keep till our return. We talk of staying here till the latter end of next week, but not longer. You will tell our Mount folks to be good, and do good, till then; and if they have anything to inform us of meanwhile, they may communicate it through you. Next Saturday's newspaper we shall be glad to receive. What I ought to have told you at first, I must mention at last; namely, that I had intended to have written on Saturday after our arrival, but, as usual, postponed the attempt till too late. On Monday, however, I did seriously sit down to the duty, but was interrupted by being carried off in Mr. Blackwell's carriage in the forenoon, in one direction among the mountains, and in the afternoon, on a '*visit of mercy*,' on behalf of our kind-hearted neighbour, Mrs. Mitchell, who was here a few weeks ago, to the cottage of a poor family; that errand Miss G. and I performed on foot; and if you have an opportunity of calling on Mrs. M., next door to us, at the Mount, please to tell her that we delivered her packet to the poor mother, saw her and her baby (the latter a very weakly little thing, which she nurses most tenderly) and her maimed husband, who is apparently recovering, though slowly, from his awful accident. How ought such as I to be humbled at the sight of *real poverty* and severe suffering borne with quiet, and patience, and resignation to the will of the Lord, even where they little understand his loving kindness, from the neglect of those who ought to be their teachers and exemplars. However, in all the dark places of this land, whatever may be said of Methodists or Methodism, of Fly-Sheets and their authors, it is a *glorious thing* to say of that people, that, go wherever you will, through the length and breadth of this whole land (of England, at least), *you can hardly get out of the sound of the Gospel from Wesleyan lips*. In this I do rejoice, and will rejoice; and may their sound continue to go forth to the ends of the earth, speaking in all the languages under heaven! I must

end here. Miss Gales sends kind regards, and believe me, ever truly,

“ Your obliged friend and servant,  
“ J. MONTGOMERY.

After sojourning about a fortnight at Buxton, Montgomery received a message to the effect that the Archbishop of York, in conformity with a promise personally made to him some time before, had announced his intention of visiting Sheffield, in the course of the ensuing month, to preach a sermon in behalf of the General Infirmary. It was in vain that Mr. Holland, who received and opened the poet's letters during his absence from home, and, therefore, knew all that was going forward on the subject of the anticipated sermon, assured him that there was no occasion for either haste or anxiety on his part; his deep concern for the welfare of the charity over which he presided co-operating with his constitutional nervousness, entirely broke up his repose of mind, while away from home; added to these inducements to return and prepare to receive the Archbishop, was the prospect of an intermediate visit to Fulneck, as hinted at in the following letter: —

*James Montgomery to John Holland.*

“ Buxton, Aug. 25. 1849.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ Though this is Sunday, it seems right that I should inform you how we are circumstanced. We *now* propose (D. V.) to proceed homeward on *Wednesday*, not *Thursday*, as we had intended: for since we came hither the letter, which you sent me from Fulneck, summons me to appear there *on Sunday next*, to be present at a certain dedication by baptism, of the new member of our small family, to Himself who gave it the parents\*, and who requires in such cases of Christian parents, that they should ‘take the

\* Mr. and Mrs. Mallalieu.

child, and nurse it for Him.' I must, therefore, leave home on *Saturday at the latest*, and no doubt, if all be well, there will be some engagements at The Mount to require a day or two of rest before I renew my travels. Will you have the kindness to call there (if convenient) to-morrow, and tell Mary to prepare the house and expect us on Wednesday. . . . It is not impossible that we may not be able to secure coach places on that day; for Buxton is *filling* and *overflowing* daily; therefore, should we not then arrive, no uneasiness need be felt on our account, by any who may be glad to welcome us when we do arrive. The birds [grouse] came safely, by your good management: I shall thank Mr. Young for them in due time. Miss Gales sends kind respects, and will write a line or two on the other side. Farewell.

"I am, truly, your obliged friend,

" J. MONTGOMERY.

" To Mr. Holland, Sheffield."

On the 7th of September the Archbishop of York visited Sheffield, in the discharge of his benevolent promise and mission. The venerable poet received his Grace at the Infirmary; and afterwards conducted him, accompanied by the local clergy, to the adjacent church of St. Philip, the minister of which, at the close of the sermon, announced that "a hymn, which was originally composed by Mr. Montgomery to be used at the opening of the Infirmary fifty years ago, would be sung," viz.—

"When, like a stranger on our sphere,  
The lowly Jesus wandered here,  
Where'er he went affliction fled,  
And sickness reared her fainting head," &c.\*

Sept. 19. Mr. Everett having been invited with two of his fellow-preachers to attend a meeting at Sheffield,

\* Original Hymns, CCLXXXVI.



to give an account of the grounds and the manner of their expulsion from the Wesleyan body, Mr. Holland walked up to the Mount with his friend to see the poet, who received his visitors as usual with the warmest cordiality. *Montgomery*: "Ah, Mr. Everett! so you are neither ground to powder, nor rolled into tinfoil: I am glad to see you looking so well." *Everett*: "And you still dare to take in and shake hands with a poor excommunicated Methodist preacher?" *Montgomery*: "To be sure I dare; I am, as you know, always very glad to meet you under any circumstances; besides, you are more popular than ever, for I have just now seen your portrait and those of your two companions in the 'Illustrated London News!' I do not exactly recognise the likenesses of your colleagues, but, judging from *yours*, I should think the persons of the 'Triumvirate' are exhibited with tolerable fidelity. I am not so able to judge of the accuracy of the printed accounts of your expulsion; indeed I have not read much on the subject, besides the record of Conference proceedings in the 'Watchman;' a report of your speeches at Exeter Hall, as published in the 'Wesleyan Times;' and some of the leading articles in the London papers. As for the so-much-talked-of 'Fly-Sheets,' I have not only never seen them, but had not even heard of their existence, until the commencement of the late proceedings in Conference." *Everett*: "Nor would I advise you to read them." *Montgomery*: "But Mr. Dixon, of Page-Hall, has promised to lend me a pamphlet of 'Remarks on the Fly-Sheets.'" *Everett*: "You *may* read *that*, though I would not have *you* trouble yourself with the matter or merits of the controversy on either side. Let us turn to some less painful topic." *Montgomery*: "We cannot but deplore the immediate effect of unhappy occurrences like this,

as well on churches as individuals; but it is the prerogative of God to bring ultimate good out of present evil: I hope, my dear friend, it will be so in this instance, both as regards your own personal welfare and the best interests of Methodism: the doctrines you have so long taught, you will still continue to preach." As the forenoon sun was shining brightly, the poet invited his friends to go up stairs into the drawing-room to look at his favourite picture, the "Incognito," our admiration of which was only inferior to his own. We found that our entrance had arrested his pen in the midst of transcribing a Hymn, which he had been requested to compose for the use of "Ragged Schools." On being requested to favour us with a hearing of the verses, he read what he had written, but with such an involuntary accompaniment of deep feeling, that we felt more pain than pleasure in the affecting incident. *Miss Gales*: "I see now what has made Montgomery so unwell this last day or two: it is this effort of composition, trifling as it may seem. On taking our leave, the venerable poet said with peculiar emphasis, as he shook Mr. Everett by the hand, "Farewell, my dear friend, and God bless you!"

## CHAP. CV.

1849.

NEW EDITION OF MONTGOMERY'S POEMS. — HUNTER'S "PILGRIM FATHERS." — MEETING OF CONGREGATIONAL UNION. — THE POET PLANTS A TREE AT THE MOUNT. — VERSES. — LETTER TO MR. EVERETT. — THE ROMAN WALL. — DEATH OF EBENEZER ELLIOTT. — LETTER TO ROBERT LEADER. — REVISION OF MORAVIAN HYMN BOOK.

SEPT. 26. Montgomery called upon Mr. Holland: he appeared exceedingly hoarse, feeble, and depressed, but expressed a hope that he might be spared to see the new edition of his poems through the press, — a consummation which, however, he did not by any means confidently anticipate. He adverted, not without tears, to an attack of hæmorrhage which his only and beloved nephew, the Rev. John James Montgomery, had just undergone; adding that if the bleeding recurred, the sufferer, he feared, must become a disembodied spirit. Mr. Holland earnestly advised the poet himself to obtain medical advice; and he determined to call upon the doctor on his way home, promising not to leave the house during the remainder of the day. He appeared interested in the account which Mr. Holland gave him of the contents of a historical tract published by the Rev. Joseph Hunter\*, and the purport of which was to illustrate the family history of the "Pilgrim

\* The author afterwards amplified his materials to the bulk of a volume, which appeared in 1854, under the title of "Collections concerning the Founders of New Plymouth."

Fathers," who sailed to America in the good ship "May Flower," in 1620, and more especially to show that Scrooby Manor-House, situate near Bawtry, at the junction of the counties of York, Lincoln, and Nottingham, was not only the birth and hiding-place of an ancient Puritan church, but the actual cradle of that vigorous spirit of civil and religious liberty which issued in the peopling of the New England States with an Anglo-Saxon race. Montgomery took the book home with him, remarking that the interest which he felt as well in the subject as the author would keep him in the house for the evening. He spoke with approbation of Ramsay's "Memoir of Mrs. Hofland," as being executed with discretion and taste, praising, at the same time, the verses addressed by the authoress to several members of the royal family, and comparing their purity of sentiment and delicacy of style with the fulsome and egregious panegyrics addressed by laureated and other poets to royal personages during some preceding reigns.

Oct. 11. Montgomery, although now exceedingly averse to making his appearance in any public position, especially when coupled with the apprehension that he might be expected to speak, consented to dine with the ministers of "The Congregational Union," assembled at Sheffield. In doing this, he not only yielded to the importunity of old friends, who were anxious to gratify their junior brethren by even such a brief interview with one who had taken so active a part with their fathers in the formation and advancement of their religious institutions, but, by occupying a place at the right hand of the Rev. President of the meeting, testified his unabated oneness of spirit with this evangelical section of the Church of Christ. His health being proposed from the chair, he was led, almost perforce, to

make a short speech, in which he adverted to his first knowledge of the meetings and worship of the Independents, by casually attending, when a youth, and while residing at Wath, the cottage-preaching of a man whose name had passed into the history of that revival of religion begun by the Methodists, namely, the Rev. Mr. Groves, one of six students who, had previously been expelled from the University of Oxford for "singing, praying, and expounding the Scriptures." He mentioned also, as indeed he had done on previous occasions, that one of the very first persons whose friendship he enjoyed, after he came to reside at Sheffield, was a man who held no second place among Congregational theologians, — the Rev. John Pye Smith, D. D. "This kind friend," added the speaker, with much *naïveté* and feeling; and amid the reiterated cheers of his audience, "when on a certain occasion, I had to leave Sheffield for six months, stepped into my place, and looked after my affairs: we were, indeed, alike young and inexperienced politicians, committing many mistakes, and getting into some scrapes, which the possession of older and colder heads might probably have enabled us to avoid."\*

Nov. A pleasing incident occurred near the beginning of this month, which we cannot introduce in more appropriate terms than those of a letter which passed between the biographers at the time.

*John Holland to the Rev. James Everett.*

"Sheffield Park, Nov. 5. 1849.

"DEAR SIR,

"On Saturday afternoon I attended a little ceremony, the object of which was to do honour to our beloved friend

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\* *Antè*, Vol. I. p. 255.

Montgomery, by his immediate neighbours at the Mount. Allow me to add, I was as unexpectedly gratified to find *you* present on the occasion, as you will be surprised to learn that such was the fact; but wait the end of this letter. On receiving a note from the wife of Samuel Mitchell, Esq., I went up to the Mount, and found that with the ingenuity and perseverance of her sex, she had projected and matured a scheme for marking the current anniversary of the poet's birthday, his long connection with his present residence, and the mutual respect subsisting between himself and his fellow-tenants at the Mount, by inducing him to plant a tree on the lawn in front of the building. She had fixed upon the current anniversary of the poet's birthday for the ceremony; but as that event—November 4th—fell this year on the Sunday, Saturday last was selected. To the residents of the eight villas on the Mount, with some few exceptions, had Mrs. Mitchell confined her invitations for this interesting little *fête champêtre*: accordingly, on Saturday afternoon, at three o'clock, the assembled party escorted the Christian poet, who that day completed his seventy-eighth year, from his own door to the centre of the lawn, where the gardener presented a young beech tree,

‘Not of that kind from which Menalceas wrought  
His pastoral bowl, but that whose purple leaves  
Tint with autumnal hues, in summer's prime,  
The garden screen,’

which the good man, with the assistance of Mrs. Mitchell, duly planted in the spot prepared for its reception. Mrs. Mitchell then said, ‘Thank you, Mr. Montgomery, for your kindness in planting this tree. I hope you will see many winters' snows upon its naked branches, and many spring renewals of its beautiful foliage.’ One or two juvenile Virgilians who were present, looked first at the poet and then at the beech, as if they would like to have added—

‘Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi,’ &c.

But in that case, the saddened response of the seniors, including the venerable poet himself, might have been—

‘*Carmina nulla canam—*

*Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ.*’

One of the persons present having, in the name of the rest, congratulated Mr. Montgomery upon the interest of the ceremony they had just witnessed, he proceeded, with much feeling, to deliver a short address, of which the following is the tenor:—‘If all that is done under the sun this day were to be recorded in a book, the transaction in which we are engaged would appear a very insignificant matter; but the planting of a tree in the midst of our little world of the Mount, would become an event of more than every-day importance, assembling us to witness the introduction of a new object to our eye, a new companion of our walks within this pleasant enclosure, and a new association of ideas and images on which memory may hereafter sometimes delight to dwell: the beauty of the day—the autumnal colouring of the scene—the spectacle of the living circle around this spot, where the young tree has found its standing among us as a member of our community, not recognised, indeed, by a baptism of water, but by the burial of its root (the source of its future growth) in the earth, thence to derive its nourishment, and under the gracious influence of the air and the sunshine, the showers and the dews of heaven, to flourish through all the gradations of the life of a tree. I shall love this tree as my child, and you are the sponsors of its adoption by me, and will, I trust, condescend to regard it with a measure of kindness in remembrance of me and of this day, so glorious in the heavens above our heads, so fair in the scenes around us, and so refreshing in the verdure beneath our feet. When a child is born into the world there is only one thing that can be surely foretold concerning its destiny—namely, that earlier or later it will die. Between the cradle and the grave there arise numberless changes and contingencies, kept hidden in the councils of

God, and never by searching to be known, till their gradual development — their mysteries are manifestly revealed, and their purposes understood. When a tree springs out of the ground, something different may be certified; and here I might take up my parable, and prophesy concerning this which we have seen planted to-day, that from henceforth, in the ordinary dispensation of Providence, it may be expected to rise to maturity, and there continue till, if spared by the axe and the storm, it has fulfilled every purpose for which it was created, and sustained through its appointed existence. And how will it do this? Simply by never losing a moment of time, and never misspending one. Yet, should it reach my own age, — this day is the last of seventy-seven years of days, fifteen of which I have spent on this spot, and on the verge of another, should I live to see the morrow, — and if among the bright and the beautiful eyes of the young, who are looking upon it just now, the owner of one pair could fix its sight upon this tree, and continue gazing intensely upon it through all its progress of perfection and decay, it would not be able to discover the secret of its growth and decline, from one moment to another; though from week to week, month to month, and year to year, measuring some, obvious change between each larger interval, it might assure itself of the fact, that it never had ceased growing all the while that it seemed stationary to the eye that was watching it. For, had the visible process been suspended but for an instant, it would have required a new creation of the vital principle within it, to go on as before and continue unceasing to the end. And this miracle (for so may it seem to our imperfect comprehension in what is placed beyond the ken of the senses, though wrought under their immediate presence) the tree would have accomplished by what I mentioned before — by simply never losing a moment of its time, nor misspending one. Time is lost by not occupying it; and misspent by not occupying it well. O how different a being in your presence had the utterer of these words been, if at this hour it could have been said of him, through seventy-seven years of pilgrimage on earth (to borrow the



language of an inspired prophet), "As the days of a tree only have been his days," not in number only, but in the performance of duties! Far otherwise, however, I must testify of myself. Time is lost in not employing it, and misspent in employing it ill. Millions of moments have I lost by idleness, and millions more have I misspent, if not in doing positive evil (though no small portion may be charged to that account), misspent in not doing that which alone is good in the sight of God. It needs no affectation of humility to make this confession before my friends around me on this peculiar occasion, when they are delighting to do me honour, which I can only return, as I do, with gratitude. I trust I have not gone beyond the licence of the occasion so pointedly personal: nor will it be out of place or out of season, if I express my heart's desire and prayer, that we may henceforth, by the grace of God, which alone can enable us, — make the tree thus planted an example and an argument, that what the tree unconsciously, yet unvaryingly, does, we may conscientiously and heartily do at all times, and under all circumstances; so shall God, even our own God, give us his blessing, and make us blessings to one another in our generation: so may we all be trees of righteousness—trees of his own planting here; and in his Paradise above undying trees of life, by the river of life flowing out of the throne of God and the Lamb.'

"The brightness of the day — the general beauty of the landscape — the age and venerable aspect of the speaker — the attention of the group which surrounded him — a thousand associations of the past in his history — the light in which imagination beheld the after-interest of the tree just planted, conspired to give a peculiar charm to the foregoing expressions.

"At the close of the address the company were invited by Mr. Mitchell to return to his house, and drink a glass of wine in honour of the occasion. Here, again, they found that the ingenuity of their hostess had provided an appropriate memento of the day for the children present, in the shape of a dozen Testaments, each appropriately in-

scribed, and presented by the hand of Montgomery, and each bearing on its first leaf the following lines:—

“ Behold the Book, whose leaves display  
 Jesus, the life, the truth, the way.  
 Read it with diligence and prayer:  
 Search it, and you shall find him there.

J. M.’

“In the interval of this proceeding Mr. Mitchell, in a neat and suitable speech, expressed the thanks of himself and Mrs. Mitchell to Mr. Montgomery for his kind concurrence in the carrying out of a project wholly due to his (the speaker’s) ‘better half;’ and also to his neighbours and friends who had favoured them with their presence on that interesting occasion. I then reciprocated the compliment on behalf of myself and others present, assuring the worthy couple that the gratification had been at least as complete to the visitors as it could have been to themselves; and hoped I might add, also to him, whose memory would certainly be perpetuated to future generations of dwellers at the Mount, by that day’s proceedings, so long as ‘the Poet’s Tree’ should flourish on the adjacent lawn. It happened that Thomas Asline Ward, Esq., who was present, had with him the third volume of your ‘Life of Dr. Adam Clarke,’ just published, from which he read to the company your account of a visit to the Moravian establishment at Grace Hill, on the 3rd of May, 1830.

“The appropriate *finale* of this pleasing demonstration of reciprocal good-feeling between the Sheffield bard and his immediate neighbours, was the presentation, by Mrs. Mitchell, of an embossed card, containing, besides the name of Montgomery, the date of his birth, and the word ‘Died —,’ with a space to be filled up hereafter. This mortuary aspect of the memento affected Miss Gales a good deal: ‘It seems,’ said she to me in a whisper, ‘as if the good man were celebrating his own funeral!’ and there can be no doubt that the poet adopted this method of admonishing

himself and his friends, that, apparently, there was 'but a step between him and death.'

"I am, dear sir,

"Yours, very truly,

"JOHN HOLLAND."

At the close of the proceedings, Mr. Holland accompanied Montgomery to his own house, next door to Mr. Mitchell's, and took tea with him and Miss Gales. *Montgomery*: "I perceive Mr. Mitchell was reading a paper before our Philosophical Society, last night, on the Romano-British Wall; I should have been glad to have heard it, because I believe he lately examined the remains of this famous monument of the influence and domination of the Cæsars in Britain throughout its entire course; but I dare not go out at night; indeed, I feel quite exhausted with the little affair in which we have just been engaged; not by the labour, but with the excitement." *Holland*: "What a difference between your physical strength and that of Hutton, of Birmingham, at a similar age. In *his* 78th year, he walked from that town to Carlisle; thence along the line of the Roman wall to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a distance of more than sixty miles, and back again!" *Montgomery*: "I recollect, he published an interesting account of his trip, which I read at the time. I never met with him, though he once visited Sheffield; but I have seen his daughter at Scarborough; she was a somewhat masculine-looking, as well as a clever woman." *Holland*: "I should scarcely have expected the first item of your characteristic, after her father's statement in his *Life*, which, if I recollect aright, is to the effect that she was at the time of her birth, the smallest human being ever seen dressed; so that he put her into the drawer of his desk!" *Montgomery*:

“Such, at least, is my present recollection; and that she was mounted on a sort of old staid family horse; I like her father the better for that little bit of sentimentality, which suggested such a test of his baby’s bulk.” The next day, Montgomery gave to Mrs. Mitchell the following lines, written on an embossed card: —

“Live long, live well, fair Beechen Tree!  
 And oh! that I might live like thee,  
 Never to lose one moment more,  
 As millions I have lost before;  
 Nor e’er misspend another lent,  
 As millions past have been misspent;  
 Each in our place would then fulfil,  
 Our Maker and our Master’s will.

“Moments to ages train a tree;  
 To man, they bring eternity.  
 Though as the tree falls, so it lies,  
 Man ends not thus, unless he rise,  
 His fall is final,— spirit never dies.”

The foregoing lines contain a rather obvious thought, by no means artificially developed; yet it may be worth while to mention, as illustrative of the writer’s care, even about poetic trifles, that the slip of paper from which we copy, contains not fewer than six different versions! it is, indeed, as Montgomery remarked when giving it to Mr. Holland, “a *palimpsest* scrap,” — the fragment of an imitation of a Psalm, being decypherable through the *limæ labor* of the last rescription.

Ebenezer Elliott, the “Corn-Law Rhymer,” died on the 1st of December, and the publisher of the “Sheffield Independent,” while preparing a memoir of the poet for that paper, wrote to Montgomery to ask if he could furnish any particulars; the following was his reply: —

*James Montgomery to Robert Leader.*

“The Mount, Dec. 6. 1849.

“DEAR SIR,

“I am sorry that I cannot serve you with any information respecting the late Mr. Ebenezer Elliott, of whose decease I was not aware till I received your letter. I do not remember ever having been for an hour in his company. Our occasional meetings were few, and short, and far between, though he was known and admired by me as a poet before the world would either know or honour him as such. He published several small volumes at intervals, the manuscripts of which (mostly) he had confidentially submitted to me; and they had my best encouragement on the ground of their merit; but not one of these 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.’ 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 had 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 every body 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.

"I am, truly, your friend and servant,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"Robert Leader, Esq., 'Independent' Office."

We have repeatedly adverted to the probable influence of the Moravian "Hymnology" on Montgomery's earliest boyish attempts at religious versification. In after years, when his poetical reputation was established, and when he came to take his place in the first rank of popular Hymn writers, the contrast between the precious but unpolished metres, in the singing of which he occasionally took part at Fulneck and Ockbrook, and his own exquisitely perfect lyrics, was forced upon the attention of the Brethren at those places and elsewhere. In the year 1835 he yielded to a general wish of the Provincial Conference of the Brethren's church, officially expressed, to undertake an entire revision of their large Hymn Book, two previous editions of which, in 1801 and 1826, had been prepared by the Moravian bishop Foster. The poet—who was to be allowed to take his own time for his task—was furnished with an interleaved copy of the book for the reception of his alterations and remarks, which were to be submitted to the judgment and decision of the Church. This volume is before us: it exhibits a curious illustration of the *modus operandi* of the artist; some hymns yielding readily to his correcting touch, while others, which confessedly resisted all attempts at refinement or reconstruction,

were remitted unaltered by the poet to the sentence of his clerical superiors.\*

“The result of his labours was presented to the Provincial Conference of 1847, by which a committee was appointed to prepare for the press a new edition of the Brethren’s Hymn Book, with full liberty from the venerable reviser to adopt, reject, or modify any of his proposed emendations. By the valuable service thus rendered, and by his kind permission to make free use of any of his own compositions, he has laid his brethren and sisters under deep and lasting obligations.”†

The labour which Montgomery bestowed upon this work, can only be apprehended by any one who will compare, as we have done, the matter of the book now in use in the Brethren’s English congregations with the text of the same book — if, indeed it can be called the same—previous to the last revision. The volume contains 1200 Hymns; and it is hardly too much to say, that the time and thought spent in the reformation of such a mass of matter, much of it of a peculiar character, was not less than would have sufficed for the composition of a like quantity of original verse. Whether the result has been, in every respect, equal in value to the amount of toil and skill expended on the task, has been doubted by some persons; for the poet, having had to deal with compositions which had already undergone repeated ordeals of a similar kind at the hands of men who attached much more importance to directness of doctrinal meaning, and fervour of pious expression, than to anything like poetic euphony or grace, he was often compelled either to change an obsolete or equivocal term, to soften down a too striking

\* Who retained several of these unimprovable compositions.

† Preface to Large Hymn Book, 1849.

sentiment into a general meaning, or entirely to remodel the structure of a verse, or even of a whole hymn. The inevitable consequence of this procedure has been, that while the greater portion of the book has been rendered such as almost any congregation of Christians might adopt as to the sentiments, and any experienced poet approve as to the style, many of the hymns have certainly lost a good deal of their original and peculiar flavour—their “race,” or, as Dr. Johnson explains it, “the flavour of the soil on which they grew.”

But whether the allegation that the hymns in question have become “tamer,” after each revisal, be admitted or denied, no person who is at all acquainted with the compositions which were sung by the old Moravian settlers in this country, and their immediate successors, will dispute the infinite superiority of the current collection, as suited to the intelligence, the wants, the feelings, and the taste of every class of Christian worshippers at the present time. The earliest specimens of verse with which we are acquainted, as composed by Count Zinzendorf and his Brethren in England, for devotional use, are contained in three little volumes printed separately between the years 1746, and 1748, for James Hutton, a worthy, active, and respected member of the Moravian church.\* It may be sufficient to say here of these volumes, that they consist, for the most part, of compositions of a more extraordinary character, than ever elsewhere in any language, assumed the form, and doubtless to those who used them *bonâ fide*, embodied the spirit of devotional poetry: indeed, it may fairly be doubted, whether English types were ever before or since, used for such a singularly fantastic

\* For an interesting account of Hutton, see Nichols's “Lit. Anecdotes,” vol. iii. p. 435.



collection of religious verses, printed as they are too, in the form of prose paragraphs, to economise space. Happily, the three parts of this remarkable work are so rare, that quotations from their pages have sometimes been repudiated by general, and even by learned readers, as spurious and jocular. This curious book, after encountering a large amount of severe, but not unmerited criticism, from the friends and enemies of its patrons, gave place in 1754 to one which was prepared by Bishop Gambold, and published by "authority": it is of large size; comprising between 1100 and 1200 compositions, of very diversified character, including some of Hutton's, and several of a wholly unobjectionable stamp by those popular Hymn writers of the eighteenth century, whose names occur in almost every modern collection. This work has formed the basis of repeated editions since 1789, each expurgated and refined in its turn, until the book has probably assumed its final and generally unexceptionable character, in the version issued in 1849, under the prudent and zealous co-operation of "Brother James Montgomery," and the authorities of the Brethren's Church in Great Britain.

## CHAP. CVI.

1850.

OFFICE OF "INTERCESSOR." — MORAVIAN MISSIONARY MEETING. — BLACK CLERGYMAN. — PUBLICATION OF MONTGOMERY'S POEMS IN ONE VOLUME. — MISS AIKIN'S ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF A PRESENTATION COPY. — WALK TO NORTON. — CONVERSATION. — SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH. — MISTAKES ABOUT MORAVIANISM. — LETTER TO DR. HALL. — PAPAL AGGRESSION. — THE EPISCOPATE. — ARABIC POEM. — TENNYSON. — THE DEAKIN CHARITY. — CONVERSATION.

As illustrating at once a feature of the Moravian communities and the spirituality of Montgomery's mind, it may be mentioned that he was appointed, as he had been on previous occasions, one of the "intercessors" of the Brethren's congregation at Fulneck, for the first quarter of this year. This office requires that the persons nominated to it "by lot, in the Elder's Conference," simultaneously devote a set evening in the week to prayer in behalf of the religious body to which they belong.

A public meeting in aid of the Moravian Mission fund was held in the school connected with St. George's church, Sheffield, the principal speaker at which was an African-born clergyman, of the name of Hanson, from Sierra Leone. Montgomery was much gratified, as he well might be, with the tone of candour, ability, and piety, which characterised the address of the eloquent stranger; while the picture presented to the eyes of the audience was, in one respect at least, hardly less

striking. There sat the venerable bard, who had so often, in essay and in song, asserted and illustrated the brotherhood of humanity as between the sable negro and his white oppressor,—his hair blanched with the frosts of nearly eighty winters, but with a skin fresh and transparent as a rose-leaf; while beside him stood a “son of Ham,” highly educated, of gentlemanly manners, and in holy orders, with his dark-coloured face, and hair black and glossy as the raven’s plume!

The contrast—the coincidence—was not only affecting and beautiful in itself, but it seemed to embody, for the moment, a fine realisation of the hopes of the poet, as indulged at a period when, while many were hoping almost “against hope,” he was most sanguine in his predictions of the triumph of the Gospel among the coloured races.

The day following, Montgomery called, and wished Mr. Holland to get for him the volumes of the “Quarterly Review,” for the years 1811-12. “I have,” said he, “just been reading the third volume of the ‘Life of Southey’: I concluded it with painful feelings in reference to the tone of ignorance and prejudice in which he speaks of evangelical religion in general, and of Christian Missions in particular. I must, of course, have read the articles in question, when first published, but with less interest, as not then certainly knowing who was the author: besides, the letters just printed breathe a spirit of triumph on the part of the reviewer, both as to his purpose and materials of defamation, that stimulates my curiosity to see how he really dealt with what he evidently so little either understood or approved.” *Holland*: “And yet he seems to fancy himself proceeding with great candour as well as piety.” *Montgomery*: “He was certainly unacquainted with, not to say wilfully ignorant of, that which every man

hates, who stumbles, as he did, at the offence of the cross.”

The following is an extract from a letter addressed by the poet, to Mr. Nelson, of Fulneck\*, as a testimonial to the abilities of that gentleman as an organist:

“Now, as in my humble judgment, good congregational psalmody is the best music out of heaven, and the most resembling that which may be found in it, and there only in perfection, I think our old and approved Moravian hymn tunes peculiarly calculated to prove its excellence. Their simple melodies and grave harmonies (easily learnt, remembered, and vocalised), these admirably meet the capabilities of untaught individuals, of whom worshipping societies generally consist; so that with small offence to instructed ears, they may lift up their hearts and their voices in songs which little children can warble, and angels might not disdain to join, if, coming into one of our sanctuaries, on Christmas or Easter day they found that thus, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, God, even *their* God, was ordaining strength, while ‘both young men and maidens, as well as old men,’ were uniting in the chorus of all heaven and earth, as these are especially exhorted in the 148th Psalm to ‘praise the Lord.’ Read that Psalm *particularly*, and see *what a choir of performers* are summoned to the concert even in this poor world, and which, if *realised* (as it is spiritually in good congregational singing, however rude), would be inferior only to that which the whole company of the redeemed shall raise *after* the judgment, when they are entering together the kingdom of their Father, in the train of their triumphant Saviour.”

At this time Mr. Holland was printing a volume of “Memorials of Chantrey, the Sculptor, in Hallamshire and elsewhere.” Montgomery, who took a lively interest in the subject, not only read all the proof-

\* For whom the verses “On the Opening of an Organ” (Original Hymns, CCCII.) were written.

sheets, but furnished some personal reminiscences for the book.

*James Montgomery to the Rev. J. A. Latrobe.*

“The Mount, Sheffield, April 23. 1850.

“REV. AND DEAR SIR,

“. . . I proceed at once, briefly but earnestly, to thank you for the kindness which prompted you to address me on an occasion, deeply interesting to each of us: and in reference to the special kind of service,—‘the Service of Song,’ in the Church of God, which we feel ourselves respectively moved to promote by our humble endeavours. Having already before me evidence of the gift which is within you for the edification of Christian worshippers in the sanctuary, the Family and the Closet, I may encourage you to continue in the good work, and say, that, as it is well in your heart to conceive, it may be blessed in your hand to execute your present purpose, and publish the results of your labour and faith, in the good hope to add something to the staple Hymnology of congregational devotion, as well as to help in their meditations on divine things, private individuals, who, next to Scripture language and lessons, find in ‘psalms and hymns and spiritual songs,’ verbal and happy utterance for thoughts, feelings, and emotions, beyond their own limited power of expression. But I must not expatiate here; the *business* of your letter must be settled in a few words. Though I venture to exhort you (when you have done your best to prepare your materials), to give your compositions to the world, or rather to the Church, you cannot calculate upon immediate or extensive acceptance even by those who may be most benefited by a fresh accession to the available stock of hymns in *general* use, — a stock small indeed in comparison with the multitude in almost every collection, which are seldom, and most of them never, sung in public, and as little known and regarded in families. Besides this, hymn books are so universally, as well as diversely, published by clergymen and ministers of every denomination, and too often mangled under pretence of being mended, that an original volume can with

difficulty command such attention as shall secure even a moderate sale, or be otherwise honoured, except by the unceremonious pillage and appropriation of such of its contents as good men may choose to borrow and mutilate for the enrichment of their own '*collections*,' as they are modestly called, from the wrecks of all the popular '*collections*,' that have been '*collected*' from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century. Accept my best thanks for your kind proposal to honour me with an *inscription*. I am not unfrequently applied to by young poets for such imaginary help; they, from inexperience and judging according to their own ingenuous partiality to what has happened to please them in my writings, take for granted, that my *name* can do more for them than it can do for myself: this I am obliged to tell them plainly, and decline to *not* serve them thus. If you will so far *please me*, as to couch the inscription in the fewest possible words that can signify the fact of such a compliment to me, I shall esteem the obligation and the favour more than the most eloquent dedication that Dryden, that prince of dedicators, could himself have penned in your name, were he our contemporary. . . . . Accept the assurance of my sincere respect and esteem, as your obliged friend.

“ J. MONTGOMERY.

“ Rev. J. A. Latrobe, Kendal.”

*James Montgomery to the Rev. J. A. Latrobe.*

“ Sheffield, June 7. 1850.

“ REV. AND DEAR SIR,

“ I thank you heartily for meeting my difficulty on the subject of the proposed inscription of your forthcoming Hymns to myself, — in a manner to which I cannot pretend to offer any objection. . . . . What you say concerning the late Mr. Wordsworth affected me much, as corresponding nearly with certain strictures of my own on the characteristics of his moral system, as developed especially throughout his greatest poem, '*The Excursion*;' on that work, at its first appearance, I wrote a critique for the

‘Eclectic Review;’ in which I intimated, in language as courteous as I could, that he *forbore*, when he describes his solitary sceptic searching from every other imaginable source, for consolation or hope, in his bewilderment of mind, — the poet *forbore* sending him to the only fountain whence refreshment and rest can be found for a wounded spirit and a heavy-laden soul,—the Gospel of Christ; at the same time frigidly as well as vainly, though with wonderful pomp of diction and splendour of illustration, ascribing to the *healing influences of Nature through her elementary operations*, effects, which nothing but the grace of God can produce upon any intelligent-created being, human or angelic. But I dare not launch out here; the subject has at times greatly perplexed me; and yet when most tempted by an evil heart of unbelief in my own bosom, I am the more condemnably convinced that we have been taught some better thing; namely, ‘no cunningly devised fable,’ but something so absolutely true, that there can be no substitute for it in time or eternity. Our good old brother Gambold’s hymn, ‘That I am thine, my Lord and God,’ &c., however offensive to the self-righteous Jew or foolish to the worldly-wise Gentile (of which two classes, obsolete as they nominally are, nominal Christians do really consist among cultivated minds),—however offensive or foolish to these, that humble, holy, fervent hymn may be in language and in sentiment, reveals a personal *experience*, in comparison of which all the theories and speculations of philosophers and philosophy falsely so called, are vanities of vanity, and vexations of spirit, utterly unappeasing to the immortal part of mortal man. But I must break off; I have neither hand nor heart to proceed further than to pray that I could now sit down, and sing even to myself that precious testimony, laying the whole emphasis of my soul upon every line, especially on the second clause of the eighth verse:—

“ ‘ Ah ! my heart throbs, and seizes fast  
That covenant which will ever last,  
*It knows—it knows these things are true.*’

May you and I and all who may hereafter read or sing *our* hymns, be enabled to witness the same good confession! I shall be very glad, when your volume appears, to receive a copy; and if mine ever does so, I promise to return the exchange.

“I am, very truly, your obliged friend and servant,

“ J. MONTGOMERY.

“ Rev. J. A. Latrobe, Kendal.”

The deep heart-utterances of the foregoing letter were, as the writer knew, made to one who thoroughly understood their import: and in this spiritual sympathy such of our readers as have received “like precious faith,” will immediately participate. Mr. Latrobe, in due time, forwarded a copy of his book to Montgomery, who thus wrote in return:—

“I can conscientiously say, that, according to my judgment, as a *literary* performance, it is the most poetical of that class of verse which has appeared for many years, avowedly consecrated to the holiest and highest service, for the glory of God and the benefit of man. . . . . Your ‘Songs and Lyrics’ are rather for reading and meditation than for the Church; and therefore you have very properly ventured to adorn and illustrate your themes with more freedom of diction and splendour of imagery than has often been attempted in such compositions by modern minstrels.”

After several references to particular poems, one of which we have elsewhere quoted (vol. i. p. 55.), occurs the following verbal criticism:—

“You repeatedly use ‘*neath*,’ to my ear a horrid mangling of a fine word ‘*beneath* :’ you may plead high (but not *early*) authorities; but no authority can justify it, as I think.”

May 6. Montgomery presided, as usual, at the



Wesleyan Missionary Anniversary in Sheffield. Immediately before the hour of commencement, the Rev. S. D. Waddy called at the Mount with a carriage to take up the poet, whom he found busy opening a parcel which he had just received by the carrier — “There,” said he, laying on a helping hand, “pull out one of these books, and put it into your pocket; it is the first copy of my poems in the new edition, which has gone into circulation, and you may be pleased to accept it on that account, if on no other.” The publishers were instructed to transmit a copy to Miss Aikin, for which that lady returned the following vivacious acknowledgment:—

*Miss Aikin to James Montgomery.*

“Wimbledon, May 23. 1850.

“ACCEPT my best thanks, my dear old friend, for the token of continued kind remembrance which I have received from you in the shape of a copy of the new edition of your poems. I rejoiced to see them in a shape so accessible to ‘the million,’ to use a fashionable phrase suited to our gigantic notions. I rejoiced to find them retaining all their popularity after so many years, and thus giving proof how true an echo they find in the hearts and imaginations of readers.

“It pleased me even more to find that you still retained health and vigour to continue writing, and to undertake the labour of conducting so goodly a volume through the press. Would that I could still exert such energies! but I have long given up the use of the pen from discouragement, and contented myself with feeding on the minds of others, and sometimes introducing young spirits to the works of the immortal masters.

“Here, at Wimbledon, I reside under the roof of my dear brother Charles’s eldest daughter, Mrs. Le Breton, with her

husband and eight children, mostly girls, so that objects of tender interest are not wanting to me.

“The last particular account of you which I heard, was from my old friends, the Aston Yates’s, and a very pleasant picture they drew of you in your retirement. It seemed as if your health continued good, which I hope is still the case, and that you yet exchange gallantries with the young ladies [*i. e.*, the Muses]. I am persuaded that the poetical temperament retains its elasticity best of all. I used to observe this in Mrs. Barbauld, who never lost her youthfulness of fancy. My dear brother Arthur, now the only brother left me, continues to occupy himself with chemistry. He still lectures in this science at Guy’s Hospital, besides employing himself very diligently in the many analyses which he is employed to make for various purposes. A happier old man I nowhere know, and certainly not a more benevolent one.

“You never visit London now, I fear; and, as for me, my longest journeys, for several years past, have stretched no farther than the eight miles between Wimbledon and London. In this world, therefore, in all human probability, we shall meet no more; but we may still think of each other with esteem and affection, and hope to meet in that world whither so many of our nearest and dearest have taken their flight before us, and where we must soon join them. Farewell, and believe me

“Yours most sincerely,

“LUCY AIKIN.

“James Montgomery, Esq.”

May 30. Montgomery and Miss Gales accompanied Mr. Holland to Norton, to look at Chantrey’s grave in the churchyard, and at his monument in the chancel. A medallion portrait on the tablet appeared most to interest the poet: “It reminds me,” said he, “of a visit I once paid to the sculptor with my friend Daniel Parken: we had previously called upon Basil Montagu, and when we got out of Chantrey’s room, my friend de-

clared that I had introduced him that day to two of the finest men he had ever seen." Adverting to the work which Mr. Holland was printing—*Montgomery*: "You must not, in your account of Chantrey, forget to mention his ancestor, 'old Chantrey, the huntsman,' who, as the tradition goes, could make his voice heard from Norton Hall to Coal Aston, yonder, more than a mile distant: he must have had a *long voice*, which is something more than mere *loudness*." *Holland*: "I have not only mentioned him in my book, but can introduce you to a full-length portrait of him in the Hall here." After looking at the curious old painting, we re-crossed the churchyard, *Montgomery* lingering with admiration beside a fine, but venerable yew tree, the bole of which "we three" could scarcely altogether embrace. Walking towards *Mag-o'th-hay*, as the "Bowling-green house" is called—*Montgomery*: "I never could make out the meaning of that odd name, it sounds like Irish." *Holland*: "I never doubted that it signified *the magpie on the haycock*." *Montgomery*: "You may be right; but it is spelt *Maugherhay* in the early parish records.

May 31. *Montgomery*: "Come, Mr. Holland, I want you to go up with me to tea; and you need not hesitate about riding with me in the cab, for it costs me nothing; a kind friend having secured to me this indulgence whenever I desire it." *Holland*: "I am glad of it, for your sake; as I am sure you sometimes walk, when you are unable; I hope you will not allow such a *carte blanche* to become a dead letter." *Montgomery*: "I am sure my friend does not wish me to do so." He did not name the generous individual to whom he was indebted for this really considerate act of kindness.

August 24. *Montgomery*: "What is the most surprising occurrence of this week?" *Holland*: "Beyond all question, the deposition and working of the sub-

marine telegraph between Dover and Calais." *Montgomery*: "Is the line of communication actually completed?" *Holland*: "It is." *Montgomery*: "Then, there is *one thing* still more wonderful, namely, that nobody wonders at the achievement! it is not that every one comprehends either the principle, the action, or the importance of the thing; but science is accomplishing such mighty triumphs almost every day, that a sort of popular indifference seems to be the result, even where direct practical utility is involved in the issue."

September 10. "J. M., and J. J. M., and Miss G., will be glad to see J. H. at the Mount this evening to tea." On receiving this laconic invitation, Mr. Holland went to the Mount, and found there the Rev. John James Montgomery, the poet's nephew, and his wife. As a new Roman Catholic church was to be opened in Sheffield the next day, the conversation turned mainly upon the early struggles and sufferings of the Moravians in their testimony against Popery.

In reply to the remark, that the church of the United Brethren had been charged with retaining a few *scarlet threads* of the old Romish vestment, the Rev. J. J. M. said they might perhaps, at one time, be fairly chargeable with something of the kind, when certain of their ministers wore *a red sash*, but even that ornament was now discontinued. It was curious to observe how much ignorance often existed, even among persons otherwise intelligent, in reference to the history and tenets of the Brethren. He had recently conversed with a clergyman of some note, who mentioned, that the "Moravian Church originated with Count Zinzendorf rather more than a century ago!" That, as "it adopted the Augsburg confession of faith, all its ministers held the doctrine of consubstantiation!!" and

that "its settlements in this country and elsewhere were merely modified conventual establishments!!!" Mr. Montgomery admitted that this ignorance was in part, perhaps, due to the fact, that, not only are the Moravians often but slightly accounted of even by the best ecclesiastical writers, but they have no separate history worthy of the respect which is at least due to them as an ancient episcopal church of Christ; nor was the character of Count Zinzendorf much better understood in England, where even Spangenberg's Life of him is comparatively unknown. Rev. J. J. M. said the Brethren, having been relieved from persecution in modern times, had so entirely occupied themselves with preaching the gospel in a non-controversial manner, and with the direction of those important missionary agencies which it had pleased God to accompany with such signal success, that they had found no time to court or satisfy merely curious investigation; but not unmindful of the importance of ecclesiastical records, a large mass of valuable documents relative to the ancient state of the church in Bohemia, had been some time since discovered and secured by the Brethren in Germany, and might hereafter be rendered available for historical purposes. Montgomery mentioned that he had just received from London, and presented to the Sheffield Philosophical Society, a fragment of tessellated Roman pavement\*, which had been dug up in preparing the foundations of the Royal Exchange.

John Charles Hall, M.D., of Sheffield, having edited Pickering's American work on "The Races of Men," with an introduction of his own, sent Montgomery a copy, which was acknowledged in the following letter:

\* It is now in the Society's Museum.

*James Montgomery to Dr. J. C. Hall.*

“The Mount, Sheffield, Oct. 19. 1850.

“DEAR FRIEND,

“I have forborne making the acknowledgment due for your acceptable gift of a volume\* peculiarly interesting, and I may say (for myself), peculiarly instructive on one of the most curious subjects that can engage the human mind. I say I have forborne this acknowledgment till I could say that I had done the first justice due to such a work, namely, *to give it a fair reading*, and, after having done so, to add, that it is worthy of another and more deliberate perusal. As I have gone over the original narrative, I have made so many marks for future reference, that, though as the ‘Journal of a Voyage round the World,’ it may be deemed a dry log-book by those who read for mere excitement, I felt myself unweariedly engaged in picking up minute matters along the way, for the enrichment of my treasure-house of memory and the proportionate improvement of my knowledge of human nature, in its diversified aspects—physical, social, moral, and intellectual. With these, as they are manifested in the Pacific Isles, from crude barbarism to the present stage of their transition to comparatively civilised and Christianised refinement of manners, and corresponding spirituality of life, under the influence of the Gospel; with these, I say, I have been so long and familiarly acquainted through my missionary connections, that I can better comprehend and estimate the actual condition of the people who lately sat in darkness, under the influence of that great light which has shone upon the regions where their fathers dwelt through a hundred generations,—I must again take up the broken thread of this

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\* “The Races of Men, and their Geographical Distribution,” by C. Pickering, M.D. : to which is prefixed, an “Analytical Synopsis of the Natural History of Man,” by J. C. Hall, M. D. London : H. G. Bohn. 1850.

interminable sentence, by saying that I, under these circumstances, can much better understand the condition of society in those parts than the acute observer who came suddenly upon them could do; for he, without any correct antecedent information, had all knowledge on the subject *to acquire*, and could report nothing but what he saw with his eyes, and judged according to his necessary ignorance of the invisible influence — even the spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters — which, to a great degree, had renewed human nature itself in those paradisaical isles of the West. Yet to me the progress through his wilderness of pages was like the sands of California, in which particles of precious metal may be found at every step by the curious eye and the sifting hand, that can discern gold dust from the detritus of pebbles and cockle-shells. I have collected a pretty box of these, of which I may make some use if I have occasion again to go over with pen and ink the ground which I once occupied in the South Seas, through two large missionary volumes.—Of your ‘Synopsis of the Natural History of Man,’ I may say that I have been not only gratified, but instructed by the diligent perusal. This acknowledgment of the obligation due from me on the occasion you should have had a week ago, but when I had begun the letter I was interrupted, and the conclusion necessarily postponed by a visit to Bakewell, which detained me two days, and has left me in arrears of other epistolary debts. I am, very truly,

“Your obliged friend and servant,

“J. MONTGOMERY.

“J. C. Hall, Esq., M.D.”

Nov. 15. Mr. Holland called at the Mount, and found Montgomery, now entered on his eightieth year, reading, with his usual deep feeling, to Miss Gales, the morning portion of the “Psalms for the day,” from the Prayer-Book. On the conclusion of this pious exercise, the conversation turned upon the recent invasion of the English see of Canterbury by a Romish

archbishop, Cardinal Wiseman. *Holland*: "Amidst all the talk and apprehension just now excited by the new papal aggression on the Protestantism of England, my own opinion is, that no effective opposition will be offered to this presumptuous act of the Pope. Mutually as the Church of England, the Dissenters, and the Methodists, profess to hate popery, yet, immediately, and practically, I am afraid, they mistrust each other too much to concur heartily in any movement which might seem to recognise an evangelical parity, or to place their respective religious rights on a common Scriptural ground." *Montgomery*: "So you say; but whatever may be the reason, the fact, I believe, will prove that they will not act cordially together, and therefore they had better let Cardinal Wiseman alone; for, much as I admire the spirit and sentiments of Lord John Russell's letter to the Bishop of Durham, I think, with you, that the temper of the times in this country is little favourable to the idea of direct legal interference with the hierarchical arrangements for the more perfect spiritual supervision in a church whose right to the common liberty of every other party, has been so lately, and in the face of so much opposition and scrutiny, asserted and legalised." *Holland*: "And with such experience before them, it is still more remarkable how much some of the more violent opponents of Cardinal Wiseman's mission seek to narrow the ground on which they expect co-operation. For example, thousands of copies of a form of petition have been circulated, and one of which I have received, inviting my signature, not mainly on the ground of anything objectionable in *popery*, *per se*; not merely because 'any foreign prince or potentate hath not, nor ought to have, any jurisdiction in these realms,' but, forsooth, as 'a fundamental maxim of Christian dis-



cipline, that there can be but one bishop in one bishopric.' Now, to say nothing of the recognised episcopacy in the Romish Church in Ireland and in the colonies, let us suppose that in England, as in America, the Methodists were to adopt, as they have sometimes been charged with a disposition for adopting, an episcopal designation and procedure among a portion of their ministers, and at the same time were to change the whole, or any number of their 'districts' into bishoprics, I must demand for them—much as, of course, I should deprecate such a movement on other grounds—the religious right and power so to act. Such a memorial, therefore, I cannot sign." *Montgomery*: "Neither can I sign it, on account of a much stronger objection. Your case, although perfectly proper, is hypothetical: mine is one of real existence—the residence and authority over the Brethren's congregations in this country, of our Moravian bishops; and who, although they are spiritual overseers of a church actually owning a foreign jurisdiction, have been long since recognised, in their official character, by Act of Parliament. They had, in my opinion, better let Dr. Wiseman alone." After some further conversation on the subject of the Romish movement, the poet took up a volume, and read—

"I beheld, in the midst of the throng,  
 A person of emaciated frame,  
 In the garb of pilgrimage, and with a plaintive voice,  
 Who was closing sentences with gorgeous phrases,  
 And striking all ears with warnings of admonition;  
 And the crowdings of the throng had gathered round  
     him,  
 Like the halo about the moon, or the shell about the  
     fruit."

*Montgomery*: "What do you think of that, as a

sample of the contents of this book?" *Holland*: "I can neither comprehend the subject nor the style, the latter seems to be some species of 'numerous prose.'" The poet then placed the volume in the hands of his friend; it was "Makamat; or Rhetorical Anecdotes of Al Hariri of Basra," an Arabic work of singular wildness, variety, and graphic effect, which had just been presented to Montgomery by the Rev. M. Preston, vicar of Cheshunt, the father of the translator. Being asked to lend Wordsworth's "Prelude,"—*Montgomery*: "You may have it presently; but I am now reading it carefully through a second time, in order thoroughly to understand the author. The least poetical, though not the least curious portion of the book, is that in which the poet records his political metamorphoses; I was not previously aware *he* had ever been *such a Jacobin!*\* Have you read Tennyson's 'In Memoriam?'" *Holland*: "Yes; but it is much too transcendental for my taste, the more the pity, I suppose, so far as my own loss of enjoyment is concerned!" *Montgomery*: "I am myself much in your predicament; I have read the poem carefully, I should say, resolutely through, which I suspect not ten other persons in Sheffield have done; but I confess I cannot enjoy it. The title-page itself is an affectation of unmeaning simplicity, so much so, indeed, that I, who was not otherwise, in the poet's secret, was some time before I could make out his subject from the opening verses which, while they flowed as smoothly and brightly as transparent oil over a polished surface, might apply to a butterfly, or a bird, or a lady, as well as to the individual who I found after

\* Poor Haydon, in his deeply-affecting Autobiography, quotes Sir G. Beaumont as speaking of Wordsworth's "terrific democratic notions," in 1809., Vol. i. p. 125.

a while, was indicated as their subject. If I had published such a volume forty years since, not only would the public have turned up their noses, but Jeffrey would have gone down on both knees to curse me the more earnestly. But times and tastes have altered; and Tennyson is the pet poet of the day.”\*

In a few days, this conversation was followed by the official announcement that Alfred Tennyson had been appointed Poet Laureate.

Thomas Deakin, Esq., of Sheffield, who died in the month of August in the preceding year, having 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 of three thousand pounds should be raised by others, within two years after the death of the testator, Montgomery willingly joined a number of gentlemen in an effort to realise this benevolent object.† He also took part in what some of his townspeople regarded as a more questionable proceeding, namely, to join in calling, and seconding a resolution at, an anti-catholic meeting. The resolution, indeed, was simply a vote expressive of gratitude to Lord John Russell for his recent admirable letter to the Bishop of Durham, for the thoroughly Protestant spirit which breathed

\* Mr. Brimley, in a most elaborate paper in the “Cambridge Essays, 1855,” not only compares Tennyson with Bacon, Byron, and Dryden, but gravely assures us that “what Shakspeare and Chaucer did for the ages they lived in, Mr. Tennyson is doing for our age after his measure!”

† This munificent design was substantially accomplished on the 19th of August, 1851, on which day, Montgomery and two other gentlemen, as trustees of the subscribers, formally paid into a Sheffield bank, the sum of 3000*l.*, and then received and re-deposited, in the name of “the Deakin Charity,” 6000*l.*, to be settled and distributed in conformity with the will of the foundation donor.

through it; and a promise of support to his Lordship in all his endeavours to neutralise the aggressive policy of Rome. The proposition was objected to by a party in the meeting, on the ground of its inconsistency, — his Lordship having, it was alleged, previously acted in such a way towards the Papists as might well encourage them to aggressions like those complained of; nor did the few words used by Montgomery, — “I second the resolution with all my heart,” escape popular animadversion. On the subject being afterwards mentioned to the poet, he replied that, as he had never been a thorough-going party-man, he had never sought or expected to please persons who were such, either in religion or politics, however cordially he might have been welcomed when agreeing in the views, or however courteously borne with, if he happened to differ from the opinions of those with whom he acted. In the present case, he need only say, that as he entirely agreed with Lord John Russell in reference to the necessity, if not in the extent of, Parliamentary Reform; so he agreed with him generally in reference to Catholic emancipation; but he perfectly agreed with him in his present protest against the recent act of Papal aggression.

Dec. 16. The biographers walked together to the Mount, and found Montgomery just come into the house, a good deal exhausted by the boisterous weather he had encountered in his walk from the town. After the exchange of salutations — *Everett*: “My dear sir, I am delighted to see you looking so well: you are as fresh as a rose.” *Montgomery*: “I ought to appear so, as I was, I assure you, *full blown*, as I came up the hill. I am glad to see you in such comparatively good health — the result of hard work, I suppose.” *Everett*: “It may be so; for I have

travelled, since my expulsion from the Wesleyan body, more miles than are contained in the circumference of the globe; but great principles are involved in the present controversy, and I dare not, while I have strength, and my services appear to be required, desist from the labour, or shrink from the reproach of my position." *Montgomery*: "I know but little of your movements, though I sometimes pass a certain *mischiefs*hop, where I am tempted to purchase the 'Wesleyan Times' newspaper." *Everett*: "You are quite right in keeping out of the controversy. When will you come to see us at York?" *Montgomery*: "I dare neither make promises, nor entertain hopes of visits to a distance." *Holland*: "But I have pledged Mr. Everett that you and I will visit York when he and Conference are reconciled." *Montgomery*: "Yes, I promise you that I will go with you *then*."

Dec. 31. The poet called, and placed in Mr. Holland's hand the current number of "Periodical Accounts of the Moravian Missions." Having allowed his friend to read an article descriptive of "trials and bereavements" at the Tobago station of "Montgomery," which was underscored, he said, "I mainly brought the publication down to show you a passage in brother Gardin's letter from the Danish island of St. Croix—it is the description of a rainbow." The passage was as follows:—"I had twice, during my residence here, seen a lunar rainbow. Each time it had a little colour; but when, on the 1st of December, 1849, we came out of the church, at nine o'clock in the evening, after holding our services for the conclusion of the old year, Friedensfield [the settlement] seemed to be encircled in a large bright lunar rainbow, that exhibited all the colours of a common one; and it was even double—a truly wonderful and splendid sight!"

## CHAP. CVII.

1851.

DEATH OF DR. SUTTON, VICAR OF SHEFFIELD. — LETTER TO JOHN HOLLAND. — CONVERSATION. — BRAMLEY GRANGE. — THE CRYSTAL PALACE. — VERSES ON A PET DOG. — MONTGOMERY AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION. — “QUAKERISM.” — PRESENT OF A DRESSING GOWN. — THE POET’S EIGHTIETH BIRTH-DAY. — PLANTS A TREE IN THE INFIRMARY GROUNDS. — COMPLIMENTARY TRIBUTES. — LETTER OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT. — LETTER TO J. EVERETT.

ON the 9th of January, 1851, died the Rev. Thomas Sutton, D.D., vicar of Sheffield, after an incumbency of forty-six years; a period which, through his official instrumentality in various ways, had been fraught with great advantages to a very wide and populous parish. During the whole term of his very active and useful ministry, Montgomery had co-operated with the vicar and his clergy in every religious, benevolent, and social movement; and when the good man was borne to his grave, in the chancel of that ancient and beautiful church where he had so long and zealously laboured to do his “Master’s will,” amid the train which joined with the family of the deceased, in paying the tribute of personal respect at the numerous attended funeral, there was not, we venture to say, a more sincere mourner than “the Christian Poet.”

March. The winter of 1850–1 was unusually mild; the poet consequently complained less of the severity of the season than he was wont to do; but the

early spring of this year was marked by an extraordinary amount of mortality from influenza. Montgomery himself escaped the malady; but he rarely called upon Mr. Holland without communicating or receiving intelligence of some fresh instance of a fatal result among his old friends or townspeople. "We are all dying," he often said, with solemn emphasis; and not the least so, when reminded that he was *ultimus Romanorum* — the only well-known survivor of his octogenarian contemporaries in Sheffield. His interest in literary subjects, if less constant and lively than in former years, showed no diminished perception of the merits of our dead and living poets. He was particularly animated in defence of Collins, in reply to a remark that the latter had been overrated; especially did he repudiate the allegation that the author of the "Odes," &c., owed his acknowledged reputation, at the present day, mainly to the good luck of having been included in Johnson's "Lives of the Poets." He then produced a little tale, printed in Sheffield, and which had been sent to him by the author. "Here," said he, "is a strange assertion, made with a confidence which puzzles me: not only does Paul Rogers describe Milton as being the friend of Cromwell and Colonel Spencer, but he declares that, 'as well as having business with Colonel Spencer, Milton had great pleasure in visiting Bramley Grange, because there it was that Edmund Spenser had, near a century previously, written at least a portion of that divine poem, the "Faëry Queene."' Now, pray ascertain whether there exists any local tradition to this effect. I remember Bramley Grange very well, having often passed it, and admired its quiet, old-fashioned look, during my residence at Wath in the last century."

\* Original Hymns, CCCVII.

*Holland*: "I, too, know the antiquated-looking house very well, standing, as it does, near the road between Rotherham and Roche Abbey; but assuredly there is no such local tradition attached to it, as that implied in this tale, and, of course, there is not the shadow of an historical hint, nor, indeed, of anything like probability, that either of the two great English poets ever visited these parts of the kingdom under any circumstances." *Montgomery*: "You are aware that there were, at and before the time of the Commonwealth, members of the family of Spencer, living both at Attercliffe and at Bramley Grange; and taking quite as active a part in the affairs of that stirring period as is represented in this little story. What says Mr. Hunter?" *Holland*: "He makes large mention of the Hallamshire family, but intimates that the nearest approach even to a hypothetical probability of original alliance between the parties named, is the fact that William Spencer, of Bramley Grange, on seeking and obtaining a grant of arms in 1648, described his grandfather, John Spencer, of Sheffield, as having come 'out of Northamptonshire,' the county whence sprung the families of the poet, and those which have added to the name the honours of nobility."

May 5. Bitter cold day — rain and snow falling. *Holland*: "I am glad to see you, sir; but really you ought not to be out of doors at all in such weather as this." *Montgomery*: "You are right; but I have been at the old women's meeting ("Aged Female Society") which I considered it a duty to attend, in the absence of so many others, better able to come out, as I am now become an old woman myself!" Taking up an original edition of Quarles's "Divine Poems," he read several passages, and commented on their "preciousness and beauty," at the same time claiming, as he



always did, respect for the piety and ingenuity of a poet whose very quaintness is sometimes so charming. He adverted, with lively interest, to the "Letters" of Jackson of Exeter, published in 1784, in which the earliest appeal in behalf of the merits of Quarles, against the sneer of Pope, is generously made by the writer.

*James Montgomery to John Holland.*

"The Mount, Feb. 22. 1851.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I am either *blind* or you *invisible*; both may be the case. Day after day since we last met, I have sought you in your haunts without being able to see you; but as the loss of one sense quickens another, and the blind may be said to see with their ears, and the deaf to hear with their eyes, I have substituted hearing for seeing, and have been glad to learn you have been improving so manifestly, that this forenoon Mrs. Wells reported you almost convalescent in *appearance*; what you may be in fact, you yourself alone can tell; but I will not only hope but believe the best, and as I cannot probably for a week to come ascertain the result of daily bulletins, I write to say that I am rather unexpectedly called to Fulneck, my sister-in-law having been alarmingly ill of late; but by yesterday's post the intelligence was more favourable. I am, therefore, in the hurry of huddling a few necessaries together for a visit of a week, 'if the Lord will,' and expect to reach Fulneck to-morrow evening. You need not forward any newspapers to me, unless I am detained longer, of which Miss Gales will have intelligence. Deeply sympathising with your late affliction, and heartily praying that you may be forthwith restored to health, with the blessing of peace through Jesus Christ our Saviour,

"I am, truly, your friend,

"JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"Mr. John Holland."

May. Although unable to join his townspeople in any of their local proceedings with reference to soliciting funds and selecting manufactures for the "Great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations," which so remarkably distinguished the activity and the annals of England for this year, the poet read with intense anxiety the various published details of progress from laying the foundation to the auspicious opening and unexampled success of the far-famed Crystal Palace. He often adverted to the striking fact, a fact in itself illustrative of the free thought and independent action of the age, that all the architects of Europe, of the world, had been directly invited to furnish plans, from the aggregate of which, at all events, it was intended to obtain a model for this grand erection; and after so many beautiful professional designs had been tendered and admired, and, in fact, some of them officially approved, a provincial gardener should come forward with a scheme, so simple, so novel, and withal so appropriate, that the royal commissioners found themselves compelled, against all opposition, to adopt it! And yet, with the instincts of timidity natural to an old man, Montgomery's apprehensions for the stability of Mr. Paxton's portentous experiment of iron and glass, *versus* stone and slate, were frequently excited and expressed during the period of erection. "Miss Gales is frightened at the apparent fragility of the building," said the poet, more than once, evidently sympathising with the sentiment, as successive engravings of the skeleton of the structure made the public familiar with the details of a monument of art so wholly unprecedented in the combined advantages of lightness and capacity. In common with others, however, he soon yielded to reassurance on this point; and entered fully into the moral, commercial, and political considerations to which this venturous

and much-lauded project of the Prince Consort so naturally gave rise: indeed, so strong had his convictions of the utility of the Exhibition as a symbol of goodwill, if not as "a bond of peace among the nations," become, that he literally wept for joy, when he read in the "Times" an account of the auspicious inauguration on the first of May, by the Queen in state.

June 18th. Mr. Holland, on mentioning a quotation from Chaucer, which appeared in several of the newspapers\*, and was so strikingly descriptive of the "Great Exhibition," that the old poet might have had a bird's eye view of it, was struck by the facility with which Montgomery instantly recollected the "Temple of Glas," a poem, attributed by Warton to Stephen Hawes, or Lydgate; and still more was he surprised to find not only that our friend could say —

"Methought that I was  
Ravyshed in spyrite into a *Temple of Glas*,  
I ne wist how;" —

but to learn that he had actually made up his mind to visit London along with Miss Gales, to see for himself the wonders of that "Crystal Palace," which actually surpassed the dreams of poetry, ancient or modern. They went under the convoy of their neighbour Mr. Mitchell, who had arranged a halt at Cambridge, the poet evidently enjoying his morning's stroll in some of the beautiful College grounds.

A little incident of the journey may be mentioned. On the train stopping for a minute at one of the smaller stations, a gentlemanly-looking "first-class" passenger, who sat opposite to Montgomery in the carriage, announced that it was *Welwyn*. *Montgomery*: "This,

\* Copied from "Notes and Queries."

then, was once the residence and rectory of Young." *Gentleman*: "What Young?" *Montgomery*: "Dr. Young, the author of 'Night Thoughts.'" *Gentleman*: "Indeed; I never heard of him." It may be imagined how quickly the poet retreated into his shell of silence at such a response!

Fixing himself at Woolwich with his relations, Montgomery only paid a single visit to the Exhibition in Hyde Park, where his attention was particularly directed to a compartment which received but slight notice from spectators in general, and still less from the authors of the various glowing accounts of the collection which appeared in different publications at the time — we allude to the printed specimens of the whole or parts of the Holy Scriptures, in 165 languages.

*James Montgomery to John Holland.*

"Woolwich, July 4. 1851.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I live in such a hurry here that I cannot pretend to write a letter. We are on tiptoe for a voyage by land and water to the Zoological Gardens, on the other side of this world of London, and I can barely snatch a minute to say we are pretty well, — that is, Sarah and I, — though *I* have been *pretty ill* these three days past. If spared in life and health, we hope to see you on Saturday next week. We purpose to travel by the Great Northern Railway, and be in Sheffield in the evening. The Lord bless you and keep you, and all whom you love.

"I am, truly, your obliged friend,

"J. MONTGOMERY.

"PS. On this day I recollect that forty-seven years ago I was in London, and the first number of the 'Iris' was

published in my absence. Pray, if you can, tell them at the Mount, namely, Fanny, Ellen, and Violet\*, to expect us.

“John Holland, Esq., Sheffield.”

August. *Holland*: “Excuse me, sir, for venturing to make a suggestion: the eightieth anniversary of your birthday is approaching: should you be spared to see that season, I wish you would mark it, by dating thereon the Preface to your long-talked-of collection of ‘Original Hymns,’ as there would be, in my opinion, a singular appropriateness in the association of such a work with such a season.” *Montgomery*: “Pray what has put such a notion as that into your head?” *Holland*: “The obvious consideration that it would make

\* The two servants, and a little canine favourite at the Mount. The latter, with the luck of pet animals, came to an untimely end a few weeks afterwards, when the poet twined the following “garland of flowers for a little grave:” —

Sweet violets on your namesake’s tomb,  
 From spring to spring, in turn appear,  
 And breathing fragrance, spread your bloom,  
 A generation every year.

While little children yet unborn,  
 Come from the hill in playful bands,  
 And pluck your florets, to adorn  
 Their curly locks, and tiny hands.

Mothers and nurses grace the scene,  
 Look on with innocent delight,  
 And fondly think, o’er all the green,  
 Their home-grown flowers the fairest sight.

The tripping girl, the buxom boy,  
 The rose and lily of their love,  
 Rear’d on the *Mount below*, in joy,  
 To blossom on the *Mount above*.

the book an interesting memorial of the day, by affording you an opportunity of alluding to the prolongation of a life so precarious as yours, and of recording an expression of thankfulness that you have been spared to close your poetical labours by the dedication of a volume of verse to the service of the Christian sanctuary." *Montgomery*: "Well, the fact is, I have actually had such a thought, though I never mentioned it before."

September. The poet called one day upon Mr. Holland, and expressed the pleasure he felt in having just got a copy of Lyte's edition of the Poems of Henry Vaughan. *Holland*: "You give an extract from the work in 'The Christian Poet,' where I recollect you speak of the 'harshness and obscurity' of the *Silex scintillans*." *Montgomery*: "Yes; but you will find that I acknowledge there are also gleams of rare excellence; and I have found more of these than I had anticipated, in a close and zealous perusal of the work within the last few days. I am especially thankful to Mr. Lyte for the memoir of an author of whom previously I knew but little. I will lend you the book, though I suspect you will enjoy it less than I have done, because you never allow your feelings to carry you away at any time. You must take especial care of the book, for it is more precious than the Queen of Spain's jewels\*; indeed, I would rather be the author of some of the pieces in this little volume, than the possessor of the best diamond in her Majesty's coronet. What is this" (taking up a book)?† *Holland*: "It contains some amusing, and curious, and, I may say, painful revelations of the economy of modern Quakerism, by an ex-member of the society; but it is not,

\* In the "Great Exhibition," and at the time much talked of.

† "Quakerism; or the Story of my Life."

I think, much in your way." *Montgomery*: "What! is it all fudge — untrue?" *Holland*: "I am afraid it is substantially true; for whatever we may think of a 'talebearer,' who thus 'revealeth secrets,'—especially the secrets of a close religious community,—the public soon discriminates between the reputation or prejudice of the witness, and the substance of the allegation: besides, in this case, the authoress professes herself ready to give proofs of her assertions, 'if they should be called for by the Friends.'" *Montgomery*: "I will take the book with me and read it" (tucking it under his arm). *Holland*: "I hope you will not meet *Friend* — on your way!" *Montgomery*: "You might well say so, if you were aware on what a kind errand he came up to the Mount the other day:—being called down from my room, I found him the bearer of a parcel from my good friend, Mrs. —, of Ipswich, containing a beautiful morning gown, of black silk stuff, which I have worn for the first time to-day: I only want a pair of lawn sleeves to look a bishop!" It is so common with desk-men to sit and write in a loose and easy coat, that the reader may be surprised to learn that *Montgomery* never sat down to work, at any period of his life, until he was full dressed for the day. It is due to this kind Quaker lady to add, that when *Montgomery*, in acknowledging her handsome present, mentioned its "one fault," namely that "it was too fine to wear," she immediately sent him another of soft and beautiful woollen stuff, and better adapted for ordinary use.

Nov. 4. This day *Montgomery* attained the eightieth year of his age. Early in the morning he received from Mr. *Holland* "A Poet's Gratulation," in rhyme\*;

\* Printed in twenty-four pages, octavo, 1851.

and, on entering his sitting-room, a more substantial compliment awaited him: it consisted of an elegant easy chair, of carved walnut wood, accompanied by a purse of fifty sovereigns for the "Moravian Fund," and sixty sovereigns for the "Aged Female Society." These presents were the result of a subscription which had been set on foot by a number of ladies, who adopted this appropriate method of showing respect to their venerable friend and neighbour. The same parties induced him to allow an artist to model his likeness in profile for a "Montgomery Medal," to be given annually as a prize for the best drawing or casting of wild flowers available for ornamental manufacture, produced by a pupil in the Sheffield "Government School of Design." Toward securing this object, they presented to the Institution the sum of sixty pounds to be expended on a suitable die. Alluding to one of the appendages of the chair, his old friend, Mrs. Gilbert, said in a note to the poet:—"May we add, that to see its book-rest, before very long, enriched with a volume of those beautiful hymns, which, scattered as they hitherto have been, have yet inspired the music of praise in so many of our sanctuaries, would be felt as a favour conferred on the churches of our country." At noon, in conformity with a request which had been made at the annual meeting of Governors of the Sheffield General Infirmary, Montgomery planted an oak tree on the lawn, in front of that noble building. In the address which he delivered on this occasion, he mentioned as remarkable, the fact, that he stood there the sole survivor of all those persons who were concerned with himself as founders or promoters of that useful Charity more than fifty years ago. A few days afterwards he addressed the following letter "To the benevolent Ladies who have been pleased to regard



with Kindness an Octogenarian, on his Birthday, Nov. 4. 1851 :” —

“ MY CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,

“If silence could speak *out* to be understood, it would be the most significant expression of my sentiments on the present occasion. Happily, however, there is in our mother-tongue a short and single word, comprehending all the dictionary itself can supply terms to convey; of that I must avail myself, and gladly I do so, — *thanks, thanks, thanks*, — thrice and four times thanks, — to all my birthday benefactors, for the precious tokens of goodwill towards me, of which their ‘Friendship’s Offerings’ before my eye are the graceful symbols, and, to my heart, endearing memorials to be carried down with it to the grave, and *may I, may I hope*, beyond it! where none but thankful remembrances can reach, never to be blotted out if once registered in the book of each redeemed spirit’s life, before the throne, when retracing all the way which the Lord God hath led ‘him through the wilderness to the Canaan above’ (Deut. viii. 2.).

“Humbly and gratefully acknowledging the honourable motives which have influenced you thus to honour me, I can say, without affectation, in the language of a more worthy poet than I am, on a prouder occasion, ‘’Twas meant for *merit* though it fell to me;’ yea, and far better still was it meant than to please a poor weak mortal like me, — it has been duly and seasonably consecrated to the glory of God, and to promote, in some acceptable measure, the temporal, spiritual, and eternal benefit and blessing of thousands of souls at the uttermost ends of the earth, under the care of His servants belonging to the Church of my fathers, — unto whom, though feeling themselves ‘the least of all saints, is this grace given, that they should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ’ (Ephes. iii. 8.).

“Nor at this time, when your hearts and your hands are overflowing with kindness, have you forgotten to send por-

tions to our aged sisters (the venerable representatives of all our mothers and dearest kindred), to visit whom, in their deep poverty and affliction, some of your number feel it a privilege to minister at their humble dwellings, and are always welcome there. That none of you, my esteemed friends, may ever want the consolations of the Gospel, or both the will and the ability to be blessed in yourselves, and made blessings to others, on whom your charity can be bountifully bestowed, is the fervent prayer and earnest hope of your grateful friend, and debtor for obligations which he can only acknowledge but not repay,

“JAMES MONTGOMERY.

“The Mount, Sheffield, Nov. 8. 1851.”

*James Montgomery to Mrs. Brookfield.*

“The Mount, Dec. 2. 1851.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“Since the 4th of this [last] month I have been so bewildered with many things, that I have been scarcely able to do from day to day what pressed most upon me, and could not be delayed. An *eightieth birthday* can occur once only, once in a life, though this were prolonged to the age of Methuselah; and having now reached the last milestone, distinctly marked on the pilgrimage (Psalm xc. 10.) from the cradle to the grave, beyond which there is no track except over stumbling-stones and among pitfalls to the end of all things on earth, I am necessarily looking onward and backward, around and within me, to ascertain where I am, what I am, and whither I am going. Of the past, I may say, ‘Goodness and Mercy have followed me all the days of my life;’ and of the future, my heart’s desire and prayer is, that I may, in my last hour, have the blessed hope in me to realise the fulfilment of the remaining clause of the text (Psalm xxiii. 6.), ‘I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.’ The whole of a Christian life is thus set forth, in such few and beautiful words as are to be found nowhere but in Scripture given by inspiration of God, and they involve a fulness of divine meaning, which the revelations of a happy

eternity alone can unfold to the comprehension of a created mind,—and that a *renewed* mind, made perfect in love. But I am almost preaching; and if I do, it is to myself I preach, for I have need of such searchings of heart in these my last days, as I have, I fear, never sufficiently exercised upon myself. The Lord, who has so long spared me, gives me *space* for repentance, and faithfulness to employ it *in* repentance. Oh! how much must I love, if I ever,—and for ever,—be so much forgiven through Jesus Christ, my Only and Almighty Saviour! I should earlier, but not more thankfully, have acknowledged your brief, but precious birthday gratulation, among many, many tokens of good-will from Lady *Friends* to a poor *octogenarian*,—every one of whom (*if it be good for them*), I wish to live as long as I have lived, and every day be more and more prepared to live and to die *in* the Lord and *to* Him. . . . . Kindest remembrance to your family members, each individually, and believe me, very truly and respectfully, your obliged friend,

“J. MONTGOMERY.

“Mrs. Brookfield, South Bourne.”

The following letter may not improperly close the brief memorials of this year :

*John Holland to James Everett.*

“Sheffield, Dec. 20. 1851.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I spent yesterday evening at *the Mount*, where I found the poet in his usual health and spirits, but a good deal affected by the very sudden death of our mutual friend, Mr. John Jones, whose funeral I had that morning attended. One of the most influential and estimable members of the Wesleyan body in Sheffield, this good man was, as you are aware, universally respected by his townspeople; nor do I know another individual who so much resembled Montgomery himself in the Catholicity of his Christian character—and his hand was as open as his heart. Nearly forty years ago, he first introduced me personally to the bard, at Red

Hill Sunday School, at that time the scene of our joint sabbath duties. By you, he was afterwards not less intimately known or respected: and how often have 'we three' enjoyed together the elegant, abounding, and truly Catholic hospitalities of our departed friend! Montgomery ought to become expert in the use of the spade, seeing how repeatedly he has been called upon to plant *memorial trees*. I formed one of the group of gentlemen, who surrounded him when he performed that operation in the Infirmary grounds: the scene and its associations were affecting on several accounts.

"I am glad you added your mite to the congratulatory tributes which marked the occurrence of the poet's birthday, on the 4th of November. He showed me your letter; and while he was evidently pleased with its appropriate religious tone, he did not fail to point out, as an incidental revelation of the 'ruling passion,' the original rhyming stanza.\*

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\* Mr. Everett addressed his friend in a more directly religious strain; and perhaps the closing paragraph of his letter, as it pleased the poet himself, may not be unacceptable to some of our readers: "Though not so far advanced in life as yourself, I nevertheless feel that I am, to employ a simile from Burns, fast sliding down the other side of the hill. Excuse the quotation of a verse which I have been daring enough to add to the two claimed for him, in a well-known song:—

‘ John Anderson, my Joe, John,  
 When neit's last sleep shall end,  
 We'll hail the peep o' morning,  
 And 'cross the vale we'll wend;  
 We'll leave behin' death's shadow,  
 Wi' joy our hearts shall glow —  
 Baith claith'd anew on Zion's top,  
 John Anderson, my Joe.’

"I considered that something like this was required to supply an omission on the part of the poet, occasioned by the absence of that better feeling which he indicates in his 'Cottar's Saturday Night,' rather than leave the wedded pair sleeping at the foot of the hill, closing their eyes in the night of death, without any reference to the hope of their being opened in the morning of the resurrection."

It is curious enough that, by some sort of blunder, *somewhere*, these birthday celebrations appear to have presented themselves, on the other side of the Atlantic, as posthumous memorials! For Montgomery told me last night, that he had been rather startled, on the previous evening, by the introduction of a stranger \*, with an American newspaper †, containing a notice of his death, and a sketch of his life and character!

“I have just been called upon by Mr. Milnes, a sculptor, from London, who is about to execute a bust of the poet, which he intends to have in the exhibition of the Royal Academy, next year. The artist was very anxious to be allowed to model a likeness from the life, and I have done what I could to facilitate the accomplishment of his purpose. He is, I believe, a cousin of Monckton Milnes, the poet; and has been selected, from amidst numerous competitors, to erect, from his own design, a Peel memorial, in the form of a lofty tower, near Bury, in Lancashire, the birth-place of the lamented statesman.

“I am, my dear Sir,

“Yours very truly.

“JOHN HOLLAND.

“Rev. James Everett.”

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\* This gentleman wrote to the New York editors to say that the poet “had read the announcement of his death in their paper, without glasses,” adding, “I can assure you, he enjoyed it very much.” The editors concluded their subsequent paragraph of “*Montgomery Redivivus*,” by congratulating “the venerable poet on the attainment of such a vigorous and happy old age, and his enjoyment of the honours which await his memory. *Sero redeas in cælum.*”

† “New York Tribune.” The poet did not appear to have been much disconcerted by this mistimed announcement; but it was otherwise when he read the letters which presently reached Miss Gales from her relatives in the United States, condoling with her on the assumed death of her long-surviving friend.

## CHAP. CVIII.

1852.

LETTER TO JOHN HOLLAND. — “DIURNAL SONNETS.” — LINES “TO AN AMERICAN VISITOR.” — TAYLOR’S “METHODISM.” — DEATH OF THOMAS MOORE. — CONVERSATION. — CATASTROPHE OF HOLMFIRTH. — “LIFE OF LORD JEFFREY.” — MONTGOMERY’S LAST LECTURE. — SHAKSPEARE’S SONNETS. — QUARLES AND WITHER.

EARLY in January Mr. Holland sent Montgomery a copy of a little book consisting of a series of “Sonnets,” so arranged, that the numbering, and generally the subject of each, corresponded with the fixed and moveable feasts, and other memorable days of an entire year. Instead of a merely verbal acknowledgment of the present, the poet wrote as follows:—

“The Mount, Jan. 13. 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 by the sun (or ever will be, and therefore may last till the end of time, which I will not be so egregiously unwise as to wish), — 366 days; for you never spare doing your utmost, and, therefore, always your best.

“I did not, of course, read them consecutively—you your-

\* This is said in allusion to the fact of there having been a sonnet for the *twenty-ninth* of February, thus making 366 altogether.

self 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 discoverable 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 locks*,—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 an impertinence. Believe me, truly and ever, your friend,

“J. MONTGOMERY.

“Mr. John Holland.”

The foregoing letter is given, less on account of its interest to the individual addressed—gratifying, as it undoubtedly was, on that account—than as affording a pleasing illustration of the “*viridis senectus*,” in connexion with a playful exuberance of fancy which still characterised the active mind of the friendly bard. This pleasing memento might, however, have had no existence, had the writer of it delayed the expression of his feelings a day or two longer; for, on calling upon Mr. Holland a short time afterwards, the poet said he was unaware, when he wrote, that two or three of the sonnets referred to himself, by name; and while he was pleased with the kindness and ingenuity which they

displayed, he should probably not have said what he did in his letter, had he known that he was praising, even thus generally, a series of poems in some of which he was personally complimented. A few days afterwards, Mr. Holland received another friendly note on the same subject:—

*James Montgomery to John Holland.*

“The Mount, Feb. 18. 1852.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“If I were not yours, I should not have dared to send you the enclosed hasty memoranda, ‘notes and comments.’ Take them as ‘precious balms,’ which will *not* ‘break your head.’ A good Moravian chastising a little boy (Henry Steinhauer, I believe), who received the stripes very unkindly, to soothe the unreasonable culprit, said, ‘It is because I love you, my dear:’ and received the ungrateful reply, — ‘Oh! brother Titherington! I wish you lov’d me less.’ Don’t retort so on me; but if you do, I’ll forgive you, and that will be revenge enough.

“Truly, your friend,

“J. M.”

The following are extracts from the “Memoranda” enclosed:—

“*Mr. Holland’s Sonnets.* — 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. 1. *Milton* is a happy apparition here; and indeed is the glory of it. [the volume?] 2. *Gethsemane* is sweet, and I am more at home there than in *the Garden of Eden* when I am in my right mind, and kneeling at the side of my Redeemer. Is not the feeling of sympathy with him in his agony, *sacramental*? 3. *Easter Eve.* Next to *the agony of Gethsemane*, *the rest in Joseph’s sepulchre* is among the earliest and most endeared of my remembrances. At Ful-



neck, in our school dormitory, we had a 'Special Evening Blessing,'—hands, and hearts, and voices all joined together in singing hymns of commemoration of that Jewish Sabbath day, to be succeeded when the sun rose,—the Sun of Righteousness from the dead,—and ushered in the first *Christian* Sabbath; when, if 'the morning stars sang together' at the word 'Let there be light!' there was a higher jubilee in heaven, and not only 'all the sons of God shouted for joy,' but millions of 'the spirits of just men made perfect,' who had 'died in faith, not having inherited the promises,' between 'the first and second Adam,' joined the chorus of the angels that fell not, but had kept their 'first estate.' Decipher this implicated sentence as well as you can; you have it as it came: I dare not mend for fear of marring it.

4. *The Lord's Prayer*. You were wrestling with an angel when you entered into competition with Bishop Hall's most admirable exposition of the Lord's Prayer. [quoted in the motto of the sonnet.] No verse can excel his prose here, and none can reach the simplicity and perfection of our Saviour's words which inspired him when he penned the paragraph. 5. I envy you the line,—'Life's great secret-keeper, Death.' 6. *Mortuary Mementos*. You have done well to enshrine the 'pair of gloves' in your 'humble song;' and there they will hang longer than 'the last fifty years'—Qu.? In Rotherham church? where I have seen formerly such 'frail designs'—'dangling,' and felt my better feelings affected with the spectacle, almost as many years ago. 7. *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. 8. *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. 9. Have I caught you in love? Three sonnets are enough to win any 'mortal mixture of earthly mould' in

Woman. *Love on.* 10. *Hurdwick Hall.* Who would choose to be an earl, the favourite of a queen, and yet so base of spirit, as to obey her Majesty's commandment and acknowledge the degradation in terms so abject as his own words express in the preamble to this sonnet.\* All your wit and dexterity could not make a readable sonnet of the 'Sith,' &c. Try, and prove that I have mistaken the rhyming resources that you boast, and justly boast, as three hundred and sixty-six pages in this volume indisputably evidence."

One evening on returning home, the poet found an American gentleman waiting and very anxious to see him, if but for a few minutes; little more time than this elapsed before the stranger had to say farewell; but he was solicitous to take away with him, as a memento of the interview, a line of Montgomery's handwriting; his wish was immediately gratified by the following impromptu: —

#### TO AN AMERICAN VISITOR.

Eyes that have never seen each other, meet  
 In soul-communion on this silent sheet:  
 And here, when lands and oceans intervene,  
 Their glorious pass-word may be clearly seen,  
 And read, — the greatest truth from heaven above  
 Reveal'd to man on earth, — that God is Love!  
 What wondrous power this interview hath wrought, —  
 A Pen, the Electric Telegraph of thought.

Jan. 26. 1852.

J. M.

Jan. 27. Montgomery having expressed a desire to

\* "Sith her majesty hath set down this hard sentence against me, to my perpetual infamy and dishonour, that I should be ruled and overcome by my wife, so bad and wicked a woman; yet her majesty shall see that I obey her commandment, though no plague on earth could be more grievous to me." — *Letter of the Earl of Shrewsbury to Lord Burghley.*

read Taylor's "Wesley and Methodism," Mr. Holland sent him the book, accompanied by a note expressing solicitude about the collection of Original Hymns, repeatedly alluded to in these pages, and which, although seriously meditated three years ago, was not yet actually commenced. Taking tea at the Mount, a few days afterwards, Mr. Holland was invited up-stairs to look at a beautiful miniature model of a chamois antelope, which a lady had brought from Switzerland, as an appropriate present to the poet: pointing to the table, covered with MS. hymns—*Montgomery*: "Look there, you will perceive I have, at last, made a beginning of the work you are so anxious about; but I am liable to such frequent interruptions, that I know not when or whether I shall ever complete it. Yesterday, my nerves were tortured for two hours, by what was a really compulsory sitting, for a sketch of my face, to an artist, who was introduced by a Liverpool lithographic publisher, for that purpose.\* On the previous day, I had a visit from Elihu Burritt, the 'American blacksmith,' from whom, I confess, I had previously stood aloof." *Holland*: "I suspect you would find him more enthusiastic on most of the leading topics of his personal mission to this country, than yourself." *Montgomery*: "Yes; that was to be expected; but we had a pleasant chat; and I am glad I have seen the man who, going from the humble occupation of the anvil, has so long and laudably presented the 'Olive Branch' of peace to the nations." *Holland*: "Have you read Taylor's book?" *Montgomery*: "I have read every word of it; and I agree with you in thinking that it displays not only an unusual perspicacity on the subject, but a tone of kindness and candour, too rarely found in works of a similar character: for this reason—

\* The print was very unsatisfactory as a likeness.

to say nothing of others—it will probably please no party among the Methodists : indeed, I think, the amiable and clear-headed author has mooted questions of fact, as well as indulged in speculations, which may very justly, as they will certainly, challenge controversy. I am especially glad to see that he has done something like justice to the character of Charles Wesley, whose direct and abiding influence in Methodism, by means of his incomparable, all-pervading, and ever-present hymnology, has been greater than is generally either recognised or acknowledged even by the tens of thousands who constantly join in singing such strains as those which, previously to his time, were rarely, if ever, heard in any congregation of worshipping Christians.”

On the 26th of February died Thomas Moore, a poet who had long lived almost entirely in the smile and sunshine of an indulgent popularity, to which his generous and genial temperament, no less than his acknowledged and versatile genius, may be said not only to have enforced, but justified the claim. Mr. Holland read to Montgomery a brief notice of the poet's death and character from the *Globe* newspaper, in which it was said that “he had survived all his great contemporaries who started in the race of fame at the beginning of the present century.” Montgomery thought that unless “great contemporaries” was used in a very restricted sense, the form of expression was not quite proper, considering that Rogers was still alive ; for, assuredly, the author of the “Pleasures of Memory,” no less than he who sang the “Pleasures of Hope,” deserved to be recognised in the foregoing category ; nor, although indulged *sub silentio* at the moment, was Mr. Holland's conviction less strong, that Montgomery himself was fully entitled to similar consideration. Ebenezer Elliott's comparison, already quoted, and in which he styles—

“Moore, the Montgomery of the drawing-room,  
Montgomery, the Moore of sacred themes,”

suggests a parity of lyric reputation and influence between the two poets, as indisputable in fact as it is different in kind.

March 16. Mr. Everett being on a visit at Sheffield, we walked to the Mount, and found the poet within. He adverted to the extraordinary forgery of a series of letters, purporting to have been written by Shelley, which had just been disclosed, and compared it to the ingenious deceptions of a similar character, which Ireland and Chatterton had practised in their day. In reply to an observation, that the letters attributed to Lord Lyttleton, and the matter of which formed so important an element in the elaborate argument which the *Quarterly Review* had recently built up in favour of that nobleman's title to the authorship of the “Letters of Junius,” were undoubtedly written by Dr. Coombe, Montgomery laughed at the notion, and said, the most entertaining result of the controversy was the identity, or at least the resemblance, which the hypothesis assumed between the style of “Junius” and that of the author of the “Tour of Dr. Syntax!” A newspaper lying on the table contained a list of the names of persons in Sheffield—Montgomery's among the rest—who had subscribed towards mitigating the sufferings of those who had been injured by the then recent awful catastrophe at Holmfirth, when nearly one hundred individuals perished, along with their dwellings, on the morning of the 5th of February, by the sudden bursting of a large reservoir on the hill above that town. It so happened that Mr. Everett slept on that disastrous night in a house exposed to imminent peril from the accident, — “the rain descended, and the floods came,

and the winds blew, and beat upon *that* house ; but *it* fell not,"—and the preacher found himself in the morning contemplating the sodden corpses, and comforting the bereaved friends, of many persons who had listened to his sermon the evening before ! Allusion being made to the recent unostentatious funeral of Thomas Moore, at Bromham, Wilts, Mr. Everett said he had a walking-stick, which he once cut from the hedge adjoining the poet's cottage at Mayfield, near Ashbourn, and which he prized as a memento of the visit. This led Montgomery to produce and praise a handsome "alpenstock" which he had just received as "a souvenir from Switzerland:" the colloquy which ensued between the two friends, on the beauty and use of their sticks, although neither so long, nor quite so interesting as the well-known "History of a Gold-headed Cane," was amusing enough to the listener who regarded it as a curious anticlimax to the previous matter of conversation !

July. He read with avidity the "Life of Lord Jeffrey;" at the same time expressing a doubt whether the phrase, "The greatest of British Critics," which the noble biographer had used in the opening sentence of his work, was quite justifiable in its broadest meaning. But the Letters which form the second volume of Lord Cockburn's book afforded the greatest satisfaction to Montgomery, as exhibiting the domestic character, "the personal humanity," of Jeffrey in a gentle and amiable point of view, which contrasts so strikingly with the professional severity, not to say the apprehended ill-nature, of the *Edinburgh reviewer*. We recollect that, when asked what he thought of the article on "Jeffrey's Life" in the *Quarterly*\*, his reply was, that he should have liked it better had it not contained a disparaging allusion to the letters, from which

\* Quarterly Review, vol. xci. p. 105.

he thought they ought to have been spared at least on two grounds; — first, that they did not at all affect injuriously either the private or the public character of the writer, even if he were actually guilty of having been too affectionate and condescending in “his epistolary devotions to the ‘Dear Julias’ and ‘Gentle Matildas,’” or, “as if to atone for all earlier severity towards the great, he seems to hug every opportunity of prostrating himself before little people;” and secondly, their very value, in illustration of character, arose mainly from the conviction that they were private effusions of the head and heart of one who assuredly never contemplated their appearance in print; affording, however, as they did, evidence that, in his domestic and friendly relations, even the once dreaded Jeffrey himself was not wholly and exclusively the astute lawyer and the bitter critic. More to the purpose, he admitted, were the *Quarterly reviewer’s* expressions of regret at the absence of more satisfactory evidence in the matter of personal religion, both in the *Life* and *Letters*.

July. Montgomery, having allowed himself to be persuaded once more to deliver a lecture before the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society, mentioned the matter to Mr. Holland, whose expressions of misgiving as to the poet’s strength for the task were succeeded by undissembled surprise when told that the subject contemplated was “Letter Writing;” in fact, that the author meant to read to his audience the substance of his essay prefixed to “The Christian Correspondent,” and which, although it had been long in print, could hardly be said to have been published, so little was it known; at any rate, he doubted whether it had been read by any one of those persons whom he was expected to address. His friend entertained and expressed a different opinion so decidedly, as not only

evidently to distress the poet on this point, but to endanger the realization of the experiment in any form. As, however, there appeared no sufficient opening of retreat from the promise already made, and the renewed solicitation of the gentlemen who were anxious to see and hear their old colleague once more in the Society's rostrum, he resolved to form a lecture from other materials, under the general title of "Some Passages of English Poetry little known." It was delivered at the Music Hall, on the evening of July 19th, before a very respectable audience; many of whom contrasted sadly the present enfeebled condition of the speaker with that which characterised his first similar address to them in the same room thirty years before; and all of whom were now conscious it was the last time they should ever so meet and hear him. The poets more particularly named, were Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Quarles, Wither, and Andrew Marvell.

After a prologue, in which he adverted to man, as the only inhabitant of this earth who looks far into futurity; who looks behind, and around, and before; as the only creature under heaven who recognises his own ancestry whom he never knew, and provides for his posterity, whom he never can know; who, in life, lives beyond himself, and in the world lives above it, by means of the physical, moral, and intellectual wealth which he inherits, accumulates and bequeathes, the lecturer thus introduced the first name in his list: — "Of Shakspeare more has been written, and published, and spoken, than of any other author in prose or rhyme within the compass of our language. In all his popular works, Tragedies and Comedies, I do not recollect that there is an allusion to himself personally, except in that glorious burst of enthusiastic feeling, the prologue to one of his greatest performances: —



“ Oh ! for a Muse of fire that would ascend  
The highest heaven of invention,” &c. — HEN. V.

But there is another section of his manifold and marvellous compositions which appear to be wholly egotistical, and though these reveal no secrets of his heart or of his history, except such as most poets like to betray if they have them, or feign if they have them not — of course, I mean his love-breathings. Of these, there are extant a hundred and fifty-four. Yet so little have they been trumpeted forth by critics and commentators, that it may be doubted whether a hundred and fifty-four of the poet's hundred and fifty-four thousand devout worshippers, play-readers, or play-goers, are aware of the existence of such precious memorials of the golden image which Garrick set up and inaugurated with such bombastic strains, at Stratford-on-Avon, about a century ago.” After some other remarks, the lecturer proceeded, — “ The sonnets, however, disclose the fact, that their illustrious author *did* possess that ‘ last infirmity of noble minds,’ as Milton calls the Love of Fame, notwithstanding his ‘ hiding himself among the stuff’ in his greater works ; and Milton himself did not more confidently anticipate that meed of his labours, or more magnanimously waited for it, knowing that *must* come, than did William Shakspeare, who felt that he had secured for his name an imperishable record. With what conscious sovereignty does he open the following sonnet *To his Lady*, —

‘ Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme,’ &c.

After some quotation from the Sonnets, he said, in reference to their structure :—

“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.† Shakspeare rather chose the simple and pleasing melody to any English ear, consisting of three stanzas of ten-syllable lines, like Gray’s *Elegy*, and closing with a harmonising couplet. All these are upon one subject, and seemingly addressed to one lady, but who was (we may courteously presume) his wooed and wedded wife, to whom, we are told, he was married at the early age of eighteen. All forms, of course, of hoping, fearing, happy and fondly jealous passion, are therein displayed with that inexhaustible diversity of thought, and splendour of illustration, which might be expected to mark any compositions of Shakspeare’s on whatever theme, in whatever measure, and at whatever age produced.” ‡

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\* Wordsworth.

† This complimentary allusion to one of the biographers, whose volume of “*Diurnal Sonnets*” has already been mentioned, was most unexpected by the subject of it.

‡ It is remarkable that so close and shrewd a reader as Montgomery should not only assert that “all these (sonnets) are upon one subject, and seemingly addressed to one lady,” but that he should also courteously presume that lady “was his wooed and wedded wife,” when so widely different an opinion has so long been entertained. That they were “all” addressed to Anne Hathaway, to whom the poet was married at the early age of eighteen, appears, in fact, only one degree less improbable than that they should have been addressed to Queen Elizabeth, a notion once vehemently insisted upon! It is now generally admitted, though we think against much repulsive internal evidence, that William Herbert, the third Earl of Pembroke, was “the begetter of these sonnets,” and that the first 126 of them were addressed to that accomplished young nobleman. This conclusion appears first to have been arrived at by B. H. Bright, Esq.; but the earliest published evidence in its favour was by Mr. Boaden, in a long and interesting communication to the “*Gentleman’s Magazine*, part

We give these passages, less with reference to the exact accuracy of Montgomery's estimate of the unpopularity of the Shakspeare sonnets, than for the sake of the opinions of one so well qualified to judge of the merits of these interesting specimens of English poetry, which, especially if the world-wide celebrity of their putative author be taken into account, are certainly very "little known," and, according to Dr. Drake, deservedly so.\*

ii. 1832." The remaining twenty-eight sonnets appear mostly to have been addressed to *some* female, though the tone of warmth and admiration which they breathe is often much inferior to that of the preceding portion of the series. The subject is treated at large in a volume entitled "Shakspeare's Autobiographical Poems," by Charles Armitage Brown, 1838. Agreeing in the explanation above given of the meaning of the initials "W. H.," he contends, with much plausibility, that "these sonnets are not, properly speaking, *sonnets*," but that they form *six poems in the sonnet stanza*, and each of which he defines and examines; the sixth and last alone, *i.e.* from stanza 127 to 152, being addressed by the poet, not to his friend "W. H." as all the others are, nor to his wife, as Montgomery would hope, but "To his Mistress, on her Infidelity." The Sheffield poet certainly allowed his "hope against hope" to lead *him* into a curious mistake; but what says Mr. Brown on this point? "I fear some readers may be surprised that I have not yet noticed a certain fault in Shakspeare, a glowing one, — his having a mistress, while he had a wife of his own, perhaps at Stratford. May no persons be inclined to condemn him with a bitterness equal to their own virtue! For myself, I confess I have not the heart to blame him at all, purely because he so severely reproaches himself for his own sin and folly . . . . He condemned and subdued his fault, and was therefore to be cited as a good rather than a bad example," p. 98. That must be very slippery morality indeed, over which a thoroughpaced Shakspearian cannot conduct his hero without tripping in his reputation! The tone in which Shakspeare addresses a male friend in these sonnets has been adduced to justify that in which Tennyson speaks of Arthur Hallam "In Memoriam." — *Cambridge Essays*, 1855, p. 275.

\* Literary Hours, i. p. 103.

The lecturer accomplished his task, on the whole, with less inconvenience to himself, and more satisfaction to his friends, than perhaps either party had dared to anticipate. His matter was, of course, good, and amidst passages delivered in a tone of animation, which recalled other days, was one, in which the veteran bachelor poet somewhat surprised his audience. Speaking of Pomfret's lines entitled "The Choice," in which the author very circumstantially states how he would have dealt with himself, "had Providence given him an opportunity of being the caterer of his own share of those benefits which are so unsatisfactorily distributed among the discontented millions of the human race, that every one feels there is 'something unpossess,' which grievously depreciates the value of all beside that may have fallen to his lot;"—the lecturer proceeded:—

"Now it is, no doubt, very pleasant for a middle-aged man to sit down in an arm-chair, and wish himself all the good things of this life—but one,—the best of all,—a good wife,—which our poetical Fortunatus, with his wishing-cap on, expressly excepts in his inventory! Nor is it," he added, "very unnatural, in such a reverie of self-complacency, to think or speak slightly of a neighbour, whom we deem to be not quite so deserving as we are ourselves of such special distinction. Yet, how mistaken the egotist may be in both his estimates, a hundred and fifty years have shown in the case between Pomfret and the Bavius and Mævius of British poetry, as Quarles and Wither were considered by him,—aye, and by greater geniuses of the same class with him. If there could be envy in the grave, the dust that once was Pomfret might repine to think that 'even Quarles and Wither have their admirers' still, and those of no mean order, while the only poor distinction he has above them, is, that in the ill-assorted muster-roll of Chalmers's British Poets, his name stands among the rank and file, where neither of theirs is found."

But even this “poor distinction”—if such it be — is shared by Garth and Blackmore, — men immeasurably Pomfret’s superiors in every way, but whose names he has also done his best to disparage by “odious comparison” with others which are certainly not better appreciated by posterity.

## CHAP. CIX.

1852.

METHODIST CONFERENCE. — MONTGOMERY ON THE PLATFORM. — LETTER FROM J. HOLLAND TO J. EVERETT. — ARRANGEMENT OF HYMN BOOK. — RIVAL GAS COMPANIES. — SHEFFIELD SCHOOL OF DESIGN. — THE “MONTGOMERY MEDAL” AWARDED. — “UNCLE TOM’S CABIN.” — DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. — EARL OF CARLISLE’S LECTURE ON GRAY. — COMPLIMENT TO MONTGOMERY. — CONVERSATION. — ELLIOTT’S STATUE-HYMN FOR “SINGLE SISTERS.” — LAST DAY OF THE YEAR.

THIS year, the Wesleyan Conference was held at Sheffield. Dining one day with Montgomery and some of the preachers at Miss Jones’s, Mr. Holland remarked, that in a conversation with the poet on the previous day, relative to the non-admission of laymen to the Conference, he had assured him that *his* name would be an “open sesame.” Although the allusion was intended merely as a passing pleasantry, the Revs. Dr. Newton, W. M. Bunting, and T. Waugh, who were present\*, im-

\* This interview was felt and remembered with pleasure by all the parties; and not least so, it seems, by the reverend doctor, who afterwards said of Montgomery, “What a fine specimen he is of an aged Christian man and poet, sanctified by the grace of God!” — *Jackson’s Life of Newton*, p. 343. And the Rev. W. M. Bunting in a letter, referring to the same party, remarks, “Charming to us all was the religious spirit, the mutual cordiality, the conversation on the good old times of Sheffield Methodism, which seemed to unite the souls of the preacher and the poet into one, and which *now* give fresh interest to the fact that they ‘entered heaven with prayer’ on the same day, and within a few hours of each other.” — *Ibid.* p. 346.

mediately declared their conviction that not only would the door of the Conference Chapel be willingly opened to Montgomery, but that a visit from him would be highly gratifying to the brethren in session. Accordingly, within a day or two afterwards, Montgomery was surprised to receive a formal invitation which he accepted; and on the 14th of August, he was introduced to the Conference by Dr. Hannah, as "a venerable friend to whom Methodism was under great obligations." Having taken a seat on the platform beside the chair, the President (Rev. John Scott) addressed the Christian poet in appropriate terms of recognition and welcome; and after alluding to the services which their distinguished visitor had rendered by his character and writings, to the cause of religious truth and moral purity, and to the delight which his poetry had ministered to so many readers, he said, "We feel under great obligation to yourself, and to the religious body to which you belong, and I beg to assure you of the kindest affection of the Conference." Montgomery then rose and, with great emotion, replied, — "My Christian friends, fathers, and brethren in the Lord, I dare not waste one moment of your time; and I have but little to say; but that little, so important in itself I utter from my heart, — 'The Lord bless you, and keep you! The Lord make his face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you! The Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace!' in the name of Jesus. Amen!" Dr. Bunting expressed his sympathy with the President in the observations which he had made, and reiterated the assurance of the President of the respect and reverence with which they saw Mr. Montgomery with them that day. On many occasions they had met in former years, and now, the poet even more than the preacher, had undergone the

alteration of age; but they both knew who was the strength of their heart, and alike trusted that God would be their portion for ever. The venerable Doctor added that he could not but express his warm and heartfelt concurrence in the sentiment of high respect for the Church to which Mr. Montgomery belonged; Methodism was under untold obligations to some excellent men connected with the Moravian community; and he trusted that both parties would ever maintain "The Truth" unimpaired and unconcealed. Several other preachers followed in the same strain; some of them adverting more especially to the personal services which had been so long rendered by Montgomery to the Methodist Missionary Society. This interview was equally gratifying to all parties; "no incident," as Dr. Bunting remarked, "having more tended to brighten and beautify the Conference of 1852;" for, as another preacher said elsewhere, "even the venerable men present, who had been the contemporaries of Wesley himself, seemed to be in the presence of an elder, when Montgomery, a member of the ancient Moravian Church, blessed the Conference, and the 'People called Methodists,' with the blessing wherewith Aaron and his sons blessed the children of Israel."

*John Holland to James Everett.*

"Sheffield, Sept. 28. 1852.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I have an incident for you: yesterday Montgomery called, and laying before me a little book entitled 'Reign of Terror, and other poems, by James Everett,' 'Do you know this?' said he. I replied in the negative. 'Then you must read it; I took it up by chance, on Saturday, and could hardly lay it down till I had read it through; it really contains many thoughts, which are not of a common kind,



and sometimes they are very happily expressed. I am sure Mr. Everett would be gratified if he knew how much I had enjoyed the reading of his verses.' *Holland*: 'I wish you would write and tell him.' *Montgomery*: 'Nay; but you may do so.' Now here is a compliment to your little volume, thus turning up twenty years after publication! But I have a more important matter to mention: being at the Mount a few days ago, Montgomery was lamenting, as he had repeatedly done before, the difficulty of getting to work with the transcription and arrangement of his Hymns so as 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 draughts.
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. One thing impressed me very much, in going

over these Hymns, namely, evidence of the variety of service they had in most cases been made to render; the margins were not seldom crowded with memoranda of names of books, persons, or places identified with copies which had been furnished on solicitation, by the author. I must confess I felt a degree of regret at the destruction of so many evidences of a pious — may we not almost say, an *apostolic*. —intercourse with good men in every part of the kingdom? I was glad to learn, that, although now so rarely departing from his routine attendance at St. George's Church, our friend went last Sunday evening to the Baptist chapel to hear the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel preach for the Missions. He was much pleased; the crowded seats and deep silence reminding him of the delight with which, under similar circumstances, and in the same place, he once listened to a sermon by the Rev. Robert Hall; I believe neither you nor I shall presently forget the latter occasion.

“I am, my dear friend, yours very truly,

“JOHN HOLLAND.

“Rev. J. Everett, York.”

At the time when Mr. Holland undertook the task alluded to in this letter, Montgomery was becoming immeshed in a most uncongenial, harassing, and profitless duty—for such he considered it to be. Having, as we have elsewhere stated, been, at the first, an active promoter, and thenceforward an official director, of the Sheffield Gas Light Company, it fell to his lot at this period, as on a former occasion, to co-operate with his fellow-shareholders in resisting the claims of a rival proprietary—commonly an ungracious proceeding at the best, and particularly so when originated and pursued amidst such popular provocations as characterised both parties in this case. With the merits of the controversy the reader of these pages can feel no interest beyond a knowledge of the fact, that Montgomery obviously suffered from it, to use his own phrase, “in mind, body,

and estate;" but although personally well disposed to make any sacrifice on the last head, he was too conscientious to abandon his bellicose brethren in the strife for their common interests and common rights. "I am in the stocks," said he, "and cannot get out at present."

Oct. 19. He was present at the large and highly respectable annual meeting of the "Sheffield School of Design," held in the Music Hall, his Grace the Duke of Newcastle presiding. The distinguished chairman not only expressed to the poet personally the pleasure he had in meeting him, and also paid him a handsome compliment in his admirable opening speech, but when, in distributing the prizes to the pupils, he came to the "Montgomery Medal,"\* he said he was sure the successful competitor would be glad to receive it from the hand of him whose name it bore, and whose genius and virtues it was designed to commemorate. The venerable bard then came forward, and presenting the prize to the recipient, said, "This public compliment is a testimony that you have done well: always

\* We may appropriately perpetuate here his own remarks, elicited many years previously by the execution of a medal of Pitt, by Mr. Wilson a local artist: "There is something truly sublime in the process by which the medallist's art is developed, — a blank piece of metal in a moment, and by a stroke as transforming as that of an enchanter's wand, receives an impression which may never be obliterated, an image which stamps itself upon the eye through the mind of the beholder, speaks the language of every country, the language of looks, and tells that there *has been one who is no more*, and that such were his features . . . . He whose countenance is embossed on a medal (to use a plain expression) has a fairer chance of immortality on earth, than he whose praises are sung by the Homer on the Horace of his day."—*Iris*, May 25. 1819. One would fain *adapt* to the Montgomery medal the proud boast of the Roman bard —

"*Exegi monumentum ære perennius.*"

do your best ; and then you will be almost sure always to do better."

Oct. 27. Mr. Holland went to the Mount, and placed before Montgomery the manuscript of his Hymns (320 pages), the copy being not only transcribed and arranged, but made up so as to be ready for immediate transmission by post. The poet was evidently startled for a moment with this practical result of his friend's intervention ; but, after a little explanation, he took his pen, and addressed the cartel to Messrs. Longman and Co., with a letter.

He had been composing a hymn for the Sunday School Union Jubilee ; it is that beginning :—

"The grace of Jesus Christ our Lord,  
The Father's love with sweet accord," &c.\*

and will probably not be thought to exhibit any very striking originality of thought, or curiousness of diction ; yet so difficult was it for the author to be self-satisfied, that he made at least eight or ten versions of this hymn before its text was finally settled. He was, of course, well aware, that success, in such a case, was not always proportionate to the amount of labour bestowed ; indeed, that it was uncommon under any circumstances. "The appearance of a genuinely good hymn," says he in a letter to an experimenter in this line, "is about as rare as that of a comet in the heavens ; but, in the heaven of sacred song, a good hymn must *not* be a comet, the test of its goodness being that it becomes a *fixed* star amidst a firmament of meteors, which ninety-nine, at least, out of every hundred new ones are."

Oct. 29. Mr. Holland found Montgomery engaged—as almost every man, woman, and child in England was at

\* Original Hymns, CCCLIII.

that time—in reading “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.” *Holland*: “How far have you got, Sir?” *Montgomery*: “Only to where the run-away slave mother, Eliza, is delivered into the hands of honest old John Van Trompe; but I have laughed and cried over it many a time already: I do not wonder that a story so well conceived and so touchingly told, should have proved so attractive to all classes of readers, as well in England as in America.” He had not then reached the passage, “So much has been said and sung of beautiful young girls, why don’t somebody wake up to the beauty of old women?” or he *might* have answered, “Often and earnestly has that been my theme both in prose and rhyme,” and that, too, when the subjects of it have been personally much less attractive than “our good friend Rachael Holliday, just as she sits there in her little rocking-chair.” *Holland*: “Many persons thought *Slavery*, as a theme of polite literature, had been quite ‘used up’ long since, and that the question must be left entirely to political or practical abolitionists.” *Montgomery*: “It was so said, even when I was writing the ‘West Indies;’ the subject, I was told, had lost its interest through exhaustion; and yet the poem was successful.” *Holland*: “Slavery can never cease to excite the horror and opposition of good and patriotic men, till it ceases to exist.” *Montgomery*: “It is, indeed, remarkable, that on a subject so trite and hackneyed in prose and rhyme, this American authoress, whose name I never heard before, should have produced one of the most original works of its class, and perhaps the most popular book of the day.” *Holland*: “It appears, for the moment to have superseded even Dickens and Company. It can hardly fail to produce a powerful impression against slavery on both sides of the Atlantic.\* All the cha-

\* Perhaps one of the most remarkable of the immediate effects

acters are powerfully sketched, and especially that of Topsy, which will outlive all the rest in the popular memory: it may almost be taken as the synonym for slavery itself in one of its most debasing results."

Nov. 1. In reply to an inquiry relative to his health.

*Montgomery*: "As well as I can be expected to be, after sitting for two hours breathing hydrogen gas, eating coal-tar, and drinking ammoniacal liquor!"

*Holland*: "A very poetical repast, truly! I wish you would leave the gas controversy to parties with more strength, and less sensibility, than yourself."

*Montgomery*: "I should think it dishonourable to do so at this crisis: no, the house is on fire, and I will not leave it until either the flames are extinguished, or the place is burnt down."

Nov. 20. *Holland*: "What is your opinion, Sir, of 'Tennyson's Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington?'" *Montgomery*: "I like it better on the second reading than I did at the first; there is a simple grandeur of expression in some passages of it which will not be generally appreciated; and on the whole it is respectable,—of course, it is *Tennysonian*." *Holland*: "To me it appears cold, artificial, and declamatory; not, indeed, 'a gazette in rhyme,' but too much like a rhyming syllabus of what has been said of the Duke in newspapers, speeches, and memoirs, since the day of his death: it has neither depth of feeling, compass of reflection, nor sublimity of tone. But, in my opinion, the very grandeur and simplicity of his Grace's character, whether as a warrior, a statesman, or a citizen, was unfavourable to the chances of poetical success beyond the measure attained by the Laureate." *Montgomery*:

of this book was the address to the women of America, which was got up at Stafford House, and signed by thousands of women in Great Britain, — 16,220 names being subscribed in Sheffield!

“ Well, suppose you try your hand ; I will give you, as a beginning, the two lines which came into my head, while I listened to Mr. Murphy's sermon at the parish church on Thursday : —

‘ The Field of Waterloo ! the field  
Of Waterloo—the unburied dead.’ ”

*Holland* : “ But what of the dead ? ” *Montgomery* : “ Mine was the vision of a moment, as involving the issues of life, death, time, and eternity, in relation to the aspect and suggestions of that awful field on the day after the battle.” *Holland* : “ A portentous and pregnant speculation, truly, but I dare not enter upon it. I have been struck in observing how many of your epitaphs and hymns embody allusions to those awful realities, especially that last named by you.” *Montgomery* : “ Yes ; I am aware of it ; you recollect what is said of Javan, in ‘ The World before the Flood : ’ —

‘ Wound with his life, through all his feelings wrought,  
Death and eternity possess'd his thought.’ ”

Dec. 14. This evening the Earl of Carlisle delivered before the members of the Mechanic's Institution in Sheffield a Lecture on the Poetry of Gray, as he had previously done at Leeds, before a similar audience, on the Poetry of Pope. Apart from the interest of the occasion, as arising from the novel circumstance of a highly accomplished member of the aristocracy reading to an assembly of workmen an elaborate paper on such a branch of *belles lettres*, it was impossible not to appreciate the generous enthusiasm which led the noble lord to select for his theme of eulogy the poet Pope, whose uncomplimentary couplet in allusion to “ all the Howards,” is well known ; and to pay a direct compliment to the genius of Byron, notwithstanding

the still more unequivocal tone of disrespect in which he had spoken of the lecturer's grandfather. It was, moreover, pleasing to recollect that, whatever might be the merits of Frederick the fifth Earl of Carlisle as a dramatist, or whatever the justification of his critics, his illustrious grandson could not only plead through him hereditary attachment to the Muses, but respect for the memory of Gray in particular.\* Although Montgomery had, on account of his age and infirmities, ceased to attend evening meetings in general, he ventured out on this occasion; and it was gratifying to notice, as he preceded the Earl of Carlisle on the platform, that he was greeted with a round of applause only one degree less enthusiastic than that with which his townspeople welcomed their distinguished lecturer himself. Nor was the Earl of Carlisle insensible to the presence and influence of his most interesting auditor; for, after the exchange of personal congratulations, and when he proceeded to read his lecture, he said, "When I delivered a lecture to my friends at Leeds, I chose for my subject the poetry of Pope. I had previously felt quite uncertain how an address of such a character would be received by an audience mainly composed of persons engrossed by the more prosaic and laborious duties of life; but I found that they listened to the sparkling terseness of that consummate poet with an eagerness and apparent approval which I might not have found equalled in more polished and fastidious assemblies; and it has since occurred to me that there is no reason why I should not make a further experiment in the same direction amidst another community with whom I have also had many previous interchanges of kindly feeling, and in whom I remember to have stated that I

\* "Ode on the Death of Gray," Earl of Carlisle's Poems, 1801.



recognised a kind of sedate, and even stern intelligence, which is abundantly exercised upon the hardy and ingenious craft of the district, and which I should think it somewhat of a triumph to see thawed into relaxation upon any of the lighter topics of art and literature. Insensible, indeed, to the claims of poetry, it would be wholly unfair to assume that they could be, for have they not long fostered the tender and mellow piety of Montgomery? did they not rear among themselves the rugged and rare energy of Elliott?" Interesting as the lecture was, and perhaps lyric poetry never found more dignified and noble expression, as merely read from the author's page, it would hardly be too much to say that the attention of the company was about equally divided between the expressions of the lecturer, and their apparent effect on Montgomery, "who," as the editor of a local newspaper remarked, "was evidently greatly delighted with the whole discourse: it was quite a picture to see 'The old man eloquent,' manifest his approbation of the manner in which the subject was treated. His lips moved in mute response to every sound of versified harmony, and at every expression of fine, manly, or noble sentiment, his eyes sparkled with pleasurable emotion." On one point only, we believe, was there any difference between the Earl of Carlisle and Montgomery in their appreciation of the poetry of Gray, but that point is an important one. His Lordship said "to the amiable natural affections which Gray exhibited, we must add a becoming tone of religious sentiment wherever it is introduced, and the occasions are not unfrequent, either in his correspondence or his verse, and it kindles even into a noble scorn wherever it is called forth by any display of shallow scepticism, or aping of infidel philosophy. He appears to have always spoken with the utmost re-

pugnance of Bolingbroke and Voltaire: in one place, he thus pointedly describes himself:—

‘ No very great wit, he believed in a God ; ’ ”

and therefore he was not an atheist. But we are afraid the reader of Gray’s poems will search in vain for any *such* “ religious sentiment ” as bespeaks, in “ a becoming tone,” the Christian believer. Montgomery thus asks and answers an important question on this point:—

“ *What* God is intended in the last line of the *Elegy*? ‘ The bosom of his father and his God ! ’ search every fragment of the writings of the celebrated author, and it will be difficult to answer this question, simple as it is, from them ; from the *Elegy* itself it would be impossible ; except that the God of the ‘ *Youth* to fortune and to fame unknown ’ is meant ; and that this may have been the true God, must be inferred from his worshipper having been buried ‘ in a country church-yard.’ There is indeed a couplet like the following, in the body of the poem :—

“ ‘ And many a *holy text* around she strews,  
To teach the rustic moralist to die ; ’

but throughout the whole there is not a single allusion to ‘ an hereafter,’ except what may be inferred, by courtesy, from the concluding line already mentioned. After the couplet above quoted, the poet leaves his ‘ rustic moralist to die,’ and very pathetically refers to the natural unwillingness of the humblest individual to be forgotten, and the ‘ longing, lingering look,’ which even the miserable cast behind, on leaving ‘ the warm precincts of the cheerful day ; ’ but hope, nor fear, doubt, nor faith, concerning a *future* state, seems ever to have touched the poet’s apprehensions, exquisitely affected as he must have been with all that interests ‘ mortal man ’ in the composition of these unrivalled stanzas ;—unrivalled truly they are, though there is not an idea

in them beyond the church-yard, in which they are said to have been written." \*

*Montgomery*: "I was engaged up to the moment of going to Lord Carlisle's lecture with the composition of a centenary hymn for our 'single sisters,' who this day celebrate their establishment, as a separate branch of our community at Fulneck, in 1752. *You* cannot feel the same interest in the subject that *I* do:"—

"On his pilgrimage of woe,  
When our Saviour walk'd below,  
He, whose voice awoke the dead,  
Had not where to lay his head.

"Yet, on one sweet hill of rest,  
Oft He loved to be a guest,  
Where two sister-handmaids dwelt,  
In whose home, *at home* He felt.

"FULNECK-Hill to-day shall be  
Our delightful BETHANY;  
Dwell, LORD JESUS, where we dwell,  
*God with us Immanuel.*

"In our hearts, do Thou appear,  
Let our spirits feel Thee here,  
Till, call'd hence by Thee, in love,  
To THY BETHANY above."

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Dec. 24. *Holland*: "If the Earl of Carlisle's graceful peroration †, in favour of erecting a bronze statue in Sheffield, to the memory of the 'Corn Law Rhymer,' was by some persons deemed rather out of place, it has at least, as you will perceive, evoked a poetical argument, in the same direction, from the pen of Walter Savage Landor." *Montgomery*: "I have just read the lines in the newspaper, and very clever and spirited they are:—

\* *Introduct. Essay to "Christian Poet."*

† At the close of his lecture on Gray.

“ ‘ Three Elliotts there have been, three glorious men,  
 Each in his generation. One was doom'd,  
 By despotism and prelatty, to pine  
 In the deep dungeon, and to pine for law :  
 A second hurl'd his thunderbolt and flame,  
 When Gaul and Spaniard moor'd their pinnaces,  
 Screaming defiance at Gibraltar's frown :  
 A third came calmly on, and ask'd the rich  
 To give laborious hunger daily bread.' ”

But there was surely at least another Elliott, who might have been included in this exemplary category. I allude to him who was called — and justly — the ‘ Apostle of the Indians.’ Nor was the Corn Law Rhymer himself forgetful of the memory or the virtues of his devoted missionary namesake, when describing how—

“ ‘ The moon-beam trembled o'er the Gospel Oak,  
 Beneath whose shade Newhaven's fathers kept  
 Their first sweet sabbath.' ” \*

*Holland* : “ And I should be disposed to mention, as an honour to the name, Sir Thomas Elyott, who flourished in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and was neither less learned nor less respected in his day, than the best of the triad recorded in Mr. Landor's lines.”

Dec. 30—31. *Montgomery* : “ To-morrow is the last day of the year ; come up to the Mount and get your tea with us ; and if Miss Gales should happen to be out, you and I can mis-spend the evening very pleasantly together. I seem to do nothing now, but mis-spend time ! ” *Holland* : “ My dear Sir, you are too severe upon yourself : do you think a plant which has produced its leaves, its bud, and its blossom in their season,

\* Elliott's “ Withered Wild Flowers,” and Note.

is to be regarded as mis-spending time while ripening its seed?" *Montgomery*: "No; the flower and the tree are never idle; though I am!" Mr. Holland accordingly visited the poet, and spent a few hours with him very pleasantly. After tea, the postman brought a cartel, which contained the last proof-sheet of "Original Hymns" — a grateful coincidence between the completion of the book and the end of the year. *Montgomery*: "I am glad the work is so far concluded: I have felt, at every step, that you were leading me blindfolded through the volume; but now it is only right to say that I entirely approve of your arrangement of the matter; and your only recompense must be the consciousness of having done such an act of kindness." In reading the matter, it was found that one of the compositions was repeated in print; and it became a puzzling question *what* should be substituted, as *Montgomery* had only the hymn above named as written for a festival of the "Single Sisters" at Fulneck. *Holland*: "That will do very well." *Montgomery*: "But the title?" *Holland*: "Why not head it '*For a Christian Sisterhood?*'" And so it is entitled in the book. About ten o'clock the servants came into the room; and *Montgomery*, after reading a chapter in the Bible, knelt down, and, in the sentiments appropriate "for the close of a year," in his friend the Rev. Thomas Cotterill's "Family Prayers," offered the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving for past mercies, and fervent intercessions for the future. Having seen the venerable bard comfortably seated in the "presentation chair," with his pipe and glass, Mr. Holland bade him an affectionate "good night," and received from him an anticipatory congratulation on the approach of the "New Year."

## CHAP. CX.

1853.

PUBLICATION OF "ORIGINAL HYMNS."—LETTER FROM MISS AIKIN.—DESTRUCTION OF DONCASTER CHURCH.—STANZAS.—THE DEAKIN CHARITY.—MONTGOMERY'S DONATIONS TO FULNECK SCHOOLS.—LETTER TO REV. S. D. WADDY.—INTENDED EXECUTORS OF HIS WILL.—AMERICAN EDITION OF HIS POEMS.—SIR HUDSON LOWE AND NAPOLEON.—TRANSATLANTIC COMPLIMENTS.—LETTER TO REV. J. EVERETT.—BUST OF THE POET MODELLED.—LETTER TO THE MAYOR OF SHEFFIELD.—HYMN.

JANUARY 17. Mr. Everett and Mr. Holland called upon Montgomery, the former to present a message of kind remembrance, with which he was charged, from Joseph Cottle\* to the Sheffield poet. The conversation turned mostly upon several interesting localities in Bristol, which had just been explored by Mr. Everett,—as the birth-places of Chatterton and Southey; and the burial-places of William Canynges and Richard Savage; as well as the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, with its memorable muniment-room—all of which had, in previous years, attracted the curiosity of Montgomery, when he used to visit "the metropolis of the West," during his brother's residence there.

On the first of February appeared "Original Hymns, for Public, Social, and Private Devotion, by James Montgomery:" with the following verse from one of them, as a motto on the title page:—

\* Who died June 7. 1853.

“ From young and old, with every breath,  
 Let prayer and praise arise ;  
 Life be ‘ *the daily offering,*’—death  
 ‘ *The evening sacrifice.*’ ”

In the preface, the author adverts to the extent to which his compositions of this class have been appropriated by compilers ; adding, that “ of this he has never complained, being rather humbly thankful that any imperfect strains of his should be thus employed in giving *glory to God in the highest, promoting on earth peace, and diffusing good will toward men.* But of the liberties taken by some of these borrowers of his effusions, to modify certain passages according to their peculiar taste and notions,” he must complain : reminding such persons that, if they “ cannot conscientiously adopt *his* diction and doctrine, it is surely unreasonable in them to impose upon him *theirs*, which he might as honestly hesitate to receive.” He closes, what he calls “ this egotistical preamble to the most serious work of a long life — now passing fourscore years,” with the quotation and application of the following appropriate lines from Bishop Ken, “ a sainted authority on such a subject : ” —

“ And should the well-meant song I leave behind,  
 With Jesus’ lovers some acceptance find,  
 ’Twill heighten even the joys of heaven to know,  
 That in my verse saints sing God’s praise below.”

A handsomely bound copy was addressed :—

“ To my dear friend, Mr. John Holland, who kindly and ably assisted me in the arrangement of the contents of this volume. JAMES MONTGOMERY, *the Mount, Feb. 28. 1853.*”

This compliment might have been better justified by

the fact, if the party to whom it is paid, had not made rather "more haste than good speed," in order to accomplish, at the favourably passing moment, an object which, dear as it was to the poet's heart, would certainly never have been achieved by himself. He was gratified by the following cordial acknowledgment of a copy which he had presented to one of his earliest literary friends:—

*Miss Aikin to James Montgomery.*

"DEAR FRIEND,

"Many thanks to you for your kind present of your volume of Hymns. They were very agreeable and acceptable to me, not alone as a proof of your never-failing remembrance and friendship, but for their own merits. I tell you the simplest truth in saying, that I regard you as quite at the head of all living writers of this kind of poetry within my knowledge. Your Hymns have an earnestness, a fervour of piety, and an un mistakeable sincerity which goes straight to the heart. In the style, too, you are perfectly successful, and it is one in which few are masters. Clear, direct, simple, plain to the humblest member of a congregation, yet glowing with poetic fire, and steeped in Scripture. Not in its peculiar phrases so much, which might give an air of quaintness, as filled with its spirit, and with allusions to its characters and incidents often extremely happy, and what might well be called ingenious. My father would not have forgotten to add a merit to which he was extremely sensible, as indeed am I—that the lines flow very harmoniously, and are *richly rhymed*—with their full complement of two to a stanza. This is an aid to the memory as well as the immediate effect. I rejoice that you lend your powerful support to the anti-Calvinistic theology, and strenuously inculcate that every man may be saved if he pleases.\*

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\* Of course, we entirely concur in this sentiment; but so, no doubt, would many persons to whom the epithet in Miss Aikin's



“Although you may think it right to bridle your indignation against the interpolators of your Hymns, there is no reason I should: and I do not. It is an intolerable fraud—worse by far than forging one’s name to a cheque; and nothing, I suppose, but the paucity of really good hymns which speak exactly the language of this or that compiler for a congregation, could have tempted decent people to be guilty of it. Poor Dr. Watts has been victimised to such an extent in this manner for a century past, that I have been told a genuine Watts is now a curiosity scarcely anywhere to be met with. Better fate be yours; but I dare not promise it you, if you will write so well, and enounce your doctrines with so much point and force, instead of dwelling in neutral generalities, equally suited to all sects of Christians.

“Are you aware that I have again taken up my abode in the old spot where we saw each other’s face for the last time, doubtless, in this world? Yes; last Christmas twelvemonth, I quitted Wimbledon with my niece and her family, after what had been to me a five years’ sojourn in a strange place, and came with them to dear old Hampstead, where I have a few friends and relations still remaining, whose society is worth far more to me than the most splendid new acquaintances could possibly be. One dear brother, my eldest, is still left me; and we are but three miles apart. Here I am in the midst of an amiable young family, to whom I feel myself almost a grandmama. Many, many blessings to be thankful for at the age of seventy-one! Of your health I have lately heard good tidings. Long may it continue!

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letter may seem more especially to apply. For instance, to say nothing of other testimonies—the editor of the chief newspaper organ of the Independent body, *quasi* Calvinistic, said, “Mr. Montgomery may challenge to himself the distinguishing merit of having furnished a larger number of occasional hymns of intrinsic excellence as well as specific adaptation, than any other hymnodist in the English language.”—*Patriot*, March 31. 1853.

Believe me ever, dear and respected friend, yours most sincerely,

“LUCY AIKIN.

“Hampstead, Feb. 13. 1853.”

On the evening of February 28th, the fine old church of St. George, at Doncaster, was entirely destroyed by fire; and among the plans which were promptly devised for raising funds for its restoration, a bazaar was hit upon, Montgomery being applied to for a contribution in verse. He accordingly produced thirteen stanzas, under the title of “Doncaster Church, as it was, as it is, and as it shall be;” with the appropriate Scripture motto: — “Our holy, and our beautiful House, where our fathers praised Thee, is burned up with fire.” — Isaiah, lxiv. 11. : —

### I.

- “Holy and beautiful it stood,  
That House of God, God’s House of Prayer,  
While in ‘the old Paths,’ true and good,  
Our pious fathers worshipp’d there.
- “There rich and poor were wont to meet;  
The Lord, the Maker of them all,  
Gave audience from his mercy-seat,  
And rain’d down blessings at their call.
- “The breath of prayer, the voice of praise,  
Ascended thence from earth to heaven,  
And brought heaven down on Sabbath days,  
The happiest of the weekly seven.
- “For then the welcome gospel Word  
Spake warning, counsel, comfort, peace,  
To souls who meekly sate and heard;  
Man sow’d, but God gave the increase.

“O Mother Church! from stage to stage,  
 Thus didst thou train thy family  
 To walk on Christian pilgrimage,  
 Time’s travellers to eternity. ,

## II.

“To everything beneath the sun,  
 Comes a last day, — to thee one came ;  
 The evening sacrifice was done ;  
 Midnight beheld thee wrapt in flame !

“Thyself wast thy own funeral pyre,  
 Involving smoke thy baleful shroud ;  
 Darkness was light amidst that fire,  
 Sunrise a spectre through that cloud.

“Temple and altar were consumed ;  
 Yet where the dead of centuries sleep,  
 Their ashes, round thy walls entomb’d,  
 The ground for unborn ages keep.

“Though, like a valley of dry bones,  
 Thy relics lie, with humble trust,  
 Thy sons take pleasure in thy stones,  
 They grieve to see thee in the dust.

## III.

“Thou wast no pageant of the past,  
 No wreck beyond redemption thine ;  
 Thy first estate was not thy last,  
 A better comes, — behold the sign !

“Let doubt, and fear, and unbelief  
 Murmur and mutter, ‘*Woe ! Woe ! Woe !*’  
 To check their impotence of grief,  
 Faith, Hope, and Charity, cry ‘*No !*’

“The evidence of things unseen,  
 Faith prophecies, ‘*Thou shalt arise !*’  
 Hope hails it through the veil between.  
 And Charity will realise.

“ Amidst the glories of our land,  
 (Thy Sister Churches,) Thou again,  
 Holy and beautiful shalt stand,  
 A joy of angels, and of men.

“ The Mount, Sheffield, April 9. 1853.”

These verses he got printed on an embossed letter sheet, signing every copy with his name; so that they formed welcome *souvenirs* of the poet, as well as profitable articles of sale\* at the Mansion House, on the 22nd of April.

March 30. Montgomery was present at a meeting of governors of the “Deakin Charity,” held for the election of participants; and at which the Archbishop of York, as patron, presided. It was agreed that no addresses should be delivered except that made from the chair on the opening of the business; and in this, His Grace having mentioned that as it was his birthday, he should have to leave early, being expected to dine with his brother, Archdeacon Musgrave, at Halifax, Montgomery, who sat next him, instantly rose and said, “May it please your Grace, I am not going to infringe the very proper regulation of this meeting, by making a speech, but I must be permitted for myself, and I am sure every person present will concur in the sentiment, to wish you in the plain language of truth—*many happy returns of the day*; and may we hereafter often be reminded of it in future by your Grace’s presence at the same season as the patron, and one of the administrators, of this excellent charity.” This response, so unexpected, under the circumstances, was

\* We do not know exactly the amount realised by Montgomery’s offering; but the managers acknowledged that the poet had “given a good helping hand to produce upwards of 1200*l*.” There was also a copy of verses by Mr. M. F. Tupper.

very courteously received by the Archbishop, and enthusiastically by the meeting.

The liberal offering of 50*l.* which, under the designation of an "Old Economy Boy (from 1777 to 1789)," Montgomery had given towards the education of Moravian ministers' children, at Fulneck, in 1852, was followed this year, by a "second donation of 50*l.*, to the Jubilee Fund of the schools."

Having been announced to take the chair at a Wesleyan Missionary Meeting about to be held in Carver Street Chapel, on the 10th of May, Montgomery addressed the following note to the Rev. S. D. Waddy:—

"The Mount, May 10. 1853.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

"Some indisposition from a troublesome cold, the inclement weather, but especially distressing intelligence received this morning from my dearest relatives at Fulneck, with the usual propensities of an incorrigible procrastination,—these compel me, at the last hour, to cast myself upon the mercy of my Wesleyan friends, intreating their indulgence to forgive me when I say that I dare not venture to appear before them at their Missionary Meeting this evening, as I hoped to have done. I am sure you will kindly plead in my behalf for this apparent lack of service. My sympathy with them has been touched by reading, this morning, and remembering *their Hill of Zion*, from the 48th Psalm, of which the greater part may be happily applied to their relative situation among Christian communities both at home and abroad, (omitting only verses 3 to 6). I leave you to do the same, and thank 'this God' as *your* 'God, for ever and ever;' yea, who shall be your guide until death, if you, as his pledge, are faithful to your covenant of grace with Him; for *He* was your 'Father's God,' and will be your *Children's*. I take this opportunity of begging you to accept the accompanying volume of my collected hymns, which at length, under some disadvantages,

have been published. I have delayed longer than I intended to offer you this token of my esteem: but I hope 'better late than never,' your kindness will deem it.

"I am, very truly, your friend and servant,

" J. MONTGOMERY.

"Rev. S. D. Waddy, Wesley College."

On the morning next but one following, Mr. Holland called at the Mount, and found the poet very much disturbed about his brother's widow, whose critical state of extreme illness had suggested the apology in the foregoing letter. He had written a few lines for a bazaar about to be held at Woodhouse Grove, near Leeds, a place which he said he used to visit in his school days, and before it was purchased as an educational establishment for the sons of Methodist preachers. The same evening Mr. Holland met him at Park Grange, where, after tea, the conversation turned on the subject of eating animal food, — two of the popular "Vegetarian" leaders, Messrs. Brotherton and Harvey, having called upon our friend, and invited him to attend a public meeting of the sect on the previous day; this, however, he declined, differing from them as entirely in doctrine as in practice on the main point. He mentioned the comparatively small income which he had derived from the sale of his works, during the last year or two, notwithstanding the exhaustion of a whole edition of the collected poems; and on the remark being made, that the disposal of a thousand copies of a half-guinea volume of republished verse, was really complimentary to him, he replied in the lines of Spenser: —

"So praysen babes the peacock's spotted train,  
And wondren at bright Argus' blazing eye;  
But who rewards him ere the more for-thy,  
Or feeds him once the fuller by a grain?"

May 2. *Montgomery*: "Mr. Holland, how does your brother-in-law spell his name?" *Holland*: "Bram-mall." *Montgomery*: "I ask, because, as you know, there are many varieties of it in the town: I mean to introduce it, with your own, into my will. I have now brought my affairs into such a shape, that, after my death, they need not give either you or any one else much trouble; but mention the matter to your brother." Of course, the subject of the poet's wish was immediately intimated to the party named, who at once expressed himself willing to undertake any service for Mr. Montgomery.

May 27. Called at the Mount, and found on Montgomery's table a beautifully executed reprint of his *Collected Poems* in one volume, as a present from the publishers, Lindsey and Blackiston of Philadelphia. The permitted importation of an American book having an English copyright, was, in this case, explained by the following official note on the first leaf:—

"Seen by the officers of Customs, and being a presentation copy to the author, ordered to be delivered by the landing officer."

The book was a curiously exact imitation of the English work in every respect: the ingenuity of the publishers being, as the author remarked at the time, only exceeded by the enterprise with which they had ventured on the reproduction of such a mass of poetry under, as he chose to say, "so unpopular a name." *Holland*: Taking up the *Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley's* volume, entitled "&c." "Have you been reading this book?" *Montgomery*: "I have looked into it; and Miss Gales is delighted with it, because it carries her to Tunis." *Miss Gales*: "I like the work for the liveliness of the style: *Lady Stuart Wortley* must be a capital talker; and I

should very much enjoy listening to a conversation between her and the Earl of Carlisle." *Montgomery*: "If it was on room papers, I should certainly side with her ladyship in the sentiment of detestation which she has recorded \* against the vile patterns we frequently meet with: it sometimes almost gives me the night-mare at mid-day when I am compelled to sit and look at them!"

June 8. Mr. Everett, being casually in Sheffield for a few hours, walked up with Mr. Holland to the Mount. The two friends found the poet in the parlour, reading the "Memoirs of Moore," which, he remarked, appeared less entertaining than might have been anticipated; and he was afraid his own worthy publishers, who had dealt so liberally toward the party mainly interested in the price said to be paid for the work, might not realise their own by the transaction. The morning was glorious, and vegetation in the full burst of its luxuriance: this Montgomery pointed out in the trees surrounding the lawn in front of his own residence; he then accompanied his friends to look at his namesake tree, the "purple beech," from which he slipped a twig and gave it to Mr. Everett, who wanted a leaf, as a memento. As the party walked towards the town together, they particularly admired the plantations about the villas on both sides of the road; the poet especially praising the beauty of the lilacs and the laburnums, which, said he, "are, everywhere, here about, found growing and flowering together in constant friendship, the Pylades and Orestes of ornamental trees." This was the last interview between "we three!"

A few days afterwards Mr. Holland found the poet with "The Loves of the Angels" before him. "I

\* Chapter on "Arabesques and Marabouts."



wonder," said he, "who reads this work now, even among that class of fashionable people who professed so rapturous a degree of admiration of it in the author's ears, and during the hey-day of his fame. The versification is often exquisite; but the stories appear to me more revolting than ever, as they must surely do to any one who reflects on the subjects. What a contrast between Moore's themes and his versification, and those of old George Albany, a Sunday-school teacher, in the 'Jubilee Hymn Book,' which has just been sent to me; — do read them." Mr. Holland then read the verses, which alluded to the obscure origin and unambitious aims, but useful operations, of the London Sunday School Union, Montgomery expressing special admiration of the closing verses:—

“ Since then full fifty years are past,  
 And nearly all that band are dead,  
 And those who live are failing fast,  
 With dark'ning eye and whitening head.

“ The sky gave out no sign that night,  
 No rabble bore those heroes home;  
 And yet their spirits struck a light,  
 To burn for ages yet to come.”

August 24. Mr. Holland took tea with Montgomery: he found the poet reading Forsyth's "Account of Bonaparte's Captivity at Saint Helena." *Montgomery*: "I am glad to find from this book that Sir Hudson Lowe had not only seen a good deal of stirring service, but had honourably distinguished himself as a soldier. I always thought his captivity must have been at least as irksome, if not as humiliating, as that of his prisoner: this account certainly widens the distance between those points of comparison, not to the advantage

of the latter party." *Holland*: "I have just seen two gentlemen, one of whom passed some days with Sir Hudson Lowe at Saint Helena; the other, an Anglo-India merchant. The latter argues — as many other persons have done—that, had the Governor acted more in a spirit of conciliation and confidence towards the object of his care, they might have lived together on better terms." *Montgomery*: "Not they: it was clearly the design of the ex-emperor and those about him, from the first, to harass the governor into the commission of some reprehensible act of misconduct, if possible; or in any way to attract the eyes of their partisans in Europe toward themselves, as suffering not only from transportation, but insult; and, for that end, they constantly sacrificed every opportunity of improving the position of Napoleon as to personal comfort, which Sir Hudson Lowe appears to have been really and constantly seeking to embrace; for in hardly a single instance was he treated either with the courtesy or the candour to which he was, even as a 'jailor,' at least officially, entitled." *Holland*: "Whatever ground there might be for the latter imputation on one side, it might surely be substantiated on the other by a single incident: Sir Hudson Lowe told my informant that, being out one day, he saw Bonaparte and his suite walking along a road which rendered a rencounter inevitable: the Governor immediately backed his horse aside, lifted his hat, and awaited the coming up of his prisoner, who slowly rode past without the slightest recognition or return of this act of soldierly courtesy!" *Montgomery*: "Such a salutation would have been returned to a corporal." *Holland*: "My Indian friend contended that had Sir Pulteney Malcolm been Governor, or had Sir Hudson allowed to his prisoner, at the beginning, that amount of freedom in his range

of exercise on the island, which he granted at a later period, the relation of the parties would have stood on a better footing." *Montgomery*: "I doubt it; but without making any comparison between the character or manners of the two soldiers, it is enough to say that, as Sir Pulteney was not then officially charged with the custody of Napoleon, the greater freedom of intercourse between them was only such as might be expected; and as for freedom or range of exercise, a degree of confidence may, in many cases, be extended to a prisoner, after some experience of his conduct, or some trial of the means used for his security, which can hardly, in many cases, be granted before." *Holland*: "It is, of course, quite clear that, if the emperor had been allowed the same extent of freedom in his movements at the commencement that he had towards the close of his residence on the island of Saint Helena, not only would the chances of his safe retention have been lessened, but the probability of his having had to suffer the chagrin of finding his boundaries narrowed, in consequence of some abuse of the confidence reposed in him or his suite, would have been increased: as it was, his conduct was not calculated to beget confidence; nor must it be forgotten how recently he had broken parole at Elba." *Montgomery*: "His return from Elba was, I must say, one of the most wicked acts ever committed, foreseeing, as he must have done, to some extent at least, the terrible consequences that must follow. His strict detention, therefore, like the circumstance out of which it arose, is to be judged of by itself, and not by comparison with other cases: it stands as much alone in the history and experience of nations, as the rock to which he was banished stands alone in the vast Atlantic." *Holland*: "The story of Napoleon's captivity comes over the mind, like the reading of an heroic

poem : in some hands it would have made a powerful drama." *Montgomery* : "In such hands as those of Æschylus or Sophocles."

One day in the course of this summer he received a packet of MS. poetry from the pen of a young lady, a relative of Judge Stroud, of Philadelphia, U.S., and whose mother, a quakeress, we presume, from the date of her accompanying note (6th, 8th mo., 1853) apologised for addressing as a friend one who, although not personally known, had been familiar to her from childhood ; and so much, she added, did her mature judgment justify her early admiration, that "were I to visit England, I would rather see James Montgomery, the poet of Sheffield, than Queen Victoria on her throne." Gratified, as he might well be, with expressions of transatlantic respect, which might almost be said to increase with his years, and willing as he ever was to welcome visitors from the United States, he could not but feel how liable the abstract charm of reverence for the poet was, to be dissolved by an ordinary interview with the man. Generally, however, and we now speak of the period of his old age, these visits repaid, by an increased conviction of the simplicity and reality of the poet's religious character, any disappointment which might be felt at the absence of personal *empressement*, or intellectual display. In the course of this summer three American gentlemen called at the Mount, one of whom, as it afterwards appeared, was the writer of a series of letters from Europe, which appeared in the "New York Observer," under the signature of "Irenæus." In one of these communications he says :—

"On reaching Sheffield, and stepping from the cars, I asked the first cab-driver who came in sight if he knew where James Montgomery resided?"

“‘Oh, ay, the poet, you mean,’ he said, ‘sure I do; he lives on the Mount.’ He was our man, and we did not lose a moment in taking possession of his carriage. Sheffield is a smoky, dingy, manufacturing town, reminding me strongly of Pittsburgh, Pa., where the ——, but I will say nothing about that. The evidences\* of the poverty and degradation of the lowest stratum of an English city were to be seen in the streets through which we passed as we wound along up a hill for nearly three miles. But as we went up, we found elegant residences, with all the show of wealth and refinement in gardens and architecture, such as we look for in a town where labour is cheap, and profits to capitalists enormous. How the poor live in Britain is a problem more mysterious to me than it was when I came among them. But we are looking for a poet, and here is prose. On the summit of the hill, in a fine house †, commanding a splendid prospect of the city, and green fields, and forests, such a prospect as a poet in full communion with his fellowmen would love to look on, we found the name of JAMES MONTGOMERY on the door. We had heard that the venerable poet was now so advanced in life, and so feeble in health, that he was not willing to see company; and it was with many misgivings that I stood at his door and asked the servant if he was in. Learning that he was at home, I handed her my card, and bade her say that three gentlemen from America would be glad to pay their respects to Mr. Montgomery. Before I had finished my message, he stepped from his library into the hall, and received me with a greeting that went to my heart. ‘You do me too much honour,’ he said. ‘Come in, and your friends.’ He led us all into his study, and insisted on our sitting down.

“I said to him, ‘You were known, Sir, in America, and loved before we were born.’

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\* What these “evidences” were, the writer does not state, but most assuredly the inference drawn from them in the letter above quoted is indefensible.

† In the view of The Mount which forms the vignette of Vol. VI. Montgomery’s house was that indicated by the last door near the end of the building on the left hand.

“He replied, ‘I thank you. It is grateful to me to know that anything I have ever written has been a pleasure to others. Your country has published many beautiful editions of my poems, and I am grateful for their favourable regard.’

“He spoke with some hesitation, and appeared feeble, though far less so than I had expected. A small thin man, ‘about my size,’ and slightly stooping, with a bright eye, and sharp face, he would not have appeared to me, had I met him in the street, as the man to write the ‘World before the Flood,’ or the ‘Wanderer of Switzerland.’ If there are not in both of these poems beauties of the highest order, and specimens of the power of pathos equal to the poetry of any man who has died within the last twenty-five years, then I will confess that I lost a *crown* in going to Sheffield to see their author, ‘Few men,’ I said to him, ‘have lived as you have, to hear the verdict of posterity.’

“‘Yes,’ he replied, ‘I have survived nearly all my contemporaries.’

“‘And you have survived the attacks of the *Edinburgh Review*, which predicted you would not live at all.’

“The old man laughed gaily at this reminiscence of a slashing review forty years ago, and said, ‘The *Review* was young then, and they thought they must kill some one in every number ; and they sought to make a victim of me, but I lived through it. Those were early trials, and I had others ; but trials are good for us, and they will soon be over.’

“‘May I ask how old you are now, Sir?’

“‘I shall be eighty-two years old on the fourth day of November next.’

“I could not refrain from telling him that the fourth of November was my birth-day also ; and ‘How old will you be, Sir?’ he added. I was not unwilling to find another coincidence in the fact that I should be then just one-half of his age. And this led to a religious conversation, in which he spoke of that peaceful but trembling hope he had that he should soon enter upon the promised rest ; his lips quivered, his voice broke, and big tears dropped from his eyes, as he

spoke of his unworthiness to be accepted, but of his trust in the Saviour, whose grace is sufficient for the chief of sinners. We rose to take leave, and as we shook hands in silence, Edwards repeated one of the poet's own stanzas from 'The Grave : ' —

‘ There is a calm for those that weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found.’

And he had strength to say, ‘ I hope we shall meet in heaven,’ and following us to the door, bade us an affectionate farewell.”

Another American visitor, who called upon the poet, and published an account of his impressions on England this year, is less accurate. We allude to Mr. Inckerman, who describes The Mount,—a handsome stone building, the pillars and pediment of which do no discredit to their Parthenaic model,—as “ *a row of neat stuccoed buildings ;* ” adding that he found the poet “ in a snug little parlour ; and on the opposite side of the fire *sat his wife, reading prayers ! ! !* ”

*James Montgomery to the Master Cutler.*

“ The Mount, Sept. 14. 1853.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ An original portrait of my late friend Mr. George Bennet (the last which was painted of him after his return from his missionary ‘ Voyages and Travels round the Globe’), has been sent to me, for presentation to the Cutlers’ Company. This was promised several years ago ; but certain delays, not worth particularising, have prevented its delivery till Monday last, when I found it, without any previous communication, at the Mount, on my return from the town in the afternoon. The proposed gift was accepted at the time by your predecessor, on the part of the Corporation ; and I have been vexatiously disappointed that the donor (Mrs. Woodcroft, of Bennet Grange, Fulwood) could

not earlier have accomplished her public-spirited purpose. You may probably have heard, and I can earnestly testify, with thousands of his surviving contemporaries, that Mr. Bennet was for many years one of the leading philanthropists resident in his native town. I must not multiply words in this hasty communication, but merely add, that if you and the Company's officers will please to send a competent person to take charge of the burthen, it shall be forwarded without delay, on application here. I mention this because some person in the trade will best know how it should be transmitted with safety. The painting was by *Jackson*, one of the most eminent of the artists connected with the Royal Academy.

“I am, truly and respectfully,

“Your friend and servant,

“J. MONTGOMERY.

“W. A. Matthews, Esq.”

This portrait has been appropriately hung exactly over the marble bust of the poet in the vestibule of the Cutlers' Hall.

*John Holland to the Rev. James Everett.*

“Sheffield, Oct. 19. 1853.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“You inquire after the poet. Mr. Ellis, who modelled his profile for the prize medal of the Sheffield School of Design, being anxious to execute a bust, wished me to use my influence to get Montgomery to favour him with a sitting or two. I accordingly went up to the Mount yesterday morning, and found our friend so unwell, that I saw little chance of even broaching my commission; indeed, he desired me to send the doctor to him. After awhile, seeing Miss Gales mix for him, at his own request, a large dose of ginger medicine, I persuaded him, instead of swallowing it, to take an easy walk with me to the adjacent Botanical Gardens. You will remember these grounds, so deservedly admired for their beautiful situation and admirable arrange-



ment: in fact, as soon as we had entered the gateway, my companion paused to remark, that few noblemen could boast such a pleasure plot as this, and fewer still such a prospect beyond it. The fresh air,—perhaps I may add, the conversation,—and the exhilarating scenery, evidently relieved him; and we lingered, with mutual delight, in the noble conservatories, neither of us being incommoded by the tropical temperature of one department. In the ‘Victoria House, where the heat was 80° Fahrenheit, ‘This is pleasant,’ said he; and there, in a circular tank, floated the *Queen Lily* in full blow reflected in the water, ‘like Narcissus contemplating his own beauty;’ and surrounded by eight or nine circular leaves, some of them nearly seven feet in diameter! He lingered to examine a specimen of the *saccharum officinarum*, which evidently recalled to him scenes and circumstances connected with the *West Indies*. As we walked across the lawn, the poet appeared in so genial a mood, that I ventured to introduce the artist’s petition relative to the bust: to my surprise, he at once assented, and promised a sitting in my room the next morning. He then bought some cakes at the lodge, for the purpose of feeding the ducks and the swans on one of the ponds. While we were thus engaged, Mr. Law, the curator, came up, and took us to look at the trees which Montgomery had planted, remarking of one of them, ‘You see, Mr. Montgomery, how this oak has grown; it has never lost any time since it was planted.’ *Montgomery*: ‘I am glad of it; for that is more than can be said of me, both before and since.’ On parting with him, I was glad to hear him say that he felt better for the walk and talk.

“This morning, according to his promise, he sat an hour to Mr. Ellis; and the bust, although as yet in a very rough state, promises to be satisfactory and striking, for it is on a scale larger than life. As the basis of a conversation, I read a note which a lady had just sent me, as an autograph of Gibson, the sculptor. Montgomery expressed himself as much pleased with the writer’s incidental remarks on the principles of his art, and especially with his allusion to

an early dream, and his mother's prophetic interpretation of it.

"In the midst of our speculations on these subjects, the poet suddenly pointed to a passing cloud, 'splendid as the chariot of an archangel!' This was followed by others moving in glorious procession across the narrow space through which the artist allowed the light to come; and, doubtless, the ensuing conversation on 'cloudland' was vastly edifying to our artist, who modelled away in silence, and, as I have said, with a pleasing degree of preliminary success. I am sure you will share with me in the satisfaction of knowing that another precious memento is thus likely to be added to those which already exist, as embodying a likeness of our honoured friend. I am, my dear friend, yours very sincerely,

"J. HOLLAND.

"Rev. J. Everett."

The cloud speculation, alluded to in the foregoing letter, did not terminate in itself. As the poet failed to make his appearance at the time appointed for the next sitting, Mr. Holland called at the Mount, and found him seated by the fire with a green shade over one of his eyes, which was considerably inflamed — the effect, he believed, of looking too intently at the gleamy sky on the preceding day. The artist was thus prevented from finishing the bust, as he had intended, for exhibition at the annual meeting of the "Sheffield School of Design." Our friend, not being aware that he had been the cause of such a disappointment, kept away from that meeting, lest he should there be confronted by his "double" in clay; and a clever young pupil was thus disappointed of the pleasure he had anticipated of receiving from his hand the "Montgomery Prize," awarded this year, for a beautiful composition imitative of "Natural Flowers," on the pilaster of an ornamental fire-place.

Nov. 16. A public *soirée* in aid of the Sheffield

Mechanics' Library, was held in the Cutlers' Hall, on which occasion it was anticipated that Montgomery, as president, would have been able to take the chair; and his name was introduced into the following paragraph of the report, as read by the Secretary: —

“The members of this library have ever felt it to be a high honour to have the name of James Montgomery at the head of their list of officers and friends. Mr. Montgomery took an active part in the affairs of this library in the maturity of his days, and his intended presence here this evening furnishes a renewed proof of his continued attachment to the interests of this institution. May the recollections of the past be a source of consolation to him in his retirement, and may the anticipations of the future shed a sweet serenity on his remaining days!”

The regret which Earl Fitzwilliam, the mayor, and others, expressed at the absence of the poet, was in some degree compensated by the reading of the following letter, which testified the writer's unabated solicitude for the success of an Institution to which he could no longer render the same active service as he had done in past years: —

*James Montgomery to the Worshipful the Mayor of Sheffield.*

“DEAR SIR,

“At the age of four-score and two years, which I reached a few days ago, I trust that I may plead inability to attend and take a personal part in public meetings, especially when held in the evening. You will, therefore, please to apologise for my absence from the *soirée* of the members of the Mechanics' Library to-night. Having been connected with it from the commencement, I can bear testimony to its great and progressive usefulness; for, after passing through some occasional trials\*, it stands at once a monument of the

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\* The trials here alluded to had been repeated struggles cre-

good sense and the right feeling of that very important class of our townspeople, for whom and by whom it was projected, has been conducted, and is now upheld, with little extraneous aid. It is, therefore, almost literally, *their own work*, and will be an *inheritance* to their children, and to their children's children, if these shall prove worthy of their fathers by enjoying in their day, and transmitting to *their* posterity, the treasures already collected, and henceforth to be accumulated with *compound interest*, from generation to generation. I am glad that you hope to have the presence of our noble-minded and kind-hearted neighbour, the Earl Fitzwilliam, whose countenance and good counsel will encourage and benefit you *on this first occasion*, when your institution has been conspicuously brought before the public; for, not by display and excitement, but by patient perseverance in well-doing, you have accomplished the commendable purpose which was in the hearts of the founders of the Mechanics' Library; and in proportion as the members of it are benefited, the whole character and condition of the community itself will be exalted and ameliorated. With best wishes for such a gradual consummation,

“I am truly, your and their friend and servant,

“JAMES MONTGOMERY.

“The Mount, Sheffield, Nov. 15th, 1853.”

Nov. 26. *Holland*: “This has been one of the most remarkable years of your life since the period of boyhood, inasmuch as you have not, so far as I am aware,

ated by a small party to introduce “works of fiction,” contrary to a fundamental law of the library. It may be mentioned that in the month of February, Montgomery officially signed a petition to the House of Commons, praying that the Mechanics' Library might receive the printed Parliamentary papers. George Hadfield, Esq., one of the members of the borough, on reporting the discharge of his duty, said, “Though it is not allowed to read such petition, or give much explanation of its contents, I took care to mention the name of the president, which in my estimation will ever be honoured.”

written a single article of poetry, with the exception of the stanzas on Doncaster Church." *Montgomery* : "Your remark would have been literally correct, previous to this week ; for I have just composed three verses for a person who, being about to publish a Tune Book, pressed me to give him words for a particular air. If you will take your pen and write, I will endeavour to dictate :—

- " God's image at Creation,  
 Man bore from the beginning,  
 But yielding to temptation,  
 His birth-right lost by sinning,  
 God's Son, in human fashion,  
 Our penalty sustain'd,  
 And, by His Cross and Passion,  
 Lost Paradise regain'd.
- " Now to the humble-hearted,  
 O'er sin and death victorious,  
 The glory, long departed,  
 Comes down from heaven more glorious :  
 What homage shall be tender'd  
 By this enfranchised earth ?  
 All hearts, all souls, surrender'd  
 To God, for man's new birth.
- " That birth, a germ immortal,  
 Of endless life beginning,  
 Must pass through death's dark portal,  
 Beyond the reach of sinning,  
 No tempter — no temptation,  
 To fear a second fall ;  
 But bliss in consummation,  
 Where God is All in All ! "

## CHAP. CXI.

1854.

INCLEMENCY OF THE NEW YEAR. — LANDOR AND WILBERFORCE. — WANTON ACT OF SPOILIATION AT THE MOUNT. — MONTGOMERY'S LAST HYMNS. — VISIT TO ANSTON. — LAST WEEK OF THE POET'S LIFE. — MR. HOLLAND'S PARTING INTERVIEW WITH HIM. — PARTICULARS OF HIS DEATH. — PREPARATIONS FOR PUBLIC FUNERAL. — LOCAL DEMONSTRATIONS OF RESPECT. — ORDER OF PROCESSION. — INTERMENT IN THE CEMETERY. — LAST WILL. — PROPERTY. — SALE OF LIBRARY. — MODEL OF PROPOSED MONUMENT.

A SNOW storm, such as for its extent and severity had not been experienced during the preceding eighteen years, prevailed throughout, and, indeed, far beyond the British islands, at the beginning of 1854, carrying off a considerable number of elderly people, especially those of delicate constitutions. As Montgomery belonged decidedly to the latter class, and as he persisted, for a time, in braving the cold by his daily walks to and from the town, many persons who felt anxious about his safety began so habitually to caution him against venturing out, that, at length, he wisely resolved to keep within doors, till the inclemency of the weather mitigated. By this means he escaped what was, at least, an obvious danger; and, in due time, resumed his out-door movements, with something like his accustomed health and spirits.

In February, he sat a couple of hours to an artist, to enable him to finish the bust mentioned in the preceding year: aware that the modeller was a staunch

phrenologist, Mr. Holland asked him, after the poet was gone, what he thought of his head? The reply was, that the anterior and upper regions of the cranium were finely developed; but there was a remarkable deficiency of volume in the organ of "firmness," and of some others adjacent to it; while those on the basal part of the head behind were still less *prononcés*. This diagnosis certainly agreed well enough with the actual character of the man. During the sitting, Mr. Holland read a spirited article in the current number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, relative to some strictures by Lord John Russell, on a review of "Moore's Memoirs" in the *Quarterly*. Montgomery was very much entertained with the subject: stopping the reader more than once, to ask whether the book was the *old* "Gentleman's Magazine," which he used to look into, many years ago, for matter of a very different kind?

He was, however, more interested, while listening to a few passages from Landor's book — "The Last Fruit off an Old Tree," — especially the imaginary conversation between Nicholas and Nesselrode: in reply to a remark, which implied the superiority of the Greek Church, corrupt as it is, to the best form of Mohammedism, he said, "Yes; I hear what you say; it may be very true that the followers of the false prophet are about to be driven out of Europe; but as the question at present stands between the main parties in the dispute, I must confess I am more of a Turk than a Russian." *Holland*: "Did you ever meet Landor in company?" *Montgomery*: "When I delivered my lectures in Bath several years ago, among the persons who gathered about me at the conclusion, was one who put two or three questions to me on some point — I was afterwards told it was Walter Savage Landor: I must read that book." Some allusion having been made to cases in which striking

reverses of fortune had been experienced by good men, occasionally through the fault of those near and dear to them, the name of Wilberforce was mentioned. Montgomery said he had seen him both in prosperity and adversity, and in each state alike he appeared the exemplary Christian. When in London, some time before 1832, he had partaken of the elegant hospitalities of Highwood House: the next time he saw Wilberforce was at a breakfast at Lord Calthorpe's, when he was much affected by a remark of the venerable senator, to the effect that he could not now invite the poet to his house, as he was no longer the master of one, but was living with his sons; the loss of his library being apparently most regretted by him. *Holland*: "The incidents of that desperate and costly electioneering struggle in which he was involved more than thirty years ago, are remembered rather like the pageantry of a dream, than as stirring—I dare not say *sober*—realities enacted, to no small extent, even in this town." *Montgomery*: "The return of Wilberforce to represent the county of York in Parliament, at a time when the two great Houses of Wentworth and Harewood were contesting the palm, was the highest compliment which could possibly have been paid to him, and an act most honourable to the county itself, which, doubtless, in this act, recognised the value of his Christian character. While the heirs of the two noble peers are reputed to have spent not less than 100,000*l.* each in that contest, the expenses of Mr. Wilberforce are said not to have exceeded 40,000*l.*"

March 6. *Montgomery*: "Have you heard what has happened at the Mount?" *Holland*: "Not a robbery, I hope?" *Montgomery*: "Worse than that—some evil-disposed person, in the course of the night, has not only pulled up several rose-trees, and done



other mischief on our lawn, but has entirely destroyed the Purple Beech which I planted there, and which was beginning to look so handsome. Our neighbours are exceedingly grieved, and so am I; nor can I conceive how I should personally have become the object of such a wanton and malicious outrage." *Holland*: "I lament the destruction of the tree as much as any one; but I am anxious to believe that *you* were not the object of the evil-doer, who, however, must, one would think, have had some motive." *Montgomery*: "To be sure he had: Satan himself does not act without one. I can only imagine it may have been some beggar who has been sent away unserved from the door—a most unusual thing, indeed." The mischief being irreparable as to the original tree, all that could be done was, to get the poet quietly to plant another, of the same species, on the old spot: but that only flourished awhile, then faded and died!

In April he composed two hymns: one of them—the last production, as it proved, of his fertile pen, being dated only the day before he died: it was written at the request of the Rev. W. Mercer, to suit a particular air; the other was for the Sheffield Sunday School Union, and the composition of it was a task to which he was also reluctantly won by the solicitude of the teachers, who were anxious to sing words adapted to a tune said to have been composed by Prince Albert.

Aware that Montgomery's "Original Hymns" would be reprinted in the United States, and anxious that a correct and accredited version should get into circulation, the present writer transmitted a copy to a friend in New York, who soon afterwards sent the author a handsome and accurate reprint, with an "Introduction by John Holland," the principal feature of which was a disquisition on the

right and practice of "Altering Hymns." Of all this the poet knew nothing, till the book was placed in his hands by the editor, who was gratified to hear his friend express himself as pleased equally with "the judicious tenor and the kindly tone of the Introduction."

Easter, as we have seen, is a high festival among the Moravians, and the poet had been invited to visit Fulneck at that season this year; indeed, he had promised his friends to do so. Instead of doing so, however, he wrote to his beloved niece, Mrs. Mallalieu, who says:—

"My dear uncle frequently spent part of the Passion Week and Easter with us, both at Ockbrook and Fulneck. I heard from him very early in April; and his last letter to me was dated on the 12th, not much more than a fortnight before he left his earthly for his heavenly home. I was looking at his letter last night, and cannot help transcribing a sentence or two from it. He says:—

"To-morrow, had I been free from hindrances otherwise than *personal*, I should have, indeed, been happy to have made an Easter campaign to the scene of my childhood, and the *best days of my youth*: to live the latter over again; and especially to spend another *Maundy Thursday*, which then was (I may frankly own it) to me the happiest day in the year: the *evening reading* in the chapel, of our Saviour's agony and bloody sweat, in the Garden of Gethsemane, was almost always a season of holy humbling and affecting sympathy of *my soul with His*, who then was wont to make *His presence felt*. And on Good Friday, Great Sabbath, and Easter Sunday, each had its peculiar visits in spirit, and of these the remembrance is sweet and consoling; and even yet, after so many years of estrangement and unfaithfulness on my part, since I chose my portion for myself in the world, rather than in my father's house and among my Christian brethren, I can say,—“Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits!”—hoping, praying, and earnestly desiring that I may yet add the context—(Ps. ciii. 3, 4.) “Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all

thy diseases ; who redeemeth thy life from destruction ; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies." Then he adds, with all his own warmth of affection, 'Now my dear, dear Harriet, may you and your children, and your best of mothers, ever, ever be enabled to offer such thanksgivings daily and to the end.'

"I do value that letter, written so shortly before his death. The season of the year coming round again [Easter, 1855], too, has made the last year dwell much on my mind ; so fondly had my dear mother and I hoped to have seen uncle here ; and *now* they have *both* joined the Church Triumphant !"

This, if not the last letter he wrote, is the last we have to cite ; and surely it exhibits the aged and pious writer in that spirit which seems so suitable to his whole Christian character, and may we not add — with which every reader of these volumes, if like-minded, will wish to close the perusal of his correspondence ?

Many of the letters which he received at this period, if not of a business character, remained unanswered ; his friendly correspondents sometimes wondering whether his silence proceeded from displacency at anything they had written. We recollect this was especially the case with two individuals, neither of whom would the poet willingly have grieved by even apparent neglect :— we allude to Mr. Shoberl and Mr. Mogridge\*, both of whom we know were anxious to have had a letter from him ere they closed their lives, the one a little before, the other shortly after himself.

He had latterly complained a good deal not only of his life-long complaint — the penalty of student toil in general, dyspepsia — but had felt other unpleasant symptoms of internal disorder which had led him to

\* "Old Humphrey," as he called himself in his various publications. His letter to Montgomery is printed in a memoir of the writer, 1855.

take the advice of his usual medical attendant, Mr. Favell, whose treatment afforded immediate relief. So far was this the case, that he not only attended on Tuesday, April 25, a meeting of the gas company, of which he was (unhappily for his peace and comfort during the recent conflicts) chairman\*, but was at the fast-day services at St. George's Church (his usual place of worship) on the Wednesday forenoon following. We know, too, how fervently while there he entered into that portion of the special prayers which invoked the blessing of peace; for those persons who either knew the poet personally, or who may have read these memoirs, will remember the penalty which he constantly paid with a large class of the community as the opponent of war as a system of political craft. Nothing, indeed, pained him so much in the commencement of those hostilities with Russia, which are now so happily ended, as the personal part which our beloved Queen was induced to take in witnessing and encouraging the departure of thousands and tens of thousands of her subjects on an enterprise of strife, battle, and bloodshed: and yet, it must be added, most distinctly, that he was in this quarrel entirely with the government and people of England against the duplicity and aggressive designs of the autocrat. On Friday he attended as usual at the weekly board meeting of the Infirmary, of which for many years he had been chairman.

On the afternoon of Saturday, April 29th, Mont-

\* Of course, the object of the directors in urging this personal appearance among them was to avail themselves of the benefit of Montgomery's character as well as of his judgment; and indeed his name was promptly and effectually used to repel an insinuation thrown out against the respectability of the Old Gas Company, during a subsequent argument in the Court of Chancery.

gomery called upon Mr. Holland at the Music Hall, and in reply to the inquiry about his health, placed his hand on his breast, and said, "I feel considerable oppression *here*, as well as uneasiness at my stomach." After a while, however, he became, as usual, more cheerful; and, in allusion to a remark of his friend relative to the interruption of trade with Russia, and the possible re-appearance of those fat government advertisements of "Bounties on the Growth of Hemp and Flax," which occupied the newspapers during the previous war, he said pleasantly, "The price of those advertisements was the only ministerial patronage ever extended to the 'Iris.'" The conversation then turned upon the religious services of the preceding Wednesday: after which the two friends parted as usual.

About noon the day following, Mr. Holland received a summons to go to the Mount: Montgomery was dead! On reaching the house, and having looked at the still placid but exanimate countenance of his departed friend, he sought from Miss Gales the particulars of an event — mournful, indeed, to her. She said he came home, apparently as usual, the day before; but in the evening, although he did not complain, he appeared fidgetty; and at family-worship somewhat surprised her by handing to her the Bible, with the remark, "Sarah, you must read!" she did so; he then knelt down, and prayed with a peculiar pathos and tremor of voice which excited attention but led to no remark, as he afterwards conversed while smoking his pipe, as was his custom before retiring to rest. Nothing was heard of him during the night; and about eight o'clock in the morning one of the servants knocked at his chamber door, but receiving no answer she opened it, and looking in saw her master on the floor. On obtaining assistance and helping him into

bed, he presently recovered consciousness, and said he believed he had been some hours on the floor, and apprehended he had suffered an attack of paralysis. Mr. Favell was immediately summoned; he came at once, declared there were no symptoms of paralysis, and stayed till his patient had so rallied, apparently in every respect, that he left him with the confidence and assurance of prompt restoration: and so far did this augury appear justified that he ate a little dinner, and conversed with Miss Gales as usual. Mr. Favell saw him again at noon, when he appeared not only better, but cheerful; assenting to the advice to forbear attendance at any meeting which was likely to be of an exciting character, as some of those in which he had latterly felt it his duty to be present had — unhappily for him! — too often been. About half-past three in the afternoon, while Miss Gales was sitting by his bedside, and watching him apparently asleep, she noticed a sudden but slight alteration in his features. In a few minutes the spirit fled; and the clay, placid and beautiful even in its inanimation, was all that remained on earth of one who had previously filled so large a space in the living sympathy of his fellow-creatures. At such a moment it was impossible not to recal and apply to the scene the sentiment of the poet—

“Behold the bed of death;  
 This pale and lovely clay;  
 Heard ye the sob of parting breath?  
 Mark’d ye the eye’s last ray?  
 No;—life so sweetly ceased to be,  
 It lapsed in immortality.”

It was a gratifying expression of respect for the social virtues, as well as for the literary character of the deceased, that as soon as the blinds in the windows of his

own residence were being lowered the example was followed in every other house on the Mount, as if each family had sustained a personal bereavement. This circumstance, and the solemn tolling for an hour of the great bell of the parish church, presently diffused the mournful tidings that the town had indeed lost its most distinguished inhabitant.

Whenever Mr. Holland looked on the countenance of the poet — so little altered even in death, — a sentiment was always recalled in reference to the deceased, in which he had himself indulged when describing the preparations for the interment of the Princess Charlotte, thirty-six years before: — “Between the living and the unburied dead, there is a mysterious *consanguinity*, which on contemplating the last spectacle of mortality excites in the former a strange and ineffable sympathy, as if the deceased and not the survivors were the sufferers. While the frame, undissolved, yet retains its perfect organisation, and nothing is wanting to make the corpse one amongst ourselves as before, but that inexplicable principle called life, which no eye can distinguish except in its efforts, and no mind can comprehend, except in the affirmative or negative, of ‘*it is,*’ and ‘*it is not;*’ while this alone is wanting, the soul cleaves with its intensest affections to the image in view, and will not let it go, and cannot believe it at all dead, till the coffin closes, and the sepulchre is sealed.”

Amidst the many confidential conversations which had passed between the poet and his most intimate friend during so many later years, the subject of his *burial place* was never alluded to by either party, probably from a mutual recognition of the likelihood that various unforeseen circumstances might determine its selection. And so the event proved; for while up to

the period of Montgomery's death, Miss Gales, and indeed his immediate relatives, had looked to the quiet and secluded churchyard of Eckington as his final resting place, the news of his departure immediately led to the universal expression of a desire among the poet's townspeople, not only to honour him with a public funeral, but also to secure to Sheffield, where he had so long lived and laboured, the distinction of his grave.

A committee having been formed, comprising the Mayor, the Vicar (with whom the movement originated), the Master Cutler, the Town Regent, the Capital Church Burgess, the Rev. S. D. Waddy, Messrs. T. W. Rodgers, and S. Mitchell, with Messrs. R. Young and G. Ridge, as secretaries, inviting the public to join in this demonstration of respect, they immediately conferred with the relatives of the deceased. The directors of the cemetery waited upon the family and very handsomely offered any spot in their ground that might be preferred as the last resting-place of the departed poet; after which the funeral committee visited the ground and made choice of a beautiful site near the western end of the church, and of course, in the *conserved* portion of the ground. The funeral took place on the 11th of May, amidst such demonstrations of respect as were never paid to any individual in Sheffield before. The shops were generally closed. Manufactories and other places of business were deserted. The houses showed signs of mourning. Along the route of procession, the house tops and windows, and the sides of the streets, were filled with respectful spectators. Great numbers of people were upon the parish and St. Paul's churches, in the churchyards, and on every elevation that commanded a view of the route.



The following was the order of the procession, and of the proceedings at the place of interment:—

Mounted Police.

Two Mutes.

Deputations from the Committees and Managers of the Church of England Instruction Society; the Sheffield Mechanics' Library; the Athenæum; the Lyceum; the Red Hill Schools; Sunday School Union; Lancasterian Schools; People's College; Government School of Design; Rotherham College; Sheffield Library; Literary and Philosophical Society.

Gentlemen of the Town and Neighbourhood, in Carriages;  
Managers of the Savings' Bank;

Committee and Medical Officers of the Sheffield Public  
Dispensary;

Managers of the Aged Female Society;

Directors of the United Gas-Light Company;

Board of Guardians for Sheffield;

The Weekly Board and Medical Officers of the Sheffield  
General Infirmary;

The Police Commissioners;

The Ecclesall Highway Board;

The Board of Highways for the Township of Sheffield;  
Dissenting Ministers;

Wesleyan Ministers;

The Church Burgesses;

The Town Regent, and Trustees;

The Master Cutler (W. A. Matthews, Esq.), and Company;  
Bishop and Ministers of the Church of the United  
Brethren;

The Vicar of Sheffield and twenty-four of the Clergy;  
Officers of the West Riding Yeomanry;

Coroner and Deputy Coroner for the District;

The Magistrates for the Borough;

The Magistrates for the West Riding; Clerk to the  
Magistrates;

The Judge and Treasurer of the County Court;

The Mayor, (Francis Hoole, Esq., attended by Mr. Raynor, Chief Constable,) and Corporation ;  
 G. Hadfield, Esq., M.P. for Sheffield ;  
 The Funeral Committee.

William Favell, Esq., Surgeon to the Deceased ;  
 Thomas Gould, Esq., Solicitor to the Deceased ;

## PALL BEARERS.

Rev. H. Farish.

Rev. Jas. Methley.

Rev. C. Larom.

Saml. Roberts, Esq.

## PALL BEARERS.

Rev. Thomas Best.

Rev. S. D. Waddy.

Rev. J. H. Muir.

Samuel Bailey, Esq.

Four Mourning Coaches ;

In the first coach, Robert Montgomery, of Woolwich, brother of the deceased ; the Rev. John James Montgomery, Miss Gales, and Mrs. Foster, niece of the deceased.

Second coach, Mrs. Mallalieu, niece of the deceased ; Mrs. John James Montgomery, Mr. John Holland, and the Rev. W. Mercer.

Third and fourth coaches, the Pall Bearers. Each coach was drawn by four horses.

Gentlemen of the Town and Neighbourhood on foot.

Deputation of the Montgomery Sick Society.

Deputation of Scripture Readers.

Masters of Wesley College.

Twenty Gownsmen and one hundred of the Scholars of Wesley College.

Pupils of Dr. Munro's School.

Gentlemen of the Town and Neighbourhood on horseback.  
 Mounted Police.

About an hour elapsed from the arrival of the first part of the procession at the gates before the hearse, with its attendants, reached the consecrated enclosure, where the coffin was taken out of the hearse, and the pall-bearers assumed their places ; the vicar in his gown, and the Rev. George Sandford in his surplice, preceding the solemn cortege up the avenue, and through the winding roads of the cemetery. It had been arranged to admit ladies into the cemetery ground at an early hour in the forenoon, and they formed

its principal occupants when the funeral entered. But crowds of spectators were to be seen at all the adjacent points commanding a view of the ground; and on the hill-side, across the valley, were hundreds of observers. When the procession had entered, the gates were opened to the public, and a dense assemblage quickly filled the ground. Anticipating the multitude of persons who would be present, and the difficulty and inconvenience of entering and leaving a small church, a temporary desk and catafalque had been erected near the grave; the favourable state of the weather permitting the whole of the burial service to be performed in the open air. The Rev. T. Sale, M.A., the vicar, and the Rev. G. Sandford, M.A., the chaplain of the cemetery, officiating. At its conclusion, the vicar said "Having committed the body of our dear brother to the grave in the full belief of his triumphant resurrection, let us sing over his grave one of those hymns which in past days he composed for one gone before him \* :—

- ‘ Go to the grave ; though like a fallen tree,  
 At once with verdure, flowers, and fruitage crown’d,  
 Thy form may perish, and thine honours be  
 Lost in the mouldering bosom of the ground ; —
- ‘ Go to the grave, which, faithful to its trust,  
 The germ of immortality shall keep ;  
 While safe, as watch’d by cherubim, thy dust  
 Shall, till the Judgment-day, in JESUS sleep.
- ‘ Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay  
 In Death’s embraces, ere He rose on high ;  
 And all the ransom’d, by that narrow way,  
 Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.
- ‘ Go to the grave ; — no, take thy seat above ;  
 Be thy pure spirit present with the LORD,  
 Where thou, for faith and hope, hast perfect love,  
 And open vision for the written Word.’ ”

\* Dr. Owen, secretary of the Bible Society, who died 1822.

The choir of the parish church, aided by the children of the Boys' and Girls' Charity Schools, who had not formed part of the procession, but appeared at the grave, sang these verses very sweetly, but there lacked the volume of sound which would doubtless have been poured forth had the hymn been one better adapted to be sung to some well known tune.

After the retirement of the mourners, hundreds of persons crowded round the grave to take a farewell look at the coffin, which was of plain oak, very strong and French polished, with a silvered plate bearing the following inscription :—

JAMES MONTGOMERY,

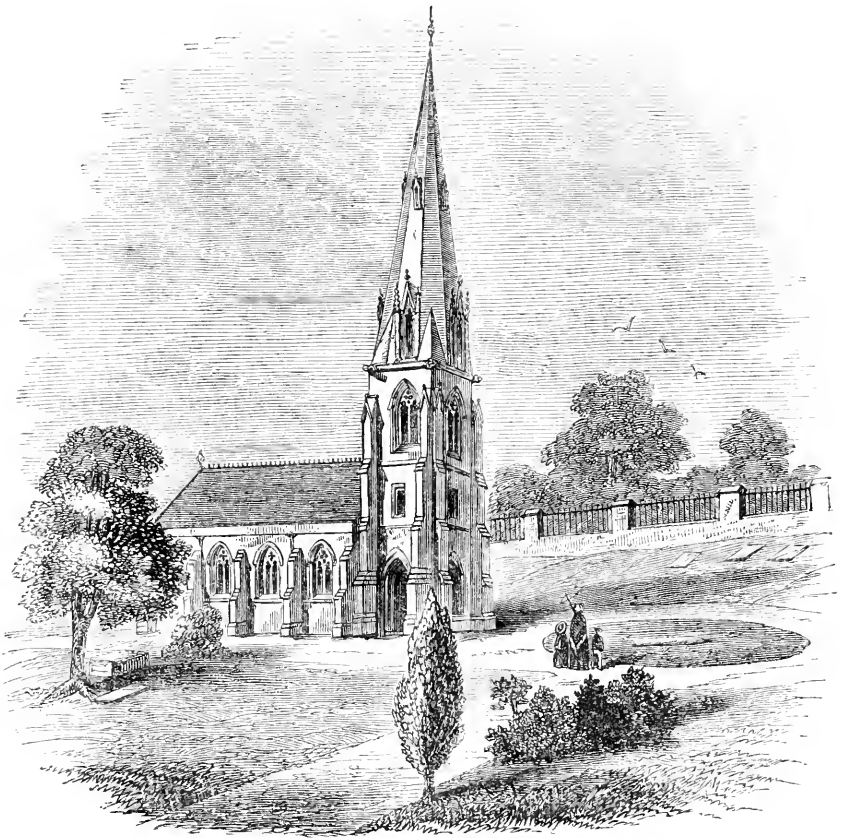
Died April the 30th, 1854,

In the 83rd year of his Age.

The situation of the grave, in relation to the church, is indicated in the annexed cut: it occupies the centre of the circular space near the tower end of the building.

Up to this period no will had been found, and the anxiety of those who were assumed to be directly interested in the disposal of the poet's property was increased by the discovery that the document, under which he had designed that Mr. Holland should administer his affairs, was incomplete; the solicitor, at the same time, giving it as his opinion that no other existed. Farther search, however, was rewarded, or disappointed, by the finding of the following will, dated, as will be seen, nearly thirty years back:—

I, JAMES MONTGOMERY, of Sheffield, in the county of York, gentleman, do hereby revoke all former wills, codicils, and other testamentary dispositions by me at any time heretofore made, and do declare this to be my last will and testament. I give and bequeath to the minister for the time



SHEFFIELD CEMETERY CHURCH.

being \* of Fulneck, near Leeds, in the said county of York, and the Superintendent of the boarding-schools for boys and girls there, children of members of the Church of the United Brethren, commonly called Moravian Brethren, the sum of three hundred pounds. I give and bequeath to the treasurer of the affairs of the missions of the said United Brethren, commonly called Moravian Brethren, among the heathen, the sum of three hundred pounds. I give and bequeath to the treasurer or treasurers † of the Charity School for poor

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\* These expressions are of course repeated in connection with other of the bequests in the original, but their omission in the transcript is immaterial.

† Ibid.

boys in Sheffield the sum of fifty pounds; to the treasurer of the Charity School for poor girls in Sheffield, the sum of fifty pounds; to the treasurer of the Society for bettering the Condition of the Poor in Sheffield, fifty pounds; to the treasurer of the Society for the Relief of aged Females in Sheffield, fifty pounds; to the treasurer of the Lancasterian School for boys in Sheffield, twenty-five pounds; to the treasurer of the Lancasterian School for girls in Sheffield, twenty-five pounds; and to the treasurer of the National School for boys and girls in Sheffield, fifty pounds. And I direct the said several legacies to be paid to the said minister, superintendent, and treasurers respectively, at the end of twelve calendar months next after my decease, to be by them respectively, at their discretion, applied to the charitable purposes of the said institutions respectively; and the said several legacies shall be paid out of my personal estate, and not from any of my chattels real, or mortgages secured on real estate. Also I give and bequeath unto my niece Elizabeth Caroline Foster, daughter of my brother Robert Montgomery, of Woolwich, the sum of two hundred pounds; to my niece Harriet Montgomery\*, also daughter of my said brother Robert Montgomery, the sum of two hundred pounds; to my nephew John James Montgomery, of Fulneck aforesaid, son of my brother, the Rev. Ignatius Montgomery, of Ockbrook, in the county of Derby, two hundred pounds; to my niece Harriet Montgomery †, daughter of my said brother Ignatius Montgomery, two hundred pounds; to my friend John Holland, of Sheffield, author of "Sheffield Park," and other poems, the sum of one hundred pounds ‡; to Sarah Gales, formerly of Eckington, spinster, daughter of the late Timothy Gales §, fifty pounds; to my

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\* Afterwards Mrs. Luck; died before the testator.

† Afterwards Mrs. Mallalieu.

‡ Instead of this legacy the inchoate will gave to the same party the copyright of the poet's works.

§ Uncle to the ladies next named. His daughter died before the testator.

friend Anne Gales, of Sheffield, spinster, four hundred pounds; and to my friend Sarah Gales, of Sheffield, spinster, four hundred pounds; but in case either of them should happen to die in my lifetime, then I bequeath the said legacy of four hundred pounds of each of them so dying unto the survivor.\*

Also I give and bequeath unto my brother, the said Ignatius Montgomery, my silver inkstand †, which was presented to me by some friends on public grounds. Also I give and bequeath unto the said Anne and Sarah Gales (of Sheffield) all my household furniture, plate (except my said silver inkstand), china, and linen, to be equally divided between them, and in case of the death of either of them in my lifetime, then I give the whole to the survivor of them; but I declare that the bequest shall not include my books, pictures, or prints.‡ Also I give to my friends Ebenezer Rhodes, Edward Nanson, Samuel Roberts, Rowland Hodgson, and George Bennet §, books, pictures, or prints, of the estimated value of ten pounds each, to be selected and chosen by themselves immediately after my decease. And I do hereby expressly declare and direct that all the aforesaid several pecuniary legacies shall be paid to the legatees free from legacy duty,—the said duty to be paid out of the residue of my personal estate hereinafter bequeathed. And I give, devise, and bequeath all the residue and remainder of my estate and effects, both real and personal (subject to the payment of my just debts, funeral expenses, and the charges of and attending the probate of this my will, and the legacy duties before

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\* Miss Gales being dead, Sarah, her surviving sister, received the double legacy, instead of which, however, in the unfinished will, the sum was increased to 1000*l.*, a like amount being designated to the nephew and the two surviving nieces of the testator, respectively.

† Stolen with other property (*vide* vol. vi. p. 93.).

‡ As Miss Gales continued to occupy the house in which Montgomery died, the executors allowed the pictures and prints to remain on the walls during her lifetime.

§ The four gentlemen here named all died before the testator.

mentioned), unto my said brothers Robert and Ignatius Montgomery \*, equally to be divided between them, and to their heirs, executors, &c.; and I devise and bequeath all the estates vested in me upon any trusts, or by way of mortgage, and which I have power to dispose of by this my will, with their appurtenances, unto the use of the said Robert and Ignatius Montgomery, their heirs, executors, &c., upon trust, to hold or dispose of the said trust estates in the manner in which they ought to be held or disposed of, pursuant to the said trusts, and upon payment of the money accrued on mortgage to convey and assign the estates in mortgage to the person or persons entitled thereto for the time being. And I appoint the said Robert and Ignatius Montgomery executors of this my will; in witness whereof I, the said James Montgomery, have, to this my last will and testament, set my hand and seal, this tenth day of November, in the year of our Lord, One thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

L. S.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared, &c. in the presence of us, who have hereto subscribed our names as witnesses.

CHAS. BROOKFIELD.

JOHN RAWSON.

WM. BROWN.

On the outside was written very distinctly, by Montgomery himself, this memorandum:—"Till this will

\* As the Rev. Ignatius Montgomery died before the execution of the will, his portion of the residuary estate passed to his surviving brother Robert, and thus also excluding the children of Ignatius, in contravention of the known wish of the testator. To the credit, however, of all the parties concerned, an equal division of the property between the families of the two brothers was amicably agreed upon.



shall be superseded by a future one it must stand as my real will, so far as the provisions of it can be carried out into execution. J. Montgomery. Thursday, March 24. 1842. The Mount, near Sheffield." Besides this indorsement, in ink, the margins of the instrument were filled with proposed alterations in pencil, in relation to which two depositions on oath were attached to the will when proved, viz. one by the Rev. J. J. Montgomery, to the effect that the document was exactly in that state when he found it; the other by Mr. Brown, the surviving witness, to the effect that none of this writing was on the will when he signed it. The property was sworn as under nine thousand pounds: and as we have said, it was creditable to the parties concerned that the representatives of the two brothers of the poet, after paying the legacies to others, agreed to divide the property equally between them.

Within a month after the poet's death his library was consigned to an auctioneer for sale, a result which the writer of this paragraph would fain have averted by suggesting its presentation to the Moravian establishment at Fulneck. There is always something affecting in such a collection of books being brought under the hammer, with so many indications or expressions of literary friendship in the inscribed fly-leaves of "presentation copies;" in this case the painful feeling was heightened by what almost every volume suggested, of special service or delightful perusal in relation to their last owner.

The same feeling which had prompted so signal an expression of respect at the funeral embodied itself in an equally laudable desire to obtain a suitable monument,—would that we could add—with like gratifying success! John Bell, Esq., the sculptor, was employed to produce a model, which was exhibited at the

Cutlers' Hall, and obtained, as it deserved, the admiration of every person who saw it. In this sketch model, an engraving of which forms the vignette to this volume, the statue of the poet represents him at a late period of life, and in an attitude as if about to speak; the costume being modern and individual, so as to preserve historical consistency. The four figures round the base are illustrative of his character and deeds: *Piety*, *Poetry*, *Benevolence*, and *Patriotism*, with appropriate symbols. For the masonry an early style of English Ecclesiastic Architecture is chosen by the artist, as alike appropriate to the site of the monument and the character of the poet. The plan of the pedestal is cruciform, and the grass-plot around the grave in the cemetery would slope up to it, so as to afford the idea of the base being hewn out of a rock of granite which had there "cropped-out." The figures are intended to be of bronze, and rather larger than life; and the masonry, the best grey Aberdeen granite, polished down to the rustication; the total height of the proposed monument being twenty-five feet.

Such a composition would be at once elegant, appropriate, and effective: complimentary to the memory of the poet, and the taste of the sculptor, as well as the liberality of the public.

## CHAP. CXII.

## CONCLUDING REMARKS.

ALTHOUGH the ample details of facts and opinions presented in these volumes—often in the very words of Montgomery himself—must have made every reader more or less familiar with the character of the poet, even in its minuter features, we may be allowed to add a few remarks in conclusion, of a general nature, if not in the form of a summary, yet as arising out of the finished narrative.

And in the first place let us remark that, whatever may be affirmed or denied concerning “natural genius,” as it is called, whether these terms are used with reference to the *quality* or the *direction* of the mental powers, or of both together, it is undeniable that he, whose life we have endeavoured to portray, did from his boyhood exhibit, not only an intensely specific individuality, but, as we have elsewhere remarked, that peculiar temperament which seems, if not the necessary parent of, at least essential to, deep poetic emotion. With this element were developed the rarer characteristics of unaffected simplicity, and unsullied purity of mind—partly, no doubt, the result of early educational influences; but never, under any circumstances, tarnished or obliterated. Even when, as we have seen, the wayward youth not only wandered from the Moravian fold, but went towards the perilous precincts of

religious doubt, his demeanour was modest, and his morals unimpeachably pure.

Left to the guidance of his own fancy, or rather drifting without any guide at all, the reading of unprofitable, not to say pernicious, books had doubtless, for a time, a mischievous effect upon a nature so sensitive, inquisitive and ingenuous; and he probably had in view his own experience at this critical period when, many years afterwards, in reviewing the life of a kindred spirit, he introduces a passage which strikingly illustrates the jealousy of the Christian critic in reference to the claims of religious truth, even when dealing with matters of taste. Southey says, "I have stated that his (Kirke White's) opinions were, at one time, inclining towards deism: it need not be said on what slight grounds the opinions of a youth must needs be founded; while they are confined to matters of speculation they indicate, whatever their eccentricities, only an active mind; and it is only when a propensity is manifested to such principles as give a sanction to immorality that they show something wrong at heart." "We quote this passage," says Montgomery, "to protest against the plausible and insidious error at the end of it. *Such* opinions *always* indicate 'something wrong at heart;' they show its natural deformity, and determined enmity against God. Genius, if not the child, is the nurseling of pride: the youth, deeply conscious of possessing it, cherishes the 'sacred and solitary feeling' with a jealousy that tolerates no rivalry; it is the 'divinity that stirs within him,' and he worships it with a constancy and ardour of devotion that shame the lukewarmness and formality with which others serve the true God. Perhaps no youth thus eminently gifted ever passed the age of eighteen in a Christian country who did not, at that sanguine period, when man is most confident in

his strength, because most ignorant of his weakness, resist and reject the evidences of the glorious gospel of Christ, and exult in having discovered the *truths of Infidelity* in the *darkness* of the *light of nature*. To such an one the doctrine of the cross is not only 'foolishness,' as it is 'to the Greek' but 'a stumbling block' also, as it is 'to the Jew.' It requires the sacrifice of all that is most dear to unregenerated man, and enjoins a humility of spirit, and a brokenness of heart, which is death to that mode of ambition that exists in the carnal mind. We do not say that this elevated feeling must be extinguished by the grace of God, any more than the other passions of our nature, which sin has corrupted; but, like them, it must be renewed in the converted sinner, and, from being an insatiable appetite for self-exaltation, it must become a fervent, unquenchable zeal for the glory of God."\*

Born a poet, as Montgomery undoubtedly was, in every sense in which the Horatian dogma, *poeta nascitur*, has any meaning, accident made him a politician; and it need scarcely be added, in this character, he first became known to the public. It was, as we have seen, equally accidental, that he first fell in with, and for a time adopted, sentiments so perilously liberal as those which led to Mr. Gales's flight from England in 1794, and to the fining and imprisonment of his successor for imputed libels on two occasions presently afterwards. Young, inexperienced in the ways of the world, and almost as little conversant with the literature as with the action of politics, it is certainly remarkable that the editor of the "Iris" should, at the outset, have maintained with so much intelligence, consistency, and success, the more than hazardous public position in which

\* Eclectic Review, 1808, iv. 199.

his lot was thus unexpectedly cast. With very strong opinions, with measures of a very doubtful benefit, and with men about whose mischievous designs there often could be no doubt, the name of Montgomery was thus intimately connected, before the commencement of the present century; and the recollection of these things cost him many a pang in after-life. But would his character for the time, the chances of his self-respect and usefulness in the future, certainly have been bettered had he fallen on the opposite extreme—into the service of a furious Tory journalist of 1794? We think the probabilities are, on every ground, personal and relative, strongly against the affirmative presumption: we speak, of course, purely with reference to this particular case. As it was, he graduated successfully in a dangerous, but instructive, school; did his share in the good work of intellectual, moral, religious, and political advancement by a bold, direct advocacy, so far as he concurred with others; and even when he had differed from them, the wisdom, as well as the moderation, of his dissent, or his forbearance, often effected more for the cause of his less discreet compatriots than they were always disposed to give him credit for. As a weekly commentator on current events, Montgomery was certainly, in his best days, at least equal to the best of his provincial brethren of the broad sheet,—we do not say he was equally popular: his very prudence, his love of truth, and fairness, to say nothing of the religious bias of his leading articles, forbade that. But he was at least as well informed, as instructive, and as honest, as the best of them; and if the provender which his lucubrations supplied to a class of readers so rapidly outrunning their leader, contained more frequently some fragrant admixture from the fresh fields of polite literature, or the flowery walks of poesy, than of the dried “hay and

stubble," or, as he called it, "the chopped straw," of the mere politician, that fault, if fault it was, has found its highest development in the daily expression of the "leading journal" of the age—to say nothing of others not less respectable. Since the period here referred to, a vast change has taken place in newspaper literature, for the better in every respect; and it would be as absurd to challenge for any country journal, published nearly half-a-century ago, a display of ready talent like that which we constantly meet with now-a-days, as it would be to predict a return to the political status of parties at that period.

It is, of course, mainly with reference to his character as a poet—may we say as a Christian poet? that the greater portion of the readers of this work may be presumed to feel a special interest in the personal history of Montgomery. What then, it may be asked, is the place which he is entitled to occupy among those distinguished minstrels whose living voices were heard with his own? On this point, our opinion, which must be checked by the suspicion of prejudice or partiality, is more favourable than that of the current dispensers of literary fame. To institute a formal comparison between the merits of the subject of this biography and his poetical contemporaries, would, on our part, be alike ungracious and inconclusive; but we must assert our conviction that, with the exception of Byron and Southey, no other name deserves a rank to which the Sheffield poet is not entitled; nor will such, probably, be accorded, when the prestige of certain accidental passports to immediate contemporary popularity—an advantage which we by no means undervalue—shall have ceased directly to influence the public.

One of the most thoughtful writers of the age, W. S. Landor, has said, in a leaf which has fallen with "the

last fruit off an old tree," that "there are four things requisite to constitute might, majesty, and dominion, in a poet: these are, creativeness, constructiveness, the sublime, the pathetic. A poet of the first order must have formed, or taken to himself and modified, some great subject. Shakspeare was creative and constructive; he was sublime and pathetic. Cowper, and Byron, and Southey, with much deep tenderness, are richly humorous. Wordsworth, grave, elevated, observant, and philosophical, is equidistant from humour and passion,—always contemplative, never creative, he delights the sedentary, and tranquillises the excited." Admitting, as we must, the four attributes above named as characterising "a poet of the first order," we dare not claim for Montgomery a title denied by the authority quoted, "to the proudest of his contemporaries." At the same time, it may perhaps be questioned whether the exhibition even of those qualities is not so far favoured by certain forms of composition, those of a dramatic cast, for example, as to leave us in danger of mistaking mere darkness for depth, violence of language for real passion. Be this as it may, the author of the "World before the Flood" was as little disposed to try the tragic buskin as the comic sock; neither would have become him any more than they would have suited many of our elder or recent poets with whom he may be compared. But while it may be said that with him as surely, for example, as with Wordsworth himself, "You are beyond the danger of any turbulent emotion at terror, or valour, or magnanimity, or generosity," in the common bearing of these terms, it cannot be said of the Sheffield, as of the Lake poet, "no tear ever fell, no smile ever glanced on his pages." Evidence directly the reverse of this might easily be produced.



It is, we admit, rather for sentiment than passion,—for fancy than for imagination, that the better productions of Montgomery's genius can be said to be distinguished: and if his claim to rank with the most distinguished of his brethren in the latter of these high qualities be denied, his title to a large share of the former must be conceded. An ingenious townsman of our poet (Mr. Fowler, author of the *Life of the eccentric Charles Pemberton*), in a lecture on the writings of Montgomery, delivered in Sheffield many years ago, was not far from the truth when he declared that—

“Moore alone, of all modern poets, is worthy to be compared with James Montgomery in the construction of smooth and flowing verses. Many of the most musical lines in the language may be found in the writings of him who has been appropriately called ‘the Moore of solemn themes;’ for, with consummate art, he directs the gushings of fluency into modulations of exquisite harmony. Not only, however, is he great in metrical composition—a genuine poet; he has a manly simplicity of expression that often rises into perfect strength: and a fine fancy that gives grace to every object on which he dwells. Others may display bolder strokes of imagination, but he delights in ideas that create pleasurable surprise. His similes are sometimes remarkable for sparkling brilliance, but more frequently for chaste beauty. Liberty and truth are with him favourite topics; and right gloriously does he hold them up to our admiration. The love of progress abounds in all his works, and his hatred of oppression is often most strongly manifested. For gentle pathos, he is unsurpassed. He speaks to the heart with peculiar force: not in passionate gusts, but in persuasive tones. Full of tenderness are all his allusions to sorrowing humanity. Having himself been purified by affliction, he knows how to comfort those who are in distress.”

All this is very true: but there is yet the consideration

of a still higher truth — a more exalting quality — to be taken into the account in any fair estimate of Montgomery's poetry, by whatever standard it may otherwise be estimated — the all-pervading, all-inspiring element of scriptural, *i. e.* evangelical religion. It may be that this characteristic is not always formally, and never, in the offensive meaning of the term, offensively presented in his poems; but it is, when not directly the subject, almost always the real and acknowledged charm of the bulk of them: indeed, so exquisitely is this purely spiritual essence interfused through the vehicle of thought, that while it so often regales and refreshes the most holy and devout Christian, it almost as surely delights and as rarely offends the reader of mere taste, however otherwise accomplished.

It has sometimes been asked, What is the use of Poetry? and also what kind of Poetry is the most useful? Both questions are vague: but in applying to poetry the test of *utility*, it becomes important to define in what sense that equivocal term itself is used; for it must be obvious that, if we assume as most useful, any article which the producer can at once exchange for the largest sum of money, *his* poetry is the best which has the highest market value: but if we adopt a different criterion of value, — if a directly moral or religious standard be set up, then the ground of our judgment is altogether changed. These remarks have been suggested by the following questions submitted to, and answers given by, the late Rev. R. W. Hamilton, of Leeds, in 1841: — Questions, — “What living poet has, by his writings, rendered the greatest service to mankind in a moral and religious point of view; and what living poet will have the most lasting fame?” Answers — “First, Montgomery, of Sheffield. I do not think he is always the true poet: the ‘Wanderer

of Switzerland' seems to me very poor. But all his writings are so evangelical, so pure, and philosophic, that I have no doubt he is the most useful. Second—Indisputably, Wordsworth. He must last so long as civilised man is true to nature. I should have put him in the former section; but I think — it is but an individual judgment — that he has no passion for liberty, and little sympathy with *spiritual* religion.\* These observations suggest a word or two on Montgomery's indisputable pre-eminence in one branch of the "art divine"—as a hymnologist. On this merit we need not insist here; the compilation of every recent book of religious verse for choir service attests its recognition: and doubtless, wherever, and so long as the English language is understood, to say nothing of translations—the praises, confessions, and desires of evangelical worshippers will be uttered in the words of him who testified by his life, as he has expounded in his verse, how emphatically "prayer is the Christian's vital breath." This opinion is candidly submitted to every class of our religious readers except, 1.—Those who would absurdly compare Montgomery's "Original Hymns," *occasional* as they are, with any *systematic collection as a whole*; and 2.—Those who, bound to the exclusive use of an *authorised* hymn book, are precluded from adopting a new composition however excellent and desirable it may be.

This brings us to the purely religious character of Montgomery, a subject of infinite importance, but which has been so abundantly elucidated by almost every page of these volumes, that little need be added here, except to remark on a single feature — we allude to the prevalence of that tone of spiritual depression which not

\* Stowell's Life of Hamilton, p. 349.

only pervades his correspondence, and often saddens his verse, but which was occasionally apparent in his confidential religious intercourse. Two explanations of this "psychological phenomenon" — for it really was such — have, in turn, been presented for our acceptance; 1. That, from whatever cause, he lacked that amount, if not that sort, of *faith* in the Atonement — that direct and immediate act of appropriating to himself the merits of Christ as *his* Saviour, which it is at once the duty and the privilege of believers to exercise, and by virtue of which they are not only assured of their admission to the divine favour, but filled with peace and joy through believing; failing this experience, the *crux* of an important controversy, many otherwise really good people walk all their lives in spiritual doubt, obscurity, and distrust; in the twilight, instead of the sunshine, of gospel privilege; or, 2. That his mind was so constituted, *per se*, or so peculiarly influenced by his physical organisation, that deep and solemn, rather than bright and joyous, impressions, on whatever subject, and of course most of all, in religious experience, became familiar to his soul, sensitive as it was, to an extraordinary degree; and hence in those apprehensions of scriptural truth, which to "common natures, whether actually more healthy and robust, or merely less self-accusing than his own, yield hope, if not joy, he was wont rather to realise the awful — the responsible, relation of man to the issues of time in eternity, than that merely cheerful and complacent recognition of the mercy of God in Christ, which is, happily, the more ordinary attribute of the real Christian. The clearest streams are not always either the deepest, or the purest; and there are "deep things" in revelation, and in human feeling, too, which neither disturb nor interest the "passing crowd" of mankind.

But apart from the general tone of self-abnegation which pervades so many of these letters, there are frequent allusions to a specific act of religious disobedience upon which it would seem the writer's mind occasionally dwelt as if it had been some all but unpardonable sin. This, we need hardly repeat, was his early lapse from educational piety, and its direct consequences; and especially an eventual dereliction from his training for ministerial office among the Moravian brethren. That Montgomery wrote all these "bitter things against himself," as he did every thing else, most conscientiously, cannot be doubted; but that he did so in reference to the particular point in question, without sufficient cause, is, we think, equally undeniable. To quote an appropriate sentiment, "Let no man conclude that the Christian ministry is the only vocation in which religious service can be rendered, or even the one in which, as a universal rule, the largest measure of it can be performed. In some cases this is unquestionably the fact."\* Few persons, we believe, would have been more willing to subscribe to the abstract correctness of this statement, than Montgomery; and who besides will deny that his whole life was an illustration of its practical identity with his own case in particular?

One of the most remarkable and influential peculiarities of Montgomery's religious character under almost every aspect, was an unaffected catholicity. We have personally known several, and have read of many more, good men, of various denominations, who have practically interpreted the apostolic injunction to "love the brotherhood" in a wider sense than as only including some particular church; but our late revered

\* Eclectic Review, Nov. 1846. Memoir of Thomas Wilson, Esq.

friend was, with the least of religious indifference, the most *unsectarian* Christian we ever knew.

What Montgomery might have been had the pious design of those who were educating him for the Christian ministry been seconded by his own conduct, or even had his poetical character been wholly developed under the stimulating influences of metropolitan intercourse, instead of the quiet privacy of a provincial home, it is impossible to say. Nor is the balance of probability by any means altogether one-sided. His genius would doubtless have partaken of those advantages which arise from the immediate collision and comparison of mind with mind, as well as those arising from the circumstance of having all the resources of literary wealth which London affords immediately at hand: but, to say nothing of that discipline of trial, or the growth of that delicate piety which thrives best in the shade, would those deep and tender sympathies, upon which the charm of his writings so essentially depends, have had any existence? As it was, the whole of Montgomery's adult life was passed in a provincial town, with some slight and transient exceptions — multiplied in frequency during his later years: how his presence was manifested and his influence felt amongst his townspeople during more than half a century, these volumes abundantly testify: and it were probably not exceeding the sobriety of truth to say, that at least no adult individual has died during that period, nor is there one person living at this moment in the vast population of Sheffield, whose condition may not have been affected directly or indirectly by that presence.

## APPENDIX,

### ADDITIONS, CORRECTIONS, &c.

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AFTER the last volume of this work was at press, we were favoured, by Samuel Roberts, Esq., with a collection of letters addressed by Montgomery to his late father, and dating from the commencement of their friendship in 1807. Although mostly relating to what may be termed "business transactions" between the parties, they contain many passages which we should have been glad to have used, had they come earlier into our hands. Of the frank intimacy and mutual respect which for many years subsisted between Mr. Roberts and the poet, the preceding pages bear ample record: on general politics they differed widely, and especially on the subject of war, as will be seen from the following extracts, which not only illustrate Montgomery's characteristic toleration of personal rebuke, but also exhibit his opinions on a tax, the renewal and recent operation of which has been so strongly deprecated:—

"However difficult, if not impossible, it may be for me to think entirely with you on some political subjects, especially on the subject of war, I find no difficulty in appreciating the kindness and concern which prompted you to address me; and I can most sincerely assure you that I have read, and that I shall consider the contents of your letter in a correspondent spirit to that in which it is written. At my leisure it will, no doubt, lead me to more particular self-examination respecting my conduct and responsibility as the editor of a newspaper. Perhaps I do not estimate so highly the influence of such a publication on ordinary minds as you do; but

I unreservedly agree with you in estimating the responsibility of its manager. I am aware that on many occasions I have been carried away by constitutional and habitual warmth of temper, to express my sentiments on men and measures with a degree of bitterness, which I afterwards disapproved; and conscious of my proneness to petulant asperity, I have for a long time past escaped as often as I could from commenting upon public affairs, even when the most provoking opportunities have occurred to tempt me into patriotic invective. This I do not urge in justification of any intemperance into which I have actually been betrayed either by vanity or weakness. I often wish that it were in my power to retire from my present situation, and then I dare say I should be almost as quiet a subject of the ruling powers as you could desire me; but I have not sufficiently availed myself of the opportunity that has been afforded me by a bountiful Providence of laying up store of provision for my few wants, so as to enable me to part with my business at less than its *full value*, and *that* it would not be easy to procure. I must, therefore, if my life and strength be spared, remain some years longer at my post, and endeavour to discharge my duty as well as I can, and, at any rate, conscientiously, whether well or ill in respect of ability or usefulness. In that case your hints may be long necessary to check my violence, when I am too much interested or prejudiced to be impartial: at any rate, they will be long held in grateful remembrance, and I hope, at the day of judgment, when they are pleaded in behalf of your faithfulness as a warning friend, they will not be urged to my condemnation as an incorrigible reprobate.”—*To S. R. July 14. 1813.*

“Though *I am* one of the ‘Wise men of Gotham,’ your facetious Tale is welcome to a place in the *Iris*, but I think it would be more both in time and place, if you were to read it in the Town Hall on Wednesday, when we are all assembled to deliberate on the means of ‘cheating our creditors,’ as you represent our purpose to be in opposing the Income Tax. Differing so much as you and I do concerning war in general, and the late war in particular, it probably seems a



wonder to each of us, that we can think alike on anything. But on reading your apologue, I perceive that we do *not* differ quite so much as I apprehended we did respecting *the late war*, which you are pleased to shadow forth under the fable of 'hedging in the cuckoo to secure perpetual spring : ' truly I always thought *that* war quite as preposterous, but then to my mind the folly was the most tolerable feature of it. With respect to the tax in question, I have ever looked upon it as the most immoral public measure that could be adopted. As a tax on property, it is the oppressor of the widow and the fatherless, in extorting the full quota of ten *per cent.* from their petty jointures and patrimonies, if they happen to be in the funds or in old houses. As a tax on income, it is a snare to the consciences of the King's subjects ; it offers a premium to him who can most deliberately and successfully evade it. The wicked maxim, that it is no sin to cheat the King, is not confined, either in avowal or practice, to Jacobins and smugglers. I believe most seriously that this impost has been the cause of more disquietude to men of tender consciences, whose incomes were fluctuating and not easily estimated, and the occasion—*you* may say the innocent occasion—of more falsehood and criminality on the part of unprincipled men, than all the burthens of the country put together. I pretend not to judge others, but I do not hesitate to confess, that though I never made a return that was either refused or surcharged, I never made one that perfectly satisfied my own feelings. I do not know what my income has been in any one year since I was in business. Within the last few years, my published poems have been a source of some emolument to me : for some time I made no return of this, considering what I received out of them as principal or capital, not income. But I found, far beyond my expectations, that there was a balance due to me *every* year from my booksellers : on this account, my mind became uneasy, and I carried the sum received into my income schedule. I *do* grudge, and grudge exceedingly to pay this, — it seems to be like coining my brains into money to carry on a war, which I never did nor can approve. If I were to

find in the highway a purse of gold every year, equal in value to the profits of my poems, no tax-assessor would require a farthing out of it; but because I have earned, by a kind of labour more intense than any can imagine who have not proved it for themselves, a small reward, which is gradual, and not a round sum at once, I must pay a tenth part of it to be squandered in Spain or Canada, or put into the pockets of that arch-Jacobin Bernadotte! I have no patience when I think of these things; and when I see what the consummation of this cuckoo-hedging war is likely to be,—the division of Europe as a spoil among the three Eagles of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, — *either with the consent of England, or in defiance of her*, — it seems to me as if one tyrant had been displaced to make room for three. However, if we can but be at peace with those three, they may divide and reign as they will on the continent. You are mistaken respecting my *company*; I have no political associates; I am alone, and act alone, and I should be less condemned if my real situation were more generally known. I have done and suffered more for the public than all the flaming patriots in the town beside, of whom I can scarcely say, that I have less displeased *them* than their opponents, the flaming Loyalists, who know comparatively nothing at all of me.”—*To S. R. Jan. 30. 1815.*

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Vol. I. p. 55.

For “Ecton” read Eshton.

Vol. I. p. 77.

It may perhaps have occurred to the reader of the account of Montgomery’s brief sojourn at Wentworth, to ask how he contrived to pay for food and lodging: the question is answered in the following passage from a very interesting letter in his own handwriting:—

“On the second day of my pilgrimage I rested at a little village inn in this neighbourhood, where the shy simplicity of my manners, and perhaps my forlorn appearance, induced the landlady to treat me very kindly; and she harboured me several days, without diving into my pocket.”

Vol. I. p. 150.

We are requested to state that when Mrs. Murray wrote the stanzas here referred to, “she was suffering from an affection of the brain which rendered her irresponsible for her words or actions, and afterwards compelled the Duke of Athol to place her in confinement.”

Vol. I. p. 198.

We have received a note from Mr. A. Burnett of Ballymoney, Ireland, suggesting the query—whether the “Patriotic Song, by a clergyman of Belfast,” for the reprinting of which Montgomery was prosecuted, and the author of which he describes as “Mr. *Scott* of Dromore,” was not the production of *Stott*, who figures in Byron’s “Bards and Scotch Reviewers,” and the “Hafiz” of the *Belfast News Letter*, under which signature he addressed to our poet the complimentary sonnet elsewhere noticed. Our correspondent says, that “Stott of Dromore was not a clergyman, but was in business: he may likely enough, however, have written in praise of the French Revolution, when the celebration took place in Belfast; but he afterwards, like many individuals of higher note, as Southey, Coleridge, &c., became a Tory in politics, and wrote verses on *that* side. He lived to be old, and published an ode on the death of Napoleon, ending with—

‘ ——— may he mercy find,  
Although he showed so little to mankind.’

The verses printed by Montgomery are not unlike those

of 'Hafiz,' easy going and prosaic." We have made some attempts to elucidate this point, but without success.

Vol. I. p. 288.

The verses here attributed to the late Princess Amelia were written by Lady Tuite, of Bath, and published by her, with other poetry, in 1796. Mrs. Edwards, of Cheltenham, to whom we are indebted for this information, intimates that the composition probably reached the Princess Amelia (in whose writing a copy may have been found) through the Princess Elizabeth (late Landgravine of Hesse Homburgh), to whom Lady Tuite presented her little volume.

Vol. III. p. 259.

Rev. Ignatius Montgomery went to Ockbrook from Bristol, *not* from Fulneck.

Vol. III. p. 279.

Miss Mary Roberts says, she "is not the authoress of the 'Royal Exile,'" a poetical production, the credit of which has always locally been identified with her name; but, of course, her explicit disclaimer, however seemingly delayed, must now be admitted. Who, then, did versify the imaginary trials of Mary Queen of Scots in the "Royal Exile?" Montgomery himself, who not only printed the work, but revised the MS., always spoke of Mary Roberts as the writer, and as such he alludes to *her* in the complimentary passage quoted in our Vol. III. p. 386.; and what is still more to the point, Mr. Roberts (her father), in dedicating the "Royal Exile" to Hannah More, says:—

"The poetical part of it is the production of a very young female now just starting (tremblingly indeed, but ardently) on that course, wherein, since you were of her age, you have persevered so long, so gloriously, and so successfully."

To whom do these expressions allude? Miss Mary Roberts says, she wrote the "Voice of a Star," mentioned Vol. IV. p. 131. ; we attributed it to Montgomery, on the authority of a letter by the late Samuel Drew, editor of the periodical in which the paper appeared.

Vol. III. p. 323.

^ Sir William Bagshawe, of the Oaks—For "baronet" read knight.

Vol. IV. p. 69. *note*.

For "Dr. Tomline" read Dr. Blomfield.

P. 102.

The name of the vicar of Halifax there mentioned was *Samuel*; Titus was his father, a minister held in high esteem among the Independents. Watson was *not*, as stated in Vol. I. p. 41. *note*, "vicar" of Halifax, but perpetual curate of Ripponden in that parish.

Vol. VI. p. 208.

the first line of the quotation from Longfellow, read —  
 "Week in — week out —" &c.

Vol. VII. p. 24.

Montgomery, of course, highly appreciated the talents of Dr. Chalmers, both as a preacher and a writer, though it was chiefly in the latter character that he was most familiar with the Scottish divine, whom he had first seen in Sheffield in the spring of 1817. A letter from the poet, describing this interview, is printed in Hanna's "Memoirs of Chalmers" (vol. ii. p. 93.), and it refers to an incident connected with the Scottish pupils then in the school at Fulneck:—

“My visitor said that he had invited all the Scotch lads to meet him at the inn there, and ‘how many, think you, there were of them?’ he asked me. ‘Indeed, I cannot tell,’ I replied. He answered, ‘there were *saxtain* or *savantain* ;’ (I cannot pretend to spell the words as he pronounced them to my unpractised ear); and I was so taken by surprise, that I exclaimed abruptly, ‘It is enough to corrupt the English language in the seminary.’ In that moment I felt I had uttered an impertinence, though without the slightest consciousness of such an application to my hearer; and as instantly recovering my presence of mind, I added, ‘When I was at Fulneck School, I was the only Scotch lad there.’ Whether this slip was noticed, or passed off as mere waste of breath in conversation, I know not, but we went on together in another vein. . . . Dr. Chalmers said — evidently *not* from sudden impulse, but a cherished purpose of his heart,— ‘I mean to raise five hundred pounds for the Brethren’s Missions thus!’ ‘Five hundred pounds for our poor missions!’ I cried, ‘I never heard of such a thing before!’ He rejoined, ‘I will do it.’ And within myself I said, ‘I will watch you, Doctor.’ I did so; and, to the best of my recollection, a sum nearer six than five hundred pounds was raised.”

The Doctor had previously (Eccl. Rev. iii. 1.) defended the evangelical character of the Moravian missionaries in reference to their influence among the heathen, in opposition to an article on the same subject in the *Edinburgh Review* (vol. xxi. p. 64.).

Vol. IV. p. 370.

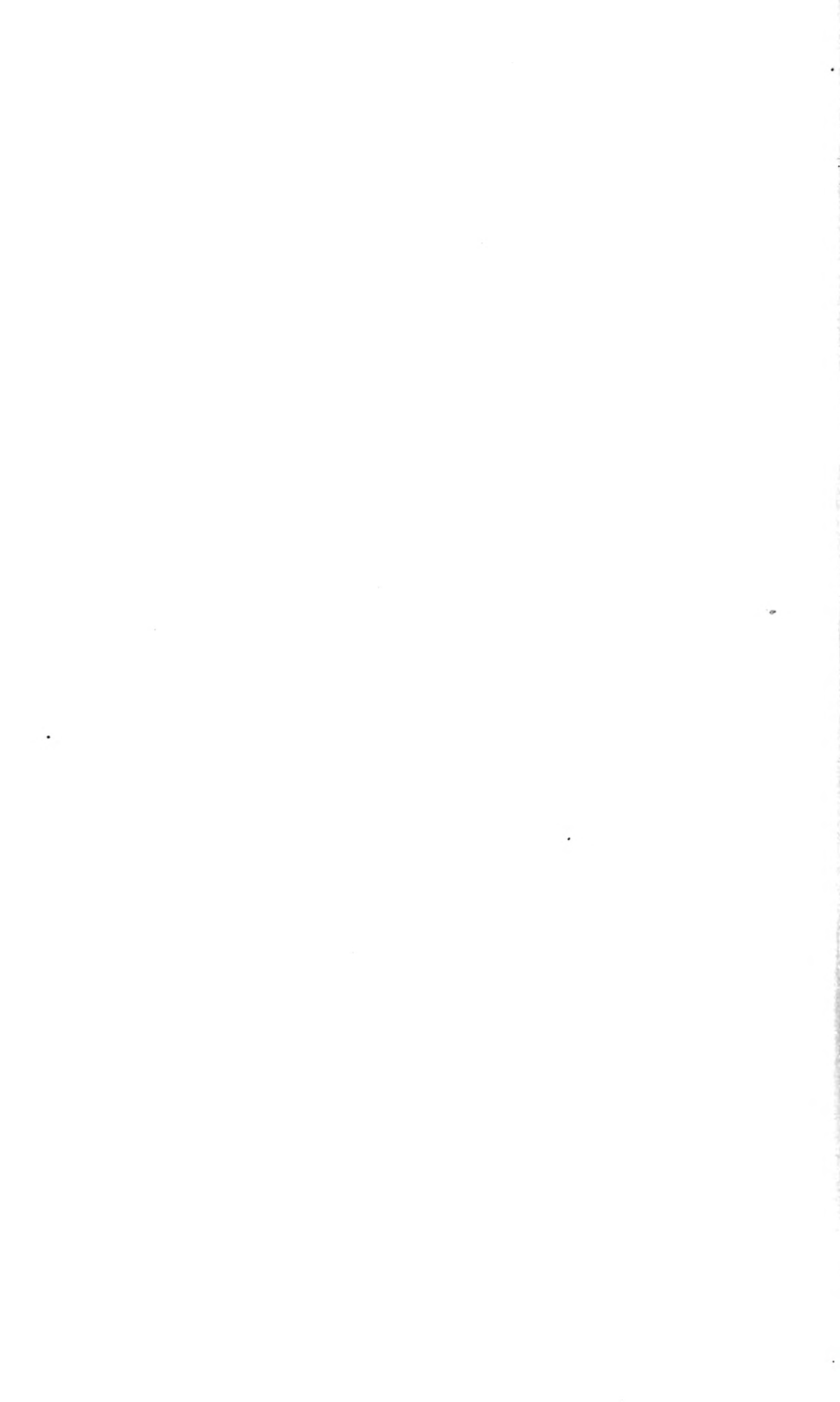
Mr. Conder died December 27th, 1855, at his residence, St. John’s Wood, near London; the “Patriot,” a newspaper with which he had been editorially connected more than twenty years, publishing on the following day a high, but not unmerited eulogy on his character, from the pen of Mr. J. M. Hare, his surviving associate in the management of that journal. As we have elsewhere intimated, he was

hardly, if at all, inferior to Montgomery as a hymnal critic; and perhaps next to him has enriched the Christian choir with more useful and acceptable compositions than any of their contemporaries.

Vol. IV. p. 170. *note.*

The *yellow* riband which we have given to the "Single Sisters" of the Moravian Communities is, it seems, a mistake, which a fair correspondent thus corrects:—

"*Pink* is the right colour, and our German sisters have been particular as to the *shade* of it. You are right as to the other colours, though they are not now attended to as in the olden time, having been dropped with some other peculiarities of dress."





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